

THE RESUSCITATOR

THE OH ASSOCIATION 80 Rowley Bridge Road Topsfield, Massachusetts 01983

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

Saturday, January 26, 2002

77th Winter Reunion

Doublebits and Mattocks:

Life on a White Mountain Trail Crew

Presented by Reuben Rajala


The Crestview in Woburn is the venue for yet another reunion starting with Happy Hour and hors d'oeuvres, pre-dinner slide show, dinner, business meeting and great entertainment.

Our North Country contingent and Boston-area OH find it easy to get to, just a mile and half off I-93 close to the junction of I-93 and I-95. The parking's free and there are several motels in the area. See the driving directions and details below.

Join us at 5:00 p.m., bring slides with your name on them and we'll run them during cocktails. The business meeting will be brief, then onto our evening's presentation. We've invited past members of the Trail Crew to join us this year.

The AMC Trail Crew, one the the nation's first (1917), has long been the core of the Club's efforts to build and maintain White Mountain trails and shelters. It's often the toughest job that many young men and women ever have and they love it!

Join Reuben Rajala, former Trails Program Director, and other Trail Crew alumni for an evening of fun stories and images that are literally from the trenches (as in drainage and pit toilets) across the years.

Expecting to only work for a few summers on the Trail Crew, Reuben stayed 23 years (19 as staff) working for the AMC. He was a member of the last Trail Crew working out of Whitefield, NH and then spent three summers at their new complex at Pinkham Notch Camp. Reuben became the first Trails Coordinator in 1974, working under the first full-time Trail Supervisor, Bob Proudman. In 1978, as Bob shifted to work on protection of the Appalachian Trail, Reuben took over and further expanded the Trails Program, especially volunteer initiatives like the Adopt-A-Trail Program, White Mountain Trails Day, Service Trips and Camp Dodge Volunteer Center.

Since leaving the AMC in 1993, Reuben has explored new

paths, doing consulting, working for an innovative trail and yurt system in Phillips Brook called Timberland Trails, serving as Trails Program Director for the Pacific Crest Trail Association in California, teaching Industrial Arts and doing construction. Most recently he was in Chile assisting on a trail being built the length of the country. He lives in Gorham with Meg his wife of 24 years, and they have two children, Allison, a freshman at James Madison University in Virginia, and Davin, a Junior in the Aeronautics Program at the University of North Dakota.

Directions to The Crestview

From the North on I-93, cross I-95 (Rt. 128) and take Exit 36, Montvale Ave. Take a right onto Montvale Ave. for two miles to The Crestview which is on the right before Woburn Center. Parking is in the rear of the building.

From the South on I-93, take Exit 36 Montvale Ave., a left on Montvale Ave. and proceed as above.

From I-95 (Rt. 128), exit at Rt. 93 South and follow directions from the North.

For overnighters, there is a Howard Johnson Motor Lodge on Montvale Ave. at Re. 93 (781 935 8160) and a Crowne Plaza on Washington St., Woburn (781 932 0999).

Your slate of 2002 Officers

Secretary

Tom Kelleher

Treasurer

John Meserve

Resuscitator Editors

Jim Hamilton, Malin Bengsston, Emily Muldoon

Members at Large

Lesley Fowler, Betsy Fowler, Doug Shaffer,

Tim Saunders, Swoop Goodwin, John Lamanna

Cabin Caretaker

Mike Waddell

2002 Calendar

Spring Brawl— May 18, Oktoberfest— October 5
Quarterly Steering Committee open to all in Boston area
restaurant. Check www.ohcroo.com for date and place
or call Malin Bengsston at 781 316 1756.

Third Annual Latchstring Award Where Everyone Knows Your Name

Submitted by Ned Baldwin

On a pair of crystal perfect late August evenings the annual End of Summer Croo Party (aka Guinea Night) was held at the OH Cabin in Jackson. After a sumptuous meal of salad, steak and lobster on the deck of the Cabin as well as lots sharing of summer memories and plans for the future, the gathered crowd of this year's hut croos along with a few year-round staff and assorted OH filed inside to witness the announcement of this year's Latchstring Award winner.

