

THE RESUSCITATOR

The Newsletter of the OH Association

Fall 2020 Issue

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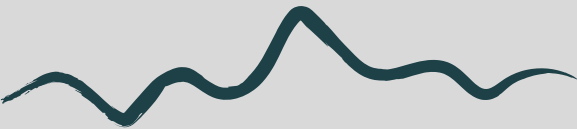
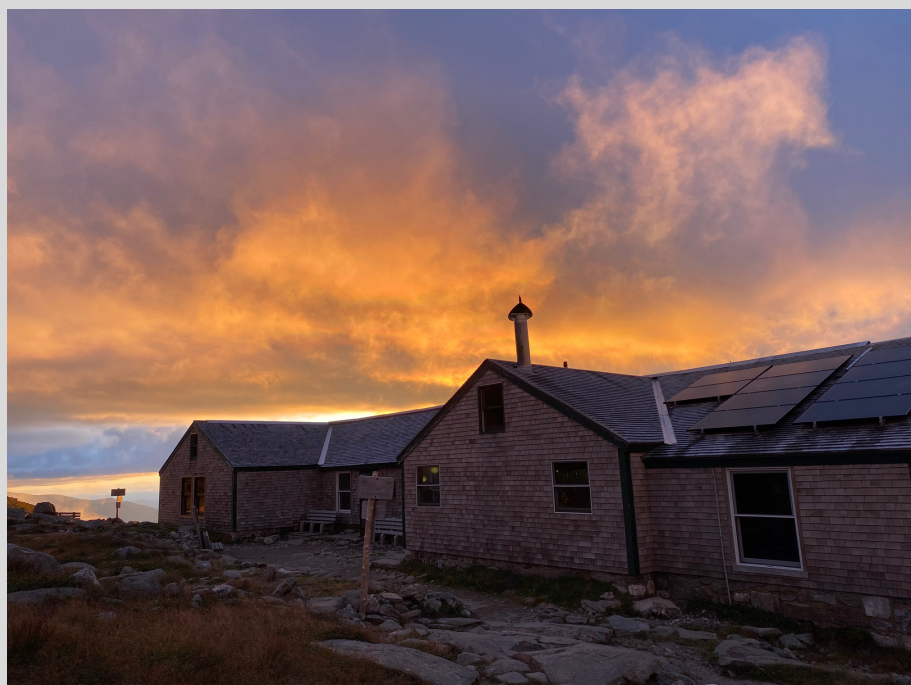


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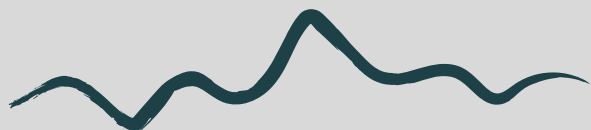
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Morning Col, Mt. Monroe

The col is still, save
for the diatonic chime
and immaculate piccolo triplets
of a White-throated Sparrow.

—W. Kent Olson



From the Desk of the Chair

Well, it's been one hell of a year. And we still have three months to go.

For the first time in history the huts never opened for full service. A skeleton crew of caretakers provided hikers with trail info, water, toilets, trail snacks, and search and rescue. No overnight lodging, nor the work and fun that would normally go into that. I know I speak for every OH when I say we appreciate what a loss this was for everyone who expected to spend the summer doing weather reports and hut reports and wound up reading Covid-19 reports instead. Fingers crossed for next summer. For now, all huts will be closed this winter, with limited service at Pinkham and Highland Center.

Our own dear Cabin has been boarded up as well. We hope to make it available to members as soon as it's safe to do so. Stay tuned for updates.

Big welcome to Miles Howard and Emma "EB" Brandt, who've taken over Resuscitator editorial duties from Beth Weick. Big Limmers to fill you two, but we couldn't be in better hands.

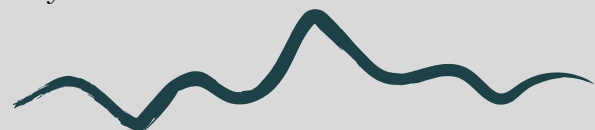
Maybe you've heard? We've applied for 501(c)3 non-profit status. Since it's inception, the OHA has maintained public hiking trails and supported improvements to the huts and the services the AMC provides to the hiking public, among other contributions. Finally being officially recognized for these good deeds should help us trim our budget, and fundraise as we move forward with plans to acquire the land immediately north of the Cabin (the old Washburn/Liebskind property). Speaking of moolah, our sincere thanks to all of you who kicked in a little extra with your latest dues payment. Fully one of every three OH eligible to join the OHA does so, and a third of those folks usually add "a little extra" with their dues. This level of participation is the envy of any alumni organization, and it's all the proof anyone needs of what a few years of working in a hut will do for you, (or maybe do to you?) The OHA continues to be as strong and as active as it is because it's damn near impossible to forget how amazing it was to work in the mountains—the most physically demanding job most of us will ever have—and to want to pass that experience forward to future croo. With cabin revenues near zero and major expenses looming on the horizon, your continued generosity is as important—and as appreciated—as ever.

In other exciting news, former Huts Manager Ken Olson will be partnering with the New Hampshire Charitable Foundation and the OHA to underwrite a generous scholarship fund for current and recent croo.

