



THE RESUSCITATOR

THE PUBLICATION OF
THE OH ASSOCIATION
SPRING 2025

IN THIS ISSUE

Women in the Huts - Fallfest 2024 Recap

Mountain Mule-Skinning

T-Shirts Gallery

The Huddy-T

FROM THE DESK OF THE CHAIR



British Columbia Pillows or the Zealand waterfall? What a winter it has been. *Photo: Ethan Daly*

Dear OH near and far—
The big news is that our new chair is Jared Liu, pending approval of the general membership this fall. After over twenty years in the saddle, it was well past due for this old cowboy to step aside. Jared was unanimously approved at our last Steering Committee meeting, and comes immensely qualified, having served for the past few years as secretary in addition to having worked in the huts and at Three Mile Island Camp. His professional qualifications include processing admissions at Yale, as well as expertise in compliance and project management. He even ran for mayor of Wallingford, CT, on

a promise to “gorm the swamp.” (He did run for mayor, but the gorming bit is all mine. Sorry.)

Another bit of good news: Emily Benson will be staying on as Cabin Caretaker, ably assisted by Mike Waddell handling all matters maintenance and Brian Post managing reservations, along with much help from Dawson Winch, Elizabeth Seabury, Schroeder, The Stetsons, and others. This stellar team guided us safely through Covid and into a reservations system that’s easy to use and produces enough revenue to finally cover operating costs.

Also worth mentioning is the incredibly high number of OH who donate a little something extra over and above their annual dues. Some of these folks have regularly contributed \$1000 or more annually, which has helped us steadily accrue savings of over five times what we had in the sock when I took over as chair. These extra funds could be decisive in helping us acquire the old Washburn land immediately to the north of the Cabin, to help preserve the natural beauty and quiet of the place. I’ve been told the owner is inching ever closer to finally selling (finally!!), and Mike Waddell, Josh Alper, and Bill Oliver have been working assiduously on details to help move that moment closer—details include a deeded right to parking and a written right of first refusal to purchase, if and when. Stay tuned!

The OHA Ambassador program grants any OH a free hut stay in exchange for making connections with current croo. This program has continued to morph over the years and is due for someone(s) to help us reexamine and redefine it for the years ahead. Young OH looking for a discrete and relatively easy way to join the party are eagerly encouraged to contact your nearest Steering Committee member and help us brainstorm. No gorming or packing required. We’re also looking for someone to organize Fallfest, another relatively simple and easy task. If you’ve been thinking how to get more involved, this could be your baby.

I could go on about all the time and effort Ethan Daly and EB devote to producing this fabulous newsletter; our supremely capable treasurer, AL; the trail work Jesse Carlson and Bill Barrett continue to spearhead; or the dozens of other volunteers who contribute their time and talents to the cause, but EB tells me I only get 500 words here and I’m already over. The short of it: we’re looking good. And we’re always looking for new faces—new and old—to join the party.

Solvitur crumpus!

Stroker

(on behalf of the Steering Committee)

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Last Issue Feedback

Dear Tator team,

Just wanted to say that the latest tator was a banger. I especially loved the profiles of Nancy, Larry, and Skip. Thanks for the excellent stories!

Camden Blatchly



Nancy Ritger, Skip Spadaccini, and Larry Garland being recognized as Honorary OH at FallFest. Photo: Brian Post

COMING SOON

BY DOUG DODD

Doug Dodd, who worked at Pinkham, Mizpah and Lakes from 66 to 70 has just finished a memoir about growing up with a father who was paralyzed and in an iron lung for most of the last 21 years of his life. The book is about how his father became a mentor and source of inspiration to his four children as well as to the many people who knew him. From childhood memories to life-altering struggles as an adult, including Doug's experiences raising a child with Down syndrome and almost becoming paralyzed himself in a construction accident, the book is a testament to the enduring power of love, family and determination.

Doug's story takes him and his sisters from early childhood up to the present day and includes a chapter of his experiences working in the huts.

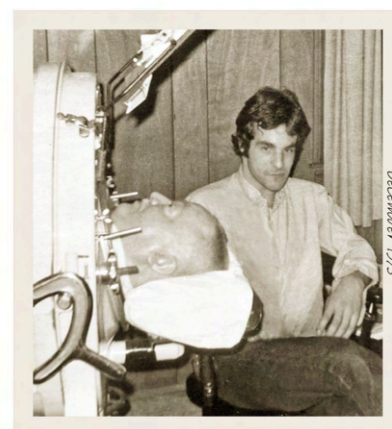
The book, titled *Our Father who Art in an Iron Lung*, reflects the irreverence with which his family viewed their father's paralysis and the struggles they faced and overcame.

Doug expects the book to be published in late May and it will be available from any of the many online bookstores.



OUR FATHER WHO ART IN AN IRON LUNG

A MEMOIR



DOUGLAS DODD

The cover of Doug's new book, set for release in late May. *Top Left:* Doug in 1970, Lakes of the Clouds.

FEATURED CONTRIBUTORS



Clara Alger

Clara Alger is a junior history major and dance performance minor at Vassar College. She is from Doylestown PA, but grew up visiting the Whites every summer. At school you can find her in the dance studio or in the campus newspaper office, while in the summer you can find her swimming in Lonesome Lake or sharing a cup of Super Secret Ice Cream. She is excited to return to the huts this summer.



Tom Oliver

Tom Oliver (Lonesome S'22, Mizpah S'23, Madison AHM F'23, Carter HM S'24, Lakes HM F'24) grew up in Franconia, NH to two OH parents (Bill Oliver and Jen Granducci). Part of a hiking family, he fell in love with the White Mountains from an early age. When his parents started bringing him along to volunteer fill-in croo opportunities, he quickly fell in love with the hut system as well. He took a job with the AMC working in the dining room at the Highland Center in 2021 and has been in the huts ever since. He is currently working as a barista at Bard Coffee in Portland, ME, and is excited to be returning to the huts as Zealand HM this coming summer! When not hiking, you can find him practicing guitar, swing dancing, downhill skiing, or playing pub trivia.



Rayna Carner

Rayna (Lonesome S'22, Zealand Natty S'23, Madison HM S'24, Lakes Natty F'24) began her journey with the AMC 4 years ago at Cardigan Lodge and absolutely fell in love with the Whites. Determined to explore a new mountain range, she is currently working in interpretation and education at Rocky Mountain National Park, Colorado. When she's not hiking in the woods, you can probably find her singing and playing guitar, downhill skiing, or playing ultimate frisbee.



Lawrence "Stroker" Rogovin

Stroker served on the AMC Construction Crew from 1979-1984. He also worked at Three Mile Island Camp, Pinkham Kitchen, Pinkham Storehouse, Garfield Campsite, and at AMC headquarters as a receptionist and ghostwriter (a manual on volunteer management). He currently serves as OH president, as a member the AMC's Board of Advisors, and as volunteer coordinator for Three Mile Island Camp. A professional musician and woodworker, he enjoys hot showers, large-format origami, and all things canine.

CABIN UPDATE

BY EMILY BENSON, CABIN CARETAKER

The cabin has had a steady flow of OH visitors enjoying the consistent cold temperatures and powdery snow this winter. Overall the number of bed nights were lower than the winter of 2024-25 due to smaller group sizes. Cabin income collected through the on-line reservation system for the period 12/1/24 through 2/28/25:

- Overnight cabin fees: \$865
- Annual Cabin Passes: \$300

Thanks to everyone for taking good care of the cabin during their stay, re-stocking the wood box for the next visitors, shoveling the decks as needed and letting the Cabin Caretaker know if there were any problems that arose. One issue we want to work on in 2025 is a way to better protect the windows that are located directly behind the benches in the living room; our rate of breakage seems to be increasing in recent years. Our reservation system continues to work

well and it will be status quo as we look ahead to the summer months. Remember to check out the complete details on cabin use that are available on the website as things are subject to change, especially as seasons transition from winter to summer operations, just like the huts themselves!

Please mark your calendars to help out at the Spring Reunion taking place at the cabin on Saturday, May 17th. Stay tuned for more info coming soon. Emily Benson, Dawson Winch and Heather Wingate will be the hosts this year, firing up the grill and looking forward to everyone's potluck/BYOB contributions to share. Work to be completed over the course of the day includes:

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

Thanks everyone and enjoy our special cabin!

THANK YOU TO OUR OHA DONORS!

An extra special thank you to those who gave a little extra since last issue.

Brian Copp	Katherine Bramhall	Robert Havely	Benjamin Mitchell-Lewis
Elizabeth Darlington	Raymond Clark	Christopher Hawkins	Peter Northrop
Jonathan Davie	Lawrence Coburn	Abd Hay	Ken Olson
Charles Hemmingsen	Stanley Cutter	Pamela Hayes	Earle Perkins
Daniel Fitz-Patrick	Edward Damon	Charles A. Hobbie	Sheldon Perry
Grace Pezzella	Jeff Damp	Heather Totty	Lawrence Rogovin
Tim Saunders	Margaret Dillon	McKenzie Jones	Katherine Schide
Gerry Whiting	David Dodge	Michael Kautz	Jeffrey Smith
P. Thompson Davis	Craig Findlay	Herb Kincey	Timothy Speltz
Ellen Klass	Roger Foster Jr.	Thaddeus King	Andrew Taylor
Francis Pepper	Betsy Fowler	Gregory Knoettner	Doug Teschner
Joshua Alper	Brian Fowler	Emma Kolchin-Miller	Nancy Thomas
Robert Arundale	James Hainer	Emily Leich	John Weatherly
Paul Bartlett	Stanley Hart	Caroline Lodato	Gerry Whiting
Harold Bernsen	David Haughey	Burnham Martin	Stephen Woodcock
			Alex Ziko

NEWEST LIFETIME MEMBERS!

James Armour	Daniel Fitz-Patrick	Charlotte Gesten	James Thomson
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LYNDA COHEN PERFORMING ARTS SERIES RETURNS TO AMC HIGHLAND CENTER WITH A DYNAMIC SUMMER LINEUP

BY KATHY BENNETT

The Appalachian Mountain Club (AMC) once again brings an incredible line up of live music to the Highland Center in Crawford Notch as part of the Lynda Cohen Performing Arts Series this summer. The 2025 season features diverse performances, from folk and bluegrass to contemporary and bilingual singer-songwriters, all set against the backdrop of the White Mountains. Best of all, these concerts are free and open to the public.

Summer 2025 Concert Lineup:

Mark Erelli

Date: Saturday, July 12 | **Time:** 7-9 PM

Mark Erelli is a critically acclaimed American singer-songwriter and guitarist known for his distinctive blend of rock, folk, and Americana. His music is known for its lyrical depth and intricate instrumentation, drawing influence from classic rock icons.

