

The Excelsior

September 20, 2006
35th Loj Anniversary

Northeastern University Hus-skiers and Outing Club's Newsletter



Newsletter Highlights

What is the lodge?

Lodge Records and Highlights

Submitted Items – Photos, stories, and more!



35th Anniversary Celebration

Last weekend, scores of active members and alumni from NUHOC commemorated the 35th anniversary of the loj's birth. The ceremony was highlighted with the roasting and consumption of an entire pig.

What is the Loj? For those of you who don't know, the lodge (commonly referred to as the loj) is a wooden structure up in the woods of New Hampshire, just on the border of Maine.

The loj is pretty much our base camp for all the activities we do. It has 4 walls (most times) and can hold upwards of 200 people. It has no running water or heating system besides a water pump and fireplace, respectively.

The loj is run by people on the LC, the Lodge Committee. To become an LC, one first needs to become an LCT, where the T is obvious for trainee.

So now that we have all

relieved the beginning of almost every meeting, it's time to find out what has made the loj so famous over the past 35 years.

From the work weekends to winter carnivals to Mt. Washington hikes, the loj has plenty of history to go around.

This edition of the Excelsior was created for the members, by the members. Without your contributions, there would be no paper. Thanks for your submissions! (names listed on page 2)

A Look Back – The Past Year @ the Loj

Contents:

Tales from the Loj	2
Lodge Records!	2
Trivia - Questions	3
New LCs & LCTs	3
E-board – Past Year	3
Lost in the Woods	4
Typical NUHOC Meeting	5
An E-board Speech	6
Trivia - Answers	6
The Birth of a Song	7
Message from the LCC	8
About the Photos	8

Almost each and every weekend, NUHOCers flock to the lodge and spend the weekend climbing, hiking, skiing, snowshoeing, biking, and doing all kinds of other –ing type activities.

Each weekend usually ends up with a theme and some inside jokes/stories. It only takes a few trips up to realize that no two weekends are ever the same.

We recently visited the lodge record book and attendance logs to highlight some of NUHOC's

greatest (and perhaps most interesting) records, and see just how many people have gone up over the past year.

Attendance Log 2005-2006

September 2005: 12
October 2005: 94
November 2005: 84
December 2005: 70
January 2006: 42
February 2006: 92
March 2006: 37
April 2006: 39
May 2006: 13
June 2006: 24
July 2006: 9
August 2006: 39

Total: 555 people

Some weekends have also had some interesting names or themes to them. Here are a few that caught our eye:

- 1) Failed Attempt Friday
- 2) The "Great Pumpkin Sleds Wildcat" Weekend – aka Curfew Weekend
- 3) Send-off to the Marines Father/Son Mt. Washington Weekend.
"Save a tree, wipe your ass with an owl"
- 4) Friday the 13th isn't so bad when Saturday the 14th sucks ass weekend!
- 5) Your mom: Or the weekend of random movie quotes
"That's a sign of sexual tension".
- 6) New Year's at the Lodge
"Pull my finger, but don't linger."

Tales from the Loj Journals



"They made a bet that they could eat a can of corn between them... They claimed that there was a garlic taste - was it spiked or did it start to go bad?"

Those who contributed to this edition of the Excelsior:

- Keith Cardoza
- Ray Hurteau
- Corey Lindemann
- Willie Nickerson
- Jay Poole
- "Red"
- Julia Stoner
- Jason Turgeon
- Alex Turnwall
- Dustin Weir

Resurrected and un-edited.
by Dustin Weir.

Stardate: Jan. 11-13, 1980

Weather:

Friday Night: Rain, Warm
Sat. Night: Clear & Cold
Saturday Night: Dark
Sunday: Cold

As this is being written, J.J., Chet, George, Ken Straney, Rob, and Hans are working eagerly to tie up Carol & hang her from the beam near the chalk board. With the help of Juli Nichols though she narrowly escapes... Until next time?

