

THE RESUSCITATOR

The Newsletter of the OH Association

Spring 2021 Issue

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From the Desk of the Chair

“Wow.”

That’s the first word that came to mind when Alex, our treasurer, informed me that the OHA had just received a generous four-figure bequest from Barbara Sittinger, who regrettably left us in December. The second thing that went through my head was: “What leads someone to leave the OHA a generous gift like that?”

Almost as quickly, I thought, “[expletive deleted]...any OH could answer that.”

We all know that working in a hut is a bust-ass job, but also one of the most amazing things any of us will ever do for a living. Nobody leaves a hut job in the Whites the same way they went in. It’s a transformative experience, physically, mentally, and emotionally. No surprise that many of the same people who helped us cook breakfast for 90 and carry a litter all night in the rain also turn out to be our BFFs. You know what you’re getting with an OH, whatever the year or the hut. That shared experience—with all the “you want me to do what?!” challenges—it lasts a lifetime.

And longer, evidently.

Barbara’s gift didn’t arrive with an explanation, but I think I know the gist of it. You do too, or you wouldn’t be reading this.

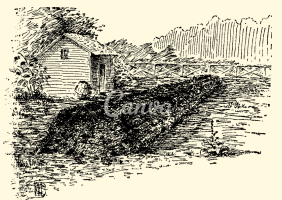
In other news, by the time you see this, the OH Cabin should be back open, by reservation only. [See the website for more details.](#) For the well-being of all OH, we ask all members to please understand and honor the new use restrictions until we can safely lift them.

Fallfest at the Highland Center is back on the calendar for Nov. 6th, assuming the pandemic continues to improve. Unfortunately, no Spring Reunion, same as last year and for the same reason. But 2022 is looking real good! Finally. Visit ohcroo.com for details.

Last but not least, we’re still in negotiations to purchase twelve acres of the original Washburn property immediately to the north of the OHA cabin, to protect the land and preserve our experience and enjoyment of our campus for all current and future OH. We’ve already assembled a team of OH spanning eight decades to help with fundraising, and we welcome your support once this is a “go.” Fingers crossed.

Meanwhile, enjoy a safe summer, and don’t forget to stop and smell the compost,

Solvitur crumpus,





After more than a year of closure, the OH Cabin will officially reopen for recreational use on May 1st! But in the same way that social distancing and masking aren't going away overnight, things are going to work differently with the OH cabin this year...

For a complete rundown of the 2021 OH Cabin policies, and to make a reservation, please visit OHCroo.com/cabin

For the foreseeable future, the OH Cabin will operate on a reservation system, so don't jump in the car and gun it for Pinkham. (The cabin key won't be there!) Reservations can be made online at the OHA website. We regret having to impose these rules, but we're *thrilled* to open up the cabin again and we look forward to lifting the rules when it's safe to do to.



FallFest 2021 is scheduled!

This November, the OHA will gather again for FallFest at the Highland Center. We'll have further details on reservations and the full schedule this summer. For now, here's the gist:

When/where: November 6th, 2021, at the AMC Highland Center

3:30pm: Y-OH listening session

4:30pm: Happy hour

6:30pm: Dinner

7:45pm-9:00pm: Awards



Sadly, Spring Reunion will not be taking place in 2021, given the current rate of COVID-19 vaccination and the estimated timeline for when large indoor events can be safely hosted again.





Thank you to OHA Donors!

An extra special thank you to those who gave a little extra

Josh Alper
 Robert Badeau
 Cheryl Eklund Baker
 Paul A. Bartlett
 Harold Bernsen
 Joan Bishop
 Bill Blaiklock
 Bill Blais
 Standish Bourne
 Katherine Bramhall
 Donald Brandt
 Mike Bridgewater
 Nick Briere
 Dal Brodhead
 Arnold Cary
 Bob Cary
 Larry H. Coburn
 Andrew Cohen
 Brian Copp
 Bill Cox
 Sara Cox
 Phillip M. Coyne
 Dave Crandall
 Paul Cunha
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 David Huntley
 Kari Hyer
 A. Dobie Jenkins
 Tom Johnson
 Tim Jursak
 Cap Kane
 Michael Kautz



Thank you to OHA Donors!

An extra special thank you to those who gave a little extra

Gardner Kellogg
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 Greg Knoettner
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 Robert P. Kreitler
 Noah Kuhn
 John Lamanna
 Peter Madeira
 Jessica Marion
 Burnham Martin
 Thomas H. Martin
 Dick Maxwell
 Willie McCullough
 Bob "Apples" McIntosh
 Andy McLane
 Emily McQuaid-Hanson
 John "Moose" Meserve
 William G. Meserve
 Robert R. Morrill Jr.
 Joel Mumford
 Robin and Bob Najar
 Steve Neubert
 Gary Newfield
 Jim Niver
 John Nutter
 Ken Olson
 Rebecca Oreskes
 Ann Perkins
 Earle Perkins
 Gardiner Perry
 Sheldon Perry
 Madeline Friend Polivka
 Brian Post
 Barbara Livesey Ricker

Bankson C. Riter Jr.
 Lawrence "Stroker" Rogovin
 Tim Saunders
 Annette Schultz
 John Schultz
 Bruce Shields
 Jeff Smith
 Margaret Snell
 Judy Starkey
 Kimberly "Schroeder" Steward
 Chris Stewart
 Bob "Linus" Story
 Andy Taylor

Doug Teschner
 Jack Tracy
 Toben Traver
 Graham Trelstad
 Alex Van Raalte
 Peter B. Walker
 Ray Welch
 Gerry Whiting
 Sally Wilbur
 Janet Williamson
 Shannon Wood
 and
 Alex Ziko

The OHA needs YOU!

The OHA relies on membership dues to keep the cabin running, pay for photo projects, help us with Y-OH outreach and so much more!

Please send in your dues at www.ohcroo.com/shop and stay connected to these mountains, friends, and special world.

Thank you!





Meet the New Huts Management

Bethany Taylor *Huts Manager, Unit 12*



Whether she was performing the mythic Presidential Scandal BFD in the Mizpah dining room, or digging a new grey water system at Carter with CC, odds are you've run into Bethany Taylor in the huts ecosystem. A croo member to her bones, a hut caretaker, a willing construction accomplice, and a naturalist in the White Mountains and beyond (also, the first naturalist to serve as Huts Manager!) Bethany has logged some serious mileage. Even when it was time to hang up her packboard and journey beyond the Whites, she found new outlets for passions honed in the huts: like traveling to Montana to earn a Master's degree in Environmental Studies with a focus on creative writing, and serving as Bowdoin College's sustainability outreach coordinator, where she worked with students who could have been hut kids, in a another setting. Actually, some of them were!

So when the AMC needed a new Huts Manager and Bethany stepped up, it's no wonder that she felt like she was "coming home." You see, Bethany's own family history is huts history too. She's the sister of fellow OH Hannah and Emily Taylor, sister-in-law of OHA Treasurer Alex Ziko, and daughter of Dijit Taylor (AMC Research 1970s-80s.) Broadly speaking, the huts have always been there for those who've run them, through hell and literal high water. And for Bethany, that sense of timelessness is one of the most uniquely ecstatic qualities of the huts.

"There's this wonderful book by James Rebanks, a shepherd in the Yorkshire Dales," Bethany says. "He talks about herding his sheep one day and realizing that his Viking ancestors could show up and join in with the work being done. 'There's a similar sort of lived palimpsest to the huts as well. The pictures of the hut boys in the 1961 National Geographic are indistinguishable from the pictures popping up on Instagram of hut kids today. You can be out hiking on the Crawford Path and suddenly think, 'Huh. Lucy Crawford saw this too.' And you start to understand that when you work in the huts, you get to be part of something greater than yourself."

