

# THE RESUSCITATOR

## The Spirit of Madison Issue

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 Spirit of Madison Campaign from Willy Ashbrook

I THOUGHT you'd be interested in being brought up to date about progress for the Madison rebuilding. Since we started the quiet phase of fundraising towards the million-dollar construction, over a half million dollars has been raised in outright gifts, pledges and commitments from donors who intend to make gifts.

It has been a pleasure talking to OH, AMC members and other interested parties about what Madison Hut has meant to them. Their experiences conjure up fond memories and recollections of staying overnight at the hut, climbing the arduous trails to get there, or revisiting the old stories and shenanigans of being on a summer croo.

Even though I worked at Pinkham in the summer of 1961, I never got to Madison on days off. When I heard from George Hamilton in early spring of 1962, telling me that I had been assigned to the Madison croo, I had no earthly clue what I was in for. I was on the opening croo and little by little I met the rest of the gang: Tony Macmillan, Hutmaster; Pete Trafton, assistant HM; and Chuck Hobbie, Harry Brown and Dave Ingels on croo. Since I had one summer's experience, albeit bull cook at Pinkus, I was dubbed "Senior Peon." For the next three summers, Madison was my home.

While attending my first MMVSP Picnic and Grand Traverse this past summer, I learned that plans were under way to raise the funds to rebuild Madison. After having visited the hut a couple days before, I certainly understood why this was necessary. It was sad to see the deteriorating condition of the AMC's first and most prestigious alpine hut.

Hearing that this reconstruction project was under way, I approached Jim Hamilton and offered to make a cash gift, plus help in reaching out to raise the million dollars required to fund the new hut. "OK", Jim said, "you're the campaign chairman".

It has been a blast working with the AMC on this. It has been wonderful to look up people I've known and haven't talked to in years, sharing our Madison commonalities. Today, my passion for Chez Belle la Madison appears in my dreams. I re-enact pack trips up the Valley Way, Airline, King Ravine trail, and, oh yes, the *Chemin des Dames*. I

**2010  
Save the Dates**

Details to email later and on website

**Spring Reunion  
May 15 at Cabin**

**MMVSP 45th  
Alpine Traverse  
June 29**

**Oktoberfest—CC  
Reunion October 9**

**Fallfest  
Annual Meeting  
November 6**

dream about still being on a croo preparing to feed and clean up after a full house. Working for the AMC Hut System is one of the best life experiences imaginable and it is our responsibility to continue to leave a legacy for guests and croos to come. This means that huts our croos work in, and guests spend good money to enjoy, should be in good, up-to-date condition. Since my last trip up the Valley Way took four hours, all I can do today is volunteer my time, treasure, and talent. Please join us.

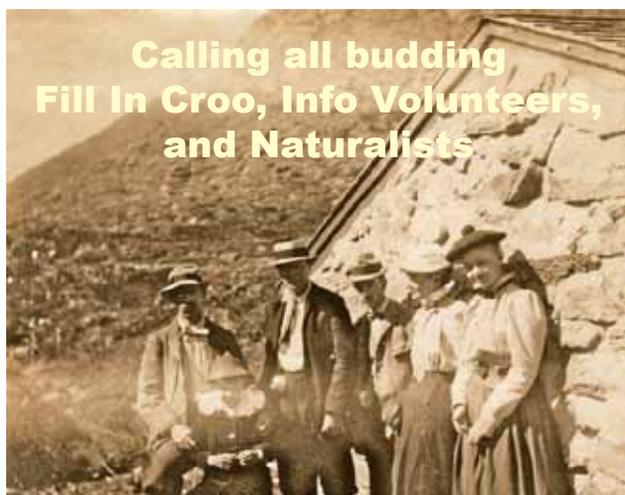
Who would have thought we would raise more than \$550,000 toward the million-dollar goal during 2009, and that that more than two-thirds of this amount would

[www.ohcroo.com](http://www.ohcroo.com) for current news

Continued on page 2

come from OH? But we still need an additional \$450,000 to be in hand by the first of June. Construction materials have to be ordered well in advance of the start date of September 1. There are several ways to structure gifts, which Jim and I will be eager to discuss with you. Though all gifts count, the leadership gifts for naming opportunities got us to the first half million, and we'll need more of them to keep us on this fall's construction schedule. One named gift will include all gifts given for the kitchen, which will be named in honor of Tony Macmillan and the MMVSP. Jim Hamilton can be reached at 617-391-6585 or [jhamilton@outdoors.org](mailto:jhamilton@outdoors.org), or you can contact me at 817-454-5602 or [wbashbrook@verizon.net](mailto:wbashbrook@verizon.net).

Also check the website [www.outdoors.org/madison](http://www.outdoors.org/madison).



**Calling all budding  
Fill In Croo, Info Volunteers,  
and Naturalists**

From the Cog Hardenbergh family album donated to the OHA by his family

FOR the past years, hut summer croos get two weekends off; one is Madfest when all the croos descend on Madison on a Monday night around July 19; the other is a random weekend. On both occasions, the huts need to be staffed by experienced fill in croo. For years, these staff positions have been capably filled by returning OH, AMC Info Volunteers, and AMC office staff.

For this summer, around one hundred OH answered the call for fill in positions, but, unfortunately, there are not as many hut billets for those OH interested in filling them.

The solution is to consider helping out in several other necessary volunteer positions: Info Volunteer and Naturalists. These two positions require a spring orientation held at Pinkham. Info Volunteers are required to spend a day in a hut meeting guests, selling over-the-counter items such as shirts and maps, and dispensing accurate trail information. Naturalists lead after-dinner tours around the huts and are familiar with the ecosystems, plants, and animals (Gaboons, Dingmauls and Side Hill Gougiers may or may not be included).

One of the advantages to helping while croos are in the

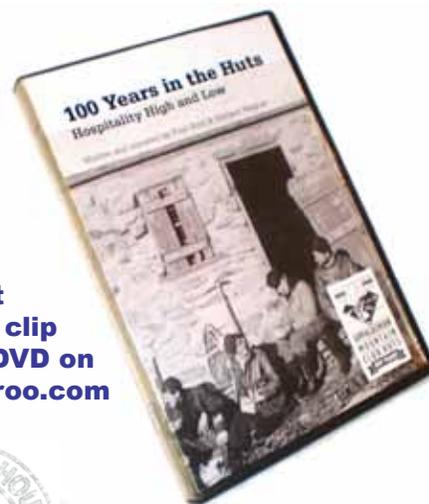
hut is to get to know the current croos better while they are working. They will benefit by some of your experience, as well as you learning a bit about what makes them tick.

If interested call Nancy Ritger at 603 466 2721 x 8106 [nritger@outdoors.org](mailto:nritger@outdoors.org) for the Naturalist Program and schedule or Molly Meserve at 8145 [mmeserve@outdoors.org](mailto:mmeserve@outdoors.org) for the Info Volunteer schedule. There is a modest fee for the orientation, which includes room and board, but well worth it from what you will learn.