Student Union arrived on Friday night at about 2am in the morning. It was pouring rain with thick patches of fog. The parking area and trail was very wet and very slick with "icy" ice. It was a very hairy trip up to

say for sure.

On Saturday, a bunch of Student Union members went ice skating in Berlin. The rest of the group went on hikes in the area. J.J., Ken S., Julie, Carol, and George went jeeping.

Saturday evening there was an all out battle between Hans and Ken Straney. They made a bet that they could eat a can of corn between them. The can was the 6 pound- 10 ounce can that has been around the lodge for a while. They finished the corn, but not the liquid. They claimed that there was a garlic taste - was it spiked or did it start to go bad? Only time and the outhouse will know for sure. The can was only 99¢ when purchase and could have

been dated 1961. Lasagna & wine were downed in generous portions too.

Bill Holden was defeated in the spoons championship by Kevin Adams. Margie gave him a good fight after Holden's striking defeat. Kevin did a good job of mastering the bongo board too. But even he is no match for Chet. Rick Cannon, and many others came close to breaking their necks on the bongo.

It was not mentioned previously, but during the last student union weekend on Nov. 17, 1979, history was made. On Saturday night at 11 pm, Bill Holden and Terri Adams became engaged on the front porch. Congratulations.

Live Long and Prosper,
Ken London

Record Events

Researched by Keith Cardoza & Julia Stoner

The lodge has plenty of "gems" all over the place, some more obvious than others. For example, you can try your skills at one of the metal ring games, or you can try to find an ET anywhere in or around the lodge. You can play a board/card game or try to beat a lodge record.

The record book is a living document full of challenges and opportunities. Whether you

want to jump in the river when it's 0 degrees out or try to hike the most peaks in a day, there's probably a temperature or time to beat. Here are some of the impressive/funny/crazy ones that were broken or set recently:

Longest Balancing on the Bongo Board: 1 Hour
- Julia Stoner (Feb '06)

Longest time slept in at the loj: Woke up at 4pm!
- Dustin Weir (Dec '05)

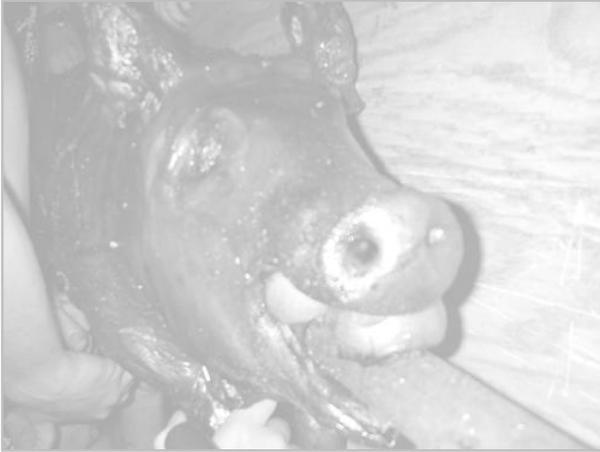
First text message ever received: Sanyo Phone (Sept. '06)

Fastest trip/paddle to the Atlantic from the Loj: 96 hrs.
- Nick Lauder, Dustin Weir, Tristan Braun, Corey Lindemann.
(2004/2005-ish)

Longest freefall by a mouse:
From the bunks to the floor.
(Sept '06)

Most likely to burn down the lodge: Jeff Paquette
(date unknown)

Greatest Altitude Reached:
29,028 ft (Mt. Everest)
- S. Darsney
(date unknown)



Trivia - Questions

Test your knowledge here—how well do you know the lodge or facts about the lodge?

1) When shopping for the weekend, what are the two most important items to purchase?

2) The two signs over the bunk rooms are for Public Alleys 810 and 811. Where are those streets located in Boston?

3) How long is the original lease on the Lodge?

4) Name the mountain located directly off the back porch.

5) How many heads of garlic go into garlic bread? 2, 3, 4, or 1 per sq. ft.?

6) What is the tool that hangs inside the lodge by the work area and what is it used for?

