

THE RESUSCITATOR

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

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

Spring Brawl

Saturday, May 20

Full course meal includes noon lunch, then in afternoon little necks, lobster, ice cream, apple pie, beer.

Prepay \$30, \$15 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. No order, no lobster. Use bound-in order envelope.



CC Reunion at OH Cabin

Weekend of Saturday, June 3

Check with Stroker 781-641-2506 for details.



Fourth Annual OH Hut Night at Lonesome Lake

Sunday, June 25

Check Page 19 for making reservations directly with AMC.



Oktoberfest

Saturday, October 7

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.



OH ANNUAL MEETING—New date & place! Features Jeff Leich of New England Ski Museum Highland Center, Saturday, November 4

A fall weekend in a new venue for us and you can arrive Friday and stay through Sunday or just join us on Saturday!

See the details on page 18 for making reservations directly with the AMC to receive our group rate.

Stay, play or just have dinner—it's a great deal!



Steering Committee Meetings

New Asia Restaurant in Arlington

See website for confirmation of dates or call Stroker 781-641-2506.

Meetings are open to all OH in the area.

From the Desk of the Chair Spring 2006

IT'S SPRING, so I guess that means it's time to defrost my pen and crank out a few words about the year just past and our exciting plans for the year ahead. 2005 kicked off with the Spring Brawl Reunion at the Cabin in Pinkham Notch, followed shortly by a Construction Crew Reunion, also at the Cabin, that managed to retire a few hundred hours of wood splitting, staining, carpentry, roofing, and stone work, not to mention a few cases of beer. We will have another CC Reunion this summer, the first weekend in June. On June 25th, eighty OH, friends, family, and dogs came from as far away as En Zed, some to traverse—and I use the term loosely—all four of The Big One's summits for the MMVSP's 40th Anniversary Alpine Picnic, hosted by Brian Fowler of Obs and AMC fame (details on page 14). How he managed to secure a perfect sunny day is still under investigation. A hard act to follow, but the Greenleaf 75th Anniversary, in August, held its own, with solid representation from every decade from the '50s right up to the 2005 croo, who rose to the challenge magnificently (see page 20). Dick Stetson & Co. closed out the year with the annual Oktoberfest weekend, which put the Cabin in order for the winter.

2005 also saw us supporting the current hut system End of the Summer party at the OH Cabin, complete with the granting of the OH Latchstring Award for the croo who best exemplify Joe Dodge's commitment to "mountain hospitality for all."

Whew. Small wonder Your Humble Steering Committee thought it best to take a breather and roll the Winter Reunion up to next fall. For some time now, we've been brainstorming ways to grow this organization younger and make it more appealing to women. With a slight change in focus and a new venue, we hope our next annual meeting may just be the ticket. OH Fall Reunion 2006 is November 4th, at the AMC's Highland Center in Crawford Notch, the heart of the Whites. The weekend will celebrate Croos of the '90s, and kicks off with lunch on Saturday. We invite you to meander through the afternoon chatting, hiking or both. The momentum will pick up at Happy Hour, and continue on through dinner, which will be capped by our own Jeff Leich, President of the New England Ski Museum, who will serve up a special presentation geared to our group and specializing in skiing. Bunk space is very

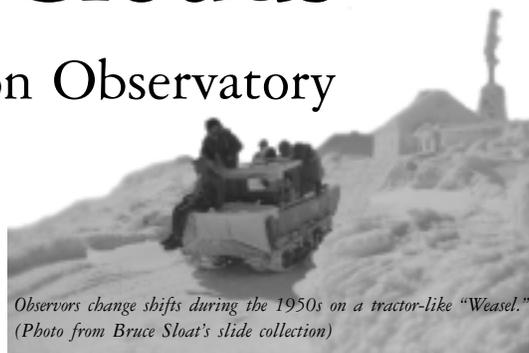
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Check for current news, dates & events: www.ohcroo.com

Life Among the Clouds

AMCers at the Mount Washington Observatory

By Peggy Dillon



Observers change shifts during the 1950s on a tractor-like "Weasel."
(Photo from Bruce Sloat's slide collection)

OKAY, HERE'S A QUIZ. What organization boasts an eight-mile uphill commute, Century Club membership as a staff perk, a proud history of cats with names like Simple Turkey and DFC, the chance to watch the Green Flash while sipping cocktails, a view P.T. Barnum once described as "the second greatest show on earth," the highest surface wind speed ever recorded, and a 74-year past that's inextricably linked with the Appalachian Mountain Club?

The answer, of course, is the Mount Washington Observatory. Born as the brainchild of Joe Dodge, the legendary father of the AMC Hut System, the "Obs" has evolved from a 1932 four-man operation at the Summit Stage Office to an internationally respected scientific weather observatory with a staff of 25 and a small army of volunteers. Over the years the Observatory has been housed in six summit locations (including the Sherman Adams building since 1980); evolved from a males-only bastion to a co-ed operation (a trend set in motion in the 1970s); gone from being a quasi-remote outpost to having State Park personnel present year-round in the same building; and expanded its repertoire of duties from basic weather observations to include a Summit Museum, nationally syndicated radio program, annual symposia, and EduTrips.

During its ever-changing history, the Observatory has also attracted dozens of AMCers to work there (see accompanying list). Though Observers today earn more than they did during the Depression-era first year, when "pay" consisted of room and board but no wages, people don't work there for the money or prestige. OH and other AMCers who gravitate to the Obs often do so because of more elusive motiva-

tions such as a love of the mountains or enjoyment of a tight-knit community similar to that in the hut system. Guy Gosselin, the Observatory's former Executive Director and a noted North Country historian, said that working at the Obs takes people a step beyond the adventure they can get at the AMC. For instance, back in Joe Dodge's day, the draw was "probably that working for the AMC whetted the appetite to experience something a little more extreme—a kind of Depression-era bungee-jumping."

The Observatory's existence builds on an earlier history of weather observation on Mount Washington. The Huntington-Hitchcock expedition of 1870 marked the first sustained weather observation expedition to the summit, and paved the way for the longer-term summit occupation by the U.S. Army Signal Service; this early occupation lasted until 1892. During those 22 years, personnel lived first in a summit train depot section enclosed for the Signal Service, and then in a separate facility that burned down in the summit's Great Fire of 1908. For the next 40 years after those early observers left, no one lived on the top of Mount Washington during the winter.

Then during the late 1920s, after the charismatic Joe Dodge became the AMC's first Huts Manager, he and Bob Monahan came up with the idea of reestablishing a weather observatory on the summit during the 1932-33 winter. As Guy Gosselin has noted, "The Obs came into being largely because Joe wanted it to. He was interested in radio, weather, skiing, and rescue work, and there was no better way to satisfy all four endeavors." Furthermore, 1932-33 was the occasion of the Second International Polar Year, and

Joe wanted the Observatory to contribute to the cause by providing continuous weather data. He convinced the New Hampshire Academy of Sciences to contribute \$400 in seed money—nearly every dime in the Academy’s coffers.

Under Joe’s watchful eye, the Observatory started 40 years and two months after the summit had last been occupied. The unpaid crew that first year—Bob Monahan, Sal Pagliuca, and Alex McKenzie—were all AMC veterans. They were joined by Ticky the cat, an early Obs feline. The group conducted three-hourly weather observations, operated and maintained the instrumentation, packed supplies up the mountain, conducted numerous radio experiments (since the summit was a great transmitter location), and worked to improve the Observatory’s telephone and telegraph communications. Joe was busy running the huts—Zealand and Galehead had just opened that year—so he couldn’t be on the summit for regular shifts, in which crew members worked all but five days a month. Nonetheless, Joe coordinated logistics, hired and fired staff, and spoke with the crew at least twice a day. Even after his retirement from the AMC in 1958, he guided the Observatory until his death in 1973.

In fact, Joe identified more strongly with the Obs than with the AMC, according to Bill Putnam, a former AMC hutman and current Observatory trustee who wrote a history of the Observatory and a biography of Joe Dodge. In *Joe Dodge: One New Hampshire Institution*, Putnam records Joe saying: “People think of me as the AMC’s man in these parts, but, I’ll tell you that in my heart I think of myself as the Observatory’s man. I think I’ve done a damn sight more for the long-range good of humanity with the Observatory than with the Hut System.”

Though the Observatory was supposed to stay open for only a year, it kept going thanks to a variety of donations, along with major assistance from Harvard’s Blue Hill Observatory. Then, in 1934, summit observers recorded a surface wind speed of 231 miles per hour that stands today as a world record. Indeed, the summit’s high winds, combined with extreme cold, abundant precipitation, and low visibility, have earned the summit of Mount Washington the title of

“Home of the World’s Worst Weather.”

The record wind speed earned the Obs publicity and attention, and in 1935 the U.S. Weather Service began contracting with the Observatory to obtain regular observations. The Obs remained based out of the Summit Stage Office for about five years—while shifting operations to nearby Camden Cottage for two summers—until it moved in 1937 into a new summit building, constructed by the Cog Railway’s Henry Teague, that was considered to be the world’s strongest wooden structure.

Meanwhile, Obs personnel continued to change over the years, and as it had from the start, the organization tended to attract AMCs. Jack Middleton first hiked the White Mountains while attending summer camps in Maine as a child; his parents had sent him north to escape polio epidemics in his native Philadelphia. During a subsequent road trip with friends in 1946, he stayed at Madison and Lakes of the Clouds huts and Tuckerman Ravine shelter, and was inspired by the experience to be a shelter caretaker the following summer. He wrote to Joe Dodge, who casually



Jack Middleton outside the old Observatory during the 1952-53 winter with his dog, Muk Luk, left, and the Observatory’s Malamut, Nome, right. The two dogs were not close; Nome thought the summit was his alone. (Photo by Associated Press)

forgot to respond. It wasn't until summer had almost begun that Jack called Joe, who said, "Yeah, you have a job!" Shortly after, Jack showed up at the shelter to find his predecessor, "Mad Mack" McLean, with his bags packed, ready to leave and with little to offer in the way of training instruction. Jack worked summers at Tucks from 1947 to 1949. After college and military service, he returned to the AMC in the summer of 1952, working first at Dolly Copp campground and then at Pinkham. That fall, when a job opened up at the Observatory, Jack took it for a year before starting law school.

