

THE RESUSCITATOR

THE PUBLICATION OF
THE OH ASSOCIATION
FALL 2024

IN THIS ISSUE

Nancy, Skip, Larry

Similarities and Differences

New Field Coordinators

Classifieds

...and so much more!

📍 abbyclark.com
✉ aclarkcreative@gmail.com
📷 [abbyclarkcreative](https://www.instagram.com/abbyclarkcreative)



Online Store

ABBY CLARK CREATIVE

Graphic Illustration & Custom Art

Hut Stickers

\$3 each



Available for order online at abbyclark.com

Interested in Custom Art?

Wedding Designs

Logos & Branding

Poster & Merchandise Design ...& more!

See examples and pricing at abbyclark.com



John & Anna

43° 28' 44" N JULY 26, 2024 116° 46' 59" W

Custom Wedding Guest Book Print



Email aclarkcreative@gmail.com to schedule a free 20 minute consultation!

OH ASSOCIATION FALLFEST REUNION SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 2ND, 2024

Join the OH Association for our annual Fallfest reunion, this year on Saturday, November 2nd, 2024, at **PINKHAM!** *Note change in location from past years*

Please call and reserve your lodging space or for dinner and appetizers by contacting the AMC Customer Service Center at [603-466-2727](tel:603-466-2727). Customer Service is open Monday – Saturday 10-5. Ask to book under group reservation # 658653 OH Reunion 11/2/2024. The deadline to reserve is Saturday, October 25.

Prices:

Dinner: \$37/person

Lodging: flat \$95/person + tax, regardless of room type (includes dinner and breakfast).t

SCHEDULE FOR SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 2:

2:30 - 4:00: Hike Lila's Ledge and George's Gorge. Meet Jesse Carlson on the Pinkham porch. Family friendly.

4:30 - 6:00: Happy Hour & Merch Show, Pinkham trading post (BYOB)

-- Bring your croo-created or vintage AMC merch to display in the first-ever OH merch show! We will have space to display it in the trading post and labels for you to write up your stories. Your items and stories may be featured in a future Resuscitator!

6:00 - 7:00: Dinner, Pinkham dining room (BYOB)

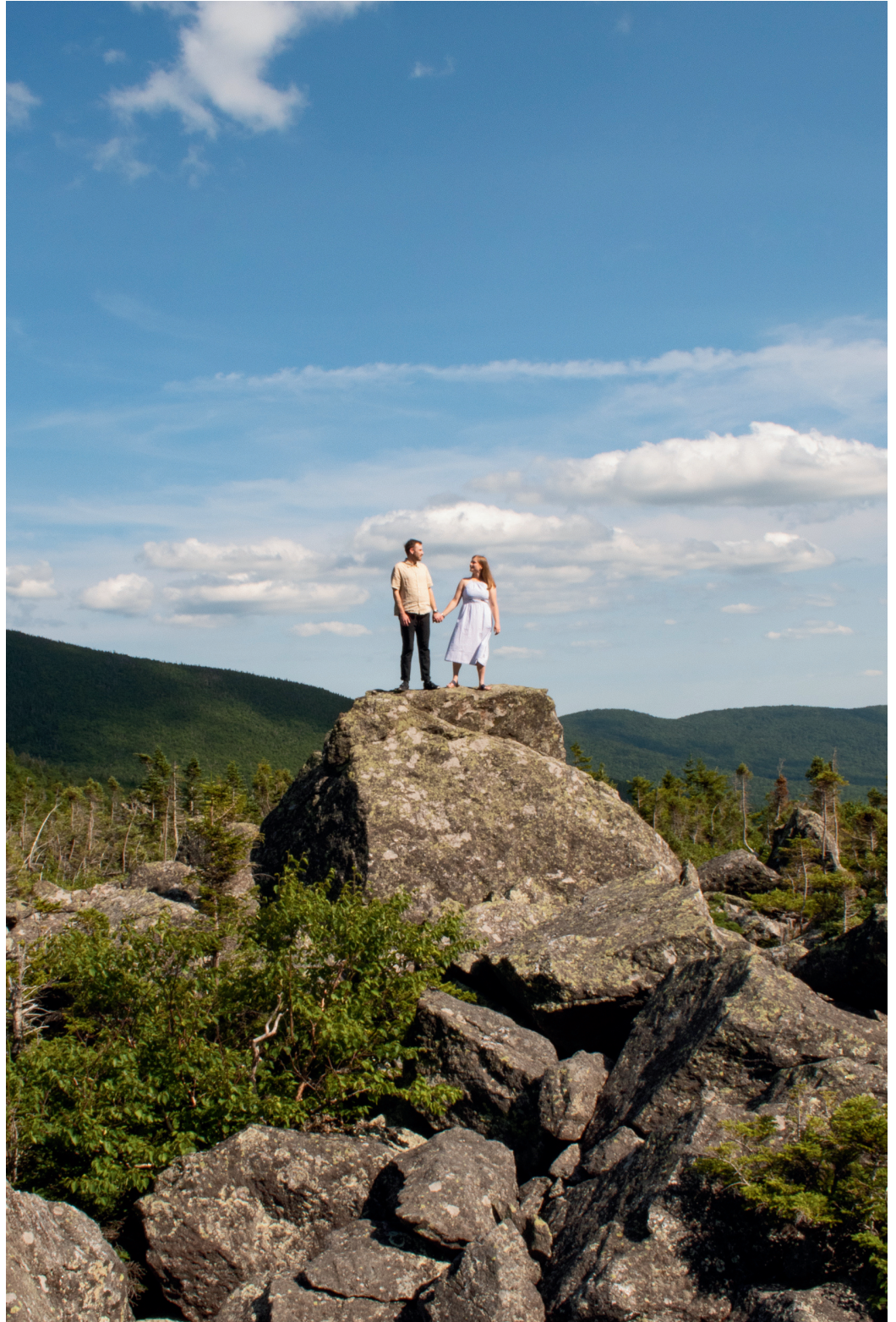
7:00 - 7:45: Annual Meeting, Honorary OH awards to Larry Garland, Nancy Ritger, and Skip Spadaccini

7:45 - 8:30: Feature presentation from trailblazing 1970's hut women

FROM THE DESK OF THE CHAIR

Dear OH near and far—The Steering Committee is happy to report that the OHA is in better shape than ever. Anne Laure "Al" Razat took over this year as treasurer and is doing an incredible job. Jared Liu keeps us organized in so many ways in his role as secretary. Schroeder and Brian Post maintain all things tech, from social media to the website to the merchandise to cabin reservations. Caretakers Mike Waddell and Emily Benson keep the cabin in tip-top shape. EB Brandt and Ethan Daly keep publishing Resuscitators that somehow keep getting better! On a technical-but-important note, the Steering Committee recently adopted term limits to build sustainability and resiliency within the organization. Members now serve for 3-year terms and for a maximum of 4 terms or 12 years total. (After 12 years, members may leave for a year and then rejoin if mutually beneficial to all parties.)

Fallfest is coming right up! Mark your calendars for Saturday, November 2nd at Pinkham. The Steering Committee proposed the Pinkham option at last year's Fallfest, when attendees voted to move Fallfest to Pinkham. Pinkham offers a cozy atmosphere, spiritual connection for many OH, BYOB policy, and lower rates. We're looking forward to a hike, cocktail hour + dinner (BYOB!), and feature presentation from 70s OH about their experience as some of the first women to work in the huts. Please make your Pinkham dinner and lodging reservations ASAP! See details inside. Whether you've attended every reunion or haven't been back to the White Mountains in 20 years, we hope to see you there.



Resuscitator Editor EB and her fiancé and OH, Jesse Carlson. Photo: Abby Clark.

Solvitur crumpus!

Phoebe Howe

(on behalf of the Steering Committee)

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Chair's Note 4 | Letters 5 | Cabin Update 7 | Croos 9-10 | Trails 13

11-12	New Field Coordinators	24	S&D Essay
14	Fridge	27	Tracing
15	Nancy Ritger	28	Gormings
17	Larry Garland	29	Classifieds
21	Skip Spadaccini	30	Obituaries
23	Prop		Cover Photo: taken on top of South Moat looking west towards West Moat and the Kancamangus. Photo was taken by Abby Clark on a Fall day!

2024 STEERING COMMITTEE

EXECUTIVES

Chair: Lawrence "Stroker" Rogovin

Vice Chair: Phoebe Howe

Treasurer: Anne Laure "Al" Razat

Secretary: Jared Liu

Webmaster: Kim "Schroeder" Steward

Tator Editors: Ethan Daly & EB Brandt

Secretary Emeritus: Carter Bascom

Huts Representative: Bethany Taylor

MEMBERS AT LARGE

Jesse Carlson

Doug Shaffer

Gerry Whiting

Deirdre Vander Shaaf

Al Kamman

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Missed Gorming! (see page 28)

Dear Editor:

I have attached a photo from the 40th reunion plus two others from the 1983 Lakes croo, not sure which of these two would work best for you.

Thank you for your time and enjoy the day,

Jennifer Blaiklock



Tom Caulkins, Feedback

Dear Editors:

Dad's Resuscitator came yesterday - he was so excited! He said he had no idea you would include so much. It made for a very good day!

Thank you so much!

Bonnie Revelle, daughter of Tom Caulkins

Greenleaf Croos

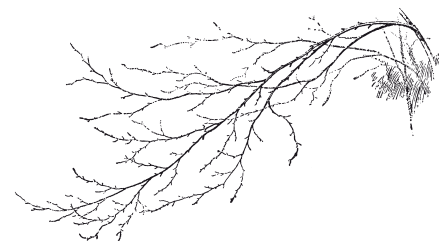
Dear Editors:

The latest Resuscitator is a MARVEL!

After reading the latest Resuscitator, I looked to see who I could identify among the known Greenleaf Crews. I believe I can add to your knowledge and data base. Google is helpful in this regard.

It is a work in progress and more will be forthcoming.

Roger Smith



FEATURED CONTRIBUTORS



Jared Liu

Jared Liu works in admissions at Yale University after being in secondary school admissions, staffing a presidential campaign, and advancing conservation organizations. His career spanned experiences in banking, risk management, and compliance. His passion for the outdoors brought him to Maine where he completed his undergraduate degree at Bowdoin College, met his wife, and returns often with his three children. Jared is active with the OHA, his local public library, the CT Beekeeping Association, and Guiding Eyes for the Blind.



Maya Shyevitch

Maya (HiC '20, Lks '21, Lonesome '22, Research '23) is a Regulatory Affairs Associate for Ocean Renewable Power Company in Portland, ME. She recently finished running all around the peninsula as well as serving Chebeague Island in some capacity with AmeriCorps. She loves staying connected with the huts and visits the Whites often.



Gerrit Bingham-Maas

Gerritt Bingham-Maas is a final year student at Durham University, studying ancient history and archaeology; and has just finished his sixth season in the hut system. He is the top consumer of the little Cabot cheese blocks from the Pinkham kitchen and a passionate conservationist, having been awarded the first ever Distinguished Conservation Service award by the BSA in 2021.



Abby Clark

Abby Clark (Madison F'19, Lonesome S'20, Lakes HM S'21, Greenleaf HM F'21) is an artist, designer and photographer living in Portland, ME. She started her own business last year to pursue her passion for design and photography. When she's not drawing or taking photos you can find her running on trails, swimming in the ocean or finding an excuse to travel somewhere new. You can check out her online shop at abbyclark.com and her most recent film photography @wanderforphotos on Instagram.

