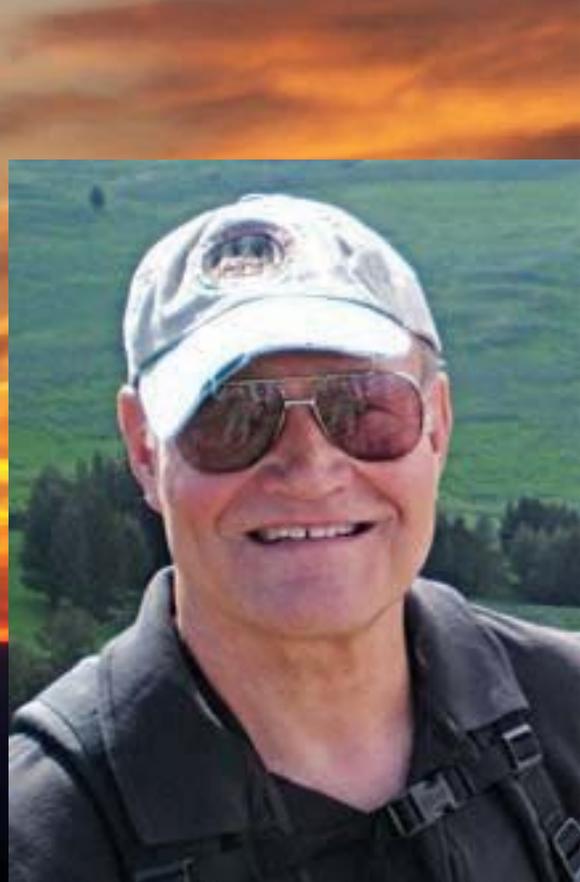


# THE RESUSCITATOR

THE OH ASSOCIATION 17 Brenner Drive, Newton, New Hampshire 03858

*The OH Association consists of former employees of the AMC Huts System whose activities include sharing sweet White Mountain memories*



*In Memory of Jim Hamilton 1943-2014*

## From the Desk of the Chair

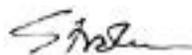
If you're reading this newsletter, you probably worked in a hut. And if you worked in a hut, you'll appreciate one of my favorite quotes, from Khalil Gibran: work is love made visible.

This was certainly true of the 'Tator, a "labor of love" for its editor of 20 years plus, Jim Hamilton. I'm using the past tense because Jim died a few months ago. I think I can safely speak for everyone on the Steering Committee as well as OH members at large when I say Jim left some pretty big Limmers to fill.

And none better to help fill them than current editors Beth Weick and Benny Taylor, who bring you this issue, much like they did under Jim's tutelage. Dedicating this 'Tator to Jim is just one more way for all of us to say thanks to a great guy and one helluva hutman.

Another way to honor Jim is to join your fellow OH with a contribution to the Hamilton Memorial Fund, which will support one of Jim's favorite hangouts, the AMC's Little Lyford Pond Camp, in Maine. Another portion of the fund will directly benefit the OHA by underwriting efforts by AMC Library staff to archive and digitize old Resuscitators, hut logs, croo photos, news articles, and memorabilia, as well as conduct a hut oral history project and develop historical programs and exhibits for hut croos and guests alike. You're free to earmark your gift to either LLPC or the Library, or both. No amount is too small!

If you knew Jim, no doubt you appreciate how well this Fund will honor the man and the organizations and interests he held most dear. And, if you didn't know him, well...you probably did—through his decades of work with the OH, the Resuscitator, the Cabin, the AMC, and his many other "labors of love."



Stroker  
OHA Chair  
stroker1001@gmail.com

### Save the Dates!

#### **CARTER 100TH ANNIVERSARY**

**Saturday, August 9 at da Hut**

Festivities include food, music, and walks down memory lane for both day trippers and overnights.

Call AMC for overnight reservations (603-466-2727). Under-25 OH (dues-paying) members qualify for a OH-sponsored \$25 discount. Contact Emily Taylor (taylor.emily.r@gmail.com or 603-545-5516) with questions, suggestions, or contributions -that's right, money! We welcome donations toward the event, as well as the Carter Photo Project.

