

THE RESUSCITATOR



The Publication of the OH Association

Spring 2024

In This Issue

Spring Art Gallery

Meet the new Huts
Assistant Manager

Memories from Herbie

Classifieds

...and so much more!



HUT STICKERS ON SALE!
\$2 EACH ON ABBYCLARK.COM
FREE PACKBOARD STICKER
FOR THE FIRST 5 ORDERS



From the Desk of the Chair



Star Lake both in the clouds and the sun. This photo was taken by our cover artist, Will Premru.

Santa was not kind to the OHA this year. For Christmas, we got our stocking stuffed with a \$15,000 bill for road repairs. A huge rain storm slammed Jackson in late December, including the OHA property. Road work is scheduled for later this spring. Not surprisingly, a large percentage of our members send in their dues with “a little something extra,” and a few send “a lot of something extra,” so those donations will be especially useful this time around as we rise to meet that unexpected expense.

Fallfest promises to be particularly memorable this year. For one, we’re moving it to Pinkham, which many of us still remember fondly as our home for a time. Our evening presentation will feature many of the first women to work in the huts and on Trail Crew, as they reminisce about their days integrating AMC backcountry operations. Please join us for what promises to be a fascinating hike back into OHA history on November 2nd.

A few words about your top-notch Steering Committee. Emily Thayer Benson continues to do an amazing job administering the OHA Cabin, with revenue up 400% over pre-Covid levels and the place never looking better. Mike Waddell eschews the title “cabin caretaker,” but he’s always there when we need him. Brian Post handles the easy-peasy-

-reservations system, as well as our website, merch, and so much more. Schroeder keeps our social media running smoothly, as well as overseeing too many other things to mention. She eats details for breakfast. Phoebe Howe isn’t much for the limelight, but her organizational skills show through with everything she manages, from Fallfest and the Hut Croo Photo Project, to Steering Committee meetings. Jared Liu, our Secretary, recently completed the thank-

-less task of updating our bylaws—I owe you a beer, buddy. Our new treasurer AL has taken over the reins from Alex Ziko with enthusiasm and a good eye for detail. Bill Barrett and Jesse Carlson continue to spearhead repair and maintenance of our adopted trails. They can always use a hand! Last but not least, the “Resuscitaor” wouldn’t be half as fabulous as it is without the editorial acumen of EB and her new co-editor Ethan. The list goes on. I apologize for not mentioning everyone else who devotes their time and talents to making the OHA the special organization that we are. That could easily fill the remainder of this issue.

The snow will be melting soon enough, and white-throated sparrows will be calling for Sam Peabody (who was last seen at the Shannon Door, back in January). Join us for these rituals of spring in the Whites—and before the black flies fly—at the OHA Spring Reunion in May (details inside).

Solvitur Crumpus!

Stroker

OHA Chair

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Another original photo from the Northern Presidentials by Will Premru.

Featured Contributors



Roger G. Smith, MD

Greenleaf 1949, 50, 51, Lakes 1952. Roger had one 6-year tour as a naval aviator then a 50 year tour as an internist living in Oregon. He married another hutman's sister, and they are 65 years together.



Sally Dinsmore Baldwin

Sally worked at Pinkham fall/ winter weekends '67 - '69, and summers '68 & '69. As a local from Shelburne, she was a "weekend warrior" in the fall and winter weekends. A retired picture framer and artist, she lives with her OH husband, Ned Baldwin, in the house she grew up in.



Noah Saxenian

Noah (Lonesome F'21, Madison S'22, Greenleaf AHM S'23) wishes he could live in the mountains for the rest of his life, but is instead pursuing other interests by studying Mechanical Engineering at Tufts University, leading the competitive rock climbing team, dabbling in fermentation, and making art.



Elicia Epstein

Elicia (Lincoln, MA) first started with the AMC in 2012 as a Teen Trail Crew Leader out of Camp Dodge. Since then, she has worked various seasons in the huts, most recently during the May caretaking season the last few years. Aside from work with the AMC, Elicia is an interdisciplinary / teaching artist, documentarian, no-measure baking enthusiast, and avid bike polo player.



Deirdre Vander Schaaf

Deirdre Vander Schaaf grew up in Maine and worked for the Appalachian Mountain Club at Pinkham ('94), Greenleaf ('95) and Lakes ('97). She's held a variety of jobs from counting Colorado Potato Beetles while working Integrated Pest Management in Northern Maine to spending time studying in Alaska, living in Costa Rica, hiking and exploring in various parts of the world. She raised her son while a single mother, and obtained several degrees. She worked as a Family Nurse Practitioner in Urology, at UNE, and for five years for the rural under-served in Maine. A work injury led to a surgery which paralyzed half her diaphragm; now she enjoys writing, research and gardening.



Ayden Nichol

Ayden (Flea S'21, Madhaus S'22) is a senior at Bowdoin College, where he majors in Government and Legal Studies and minors in Studio Art. When not pulling all-nighters in the art studio, he can usually be found trail running, reading, or enjoying a cup of tea and an early bedtime.



Will Premru

Will Premru (Flea S'21, Madison S'22-23, Ghoul F'23) is a landscape and editorial photographer based in Portland, Maine. He currently works as a pastry cook at the restaurant, Twelve. He is the photographer of this issue's cover.



Thomas Herbert "Herbie" Caulkins

(Pinkham, '43; Madison '44, '45, Galehead, '46 HM, Madison, '47 HM, '48 HM) is a retired minister living in eastern NC. He was possibly one of youngest hutmen, beginning at the age of 14, and is now perhaps one of the oldest OH at 95. He preferred hiking in the White Mountains to anything in the Southern Appalachians, and returned with family and friends as often as possible. He loves to share his knowledge and stories of the White Mountains with anyone who will listen.

Huts Ambassador Program Returns!

BY HUTS MANAGEMENT (3-7)

Huts Management (3-7) has written to say they are ready and able to host OHA Ambassadors again in 2024!

OHA Ambassadorships are available for an OHA member in good standing (i.e., you've paid your dues, literally and figuratively) to come to a hut with a companion for a comped night at a hut. Your mission is to share the magic of the OHA with the current croo, not to overwhelm them with your own stories and nostalgia.

These nights available are any Sunday-Thursday night in June and July. Avoid the nights below, as those are Croo Nights at those huts, and no current croo will be on hand to be liaised with.

- Carter: July 7-9
- Madison: July 21-23
- Lakes: July 14-16
- Mizpah: July 8-10
- Zealand: July 15-17
- Galehead: July 21-23
- Greenleaf: July 14-16
- Lonesome: July 7-9

Each hut may have only one ambassador at a time (or two if the companion is an OH—we can't have 8 different folks going to Mizpah and all the other huts running like rogue nations without a diplomatic presence, etc. Interested parties need to take the following steps:

- Email Phoebe Howe at phoebe.howe@gmail.com with your top 3 hut choices.
- Once confirmed with OHA leadership for which of the huts they've got, the Ambassador will check the AMC Reservations page for 1 or 2 viable nights at that hut for them and their co-dignitary, and email bmtaylor@outdoors.org and ebrandt@outdoors.org and we will connect all parties with Resis to confirm those reservations.
- Resis will be in the Ambassador's name but comped to the Huts Department.
- Ambassadors will attend a (Zoom) formal swearing in-ceremony and discussion of diplomatic duties with the Huts Management in June. An invitation to the soiree will be emailed to all Ambassadors once reservations are confirmed.
- The deadline to email Phoebe Howe is 4/30. Please have your preferences in by then!

A Note from the Steering Committee:

A few words on teacher and writer Josh Fischel, who's authoring a piece on the long-lost raid item The Propeller. It's come to our attention that in researching his project he's been misrepresenting himself as an OH and using aggressive tactics in getting OH to speak with him. After careful consideration, the OHA Steering Committee thought it advisable to share this information with our members.

The OHA and the AMC have always supported historians, authors, and journalists researching projects relevant to the Whites, the Huts, and the AMC. We field numerous queries every year and will continue to do so as part of our mission. However, it should go without saying that those queries must conform to professional standards, including respect for the privacy and well-being of others.

Mr. Fischel has never worked in a hut yet continues to misrepresented himself as an OH. He has used this ruse to gain the confidence and trust of OH, as well as personal contact information for current croo and OH. He's also leveraged this deceit (let's call it what it is) to access croo hut logs, which are commonly understood to be the sole domain of croos, past, present, and future. They are not written to be-

-shared with a wider audience, and misrepresenting oneself to gain access to those sources is seriously problematic at best, from a number of angles.

Mr. Fischel has also scheduled interviews with OH members and blown them off. He's aggressively and persistently pursued OH and hut staff who declined to be interviewed for his project. "No," means no. Younger members and croo, mostly female, have reported feeling harassed and intimidated.

There's more to the story, but those are the relevant highlights. Your Steering Committee will always hold the privacy, dignity and security of our members and their personal information above all other concerns, and we are doing so here.

Mr. Fischel can conduct himself from here on in a respectful and professional manner, he's welcome to talk to whomever he wants, including our membership and anyone else reading this. But your Steering Committee felt it was important to frame his work in the larger context described here. Please DO NOT share personal information and contact info for your fellow OH with Mr. Fischel—or anyone else—without their explicit permission.



Among the Crowds Excerpt

Mike Torrey sent an issue of *Among the Crowds* to us with this message: "I have a few of these issues in my archives (a ratty box in the corner). Lots of great memories buried in the drawings and prose, the comic strips and the poetry. This-

might provide some filler for a few Resuscitators in the future." This page is an interesting historical perspective on relations between backcountry and front country croo, We think it's a bit less competitive nowadays!

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obs ervations

VALLEY SWINE SUCCUMB TO AWESOME SUMMIT POWER IN 372ND VOLLEBALL GAME (Doug Mayer, Mt. Washington Observatory)

As usual, the scum of the valley, better known as the Pinkham Notch AMC, lost overwhelmingly to the Almighty combined powers of Observatory, Auto Road, State Park, and the Mad. Hut. The Summit's devastating power was supplied by powerful servers Mike "Walk-em-out" Pelchat and Peg Dillon. Greyknob's Albie and Madison's Cary kept the confused Valley people cowering at a distance. Throughout the game Homer and Dan (both of the State Park) distracted the Notch swine with copious quantities of explosive pyrotechnic devices.

An emotional ceremony atop the roof brought many to their knees as Dan Johnson delivered the Egyptian adoration to the setting sun. (No doubt he was helped in part by the LTD whiskey.) Al Oxton officially opened the game with the traditional Waumbek-Methna trophy speech, warning that "tails of woe will come to those subhuman species who design to remove the trophy against its will. Perennial Joy will live among those who return it to its rightful home." Unfortunately, several misguided individuals did just exactly that; the trophy was residing in the Summit post office at the time of disappearance. (Breaking and entering a federal post office is, let us remind you, punishable by life up the river.) For the past week federal marshalls have been combing the region for signs of the trophy. They have been particularly interested in the Lakes Hut and Pinkham Notch. (Do you really want your shlongs stolen again?)

Ample refreshing fluids were supplied by the Summit and imbibed in typical mass quantity by all present. The Valley swine, meanwhile, attempted a feeble-at-best barbeque in 40+ mph winds. By 11 p.m. the Valley flatlanders deserted the Summit, heads covered, brains pickled and hearts heavy. When last seen they were practicing volleyball. P.S. 'Fess up, Carl!



RESEARCH

Under the direction of Ken Kimball and Burnham Martin, the Research Department had a productive year. Acid rain research was conducted at Lakes of the Clouds by Bob Champoux and Kathy Weathers, and at Echo Lake in Maine by persons unknown to this writer. The research showed that cloud water is eight times more acidic than rain water, and that mountain and coastal regions are frequently immersed in fog. A late season crew of four WPI interns helped the Research Dept. develop a more efficient cloud collector, when they weren't busy helping the hut crew. They also researched a hydro installation at Madison (found to be unfeasible), conducted two water samplings for huts and shelters, continued to monitor the Potentilla (Ken was introduced to one of many Potentilla threats when an Army helicopter landed in the patch to pick up a blister-footed soldier), and completed a shelter/tentsite visitor survey for the Trails Dept. Also, efforts are well underway to have a user fee conference in Durham, NH, January 1984. The conference participants will explore the pros and cons of user fee programs. Next year should see more activity in the basement office, including an office renovation. The department has submitted grants for the 1984 season, and is soliciting the donation of needed research equipment.

