

# Mountain P A S S A G E S

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*October 24, 2020*



## Notes from the Chair

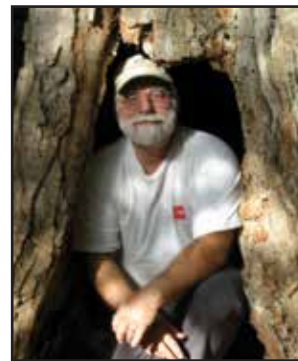
BY RICK SILVERBERG

As the summer has gone on, many Chapter members have shared their “hike local” stories on our FaceBook page and are trying to make the best of the situation. While limited facilities have opened at some AMC huts, and Highland Center and Joe Dodge Lodge and Cardigan Lodge have opened for lodging and restricted food service, this has certainly not been a typical year for outdoor activities. Unfortunately, these changes are going to continue into the fall and beyond.

We had to postpone our Spring School and had hoped to reschedule it in October. With

the continuing pandemic conditions, we have reluctantly decided we cannot safely conduct the school this year and the “Spring” School has been finally cancelled.

In addition to cancellation of the Spring School, we are all too aware of limited number of Chapter outings this summer. The few that have taken place have followed the guidance and special protocols received from the Club central office. Reports from trip leaders have been that the participants on these trips have been very good about following protocols. As we enter the fall we are seeing an increase in trips being offered.



NOTES FROM THE CHAIR, TO PAGE 2 

## OUR MISSION

The Appalachian Mountain Club is the nation's oldest outdoor recreation and conservation organization, and promotes the protection, enjoyment, and understanding of the mountains, forests, waters and trails of the Appalachian region. AMC has more than 100,000 members, 16,000 volunteers, 450 full-time and seasonal staff. The New Hampshire Chapter is the second largest of the 12 Chapters within the Club.

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## Tale of Two Trails

*(With Apologies to Fans of Charles Dickens)*

BY BOB MCLAUGHLIN

*It was the best of times,  
It was the worst of times.*

It was the week before Labor Day weekend and I took two hikes. I live in Lincoln at the southern end of Franconia Notch, and have a multitude of hiking trails from which to choose.

In defense of my decision, and possibly exposing my naiveté, on Monday, I decided it would be a perfect day to visit Lonesome Lake. The air was clear and winds calm. I thought, in

the week before school begins, most folks would be home getting ready. When I arrived at the parking area at Lafayette Place, there were a lot of cars, but also some empty spaces, and I grabbed one.

Starting the hike, I was surprised by the large number of camp sites occupied and even more surprised by the number of parties on the trail. Before getting out of the campground, I was passed by 3 groups of hikers. Many wore masks, and all passed by leaving a substantial dis-

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## NOTES FROM THE CHAIR, FROM PAGE 1

We look forward to a vaccine that will bring us to a level of herd immunity that we will be able to return to our accustomed activities. With any luck this may be as early as 2021. We can only watch and wait.

Looking to the future, Winter School at Cardigan is still scheduled, but we will not be able to make decisions on how and what we can offer for several months. We just cannot have these larger group gatherings and we are forced to think smaller.

The New Hampshire Chapter is committed to continue to educate the public, but we just have to rethink how we do that.

We are still exploring the best way to conduct Chapter events that can provide value to our members at low risk during this time. We are considering how we can properly manage small gatherings and how we can provide virtual events that can at least partially make up for what we cannot safely do. Many creative suggestions have been made that are being explored. If you have ideas please let me know, Email at [Chairnh@amcnh.org](mailto:Chairnh@amcnh.org).

It is a challenging time, but we can make it work if we all try.

Your thoughts and suggestions will be welcome.

In the meantime, we are looking forward to our Annual Meeting on Saturday, October 24. For better or worse, this year's Annual Meeting will be on Zoom. In some ways it will make attending easier and it opens up some possibilities, but we all know what will be missing. Take a look at the article by Debbie Marcus in this issue of *Mountain Passages* for a preview and the link to register.

A highlight of the Annual Meeting program is our keynote speaker, Ty Gagne. Ty is the Chief Executive Officer of the NH Public Risk Manager Exchange and is an active participant in the Androscoggin Valley Search and Rescue team. In addition, Ty is the author of the fascinating book, *Where You'll Find Me; Risk, Decisions*, and the *Last Climb of Kate Matrosova*, and the shorter piece, *Footprints in the Snow*, which is reprinted in this edition of *Mountain Passages*. We understand Ty has another book in the works and look forward to his presentation at the Annual Meeting.

Elsewhere in this edition of *Mountain Passages*, you will find:

- A great story by Tim Kennedy, one of the 50 year honorees at the Annual Meeting, about how he made use of his "close to home" time during the pandemic.
- Another article by Bob McLaughlin in his continuing series on the history of hiking in the White Mountains leading up to the 100th anniversary of our Chapter. This time Bob explores the

development of the first hiking trails, some of which are still in use today.

