

Oborg

Script C/N Lynch

AYH...HERE IS YOUR LIFE!

Banquet program for the 25th Anniversary

by Hugh Gilmour and Cathy Lynch

(listed in alphabetical order)

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GILMOUR Here at this twenty-fifth birthday party, it is always fitting to glance back over the years, to bask in one's successes, to cringe again at one's failures, and recall again the relationships, friendly and hostile. So, AYH, prepare to stroll nostalgic-ly down memory lane, for THIS IS YOUR LIFE!

We have little time to talk of your ancestors or relatives in Europe, or your older brother, born six years before you, just prior to World War II. He was a casualty of the war, for who had time for hiking, canoeing or camping when instead he was marching, beach-heading or bivouacing?

Turning to more pleasant subjects...your own birth occurred at the Yale-Harvard-Princeton Club when Horace Forbes Baker served as midwife and prevailed upon an active engineering student at Carnegie Tech to start a local group.

PRANCES Remember me, AYH, for though my stay in Pittsburgh was all too short, and I went on to serve as National President and other sundry offices on the National Board and go off to Lima, Ohio to start another council, I still remember you, my first hosteling adventure. I remember your first steps, AYH, back there in 1948, on Washington's birthday, for the Westinghouse plant gave us the day off and it seemed so natural to spend it in the dreary confines of what were to become the Presto Lakes. Later we were to develop a path now known as the Baker Trail and branch out into cycling, and then you were no longer crawling but really learning to walk, and it was time for me to move on to greater glories.

GILMOUR And as Tony moved on to greater glories, the beret of leadership was passed on to other heads. Among these was an ex-Wave who had been invited by Tony to join a few interested hikers in a weekend trip in the Pennsylvania-Dutch country.

→BIEREN Those were the early days of communist paranoia, and I wasn't at all sure whether I wanted to joint a YOUTH group, so I arrived early at the Grayhound Bus Station where we were to assemble, and I sat up in the balcony so that I could observe them. As they arrived, I noticed that aside from looking a little scruffy, they appeared decent enough so I jointed them and had a really a great time at the Brickerville Hostel. When Tony left Pittsburgh, I served as president for the next three years and it was during this time that inflation reared its ugly head when the price of the adult pass went from three to four dollars. No one had any real equipment in those days, so when we wanted to branch out into canoeing, we borrowed canoes from the American Red Cross. I still recall that first hike out to Presto Lakes. It had snowed and was very cold as we trudged along the railroad and into an old strip mine whose pits had filled with water. Presto! These were the Presto Lakes, I think Tony made up the name. We melted snow for coffee, a pitiful fire that never boiled the water. Our meal was just warm; we did some square dancing to keep from freezing and then it was night. We were hours late getting home, but a better time is hard to imagine.

GILMOUR Betty guided the organization from 1950 to 1953 during which time a young girl from Mt. Lebanon and a young man from Carnegie Tech began to show leadership qualities. Both had been active members during year of AYH back in '48, and in June, 1951, they were the first local members to qualify for a family pass.

BRUCE I think I joined AYH a week or two before June Redman, thanks to the persuasive charms of Stan Rosecrantz.

JUNE

I had read about the organization in one of Gilbert Love's columns and came out my first trip, a crawl through Delaney's Cave. It was Bruce's second trip. Gee, that was back in 1948, and the time really flew.

BRUCE

After our marriage, we led an extended trip throught New England, cycling from one summer theater to another. It was AYH's first strawhat tour. June was chairman of the second annual banquet held in the Williamsburg Room of Rheas's Restaurant on Smithfield Street where the Blue Cross Building is now. AYH was not only learning walk but also learning to dance. Folk dancing was introduced into the group. Quite enough there was a sing-along with Emma Schulte pounding out some songs on the piano.