Congratulations go to all concerned for an excellent year, and to Ken and his wife Sarah on the birth of their first child, Eric, in October.

Cabin Update

BY EMILY BENSON, CABIN CARETAKER

As in years past the cabin continues to serve as a place for OH young and old(er) to travel from places near and far to enjoy time in our beloved White Mountains. How lucky are we?! The weather has been particularly challenging this winter, but luckily our cabin has survived. Many thanks to everyone for taking care to clean-up after themselves and lock all doors when they depart.

Cabin income collected through the on-line reservation system for the period 12/1/23 through 2/29/24 totaled \$1515 overnight cabin fees and \$600 in annual cabin passes. Bed nights for December, January, and February were as follows: 41, 32, 25.

Unfortunately Washburn Way, the road leading up towards the cabin, sustained major damage on Dec. 18th, 2023 when a quick-moving rain storm dropped over 7 inches of rain in less than 12 hours. The brook leading down the hill jumped its banks just above the Pemi-Bob Trail creating a canyon nearly 3 feet deep in places nearly the entire length of the road. As a result, the road had to immediately be shut down and talks are underway with abutters regarding the repairs necessary to bring it back to pre-flood conditions. This process has opened up opportunities for us to review-

-past landowner agreements and deeded access and we are working on improving the documentation of these agreements. Hard copies of all deeds and property maps will be deposited in the OHA archives located at the Highland Center for future reference, and they have also been uploaded to the OH Cabin Google Drive for on-line access as needed.

As we look to the spring and summer months ahead, we plan to continue to utilize the on-line reservation system. Remember to check out the complete details on cabin use that are available on the website, as last minute changes may occur. Once the snow melts away and access improves to the cabin we will be replacing the refrigerator, at last! Many thanks to Mike Waddell for this refrigerator he donated over 30 years ago; it has served us well.

OHA Annual Spring Reunion and Potluck

Saturday, May 4th, 2024

9am onwards!

Come on up to the OH Cabin and let's welcome the arrival of spring! We will be gathering again to get the cabin ready for the summer months ahead, followed by a BBQ/Potluck lunch. Some of the fun chores to look forward to will be: Cleaning out the woodsheds, removal and cleaning of storm windows, general spring clean-up of any winter debris inside and outside around the cabin, painting of exterior trim around new emergency exit if weather conditions permit, and of course, time visiting and reminiscing with OH friends and family members! Please RSVP to Emily Benson at missembenson@gmail.com. BYOB and bring an appetizer/snack to share.

OH Doug Teschner Leading Efforts to Bridge Political Divide

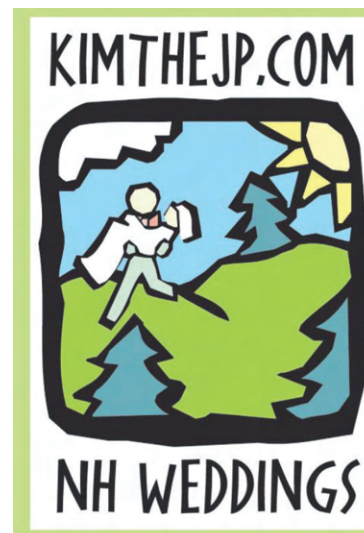
BY DOUG TESCHNER

Since 2019, Doug has volunteered with Braver Angels (<https://braverangels.org/>), a national citizens movement that brings Americans together to bridge the partisan divide and strengthen our democratic republic. Braver Angels seeks ways past what founder Bill Doherty describes as making someone's policy positions a fundamental test of their humanity and integrity.

In July 2023, Braver Angels held a national convention on the sacred ground of Gettysburg, PA. At the conference opening, the nearly 700 in attendance from across the political spectrum were asked why they came. Doug wrote, "I worry that my grandchildren will not enjoy the benefits of this country that I have."

Doug is New England Regional Leader for Braver Angels, helping to organize workshops, debates (using-ground rules that foster respectful discussion) and other events across the

region. He is also working closely with the NH legislature-where he once served, to promote respectful relationships across the political parties. He encourages folks to check out the Braver Angels website and attend a free workshop or debate in person or online! He is also writing a book: *Beyond the Politics of Contempt: Practical Steps You Can Take to Make Our Country Better*. You can reach Doug at: dteschnerrwanda@yahoo.com.



Justice of the
Peace

Kimberly S.
Steward

Jackson, NH

603-387-9496

kim@kimthejp.com

kimthejp.com

OHA Paver Fund

BY BOB “APPLES” McINTOSH

After enjoying Brian Fowler's presentation at Fall Fest 2023, several OH stopped and visited the Old Man of the Mountain Plaza and Historic Site on their way home. The visit prompted Bob “Apples” McIntosh to propose the idea for the OHA to purchase plaza pavers to be engraved with Old Hutcroo Association and will add our name to the many families, institutions and companies who find their spirit and homes in the New Hampshire White Mountains. It would also be in honor of our OHA member Brian Fowler and his professional commitment to the geology of NH, especially the Old Man of the Mountain and his long-standing commitment to the AMC, OHA and MMVSP.

The original goal of \$650 for one paver was met before we even launched the fund-raiser, so it was increased to two pavers for \$1300. In early February, the \$1,300 goal was met and the fundraiser completed.

We want to take a moment to thank those that donated to the paver fund and helped the OHA support the Old Man of the Mountain Legacy Fund. More information on the paver fund can be found here: (<https://oldmannh.org/profile-pavers.php>)

Thank You!

- Adam Finkel
- Amanda Stoltzfus
- Doug Shaffer
- Heather Wingate
- Joel Mumford
- John Gross
- John Nutter
- Josh Alper
- Kim “Schroeder” Steward
- Lawrence “Stroker” Rogovin
- Leslie Nesbitt
- Michael Dudley
- MMVSP
- Robert “Apples” McIntosh
- Sarah Copelas
- Stephen Nuebert
- Tim Saunders

‘23-’24 Caretakers



Parker DePond hut checking Lakes in March. *Photo by Cooper Young*

September - October

Carter
Sarah Catalano
Emily Milnamow

October - February

<i>Carter</i>	<i>Zealand</i>	<i>Lonesome</i>
Peter Boyer	Morgan Haldeman	Rachel Craig
Maddie Ziomek	Emily Long	Claudine Aoun

February - May

<i>Carter</i>	<i>Zealand</i>	<i>Lonesome</i>
Toby Wright	Parker DePond	Cooper Young
Elliot Layton	Peter Boyer	Addison Wanner



Cooper Young cheesin' on his way up the Ammo to Lakes. *Photo by Parker DePond*

Trail Wanderings

BY BILL BARRETT

This year our Spring Trails Days are set for the weekend of May 4-5, which is the weekend of the Spring Reunion (Saturday). There is also an OH meetup (open to all) on Friday evening at the Shannon Door in Jackson.

So make a weekend of it and do some brief trailwork. On Saturday we will plan to sweep the Hutmen's Trail, remediating any winter damage and, if there is time, installing a new waterbar on the steep section only a few hundred yards from Route 16. And on Sunday we will do the same (minus the waterbar) on the Hall's Ledge Trail. Alumni/ae of the Old Trail Crew Association have been invited to join us. Young OH are especially invited to participate.

Meet at that day's trailhead at 10AM each morning. Expect to wrap things up by 2PM each day (and on Saturday to adjourn to the Spring Reunion). Bring tools if you have them, especially a suitable saw or a pair of lopping shears. Any questions, contact Bill Barrett, 603-539-6385 (wllmsbrtt@yahoo.com). No need to sign up, just show up!

And although the details are not yet set, it is planned that there be another OH Day on the Old Bridle Path, probably on a Saturday in July. Last year's Day was very successful. There was (ultimately) an enthusiastic turnout, a lot of good

trailwork was accomplished, and participants thoroughly enjoyed themselves. Those who are not yet aware of how the OBP is being transformed by this federally-funded Franconia Loop Project should make an early visit to the OBP to see it for themselves, then should sign up for the Day. Last year most of the work was done not too far from the trailhead, but there is still plenty to be done that will involve only a short hike.

Stay tuned for the details. Then when they are announced (probably on the OH website) sign up early so that the organizers are not kept in suspense about whether the Day will be worth having.

Don't forget, anyone who initially puts in 8 hours of trail volunteering (such as on both days of the May weekend) will be halfway to the 16 hours that are required in order to earn a WMNF parking pass!



Saco District Trail Adopter Training:

Sunday June 2
Saturday June 8
Monday June 24

Contact Bill Barrett for more info.



EB and fellow OH Maya digging in.

Thank you to our OHA Members and Donors!

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

- | | | | |
|------------------------|-------------------|-----------------|-------------------|
| Robert Badeau | John Meserve | Allen Koop | Dulcie Heiman |
| Harold Bernsen | Gary Newfield | John Lamanna | Johnathan Hubbard |
| William Blaiklock | Peter Northrop | Jeff Leich | David Huntley |
| Standish Bourne | Francis Pepper | Nate Litwin | Donn Springer |
| Gardner Camberlain Jr. | Ann Perkins | Robert McIntosh | Judy Stephens |
| Lawrence Coburn | Earle Perkins | Karen Thorp | Robert K. Story |
| Sara Cox | Sheldon Perry | Reynold Welch | Alex Ziko |
| Morgan Fox | Florence Peterson | Gerry Whiting | Andrew Taylor |
| David Haughey | Robin Snyder | Steve Woodcock | Dick Kimball |



2024 Steering Committee Calendar

Online Meetings:
1/9, 4/16, 6/11, 9/24, 11/19 via zoom (link on website).

OH Meetups:
Everyone welcome!
5/3 at Shannon Door, Jackson, NH
5/4 Spring Reunion
11/2 Fallfest



Lynda Cohen Performing Arts Series Returns to AMC Highland Center



Courtesy of Chris Thayer

Bretton Woods, NH — The Appalachian Mountain Club (AMC) is hosting the 4th Annual Lynda Cohen Performing Arts Series at the AMC Highland Center in Bretton Woods, NH. These four free summer evening performances will feature renowned local and regional artists: Harvey Reid and Joyce Anderson, the Sensational Barnes Brothers, Bryan Bowers Band, and the Nestlers with Rik Palieri. New for this year, the first concert in the series will include a pre-show family-friendly workshop.

The concert series successfully debuted in 2021, thanks to the vision of AMC member and long-time supporter Lynda Cohen. Originating from her love of music and the mountains, Cohen imagined a concert series where people from far and wide could come together, nestled among the peaks of Crawford Notch, to experience one of her lifelong passions, music. As a musician herself, Cohen understands how the arts can help create connections to the natural world. The 2024 Lynda Cohen Performing Arts Series lineup is as follows:

Saturday, July 13 - 7-9pm

The Nestlers with Rik Palieri

Preceded by a family-friendly workshop before dinner 4:30 to 5:30 p.m. From Sea Shanties to Jimmy Buffet sing-a-longs,-

-Grammy winner Rick Nestler & classically trained musician Donna Nestler have been playing together professionally for over twenty years. They perform in a variety of traditional genres including Skiffle, blues, country, folk, and maritime. Both are multi-instrumentalists who play guitars, auto-harps, ukuleles and concertinas, among other things.

Rik Palieri, through his long and varied experiences as a performer, gracefully segues from original tunes on guitar to old traditional “Americana” folk songs on banjo, to intricate, involved ballads from the mountains of Poland on the rare and exotic Polish bagpipes. His original songs have been praised by folk legends like Pete Seeger, U. Utah Phillips and Jimmy Driftwood.

