

THE RESUSCITATOR

THE PUBLICATION OF
THE OH ASSOCIATION

Spring 2026



PATRICK MULREADY **RUNS NOTCH TO NOTCH**
BETHANY TAYLOR **GETS BLISTERS**
DAVID MOSKOWITZ **REMEMBERS PINKHAM**
MANY PEOPLE **SKI & RIDE BIKES**

FROM THE DESK OF THE CHAIR



First and foremost, thanks to Stroker for his service to the OHA during the past two decades. I know it was actually longer, but that would make him a teenager. Under his tenure, we became a more inclusive, financially stable, and interconnected organization. Maybe we don't exactly use Roberts Rules of Order, but we have a Finance Committee that thinks about our investments, talk regularly with AMC leadership, and now welcome current and former staff from all AMC camps, shelters, trails, and more. That's a heck of a legacy, to say little of what great shape the cabin is in. Stroker would be the first to acknowledge the contributions of others, but he's due our gratitude and maybe a dram the next time you're in Boston.

Since I started in the role, a number of OH have reached out to offer their personal condolences, I mean congratulations. Really, I'm honored to be part of this Association and to help advance our mission. I have the privilege to stay connected to the huts as a Flea caretaker for the

past 5 years, and the even greater distinction of it being a way to reconnect with huts friends. I'll be there again 5/22-6/1. Stop by and say hello if you're in the area!

This is a big year for the AMC, as they mark their 150th anniversary!

Our histories are interwoven, and this year presents an opportunity to celebrate what we have accomplished together, and reflect on how we support one another going forward. This summer, OH will participate in events from Virginia to Maine, culminating with activities in the Pinkham Notch Area July 30 to August 3. Join us, especially for the ceremonial banner hike from Pinkham Notch Visitors Center to the Obs followed by a campfire with huts ghost stories on July 31, and then cabin tours, panel dialogues, and a reception on August 1. You are eligible for a 30% discounted OH rate at Joe Dodge Lodge (Resi# 756872). Whether you come for the weekend or one activity, we need you to represent!

That said, I want to hear from you. We've been thinking a lot about how to expand ways for OH to connect, which is central to our mission. We do this already through the Tator, Spring Reunion, Fallfest, the cabin, and more. Now that members are more spread out across the world and people increasingly get their news electronically, I think it's more critical than ever to reassert community. So be on the lookout for ways to connect through local meetups, online forums, events, and more.

Drop me a line anytime. I want to hear what resonates with you, how you think we can better help OH stay connected, and what else is on your mind: chair@oheroo.com

Solvitur crumpus,

Jared

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AND THE JOE DODGE AWARD GOES TO...

GEORGE BROWN!

BY BETHANY "BENNY" TAYLOR

HUZZAH for George! George's work in Storehouse makes sure so many mountain people are fed and his work with Trails making signs keeps more people safe and on track than we know, as well as his willingness to sit and chat with anyone at Pinkham lunch and coffee break and his many years of AMC volunteering. He keeps an enormous part of the Joe Dodge legacy alive and well. More details to follow about how and when George gets his award and how much of a fuss we're allowed to make when, but please congratulate George when you see him. Also, don't skimp on the congrats to the other wonderful nominees:

Alex De Lucia
Beau Etter-Garrette
Dave Evankow
Holly Riehl
Jess Wilson
Keith Watling
Ken Olson & John Nutter
Mark Putnam
Pat Hanlon
Shawn Couch
Stu Woodham
Tom Seidel
Will Oliver

Thank you all for giving time and thought to the Joe Dodge Award this year. I can't think of a better community to work in and for and appreciate all those who put Joe's legacy into action every day.



RIGHT: George hard at work on signs and hiking with StoHo celebs, Anna & Farley

TATOR WRITE-INS

Dear Tator,

Just want to drop a line and let you all know that I absolutely loved reading the most recent issue. Cooper's essay on his compost Sous-Vide had me laughing so hard and Callan's story of the Going-To-The-Sun Road was a delight (I live in Missoula, MT, a few hours from Glacier NP).

Keep up the great work! I miss the White Mountains and my huts community, but the 'Tator continues to offer up a full bowl of nostalgia and entertainment.

Zak Clare-Salzer

Dear Kimberly,

Many, many thanks for mailing me the printed Resuscitator for Fall 2025. I read it closely for any news about hut croo of the mid-1950s, when I was on the AMC trail crew, 1952-55, and then 1970. The news is becoming rarer and rarer as we are all getting in our 90s. Among my crewmates of those years were David "Stretch" Hayes, Robert "Bob" Watts, Doug Rankin, and Josef Orosz. Keep up your good work and my best to you and your associates in putting the tator together.

Dobie Jenkins

NEW HAM

BY COOPER YOUNG



Hello hut people! For anyone who has not previously met me, my name is Cooper. This season I have the absolute pleasure of being the very first huts assistant staffing manager! If you have yet to hear, the huts are introducing a "new" full time position this season to replace the much beloved 9. The HAM role is splitting into two separate jobs to give us the extra time and energy needed to ensure the huts remain the coziest, and weirdest, accommodations in all of the White Mountains. So don't worry, our front country heroes EB and Bethany won't be going anywhere.

But enough about the job, here's a bit about me! I am from Massachusetts and originally started my huts journey in the fall of 2022. I somehow managed to slip in a few days before Gala due to staffing issues and they haven't been able to get rid of me since. My seasons go as follows: Galehead F '22 Croo, Zealand 22/23 caretaker, Carter S' 23 HM, Greenleaf F '23 HM, Lonesome 23/24 caretaker, Mizpah S' 24 HM, Galehead F '24 HM. I took the previous year off to work as

an innkeeper in Vermont at a wedding venue/XC ski destination. Now I'm back and thrilled to have the privilege of typesetting a new chapter for unit 9's. I'm most excited to share my love of the high mountain huts with all our wonderful hut Croo and support them in any way I can!

When I'm not in the huts I'm busy exploring new hobbies (this past winter I tried my hand at XC skiing and needle felting) and doing anything I can to stay outside, whether that be hiking (for the views), exploring all the best swimming holes within a 50 mile radius, or simply finding a warm, sunny rock to lay on and read a book or do a crossword. I also have a passion for making and eating good food (ask me about milk salmon soup, it's better than it sounds). Anyways, I hope this has given y'all a bit more information about me and the new role I will be filling. Hope to see you in the mountains this year!

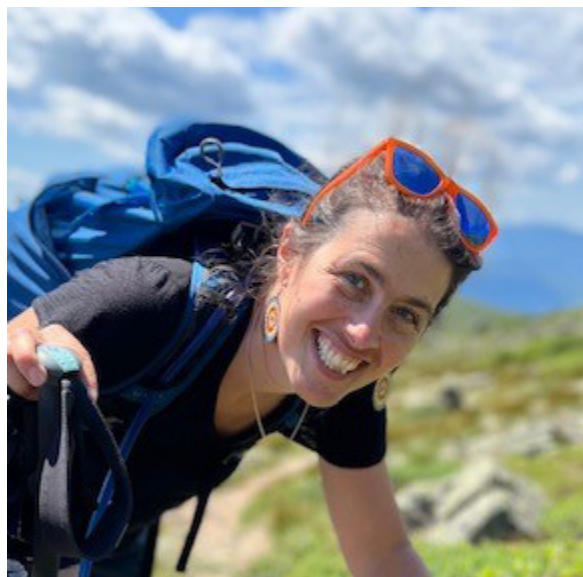


ABOVE: Cooper Young plans on giving his all, be it in the alpine zone or the fridge. *Cooper Young*

CONTRIBUTORS



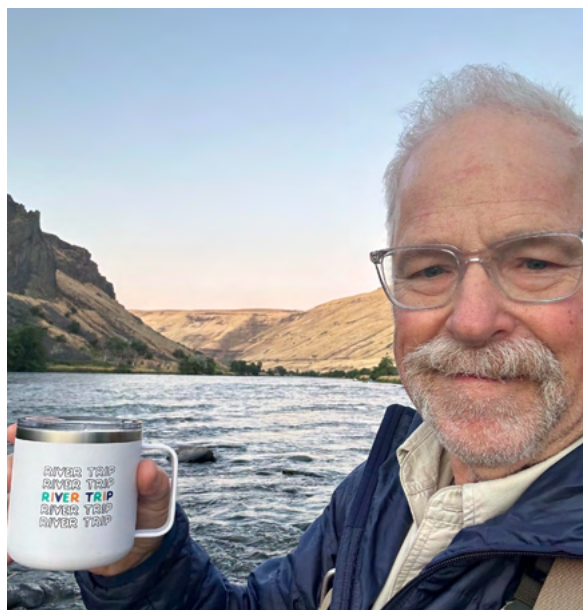
Patrick Mulready (Haus S'24, Pah AHM S'25, Flea HM F'25) is a runner and writer from Derry, New Hampshire. He worked five seasons in the White Mountains for the AMC and RMC. He now works as a baker at Old Village Bakery in North Conway. He is planning a move to Crested Butte, Colorado, but will always return to the Whites.



Bethany "Benny" Taylor lives in Jackson with her dog Gloria, and enjoys reading, gardening, hiking, skiing, and adventuring when not occupied with managing the huts.



Callan Hand lives in Portland, Maine with her partner Matthew and dog Forest. She works as a software engineer at Garmin. When not working, she can be found hiking in the White Mountains, biking along the Maine coast, or writing.



David Moskowitz enjoys being on the river and at home. The vibes of his river trips, pictured above, are abundantly inspiring to your Tator editors as they dream of warmer temps.

CONT'D



Becca Clark is originally from Vermont but now lives in Missoula, Montana and works full time as a cycling guide. When she's not riding her bike she's usually skiing, perfecting her ping pong game, or procrastinating writing for the Tator.



Jess Marion lives with her husband (and hut groupie) Lincoln Benedict in Brunswick, Maine, where she is a high school science teacher.

OHA ANNUAL SPRING REUNION AND POTLUCK

SATURDAY, MAY 16TH, 2026
9AM TIL 2PM

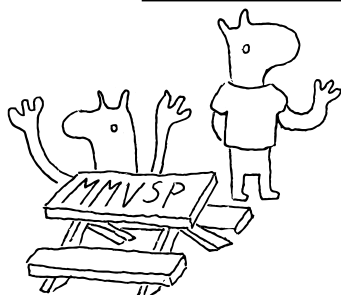
Come on up to the OH Cabin and let's welcome the arrival of spring! Your host this year will be Heather Wingate. We will be gathering again to get the cabin ready for the summer months ahead, followed by a potluck lunch. Come hang out with OH friends, old and new, and reminisce about all the fun we had when we were opening up our huts years ago.

Some of the fun chores to look forward to will be:

- Cleaning out the woodsheds
- Removal and cleaning of storm windows
- General spring clean-up of any winter debris inside and outside around the cabin
- And of course, time visiting and reminiscing with OH friends and family members!

Please RSVP to Heather Wingate at summitseeker45@gmail.com. Bring a dish to share for lunch. If you plan to stay at the cabin while helping out with chores, you can stay for free! Make sure to make a reservation through the OHA website: <https://www.ohcroo.com/cabin/> Looking forward to seeing folks again in May!

SAVE THE DATE: MMVSP PICNIC 2026



Please save the date for an MMVSP picnic on **July 25th, 2026 at the Dolly Copp picnic area, 300 Glen Ave, Gorham.** This is a covered pavilion and the event will take place rain or shine. To make sure you're kept up to date, drop a line to mountmadisonvolunteerskipatrol@gmail.com and we'll include you on future emails. All are welcome, regardless of Madison work history. Hope to see you there!