→SAFFER

I remember one weekend when June Redman persuaded me to attend an AYH meeting. I was actually going somewhere else that evening, but since I didn't want to go to either function, I went to them both, rationalizing that I would only have to spend half the allotted time at each. It was during Hostel Week in May, and my first trip was so utterly horrible that I decided to join up, thinking that whatever followed had to be an improvement. As I paid for my first pass, I was automatically made program chairman and was up to my elbows getting speakers and setting up the screen for someone's slide show. It was during AYH's first year that we acquired our headquarters' building. One of the members of our advisory board was in charge of Parks and Recreation, and on the day that we approached him for some isolated unused structure, a giraffe had given birth to a baby giraffe, and in his benevolent mood, he granted us temporary use of a chicken coop on the Marshall Estate, originally earmarked for a memorial to Harvey Gaul, a Pgh. composer. Such is the case of history when a baby giraffe can dictate the residents of a renegade group such as AYH was in those days. // I remember our first real hostel at the Bushearn Camp in Zelionople. Prior to that we had slept out in an old greenhouse in Dorseyville and an open pavilion in freezing temperatures. No one could cook except June and I so naturally we were stuck at the stove wherever we went. There was a minor rebellion when cycling was introduced for the cyclists would roll up to a spot where we had been preparing the food, gobble it down, and depart immediately so they could get back to town before dark, leaving the hikers, predominantly men, June and I to do all of the cleaning up. // AYH broke into TV when Duquesne Beer sponsored a 15-minute program which featured goings on around town. Whenever anyone cancelled out, the brewery would call us for a substitute personality. Eventually the activities board had to decide whether it was in our best interests to appear on a program sponsored by a company that made alcoholic beverages despite the new alcohol contest...but we all sobered up. We decided to compromise principle a bit for the publicity — a sobering thought.

GILMOUR

Following Liz Saffer as president was John Behun who led the group for the next two years, and then went off to Detroit with the Wyandotte Chemical Company, and it was during his second term that a young girl in white saddle shoes served as secretary. She has since never put down her pencil or her arm.

→ABBIE

Life was pretty miserable back in those days, but a few of us managed to get away to Nag's Head, North Carolina and escape from the group. Grace Kriner, Lanie Wilson, Frieda Hammermeister and I stopped off at Washington, DC to pick up Joan Walczak, and then it was dodge the mosquitos. Nancy Evans went off to the University of Hawaii one summer and then returned and eventually married a later AYH president. So did I for that matter. // Diane Simon designed a new heading for the Golden Triangle and even linoleum blocked a Christmas card which we sent out to all the emmbers. George and Jan Poland left town and moved to Camp Hill. John and Ramona Matthews bought a farm near Bridgeville and hoped to turn it into a hostel. Larry Cohen was all set to go to Europe, but an attractive job offer changed his mind. Shu Kao, our favorite Chinese hiker and cook, brought a new member around...Ruth Stacklin... who turned out to be one of the most active people and most dependable when work had to be done.

GILMOUR

Hadling the job of public relations that next year was another active year. She had joined up back in 1950. She took over the Golden Triangle with its new fro page design.

FRANNIE

My first extended trip was a memorable one. George Cohen, Larry's brother, led us cyclin through New England, starting at Cape Cod and up into New Hampshire. Clumsy me...I fell and scrazed my elbows and knees, but it was a fun time. No one had any cars so everywhere we went, it was either by street car, bus or train. In '51 we went out to the Tetons, hiking and climbing, although none of us knew very much about climbing. Someone began night hikes, and I loved them. Mt. Washington under the stars was another world, for that matter, so was Fox Chapel. There was never more than one trip each weekend, but almost everyone turned out for that activity which is how we all became so versatile. Ah methue were the days.

GILMOUR

Stuart Reynolds had been a member of a USO troupe of entertainers in the Far East, doing a juggling act. He was to become president of the group and attract the eye of Nancy Evans. Mount Fitzpatrick was to begin a term as treasurer. Serving in the office of Headquarters and Hostel Development was a young architect from one of the provinces. He was to later latch on to a girl from Boston and make the mother of... is it six or seven children? He was later to become known as Mr. Baker Trail.

