

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

THE TRANSITION TO DIGITAL

Over the past seventy-six years, the *Resuscitator* has had a series of facelifts. From its initial two-page format, it has grown to as many as twenty-eight pages last November, been printed in black, brown and (ugh) green ink and featured a photo offset page of pictures in 1939 when the Cabin was built. From a modest initial print run of 100, the last printing was 1,100 copies mailed and distributed to OH, huts copies and the AMC board of directors. Printing and mailing costs have topped \$2,000—a hefty percentage of our operating budget.

Though the OHA is entirely volunteer-driven, we watch our expenditures carefully and, sour economy or not, want to give our membership the best bang for the buck. Much of our decision to convert the *Resuscitator* to online is an effort to ensure our funds are available for the Cabin, photographic preservation, and more outreach opportunities to current croos. Instead of receiving one newsletter per year, connected OH will be e-mailed a minimum of two timely issues, one in the spring and one in the fall. We can finally be current with Gormings by having issues produced every six months. Pictures will be reproduced digitally in full color, some even better in their reproduction than their original condition. Since the digital file is Adobe PDF, each page can be read on your computer screen at 100% or larger if the type appears too small, and you can print out selected pages if you'd like your own hard copy. For the few OH who pay dues but cannot be computer connected or have chosen not to, the *Resuscitator* will be copied and mailed.

After years of discussion why we continue to mail newsletters to non-dues payers, we've decided the free ride is over for them. It's not fair to the hundreds of OH who do pay dues, many of whom include an additional payment for Cabin maintenance, to excuse dues payments from those who view the OHA as a casual organization that can operate effectively without their contributions.

In December of 2008, invoices were sent asking members to verify their e-mail addresses. Our mail list now has roughly 500 e-mail addresses. Most of you received the Special Maine Issue of the *Resuscitator* in February and many sent us favorable comments about the new look and use of color.

Page 11 of this issue provides instructions for verifying or

updating your e-mail address. 2009 dues payment are still outstanding from too many.

The OHA is not alone in coming to terms with the way to communicate with members by using the Internet to control costs and actually upgrade the look of our formerly printed pieces. Why shouldn't we take stock of our operations every seventy-five years? We hope you will agree with us.

**2009-2010
CALENDAR
(Details on Page 7)**

**Spring Reunion
May 16 at Cabin**

**MMVSP Alpine Traverse
June 27**

**Oktoberfest—CC Reunion
October 10**

**Fallfest Annual Meeting
November 7**

**Fourth Annual Ski Trip
February 26-March 1, 2010**

www.ohcroo.com for current news



A 1926 reunion from Jack Orrok's album, OHA archives

The OH at Seventy-five

ON JANUARY 28, 1933, the first issue of *The Hutmen's Resuscitator* rolled off a mimeograph machine and was sent to a group of former hutmen. It was two-page, typed, legal-size sheet inserted in an envelope. Beginning in 1925, the former hutmen had been meeting the weekend before Christmas at the Boston City Club on Somerset Street near the state capital. Charlie Morse, then co-editor of the *Resuscitator*, wrote in a December 1940 *Appalachia* article commemorating the fifteenth anniversary that the association was one of the "wackiest" organizations ever established by anyone connected to the Appalachian Mountain Club. For 75 years, the *Resuscitator* provided reunion information, news, and reminiscences of former crews.

The name *Resuscitator* originally came from a sheet of often-asked questions and answers posted at the old Pinkham Notch Trading Post—questions such as: Is the Tuckerman Ravine Trail uphill all the way? Answer: Yes. The editors of the *Resuscitator* were Howie Goff and Charlie Morse, who had worked at Carter Notch and Lakes of the Clouds in the early 1920s. Howie joined the committee of the *White Mountain Guide* in 1935 and took over as chairman in 1937, editing eleven editions of the guidebook until 1976. His terms as co-editor of the *Resuscitator* were equally as impressive, from 1933 to 1959, then again from 1964 to 1972. Howie's more than half-century commitment to volunteering for the AMC and the Hutmen's Association set the

standard for the hutmen's group, which currently has a mailing list that has grown to almost 1,000 in the 75 years since publication of the first newsletter.

Now the group is known as the OHA or just the OH, for the Old Hutmen's Association or Old Hutmen. We changed the name because (as I wrote in a 1985 issue of the *Resuscitator*) it was awkward to call it an association of Hutmen and Hutwomen. Besides the inclusion of women working in the high huts, it also included former donk skimmers, helicopter pilots, construction crew, a few trail crew and cooks—all included in the AMC hut system. The original name Hutmen's Association did not include the "Old." It was added in 1939 when the association built a cabin in Jackson a few miles south of Pinkham and dubbed it the Old Hutmen's Cabin.

Women working at Pinkham Notch were not invited to the December annual reunion until the 1970s, after they broke through the gender barrier and started working as crew members in the high huts. Until that point, the *Resuscitators* mailed in the fall for the anniversary reunion of 1940 and 1950 featured prose the likes of, "Get-um war paint, fine feathered friends. Fix-um up, borrow some wampum. Hock-um tomahawk and buy-um ticket for Boston. Have-um swell time at hutmen's roundup . . . plenty steer for eat, plenty bull for throw. . . ."

The women who had worked at the AMC's Pinkham Notch

Camp were called “Hutmen (F).” They paid the same \$1 dues as the men and were acknowledged for their financial support, but the men didn’t invite them to the annual dinner. Thanks to the early efforts of Ann Dodge Middleton, Jean Macmillan Bennion, and Mary Edgerton Sloat, the “hutmen (F)” organized their own annual meeting at a different location. By the 1970s, when the gender barriers had fallen in the high huts, the gatherings became co-ed.

The early success of the association was due to Joe Dodge, the iconic huts manager who worked for the AMC from 1922 until his retirement in 1959. His friendship with his hut crews while they worked for him, and long after they had left the mountains, brought the boys back year after year. The Christmas holiday was synonymous with a hutmen’s reunion in Boston. If Joe hung a nickname on a crew member, it usually stuck for life. Popeye, El Wacko, Bull, Tex, Sleazy, Porky, Moose, Beetle, Swoop, Slim, Santa Claus, Red Mac, Black Mac, Green Mac, Brown Mac, Gramps, Skiwax, Schlitz, Eightball, Fireball, Stone-wall, and Chickadee proudly went by their nicknames for decades. Crew members often visited Joe and his wife Teen at their retirement home in North Conway. They also played softball with Joe at spring reunions until his death in 1973. The softball games, held in an old hayfield across the Ellis River, became known as brawl games (sometimes with powder-filled softballs and home plates packed with horse manure). A true OH braved the icy waters of the Ellis to get to and from the improvised ball field. Sometimes, a deep nearby pool in the Ellis provided a welcome swim *sans* suits after the ballgame antics.