New LCs & LCTs: 2005-06

New Members of the Lodge Committee*:

Fall 2005
 Claire Menzie
 Becky Reed
 Sarah Gallo
 Corey Lindemann
 Jeff Paquette
 Tristan Braun

Spring 2006
 Dustin Weir

*These lists are as accurate as possible, but probably not 100% inclusive – sorry if you were missed!

New Lodge Committee Trainees*:

Fall 2005
 Laurel E. Rowse
 Alex Turnwall
 Tom Bergeron
 Miriam B.
 Patrick Bruen
 Andrew

Spring 2006
 Mitch Li
 Jason Turgeon
 Keith Cardoza

The new LCC is Corey Lindemann.

Recent NUHOC E-Boards

Fall 2005:

President: Tristan Braun
 VP Org: Jessica Fosbrook
 VP Publicity: Claire Menzie
 VP Trips: Corey Lindemann
 Secretary: Laureli Mallek
 Treasurer: Becky Reed
 Gear: Peter Privitera
 LCC: Nick Lauder

Spring 2006:

President: Tony Nicolaides
 VP Org: Mike Goodhue
 VP Publicity: Ray Hurteau
 VP Trips: Tom Bergeron
 Secretary: Kirsten Sward
 Treasurer: Becky Reed
 Gear: Peter Privitera
 LCC: Corey Lindemann

Summer 2006:

President: Tony Nicolaides
 VP Org: Julia Stoner
 VP Publicity: Ray Hurteau
 VP Trips: Noah Gargulio
 Secretary: Gayle McKinney
 Treasurer: Becky Reed
 Gear: Peter Privitera
 LCC: Corey Lindemann

Fall 2006:

President: Mike Goodhue
 VP Org: Noah Gargulio
 VP Publicity: Alex Turnwall
 VP Trips: Keith Cardoza
 Secretary: Kirsten Sward
 Treasurer: Becky Reed
 Gear: Peter Privitera
 LCC: Corey Lindemann

Lost in the Woods

Submitted by Jay Poole

Have you ever been lost in the woods? It's really not complicated: a simple miscalculation; a poorly marked trail; a spot of bad luck. When it happened to me, I was in the White Mountains searching for Howe Peak, a lesser known mountain not accessible by trail.

We started at Conner Brook with the simplest of plans: rock-hop our way upstream, turn roughly 90 degrees when we got very close to the Peak and bushwhack until we hit the peak. The idea sounded good on paper anyway.

For the first hour or two, we made decent time. Tighe spent a few months earlier that year hiking parts of the Appalachian Trail (AT) and he was setting a pretty respectable pace. I was following closely behind doing my best to not slow him down much.

We kept the Brook close by using it as a point of reference. Unfortunately, nature being the cruel bitch that she can be, seemed to conspire against us, as the trees and brush were thickest near the creek bed. We quickly found ourselves going up steeper terrain and the creek bed was far out of view. We ventured on using our map, compass and sense of direction to guide us. One hour later we were in brush so thick you couldn't even fall over. It slowly sank in that because visibility was so poor and the summit was not a rock face, we might not even

know it if we reached the top.

As any avid hiker will tell you, traveling in the woods can be hard. Even on a well maintained trail, a mile can feel like a great deal more. Even if we reached the peak and knew the exact direction to go, it would have been a serious bushwhack to the trail. The reality was that every step we took was questionable.

As bad as things seemed, they could have been much worse. We did have a map, compass, and each other. We also knew that the overnight low was not going to drop anywhere near freezing. Still, a night in the woods without proper gear seemed pretty frightening. As my mind played out these scenarios, I knew that those who make it out of these situations are the ones who remain calm and work through the problem.

Years back, I attempted the same trip. We reached a plateau within a half mile of the summit, but it was too late to continue on. In near pitch black, I hiked downhill trying to keep up with the group. Once we found the path, we still had miles to go. This memory chipped away at my psyche, and I felt that we were not going to make it back to the lodge.

