

THE RESUSCITATOR

THE OH ASSOCIATION 80 Rowley Bridge Road Topsfield, Massachusetts 01983
The O H Association is former employees of the AMC Huts System whose activities include sharing sweet White Mountain memories

Spring Brawl

Saturday, May 15

Full course meal includes noon lunch, then in afternoon little necks, lobster, ice cream, apple pie, beer. Prepay \$20, \$14 for current croo and kids under 14.

Non-seafood menu is \$10, \$8 for current croo and kids under 14.

12:00 lunch

1:00 Brawl Game

4:00 lobster dinner

Lobster must be prepaid since they are ordered on a reservation basis only. See order form page 19.



O H Night at Carter

Sunday, September 12

See page 18 for details; see order form page 19 for resies.

Oktoberfest

Saturday, October 2

This is the annual work weekend at the Cabin with full selection of wurst, kraut, strudel and beer. Come work around the Cabin and clear trails. Sweat labor pays for your meal.

Winter Reunion

Saturday, January 29, 2005

Sheraton Ferncroft, Danvers

See details in winter Resuscitator and check

website www.ohcroo.com

Steering Committee Meetings

Quarterly in Boston area restaurant. Check website for date and place or call Stroker 781 641 2506

O H Fund Contributions Provide Resources for AMC's Purchase of Little Lyford Pond Camps

The OH who contributed \$2,600,000 for existing huts and trails with a portion going towards a hut system in the Maine Project made it possible for the AMC to purchase Little Lyford Pond Camps. Located in Greenville, Maine, LLC's purchase provided the AMC a unique cabin configuration in a 300-acre location close to the gateway town of Greenville and the just-purchased 37,000 acres of mountains, woodlands and ponds that will become a protected, yet multi-use area for hikers, skiers, fishermen and managed logging operations.

History repeats itself and the Hut System is no exception. In 1929, the hut committee asked Joe Dodge to look for opportunities for expanding the chain of huts into the western White Mountains. The state of New Hampshire owned a nineteenth century fishing camp on Lonesome Lake and Joe seized the opportunity to manage the old log cabin and create the western terminus of what would become an eight hut system. After Lonesome, which opened the summer of 1929, Greenleaf was built in 1930 and Zealand and Galehead followed in 1932.

The pond camps in Maine have much in common with the old Lonesome cabin—they were built of logs in the nineteenth century only in much better shape than the old Lonesome — with a spectacular view over the ponds of the 3,000 foot mountains to the west with views of Khatadin from their summits. Trail building started this summer with the clearing of the old loop trails around the two Lyford ponds. From this base camp, new trails will be cut to Baker and Indian mountains and modern limited-use shelter/huts are being planned for the future.

Gerry Whiting, in his new role of AMC's Maine Project manager, was the key individual who identified the LLC and the Greenville area for the AMC's expansion.

Treat yourself to a trip there this summer or a six and a half mile ski in next winter. Get a group together, take a long weekend (you'll need more than a weekend to get a sense of the area after the five-hour drive) and there is a two night minimum stay. Resies are made at www.outdoors.org/lodging/lyford.

From the Whites to “the Ice”

A Groundswell of OH Flock to Antarctica

By Peggy Dillon

WHEN parents deposit their teenagers at Pinkham Notch at the start of a hut career, they usually envision their sons and daughters working in the White Mountains for a few summers before settling down into mainstream jobs. As they head south down Route 16, few moms and dads realize that quite a few of their offspring will not only opt out of a staid post-hut existence but will also seek seasonal work in an even more exotic location: Antarctica.

That’s right. Since the late 1950s, some 70 former AMC North Country employees—collectively called OH for this article—have worked on the world’s coldest, iciest, and driest continent, half a world away from northern New England [see sidebar, “Who’s Been There?"]. Seeking adventure, scenery, money, or subsidized world travel, these intrepid OH have been willing to shovel snow, drive trucks, do carpentry, pack cargo, and even count widgets in sub-zero temperatures just to experience life on “the Ice.” But why?

“I think the people who are drawn to the AMC are the same kind of people who are drawn to work on the Ice,” said Ted Dettmar, who since working for the AMC in the ‘80s and ‘90s has spent nine seasons in Antarctica. OH willingly accept hard work for low pay and communal living in exchange for croo camaraderie and the fun of living in the White Mountains, he said; that same appeal holds in Antarctica, in addition to perks such as higher pay and the chance to travel since round-trip airfare is covered. Besides, the prospect of gallivanting through New Zealand for months afterwards is a potent lure for many OH to work in Antarctica. “If you want to get to New Zealand, you’ve got to get to the Ice,” said Ted. “And I think that’s what draws people down here.”

This OH presence over nearly half a century marks a small but noteworthy addition to the history of exploration and habitation in Antarctica, a continent larger than the United States and Mexico combined. Humans first laid eyes on the continent and landed there in the 1820s. British explorer Robert Falcon Scott arrived by ship in McMurdo Sound in 1902 and erected Discovery Hut, the first building in the region. In 1947, some 4,700 men arrived on the continent as part of the U.S. Navy’s Operation High Jump, the largest expedition to date. With the start of the International Geophysical Year in 1957, the U.S. and 11 other countries established 60 research stations on the continent. Two years later, in 1959, the Antarctic Treaty was signed as a cooperative multinational

agreement reserving the continent for peaceful purposes and international cooperation in scientific research. That same year, the U.S. Antarctic Program (USAP) was established.

Over the years, USAP has been responsible for running four permanent stations: McMurdo, the logistics hub resembling a scruffy Arctic mining town located at the edge of the Ross Ice Shelf; Amundsen-Scott South Pole, situated 9,300 feet above sea level at the continent’s center; Palmer, located on Anvers Island west of the Antarctic Peninsula in the “banana belt” just north of the Antarctic Circle; and Siple, located in the vast wind-blown expanse of West Antarctica and closed down in 1989. The entire American program is overseen by the National Science Foundation (NSF) in conjunction with military and civilian contracting operations, the latter being—except for the early years—the draw for OH.

The first OH to go to the Ice was Bill Meserve, who worked on Madison’s 1958 croo during the last year that Joe Dodge was Huts Manager. The following year, Bill and fellow hutman Roger Hart were tapped to join a 1959-60 Antarctic geology expedition team led by Bob Nichols, Bill’s Tufts University geology professor and a veteran polar field researcher. After readying for the austral summer season—which in Antarctica spans from October through February, the length of time most people stay there at a single stretch—team members flew from the East Coast to California, Hawaii, Fiji, and New Zealand, before arriving at McMurdo in November. After organizing their gear, they flew in a Twin Otter across to Marble Point, on the other side of McMurdo Sound.

From there, the team sledged along the Sound’s western shore, studying raised beaches—areas of bare land that helped them approximate glacial thickness from an earlier time. They also headed into the continent’s Dry Valleys, a starkly beautiful region where they studied evidence of multiple glaciation. During their travels Bill and his colleagues found a leather strap thought to have come from Robert Falcon Scott’s Western Party, which half a century earlier took a different route from those on Scott’s doomed polar journey; and at the head of Granite Harbour they discovered a hut built by that same Western Party when they were trapped by an early freeze and forced to winter-over.

Bill’s group was also the first to extensively man-haul sleds since Ernest Shackleton and his men did after abandoning the *Endurance*. While that season was to be Bill’s only one on the ice, Roger returned during the 1960-61 season as part of another

Tufts expedition, again led by Bob Nichols (an AMC member). Nichols subsequently got several hanging glaciers—including the adjacent Meserve and Hart Glaciers in the Wright Dry Valley—officially named after his field assistants; since then, the Meserve Glacier has become one of the world’s most widely studied glaciers for measuring glacial flow.

On the other side of the continent, Palmer Station was where several OH next found themselves. Hutman George Benton went in 1966 while serving on a Coast Guard cutter to help the Seabees build a second Palmer station, replacing the facility built years earlier several miles away. Joel Mumford, who from 1963 to 1969 worked at Madison and Greenleaf and on construction crew, did a year of service at Palmer in exchange for the Navy paying for his medical school training. In the fall of 1971, he flew from the states to Santiago, Chile, where he and 40 other scientists, grad students, and support staff traveled via icebreaker down the western coast of Chile and through the Straits of Magellan, the Drake Passage, and Deception Passage, until finally they arrived at Palmer Station December 1.

Over the next year, Joel juggled four roles by being the station’s medical officer, overseeing fuel supplies, coordinating ham radio functions, and heading search and rescue operations. Despite shouldering all those duties, Joel had plenty of unstructured time to wander around uncrevassed areas near the station, play pool and ping-pong, and watch movies (in pre-VCR and DVD days). He and his colleagues enjoyed excellent camaraderie, thanks to a commanding officer who knew the importance of keeping men in an isolated environment occupied with defined tasks.

A few more OH made the trip during the 1970s. In the last two months of 1976, former hutman Thom Davis worked as a field assistant in to George Denton, his University of Maine geology professor and an expert on glaciers, in the Dry Valleys. In 1979, Karl Wendelowski, who had run Pinkham during the mid- to late-1970s, left the AMC in June to be Palmer’s station manager (though he left midway through his year-long stay after the contractor changed hands). One of his jobs was to hire personnel for the Research Vessel Hero, the first vessel traveling from Argentina to the station that season, and when the ship’s cook contracted typhoid fever that October, Karl hired Joe Gill on short notice to fill in. Leaving his Tuckerman Ravine caretaker’s job, Joe quickly got his medical checkup and paperwork taken care of, then traveled to Buenos Aires and on to Tierra del Fuego, where he boarded the Hero. From there, until the ship went into drydock in January for repairs and Joe returned to New Hampshire, he prepared three meals a day, seven days a week for scientists and crew members, even as the boat tipped 50 degrees and was engulfed by 60-foot waves during the journey across the Drake Passage.

Pete Furtado, who between 1976 and 1984 worked at Cardigan Lodge and at Pinkham as storehouse manager and assistant manager, headed to the Ice in the fall of 1984 to winter-over as the South Pole’s Senior Materials Person. His job was to inventory a random assemblage of everything from tractor parts

to office supplies, many stuffed in nooks and crannies and frost-covered from being stored at outside temperatures. “It was ridiculous,” he recalls. He also helped replace an old computer system operating with magnetic tape and paper tape reader with a newer disk-based system. It was also the station’s first season with satellite communications, which allowed Pete to have occasional phone conversations with his AMC girlfriend, Lori Dombek.