At the Obs, he and Willy Hastings were the peons. Under the watchful eye of Chief Observer Gordie Miller, they took observations every three hours and worked 20 days on, 10 days off. Elsewhere near the summit, Navy contractors tested jet engines in the harsh weather and the U.S. Signal Corps, which was also conducting research, provided transportation for Jack and the other observers 4 1/2 miles up the mountain to the horn on shift change day. Jack walked the remaining 3 1/2 miles to the Observatory with his dog Muk Luk—a steady companion as Jack picked out cairns and posts along the way during frequent whit-outs.

During his Obs year Jack became enamored of his future wife, Ann Dodge—Joe's daughter—and missing her made his days on the job very long. Similarly, Willy pined for his future wife, Ginny, who worked with Ann at Pinkham. Fortunately, both women visited every shift, earning their room and board by cooking, and keeping the men from going "shack wacky." During high winds and foul weather, Jack sometimes broke up the monotony of summit life by taking Muk Luk or the Observatory's dog, a Malamut named Nome, for walks through the Summit House and Tip Top House. If the weather cleared, Jack and the other observers strapped on their skis and headed down Home Stretch. In springtime, they skied down Ammonoosuc Ravine, Burt's Ravine, and Tuckerman Ravine. Once they even skied into the Great Gulf. "I made the intelligent observation

that if we fell we'd bounce all the way down to Spaulding Lake," Jack recalled dryly. In January 1957, he became Observatory secretary, and several years later joined the board of trustees, a post he has maintained for almost 50 years.

Bruce Sloat arrived at Pinkham in January 1951, earning \$7 a week to wash dishes. Previous hikes in the White Mountains had whetted his appetite for the area, and after failing the draft because of his eyesight he decided to make the North Country his home. Within months of arriving he was Assistant Hutmaster, but the following winter he was lured to the Obs, where wages had now risen to the princely sum of \$125 a month. As Assistant Chief Observer, he was also Jack Middleton's boss. Bruce worked at the Obs on and off from 1952 to 1957, juggling his Observatory job with projects at Pinkham and the Cog Railway that required his electrical and mechanical skills. The tasks included upgrading Pinkham's hydroelectric dam, changing radio frequencies at the Obs, operating the first TV transmitter on the summit, and conducting the first live broadcast from the summit.



Bruce Sloat plays the accordion at the old Obs. (Photo from Bruce's slide collection)

At the time, Joe Dodge continued to radio the Obs crew each morning for weather information, announced the weather show for the local radio station, kept close track of summit activities, and arranged for the summit crew's food and supplies, which, as Bruce recalled, included cheap cooking wine that never got used for cooking. Not having its own vehicle yet, the Obs relied on Joe Dodge's ties with the AMC to transport groceries to the summit each fall. During the winter, the TV crew

gave Obs personnel rides up and down the Auto Road in its old Tucker snow cat steered by Phil Labbe. After leaving the Obs for a brief hiatus in southern New Hampshire, Bruce returned in the early 1960s to Pinkham, first as George Hamilton's assistant and then, until 1971, as Huts Manager. Shortly after leaving his AMC management jobs, he joined the Obs' board of trustees.

Guy Gosselin arrived at the Observatory in February 1961, signing on initially for six months, but then staying to help Gordie Miller work on the "goofer" room. Guy split what he described as an "impossibly small" salary with fellow observer Casey Hodgdon, and, following the departures of Gordie and Willie Harris, became Chief Observer in 1963. Research work had been the Observatory's bread and butter until now, but during periods when funding was scarce, Guy and other observers learned to attract paying tourists with natural history exhibits that became the early incarnation of the Summit Museum. Among the many hats he wore, Guy became Executive Director in 1971, a position he held until retiring in 1996, and he has been a Life Trustee since 1998.

Joel White started with the AMC in October 1966, while taking a break from the University of Massachusetts. The previous winter he got his first introduction to Pinkham while helping a classmate haul gear up to the Harvard Cabin for a summit climb the two made the following month. Joel was quite taken by the friendly Pinkham staff and their love of the mountains, and he found the old Trading Post charming. Arriving for work at the Pinkham parking lot around 2 a.m., he was startled when an energetic gentleman—night watchman and longtime Pinkham resident Kibbe Glover—jumped on his car's bumper and ordered him to park at Wildcat instead.

For a month Joel was a "regular Pinkham grunt," running the dishwasher, making beds, and driving trucks, all while the new Trading Post was under construction. Pinkham folks liked him as much as he liked them; because only his poor eyesight had ruled out eligibility for the Vietnam war, he was also a rare commodity: an able-bodied male. For that reason—Pinkham was desperate for winter crew due to the wartime draft—Bruce Sloat had hired him on the spot

when Joel showed up one day looking for a job. Soon after starting, though, Joel met observer Al Confalone, who stayed at Pinkham before every shift change on the summit, and discovered there was an opening at the Observatory. Guy hired Joel and the two worked with Confalone, Charlie Haggett, and Greg Gordon.

Joel liked the idea of living on Mount Washington, and he had an interest in weather that harkened back to high school, when he "just oohed and aahed" over weather maps. At the summit, his most memorable day occurred with Greg during a record combination of low temperatures and winds averaging 100 miles per hour. Over at the TV building that same day, Marty Engstrom and Willie Harris scrambled to keep the generators running, and Joel himself slid on a patch of ice by the Stage Office and had to crawl back, frostbitten, up the Observatory stairs. Over the holidays, Greg chopped down a Christmas tree along the Auto Road and dragged it back up the summit; the tree was so bedraggled from its hard uphill journey and so dry from the observers' lackadaisical watering that its needles trickled to the floor every time someone slammed a door. Another time, wacky high jinks ensued after Joel conducted observations for 36 consecutive hours, after which he had a few drinks, borrowed Greg's rifle, and decided to shoot at two crossed cables that helped support an eight-foot tower between the Observatory and the Summit House. "I pulled the trigger," Joel recalled, "and damned if I didn't get them both."

About a year later Joel returned to college, graduated, got married, and in the summer of 1968 rejoined the AMC as Pinkham's first full-time Hutmaster. The following winter, when record-high snowfall hit Pinkham and the North Country, snow from the roof of the newly built Trading Post avalanched into the kitchen of the old TP, and, Joel said, Huts Manager Bruce Sloat finally broke down and bought a snow-blower to clear snow off the lodge roof instead of shoveling it. In 1970 Joel became Director of Planning and Logistics; in 1973 he became Huts Manager; and in 1980 he became Manager of the AMC Mountain Gate Lodge in New York, a position he left in 1987. After getting a

divorce, working as a carpenter, and moving to Shelburne, N.H., where he has a small cabin, Joel returned to the Observatory in 1990 for three years as shift supervisor and museum manager, before getting remarried—at the Tip Top House—and relocating to California in 1993.

Brian Fowler knew about the AMC early on: His uncle, William Fowler, was president of the club in the late 1940s and headed the effort to acquire Cardigan Lodge, and he was surrounded by relatives who were AMC members, geologists, and avid hikers. In 1963, when Brian was 16, he had just finished his 4,000-footers and was “full of piss and vinegar,” so he wrote Huts Manager George Hamilton asking for a job. He got hired as a packer late that summer, and, having little idea what he was getting himself into, was sent in to Zealand Falls Hut with a pack board strapped with two 45-pound gas cylinders. The next summer Brian was on the croo that opened and closed Madison Hut, and was inducted into the Mount Madison Volunteer Ski Patrol by Tony MacMillan and Joel Mumford. He helped close out Madison again in 1966, and in 1967 and 1968 spent full summers at Lakes.



Brian Fowler, Obs President from 1981 to 1996.

It was during his Lakes summers that Brian got to know the Observatory’s cast of characters. He watched Al Confalone park himself in a rocking chair outside and “orchestrate” the sunset for tourists,

complete with commentary and elaborate hand gestures, while Guy and observers Greg Gordon and Whit Barry worked the crowd to sell memberships. Brian was invited in by Guy and the others between pack trips and came to see the Obs as a refuge during grueling pack days when, before helicopters were widely used, Lakes’ average weekly requisition weighed about a ton. He saw Alex McKenzie, who was visiting the summit to work on radios, transmit an observation on KCB45, the old short-wave radio. He learned about the area’s weather and geology and “got hooked” on the Observatory and its mystique.

During the next few summers Brian worked as Bruce Sloat’s Pinkham assistant and led guided hikes, before being drafted into the Army. Back in New England by 1972, Brian—now in his late 20s—hiked up to the summit one day and saw Guy, Bruce, and observer Jon Lingel fixing up the Yankee Building so they could open the Observatory’s first official museum. At Bruce’s request that day, Brian agreed to join the trustees. It happened at a time of great change for the summit, when a Commission studying the summit’s future made plans to build the Sherman Adams building to house the Observatory and State Park facilities and tear down the old Observatory and the Summit House.

Brian’s involvement in the Observatory grew rapidly. Later in 1972 he became chair of the Operating Committee, several years later was elected Vice President, and in 1981 replaced Alan Smith as President—the same year that the new Sherman Adams building was dedicated, with the Observatory now one of its main tenants. Over the course of his 15-year presidency, Brian oversaw the reestablishment of the Obs’ scientific research program; the launching of the education program, complete with expansion of the summit museum and the start of EduTrips; the opening of an official valley office in downtown North Conway, formalizing the previous arrangement of having a valley facility first in Joe Dodge’s home and then at Guy Gosselin’s; getting the Observatory involved in serious atmospheric research; and starting the volunteer program.