When, in the early 1930s, the AMC added four new western division huts (Lonesome, Greenleaf, Zealand and Galehead)to link with Carter, Madison, and Lakes, a whole new crop of OH were produced to join in the fun.

Joe Dodge was also the founding member of the Mount Washington Observatory, which had three other original hut crew members—Sal Paglucci, Bob Monahan, and Alex MacKenzie, all of whom had worked in the huts. The *Resuscitators* published at this time, sometimes three a year, were welcomed by all the OH because they were a contemporaneous chronicle of all the news and accomplishments of their summer friends and those OH who had preceded them.

Another strong underpinning of the early association was the outstanding quality of the winter speaker program, which featured AMC member and adventurer Brad Washburn, the perennial speaker who narrated and showed slides and movies of his peakbagging and aerial photography in Alaska. If Brad missed a reunion, it was because he was on a climbing expedition or working for the government during World War II. He was one of the early honorary members of the OH, though he had never worked in the huts. Past *Resuscitators* served as a timeline of Brad’s prodigious accomplishments. The new Boston Museum of Science (Washburn was the director) on the Charles River became the meeting place for winter reunions in the 1950s. The OH could privately view the exhibits after closing, eat in an upstairs meeting room, endure a raucous business meeting, hear

Brad speak, and adjourn to the museum’s planetarium for post-dinner star gazing.

The OH took great pride in including the AMC presidents among their membership, sometimes conferring on them the OH’s highest recognition by making them honorary members. And OH took other prominent roles in the club ranks. The first executive director was Fran Belcher, who had worked at Madison in 1936. His successor, Tom Deans, worked for six years in the huts, mostly at Greenleaf. OH also led hut tours, camping trips, and ski trips. During the 1956 winter Olympics, OH Joseph Brooks “Brookie” Dodge, Jr., Joe’s son, put male American alpine skiing on the international skiing map by capturing fourth place in the downhill. Brookie’s national skiing victories while skiing for Dartmouth were a matter of record in the *Resuscitator*, including his breaking Toni Matt’s downhill record on the Wildcat trail. Brookie’s OH (F) sister, Ann, was also a nationally ranked skier and would have gone to the Olympics but for a broken leg.

There was a special personal touch in those early *Resuscitators*, both in the appeals for paying the \$1 OH membership dues and the editors’ constant reminders to join the AMC. The OH were dedicated fundraisers. The summer issue of 1934, for instance, asked for contributions for the Soapbox Fund which was new furniture for the new living room at Pinkham. Modest contributions were also made through the years to Brad Washburn (who then forwarded half of his honorarium to the Mount Washington Observatory) and to North Conway’s Memorial Hospital, as well as to the widow of Noble McClintock, the Pinkham carpenter. When Pinkham’s Joe Dodge Lodge was built in the 1970s, the OH supported the club’s first capital fund drive to raise a million and a half dollars. OH would later play a major role in fundraising for three of the club’s capital campaigns, one of them the current Maine Woods Initiative.

In January 1939, the OH were deeded an acre of land north of Jackson village off Route 16. The acre was a piece of Brad Washburn’s property on which he had built a summer cottage overlooking Mount Washington. A board of trustees formed to raise \$15 pledges, and Harland Perkins, an architect who had designed several of the new western division huts, drew up plans. By December 1939, OH volunteers working with the Pinkham carpenter had built the cabin, served by water from a gravity-fed pipe connected to an uphill creek. Except for the relocation of the outhouse, the addition of propane for the cook stove, a new roof, new siding, and the stabilizing the foundation and deck, the cabin has survived generations of hard use and has provided a pleasant mountain retreat for those seeking an economical overnight stay in the White Mountains.

On the OH cabin walls hang photographs of past hut crews at reunions. A framed broadside hanging in a corner lists the 147 OH, men and women, who served in World War II, four of whom gave their lives. Fred Stott, who worked in 1938 and 1939 at Madison, was one of the most decorated Pacific theater combat veterans of the war who did return. His unparalleled devotion to the AMC and OH was lifelong. Stott delivered the

eulogy at Joe Dodge's memorial service.

Ted Fuller, who worked at Pinkham and Lakes of the Clouds in 1942 and 1943, was the first OH to die in Germany during World War II. The *Resuscitator* of February 1945 printed a poem that Ted had written after he was drafted: "The rugged ridge-tops call to me/From the land of clear air where a man is free."

B The OH Today and Tomorrow

By now, it should be abundantly clear that the history of the OH is essentially, to borrow from the satirical writer Thomas Carlyle, "innumerable biographies." It is the story of the men and women of the huts, their hard work, pranks, occasional missteps, and above all, their cheerful service to others. So what does all this history mean for the OH of today, and where we might be headed?

It means a long list of healthy and sustaining traditions.

First and foremost, the OH will always be the alumni group for people who worked in the huts; our core mission is bringing people together, same as ever. Think reunions. Spring reunions still require the ritual appendage-numbing wade across the Ellis River for a game of something resembling softball crossbred to cricket, followed by a clam and lobster feast. Fall reunions still boast sensational speakers (most recently our own Jeff Leich, president of the New Hampshire Ski Museum). We also continue to sponsor summer galas to mark major hut anniversaries (Galehead and Zealand's 75th anniversaries in 2007, Madison's soon approaching).

Then there's the OH Cabin in Pinkham Notch, a place where any dues-paying OH can rusticate, anytime. Although roughly as old as the organization itself, this legacy remains in peak condition thanks to an aggressive maintenance plan fueled by half of our annual budget and hundreds of hours of volunteer "sweat equity." Same for the surrounding hiking trails, which we've adopted from the U.S. Forest Service.

Another tradition we provide our members is the *Resuscitator*, featuring articles about the huts present and past, as well as related topics and news of the comings and goings of former "croo" members.

As noted earlier, the OH has an impressive record of unflinching moral and financial support for the Appalachian Mountain Club huts. Working in those huts is what unites us; it's what for a time gave each of us purpose and pocket change, not to mention lifelong friendships, and responsibilities none of us were ever really sure we could rise to meet until somebody gave us the chance. It should come as no surprise that a good part of our mission continues to center on supporting those huts and the opportunities for leadership and personal growth they provide those lucky enough to work in them, not to mention the amenities they provide to hikers.

Although we remain completely separate entities, OH support for the AMC huts takes many forms. We give our annual Latchstring Award to the hut that best exemplifies "mountain hospitality" and public service. Through our Hut

Croo Photo Project, we're methodically restoring and archiving crew photos at every hut. Renovations of kitchens, crew rooms, even entire huts, are underwritten entirely or in large part by OH contributions. OH donors gave \$2.6 million toward hut-related items in the Club's 125th Anniversary Campaign, and more than \$800,000 toward the Club's most recent fund drive in the Northern Woods of Maine.