- Lu Ann Laquerre presents five lesser known hiking challenges to explore. Any of these hiking challenges provide a great way to discover new trails and avoid crowds.
- Following on the topic of avoiding crowds, Bob McLaughlin, contrasts two hikes he took recently in *Tale of Two Trails*. A valuable object lesson.
- Another article, *Protect Our Trails*, was authored by Bob, but represents the thoughts of many members of the Chapter's Executive Committee. It is worth a read to remind us of what we can all do assure that our trails are protected for everyone's enjoyment today and for the future.
- Finally, there is article describing the amendments to the Chapter By-Laws that have been approved by the Executive Committee and that will be proposed for approval at the Annual Meeting.

We hope you enjoy this issue of *Mountain Passages*. A big thank you to the authors and newsletter staff who make it all possible!

Enjoy the outdoors, but stay safe!

## MOUNTAIN PASSAGES

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**Submissions.** Members may submit articles or photos (hi-res jpegs) to [newsletter@amc-nh.org](mailto:newsletter@amc-nh.org). Articles may be edited at the discretion of the editor to meet space and style requirements. Publication is on a space-available basis. While Mountain Passages does not pay for submissions; a byline or photo credit is given. Contact Mountain Passages for reprint permission.

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tance and exchanging a friendly “hello.”

Again, I should have known better, but I had not been to Lonesome Lake in over a month and I continued on. The introduction to the hike set the pace for the remainder. While I was able to hike for a few hundred yards at many points, these periods of activity were interrupted by extended breaks standing off the trail as one, two, three or more groups of hikers passed by coming down the trail. At one point, I was even passed by a group ascending while I was waiting for the groups going in the opposite direction. The hike was a series of interrupted bursts of movement.

I eventually reached the lake and started on the Around the Lake trail going counter clockwise. Fortunately, it appeared that fewer people elected to take the trail or at least didn't take it in a clockwise direction. However, finding a place to get off the trail when you are on a boardwalk is a greater challenge. There was a bright spot, however. On one of my departures from



*The view of Franconia Range from the shore of Lonesome Lake. Photo by: Bob McLaughlin.*

the boardwalk, I found the perfect shot to capture the iconic view of the Franconia Ridgeline reflecting in the placid Lonesome Lake.

Leaving Lonesome Lake, I elected to follow the Dodge Cutoff to the Hi-Cannon Trail rather than return on the Lonesome Lake Trail. While I did not have the trail to myself, it was the right choice. By the end of the hike, I still had enjoyed it, but I was kicking myself because I ignored my own

advice to find the trail less travelled.

The next day, my daughter and I headed off to Mt Martha in Carroll, NH, which only emphasized the lesson. We climbed up Cherry Mountain Trail from the trailhead on Route 115. The experience could not have been more different. During the 3 and ½ hour hike we saw three other people and one dog. The trail was pleasant and lightly used. We walked through open woodlands, were scolded by bluejays, and climbed 1900 feet to a summit which we had to ourselves. While possibly less spectacular than the views from Lonesome Lake, Mt Martha offered a great view of the Presidential Range, and, down a side path, a second ledge with a view that stretched from Crawford Notch to Franconia Notch and beyond. These views were an ample reward for the effort of the climb.

While both hikes were worthwhile, the hike to Mt Martha was certainly more pleasant.

I was reminded again of the benefits of taking the trail less traveled. Lesson learned!



*The view of the Presidentials from the summit of Mt Martha. More distant but still excellent!. Photo by: Bob McLaughlin.*



## Creation of the Trail System White Mountain and Beyond

BY BOB MCLAUGHLIN

The trail system in the New Hampshire mountains sometimes seems to reach every viewpoint, waterfall, and other desirable destination. It is sometimes difficult to realize how much time and work were involved in its creation. However, the trail system is the result of series of events stretching back over 200 years and more.

As part of our series leading up to the 100th anniversary of our Chapter, this article traces the development of our trails up

to the time when the Chapter was created.

### First Trails

While the native Americans living in New Hampshire, generally referred to as the Abenaki, or “the people,” undoubtedly created the first trails in the Whites few signs of their trails remain. It would not be surprising, however, if some of the trails we hike today follow the same routes as the Abenaki's original trails. The signs of these first trails were largely destroyed by logging and subsequent fires, but some may still remain. See if you can find them.

The first of the trails that we can document which are still used were built by the Crawford family. The Crawfords ran a series of guest facilities in the Crawford Notch and Bretton Woods areas. Starting in 1819, Abel Crawford and his son, Ethan Allen Crawford, began cutting the trail now known as Crawford Path, to allow their guests to access the Presidential Range and Mt Washington. While the initial path was rough, and probably no better than a herd

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## Footprints in the Snow

**Editor's Note:** Ty Gagne, featured speaker at our Chapter Annual Meeting, is the author of the fascinating book *“Where You'll Find Me: Risk, Decisions, and the Last Climb of Kate Matrosova.”* Ty has agreed to allow us to reprint his short piece “Footprints in the Snow” which appeared initially in the Summer/Fall 2018 issue of Appalachia Journal.

