

NUHOC: Excelsior 2015

We go on trips

&

We do it in the woods



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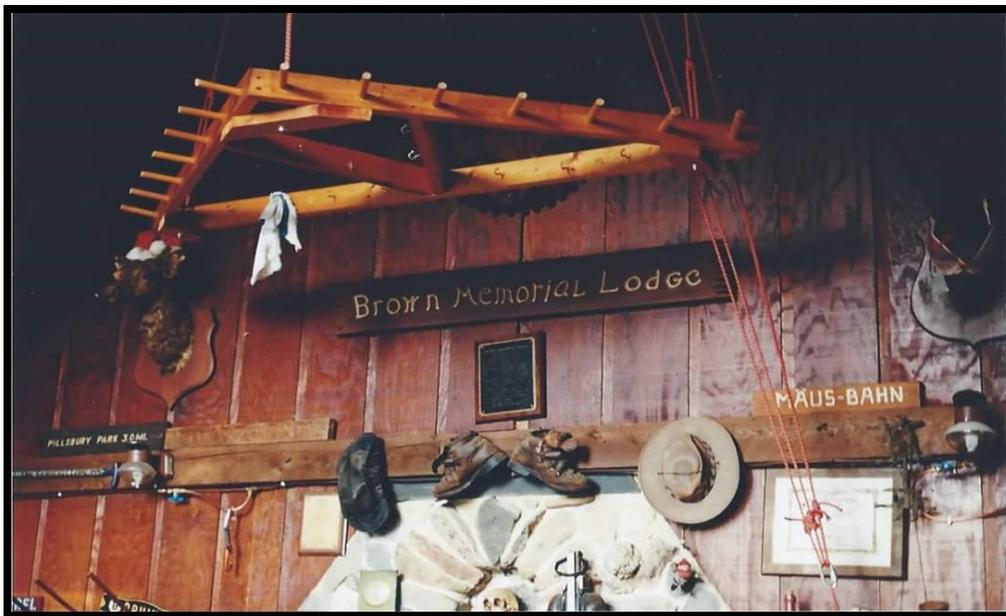
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Editor's note:

A lot is happening for the club this year and it has become necessary to restart a tradition that was lost. Why? To reflect on things of the past and to make sure for the continuity in the future. 2 weeks into being on E-board and approximately a year after fully joining the club, the terrible news of the "Loj" reached me. I knew that something had to be done to reflect upon the lodge as well as show that our club without the lodge is still a strong vibrant community. This Edition of Excelsior is filled with submissions from current members and alumni who enjoy the outdoors and wanted to share their adventures. The lodge was a host to the community and the bond that connected us all. However during the editing and compiling of this edition I learned that although the lodge will be severely missed by the community, its spirits will continue. We will rebuild!

-Goos Boer



Recent Presidents:

Christine Natoli
Eva Dixon
Mallorie Stanley

Sean McIntyre
Christine Natoli
Theja Putta
Jerod Richards-Walsh

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VP ORG: Doug Franklin
TREASURER: Leah Doroski
VP TRIPS: Mitch Kucia
VP PUBLICITY: Goos Boer
VP COMMUNICATIONS: Julia Kern
WEATHERMAN: Josh Meier
GEAR GUYS: Julia Thoreson & Chris Rost

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Ben Beckvold
Goos Boer
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Margaret DiGiorno
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Logan Wilson
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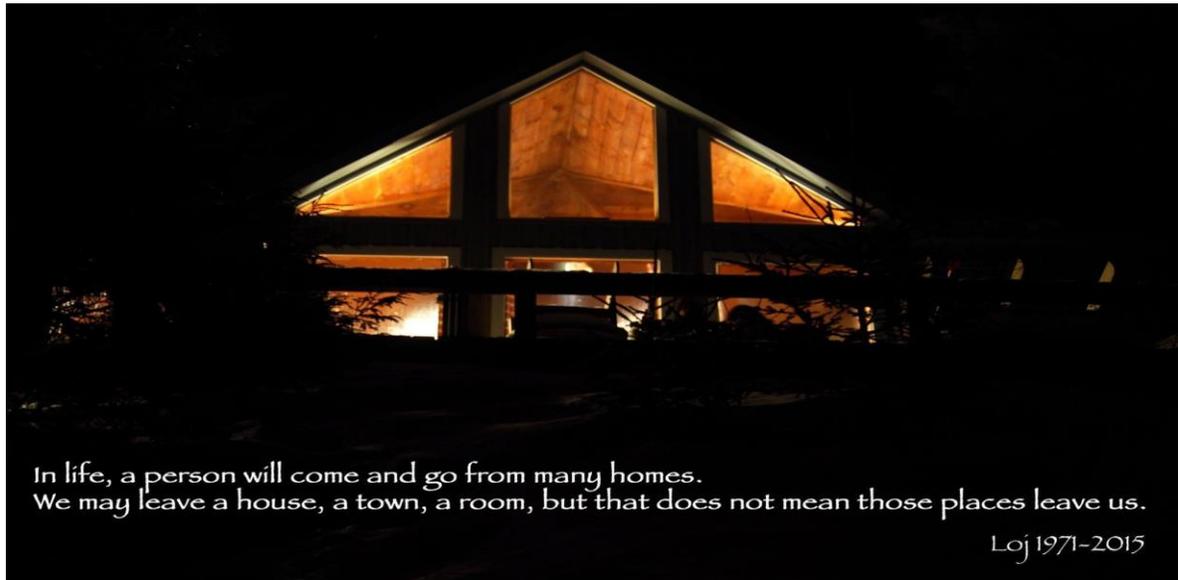


David, the current LCC

LCs (since last Excelsior):

David Butler
Lou Cassano
Eva Dixon
Tim Dyson
Lydia Higgins
Grace Hutton
Keegan Krantz
Steve Martino

Brown Memorial Lodge



I had a friend that was selfless and welcomed me in whatever mood I was in. A friend that introduced strangers that became friends. One who understood when silence was sometimes the only remedy or the complete opposite with a cacophony of instruments and conversation. One that always had what I needed at the end of the day or first thing in the morning.

One when I saw its water's edge brought a smile to my face. This friend gave me so much more than I could have imagined. This friend was made of wood and love and born in 1971 and aged beautifully. My friend I shared with many others and will be missed dearly by all of us. Our friend was the Brown Memorial Lodge.

TRIBUTE TO THE LOJ

Collected and compiled by: Theja Putta



Ron Jantzen

There once was a cabin in the woods, tucked away in the mountains, far from the hustle and bustle of the city. Students went there to go hiking, skiing, climbing, paddling, pedaling or anything else their hearts desired to do in the outdoors. This cabin in the woods is affectionately referred to as 'The Loj'. The Loj experience is not just an adventure but also a journey that is treasured by many for all that it teaches you. It is said that the loj was built with wood and love. We are going to build it again. All we need is some wood and lots of love.

Brown Memorial Lodge was built in 1971 by students in the northern part of the White Mountains. It was named after Gordon Brown at the request of William Robinson. Brown and Robinson founded NUHOC in 1941. Many improvements and modifications have been done to the place since the early 70s. These include a new fireplace, pump house, and an outhouse (the best in NH) among many other

things. It is a place where one can enjoy the outdoors without the distractions of an urban lifestyle. One of the best things about the loj is the fact that it was designed, built and maintained by students.

The first time I went up to the loj was a work weekend. I hiked the half a mile from the parking lot expecting to see some sort of a dingy little cabin with just four walls and a roof. That first weekend completely overturned my original expectations as I saw and took part in the work that goes into maintaining it. Over time, this remote building without electricity or running water grew on me. It became a place that I call home more than any other place in the world. It is a place where memories were made, friendships were forged, and lessons were learned. I am certain that I am not the only one who felt this way. There are many out there whose lives were touched by this cabin in the woods. I reached out to some of them and they obliged to contribute to this article.

- Theja Putta



Cake and plaque from 10th anniversary

“The Loj. The first and only place that has ever felt like home. The place I learned to be a leader, be a follower, be a teacher, be a cook, a lumberjack and a carpenter, and to simply and purely just be ME. It will always be there for me in the smell of a wood stove, the coziness of a winter sweater, the lure of an adventure, and the laughter of friends.”

- Marissa Bieger

“The loj defined my college experience. The building facilitated my development as a leader. The people kept me coming back weekend after weekend. The friendships forged in the glow of the propane lights will define a lifetime.”

- Lou Cassano

“For me the lodge was timeless, a place that always was and I thought always would be there - my constant. A sacred gathering place that attracted a wonderful mix of individuals, facilitating the creation of lifelong friendships and lasting memories.”

- Tony Telesco



Loj's Original Designers

“NUHOC filters those willing to leave behind the comfort and convenience of city life - those willing to risk hopping into a car full of strangers for time in the mountains. Perhaps the lodge is merely a cabin in the mountains, but it seems to foster a curious discovery of self, and all-the-wile, a xenophilic desire to convert strangers into friends through the simple act of conversation in the woods away from technology. This lodge seems to produce people who are doers, learners, new-experiencers, listeners, creators, mentors, and not just dreamers, or even dream-realizers for that matter, but *dream-supporters* who truly believe in this place for how it has transformed them.”

- Danny Walsh

“Friends becoming Family.”

- Lydia Higgins

“A second home to many, the loj was a place where people with a shared passion for the outdoors came together to create and share adventures, meals, stories, music, and memories. It was a place where we could disappear for a few days, escaping the buzz and bustle of city life to find bliss and purpose in the mountains.”

- Mallorie Stanley

“The Loj is friends. The Loj is family. The Loj is home. And it always will be.”

- John Furtney

“The Loj was my reset button, a place I could escape to away from my city frustrations. I could spend the weekend with like-minded people and without worry, and then be able to return to the city and tackle my problems with a clearer mind.”

- Dan Shores

“The loj was where I found my confidence. It was up in those woods I learned to be a strong, independent, self-sufficient woman. It was also there I found a lifelong support network of the damn best people I will ever meet.”