Karen Mueller with Geoff Goodhue

Date: Saturday, July 26 | **Time:** 7-9 PM

Renowned autoharp and mountain dulcimer player Karen Mueller joins forces with multi-instrumentalist Geoff Goodhue for a night of Appalachian, Celtic, and contemporary music. Expect breathtaking harmonies, expert musicianship, and an engaging blend of traditional and modern sounds.

Wayne Long and Arthetta Faye

Date: Saturday, August 9 | **Time:** 7-9 PM

This dynamic duo brings an eclectic mix of Americana, folk, and country blues to the stage. With Wayne's masterful guitar work and Arthetta's soulful autoharp and vocals, their performance promises to be an intimate and mesmerizing musical experience.

Community Open Mic with Bruce Marshall

Date: Tuesday, August 12 | **Time:** 7-9 PM

Legendary guitarist and songwriter Bruce Marshall, known for his work with Toy Caldwell and Lynyrd Skynyrd, will host this special community open mic. Acoustic musicians and singers are welcome to take the stage and share their talents. Sign-ups begin at 6:30 PM.

Beg, Steal or Borrow

Date: Saturday, August 23 | **Time:** 7-9 PM

Dubbed the "Triple Crown Bluegrass Band" by Bluegrass Today, Beg, Steal or Borrow has captivated audiences with their award-winning musicianship. Inspired by Old and In the Way, the band delivers high-energy performances featuring original songs and beloved classics. They'll be joined by Nashville legend Jim Rooney.

All performances take place at the AMC Highland Center, located at Crawford Notch, US-302, Bretton Woods, NH 03575. Admission is FREE, and concertgoers can learn more by visiting AMC Concert Series at www.outdoors.org/concerts or calling 603-466-2727. Registration for tickets will begin in early to mid-April.

Join us this summer for an unforgettable season of live music in the mountains! Whether you're a fan of folk, bluegrass, or contemporary sounds, the Lynda Cohen Performing Arts Series has something for everyone.



Photo: Chris Thayer

AMONG THE CROWDS EXCERPT

THE BEST OF EVERYTHING

Stroker reexamines...

The TEN ESSENTIALS

Yes, summer is here. And with the Dog Days of August come more and more hikers, many of them ill-prepared to face the rigors of mountain life. How to protect these poor souls?

Much emphasis has been placed upon the importance of the "Ten Essentials." The Boy Scouts, the Girl Scouts, REI, EMS, IME, IGA, SPCA, ad nauseum have made the carrying of these items established practice.

But this is all patent nonsense. The time has come for a dissenting voice to step to the vanguard and set this matter right. Who needs fish hooks, whistles, matches? Here's an updated list of the Ten Essentials, designed for the discerning droid of the Eighties.

OLD TEN ESSENTIALS

whistle
waterproof matches
compass & map
first aid kit
knife
food
tube tent
fish hooks
nylon cord, 50 ft.
sterno



BEFORE...
WITH THE OLD
TEN ESSENTIALS



AFTER...
WITH THE NEW
IMPROVED
TEN ESSENTIALS

NEW IMPROVED TEN ESSENTIALS

The Basic Two:

Money (in various currencies)
condoms

The Auxilliary Eight:

massage oil, scented, 4 oz.
good Colombian, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz.
44 Magnum, with 6 rounds
sturdy running (not track) shoes
lock picks, 1 set
hydraulic french tickler
porn, in braille
phony I.D.s (Washington Post press
pass, Swiss Passport, Secret
Service badge, et cetera)

It would behoove all AMC employees to acquaint the public, when necessary, with these amendations. And remember: No amount of planning will ever replace dumb luck.

So until next issue, this is your favorite feature columnist, the Stroke, wishing you the best of krumps. Don't forget we always have you in mind here at Among the Crowds, where our motto has always been: "Making the woods safe for lunatics."

WHAT'S OLDER THAN THE OHA?

THE AMC!

BY BETHANY TAYLOR

In 2026, AMC will be celebrating their/our 150th Anniversary, and there is fun to be had. The primary event is an Olympic-torch like relay from Virginia to Maine where teams of volunteers will carry an AMC 150th flag along a route that connects all our locations and highlights many projects, communities, and aspects of AMC's history.



The OHA will be planning and hosting a specific event to celebrate our community's contributions to the AMC's robust history at Pinkham in August 2026—the thinking being that we have too many stories, personalities, and interested parties to hold this event at the OHA Cabin itself due to parking limits and fire codes and such.

If this sounds like an adventure that you'd like to be part of (the similarity to raiding cannot be denied—I mean, it's a cheerful carting of a communal object between AMC locations by teams of friends...), please step right up and connect with the OHA Steering Committee, or Bethany as an OHA/Huts rep to the 150 th Planning Team, or use the QR code to go directly to the website to join the route, attend an event, or share your AMC memories and stories. (If QR codes are not your thing, the website is: www.outdoors.org/amc150)

See you on the route!

Bethany Taylor, Huts Manager, bmtaylor@outdoors.org

NORTH EAST TRAIL ADVENTURES

Justin Chapman (Lonesome '99) and Eli Burakian (Author of Climbing New Hampshire's 48 4,000 footers, and numerous other guide books) have teamed up to form Northeast Trail Adventures. They will be holding their first White Mountains Running Retreat this July 27-30, based out of Hub North, in Gorham, NH. Visit their website to learn more about this opportunity to join an incredible group of coaches, specialists, and mountain-sports based athletes, with a diverse set of skills and deep knowledge of the local terrain.

Additionally, Northeast Trail Adventures will be hosting their first Mount Ascutney Vertical Backyard Ultra race on November 22, in Brownsville, VT. This is a “last runner standing” competition, with the focus on vertical gain, as opposed to distance. During each hour-long lap, runners will have to ascend and descend 1209 feet- keep it up for 24 hours...and vertical gain would match the height of Mount Everest!

Website: <https://northeasttrailadventures.com>

Email: info@northeasttrailadventures.com



NORTH  EAST
TRAIL ADVENTURES

GOING “BEYOND YOUR ABILITIES,” LESSONS FROM JOE DODGE

BY CLARA ALGER

One afternoon towards the end of my 2024 summer season at Lonesome Lake Hut, I decided to crack open the 1986 book “Joe Dodge” by William Lowell Putnam. I read it in one sitting, the imagery of a bygone New Hampshire era capturing my attention for the day.

One line in particular jumped off the yellowing pages of my Lonesome Lake copy, rattling around in my brain long after I put the book back on its shelf. Putnam writes: “Joe’s style was to challenge everyone who worked for him with tasks that might have

appeared beyond their abilities but which each of us carried through because of his clearly stated confidence.”

Though the book mostly felt like listening in on the author’s trip down memory lane, filled with praise and tall tales of an exemplary outdoorsman, I found something true in this line, capturing why I love working at the huts.

Earlier in the summer I had had a brief conversation with Stroker, the chair of the O.H.A., while visiting my old place of AMC summer employment, Three Mile Island. Sitting at one of the long porch tables after a hearty lunch, I found myself telling him a bit about my new experiences while working in the mountains. As I reflected on the conversation in my journal, I wrote down the word empowerment. He said this was the key - that this job was one place where young people could feel the weight of their own capabilities.

I think this experience of empowerment derives from what Putnam described as Dodge’s mentorship style from the beginning: facing what’s “beyond your abilities.” While working my first summer in the huts I thought a lot about how our efforts are so tangibly essential to ensuring guests have a fun and safe hut experience. At the end of the day you have to have good food ready to be served – the show must go on. My nerves about making bread at the start of the



A view that hasn’t changed much since Joe Dodge’s time: sunrise over Franconia Ridge. *Photo: Clara Alger*

summer didn’t matter. Of course I asked for help at first, but it didn’t change the fact that I had to get it done. I have a tendency to want to know exactly how to do something before I’ve ever begun the task, and the immediacy of our work in the huts helped me push past that.

And of course, the huts are full of much tougher challenges than just making a fresh loaf of bread for the first time. Much of what we’re asked to do is both a physical and mental challenge. There were plenty of pack days in sweltering heat or pouring rain that made me question if I would ever get back up to the hut—and yet I always did. I remember one particular rainy Saturday cook day, the hut packed with people and an oven full of turkey not up to temperature, where I felt like I was barely holding on, all my energy focused on getting through the next task. But over and over again, I was able to get it done.

In Putnam’s book, the driving force to get it done is often the figure of Dodge. Putnam’s stories highlight Dodge’s belief in his young workers, but also their desire to please him. At the same time, I think there is something larger driving those who toiled with Dodge— perhaps the figure of Dodge is a stand-in for a desire to believe in one’s own competence. I think this is what stays present in croo today

—we have to believe we are up to the challenge, and I would argue we want to believe! But that can be difficult, and the huts can help us get to that place through the daily necessity of our work. In addition, there is always the commitment to your croo as an encouragement to do your part and your best.

So why is this tapping into capability so important? For me there's a relatively simple, yet important, answer: our own beliefs about ourselves are often what stops us from doing something, and breaking through that barrier is an important part of creating a fuller self, believing in our ability to be an actor in the world. While we can do this work of confidence-building in all areas of our lives at any time, I think the huts create a unique opportunity at a crucial time by giving young people such responsibility. In my regular student life, this realization of my capacity can be harder to get in touch with. In the huts, being trusted and challenged simultaneously with physical and mental labor opens the possibility to realize capabilities you didn't know you had.



The author tapping into her own capability, baking some good looking bread.

2024 - 2025 WINTER CARETAKERS

OCTOBER - FEBRUARY

Carter: Adam Cummins and Robin Davenport

Zealand: Brinkley Brown and Addison Wanner

Lonesome: Zoe Alberici and Maddie Ziomeck



Brinkley Brown dialing in the generator before taking a stab at the AT. *Photo: EB Brandt*



Lily Fine taking the first of many Ammi spills. *Photo: Ethan Daly*

FEBRUARY - JUNE

Carter: John Dunn and Tanner Hronek

Zealand: Ethan Daly and Silas Ward

Lonesome: Lily Fine and Addison Wanner

THE HUTTY T

August 8th, 2024

BY RAYNA CARNER AND TOM OLIVER

Tom

I had known it since January. When I got that first offer letter from 37 asking me to be the Carter HM I knew. That summer, 2024, would be my summer to do a hut traverse.

I had wanted to do one since I was a first year croo at Lonesome. Watching my friend Cooper Dart complete his own that summer, to the hero's welcome of a pack of PBR tallboys no less, inspired me to give it a try and see what my own legs could do if I pushed them.

Now I assume most people train for this sort of thing. However, something important to note off the bat (as it will be a theme of this story) is that I am not one of those people when it comes to exercise. I just kind of get up and start running. Forrest Gump did that too, and he's a national icon.

Plus, after a whole summer in the mountains, I was feeling pretty up to the task, or at least I hoped. So, on my last set of days off, I opted to stick around at the hut and turn in early. My croo thought it might be nice to all kneel around my bunk and say a few words to help me on my journey. It was touching, even if I felt a bit like I was on a funeral pyre. Or perhaps that was just the warmth coming off the inverter inches above my forehead.

