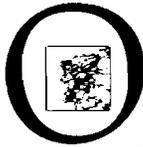


THE RESUSCITATOR

SPRING 1992 PUBLISHED BY THE OH ASSOCIATION 28 NELSON ROAD MELROSE, MA 02176

Baby-Boomer Hut Droids Unite



For those of you who have worked in the hUE between 1975 and 1985, have we got a deal for you! The Spring Reunion 1992 will feature the first-ever, honest-to-gawd Meeting of the Tribes for anyone who worked in the huts from '75-'85. CG, Storehoff, Trail Crew, Research, Ed Squad, Pinkham Croo and other miscreants invited too.

So whether you gig was Chez Belle, Zool or wherever, dust off that rotting pack trou and join us for lobster, softball (75-'85 vs. Everybody Else), an ever-eventful wade across the Ellis to the Ball Field—an epic opportunity to get together with the largest single body of people you know worthy of your abuse, able to take it AND able to dish it out.

A scratch-n-sniff poster of Burnham Martin's legendary 'Gaboon Walk' will be mailed to all those not planning to attend.

This is also the time to bring your dues up to date.

SPRING REUNION

Saturday, May 16
\$18 with reservations
\$19 walk ins
\$1292 croo & kids under 14
Clams, lobster, beer
1:00 brawl game and refreshments
(see order form)

FALL WEEKEND Oktoberfest

Saturday, October 3
Sunday, October 4
(see order form)

INTHIS ISSUE

Cabin Rules...pg. 1
Results of our dues appeal...pg. 12
Bearding the Ok Man Part II...pg. 2
Reunions...pg. 5
News from the Crews...pg. 6-11
Order form pg. 12
1992 Crews pg. 12

ONE of the comments received from an OH after reading the winter Resuscitator about the state of our finances asked that we publish the ground rules for use the OH Cabin so that there is no question about it's use. A couple of spot checks at the Cabin this winter proved that there is some misunderstanding about who may use the Cabin. So here goes—the Cabin is available for the use of any present 1992 crews working a season in the Hut System or any related service. There is no charge for the use of the Cabin, until an individual is no longer employed by the AMC. For example, someone who worked last summer, but not working any part of 1992, is not eligible for free use of the Cabin, nor should be given the key at Pinkham without showing a current OH membership card. Any OH member who has paid 1992 dues and has a membership card may use the Cabin for an overnight rate of \$5 per head (as many heads as there are in the party, be they family or friends).

We've really been quite loosey-goosey about stating Cabin use rules, just as we were about collecting annual dues. The economics of running the Cabin have finally caught up to us and we're making every attempt to pass the word. This winter, we've placed a loose leaf binder on the Cabin with published opening and closing rules, back issues of Resuscitators, a current mail list, Bill Barrett's list of hut crews and dues forms for new and recalcitrant members. We've also posted several notices in prominent places—next to the cash box and in the front door window—to clearly state that we, not the AMC, own the Cabin, and that we expect every eligible person to pitch in. We hope that many crews will join the OH Association once they get the sense the Cabin can provide them an inexpensive place to spend a weekend in the mountains.

Following is copy for the notice posted in the Cabin:

For some of this is one of the best mountain retreat. For others, this may be your first time at the Cabin. Welcome to all, make yourselves at home and take a deep drink of the scenery—it's free!

The Cabin was built over fifty years ago by the OH Association so former dues-paying OH could return to the mountains with their families and continue their friendships with fellow OH. This is not an AMC facility, it has no endowment or patron saint (at least, at this writing) and, therefore, we trust that every cabin-user is contributing a fair share to its operation. Today the cabin is also available for the use of present crews place to get away from the daily stresses of providing during their stint working for the AMC.

Anyone working a season for the hut system or its related facilities qualifies for membership in the OH Association. Annual dues are set at a ridiculously low \$10—only a few bucks more than the original dues in the 1930s. Your \$10 for cabin costs, and reunion activities. If you happen to be a member of the AMC, the combined membership will get you an overnight food and lodging hut rate at off the retail rate which is about \$25. The cabin overnight rate of \$5 per head per night is purposely kept low in order that many of you can afford to use the cabin. Try to find a better deal anywhere today.

But, taxes have increased to \$1200 per year and utilities cost \$600. Then there are the capital expenses for repairs and who knows what town and state mandates in the future which will require additional finances?

Last year, we collected \$250 from the honor cash box—a total that just doesn't match the of in the log book. In addition, only one third of 800-person mail list paid dues last year. So we're working on trying to spread the word, both here and in the Resuscitator, you can help us spread the word by encouraging your OH friends to join the association.

Don't cheat your association, yourself and future OH who enjoy the cabin at the same economical rate offered to you. By pitching in now, we can continue to offer these low rates. If you aren't a member of the OH, just reach down, grab one of those handy dues forms and mail it together with \$10 and any news about yourself. If you are in arrears of dues

Continued on page twelve

Bearding the Old Man Part II

By Jim Hamilton

COLLECTING information about the 1955 bearding of the Old Man of the Mountains led us to David Hayes, trailmaster of the AMC trail crew that summer who had mentioned the caper at a winter reunion a few years ago. Nobody had actually written an account of the incident and, since there were hut and trail crew participants involved, why not try to gather the details for publication?

Bill Hoffman, who worked at Pinkham and Zealand from 1949 to 1952, responded to an appeal in the November 1990 *Resuscitator* and sent us a glossy copy print from the original photograph that was printed in the *Manchester Union Leader* and subsequently in the *Littleton Courier*. Ray Lavender, Jr. supplied us with the *Courier* clipping which has been reproduced here. What we didn't expect was the unlocking of the Putnam-Dodge previous bearding caper.

Unfortunately, no such photo-documentation was available for the Putnam-Dodge adornment in 1948 which was published in last spring's *Resuscitator* after the secret was shared by the two participants for forty-three years.

Thanks to Stretch Hayes staying in touch with his trail crew cohorts and his membership in the OH Association, he was able to convince several of the 1955 perpetrators to write their accounts of the event for publication here, and was even successful in signing them up as new members of the OH Association. The following summary is from notes sent in from Ray Lavender, Jr., Stretch, Bob Scott, Armistead Jenkins and Joel Nichols. What a coincidence that three of the hutboys were also sons of

prominent OH-Dan and Bob Monahan, sons of Bob "Gramps" Monahan and Ray, Jr., son of Ray Lavender, Sr.

Joel Nichols recalled hearing that Brookie Dodge and his side kick Al "Alfredo Gonzales Freeko" Bolduc, a colorful construction crew member, had attempted the caper, but a frayed climbing rope had caused them to give up. All members of the 1955 contingent agreed that their's was the first successful attempt. Since both events have now been published in the *Resuscitator*, we'll have to leave it up to the two bearding parties to settle which party should be given proper credit.

There is some confusion in the memories of the 1955 consortium about the dates regarding the coincidence of the bearding with President Eisenhower's visit to Profile Lake. Ike was to commemorate the 150th anniversary of the discovery of the Old Man and also the First Day of Issue of the Old Man of the Mountains commemorative stamp. The celebratory events commenced Tuesday, June 21 and Ike's visit was scheduled for Friday, June 24 at 9:00 a.m., according to an account published in Frances Ann Johnson Hancock's book *Saving the Great Stone Face* (1984, Phoenix Publishing). The hutboy-trail crew bearding happened Thursday, July 7 according to the July 14 *Littleton Courier*, which was two weeks after Ike's visit.

Since then, there have been several picture captions attributing the goatee fauna to "enterprising person or persons with more nerves than brains" (July 14 *Littleton Courier*), "ingenious and daring Dartmouth undergraduates" (*Saving the Great Stone Face*), or prankster (*Appalachia*, December 1955).

According to Ray Lavender, Jr. who worked at Greenleaf that summer, it was during an afternoon of swimming and relaxing that the attack was planned on the Old Man. Stretch Hayes credits his three trail crew members as originators of the deed, led by Dobie Jenkins. Joel Nichols remembers that Dobie was a leader, but recognizes that the hutboys also dreamed up the stunt that involved him and Bob Scott. Maybe the idea came about when Scott

and Nichols met Gramps Monahan while they were standardizing trails at Lonesome. Gramps was visiting his sons at the hut and may have told the tale of the previous abandoned attempt to beard the Old Man.

Stretch Hayes remembers that he was busy trying to run his trail crew operation and had little interest or experience in attempting a technical rope descent. Scott remembers trying to talk him into it and hearing the excuse that Stretch had a date in Whitefield that night. All Stretch could do was caution his crew to be careful as they piled into Nichols' father's Buick Roadmaster for the trip from trail crew quarters at Hutton Lodge in Whitefield to Lafayette Campground.