#### **OKTOBERFEST & WORK WEEKEND**

**October 11-12 at the OH Cabin**

Work for German fare and fixins'  
Contact Richard Stetson at richard@qualey.net or 207-236-2019

#### **FALL REUNION**

**Saturday, November 1  
at the Highland Center.**

The usual blend of friends, food, business meeting, and featured presentation. More details to come! Call AMC for dinner and rooms reservations (603-466-2727).

[www.ohcroo.com](http://www.ohcroo.com) for current news



### *Remembrances from OH Friends*

“Jim worked in the huts before me, and was one of the energetic younger set when I began attending Steering Committee meetings in 1978; from my vantage point, he was always a significant part of the OH landscape, and in recent years was an essential part of the ‘gluon’ that kept our odd group together and functioning.

In addition to writing, editing, and rolling out the Resuscitator for several decades, Jim was dogged in improving and shepherding the OH relationship with the Club to the benefit of both, to which he applied his considerable energy and diplomatic skill. A keen observer of the human condition with a wry appreciation for others’ foibles, Jim loved being in the outdoors, and was tremendous fun to hike with. His passing leaves a hole in our hearts that will take some time to heal.”

--Josh Alper

“There are so many memories I have of Jim I don’t know where to begin. I remember the summer of 1963 when he ran Zoul. That hut became “days off central” where we had more fun than the law should have allowed. I felt sorry for the goofers because I know they got very little sleep when we descended on the hut. The summer of 1965 was the opening season at Mizpah and Jim and Laurie and their West Highland Terrier, Alex, would spend some weekends with us. We frequently went into Crawford Notch for swimming adventures and beer drinking at the old swimming hole across #302 from the Inn Unique (now known as Notchland). Most recently we were joined at the hip on fund raising campaigns for AMC. Coming to Boston for club meetings often found me as a guest at James Hill Farm. Those evenings were filled with belly laughs talking about the good old days. Jim, I miss you terribly. It feels like I have lost a brother.”

--Willy Ashbrook

“Jim Hamilton dedicated his life and passion to the Huts, AMC, and White Mountains. Jim was the embodiment of the OH – welcoming, full of historic connections & anecdotes, and passionate about sustaining our alumni organization well into the future by cultivating and recognizing current croo. As Huts Manager for AMC, I saw Jim in action as a true fundraiser and advocate for AMC whether as part of the 125th Capital Campaign or more recently the Maine Woods Campaign. He was a natural in ‘making the ask’ as he was committed to the cause and lived it from his younger days until the end. As a senior staff member in NH, I relished the opportunity to connect with Jim on the trail as part of legendary President’s Society hikes with AMC supporters and leadership. He loved showcasing all of AMC to anyone who would listen. I’ll personally miss Jim’s passion, welcoming spirit, and knowledgeable hand in all of AMC’s efforts and in maintaining the connection for OH.”

--Chris Thayer

“Seems like no matter what kind of thing the OHA was doing, Jim was up in front. Jim was a light-hearted guy, funny, could tell a joke, he seemed to have a way of including everyone. He would talk to a young kid like I was, and he would listen and absorb wisdom and guidance from the old hands.

He was always good to my father, and as all the old guys got real old and we all knew they were coming to the end of the trail, Jim would gently organize some thing or way to recognize their involvement and contributions to the organization and say thanks. Jim knew he - and all of us as the OHA - got where we are through the efforts of those who came before and he appreciated it.

Jim was loyal. And positive. He looked to make things better. I can’t think of him and not smile...I’ll miss him.”

-- John Lamana

“Jim Hamilton died at home Saturday morning, February 1st, after brief illness. He leaves a wife, two daughters and their spouses, four grandchildren, a sister and her spouse, many nieces and nephews, and one pair of large Limmers to fill. Obituaries can be dry, sterile affairs, little more than lists of flat facts and dates that don’t show a shadow of the person they claim to describe. This one is an attempt to correct that imbalance. Jim was my friend and mentor, as he was to so many others, so I write this one with the hope that it speaks—at least in part—for you as well as for me.

Most OH know Jim as the guy who stood in front at our annual meetings when it was time to recognize someone or other for their exemplary service to the OH, public hospitality in the mountains, and related concerns. But that’s just one end of a very long pack rope.