Given the safety risks posed by Covid-19, Summer 2021 will be a historic challenge for the huts, which Bethany describes as "gathering places for the spirit of mountain goodwill." But she's quick to point out that a moment like this is not without precedent in huts history. "This isn't the first time the huts have had to adapt," Bethany says. "The huts closed and went through all sorts of changes during World War II, and then they rebounded into the Joe Dodge golden era! I'm very excited about what the freedom of modifications will allow us to do this year."



Meet the New Huts Management

Amanda Fisher-Katz-Keohane *Huts Field Supervisor, Unit 16*

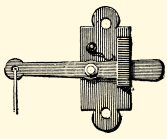


Amanda Fisher-Katz-Keohane was living the editorial life at AMC Outdoors Magazine until one day, when taking a breather at Lakes and watching the croo ping-pong around, she realized, "I want to do this. " So her huts career kicked off in 2017 with a summer at Lakes so empowering and gregarious that she ended up staying on for the fall and returned to the alpine zone's most raucous hospitality hub the following two summers! Based in North Conway for the last few years, she's been working towards a Masters degree in early childhood literature, she's written about feminism through a global lens for New York Minute Magazine, and she co-founded and built My Sexual Biography: a startup that promotes sexual wellness by providing adults with the resources and safe spaces to learn more about their own sexuality.

Rejoining the huts as the new Huts Field Supervisor, Amanda is thrilled to return to the community where she felt uniquely accepted and engaged with not just the outdoors, but the social and cultural tides of

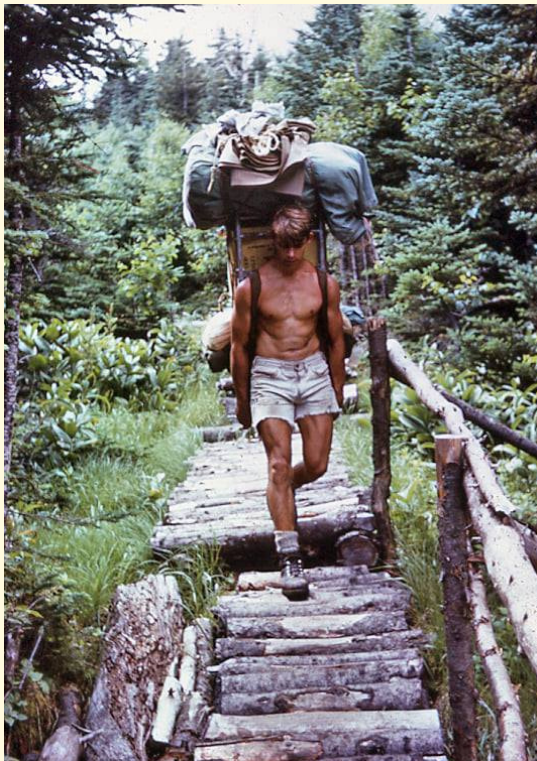
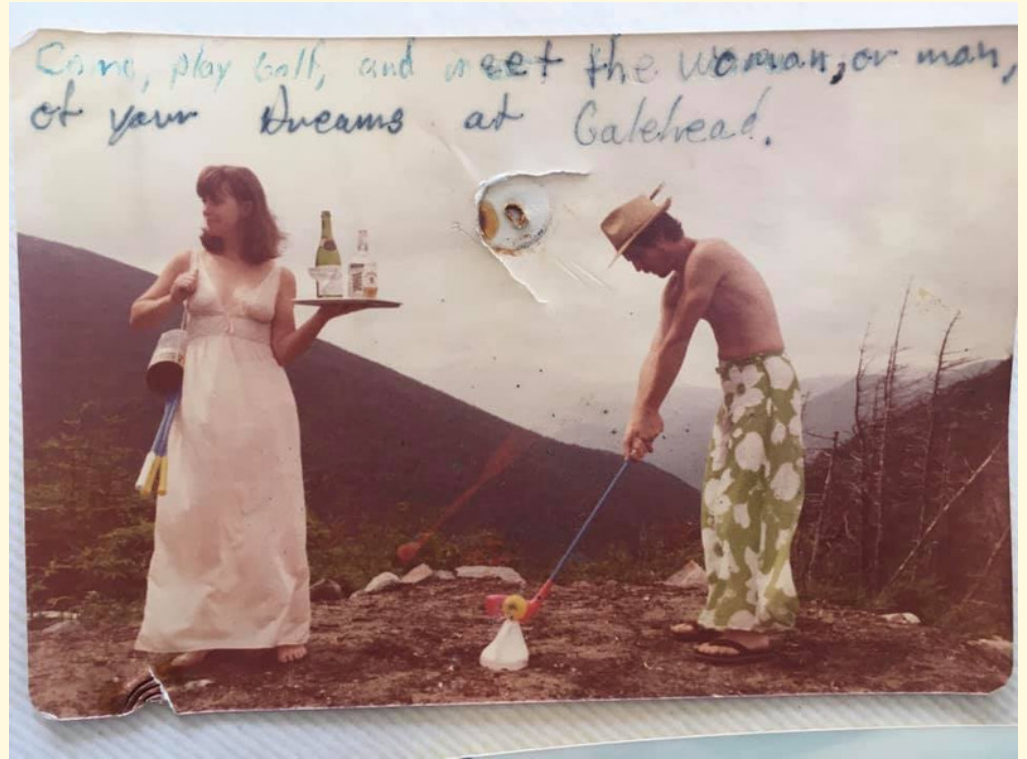
the wider world. These tides reach the mountains too, and Amanda embraces this. She recalls nights on which her croos began dinner talks with an Abenaki land acknowledgment, or how sharing pronouns during croo introductions became a new standard. Often, guests would come up to the desk after dinner, curious to learn more. As Amanda sees it, making the huts feel more inclusive goes hand-in-hand with bedrock solidarity of the huts experience. "The huts give you a momentary taste of this world where nobody cares that you just came off a hike, you haven't showered, and you're about to sit down and share a meal together," she says. "Everyone has worked hard to get there, whatever path they may have taken: they've shared that experience of getting to this place together. You can talk more intimately with people in that context. That's rare these days."

And as for the advent of Summer 2021? "We're going to have a lot of fresh new hut kids, this year," Amanda says. "There's something special when it's your first year, you get out into this unique environment and community, and you're feeling this love and empowerment. You're doing things that you never thought you could do. I can't wait to see this happen for a new generation of hut kids, and to be a part of their training and learning."



Reopening the Huts: A Primer

This summer, the huts will re-open their doors to overnight visitors! Each of the huts will be running on reduced capacity with new safety procedures, and the plan is to transition to "normal"-ish operations when it becomes safe to do so. However, like all things during the COVID-19 pandemic, the hut experience will be different this year.



- The huts will be opening for business on June 3rd.
- Bunkrooms in huts will be divided into "cohort bunks" and each cohort will be assigned to a single party, as opposed to multiple groups of guests.
- The dining room tables will be spaced 6 feet apart and plastic dividers will be utilized in spots where social distancing during meals isn't spatially feasible.
- Guests must bring their own blankets and pillows. (This is probably a wise idea regardless of COVID.)
- Vaccination will be strongly recommended, but not required for overnight hut guests.

Visit [outdoors.org](https://www.outdoors.org) for complete information on 2021 hut policies and of course, to make a reservation for the summer season!