Fortunately, as Tighe and I were just about to lose our shit, we happened upon a lucky break and found another Creek bed, this one was completely dry.

We took to rock-hopping

once again but it was soon obvious that it was not taking us in the right direction. Another snafu! We knew Tighe's wife, Carrie, would be getting concerned too. Our friends would ease her mind a bit, but for how long? We reasoned that this creek would lead us to the high water trail. With little sun left, we all but ran down the brook. Minutes went by... then a half hour. How far away could we be?

Seemingly out of nowhere, Tighe stopped, raised both arms up, and we both exclaimed confidently, "TRAIL"!

I cannot tell you how good it felt to know we had found what was never truly lost. Without Tighe I surely would have missed it.

Tighe and I realized our adventure wasn't over, but we had a good idea. It was twilight time now and while I had a headlamp with me, we decided we would only use it when it got real dark.

When we got back, our friends put us in our place for our follies, while also managing to make us feel missed.

As I look back on that day, I often wonder what keeps me going back deep into the woods even after one of the most frightening experiences I have ever had. To this I can only say that the treasures of woods are far too great to let a little scare keep me away. As for hiking off trail, let's just say that after that experience, the joy of bushwhacking is lost on me.

"One hour later we were in brush so thick you couldn't even fall over. It slowly sank in that because visibility was so poor and the summit was not a rock face, we might not even know it if we reached the top."

Loj Haikus:

*NUHOC rules the woods
thirty-five years of greatness-
Happy Birthday, loj!*

*politics aside,
the loj casts its vote for prez-
the loj wins again!*

*first time at the loj
where will all these people
sleep?
in a heap upstairs*

*the loj waits for us-
climbers climb and skiers ski
tonight we eat pig*

Submitted by Jason Turgeon

A Typical NUHOC Meeting

Submitted by Willie Nickerson

Seven thirty on Wednesday night on the fourth floor of the Curry Student Center. Left out of the elevator, but take the stairs because it is healthier. There is a meeting in a room.

The room is the corner of the building. It has two walls with windows. Being next to the stairwell, the room has two doors. The room used to be on a different floor with only one wall with windows. Then, or before, the room was a different room, in the center of the student center, with two walls with windows that looked on the interior of the building. All these rooms had and have a white board.

The room in the corner with two walls with windows and two doors also has acoustic ceiling tiles. All the rooms have acoustic ceiling tiles. Acoustic ceiling tiles are white like Styrofoam with holes in them and water stains. Acoustic ceiling tiles are a false ceiling suspended from a real ceiling by metal frame-like brackets or "suspenders". Look up, those are acoustic ceiling tiles (unless you are at the lodge; there are no acoustic ceiling tiles in places that do not suck). On the unseen side, the dark side, of some of the acoustic ceiling tiles words are written. The words are people's names and the dates associated with those names.

One time George W. Bush said, "I'm from the West. The west of Texas. Which is a lot closer to California than Washington, D.C. is close to California." This applies to the room now because it is in the corner, the corner of the fourth floor, which is a lot closer to the stairwell than any of the rooms before were close to the stairwell. This is important because it is healthier to take the stairs, unless you are injured or otherwise handicapped. But bringing a bike to the meeting is not the same as being handicapped; in fact, bringing a bike to the meeting is more like having a handicap in golf. It means you are better. Not better than anyone else, just better than you would be had you come to the meeting without a bike.

The room has tables set in a U shape with chairs on both sides of the tables. The E-board starts the meeting from their seats on the tables at the bottom of the U. The E-board has a pre-meeting meeting in the office on the second floor. The E-board starts by introducing themselves. The gear guy does not necessarily sit any where near the E-board. The E-board never explains what E means. It might stand for Elected, as in Elected-board. If the E means Elected, then it mostly explains how the people got on the E-board. Only the LCC, Lodge Committee Chair, is not elected, though he might be approved. There is a general air of clandestine activity to the Lodge Committee.

