

THE RESUSCITATOR

PUBLISHED SINCE 1933 BY THE OH ASSOCIATION

SPRING 1987

Spring Reunion

Date: Saturday May 17

\$14.00 reservation

\$15.50 walk-in

\$10.00 '87 Croo & kids

14 and under

Fare: Clams, lobsters, beer & refreshments

Time: 12:00 noon--sandwiches

2:00-3:00--brawl game

5:00--lobster bake

Place: OH Cabin

Spring Work Weekend

Date: Saturday May 2

Sunday May 3

Time: 12:00 noon

Price: Free beer & victuals

Work: Painting, wood clearing, trail work. Pinkham will supply equipment.

Octoberfest

Date: Saturday October 10

Price: \$8.00 reservation

\$10.00 walk-in

\$6.00 '87 Croo & kids

14 and under

Fare: Wurst, kraut, strudel und bier

Time: 12:00 noon

Place: OH Cabin

Winter Reunion

Date: Saturday December 19

Details to be announced

Steering Committee Meetings

Date: First Monday of the month

Place: Brandy Pete's on Franklin St.

Who: Any OH who wants to drop in for minimum of business and maximum of good companionship

Hut Improvement Planning Meeting

Date: Wednesday May 15 6 p.m.

Place: Joy Street

Seems like many year's ago in a restaurant someplace in the South Building at Fanueil Hall (Al Folger would remember the year and the name of the restaurant), Dave Warren came down from Pinkham to tell the Steering Committee that the AMC was planning a capital campaign and hoped that the OH would be able to play a significant part. Since there were no clear overall plans developed at Joy Street at the time, Steering Committee meetings focused on fixing up the cabin and buying new mattresses to replace the old ones that even the Jackson Town Dump refused. The prices at Fanueil Hall started going up and the Steering Committee was forced to seek a new home at Brandy Pete's. Dave left for Connecticut, and Barbara Wagner came down for dinner one Monday night at the first of the month and suggested that maybe we could come up with an idea to help out with the campaign and maybe focus our efforts on the huts since that is the area of the AMC where most of our interests lie. Somehow the timing was wrong since we were in the midst of raising our dues to ten bucks so Al could balance the books, and we were trying to organize a decent mailing list which many of you ordered and waited a year or two to receive. I think we were also starting to take orders on T-shirts that hadn't even been designed yet. Well, you got your T-shirts and mailing lists, the cabin's actually undergoing improvements since it was built in the '30s, we've rewritten our bylaws to better describe us and we're still eating cheap at Brandy Pete's.

So what better time than this to look at the coincidence of the Club's capital needs in regards to the huts and our 100th Anniversary? Reply forms have been coming back from past Resuscitators with many of you

checking the box to work on the Centennial, but what to do? The AMC capital campaign has raised \$6,500,000 toward the goal of \$11,200,000 with only nine months left when the campaign ends in December. The hut system portion of the campaign is budgeted at \$800,000 to fund renovations on huts, many of which were constructed in the '20s and '30s. Construction and improvements will include increasing kitchen capacity, goofer room space, upgrading radio systems and improving public safety, waste management and energy efficiency. Already capital funds have gone into this fall's rebuilding of Carter's kitchen, replacing the water tanks, hot water system and chimney. The completed work will be a prototype for future renovations.

While we were tending to Steering Committee matters, a group of OH and friends of Tony Macmillan formed the Macmillan Foundation to commemorate Madison's Centennial in 1988 and to raise money for the Club to fund expansion of bunkroom and bathroom facilities, a new roof and window reglazing. With matching funds of \$30,000 from the MMVSP Trust, the Foundation has been contacting OH and has received cash and pledges of over \$20,000 towards their \$100,000 objective.

Another prominent OH personality has been recognized by an existing foundation to help the Club's fundraising efforts. The C. Francis Belcher Fund was just created by the Peabody Charitable Fund which will offer a conditional grant of \$250,000 to the AMC as long as a like amount is pledged by January 1, 1988.

Finally, the Steering Committee has looked at the needs of the Club and identified a specific area where we can be of help towards reaching the fundraising goal for hut

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improvements. If we OH could pledge \$200,000, that total would be approximately 25% of the hut improvement goal of \$800,000. The \$200,000 would fund kitchen and crew room improvements, living and working spaces that were near and dear to all of us during our tenures in the huts. Along with the pleasure of helping out a worthy cause, our participation would be recognized by plaques in every hut thanking the OH Association for its fundraising efforts.

Dick Low, Al Folger, Harry Pearse, Dawson Winch, Colin Davidson, Bill Barrett, Fred Preston, Doug Hotchkiss and Jim Hamilton are working with Tom Deans and campaign coordinator Lisa Keith and welcome any OH interested in joining us at the next planning meeting Wednesday, May 15 at 6:00 p.m. at Joy Street.

Winter Reunion

Either we're all getting bigger or 3 Joy Street is getting smaller because the place sure did fill up the night of December 20th. The good companionship was as usual, but the food is definitely getting better. There are so darn many OH coming now that we really don't have the space in the Resuscitator to publish all their names, but we were happy to see a lot of new faces from present crews who should be hooked on reunions like this one and come with more of their contemporaries this next December. Besides their good turnout, we can count 29 new OH from the '86 crews who have joined the OH Association.

The business meeting was mercifully brief thanks to Doug Hotchkiss, Al Folger declared us solvent for yet another year, our new bylaws passed with barely a murmur, Dick Low briefed us on the AMC's capital fund, Bill Barrett announced that complete crew lists are being assembled from each hut's founding to the Centennial and three new special members were elected: Charlie Burnham, Al Kammen and Doris Meyer. Rob Taylor capped off the evening with his slide show about his trip to Kilimanjaro.



