



THE OH ASSOCIATION
PO Box 494, Jackson New Hampshire 03846

In This Issue:

<i>From the Chair</i> 2
<i>Chronicle of Lonely Jewel</i> 3
<i>Staying in the City to Hike</i> 5
<i>Why I Donate</i> 6
<i>Music in the Mountains</i> 9
<i>Trail Days</i> 10
<i>Volunteer Opportunities</i> 11
<i>Wish List & Other Info</i> 12
<i>The Ghoul-Zool Mtn. Club</i> 13
<i>2020 Summer Croos</i> 14
<i>OHA Merchandise</i> 14
<i>Gormings</i> 15
<i>A Packing Dictionary</i> 16
<i>Huts Update Spring 2020</i> 17
<i>Obituaries</i> 18
<i>Solvitur Crumpus</i> 20
<i>Honors & Awards</i> 21
<i>Submission Guidelines</i> 22

2020 CALENDAR

Spring Reunion

May 16 event is postponed

**please check Facebook & website for updates;*

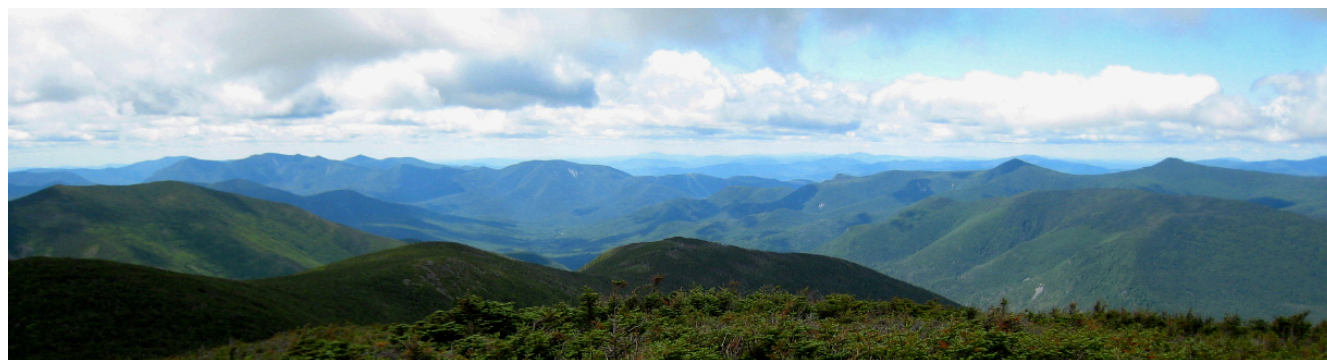
*event may be held in June, TBD**

Oktoberfest

October 10

Fall Fest Reunion

October 31



Spring 2020 Issue

www.ohcroo.com for all your current news

From the Chair

Barely into March and I was already thinking, “this might be the strangest year of my life.” Now I know it is.

Seems like a lifetime ago. The huts closed in March, and nobody knows if or when they’ll reopen (our sympathy and understanding go out to Whitney and her team for what they must be juggling). That’s never happened. A lot of things are happening now that never happened before, and like you, I’m naturally wondering when we can all get back to normal.

Normal isn’t a word I usually employ around hut people. OH are anything but normal, same as the huts and the job that came with them. That’s why we worked there. Everything about it was fresh and different, from our first croo, to our first pack trip, to our first cook day.

And then there were the moments that were far, far from normal: the shooting at Carter, hiking out a critically injured hiker at 2 AM; manning the pumps during a solo-day crapper catastrophe; offering shelter and comfort to frightened guests during a hurricane. There’s plenty about that job that will never be normal, and it taught us to lace up our big boy/girl Limmers and just deal.

If someone had told me then that all that stuff would prepare me for times like these, I would have guessed they were smoking krumholtz. But here we are, and it did. A quick scan of our website or Facebook page is all you need for evidence: the recipes people are trading, tips for sanity and survival, the words of comfort and support, all of it reminding us that when this thing finally blows through—and whatever is to follow—we’ll still have the mountains and each other.

All AMC facilities are closed at least to 6/18, including the huts, as is the OH Cabin, out of concern for the health and safety of our members. Spring Reunion (originally scheduled for 5/16) has been postponed until further notice. For updates, check our Facebook page (O. H. Association) or www.ohcroo.com, which is getting a long-overdue upgrade from fellow OH Brian Post. Best we know, Oktoberfest (10/10) and Fallfest (10/31, our fall reunion) are still a go.

Weird times. But like the saying goes, “when the going gets weird, the weird get going.” Rest assured, your Steering Committee—just a bunch of other OH like yourself—is doing what we can to ensure we’re all back on the trail as soon as things get back to normal. Whatever that means.

Meanwhile, as if a global pandemic weren’t enough, the crashing economy has really dropped a tree on our treasury. We know times are tough for many, but we’re looking at purchasing some land next to the Cabin, to protect it, on top of all the usual expenses, so please pay your dues if you haven’t, and don’t be shy about tucking in a little extra to keep us on track. Thanks. It does make a difference.

Stay safe, and solvitur crumpus!



Stroker
OH Chair



Try us on Facebook.

Follow us on Instagram! (@OHcroo; #ohcroo)

We’re also on LinkedIn and Twitter.



We don’t have social call or send notes on truck, so **plug in with the portal of your choice!**
(USPS is good, too.)

All info can be found on the OHA website: www.ohcroo.com

Chronicle of the Lonely Jewel's voyage to and from Lonesome Lake

by Jules Cranberg

During the Fall 2018 season, there were a few wacky folks at Lonesome who, with the help of AMC's trail crew and other hut friends, somehow managed to carry a Sunfish sailboat up the Lonesome Lake Trail in order to sail on Lonesome Lake.

I first had the idea for a sailboat at Lonesome while working summer 2018 at Greenleaf, when I found out I'd be working there that fall. I've always loved to sail small crummy boats, and upon poking around, I found an unbelievably cheap one for sale on Craigslist an hour away in Vermont. On a whim, I drove over there, tied it on top of my Toyota Prius with pack twine and hut blankets, and carted it back to Lafayette Campground.

Deliberation on how to get the hull up the Lonesome Lake Trail now ensued (the mast, sail, and rudder came up separately). As many readers know, this trail is notoriously short and steep, affectionately called "The hardest easy trail in the Whites" by devotees. It is riddled with winding stone staircases, hairpin switchbacks, and tight bottlenecks between trees and boulders. This presented the would-be sailors on the Lonesome croo with a unique predicament, the likes of which, it's safe to say, hadn't been faced since Werner Herzog's *Fitzcarraldo*. There's nothing better for appreciating the rigor of a trail like imagining how to carry a sailboat up it.