Saturday, July 27 - 7-9pm

Harvey Reid and Joyce Anderson

Reid and Anderson have combined their talents to create one of the most potent duos in American acoustic music. Award-winning multi-instrumentalists, prolific creators, peerless troubadours, commanding singers and seasoned



entertainers, the Maine couple draws from a deep and diverse repertoire of original, traditional and contemporary music. Mesmerizing harmonies, passionate collaborations, deep and hard-hitting musicianship, good-natured humor, stories and stage interplay drawn from decades of touring make for an unforgettable and moving concert experience.

Saturday, Aug. 10 - 7-9pm

The Sensational Barnes Brothers

The Sensational Barnes Brothers are a musical blend of old and new, a real gem in the gospel/soul scene. As PopMatters states, "The brothers run through a spectrum of moods and modes in their gospel soul, often bridging the gap between, say, the Soul Stirrers and Stax, all the while keeping a local flavor." The brothers can dive deep into their roots, creating a sound that reflects the music of their history, all the while drawing in a modern-day audience.

Saturday, Aug. 24 - 7-9pm

Bryan Bowers Band

For over six decades, Bryan Bowers has been to the autoharp what Earl Scruggs was to the five-string banjo. Master of the autoharp, singer/songwriter, and riveting storyteller, Bryan has teamed up with two other über pickers, Danny Knicely (world-class Virginian mandolinist, guitarist, mandocellist) and Geoff Goodhue (New England-based singer and multi-instrumentalist) to create American folk and mountain music at its finest.

Beer, alcohol, and snacks will be available for purchase on site; guests are allowed to bring their own food, but BYOB is not permissible due to state liquor laws. All concerts will be held rain or shine.

Concerts are free and open to the public. Preregistration for attendees is encouraged. Contact the Highland Center Lodge at amclodging@outdoors.org for more information.

Restore the Ridge

BY BOB WHITE

Restore the Ridge: in support of the Partnership for Franconia Ridge Loop, the World Trails Network is sponsoring 10 volunteer workdays on Saturdays over the summer into the fall. We would love to have more OH participation in the Summer workdays based upon fantastic participation last summer. Please follow this link to the AMC registration page. AMC is providing supervision, tools, transport and support.

Work this summer will be in the first half mile of the Old Bridal Path, where we will support the professional Trail builder crew on two relocations to build a more sustainable trail alignment. Each day will be from 9 AM till 3 PM and the details are available on the Amc site. Once you are registered, additional information will be provided for the logistics of the specific day. Go OH!

<https://www.cognitofirms.com/AppalachianMountainClub1/FranconiaWorkDays2024>

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New Huts Assistant Manager

BY TATOR STAFF

Emma “EB” Brandt began loving the huts at age nine when she visited Lonesome Lake Hut with her family. There, she earned her first junior naturalist patch and started a ten year endeavor to one day work in the huts. When she was hired as croo at Madison for her first season in 2017 it was a dream come true. At the time, her mom asked her “what will you do now that you got your dream job?” It seems she’s finally figured out the answer!

EB worked six seasons between 2017 and 2020 while in college at St. Lawrence University where she majored in Environmental Studies and English. After leaving the huts she did a ten month AmeriCorps program as the Education and Outreach Assistant for Green Mountain Conservation Group in Effingham, NH. While there, she grew her skills as a naturalist and educator and tried her hand at research and outreach work. EB found that working with people and providing opportunities for learning in nature called to her the most, leading her to become a nature preschool teacher at Gale River Cooperative Preschool in Bethlehem, NH. She began there in the fall of 2021 and adored teaching her students about our local environment. It was bittersweet leaving her students mid-year but she was so thrilled to be coming home to the huts.

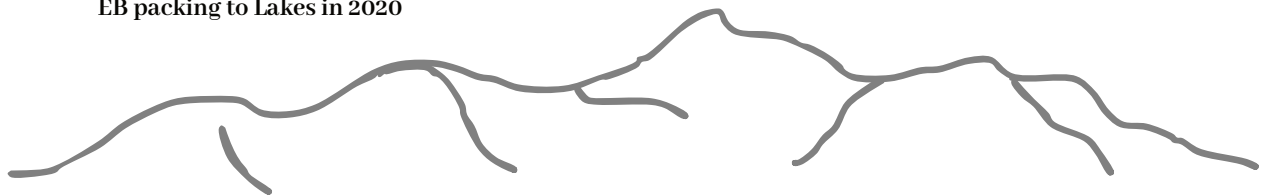


EB on Techumseh in 2022



EB packing to Lakes in 2020

For EB and many others, the huts are a unique place of community, growth and joy. “In the huts I found myself in situations that challenged me physically and mentally. I forged a new love and appreciation for my body, developed feedback and leadership skills and met some of the most important people in my life. I see the huts as full of possibility for all that spend time there. Whether you leave feeling proud of your hike, ecologically knowledgeable, or simply full and rested, you leave changed.” As she looks forward to the upcoming summer season, EB has some hopes and goals. “The huts are built on relationships. I’m excited to hire staff and create trainings that set up successful croos and foster open and inclusive hut environments. If the croo is thriving, they will create positive experiences for guests, day hikers, and all hut visitors.” *You can find EB at Pinkham, on the trails, or at ebrandt@outdoors.org.*



Memories from Tom Caulkins

BY BONNIE REVELLE AND THOMAS "HERBIE" CAULKINS

In January, the Tator Croo received an email from Bonnie Revelle, daughter of Thomas "Herbie" Caulkins. Herbie, who is 95 years old, penned a letter remarking on the obituary of Hanque Parker in the Fall 2023 Issue and had Bonnie send it on to us. Bonnie also let us know that Herbie was interested in telling several stories about his time working under Joe Dodge and having them similarly transcribed and eventually published in the Resuscitator. The following is Herbie's original letter and a beautiful series of stories: "Memories from Tom Caulkins."

Letter to the Editor

I was saddened to read the obituary of Hanque Parker in the Fall Issue of The Resuscitator. Remembering Hanque brought back very fond memories of him, and of adventures in the huts. I first met Hanque in 1944 or 1945 when I was working at Madison and he was pushing donkeys up the trail. It was a delight to take a break in the midst of a busy day and sit on the rocks to talk, or even sleep, until it was time for him to take the donkeys back down the trail and for me to start welcoming guests and preparing the evening meal.

Our next encounter was at Galehead in 1946. I was HM, and he was putting new shingles on the roof of the hut. While he was working, bits of asphalt tarpaper would drop through the crack in the roof, and they would invariably land in the supper soup pot! Things were going slow, and there was a special tool that Hanque wanted. I was fretted with him when he wanted me to go in to Franconia and buy the tool on my next pack day. He was fretted with me for not wanting to go. I thought packing the food back to Galehead as quickly as possible was more important than getting the tool, and of course he thought getting the tool was more important than a late arrival with the food. I came back to the hut without the tool, and Hanque was not happy. But, the roof got shingled anyway and Hanque and I remained good friends. It was my pleasure to know Hanque Parker. He was a good man, a hard worker, and a fine friend.

Leetle Hoss and the Bear

I worked for the AMC long before helicopters were used to bring in supplies. At the beginning of the season we used donkeys to get some of the heaviest supplies up to the huts. There were 8 donkeys, and at the beginning of the summer we would use all 8 to get supplies to one hut, and then all 8 donkeys would move on to stock another hut. Once the basics for the season were in place, the donkeys were divided among the huts for the rest of the summer. Rusty and Leetle Hoss were the 2 donkeys that stayed at Madison Hut for the entire summer. Rusty was very light in coloring and Leetle Hoss was darker. I loved helping take care of the donkeys. I was at Madison with Leetle Hoss and Rusty for four summers



Leetle Hoss, Tom Caulkins, Johnny Howe, Rusty and Leetle Hoss even came with me to Galehead the summer I worked there.

One of my most memorable packing days came in 1946 when I was on the "croo" at Galehead. I was returning to the hut from the packhouse. Leetle Hoss and I were both carrying full loads. All of a sudden Leetle Hoss stopped, his ears went straight up, and his nostrils started flaring. A large black bear came out of the woods just to the right of the trail. Leetle Hoss brayed and started running up the trail; the bear snorted and started running down the trail. I just stood there in the middle! Little Hoss arrived safely at Galehead a couple of hours before me! I was very relieved to find him there unhurt, and very happy that he chose to run up the trail to the hut instead of down the trail to the packhouse!



Madison Madhouse Croo, 1944 - Tojo Lewis, Hiram Dodge, Rusty (the donkey) Tom Caulkins, Tom Ringe, Kit Erskine, Johnny Howe

An Unhappy Goofer and Other Pranks

I worked for the AMC for 6 summers, from 1943 to 1948. One of the summers that I was at Madison, the crew decided to erect a small cross 50 – 100 yards off the Osgood Ridge Trail coming down from the summit of Madison. It could be seen from the hut, and many a tired hiker would decide to head up to find out more about the memorial we had erected. Engraved on a sign below the cross were the words, “Here lies the body of a goofer who did not fold his blankets the AMC way.” Many came back laughing, but not all were amused. About half way through the season we got word from Joe Dodge to take the cross down!



Tom Caulkins with a heavy packboard.

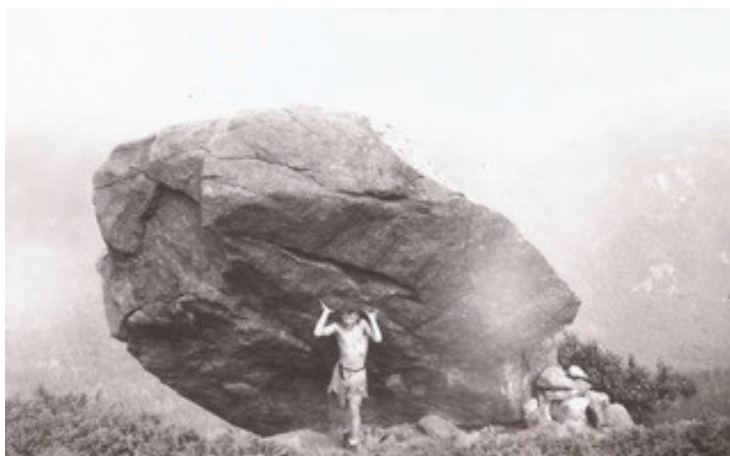
Because we were staffing the huts during the war years, no one had a car. If a car somehow became available, we couldn't go anywhere because gasoline was rationed. On our days off we would see who could out-hike each other. I once left Madison and went down the Buttress trail, up the Six Husbands trail to the Gullside trail, over the summit of Washington and then down to Pinkham on the Huntington Ravine Trail. We also had frequent night raids. Coveted items from one hut would wind up at another hut! Of course, these were always either heavy items, or large, awkward-to-carry items, or both.



Galehead, 1945 - Tom, Rusty Gourn, Greer, Mary Sawyer, Cay Stott and Casy's brother, Roger Pugh, Ann Dodge

Another time that the Madison Madhouse crew got a reprimand from Joe Dodge was during an unusually hot spell. We decided we needed a drink other than water, so we requested from our supply source a packet of commercial root beer concentrate. When it arrived, all hands joined in to make a batch. It was then put in the attic to season. Oh, how we anticipated the finished product! Hikers began to arrive and it was necessary to tend to their needs and start preparations for supper. We forgot about the root beer. At the close of the day, we went to bed. The next day was hectic with work related responsibilities and no one checked on the root beer. Several days passed before we decided we needed a “beer” break, so we eagerly went to the attic and discovered that we had root beer, but the accumulating gas from the fermentation had blown the tops off the jars and the root beer was all over the ceiling, floor, and supplies that were stored in the attic. It was a mess to clean up, and needless to say we were refused any more requests for root beer concentrate.

