

THE RESUSCITATOR

The Newsletter of the OH Association

Fall 2021 Issue

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From the Desk of the Chair

Welcome to the Fall 2021 issue of the Resuscitator! As always, a huge thank you to Emma "EB" Brandt and Miles Howard for producing the most fun (and beautiful) newsletter any of us will find in our inboxes and mailboxes.

The OH Cabin has been a popular getaway in 2021, both for regular visitors and OH who haven't been back in years. The current reservation system will be extended through the winter. With only one group at a time, you're guaranteed to have the place to yourself.

The word on Washburn Way is that the Hutmen's and Hall's Ledge trails have never been in better shape! Thanks to Bill Barrett and Stu Johnson for their recent trail work. For OH (especially YOH!) who'd like to organize/join trail work days, get in touch with the OHA and we'll link you in with future plans.

Like last year, Fallfest will be on Zoom. Mark your calendars for Saturday, November 6 from 7:30-9. You can access the Zoom link [here](#) or at <https://tinyurl.com/OHAfallfest> and on the Facebook Page. We start with the business meeting and then are really looking forward to the feature presentation from Becky Fullerton, AMC archivist. Becky will be talking about the work and legacy of Barbara and Brad Washburn and offering a behind-the-scenes look at her archives.

Can you organize a "mini-reunion" on November 5th, 6th, or 7th? You can host in your backyard, local hiking destination, or on Zoom. If you're interested, please email me (phoebe.howe@gmail.com) with details for your event and we can help spread the word to OH in your area.

Solvitur crampus,

Phoebe Howe

(on behalf of the Steering Committee)

OH Cabin and Fallfest 2021 Updates

Since Gala 2021, the cabin has been on a reservation only system due to the COVID-19 pandemic. After discussion, the Steering Committee has decided to continue that system until Gala 2022 at which point the situation will be reassessed. Information on next summer's cabin system will be released in the spring issue of the Resuscitator and online. Thank you to the local team of Dawson Winch, Pete and Emily Benson, Kimberly "Schroeder" Steward, and Liz Seabury for coordinating the reservation system. Thanks also to Brian Post for managing the online reservation system. If you wish to view current cabin information or book the cabin please visit www.ohcroo.com/cabin/



Fallfest 2021 is Virtual

Saturday, November 6th, 2021 @ 7:30-9:00 PM Eastern Time

Last year's Zoom meeting was a success and we're looking forward to a repeat performance. We'll kick the evening off with the annual meeting. Then, we'll hear from our featured presenter, Becky Fullerton, about her work in the AMC archives and stories of Barbara & Brad Washburn. The Zoom meeting will stay open after 9 for those want to linger and catch up. Visit ohcroo.com for the link.

Calling all Mini-Reunion Hosts!

Are you excited to see old friends? Meet new OH friends in your area? Get outside?
See something new? Consider hosting a mini-reunion this November!

Host a mini-reunion anytime between 11/5-11/7!
Last year, mini-reunions happened from Jackson, NH to Seattle, WA. Activities included walks, hikes, a Lakes Zoom reunion, and a tour of the Jackson Historical Society. You can keep it as simple as BYOB in your backyard! To host, please email Phoebe at phoebe.howe@gmail.com with: activity, meeting location/time, anything attendees should know, RSVP info (fine if some details are TBD). Phoebe will send you contact info for OH in your state/area so that you can spread the word. The OHA will also make a Facebook event that you can share.



Thank you to OHA Donors!

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

Cheryl Eklund Baker

Carter Bascom

Jeff Damp

Rick Estes

Craig Findlay

Joseph Harrington

Elizabeth Kelman

Eric Kipperman

Ryan Koski-Vacirca

David Kruger

Noah Kuhn

Doug Teschner

Becca Waldo

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!

Become a Lifetime Member Today!

For a one time fee of \$600 you can become a lifetime member of the OHA! We're looking at *you* Y-OH! Join others who have jumped at the chance to stay connected to the OHA.

