

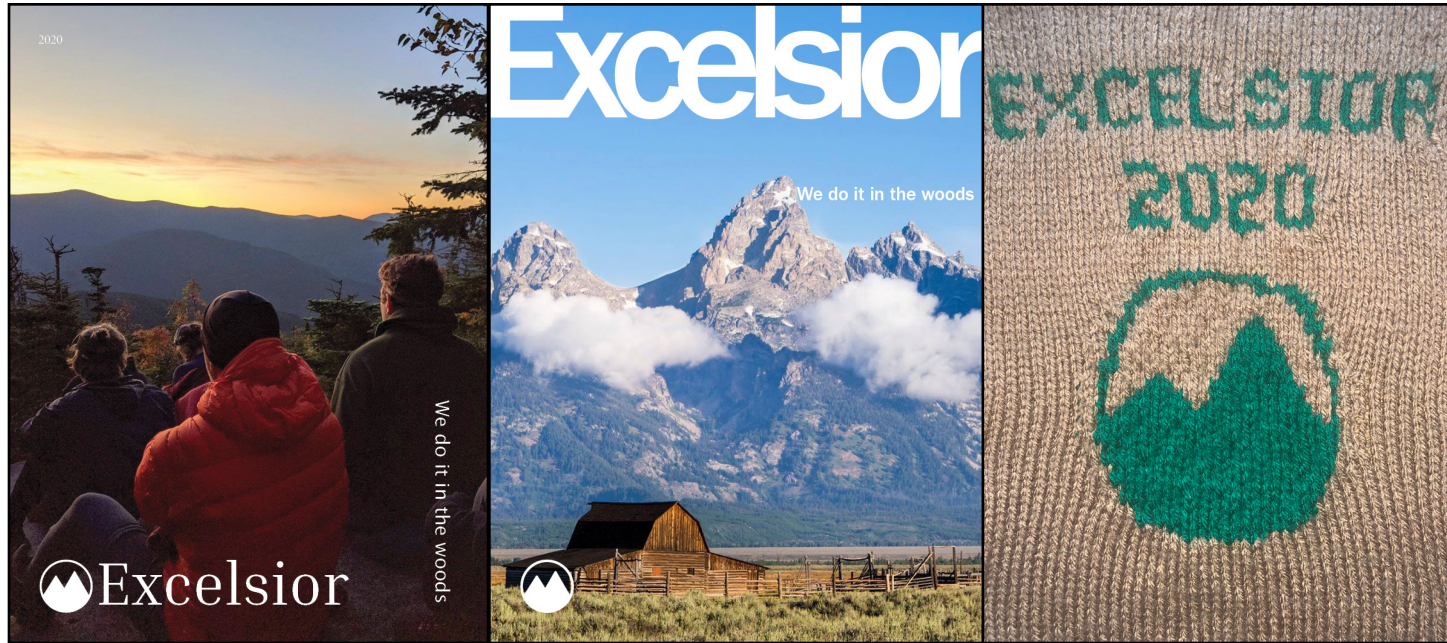


NUHOC

Excelsior

2020

Cover Design by
Angelina Han



Matt Blanco

Matt Blanco

Liz Gmoser

Thank you to all who submitted a cover design!
-The Excelsior Committee

Matt Blanco

Matt Blanco

Gabby Hernandez

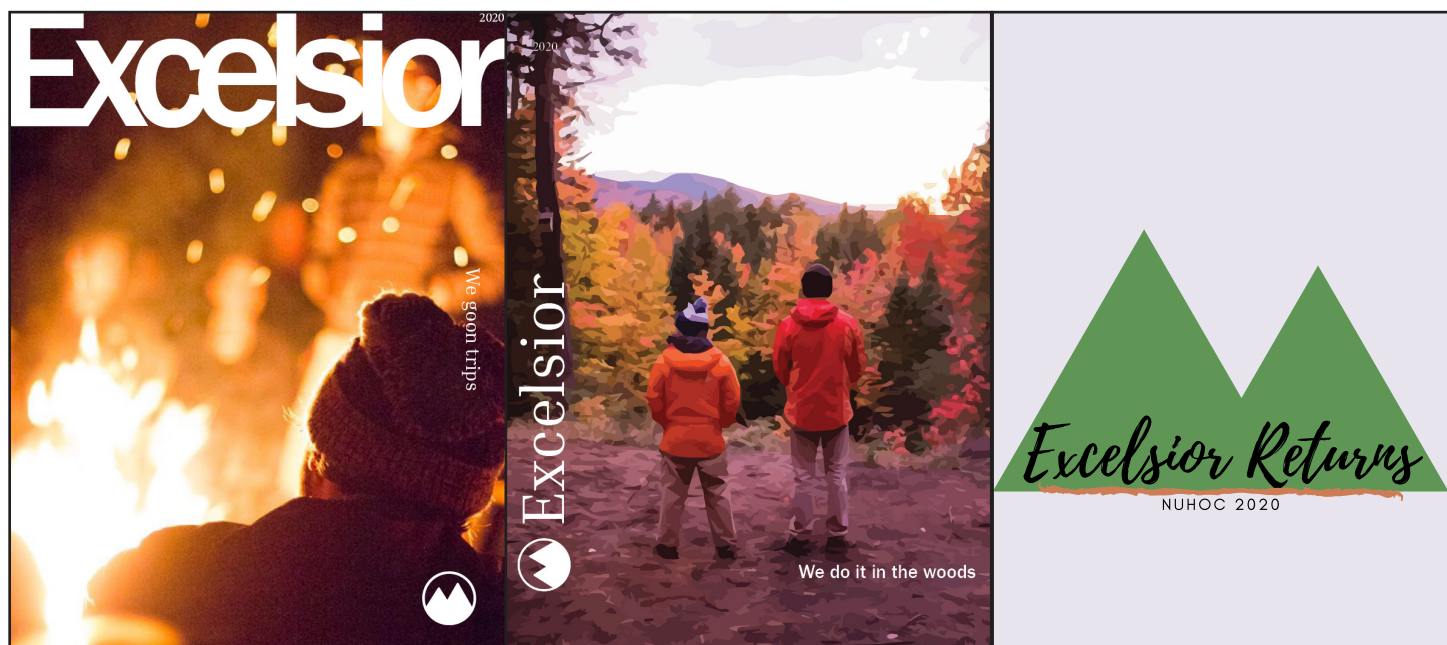


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Excelsior Committee Notes

The beautiful thing about NUHOC is that it unites a group of people that might never have met otherwise under one universal idea: love of the outdoors. Within this editorial committee and the membership of the club, we span different majors and backgrounds. As this magazine's title indicates (excelsior, originating from the Latin meaning "higher"), we aim to get higher, climbing slabs of rock, hiking in the beautiful White Mountains, and skiing across New England. We dedicate this magazine to chronicling our adventures in New Hampshire and beyond and the friendships and memories we have cultivated along the way.
 Gabby Hernandez, C/O 2023
 Loj Committee Trainee

This edition of Excelsior has been a long time in the making, which goes to show just how much time and effort was put into culminating the perfect variety of pieces, organizing and editing them, and finalizing everything into a product worthy of sharing with the NUHOC community. It represents what NUHOC is at its core - a fantastically varied group of people all united by a love of the outdoors, a desire for adventure, and a wacky sense of humor. We hope you enjoy reading it and looking through its pages again and again to spark memories of fun times and good people, and that it brings you as much joy as it brought us to put together.
 Liz Gmoser, C/O 2022
 Loj Committee Member

While I would prefer not to have a repeat global pandemic, I'm glad it gave me the time to work on Excelsior. I'm also glad that I had Excelsior to work on to keep me sane. Hope you enjoy this year's issue!
 Natalie Reeder, C/O 2022
 Loj Committee Member

An Excerpt From the Loj Diaries:

January 28 2017 - Yurt Raising!

Yurt work started at 6 a.m., making a sled run from the parking lot with supplies. We started with smoothing the circle and placing the bender board. Door openings were cut after much freaking out since we couldn't find the "magic" i-i number. Once openings were cut we placed, braced, and plumbed the doors. Lattice was put up - real fun when the wind is constantly trying to blow it down. Tension cable went on top and then we had to plumb the walls. This took FOREVER!

Once that was done, it came time to put on the compression ring and rafters. We got our tallest people (Zach Williams and Chris Rost) to hold the ring 14 feet off the floor. Next came slotting the first few supporting rafters. After much deliberation and an almost catastrophic mishap (think people and ring falling off scaffolding), we finally started getting things up. It only took us about 20 of the 51 rafters to figure out how to properly and best place them.

Snow legs went up next, calling to arms every drill and driver we had. As this went on, we began cutting blocking with 3 degree drafts. Essentially imperceptible cuts with difficult fitting of blocking sizing. Then we hung the wall insulation.

*Journaling Continued
Feb 11, 2017*

Right, so wall insulation. Zip ties are a wonderful invention that made hanging it a (fairly) quick job. All great until we realized it's about a foot out of

alignment. Oh well, that's something to fix once the walls are up, for reference of where windows go. On to the roof!

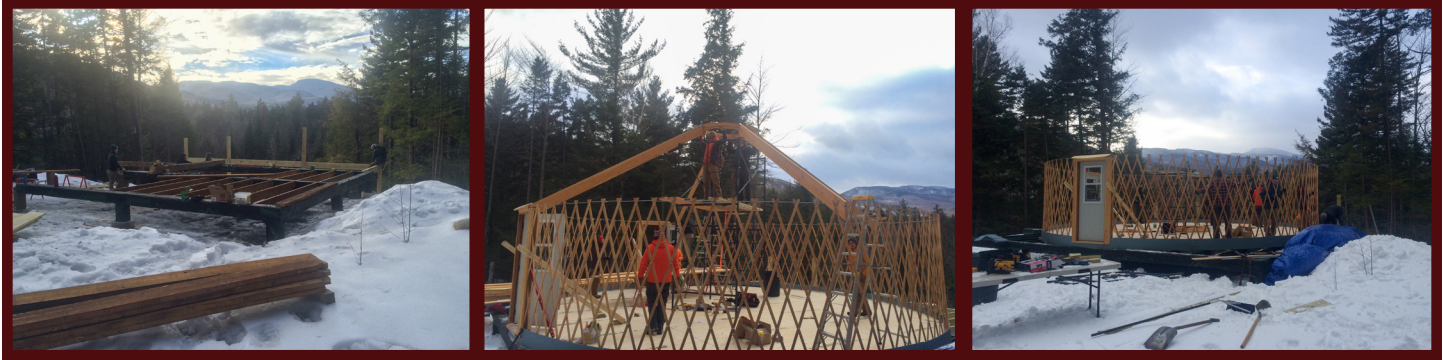
I head up the scaffolding ladder, ready to receive the roof liner. It gets passed up to me and I roll it down a rafter. We work to shimmy it open and spread it out over half the roof. At this point it is folded in half on top of itself so we pass the top layer over to the other side of the roof. Some final adjustments are made and it is tacked down.