## 100 Years in the Huts Centennial Celebration video now available in DVD format

THE acclaimed celebration of the huts hundredth anniversary held under a big top tent in June 4, 1988 might be remembered by those who attended as one the all-time events of the OHA's storied seventy-six history. The original presentation was entirely produced by OH from the collection of slides and prints, the editing, the writing of the program, and the narration. Thanks to Dawson Winch for collecting thousands of pictures from OH and AMC archives; Mark Hitchcock for the selection of his slides, the superb editing of them and mixing the soundtrack; and the team of Barbara Wagner and Fred Stott for the professional script and narration on that beautiful day in the Glen House field. Dave Huntley provided all the post production services to transfer the program to video. It was a labor of love.

For those of us who missed the program or would like to relive it, Dave Huntley has again stepped up and created a DVD from the original video master nicely packaged in an Emily Kathan-designed case. Every copy brought to the November reunion was sold out by night's end. This timeless treasure of our colorful past is yours for \$10 plus \$4 shipping by ordering directly from OHA, 245 Water Row, Sudbury,



**Check out  
the photo clip  
from the DVD on  
[www.ohcroo.com](http://www.ohcroo.com)**



# MADISON AS IT WAS, SUMMER 1949-1950

By Larry Eldredge



Left to right: Larry Eldredge, Pete Harris, Roger Caulkins, and Andy Macmillan.  
Photo from OH/AMC archives.

THE only place to begin to understand Madison as it was then, and probably from the time of the fire, is with the water system. Imagine, if you will, a cellar below the kitchen. It wasn't an actual dug cellar, as in an ordinary house; rather it was the space left after the floor of the hut had been cantilevered from the rocks above it. It had a door that led directly to the outdoors, a pie chest known as the Gorm Line, and six or eight (memory fails, as it often does) cylindrical tanks made of steel and lined with zinc. These were connected to each other by a series of pipes, such that when one was full the incoming water automatically shifted to the next, and then to the next, and so on until all were full. At that point Joe Dodge, as if by magic, managed the impossible: He made water run uphill.

The complex set-up he devised worked by air pressure in each tank. This pressure was established during opening (and topped up continually throughout the summer) with a small electric motor that sat among the overhead beams. Starting up the pressure and its water went something like this: Crank up the water pump to fill the cylinders and at the same time start up the generator to run the electric motor. The electric motor pumped air into the tanks as the water went in (do try and keep up) until there was a proper balance of water to air pressure. We knew when this state was reached first by noting the water level on the tank gauge and second by looking at an air pressure dial just over the kitchen sink. Once the water had reached a certain level, about three quarters of the way up the tank, and the air pressure was satisfactory (again a memory failure-I no longer know how much pressure was satisfactory), then we could shut down the electric motor, the generator, and the water pump. And the up-hill delivery of water was assured. But only up to a point.

You can imagine morning with a capacity crowd, everyone (well, nearly) hitting the crappers and the sinks at the same time, not to mention the water needed for cereal and coffee and all that. Close watch had to be kept on the pressure gauge, and when it went down someone had to dash out to the pump house and "hit" the pump. And keep watch so that once the pressure had returned to the desired level, the pump could be shut off. All this took constant vigilance-and lots of running to and fro-and if we missed the moment, we lost the pressure and had to start over. The crew, not wanting to put more stress on the system than necessary, usually had their first morning pee out behind Madison Number 2, since then demolished.

Now that the water system is thoroughly understood, let's move onto the hut itself. Madison was built in a cruciform shape, much like a church. The goof room-where we served the meals and the goofers sat around-corresponded to the nave; the kitchen to the church porch; the two bunk rooms to the transepts, and the crappers to the apse. Between the nave and the porch, there was a chimney that didn't correspond with any bit of church architecture I know of; and both early and late in the season, when the goofers were fewer, there was a barrel stove that fed smoke into the chimney. And I grant that although we all felt a certain reverence toward the hills (we never called them the Whites in that distant past), the ecclesiastical imagery is just for convenience-no doctrine implied.

There were also little projections that didn't correspond to any other architectural feature of a church. There was a hallway at the entrance door on the south side of the hut, just in the arm pit of the south transept, with a two-door arrangement. This was designed, I guess, to keep the weather at bay; once through the outside door, the goofer was expected to shut it before opening the inside door. The arrangement, however, broke down when more than one goofer arrived at the same time. And the camps of kids usually trooped in all together, letting the weather in with them. The other little projection was off the kitchen on the north side of the hut. This bit, no wider than the kitchen, contained the back door, the cellar door, and the crew room. The crew room had two double bunks in it, at right angles to each other, with a shelf projecting into the room to make way for the cellar stairs on the other side of the wall.

Ah, but the crew room would hold only four hutmen, while the usual component during 1949-50 was five. This meant that the last hutman to arrive that summer had to sleep in the poop-deck, amid all the staple supplies for the summer: the cans, the boxes, the bags, the barrels, the extra blankets, the extra mattresses, and all that sort of thing. Where the cellar had an actual door and a proper set of steps, the only access to the poop deck was a vertical ladder that went up beside the chimney to a hole in the ceiling. The ladder was made from two vertical two-by-fours with rungs, made from 3/4 stock at the appropriate intervals.

The kitchen had a broad window over the sinks at the west end of the hut, so the dishwasher could see the sunsets as he washed, and another on the south side over the stove. The stove consisted of an old-fashioned but otherwise normal stove, with



four burners and a two-shelf oven, along with a second row of burners built on a wooden shelf. All these burners burned bottled gas which came in metal tanks, known as goofer bombs. Each tank weighed about 50 pounds, and we (and the donkeys) had to pack a good many of them up the Valley Way to keep the stoves burning and the food coming. In the middle of the room was a largish table known as the piano (don't ask), with three bins on the stove side, one each for flour, sugar, and powdered milk called Klim; shelves for pots and pans on the opposite side; a knife rack on the side nearest the chimney; and a couple of smaller shelves above for cooking utensils and smaller stuff like that. There was also a table against the north wall, useful for feeding the crew, playing cards or chess or checkers or writing a letter.

As I recall, the goofer room, the nave, was sparsely furnished—four or six tables arranged in two rows, with benches for the goofers to sit on as they ate or read or played checkers or chess or cards. Once the chores were done in the evening, we used to sit with the goofers and spin yarns with occasional bits of useful information included. How the goofers distinguished the one from the other I do not know, but I hope they managed and did not fall over the edge of King Ravine.