Thank you to our Lifetime Members

Emily Benson

Andrew Cohen

Emily McQuaid-Hanson

Peter Benson

Sarah Cooke

Christopher Richardson

Katherine Birnie

Jon Cotton

Elizabeth Seabury

Jon Blatt

Michael Farmer

George Williams

Dan Chace

Jessica Halm

Dawson Winch

Fall 2021 Hut Croos

Carter Notch Hut

Emily Halporn - HM
Theresa Ciaolo - AHM
Elizabeth Gleyzer - Natty
Oakley Aguiar

Zealand Falls Hut

Marissa Swartley - HM
Rebecca Marmor - AHM
David Geddes - Natty
Annica Hunter

Lonesome Lake Hut

Carolyn Riley - HM
Elysse McCambley - AHM
Noe Yoder - Natty
Noah Saxenian

Madison Spring Hut

Jake Arseneau - HM
Rey Stevens - AHM
Katie Galletta - Natty
Ehud Plaksin
Liesl Magnus

Galehead Hut

Peter Eckhardt - HM
Kody Shatto - AHM
Cecilia Giamio - Natty
Jack Cape

Lakes of the Clouds Hut

Jesse Keck - HM
Jackie Chase - AHM
Sammi Smith - Natty
Aubrey Schoff
Sadie LeBeuf
Erin Thayer
Brinkley Brown
James Rosado
Sophia Gillies

Greenleaf Hut

Abby Clark - HM
Michael Setzke - HM
Marissa Fink - Natty
Suzie Fitzgerald
Aidan Covell

Mizpah Spring Hut

Livvy Weld - HM
Acadia Momm-White-AHM
Cameron Piper - Natty
Callan Hand



A Look Back on Summer 2021

Amanda Fisher-Katz-Keohane, Huts Field Supervisor

As I sit in my Pinkham Notch office on a cool September afternoon, the dog days of Summer seem so far away – despite it only being 4 weeks since we said goodbye to the first full croos the huts have seen since October 2019.

Stepping into the Field Supervisor role in early May, it was unclear how the continuing covid-19 pandemic would be playing a role in the huts this year. We prepared for every possibility and spent most of our Spring Gala describing various meal service structures (plated meals, buffet, family style, and hybrids), removing blanket folding from BFDs, and deciding if we can really put the leftover peas into the next day's soup. We enacted scenarios in which guests refused to wear masks and trained everyone to accurately take rapid response tests every Sunday. We trained croos on a cohort-style reservation system and created hundreds of signs about staying socially distanced while in the hut. Turns out none of that would save us from the biggest covid-induced obstacle of all: national staffing shortages!



One week into the summer season we created what was oh-so-affectionately deemed “Circus Set” to solve the problem of having nearly fully staffed huts with no guests and under-staffed lodges with plenty of them. During this two-week period, we sent 6 hut kids to Pinkham and the Highland Center and scattered the rest across the hut system to even out staffing. It felt chaotic, but we could see the light at the end of the tunnel. After all, it would only be for two weeks.

After those two weeks, however, all covid restrictions were lifted – hurrah! This led to a new problem though: we needed more staff in the huts! As Bethany and I scrambled to hire additional people in the middle of July, more guest reservations flooded in and we became difficult to keep enough food in the huts to feed everyone. Croos became skilled in the art of creatively plating meals and tuning out Lakes’ 17 new messages during radio call.

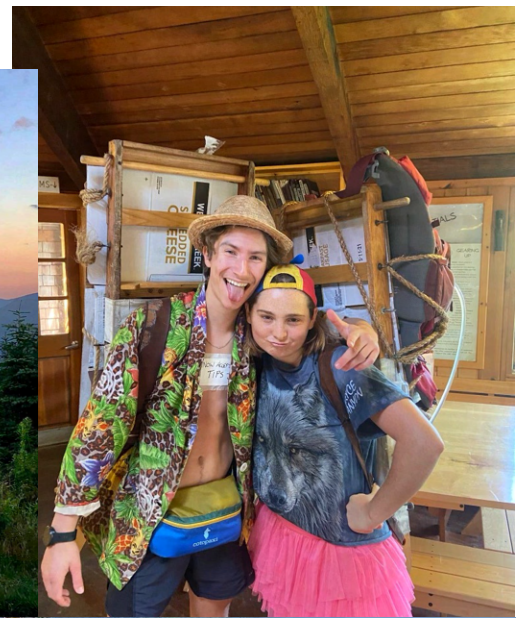


Amid all of this, though, the croos were just as goofy, loving, and adventurous as ever. It was clear that not even positive covid tests could get in the way of their mountain shenanigans and it warmed 37's hearts to see it. Dinners on the heli pad at Ghou, enthusiastic gak cleaning at Lakes, packboard pictures in Times Square, prom nights in the alpine zone, it was all happening. One croo caught over a dozen lobsters on their days off and hiked them up to Mizpah for a celebratory, pirate-themed luncheon. There was even a family of goats that hiked up to Zealand!