Summer 2021 Hut Croos

Carter Notch Hut

Rita Sherwood - HM
Marissa Swartley- AHM
Dalia Tabachnik - Natty
Jacquelyn Chase
Maya Kita

Madison Spring Hut

Jennifer Griffin -HM
Maxwell Schweik - AHM
Anne-Laure Razat - Natty
Leah Pendl-Robinson
Ethan Daly
Emily Halporn

Lakes of the Clouds Hut

Abigail Clark - HM
Bailey Weinhold - AHM
Peter Eckhardt - Natty
Elysse McCambley
Maya Shyvetich
Carly Morris
Brinkley Brown
Isaac Sheahan
Kara Mercier
Ryan Loughran

Mizpah Spring Hut

Lucy Sinclair - HM
Ceilidh Shea - AHM
Michael Setzke - Natty
Anna Reidister
Alex Platt
Emma Morgan

Zealand Falls Hut

Allison Bolton- HM
Sarah Stockdale - AHM
Nell Houde - Natty
Livvy Weld

Galehead Hut

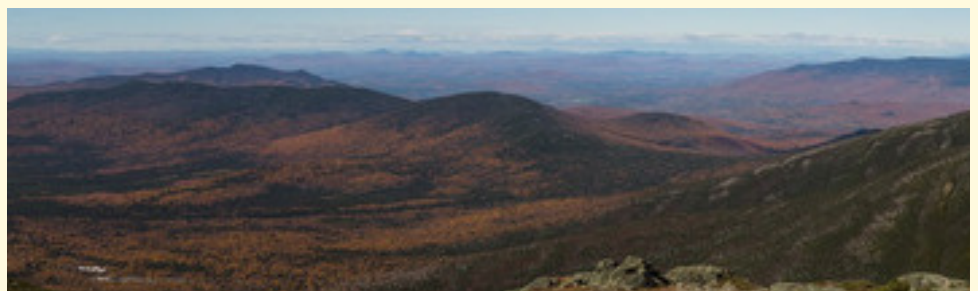
Zoe Davidson - HM
Kyle Winchenbach - AHM
Emily Milnamow - Natty
Jake Arseneau

Greenleaf Hut

Sarah Catalano - HM
Lucy Davis - AHM
Julia Bebout - Natty
Lydia Burnet
Will Premru
Rebecca Clark

Lonesome Lake Hut

John McIntyre - HM
Ruby DiCarlo - AHM
Amy Harff - Natty
Wilson Haims
Carolyn Riley
Leif Maynard





Volunteering

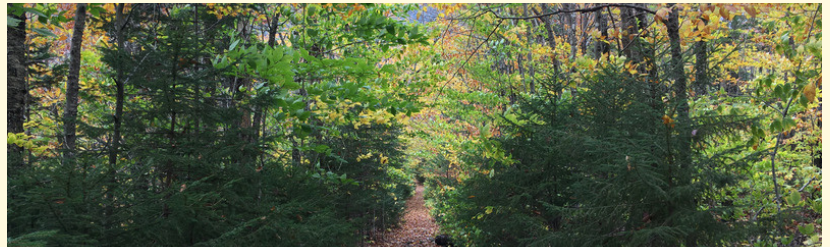
Adopt a trail this summer

1. Apply on the AMC's website
2. Pick an open trail
3. Sign and submit the adopter agreement

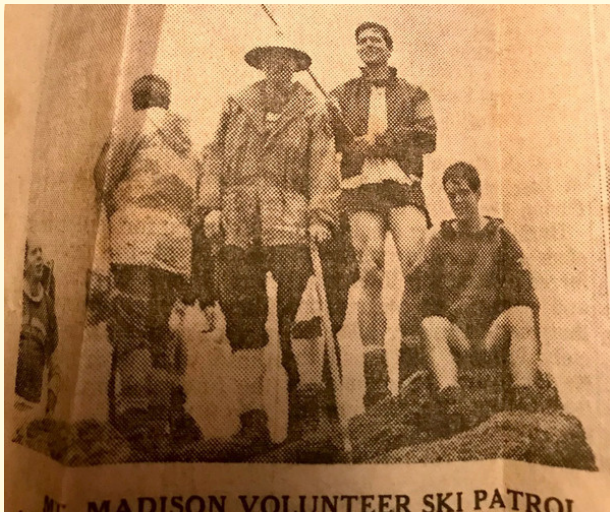
To adopt a trail you must commit to 3 work days a year to check on it, clear drainages, lop the corridor and do small projects. You can go when your schedule allows and must commit to a minimum of 2 years as the adopter.

Spruce up Hutmen's Trail & Hall's Ledge

As summer hiking season approaches, it's time for some patrolling of the Hutmen's Trail and the Hall's Ledge Trail. Feel like clearing some blowdowns and pruning the trail landscape? Send an email to Bill Barrett at wllmbarrett@yahoo.com for more info.



Keep an eye on the OHA website for new volunteering opportunities, which are added as they arise:
www.ohcroo.com/volunteer



The MMVSP Archives Are Moving

The early history of the Mt. Madison Volunteer Ski Patrol is in a dusty box. The documents, photographs and objects are being organized and recorded. Once done the material will be delivered for permanent storage in the official AMC Archives at the Highland Center. Included is the brass pipe with cooper scroll recording the participant's names at the first Grand Traverse of the 6000-foot peaks on the summit of Mount Washington and the Alpine Picnic, newsletters and correspondence to and from the Chief.

If anyone has memorabilia to be considered for the MMVSP Archives, especially from the early days, please contact Bob "Apples" McIntosh (bmacpohl@hotmail.com) by June 1st



Hello OHA,

I am delighted to be taking on the Huts Manager job, although starting with summer 2021 is a challenge. It is worth pointing out that, with Whitney Brown passing the torch to me after her exemplary tenure, this is the first time the Huts Manager job has passed from one woman to another in the 133 years of the huts existence.

One of my dad's historical heroes was Gil Winant who was the US Ambassador to the United Kingdom for most of WWII. Winant showed up in the midst of the Blitz, hopped off the plane, and announced: "I am very glad to be here.

There is no place I'd rather be, at this time, than in England." Personally, there is no community that means more to me than what's grown out of my own huts experience, and so there is no place I'd rather steward through the pandemic than the huts.

I have been on the job for a scant few weeks as I write this, and between catching up on summer hiring, airlift schedules, Clivus maintenance and Naturalist programs, I have had emails from OHA who are eager to know when Fill-Ins can sign up, what is the OHA Ambassador program this summer, can their nephew's neighbor's cat's aunt please be hired for Lakes for this summer, etc. If, as Stroker says (when quoting Kahlil Gibran on tool maintenance) "work is love made visible," I believe such queries are also your love for these places made visible.

My primary responsibility is the safe and cautious opening and operation of the huts by the current croos and for the guests who are able and willing to pay for and alter their expectations to participate in this bizarre season for the overall survival of the huts as an institution. Bed space is necessarily limited in order to promote distancing in huts, new protocols for safely seating and serving meals will be implemented, the communal aspect of shared blankets and pillows



suddenly feels like a more urgent health hazard, which requires croos to revise their BFDs into BTPs (Breakfast Theater Performances), etc.

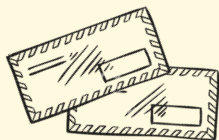
For the safety and security of all involved, this summer does not encompass the easy jog of memory that a little elbow grease and a lot of charisma can make work for a few nights of Fill-In or a cozy space for OHA Ambassadors coming up to share their stories with current croos and relive the magic over croo dinner in the kitchen. We are exploring how best to honor, embrace and foster the deep love that OHA members have for our shared best places but cannot—at this time—promise the usual in-person volunteering opportunities for 2021.

Should anything change regarding what we can safely and wisely do, we will connect with the OHA via email, the website and social media with the likely very odd and very specific volunteer needs that may arise. This note does not apply to the folks already in discussions about limited spring caretaking opportunities.

I deeply regret that we are not dancing forward with a more typical year and that OHA members will not be mingling with current croos to thread the years between us all in the usual manner. It takes enormous willpower to put the collective needs of the public health response ahead of personal instincts for connection and community. I believe that the communal love and appreciation for the huts is the reason that we will survive this summer and thrive again, but 2021 is a season to humble our personal hungers for hut experiences to the greater good of our huts overall continuity and longevity.