Nichols remembers that upon arriving at Lonesome, they were disappointed to find goofers, but the Monahans had made arrangements to have the hut covered for breakfast which would be when the pranksters returned from the summit. So the game was on, which included serious planning after supper studying US Geographic Survey maps. Lavender thought that the ascent to the summit was made on a trail called Back Rib can't be found, even in an old *White Mountain Guide*, Scott remembers it as the Lonesome Lake Trail to the Kinsman Ridge Trail and Nichols recalls climbing through Copper Mine Col and being knocked out for several minutes after hitting his forehead against the ceiling of one of the boulder caverns. In spite of the stop to revive Nichols, the group made it to the Old Man's forehead a little after 4:30a.m.

Lavender remembers getting right down to business. "Upon arriving at the scene, we began to cut up small bushes since then there were no large trees. We accumulated scrub brush until there was enough to construct a beard by weaving rope through the beard. Also, the activity had to be done so as not to alert the crew at the summit. That would have been disastrous." Scott was little spooked because we were not sure if there might not be someone left overnight at the top of the tram. As we stumbled down to that little east summit-oH DAMN-it was starting

Old Man Sprouts Goatee



-Photo Courtesy Manchester Union

to get light, just a faint pre-dawn gray, but it scared us. We thought we were too late and would be visible from Profile Lake. It was a few minutes before 5:00 a.m. when we got to the edge of the ledges. An early morning pre-sunrise haze covered the low ground. With a sigh of relief, we realized if we couldn't see down, nobody could see us either."

The Monahans had the technical climbing experience, though for this trip pack ropes took the place of the more sophisticated climbing ropes and technical hardware of the Putnam-Dodge effort seven years before. Dan Monahan would be the intrepid climber lowered down the face to position the beard. Nichols thought "all this technical rock crap isn't necessary. So a big loop of rope with the beard tied into it could be lowered

missed, we would not have time to try again; it was getting light fast. As Dan Monahan belayed himself down, the remaining three of us carefully let out rope, securing it around a tree trunk as he went. When he was in position beside the chin, we lowered down our beard. The trunks were lashed together at the base and the rope we lowered with was tied about the middle of the bundle. Dan wedged the trunk end under the chin and at Jenkin's directions, we pulled up the beard so it stuck out at the proper, sassy angle and we made the upper end fast. As we finished, the sun was beginning to come up; it was about 5:30 a.m."

Nichols remembers whooping before leaving the forehead, because the first cars in the Notch began stopping. "First one, then another, then another

with Jenkins motioning down, left, right or whatever". Nichols returned about four years later to marvel at how successful their efforts had been.

Scott remembered that Lavender had accompanied Jenkins down the slope to get a profile view. "Jenkins had to go almost 1/4 mile down and have his directions relayed up to the Monahans and us. We were all worried that we might not have the right exact place. Which jutting rock was the eyebrow? Which was the nose? Which was the chin? Although the profile is very convincing from below, it was anything but clear up there. We surveyed and made our best guess knowing that if we

(stopped) as they rounded the curve by Profile Lake." Descending to Lonesome, the group paused for a well-earned breakfast before hiking down the mountain and riding up to the Lake to see the fruits of their work. Scott said they tried "to look as inconspicuous as possible-impossible of course with those grins on our faces." Nichols observed "the wind moving it and our cheap pack rope frayed and down she came", but not before Austin Macauley, a Tramway employee who just happened to have his camera and was on his way to work at the Flume, snapped his immortal picture of the facial fuzz.

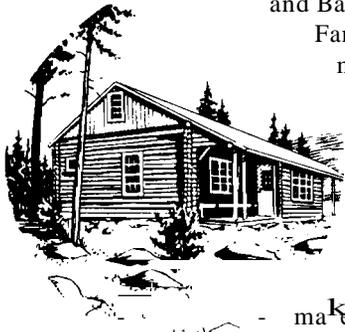
Lavender remembers that Cramps Monahan arrived the next day at Lafayette Campground delivering fresh laundry and "thoroughly questioned us about our involvement". Imagine how embarrassed the New Hampshire State Senator from Hanover would have been if the word leaked that his sons had been involved in the desecration, albeit temporary, of New Hampshire's granite symbol? Seven years before, Brookie Dodge and Bill Putnam had withstood a grilling by Joe Dodge about their involvement in a similar feat and managed to their secret for forty-three years.

There was some apprehension among these 1955 pranksters that the Secret Service men guarding Eisenhower-though he had departed weeks before---and the State of New Hampshire were in an uproar. In a telephone conversation with Joel Nichols last year, Joel thought there had been a warrant issued for their arrest by a Senator Tobey. Most likely, there was a great deal of discussion about the event in the legislators' chambers in Concord, particularly since the timing coincided with a heightened interest in the Old Man because of the 150th Anniversary. Nobody was named in the warrant, if it actually existed, and the pranksters are safe today. Not that they didn't have a few misgivings, particularly when members of the Forest Service, whenever within earshot of the trail crew, would dramatically describe how the State was going to prosecute the offenders when they caught them.

Galehead Reunion

By Bob Kreider

GALEHEAD hosted a party July 13. Everything is done with style and this was no different. The occasion was that the crew of 1961 decided that they needed a 30th reunion and all were invited. All included OH, family and friends. The 1961 crew was a bit smaller than today and included hutmaster, Bob Kreidler, and assistant Amy Cary. These two remembered the days when they packed two out of three days down to the pack house to bring in supplies-mostly liquid refreshments. In attendance were such notables as George Hamilton and Bruce and Mary Sloat. Others, no less notable, included Bob Cary, Dave Reardon, Alex MacPhail, Doug Shaffer and Barbara Ricker.



Family members and friends filled the rest of the bunks. Those who couldn't make it because of other hiking plans

were Al Koop and Joe Harrington who was to be on the AT in Maine. Joe is trying to complete the trail in segments.

It was the first formal affair on record, at least at Galehead, and four tuxedos were spotted. Balloons and streamers decorated the hut. The warm spirits made it so nobody thought about the rain and clouds outside. 1991 hutmaster, Emily White, was given a bouquet of roses. She and the rest of the crew, Dan Chase, Stephanie Tuxill and Mark Riddle put on clearly one of the best meals ever served by the AMC. The meal was a full course turkey dinner with cranberry sauce, all the fixings and pumpkin pie for dessert. A turkey was carved at each table. To enhance the

occasion, or blur the minds, champagne flowed to all but the designated drivers. Nobody remembers who they were. It was truly a night to remember with stories being told of old to current times. For many, it was emotional to see friends for the first time in thirty years and to relive wonderful memories. Michael Waddell, who came primarily to keep the OH under control (he was most worried about George Hamilton), ate at least half a turkey before staggering down the path with a flashlight in each hand. As he disappeared into the dark, he was heard muttering, "Never turn down the opportunity to go to a party at Galehead."

Greenleaf Reunion

By Joe Harrington

IF you were to pass through DuBois, Wyoming, it wouldn't strike you as the likeliest spot in the world for a Greenleaf reunion. The most popular locally available T-shirt depicts a road sign stating, "End OF THE WORLD 12 MILES; DUBOIS WYO 15 MILES". But a reunion there was, thanks to Roger Smith, who began over a year in advance talking up a Greenleaf alumni!ae horseback trip into the Fitzpatrick Wilderness, near the Wind River Range southeast of the Tetons.

Arriving by car and van, by commercial air line and Commanche World Airways (Roger's plane), the clan had all assembled at the Branding Iron Motel in DuBois by Saturday, August 24. (That's pronounced DEW-boys, pardner; don't speak much French in these parts.) The complete roster: Roger Smith ('49, '50, '51), Dick Maxwell ('50, '51, '52, '53) and wife Carol, Dave Porter ('51,'52, '53) with wife Ruth and friend Besson, and your scribe Joe Harrington ('56, '57, '58). Also, from Maine came Linus Story ('61, '62, '63, '64) and daughter Jessica, Whiting ('62, '63) and daughter Kendra, John Gross ('66) and

Jed Davis <Eastern Division '60s).

The outfitter came by to pick up all our gear that evening. One fly in the ointment: the airline had managed to lose John Gross' backpack with all his gear, along with several ice axes belonging to the Maine contingent. But next morning at 7 a.m., just as we were about to launch for the trailhead, a Gabby Hayes look-alike roared up to the motel office in a beat-up Nissan and inquired for John. Turned out he represented the airline's lost luggage delivery service, and had the missing gear in the back of the wagon. Made John's week, I can tell you.