What this Summer really showed me, above all else, was the resiliency of hut croos. They face adversity head on and without skipping a beat. Whether packing 100 pounds of canned goods to your hut, or handling 7 days of non-stop SARs, there's nothing these kids can't do. It's inspiring to see and has made my first season in management more rewarding than I could ever imagine.

Thank You



Gormings

Jesse Carlson, Nate Iannuccillo, Joel Fisher-Katz-Keohane, Jake McCambley, and Margaret Graciano are enjoying working at the Old Village Bakery in North Conway. They would love a visit if you're in the area, and they're hiring! Stop in and say hi or call the bakery if interested.



Craig Findlay writes, at age 67, no news is good news! Living in Yarmouth Maine for 20 years, and still working as a private engineering consultant to electrical utilities on dams and hydroelectric projects nationwide. Trying to start to slow down (grew a pony tail to scare away clients, but that hasn't worked so far) and enjoy the golden years. For fun, collecting and playing guitars, target shooting and handloading. Hi to all I worked with.. To you youngsters in the huts, enjoy it, life goes fast!

Joseph Harrington writes, I contracted COVID-19 around Thanksgiving 2020 and am only now getting back on track. I lost quite a bit in terms of balance, memory, ect. But I can count myself fortunate to have survived as well as I did.

Another OH wedding is on the horizon! Dave Weston and Abby King are excited to tie the knot sometime next year. Dave wins the award for arranging the most beautiful and adventurous engagement location ever. He popped the question this summer in the midst of a sunny three-day sea kayak camping trip on the Maine island trail in Casco bay.



Doug Teschner has the distinguished (and totally unpaid!) title New England Regional Leader for Braver Angels, a national nonprofit that is trying to get people to listen and treat each other respectfully across the political divide. Check it out at braverangels.org or reach out to Doug at dteschner@braverangels.org.

This is lifelong friends and OH gang, from left to right: Dave Weston, Johannes Griesshammer, Abby King, Lindsay Bourgoine, and Ben Leoni. We all met up in the San Juans to ski our butts off this past spring. Colorado did not disappoint! We are grateful for the many tacos, beers, and smooth turns.



What's better than a wedding announcement in the NY Times - one in the Resuscitator! Scott Berkley and Phoebe Howe got married in a small family ceremony in Holderness on October 10, officiated by Corlis Gross. Shoutout to the 2014 Flea and Lonesome croos. We send our love to all our OH friends for being such an amazing part of our lives - please come visit us at our new place in Sharon, VT!



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

Volunteering

Adopt a trail

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.

Hutmen's Trail and Hall's Ledge Trail

Want to gain trail work experience? Interested in getting to know the OHA maintained trails? Contact Bill Barrett at wllmbarrett@yahoo.com for trail work on the Hutmen's Trail and Hall's Ledge Trail in Pinkham Notch!

Fill in Croo Update

Thank you to all the fantastic OH who have supported us over the years as fill-in support. The huts rely heavily on our network of alumni to keep running during hectic transition periods and we literally couldn't operate without you all. However, as there has been significant turnover within huts management over the past 5 years, the jumble of spreadsheets denoting past fill-in interest is making less and less sense. So, in 2021, huts management is working to formalize the fill-in signup process in order to get a fresh and updated list of OH who want to participate as potential fill-ins moving forward. Anyone who wants to be on our list of interested fill-in OH for 2022 and onwards, please complete the online questionnaire [here](#) or on at ohcroo.com so we know what kind of volunteer support you'd like, with whom and at which huts. If you've been doing the same caretaking or spring opening gig for the past 20 years, please let us know at the bottom of the form, or email huts management directly. Please reach out with any questions, comments, concerns, or feedback to Amanda Fisher-Katz Keohane (Huts Field Supervisor) at afkkeohane@outdoors.org.



PVSART Qualifier Hike to and from Flea

Thom Davis

Each year the Pemigewasset Search and Rescue Team (PVSART, or Pemi-SAR) schedules three dates for a Standard Operating Procedures (SOG) oral exam and a Qualification Hike for aspiring new members, with the latter being an annual requirement for old farts, those over 60, such as myself. In 2021, I chose the Saturday June 12 qualifier hike, which was up and down the Greenleaf Trail from the Tram parking lot to "da Flea;" some PVSART qualifier hikes are up and down the Kinsman Ridge Trail to Cannon's summit tower.