The meeting is opened to stories told by anyone who has a story that can somehow be related to being outdoors. Then trips are talked about. Recently, the trip coordinator outlines a two month long list of upcoming activities being planned or being imagined. The words Open Lodge are important to hear; also the words, Free, Food (best if used together), and Acadia. If you hear the word Acadia, you might hear cheering also. Trips stop being talked about when all the trips have been talked about. If at this point the lodge has not been explained by either the Lodge Committee Chair or someone who does not know what to say about the lodge because they have only been there once, then the lodge is explained by either the Lodge Committee Chair or someone who does not know what to say about the lodge because they have only been there once.

A picture might be drawn on the white board. The lodge has four walls and a roof. Forty or more people can sleep comfortably in the two lofts and the two bunk rooms. People can sleep on the porch, there is a porch, and at the ledges, there are ledges. People can eat at the lodge and cook. There is a kitchen with pots and pans and a stove and a Pressure Cooker. A Pressure Cooker is a pot that can withstand a bomb blast. It actually is a bomb blast but inside a pot. The top of the pot screws onto the pot and has a pressure gauge to gauge the blast. The stove is gas powered as are the lights and the gas powered ice box, or "fridge".

Other important lodge information: the toilet is an outhouse which is fun to go to with a buddy because you can sit next to each other with a wall between so you can not look at each other. In the ancient Mediterranean people did not have walls between the toilets and could look at each other, but they wore clothing that pulled up from the feet and draped down over the lap. Now we wear clothing that pulls down from the lap and drapes over the feet, exposing the crotch. There is fire at the lodge. You have to walk from the parking area to the lodge; the walk is longer than ten minutes. The drive from Boston is close to four hours and there is a fee for staying and for food which is bought somewhere, usually Hannaford's in Concord where Nick's brother works. Some or all of this information is transferred to the one or two people new to the meeting, unless it is September, October, or November. In September, October, or November there are more new people. Other things might happen at the meeting like talk about Acadia and cheering. No one knows for sure, but eventually the meeting ends. Not many people leave; some sign up for trips and open lodge weekends; some go to the gear locker, there is a gear locker; and someone might jump over a table. At some point there is no one left in the room. It all takes about an hour maybe plus a half.

George W. Bush has been known to say, "I know how hard it is to put food on your family." This statement is not true for NUHOC. NUHOC finds it easy to put food on George W. Bush's family.

George W. Bush also said, "I understand small business growth. I was one." This is why I understand the NUHOC meeting. I was one.

"On the unseen side, the dark side, of some of the acoustic ceiling tiles words are written. The words are people's names and the dates associated with those names."

Pop quiz!

Left or Right?

Election Night Speech

During the last meeting of the 2006 summer, elections were held for the new e-board. The following is a speech which was given by a funny individual named Red.

Hey everybody - I'm Red. Some of you guys know me and a lot of you probably don't - I don't always make it to meetings.

For those of you who don't know me, here's a little info about myself: I have red hair; I don't really like to wear shoes; I play banjo - if you guys would like, sometime I can bring the banjo up the lodge and play for you all.

So now that you know me a little better, I would like to talk to you all about an issue that we all know.

Attendance...

I mean look at this meeting- It's election night, *election night!* and there's what? like a dozen people here!?

(the room was almost full)

Our members aren't even here to participate in the elections this evening!

And this is symptomatic not just of NUHOC, but America as a whole - on Election Day, there are just as many people unwilling to take part in the democratic process!

We have the power to change this country - and it starts here with NUHOC!

NUHOC is about relationships; it's about the relationships we make with each other and about a sense of community - these are things you can't have if people aren't even here - if they're not even at the meetings....

I blame this problem on two things:

First: The Internet...

Second: Gayle *(gasp from everyone in room)*

...because sometimes virtue is vice

Gayle does too good of a

job as secretary - capturing the events of our meetings and the upcoming trips.