While we have you, please take our survey so we can best plan for the future of this group! <https://tinyurl.com/MMVSPMemberSurvey>

In need of a purple shirt? Hop over to <https://www.bonfire.com/store/mmvsp/>

Sincerely,

Mount Madison Volunteer Ski Patrol

Patrol leadership team: Lesley Fowler Nesbitt, Kim "Schroeder" Steward, Jennifer Granducci, Heather Harland Wingate

UPCOMING HUT HUNDRETH ANNIVERSARIES

BY BILL BARRETT

Who out there is enough of a Lonesome Lake fan to be interested in helping to organize that Hut's gala Hundreth Anniversary celebration in 2029? Most hut anniversaries are celebrated every 25 years, but that has never happened in the case of Lonesome. (This is probably due, at least in part, to the fact that the Hut has existed in two different clusters of buildings at two different sites around the Lake.) But hopefully that is about to change when this dual-identity treasure of the Western Division reaches its 100th birthday. That's only three years away, but it's none too early to start planning for this. The Steering Committee is looking for a Committee of 5-10 OH who can plan the event for sometime (perhaps a Sunday, and overnight to Monday, during mid-summer 2029), and see it through to a conclusion.

The 100th Anniversary of this Hut is significant in that in 1929 it was by itself 50 miles by road away from the existing three huts in the Pinkham Notch area. (Given a wide choice of possible sites, could its establishment there have anything to do with the fact that Joe Dodge was an avid fisherman?) Whatever the reason for Joe's choice, once Lonesome had been established it became virtually mandatory for him to close the gap between it and the other huts, and to do so quickly. Hence the almost immediate imminence of three other Hut Hundreths---those of Greenleaf (2030) and Galehead & Zealand (2032).

In the next few years the Steering Committee will be looking for Anniversary Committees for those three huts, but for now the focus is on Lonesome. So, Lonesome OH from all decades, if you are interested in being involved in this (or even if you only think you might), please contact Bill Barrett at wllmbarrett@yahoo.com, preferably by this June 1. Time's almost a'wasting, and the earlier that planning for this can begin, the better!

SPRING 2026 OH CABIN UPDATE

BY EMILY BENSON, CABIN CARETAKER

The cabin has been enjoying the great winter recreation season, with consistent temperatures ensuring fantastic conditions for OH to enjoy skiing, snowshoeing, hiking and ice climbing. Visitors to the cabin have kept the wood box filled, paths shoveled and the cabin clean. Many thanks!



Income from overnight cabin fees increased \$500 compared to last winter. Overall cabin income collected through the online reservation system for the period 12/25/25 through 2/26/26:

- Overnight cabin fees: \$1365
- Annual Cabin Passes: \$300

Cabin Committee members met with new OHA Chair Jared Liu in February to review current policies and discuss future plans for the cabin. In April members will be meeting with former Cabin Caretaker Mike Waddell to create a Capitol Improvement Plan to better anticipate and plan for larger projects that may be needed in the future.

Upcoming events for 2026 include the following:

Spring Reunion, Saturday, May 16th:

Heather Wingate will be hosting this year's gathering and is looking forward to everyone's potluck contributions to share. (see more details elsewhere in the Tator). Light spring cleaning chores to be completed include:

- Removal and cleaning of storm windows
- General spring clean-up of any winter debris inside and outside around the cabin
- Plenty of time visiting and reminiscing with OH friends and family members!

AMC's 150th Anniversary Celebration, Saturday, August 1st:

The cabin will be open for "tours" with Schroeder and Stroker serving as Cabin Hosts. They would love to have more YOH join as well to provide perspectives from all generations on the unique history of the OHA. Please let Schroeder know if you are willing to help out at croo@ohcroo.com.

Fallfest Firewood Challenge, Saturday, November 7th:

Stop by the cabin earlier in the day before Fall Fest and help us stack any remaining firewood in the woodshed to get ready for the winter months ahead.

Thanks to everyone for taking great care of our special cabin. Remember to check out all the details on cabin use that are available on the website. Things are always subject to change, especially as seasons transition from winter to summer operations, just like the huts themselves!

Emily Benson, Cabin Caretaker and the Cabin Committee

NOTCH-TO-NOTCH: A NEW TRAIL RUNNING ADVENTURE

BY PATRICK MULREADY

The White Mountains Notch-to-Notch is a 65-mile trail running route that connects the five major notches of the White Mountains: Kinsman, Franconia, Crawford, Pinkham, and Evans. It overlaps with the Hut Traverse in many places, but where it diverges, it includes some of the most exciting and challenging terrain in the White Mountains, such as Kinsman Ridge, Tuckerman Ravine, the Wildcats, and the Wild River Wilderness.

History

In the winter of 2022, I was looking for a new challenge. The previous summer, I had completed a Pemi Loop in a single day. The year before, I had completed my first Presi Traverse. I wanted to continue progressing upwards, and I

knew that the next logical step was to take on a Hut Traverse. Early on in January, however, I accepted a job as a summer caretaker with the Randolph Mountain Club, and I decided that I did not want to complete a Hut Traverse until I could do it as hut croo. Because of this, I sought to create my own route through the Whites, similar in challenge but novel in experience. Just as many routes seek to connect major landmarks, such as peaks or shelters, I decided to connect my own personal favorite features of the Whites: The notches. In its first iteration, I plotted a line connecting Franconia Notch to Evans Notch, and thus the Notch-to-Notch was born.

I made my first attempt at this route the summer of 2023. I crashed and burned pretty spectacularly. After 40 miles of hiking, I reached



SPREAD: On Tuckerman Crossover at dawn. *Unknown Photographer*

Carter Notch Hut at midnight. I quickly lost mental and physical momentum, and began questioning my decision to march into the Wild River Wilderness alone, in the dark, while already exhausted. Fatigue caught up to me, and I ended up sleeping for a few hours on the floor of the Carter bathroom – afraid that I wouldn't be able to explain myself if the croo discovered me in the dining room. The next morning, I stumbled down the Nineteen Mile Brook trail to catch the shuttle back to my car. I failed, but I got close enough to know that it was possible.

Following that first attempt, I completely stepped away from the Notch-to-Notch for a period of almost two years. I achieved my childhood dream of becoming hut croo, completed a Hut Traverse, and continued to improve my hiking and running as best as I could. Amid all of it, the Notch-to-Notch remained in the back of my mind as an unfinished vision, and there was never any doubt in my mind that I would return to complete it. The summer of 2025, my second season in the huts, was my chance.

My second attempt at the Notch-to-Notch came with a new iteration of the route, in which I added Kinsman Notch to the west. This made it

longer and more challenging, but was also a more complete fulfillment of my original goal to connect all the major notches of the Whites. The final version of the route clocked in at 65 miles and 23,000 feet of elevation gain.

The day before the attempt, I turned 22 years old. The next morning at 10:04am, Thursday August 7th, 2025, I stood at the Kinsman Ridge trailhead. My friends Noah and Grace, fellow Assistant Hutmasters, were with me, joining for the first section. It's hard to know what to do when you finally reach a moment you've been imagining for so long. I tried to take a moment to appreciate it. In the end, there was nothing left to do but start. So, I started.

Trip Report

The first section of the Notch-to-Notch traverses Kinsman Ridge, following the Appalachian Trail across North and South Kinsman before dropping down to Lonesome Lake and Franconia Notch. This is a sneakily difficult section. None of the terrain is especially difficult when compared to the more technical areas in the White Mountains, but it is simply not conducive to speed. Lots



of small ups and downs, twists and turns, never allowing you to find a steady rhythm. This section also exceeded my expectations in terms of how scenic it was, though, and I was grateful to have it included as part of the route.

Cresting the summit of South Kinsman brought an end to the hard effort for that section and offered some pretty great views. I was particularly struck by the image of North Kinsman from South, very distinct, with the trail clearly visible cutting up the face of the peak. It was a moment where I was grateful



that my route, planned out on a two-dimensional map, offered such natural beauty when experienced in real life. One of my biggest takeaways from the route as a whole was the joy of discovery in a self-made project.

The stretch to North Kinsman and the descent to Lonesome Lake were similarly scenic and uneventful. I mostly remember enjoying the time I got to spend with my friends. Arriving at Lonesome, we were greeted by croo members Rubén and Brooke, who were happy to receive us and excited to hear about the project.

The descent down the LLT was smooth, and we enjoyed jogging a bit while trying not to slip on the loose trail. I said goodbye to Noah and Grace in the Old Bridle Path parking lot, and I tried not to feel jealous as they talked about the ice cream they were going to get that afternoon. It was wonderful to have both of them there for that first section, and I never would have been able to keep my spirits so high if it weren't for them, which made for a positive start to the project.

There was a lot going through my mind as I started hiking up the Old Bridle Path. About a month earlier, I had discovered that I was going to be the Greenleaf Hutmaster in the fall, so with every step I thought about how I would soon

be packing that trail and would come to know it intimately. I was also particularly excited to see the Greenleaf croo, who I was good friends with. The OBP, however, ended up being one of the most physically difficult sections. It was noticeably hot and hazy that day, so I was sweating and breathing heavily. It's hard to

hit physical difficulty like that so early into an effort, since it's very easy to feel overwhelmed by the thought of, "How am I going to do 50 more miles of this?"

With time I made it through, and I had the pleasure of stopping into Greenleaf Hut. I was enthusiastically welcomed by the croo, and Hutmaster May proudly showed me the well-organized croo room shelves, ready for my arrival in the fall. They sent me off by ringing the kitchen bell, an auspicious start to my solo miles to come.

I felt better and better as I climbed into the alpine zone, and by the time I crested Lafayette, my energy had returned and I was excited to tackle the next section. Garfield Ridge, though one of the toughest stretches of terrain, was also the section I had the most experience on, so it ended up going by very smoothly.

As I approached Galehead, the windows were burning a bright orange in the night, and the hut looked like the most inviting place possible in those dark woods. I walked in and, again,

was enthusiastically welcomed by the croo. To my delight, my friend Nicola told me that she would join me for the climb up South Twin, and we headed out into the night together. That climb, typically slow and arduous, genuinely flew by with Nicola's company, and I am indebted to her for her support. At the summit of South Twin, Nicola wished me luck and we parted ways. I put on some music to keep me entertained for those miles alone in the dark and set off towards Zealand at a brisk pace.

Zealand was the only hut that I passed through in the night, with the croo all asleep. I took the opportunity to make the stop as efficient as possible, and left a note for the croo in the guest log. Before leaving, I briefly sat on a bench and looked at the opposite wall, next to the library. As I stared, the corners of my vision began to blur and run backwards. It was tunnel vision from 14 hours of hiking. I took it as a sign that stopping could only do me harm, and I hastened back onto the trail.

Crawford Notch serves as the midway point for the route in all respects: Distance, time, and literally being the middle of the five notches. I was happy to be feeling as good as I did at that point, and equally happy for the support that was awaiting me in the notch: At that moment, my cousin Marc was



sleeping in a hammock in the woods, waiting to pace and support me for the second half of the route. The notch was a ghost town as I crossed

the railroad tracks, jogged to my car, and met up with Marc. I

told him how encouraged I was by the miles behind me, and he told me how excited he was for the section ahead.

We headed up the Crawford Path under the light of the almost-full moon, eager and confident. As we neared the Mizpah cutoff, I came across another instance of huts magic: Cardboard signs that my Mizpah croo had made for me, attached to trees and logs, with words of encouragement. It raised my spirits as we climbed past the cutoff, and before we knew it we were rounding the summit of Pierce and emerging into the alpine zone. The sky was clear and the stars were out. We continued on.

The Southern Presidentials went by smoothly. We spent most of that section counting the toads that we saw along the trail (the total number of toads seen during the Notch-to-Notch was 36). It was on this section that I began really feeling the fatigue of 40 miles on trail. Any time we stopped, I would immediately sit down on the nearest rock

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against the orange sky was a proud sight before us. We moved through this dreamscape, and just as dawn was fully breaking, we arrived at Lakes

FACING AND BELOW: With friends Noah and Grace on Kinsman Ridge. One of the encouraging signs on the Crawford Path made by Mulready's Mizpah croo. *Unknown Photographer*

of the Clouds Hut.