Jim started his hut career at Flea in 1960, and held an abiding affection for that place. When it came time to refurbish the croo photos, Jim hopped on his pack mule and rallied others to the cause. Having graduated Dartmouth with a degree in graphic arts, Jim applied his talents as artist and writer to serve the OH for over two decades as our newsletter editor, shaping it into the informative and entertaining read it is today, the envy of social organizations with far more members and resources. With the arrival of the internet, Jim turned his talents to helping develop our website. For as long as I can remember, Jim’s only official seat on the OH Steering Committee was “Editor,” but everyone knew he was so much more than that, orchestrating, guiding, whispering the right bit of advice at the right moment, and all from the back seat.

It didn’t end there. Jim led more than a few informal trips of OH into some far-flung places, from our own Grand Canyon, to Nepal’s remote Mustang Valley. He liked to fly fish, so when the AMC considered saving some land from the developer’s axe—what’s come to be known as The Maine Woods Initiative—Jim was in the front row helping to lead the charge. Working a second career as a development officer for the AMC, he helped raise the many

millions of dollars necessary to make that dream a reality. Then he did the same thing to rebuild Madison Hut, in 2011. In recent years, he was a regular member of the AMC Board of Advisors, helping to review matters of policy and strategic planning, and a member of the AMC’s Board of Directors.

It didn’t end there. His service to the OH was in addition to a long professional career as a salesman for Nimrod Press, during which he headed his trade association’s scholarship program and received the Benjamin Franklin Award for Distinguished service. For ten of those years he was also a trustee of Williston Northampton School, where he’d attended high school.

It didn’t end there. Jim was an avid sailor, a gardener, an active member of his church and small town by the sea, a town historian, a member of the Cohasset Conservation Trust, a devoted family man who loved his Vizslas almost as much as Greenleaf. Politicians are breathing easier with Jim gone—his cartoons and commentary in the local press regularly skewered small town scammers and bloviators.

Any one of these contributions would qualify as a lifetime achievement. Taken together, they mark a life lived with astonishing breadth and depth, if not length. But greater than any one of his individual contributions to the OH and AMC, Jim’s paramount achievement was his ability to bring people together for a common purpose—which, more often than not, was to have a good time. I used to rib him that he was the “Eminence Grise” of the OH, a title I offered—as he rightly assumed—with an equal mixture of admiration, respect, and gratitude.

Jim Hamilton was a synergist. If that’s not a word, it is now. To call him a networker would be damning him with

*continued on page 12*

## AMMONOOSUC RAMBLE

By Lindsay Bourgoine

I prefer a spoken story. There's something daunting and permanent about ink on paper, where words become a structure and cannot be changed. I cannot improvise. I cannot twist and meddle with language and re-sequence the series of vignettes that tie together the picture I am painting. I cannot pause to see the corner of my listener's mouth lift upward, I cannot feel the gratification of pulling laughter from my audience. I'd rather be surrounded in good company, and when the conversation breaks, slowly start, and share a memory, a lesson, a narrative that evokes emotion. Hands flying, mouth running, people laughing.

But, after sharing this story to one, two, and three, then four hut-folk--I am encouraged to face my fear and write, and share it with you, too. It's a memory I have from a hike to Lakes of the Clouds Hut last summer. It's about a realization I had on the Ammonoosuc Ravine Trail. A simple connection made, a moment both weighty and witty at the same time.

From my post in Portland, Maine, I heard an old friend was returning to the huts for one night only. Her father's birthday brought her east from Colorado, and my window of opportunity to see her was one Friday evening at Lakes of the Clouds. A dedicated nine to five, I awaited the end of the day and the journey into the mountains. Car driving sixty, the city bleeds into neighborhoods and then into trees, streams, woods, and rivers, until turning onto the Base Road. Doors open, feet move out of flip-flops into trail runners, hiking skirt slipped on, sleeping bag and fleece layers stuffed, water and beer carefully tied onto the pack, headphones in, and finally straps buckled into place. It's 7:30 in the evening, and I'm ready to run. And when I start, I lean ever so slightly forward, cupping my hands behind my back and under my pack. It's a simple adjustment, one that reminds me of the rush

of wearing a pack-board. It lifts the pack off my shoulders and settles its weight onto the center of my back, and that sense of power immediately surges into my legs. The rhythm starts. I feel slow, but I know if there was another soul on this trail, I would fly by. I'm on. I see the washouts and downed trees Irene left, the serene Gem Pool, and I climb lengthy rock staircases. Shortly, I'm on the ledges.