WOODLAND

In those days I was living in an apartment on Fifth Avenue and was the proud owner of a vacuum cleaner, and every weekend, the girl across the hall would sashay over in her working clothes to borrow my vacuum. Camping in those days was rather primitive and rather puritanical, and two members of the opposite sex never shared a tent until after they were married. We managed to improve on the shelter along the trail and dream of adding more, and that dream became a reality. Camping was an offshoot of AYH, and every year there was the annual trek to the Keystone Trails Association. I have since become famous as the leader of an all girl hiking harem in the White Mountains. I can't remember whether Billie came along or not.

GILMOUR

Responsible for the trips and trails that year was Gloria Fisher who became president the next year. Another active hosteler, Gloria, hiked and cycled with the best of them. It was she who decided to paint all of the seats at the II building. She asked all of the members to bring in any spare paint they might have around the house and paid at least one set of chairs. It was during that time that another young man became membership chairman, then vice president and then president. Back in 1957, he was leading the folk dancing and extended trips to Wisconsin and then a six weeks cycling trip for National AYH.

GILMOUR #2

I was introduced to AYH through a piano. Diane Dimon, a friend of mine, visited AYH one night to look over the group. Her mother had donated a piano to any group that wanted it and AYH had requested it. Diane was curious as to whether the piano was being treated right. She ended up that weekend as the only girl on an overnight hike. The next week she brought me along and introduced me as her lawyer. Everyone was impressed or were they afraid she was going to sue? Anyway, I thought the group was a bunch of nuts, sitting around shivering in a barnlike building that had no heat except that could be coaxed from a temperamental stove. The place reminded me a rundown, smalltown bus station. My first hosteling weekend at the Brashear hostel a few weeks later at Thanksgiving time, and the group began to take on some personality. Ralph Ludin Ludington baked a couple of pumpkin pies; Warren Young recorded everyone's conversation on a hidden tape recording and Bob Leznik led us on an endless hike. The last five miles of it fade into a hazy memory of Abbie Mudie clutching a battered box of Kleenex as we pulled each other up the hill. I was rather poor in those days...has life changed?....and grateful that one could get a meal for sixty cents. Everyone shopped at the Army Navy Store, not that it was fashionable but because it was cheap. I recall that the first time I ran for office, I had a competitor; we were extremely democratic in those days. Fran Czapiewski swung the election with a couple of proxy votes. Editing the Triangel for a couple of years gave me the

opportunity to know many people and write about them. My favorite AYH trip was a camping trip in the Rockies led by Don Fisher. Also along were Joan Heike, Martha Montag, Margaret Bark, Marie Garret, a French girl who swam in every freezing mountain stream, And some others, but more of that later. AYH satisfied my wanderlust and eventually introduced me to foreign travel. The largest hostel I stayed in was the Ehrenbreitstein Castle on the Rhine River, a former German fortress during World War II. I remember first meeting June Merritt on a Christmas caroling hike. It was a cold night and she was wearing a fur coat, but she was pregnant and could not button it, but it didn't stop her singing. I have noticed that most AYH'ers sing lustily regardless of open coats.

GILMOUR

Thank you, Mr. Gilmour. The next year, a young man from Chicago, a graduate of the University of Illinois came to Pittsburgh, and captured the heart of one of our secretaries.

WENNER
GEERTZ

When I came to Pittsburgh to work at the Alcoa Research, I wasn't sure which of my free time pleasures offered me the most gratification...racing cars, playing the harmonica, pounding the marimba or just canoeing. I don't know what attracted me to AYH for I was always an independent canoeist, but here I am thirteen years later and several hundred canoe trips under my belt. The year I was president, Sir John Catchpool was the featured speaker at the banquet, and my biggest fear was that I would introduce him as Sir John Cesspool, the name we had been calling him before he came. Canoeing has always been my favorite sport, and in the past few years I have been breaking in new recruits at the Canoe School. I've also authored a canoeing guide.