The night before, I had gotten a text from a friend on the Lakes croo, saying that they were very excited to see me, and that they were leaving me a “special treat” in the kitchen. I told Marc this, and he asked me what I guessed the special treat was. I thought about it seriously, and responded, “Knowing them, it’s probably some weird baked good.” I walked into the Lakes kitchen to find my treat: a bright, rainbow-colored cake with an encouraging note attached. I refrained from eating any, fearing what it may do to my fragile digestive system, but it was the gesture that counted.

Daylight had fully broken by the time we left Lakes. Finally out of the darkness, we headed over the Tuckerman Crossover and celebrated the new day with an idyllic stroll through the alpine zone. Reaching the top of Tuckerman Ravine was a proud moment, both for the experience of being in that place at that time, and the knowledge of knowing that the route included such a beautiful landscape. The descent down Tuckerman was painful, but smooth.

After 22 hours and nearly 50 miles of hiking, I arrived in Pinkham Notch. This was not a long stop, but even just a few minutes sitting down in the Pinkham basement allowed the fatigue of the day to catch up to me. Though I was exhausted, I was also optimistic, feeling that the effort was going to strike the right balance between being very difficult but possible. Over the course of the final section, the fatigue would ebb and flow but never fully leave.

We departed from Pinkham and made our way to the base of the Wildcats. As we began the heinous climb up the Wildcats, the absurdity of the route really struck me. I realized it was easy to plan a route on a map that goes over the Wildcats at mile 50, but much, much harder to face it in reality. The entirety of the ridge trail leading up to Wildcat A felt punishing. The climbs were steeper than I expected and went on for longer than I would have liked. The whole section seemed to drag. I had no energy left in my legs and was just trying to stay behind Marc, putting one foot in front of the other.

Eventually we reached Wildcat A, and with it came a perfect view of Carter Notch Hut

below us. I had been eagerly looking forward to reaching Carter for a variety of reasons. First, being the site of my failure of 2023, I was looking forward to getting past it, and continuing on from Carter felt like an assurance that I would complete the route. Even more, though, I was excited to reach Carter because I knew that Fall Gala was just wrapping up there. This meant that I would meet my new fall Greenleaf croo there for the first time, and I thought it was funny for that moment to come as I was exhausted and near delirious.

I made the painful descent, and as the hut came into view, I saw all of the fall croos packed up and gathered around the front door. I had arrived only moments before they left. Bethany Taylor let out a big cheer as the rest of the new croo stared at me. We had a short conversation and I asked Bethany if my croo was there. She called their names and I saw three smiling faces pop out from among the crowd. I did my best to smile and wave, and looked forward to when we would see each other again. Marc and I walked into the hut as the rest of them began their descent.

In Carter, I got to catch up with my good friend Jasper as we refilled for the final time. He also let me use the radio to contact my Mizpah croo, tell them that I was doing well and headed on to finish, and express my gratitude for their support. They gave me some words of encouragement in return. These were the interactions that cemented my biggest takeaway from the route: The people were the best part. For my effort to have spread throughout the Hut System, and for the entire system in turn to show its support in so many little ways, defined the experience. Without that community, the route would have just been a bunch of miles. With the community, it was a journey.

I left Carter with a redoubled determination. I knew now that success was possible, and I felt that nothing could come between myself and Evans Notch. We kept the pace strong and the conversation light, and the miles to the Eagle Link trail were remarkably steady. By the time we reached the junction, it had started to rain, lightly at first, but becoming heavier as we made the ascent to Eagle Crag. I didn’t feel that the rain

significantly affected my mood—I was worn down to the point of acceptance. Of course it was raining, why wouldn't it be? The route just needed to get its final blows in. The Eagle Link trail felt endless as it meandered towards the ridge above, overgrown with ferns and saplings now soaking our clothing with rain. My chief complaint at that point was my feet, which were aching worse than I had ever felt after so many miles. My muscles, however, still felt relatively fine, and I felt as though I was climbing strong despite the conditions.

The rain had stopped by the time we crested Eagle Crag. I had not been back in Evans Notch in years, and was struck by how familiar and beautiful the terrain

was. The sky was gray, quiet, filled with clouds like cotton balls, muffling the entire landscape. We looked down through the high air into Maine and hills beyond. The trail led down. There was nowhere else to go.

Even though every step was painful, the mood was high for those final miles. The hard work was behind, the descent nothing but a victory lap. With less than half a mile from the finish, I was jogging. As we continued on past familiar rocks and trees, that jog became a run, and soon I was practically bounding through the woods. The pain in my feet and my joints, the exhaustion in my body, all completely melted away. I felt better than I had at mile one. I felt like gold. Every step was powerful, propelling me towards the achievement of my long-held goal. I felt the full weight of just how far I had come to be taking those final steps, and it took



ABOVE: The finish in Evan's Notch.
Unknown Photographer

my breath away. Then came the moment that I had pictured in my mind countless times, never knowing if I would ever get to see it: The road peeked through the trees, I took a right turn over a trail thick with roots, and hopped down a final few stone steps to the pavement below. I was suffused with total, complete elation. I hugged Marc, I kissed the ground.

It was 30 hours, 10 minutes, and 25 seconds after I had started. The Notch-to-Notch, finally, was complete.

TRAIL WANDERINGS

BY BILL BARRETT

With the arrival of Spring, it is time again to think about getting the two trails that we have adopted from the U.S. Forest Service ready for the season. On Saturday, May 16 we will go over the Hutmen's Trail, seeing what needs to be done and performing minor maintenance. This includes cleaning waterbars, clipping branches & saplings, throwing debris off the footway, and clearing minor blowdowns. If we see any major problems such as a large blowdown or tangle, we'll probably note it down for later attention, but meanwhile do the best we can to make that part of the trail passable.

We will meet at 10AM at the Hutmen's trailhead (near the log cabin on Route 16) and will plan to finish by 2PM in order to adjourn to the OH Cabin for lunch. (See the article on page 7 about this. Anyone who wishes is automatically a member of the OH Trail Croo. Bring tools if you have 'em, especially a bow saw or clippers.

The next day, Sunday May 17 we will plan to go over the Hall's Ledge Trail, and do the same things there. This time, meet at the pull-off on the east side of Route 16 between the Dana Place and the Ellis River Bridge. (The trailhead is just over the guardrail south of the Bridge.) Again, this will be a short day, and we will plan to finish by 2PM.

Don't forget, anyone who accumulates 16 or more hours helping maintain our trails will receive a free WMNF parking pass. Any questions, contact Bill Barrett at wllmbarrett@yahoo.com. And similarly, if you cannot join us on May 16-17, but later spend time on OH trail maintenance (even if it's just to do a reconnaissance), be sure to send an email reporting (i) names of maintainers, (ii) hours spent by each, (iii) date, and (iv) description of work.

On a related note, please see the accompanying photos, courtesy of Emily Benson, showing bear damage to some of the Hutmen's Trail interior signs that are only three years old! The Forest Service is aware of the damage, and plans to replace any sign after it becomes unreadable.



ABOVE AND RIGHT: Hutmen's Trail signs are almost as tasty to a bear as the real thing (hutmen). *Emily Benson*

BLISTERS

BY BETHANY TAYLOR

I'm sure that many people can look back and pinpoint a specific moment where Robert Frost's roads diverged for them, and whichever one was taken...that has made all the difference. My experience is that you don't necessarily recognize the moment in the moment—it might look like bad luck or random chance or just the toss of a coin, but if you track things back, it was clear that from X, all things became as they are.

One of my clearest X marked roads is when I was studying abroad in Kenya in the spring semester of 2003. I'd figured I could wrack up my student debt with St. Lawrence as easily in Kenya as in Canton, NY, and given that I would like to get to all the continents in my lifetime, a semester long program in East Africa felt like a relatively easy way to get to the continent in a slightly deeper capacity than white safari mzungu, although the more I learned, the shallower that depth felt.

In a giving a mouse a cookie mode, I figured that if I was going to be in Kenya, I was also next door to Tanzania. And Mount Kilimanjaro is in Tanzania. And having learned about the Seven Summits from John Krakauer's "Into Thin Air"—a book I read the covers off—I was pretty sure that Kilimanjaro was the only one of the Seven Summits I had ability to climb with the time, talent and money I had available or was interested in investing in Big Mountains. So, in early April



from the college compound outside of Nairobi, I booked a guide to take me up Kilimanjaro in the two weeks after the semester wrapped up in early May.

Between the booking of the climb and the end of the semester, all students engaged in a month-long immersive independent study. I'd opted to join forces with my one of best college friends to intern at a sandal making collective in the Korogocho neighborhood of Nairobi. (Officially, Korogocho is an informal settlement/slum, but

in another story for another time...I was a judge at a "Miss Queen of the Ghetto" beauty pageant between the "slums" and it feels bad to call places people are proud to represent slums.)

Our internship was something of a disaster—Pete and I were among the scruffiest of the scruffy kids on the semester, and the sandal collective was hopeful that we could use our whiteness and American student privilege to encourage high-end tourist hotels in Nairobi to carry these beautiful leather and beadwork sandals with recycled tires for the sole and tread. The best thing to imagine is the reaction the Mount Washington Hotel Boutique would have to a pair of thru-hikers asking the store to include their friends' crafts. We were not good at this, so instead tried to encourage our fellow students and our families to order as many pairs of the sandals as possible.

I got a pair of flipflops with cowrie shells

PREVIOUS AND BELOW: BT in Kenya, pre-blisters. Her friend Renee took these and made a scrapbook. *Bethany Taylor*

and grass-green seed beads along the straps. They were beautiful, and I wore them immediately and constantly.

April and May are a rainy season in Kenya. And new leather flipflops—no matter how much you’re wearing them to atone for your insufficiencies as a salesperson to hotels or out of crippling guilt you’ve learned about your white skin, Capitalism, or Colonialism—will rub your feet raw if you walk in them too much before they’re broken in.

Which I did, wearing my new sandals, ignoring the red broken blisters, and walking through the rainy season puddles of Korogocho. At one point, I saw a dead rat float down the street as I was going between the puddles. And that was at least an identifiable bit of the flotilla.

And I was 21, and it was 2003 and I was an outdoor girl and I felt like I had to prove my toughness constantly and in all regards. So, I put band-aids on my blisters—a nice little row of them with oozy white-green pus under the sandal straps—and kept going so I could wrap up the semester and go to Tanzania and climb Kilimanjaro and I would be strong or cool or mountain or whatever enough. (Enough for what is a question I still don’t have an answer for.)

The night before I was going to get the bus to Tanzania and start my trek, the pain in my feet woke me up before sunrise. I lay in my bed and cried, pulled my common sense out from wherever I’d shoved it, and then got up out of bed

and cancelled my trek.

In daylight, I went to the doctor, got a huge dose of antibiotics and medicated cream and gauze for my blisters, and began swapping my flight around to leave Kenya within a few days.

It was the right choice. And what I regret is not missing out on climbing Kilimanjaro, but that I sat around the Amsterdam airport for the whole 12 hours of my layover, rather than figuring out how to store my luggage and take the train into the city to see the spring flower market. Perhaps not the regret others have about missing Amsterdam, but there as a wholesome nerd with a soft spot for flowers...there is the truth.

Finally, I was home in New Hampshire, two weeks ahead of when I’d meant to be back. Landing in a liminal space when plans don’t go smoothly is disorienting, for better or worse. I had a summer job lined up at my beloved summer camp, but it wouldn’t start until June. I was bored and felt out of place.

And what I’d really wanted for summer 2003 was to work in the huts. My older sister, Hannah, had worked at Mizpah in the fall of 2002 and visiting her made it seem possible that you didn’t have to be a mountain god to work there. I’d duly applied before heading abroad, and while Dave and Caitlin had tried to set up a phone interview with me in Kenya, the phone reception and timing was terrible, so it didn’t work out.

Waffling with my sore feet, jarred sense of self, and what I wanted to be doing, I called Hannah for advice. “Sometimes people drop out from huts,” she said, “you could just call and see if they need anyone, last minute?”

So I called Pinkham around mid-morning on a random Monday in late May—not knowing it was the first day of Gala—left a faltering phone message that I was very interested if anything opened for the summer,



took the dog out for a walk in the woods, and came back to my parents' answering machine beeping with a message from Dave and Caitlin asking me to call back immediately.