Yes, it's been one hell of a year, but not all bad, as you can see. The Highland Center won't be hosting Fallfest as usual, but we'll be sponsoring some socially-distant local mini-reunions around that time, and on October 30th we'll be Zooming our annual business meeting, including a spectacular presentation by Erik Koeppel, a Jackson plein air artist already well known to many OH, who lectures and teaches nationally on Hudson River School landscape painting. His stuff is amazing, and his talk will not disappoint. 7:30 – 9 PM, 10/30. Zoom coordinates will be shared.

Solvitur crumpus—tantum faciem non tangere,*

*"It is solved by resting—just don't touch your face."



Like So many events this year, Fall-fest is being reimagined in the era of Covid-19. While we can't be together in person on October 31st, at the Highland Center, our Fall-fest(ivities) will now occur online and in our local areas. Events to be aware of and plan:

- Zoom with artist Erik Koeppel on October 30th at 7:30

- Hosting or attending small, regional gatherings

Stay tuned for more information about the zoom session with Erik Koeppel, and if you're interested in hosting a regional gathering, please contact Phoebe Howe at phoebe.howe@gmail.com. These could be anything from a socially distant hike, to backyard drinks. Before the 30th, all events will be conveyed through the usual channels.



Autumn in the Mt. Washington Valley

Erik Koeppel

Erik Koeppel is a traditional landscape painter who has become a leader in the revival of the techniques and philosophy of the Hudson River School. Koeppel studied extensively in museums, and in nature to arrive at the determination that the powerful methods of the masters, are in fact an urgently needed voice in contemporary culture. In mastering these techniques, this assertion has been proven by the extensive success his work has found nationwide, in the form of awards, publications, academic recognition, exhibitions, and collectability. His highly naturalistic paintings are created without the use of photography. He lives in Jackson and you can see his work at erikkoeppel.com.

Sunset Over Lake Champlain

Erik Koeppel



"It is my belief that to experience the Beauty of our existence here in this magnificent landscape is the only way to happiness. My intention as an artist is to share that Beauty."

-Erik Koeppel

Thank you to OHA Donors!

An extra special thank you to those who gave a little extra

Josh Alper	Chip Ellms	Nancy Nesbitt
Jim Argentati	Richard Estes	Steve Neubert
Nat Balch	Daniel Fitz-Patrick	Gary Newfield
Paul Bartlett	Roger Foster	Peter Northrop
Harold Bernsen	Betsy and Brian Fowler	Mary Nottingham
Joan Bishop	Helen Fremont	John Nutter
William Blais	Judy Geer	Henry Parker
John Blatt	Max Gimbel	Stephen Paxson
Standish Boume	Amy Groham	Francis Pepper
Katherine Bramhall	Larry Gross	Ann Perkins
Cindy Brown	Stan Hart	Earle Perkins
Dave Burnham	David Hayes	Gardiner Perry
Arnold Cary	Doug Hotchkiss	Brian Post
Bob Cary	Brian Houser	Alan Prescott
Gardner Chamberlain	Jenny Huang-Dale	Andrea Rankin
Bill Clifford	Dave Huntley	Bankson Riter
Larry Coburn	Stuart Johnson	Tim Saunders
Andrew Cohen	Tom Johnson	John Schultz
Jonathan Cotton	Tim Jursak	Austen Sharpe
Bill Cox	Herb Kincey	Mary Sloat
David Crandall	Robert Kreidler	Jeff Smith
Paul Cunha	John Lamanna	Judy Stephens
Amy Curry	Jeff Leich	Kimberly "Schroeder" Steward
Eugene Dakin	Ben Leoni	Chris Stewart
Jeff Damp	Caroline Lodato	Bob "Linus" Story
Jonathan Davie	Peter Madeira	Christopher Richardson
Jed Davis	Thomas Martain	Valerie Robinson
Penny Deans	Bob MchIntosh	Lawrence "Stroker" Rogovin
Tom Deans	Emily McQuaid-Hason	Doug Teschner
Barbara Deller	Jodge Meserve	Jack Tracy
David Dodge	John Meserve	Edward Vaill
Barbara Dougless	William Meserve	Ray Welch
Benjamin Egan	Robert Morrill Jr.	Gerry Whiting
Larry Eldredge	Joel Mumford	Shannon Wood
Laurence Eldredge	Robin and Bob Najar	Merike Youngs

The Summer 2020 Caretakers

Carter

Thacher Carter

Sarah Morrison

Madison

Kevin French

Riley Steward

Jake McCambley

Eliza Hazen

Lakes

Emma "EB" Brandt

Anne McBride

Jesse Carlson

Elicia Epstein

Annie Colgan -

Researcher

Mizpah

Bailey Weinhold

Peter Jacobson

Zoe Davidson

Megan Tormey

Zealand

Lucy Sinclair

Hope Batcheller

Galehead

Eric Kipperman

Kyler Phillips

Greenleaf

Reece Peters

Jenn Griffin

Sara Jadbabie

Josiah Oakley

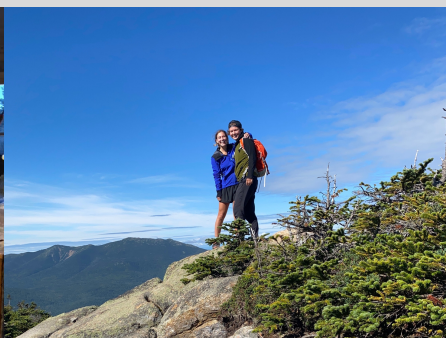
Lonesome

Abby Clark

Sarah Catalano

Sam Fogel

Marissa Swartley



Pinkham Memories

Gather round, lads and lassies, and I'll tell you a tale from before many of you were born.