- Grace (Hutton)
McMullan



Nuhoc Loj's 10th anniversary picture

“The most amazing thing about the loj is the community it represented. The time I've spent there has been the single most grounding thing in my life. As much as we might miss the loj, always remember that while the loj has been the focal point of the NUHOC community, it did not create us. We did. However we ultimately decide to rebuild, we are starting with so many more resources and connections than the first loj-builders had available. We are not starting from scratch this time and we can only improve from here.”

- Keegan Krantz

“The Loj was a place where your soul could be free. Where you could forget all of your worries, let go of your stress, and just be yourself. Where thoughts of the past and the future fade away and the present moment is the only thing that exists, and the only thing that matters.”

- Eva Dixon

“The Loj was a building made of wood and love with four walls and a roof. The wood may be gone but the love will always be there.”

- David Butler

“The Loj was a transformative structure. It brought me from uncomfortable to comfortable; from confused to self-aware; and from immature to...well...still pretty immature. I'm not done, and never will be done, thanking that place and its people for helping me find my way through my college years. It was undeniably the most valuable part of my education.”

- Nick D'Amore



“(1/18/15) I visited the Loj alone today. And, though intensely emotional, it wasn't as devastating as I expected it to be. Because even though the Loj is gone, the place still felt familiar; it still felt like coming home as I walked up the Wild Willey Trail. And there was a sense of hope about the place, perhaps imbued by the memorial gathering yesterday, and the picnic, and the celebration of NUHOC carrying on. Chickadees perched on the tin roof wreckage as I poked and photographed the ruins, cocking their heads at me. Wind shook the needles over my head, and Shelburne Moriah poked her head out of the clouds, for a moment. The soul of the place is tangibly present, if not in the dead wood walls, then in the living pines and birches that have, for decades, echoed and absorbed our laughter, our music, our adventurous spirits. I hope those trees count themselves lucky, to have been privy to so much merriment. Sitting for

the moment on the bench by the fire pit, admiring the silly pictures of my friends on the outhouse walls, I wondered how long it would take for my memories of the Loj and its contents to be replaced by memories of these remains - the way an event, years later, is remembered only as still images captured in photographs. I'm thankful for those photographs. And for the friends who remind me of the Loj, and whose company feels like coming home no matter where we are.”

- Julianna

“There is pleasure in the
pathless woods;
There is rapture on the lonely
shore; There is society, where
none intrudes, by the deep sea
and music in its roar: I love not
man the less, but Nature
more...”

-Lord Byron



Loj September 4th 1983



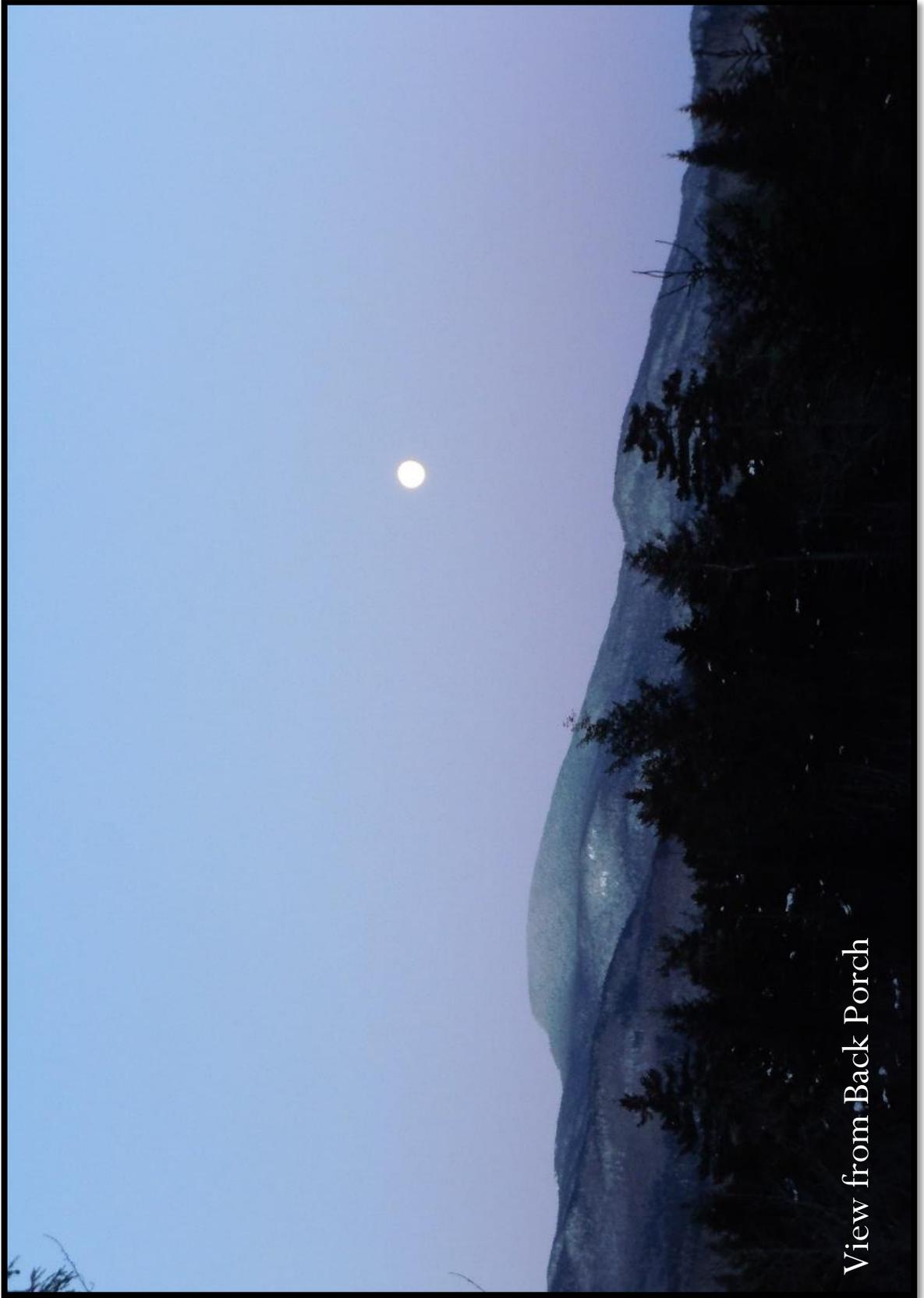
Boomer, Connie, Maryann
and Bruce



“The mountains are
calling and I must
go.”

-John Muir





View from Back Porch



Trip reports

Backcountry Snowboard Tour

Location: Hillman's Highway, Mount Washington, NH

Date: March 29, 2014

Written: April 19, 2014!

"Every spring in the Northeast as temperatures begin to climb, the snow begins to melt, and lifts inevitably close for the season, droves of skiing enthusiasts make the annual pilgrimage to the slopes



of Mount Washington and its most famous glacial cirque, Tuckerman Ravine. On any given Saturday it is not uncommon to see a few thousand people work their way up the Tuckerman Ravine Trail past the Hermit Lake Shelter to the iconic bowl. While the attention of most skiers at Hermit Lake is fixated on Tuckerman Ravine, Hillman's Highway and its surrounding lines loom over Hermit Lake just to the looker's left. These descents which start close to Boott Spur have the longest, most consistent pitch down to Hermit Lake from the Alpine Garden. Hillman's Highway drops 1500 vertical feet at a sustained pitch of 30° while lines like The Duchess drop at 45°-50°.

This day in late March was not shaping up to be your typical spring day on Mount Washington. Recent rainfall followed by low temperatures had presumably turned the snowpack into a solid block of ice. The forecast for the day was predicting warm temperatures, but under a blanket of clouds which would presumably keep most aspects at high

elevation frozen without the intensity of the sun's rays. With this in mind, I arrived at Pinkham Notch with Tim Dyson, Tony Telesco, and David Butler in the early morning fog around 7:30 AM EDT. We had a flexible plan such that we could make adjustments based on observed snow conditions, but the ultimate goal for the day was to spend the day in Oakes Gulf, the southern cirque of Mount Washington.

We inevitably began our ascent up the Tuckerman Ravine Trail, a veritable superhighway in the backcountry skiing world. Between the members of our group, we have made so many ascents of this trail that we know every last twist and turn of its 2.4 mile length. At a break point about two-thirds of the way up the Tuckerman Ravine Trail to Hermit Lake, we decided to divulge from the trail to ascend the remainder of the distance to Hermit Lake on the John Sherburne Ski Trail, the classic Civilian Conservation Corps trail from Hermit Lake to Pinkham Notch.

When we reached Hermit Lake, something entirely unexpected happened; the fog burned off to reveal brilliant blue skies and the alpine slopes of Mount Washington. Realizing that The Duchess was filled in and the eastern slopes would easily soften under the intense radiation, we decided to forego our original plan in favor of this classic line which rarely looks enticing to ski. We knew that we could not afford to dally since every minute of spring sunlight weakened the snowpack towards potential failure. After quickly refilling our water from the Hermit Lake well, the pump for which would have been buried beneath eight feet of snow had it not been for other visitors previously digging it out, we set out to attack the ramp of Hillman's Highway.

After a transition which took much too long for our own good, we made our way to the top of Hillman's Highway with undercast moving back in to obscure Hermit Lake from view. Tim and Tony decided to go over to The Duchess while David and I finished our preparations for the descent. A few minutes later, David and I made our way to the top of The Duchess, awaiting word from Tim and Tony on the

The Snowfields Avalanche Crown



radio that they had cleared the choke. With our line fluctuating in and out of the clouds, we dropped in. The clouds cleared, and we immediately became visible to the gathering crowd at Hermit Lake. We successfully navigated the choke in perfect corn snow, and upon reaching the apron into the Lower Snowfields cut skier's right to return to Hillman's Highway for another run.

The next ascent was much quicker since we were able to utilize the boot ladder we had kicked in on our first ascent. After a quick bite to eat and drink of water we made a descent down Hillman's Highway itself, snapping photos as we went. For me this was very reminiscent of the slopes of Avalanche Gulch on Mount Shasta in California due to its geometric consistency. We quickly turned back uphill when we reached the bottom since a crowd was beginning to gather, finally realizing that the skiing on Hillman's was all time.

