

THE RESUSCITATOR

THE PUBLICATION OF
THE OH ASSOCIATION

Fall 2026

MYSTERIOUS PHENOMENA ARE SEEN
NAOMI SHIMBERG GETS MARRIED
MEMORIES ARE RECOUNTED
PHOTOS ARE SHARED

FROM THE DESK OF THE CHAIR

“The person who says it cannot be done should not interrupt the person doing it.”

This proverb comes up from time to time, as I find myself frequently admiring the talents and initiative of others on this collective journey of life. If you’re getting stuff done, keep doing what you’re doing! It also takes me back to that CC troubleshooting flowchart. “Does the damn thing work?... Yes, then don’t mess around with it.” And hopefully you don’t end up on the other side of that flowchart... “You poor bastard!”

Really, I reflect a lot on the value of the huts and the OHA, and one of the things I’ve always appreciated is that it’s a community of doers supporting one another. From jury-rigging a hiking pole to fixing a separated shoe sole, from going out on a SAR on a rainy night to happily stringing bunting and bells, a lot is asked of Croo, who get it done steadily and reliably. You don’t make it long in the role if you’re stymied by barriers, regulations, and reasons given why things cannot be done.

To me, this is a big part of the glue that holds this intergenerational community together. As OH, we continue to volunteer to get this work done (cabin, trails, Tator, website, events, etc.) and educate/advocate for the spaces, places, and way of life that mattered so much to us and we want to see preserved. We also have fun and celebrate some good trouble and nonsense along the way!

How has this community shown up for you? I want to ask you to answer this by doing two things:

1. Come to Fallfest every year. It’s generally in late October or early November. This year, it will be on Saturday, Nov. 7. Whether you’re in Jackson and come in-person or somewhere else and join virtually, this is how we stay connected. After a brief business agenda

at 7:00pm ET, you’ll get a real huts update from current Croo, celebrate our Special OH Award recipient Frank Jost’s 32 years across Resis and Storehouse, and hear from Patrick Moody of Limmer Boots.

2. Tell me a story. Email me to share why the OHA is relevant to you. Talk about your first HM, reminisce about the people you spent days off with or raided just to see for an hour, appreciate someone, suggest ways to facilitate connections, or something else. It doesn’t have to be long, but I will respond to everyone who writes to me: chair@ohcroo.com.

Enjoy the fall, and hope to see you on Nov. 7!

Jared



ABOVE: A delightful view from Carter Notch on a recent fall weekend. *Maya Shyevitch*

PREVIOUS: First light on Mount Monroe. *Maya Shyevitch*

CONTENTS

6 CABIN

10 CROOS

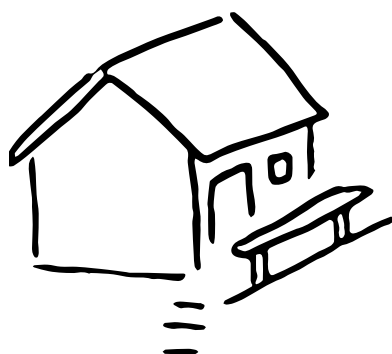
13 PACKS

16 WEDDINGS

20 MEMORIES

28 CONTINUED

33 OBITUARIES



Shoutout to **Karl Crag, Will Norton, and Heidi Magario** for correctly guessing White Mountain locations posted by the ‘Tator editors on Face-Book. We’re impressed by your knowledge and appreciate your participation!



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RESUSCITATOR CROO

Editor who slacked this time: Ethan Daly

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CONTRIBUTORS



Phil Coyne lives in Maine and spends as much time outdoors as he can—hiking, paddling, skiing, exploring, and volunteering on trails throughout New England—still looking for that green cloud!



Roger Smith worked three summers at Greenleaf and a fourth at Lakes. After graduation from Brown, he went into the Navy, before marrying Joan, attending Medical School at Tufts, and moving outside Portland, Oregon. He's since hiked many peaks out West, including adventures detailed in Appalachia 1957.



David Moskowitz worked at Pinkham and several huts from 1979-84. He followed Will Small and Dawson Winch to the Forman School, where he & George Holt taught an environmental science and outdoor skills class. David disappeared on the Oregon Trail in 1987--rumors of him resurfacing in New England are greatly exaggerated. If you happen to be on the Oregon Trail, please drop him a note - the latch string is always out.



Lucy Koester graduated from Connecticut College in May with a bachelor's in Environmental Studies and Sociology. This was her first season working in the huts, where she was the Naturalist at Mizpah!

CONT'D



Rayna Carner (Lone S'22, Zool S'23, Mad HM S'24, Lks F'24) began her journey with the AMC in 2021 at Cardigan Lodge and absolutely fell in love with the White Mountains. She laments missing the fall foliage in New Hampshire this year, but feels very content with the scenery in Aspen, CO where she works as an educator for the Aspen Center for Environmental Studies. When she's not hiking in the woods, you can probably find her singing and playing guitar, making huts-inspired meals, or playing ultimate frisbee.



Naomi Shimberg (Pah S'19, Avid Fill-in Croo '21-25) grew up hiking and camping in the Whites with her dad, who fell in love with the huts on a scouts backpacking trip circa 1983. She's always wishing she got to work more seasons, and so goes back every summer to work a fill-in with an amazing group of hut ladies. Her time in the huts cemented her desire to spend her career working on climate. She's currently a third-year PhD candidate in the MIT Department of Economics, where she studies the economics of the clean-energy transition. She lives with her husband in Cambridge, MA and hopes to get a puppy to bring hiking in the Whites very soon.



LEFT: George Brown accepting the 2025 Joe Dodge Award, presented by Mark Putnam and Steve Baillargeon. *Bethany Taylor*

FALL 2026 OH CABIN UPDATE

BY EMILY BENSON, CABIN CARETAKER

Another summer season has come to an end and it is hard to believe that winter will be here before we know it! When reviewing cabin guidelines on the OH Croo website, please pay close attention to the changes in operations as a result of the change in seasons. It is the responsibility of everyone to keep our cabin safe and secure for all to enjoy.

The Annual Spring Reunion took place on Saturday, May 16th under sunny skies and warm temperatures. While Richard Stetson and Bridget Qualey were not taking the lead on the clean-up chores and providing delicious food to sustain us along the way, they would have been proud of the work ethic instilled in those of us in attendance. We all took great joy in relaxing and reconnecting on the front deck into the mid-afternoon over delicious food and under warm sunshine. Big thanks to Heather Wingate for organizing the day! Other folks who were in attendance included Emily Benson, Mark Wingate, Mea Arego, Rebecca Oreskes, Tom Liscord, Joe Gill, Mike Waddell, Mark Hitchcock, Peter Benson, John Lamanna, Dawson Winch and Abdull Haynes. A special thank you to Bill Barrett, the lone person who worked on the Hutmen's Trail this year. Some highlights of other work completed include:

- Storm windows removed and screens installed on nearly all windows.
- Mea Arego's industrious pot scrubbing; the copper is gleaming as they hang on the wall!

The old hutch (where the log books were) was replaced with a donated bookcase. The hope is to reduce mouse activity by eliminating the drawers where they like to nest (the Trivial Pursuit game was a condo!). The bookshelf is a great location for the logbooks as well as the new binders that Schroeder created, holding hard copies of all the Resuscitators back to 1987, with additional cop-

ies back to 1933 coming soon. Big thanks to Stroker

for sharing the most recent issues he had in his collection. They have all been digitized as well for posterity and can be found on the website. Make sure to check them out on your next visit to the cabin.

Firewood was consolidated in the new/southern woodshed, and the old/northern woodshed is clean and ready to load with new firewood. Due to road conditions, the firewood was dumped in the parking area, so everyone's help is needed to bring up the firewood when they stay or simply visit the cabin. There is still more to move; come on up and lend a hand during Fall Fest Weekend on Saturday, November 7th from 10am to 2pm.

The potluck model for Spring Reunion worked out very well, especially since there were only 2 "official" RSVP's, and 12 folks showed up. With so many dietary issues, it was great that folks brought what they knew they could eat themselves, and yet have enough to share with others.

This summer the cabin did not see as much use as in years past, with only 33 user nights documented at the cabin from June through August. However, the cabin was put to great use by the Huts Department for their Fall Gala and End-of-Season Party. These events are a great way to introduce the cabin to current croos so they may consider becoming OHA members in order to stay in the future. The cabin also hosted activities during the AMC's 150th Anniversary which included Jared, Schroeder and Doug Teschner giving tours and chatting with folks about the OHA. About 20 or so folks visited throughout the day



and a few OH dropped by as well.

Summer projects that were completed included the installation of new lighting in the kitchen and dining room areas, as well as new emergency lighting. In addition, a railing was installed on the stairway leading to the second floor per order of our insurance company.

We are in the process of creating a Capital Improvement Plan to better prepare and budget for larger expenses in the future. Some of these anticipated expenses include restaining the exterior of the cabin and other projects to be deter-

mined. Many thanks to everyone for showing care and respect during their stay or visits to the cabin. It is a special place for all of us to return to with fond memories of our times in the mountains.



OHA ANNUAL FALLFEST

SATURDAY NOVEMBER 7TH, 2026

PINKHAM NOTCH VISITOR CENTER OR ONLINE

Please join the Old Hutcroo Association for Fallfest 2026 at Pinkham Notch! Whether you're local or haven't been to the White Mountains in years, we hope you'll join. But if you can't, we will be streaming the meeting online for anyone who wishes to participate that way. Details to follow at a later date for streaming.

Our feature presentation will be Patrick Moody, from Limmer Boots. If you have a pair of Limmers, please bring or wear them as we'd like to take a group photo for their photo wall.

Schedule for Saturday, November 7th:

- 10:00-2:00 Firewood Stacking at the OH Cabin. Emily will be there and would love some help.
- 4:30-6:00 Happy Hour at Joe Dodge Lodge (BYOB).
- 6:00-7:00 Dinner in the Pinkham dining room.
- 7:00-7:45 Annual Meeting in Conference Room A in Joe Dodge Lodge. Special OH Awards to **Frank Jost**
- 7:45-8:30 Feature presentation from **Patrick Moody of Limmer Boots**
- 8:30-8:35 Closing remarks.

How to Reserve & Notes:

- Please call and reserve your lodging space or for dinner and appetizers by contacting the AMC Customer Service Center at 603-466-2727 (Option #1), Monday – Saturday 10-5.
- Ask to book under group reservation # 746015 OH Reunion 11/7/2026
- The reservation deadlines were 10/8 for lodging but there might still be some rooms left. The cut off for dinner is 10/24. We all know how important dinner counts are!
- Dinner is \$37/person. Lodging is a flat \$95/person + tax, regardless of room type, and includes dinner and breakfast.