Pete Furtado gets ready to unload a cargo plane during his 1987-88 season at the South Pole.

After the summer crew left and the dark Antarctic winter enveloped Pete and other winter-overs, he noticed that workers who had to stay on a set schedule seemed edgier than the rest of the crew, who slid into a “freecycling” daily rhythm. By getting up and going to bed when they wanted after working, the freecyclers found that they woke up an hour or two later each day, which somehow made them less prone to flying off the handle. For the most part, the crew got along, though some drank too much; many of them—Pete included—went into a kind of slow, depressed mindset in which their own reality diverged from actual reality, with no outside forces to keep them in check. “I just slowed way, way down,” he said.

By the mid-1980s, the trickle of OH heading to the Ice was becoming a stream. Five AMCs went down for the 1985-86 summer season: Jon Martinson, Dennis Tupick, and Tim Axelson to McMurdo; Bob McCoy to Pole; and myself to the Beardmore Glacier field camp in the Transantarctic Mountains. Pete Furtado returned to the South Pole during the 1986-87 and 1987-88 summer seasons as the station’s materials specialist in charge of all cargo; when he decided not to return again he turned his job over to former hutwoman Nancy Brandt, who had

just finished two seasons as a “cargoid” there. “She took over for me and I didn’t have to train anyone,” he recalled.



Peggy Dillon stands next to the Beardmore field camp sign on February 1986.

Jon Martinson spent the late 1980s on the ice after leaving his job as manager at Pinkham, where he’d worked for a decade. Having always been drawn to Siple’s modest size, remote location, and quietude—a small cluster of buildings covered with corrugated metal and 50 feet of snow—he had accepted a job there as a General Field Assistant for the 1985-86 season, but was then reassigned to work as a materials handler at McMurdo. The next summer, he worked in the Cargo Department on the Ice, helping streamline cargo operations at Pole and then Siple.

His third season on the ice, Jon finally got the job he wanted: Siple’s station manager. Besides running the station, he helped run field camps on Siple coast, and also helped plan the recovery of a crashed C-130 cargo plane in East Antarctica. At Siple, the main focus of research was a study of the ionosphere using Very Long Frequency (VLF) radio waves broadcast through four 13-mile-long antennas. On his crew were Albie Pokrob, Mark Parent, and John Lingel, all of whom had worked at the Mount Washington Observatory. He returned the following season as station manager, but that year at the end of the season, the NSF ordered Siple shut down for good.

Joining the late-1980s groundswell heading for Antarctica was Mark Hitchcock, after he had worked AMC jobs since 1979 in the huts and storehouse and on construction crew. He headed to McMurdo in 1987 for what would

be the first of 14 seasons there and at Pole in a variety of jobs, including carpenter, helicopter technician, tower rigger, and weather observer. An inveterate guitarist, he loved wintering over one particular season because he could immerse himself in his music; and every year down there he was in a band, once playing at a raucous winter-over Fourth of July party. There were downsides, too, such as working for difficult bosses, which led Mark to regard Antarctica as “summer camp for immature adults.”

By the early 1990s, OH were firmly entrenched in the culture of Antarctica; Mark and others said that around that time more than a dozen OH inhabited the continent during a given season, including Mark, Dennis Tupick, Randy Noring, Albie Pokrob, Kari Geick, Lee Ann Pipkin, Laura Capelle, John LaManna, Nancy Brandt, and Tom and Gloria Hutchings. A large percentage worked at South Pole, where the crew was growing at the same time a massive construction project was getting under way to replace the existing dome-covered station with a new elevated station.

Working on the Ice also attracted like-minded couples such as Albie Pokrob and Kacy Cuddy, Kara White and Jason Hunter, and Tom and Gloria Hutchings. Starting with caretaking the Garfield shelter in the mid-1980s, Tom and Gloria had also worked on construction crew, as shuttle drivers, and in the storehouse. After hearing OH buzz about going to the Ice, they decided to try it themselves. During the 1990-91 season, Gloria worked in the South Pole’s cargo department, transferring her knowledge of AMC logistics and trucking to the polar environment of unloading and distributing cargo from planes. Although civilian employees on the Ice are supposed to have one day off a week, Gloria and the two other loader drivers had almost no time off as they worked day and night to keep up with the 250-plus flights that summer season. Tom came down halfway through the season on a six-week contract as a General Field Assistant at McMurdo and Pole; when they finished work they embarked on what became a seasonal tradition: spending at least six weeks traveling, often in New Zealand.

Both worked at Pole the following season; the year after, Gloria, yearning for a change, worked in cargo at Palmer Station from May through August in what she recalls as her favorite season spent in Antarctica. Temperatures resembled those of New England, with four hours of daylight a day, spectacular colors, and animals everywhere. Her first night at the station, Gloria saw elephant seals, terns, and penguins, then went skiing on a nearby glacier. She worked two more seasons as logistics supervisor, then a season each at McMurdo and Palmer, before she and Tom started their family—although Tom still works some short seasons doing construction at Pole.

It was from Tom and Gloria that Rich Crowley found out about working on the Ice. He went down in October 1993 to be a radio operator with McMurdo; his wife, Melissa Sandifer, got a job working in the biology lab. In his three subsequent seasons at McMurdo, Rich worked at the computer help desk and as an e-mail administrator, followed by two years working on and off ships as a systems administrator. Job-wise, he recalls preferring working on ships, which traveled all over the continent, and he recalled an idyllic daily ritual of sipping a latte on shipdeck while looking out

over the Pacific Ocean and watching albatrosses fly by. From a social perspective, though, he really liked the people and scenery. One memorable trip occurred two weeks into his first season, when he got to go on a boondoggle to the Dry Valleys; another time, he got to fly to Pole where, during a 75-minute pit stop, he visited the Hutchings.

Construction at the South Pole station had by the mid-1990s generated its own sub-universe of employees, including Jack Corbin, who recently finished his eighth consecutive austral summer season there. He worked for the AMC from 1974 to 1984 at Pinkham, Mizpah, and Madison, before collaborating with Joe Gill to do trail work for the Forest Service. Jack knew lots of AMCs who worked in Antarctica but was initially underwhelmed by the prospect of going himself, thinking to himself, "Why would anyone go down *there* to do construction?" He ultimately changed his mind after Randy Noring talked him into applying for a job, and in 1996-97 he went to Pole for his first austral summer season.

Jack's trip, then and now, followed the modern-day trade route for Ice-bound civilians: Denver for orientation, then on to Los Angeles and then New Zealand, where at the airport's Clothing Distribution Center he and others were outfitted with all necessary winter gear, including parkas, wind pants, long underwear, mouse boots, balaclavas, and mittens. The next leg of his trip was via cargo plane to McMurdo, where before pilots could bring him to Pole they had to wait for temperatures there to reach at least 60 degrees below zero, so planes could land without their fuel gumming up. Once workers arrive at the station, Jack said, they are advised to lie low their first day, because physically, going from sea level to the 9,300-foot elevation is "a real kick in the pants."

People's reactions to their arrival vary, Jack said, but for him it was immediately obvious "I think a lot of people, when they're new to the South Pole, know right away whether they're going to love it or hate it. And I knew right away that I was going to love it. It was really cold, really clean. The sky is so beautiful there. It's such an intense blue, because of the elevation and the dryness—there's no moisture in the air. I thought it was cool as hell."

That first season, Jack worked on the early station upgrades and new construction that will culminate, around 2008, in a new elevated station that will include a new garage shop, balloon launch facility for weather balloons, cryogenics building for helium and nitrogen storage, and cargo facility. The improvements are intended to accommodate more people per season (now capped at 220, markedly up from 90 during Gloria Hutchings' first season) and to modernize what is currently a sprawl of buildings clustered beneath the station's dome, with mental arches spreading out from its sides.

After two seasons, Jack became a foreman before being promoted to his current job as construction coordinator for science construction at South Pole, which, he thinks, "is the coolest, sexiest job down there" because he gets to deal with scientists conducting research in astrophysics, atmospheric and ozone research, paleoclimatology, geophysical studies, snow and ice

research, and meteorite collection. "We have over 30 science groups every year that come down to South Pole. Some of them are returning and some of them are new. And what they're doing is fascinating and what they ask for is ridiculous a lot of times, so it's a real challenge trying to figure out what their needs are and making them happy down there."

With eight months of planning back at Denver headquarters and only 100 days of work during the austral summer, Jack said, "There's no time to reminisce when you're there; it's just go-go-go." A major counterbalance to work is traveling afterwards, which for him has included not just New Zealand but also southeast Asia. Life right at the station has its own fascinations, though. "It's a real human drama," he said. "It's better than any soap opera or reality TV, because anything that can happen, will. Silly things happen; dumb things happen; very sad things happen," such as someone finding out from his mandatory pre-travel physical that he has cancer. There's also the paradox that "It's the most remote place on earth, but you're living elbow-to-elbow with all these stinky people."

Another person who feels he had one of the continent's great jobs is Ted Dettmar, who beginning in 1987 worked at Pinkham, Harvard Cabin, Tuckerman Ravine, shelters, and Camp Dodge as well as on trail crew. After seeing Tom and Gloria's slides, he was initially tepid about the Ice, but figured he could put up with anything for four months in order to go to New Zealand. "But once I got down here, I just fell in love with the place," he said of Antarctica during a phone call from McMurdo. Starting in 1994-95, he spent three seasons at McMurdo as a general assistant and working in waste management before landing his plum job in season four: field safety training and search and rescue, which he called "the best and worst of everything."



Ted Dettmar mugs for the camera--with frost on his nose--while working at McMurdo Station.

On the one hand, there was glamour, excitement, and perks such as having access to all kinds of vehicles. “It’s said that the most powerful aphrodisiac on the continent is snowmobile keys,” Ted said. He and colleagues were station celebrities, constantly invited to parties. On the down side, being on call 24-and-7 meant that he always had to be ready to head anywhere on the continent and had to limit himself to one drink per party. “This is the one job where your reputation has a better time than you do,” he said. “Everyone knew we had lots of perks, and if it looked like we were abusing them it would look really bad for us, so we had to police ourselves.” Of course, these hardships were offset by awesome travel and adventure opportunities such as backpacking in the Dry Valleys, snowmobiling twice to the top of Mount Erebus, mingling with Emperor and Adelie penguins at Cape Royds, and climbing Mount Lister, which at 13,280 feet is the highest peak in the McMurdo area.