After a handful of hours of sleep (did I mention Fall Gala was going on in the background at Carter the whole time?) I rose at midnight to begin my quest. Chugging two glasses of lemonade and a large hunk of VCC (Vegan Chocolate Cake), I slung on my running pack and headed out. I was powered by copious amounts of adrenaline and processed cane sugar. I was on a mission. There was no stopping me.

For this reason, I confidently skipped around the lakes and up to the height of land. Another thing about Forrest Gump is that he never had a map. Although then again Forrest Gump was a total idiot.

So, about 7 hours later and a near-death experience with a couple of decidedly cross pine martins, I hauled myself over the Mad Gulf headwall into the golden morning light of the col. I was late to meet my friend Rayna, the Madison HM, by about an hour and a half. I could only imagine what she was thinking right now...



Rayna and Tom on the Gulfside Trail (chicken stick not pictured).

Rayna

If Tom started his hut traverse at midnight, running down the Ni Mi (Nineteen Mile Brook Trail), and up the Madison Gulf Trail to Madison Hut, I figured he would be knocking on the croo room door by 5am, the latest (an estimate based upon my own Hut Traverse in July '23). I had stayed the night at my own hut on the first night of days off to accompany Tom for some amount of his Hut Traverse. Maybe I would bail at Lakes, maybe at Zool.

When the cook of the day woke up the croo at 6:10 for breakfast service, I assumed that Tom would not be coming at all. As I laid in bed, I pondered what on earth I would decide to do that day.

There was no way I'd be able to sleep through the clinking and crashing of breakfast service, so I slumped out of bed to help with morning wakeup. As I emerged into the kitchen, none but Tom Oliver waltzed into the dining room.

"Tom! What on earth took you so long?" I smiled, happy to see him, but totally confused as to how the 8ish mile journey could have taken him 6.5 hours.

Tom replied in his usual tone. "Well, I started at midnight —like I said—then headed up Wildcat D, followed the hardest mile of the AT to Pinkham, up Old Jackson Road, up Mad Gulf, and then wound up here!"

"TOM!" I exclaimed. I burst back into the kitchen, announcing to Patrick, who had completed the Hut Traverse a few weeks earlier, Tom's crazy detour. As he was flipping cakers, he let out a huge laugh.

In adding the Wildcats, Tom added at least 6 miles and a couple thousand vertical to his Hut Traverse.

Laughing about his detour, and his ironic lack of knowledge surrounding the most common Hut Traverse route (especially considering how much Tom knows about the hut system), I quickly got dressed, threw on my running vest, and we started on the Gulfside Trail towards Mt. Adams. With us, of course, we carried the beloved chicken stick—that is, a walking stick with a rubber chicken on the top, a memento that had been carried by hikers dozens of times throughout the summer between Madison and Lakes (a delight to both of our croos).

I quickly turned off my headlamp as we watched a gorgeous sunrise emerge behind Mt. Madison. We crossed Thunderstorm Junction and watched Mt. Washington emerge on the horizon of rocks. Having hiked the Gulfside Trail too many times this summer (in night and day), I took the lead, chicken stick in hand.

By 9:30am, we had made it to Lakes. I was permitted to enter, although Tom was forcibly kept outside by a couple of Lakes croo who proclaimed that he was “banned” (something about items being taken in the middle of the night?). Eventually, Tom convinced the croo to let him through the front door, and we enjoyed some tang and leftover breakfast sausage.

With the ideology that the most fun part of the Hut Traverse is stopping in at the Huts, we departed for Mizpah 40 minutes later. We cruised down the Southern Prezzies, running over sandy rocks and gaping at the expanding fir wave past Pierce. The Mizpah croo greeted us kindly, gifting us Cinderella bread and encouraging words. In response to how far I’d be taking Tom, I replied that I wasn’t sure.

“Maybe Zool?” I said half-heartedly. Part of me just wanted to make it to Lonesome.

After cruising down the Craw-Pah, up the A to Z and over to Zool was uneventful. Tom and I reminisced about our first season together at Lonesome (S’22) as we traversed the muddy trail.

After Zealand was a grind. Up to Zeacliff wasn’t horrible, but the Twinway just felt like a slog. It was around 4:30pm by the time we hit Guyot. I had the realization that we wouldn’t be to Lonesome for at least another 8 hours...

It was on our decent to from South Twin that I started to become nervous. Just as it had on my own Hut Traverse, the sky darkened, and fat rain droplets began to fall on our skin. While the rocks weren’t so slippery yet, the steep incline of the Twinway still slowed our pace.

We burst into Galehead in the middle of dinner service, the croo providing us with soup, granola bars, and a bandaid for the small cut on my calf. Between gulps of food, we managed to limp out for DT2.

As dinner dishes were cleared and the croo prepared dessert, it began to pour outside. I worried I may get cold with just an exercise dress and a raincoat. My jaw dropped when I discovered that Tom had neglected to bring a rain layer!

Fitted up with batteries for our headlamps and a poncho for Tom, we pushed on towards the slick Gale River Trail and the dreaded Garfield Ridge. It was only 7pm, but clouds were so dark that it forced us to put on our headlamps prematurely.

We clambored up the waterfall (which is supposed to be trail next to the Garfield campsite) in the pitch dark, and began the ascent of Mt. Lafayette with its seemingly infinite false summits. Above us, the trees swayed and the wind roared as rain trickled on us from beneath the conifers. While I was warm in the moment, I was honestly terrified for what would happen once we embarked above treeline. Would the wind blow so hard that we’d become hypothermic? Would lightning start to strike? Would the cloud cover make it impossible to navigate? My heart pounded, and I couldn’t help but imagine a situation where we reach out to SAR on-call, only for them to tell us they would not be sending anyone to help us given the horrible weather.

Tom and I blasted ABBA’s Voulez Vous through my phone’s speaker—much too energetic and happy for our current vibe, but something to help lift the mood. I told Tom that in the worst case, we would have to bail down Skookumchuck to avoid extended time above treeline.

When we finally did emerge, conditions weren’t nearly as bad as I had anticipated. While it was certainly windy, we weren’t in a cloud, and lights from Littleton could be seen in the distance. Tom’s poncho flapped in the wind as we hilariously clambored towards the summit of Lafayette.

In my running vest, I heard my phone ring to see that it was Rose, my AHM and croomate at Madison.

“Rayna! Are you okay? Your location has said you’ve been stopped for an hour, and there’s chatter about you guys on the radio! What’s going on? 3-7 wants to know where you are.”

I assured Rose that we were totally fine, a bit wet, but still plugging and chugging towards Lonesome.

After we hung up, I looked to Tom. “Wow, everyone’s thinking about us.” I smiled.

Even though we were just two bodies, at 11pm, in a rainstorm, getting thrown in the wind on the summit of Lafayette, there was a whole community of Hut Croo supporting us, curious and concerned about our whereabouts. That’s something I love about the Huts... even in the middle of the wilderness and throughout the entire

expanse of White Mountain National Forest, there's likely a Hut, friend, or neighbor within a few miles. While the Whites can certainly be dangerous, and all who hike should travel prepared, there is no question that Hut Croo have an additional layer of support in the wilderness. As rain stung my face on the descent to Greenleaf Hut, I felt grateful—how lucky I am to be part of such a tight-knit, albeit geographically dispersed community.

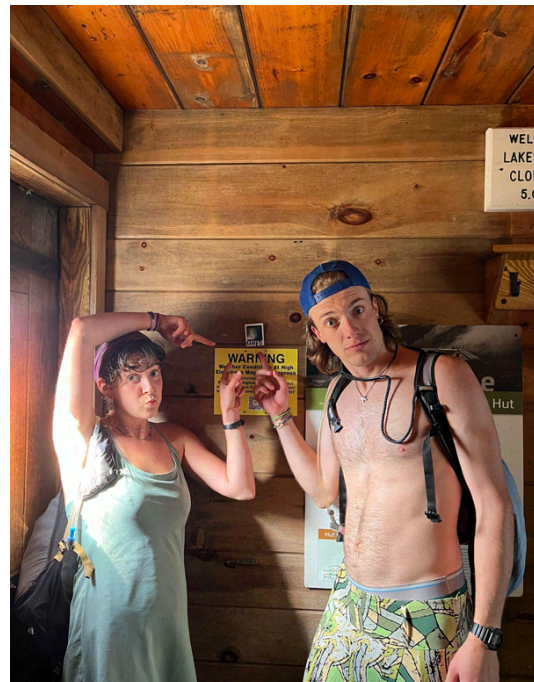
Tom

Cresting the summit of Lafayette, after roughly 23 hours and 50-odd miles of hiking, in what turned out to be a tropical storm, I began to wonder, "Did I mess up?" The thought kept popping up, as we descended towards Greenleaf, that if either of us were forced to stop right now, whether by twisted ankle or some other accident, we would be in real trouble. It was one of those moments where youthful invincibility comes face to face with undeniable reality. It wasn't a terrifying moment perse, but a sobering one still.

Once in the hut, the notion that I could face my untimely demise by finishing the trek, I will say, made it quite difficult to get out the door. This was compounded by the fact that I was sitting on the warm griddle cover, with a bowl of pumpkin curry soup and cinnamon sugar challah bread in my lap. When we heard that Dorothy had cooked that day, I knew that leaving Flea was going to be that much tougher. In fact, it was one of the toughest things I did the whole trek. The sudden loss of mid-storm adrenaline wasn't helping either. All at once it seemed my body had had enough of my BS, and was trying to turn me off with increasing frustration, like performing a "Force Quit" on an unresponsive app. It was all I could do to remain open.

Alone in the kitchen, with my farewells said to our gracious hosts and my heroic guide (Rayna decided to stop for the night at Greenleaf), I scrounged around for something dry to replace my soaked clothing. It was around midnight again when I stepped back into the maelstrom, donning an oversized blue fleece from the hiker box, and my last pair of dry socks.

The rest of my hike feels as though it's not my place to tell. I simply wasn't there. I watched it happen, albeit somewhat distractedly, but I had no part in it. But I can do my best to tell you the parts I tuned in for: crab-crawling down Red Rocks, feeling water run through my boots at the bottom of the Agonies, looking down and realizing the trail had become a river, wanting to rest my eyes for a minute, suddenly opening them again and seeing I was just off-trail, ending up on the OBP croo cut without remembering when I had taken the turn, the feeling of falling forward, jolting



Rayna and Tom, pointing at his "banned" photo by the entrance of Lakes.

awake again and realizing I had fallen asleep while standing up, thinking for a moment that that was kinda cool, thinking for a moment that that was kinda scary, navigating the maze that is Lafayette Campground, crawling

hand-over-hand up the LLT, then lifting my head and seeing the hut in front of me. I checked my watch; just after 3am. I had done it. It had taken 27 hours, but it was over.