CABIN UPDATE

BY EMILY BENSON, CABIN CARETAKER

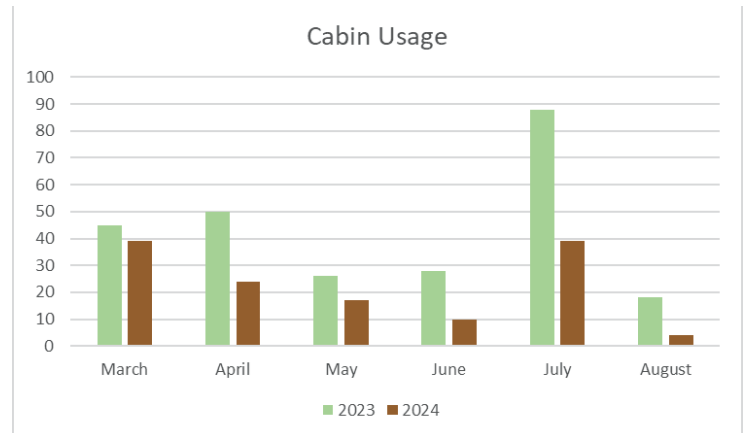
The primary focus of cabin efforts this summer has been the repair of flood damages to Washburn Way as a result of the severe rainstorm on December 18th, 2023. Progress has been slow for a multitude of reasons, but initial repair of the deep canyon in the middle of the road was completed at the end of May. Thankfully this greatly reduced the risk of someone going off the precipice into the canyon in the dark of night! Many thanks to Jay Henry of FF & J Excavating in Jackson for the quick repair, the cost of which was split between the OHA and our abutting property owner. A group of OH is continuing to work on the process of completing the final repairs to the road which will hopefully mitigate the chances of future flooding events on the road.

Our Spring Reunion and Work Weekend took place on May 4th. We missed Bridget Qualey this year, but big thanks go out to the 16 folks, spanning 6 decades of hut employment, who came together to remove storm windows and install screens, thoroughly clean and disinfect the kitchen, wash mattresses and vacuum bunks and floors, and stain clapboard edges around the new emergency exit. Everyone enjoyed a big potluck BBQ afterwards. Additional work completed includes the inspection of all fire extinguishers and the removal of the exterior door knobs on both the 1st floor bunkroom exit and the upstairs bunkroom exit. This will alleviate the problem of doors being left unlocked at times.

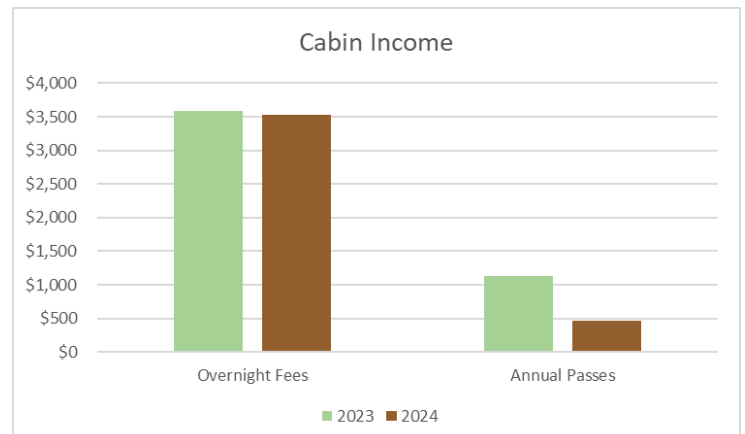
One of the most exciting events was the delivery of a new refrigerator in mid-May (see pictures on page 14). Moving day took place BEFORE the canyon in the road was filled. As a result, a hardy group of OH had to be gathered who could figure out how to get a refrigerator up the hill from the lower parking lot, safely navigating along the canyon edge and into the cabin. Many problem-solving skills came into play that afternoon, once again demonstrating that OH of all ages continue to thrive in life thanks to creativity, team building,

and problem-solving skills that were instilled in them during their days in the huts. You just never know how and when those skills will be called into action! Many thanks to all the movers, and to everyone who has been keeping it nice and clean through the busy summer season.

There has been an overall decrease in cabin usage compared to last year, as noted below:



It was mentioned that 2024 croo members enjoyed visiting other huts this summer on days off instead of staying at the OH cabin. OH Treasurer AL Razat shared cabin income collected through the on-line reservation system for the period January through July 2024 vs this same time period in 2023. The exact reasons for these decreases have yet to be determined, but the trend is worth noting as we look to the future.



Many thanks to everyone for taking care to clean-up after themselves and lock all doors when they depart. Remember to check out the complete details on cabin use that are available on the website, as last-minute changes may occur especially as we head into the colder months. Finally, the date for the Fall Reunion is Saturday, October 19th Thanks everyone and enjoy our special cabin!

OHA Annual Oktoberfest
 Saturday, October 19th, 2024, 10AM onwards!

- German-inspired lunch
- Various simple chores
- Free cabin stay (if you work)
- BYOB

RSUP to Richard at richard@qualey.net

AMONG THE CROWDS EXCERPT

Mike Torrey sent an issue of *Among the Crowds* to us with this message: "I have a few of these issues in my archives (a ratty box in the corner). Lots of great memories buried in the drawings and prose, the comic strips and the poetry. This-

might provide some filler for a few Resuscitators in the future." This page is a cartoon that after reading through several times, we still can't understand. Write in with your guesses!

24

"THE WINNAH...."

The cartoon contest announced in the last issue (April 8, 1983) resulted in only three submissions, two of which were co-authored by the co-editors of this rag, and therefore, disqualifies them. Therefore, we have decided to scrap the whole idea and, instead, present a check for \$100.00 to LORI DOMBEK for her artistic support and excellence in the pages of "Among the Crowds". For those of you who might not recognize Lori's work, we have included several examples below.

Lori was always willing to give generously of her time to fill up the blanks. We would suggest an idea, and, presto, Lori would put it on paper, adding a bit of artistry to an otherwise text-heavy publication. It's not what your work is worth Lori, but represents our high appreciation for your work. Thanks!

THE SHUTTLE SCUTTLE



2024 SUMMER HUT CROO

Carter

Tom Oliver - HM
Sierra Dunn - AHM
Elsie Lindsay - Natty
Aaron Cohen - Croo
Ella Knight - Croo

Madison

Rayna Carner - HM
Rose Cooper - AHM
Kainoa Paul - Natty
Patrick Mulready - Croo
Audrey Brogna - Croo
Olin Banholzer - Croo

Lakes

Jake Arseneau - HM
Gerritt Binham-Maas - AHM
Sydney Rubin - Natty
Leydi Walle - Croo
Liv Frakt - Croo
Ava Rizika - Croo
Tom Ekrem - Croo
Nicola Dove - Croo
Lu Powdermaker - Croo
Evie Hardart - Croo
Megan - Researcher

Mizpah

Cooper Young- HM
Ella Nichol - AHM
Abby Zarker - Natty
Natan Oster - Croo
Maddie Ziomek - Croo
Noah Anderson - Croo

Zealand

Sadie LeBeauf - HM
Jenny Karl - AHM
Lev Winikoff - Natty
Sam Magid - Croo
Jaryd Nimmo - Croo

Galehead

Miranda Fisher - HM
Henry Southall - AHM
Brian Daly - Natty
Kathryn Cuneo - Croo
Annika Smart - Croo
Jasper Ellis - Croo

Greenleaf

Brian Garner - HM
Dorothy DiMascio-Donohue - AHM
Emily Chen - Natty
Sophie Bellwoar - Croo
Ethan Showalter - Croo
Grace Schurr - Croo

Lonesome

Elle McCallum- HM
Pierce Kempkes - AHM
Annica Hunter - Natty
Clem Southworth - Croo
Jonny Ollendorf - Croo
Clara Alger - Croo



2024 FALL HUT CROO

Carter

Henry Southall - HM
Jaryd Nimmo - AHM
Lu Brownstein- Natty
Klara Fritsch - Croo

Madison

Brian Garner - HM
Brian Daly - AHM
Athena Hendrick - Natty
Jake Arseneau - Croo
Andrew Gigler - Croo
Simon Page - Croo

Lakes

Tom Oliver - HM
Leydi Walle- AHM
Rayna Carner - Natty
Ellie Runiwicz- Croo
Kape Clements- Croo
Alice Jacob - Croo
Sam Walton - Croo
Ella Buckingham- Croo
Michael Fairley- Croo
Molly Rhatigan - Croo
Livi - Researcher

Mizpah

Elle McCallum- HM
Maddie Ziomek - AHM
Luke Bartol - Natty
Rubén Case - Croo
Miles Huntley - Croo

Zealand

Raina Freedman - HM
Emily Chen - AHM
Sydney Rubin - Natty
Alec Esmond - Croo

Galehead

Cooper Young - HM
Caroline Odlin-Brewer - AHM
Anna Moffat- Natty
Pierce Kempkes- Croo
Sophia Calder - Croo

Greenleaf

Sierra Dunn- HM
May Lamb- AHM
Landon Chesney - Natty
Hunter Nesbitt - Croo
Harley Ransom - Croo

Lonesome

Natan Oster- HM
Justin Nimmo - AHM
Maria Iordanov- Natty
Cali Turner - Croo
Josh Rizika- Croo
Larz Von Huene - Fill in Croo



SADIE LEBEUF

♥HUTS FIELD COORDINATOR♥

For those who don't know me, Hi! I'm Sadie, and I am filled with gratitude to be the Huts Field Coordinator this fall. I'm so happy to be able to support the Huts in new ways while getting to work with an incredible Huts Management team of Bethany, EB, and Parker. I'm originally from North Conway, NH but currently living in Gilead, ME with friends 😊 I've worked in the Huts for 6 seasons starting at Lakes of the Clouds F'21 croo, Lonesome late F'21 croo, Madhaus S'22 croo, Carter F'22 HM, Lakes of the Clouds S'23 HM, Galehead F'23 Co-HM, and ending my most recent season at Zealand S'24 HM. Each of these seasons gifted me with lifelong friends, memories, and eternally bound my heart and soul to every single Hut.

Huts Field Coordinator is such a neat position because it allows you to support both the Huts and Management team when and where they need it. Sometimes I'm in the office entering Hut data into spreadsheets or writing up a weekly report, and sometimes I get to go on overnight field visits. Overnight visits are a lot of fun because not only do we get to hike as part of the job, get an amazing almost guest-like experience, but we get to observe how many of those bizarre Hut specifics have been absorbed by the new Croo. Visiting the Hut Croo is one of my favorite parts of this job because it makes me so proud to see them caring for these special places and creating all types of new memories while doing it.



Everyone's favorite chocolate cake!



When I'm not working for the AMC, I work on the ski patrol at Jackson XC Ski Touring in Jackson, NH. Almost every day in the winter you can find me gliding or scooting along on my skis in the woods or hiking in the White Mountains. My other favored pastimes include reading memoirs and historical fiction, petting dogs, drinking good coffee, trail running, baking, being a forest troll, and creating nature-inspired embroidery. I'm also a member of the Androscoggin Valley Search and Rescue (AVSAR) which is a mostly volunteer-run nonprofit organization that aids the NH Fish & Game, U.S.F.S., and other volunteer teams in backcountry Search and Rescue efforts. To sum it up, I just love to be outside!

Shameless plug: if anyone within 30 minutes of the Pinkham area is looking for an occasional winter dog sitter, I'm around often and would love to help out! My personal email is sadielebeuf25@gmail.com 😊

Parker DePond

Huts Education Coordinator

Born in Iowa, Parker DePond stepped foot in New England for the first time in November last year, joining the AMC at Pinkham Notch working at the information desk. Before joining the AMC, he graduated from Iowa State University and worked as an Ornithologist in the Arctic. Being no stranger to the cold he worked as a caretaker at Zealand until May and stayed with AMC through the summer and fall seasons as the Huts Education Coordinator.

As the Huts Education Coordinator, Parker has worked closely with the naturalists to train them, provide feedback on programs, and create or source supplemental materials. He has been working especially hard on a comprehensive library inventory for each hut and plans to order more books to round out the collections. If you have fiction suggestions, let the Huts Department know!

He is excited by the prospect of returning for another summer in the mountains saying "There is still a lot that I have to give, and even more that I have to learn. I look forward to seeing who comes back and meeting new smiles on trail." This coming winter you can find him working at Wind Caves National Park in South Dakota, collecting wildlife population data and producing videos about the research.



A wild Parkie Bear in his natural habitat



Skincare
Hair Care
Body Care

USE CODE:
OHCROO
FOR 10% OFF



100% Vegan | All-Natural | Sustainable
www.effervescenceskincare.com

2024 HUTS IN REVIEW

BY EB BRANDT

Another full-service huts season is nearly wrapped up. As I sit down to write this, Carter will transition to self-service and Lakes will get the shutters and locks tomorrow. Madison has a week left until they hike out and the long fall five have until the 23rd of October.

