

THE RESUSCITATOR

5 SPRING 1991 PUBLISHED BY THE ASSOCIATION BOX 2185 QUINCY, MA 02269-2185

SPRING BASH

Saturday, May 18

\$18 with reservations

\$19 walk ins

\$12 '91 croo &

kids under 14

Clams, lobster,

beer, 1:00 brawl

game & refresh-

ments



Sunday, May 19

A combined
cabin & trail

clean up & clearing which will
take the place of the

spring work weekend

(see order form to sign up)



FALL WEEKEND

Saturday, October 5

Sunday, October 6

Combination Oktoberfest,

Fitness, Food & Firewood

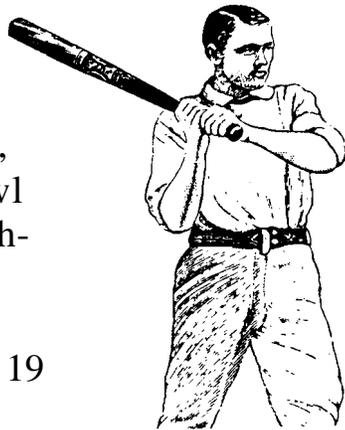
(see order form to sign up)



WINTER REUNION

Time and date to be

announced-see page 2



Look what we started last spring when we published portions of Gramps Monahan's 1959 New Hampshire House report advocating that the Kancamagus Highway not be renamed The Lincoln Valley Highway. Alex Green Mac McKenzie, ever watchful of our misspellings in addition to being an historic buff, filed the following report:

Re: KANCAMAGUS (Highway). You are opening up a small can of etymological worms. Perhaps we can expect an interesting surfacir of the views of many authorities; my own author Stephen Laurent, resident of Intervale, I

Mr. Laurent is translating ir ish a French-Abenaki dictionary compiled by Joseph Aubery, S. J., missionary to the St. Francis Abenakis. The compilation is dated August 18, 1715.

Mr. Laurent states that lithe reservation where I was born is always called St. Francis. In 1917, the government gave the Abenakis their own post office. The name picked by the Indians was Odanak, meaning 'at the village.' "

"Since the Abenaki language and related tongues were not written languages, their spelling has been frequently mauled by the White Man's phonetic version. For instance, it is unfortunate that the beautiful highway named for Kancamaugus was spelled without the "u" before the "g," thereby converting it phonetically into a sound different from its original pronunciation. "

liThe Pennacooks (tribe of Kancamaugus) migrated to St. Francis around 1675, not necessarily in a group, but more likely in 'dribs and drabs' as did the Abenakis and the Sokokis, They were all linguistically related, though with some dialectical differences. The eldest of Passaconaway's fOUT sons were Nanamocomuck and Wonalancet. Passaconaway resigned in favor of Wonalancet and died shortly thereafter in 1685. Kancamaugus being the son of Nanamocomuck was therefore a nephew of Wonalancet (besides being a grandson of Pasaconaway)."

The more reasonable "maug" syllable allows no latitude for mispronunciation in English, whereas

Continued on page two

"maag" is suggested when the "u" is left out. It might also eliminate the regrettable tendency (even by some Forest Service personnel) to mispronounce "KancaMANGus." But public works are named by politicians rather than etymologists!

Back in the '70s, when the high-way name was new, I was informed by Unreliable Authority, that Joe Dodge was urging that its name be pronounced "Kan KAM ug us." Several people have assured me that such was not the case. I don't remember having received any confirmation from Joe, but have been waiting for his biographers to invent the truth.

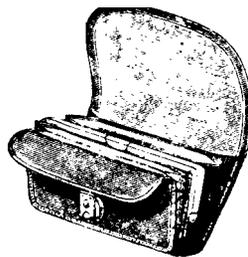
Re: BOO'IT SPUR. When I was young in the Mountains, some elder statesman asserted that the correct pronunciation of the namesake's patronymic was "BOTI." Having had German-American friends named Bott (pronounced as spelled), the Spur's asserted name pronunciation seemed likely. But, I shall probably go on calling it BOOT Spur until can find how the namesake pronounced his BOOTT.

Green Mac

Gormings from Brandy Pete's

Your Steering Committee has been meeting faithfully once a month to carry out the important business of the Association. Chairman Bill Barrett files the flowing report: Whither the Winter Reunion? In recent years, attendance has been dwindling, in part due to unfailingly bad weather and to the quickening pace of modem times (which has created lots of other things for OH to do on the third Saturday of December). We are not helped by the fact that affiliated groups, including the Obs, MMVSP and hut crew interviews, sometimes scheduled their events with ours, but have since changed their dates. The more people attending winter reunion, the more likely others will be attracted to join them; as it gets

smaller, it is less likely that close friends and crew mates will use reunion as the means to see each other. There is some sentiment on your Steering Committee toward discontinuing or changing the reunion. Recent modifications have moved it to earlier afternoon and eliminating the meal, leaving the evening free for *ad hoc* dining arrangements or an earlier departure from Boston. Our speaker arrangements have been simplified by using members who entertain us *sans honoraria*. These changes have been deemed a partial success. We're not about to pull the plug on the winter reunion until we hear your ideas.