Treasurer's Report

As of April, our cash balance totals \$4,158.38 which includes savings and checking accounts. Spring and summer bills have yet to be paid for cabin fire insurance, the spring Resuscitator, half our real estate tax and liability insurance which altogether come to approximately \$2,000.

In Memoriam

Ernest Pop Eye Arsenault worked for Joe Dodge circa '34-'37 and received his nickname from Joe after the initials of Prince Edward Island. Son Roy worked in the huts.

Bruce Haddow died of cancer in December. He worked at Mispah in the mid-'60s, was a past member of the AMC Hut Committee, the executive committee of the Mount Washington Observatory and a trustee of the Mount Madison Volunteer Ski Patrol. He was a vice president of the Bank of Boston. Because of Bruce's love of the mountains and his involvement in Charlestown activities, the Bruce Haddow Wilderness Fund has been established to support wilderness programs for children from Charlestown MA. Tax deductible donations may be made to the Bruce Haddow Wilderness Fund c/o David C. Bryson H.O. -24-11, Bank of Boston, P.O. Box 1864, Boston MA 02105

Among the Crowds

There's nothing like a post-closing break-in at a hut to burn the butt of a Huts manager. Particularly when the victim is Madison, and the crime nearly burns the building down for the second time. Well, in October of 1986, three people gained access through a bathroom window (seeking protection from a "life threatening storm", as they described it) and caused over \$4500 in damage. It seems that these men forgot that a fire, burning wood for fuel, would also consume the wood floor it was built on, and they proceeded to burn a three foot-in-diameter hole in the women's bathroom floor. The hut filled with smoke, causing smoke damage

estimated at around \$43,000 of the total cost. We estimate that we will need four people spending two weeks scrubbing and cleaning to have the hut ready to open on June 6, and herein is an appeal for OH to be involved in helping us solve an immediate problem. It is a job that is difficult to hire for, and we would like to have any person interested in working their tails off in the finest hut tradition to contact John Halporn, Assistant Huts Manager, P.O. Box 298, Gorham, N.H. 03581, or call (603) 466-2721. We are looking for people to spend as much or as little time as they can between May 24 and June 3 to get our oldest hut into shape for the operating season. By the way, the people responsible turned themselves in and have made complete restitution, enough for me to stop cursing them publically. I will let 'em off the hook only if we get the hut ready in time. So save a crook and help!

Volunteer opportunities continue to be similar year after year. We can always use hard workers at openings, covering Gala Gathering caretaker slots, and filling in at the end of the summer. If you want to know more, call John at the above number, and he'll fill you in.

Life in the North Country is busier than ever, with recent staff cuts and an ever increasing patron load keeping the staff and crews challenged. The most exciting prospect we face is the increased funding for facility renovation, both from operating dollars and the Capital Campaign (see Jim's article elsewhere). Long overdue projects are now nearing fruition, and a kind of "rural renewal" is in the planning stages. We are setting the trend with our next renovation, a complete rebuild of Zealand Hut that will include septic, alternative energy, kitchen and crew room modifications, and caretaker service considerations, and these decisions are likely to affect the final plans for Galehead and Greenleaf. A new septic system for Pinkham will likely be completed on Memorial Day this year, and plans are in the works to undertake a second phase that will separate kitchen and laundry waste from the main septic field to be built in 1988. Our construction crew will be continuing the Tip Top House renovation project for the third

consecutive year, shooting for a near completion by the dedication date of August 8. We've got new windows and a roof going in at Lakes, a cosmetic rehab of the Greenleaf kitchen, and a rebuilt sink counter for Lonesome in our 1987 Capital Budget. Ambitious, yes, but we have an excellent core staff in Tom Bindas, Paul Cunha, and Tiny Bockman, and a seasonal crew of four that has done outstanding work for several seasons.

Steve Rice has left his position as Club-wide Director of Operations, and has taken the job of Marketing Director for Mount Cranmore Ski Area. His position has not been filled, and his many responsibilities have been divided up among a number of staff people North and South. Per usual, we roasted Steve until smoke came out his ears at a Pinkham feast, and we're sorry to see him go.

Meanwhile, back at the ranch, I now have the title of Facility Manager, which may very well be simply a glorified name for washroom monitor. I have overall financial and supervisory responsibility for the eleven North Country facilities, and a support staff of seven now, with a new position (which is really an old position with new wrinkles) entitled Pinkham Hutmaster in the process of being filled. The most significant impact has come in the area of construction, where a budget cut eliminated the position held by Chris Hawkins and added the responsibility to my "to do" list. These new chores have left me short on the creative side, but perhaps my sense of the ridiculous will return by the fall issue. As it is, the Hair shamed me into fulfilling my obligation to you folks by cornering me at Joy Street two days ago, non-verbally threatening to cut off my OH pension and shaming me by telling me how easy it was for him to sit down at his Macintosh and bang out his contribution. It was easy for me too, but this dry stuff is too much like work. I want fun, Hair, and I guarantee that if my sense of humor isn't back by fall, I'm a goner. One of us has to be funny!

Mike Torrey



Dead Head by Roger G. Smith



If a dream hut crew were ever assembled at Greenleaf, Roger Smith would be a no-contest selection. Stories of his good humor and high-spirited shenanigans were served up to all rookie Greenleaf hutmen who followed him, facts as equally important as the more mundane instructions on the operation and maintenance of the hut. He never could get Greenleaf out of his system and played an important role in the hut's 50th anniversary in the summer of '80. As we prepare for our Huts' 100th, Roger's account of Dead Head and related activities should inspire us all to write down some of our memories and experiences to be shared.

