In the following pages are found stories written by both current members and alumni, a few choice poems, some wonderful photography, a list of all the weekends at the loj during 2010 and their attendance, a list of all records broken at the loj during the past two years, a description of all work done at the loj, a list of all current LCT’s and recent LC’s, some trivia, a list of recent eboards, and of course a message from our current LCC.

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A Look Back - The Past Year at the Loj

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2010 Attendance at the Loj

New Years at the Loj (Dec 26 2009 – Jan 3 2010) – 54
“It’s been 30 years” (Jan 8-10) – 6
License and Registration Weekend (Jan 15-18) – 30
“Who invited the hamburger?” (Jan 22-24) – 18
Cool Kids Ski Jay II (Jan 29-31) – 17
Snow School – “Stay on trail or stay home” (Feb 5-7) – 13
Winter Carnival (Feb 11-15) – 45
Nuhoc Winter Olympic Committee Convenes (Feb 19-21) – 5
Reggae > Jimmy Buffet (Feb 26-Mar 1) – 19
“Hey, Spring! Last year you were too rainy. This year you are TOO EARLY!” (Mar 15-?) – 7
Cool Kids Summit Washington (Mar 12-14) – 9
“Jordan, can I eat your meat stick?” (Mar 19-21) – 11
Solo Weekend (Mar 26-28) – 16
“Follow the moose tracks” (Apr 2-4) – 2
Parrot Head Weekend (Apr 9-11) – 11
LC & LCT Weekend (Apr 16-18) – 17
Loop Trail: 7 Hours, Howe Peak: 9.5 Hours (Apr 23-25) – 10
“Wanna see my coreshot?” (Apr 27-29) – 3
“How do you rub a woman’s allergies?” (May 21-26) – 9
Jersey Shore @ the Loj (May 28-31) – 16
A Quiet Century – Except for the Mice ... (May 31-Jun 4) – 1
Feed the Mosquitoes (Jun 4-6) – 5
Aerosol Tuna (Jun 11-13) – 10
First Annual Search for Snow Weekend (Jun 18-20) – 3
Midweek Madness (Jun 21-25) – 5
America Weekend!! – (Jul 2-5) – 22
Bacon Fire!! And Bald Eagles – (Unlisted date) – 6
The Hike that Killed Our Joints (Jul 23-25) – 11
Unnamed (Jul 25-26) – 2
“I don’t want anybody peeing yellow on me” (Jul 30-Aug 1) – 12
Unnamed (Aug 6-8) – 23
2010 Attendance Continued

The Weekend Tim & Sheets Spooned and the Bears Attacked (Aug 20-22) – 23
“There is a bird in here!” (Aug 25-30) – 9
Old-Timers’ Weekend (Sept 3-5) – 20
“I won’t feed you but I’ll make noises while you put it in your mouth” (Sept 10-12) – 10
“I haven’t been here in way too long” (Sept 17-19) – 13
“Peter has no idea …” (Sept 24-26) – 10
Bike it if You Can LAME Title (Oct 1-3) – 22
NUComers (Oct 8-11) – 100 (approx.)
Work Weekend – Chris Holds a Gun While We Break Chainsaws (Oct 15-17) – 28
He Becomes a Nuisance .. Hilarity Ensues (Oct 22-24) – 19
Hallow-Mystery Weekend – “Turnwall bit a hole in my woman” (Oct 29-31) – 23
Wintervention!!!! – (Nov 5-7) – 25
Filling Out the LC Checklist Weekend (Yeah right ...) – (Nov 12-14) – 26
“Did you see my cell phone hunny? Are you listening to me?” “I love you too” – (Nov 19-21) – 6
“Butter that pan again, it’s Thanksgiving!” – (Nov 25-28) – 17
Bald Eagle Certified! “Turnwall is a little teapot” – (Dec 3-5) – 22
“Oh shit, the van won’t start!” AKA Into to Skiing/Snowboarding – (Dec 10-12) – 39
Holy Birthdays Batman/Night Skiing Extravaganza – (Dec 17-19) – 18

Total Attendance for 2010: 858
Recent Nuhoc E-Boards

**Fall 2009**
- LCC: Eric Sheets
- President: Stephanie Pollack
- Treasurer: John Furtney
- VP Organization: Maddie Smith
- VP Trips: Chris Maccia
- VP Communications: Syeda Raji
- VP Publicity: Kristen Sapowicz
- VP Gear: Sam Bar
- VP Web: Marcus Garfunkel
- SGA Representative: Magdalena Kukulska
- Weatherperson: Chris Maccia