Rayna had called ahead at some point during the day and asked for some extra clothes on the chance she made it to Lonesome, so when I limped into the kitchen, I found a SAR sleeping bag and a set of Clara's clothes, neatly folded.

Sometime that next afternoon, I hobbled (not unlike the Tin Man), back into the kitchen, wearing a pastel blue shirt and a pair of running shorts with a 2-inch inseam, covered in white daisies.

It was in this immaculate fit that I sat in the rocking chair, reflecting on my journey. It had been characteristically spontaneous, yet uncharacteristically reckless. And after the shock of processing how my legs had even pulled that off subsided, I was struck with gratitude; gratitude that I was in the sort of shape to do that without any explicit training, gratitude that I was able to live in such a wild and beautiful place, and most of all gratitude that I had so many incredible people looking out for me along the way. In that moment I had food from every hut in my belly, along with extra batteries in my headlamp from Pah, moleskin on my feet from Zool, a poncho from Ghoul, a fleece from Flea, and a pair of the best pants I've ever worn from right there at Lonestar. Hardly anyone had known we were coming the morning we set out, but by the end of the day it felt like we had the whole of the system right there with us. I've never found a more steadfast and incredible group of people. And in the throws of the most physically challenging thing I've ever done, they were all I could have ever hoped for.

MOUNTAIN MULE SKINNING

BY PROF. STROKINGTON

Just do it.

Long before Nike trademarked that phrase, procrastinating newsletter contributors struggling to meet deadline have known it well. It's also a good description of Joe Dodge's management philosophy: ask your employees to do things neither of you were sure they could pull off. It's an ethos—a legacy if you will—that defines working in the huts down through the present as much as anything does, having to figure out stuff on the fly that you never did before and never knew you had in you.

It also applies equally to construction work, trail building, and mule skinning.

Before anyone gets upset, it's important to note that the term "mule skinning," gory as it may sound to the uninitiated, has nothing to do with flaying. Joe and others often referred to them as donks or jackasses, but the first thing to know about the critters under discussion is that they were mules, a hybrid of a horse and a donkey, sometimes called a burro. At least as far back as the Book of Genesis, somebody had the bright idea to breed them as pack animals, but they can be temperamental, ornery, and cantankerous, plus a few words probably best left to your imagination. Getting them to do what you want is as much an art as it is a science, and maybe not exactly the kind of assignment you'd want to throw at a 17 year old Pinkham weenie. But more on that to follow.

According to Google, a mule skinner is a "professional mule driver whose job is to keep mules hauling materials to and from job sites. The term 'skin'; is common slang for someone who can 'skin'; or outsmart, the mules into behaving in the way that is needed."

Starting in the late 1920s, the hut system really started to take shape. Madison had been built in 1888, and Lakes and Carter soon after. Colonel Charles Greenleaf ran the Profile House, in Crawford Notch, and thought more shelters would be a good idea. The Colonel died in the 20s and left a sizeable chunk of change to the AMC for this purpose. With a lot of nudging from Joe and others, the AMC Hut Committee came around to approving a "system" of huts stretching from Carter to Lonesome, one day's hike apart. This vision was greatly facilitated in 1929, when the state of NH allowed the



"Donks" on the Valley Way, headed to Madison, 1930s.

AMC to take charge of two buildings on Lonesome Lake, which led to the idea of building a Western Division.

Constructing all those missing huts (and improving Madison) meant hauling a lot of building materials and other supplies. Two of Joe's lieutenants, Dick Abbott and Ralph "Batchie" Batchelder, bought 40 of the critters in—cue the eerie string music—Roswell, New Mexico. They got them on a train alright, and by the time they arrived in Randolph, there were 41. According to Joe, "The goddamn railroad company had a helluva time getting their paperwork straight on that. They just couldn't account for a blessed event occurring during transit."



Ted Ritter (L) and Larry Kilham (R) moving "donks" between packhorses in the 4x4, 1957 or 1958.

Getting the mules to Pinkham was only the start of a long and painful education in "mule skinning." According to Joe, "Those two guys had a good idea, but they sure didn't know how to make those donks perform. They figured all you gotta do is load 'em up and whisper in their ear, 'Go on up to Madison Hut,' and everything would be okay. Well, when we stared 'em packing in 1929, they were on the job for two weeks and only landed six hundred pounds at the Madhouse. Hell, I could have had two guys walking backwards deliver twice as much in half the time."

Long story short, Joe located a Mainer who was said to have a way with "donks." In two weeks Cleo Smith managed to move six tons of lumber, Celotex [sound board], fuel oil, and a bunch of other supplies up to Madison, as well as train some of Joe's crew in "mule skinning." The rest, as they say, is history.

One anecdote of note has Joe helping the Trail Crew build a corduroy road over some of the swampier trail sections into Zool so the mules wouldn't bog down. Joe was humping a log into place just when a team of mules came up the new "road." To hear Bob Temple tell it, "One of those donks was meaner than all the others put together, and the Old Man had already had one go-around with him. Just when Joe was bending down to move another log...that old donk saw his target and let fly with both hind feet. He caught the Old Man fair and square in the seat of his pants and sent him face first into the mud before anyone knew anything. Joe pulled himself out of the muck, wiped his face off, and went after that jackass with the biggest hunk of wood he could find. He started exercising his vocabulary a bit, too." After that, Joe stood well off to the side whenever a pack train came through, a "learning experience" for both man and beast.

Larry Kilham knows a thing or two about "burros," which is what they call them in his native New Mexico:

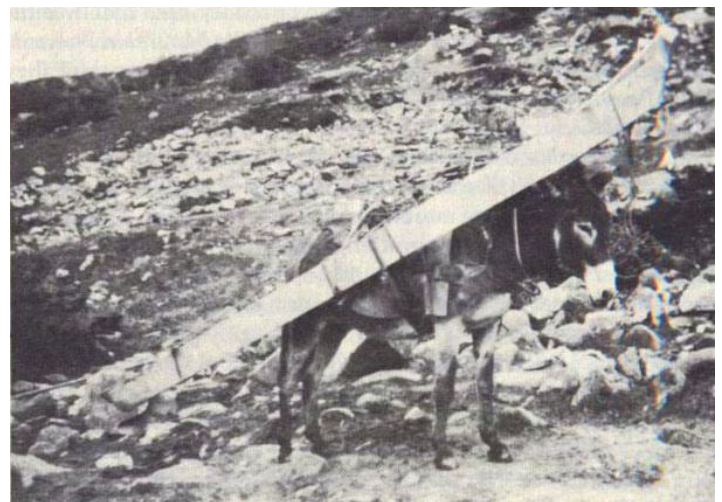
"I'm too old to remember exactly when I was a mule skinner, but 1958 is close enough. I don't even remember how many donkeys we had. Maybe six. The donkeys were kept for the winter in Whitefield by a farmer friend of Joe Dodge. I was one of two muleskinners who would truck them to our first hut's pack house in late spring to get the heavy stuff up to the hut before

opening. Sometimes we would work

with the construction crew, where I started the year before, to help them move up concrete, lumber, and such for pre-season repairs. C.C. never showed much enthusiasm about helping us push and pull those donkeys up the trail.

"The donks carried loads that were less suitable for packers. These were generally limited to less than 100 pounds—way less than a packer could do—but these loads were bulky, smelly, or otherwise objectionable. Typical loads per donkey were two 45-pound goofer bombs, or two 40-pound Jerry cans of kerosene, or several cartons of cans, or two stacks of blankets. The bulky just-cleaned blankets tended to work loose and slip off the donkeys into the mud!

"This went on all summer and, as I recall, we supplied Madison, Greenleaf, Zealand, Lonesome, and Galehead. The '1000 yards' stretch just before Madison was the bane of donkeys and skinner alike, although 'The Agonies' at Greenleaf was equally challenging. At least one donk rolled over the edge into the puckerbrush below.



"Donk" hauling lumber to Madison.



"Donks" and mule skimmers, Franconia Notch, 1929.

"We had a tent which we pitched near the packhouse and I think there was a fence for the donkeys but I don't remember the details. We cooked SS Pierce's best over a bottle gas stove, and there was a pile of hay bales for the donkeys.

"My partner for most of the summer was Billy Bedford, who liked singing western songs as we worked our way up the trail. His favorite was 'Happy Trails to You,' by Roy Rogers.

We could drive into town in our '4X4', a WWII heavy truck that sounded and drove like a tank. Added to its recalcitrance was a broken transmission. You shifted gears by popping the clutch until you got the gear you wanted. Joe Dodge said it was perfectly good for the donkey crew! Anyway, we didn't go to town and the storehouse driver would bring us what we needed.

"It got very boring in camp. Once, when Billy was on days off, I took a hay bale wire, whirled it around, and threw it up high in the air. It came down across the power line. There was a blinding arcing, an intense 60 Hertz noise resounding down the valley, and melted baling wire dripping down. I was shaken, and about an hour later a power company Cessna flew low along the power line to see what happened. Could the sheriff be far behind?"

Mule skinning was trying work, but occasionally the mules fared worse than the skimmers. Tom Deans was kind enough to share this cautionary tale of how Trigger Rock (aka Trigger's Corner) got its name.

"On a warm summer day in the early 1960s, the AMC mule team was making its way up the Bridle Path with supplies for Greenleaf Hut. As they reached the ridge, half way up, a violent thunder storm hit them. Frighten by the lightning and thunder the donks bolted for the valley. They left their pack loads and equipment scattered along the Bridle Path. The Mule Skinners ran after them down the trail and eventually found the donks along Rt 3 and in Lafayette Campground. They also discovered that one donk was missing—Trigger.

"Over the next couple of days we all searched the woods along the trail for any signs of Trigger. No results.

"A few days later, people began to report a very bad smell just above half way on the Bridle Path. In searching for the source, the Greenleaf Crew discovered Trigger's body down the slope from a steep rock ledge. We let Pinkham know what we had found. George Hamilton told us he would be sending over some buckets of lime to cover the body. They were also sending shovels and asked that we try to cover Trigger as best as possible.

"As soon as the lime and shovels arrived, we got underway with a very unpleasant task. We tried to dig what little dirt there was on the steep, rocky slope.

"While struggling away we heard a woman yell from up above us on the trail, 'What are doing down there?' We called back, 'We're digging an ass hole.'"

No doubt, Joe would have been proud.



Trigger and Whitey.

Old timers may remember Dave Langlois. He's having memory problems, but his daughter Zanne patiently asked him how much he remembered about his days working with the mules. He wasn't present at Trigger's demise, but definitely recalled the incident. Zanne continued wistfully (and wryly), "I wish I remembered the stories he told me as a kid. All I'm left with is that he (and maybe everyone else) was terrible at getting donkeys to do anything they didn't want to do. Should have prepared him well for teenagers."