Time for a Dues Increase? Any way you slice it, \$10 per year for what the OH offers is a deal. Most of it's only possible because of the cooperating efforts of a large number of volunteers-and none of us would have it any other way. But our costs are inevitably creeping up and there's sentiment abroad for a dues hike to \$15. Only half our mail list responds to dues payments, mainly due to our casual methods requesting dues, yet we are always hearing from lost and tardy souls with a lump sum payment for back dues. We don't want to cut people off our mail list and have never heard from anyone to discontinue their Resuscitators. But an examination of our financials for the 1990 year indicates a fall off of 100 regular dues payers which totals a surprising \$1,000 short fall in our coffers. We need to collect more dues and raise the dues. If \$15 scares away potential new crew members, some of whom join while still working in the huts, we might keep the dues at \$10 for

members below a certain age or still in college. Thoughts on this are welcome.

Cabin Rates Going Up? The cabin loses money and now with recently doubled taxes, we operate at a deficit. We have filed for an abatement, but can't count on any rebate. An engineering fee to support some of our arguments that the cabin location is hardly a desirable building site, unless you're part mountain goat, could cost much more than the taxes. Add the fact that there is unauthorized use of the cabin and non-payment by some authorized users. An overnight now costs \$3 with the prospect of an increase to \$5-still the mother of all deals, particularly in comparison to how tolls, gas, utilities and everything else has gone up (see da Editor's choice selection of old ads sprinkled through the News section). If we do raise the overnight rate, there may be a tendency toward non-payment between heavy and light users-those who consume a lot of and firewood and those who just use the facilities to rest their, uh, heads for a few hours. Also, there's been discussion about different rates for members and guests. Please let us know what you think about this and any of the above by responding on the order form.

Treats at Pete's Steering Committee meets first Monday of the month, though that might be the second week of the month, depending on where Monday falls; at Brandy Pete's, 267 Franklin Street on the Broad Street end in downtown Boston; after 6:00 p.m. when the parking's free; a couple of beers and vittles reasonably priced at about \$11 per including tip; meeting breaks up around 7:30-8:00 p.m. depending on who needs a lift to a T-stop or train; meetings for rest of year are May 6, June 3, July 1, August 5, September 9, October 7, November 4 and December 2. Everybody's welcome to stop by to say hi or to eat-no reservations necessary.

Bill Barrett

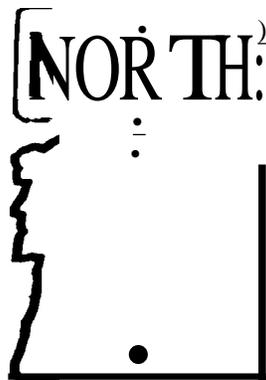
Bearding the Old Man-Part One

by William Lowell Putnam

Little is known about the first attempt to beard the Old Man of the Mountain because there are no known photographs or newspaper reports to document the event and the principal players included the celebrated son of the other "Old Man"-Joe Dodge- who would not have taken kindly to knowing that son Brookie "Hirum" went AWOL from Lakes of the Clouds to pull off the daring stunt. It's interesting that the secret was so well kept that, years later, a second bearding party knew that Hiram and an accomplice had attempted to attach a tree to the Old Man's chin, but were probably unsuccessful. After all, if a tree falls in a forest with nobody around to hear it, does it actually make a *sound?*-*da Editor*

In the early summer of 1948, the old man asked me to join Bob Temple as opening crew of the Western Division. Since my car was a convertible and the Pinkham truck was busy hauling stuff up the summit, I was able to negotiate top dollar for my services-\$10 per week. The last hut to be opened was the easiest of access-Lonesome, where Temple left me to fend off the goofers for a few days in the company with Shorty Lang. There must have been a truly perverse streak in Joe Dodge the day he assigned Shorty to the place.

The original Lonesome Lake hut actually belonged to the State of New Hampshire and had been a log cabin fishing lodge owned by Dr. William Prime and his buddy the newspaperman, "Droch" Bridges. The doctor's sister, Annie Slosson, wrote a bunch of North Country stories, including one about Fishin' Jimmy. I point this out only to indicate the antiquity of the structure for the benefit of those who never saw the dump. Those of us who did, however, had firsthand knowledge. Joe Dodge, for instance, had solved the problem of its rotting substructure by ignoring it, and the whole place was compressing into the ground. Thus, the beams supporting the second floor (such as it was) were now only six feet above the main level. I could straighten my full height only when standing



between them; Shorty was unable to stand erect anywhere.