Sunday was entirely devoted to riding up to the outfitter's base camp. (Took a while to get started while they found a horse tall enough so that Dick Maxwell's feet cleared the ground.) It was quite an entourage: the thirteen of us, the outfitter Clay Voss and wranglers Jason, John and Scott, as well as a string of pack mules for all our gear. Seven-and-a-half hours of riding, with one 45-minute break, will teach you about muscles (and other parts of the anatomy) you never thought much about before. But the incredible scenery through which we passed made it all worthwhile. We just rode and looked, and looked and rode' every so often Linus would yell, "Can you BELIEVE this?", and we'd all agree that no, we couldn't believe it but there it was.

By noon we found ourselves in a great open grasslands pass, with views for miles in all directions without a tree. Behind us, stretching off to the horizon, were range after range of mountains, rusty in the foreground, hazy purple close to the horizon. Ahead were the glacier-covered peaks of the Wind River Range, with the Continental Divide culminating in Gannett Peak, Wyoming's highest at 13,804 ft. As we got closer to camp, we passed through unsurpassed lake and forest scenery. Rocky crags above gave way to talus slopes below; then the dark green forest took over right down to the valley floor. There you found lush green bogs and lakes connected by glacier-fed streams of milky-blue, icy water-which Linus and I were later to find made for very abbreviated swimming/bathing sessions.

An advance contingent led by Mitzi Voss had gone ahead the day before, so that all was in readiness by the time we pulled into the camp by Dinwoodie Creek in Down's Fork Meadows. Wall tents with 4-6 cots constituted the sleeping accommodations. The cook tent had two wood stoves going constantly, for cooking and to keep hot water and coffee available. The corral and the tack shed, where the saddles and the related gear were kept, completed the list of man-made structures. (By the way, if this sounds like your kind of country, Gayton and Mitzi Voss can be reached at Box 482, DuBois, Wyoming 82513; 307-455-2688. Their hut reunion specialist will be pleased to consult with you.)

Days were spent fishing, hiking, rock scrambling, riding, or just plain vegetating. Evenings found everyone around the campfire. Usually someone had a plant, leaf or flower for Dave Porter or Carol Maxwell to identify out of their knowledge of western flora. The rest of the time was spent swapping lies, reminiscences and joke after awful joke. With a surgeon, two internists, a pathologist and a vet among the party, the humor at times had an earthy vein, but this was an OH reunion anyway, so what did you expect?

The major expedition was an attack on Gannett Peak. On Tuesday afternoon, the climbing contingent rode the first seven miles up to a meadow and established a high camp. No sooner had we strung a line between two trees and thrown a tarp over it for shelter than the rains came. All night long it poured; onto the tarp, through the tarp, around the tarp till everyone was

moist somewhere. The highlight of the evening came when Linus reached down to scratch what thought was an itch on his leg, only to find it was a mouse. (The resulting yell put several new holes in the tarp at his end of the bivouac.)

Next day dawned bright and clear. After ascertaining that the rain-swollen stream had washed away the cans of soda that Joe Harrington and Gerry Whiting had moored in the brook to keep them cool, the group heartily complimented the two on their wilderness survival abilities, and set forth. High alpine terrain soon gave way to a boulder-strewn glacial dump which made access to the glacier itself slow and tedious going at best; it became clear that the summit was probably beyond reach. Team One (Jed Davis and John Gross) actually got well up onto the glacier by noon, but threatening weather and the better part of a thousand feet to go turned them around. Others of us made it to the toe of the glacier before packing it in. All were down to the high camp site by 3 P.M., where Clayton and the horses awaited. That night, the base camp, which had looked rough when we had first arrived, represented Gracious Living in contrast to the leaky tarp of the night before.

There were mixed emotions when Friday rolled around and we had to saddle up and head back to DuBois. Hot showers and other comforts beckoned, but turning our backs on Dinwoodie Creek wasn't easy. So if you've been returning to the same old spot year after year for reunions, consider scenic DuBois, Wyoming.

News from the Crews

REMEMBER back in the '50s if you owned a VW beetle and you saw another one coming down the road, you'd blink your lights at each other, 'cause you just knew that sharp enough to drive a bug had to be OK and you'd probably be buddies if you could meet each

Anyway, in son of a similar fashion, that's how da editor spotted Robin Snyder when her MACINTOSH COMPUTER letter arrived loaded with news about herself and her pals. Anybody with a Mac's got to be a buddy, and Robin has put her Mac SE to helping put out the news which you'll read later starting on page 6. Sorry about the small type, bur how else can we in all the news that's spilling over since Ouistmas?

Doris Folger, Ai's sister, asked that all OH involved in the arrangements at Ai's funeral be thanked. Pall bearen included Bill Barrett, Dawson Winch, John Meserve, Dave Huntly, Stroker Rogovin, Josh Alper, Dick Low and Doug Hokhklss.

Foochow Belcher send us a clipping from the Newport, NH Argus newspaper highlighting the impressive accomplishments of Bill Bragner who at Lakes in '30, Zealand construction in '31 and was Zealand's first hutmaster in '32. Bill spent an active career as an educator, serving as superintendent of schools in Metuchen, NJ, head of Beverly (MA) School for the principal of Windsor (VT) high school, director of student teaching at Plymouth (NH) State, principal of Hanover (NH) high school. After WWII, Bill was sent to Nagasaki, where he was military governor responsible for rebuilding the city and establishing a government. His alma mater, Dartmouth, saluted him in 1969 when he was honored for "Exceptional Service to Secondary Education".

A very touching Christmas letter from Alex McKenzie addressed to all his OH friends-it opened with an apology that the "Nappropriate free vene" format was dropped this year. The lener went on to update us about his son Sandy's daughter Heather studying Biology at Macalaster College and that there was various Highland Games activity both in Glascow and at LOON Mountain which was well-represented by the McKenzie clan; and the rest of the family are active and well. Alex finished his letter, excerpts as follows:

Barbara Garthwaite (Smith) McKenzie, 78, left us quietly on the morning of December 8 after a few houn stay in Memorial Hospital, North Conway. We do not believe she suffered prolonged pain. Her passing reminds us that a good mind, acting with honest intent, and humor, can be successful in benering the world. She loved us all and you, with us, have suffered a great loss; but you, as well as we, have profited greatly from the experience of knowing her. We shall have a New Hampshire party for her friends after the weather warms, letting you know in plenty of time. was her fond wish.

This will serve as notice that Bobbie, the fint Hutman F, has now passed into history. She



Back Row: Jed Davis, John Gross, Gerry Beeson, Dick Maxwell, Joe Harrington, Roger Smith Middle Row: Ruth Porter, Carol Maxwell and Gerry Whiting Front Row: David Porter, Linus Story, Jessica Story and Kendra Whiting

loved the and hard to outdo her male associates in 1937-39. Happy New Year-Alexi Mac.

In May, Alex sent us copy that Bill Taylor's wife, Janet died. Janet Minor Taylor for Joe from March '39 to August '41, succeeding Alex's wife Bobbie Smith McKenzie.

John "Bob" Trumbull sent postcards circa '45. Bob worked at in '45 and '46 after Greenleaf in '44. Thanks, Bob, we'll send them to the archives.

Roger Smith is already planning another Greenleaf reunion. It has to be because Dave Porter put a collection of Wind River Range slides on video which Dave copied for all the happy campers, including a copy to Joe Harrington who showed the video at the winter reunion. Anyway, every time Rog looks at the video he starts planning—maybe a rafting trip the summer of '93. He sent along clippings of Adm. Hal Bernson, Lonesome '55, who was a former skipper of a very impressive raft, the carrier USS *Lexington*. The Lady Lex was just retired after an impressive life at sea having served in combat in WWII, the Cuban Missile Crisis and from '62 to '91 as a training ship for naval aviators. Hal is probably retired by now and would make an interesting How about it Admiral?

Alex MacPhail sent news that daughters Lizzy and Julia and wife Viki are all fine in Northampton, MA. Viki makes and teaches pottery while Alex is teaching, writing and operating an organic garden while running a small contracting business. The family is creating a small, sustainable community on their 15 acre farm.

Fred Johnson, Pah, Flea '76-'78, with his wife Cindy adopted a girl (Dana) from Bagota, Columbia in December '89, then 6 months later along comes Freddie. The "twins", only 8 months apart, are doing great Fred also sent a raid remembrance.

Pete Fags Fallon acknowledged receiving his spring Resuscitator and catching up on all the gossip, particularly reading about himself—one of his most favorite people! Pete and June are still living in "The Wreck" (reminds me of the car he used to drive) Vero Beach, FL

Greg Andrew lives in the San Francisco area, just got married last summer aneded by trucker buddies Florence Peterson, Bob Leone and Nick Carter. Greg is for an environmental consulting company doing wetlands and biological studies and looks forward to moving back to NE.