Now as for that 17 year old weanie being asked to "just do it" and rise to the challenge of the moment, there's this reminiscence from good friend Tim Saunders:

"In 1949 I was 17 years old, and working on the crew at the AMC Pinkham Notch Camp. One day a truck arrived carrying about five or six mules, and their mule skinner, John Howe. John was a very good skinner, and the mules liked him. But Joe told me that John was taking the day off, and he wanted me to drive the mules up to Hermit Lake.

"The mules were each loaded with two 5-gallon fuel cans, and I started to herd them up the trail, from behind. It seemed as soon as we got clear of Pinkham the mules decided to do their own thing. They stop going forward, would wander off the trail to munch on grass, etc. In addition, when they pooped, I had to watch were I stepped, as all I had on were sneakers. I'd yell, and slap them on their rear ends. They'd go about 100 yards, stop, and we'd go through the same routine.

"It seemed like it took me half a day to get those mules up to the Shelter. As soon as they were unloaded, they happily turned around and headed back down to Pinkham, which took about half an hour."

So you see, there's more than one reason why we now use helicopters. The AMC stopped using mules in 1965. They didn't pack all that much weight, they were tough on the



"Donks" and mule skimmers at Zealand construction site, 1931.

trails, they had to be fed and quartered through the winter, and as mentioned, they were more difficult to manage than hutmen—which may sound like a compliment but isn't necessarily intended as such (ask any Huts manager).

As you can also see, this article is far, far from a definitive record of mule skinning in the AMC. No doubt there are many more stories and insights worth sharing—I'm looking at you, Dave Hickox. No doubt our esteemed Resuscitator editors would love to have more written ramblings and photos to add to this modest account.

Last but not least, Clarissa Palmer is a university professor currently on sabbatical studying the history of working animals in the White Mountains. She welcomes any contributions on the subject (I'm not sure hut cats qualify). More info [here](#), or at: <https://shorturl.at/66rzn>

Acknowledgements

I'm much indebted to AMC and OHA Archivist Becky Fullerton for help locating photos, as well as Bill Putnam's biography Joe Dodge. Thanks also to Tim Saunders, Tom Deans, Larry Kilham, and Zanne Langlois for sharing their memories.

For all you serious history geeks, there's a 1929 Boston Evening Transcript article on "Burroing 200,000 pounds up the Mountains for the A.M.C.," but I was unable to find a web link. It's the front page of the Magazine Section, Saturday, June 22, 1929.

Another fun source:

<https://www.whitemountainjackass.org>



"Donks" in corral, Franconia Notch, 1929.



Can you spot the skier? USFS Botanist Dan Sperduto thwacks his way down a glade near Zealand, dodging the ridiculous federal gutting. *Photo: Ethan Daly*

Tator Gallery

T-Shirt Edition

PHOTOS AND WORDS BY ETHAN DALY

2025

An idea was thrown out John Michael Field on Facebook to display as many hut t-shirts as possible. What better place to it than at Fall Fest?

On a cold night at Pinkham Notch, OH gathered with their beloved t-shirts. Some hung them on a simple coat rack. Others made beautiful table displays.

There is no better clothing item, in my opinion, than a t-shirt. Simple, elegant, and it can tell a great story. Crop it, go sleeveless, use it as a rag, pack in it. Wear it with pride wherever the wind blows you.

In my time in the huts I saw many croos make their custom t-shirts. I also saw croos steal and proceed to wear, with pride, the beautiful-as-always t-shirts supplied by the Appalachian Mountain Club for sale.

And finally, after I finished my full-service work, I saw the return of the legendary green "A.M.C. Croo" shirt, a symbol known by any Northeast hiker to symbolize moving fast up trails with wooden boards and baking bread.

It was a pleasure to see each of these t-shirts and I'm sure the wine-wielding OH wheeling around the presentation room thought the same. Here are some pictures for those of you who missed it.

-Ethan Daly





"Spirit of Madison Shirt belonging to Richard Low. Cribbage board given to him by John Thompson the year Madison was rebuilt."



The Taylor Collection was truly impressive.





It's a shame these t-shirts often become too fragile to wear. Prime example here with a White Mountain Jackass Company t-shirt.

Apparently green, baby blue, and yellow were popular colors.



If you want your own current AMC Croo shirt, you can buy one here: <https://www.bonfire.com/store/mmvsp/>





Madison was well represented, be it the hut or the volunteer ski patrol. I know I desperately want a “Valley Way Freight Lines” shirt.



Zealand, Galehead, and even Storehouse were represented.

These are all the photos I got before my camera died. I'm sure there were more t-shirts but we'll stick with this for now. Thank you to all for sharing your memorabilia!



FEATURED PRESENTATIONS FROM FALLFEST

This session featured five pioneering women in the seasonal work world of the AMC. They have been so gracious to share their words with us for publication. We are only missing a write up from Anne Michalec Payson, our fifth presenter. Thank you to Kim "Schroeder" Steward and Brian Post for photos.

FROM B TO Z

BY SAUNDY COHEN



Hello, my name is Saundy Cohen and I come from Brooklyn, NY.

How I got to the White Mountains and the Appalachian Mountain Club is still a puzzle to me but I'd like to share my story with you.

To begin, let's go back to the winter of 1970. My husband Michael (or Mike) and I and another couple or two were snowshoeing in the Zealand valley for the purpose of exercise and winter camping. Along the trail we came to a party of X-C skiers, something I had not seen before. The leader of that hardy party was none other than John Nutter, the newly appointed Education Director of the Appalachian Mountain Club. He was based at Pinkham Notch Camp. My husband, who was at that time a teacher in the Newton, Massachusetts public schools and already an avid outdoorsman, stopped to have a long conversation with John about the possibility of bringing teachers and then their middle school or junior high age children up to the mountains. Our party and theirs said our goodbyes but Mike and John continued to communicate about hiking and education possibilities. John offered us jobs to work with him at Pinkham as the first Ed Squad. I personally wanted to stop my teaching and thought Mike and I should hike the Appalachian Trail from Georgia to Maine. Being something like thru hikers #77 and #78 was an exciting prospect to me.

My husband convinced me that working in the heart of the White Mountains was the better of the two choices and that is what we decided on.

We arrived at Pinkham Lodge in the late fall, November of 1971. We immediately started to work on ways to hold workshops to educate and train teachers who would then bring their students into the huts for overnight stays. We wrote a small "how to" pamphlet entitled A Mountain Classroom. I believe it is still used today. And then in the summer of 1972 we went into the huts to educate the croos to talk with overnight guests about various environmental and conservation topics related to the mountains.

Fast forward to the late summer of 1972. We had been working for the club a little under a year and my husband wanted to go back to a new job in Cambridge, Massachusetts. I, on the other hand, wanted to complete one whole year in the North Country. I discussed the prospect of being a fall caretaker at Zealand Falls Hut with John and Ken Olson, Huts Manager also based at Pinkham Lodge. Both were personally in favor of hiring women to work in the huts but of course Ken reported to the Boston based Huts Committee. The Hut Committee was made up of old Hut Croo who had gone on to successful careers. They cared deeply about the huts. Ken was courageous and brought my name to the Hut Committee. He wanted to offer me the job! At first, he was met with push back from the Hut committee. He had to tell me that the Committee did not want to hire me. I asked him if it was because I was a woman and he said yes. Well, that was very depressing to me, feeling like I was qualified to do the job. There was only one thing that I lacked...a penis!

It just so happened that John was dating a women named Faith. She and her family were from the North Country and she had a brother who was a practicing lawyer. When Faith and John shared my story with him he wanted to take on the case Pro Bono. He contacted the NH Human Rights Commission to explore if we had a case. We did. We filed a discrimination suit against the Club. Tom Martin, Hut Committee Chairman, former hutman, and lawyer knew the AMC would lose. Thanks to his perspectives the Committee acknowledged legal and societal realities, and approved my hiring.

I successfully "ran" Zealand Falls Hut. I never felt

threatened by male hikers. The hut did not to burn down, the propane tanks got changed, the crapper barrels got winched out and moved away to await the helicopter, and I managed to keep the black water hoses unfrozen so we had running water in the kitchen sinks. Guests enjoyed being at the hut in September and October. The following summer, guests were welcomed by coed summer hut croos.

Working for the Appalachian Mountain Club was a wonderful experience and has shaped much of who I am. Mike and I have hiked on many different long distance trails all over the world. I love being in the woods and mountains. I am forever grateful to the AMC. Thank you!

Special thanks for Ken Olson and Tom Martin and Mike Cohen for their input and corrections.

HOW I CAME TO TO WORK FOR THE AMC AND HAD THE BEST JOB OF MY LIFE

BY ADELE DINSMORE

In the spring of 1972, I was soon to graduate from Wellesley College and had absolutely no idea how to use my new Independent Major in Environmental Studies degree. One afternoon returning from a volunteer job on Beacon Hill, I saw a small sign in the window of 5 Joy Street, which read "Volunteer Naturalists needed, inquire within." As a Kentucky girl, familiar with the southern Appalachians, I was intrigued and soon contacted by John Nutter for an interview. I arranged for him to meet me after class one Wednesday in the living room of Pomeroy Hall where tea was being served. No doubt, it flustered John a bit to be in the presence of so many women (among them my friend, Sally Surgenor who was later to become an ace member of the Research team and Joy Street exec.) At any rate, JB managed to upset his teacup and as I recall, the entire tea tray and we all rushed in to help him recover. I credit this daunting experience with my hire onto the Ed Squad based out of Pinkham Notch in June of 1972; salary- room and board and maybe \$60/month. Priceless at any rate!

Arriving at Pinkham after a 3 day journey north in my old Toyota LandCruiser with a terrible case of Jeep Seat, I was thrown into life, The AMC Way. I met such dignitaries on my team as Michael and Saundy Cohen, Carol Bershad, Jori Hunken the botanist and a very young Jay Coburn. We started learning the white mountain ways from some inspiring elders, among them Dr Harry McDade and Cal Harris, who was truly the first woman to run a hut during

WW2 when men were overseas. Our job was to interpret the trail side experience and thereby lighten the impact of the increased load of hikers in the Whites in those early years of the Back to Nature movement.

My job in particular was to lead trips to the huts from two big National Forest Campgrounds, Dolly Copp and Lafayette Place in Franconia Notch and take hut guests on short nature hikes from Carter and Greenleaf and Mizpah. And what a fabulous job that was! On my days at Pinkham I did miscellaneous work with the teacher training workshops and Hoods in the Woods program but mostly I was roaming the Whites learning about them as I went. One distinct memory is opening a show I was putting together on the hut system with a slide of a cute hutman in a beret and a long apron, waking the guests to reveille on a sliding trombone. I ended up marrying that guy several years later. To this day when he yodels, I foo back!