Please register if you hope to join! Fill out the Google Form here: <https://tinyurl.com/mkj9kkku>
More information can be found at ohcroo.com under the Bulletin tab.

DISTINGUISHED SERVICE AWARD PRESENTED TO LAWRENCE (STROKER) ROGOVIN

FROM THE DESK OF THE AMC

September 17th, 2026

The Appalachian Mountain Club proudly presents its Distinguished Service Award, the Club's most prestigious honor, to Lawrence (Stroker) Rogovin. Over his lifetime, Stroker has devoted extraordinary service to AMC as a staff member, lead volunteer, mentor, advisor, historian, storyteller, visionary, and connector of communities and generations.

Stroker truly exemplifies the qualities of this Award, which is bestowed on individuals whose service to AMC's mission spans a sustained period at the highest levels, and is reflective not only of an exceptional commitment to individual AMC programs and communities, but also a profound understanding of the mission, values, and promise of the entire organization.

Stroker's service to AMC spans decades and traverses multiple gigs, starting in 1975 with four summers on the Three Mile Island Croo, then joining the staff at Pinkham Notch in 1978. He spent formative years on Construction Crew, worked the front desk at Joy Street and at shorter stints at AMC huts and shelters in the White Mountains. Whatever role he took on, he brought curiosity, ingenuity, discipline, and a willingness to take responsibility for whatever needed to be done. During these early years, he contributed to the restoration of the Crawford Depot and the Tip-Top House, beginning a pattern of hands-on service that would continue across decades.

Nowhere is that legacy more visible than at Three Mile Island Camp, which he first attended as a child in the 1960s.

Over the last 50 years, Stroker has created and built almost everything new on TMI, including the amazingly organized Paint Shed – a model for campers' home sheds and workshops, the TMI raft (for which songs have been written), and the beautiful (and sturdy) cabinetry in major buildings across the campus.

Even more enduring than the physical structures are the people he taught and mentored. His practice of "teaching while building" created far more than a well-maintained camp. It equipped hundreds of young people with skills, confidence, a sense of ownership, and an understanding of what it means to care for a community. He has taught generations of Croo members about tool safety, organization, maintenance, craftsmanship,



ABOVE: Stroker at a recent OHA Fallfest.
Mark Hitchcock

and responsibility for the camp, and has developed systems that ensure the Island will be well cared for far into the future.

Stroker brought the same commitment to the Old Hutcroo Association. As chair of the OHA for more than two decades starting in 2003, he honored the organization's history while working to ensure its future. He served as a bridge from old guard to new, welcomed younger members, encouraged intergenerational mentorship, and helped create a community that was more inclusive, adaptive, and prepared to thrive. His leadership demonstrated that tradition is strongest when it invites new people to participate in carrying it forward.

Across AMC, Stroker has been a tireless champion of "One AMC." Through his sixteen-year tenure on the Board of Advisors, he has helped organizational leaders understand how strategic decisions would be experienced by volunteer-led communities and advocated for their seat at the table. As just one tangible example, the Community Director role on the Board of Directors that was established in the 2026 update to AMC's Bylaws would not have come to pass without Stroker's long and patient leadership and advocacy.

His service to AMC extends to stints on the Outdoor Leadership Development Committee, OH Fund Committee, and VCC Strategic Alignment Working Group, where he has connected staff and volunteers and local communities with AMC's broader mission. He has consistently brought the perspectives of volunteer units into important organizational conversations and helped those communities see how their work contributed to AMC's strategic goals.

Stroker has also been a dedicated steward of AMC's history and culture. Through his research, support of the Archives, writing, music, storytelling, and annual reflections, he has preserved institutional memory while strengthening the relationships that make AMC a community. He has offered his time, knowledge, candor, humor, and wise counsel generously, always with greater interest in the work and the people than in personal recognition.

Stroker's service is measured in structures

built and restored, programs strengthened, funds raised, history preserved, and strategic decisions informed. Most importantly, it is measured in the generations of people he has taught, welcomed, connected, and inspired. His example embodies the sustained commitment, outstanding attitude, and ability to share AMC's ideals that define the Distinguished Service Award.

For his remarkable lifetime of mentorship, leadership, stewardship, and service, and for helping generations of volunteers understand that they are all part of One AMC, the Appalachian Mountain Club is honored to present the Distinguished Service Award to Stroker Rogovin.



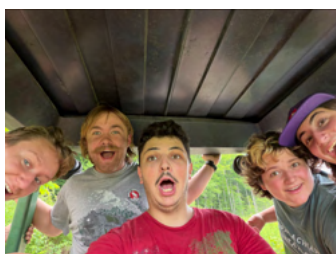
ABOVE: Three Mile Island, home to many of Stroker's labors of love. *Wikipedia*

SUMMER CROOS 2026

ARRANGED BY COOPER YOUNG

Carter Notch

Calli Frankel - HM
Alja Forcey-Rodríguez - AHM
Skyler Williams - Natty
Ariella Frommer
Oliver Ransom



Madison Spring

Grace Schuur - HM
Ella Knight - AHM
Michael Fairley - Natty
Hardy Payson
Kristen Werner
Hunter Nesbitt



Zealand Falls

Lily Fine - HM
Jasper Ellis - AHM
Jonny Ollendorf
Audrey Brogna - Natty
Greer Garver



Galehead

Ella Nichol - HM
Calli Goodling - AHM
Klara Fritsch - Natty
Miles Huntley
Noah Vernick
Anna Davis



Greenleaf

Rubén Case - HM
Taylor Young - AHM
Ian Buchanan - Natty
Zoe Sachs
Bristol Banovic
Ava Trueworthy



Lonesome Lake

Josh Rizika - HM
Lucy Farran - AHM
Siri Bjerke - Natty
Erik Rosenmeier
Jasper Perez
Adia Smith



Lakes of the Clouds

Brian Garner - HM
Lu Powdermaker - AHM
Kate (Mars) Marston - Natty
Malcolm Courchesne
Amelia Marjerison

Harley Ransom
Cali Turner
Kayla Werner
Elizabeth Trafton
Cooper Cretella
El Hart - Research



Mizpah Spring

Ethan Showalter - HM
Sophia Calder - AHM
Phoebe Ballard - Natty
Rhiannon Novick
Ryan Widdop
Wren Fraser



ABOVE: Photos of summer croos taken likely by various passerybys, AMC staff, and other White Mountain Rascals. *Huts Management*

FALL CROOS 2026

ARRANGED BY EMMA “EB” CARLSON

Carter Notch

Annika Smart - HM
Calli Goodling - AHM
Gabriella Calabria - Natty
Greer Garver
Anna Moffatt



Zealand Falls

Rubén Case - HM
Noah Vernick - AHM
Ellen Warmerdam - Natty
Naomi Ablao
Jonathan Clark



Madison Spring

Miranda Fisher - HM
Natan Oster - HM
Josie Dolan-Edmondson - Natty
Joe Sherman
Riley Burkins
Mia DiLorenzo



Galehead

Brian Garner - HM
Harley Ransom - AHM
Lucy Beckman - Natty
Tipton Smith
Ava Frost



Lakes of the Clouds

Joshua Rizika - HM
Athena Hendrick - AHM
Erik Rosenmeier - Natty
Brady Foley
Piper Davidson
Sarah Monsalve
Silja Earl-Torniainen
Summer Hargrave
Trevor Rafford
Matt Hecht



Greenleaf

Lily Fine - HM
Skyler Williams - AHM
Phoebe Ballard - Natty
Henry Padnos
Samantha Raymon
Mary Gackowski



Lonesome Lake

Ella Nichol - HM
Wren Fraser - AHM
Oliver Ransom - Natty
Delaney Klutes
Chrissy Neuenschwander

Mizpah Spring

Clara Alger - HM
Anna Davis - AHM
Lucy Koester - Natty
Arijs Macmillan
Seth Ricks



TRAIL WANDERINGS

BY BILL BARRETT

As announced in the Spring “Tator,” there was a full sweep of the Hutmen’s Trail on May 16, with no problems noted. The next day, Sunday May 17, there was a partial sweep of the Hall’s Ledge Trail to about halfway up the Steep Section. Only minor problems were encountered, but dealing with them prevented the sweep from proceeding any further that day. Or, unfortunately, on any day since then unless any of you readers out there were able to put in any hours on that trail this summer (even if just hiking it and noting its condition). If you were able to do that, please let me know at wllmsbrtt@yahoo.com so that I can report the work and keep the OH Association in good standing with the Forest Service as the official adopter of the Hall’s Ledge Trail.

Autumn is a good season for trail work, even into early November, so if anyone is so inclined in the coming weeks, please consider cruising the rest of the Hall’s Ledge Trail as far as the picnic table. (After that, it becomes an XC ski trail and is under the maintenance responsibility of the JSTF.) As noted in the Spring “Tator,” the Hall’s Ledge is badly in need of re-blazing, but there is no need to attempt that now. Instead, it would be enough to remove small blowdowns, clip branches that intrude into the trail, and resolve any ambiguities about where the trail should go. Any major problems that are noted (such as large blowdowns or tangles) should be reported for future clearing, but for now it would be enough to ensure that the trail is still passable without completing a full clean-up. In order to get USFS credit for this, anyone who can help out with this should report name(s) of workers, date(s), hours worked, and description of work done to the mail address above.

Thanks to everyone who can help out with this!

LONESOME LAKE HUNDRETH?

BY BILL BARRETT

So far, no one has stepped up to volunteer for the Committee that we hope will help organize Lonesome’s 100th Anniversary in 2029. As noted in the Spring “Tator,” the Steering Committee is looking for 5-10 OH from all decades who can plan for the event, probably on a mid-summer Sunday, overnight into Monday, and see it through to a conclusion. Planning needs to start now. Anyone interested should contact Bill Barrett at wllmsbrtt@yahoo.com. Please note that this is a different email for Bill than he has used previously.

YOUR WORST PACK!

We asked, you answered! Through the ages, it seems we all have a tale of woe to share. Thank you to everyone who submitted, and remember: Solvitur Crumpus!

I was hutmaster at Zool in 1982 and our crew (George Holt, Katy Terrill Hiza and Beth Tracy and I) put on Zool's 50th Anniversary Party. George Holt and I hiked out to acquire the beer for the party, which we likely bought in Twin Mountain. I think we bought ten cases and returned to the pack house to tie up and load out. They were awkward loads so it took awhile to secure them. We got a good combo of good and bad beer - all in cans - you might imagine the looks from other hikers we passed coming or going on the way to the hut.