NARRATOR
GILMOUR

The following year, Ben Bell, who had introduced Lloyd Geertz to AYH succeeded him as president and was in turn followed by Lee Hayden who was born just three blocks from the Headquarters building. Lee was a student at Tech and at Pitt and, in his senior year, decided to drop out for one semester. He was immediately drafted and replaced by Vice president, Margaret Bark, who finished out his term. Margaret, a young librarian at Carnegie in Oakland, had had the distinction of having more overnight trips than anyone else the preceding year. It was during her administration that Pittsburgh Council entertained the other councils at the National Council Meeting, which incidentally was Cathy Lynch's first AYH activity.

→BARK

It might have been a gigantic task if I hadn't had enormous help. Edward Peterson, one of our ~~members~~ advisory board members and a teacher at Pitt, made arrangements to house the delegates at the new Pitt dorms. The financial work was done by Bruce Sundquist. We had midnight hikes up to Mt. Washington to see the skyline, and the Honorable Henry S. Reuss, U.S. Congressman from Wisconsin was the speaker at the banquet. Our theme was "To serve American youth better in 1964." I suppose one of my most memorable trips was to Poland one summer when I managed to survive without any knowledge of the language. I was introduced to hostelling when I joined a group in Europe. I remember the Rocky Mt. Camping trip and our sliding down a glacier that tasted like watermelon. The next day I noticed that one of our sliders had split his trousers and was totally unaware of it. I quickly slipped him a Heinz pickle pin and advised him to repair the damage. AYH was always a welcome relief from my job with the county bookmobiles.

I met
GILMOUR

The next year, AYH, you were sixteen years old, and those years, like everyone's teens were a time of growth, frustration, and traumatic ups and downs. In 1964, the reins of power fell to Mark Dodd, a patent attorney who earned his reputation in AYH for leading night hikes. For a few years the interest in cycling seemed to decline while the interest in canoeing rose. That was the year that the Golden Triangle, in advance of most of the wide circulation papers, published a letter for a conscientious objector who had camped in the local draft board office in protest of the draft. The next issue carried a sharp letter from one of the local

members of the advisory board who was also a local politician of some note. After that, both letters-to-the-editor and political journalism were discouraged. In 1965, ace canoeist and fanatic photographer, Bob Fewkes, became president. Elected secretary at the same time was a girl who had been a mere Golden Triangle typist just three months. She explained her meteoric rise to power...

Lynch

I can't type...I was secretary on what I like to call the 3-man activity board. Actually, I think we had about five people for ten offices. Every month when I sent out the meeting notices, the last item on the agenda was the "activities board crisis." For a while three of us were doing all of the jobs. Bob Fewkes was president but Bruce Sundquist was everything else!

Before we really finished solving that crisis, there was another one, the headquarters crisis. We received a letter from the city stating that we should plan to vacate immediately because they were going to begin demolition of the building since they needed the site for other purposes. We called on the board of advisors for advice. Two of the letters came back marked "deceased." Only Gilbert Love actually showed up for the meeting. We had great support from the board of directors and even better luck with the city, I forget whether there was an election or another austerity program or another pregnant giraffe...anyway, they forgot all about the dilemma. ~~haven't torn the building down~~

Two years later I was still secretary, but had a full activities board. John and Tess Henry were on it. Howard King had bailed out the canoeing program. Sue Simler's energetic public relations activities were bringing in new members by the dozens. This also resulted in her being chased around a cocktail table by the friendly man who have AYH a special cut rate on the booth at the boat show. Don Woodland had discovered his sign making process for the Baker Trail. Walter Terecwieksky had started work on the modern Cochran's section. Even with all the new people involved, Bruce was still president and everything else.

GILMOUR

Rafting had started around 1964 with AYH going for a trip with the Wilderness Voyageurs. After his rafting trip on the Green and Yampa Rivers, Bruce Sundquist persuaded the Board of Directors to let him personally underwrite the purchase of rafts for the council. His faith in them was justified when the raft trip fees eventually paid for the rafts and the board of directors agreed to future raft purchases, and several years later to the purchase of a C-2 and a rubber duck. For these were the years of expanding interest in all types of water craft. After an experimental trip on the Allegheny, using his poncho as a sail, Bruce converted the fleet of AYH canoes into sailing vessels. He did the machining of the metal parts and persuaded Abby Geertz to make the sails out of an old parachute he had purchased for the purpose. And you, AYH, began to enjoy some of the comforts of having families as members.