It turned out the Lonesome Naturalist had been a no-show. I flubbed my way through a non-interview interview, highlighting my time as a camp counselor, glossing over my plant ID skills from the SLU ADK semester in the woods, mentioning my up-to-date WFR cert, and that I was absolutely available to hike up to Greenleaf for training by noon on Wednesday. I remember Caitlin and Dave being breezily confident about me in a way that I now know as the tidal wave of relief after a panic of staffing shortage.

And so I showed up, alone, in the mist, through the croo door of Greenleaf, and feeling like the most impostery imposter, terrified that I was unqualified, uncool, and utterly uncertain about how any of this would go. It helped, somewhat, that the first person I saw at Greenleaf was a friend from home who I'd lost track of and who

would go on to become one of the great, grounding friends of my life.

As the timing worked out, the first night at Greenleaf was the date I had intended to be summiting Kilimanjaro. And of those "way cooler than me" strange hut kids milling around Greenleaf, several are still and always the friends I cannot imagine bearing through life without. We were all just posturing over our insecurity and delight at finding the other mountain people to belong with.

I'm sure I would have a good life, if I had climbed Kilimanjaro, if I had worked at the summer camp for a fourth summer in 2003, if my life had gone according to the plan and metric of myself at 21. But living as I've been lucky enough to live, knowing and loving the huts and the hut people as I have, and now having the great joy of steering the huts for others for a few years...those grotesque blisters that made my life since possible are among the best things that have ever happened to me, even if I cried and cursed what I thought they made impossible.

A NOTE FROM THE NORTHERN TIER: VEGETABLE SOUP ESCAPADES

BY CALLAN HAND

The majority of my brain power in the first few weeks of bikepacking across the country was spent thinking about food. How much we had left? When would we stop to eat? Where would we stop? And where we could get more food? The list went on and on, repeating itself in my head like a persistent earworm. Pedaling a loaded bike—we never did weigh our panniers, but I would guess they were around 30-40 lbs—up mountain passes left my stomach as empty and endless as the North Dakota roads.

Grocery stores were a daunting place with their endless aisles of food, most of which

we couldn't carry on our bikes or cook with our single pot and camp stove.

In the beginning, I gave in to my body's desires and bought what it craved—peach rings, chocolate and Fig Newtons. After a few weeks, we settled into a rhythm of buying enough food for three days. It relieved us from the burden of planning our day around stopping at a store while also not carrying too much extra weight.

The third meal was the hardest to choose. It needed to be light, as we would be carrying it for the longest amount of time, as well as filling, because by the third day, we were often running low

on snacks, having eaten too much the previous days, which left us ravenous for dinner. Night one was often rice and beans with cheese and a fresh vegetable (usually a pepper, sometimes an avocado) in a tortilla. Night two was store-brand mac and cheese. The infamous third night was the grocery store equivalent of a freeze dried backpacker meal—dried spaghetti sauce, lo mein, ramen, alfredo pasta packages or whatever else we could find, often resulting in some questionable combinations.

It was my turn to go grocery shopping while Matthew waited outside with our bikes. I decided to go with dehydrated vegetable soup and ramen for our third night's dinner. The soup was beef-flavored—note there was no actual beef, just the essence of it. It ended up being chock-full of salt and very distasteful, which I should have anticipated given the artificial beef flavor.

That night in our tent the gravity of my mistake set in. We were setting up our sleeping bags and pads when my nostrils were hit with the smell of rotting beef stew. I looked over at Matthew who glanced at me and said, "Sorry." Not even a second later, my body released its own beef stew fart. The air in our tent, once smelling of the nearby trees and flowers,



was now dominated by a stagnant cloud of rotting sulfurous. We both dove into our sleeping bags, which became our own personal fart chambers for the rest of the night.

The interesting part about biking as a pair is that someone is always in the back. The next day as we pedaled up Sherman's pass, it was my turn to be in the back. I was in my lowest gears moving at a comfortable pace behind Matthew when I heard it—the indistinguishable sound of a fart. Trapped in the humid air, the smell of rotten meat being dragged through a sewer consumed me before I even realized what was happening. I tried to put some distance between us. I tried to hold my breath. I tried to exhale really hard. I tried to lean my head way to the left or right. Whether they were audible or silent, I smelt everyone of those farts.

This is how I learned that the food we consume matters. It is easy to think you can eat anything while backpacking, since you are burning more calories than you can consume. But as I learned, the impact of food goes beyond its caloric value. Indulging in my cravings of peach rings, chocolate, sausage, and cheese wasn't going to cut it; we needed proper fuel, and I needed fresh air to breathe.

ABOVE: Some of Callan's meals on the Northern Tier. Oatmeal, pasta or burrito, it's all slop. *Callan Hand*

THE DAY DIGGINS PACKED

BY ETHAN DALY

The Appalachian Mountain Club Huts System has a fine reputation in endurance sports for producing world-class talent. This past year, Katie Schide captured a gold medal at the World Long Trail Championships in Spain, won the Hardrock 100, and won the Madeira Island Ultra-Trail 115k. Hillary Gerardi has long been a figure incontournable in the Euro-Skyrunning scene and holds the fastest-known-time on Mont Blanc from Chamoniex alongside Kilian Jornet. Jeff Colt set a new fastest-known-time (besting Hillary Gerardi) on the Mahoosuc Traverse.

I would argue that none of these pros, nor any skier, paddler, thru-hiker, swimmer, gravel biking hut croo, holds a candle to Jessie Diggins.

Yes, that's right, Jessie Diggins: The best among us, glitter flinging enthusiast, come-from-behind queen, Minnesota native, Vermont local, American hero, Olympic gold medalist, and Nordic skiing legend. Diggins, my friends, is a huts alumna.



Now let me be transparent: I could not verify if she is a dues-paying member. But through some investigative journalism, the likes of which Woodward and Bernstein need not hear, I unearthed a story that proves her huts career.

It was an end of summer, early fall day in the Pemigewasset Wilderness when Cecilia “Cece” Giaimo rolled out of bed for her cook day. A veteran of Three Mile, Giaimo was no stranger to intense situations, and intensity certainly found her at Galehead Hut that 2021 season. Due to staffing issues, Giaimo was a first-year naturalist and hut-master, holding down education, meals, packing, you name it.

“How do I put that season in one sentence,” Giaimo says on a phone call from an undisclosed location. “It shouldn’t have happened, it was chaos.”

And later that day the season got even more chaotic. As Giaimo balanced cooking the Saturday night dinner, preparing baked goods for Pemi-loopers, and checking guests in, she noticed a packer hadn’t returned—but their pack board had.

“I looked up and saw someone with a pack board on that I’d never seen before, carrying a full load like it was nothing. I said ‘why do you have a pack board on’ and she told me she found one of our croo members on the side of the Gale River Trail. Said croo member couldn’t go on and so she gave them her daypack fed them a peanut butter and jelly and ‘took this up for them.’”

Giaimo thanked the guest packer profusely, noting that they’d had guest packers every single pack that season due to staffing problems. She offered the braided stranger every baked good in the place, but the stranger said “no, thank you,” opting to check in to her bunk instead.

“She told me she was staying overnight

and so I asked for her name to check her in,” Giaimo says. “She said Jesse Diggins.”

The name clicked in Giaimo’s head. Flustered by fandom, she showed Diggins and her partner to their bunks and returned to cooking. “Her aura was something to behold. Badass, but chill at the same time. That was a 40- to 60-pound pack board and she wielded it like nothing.”

The AWOL croo member eventually returned and described the encounter with Diggins on the trail as “angelic.” Giaimo recalls little reaction to the Diggins’ arrival from co-hutmaster Peter “Dirty Pete” Eckhardt, whose gruff countenance was a result of stress. “I think his first reaction was ‘what do you mean [unidentified croo] didn’t make it up the trail?’”

Giaimo served a lovely dinner that night: Turkey, mashed potatoes, vegetables, and a spice cake to boot. In the morning, the croo gave a crass rendition of the Cowboys blanket-folding-demonstration to Diggins and the crowd. Diggins thanked the croo and scampered out the door, a trail of glitter, butterflies, and gold medals in her wake. “If the readers have any takeaway, I’d want them to know she was humble,” Giaimo says.

Humble, decorated, and strong. Diggins is truly the best among us. In my research, I was unable to confirm whether she packed again for the AMC. What I do know is that there are a few lessons to be learnt from this story. First, humility. While carrying pack boards up a mountain can grow quadriceps and egos, know that there is always a bigger fish out there. You may think no one can do your job as well as you, but realistically, anyone can. Further, some people can do it a heck of a lot faster and with more ease. I’d take Diggins on the Valleyway with a century over any of you with normal weights.

Secondly, honor our American heroes and



PREVIOUS: Jessie Diggins at Lake Placid, as reported by the Tator live. *Maya Shyevitch*

ABOVE: Giaimo and Dirty Pete accept gold medals of their own. *Unknown Photographer*

heroines. Forget the pigs in Washington D.C., the Olympians who wear MAGA hats. Diggins is a true American. She’s on my Mount Rushmore. I’d take a pack board up Huntington Ravine if Matt Holmes played Chad Salmela’s call of her 2018 Olympic Gold over the Cutler River loud speaker. And our final lesson: Gentle people of the OH Association, always finish your packs. Lest you face an article written about it in a fledgling publication five years later.

PINKHAM NOTCH MEMORIES

BY DAVID MOSKOWITZ

I.

December, 1978

I applied to work for the AMC in the Fall of 1978, leading to an interview scheduled over the December holiday period. Leaving the Philadelphia area in the family wagon, I planned to ski in the North Conway area after my early morning interview at Pinkham, having chosen an 8 AM interview slot on the advice of a trusted adult who said it was best to get in early while the interviewers were still fresh.

I arrived early and was eventually invited into a meeting room in the admin building where sat some combination of AMC managers that I believe included Joel White, Karl Wendowlaski, Jon Martinson and Jack Corbin. There were also four steaming styrofoam coffee cups. It did not appear to me, in my nervous condition, that any of these people were in any way in a state resembling “fresh” - though it seemed likely the coffee was.

Nothing beyond my first impression of meeting these people remained memorable about the interview. It felt as though my responses to their questions put them each deeper into that December morning’s dim stupor, and I left feeling depressed about seemingly having not left any impression at all.

With the dismal interview over, the sunny side of the trip was that I had a few days to downhill ski in the North Conway and Jackson area before heading back to Penn State for the remainder of what would be a gray, icy winter term.

In fact, the only memory retained about the spring of my freshman year was the shock of receiving an offer letter signed by one or two of those AMC managers - and was absolutely over the moon at my good fortune that somehow, that early morning group of managers had offered to

hire me on at the AMC’s 1979 Pinkham Notch Kitchen and Lodge,

Inspired by what appeared to be the AMC’s blind faith, I turned around my scholarly efforts at the tail end of my freshman year, and the spring semester flew by - Kitchen Croo, here I come!

II.

Day 1, Late May/Early June, 1979

Not having pinpointed my exact arrival date, I can still recall arriving at Pinkham to begin my weenie year. My mom had driven me from the Philadelphia area, as she was thrilled about my job in the White Mountains of New Hampshire - particularly as my father, Allen Moskowitz, who had passed away when I was 8 years old, had loved New Hampshire’s mountains as a young boy while attending summer camps on Lake Ossipee and often hiking in the Whites while in his college years. He dreamed of bringing his family to New Hampshire’s mountains, but Crohn’s Disease would interrupt that goal.

I feel regretful for my behavior towards my mother upon our arrival, as after the long drive to the North Country, I just wanted to give my mom a hug, thank her for the ride, pat her on the back and send her on her way. Since I was not scheduled to work dinner the day I arrived, I had mapped out big plans to make straight for Tuckerman Ravine and take a few runs on the last of the spring snow.

A few weeks earlier I had left Penn State after final exams in feverish state - learning from my hometown doctor I had mononucleosis.