My memory of the trail should be better from two years of packing to Zool, but I cannot recall any memorable crumps on what was typically a very easy pack trail. The challenging pack trips were the early season trips when the ponds and streams became one continuous body of water, hiding the log steps and other obstacles. However, the conditions were fine for our return with

the beer - except the heat as it was a very hot day.

With no place to crump and no water to whet our whistles, we pressed on to the hut carrying ten cases of cold but rapidly warming beers. It was like we were kids holding a chocolate bar in our tight grubby hands, having it melt right out of the packaging. Our thirst and our anticipation conspired to drain us of our mid-season fitness, making the last steep ascent to the hut powered purely by the refreshing relief we anticipated once we made it to the hut porch where we would weigh our loads and crack a cold one in celebration of our commitment to a good AMC party.

As I mentioned, it was a hot day in the lowlands and along the forested valley floor. Once relieved our loads on the porch, we quickly realized there would be no cold beer reward for our dedication and we resorted to plan B which was to stash the cases in some deeper pools along the falls so it would be cold by the time the party started. We substituted a swim for a cold beer and started getting ready for the evening meal.

I am not sure I have longed for a cold beer for a longer period of time while having more beer in such close proximity than ever before.

The pack trip was easy but the longing was exceptionally excruciating.

-David Moskowitz

PNC 1979, Mizpah 1980, Lakes 1981, PNC Winter 81-82, Zealand 1982 and 1984



ABOVE: Tator editor Ethan Daly purposefully sliding his packboard—which is tied to a second packboard—down a particularly greasy section of the Ammonoosuc Ravine Trail. *Leydi Walle*

Packing to Madison mid-summer, and bored with the Valleyway, I decided to take the Brookside Trail past Salmacis Falls. It was hot and so was I, so I crumped and shed my smelly pack to take a dip in the falls. Bad idea. It wasn't deep, but the current was strong and the rocks were so slippery with algae that I couldn't stop myself from being washed right over the

falls! When I landed hard at the bottom I hit a pointed rock and gouged a deep chunk out of my hip. I had to climb back up the falls, bleeding, naked and shaking. I'm sure I was quite a sight. And then, after getting back up, there was nothing to do but jam a smelly sock in the wound, pick up my packboard, and keep heading up the trail. I was okay until I got to the hut and my hutmate Emily White came running out when she saw me. Then I burst into tears! Dear Em nursed me back to health and I never took that damn trail again.

- Althea Danielski

Lakes S'88, Mad S'89, Cata S'90, Lakes S'91

My worst pack was my first pack. I had moved from the midwest the weekend before Gala and had the stuff I wanted at the hut in a duffel bag, which I pulled out of my beater car, lashed to the packboard along with other supplies and started huffing up the trail. I was young (I mean ... at 25 I was not hut young), cocky and stupid. I may have had a pizza stone. Weight: undetermined, but definitely "too heavy."

The rest of my croo went ahead and I made slow progress up Beechwood and onto the Valley Way. No one had patrolled the trail yet (USFS that year, I think), and there were no fewer than six large blowdowns across the trail, plus some decaying monorail. So six times I got to take off the packboard, shove it under the blowdown, climb under myself, and put the godforsaken contraption back on until I reached the next one. I still have a six-inch scar from where a branch slashed my arm during one of these maneuvers, but this neither hurt nor bled as I tackled the top mile of trail.

I made it to the Thousand Yards and thought that the "WORST WEATHER" sign was halfway between there and the hut. When it took the better part of an hour to get to the sign, I stopped to take stock of what I'd gotten into, whether I'd ever make the hut, and whether, once there, I would say "thanks but no thanks" and head down the trail. Thank goodness I had misremembered the trail, and the Haüs came into view a moment later.



As I walked in, my hutmaster, Elizabeth Waste, was pulling nachos out of the oven. We pulled out the SAR box, she excitedly wrote up her first accident report. Determination: if I was in the valley, I should have probably gotten stitches, but there was no way I was heading down the VW. I was home.

I packed with an internal backpack for the next couple of weeks and took an old, dull ax (remember, young, cocky and stupid) along to chop through the blowdowns. The day after I'd hacked my last one, a trail crew came up the to the hut ... having finally patrolled the trail.

-Ari Ofsevit

Mad S'10, Flea F'10, Pah F'11, Lakes F'13

My first season at Carter we had one unusually heavy pack coming back from my days off. I knew things were going to be bad when I needed help to stand up after putting my pack on... It took me twice as long to hike up as it normally did and I was miserable the whole time, sure I was never going to actually make it to the hut. I was almost

ABOVE: From the archives, sometime in the 90s. Joy or pain? *Unknown photographer.*

at the end (and already an hour late for dinner service) when I came upon a particularly high step up onto a rock along the edge of the Carter lakes. I tried my best to heave myself up but toppled over and my packboard fell right on my hand. Thankfully the hand wasn't broken, it just left a nasty bruise. Worst part was that I couldn't get the packboard back on afterwards, so I sat and cried for 15 minutes (disturbing a nearby thru hiker's peaceful lakeside dinner) before hefting my pack back on and standing up through some miraculous feat of strength akin to a mother lifting a car off of their crushed child. I was proud of myself after I got to the hut, but never felt the need to pack that much weight again.

- Lucy Sinclair

Carter S'19, Zealand S&F'20, Mizpah S'22

I was packing down to Lakes during that part of the season where the top part of Washington is covered with rime ice, but once you get about a quarter-mile down, it starts to clear. Within that first quarter-mile I slipped on a rock and began to pitch forward, my pack swinging over my head completely, blocking my vision. In my panic, I kept running, thinking maybe I had the upper body strength to pull my pack back up. This fight continued for about 30 seconds, but what felt like an hour. Eventually, I tripped on a slick rock and my pack strap snapped with my pack landing hard on my foot. I looked around and nobody could see me, so I sat and cried and watched my ankle swell. Moments later, Maya hiked toward me and found my sorry situation of a broken packboard and boxes scattered over the trail. With her help, I hobbled down to the hut holding a couple boxes in my hands while she slung my pack on her shoulders, despite already carrying an immense pack (Super impressive). I still don't know how I made it back to the hut. In retrospect, I think I'm glad that my strap broke instead of my pack landing on any other part of my body.

- Ari Hughes

Pah S'23, Lakes S'24, Zool F'24

My worst pack was my first pack ever, when I was not prepared for the pain and uncomfortableness of the semi-torture device known as a packboard. I also thought I was going to be hiking with my croo, and quickly realized that this would be a solo workout. As the elevation progressed, my spirits plummeted and soon the trail was blurry with my tears as I questioned all my life choices. A nice big rock decided to show up on the trail in front of me that I did not think was as big as it was, and soon enough I found myself falling right over it. I tried to do the thing I had literally just been taught to like smoothly let my packboard fall over my head, but instead it fell ON my head. I subsequently sat on the side of the trail for about 20 minutes, crying, and then crying harder when people asked why I was carrying that much alcohol up the mountain (it's NOT alcohol it's vegetables!!). Three hours later and a nice sized lump on the back of my head, I made it up the CrawPaw.

- Lucy Koester

Pah F'26



ABOVE: Former croo Ceilidh Shea takes a digger on the Zealand Trail. She never worked another season. *Larz von Huene*

I Do Croo

BY RAYNA CARNER AND NAOMI SHIMBERG

Part I: The Lead Up (Rayna)

When someone asks me how I found out about the huts, or why I decided to work in them, all answers lead back to Naomi. My introduction to the huts was visiting her at Mizpah in June of 2019 on a backpacking trip with her brother, my then high school boyfriend. I clambered up the Crawford Path with her family, amazed both by the green of the Whites and the knowledge that Naomi had done the same hike with 70 lbs on her back. I ate her freshly baked anadama bread, woke to the songs of her croo at 6:30am, and loosely followed a “Good Will Hutting” BFD in the morning.



Anyone who knows Naomi knows that she has a way with words. She speaks convincingly about the things that she cares about. She spoke convincingly to me, when she told me, back in 2022, that yes I could pack, I was meant to work in the Huts, and that the Huts fairies would place me where I was meant to be placed. She spoke convincingly even more so on July 18th, 2026, when she read her vows to her then-fiance, Noah, at the Preserve at Chocorua at the base of the Whites.

Naomi speaks so highly of the Whites and

the Huts that there were quite a few of us OH in attendance at her wedding who are only OH in the first place because of her. Together, we joke that we are part of the Naomi lineage. As members of this special group, we would also be part of the “I Do Croo” on her wedding day. That is, the group of OH who would cook a traditional huts breakfast for the 72 guests staying at the Preserve.

A few months prior, Naomi and I were hiking Mt. Chocorua, walking over gray granite and rocky streams, when she got down on one knee, and asked me to be the Hutmaster of the Huts Breakfast on her wedding day. Bashful, but unafraid, I accepted. We brainstormed what exactly the breakfast would look like—would we have cakkers or bakers? Wizard of Obs or Bear Attack? Do they sell 20 lbs of liquid eggs at the local grocery store?



As the weekend approached, Betsy (Naomi’s mom) closely followed my grocery list, buying everything you would need for oatmeal, blueberry coffee cake, scrambled eggs, and sausage



for a 70 count. Thank you, Betsy, for running the StoHo department singlehandedly.

On the eve of July 18th, we held a very official “dries” meeting in the venue’s kitchen. There was no one cook of the day, but instead, seven capable and beautiful OH with very specific tasks. Ruby opened every drawer and cabinet in the kitchen in search of platters for BCC, while Ariana cracked and whisked over 100 sheggs (shelled eggs). With no suitable baking scale, I typed into my phone, “how many cups is 1500g of flour?” As we crawled into bed that night, alarms set for before 7:00am the next morning, it felt all too similar to the eve of a true cookday in the huts.



Part II: Wedding Day (Naomi)

I could barely contain myself as I approached the kitchen on the morning of my wedding day. Six of my best friends were cooking breakfast for sixty of my other best friends. As I walked through the screened door, my mom excitedly handed me a white apron adorned with a heart wearing a chef hat. It said “I Do Croo” in dark green letters. She had hand-made the design and ironed it onto the apron. Some StoHo





indeed!

S o m e -
how, despite
the fact that
I'd be get-
ting married
in front of
200 people
later that
day, as soon
as I put on
my apron, I
was trans-
ported to a
normal huts

morning. I asked Rayna what needed to be done and started plating BCC.

At 9:00am sharp, we pranced out to the picnic tables. Our "guests" were already waiting



ALL PHOTOS: There were too many photos in this one to write quirky captions, and the story has all you need to know. These photos are courtesy of Naomi Shimberg and Rayna Carner-- thank you for sharing this special day and huts homage!

for us: my brother and cousin had gone cabin by cabin waking everyone up to guitar. "Breaaaaak-faaaaast, the most important meal of YOUR LIFE, at 632 feet!" Ariana gave the weather report: cloudy, with a chance of love.