We had fun working in the huts, and we liked to play jokes on each other. It was good-natured fun, and we became known as the Madison Madhouse.



Roger Caulkins holding up Glen Boulder

Love, Marriage and Grandchildren, all because of the White Mountains



1981 - Bonnie and Chuck, now engaged.

After working for the AMC for 6 summers, I ended up living and working the rest of my life in the flatlands of eastern VA and NC. My best hiking partner was my daughter, Bonnie. I loved taking her to the White Mountains, and introducing her to the trails and the huts. The logistics of this became much easier during her college and medical school years because she was dating a young man whose parents lived in NH.



2000 - Thomas Caulkins back with 13yo Thomas Madison, 11yo Rachel Margaret, and 7yo Emily Adams

I love sharing the White Mountains with anyone who expresses an interest, so through the years we have taken any number of friends along on our trips. Despite the pictures I showed, and long descriptions of the trails, most of these Southern hikers were still caught off guard by the difficulty of the rocky trails. Some liked it; some did not. The summer of 1980, I invited a new friend, Chuck Revelle, to go along with us. He did a lot of hiking, but in the southern Appalachians and the Rockies, where all of the trails had

many switchbacks when they got steep. So, my daughter, her boyfriend, Chuck, and I headed off to NH. Little did I know that my daughter and her boyfriend had already planned to go their separate ways after the hike. Chuck loved the Presidentials, and eventually my daughter! When he found out that she was no longer in a relationship, he waited a respectable 48 hours before asking her on a date. They've been hiking together ever since, but the first peak they summited together was Mount Madison. They got married in 1981, and their first child, Thomas Madison Revelle, is named after me and the mountain we love.



1997 - 10yo Thomas Madison Revelle, Back on the summit of Madison with namesake Thomas Herbert Caulkins

Next came Rachel Margaret Revelle. Rachel is a nod to the story in the Bible that mentions the stone watchtower erected by Jacob and Labin that was called Mizpah. They liked that better than Mizpah Margaret! Their youngest child is Emily Adams Revelle, after Mount Adams. Had there been another boy, he would have been Charles Jefferson. I have had the joy of introducing each of my 3 grandchildren to Madison Hut and the Presidential range. My last trip was with Bonnie, Chuck and all 3 grandchildren in 2000, the summer I turned 72 years old. How I miss going back! How I love knowing that my grandchildren will continue to feel the majesty of the White Mountains.



2000 - Thomas Herbert Caulkins, and the hut he loves so much, the Madison Madhouse

Poetry

BY DEIRDRE VANDER SCHAFF

The cabins and rusty huts in the Whites—

everytime we go
I take a lot of photos

some with a camera
Others with my - topographic eye map -

there is an outhouse
And a subtle smell

of wood absorbed - mouse piss -
The sweat of mountain men

and the spicy vanilla scent
Of mountain women

mixed with wood chips
Burning gut laughter - compost -

garlic breath and ease
Someone remembers to pack

extra potable water
Someone else brings moleskin

later I discover someone brought a cat
Several carried guitars - i brought a hat -

at one point we practice - a carry out -
With an old metal rig upstairs

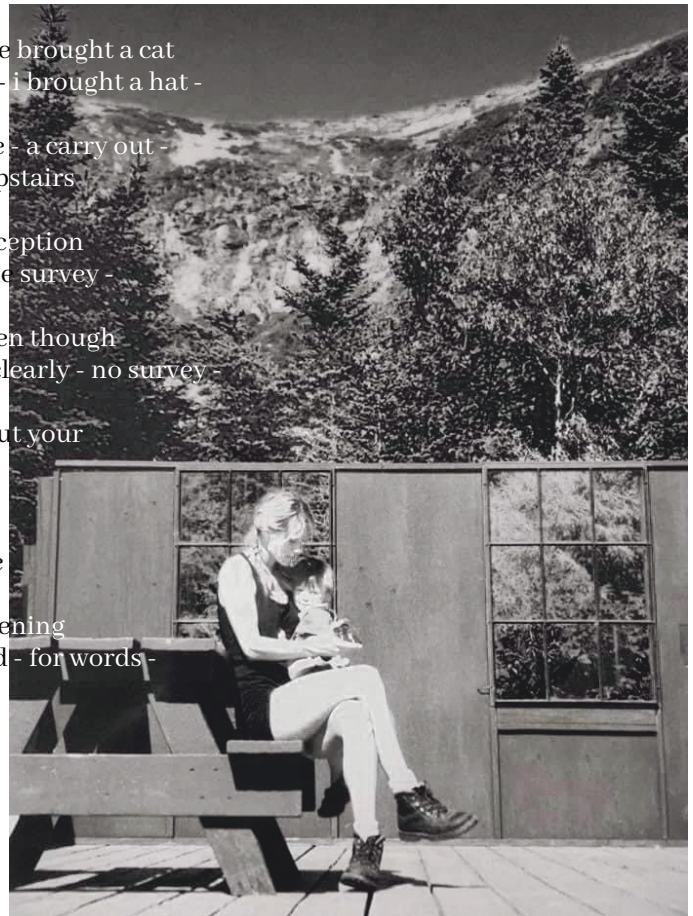
we have two bars for reception
I keep yelling out - scene survey -

at random moments even though
There is no scene and clearly - no survey

you're babbling on about your
New avalanche beacon

it's super high tech
With colors like Matisse

but no one is really listening
We're laughing too hard - for words -





some people think you're just a gearhead
But I looked closely at your beacon

from thirty feet across the room
Saw the subtle rust - and knew -

you'd been caught in an avalanche
Years ago and dug yourself out - bleeding -

so instead of telling that story
The one where - you lost your friend -

you repaired a mildly rusty
Slightly broken beacon

and told everyone it was new
'Cause you didn't want anyone else - to die -

you could have gone on tour that night
Selling avalanche beacons to the world

everyone would have bought one
Maybe two just to be - as cool as you -

but I would have bought one
'Cause you're fun to look at

especially with those colors
Spilling out of your mouth

the way you arc your eyes and stand
With your hip - cocked to the side -

they might say you're just a gear - junkie -
But I know otherwise

'cause I know what safety means

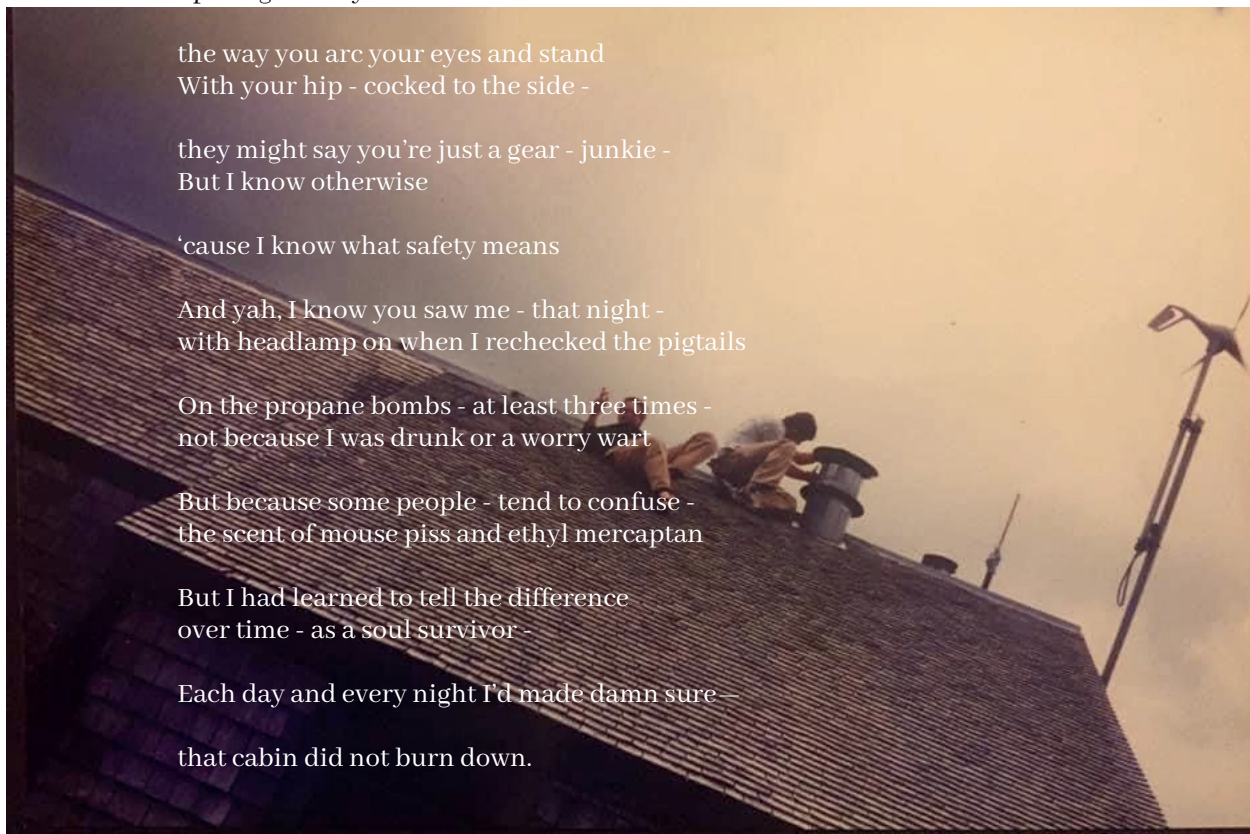
And yah, I know you saw me - that night -
with headlamp on when I rechecked the pigtails

On the propane bombs - at least three times -
not because I was drunk or a worry wart

But because some people - tend to confuse -
the scent of mouse piss and ethyl mercaptan

But I had learned to tell the difference
over time - as a soul survivor -

Each day and every night I'd made damn sure -
that cabin did not burn down.



Crossword



Across

2. Small white flowers.
6. This drink comes with a slap and a kiss.
8. Military issued breakfast for guests.
10. Jackson residence.
11. A sturdy pair of these got many OH up the trail.
12. In your hands or on your screen.
14. A violent name for propane tanks.
16. A white powder for ingesting.
17. Summer training.
18. Where can you find service at Zool?
19. Where we store our food.

Down

1. Reputed to be the hardest pack trail.
3. You won't find this in the huts, but maybe in Carter's cave.
4. That lab on top of George.
5. An OH legend and word for Matrix-like movement.
7. An attempted nickname for Carter's pack trail.
9. What we all wish for 10 work days in.
13. Abenaki name for George.
15. Pine _____.
19. Our Northern Presidential compatriots.

Shelter Down Under

BY ETHAN DALY

The tramp started low in the valley, next to a waterfall whose cascading ribbons broke the surface of the calm river below, causing the afternoon sunlight to dance on the jewel-like schist. For a moment, I was staring at Gem Pool on the Ammonoosuc Ravine Trail. Across the river, striding up through familiar beech forests, switch-backing far to the right, enough to see wooded mountain shoulders in the distance, I corrected myself; this was the Pemigewasset Wilderness, and I was on the boulders of Guyot on the way to meet friends on South Twin.

A sharp, mournful cry brought me back Down Under. Preoccupied with my footing in an eroded drainage, I almost failed to see an alpine parrot sitting on the rock in front of me, basking in the lowlight snowy glow. There was no mistaking this bird for a Spruce Grouse. It was a Kea, and its grayish feathers cloaked an iridescent glimmer. It was also standing right in front of a hut with a bright red exterior. Last I checked, Madison Spring Hut was a weathered gray.



Brewster Hut with fellow OH Emma Morgan.

The date was May 22nd, 2023, early winter in New Zealand. Light snow was forecasted when my girlfriend and I left our cabin in Wanaka to hike into Brewster Hut. The trip didn't require advance planning; Brewster was on our list of 14 huts we wanted to visit in Mt. Aspiring National Park. After finishing work at a high country station and a café respectively, we blindly put a finger on the list, threw our packs in our 2004 Toyota Wish, and wondered if we'd be the only transplant-Kiwis who had settled on Brewster for their weekend journey.