I mention this problem as our obvious solution was to spend as much time outside as possible, possibly go for a climb on the nearby Cannon Cliff, which we were planning to do had not the most horrendous rainstorm in recent history struck the White Mountains during our stay. The result was that we had to stay inside, where the frequent impacts with the overhead probably affected our judgement.

In any case, when the rains finally stopped, we found that landslides had come down all over the place, blocking the highway through Franconia Notch and partially filling Profile Lake. When Joe Dodge was finally able to send in the regular crew, Shorty and I went down to see the mess. We also looked up on the cliff and again contemplated a climb, but I had a date to go climbing in British Columbia and now had to head West in a hurry.

Later that summer, I returned to Pinkham Notch, checking in with Joe Dodge to see if he had anything gainful for me to work on. The old man allowed as I might as well head up to Lakes and hammer on a few shingles and maybe smear some concrete around the foundation. I'd find his son up there someplace, he said, and Hiram would know where I could be most

useful. So I drove around the mountain to the Cog Base Station where I'd have somewhat quicker access to my car than at Pinkham and hippedy-hopped up the Ammonoosuc to the Lakes.

Hirum sure had a pile of shingles to affix to the place—all around the sides and roof of the new addition. At this point, I can't remember which of the umpteen additions to Lakes this was, about midway along, third or fourth, I guess.

We hammered away for a few days, until the job was mostly done. Hirum appeared to be very much in demand; the hutmaster was apparently some guy named George Hamilton, but he was alleged to be down off the mountain with appendicitis, and Hirum was doing a lot of the cooking as well as straw-bossing the construction.

After a few days, word came up on the moccasin telegraph that the old man wanted me to go over to Evans Notch as soon as the shingling job was finished at Lakes. It seemed that the couple he had running that place had to clear out for something better and Joe needed a replacement crew for the last two weeks of the season. He must have been getting pretty close to the bottom of the barrel.

Later that day as the two of us were banging away on the wall, Hirum had asked me if I'd have time to show him a bit about rock-elimbing before I left for Evans Notch. I thought about the fine cliff on which I had enjoyed climbing and which Shorty and I had contemplated earlier that summer.

"Cannon's the best cliff in New England, Hirum. Want to go over there on days off?"

"Christ, Willie, myoid man doesn't plan to ever give me a day off."

"Hell, Hirum, he's not going to miss you for one day. We can go down to my car and get over there in less than two hours."

Hirum's conscience was too strong, or else his fear of parental retribution, but not his desire for a little extracurricular excitement.

"I just can't take off all day, Willie; the old man'll kill me. But, would it be possible to get over there some night and maybe put a beard on the other Old Man?"

"What are you gettin' at, Hirum?"

"Hell, Willie, you've been all over that part of the cliff. You must know how to find the rocks that make up the stone face."

"Oh sure," I replied, reaching for another handful of shingles, "there's a nice variation on the Old Route that goes right beside it."

"Yeah, but can we do it in the dark?"

"Well, I don't think the cliff itself would be so bad in the dark, but I sure don't want to go stumbling around on the talus below. That's miserable enough in the daylight." But I still hadn't grasped his full intent.



"C'mon, Willie, I'm not after you to climb the Christless cliff; what about just hanging a beard?"

"You mean mean you only want to hang some kind of tree on the chin?"

"That's it; you're not so slow after all."

"In that case," I thought for a moment while reaching for more nails, "it shouldn't take very long 'cause there's an easy pathway alongside the edge of the cliff—all the way to the forehead. We use it for the descent route all the time."

So it was that I went over a few points on belaying methods with Hirum before we adjourned after supper that very evening and managed to find our way to the top of the Old Man's forehead just as the daylight was fading. Rather than show our silhouettes against the darkening skyline, we went some distance back of the cliff to fetch a suitable black spruce. It measured about fifteen feet and was all we could negotiate through the scrub to the edge of the cliff.

Having climbed past the chin area before, I knew where there was a good crack that would hold a loosely inserted piton, but still be well out of reach for anyone except a fairly confident climber. We knew that once the "beard" was discovered, the State Park people would hustle over from the tramway and chop it free, and we didn't want this to be any easier than it had to be.

Tying an ancient and reject climbing rope around its butt—a leftover from my activities in Canada—we eased the tree over the edge at the inside corner where my pleasant route crested. Gently we lowered until it hung freely from twenty-five feet—about halfway down the chin. In a lowering mode, Hirum was able to handle its weight alone. Anchoring him to one of the giant turnbuckles on the summit, where his belay would be bombproof, I climbed down the crack to the "beard".