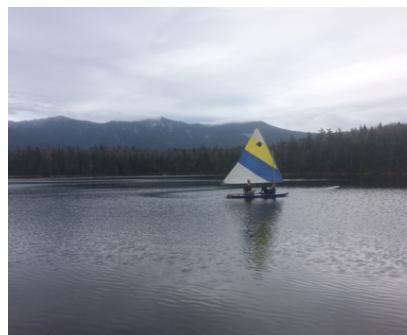
In true Whites fashion, what we ended up doing was tying straps to the boat like a huge 14-foot litter and hand-carrying it up to the lake. Using this method, the carry-in was completed by anywhere from five to ten people during three separate attempts over one-and-a-half months. On the last attempt, trail crew joined forces with hut croo to deliver the boat to its new home. It was early October, and the day dawned cold, with a thick wet fog hanging in the air. When we put the boat in the lake, all rigged for its inaugural sail, there was barely enough wind to get it moving. My croo member Carl and I hopped in and slowly drifted to the middle of the lake, shrouded in fog, while the rest of the carry crew headed to the warm, cozy hut for delicious treats prepared by Hutmaster Amanda. I named the boat the "Lonely Jewel," a reference to

the lake and my name. For a few seasons thenceforth, sailing was enjoyed by many hut croo, trail crew, and friends alike.



Above: The Lonely Jewel on arrival to the lake (Lonesome Lake Hut croo log).

Below: Sailing with Franconia Ridge in the background.



Below: Snowy day during hut closing, October 2018.



As with all things huts, there came a time to transport the Lonely Jewel back down to civilization. Under no circumstances was it going to be flown out. In February 2020, I put the lid on its time at the Lake, sliding it down the frozen LLT.

continued on the next page



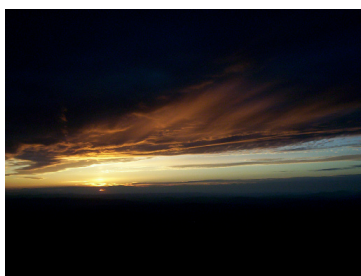
Above: The carry-out!

Below: Back to civilization!



I wanted to memorialize this story here in *The Resuscitator* as evidence that there was once, in fact, a sailboat up on Lonesome Lake, and as proof that hut croo are still giving their all for the teamwork, camaraderie, and silly shenanigans that make huts great.

Jules Cranberg is a Y-OH and the current Huts Education Coordinator (aka "the new Backcountry Education Assistant"). You can reach him at jcranberg@outdoors.org, or drop by the Highland Center to say hello!



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!



Staying in the City to Hike

-- by Miles Howard --

originally published in the Boston Globe

You probably want to get outside right now. For most of us, life has been temporarily relocated indoors. And once that initial reverie of X-Files re-runs and leftover pasta has burned off, and a chill of anxiety creeps in, a long and scenic walk through the outdoors could be the perfect tonic.

There's just one hurdle. Unless you already live near the great outdoors—which is to say, the true backcountry—you really shouldn't go there right now. Sheltering in place means we need to keep our forays into the outside world localized. Looking out for each other requires us to recognize that many rural communities have smaller hospitals and grocery stores. The last thing they need right now is an invasion of flatlanders from cities. So what do you do if you just want to go hiking?

This is a question I've had to grapple with. Hiking has always been a meditative act for me. It's also part of my profession. A decade ago, as a croo member for the Appalachian Mountain Club's high mountain huts system, I carried boxes of eggs and frozen chicken breasts up craggy trails, twice a week. In 2018, I hiked 78 trails in six months while co-authoring a guidebook on hiking in northern New England. Hemlock forests, ridgelines, salty bogs, and horsetail waterfalls are the closest things I've had to a house of worship. As COVID-19 panic spread, I found myself at a loss.

One morning, I decided to go for a long walk from my house in Jamaica Plain to the middle of Hyde Park—a neighborhood that I seldom visit, despite its proximity to my neck of the woods. What started as a head-clearing stroll became an adventure. I wandered through industrial lots, leafy residential streets with battered triple-deckers, old corridors of woods, and forgotten parklets waiting for the spring bloom. I heard music and huffed savory aromas wafting from nearby homes. I happened upon a plump rabbit doing the “if I stay still, they won't see me” routine. By the time I reached Hyde Park, I was sweating lightly, my blood was pumping, and I felt improbably serene.

Then, I realized, I had just gone for a hike.

It was an urbanized foray into new territory, just beyond my backyard, on foot. And I thought: perhaps this is what hiking can be, in the time of COVID-19.

Since then, I've hiked 5-7 miles nearly every day while remaining planted in the Boston area. And you can too, if you're willing to re-imagine the act of hiking. I break it down into three tenets: keep your hikes local, embrace the exotic, and find creative ways to challenge yourself.

Live deep in the city? Throw some snacks in your backpack and try walking from your place to a neighborhood or a landmark that you've never properly visited. Take the weirdest, most twisted route through back streets and green spaces that you can. Live in or close to the suburbs? Check out that parcel of woods, or that reedy swamp that you've always wanted to wander around. Make these hikes regularly and try boosting your mileage each week. Take the hillier routes if you're feeling the effects of staying home too much. It'll make a microwave pizza taste like Valhalla. And leave the earbuds at home so that you can savor the songs of birds, animals, and the sounds of life happening in backyards. Given that less of us are driving on the roads, you will hear it clearly.

Making this a daily ritual has sharpened my senses in some startling ways. On a recent hike to Mission Hill, I was mesmerized by the shapes of the old trees on the Emerald Necklace, and the way this river of greenery neatly slices past hospitals, condos, and rail infrastructure. Even the characters whom I wandered past, at a distance of six feet, left me mesmerized. The beauty and oddities of your own urban or suburban ecosystem are gems. And they're hidden in plain view.

Localized hiking may sound boring compared to schlepping your way up Mount Chocorua. But if you commit to it, you can find peace, wonder, and much more.

Isn't that what many of us go searching for in the back country?

“Why I Donate...”

Testimonials from you - we thank you for your generous support!!

“I’m heartened to hear that I am only one of many who support the OHA above and beyond the annual dues, but I’m not surprised. It’s interesting that you ask why I do so - and you probably wonder why others do, too, since we’re not likely to pour out our reasons when we send back the forms. I guess I myself hadn’t specifically thought “why” either! But it didn’t take me long to come up with the answer.

I started at Madison Hut in ’66 when I was 18. Joel Mumford was hutmaster, that first summer after the Tony McMillan era. We had quite a reputation to live up to! The first meal I cooked on my own was some sort of baked fish for 30 luckless guests. I learned how to make Wowie Cake (“wowie good and wowie easy!”). I learned how to pack a load that would hold together up the Valley Way, how to dump it over my shoulders if I stumbled, and where to crump (not after just passing a troop of camp kids!). I enjoyed the rotating assignments of our tasks, and the excitement of the unexpected emergencies (like hauling out the not-so-little goofier with a sprained ankle). I did the macho things like packing no-crump up the Airline, or taking 100# up Chemin des Dames, and I acknowledged some of the foolish things in the Fall 2019 Resuscitator... But I also learned from Joel Mumford – how he planned for the coming week in making out the requisition, how he made sure we worked together, whether it was coordinating kitchen and gorming duties or who packed with whom.