It was '58 and Joe Dodge was in his penultimate year at the helm in Porky Gulch. It was the summer when one of the Pinkham cooks had underestimated the gradual right curve on the road to Jackson, perhaps impeded by an overdose of vanilla extract, and rolled his car clear over the guardrail and far down the the giant riprap embankment to where both he and his car came to a final rest. There was no trace on the road.

I was 16 y.o. and co-running the storehouse with a boy from Winchester, MA, (whose name I wish someone would recall for me.) We had packed up the loads and placed them in the truck for trailhead delivery the next morning. Before retreating to the lodge for the evening, I had pulled the old one-ton Dodge with the quad rear wheels away from the loading dock so the load wouldn't temp critters. I failed.

Right after breakfast we headed for the storehouse to make our semi-weekly delivery to the western huts. The ground just behind the truck was covered with chunks and crumbs of bread. The truck bed was worse. Cartons were torn open and loaves scattered all over, barely a loaf left unravaged. Half of the bread remained uneaten, but none of it could be salvaged. We had to replace and repack every loaf before making our rounds. Nocturnal, voracious and locally plentiful, the culprits had to have been raccoons.

That evening, I participated in a retaliation I have always regretted. Many of the Pinkham Croo, armed to the teeth with pointy things on sticks, joined me in a march to the gaboons where coons reliably foraged after dark. I vividly remember from that night how tough was raccoon skin, how protective mother coons could be toward their young, and how pathetic were the mewling cries of pain and fear. Our frustration should have been carried out not on the foraging critters, who had discovered a feast for the ages in the back of a truck, but on the driver of that truck, who left it within jumping distance of the dock. Mea culpa

~Mike (Pinkham '57-'59)



I was on the PNC Croo Fall/Winter/Spring of 78-79 along with John Michael, Gail Edgerly, and Liz Seabury who are in the photo. Other croo members were Stroker, Nat Balch, Scott Macomber, Barb Wagner, Anton Gulovsen, Theresa Beckett, Muffy Barrett, and others. If I remember correctly the photo was taken during a sunrise hike up Lion's Head after a night at the Harvard Cabin to celebrate Gail's Birthday. The pic has been circulated over the years in private e mails but thought you might like to have it as well. It has decorated my office for many years representing some great memories of my AMC days.

~Jamie McEdward

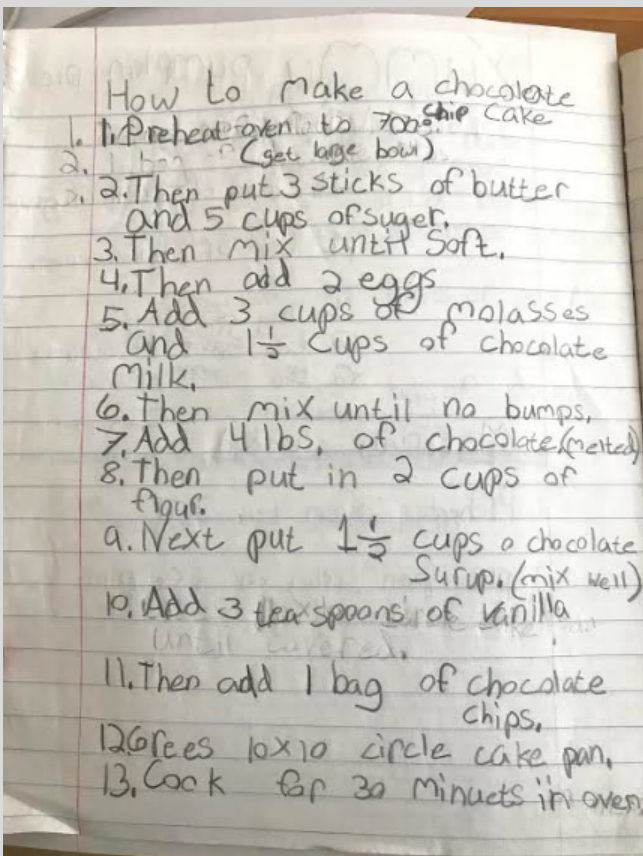
To see your stories and memories included in the spring issue, make sure to send them to tator@ohcroo.com

Creative Corner



Photographs by David Burnham '83-'87

This Summer I have taken a few weekend trips to the Whites for Covid-19 knowledge building to take time to learn an old school photography process; wet Collodion Tintype photography. Wet Collodion Ambrotype & Tintype photography pre-dates photography processes and was invented by Fredrick Scott Archer in 1851 and was very popular from 1851-1892 before traditional mass market photography.



Recipe by Elicia Epstein'19-'20

Sending you a recipe I invented when I was...
I'm not sure how old actually, but it's tried and true and could be a hut staple some day!