I knew there was a good piton already in place down there someplace, but finding it in the dark was difficult. As it turned out, the pin was covered by the tree and I had to struggle it out of the way before I was able to secure myself with a ten-foot tether and release Hirum from his belaying chore.

My next task was to negotiate the tree far enough out from the corner so that when it was lowered the rest of the way, it would be properly seen on the Old Man's chin and not back against his Adams apple. I got Hirum to lower it a few feet more.

There was a dinky, little ledge out along which I could move while pushing the stump end of the tree, until I felt it was nearly the proper distance out from the main cliff. Then I slid my piton into place and put a Pruisik knot on the ancient rope—it was to remain with the beard.

"O.K., Hiram, lower the tree." I called up through the still night air.

Soon it commenced to slide slowly down, as I eased the moving rope through the Prusik knot.

"Not too fast, Hiram. We've got to stop it just right." I looked downward in the dim light, hoping to see well enough to stop the lowering process in time.

"That's it, Hiram! Two more inches and hold it there." I allowed the Prusik knot to tighten and then bent down to assure myself the beard was properly positioned.

"O.K. Hiram, it's secure. You may drop the rope."

In a matter of seconds, the lowering line was whizzing past me into the darkness below, coming up sharply onto my piton. I coiled up the slack and tied it off at the piton, not trusting the Prusik knot to last forever. Then I slithered back along the crack into the corner where Hiram's belay would once again be meaningful, and I could climb easily back up to his stance.

We were in our sacks at the Lakes shortly after midnight for a few hours sleep; Hiram had arranged with some others of the crew to get breakfast going.

Later that morning, as I was placing the final few shingles on the east side of the new wing, Hiram came outside and beckoned me away from the others working near the wall. "The old man was just on the pipe; they're pretty pissed off over at Cannon."

"What old man?"

"MyoId man, you jerk."

"What did you tell him?"

"I said I didn't know anything; I was dish-washing last night and had to get breakfast ready for eighty goofers this morning. i couldn't have had anything to do with whatever they're pissed off about."

"Think he was convinced?"

"Maybe."

"Did he ask about anyone else?"

"Nope, and I didn't volunteer anything."



Hiram and I finished off our remaining summer duties without further comment from his father on the matter of the beard. But, simply by keeping our ears open, we learned that the Franconia Park potentate was pretty put out because his men couldn't get down to our piton to cut the tree away, and the beard stayed in place for several days until finally the wind swayed the beard back and forth enough to fray the rope through.

I never thought further about the whole business until about five years later when I was sipping some classy Scotch with Joe one evening and soaking up a lot of more or less truthful information about some early doings in the White Mountains. After an hour or so, Joe abruptly changed the subject asking me about a beard that I might just have been party to hanging on the Old man's chin a few years earlier.

It seemed that the State park people had called Joe around mid-morning the day after we had done our deed. The manager had sent a couple of men over to "shave" the Great Stone Face, but they'd come back unsuccessful. They'd been able to see that the tree was tied off to a piton "driven" (that was the dirty word used) into the rock where only a skilled climber could have gotten. Some members of Joe's extended family were the obvious suspects, and there had been an extended discussion on the matter. There was also some question raised about defacing of State property, for which the penalties are unknown and enormous. Joe, as was his typical manner in handling this kind of employee problem, had stonewalled the punitive complaint, and when the "beard" had finally dropped off, the issue was dropped, too.

I took another sip of the Scotch and asked Joe what he knew about the Statute of Limitations for offenses of this nature. He didn't seem to have

a lot to say on this fine point of the law, but leered knowingly at me before our conversation turned to other topics.

William Lowell Putnam has held numerous offices in a number of mountaineering clubs and is also editor of several climbing guidebooks for the Canadian Rocky and Selkirk Mountains. He is author of The Great Glacier and Its House and Joe Dodge, One New Hampshire Institution.



Tell me now, Willie, why is it you have trouble with your nose when I ask you about that beard on the Old Man?

News from the Crews

Toni Samuelson died July 24, 1990 at North Conway Memorial Hospital. Swoop Goodwin thought that we might have missed the

news because Toni was an inactive OH. He worked at PNC in the mid-'30s and was sent by Joe to the Stage Office on the summit for a couple of fall seasons before the Obs was built and after the Summit House was buttoned up for the season. Toni worked PNC the winter of '35 with Harry Stephenson, Carl Gates, John Dick, Bull Libby and Jim Taylor.