We cleared oatmeal and then full sent, dietaries and all. Everyone, and particularly the older folks, were baffled and impressed. They thought they were just getting oatmeal. These silly ladies made all of this food this morning? For all of these people? Yes, in fact, and we did, seven for a 70 count is no problem for these hut ladies (and Adin).

Rayna and I had decided the obvious choice for the BFD was bear attack. A BFD was actually a useful explanatory device for messages we wanted to get across to everyone staying on site.

My dad, in his most somber and fatherly tone, approached the picnic tables and asked for everyone's attention. "So I was just in touch with the owner of this place, who's been in touch with the Forest Service. There have been a couple of bears spotted in this area. So stay calm, everything's cool, but don't leave food out when you go back to your cabins." Everyone nodded very seriously.

Bear attack commenced. In the final scene, the whole cast tried to hike Mt. Chocorua without showing up late to the wedding ceremony. As the group neared the top, two HUGE black bears (my brother and his friend wearing trash bags and holding forks-as-claws) attacked the hikers. The whole crowd laughed and then looked a bit confused. Perfect.

I took off my costume and loaded my plate full of delicious BCC and now-cold eggs. I sat down next to my soon-to-be husband. He grinned at me. Noah and I started dating the summer I worked at Mizpah. He had visited me two times, and I took him backpacking in the Northern Prezis. It was at some stealth spot in the middle of the Great Gulf where we decided to try long distance. And there we were, seven summers later, celebrating our love in the same mountains.

A PLEA TO TATOR READERS

BY ETHAN DALY

You wake up one fall or spring morning. You go downstairs, pour a cup of coffee, and read through a newspaper, or, better yet, a book you've been loving. Maybe it's about White Mountain history or it's *Lonesome Dove*. Everyone, myself included, seems to be reading that.

Eventually, you reluctantly decide that it's time to look at a screen. Any texts? Nope. Any emails? Yes, too many.

In between Heather Cox Richardson and a marketing email from REI, however, you have an email from the Old Huts Association. A new *Resuscitator* is published! You flip through the flipbook or scroll through the PDF, chuckling at stories of packs gone wrong, search and rescues gone right. Maybe you even shake your head at the gormings, shocked to see a former croo member is now a doctor. Either way, your day is made better by a brief reminiscing on what was and is a very special job.

This is how we hope you react to the *Resuscitator*. It takes everything within us to scrape together enough content to elicit a positive reaction. We email and text friends who we heard say they journaled once, we bug huts management for photos, and we scroll through Adobe forums trying to figure out why our document keeps corrupting.

We do this because we care about the huts and retelling stories from them. My senior year of college, while I awaited my next huts summer, I perused old *Tators* in my Documentary Film class. I read your stories then and I want to publish more of them now, maybe for that bored hut kid in class, but also for that old hutwoman who lives in New Zealand or that old hutman that lives in the Czech Republic. Your stories are what keep us connected. There is no *Resuscitator* without people submitting content.

We'll be looking for stories, photos,

art, literally anything in the Spring of this coming year. You don't have to be good at writing. Just sit down, type something out, and we'll put you in the *Resuscitator*. And before you say you're too shy, know that you've performed ridiculous skits in front of guests, hiked up Mount Washington in jean shorts, and likely served appallingly bad food. You've embarrassed yourself before.

Now, if you read this and felt a twinge of guilt or laughed and remembered a story from your huts time, sit down, write tator@ohcروو.com an email, and we'll be forever grateful. We can't be asked to write the content ourselves.



ABOVE: Tator co-editor Maya Shyevitch would rather play spoons at the OH than email you all looking for content. Help her out or buy her a drink. *Ethan Daly*

THE GREEN CLOUD

BY PHIL COYNE

One of my favorite AMC stories—and one I told my children over and over when they were young—is the story of the Green Cloud. I still tell it to anyone willing to listen.

It happened, I believe, in August of 1987. That summer I was working on the AMC construction crew. We were renovating the Tip-Top House on Mount Washington, restoring the building for the State and returning it to its original period appearance.

One evening after work, I hiked down to Lakes of the Clouds Hut to have dinner with friends. I don't remember what we ate, but I'm sure it was delicious. Hut meals always were.

Afterward, I helped with the evening chores. I washed some dishes and swept the floor. Whenever the hut crew fed me, I liked to “pay my way” by helping with the cleanup. It was my way of thanking them.

By the time I left for Hermit Lake Shelter, night had fallen.

It was a beautiful night for hiking—clear, dry, and so comfortable that I hardly noticed the temperature. The stars were shining brightly overhead. At first, I felt perfectly at ease.

Then, somewhere along the trail, my imagination began to work on me.

Every horror-movie soundtrack I had ever heard started playing in my head: ch-ch-ch, ha-ha-ha. I was alone in the dark, staring down at the weak circle of light cast by my headlamp. This was the 1980s, and headlamps weren't what they are today. Its dim incandescent bulb barely illuminated the rocks beneath my feet.

As I walked, I glanced to my right.

There, east of Mount Monroe, was what appeared to be a small cumulus cloud.

It was green.

Not greenish. Not reflecting a distant light. It was a small, distinctly green cloud, drifting gently in my direction.

I kept walking.

For a while, I pretended it wasn't there. I watched the rocks pass through the pale beam of my headlamp and concentrated on putting one foot in front of the other. Every so often, though, I looked to my right.

The cloud was still there.

And it was still coming toward me.

I wasn't exactly afraid for my life. It was a different kind of fear—the uneasiness of seeing something that made no sense. Why would a cloud be green? What could possibly cause that?

I kept moving and tried to focus on the trail.

When I looked again, the cloud was directly overhead, perhaps seventy-five feet above me. It made no sound. It did nothing dramatic. It simply continued drifting through the darkness, quiet and green.

Eventually, I reached Hermit Lake Shelter. My friends Anton and Jean were staying there—along with a few others. I asked whether anyone had seen anything unusual.

No one had.

That didn't surprise me. From the angle of the shelter beneath the ravine, the surrounding terrain probably blocked their view.

I spent the night inside the shelter, sleeping on a couch. It wasn't comfortable, but it did the job.

Sometime during the night, I overheard a radio call between the people in the valley and the crew at the Mount Washington Observatory. The summit crew rattled off their weather observations—a string of numbers such as “23, 67, 4,000.” They meant something to whoever was filling out the weather sheet, but nothing to me.

Then, at the end of the call, someone in the valley asked whether there was anything unusual to report.

The Observatory crew said there was.

BELOW: (Left to right) Coyne, Jon Birdsey Allan Kaufman, in the era of the green cloud. Courtesy of *Phil Coyne*

They had seen a mysterious green cloud drifting gently overhead.

The people in the valley asked whether it might have been the aurora borealis. The Observatory said no. It was far too low and looked too much like an actual cloud. They offered other possible explanations. One suggestion was that Vermont Yankee, the nuclear power plant, might have experienced some kind of release.

I don't know how seriously anyone took that possibility. What mattered to me was that the Observatory had seen the cloud too.

It hadn't been a trick of the darkness. It hadn't been my imagination running wild on a lonely trail.

The Green Cloud was real.

Not long ago, I contacted the Mount Washington Observatory and asked whether anyone had ever determined what it was. The kind people I spoke with searched their records, but they found no mention of the event.

Perhaps it was never formally recorded. Perhaps someone decided that a green cloud was simply too strange to put in the log.

Nearly forty years later, I still don't know what drifted over the mountains that night.

But I know I saw it.

And somewhere above Mount Washington, someone else saw it too.



GUIDED HIKE BY GHOSTS AND SPIRITS OF THE MOUNTAINS

BY DAVID MOSKOWITZ

Summer of 1978.

I lived in Brookfield, NH and worked an easy 10 dozen miles away in Wolfeboro, riding my bike round trip which helped me to stay in decent shape, counteracting the busy but sedentary restaurant work combined with the questionable food I consumed daily.

Summer tourists would board a lake-cruising tour boat in a neighboring town and eventually disembark in Wolfeboro, which was filled with gift shops and cafes. We grilled burgers and hot-dogs and scooped potato salad and ice cream for about 45 minutes as if our hair was on fire. Then the ferry boat's horn sounded and all the people would get up at once, in mid-bite or slurp, and hustle off towards the dock.

We swabbed the tabletops, picked up the detritus and restocked supplies in advance of the next boat plying the deep blue waters heading towards Wolfeboro's sun-baked grey wooden docks.

In fact, the restaurant was named the Dockside and there were Docksides at every dock in every town on the Lake. Winnepesaukee was a well-developed lake but still retained beautiful wide vistas and giving someone like me the first hint of the mountains and peaks to the north.

The work was fast and furious, but the camaraderie with coworkers was good. Soon, this experience would serve me in future employment, as I had the dubious distinction of becoming the head pot washer - which everyone appreciated that summer on the lake.

On a well-earned weekend break, I hitch-hiked up to Crawford Notch on a Friday afternoon, then hiked up the Crawford Path to the AMC's Mizpah Hut and the lean-to shelters nearby.

The shelter was crowded and clammy, but the early arriving hikers made room for me.

My shelter-mates and I shared the excitement of being near treeline, having a roof over our heads and a decent outhouse nearby - all very practical, accessible and affordable and just a few miles from busy US 302 into the White Mountains.

After an early morning of listening to everyone discuss their strategies for crossing the Presidentials, I packed up and departed for the Crawford Path hoping to hit high points unfamiliar to me just to the North. A trail sign noted that Lakes of the Clouds Hut was a reasonably short distance beyond a few peaks, and so informed, I began my second hiking day heading towards Lakes like a classic goofer. I had read that there was a rudimentary shelter of some sort in the Lakes of the Clouds basement. It was a classic mistake, expecting any floor space on a Saturday night. I had a cavalier concern for the weather conditions and no sense of the time it would take me to hike to the Lakes Hut, much less the time I would need for side trails to the few high points along the way.

The cloudy morning in the trees hid the wet and windy weather above tree line - this was my first real trek that was more in the clouds than above them and I marveled at the wind-driven scudding clouds and the changing views. The weather was windy, wet and cool. I had not yet acquired decent gear at this point in my flatlander life, but I soon understood that my father's well-worn wool letterman's sweater and a last minute acquisition of a wool hat were the only items separating me from mild discomfort and summer hypothermia.

Along the way I shared the notable peaks with a few other hikers and a scattering of Gray Jays and Chickadees. I later learned that not all Southern Presi peaks were considered among the 4,000 footers club as Franklin was not more than 200 feet higher than the nearby ridge line. It also

seemed that since Eisenhower was not directly on the Crawford Path, there were fewer hikers taking the spur trails over these two fine peaks.