When I went to Greenleaf in early June 1949 to open the hut, the opening crew consisted of Bob Temple, and the donk skimmers who were FooF Fehrenbach, Ed Hastings and Swoop Goodwin. They got the shutters off and opened the cage, showed me how to work the pump and stove and left the next day. For a week I was alone up there and nary a soul came by. I had just finished high school. The year before Joe Dodge had sent me a letter late in May offering me a berth at Lakes, but I had made a commitment to work at the AMC camp at Cold River another year since the acceptance had come so late. I can tell you I was broken-hearted, but my dad told me they would respect me all the more for honoring a commitment, and I went back to

Cold River for the summer of 1948 while yearning for the huts. That was the year Brookie Dodge and his friends blew up the skunk one midnight at the Glen House, and I so wanted to be a part of the action. Years later I drove back to Porky Gulch with Joe Dodge after a pre-Christmas reunion in Boston, and I asked him right out, did he respect me for turning down his offer of a berth at Lakes because I had made a commitment to the AMC at Cold River? "What the hell is a cold river?" he replied.

After a week up on the mountain I had the hut open for trade but was still feeding my lonely self out of a can of slop each night when Pete Walker and Don Grout showed up to keep me company and run the hut the way it should be run. Bob Temple came back up too when I was incapacitated with diarrhea. Bob knew everything. I thought I needed to go into Littleton to see a doctor. Bob warmed some milk, ladling mustard into it and made me drink it. "Old woods remedy," he called it. Cured me too. Used it lots of times since. Get a damn call in the night after the drugstores close. "What'll I do, Doc, I'm on the pot since 9 o'clock and it's just running out?" "Hot milk and mustard," I tell 'em. "It's an old north woods remedy. Learned about it from an old north woods hand from the Foxboro Company, I did. Call me in the morning." It works as well as sour cream for a sunburn, another standby for calls after the drugstores close and the patient is back from the coast with a lobster's back. Well, enough professional secrets.

These two guys Walker and Grout had actually seen the Dead Head. In fact, they had stolen him from some other hut the year before. That was in 1948 when they had run Greenleaf with Dave Cressler as the other guy. Dave had not caught the huts as an infection like the rest of us. He'd done some of the hut things like getting a box of groceries to pack up at the packhouse and walking it down the 1/4 mile to the old start of the Bridle Path because the box was imprinted with MODESS. He get a lot of stares from passing motorists, then he'd march back to the packhouse again to repeat the performance a couple of times. But he hadn't gone after any Dead Head, and he didn't come back

for another summer. Now Cressler's a professor at Portland State University in the Department of Psychology.

Grout lived and breathed for possession of the skull and, soon, so did I. He knew the story of it being found down in the Pemi a few years earlier. The question of it being an indian or a white man was moot. We had anthropologists come through who offered both opinions in turn. What the hell, the quality of opinions we got from scientific types who came to the huts in the early '50s left something to be desired. It's only in the last few years that I have realized what caused the gigantic timber death on the slope up the hill from Greenleaf and what caused the sphagnum moss to cover over Eagle Lake. In our day, nobody knew beans about acid rain. Eagle Lake water was safe to drink after all because it was sterilized with H₂SO₄.

Galehead and Zealand shared Dead Head for a year, sending it back and forth across the Twinway with the goofers. "Would you be so kind as to deliver some eggs to the hutmaster at Galehead since you are going that way?" the Zealand hutmaster would ask after breakfast while handing out trail lunches. Joe Dodge would tell the hutmasters at the start of the year, "Don't make them all of Spam, jam, cheese and peanut butter." "Why not?" said Little Al Thurston, "I like Spam, jam, cheese and peanut butter. Mighty fine sangwich." So along with his sandwiches, raisins and orange, an unsuspecting goofer would carry a human skull to Galehead where it would be unwrapped with suitable surprise and astonishment and sent back again the next day with a new fish.

Somebody interrupted these proceedings by stealing the damn thing, and by 1949 an informal set of rules had emerged. "You gotta keep it in plain sight inside the hut," Don told me. "But you can booby trap it with empty Klim cans and anything else that will make a racket to wake you up". So we went out and stole Dead Head from Carter Notch. We didn't keep him hardly long enough before he was off to the Lakes and spent the rest of the summer in the Eastern Division traversing the Gulfside Trail.

One night we believed that Galehead had the skull. Poopsie Pete Harris and Little Al Thurston were the crew there, and in a borrowed car, we drove over after supper, went up the packtrail and arrived about midnight. We couldn't find the skull, so we stole their bell and packed it down and up the Bridle Path. We were still on the trail at dawn, so we stashed the bell on the Agonies and ran up to the hut to fix breakfast. After the goofers were on their way, we went back for the bell, but the donk skinnners had taken it back down to be returned to the rightful owners. Poopsie and Anne Dodge decided to get even by bringing the old toilet bowls that were being replaced at Ghoul to attach to our roof. The one they brought across the Garfield Ridge was carried no farther than the fire tower where it sat all summer. The other one was lost in a collision with a vehicle on the Franconia Notch highway. I think the statute of limitations has run out on that by now.

In 1950 I went back to Greenleaf with Dick Maxwell and Jim Hoffman. None of us had a car that year so it was hard to mount a raid on the Eastern Division huts after the dishes were done at night in time to be back to get out breakfast. But we went after Dead Head a couple of times. Once on our way up to Madison, we startled a bear who scared the wits out of us behind Boothman's barn. Another time a truck load of boy scouts told us Dead Head was up at the Lakes and offered to drive us over there and help us if we would lead the assault. This trip came to grief because the scouts couldn't walk up the Ammonoosuc Ravine trail in the dark, giving Willie Hastings and the Lakes crew a good half hour to observe our flashlight beams streaking the sky like the grand opening of a new model series on some car lot. The Lakes crew were relieved to find it was only a well-advertised raid rather than paying goofers to be fed. They kindly gave us hot chocolate before sending us down the mountain disappointed.