**Summer 2010**
- LCC: Chris Maccia
- President: Chris Maccia
- Treasurer: John Furtney
- VP Organization: Brian Mason
- VP Trips: Will Austin
- VP Communications: Samir Patel
- VP Publicity: Sam Oglesby
- VP Gear: Jordan McGinty
- VP Web: Marcus Garfunkel
- SGA Representative: The Log
- Weatherperson: Chris Maccia

**Fall 2010**
- LCC: Chris Maccia
- President: Kate Fox
- Treasurer: Jerod Richards-Walsh
- VP Organization: Erica Schlatter
- VP Trips: Will Austin
- VP Communications: Brittany Young
- VP Publicity: Grace Hutton
- VP Gear: Sam Bar
- VP Web: Marcus Garfunkel
- Historian: Syeda Raji
- SGA Representative: Samir Patel
- Weatherperson: Chris Maccia

**Spring 2010**
- LCC: Eric Sheets
- President: Maddie Smith
- Treasurer: John Furtney
- VP Organization: Erica Schlatter
- VP Trips: Will Austin
- VP Communications: Lily Sussman
- VP Publicity: Sam Oglesby
- VP Gear: Sam Bar
- VP Web: Marcus Garfunkel
- SGA Representative: Magdalena Kukulska
- Weatherperson: Chris Maccia
Recent LC’s
Marissa Bieger  
John Furtney  
Ben Hutt  
Chris Maccia  
Jordan McGinty  
Christa Rocco

Current LCT’s
Will Austin  
Sam Bar  
Juliana Beecher  
Adam Blackwell  
Daniel Bostwick  
Lou Cassano  
Kelsey Condon  
Ian Delmar  
Tim Dyson  
Claire Fischer  
Kate Fox  
Lydia Higgins  
Joyce Hollowatch  
Grace Hutton  
Sean McIntyre  
Kelsey Moore  
Jon Nicolodi  
Liz Ostaszewski  
Samir Patel  
Syeda Raji  
Jerod Richards-Walsh  
Matt Robillard  
Erica Schlatter  
Paul Silverstein  
Maddie Smith  
Tim Sullivan  
Kara Wiggin  
Brittany Young

2010 LCT Alums
Anna Cantell  
Tim Sullivan

Records Recently Broken

**Nov 17 2007**: Fastest Water Run Individually (Six jugs) – Peter Evans (10:22)

**Feb 24 2008**: Fastest Speed Recorded for Alpine Skiing – Eric Sheets (60.8 mph)

**Jan 3 2009**: Longest Tandem Bongo Board Ride – Jordan McGinty & Chris Maccia (1:14)

**Jan 31 2010**: Coldest Swim in Connor Brook – Chris Maccia (-2 degrees)

**Aug 7 2010**: Number of Craps in One Day – Jon Nicolodi (8)

**Aug 26 2010**: Highest Kite Flown – Jon Nicolodi (5268 feet)

**Fall 2010**: Most New Members in One Quarter – Treasurer John Furtney (172)

**Nov 5 2010**: Fastest Trip to the Loj from Boston – John Furtney (3:14:00)

**Nov 5 2010**: Fastest Grocery Run (76 items; $237) – John Furtney, Chris Maccia, Maddie Smith, Kate Fox, Rachel Speigle, Lydia Higgins, Kara Wiggin, Lou Cassano, Connor Schuck (9:00)

**Nov 6 2010**: Fastest Trip to the Ledges and Back – Danny Walsh (5:47)

**Nov 9 2010**: Most Chili Wasted Due to Freak (18 gallons)

**Nov 12 2010**: Longest Time on Bongo Board – Tim Dyson (1:00:00)
**Loj Happenings** by Tony Telesco
- A smattering of recent work done at the Brown Memorial Lodge

2007

**Drying Rack Repair – Pat Bruen**
The drying rack was overloaded and one of the ceiling mounts pulled out. Pat fixed the mount and replaced all the ropes and pulleys.

**Urinals – Tony Telesco**
Let’s just say the old system was no longer functioning properly. New urinals designed for use in portable toilets were installed and a wood deck constructed.

**New Woodstove**
The Loj got a serious heat upgrade with the installation of a new woodstove built by Norwegian company Jotul. Besides pumping out way more heat than the old stove, The Jotul Black Bear has a window on the front door (makes great television) and sports a Norwegian saying on the front plate which translates to “I built me a flame late one night. When day is done, God will my flame never die out.” NAAR DAGEN ER SLUT!

**Firewood Platform – Keith Cardoza**
After years of watching firewood rot on the ground and tumble down the hill in the Loj yard, Keith constructed an elevated platform for firewood storage. It keeps firewood up off the ground and well ventilated for improved drying and aging. The platform is built with pressure treated wood and founded on concrete footings poured below the frost line, so this should last a long time.

**Weather-stripping – Alex Turnwall**
Weather-stripping was installed around all doors and windows to increase heating efficiency. Following the installation there was a noticeable jump in Loj coziness.