At the end of that summer, I had the good fortune to accompany the Newton School system outdoor education classes into the huts for the fabulous sum of \$25/day and then worked for Tom Dean and Bob Proudman helping find suitable areas of the WMNF to classify as Wilderness under the 1964 Wilderness Act. What a thrill it is to think I had a small part in getting the Wild River Basin protected for posterity! And what an inspiration those two men were.

In the spring of '73, I'd made plans with a Trail Crew friend to hike the southern part of the AT. But before leaving I interviewed down on Joy street with the Trail Crew Board for a caretaker position. I remember it as a pretty smooth experience thank you in large part to Saundy's having blazed the trail for equal opportunity employment before me. I was thrilled and a bit apprehensive to get the Speck Pond assignment. I believe I had a harder time convincing my parents to let me hike the AT that year than I did getting the job as an unmarried caretaker on the trail. It didn't occur to me to be frightened of anything other than my ability to do the job. I just needed to be strong enough. Turns out I was.

Speck Pond, once you packed into it, was the resort of the Mahoosucs. I had a pristine lake to swim in, complete with a beaver, a sweet tent with an ice hole under it for cooling my fresh rec, and a two way radio (as in KEM574unit 10) for the weather forecast. For controlling the buggies, I had Old Woodsman and a corncob pipe! There was a small stream of thru hikers and special visitors who surprised me. On one occasion, Larry Jenkins arrived with a complete lobster dinner and it just happened so did a reporter from the Portland Press Herald. The next day the headline read, "It's not all Beans/Bacon for the Speck Pond Caretaker!" Another special guest was Naki Stevens on break from building

herself a house in Brattleboro. She stayed with me a couple of weeks until she was hired on as the caretaker at Gentian. It all added up to the adventure of a lifetime.

In colleges those 55 years ago, we went from having the school act in loco parentis to being independent women. AMC went through a similar female evolution and has not looked back. Women are now indispensable and equal in numbers on the hut and trail crews. Let's not take that for granted!

What may have changed is that now through the high cost of college and the strictures of serious career paths, we've kept perspective hutmen and women alike from being able to even consider these opportunities for high value experience for low pay. AMC summer jobs should not become luxuries. I'd like to know how to widen the applicant pool from the primarily white privileged group we were to others.

I could not have dreamed that a volunteer naturalist job would shape my life the way it has. I will always cherish that time I had to learn the freedom of the hills, to develop a sense of who I was sweating uphill in Limmers and to make the deep sustaining friendships I did along the trails. Thank you for all of that, AMC.

WHAT TOOK SO LONG?

BY NANCY THOMAS

I'm Nancy Thomas and I worked 5 wonderful seasons in the huts starting in summer '72 with Guided Hikes, then Assistant Hut Master at Lonesome in '73, followed by Fall Caretaker at Zealand, Winter desk at Pinkham and Hut Master at Greenleaf in 1974.

My connection and passion for the huts and hiking in the Whites goes back 2 generations and continues forward with our kids and their kids. My Dad's Dad was an outdoor adventurer and brought my Dad to Madison and Lakes in the 30's. My family vacations in North Conway as a little kid, included day hikes and car rides up the Auto Road to the summit. A little older, we stayed in the huts as a family a couple of times and I loved it! At 16, my Dad and I went on the Range Walk with the AMC Worcester chapter, led by Cecil Jones and I was hooked.

I got my first pair of Limmers as a high school graduation present in 1969.

In the late 60's, while on a Pinkham stay with my Dad, I approached the Huts Manager (or maybe it was his Assistant) about when they'd be hiring women for the huts. It was clear to me that it should be happening soon. What I remember about that conversation, was him making it clear that making beds at Pinkham was basically the only job option. And even for that, they were thinking they may soon

require women to live in the valley. The message was clear: Women were not wanted. So I worked at a YMCA day camp for my first few summers in college. Fortunately the winds of change were blowing.

I want to set the stage here: The rest of the world was changing, or being pushed to change, dramatically in many arenas: sex equity, civil rights and a growing environmental movement. Some things were and continue to be slow in coming (like a woman in the White House?), but sometimes there was a dramatic shift. Throughout high school I had to wear skirts or dresses. Starting college in 1969, I wore tattered overalls to class, dorms on the campus went co-ed and many all-male colleges began to accept women.

Enter new AMC leadership: Ken Olson, Huts Manager and John Nutter, Education Director. There was already a growing movement to provide more information to the hiking public and educational resources with naturalists and guided hikes, including women in those roles. I was hired in 1972 to help lead guided hikes and paired up with

"TJ", Tom Johnson, long-time Lakes Croo and then Hutmaster. It was a dream job! That year Ken also hired other women for other roles, but not yet as hut croo. It was a fabulous summer. TJ knew most everyone. With that as an entrée, I felt welcomed by the croos in all the huts. But while this was great, it was not the same as being ON a hut croo. I pushed – as did the other women – to be hired as hut croo members. I know Ken and John were working to change the status quo, but the Huts Committee, though under increasing pressure to change their policy, was dragging its feet.

I spent that winter vacation from college at Pinkham that winter planning the schedule for Guided Hikes for the next summer, thinking I would be leading the program in the coming summer. And then in the spring came the call from Ken that I would be Assistant Hutmaster at Lonesome for the summer of '73. It felt amazing. I never knew exactly what went on behind closed doors, but a few of us women were finally hired – in our own right – to be official members on croo.

Let me acknowledge here that there were women on hut



croos before us, all the way back to the 40's with Cal Harris, Flo Ashbrook, Jan Ellery and others. And I am so grateful for their steps forward. I remember looking up to Annette Schultz at Carter in '71. They were official hut croo and ground breaking in their own right, but all hired as the wife of a male hut master.

By summertime, Joel White had come on as Huts Manager and he was equally supportive. Dave Beall was Hutmaster and Ellen Sommers as the third croo member. It was a great season! But it was also clear that this was experimental. Despite the fact that many colleges and universities were going co-ed and there were co-ed dorms, a central concern of the Huts Committee was the possibility of promiscuity. So... Ellen and I had our own room down in the lower bunkhouse and Dave had the croo room to himself.

We got a lot of favorable responses about women in the hut and on the trail: including the frequent: "It's about time". I don't remember any "in your face" negative feedback. We knew we were there on a trial basis in a way, but otherwise we were a normal croo. There was camaraderie, radio communications on KEM574, singing together after dinner, swimming in the Lake with the view of Franconia Ridge. We cooked, we helped hikers, we gave dinner talks and BFD's and we packed. Never explicitly stated, but I suspected that one of the questions was whether or not women could do the work of packing. I never felt pressure from either my fellow croo members or Pinkham, but I felt the need to be sure my other croo members didn't have to pack more because I packed less. And I liked packing. It was a personal challenge. I packed 85 – 100 lbs at Lonesome and 80 – 90 at Greenleaf. It wasn't as much as my male counterparts and I didn't see it as a competition. I wanted to feel that this part of the work was literally, not on the backs of others. One fun thing at the time at Lonesome: we had to pack the empty "bombs" (propane tanks) down to the packhouse. It was a pain to get tied on to the packboard, but it always got a rise from passing hikers, especially as a young woman.

Maybe I was being naïve, but most of what I felt at the time was support and a shared feeling of "it's about time. Good for you." I was aware there were rumblings from some old-time Appies and there may have been consternation from OH and even current male hut croo members, but I wasn't hearing it. Mostly it was a sense of finally getting a place at the table that should have been opened to us far earlier – ON the mountain and in the huts that I loved – and not based on our relationship with a male partner.

Moving on. That fall I became caretaker at Zealand. Saundy Cohen had already broken the barrier of having solo women as caretakers in the huts. I was quite unaware of the barrier to having a women staff in a hut alone and so

grateful for the chance to have that opportunity. It was a delightful fall with many quiet days and a few 0 nights. Reading by the falls. A helicopter ride in with supplies.

I spent winter at Pinkham, though not as exciting, was wonderful with skiing to Tucks and the chance to catch perfect blue sky days to run up to the summit in the snow and have hot chocolate at the Obs.

When the hut assignments were made for summer of '74, it was SO exciting to be offered Hutmaster at Greenleaf: to be on Lafayette, at my favorite hut, and above timberline for the whole summer. I really didn't think about it being ground breaking to be the first woman Hutmaster. It felt like the real barrier had been broken the year before. It was the logical next step for an experienced woman croo member to be given the chance to be Hutmaster.

It was a fabulous summer. Great croo with Mike Schnitzer as AHM, Judy Geer and Mike Waddell. This year, Judy and I got the croo room. Men to the poop deck. The one challenge I felt then and continue to feel badly about now is that for the first part of the summer we had a young black man, Marty Youngblood, on croo. And though I know he and we – all white, as most of the AMC and much of the hiking public was and continues to be – tried hard to make it work and it just never clicked. I think he finished the summer as a floater and to my knowledge didn't return to work in the huts. 50 years later we still struggle to address the issues of diversity in the mountains and on the trails. I now serve as Treasurer of the Green Mountain Club. Like the AMC, as a board and staff, we work hard, but struggle, to learn how to assure that everyone can feel that they belong in the mountains in the and on the trails.

The focus of that summer of '74, did not feel at all about women in the huts or my being a women Hutmaster, but more about how we could make a difference in preserving the overused resources of the mountains and address other growing environmental issues. The Research Department put an anemometer on the roof, in hopes of developing the capacity to run generators in the future. We tried composting – didn't get that going successfully, but we tried. We talked to what felt like a million hikers, to "carry in, carry out", stay on the trail and don't camp above timberline. We hauled 55 gallon drums out of the bathrooms and carried them with the crapper snapper out back to be picked up by the helicopter, looking forward to composting toilets someday in the future. We hosted a section of the trail crew as they built the "stairways" to the summit, then a very new approach to trail construction started by Bobbie Proudman. It was a busy summer with delightful days and gorgeous sunsets.

I was really lucky to be in the right place at the right time. There was a great sense of adventure in being among the first women, hired as individuals, as crew in the huts. It was a life changing period of my life, exciting to be there in that moment and I have been forever grateful for that opportunity.

WOMEN IN THE AMC — MY JOURNEY

BY JOAN CHEVALIER

Thank you for inviting me to take part in this event. I would like to begin my remarks by acknowledging the women who came before me in the AMC. There were a lot of them, some of whom are sitting here tonight. Let me also add Florence Peterson, the first woman to serve as a trucker and Maureen Smith Nininger, who was the first female member of the CC. They smashed the glass ceiling. I just showed up. In many ways I stood on the shoulders of giants.

When talking about this pivotal moment in the history of women in the AMC, it is important to remember the cultural context that we came from. Growing up in the fifties and sixties, little girls were given dolls and were dressed up in dresses, told to brush their hair, and take home economics where we were taught to cook and sew. I knew pretty early I was in trouble. I was given a beautiful French doll with long flowing blond tresses. I gave it a butch with some dull scissors. That didn't go over well. As a child I majored in climbing trees and mountains, especially peaks in the Tamworth area, which is where my family spent summers.