This, in tandem with the Internet, enables our members to opt out of attending meetings - to choose not to come participate in our community and just sit back idly and wait to see which trips are posted on the intraweb.

So my pledge to you is this: Not to be a worse Secretary (as Mitch suggests) - but to be a less consistent Secretary.

As I mentioned before, I don't always make it to meetings - so there will be more chance involved in whether the meeting summaries will be posted.

If you want to go on a trip that weekend, then you should actually go to the meeting that Wednesday.

This is my pledge to you if you vote for me - to be a less consistent secretary.

Thank you.

"We have the power to change this country - and it starts here with NUHOC!"

"I blame this problem on two things:

First: The Internet...

Second: Gayle (gasp from everyone in room)"

Trivia Answers

1) OCP's and Tony's Mom - more formally known as Oatmeal Cream Pies and Bacon (preferably in 5 lb. increments)

2) Public Alley 810 runs parallel between Gainsborough and Symphony

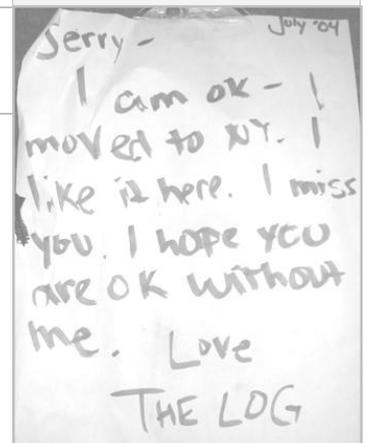
Public Alley 811 connects Gainsborough and Symphony, as well as the west end of Public Alley 810.

3) The original lease on the lodge, which is held by Northeastern, is 99 years.

4) Howe Peak

5) You can never have enough garlic on garlic bread. Just like the coffee is never too strong.

6) A shovel handle with a hinge. Ask Corey (or current LCC) what it's used for.



The Birth of a Song

Submitted by Alex Turnwall

"Well, the correct answer is not open the flute, because that would result in black awfulness pouring down upon our heads, and spilling out into the Loj."

In a dusty corner of our beloved Loj - stuck behind a couch, next to the hearth of our Presidential memento-bearing fireplace, leaning on the bookcase holding secrets to be uncovered by Loj-rats on a rainy day, and sometimes covered with wet socks - sits an old guitar case.

For any other guitar players (and abundant we are in NUHOC), you may know that the contents of the case - an old Yamaha guitar, circa 1980's (I think, although I've never gotten a definitive answer as to the origins of it) - may not seem all that impressive.

But somehow this one sounds and plays amazingly well. And for any other musicians or songwriters - you know that the instrument you are playing, just as much as the environment you are in or the feelings you are experiencing, all play a big part in the shaping of a song.

For most of us, the Loj represents something much more than a place to stay on our zany excursions. It is our retreat from the city. It is a place to make friends, to share amazing stories and make some of our own. It is a home away from home and a place where you can actually experience songs. And for myself - it is a space where creativity happens to peak and songs fly forth.

I'm not sure whether the jovial environment makes the guitar sound better or vise-verse, but something about the combination up there is magical. Since coming to school in Boston, it seemed that I had lost my creative mojo somewhere. I guess it went up to the Whites for some hiking and found the Loj quite favorable as well...

Whatever the case may be, I found it again. I have been inspired there - and I know that others share my sentiment. So this is the story of a song, and it's coming to be...

Last fall, some of you may have been chopping wood, or cleaning the stove, or relocating dirt. And most likely, this would have been during work weekend - one of the most enjoyable times.

*We were working in the mountains,
On a brilliant autumn day...*

Some fellow NUHOCers and I had been on the roof all day, using the chimney brush to scrub down the soot into the fireplace. In the afternoon, the soot was to be cleaned and removed from the fireplace. And upon entering the Loj, clambering back from the contest, I found two girls already underway in this task. But for some reason, there wasn't much soot to be seen.