Because the qualifier hikes begin after the 5:00 – 6:00 pm SOG exam, arrival at the Cannon summit tower or "da Flea" is usually pushing 7:30 to 8:00 pm, which means that we hike down in the dark, good practice for our not-uncommon nighttime litter carry-outs. On my qualifier hike this year, two of the other three "old farts" asked if they might start up Greenleaf Trail ahead of the dozen or so much younger newbies taking their SOG exam, so I joined them for a head start. Fortunately, the newbies did not catch up with us, although some of them came close.

Once all had arrived at "da Flea" in time for some wonderful alpenglow on Franconia Ridge, a debriefing commenced, but not until after consumption of some scrumptious slices of lemon bread and chocolate cake presented to us by 'da Flea's HM Sarah Catalano, who received a grateful round of applause from us. One old fart John Tatone asked Sarah if she would be willing to have her photo taken with him, to which she kindly obliged. The three old farts in the photo with Franconia ridge in the background are left to right Thom Davis (OH in Thornton and Bentley emeritus geology professor), Gordie Jonk (Principal at Lafayette Regional Elementary School), and John Tatone (Chiropractor in Littleton). The earlier photo includes the entire PVSART qualifier hike gang of newbies, old farts, and field officers.

If we still did OH latchstring awards, I would nominate "da Flea" croo this year, as HM Sarah Catalano went far beyond the call of duties. As all of you know, OH croo have a long history of search and rescue in the Whites, but volunteer groups such as PVSART, which was founded in 2005, now take some of the pressure off NH Fish & Game, the AMC hut croo's, Mountain Rescue Service, and other volunteer SAR groups in the White Mountains.



From its mission statement: "The Pemigewasset Valley Search and Rescue Team is a volunteer organization formed in 2005 to assist with woodlands searches for lost or missing persons and with carry-outs. It provides support to the New Hampshire Fish and Game Department, which under RSA 206:26 (XII) has controlling authority for all woodlands search and rescue services in the state of New Hampshire. PVSART responds only to requests from NH Fish & Game or other public safety agencies. The primary response area for the team is Grafton County and the western side of the White Mountains. PVSART also promotes hiker safety by providing trained speakers to address local school groups and other organizations and by posting safety information and

resources for hikers on this site. Membership is open to all hikers 18 and over in good physical condition who live in the local area."

North of the Notches

Phoebe Howe

The Cohos Trail stretches 162 miles from Crawford Notch to the Canadian border in Pittsburg, traversing the length of Coös County. (Cohos and Coös are pronounced the same way, derived from “Koasek”, an Abenaki band native to Northern New England). The Cohos Trail includes Forest Service, AMC, and RMC trails; trail purpose-built and maintained by the Cohos Trail Association; snowmobile and ATV trails; and roads. The Cohos Trail Association also maintains five new, impeccable shelters on the northern half of the route. For more Cohos Trail history, read Miles Howard’s August 2021 article for AMC Outdoors.



Last fall, I left my job and had a rare window of opportunity for an adventure. The Cohos Trail had been on my radar for a while, as a way to travel through the new-to-me landscape north of the Notches. I knew I would be dealing with my fear of the dark, new, and minimally marked trails, and far more time alone than I had ever experienced. I pulled together gear, purchased a map and data book, mapped out an itinerary, set off over the Bemis Bridge, and started up the Davis Path.

As I ended the first day in the heart of the Dry River Wilderness, I felt cold, tired of navigating in fresh snow, and lonely. I expected that my fear of the dark would come out in full force. But, as I lay curled up in my tent for the night, I was surprised at how safe I felt. Having seen no footprints in the snow all day, I knew I was the only person for miles around and happily dozed off.

As a solo hiker in remote terrain, I was anxious and alert to stay on trail, make the right turns at junctions, and take care not to get hurt, wet, or cold. After leaving the White Mountain National Forest, the Cohos Trail is blazed in yellow. An ongoing cycle of anxiety and relief heightened as I hiked into the dark each evening. I felt relief each time my headlamp beam caught a yellow blaze and then rising vigilance as I moved past, and forward into the darkness.



Along the Trail, between moments of being hyper-focused, I took time to notice the long light, animal tracks, and majestic birch trees. Lacking actual conversational companions, I held imaginary conversations in my head with just about everyone I’ve ever met (including many of you, Resuscitator readers).

Ultimately, the challenges of being scared of the dark, anxious navigation, and learning to tolerate (maybe even enjoy) time by myself proved rewarding. It felt deeply satisfying to make it to a summit, shelter, or get myself back on trail, and know that I can take care of myself in unfamiliar, dark, cold places. With each uneventful night I spent out alone, and each friendly hunter or driver I encountered on remote dirt roads, I felt more trusting and less afraid. When friends arrived with bagels and happy election news mid-trip, I felt grateful for their companionship, (real)

conversations, and to share the adventure. Thank you, Scott, Jeff, Pratt, Peter, and Mom!