When Joe started the Observatory in 1932, one of his edicts had been “No babes on the mountain.” For

years, women were scarcely seen on the summit, except when girlfriends and fiancées visited observers. (An early exception was Obs employee Lorna Ridley—although Joe Dodge made her stay at the Summit House.) Then in 1975, Jenny Beatty came to work at the Summit Museum. Having arrived at Pinkham the previous summer, she worked in the kitchen and at the front desk, and helped open Greenleaf in the spring. She learned about the Obs during the '74-'75 summer from a Pinkham slide show given by observer Al Oxton, and in August she went to work at the museum, dealing with visitors and cataloguing museum items.

Though Jenny's stay at the Obs lasted only a few months, she remembers it as an incredible opportunity, and she remains grateful to Guy for taking a chance on her. Observers' wives had worked at the museum before, but for a female employee to be unrelated to anyone made some of the men on the summit uncomfortable. Nonetheless, the experience taught Jenny to be self-sufficient and emboldened her to take chances, like applying to work for the State Park and then for the Forest Service—and being hired by both organizations. "I think it was a big risk for Guy," she said. "I mean, look, I was an unattached female. It sounds like a cliché, but it was like a test. I felt that if I could survive living in the Obs with those eccentric men, I could survive anything."

Albie Pokrob worked for the Observatory for three years starting in the fall of 1980, after working at Pinkham the previous winter. That winter there was little snow in the White Mountains, making hiking conditions icy but otherwise favorable. Albie took advantage of the situation by hiking every full moon with other Pinkham workers to the Observatory, where they were greeted by observers Rob Kirsch and Steve Marchacos, who helped the Pinkham visitors replenish their electrolytes with cheap wine, and put them up in bunks in the drafty, closet-sized hiker room, where miniature snowdrifts accumulated at the window's edge. In the spring of 1980 Albie hiked the Appalachian Trail—his second time doing so—and while on the trail stopped at the Observatory for an interview with Guy for the observer's job that Albie began in the autumn.



Albie Pokrob above treeline. (Photo by Greg Gordon)

Albie's summit arrival coincided with the Obs' recent move into the new Sherman Adams building and the traumatic demolition of the old Observatory across the summit. A gifted photographer, Albie took pictures for the Observatory, went on rescues, and conducted observations. He worked his week-on, week-off shift with Ken Rancourt and Al Oxton, with the alternating shift staffed by John Howe, Greg Gordon, and Jeff Tirey. The White Mountains' appeal while on the AT drew him to the AMC in the first place, but working at the Observatory really gave him the chance to experience the summit's unique winds and weather.

Albie accomplished this in part by never willingly accepting a shift change ride to the summit in the Observatory's vehicles, summer or winter. One night he also got a strong dose of the wind when gusts peaked at 178 miles per hour; curious, and a little naive, he tried to walk outside, got immediately knocked down, and crawled back inside. Albie also joined the Century Club, whose arbitrary but fixed rules required an aspiring member to walk around the perimeter of the Observatory building in 100-mile-per-hour winds, without touching anything for support. Indeed, while working at the Obs Albie honed the ability to thrive in harsh weather, as well as the mountaineering techniques, that later stood him in good stead on successful ascents of Denali in 1986 and 1990.

Peter Crane, who has been with the Observatory for 17 years, first worked for the AMC—for board only—by washing dishes for a night in 1972. Six years later he got his first paying job with the AMC as the 1978 Carter Hut spring caretaker. He spent summers from 1978-80 as Lakes crew member and Hutmaster at Zealand and Mizpah, respectively, with caretaking jobs at Greenleaf, Carter, Galehead, and Lonesome in between, along with stints as a blanket packer and floating caretaker. After finishing coursework for a Ph.D. in Folklore at the University of Pennsylvania, Peter returned to the North Country, where between 1981 and 1988 he worked at the Crawford Notch hostel, caretook at Tuckerman Ravine, and ran Pinkham's front desk.



Peter Crane at the summit. (Photo by Albie Pokrob)

Peter's career with the Observatory began in October 1988, when he juggled the roles of weather observer, shift supervisor, and museum manager. After two years of regular shifts he worked intermittently for three more while finishing his dissertation. He returned to summit shifts full-time in 1993 but since 1994 has worked exclusively on educational operations, a position based at the valley office in North Conway. He once realized what an unusual combination of skills was needed at the Observatory when, getting ready

for shift change, he looked down and saw he was holding crampons in one hand and a floppy disk in the other.

Looking back, Peter says, his time with the AMC ended up being something of a 10-year job interview for the Observatory, during which time Obs staff could get to know him and the way he worked. In his favor was his experience managing hut crews and the front desk at Pinkham, as well as his extensive knowledge of the mountains' terrain, environment, natural and social history, dealing with the public, living in comparative isolation with a small bunch of people, and "nuts and bolts" operational matters about water and septic lines that would prove as useful at the Obs as they did with the AMC.

Peter was initially drawn to the White Mountains during a June 1969 trip with his brother to Tuckerman Ravine, where the two struggled through the snow up Right Gully and made it to the old Observatory. Something about the experience inspired Peter to make another trip—this time to Carter Notch—less than a month later. He became active in his high school camping club, started hiking the White Mountains' 4,000-footers, and at Harvard joined the Outing Club, where he "transitioned from jeans and pumpkin stompers to wool pants and Mickey Mouse boots." By then he had become a more serious outdoorsman, so that when he got to graduate school he realized he wanted to spend more time outside and less in the classroom. An opportunity to caretake at the Harvard Cabin gave him the chance to meet AMC people. "That was back in 1977, and gee whiz, I'm still here," he said.

Anna Porter was part of the wave of women who worked at the Observatory starting in the 1990s, following in the steps of Betty Gosselin, the Obs' first full-time female employee, who started in 1973; Jenny Beatty; Marcia Clark, who did museum artwork for the Obs in the 1970s; and Jackie DiMauro and myself—I was the first woman to spend a winter at the Obs—in the 1980s. Anna worked at AMC's Crawford Notch Hostel in 1995, Lakes in 1996, and Greenleaf in 1998, and for the Education Department in 1999. She'd never hiked before working for the AMC, but her college roommate, Meghan Prentiss—another



*Jackie DiMauro at the weather desk during the summer of 1984.
(Photo by Jon Lingel)*

future AMCer and Observer—encouraged her to apply for the Obs job. That September Anna became an observer on the summit; she liked the idea of working there, and Meghan was now working there and put in a good word for her. She stayed for a year, then worked a season in Antarctica before returning again to help Ken Rancourt with research in the summer of 2001.

Anna particularly enjoyed the self-reliance and solitude that was part of her night shift at the Obs. She remembers the intensity of crazy winter weather at night, when she'd have to go find the precip can in the middle of the summit with less than 10 feet of visibility, and then find her way back without wandering off. She also expanded her knowledge in many directions: Her data collection work at the Obs taught her to pay attention to detail, her work there



Anna Porter, left, Sarah Curtis Long, right, and Meghan Prentiss, seated, in the Obs kitchen. (Photo by Eric Pinder)

and the AMC led her to become an Emergency Medical Technician, she did a lot of photography (including a photo series of Nin the Cat that's featured on the Obs' web page), and she coordinated some three dozen volunteers.

Also, by the time Anna worked at the Obs, Joe's admonition about women had been long outdated. For much of her time there, her shift consisted entirely of women: herself, Meg Prentiss, and Sarah Curtis Long. Though she said a few people in the Observatory's organizational structure doubted her abilities, most people were very supportive of her. (Indeed, many people involved with the Observatory have conceded that the feared seismic trauma brought about by the presence of female observers has never materialized.)

Tom Seidel's intertwined history with the AMC and the Observatory began in 2002 and continues to this day. Growing up, he spent time hiking and ski touring in the Mount Washington Valley, and in college he studied geology, oceanography, and atmospheric sciences. The combined experiences inspired him to do an Obs internship right after college; he then spent the next summer doing AMC acid rain monitoring at Lakes, worked a season in Antarctica, returned in 2003 to Pinkham's Research Department for the extended summer ozone monitoring season, caretook at Lonesome and Carter huts for two winters, and was the AMC's Backcountry Education Assistant in 2004. He is now Staff Scientist at the Obs, where he works at a second Observatory valley office—in Bartlett, N.H.—studying historic climatological records. He is also working on a “research infrastructure upgrade,” or RIU, that involves designing a database to make information easily accessible and permanently stored.

The combined histories of these AMCers-turned-Observers illustrate marked changes at the Observatory over the years that are anchored by shared experiences. What began in a one-room building with a narrowly focused mission today has a modern summit facility, well-attended museum, two Valley offices, sophisticated computerized equipment, its own transportation, and a shift from three-hourly to hourly observations, among many other changes. Yet people still seem to

be drawn to the AMC and the Obs for the same reasons they have been over the years—what Brian Fowler calls “a kind of shared spiritual connection to the mountains. . . . The mountains have an attraction that lots of people try to deny,” he said. “But once they get into the mountains and share it with people, it gets into their system.”

Albie Pokrob gets at the same idea when describing a dinner he attended this past summer at the Notchland Inn in Crawford Notch. Former observer Rob Kirsch invited Albie and other fellow Obs alums Jeff Tirey, Greg Gordon, and Guy Gosselin, along with Peter Crane, to celebrate Ken Rancourt’s 25th year at the Observatory; having started as an Observer in 1980, Ken is now Director of Science and Operations. “There are a lot of people I’ve worked with in my life who pass in and out,” Albie said, but at the reunion dinner that was not the case. “After all those years spending time on the mountain, we hadn’t missed a beat.”