Some people, like Meghan Prentiss, found their life’s calling while on the Ice. After working at Carter, Madison, Galehead, and Zealand from 1993 to 1998, then spending a year at the Obs, Meghan was wondering what to do with her life when a former observer waxed enthusiastic about his time in Antarctica. She applied and was hired in the fall of 2000 as a winter-over meteorologist at South Pole. The summer was hectic as she contended with hourly weather observations, twice-daily weather balloon launchings, three crews a day, supervisors everywhere, and phones ringing constantly while she and colleagues transmitted their weather information around the world. Wintering over was much more leisurely, with six-hourly observations, once-a-day balloon launchings, and the chance to go off and watch a movie or relax once her work was done. Looking back, she compared the winter transition to “spending a summer at Lakes and then caretaking at Carter all winter,” hibernating through the dark months. During her winter-over, she also found time to fly the MMVSP flag, which she later gave to Brian Fowler at the 2002 OH reunion.

She recalls two especially memorable events during her year there. One was hearing about the September 11 terrorist attacks, and the eerie atmosphere that pervaded the station as President Bush’s address to the nation that same day was played on the public address system. The second was a medevac of a co-worker; the experience was one of those defining moments when she realized she wanted to go into medicine, and which led to her currently studying to become a physician’s assistant.

Meghan’s year left her with both a strong affinity for the continent and, at the same time, a definitive sense that she’s best off not trying to replicate the experience. She loved the relationships she forged there, and made life-long friends while wintering over. She also felt comforted by the predictable schedule—Wednesdays were always grilled cheese day—and she didn’t have to deal with mundane chores like paying bills and putting gas in the car. When Meghan got back to the states she felt inundated and overwhelmed by those same details. “I felt very comfortable and safe down there,” she said. Coming home caused reverse culture shock for her, because the American

lifestyle seemed excessive after her year of wearing the same clothes over and over and savoring every morsel of non-frozen produce.

For the year Meghan was on the Ice, she had given up physical proximity to her family, and the isolation and dark contributed to short-term memory loss and a few gray hairs. A lot had changed while she was away, too; her grandfather had died and her niece was born. As much as she loved the Ice and the landscape and the people—she still misses it every day—she doesn’t know if she would want to commit herself to another whole year down there.

Everyone who went down to the Ice, though, remembers high points of the trip. One especially strong recollection for OH is of the continent’s natural beauty. Jon Martinson said one of the highlights for him was stepping off the plane at McMurdo for the first time and turning around to see the Royal Society Range. “I’ll never forget that and the exuberance that went through me because I finally got there,” he said. Pete Furtado was struck by both the flat whiteness of the polar plateau at 2 a.m. in the summer and auroras that stretched from horizon to horizon during the dark winter. Ted Dettmar said the best part was getting paid “for the privilege of being in an amazing place and seeing and doing amazing things.” And for Bill Meserve, it was “probably the most beautiful place I’ve ever been.”



Dennis Tupick, left, and Jon Martinson stand on a supply ship at McMurdo during the 1985-86 season.

Life on the Ice provided other highlights, too. Bob Gearheart, who worked at Tuckerman Ravine and in huts in the early 1970s, especially liked the 24-hour daylight when he worked at McMurdo in the early 1990s as an electrician’s helper. “It gave me boundless energy,” he said. Mark Hitchcock especially liked the sense of community he felt during his three seasons at the South Pole. He was also thrilled to travel to exotic locales such as the Allen Hills, or to fly across the polar plateau en route to the Robinson Glacier and to see mountains across the horizon and crevasses big enough to engulf a plane (though that particular trip did prompt him to observe that “If something

went wrong, we would be so utterly hosed beyond belief. There would be no return.”). And for Tom and Gloria Hutchings, Antarctica got so deeply into their blood that in 1998, after they returned home to Jackson, New Hampshire, they started the Antarctic Connection, a web-based business, to stay in touch with the world they’d known on the Ice.

It makes sense that people would want to maintain some connection with the experience, because living and working in Antarctica isn’t like doing anything else. Sure, McMurdo offers a semblance of normality with swing dance, sign language, and yoga classes; and washing dishes and cooking at Beardmore was a lot like washing dishes and cooking in the huts. But then there are just *moments* people on the Ice don’t have anywhere else, like joining the South Pole’s 300 Club by sprinting naked around the geological South Pole in 100-below-zero weather after jumping into a 200-degree sauna. Or attending Icestock, McMurdo’s annual New Year’s Day live concert. Or watching Emperor and Adelie penguins waddle across the frozen ground. Or getting to your job by flying for eight hours between New Zealand and Antarctica in the cargo hold of a military plane. Even being issued dog tags—in case you’re in a plane crash and authorities have to identify your remains—has a certain exotic, albeit dark, mystique.

In the nearly 50 years that have passed between Bill Meserve’s season and that of the OH who just left the ice this past February, much has changed. The military presence that all but domi-

nated the continent in the mid-20th century has given way to much more dominant civilian contractor participation. Women were nowhere to be seen as recently as the early 1970s; now they account for about a third of the continent’s population. The occasional telephone call via ham radio patch has been augmented by e-mail access for all employees—and even the ability at McMurdo to watch the Super Bowl in real time. What was once a truly isolated continent is today much more connected to the rest of the world, due not only to communications advances but also to the proliferation of polar tourism.

For OH who worked in Antarctica, however, what seems timeless for most of us is the same sense of connection and nostalgia that we feel when looking back on hut days. Joel Mumford said that going through his vast collection of photos he took at Palmer brings back a wave of fond memories. “It’s something I’ll always cherish,” he said, “and I wouldn’t trade it for a million dollars.”

Peggy “Peggles” Dillon worked at PNC as summer kitchen and winter deskie croo, 1979-1980; Mizpah croo, summer 1980; floater caretaker, fall 1980; Galehead assistant butmaster, summer 1981; took summer off 1982; Madison assistant butmaster, summer 1983; trucker, fall 1983; and Galehead butmaster, summer 1984. She was the first woman to spend the winter as a weather observer atop Mount Washington, fall 1984-spring 1985; and she was a cook at the Beardmore Glacier Field Camp in Antarctica, austral summer 1985-86. She has since worked as a newspaper and magazine writer, historian, speechwriter, and teacher. She lives in Mount Rainier, Maryland.

Who’s Been There?

Some 70 current and former Appalachian Mountain Club employees have worked in Antarctica, including hut croos, Pinkham weenies, storehouse folks, AMC managers, hut and shelter caretakers, construction and trail crews, and research staff. The term “OH” has been used here to apply to them all, as well as to Mount Washington Observatory weather observers, since Joe Dodge helped found the Obs. I aimed for accuracy in this article and listing, but if you find any errors or omissions, please let me know at margaretdillon@yahoo.com. — “Peggles” Dillon

Kate Allen	Jackie DiMauro	Jon Lingel	Thomas Seidell
Abby Austin	Lynn Dombek	Tim Loveridge	Kirk Spelman
Tim Axelson	Mark Folsom	Jon Martinson	Judy Smith Thurlow
Wendy Beeler	Pete Furtado	Bob McCoy	Dave Thurlow
George Benton	Bob Gearheart	Chris McIntosh	Dennis Tupick
Nancy Brandt	Kari Geick	John McKay	Bob Waugh
Dave Buchanan	Dar Gibson	Bill Meserve	Karl Wendelowski
Emily Buesser	Joe Gill	Joel Mumford	John Weeman
Laura Capelle	Andrea Grant	Gary Newfield	Kara White
Bob Champoux	Roger Hart	Randy Noring	Emily Wilson
Jack Corbin	Katie Hess	Al Oxton	
Mike Courtemanche	Mark Hitchcock	Lee Ann Pipkin	
Andrew Crowley	Rudy Honkala	Albie Pokrob	
Rich Crowley	Don Hunger	Anna Porter	
Kacy Cuddy	Jason Hunter	Dan Post	
Paul Dalrymple	Gloria Hutchings	Meghan Prentiss	
Althea Danielski	Tom Hutchings	Chris Rice	
Thom Davis	Terry Isert	Mark Ross-Parent	
Ted Dettmar	John LaManna	Dave Salisbury	
Peggy Dillon	Mark Levecque	Melissa Sandifer	

Pumpits, Hummers and Hut Reports

by Larry Eldredge



Lakes in 1951 with some familiar faces, among others, starting on the left front row: hutmaster Chuck Rowan, Al Folger, Brown Mac Macmillan and Joe Dodge. In the back row are Willy Hastings, Andy Macmillan, Don Allen, Foochow Belcher and Red Mac MacGregor.

I CAME TO WORK at Madison Springs Hut in June 1949 and found the Valley Way a damn tough slog. I'd been up and down it a few times before in my goofer days, along with my uncle Jack--that is, Dr. John H. Bonney, a Boston optometrist and an ardent Appy--but that June day was my first pack trip. Bob Temple had tied up my load for me and had, I think, made it a reasonable load for a tyro hutman. But it was one hell of a lot heavier than any rucksack I'd ever carried, and once I'd crossed the Snyder Brook and started up the steep part, I cursed the day I'd ever signed on. The further I progressed, the more determined I was to get that g.d. load up to the hut, turn around, go back down the Valley Way, and tell Joe Dodge right where he could stuff his job. But when I finally got to the hut, one hell of a lot later than everyone else, someone gave me a cold beer (beer! and I was only 18!), and there was some soup hot on the stove and a bit of bread. Within about twenty minutes, I'd decided that it wasn't such a bad job after all. And thus I set my course for the next five summers. Along with a few weeks working room and board during the winters, just so I could manage to ski either at Cranmore or in the Ravine.

That summer Fred Preston was hutmaster, and Mike Harris was his assistant. The other guys were Jim Cutler, Andy MacMillan (Brown Mac's son), for a short time Tommy Corcoran (nephew of the famous Tommy Corcoran, the Washington lobbyist), and

me. Fred was a splendid hutmaster and he turned us into a splendid crew. The two things he hated most were trails that went down when they were supposed to be going up (and vice versa) and doing the hut report. He looked upon the elevation gained as an accomplishment, and when the whimsical trail went down again, losing all that hard-earned advantage, he put it down to the irresponsible fecklessness of the topography and a genuine insult. As for the hut report, every Sunday saw Fred off in a corner, cursing, eating Oreo cream sandwiches, certain that the failure of the columns across and the columns down to produce the same total was intended personally.