North of the Notches, most of the trail is co-located with hunting, fishing, snowmobiling, and ATV usage, reminding Cohos Trail hikers that hiking is but one of the many ways to commune with the outdoors. Aside from the Sunday afternoon “crowd” at Table Rock, a man named Dave Ainsworth was the only person I encountered on the trail north of Stark. He was out at the east end of Lake Francis during his yearly November ritual: staking 300 snowmobile signs, all on a volunteer basis. He was eager to tell me about the snowmobile club and life in Pittsburg, and curious about the Cohos Trail. Dave made me feel welcome.

The trail wound through many thought-provoking tableaux reflecting the past, present, and future of the North Country: wind turbines on Dixville Peak, the vacant Balsams hotel, industrial logging operations, a hardscrabble dairy farm on McAllester Rd, seasonal snack shacks waiting for snowmobilers, deer hunters at dawn and dusk, miles of camps on Lake Francis, Young’s Store, and an eerily quiet border crossing. Why, I wondered, do New Hampshire eighth-graders from south of the Notches go to Boston, New York, or Washington D.C. on class trips? We would have learned more by spending a week in Coös County, getting to know life in the northern reaches of our state.

Heading south on Route 3 out of Pittsburg and watching the landscape flash by the car window, I felt grateful to have met Coös County via the Cohos Trail. Traveling by trails, logging roads, and dirt roads, I got a human-scale and eco-centric perspective on the landscape and community by foot, different from our typical car-centric approach to a new place. When we explore by car, we drive from larger roads, to smaller roads, to a parking spot, all the while sealed off from the sights, sounds, and human pace of life.

If you’re intrigued, the trail lends itself just as well to spectacular day hikes (Pondicherry, Unknown Pond, Percy Peaks, Gadwah Notch, Falls in the River) as it does to a 1-2 week thru-hike. However long you choose to head out for, look at the website and order the latest 2020 map - the trail has been evolving as new portions are built and rerouted. For thru-hiking, you’ll also need the turn-by-turn data book. The data book (or the longer and more entertaining guidebook) is necessary for navigating the many woods roads and confusing turns where the map doesn’t suffice and Cohos Trail blazes/signage aren’t present. Go fast, look good, be safe, and look good!



Clinton Prescott "Kibbe" Glover:

an army veteran's remarkable backstory

Bill Kelley

Many of us who worked in the huts, and certainly at Pinkham, knew Kibbe. After he passed away in the summer of 1991 at the age of 81 an era came to a close.

Today, three decades of AMC Croo have passed through Pinkham and many might have heard tales of Kibbe here and there and wondered who he was. Kibbe touched a lot of us who knew him. Not many knew details of his backstory as an army infantry soldier in major and decisive battles in WWII in the South Pacific.