Coozies by EB '17-'20

I've been knitting and felting coozies using Allee Burt's pattern since we've almost run out of her originals. If you want a coozie or never got one from Allee, email me at emmahaven@gmail.com



Gormings



Amy Bolton, Holly Chase and Jules Cranberg relived their Greenleaf '18 croo nights in Pemaquid Maine along with Eddie Eseppi.

Sarah Klimkowski is currently traveling as a registered Nurse. This month she is in Birmingham Alabama. She tries to hike as much as possible on days off and has hiked many local state parks and Talladega National Forest.

Suzanne Eusden sends a photo with Denali in the background from milepost 135, Parks Highway - about four hours north of where she lives. This photo is from spring of 2019. She was 64 years young and alas 30 lbs heavier than when she worked in the huts!



Emma "EB" Brandt accepted an Americorps position with Green Mountain Conservation Group in Effingham, NH as their Education and Outreach Assistant until August of 2021. She just finished her season as a caretaker at Lakes of the Clouds.



Amanda Keohane and Joel Fisher-Katz were married on August 29th 2020, becoming the Fisher-Katz-Keohanes! They're currently living in the Mount Washington Valley with their two pet mice.

It's been 67 years since Bill Hoffman was a hutman at Zealand Falls Hut. He hiked to Zealand in 2014 and Mt. Washington (Jewell Trail) in 2015 at age 82, both with his grandson and family. He has been spending every summer in Sandwich, NH. He has been in astronomy at the University of Arizona since 1973 and continues to work part time. His wife Silkes, children and grandchildren are all well and he hopes that his OH friends are well.



Carter "not the hut" Bascom writes: What do you do when you're supposed to get married during a global pandemic? You ELOP! John Paul Krol and Mackenzie Brewer Little officially tied the knot with an intimate socially distanced wedding ceremony at Bearcamp Pond in Sandwich, NH. Welcome to the #appalachianmarriageclub!



This page is filled by you! To see your life updates in next issue's gormings please send them to tator@ohcroo.com

Volunteering

Become a Volunteer Naturalist or Information Volunteer in the Huts! Eat and stay free at a hut while volunteering. Hut Info Vols greet guests in a friendly manner, give trail advice, and help with check-in and retail sales. Hut Volunteer Naturalists lead evening programs, helping guests learn about local natural or cultural history. Volunteer Naturalists can gear their evening program to kids, adults, or both, and depending on interest and expertise, they can offer just one program topic or offer multiple programs over multiple days.

Become a volunteer Alpine Steward and help protect the fragile alpine ecosystem! Hiking along the Franconia Ridge or on Mt. Washington summit trails, Stewards engage with hikers about Leave No Trace principles, alpine ecology, and backcountry safety. They also monitor alpine plants, collecting data for AMC's Mountain Watch. Eat and stay free while volunteering. The Volunteer Alpine Steward Program is a partnership with the AMC, USFS, and ATC

To learn more about AMC's volunteer programs in the Huts & Lodges, please contact Kyra Salancy, the Outdoor Program Centers Volunteer Coordinator at amcvolservices@outdoors.org or call 603-278-3820.

Other Opportunities Include:

- OHA Ambassador

Stay for free at a hut and get to know the current croo! We want everyone to stay involved after their hut tenure so this is a great way to introduce the OHA! Email Carter Bascom at chbascom@gmail.com.

- Fill in Croo

We all know how vital croo nights are come late July, help ease the minds of current croo by taking care of their hut for a few nights. Email Emily Griffin at egriffin@outdoors.org to be added to the list.

- Y-OH Gala Ambassador

Did you work in the huts between 2017-2020? We need you to represent the OHA to current croo at Galas and end of season parties! Please email Emily Griffin at egriffin@outdoors.org





Robert "Bob" Stillings, 73 of Barrington RI died peacefully at home surrounded by his loving family on August 20, 2020. He was the beloved husband of Anne C. Stillings. Born in Washington, D.C., the son of the late Robert F. and Josephine S. Stillings, he lived in Barrington for 64 years. Bob was a graduate of Barrington High School Class of 1964 where he was a National Merit Scholar and member of the RI Honor Society. He enjoyed his time on the track team. He was a graduate of Syracuse University Class of 1970, earning a BA and BARCH with honors. While at Syracuse he was a member of the crew team his freshman year. He received his Master's in Architecture from the University of Washington in 1971. Bob was an architect who started his career with Robinson Green Beretta (RGB) in 1971 where he worked his way up to Director of Design. He joined A.I. Designs, LTD. In 1987 where he was VP in charge of design. In 1990 he started his own company, Architectural Resources Incorporated, which he ran up until his passing. Over the years Bob designed many buildings throughout the state including the automotive building and main campus of NEIT, Garrahy Family Court, RDW, Brokers Services, the Newport, Warwick and Woonsocket Police stations, the buildings at Scarborough State Beach and the chapel at the RI Veterans Cemetery to name just a few. Bob also designed homes and buildings for many non-profit organizations throughout the state.