However before that much anticipated bit of news could be revealed, several requisite opening remarks had to be made by OH members, Ned and Sally Baldwin, Doug Hotchkiss and Bill Barrett. First was a brief review of what the OH is: an alumni organization of former hut employees, which owns and maintains the Cabin, publishes a newsletter, organizes reunions, maintains a website and, of most immediate importance, hosts the evening's festivities by providing the hall and buying the food. The origins of Guinea Night were explained by Doug Hotchkiss as being the idea of Vinnie Lamanna, who worked at Pinkham in the late Forties. Vinnie decided to have a party by cooking up a bunch of spaghetti, inviting all the croos to bring bottles of Chianti and calling it Guinea Night, a name which he was legitimately entitled to use being of genuine Italian ancestry. (Apologies were offered to any who might be offended by the definitely non-PC nature of the term today.) Then discussion turned to the Latchstring Award itself and how it is intended to foster some friendly competition among croos in the name of promoting — in Joe Dodge's words — "mountain hospitality for all". It was also emphasized that at some point during the summer, each of the huts in the system probably had a night when they were the best of the best and that the award was given to the hut which just seemed to be able to do that a little more often. It should perhaps be

noted here that according to hut system sources the Latchstring Award has gained enough status in the system that at certain times of particular croo success the question is often posed among croo members, "Is this a Latchstring moment?"

By this point, of course, all of this rousing commentary had served to whip the crowd into such an expectant frenzy that they could barely contain themselves. And although only one member of the winning croo was present the first night, because two had already left for the summer and two were back at the hut, the excitement accompanying the presentation was in no way diminished. The winning croo had been considered by the selection committee to be very deserving, because they had a very well run operation and they all made the extra effort required to do an extra special job. They also managed to connect well enough with their guests that more than any other hut the individual croo members were referred to by name in the vast majority of guest comment cards. And it seemed by the amount of whooping and whistling and applause that accompanied the announcement when it was finally made that there was much agreement among the assembled multitude that the right decision had been made. And which was the hut where everybody knew their names? The 2001 Latchstring Award winner was.....Galehead!

Hutmaster Caitlin Gray was the croo member on hand the first night to accept the award and she was so thrilled that her hut won that she came back the second night with her croomates, Kristie Robson and Meg Meixner to enjoy the accolades all over again. The guys on the croo, Abe Jaffe and Reuben Levy, were unable to attend either night as they had to leave the mountains beforehand to get back to school. They have all been informed of the bounty which awaits them as honored guests of the OHA at either or both the winter and spring reunions, so hopefully we will all have a chance to meet them on those occasions. Congratulations, 2001 Ghoul Croo!

Misha Kirk

Misha Kirk, father and mountaineer, died October 2 at his home in Glen, NH, from a neurological seizure. He had recently turned 50. Little could either of us have imagined, while discussing his curriculum vitae in preparation for his presentation to last year's OH Winter Reunion, that his bio would be used for his obit.

A celebration of Misha's life was held on the banks of the Saco River and the Jackson Church October 6.

Misha came to the huts in the winter of 1978, to regularly climb with a friend, Eric MacAfee, who was then washing dishes at Pinkham. His involvement with the AMC would continue on and off until his death. Raised in Hawaii and Austria, he bore a lifelong passion for both medicine and mountains. His resume reflects an intimate knowledge and command of both, and includes apprentice, International School of Mountaineering, Leysin, Switzerland; Winter Survival Instructor, German DOD "Special Operations"; Green Beret Medic; Search and Rescue Coordinator, Mount McKinley; Hawaii Ironman finisher; 1986 National Park Service Employee of the Year, for a three day rescue on McKinley; many an AMC rescue (one culminating in his receiving the N.H. Governor's Award for the rescue of climber Hugh Herr); many New England first ascents on ice; and climbs in the Himalayas and other great ranges of the world. He was also a professional athletic trainer, with dual degrees in Biology and Kinesiology.