That served me well when I arrived at the door of Pinkham exactly fifty years ago to join Pinkham kitchen crew. I never could have imagined making beds and washing pots could be such a joyful experience. It was such a glorious setting—the Whites in all of their fall and winter splendor. But mainly it was the people, Cami Davis, Anne Post, Joe Gill, Billy Giunta (who was taken by cancer way before his time), Dawn Marshall, Hawkeye, and others, who made it so memorable. Even so, I longed to work in the

mountains.

I did work one summer in the huts, Lakes in 1975. So, I am officially an OH. We had the best hutmaster you could ever ask for, Tim Traver, who had the patience of a saint and boundless sense of humor. Work in the huts was fun, but what I really wanted to do was build trails. That was not possible; the trail crew was closed to women. So when Bob Proudman, who was head of trails at the time, approached me and asked me to be caretaker at Guyot Shelter, I jumped at the chance. This wasn't trailwork but it was the next best thing. It was only in hindsight that I realized that this was more than just a nice caretaking job. Bob Proudman was a smart guy. It turned out that he was intentionally laying the groundwork for the introduction of women to the trail crew. Guyot was a test, a trial to see if I was capable of doing the work required for trail crew. There had never been a woman at Guyot. I was told that there were concerns about safety "a woman alone at a remote site... blah blah blah." Trail crew would be spending most of the summer on site at Guyot rebuilding the shelter. So I spent most of the summer working along side of the crew carrying logs and supplies, and hewing logs. It was a blast.

I must have passed the test because the next summer Bob asked me if I would like to be on Trail Crew with the status of a second-year trails person. I have to point out that I was not the only woman hired for trail crew that year. Betsy Kepes and Joy Miller were also hired. Joy apparently went on to become a smoke jumper, no doubt one of the first females hired. I wish I could share stories about them, but sadly I never got to know them. We never put on the same crew and I did not see them on weekends.



When Bob invited me to join the trail crew I was stunned, apprehensive, but immediately said yes. I got to know guys on the crew in the seventies and saw how it operated— fueled by crazy testosterone-driven intensity. How would I fit in? Could I even do it?

My first day on the job was a humbling disaster. It was pre-season. I was asked to go out and walk a trail with Roger Moore, our trailmaster and other folks. Roger turned to me and asked me to cut down a tree for a water bar. So I dashed into the woods and selected what I thought was a good tree and started chopping. So I chopped and I chopped and I chopped. Finally, Roger came back to check on me. It turns out that I selected an enormous beech tree for the water bar, a tree species wholly unsuited for the task, not to mention that it was three times the size than was needed. Roger chuckled a bit and then helped me cut this poor majestic tree down. This was a rude awakening, which only served to reinforce my anxieties about the job. It wasn't a question of physical strength. Unlike the guys my childhood was not spent playing with tools and machines so I lacked the kind of problem solving skills required for trail building. I also knew that some of the guys were likely very against having women on the crew. So I started the summer with not a small amount of apprehension.

There were a few guys who were not welcoming, but I never felt any overt hostility—in fact quite the opposite. They not only welcomed me as an equal, they taught me everything I needed to know. Peter Jensen and I spent a day working out a system to move rocks more efficiently. Back then we didn't use winches. I wrapped my upper body around rocks and used my legs to move them. It worked like a charm. Avery Jenkins taught me how to swear like a sailor and how to chop down trees more efficiently. All of the guys I worked with were accepting and even gracious. It was the crew working together and supporting each other that got that amazing work we did that summer, work that is still intact on the Gulfside and the Valley Way. The sum of the parts was greater than the individual. I could never have been the “first woman” (well, actually the first of three) without the other women here who were the real trail blazers.

Which brings me back to the picture that is projected on the screen. The lessons learned from AMC and Trail Crew have guided me throughout my life. This is a picture of a dragonboat team from Dartmouth, Nova Scotia that I have had the privilege of paddling with for the past few years. In this picture we are on our way to winning one of several gold medals at the Club Crew World Championships, Masters Division. Dragonboating, much like trail crew, requires lots of individual effort and skill, but in the end it is all twenty

paddlers working together that move a boat. Whether it is kitchen croo or trail crew, it is people working together as a team, both men and women, that make the impossible possible. Each of us women here tonight, and others who are not, were trail blazers. We played a part in helping the AMC to grow and change, making the organization better for others who came after us. Allowing women to become part of the structure and fabric of the AMC, wasn't just the right thing to do, it made the AMC a better, stronger, and more responsive organization. My thanks to those who accompanied me on my AMC journey, and especially to the women who came before me and broke the glass ceiling.



Anne Michalec Payson, whose words are not in this section but were nevertheless great!



And a huge thank you to Phoebe Howe, a woman in the huts in her own right who helped coordinate a huge portion of Fall Fest. She's the OHA's Departing Vice Chair and will be sorely missed.

LIFE SINCE THE HUTS

BY BILL MEDUSKI

Bill Meduski

A.M.C. Trail Crew Backcountry caretaker summer '80, '81 & '82

A.M.C. PVC Kitchen Croo winter '82

Spring '82 rotating hut caretaker

Dec. 29, 2002 age 44 got married! The next day Gina and I hiked into King Ravine and up the Chemin des Dames trail in verglas conditions. To this day she still jokingly says I tried to kill her. Before we met she was into winter climbing in the whites, had the mountaineering boots, crampons, ice axe etc.. We had also telemarked skied down from the top of Shilthorn in Switzerland and left gully in Tucks and she did not seem fazed and had only been telemark skiing for a couple years!

In Nov. 2020 retired from Worcester MA water Dept. after 34 yrs. as engineer/field inspector. I was 1st hired as survey assistant reservoir division. Besides having a Geography/math degree I think they hired me because of 3 summers worked for the A.M.C., they knew I would work outside in all sorts of weather.

So after many years of meet and skiing and hiking in Vermont, my wife and I decided to retire there. Found a place in Cabot VT - 20 acres. From high point in town can see Mt. Washington & Jefferson and in other direction Mt. Mansfield & Camel's Hump in VT.. Thought a dog would be nice, got an English Shepherd puppy - named him Blaze, he's now 4 yrs. old, great hiking companion.

LIFE SINCE THE HUTS CONT.

started recently heading back over to the Whites to do more hiking. A few weeks ago in Feb. '25 went up to Lonesome Lake hut and started talking to another hiker, turned out to be Jamie McEdwards who worked at Pinkham a few winters before I did, had a great time reminiscing.

On a cold winter day a few years ago I was skinning up Doublehead Mtn. in Jackson and who but Cam Bradshaw was skiing down, hadn't seen her in a long time!

Also after moving to VT, went to the R.E.I. in Williston VT and ran into Alan Kemmen, former room mate winter '82 long room above trading post, also he was at Mizpah when I was caretaker at Nauman campsite. He got me in touch with Ty Gagne, I'm mentioned a few times in Ty's book the "Lions of Winter" oh to be young, naive and indestructible.

Summer of '81 when I was at Nauman tent site, Steve Colt was Hutmaster of Mizpah, we decided to do an evening raid of Lakes, pouring rain, we hike down Crawford Path, drive over to Cog base, hike up Ammonoosuc Ravine Trail, 2 AM try to sneak into hut, get caught by one the hut crew, so empty handed back down the Ammonoosuc.

Soaking wet 5 lb Limmers, 4 D cell justrite head lamps, chuck roast pecks and pile jackets - state of the art hiking gear for the time: raggy wool socks.

GORMINGS

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

Craig Findlay is still living in People's Republic of Yarmouth Maine (PRYM). Still walking/hiking, enjoying life and trying to figure out how to say "No" and retire. Collecting and playing guitars for fun. He sends greetings to all, and says stay healthy!

Robert Arundale says it was good to be back in the Whites again in fall 2024, attending the Connecticut Chapter's Fall Hiking Week based out of Gorham. As one of its evening programs, he did a presentation on "The AMC Hut System, Then and Now," in part looking back on his first two years working under Joe Dodge. His special and valued guest was Emma "EB" Brandt who brought along a packboard so he could demonstrate its many advantages, provided insights on current huts operations, and was a special representative of the many Croos who have and are carrying on Joe's legacy in providing hospitality in the hills.

Douglass Teschner has never been big on New Year's resolutions, but last year he felt motivated to write a book to expand on his volunteer work with Braver Angels (including working with the NH legislature) to help bridge the political divide. Now, one year later, he and his co-author are working on the fourth draft and hope to have it published this spring. Their current working title is American Hope: Practical Steps to Better Our Lives, Mend Relationships, and Build a Braver Politics. The fundamental idea is that, in this climate of widespread contempt and even hatred for people who disagree politically, there is hope for our country. Each of us can help build a culture of kindness, dignity, and respect. Their book includes concrete ways to help mend relationships with friends and family that have been torn apart by politics. They include skills to help people feel empowered and confident when difficult conversations about politics arise with neighbors and work colleagues.

Charles "Chuck" Hobbie retired in 2018 from being in charge of litigation for the Peace Corps. After Peace Corps service in Korea, he lived for 50 great years in Falls Church, VA, with his beloved Korean wife Young Ei and family but moved in July 2024 to a senior living community called Greenspring in Springfield, VA. Young Ei died in October 2024 after a year long battle with liver cancer. He is now writing book number 5 (about her and their life together), enjoying life (2 wonderful children and 2 incredible grandchildren), and continuing to nurture friendships, birdwatching, travel, and reading.

Peggy "Peggles" Dillon (Pinkham croo Summer 1979-Spring 1980, Mizpah croo Summer 1980, Floating caretaker Fall 1980, Galehead AHM Summer 1981, Madison AHM Summer 1983, Storehouse Fall 1983, Galehead HM Summer 1984) retired in May 2024 from Salem State University, where for 17 years she was a professor of media and communication. During the fall of 2024, she spent eight weeks as a visiting professor at Jagiellonian University in Krakow, Poland.

Ben Mitchell-Lewis brought his wife Frances and their 2 boys (Hank, 6 and Linus, 3) to Lonesome in June 2024. It was awesome. Aiming to return or visit Zealand in June 2025. Had the good luck of meeting a former student of the great DSJ who was very much enjoying her first season.

Dave Yampanis' 2024 saw great visits and/or hikes with Heather Harland, Amy Williams-Derry, Malin Bengtsson, Katie Edwards, Eben Heasley, Emily Muldoon Kathan, their families, and many others at NH gatherings. It was fantastic to attend the OH Annual Meeting and hear from the first ceiling-breaking women who led the way in working for the Huts/Trails. He and Wendy also had a breath-taking moonlit frigid visit to Carter Notch Hut. What a gem!