2008

**Loj Manual – Steph Pollack**
Steph put a lot of time and effort to compile and exhaustive user’s manual to the Loj. It’s a very useful reference for everything from the gas system to the chainsaws. This is intended to be a living document, and should be updated accordingly.

**Outhouse / Pump House Staining – Christa Rocco and Peter Evans**
These two vital structures were given a fresh coat of every NUHOCer’s favorite color: water’s edge blue!
Loj Happenings by Tony Telesco (continued)
- A smattering of recent work done at the Brown Memorial Lodge

2009

Gutters – Eric Sheets
Rain gutters were built over both doors to the Loj and the steps to the deck in an effort to prevent further deterioration of the wood siding.

Siding Repair – Gene Thomas
Rainwater splashing off the front and rear deck surfaces had caused sections of the wood siding to rot. Gene brought up his tools and made quick work of replacing the offending boards.

Kitchen Wood Bin – Ben Hutt
A new bin was built to fit between the woodstove and cabinets.

2010

Recycling and Waste Removal Program – Chris Maccia
Chris made a recycling box that contains compartments to separate different recyclable material. He also worked out a deal with the Shelburne Transfer station to allow us to leave our garbage and recycling at the transfer station on Sundays even though they are closed. All trash must be in special Shelburne green trash bags which can be purchase at the transfer station weekdays or on Saturday before noon. Recycling can be in any bag.

Kitchen Cabinet Maintenance – Jordan McGinty
The cabinets had accumulated decades worth of Loj funk and were in need of a good buff. All the surfaces were stripped and sanded and defective latched were repaired.

Road Work – A collaborative effort of the Carlton Notch Gun Club and NUHOC
39 years of use and runoff had eroded the Loj road to the point that we were unable to receive firewood deliveries. The paper company granted us permission to work on the road, and Northeastern University approved funding for the purchase of fill material. The hunters brought in a farm tractor with a front end scoop and a flatbed truck to aid in moving the fill, while a 20 person - strong NUHOC chain-gang wielded shovels and picks. Over the two day weekend 30 cubic yards of fill were placed and 3 new open culverts were installed on the road.

Cleaning and re-staining the front and back porches with a clear UV resistant water-based stain – Marissa Bieger (LC project) with Tony, Furtney, and Jerod
This was done in June 2010, and should be done either yearly or every two years. We were long overdue.
The Excelsior 2010

Best Ski Runs 2009-2010
by Chris Maccia (inspired by Eric Sheets)

This has truly been an awful winter (weather wise) in the Northeastern United States. El Niño took its toll all across the region and we had more rain, warmer temperatures, and much less snow than any winter so far in my lifetime. For the first winter since Jay Peak started recording their snow totals they didn’t hit 300 inches. The Northeast also lost one of the most prestigious records in the weather community. The 231mph world record wind speed recorded at the summit of Mt. Washington fell to some stupid Pacific Island off the coast of Australia, truly an awful day. All I can do is hope for some nasty storms so we can get that record back. Other than that I had a great season. I beat my previous record of 25 ski days (set the winter of 2005-2006) with 34 ski days spanning a 8 and a half month period of October 17th through July 3rd and I managed to do that without skiing during winter break or spring break. I spent those two breaks in France visiting Kate. I got to celebrate New Year’s under the Eiffel Tower with Kate, an amazing experience I will remember forever. I still can’t believe how many days I managed to ski just with weekends. Though the snowfall fell short of expectation I managed to push myself to the limits of my skiing ability this season, skiing more glades, steeps, and bumps than I had ever skied before, and have one of the best seasons I’ve ever had.

T2 (top half)-Sunday River: Despite the fact the Northeast has had one of the worst seasons I have ever seen I managed to get my first turns in on October 17th with Tony and Jordan. Pulling up to the Barker lot was something else, the trees were still fully leaved and brightly colored with oranges and yellows. It was the peak of fall foliage and there was no snow in sight yet the Lock triple was spinning and people were wearing skis. Riding the lift up we were joking about there being no snow but as we got closer to the mid-station we began to see some white in the distance. Before we knew it we broke out into a winter wonderland, an oasis of winter in a picturesque autumn environment. To our surprise the snow conditions were surprisingly good and it felt great to get out on the snow again. It was a great way to kick off the season.
Best Ski Runs 2009-2010
by Chris Maccia (continued)

Doublehead Ski Trail: My first back country trip of the season was also my first time using my brand new pair of skis. Jordan and I, after much deliberation, decided to ski the Doublehead trail in North Conway. The trail is a loop and the hike up was very steep and right up the fall line. It was my first time using skins and hiking up wearing my skis and it gave me a good feel of how they work. Once at the top we had a great view of Mt. Washington and ate our delicious frozen inner thigh shaped sandwiches we created that morning then we strapped in and started our decent. The trail was steep and winding with a couple great double fall line pitches. It was slightly bumped up and the snow conditions were great. My new skis ripped through the snow and I was instantly happy with my decision to get them.