BILLIE
WOODLAND

A marriage that started with a honeymoon cycling in the Pennsylvania-Dutch country can't expect to exclude AYH. With small children at home, AYH came to us. While National had its scholarship program for European leaders, we had people from Sweden, England and Belgium as our guests. We would entertain them with a group of local council members. When you think of it, a lot of the local members have been nationals from other countries. There was Shu Kao who was such an asset to the early hikes. ~~Maxxum~~ Helen Van Wyck from Australia introduced snow shoeing to the council, a feat she had picked up in the Pacific Northwest. Marie Garret, the little French girl, like to climb trees and had her picture in the paper doing just that. More recently, Eb Moll from Germany and ~~Fareed~~ Farid from Iran but claimed to be a Persian. Gogi Pasi from India but who claimed to be from Nicaragua but had never heard of Managua. Victor Sorokin who was born in what he calls White Russia and has lived everywhere and still boasts relatives in the most unlikely places. It has been an education in geography and international relations just knowing them all.

And now the focus here starts the second part by bringing hosting

to Lelandtown ~~the present, there are vivid recent memories. Many of us who are~~

GILMOUR

As we approach the present, there are vivid recent memories. Many of us here tonight have shared these recent experiences with you, AYH so we will have to move quickly, stopping only briefly to hear a very few of the familiar voices. In 1965 Bob Omller was elected president. Bob has probably skied in as many places in the world as anyone else. He had to ski in Canada, Norway, Austria and Switzerland, because there was never enough snow in Pittsburgh. This year was the first year that Fred Hull was elected treasurer. Since he didn't abscond with the council assets, he was elected again, and a ain, until now he is the only one who knows where the money is, and we wouldn't know what to do without him.

In 1967 Henry Fisher was elected presidnet. It is hard to b&lieve that this energetic executive is the one and same Hank Fisher who was the youngest tripper on one of the early Teton's trips twenty years before. He led a Tetons trip himself, but most important, he led the reorganization of the council constitution and by-laws. He volunteered his wife to undertake the chore of reorganizing the council files. The two of them are best remembered as the couple who always do the Charleston at the banquet. Dependable Ann, in a crucial moment, came to the rescue of a male hiker with her blue flowered long johns, and they've never fit her since

In 1969, the Nehry's Tess and John, became the co-presidents of AYH. It should be noted in passing that AYH has a long tradition of giving women equal rights. As one male canoe trip leader remarked, "All right girls, you're as equal as anyone else. Pick up those canoes and carry them." *A cute girl signed up for one of his trips. He thought she was a teen ater and too young for a mature group. She wasn't. Her name is Mrwitz now.

Yes*, first impressions can be deceiving. How many of us fondly remember our first impressions of you, AYH? A member of the board of directors and map consultant and co-author of the canoe guide tells it this way.

Hoecker

In 1962, I used to come to the meetings, but I never went on any trips so I didn't see any sense in getting a pass. Terry Sanders and Bob Fewkes tried to shame me into buying one, but I wouldn't. One day, Fewkes surreptitiously sent the money to New York and purchased a pass in my name. Once I received it, I was then qualified to lead trips***.

NARRATOR

Probably the newest mother of an AYH family and former public relations chairman for AYH recalls her first impression.

→Judy Hurst

My first trip was a hike to Lim Run State Park where we wandered into the target are of a duck shoot. Suddenly there were live bullets whizzing all around us and ducks falling dead at our feet. We forged on until a voice called out of the forest, "You better get your ass out of here if you don't want it filled with buckshot." Everyone was amazed when I showed up for another trip.

student

GILMOUR

A graduate/in city planning who has been taking an increasing amount of responsibility for cyc'ing in the present bike boom recalls:

GIVENTER

My first trip was a climbing trip at White Rocks, but we lost the rocks and had a hike instead.

GILMOUR

Yes, AYH, in the last few years, your interest in cycling has increased, but for you this is only a revival of a long time interest. The bicycle is one of the best means yet invented for achieving your goal of travel under one's own steam.