Next comes roof insulation. The first layer of insulation is a foam material, kinda what you wrap fragile things in when sending them. So I sit atop the ring as those four quadrant shaped panels are passed up to me and then maneuvered through the ring and onto the roof. Nothing too crazy, just tedious and difficult material to staple. Next is layer two, a kinda foil-wrapped bubble-wrap looking thing. Similar idea, with four quadrant shaped pieces being passed

through the ring and onto the roof.

Quick backtrack to the first insulation. You are supposed to tape the seams where the insulation panels meet each other. This requires getting a piece of tape 15-20 feet long somehow onto the roof. Zach Flinkström came up with the idea to tie paracord through the tape roll and use that to pull it down. Mild success. We decided to tape across some seams in places if they needed it instead of down all the seams.

Okay, back to insulation part 2. Got the first piece in without too much trouble. Second piece went in fine as well. At this point, we are well into the night and working by the light of some industrial lights Dylan brought. As we finish the second panel, the generator begins to get thirsty and is winding down, so people scramble to get fuel and everything ready. Then someone calls out, "Okay. We're going to turn off the generator. It's going to get really dark." Let me tell you, going from ~48000 lumens to zero is quite the change. Almost physically jarring. There is something slightly terrifying but also oddly peaceful about sitting 15 feet in the air, on top of a yurt, in pitch darkness.



Then with a sudden commotion of the generator starting again, it's like it's daytime once again. Lights blaring, we set to work on the third panel. Just as we are finishing panel three, a huge gust of wind rips across the yurt pulling beloved panel 2 with it. General freak out as it lands on the generator and people rush to get it off. With a general sinking of hearts, we watched tens of minutes of work undone in seconds. We dutifully finish panel 3 and go back to reattach panel 2. Done with ease, we put up panel 4 next. Not much trouble, until we see there is quite the gap between panels 1 & 4. So we pull up 4 and shimmy it to close the gap. Shimmy 3 a bit to make things more snug, and finally staple the hell out of things to make sure they don't blow away. We tape across seams with some foil insulation tape and regroup to figure out putting on the roof.

The roof is a big vinyl panel, cut to the shape of the roof, folded in half and then accordion-style to a long strip, and rolled up. Same folding as the roof liner.

So put it on the same way as the roof liner, right? I wish. While the roof liner weighed 100 lbs max, the roof weighs upwards of 500 lbs. No way it can be passed up to the ring and rolled down, even though that's how it should have been done. After much deliberation and arguing, and more deliberation, we decide to unroll it in the yurt and feed it through the ring, then down the roof. Once

again, I sit atop the ring, nothing below me except scaffolding ~10 ft down - Zack W. joins atop the scaffolding ladder.

We put a foam square over the roof opening mechanism to protect the roof from tearing as we drag it over that part, and begin. Zach and I get the first bit and begin hauling it up. It takes at least six of us to slowly drag the roof up and through the ring. We finally

get to the end and look over at the other end. Fun fact: heavy, cold, vinyl does not slide on insulation. It's all bunched up, about halfway down the roof.

So, we began shaking it, hitting it, shoving it, and pulling at it with the roof rake and scaffolding cross braces and whatever we could find. We finally get it to the edge of the roof and begin to unfold it.



Yurt Word Search

The word "Yurt" appears in the word search one time...good luck finding it! Torture courtesy Katie Levitsky

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Cold vinyl also doesn't move very well and is shrunk compared to warm vinyl. So with much pain and effort and a little "helping hand" (a glove attached to the end of the snow-rake poles) we get it unfurled half-way.

Attached to the top layer is a rope that gets sent over-top the yurt to the other side. Two of us guide at the top and everyone else pulls on the rope to unfold the roof over top. Over it goes and ends up slightly misaligned so we spend another hour or so trying to shift this 500 lb tarp into place.

We finally get it into place and call it good, fixing it down with screws and staples. So we move on to the outer walls. They get held up and each are lined with lanyards that fit through grommets in the roof, and those are then daisy-chained together. We get the shorter panel on and are working through the second

when David realizes, oh boy, we're putting them on backwards. Take them down, turn them around, try to put 'em on the yurt again.

Slowly but surely these panels make it up. Then they are supposed to be screwed into the header board over the insulation. That works fine when it's warm enough to stretch over the insulation. We screw it in where possible to keep it from blowing away. At this point we finally decide to call it a night (or morning), planning to wake up around gam.

Day 1: 6 a.m. - 5 a.m.

Chris Rost, C/O 2016
Loj Committee Alumni



“Being in the mostly-finished yurt the next morning felt like the start of something new - a much more defined home for us than we'd had with the war room. Seeing it come to life made me really proud of the work that we'd done and hopefully of the opportunities that we'd open up for the club and its members.
~Spencer Aronstein”

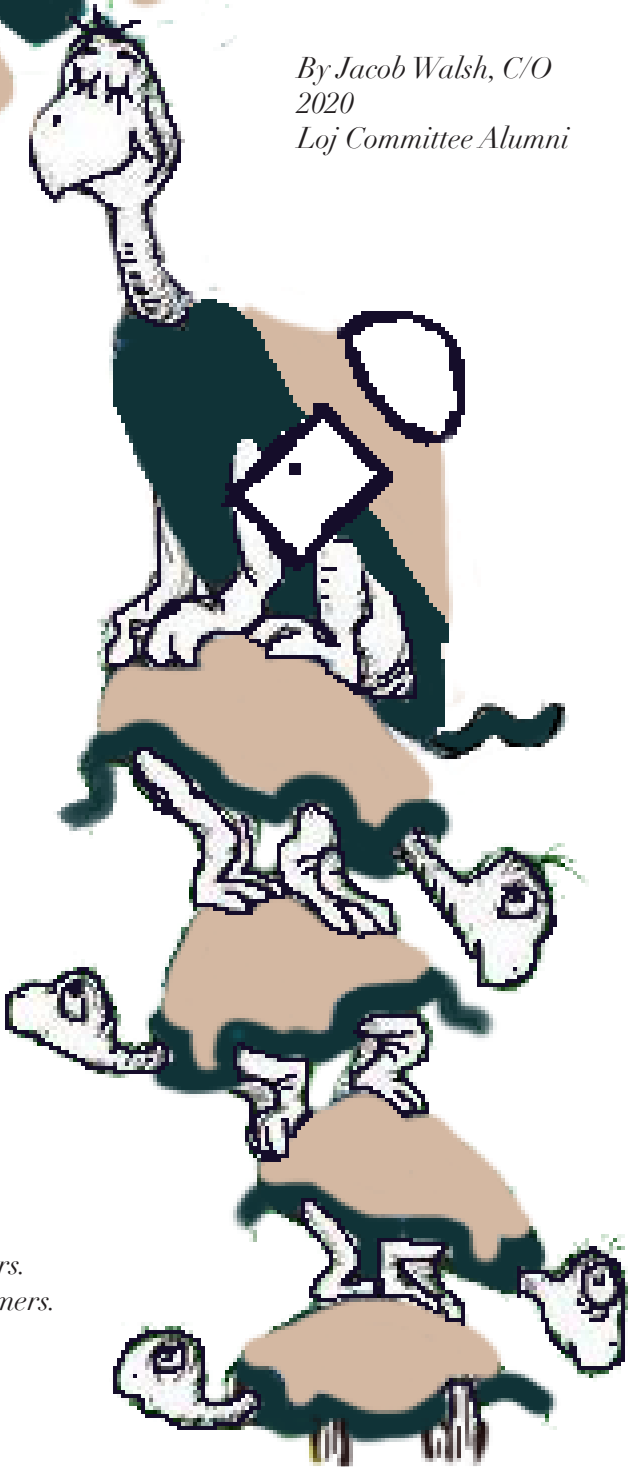


TUATLE the YUATLE

*In the far-away land of Shelburne NH,
Brown Memorial the Lodge was king of the hill.
A nice little hill.*

*It was clean. It was neat.
The water was warm. There was plenty to eat.
Brown Memorial had everything a lodge might need.
And it was all happy: Quite happy indeed.
It was... until it burnt down.
“Fuck”, said the lodge, “as it fell to the ground.
My grounds can't sleep enough people now.
That's the trouble with me.
Now just a chimney and fire,
Looking down on Shelburne Moria,
But I cannot look down on the places beyond.
These grounds are too low, but they're close to a pond.
“We should build something,” said the LCC.
“If we could sleep 30, how much greater it'd be!
Oh, what a place we could build! Oh it could be grand”
And David the LCC gave a command.
He ordered two tents, one with a platform.
One will be cold, and one will be warm.
With packs on their backs,
The club hiked up to build shacks
The war room went up right by the wood-pile.
What a wonderful tent! This will do for a while!
“It is done!” David cried. “NUHOC's new crown jewel”
The pig pen came next with the money from the school.
And for a year on the mat
In the war room we sat.
We are the Huskiers oh marvelous us
For now, we sit 13 under a roof truss
And all through the winter, we slept with temps high
Saying over and over, to our dear lodge goodbye.
All were happy, till October when the air was quite dry
But then the club had a problem, people are cold at NUcomers.
Those ding-a-lings brought bags that were built for the summers.
We need something bigger. We need something better
We need a place where people can take off their sweaters
Oh, what can we do pondered the rebuilding crew.
Working with the school sucks,*

*By Jacob Walsh, C/O
2020
Loj Committee Alumni*



Turtle the Yurtle Continued...

And the paper company won't sell us the land even for the big buck bucks.

NUHOC sat and pondered

Till near a whole year had been squandered

But then in the fall of twenty-sixteen,

A big new idea came to be seen.

We should build a yurt! A yurty yurt

On a platform above the dirt.

The club shared the idea and people were thrilled

Oh yes! A yurt was the perfect thing to build.

On Hallowork weekend the team broke the ground

Twelve holes were needed, for footers perfectly round.

The team dug and dug a few holes more than twelve,

But it ended up fine, no one was too hard on themselves.

In early January, the yurt arrived from Montana

A tad late but it was still a great gift from Santa.

A weekend was picked for the big up-the-hill move,

The time had come for the platform to improve.

A great crew was gathered, everyone and their brother,

With the help of snowmobiles, sleds, and one good old pupper.

One weekend later, the yurt went up in a hurry;

Twenty-three hours sans sleep just wasn't a worry:

Where a great Lodge stood, a great yurt now stands,

One can look out on the mountains and New Hampshire lands

Green with a brown roof, a mighty fine Yurtle,

And Jacob, being a child, cried it best be called Turtle.

There were some laughs and a scoff, and he was told to fuck off

But he didn't care

And ended up writing a story to share.

The Lodge may be gone but its spirit remains

The sun shines the brightest right after it rains

Turtle the Yurtle, oh marvelous me

King of the grounds where we go to ski

You will be of great service in these years to come,

A place to call home for both undergrad and alum

Turtle the Yurtle, oh marvelous Yurt

Yurt Yurt Yurt Yurt Yurt Yurt Yurt.

A Few Poems by Chris Rost

There was a new tent built for war

Like nothing there was before

It gets rather hot

While some sleep some cannot

Especially when those sleeping do snore.

.....