His remarkable accomplishments were all the more inspiring given his bout with cancer in the 90's, which derailed his pursuit of an MD. After returning to New Hampshire in 1997, he worked for the AMC Education Department, and as a guide, SOLO instructor, and ski patroller. He was working towards a degree in nursing when he died.

Misha was a man of straight-up opinions, delivered with compassion and a helping hand for any and all who

needed one. He was a generous friend to his partner, Patrice Mutchnick and a loving father to his 2 year old daughter, Ella Jaz Mutchnick Kirk. On behalf of her, a fund has been set up in his honor, c/o Jackson Parents Support Group, Box 383, Jackson NH 03846.

Submitted by Stroker Rogovin with help from Patrice Mutchnick

Mark Kingsbury

August 19, 2001, Mark Kingsbury's memorial service was held at the summit of Mount Madison. Those present included Jeff Leich, John Shultz, Ned Baldwin, Doug and Caroline George, Becky Mulkern, Michael and Steve Bridgewater, Bill Barrett, Amos Rogers and Chris Stewart. His friends spent about an hour together on the summit on a blue sky, white cloud day. The following is a brief part of what was said by Chris Stewart.

We're at Madison to remember our friend, Mark Kingsbury. There are hundreds of others who would like to be here with us, but can't. Judging by the e-mails and stories I've read, there are thousands of people who counted on Mark as a true friend. Mark was killed in a motorcycle accident this Memorial Day weekend. It's news that still seems unreal. Different people know Mark from different times in his life. I know him best from the summer of 1969 at Madison Hut.

Mark worked three summers in the huts between his years at the University of New Hampshire — Madison in 1967, Greenleaf in 1968 and Madison again in 1969, as hutmaster. His skiing coach was happy because he believed hut work kept Mark in top shape for the downhill skiing season. His coach was right. Despite his coach's urging, however, Mark didn't carry a 10-pound rock in each hand as a way to strengthen his arms while backpacking supplies to the hut. When you regularly carry 95-100 pounds and more up the Valley Way, rocks aren't necessary.

Our crew in 1969 included Lew McKeon as assistant, Doug George (who

prepared my first mixed drink — a quarter strength cranberry sour), Humpy Damp, Glen Harvey and me. Mark was in charge. At first, I thought he was infallible and I hung on his every word. After a few weeks of working together, I realized how capable he really was. He shrunk from no problem. He rarely lost his poise. He treated everyone fairly. He worked harder than anyone else on the crew — and we all worked hard. And he was very patient with us. He had to be. Everything was new.

It was a busy summer with seemingly endless full houses, and we were short on experience. Happily for the AMC, Mark taught us well. Mark taught me how to tie a load to a packboard so it wouldn't collapse. He showed me the crump spots on the Valley Way. He showed me how to make breakfast for a crowd of 70, measuring and mixing dry ingredients the evening before and cracking eggs — one in each hand — into a small bowl before adding them to the giant mixing bowl. That way, a rotten egg doesn't ruin the whole batch. He taught me about how to work the propane stoves and refrigerator, how to prepare Denver Chocolate Pudding, how to bake bread, how to properly grease my boots, how to clear the water lines, how a toilet works, and — without any fanfare — how to treat other people. And he put up with our endless use of "Also Spake Zarathusa" as the wake-up song on a battery-powered record player we used for reveille. He lead by example, with tolerance and kindness.

As the years passed, we'd hear bits of news. Mark had graduated from UNH and headed West for adventures in skiing. Mark was guiding skiers for Canadian Mountain Holidays out in Banff. Mark was in love, then married, then a father. The news always seemed happy. Mark eventually took over at CMH, the hand-picked successor to the legendary Hans Gmoser. As Jack Tracy wrote on the OH Web site, Mark "was a dynamic figure shaping Canadian Mountain Holidays into the premier, modern back-country HeliSkiing company with few peers..."

I last saw Mark more than 20 years ago at a hut reunion. I don't recall whether it was a get-together in Boston or up at the spring brawl in Jackson. I do remember that Mark smiled and shook his head when he talked about our summer at Madison. "What did you think?" I asked him. "You guys were all so little," he said. "I thought Bruce Sloat was joking — all these little guys assigned to Madison Hut. I didn't know how we'd get through the summer with all the work and packing that had to be done." We got through because of Mark. He will always be in our hearts.