In 1951 Dick Maxwell and I were joined at Greenleaf by David Porter who eagerly embraced the raiding ethos. I have a picture of the three of

us with Dead Head, but can't for the life of me recall where we stole him. I remember that Dave and some friends of his from Bear Island down at Lake Winnepesaukee came up with a sign that said "Twin Beds, Of Course, At The Greenleaf Inn". The statutes of limitations has run out on that one too. We had a sign that said "Mountain Hospitality" that the Pinkham girls stole along with our rocking chair, Moccasin Telegraph mail box and the old-fashioned party line telephone we lied to goofers about. It was bad enough to be robbed by Little Al and Art Prentiss over from Galehead--it was embarrassing to be a victim of the girls.

In 1952 the skull disappeared. I was at the Lakes with Larry Eldridge and a crew of first year men including Al Starkey, Carl Hoagland, Bob Monahan and a totally remarkable guy who did everything wrong. He never learned to cook and got himself lost on days off. We never did find the skull that year. We ran some rescues and told some whoppers to believing flatlanders. Ours were nothing like the monstrous whoppers which had become legend. Like back in 1947 they tell of a boy nicknamed Togo (who looked vaguely Japanese) setting up a ham radio set on the steps of the Summit House and talking to another ham fifty yards away in the Observatory. When the Cog Railway disgorged a sooty load of passengers, Togo began calling "Rangoon" soon attracting quite a crowd. Togo gave out the local weather report and "Rangoon" replied with monsoon conditions. Then for an hour or more, he charged a dollar to anyone who wanted to converse with "Rangoon". The crew kitty did quite a brisk business on that. Another spoof I've always loved was attributed to Willie Hastings who, when asked by a lady in high heels and a dress on the summit of Mt. Washington what that cute little house down on the Bigelow Lawn was, replied: "It's an agricultural experimentation station maintained by the government where Secretary Brannen (that dates it) is trying to mate a bighorn sheep with a bull moose!".

In 1953 I spent the summer

elsewhere, and in 1954 I was in Pensacola as a cadet. In 1955 I went back up the huts a number of times because I was based with a carrier squadron at NAS Quonset Point. I was up and down the Notches and over all the huts flying a Skyraider. The clan all gathered that summer for Anne Dodge's marriage to Jack Middleton. A group of us were at the drive-in theater in Randolph a night or two before and decided to run into Zealand to steal Dead Head which had made a reappearance. Over a dozen OH woke up the crew as they climbed up the rafters before making off with the skull that night. Dead Head was suitably boxed and wrapped to be taken to the wedding reception at the Eastern Slopes Inn. To my chagrin, the gesture was totally misunderstood. I had felt the Dodge family and the huts were all one and the skull sort of a symbol of the camaraderie and joy of working in the mountains for all those summers. In that context, it was appropriate. But Joe didn't think so. He was angry at the appearance of the skull, and I was mortified to have been the cause. I thought Joe was wonderful and always felt I hadn't measured up somehow much as I wanted to. Dead Head was reported to have been taken away and smashed to bits.

There was an article published in the summer '85 National Review about the government putting MX missiles in the Pemigewasset on the Garfield Cliffs and the Bondcliffs. There may be some more skulls available in the Pemi shortly after that starts. Of course you could say that the AMC has been asking for it, what with taunting the military/industrial complex about acid rain all these years. And MX missile silos will not be an unmixed blessing, to be sure, for if they scare off and discourage a lot of people, it should be possible to get a lodging reservation at Greenleaf on less than three months notice with payment that far in advance. And if the Russians do attack to Owl's Head MX site, the fallout will go straight to the Marshfield Station and the Cog Rail Way first. Dead Head lives.



Joan Doyle's News



At the Forman School in Litchfield, CT, we have many OH: Dave Moskowitz, Kevin Kerin, George Holt and Will Small. Wouldn't you know that the Forman School is one of the schools that I'm working at competes with. I'm currently working at the Emma Willard School, an all girls high school in Troy NY. I'm working in the science department and teaching the outdoor leader leadership class. I'm also a resident assistant in the dorms, so I'm kept busy. And, yes, everything you've heard about Troy being the armpit of the U.S. is true! Fortunately the Adirondacks are not too far away, and I manage to get out there occasionally.

Jen Botzow is also in NY, but she's down there in the beeg city working for a law firm and dressing up in office clothes!

A couple of long lost OH have surfaced in Athens, GA and would like to return to the fold: Betsy Macmillan and Rick Rusk. They crossed paths because their children were in the same preschool (were they both wearing backpacks and Limmers?).

Roger Smith made it in from Cornelius, OR last Spring for his first Spring Brawl since 1957. He checked out a few huts while in the area.

Seems like a lot of deadhead OH are seeking to restore themselves to active status. Casey Hodgson of Gorham, NH writes that he worked for Joe at Dolly Copp in '53-'54 while the AMC was running the campground for five years during the Korean War. Casey also worked for George Hamilton and Bruce Sloat in the storehouse, opening,

closing and filling in for Lakes hutmaster in '54. After working for the AMC, he did a stint at the Obs. Says he got his name from Joe but is leaving that story for the next letter. And he didn't forget to send in about 10 years of dues!

Two others in the Lost and Found Department are John White of Kensington, CT and Richard White of Rindge, NH who teaches at Franklin Pierce College.