I'd compare the views of Brewster to those of Greenleaf. We could see State Highway 6 deep in the valley, much like I93 in the Notch, but rather than turning around to see the head of Lafayette, we saw a glacier whose summit was thousands of feet higher, made invisible by storm clouds. Another difference was that we didn't reserve Brewster, we weren't greeted

with a table of baked goods and hot chocolate powder, and there was no BFD to wake us up; only the quiet packing of bags from our four bunkmates and the rapping of Kea talons on the red metal roof.

New Zealand has a staggering number of huts. Almost too many. Unlike New Hampshire's eight beautiful huts, New Zealand has a stressful 963 accessible to the public. "Stressful" because it's nearly impossible to visit all of them, and that number is decreasing every year.

The idea for a hut network this large first came about with New Zealand's indigenous Maori population. Traditionally, Maori lived in kainga (villages) or wharenui (large houses) which were communal living situations, reminiscent of modern huts. By the end of the 19th century, European development brought farmers, sheep musters, miners, road-builders, and hunters, who erected simple structures

The OHA needs YOU!

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

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Thank you!

throughout the rugged NZ backcountry to use for weathering storms, a purpose not altogether different from the former Quonset hut at Edmands Col.

In the years following, imitating the mountain climbing trend originating on Mont Blanc, huts started popping up all over New Zealand for the purpose of tourism and recreation. Some were built by government agencies while others were built by local “tramping” clubs (Kiwi slang for hiking). Tramping as a sport and pastime became perpetually linked to using huts, whether as a place for lunch or a bed to rest in on a multi-day route. It was in these huts that Sir Edmund Hillary slept while climbing peaks like Mount Ollivier and Aoraki/Mount Cook.

In the late 20th century, following Hillary’s first ascent of Mt. Everest and launching of New Zealand to the world stage, several government agencies including the NZ Forest Service, Lands and Survey, and Internal Affairs were consolidated under one letterhead: DoC. “DoC” stands for Department of Conservation, and with its inception, New Zealand’s huts fell under its purview. DoC only took control, however, when they were finally able to get the exact number and locations of all the huts down to an exact science. This took 15 years.

With such a large breadth of conservation management, it begs the question how DoC has the time to take care of its 963 children. The truth is, they don’t. But in New Zealand’s egalitarian outdoors community, parenthood falls on everyone’s shoulders. Tramping clubs hold volunteering days, Permolat, an online volunteer community, manages the most remote huts, and a public/private partnership exists between DoC and the Backcountry Trust, a large organization that financially supports voluntary hut maintenance efforts from Northland down to Rakiura.

And that’s just the administrative, nitty gritty management. On the ground in Brewster Hut, every hut visitor knew the code. Two Irishmen, an Argentinian woman, and an Israeli man all contributed to wiping the counters, sweeping the floors, cleaning and flipping the mattresses, and ensuring the DoC supplied logbook was welcomingly placed on the wooden table in front of the door, fresh pen and candle nearby. With the lack of full service hut croo, the chores fall to the collective users. And surprisingly, the vast majority of visitors do the work with a grin on their faces.



Liverpool Hut’s magnificent outhouse. 9 miles of farm track, steep route-y climbs, and peaceful meadows to pee.

That grin may come from the endorphins of a hard hike and a well-earned meal, but it also comes from getting happiness at such a bargain. A standard hut ticket, which works at all but the most popular huts, costs \$10. Most people don’t pay this amount; instead they opt into DoC’s annual backcountry hut pass. Coming in at \$160 for 12 months, and half that if you’re a youth, it works the exact same as a season pass to your favorite ski resort. Buy it once and the world, or in this case an island chain in the Pacific, is yours.

In my year living in New Zealand, I slept overnight at 22 huts, a measly number among native Kiwis. That brought my per night hut rate down to \$7.27/night, \$4.52 with the exchange rate. Can someone remind me how much a night at Lakes costs on a dry July day?

Aside from not being full service, Alps-White Mountains-style huts, the obvious reason for the cheap bed nights is supply and demand. 963 is the total number of huts available to the public. The “public” in question is the population of 5 million people living in New Zealand, 1.2 million of which live on the South Island, the most popular tramping location. For context, New Hampshire’s population was listed at 1.4 million in 2021.

That means, on any given night tramping into a hut in New Zealand, the odds you’ll be alone are not good; they’re great. Of the 22 I visited, most of which were quite popular, ten were empty. My girlfriend and I had the place to ourselves, unless you count the occasional possum.

For those ten solo stays, however, we weren’t completely alone. While we may have been the only residents of Liverpool Hut one July evening, we weren’t the only trampers in the East Matukituki Valley, Mt. Aspiring National Park. Right before we went to bed that night, we were brushing our teeth on the porch, looking out at the stars and the mist in the valley. As we spit off the deck, we noticed a light flickering thousands of feet below us and another one flickering thousands of feet above us. We surmised that they were candles flickering at Aspiring Hut in the valley, and French Ridge Hut on the flanks of Mt. Aspiring. We held ours to the window in response, blew it out, and settled in for the chilly winter night.

The “full-service” difference, however, is not to be taken lightly. New Zealand huts don’t have the timeless, burly

construction of Carter Notch or Galehead. Waylaid by a strong wind, avalanche, or hardwood, they've been known to crumble.

A New Zealand hut usually looks like this: wood steps lead up to a metal walled square building sitting atop steel struts. The door is barred shut if in the alpine zone, gently closed if in the valley. Walking into the living room-kitchen-foyer, there are a few wooden tables and benches, hooks on the wall, and a neatly stacked selection of books, magazines, and card decks that, despite being neatly banded, are colored brown with age and definitely do not hit an even 52. Beside the tables, against the wall, a stainless steel counter runs long, with windows above it to crack open when using a portable stove. A sink draws its water from a rain-supplied tank and drains through a filter onto the tussock outside. On each table a few metal candelabras sit, manufactured by a small engineering firm based in Christchurch. If the hut is in close proximity to trees, normally there's a small wood burner in the corner.

Heading into the bunkroom, things can differ. Bed platforms can be stacked atop one another anywhere from one to four stories high, and one to ten mattresses width wise.



Asbestos Cottage in Kahurangi National Park. Slightly scary, full of character.

That means an ill-timed roll at night can land you face-to-face with Keith from Balclutha who had a few too many Speights Golden Ales after a long week breaking fences in the Southland.

In my semi-expert opinion, this is also a best-case scenario for New Zealand huts. On some tramps, my companions and I found ourselves at dilapidated homesteads and stone-walled shepherd stowaways. One in particular sticks out: after a coolant issue in our car forced us to abandon our goal of the popular Sylvester Hut, we descended to our backup carpark, gateway to "Asbestos Cottage." Asbestos Cottage was built in 1897 by prospectors looking for asbestos in Kahurangi National Park and later was lived in by Annie and Henry Chaffey for 40 years, the majority of which they were recluses, confined only to the four walls of their cottage and the Cobb Valley below.

When we entered this hut, the walls were covered with rusted saws, knives, and gold pans. A rocking chair sat creepily in the corner with a deer-skin seat cover. The bunks were treacherous, with old nails jutting out of the ceiling inches from your head, threatening tetanus at every turn. The lawn of the hut had a beautiful view of the national park, but it was slightly ruined by a foreboding wooden outhouse with a rusty pitchfork freshly leaned against it. Unfortunately, we learned after our stay that Annie Chaffey had taken her own life after leaving the cottage in 1951 to stay with relatives in her old age. The front-country life didn't suit her. On the drive down to the nearby town of Takaka to see a mechanic, lyrics of The Eagles came to mind. "You can check out any time you like, but you can never leave..."

Not all huts are Asbestos Cottage though. Some give the same fairytale-like feeling of Lakes of the Clouds on an under cast morning. Long Harry Hut on Stewart Island, for example, sits atop a



Meg Hut, just outside of Wanaka in the Pisa Conservation Area.

rocky outcropping overlooking the Pacific Ocean. It's one of the closest huts in New Zealand to Antarctica, and yet it feels like a tropical oasis. The sun sets through the bay windows each evening as the waves crash loudly against the cliffs outside. It has a working wood stove filled with dried Manuka left by the night before's hut residents (this is another part of the code) that heats up an adjoining metal rack whose purpose is to dry muddy wet socks, boots, and puddies. This hut had a National Geographic available to read, a puzzle book for the game-inclined, and a porch for gazing out to sea, wondering why you'd ever return home.

At times I wondered this myself. I fell in love with the AMC hut system in my time as a croo member. Our culture is rich, our traditions storied, and opportunities for creativity in the area of fun abound. Not to mention the opportunity to be the highlight of a hiker's summer with one good loaf of bread or one clever trail suggestion. The Whites, as mountains, are also unmatched in my mind; there's a distinct flavor to the air when you step up into the boreal zone in early summer. A breeze cools your sweaty armpits, the smell of melting snow wafts together with spruce and fir, and chickadees chase each other through the dense woods.



The view from Long Harry Hut on Rakiura.

But another part of me wondered why my government didn't have a "DoC," why the Whites didn't have charming cabins oozing rugged individualism, and why we needed four courses of dinner prepared for us following a hike. It almost felt gluttonous, to either rely on our version of the huts or simply allow for them to exist. It's that ever-existing question of whether the AMC huts run contrary to ideals of wilderness or bolster them. It's a question that I imagine will gnaw at the brains of OH for eternity.

In that same light, why does New Zealand need 963 huts? As I mentioned previously, that number is decreasing each year, and it's mainly a function of DoC exercising "restraint in conservation" and the rising costs of construction, maintenance, and reduced revenue. The president of New Zealand's Federated Mountain Clubs, Robin McNeill, even asserted in response to a decommissioning of 48 huts in Te Urewera that "DOC head office has already cut funding for the Backcountry Trust, which is doing

sterling work enabling volunteers to restore backcountry huts – our places – that DOC will not do themselves. I hear DOC is considering cutting funding for all backcountry huts. If that were true, it would not be acceptable."

So maybe the answer lies somewhere between eight and 963. Maybe it lies somewhere between candelabras at

Long Harry and WiFi at Lonesome Lake. Maybe we should all use tents.

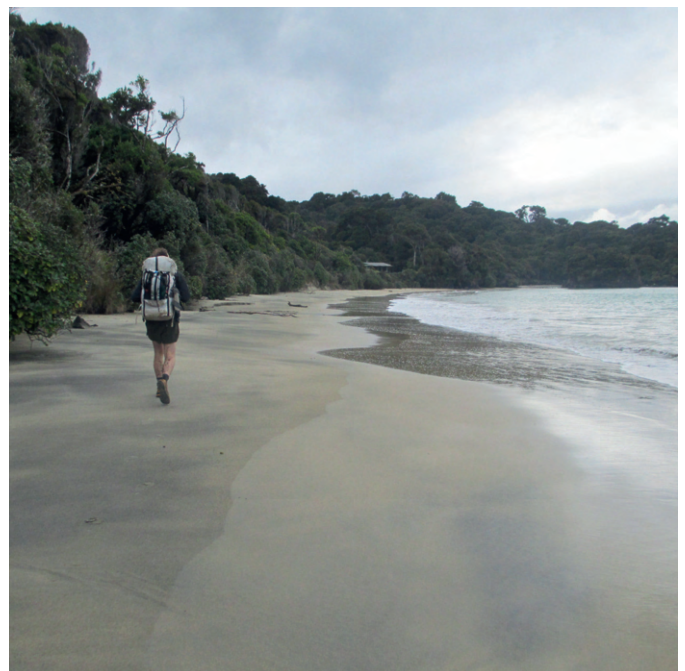
But one idea is for certain. Kiwi or OH, we're crazy about our huts. We'll take years out of our lives to dedicate ourselves to them, we'll hike kegs or even bathtubs up to them to add character (a University of Canterbury student introduced a ceramic tub at Avoca Hut), and we'll stop at nothing to make sure they exist as long as possible.