*“Peggles” Dillon teaches English at a charter high school in Washington, D.C. She was a Pinkham weenie, summer 1979; winter deskie, 1979-80; Mizpah croo member, summer 1980; floating caretaker, fall 1980; Galehead AHM, summer 1981; Madison AHM, summer 1983; trucker, fall 1983; and Galehead HM, summer 1984. She was a weather observer at the Mount Washington Observatory during the 1984-85 winter; an Observatory trustee from 1991 to 1997; and Editor of the Observatory’s quarterly bulletin, **Windswept**, from 1994 to 1995.*

*The following list is a partial roster—based on available information—of names of AMC people associated with the Observatory over the years as trustee, observer, officer, intern, executive director, scientific advisor, scientific director, membership secretary, valley employee, **Windswept** editor, and/or **Windswept** printer. If you have comments, or find errors or omissions in this list or article, please e-mail me at margaretmdillon@yahoo.com. Thanks!*

Whit Barry
 Mack Beal
 Jenny Beatty
 Fran Belcher
 Charlie Burnham
 Dave Burnham
 Peter Crane
 Bob Champoux
 John Cotton
 Gerard Courtin
 Huntington Curtis
 Colin Davidson
 Peggy Dillon
 Jackie DiMauro
 Joe Dodge
 Bob Elsner
 Brian Fowler
 Bill Hastings
 Chris Hawkins
 Katie Hess
 Mark Hitchcock
 Russ Hobby
 Casey Hodgdon
 John Howe
 Ray Lavender
 Neil Lareau
 Wendell Lees
 Alex McKenzie
 Jon Martinson
 Jack Middleton
 Bob Monahan
 Jack Newton
 Sal Pagliuca
 Becky Peterman
 Meredith Piotrow
 Albie Pokrob
 Anna Porter
 Anne Posegate
 Brian Post
 Meghan Prentiss
 Bill Putnam
 Mark Ross-Parent
 Tom Seidel
 Al Sise
 Bruce Sloat
 Will Small
 Alan Smith
 Ken Smith
 Wendell Stephenson
 Dave Thurlow
 Bryan Yeaton
 Andy Wall
 Brad Washburn
 Joel White



John Howe in the kitchen of the old Observatory in the early 1970s. (Photo by Jon Lingel)

The Dolly Copp Story

By Chris Van Curan, Dolly Copp '51, '52, '53 & '57



Chris Van Curan in front of the log cabin Administration Center built by the CCC.

DOLLY COPP? Who is that? Dolly Copp Campground? How does Dolly Copp Campground connect to the Old Hutmen and the AMC?

Probably, if you worked for the AMC out of Pinkham after the 1960s you would respond to those questions like; “Oh— Dolly Copp— that’s the USFS Campground.” However, if you worked for the AMC in the 1950s, your response could be quite different. That’s because the AMC had a ‘Use Permit” with the USFS to administer and maintain the Dolly Copp Campground, which the AMC did from 1951 through at least 1957. I spent four years there as a crew member. This story is not well-known in OH circles. It deserves telling about a chapter of AMC-OH history.

George Hamilton was the Campmaster and his assistant was Alison (“Good Deal”) Catheron II for that first summer in 1951. George had worked at the Lakes, Madison and Greenleaf in the ‘40s and then came to Dolly Copp to run this new AMC operation with a crew of six, of which the author was one of those crewmembers. “Good Deal” Catheron was a graduate forester from University of Maine, spent only one year at Dolly Copp, and moved on to join the Society for the Preservation of New Hampshire Forests. This first year’s crew also consisted of Jack Middleton, who had spent 1947-49 at the

Tuckerman Shelter. Jack had recently come out of the Marine Corps and was a Lafayette College graduate. I had just finished my freshman year at Middlebury College and Joe Dodge hired me on the spot for the summer. I think he was desperate to fill out the crew for this new AMC project and likewise, so was I to get a summer job. It turned out to be one of the best jobs of my life. Other members of the crew were Charles “Tarkey” Morse and Robert Underhill, both with long lineages of AMC family members.

The members of our crew were all employed on the AMC Pinkham payroll and eligible for Old Hutman status, if we worked the full summer. Crew members were paid \$15 a week plus their room and board. We were all deputized by the United States Forest Service to carry out the rules and regulations of the Forest Service, which enabled us to wear a USFS badge.

Dolly Copp Campground is the largest campground in the White Mountain Forest area with approximately 175 campsites. In the first week of August, we could have as many as 1,000 people camping there. Some campers lived locally in Gorham or Berlin and commuted to work to one of the pulp and paper mills in Cascade or Berlin and spent the entire summer at Dolly Copp.



Dolly and Hayes Copp. (Photos from the Jackson Historical Society)

The campground is named after an early settler in Pinkham Notch, Dolly Copp, the wife of Hayes Copp. The remnants of their homestead are still visible in the Little Meadow section of the campground. Dolly remained married to Hayes for 50 years before declaring that “50 years is long enough to live with any man” and promptly packed up her belonging and went back to Auburn, Maine, her childhood home.

My early June 1951 introduction to Dolly Copp will

remain in my permanent memory bank. I signed whatever Joe asked me to—if there was anything to sign. I followed Joe down to Dolly Copp in my car. We took the left off Rte. 16 on to the access road to Dolly Copp and the Pinkham “B” Road to Randolph. We stopped at the new gate and the gatehouse, which was in the finishing stages of construction. As we approached the gate, I noticed a huge bear strung out on a pole high up in a tree. Boy! What an introduction! I asked; “What’s the story on the bear?” “Hiram shot it yesterday.” “Who’s Hiram?” “Over there.” That was my first introduction to Joe’s son, Brookie Dodge, also known in OH circles as “Hiram.” The day before, Eli Drown’s wife, Faith (Eli was a Road Agent for the State of NH, whose house was just south of the Pinkham TP) had called Pinkham in desperation and connected with George Hamilton. A big black bear was clawing down the back screen door to their house and Eli was away at work on the highway. She needed help quickly. Hiram grabbed Joe’s German “Manlicker” rifle and drove down with George the short distance to the Drown’s house. Hiram entered the front door and could hear the bear at the back of the house. When he got to the kitchen, he saw the bear retreating into the woods. Lifting his rifle to his shoulder, he took aim and fired enough shots to kill the intruder. After gutting out the bear, he proceeded to take the bear to display it at the entry way to the Dolly Copp Campground. The bear did not last long there. Joe ordered it out of there — it would scare the hell out of the campers registering for a nice wholesome vacation in the peaceful woods of New Hampshire.

Our first job every summer was the get the campground ready for summer occupancy. After we got the crappers cleaned out, the grass mowed, and the water running, we had to turn our attention that first summer to getting our crew quarters built-out and the entrance gatehouse built. The gatehouse had a back bunkroom to house one of us each night to man the gate entrance, which opened at 6 AM and closed at 10 PM weeknights and 11PM on weekends. As I recall, we charged \$4 a night per family for campground space and \$1 a bundle for firewood.

We had to keep out the “non-resident” campers —

the crowd from Berlin and Gorham who were looking for trouble, which some nights was a difficult task. The first year there was a metal bridge across the Peabody River, which connected the southern end of the campground to the picnic area along Rte. 16. At times, it required us to use our one party line crank phone to call Roger Gauthier, the local State Patrolman to come and settle some of the altercations and quell raucous beer parties in the picnic grounds. At other times we had to call Paul Doherty, the District Fish & Game Warden, to help find lost campers in the woods. Fortunately, all our “goofer” hunts were successful.

Our daily chores consisted of picking up the trash in an old green 1939 Chevrolet pickup truck, cleaning out and re-charging the chemical toilets, fixing the roads after heavy rains, and maintaining the gravity-fed water line fed from Culhane Brook to the water spigots in the campground. This gravity feed metal water pipe led to a humorous incident one night—at least to us, not Good Deal Catheron.

Good Deal was scheduled to be the “Gatekeeper” that night, meaning he was to spend the night at the gatehouse. We had finished dinner in the kitchen of our quarters, the old log Administration Center built by the CCC at the south end of the campground. Good Deal was in his pressed khakis standing over the sink to get a drink of water. The weather was getting nasty. Big “thumpers” were coming over the summit of Mount Madison, spreading their ominous darkness over the terrain. Good Deal put his head under the spigot to get his drink. CRACK! A bolt of lightning had hit the water line. In a nanosecond, Good Deal was blown back from the sink and on his back on the floor. In the sink we found his false teeth. Little did we know.

The second year in 1952, the AMC ran Dolly Copp Campground. The Campmaster was Jack Middleton and I was his assistant. One of the crew members was Tony Gauba. Tony was from West Hartford, which had a number of constituents in the ranks of the OH; “Phoff” Ferrenbach and “Freko” Bolduc were among them. Tony had previously been a muleskinner for the AMC. He was a short fellow with a beard and wiry. His bullwhip skills were a legend at Dolly Copp. You

could hold a wooden stick match between your thumb and forefinger and Tony could snap it out of your hand without touching any part of the hand. A cigarette held between your lips could be snapped away with one snap of the whip. The next trick should not be repeated. Tony would take a swig of gasoline in his mouth, light a match by quickly drawing it across the underneath of his trouser pants with his leg raised at a 90 degree angle, and then spit the gasoline over the upheld lighted match, causing a flamethrower effect that would excite the assembled group.