I had never actually met these girls before, it was a large weekend - but I stuck my head into the hearth alongside them, to examine the problem. Turns out I never reopened the flute so that the soot had gotten stuck above it. With headlamps on and our heads right in there - what should I have done?

Well, the correct answer is not open the flute, because that would result in black awfulness pouring down upon our heads, and spilling out into the Loj. Not a great first impression to make on a cute girl that happens to be in the fireplace with you. But alas, hindsight is always 20-20, and this is exactly what I did.

As we fell back from the fireplace, amidst the confusion and choking for breath, I got my first look at her. Still as vivid today as when it happened. Black face and grey hair, ashes fuming off of her head. It felt like I was staring for an eternity, but my eyes gazed at her as she shook the debris out of her hair, and I was entranced.

*The dirt on her face couldn't hide her radiance.
Cannot look away, though my chest feels heavy...*

We introduced ourselves, and I apologized for my folly. I don't really remember the conversation, but I am convinced that I sounded completely ridiculous and felt like I was staring the entire time. Now convinced that she really never wanted to speak to me again, we went down to the brook with a few others to jump in and wash ourselves. The water couldn't have been much more than 40 degrees, and, well - that kind of temperature doesn't exactly let a guy make a good first impression either.

I knew right then she'd be the death of me...

That night I picked up that old guitar, and wrote for the first time in a long time. I ended up finishing that song, sang it to her and we are still together.

*The time was right and circumstance all but buried the hatchet,
I was leaving her and falling straight for you.*

Was it the swim, the stars, the stories? Which was the epiphany?

Which told me I was on the right path to you?

I feel like our Loj has given me more than I can possibly give it back. I can write again (the music is better than the lyrics, I swear). I have her. As long as these stay with me, so will all the memories of all the good times. And I think they will be with me for a long, long time.

*Slipping in and out of dreaming, will ease her worried mind...
Her slipping in and out of dreaming will ease my worried mind...*





A Message from the LCC

The first time that I had stepped through the door of the Lodge, there was an almost magical feeling. Upon making the walk from the cars through the crisp winter air, I was met by the warm orange glow and soft laughter of a place that I would fall in love with. The roomy living space, the grand fireplace, and the view off the porch are all things I could never have imagined.

At the same time, the Lodge is not just a building, but a living entity. The bustling activity in the kitchen on a Saturday night, the conversation in the dim light of the fireplace, the numerous inside jokes which develop. Good friends grow closer and new friendships are created. The Lodge is what it is because of those who came up with the crazy idea of building a place to go in order to be closer to the outdoors. It is

what it is because of those who have helped maintain it. It is what it is because of those who have walked through it before me, those who enjoy it with me now and those who are still to come.

I would like to thank all of those who have been a part of the Lodge Committee at one time or another. Thirty-five years is an amazing milestone to reach and considering that the Lodge is student run, it is in amazing shape. I have come a long way since I first visited the Lodge and I am honored to be in charge of such a great establishment. The wonderful LCs that had come before me certainly inspired my drive to continue making the Lodge such a special place. It is through the inspiration of the current and past LCs that those who are just beginning their journey at Northeastern as well as those who are years away will gain the knowledge and traditions necessary to ensure that the Lodge remains as special as it is today.

Happy 35th Anniversary Loj!!!

About the Photos

- Cover: Top: Pig on skewer from 35th Anniversary Roast
Left: Chimney and stove vent in kitchen
- Page 2: Left: Wood piles between lodge and fire pit.
- Page 3: Top Left: Pig head from 35th Anniversary Roast
Middle Left: Lodge photo from website (artistic)
Bottom Left: A new bench near the fire pit
- Page 6: Bottom Right: A note from the Log to Jerry
(this is an inside joke/story, ask someone about it)
- Page 7: Bottom Left: Brown Memorial Lodge sign which hangs next to the main entrance of the lodge.
- Page 8: Top Left: Winter Carnival volleyball (from website)
Bottom: A photo of Howe Peak from the back deck. (also the answer to trivia question #4)



"We're NUHOC! We go on trips."