Our huts bring us close to nature. They're a part of us, and we're a part of them. 24 hours of flight time from Pinkham, Kiwis feel the same connection to the outdoors as we do.

Take this quote from NZ mountaineer Paul Power in an essay he wrote for his book *Shelter from the Storm* as assurance of that:

"It came to me what shelter means in the mountains. Huts, tents, shelter rocks, were more than stops along the way – places where men stayed to eat and sleep, leaving them to hunt deer, cross passes or cut transient steps up summit ice.

Shelter in the hills meant more than cleaning a rifle, mapping the cross-country tramp, or resting for the climb. In huts or under bivvy rocks men were relaxed. By the fire they bragged like Norsemen, argued like Jesuits, sang like minstrels, and dreamed like poets ... Such hospices were the beginning and the end of mountain life with the minutes of action sandwiched in between."



The author strolling towards Bungaree after a muddy day of tramping.

The L.L. Liz and the Greenleaf Navy

BY ROGER SMITH



Top and Bottom: Joe Harrington and his sister going to war.

After three summers as Greenleaf crew (1949, '50, '51), I thought of the place as a second home and visited every summer as long as I lived in New England. When the new water tower was built in 1957 (or was it 1958?) and the two sheet metal rectangular tanks in the “poop deck” over the kitchen were no longer needed and removed, I was on hand as a goofer. The crew those years was Joe Harrington, Tom Deans, and Roger Hart. There were several OH visiting on that occasion, including Dave Porter. We took one of those sheet-metal bathtubs and painted the name L. L. Liz on the side and took it down to Eagle Lake and launched it as “the Greenleaf Navy.” Nobody still remembers for whom our craft was named. Luscious Lovely Liz remains a mystery woman. So much for immortality! Our battleship had a flat bottom and a square bow like the Chinese junks the Ming emperor Zhu Di dispatched to explore the Pacific (Admiral Zhou Man) and Atlantic (Admiral Zhou Wen) coasts of North America in 1421, and left the stone lighthouse the people he left behind built at Newport as a memorial. (see Gavin Menzies book, 1421.) Our ship was a lot less seaworthy and tended to capsize unless your tush was in the bilges and even so it would roll. We all got spilled out of it. Tom Deans recalls that only one ship was ever taken down to the lake and launched. There was never a flotilla. The two of them were later broken into manageable pieces and packed out.

While only Greenleaf ever had a navy, Lonesome Lake had a canoe. A girl from Providence named Edith went out in the canoe one evening with Sandy Saunders. Sandy had had a life-threatening encounter with a bumble bee on the Carter Notch trail earlier, and had been warned to never get stung again. When a bee came round, he upset the canoe and hid under it. Edith told me, “I’ll never go out in a canoe with Sandy Saunders again as long as I live.”

And the Lakes of the Clouds had a merchant marine. In 1948 and 1949 tickets were sold to goofers at the counter at Pinkham for passage up the Cutler River to the Lakes on the vessels Canobeeria Balantina and Chocolatebaria Tinfolia. Proceeds were dedicated to The Thirsty Hutman’s Fund.

The water supply at Greenleaf was always a precarious proposition. The pump down by the spring was a trial to every hutman in the 1950s. Larry Coburn remembers, “By the way, in 1954 we lost the use of the pump from the spring at the reservoir on the Greenleaf Trail for a while. However, during that period we had a lot of rain, and I figured that had cleared the roof of anything poisonous or contagious so, using two long planks left over from some construction to make a gathering trough, we collected rainwater off the roof in a handy klim can and “packed” it up to the tanks, and survived quite nicely. At peak production we could collect full can in about half an hour. I’m not sure Joe Dodge would have approved, but you do what you must.”

See Tator Gallery for more photos of this article (Page ???)



The author having a time on Eagle Lake. This photo was taken by Dave Porter.



Tator Gallery

2024



Aquatic Joy

The following photos are from Roger Smith, sent in for his piece on the Greenleaf Navy (page 25). He didn't actually tell us who this chipper face was, but we can assume it was him. Clearly he was enjoying himself in all the photos.



Perhaps more importantly, the photos were taken by Dave Porter, of whom Roger Smith wrote to us "Porter does wonderful photos. He studies and frames his work. It is art. I just click away." I think in this day and age, most of us do just click away Roger! But there is something to be said for vintage coloration. Porter lives in Woodside, CA, from what I can deduce on our member's database. I'm eager to see more of his work!

Night

More than a few of us OH, to AMC HR's dismay, have seen this view; krummholz poking up through the night sky after a hike. Few of us OH, however, have been able to capture it as well as **Elicia Epstein**, the creator of this beautiful collage. Elicia writes "I made this digital collage a few years ago while caretaking at Greenleaf. Working more on watercolors now, but none yet from the huts...I'll hopefully be caretaking in May so will whip some up then."



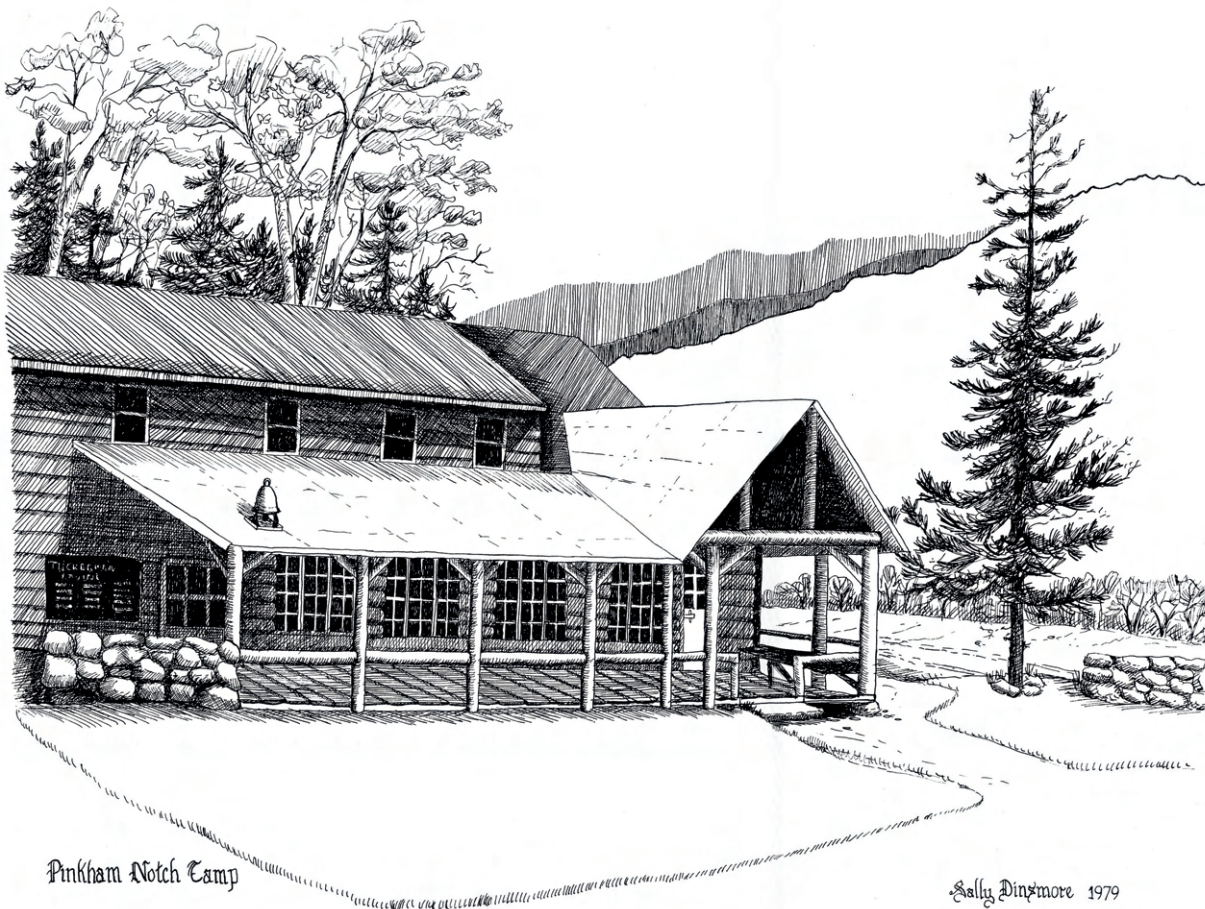
Dive

Just in case Greenleaf didn't get enough love in this gallery, here's a painting from of this hut's kitchen, with two croo battling it out at the sun baked sinks. **Noah Saxenian** certainly had the right angle for a photograph, and later captured the moment in oil on canvas. One nice detail is the clock; one could guess is it's almost half past 7 and the croo just wants the day and the dishes to end.



Sun set

Not done with Greenleaf just yet! Here is Franconia ridge in all its glory, but actually in oil on a 12 by 36 inch canvas, painted by Ayden Nichol. I think the clouds are my favorite detail; no matter how dialed in the solar paneling is in this painting, the clouds are still muffled, individual purveyors of weather and light.



Pinkham Notch Camp

Sally Dinzmore 1979

Roots

Sally Baldwin sent us this print she did, writing "attached is an offset print of the Old Trading Post that was torn down in 1969. I worked at Pinkham fall/ winter weekends '67 - '69, and summers '68 & '69. Eleven years after the fact, I did this ink drawing using a photo I took while working there." The print is beautiful, but I find it more interesting how engrained images of these formative years are in our brains. While Sally was going off a photo, the detail suggests a deeper connection to the place.

OHA MERCH



OHA Merch now available!

Mosey on over to <https://www.ohcuroo.com/shop/> to check out the options and make your purchase! A huge thank you again to Morgan Fox for her gorgeous artwork that highlights packing to all the beautiful and unique huts.

Gormings

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

Bob Yokelson was elected fellow of the American Geophysical Union for organizing airborne experiments across the world to measure fire emissions and chemistry.

Tom Liscord is currently living in Wayne, Maine. He has 3 grown children, is married, and employed at MaineGeneral medical center as an ER physician. On clear days he enjoys his coffee looking out at Central Gully in Huntington ravine 90 miles away.

Frederick Johnson is happily retired, training bird dogs and roaming woods and fields!

Peggy “Peggles” Dillon is retiring in May 2024 after 17 years as a professor of media and communication at Salem State University in Massachusetts. Her recent travel adventures include spending a week in Riga, Latvia in March 2023 and a week teaching journalism classes at the John Paul II Catholic University of Lublin in Poland. In October-November 2024 she will be a visiting Professor of journalism at Jagiellonian University in Krakow, Poland. Other than that, her plans are to enjoy living on Cape Ann in Massachusetts and tooling around to visit AMC and other friends in northern New England.

Lawrence Kilham has just published his book "Himalayan Adventures: India & Nepal" on Amazon in ebook and paperback. This was in 1979 when trekking wasn't so high-tech and bucket list.

On October 21st, 2023, **Jesse Carlson** surprised **Emma “EB” Brandt** when he proposed at Carter Notch Hut. He had asked **Abigail Stone** to suggest a hike up the 19 Mile Brook Trail to Carter with EB months earlier while he gathered AMC/hut friends to hike up the Wildcat River Trail. On the (of course) rainy day, the group got there about five minutes ahead of EB and Abigail. When EB walked in she was greeted by the smiling faces of friends and Jesse’s question to which she replied, “of course!” This kicked off an afternoon of merriment and joy. One month later, EB proposed back to Jesse on the dock at Lonesome Lake Hut. His answer was also a resounding yes!

Ted Miller retired from Berlin Pollution Control December, 2021. He worked maintenance, etc at Mt Washington State Park May - Oct 2022, & May- Oct 2023.

Stephen Paxson D.O. is retired and a granddad.