Bob was a teaching assistant for the School of Architecture at the University of Washington while he was getting his masters. He was an instructor for evening classes at RISD in the mid 70's. He was an Adjunct Instructor in Design/visiting critic for the School of Architecture at Roger Williams University from 1987 up until his illness. Bob was on many boards and commissions. He was a member and chair of the Barrington Technical Review Committee for 25+ years. He was a commissioner on the R.I. State Building Commission for 9 years. He was a member on the Architectural Review Board for the Providence Preservation Society. Over the years Bob received many awards for his designs including the American Wood Council/AIA First Honor Award for the R.I. Veterans Cemetery Chapel, two Providence Preservation Society Awards for 17 Gordon Avenue and The Gemini Hotel, the R.I. Chapter AIA Design Honor Award for the Warwick Police Station.

Bob grew up with a love for the outdoors. As a boy he became an Eagle Scout with Troop 2 in Barrington. His strong family history from the Mt. Washington area of N.H. led him to spend many summers during college working in the AMC hut system throughout the Presidential Range and on Mt. Cardigan. He was an AMC member and an OHA (Old Hutcroo Association). He enjoyed taking his daughter on many hikes throughout N.H. He enjoyed spending time with his grandsons, taking them on day trips, vacationing on Cape Cod with them and attending many soccer games. He also enjoyed golfing with his friends John R. and George, reading, listening to music, times with his friend John S., watching Jeopardy and making his famous chocolate chip cookies.

Besides his wife of 50 years, he is survived by a daughter, Sara B. DeBoth and her partner Brooks Cheever of Barrington and Middletown; two grandchildren, Iain M. DeBoth and Everett C. DeBoth of Barrington; a brother and sister-in-law, Thomas J. Stillings and his wife Irene of San Diego, CA; a sister, Jayne Stillings of Encinitas, CA; two nieces, Elizabeth Cameron of Carlisle, MA and Heather Cameron of Bethesda, MD and a former son-in-law, Steven DeBoth of Barrington as well as many cousins.

In lieu of flowers donations can be made to the AMC N.H. Chapter in memory of Robert Stillings. Donations will be used to build the new handicapped accessible trail for Mt. Cardigan. Please send donations to Rick Silverberg, 29 Albin Rd, Bow, NH 03304. The family is grateful for any donations, Mt. Cardigan was special to all of us. A celebration of life will be held sometime in the future.

Lori Jane Dombek, a woman whose super power made people nicer and more open to love when they were around her, and who had an ability to help the most hardened person love others, died on May 10, 2020 from kidney cancer. She was 61 years old. Her family has been embraced by an outpouring of love from hundreds of people whose lives Lori touched, testifying to her radiant energy and joyfulness. Lori was a quiet and observant child who woke smiling every day. She never lost those qualities as she grew into a creative and generous woman whose love for everyone and everything seemed endless. She didn't judge. She saw you for who you were and loved you for it, no matter how flawed or crazy or different or weird. To Lori, you were beautiful and you were loved. If one could name her greatest joy out of the many she embraced, it was certainly her son, Nathaniel. He embodies the creative, free spirit that he inherited from his mother, who nurtured and supported him these 26 years. She believed in fairies, loved spending time at the family camp downeast where she cataloged all the wildflowers and reveled in spring peepers, laughed at her husband's endless stories, did hilarious facial imitations of cows and voles, was a magical gardener, and adopted seven rescue dogs over her lifetime. We've been awed by her devoted friends and extended family who said they would do anything for her; that's the life she made, from all the love that she had.



Lori Jane Dombek was born on May 13, 1958, in Bangor. Her mother, Rosanne (Daigle) Dombek, was a home maker who ran her own small business, an herb shop, in Blue Hill. Her father, Joseph Dombek, was an educator and sign painter. Lori was the second of four children. She attended George Stevens Academy high school in Blue Hill, the University of Maine at Orono, and Southern Maine Vocational Technical Institute. She had successful careers as a landscaper and web developer. Lori's creative spirit and energy were endless; she sewed hundreds of costumes for countless performances as a volunteer for the Gorham Elementary, Middle, and High Schools, Maine State Ballet, and The Schoolhouse Arts Center. She was a 1983 Lonesome Lake caretaker, Pinkham and created one-of-a-kind t-shirts for the Appalachian Mountain Club. The intricate beadwork jewelry and ornaments she created for friends and auctions made from thousands of individually chosen beads were glorious. As a landscaper and gardener she designed perennial beds, herb gardens, shrubs and annual displays that continue to delight. She painted the porch columns on her house purple, wrote 'thank you postal worker' on her mailbox because she was Lori, and proudly wore handmade floral print pants (often made from draperies). Lori spent her entire life nurturing her nest and filling it with love and warmth, rescue dogs, liberal causes, fresh garden vegetables, and tins of buttons, beads and notions. She kept her focus on the best in people, just genuine love. She wore her Gryffindor t-shirt to remind herself to be brave. And over the years that is something that Lori has always been; brave to try new things, and always ready to stand up for a righteous cause. She had envisioned transforming her garden into a 'Fairy Haven', a place where children could come and create fairy houses, with tea parties afterward. On her last day a joyous, snow white gull swooped over her bereft family and made us raise our heads from grief to see the blue sky above.

Afterward mom remembered a book about a seagull that Lori loved in her youth. The gull was different from the rest and had definite ideas, sometimes counter to the others, but reasonable and true. And we felt a bit of peace in our hearts. Lori was a beautiful person, who brought love to our life.