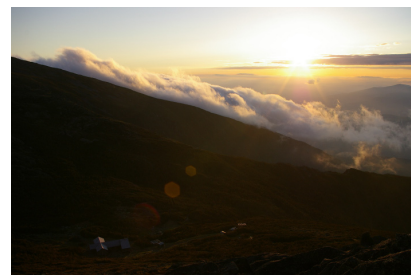
I returned to Madison in ’67 as Assistant Hutmaster, so I got to take on some of the planning and organizational duties, although Joel was still in charge. But summer of ’68 was a big step forward. I was slated to be Assistant Hutmaster at Lakes, but it didn’t turn out that way – because the expected hutmaster didn’t show up, I was boosted into that position! At age 20, I was now in charge of a crew of six and responsible for the largest hut in the system. On the plus side, we didn’t burn down the hut, none of my crew got injured, no goofers were harmed, and our practice of cooking four 27-lb birds every Saturday night gave me a turkey-carving skill that remains the envy of my Thanksgiving guests. On the minus side, I did not do a very good job

of motivating my crew and of generating the spirit of teamwork that I had experienced at Madison and that I saw among crews at the other huts. Some of my crew worked well with me and with each other, but others didn’t and I could not figure out how to get the band to play in tune. While one likes to think of learning experiences as positive events that one recalls with pride, my summer at Lakes was a learning experience of a different kind.

The next year I moved to California to go to graduate school, then in ’73 I started as a faculty member in the Chemistry Department at Berkeley. For 30 years I taught organic chemistry and ran a research group of students and postdocs, and I served as chairman of the department and in other administrative positions at the University. These roles involved a lot of responsibility and teamwork – not unlike running a hut! – but I’m pleased to say that I was better at them than I was in ’68.

I retired in 2003 and now I just play – in the outdoors, with a little consulting, and at developing my art hobby. But when I look back, I still think a lot about the huts. Not just to brag to my friends (“the older I get, the better I was” syndrome), but what I learned about working with people. Working in the Huts was the first time in my life that I learned responsibility – responsibility for my behavior, responsibility for my crew, and responsibility for those we served. If I hadn’t learned what I learned those three summers on top of the Presidential Range, I don’t think my life would have unfolded in the fulfilling way it has. So, every year when I get the chance to renew my membership in the OHA, I am happy to spring for a bit more in the hope that the active hutmen/women can also benefit from their experiences (but maybe not in quite the way I did...).

~ Paul Bartlett



more testimonials on the next page -->

“I am head of a Maternal-Child Health organization in the US which won CNN Hero of the Year Award in 2011 for the work we do in disaster areas in Indonesia, the Philippines and Papua. I rely on people believing in what we do and then supporting this work with their hard-earned money. As a nonprofit, I know how many opportunities there are for folks to do good with their money. In Vermont alone (where I live), there are over 6,000 nonprofit organizations to give to!

Regardless of all these opportunities, I have always made sure to give the OH my yearly dues and as I have gotten older and can, I now have chosen to give an extra gift to support the OH Association.

When I was 17 years old I spent a summer at the Joe Dodge Lodge as Kitchen Croo between my junior and senior years in high school. It was a natural place for me to be, as I had spent my high school years training-for and intensively ice and rock climbing, white water open boat river-running, hiking in summer, winter camping and during the week, and living off-grid with my family in the woods of New York (before it was a ‘thing!’)

This made me a freak and all-around social mis-fit of course in high school.

Arriving at Pinkham Notch in 1977 terrified me. Funny that THAT was what evoked terror! I was the youngest person on Croo that year, desperately shy and socially inept. So I did what I knew... I worked really hard and hid in the woods as much as I could. I hiked night and day.

But you can’t hide for long while on Croo. Someone is always wondering if they can hike along with you. And Kibbe was always Noticing Things. And then... well there was the day Scott Macomber and I couldn’t help but climb onto the aft roof of the croo room (at the time then located upstairs from the resi desk) and blow bubbles over the peak so the guests in the parking lot wondered where the thousands of bubbles came from in the White Mountains. As a Croo we would climb the chimney in the Joe Dodge Lodge at night after-hours, we sang in the kitchen while washing pots, then hiked some more.

The kindness of the Croo and my bosses was absolute and mind boggling to me. Tom Swann, Jon Martinson, Joel White, Carl Wendelowski, Walter Graff. This was a whole new breed of Human that I had only met in the Gunks and on the river and in the woods... never in real, every-day life!

Of course I returned to Mizpah (1978) the next summer. I met the father of my two beautiful daughters and my now-oldest friends Gail Edgerly and Elizabeth Seabury. I stayed on in the fall for Fall Croo at Pinkham, returned for a brief stint in the spring (1979) at Tuckerman's with Joe Gill and the forest service guys. I never knew that these years I would meet the most important people in my life and they would still be around and vital in my life in 2020 at the age of 60. Without my time at the AMC, the rest of my life would not have unfolded in the destined way it has.

For me, giving to the OH Association is supporting a way of being in the world that is often hard to find. Generosity, kindness, awareness. Innovative living and inquisitiveness.

Please give as generously as you are able.”

~ Katie Bramhall, Midwife

“Time to Thank Hank” by Stroker

As he’s done so many times in the past, Hank Pepper just sent us a generous donation along with his recent dues. He lives out west and has rarely been back to the huts since leaving in the ‘70s, but as he put it so simply and eloquently, “We all still live in the mountains, physically or mentally. I worked in the huts from age 17 until 21. Those are ages that most influence your life going forward IMHO. I am still a part of OHA.”

You probably wouldn’t be reading this newsletter if you didn’t share his feelings for working in the huts. But people take that job

continued on the next page

for different reasons, and take different things from it when they leave, so I'm always curious to know what motivates them to join the OHA and help support our little organization once they've moved on to other chapters.

When I put that question to Hank, he seemed to prefer that his actions speak for themselves, but he did offer this: "My bandanas still smell of Old Woodsman Fly Dope. My wife can never forget that smell."

I'm guessing you can't forget it either if you ever worked in a hut—at least "back in

the day." (By the way, Old Time Woodsman Fly Dope has been brewed in Maine since the 1800s and is still shipped throughout the world... in case you're running low.)

And, if you you'd like to share some thoughts about what connects you to other OH and your days in the huts, we'd like to hear them.

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.