Craig Findlay is still kicking! He turns 70 in February the good Lord willing and the creek don't rise. He was recently in contact with **Lily Dean** and will try to connect with her and her husband if they pass through Yarmouth (Maine) on the way Down East. He was in touch with **Hawkeye** this year too and will try to connect up Randolph way or down here in the flatland for some Blackhorses. Greetings to all he worked with back in the day! Miss you all!

Michael Torrey welcomed grandchild 10 - Amber Grace Torrey- on November 15, 2023

Suzanne Eusden was in NH in October for her mother's 100th birthday but never had the time to get over to Pinkham or Crawford. She did pass through Twin Mountain and Randolph. Very wintry in Alaska!

All well at Three Mile Road in Etna for the Eggletons, **Jeremy**, Sarah Schweitzer, Leigh and Caleb.



Top left: Jake Acito, Nell Davis, and OH: Jesse Carlson, EB Brandt, Eddie Eseppe, Maddi Terry and Jake McCambley. Bottom left: Evan Connolly, Joel and Amanda Fisher-Katz-Keohane, Abigail Stone, and Sarah Catalano.

On August 26th, 2023, **Eddie Eseppi** and **Holly Chase** were married at Sleepy Hollow Farm outside of Burlington, VT. They shared heartfelt vows, enjoyed the gathering of friends and family, and let loose on the dance floor to '00s pop punk hits! Much of their huts community was in attendance, including ceremony officiant **Hannah Benson** and members of their wedding party **Jake McCambley** and **Camden Blatchley**.

Amy Kalman lives in Amherst, MA with her husband, Jeff. They met at a nature sanctuary where he was working as the education director in Englewood, NJ. They have 2 teenagers, a dog and a cat.

Bob Arundale (Tucks '57,'58, Galehead HM '59, numerous openings) managed to get back to the Whites in October for the first time in way too long. Started with the Connecticut Chapter's Fall Hiking Week, then a return to the (new) Galehead after 61 years away, then into the Pemi briefly, winding up at the OHA Octoberfest, and reconnecting with Dick Stetson--long time college buddy and member of our wedding party. He won't wait so long to return again to HIS mountains!



G. S. Cutter is hoping to return to the hiking this summer after having full knee replacements, one in the fall and the second in April. He continues to enjoy the view from their house in Randolph and occasionally chat with the current Madison crew has their pack house is just down the street.

Lawson Hill lives in the PNW with his wife and two gorgeous kiddos. He sees Caroline Woolmington (Lakes Greatest '06) over in eastern Washington from time to time, and yearn for the future days when I'll have the time (and money) to make it back east for OH New Year. He's carried the Lakes Researcher legacy into my current role in applied research and data science at a small SF-based company making air pollution monitors (for Black Carbon -- United Nations-labelled super pollutant for both health & climate-- tell your friends!). He misses and loves you all.



Top Row: Jackie Chase, Jules Cranberg, Jeremy Day, Amy Bolton, Jake McCambley, Eddie Eseppi, Camden Blatchley, Holly Chase, Reece Peeters, Jesse Carlson, Eliza Hazen, Colton Ebitz, Hannah Benson, and Joel Fisher-Katz-Keohane. **Bottom Row:** Megan Nilsson, Evan Conolly, Chris DeMasi, Emma "EB" Brandt, Amanda Fisher-Katz-Keohane, Asher Brown and Maggie Barton.

The self proclaimed "OH Ladies" have been getting together periodically throughout the past year, hosting potluck gatherings at each other's homes throughout the region.

Shortly before Thanksgiving, they made a special trip to a unique place most of us have driven by over the years, but never had the pleasure of visiting. Calling the Notchland Inn unique is a play on words as the inn was previously called the Inn Unique until current owners Ed Butler and Les Schoof bought the property 30 years ago.

Over the past 20 years, **Mark Dindorf** has been helping host guests at the inn and currently serves as the Inn Keeper. Mark gave us a brief tour of the inn and a history lesson on Crawford Notch and some of the characters who called it their home. These folks included the Crawford family (pioneering inn keepers of the area), Samuel Bemis (the eccentric builder of the inn), the tragic story of Nancy Barton, as well as the history of the other owners, (along with some ghosts!) who helped make the inn what it is today.

Partaking in the gourmet, four-course meal, were **Yvonne Jenkins**, **Aslyn Dindorf**, **Mea Arego**, **Dawson Winch**, **Emily Benson**, **Liz Seabury**, **Gloria Hutchings**, **Nancy Ritger** and **Kim "Schroeder" Steward**. Missing that evening was **Dulcie Heiman**.

Alexander Golman went from a seasonal employee to now a full time permanent Forest Service Recreation Tech Ranger in Minnesota.



PO Box 628, Intervale, NH 03845

The O H Association is an alumni group for employees who worked in, on, or around an AMC Hut.

2024 STEERING COMMITTEE

EXECUTIVES

Chair: Lawrence "Stroker" Rogovin

Vice Chair: Phoebe Howe

Treasurer: AL Razat

Secretary: Jared Liu

Webmaster: Kim "Schroeder" Steward

Tator Editor: Emma 'EB' Brandt

Secretary Emeritus: Carter Bascom

Huts Representative: Bethany Taylor

MEMBERS AT LARGE

Jesse Carlson

Doug Shaffer

Gerry Whiting

Deirdre Vander Shaaf

Al Kamman

OH Exchange

OHA Members are entitled to unlimited classifieds per issue. Classifieds are available in the following categories: Barter, Services, For Sale, Wanted, Property Available, Seeking Property, Positions Available, Positions Wanted, Looking for OH, Book Recommendations. Classifieds must be submitted by each issue's deadline: Winter/Spring - March 1st, Summer/Fall - September 1st. Email them to tator@ohcroo.com.

SERVICES

Ashley Fife (TC 13'-16', CC 15'-19', Lakes 17', Tux 22'), currently based in Jackson, NH, is seeking and offering work in the world of UI/UX Design. If anyone is seeking a UI/UX Designer, Website Designer, or Visual Designer to join their team or work on their personal site, she would love to talk! She is open to any full-time work or freelance opportunities.

She writes "to this day, my community is made up of my AMC connections. I feel so lucky to be a part of the world we have built here in the Whites. Being a professional seasonal throughout my 20s, I've worked for the AMC, the US Antarctic Program, Polar Field Services, and of course for various ski mountains. It's all been such a blast, and I am so excited to see what the world of design has to offer. If you would like to check out my work, visit my portfolio website ashleyfife.com, or contact me at ashleybfife@gmail.com."

POSITIONS WANTED

Ethan Daly (HiC 20', Madison 21', Cata, Lakes, Zool 22') will be seeking full-time jobs in late August after his seasonal wildlife technician position with Maine Audubon concludes. A graduate of Boston College, his interests include journalism, wildlife & conservation fieldwork, farming, communications, policy, and environmental science. Let him know if you have any recommendations or available positions at ethanmdaly@gmail.com.



WANTED

-The Editors of the Tator are seeking any OH stories of farm work post- or pre-huts for a forthcoming article. Email any stories to tator@ohcroo.com.

-The Editors of the Tator are seeking any OH stories of printing custom t-shirts or merchandise during your time working for the AMC for a forthcoming article. Email any tips to tator@ohcroo.com.

-Emma Morgan (Pah 21', Zool 22', Ghoul 22') is looking for a wood-carved fish for her apartment or someone to teach her how to make one. Send any leads to emorgan918@gmail.com.

Joe Dodge Award

BY BETHANY TAYLOR

Purpose

To honor and recognize a staff or volunteer member of the AMC White Mountain community who best exemplifies the type of high-quality public service that became the hallmark of longtime AMC Huts Manager Joe Dodge's distinguished career at Pinkham Notch. Beyond his commitment to the AMC, Joe showed dedication to the surrounding community through his work as a weather observer, coordinator of search and rescue, and a founding member of the Mt. Washington Observatory. The award aims to recognize the special ability of Joe Dodge to inspire those working with him: on some occasions it was accomplished by hearty compliment; on others by strongly worded injunction; on still others not by words, but by being left alone with the abundantly clear expectation that a mission would be carried out effectively and on time.

Criteria

A nominee may be a current employee, former employee, or volunteer. The essential idea is that the award recognizes the ideals and practices of Joe Dodge, and previous award recipients; and the award's existence might stimulate others to strive for consistent excellence into the future. The traits of friendly public service and inspiration to fellow workers are integral to the award and character of Joseph Brooks Dodge, Huts Manager from 1928-1959. Further, the award should focus on actions that relate to AMC activities in the White Mountains - particularly the huts and trails and Pinkham Notch. Past winners are listed below. General thinking is no one can win twice, but in exemplary circumstances, repeat winners can be reconsidered. The JDA Committee members are not eligible for the award. A nomination form is sent to all AMC staff and made available on the OHA Facebook page in October, with the nominations due by November 1.

JDA Committee

The Joe Dodge Award Committee—comprised of AMC North Country staff, volunteers, members of the Dodge family and members of the Old Hut Croo Association—will review all nominations in time to announce the winner at the Annual Summit. Current members of the JDA Committee are Bethany Taylor, Tom Seidel, Dominique Dodge, Liz Seabury, Bill Barrett, Kyra Salancy, and Matt Moore.

Winner for 2023

Congratulations to **Kim “Schroeder” Steward** for winning the 2023 Joe Dodge Award! The North Country AMC and the OHA especially would be far less cohesive, vibrant, effective and FUN without our amazing Schroeder!

Past OH to win this award include Charles Muller 22', Jill Fillion 21', Emily and Peter Benson 20', Bill Barrett 19', Jess Wilson 18', Ann Phair 17', Willy Ashbrook 16', Rob Burbank 15', Sally Manikian 14', Josh Gillenson 13', Tom Deans 12', Eric Pederson 11', Becky Boothman 10', Nancy Ritger 09', Frank Kelliher 08', Chris Thayer 07', Dennis McIntosh 06', Gerry Whiting 05', Stroker Rogovin 04', Brian Fowler and Nicky Pizzo 03', Anne and Earle Perkins 02', Ira and Mary Agnes Wine and Frank Jost 01', Fred “Mac” Stott 00', Tom Bindas and Hanque Parker 99', George Hamilton 98', Liz Haigh 97', Michael Torrey 96', Kevin “Hawk” Metheny 95', Ray Welch and Jean-Michael Bernardi 94', Preston “Sandy” Saunders 93', Jennifer “Sparky” Koop 92', Brad Washburn and Dave Wilson 91'. Winners of 1989: Rich Crowley, Tom Hutchings, Alice Congdon Evankow, Ray Evans, and Dave Hardy all won the award. Winners of 1988: Peter Crane, Dr. Robert Ohler, Don Allen, Doug Hotchkiss, Dawson Winch, John Halporn, Gerry Whiting, Bob Daniels, Bruce Sloat, Bob Story, Jed Davis, Jim Hamilton, Bob and Leah Devine, Guy and Laura Waterman, Ned Therrien, Anne Dodge Middleton, and Brooks Dodge II.

Obituaries

ARRANGED BY DAVE HUNTLEY

Peter John Woodcock, of Vermontville, NY passed away on October 8, 2023 after a short illness. Nicknamed "Moose" by Huts Manager George Hamilton, Pete worked at Madison in 1960 and on the Construction Crew and was followed in the huts by his brother Steve (OH) who worked on the



1966 Zealand croo. Born in Haverhill MA on January 29, 1942, Peter served in the US Navy during the Viet Nam War as a helicopter pilot who transported Navy Seals on training missions. After working for a number of years in forestry, Peter's career path led him to Westchester County, NY where he served the villages of Scarsdale and Bronxville as a Naturalist and Public Works Superintendent for a total of 37 years.

Having been raised hiking in the White Mountains, Peter was an avid outdoorsman, and in later years he loved hiking in the Adirondacks with his wife Julie. When he retired, he and Julie settled in the small town of Vermontville, NY, nestled in the Adirondack Mountains. Peter is survived by his wife Julie, children Rebecca and Adam, stepchildren Teresa, Charles and Christopher, four grandchildren (Gregory, Andrew, Natalie, and Gabriel), three nephews and nieces, and his brother Steve Woodcock. Donations in Peter's memory can be made to the HeartBrothers Foundation (Heartbrothers.org).