Tuckerman’s Chute>Everglade- Jay Peak: On our 2nd annual “Cool Kids Ski at Jay” trip Jay got blessed with two feet of snow while all other mountains in the east got rain. While Mad-die took a break from the brutally cold temperatures (I got a wind chill reading of -35 on the Flyer) Sheets and I rode the Tram up to the summit of Jay, nearly 4000 feet. The tram had a Canadian Flag on one side and an American Flag on the other and before getting on Sheets saluted the American flag. On the ride up Sheets commented to me, “I think we are the only two people speaking English, this is America dammit!” We were trying to decide what trail to ski. Sheets wanted to ski Valhallah and I wanted to ski the Face Chutes and we compromised with Tuckerman’s Chute. Tucks is a series of narrow chutes through tiny trees and is extremely steep. I got to throw down a hand full of hop turns and enjoyed the trail as always. We continued on to everglade, the longest glade in the east. We carved past countless numbers of trees enjoying the stashes of powder the other east coast mountains wished they had gotten.
Best Ski Runs 2009-2010
by Chris Maccia (continued)

Mt. Washington Summit Snowfields>Tuckerman’s Ravine Right Gully>John Sherbourne Ski Trail: I remember the first time I saw a picture of Tuckerman’s Ravine. I was at Ray and Ruth’s house (family friends) in Colorado and it was probably 11 years old. They had a picture of the ravine hanging in their foyer and I naturally assumed it was somewhere in Colorado or Utah. Little did I know it was actually in New Hampshire. Skiing Mt. Washington instantly moved to the top of my list of lifetime skiing goals. This year Tony and I successfully completed our life goals of clipping into our skis at the summit marker of Mt. Washington (6288’) and skiing all the way down to the car in Pinkham Notch (2032’), traveling 4256’ of vertical in one run. The snow conditions weren’t the greatest, mainly sun crust and windblown but that didn’t do much to dampen our spirits. The upper snowfields were amazing. They were consistently steep with many options to choose from. We started off meandering through a rock field which later opened up as we neared Tuckerman’s Ravine. Skiing up to the ravine was impressive. It is satisfying enough to just take in the scenery but we also got to ski it. We skied down the 45 degree chute of Right Gully. I watched a few people drop it before me and they all slid out and fell on their sides due to the icy conditions. When it came to my turn I made the first turn off the headwall and the backs of my skis skidded out from under me. I decided to play it safe so I could enjoy the rest of my run without falling the whole way down right gully and sidestepped down a bit till I was comfortable making turns again. Skiing steep terrain out west is one thing but when you are skiing steep terrain on east coast ice it’s a completely different experience. Getting back to the bottom of the bowl and looking back up at Right Gully was a sight and I recommend it to anyone who has not been to Mt. Washington. This was not the end of our run though. We still had the lower third of the mountain left on the Sherbourn Ski Trail. It was bumped up and skied very well cause of the warmer temps at lower elevation. By the end of the run I was exhausted and fully satisfied. I had completed a life goal and was ready for a victory beer (Tuckerman’s Headwall Ale).
Best Ski Runs 2009-2010
by Chris Maccia (continued)

Fall Line> Ferret > Glade > Waterfall - Mad River Glen: This may have been my best run all season. I was 100% on my game and defiantly told Sheets that at some point during the run. It was roll back the prices day (April 1) at MRG with $3.50 lift tickets and the temps soared into the upper 60’s. The mountain was still nearly 100% open and soft spring bumps littered every trail. After a few “warm up” runs we took on fall line. I had one of my best bump runs in years. Normally on steeper trails I don’t ski the bumps as fast as I normally would but that was not the case here. I found a perfect line and got in perfect rhythm. After Fall Line we continued on to our normal lower mountain trails, Ferret, Glade, and Waterfall. These three trails were in great shape and gave us more bumps to conquer before reaching the bottom. Sheets, Theeman, and I showed the relentless bumps of MRG whose boss.

Lower Chute- Tuckerman’s Ravine: June 17th. Everyone else may think the ski season is over at this point but I still refuse to let go. Furtney, Samir, and myself ventured up the Tuckerman’s Ravine trail in search of a few last (or first in Samir’s case) turns this season. We found a few reaming patches of snow, lower Sluice, lower Chute, and another patch in the upper snowfields. The patch on lower Sluice was the largest but due to undermining and a large iceblock above it we decided it was unsafe so we hiked over to lower chute. The patch was smaller but we still had a lot of fun. I got 5 runs in before calling it a day. After we decided to summit Washington to continue the days excitement. As we exited the bowl we found another more novice patch of snow. We taught Samir how to ski on this patch. He is defiantly the first person to ever learn to ski in June on the upper snowfields of Mt. Washington. I got 4 more runs in on this patch. When we got to the summit it was full of bikers because it was biker week. They were all confused why we had skis and ice axes, it was very entertaining.