In addition, we put our people where our money is. Since our inception, OH have served at the highest levels of the club. This legacy of leadership is as robust today as ever, and is well represented further afield as well, in the halls of government, business, nonprofits, the arts, sports, academia, and elsewhere.

Talk of traditions aside, today's OH is not your father's OH. Like any successful organization, we're continually reinventing ourselves, and that means evolving new traditions in keeping with changing times, even while holding to the best of the past. Most notably, the OH now enjoys the equal and active participation of women, a direct reflection of women joining hut crews in the 1970s and larger societal changes beyond.

Another change we're addressing is how younger crew members socialize. With more networking happening over the Internet, and with fewer young people joining clubs and groups for anything beyond ad hoc activities, we're configuring our website to accommodate these trends. The OH has also expanded our membership to include people working behind the scenes maintaining trails and huts. These changes have been organic and minimal, springing necessarily from the changing experience of working in the huts. If anything, they've allowed us to do what we do even better: to provide social networking, to provide the current crews the support they need to deliver "mountain hospitality for all," and to provide the larger AMC with the leadership and financial backing to successfully manage the high huts for another 100 years.

This article, written by Stroker Rogovin and Jim Hamilton, first appeared in the Winter/Spring 2009 issue of Appalachia and has been edited for the Resuscitator.

**We're going digital
so check page 11 and your
mailing address on page
12 to ensure we have your
current e-mail address
AND THAT YOU
HAVE PAID YOUR DUES!**

NOT BEST

Bethany Taylor remembers the 2003 raid on Lakes

TO PARAPHRASE ED ABBEY, this was the best raid on earth. There have been many such raids. And this was mine.

It was the general opinion of most people working in the summer of 2003 that the Lakes of the Clouds croo were acting even more egocentrically than hut kids usually do. I have learned since that their isolation and shunning was part of the complex politics played out between hutmasters, but to the wide innocent eyes of the first-year naturalist at Lonesome Lake, it just seemed mean.

Naturally, everyone operates under the assumption that his or her hut is the best hut, but the rumors churning out of Lakes seemed to be a bit extreme. Even far over on the West Side we heard terrible stories about them saying “Best!” and they yell “Best!” at random intervals during dinner and every morning and one o’clock radio call, Lakes would answer or clear with some derivation of “This is Unit Four, ‘Best,’ and I copy you fine.” Not only that, but the croo seemed loath to socialize with anyone else, and was made up of predominantly freshly minted hut kids. Since hating the guts of everyone at Lakes in 2003, I have become good friends with most of the people who worked there: Ana Roy, Jon Cotton, Lynne Zummo, Iona Woolmington, Tom Seidel, and Dan St. Jean. It was a bumper crop of good folks, as it turns out. I’ve since learned from them that this isolationist policy was the hutmaster’s strategy for building effective, efficient solidarity among his young croo, but at the time, it seemed rude and unnecessary. Joe Dodge may have been a cantankerous bastard, but at least his form of rudeness seemed to have a certain rough kindness at heart. To all outward appearances, Lakes did not.

The final straw came towards the end of the summer. Because hut kids mostly spawn from a small pool of acceptable liberal arts colleges, friends of someone at Lakes went to visit another classmate at Greenleaf. I think that it was mutual Oberlin friends of Ana Roy at Lakes and Maya Ray-Schoenfeld at Greenleaf, but no matter. The point is that the rest of the hut system learned about t-shirts that Lakes had made that read on the front, “Lakes of the Clouds Hut, elevation 5,050’ ” and on the back, “Everything else is just the valley and, well, f**k the valley.” It has since been explained to me that this was not intended in any way as an insult and threat to other huts, but rather that anything but huts was the valley.

It was not interpreted in this manner by the rest of us. It translated as, “If you’re not Lakes, go f**k yourself.” I believe that most of the plotting for vengeance was done mostly by the assistant hutmasters of the West Side. Being at Lonesome, we were able to share melodramatic outrage and scheming with Greenleaf quite easily. Not only did we have the packhouse, but there was always F-2 that could be used for secret messages at odd hours of the day and night. As I remember it—and I welcome alternate versions—we sent out notes on truck explaining to all huts but Lakes that something needed to be done.

When the time seemed ripe, Lonesome would social call everyone to meet at the Galehead parking lot for a wiffleball game. This was the code to power-raid Lakes and show them all that they were, in fact, not best. The valley was going to f**k Lakes. It was another sore point that Lakes in fact, had EVERYTHING at this point—the good signs, the oar, the snake, the bell, and the prop.

I don’t know what determined the right time. I am pretty sure that the whole thing went down when our lovely and level-headed hutmaster, Beth Eisenhower, was on days off. It was Lonesome, so I guess more than anything else, we had gotten sick of swimming around the lake and the weather report looked like the weather at Lakes might be pleasant for a change. I hear that people can die up there everyday; even in the summer it’s perilous. After conferring on F-2 with Mac Cook and Justin McEdwards at Greenleaf, our assistant hutmaster, Kyle James radioed out from Lonesome inviting everyone to the Galehead parking lot. Leaving the reluctant Mary Kuhn behind to cook, Kyle, Cricket Arrison and I headed out from Lonesome and met up with Mac and Justin at the packhouse. No one from Galehead or Mizpah left their fortresses of solitude, but we picked up Meika Hashimoto at the Zealand Road and proceeded, with full speed and Celtic techno music, to Base Road and the Ammi.

I would like to say that we swarmed up the trail in record time, but the Ammi has always kicked my ass, and I lagged behind. Cricket kept me company, but I had that most terrible of first-year feelings—weakness. It turns out that no one but me cared and eventually, I met up with everyone else huddled in the last patch of krummholtz below the hut. Jess Milne, Aaron

Sagan, and Dan Aadahl had moseyed over from Madison, and were about as ready for blood as hut kids get. More than anything, the Madison kids seemed happy to have the chance to see anyone from another croo. The Valley Way seems to deter sociability like no other pack trail. Also, I've heard since that there were some particularly weird prop-politics between Number 2 and Number 4 that summer. It's amazing how these things seem like life and death at the time.

The Madison kids had snuck around the hut and noticed that there didn't seem to be a whole lot of the croo there. It was a nice day; after all, they could have been off hiking. Or maybe they went to go play wiffleball at Galehead. It still didn't make much sense to go in with all guns blazing without knowing what we were up against, so the plan was that Cricket and I, being rather sweet and innocent-looking first-years, would march in as decoys with big tools and start loudly taking signs off the ceiling of the dining room. This would attract the attention of whatever hut croo were around, and we would be able to get a good count of exactly how many of the "best" we were dealing with. Everyone else would wait in the first bunkroom and burst in once there was an on the ground count of the opposition.