I haven't told you yet, but I've had a rough spring. Times change, people change, and sometimes we suddenly discover we've been crushed. So we retreat to what we know. We find what is comfortable and hold it close. We remember what is ours and always will be. We run to it. I am running to the hut. I am running uphill to seek comfort in people and place.

My mind is racing, sad thoughts sifting their way through all of the energy I am putting up to block them. I stop; heart beating quickly, lungs desperate to catch up. A soft wind chime sounds in my headphones, followed by a piano note or two. I turn around, to look out. I see ridge line after ridge line, backlit and defined by the summer's setting sun. One behind the other: endless mountains that I will forever call home. I feel this rush of emotion, a love for this place that I am so deeply connected to and rooted in. And when challenge hit me head on, I am finding solace in coming home.

In perfect timing, the song in my headphones swells, and a quiet voice crescendos, singing "welcome home." The musical overture slowly fades, both sweet and ominous at the same time. Silly or not, I am crying. I am having a moment on the ledges in which I remember this beautiful landscape and how lucky I am to have called it home for five seasons.

Abruptly, there is a crunching noise coming from the nearby krummholz. "Lindsay-- Lindsay... is that you?" I turn yet again, eyes moving in a panorama from the distant peaks to the granite trail in front of me, and to the ridiculous scene unfolding. "Why the hell are

you crying?" It's a friend. It's the good people I have run this far uphill to see. He's standing in front of me, one (no two?) cigarettes in his mouth, hand carrying a metal four-cup measuring tin I can only assume is filled with the good stuff. He's visibly intoxicated. Let's change that. He's incredibly drunk. Grin plastered to his face. Approaching me arms open, donned in a synthetic stars-and-stripes Uncle Sam suit, compete with a large, billowing top-hat. I note the new addition to the BFD box. He's laughing. "I'm so glad you're here."

This is it. As we embrace, I realize I have landed on the incredible formula that makes the huts the huts. A beautiful Lakes sunset, one I know you have experienced for yourself perched high upon the roof. A laughing hut boy, costumed and smelling slightly of whiskey. You know him, too. It is the sum of these two parts that makes the hut experience a whole. You cannot have one without the other. Magnificent mountains and passionate people.

### Hey, Good Lookin' ...

That's right, I mean you. (Cmon, no one can do the work we did, in the places we were, and not have a little of that beauty rub off.)

Anyhow, I need YOU. To write, send pictures, share updates for gormings...essentially, it's up to you to fill the pages of this newsletter.

Don't be shy, send us what you've got!

Thoughts, comments, comics, ideas for feature stories, photos, drawings, recipes, and whatever you gorm out of your minds and memories to:

Beth Weick  
b.a.weick@gmail.com  
107 Od Cemetery Rd.  
Dorchester, NH 03266

*Solvitur Crampus*

### REMEMBER WHEN...

"For refrigeration, we had a trap door in the porch and kept things that we wanted to store in a box there. Cheese and bacon (unsliced) kept quite well when wrapped in a vinegar soaked cloth. We had a "gorm line" shelf in the kitchen for the left-over food, butter, etc. that one now keeps in the refrigerator from meal to meal. I recall we used a lot of recipes that called for sour-milk." - Hank Parker (Hanover, NH), Galehead HM 1942

"I'm remembering Beth and Taylor with raised eyebrows as I proposed to make bread bowls for fifty at Madison in '06. Folks loved them ... then left them. On the plates. Lots of compost and full stomachs. The real treat was trying to figure out what to do with all the insides. Beth made croutons for days, and I resorted to making bread crumbs, then breaded steak tips a full week later. The upside was that they were so good, I got Taylor - who at the time wasn't eating red meat - to scarf a couple when we met folks on the Summit the day after motorcycle day (it's so easy to lose track of the date in the Alpine Zone.)" - Nathaniel Blauss (Putney, VT), 2005-2009 (huts & construction crew, including Galehead HM)