Bill Appel sent word of Phil Smith, '37-'38, who died in November in York, ME. He also worked on the summit one winter. Bill appreciated all the efforts of Dave Huntley and others who made the 75th an occasion. Bill's retired and is busy on local conservation!environmental issues at Pisgah State Park, SW NH solid waste, the Connecticut River Greenway and the Loon Mountain application for developing more real estate.

Suzanne Eusden, PNC, '71-'73, Pah, '74-'75 has moved to Whittier AK from Center Harbor NH to be with trail crew buddy Don Stevens from '60s-'70s. They live on the edge of Prince William sound in the land of glaciers, fjords and steep mountains rising from the sea. She sees killer whales, porpoises, sea otters and bald eagles behind her place. We missed her name on the list of 75th and Pah 25th-besides running into old friends, she saw a cow and calf moose on the Mt. Clinton Road. Before leaving for AK, she had a reunion with three trail crew buddies, Greg Betts, Craig and Mark Whiten.

Elizabeth Lib Crooker, our new Special Member, sent thanks of her nomination and tried to make the December trek to Joy Street from Center Sandwich, but was stopped by the nasty weather. She did give us daughter Connie's (PNC '66) address in OR and reminded us that father Red Mac was no relation to Black Mac.

Talking about the nasty weather, how about missing Gerry Whiting and Linus Story who were on the Maine Turnpike and had to tum around.

But Ike Meredith, who also ventured forth from NH, put on his auxiliary cop cap and bubblegum flasher, threw his truck into 4 wheel drive and bombed down the highway, scattering all 2 wheelers before him.

Peggy Dillon is a staff writer for the West Leb Valley News.

Dave Huntley said thanks for all the credit for putting together the successful Lakes 75th, but thank George Hamilton for helping with the research for Dave's account. We may have left out the following names of those who attended the reunion: Paul Bartlett, Steve Bridgewater, Paul Buffum, Ed Damon, Lane Emerson, Jon Glase, Chris Hawkins, Tom Martin, Ike Meredith, Joel Mumford and John Sisson. Dave has also got has also put together an historic video in two volumes-Historic White Mountain Scenes from the '20s and '30s. These are USDA films filled with unique early scenes of the huts, tramping and skiing in the Whites. Volume 1 is 40 minutes and is titled "Under the Great Stone Face" and "Winter Sports in the WMNF". Volume 2 is 41 minutes and is titled "Hitting the High Spots", In the Hills of Old NH" and Busting in the WMNF" \$25 will get you one volume post-paid; \$45 for the two set volumes. Send orders to: Dave Huntley, 11 Warwick Rd., Belmont, MA 02178. Proceeds will be donated to the AMC.

Bob Kreitler, Flea, Ghoul '60, '61, along with Arnold Cary has organized a party at Ghoul which will be July 13. These crew members of 30 years ago thought it would be nice to use the occasion of their 30th to see if they still had any friends from those days. If you haven't heard personally from Bob or Arny, you definitely are invited to join them (formal dress optional) at the Ghoul which has been reserved for that night. Call Bob at his home in 93 Greenfield Hill Rd., Fairfield, CT tel; 203 255 8971 for details-and don't forget to call PNC's reservation desk directly at 603 466 2721.

Clark Dean has already indicated that he'll be at Ghoul for the 30th crew reunion.

George Hamilton wrote that LTG (Ret) Richard Trefry has been appointed Military Assistant to the President and Director of White House Military Affairs-which must mean he gets a chance to ride in George Bush's helicopter and scratch his dogs behind the ears. Dick served in the Army from '50 to '83, retired as the Inspector General of the Army, founded the Military Professional Institute of Land Warfare (must have got all his training during raids in his hut career) and was a lecturer and instructor to the military

service schools and colleges. Dick himself wrote us a note that his trip with the President over Thanksgiving took them to Prague, Paris Geneva, Saudi Arabia and Cairo.

How come all the rest of us can't stick all these impressive credentials on our names when we retire? Like Moose Damp could be titled NAV, RESF PROP (Ret) Moose Damp for his career navigating for TWA and running Edelwiess in North Cornflake. Or George Hamilton could be HUT BK VP (Ret) George Hamilton and so on.

Cal Cata sent us a change of address after heading to the Persian Gulf with the 101st Airborne Division. Here's hoping Cal will be home soon after the 100 hour mop up.

Joanne Beckett, Cata Lakes has been living in London for the past 4 years and always welcomes visitors. 18 month old daughter Shannon will be joined in July by a brother or sister.

Alice Bearce graduated from Tufts with a BS in electrical engineering and is currently living in Farmington CT and working for Anderson Consulting in Hartford.

From the list of the missing comes Roy Arsenault, PNC '55, Cata, '56-'57, Ernest Popeye's son. wife and Bob Story Senior's wife Nan are Lab Retriever breeders in CT and see each other at Kennel Club meetings. We join Nan in agreeing that we simply don't know how anyone could live without a Lab.