Lower Sluice- Tuckerman’s Ravine: July 3rd. By this point even I thought the season was over. I had totaled up my ski days and was ready to call it quits then a thought popped into my head, maybe that patch of snow on lower Sluice was still there! Furtney and I decided it was worth the trek up to Tucks to check it out. The night before we watched Warren Miller’s Play-ground to mentally prepare ourselves for the end of our epic season. Maddie and Camuso decided to join us to close out their seasons as well. The hike up to the bowl was a hot one, temps soaring to 85 degrees. There was a point where I lost hope of finding snow but needless to say after passing Hojo’s there was the patch of snow in lower Sluice still a very good size. I got in 5 runs and the snow was nice and soft from the hot summer sun making for great carving turns. Also important to note, this happened to be Maddie’s 40th day of the season. We spend about 4 hours lounging around the bowl and enjoying the nice day. It was definitely the best way to close out the season. I got 34 ski days during the winter that had virtually no snow, ranging from rainy days in October, to powder days in April, to sun drenched days in July. It was a great season! THINK SNOW!
Sagely Advice: What Would a NUHOCer Do?
by Jon Nicolodi

Joining NUHOC your freshman year is a bit of an experience. New to college life, you try to swing the typical freshman college scene while satisfying your need to be outdoors and pursue a newfound desire to hang at the Loj. I gave up on the former in the first few weeks of college and focused exclusively on the latter two, to my continual enjoyment. I think during that time of my emergence into NUHOC, some of the older folks (which was nearly everyone to me) paired my age, and presumably some of my mannerisms, to come to the conclusion that I was stupid. Not like stupid at math, but at life. This led to some pretty interesting conversations about life, always with advice of some kind. Most of the advice was indirect: advice on one topic that could really be thought about in some roundabout way to turn it into general advice. Unsurprisingly, some of the advice, especially that given late Saturday nights around the fireplace, is pretty revealing. I’m not sharing that with you, it’s too weird for print. The rest, a fairly incomplete list, is here for your taking; lather yourself in this advice and live life better.

“The best way to split kindling is to hold the wood to be split with your hand then move it before the axe comes down through the wood.”

“Starting the loop on Friday night is really the thing to do. You aren’t doing it right and may not have enough time if you start it Saturday morning. It’ll make you a better person and it just makes sense. Take extra OCP’s.”

“Red poop is a sign of some body malfunction. See a doctor.”

“Every man wants to try little spoon at some point in life.”

“When butt-sledding down a boulder, avoid the exposed rock and vertical drop. You’re friends will spot you.”

“If she’s unconscious, consent is assumed.”
Beacons by Alex Mueller

Only I feel this way
At least for now
No one here on this day
Except for girl and lighthouse

Only I kiss the dew
As I know how
Not one person knew
Save for I and this love

Bringing us to the shore’s edge
So close that the tide turns
So close that my mind burns
The days are never forgotten,
But put in one’s pocket so dearly

After we fight the night
Turning to day
No one knows what’s right
Except for girl and lighthouse

After I kill the day
As men know how
Everyone turns home
Save for the ocean vast

She stays in harbor a few more nights
So long that my heart bleeds
So long that there plants seeds
Not to be left in fallow fields
Yet planted inside her soul so dear

For only me to understand
At least for now
No one but me here today
Except for love and dew’s breath

Trivia Questions
with contributions by Juliana Beecher

1. Who recently discovered a mouse entombed in maple syrup in one of the loj cabinets?
2. Name the state that with the removal of one letter from its name yields two words that are opposites.
3. Staining the outhouse was whose LCT project?
4. Who is Mt. Jackson named after?
5. How much wood is in one cord?
6. We don’t usually eat authentic burritos at Boloco, Qdoba, Chipotle, etc. What style burritos do we eat?
Backpacking the Bonds by Ben Hutt

I got a huge case of cabin fever last summer. Instead of taking my usual climbing trip up north with my roommates, I decided to head into the Pemigewasset wilderness, to either hike the Pemi-loop, a partial loop, or just to chill out in the valley for a few days. I left plans for all three at my car and with my roommates, and headed out the door with enough food and supplies to do whatever struck my fancy.

I hiked in mid-day Friday, just looking for a simple place a few miles in to set up camp. The skies were perfectly clear, and the weather was warm; that perfect backpacking weather where it’s warm enough during the day that you can pull off your shirt, but cool enough at night that you curl up in your sleeping bag. Friday was a light day; I only hiked about 3 miles before making camp right over a lip on the side of the trail.