Mike was a Harvard student, working on things Russian. He taught us to sing Stenka Rasin, some bits in phonetic Russian (Volga Volga matrod naia—I think) and others in English translation. We used to sing it out heartily, revelling in the exotic Slavic heroism of it all and, at least for my part, failing completely to catch its homosexual overtones. We sang a lot of other songs that summer too, Gilbert and Sullivan taught by Mike, folk-songs contributed by all of us, raunchy songs contributed mostly by Andy, though he might deny it now. I contributed some too.

Jim was, like Fred, a Williams student and had come along at Fred's suggestion. He was a shortish, compact man, extremely conscientious in all he did in the hut, but not interested enough

to come back the following year.

Andy and I were buddies. We used to pack together almost every pack trip, and we tried to vary our routine by packing up various trails that led more or less directly to the hut. The Air Line was possible, the Chemin des dames (pronounced Shemandydam) and King Ravine Trail were not, we decided. But we packed up the Watson Path and the Pine Link one fine summer's day, arriving at the hut well after dinner to find Fred mad as hell at us for being completely useless when we were needed to help serve the dinner. After that we stuck pretty much to the Valley Way.

That summer Lew Bissell signed the register "Over from Lakes in max and rain. Very mouldy." So I asked Lew what max was. "Max," he explained, "is 'maximum visibility', and up here it's usually about six inches to a foot. So 'max' means you can't hardly see your hand at the end of your arm." I never heard anyone use the expression again, but it struck me as a useful one. Sorry to see it disappear.

That was the summer Joe sent up the ketchup pumpkits. Realizing the difficulties of making ketchup flow from the bottle, Joe had found a supply of plastic gadgets, trade name "Pumpkit," that would fit into a ketchup bottle and pump the goo up from the bottom. It didn't take Andy and me long to find out that if you rapped the pumpkit smartly on the sconce it would shoot a slug of ketchup up to about 20 feet, depending on the vigor of the rap. We would sneak up on one another unaware and let fly. Once Andy got me right in the eye (ketchup is not good for the eye), and once I drove him in full flight up as far as Star Lake.

Famous people. That was the summer of James Ramsay Ulman, author of *The White Tower*, a best seller novel about climbing a Swiss Alp during World War II. I had read his book but he wouldn't eat my cupcakes. Lack of reciprocity made it a disappointing meeting. James Bryant Conant, the president of Harvard, climbed up to the hut in his Limmer boots, and Andy stepped politely aside (and with a full load on his back, that was not easy) and said, "Good morning!" only to see the prez continue on without so much as a murmur. Can't win 'em all. And Paul Wittgenstein was that summer a guest of the Ravine House. Paul Wittgenstein was a one-armed pianist for whom Maurice Ravel had written a concerto. He was also the brother of the philosopher Ludwig Wittgenstein of Tractatus logico-philosophicus fame ("the world is everything that is in fact the case"—try that on your piano). He gave a couple of evening recitals at the Ravine House, but I was ignorant of his talent and of music other than Stenka Rasin and Gilbert and Sullivan and a few dirty songs and so didn't go down the mountain to hear him. Should have.

That was my first summer. I was as green as a greenhorn can be, but I loved it. Andy and I figured out that on the easy days we earned ten cents an hour, on the hard days eight. No place to get rich nor even earn enough to supply a year's spending money at university, but ah, the compensations. I couldn't wait to get back.

In 1950 I was again back to Madison, where Bull Bancroft described the pack trail as "four miles, straight up." I managed a hundred pounds once or twice, but I felt much more comfortable between 60 and 80—and that's where I stayed. Not made of heroic stuff, but I was the only one of the 1949 crew that came back to Madison. Andy was over at Lakes, so no one to hit with a slug of ketchup. And the others from 1949 had deserted the system. That summer Roger Caulkins was hutmaster, Don Grout was assistant, and the dogsbodies were Pete Harris (no relation that I know of), Nick Howe, and I. We were a much more laid-back bunch than Fred's crew in 1949. We used to run out of things, like flour, leading Roger to make emergency pack trips, emergency phone calls from the Ravine House to Pinkham, an irate Joe and an irritated Vinnie Lamanna trucking the needed stuff around, and Roger bringing it back up again. Once he set off on such a mission and established a record for speed down the Valley Way, something like 21 minutes. Whatever it was, I think it still stands—and probably will continue to, for the Valley Way is much eroded now and speed is not all that easy.

That summer most of us smoked—Roger, Pete, me, I think Don. Nick didn't. I was so hooked that I used to put cigarettes into glassine bags and hide them at 1000 Yards Spring, Bed Springs Bridge, and one or two other resting places along the trail, so I could puff away on the way back up the mountain. Madness! And it took one hell of an effort to quit too, but I did manage it twenty-five years later.

Roger came from the South and spoke with what I took to be a southern drawl. In comparison with some of the drawls I heard later, he barely had a regional accent. My New England accent was probably stronger, but Roger's slow drawl, easy smile, ready cigarette, all added to the laid-back picture I have of that summer. But for all that I never heard him complain about the hut report.

Pete had asthma and shouldn't have smoked—maybe he didn't and my memory is playing me false. But whatever, he was even more laid-back than Roger. He confessed that his life's ambition was to "burp, fart, and push buttons." If he'd gone into computers, and for all I know he did, he could have fulfilled his ambitions easy peasy. He claimed to have invented the one indispensable gadget for days-off: a toothbrush with a beer-can opener on the other end. That way, he said, you'd never need to carry anything else. Pete also called beans "poop seeds," where the rest of us followed Joe's usage and called them "hummers." Ann Dodge, Annie that is, misheard him and called him "Poopsie," to his irritation, ever afterwards.

Nick, now the famous Nicholas Howe, author and journalist, was the hardest of the lot to dope out. He was hugely tall and as big around as a toothpick, redheaded, and generally good humored. But he had a pretty high opinion of his own cleverness and once said he had made up a limerick so clever that he wasn't going to spoil its cleverness by telling it to a bunch of ignoramuses like us. Well, I ask you. On the same basis I could have claimed authorship of the Great American Novel, only it was too precious to publish. I didn't claim it though, and I suspect that

half my frustration with Nick came from my own inability to think of a response to him.

There was one time when our laid-backness let us down—well, let me down anyway. I was at Pinkham after days off, waiting for a lift around to the pack house, when I got into a conversation with an old woman. I say old, as I was only 19, and she must have been perhaps 45 or even 50. She said she intended to climb up Madison Gulf that day and be at the hut that night. I thought no more about it, even though that afternoon the weather turned cool, rainy, windy, and generally nasty. We had a lot of goofers that night, as I recall, and I reckon I got caught up in serving dinner, doing the dishes, making the trail lunches, and all that. The upshot was that at daybreak the next morning, the woman I had spoken with at Pinkham came in, soaking wet, and very cold, having spent the night crouched under a bush on the headwall of Madison Gulf. She asked for whisky, which we didn't have, but we fed her tea with lots of sugar, got some of the women goofers to help her out of her wet clothes and into some dry blankets, and heard her story. She was overtaken by darkness and the bad weather, and, unable to go either on or back, made the best of it. Once she had warmed up and had something to eat, it turned out that her greatest worry was whether or not her watch would survive the soaking. I confess that it wasn't until I read the last chapter of Nick Howe's *Not Without Peril* that I realized just how perilously close we came then to having to carry out a corpse.

Famous people: Well, he wasn't really famous, but he was there at the Ravine House. His name was Spike Sealy, and the Ravine House had hired him to guide their goofers on various walks around the woods and peaks. Again I thought of him as old, though I reckon he couldn't have been more than 50 or 55 at most. He lived in a tent out behind the hotel, and every time we appeared on a pack trip, he invited us back to his tent for what he called a "hooker," by which he meant a shot of whisky rather than the current meaning. I figured that if I started up the pack trail with a belt of whisky in me, I'd probably crump out well before the first crossing of Snyder Brook. So I always turned him down. Nick couldn't stand Spike, but I think the rest of us thought of him as harmless enough.

Swearing. We all swore, not just during the summer of 1950 either. But we took our cue from Joe and were profane rather than vulgar, though we did allow ourselves various expressions that questioned the nature of the parentage of the object of the cuss. I think too that Annie, who was hutmaster at Pinkham, sort of oversaw the range of acceptable expressions, and we all, more or less, most of the time, went along with her preferences. The result was that we were in frequent communication with our maker, but various excremental and amatory expressions that can be heard most everywhere now were not part of our usual speech patterns.

That was the summer of my first sweetheart among the hutmen F, as we called the women who worked at Pinkham. Pinkham was the only hut where women worked then—made

the crew quarters in the other huts an easier proposition. My then sweetheart is now a respectable grandma, and I shan't embarrass her by giving her real name. I'll call her Fleur, just for this narrative. Through a series of planned accidents we wound up having the same days-off, and she and I along with several others—Brooksie van Everen, Petie Goodridge, Jack Middleton, Joan Wortly, Roger Smith, the Hoffman brothers, I think Charlie Taylor—I may have run together the names of people from the next couple of years of days-off, but no matter. We had a great time, all of us. We did the Mahoosucs, we did the Pemi (fooling around so long in the river that night overtook us on the way down South Twin and—shame, shame—not one of us had a flashlight. We had to holler until Willie Hoffman came up the mountain with a light to rescue us), and we did the Davis Path. And my relationship with Fleur took my breath away. I couldn't believe that my feelings for her were so strong and left me (me, anyway—I hope her too) feeling so good about everything. Oh we fooled around a bit, but like most young people (19, 20, 21) in the 50's we were still virginal at the end of it all. Besides, on days-off with a large group of hutmen surrounding us, not even a moonless night provided enough privacy for much more than a goodnight kiss and a hug.

The summer of 1951, Joe sent me over to Lakes to be assistant hutmaster to Chuck Rowan. Willy Hastings, Brooks Parker, Dick White (whose twin brother Tad was over at Madison), Harry "Hoss" Adams, and I were the crew. Lakes was palatial compared to Madison. At Madison the crew quarters only had four bunks, and someone had to sleep in the poop deck. But Lakes had an enormous crew room, with space for a table (a table!) and shelves and hooks for our clothes, along with some bunks much wider than anything I'd slept on at Madison. Sheer luxury. And we had a good crew too.