This first full service-season as the Huts Assistant Manager was a whirlwind of learning, and I am so immensely grateful to the hut croos of 2024 and the rest of the huts management team for making it extraordinary. As I said to the summer croos at our end of season party (EOSP!), “when people have asked me what I’ve enjoyed most about my new role, I keep answering ‘getting to support the croos and watching them grow.’ I want to express how incredibly grateful I am that you all were the croos I first worked with as 1-6. Hutmasters talk about their first years, and I will talk about the summer 2024 croos as my first years.”

Anyone reading this knows just how hard the work of hut croo is, but 2024 had its moments. Zealand and Lonesome were plagued by black bears which ate the entirety of their compost and paw-fulls out of the grease trap respectively.

Carter and Zealand began the season with bouts of brown (but perfectly safe) water. Zealand then went on to lose water not once, not twice, but three times over the course of the summer. The kicker was, it was always on 4th set (when the hutmaster is off!) We have of course had staffing shuffles that the croos have handled with resilience and tenacity and there were the ever-present late arrivals, missing req components, and SARs.

2024 was a big turn-over year with nearly 30 new croo this summer. We had exceptional leadership who modeled and taught the “Huts Capable, Huts Beautiful” (HCHB) mentality and how to take pride in your hut while having fun along the way. There were summit picnics on Guyot and Eisenhower, a “joo” set at Mizpah where Jewish croo members ran ‘Pah, a chicken stick that traveled the Presidentials, the beloved “Wizard of Obs” BFD and a couch built in the Lakes attic.

I’ve noticed as the Huts Assistant Manager my mind always has to be a season or two ahead. While caretaker season is rapidly getting underway, my mind is jumping forward to summer 2025. While vacation time and the winter pace will be a welcome change, I am so looking forward to welcoming the croos back in May and seeing where we take the next chapter of the hut system together.

TRAIL WANDERINGS

BY BILL BARRETT

This was a relatively slow summer for our two trails (Hutmen’s, and Hall’s Ledge) adopted from the US Forest Service, highlighted by the following: On May 4, a crew of five cruised the Hutmen’s Trail looking to correct any Winter damage and see if any major problems existed that could be addressed later. In the steep first half-mile of the Trail, all that was needed was minor brushing, cleaning of our two waterbars, and removal of small downed-branches that could be thrown to the side. However, once we had crossed the stream and entered WMNF land we found one minor and two major blowdowns that turned out to be real show-stoppers. Because each of these was completely blocking the Trail, we decided that they should be addressed that day rather than later, and so spent the next 2-3 hours forging a way through and around them. These blowdowns were recent, and had fallen onto other standing trees so that their horizontal trunks had come to rest 4-7 feet off the ground, and their limbs actually reached the ground. Without the time or equipment to saw through the trunks, we were able to remove enough of the limbs so that hikers---not without some difficulty---could now negotiate the Trail as far as its intersection with the Dana place Trail. Having substantially improved the passability of the Hutmen’s, we then adjourned to the Cabin for a well-earned lunch.

On this occasion, we were pleased to be joined by AMC Trail Crew Alumnus Bob White, who assessed the need for additional waterbars on the Steep Half-Mile and advised how some of them could best be constructed. Thank-you Bob!

Although tentative plans had been made to cruise the Hall’s Ledge Trail the next day (Sunday May 5), the weather that day resulted in too low a turnout, causing those plans to be deferred. As of this writing, we don’t know of anyone who has been able to do any work on that Trail, although we have seen on-line reports which indicate that it is not in too bad shape. Anyone reading this who is able, is invited to take a hike on the Hall’s Ledge Trail at least as far as the Picnic Table, and report any problem needing attention. (Send it to wllmsbrtt@yahoo.com.) Then, before the hiking season ends, we should be able to organize a group to take whatever action is needed.

Later in the summer, the intrepid Jesse Carlson took another hike on the Hutmen’s Trail (this time solo), and was able to remove the actual trunks of the blowdowns that had been incompletely cleared in May. Thank-you Jesse!

And thanks to all who are able to spend time on maintaining our two trails This is an important matter because the USFS depends on us to do it, and this work is the basis for the OH Association’s tax-free status as a 501(c)(3) organization. And don’t forget, anyone who logs 16 or more hours volunteering in this way will earn a free WMNF parking pass for the next calendar year. So go for it!

THE ODYSSEY OF THE FRIDGE

BY EB BRANDT

There is much hut lore about heavy objects mysteriously traveling great distances, often at night, but most come from a premise of pranks or glory-seeking. When several OH and some Pinkham recruits convened at Washburn Way on April 25th it was with one goal in mind. Get the new fridge over the washed-out road and into the OH Cabin and get the old one out. Armed with a hand truck, litter straps, some metal grates and wooden boards, the intrepid group tackled the problem with characteristic optimism, ingenuity and strength. The fridge was dropped off at the lower lot by a delivery driver who was almost certainly grateful this wasn't their problem. With some careful steering and aim towards less sandy spots, the group started the fridge's journey up the drive way.

The washed out canyon, a result of the flood damage from the December 18th storm, posed the greatest problem. This knife's edge could have given Katahdin a run for its money. By implementing a piecemeal bridge approach and moving from segment to segment, the fridge made the traverse intact. Upon arriving at the path to the cabin, the group transitioned to a team carry during which litter straps were heavily utilized. As the fridge approached the porch steps, Derek, a

Pinkham recruit, mentioned he had worked delivering heavy appliances! This revealed an untapped knowledge base which came just in time for the fridge to arrive on the porch. After bringing the new fridge in, removing the old one one went much quicker. Now junk, the old one was leaned on its side and hauled out. Quite proud of themselves, the group made sure to take a photo to document the feat before they left. Maybe there was a bit of glory-seeking after all.



Many ramps to haul a fridge.



Fridge crew with their pack load. Fridge Odyssey adventurers were (left to right) Emily Benson, Ashley Fife, Jesse Carlson, Emma Brandt, Bethany Taylor, Derek and Gerritt Bingham-Maas. John Lamanna not pictured. Photo: Emily Benson



Photo: Mark Dindorf

AN IRREPLACEABLE SPECIES

BY ETHAN DALY

Nancy Ritger, a relaxed, affable member of the OHA community, has and will continue to cement her Joe-Dodgian legacy in the White Mountains.

Diapensia is a small cushion-forming shrub that grows at high elevations. It does so by creating its own microclimate in the form of a small heat bubble. This microclimate allows diapensia to flower come June, but only after an average of 18 years can it reproduce. When it does flower, it can continue to do so for centuries. Year after year, new white flowers poke out of their small climates, creating impact and beauty that lasts lifetimes.

Or so Nancy Ritger, longtime naturalist, tells me, from her porch at the base of the Davis Path in Hart's Location, NH. "They live above the treeline and can flower and seed so quickly," Nancy says. "They're quite hardy."

You could say the same for Nancy. Having hiked in the White Mountains for over four decades, served on many local

organizations' boards, educated countless travelers and young AMC employees, and engrained herself in the landscape of the North Country, you'd expect her to show signs of wear and tear.

Maybe it's her New Jersey toughness that keeps her young. Born in Hoboken, NJ, Nancy was the daughter of an engineer and stay-at-home mom who took odd jobs now and then. Her family moved to the suburbs of NJ shortly after her birth, but still, the natural world seemed further away for Nancy. "We didn't camp or hike much growing up. My family doesn't know where this all came from" Nancy says mischievously.

And yet from birth, Nancy gravitated towards the greenspaces of NJ. She and her friends would collect crayfish and go on bike-hikes to picnics, all in the name of being

outside with nature. It wasn't until Nancy attended the University of New Hampshire that she got a real taste of her calling. In between majoring in community development and environmental studies with a minor in botany, Nancy would go on outing club trips to the White Mountains. It was on these trips she first found the AMC, landing a job in Pinkham's kitchen post-graduation.

Cooking didn't stick long though—she soon found herself helping grow the AMC's outdoor education programs alongside former AMC Vice President Walter Graff and Nancy Bazilchuk. Up until May of 2024, Nancy was the AMC's longest serving active employee

"That's what I really wanted to do: outdoor education, working with school kids and adults, evening programs," Nancy says. "Getting people to understand and appreciate where you are. That's really what's guided my career."

Nancy first realized this calling when she had her own moment of appreciation. Sitting on the porch of RMC's Crag Camp, she and a friend watched as the clouds lifted from under their feet, revealing the immense basin of King Ravine. The steep drop-off below, the rocky outcroppings of Chemin de Dames and Great Gully—it was a moment of clarity for Nancy. "It was mind blowing, absolutely amazing," she says in a far-away tone. "When I mentor the hut croo, I try to tell them 'these are the moments that are going to mean something later.' If you can capture those moments, they can feed you forever."

Hundreds of naturalists and croo come through the AMC's huts each year. While Nancy never worked in the huts herself, she estimates that the amount of time she's spent at huts training croo over the years likely amounts to "two or three" seasons.

For Kyler Phillips, current Pinkham Researcher and former Huts Education Coordinator and Naturalist, Nancy's inspiration in his career is obvious. "It's a running joke that everyone wants to be Nancy when they grow up, but it really sums up what it's like to work with her. It's not just about her expertise—it's her sense of place and thoughtful approach to interacting with the world. Nancy's so grounded, compassionate, and confident in your ability to succeed that you just can't help but do your best."

Nancy's "sense of place" doesn't just come from the AMC and huts though;

in her life and times in the White Mountains, she's served on the Hart's Location School Board, the Waterman Fund Board, the zoning board of adjustment, and been supervisor of the voting checklist for Hart's Location. She's been the recipient of several prestigious awards throughout her career, including the Joe Dodge Award, the Waterman Alpine Stewardship Award, and most recently the Distinguished Service Award from Tin Mountain Conservation Center.

Nancy also built a family in the Whites with OH, Mark Dindorf. She first met Mark while guiding a group to Greenleaf Hut, where he was a caretaker. Come winter, she would ski in at night to visit him at Carter Notch Hut and ski out in the morning to be at Pinkham on time for work. They eventually married, and she helped him manage the Bartlett Country Inn. They went on to have three children, Arran, Aslyn, and Amber, who all worked in the huts.

With the energy Nancy's devoted to the Mount Washington Valley, I wondered whether she'd ever traveled outside of it.

"Working for the AMC for so many years, I was able to take a sabbatical," Nancy says. "I went to Kenya for six weeks on safari. All the mammals there, I was in seventh heaven."

When asked about her favorite species though, Nancy neglected to speak about safari. We dithered around discussions of loons, moose, white throated sparrows, goldenrod, and asters, before settling on one: otters.

"They're the only animal that actually has fun. They're not just all about eating and taking care of business," Nancy concludes. "They just enjoy where they are."



Nancy received the Environmental Educator award for her 40+ year career with the AMC and her dedication to Environmental Education at the Tin Mountain Conservation Center's annual meeting. Photo: TMCC

MAKING OF A LEGEND

BY ETHAN DALY

A true craftsman, Larry Garland has literally and metaphorically left an indelible mark on New England's outdoors.



Summit of Aconcagua, '93. The tallest peak in the Southern Hemisphere. Photo: Larry Garland

Larry Garland's Limmer boots have been resoled four times.

To give you some context, that's an 8mm Vibram Montagna sole being worn down, not just a dinky trail runner. Four times.

It's worth noting that Larry doesn't take a belt sander to his boots. No, Larry hikes in these boots. He's hiked thousands and thousands of miles in these boots, with thousands more to come.

These thousands of miles were hiked all across the East Coast, from short walking paths in New Jersey to overgrown spurs in Maine's North Woods. Some trails hadn't been hiked for years and were forgotten. Others were so short, they didn't even seem worth mapping. Larry's job as Staff Cartographer for the Appalachian Mountain Club was to inventory and substantiate access for each trail, tracing and placing them on maps as accurately as possible, cementing them in our geologic and cartographic understanding.