Cricket and I waltzed in. It was a little before noon and people were gathered in the dining room as we hopped up on the tables and started fiddling with the signs. "Uh-oh, you've got company," one guy yelled to the kitchen. The cook and bull cook, Julia Larouche and Catherine Graciano, came running out.

"You can't do that! You're caught now," they both started to splutter. Of all the Lakes croo, these were probably the two with whom Lonesome was friendliest. But friend loyalty is not the point of a power raid. Utter domination, humiliation in front of guests, and theft is.

"TWO!!!! There are TWO of them!!!!" we yelled, gleefully.

"NOT BEST!" I will, hopefully, retain the image of a very large Mac Cook barreling into the Lakes dining room and belching at the top of his lungs for the rest of my life. Close behind him, everyone else looked just as red-faced and angry and delighted. Cricket and I jumped down and began helping to tie Julia and Catherine up while they both squirmed around and yelled about how it wasn't fair. This may be true, but as raiding is both love and war, fairness is sort of a moot point. Mac Cook says that he remembers guests chanting "Other huts! Other huts!" in support of the beat-down, but admits that this may be more imagination than memory.

Jess Milne took over in the kitchen, fetching bowls of soup for the day traffic who seemed to like the added entertainment. And the rest of us fanned out to gather raid items and wreak havoc in the nest of the "Best." Awkwardly, I ran into my old boss, from (church-affiliated) summer camp, who was also friends with Catherine, and hustled him outside to catch up and explain why he absolutely couldn't help untie her or Julia.

When I came inside again, Mac and Dan had discovered Jon Cotton asleep in his bed and hauled him out to hog-tie him

in his sleeping bag. We had been scrawling "not best" on everything in sight, and while they—neither of them a small man—held him still, I wrote NOT BEST in big, blue, permanent marker letters on his forehead. When, just before we all left, I tried to be helpful by telling Jon that rubbing alcohol removes permanent marker from skin, I got the foulest Death Glare I've ever personally received. We thought, based on the look on his face, that when Jon ran out of the hut in a silent rage, he had run down the Ammi and slit our tires. It should be noted that Jon 1) was fighting off a death virus at the time, 2) would have slept through the whole thing, 3) had woken up while being straddled by the guys, and 4) was my hutmaster at Mizpah the next summer, and Cricket was the assistant hutmaster.

The actual theft part of raids is second only to the hike down, where every detail is replayed and embellished. Legends in our own minds, indeed. I believe that we took the bell and big wooden silverware back to Lonesome, Mac and Justin took the snake and signs to Greenleaf, Meika trotted the oar into Zealand, and the Madison trio trotted the prop back across the ridge. (A few nights later, the Zealand croo took the prop and it disappeared anonymously from there and has yet to surface.)

Not surprisingly, this didn't improve relations between Lakes and the rest of us. There's no after-school special ending here. Take what you can, give nothing back. The piratical nature of raiding appeals to me, and this was the best raid I ever went on. It had that added *je ne sais quoi* of moral outrage and revenge that no other raid I've been on has offered. And as much as I've come to love the class of Lakes '03, they were still the utter enemy that summer, too big for their Limmers and Carharts, and certainly not best.

And I know that most of those damn Latchstring-awarded Lakes kids still have those tee-shirts in their closets.

Bethany worked as Lonesome Natty '03, Mizpah Natty '04, Mizpah Fall HM '04, Mizpah Caretaker '05, Galehead HM '05, Lakes Natty Fall '05, Carter Caretaker '06 (summer), Greenleaf Fall HM '06, and CC grunt summer '07. She is the daughter of Digit Taylor, who worked Research in '78-'81, and sister of Emily, Carter '05-'06 and Hannah, PNVC and huts '99-'03. Bethany is in the Missoula, MT Graduate School in Environmental Studies and Writing.

She sent us her raid story with the following note:

I had an idea recently about the *Resuscitator*. I noticed that I am much more likely to read it if I know that some mention will be made of my particular generation of hut folk—let's face it, you don't spend seasons being feted by the guesties and not end up with a bit of a residual ego. I think that the *Resuscitator* should pander to that ego and competitive spirit by having people write in about their best raid. I loved the piece on packing, because everyone was trying to come off as the most bad-ass of all. I don't think that this should be a one-time wonder, but rather each *Resuscitator* could feature one or two. Obviously, there is no one best raid, just as there is no one croo who deserves the Latchstring above and beyond everyone else. It's just fun to get to revive the ghosts.

Spring Reunion: Saturday, May 16 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 and seafood must be prepaid since they are ordered on a reservation basis only. E-mail Moose Meserve you're coming at jemkpm@comcast.net and mail him your check at 17 Brenner Drive, Newton, NH 03858.

MMVSP Grand Traverse & Alpine Picnic: Saturday, June 27

Back by popular acclaim after a four year hiatus, Brian and Betsy Fowler invite all patrolmen and friends to this year's celebration. All are welcome to fly the patrol banner. Caravan Assembly - Base of the Auto Road - 11:30 a.m. Departure to the Summit of Mt. Washington - Noon. Picnic Lunch & Libation of Choice Essential. E-mail Brian your intentions to come at b2fmr@metrocast.net.

Oktoberfest and CC Reunion: October 10 We combine forces again this year to continue work on the woodshed as well as Cabin and trail chores. Victuals and drinks on the house for work performed. E-mail Stroker that you are coming at stroker@alumni.clarku.edu.

Fallfest & Annual Meeting at Highland Center: November 7 Back to our favorite North Country location. Details for reservations with AMC to come.

Fourth Annual Maine Ski Trip: February

26-March 1, 2010 Not too early to start planning for next year's camp-to-camp wilderness trip. Many OH from previous trips will join us again. Space is limited, but we want you to experience this place so contact Jim Hamilton at hamilton.james@comcast.net for details. See page 11 for Peter Grote's group picture.

(DETAILS FOR ALL ABOVE EVENTS WILL BE E-MAILED AND POSTED ON WEB)

OH Hut Fill-in Dates for this Summer For several years, we had OH night in the huts where you could visit your favorite hut and see friends. You still can. Come visit for the day or book an overnight to see your old hut. OH will be at these huts on these weekends: Zealand—July 21-23, Lakes—July 22-24, Carter—July 24-26, Galehead—July 24-26, Greenleaf—July 26-28, Madison—July 26-28, Lonesome—July 28-30, Mizpah—July 28-30

Madison Picture Project has received \$1,220 from 33 gifts. Thanks to those OH who have contributed. We still need another \$1,250. Please contact Dick Low at richardalow@comcast.net.