I arrived at Lakes late to find the basement room quite wet, and worse, full of other hikers as unprepared as I was. This time there was no gracious attempt to make room for another wet hiker so I retreated from the damp and cold concrete and entered the hut and dropped my wet frame pack at the front desk counter. As if by magic, the loveliest man appeared, asked if I wanted a cup of hot tea, and then inquired about my plans.

I described the crowded basement - which he sardonically referred to as the "dungeon" - and then asked how far it was to get below treeline or if there were other shelters within an hour's walk. He replied that the nearest below-tree-line route was the Ammy - describing it as a rather steep and slick trail in the rain, and he also noted that it was unlikely there would be any floor space at Hermit Lake on a Saturday night, but if I did go that way, to be sure to descend by the Lions Head trail, not the Tucks Trail.

As I stared at the trail map on the counter and contemplated my damp and dwindling options, and disregarding the thin status of my wallet, I boldly asked if there were any empty bunks in what seemed like a very warm, welcoming, dry and spacious hut.

"Not a single bed open tonight - Friday and Saturday summer nights are full house conditions. In case you didn't know, camping is not allowed above tree line. Even the Dungeon is really only meant as an emergency bivouac."

I am certain that to this very nice hut person, I looked like a combination of ex-boy scout out of his depth and another flatlander heading directly for "soon-to-need-rescue" status or to be fined for tundra tramping. Just as my evening camping plans (aka illegal bivouac) became completely waterlogged, and for reasons mysterious to me, the gentleman at the desk asked if I had any experience washing dishes.

"Lots" I replied. "I do dishes at a Lake Winnepesaukee tourist restaurant!"

"Well then, here is the deal", he said, "we are short a crew member tonight. If you wash all the dinner dishes and the cook's pots, you can

have dinner with us and we will find you some dry floor space to spend the night, and if we haven't worn you out, and you want to help us with breakfast clean up, you'll have breakfast as well."

"That sounds great, you've got a deal," I replied with a wide grin.

The man extended his hand across the desk and said, "My name is Ben."

"I'm David."

"Good to meet you. Just lean your pack against the wall and we'll get you set up in the pot sink."

And just like that, with sleeves rolled up, I went from a cold and wet-mop hiker to a potato-peeler and pot-washer, elbow deep in a warm sink of soapy water.

The evening meal that night was mostly a blur. The pots were easy compared to the strategy required for dinner dishes, but I was struck by how civilized and happy the guests were, clean and dry, and hovering over their steaming bowls of soup.

At long last, the meal and clean up were over and I joined the crew for dinner. Everyone was friendly but not necessarily effusive with a stranger in their midst, and so the only person I spoke with at length was my recent savior, Ben. As it was a Saturday night, the Croo that evening likely would have included Phil King, Sara Cox, Peter Crane, Bill Blais, Joanne Beckett and Mike Torrey.

I learned much from Ben about the Appalachian Mountain Club that evening, as well as the hiring process for the hut system, and by the end of our conversation, he encouraged me to apply in the fall.

My evening accommodations were not luxurious, nor private, but I was warm and dry and slept like the proverbial log.

Breakfast was a busy but more transactional affair for Croo and guests alike. The weather had cleared and all were eager to get out on the tundra trails.

I thanked Ben profusely, we shook hands warmly, and I headed out across Bigelow Lawn and the Davis Path, traversing to Boott Spur and then around the rim of Tuckerman Ravine, down the Lions Head trail and finally to Pinkham from

where I successfully hitchhiked south down Route 16 to Brookfield.

This trip would be my one and only northern adventure to the Whites that summer as lakeside canoeing and canoodling, and inevitably, more dishwashing, filled the dwindling summer days.

Summer of 1979

I began freshman year at Penn State University in late August, and in between classes and while navigating freshman disorientation, I submitted an AMC application and received an invitation to interview at Pinkham Notch over the Christmas holiday, later receiving and happily accepting, an offer to work as a Pinkham Weenie for the summer of 1979.

I was happy to reintroduce myself to Ben Campbell at Gala and thank him for the advice and support. Ben served as hutmaster at Greenleaf that summer so unfortunately, I rarely saw him.

My Pinkham Croo summer was great, and after I returned to campus, I missed the Whites so much that Fall Term that I took the winter quarter off and filled in at Pinkham, working wherever I was needed during a very cold but unsnowy mid-winter, I returned to Penn State for spring term.

Summer of 1980

My first hut position was with Peter Crane's summer of 1980 Mizpah Croo where I joined Steve Colt, Ginny Eliason and Peggy Dillon.

Ben was set to be back at Lakes, this time as hutmaster. Tragically, it was not to be.

His death that Spring in the Scottish Highlands was a painful shock for everyone. Though I knew him briefly, I looked up to him greatly, and I considered him a mentor. He represented everything good and right about our collective commitment to service, hard work, reverence for the mountains and loyalty to each other - which I tried to emulate every day I worked for the AMC.

Having recently read AMC-OHA member and writer Ann Williams' book *Down From Cascom Mountain*, I thought about Ben's death

in those far away Scottish Mountains, and about the parallels to her protagonist's deeply saddening loss of her partner who perished before her eyes, falling from a clifftop perch as easily and unexpectedly as a feather is mysteriously lifted by the windless air over the abyss.

Williams poignantly captured the sadness and grief of Clayton, the fallen character's father, as he tries to learn about and understand his son's life just before death.

Those passages reminded me of each time I encountered Ben's father Ash, either at Pinkham or Randolph, and unsure what I could possibly say, I would share the story of how I met Ben and the impact that had on me - each and every single time I saw him. I think I was compelled to tell his father what I wish I'd conveyed to Ben while he was alive and brightening the Whites with his presence.

My Mizpah summer was packed full of memorable experiences - cooking breakfast and dinner for sixty for the first time, feeding the trail crew who were repairing the venerable Crawford Path that summer, packing with Ginny Eliason and hearing and watching a massive old white pine snag crack and then fall, landing and shattering completely across the trail just uphill from our halfway crump. Peggy Dillon and I racing down to the notch - our toes fairly skimming over the boulders and water bars - after serving and cleaning up dinner - so we could catch a ride up 302 to see Jonathan Edwards in concert at Bretton Woods, having Pete Seeger's daughter lead the entire hut in an after-dinner sing-a-long, learning the art and alchemy of after-dinner presentations from Peter Crane, and not letting distaste for vaudeville interfere with performing a good blanket folding demonstration performed and directed by Steve Colt, as well as a search and rescue operation gone wrong (a story for another time).

I'll now return to my passage on one of the oldest trails maintained in the New World. Other than my early season packing on the lower few miles, and one nighttime raid on Lakes earlier in the summer, I had not traversed the Crawford Path to Lakes since my rainy hike two years earlier.

In mid-summer, after feeding a Saturday

full house, Peter Crane offered me an early dismissal as my days off were meant to begin after breakfast.

I packed up fast and decided I would hike to Lakes that night, help out at breakfast, and then head to Pinkham.

I did not look at the forecast before departing but oddly, the mild summer weather had delivered a dense fog over the southern Presi's, which I walked into shortly after reaching Mt. Clinton and rejoining the Crawford Path.

Being more trail worthy by this time in the summer, my pace was brisk and I was confident I could cover the four and a half miles before darkness fell.

As early evening light began to yield to darkness and the density of the fog made my old 4 D-cell headlamp fairly useless, I realized I could barely see what is normally an easy-to-follow and well-worn trail winding its way through the krumholtz and granite.

As I moved tentatively along the Crawford Path, I gradually began to see what appeared to be a hiker carrying a large pack just ahead of me. I quickened my pace, hoping the presence of another hiker in the fog would boost my morale to "stay the course" on this rapidly disappearing trail. But no matter how fast I walked, the hiker with the big pack stayed just ahead of me, like an apparition. I was pushing hard to make up ground, breaking a sweat without gaining so much as a yard as the light grew dimmer yet.

After hiking faster than I could sustain, I thought I just might have gained a small measure of ground. I stopped abruptly and called out to this unknown trail companion - who not only did not respond but vanished completely from view.

I literally yelled "Hey, wait up!" into the darkening gloom and then began to run after this hiker.

I might have legged it all of ten yards when I was suddenly standing directly before the Lakes of the Clouds Hut's front door.

I burst in, startling a few of guests hanging around the front desk. A Lakes Croo member was dispensing weather and trail info. I blurted out, "Hey has anyone else just come into the hut in the past few minutes?"

No one had and these folks returned to their conversation with the croo member, who seemed slightly unsettled by my demeanor.

I stashed my pack and joined the croo in the kitchen.

"Hey Dave, how was your hike?"

"Well the fog got pretty dense by the end. I had to slow down because I went off the trail a few times. Then I lost the trail completely, but suddenly it looked as though there was another hiker ahead of me so I burst ahead to try to catch up - but I never did. At one point I called out, but they just disappeared. I actually broke into a run but practically ran into the front door here! I'm 99% sure there was someone there, but either way, I know they helped me stay on the trail."

A silence fell over everyone, and gradually they disbanded to last minute chores before lights off.

It took me quite a while to calm my nerves but eventually I was happy to hit the hay, literally. The old poop deck mattresses were filled with hay or straw in those days. I had to be up and ready for breakfast service the next day before starting my "daze off".

The next morning, yet again up to my elbows in hot soapy water in Lakes ample pot sink, my memories of meeting Ben Campbell two years earlier came back to me in a rush and I had a momentary shiver in my spine, realizing that he was meant to be in this very place, during this summer, spreading reverence for these mountains, care for this landscape and kindness for those who traveled these trails.

As I worked through the morning dishes, I became convinced that it was Ben who led me along the fading, foggy Crawford Path to Lakes. I maintain this belief. And I retain my gratitude for Ben Campbell, for the White Mountains, and for all past and present croo who carry on the tradition of the latch string always being out.

2025 SUMMER GATHERING

BY DAVID MOSKOWITZ

It had been quite a long time since I had connected with many of my AMC brothers and sisters, so when several summer events required an East-Coast pack trip in 2025, I reached out to my brother Steve Moskowitz, who lives in Camden, ME (a storehouse denizen in the 80s) and friends George Holt and Dr. Debbie Sellars, who live on a lovely farm in the natural geographic center of New England, about prospective venues. Both readily volunteered, and after consultation with Steve Colt and Cindy Makin Brown, we hatched a plan to welcome AMC and associated folks from near and far to the Holt-Sellar's farm for an afternoon and evening sharing music and mountain memories over beverages and fine summer noshing.