David Sleeper wrote that he'd learned of Lawrie Brown's death (reported here in the Winter 'tator) while he was in AZ and talking to Lawrie's sister Betty.

Thanks to Bill Hoffman, PNC '49, Zool 'SO-'52, who responded to the appeal for getting the Old Man's Beard story by sending a photograph of the '55 bearding and digging up the following memorabilia: a Ghoul-Zool Mt. Club Membership card from '52, a fantastic automatic wood stove lighter design- a real Rube Goldberg contraption that actually worked, a write up of lumbering at Zool in '34, a history of Dead Head and postcards depicting a "New Summit House" design circa '49.

Thanks also to Stretch Hayes, TC '50s, who has maintained a strong tie with his old trail crew chums for the past 40 years, and because of the research into the bearding prank, has sent dues for A. Dobie Jenkins, Robert Scott and Joel Nichols who we heartily welcome

Jeff Worst, PNC, Trucks, Crawford's '79-'82, contemplates a possible road trip of the Baja Peninsula to see the sights and do some scuba diving over Christmas/New Years.

A pleasant chance meeting with Alex MacPhail, editor emeritus, while with Linus Story, digging around Limmer's shelves for a new pair of walking shoes. Seems that Linus' old Limmer walkers are still as good as the day they were made, but his peds have rather flattened out through the years, taking on a kind of snow shoe-like shape. Good news for Linus that Limmer had a pair of off-the-shelves, even for his strange dogs, and we could get a MacPhail update: wife Julie

and two pretty daughters are fine and Al is busy with a unique building project in the Northampton, MA area which is a kind of condominium where the owners provide their own sweat labor by participating in the construction.

Glad to hear that Foochow Belcher came through a successful prostate operation this winter.

Henry Rogerson, Donks, Floater, '61, is living in Virginia Beach where the highest peak is Mt. Trashmore.

Harry Wescott, PNC, Floater, '43, is currently serving on the Club Board of directors with the awesome title: "Regional Director-North", which means he gets to chair the October Town Meeting and ride herd on the ME and VT Chapters. He encourages more OH to join the President's Society with an annual donation of \$1K.

Ken Whiting had moved to Texas to fly EMS helicopters, but had the contract canceled, so he's moved back to New England and can be reached through brother Gerry's Cumberland Center, ME address.

Judy George Stephens, Evans, PNC '55-'57, has just bought a little place in Harpswell, ME and will now be able to spend more time in the North Country, rather than in current IL digs. Her youngest will graduate from Bowdoin in May.

Brian Fowler is looking for a copy of the Lakes Hutmasters photo that was printed on the last page of the 'tator.



We can't remember who supplied us the print---could you send another, and we'll forward to Brian.

Norma Hart Anderson wants to clear up the issue of the incorrect spring '90 Resuscitator caption that appeared under the circa '50s PNC cooks half-tone. She thinks it's Fred Annstrong and Tom Debevoise thinks it's Tex Benton. We're really not sure when Tex left PNC, but the fella ID'd as Fred is a dead wringer for Tex, as illustrated on page 108 of Putnam's *Joe Dodge* book.

John Alpom reports from the flats of Cleveland that it's the last place you'd ever find an OH. He reports that Pah-Mad S/lar power collectors recently won an award from the US Dept. of Environ.

You bet you can join the OH, Misha Kirk, PNC, Tucks, Guided Hikes '78-'82, who is now studying medicine in Roseau, Dominica in the West Indies. After the huts, she attended CU and worked 4 summers at the Mt. McKinley Medical Rescue Camp. After 7 years and 7 major

operations (on herself for cancer, she has just finished her 1st semester in med school and will return to the US for her final 2 years of school. In December through February, she was at the Obs as an observer---cooling herself down for the return to the Caribbean for studies.

Wedding bells for Polly McLane who has given up being a widow for the past 21 years by marrying David Lit who was her brother's college roommate, class of '38. She and Dave will live in Campton, NH where they have a view of Cannon, Lafayette and the TriPyramid and are "tru farming" their land.