Contact Becky Fullerton, AMC Archivist, with questions or ideas: bfullerton@outdoors.org



Music in the Mountains: OHA Summer Gathering Ossipee Valley Music Festival, Hiram, ME, July 23 - 26

Maybe you play music or like to dance? Maybe you just like grooving-out at the feet of world-class musicians? The OHA has you covered. The Ossipee Valley Music Festival has been delivering great music to the hills of Western Maine for the past 20 years, a well-kept secret of hut croos, Trail Crew, and a handful of OH.

Until now.

The word is out—this is a great chance to chill, socialize, and dissolve into music, car-camping, and good food for a few days. The festival is headed by Bill Johnson, who worked the huts in the 80s, as did his then-wife Carol Scannell and, later, many of Carol's relatives. It's a chill scene occupying a flat, wooded fairground in Hiram, ME, with the Ossipee River right there, lazily taunting tubers and sun hogs.

This year's lineup is as stellar as ever, featuring some of the best in bluegrass and many other genres. Food trucks provide a fun sampling of cuisines from around the world at reasonable prices. In short: this festival is an awesome opportunity for OH to hang out in a beautiful setting just south of the Whites, on a river, in summer. With beer. **Festival management has been kind enough to extend a 5% discount to all dues-paid OH, so if this sounds like your thing, check out the website: <https://ossipeevalley.com/>**

They've sold out for the past few years, so if this is your cuppa jo, good to get on it now. **To access the discount code, email: stroker1001@gmail.com.** Given the current state of the Covid-19 crisis, it's anyone's guess if large events like this will be able to take place as scheduled, but the festival is following developments closely and will proceed accordingly. If it is cancelled, you can get a refund, or roll your ticket over to 2021, or donate it to the artists who depend on these events to feed themselves. As the 'Tator goes to press, the good money is on this still happening, and don't we all need something fun to look forward to right about now? If you play an instrument, bring it! It won't be hard to find each other. It definitely won't be hard to find Trail Crew.



and some other photos....



TRAIL DAYS

Although Spring Reunion has been postponed due to coronavirus considerations, we will be holding two Trails Workdays that weekend, May 16 & 17. All are encouraged to participate in one or both; we will be sure to practice social distancing at all times!

On Saturday May 16 at 10AM, we will meet and plan to go over the Hutmen's Trail. Our main concern will be clearing any major winter damage, especially from Route 16 to the intersection with the Dana Place Trail (which is the section of the Trail that is the OH Association's primary responsibility). If damage is light, some can continue on to the Carter Notch Road (and over the section of the Trail that is mostly maintained by others, primarily the JSTF), while others can retrace their steps and tackle the Trail's one long-standing problem: a tangle that is about a half mile from Route 16 and near the top of the steep section. Heretofore, hikers have been able to stay upright while safely walking under this tangle, but recently concerns have been raised that it may constitute a "widow-maker" and so would be good to fully clear it, if we are able! Meet at the foot of the Hutmen's Trail on Route 16 at 10AM. Bring a bow saw and/or lopping shears if available.

On Sunday May 17 at 10 AM, we will meet and plan to go over the Hall's Ledge Trail. Again, our main concern will be clearing any major winter damage, hopefully all the way from Route 16 to the picnic table. Our secondary concerns will be ensuring that the route of the Trail is well-marked (especially through the recently logged area), and eliminating any low-growing shrubs above the steep section that tend to obscure the footway. Upon completion of Sunday's trail work, we will adjourn to the Cabin or elsewhere for a well-earned beer. Meet at the foot of the Hall's Ledge Trail on Route 16 at 10AM. (Best parking is the pull-off on the east side of Route 16 just north of the Dana Place and south of the bridge crossing the Ellis River.) Bring a bow saw and/or lopping shears if available.

Here is a good opportunity to get a start on the Association's obligation to the USFS as the adopter of these two trails, and to do so before the black flies are fully out. We are tough, so will be doing these rain or shine unless the rain is torrential! See you there one day or t'other, or maybe both!

OH Trail Croo



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 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 Carter Bascom for full details: chbascom@gmail.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 the Huts Dept. to add your name to the
Fill-in interest list:

egriffin@outdoors.org

Yo, are you recent OH? Like, have you worked in the huts between 2017 & 2019? 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 Carter Bascom at chbascom@gmail.com or Emily Griffin in the Huts Department Office Suite at egriffin@outdoors.org.
Thanks a million!

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**:

***Fall Fest Coordinator**

***Layout & Graphic Design/Editor**
for this newsletter

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

***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**

.....

SPECIAL SEASON PASS

OH cabin annual pass: \$75

OH cabin annual family pass: \$100

.....

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

Did You Know...? Cabin fees, paid by those staying overnight at the cabin, only cover approximately 10% of cabin expenses. Dues cover the remaining costs! This is why dues are so important to the success of the OHA. Please, and Thank you!

Dues are:

\$25 for OH 25 & older

\$20 for OG under 25

You can pay online at

www.ohcroo.com/shop/annualdues/

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

107 Old Cemetery Rd.

Dorchester, NH 03266

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

Solvitur Crumpus

The Ghoul-Zool Mountain Club: A History Lesson

In response to questions raised by the Ghoul-Zool Membership Card pictured below and shared on a facebook post, the following information was procured:

From Bill Hoffman

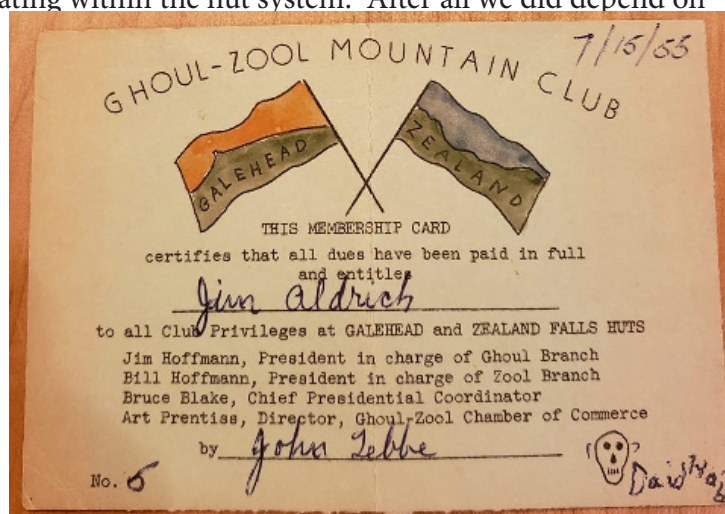
"My brother, Jim, and I were hutmen, he 1949-1953 as a floater and at Greenleaf, Galehead, and Zealand; me 1949-1952 at Pinkham and Zealand. We often had days off together and communicated frequently. In 1950 or 1951, our mother made flags for the two huts which flew on flagpoles in front of the huts. The Zealand flag featured Zealand Notch. The Galehead flag featured Mt. Garfield. These flags appear on the membership card.