The bunkrooms, the transepts, were furnished with old navy bunk beds, with a stack of three beds fastened to two pipes such that any two pipes held six bunks, three on each side. Vertically this posed a problem: it was impossible to sit up in bed unless you were on the top bunk. In the morning the goofer just had to roll out onto the floor as best he could. I can't remember how many bunks we had altogether, but the right transept had more than the left so we could adjust the assignment of gender according to the number of male and female goofers. Each bunk had a thin mattress and three blankets, and if you knew how you could make a warm and comfortable bed with just those three: one folded length-wise on the bottom between whose folds you slept, one folded length-wise on top of that for warmth, and one unfolded tucked in on three sides to keep the whole thing intact until morning.

The crappers, the apse, were basic: a couple of stalls and a couple of sinks, with the goofers expected to take turns at each and not too much time at either. There must have been a leach field somewhere, but I never knew where. I hope below the point in the Snyder Brook where we took the drinking water.

So much for the inside. Outside the hut was much as it appears today (i.e., 2010, for it will change soon): small boulders and largish stones cemented together, a generous arrangement of metal window frames with glass windows, and a shingled roof. The roof required special attention. Ordinary shingles, laid in overlapping rows, would have either blown off in a high wind or suffered from ice sliding up underneath, melting in a thaw, and letting water leak down into the hut. The solution, applied pretty much to every hut, was to lay sheets of roofing felt (i.e., rolls of stuff with small pebbles that looked like ordinary shingles but came in a longish roll instead of discreet pieces). This felt was pasted down all over, not just at the edges, with roofing tar,

for which we had an unrepeatable slang term, and then carefully trampled into place, so that there were no air pockets left between the planks of the roof and the felt. The roofing crew used to dance in a line across a newly laid roll of felt, just to be sure there was enough pressure to eliminate any potential pockets. If there had been any, the roofing would have responded to the pressure of a high wind by lifting off and tearing. Naturally, there were no roofing nails to hold the felt in place either, for these too would have created a chance for the wind and snow to do their damage.

I don't imagine that the routine we followed back in the Dark Ages differed all that much from that followed today. We got up around 6:00 a.m., made the breakfast and fed ourselves and the goofers, took in the money, gave them their trail lunches, and sent them on their way. Then we did the breakfast dishes and cleaned the hut, usually cursing last night's goofers for their failure to fold the blankets properly. At that point most of the crew went down the mountain to pack up the day's fresh food and other supplies, and the cook was left on his own to wash the kitchen floor and get the dinner ready. We seldom served lunch, for all the goofers were out hiking, and the crew was down the mountain, so the cook could make himself a bowl of soup without interrupting the routine by much. And of course he had to hit the pump from time to time.

By mid-afternoon most of the packers had come back and goofers were starting to arrive. We hit the pump and served tea or cocoa as the goofer wanted and had each one register on a blue card—the card recorded how many in the party, how many meals, how many trail lunches, how many bunks—and there were places for us to add the prices. After hitting the pump we served dinner at around 6:00 p.m., which usually pleased the goofers, for hunger is the best sauce. When it got dark we turned on the generator and made trail lunches, and at 10:00 p.m. or thereabouts we shut down the generator and went to bed. And for what followed in the morning, see the preceding paragraph.

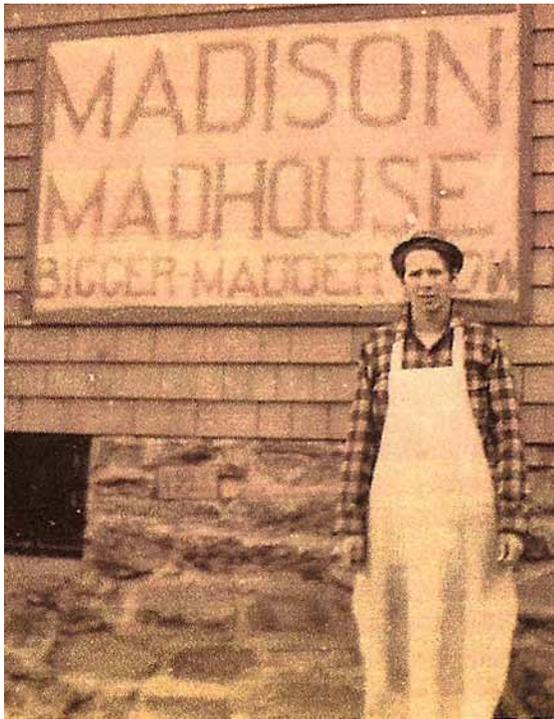
And apart from stories, instances, exaggerations, plain tales from the hills, Side-Hill Gougers, Green-Whiskered Come-at-a-Bodies—that was about it. And I've always found it difficult to convince goofers I encounter now just what glorious summers those were. They can't seem to get their heads round how we could work so hard and still have such fun that we couldn't wait to come back again the following summer. And—at least in my case—to wish that time would cease, eternal summer would prevail, Joe would achieve immortality, and I would be the everlasting hutman.

*Larry Eldredge taught medieval literature and history for twenty years at the University of Ottawa. Larry and his wife retired in 1988 and moved to Oxford University where he lectures on Latin literature of medieval Europe. His articles on Lakes and chickens have appeared in past Resuscitators.*



# 1942 Madison and Moose Damp

by Ted Brinton



Ted Brinton photo standing in front of Madhouse banner after the hut was rebuilt.

ONCE a season Joe Dodge led girls from Camp Mudjekeewees through the huts, and of course we had to have a particularly good dinner the night they stayed with us. For desert we served vanilla ice cream packed up that day and topped it with chocolate sauce. Hutmaster Ed “Moose” Damp made a special sundae for Joe; instead of ice cream, he put a scoop of lard under the chocolate topping. The crew waited anxiously in the kitchen for the expected explosion, but no, Joe ate it all without comment. The explosion came the next morning, probably to Joe’s innards, and with an outward force with us the recipients as Joe unleashed his extensive vocabulary, ordering a couple of weeks of extra packing, repairs, cleaning, and no days off.

Our supplies were kept in the Ravine House barn, and we would take great delight in building massive goofer packs. A goofer pack consisted of very bulky light weight items such as a case of eggs topped with a couple of cases of bread, which looked like you were carrying a king-size refrigerator. Total weight was possibly 40 pounds. With this display we would be sure to start out casually in front of the Ravine House porch, which would bring out the photographers in a force equivalent to a visit by a presidential candidate. If the

day’s carry was several cases of soup and canned goods, small in bulk but with a weight of 60 to 70 pounds, one circumvented the rocking-chair crowd. The pack up the Valley Way was always a grind. Moose always carried the heaviest loads, generally weighing more than 60 pounds. He most always took along a long black cigar and a newspaper. When he approached climbers going up, or heard a group descending, he would light up the cigar, begin reading the newspaper held wide open with both hands, and step up the pace in an apparent effortless manner, but easily passed the climbers going up. I’m sure he appeared in many photograph albums of visitors to the White Mountains.