An Appreciation for Hammocks

To sleep beneath stars,

A tent is quite nice,

But nothing beats hammocking,

On warm balmy nights

An Excerpt From the Loj Diaries: April 20, 2019 - Yurt Light Installation

Part 1

Today began the first steps of installing electric lights in the yurt! We got most of the internal working done and sconces attached. Unfortunately, we could not hook up the sconces because we didn't buy junction boxes. Also, we didn't buy lightbulbs. So that's a project for a future weekend. We did get to power up Chatty Cathy (the solar panel controller) and discovered some of her fun settings!

After all our hard work during the day, we had a nice spooky walk to check out the Hunters haunted cabin at night. There was only minimal post-holing and I slightly regretted my choice of only wearing chaos to the Loj this weekend, definitely starting to feel like spring.

I would also like to note that it is my 69th time at the Loj and the date is 4/20 (suck it Meg and Katie). Any spelling errors are here because I am tired - 2 weeks to graduation and only have a little existential dread.

Goodnight,

Dan the former Van Man

Loj Committee Alumni



Messages From LCC's Past and Present



Written sometime between 2016 and 2017

To LCT's

We have spent the last year improving the Loj grounds since the fire. Although these improvements are not the final solution, they have been suiting us well while we move towards building a new lodge. I would like to thank you all for working hard to keep NUHOC and the Loj going strong in the past year and a half.

By the time construction begins, there will be a new LCC. I will get us as close as possible before I graduate, but it will be up to you all to execute. Luckily, you are one of the largest and strongest groups of LCTs that I have seen since joining NUHOC. However, as the only current undergraduate LC, I say, in the words of Louis Cassano, C/O 15, "Step the fuck up!"

David Butler, C/O 2017

Loj Committee Alumni

Son of Fester

.....

This was the year of picking up rocks. Need a job to do at the Loj? See that rock? Pick it up and move it over there. There is always another rock to move and a pile of rocks that is not big enough yet. I think this never-ending task was inspired by my first weekend at the Loj where I was handed a bucket and told to pick up nails and glass for eight hours. As much as I would love to think we spent the entire year moving rocks, plenty of other stuff happened too.

We had the official Yurt Dedication Ceremony where that thing we spent 24 hours in the middle of January building officially became the "Brown Memorial Lodge Memorial Yurt". We saw it transform from an empty room with a particle board floor and a beautiful stained glass window, to a yoga studio with a nice floor, to a home with many many more projects improving it. I never got a chance to visit the old Lodge, but I think that we have done a good job transforming the yurt into something that tries to capture the same spirit as before. The important part is the people who care so much about the place and put so much work into keeping it alive and well.

I want to thank David Butler and the rest of the LCs before me for keeping the spirit of the Loj alive and passing it on to me and others, as well as supporting me throughout my time as LCC. I want to thank everyone who picked up a rock and moved it to the rock pile when I told them to, or did any other work at the many work weekends we had, or supported the Loj in any way. The Loj is a special place and is at its best when everyone is invested in sharing the work required to keep it running. I also want to thank Bridget for taking over as LCC after me when I realized that I wasn't right for the job anymore, and to thank Nat, the current LCC, for continuing to do a great job and helping us move forward in the process of building a new Lodge. Over the past 5 years, the Loj has provided me not only with a second home, but with a second family and I hope it continues to do the same for everyone who gets a chance to visit it.

Burke Niner, C/O 2019

Loj Committee Alumni

Son of Fester





Chapter 47 of the Loj: June 2018 - May 2019

The Loj is a cool spot because it's built and run by us. But sometimes we're not the best construction workers and the footers of our deck end up in a zig-zag instead of a straight line. Luckily, shims fix everything and add lots of character. During our 2018 spring work weekend, with the help of many alumni, we created a temporary support wall under the back deck, cut through all the joists, jacked the whole deck up, pulled the posts into a straight line, and shimmed everything into place. Nothing quite like the thrill of cutting through all your supporting structure! Would recommend experiencing no more than once.

The Pig Pen was retired in June 2018. It will always be remembered as the best place to spend a cold night sleeping on a cot or the best place to send people who snore to sleep on a cot. It stored many a cooler and many a junk, and if you were looking for anything at all, it was sure to be in there under a pile of other things. The Pig Pen was truly an underdog that outlived many people's expectations. Rest in peace.

The yurt got lights! We installed solar lights in the spring of 2019. They make a really cozy glow for long winter nights. Every little improvement seems to make the place feel even more like home.

We continued to work towards rebuilding. We decided to take a new path forward and have our incredible alumni group begin to organize themselves to take over the management of the Loj grounds. There is still a long way to go, but I've seen insane perseverance and commitment from this club, and I know that won't falter for a second.

Meg Dalrymple, Zach Flinkström, Zach Williams, Nat Talbot, Maggie Gordon, Erin Wheeler, Erika Pszota, and Jon Cardoso all became LC's this year (2019)! All of these amazing people are what make the Loj possible. We may go there for the mountains, but we definitely stay for the people! I'm so happy to be able to leave the Loj in so many good hands.

I am grateful to have been a part of this chapter of the Loj, and I can't wait for the many more to come.

Cheers,
Bridget Jenal, C/O 2019
Loj Committee Alumni
Daughter of Fester

A Note From the LCC

It's evening I'm sitting by the fire alone, waiting for the rest of the group to arrive. It's sunset, only around 8 p.m., so they won't be here for a while. The only sounds are the calls of the birds, the crackling of the pine branches in the fire, and the gentle roar of Connor Brook in the distance.

It's been several years since our last Excelsior, and much has changed on the acre of land in Shelburne that so many of us call our second home. All that remains of the structure built by hand in 1971 is a stone chimney, a burnt sign in the yurt, and thousands of photos, stories, and memories. But for the past four and a half years, we've continued our determination to rebuild. We've built a yurt, where each weekend dozens of students and alumni, new and old, can come up and appreciate the wilderness we are lucky to be around. We are moving forward by working to renew our lease under an alumni organization, allowing us to plan on building in the future.

We may not have our beloved building one that I never had the opportunity to see, as it was already just a cleared spot of land staked out for new footings when I became involved but we have the same spirit. NUComers in the fall still inspires boundless stoke as the leaves change. We still find many new friends each year through a shared love of the mountains, skiing at Sunday River, or hiking Howe Peak. The spirit of the Loj lives on, and soon we may see the building of a new Lodge.

The truth is, the only things that are really permanent to us in Shelburne are those mountains. As seasons change, trees fall and are bucked and split into firewood. Snow falls, we ski on it, and it melts. The people change too, they eventually graduate, and move away, across the country or across the world. New members join, and older members come up less frequently. And sadly, we found out almost five years ago that the building, too, was ephemeral.

But the memories are not. There is still the sense of wonder one gets when looking into a clear starry sky during a midnight run to the outhouse. There is still the comforting feeling walking up the Wild Willey Trail, and seeing the glow of the fire, seeing friends, old and new, welcoming you back. There is still the feeling of waking up to fresh snow, and the feeling of melancholy while closing up the Loj on a Sunday morning.

The Brown Memorial Lodge may be no longer, but the Loj that we know and love lives on. And with it, we will continue to build.

With love,
Nat Talbot, C/O 2021
Loj Committee Chair



New Lodge Committee Members Since Excelsior 2015

2020	Natalie Reeder Liz Gmoser	2018, cont.	Jacob Walsh Katie Levitsky Daniel Waxman-Lenz
2019	Dylan Epstein Mac Guthrie Jonathan Cardoso, Erika Pszota Erin Wheeler Maggie Gordon Nat Talbot, Current LCC	2017	Nick Deporzio Burke Niner, LCC 2017-2018 Julia Thoreson
		2016	Chris Rost Steve Varni Ben Beckvold Sam Levin
2018	Zach Williams Zach Flinkstrom Meg Dalrymple Bridget Jenal, LCC 2018-2019 Spencer Aronstein	2015	Keiji Hammond Zach Shaw Nick D'Amore Theja Putta, LCC summer 2015 (BOF)

I never imagined when designing the kitchen shelter, what became known as the kitchen shack, that it would be used as a kitchen for this long. In my naiveté, I believed we would only need it to get us through the winter of 2017-2018. Now, almost two years later, it is still in use and even received a renovation in August 2019.

The idea for the kitchen shelter was born out of the trials of cooking outside the previous winter. No one needs to experience the race to get a dozen scrambled eggs in the pan before they freeze in the mixing bowl. Or cooking dinner by the light of a headlamp alone, outside the War Room, because no one else wants to stand out in the cold with you. The kitchen shack has done an amazing job solving these problems. I'll admit that it has done so in a somewhat grimy and often smoky fashion, but you are never cold in there once you start cooking.

could give me. The best feature of this door was that the owner lost its key. He promised that if the key was ever found, he'd give me a call. I never heard back from him so I guess he never found it. To work around this, we put the door in backward so that there was no chance of the kitchen getting locked from the outside. This meant that when the door was first installed, the kitchen made an amazing timeout box because it was incredibly easy to lock people in. Of course, the weekend after that, the door lock was intentionally broken and a padlock we actually had the key to was installed.

The other amazing design feature of the shack (that is still in use) is my afterthought attempt at ventilation. I realized after building it that there was not a good way to let the smoke from cooking out of the shack. My solution to this was an eight-inch square

The Kitchen Shack Saga

By Daniel Warman-Lenz, C/O 2019
Loj Committee Alumni



Daniel Warman-Lenz with the original kitchen shack, constructed Fall 2017



Natalie Reeder with the kitchen shack extension, constructed Summer 2019

Building the kitchen shack was a true NUHOC construction project: planned out in about two hours and built in two weekends with a good portion of the material coming from scraps found around the Loj. The total build was just under \$500 (about the same cost as our amazing bat mansion).

My favorite memory of the build was getting the door. I originally planned the door to be just a piece of plywood with some hinges on it, but that was deemed too janky. Instead, I was tasked with finding a real door. I found a Craigslist ad for a guy selling his old front door for \$75. So, one Saturday in October, I took the Northeastern van and drove to this guy's house located a bit south of Conway. I, of course, got lost finding the place, and I had to call the seller to get better directions than Google Maps

hole in the top corner of the wall by the burners. I even put in the effort to make a string to open and close a flap over the hole. If you get it steamy enough in there, it does give a nice appearance of letting steam out of the hole. At best though, the opening acts as a placebo to convince people that smoke is being vented from the kitchen.

I can only imagine what the kitchen shack will become after its recent addition, which doubled its size and included a real oven installation. Maybe one day someone will get around to staining it water's edge blue as I intended to. It only took a year and a half to install the linoleum tiles I bought with the original construction material. I only hope to be there when it is finally retired and torn down, but I have a feeling that might not be happening any time soon.