Dave Moskowitz has 3000 slides of his PNC, Pah, Lakes and Zool days. He asks if they are memorabilia suitable for the OH archives. Send 'em in, Dave. He reports George Holt and his lovely Naturopathic Doctor-to-be Debbie Sellars live in Portland, OR along with Dave and his wife Leslie Gail. There were plenty of OH in attendance and George was best man. Steve Colt has been seen wandering in Portland and Cary Hills was there too, until departing for vet school in Edinburgh, Scotland and has not been heard from since. Eva Smith served as a traveling

nurse, then returned to NH. Harold Lockwood passed through before returning to NH, then England for more school. Maybe Dan Post and Ellie Dwight have more details about Harold. Phil and Wendy Dinsmore attended Dave's wedding. Becky Webber married Tom (I) in Auburn, ME, attended by Dave, Alan Kamman, Ann Polender, Cindy Makin Brown with husband Bill and baby Tucker, Sue Hall and Rebecca Oreskes. Seems that they built an impressive pile of empty beer bottles. Dave looked at both sides of the Dismantle the Huts issue raised in the winter 'tator and hopes that we will be able to work with the USFS, the AMC and the public to ensure that the huts are not a burden to the surrounding environment.

Casey Hodgdon, Dolly Copp '53,'54, PNC '59,'60, has been climbing all the peaks that have eluded him for the last 40 years.

Bob Ohler, Mad, Ghoul, Asst Mgr '34-'39, missed the summer reunions because of family business and hopes we won't publish halftones on the back panel of the 'tator so he can keep the good ones.

Pete Richardson, Mad, Lakes, Zool '42-'48 is retired, living in Norwich, VT and working on public trust water issues and is a member of the Board of managers of the ATC.

Betsy Strong Kent, PNC '50-'51, is living in Jackson, NH with husband Bob whom she married in '86. She's the OH, but he's climbed all the 4000 footers. Skiing Wildcat and biking



Pinkham Notch Inn

DANA PLACE, Jackson, N. H.

A Mountain Inn
with Something More--
"a TRADITION in HOSPITALITY"

Located in the White Mountain National Forest. Four miles north of Jackson Village and four miles south of Mt. Washington, Tuckerman's Ravine.

Mountain Inn with flowers, gardens, fields and woodland walks. Swimming, outdoor sports and mountain climbing. Rest and Relaxation. Rates \$10-\$12 including meals.

RICHARD P. WHIPPLE, Manager
Evergreen 3-4232

through the Notch keeps them young, and visits from their married children and seven grandsons gives them the chance to introduce the boys to hiking. Betsy wonders if she and Bob can be of any help maintaining the Hall's Ledge Trail which used to be a Dana Place trail, but now is supposedly maintained by the OH-so start snippin'. We can understand why the Dana Place doesn't have any time for trail clearing; they're too busy throwing guests out of their dining room whose Lab's being attacked by the cook's unleashed English Setter.

Graham Trelstad, Pah, Lakes '86-'88, is now living in Sunnyside Gardens, a project of the old regional Plan Association of America of which Benton MacKaye, architect of the AT, was a founding member. Calcrag is supposedly in the NYC area. Graham will marry Julie Meidinger-an honorary huts dishwasher. He tries to traverse 3 or 4 huts each June.

Bruce Shields, Lone: PNC '58-'60, is tree fanning, domg hlstoncal research and part time teaching at Johnson State College in VT.

Falconer, Lone '32-'35, has made a life-long career out of his observations while working in the Franconias. Busy in retirement as a weather commentator on several radio stations around his Burnt Hills, NY home, Ray's life reads like a Who's Who of teacher/ meteorologists-- senior research associate at the Atmospheric Sciences Research Center at State University of New York at Albany until his retirement in '83; an associate at the GE Research Lab in Schenectady from '46 to '57 helping develop the process of cloud seeding to produce rain; and a science lecturer for 29 years at Whiteface Mountain Field Station in the northern Adirondacks and also at SUNY where The Ray Falconer Fund, established in '81, allows contributors to support the lectures of leading naturalists from around the nation. Ray's radio listeners think of him as a cult figure, because he goes into greater depth than the usual radio meteorologists. He includes national highlights as well as the local outlook and has fixed a pomt for the coldest spot in North America in the Northwest Territories called Mould Bay. There his "observers" c.all.in the weather from their block on Prince Patrick Is and.

Doc Ben Cole has moved to St. Augustine, FLA and stretches out the

legs with a daily walk on the beach from their home which is also on a pond that affords views of birdlife. Even the hot summer is cooled by the sea Ben and Jennifer get up to NE to see the kids. Last October, they spent two weeks in Austria with friends in Vienna, including a trip down the Danube and a stop in Budapest, Hungary.



Bill Meduski is living and working in Worcester, MA and skiing every chance he gets.

P.Tom Davis completed his NH 4000-footers in winter with an epic hike in windy and snowy conditions to Mt. Isolation via the Glen Boulder on February 24.

Ann Cole Morgan has sold her nursery-garden business, but is staying on to help the neophyte owners green up their thumbs. Janet's skiing, taking care of her new horse, playing squash and helping daughter Janet with an upcoming wedding who will be marrying Brad Williamson in Portsmouth, NH. Brad is ASSistant sor of NH Parks Operation and Janet works in the Office of Vacation Travel. Their new address will be in Wakefield, NH.