Madison in 1958 (from a collection of digital slides sent by Kirk Sibson)

Madison Spring Hut Renovations

MAJOR RENOVATIONS to Madison Springs Hut are in the works! The hut, rebuilt after the fire of 1940, has remained essentially unchanged for almost 70 years. Responding to the wear and tear of the years, as well as the limitations of the current layout and a need to update the flush-toilet septic system, huts and CC staff have been working with our architects planning renovations to Madison. The project includes additional knee and elbow room in the bathrooms, bunkrooms, and dining room, responding to chief guest and croo complaints; implementing a waterless septic system as is now installed in some form at all the other huts; and general replacement of worn materials inside and out. We also envision an upgraded energy system and improved guest amenities in the bunkrooms.

The design preserves the historic 1929 core of the hut, especially the stone walls of the bunkrooms, which survived the 1940 fire. In order to achieve the dewatering system, the bathrooms are being relocated to where the croo room is currently. This location is the only space with the required "vertical drop," and avoidance of winter ice flow issues. The space vacated by the bathrooms is being added to the bunkrooms, providing for more room and reduced bunk heights. To expand the dining room, we are moving the kitchen, claiming this space for the public including wonderful views toward J.Q. Adams, Durand Ridge-Air Line and Randolph. The displaced kitchen and croo room are being re-located into an expansion of the hut on the Mt. Madison side that fills in the "courtyard" area providing the needed space with a minimum of additional building mass. The renovation gives us the opportunity to replace a worn exterior and tired interior, add new views through new windows, and in general freshen the place up.

Our current schedule is to complete permitting with the USFS and Coos County this year and to begin construction in the fall of 2010, with completion in time for the 2011 summer season. Stay tuned!

Paul Cunha, *Director of Facilities*

In Memoriam



Moose and his B-17

EDWARD ALBERT DAMP was born July 21, 1921, in Pittsburgh, PA, and passed away on March 3, 2009, in Sarasota, FL. The second son of Albert and Elizabeth (O'Grady) Damp, he had two sisters and two brothers.

He graduated from Peabody High School in Pittsburgh, PA, in 1939 and soon after set off on adventure trips to the White Mountains and Rocky Mountains. While hiking the Appalachian Trail, he and his hiking companion, Johnny Mayer, were camping in the vicinity of Madison hut one cold rainy night. The crew invited them inside to warm up, a chance encounter that ultimately led to a job offer from Joe Dodge. He worked at Pinkham Notch in the winter of '41, and stayed around through '43, working at Madison and as a donk skinner.

It was during this time that he met Jean Newton, a college student from Rhode Island. While working in the huts, Ed acquired the nickname "Moose," a name that would stick with him the rest of his life. Moose enrolled in the University of Pittsburgh but left to serve in WWII. He served in the Army Air Corp's 401st Bomb Group of the 8th Airforce as a navigator from '43 to '45, flying more than thirty bombing missions over Europe. His B-17 bomber "Noot" was shot down over Belgium, landing among friendly Canadian forces, where by his own account he enjoyed himself before returning to England to finish the war. By war's end, he was decorated with the Flying Cross, Battle Stars and a Presidential Citation. Returning from Europe in '45, he and Noot (as Jean was called) were married, honeymooned at Pinkham, and lived in Washington, DC, until he was discharged.

Moose then took a position as a navigator for Trans World Airlines and the couple settled in Barrington, RI, close to Noot's parents. Moose flew overseas routes to Germany and later to the Far East. While not flying, Moose and Noot started a family, eventually having four sons and one daughter.

In 1956, he took his young family to live in Bombay, India, where they stayed for four years. During this time, he flew a route to Sri Lanka, Thailand, Philippines, and Japan, and took several vacations to Kashmir, Thailand, Sri Lanka, and Europe. Moose always claimed that people in Bangkok thought he was Yul Brynner. In Bombay, the family's first landlord was the Rushdie family, and young Salman became the children's first friend.

Returning to RI, Moose decided he missed the mountains, so he moved his family to North Conway, NH, in 1961, opening a German restaurant, the Edelweiss, on the West Side Road while still continuing to fly part-time. Numerous OH were approached as potential investors. His culinary skills and hilarious antics with dining friends became legendary in the Valley. Where else could you ask to have a water glass refilled and be treated by Moose bursting from the kitchen in leather apron and cook's hat with a garden hose in hand? Flying for Seaboard World Airways as a navigator, he made 311 supply missions into Vietnam during the Vietnam War.

In 1973 after many years in North Conway, his kids grown up, Moose and Noot moved north to Errol, NH, opening a café-store there. After Noot passed away in 1981, Moose left the store and turned to managing a campground at Thirteen Mile Woods north of Berlin. He married Giselle "Kitty" Sauvageau in 1990. Soon after, they moved to Sarasota, FL.

Moose is survived by a brother, Jim Damp, of Pittsburgh, PA (Lakes); two sons, Jeff (Zealand, Greenleaf, Carter) and Jonathan (Madison, Carter, Mizpah, Zealand); eight grandchildren; and two great grandchildren. Jean (Newton) Damp who worked at Pinkham passed away in 1981; a daughter, Lucinda, died shortly after childbirth in about 1950; a son Eben (Lakes, Madison), died in 1994; and another son Andy (Lonesome, Carter, Madison, Zealand), twin brother of Jeff, passed away in 1995.

A private family service will be held this summer. Memorial donations may be made to the Appalachian Mountain Club, 5 Joy Street, Boston, MA 02108.

Just as we went to press, **WILLY ASHBROOK** informed us that his dad **WILLY "EL WACKO ASHBROOK"** died in April. Check the website for complete details.

Gormings

IT IS great to see so many OH up on Facebook. And what an extraordinary way for us all to keep in touch and keep news flowing to Gormings! For those of you leary of these newfangled cyber gimmicks, I just read a report that Facebook's fastest-growing user group is the 35-55 demographic. It's not just for the young whippersnappers, ya' hear? Get

your FB on, and make sure you join the OH Croo group! Otherwise, I am left to report on the folks you hear about ALL THE TIME. And, tho' our love for them runs deep, we may long to hear news of others too, perhaps? You can also send an e-mail along to emuldoon@rcn.com. We received some nice, newsy updates from several folks this time around. What about YOU? All of you reading this are a nosey bunch, I'd say, so pony up some spirited, juicy, mundane or inane tidbits for all of those inquiring minds and make it a good read for all! It's wonderful to be able to share the following correspondences.

First off, I had the pleasure of hitting up **JOSH FISHKIN** this fall during an OH phone-athon for AMC. But, better yet, I got to catch up with an old buddy. He has been working as a futures trader in Chicago and hosted a fundraising reception in the fall for now-President Obama. I have since heard a rumor that Josh has moved to London? Josh, let us know what you're doing so we can properly inform your fans!

Just down the hall from my perch at the MIT Alumni Association is fellow OH **NOAH KUHN**. He works as a web developer in the MIT Resource Development group.