2020 Map of the Loj Grounds

Graphic by Ciana Winston
@cianawinston on Instagram



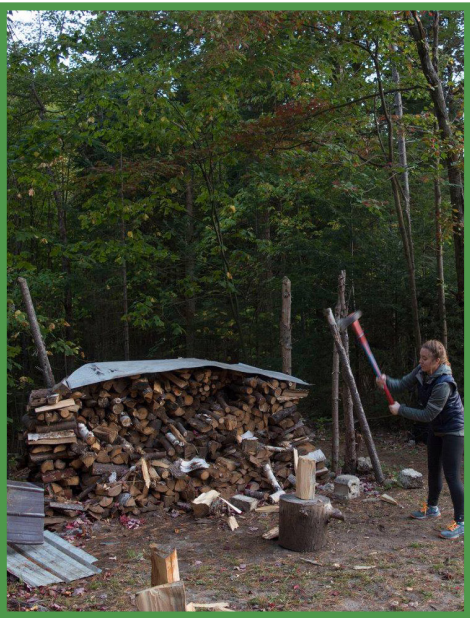
Ladies' Weekend 2018

Ladies' Weekend this year had a different vibe than last year. Last year felt like validation, like a statement, like a rebellion. This year felt like I hope all Ladies' Weekends in the future will feel: uplifting, energetic, and welcoming. For a bit of context, the original Ladies' Weekend was a bit of a fight there was a sentiment that it was not necessary. However, there was often a male-focused energy in the club, with women feeling brushed aside and under-valued. Based on how many dope women have already stuck around from last year's event, I can confidently say it was necessary. More importantly, however, it was and continues to be successful. We're giving a space for women to feel empowered in the outdoors, and in NUHOC, and for them to ask questions they wouldn't normally feel comfortable asking. We've made a weekend where women, new and old, can feel connected to this community, experience positive leadership, and see examples of success within the club and the outdoors. Last year's event had a single female LC present, Julia Thorsten. This year had 4, one of whom, Bridget Jenal, was LCC (the first female LCC in like 20 years). There were plenty of LCTs, new and old, alumni, and some new faces who I sincerely hope continue to come around.

We had a ton of amazing adventures: climbing and hiking Blueberry Mountain, Carter, Moriah, and even Washington (with Jackie Birnbaum summiting in shorts). When people returned, a few women picked up axes and mauls and began to practice their swings. People who had never picked up a maul before successfully split logs and lots of people tried their hands at using a chainsaw. We did some cleaning and inventory for NUComers the next weekend, which I like to believe makes people feel connected to the club as they have an impact on the next weekend. Sitting back, I watched an amazing group of women making new connections, teaching, learning, and finding a community. At the end of the night, we ate some good food, cooked by the wonderful Liz Gmoser (celebrating her 1-year NUHOC anniversary from last year's Ladies Weekend), and built some incredibly shoddy chocolate gingerbread houses, which ended up looking more decrepit than festive. Wine was swapped and stories were shared. A good time was had by all.

What makes me the happiest, however, is that this weekend felt like any other at the Loj. It no longer felt like something we needed to do, but something we wanted to have. I'm so happy to see this group of women form, supporting and encouraging each other. I really hope I can see this tradition continue for a long time to come with people like Liz and Natalie Reeder celebrating their 15th NUHOC anniversaries with women on their first trip ever to the Loj.

*Katie Levitsky, C/O 2018
Loj Committee Alumni*



The Best Community I Have Ever Been a Part of

For my 2020 Dialogue of Civilizations application I had to answer the question: "What is the best community you have ever been a part of?" This is what I wrote.

It is hard to appreciate what you are missing until you experience it. If I had never traveled outside of my hometown, I wouldn't appreciate the excitement of discovery and the breathtaking beauty of canyons, waterfalls, hot springs, and more. If I had never tasted ice cream, I wouldn't realize that it is the key to a content life. If I had never found NUHOC, I wouldn't know what it feels like to be accepted for myself.

On the surface, the Northeastern Huskies and Outing Club is just that. We are an outdoor club that is passionate about doing things outdoors including hiking, skiing, climbing, etc. Growing up, my family took every opportunity to visit national parks, so, when I came to college, NUHOC seemed like the club for me. Since joining, being a part of NUHOC has become so much more than an opportunity to escape light pollution and guiltlessly push the limits of my s'more consumption. Some things haven't changed. I still love hiking. I'm still awestruck by the stars on a cloudless night in New Hampshire and the crazy hues of trees in peak foliage, and I'm glad those are constants in my life.

While I never want those things to change, some things have. I have become an avid climber after being peer pressured into facing my fear of heights. I can take apart a chainsaw and tell you in detail about the functioning of various parts (and put the chainsaw back together afterward!). I am also comfortable talking about mental health in front of people. I'm not flooded with embarrassment when I have to make L's with my fingers to figure out my left and right or when I trip on a flat surface and face plant. My love of hiking and nature is just as much a part of my identity, as is my clumsiness, hopelessness with directions, and anxiety. NUHOC is the best community I have ever been a part of because it's a community where I can not only do what I love, but do it while being the flawed, human version of myself, instead of trying to be a social-media-ready, "normal" imitation of myself. NUHOC is the best community I have ever been a part of because it challenges me to grow and learn every day. The people in it make me laugh, are kind, and help me feel like I belong. I've never had all of those things in a community before, and now that I have them, I can never go back. Just like trying to stop eating ice cream every day, my life without NUHOC would be much less sweet.

*Natalie Reeder, C/O 2022
Loj Committee Member*



The Dusty Eclipse

I flew out with Burke to Washington to meet up with Zach Shaw, a NUHOC alum now living out there. Our plan was to hike Borah peak, the tallest peak in Idaho to watch the solar eclipse as it was in the path of totality. Burke and I explored Seattle one day, walking all over the city and then went on a short hike to Lake Serene. It was a beautiful lake, we hung out, swam a little, and picked a ton of blackberries waiting for Zach to pick us up.

We started the drive to Idaho while passing through Montana, we saw deep clouds of smoke from the wildfires. It was super hazy and smelled terrible. We camped in Montana that night.

Continuing on the next day, we got to the campsite in Idaho in the afternoon. It was so hot and dry and dusty! We ate some food then went and explored the area. We drove around and found a river to swim/pseudo-bathe in and then headed back to camp to get some sleep.

We woke up at 4:00 a.m. to break camp and start our ascent. It was around 4 miles to reach the peak but over 5,300 feet of elevation gain. We started up the trail with a long day ahead of us. We started our day so early that people were saying ‘good morning’ to us for the first six hours of the hike, which we thought was funny. We got above tree line to a main landing where some rangers were. They were on the mountain because it was going to be a much higher traffic day due to so many people trying to see the eclipse.

Eventually, we got to ‘Chicken Out Ridge,’ a knife-edge that is a common turn-back point. We scrambled across and reached a 20 foot downclimb that was an even more unnerving undertaking. We had to reach blindly for some footholds under a small roof.

At the base of the downclimb was a snow bridge that remains there for most of the year. We brought microspikes along solely for this 100 feet of snow. Due to the heavy foot traffic from eclipse-seekers, the crossing was worn in and safe, so we didn’t even need our spikes.

From the snow bridge we faced a steady climb to a saddle that was around 1,000 feet below the summit. There were some good patches of snow and lots of people hanging out to watch the eclipse. We began up the final push and started feeling the altitude more. We were moving slowly and struggling for air. We considered turning around to watch the eclipse from the saddle since it was about to start, but we decided to push for the top and stop wherever we were on the trail if the eclipse began before we made it.

The last few hundred feet were a struggle. We had just settled into a rhythm - a few breaths, a few steps, repeat. We made it to a flat spot just beneath the summit a few minutes before the eclipse. We decided to watch from there since the summit was super crowded. We could see the dry landscape stretching out for miles in one direction and mountains surrounding us on all of the other sides. We watched a small plane fly by, no higher than we were. Then the eclipse began and we hunkered down for the show. It was wild, watching a great shadow fall across the landscape, moving like a wave crashing onto the shore. Then we were enveloped in darkness and donned our eclipse glasses. Totality was one of the most incredible natural phenomena I have ever seen. Where the sun had been, there was a pitch black circle, surrounded by a shining halo of silver light. It was as if night had been compressed

from hours into minutes; a truly incredible experience. After the eclipse ended we made our way to the top of the peak. A wonderful 360 degree view greeted us and we drank it in. We signed in to the log at the top, spent a few minutes enjoying it all, then began our descent.

“ We could see the dry landscape stretching out for miles in one direction and mountains surrounding us on all of the other sides. We watched a small plane fly by, no higher than we were. Then the eclipse began and we hunkered down for the show. It was wild, watching a great shadow fall across the landscape, moving across like a wave crashing onto the shore. ”

We caught our breath at the saddle and had a chance to enjoy the spot since we were no longer on a time crunch. We continued the arduous, dry descent, moving slowly due to rocky footing, the steep slope, and all the energy we expended getting to the peak. We finally made it down to the car, dropped our packs, and soaked our feet in a nearby stream. We didn’t linger since we needed to head back, so we loaded up the car and headed out. We got to a campsite late that night, and as we were making dinner and setting up tents, a train passed by, loud and very visible. Apparently, there were tracks right next to the campsite, something we didn’t notice when we got there in the dark.

As we were going to bed, I made a joke that another train might come by in the morning to help us make our 7 a.m. wake-up time. I woke up right before my alarm and heard a low rumbling. Ironically on time, a train came blaring through - 7a.m. on the dot. We blearily packed up and ate, hitting the road to get back to Washington, full of awe at the incredible adventure we just finished.

*Chris Rost, C/O 2016
Loj Committee Alumni*



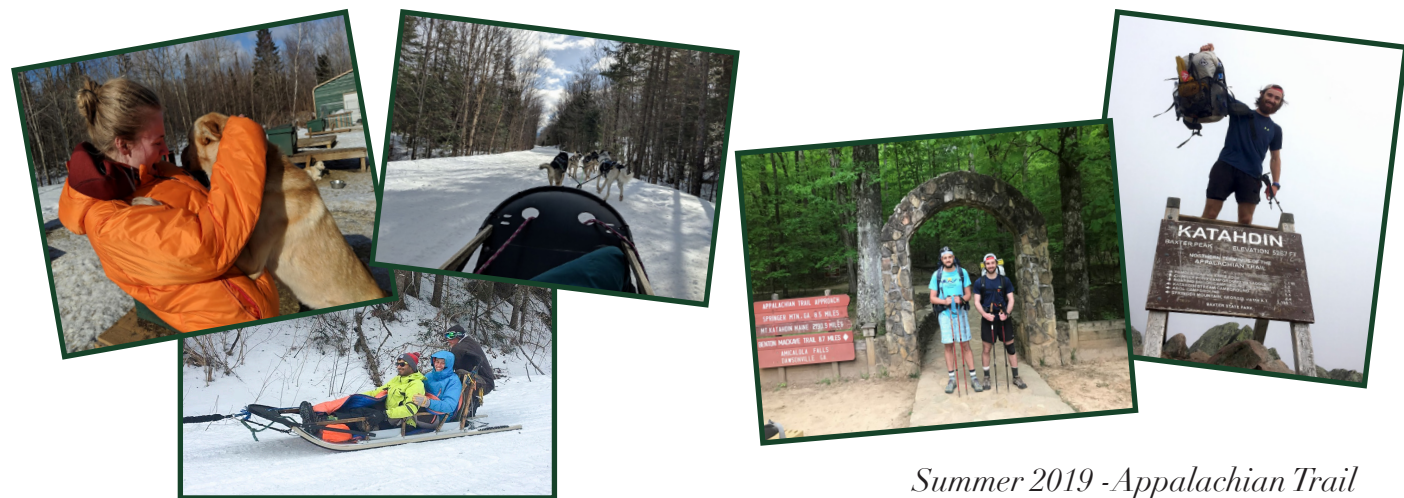
An Excerpt From the Loj Diaries: July 4, 2019

Have you ever seen a little kid building a fort? They find some alcove, some secluded spot to convert, and then work in a frenzy. They steal their brother’s blankets and their parent’s tools. They design and decorate until they have created an escape: a manifestation of their imagination, a home that functions as a sanctuary. They welcome their friends, proud of what they made; they flee to their spot when the world of grown-ups becomes too much. This is the loj.