When we reached the top of Hillman's Highway for the third time around 1:30 PM EDT, we were greeted by two unpleasant omens. First was the presence of a massive avalanche debris field on the summit snowfields. The crown of the slide was

about 1.25 meters deep and 200 meters wide. Dozens of individuals were scouring the debris field, presumably looking for a buried person. Fortunately later reports confirmed that the slide had not buried any individuals. It was immediately apparent that the day's heat and sunlight had destabilized the snowpack enough to cause avalanches on eastern aspects like those we were skiing. Combined with the return of thick and descending cloud cover, we took our cue to take our final run down to Pinkham Notch.

While David and I opted for the familiar slopes of Hillman's Highway and the Sherburne Trail, Tony and Tim decided to descend off the other side of Boott Spur Ridge into the Gulf of Slides and consequently the Gulf of Slides Ski Trail. The descent was by far the most enjoyable descent I've experienced from the Tuckerman Ravine area; soft spring conditions and good coverage greeted us throughout our descent of the Sherburne Trail. We were puzzled however by the boot holes that peppered the trail. At the bottom of the trail in Pinkham Notch we encountered a group of several dozen students from the University of New Hampshire Outing Club who had descended the mountain on sleds. They cheered us as we came screaming off the last pitch of the Sherburne Trail, much to our enjoyment. About a half hour later, Tony and Tim emerged from the end of the Gulf of Slides Ski Trail. As we prepared to return to the loj, we reveled in our unexpected exploits which totaled about 6000 feet of ascending and 6000 feet of descending!"

-Lou Cassano

Monday, June 16, 2014

Peaks: Tecumseh, East Osceola, Osceola, South Hancock, Hancock

Distance: 22.4 miles, 7600 ft. elevation gain, about 12 hours of hiking

Hikers: Alex Irwin, James Maniscalco, Theja Putta

"Conditions were great for this entire hike. It was a bit too warm for comfort, about 75-80° F, and humid, but the weather was never agonizing. There



David Skiing Hillman's Highway

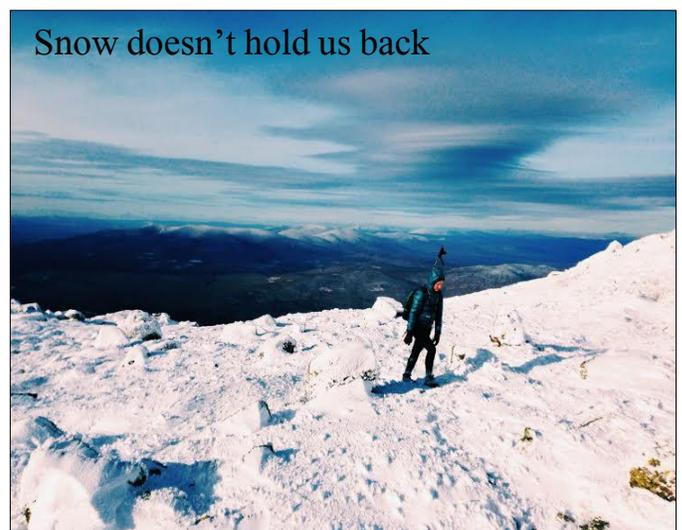
were a lot of bugs but we loaded up on extra-strength repellent.

We woke up bright and early at 5 a.m. and made it out of camp and to the trailhead for Mt. Tecumseh in the Waterville Valley ski area at 5:50. We made the ascent quickly up the Mt. Tecumseh trail, summiting in about 1.5 hours. The summit has an exposed vista with great views of the valley. We then took the Sosman trail, which connects the summit to the ski lift terminus, and descended the mountain half-running down the ski trails. We saw some snow in the terrain park area. We made it down to the parking lot before 9.

We got back on the road, taking Tripoli Road out to I-93, then heading up to Lincoln and the Kancamagus Highway. We cooked some breakfast and got back to the woods at the Greeley Ponds trail. We took that, a gentle upwards slope, up to the Mt. Osceola trail, which began gently but transitioned to a rather steep incline. East Osceola, the first peak on this trail, has nice views looking north towards the Pemigewasset Wilderness from a small outlook not far from the summit. Continuing along the trail, a small descent leads to another steep incline (including one nearly vertical section that was not actually part of the trail—we missed the detour around it). This led to Mt. Osceola, with stunning views from a plateau at the summit into Waterville Valley. After a break for some lunchtime snacks, we descended the way we came up.

Getting back to the car, fatigue was starting to set in for us, but with nearly ten miles still ahead of us for the day, we pushed through. We drove the very short distance to the next trailhead for the Hancock Notch trail, and got back to hiking. We followed that trail to its junction with the Cedar Brook trail, then that one to the start of the Hancock Loop trail. All of these, up to the actual loop of the Loop trail, comprise a slow incline, gradually steepening, ascending 1300 feet in 3.1 miles. At the loop junction, the trail splits left and right, left heading to

Mt. Hancock and right heading to South Hancock. We chose to go right, up a section of trail which proved to be the hardest of the day. With nearly fifteen miles and more than 6,000 feet of elevation gained on the day so far, we attacked the section's 1,000 feet of elevation over just half a mile in short bursts, 100 feet of elevation at a time. It was brutal. The White Mountain Guide calls this section "unrelievedly steep". But we made it, all in one piece, and after a short break at the summit to eat some more food, drink some more water, and look at the views (from a nearby viewpoint) into the Sawyer River valley. We then continued along the loop trail, headed north, towards Mt. Hancock, which had some steep sections but was much more forgiving than the half mile up to South Hancock. Reaching that summit, we had nice views in the waning light out to the Sandwich Range and to Mt. Osceola. We then took the steep descent down the remaining link of the loop trail, back to the loop junction, and followed our footsteps back out to the parking lot. We finished just a few minutes after 8 p.m., exhausted, aching, but feeling accomplished. We headed into town for some nice warm dinner before making the drive back to Boston."



Mt. Rainier

“The magic of watching a sunrise from high on a mountain above a sea of clouds remains with a climber long after memories of the trip's exertion have faded.”

‘Is it 11?’, I asked, sensing bodies moving in our tent.

‘Yup,’ someone responded.

It was 11pm and I was lying in a tent on a snowy slope near Camp Muir at 10,080' on Mt. Rainier. For the past 5 hours I had been sleeping. No, for the past 5 hours I had been laying down and listening to the wind rip at our 3-season tent, listening to rocks and ice crash down not-so-distant cliffs, listening to crevasses moan as their mouths widened in the mild mid-August weather, and trying to ignore the slight headache I'd earned by hiking 4,000' higher than I'd ever hiked before.

I pulled on my hiking clothes and boots and stood on the glacier outside our tent. I saw no headlamps in the distance, and only one other tent with headlamps on inside. We would be the first hiking team on the route that night. This was good because we wouldn't be waiting for others on the technical sections, but bad because we would be the first to be exposed any hazards that had developed since the previous day. Juliana, Marissa, and I tied into our and started following the well-worn path across the glacier. It was midnight but we were able to hike without headlamps as the light from the full moon reflected well off the snow and ice ahead of us. We traversed the Cowlitz Glacier, under some of the cliffs from which I had listened to rocks fall all evening. Some large boulders had landed near the trail and made large gouges in the snow as they slid down the slope. Earlier the day before, a backcountry ranger had told us the mountain was falling down. He wasn't kidding.

As we ascended a scree field to Cadaver Gap, we saw the first snakes of headlamps stringing out from Camp Muir. In the notch between Cadaver Gap and Ingraham Flats we affixed our crampons to our boots and wielded our ice axes as we passed over a narrow slope between two large crevasses. We continued on the worn path through the snow and arrived at Ingraham Flats, a higher camping spot, at



Sliding down ice can be fun (Tim Snow School 2015)



Snow School 2015



Climbing ice. (Snow School)

11,110 feet. We heard people rummaging around in their tents as we passed by. After the Flats we had no worn path to follow. We walked in the direction of the Disappointment Cleaver, a 1,500 foot rock formation up which we intend to climb. As we got closer to the Cleaver, we could only see crevasses and building-sized ice blocks between us and the rock. Upon realizing there was no passage, we turned uphill and slightly back towards the camp. Not long after, we found a worn path higher up and traversed mid-way up Ingraham Glacier and onto Disappointment Cleaver.

Being late in the season, the rock on the Cleaver was bare and loose. We started making small switchbacks up the lower section of the rock, sparks occasionally flying off our crampons as we scraped our way up the 35 degree slope. After losing the route 3 times, getting passed by a 2-person hiking team and kicking a lot of rocks onto each other, we moved off the Cleaver onto a melted-out snowfield. After a few long switchbacks, we arrived at a flat rest spot at the highest rocks on Disappointment Cleaver, 12,400 feet. We rested and ate yogurt-covered pretzels as another hiking team passed us. Earlier we had been advised by a ranger that the most technical section of the route was right above this spot. Melting snow and ice had created some 20 foot ice steps with 10 foot wide crevasses between them. Because of this route's popularity, guides from professional guiding services on the mountain had driven anchors into the snow and placed ladders up the ice blocks and across the crevasses.

...
'This part is steep!', exclaimed Juliana.
I was equally excited, this being my first time going up and over large ice blocks and crevasses. I lost sight of Juliana as she went over the top of one steep section.

'I found a ladder!'

'Okay, I'm coming up.'

We arrived at a 10 foot ladder laid horizontally across a gap whose bottom could not be seen in the dark. I clipped a carabiner to the snow anchor on one end and Juliana crawled across the ladder.

'What's going on?' asked Marissa from below.

'We're at a ladder. I'm belaying Juliana across, then you come here and belay me'.



We all made it across this ladder and the next one more quickly and easily than I expected. Thanks, Rainier Mountain Guides. Directly above this section were even larger and steeper ice falls, so we traversed a half mile North to Emmons Glacier Shoulder. Here the route began seemingly-endless switchbacks up 35 degree snow, from 12,400 feet to 13,800 feet. Our paced started to slow we took breaks every few minutes and I paused to lean on my ice axe every time Juliana stopped to change direction at a corner.