For Larry, this job was no nine-to-five, punch in, punch out. At first, it wasn't even a paying job. In the early '90s, in his early forties, he left a promising career path in strategic planning to move into Pinkham employee housing. He did work-for-stay in order to help on a first-of-its-kind land

inventorying project in Maine's Northern Forest. Larry didn't see a dollar for his first year.

Eventually he would get paid, but his obsession with the work never faded. It only grew stronger. After 30 years of work, Larry has left his brush strokes on nearly every trail in New England, painting the picture that all walkers and hikers refer to. Credit for his work is subtle though; a brief byline on each AMC map's legend reads "Cartography: Larry Garland." Rarely has a job been so undervalued.

It's two P.M. at Ledge Brewing. I just got back from hiking in to visit my brother, the current Assistant Hutmaster at Madison Spring Hut. He met me in the valley and we climbed to the hut via all new trails. The main goal had been Great Gully, which was quite the scramble. One section had us wedging ourselves between two boulders, one overhanging, on hands and knees, then swinging a left leg

over a triangle shaped rock that had nearly fifty feet of exposure. It was a sweaty palms move that made me glad to have my brother with me.

Now, imagine climbing a section of that trail by yourself. Then add a telescopic pole to the gear in your pack. It's jutting out at least a foot-and-a-half and is powered by a pair of 12-volt batteries both weighing 5 pounds. Then take away a hand. It's holding a small handheld computer. On the computer, you can see the line of the trail you are hiking, like digital rope being laid down.

That was Larry's setup for hiking, he explains to me after sitting down at the brewery table. "I needed to be able to hike 20 miles while stopping to note observations, navigate unknown trails, and use this device to record trail alignment at the same time," he says, adding at the end "I did a lot of twenty-plus-mile days."

Looking at the way he walks, you can see signs of it. His feet don't rock as he walks—they drop into place with each stride like they're being placed between two roots. His small frame leans forward, making room for a telescopic pole that's not there. He readjusts in his chair constantly, as if sitting down isn't normal. His hair is white and his vintage baggies are faded, but his eyes flicker with a youthful hunger.

Perhaps it's a hunger to travel. Born in Greenfield, Massachusetts, Larry's childhood access to the outdoors was decent. He could hike in the Berkshires or head up I-91 with his Boy Scout troop, either to Vermont or New Hampshire. Following his graduation from high school he took a gap year, or so he quips, "two to three gap years." During this time, he visited every state in the United States, rambling around and getting to know the country.

He eventually matriculated into community college. It was a stepping stone to a four-year program at Pacific University in Oregon, where Larry received a business degree. The courses that interested him most were centered around computer programming with some electives in historical geology and earth sciences. At the time, he saw no path forward with the two interests, but bookmarked them in his brain.

Larry took a job at a Boston consulting firm working in strategic business planning and technology implementation. He was with the firm for almost 10 years before they moved to New Jersey. Larry had begun leading trips and mountaineering courses in the White Mountains and the Adirondacks at the time for the AMC's Boston Chapter and decided NJ was too far. He was given a generous severance package which included outplacement support, through which he began to pursue a career in earth sciences and geographic information systems, better known as GIS.

While GIS may be listed as an additional qualification on every other job description nowadays, thirty years ago it was highly scientific, used only by the government and a small number of academics. There was no commercial application, and most of the programming had to be written by the user. "A lot of people don't appreciate that technology was all fax machines and no internet," Larry says, shaking his head frustratedly. "They don't appreciate how crude the process was at the beginning."

Before that process began, however, Larry took a career break. He built on his extensive hiking experience, having hiked all the New England 3000 footers in winter, and went international, climbing Mt. Kilimanjaro, Mt. Elbrus, Aconcagua, Mont Blanc, and Denali. He mentions these peaks of lore offhandedly, refusing to pontificate. I can tell he's eager to get to the mapping.

The next two hours feel like a fever dream to me. I hang on for dear life as Larry begins to describe the evolution of mapmaking technology. His first foray was after his international career break, when he read the AMC's magazine and heard about a new project focused on inventorying Northeast woodlands owned by timber companies. The goal was to draw out the entire Northern Forest, quantifying it by plot using satellite imagery. Larry

picked up the phone and offered his unpaid services to the AMC to work on the project.

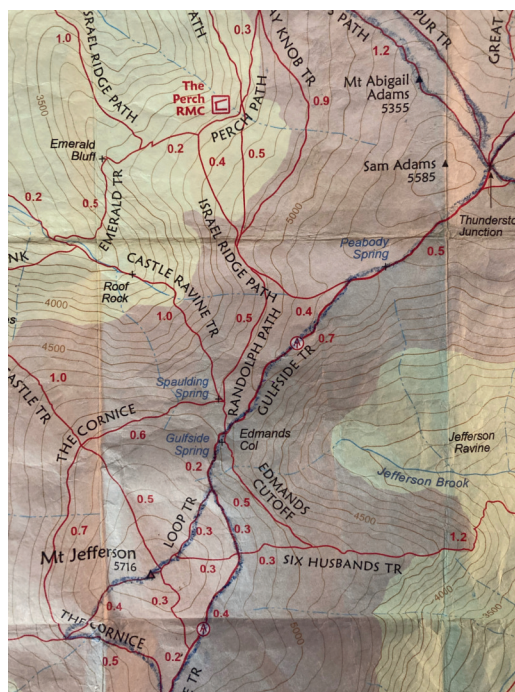
Living at Pinkham, Larry helped the AMC with satellite analysis. He learned the ins and outs through a partnership with Dartmouth College. By the end of the Northern Forest Inventory, Larry had a lightbulb moment and realized hiking trails could be mapped out in the same way. The AMC's old three-color maps were inaccurate and dull, made on an offset press with acetate printmaking techniques. Larry asked the breakthrough question: could digital mapping, computer programming, and GPS replace rudimentary printmaking?

"I didn't know," Larry says. He wrote a job description for it and pitched the AMC. "They said we don't understand all the details, to which I replied 'me either.' I was a first-year employee proposing a grandiose project with technology I'd never used, and I'm going to run around the mountains half the time."

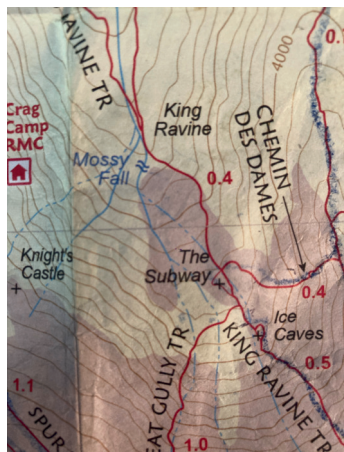
Nevertheless, internal funding was found, and Larry was given a chance. One year to produce new maps for the 26th edition White Mountain Guide. The first step was finding a computer that could handle the programs. Then, Larry had to design the software architecture that would allow GPS data from his handheld device and pole to be sent to the computer. That data would then have to be edited on GIS, which then had to be sent to a graphic design program. This had seldom been done, but Larry made it happen.

I mentioned graphics. I'd like you to do an exercise for me. Pick up any AMC map of the Whites. I'm holding the Map #1, the Presidential Range, with the backside that focuses on the Northern Presi. Look at Mt. Jefferson. Sitting at 5716 feet, notice how the font size is bigger than that of Mt. Abigail Adams, which sits at 5355 feet. Notice how both fonts are bigger than Mt. Bowman, which is 3449 feet. Larry made sure that the font sizes between peaks of 2k, 3k, and 4k+ were different, and qualified peaks with 200' prominence and those without.

Now, look in King Ravine. Notice that "The Subway" is itali-



cized. It's marked with a small cross. The thickness of the trail, seeing as it's just a spur, is also thinner than that of King Ravine Trail. Now look at Mossy Fall, just down trail. It's shown with two wavy blue lines. These symbols and tiny differences weren't just pasted into the map. Larry created each of them, building the key of modern trail maps in New England. He programmed the ability to put them in the map. He didn't just change the tires; he created the wheel.



Not to mention, he was still hiking a vast number of these trails. He was initially given some seasonal interns, who he set to work hiking with the GPS. But for the most part, Larry was still covering all of this ground. By the early 2000's, combined with his pre-cartography hiking, Larry had hiked every trail in the White Mountain Guidebook, which,

by the way, he published on time.

I thought I'd test that. I ask Larry what his favorite part about hiking was and he says "every trail has a secret. The wonder in hiking is discovering each trail's secret."

The romantic nature of this quote wasn't lost on me, but I dig further. I ask him what Great Gully's secret is.

He pauses, thinking. He asks me to affirm that Great Gully is in King Ravine.

"I seem to remember there being an overhanging rock, and a weird move to get around it," Larry says, looking for my approval. I shake my head in disbelief in the fading afternoon.

"No family," Larry says curtly. "I mean, I have brothers and sisters, but I don't see them much. We're dispersed and independent."

I tried to sneak in that question amidst Larry chiding me about suggesting LiDAR to be a step forward in mapping. "It's not just a step forward, it's a quantum leap!" Larry says, laughing.

I ask the family question because I couldn't see how Larry had time for anything else but mapping over the years. If you looked up work-life balance in the dictionary, Larry's introverted existence seemed to be the antonym. But after some time talking to him, I realized he liked it that way.

"My passion is the data," Larry affirms. "My job description didn't say 'deploy to Maine for two weeks at a time without service.' I did it because I wanted to. It's what the job demanded."

Larry's talking about his experience in mapping Baxter State Park. He used to go there for two weeks and camp overnight in the Park, giving the Park Rangers his 12-volt batteries to charge at their front-country houses overnight so he could keep mapping.

If you thought he stayed only in the Whites, you'd probably get laughed at too. Larry mapped trails all over the East Coast, even writing comprehensive planning reports about some. In fact, that was the evolution of Larry's job. Not only did he continue mapping trails over the years, but the AMC would task him with doing full trail assessments. When the AMC acquired leadership rights to the Bay Circuit Trail in 2012, Larry was sent to write a full inventory and assessment.

"Mapping was just half my job," Larry says. "I helped serve the trails, facilities, reservations, research, policy and conservation departments with the work I did."

AMC Swiss Army Knife, Chris Thayer, recalls working with Larry on the proposed Northern Pass Transmission Line in the early 2010's. They were a part of a pro bono advisory council whose work was integral in the project being turned down in 2018. Larry's role? Mapping and evaluating aesthetic impacts.

"He was instrumental in creating a highly impactful visual impact analysis in 2012 that showed 40,000 acres of woodland impact," Thayer says. "When Larry gets ahold of an issue he goes deep, deep in a good way."

With the growing accessibility to mapping, I ask Larry if he trusts other people's data and the maps they produce.



The GPS setup. Photo: Larry Garland

“Yes and no,” he says in his cantankerous tone. “If people go out to specifically collect it, I trust it. But sometimes it’s junk.”

Junk refers to “raw data.” Think of your Strava maps, or any rudimentary GPS tracking device. The satellite is pinging points at different time periods, say every one minute. That means lines can look jagged, at times going off trail. The data is raw, unedited.

Larry went back through his data and made sure it was never jagged. He regulated his pace going around switchbacks or complex trail arrangements, so that the satellite pinged a higher density of data points, creating a better line. Then he’d go back in on his computer, scrubbing it to make it clean. “It’s important to catch the flow of the trail. I spent as much time making sure the maps had flow and spatial accuracy as I did hiking.”

He even scrubbed US Geological Survey and Department of Transportation data, so that roads and rivers on his maps were accurately portrayed. He told me one story of driving down Franconia Notch Parkway with one hand on the wheel, one hand holding his telescopic pole out the window.

“I think of him as the ultimate craftsman, huddled over his desk with a dim lamp making the best product possible. His knowledge is encyclopedic,” Thayer says. “He may not have been using the ink and pen that Bradford Washburn used on his maps, but he had the same dedication and passion. He’s a part of that legendary group.”

As the afternoon goes on, Larry slows down with the map speak. A light shower rolls through and the families whose kids were making my note taking difficult go inside. Larry and I stay under the awning and continue to chat.