Knowing I could not arrive sick or contagious to Pinkham's group-living environment, I followed every bit of the doctor's advice prior to arriving - but the honest truth was I was worried that I still had lingering symptoms upon my arrival.

Daylight was ticking away when I gave my lovely mom a brief farewell hug and off I went, up the Tucks Trail with my bright yellow downhill ski boots and blue Head skis lashed to my aluminum-frame pack.

On reaching the bridge over the Cutler River, and drenched in sweat and dying of thirst, I ditched the pack and took a frightfully cold half-bath and drank directly and deeply from the mountain waters.

Studying for and taking exams while sick was not a recipe for arriving at my summer mountain home in prime condition. The steady rise of the Tucks Trail and the awkward load on my pack frame was kicking my butt. The Cutler had revived me a good bit so onward and upward I tromped - though the steady flow of downward-bound skiers did not provide much hope that the conditions or time of day were optimum for my late afternoon quest.

Soaked with sweat, I finally came to the Tuckerman's - Hermit Lake complex. I briefly introduced myself as a new Pinkham summer crew person to a very unimpressed fellow named Joe, who was not necessarily working but doing a good job of clearly being in charge of the place.

After clearing out of this surprising hive of civilization I was soon slurping directly from clear cold waters from numerous rivulets, trying to replenish my wracked body. If I had had any knowledge of how many skiers had been peeing in the upstream puckerbrush for the past three months, I likely would have vomitted - but proving ignorance is bliss, I felt revived anew, and the sight of the snow fields urged me upward with some hitherto unknown store of renewed energy.

Somehow, I was feeling better!

Making my way up through the slushy snow of that humid late spring afternoon, it was not hard finding a suitable spot to put on my ski boots, then putting my skis over my shoulder and boot-kicking upslope into the zone of steep but short runs in the rapidly and ever-shrinking bowl.

I'd love to say I skied the headwall like Toni Matt or Andrew Drummond, but that was unlikely given the late spring conditions. A few patches of decent snow on the lower half of the ravine gave me enough of a thrill and a humbling tumble - but no matter - I had finally carved a few turns in Tuckermans.

It wasn't long before I shuffled my way back down to HoJos and eventually back down to Pinkham - even arriving in time to join my new colleagues for croo dinner. In addition to meeting some of my new workmates, I jumped into the pot sink for the night to help out with what turned out to be an understaffed dinner croo that night.

I felt immediately right at home with the shoulder season croo, and I was also finally feeling physically good as well - it seems that I had literally sweated out the last of my mono as I hiked up to Tucks. Apparently 2.5 miles and 2,000 vertical feet were the pound of cure for what ails you!

III. Day 2.

The next day after finishing the breakfast service and clean-up, as well as learning the guest lodge clean-up protocols, I joined a few croo members on the front porch benches for some more "getting to know you" banter. I also vividly recall watching two guys in their twenties or thirties weighing their packs right outside the Trading Post. I remember feeling envious of their climbing ropes and extensive rack of hardware - they appeared to be the real deal of White Mountain rock climbers.

The day had passed on to mid- or late-afternoon when the radio alarm sounded - later learning that meant a remote radio was calling in to the main Pinkham radio. Before long the word was out to the Pinkham crew that a climber had fallen in Huntington Ravine and volunteers were needed to help carry out the injured climber. A skeleton crew was held back to work the evening meal in the Pinkham Dining room and everyone else was conscripted to hike up into Huntington's where first responders were already treating the

injured climber.

For the second day in a row I was rushing up the Tucks Trail, but this time with fellow kitchen croo mates as well as a rag-tag group of folks from construction crew, the store house, as well as from the front desk and reservation desk. It was an all hands-on-deck situation.

I do not recall who I was hiking up to the scene with, but this seems like a good place to make note of 1979 Pinkham croo mates, who included Bill Kelley, Jeff Worst, Patty Ferriari, Chip McIntosh, Gwen Wilcox, Sue Hall, Peggy Dillon, Amy Fitzgerald, Susan Swain, Rebecca Oreskes, Mark Dindorf, Danny Weiner, Ginny Eliason, Ed Lanning, Ruth Goldman, Stroker Rogovin, Peter Furtado, John Michael Field.....and others I am sure.

The trail into Huntington's Ravine split right from the Tucks Trail not far from the Tucks-Lions Head trail confluence. It traversed northeast on a more moderate ascent to the Harvard Cabin - a remote and rustic climbing cabin managed by the Harvard Mountaineering Club. Stationed nearby was a rescue cache where we had been told to pick up a collapsible metal rescue stretcher (typically referred to as a litter) and carry it up to the first responders who were at the site of the accident at the base of the Pinnacle, a bulky granite spire that rose about 800 feet to the Alpine Garden.

To get to the base of the Pinnacle we had to climb up a boulder field called "the fan" which described well its shape as an inverted V-shaped rockslide consisting of massive boulders that had been shed from the Huntington Ravine wall over a millennia.

The established and blazed Huntington Ravine Trail traverses towards more ledge-like formations precisely to avoid the precarious Fan. The blazed trail is the preferred route to the top of the Ravine. In winter, once there has been enough snow as well as ice and avalanche debris to fill in the gaps between the boulders, the Fan can be a good route up to the climbing gullies, and a good ski route down to the bottom of the ravine.

Our vanguard group had picked up the collapsible litter which was tied to a wooden pack board - the classic AMC hut crew pack board

for hauling food and supplies to their backcountry huts. I volunteered to take the first stretch with pack and litter which was surprisingly well balanced, but once we got up onto the Fan, the tallness of the load would bang into overhanging parts of the ledges and boulders we had to navigate as we hiked towards the bottom of the Pinnacle, which was at the top of the Fan. It was even more grueling the higher we climbed but I became more determined to keep going.

We could occasionally catch glimpses of a small group of people congregated at the base of the Pinnacle as we clambered over and around the Fan's boulders.

Propelled by adrenaline, our rag-tag group of AMC crew made good time up through the boulders to what was the scene of the accident. I do not recall that I knew anyone there except for the laconic and almost gruff fellow I had encountered briefly just the day before at Tuckerman's - Joe Gill.

There were several people gathered around the injured climber who was laying on a few articles of clothing and maybe a sleeping bag spread over the rock and Krumholztz. There was evidence of blood and scattered climbing gear and damaged ropes.

Joe addressed me directly by name: "Dave, bring the litter up to this little bench, we have to try to make it comfortable before we load it for the trip down this rockfall."

As our group of would-be rescuers from Pinkham began to rehydrate and prepare for the descent of The Fan, I took off the packboard and untied the litter. Joe and the others who had either been in the ravine climbing, or come over with Joe from Tuckerman's, began to assemble the full litter and prepare it to receive the injured climber. The injured man's climbing partner stayed close to his partner, holding his hand and speaking quietly.

We later learned that these two climbers had successfully ascended the Pinnacle and they prepared a series of rappels for their descent, which one climber had successfully completed. He was at the base of the climb as his partner began the final descent. Apparently, the second climber was only about 20 or 30 feet off the ground at the

end of his rappel, when the entire anchor pulled away from high above. The climber fell 20 or 30 feet to the rocky ground and the rock and debris from well above him fell on his shoulder, arm and hand, severely injuring him. There had been other climbers or hikers in the ravine which contributed to a very rapid set of communications from the Harvard Cabin to Tuckerman's and down to Pinkham.

The injured climber had multiple broken bones and lacerations and possibly internal bleeding, but was in stable condition.

The group of first responders was preparing the litter and I was glad to be rid of my load. I drained my water bottle and inhaled some food (likely a couple of Tucks Bars).

As I collected myself in an out-of-the-way spot amongst the rocks, I took a moment to absorb where I was - Huntington Ravine was a terrifically stunning but also a foreboding place. It seemed both ancient and raw at the same time. Ice-age glaciers had broken much of this granite and yet the seasonal freeze and thaw cycles had been continuing that old work day in and day out.

On this humid late spring day, the weather was windless and close. As we caught our breath and began thinking about our task of descending the rockfall with a full grown adult, we all had to move about thoughtfully and take steps cautiously as the mix of small and large rocks presented danger at every turn.

A small item caught my eye - it was a piece of climbing rope - about 3 inches long - severed jaggedly at each end - I collected it and put it in the top pouch of my day pack.

Finally the small group who were on the scene when we arrived gathered around Joe who had also motioned me to join in - and he gave us his plan for lifting the climber into the litter and asked if anyone had any questions or suggestions. No one spoke but we all conveyed unified consent with the plan.

We gathered around the climber and Joe calmly told the injured man we were going to lift him and then put a stretcher under him so we could carry him down the mountain. Joe coordinated the lift while several others slid the litter under him and once he was settled on it, Joe, the

injured man's climbing partner, and one other person used climbing webbing and climbing rope to tie the man into the litter in the event the litter was dropped or tipped during what would be a rough descent.

Joe told everyone to get ready for the descent, and he cautioned there would be times when the group would have to pass the litter downhill rather than carry it down hill due to the unforgiving nature of this jumbled and unorganized rockfall. He directed rescuers who were not carrying to act as spotters for those who were actively carrying the litter. We were to be a halting bug of humanity - all arms and legs akimbo - moving downhill.

Finally, Joe tied the remnant climbing rope to the back end of the litter and coiled the excess in loops over his shoulder - announcing he would be belaying the litter in the event that the litter team fell or otherwise lost their hold on the litter.

Just as we were about to take our first steps, the radio crackled to life and someone down at Pinkham said "Joe, this is base, can you give us a report?"

Joe turned to me and asked if I knew how to belay. I did.

He took the coil of rope off and handed it to me and said, "don't let the litter get away from you" and then told the rescuers to take it slow and steady down The Fan. Joe then sat down and replied to the radio call.

After carrying the litter up the fan, I was now the insurance plan to not have it take a downhill ride in the event the litter party lost their footing.

It was slow going as the entire team was figuring out when to coordinate a pass to a new group of bearers who had to shuffle past those carrying the litter, or to actually step in to spell an individual who needed a break. This amoeba of people slowly and surely conveyed the litter downhill.

I would keep a tight line to the litter, and once I had a good brace for my feet, I would play out line so the litter could move down hill. Once the litter stopped I would take in line and move down through the rocks.

The carry went fairly well as the group never lost their grip on the litter, none of the litter carriers took a fall themselves, and I never had to catch the litter on belay. I did end up with some good rope burns from the belay, as I could not do anything to keep my tee shirt as even a minor layer between the purloin climbing rope and my skin.

Once at the bottom of the Fan, and back on a trail, it felt like easy work, though that feeling would change as our carry required constant exertion and care not to stumble on the rocky Tuckerman Ravine trail during our two-mile litter carry with a severely injured 200-pound adult in our care.

I recall a few groans and gasps from the injured climber when there was an occasional jolt or bump but he was very stoic overall.

An ambulance was waiting in between the admin and trail crew buildings, and after a quick transfer the climber was off to the emergency room. The injured climber's partner likely followed the ambulance in their car.

Later that summer, Pinkham received a handwritten note of thanks and gratitude from the climber - he apologized for his handwriting which resembled that of a very elderly person - but he said he expected to make a full recovery.

I held on to that small swatch of severed climbing rope from the accident site for many years. It was a cautionary talisman for the sometimes cruel mysteries of solid rock smashed by glacier ice and time.

I wish I had made a copy of the thank you note as I cannot remember the climber's name and I have not found any evidence or records of this entire accident, rescue and litter carry.

IV. A Presumption

Though there may not be adequate records to document this claim, the 1979 Summer Croo may have set a record for the number of search and rescue incidents we mobilized for.

In the 1979's Accidents Report in the Appalachia Journal (Vol XLIII June 1980) provided by AMC archivist Becky Fullerton, the second

incident report is an example, as we had three call outs to Mahoosuc Notch in 28 days, which were interspersed with three other significant search and rescue and litter carry incidents. Additionally, in early August we were called upon to carry out the body of a hiker who had been killed in a rock slide he had triggered on Webster Cliffs though I have only found one reference to the incident and it is not included in other summaries of Presidential Range fatalities.