I got there early that year to find Porky Curwen in charge. He had opened up earlier on, and we two served as the crew until the rest got there. We were kitted out with stuff designed to feed multitudes, but we didn't have multitudes to feed until much later. I remember we cooked up a canned ham that fed the two of us three meals a day every day for a couple of weeks, and an enormous mince pie that held a whole number 10 can of mincemeat. Wow. While we two were running the place, two goofers, man and wife, showed up: Major and Mrs. John ("just call me Jack") Masters. At that point he had just been mustered out of the British army and hadn't written a thing, so we took with a grain of salt his boast that he was going to write novels. But damned if Bowani Junction didn't come out a couple of years later, and he was away on his second career. And it was a good book too.

That was the summer I met Mr. Oppenheimer, but I didn't realize his significance until a good deal later. He was a smallish sort of man with enormous feet, encased in GI surplus sneakers that made them look even larger. His English was heavily accented with German, but I attached no particular significance to that either. He was always a bit awkward, for he stumbled

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Summer of 1951 Pictures from Larry Eldredge's Album



Larry Eldredge at foot of Auto Road



The Old Trading Post



George Young, Ann Dodge, Nick Howe and Willy Hastings



Ezra the goat with Brooks Parker, Willy Hastings, Jean Macmillan, Andy Macmillan and Dick Williams



Chuck Rowan



Larry, Nick Howe and Ann Dodge at Galehead



Willy Hastings and Chuck Rowan



Joan Wortley, Nick Howe and Ann Dodge



Jim Hoffman and Martha Morgan view dead porcupine displayed by Roger Smith while hiking in the Mahoosucs



Willy Hastings, Ann Dodge and Brooks Parker

around the hills without terribly good eyesight and caused all of us a good deal of worry. That summer he managed to get himself lost in the Pemi with only a cucumber to eat. After three days surviving on the cucumber, he was found by a fisherman—who resented hugely the need to take Mr. Oppenheimer out of the Pemi and miss the rest of his day’s fishing. I noticed that Mr. Oppenheimer had a number tattooed on his left forearm, but it wasn’t until several years later that I realized what that meant and how much I ought to have valued him.

Chuck was a good hutmaster and ran a damn good hut. Didn’t seem to mind the hut report either. Lakes was a lot busier than Madison, but with more space we managed. We used to call Chuck “The Old Man,” because he was a bit older than the rest of us—not all that much, but enough. I enjoyed getting to know Willy as well. He tended to be silent until the spirit moved him when he could spin stories and sing songs better than most. When I’d met with him before, he’d usually been in one of his silent moods, but now he spoke. He intrigued me. He was taller and better constructed than most of us and looked about 35 with his moustache and all. One lady goofer, who said she had connections in Hollywood, called him her Robber Baron and offered him parts in movies. Willy turned her down flat. Another goofer, Doliver White (known as Pete) asked why we called Chuck the Old Man when Willy was so much older. He hardly believed the explanation.

Willy used to keep the hot water heater going, among other things. It was a temperamental old banger, powered by kerosene and often enough clogged with soot and not working. Willy would patiently take the whole thing apart, clean the bits and pieces, reassemble it—and lo! it worked.

Hoss Adams (I don’t recall why we called him Hoss) often wound up doing dishes when I was cook. He thought, Willy explained to me later, that I used too many pots and pans to make a meal. But he didn’t say anything—just bided his time until one day I was doing dishes while he was cook. That day he saw to it that he used every pot and pan in the kitchen, and there were plenty of them then. He moved the roast from one pan to another until he’d used up all the pans, and so with the pots as well. I remember cussing him out for so much work, but a couple of days later Willy explained to me that that was Hoss’ revenge.

That summer Willy bought us a goat. It was supposed to have been a nanny but turned out to be a billy. We named it Ezra. Once when the husky who lived in the Observatory on the summit (and whose name I forget) wandered down, we thought Ezra was a goner. But no. He sprang up onto a rock, pivoted neatly on his hind feet, and came down head-first onto the dog’s shoulder. The dog limped back up the hill, figurative and literal tail between its legs. I also remember a splendid Mainiac called George Young from North Haven, Maine—that little island just off the coast near Camden and Rockland. Elisha had the thickest down-east accent I had ever heard and was built like the quintessential country bumpkin, sort of round in both head and body with a spiky haircut. I remember once when Ezra strayed

into the kitchen, George, ever mindful of the hygiene, grabbed him by the hind legs and walked his front legs (and a fortiori, the whole goat) out the back door, saying, “Naow, you git right out of heah, Ezariah!” I don’t know why that scene sticks in my head, but there it sticks.

Once Dick White and I packed down from the summit in a lightning storm. We arrived without incident and were untying our loads in the little, stone-paved room with the wood-stove that served as part of the cellar. Dick put his hand on the stove to steady himself, and lightning hit somewhere nearby, sending a jolt down the stove-pipe. I looked up to find Dick about four feet up in the air, parallel to the ground, saying “oh, oh, oh” in a shocked sort of way. Being subject to gravity, he hit the stone floor with a bang and lay there for a bit, saying, “oh, oh, oh.” The experience had limited his vocabulary severely, but only temporarily.

Dead Head. Or Daid Haid, as he was usually called. There’s a summary account of him on page 111 in Bill Putnam’s biography of Joe, titled *Joe Dodge “One New Hampshire Institution”* (Canaan, N.H.: Phoenix, 1986). He was in all his truncated glory a trophy, and we strove mightily to swipe him from whichever crew had him. That meant trips across the range to Madison at night, or to Carter, or wherever. It also meant increasingly complicated defences to protect the trophy, though we always agreed that we couldn’t lock the hut as some poor hiker might need to get in at midnight. We also started swiping other trophies from one another as well. We tried to get Madison’s bell, and they tried to get ours. And once Skip Carey and the Madison crew swiped Lakes’ green chair. When we went to retrieve it, Willie came up the Valley Way with a pair of bolt cutters, and the rest of us came across the range. We found the chair chained to the wall, and the Madison crew in alert defence before the bolt cutters could be brought into play. The evening nearly ended in a scrap. Joe told Madison to bring back our chair, and that pretty much ended the raids for the summer.

But mostly what I remember from that summer was keeping company with Fleur. We had a lovely time together, and being 20 by then, I began to think seriously about her and me together. For always. But that winter she went to Austria to ski, and I reckon I had about 3 letters from her. I found my university days gloomy because I didn’t hear from her, and I dashed to the post office every day hoping for some sort of message. A tough time for an enamoured swain like me.

By 1952, I was one of the honchos now, I was hutmaster at Lakes that summer, and Roger Smith, who had held forth at Greenleaf for several years, was assistant. The rest of us were John Hobbie (for some reason known as Ding-a-ling John, the Good Humor Man), Carl Hoagland (known as Hoagy, as in Carmichael), Bobby Monahan (Grandpa Monahan’s son), Lindsay (“Rocky”) Rice, and Tarky Morse. I didn’t do so well by Tarky. He was younger than the others and got under my skin when he didn’t mean to. One night when I was doing dishes

and he was scraping garbage into the barrel, he dumped a wad of gravy on my shoe. It made me cross beyond all reason. And I'm afraid I didn't have the patience to see him into a hutman's shape, so I sent him down the mountain. It's bothered me ever since.

But to my credit I found that I didn't mind doing the hut report. What's more it usually came out right too, though I can recall once or twice when we had an alarming underage. But Joe, to his credit, never doubted it was an honest error, which it must have been. That was what I came to value most about Joe: he sent me up to the hut and told me to get on with running it. He never second-guessed me, never criticised my decisions, was always there with support when I asked for it. I didn't realise it until much later, but what he was doing was building character. Running huts may have been the overriding goal, but expecting the best—and generally getting it too—of all of us was Joe's method for turning us into responsible people. The confidence that I gained in myself over those summers has lasted ever since. Everyone should have been so lucky as to work for him.

John Hobbie showed a remarkable talent for organizing the goofers. Every night after dinner and dishes, John would get the goofers making the trail lunches for the next day. He devised a technique for sandwich building that still amazes me when I think of it. The bread got laid out in piles of two slices, and the filling was applied to the top slice. So far, so ordinary. But then instead of pulling the under piece out and putting it on top of each sandwich, he would pile all the bread into one pile and then pull out the bottom slice to put on top. And voila! A whole mess of sandwiches. (Try it on your next trail lunches. It works!)

Hoagy was working on developing himself into a country cracker. He chewed tobacco and persuaded some of us to try it. Dreadful stuff, but he persisted. I don't think he ever spat in the hut, but I'm not sure. Lakes was busier than ever that summer, and the goofers used to chuck their papers around on the ground outside more than they did before. At least, so it seemed to me. So I drove a nail into the end of a spare cot slat and sharpened it with a file. That was the tool for picking up the scrap paper, and for some reason I used to nab Hoagy for the job almost every time. Nothing personal, Hoagy.

That summer was again wonderful for the fun we had on days off. We tended to cover the same territory as we had before, visiting the various huts, seeing friends, enjoying the woods and mountains. At the end of the summer I asked Fleur to marry me, and she said no. I remember that strangely enough I was only partly distressed by this. Disappointed, dismayed, upset, yes—but crushed, no. The following summer I discovered that I had been beaten in the finals and Fleur was engaged to someone else. And again I found that I was not devastated. Years later when I thought about it all, I thought that probably she could sense in me some sort of unreality, some sort of hope beyond what one could reasonably hope for in a relationship. And when I thought about what I did want from Fleur, I came to see that, apart from the intimacy that one normally expects in a marriage, I wanted

Fleur in some mysterious way to preserve the moment. I wanted to be an eternal hutman, or something like, never leaving the hills, never aging, just going on like this—with Joe perpetually in charge, more or less the same people from year to year, and me unchanged, at the peak of my youth. Well, talk about unreality. I know she chose the better man, and if she'd chosen me I'd have been a damned troublesome husband ever after.

In 1953, I had just graduated from university with a B.A. degree and the draft looming over my head. But I went back up to Lakes for at least some of the summer. Brooksie Van Everen was assistant hutmaster, and the crew was John Hobbie, Bobby Monahan, and Hoagy back for another year, Al Starkey, who had been over at Zealand the year before. (The website also lists Roger Foster and Dick Clement as being on the crew, but for the life of me I cannot remember them. Maybe they joined up after I got drafted.)