The Slack family has reestablished contact. Jack Slack has retired from the filter business after 40 years and his daughter Donna Robinson, also an OH, resides in Amherst, MA. His son John still lives in Conway.

Cheryl Edlund writes that she is working for a software company doing customer support—all those years at the resi desk gave you lots of practice. She's now living in Methuen, MA.

Also in MA is Bill Meduski. He graduated from Worcester State in '84 with a degree in Geography/Math, but it sounds like from his jobs that he should have majored in skiing.

Helen Fremont of Brookline, MA has quit her job as Public Defender in Boston and consequently has time for all those things that she had put on the shelf. This past summer she traipsed through the mountains bearing gifts. She graced Lakes during the opening with gifts for the BFD boss and also helped with many a mattress. Last I heard she was going to help caretaking somewhere this fall—did that work out?

Richard Boogie Kimball writes from Chappaqua, NY that he has retired from Exxon after 28 years, 6 of which were in Europe. He didn't actually mean to send in his dues but ran across the Resuscitator while looking for something else. Said he didn't find what he was looking for, but habits of a lifetime are hard to break.

Frank Carlson writes it took 50 years, but he finally finished the 4000 footers last year. He currently chairs the newly-formed Washington DC AMC Chapter and spends weekends leading trips in local mountains. This past summer, Frank came up to Lakes with a photo of his Lakes croo (forgive me for not remembering the year). I promptly added it to the collection of croo photos and sat down with

Frank to talk about what it was like when he was at Lakes. Anyone who has Lakes croo photos, please send to Lakes to be added to the collection.

Laurie By Golly Brown of Putney, VT has been patiently waiting for his news to be published, Sorry, Laurie, we couldn't fit it in the winter issue so here 'tis. He hiked Ranier last August and participated in a reunion for the 10th Mountain Division, the famous volunteer division formed in 1944 of the best skiers and mountaineers in America. Lawrie chairs the 10th Mountain Division Association and sees to it that the group returns to their training ground annually for reunion. Together with his 96 year old aunt, he runs Carol Brown Natural Fiber Fabrics in Putney.

Jay Coburn writes that he's happily married again to Virginia Kelikan of Chicago and has moved to Beverly, MA to be near the ocean and closer to the mountains.

Dawson Winch has moved to Merrimac, NH and works as a therapeutic recreation specialist at Brookside Hospital in Nashua.

Betty and Bob Elsner wrote from Alaska: "We object to the inuendos in the book review of Joe Dodge...those of us who knew Joe for two generations and our parents deny that his speech was 'obscene'. That means lewd! Joe's speech was loud, unladylike, colorful, startling, but never obscene...my mother and I were not offended, and we were ladies!"

The Prescotts of Centerville, MA worked with Joe in '41-'42 at Lonesome and were glad that a book came out about him.

Bill Appel (our new cabin stove benefactor) wrote from Keene, NH that he bicycled from San Francisco to Boston during the summer of '85 and had a most successful journey. He was the senior cyclist among a group of Harvard-Radcliffe students averaging 21 years old. The group were called Cyclists Fighting Hunger. He attributes his years in the huts to making it possible.

Some interesting Centennial ideas were sent in by John Hull who suggests we publish articles from Appalachia written by OH. Tom Caulkins suggests collecting pictures and slides that feature the huts and points of interest along the way. Al

Starkey thinks we shouldn't limit our material to the Resuscitator and Appalachia, but try to be published by magazines such as Outdoors. Mac Stott is just plain looking forward to the event having attended the 50th and 75th. Harry Wescott wants a suspension bridge built between Greenleaf and Lonesome and a jacuzzi installed at Lakes. Andy Cook suggests multiple summit climbs by OH all over the world such as Washington, Rainier, Ben Nevis, Fujiyama to name a few.



Dawson Winch, Robin Manning and Barbara Wagner at Winter Reunion

More News

Richard O'Hara was croo cook at Dolly Copp in 1953 when the AMC ran the campground and is now Chief of Police in Wellfleet, MA. He's now a grandfather and found time to camp and hike in the Whites last October.

Newly-elected Special Member Al Kamman is sorry he missed the winter reunion because he was called away the same day to attend family business. He's delighted that his work on behalf of the OH was recognized by the association. Al has two working sons in the huts.

One of those sons Al Kamman, Jr. spent last summer travelling to Alaska and back and worked as Tuck caretaker this fall followed by working on the ski patrol at Cranmore. Al's looking forward to working for Outward Bound this summer and maybe grad school in the fall.

Chuck Darlington worked at Galehead in '59 and among other accomplishments, holds the 145 lb. Western Division Spaghetti Eating Record that he earned one gooferless night vanquishing Peter

Moose Woodcock who was reigning heavyweight of the '59 Construction Croo. Chuck's presently running a rock quarry in Sterling, MA and could use a couple of OH on his crew.

Al Sise celebrated his 50th wedding anniversary in September in Norwich, VT.

Tom Heffernan will soon complete 26 years with the Forest Service for whom he has been buying land through exchange and purchase. He's been fortunate to be a member of a wilderness committee representing a local horse club.

Charles Black Mac Mackintosh worked with Don MacJanet at Madison in 1917 and was sorry to read of his death. After Madison, Charles worked at Lakes as hutmaster and was responsible for hiring Tex Benton who later gained notariety as a Pinkham cook. Charles became Hut Supervisor and made trips to Boston during Christmas vacation to order groceries for the summer to be shipped by way of the Glenn House for Madison and Carter, and the Cog R. R. for Lakes. It was during Charles' years as Supervisor that the area around Pinkham was cleared to build the base hut. In 1921, he went to work for the USFS and later that year was transferred to the Pisgah Forest, NC. He is presently 88 years young and living in High Point, NC.