Thank you for your patience and support.
Bethany Taylor, Huts Manager





Gormings

Nat Balch writes: "I retired last spring and built a woodworking shop that kicks serious butt! We are healthy and look forward to lots of hiking and walking."

Mike "DA Bilge" Bridgwater of Warren, VT (1969-1971), and Duncan "DA Drugger" of Homer AK (1966-1970), speak regularly and reminisce about their time in the huts and how those years and life-long friendships shaped their future lives.



Tom Caulkins is a current OH member with a long history with the AMC. He was a hutman during and after WWII. He is now 92. Joe Dodge hired him as a high school boy for the huts since most of the older men were in the service.

Heather Day writes: "Many years later, I still gather with the gals I met back at the beginning of my AMC career! I gathered recently with Heidi Magario, Erica Marcus, Jenny Riegel McEdwards, and Dena Riegel around a campfire to celebrate a birthday... and it was almost just like old times, except they all have babies and husbands. I walked the beach with hut croo queen Bethany Taylor and her new pup, and feel so grateful to still be in touch with these wonderful people!"

Jeremy Eggleton writes: "All is well in Etna, NH. I lifted a glass to Tall Paul recently, just for the heck of it. May he be staring in heaven's production of Lord of the Rings as Saruman; with Soundgarden as the soundtrack, and Reeses peanut butter cups as the menu. Love to all."

Suzanne B. Eusden writes: Looking for contact info for anyone who worked with me in the huts. I don't have email, so letter correspondence or a phone call would be best. (PO Box 661, Whittier, AK 99693)



On April 4th, Hillary Gerardi and her ski partner Valentine Fabre became the first women to complete the Haute Route ski traverse from Chamonix, France to Zermatt, Switzerland nonstop. The route, which is the Alps' most emblematic ski traverse, took them 67 miles and 26,600 ft of vertical gain, over 8 high mountain passes. Their time, 26 hours and 21 minutes, establishes a women's record for the traverse.

Drew Hill writes: "Continuing the Lakes Researcher legacy as an air quality scientist in the San Francisco Bay Area. Married my best friend, finished up my PhD, and had an adorable, whip-smart daughter before moving into our first home in Oakland.

While we're amazingly happy out in the Bay Area, I miss my hut croos desperately."

Bill Hoffman writes: "My wife, Silke and I continue to enjoy spending eight months a year in Tulsa, where we have lived for the past forty seven years and four months in Sandwich, NH, which is very special for us. Our son and his



Gormings

wife and two children, ten and five, visit us there to hike, swim and kayak. Silke and I take walks, not hikes. We have to rely on our memory of our many wonderful hikes in the White Mountains. The pandemic has been confining, but we have survived so far. I wish the same for all the other hut crews and their families."

Will Norton is living in southern Vermont, teaching Physics at Vermont academy. In May 2020 Will got engaged to Elyse Wadsworth, they are planning to get married in Summer 2022 when they hope they can hug people again!

Emily Taylor and Alex Ziko are excited to announce an addition to their family. Anna Autumn Taylor-Ziko was born September 23, 2020. Her favorite activities include laughing, smiling, tagging along for walks in the woods, and practicing her BFD routine in her crib.

Doug Teschner is in the thick of volunteering as New England regional leader for Braver Angels (<https://braverangels.org/>), a national citizens movement uniting Americans from across the political spectrum to depolarize our country. Embracing core values of respect, humility, honesty, and responsible citizenship, Braver Angels brings people together to listen and better understand those with whom they disagree politically. Contact Doug at dteschner@braverangels.org



Attention BFD lovers!

Want to immortalize your favorite BFDs? Submit an audio or video BFD recording to tator@ohcroo.com. It will be added to the new BFD Audio/Video Library!

Please send these in with the title formatted like so:

[BFD name]-[your name]-[year range ex. '17-'20]

This will be shared in all the usual places for those wanting to remember old skits and to inspire current croo. The pandemic summer of 2020 lacked morning entertainment, leaving some 2021 croo members scrambling to remember.

Let's give this artistic tradition a boost. Send them in!

This page is filled by you! To see your life updates in the next issue's gormings please send them to tator@ohcroo.com





Obituaries

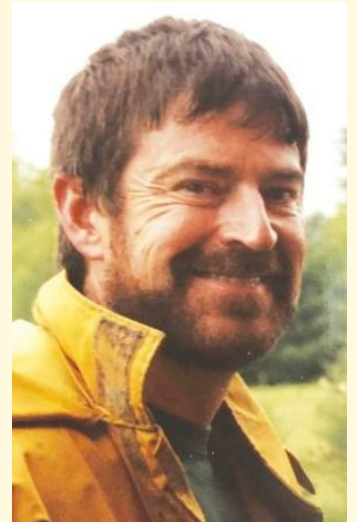


Mike Micucci, aged 66, passed away October 22, 2020 at home surrounded by his beloved family and with a full head of hair and all of his own teeth. Many people fight a courageous battle against cancer, but Mike Micucci willingly chose to accept the inevitable and let the disease take him on its schedule. Without a treatment offering a life extension of any meaning and serving only to diminish the quality of his life, the end came quickly. He was clear eyed and of clear of mind when his time came.

Quality of life was important to Mike and his was elevated by moving across the landscape on skis, by bicycle, trail running, hiking or paddling, though nothing compared to the joy he experienced when with his family. Cheering his children's success and lifting them up when they were down was his mission.

Andrew M. Norkin, son of the late Paul and Florence Norkin, brother of the late Peter Norkin, all of Connecticut, was born in 1963 and resided for the last 22 years in Denmark, Maine. He is survived by his lovely, caring wife, Joy; his wonderful children, and his dear sister, Mary Kate. More than anything in his life is how much he enjoyed his family.

Coming home to see his wife and children: Irina, Jonah, Noelle, and dear stepdaughters Mae and Sophia meant the most to him. Enjoying the outdoors with his family at the ocean, on mountain trails, paddling the ponds and rivers, and attending their sporting events, was all awesome. The smell of the ice at Ham Arena was one of his treasured memories with his youngest children.



A graduate of Wethersfield High School, he attended Saint Bonaventure University and Clarkson University before earning a degree at Central Connecticut State University. His years playing hockey at Wethersfield High and Saint Bonaventure U. were pure happiness.

Andrew had a passion for the outdoors, and after college he volunteered for the National Parks Service in Katmai National Park Alaska. While in Alaska, he learned the mushing life. Wonderful friends taught him trapping, hunting and more. Andrew took a job with the U.S. Forest Service in the Chugach National Forest. In the lower 48, Andrew joined the Appalachian Mountain Club as the Director of the Trails where he's been with them for the past 21+ years. He's always enjoyed working for the AMC. It was a gift to work alongside such passionate people.

There will be a graveside burial in Denmark Maine in spring 2021.

I always enjoyed seeing Andrew on a project or meeting him at Pinkham. Quiet and thoughtful, with a great sense of humor especially when things were not going as we hoped. A great leader, teacher and friend. We will miss you on the trails and your support. Our thoughts and prayers will be with Joy and his children. *From Mike Zlogar*

Make Mine a Big Mac

by Lawrence "Stroker" Rogovin

You might assume that a guy with a name like the one in the byline above might have more than a passing interest in nicknames, and you would be entirely correct. If your name is Dave or Jen, the world doesn't look at you in quite the same way it does people named "El Wacko" or "Beetle."

Trust me here.