‘Tim, we don't want to fuck around with altitude sickness!’, announced Juliana with a tone I'd never heard before.

‘I know... I'm not. I'm just tired’, I said, not making a very good case for myself as I took her momentary pause as an opportunity to flop onto the snow again. Finally, we arrived at the top of the last switchback, where the route turned back westward, towards the rim of the crater. We took a longer rest. After a few minutes, I saw Juliana lunge sideways in the snow, and then I saw her ice axe sliding down the slope below her.

‘Oh No!’, I shouted.

‘Tim!’, shouted Marissa.

I was the scapegoat for anything going wrong. We sat and watched Juliana's axe slide and tumble down the glacier. I thought it would get hung up on the first switchback it crossed, where a valley of snow was packed down by some recent climbers, but it didn't. Another hiking team coming up behind us also stopped to watch the axe slide down the mountain. Then, amazingly, after crossing the second switchback, the axe rolled onto its pick and stopped itself in the snow.

After rescuing the fallen axe, we continued the climb towards the rim of the crater. The slope wasn't as steep here, as we were traversing somewhat sideways, but we were exposed to the force of the west wind for the first time. As we ascended, we were constantly pelted by bits of flying ice and snow. Some climbers dove to the ground when strong wind gusts came. It wasn't that bad compared to, say, the Airline trail on Mt. Adams in February. After a steady, 30 minute tromp into the wind, we arrived at the rim of the crater!

We went up and over the short rim and laid in the snow, feeling elated that we were done uphill travel

for the day. We were in a cloud and could not see the true summit on the opposite side of the crater, but we followed boot tracks straight across the middle. We arrived at a large rock where a few other climbing groups were congregated. One guy had a beer with him. I wished I had carried a beer. We rested on the rocks and signed the summit register, then took a short trail up the rocks to the true summit. It was 8:15am. We took some group photos, enjoyed the mostly cloudy view, and then went down.

The descent down Emmons Glacier was easy and uneventful and beautiful. The sun was bright, but clouds still sat low in much of the surrounding area. We shortcut the switchbacks by plunging through the snow, straight down the middle of them. We made it down in 30 minutes what had taken 2 hours to go up. We re-traced our steps back from Emmons Glacier to the ice fall above the Disappointment Cleaver. At the ice fall, we finally got to see the crevasses we had gone over in the dark. The snow and ice looked magnificent as it melted and glistened in the morning sun. We ate lunch on the flat rocks atop the Disappointment Cleaver. I could have taken a nap there; I think Marissa might have. Descending the Disappointment Cleaver wasn't any fun, as our crampons once again scraped over the rocks for 1,500 feet. From the bottom of the Cleaver, we got a good view of Ingraham Flats, where we had lost the route 10 hours earlier. We were lucky to have found the way out, as the flats were surrounded by large crevasses in all but two directions. We kept walking. Left foot, right foot, left foot, right foot. Ingraham Glacier, Ingraham Flats, Cadaver Gap, Cowlitz Glacier. We jumped over a few small crevasses. We arrived back at our tent at Camp Muir at 1:30pm, untied from the rope, had a group hug, and promptly fell asleep.

But the hike was not over, as we awoke at 3:30pm to continue down the mountain. We slowly packed our tent and our packs in preparation for the 4,000' descent down Muir snowfield and the trails near Paradise Valley. On the steeper sections of the snowfield we took the opportunity to rest our tired legs and slide down some previously-used snow chutes. After a boring and painful-in-climbing-boots tromp over the lower trails, we finally arrived

at the parking lot, changed our clothes, opened a beer, ate snacks, and prepared to return home.”

-Tim Dyson

NUCOMERS 2014



Snowboard Mountaineering Trip

Location: Katahdin, Baxter State Park, ME

Date: January 31, 2014 - February 4, 2014

Written: March 10, 2014

“The mountains represent man’s greatest challenge, an opportunity to test his limits against nature’s greatest obstacles. In winter, the challenge is augmented by the addition of freezing temperatures and snow, and multiplied by the distance to the destination. There is no greater challenge in the Northeastern United States than Katahdin in Baxter State Park. Katahdin is the last great mountain, the northern terminus of the 2168.1 mile Appalachian Trail. In the winter months it stands apart from the northern lowlands, a fortress of rock, ice, and snow. A daunting 15.3 mile approach stands in the way of anyone hoping to sleep beneath its massive flanks, let alone reach its summit.

I awoke in the black of night to the unwelcome sound of my alarm at 5:45 AM EST on January 31, 2014 a mere three hours after I had fallen asleep on the ground next to my Subaru. A late start the previous night had drawn out the 325 mile drive to the Abol Bridge parking lot past 2:00 AM EST. To top things off, a slight toe-to-head breeze in the night had turned my feet into icicles despite the -20 °F rating on my sleeping bag. Over the next hour

and a half my six companions and I organized the gear which had been meticulously packed into the two Subaru Outbacks the prior evening and prepared for the long day ahead of us.

At 7:15 AM EST, as morning broke and Katahdin revealed itself to us, we crossed the road onto the trail which marked the beginning of our approach. The hours marched on, the sun rose ever higher in the sky with nary a breeze of wind to be had, and temperatures hovered in the low 20s °F. The group quickly covered the first four miles of generally flat terrain to the Togue Pond Gate House, from which our course turned gradually uphill for the next eight miles to Roaring Brook. As we slogged out the approach the group splintered as everyone established their own paces. All along the mountain peeked at us through the trees, our perspective on it ever changing as we rounded its vast slopes.

Upon reaching Roaring Brook we allowed the group to reform before making the final push to Chimney Pond. Although the 1000’ ascent to Roaring Brook had been gradual, the trail to Chimney Pond ascended an additional 1500’ in about a quarter of the distance. Under normal circumstances a 3.3 mile, 1500’ ascent would be fairly routine, but the context of having already hauled a 90 pound sled for 12 miles ensured that the mountain would be unrelenting in its punishment. Each step came with a struggle, and in some cases it would take 20 minutes to progress a few steps due to the steepness



On top of Mt. Katahdin

of the trail. Nonetheless, as dusk fell around 5:15 PM EST I finally arrived at Chimney Pond, and by 6:15 PM EST the remaining members of our party had arrived at the bunkhouse.

As the first glimpses of pre-dawn light graced the bunkhouse, we got ready to explore our new neighborhood. Clint (Valentine) and Curtis (Burrowes) planned to do some ice climbing on the Pamola Cliffs just above Chimney Pond whilst the remainder of the group consisting of myself, Tim (Dyson), Peter (Evans), Keegan (Krantz), and Josh (Johnson) planned to venture in the area of the Great Basin near the Saddle Trail in the hope of discovering viable skiing, riding, and summit ascent options. That morning I was fortunate enough to be standing on a frozen Chimney Pond to see the first rays of light strike the upper reaches of the mountain.

Soon after 10:00 AM EST, we began our moderate ascent of the Saddle Trail under sunny skies and calm winds towards several gullies which we had spotted on the fading light the previous evening. Given the reputation Katahdin has for severe weather, we were shocked by the tranquility of the weather. As we emerged from the trees, it became immediately apparent to us that only one gully held enough snow to be skiable/rideable. We continued our ascent up into the gully where we encountered old avalanche debris, and quickly thereafter dug a pit to determine the stability of the snowpack. Fortunately our assessment revealed a highly consolidated snowpack which indicated that the debris we had observed was left over from a previous weather event.

From our lunch spot at the test pits, the group decided to split up to tackle different objectives. Tim and Peter decided that they were going to investigate the conditions of the Saddle Brook before venturing to Blueberry Knoll in the North Basin, while Josh and I would ascend the gully. After descending the gully, we would rendezvous with Keegan to explore further up the Saddle Trail to our likely summit route and meet up with Tim and Peter for the skin out to Blueberry Knoll. With my splitboard on my back, crampons under foot, and ice axe in hand, Josh and I ascended the gully. The hard snow surface made for quick work of the ascent. We did not ascend much more than halfway

up the gully such as not to keep Keegan waiting for too long. The snow conditions on the descent were chalky and proved to bring some fun alpine turns. When we reconvened with Keegan at the intersection of the gully and the Saddle Trail, Josh elected to descend to Chimney Pond to do some homework. Keegan and I decided to continue with our plan to investigate the Saddle. Almost immediately after starting up the Saddle Trail beyond the intersection with the gully, the trees closed in on us and made for some difficult skinning conditions. We bailed out into the gully which drained from the Saddle, made the transition to crampons and ice axes, and continued the ascent on foot. This exploratory foray gave us a good idea of the conditions on our intended summit route; it was clear that the conditions were very similar to those in the gully which I had ridden.

Our ascent towards the Saddle had chewed up more time than we had intended, and although close to the top, we opted not to top out of the Saddle. Instead we opted to traverse back to the gully which we had investigated earlier in the day, ascend as far as we felt comfortable or until our turn around time of 4:00 PM EST, and descend back to Chimney Pond on the Saddle Trail. This turned out to be a wise decision as the traverse also chewed up a significant chunk of time as we post-holed chest deep in some places due to insufficiently buried pine trees. Upon reaching the gully, we continued our ascent, past my turn around point from earlier in the day towards the choke about three quarters of the way up the gully.



Our comfort level and turn around time happened to coincide, and we descended the chalky snow to the Saddle Trail in the late afternoon light. Below tree line, the protection of the trees produced some exceptional powder skiing back to Chimney Pond, where we settled in for the evening awaiting new snow overnight.

The next morning found the upper reaches of the mountain concealed from view by thick clouds. The same clouds left about six inches of new snow, which covered all records of our activity from the previous day. There was no particular rush to leave Chimney Pond in the morning in the hope that visibility may improve as the day progressed.

Unfortunately this hope did not come to fruition, and the ski/snowboard crew began ascending the Saddle Trail at 11:00 AM EST towards the clouds.