"I remember coming back to Mizpah from a day hike in the fall of 2007 to find Nick Anderson, who was the cook of the day, with his cook day done and the kitchen clean, sleeping on a chaise lounge lawn chair in front of the ovens. On the O.T.C. desk was a bell with a note asking guests to please wake the croo if they needed any assistance." - Emily Taylor (Jackson, NH), 2005-2008

Send  
your (BRIEF!) memories,  
recollections, and favorite moments to  
Beth at b.a.weick@gmail.com or 107 Old  
Cemetery Rd., Dorchester NH 03266

**2014 SUMMER HUT CROO**

**8 Carter**

Becca Doll - HM  
Lucas Richardson - AHM  
Kathryn Barnes  
Cam Ruffle-Deignan  
Abby Giles - Naturalist

**2 Madison**

Becca Waldo - HM  
Megan Farrell - AHM  
Maddy Conley  
John Fox  
Alex Johnson  
Jeff Colt - Naturalist

**4 Lakes**

Katie Schide - HM  
Ryan Koski-Vacirca - AHM  
Ben McCrache  
Will Norton  
Hannah Benson  
Becca Cole  
Katy Lee  
Ryan McElroy - Naturalist  
Ace Emerson - Researcher

**1 Mizpah**

Emily Leich -HM  
Sam DeFlitch - AHM  
Jim Maddock  
Nat Haslett  
Eliza Hazen  
Deanna Margius - Naturalist

**6 Zealand**

Heron Russell - HM  
Abby Bliss - AHM  
Oain Heyden  
Sam Snow-Cronin  
Emily Griffin - Naturalist

**7 Galehead**

Kayla Rutland - HM  
Kea Edwards - AHM  
Taylor Milliman  
Harry Stone  
Leigh Harrington - Naturalist

**5 Greenleaf**

Kimball Stewart - HM  
Pheobe Howe - AHM  
David Kruger  
Nick Phillips  
Annie Schide  
Casey Engstrom - Naturalist

**0 Lonesome**

Emily Balch - HM  
Scott Berkeley -AHM  
Grace Pezzella  
Gavin Arnold  
Erica Lehner  
Breana Winters - Naturalist

WELCOME, new croo! And welcome home to returning croo! Have an unforgettable summer - hike far and fast in your favorite BFD clothes, dive with verve & alacrity, raid at midnight, make too much chocolate cake, make-out like drunken bandits at Madfest, sit quiet at sunset, revel in the mountain weather, and find what truth is yours. Love,  
The OH

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**Show Off Your OH Colors!**



**Just in—watch caps with embroidered logo and wicking t-shirts with silk screen logo. Caps come in black and grey fleece AND black and grey poly. T-shirts can be ordered in women’s cuts. Clip this out, fill in order, and mail with check to:**

**OHA, 115 Batchelder Rd., C-9, Seabrook, NH 03874**  
Cap(s)  grey  black  fleece  poly at \$15 each Total \_\_\_\_\_  
T-shirt(s) Mens’ sizes  XL,  L,  M at \$20 each Total \_\_\_\_\_  
Womens’ cut  M,  S at \$20 each Total \_\_\_\_\_  
To all orders, add \$3 for shipping  
or pickup at Fall Reunion Grand Total \_\_\_\_\_

## GORMINGS:

Winter was a long and snowy one this year for OH on the East Coast. **Hank** and **Polly Parker** traveled between their winter home in Hanover, NH to Berry Farm in Campton, NH, where they set up their maple sugaring operation, and pruned their orchard, assisted by family and **Beth Weick**. **John Thompson** has been busy as every, shoveling clear the area hospital during each storm, and now pleased to be back to the warmer work of building and repair.

**Meika Hashimoto** worked around the long winter with a mid-February trip to New Zealand. She has also submitted her latest manuscript, which if the publishers are as adept at reading as the rest of us, will clearly be printed and published next week. Prior to that, **Meika** and **Joanne Ducas**, who's living and farming in the Exeter area, made an end-of-2013 visit to **Beth Weick**, just in time to nurse her through a high fever. What are friends for? They stoked the fire, cooked meals, and filled the cabin will lots of laughter.