PAUL BARTLETT (Madison '66, '67, Lakes '68) wrote, "I can't say I'm much good at providing news about myself, but since I enjoy reading about other people in the *Resuscitator*, I suppose someone might be interested in hearing from me. I headed west in '69, to California for graduate school and then a position as a chemistry professor at Berkeley (check out <http://www.cchem.berkeley.edu/pabgrp/> if you like).

I discovered that I really was a Californian—just grew up on the wrong coast (I'm only half-joking—it wasn't until I had been at Berkeley for almost 10 years that I learned that my biological father had been born and raised in a house less than a mile from where I was living...). I've been married to a local gal, Yumi, since 1990; we don't have any kids, but share a lot of active interests. My position at Cal as teacher, research director, administrator, etc., etc., was great, but 30 years at it seemed long enough, so I retired in 2003. I now do quite a bit of consulting work, so I am hardly retired, but the flexibility is nice so that I can travel a lot. I did quite a bit of hiking in the Sierra while in graduate school, but then sky-diving took over as my recreation for about 10 years. It's been a long time since I last jumped out of an airplane, but I'm still pretty active (biking, swimming, skiing, scuba diving). A variety of structural deficits keep me from hiking, but aside from that I am pretty healthy. In recalling—fondly—those summers in the huts so long ago, I am reminded of the saying "The older I get, the better I was." How true it is. Cheers, and hello to all my OH contempo-

aries!”

NATE ADAMS, formerly **GRIZ**, has become a full-time Florida resident and writes, “Except for those who knew me personally, I am an unknown in the ranks of the true hutmen. I was not a hut boy, but worked on the Construction Croo (in my case the Destruction Croo) for two years from 1972-74 under the auspices of **Carl Blanchard**, **Bruce Sloat**, and **Brian Earl**. By the way, my short two years on the Construction Croo were the healthiest, the poorest, and the happiest of my life! I have actually written a couple of short stories about life in the Whites, while with the AMC. Doesn’t **Suzanne Eusden** have an e-mail address? I ran into her a couple of times during my eight years in Alaska. I assume she is still in Whittier?”

Thanks for sending the stories, Griz.

Some old hut managers, where they do they go? Oh, they go the way of the buffalo...

JEFF BROWN, former huts manager in the ‘90s, is now living in Mammoth Hot Springs, CA with wife, Wendy, and three daughters. He is Director of Education for Yellowstone’s nonprofit educational partner, the Yellowstone Association. He writes, “I oversee a year-round field school, the Yellowstone Association Institute, and nine educational bookstores located inside Yellowstone National Park. Each year, the Institute offers more than 500 courses on the park’s animals, plants, history, and geology. Participants stay at our field campus in the Lamar Valley, at park hotels, in gateway communities, or in the backcountry. Our field seminars are taught by top experts on Yellowstone National Park. We also offer private tours for families, friends, and small groups (conservation organizations, alumni groups, private schools, etc.). You can see a full description of our programs at www.YellowstoneAssociation.org”. He invites all to please stop by and say hello the next time you are in the neighborhood. “In late April, we are moving to our new headquarters opposite the Roosevelt Arch in Gardiner, the northern entrance to the park.”

BOB CARY sent in his best regards from Swampscott, MA. “Thanks for the *Resuscitator*! Your description and history are very inviting. I do hope to one day get to Lyford Pond. Maybe next year, if we can stay closer to home. Yesterday my wife and I returned from much warmer climes—the Seyshell Islands in the Indian Ocean. We enjoyed lots of sun, with bearable humidity, great birding and snorkeling around both granitic and remote coralline islands. Now, it is time to return to the downhill ski slopes of NH and ME!”

Special OH **FRANK KELLIHER** was awarded the Joe Dodge award at this year’s AMC Annual Meeting. A former president of the Club during the transition from **Tommy Deans** to Special OH **Andy Fallender**, Frank has stayed on as a volunteer and is a mainstay on the Steering Committee.

DOBIE JENKINS says the ‘50s Trail Croo is preparing for the 100th anniversary in 2019! Bob Watts (‘52-‘54) is the designated collector of all memorabilia—photos, signs, equipment—and will be digitizing any contributions deemed appropriate! Our semi-annual gatherings continue in the “Great White Hills” and, lately, at the Highland Center. He sends greetings to all OH brethren and wishes for an improved 2009!

BECKY WEBBER enjoyed the November reunion and looks forward to more. She writes, “I am still a civil-rights lawyer in Maine. My thrill this year was giving the opening speech for Anita Hill when she spoke at Bowdoin College. I’m living in Turner, ME, an hour and a half from Sugarloaf and Popham Beach. All are welcome to the center of the action!”

LARRY ELDREDGE sends greetings to all, and recollections of a particular guest. He writes, “Has anyone ever told the story of Raymond Gunn, or ‘Ben,’ as we used to call him among ourselves, Mr. Gunn to his face? Mt. Gunn was a retired railroad man—in what capacity I never learned—who had worked a lifetime for the Boston and Maine. He was immensely fat, enough to make me wonder how he managed to climb at all, and he seemed to exude permanently a kind of grey railroad grease. He held his trousers up with braces and his shirts, all blue, reminded us of working on the railroad.

“I never sat down to a conversation with Mr. Gunn, for indeed it seemed to me that he enjoyed his own company best—sitting out in the goofer room at Lakes after dinner, muttering and chuckling away to himself. Once he buttonholed Dick White and spun him some demented fantasy that had to do with the battle of Armageddon and strange warriors emerging from a hole in the ground somewhere near the Caucasus.

“Once, he approached Chuck Rowan saying, and I quote from Chuck’s version, ‘Here’s a suggestion that warrants your very prompt attention.’ It was the AMC ought to supply all the huts with slide projectors so that goofers could show their slides in the evenings. Chuck politely pointed out that many huts had no electricity and that most goofers didn’t carry their slides with them when they climbed.

“Those are the only two stories I can remember about Mr. Gunn, but he managed to turn up, at least at Lakes, for several summers. His visits were short but often memorable.”

PEGGLES DILLON (PNC ‘79-‘80, Mizpah ‘80, Galehead ‘81, ‘84, Madison ‘83) is a tenure-track professor in Salem State College’s Dept. of Communications. She recently bought a house in Gloucester, MA. E-mail: pdillon@salemstate.edu

THOMAS HEFFERNAN has been living with wife, Kate, in Montrose, CO, the “Gate-

way to the San Juan Mountains,” since August of 2007. “We have three mules and they are right at home trekking the high country here. We enjoy packing into the nearby wilderness areas to camp and fish. We managed to hick up Uncompahgue Peak last August too—14,300’.”

KEAVY COOK (PNC, Flea, Ghoul, Zool) and **MAX GIMBEL** (Zool, Pah, Mad) declare, “Long live the OH!” I’ll surely raise a glass to that, and I am sure to be joined by crumpers far and wide! They reported that another Jr. Naturalist will be due in mid-June.