The third year in 1953, I was the Campmaster. That was the year that a young man joined us who would become a legend on the eastern side of the Mount Washington valley. We knew him as Russ Hodgdon, fresh out of high school. He joined the Navy after we closed up the Campground, but he returned to the mountains to work at Pinkham after his tour of duty. Russ was to be known later to everyone as “Casey” Hodgdon. His father worked as a railroad man for the Boston & Maine Railroad and “Casey” would join his father on a number of those trips through the mountains. We nurtured his lust for the mountains and his trust in them.

Later, my Dolly Copp USFS documents served me well when I spent the next couple of years in the service of the US Army, G-2 (Intelligence), Ft. Myer, VA (the Pentagon). My described USFS seasonal position was “Campground Supervisor” and enabled me to get a seasonal discharge from the Army (three months early) to go back to be the Campmaster at Dolly Copp in 1957. This 1957 tour at Dolly Copp brought a family of Van Curans—a wife, Betsy Strong (an OH from Pinkham days and now living in Jackson with her second husband, Bob Kent), and a daughter, Ann. Tony Gauba, my Assistant, had come back from a tour of duty with the Air Force as a Rescue and Survival instructor in the wilds of the Northwest and went on from Dolly Copp to be a freelance photographer for the Sierra Club. Unfortunately, Tony died of asphyxiation in his camper trailer in a mountain pass in the West a few years later.

There you have it. The AMC-Dolly Copp story. I have been an OH member for some 50 years and it was time to tell this story.

George Hamilton, Jack Middleton, and Betsy Strong Kent assisted me in the writing of this story.

Dolly Copp Vital Statistics

1951 Croo

George Hamilton
Al “Good Deal” Catheron
Chris Van Curan
“Tarky” Morse
Bob Underhill

1954 Croo

Jack Middleton
Ann Dodge Middleton
Bob Underhill
Russ “Casey” Hodgdon

1952 Croo

George Hamilton
“Tarky” Morse
Tony Gauba
Jack Middleton
Chris Van Curan
Russ “Casey” Hodgdon

1955 Croo

Jack Middleton
Ann Dodge Middleton
Bob Underhill
Russ “Casey” Hodgdon

1953 Croo

Chris Van Curan
Tony Gauba
Reid Pepin
Russ “Casey” Hodgdon

1957 Croo

Chris Van Curan
Betsy Strong Kent
Tony Gauba

Duties:

Enforce USFS rules and regulations
Maintain the Gatehouse: charge campground fees and sell firewood
Clean and recharge crappers
Collect and dump garbage and trash
Mow fields and maintain roads
Maintain water supply

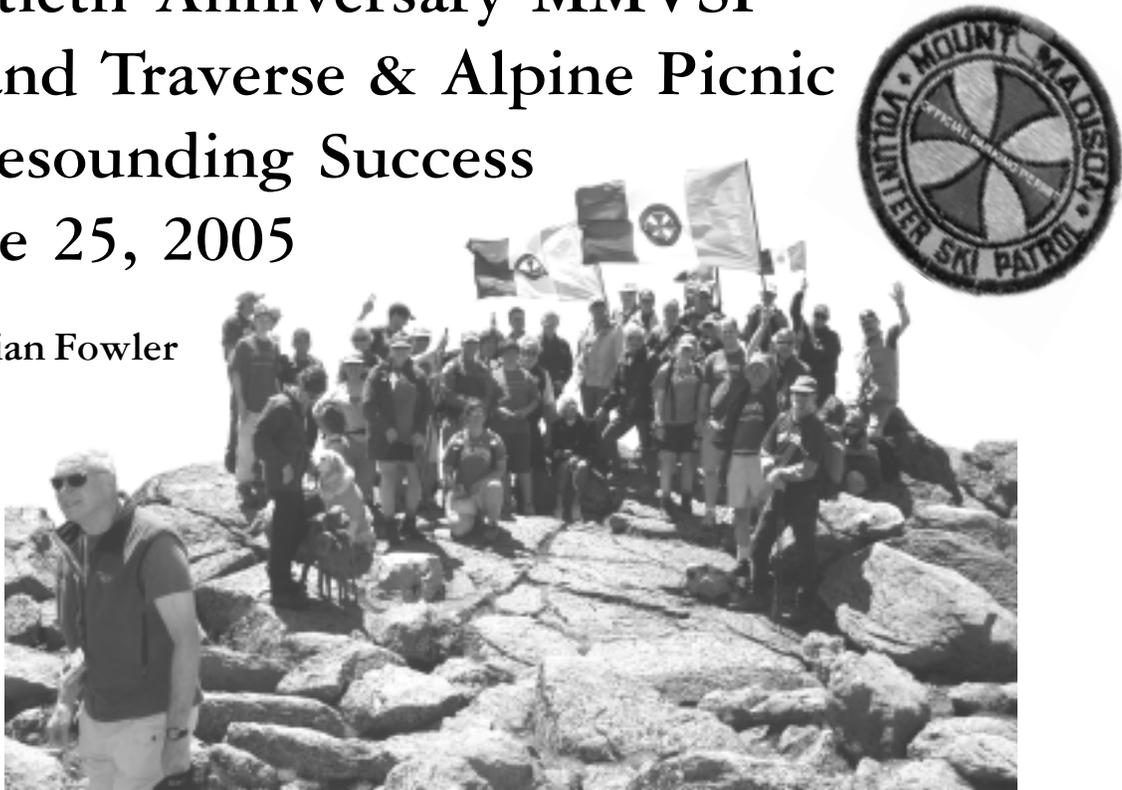
Compensation:

Croo: \$15/ week plus room and board
Campmaster: \$60/ week (in 1957)
Food was supplied from the Pinkham Storehouse on requisition
Lodging was at the Administration Building at Dolly Copp



Fortieth Anniversary MMVSP Grand Traverse & Alpine Picnic a Resounding Success June 25, 2005

By Brian Fowler



SATURDAY, JUNE 25, 2005 dawned hot and bright as nearly 80 members and friends of the Mount Madison Volunteer Ski Patrol gathered from many distant places at the base of Mt. Washington for the 40th Anniversary Grand Traverse and Alpine Picnic, the first to be held on the Summit in 20 years. After the caravan of nearly 30 vehicles successfully navigated the Auto Road to the Summit, the Grand Traverse of New England's 6,000-Footers was successfully completed by The Faithful under the able leadership of Chief Patrolman Alexander Macmillian and Deputy Chief Patrolman for the Western Division, Charlie Burnham, who thereafter conducted the exhilarated but exhausted group down to Ball Crag, where an advance party of Deputy Chief Patrolman Joel Mumford and Quartermaster Brian Fowler had prepared that site with ritual flags and bunting for the party's arrival and the start of the Picnic festivities.

In spite of the passage of 20 years since the last "Summit Picnic," spectacular luncheon offerings had been created with many cherished recipes from Picnics of yore (e.g. Halfway Diddles), and the foraging among the offerings was frenetic at times due to the frequent 20 to 35 mph gusts that kept the colors flying and the party nicely refreshed from the 90-degree heat and humidity of the Valley that day. Old friendships were quickly renewed with many original members (several festooned with decorations and medals for bravery and resourcefulness during previous "campaigns") in attendance to witness and mutually celebrate the initiation of 14 new members and one fetus, each being tapped into membership with the ceremonial ice axe and an exclamation of the Patrol's enduring motto, *Semper Altior*. All attendees and new initiates were

provided new Patrol T-shirts and a ceremonial sweater pin struck especially by the Western Division for the occasion. The "Old T-Shirt Contest" was won by Betsy Fowler, whose 40-year old shirt, faded and degenerate, was unmatched as an emblem of the enduring spirit that was and continues to be the Patrol. Absent friends and exploits of old were fondly remembered during the day as the brass scroll from the first Picnic was read aloud, and there was little doubt that the spirit of those who could not be present was in the air. Many commented how satisfying it was to feel the old spirit come back, and accordingly plans are afoot for a 45th Grand Traverse and Alpine Picnic on Mt. Washington in 2010. Meanwhile, the Patrol continues its activities Worldwide with reports coming in of new summits and exotic localities that have seen the Patrol's colors flying, the latest being South Georgia and Elephant Islands. The Western Division remains especially active with annual activities in the San Juan Mountains of Colorado and its Tenth Anniversary Grand Traverse and Alpine Picnic fast approaching (all Patrol member and friends are cordially invited!). All in all, the spirit of the Patrol is alive and well, attractive and as available as ever to those who love the mountains and the company of like-minded friends to enjoy them. *Semper Altior!* ("Always Higher!")

The 10th Anniversary Grand Traverse & Alpine Picnic of the Western Division is open to any OH* Saturday, July 8, 2006, assembling at Gladstone, CO (6 mi. N of Silverton) at 11:00 AM for the procession to the Picnic site in Ross Basin (12,250 feet). As usual, all are invited to this special celebration.

*MMVSP membership has no stringent requirements, no dues, and no rules—just a sense of humor, a hearty appetite, and a love of the mountains. For details, contact Brian at b2fmr@metrocast.net or Charlie Burnham at burnham_c@fortlewis.edu.

In Memoriam

Janice Ellery of Dover-Foxcroft, ME, died July 6, 2005. She and husband John Ellery were “hutman and hutmistress” at Zealand in 1941.

Phil Costello, 64, Founder and Director of Project Urban Suburban Environment, lost his year-and-a-half long battle with bone cancer on December 11, 2005. A former US Marine, Phil became a teacher at Trenton, NJ, High School in the 1960s, working with kids everyone else had given up on. During those early years, he spent his summers helping to build Hurricane Island Outward Bound, becoming one of the first instructors. Returning to Trenton, Phil helped found Action Bound, an outdoor education program for inner-city youth. Action Bound would go on to be the catalyst for founding Project U.S.E. in 1970. In later years, Phil went on to found Baltimore Island Outward Bound and was part of a small group of people that founded A.E.E. (The Association of Experiential Education). As mentor to many people in the field of experiential education, Phil was instrumental in helping numerous programs throughout the country get their start. As a member of numerous educational associations around the state of New Jersey, he was a vocal advocate for environmental and experiential education. Many a February vacation, Phil brought his Action Bound students to the OH Cabin, where they enjoyed the winter outdoors and worked around the Cabin.