During one of those summers, Jim and I decided that we should secede from the AMC and form the Ghool-Zool Mt. Club. Our father designed the membership card, had many printed, and colored them. At that time Zealand and Galehead each had just two hutmen. When one was on days off there was just one to take care of everything. Bruce Blake was the assistant Hutmaster at Zealand and Art Prentiss at Galehead. My memory is that anyone who stayed at either hut qualified as a member. There were no dues. We gave out many cards while we were hutmen and left the remainder. So subsequent hutmasters gave them out as well. Jim Aldrich must have been a guest and John Tebbe hutmaster in 1955.

We had fun with this, but did remain operating within the hut system. After all we did depend on the twice weekly truck trip for our food."

From Bill Barrett:

"The Tripping Director at my summer camp, a resident of Tamworth, was named Jim Aldrich. In the mid-1950's he conceived and led the camp's first hiking trip on what we called the "Western Range" (Franconia to Crawford Notches, staying at all three huts). If it is the same person, maybe he had an "in" at Ghoul or Zool that resulted in him becoming an honorary member."



In response to the Fall 2019 Resuscitator article on "Daid Haid," Norm Muller shared the following:

"I was an assistant to Jim Hoffman at Zealand ("Zool") in 1953, when "Daid Haid" was confiscated by some Pinkham crew around 1:30 AM on August 20. In letters I wrote my parents that summer, I mentioned in a letter of July 10 that Jim rigged an alarm system for the skull to warn when someone was entering the hut late at night. The alarm may have warned Jim on August 20, but it didn't prevent the skull from being taken. I had written my parents early during my stay that I intended to take a photo of the skull, but that never happened, unfortunately. I did write that the skull was presumably of a white man and was found in the Pemmi Wilderness in the early to mid-1940s. As I recall, the skull was painted green. Given the rather good condition of the skull, I always felt it may have been of a logger."

2020 SUMMER CROOS

Usually, this page would be list the upcoming croos for the summer season. However, due to the fluidity of the covid-19 situation, the huts' prospects for the summer are undecided at this time. We'll include summer croo listings in the next issue, if the situation warrants!



Show Off Your OHA 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, 577 Caribou Rd., Cyr Plantation, ME 04785

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_____



GORMINGS

Ben Leoni is currently living in Boulder, Colorado with **Lindsay Bourgoine**. They're planning a good 'ol fashion huts wedding in Maine this summer. Wedding party invites were sent out via Annie's boxes on the last truck. **Miles Howard** is living in Boston and writing about public transit, housing, and outdoor recreation for media outlets such as *The Boston Globe* and *VICE*. He recently traveled to



Vienna to report a feature on socialized housing. His latest book, *Moon New England Hiking*, was published on March 31st and he'll be promoting it in the near future.

Jeremy Eggleton sends his greetings to mid-'90s OH from Three Mile Road! Had a great connection with Dick Green,

OH-adjacent regular fill-in croo with Bill Oliver. Dick and Jeremy sit on the Hannover Zoning Board Association together.

Doug Teschner had a big party in Haverhill, NH for his 70th in October, then got a knee replaced two days later. His other was done in January. In addition to his gig doing leadership training and coaching, he made four trips to Zool in 2019 - two roundtrips on Nordic skis and two as a volunteer naturalist.

Suzanne Eusden is in her 30th year in Whittier, Alaska. She has run Whittier's one-person post office over 25 years (and is trying to retire if the USPS would just hire a replacement!). She is also a resistered longshoreman and worked 68 ships May through Oct. 2019, and expecting to work 85 ships in 2020. Not bad for 65 years old! Have heard recently from **David Allens** and **Will DeCoursey**.

Cheryl Baker waved goodbye to the 9-5 (more like 6-7) about 3 years ago. She had an opportunity to sail with a couple of women from NYC to Annapolis aboard *Joanna*, a NZ flagged vessel. It was a super time and she hopes to sail this fall from Maine to the Bahamas or however far she gets. The house project is approaching the 33rd-year mark; still plugging away at it.

Sarah Copelas matched into a Family Medicine residency at University of Minnesota Medical Center! She and her partner will soon embark on a cross-country move to Minneapolis, a city where they know not a single soul! But their new apartment has a wood-burning fireplace, so winters should be bearable. Reach out if you live nearby and would like to share a sourdough starter or have recommendations for good cross-country skiing spots.

Dave Donahue and Diana are in Asheville, NC, doing day-care duties for they're new grandson. Everyone's laying low now, but in case anyone is down this way in the near future for a trip to the Smokies or other ranges, or just stopping over while touring the Blue Ridge Parkway, be sure to look them up. Dave notes: "Lots of great brews down here - I'll probably never drink Falstaff or Black Horse again."

John Adams, Dick Low, Apples McIntosh, Doug Hotchkiss, Moose Meserve, and Frank Adams got together for lunch this past winter. Stories were swapped and laughter had.



GORMINGS depends on you!

Please send news, achievements, special milestones, photos, etc. to Editor Beth Weick at:

b.a.weick@gmail.com

107 Old Cemetery Rd., Dorchester, NH 03266



A Packing Dictionary

by EB Brandt

Pack: n/v – A supply run to the valley that occurs on Wednesday and Saturday. You can inquire “how was your pack?” or lament “I had a rough pack today.” In the verb form, you “pack” down trash and recycling and “pack” up fresh food. The first time I packed, I fell. It was a classic fall. I was approaching 4,800 feet in New Hampshire’s White Mountains in late May, so the icy remains of the winter monorail were still clinging to the trail. The entire hike I’d been moving slowly, the cold mist mixing with the boreal forest breeze raising goosebumps and thoughts of hypothermia. I was laboring uphill, my calves burning, with my heart in my ears. I was questioning my ability to do the job I’d coveted for a decade when I stepped on an icy patch and, in a moment, the weight of the packboard* leaned too far forward and it flipped.

*Packboard: n – Packboards are supposed to flip if their center of gravity moves too far forward and you aren’t holding on. The wooden external frames have two leather shoulder straps, but no hip strap where you would normally rest the weight while hiking. You hold on to the two by fours that extend down to balance your packboard. If you should lose your balance and fall forward, the weight is tied high so the packboard flips over you and you end up in an involuntary child’s pose, arms stuck in the straps, and staring at your feet. But you’re on top of the 40-80lb. load instead of beneath it. Packboards are essentially a rectangular wooden frame outlined by metal hooks, Frankenstein dowels protruding near the top, a canvas corset laced tight around the center and straps of shoulder-pinching leather. We usually pack alone, so my packboard has been sole witness to compressed, aching shoulders, the heave up for the weightless moment needed to make a knee high step, and the half shuffle half run I attempt when I’m late getting down to the valley. But the packboard isn’t only the bearer of boxes but a bearer of perspective. When I spur myself twice weekly up the last few steps, I arrive at my hut awash with confidence. I’ve observed my calves thicken, acquire hard lines of definition, and it’s been with two leather straps cutting across my chest that I’ve felt comfortable hiking in a sports

bra. Packing unveiled a new appreciation for my body, one that wasn’t defined by curves and unblemished skin. Bruises, scuffs of mud, calloused hands, and legs heavy with muscle are all essential parts of my body at work. Packboards are personal to the hut croo**, and at the end of your season you always sign your name, hut and position, inscribing a lineage alongside sweat marks.