Dawn Marshall has finished her masters in social work and is working with emotionally disturbed children in Boston. She enjoys the free time off during school vacations.

Bob Story Sr. attended Pop Eye Arsenault's wake in December in Clinton, CT.

Great news from Chris Stewart that he will be taking over as editor of Appalachia and would be interested in hearing from OH across the land for article ideas. Just in case you're not current with AMC dues and policies, Appalachia comes as an additional charge to the basic AMC dues. Some of you might remember the research work that Chris put in on his own time over 10 years ago to record OH memories of their hut experiences. At least one article was published in Appalachia. Hope you'll publish some of the other good articles, Chris. His address is Apt. 3 190 Coyle St. Portland, ME.

Doug Burckett complimented **Mike Torrey** on his article about **Barbara Wagner** in the winter Resuscitator. He says his birthday always gets in the way of the winter reunion. He turned 91 this past December.

Ted Rooslund is living in a retirement center and will never forget his summers at Pinkham.

Of all people, **Fred Mac Stott** turned himself in as a missing OH! Mac played a supporting role in the introduction of **Bill Putnam's** Joe Dodge book and is currently working on the AMC's capital campaign.

It was great to see **Jack and Ann Middleton** at the winter reunion. They have sold their house in Bedford, NH and moved to Freedom where they are putting an addition on their home. They still rent a condo in the big city of Manchester. Their winter plans took them to Ecuador to climb with **Rick Wilcox** of International Mountain Equipment.

Slim Harris, if you haven't got my card yet, by all means send me your circa '38-'42 negatives of the huts and assorted personalities of that era.



Roger Smith at Winter Reunion

More news from **Roger Smith** who dusted himself off and left OR to come to the spring and winter reunions. Wife **Joan** is fine, daughter **Audrey** graduated from Brown and daughter **Diana** at Wesleyan is spending her junior year in Paris. As always, any OH straying into **Cornelius, OR** who are interested in tales of volcanoes and **Greenleaf** have a standing invitation to visit.

Have you identified the picture sent by **Bob Ohler** taken by **Slim Harris**? It should be tucked in

someplace around this Resuscitator.

Fred Coburn has a shot at OH immortality since his first grandchild arrived October 5th. This gives him a shot at 4 generations of Coburns in the huts. Father **Arthur** worked at Madison in the early '20's, brother **Larry** at Greenleaf in the '50's and son **John** at Mizpah and **Carter** in the early '70's. Then there's a niece **Cathy Amidon Kayoun** who worked at Lakes around '80. Fred worked at **Carter** in '46. Try to get your family together for an OH reunion, Fred. It would make a great picture.

Larry Goss has left the NH Office of State Planning to work for the Sandwich Research Group in Center Sandwich, NH just below Sandwich Notch near Squam Lake.

Herb Sise is retired and living in Milton, MA.

Andy Damp, somewhat of an authority on critters labeled Moose, commented on the Spring Brawl sighting as illustrated in the winter Resuscitator. Seems that moose prefer bogs, not pastures. They also like apple orchards, but have a particular fondness for baseball fields.

Tom Davis got up to the summit of Washington on the weekend of September 27 and observed two morning alpine glows. Funny, over on Lafayette we only saw alpine glows in the afternoon. Must be the time difference between east and west.

After 30 years, **Ray Scheimer** returned to Lakes for the '86 closing. Yes, there were physical changes and a young crew, but in some ways Ray felt he was back to the summers of '55 and '56. Many thanks to **Mike Torrey** and the Lakes croo for making it possible and enjoyable. Ray's looking around for a vintage slide of his Lakes croo for the hut collection.

Art Whitcher wrote from Orchard Park, NY that he's bushwacking on the golf courses, but at least not in a cart.

After spending the fall at home in NJ, **Emily Thayer** will be returning to Middlebury in May to graduate. She's one of the 30 or so new OH from recent crews.

While on the subject of the wounded, **Harry Adams** had his gall bladder removed last winter and lost 20 lbs. and 2 inches from around the waist.

Signing on for Spring Work Weekend '87 with grandson **Garth** is **Sanford Williams** who has recently left 25 years of industrial process filtration to go onto the manufacture of marine hardware featuring the standing rigging of all the America's Cup challengers and bluewater ocean racing sailboats worldwide.

It was a pleasure seeing **Helen** and **George Hamilton** at winter reunion. George has had the 4th change of address in the past 11 years and hopes there aren't too many dead letters addressed to him reposing in the back of 3 post offices.

Fred Greene like the level walks to Zealand, Lonesome and Artist's Bluff—the knees don't allow for more downhill. He and wife **Helen** are residing in Brunswick, ME.

Gary Nonnemaker flies 18 passenger turbo props out of Manchester, NH to NYC, BOS and PHL.

Alive and well and living in Virginia Beach, VA is **Henry Rogerson** who doesn't miss his snow shovel.

Stroker Rogovin sent us a missing OH address for **John Field** and is reporting in from Dorchester, MA where he makes base ops for **Strokington & Co.** specialists in historic renovations. Then after wrecking stuff in Boston, he spends the rest of his time in Conway living with **Scott Macomber** and **Robin Snyder**. Helping him in Boston are **Cam Bradshaw** and **Albie Pokrob**.

Jennifer Botzow spent the fall working in NYC wherever **Sam Pryor** works. She's looking forward to summer at Lakes with **Mark Huntley**. Thanks for sending in **George Holt's** and **John Goldsmith's** addresses.