Now, the key to this trip is that I didn’t bring a tent. Instead I was trying out a camping hammock, specifically my Roommate’s hammock that used to belong to a rather epic NUHOCer named Travis, who died the summer before I joined. His adventures are definitely stories to hear; ask an Alumnus about him next time you’re up at the Loj. Because of this hammock my set-up and take-down time for camp was almost nil, and I had a lot of extra time to relax after the hike in. The night was perfect cocoa-weather, and I spent the night under the stars, sipping my drink and watching for meteors.

I got up at a reasonable (for me) time on Saturday, ate a quick breakfast, packed up camp, and started back onto the path. By this time I had pretty much decided that I wanted to do the partial loop: hiking up Bondcliff, over Mt. Bond, to Guyot, over South Twin, and down past Galehead and Thirteen Falls before linking back up with the Lincoln Woods trail. I wasn’t in a rush (the journey is the entire point), and ended up taking a long lunch break at Lincoln Falls to do some photography and swimming.

After packing up from lunch, I continued on up the Bondcliff trail itself. While on the trail I met up with a group of backpackers from Northeastern, and we talked and walked together for a bit. I ended up heading out ahead of them to make sure I got to see the sunset from the top of Bondcliff, since my plan was to summit Bondcliff right before sunset and then finish the short hike from the summit to the Guyot shelter as night fell. I got to the summit about fifteen minutes before the sunset started, and got to take a very nice rest on the rocks as I watched the sun dip below the horizon.
By the time I was ready to move out, the group from Northeastern had caught up to me and told me that they were heading to Guyot as well. Darkness fell on our little group as we started walking together, and headlamps came out. By this time I had started to notice how... unique... this group was; two people had some of the fanciest backpacking gear I’ve ever seen on the trail, and the other three were in skateboarding shoes, jeans, and were carrying their gear in shopping bags. I started to get really worried when I noticed that only two people in the group had any lights: one headlamp and one mag-light for the five of them. I had brought two extra headlamps, so I passed them around and we started talking more as we continued on to the campsite.

It turns out that one of the “super equipped” backpackers was an old-hand at the trail, and was bringing his friends up for a weekend out of the city. They were taking a slightly longer trail than I was, and were going to continue along the ridgeline to the other side of the mountains, instead of descending back down like I was planning on doing. This was the first trip for most of them, so the leader and I swapped a few stories about other backpacking trips we had been on and little “tricks of the trade” that we had learned over time, like remembering to carry some seasonings to add a little kick to otherwise boring mountain-side meals.

As we got closer to the Guyot shelter, we started noticing a worrisome trend: all of the random campsites and overflow lots were full. Even before we got to the actual shelter we knew we’d be out of luck to find a real campsite. Luckily, I had the hammock with me, so I just strung it up right beside the natural spring that the site was built by, and starting my dinner cooking right away. The other group wasn’t so lucky however, and ended up camping on a rather annoyingly large slope a ways up the trail.

For dinner, I was blessed enough to have a rather timely miracle save me from a salty doom: I had made up some salmon and rice to go with my bread and cheese, but ended up putting significantly too much salt in the water before I boiled the rice, and thus made my meal all but inedible. However, about two tents down from my camping spot there was an AMC group who were celebrating their hike with wine and stew. They brought at least one bottle of champagne each, and between the seven of them had around 5 gallons of stew to go through. I was more than happy to assist them in their eating and revelries, and ended up sleeping extremely well that night.

The next day saw me up bright and early, due to all the people getting water for their day. After talking with the shelter-keeper for a while, I finished my breakfast, packed by camp, said goodbye to the NU crew (after making sure they were good to go and getting my headlamps back), and started out towards South Twin. For those unfamiliar, South Twin is a rather tall mountain; easy to get to from Bond, but a hellishly steep descent. Although I was definitely not expecting
Backpacking the Bonds by Ben Hutt (continued)

the decent to be that steep, I made it down fine, cruised over to Galehead to see the peak, and then continued down towards 13 falls after getting some quick lemonade and snickers at Galehead Hut.

13 Falls... I had never heard of it before looking at my map, but seeing it made me very glad that I had decided to take this route. The falls were gorgeous, and the water was just warm enough that you could stay in it for a short time, as long as you didn’t try to stay in too long. I took the chance to go swimming for a few minutes before laying myself out on one of the large rocks in the middle of the river and taking a short, but well-deserved, nap.