“I was a staff of one, I didn’t have a department,” Larry says. “I told myself if I ever woke up and thought ‘what would I rather do today,’ I’d retire. I wasn’t even close to that point.”

After being let go from his job as a part of organizational restructuring, Larry had mixed feelings. His main worry is what would happen to the data, his life’s work. He wasn’t sure if the AMC knew what would happen to the data.

For now though, Larry’s looking for his next driving force; he’s doing some freelance mapping, serves on some local committees and boards, attends outdoor events, and goes to see the performing arts. And he’s sticking to what he knows: hiking. When I ask him what he did in the past week, he tells me he

hiked five out of seven days including a short loop in the Sandwich Wilderness, Big Rock Cave Trail in Albany, and Wildcat Ridge. He even went for a jaunt up to the Presidential Range, just to see if he could remember what Jewell Trail was like. A friend had said it was better than Ammonoosuc Ravine Trail and Larry needed to verify that.

“It is an amazing trail!” Larry exclaims, shedding his sarcastic bent. “I crossed over on the Camel Trail. Just to be up there, I had to stop and think.”

I ask him what his favorite trail was and in another uncharacteristically romantic break, Larry says “the trail that I’m hiking at the moment. If you can’t enjoy where you are at the moment, what’s the point?”

I lament to him that I wish I’d brought my map for him to take a look at and show me details. I ask him if he carries his maps with him when he hikes.

“I have mine with me,” he says, pointing to his head.



Top: Larry at the Lost Pond Trailhead.

Bottom: Larry’s Limmers, the survivors of a beating unheard of in hiking history.

RETAIL COWBOY

BY ETHAN DALY

Many of us have likely pissed Skip Spadaccini off over the years with our treatment of merchandise, but little can truly faze this fun-loving guy.

The dictionary defines a dirtbag as slang for a “dirty, unkempt, or contemptible person.”

In the outdoors community, dirtbags are known fondly; they’re obsessive individuals, who will stop at nothing to pursue their passions, be it climbing, skiing, or even hiking. They’ll sleep in cars, work odd jobs, and diminish their quality of life in favor of getting after it.

Skip Spadaccini redefines our understanding of “it.” Having worked in an evolving retail industry for over four decades, Skip has fought for every opportunity he’s had. He’s slept on couches, been on the road for years at a time, and worked night shifts, getting after it however he can.

If Skip is a dirtbag though, he’s not unkempt. He’s never wanted that. Growing up in Torrington, Connecticut, a former mill town, to a mill worker dad, he was compelled to try the trades. Skip studied automotive repair, attending Oliver Wolcott Technical High School, before realizing he didn’t want to be a mechanic. “It was too yucky,” he says in all seriousness from his current home in North Conway, New Hampshire.

It was then that Skip, a young man who had “never, ever been an outdoor hiking person,” decided to take up skiing. It became his winter passion, specifically freestyle skiing. Freestyle was stylish in the 70’s: bouncing across moguls, airing off a jump, and ski ballet. Skip was skiing for the freestyle ski team out of Sundown in New Hartford, CT, sharing bumps and dances alongside kids five years younger. “I just couldn’t get enough of it,” Skip says, reminiscing.

It was from this winter passion that Skip’s retail career was born. He was fortunate to get a job with a small sporting goods store in Bristol, CT, working the floor and selling skis. From there, Skip kept climbing: he got a job with Carroll Reed Ski Shops as a shop manager in Simsbury, then transitioned to being a sales representative for Vuarnet Sunglasses, a position he held for 15 years. Skip describes these times “on the road” like a nineteenth-century cowboy might recall a cattle run. He slashed his way through backroads from the mid-Atlantic up through New



Aforementioned fun-loving guy, smoking a cigar on his porch in North Conway. Photo courtesy of Skip.

Hampshire, peddling the sunglasses to all who needed eye protection.

Listening to Skip describe these sunglasses over the phone, it’s hard to not imagine him younger, convincing each and every shopkeeper on the East Coast to stock Vuarnet. “You had to own them,” Skip recalls. “They were the trendsetters. If you didn’t own Nets’, you were nobody.”

Hearing this, one can also imagine Skip swashbuckling into a small store in Lenox, Massachusetts, seeing a pretty young woman, and feeling confident enough to ask her out, with his Nets’ sitting atop his head.

“She thought she was going to dinner for business,” Skip says cheekily. “I really just wanted to date her.”

Skip’s now-wife, Lisa, also made a career out of retail. She’s the manager, buyer, and co-owner, along with Skip, of “It’s My Girlfriends Boutique Consignment” in North Conway, by the train station. The two of them have carved out a nice slice of

life in New Hampshire, where they've raised two kids, Lindsay and Zachary.

Surviving in an industry as dynamic as retail, however, isn't as easy as the Spadaccinis' make it seem. Following his work with Vuarnet, Skip made the move to Mercersburg, Pennsylvania, to work for Whitetail Ski Resort as retail and rental operations manager. He worked in the banana belt for five and a half years before trying his hand at some winters in North Conway. He got a job with Joe Jones, an old ski shop in town, bought his first home, and relocated his young family up north.

"It felt like more of a podunk town than Mercersburg," Skip quips. "In reality, we were blown away. It was phenomenal and we quickly fell in love with mountain life."

Skip specifically remembers being amazed by the group of outdoors people in North Conway. "You go into a local coffee shop and you see the true essence of the valley. Beyond the joeys and tourists, there's a core of enthusiasts. The head of the Mountain Rescue Service might walk in. There are old crusty climbers here who have made North Conway the mecca that it is."

Skip spoke of these climbers with a reverence that felt like mutual understanding. A mutual understanding of what it means to be devoted to a craft. While sleeping at the base of a mountain may seem more romantic than selling lobster-printed pants in rural Rhode Island, the hustle exists in both.

And much like a climber, it wasn't long before Skip was scrambling again. Joe Jones was sold 18 months into Skip's employment and he was let go. He scraped by for a year and a half to keep the mortgage paid and keep his family "alive" before finding a job at Stratton Mountain as general merchandise manager and buyer. The catch: the job was in Vermont, a three and a half hour drive from his family's home.

"I bunked with a friend at Mt. Snow," Skip admits. "I worked ten days on, four days off for five years making that job work."

Eventually, Skip was able to make the jump back to the Mt. Washington Valley. He took a short-lived job as a sales representative for brands like TimbukTu and Timberland boots. One of his clients was the Appalachian Mountain Club, who eventually offered him a job as part time retail operations manager. Four months into this position, his co-manager Gloria Hutchins left, and Skip became full time manager.

That's when Skip first discovered hiking. He was sending merchandise up to the AMC's high mountain huts and began to realize that hut croo were hiking it all in on their backs. "I thought to myself, 'this is fucking crazy.' You people actually do this shit? I didn't know what it was really, but I knew I wanted to be a part of it."

That's where Skip broke tradition and began to attend the AMC hut croo training, Gala. "I wanted to see why stuff came back with mice holes in it and why inventories were written on Kraft macaroni boxes," Skip says. "How can anyone expect a hut kid to do it right if you're asking from an office? I thought it was better to hike in, break bread, and talk business from a place of mutual respect."



Pre- or post-Skip Show? Hard to say. Photo Courtesy of Skip.

Skip definitely earned his respect, sometimes in untraditional ways. Bethany Taylor, longtime hut croo and current Huts Manager, recalls the "Skip Show" at Gala circa 2005. The AMC was starting to sell Buffs and Skip stripped down above the waist to show how the buff could be used as a "boob tube."

"The Skip Show used to be a real highlight of Gala because he embodies the fun that can be had amid all utter and necessary nonsense of logistics and operations," Bethany says. "He knows so much and cares so much about the merch—from the standpoint of the guest buying the merch and the other staff working with it—that it made the idea of selling things a "let's do it for Skip!" rather than "let's do it for the bottom line" approach."

Skip's relations with hut croo weren't all peaches and cream though. The croo's attempts at keeping the merchandise



Skip and Lisa leaving their wedding for their honeymoon, 33 years ago. Photo courtesy of Skip.

MISCHIEF AND (MIS?) FORTUNE

BY JARED LIU

I wouldn't have ended up in the huts if not for the Prop. It was 1997 and, as the Three Mile Island croo and I hiked out from MadFest, we followed up on a tip that the Prop, which had gone missing the year before, was in the woods just off the Valley Way.

And so it was and made its way to Three Mile Island! To celebrate the discovery, the Three Mile croo, in our best BFDs, took a picture with the Prop and sent it to all huts, with directions for how to find us (boat required).

Meanwhile, with the benefit of a full shop, we prototyped a replica of the Prop and stashed it in a tree where evening visitors to the island might see it. For the actual Prop, we bolted it to one of the croo cabins and wired it with motion detectors. Then we waited.

Madison came first, on their croo nights, with intel from our former croo manager and led by HM Phoebe (Hausman-Rogers) Monteith.

After learning the location of the real Prop, early on their last morning, they made off with the Prop (a no-wake zone may have been briefly violated).

But the Three Mile croo had the advantage of numbers and came back a few days later on a power raid, and returned the

kempt sometimes fell short.

"I would get super frustrated with it sometimes, I'll be honest with you," Skip says with a little nudging. "Papers would come back torn up and I'd get pissed off and call Bethany. She would calm me down and say 'that croo had three search and rescues this weekend, cut them some slack.'"

No matter how many miscounts of fleeces or shoddy retail displays Skip encountered, he stayed his relentless self. When I interviewed Skip, he'd just gotten off a shift at the mall in North Conway. He's at Stonewall Kitchen now, stocking shelves, doing his usual spiel. Despite it being 8 p.m. after a full day's work, Skip spoke until I tapped out.

It's easy to get a big head in mountain towns if you're carrying heavy weights, climbing hard, or skiing fast. It's harder to plug away behind the scenes, scrapping for each inch, trying to make a life in the mountains. I asked Skip how he's kept getting after it all these years.

"I've got integrity," Skip says with conviction. "And I've got passion."

Prop to the Island. Three Mile kept the Prop for the rest of the summer, although it later returned to the huts that fall.

Through all of this, some friendships were cemented, and the next summer I was at Zealand while Phoebe was at Mizpah. We hung out during our shared days off, with the Crawford Depot being an easy meetup point, and have stayed in touch on and off since.

So you can imagine my reaction to walk into Lonesome this May as the caretaker and find the Prop lying on the floor! Of course, my first message was to Phoebe and thus this picture. Long live the Prop, and the friendships made at the huts!



The author and Phoebe reunited with the raid item that tore them apart and brought them together again.

SIMILARITIES AND DIFFERENCES

BY GERRITT BINGHAM-MAAS



“One is entirely immersed in fog, whipping wind, and surprisingly biting temperatures” Photo: Gerritt Bingham-Maas.

It's a brisk June morning at Madison Spring, rudely evicted from my prestigious and excellently decorated bed at Lakes by ruffians calling themselves 'Hutmasters', I had been sent over the ridge to fill in at Madison for a set. After a rushed cleaning of the bunks, it's finally time to hustle back. Anarchy set looms, and I'm unsure if all of the croo will make it back to Lakes by go-time. Pondering over the trail map, I consider the ridge again, but it's shaping up to be a fine day,

and I'm not exactly excited by the prospect of contending with the throngs which will doubtless be drawn hillward. Considering all factors, I eventually toss on my backpack and head up for Star Lake. The landscape here is especially sublime, the densely bunched deer hair grass scatter around the rocks, their white caps waving in the breeze. It's beautiful, but there's little time to linger—happily I had gotten my fill during my naturalist program the previous night. Climbing further, I quickly duck back into the krummholz, the spruce growing so thick I can hardly see my feet. After a moment or two, I run into a group of trail crew, cutting corridor I think; an unfortunate job given the scrub's impressive density—they struggle to press themselves into the sides of the thicket to allow me to pass.

I descend further into the green abyss, trundling through well established branches and sliding down boulders. After a few minutes I come to a small field of scree, which the trail traverses, above me J.Q Adams rises precipitously, and I

wonder if some of the rocks here had fallen from its stony face rather than having slid down over the millennia. Looking down, the Great Gulf stretches across the land, its dark green floor rolling down towards the Notch. Behind me, Madison is veneered by wispy gray clouds, which seem to crowd the summit.