Bertram Swoop Goodwin, 93, a retired lieutenant colonel in the U.S. Army and later industrial engineer with the Post Office, died Friday, Nov. 11, 2005, at the Hunt Community in Nashua, NH. Swoop was born and lived in Marblehead, MA, at Doaks Lane until going into the Army. He was the son of the late Frank W. Goodwin II and Mary (Doherty) Goodwin. A graduate of Northeastern University, he enlisted in the Army in 1942. He was a part of the Lakes crew in 1941, and a regular at many OH reunions, and left a generous donation to the Cabin which will help build another woodshed.

Arthur Skiwx MacGregor, 93, of Concord, NH, died August 26, 2005, in Concord. He got his nickname from Joe Dodge when he worked at Pinkham, then Lakes and Galehead in the early 1930s. He was a graduate of Dartmouth with a masters from Yale and advanced work at Harvard. His father was Red Mac MacGregor, the huts manager who hired Joe Dodge to work at Pinkham in the 1920s.

William Hastings, Sr., 76, of Shelburne, NH, passed away on Tuesday, August 30, 2005 at the Dartmouth-Hitchcock Medical Center in Lebanon, NH. He was born in Bethel, ME, on April 20, 1929, the son of William And Ruth (Cole) Hastings, and was raised in Bethel. After graduating from Gould Academy, he joined the US Marines and served for two years. He worked for the AMC and the Mount Washington Observatory prior to his career with the NH Fish and Game Department, where he served 32 years and retired with the rank of lieutenant. He later worked as a Park Ranger at Moose Brook State Park.

Ted Rooslund, 66, passed away in Connecticut in June 2005. He worked at Pinkham in 1957 and owned a ship modeling business in Cromwell, CT. During his stint at Pinkham, he was a member of a five-man rescue team which successfully rescued a Mount Holyoke student from Mt. Washington in November 1957.

Leah Deni, 25, passed away on December 22, 2004. Leah worked at Lakes in the fall of 2001. Most recently, she had been a program director at the Urban Ecology Institute in Boston.

Willie Harris died in October 2004. He moved to Jackson after WWII and joined the ski patrol at Black Mountain, then became a truck driver for Joe Dodge. He then worked on the summit for Channel 8 as part of a two-man crew to keep the transmitter running. After Jack Parr, the early television host, bought Channel 8, Willie joined Marty Engstrom to do their humorous weather report from the summit. Nick Howe’s complete memorial tribute to Willy can be read on ohcroo.com.

Gormings by Emily Muldoon Kathan

Greetings from snowy, sunny (and balmy at 50 degrees today) Somerville! Days like this make me think global warming ain’t so bad—ok, just kidding, but I was happy that some of the snowbanks had dissipated enough for a nice stroll into Harvard Square with my 1-year-old. I hope this finds you all well and happy wherever you may be. Without further delay, here’s the news!

Jim Marston wrote in from Satsuma, FL. Just to put things in perspective for you young whippersnappers, he clarified, “I earned \$7.50 a week when I was Hut Master at Zealand in 1943; I had 2 days off every two weeks, too.”



Fowlers at Glacier National Park

Big news from **Betsy and Brian Fowler** that grandson Hunter Fowler Nesbitt arrived December 21 to proud parents **Lesley and John Nutter**, both at Gould Academy in the admissions and communications departments. Last August, the whole family took a trip to the Tetons and Glacier National Park. In May, Betsy co-led an AMC excursion to Ecuador and the Galapagos and climbed 15,500-ft. Cotopaxi. In February, she backcountry skied to Lake Louise’s Skoki Lodge. Then in August, more AMC excursions to Banff, Jasper and Yoho National Parks in Canada and Machu Pichu in September and a five-day trek to Cordillera Blanca. Brian sold North American Reserve and started a new venture, Fowler Management Resources (which we think is to manage Betsy’s excursion itinerary).

While we’re on excursions, OH might be interested in what **Rick Wilcox** is planning for summer 2007: a seven day trip to Kilimanjaro via the Machame Route to the 19,340-ft. summit, followed by a three-day safari to Tarangiri National Park. OH who have trekked with Rick in Nepal know that safety and his thorough understanding of how to handle altitude are what make his trips successful. For details, call Rick at International Mountain Equipment: 603 356-7013.

Dave Fonseca says he treasures the good memories of working with Joe Dodge, “even though he could be an SOB sometimes!”

Cal Conniff thinks that those over 70 should get a discount on the OH dues! Whaddya all think?

Fred Mac Stott took a trip last August to AMC’s newest venture, Little Lyford Pond Camps, part of an effort to preserve a 100,000 acre area in the northern Maine

woods. He climbed to Laurie's Ledge with **Earle Perkins**, who was helping out as volunteer crew with wife Ann. Fred showed slides of his 1965 Trek to Everest Base Camp at the AMC annual meeting in February, which was as big a hit there as it was at our last OH annual meeting.

Frank Carlson, OH member since 1939, God bless him, remembers fondly working with **Jack Slack**, **Bert Goodwin**, and **Carl** and **Bill Blanchard** in the fall of 1939 to build our beloved OH cabin—all built with volunteer labor. THANK YOU for your good work that so many of us continue to enjoy.

Ben Deering and **Margaret Snell** (fall croos '04-05) will tie the knot this fall — woohoo!

Michelle Stata asks why we don't collect OH "doos" instead of dues. We may need a motion to change that...

Doug Hotchkiss and **Chuck Rowan** did a White Mountain tour this past fall visiting Pinkham, Lakes, the Highland Center, **Bob Temple**, **Brookie Dodge**, and **Hanque Parker**. Sorry to hear that Chuck Rowan's wife Suzanne died.

Steve Paxson saw **Jeff Burke** and **Sheldon Perry** last fall and, if I'm reading this correctly, did a 33-mile day hike. My poor knees are aching just thinking about that.

Jenny Huang-Dale and her husband recently returned from 2 years in Sichuan, China, and are now living in the Brattleboro area.

Dobie Jenkins reports that "we trail bums of the '50s get together every year or so —**Doug Ronkin**, **Dave Stretch Hayes**, **Bob Watts**, **Bob Scott**, and **Joe Oroozt**. Cheers to all our OH friends." Some of them were the perpetrators of the bearding of the Old Man.

Sparky Koop is back in NH and is working as a physician on the seacoast. Sister **Heather Koop** is also in NH.

Bill "El Whacko" Ashbrook is 84 and lives in Denver. His son, **Willy Ashbrook**, was reminiscing recently about a stunt long ago. "I had a great laugh about the naked pack trip. For the record, **Dick Stetson** arrived at Ghoul in his birthday suit. I was sporting **Allison Dodd's** bra and panties. Those were some crazy times! As the song says, "all my rowdy friends have settled down."

And talk about "El Whacko," **Mike Eckel** not only authored but experienced his AP story which appeared in the the *Seattle Times* recently. He took part in what is called the "Epiphany Frost." He writes, "[As part of the] Russian Orthodox Christian holiday Epiphany, thousands of believers across this mostly frozen country chip through the ice on ponds and rivers and

dunk themselves in. The idea is that the swim, which is blessed in a ceremony by priests, is sort of an arctic baptism — purifying the soul, cleansing sins, and ushering in the frigid weather known in Russia as the Epiphany Frost. With temperatures dipping to 24 degrees below zero on Thursday, tying a 79-year record for that day, I decide to join the faithful along with a motley crew of curiosity-seekers and men seeking to prove something about their masculinity." Mike summed up the feeling: "Think of touching your bare palm to a scorching frying pan. Better yet, imagine someone slapping your sunburned back." You can see the article in its entirety, along with the photos to prove it, at <http://asap.ap.org/stories/314848.s> In a saner moment last summer, Mike married Jenn Davies on the farm of friends in Westport, MA.



Doug George shows MMVSP colors on Haute Route's Col de Sorebois while hiking from Chamonix to Zermatt in September.

Caroline Kiernan is in her third year of medical school at NYU. Last summer, she bicycled across the country to raise money for the American Lung Association. She thanks all the great OH who sponsored her and the ALA. She would love to hear from her OH friends!

Pete Madiera will be moving back to Mt. Desert Island with wife, Suzanne.

Cathleen Trafton had no news of note from her perch in Santa Barbara, CA.

Jared Lui worked on the Kerry-Edwards campaign in D.C. last fall...alas...

Susan Eusden was hoping to see Mac Stott in AK for the Iditarod and is trying to get her hands on a copy of Fred's book!

That request prompted us to offer the book *Off and On the Trail* by mail (see envelope).

Stephen Rice (TC'71-74) has joined the OH after all these years. He lives in Mercersburg, PA. Welcome TC!

Also in the TC vein, **Bill Meduski** took some ski runs in the Swiss Alps which he

says is "like Tucks, with lifts!"

Roger Foster married Baisha Gruhe in July of 2004. **Chuck Kellogg** attended.

George Benton ('40's) wrote in from Maryland, "**Brooks** and **Ann Dodge** were my schoolmates in Gorham when my dad, "**Tex**," was the cook at Pinkham.

Norma Hart Anderson has been enjoying working as an information volunteer for the AMC at Zealand and Pinkham—a fun way to tame the crowds and spell the cook from the Goofers when the croo is out packing!

Dave Donahue lives in Scott Valley, CA, and offers any OH a "base camp" from which to bag Shasta or neighboring peaks.