For another year, friends from the pre-covid generation ('17-'20) gathered in Pemaquid, Maine for an August weekend of swimming, boating, clamming, and whipping up some delicious food. Enjoy this completely unedited photo of everyone there at the same time! From left to right: **Jake McCambley, Alex Sinson, Jules Cranberg, Amy Bolton, Jesse Carlson, Eddie Eseppi, Holly Chase, Camden Blatchley, Emma "EB" Brandt, and Evan Connolly.** The group is eagerly planning this year's getaway and hoping to overlap a bit better.



GORMINGS

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

John-Michael Field says hello to his fellow OH dudes and dudettes! Yeah, he's still kicking, and living in the Berkshires in the tiny town of Chester. The Westfield River (West Branch) is right across the road, and the railroad even closer. These define his life, more or less, as well as the music he's still writing and singing on Youtube. Check him out, fer sure, especially if you like soul-sucking songs about being alienated from the current world we live in. Ha, he has a decent following, thus he knows he's not alone. <https://www.youtube.com/@Jamoof>

At 85, **Nathan Adams** is anxious to get back on a trail to get warmed up to his love of downhill skiing. He hopes to be moving to the Hanover region from Dunedin, FL. 20 years in FL, has been far too long. He doesn't play golf, doesn't own a golf cart, the beach is boring, he doesn't drink, doesn't play cards, and doesn't fit into Florida.

Miles Howard is living in Boston and this spring, he is expanding the Walking City Trail project by launching a new cross-city urban trail called the City On The Hills Trail. The goal is to eventually create a network of trails connecting every neighborhood in Boston.

Spencer Taylor has spent most of his winter free time touring the Northeast Ski Jumping circuit with his 8-year-old son Wyeth, who keeps stepping up to larger and larger jumps and has had lots of success this season!

Greg Knoettner is living in Plymouth, NH with wife, Bridget. Still working, but getting OEC certified for ski & bike patrol retirement gig. He hopes for a night or two at the cabin this year!

Nate Litwin lives near the Catskills Mountains in New York with his wife and son. He still loves to get out climbing, skiing, hiking, and biking. He tries to visit the Whites at least once a year.

Jeremy Eggleton lives at the foot of Moose Mountain in Etna on Three Mile Road. Swing by when you can!

Gregory Andrew lives in California, in the Bay Area, and makes an annual trip to Maine and New England that includes staying a few days at Pinkham each summer.

Stephanie Waters (Maraldo) will be moving back to Maine this summer with her husband and their daughter, Carolyn. Visitors are encouraged!

Abby King and **Dave Weston** welcomed their daughter Lily Weston to the world over two years ago! She is now a rambunctious and joyful toddler who loves snow, mud, bikes, and dancing. They think Lily will be a great addition to a hut croo in 2042! They live in Gorham Maine with their 17-year-old cat and they love visitors and traveling for adventures with friends. Don't be a stranger!

TRAIL WANDERINGS

BY JESSE CARLSON

The annual Spring Reunion will take place at the OHA Cabin on May 17th this year, and as part of the weekend, we invite you to join us for a Spring Trail Day. Meet us at the Hutmen's Trail trailhead on Route 16 at 9 AM, where we'll work together to clear the trail. Our tasks will include sweeping the path, cleaning water bars, and removing any smaller blowdowns that winter left behind. We expect to wrap up around 1 PM. Please bring tools if you have them—especially a suitable saw or lopping shears.

If you have any questions, feel free to reach out to Jesse Carlson, at jessecarlson@gmail.com. And don't forget, as Bill Barrett always says: Anyone who volunteers for Trail Day can count their hours toward the 16 required to earn a WMNF parking pass from the Forest Service!

If you're interested in volunteering for AMC trail work, the following dates are available for two classic hut trails!

OBP: 6/1, 6/14, 6/21, 7/12, 7/26, 8/9 [Discover Outdoor Adventures and Activities | AMC](#)

Ammonoosuc: 6/7, 6/28 [Discover Outdoor Adventures and Activities | AMC](#)



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: Anne Laure "Al" Razat

Secretary: Jared Liu

Webmaster: Kim "Schroeder" Steward

Tator Editors: Ethan Daly & 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: March 1st for Spring, October 1st for Fall. Email them to tator@ohcroo.com.

POSITIONS WANTED

-The OHA is looking for volunteers to join the Steering Committee! We're looking for members-at-large, a Vice Chair and generally anyone who is excited. Commitment varies, but realistically why not get involved? Meetings are fun, it's a good way to stay connected to the huts, and we'll list your name in the 'tator every issue. We have term limits too, meaning you won't get roped into staying long term. Let us know if you're interested!

-The Tator is looking for a new assistant editor. Interested parties should contact Ethan Daly at tator@ohcroo.com. A great position for anyone interested in journalism, graphic design, and history of the Whites.

WANTED

-The Editors of the Tator are seeking any OH stories. Email any tips to tator@ohcroo.com.

-Hello AMC folks! I'm wondering if there's a good source (ideally a person) for stories about the late, great Joe Dodge. I'm looking for true tales of some of his exploits, although myths will work if they are actually attached to his larger-than-life persona. This is for film idea that a friend and I are seeking to develop. If you have any leads, pass them along and I'll be most appreciative. If you want to put someone in touch with me by phone, my cell is 603-491-4808. Thanks! - Rick Broussard



Ashley Fife Design

UI/UX and Website Design

www.ashleyfife.com
ashleybfife@gmail.com
 Mount Washington Valley

OBITUARY

ARRANGED BY KIM "SCHROEDER" STEWARD



Clayton B. Hammond, 94, longtime Amesbury resident, passed peacefully Wednesday afternoon, January 27, 2021, at Hannah Duston Nursing Home in Haverhill with his son at his side. He was the beloved husband of the late Dorothy S. Hammond, who died August 19, 2009.

Born in Amesbury, May 14, 1926, he was the only child of the late Walter W. and Zelma A. (Benson) Hammond and was a graduate of Amesbury High School.

He was a proud veteran, having served with the United States Army Air Corps during World War II and served again during the Korean War, from August 27, 1951 until his honorable discharge on August 26, 1953, with the rank of 1st Lieutenant. Between both wars, he went on the graduate from Norwich University in Vermont, receiving a Bachelor's Degree.

Clayton was a highly respected mechanical engineer, having worked for Monsanto Corporation for 35 years, during which time he had been transferred to Brussels, Belgium and also to Tokyo, Japan, to establish international production offices.

He leaves behind many wonderful and unforgettable memories of a life well lived, well loved, and well respected to his son, Jay W. Hammond, and wife Danielle of Colorado, and his grandchildren, Rebecca, Jenna and Traven, along with extended family, colleagues, and dear friends.

Charlie Stillman of Seattle died on February 18 after a long siege with T-cell lymphoma.

Charlie grew up in Brookline, Massachusetts, attended Amherst College, graduated in 1967 and, having been drafted, joined the Army. He spent a year in Vietnam and came home to live in Boston. In June of 1970 he married Susan Jackson, also of Brookline. The next year they moved to Seattle where he continued his studies earning a PhD in Developmental Psychology at the University of Washington. A former Appalachian Mountain Club Hutman (Carter 1963 and Zealand 1964), Charlie enthusiastically began to explore the wilds of the Pacific Northwest. Camping, skiing, hiking and biking their way through the seasons, traveling in their VW bus, Charlie and Susan took advantage of the opportunities of this great region as often as they could.



To manage his dissertation research data Charlie became intrigued with the use of computers. In 1979 he purchased a shiny new Apple II, and found a new passion. As a bicycle commuter he packed it back and forth to the university and joined Call A.P.P.L.E. the local Apple users group. Upon graduation he took a job there. Building his computing skills became a driving interest. After earning his PhD, he studied database programming and took business classes to start his own business with partner Walt Nelson. During this period he also became part of a sailboat partnership and began local cruising with Susan and their two young children. In 1992 he became a trustee of Stillman College, in Tuscaloosa, Alabama, an HBC founded by his great grandfather. For many years he served on the Board, twice as Board Chair.

An avid biker, Charlie traveled thousands of miles on two wheels. In the boatless summer of 2002, the couple rode their recumbent tandem bicycle 2342 miles across the country from Seattle to Nonquitt, Massachusetts ending their trip in waters where the family had sailed for generations. Charlie's spirit of adventure led them to purchase a larger cruising sailboat, their beloved Malo 42 Gratitude, in which they spent 22 years cruising the Salish Sea and Canada's waters around Vancouver Island as well as down the Pacific coast to Mexico. During these years Charlie worked part time at Discovery Yachts as a yacht broker and became active in the local ham radio nets. He loved tinkering with his antennas and all sorts of other electronic gear. Charlie's participation in sailing clubs including the Seattle Yacht Club and Cruising Club of America was a source of personal connections and volunteer commitments.

Charlie's health deteriorated over the last two years but he did manage one last cruise in September before making his final voyage on February 18. He is survived by Susan, his wife of 54 years; children Fred and Helen Stillman; Fred's wife Martine and grandchildren Eleanor and Elizabeth; also his sister Daphne and brother Jimmy; Susan's sisters Edith and Margaret Jackson and her brother Ned Jackson plus many nieces and nephews and their children as well as loving relatives on both sides of the family. Donations in his name may be made to Long Live the Kings (lltk.org), the Bonnell Cove Foundation (bonnellcove.org) and Stillman College (stillman.edu).

A notice that a celebration of life is planned for **Dave Wilson**. It will be at Pinkham Notch Visitor's Center on May 17th at 1pm.

TATOR CROO

Emma “EB” Brandt worked in the huts for six seasons across four years and has been the co-editor of the Tator for four years. She is now the 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.



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).



Ethan Daly is a co-editor for the Tator. He worked in the huts for four 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.



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 14+ years working for White Mountain Oil & Propane doing marketing, web administration, and 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.



2025 Steering Committee Calendar

Online Meetings:

6/10/25
9/9/25
11/18/25

OH Meetups:

Everyone welcome!
5/17 Spring Reunion
11/1, Fallfest

Zoom URL at <https://www.ohcroo.com/2024/11/steering-committee-meetings-for-2025/>



OHA Annual Spring Reunion and Potluck

Saturday, May 17th, 2025

9am til 2pm

Come on up to the OH Cabin and let's welcome the arrival of spring! Your hosts this year will be Emily Benson, Dawson Winch and Heather Wingate. We will be gathering again to get the cabin ready for the summer months ahead, followed by a BBQ/Potluck lunch. Come hang out with OH friends old and new and reminisce about all the fun we had when we were opening up our huts years ago. Some of the fun chores to look forward to will be:

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

Please RSVP to Emily Benson at missembenson@gmail.com. BYOB and bring an appetizer/snack to share. If you plan to stay at the cabin while helping out with chores, you can stay for free! Make sure to make a reservation through the OHA website: <https://www.ohcroo.com/cabin/> Looking forward to seeing folks again in May!

Whitewall after a
fresh dusting of
snow. Spring isn't
over yet. Thanks for
reading. *Photo:*
Ethan Daly





“Donks,” mule skinnners, and packers at Madison, 1941.

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