Hut Croo: n – The name for the crew of people working at your hut - “my croo” - but also used in general to describe anyone working in the huts as “hut croo.” The reason it’s spelled with two oo’s has been lost to time, which is impressive in a culture where stories are rampant. It’s unclear when it changed over officially, but prior to the ‘70s the term hutmen was more common. This was the era of the boy’s club, the huts staffed by Harvard and Dartmouth men battling for the largest loads. The women who broke the gender barrier hauled as much as the guys, feet clad in Limmer boots, adding a few more pounds to the 80 or more they would regularly take. On the rosters they were denoted as “hutmen F”, spurring the creation of patches sewn on to hats that say “hutwoman” and “hutwoman M.” My once blue hat has faded to white and soaked in tide to coax sweat stains from the fabric. These days, packing is less of a numbers game and more about how comfortable you are. But if old hut croo lament the passing of the good ole days into legend, or inquire how much you crump*, you can always ask how many knee replacements they’ve had.

***Crump: v/adj – To crump is to semi-sit on a rock that is high enough off the ground and flat enough for you to rest your packboard on it and get the weight off your shoulders without fully taking it off. You then should be able to stand up. This rock usually comes up to butt height where your packboard ends. Each croo member learns where the best “crump rocks” are on their trail. OH’s believe that if you can’t “solvitur crumpus,” or, solve it by crumping, there’s not much else you can do. Crumping can be a humbling balance to the mythology of the packboard, which is as dangerous as it is empowering. Day hikers get out of our path,

continued on the next page

regardless of who has right of way. We're showered with praise, commentary, and exclamation: "How much do you carry?" "Look out! Here comes the resupply!" "Thank you for your service." With a packboard on, places become "my trail," and "my hut" as if we're the keepers of the public land that we help provide access to. Crumping occurs when your shoulders scream, your breath is ragged, and your mouth is parched. Crumping reminds you that you're human. Like donning a cape, a packboard can appear to transform you from hiker to hero, but if people thank me while passing me on the trail, I'm sure to say "it's nothing, I'm just doing my job."

What
stories are you
thinking of 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

Huts Update Spring 2020

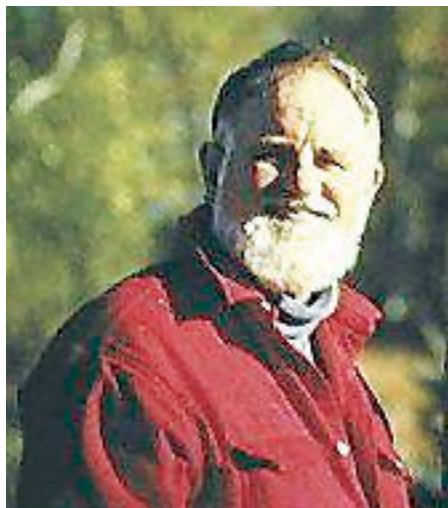
This past month has certainly been a bizarre time in the world, and the huts department has not been immune to the strangeness that COVID-19 has wrought. We closed Carter, Zealand and Lonesome in mid-March, but have continued staffing the huts in case of emergencies and to protect the facilities. Initially we planned to keep the huts open to hikers wanting to use the restrooms and fill up on water, but we were not alone in seeing significantly more hikers than we normally see in springtime. Across the country, folks out of work and school have been seeking out rural places for perceived safety and recreation, bringing, of course, increased risk of viral spread. For this reason, AMC and many other organizations have been urging people to abide by stay-at-home orders and recreate locally. As a result of this increase in visitors and the risks posed to our lone caretakers staffing the huts without running water, we have had to pull the latchstring in to protect our staff and prevent a hut becoming a site of viral spread to all who would be accessing it. As a department deeply committed to providing the highest levels of hospitality, this was not a small decision made lightly.

Normally, in mid-April the Huts Office is beginning to buzz with activity and anticipation for the summer, filling cookbooks with recipes, scrubbing down Galehead, Greenleaf and Mizpah during Ream Team and loading tons of food into helicopter nets, but currently all AMC staff are working remotely. Pinkham is a ghost town with a spare few individuals on site at any given time, and Forest Service Law Enforcement seriously implementing the closure of the East Side of Mount Washington. The days of our shoulder-to-shoulder, social Pinkham lunch feel like a distant dream.

Going forward, AMC will continue to attempt to balance the safety of our guests and croo with our desire to get our huts open and accomplish our mission. Though we are all distancing and spending time apart now more than ever, we are looking forward to the future. The huts have provided a sense of community and connection for generations and will continue to do so in the times ahead, perhaps even more so following this period of intense isolation. The cakkers will be flipped, the floors will be scrubbed, and the sunsets will be watched in awe. Bunking down in a sweaty croo room and rubbing elbows in Carter's tiny kitchen has never sounded more luxurious. It seems that we are all craving times of togetherness and simple tomfoolery in the mountains. We sincerely hope to be able to gather in these special places again soon.

OBITUARIES

Dave Eastman, 8/29/1943-11/18/2019. Natural-



ist, author, radio show host, newspaper columnist and decorated Vietnam War helicopter pilot veteran Capt. (U.S. Army) David L. Eastman, 76, of Tamworth, N.H. Dave worked at Mizpah hut in 1965.

Eastman's well-read nature column, "Country Ecology," was published in the Saturday editions of The Conway Daily Sun, and his nature radio show of the same name was broadcast several times weekly on local radio station WMWV 93.5-FM.

He was widely followed by readers and listeners for his ability to communicate often complex scientific issues into understandable stories about the natural world that were poetic in their delivery, insightfulness and conciseness.

Eastman entered the University of New Hampshire in 1961 and participated for four years in the Army ROTC program. At UNH, he was social chairman of Phi Kappa Theta, a member of the UNH track team and head sports manager of the UNH Football Team, including the undefeated 1962 Yankee Conference championship team.

As a forestry student at the University of New Hampshire, Class of 1965, he developed a lasting love for the White Mountains, and in 1964 attended the last summer of the UNH Forestry Camp in Pasaconaway Valley off the Kancamagus Highway, where he gleaned many fascinating tales about the history of the White Mountains during campfire chats with his esteemed mentor Dr. Clark Stevens.