I remember squeezing as much joy out of the truncated summer as I could. I found another group to go on days off with, another girl friend for whom I never did feel what I felt for Fleur—but we had good fun on days-off. And yet somehow the details of that summer have not stuck in my memory the way that the earlier summers did. I think in some way I must have been unconsciously gearing myself up for the next phase, the army, the Far East, Korea, and all that followed. We had a good party on the night before I left for the army, around the end of July. And then I was gone.

But oddly enough once I departed the scene, I only returned a couple of times. I had thought of myself as someone for whom the mountains meant just about everything, but I discovered that I was lying to myself. What had counted for me was working for Joe, growing up, and—and here I lay myself wide open to my own ego—enjoying being young and agile and strong. When I think of the White Mountains now, what I see is me, packing 150 pounds down from the summit to Lakes in the rain and wind. And I find myself exulting in my ability to do it—to get the load down to Lakes, to pit my agility against the whimsical wind and not be blown over, to be soaking wet and enjoying it. In short what I liked about those summers was me in them, doing all the things that helped to shape me into somebody.

After Korea and Japan and the army, I went on to graduate school in medieval studies and then to a university teaching career. The one-to-one correspondence between a hutman's life and my later life is damned hard to spot, but what it comes down to is something like this: working under Joe taught me that I could do whatever I set my mind to doing. And that lesson lasted longer than most others.

After teaching medieval literature and history for twenty years at the University of Ottawa, Larry and his wife retired in 1988 and moved to Oxford University where he lectures on Latin literature of medieval Europe. He visits his daughter and grandchildren in Vermont and keeps in touch with Jack and Ann Middleton and Brooksie and Petie Van Everen.

In Memoriam

BARBARA BLANCHARD, 87, of North Conway died March 1, 2004 at Memorial Hospital in North Conway after a long illness. She worked at Pinkham in the late 1930s as Joe Dodge's secretary and was the first female hutmaster during World War II. Her husband was OH Carl Blanchard. A graduate of Catherine Gibbs in Brooklyn, NY, she also attended Packer Collegiate Institute. She was active in the Gibson Center, a member of First Church of Christ and worked in the dietary department at Memorial Hospital. She leaves two daughters Joan Dailey and Carole B. White and two grandchildren. A memorial service was held March 27 at the First Church of Christ and donations may be sent to Conway Humane Society Cat Shelter, P O Box 260, Conway, NH 03818.

BILL BELCHER died January 18, 2004 in Conway, NH after battling prostate cancer for several years. He was one of a family of Belchers that worked for the Huts System. His father Charles Foochow Belcher was a Madison hutman who became the AMC's first Executive Director. Older brothers Charlie and Jeff worked in the huts. He had several sisters Betsey Macmillan and Joan Browne who worked at Pinkham and a brother David. He leaves sons Keith, Bradley and Andrew and a daughter Kimberly. For many years, Bill checked on the OH cabin from his home in Madison, NH and handled the food purchase for the spring reunion. As a crew member at Lakes, he was a favorite subject of Kathleen Revis Judge, the National Geographic photographer who accompanied Justice William O. Douglas through the Huts System in the summer of 1960. He spent 25 years as a salesman for Prudential Insurance, enjoyed skiing and hiking and was vice president of the North Conway Model Railroad Club. His family will have a private internment of his ashes at the OH cabin Saturday June 26.

SUSAN BOOTHMAN HAWKINS, 53, of Lost Nation NH died quietly at home Tuesday, January 20, 2004 after a long consuming fight with multiple myeloma. Husband Chris "Hawkeye" Hawkins was at her side. She leaves a daughter, two sons, two sisters, nieces, nephews grand nephews and a wide circle of devoted friends. Susan was a Special Member with a long and deep connection with the huts: her paternal grandfather John Boothman, Sr.,

built Madison and Lakes and was the founder of the Randolph Mountain Club. Sue and Honorary Member Guy Gosselin co-authored the 1998 book *Among the White Hills, the Life and Times of Guy Shorey* which was a detailed photographic and biographical history of her maternal grandfather's work. Several years ago, she and Guy were the speakers at winter reunion. A memorial service was held Sunday, February 1 at the Gorham, NH Congregational Church at 2:00 p.m. Donations may be made to establish the Randolph Historical Society and sent to the Randolph Foundation, P O Box 283, Gorham, NH 03581.

From the message board:(via Guy Gosselin email to Joel White) **GREG PRENTISS** has died. Greg was living in Lynn, MA. The Crew Database tells me that Greg worked at Lakes in 57, 58 and 59. I knew Greg as a friend neighbor in Gorham, NH. He taught at Berlin High, and I can remember being a guest speaker in his class when I was working at Pinkham. Greg loved to fish the Peabody. He worked for the USFS for many summers, heading up their Camp Dodge YCC program for several years. I hope his spirit rests easy among the White Mountains. -Joel White

FLORENCE ASHBROOK (Kitten) passed away on Sunday, December 14, 2003. She had been battling congestive heart failure and it finally got the best of her. Kitten was one of the first hutmen F. She and her husband, El Wacko (Bill Ashbrook), ran Zealand in the summer of 1942. Her brother, Stonewall diZerega worked at Lakes in the 40's, her sister, Lucy, was engaged to Ted Fuller of Lakes fame when he was killed in WW II, and son Willy worked in the huts from 1961 - 1967. Joe Dodge gave Florence the moniker "Kitten" that stuck for the rest of her life. El Wacko, 82 years young, still resides in Terre Haute, Indiana and Willy lives in Fort Worth, Texas.

As we went to press, we received the news that **EVARTS G. LOOMIS** of Hemet, CA, an internationally known homeopathic physician, died on October 2, 2003 and that **DICK (BULL) BANCROFT** died November 9, 2003. According to his wife Nell who sent us a check in his honor, he is buried at Quantico National Cemetery in Triangle, VA.

GORMINGS

By Emily Muldoon Kathan

First off, we have lots of news gleaned via our OH website message board! It's a great way to keep in touch, so check it often!

Joan Belcher Browne wrote, via the website in October, "Hi Tom and Fellow OH Croo'rs! MegaGreetings to One and All!!! Long time no see or speak! I've been joyfully very busy here on the West Coast for nigh-on these 35 years: raising children; building a successful Administrative and Accounting career; planning and attending weddings of our children, watching precious grandchildren miraculously come into our lives, thrive, and graduate from high school; and semi-retiring to the Ventura County coastal area! It's been a highly gratifying life for all of us in the Browne Family; and we keep finding new and exciting sights and regions to visit and explore, including three extensive trips to Alaska, three to Hawaii, many to National Parks in the West, as well as junkets up and down the West Coast to visit family and friends, or just get lost in the spectacular beauty of our Great Western United States! I hope everyone is well and thriving too and are embarking on a very enjoyable and friend-filled weekend of work at the OH Cabin! While I'll be West Coast tripping, I pass on my best personal regards to One and All, especially the folks I worked with back in the Good Ol' mid-60s at Pinkham!"

Ruth and Max Wiener chimed in from Israel. "Needless to say, 6000 miles and two oceans preclude our attendance. But please keep sending us these invitations...if for nothing else, for the pleasure of vicariously being part of AMC/OHA events, which we so loved and miss...Incidentally, Max is hitting 80 this coming November; and Ruth hit 77 this past May. Ruth has retained her great jogging pace...5 miles daily, 6 mornings per week...Max's knees have slowed him down. Nevertheless, we both pound our walking legs on the Jerusalem streets for at least two hours (about 7 miles) each day...And Max's Israeli folk dancing pace (3 to 4 vigorous evenings per week) goes tiresomely but delightfully on... If you don't use it, you lose it!"

From **Michelle Mathieu**, this update. "Unfortunately I will not be able to make [Oktoberfest], as I am 8 1/2 months pregnant, but the kraut and company will be missed. I also want to let you know that my father, **Chuck Stata**, will not be able to

attend this year. He was in a near-fatal car accident on August 25 and has a long road ahead of him before he will be able to venture beyond the hospital walls. I can't remember the last reunion he missed, so I thought I would put in a word to let members know why. I actually posted a note on the message board giving more details of the accident if you are interested in learning more."

On that note, **Jim Hamilton** spoke with Chuck and posted an update on the message board which read: "As of November 18th, he's home from a hospital stay that included screwing and plating him together after he ran into the rear end of an 18-wheeler on Rt. 495. He recuperated remarkably and was almost his old self at the Sheraton Ferncroft winter Reunion.

Herb Kincey wrote, "Thanks for the information on Oktoberfest and the work weekend. Unfortunately, I live way out in New Mexico and seldom get back to New Hampshire these days. I worked for George Hamilton at Pinkham way back in 1961 and lived upstairs in the old lodge. I believe it was called Porky Gulch or something like that in those days. It was a great life for a young guy just out of college. I enjoyed especially learning to ski over at Wildcat out of college. We Southern boys didn't know much about the sport. Eventually I crashed and had to wear a cast on my wrist for about a month. But learning to ski made it all worthwhile."

Allen Doyle was not at Oktoberfest, but "at a volunteer work weekend here in Santa Barbara. I'll think of you and crisp days and crimson swamp maples."

Now, on to the snail-mailers...

Peter Fallon writes from Vero Beach, Florida that he has been on the road quite a lot due to his terrorist response training exercises.

Bob McIntyre was inducted posthumously into the Melrose (MA) High School Athletic Hall of Fame in May. He was lauded for his years of coaching and dedication to the athletic program there. He also was a driving force behind the construction of the Reggie Lewis Track and Athletic Center in Dorchester, MA, and he ran the EMass Football Superbowls from their inception in 1972 until his death in 1997. Thanks to **Bob Harris** for sending this article in.

Larry Eldredge wrote in from Oxford, UK, and provided the recent Resuscitator article on the huts in the early 1950s. We are always looking for good articles and

anecdotes to publish here, so please don't be shy - send them along!

After 20 years of work on a NASA Astronomy Mission "Space Infrared Telescope Facility", **Bill Hoffman** (same Bill as in Larry Eldredge's article) was finally able to see it off into space at the August 2003 launch. Well done! He regretted that the launch schedule prevented him from joining the OH summer reunion at Galehead.

Al Starkey wrote from "un-alpine" Wayzata, MN that he misses the high country. He is retired and has three daughters.

Jean MacMillan Bennion sends her "thanks to Guy and Brian for the MMVSP articles" and said that they included her favorite picture of her little brother, Tony. She currently holds NH vehicle plate MMVSP1.