Kibbe, PNC Kitchen, Summer, 1979

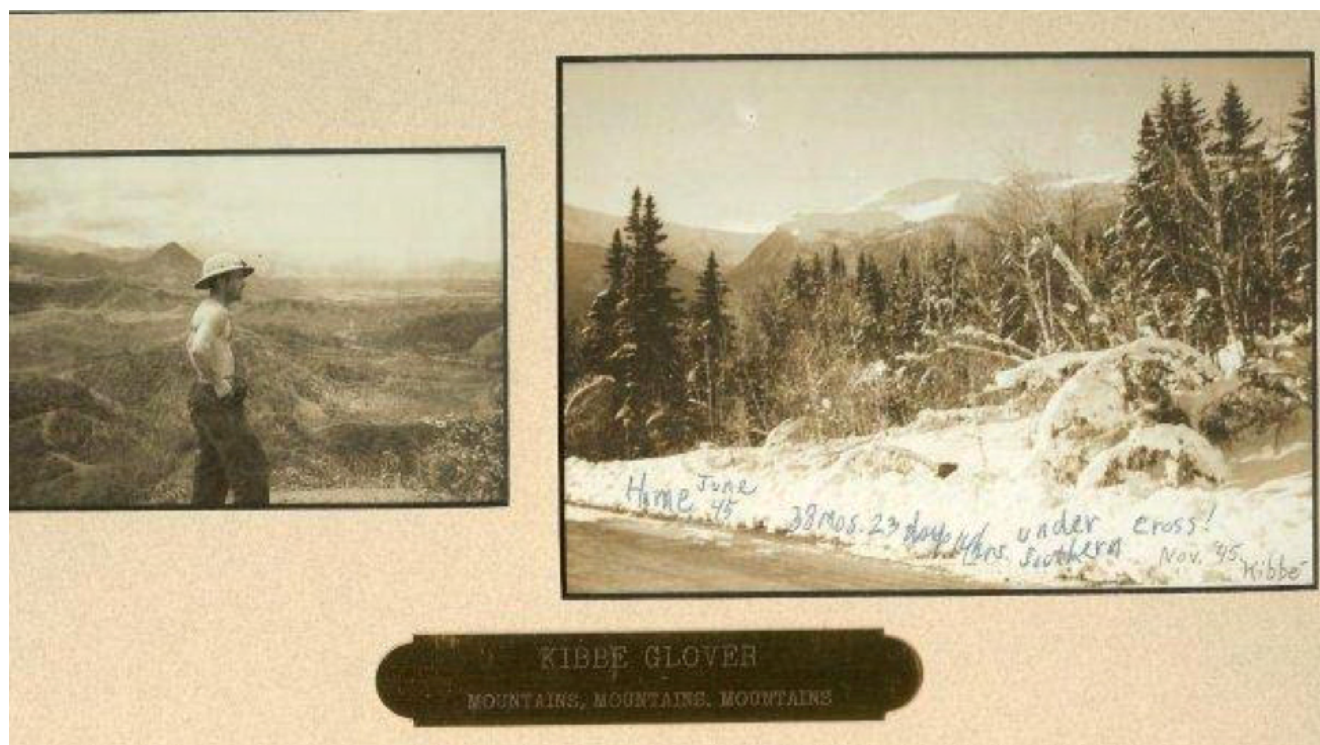
For over four decades, Kibbe was a fixture at the AMC Pinkham Notch Camp. After his retirement from the AMC in the early 1970s, he was encrusted there, living out of a room in the Administration Building, or in his blue-green pickup camper truck, unless he was out playing golf in North Conway. He recited odd poetry, wrote poetry on anything from napkins to number 10 can food labels, sketched, flirted shamelessly, and mostly harmlessly, with women on the Croo, mailed touching and affectionate letters and postcards, watched the news on the rickety old TV in the room off the kitchen, read the paper in a quiet corner off the main desk, scolded chipmunks, and gave the Croo who worked there year after year character and a sense of belonging. It took a while to get to know Kibbe. His outward self was consumed with an inner torment that few understood, or were given access to. We who worked alongside him in the AMC all have our Kibbe stories. I looked into Kibbe's military service because it helps understand the man, and how much we all apparently helped with him to cope with his demons and live his life in the mountains and among the people he loved so dearly.

As many of his generation, Kibbe was marked by his experiences in WWII. My own father had been all over the Pacific theater in the US Navy for six years and told stories often. My father had been at Pearl Harbor and was onboard the battleship USS California when it was bombed and torpedoed on Dec 7, 1941, and later was almost sunk on the destroyer USS Ralph Talbott in the Battle off Savo Island a few days after the Guadalcanal landings in early August 1942. Kibbe would allude to the Pacific now and then, and so I knew he too had been there. When we'd have a conversation, he'd sometimes drop a comment. What really bugged him was Christmas. He hated Christmas. I dared once to ask him once why.

He said it was a time where he had to pile up the bodies of dead Japanese to act as shields to protect himself. He rarely said more than that. His mind would shut down, he'd wander off; maybe he would wander back a short time later and pick up the conversation on another subject. Or else he'd string together seemingly random phrases in free poetic verse. You'd think Kibbe was a bit nuts. Today, I'd say we're more knowledgeable about the reality of PTSD.

Everyone who was an adult that I met growing up had a connection to WWII, whether it was my father, a US Navy engineering officer, or my mother, who worked in a shipyard building minesweepers by day and had been trained by the Army as a night spotter for aircraft recognition and part of the civil defense network of Seattle, or any of their friends that I met during my youth--- from prisoners of war, to members of Patton's Army in Europe, to marine snipers, to those who flew long range bombing missions over the Ploesti oil fields of Romania. Some of those I met talked openly about their experiences, however harrowing; others clammed up completely. I figured in order to understand Kibbe a little better, I would have to uncover his past connection to WWII.

[Continued at ohcroo.com/archives/documents/](http://ohcroo.com/archives/documents/)



Kibbe Glover- "Mountains, Mountains, Mountains" from his room in the Admin PNC.