After a hundred more feet of scrambling, the trail drops back into the woods. There's more balsam now, and some gnarled paper birch. The trees grow taller and thickly, their

only disturbance seems to be the wind which whips their tops— coming and going as it pleases. The trail continues down, and the trees stretch further and further upwards, their limbs forming a scattered mosaic of light and leaf far above me. The trail gets softer now, indicating old forest, a few moments later, I come across several silver birches, their bark and stolid trunks whisper of a life well over a century, perhaps even pushing two. Before long, I reach the floor of the valley, it couldn't be more different here than only a mile and a half prior. The gush of dive sinks is replaced by the quiet gurgle of a mossy stream, trickling through midsummer. The clamour of humanity has absconded, left at the hut and the popular trails; leaving instead the brushing of beech leaves in the breeze.

Climbing higher into the Gulf, I cross the Peabody, it's slick rocks offering a stiff challenge to worn soles; and swiftly continue my ascent up a smaller tributary. At points, the trail and the river are indistinguishable, perhaps they are the same. Eventually, I come upon Spaulding Lake, the water is almost unbelievably clear, the gnarled skeletons of old fir limbs remarkably unobscured by its depths. A swim is tempting, but it would almost seem heretical to breach the lake's mirror surface. Above the rim of fir, the great gulf stretches upwards, climbing steeply till it collides with the ceiling of ashen cloud.

Where the elevation before had been gentle, now it comes hard and fast. After half an hour of scrambling over ice-shattered felsenmeer, I risk taking my eyes off my feet and look back down into the gulf. The clouds have been whisked away by an increasing roar of wind above me. Below, Spaulding Lake glitters in the sun like a sapphire— an unspoiled gem set in the heart of the ramparted valley.

Before long, the wind is replaced by a different sound; a sort of whirring which grows louder and louder as I climb higher. At first I think it's a helicopter, but the sound doesn't pass. As I step up the final few rock steps to crest the headwall, the mystery is solved. It is of course the cog railway, a bright yellow carriage trudging its way towards the summit. Looking across the cow pasture, the presence of man presses down. The smell of diesel in the air, the web of rail tracks and roads and trails across the wind-whipped grass; and of course the buildings on the summit. It's an unwelcome change from the solitude and austere beauty only a hundred feet below me, but fortunately, I know it won't last.

Another half hour of hiking and I'm back in sound territory: cruising down the Crawford Path with Monroe poking up in the distance over the rugged ridge. A bit longer and I'm back at Lakes, the memory of wilderness still strong in my mind. Though I'm looking at a building, it seems less imposing than those on the summit, more congenial to the

landscape, perhaps it's bias but lakes bothers me far less than the coal and the construction materials haphazardly tossed across the alpine zone around the summit. It's good to be back from Madison.

Madison is, of course, wildly different from Lakes, as I'm sure anyone who has worked at both will fervently assert. However, this difference has become more pronounced in the last few years. with Madison being enabled with Wi-Fi internet connection* via starlink. I don't believe there to be anything inherently wrong with internet connection— indeed I quite enjoy the ability to communicate more embarrassing problems to 3-7 via phone instead over the radio.

Admitting this, however, is not an endorsement of internet connection built into huts. While other entities within or near the National Forest regularly breach their duty of care to the forest, land of many abuses and all, the AMC has a special responsibility to steward these mountains. And I believe that enabling the huts with internet connection is a violation of that responsibility. Part of the spirit of wilderness is disconnection from the rest of humanity— the increased difficulty of communication. Is one ever really on even ground with the natural world if at any point one can instantly communicate a problem to the valley? Would one really feel as strong of a connection to the wild and to one's fellow hikers if upon entering a hut you were greeted by a croo member with a commercial checkout complete with a tablet and card reader at the OTC desk, instead of a cantankerous old cash box? Does something being easier really make it better?

On a cloudy June day at lakes— which seems to be most of them— you can take ten steps from the building, and have no indication that it's there. One is entirely immersed in fog, whipping wind, and surprisingly biting temperatures. I remember a bad winter storm in maybe March or February at Zealand a few years ago where the hut was being thrashed by the wind and ice. I was the only one there, and the 5 PM radio call didn't come through, as the antenna had been iced over. In that half day or so before the sun thawed the building and antenna out that morning, there was absolutely no way to communicate to anyone outside. No cell service, conditions too brutal to consider trying the mobile outside, and no base radio. In those hours, the storm raging against the windows, you could acutely feel the sense of the wild; despite being inside a cozy heated hut.

My point is that the huts, as they are, are perhaps compatible with the pseudo-wilderness that they are in. However, if we continue to expand access to the valley and to humanity, I fear they will rapidly lose this spirit. As AMC

members, employees— current and past— and responsible users of public land we can, I think, all acknowledge the arguably negative impact the huts have on the wilderness. Is it right to have these eight buildings planted in the midst of dense forest and rudely sculpted rock? In some of the most beautiful and precious landscapes in the country? Perhaps, but perhaps not as well.

The huts have a myriad of benefits of course, concentrating impact onto a far smaller footprint is practically the definition of conservation. There are a thousand pros and a thousand cons to these facilities. However, it should be recognized that the huts already have an impact on the land and on the wild— increasing that impact seems unwise. As the oldest conservation organization in the United States, the AMC should not be pursuing practices which endanger the wilderness it was founded to study and protect; in the name of pursuing slightly greater efficiency, or marginally higher profits. We should remain mindful of our impact upon this land, and of our obligation to protect it. Balancing these is hard, but we must consider how this benefits us— if it really does— and at what cost to the land and its spirit.

*Editor’s Note: Starlink in huts is exclusively for emergency and future logistical use.

The OHA needs YOU!

The OHA relies on membership dues to keep the cabin running, pay for projects, help us with Y-OH outreach, and so much more!

Please send in your dues at www.ohcroc.com/shop and stay connected to these mountains, friends, and special world.

Thank you!



OHA MERCH

NOW AVAILABLE!

Dues-paying members get 20% off all merch!
prices shown are before discount



\$32



\$13-\$18

\$32





Hut T-Shirts!



www.ohcroc.com/shop/



Mugs!

AN ARBITRARY TRACE

BY MAYA SHYEVITCH

Down from the mountains and out in the big city, freed from the obvious checklists of the 48 and the classic White Mountain routes, us former hut people must seek new horizons of voluntary, arbitrary, and, so we'd like to believe, legendary feats.

My urban area of choice is the one and only Portland, Maine. As a runner in Portland, I quickly 'found my stride' on the city trails accessible right outside my door. Don't get me wrong—I love a sunset Back Cove loop as much as the next guy. But after countless clockwise and counterclockwise forays spent pondering my chosen direction as if I were setting off on a Pemi, I figured it was time for greener pastures.

One winter weekend, I found myself running hither and yon through every path in Deering Oaks Park. The run was slow and crampy to the point that I decided to only focus on footpaths and not include the handful of streets crisscrossing the park. But the experience planted a seed, and so began a drawn-out project of running all the streets on the Portland peninsula, a project I termed the Peninsular Trace for my absolute oodles (not really) of Strava followers. (Calling it redlining is dubious enough in the mountains, it is certainly not a phrase I want to use in a city). In the end it took about 15 runs over ~5 months and specifically a few week-long bursts of enthusiasm. Fellow OH Ethan Daly and Lucy Sinclair each accompanied me for a leg of the journey. I'm still not sure why neither of them returned for a repeat act until my fun run finale, though clues may include the following quotes from Ethan on our foray into Parkside:

"This sucks"

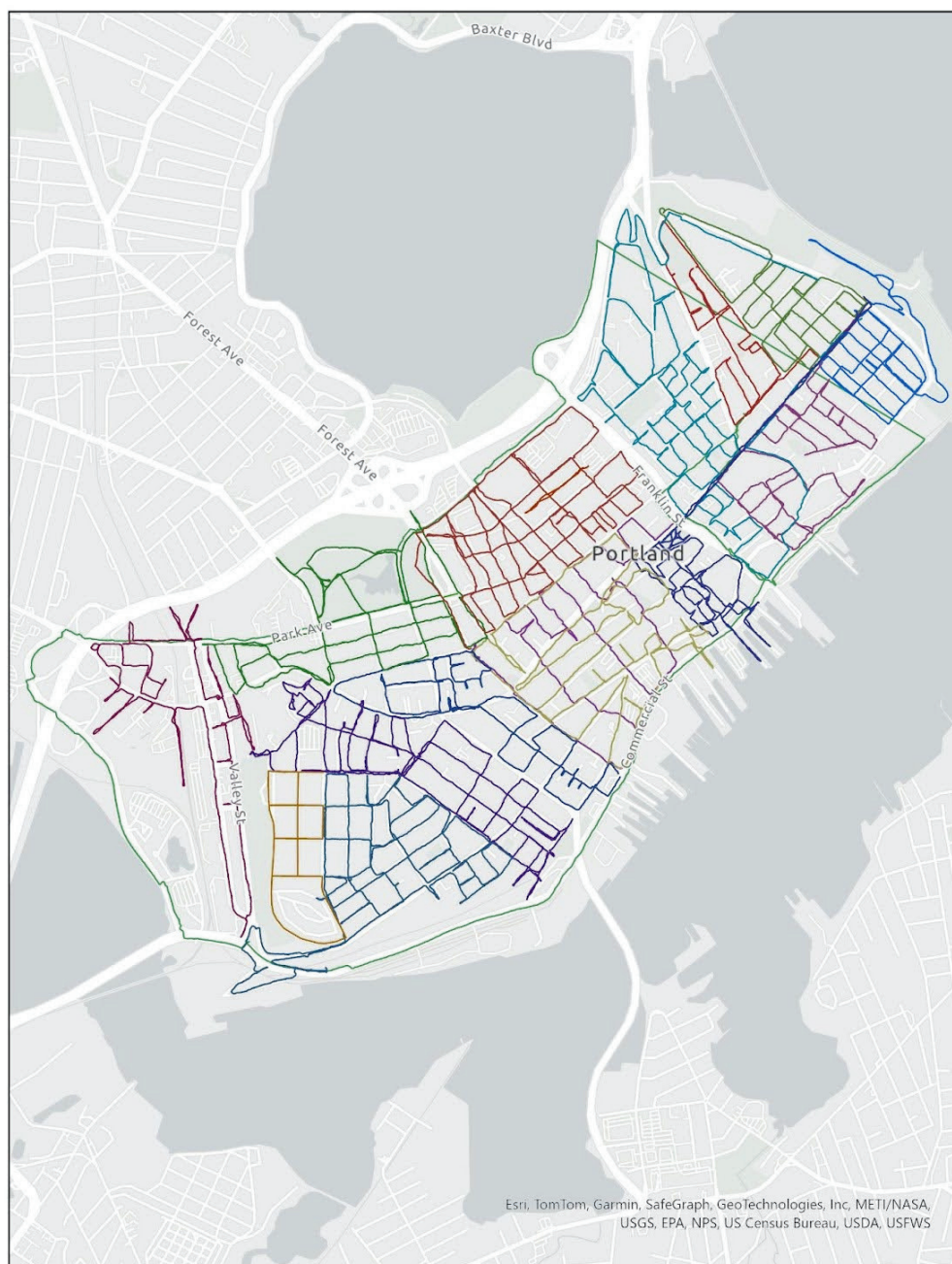
"You're crazy"

"Can you write this up for the 'tator?"

Just like whoever decided to designate 4000-footers by 200 feet of prominence, I had to create some parameters. This mostly revolved around the question of what (doesn't) constitute a street.

My conclusions were as follows:

- A parking lot is not a street.
 - A paved area leading exclusively to a parking lot is not a street.
- A drive thru is not a street.
- If a street has fast cars and no shoulder, it is not a street. (Relevant for on/off ramps.)
- If a road has a sign, it is usually a street. I will not be thrilled if your so-called street is more of a glorified driveway, however:
 - Thou mayest not complain about a challenge thou hast set and voluntarily undertaken, especially when thou hast made up precisely all of the rules.