Misha Kirk took a 6 month leave from Ross Medical School in the West Indies, May-September as a river guide/kayak instructor for Boulder & Recreation, published a guide for the outdoor program at Univ Colorado and continues to fight her cancer which is currently in remission after chernolradiology therapy. September 18, she took a raft, kayak trip down the Grand Canyon—all adding up to a wonderful summer, except for the damn cancer. Currently back in med grinding away, Misha wishes us all "Keep the Mountain Force Within You".

Russ Moon sent in a couple of years of past dues from his new digs at Rt 2, Box 300A3, Clifton, Tennessee 38425 living high on a ridge on 9 acres. He remarried his ex-wife Jean last

year, and invites anyone passing through looking for a place to camp to look him up.

Remember that pix in the '90 Spring Resuscitator that Norma Hart Anderson captioned Fred Armstrong? Well sbe's sticking by her guns that that fella that looks like Tex is Fred and can vividly recall the day sbe took the pix, which way the wind was blowing, what she had for breakfast, etc. What we really need here, Norma, is your incredible power of recall to be transferred to some of those on the '48 Old Man of the Mountain bearding party so they can remember who the hell was actually there! Meanwhile, Norma's as a silversmith were rewarded with a gallery show November '91 at the Killian Gallery at the Sharon Arts Center, Sharon, NH. Thanks for the tribute to AI.

Don Hunger wrote from Lacey, WA that he's keeping the Pacific Northwest OH contingent together who are: Johu Donahue-engineer and Paula West-espreso pumper & potter, both of San Juan Island, WA; and all the following folks from the Seattle area Sarah Cook-scientist, AKA "beeker", Phil Dinsmore-part time King County mapper, Andy Blallock-teacher's aide! Seattle School District, Martha Stewart-among the crowds, Martha Bruenlg-unemployed in the Land of Oz. Don's starting anew after running the Forest Service campgrounds as a gov't contractor in Utah, Washington and California. In spite of his rambling around, the Resuscitators have "gotten through with timely, juicy news. Here's a ten spot your way".

Bill Hopkins was impressed by the formal nature of the recently- received dues bill and is kicking in his share because he enjoys reading about the guys who are also getting old. He can see the Franconia Ridge from his dining room window and drives by Moosilauke on his way to law practice in Plymouth, NH. He also serves as Vice Chair of the Adult Parole Board at the State Prison in Concord and has yet to find an incarcerated hutman, which only confirms his belief that nobody is bad who works in the though he hasn't visited any other facilities that may hold OH bankers and stock brokers. Cheer up re: that bulging LS, Bill—more of us than I'd care to count have these lower back discomforts.

Allen Sanderson, Ghoul '48, Lakes '49, climbed Madison last summer and encountered women packing in the Valley Way!

Brad Snow, PNC '68, Pah '69, Obs '70 wrote us a letter recounting the incredible snows of '68-'69 which totaled 660 inches by spring. He and AI Corlinda measured over 14 feet of snow at the beaver flats across Route 16. The windows in the TP were covered so that the light stayed on all day. Leaving in '70, he and Alison Dodd biked Europe, then he toured West Africa, ending up in N. Conway for Tom Dionne's son Bill as an electrician, then headed for Alaska to live in the bush for 8 years (didn't own a vehicle for the first 6 years). The need for more social than dog teams and salmon, brought him to Fairbanks in '84 for electrical contractor currently attending Univ! Alaska part time with an engineering degree in mind. He sees Alan Doyle and hears that Fred Milan, an old Observer is in Fairbanks. He measured 147 inches of snow in the spring of '91 in Fairbanks. Do you get the impression that Brad the white stuff

wherever he goes? With his unique handle and track record, he would be welcome back in the Whites' ski areas which just can't seem to get enough of the natural stuff these days.

And here's where Robin Synder takes over— I'm not at all sure that I want to be likened to a VW bug as da editor has so humorously offered. However, in the spirit that it was given, I will accept Jim Hamilton's welcome. Here I am recruited onto the steering committee (through no efforts of my own, I might add) and out a goodly portion of the news—thanks for your four columns, Jim!... It makes me realize that I have the opportunity to get more time logged with the apres employment than during. As a brief "bio" I can say that when I was hired to work at PNC in 1974 (at the delicate age of 16) it was only the second year that women were actually hired into the huts as croo, though I know many wonderful women''worked in and around the long before. After a summer at and then Galehead, '75, '76, I for Ed Squad down at Joy Street in 1971. Due to some major life and job changes in 1985, I also came back to run Mizpah from August through closing and stayed on with the education department until 1988. That fall I had the pleasure to re-meet AI Corlinda and family from Keene, NH. The circle always closes. At present I find myself at Tufts University finishing my Masters degree in Environmental Policy and hoping to escape in May. I hope I can present the news with the same gusto as da editor — if not then I'll just try to spell names right and keep you awake! Read on...

With a new twist of name changes in the bliss of matrimony, Jen BotzoJoms (formerly Botzow) writes that she and Lars Jorrens, PNC '85, Mad '86, Cata '87, Flea '87, Zool '87, Flea '88, have accepted a neutral combination last name for their family, including their 11 month old daughter Uti, and asked the editor to kindly correct the mailing list I wonder if there is some record for in multiple in one year. If so, does Lars take the If anyone is in doubt, Jen clarified (and Elizabeth confirmed) that three Botzow sisters for the AMC-Elizabeth who resides in Burlington, VT and Allison located in Eugene Oregon (who both still use Botzow) and Jen. We have made the corrections Jen and thanks for the address update.

Grace (Crooker) Levergood husband Rich and 3 year old son Ben, have finally made the move to the country and are on the verge of being homeowners in Northwood, NH. Their jobs as environmental engineers in Portsmouth and Concord keep them driving, but send sighs of relief at being closer to the Whites again.

Eugene L. Dakin continues to work with UNHCR in Switzerland (too bad he didn't provide a translation and I'll be damned if I know the organizational acronym). He says he travels a great deal over the Horn of Africa with refugee assistance programs. His youngun's, daughter Nan&, 9 yrs, and son Santi, 11 yrs, are tri-lingual. Does this mean they'll be ready to put out Resuscitator editions in French and Thai? Better yet, he reminds globe trotting OH that if in Geneva... come visit It is definitely wonderful to situate OH in good recreational areas.

Jelrey Abbe invites anyone in the Durango CO and San Juan Mountain area to look him up. Got a hot tub Jeffrey for the apres ski crowd?

Lew Bissell got so chatty on his dues fonn that I almost missed the important news. He is a bit worried about Charley Brownell, Mad 41, who doesn't answer mail or phone any more at his address in Melrose. Anyone know if his twin brother still lives in Winchester? Thanks Lew for chastising the in our membership. Your suggestion that they only receive a pan of the Resuscitator is a good one -how about only the address page until they pay up? Since you offered so much spice I'll have to assume that you and the Miuus are just fine and having a good time in Florida for the winter.

Kathy Rankin cryptically writes that she's living in Ithaca, NY, studying City and Regional Planning at Cornell.

Ann Cole Morgan assured us her dues are now up-to-date and that perhaps next year she'll make the reunion. Sure, sure...

Bill Oliver (I can't even begin to remember your pedigree Oli) and Jen Granduccl, Mad '91, Lakes '92, showed up for the winter reunion and crashed at chez Snyder's for a fun weekend. Bill was certain he held the record for most continuously attended winter reunions, though there was ardent discussion to the contrary (we should really establish a record in this category before we bag the entire winter reunion idea). Of course Bill's harmonica came out in the morning for a nostalgic rendition of "Lay around the Shanty" with little prompting from his hOSL

Rich Feldman, Ghoul '78:79, out in Seattle, WA, has a serious addiction to the pin head phenomenon of skiing and tantalized me with descriptions of jumping off a Nonhwest volcano with 3,000 feet of Mglacial com" to cut up. Rich, it will serve you right if a bunch of OH show up on your doorstep for mountain hospitality!

Bill Cox and Lisa Manzolillo were married in Maine on April 20, 1991. Congrats Bill, remember to bring Lisa to the spring bash so we can meet her.