Built by kids-at-heart (who certainly don’t feel ready to be adults). Our own oasis, a Neverland from a world that is at times too much, and moves too fast. A place to rest your soul, to laugh, to do dumb shenanigans with old friends and new strangers. People wonder why we work so hard, why we devote so much time and energy to a spot in the middle of the woods. Why such heart and soul goes into this place. I think it’s because you can feel the heart and soul left by every person before us, all the way back to those who built the Lodge. Much has changed, but what has not we are kids who have gone off and found a spot to build ourselves a home.

*Mac Guthrie, C/O 2022
Loj Committee Member*

Thank You Trip Grants! These are the trips NUHOC club members have run in the past two years thanks to the generous funds and support of the Trip Grants Committee



Winter 2019 - Dog Sledding run by Avery Cluff

Summer 2019 -Appalachian Trail Thru-Hike done by Will Peterson



Summer 2019 - Flying in the White Mountains run by Jackson Lynch and Nick DePorzio

Fall 2019 - Bikepacking the Grand Staircase Loop done by Mike Nelson



Winter 2020 - Winter Backpacking to Zealand Hut run by Natalie Reeder and Ian Carver

Winter 2020- Cross-Country Ski Chocolate Festival in Jackson, NH run by Natalie Reeder

XC Ski Chocolate Festival

My favorite part of going on NUHOC trips is eating a shit ton of Little Debbie's snacks and not feeling bad about it because calories don't count if you're hiking. Recently, thanks to some help from Trip Grants, I got to try cross country skiing for the first time in Intervale, NH, and eat a lot of chocolate.

I first found out about the annual Cross-Country Ski Chocolate festival in July at the NH state liquor store looking at brochures with my mom. From that moment, I knew I would do whatever it took to be a participant in just about the best idea I had ever heard of. Luckily, planning didn't actually take much effort. I got people to sign up beforehand so I could have numbers for Trip Grants. About 20 NUHOCers signed up, with a few more joining the day of. We had a very early start Sunday morning — we got up at 6 am and managed to close the loj by like 7:30, not a small feat, in order to pick up our rentals before the start of the festival.

We headed to the town of Jackson to pick them up and even had time to stop and get coffee across the street at a shop that — though I may raise some eyebrows for saying it — rivaled White Mountain.

We started off on the trails at around 10 a.m. to make it to the first stop when it opened at 11 a.m. The first trail we went on started with a downhill. If you have never cross country skied before, hills are not easy. The skis are a lot thinner than normal downhill skis so pizza-ing doesn't really work to slow down. Needless to say, I, and the rest of our group, did a spectacular job falling down the hill. After about an hour of skiing in great weather — most of us weren't even wearing puffys — we arrived at the first stop where we had a choice between bags of malted milk balls, chocolate covered pretzels, chocolate covered almonds, and more. I guess the chocolate was in bags so you could take it to go if you couldn't eat it all, but I didn't need to worry about that.

Our next stop was a bit closer, about 10 minutes away. We took a moment to practice going downhill and some people wiped out spectacularly. We also had to cross the train tracks for the Conway Scenic Railroad and that was stressful because it was slower than walking and I didn't want to get hit by a train.

At the second stop, we had brownie sundaes with ice cream and fresh hot fudge. I had two servings but passed on the hot chocolate. I didn't want to overdo it, after all.

The next stop was just across the street, so we didn't ski to it — we just walked in our fancy shoes. Cross country ski shoes are amazing. They are water-

proof and fleece-lined and sort of cute in a bowling shoe way. If you have only been downhill skiing, you are really missing out on this much more comfortable version of the sport.

The next stop had AN ENTIRE TABLE of goodies to snack on including buckeyes (this treat with peanut butter and chocolate from Ohio), chocolate covered pretzels, chocolate waffles, and chocolate chocolate. After this stop, we decided to take the school bus shuttle to the next one because we were tired and most of us eventually needed to get back to Boston to do homework.

While waiting for the bus, we practiced doing hand-stands and making face impressions in the snow. The latter is accomplished by shoving your face in the snow. The bus dropped us off at the Adventure Suites. I didn't really like their sweets, but they had chocolate martinis! I was the first person to get to the bar (as a newly minted 21-year-old, I am now a drink ordering pro) and got a jello shot with a chocolate-covered cherry. It was less jello and more alcohol. I've only had one other jello shot in my life, at Katie's Halloween party two years ago, and I would say this one was comparatively better. Mostly because it had chocolate.

When everyone else got to the bar, after walking through all of the adventure suite rooms, which are themed and worth a look, we got our martinis. They were also rather strong. We went outside to enjoy our drinks and realized the backyard was a huge hill with sleds! What a great way to take a break from skiing!

After spending a good bit of time sledding and trying to build jumps to go over on skis, we headed over to the last stop we were going to go to. It was just across the road but at the top of a HUGE hill. I chose to walk up instead of trying to do it on my skis. We had to wait in line for a while because they were doing a sit-down style event, but I think it was worth the wait. We got a pot of fresh chocolate fondue with things to dip in it. The ratio was way off, so I had to start eating the fondue with my fingers. After that, I had a really bad stomach ache. We headed back to Jackson to drop off our skis and then I remembered to eat food that wasn't chocolate, something I hadn't done since my shitty breakfast bagel that morning.

Heading back to Boston, I was really tired, and my hip flexors were a little sore, and I was sort of sad that we missed out on two stops due to timing, group sentiment, and the excessive amounts of chocolate already consumed. But all in all, it was a great day and I fully expect to make this an annual tradition.

Natalie Reeder, C/O 2022
Loj Committee Member



NUHOC INVITES YOU TO THE
Annual-ish Formal Hike
WHEN • SUMMER
WHERE • A MOUNTAIN SUMMIT
ATTIRE • FORMAL (CHACOS ACCEPTABLE)

TRANSPORTATION NOT INCLUDED
BATHROOMS NOT AVAILABLE

Formal Hike 2019

Hikers clad in prom dresses, suit jackets, ties, and hiking boots. A group carrying water, sunscreen, champagne flutes, a three-course meal, and table cloths. Where were they headed? Three miles up the rocky slope of a 4,000 footer, of course!

The seven of us, laughing the whole way, hiked up Mt. Jefferson for NUHOC's annual Formal Hike. Our crew was not quite as epic as the original group — they brought up a full table and chairs

I have no idea how they did that. Even without a table and chairs, we had a blast!

Many people asked if anyone in our group was getting married, and although I am ordained in the Church of the Flying Spaghetti Monster, and the Universal Church of Bacon, I regrettably could not convince any pairs in the group to tie the knot. We had our luncheon at the summit, complete with champagne, wine, cheese and charcuterie board, roast chicken, and ladyfinger cookies. We all agreed Issac was inexcusably underdressed and made him act as our waiter, fiddler, and general bitch boy. His lovely fiddle playing added some ambiance to our meal.

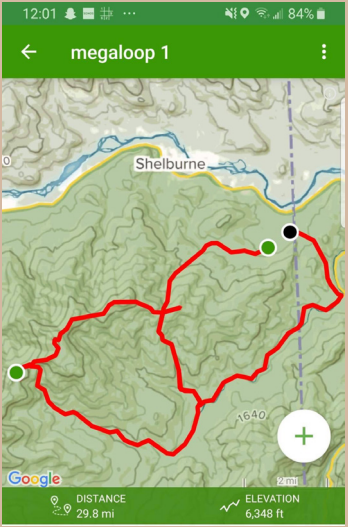
As we ate and drank on top of a mountain, I felt a mischievous joy in being utterly ridiculous and absurd for absurdity's sake. I can't wait for another formal hike next year — hopefully, I can

find people to let me marry them next time!

*Mac Guthrie, C/O 2022
Loj Committee
Member*



MegaLoop: A Song



The MegaLoop path includes the Loop around the Loj with some bonus hiking to Mount Moriah



Over the river and through the woods,
Around the MegaLoop we go.
The sun was so bright, spreading its
light,
On the two crazy hikers below.

Over the river and through the woods,
Down Denise's Trail we began.
Right from the start, we had to take
heart,
But the day would not go as we
planned.

Over the river and through the woods,
Fighting the bugs were we.
Then right on the tail of the great
Shelburne Trail,
Was when I got stung by a bee.

Over the river and through the woods,
Both the slope and temperature rose.
You can be betting, we both were quite
sweating, But that's just how back-
packing goes.

Over the river and through the woods,
Across the Wild River we hopped.
But to our dismay, the trail eroded
away,
And all of our progress was stopped.

Over the river and through the woods,
Bushwhacking all the way.
We got turned around, slipped on the
wet ground, But eventually found the
right way.

Over the river and through the woods,
Towards Mount Moriah we trekked.
We were making good time, as we got
towards lunchtime,
But we didn't know what to expect.

Over the river and through the woods,
It definitely came as a shock.
When say what you will, but there on
the hill,
I smashed my face on a rock.

Over the river and through the woods,
Head wounds, in fact, bleed a ton.
It was going so well, until I slipped
and fell,
And brought a quick halt on the fun.

Over the river and through the woods,
All of those plants got a bath.
The trail was so muddy, and now it
was bloody,
Quite a gross aftermath.

Over the river and through the woods,
My head hurt less than my pride.
We found a campground, with some
people around,
Who were willing to give us a ride.

Over the river and through the woods,
Upon those nice folks we imposed.
But as we got on Route 2, we knew
we'd get to
White Mountain before they closed.

Over the river and through the woods,
To Memorial Hospital we sped.
The cut had stopped bleeding, but we
were still speeding,
To get that damn gauze off my head.

Over the river and through the woods,
that weekend turned into a mess.
But that didn't daunt us, the trail
seemed to taunt us,
We'd come back for later success.

*Liz Gmoser, C/O 2022
Loj Committee Member*

Weekend Names

1/12/19 It's 69° somewhere

1/10/20 Rippin' goers and stoppers

3/15/19 Beef strokin' old

10/12/18 THE DISTRIBUTION OF
PREFERRED POOP TIME IS BIMODAL

3/1/19 THE STEAM
BEAN FIASCO

9/13/19 My anaconda don't want
none unless you got black holes hun

12/13/19 The Gorham townies and the
curious case of the missing sign

7/13/18 Can you achieve penetration with a paper funnel?