I understand that writing about backcountry accidents, particularly fatalities, likely causes angst for the survivors who may suffer each time these events are brought up. Yet, I felt compelled to write about a few of these incidents because another element of the experience and history involves those who respond to rescue or recover the victims.

Experiencing - as an individual, a group or collective team - the urgency, the physical and emotional struggle, the sadness, the learning from providing aid, the comfort provided, the reassurance in difficult conditions, all builds confidence, camaraderie and shared sacrifice for a common goal.

Being a first (or second) responder was not something that was described as a big part of our AMC work when I was hired, yet it became a formative and important experience for each of us individually and collectively in our work in the Whites.

If anyone from the AMC community who was working at Pinkham in late May or early June or through the summer of 1979 has any memories of other search and rescue incidents, especially of incidents not mentioned in the Appalachia Journal edition, or has ideas of where to look for any official details, please reach out.

DOING HARD THINGS (THAT MAKE NO SENSE TO OUTSIDERS)

BY JESS MARION

What do packboard-toting hut kids, spandex-clad cross-country skiing “hardos”, and Olympians have in common (other than NES-CAC degrees?) They all willingly do things that seem miserable to outsiders - and love them.

Have you ever tried to describe why anyone would want to carry 50 pounds of frozen meat and toilet paper on a wooden packboard up a mountain while dozens of people gawk? Consider also that recreational Nordic ski marathoners wear thin spandex suits in frigid temperatures, ski up and down hills on treacherously skinny skis, work every skeletal muscle to its aerobic maximum for hours, and pay money for the privilege! But why do we do these challenging things, and even more perplexingly - why do we enjoy them so much?

I’ve been thinking about this lately, as I recently completed my 11th American Birkebeiner cross-country ski marathon while the Olympics were occurring. (A cowbell cheer for a few other OH who did the same!) The Olympics capture our attention in a singular way; unlike other sporting championships, there is something about the magic of tradition, of being part of something bigger than oneself, that imparts bigger meaning. There is also the power of being part of a team: Camaraderie imparts energy that can propel one to seek out challenges that seem impossible to outsiders, yet almost routine from the insiders’ perspective. As evidence for this theory, I present to you: the American Birkebeiner ski race.

The American Birkebeiner, or “Birkie,” is inspired by the Norwegian Birkebeiner, a 50 kilometer Nordic ski race from

Rena to Lillehammer mimicking the flight of a Norwegian baby prince (and future king) and his “birchlegger” guards during a civil war. The American counterpart, founded in 1973, is also a point-to-point race, running from the town of Cable to Hayward in Northern Wisconsin. The race runs 50k or 53k depending on race technique (there are slightly different courses for skate and classic skiers) on a wide trail designed specifically for skiing, and finishes with a dramatic 2-kilometer crossing over frozen Lake Hayward to



ABOVE: Jess & sister Stacey Marion started doing the Birkie together in 2013. *Unknown Photographer*

finish on snow-covered Main Street bordered by hundreds of screaming, brat-eating, beer-drinking Nordies and Midwestern fans. This race is unlike any other; my fellow OH and avid Birkie skier Ari Ofsevit describes it like this: “I believe there’s nothing like it in the world, and I’ve skied ski marathons on three continents....There are bigger ski races (in Europe). There are longer ski races (mostly in Europe). There are not races which are held on a single, competition-level 50-kilometer trail designed for ski racing that also happen to finish on a snowed-in main street in a small town in the middle of nowhere.”

But why would anyone want to freeze their [ham bombs] off doing such a long race in frozen Wisconsin? I’ll admit that I’ve cried before the race, and I’m surely not alone. It’s expensive, a logistical nightmare, stressful, and cold as heck. I’ve experienced leg cramps, foot cramps, had my poles stomped on, led over the lake into a headwind while others drafted, and fumbled expensive frozen gels for fuel. One hill develops perilous berms when later waves of skiers snowplow; here, snowmobilers hold signs judging falls with number scores. There is even a hill named “Bitch Hill” - no explanation needed. But remarkably, thousands of people want to do this: This year (2026), there were 3500 finishers in the 50k skate race alone; in 2022, over 11,500 skiers participated in Birkie Week festivities as a whole, including other races.

Readers of this publication might recognize some of the characters who participate in the Birkie, and likewise, their respective motivations. First, enter the Elite wave skiers: The top 65 women and 200 men battle tactically for 2-3 hours depending on snow speed at max aerobic effort while cramming down frozen gels and wearing skimpy colorful spandex; a few are contenders for a podium finish and sizable cash purse while the rest just...suffer? On the other end of the spectrum are the novices and once-a-year skiers who decide that skiing 50 kilometers in frigid temps sounds like a fun thing to do; sure, it might take them 6 hours and their legs stop working at kilometer 25 but that Fireball shot ski on the lake never tasted so good! In between are the faithful middle-of-the-packers who wear costumes, eat cookies at

every aid station, and cross the finish line holding hands with their siblings/best friends/parents/partners. Lastly, there are the loyal devotees who have skied their way into purple “birchlegger*” royalty status by skiing 20 or more Birkies; whether they hobble or sprint to the finish, they are happy to regale you with tales of the old days (“You think this is bad? In 19--, it was -3 F at the start and it snowed 3 feet the night before...)

For goofers and hut croos alike, walking into the warmth of community upon entering a hut is a gold medal after considerable effort. One is welcomed into something that is bigger than oneself; no longer an anonymous individual, the shared experience unites you with others. Likewise, gliding down main street Hayward with hundreds of cheering spectators while one’s own name and town are announced is a homecoming of sorts. Whether the tradition goes back 50 or 100 years, both experiences connect you to hundreds of others both past and present. The pain of the journey fades, and the magic captures you: you have no choice but to return, again and again and again.

To put it this way, Ari sums it up like this: “Skiing the Birkie is kind of like going to Madfest (RIP). If it’s your first time and they make you pack the Valleyway, it might be the hardest thing you’ve ever done (and your croo has most certainly spent every waking moment of the summer building it up). If you’re a seasoned croo member, it’s still hard, but you know that there’s a party with a group of friends at the finish line.”

*Including OH Ari Ofsevit, author of www.birkieguide.com if you’d like more information about this race!

BEING NASTY: FROM THE GRT TO PROFESSIONAL GUIDING

WORDS AND PHOTOS BY BECCA CLARK



When I started working my current job, my coworkers talked about ‘ride talks’ with fear in their voices. This was the most stressful part of the job, they told me. I went on my first trip and discovered that a ‘ride talk’ is simply telling twelve to fifteen guests about the ride for the next day — the mileage, the elevation, the scenery, and maybe some fun facts about the region. I was confused about why this caused so much anxiety. You mean I don’t have to put a tortilla on my face and pretend to be Voldemort while simultaneously begging for tips!? I thought, I don’t have to utter the words, “but Pa, this saddle’s been riding me raw for days!” Piece of cake.

I’ve been working full time as a guide for almost two years for a company called ‘The Cycling House.’ We run week-long road and gravel cycling trips around the world. I spend my weeks working in places like Tucson, Glacier National Park, Tuscany, and the Dolomites. Rather than riding to a new location every day, we usually

spend the whole week staying in one location. I ride my bike with the guests, offering companionship and encouragement, while also navigating, pointing out turns, and fixing flat tires. The riding we do is legit, covering 50 to 80 miles a day, but it’s only a small portion of my job. Off the bike, I organize logistics, help with dishes and food, and solve any other random problems that might arise throughout the week. When I’m working a trip, every waking hour is spent with the guests and my goal is to ensure that they have the best week possible.

This job, like working hut croo, is a little bit of everything. But unlike working in the huts, we are usually very much in the front country. Guests pay a high price to be guided and taken care of by us, and in return, they have high expectations for a certain amount of luxury and service.

There are usually three or four of us guiding each trip of about fifteen guests. We also bring a chef to cook the meals. By chef I mean a real

ABOVE: The Cycling House staff working a trip in New Mexico.

chef (one of our chefs on staff was nominated for multiple James Beard awards), not a 20-year-old following the huts cookbook. However as guides, we cook breakfast every morning.

On one of my first trips, two of us were on the schedule to cook breakfast each morning. “Why don’t we just have one person cook breakfast,” I suggested. My coworkers looked at me like I was crazy. I was thinking, scrambled eggs, bacon, and pancakes for twelve is an easy solo send. We even have two dishwashers. But for my coworkers, cooking breakfast for that many people is stressful, and I’ve learned to appreciate the help first thing in the morning.

Working in this luxury front-country environment has taken a lot of getting used to. You can’t stomp on cans to crush them on the floor. Dishes need to be dried before you put them away. There’s no banging on pots and pans to signal a meal is ready. And there’s most definitely no potato dill soup. But the basic principles of ‘being nasty’ still apply, whether it’s talking to a thru-hiker crossing the ridge or working on a client’s \$10,000 bike.

About a year ago I moved into the position of ‘trip leader’ (basically the hut master for the team working a trip), and unlike my position as HM, I’ve struggled to find my footing. I realized that when I was HM I was the most experienced on my croo and I was also the oldest. Now most trips I work I’m the only female on staff, the youngest, and the newest at the job. I struggle convincing guests and my coworkers that I’m the one in charge, rather than my 69-year-old male coworker who has worked in the cycling industry for 30 years. But because I worked hut croo, unlike some of my more experienced coworkers, giving ride talks, cooking breakfast and juggling a million tasks at once does not phase me.

As I’ve gained confidence in my role as trip leader, it’s because I’ve remembered the things that led to success in the huts. I care deeply about my ‘croo,’ I know that if I have their backs they will always have mine. I try to emphasize communication and professionalism, but I also never take anything too seriously. I remember that I have a ton of experience managing a job that can feel all-consuming at times.



I love my job and feel incredibly lucky to be able to call what I do work, but sometimes I wish I could clock out after breakfast and frolic on Franconia ridge by myself. I wish I could perform a horrible parody of Titanic and bid the guests adieu in the morning. I wish I could hide with my friends in the Croo room during dinner, instead of making small talk with our guests about their plans for retirement or jobs in finance. However, I still get paid to do challenging physical activities outside with cool people, this time without a wooden torture device strapped to my back.

TOP: Becca with a guest at the top of Mt. Lemmon in Arizona.

BOTTOM: With guests at the top of Logan Pass in Glacier National Park.

GORMINGS

This section is filled by you! Send your gormings to tator@ohcroc.com

Ari Ofsevit shares an out-in-the-wild huts connection story: Last March, at the tail end of ski season, my wife and our then-four-month-old Leon spent a weekend with friends on the slushy trails at the Craftsbury Outdoor Center. A grandmother-aged woman sat down at our table one evening, as one does in the Hut-adjacent confines of the COC, and we chatted through dinner. Her daughter-in-law was pregnant and she wanted to know everything about how to be the best grandmother she could be.

In December, we were back at Craftsbury, for the only slushy weekend of the season, and saw the same woman in the dining hall. She then proudly introduced us to her grandson Ellis, as well as parents **Scott Berkley** and **Phoebe Howe**. She had been so excited about her upcoming grandma status that despite our lengthy conversation the past spring, the Huts never came up!

Doug Teschner is still upright in West Lebanon, NH and Pemaquid Beach, Maine and getting to huts as a volunteer naturalist. Check out his new book *Beyond the Politics of Contempt: Practical Steps to Build Positive Relationships in Divided Times* and the free “Together Across Differences” substack newsletter. While many are fearful about our nation’s future, we offer hopeful ways to better our lives, our relationships, and our country.