With great thanks and appreciation to OHA webmistress Schroeder and further encouragement from Stroker Rogovin and Allen Doyle, invitations were sent far and wide through the OHA network as well as through Facebook Messenger.

Through a lovely latchstring-like patchwork quilt, word of the August 9 summer gathering spread through the grass like wild strawberries. I was very grateful for the word-of-mouth exchanges, and I heard from about an equal number of people who could not make it as those that would make it - which filled me with great happiness that so many made the effort to travel to Dunbarton but also made the effort to respond to my out-of-the-blue invitation even though they were not able to attend.

It was fabulous to have many phone calls with people I had not spoken with in over 40 years!

Many OHA friends wrote me notes and fine RSVPs. What follows is a rambling narrative about the OHA folks I connected with but who could not gather with us. Thanks again to Kimberly Schroeder Steward for emailing an invitation to OHA. I heard from many people after that was

sent.

Norwegian-based Nancy Basilchuck, who was in the USA hiking on the AT last summer, ended up visiting with a number of people just the day before in the Saco Valley area with a tight schedule to get back on the trail.

Albie Pokrab lives in Oregon and we enjoyed catching up a bit via phone calls and emails. I have had several excellent letters back and forth with Bill Kelley who lives in the mountains of Switzerland and is contemplating retirement and turning his attention to digitizing old slides of his days in the White mountains. I spoke at length with Allen Doyle and Al Kamman about their recent work and play adventures.

Stroker provided advice and support for the gathering but was legally and spiritually contracted to appear at the Podunk Music Festival and graciously apologized for his absence, an event that also swept Dave Douyard and others into this musical orbit and extravaganza.

I exchanged several nice messages with Will Small - he was the major domo responsible for recruiting AMC OH talent to the Forman School, a prep school with an adventure curriculum based in Litchfield, CT - including most notably Dawson Winch but also George Holt, Kevin Kerin, Big Al Kamman and Annie Pollender (there are likely others who I have missed).

We were expecting a few other North-Country denizens, some of whom joined the gang welcoming the Basilarb Entourage and others who were tending their extensive mid-summer garden harvest - perhaps in anticipation of the snowy and lengthy winter and spring!

Sarah Hopkins sent me a nice note and Lora Colton and her fiddle were hopeful to join but alas the various summer festivals and gigs drew her and others away from Dunbarton.

Kevin Kerin threatened to drive down Interstate 89 from Hanover, but work and other



ABOVE: Great photo snapped of the croo gathering. From left to right: Dave (member of George Holt's Hydro-GeoTrio band), Margaret Orth Donahue, David Moskowitz, George Holt, Bill Meduski, Heather Goguen, Gary Newfield, Bill (band's baseplayer), Jennifer Blailock, Janet Morgan Williamson, Mea Arego, Phil Chrossley, Michael Torrey, John Halporn, Karen Torrey, Dawson Winch, Linda Jacobs, Tim Loveridge, Cindy Makin Brown, Peggy Dillon, Jon Martinson, Steve Colt, Nancy Ritger, Ann Michalak Payson, John Dunn, Ann Williams. Several folks had departed before we lined up, so also present were Liz Kueffle, Tim Thompson, Mark Hitchcock, Liz Seabury, Rebeca Oreskes, Laura McGrath, Debbie Sellars, and Dorothy Brown. *Cathy Chessley*

commitments conspired against him.

We also missed greatly Ellie Dwight who was on the East-Coast but flew further east across the Atlantic, seizing the reins on an unmissable event on the continent. We missed Gwen Wilcox who also had a late-breaking and unmissable travel opportunity arise.

As is often the case, many already had personal and family trips on the books, including Peter and Annette Degnan (parts unknown), John Micheal Field (canoeing naked through a trackless wilderness), Tim Axelson (to an unnamed suite of Maine lakes), and Al and Ann Kamman (summitting high points westward).

I had a nice catch-up call with Tom Lis-cord just prior to making his medical rounds at Augusta's Maine Medical, and coincidentally, where he had just met my sister Margaret Orth Donahue (Pinkham Croo in the early 90's) who

also works at ME Med.

Peter Crane, my HM at Mizpah in 1980, sent a nice note and it was lovely to learn of his ongoing work with Mt. Washington Observatory and its historical archives.

I managed to track down Chip McIntosh via his sister with whom another OH maintained contact. Chip spends more time in the Grand Canyon than out of it, though he claimed his residence is truly in Flagstaff, AZ. He has spent nearly a lifetime running rivers.

Some folks sent their greetings and regrets including Carl Krag, Joel White, Deirdre Vandershaft, Mark Dindorf, Katy and Mark Hiza, Beth Tracy, Robin Synder, Nat Balch and Allen Doyle.

It was tremendously uplifting to see so many old colleagues and old friends. The gathering at George and Debbie Holt's farm was truly a

fantastic time for me - with additional fun had in the planning, outreach and execution. As can be the case with these events, it is often not possible to connect deeply with everyone with whom you want to, but it provided me great insight and appreciation for the steady efforts by the OH and so many other individual folks who have held annual or irregular gatherings of OH people throughout New England over many years.

Making some great re-connections with long-lost colleagues leading up to the event was very satisfying, and it was heart-pounding to have 40-50 folks come out for the day (as well as several overnights also).

Icing on the cake as it were, Ann Michelac Payson brought several incredible personal photo albums and Mike Torrey brought a sheath of "Among the Crowds" newsletters. Finally, George Holt's blue grass band played for most of the day, including backing up an impromptu Neil Young-inspired BFD.

Perhaps because we were all too busy talking, the assembled did not drink all the beer or eat all of the food, which apparently became fare

for a subsequent gathering early in the next week - which seems like another "latchstring always out" moment.

Thanks to Mark Hitchcock and Tim Loveridge for the photos.

Finally, as a West Coaster for almost 40 years, I hope to discuss with the OHA steering committee the possibilities and enthusiasm for creating a West-Coast gathering - and while by no means am I trying to provoke an "East-West" divide of any sort, I have noticed that there are quite a few AMC OH based in the far western states!

Best regards to all,

David Moskowitz
Portland, Oregon
Moskosalmo@gmail.com
971-235-8953

MEMORIES (AND PHOTOS) FROM ROGER SMITH





TOP LEFT: Days off Mahoosucs trip. Standing L-R: Larry Eldredge, Ann Dodge, Nick Howe, Bill Hoffman, unidentified. Kneeling L-R: Roger Smith, unidentified Pinkham crew.

FACING: Back row L-R: Bob "Linus" Story, Tom Deans, Joe Harrington, Roger Smith, Alixe Coburn, Larry Coburn. Sitting on the wood stove: Anne Harrington Heider (Joe's sister). Front row: Dave Porter, Gerry Whiting, Al Folger, and Martin Henry.



ABOVE: Logging at Greenleaf for the wood stove with Dick Maxwell and Dave Porter.

MIZPAH FALL 2026

PHOTOS BY LUCY KOESTER





GORMINGS

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

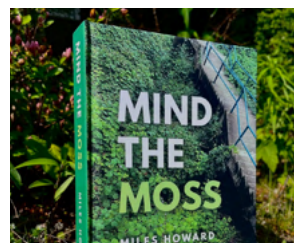
Brian Gehan and his wife have two daughters and run a climbing tree service on an island in coastal Maine. They still love to hike, climb, ski, and paddle the mountains and rivers of NH, ME, and VT.

Leana Katz (Leana Dagan) just spent the night with her youngest, Miles, at Lakes of the Clouds and summited Mt Washington on August 17th. Great adventure!

Bob Arundale shares that Bill Putnam's biography of Joe Dodge (p. 139) includes a lengthy reflection on his relationship with Bob's great, great uncle, Harry Pierce Nichols (and a photo on page 52). The reflection includes Joe's memory of joining Uncle Harry on Labor Day weekend 1935, hiking up Tuckerman's and parting company above the headwall, where Uncle Harry continued up to the summit. Uncle Harry was back at Pinkham for supper. It was his 85th birthday. Bob has known this family story for years, and decided he would repeat the summit climb from Pinkham during his 85th year. So with family and cousins, he did so on July 31, 2026, up Tuckerman's, then Lion Head to the summit – a detour to honor Uncle Harry's scouting and blazing that trail in 1920. Any other OH still hiking actively at 85+? Get in touch! Bob Arundale, Tuckerman's AH & HM 1956 & 1957, Galehead HM 1959

Charles Kimball writes to report that his father Dick Kimball died on July 30, 2026. Known as "Boogie", allegedly because of his piano playing style, he worked at the AMC Cold River Camp under Milton "Red Mac" MacGregor in 1944 and on the crew at the Lakes in 1945 and 1946. He always considered those experiences to be among the most formative of his long life and maintained his AMC membership until the end.

Our esteemed editor emeritus **Miles Howard** has several books on the way! He first unveiled an anthology of his newsletter *Mind The Moss*, featuring "stories about the outdoors, culture, politics, and where they cross paths." The book is the culmination of a half decade of the newsletter (<https://www.mindthemoss.com/>), including several re-written stories and a few originals never published online. While the anthology's publication date is TBD due to a very exciting development in the realm of literary representation, you can ease the wait with another publication called HIKE EVERY CITY, "on the possibilities of urban hiking and how it can deepen our sense of place, expand our community, and inspire us to take direct action in changing our environment." It will be out in 2028.



THANK YOU TO OUR OHA DONORS!

Nathan Litwin
Valerie Robinson
Mike Waddell
Maria and Arthur Learnard
Richard Estes
Leana Katz
William Blaiklock
Richard Kimball
Dobie Jenkins

Nelson Obus
Jaime and Robert Havely
Brian Copp

And thank you to our new lifetime members:
Christian MilNeil
Jessica MilNeil
Leana Katz

OBITUARIES



Elizabeth (Betsy) Strong Kent (formerly Van Curan), a lifelong athlete, dedicated librarian, and cherished matriarch, passed away peacefully on February 27, 2026, at the age of 94. Born on June 19, 1931, in Hanover, New Hamp-

shire, Betsy's life was defined by her grace, her tenacity, and a deep-seated love for the mountains. For 50 years, Jackson, New Hampshire, was her cherished retreat before becoming her permanent, beloved home.

A Life on the Slopes

Betsy was perhaps most at home on the snow. An exceptional alpine ski racer, she first made her mark at Middlebury College, where she was team captain during an era that helped define collegiate skiing. Her passion for the sport didn't fade with age; she continued to dominate the slopes well into her later years as a competitive Master-level racer, earning the respect and admiration of the skiing community for her technique and spirit.