So what's in a nickname anyway? We could devote ten pages alone to Joe Dodge and his predilection for assigning aliases. If you worked in the huts, you had a nickname. Some might argue whether it was by design or by accident, but this convention acted as a social equalizer. You might be so-and-so-the-third back in Boston, but in the mountains, you were Buggy, or Baggy, or whatever else happened to suggest itself at The Moment of Truth. That's the name you got. It usually fit, or at least you got used to wearing it. When everyone knows you as Sleazy (Leonard Dalton, PNC, 1949) it's hard to take yourself too seriously. Nicknames put everyone on the same footing. Last names might matter in the valley, but in the hills, where you came from wasn't that important

What was important was if you could do your job, without having too much fun. Which is one hell of a job description when you think about it. So starting in 1915 you had people signing on to work in the huts with names like Black Mac, Brown Mac, Red Mac, and Green Mac. Milton "Red Mac" McGregor offered this definitive explanation in an oral history he submitted in 1974-1975: "I had bushy red hair...There was Brown Mac; he had sandy hair. And Black Mac; he had black hair. And Green Mac; I never knew why we called him Green Mac. I asked Joe Dodge shortly before he died...and he didn't know."



Robert "Gramps" Monahan, Lakes, 1926

For a while there, the MacGregors had a virtual nickname dynasty, with Skiwx appearing at Gale in 1933. To be fair, two of the "Macs" were actually a McKenzie and a MacMillan (Green and Brown, respectively). And Fred "Mac" Stott came later, related by nickname only. Lucky for McDonald's there was never a "Big Mac," or the trademark royalties could have been a bitch.

We're talking *real* nicknames here, not diminutives and contractions like Leroy to Roy, Samantha to Sam, Francis to Frank, Olivia to Livy, Bishop to Bish, Hamilton to

Ham, Hutchinson to Hutch, Sidney to "Siddo," Peggy to "Peggles," Waddell to just "the Wad," or Nesbitt to just "Nez," and so on, all of them croo back in the day.



Edward "Moose" Damp and Jean "Noot"
Newton Damp, 1940s

Real nicknames. Porky, Gabby, Scotty, Itchy, Sleezy, Swampy, Shorty. If "Santa Claus" Lewis (Flea, 1930) had been a real Santa, he could have hired his seven dwarfs without leaving the Pinkham Trading Post.

If nothing else, nicknames are informal. They invite conversation and connection— they break the ice. "So you're 'Beowulf' (Jeremy Day, Cata, 2013)? How'd you get that name?"

Nicknames always have a story, and just the telling can bring people together. The backcountry attracts folks for many reasons, often a desire to drop the artifice and barriers we can contrive to protect ourselves from a too-busy, too-big world. How many city dwellers say "hi" to neighbors for years and don't even know their names? Nicknames have a way of closing that gap almost without notice. Even if someone only knows you by your nickname, in a very real sense you're already on a "first name" basis.

It goes without saying that not everyone chooses their nickname. Sometimes your nickname chooses you. As anyone who's hiked the AT can tell you, if you don't have a trail handle by the time

you're pitching your second camp you're liable to get assigned one. And the same is true for the huts. C. Francis Belcher arrived to work Madison in 1936, and with a name like that one can only guess what Joe might have called him if he hadn't arrived fully-formed as "Foochow," named after the port in SE China where his parents were part of a sizable missionary community dating back to 1847. I like to think of the name "Foochow" as a preemptive strike, an inoculation of sorts. "Foochow" kept that nickname till the day he died, throughout his stint as the AMC's first Executive Director and many other endeavors. Calling him "Francis" would have been like referring to the Pinkham gong as "the dinner bell," or krump rocks as "rest stops."

Unlike "Foochow," Hank Parker arrived without a nickname, but he got off mercifully lightly all the same when Joe christened him "Hanque." Other nicknames similarly rose above diminutives but didn't stray far from the sound of their source material, arriving as a rhyme or homophone or similar. Alex MacPhail (PNC, 1961) became "Macphool," Andy Kassoff (Flea, 1980) was "Cast Off!," Dave Douyard (PNC, 1978) became "Do the Yard," Nat Balch (PNC, 1978) was "Gnat," Mark Hitchcock (Miz, 1979) was "The Shark," Mike Brigewater (Carter 1968) was "Bilgewater," Ellis Jump (Mad, 1930) was "Jumpie," and Roger Pugh (Cata, 1944) became "Rajah." What else would you call them?

Some nicknames get a bit more creative with surnames, while still leaving the dots easy to connect. With a name like Bob McIntosh, you're going to be "Apples," whether you like it or not. Al Bird (Flea, 1970) is going to be "Hawk," and Chris Hawkins (Zool, 1973) is "Hawkeye." Thankfully this rule is not universally applied or, with a few creative twists, Al Catherton (Dolly Copp) might have wound up as a medical device instead of "Good Deal."

Many nicknames are to names what puns are to humor: neither are predisposed to work very hard, preferring instead to riff off whatever's within easy reach. This can be an existing name (as above), a physical characteristic, an evocative event, or some other low-hanging fruit ripe for reference. If you've met him once, you know how John "Moose" Meserve (Flea, 1965) got his moniker. Same for John "Bulldoze" Slack (Cata, 1939) and Mike "Tiny" Bockman (CC, 1980). And no explanation needed for "Too Tall Paul" Scannell (Flea, 1994), or Molly "Too Tall Moll" Hunter (Lone, 1979). Perhaps Larry "Lefty" McCrum (Lone, 1950) was one of the 10% who isn't a righty? Maybe Linus can tell us how Jim "Hair" Hamilton (Zool, 1963) got that name?

Who was at the party where Peter "Stein" Erickson (Flea, 1966) earned that one? Seriously, I want to know. One way or another, Collis "Cog" Hardenbergh (Carter, 1932) was probably no stranger to the smell of coal smoke. Oliver "Gabby" Drown (PNC, 1940) may have said one word too many when he should have been listening. How did Florence Ashbrook (Zool, 1942) get to be "Kitten." Perhaps Willy can tell us? And I'm going out on a very short limb to guess that Irving "Ike" Meredith (Gale, 1941) and Nate "Griz"

Adams (CC, 1972) took their nicknames from pop culture of the day. Kim "Schroeder" Steward (PNC, 1989-2010) and Bob "Linus" Story (Flea, 1962) both seem to be references to Charles Schultz's long-running Peanuts comic strip. I've asked them both but I forget what they told me. Which underscores an odd fact of nicknames: the name always seems to eclipse its origin myth. Most people only remember the name, no matter how many times they ask you how you got it, and how often you tell them. I have no idea why this is, so ask a shrink and get back to me

Some nicknames point to a place, real or invented: Berend "Dutch" Tober (Flea, 1979), Harold "Tex" Benton, (Lakes, 1917), "Pemi" Bob Prescott (PNC, 1959), and Lewis "Cotton Valley" Bissell (PNC, 1937) all come to mind.

And then some nicknames just seem to appear out of alpine fog. How else to explain Clinton "Kibbelegoochie Gorgonzola" aka "Kibbe" Glover (PNC, 1946), "Swoop" Goodwin (Cata, 1941), David "Deacon" Sleeper (Cata, 1942), Mike "Tor-Bor" Torrey (Lakes, 1978), and Paul "Uncas" Gerhard (Lakes, 1939). Was Clarence "Tiger" Crane (Zool, 1937) a black belt in Tiger Crane kung fu? No way Peter "Fags" Fallon (CC, 1961) was a smoker, judging from that photo of him hauling 120 lbs. of shingles up the Old Bridle Path to reshingle Flea with Linus.