Coming Back to NUHOC, Again

A letter from Editwhore Schwindingo

In 2017, I left Northeastern University and, by extension, NUHOC. That spring I was supposed to attend every club meeting as part of a behavioral contract with my parents that utterly failed in its efforts to improve my schoolwork and curb my alcoholism. After the semester was over, I went home to sort out my new diagnoses for depression and adult ADD.

I didn't know whether I would return to Northeastern.

I did know that I had to find my way back to NUHOC.

I fell in love with the club at the first meeting of my freshman year, in 2015. The Loj was newly lodge-less, and while many were still mourning its loss, we had work to do. After NUComers and Hallowork that fall, I knew I wanted to give everything (and a new maul!) to NUHOC.

I then proceeded to not show up for a year.

In 2017 when I "came back" the first time, the yurt was on its way to being constructed, and many of the faces that were familiar to me were gone. I sat in the back and kept to myself: the most interaction I had with anyone else in NUHOC was the occasional conversation with Chris and an uninspired attempt to mime a brussel sprout. That last incident, which was part of Jacob's Not Alliterative Slightly Related To Weather Activity--Veggie Off (JNASTRWAVO), is my last memory of NUHOC before I came back. As my mental health worsened throughout the semester, I stopped attending classes. Since Chris was in one of those classes, and I was embarrassed, I also stopped coming to meetings.

Flash forward 18 months and I'm in Erika's car, talking to her, Chris, and Natalie about our top ten favorite fruits. Somewhere between all of us shitting on honeydew (which I've recently done a 180 on) and somebody saying they eat tomatoes like apples, I remembered a huge part of why I fell in love with

NUHOC in the first place. It's not the hiking, skiing, or the Loj that makes NUHOC the best club on campus—it's the people.

Like I said, many of the faces that were familiar to me—Mallory, Mitch, Lou, Leah, and Zach Shaw, to name a few—have long since stopped coming to meetings. Several familiar faces remain: Theja, Spencer, and Chris hadn't changed a bit while I was gone. Just as important are the many, many new faces. There's a soul of NUHOC, and it lies somewhere in the combination of old voices and new ideas, young voices, and tradition. The club is at its best when it gracefully walks that line.

My first year after coming back to NUHOC is over, and I've been up to the Loj ten more times—mostly skiing trips in the winter and relaxing weekends in the summer. As I keep giving more of myself to the club, as gear guy, or as a van driver for Acadia, or as a newly minted LCT (as of this writing), the club gives back to me. Every trip up to the Loj gives me a new favorite memory, every night out after meetings leaves me smiling, and every new friend in the club becomes part of the most effective support group I've ever had the pleasure of knowing. NUHOC gives me so many new reasons to be happy that I can't remember why it was such a struggle to be happy before.

I recently moved in with Erika, Cardoso, and another friend who is wholly uninterested in NUHOC. They refer to my NUHOC friends as "The Granola People." As an amateur singer-songwriter, I thought that sounded perfect. I am now working on a song to commemorate "The Granola People," the NUHOCers who saved my life.

Happy camping, NUHOC.

*Your favorite former gear guy;
Daniel Schwindinger, C/O 2021-ish
Loj Committee Trainee*

NUComers



Howe Peak Crew 2019



Casey's Howe Peak Experience 2019

Wild. Being able to see the difference between people with high morale and low morale and how that affected their experience was eye-opening. It was all about mindset



Shaun's Howe Peak Experience 2019

Motivating
Adventurous
The best hike I've ever
been on
Memorable



Timberline Trail Trip Report August 2019

When I realized I was going to the APBP (Association of Pedestrian and Bicycle Professionals) conference at the end of August in Portland (not the one in Maine), I figured I could extend it by a few days and go on an adventure somewhere. I considered climbing Mt. Hood, the tallest mountain in Oregon but decided against it as the high rockfall risk didn't sound too appealing. If I was not going up the mountain, I figured I would go around it. Timberline Trail, which goes around Mt. Hood, is about 40 miles long with 9,000 feet of elevation gain.

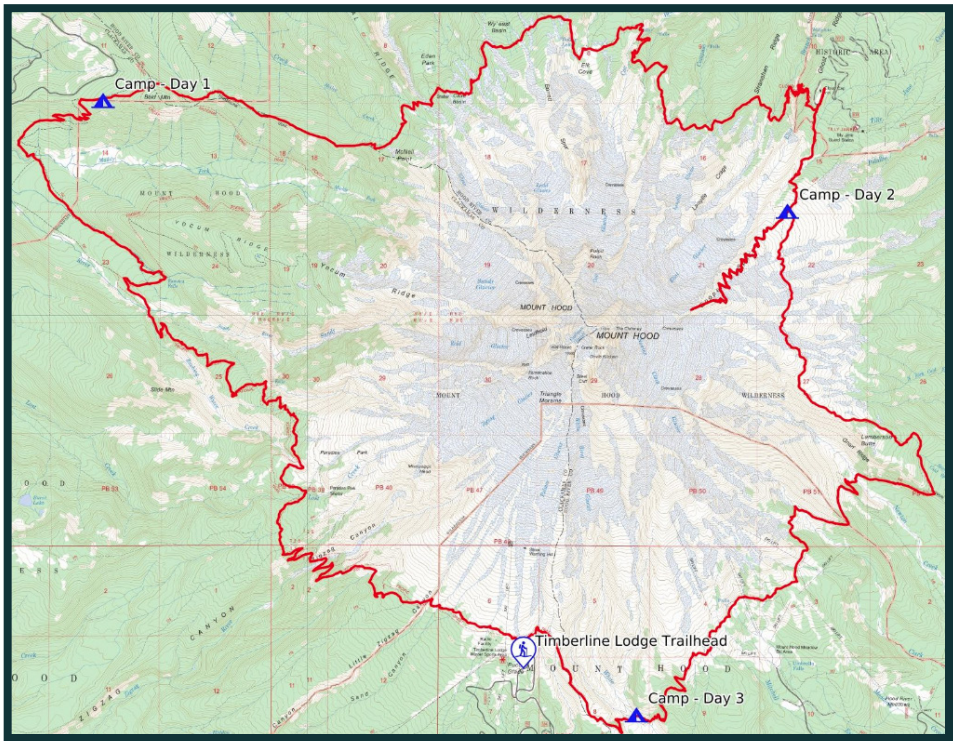
Bridget drove down from Seattle to join me on the hike. The plan was to do it as a 3 or 4 day backpacking trip. Since we were starting our hike on a Thursday, we figured it would not be very crowded. The weather was supposed to be decent for the duration of the hike, but it started drizzling by the time we pulled into the Timberline Lodge ski area parking lot. We walked into the base lodge to get water and saw some people with their skis and snowboards ready to head up the mountain. Just as we were ready to go, the skies opened up and rain started coming down hard. After some time, the rain eased up a bit and we headed out. We started hiking clockwise, passed under some chairlifts, and filled out a self-issue wilderness permit at a kiosk. The backside of the permit listed the areas where camping is prohibited, which was helpful.

It was damp and misting for most of the day. We got to Ramona Falls by late afternoon and hiked on to cross Muddy Fork. There are two giant trees across the fast stream and someone helpfully tied a rope around one of the logs for hikers to use while crossing. We kept on hik-

ing over switchbacking trails and got to a ridge with some flat areas where we decided to camp for the night. We ate our Mountain House meals and retired for the night.

The next day started out very foggy. Every branch we brushed against seemed to dump half a liter of water on us. We got to the top of the ridge and were greeted by an undercast sky with Mt. Hood looming above. The sun was out as we were hiking the northern slopes of the mountain. We would get views

over a mile and 1,000 feet of elevation to our estimates. We thought Cloud Cap Inn would be a good spot to fill up on water and maybe even get other beverages (after all, it has 4.7 stars on Google). We were disappointed to find that the Inn has not been operational for several decades. It is a historic site now and occasionally used by search and rescue. Now running short on water, we kept hiking towards Cooper Spur shelter. We were lucky that we found a small spring before



of Mt. Hood from different angles. To the north, we could see Mt. St. Helens, Mt. Adams, and even Mt. Rainier standing above the clouds. We passed areas of the forest which had been damaged by fire. We had a map of the area from REI, which showed that the trail crosses Eliot Branch high up on easy grades and goes to Cloud Cap Inn. The map lied to us the trail switchbacks all the way down and then switchbacks all the way up again. It added

Cooper Spur shelter as the shelter does not have any water sources near it. The Cooper Spur area was very windy. We set up a tent and decided to go up to the top of Cooper Spur for a quick jaunt. It was brutally windy going up. We met a couple of people who were coming down who said that some climbers drew some Japanese pictures on the rock a long time ago.

They also said the ridge leading to the rock was very exposed and windy and that it might not be smart to go on. Naturally, we decided to go along the ridge to the rock. We looked around but found no Japanese pictures.

Either they were lying or we were at the completely wrong rock. We could not find any other prominent rocks nearby so we decided to turn around at 8,600 feet before we were blown off the ridge. We got back to camp, made dinner, and called it a night.

We woke up at dawn the next day to watch a beautiful sunrise. We did not want to finish our hike yet since we wanted to get to Timberline Lodge the next morning to gorge on the breakfast buffet. We stopped often and long, stretching out the day so that we did not have to set up camp in the middle of the day. We got to the biggest stream crossing of the entire hike at 2 p.m. I had an easier time crossing since I was hiking in sandals. When Bridget tried to cross with me helping her, the rocks moved under us and we both

fell in the water. Luckily for us, Bridget had her backpack lined with a trash bag and we did not have far to go after that. We set up camp on the sandy flats next to the river at 3 p.m. We cooked the last of our Mountain House meals that night. The next, and final day, was only a 3-mile hike to Timberline Lodge with a well-deserved breakfast awaiting us.

The next morning, we hiked the short distance to the breakfast buffet expecting to be the smelliest people in the restaurant. Surprisingly, we were not; apparently, the restaurant is a popular breakfast place for PCT (Pacific Crest Trail) thru-hikers who were occupying several tables. We had our fill of eggs, sausages, ham, waffles, fruit, smoothies and quiche. After breakfast, we drove out to the nearby Trillium Lake and took a swim to clean ourselves up before heading back into civilization.

*Theja Putta, C/O 2019
Loj Committee Alumni*

Shelburne Trails Club Trailwork Day June 2019

As someone who has gotten lost and consumed untreated river water in part due to poorly marked trails, I am a big proponent of trail work. Ticks thrive on unkempt trails. Ankles are rolled on downed logs. Dreams are crushed by failure to reach a summit. Getting the opportunity to do trail work with Shelburne Trails Club made me appreciate everything that goes into maintaining a trail.

I drove a mower...sort of broke the mower, used an edger, cut some branches, got coffee and donuts, and got to pet llamas trained specifically for trail work. I never knew llamas could be trained for trail work, but there you go. If you

are overwhelmed by the thought of trail work or using tools you're unfamiliar with or anything else, don't be. If llamas can do it, so can you.