We had a “kitty” container with a prominent message attached “donations welcome.” At the end of the season, I fully expected this to be divided up among the crew. Moose had a different view. He declared one hundred percent of the kitty would be spent on booze. So a few days before we split up to go home, Moose and I went to the Gorham liquor store and bought one bottle of just about every type of hard liquor they had on the shelves—scotch, bourbon, rum, gin, sloe gin, vodka, tequila, aquavit, etc.—total weight 40 pounds to be packed up to Madison. My experience with alcohol was nearly zero, and this initiation was devastating. It was reported that a few late season guests never got fed, and they claimed that four totally drunk men were observed playing follow the leader on their hands and knees around Star Lake.

Fortunately, after approximately six decades, the huts began focusing on stewardship of the environment and care of the trail system. The challenges of who could carry the heaviest load or make the best time up and down the mountain appear to be giving way to how to walk gently on the earth. Today’s menus at Madison might be standard fare, but the experience of the high huts remains well worth the struggle up the century-old Valley way. But watch out if you’re served ice cream sundaes.

*From Ted Brinton’s “One Old Hutman’s Tale” article, published in the September 15, 2006 in Mountain View newsletter for the Randolph, New Hampshire community, published by the Randolph Foundation. Ted worked at Madison during the summer of 1942.*

**The Madison croo pictures project is missing these years: 1943, 1946, 1947, 1954, 1955, 1957, 1958, 1959, 1960, 1961, 1994, 1995, 1997, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2005. Photos should be sent directly to Sally Dinsmore, 512 North Road, Shelburne, NH 03581 or email Sally, but check with her first about size of the file. [sallydinsmore@hotmail.com](mailto:sallydinsmore@hotmail.com)**



# Who's Your Daddy? A Mizpah Raid

By Nathaniel Blauss

ONE Wednesday of the 2006 summer season, we had OH Willy Ashbrook spend a night at Madison. He had worked here for three years, from 1962 to 1964, and then moved over to Mizpah in 1965 to be the first hutmaster there. Willy, who was hiking with his sister Cia, seemed excited to be back, so we asked him to do an impromptu “Huts —Then and Now” talk. It ended up just being Beth Weick and me talking with Willy about Madison and Mizpah and how much weight they used to pack (his heaviest load at Madison was 185 pounds, Mizpah 207 pounds).

We got the five-minute warning for lights out, and Beth asked if he had any good raiding stories before we headed for bed. That's when Willy made the suggestion: Why not raid that night? My tally for the day so far was: Miles hiked, 7.4; hours since bed, 15. With complete allegiance to poor decisions, we said yes. We got down to the Valley Way around 11:30 p.m. (12.2 miles, 17 hours), jumped into my car, and were off. Got to the Highland Center around midnight and started up the Crawford Path. We didn't make it to Mizpah until 2 a.m. (14.9 miles, 19.5 hours).

We snuck in and had an ugly shock. Almost everything they had was gone! We managed to grab one sign, but as we attempted to remove the next one, the croo woke up. Off for the woods! With two signs hidden, we regrouped and headed back in to give a gift of beer and learned that they had just been raided about two hours before by the Lakes croo.

So here's the situation: Beth and I had a 60-year-old OH on our hands who wasn't gonna make it back up the Valley Way to Madison, where he left his sister Cia and backpack. My car, unlocked—with my wallet visible on the front seat and my keys in the glove compartment—was parked down at the Highland Center. We were tired, but we had nothing to show for it. So...

We decided to leave Willy at Mizpah to sleep while we headed for Madison over the ridge with a stop at Lakes. We left Mizpah at 2:50 a.m. (14.9 miles, 20.5 hours) knowing we would have to make good time or someone would be awake at Lakes and foil our plan. We flew. On Franklin we had a HUGE scare when a light started coming down the path toward us. Someone from Lakes dropped something in their raid and was coming back to find it?

No—just Taylor, our assistant hutmaster. Taylor was doing a hut traverse and was fairly surprised to see us. He said we were crazy. By the time we got to Lakes, it was 4:15 a.m. (19.7 miles, 22 hours), and the sky was light enough to see without headlamps. We raided Lakes successfully. It was simple enough, since they left everything they stole in the dining room. We woke them up to a croaky version of “Here Comes the Sun,” told our story—a few complained—and ran. It was 4:30 a.m., and we wanted to be back to our hut for social

call on the radio at 8:00 a.m. when we would subtly say, “We raided you last night,” so that everyone in the hut system would know.

We saw sunrise between Washington and Clay (indescribable) and booked it. Headed around Jefferson at 6:05 a.m. We were going to make social call all right. Could we make breakfast? As we sprinted up to Thunderstorm Junction, exhausted, knees aching, I hugged the cairn, and we ran. We ran, ran, ran around Adams and down to the hut. Made it back at 6:58 a.m.—just in time to help serve breakfast (26.5 miles and 25.5 hours since I'd last slept).

On social call we told Mizpah that we had recovered a few items that they had declared missing, and a guy from Lakes—every hut hears all social calls—said, “I used to think Lakes was the best hut, but last night I think we got shown that Madison is our Daddy!”

Of course we still had a few problems. First Willy was still at Mizpah, but his pack and Cia were here. Second, my car was at the Highland Center with my readily visible wallet and my keys still in the glove box.

During radio call, Willy agreed to meet us at the Highland Center. So off we went again. We got to the bottom of the Valley Way at 11:30 a.m. (30.3 miles, 29 hours), Beth carrying snacks and water, and me carrying Willy's pack. We chauffeured Cia to the Highland Center, met Willy, said our goodbyes, dove into our car, and flew up the Valley Way, making it back about 2:30 p.m.

Final tallies? 34.1 miles over 32 hours without sleep. We raided Mizpah with Willy, its original hutmaster, anti-raided a 60-year-old OH, (Beth, I'm not sure what anti-raided a 60-year OH means, please explain) hit two huts, made it from Mizpah to Madison while raiding Lakes in FOUR HOURS, and acquired three signs, a ten-pound bell, and a wooden cross-country ski. Oh, and Lakes called Madison its Daddy!

That's the story.

*Nathaniel Blauss worked in the huts four-and-a-half seasons between 2005 and 2007, followed by stints with the AMC Construction Crew. He is best known for early morning guitar wake-ups and a particular pair of purple pants. After spending the past two years with the Chewonki Foundation in Maine, he is wintering over in Hanson, MA.*

*Beth Weick worked seven seasons in the huts between 2004-2009. Despite her conspicuous position as a diminutive vegan, she was slapped in the face with real bacon on merely one occasion. Currently residing in Dorchester, NH, she lives and works at D Acres Farm where five-star living accommodations include a three-story silo and abundant quantities of kale.*



## In Memoriam

**Dr. Ricardo Presnell**, 51, died in a Utah avalanche on Wednesday, January 27, 2010. Ricardo's loving wife of 21 years, Caroline Kroko, brother Craig, and his family of friends from around the world know that he was living life big and doing what he loved. Ricardo was a man who brought people together: a man of great passion, compassion and boundless love.