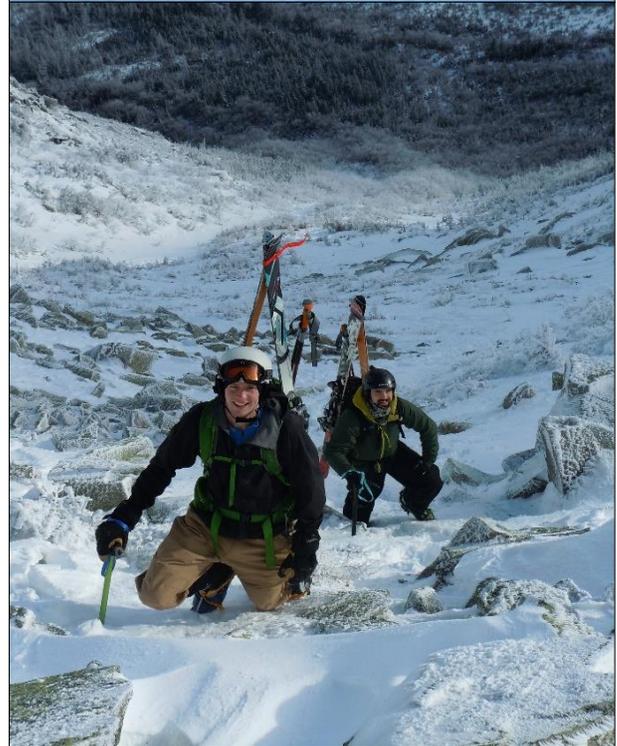
On the ascent, the clouds continued to hold their firm grip on the mountain, preventing any visual inspection of the gullies. We followed an action plan nearly identical to the previous day, breaking for lunch at the location of our test pits from the previous day, which had since been buried by nearly a foot of new snow. This new snow had consolidated into new storm/wind slab, but luckily initial accumulations had fallen with a high water content and adhered well to the former surface of the snowpack. Stability tests showed that the new snow was relatively stable, but we determined that further testing would be required at higher elevations to confirm the results. On this day the pairings separated differently; Tim and I opted to ascend the gully while Peter and Keegan headed for the skiing in the creek bed.

Tim and I ascended the gully, taking turns kicking a boot pack into the new snow. At a few points along the way we dug mitt pits, a quick snow stability test technique designed to isolate the stability of the interface between new snow and its bed surface.

The pits revealed good adhesion between the new snow and the old surface that was unlikely to fail.

The plan was only to ascend as far as Keegan and I had done the previous day, but the visibility made it tough to determine exactly where that was. That being said we ascended as far as we felt comfortable, and proceeded to make our descent.

The new snow yielded some great turns, though the run was shockingly short back to the lunch spot / test



pits. It was a quick decision to reascend the gully via the now established boot ladder to harvest some more turns in the fresh snow. Upon reaching the top of our previous ascent quicker than expected, we decided to push on to investigate the snow conditions higher in the gully. As the aspect changed slightly and we headed into the upper reaches of the gully, the snow conditions quickly became much harder than had been experienced thus far on the trip. I immediately regretted my decision to forego the use of crampons on the second ascent. Tim decided to down-climb to the ledge we had dug out at the top of our first ascent, while I decided to dig out a new ledge on my precarious, icy perch. The turns on that first section of the descent were the only icy turns of the whole trip thus far, but they were shortly replaced by the buttery smooth turns I had come to expect. We returned to Chimney Pond on the Saddle Trail to gather our strength for our summit push.

Good fortune with the weather continued as dawn broke on Summit Day; not a cloud was to be seen nor a breeze of wind felt. We set out from Chimney Pond by 7:30 AM EST such as to give ourselves a time cushion should any part of the attempt take an unexpected turn. We ascended the Saddle Trail as we had the previous two days, keeping a careful eye out for any signs of snow instabilities and avalanche activity on the now visible upper reaches of Katahdin. It appeared that a few small slabs had slid near the ridge line, but based on our on-slope observations after the snowfall the previous day we didn't think that these would pose much of a threat. After passing the gully which we had skied each day prior on the trip, we proceeded up into the thicket towards the Saddle proper. The new snow made skinning through the underbrush all the more challenging than it was previously, but after some tribulation we broke out from the trees onto the open slope below the Saddle. As the snow became more scoured we transitioned to crampons and ice axes to reach the Tablelands.

After being confined to the Great Basin for three days, cresting the Saddle and reaching the Tablelands was a sight to behold. The world opened up beyond the walls of the great cirque to reveal the vast wilderness of Northern Maine. Even in the high alpine, there wasn't so much as a breeze; the air was

perfectly still. We took our time eating snacks, posing for photos, and generally enjoying our surroundings. After some time we decided to make our push for the summit proper, skirting the edge of the basin to scope out our descent in the same gully which we had ascended from below. Even though the upper slopes of the mountain were icy, I still garnered the hope of making a continuous descent from the summit to Chimney Pond as I carried my splitboard towards our objective.

After a quick half hour or so of ascending, Tim, Josh, and I reached the top of Maine. The full scope of Katahdin's vastness came into perspective for the first time; the Knife's Edge pierced the blue sky like



a serrated blade and Chimney Couloir cut deeply into the mountainside, a white ribbon of snow amongst the cliffs. Shockingly the air remained still, and we relished in the opportunity to relax atop the summit. The group remained at the summit for an hour and a half taking photos and watching the view before deciding to begin the descent as low clouds moved toward the mountain from the South and a breeze began to blow.

Ice axe in hand, I strapped into my bindings standing against the summit sign and began to slide. It is hard to say that I made turns in my descent of the upper mountain, because the descent more resembled a controlled slide down an inclined skating rink. In some places I had to use the ice axe to guide myself down some particularly icy pitches. Toward the top of the gully, the snow cover diminished enough to prevent me from making any

further progress, forcing me to walk a few hundred yards for the sake of my board's base and edges. Standing atop the gully, we recognized two options for the beginning of the descent; one each to the skier's left and right of a rocky ridge, respectively. The left option appeared steeper than its companion, and from what could be seen held good snow. I chose to tackle this options while the others decided to descend the right hand chute. The first turns were sublime, but quickly turned icy as I approached the area where Tim and I had been forced to turn around the previous day. Pointing it over the icy section, I bled off my speed when the snow softened and came to a stop at the ledge Tim and I had dug out. From this point I was able to see my companions descend their chute one by one, until we had all reached the ledge.

From here we all decided to descend the rest of the chute together, slaying the wind loaded powder in true NUHOC style. Upon reaching the intersection with the hiking trail, Peter and Keegan opted for the creek bed, while Tim and I decided to descend the hiking trail. Before we knew it we reached Chimney Pond, ready for some relaxation on our last night. In the late daylight hours we decided to take our sleeping pads and some snacks out onto the pond. While waiting for the other members of the group, Tim, Josh, and I explored some of the caves which lined the shores of the pond. Once everyone else had arrived we sat on the middle of the frozen body of water, enjoyed the spoils of our victory, snapped some group shots, and retreated to the bunkhouse for one final night in the dying daylight.

We awoke on the morning of our departure to find that Clint and Tim had come down with a serious stomach bug, presumably food poisoning from something they both had eaten the previous evening. After consulting with Greg, the ranger, it was determined that they should be taken back to the cars via snowmobile. Our party departed Chimney Pond at 9:00 AM EST as the snowmobile bearing Clint and Tim sped off down the trail.

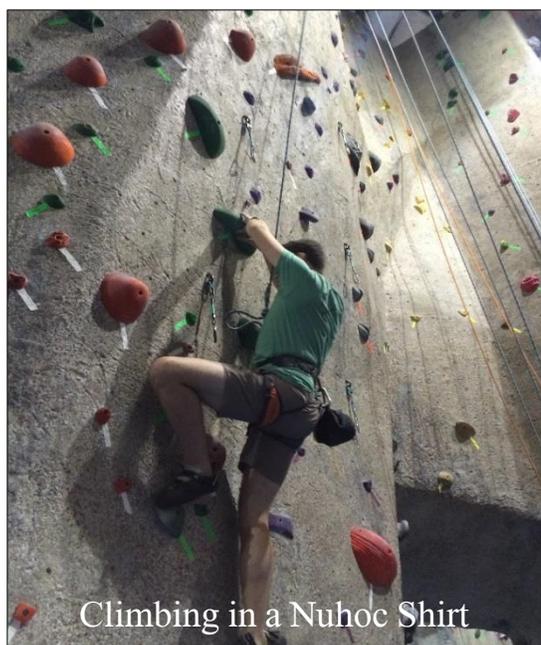
The descent from Chimney Pond to Roaring Brook is best made by sledding atop the gear-laden behemoths which visitors haul up the same trail on the way in. We took full advantage of the descent, making the journey in about an hour. I had some difficulty with the packing of my sled, a problem

which I thought I had solved, but found would rear its ugly head throughout the day. At Roaring Brook, I made a quick transition to my splitboard and started ahead of the remaining group, all of whom I knew would be faster on cross country skis. For some time, Curtis accompanied me, but on the largest uphill of the road he dropped behind, not to see him again until Togue Pond.

The group gathered at the gatehouse a mere two and a half hours after leaving Roaring Brook, fifteen minutes after I had arrived at the gatehouse myself. In relatively coordinated fashion we set off on the two and a half mile stretch of the park road. I played catch up for most of these miles, experiencing serious tipping problems with my sled. After regrouping at our departure from the park road, we embarked on the last mile and a half to the Abol Bridge parking lot. Despite continued sled problems, I was determined to persist and just pound out the last stretch.

We came to the cars just five and a half hours after leaving Chimney Pond at 2:30 PM EST. By 3:15 PM EST, we had the cars packed, headed for Millinocket for some well-deserved food. After indulging ourselves at the Scootic In, we began the 325 mile trip back to Boston, fully satisfied with our success, ready for the next adventure.”