Robert Kretler, Ghoul hutch '61, sent in dues for someone else in the hope that "da editor" would run the repon on the 1991 Galehead reunion held July 13. Come on Jim, he even sent along the repon for publication! It somds like it was a gala affair with and all the trimmings pies, cranberries, including warm spirits and champagne. We should have more 30th reunion panies! George Hamilton, Bruce and Mary Sloat were notably in attendance. Others included Arnie Cary, Doug Shaffer, Alex MacPhaill, Dave Reardon, and Barbara Ricker. AI Koop passed up the festivities for a rendezvous in the Cascades I hope it was wonh it AI - and Joe Harrington was out walking the AT. I don't want to ruin the anicle, which was most beautifully written, Bob, but really Jim, the first formal affair on record does require some coverage. Roses decked the arms of 1991 hutnaster Emily White and rumor has it that the meal, put on by the croo of Dan Chase, Stephanie Tuxill and Mark Riddle, was one of the best ever in AMC history I Jim, this deserves some attention. Despite the rain and clouds, four rare mountain tuxedos were spotted. Are they

endangered in the White Mountains? Mike Waddel even showed up, ostensibly to keep an eye on George Hamilton and the champagne, and was quoted as he hit the flashlight-illuminated trail "Never tum down the opportunity to go to a party at Galehead". Bob, I will ride da editor to get in your anicle, I promise. Dr. Arnold Cary asked for the reunion tidbits toot

Pete Maden wants to get more aggressive about collecting cabin fees and he offered some very useful suggestions about bow to accomplish this. I suspect there will be an involved commentary on this elsewhere, so suffice it to say Peter, we did discuss your suggestions with great enthusiasm at the last Steering Committee meeting at Brandy Pete's.

Which reminds me to plug the steering committee meetings. The January meeting on the 6th was well attended by new at-large members Doug Shaffer and myself. Stroker Rogovln offered on the proper beer to order and Dawson Winch bravely fought her way out of the house after a vicious bout with the flu to attend. Doug Shaffer was drolly accompanied by his ponable as he waited expectantly for a call from the Olympics -they want him! Jim Hamilton, John Meserve, Bill Barrett and Cap Kane were their usual charming and delightful selves. Don't forget it's the first Monday of the month, 6 pm at Brandy Pete's in Boston.

Earl "Gil" mnger, Mad '50s, who post-anoted us his news says begone with those who don't pay dues two years in a row and comments, "... those interested in the OH surely can pay \$10.00 dues." Here, here! He says that his developing a Nonh American distribution for a Korean paper manufacturer, MShin-Ho", would surprise his Marine Corps buddies. Gil fondly remembers AI Folger as a trail buddy and a great friend to all. He sends his best to all his OHfriends.

Joseph Harrington not only sent in this year's dues but stated he'd be willing to pay \$15.00 dues each year. Sorry I missed talking to you at the reunion Joe, I wam't able to make it through the crowd.

Dave Arons (now an archileCl) and Sarah Scully, PNC 84, were married in a beautiful ceremony in the Nonh Country in August 1991. Dan says ... life at the Hoban was good to them."

Frank E. Carlson lamented the loss of friends from '40,41, AI Folger and Kibble Glover who both passed away this year. He writes ... [AI] was happiest counting money because he always met his friends this way!"

Marty Womer, Zool '72, Mad '73, Ghoul '74, included an annual X-mas letter with his dues which filled us in on his new position as Administrative Director of the non-profit Coastal Mountains Land TrusL He a lovely write up in the Camden (ME) Reponer about his candidacy for selectman in Rockport ME. His other exciting news is about heading up a case study exchange with the UK as part of the Penobscot Bay Case Study of the 1991 US/UK Countryside Stewardship Exchange. What is even better is that he gets to with Burnham Martin, his fellow Mad '73 croo member, now working for the National Service's Rivers, Trails and Conservation Technical Assistance

Program (out of Charlestown, NH) and W. Kent Olsen of the Conservation Fund. I haven't seen Kent since the fateful summer I spent in

as his temporary housemate when our apartment was burglarized and much of Kent's equipment for an Alaska trip wu confiscated only days before departure. To Burnham, now that you are on a river again are you sorry you sold your racing canoe?!

Bob Williams sent us last year's dues along with this year's with a lovely apology and explanation that an aneurysm operation in Germany last year had laid him low. Doing fine now, he swears he's taking a bit easier.

Bob Mcklntyre retired, though it wam't clear if this wu recent and is under cancer again. Our suppon and heartfelt concern go out to you Bob to be strong.

Larry Killham started a new company called Eco Sensors down in Secaucus, NJ to develop and sell environmental monitoring equipmenL Good luck and good business!

Betty and Bob Elmer reminisced about the wonderful times hiking and skiing with the late AI Sise in '82 after the Observatory reunion and in '86 in Aluka. They seem to keep up a hefty travel schedule from their horne in Arkansas since they found time to hike in the in June.

Michael W. Dudley pointed out that he has no problem with the higher dues rate since it still is less than credit card dues, less than a magazine subscription, less than \$.50 per week, pays more than itself in one night at the huts and is necessary considering rising costs. Thanks Mike for sending in \$15-\$25 the last three years!

Larry H. Coburn writes that his brother Fred R. Coburn, Cata '46, died March 14, 1991. Listing an auspicious genealogy, Larry notes that Fred was the son of an OH (Arthur "Bud" L. - Madison '20:21), the brother of an OH (Larry-Greenleaf), and the father of an OH (John "Jay" F. - Mizpah). I agree Larry, not bad! The esteemed Bud Coburn also wrote to confirm this family tree and says that John J. Coburn Jr. is but a figment of one or more imaginations.

David Fonseca sends a request to change the winter reunion to the second or third Saturday before X-mas so he can make it to one sometime.

Beth Tracy says she loves having east coast news out in her new digs in LA and promises to stay put long enough for the next Resuscitator and any visits from hobo OH. Please let's not forget to tell her when the panies are happening, we can always use a little California pizzazz.

AI Kaman, Sr. permanently moved to Napa CA where he has probably invested in wine futures along with stock in a fishing gear company. Come on AI, the Sierra's just can't compare with the Whites, face it!

Foochow Belcher and his wife Beth penned their holiday note while visiting daughter Joan Browne in San Diego, and wish us all well.

The indomitable Dulcie Helman and "Dearie" (Alan Berlin) were stood up at LAX on 1115191 by Willie Ashbrook. You bum Ashbrook, good thing they stilluv ya! Dulcie was kind enough to provide the PNC repon at the winter reunion too.

It was sooo good to hear from Jennifer Beatty who spent a windy, snowy, icy, i.e. Mnonnal"

winter weekend at the Obs in mid-October. A brief PNC visit got her caught up on AMC gossip. Her own included Dave Buchanan's schooling in Seattle as a Physician's Assistant and Caml Davis' (living in Burlington, VT) art show opening at Trinity College.

Pete Harris notes that Bob Harris now lives in DoverNH.

Twins are expected in May 1992 at Stephen Paxson's home in Jamestown PA.

Robert Welner's training in Washington IX: for the Committee on Government Operations came in handy for his research on the "yo-yo" OH rates at the huts - "OH *should* get a discount" he contends. Perhaps a little pressure in the right place, Bob, could you A new business (Concept II) and a young family (Harrah 5, Emily 3, Ethan 10 mos.) keep Judy Geer and husband Dick Dreissijacke (sorry if this is misspelled) busy in Morrisville, VT. Their new makes racing oars and the Concept **N** rowing Ergometer. It looks like Judy does everything from writing to engineering. Do you guys get a chance to row?

Andy Cook, PNC '69, Lakes '70, Lone '71, has just been appointed Vice President of ABB (he didn't share the acronym with us either) in Windsor, CT. He's very happy to finally be within driving range of the Whites. We'll hold you to your promise to join da croo a bit more now. He took his family up to Alaska last August and found that his little ones (Betsy 2, Nate 5, Mac 8) areo't good for an extended hike. Well Andy, then there shouldn't be any excuse for not making it to the spring bash since you only **have** to walk up the driveway.

Allen and Nancy see Moose Damp and have met his new wife Kitty, whom they say will keep him on his toes. For those who know Moose, this should be quite a feat - power to ya Kitty! The duo also keep in touch with Bob and Betty Elsner and bump into Shorty Lange on occasion. Thanks for the news Allen.

Richard O'Hara is keeping his Limmen shined for his new position as Youth Group Director for the **Church** of the Holy Spirit in Orleans, MA. This is his retirement from Police Chief in Welfleet! Some people never know when to quit.

Gary Newfield continues to **work** at Hurricane Island Outward Bound while living in Durham, NH. He has been rebuilding 2 of their pulling boats at the Rockland base and says "Square, plumb and level doesn't cut it with a boat!" He sent a veritable treatise on the back of his dues request! After the chatty part about seeing Becca Swan Hastlins who resides in Rockland, ME teaching aerobics and giving professional massages at the Samoset Inn, Gary laments about the reduced air quality in the Whites and challenges us all to question our use of gas guzzelling vehicles. Thanks for the thoughts. Do you still drive the old Subaru, Gary?

Peter and Emily (**Thayer**) Benson finally tied the knot as of September 28, 1991 at Our Lady of the Mountains in Bretton Woods with a reception at the ML Washington Hotel. They note that:it was probably the time AMC folks were allowed to enter since everyone was clean for a change". Mter a swell honeymoon to Chile and Argentina doing great stuff like skiing and

backpacking, OH can find them somewhere north of the OH cabin in the Whites (nice directions guys - I guess you don't want guests I).