Ricardo was a world-renowned Economic Geologist with more than 25 years of experience in mineral exploration. A native of Massachusetts, he went to Middlebury College, earned a master's degree at the University of Michigan, and attended the University of Utah for a Ph.D. He was a Councilor for the Society of Economic Geologist (SEG) and the Society of Applied Geologists (SGA), and an Associate Editor for *Geosphere*.

Ricardo's passing is a loss not only to his family and many friends but also to the mineral exploration community. He will not be forgotten.

In lieu of gifts, the family of Ricardo Presnell asks that donations be made to a scholarship fund for University of Utah minority students studying science. It was established by Full Metal Minerals, the company where Presnell was chief geologist. Send donations to: The Dr. Ricardo Davis Presnell Memorial Scholarship Fund, Suite 1500, 409 Granville Street, Vancouver, B.C., Canada, V6C1T2.

**Doug George**, 57, died Thursday, Dec. 17, 2009, at his home in Dover, while in the company of his loving and devoted family. He succumbed after a challenging three-year battle with cancer.

Doug was born in Concord, the first child of Morton Minot George and Norma (Badger) George. He attended local schools, graduating from Concord High in 1970. Doug then attended Syracuse University and the University of New Hampshire, graduating from UNH in 1975 with a degree in resource management.

As a child, Doug attended Camp Mowglis on Newfound Lake and became a life-long member of the Appalachian Mountain Club. Doug was an assistant hutmaster and hutmaster at Greenleaf and Madison huts and manager of the Tuckerman Ravine shelter.

On Oct. 16, 1976, Doug married Caroline Edgerton. As a family they traveled to many interesting destinations and enjoyed several cruises. Doug also enjoyed hiking, bicycle riding, skiing, cooking, fine wine, his restored MG, and the cabin.

While working as a realtor for Hamel Real Estate in Chocorua in 1977, Doug and Caroline built their first house. In 1979 they moved to Dover, and founded Conserve Associates, later renamed Doug George Homes. Doug built nearly 100 high-quality, energy-efficient homes, becoming recognized nationally and internationally as a leader in the movement to conserve energy in well-built homes. He was known to all who worked with him as a stickler for detail and quality. These homes will be a lasting memorial to Doug's ingenuity and attention to detail.

Doug is survived by his wife of 33 years, Caroline; their two sons, Matthew Robert and Andrew Edgerton; his mother; and his three sisters.

**Alan Rimm-Kaufman** died from leukemia on Saturday, July 18, 2009, at age 41. He is survived by his wife and two children. He worked for the AMC for four years, at Pinkham, Galehead and Camp Dodge, and on Trail Crew.

Alan was born in 1968 in Boston, to Essie and Norman Kaufman. After growing up in Newton, Massachusetts, Alan graduated with a degree in Applied Mathematics from Yale University in 1991 and a Ph.D. in Operations Research from Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Sloan School of Management, in 1996.

Alan moved to Virginia in 1996, beginning with a job at Signet Bank in Richmond, and then working as Vice President of Marketing at Crutchfield Corporation. He began his own company, the Rimm-Kaufman Group, in 2003, and served as President and CEO until his death. He was also a Visiting Professor in the Darden Graduate School of Business Administration and a Fellow at the Center for Management of Information Technology at the McIntire School of Commerce - University of Virginia.

In lieu of flowers, the family requests that donations be made to the Alan Rimm-Kaufman Legacy Fund, CBI Preschool, 301 East Jefferson Street, Charlottesville, VA, 22902. Donations may be made online at CBI Preschool's website. The family also hopes that individuals will consider regular blood donations and will join the national bone marrow registry at [www.marrows.org](http://www.marrows.org).

**Carolyn "Cary" Girod**, a 31-year-old Cambridge, MA, resident and math teacher at Buckingham Browne & Nichols, died July 6, 2009, from injuries after being struck by a van while riding her bicycle down State Route 105 in Washington state. Prior to teaching at Buckingham Browne and Nichols, Girod taught mathematics and environmental science for two years at

the Lawrenceville School in New Jersey. She received her bachelor's degree from the University of Chicago and her master's degree from the University of New Hampshire, where she worked for the Outward Bound program. Cary worked at Lakes in 1998, 1999 and 2000.

**Henry "Pete" Harris**, 79, of Needham, passed away on May 3, 2009 after a lifelong struggle with COPD, in his home in his sleep. He was employed by the U.S. Postal service for 30 years and retired in 1992. Henry was born and raised in Winchester, MA, and was a graduate of Kimball Union High School in New Hampshire. He continued his education for two more years at Nichols Collage in Dudley, MA, before enlisting in the U.S. Army, where he spent two years in the Korean Campaign and was awarded the Purple Heart. Upon discharge, Henry completed his Bachelor of Science degree in business administration from Boston University. He worked in the private sector before joining the Postal Service in the 1960s.

Henry had a fond love for the North Woods and the mountains that he, throughout his life, shared with family and friends. He spent four summers working for the Appalachian Mountain Club, at Pinkham, Tuckermans and Madison. He was a life-long member of the Appalachian Mountain Club. Henry spent most of his life summering on the Great East Lake in Maine/NH. He loved nothing more than being with his family on the lake. He water skied up until 70 years of age. Beside his wife, Janet, he is survived by his brother Robert B. Harris of Dover, NH. Henry had six children, 15 grandchildren, and many nieces and nephews.

**Charles "Chuck" Henry Rowan**, of Boulder Colorado, passed away Saturday, April 18, 2009. Originally from Fitchburg, MA, he was 83. He is survived by his son, Mark Rowan, and daughter, Lori Hansen—both residing in Colorado—and three sisters. Chuck spent time in the White Mountains in the late '40s and then again in the early '50s. In September 2005, he made it back for a last trip, traveling with Doug Hotchkiss, who lovingly took him in hand.

Chuck lived a colorful, adventurous and fabulous life, more than 50 years of it with his beloved wife, Suzanne, who passed in 2006. Their life together was like a fairytale; they were very much in love, constant companions and true adventurers. They traveled the world together, skiing, surfing, waterskiing, hiking, trekking, and dancing along the way. Chuck's last big trip was in August 2007 with his daughter. He skied for the last time in Portillo, Chile,



where Suzanne and he had skied more than a half century before, and he finally got to visit Easter Island, one of the last places on this earth he had not been.

Chuck's favorite places in the world were San Onofre, California (surfing), Alta, Utah (skiing), Lake Powell, Utah (waterskiing and exploring), and the White Mountains (hiking and being a hutman). He is sorely missed, but ah, what a life! We should all be so lucky!