A snowy mountain photo, presumably taken by Kibbe himself, showing Lion Head, Raymond's Cataract and Mt. Washington and taken from Rt 16 around the current state road camp and dated Nov 1945 was posted on [Friends of Kibbe Facebook Group](#) by Kim Schroeder Steward in 2009. The photo shows, with Kibbe's own scratchy handwriting on the bottom, the words "Home June '45 38 months 23 days 14hrs under the Southern Cross." The photo on the left shows Kibbe someplace in mountains in the South Pacific. My guess is Fiji, where the regiment recuperated after the Guadalcanal campaign.

Note that although Kibbe hailed from Haverhill, MA, he chose to write on this particular White Mountains photo the word "home." After that, he never left. Not long after his funeral service in 1991, Jon Martinson and Jack Corbin, together with Kibbe's niece and her family, hiked up to a quiet place near Tuckerman Junction away from any crowds and spread Kibbe's ashes on the headwall so that he would rest with Tuckerman Ravine and the mountains he loved so much.

Trail Wanderings

Bill Barrett

The OH Trail Croo had a not-too-busy season this summer, but it is safe to say that the OH Association fulfilled its obligations to the US Forest Service as the adopter of two of its---less visible, but nevertheless charming and interesting, and in places quite taxing!---trails in the Saco District: the Hutmen's Trail and the Hall's Ledge Trail. Both trails were checked in May, followed by return visits to accomplish specific tasks.

On the Hutmen's, an initial visit got the trail mostly cleared to where it intersects with trails in the Jackson Ski Touring Foundation system. The word "mostly" is used here because that visit revealed an over-winter gigantic blowdown directly across the trail at the top of the steep section and beyond the capability of the OHTC to remove. This blowdown could be ducked under, but to discourage that lest the tree choose that moment to fall the rest of the way to the ground, a temporary walk-around was cleared. Because this blowdown represented a safety issue, it was reported to the Trails Coordinator at the Saco District, and within a week or so, the USFS professional trail crew was able to cut a section out of it and reopen the trail. The site is still worth visiting, however, and leads one to speculate about the spectacular scene which must have accompanied that tree's fall.



On the Hall's Ledge, most of the recent and immediate problems were resolved on the initial visit. One over-winter blowdown directly blocked the trail low down on the steep section and could not be immediately removed. It could be climbed over with a moderate degree of difficulty, the negotiation of which was rendered a bit easier on that first occasion. A subsequent visit by a party of four managed to remove this blowdown completely, as well as (among a few other things) (1) discover and render harmless a theretofore unnoticed widow-maker at the top of the steep section, and (2) roll a large step-over log that had been in the trail for many years completely off the trail. The Hall's Ledge Trail received a (perhaps COVID-induced?) increase in traffic this summer, to a point where erosion on the steep section could become a major problem. This will be an issue to monitor in the future in order to determine if improvements---which would be difficult to implement---will be needed.

Due to increased use by hikers, drainage issues are now also emerging on the steep section of the Hutmen's Trail; and the Steering Committee---after receiving the results of an informal consultation with the Forest Service about it---has resolved to install a number of waterbars on the lower section of the trail, where few or no waterbars now exist. Since the problem is completely on private land, the Forest Service has given the go-ahead for this, subject to landowner non-objection; and the first of these was installed on Saturday, October 2 by Stu Johnson and Bill Barrett. A good waterbar on a steep section requires a minimal number of knowledgeable croo members and a set of good tools, so plans are underway to finish this project in the spring, when adequate man- and woman-power can be organized. Keep a weekend or two open next May---before the blackflies come out---if you are interested in helping with this. We particularly would like Young OH to get involved in the maintenance of our trails!

Finally, don't forget two important aspects of our adoption of these two trails: First, they are an important component of the Association's tax-free status as a 501(c)(3) organization under the Internal Revenue Code; so it is important for that reason that our trail maintenance efforts continue robustly. Second, anyone who volunteers on our trails (including both OH members and Current Croo---the latter of whom can, by doing trailwork, also satisfy their "Cabin Chore" requirement necessary to use the Cabin) are able to qualify for a USFS parking pass for the following calendar year by logging 16 hours of trail volunteering. So far, the OHTC is not aware of very many of you who have logged creditable hours on our trails this past summer. So if you did trail maintenance this summer, please send the following by November 15, 2021 to wllmsbrtt@yahoo.com: 1. Date(s); 2. Names of participants; 3. Number of hours for each participant; and 4. Trail Name(s) and description of tasks accomplished.