Jean Farquhar McCoubrey has been living in Philadelphia since 1980. She is married with three children and practices architecture. She sees **Sam Osborne** from time to time and goes to the Wissahickon Park in Philly where she pretends to be far, far away. She and sister Brooke Farquhar enjoyed a week of x-country skiing on the Catamount trail near Stowe after Christmas.

Stanley Caulkins, Madison '42-'43, has been a pilot for 46 years.

Congratulations to **Libby Beede** (formerly Corindia) who was married to Carl C. Beede in December of 2002.

Jeffrey Abbe is working for the City of Durango, CO as a public works inspector. He loves his job, skiing and life in general at 7000 feet.

Barbara Ricker reports of her 2003 winter hiking expedition along the beach in Nassau! Brrr?

Francis McClellan visited with **Bob Temple** in Jackson.

Dobie Jenkins wrote to tell us of a 1950s Trail Croo reunion in July. Please send us news of the event as I'm sure many will be interested to hear of the characters present.

Joan (Wort) Bishop traveled about last winter visiting various family members in Hawaii, California and Tucson, among them brother in law **Art Bishop**.

George Benton who was in Peggy's Antarctica article was also featured in a recent issue of "The Zephyr", a newsletter of sailors who served aboard the USCCC Westwind (WAGB-281). The piece chronicled his career in the Coast Guard from Havanna, to the Arctic and Antarctic. "George reported aboard the icebreaker

USCGC Westwind where he would serve for more than three years. For George it was polar bears to penguins. Two trips north and one south in a key leadership position. He recalls many of the events of the trips but one that stands out was the time the Danish ship, Elfy North, got stuck in the ice and the Westwind rendered assistance." George retired from the Coast Guard in 1970 and began a second career as a corrections officer at the Maryland State Prison in Baltimore. He is now 74 and tries to visit his native New Hampshire whenever he has the opportunity.

Arthur Harris wrote, "I had a great ride with the AMC and OH. I was employed at Pinkham around 1939 and although I was too skinny to pack and spent all my time in the notch, there was an advantage to that - you got to know Joe and Teen well, also Texas Benton, cook. I used the OH cabin on several occasions but now our No.1 son, George Harris, lives in South Conway and we go visit him and rent a cabin on Conway Lake for a week. My best pal in the Huts was **Frank Carlson**, and I am in touch with him regularly. He was Harvard class of '42 and I was class of '43. He was hiking the last I knew, whereas I have (at 82) slowed down. I could make Crystal Falls just barely...I am a life member of the AMC - joining the club before I even worked in the huts. Phyllis and I have adopted the Green Mountains, but there is no view quite like from Conway Lake with Mt. Washington, the mother of all the Whites, off in the distance. We took the Cog RR two years ago and on the summit, walking around, we were surely viewed as goofers, but that is OK with us! Phyllis and I hiked all over with our three sons and introduced them to the mountains and the huts."

Many of you sent your regrets, unable to attend Winter Reunion this year. Excuses ranged from "I'll be on call" from Dr.s **Joel Mumford** and **Sparky (Jen) Koop**, to vacations in the Carribean, St. Anton and Hawaii for **Earl Effinger**, **C. Van Curan** and **Doug Shaffer**, respectively. **Mike Lonergan** awaited his 2nd grandchild the same weekend. **Liz Shultis Kotowski** was out drumming up support for Howard Dean and **Graham Matthews** was celebrating his 83rd birthday out in Carmel Valley, CA, where he lives. I myself missed the festivities this year but understand that **Brian Fowler's** account of the history of the Old Man of the Mountain was well received by all.

Stroker Rogovin just returned from a three-week jaunt to Ecuador. Many thanks are in order for the great job he is doing as chair of our humble OH group.

Harry Westcott reported that he “finally made a president’s society hike to Galehead and found that tectonic plate movement rendered the distance and elevation much more severe than in 1940!”

Bertram “Swoop” Goodwin misses going to the reunions but says “it is great to see all the crew and OH keeping us so alive and the cabin we built being taken such good care of.”

Abigail Mnookin is teaching at the Putney School “happily surrounded by cows and many AMC folk.”

Barbara Ricker reports of a few sailing reunions last summer in Maine with **Terry Wright** and her dad, and **Judy Hale**.

Andy Cook’s son, Mac, will be HM at Madison this summer. He says hello to **Ned** and **Sally Baldwin** and hopes to get up to Mad House and OH cabin this summer.

Steve Bridgewater is selling his Pace American trailer and will give 10% of proceeds to the OH cabin. If interested, call 603.456.3738.

Vincent Lamanna enjoyed a visit last fall from **Ralph** and **Marion Melville** of Aspen, CO.

Candice Raines wrote that the name of their camp is now Roaring Brook Camp for Boys. “Corc has been named to the US Ski-orienteeing Team for the 4th time and will participate in the XV World Championships in Arsana, Sweden this February.

Libby (Corindia) Beede was remarried in December of 2002.

Jen Granducci and **Bill Oliver** are settling into their new house in Franconia with their children, Tom and Laura (and are enjoying a great view of Lafayette). Jen still teaches at White Mountain School and encourages OH to apply to teach!

A few hills away in Sugar Hill are newlyweds **Chris Thayer** and his wife, **Wendy Harland** (sister of OH **Heather Harland Wingate**). At their September wedding in Whitefield were OH **Tom Johnson**, **Pavel Cenkl**, **Pete Chipman**, **Jen Granducci** and **Bill Oliver**, **Emily Benson** (Chris’ sister) and **Pete Benson**, **Greg Auch** and **Elizabeth Darlington**, **Kim Schroeder Steward**, **Sara Hurley**, **Jeff Brown**, **Steve Peters**, **Paul Cunha**, **Stroker Rogovin**, **Erich Finley**, **Josh Fishkin** and **Dave Herring**. That’s a lot of Limmers!

I attended the wonderful wedding of **Emma Ansara** and **Steve Engle** this August in southern New Hampshire at Emma’s family’s beautiful farmstead. The rain held off just long enough for them to complete their post ceremony pond-crossing canoe ride to the reception. In attendance were a hoard of OH crumpers (!) including (and apologies as I know I’m going to forget someone) **Malin Bengtsson**, **J. Bryan Wentzell**, **Wendy Prentiss** and husband **Dave Yampanis**, along with their children, **Megan Prentiss**, **Jen Granducci**, husband **Bill Oliver** and their children, **John Poore**, **Sara Hurley**, **Heather Harland Wingate** and family. It was a fine fete for a great pair and much fun and reminiscing was had by all.

Liza Walker caught up with **Mike Eckel** in Brooklyn recently. **Amy Porter** was in attendance at **JT Horn’s** summer wedding in the Hanover area. **Jeremy Eggleton** is also in the Hanover environs working for the Rockefeller Center at Dartmouth. He saw **Margaret Thompson** recently.

Thomas Heffernan and his wife invite all OH to visit them in the beautiful Black Hills of South Dakota. Apparently, you can get a peak of the “accommodations” in the January issue of *Country Living*, page 63!

Doug Teschner is beginning his third year as project director for USAID’s effort to bring democracy to Rwanda. He rock climbs there with a group called the “Kigali Rocks”. He says that the latchstring is always out for those OH who get to Africa.

Many mentioned milestones and anniversaries in their lives. Here’s the lowdown.

Jim Marston and his wife celebrated their 55th anniversary in December.

Lew Lloyd is looking forward to his 65th birthday celebration this summer with the “whole damned family” at Zealand (June 18th).

Jean Bennion attended last year’s Spring Brawl with **Ellie Whitten Spence** and visited with **Ginny Temple** in Jackson. She also helped to celebrate **Jack** and **Ann Middleton’s** 50th anniversary.

Frank Carlson and **Art Harris** reunited to catch up on 65 years of AMC chat and memories last summer in Arlington, VA.

John Nutter celebrates his 40th anniversary as a rookie at Pinkham this year. He lives and works in D.C. and his daughter attends Exeter, which is usually as far north in NH as he gets!

Forrest “Cabin” and **Louise House** celebrate 55 years of marriage and OH dues

paying! They have evolved from trail work and mountain climbing to litter pick-up during their walks.

Robert Cary is looking forward to making the trek to Madison to mark the 50th anniversary of his huts initiation. He will be joined by his family and **Bob Watts** (TC) and welcomes any other company who wish to join the fete!

And, last but not least, to commemorate the 64th anniversary of his hutmastership, **Fred Stott** hiked up to Madison Hut in mid-June with his son, Sandy. Fred was hutmaster there back in 1939 and reported that neither his hip nor his heart gave him any trouble during the hike. He sang the praises of the 2003 hutmaster, **Liz Miggatt** who Fred met at her Williams graduation. It must have been a great treat for the croo! Congrats to all!

“Abandon Helicopters! Given leadership, nine donkeys can do the job!” This advice is from “muleskinner” **Hunt Curtis**.

Another short, but sweet, greeting from **Hub Sise** warned, “I’m cracking up fast.” We hope not!

Rick Boyce reports that his five year old, Seth, favors bakery treats over hiking!

Cal Conniff, although “retired”, is a compliance officer for ski lift safety for the Mass Department of Public Safety.

Polly Smith Lit is wondering if she is the oldest living “Joe Dodge Secretary”? She is proud of her OH legacies, son **Andy McLane** and granddaughter **Sierra Curtis McLane**.

Bruce and **Mary Sloat** kept quite busy this year. He wrote, “this has been a busy spring with a ski vacation in Colorado to get me up to 80 days on skis, a reunion, wedding, etc. in south west PA with 2 rail trails thrown in in order to test out my new bicycle. Mary had her reunion at Holyoke for four days. They then had their “adventure of the year”, a month in Chile. “We departed the 24th of October and returned on the 24th of November. This trip rated a WHOW rating. Included were Santiago, Easter Island, San Pedro del Atacama, Atacama Desert, 10 days hiking with Country Walkers in Puerto Varas and the Lakes Region, Chiloe Island, and Torres del Paine in Patagonia where we had perfect weather. The final week was on the *Mare Australis*, adventure cruise ship, leaving from Ponta Arenas with the trip highlight disembarking at Cape Horn in two meter seas and 60 knot winds. There is a reason they lost so many ships in that area. We also disembarked twice daily to explore glaciers and islands including one with 80,000 penguins. Return was in time for Thanksgiving.”