**William S. Ashbrook Jr., "El Wacko,"** 87, died March 31, 2009, at his retirement community in Denver. He was born in Philadelphia, PA, on January 28, 1922, and graduated from the University of Pennsylvania and Harvard University with degrees in English literature. He worked at Pinkham in 1939, Lonesome in 1940, Carter in 1941, and Zealand in 1942 with his wife, Florence "Kitten," where they spent their honeymoon after being driven to the trailhead by Dick Trefry. Joe Dodge nicknamed him "El Wacko" after some antics he staged while working at Pinkham. He enlisted in the army on October 5, 1942 and joined the 87th Mountain Infantry Regiment, eventually serving with the 87th Service Company. He took part in the amphibious invasion of Kiska Island in the Aleutians off the Alaskan mainland, and then returned to Camp Swift before being deployed to fight in Italy in January 1945. During combat operations in Italy, he received the Bronze Star.

He taught humanities at Stephens College and English literature at Indiana State University, and was Professor of Opera at the Philadelphia College of Performing Arts before returning to Indiana State as Emeritus Professor. He became a world-class opera scholar and published three books on the subject, co-authored another, and was a contributor and editor of academic journals. He also translated operas from French and Italian. A fitting climax to his prolific career was having an international conference in 2002 dedicated to him and his work.

He leaves his son, Willy Ashbrook III; a daughter, Cia Wenzel; five grandchildren; and 10 great grandchildren. Services were held at Parkplace for family and friends. Memorial donations may be made to Opera Colorado on line, or by mail to 695 South Colorado Blvd., Suite 20, Denver, CO 80246, or to the Metropolitan Opera Company.

## Gormings

**KUDOS** to **Nancy Ritger**, this year's Joe Dodge Award recipient at the AMC annual meeting January 30th. In the citation listing her accomplishments in the spirit of Joe, she was singled out for her gifted management of the naturalist program since 1984, sharing her knowledge of alpine flora, fauna, and creatures with thousands of members, seniors, students and hut croos. A gifted athlete as well as naturalist, Nancy lives in Bartlett with her husband, **Mark Dinsdorf**.

**Gerry Whiting** stepped down as Special Operations Director of the Maine Woods Initiative for the AMC in December after seven years. His superb efforts on behalf of the Club's purchase of two large parcels of land near the 100-Mile Wilderness and the AT were recognized on two AMC occasions, one in September at Little Lyford Pond Camps and the other in Concord, MA. Just last month, an informal group of Maine OH got together at **John and Sue Gross'** house in Winthrop, ME, welcoming Gerry into the ranks of the retired. Though now left to pursue home projects and help out his son-in-law, he will help lead the OH ski trip in February.

The AMC Board of Directors welcomed new member **Ellen Hartwell Blais** to their January meeting. Wife of **Bill Blais** and mother of **Henry**, who worked at Pinkham this summer, Ellen brings her impressive banking and non-profit experience to the board. She joins Special OH **Nelson Obus** on the board.

Also at the AMC annual meeting, as the after-dinner speaker, was author **Jon Waterman**, who has written about his travels in the Alaskan Arctic Refuge. After the interesting talk, he caught up with old friends **Tim Trevor** and **Jack Tracy**.

**Willy Ashbrook** not only threw his hat into the ring as campaign chair for Madison, but also joined the AMC Board of Advisors. Willy is also on the Development Committee. On the Advisors, he joins fellow OH **Sandy Saunders**, **Dave Warren**, **Andy McLane** and **Tom Deans**.

At the OH annual meeting, **Catherine Amidon** spoke to us about the upcoming 2011 centennial celebration of the Weeks Act. She teaches at Plymouth State University and is researching starting a White Mountain museum.

**Lindsay Bourgoine** is the new AMC Maine Policy Associate assisting **J. Bryan Wentzel** working out of the Portland office. Lindsay spent four years in the huts, has climbed Katahdin a dozen times in the winter, and is a native of Readville, ME.

**Ashley Tetu** is working at the AMC Cardigan Lodge this winter. She worked at Lakes, Galehead and the Storehouse before joining **Dave Herring** at Maine Huts and Trails.

**Steve Rushmore** relocated from the Boston area to Rye, NY, with wife Kristin and their 3-year-old daughter. His Madison cooking experience led to a career consulting in the global hotel business. Check out Roadfood.com, his personal award-winning website created in 2000 to finding the most memorable local eateries along highways and back roads of America. It was awarded Forbes magazine's prestigious "Web Site of the Year."

**Dave Fonseca** is just getting back on his feet after a hip replacement and surgery for carpal tunnel. He has had to move to a one-level housing situation, as well as level ground, but this gives him better mobility. He has been working on an upcoming article for this fine publication about the over-snow vehicle the M-29 Weasel. Joe Dodge purchased one in 1953 and there will be more on this to come. He included in his update an article out of the University of Albany that read, "Professor Kenneth L. Demejian, who specializes in air quality research, was named the Ray Falconer Endowed Chair in atmospheric sciences. The Falconer endowment stands at \$1.5M and came through a bequest from Gertrude Thompson, a retired psychologist who owned a camp in the Adirondacks and who passed in 1997 at age 90. She often attended a lecture series organized by Falconer (who was then a UAlbany meteorologist at the Whiteface Mountain Field Station). Demejian is director of the Atmospheric Sciences Research Center at UAlbany's Dept. of Earth and Atmospheric Science. He has been at UAlbany for 21 years.

**Barbara Ricker** has settled in Bucks County, PA, right on the Delaware River Canal where she can canoe and bike on the towpath from her doorstep. She welcomes OH visitors and pleads, "Don't let our guest rooms go to waste!"

**Bob Proudman** is still healthy, happy and adventuresome at 61. He resides in Shepardstown, WV.

**Jack Middleton** enjoyed a nice reunion this summer with **Brooks and Petie Van Everan**, **Nan Everson**, and **Ginny Hastings**. He often visits **George Hamilton**, who is in the Veterans Building in Tilton, NH, and encourages other OH to drop George a visit. We heard he attended the Highland Games.

**Brooks Van Everan** shared a copy of a letter he mailed to his grandson Kirk, who was starting West Point in 2007. Brooks had been encouraged to write the young cadet about facing new challenges, which



reminded Brooks of his first solo hut experience as a frightened 16-year-old at Carter. An excerpt is summarized as follows: "I was awakened by loud chewing noises coming from the nearby kitchen. It seemed that a very large porcupine had come in the door and was busy chewing on some of the exposed kitchen supports. I had never seen a porcupine, [and] had some crazy ideas that porcupines could "shoot" their quills great distances. I couldn't move him by pushing him with a broom, so I got a pack rope around him and tried to pull him toward the door. But this was not working. He was strong and very stubborn. Hours passed with this stupid struggle. Eventually, I threw the rope over a beam and hung the porcupine." Brooks went on to run Lakes in 1953; volunteered to be drafted in 1954 to serve in Korea after the conflict; married Petie in 1957, who had worked at Pinkham and ran Zealand with her for two summers; turned his academic career around by getting his BA, MA and PhD in history; and spent his career as a history professor.