The Shelburne Trails Club meets biannually to work on the trails around Shelburne and has a great cookout afterward. This experience wasn't the first time I'd met people involved in maintaining the immense network of trails that exist throughout the White Mountains. As Sam Barry and I hitchhiked home from the Shelburne campground after a failed experiment in ceaseless curved trekking, we met a few NH natives named Mac and Cheese. They were coming home from a long day of trail work with a car full of tools. Mac, a recently published author, has adopted the Black Angel Trail, which her grandfather helped create as a part of the Works Progress Administration initiative. She also wrote a historical book based on her grandmother's journals documenting all of the trail work. Now I can consider myself a part of that work in a



small way.

Since meeting so many of the passionate people that work behind the scenes maintaining them, I have gained a new appreciation for these trails that serve as a weekend escape for many NUHOCers and people in general. If you ever get a chance to do trail work, do it!

*Natalie Reeder, C/O 2022
Loj Committee Member*

Stories From the Slopes

I learned how to ski with NUHOC my freshman year and it rocked my world.

My very first ski trip was Intro to Ski. I took a 30-minute lesson and got a sense of how to deal with two boards strapped to my legs. I was overly confident and since the green lift was down (curse those Sunday River wind tunnels), I felt like I just *had* to go down a blue. It was exhilarating, terrifying, and I ate shit several times. I spent the rest of the day on easy greens but the NUHOC “trial by fire” attitude stuck with me.

The next time I went skiing, I begged Spencer Aronstein to teach me some tips. He tried to teach me not to be afraid of speed (“Go down this hill with your skis parallel and don’t stop.”). I stayed with the group and was so, so hap-

py when I caught up to them at the end of the trail. I wanted to keep up and learn how to ski by following everyone else and was so far doing decently so Spencer suggested that I go down a double black. It was super steep, full of moguls, and I don’t think I stayed standing for more than seven seconds at a time. Spencer stayed with me the entire time. The group was laying in the snow by the time I reached the bottom, but I got a huge round of applause. I felt so happy that they waited for me. Moral of this story: NUHOCers are great to learn to ski with, but maybe don’t always listen to Spencer. I got my own skis the next season and, my God, they were amazing. It was a huge level up from trying to do a double black in rentals.

I also attended Reggae Fest, which ended up being one of my favorite trips ever. Everyone wore an absurd costume (Dylan Epstein in overalls but no top, Ben Beckvold in a penguin suit, many strangers in bikinis). I managed to get through some glades for the first time. As I write this, I recall slipping down a mogul in front of two older men smoking a joint in the forest, whilst I wore sparkly rainbow fairy wings. Good times.

I adore skiing; it feels so natural and I’ve been completely addicted ever since. I seriously thank NUHOC since I don’t think I would have gotten out to the slopes by myself.

*Joy Lustig, C/O 2022
Loj Committee Trainee*



I have wanted to join NUHOC since I came to Northeastern. Unfortunately, I was on the E-Board of another club that also met on Wednesdays. It wasn’t until this semester that we switched to Tuesday meetings, allowing me to join NUHOC. I have always loved hiking, backpacking, and getting outdoors, and always missed that during the winter months in Boston.

When I got my uncle’s old snowboard a couple of months prior, I decided that I would try and pick up snowboarding again to fill that void in the winter. Luckily for me, Sam Barry planned an Intro to Ski (or Snowboard) trip with NUHOC up at Wildcat Mountain.

This was my first trip up to the Loj and I was a little wary of joining such a close-knit group of people that have known each other for more than just an hour or so. After being there for a bit, I realized that everyone was more than welcoming, and it made me even more

excited for the snowboarding lessons the next day.

There were about five people taking the snowboarding lesson, including myself, and we enjoyed sharing the joy and pain of riding or falling down the little bunny slope. The best part of the day was when they sent us up the half lift and we got to test the skills we learned from the morning lesson. Personally, I tried going as fast as possible thinking it would make it easier - but my body definitely took that toll and thanked me for it the next morning.

Throughout that weekend, I re-learned how to snowboard, gained a couple of bruises, made some new friends, and found my outdoor activity for the winter months.

*Jeremy Su, C/O 2022
NUHOC Club Member*

An Excerpt From the Loj Diaries: March 23, 2019

A lot of folks are in a writing mood this weekend, myself included. Not sure why it’s taken so long for me to throw my hat in the ring with my first entry, but here we are.

To be completely honest I don’t have much to say, but I do enjoy the sound of my voice in the form of my inner monologue as I write this.

We’ve got a nice small weekend here enjoying the last winter storm of the season, which consisted mostly of hitting the goods in the trees while the lifts weren’t on wind hold.

It was a rocky start with only Lit-

‘We’ve got a system here, why is this kid messing with the system, is he trying to get one over on me my hands are tied, I can’t just let him through, can I?’ Uh, uh, uh sputtering, seeing he was trying to work up the nerve to say no, even though in his heart of hearts he should just do the human thing and let the poor bastard (me) through so he can go looking for his pass, I gave him an out.

“I’ll give you my gloves as collateral!” More sputtering and then surprisingly enough: “Uh, yeah I’ll just take your gloves.”

Well, one cold run later, I ended up



tle Whitecap open at the beginning of the day, but we managed to get to Barker right as it was spinning up and got some fresh tracks under the lifeline. Kids in the parking lot that left at ~9:30 a.m. telling us “Everything’s closed” eat your heart out. Patience is a virtue...

Amusing anecdote #1: Rolled up to Barker after a sweet run on Last Tango only to find my pass had fallen off my lanyard, figuring it probably fell off when I took a nice dive in the trees, we charged on hoping the liftee would be sympathetic. I tried pleading my case but the liftee was clearly flustered;

finding my pass inside my coat, it had cracked and fallen off.

Moral of the story: most people relinquish their independence to non-existent, implied systems, and all you really gotta do is have some fun and throw them off balance to really get things going.

Anyway, that’s all for me.

President Kane

P.s. yeah, yeah, yeah I’m having some fun and using my elected title. Sue me.

Memorable LCT
Speech Quotes

compiled by Lisa Sherman

“Water’s edge blue is my favorite color.” - Owen Poisson

“Swamp energy & skater gators will overturn the meese with their wobbly knees.” - Ramana Housman (Paraphrased)

“Moose moose” (the genus and species of a moose) - Sam Barry

If you could fight one LC who would it be? “Based on these questions I’ll have to line you up and punch you one at a time” - Gracie Rosenbaum

Any cool party tricks? “Um...falling asleep?” - Jesse Evers

“How many chains could a chain-chuck chuck if a chain chuck was trying to chuck one furlong of chains?” “Zero cause my chain never leaves me *mic drop*” - Shail Shah (paraphrased)

“Fav memory is stargazing with five guys at the ledges; it was very pure and romantic.” - Shail Shah

“My second trip was backpacking and I fell into every single stream I tried to cross.” - Apra Gupta

“What does AGTWHBA stand for? A great time with hella bodacious animals.” - Brian Ma

“There is nothing more laser-meese like than to eat some juicy frat boys” - Anna LeClair

“I want to be an LCT to not feel like a bumbling peasant at the Loj” - Ian Carver

“We need a platypus” - Daniel Schwindinger

Cannon Trip Report February 2020

“A startling metaphysical critique of The Republic.” Will Peterson

DISCLAIMER - I am myself a stick-footed person, and none of this should be taken seriously.

The summit was cold. The temperature itself was not bad, but the exposed observation deck atop the mountain was susceptible to tyrannical winds from every direction. Large chunks of ice came crashing down at seemingly random intervals from the antenna that rose high above the platform on which we stood. Stick-footed people unloaded from their chairs and tramcars and needed to walk only half a furlong or so to achieve what we had achieved in several hours of physical exertion. What a fun activity hiking is.

Climbing down from the observation deck, (or more accurately falling off, as the stairs were covered in ice and snow), we debated what to do next. For Lisa, Spencer, and myself, the three people of legal age, the answer was obvious – summit brew. We made our way over to the “highest tap in New England” to make our selection between four overpriced pale ales that comprised our options. A tap offering four different pale ales and nothing else seemed curious to me. Perhaps the owner was a fan of such beverages. Perhaps not.

Whatever the case, we raised our brews to celebrate the successful bagging of one more summit. Unknowingly, I was toasting the halfway point of my last NUHOC trip for many months.

Eight of us set out for the mountain that morning – only eight returned. The drive was uneventful. Two cars, four athletes per vehicle. Upon reaching the mountain, we gazed up at its sprawling terrain. Large, winding tracks of white cut through the dark trees coating its ridges; the mountain doubles as a shrine for the stick-feet people.



Trip members, left to right, top to bottom: Charlie Morgan, Nat Werth, Lisa Sherman, Kirpal Demian, Owen Poisson, Spencer Webb, Will Peterson, Aidan Sullivan

“The war room could fit 32 cubic Bridgets assuming that Bridget is 5’8”” - Mallory Brown (paraphrased)

“The laser meese have a mortal enemy; the taser geese. They have been locked in combat for centuries.” - Owen Poisson

“I’d eat the ash pile [instead of the hot dish water] cause they have toothpaste made of charcoal so its basically the same” - Ryan Bergin (paraphrased)

“If there are not more than 52, a flick of the wrist will do to take each [laser meese] out with a single card” - Justin Flodman

The radio cut off as I removed the keys from the automobile, but I continued to mutter the high harmony to “Don’t Do Me Like That” by Tom Petty and the Heartbreakers.

The date was February the 22nd, zero BC (before Corona). Stepping out into the late winter air, I was surprised by the favorable conditions. The forecast called for overcast, but there were few clouds to be spoken of. A few white floofers (apologies to meteorologists) hung over Franconia Ridge to the east, but the remainder of the sky shined a light-blue – the shade of blue that it seems to tend toward on clear winter days. UV rays were in abundance. A slight breeze foreshadowed strong winds at higher elevations, but at the bottom, it was quite pleasant. It was warmer than I had expected. Perhaps it was a bit chilly.

“It’s a bit chilly!” remarked one of my compatriots. Yes, it was a bit chilly.

We arrived at the mountain later in the morning, somewhere in the neighborhood of 11:00 a.m. Although the mountain was a steep hike with 2,200 feet of elevation gain, the late start mattered not as there were only 4.0 miles to be covered in the round trip.

As we disembarked from the parking lot, it became clear that the characteristic terrain of the stick-feet people would be with us



for most of the hike. The steep path wove its way in and out of larger glade trails, cutting across a glade hither and then back a few hundred feet thither. In fact, it became apparent that we were following the same glade for the duration (I believe this to be the Kinsman Glade, as it is known to the stick-feet people). Kinsman Glade was covered, but apparently not covered enough to satisfy the stick-feet people. It was closed. This was curious.