Obituaries



Richard Adriance Low, 77, loving husband of Joan W. (Whitney) Low of Bridge Street, Salem, and former longtime resident of Hamilton, passed away on Thursday, April 29, 2021, from heart failure.

Dick was born in Greenfield, on September 25, 1943, son of the late Dr. Merritt B. Low and Marian (Johnson) Low. He grew up in nearby Deerfield. He attended Deerfield Academy and later Princeton University (A.B. 1966) where he majored in chemistry and was a member of the Tigertones a cappella group, the Quadrangle Club, and the ice hockey team. Dick was on the AMC Madison Springs Hut Crew in New Hampshire's White Mountains during the summers of 1965 and 1966; this was an important formative experience during his college years. He met his great love Joan Whitney in the summer of 1965. They married at the Unitarian Church in Peterborough, NH on October 7, 1967.

After graduating from Princeton, Dick served in the US Navy as a lieutenant on the USS Robert A. Owens. He was honorably discharged in 1969 and went to work for Continental Oil Company. His son Thomas was born in 1969 and his daughter Vivien was born in 1970. In 1974 Dick entered Harvard Business School and earned an MBA with high distinction and designation as a George F. Baker scholar.

After graduate school, Dick and his family settled in Hamilton and he went to work at Bank of Boston. His 28-year tenure in commercial banking eventually took him and Joan around the world, from Massachusetts to Denver to Hong Kong, and finally to Saudi Arabia where he spent six years working for Riyadh Bank.

Retirement found Dick heavily involved in his community. He served as chairman on the Town of Hamilton Board of Selectmen, as board member and treasurer for Cape Ann Habitat for Humanity, and as board member and treasurer for Revels, Inc. He was a program volunteer for Harvard Business School Association of Boston Community Action Partners (CAP), and both a board member and chair of the collections committee for the Essex Shipbuilding Museum. He served on the Mount Madison Volunteer Ski Patrol Board of Directors from the time of its inception in 1965, to the time of his death. He was an avid golfer and an associate member of the Myopia Hunt Club. He loved sailing and in 2007 fulfilled a life-long dream when he served as crewmember on a sail to South Georgia Island in the sub-Antarctic zone.

Dick was a rare blend of keen intellect and strength of heart. His genuine sense of humility, which acknowledged the equal worth and value of everyone he met, helped create not only a successful career but also a life overflowing with love.

Despite significant achievements and numerous professional successes, Dick was happiest hosting friends and relatives for holidays and religiously attending his grandson's baseball games. A family man in the broadest and deepest sense of the phrase, Dick cherished most his roles as beloved husband, devoted father, and adoring grandfather. While he leaves behind holes in the lives of those who loved him, he also leaves an indelible imprint in the hearts of those who knew him.

In addition to Joan, his wife of fifty-three years, he is survived by a son, Thomas B. Low and his wife Linda of Arlington; a daughter, Vivien R. Low of Portland, OR; a grandson, Oliver Low of Arlington; a brother, Robert B. Low of Richmond, VT; a sister, Margaret Low of Littleton; a sister-in-law, Elizabeth Low of Richmond, VT; and four nieces and nephews. He was the brother of the late Barbara Low Davies formerly of Greenfield.

A private burial with Military Honors will be held in the Hamilton Cemetery at a later date. Arrangements are under the direction of the Whittier-Porter Funeral Home of Ipswich. Donations in Dick's memory may be made to the Michael J. Fox Foundation or the Essex Shipbuilding Museum. The OHA has made donations in Dick's name to both of these organizations.

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Thank you to our Steering Committee!

Resuscitator Team



EB (Emma Brandt) is currently a teacher at the Gale River Cooperative Preschool, a nature and play-based preschool in Bethlehem, NH. She graduated from St. Lawrence University in May of 2020 and finished her 4 years and 7 seasons in the hut system summer 2020 by caretaking at Lakes of the Clouds. She's excited to pursue nature education and remain close to the mountains and community she loves.

Miles Howard is happily rooted in Boston and hacking it as a freelance journalist covering the outdoors and U.S. cities. He's getting ready to pitch a book about social housing as a model for affordable living in America...and a tonic for the isolation of American life. It probably goes without saying, but working in the huts for 10 seasons may have sown the seeds of this book idea. (Read his work at milesoward.com).



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 10+ 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.

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

Thank you to our proof readers!

Kim "Schroeder" Steward
Bill Barrett