Kimberly Steward is now AMC staff and lives in Glen for those missing her at PNC.

Hidden over on the "quiet side" of the Whites, Doug Teschner and his growing family, sons Ben, 7, and Luke, 3, are trying to enjoy the prettiest part of NH. As a second term NH legislator, Doug is trying to bring logic and common sense to that esteemed body (I'm not sure this is the same crazed hutboy I remember).

Margery "Mom" Hamilton wrote to clear up the confusion of names and spelling on her mailing.

Cal Harris, who joyfully made it to another winter reunion thanks to the thoughtful chauffeuring of son Kimball HarrIs, spent last summer in Oregon with daughter Sally Wilbur. Though she can no longer climb to her "beloved heights" due to an ornery heart valve, Cal says she feels pretty good for 89 years young. Having given her a squeeze at the reunion, I can attest for the latter. You looked wondedul, my dear! Cal had lots of time to visit with reunion OH attendees like Liz SchultIs, Robin Snyder, Peter Crane, Bob Daniels, Dick **Chase**, George Hamilton, Frank Kelliher, **Leonard** Dalton, Mike Lonergan, Swoop Goodwin, Dick Low, Bob Cary, Peter Church and guest Jennifer, Joel Mumford, Margery Collins, Joe Harrington, Gerry and Derek Whiting, John Meserve, Dawson Winch, Frank and John Adams, Doug Shaffer, Bill BlITrett, MacPhail, Dick Kincaid, Terry Wright Tom Davis, Bill Oliver, Jen Granduccl, Jim Hamilton, and Tom Kelleher, and all of their guests before heading back to Boxford. For those of you who didn't make it, I'm sure Cal would love to hear from you. Her address is 66 Four Mile Village, Boxford, MA, 01921.

Leonard "Sleezy" Dalton, '49, '50, caught up on his dues and let us know of his retirement. Does this mean you'll have time to be a member-at-large?

Vieing with Cal for longevity, Doug BurckeU let us know that by reunion time he will be nintey-six and he was glad to see that Don Allen was made an honorary member.

Ned and Sally (DInsmore) Baldwin didn't make it to the reunion though they were in Boston. Unfortunately, Sally was being treated at Mass General for a tumor in her upper thigh. Surgery occurred 16th with radiation therapy following. A contingent of OH (Bill Oliver, Jen Granduccl, Stroker RogovIn, to name the few I know) fought their way through hospital red tape to wish her well. She should be home recuperating as you receive this copy and back on the trails by summer.

News travels in odd ways.... Hitting the Zealand trail on the Sunday after X-mas, I bumped into a Boston University professor who happens to be the P.H.d. advisor to Scott Macomber. Now in his 3rd or 4th year of his doctoral in the Remote Sensing department there, Scott, from all accounts, is doing well and is keeping the department computer programs running. Rumor has it (confirmed by Stroker RogovIn) that he gets summer tree counting trips to California and is and trim for the trails this

summer. And I thought trucken didn't hikel

Keeping to the same era, Anton Gulofsen and sweetie Barbara have headed out to Wyoming (or was it Montana) to ski for the rest of the winter - the bum. During last year's trip, "the Dron" took an unexpected turn and found himself quite over a cliff. A few broken handbones later, he found himself coming to and still managed to ski himself down to the fint aid shack. Concerned that he'd injured elsewhere, a further relieving inspection showed Anton to have acheived new heights for novel enemas. Stick to the trails,

Robert Temple has handwriting only a pharmacist would undentand! What I can decifer is that he has joined the ranks of lifetime OH memben (dues of \$100 for those over 70 year) and he admits to having **worse** handwritng than Kibbie. At least Kibbie Bob. He clarified for this writer that **George** Hastings, Bill and Daisy's son divorced from Becca a few years ago (hence **Becca** in Rockland, ME). George was remarried and his son William **Christopher** and geologist wife Diane are doing well. George is the NH state cartography computer manager for the Department of Environmental Services in Concord. I do love order and sense - thanks, Bob.

Stroker RogovIn on the other hand says, "Seeing how you rascals nominated me for "member-at-large" in abstensia, I guess I'd better pay the bucks and show up on the 21st". And about this name stuff ... Born **Larry** Rogovin (not Rogavin), the rumor has it that his father is responsible for the nickname Stroker due to his prowess in swim meets (At least this is the only story anyone will tell mel). Regardless of how it was achieved, the name stuck and even his checks Stroker. There are even two famous beers named in honor of him - "Strokington's Elixer" and "Strokington's Fine Brown Ale" bottled in Conway, NH. For the OH boobs who keep spelling his name wrong, Stroker says he can be called "Stroker", "The Stroke" or simply "Stroke". All references to Rogovin (spelled wrong) are to be nixed! So be it! Not only did Stroker make it to the winter but graced the steering committee meeting as well. He also warns that he and Dave HunUey are plotting to unleash their memoirs.

If you were around in the 30s you'll be happy to know that Frederick H. Greene, Zealand '36, Lakes '37, wrote in to tell us that he took his long awaited trip to in October '91 where he took the easy way over the Anatglan Plateau and Davrus Mountains to the coast - via car. Says "it is still plenty wild " up there at 9,000 and 10,000 feet! From there, swimming in the Mediterranean seemed like bliss. All in all, sounds like a great trip.

Arthur "Whitey" Whitehead, '25 '26, '28, and '33, was adamant that he should "never" be removed from the OH list! Joking that most of his contemporaries have now gone to "higher elevations", he reminded us that he back in the days when Saturday night supper was always beans and ham. Does that mean you wouldn't have enjoyed the Galehead reunion feastings?

Another OH from the 30s, Bob Ohler, Madison '34, '36-'39, and Galehead '35, gave a little extra

boost to the finances and says he wishes he could make the reunion.

Biking from Seattle to San Francisco is no mean feat and it sounds like William Appel who completed the pedal in July for the Lung Association is still alive to tell stories and offer a few lost OH addresses.

Peter Crane attended the winter festivities and happily is working on his dissertation again - you can do it Peter!

Bill Kelley is mother OH-embodied in his life's work. Now, after completing his P.H.D., he is off to Geneva Switzerland to work (don't forget to look up OH there, Bill).

Every so often I hear Joel White over the air waves from the Obs on the Mount Washington station. It was nice to visit with Joel a few years ago at a spring brawl. He was huts manager when I was a fresh-faced 16-year-old at PNC in 1974.

Rich "Crowley", 'Pah 85, Storehouse '89, ACE 90, and Melissa "Sanifer", ACC 90, and more, Iszard-Crowley married last year at Camp Dodge after a wonderful winter at Carter. After a brief trip to Europe, they now live a cozy student life in South Hadley where Rich is a Masters candidate in Physics and Melissa is getting her MS in Biology - he at UMASS Amherst and she at Mount Holyoke. "Ben" dog is still happy and scratching. I presume.

Raymond Schelmer, PNC '54, Lakes '55, '56, moved to Maui, Hawaii as you might all remember from the last Resuscitator where he invited us all to visit and reinvited us all this year. His reflections, scribbled on the back of the dues

"... The years I worked at Lake of the Clouds have given me some of my best memories of growing up. They were wonderful and they taught me a great deal... with Joe Dodge was yet another great experience... Joe made the huts what they are - and some of his philosophy - i.e. "the latch string is always out" - sadly has been lost over the years." He goes on to lament the deadheading of OH members who don't pay their dues and still receive the Resuscitator. As far as Ray goes, this is your last chance before you should get cut off from the news. Yes! After adding a little extra to the pot, Ray ended with wishes for the season - Mele Kalikimaka (Merry Christmas) and Haouli Makahiki Hou (Happy New Year). Dino. Maholo, Ray.

Stephanie Arenales Kaitz's dad is tired of getting her mail in Maryland when she is in Boulder, CO, so she updated our address list as well as the news that she married last year to Ben Schmidt, Trail Crew '87-'90, and adopted a neutral last name, Kaitz (thanks for not hyphenating, Steph. It would have been a mouthful!). Their son, Thomas Frederick "Fred" was born September 26, 1991, and it sounds like Stephanie is enjoying the "mom" things that go along with a boodle of joy.

Rick and Ro Bennett opened the Double R Farm out in Gig Harbor, WA. They plan on putting in X-mas trees and getting a few more and invite my OH travelling through to stop in. Andy Cook took them up on their hospitality this summer.

Greg Andrew and Rita Duicman married on

July 14, 1991 at the Andrew family compound down east on the Maine coast. Dulcie Helman is in on their new location in California. I want to apologize for missing the party but I was being certified in federal wetland delineation methods in Amherst, MA that day. Predictably, I sent my RSVP without copying down their new west coast address (good thing Dulcie kept it). I'll write soon.