The snow was well packed, and this was appreciated by the eight. Perhaps it was a little bit loose. Perhaps the eight did not appreciate it. Eventually, the trail split off from the glade and veered to the left, and soon after that, the eight reached the alpine zone. By this time the clouds had cleared even from Franconia Ridge. After a brief summit push, the eight were rewarded with spectacular 360° views of the New Hampshire and Vermont landscapes: the Green Mountains off to the west, the Kinsmans, Moosilauke, and Loon to the south, the towering might of Franconia Ridge directly to the east, and whatever the hell is in the barren tundra to the north.

After the summit festivities, the eight began to descend from the mountain. Travel through the alpine zone was slow, as there were many opportunities to stop and marvel at the views that the mountain had awarded our efforts. Eventually, we did dip below the tree line, at which time we linked back up with Kinsman Glade. The glade was too steep to comfortably climb up without additional tools, but, looking down, it seemed foolish to follow the hiking path.

And so, our descent



transformed before our eyes from hiking to high-speed body sledging. One might think that this would greatly increase the speed of descent, and indeed it did greatly increase the moving speed, but not the overall rate of descent. You see, it quickly became a spectacle that was too entertaining to ignore. The slope was quite steep, and the velocity one could attain while sliding was something to behold. The other seven would look on as the eighth would torpedo down the trail, and the process would repeat with the other seven. Some went feet first, some went head-first on their stomach. It is almost certain that Owen started this second trend. Some laughed, others cheered. We all cried.

On the way back to the Loj, somewhere in between “Ready to Die” by The Notorious B.I.G. and Bob Dylan’s “The Times They Are A-Changin’”, I had a moment to reflect. In the end, who do we have to thank for this? In but a moment, we were transformed from hikers of the most dedicated kind to adrenaline-seeking fools. We had not sticks attached to our feet, but we manifested the spirit of the game at the very highest level. Perhaps, dear reader, we are all stick-feet people. Perhaps none of us are.

Will Peterson, C/O 2022
Loj Committee Trainee

Build Committee Update

Breaking news!!! The Lodge burned down. 5 years ago...

The spirit of the Loj has never died. It's continued to be a place for people to come together, adventure, and find a home. But NUHOC has been on a journey to rebuild. The yurt and kitchen shack were phenomenal first steps; they gave us back some amenities that we were sorely missing. I don't think anyone is going to miss doing dishes in freezing water in the snow or having to fold up your sleeping stuff just to have space to sit in a dark smelly war room with 15 other people (maximum). For those who don't know, the yurt was specifically built because the university told us we could not rebuild a permanent structure, and, by definition, a yurt is "temporary".

The yurt is amazing, but it's definitely missing some things. We're all still sleeping on the floor, basically on top of each other on bigger weekends. We crowd around the woodstove on our rug, eating off our laps or, more recently, Jon Cardoso's table. People cooking are in an entirely separate building away from the warmth, light, and coziness of the yurt.

Given all that, we want to bring back the Lodge and everything that came with it. Well, that's not exactly accurate. We want to bring back something similar to the Lodge, but that is new and reflects where we are now, designed by the current undergrads. We want to build upon the old structure, taking our favorite parts of the original Lodge and improving upon the rest. All in all, we want to build a new home. So, we formed the Build Committee whose job was to facilitate the transfer of the lease to the alumni (in the form of a non-profit organization) and to organize the construction of a new Lodge.

At the beginning of March, only about 3 months after the formation of the Build Committee, we had a design from Aidan Sullivan that was voted most popular by current undergrads. We were working on final tweaks to the design and converting it into build plans. Conversations were beginning about fundraising and materials choices, and really the only missing piece before we could build this summer was whether or not we could get the lease transferred from the school to the alumni in time.

And then Covid-19 happened. And everything shut down. There was no knowing when we could safely reopen the Loj grounds. The idea of a 2020 build season went out the window, but that just means the 2021 build season is going to be legendary.

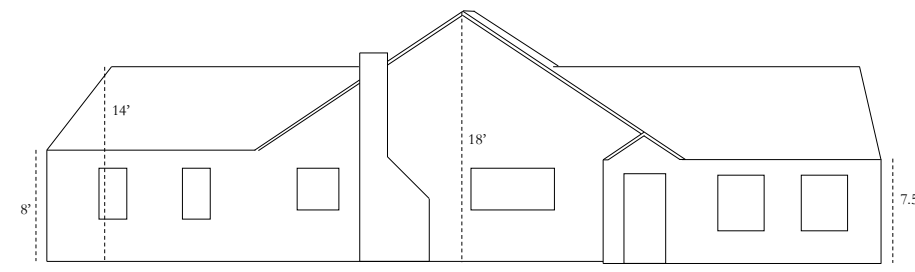
We continue to meet. Nine Dragons Paper Company (our "landlord") makes toilet paper, so they're very essential, which means Nat Talbot can keep pushing towards the lease transfer. We are still looking to purchase an insurance plan within the next few months. And we're focusing all of our energy towards what we will happen next year. The good news is that by the time we start building in 2021, everything will be planned and ready to go.

We are incredibly excited about this project and hope you are too. We're excited for a mud-room, and a real kitchen, and for space to sleep away from communal living space, with bunk beds and mattresses. I know personally, I'm most excited for a giant kitchen table so we can all eat together family style. We're thrilled to be bringing back something that was so special to so many people, and hope it continues to foster new memories.

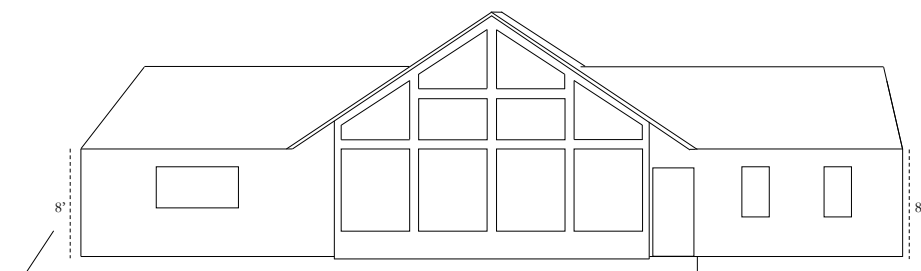
The Build Committee

Katie Levitsky, Spencer Aronstein, Ben Beckvold, Dylan Epstein, Mac Guthrie, Nat Talbot, Jacob Walsh, and Daniel Waxman-Lenz

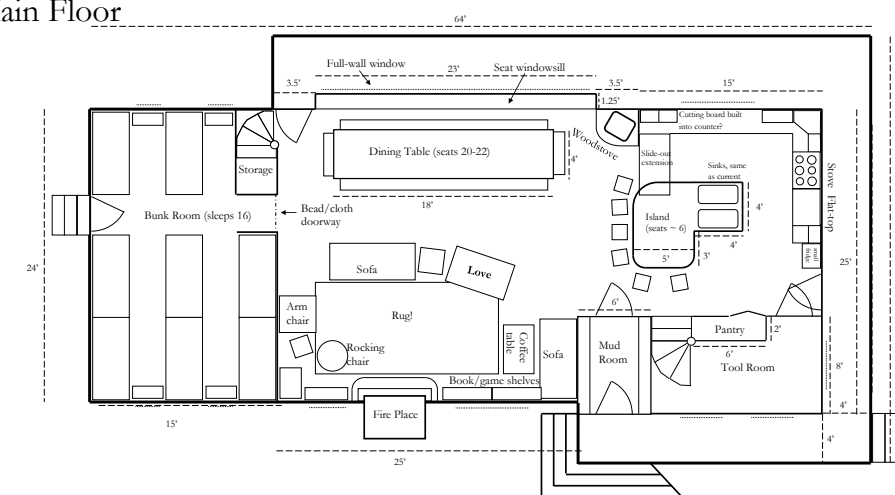
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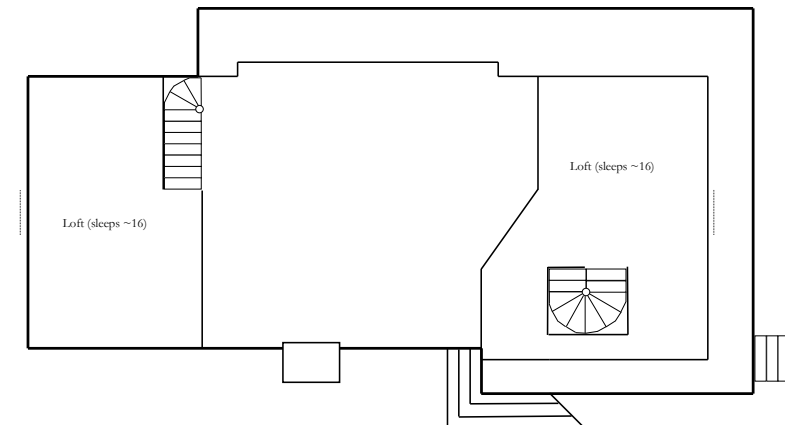
Back



Main Floor



Lofts



Letter From the Editor



Dear reader,

By now I'm sure you know that it has been quite some time since the last edition of Excelsior came out - five years to be exact. During that time, a lot happened. I hope after flipping through this magazine you're at least a little bit caught up. This version of Excelsior has been in the works for a while now and after much trial and error, it's finally here! I couldn't be more proud of the work that we did and everything that went into creating it. It has been a pleasure to work with everyone who has been involved and all the work that has gone into this issue is so appreciated. To all the writers, photographers, copy-editors, and designers, none of this could have been done without you. While the pandemic and quarantining unexpectedly cut our in-person time together short, it gave us the opportunity to create a version of this magazine that would not have been possible otherwise.

To me, the importance of Excelsior as a whole cannot be understated. I strongly believe in the power of documenting and storytelling, and Excelsior is a huge part of that for NUHOC. While it is important for us to remember the past and plan for our future, we cannot overlook what is happening right now. The stories and experiences of club members happening at the Loj now matter just as much as those that came before. It is

important to document them and leave our mark just as those who came before us did.

To my fellow NUHOCers, don't let this be the last edition put out for five or ten years. Do what you can to keep this tradition alive. Your stories and experiences within this community matter and deserve to be told, documented, and enjoyed by NUHOCers, new and old, for years to come.

I'm so proud of the work we have all done and hoped you enjoyed taking it all in. I am looking forward to adventuring with all of you again soon and creating more great stories for the next issue.

Love your Excelsior Editor,
Sam Barry, C/O 2022
Loj Committee Trainee

•••• Excelsior Committee ••••

Samantha Barry
Mallory Brown
Liz Gmoser
Angelina Han
Gabby Hernandez
Nate LeCompte
Katherine McElderry
Natalie Reeder
Daniel Schwindinger
Lisa Sherman

•••• Committee Note ••••

We're an interesting bunch of folks here in NUHOC, originally hodge-podged together by a love of the outdoors, but ultimately bonded together by interesting shared experiences. These experiences, along with what can only be described as NUHOC-esque humor, come together to form a community alive with so much spirit. Excelsior is a way to commemorate our time together, to capture snapshots of our adventures, and paint a picture of what our community is, and I'm so happy I got to be a part of its revival. From ballads to reflections, I thoroughly enjoyed reading each submission alongside my fellow editors, and I hope you, whoever you are, do too.

Lisa Sherman, C/O 2021
Loj Committee Trainee