He later passed on those tales about the White Mountains history to his brothers, the late R. Stephen Eastman and Tom Eastman, whom he credited for printing them as stories in The Mountain Ear

and later The Conway Daily Sun and mtearchronicles.com.

He graduated from UNH in 1965 with a B.S. in forest management. He was commissioned a second lieutenant in the United States Army. Eastman attended the Infantry Officer Basic Course and the Airborne School at Fort Benning, Ga. Subsequently, he received training for 32 weeks at the Rotary Wing Aviator Course at Fort Wolters, Texas, and Fort Rucker, Ala. He was awarded Army Aviator Wings in September 1966, as well as his Parachutist Badge.

Eastman was assigned to the 175th Aviation Company (AML), Vinh Long, Vietnam, and served a tour of duty in the Mekong Delta of Vietnam from 1966-1967. He served there as an Airmobile Commander of UH-1D Iroquois (Huey) transport helicopters. His duties included troop lifts, medical evacuation, command and control, aerial resupply, flare drops, flying gunships, and VIP flights. He served as a section leader and operations officer in his platoon.

He flew 1,300 combat hours as a UH-1D helicopter pilot. He flew both transport choppers that carried mostly Vietnam soldiers into battle and gunships during a year of heavy fighting in a particularly deadly part of Vietnam.

As his induction into the UNH ROTC Hall of Fame in 2008 noted, for his outstanding efforts in the Vietnam War, he was awarded the Silver Star, Distinguished Flying Cross, Bronze Star, 34 Air Medals (including "V" Device), and the Vietnamese Cross of Gallantry with a Gold Star.

Following his tour in Vietnam, he served as an Army flight instructor in the primary phase at Fort Wolters, Texas. He was promoted to the rank of captain in February of 1968 and he was transferred to the Army Reserve when leaving active duty.

In 2001, Eastman wrote a book, "Outlaws in Vietnam," in which he provided a first-hand account of his tour with the Outlaws of the 175th Aviation Company in the Mekong Delta. As an author, Eastman described the life of a helicopter pilot in combat, not only the flying and fighting, but also the socializing of chopper pilots and crew. His book revealed an exciting story of camaraderie, competence and fellowship.

Returning to civilian life, Eastman worked

continued on the next page

several jobs in the state of Washington from 1971 to 1981. He also studied at the University of Washington and earned a master's degree in forest science. He then returned to the East Coast to teach at UNH as adjunct faculty. He was the professor for INER 635, Contemporary Conservation Issues.

After two years of development and research work for Post & Beam Magazine, Eastman became the owner of Country Ecology in 1985. In that capacity, he wrote magazine articles on bluebirds and cavity dwellers, wildlife forage shrubs, and advertised in Birder's World, Wild Bird, Bluebird and Bird Watcher's Digest. He gave lectures and presented workshops widely.

While working at a sawmill in Sandwich, N.H., Eastman was inspired by the beautiful symmetry of natural bark to create Country Ecology Natural Log-Front Birdhouses; through which 11,000 nest boxes were sold nationally.

Eastman served as secretary of the N.H. Lakes Association for eight years and was its representative on the Governor's Lakes Management Advisory Committee. He was also the Natural Areas Caretaker for UNH of Rattlesnake Mountain and Five Finger Point on Squam Lake for over 20 years. He served on the North American Bluebird Society Board of Directors, 1997-2000. He also served as vice president of Lakes Region Chapter, ASNH.

Predeceased by his younger brother, R. Stephen Eastman of Kearsarge, N.H., he is survived by his son, David Colby Eastman and his wife, Serena Guarnaschelli and their daughter, Emma, all of London, United Kingdom. One of eight, he is survived by his sister, Judith E. Federowicz and brother-in-law, David Federowicz, of Vineyard Haven, Mass.; brother, Jon Eastman and his wife, Mary Ann, of Bridgeville, Del.; sister, Mary Leone Borowski and her husband, Robert Borowski of Nashua, N.H.; sister-in-law, Sarah W. Eastman of Kearsarge; sister, Susan Eastman of Boulder, Colo.; brother, Tom Eastman of Center Conway, N.H.; sister, Jeanie Eastman Ryan and her husband, Charles Riopel, of Rye, N.H.; and several nieces, nephews and cousins.

Donations in Eastman's memory may be made to the Lakes Region chapter, Audubon Society of NH; UNH ROTC; the Nature Fund and World Fellowship Center of Albany.

John Burnham Howe, 93, of Jackson NH, has completed his final hike. He died January 20, 2020, after a long and vibrant life.

John was born in Boston July 8, 1926.

He attended Deerfield Academy and Princeton University, and, in 1945, served briefly in the Army Air Corps. His career was primarily in geology and meteorological sciences.

In the early '60s he worked with NASA on the first generation of weather satellites, Tiros 1. During this time, he lived in Fairbanks, Alaska with his wife, Mary.

As a young man, John worked for the AMC, skinning mules, packing loads up to the Lakes of the Clouds and Madison huts, and working as a hutman. He was a member of the Old Hutman's Association. Beginning in the 1950s, his love of hiking led to a tradition on the Summer Solstice, of hiking from Randolph to Bartlett, covering the entire Presidential Range in one day. He continued this ritual well into his 70s.

John worked for many years at the Mount Washington Observatory, serving as staff engineer, scientist, and weather observer, earning the title of "Icingologist," for his expertise in deciphering the vagaries of ice accumulation at altitude. He was known as the Old Man on the Mountain. While working at the Observatory, he made many of his shift changes on foot and skis, when weather allowed — and sometimes when it didn't.

One of John's 15 minutes of fame came when he was a contestant on the long-running game show, To Tell The Truth. He appeared as himself, a Mount Washington weather observer. He did not stump the panel - his sturdy Yankee persona was impossible to disguise.

After retiring, John and Mary sailed their 31-foot wooden sloop, Vixen, from Maine to the Bahamas several times. Back in New England, when not at their home in Jackson, N.H., they sailed the coast of Maine, where they had many adventures



in

continued on the next page

with friends and family. While John would have demurred, his four children's love of hiking, sailing, the natural world, good writing, music, and a well-spun tale were shaped by his examples and tutelage. His long marriage with Mary proved a fine mix of adventure and domestic homesteading comedy that made it seem archetypal.

While fly-fishing, hiking, tinkering with old Volvos, and even older clocks abated in the last several years of his life, John was still cutting and splitting his own firewood until just a few years ago. Recently he was still reading Horatio Hornblower and Patrick O'Brian; and listening to Brahms, Handel, Hayden, and Mozart.