**Amory Lovins** and his 90 colleagues at Rocky Mountain Institute ([www.rmi.org](http://www.rmi.org)) and busy reinventing fire mapping and driving the profitable transition from oil and coal to efficiency and renewables. Amory just co-keynoted the Ninth Wilderness Congress ("Wild") in Mrida, Yucatan. He and his wife, Judy, are ripening banana crops in their newly renovated passive-solar banana farm in Old Snowmass, CO. They recently visited their orange swinger buddies in Borneo. Go to [ted.com](http://ted.com) and view the "Willie Smits restores a rainforest." clip.

**Bob Cary** is close to full retirement and is looking forward to more time for worldwide travel, skiing, and, of course, hiking in the Whites! He writes, "Life is good. Still think a lot about my days humping loads up the Valley way to Madison and from the top of the rockpile down to Lakes. Best to all."

**Candice "Corc" Raines** in celebrating her 25th anniversary as Director/owner of the Roaring Brook Camp for boys in Bradford, VT. She again represented the U.S. at the World Ski-O Championships in Hokkaido, Japan last winter and was ranked 14th in the U.S. in target archery. She continues as a professor of adventure recreation at Green Mountain College and credits her time as a ridgerunner and hut croo as leading to her career and degrees in the outdoors. Say hello when you ski in Tucks this spring, as she's one of the ski patrol!

**Pete and Suzanne Madeira** are just back from a month-long visit with family in Luxembourg —daughter Heather, son-in-law Leanni, and granddaughters Hannah and Charlotte. We visited Dusseldorf and Trier, Germany and went to Pont-du-gard and Abbey St. Michel in the south of France.

They are already planning their next ski and hike trip in the Vosges Mountains in Alsace-Lorraine.

**Bill Hoffman and Silke** still spend their summers in Sandwich, NH, where they enjoy hiking, swimming and blueberry picking. The rest of the year Bill works on new infra-red astronomical instruments at the University of Arizona and spends some time at the mountain-top observatory. Any OH in Tucson or Sandwich please get in touch!

**Joan Bishop** had a busy year hosting lots of family and friends over the summer. Unfortunately, she tried to lift her ride-on mower out of a garden and ended up with a fractured vertebra. She concedes that "one really shouldn't try that at 80!" But all is well now, and she hopes to make this fall's annual meeting.

**Stan and Virginia Bourne's** granddaughter was the naturalist at Lakes this past summer. Virginia reminisced that she and Stan had walked in to Zealand for their honeymoon in 1950!

**Brian Copp** regrets that it is hard for his wife and him to get east; however, they enjoy hiking in the WI and MN state parks nearby.

**Doug Dodd** and friend, Pam Allen, just finished the 4,000 footers this fall, all within the last 5 years in his 50s. Now they are gearing up to start again for their 60s. In the meantime, they are really enjoying the crowd-less hikes in Evan's Notch. Doug shares this comment, "Saw the new Lakes this summer. Men's crapper is where the old kitchen was. Barely a window. What a shame."

**Dal Brodhead** enjoyed seeing some old pals at Lakes for John Nutter's birthday rendezvous. Now that he has "launched four kids into the wide world," he hopes to get to the mountains once again. He continues to work full-time operating the small consulting firm he has led for almost 20 years. "Our focus continues to be community-driven development and poverty alleviation with marginalized populations in Canada and overseas. We work in a participatory way oriented towards empowering and building capacity in places such as Nunavut with the Inuit, on the west coast with the First Nations, and with inner city populations around underdevelopment and underrepresentation. The work continues to be fascinating and consuming and, while taxing, it is fulfilling. Each year has also meant several overseas missions, most recently to Kenya, Malawi and Brazil. Greetings to all from our farm near Ottawa. We always welcome OH visitors and friends!"

**Doug Teschner** is moving to Kiev, Ukraine, after two years in Burkina Faso. He will retain the same job as Peace Corps

Country Director but with many more staff and volunteers. His younger son, **Luke**, worked at Galehead this past summer, and Doug hopes to get back in 2010 to visit Luke at his next assignment.

**Pete Fallon** remembered Doug Teschner when they both were in Africa together in the early 1970s. Pete is winding down with the Homeland Security's WMD response decon team to be with his five grandkids.

**Nate "Grizzly" Adams** writes, "No news about Griz Adams is good news for all!"

**Suzanne Eusden** has now lived in Whittier, AK, for over 19 years. She operates the contract post office and from May to September is a longshoreman on the cruise ships that dock in Whittier, which entails hefting and stacking thousands of pieces of luggage on and off the ships (approx. 10,000 pieces of luggage per ship.). At 55, she is the oldest!

**Amy Humm Kalman** lives in western MA with her husband, Jeff, and two children (Sam, 4, and Leah, 2). She is a language pathologist at the local high school in Amherst and Jeff teaches grades 1-8 at the Hartsbrook Waldorf School. Parenting is the focus of their "free time" and they are hoping to get up to the huts again soon. She sends best wishes to all!

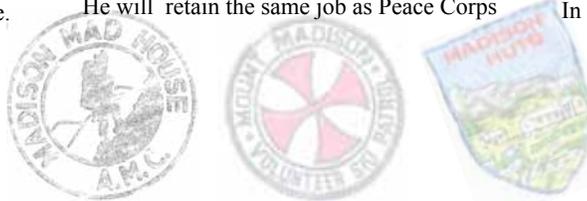
**Lloyd Dakin** retired from the UNHCR (UN Refugee Agency) for which he worked 28 years. His wife, Sujin, and he had returned to live in their Brattleboro home (where they have never been able to live prior). Since Lloyd had previously attended and taught at the School for International Training in Brattleboro and Sujin had received her master's there, they still have a group of friends in the area as they deal with "re-entry." He looks forward to resuming hikes in the mountains (for pleasure) and looks forward to reconnecting with old friends from the huts.

**Jeremy Eggleton** lives in Portsmouth with wife, Sarah, and 1-year-old daughter, Leigh. He is enjoying his young law career at Orr & Reno where he is joined by fellow OH **Mike Cretella**. Jer just celebrated his first win in the NH Supreme Court. Bravo! He extends an invitation to all Mainers passing through the port city on their way south.

**Steve Moskowitz** is one such Mainer, living in Rockland now (as of July) after 17 years in Portland. He writes, "I thought it was time to return to the way the economy should be!" He found a hut while on Mt. Hood to keep the "hut" in the old hutman. Silcox Hut. "Our barn door is always open, so feel free to drop by!"