Carl J. Svenson, 73, of Loudon, NH, passed away on October 8, 2023 from injuries sustained in a helicopter accident. He was a well-known and loved figure around the Whites and a friend to many hut croo and OH. A highly-respected pilot and avid outdoorsman, Carl flew for JBI

Helicopter Services for 35 years, and after Joe Brigham's retirement he became the lead pilot flying for the huts, shelters and trails. The AMC work was special to him and it showed in the great delight and enthusiasm he took in working with AMC staff on airlifts all over the mountains. Sally Manikian (OH) remembers Carl's gentle way of schooling her on radio etiquette during the Eliza Brook Shelter airlift in 2010, "A newly minted person in charge,

-I was unsure of my own authority and uncomfortable with criticism, but from Carl it never came that way. There really shouldn't have been any reason why an experienced pilot like him should have listened to the 29-year-old woman organizing these airlifts. But he did, with respect and courtesy. 'Sally, you don't have to shout, I can hear you just fine.' Forever after that I calmly muttered into the radio, trees whipping around as loads lowered into the woods on an impossibly long 100' line."

Ash Gill (OH) fondly recalls the thrill of her first flight with him, "I remember Carl giving a few of us a ride up to Mizpah in spring, 2010. We were bubbling with excitement as we loaded up and put on our headgear. He asked, "Is this your first time in a helicopter?" 'Yes!,' we squealed. 'Me too!' he replied with equal enthusiasm. I'm sure he got a kick out of our nervous laughter. He was such a skilled pilot that later that month he swung loads right through the windows of the hut while hovering in the air." Carl's family asks that donations in his memory be made to the AMC or The Wounded Warrior Project.

The landscape photographer **George DeWolfe**, died on July 2, 2023 at the age of 78. As a young man, George climbed in the Alps and Tetons, among other ranges, before finding a welcoming home in the Whites and at the AMC in the early 1970s, where he worked at Tuckerman and was AMC's first artist-in-residence, a position that combined two of his greatest passions; mountains and photography. His MFA thesis was a black-and-white portfolio of the Whites taken with a large-format camera and he was a frequent contributor to AMC publications, including the large format photography book, *New England's White Mountains: At Home in the Wild*, the cover of *The Wildest Country: A Guide to Thoreau's Maine*, photographs and essays in *Appalachia* magazine, and the club's first photo calendars.



George worked as a commercial photographer and taught at the New England School of Photography, University of Idaho, and Colorado Mountain College on his way to gaining a national reputation as a master photographic printer and teacher. George and his longtime partner and fellow photographer, Lydia Goetze, taught photography workshops around the world, including in China and locations across the American West. A self-proclaimed "photographer of the mysteries of the world," George described his approach as a combination of the structure of ancient Chinese landscape

painting with that of Western landscape genres, which allowed him to achieve his distinctive, mysterious style. In 1995, George went to Mount Desert Island in Maine to create a photographic archive for the conservation group Friends of Acadia. He loved the place, and never left. In addition to the AMC and Friends of Acadia, George photographed for many environmental organizations over the course of 40 years, including the Sierra Club, Friends of the Earth, Mass Audubon, and the National Park Service. He was also honored by Friends of Acadia with their Award for Artistic Excellence.

Known for his great sense of humor by friends and students, George was also a talented musician and model builder; both were pursuits he enjoyed for many decades and into his retirement. George is survived by his life partner, Lydia Butler Goetze; his son, Lucien DeWolfe of Palm Bay, FL; his grandson Mason DeWolfe of Greensburg, PA; and five grandchildren. His good friend Ken Olson fondly recalls that George always closed his letters with, "Light, George." George DeWolfe was a man who passionately lived and worked in the light, and we are warmed and brightened by the beautiful glow he created.



Philip Preston, 84, died November 16, 2023 at his home, the Homestead Farm in Ashland, New Hampshire. In addition to his own stint on the 1956 Madison Springs Hut croo, Phil was part of a outdoors-loving family with a long pedigree in the Huts, including brothers Fred and David, who worked at Madison in the 1940s-50s, and Phil's nephew and nieces Brooks, Lynelle, and Cammie, who worked the Huts, Trails, and Pinkham in the late 1980s and early 1990s.

Phil was born December 4, 1938 in Waban, Massachusetts, and attended the Rivers School, Deerfield Academy, and Williams College (Class of 1960). As a Reserve Officer Training Corps member of the US Army, Phil learned Polish at the Army's Monterey Language School to translate intercepted messages from Eastern Bloc countries. After years of listening, Phil finally had the opportunity to speak the language during a trip to Poland with his brother David and their wives after the fall of the Berlin Wall.

Phil spent summers growing up on Squam Lake and in the White Mountains of New Hampshire. After college, Phil led Outward Bound courses on the coast of Maine and worked in Outdoor Education for the Walpole, Massachusetts school system. Together, Phil and his wife Peg hiked in Alaska's

Brooks Range, the Chilean Andes, the Alps, Norway, New Zealand, the Grand Canyon, Canada, California, and Colorado. They paddled the Allagash River in Maine, the Green River of Utah, the Rio Grande through Texas, Temagami Lake area of Ontario and Baffin Island of Nunavut.

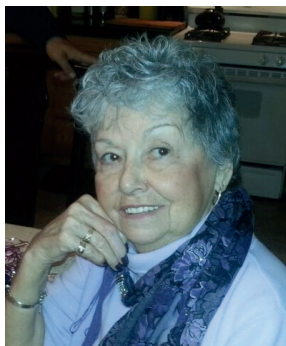
Phil published the first editions of the AMC River Guide Volumes 1 & 2 and authored a number of trail guides and maps, including White Mountains West in 1979 and the first mountain biking guide to the Squam Range. He also applied his talents directly to protecting and managing landscapes for public benefit by serving as the Executive Director of the Squam Lakes Association (SLA). Together with his brother Fred and other SLA members, Phil championed two of the most important conservation projects on Squam Lake; the protection and management of Moon Island and Bowman Island for public use. Phil later served as a Trustee on the Board of the Lakes Region Conservation Trust (LRCT) where he continued to mentor conservationists and AmeriCorp volunteers of the next generation.

Phil lived close to the land. He boiled maple syrup, pressed cider, brewed beer, harvested his own blueberries and rhubarb, air-dried all his laundry, and heated his home with wood, right up until his last days. If he was back to basics in these regards, he was ahead of his time in others by helping to deploy the first residential wind and solar projects in Ashland and facilitating conservation easements on private lands around Squam Lake.

Homestead Farm was Phil's labor of love for more than 50 years; a hilltop spread of 765 acres that he and Peg managed as a personal conservation project for wildlife, personal refuge and natural beauty. He cross-country skied, snowshoed, and hiked all of it, and built a network of trails. He marked the old cellar holes, tracked the old road grades, found the springs, and burned the meadows to stave off the encroaching forest. Best of all, he donated the land to the LRCT so that it would be permanently protected and open to the public, so anyone can visit the Farm and enjoy it as he did.

Phil is survived by his brother David Preston and wife Barbara, brother Fred Preston's wife Granthia, eight nieces and nephews (Camille, Liz, Lynelle, Brooks, Chris, Chris, Leona & Heather), and nine grandnieces and grandnephews (Adeline, Preston, Summer, Sage, Corben, Ben, Emily, Carly & Sierra). He was predeceased by his wife Margaret "Peg" Dobbie and his brother Fred. Gifts in memory of Phil can be made to the Lakes Region Conservation Trust, the Squam Lakes Association, and Pemi- Baker Hospice and Home Health.

Betsy J. (Sherburne) Byrd, age 88, of Shelburne, NH passed away on February 21, 2024, from heart failure, in the arms of her daughter at their California home. She was pre-deceased by her husband Roy E. Byrd, of Roanoke, VA, who worked for the Mount Washington Auto Road, and her only sister, Carole (Sherburne) Harris, of Lee, NH. Betsy was a 1953 graduate of Our Lady of the Mountains Academy in Gorham, NH.



Hired as a secretary by Hut System Manager Bruce Sloat, in 1966, she served AMC for many years, her long tenure marked by her wit, competence, a generous smile and a true caring for colleagues, especially newly hired staff at Pinkham Notch Camp, whom she guided. In September 2023, the OH Association made her an Honorary OH and presented her a beautiful print of Tuckerman Ravine by artist Sally Dinsmore Baldwin (OH) and a citation: "For her decades' dedication supporting the Hut System, her prowess as lead secretary to successive Huts Managers and other AMC executives, her sparkling office welcome to hutboys of the all-male era who, each on seeing her, wanted to cry woo-woo! yet reserved himself, we the grateful OHA Steering Committee, on behalf of hut alums worldwide, do hereby bestow on Betsy Byrd the permanent, irreversible title— meaning she can't get rid of it —of Honorary OH, Cum Laude, with Krummholz Clusters. And may all of us remember, Betsy, that though the nation has had its Madams Secretary of State, of Commerce, of Treasury, of Education, etc., the White Mountains are blessed with but one MADAM SECRETARY OF HUTS. 'Tis you, and you are beloved."

Betsy and Roy loved living in Gorham and Shelburne. Their cross-country adventures with dog Trilby, in their RV, listening to country music, stopping along the way to visit friends and family brought her many happy memories.

Their daughter Kathryn L. Byrd, born 1954, married Jack Pierce, now deceased. They lived in Citrus Heights, CA and Betsy happily wintered with them. Sunning by the pool was a favorite pastime. Another was spending time with her son, Jarrod C Byrd, born 1968, of Gorham, NH and giggling at his antics.

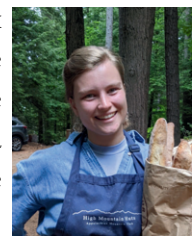
Betsy will be forever loved and missed by her children and Betsy's granddaughter, the sunshine of her life Shelby Byrd-Binette, and husband Zach Binette of Gorham, NH; Betsy's grandson Tristan Byrd, his wife Alexandra Jandreau, and Betsy's great grandson Raymond, all of Derry NH; her other "daughters," Jennifer Byrd and Kim Sherburne (OH), and her

many nieces and nephews, and friends far and wide. Happy trails, Betsy. many nieces and nephews, and friends far and wide. Happy trails, Betsy.

A mass and celebration of life is scheduled for September 2024. Interment will be in the Byrd Family plot in Wheeler Cemetery, Shelburne, NH.

Tator Croo

Emma "EB" Brandt worked in the huts for six seasons across four years and has been the *lead editor* of the Tator for four years. Since leaving the huts, she has taught at a preschool in Bethlehem, NH, and is now the new Huts Assistant Manager. She continues to explore the Whites by foot and by ski with friends and her fiancé Jesse, also OH. She's also a fan of boardgames, cooking and reading. She's grateful she remains close to the mountains and community she loves, living in North Conway.



Ethan Daly is the *assistant editor* for the Tator. He worked in the huts for three seasons and the Highland Center for one. Recently he spent a year abroad living in New Zealand and working on a sheep and cattle station. He now lives in Portland, ME, and will be working for Maine Audubon this upcoming field season. He enjoys writing, cycling, and, of course, hiking.



Kim "Schroeder" Steward serves as a *tator proofreader*, 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 13+ 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 the Mount Washington Valley.



Bill Barrett serves as a *tator proofreader*. He worked in the Huts in the '60's and '70's, mostly Opening and Closing, but also including Fall HM at Flea and Lakes (even though there was then no official Fall season); then he was on the North Country Board (successor to the Hut Committee) in the 80's; and now he is a Huts volunteer, and a trail adopter (the latter not just on the two OH trails, but also the Crawford Path and the Tuckerman Crossover).





Betsy Byrd
1935-2024

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