Congratulations are in order for Cal Conniff, '49, who was inducted into the U.S. National Ski Hall of Fame.

Phil Costello is directing Project USE - a year-round wilderness program in NJ (they have wilderness in NJ?) for delinquent youth, teachers and corporations (should I rephrase this?). He still manages to get 3 cross-country weekends in the Whites each winter and a bit of hiking and climbing.

Now that Green Penn has retired from after 40 years he promises he's heading for the hills - in North Carolina. Do they count as "hills"?

Bill Meduski sounds like he occasionally does some water pipe inspection when the skiing and biking aren't in season out in Worcester, MA.

On a less jovial note, Mack Beal let us know that Fred Milan, a close friend of Mack's and Beetle Elsner and a mule skinner for the "old man" in the early 40's, is very ill after a series of strokes. He would like to have letters from OH that know him. You can write to him at Professor Fred A. Milm, 1976 Yankovich Road, Fairbanks, Alaska, 99709.

Betsy (Dew) Berarducci is now out in Idaho Springs, CO and is expecting her second baby in May. I wish you wrote a little more Betsy - I haven't seen or heard from you since our notorious hitchhike from the Whites back to Burlington, VT back in 1979. I hope you are well.

Gardner should receive special thanks for his recent survey of OH property. The most recent exorbitant assessment of the property prompted the steering committee action and Gardner made a significant donation of his time and expertise. The Steering Committee duly awards you the "Golden Transit Award" and our heartfelt thanks for your continued allegiance to the OH Association.

Jennifer Mitchell's dad writes to tell us that she is in Leon Nicaragua where she works for Project a sister-city program sponsored by the Lutheran Church. She will finish her second year there this summer and return to work in the huts in late summer and fall. The Cholera epidemic spreading in Central and South America is the impetus for this program which will help to chlorinate the city's water supply.

John Howe is still working on his sailboat launching in May of this year.

Richard Archibald penned a note from Ithaca that he retired in 1989 and is still skiing, sailing, travelling and studying history in more detail. He looks forward to news of the huts and is determined to make one of the reunions.

Geoff Burke and Andrea "Armie" Porter Greene were married on September 21 at Cold River Camp. Congratulations, it couldn't have happened to two nicer people!

Leaving through the advertising for Snowbird Ski in Utah, the Steering Committee came across the cameo appearance of Chuck and Suzanne Rowen (last seen at the Lakes 75th reunion), in hand and big grins splashed across their faces. The caption reads....A fountain of youth for senior skiers - reduced rates at 62, and free at 70" - Why not? Wouldn't you feel great if you were spending the winter at Snowbird skiing in unlimited powder? Unlike the rest of us in the East for a little white gold, they seem to get bored enough with the multiple feet of their Utah powder to galavant around the world to Japan and Costa Rica. Hey buddy, the least you could do is offer to let a few deserving OH babysit your house and season's pass to Altai. It must be fun to travel all year long! Complaining that at the ripe age of 65 he doesn't want to believe that his thinking is adled, Chuck offered another version of story about "Bearding the Old Man" and asked us to remind Brookle and Bill Putnam that he and Paul Bousquet were part of a deed resembling the one he read about last spring.

Susan Eusden was disappointed in the scantiness of the last newsletter. However she filled us in with enough news to insure that we'll have a 12-pager this spring! She writes that she and Don Stevens (TC '68-'71) made it back to NH in August and September and squeezed in some day hikes in the Franconias, including a great trip up the Flume Slide and down Liberty with Greg Betts and Craig Whitten (both TC late '60's/early '70's). They went to Kibbe's memorial service and seemed pleased to note many OH in attendance there. Seeing Brian Earl, who I believe lives in Chatham, NH over on the Maine border, was especially enjoyable. Their visiting spree included Chris and Sue HawkIns in Randolph; Will and Nancy DeCoursey in Jefferson; and Ray and Connie Evans in Twin Mountain. The laner observed their 55th wedding anniversary in October 1991. We should all be so lucky!

From the wilds of Juneau Alaska Mason "Buck" Bryant send his regards and wishes OH travelling through the area would give him a call. He promises there are even some mountains up there! He also mentioned that he has a ridiculous picture of Joel Mumford which he offered as blackmail material should we need him to finmce the cabin. Good idea Buck, we hadn't quite gotten to that one yet -- could you air express it to Boston?

Cindy MakIn Brown finished her MS in Resource Management and is now active in town planning and growth management in Bethel, ME and sits on the Mahoosu Land Trust board. See, we do have OH in high places!

Special member Lib MacGregor Crooker of Center Sandwich, NH tried to clear up the "Mac" controversy but succeeded only in getting me more. She says that her father, "Red Mac" actually hired Joe Dodge and her brother is "Skiwax" Mac, not "Black Mac" as he is so wrongly accused of being in the last Resuscitator. To top it off "Red Mac" hired all the other "Macs" too. However, it was Joe Dodge who started all the "colored" Mac that has baffled those of us in the laner years of hut history. Yet, Lib didn't clear up who hired the

rest of the flock of Lac, Jac, Quac, Zac, But seriously lib, thank you for sending along the adorable photo of "Skiwax" at 79 years of age holding his great neice on Potash Mountain. It is precious.

Stanley Hart says after the last two wonderful years on the Cape, he wonders why it took him so long to figure out he wasn't a city boy!

Dave Ward is still in medical school in St. Louis but he misses the Whites.

Jeff Worst tried to climb Mt. Rainer but weather and the extremely independent mentality of their and leader (is that a nice way to say they couldn't stand each other after 3 days?) caused them to get stalled at 12,000 feet on their last stab at the peak. Jeff says he hopes to head to Japan for a second ascent of Mt. Fuji with his girl friend who he hopes will "make it to the top"! I sure do hope you are joking, Jeff, since you are the one with the bad track record.

Jim Marston likes the job we are doing on the newsletter, though it takes him awhile before he figures out the "Newspeak". That's OK Jim, some people still think they are reading the Wall Street Journal!

Dear Polly Smith Lit has been having a mind expanding year as she and her husband Dave, have recently returned from a "Semester-at-Sea" on the S.S. Universe. Studying, the entire time at sea, they travelled mostly to third world countries as well as Japan, South Africa, Brazil, Venezuela and New Orleans - oops! Polly had also learned of Dr. Fred Milan's stroke and remembers him as "that young kid I knew" and hopes others have kept in touch with him. Finishing with a bragging about her 6 grandsons and 2 granddaughters (who she hopes will one day become OH too), Polly signed off with a last reminiscence of her time as Joe Dodge's secretary as ..the happiest times of my life".

Margaret Dumley, Lonsome 89, seems to have buried her dues notice somewhere in the of her underwear drawer and it has only recently resurfaced allowing her to pay up. Margaret's stationary, a bookmark from Borders Book Shop in Rockville, MD, makes a statement of simplicity and conservation; however, it does lack for news---come on Margaret, us in on your life!

Gerry Whiting, da editor a letter (which I read) with all sorts of news reminiscing of recent visits to Gerry's "hut-like" lake retreat. He says that his son Derick (he's OH but, I am devoid of pedigree here...) and his lady friend, will be relocating from Honolulu to LA just after the winter reunion. My only question is WHY? Yuch! Those of us, "young OH", at the reunion who met Derick had the pleasure of imagining just what Gerry must have looked like at that age. Can I bite my knuckle now? The "old man" managed a winter mini-reunion at Carter on January 18 with Dawson Winch, Jed Davis, Doug Shaffer, and Robin Snyder (who was the in caretaker for the weekend). Besides learning a thing or two from Dawson and Robin, the croo had a gourmet seafoodfest that would have won honors at any elevation! Gerry writes, "By the way - I've managed to keep my poly pants snagfree, I don't look for Elvis, but Dick Curliss ("Tombstone way mile" fame) was seen at the Fryeburg Fair" The rest was somewhat

garbled -something about kitchen appliances on the porch and old lawnmowers for sale - perhaps Gerry is a garbled himself. He finishes with having seen Al Koop's daughter "Sparky", HM Madison '90, on the way up to Mt. Adams this winter. Remember Gerry, Lakes croo switch this summer!

Bob McIntyre is still recovering from an illness, though he says he is moving in the right direction, and he wishes Foochow the best.

The infalable Bob Daniels reminisced about Al Folger from times long before his Hut Committee appointment, I first became aware of a man with a bottle of "Bourbon Renewal", which he generously shared when my scotch had run out after some serious celebrating at Madhouse one damned weekend. It took me some time to discover his secret, the damned flask was always full, while the spirit level in my own kept decreasing. The guy is amazing, and is one of the national treasures which belong to the OH". Your fmal words are indeed shared by many, Bob.