Lots of laughter, and generally inappropriate conversation ricocheted off the walls of 48 Bank St. as **Jesse Billingham**, **Benny Taylor**, and **Beth Weick** convened to assist **Gates A. Sanford** in condensing his most valuable, and some least useful, possessions into a Pod for transport to the West Coast. That's right, **Gates** is now pursuing love (and work) in the hilled city of San Francisco. His 2014 trip around the world is still in the queue. **Gates'** welcoming committee included **Thad Houston** and **Zak Silverman**. Your editors presume that **Dominic Kaplan** would have been involved, however his ETA is always a tad suspect. Not terribly far from San Francisco is **Johannes Griesshammer**, makin' a life and living in the snow of Truckee.

**Jesse Billingham** continues to work at MIT, dividing his time between educating the underprivileged youth of B-town, meeting with the higher-ups of the research world, and creeping on Neil deGrasse Tyson in an official, scientific capacity. **Benny Taylor** is librarianizing like it's never been done before, and writing about mountains and mountain people at her blog, [granitebunny.blogspot.com](http://granitebunny.blogspot.com). Also in Bos-

ton is **Tina Dietrich**, working in environmental policy, living with longtime boyfriend Joe, and being as tall and red-headed as ever. She recently took a trip North to visit her folks in Hanover as well as **Beth Weick** and **Ryan Harvey's** homestead Coösauke, while texting with the inimitable **Jon Cotton** along the way. While at Coösauke, conversation covered such topics as **Dan Cawley**, **Nathaniel Blauss**, **Laura Hartz**, **Katherine Siner**, **Michelle Dodge**, **Dave Weston**, **Karen Thorp**, **Julia Simons**, and **What-ever-happened-to-Erin-Robson**.

**Beth Weick** has spent the winter months teaching Spanish to Olympic wannabees, and has now returned to her garden & landscape business. **Beth** and **Ryan** will be having their annual Solstice party at their homestead, Saturday 6/21, all OH in good standing are invited. Not far away, **Nathaniel Blauss** is concluding the academic year at The Putney School in Putney, VT. He has cultivated a remarkable apartment full of plants, books, light, and images. Next stop: Portland. **Nathaniel** routinely runs into **Andy Patari** and **Ashley Nadeau**, who live in the Brattleboro/Keene area. He also recently spent time with **Taylor Burt** on a roadtrip to Portland, ME and back. Taylor is being awesome in western MA while completing a nutrition program...and getting engaged to girlfriend Emily. **Dan Cawley** is back this June from his long-limbed hiatus in Kyrgyzstan. All women over 5' 10" should be on the lookout.

In the Jackson area, **Emily Taylor** is once again teaching one-on-one at the Conway area school, a much more positive experience than last year had yielded. You may also see her working stints at the J-Town Deli. Boyfriend **Alex Ziko** lives just down the hill in the house beside the covered bridge. **Emily** is also coordinating the awesome CARTER 100TH party to be held this summer at the hut. Food, fishing, music and dancing are likely. To share your party inspirations, help plan the bonanza, or have all your questions answered, please contact **Emily** at [taylor.emily.r@gmail.com](mailto:taylor.emily.r@gmail.com). **Emily** and

**Sally Baldwin** are also in desperate need of Carter photos, so get in touch to offer pics of your croos smiling faces. Otherwise, **Red Mac** may wander down the 19 Mile and find you. If you truly don't have photos, money would also be most happily received to restore the photos that we do have on hand.

Upcoming matrimonials this year include **Karen Thorp & Dave Haughey**, **Meg "Bajo" Norris & Helon Hoffer**, **Thaddeus Houston & Carrie Piper**, **Eric Pederson & Melinda Hoyt**, and **Liza Knowles & Doug Park**.

**Jeremy Eggleton** lives the good life with wife Sarah and kids Leigh (5) and Caleb (3) in the ancestral seat of Moultonborough, New Hampshire, for now. He was representing a client in a land dispute last fall and the opposing party, a couple from Massachusetts, had the following exchange with him at a court ordered mediation: Man: "Are you the Jeremy Eggleton we saw hanging on the Carter Notch wall the other day?" JE: "Yes." Man (to wife): "I told you it was the same asshole."

Please send gossip, jokes, money, and/or personal ads to editor **Beth Weick** at [b.a.weick@gmail.com](mailto:b.a.weick@gmail.com) or 107 Old Cemetery Rd., Dorchester NH 03266.