The next portion of the trail was near flat, and walked through fairly non-descript woods. I started to zone out as I walked, finding a near-perfect rhythm to my hike where my footfalls echoed in my head as my arms swung back and forth, moving the trekking poles to help push me along. This portion of my trip was my perfect serenity; rivaling long climbs and relaxing bike-rides in terms of letting my mind empty and be free. The ten miles to the next trail blend together for me, and I only really remember the few stops I made to munch on trail mix, or take pictures of birds flying by.

I hiked nearly the entire way back to my car in a trance, only breaking my silence and meditation when I started hiking alongside a man who was going camping with his husky. We ended up walking back to the parking lot together after he realized that the dog could definitely not keep up, and wasn’t really ready for a summer camping trip with her thick winter coat. We talked about life and work, camping and climbing, and the conversation made the last two or three miles fly past like they were only a few yards. As I got back to the car and started unpacking my gear (and re-clearing my head), I started preparing myself for the work-week to come, and started thinking about the next trip.
The Excelsior 2010

Photography by Don Perrault

Locations
A. Rt. 113 Royce’s Mt. Range Near Evan’s Notch
B. Connor Brook
C. Rt. 113 after Evan’s Notch
D. Rt. 113 before Evan’s Notch, leaving Loj
E. Rt 113 Near Stow Corner Store
F. Rt 113 Fryeburg ME
Benefits of Minoring in NUHOC by Eric Sheets

There is no doubt that my time spent in the White Mountains with NUHOC has done a great job of preparing me for adventures in other places. Here is a little taste of what I have been up to since I relocated to Crested Butte, Colorado and how I have been benefiting from my “minor” in NUHOC...

“All right everybody listen up! Now what we are going to do is ski down this ridge. Be careful there is a cornice so ski to the right of my tracks” The wind was blowing at a good clip from right to left so the guide was screaming to relay the message. One by one, the 10 of us cruised down the low angle ridge. Every once in awhile I was able to build up enough speed to allow me to milk a few turns in the soft snow that is piling up rapidly. I eventually caught up to the guide who is now doing his best to kick and break off the cornice he told us all to avoid. After a good chunk of the cornice had fallen off and tumbled down the chute, the guide began lighting the fuses to several explosives. “We are going to do 4 shots so when I yell the 30 second warning cover your ears.” The guide then tossed each explosive into the abyss. His final toss landed a little closer to us than he liked. “Uhh can you guys move back a little?” Everyone in the group moved without questioning the guide. “30 seconds! Cover your ears!” 30 seconds seems like a long time when you are waiting for explosives to go off. You think 30 seconds has passed and you want to uncover your ears and say “hey were those all duds?” I did my best to resist the urge to do that. Then before I knew it, the explosives all went off within 5 seconds of each other. You could feel it in your chest. The explosions shot out plumes of smoke and snow. The good news was that all four shots did not trigger any avalanches. They just left four craters the size of Volkswagens in the snow.

“We are going to boot pack this chute. So take off your skis and spread out evenly along the rim... It’s probably too steep to try to walk into facing foreword, so turn around and do your best to kick your boots in.”
... Minoring in NUHOC by Eric Sheets (continued)

Before I swung my leg over the edge of the chute, I took my poles and poked at what was left of the cornice to make sure that it was all gone. The chute was full of soft snow that probably would have done a good job of stopping me before I reached the bottom, but the idea of riding a collapsed cornice down a 45-degree chute does not sound like a good time to me. Once I was as comfortable as I could get with the situation, I began descending the slope backwards by kicking in stairs to stand on with the toe of my boot. After about 20 vertical feet of going downhill facing backwards the slope mellowed out to about 35 degrees, which meant I could face downhill. Most of the time I was up to my knees in snow, but every once in a while I would be surprised and my boot would penetrate the snow up to my hip or even higher. It would take a lot of effort to get your boots out of these holes. If you were lucky, the person next to you would hit these anomalies in the snow first and warn you about them.

“All right that’s far enough. We can put our skis on” Putting skis on is no easy feat when you are waist deep in snow and on a 35-degree slope. After some struggling, we got our skis on and proceeded to ski one by one to the rendezvous point on top of a small knoll about 300 yards from the base of the chute. The turns were soft and floaty but the snow was thick so you had to be firing on all cylinders to avoid face planting. If you were to face plant you knew for sure that you would be in for some heckling from the crew that was watching you come down. Once everyone made it down, we skied as a group toward where the snowcat was waiting to pick us up. This was probably my favorite part of the gig because you had the freedom to pick your own line through the trees and explore a little. When we made it to the snowcat, we loaded up, the cat would drive us back up to the top, and we repeated the process. Sometimes we would get to boot pack a chute other times they had us pack it with our skis on. If we had our skis on it meant that the snow was not too deep there and we would be hitting rocks while we were side stepping down the slope.
... Minoring in NUHOC by Eric Sheets (continued)