Jim Hamilton better get his together on the news because Jean Macmillan Bennion, PNC '47-'49, chastised him for his improper facts in a number of areas, i.e. Jean "did not and never has" managed the Rocks Estate in Bethlehem, though her Society for the Protection of N.H. Forests Docent class and other programs were held there; it is Ellie Whitten Spence (not Whittier); and Jean's son Stuart went to Pah's 10th reunion instead of uncle Tony, as he was too ill at the time to make the trip. Shape up Jim! Blaming the uncertainty of north country weather and a prior commitment in Gaithersburg MD, Jean apologized for not making the winter reunion. She did attend Kibbie's service which, she says, was lovely.

Max Weiner and Ruth retired to Israel as of July '91 to look at the stars from a new angle.

Lucy Rogers, PNC '70,71, a long lost OH was returned to the fold by Dr. Robert Story, Flea '60s. Lucy, a nurse at Stephens Memorial Hospital in Norway, ME, joined forces with Paul Hausman in 1975 and shares her life with Phoebe and Amos, their children.

Richard W. "Boogie" Kimball, Lakes '45-'46, teased us with the beginnings of a Lonesome story about the canoe "almost" to Lakes - but of course he can't find the memorabilia in his messy attic. Sure, sure, Richard, pass off the responsibility to Paul "Spic" Hodges - can you tell us where to find Paul or is he lost in the attic too?

Alan T. Davisson is another OH with feeble excuses for missing all the good times. He sent in his spring reunion card from last year blaming it on confusing desk files - Get a life and show up this year, Al.

Dr. John White, '19-'28, apologized for not attending last year's bash but a bit lonely since not too many OH from his summers are still around. Come anyway Dr John, there are many many new friends here waiting. Soon to be "Dr." Dave Ward is finishing his first year of med school in St. Louis and says his latchstring is always out for OH travelling west and requiring a port in a storm.

Kim "Schroeder" Steward, PNC '89-'90, Cata '90, Accounting '91, PNC '91, noted: "I (sort of)

thought Misha Kirk was a guy! You refer to him as a female on page 8 in the Resuscitator. Maybe I misjudged him. The mustache threw me off!"

Cap Kane, PNC '71, Flea '69, ZooI '71 - opening croo, commended the board for all our good work and urged us to "oo. keep a sound footing".

Stan Hart, Mad '52,'53, wants us to give croo a discount on membership. Personally, since membership is still less than a popular CD, I think I'd disagree.

Of the same era, Al Starkey, Zool '51, Lakes '52-'55. is heading to Romania as a to spruce up some of the institutions for children there. He is also the proud grandfather of a "rescued" Romanian child, Georgiana, 21 months, adopted by his daughter and son-in-law. Eric Radack is over in Gloucester, MA where I must assume (since he wrote no news) that he is still writing and running trips. Am I correct Eric?

Andy Cohen is another who failed to in news - though his dues did make it. Come on folks you have a responsibility to provide the editors with material here!

The news really dwindled when Eric Peter Abramson only sent in his business cards for Off The Front Productions, Inc., Boulder, CO, where he is the Not even a

Camp Wigwam, via Don Allen, sent a citation to Al Folger which read: "Camp Wigwam salutes most distinguished alumnus: ridge runner for fifty-plus years, friend and mentor of generations of hulmen (M&F), OH treasurer and guardian of OH Association traditions, recipient of the AMC's Distinguished Service Award in 1980. Congratulations!"

An interesting suggestion from Nate Emerson, Pab '74, Zool '75, surfaced recommending that we charge even more for dues and put it towards an all expenses paid reunion for all OH in the Whites in the year 2000. Worth thinking Nate seems to be busy working at UNISYS in technical communications doing on line documentation, product user interface design and training. His wife Terri is a part-time nurse. Daughter Abigail will be entering kindergarten in Sept. '91 and son Andrew (3), will be bravely recovering from is 4th spine fusion for congenital kyphosis. Nate is out in Shoreview, MI and requested all the particulars of cabin use. We sent off the info to him and hope we see his face in the Whites this summer. Come to the spring reunion this year Nate, your friends would love to catch up.

Mike Lonergan, CC '62-'64, showed his face at the winter reunion, giving George Hamilton a ride as well. When I talked with him there, it was the first time that I realized he was OH, despite having lived in the same town, Concord, NH, and babysitting his children!

To add to the dues from the 40's era, Oliver Drown, PNC '40-'45, sent us dues as did Helen Joy Lee Peterle, PNC '45-'46, Moose Damp, and Charlie Gregg, Mad '43 and closing croo. Charlie, having worked temporarily for the Nature Conservancy, says that you almost as much bang for the buck as the OH dues. Join them both! Another 40's OH, Harry "Steve" Wescott, who is warming his bones in Florida at this writing, a pre-season reunion at one of the huts. He sent along an article he wrote

the Keene (NH) Sentinel, after a fantastic trip to Alaska. Nice job Harry, are you interested in helping with the Resuscitator? Do you have a volkswagon?

Katy Hlza, and husband seems anguished to have missed out on past newsletters due to erratic address record keeping and moves, but wants to be duly entered on the member list from their Wesnawn, PA abode. With child number 3 on the way in May. Katy and invite OH to visit their family summer spot on Swan Is. ME.

Bob and Robin Najar hope to be in the whites summer but the addition of baby "Will" should be an interesting adjustment. Babys'love spring reunions Bob!

Pam Scharf Hunt, PNC, Zool, Cata '18-82, has been socializing out there in Washington State! Bonnie Christie surprised her in the grocery store one day (neither aware they lived so close) and Pam has plans for July to head off to Colorado to visit Betsy Dew Berarducci and her new daughter. Pam, who is living on Banbridge Island, teaches Montessori School while husband Terry teaches guitar. They give concerts from time to time - Terry plays and Pam sings.

Ginny Faus, PNC '14,'15, works at the Hotchkiss School in Lakeville, CT.

Richard "Phil" Morgan, Flea '65, resides over in Union, ME.

Amy Sheldon, Crawford '81, Ghoul '88, sent in \$ for the spring bash last year she make it?

Forrest and Louise House energized to do some work around the cabin last spring.

Russell W, Hobby, PNC '58, Flea '59. Trucker '60, is not too far away from the Whites in

Laconia - no excuses Russ I Barbara (mother of the Blaiklock trio - Jenny, Andy and Bill) writes to tell us that Andy is enjoying the Seattle area and keeps in touch with local OH there; Jen is still with the American Red Cross in Burlington, VT; while Bill is in the Hartford area. Thanks Barbara, but get these offspring of your to write or at least anend a reunion!

Mark Real hopes to send some additional photos to Al KiloP for the hut history.

Colin Davidson, Mad '66-'68, has become a born again Scottish farmer it seems. He has 30 head of Scottish Highland cattle (sent along a nice article from the Conway, NH paper Northern Light about them) on his farm in Madison. He lives part-time as President of Turnstile Publishing in NYC, and the rest of the time he says he is off in Scotland chasing around cows. Are you sure you want to admit that Colin? Regardless, he invites OH to Madison where "there is always a bed".

Steve Colt, who has something to do with the University of Alsska was quoted in the Boston Globe on Native Alsskan Lands issues(12120192). Unfortunately, he was not quoted saying any thing about the OH Association and paying dues. Think next time Steve, OK?

Doing the news is such great fun because I hear from people that I haven't seen or heard from in ages. Jonathan Davies, Flea'n, Mad'13, Lakes '14, Ghoul '15, Zealand winter '16-TI, is one such person who let us know he just moved to South Berwick, ME. Are you still tesching, Jon? How are the kids?

Martha Guild, PNC '82, Pah '83, has an exciting media career in the makings. After

quotes) graduating from UMASS Amherst in 1989, she landed a job as a reporter with the Alsska Public Radio in Southeast at an affiliate station in Haines. She is now in Amherst covering regional environmental, economics and farming issues for another NPR affiliate. She has even had a national broadcast debut with NPR's national desk in Washington DC. Martha, how about a public interest spot on the OH Association and our colorful history - seriously?

Dr. Ray Schelmer, Lakes '55, '56, writes again to entice OH to head west to the Pacific Islands. He says that though it is harder to get to the Whites from he does have mountains there is anyone wants to come make comparison's and reminisce about old times.

Other names which cropped up with dues but no news to share were Bruce Blake, Sharon NanartonIs Kast, Barbara Deller, and Richard C. White.

*The second most moving
experience you'U
the Huts—is when you change
your address!
Just jot us a note so we can
keep hearing from you and
delivering you the Resuscitator.*