If you don't, I'll make it up.

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## OBITUARIES

### **Charlie Richardson**

Charles Richardson, of Jamaica Plain, age 60, passed away on May 4, 2013 after a 6-year battle with cancer. Long-time activist for economic and social justice and peace, Charley worked for decades in the labor movement – at UMass-Lowell Labor Extension Program, the United Steelworkers International Union and other unions nationally and internationally – and was co-founder of Military Families Speak Out. Enthusiastic outdoor adventurer who loved hiking, biking, sledding, climbing, kayaking and introducing children to the outdoors. Charley was known for using duct tape to fix anything, his signature handlebar mustache,

his quick wit, loving spirit and delight in entertaining children of all ages.

Charlie is the beloved husband of Nancy Lessin; parent of Nick and Joe Richardson, Nikki Rivera and Nina Lessin-Joseph; grandfather to Anabel, Kai and Teo. Also survived by parents Pete and Corinne Richardson, sister Marcie Richardson, brothers Chris, Peter and John Richardson, and extended family.

### **Roger Bloomfield**

Roger Bloomfield, age 59, died peacefully of Multiple Systems Atrophy at his home in Contoocook on July 19, 2013. He worked at Lonesome Lake in 1962 & 1963.

Roger grew up in Wellsely, MA. He holds degrees from Norwich University, Tufts University, and Northeastern University, as well serving active duty in the Army and graduating Ranger, Airborne, Jungle Operations, and Jumpmaster schools. Roger worked as a newspaper reporter and photographer, started an engineering company in Concord, and also served as a police officer in Grantham. Roger was a gifted and recognized rifleman, woodsman, photographer, horseman, author, historian, adventurer, father, husband, and leader. He was a dynamic man of deep thought, quick wit, and decisive action whose watchword was honor.

Roger is survived by his wife, Joy; children, Tom, Samuel, Jessica, Tracy, Christine Sweet, Dr. Lindsey Madden, and Michael Gornert; mother Rachel; and brothers Eric and Peter.

### **Bob Daniels**

Robert L. Daniels, formerly of West Newton, died Wednesday, Oct 16, 2013 in Radford Virginia. He was born November 14, 1921 in Waltham, Massachusetts. He is survived by four children: Robert R. Daniels, Hope Collins, Lee Hodgins, and Beth Nichols.

Bob retired after a long distinguished career as a development engineer with Textron in Winchester MA for whom he traveled internationally in technical support of foreign associates. He was a naturalist for the Appalachian Mountain Club

specializing in the geology, flora, and fauna of the New Hampshire White Mountains and was inducted into the Old Hutman's Association as a special member. Bob was also active in Boy Scouts, especially with the Nobscott Reservation in Framingham, MA where he implemented the Forestry Conservation Project and developed and oversaw the Sisson Nature Trail. In 2000 he was awarded the Boy Scouts highest adult honor, the Silver Beaver.

### **Ed Hobby Jr.**

Edgar N Hobby Jr. passed away on December 16, 2013 in Greenville South Carolina at the age of 83, after an extended illness.

Ed was born in Lynn, MA. Prior to college, Ed was a hut man at the Zealand Falls and Pinkham Notch AMC huts. He was in the Air Force ROTC while at the University of New Hampshire. Upon graduation in 1954, he took up his commission serving as a pilot. After retiring from the US Air Force, he spent the next 25 years as a pilot for Eastern Airlines. As a long time resident of North Hampton, NH Ed was active in many organizations. These included the UNH Parents Association, SU21 School Board, ALPA, Commodore and founding member of the Kittery Point Yacht Club, Pisquaticqua Race committee, the Town of North Hampton Bandstand Committee, and he was an active member of the United Church of Christ. He had a lifelong love of hiking the White Mountains, sailing the coast of Maine, and travelling. He combined his interest in trains and travel by taking many trips with the NMRA. He also spent many hours building a model train replica of 1950s Franconia Notch.

Ed is survived by his daughters, Sharon Marrooney, Martha Freitag, and Elaine Hobby, 15 grandchildren, 12 great grandchildren, brother Russell Hobby, sisters Christine Hobby and Charlotte Morrier and several nieces and nephews.