JOAN BISHOP writes, “It’s been a busy year visiting friends in California, Hawaii, Arizona and Maryland. Also enjoyed a boat trip in France last June. Hey, turning 80 ain’t bad! If we get out of this deep freeze, may see some of you this spring!”

RONNA COHEN (Director of Education ‘77-‘80) has had a wonderful flow of friends passing through her outdoor hub in Salt Lake City. Dulcie Heiman stayed long enough for a hike and Nelson Obus also joined in for two hikes. Her brother, Andy Cohen, and his three kids came out to ski.

PETE MADEIRA (Tucks ‘67, PNC ‘68) and **KEN OLSON** live on either side of Bass Harbor, Maine, and get together occasionally for spontaneous walks in Acadia.

SCOTT LUTZ (end-of-season croo, Lakes ‘84) left the Northeast six years ago for life in Central Florida. “No mountains, but great weather and plenty of outdoor stuff to do. Any expatriates in the Orlando area?” His email is Solutz123@yahoo.com

CAP CANE has the Bonds left to complete is winter 4,000-footers.

DAVID HICKCOX is in his 31st year teaching Geography and chairing the Environmental Studies Dept. at Ohio Wesleyan University. He writes, “Agent Orange-related health problems are slowing me down. Did not get to the Whites this past summer due to bad weather while in VT. I cherish those summers in the 1960s when I worked in the huts.”

JEAN MACMILLAN BENNION (PNC cook ‘47-‘49), “I cooked at Pink, first for Tex, then for Uncle in ‘50-‘52 while nurse training at NEDN. I lived in Whitefield summers, then year-round from ‘80-‘08. I’m now at a continuing care place called Whitehorse Village, 5 miles from my daughter in Broomall, PA. It is much too far away from my beloved mountains, but I did get to last year’s OH reunion at the Highland Center, and then this year for a week in Whitefield. I do love the *Resuscitator* and mention of so many OH I knew around my time and my brother’s (Tony Macmillan). Side story on Larry Eldredge: I bought, for \$50, a great old Packard car he had and drove it around in ‘53-‘54 while working at Memorial Hospital in North. Conway for Dr. Shedd. The back was so big we could, and did, set up a card table! I also know Brian Fowler and

Pea Porridge Pond and was fascinated by his research there.”

DOUG TESCHNER is in the Peace Corps in Africa: a veteran PCV who actually has returned to PCV! He is serving as Peace Corps Country Director for Burkina Faso, and, despite the heavy workload, he says things are going well. “I have 36 staff and 111 Peace Corps Volunteers who are teaching math and science and IT; working in health education; promoting girls’ education; and supporting small business development.” He can be reached at the below e-mail address for this big update. He’d love to hear from his old friends. dteschnerwanda@yahoo.com.

PRISCILLA “NIXXY” BLACKETT DEWEY HOUGHTON was a hutman (F) for the winter of ‘44, along with **Allen Clark** and **Nancy Wentworth, Carl Blanchard** and **Tex** the cook. “I stayed at the hutmen’s cabin back in the ‘50s with my family (Talbot ‘Tally’ Dewey and our three children). At the end of my Pinkham work, a friend and I stayed at “C” shelter for a week in the spring and climbed up to the Yankee Network the last day we were there when we heard on the radio that FDR had just died. That sent us back to Boston in a hurry. I have many photos of Hillman’s and the Ravine and Howard Johnson which my brother, **Buc Blackett**, ran with **Fletcher Ingalls** after the war one winter.”

DOUG & CAROLINE GEORGE are anticipating completion of their Franconia log cabin this June by former trail croo John Nininger (who built the new shelter at Kinsman Pond). Once completed, they hope many OH will stop by for a visit and a ski or hike!

Retired General **DICK TREFRY** made the front page of the *Boston Globe* on March 21 for being the longest-serving individual in the U.S. Army—65 years and counting, 40 years in uniform and 25 as a civilian contractor. He is teaching at the Army Force Management School training personnel how the Army is run. He was awarded the Lieutenant General Richard G. Trefry Lifetime of Service Award.

TOM LOUCKS is hiking Colorado’s high 13,000 footers, which he started last year after two summers of being desk-bound. He’s already hiked all the 14,000 footers.

Favorable digital *Resuscitator* comments came from **MAX GIMBEL, TED VAILL, DOUG TESCHNER, JOSH ALPER, ANDY MCLANE, LEW LLOYD, JIM SISE, BOB CARY, ROBIN SNYDER** (who visited Africa and France in December, Iceland next), and **MEG (FRED) PRENTISS** who expects a baby.

BETHANY TAYLOR and a bunch of Y-OH (young OH) enjoyed New Year’s in Portland, ME.

It’s been a long time coming, but a very happy Spring to all! With the advent of going digital, you can e-mail your news to me at emuldoon@rcn.com. *Emily Kathan*

THE REST OF THE STORY

By Brian K. Fowler, Hutmaster, Lakes ‘68

After reading the “Modern Times” section of Chris Stewart’s excellent article in the last *Resuscitator* (“Getting It Uphill,” Winter 2008, pp. 2-23) where Bruce Sloat comprehensively describes the early use of small airplanes and helicopters (pp. 6-9), and in particular where Bruce recalls “a second, less-successful airlift,” I’m moved to report on the rest of this story from the perspective of those of us on the ground.

The event occurred in late May 1968 as part of the preparations for the major remodeling of Lakes that began that summer. Tony Macmillan, Joel Mumford, Nick Chrisman, and I had arrived at Pinkham for the summer early that year, and Bruce directed us, along with the ever-versatile Carl Blanchard, to get up to Lakes, open the hut, and get ourselves organized to act as the ground crew for the airlifts he wanted to complete before the hut opened in early June (gas bombs, heavy req items, and the first construction materials, primarily sand and cement). The problem was that there had been an unusually heavy snowstorm the week before, and the Auto Road was not yet reopened, awaiting the removal of the deep drift at 6-Mile (a 5-to-6-day proposition when the weather cooperates).

So, because we had to keep to the schedule set for the airlifts, the 6 of us loaded up our personal, some basic food items, and small tools on pack boards and headed for Lakes via Left Gully in Tuckerman Ravine. Carl picked this route, which worked out well, because he had been up in the Ravine (skiing, no doubt) just after the storm and knew steps had been created in the gully by skiers taking advantage of the late-season snow. It also helped enormously because we each had between 50- and 85-pound loads and the shortened distance to the hut over Bigelow Lawn (Camel Trail) was very welcome.