Robert "Linus" Story, Old Bridle Path, 1964

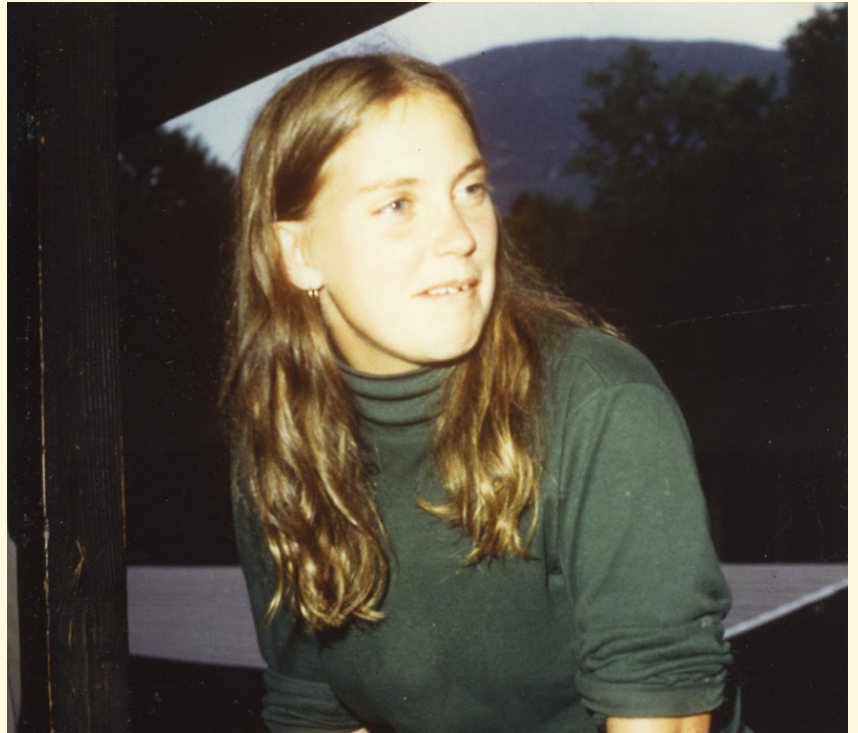
For my money, Joe “The Mayor” Dodge coined the most colorful nicknames, like Stanley “The Maggot Man” Hart (Mad, 1952) and Richard “Itchy” Mills, no doubt with stories to match. He’s also why Bill Quivey (Gale, 1940) wound up as “Applesauce.” The terms “food fight,” “preferred snack,” and “kitchen crump” all come to mind. Clearly more research is needed.

And what’s with women assuming names used by guys, like Meaghan “Fred” Prentiss (Cata, 1993), Bethany “Benny” Taylor (Lone, 2003), and Abby “Eugene” Lown (Lone, 2020)? And where are the guys with gals’ nicknames?

It bears noting that Pinkham seems to have spawned more nicknames than any other huts locale. This is probably either because (a) Joe

Dodge ran the place, or (b) fresh arrivals weren’t aware of the “Foochow” preemptive strike strategy. Most likely, (c) it was both. The fact that nicknames seem far more prevalent in the first 65 years of the huts than in the past 40 also points squarely in Joe’s direction. A more comprehensive list of his Appalachian appellations can be found on page 151 of Bill Putnam’s epic “Joe Dodge: One New Hampshire Institution,” (1986).

By the 1980s—at least judging from the croo directory on the OHA website—you’d think nicknames had been all but banned, or went into spontaneous decline, like Easter Island, or American beer in the 70s. What once flowed in the 1920s like a spring melt in a warm rain seems to have become a tiny trickle by the end of the 80s. Did Big Hair and personal computing kill the nickname? Did it succumb to higher ozone concentrations? You may scoff at these theories, but the fact remains: the lack of hut nicknames in recent years is painfully notable. All business and no fun? Say it ain’t so! Nicknames have always sprung from the hut experience the way Krummholz seems to grow out of the rocks. If you didn’t bring one with you, chances are you didn’t leave the huts without one. So where did they go?



Peggy “Peggles” Dillon, Carter, 1979-80



Bob Brock & Clinton “Kibbelegoochie Gorgonzola” Glover, Lakes, 1941

I’m inclined to surmise that this is due to some glitch in our reporting methodology, and the sooner we correct this ill, the better. So send us your nickname, if only to remind us all that life can be a little weird sometimes, and that’s okay.

Especially if your name is Santa Claus and you don’t own reindeer.

Limmers: The Next Generation

by Kim "Schroeder" Steward



Adam Lane-Olsen, the new proprietor of Peter Limmer and Son's

While not a past AMC employee, Adam Lane-Olsen is now a big part of the history of the Old Hutcroo Association as well as sister organizations like the AMC Trail Crew Association and the Randolph Mountain Club.

Why you may ask? Well, because at the beginning of March 2021, after working and apprenticing for Peter Limmer and Son's for about six years, Adam purchased the business from Peter the Younger (son of founder Peter Limmer Senior), thus ensuring the continuity and success of a long established and well-loved, local business. The business will keep everything the same, same name, same product, same wall of photos, etc. Even the employees will remain the same, with Peter working part time and Ken, who has been with them for 20+ years, continuing in his role handling the 'repairs department'.

With this purchase, Adam is now a part of our OHA culture. He is also a shirt and decal carrying member of the MMVSP and as such, can be considered part of our greater OHA family these days.

Adam had no prior experience with being a cobbler, leather work or bootmaking when he came to the Mount Washington Valley. He has a degree in Historical Theology and met his wife in grad school. He then spent some time in retail management at various places before finding himself as the manager of the North Conway Citizen's bank branch, as well as an alpine ski coach. If you've seen him in person or in a photo, it's hard to picture him wearing a suit and talking interest rates, cd's and checking accounts. So it's not too surprising to hear that he was not happy. He just might not have fully realized it yet.

When Peter Limmer the Younger's sons chose different careers with no interest in bootmaking, he worried about the future of the company when it would finally be time for him to retire. In this day and age, a traditional apprenticeship is pretty uncommon and none of the short-term employees that had been hired over the years seemed to want to stick around, much less take over the business. But when Peter Limmer casually mentioned his worry to Adam Lane-Olsen, an unlikely partnership was born. Adam had never heard of Limmer Boots before and was amazed to know that someone was still building handmade boots in 2015! The mere thought of such a thing kept rattling around in his brain until an idea materialized.

A week later, Adam stopped to visit Peter in his workshop, armed with a plan. He asked the grandson and son of the bootmakers, if he'd consider taking him on. Adam said in another published interview, "I don't think he recognized me," he says. "I wasn't in my suit. I didn't look like a banker guy."

Although he had no bootmaking, leather or similar experience, he was a hobby level woodworker, tinkerer, and liked to work on old cars. Peter took him

on, and 6+ years later Adam is now the man in charge.



While speaking to Adam at the Limmer's Barn in Intervale, NH, I asked what changes the business had seen during the pandemic and if orders had increased with the public's newfound interest in hiking. Adam recalls that when the pandemic hit, they closed the business per the NH state mandate and remained closed for about 6 or 7 weeks. Peter was the first to return to work, followed by Ken and Adam later that summer in part-time roles. Eventually they reopened to their previous work levels by August.

This past winter, their business has been somewhat similar to previous winters; not great. But the outlook for the future seems quite good and March has been great so far with lots of new orders all of a sudden. When asked if they were able to catch up on their infamous backlog of orders, the reply was basically "no". Each custom order requires a customer to stop back into the barn and get their feet measured and fitted again before they begin building the boot. Feet change over time, so it's important to measure as close to the build as possible. With the pandemic, many could not get to the Mount Washington Valley to complete this task, so a bit of a juggling game began as they worked through their order list. For those wondering, the current backlog is around 18-20 months. If you were aware of the four-year wait about a decade ago, this is good news!

About four years ago, Peter Limmer & Son's, started making an off-the-shelf boot and stopped selling the German "Limmer boots." However, Pete's cousin Karl, who imported that boot (which is made by the Meindl company in Bavaria) is still bringing the boot into the States and selling them via mail order. Their current off-the-shelf boot weighs about a pound less than the custom boots from years ago and can be much more easily obtained.