July 2003, all the 1962 Lakes croo hiked up the Ammonoosuc to a reunion 41 years after working together. Back row from left to right: Stan Cutter, Dick Meserve, Paul Buffum. Front row from left to right: Dave Raub, Peter Ward, Allen Koop. Seventh member Frank Dean died in an automobile accident in 1965. Joining this venerable croo were Tom Martin, Lakes '61, Bill Meserve, Barbara Ricker, Paul's wife Bevan, Peter's wife Adrienne, Al's fiance Laurie Ferguson and Al's OH daughters Sparky and Heather who worked in the huts in the 90's.

Betsy Dew Berarducci is living in Colorado and hopes that her kids will bring their fiddles to AMC when they are hut croo!

Henry Rogerson is "alive, well, and living in flat Florida! We have been finding mountains in the West as we travel about in our motor home. Balance ain't what it was and I need a stick for the rocky downhill!"

Robert and Elizabeth Elsner are still X-C skiing and snow-shoeing in Alaska where they live. They get back to the Whites in the summers.

Charlie Kellogg is still working at Global Partners in Boston and has been traveling internationally to "some interesting places" for ten years now.

Bryan Cunningham is working part-time at EMS while he pursues a degree in nursing.

Peter Richardson took a float trip on the Copper River (AK) with Eyak Preservation Council which works to protect the river and the salmon. He recommends visiting their website at www.redzone.org.

Peggles Dillon is teaching at a charter school in D.C. and does freelance writing on the side (see article on Antarctica in this issue!).

John Hull says he's still going strong and sends his best wishes to all.

Brian Post is living in Jackson, NH and is a freelance photographer.

Larry Kilham hosted **John Schultz** in Santa Fe.

Stanley Hart had a plug for his brother Roger's new book, "the Phaselock Code."

Theodore Prescott hiked in Italy's Apvan Alps last spring and reports that he is approaching 60 in February.

Joseph Harrington is the proud grandfa-

ther of two grandsons. He finished "slack-packing" the last stretches of the AT in NY and can now say he's walked from Katahdin to the Hudson River! Way to go!

Bob "Scotty" Scott was tickled to see the 1955 "addition" to the Old Man in the last Resuscitator. He admits that he was one of the "hangers."

Caroline Kiernan is in her first year of med school at NYU. She hopes to bike across the US this summer to raise money for the American Lung Association.

Andrea Rankin sends this update: Major **David Ward** is currently serving a second tour in Iraq as a doctor with the 82nd airborne division. Please send warm thoughts his way for his well being, safe return and family back in Kentucky.

Thom Davis was trying to do all 48 4,000 footers in three weeks this December to train for a June 2004 attempt of Denali.

J. Bryan Wentzell attended the 5th Winter World Transplant Games (and his third) in Bormio, Italy in the Italian Alps this past January. "This is an event to celebrate organ donation, show the world that it works, and encourage donation worldwide. Having had a kidney transplant myself in 1998, and being a winter sports enthusiast, I was more than happy to participate. I joined 8 other athletes from the U.S. and 150 from 16 nations in total. I raced in the 3 KM cross-country (my first race) and managed a gold medal in my age group against some Austrians and Italians (I just wanted to put in writing that AN American beat Europeans in a nordic competition). For the Super G, GS and slalom I finished in the middle of the pack - I stubbornly skied on my tele skis against

former Austrian Olympic racers, but had a great time. The 3 K is more like a sprint, which was a bit tiring, since I'm more used to **Thom Davis's** epic 1-day journeys through the Pemigewasset Wilderness... If you want to have the chance save a life or multiple lives, make sure you tell your family that you want to be an organ donor - having the card is great, but your family can overrule it if the time comes."

Meredith Bellows, still in D.C., is building libraries in Guatemala for the Riecken Foundation. She reports that **Thaddeus King** tied the knot recently.

Amy Porter was just down from Biddeford, ME to Beantown for a visit with me. She is working in development at Maine College of Art (MECA) and is on the board of the Maine Appalachian Trail Land Trust that works to conserve properties along the trail. She sees **Malin Bengtsson**, who teaches at MECA and **Meghan Prentiss** who is studying at USM. Sister, **Amy Prentiss**, just had a baby boy.

While flipping through "Stowe Magazine" in Vermont recently, I caught a picture of **Mandy Wade** who, by last account, was living in the region and working for Burton.

As for me, I have recently started my own graphic design business out of my home in Somerville, MA. (**Shameless self promotion warning**) You can see what I've been up to at kathandesign.com. I am looking forward to a trip to Egypt this spring with my family to celebrate my mom's milestone birthday.

Emily emuldoon@rcn.com

Second Annual O H Night PASTA at CAHTAH Sunday, September 12, 2004

What's a better time to visit cozy Carter than after the crowds have left and we have the whole hut to ourselves? Join your OH friends to celebrate Carter's 90th anniversary. We're reserving the hut for OH only. You just tuck your sleeping bag in your pack and maybe your favorite beverage, and the rest will be waiting for you when you arrive:

Munchies to complement your favorite pre-dinner beverage

Salad, garlic bread, ample supply of white and red wine

A gourmet selection of pasta and a variety of tasty sauces

Dessert selections

Cereal and pancakes for breakfast

All this for **\$45/\$30 under 30** pre-payable to Moose at our PO Box. No waiting on the phone for an AMC resie; all resies are going through us, just act now because there are only 40 bunks and when they sell out, you might have to be sleeping in a cave! Immediate families are welcome at the same two-tier rate, but don't let this opportunity slide by. Act now! Fill in your reservation on the order form.

For those who would prefer the hike to the hut from Jackson on the Wildcat River Trail, just drive up the Carter Notch Road, start on the Bog Brook Trail and then join the Wildcat River Trail after a mile. The whole distance is 3.6 miles, 2 1/2 hours goofer time. Then hike out the 19 Mile Brook trail and have someone drive you around to your car. It makes for a nice round trip. Or come up the pack trail and go out the Wildcat River Trail.

Want to help? Got questions? Lesley Nesbitt and Betsy Fowler are chairing this event and can be reached at Lesley.Nesbitt@gouldacademy.org or bfowler@metrocast.net. As reservations come in, you can check who's coming on our website www.ohcroc.com.

A Tribute to Cliff

Cliff Cannon is one of the those mysteries as regards his coming into this world. The actual date is not documented, but, as is often the case, when he first appeared the event was quite uplifting. In his own very quiet way, he seemed to stand out, quite above the rest of us and he never seemed to mind that we always took him for granite. The somewhat more informed occasionally said that there was even a sprinkling of quiescence incorporated into his being. After Cliff attained a significant degree of maturity, an expert, one B. K. Foulest, who came with mountains of experience, was asked to examine and report on Cliff's physical condition. B. K.'s work was boulder than most and rock solid. Ultimately he had to report that he was most concerned about the gravity of the situation. The public was concerned yet pleased with his work and reportedly found comfort in having this particular "pro" file his findings. B. K. was not one to be caught knapping.

Cliff's passing was appropriately shrouded in a mist of obscurity. Many were saddened by the loss of our once ever vigilant and now forever fallen favorite. Legislative recognition of Cliff's passing has been proposed. But seriously, could anyone or any committee have the audacity to even suggest what might be considered an appropriate headstone? For those of us left behind to mourn, we can take solace in the fact that our friend will not have to endure any moraine, snow or ice. If he could somehow know of our sorrow, he would certainly be all broken up. Furthermore and finally, we can rest easily knowing that future generations will know and be proud of our friend about whom it can be said, "Cliff was ahead of his time and, indeed, quit while he was ahead."

This smorgasbord of schist is presented by the rock gardner John Gross

A Tribute to Cliff was one of the presentations made to Brian Fowler this winter. The other was the Joe Dodge Award given to an AMC individual who embodies the spirit and values of Joe Dodge. Brian's geological background and his expert knowledge of the Old Man's formation provided valuable resource to the New Hampshire state commission studying his demise. Both the OH Association and the AMC were treated to Brian's Autopsy of the Old Man's Collapse illustrated talk on successive weekends this winter.



Spring Reunion Order Form. Cut out, enclose check, news and mail to:

OH Association 80 Rowley Bridge Road, Topsfield, MA 01983

I'm prepaying the full menu for Spring Brawl at \$20 seafood, \$14 for current croo and kids under 14. Non-seafood at \$10, \$8 for current croo and kids under 14. Lobsters and clams must be bought on a prepaid basis.

I'm making my resie for Pasta at Cahtah September 12 for \$45 /\$30 under 30 and my family member.....

Oops! Here are my \$20 dues for 2004. And here's extra for Cabin maintenance \$.....
(To date, way less than 400 OH have paid 2004 dues. There are over 1,000 OH receiving this request. Don't be a deadhead!)

I'm pitching in for the Zealand Framing \$..... and contacting Sally Baldwin at goldleaf@ncia.net

So here's my total \$..... for Spring Brawl; for my forgotten dues; for Cahtah; contribution towards Zealand framing

Here's news, but I can be post it NOW by sending it to www.ohcroo.com Message Board or emailing Emily at emuldoon@rcn.com
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2004 Summer Staff List

Carter

Annie Bellerose CT
Peter Mattox CT

Madison

Mac Cook HM
Katie Mygatt AHM
Spencer Taylor
Ashley Coltin
Nate Lavey
Kim Kemper Naturalist

Lakes

Emmy McQuaid HM
Dan St. Jean AHM
Iona Woolmington
Ben Herring
James Wrigley
Carrie O'Neil
Michelle Dodge
TBA
Miriam Goldstein Naturalist

Mizpah

Jon Cotton HM
Christina Arrison AHM
Aaron Sagin
Nina Barrett
Ben Rhatigan

Zealand

Matthew Allen Labonville HM
Mary Kuhn AHM
John Schwope
Steve Frens
TBA Naturalist

Galehead

Kyle James HM
Justin McEdward AHM
Heidi Magario
Emily Whitney
Serena Hollmeyer Naturalist

Greenleaf

Jessica Milne HM
Jesse Billingham AHM
Jennifer Mygatt
Eric Pedersen
MacKenzie Jones
Gabe Yospin Naturalist

Lonesome

Jason Soleau HM
Maya Ray-Schoenfeld AHM
Alex Oopey Mason
Lucas Keene
TBA
Lauren Atkinson Naturalist
Benny Taylor Naturalist

Backcountry Education Assistant: Tom Seidel
Tucks Caretaker: Jeff Lane
Tucks Assistant: TBA
Senior Interpretive Naturalist: Nancy Ritger
Huts Field Assistant: Mike Kautz
Huts Manager: Dave Herring



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