In August **Barbara Ricker** fulfilled a lifetime dream: sailing in the annual Tall Ships Race. She sailed on the Christian Radich, the full-rigged ship that was featured long ago in the movie, *Windjammer*. There are no “guests,” so she was a crew trainee and participated in the last leg of the race across the North Sea from Norway to Denmark. She was on watch twice daily, from noon to 4 p.m. and from midnight to 4 a.m. She and her crew stood lookout, polished brass, did safety rounds, steered the ship and hauled on a LOT of lines setting sails and bracing yards. She did not climb the rigging, leaving that to the sailors who still had

the knees they were born with. Her favorite moment was at the wheel steering the ship at 1 a.m. under a starry sky and a full moon. She won the pictured leg of the race, though not the entire race overall. From Denmark, she sailed back to Norway and flew home after a few days sightseeing in Oslo, where, naturally, she climbed to the roof of the Opera House, as everyone does.

Helen Fremont (Lakes ‘82, Zealand ‘82) and her wife recently got together with **David Moore Huntley**, her former Hutmaster Extraordinaire, for a gabfest in Boston.

Good news: Helen’s third memoir, “Outside the Lines,” was published October 3, 2025. It’s available at your local book store, online at Bookshop.org, amazon, and elsewhere. Bad news: after breaking five ribs, she had to re-home her beloved giant goofball of a mutt to friends in Vermont. She and her wife are now mommies to a 4-month old puppy whom she will always outweigh,

Bruce Shields is still clomping along in Eden, Vermont. **Henry Rogerson**, who did Donks 1960 if memory serves is failing badly -- no longer able to communicate.

Rachel Zoob reports that **Mike Zoob** (Greenleaf 1955) and **Hank Zoob** (Zealand 1960) still going strong. High peaks out of their reach a few years ago but still enjoy the woods.

Bob Cary says his hiking days are limited as he approaches 88. He does have fond memories of his four years at Madison and two at Lakes before the Justice Douglas visit.

Spencer Taylor lives in Somerville, MA with **Serena Taylor** (Also OH) and their two kids (9 & 12) who can’t wait to be hut kids! He spends as much time outside as possible and works as an Entrepreneur in Residence at a big tech company.

Robert Arundale got back to Galehead late this past summer. He reports a great crew and AMC volunteer. He even got a part in the BFD!

Martin Womer retired in the beginning of January 2021 to take care of his partner/ex-wife, who recently moved into memory care with Alzheimer's.

Sarah Klimkowski is working as a Registered Nurse at the Salem, Virginia-Veterans Affairs Medical Center.

Charles Hobbie sadly reports that his beloved wife Young Ei Shin Hobbie died on October 4, 2024. His brother **John E. Hobbie's** beloved wife Olivann Rumph Hobbie died on December 4, 2023.

Cam Weimar still directs farmland preservation efforts in CT, where he recently expanded the stewardship staff, outreach to old and beginning farmers, and eclipsed 50,000 acres protected.

Miles Howard is currently in Boston working on launching a monster loop trail around the city and

its surrounding communities: The third trail of the Walking City Trails network. He's also working on a fiction manuscript set in the Great North Woods and will soon be looking for interested test readers and potentially, a literary agent.

David Hickcox turned 80 some months ago and can assure you that the "Golden Years" are not all they are cranked up to be. Instead of hiking he fills his time with doctor & dentist appointments - Agent Orange is taking its toll. Since he lives some distance from the Whites, he makes daily checks with the Mt Wash Obs & also the Cog webcams. Always nice to see the mountains-- or the clouds.

Nat Balch is retired and living in in Durham, NH, doing a lot of woodworking and playing lots of jazz. Life is sweet.....stay in touch!

Jeremy Eggleton and his wife Sarah Schweitzer enjoy the quiet life at the base of Moose Mountain in Hanover, where they are both involved in town affairs. Jeremy is the Hanover Moderator and a New Hampshire litigator.

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**And thank you to our new lifetime member:
Stephen Paxson**

OBITUARIES

ARRANGED BY KIM “SCHROEDER STEWARD

A quick note on obituaries: This is always a bitter sweet section to put together. While it's amazing to see the lives that OH put together following their huts careers, the loss is always a gut punch for those who knew them. With the loss of Zoe Davidson, a person from mine and the rest of the Tator editors' era, the obituaries this issue hit even closer to home. While heartbroken by this loss, I've enjoyed reminiscing on memories of Zoe with OH, some of whom I talk to regularly and others more distant.

Every obituary marks the loss of an amazing OH. But it also stirs up memories of a special shared experience we all have. Call your former croo, tell them you love them, and never stop sharing stories. We love you Zoe.

Ethan Daly



Scott Macomber of Newton, MA, passed away on Wednesday, November 12, 2025 at age 66, with his son Nathan and his brother Chris by his side, of cardiac arrest after a long and courageous battle with cancer.

Scott is survived by his mother, Marie; his son, Nathan, and Nathan's mother, Sue Dorfman; his brothers Lee (and his wife Karol), Todd (and his wife Michelle), and Chris (and his wife Debra); and his nieces and nephews Maya, Nicholas, Carlin, Ayla, Ryan, Kristian, Noe, and David. He was predeceased by his father, Stuart.

A lover of the outdoors, especially in his younger years, Scott found purpose and community during his eight years working for the Appalachian Mountain Club. He held a variety of roles, beginning at Pinkham Notch as a Winter Deskie and later serving as Trucker, Storehouse Crew and Manager, and Hut Caretaker at Carter and Zealand huts in the early 1980s. As an AMC alumnus, he was a proud member of the Old Hutcroo Association. His passion for hiking and exploration took him around the world, including journeys to Nepal, Chile, and Argentina, where he immersed himself in local cultures and explored mountains and countryside with close friends.

Scott was an alumnus of UMass Amherst,

Antioch College, and Boston University, where he earned his master's degree in Geology. After starting as a graduate student and Research Assistant in BU's Department of Earth and Environment, Center for Remote Sensing, he developed deep expertise in Unix/Linux systems, networking, and information technology. In 1997, Scott transitioned to the Information Services and Technology Department as a Systems Administrator, where he became a highly respected colleague known for his technical knowledge, reliability, and unwavering dedication to supporting BU faculty, staff, and students. Scott shared his expertise freely and enthusiastically, embodying the spirit of a true teacher who loved helping others.

Scott's talents extended far beyond his professional life. He was a trained EMT who offered invaluable medical insight to friends and family. He was also a gifted handyman, skilled in carpentry, electrical work, plumbing, painting, and more. Whether fixing something or teaching someone how to do it themselves, Scott enjoyed lending his time, energy, and know-how.

Most recently, Scott fulfilled a longtime dream of visiting Glacier National Park in Montana, a bucket-list item and an adventure made all the more special because he shared it with his son Nathan.

We will miss Scott's stories, his boundless generosity, his love for his family and friends, and his steady, thoughtful guidance in every corner of our lives.



David Evans Langlois died on Dec. 30, 2025, at the age of 88. He was born on Sept. 12, 1937, to Alfred Langlois and Ruth Evans of Newburyport, Mass. Dave studied and played Ice Hockey at Mount Herman Preparatory School,

RPI, and UNH. His varied interests made it hard to commit to a major, and he tried engineering, physics, geology, and philosophy before finally settling on English. His professional life was just as varied, and included chapters in carpen-

try, coaching, trip-leading, donkey-wrangling, sign-making, camp directing, boat piloting, writing, ski instructing, marketing, data-processing, and programming.

Through his formative experiences at Camp Lawrence on Lake Winnepesaukee and in the White Mountains with the NH Outing Club and Appalachian Mountain Club, Dave discovered his love for outdoor adventures—backpacking, skiing, and piloting various types of boats—and he spent his life giving others access to these pursuits. He founded the Killington Adventure Trail Camp in 1972, introducing hundreds of young people to wilderness travel in the Green Mountains, White Mountains, and Adirondacks. He was an early pioneer in the leave-no-trace ethic, and he believed deeply in challenging young people to discover what they were capable of. His own capabilities may have sometimes led him to set the bar a bit high. He was virtually indestructible, holding for years the record for the fastest hike from Pinkham Notch to the summit of Mt. Washington: an hour and 18 minutes.

During these years he raised two daughters with his second wife, Mary Sayward, imbuing them with his love of the out-of-doors and stubborn demeanor. He later credited his experience wrangling donkeys for preparing him to manage teenagers.

Dave's early years in Tuckerman Ravine led to decades in the ski industry, doing everything from teaching skiing in Jackson Hole to using radio-signal bugging devices to break up a ring of ski thieves in Killington, Vt. While at Killington, Dave developed one of the earliest computerized ticketing and resort management systems, a product he later installed at ski areas across the country, contributing to the shift to data-driven operations. In the late '80s, he moved from Vermont to Maine to work as controller for Sunday River and later as director for internal controls at American Ski Company, where his nametag read "Dave Langlois, Anal Retentive Bean Counter."

In the late '90s, he joined the Maine Outdoor Adventure Club, leading numerous hiking, paddling, and camping trips and welcoming friends into his home in Newry for post-skiing potlucks. He met his wife of 20 years, Beth

Coombs, on a MOAC hike. They were married in 2005 on her parents' lawn in Boothbay Harbor, and she was by his side when he passed.

In his last decade, as his Alzheimer's progressed, Dave enjoyed sitting on the deck of the home he and Beth shared, admiring the yard. He loved the animals, plants, and insects living there, and increasingly could not be convinced that mice weren't excellent housemates or that bittersweet wasn't the most lovely of perennials. And though he held only tender feelings for the spider living in the bathtub, he would fight you to the death over which knot was the proper one for tying a canoe onto a truck.

He is survived by his wife, Beth Coombs; daughters Suzanne and Samantha (both of whom worked for the AMC), son-in-law, Chris, stepchildren Tricia and Jonathan; grandchildren Zoe and Hazel, step-grandchildren Erin, Johnny, and Dustin; step-great-grandchildren Abel and Liam; and beloved pets Gunny and Bayou. He was pre-deceased by his brother, John.

A celebration of life will be planned for when warmer weather returns.



Michael "Toons" Bridgewater, 79, of Warren, Vermont, passed away peacefully at the home he built on Lincoln Gap Road after a courageous battle with non-Hodgkin's T-cell lymphoma. He was surrounded by his devoted

and loving wife, Helen (Speno), his beautiful daughter, Galen, and his three younger brothers, Steve, Ben, and John Bridgewater.

Michael was born on July 24, 1946, in Boston, Massachusetts, to John Bridgewater III and Carolyn Longshore. His father John III was a decorated 10th Mountain division officer, who fought throughout Italy during World War II. As the eldest of four boys, he naturally grew into the steady, dependable anchor of his family. Mike attended King School in Stamford, Connecticut, before studying equine sciences at the University of Vermont, where he was also a proud member of

the UVM Division I soccer team. He graduated in 1971.

Mike's life was shaped from an early age by a deep love of the mountains – a passion that guided him through every chapter that followed. During his high school and college years, he worked with the Appalachian Mountain Club in the White Mountains of New Hampshire, serving in the AMC hut system from 1966 to 1972 (Carter, Flea, Lakes, Tucks). He worked as a hutman and eventually a hutmaster, and these formative years instilled in him a profound respect for hard work, resilience, and the wild landscapes he grew to cherish.

After graduating from college, Mike found his place in the ski industry as a ski patrol-ler at Madonna Mountain/Stowe, Vermont. This began a lifelong love affair with skiing. He trained intensely to be accepted into the Sugarbush Ski School under Sigi Grottendorfer, and he later became an advanced educator and examiner for PSIA-E. His career took him across the country and to South America, where he taught at Portillo, Chile. Teaching skiing became one of Mike's greatest passions. Years later, while both teaching at Sugarbush, Mike and Helen met, fell in love, and eventually moved west to continue their shared commitment to the craft. Mike worked for the ski schools of Aspen/Snowmass, Colorado, where he continued teaching, training staff, and mentoring countless instructors. His guidance, dedication, and expertise left a lasting and indelible mark on the profession. During this time, he served as a consultant for Rossignol Ski Company where he helped to spearhead the development of the shaped ski technology. This position took him across the United States and as far as France and Japan where he trained sales representatives and shared his deep knowledge of the sport. This was to be one of his proudest accomplishments.