-Lou Cassano



Climbing in a Nuhoc Shirt

INTRO TO BACKPACKING 2013

“Men, women, the day is upon us. Four weeks ago this day, we began planning the largest backpacking mission that the world has ever seen. We’ve wilted no weary eye, nor bowed our heads in fatigue and exhaustion. Nay...nay. We bravely looked adversity in the eye, sweat trickling from the crests of our noses and the brawny planes of our backs, and we plunged head on into the night, not once looking back, wondering if we had gone too far.

They told us that we were insane. They told us we’d never make it out alive, and they laughed at our supposed misfortune and grief. Well men, this is our chance to prove the turbid depths of their erroneous presumption. We cannot fail.

Tomorrow, as we move to summit the peaks of the colossus, we will have fear, doubt, and misery, fighting to take hold of our souls and drag us into the frigid pit of despair that is failure. It is not a matter of if, but when. And when you start to feel the cold wispy grasp of panic and trepidation permeating your hearts, I want you to remember something.

George Washington crossed the icy waters of the Delaware in the freezing blanket of dark and Winter, with naught but a knife made from the teeth of the men he’d slain and an burning hunger for freedom and liberty. He weathered the rapids and ice boldly, unafraid of the certain death he knew he would face on the rocky shores of Trenton. He fought tooth and nail, through the hordes of Hessian pigs, and a maelstrom of musket fire and cannon fodder, until he reached King George’s fortress. As he arrived at the Kings bedside, he grasped his arm and stared him dead in the eye, with the piercing gaze of an eagle ready to dive for the kill. He leaned in to the king’s ear, and whispered, “For God and Country” and plunged his tooth-ed knife into the fallen King’s gullet.

I want you to remember our forefather’s bravery as we forge our paths through the terrors of the wild. Remember his strength and conviction, and his audacity to laugh in the face of doom and dejection. You are the finest group of men and women I’ve had the pleasure of knowing. We will not go quietly into the night, we will not vanish without a fight! We’re going to live on, we’re going

to survive. For freedom, and liberty. For God and Country, I salute you.”

-Steve Martino



INTRO TO WINTER BACKPACKING IN STYLE

“As the four sit in a Hooters over three pints of beer and one pint of water, they recall the weekend that was to be known as Intro to Winter Backpacking in Style.

It all began with Josh and Alex stealing Gabe’s car, digging out five tons of Gabe-stuff from Gabe’s car and replacing it with 5 adventurers: Josh, Alex, Theja, Keiji and Dels. The five warriors proceeded down rt. 1, and along the way Dels spotted a sign the color of her hair. The Voluptuous Quintet stopped at the Hannafords at the Mouth of the Port to purchase the food for the daunting expedition. Since this was Backpacking with Style, the five purchased many steaks, sausages, and a keg. From there the fivesome ventured north, along the way negotiating with the Chinese Mafia for some pork fried rice. After riding the roller coaster that is 113, the four brunettes and the lone ginger eventually found the trailhead to the Baldface Loop, and settled into their tents for the night.

The Johnson 5 embarked on their journey in style. About a quarter mile in, tragedy struck. Dels fell off of a small bridge, and was unable to go on. The three princes and the King of Games were forced to take all of Dels's gear, and continued on without her with the hopes of finding her in the area on the

return.

Undeterred by their loss, the four heartthrobs trudged on following the bloody smears on the trees only to find themselves off the trail and bushwhacking in knee deep snow. With the cleverness of an Octopus, and the navigational skills of a migratory bird with a piece of magnetite in her head with a navigator that soothingly squawks bird directions in birdish, the four wise men equipped their snowshoes and headed in the direction that they totally knew was the correct way.

The Backcountry Boys eventually found the correct trail (for future reference: follow the Yellow blazes for the Baldface Loop, not the Blood smears.) Their luscious thighs were already on fire after ascending the gentle slopes with an unnecessarily obscene amount of stuff, but the fire in their hearts burned with the intensity of a mother flamethrower protecting her young. They reached the Baldface Hut at the foot of South Baldface. While feasting on tuna-pesto tacos, the four horsemen contemplated whether to continue the hike because the 45 degree climb up the icy, snowy, rocky half mile of South Baldface sounded sketchy to say the least, and it was starting to get late. They hesitated for only a minute. Their four brains were no match for their eight balls. They broke out their mountaineering axes and challenged the southern face to a fight that wagered their dignity and their style.

After hours of crawling and self arresting, the Irwin Trio ft. Keiji Hammond made it to the top of the treacherous face. The sun was starting to go down, and there was another mile until the summit of south Baldface. Determined to catch a glimpse of the sunset from the summit, the Fantastic Four raced to the top. At this point there were only three things on the minds of the gentlemen: the sunset, steak, and how glad they were that they decided not to haul Dels up with them. The four pioneers of style made it just in the nick of time to witness the habanera sunset over the Presidential range to the west. There they stood with their inspirational gaze towards the jagged horizon until the four were ambushed by the darkness.

Having conquered the south, they turned their sights towards their next challenge in the north. Before that, the mighty four must survive a night in the treacherous woods between the two baldfaces. That

night they mocked the nightly terrors by feasting on steak, sausages and the elixir of life in the keg. Next morning, unphased by daylight savings time, they embarked on their northerly quest, and were standing victorious on the summit of North Baldface by noon. They were at the highest point on their expedition when the sun was at its highest point in the sky. Coincidence? Nay. Destiny.

In a final effort to reap the souls of the four crusaders to bring an abrupt and tragic ending to their bromantic quest, the mountain erased the trail with deep snow. The Beatles of the Baldface Loop were forced to bushwhack down the mountain, enduring branches to their rugged, chiseled faces. With the grace of a pack of moose, two other adventures pranced past the confused quartet, who themselves each possessed the agility of a two legged tripod.

The Glorious Four made it back to the bridge where they had to leave their dear friend. Luckily Dels was still in the area and was doing fine. The victorious five returned to their chariot of winners, and proceeded to drive back to Boston. Theja needed to experience proper American Culture and etiquette, so the Baldface Conquerors had their victory feast at the place with the sign the color of Dels's hair: Hooters."

- Keiji Hammond





Snow Shoeing Stratton

“At the crack of dawn on Saturday, March 7th, five brave and adventurous souls (Keiji, Erin, Carly, Goos, and Theja) ventured out into the wilderness on a journey of stamina and determination. However, little did these lunatic hikers realize was that what they thought was a mystic trek through the Narnia like snow actually turned into a treacherous adventure through a non-existent path on the Stratton Pond Loop. Following a crisp morning accent, three pairs of snowshoes and one pair of heroic hiking boots crested the mountain to the welcoming sight of the Stratton Mountain fire tower.



After passing around a bag of stinky but delicious Hawaiian tuna jerky, granola, and chocolate, the clan began to blaze their way to the camp sight. Little did they expect the maze that awaited them on

their decent - with hidden white blazes and deceptions on every snow covered tree. After hours of searching for a hidden trail, maps, and compasses the group, exhausted yet triumphant, reached the shelter. To celebrate a fire was lit and the feast of mushroom, tuna, lentil, sweet corn, and squid stew was enjoyed. Soon the cold drove them into their welcomingly insulated sleeping bags where they passed around a special beverage before falling asleep to the comforting creaking of snow laden trees.

When the sun rose the next day, snow was lightly falling on the serene forest. After coaxing their cold



feet into boots the gang packed up camp and headed back to the car. By noon the sun was beaming and the car in sight. After cramming snowshoes, backpacks, and tents into the trunk they left the tranquil forest and drove to a cheeky diner to a feast on plates of eggs, grilled cheeses, Mexican cuisine, French toast, and potatoes. The hike and views were beautiful and provided a great break from the city as well as a great start to Spring Break.”

- Erin Wheeler



Unique items can make great splints



SOLO 2015

“By the very nature of the activities that we do as a club, we need to be a safety-conscious group. We go on trips to places that are hours if not days away from professional medical care, and we take part in activities there that can be dangerous and even life

threatening if the proper precautions are not taken. Thankfully, if such a scenario were to ever happen, the club and its members will be in good hands thanks to our annual SOLO Wilderness First Aid weekend, an action packed hands on weekend of first aid training culminating in each participant earning a WFA certification from SOLO.

In the past, this weekend had taken place at the Brown Memorial Lodge, but due to an untimely fire, an alternate venue had to be found, which ended up being Danny’s house in Moultonborough, NH, on the northern edge of Lake Winnepesaukee. The spacious living room provided for a comfortable place for our classroom sessions, while the snow-covered lawn provided space for a range of scenarios including an angry herd of deer, a bolt of lightning, and more.

We set off from Boston as usual on Friday evening, and after either stopping at Hannaford for groceries or Tim’s house to swap cars and visit Russell, the LCD, we arrived at Danny’s with plenty of time to find space to sleep and then enjoy each others company, blissfully removed from the hustle and bustle of Boston. Of particular note was the game of Chinese Checkers played by myself, Julia, Connor, Theja, Alysha, Leah, and Danny, which lasted several hours over two consecutive days and was, according to all eyewitness accounts, the most intense game of Chinese Checkers of all time. As so commonly happens on NUHOC trips, the minutes turned into hours, and before we knew it, it was after Midnight, and facing an early start the next morning, we retired for the evening.

The next day dawned bright and early with a salute of pots and pans followed by a filling breakfast of pancakes (Both original and chocolate chip), scrambled eggs, and every NUHOCer’s favorite food, bacon. Shortly after, our instructors, Gerry and Hannah arrived, and after some rearrangement of the furniture and scouting out of seating arrangements, our education in first aid began. Almost immediately, we were thrust into a scenario where we had to diagnose and treat an unresponsive patient who was choking on oatmeal and therefore could not breathe! With varying degrees of success, we restored the airways of our patients and set about the process of treating their other ailments. After the scenario was complete, we debriefed, learned what

we should have known to treat it in the most effective way possible, and then started the whole process over again with another scenario. This way of “trial by fire” and then learning about the subject being shown afterwards was effective in that it allowed us to have a situation that was more akin to what we would see in the backcountry, where the information would not have been fresh in our minds. It was definitely a long day of learning and practicing, but good spirits prevailed throughout and at the end of the day everyone felt like they had accomplished something to be proud of.