During her first marriage, to Chris Van Curan, they worked for the AMC, staffing the Dolly Copp Campground in 1957. Chris had also staffed it for many more years prior to that, and although not listed in the directory, she was presumably involved with the campground prior to 1957 as well.

A Mind for History and the Open Road

While her athletic prowess was legendary, her intellectual curiosity was equally boundless. A true lover of books and a passionate genealogist, Betsy shared her reverence for literature and history

with her community. She worked as a corporate librarian in Boston and later at the Plaistow Public Library in New Hampshire. In her later years, she graciously gave her time as a volunteer librarian at both the Jackson Public Library and the Gladys Brooks Memorial Library, located within the Mount Washington Observatory Valley Offices in North Conway.

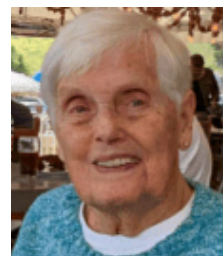
Her adventurous spirit also found expression far beyond the snow. Betsy and her husband, Robert, were avid cyclists who shared a love for exploring the world on two wheels. Together, they embarked on numerous international cycling trips and, in an awe-inspiring feat, rode across North America in their late 60s.

Family and Legacy

Despite her many travels and achievements, Betsy's greatest devotion was always to her family. She is survived by her loving husband and constant companion, Robert L. Kent; her children, Ann (Kevin) Johnson, Dirk (Michelle) Van Curan, Kristin (Peter) Nordblom, Stephen (Laura) Kent, and Linda (Tom) DeLaney; 10 grandchildren; 18 great-grandchildren; and her brother, Tom Strong, and sister-in-law, Sonja Strong.

Betsy will be remembered as a woman who could navigate the steepest icy pitches with the same poise she brought to her daily life. She leaves behind a legacy of endurance, laughter, and the reminder that one is never too old to chase a faster time or embark on a new adventure.

In lieu of flowers, the family suggests a donation to a youth skiing program of your choice, keeping Betsy's love for the sport alive in the next generation.





Carl R. L'Heureux, 61, of Berlin, passed away on June 13, 2026. He was born in Berlin on February 20, 1965 the son of the late Edward J. and Annette A. (Vaillancourt) L'Heureux and was a lifelong resident. He graduated from Berlin

High School in 1984. Carl had been employed as the head of Food Services at the Androscoggin Valley Hospital. He had also worked at the AMC (Head Chef at PNVC for many years), Coca Cola, Birches Restaurant, the State Prison in Berlin and for the State Park on the Summit of Mount Washington. He loved to travel and enjoyed skiing, scuba diving and cooking.

Family includes his brother Eddy L'Heureux and wife Elaine of Berlin, NH; his sister Nina Grenier and husband Jay of Berlin, NH; nephews Peter L'Heureux and wife Kelly of Gorham, NH and Nolan Grenier and partner Lily of Berlin, NH; great nieces and nephews.

Per Carl's request, there were no services. The Bryant Funeral Home was in charge of the arrangements. Online guestbook at www.bryant-funeralhome.net.



Richard W. Kimball, 98, of Sheffield, died on July 30 following a brief illness. He was the son of Charles Carleton and Elizabeth (Ward) Kimball of Andover, MA, attended local schools there, and graduated from Phillips Academy. He

graduated from Harvard College in 1950 and remained active in the affairs of his class for the rest of his life.

After service in the U.S. Army during the Korean War, he married Athena Georgia Giftos in

St. George's Greek Orthodox Church in Pittsfield. They celebrated their 73rd wedding anniversary in June 2026. They had three children, a daughter, Susan Kittredge, who died at birth; a son, Charles Carleton II, who lives in Chicago; and a daughter, Anastasia Seeley, who lives in Middletown, CT with her partner, Claire E. Shea. He also leaves a sister, Margaret K. Montgomery, of Newport Beach, CA, and four nephews. He was predeceased by his brother, John, and sister-in-law, Margaret, of Andover, MA; by his brother-in-law, Robert, and a niece, Alexandra, of Newport Beach, CA, and by Brenda Giles Elliott of South Croydon, London, England, who spent the Second World War with the Kimball family as an evacuee, and whom he considered a second sister.

After several years in the fund-raising business, Mr. Kimball joined Standard Oil Company (New Jersey), now ExxonMobil, and spent almost thirty years there in various executive assignments in New York; Geneva, Switzerland; and London. For much of his career he worked in the nascent (at the time) field of corporate governance. He served for many years as secretary of the corporation's management committee and as secretary of most of the committees of its board of directors. He was manager of corporate and management services, with responsibility for Exxon's shareholder relations and communications with institutional investors, when he retired in 1985.

In 1987 he was named chief executive officer of The Teagle Foundation in New York. For the next fifteen years, he directed a focused expansion of its programs in support of private higher education, with a particular emphasis on strengthening liberal arts colleges dedicated to the support of underserved populations, and a secondary emphasis on theological education and nursing education. In 2001, Mr. Kimball received the Allen P. Splete Award for Outstanding Service to American higher education from The Council of Independent Colleges in Washington, DC, and in 2003 received the Presidents' Distinguished Service Award of the Association of Catholic Colleges and Universities. He served as a trustee of LeMoyne-Owen College in Memphis, TN, and Rocky Mountain College in Billings, MT, and received eight honorary degrees.

Until 2011, he was a trustee of Beth Israel Medical Center and St. Luke's/Roosevelt Hospital Center in New York City, the latter for twenty-five years. He was also a director emeritus and former president of the New York City Mission Society, the City's oldest social service agency, on whose board he sat for over thirty years. He was a member and former president (1984-86) of the Harvard Club of New York City and a member of The Century Association in New York.

After moving to the Berkshires full time in 2006, he devoted himself to abstract painting, a lifelong interest, and exhibited his work at juried shows locally and in New York City. He served on the board of the Sheffield Land Trust and on the Berkshire Regional Council of The Trustees of Reservations, an organization with which his family has been involved since the 1940s. He worked on Appalachian Mountain Club hut crews in the White Mountains from 1944-46, an experience that he always considered a formative one. He was an avid gardener, a loyal Red Sox fan, and a downhill skier into his late eighties.

A Celebration of Life was held at 12:00 p.m. on Saturday, October 17, in the New Marlborough Meeting House, 154 Hartsville-New Marlborough Road, New Marlborough, MA. In lieu of flowers, gifts in his memory may be made c/o Finnerty & Stevens Funeral Home 426 Main St. Great Barrington, MA 01230.

Addison Gallery of American Art

<https://addison.andover.edu/ways-to-give/>

Appalachian Mountain Club

<https://www.outdoors.org/donate/donate-form/>

Heritage University

<https://heritage.edu/donate-now/>



Peter Douglass Yeomans of Philadelphia passed away suddenly of natural causes on August 28, one day after his fifty-eighth birthday.

Peter was the beloved husband of Kate O'Shea and devoted fa-

ther of Ada Ruby O'Shea-Yeomans, Josiah Yeomans, and Levi Yeomans. He is survived by his parents, Anne and Thomas Yeomans, his brother, Benjamin Yeomans (Kristin Jordan), his in-laws, Margaret and Daniel O'Shea, his brother-in-law, Dan O'Shea (Angie O'Shea), and his niece and nephews, Allie and Ryan O'Shea, and Landon and Ethan Yeomans.

He was director of the PTSD Clinical Team at the Philadelphia VA Medical Center and is author of the forthcoming book, *Reclaiming Integrity After Moral Injury From War: Existential Insights and Interventions for Supporting Veterans* (Routledge, 2027). In the preface to the book, he wrote, "My hope is that...veterans, their families, and their therapists find in the book useful perspectives and interventions to employ in what they might need in order to persevere."

Peter helped develop a therapeutic and spiritual approach to treat the moral injuries sustained by military servicemembers. As part of the process, veterans share testimonies of these injuries in front of a public audience. Peter trained providers in the technique. The treatment, based on co-facilitation between therapists and chaplains, is being implemented in several VA facilities.

One of his colleagues wrote, "Peter guided, taught, and supervised countless therapists and trainees with his characteristic sense of trust in their capacity to do the task before them well. He never lost sight of the real task, and of the humanity of his patients, himself, and his colleagues. He was not afraid to let his patients affect him, move him, or even change him, and because he was so open-hearted in this work, he often was moved to tears by his patients' suffering, their vulnerability, their wisdom, and the beauty inherent in their healing."

Peter's colleague continued, "He was instrumental in the healing process for so many veterans that it is hard to fathom the reach of his influence, and his absence is felt deeply throughout the veteran community in Philadelphia. Those of us who worked with him can only hope to offer some portion of what we learned from him about this work."

Peter was educated at Concord Academy

and received his B.A. from Harvard College, and a doctorate in clinical psychology from Drexel University.

Peter was passionate about the wilderness, and loved hiking, backpacking, pack rafting, rock climbing, and mountain biking. Before receiving his Ph.D., he worked for almost a decade at the National Outdoor Leadership School in Wyoming, Utah, and Alaska. After moving to Philadelphia, he helped found the Wilderness Outdoor Leadership Force (WOLF) program to bring teens from Kensington to explore the outdoors. Peter started a small private therapy practice, Cold Mountain Counseling, often working with backcountry professionals, such as climbing and skiing guides, across the country.

Peter's love for nature was only rivaled by his love for his family. And often he wove the two together. Starting at the age of four, Peter's children accompanied him and Kate on nine-day backcountry backpacking trips in the Wind River Range of Wyoming. He guided family trips by modeling a profound appreciation of the Earth. On his website, he wrote, "I have spent countless nights sleeping on the ground – in deep winter snow, on desert sandstone, or tucked into a bivy high on a mountain pass or ledge. I once completed a late winter traverse of Denali National Park.... I have climbed routes on mountains from Alaska to Argentina. Many of the fondest memories of my life are from adventures in the mountains."

Eventually, Peter's children learned how to outpace him, and their appetites for hiking, cycling, and showing reverence and respect for the bounties of the outdoors is just one of his legacies. Peter was happiest spending time with his children, Ada, Josiah, and Levi. Together, they made and watched plays, attended live music shows, engaged in athletic activities, and loved to goof off (Pete, frequently in costume). His kids were core to who he was, and he guided them to figure out who they wanted to be.

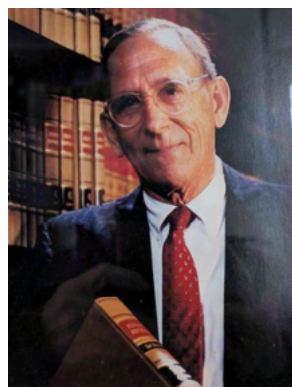
Peter was a wonderful husband to Kate, his wife of twenty-four years. The couple met in nature (of course!) thirty years ago. Each morning, he brought her tea in bed, and left love notes if he had to go before she was awake. As Kate re-

flected, "We have our biggest challenge ahead of us, but I know Peter made us ready. He knew and believed that we could do hard things. We could climb higher mountains than we ever had. He never doubted any of us, and I know he knows we can do this big, hard thing: living, adventuring, and challenging ourselves, even without him."