Chris Stewart

Mark Kingsbury Foundation

Over the last few years, Mark Kingsbury spoke often about the environmental, social and economic roles that adventure tourism can and does play in Western Canada. This was not just talk; it was his passionately held belief. He knew that wilderness tourism businesses could achieve success while protecting environmental values; that they could be a source not just of jobs but also of enriching careers; and that they could play many important roles in communities. He was never afraid to take a leadership role to continue to make these goals a reality. In particular, Mark was increasingly concerned about the need to bring solid facts and a sense of reality to the discussions. We would like to announce the Mark Kingsbury Foundation. There are still details to work out but this new foundation will act as a long-term legacy to support Mark's vision and passion. Its purpose is to give support to environmental, tourism and social initiatives throughout British Columbia. Donations to the Mark Kingsbury Foundation can be made payable to: Mark Kingsbury Foundation in Trust and mailed to Borden Ladner Gervais, 1200 Waterfront Centre, Box 48600, 200 Burrard Street, Vancouver, BC, V7X 1T2, Attn W. F. Sirett.

Ike Meredith

Irving "Ike" Meredith of Sandwich, New Hampshire passed away on Oct. 20, 2001 at his home in Sandwich at the age of 80. He was born May 5, 1921 in Boston, Massachusetts, the son of the late Irving and Lois (Woodley) Meredith. He was a graduate of Kimball Union Academy in Meridian, and later attended Boston University and Tufts University, both in Boston.

Ike lived in Milton, Massachusetts, and later moved to Littleton, Massachusetts, where he began an insurance career with Liberty Mutual Insurance Company as an insurance broker. He later worked for the Fred C. Church Insurance Company in Littleton for many years. Later in his career, he moved to Hillsboro, New Hampshire, and eventually retired to his home in Sandwich more than 20 years ago.

During WWII, Ike served his country in the U.S. Army as a sergeant major in the 10th Mountain Division, 87th Infantry. Prior to his military duty in WWII, he worked as hut master at Galehead in 1941. Ike attended many winter and spring reunions and enjoyed driving his four-wheel drive truck to Boston, then back to Sandwich the same night even in the worst winter conditions. He also was a member of the coast guard auxiliary. He was a member and past president of the Sandwich Historical Society, a member of the Sandwich Fair Committee, the St. Andrew's Society of N.H. and Vt., and he volunteered with the N.H. Marine Patrol. He also served as past master of the Pomona Grange of Massachusetts, and was a member of the Masonic Order in Lowell, Massachusetts.

He was predeceased by his first wife, Barbara (Puffer) Meredith, and later his second wife, Nancy (Lear) Meredith. He is survived by his children, Irving P. Meredith of Moultonboro, Willis C. Meredith of Methuen, Massachusetts, and Lois J. Meredith of Concord; and five grandchildren.

Donations in his memory may be made to the New England Ski Museum in Franconia, or St. Margaret's Church in Conway.

Arthur Whitehead, Founder of the Resuscitator

Arthur "Whitey" Whitehead was our oldest OH at 97. He died in Quincy, Massachusetts July 26. He worked at Pinkham from 1922-1927, the same year Joe Dodge arrived and was Joe's partner during the early part of his career. In the fall of 1926, he and Joe rescued the cook from the Glen House, Max Engelhart, who barely survived a snow storm on Mount Washington. The details of their life-saving saga became a chapter in Nick Howe's book *Not Without Peril*. Arthur was the originator of the Resuscitator

which was posted at the Trading Post at Pinkham which answered the most often asked questions such as the distance to the summit of Mount Washington, elevation at Pinkham, number of porcupine noses collected for bounties and other interesting local statistics. His son Don said his father's years in the mountains influenced his life and led to Don's own career in ecology. Arthur worked as an engineer at Pneumatic Corporation in Quincy.



Don Whitehead sent this picture of his father Arthur standing next to Joe Dodge on the front porch of the Ravine House in October 1926 just a few days after their rescue of Max Englehart.

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