Of course, being an outdoors club, being relatively stationary for an entire day was not going to be in the cards. Therefore, after the end of the learning day, most of the group set off for a hike up a nearby mountain to watch the sunset, while Julia (Our chef d’extraordinaire for the weekend) and her team stayed back to prepare a feast of tacos with all the fixings, rice, corn, handmade guacamole, and a surprise dessert that turned out to be a chocolate cake with fudge frosting. They then had an outdoor adventure of their own, hiking out onto the ice sheet of the lake and conversing with the local group of ice fisherman. Upon return of the trips, dinner was served, followed by a delightful evening of music, conversation, games, and all around good fun. The epic Chinese Checkers game ended in a three way tie, and was soon replaced by a lively assortment of card games. I had missed this atmosphere of community after the lodge was lost, and I was very happy to have found it again here on this Saturday evening. Eventually, folks trickled out of the living room and into bed, with another long day awaiting us on Sunday.

Sunday began much like Saturday, except an hour earlier, as we began class at the lovely hour of 7:30 AM so that we could depart New Hampshire and make it back to Boston at a reasonable hour. The theme of the day was similar to yesterday’s, with the day’s scenarios taking a turn towards more specialized events as the day went on as our breadth of skills grew. Today’s selection of scenarios included patients who were struck by lightning, patients stung by a swarm of bees, and patients who were asthmatic, among others. Eventually, after another long day, we completed the final chapter of our manual, and after some short quizzes, we were

officially graduates of SOLO and had our newly minted cards to prove it. We said goodbye to our instructors, closed the house in record time, and headed south for Boston, armed with the knowledge that we would need to ensure a safe and enjoyable time for all on our trips.”

- Spencer Aronstein

Making Splints can be very fun



Poetry:

A Brief White Mountain Rant (But No Hard Feelings)

Frankly, I think some Bostonians take the White Mountain trails for granite. I'm rock solid in my belief that city folk simply fail to find any true sedimental value in heading up to the hills. What they need is to stop living under a rock and adopt a boulder mentality. I'm no forgetful geologist, but it makes me lose my apatite. And then again, maybe I'm just a mountain-obsessed transcendentalist, 'Thoreau-ing' stones from my glass house. To summit all up (in other words), hike the mountains.
Danny Walsh

Ahhuuuwooop!

Winter will soon arrive
And to the mountains we will drive
Because in NUHOC we love to ski,
But especially to drop a knee.
So come with us and have some fun!
You'll be smiling on every run.
And if you ever lose the group,
Just listen close for an "Ahhuuuwooop!"
Zach

The Outdoors Is Calling

I hear it.
It's calling me again
Like a long lost friend.
Begging me to come
No matter where from.
I hear it in the wind
As it rustles through the trees.
I hear it in the water
Gurgling and bubbling down the stream.
I hear it in the birds
Chirping and singing their sweet songs.
I hear it in the bugs
Buzzing and humming all day long.
But when I hear it most
When I can't escape its call;
Is when I hear nothing.
Nothing at all.
Zach

A Haiku Ode to Mount Washington

| | |
|--------------------------------|---|
| Pinkham's poudest part | 5 |
| SIX TWO EIGHT EIGHT, precisely | 7 |
| Monumental indeed | 5 |
| | |
| Prominently proud | 5 |
| is the General himself | 7 |
| Intensely Erect | 5 |
| | |
| Danny Walsh | |

Oh, Great Spirit

There are those among this group who doubt my existence. What fools. How can they not know of my existence when all around, I am there? They do not see me in the star light that shines on them at night at the Ledges; I am there. They do not believe that I am there in the snow that fell last night; I am there also. They do not believe that I am there in laughter, in the love that is shared amongst them; I am there.

And I have been there.

When my bones were disturbed and moved to make way for their Lodge, I did not revolt. I rejoice that my lands are being enjoyed and loved as I have enjoyed and loved them before.

Yes, I am there.

I have been quietly watching as your people enjoy my lands.

Enjoy my lands and believe:

I AM THERE

Fester

Gear guys Link

To rent gear,
clickee here.
The gear guys are going to be great,
It'll just be a short wait.
Goos Boer

Peel!

My birth peeled off the pain, My mother had for nine months. It made her complete as a girl. The layer of her skin Protected me from all odds. Until I was given a new world to survive in. With each passing day in this new world, I build up new stories, new experiences, a new peel. And, I am old today. The life I lived since my birth, Has undivided layers. I relive each day, each story, As I peel off a layer of my life. I shed the shadows and Embrace myself, smiling at the day, My mother peeled off her pain, And gave me her skin.

Sarika Gupta



Route 2 Tunes: A Loj Playlist

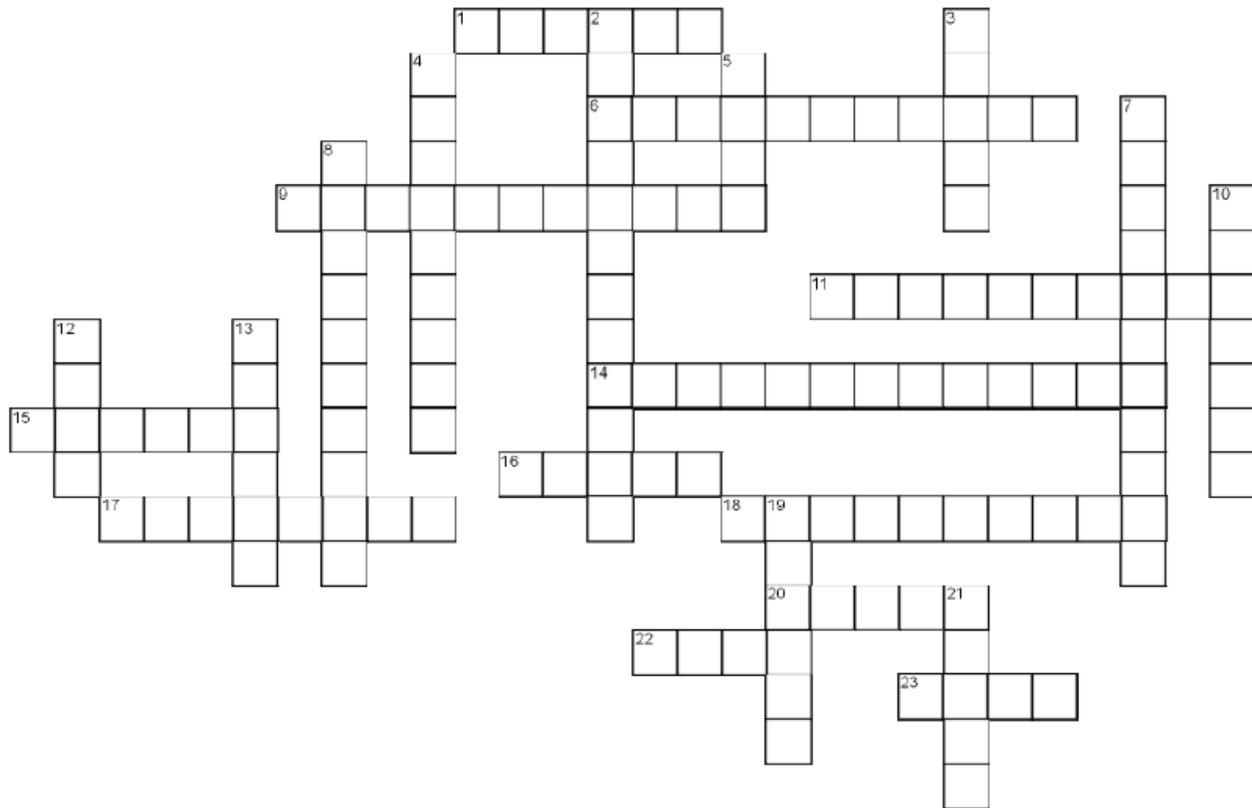
1. Lost in My Mind – The Head And The Heart
2. Soon It Will Be Cold Enough To Build Fires – Emancipator
3. Flume – Bon Iver
4. Welcome Home, Son – Radical Face
5. Gold - Wake Owl
6. Old Pine – Ben Howard
7. Furr – Blitzen Trapper
8. Home – Phillip Phillips
9. Mr Tambourine Man - Bob Dylan
10. Wagon Wheel – Darius Rucker
11. Simple Song – The Shins
12. Right Me Up - State Radio
13. Send Me On My Way - Rusted Root
14. Home – Edward Sharpe & The Magnetic Zeros

Eva Dixon, 2015

Puzzles

NUHOC

Challenge the Rock



ACROSS

- 1 Number of items on an LCT checklist
- 6 A wonderful place to cool off in the summer!
- 9 We spend a lot of time here in the winter
- 11 Tallest mountain in the northeast
- 14 Part of the Loop
- 15 A wonderful spot to look at the stars
- 16 Delicious with or without glass
- 17 Quintessential NUComers hike
- 18 These frequently attack the Loj at meetings
- 20 Tallest mountain in the northeast...without a parking lot on top!
- 22 Unit of measurement for firewood
- 23 "P" in the P.A.S.S. acronym