Because of Peter, our world is a kinder, more generous, and more loving place. He was devoted to his family and his work, and tireless in seeking the next adventure, almost always with friends and family by his side.

A memorial service was held on Saturday, October 3, at the Germantown Friends Meeting.

Donations in Peter's memory can be made to recognize his dedication to the following causes: Western Resource Advocates for Peter's concern for the climate and his love of the West; Friends of the Wissahickon at: <https://.fow.org/membership-donations/.donate> for the countless hours he spent running and biking in the Wiss; Philadelphia Outward Bound for his devotion to helping veterans (please write Peter's name in the "In Memory of..." section so that the funds are earmarked for the veteran programming).



Jack Middleton was born in Philadelphia, PA on January 13, 1929, and passed away peacefully at his home on September 8, 2026 surrounded by his family. He was the son of Harry C. Middleton, Jr. and Mildred B. Middleton. He grew up in Narberth, PA, attended the

public schools and graduated from Lower Merion High School. He then attended Lafayette College and graduated in 1950. Following his graduation, he enlisted in the United States Marine Corps and served in the 2nd Battalion, 10th Marines, including service with the 6th Fleet. During his college years, he worked for three summers for the Appalachian Mountain Club in Tuckerman Ravine on Mount Washington. After his release from active duty with the Marine Corps, he returned to work

for the Appalachian Mountain Club, and then was employed as a weather observer by the Mount Washington Observatory and spent a year on the summit of Mount Washington. In August, 1953, he married Ann Dodge and they were married for 58 1/2 years until her death on February 20, 2012.

He entered Boston University Law School in September, 1953 and graduated cum laude in June, 1956. Following his graduation, he became an Associate of McLane, Carleton, Graf, Green and Brown. In 1962, he became a partner of the firm and continued with the firm until his retirement at age 97 in 2025.

During his long legal career, he was primarily a trial lawyer and tried many cases in the state and federal courts. Among other cases, he was trial counsel in the “Live Free or Die” license plate case of *Maynard v. Wooley*, which was appealed by the State of New Hampshire to the United States Supreme Court which resulted in a decision that his client’s constitutional rights were violated.

Jack Middleton was very active in various professional, civic and conservation-oriented organizations. He served as President of the New Hampshire Bar Association, Chair of the New Hampshire Bar Foundation, President of the New England Bar Association, President of the National Conference of Bar Associations and President of the National Conference of Bar Foundations. In addition, he was active in the American Bar Association, serving for over 20 years in its House of Delegates, six years on its Board of Governors, and for three years as its Secretary. He served on the Board of the Manchester Chamber of Commerce for over 20 years and served as its Chair. He served as the Chair of the Manchester United Way Campaign and served on the Board of Directors. He also served for 12 years on the Board of the Greater Manchester Development Corporation. His statewide activities included service on the Boards of the Business and Industry Association, New Hampshire Public Radio, and New Hampshire Public Television. With respect to conservation organizations, he served for many years on the Board of The Nature Conservancy and the Society for the Protection of New Hampshire Forests. His great interest was Mount Wash-

ington. He served for over 64 years on the Board of the Mount Washington Observatory, serving for many years as its Secretary and as President, and served for over 45 years on the Mount Washington Commission.

Over the years, he received a number of awards, including the Boston University Law School “Silver Shingle” award, New Hampshire Bar Association President’s Award on 3 separate occasions, New Hampshire Business Leader of the Year 2002, Business and Industry Association Lifetime Achievement Award, Citizen of the Year award from the Manchester Chamber of Commerce, and the Pettee Medal from the University of New Hampshire Alumni Association.

Jack and his late wife were active mountain climbers, climbing extensively in the United States, Europe, South America, Africa and Asia. They were both members of the American Alpine Club and life members of the Appalachian Mountain Club. Jack was a hunter and hunted in the United States, Mexico, Canada, South America, and Africa and was a member of the Safari Club International. Above all their true passion was skiing and they skied in the US, Canada and Europe.

He is survived by his daughter Susan Middleton of Eliot, ME, his son Jack B. Middleton Jr., of Boston, MA, and his son Peter Middleton of Portsmouth, NH. In addition, he is survived by four grandchildren, Abby Middleton Mondani, Ben Middleton, Kerstin Middleton and Mansfield Middleton, three great grandchildren and his close friend Sharon Gerard.

Arrangements have been made by the Lord Funeral Home of Wolfeboro, NH. Memorial services were held at the Grace Episcopal Church in Manchester, on October 17, 2026 at 1:30 p.m.

In lieu of flowers, donations may be made to the Mount Washington Observatory or the New Hampshire Bar Foundation.

To plant trees in memory, please visit the Sympathy Store.



Joseph Harrington left us on September 11, 2026, at age 87, after a long, full life of service to family and community. He will be remembered for his kind and gentle comportment amid his firm commitments to integrity and tradition. He was devoted

to his career, community, and family, but found time to pursue interests in nature (skiing and hiking), photography, music, and travel. Until his latest years he maintained strong relationships with groups from all those aspects of his life.

Joe was born in Boston in 1939 and lived his early life in Wenham, where he participated in Cub Scouts and Boy Scouts, achieving the rank of Star Scout and Patrol Leader, and held summer-job positions in the Appalachian Mountain Club huts (Greenleaf '56, '57, '58). He attended Mount Hermon School and the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, where he earned a bachelor's degree in 1961, master's in 1963, and doctorate of science in 1966, the latter two in nuclear engineering. He was an active MIT volunteer and donor from 1961 through his final years.

In 1961, he met his future wife of 54 years, Diethild (Didi), in Vienna during a semester abroad. They married in 1963. After positions at a nuclear research lab in Seibersdorf, Austria, and Commonwealth Edison in Chicago, in 1973, Joe and Didi and their two sons moved to Westborough. Joe took a position with the New England Electric System, initially as Project Manager of a proposed nuclear plant and ultimately as Vice President of New England Power, where he managed the system's coal- and oil-burning power plants. Joe set out on a career to protect the environment through conversion to clean nuclear power, but the Three Mile Island incident shut down the American nuclear industry. Undeterred, Joe spent the rest of his power-business career cleaning up old coal plants like Manchester Street Station in Providence, restoring their toxic grounds and using modern technology to improve efficiency and reduce emissions into the air and water.

In 1993 Joe found a new trail to explore, returning to MIT as Assistant Dean and Director of Development for the School of Engineering and then as a Senior Development Officer for MIT as a whole until retirement in 2004. His largest project was the Stata Center, which includes the Gates Building (he and Bill Gates are listed on a plaque as co-sponsors of the adjacent amphitheater). He volunteered with the MIT Venture Mentoring Service, advising startups in the electric power business, and the MIT Educational Council, interviewing prospective student applicants. He was awarded MIT's Bronze Beaver in 2006 for service to the Institute.

Joe was active in the administration of the Town of Westborough and its Congregational Church, serving on several school and church committees, on Westborough's Advisory Finance Committee, and as church moderator. In March, 1990, he was elected Town Moderator, serving through the 2013 meeting. He remained active in the Massachusetts Moderators' Association through 2020, serving as President and co-editing Town Meeting Time, the parliamentary procedures manual of New England town meetings. In later active years, he served as a Disaster Action Team Member for the American Red Cross, assisting victims of fires, floods, and other disasters. For his years of service to the community, the Boy Scouts of America recognized Joe with the 2016 Good Scout Award.

Joe never lost touch with his White Mountains hiking boots, and made a point of getting up on ridges several times a year until age 75. In 2001 he completed a major goal of hiking the portion of the Appalachian Trail between the west bank of the Hudson River and the top of Mount Katahdin, in 4-14-day sections, over the course 12 years, often accompanied by his son Joe. He climbed all 65 peaks 4,000 feet or higher in New England, as well as many in the Austrian Alps. Nature photography was a passion enabled by hiking. Natural beauty and wonder became a Christmas gift to family and friends in the form of his annual photo calendar.

In 2019, Joe started a new life with new friends at The Willows at Westborough retirement community, where he served a year as Treasurer

of the Willows Residents' Association. He sang solo show tunes in the annual talent show, and whenever a willing ear could be found. In 2025, he transitioned to their Whitney Place assisted living facility, where he made strong connections within their loving community.

Above all, Joe devoted his life to family. Wife Didi moved to the U.S., but they always kept the family connected to the Austrian family and culture. Family vacation time was spent either in Vienna or the lakes of Austria near Salzburg, with memorable extended-family reunions alongside European travel adventures. Joe and especially Didi were active in the Austro-American Association of Boston.

Joe is survived by two sons, Joseph and Robert, Joseph's wife Sara and son Joseph, Robert's wife Heidi and their sons Maxwell and Bradley. Joe's older sister Joan Smith of Hillsboro Oregon, with husband Roger and nieces Audrey and Diana; Joe's younger sister Anne Heider of Evanston, Illinois, with husband Steven Warner and niece Dove Hunter; and nieces and nephews from Didi's sisters: Sigrid and Reiner Ihringer and Alexander, Kanja, Reto, and Jennifer Somm.

Joe lived many lifetimes in his single life, and still kept close ties with the groups from each phase: MIT friends, Hut Croo friends, NEES friends, Westborough Town Administra-

tion friends, Church friends, fraternity brothers, and Austro-American Association friends. They would all likely echo this sentiment: Joe's dedication to his family, his career, and the community will be remembered by many, and for many years to come. Above all, his commitment to integrity and to kind and proper interaction with family, friend, and stranger alike stood out as an example for how to live one's life as part of a harmonious society.

On Saturday, October 10, 2026, following a private burial, the public memorial service commenced at 10:30 am in the Congregational Church of Westborough, 57 West Main Street, Westborough, Massachusetts.

In lieu of flowers, Joe requested donations to the Joseph Harrington Memorial Fellowship Fund #2 (3324700) at MIT, which supports student tuition.

<https://giving.mit.edu/joe-harrington>

Get to know Joe:

Bob Brown interviewed Joe Harrington on Westborough TV: https://youtu.be/NQd_sgRRSA4?is=aXDq3y9jm9L_m_Bo

Watch Joe perform "Surrey with the Fringe on Top" from the musical Oklahoma! (starts at 4:00): <http://live.westboroughtv.org/CablecastPublicSite/show/12025?site=1>





Old School Logo, 1993