Leonard Slezzy Dalton sends his fondest regards to all from his fair city of Melrose, MA.

Emily and **Peter Benson** report that all is well in Carter Notch Road—lots of x-c skiing, hiking and fishing with their 11 and 9-year-olds, Hannah and PJ.

Wendy Prentiss and **Dave Yampanis** send greeting from Norwell, MA, where they and their two children are busy with rock collections, salamander hunting, teepee construction, and cooking "disgusting soup." Hey, isn't that what Thayer used to make up at Lakes? (just kiddin', Chris!).

Frank McClellan had a great visit with **Bob Temple** last year.

Joan Doyle was looking for another OH hat as hers "flew off into an Arizona canyon!" She says she met an OH recently, Amos?, in Oakland, CA, because he noticed her OH sticker. Ahh, the OH family extends indeed far and wide. What fun!

Stan Berume spent some time hiking and catching up with Green Penn in Blowing Rock, NC. He said that **Dick Hale** was planning to hike the AT from Georgia to Maine last summer at age 75.

We editors send a hearty hello to **Fred Greene** in Brunswick, ME.

Andy Cook wrote to say how much he enjoyed **Chris Stewart's** article in the last Resuscitator. It brought back fond memories of his time in the huts in the early '70s. Andy said he has worked with a sales trainer for the past decade—and just figured out this past year that he and Charlie Kellogg are both OH. Glad you guys figured that out! Now I'm sure you're getting no work done at all!

Great to hear from **Margaret Thompson!** She lives in So. Strafford, VT with her husband Mike, 3-year old Ben and year-old Jasper. She is practicing medicine "very part-time" and spends the rest puttering on her farm.

Nathan Litwin is in his third year of law practice with his father at Litiwin and Asman, PC, Torrington, CT.

Jake Hooker is living in Beijing working

form the Red Cross. He welcomes any OH to visit him in China!

SHANE LESSARD says hello and is living in Roslindale, MA.

Joan Bishop has been enjoying visiting family in Hawaii, California and Arizona over the past year.

Bob Harris enjoyed reading about his second cousin, Mary Bird, in the Wildcat Ski article.

Sally Dinsmore spied a big article in the local *Mountain Ear* last week about **Jeff Burke** and an antique canoe that was given to him. She also sends news that **Dawson Winch** is being treated for breast cancer. Dawson can be reached at: dwinch1215@comcast.net. Let's all send good thoughts her way.

Andy McLane is plotting his retirement from TA Associates in the coming years. He reports that 3 of his 4 children are in NH.

Dulcie Heiman is still with United Airlines (SFO) and has survived all the furloughs so far. She is still based in North Conway when she is not jetting about.

Linus Story had a visit from an old Williston '63 classmate and OH with whom we lost contact: **Stuart Brownley Brinkley**, now living in Coraopolis, PA: cnabrinkley@aol.com.



Linus Story shows vintage MMVSP t-shirt at 2002 Grand Traverse Picnic in Durango, CO

George Hamilton stays in touch with his childhood friend General (Ret.) **Dick Trefry** almost weekly. George and Helen look forward to seeing friends at our November 4 reunion at the Highland Center.

And last, but certainly not least, **Robin Snyder**, esteemed former Gormings editor, reports of "no kids, but two Australian shepherds — better (and worse) than kids!" She is in Bend, OR, and would like friends to visit! Send us your news and take good care. —Emily

Greenleaf is Winner of 2005 Latchstring Award

THE ANNUAL End of Summer parties for this summer's hut croos were held at the OH Cabin in Jackson on the 25th and 26th of August. For many it was to be their last night in the mountains before heading back to the outside world of school, jobs, or other pursuits. For a lucky few it was a transitional night between summer and fall croo positions. It was a time to celebrate and reflect a bit.

This annual event is funded by your OHA and served up by the AMC store-house croo. Succulent steak and sumptuous lobster with corn-on-the-cob and salad was appropriately followed by a simply stupendous chocolate cake roll with cream filling brought out by Huts Manager Mike Kautz. (Even better than Dave Herring's cookies last year!) Then it was on to taking a look back at the season just passed and recognizing individuals and groups that had helped to make it a success.

Headlining this part of the evening was the presentation of the 2005 Latchstring Award. As always the selection committee had a difficult time choosing among the finalists. (They even tried at one point to avoid the problem by choosing an unspecified OH weekend fill-in croo that had gotten particularly good reviews.) The process was also complicated by having to filter out extraneous commentary ranging from "Move the rocks on the trail!" to "Please provide a climbing wall in the hut."

The winning croo turned out to be one which seemed to receive a predominance of thoughtfully written superlative comments. They were noted for going out of their way to become acquainted with their guests and provide them with individual service. One of their most remarkable acts was to donate one Saturday night's tips to a group of guests who were hiking to raise money for a battered women's shelter. And, of course, many OH will fondly remember this croo's outstanding job of hosting their hut's 75th anniversary celebration. The winner of the 2005 Latchstring Award was the Greenleaf croo, led by HM Liza Knowles, and ably assisted by AHM Michelle Dodge and croo members Taylor Burt, Erica Marcus, Steve Frens and Andrew Downs. Award presenter, Ned Baldwin congratulated them on their fine performance while taking pains to point out this seemed to be an especially good year throughout the Hut System and that exemplary performances seemed more the rule than the exception for everybody.

Submitted by Ned Baldwin

OH Help Found Waterman Alpine Stewardship Fund

SHORTLY after Guy Waterman's death on the Franconia Ridge in 2000, several OH including Chuck Wooster, Sarah Heidenreich and Rebecca Oreskes joined Laura Waterman and other friends in founding The Guy Waterman Alpine Stewardship Fund. The Fund's mission is to "Strengthen the human stewardship of the open summits, exposed ridgelines and alpine areas of the Northeast...."

Through an endowment that enables the Fund to give out small grants to clubs, organizations and agencies, we've supported trail work, education initiatives and interpretive signing in the Whites, Adirondacks, Green Mountains and in the great state of Maine. The support of gifts and encouragement from many OH and others who care about alpine areas in the east has enabled the Fund to meet its initial endowment goal in just 5 years. In the future we hope to support more grants for hands-on alpine stewardship, as well as grants for applied alpine research and for writers or artists who help foster wilderness ethics.

The Fund's annual dinner was held March 11 at the Perfect Pear in Bradford, Vermont, where this year's Guy Waterman Alpine Stewardship Award was given.

To learn more about the Fund go to www.watermanfund.org or write:

The Vermont Community Foundation
P.O. Box 30
Middlebury, VT 05753
802-388-3355

Gerry Whiting receives AMC Joe Dodge Award

AT the January 28 AMC Annual Meeting at the Westin Hotel in Waltham, Gerry was acknowledged for his pioneering work in identifying Greenville's Little Lyford Pond Camps as the first acquisition of the AMC's Maine Initiative. He is the Maine Woods Special Projects Coordinator, helping to create a new recreational corridor, and he has brought a lifetime of forestry experience to this key position. During the awards ceremony, Gerry's work on behalf of the AMC was likened to Joe Dodge's expansion of the Hut System in the 1920s. From the established eastern division huts, Joe identified Lonesome Lake hut, a log cabin, formerly used as a 19th-century fishing camp, and the western division hut expansion was developed. Little Lyford Pond Camps, coincidentally, was also a 19th-century fishing camp. Congratulations, Gerry, keep rolling!

From the Desk of the Chair continued from pg.1

reasonably priced, but limited and first-come first-served, so a word to the wise: sign up NOW (see the following details for options and resies).

Also, check page 19 for our Fourth Annual Hut Night at Lonesome with the same great AMC discount.

Under the able tutelage of Doug Hotchkiss, we continue full steam ahead with the Huts Photo Project. Zealand, Mizpah, and Lakes will all see their croo photos safely archived by Sally Dinsmore and Ned Baldwin, with state-of-the-art copies back up on the walls in time for goofer inspection this summer.

Which brings me to my plug for your support. If you're reading this great newsletter, you probably noticed we didn't ask you for your dues last year. We billed you. Like every other organization of which you're a member. Nobody asks you if you'd like to pay your dues. It's not an option. They tell you how much it costs, and if want to be a member, you shell it out. Maybe we've been too soft on ourselves. Historically, only half our members pay dues. This is proving to be an increasingly precarious business model. If you enjoy reading the Resuscitator and keeping up with news about your pals and the mountains, if you like the idea of having a classic backwoods cabin always available, if you want to give back to the huts and the people that gave to you, then help us continue this legacy that is the OH. As Dave Wilson still likes to say, "We're all in this together."

I would be remiss if I ended this column without singing the praises of a few of the folks who help keep this organization ticking. Like John "Moose" Meserve, banker by profession and OH Treasurer by proclivity. Like Jim Hamilton, putting his print biz expertise into every excellent issue of this newsletter. Like current Huts Manager Mike Kautz, his Field Assistant Caitlin Gray, and Pinkham Purchasing Agent Kim "Schroeder" Steward,

who provides critical support for our events and projects in the Huts. Like Mike "da Wad" Waddell, our cabin caretaker extraordinaire; Tom Kelleher, OH Secretary and the man behind our website; Esquires Josh Alper and Bill Oliver, filing the paperwork to move us to non-profit status; Emily Muldoon, whipping up sharp new designs for tees and hats; Dave Porter creating his CD of Greenleaf croo history and others too many to name.