His sister, Elizabeth Howe Verrill, and his brother, Nicholas, predeceased John. His beloved wife of 58 years, Mary, died just 6 weeks before he did. John leaves behind son Andrew Howe and his wife Gay, of Jackson, NH; son, Nathaniel Howe and his wife Pamela, of Belfast, Maine; daughter Catherine (Cuppy) and her husband Dick Gordon, of Wellesley, Massachusetts; daughter Lucy and her husband Reese Hersey, of East Calais, Vermont. John also leaves behind 7 grandchildren. The family will have a private ceremony in the spring. Donations in John's name can be made to the Mount Washington Observatory, P. O. Box 2310, North Conway, NH 03860.

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.

*Contact Treasurer Alex Ziko at
alexanderziko@gmail.com*

*or Chair Stroker Rogovin at
stroker1001@gmail.com*

So, what does Solvitur Crumpus mean, anyway?

"The Appalachian Mountain Club huts in the New Hampshire White Mountains are managed by the hut crews. These are full service mountain lodges, serving two meals a day, to 34-90 overnight guests. So three times a week, each crew person has to pack 60-80 lbs. of food up three to six miles of trail to the hut. Even when you're in shape, this is exhausting. So you plan on taking several rest stops on the trail, usually in the exact same places, on every pack run.

Each rest stop is a "crump." That's a made up word that is a combination of crumple (as in crumple to the ground) and crap (because these rest stops are usually where you'd take a potty break). The word actually dates back to the 1920's.

Crump is both a verb ('It was so hot packing today, I had to take five crumps') and a noun ('My favorite crump is the boulder at the end of the third switchback').

So if crump is the word, then crumpus is the fake Latin version.

"Solvitur" is a real Latin word that is part of an obscure Latin quote "Solvitur ambulando," which means "It is solved by walking." So if you substitute crumpus for ambulando, you have the final meaning of "solvitur crumpus," which is "It is solved by crumping."

All this was invented by a member in the 20's and has been our motto ever since."



Put your hands together for...

OH Honorees and Award Recipients!!

This past November at Fallfest Ken Olson was awarded with an Honorary OHA award. The award recognizes members who have made outstanding contributions that have enriched the experience provided by the AMC Hut System or its associated facilities. Ken's involvement with the huts and AMC spanned some 15 years. This included five summers in the huts, a year as director of the YOP, three years as huts manager, and ten years working at AMC headquarters in Boston. Two of his most significant contributions as huts manager were implementation of the AMC's 1971 policy decision to allow women to be hired as Croo members and the start of the fall and winter caretaker program. After leaving AMC, Ken had an outstanding 30-year career in the field of conservation. During this time he served as executive director of the Nature Conservancy of Connecticut, president of American Rivers, director of special projects at the Conservation Foundation, and lastly as the president and CEO of Friends of Acadia. All told, Ken's work has directly or indirectly impacted all of us in our enjoyment and use of the out of doors. In recognition of the Honorary OHA award Ken was presented with a framed painting of Mt. Washington done by Sally Dinsmore.

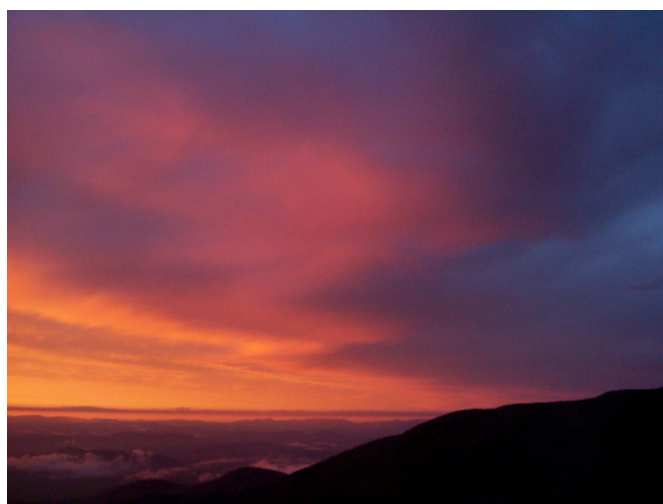


Bill Barrett receiving his award from James Wrigley, Director of Huts & Pinkham.

At the AMC's annual meeting in February, Bill Barrett was presented with the Joe Dodge Award for his extraordinary service over the past six decades. He first worked in the huts in 1961 and has continued his involvement up to today. After working in the huts, Bill was a long-time member of the OH steering committee, which has greatly benefitted from his corporate memory (including anniversary dates) and his compilation of an early master croo list. He has also served on the Joe Dodge Committee for many years. As part of the OHA, he has spearheaded many trail crew workdays throughout the White Mountains, but especially on the Hutman's Trail and the Hall's Ledge Trail, which he regularly patrols with his Sven folding saw.

Since 1991, Bill has volunteered as an Information Volunteer in the huts. The expectation for Info Vols in the huts is to volunteer two weekends a year, but Bill volunteers much more than that -- typically more like five or six weekends. He volunteers at a variety of huts, but is especially interested in Greenleaf and Lakes. For the past four years, and maybe before that, Bill has qualified for the Stewardship Society by volunteering over 224 hours, earning the Hart Award. Bill also mentors new volunteers during one or two of his Info Vol stints each year. He does a great job modeling the volunteer role and helping the new volunteers gain the skills and confidence they need to volunteer on their own. Finally, he has made a real effort during his time in the huts to connect with the current croos and has proved to be a critical bridge between them and old hutman. In fact, he was asked to have a starring role in "Greenleaf Kingdom," a wonderful video made by the Greenleaf croo (and found on Vimeo).

While this is a list of his many accomplishments, it is more important to know that Bill does his work without expectation of recognition or praise. He is always cheerful and helpful, and easily interacts with the hut guests in an open and approachable manner. Bill is a conscientious and enthusiastic worker and an addition to all that he is involved in.



Have you moved?
Changing your email address?

Please, let us know!
Send us a message, or update
your profile at ohcrou.com

.....

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 15 for the Spring issue, and Oct. 1 for the fall issue.

Resuscitator Editor is **Beth Weick**. She lives in Dorchester, NH along with her partner Ryan and their dog Dante. Their homestead, Coosauke, is an ongoing endeavor that features a large annual and perennial garden, their hand-built cabin, a greenhouse from recycled parts, root cellar, wood-fired hot tub, solar power lights, and walking water. With neither power nor internet access at home, and the usual library haunts closed due to coronavirus, this issue was put together on a borrowed laptop, running off a car charger, while chasing wi-fi from various closed establishments two towns over. Contact Beth at: b.a.weick@gmail.com or 107 Old Cemetery Rd., Dorchester NH 03266

Resuscitator Assistant Editor is **Kim “Schroeder” Steward**. She is also serves as the **OHA Webmaster**. After working for the AMC for 21 years, she has spent the last ten 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.

Thank you also Jonathan Hubbard for his extraordinary grammar skills and detailed proofreading efforts!