I enquired if many Hut Croo or Trail Crew were still wearing Limmers these days. Was it still a 'must-have' for any AMC/RMC employee? The preferential treatment for hut croos ended in the early 90's, shortly after this writer obtained hers in a three-week turn-around. The current croos no longer seem to favor a heavier, sturdier boot such as Limmers and don't come knocking on the barn door these days. Anecdotally, most seem to favor lighter weight boots, and many are trail runners, looking to keep their weights as lean as possible.



Even posthumously, Limmers enjoy a hallowed reputation

Our axe wielding brothers and sisters of the AMC and RMC are a different story. They still come through the door but most favor the off-the-shelf purchase or something from the consignment shelves. I found it interesting that those buying consignment boots often want to know how old the boot is (the older the better apparently) and want to know the history of the boot or who had them. Some have even written letters to the former owners of the boots. As I struggle with what to do with mine, besides letting them gather dust, I found this comforting. While custom boots are no longer rushed, they do try to take care of repair services quickly for this who wear their boots for work.

A bit of history from the Limmer and Son's website, for those new to the cult. Peter Limmer Sr. started making his traditional

Tyrolean Walking shoes as well as his patented ski boots . Even before that, in the foothills of the Bavarian Alps, Peter Sr.'s father made footwear in a small shop in the town of Peterskirchen, Germany.

Peter Sr obtained his Master Shoemakers certificate from the Shoemaker's Guild on August 25th, 1921. He moved to the U.S. in 1925 and set up shop in Jamaica Plain area of Boston and became popular because of his shoes. His two sons, Peter Jr. and Francis learned the trade there. In 1950, Peter Sr. moved his family from the Boston area up to the White Mountains of New Hampshire because it reminded him of his home in Bavaria. Since the days of the Limmer Ski boots which were made of leather, the plastic boots have taken over that business, so they now offer only the Limmer Hiking boot line. From here, the family-owned business has shod feet of the famous and not so famous wilderness trappers from New England to Tasmania.

Peter Limmer Jr. passed away in 2000. The current Peter Limmer, known to many OHA members as “Stevie” to differentiate himself from the others named Peter, began working in the boot shop after high school in 1973. “We haven’t changed anything since my grandfather came up with the pattern,” he says. “It works.”

Adam loves the relationship and heritage connections that the shop has with the AMC/RMC, and others. He has interacted with lots of OH



The author, officiating a Lakes wedding in her well-worn Limmers

over the years such as Brian Fowler and Chris Hawkins and now myself. The OHA love for Peter Limmer, his family and their products goes back many, many decades.

To Peter, we thank you for your support and connections to many of us over the years. We will miss you when you retire but we’re glad to know much will remain the same and we look forward to the next phase of Peter Limmer and Son’s with Adam captaining the ship.



Daft Huts

by Miles Howard

The morning of February 22, 2021, when Parisian electronic dance music pioneers Daft Punk announced their breakup to international media and millions of misty-eyed fans, I immediately smelled Gorm scraps.

The thing is, I was standing in my kitchen in Boston, fiddling with a French press at the moment when the news broke, and my nostrils picked up that unmistakable musky aroma of rejected eggies and mushy banana peels. We don't have a Gorm bucket here in our apartment, because there's only so much of the huts that you can persuade your living companion(s) to put up with. But as Daft Punk fans mourned the loss of the esteemed duo, whose sounds and robot costumes had become iconic in the modern pop circuit, I began to grasp the true source of that smell.

I was barely a week into my first huts job, along with most of the 2007 Lakes summer croo. The novelty of dishing out stuffed shells to 93 guests hadn't even begun yet. I was still entrenched in the trauma phase of hut adaptation, bristling with imposter syndrome as I lashed boxes to my moldy packboard, feeling like an actor who's just landed a role in a *Lethal Weapon* sequel after lying about being able to do jiu-jitsu and handle firearms. Trying my hand at gorming, spattering myself with tomato bisque and feeding the barely-cleaned bowls to the Saturday night diver, I heard someone else suggest some music for the kitchen, to cut through the turkey steam and latent stress.

That's when Thad Houston, a fellow new croo member, stepped forward with a sage question: "Has anyone here heard Daft Punk's *Discovery*?"

Within seconds, by the power of Thad's iPod and a pair of barely functional computer speakers, the Lakes kitchen was a mountaintop discotheque. Synthesizers, drums, and vocal loops made ripples in the pot of leftover soup. A few of us recognized the opening track and single of the *Discovery* LP, "One More Time." But what we weren't prepared for was the diversity of songs and sounds that followed: the gigabyte romance of "Digital Love," the pounding percussion and Barry Manilow vocal sample of "Superheroes," and the organ sounds of

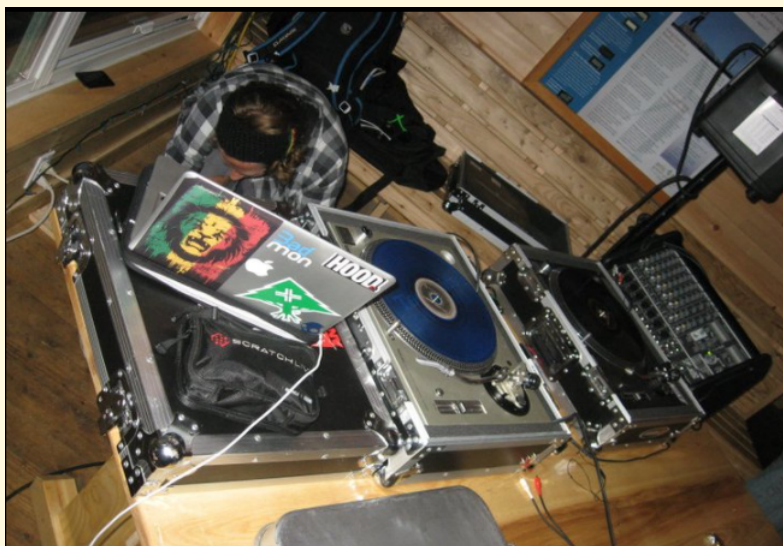


Daft Punk: Guy-Manuel de Homem-Christo (L) and Thomas Bangalter (R), in their robot suits

"Veridis Quo," which brought to mind candles in an old Belgian monastery, flickering in sync with the song's beat.

We didn't know it at the time, but this Daft Punk record that Thad had brought into the backcountry would be the soundtrack to our dinners. It would foment dance parties by the pantry during moments of collective exhaustion, and it would imbue us with verve and tenacity. We would measure our efficiency by the chronology of songs. If we prons before "High Life," the eighth song on the album, then we were on top of our game. If not, we could do better.

How did this happen?



Leif Botzjoorns, brother of Uli Botzjoorns, preparing to deliver an electric dance masterclass at Madfest 2011

"I had this old copy of *Daft Club* [a 2003 Daft Punk remix album] and I would listen to it in my attic back in high school," Thad says, talking by phone from Truckee, California, where he and fellow OH Carrie Piper now live with their daughter, Willa. "But it wasn't until I started attending college at Pomona when *Discovery* became special to me and I felt like everybody needed to listen to Daft Punk. Some friends that I was making figured out that *Interstella 5555*, the anime music video to the entire *Discovery* album, is exactly an hour long. And we would meet up and have "Interstella Power Hours," because it's just incredible to watch, to listen to, and drink to."