### **Bob Temple**

Bob Temple died on March 16, 2014. Bob was born in Amesbury, Mass. on June 1, 1917 and at-

tended Amesbury High School, Worcester Academy, and Dartmouth College.

His association with the White Mountains began at an early age and continued throughout his life. He worked for the Appalachian Mountain Club for years - in the huts, and then as Asst. Huts Manager while living in Jackson, Virginia, and their daughters.

He moved with his family to Foxboro, Mass. in 1953 where he was employed at the Foxboro Company. After he retired from the company, he moved back to the place he loved best, Jackson. Bob is survived by his three daughters, Ann, Karen and Christy; his eight grandchildren; his nine great-grandchildren; his best friend, Digger. His wife, Ginny, died in 2006.

### **Ludwig Schiessl**

Ludwig Schiessl, 76, of Baldwinsville, NY died March 18, 2014 after a long illness. He and his wife Dorothy had vast knowledge of the White Mountains and amassed an important collection of White Mountain memorabilia.

Born in Cham, Bavaria, Ludwig emigrated from Germany at age 23 to New York City when he was recruited by the New York Athletic Club to represent them as a long-distance runner. After competing in the 2nd Mt. Washington Road Race, he remained in the Mt. Washington Valley where he was hired by Joe Dodge to work for the Appalachian Mt. Club. After that he was employed by Kronos Inc, as a labeling machine specialist and traveled throughout the world. In 1986 he was hired as a maintenance supervisor for Anheuser Busch, Baldwinsville, NY where he remained until retirement, when he moved to Kearsarge, NH.

He loved to bike, canoe, kayak, and cross country ski, as well as continuing to run and hike. Ludwig was also a singer, as well as a wood carver and basket craftsman.

Ludwig is survived by his wife, Dorothy; daughter, Heidi; son, Christopher; his step-children, Ann, Martha, Molly, Timothy; and his six brothers and sisters.

Pssst!! The Carter Photo Projects needs PHOTOS and MONEY. In particular, we are looking for photos from 1960-1977, 1979, 1986-1989, 1991-2007, and 2011-2013. Please send to Sally at [sallydinsmore@hotmail.com](mailto:sallydinsmore@hotmail.com).



Yes! The OH is on Facebook. We're also on LinkedIn, and constantly looking for other ways

to connect with each other, now that we can't have social call or send notes on truck. Plug in with the portal of your choice! (USPS is good too, for folks who prefer slow and tactile communications.) All pertinent info can be found on the website.

*Jim Hamilton remembrances continued from page 5*

faint praise. TVs and telephones have networks; the OH and the AMC had Jim. He was a guy who brought people and causes together in just the right combination to make things happen. He had that rare gift in a leader: the ability to gets things done without seeming to do anything himself, while simultaneously leading others to believe it was all their doing.

He was a consummate magician, and his magic will be missed.

Like many of us, I knew Jim had recently spent a month at Beth Israel, receiving the best medical care available. So, like many, I was dumbfounded when the end came so suddenly and with such a punch.

Without Jim's knowledge, the Steering Committee was discussing making him an Honorary OH—it was only fitting to recognize the guy who'd done so much to recognize the service of others. But with Jim's sudden decline, time for talk and formal votes was over. I canvassed a sampling of OH: do we make him Honorary?

Immediately—I'm talking minutes, hours—OH weighed in from across the continent and beyond; friends who hadn't seen him in years, others who'd only just made his acquaintance; young OH as well as old farts he started out with in the 60s; Trail Crew alum; AMC staff and volunteers; folks I'd never heard of who got the notice forwarded to them... If I'd received an email from the Dalai Lama it wouldn't have surprised me.

'Do it,' they all said.

So I threw the comments into an email to Jim, hoping it would ease his pain. I closed that note: "I can think of no better measure of a life well lived than to be so loved and so respected by so many."

Jim died just hours before I could mail it. He always exuded such quiet confidence and stamina, right up to the last time any of us saw him, I guess we all just figured he'd outlive the bunch of us.

Now that he's gone, I suggest the best way to remember him is to carry his legacy forward, by continuing to build bridges that connect us to mountains, to each other, and to ourselves.

As Jim would say, 'Carry on.'"

---Stroker Rogovin