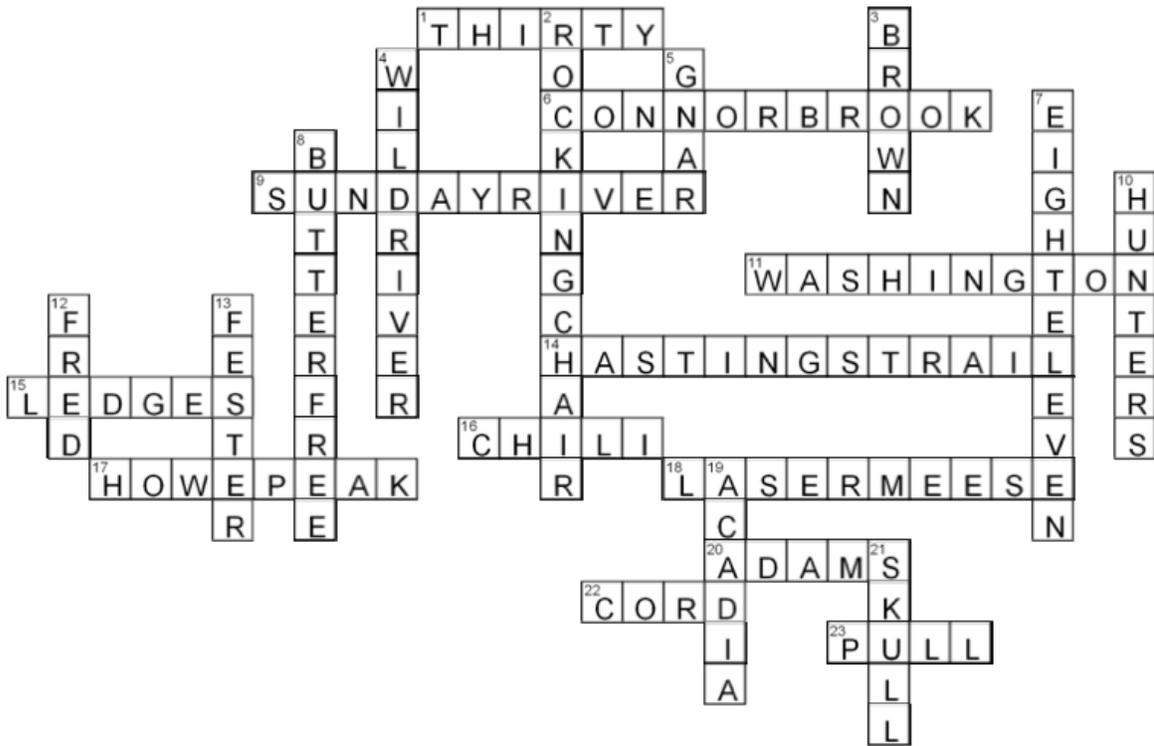
DOWN

- 2 Furtney's awesome LC Project
- 3 Last name of a pilot from NUHOC past
- 4 Body of water you walk next to for part of the Loop
- 5 Shred the "____"
- 7 The best bunkroom
- 8 What a caterpillar turns into if you were Ash Ketchum
- 10 Our neighbors
- 12 This furry little guy lives in the toolshed
- 13 Name of the Loj ghost
- 19 National Park that includes "Gorham Mountain"
- 21 Shape of the firepit

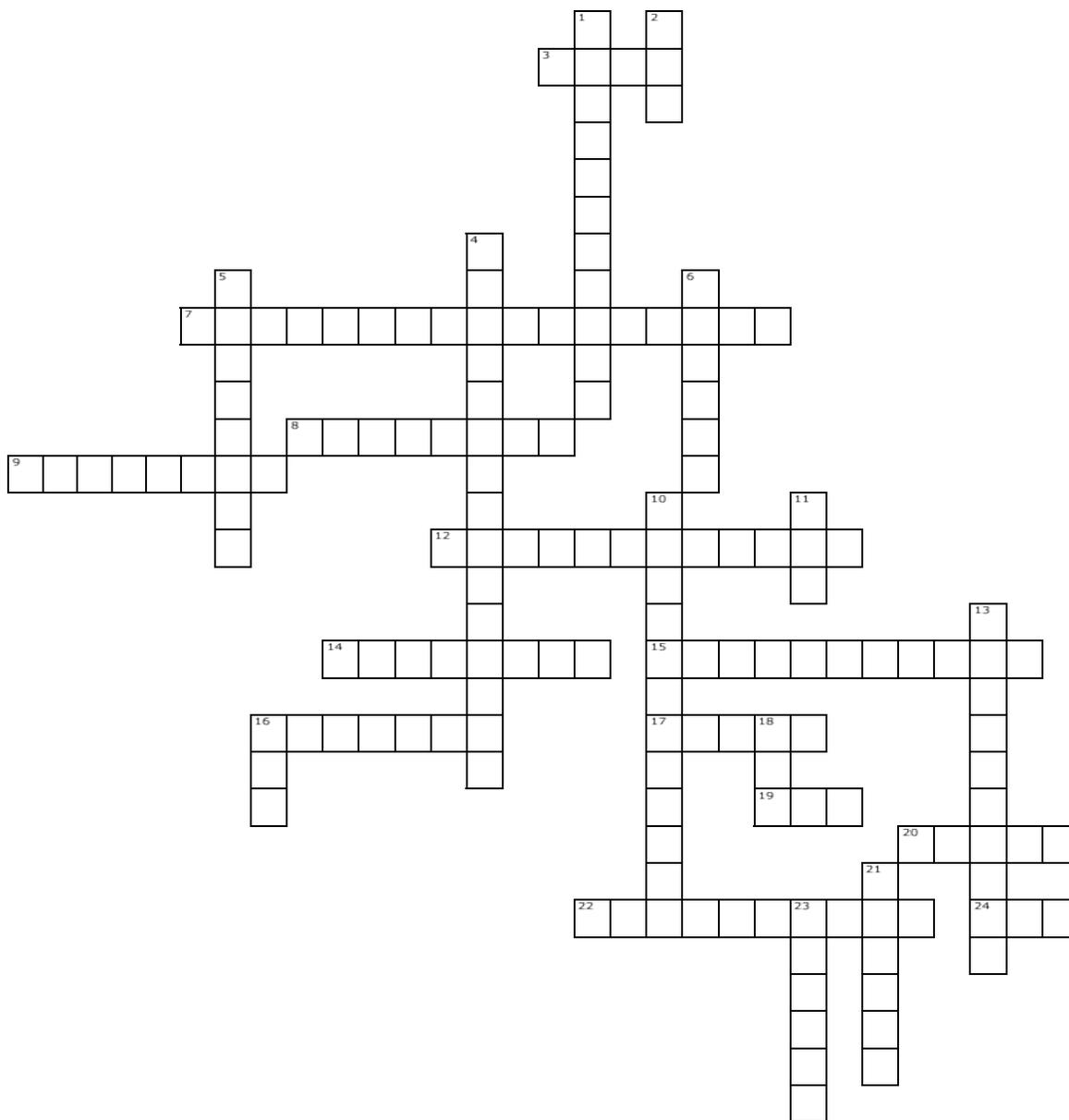
(Solution on next page)

NUHOC

Challenge the Rock



So you think you know NUHOC?



Across

- 3. Splints, tourniquets, and burritos
- 7. The original owner of our lease
- 8. Choose left or right, but never go down
- 9. The best wack in town
- 12. The only appliance at the Range
- 14. It's like skiing while sleeping
- 15. Every day's a pow day
- 16. The original location of most of the Loj (hint, it's in NH)
- 17. The shape of the fire pit
- 19. Our friends with the awesome huts
- 20. A game of skill, strength, and dead wood
- 22. This guy doesn't get a lot of mail
- 24. Pack out what you pack in

Down

- 1. Good for a swim any time of year
- 2. Male child of a ghost
- 4. The mountain on the club logo
- 5. This president graces the top of the chimney
- 6. Find a signpost in the woods, then you'll be here
- 10. Otherwise known as the sledding trail
- 11. Female child of a ghost
- 13. The most treacherous path around; starts near rocks
- 16. The head honcho of the Loj undergrads
- 18. Term for an old LC
- 21. The friendly Native American spirit
- 23. For stargazing; turn your lights out

Recipe

Crowd Pleasing Pumpkin Chocolate Chip Cookies - Alysha Griffiths

Ingredients:

2 ½ cups all-purpose flour
1 teaspoon baking soda
1 teaspoon baking powder
1 teaspoon cinnamon, or a little more
½ teaspoon nutmeg
½ teaspoon salt
1 cup white sugar
½ cup brown sugar
½ cup (1 stick) unsalted butter, softened
1 cup pumpkin puree
1 egg
2 teaspoons vanilla extract
Chocolate chips- don't add too many

Instructions:

Preheat oven to 350 and grease cookie sheets.

Cream together the butter and sugars.

Stir in the pumpkin puree, egg and vanilla extract.

Combine the dry ingredients in another bowl, and then slowly add them to the wet ingredients, mixing well.

Drop heaping amounts of dough onto the cookie sheets, leaving spaces between cookies.

Bake for about 15 minutes. They are supposed to look more cake like than crisp cookie, the edges should be brown though.



Anthony's LCT speech

On April 12, 1992, two blocks from the Haight-Ashbury in San Francisco, 25 years after the Summer of Love that defined my parents' youth, I catapulted into this world. Maybe it was because we lived so close to Yosemite, maybe it was because my parents were old hippies and missed sleeping outside, but ever since I can remember, the Sierra Nevada Mountains have been my second home. As soon as I could walk, it was off of my dad's shoulders I went. The trips eventually got longer, the mountains bigger, and I only fell deeper in love.

Then, in 2010, I was taken from this paradise, and dropped into the trying social experiment that is college. And for some time, I admittedly lost sight of what I truly enjoyed doing, and the type of people I enjoyed doing it with. I suddenly found myself surrounded by people who thought their ability to do a bunch of push-ups inside at Marino was something that made them strong.

And just when I was about to spend spring break 3000 miles from home for the third year in a row, I decided I couldn't spend it doing nothing in Boston for the third year in a row. Then, a shining light appeared – a beacon of hope – NUHOC! After going to a meeting, I spent my first weekend at the Loj among complete strangers I can now call friends. For some reason, I was amazed at the “no cell phone” rule. Could it be? Wholesome people able to interact without the crutch of “social” media? Unreal. Needless to say, I had a great time. Since then, I've been back about six times, and make it a point to go up every weekend I can (and some that I can't, too). Yolo, as they say.

I don't kid myself. I know I only have a little over a year left, and not even all of that will be spent in Boston. Still, I want to make the most of what time I have left, and for me that means going up to the Loj as much as possible, and being as involved as I can be in NUHOC in the hopes that one day, when I talk about where my home is, I can include the White Mountains as a third.



Miscellaneous Pictures