John Orrokheard wrote that **Black Mac MacGregor** visited the Obs this past summer. He hopes that his visit will be reported in the Observatory Bulletin since Mac is a great resource person to fill in the hazy period of the early '20's.

Thanks to **Bob Cary** for adding **Arnold Cary's** missing name to the OH list. Boo for not coming to the winter reunion—sunny San Diego is no excuse for missing it, wife's folks or not.

Frank Carlson of Bethesda, MD just returned from a hiking trip in the

Parc Natural in Guadeloupe, French West Indies. Mornings of hiking and climbing were followed by afternoons on the beach. Sounds like Zealand to me.

Another missing name turned up--**Larry Kilham**--thanks to **John Schultz**.

Helen Fremont reports that **Dave Huntley** and **Laura McGrath** are moving north from Nashville. Dave just landed a job at the Travelers in Hartford.

Swoop Goodwin enjoyed seeing many old friends at spring reunion.

A nice letter from **John and Jan Ellery** who worked at Lakes in '36 and '37, part of '38 then retired to Zealand as hutmaster in '41. Wife Jan joined him as hutmistress to become the first married couple to run a hut together.



*Fran Belcher on Valley Way 1936.
Photo by Bob Ohler.*

Membership in the Mt. Washington Observatory brings more rewards in addition to the quarterly bulletin edited by **Fran Belcher** and discounts on items sold at the museum. President of the Mt. Washington Observatory, Inc., **Brian Fowler** would like OH to know that (weather permitting) winter trips to the summit can be arranged for members. A January trip was planned for a party made up of **John Gross**, **Gary Whiting**, **Linus Story**, **Jed Davis**, **Al Corindia** and **Yankee Magazine** editor **Judd Hale**. Word was that they spent an enjoyable two nights on the summit after being transported up in the Obs' new cat. A single Obs membership is only

\$10--send your check to Mt. Washington Observatory, Gorham, NH 03581.

Bill Cox saw his picture in the winter Resuscitator and asked that his former girlfriend Jane not be identified as Jane Cox. He *almost* got engaged, but *never* got married.

Ken Whiting retired from the Coast Guard after 20 year's of flying and is now living in Casco, ME. He repairs BMW motorcycles at Street Cycles, Falmouth.

Al Starkey wants us to get our news straight about his address. Seems he lives in Wayzata, MN but commutes to work in NJ. And we thought we had it tough commuting to Boston from the south shore!

Another lost name found by **Dulcie Heiman** who reports that **Brooks Bicknell**, soon to be married, is living in N. Conway and working for **Ed Bergeron**.

One of those nice long letters brought us all kinds of good news from **Nancy Bazilchuk** of how she got married in May in the woods of Easton, NH to **Rick Strimbeck**, but she's going to keep her maiden name so we can continue to misspell it. Here's who attended: **Stroker Rogovin**, **Scott Macomber**, **Rose Paul**, **Everett Marshall**, **Don Hunger**, **Molly Hunter**, **Mark Hitchcock**, **Margie Schnitzer**, **Mike Wadell**, **Anton Gulovsen**, **Robin Snyder**, **Gary Newfield**, **Burham Martin**, **Tom Liscord**, **Robin Manning** and music by **Crossbow**, veteran of a few Augustfests. And what did this gang give them for a wedding present? A canoe, of course! Nancy got her master's in botany from UVM and is working as science and environment reporter for the Burlington Free Press in N. Ferrisburg, VT. Rick is completing his master's in botany this year.

The news continued that **Molly Hunter** married **Mark Lochrin** in Hanover, NH with another gathering of OH attendees along with Nancy: **Jon Martinson**, **Bob McCoy**, **Margie Schnitzer**, **Rebecca Oreskes**, **Ginny Eliason** (with her baby Hank), **Burham Martin**, **Mark Hitchcock** and **Nancy Brandt**. Molly wrote that she's finishing up at Cornell studying bugs and would appreciate a visit from anyone passing through.

Nancy reported that **Rose Paul** just

finished her master's in botany and is looking for a job in conservation. Also in Burlington is **Peggy Dillon** looking for work. **Carl Krag** has found a job in NYC after attending computer school in NJ. **Bill Kelley** is at Duke.

Bill Meduski is a surveyor for the City of Worcester Water Dept. and spends a lot of his time skiing and bicycling.

Pemigewasset Robert Prescott sent in a whole bunch of back dues and reported that he's in Rochester, NY working as County Surveyor for Monroe County, NY. He's active in professional affairs with the NY State Assoc. of Professional Land Surveyors. He works with **Meg Shields** who is the sister of **Bruce Shields**, Lonesome '59. Bruce owns and runs an Agway store in VT. **Pemi** used to have a pair of lederhosen that he oiled up with so much Limmer boot grease along with generous daubs of cooking grease that he posed a fire hazard around any kitchen stove. Hope you can get back to the mountains when you come into Boston for this summer's Apple Computer Festival.

Chris Nesbitt has turned his pinstripes in for a green eye shade, giving up a senior vp position with Shawmut to buy Worcester Magazine. As president of NOVA Publishing, Chris also publishes **Centrumguide**, a monthly guide to events at the Centrum.

A glowing report from **Andy Cook** about the arrival of **Katahdin Abigail** February 17 '86 who joins 3-year old brother **Mac**. Talk about glowing, Andy is a regional sales manager marketing nuclear fuel to utilities in the southeastern U.S. And wife **Chris** negotiates sale-leasebacks for the construction of nuclear power plants. And for travel plans, Andy and Chris traveled with a group of U.S. nuclear representatives last September to Russia, Hungary and Czechoslovakia to tour reactors. Two weeks after their return, they got a chance to wash off in Hawaii.