So by now you have probably asked the question “why are you doing this? What is the point? Sounds like a good way to damage your equipment.” Boot and ski packing has been used in Colorado for a few decades now and it is probably the most cost effective way to mitigate avalanches. Avalanches are a huge hazard in Colorado. Sometimes early season snow will begin to rot at the base of the snowpack. After the snow has piled up enough the weight of the snow and whatever is on top of this weak layer (hopefully not a person!) can cause the entire snowpack to rip out and slide to the bottom of the slope. I was not familiar with the process or boot packing until I made the move out west where avalanches are very common. The theory behind ski and boot packing is that by breaking up and disturbing the snowpack in avalanche prone areas when the snowpack is shallow and stable you are going to create a good base for the snow pack to rest on all winter. Another advantage of boot packing is that it provides a rough surface for new snowfall to adhere to.

I saw an ad in the local newspaper about how a local cat skiing operation needed volunteers for their boot-packing program. During my time playing in the White Mountains with NUHOC, I had acquired enough experience to be qualified for the job. I had taken an avalanche course on Mount Washington so I had experience using an avalanche beacon, shovel and probe. I was by no means an expert but it was nice to have enough experience to hang with the people that have been traveling in avalanche terrain in the Elk Mountains for many many years. It feels good to be the new guy and step out of my comfort zone. I am definitely the rookie of the crew. One of the packers even came up with a nickname for me... “The kid.”

So please think about minoring in NUHOC. It will give you the skills to see places and things that most people would not even consider trying to get to.

Answers to Trivia Questions

1. Tony Telesco
2. Connecticut. Take out the ‘i’ and you get ‘connect’ and ‘cut.’
3. Peter Evans
4. Charles Jackson, a geologist who helped map the Whites. Not President Jackson, as everyone thinks.
5. 128 cubic feet (4’x4’x8’)
6. San Francisco Mission-style
The Lodge has many mice skittering about at night.
Snap! Minus one mouse.

**Mouse Math ~O8>**
by Georgine Grissop
- Haiku by NUHOC engineer

The Lodge has many mice skittering about at night.
Snap! Minus one mouse.

**Blue Light, Green Light**
by Alex Mueller

Blue light, green light
Tore up the blinding darkness
In the woods where my heart lay
It comes intoxicated to me
Blowing apart all real
Ground is soft, almost edible
Stoned with sandy beaches.
We roll about our night
Stinging on the harbor is day
Homebound and love-dreary
Blue light, green light
Tearing away my sadness

“Try not the Pass!” the old man said;
“Dark lowers the tempest overhead,
The roaring torrent is deep and wide!”
And loud that clarion voice replied,
**Excelsior!**

“A tear stood in his bright blue eye,
But still he answered, with a sigh,
**Excelsior!**

Beware the awful avalanche!”

This was the peasant’s last Good-night,
A voice replied, far up the height,
**Excelsior!**

At break of day, as heavenward
The pious monks of Saint Bernard
Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,
A voice cried through the startled air,
**Excelsior!**

A traveller, by the faithful hound,
Half-buried in the snow was found,
Still grasping in his hand of ice
That banner with the strange device,
**Excelsior!**

There in the twilight cold and gray,
Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay,
And from the sky, serene and far,
A voice fell, like a falling star,
**Excelsior!**
A Message from the LCC

It’s that time of year again. The leaves have fallen off the trees, NUcomers has come and gone, and we are anxiously awaiting the first snowfall. As I sit on the couch sipping my hot chocolate and staring at the glow from the fire I look forward to this seasonal change. There is a certain buzz in the air that night of the first big snow snowstorm of the year. We all seem to be more alert, prancing around the Loj with the excitement of a 5 year old on Christmas eve.

Saturday nights are pretty routine at the Loj. I am becoming more tired by the minute from the satisfaction of dinner as cheers erupt from the table, bringing me out of my daze, as someone has finally won Euchre. I hear conversations of the approaching storm; “I bet we are going to get over a foot!” Peter exclaims, “Well I’ll be the first to rip a teli-turn through it,” Sheets quickly snaps back. Here, we are so far removed from everyday life that the only worry is whether or not the storm will track a few hundred miles to the east shorting our totals but a few inches.

The last embers burn out and I meander up to the loft. I can hear the wind and snow whipping against the roof of the Loj causing the whole building to sway. Tomorrow will finally be the day we have all been waiting for all summer long. We will wake up to a sea of white ready to take on Sunday River as we so rarely see it. It will be a day to remember. As I fall asleep I contemplate whether my first run will be Shockwave or White Heat.

There is no better place to be than at the Loj. I thank the generations before me for such a wonderful place and wish the generations after me enjoy it as much as I do, but until then there is much snow to be shared by all. Winter has only just begun.

-Chris Maccia
LCC