A few unexpected and delightful encounters:

- A house in the East End with ceramic animals above the windows
- The Abyssinian Meetinghouse, the oldest African-American church building in Maine and the third oldest in the country.
- A dirt street (there was a sign) along a community garden, a welcome reprieve from pavement and cobblestone.
- The fact that Deering Oaks Park looks like a Van Gogh painting at dusk.
- Many splendid gardens. I was inspired. (Haven't checked on my carrots in weeks.)
- A not-so delightful encounter, but interesting: The Portland peninsula disobeys the basic rules of topology. It is in fact more like an Escher painting—uphill any way you cut it!

I finished on September 23rd with a short honorary run

with friends—the aforementioned ones plus Larz von Huene, Emma Morgan, and Cece Giaimo. (I invited non-OH too) We timed it to end on the Western Prom at sunset and celebrated with cookies and cider.

So, why do this? Out of boredom? To one-up other people? To enjoy the pursuit of a project that no one will tell me to put on a resume? All of the above, I'd say. And also, I love to run. This project consisted of doing the runs I would have done anyway except in slightly different locations. I had fun with it. It distracted me on some long mileage days and gave me clout at run club. And also, it feels valuable to undertake something random and see it through. Time spent paying attention is usually not time wasted, even if it's silly. I'm ready for the next arbitrary thing, and if you'd like to know what it is, you can always find me on Strava.

Note: Nitpicky observers might complain that Franklin, Washington, Fore, and other streets have gaps. Fear not! I have run on them many times and didn't need to repeat them while tracing.

GORMINGS

This section is filled by you! Send your gormings to tator@ohcroc.com

Sarah Copelas (Lonesome '09, Mizpah '10) completed her medical residency at University of Minnesota Medical Center and had a revitalizing year of naps, national and international travel, rehabilitation from an ACL reconstruction (Jackson Hole Mountain Resort =1, Sarah =0), and hit the 200,000 mile mark on her Subaru thanks to multiple road trips visiting friends and family. She is ready to continue fighting the good fight for reproductive justice in Michigan, where she will work as a physician for Planned Parenthood. She is excited to continue her career in family planning as well as visit the Cherry Capital of the World, explore hiking trails of the Upper Peninsula, and discover new xc skiing spots around her new home. She knows two people in the entire state so if you'd like to meet up for any activities, she is open to new friendships!

Sarah Klimkowski is currently travel nursing and working summers at a children's camp in Mt. Vernon Maine.

1983 Lakes Reunion: On the weekend of July 14-16, 2023, the 1983 Lakes of the Clouds croo got together for their 40th reunion. The croo and Rich Crowley all gathered at **Mea Arego** and **Randy Noring's** place in Randolph, NH (see photo on page 5). Going from left to right are the croo members, **Jennifer Blaiklock**, **Tim Loveridge**, **Kevin Kerin (AHM)**, **Rebecca Oreskes (HM)**, **Paul Delva**, **Elizabeth Keuffel**, and **John Halporn**. It felt as if no time had passed. It was a weekend of wonderful memories.

Jason Lalancette thru hiked the Appalachian Trail in 2004, ME-Gaspé Quebec in 2006, and IATIAT Newfoundland Port Aux Basques-Cape Raven Straitsview July 4th 2007 2010 July 1st-July 12th 2013. If anyone wants logistics let him know.

Amy Aloe lives in Midcoast Maine. She married former AMC caretaker Garrett Gorenski and they have three small kids who love the woods as much as they do.

Jeff Colt ran in the Western States 100 on June 29th alongside OH **Katie Schide** who ended up winning the women's race! He reported ahead of time it would be one heck of a foot race!



Katie Schide winning first in the women's race at Western States 2024. Photo: Union.com

Katherine Bramhall is living her best life as a midwife catching babies out of hospital at her birth center in Hanover New Hampshire.



PO Box 628, Intervale, NH 03845

The O H Association is an alumni group for employees who worked in, on, or around an AMC Hut.

Oral History Project Opportunity

My name is Clarissa, and I am working on a project titled the *Oral and Pictorial History of the Working Animals of the White Mountains & North Country in New Hampshire*. I believe that you have important experiences to contribute to an oral history on this topic and would like to invite you to participate in this project. Your participation would include:

- an interview (audio or video recorded based on your choice),
- a tour of the location/facility where you conduct your work with animals,
- option to share artifacts/photos for display at museum,
- option to speak at Working Animal series at museum.

This work is part of my sabbatical documenting the history of working animals in the North Country of New Hampshire. Animals have had significant impact on my life. My work grants me daily interactions with animals, allowing me to experience their immense value. Living in Thornton, NH, I've learned the history of how animals have shaped and developed this region. I fear that much of the work we do with animals goes unseen and undervalued. This project will serve to document the work we do with animals, the impact on the region, the history of working with animals.

Work from my sabbatical will be used by the Museum of the White Mountains at Plymouth State University, speaker series, websites, and used in publications & presentations. You will have final approval on the content you share during interviews and site visits. If you are interested in talking about this project or would like to schedule a time to meet, please contact me at clarissampalmer70@gmail.com or 401-575-8183 (text or call). Feel free to share this information with people you feel might be interested in participating.

OH EXCHANGE

OHA Members are entitled to unlimited classifieds per issue. Classifieds are available in the following categories: Barter, Services, For Sale, Wanted, Property Available, Seeking Property, Positions Available, Positions Wanted, Looking for OH, Book Recommendations. Classifieds must be submitted by each issue's deadline: March 1st for Spring, October 1st for Fall. Email them to tator@ohcroo.com.

POSITIONS WANTED

The OHA is looking for volunteers to join the Steering Committee! We're looking for members-at-large, a Vice Chair, soon enough a new Chair, and generally anyone who is excited. Commitment varies, but realistically why not get involved? Meetings are fun, it's a good way to stay connected to the huts, and we'll list your name in the 'tator every issue. We have term limits too, meaning you won't get roped into staying long term. Let us know if you're interested!

WANTED

-The Editors of the Tator are seeking any OH stories of printing custom t-shirts during your time working for the AMC for an article. Email any tips to tator@ohcroo.com.

THANK YOU TO OUR OHA MEMBERS AND DONORS!

An extra special thank you to those who gave a little extra since last issue.

Dobie Jenkins	James Stark Draper	Jeffrey Colt	Grace Levergood
Richard H. Estes	Ed Damon	Katherine Bramhall	John Wentzell
Thomas S. Deans	Thomas Marston Johnson	Emily Ewald	Hannah Benson
Charles A. Crooker	Art Learnard	John Olmstead	Chuck Hobbie
Judy A Hale	Mary Edgerton Sloat	Ceilidh Shea	Elizabeth Kelman
Dr. Roger G. Smith	Caroline Lodato	Paul Hannah	Doug Hotchkiss
Timothy O. Traver	Ted Prescott	Sarah Klimkowski	Adam Cook
Mary Van Dusen	Robert B. Watts	David Ward	Aubrey Schoff
Chris Hawkins	Douglas Dodd	John D. Halporn	Allen Doyle
Eliza Walker	Wendy Gillespie	Meghan Prentiss	David Burnham

2024 Steering Committee Calendar



Online Meetings:

11/19 via zoom

(link at <https://www.ohcrao.com/>).

OH Meetups:

Everyone welcome!

11/2, Fallfest

10/19, Oktoberfest



OBITUARIES

ARRANGED BY KIM "SCHROEDER" STEWARD



Cornell MacDonald Grout, Don, died peacefully and well cared for on October 19 2023 while surrounded by his loving family at Hospice of Jefferson County, in Watertown, New York.

Born December 17, 1931, in Albany, New York to Emily Cornell and Harold MacIntyre Grout, Don attended Harvey

School through sixth grade, and then Hackley Preparatory School in Tarrytown, NY for the remainder of his college prep school years.

He spent a lifetime of happy summers and ski seasons at the family houses in Sugar Hill and Franconia, New Hampshire working for the Appalachian Mountain Club. He staffed several of the NH huts (Flea '48, '49, Mad '50, Lone '51) and was especially fond of his time at the Greenleaf Hut on Mt. Lafayette. Among the highlights of Don's time working for the AMC hut system was one adventure in which The Old Man of the Mountains somehow acquired a large spruce tree goatee overnight.

At Colby College, Don majored in Geology, receiving his Bachelor of Science in 1954. While at Colby, Don was a member of the Air Force ROTC, Outing Club, and the Varsity Ski Team. It was while at Colby that he met the love of his life, his beloved wife, Nori. He loved to tell the story of how he tried to meet the pretty girl in the red sweater at the activities fair by recruiting her for an Outing Club canoe trip. She didn't go on the canoe trip, but she did go on the date.

Don was commissioned as a lieutenant in the US Air Force upon graduation and he served as an instructor pilot from 1954 to 1959. Don married Nori on June 23, 1956 in Bayside, Long Island. After their marriage, Don and Nori moved to

Waco, Texas, where he was stationed at James Connelly Air Force Base, continuing as an instructor pilot. Don loved to share a story of a close call in which one of his students flew them underneath some power lines and still managed to land the plane safely. After leaving the Air Force, Don went to work as a field geologist for St. Joseph Lead Company first in Bonne Terre, Missouri, and then Northern NY. The Grout family spent many happy summers together swimming, sailing, fishing, boating, and socializing on Sylvia Lake. Nori and Don were among the founders of the Sylvia Lake Sailing Club, racing Sunfish. For many years Don was a Director of the Sylvia Lake Association, ultimately serving as its president.

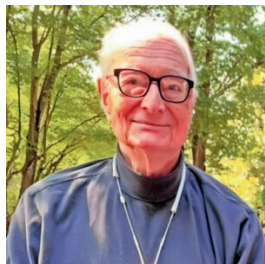
Don's lifelong love of skiing was an instrumental part of his becoming a co-founder and owner of Juniper Hill Ski Resort in Harrisville, NY, where the whole family learned to ski. Don was a member of the Ski Patrol, and an organizer of the youth ski racing program- the Lollipop Races. Upon his retirement from St. Joseph Lead Company, Don worked for many years as a popular and busy substitute teacher in the Gouverneur Central Schools. After the death of his wife, Don moved from Gouverneur to the Adirondacks, and built a log home in Lake Placid near three of his daughters and their families.

In the last four years he was also joined by his younger sister Ruth who established a residence next door and visited with him often. Don was an avid outdoorsman and throughout his entire life spent as much time as possible in nature- skiing, hiking, gardening, birding, and adventuring. Don knew how to make friends and made many in his time on this earth. He was unfailingly warm, wise, fun, and friendly to all. Don was a Master Gardener with the Cornell Cooperative Extension and relished his time at the Lake Placid Farmers Market, sharing his vast knowledge and love of plants with those who stopped by the table. For many of the years he lived in Lake Placid, Don was active with the Lake Placid Curling Club, and spent much happy time with

with his friends on the ice. He was also an avid reader and enjoyed his Book Club meetings with fellow readers at Bookstore Plus.

Don was predeceased by his beloved wife, Nori, and his sister, Janet Grout Williams. He is survived by his sister, Ruth Vaill, four daughters and three sons-in-law: Emily and Phil Sprague, Margie and Patrick Gallagher, Tricia and Bob Garrett, and Andrea Grout. Don loved his seven grandchildren: Caroline (JJ) Sprague, Julia (John) Wright, Carleigh, Conor, and Brenna Garrett, Glenice Gallagher, and Eleanor Evans, and his two great grandsons: John and James Wright. Eva Eich, once the familie's exchange student, now a forever member of the family also mourns her American dad. Don also leaves behind many loving extended family members and friends. Don's final days were made more bearable by a legion of wonderful caregivers- his daughters and their families and some incredibly kind and invaluable home health caregivers. Don's family would like to thank Jefferson County Hospice for their expert, kind, and compassionate care of their beloved Papa in his final days.

Peter Brockway Walker, beloved husband of the late Cynthia Walker, father of Paul and Mark Walker, and grandfather of Dallas H.K. Walker, died peacefully at home in Asheville, North Carolina on the evening of December 16, 2023 at the age of 92.