Jeff Worst credits his rigorous training as truck driver '80-'81 to working on his Ph.D. in Industrial/Organizational Psychology while working part time for management consultants **Booz Allen & Hamilton**.

Jeff Abbe met Paul DiBello while the U.S. Handicap Ski Team trained at Purgatory, CO.

Joe Harrington wrote that his dad died in June. He'd attended several winter reunions as Joe's guest.

Sometimes you run into the darndest people. Art Skiwax MacGregor was spending a weekend with his 3 children in a cabin near the glaciers around Anchorage when in walk 8 OH trekking, skiing and camping on the glaciers during a 2-week trip. Talk turned to father Red Mac MacGregor, pictures were taken and all had a merry time, except that Skiwax didn't get their names. Send us a picture, and we'll publish it so we can get identifications.

Barbara Ricker made her annual family trip to Castine, ME to sail Penobscot Bay and to see Judy Williams and her family. Judy worked at Pinkham '64-'65 and her husband Dick Hale helped build Mizpah, worked at Pinkham and the Obs.

Sally Harris Wilbur writes from Gresham, OR that she's working in sewing machine sales and repairs while husband Sandy works with the U.S. Fish & Wildlife Service. In '86, she spent both spring and fall vacations at her camp in Dummer, NH with mother Cal Harris.

Doug and Caroline George of Dover, NH report that 2nd son Andrew Edgerton was born November 7.

Andy Cohen is teaching 7th grade science to learning disabled kids in NYC.

Tom Caulkins' first grandson Thomas Madison Caulkins was born in September and named after the mountain.

Katy Terrell Hiza welcomed a new year's baby Emma Wistar Hiza at 6:27 a.m. Jan. 1st. Steve Plumley followed with his 4th child born to wife Jane January 2nd.

After 2 stints in technical publications and 10 years of establishing education programs for deaf-blind students, Al Sanderson is now selling real estate on Cape Ann on the north shore. He climbed Mt. Athabasca in Canada last summer.

Dave Moskowitz, one of the fearsome foursome at Foreman School, is applying to law school for the fall of '87. He'll follow with news of Steve Colt, Cindy Makin, Ellie Dwight and J. D. Lindberg.



Peter Woodcock at Greenleaf circa 1948. Photo by Ralph Woodcock.

Back in Alaska after 3 1/2 months in Australia on study leave at the University of Adelaide are Bob and Elizabeth Elsner. They cross country skied with a bit of down hill near Mt. Kosciusko down under and now cross country daily around their place in Ester, AK.

Lloyd Dakin is still posted in Quetta, Pakistan not far from the Afghan border. Though mountainous, Lloyd can only look at the mountains because of security reasons.

The November Dartmouth Alumni Magazine ran a book review of Bill Putnam's Joe Dodge written by Gramps Monahan who worked for Joe in '24 as his first assistant at Porky Gulch. Gramps took the snapshot of Joe used on the front cover. Thanks for passing on the news that Ed Cole, Madison '25 is deceased, but that DeLong Monahan, Pinkham '21, Carter '22, Lakes '23 is still very much alive and living at Dunwoody Village in Newton Square, PA. We'll take you up on your new year's resolution to send items from your archives about your years in the huts.

Dave Sleeper is looking for a picture he sent of him and Polly Smith, but I'll be jiggered if I can find it. Is there an ex-editor out there he might remember it?

If there were ever apologies due, here they are for Alex Green Mac McKenzie who generously offered to sell the book "World Record Wind" at a winter reunion several years ago. Seems the books were to

be dropped off at the reunion and all proceeds were to be donated to the Obs. Only the books somehow never made it to Joy Street and Mac has been wondering where they went until a package turned up in Conway containing the little rascals. Honestly, let's try again, only this time, you've got to personally bring them to winter reunion so we can meet you. News of Alex includes bidding on and winning a trip to Zealand conducted by the local Rotary radio auction. He and wife Bobbie (Joe's original secretary circa '37) enjoyed a delightful October weekend. Both keep busy at their Foss Mountain Road farm in Eaton, Center, NH.

Maria Van Dusen had a pleasant trip to Zealand also in October, and then a trip to Provincetown to pick cranberries with Cal Harris.

New special member Doris Meyer couldn't make the winter reunion, but hopes to attend the spring reunion.

Bob Ohler, Madison '34-'38 with a year off in '35 for relaxation at Galehead, was delighted to find himself back on the mailing list. Says he is thinking of retirement so he can devote more time to climbing.

Eliza Maltzberger, PNC '86 looks forward to seeing the gang this summer, graduating from college, then joining the OH Association. Heck, don't wait—join up now.

Lindsay Fowler spent a whole bunch of time at the cabin this fall and plans to head out to Arizona or

California or, if all else fails, to Vermont.

If you've been reading your Appalachia Bulletin you'll see Liz Keufel's name in the accident report at Madison. Liz is at the White Mountain School in Littleton, NH.

Doug Teschner is a frequent contributor to Appalachia. He's moved back to the Whites, residing in Pike, NH west of Moosilauke. 2-year old Ben is keeping Doug and Marte hopping.

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Other OH to offer assistance to Linus were John Gross and Gary Whiting.

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Another Madison OH, Ben Cole sent a Christmas card from St. Thomas that he's sold his charter sloop "Triumph" that Linus and I have had such good times on and is working part time at a mariner as a rigger to fill the time between those beautiful V.I. mornings and sunsets.

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Dead Head at Greenleaf 1949 with crew Roger Smith, standing left; Pete Walker, standing right; Al G.D. Catheron, sitting left and Don Grout, sitting right. Photo sent by Al G.D. Catheron.