Lori is survived by her adoring family, her son Nathaniel Buteo Dombek and his wife Mia Suarez; her husband, Anton Gulovsen; dogs, Ginger and Cardo; her parents, Joseph and Rosanne Dombek; her siblings and their spouses, Lisa Dombek, Lynn Dombek and Donna Lawlor; Andrew Dombek and Kristina MacKulin; niece Ruby Dombek, and nephew Jacob Dombek. The family would like to thank the truly awesome nurses who always held Lori's hand; the Dempsey Center for their support; and the Gosnell Memorial Hospice House caregivers.



Edward W. Blatchford, 76, of Greenfield Mass died Sunday, April 19, 2020 due to complications from late stage Parkinson's Disease and the COVID-19 virus. In addition to his beloved wife of 52 years, Claire (Howell) Blatchford, Ed leaves two daughters, Laurel Blatchford and her husband Bernie Kluger of Washington, DC and Christa Blatchford and her husband Thor Snilsberg of Croton-on-Hudson, NY; four grandchildren, Eleanor Kluger, Lucinda Kluger, Freya Snilsberg and Wynn Snilsberg; two brothers, M. Parker Blatchford and his wife Judith and Huntington Blatchford and his wife Sharon; as well as a brother in law, John I. Howell, Jr. and his wife Carol.

Ed was a lifelong educator and a passionate advocate for holistic education. Most recently, he was the co-founder and founding principal of the Four Rivers Charter Public School in Greenfield, which opened in 2003 and today educates over 200 students each year from across Franklin County, starting in grade 7 and going through grade 12. He was immensely proud of the work he and his many Four Rivers colleagues did to establish a model expeditionary learning program at the school, which empowered students through asking and exploring big questions grounded in their communities. Prior to starting Four Rivers, Ed and Claire ran an alternative school for two years called the Uplook School, based in Greenfield, MA.

Ed was born on April 7, 1944 in Boston. He was the third son of Huntington and Evelyn (Parker) Blatchford, and he was raised alongside his brothers Huntington, Jr. and M. Parker Blatchford in Wellesley. He attended the Noble and Greenough School in Dedham, and then entered Yale University as an undergraduate in 1962. He graduated in 1966 with a bachelor's degree in American Literature. Upon graduation, he moved to Beirut, Lebanon to teach at the American University in the 1966-1967 school year. While abroad, he met his future wife Claire Howell in Oxford, England. When he returned to the United States, he enrolled in Columbia University and earned a Master's degree in English literature. That same year, he and Claire were married in Greenwich, Connecticut on April 6, 1968. Following their marriage, Ed was conscripted for military service in the Vietnam War. He appealed as a conscientious objector to the war, and subsequently enrolled in alternative civilian service. As part of this service, Ed was assigned to teach English literature at Tuskegee University in Tuskegee, Alabama during the 1968-1969 academic year.

Following their time in Alabama, Ed and Claire moved back to New York City, where Ed began a doctoral program at Columbia University in English. However, he soon took a turn away from the academy and towards teaching, which set him on the professional path — and lifelong passion — towards education. He began teaching at the Garden City Waldorf School in 1970; this period was not only the beginning of his teaching career, but also marked the start for him and Claire of a lifelong study of anthroposophy and the spiritual teachings of Rudolph Steiner. Throughout their many years of married life, he and Claire maintained an active spiritual community focused on these teachings. Ed taught English and woodworking at the Garden City Waldorf School from 1970-1978, before moving on to Buckley Country Day School, where he was an English teacher before becoming Assistant Headmaster. He left BCDS in 1987 to become Headmaster of the Country School in Madison, Connecticut, which he led until 1998.

In addition to his commitment to education and learning, Ed was a skilled woodworker. He made many beautiful pieces of furniture, household objects such as bowls, candlesticks and other serving utensils, and children's toys that were fanciful yet durable. He was active in his woodshop until the last year of his life, often using wood picked up on his walks through Patten Hill and to High Ledges. Ed and Claire were also avid walkers and hikers, and especially loved the White Mountains of New Hampshire, where Ed had worked in the Appalachian Mountain Club High Peaks Hut system while in high school, serving on the crews of Galehead and (1961) Lakes of the Clouds. Ed and Claire took their daughters hiking in the Whites every summer, and later in their married life summited 45 of the 48 "four thousand" footers — the peaks throughout New England that were 4,000 feet in elevation or above.

Because of the current COVID-19 restrictions, funeral services and burial will be held at some time in the future at the convenience of the family. The family anticipates that a celebration of life will be held at the Episcopal Church of Saints James and Andrew in Greenfield once these restrictions are lifted as well.