But there's another reason why Thad had been exposed to Daft Punk in California, before his entry into the huts. In 2006, the duo performed a headline-stealing live performance with a light-up pyramid at the Coachella music festival (just a few hours away from Thad's college campus.) Once Thad arrived at Lakes in late May of 2007, the Daft Punk show at Coachella had begun awakening a new trend in U.S. pop culture: a hunger for the kind of electric dance music that was long-since normalized in Europe, where Daft Punk enjoyed their early success. In 2007, that fledgling interest was still localized to Southern California, where Thad had just flown in from.

Each year, the latest rumblings of pop culture find their way into the huts, usually through a few croo members who act as literal carriers. That word has epidemiological connotations, and indeed, some might find the idea of pop culture reaching the huts unseemly. For many visitors, the huts offer an escape from the cacophony of modern life. But for the croo, the initial escapism of the huts is eventually succeeded by that realization of "Oh shit, I *live* here now." What goes on behind the check-in desk, among croo, is a micro-size replication of society. Big decisions with implications for the whole hut are often made democratically, conflicts are resolved through compromise, and when it comes to culture, inspiration is often found in MP3 playlists, old magazines, or valley field trips that could involve a visit to a movie theater or a coffee shop with WiFi: to learn what's happening beyond the White Mountains.

Take Susan Hall Cool. A summer croo member at Greenleaf in 1981, she would breeze down the Old Bridle Path and rendezvous with hutfolk to experience a new cultural sensation: Pac-Man! The groundbreaking Namco video game had begun to sprout up inside arcades, restaurants, and bars in the 1980s. "I recall frequently popping into a pizza place in Twin Mountain with croo to play many rounds," Susan says. Localized resourcefulness is how croos often get their fix of pop culture. "We had a small battery-powered record player. Lousy sound," says Doug Dodd, reflecting upon his summer at Mizpah in 1967. "We had two albums: Sgt. Pepper, and Surrealistic Pillow by Jefferson Airplane.

Any song on either album was our song. It's all we had, but it was pretty good." (Doug also points out that "The AMC generously supplied all of the batteries we needed.")

What's often surprising about experiencing pop culture through the lens of the huts, however, is the intensity of attachment that you can develop to the culture at hand. The huts are the opposite of Spotify or iTunes, where virtually any song is just a few clicks away. Pop culture must be intentionally collected and packed up the Valley Way or the Ammy, or sourced from the items that guests leave behind. Sometimes you don't even need to leave the hut to tap into the pop cultural circuit. "Never have I been so in tune with pop music than when we were able to pick up 92.5 The Beat, the best Montreal pop station, from the Galehead kitchen in 2017," says Eliza Hazen, recalling the unlikely soundtrack of a fall at the most isolated hut in the Whites. "Hours and hours of The Beat. It was the best."

Even amid the solitude of hut caretaking, the power of pop culture can overwhelm you. "I distinctly remember one week, when I was the Tucks/Carter floater in the winter of 2012-13," says Tom Meagher. "I had a particular Taylor Swift song stuck in my head. *Red* was her big album at the time, so I'm guessing it was 'I Knew You Were Trouble.'" After a week of zero counts, Tom decided to "get really drunk" and blast the song, to exorcise it from his head. He tapped into a bag of leftover wine from a guest, one glass led to another, and, as he puts it, "Next thing you know, I'm puking in a gray water bucket, while rocking out to T-Swift. Damn, I miss the huts."

These days, with the advent of new technology, pop culture can sync up with the huts more fluidly. "My second season as a hutmaster, at Zealand in fall of 2018, we got into the podcast called Dissect, which goes into famous rap and hip-hop albums," says Holly Chase, who cut her teeth under the leadership of Eliza Hazen and spent many hours in the Galehead kitchen vibing to Montreal's The Beat. "The season that was coming out when my croo and I were working together was about Frank Ocean and about Kanye West's *My Beautiful Dark Twisted Fantasy*. It was a piece of regular discussion for us, even among just the three out of four people on my croo who listened to it."

One of the more polarizing ideas that could expand the pipeline between the huts and pop culture is bringing WiFi into the huts to augment operations such as reservation changes and storehouse updates. WiFi might allow croo and guests alike to access more songs, movies, and celebrity gossip on-demand. Holly expects this technology will reach the huts within the not-so-distant future, and while she wouldn't want to see people "camping out with iPads and laptops, just using the hut as a Starbucks," Holly is confident that the setting and recreational nature of the huts will remain the centerpiece of the experience for guests and croo, even with a WiFi signal. "Sure, you could sit in bed and stream music on your phone more easily," she says. "But....you're already listening to pop music in hut."

When Holly expresses this confidence, I'm reminded that pop culture not only coexists with the more bucolic foundation of the huts, but sometimes, the huts subsume pop culture. Classic BFDs like Hans & Franz or "The Musical" exemplify this. At one point, those BFDs were the product of pop culture that was happening in real-time. But in the same way that moss will swallow a bog bridge over decades, select pop cultural moments became part of the huts landscape. Today, when a hut croo performs Hans & Franz, the guests aren't thinking, "What a cracking impression of the characters played by Dana Carvey and Kevin Nealon on SNL in 1987." The guests who've been to a hut before and know the BFD are either going, "Yaaas, Hans & Franz!" or, "Goddamn it, not *another* Hans & Franz."

I can only imagine what it must feel like to embrace a piece of pop culture during a huts season and then watch it



Johannes Griesshammer, my fellow Lakes croo, taking our obsession with electric music to an elite level and making beats with a Korg Kassinator mini synthesizer. Four years later, we worked together at Madison, where we listened to Justice and Electric Youth after breakfast.

crystalize into a piece of huts culture. I don't expect that bouncing around to Daft Punk inside the sweat-stained Lakes kitchen will have that kind of staying power. What remains is the visceral memory of experiencing Daft Punk in this unique context, with friends in high places. Today, I cannot listen to any song on *Discovery* without smelling that unmistakable Lakes musk, or reflexively ungulating my hips. If I'm driving on I-93, approaching a state trooper who's staked out, running a speed trap, and "Harder, Better, Faster, Stronger" starts playing on the radio, my foot is going to depress the accelerator the second the beat drops. I am going to get a \$250 ticket.

Things would be different if my experience with Daft Punk had been limited to a campus, or high school parties. Thad Houston, my Daft Punk broker, concurs.

"If you go to college, then you're sort of pre-selected for people who share interests with you," Thad says. "But the huts are a supercharged version of that. It's like you have yourself and your best friends, spread around the mountains. Especially during the Lakes summer, I remember just feeling stoked to meet and become friends with these people. It's much more exciting to share culture in an environment like that."

Got a story, poem, photograph or *anything* that you'd like to publish in the fall Tator? Send it to tator@ohcroc.com





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Resuscitator Team



Emma "EB" Brandt is currently serving as the Education and Outreach Assistant AmeriCorps member for Green Mountain Conservation Group in Effingham, NH. She graduated from St. Lawrence University in May of 2020 and finished her 4 years and 7 seasons in the hut system last summer by caretaking at Lakes of the Clouds. She's excited to pursue conservation and education and hopes to remain in the Mount Washington Valley, close to the huts and community she loves.

Miles Howard is happily rooted in Boston and hacking it as a freelance journalist covering the outdoors and U.S. cities. He's getting ready to pitch a book about social housing as a model for affordable living in America...and a tonic for the isolation of American life. It probably goes without saying, but working in the huts for 10 seasons may have sown the seeds of this book idea. (Read his work at milesward.com)



Resuscitator Assistant Editor is Kim "Schroeder" Steward. She also serves as the OHA Webmaster, Social Media Maven and now handles some duties for the MMVSP. After working for the AMC for 21 years, she has spent the last ten+ years working for White Mountain Oil & Propane doing marketing, web administration, and a variety of HR duties. She also continues to perform weddings as a Justice of the Peace in New Hampshire. She and her husband Keith Force live in Intervale, NH with their rescue dog Mia and spend much of their free time working on their 1930's bungalow.

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