Born January 31, 1931 in Boston, Massachusetts to Wallace Haynes Walker and Isabella Brockway Walker, he is a veteran of 29 years in the US Navy. He retired in 1984 at the rank of Captain, having served as legal counsel for several years in the Office of the Judge Advocate General.

He worked at Greenleaf Hut in 1947, 1948 and 1949. He was



Peter is seen here with fellow croo member Roger Smith in 1949

a graduate of Harvard University and George Washington law school. After retirement, he received a Master's Degree in French linguistics from George Mason University.

He briefly moved to Florence, Oregon in 2000, where he was invited to play the role of Norman Thayer Jr., in a local production of "On Golden Pond". The performance received favorable reviews.

Peter and Cynthia returned to Asheville in 2002, where they remained until their deaths. Peter enjoyed many years as a member of the Asheville Choral Society. Peter was preceded in death by Cynthia and Mark Walker. He is survived by son Paul, grandson Dallas, brother Clint Walker and his wife Sonja.

Richard S. "Dick" Hayes Jr, 94, died on Friday, February 16, 2024 at his home at River Woods, Manchester, NH. He was born on May 28, 1929 in Chicago, IL to Richard S. and Teresa D. Hayes and was raised in Montclair, NJ. Dick lived a life filled with love, laughter and unwavering dedication to his family and friends.



He graduated from Philips Exeter Academy in 1946, going on to graduate from Princeton University in 1951 on a Navy ROTC scholarship. In 1955, Dick wed the love of his life, Connie Leonard.

During the summers of 1944 and 1945 he served as a Hutman under Joe Dodge for the Appalachian Mountain Club at Greenleaf and Lonesome Lake Huts in the White Mountains of New Hampshire. At Princeton he was a member of the Swim Team and Cheerleading Squad. Upon graduation, he served bravely in the US Navy, reaching the rank of Lieutenant JG. (Note: OHA database shows his years at 1946 and 1947)

After serving his country honorably, Dick joined his father in sales and marketing at the Okonite Cable Company of Passaic, NJ. Later, Dick joined his father-in-law in the leather manufacturing business, and became president of V. & F. W. Filoon Co. in Brockton, MA launching a long career in the leather industry. Dick's passions included flyfishing, sailing, hiking, cycling, woodworking, knot tying, music, and the Boston Red Sox.

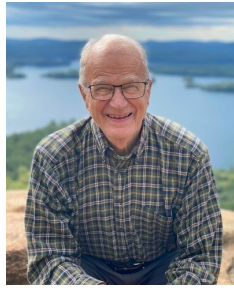
Dick's family was always the most important part of his life. He and Connie raised their five children in Ridgewood, NJ, Hingham, MA, and Peterborough, NH before eventually retiring to Manchester, NH in 2012. Known as Da, Bumpa, Grampie and Grampa, he had a unique relationship with all his grandchildren; each of them knowing he was their biggest fan. Dick is predeceased by his wife Connie, sister Nancy Hinman, son Chris, and beautiful granddaughter Alison. He



will be lovingly remembered by his children, Rosemary Santos (Paul) of Albion, RI, Beth Dillon (Denis) of Dover, NH, Amy Valenti (Michael) of Dover, DE, and Pete Hayes of NYC; daughters-in-law, Julie Hayes of Greenland, NH and Laura Stackhouse of NYC; his 11 adoring grandchildren: Hayley (Ethan),

Alex, Taylor (Grace), Katie, Dan (Jessica), Caroline, Abigail, Nathan (Jordyn), Chris (Emma), Spencer, and Ruby. He also leaves behind his darling great granddaughters, Charley and Alexandra, as well as several nieces and nephews.

David Preston, age 90, of Essex, Connecticut, died peacefully in Essex on March 26th, 2024. Dave was born on November 17, 1933, in Boston, Massachusetts, a son of Roger and Anita Preston of Waban, Massachusetts. He was predeceased by his brothers, Peter, **Fred**, and **Phil**.



Dave is survived by his beloved wife of sixty years, Barbara Biddulph Preston, his son, Christopher Preston, his daughter Elizabeth Preston Miramon, and their spouses Elizabeth Valalik and Peter Miramon, and three grandchildren Carly and Emily Preston and Benjamin Miramon.

Also surviving Dave are his brothers- and sisters-in-law, Carl and Susan Biddulph, Hannah and Larry Crutcher, and Granthia Preston, as well as five nieces and nephews.

Dave attended the Rivers School, graduated from Deerfield Academy in 1951, and Cornell University in 1955 where he was a member of the Sigma Phi Society. He earned a Master of Business Administration from Northwestern University in 1963.

Dave began his business career in the paper industry as a "peddler" with S.D. Warren in Maine and the H. M. Gousha Company in New York. In 1975 he purchased Scott & Daniells Inc., a manufacturer of folding cartons in Portland, Connecticut. He acquired Custom Carton in Branford, Connecticut in 1992 and set up a new manufacturing facility in Gastonia, North Carolina in 1996. Dave sold the business to Pharmagraphics in 1999 and retired in 2002.

Dave called Squam Lake in Holderness, New Hampshire, his home. He spent nearly 90 summers on the lake listening to the loons, enjoying lake activities, and hiking in the White Mountains. As a teenager, he spent the summer of 1954 working as a "hutman" for the Appalachian Mountain Club at Madison Springs Hut.

His enjoyment of skiing matched his love of hiking. He was

a member of the Professional Ski Instructors of America. Dave enjoyed finding fresh powder and yodeling as he carved turns down mountains in New England, the West, and Europe. His adventurous spirit took him and Barbara to many continents, exploring on foot or bike, hiking over passes, and overnighting in refugios.

Dave's volunteer interests were primarily in education and land conservation in the communities where he worked and lived. He served on the boards of the Connecticut Nature Conservancy, Cooper Instrument Corporation, Middlesex Hospital, Middlesex Chamber of Commerce, Middlesex County Community Foundation, Old Lyme Phoebe Griffin Noyes Library, and Service Corps of Retired Executives. In 2003 Dave received the Middlesex County Distinguished Service Award from the Middlesex Chamber of Commerce. He served as a Board Trustee for Deerfield Academy and the Williams School in New London, Connecticut. Dave was an Overseer at Colby College and Chaired the college's Parents Association. He was a member of the Old Lyme Beach Club, Old Lyme Country Club, and the Essex Yacht Club.

The family thanks the Essex Meadows Health Center staff for the wonderful care they gave Dave.



Joan W. Bishop, 93, of Webber Ave., passed away peacefully after a brief illness on Tuesday, April 12, 2022, at Mid Coast Hospital in Brunswick.

She was born in New York City on July 20, 1928, the daughter of Ralph Montagu Stuart and Isabella (Wood)

Wortley.

Joan graduated from Oldfields School in Maryland where she made many lifelong friends. She later studied to be an Occupational Therapist at Richmond Professional Institute. Joan developed a love for the outdoors and the White Mountains while she was a camper and camp counselor at Camp Mudjekeewis in Lovell, Maine. Later, she was employed at the AMC Pinkham Notch Base Camp in New Hampshire where she met her husband, Harry A. Bishop Jr. They married on Dec. 1, 1951, first living in Gorham, New Hampshire, then moving to Bath in 1960. She was employed at the Hyde Home in Bath as an Occupational Therapist and later at several other healthcare facilities.

Joan was a dedicated member of the Grace Episcopal Church in Bath serving on the Flower Guild, Altar Guild, and the Vestry. She was a beloved Girl Scout Leader, a member of the Bath Garden Club, and the quilters group.

Joan was always ready for an adventure. She enjoyed traveling, crafts, flowers, birds, hiking, camping, and spending time with her family, especially at the Bishop camp

in New Hampshire where she was famous for her blueberry pancakes.

According to her daughter, she attended OH reunions as often as possible and enjoyed her AMC memories.

She was predeceased by her husband, Harry A. Bishop Jr, in 1993, her son, Harry "Woody" Bishop III, one brother, Alan Stuart-Wortley and one sister, Elizabeth Kingsbury.

She is survived by one son, Alan Stuart-Wortley Bishop and his wife Lisa of Rushville, NY, two daughters, Wendy Gillespie and her husband Dennis of Haverhill, MA and Linda Bimbo and Muriel Charron of Fremont NH, seven grandchildren, Kelly Ricci, Meghan Gillespie, Katherine Bimbo, Colleen Bishop, Andrew Bishop, Erin Daigle, and Alex Bishop, 8 great grandchildren and many cherished nieces and nephews.

Memorial contributions may be made to the Appalachian Mountain Club, 10 City Square, Boston, MA 02129 or via their website: <https://www.outdoors.org/donate/tribute-gifts> or to Habitat for Humanity 7 Rivers Maine, 126 Main St, Ste1, Topsham, ME 04086 or via their website: www.habitat7rivers.org

Ann R (Stedman) Perkins of Wakefield, RI, died peacefully on May 31, 2024 at the age of 86, surrounded by the love of her family. She was born on July 8th, 1937, the daughter of the late William G. and Virginia Stedman. She was the beloved wife of Earle R. Perkins. They have two children, Jonathan M. Perkins and Heather A. Perkins both of Wakefield, RI. She also leaves daughter in law Lisa Perkins, five grandchildren and four great grandchildren.

Ann was a proud South Kingstown Elementary School teacher. Her love was teaching her third grade students at West Kingston Elementary School. She spent 28 years touching the lives of her students and inspiring those around her before retiring in 1997.

Ann was a Life Member of the Appalachian Mountain Club, a member of the O.H. Association and a hut caretaker for the Lonesome Lake Hut in New Hampshire. Her passion was hiking. She logged countless miles over 40 years of enjoyment in the mountains, hiking trails across New England and Western United States. Her most impressive ascents include Mt Rainier in Washington, Mt Hood in Oregon and Mt Whitney in California. She also led many climbs and hikes throughout Europe, blazing through Switzerland, Austria, Italy, and the Tour de Mt Blanc in France. Her passion for hiking inspired others. She created the hiking club, "Chicks with Sticks" to unite those with the same love she had for the trails.

Her garden was her purpose. A certified Hall of Fame Master Gardener, Ann was the founder of the "Gardening

with the Masters" garden tour which began in 2003. Her unique container gardens found her featured in Better Homes & Gardens magazine in 2005.

Ann was a Rhody Ram through and through, graduating from URI in 1959 as a member of Delta Zeta sorority with a Bachelor's of Science. It was there that she met her husband of 63 years. The two loved attending sporting events, supporting the Rams throughout the years.

In lieu of flowers, donations can be made to the Garden Foundation of RI or AMC Narragansett Chapter, Trails Committee.

TATOR CROO

Emma "EB" Brandt worked in the huts for six seasons across four years and has been the *co-editor* of the Tator for four years. She is now the Huts Assistant Manager. She continues to explore the Whites by foot and by ski with friends and her fiancé, Jesse, also OH. She's also a fan of boardgames, cooking and reading. She's grateful she remains close to the mountains and community she loves, living in North Conway.



Ethan Daly is a *co-editor* for the Tator. He worked in the huts for three seasons and the Highland Center for one. Recently he spent a year abroad living in New Zealand and working on a sheep and cattle station. He now lives in Portland, ME.



Kim "Schroeder" Steward serves as a *tator proofreader*, OHA Webmaster, Social Media Maven and now handles some duties for the MMVSP. After working for the AMC for 21 years, she has spent the last 14+ years working for White Mountain Oil & Propane doing marketing, web administration, and HR duties. She also continues to perform weddings as a Justice of the Peace in New Hampshire. She and her husband Keith Force live in the Mount Washington Valley.



Bill Barrett serves as a *tator proofreader*. He worked in the Huts in the '60's and '70's, mostly Opening and Closing, but also including Fall HM at Flea and Lakes (even though there was then no official Fall season); then he was on the North Country Board (successor to the Hut Committee) in the 80's; and now he is a Huts volunteer, and a trail adopter (the latter not just on the two OH trails, but also the Crawford Path and the Tuckerman Crossover).





ANN PERKINS (MIDDLE).
1937-2024

Like what you see?

Have feedback?

Want to contribute?

Email us at tator@ohcroo.com