Can't finish off the news without a Fags Fallon update. Inspired by all the holes he dug while on CC in the '60s, Fags took up dental tools, served a tour in the navy, then opened up a practice in Boca Raton, FLA. Gazing down into all that gold, Fags must have become smitten by the gold bug, 'cause he recently sold the practice and is presently watch 109 pmk flamingoes-- not the plastic ones--from his Vero Beach beachfront home. Not just your

usual Vero Beach home, mind you, this one is called The Wreck because just down the beach a bit, a Spanish galleon came to rest in the 18th century, disgorging its contents. So while we're going for milk at the corner 7-Eleven, Fags strolls down his beach looking for doubloons, golden tiaras, etc. He breaks up the routine by working for the state dental forensic department, presumably looking at FLA daid heads and their more readily available golden caches. Wife June has a busy real estate business and kids Max and Julie are studying at UFLA Gainesville.

CarryOn

Don't be a Daid Head! Check out your check book to see if you've paid your dues for 1991-We can't afford to lose another \$1,000 this year-Your dues help pay cabin bills and keep your Association solvent.



Gala Celebration

You are respectfully requested to attend the Thirtieth Reunion Of the 161 Galehead Crew

July 13, 1991

Formal Dress
(optional)

Galehead Hul
One Appalachian Trail
Twin Mountain, NH

RSVP--Robert Kreiter 93 Greenfield Hill Rd.,
Fairfield, CT 06430 tel: 203 255-8971
or Arnold Camp 746 Mount Carmel Ave., Hamden,
CT 06518 tel: 203 281-4296

(see details in News page and Order Form)

The summer of 1951, the Greenleaf crew decided to raid Madison for their Duncan Hynes Fine Dining sign. Roger Smith and Dave Porter made up the Greenflea contingent. They let me go along as a Porky Gulch contingent, provided I waived all rights to the spoils. I don't remember a lot of details, except the Valley Way in the pitch dark-no moon-made Madison a good stronghold. The easy part was getting into the hut and getting the

sign. Not even a mouse was stirring. Then another dark stumble down the Valley Way, and I returned to try to help cook breakfast at Pinkham. Freddie Annstrong was quite indulgent of my off-hours' trips-and I don't remember when Rog and Dave headed back to Greenflea with their prize and whether the sign accurately depicted the cooking at Greenflea.

Norma Hart Anderson

Want to relive your glorious past by spending a short stint in a hut this summer, except this time, you won't get paid in dollars, just plenty of psychic pleasure and good companionship? Mike Waddell is always on the lookout for temporary crew to relieve the summer crews. Some of these veteran crews have reported in the Resuscitator News that the experience is rewarding and some keep returning annually. One fill-in group several years ago were so well oiled - as a working team, that is - that they absolutely fooled the Greenleaf goofers into thinking they were regulation, varsity, first string crew.

If you or a group are interested in what's available, contact Mike Waddell, PNC, PO Box 298 Gorham, NH 03581. Or call him at 603-466-2721. Or use the PNC Fax Number 603-466-2822.

*Don't Move Without Us!
Remember to send us your
forwarding address to the
Post Office Box 2185
Quincy, MA 02269-2185*

1991 Hut System Employees

Carter

Caroline Collins HM
Michelle Kirchner AHM
Dan Scheidt
Jim Dill

Madison

Bob Kirchner HM
Jennifer Koop AHM
Eliza Walker
Jennifer
Steve Rushmore

Lakes

Danielski HM
Cenki AHM
Tom Johnson AHM
Chris Thayer
Heather Harland
Margaret Thompson
Vicky Parra
Paul Seybold

Mizpah

Terry Buchanan HM
Tavis Eddy AHM
Jenny Huang
Suzanna
Brian Wentzell
Anya Schwartz

Zealand

Paul Festino HM
Mike Ruckle AHM
Katie Edwards
Alicia Gray

Galehead

Emily White HM
Dan Chase AHM
Katrina Nelson
Mark Riddle

Greenleaf

Scottie Eliassen HM
Jeff Piampiano AHM
Jenny Miller
Julie Wade
Jim Anderson

Lonesome

Sasha Ringe HM
Bayard Smith AHM
Amy Derry
Yampanis

Crawford Notch

Laura Capelle
Mark Haberle AHM
Wendy Prentiss

Storehouse

Todd Musci
Jennifer Lamphere
Noel Wheeler
Matthew Crowley

Hut System Staff

Mike Waddell HUTS MGR
Chuck Wooster FLD SUP
Mark Parent STRHS MGR
Emily Buesser HD TRUCKER
Mike Eckle SHUTILE DRVR

(Craw lists as 3191)