Above all, at his core Mike was a wicked good skier, graceful, fearless, and utterly alive on the snow. Anyone who ever followed him down a mountain could tell you the same. When Mike wasn't on the ski hill, he poured his energy into his construction company, Pegasus Restoration. A man of many talents, he approached every project with craftsmanship and pride. Storytelling was

one of his great gifts; he could turn any moment – on a job site, on the mountain, or around a dinner table – into a tale worth hearing (although, sometimes long-winded). In his final years, Mike found tremendous joy in being part of the Mad River Rotary, where he formed lasting friendships and took great pride in helping support the local community. Mike was a man who never stopped moving. From work, to play, to storytelling, he lived life fully and fearlessly, with tenacity, humor, and deep love for the people around him. He loved his family dearly, and throughout his two-year battle with cancer he remained remarkably selfless. Even in the hardest moments of treatment, his first thoughts were never of himself but of the people he loved. He carried his burden with quiet courage and unwavering grace.

Michael is survived by his loving wife, Helen; his daughter, Galen (Morgan); and his brothers Steve (Barbara), Ben (Wendy), and John (Heidi). He is also survived by many wonderful and caring nieces, nephews, and cousins across the country. He was predeceased by his parents, John Bridgewater III and Carolyn L Bridgewater. Mike's warmth, wisdom, and boundless love for the mountains – and for the people who shared them with him – will be carried forward by all who knew him. He will be missed dearly,

A service was held at Warren United Church at 11:30 a.m. on December 20, 2025, followed by a potluck get-together at the Warren Town Hall. We will also be hosting a party/roast for Michael in the springtime at the Round Barn, Waitsfield, VT on April 18th, 2026 from 4:00-7:00 pm. In lieu of flowers people are invited to make a gift in memory of Michael to Central Vermont Home Health and Hospice, 600 Granger Road, Barre, VT 05671 or MRV Community Fund, PO Box 353, Waitsfield, VT 05673.



Patrick Stewart McKerley, 45, of Littleton, New Hampshire, died on February 6, six months after being diagnosed with colon cancer. He engaged his treatment as he did most things in life, with strength and deter-

mination.

Patrick grew up in Contoocook, New Hampshire the son of Mark and Kimberly Stewart McKerley, now of Braintree, Vermont. From childhood, it was evident that Patrick was destined for the outdoor life. Hiking, camping, rock climbing, bicycling, and canoeing were early favorites. But nothing compared to his love of skiing, which began early and grew through the years.

He graduated from Tilton School in Tilton, NH in 1999, where his love of the outdoors was nurtured, especially in the school's Winter Wilderness Program. In 2003 he received a Bachelor of Science in Outdoor Education, specializing in Adventure Based Management, from Northland College in Ashland, Wisconsin. It was at Northland where his passion for skiing took off. A highlight of his college years was a month-long stay in the Everest Region of Nepal where he was part of a delegation of students that taught first aid to mountain porters.

After college Patrick worked for the Appalachian Mountain Club (Teen Wild/Mountain Classroom/Education Logistics Coordinator/Storehouse) before moving to Bretton Woods Ski Resort in 2004, where he found deep joy in his work and a community that became family.

On the mountain he was a Ski Patroller, Canopy Tour Guide and Race Team Coach. He lent a hand to the snow makers, lift operators, maintenance workers, and assisted with events at the mountaintop function hall. He also often served as guide to news outlets as they profiled the mountain, because his knowledge of the area and his dry wit made for good media. At Bretton Woods they describe Patrick as "a force of nature whose presence was everywhere and who will be sorely missed by all of those he touched from co-workers to guests, Alpine Club members, Race Team kids and more... There wasn't any one area that he didn't influence and touch, as Patrick made sure that everyone had the support they needed."

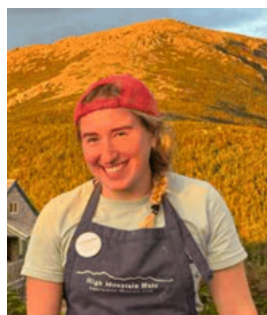
Patrick's huge heart and generous spirit, along with his good-natured sarcasm and wicked sense of humor will be missed.

In addition to his parents, Patrick is survived by his sister, Kirsten McKerley, sister-in-law Andra and niece, Harper of Laconia, NH and

his brother, Craig McKerley, of Skagway, Alaska, as well as his step-grandmother Carolyn McKerley, and aunts, uncles and cousins. He was pre-deceased by his grandparents, James and Marilyn McKerley and Alan and Katharine Stewart.

A gathering to remember, celebrate and give thanks for Patrick's life was held on Sunday, March 29, 2026 at 1:00 PM in the Rosebrook Lodge on the mountaintop at Bretton Woods Ski Resort.

To honor Patrick, a scholarship fund to provide financial assistance to aspiring skiers has been established. Donations to Bretton Woods Race Team Scholarship Fund in Memory of Patrick McKerley may be made via GoFundMe. <https://www.gofundme.com/f/race-team-scholarship-fund-in-memory-of-patrick-mckerley>



Zoe Huntington Davidson passed away on March 18, 2026.

From as soon as she could talk—perhaps even earlier—Zoe always had something to say. She loved dropping what her family called “Zoe bombs,” provoca-

tive statements that sparked vivid conversations. She could range freely, from books and politics to world history and family relationships.

And Zoe was always moving. She was a hiker who climbed the forty-eight 4,000-foot peaks of New Hampshire's White Mountains, a marathon and half-marathon runner, and a fast walker who loved to dodge tourists as she hustled around the city.

Yet to be with Zoe was also to experience the stillness of her laser-beam-like attention. She was a keen observer of human nature. This stillness came from deep within. Zoe combined profound intellectual curiosity about the human condition with extraordinary attention to the heart.

Zoe was born on February 3, 2001, in Washington, DC. When Zoe was three, her family moved to Boulder, where her parents took up teaching at Colorado Law School. When she was ten, her parents began teaching at Fordham, and

Zoe became a Brooklynite.

Her first reaction was to wonder what her parents could possibly have been thinking, leaving the blue skies and mountain trails of Boulder for the concrete jungles of New York, but before long, she found that the city's pace, rhythms, and human complexity fit her perfectly. She became and remained a passionate New Yorker.

Zoe was a brilliant writer and historian. On her gap year, Zoe conducted an oral history with her grandmother Christina, ranged widely through arcane records, and produced two books of family history, one for the Davidson side and one, with her Great Uncle Frank, for the Huntington side.

At Columbia, she followed her passion for history. Zoe's thesis, "For God and Country Was the Cry': Jewish Soldiers, Antisemitism, and the U.S. Military in World War II," was inspired by her grandfather Bill's service in the war. It drew on an untapped archive of essays to bring the experiences of Jewish American soldiers to life. At Columbia and after graduation, she published history papers in leading publications, including "Cautious Crusaders: The United Hebrew Charities and German Jewish Response to Medical Antisemitism, 1875-1916" in *Synthesis*, Harvard's undergraduate history of science journal, and "Disease Response or Diseased Response: Spain's Smallpox Public Health Campaigns in the Americas, 1780 – 1806" in *Ezra's Archives*, Cornell's undergraduate history journal. And Zoe knew how to pass on her knowledge. She was Co-Editor-in-Chief of the *Columbia Journal of History*, managing a masthead of more than 40 editors to produce a biannual journal of student research papers.

Zoe had a wicked sense of humour and was consistently amused by our human follies. As a first-year student, she joined the *Columbia Federalist*, a satirical magazine, where she eventually served as Co-Editor-in-Chief.

Zoe loved improving systems and leading teams. One of her proudest achievements in college was her work with the Columbia Bartending Agency. She started out as a bartender, learning to mix drinks and hosting her own feminist cocktail evening, featuring the Frida Kahlo and the Virgin-

ia Woolf. She went on to run the CBA's training academy, the School of Mixology, enrolling hundreds of aspiring bartenders every year. And, in her last year at Columbia, she became the CBA's Executive Director, making her think that running businesses might be a path for her future. She led the nonprofit agency of approximately 150 student bartenders, managed an annual operating budget of \$220,000, headed the CBA's executive board, and remained an ex-officio member of the board of directors.

Zoe combined her capacity for leadership with her love of the outdoors during her five seasons with the Appalachian Mountain Club in New Hampshire. She spent two summers as a hutmaster, at Galehead and Greenleaf. There, she was in charge of a crew (or "croc," as they call themselves) of young people, providing food and shelter for mountain travellers.

Her day as a hutmaster might involve getting up before dawn to bake bread from scratch for fifty people, settling a dispute between two co-workers, packing a 75-lb load of supplies up a five-mile trail to the hut, picking up a stranded hiker or joining a mountain rescue, setting up a junior naturalist ceremony for young hikers, writing a skit to perform in the evening, squeezing in training for a marathon, and somehow juggling a second job helping a professor of chemistry revise his course. Zoe's work in the huts embodied so many passions of the heart for her: leading during a crisis (no one had ever run a hut during a worldwide pandemic), figuring out systems and protocols that balanced safety with community, using her emotional intelligence to help others cope, and embracing her love of the mountains, along with the sheer physical joy of running the trails.

Zoe was driven and reveled in her drive to accomplish. And accomplish she did.

Zoe loved her time at The Dalton School for the many ways the community fostered her everything-bagel personality. Zoe graduated from Columbia summa cum laude in 2024 and was a Junior Phi Beta Kappa, a national acknowledgment of her academic achievements. In the spring of 2024, she was given a Principled Action Leadership and Excellence Award for "students who have demonstrated ethical decision-making and

sound moral judgment, as well as fostering and encouraging similar actions from others.”

She had been admitted to Harvard Law School to start next fall, and Zoe was excited to shift her intense curiosity and academic passion from history to the problems of today.

One theme that connected all of her different endeavours was complete commitment. Zoe knew how to throw herself into whatever she did with her whole heart.

Zoe was also a people person. She loved her family fiercely. She relished the nightly dinner-table Socratic dialogue, debating everything from crime and punishment to Say Yes to the Dress. She was a cutthroat competitor in endless rounds of Boggle. And she was an enthusiastic participant in outdoor family adventures, from trekking in Bhutan and rafting the Grand Canyon, to hiking, mountain biking, and kayaking in New Zealand.

Zoe treasured her relationship with her brother, Sam. They spent their early years in Colorado exploring mountains, streams, and sand dunes together. As they grew, they playfully competed, always supporting and tenderly looking after each other.

Zoe also loved her extended family, including her cousins on both sides, many aunts and uncles, and her beloved grandmothers.

Outside her family, Zoe was a loyal friend who took great pleasure in making and sustaining connections with others. She organized weekend trips to New Hampshire, hosted countless parties, planned outings around New York City, and, especially, listened to her friends confiding the ups and downs of life. Zoe tried learning American Sign Language in middle school. When she was asked why, she said “because I want to talk to more people.”

In October 2024, Zoe met and fell in love with Samson Mostashari. Not everyone has the gift that the two of them gave each other—to be completely loved, fully seen, and deeply appreciated. Among many things, they shared a curiosity about the world, interest in people, and sense of mutual delight. Samson took a picture of Zoe during a trip to Hungary, Slovenia, and Croatia in the summer of 2025, and it captures the beaming

love he evoked in her (see Zoe write-up online).

During her illness, Samson was a steadfast source of support, bringing her light and happiness in the darkest times. He was with her the night before she died. In their time together, Samson became part of Zoe’s family and was—and still is—deeply loved by them.

Zoe was diagnosed with acute myeloid leukemia at the beginning of October 2025. She was treated by the remarkable doctors, physicians assistants, nurses, and staff at the Memorial Sloan Kettering Cancer Center, where she came under the care of Dr. Eytan Stein, whose brilliance and compassion were evident every day. She also received superb care from Dr. Jae Park and Dr. Anna DeForest, who combined clinical and scientific excellence with deep humanity.

When Zoe was in eighth grade, applying for high school, she was asked to describe her young self. She summed up who she was by naming three characteristics: “my deep compassion and love of other people,” “my burning passion for the outdoors,” and “my zest for life.” These qualities shaped her entire life and will remain her lasting legacy.





Old School Logo, 1993