Memories of Dick Hale

By Doug Hotchkiss

When I first reported to work for the AMC Hut System I was met at Pinkham by Dick Hale. My job was to be part of the Croo working to build a new hut at Mizpah in the summer of 1964. Dick drove me around to the pack house at the trailhead for the Crawford Path. He showed me how to tie on my personal gear and off we went. Since I had never hiked a trail in the Whites being from Virginia I was in for rude awakening. I was a green rookie. Obviously I was slow and struggling with my load. Dick soon left me and went off to pick fiddlehead ferns. At least he provided directions up the path to the cut off for Mizpah and warned me that dinner was at 6 PM sharp. Well, somehow I made it and was shown my quarters in a wall tent with no floor and fire pit for heat. Dinner, I think, was roast beef with Dick's ferns saute'd in garlic butter. Boy, were they tasty. I worked the rest of the season with Dick, who was the AMC Croo supervisor, and a motley group of the most interesting guys I ever met. I loved every minute of it and returned the next year on the Lakes Croo. Through the OHA, Dick and I remained in touch, and I even got him to hike up for the 50th Mizpah Anniversary in 2015 when he was 87 years old. I could almost keep pace with him then. He was the nicest, most gentle, and soft-spoken man I ever met. I never heard him say anything negative about anyone. Later, I realized that he left me alone that first day on the trail because he knew that if I did not make it, I probably did not belong there. If you were lucky enough to have known Dick Hale, you were lucky enough.

Paul Anthony DiBello left this earth on April 29, 2020, in Aurora, Colo. He was truly a force of nature and a man who lived life to the fullest. Paul was born to Donald and Marilyn DiBello in Amsterdam, N.Y., on Oct. 25, 1950. Paul's father was very active in the Boy Scouts, and the family lived in many New York and New Jersey towns, settling in Glenmont, N.Y., where Paul graduated from Bethlehem High School in 1968. Paul, along with his younger siblings, Peter, Donna and Mark, grew up enjoying the outdoors, including camping, hiking and skiing. That desire for freedom and adventure took him to the White Mountains of New Hampshire to work and ski at the Appalachian Mountain Club Mount Washington Huts in Pinkham Notch, N.H. It was here he expanded his skills and became an accomplished ice climber. On Jan. 31, 1974, Paul, was part of a six-man ice climbing expedition on Mount Katahdin in northern Maine. This is when he endured both a traumatic and persevering chance to his life. Paul lost a fellow climbing comrade and also his lower legs to frostbite when the group was caught in a fierce winter storm that hit the mountain. Paul spent many months in the hospital healing and it took a few years to adjust to his prosthetic legs.



After returning to the Mount Washington Valley, Paul owned and operated the Saco River Garage with his dog Rufus. Here, he found himself determined to climb and ski again. After taking his first run at Attitash Mountain in Bartlett, N.H., and with much trial and error, he started racing again. In 1981, with the support of friends and businesses in the Mount Washington Valley, Paul set his sights on the Handicapped National Ski Championship in Winter Park, Colo. From there in 1982, he blew the competition away in Switzerland during his first stint as a member of the U.S. Disabled Ski Team, leading coaches and skiers with disabilities from other countries to speculate that he was not in fact disabled. In successive years, Paul won countless medals in national and international alpine skiing competitions, sweeping gold in Austria in 1984 and Sweden in 1986 in all disciplines. Paul became a legend in the world of disabled alpine ski racing, but he was also driven beyond his own success.

He was active in the New England Handicapped Sportsmen's Association, leading individuals with disabilities on hikes, canoeing and sailing trips and was also instrumental in establishing the ski program at Mount Sunapee in New Hampshire and after moving to Colorado in 1984, Paul created and ran the competition program of the National Sports Center for the Disabled (NSCD) at Winter Park, Colo. Paul was also very successful at raising money for many programs through different events like the annual Columbia Crest race for skiers with disabilities and the Rocky Mountain Wine and Food Festival. Every summer he took members of the Winter Park Disabled Ski Team to New Zealand for off-season training, and many members of these groups went on to compete internationally as members of their respective national disabled ski teams. After his retirement from competitive skiing, one of Paul's greatest accomplishments was in his role as one of the key organizers and the Director of the 1990 World Disabled Ski Championships at Winter Park, which hosted nearly 200 elite skiers with a wide variety of disabilities from almost 20 countries throughout the world.


One of Paul's other passions was sailing. He owned numerous sailboats throughout his life and spent as much time as he could on the off season sailing on lakes in Colorado, Nevada, and in the Sea of Cortez with close friends. He soon became known as Captain Spongefoot. He also started a sailing program at Lake Granby in Colorado for individuals with disabilities.

Throughout his life, Paul strived to help others with disabilities enjoy the outdoors and challenged them to reach their full potential. He knew that the best way to change the outdated, stereotypical attitudes about people with disabilities was to show the general public the heights these athletes could reach through recreational and competitive sports and activities.

Later in his career path Paul looked in a new direction, and with his love for cooking and good food he starting bottling his popular wing sauce in 1995 out of his home in Granby, Colo., creating Captain Spongefoot Trading Co. Again, Paul took it to the limits winning awards at Local and National levels and creating a successful line of sauces sold nationwide.

Among all of his life's adventures Paul had a daughter Heidi (Pelham) Mahony born in 1983 and raised in North Conway, N.H. This special bond even though distant has been Paul's shining star and legacy of love, which has continued on with his treasured granddaughters, Mia and Kylie Grandchamp. Paul was a rebel, a survivor, a warrior, and sometimes a grumpy bear. Even with many health issues over the past few years, Paul strived to be independent. He had many dear friends along the way that helped him and in the last few months friends Jack, Dana, Ron and Roanne created an amazing support network that made sure Paul was taken care of and was comfortable.