We all made it, opened the hut, and made the necessary arrangements to subsist for a few days until the airlifting began. All was going according to plan until the weather turned and shrouded the hut in dense cloud for several days, during which time airlifting was repeatedly postponed and our meager food supply ran out. When it did, we “raided” the poop deck for No. 10’s left over from previous years but found that many were unsuitable for consumption, like the very old and rusty S.S. Pierce cans of baked beans, chili, and other unidentifiable contents. Nevertheless, we managed to patch together some basic grub from others to hold us over. We advised Bruce of our problem, and he responded that while the 6-Mile drift was still not cleared and the helicopter had not arrived (also due to the weather), he could drop us some additional No. 10’s with a blanket drop he and Shirley Mann (small-plane pilot from Whitefield) were planning to help us out with.

As luck would have it, the next day dawned clear and the radio traffic indicated the blanket drop was on. As Bruce describes, the cans were wrapped inside of bundles of blankets, the theory being that they would be protected during impact after being dropped about 300 feet from Shirley’s “piper cub.” After we recovered and unwrapped the bundles from the first drop, we immediately advised Bruce of the burst cans, so he and Shirley modified their flight approach to circle in and over the Upper Lake of The Clouds and to drop the bundles so they would come in at an angle to the lake’s surface, slide over the ice still frozen on the lake, and slow down as they rode up onto the drifted snow pack on the east side of the lake’s basin. Orange tapes were affixed to the bundles so we could locate and retrieve them from the snow banks.

But this approached failed as well, with no change in the 100% rate of split cans. Bruce apologized for our predicament as he and Shirley flew off toward Whitefield, having made the decision to await the arrival of a helicopter before trying any further lifts or drops. Meantime, and in view of our circumstances, we 6 took to scraping chili, beans, and Spanish rice off the blankets in the bundles, figuring this residual might hold us over until the Auto Road got opened. Tony, ever resourceful in the kitchen, found that with the application of sufficient heat, spice, and other “unusual” ingredients (some requiring removal of mouse turds), the residual food could be rendered palatable, and so we survived another few days until the arrival of the truck at the Summit. Once again, as luck would have it, in the afternoon of the day we each made a pack trip down from the Summit with new food and supplies, the helicopter airlift began in earnest and lasted the better part of a week with several tons of material being successfully delivered.

I can’t leave off here, however, without confessing that we were semi-rescued during our time of privation by the ever-helpful F. E. (Doc) O’Malley, who had heard of our plight over the radio while staying down-range at Mizpah, which had already opened for the season. He and his nephew Jack brought us several containers of “Oh Be Joyful” and a jug of wine, all “medicines” that helped relieve our situation and added zest to Tony’s impromptu creations.



From left to right, standing, back row: James Draper, Dick Stetson, Clare O'Connell, Becky Saunders, Sandy Saunders, Josh Alper, Jim Hamilton, Phil Preston, Mike Bridgewater, Bridgette Qualey, Gerry Whiting, Marion Thornton, Dick Thornton, Maria VanDusen, Mike Dudley, Chuck Kellogg, Doug Hotchkiss, Jed Davis, Rein Beeuwkes, Linus Story, Dave Baker, Roger Foster, and Steve Bridgewater
Sitting, front row: Celeste Miliard, Baiba Grube, Pat Peterson, Merce Wilczek. Picture was taken by Peter Grote using a Noblex split-scan camera.

The Third Annual OH Maine Ski Trip was a terrific success. Next year's long weekend of February 26 through March 1 has already been booked due to the popularity of the wilderness camp-to-camp skiing and the time of year featuring more moderate temperatures and longer days. Come join us next year. Contact Jim Hamilton at hamilton.james@comcast.net for details.

Here's how to confirm or update your e-mail address

- 1)** Look at your address on page 12. If it has your e-mail and it's correct, do nothing, unless you haven't paid your dues—see 5) below.
- 2)** If your e-mail does not show or if it is incorrect, please e-mail the correct one to Moose Meserve at jemkpm@comcast.net. Mail your 2009 dues and this form if unpaid—see 5) below.
- 3)** If you don't want your e-mail address to appear in the web page crew list, we'll use it only for sending the *Resuscitator* and announcements. Confirm with Moose per 2) above.
- 4)** If you have no e-mail account and would like the *Resuscitator* mailed as a printed copy, please cut out this form and mail to OH Association at 17 Brenner Drive, Newton, NH 03858 (make sure the printed address appears on page 12). Check box for a mailed copy.
- 5)** If you haven't paid your dues for 2009, please mail check and this form to OHA address per 4) above.
 - \$25 for OH age 25 or above (and anything extra for the Cabin)
 - \$20 for OH below age 25 (and anything extra for the Cabin)

Hut System Summer 2009 Staff List

CARTER

Lindsay Bourgoine HM
Matt Didisheim AHM
Marc Leonard
Dave Haughey
Stevie Lewis, Naturalist

MADISON

Hillary Gerardi HM
Maddie Polivka AHM
RD Jenkinson IV
Keith Sidle
Andrew Meyer
Maayan Cohen, Naturalist

LAKES

Brian Quarrier HM
Carrie Piper AHM
Drew Hill
Zak Silverman
Carly Jesset
Toben Traver
Amie Flemming
Phillip Crosby
Betsy Cook, Naturalist
TBA Research

MIZPAH

Dave Kaplan HM
Amelia Harman AHM
Thad Houston
Will Murray
Avery Anderson
Jenna Whitson, Naturalist

ZEALAND

Caroline Woolmington HM
George Heinrichs AHM
Miles Howard
Uli Botzjorns
Nathaniel Brown, Naturalist

GALEHEAD

Katherine Siner HM
Nick Anderson AHM
Chelsea Alsofrom
Luke Teschner
Elizabeth Waste, Naturalist

GREENLEAF

Taylor Burt HM
Emma Leonard AHM
Arran Dindorf
Will Tourtellot
Leah Hart
Katie Houle, Naturalist

LONESOME

Eliza O'Neil HM
Peter Hyson AHM
Hilary Burt
Hannah Orcutt
Jeff Pedersen
Johannes Griesshammer, Naturalist

Tucks Assistant: Anthony Brezzo
Tucks Caretaker: Helon Hoffer
Backcountry Education Assistant: Dave Weston
Senior Interpretive Naturalist: Nancy Ritger
Huts Field Supervisor: Jesse Billingham
Huts Manager: Eric Pedersen

All in the Family

Toben Traver: mother is on AMC Board, father is Tim Traver, who worked at Madison.

Uli Botzjorns: mother is Jen Botzow, father is Lars Jorrens, who both worked in the huts.

Luke Teschner: father is Doug Teschner, who worked at Zealand.

Emma Leonard: father is Jon Leonard who worked at Madison.

Arran Dindorf: father is Marc Dindorf, who worked at Madison and Greenleaf, mother is Nancy Ritger, who is the AMC's Senior Interpretive Naturalist in charge of the educational programming in the huts and has worked for the AMC for more than 20 years.



www.ohcroo.com

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