GILMOUR

Well, AYH, you started the decade of the 70's under the leadership of Henry's and with the increased membership ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ as a result of the years when the Brinka sisters and their cousin, Annie, were membership chairmen. Remembering the years before when Mel Tobias had been membership chairman and had been called on the carpet to explain the drop in membership, and had ~~expm~~ answered, "Tell them there was an epidemic," the Brinkas, inc. might have said, "Tell them there was a population explosion." At this time the Triangle acquired a new writer with the unlikely name of A. Canoeist. The next year the editorship was taken over by someone with the even more unlikely name of Spindt, ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~. The decade also began with the establishment of the multilith format. Does anyone remember how mimeograph ink stains? In 1971, Roy Weil served his first term as president. We began to hear more and more about building K-1's and C-1's. An old canoe chairman from the 60's opened his own canoe shop, and ~~advertis~~ advertises monthly in the Triangle. Has anyone been out to Doug Ettinger's shop? We see weekly ice skating trips, midnight cycle rides, the 25 and 50 mile cycle rides.

present

This is your life, AYH, and we the members are very much a part of it. The members have always been the life of AYH, the members who have served in the offices of the activities board, the members who go on trips, the members who attend the meetings and even those no longer active who just crawl out for the annual banquet. Each year they are different, yet each year they are the same. Some come out for a year or two, make their contribution, then, like Tony Prances, move on to greater glories. Others like J. D. Myers and his wife, Eleanore have been with us from the beginning, each year contributing something of themselves. Others like Hank, now Henry Fisher, and Harry Rhule and Tom Bryson have come and gone, being active at one time and not another. No matter...each contribution gives something unique to the Pgh. Council.

Our last members are typical members, selected at random. A recent membership chairman who was also last year's banquet chairman, saw it as part of her office to get people together.

→ KAY LEW

My greatest success was telling Eb Moll to see that a certain new member, Diane Clegg had a good time at the 1968 Cooks Forest Weekend. He obliged, and she eventually became this year's banquet chairman. So history is made by a mark of hospitality, by ~~all the~~ hospitality.

Meredith

The weather has frequently ~~sun~~ plagued certain trip leaders. ^{canoe}

Mary Shaw

There was one year that I got a bad reputation for leading/trips in cold weather. It was so bad that they'd schedule a ski trip every time I announced a spring canoe trip because they would then be sure of snow. I now have a new plan. I'm going to have a canoe trip every time Charles Ralph announces a cross country ski trip.

Narrator Prominent in the last few years has been an arctic explorer, avid photographer, FHD geologist and citizen of the world. And what does he say?

HENRY PO LOCK Uaaaaaaaah!

GILMOUR

Yes, the members make the organization because they create activities. As we have seen some activities wax and wane, some have only seasonal interest, some are year round. Some have a feature of AYH from the beginning; others are relatively new. The banquet has been a traditional ritual with us for twenty-five years. Each year we have gathered to break bread, compare notes, and come away refreshed and invigorated and determined to become more involved.

And so it goes....From looking back into the past, we can then project into the future and say that just ~~was~~ this was your life, so it will be your life. As we gather in 1998 to celebrate the 50th year. we can all come hobbling back envying the young who are still able to do the marvelous things we were once able to do but knowing that everything is still in goo creative hands.

Twenty years ago, a budding poet about fourteen or fifteen years old expressed himself in this way.

Every year we have a banquet, almost everybody goes,
For some it is the only time we see them in good clothes.
The men parade around the room in suits and fine dress shirts,
And wonder, of all wonder, all the ;irls are wearin skirts.

Most everyone you meet has changed, good friends could pass you by,
Fred Mauk, not wearing overalls, instead a suit and tie.

Remember how they look tonight, well-dressed and slightly stern,
But at the stroke of midnight, back to hostellers they will turn,
Say goodby to passing glory, shed at least one, tiny tear
For banquet-time, like Christmas, comes but once a year.

Happy birthday, AYH, this was your life.