**Chris and Wendy Thayer** welcomed their second son, Riley, this October. Big brother Tucker is very proud!

In January, **Peggles Dillon** celebrated her



50th birthday with a “casual but elegant” dinner party at the home of **Larry and Yvonne Jenkins** in Randolph, NH. North Country luminaries who attended included **OH Peter and Emily Benson, Dawson Winch, Elisa Hurley, Rich Crowley, and Lisa Troy.**

**Meredith Bellows Deviny** is enjoying the western mountains living in Seattle with husband Greg. She made it up to 8,300 feet on Rainier Camp Muir this past summer!

**Caroline Kiernan** with husband John, two mastiffs, and a corgi left Boston in July for Texas, where she begins a residency in pediatrics. She was a surgical resident at Beth Israel.

**Terry Buchanan and Lee Bluemel** live in North Andover with their children Andrew (4) and Emma (1). They hike with Paul Festino and enjoy hearing from **Laura Heijn, Gary Clark, Haviland Stagers, and Pete Church.**

**Lesley (Fowler) Nesbitt and John Nesbitt** moved down “south” to Concord, MA, with their 3-year-old son Hunter last summer '08. John's finishing his master's degree in social work at Simmons and is looking forward to private practice in psychotherapy. Lesley is director of admissions at The Carroll School in Lincoln. They miss the mountains, but love their new town and neighborhood.

**Bob Harris**, the late **Henry “Pete” Harris'** brother also remembered **Moose Damp** as being a “hutman's hutman.”

**Jim Argentati** also remembered Moose. Jim is a perennial volunteer worker at the Cabin, his latest labor being waterproofing the deck before the May '09 spring reunion.

Another stalwart at the Cabin, **Leonard “Sleezy” Dalton** had to miss the May reunion due to abdominal surgery. He wished us his best and our very best to you.

Also received good news from another veteran **Bill “Porky” Curwen**, who we have missed at the past several winter and spring gatherings, that he has his health problems under control.

**Harry Adams** worked at Lakes with **Larry Eldredge** in 1951, but missed being in the croo picture while on days off. He has pictures of Madison we hope he'll send us, and he did send us some OH caps he had in storage. We had a nice chat with him on the phone about his summer working as truck driver in 1961.

**Roger Smith** emailed a selection of scanned Lakes slides from when he worked there in 1952. Imagine the Lakes propane gas supply coming from those little 40-lb. goofer bombs, not the big utility tanks of today. It must have entailed many pack-supply trips and on-the-fly changes of tanks while cooking.

**Jim Marston** was reminded of “Daid

Haid” when having some dental work done at the University of Florida. The famous raid item kept him company the summer of 1943 at Zealand.

**Dave Huntley** added another Discovery Channel production to his impressive list: “Alaska: Most Extreme,” which required spending a winter in Alaska. He was there during the eruption of Mount Redoubt. Dave's glad to be back in balmy New England.

**Matt Dickstein** sent a spring hello from East Harwick, VT. He took his daughter snowshoeing up Mt. Jackson, her first 4,000-footer.

**Bill Arnold** is enjoying his new role as “Poppie” to his 18-month-old grandson Henry. Henry helps him to radio calls to the RMC cabins when he visits and visited Zealand with Bill for his first birthday.

**Bruce and Mary Sloat with John and Sue Gross** took a fall adventure trip together on the Amazon and to the Galapagos and Machu Picchu.

**Spencer Taylor and Serena Hollmeyer** were wed September 2008. Attending were **Kyle James, Holly Crimmins and Alex Cary.** They are living in Burlington, VT, and having a ball.

**Robin Snyder** is buying a small ranch in Redmond, OR, for her horses, miniature cows, and Australian Shepherds, and is running her own environmental consulting company.

**Jen Beatty** returns to the Whites each year to help the Obs with their annual fundraiser “Seek the Peak.”

**Betty Fuller Elsner** brought our family ties from the 2007 *Resuscitator* article up to date in which we'd missed her family connection. Her brother **Bill “Bull” Fuller** worked in 1941; **Ted Fuller** in 1941; **John Fuller** at Dolly Copp; **Diana Fuller** at Pinkham in 1952-54; and Betty at Pinkham in 1944 where she met **Bob “Beetle” Elsner** who worked Pinkham, the Obs, donkskinner and back to Pinkham to build the hydro-electric system in the Cutler River. She credits her mother and dad, who didn't work for **Joe Dodge**, for introducing her and her siblings to the mountains during winter an summer outings. Her dad was made an Honorary OH for providing Joe so many croo.

**Jim Hamilton** wanted to update everyone who came to the publication meeting before the annual meeting of 2008 that there has been some progress, if not in actual printed pages, but on ohcroo.com. You will find the eight Steve Caming hut articles that were printed in the *Mountain Ear* in 2008 are individual PDFs for each hut on our website. Back issues of the *Resuscitator* are also on the site. Just scroll down the right side menu to find them. *A Hut Journal* as a PDF

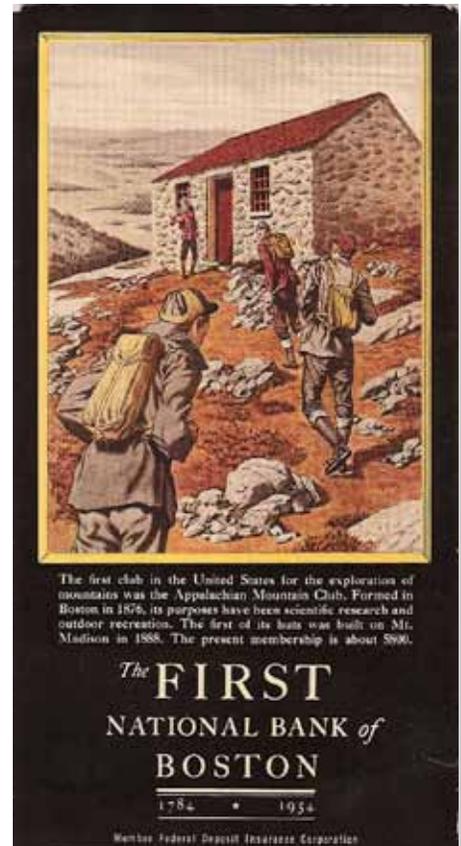
edited by **Andrew Reily** featuring articles by **Beth Weick, Bethany Taylor, and Alex MacPhail** will also be posted.

Please continue to send Gormings news to **Emily Kathan** at emuldoon@rcn.com or mail to 18 Laurel terrace #2, Somerville, MA 02143.

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From a 1954 calendar in Fran Belcher's file in the AMC library.

**Editors:** Jim Hamilton, Emily Kathan, Peggy Dillon, and Dave Huntley. E-mail comments and articles to [hamilton.james@comcast.net](mailto:hamilton.james@comcast.net)