Join us. Your Steering Committee meets regularly in Boston, and we welcome your input or just stop by to say hi. Meetings and current news are posted on the website: ohcroo.com. Solvitur crumpus,



Stroker Rogovin, OH Chairman

Bruce & Mary Sloat meet the Dalai Lama



WILLIS, the Sloats' middle son, lives in Chicago. Never hurts to have family in all the right places—his wife's sister runs the Washington office for the Dalai Lama. Turns out, Willis and Beth wished to have their first son, Noah, blessed by His Holiness. Beth's parents and the Sloats were asked to attend at a weekend in Washington at one of the Dalai Lama's lectures, along with 34,000 other people. It was a very moving lecture, according to Bruce, and the private audience was very interesting at which the Sloats were also blessed and received the ceremonial silk scarves you see in the picture. Bruce reports that the Dalai is actually a very funny person with a good command of English.

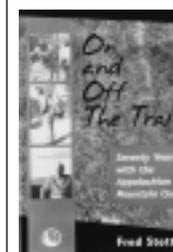
OH Annual Meeting and Reunion at Highland Center November 3-4, 2006

Book reservations directly with AMC at our new venue with options to stay one or two nights or just for dinner

LIF NOVEMBER of 2006 is as mild as last year, what a great time to gather in New Hampshire. No crowds, no bugs, no heat waves, no snow! You can arrive Friday, come Saturday for the day and night or just come for dinner. Here's how it works: use group reservation number 65997 OH Reunion and call the AMC Reservation Line 603-466-2727. The Saturday package special group rate includes lunch, dinner, lodging and Sunday breakfast at \$61 each for bunk room or \$91 each for a private room for two. Lunch and dinner only is \$30 each. Friday night is \$49 each for bunk room and \$79 each for private room for two. These guaranteed rates will hold until September 1, after which space will be sold at the applicable season rate (the non-group rate).

Call now and charge to your credit card or pay by check. Cancellation up to 30 days prior to arrival will receive a full refund; 14-30 days receive a 70% refund; within 14 days of arrival are nonrefundable.

OH Jeff Leich of the New England Ski Museum will be our speaker. We hope you will come for the weekend, relax and enjoy the Notch and its day hikes at a price that you can't find in the valley.

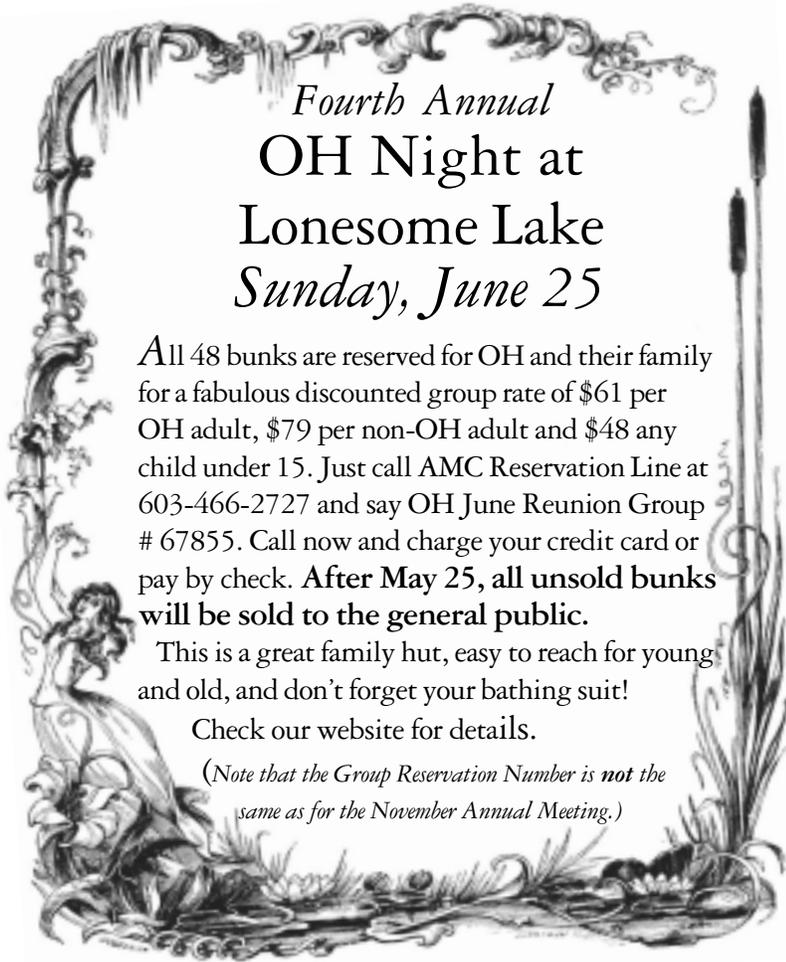


GET YOUR COPY of Fred Stott's *On and Off The Trail* about his seventy years kinship with the AMC. From his Song of the Huts through his hut days in the thirties and then the growth

of the AMC, his book is full of reminiscences and pictures of Joe and Teen Dodge, Foochow, Brad Washburn, Ben Cole, Bob Temple, Sandy Saunders, Penny and Tom Deans, and his climb to Madison in 2003 to celebrate his eighty-fifth year.

The book for OH is just \$10 (\$13 if you order by mail). See the envelope to order or pick up a copy at the May or November reunion.





Fourth Annual
OH Night at
Lonesome Lake
Sunday, June 25

All 48 bunks are reserved for OH and their family for a fabulous discounted group rate of \$61 per OH adult, \$79 per non-OH adult and \$48 any child under 15. Just call AMC Reservation Line at 603-466-2727 and say OH June Reunion Group # 67855. Call now and charge your credit card or pay by check. **After May 25, all unsold bunks will be sold to the general public.**

This is a great family hut, easy to reach for young and old, and don't forget your bathing suit!

Check our website for details.

(Note that the Group Reservation Number is not the same as for the November Annual Meeting.)

Hut System
2006 Summer
Staff List

Carter

Dave Anderson CT
 TBA CT
 Madison
 Beth Weick HM
 Taylor Burt AHM
 Nathaniel Blauss
 Catherine Klem
 Dave Kaplan
 Karen Thorpe, Naturalist

Lakes

Dan St. Jean HM
 Melissa Dickey AHM
 Avery Miller
 Holly Crimmins
 Caroline Woolmington
 Brian Quarrier
 Katherine Siner
 Malcom Lewis
 Lynne Zummo, Naturalist
 Air Quality Researcher

Mizpah

Michelle Dodge HM
 Tristan Williams AHM
 Luke Ingram
 Heather Day
 Dena Riegald
 Dave Weston, Naturalist

Zealand

Heidi Magario HM
 Steve Frens AHM
 Emily Taylor
 Jake Lassow
 Tessa Stiven, Naturalist

Galehead

James Wrigley HM
 Dan Cawley AHM
 Nate Lavey DAHM
 Shaile DeLea
 Selena Humphreys, Naturalist

Greenleaf

Eric Pedersen HM
 Christina Arrison AHM
 Brianna Coolbeth
 Lindsay Bourgoine
 Geoff Graham
 Maia Pinskey, Naturalist

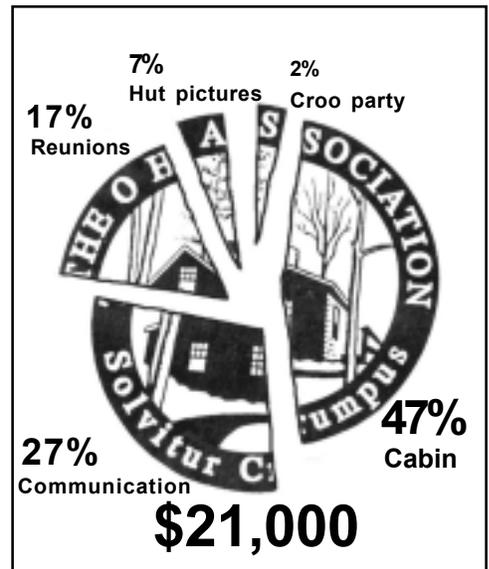
Lonesome

Erica Marcus HM
 Erin Robson AHM
 Hillary Gerardi
 Michelle Savard
 Justin Rowe
 TBA Naturalist

Backcountry Education Assistant: Anatasia Roy
 Tucks Assistant: TBA
 Tucks Caretaker: Seth Burke
 Senior Interpretive Naturalist: Nancy Ritger
 Huts Field Supervisor: Caitlin Gray
 Huts Manager: Mike Kautz

What it costs to run the OHA

CHANCES are, if you've gotten this far in the Resuscitator, you've enjoyed reading about your fellow OH and sensed the energy that goes into the association. The chart shows a breakdown of where our annual cost of \$21,000 is spent. Note that three-quarters of our budget goes to maintaining the cabin and producing the communications that help keep us all connected. The cabin not only serves as an economical way for OH to stay in the Whites, but is also a vital link to introducing present croos to the OHA. Of the nearly 1,000 OH and friends who receive this newsletter and were billed in November, *to date, fewer than half have paid the dues that drive this organization.* Of those who do pay, nearly half of them send an extra donation that actually makes the average dues payment closer to \$40 than the \$25 we ask of you over the age of twenty-five. Please, use the bound-in envelope to send us your news, resies and DUES! Dues payment is not an option *or no more newsletters.*



JUST some of the eighty or so OH who gathered for the group picture at Greenleaf's 75th Anniversary August 14 on one of the most beautiful summer days. The festivities included ceremonial gifts given by Steve Bridgewater—the Galehead gong carefully preserved over the years—and Doug George's New Hampshire KRUMP vanity plates. Crews from the '50s, '60s, '70s and '80s offered reminiscences, enjoyed the weather, refreshments, a gourmet meal replete with



crew-provided champagne and a drama show. All overnigheters were provided commemorative t-shirts and were mailed a compact disk of Greenleaf's history, including the reunion digitals. This FlipBook, which can be run on any computer, was created by Dave Porter and if you would like a complimentary copy, just mail Dave your address at 123 Swett Road, Woodside, CA 94062, and he'll pop one in the mail to you. *Illegitimus Non Carborundum Est*



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