Rest in peace our brother, father, grandfather, uncle, and friend. You are very much loved and we will look to your universe, and remember you forever. If you'd like to make a donation in Paul's name, go to mountainpetrescue.org/donate. There will be a celebration of life in Colorado at a later date.



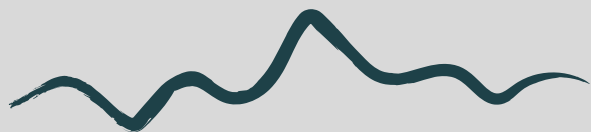
The OHA needs YOU!

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

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

Thank you!!

Send dues in and we'll jump for joy!





Diapensia

Diapensia Lapponica

Mountain Cranberry

Vaccinium vitis-idaea

Bigelow's sedge

Carex bigelowii

Download the Inaturalist App and help AMC research!

The AMC is tracking the phenophases of alpine plants in relation to climate change. You can help by downloading Inaturalist, taking pictures of alpine plants, and uploading them! Citizen science is a vital part of this project.



Labrador Tea

Rhododendron groenlandicum

Mountain Avens

Geum Peckii

Bog Billberry

Vaccinium uliginosum

Doug Hotchkiss awards Moose Meserve a faux gold brick as reward for his loyal service to the OHA. Nov. 2, 2019 at Highland Center



John "Moose" Meserve

In recognition of three decades of service as treasurer of the OHA
"Some money came in, some money went out, and
we still have some money!"

Want to Adopt a Trail? Here's how!

1. Apply on the AMC's website
2. Pick an open trail
3. Sign and submit the adopter agreement

To adopt a trail you must commit to 3 work days a year to check on it, clear drainages, lop the corridor and do small projects. You can go when your schedule allows and must commit to a minimum of 2 years as the adopter.



OHA Merch

Looking for some OHA merch? Head to the online shop! You can buy items there or use the order form on the next page

<https://www.ohcrou.com/shop/>



Crew Neck T-Shirts

\$20

V Neck T-Shirts



Knit Beanie

\$10

Fleece Beanie



Ball Cap \$15

\$5 Patch



You can also pay dues, donate, pay your cabin fee or get an annual cabin pass!

18 Please go to the online shop to see all items

Item 1 _____ Size _____ Price _____

Item 2 _____ Size _____ Price _____

Item 3 _____ Size _____ Price _____

Item 4 _____ Size _____ Price _____

Mail To: OHA ☐ + \$5 Shipping

577 Caribou Rd ☐ Free over \$50

Cyr Plantation, ME 04785 Total _____

Doin' Crappers at Lakes: A Concerto

By Johann Sebastian Bachpach Köchel

Catalogue No.1964

Composer's note to conductor:

First rhymed couplet is martial, lilts, con brio.

Third line and forward rouse to climactic "em

up, 'em up, 'em up", contrasting to

decrescendoed denouement, whose ellipses

extend, subtly, the universal theme of the

transcendent value of strict hygienics

concerning crappers at elevation. Chorus to

be conducted with wood-handled toilet brush

in one hand, enameled white pitcher in the

other, the vessel later to hold pristine alpine

water for dinner guests.

Libretto:

Wash those heads with Solar-
Kré, Sanola too, every day!

Wash 'em up,

shine 'em up,

scrub 'em up good!

Wash away all that brown
crood ...

(Lakes of the Clouds Hut 1964 and
Bass Harbor, Maine 2020)

Ken Olson, Hut System Manager 1971-
1973, worked five summers in the huts
and was made an Honorary OH in

2019.

Steering Committee

President -----	Stroker Rogovin
Treasurer -----	Alex Ziko
Secretary -----	Carter Bascom
Resuscitator Co-Editor -----	Emma "EB" Brandt
Resuscitator Co-Editor -----	Miles Howard
Webmaster -----	Kim "Schroeder" Steward
Treasurer Emeritus -----	John "Moose" Meserve
Hut's Representative -----	Emily Griffin
Members-at-large -----	Emily Benson
	Jeff Colt
	Phoebe Howe
	Liz Seabury



Thank you to our Steering Committee!

Resuscitator Team



Emma "EB" Brandt graduated from St. Lawrence University in May of 2020 and just finished her 4 years and 7 seasons in the hut system by caretaking at Lakes of the Clouds where she was going to be hutmaster this summer. She is originally from Byfield, MA and is very excited to stay involved with the OHA as a co-editor of the resuscitator.

Miles Howard is riding out the fall and winter in Boston but moving to Providence by spring 2021 (apartment leads welcome!) He's currently working on writing the second edition of a guidebook on New England road tripping for Moon Travel and he recently wrote a story about outhouses and Covid safety for the Washington Post. His parents are very proud.



Resuscitator Assistant Editor is Kim "Schroeder" Steward. She also serves as the 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 ten+ years working for White Mountain Oil & Propane doing marketing, web administration, and a variety of 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 Intervale, NH with their rescue dog Mia and spend much of their free time working on their 1930's bungalow.

Thanks also to our proof readers!

Want to see your stories, art, poems, pictures, and more in the next issue of the resuscitator? Send them to tator@ohcrou.com!

Jon Hubbard
Will Murray
Toben Traver