Many of you may have already read this article, but it is worth a reread. Those of you who have not read it are in for a treat!

Enjoy! And Thank You Ty!

### Footprints in the Snow

BY TY GAGNE

PAM BALES left the firm pavement of the Base Road and stepped onto the snow-covered Jewell Trail to begin her mid-October climb. She planned a six-hour loop hike by herself. She had packed for almost every contingency and intended to walk alone.

She'd left a piece of paper detailing her itinerary on the dashboard of her Nissan Xterra: start up the Jewell Trail, traverse the ridge south along Gulfside Trail, summit Mount Washington, follow the Crawford Path down to Lakes of the Clouds Hut, descend the Ammonoosuc Ravine Trail, and return to her car before some forecasted bad weather was to arrive. Bales always left her plans in her car, and she left copies with two friends, fellow teammates from the all-volunteer Pemigewasset Valley Search and Rescue Team.

It was Oct. 17, 2010. She'd checked the higher summits forecast posted by the Mount Washington Observatory before she left:

In the clouds w/ a slight chance of showers

Highs: upper 20s; Windchills 0–10

Winds: NW 50–70 mph increasing to 60–80 w/ higher gusts

Bales knew that the forecast promised low clouds with some wind, but based on her experience, her plan of going up Jewell to the summit of Washington and then down the Ammonoosuc Trail was a realistic goal. Her contingency plan, if needed, was either to turn around and descend Jewell, or if she was already deep into her planned itinerary, she would forgo Mount Wash-

ington's summit and take Westside Trail to Crawford Path and down Ammonoosuc Ravine Trail.

She was eager to get out and connect with the mountains and had been waiting for a weather window, however brief, that would allow her to complete the loop. Bales knew the nuances of the Presidentials' rugged terrain and could hear the weather's early whispers hinting at an approaching howl. She had packed extra layers of clothing to better regulate her core temperature as conditions changed; the observatory had described conditions on the higher summits as “full-on winter.”

The hike up the lower



*8:30 am: Pam Bales at the start of her hike. While there is snow on the ground, the air is warm. Photo by: Pam Bales.*

portion of Jewell was pleasant. Bales felt excited, and her joy increased as she walked up into snowy paths. At 8:30 a.m., still below treeline, she stopped and took a selfie; she was wearing a fleece tank top and hiking pants, and no gloves or hat because the air was mild. The sun shone through the trees and cast a shadow over her smiling face. She had reconnected to the mountains.

Thirty minutes later, at 9 a.m., she took another shot of herself, after she'd climbed into colder air and deeper snows. She had donned a quarter-zip fleece top and added gloves. An opaque backdrop had replaced

the sunshine, and snow shrouded the hemlock and birch.

She still smiled. Above her, thick clouds overloaded with precipitation were dropping below Mount Washington's summit, where the temperature measured 24 degrees Fahrenheit and the winds blew



*9:15 am: Colder air and Pam layers up. Photo by: Pam Bales.*

about 50 mph in fog and blowing snow.

### Sneaker footprints

At 10:30 a.m., as Bales breached treeline and the junction of Jewell and Gulfside Trails, the weather was showing its teeth. Now fully exposed to the conditions, she added even more layers, including a shell jacket, goggles, and mountaineering mittens to shield herself from the cold winds and dense frozen fog. She made her way alone across the snow-covered ridge toward Mount Washington, and began to think about calling it a day. Bales watched as the clouds above her continued to drop lower, obscuring her vision. She felt confined — and she noticed something. She stared at a single set of footprints in the snow ahead of her. She'd been following faint tracks in the snow all day but hadn't given them much thought because so many people climb the Jewell Trail. She fixated on the tracks and realized they had been made by a pair of sneakers. She silently

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FROM PAGE 4

scolded the absent hiker who had violated normal safety rules and walked on.

Now, at 11 a.m., Bales was getting cold even though she was moving fast and generating some body heat. She knew she should add even more layers, so she tucked in behind a large cairn on Mount Clay. She put on an extra top under her shell jacket and locked down her face mask and goggle system. Good thing she packed heavy, she thought. And then, hunkered behind the cairn, she decided to abandon her plan to summit Washington. She would implement her bailout plan by continuing to the junction of Gulfside and Westside, turn right onto the Westside Trail and over to the Ammonoosuc Ravine Trail, where she could head down the mountain. Having spent thousands of hours in those beloved mountains, Bales knew when to abort a plan. For her, summiting was just an option, but returning to her SUV was a requirement.

Strong gusts of wind screamed as they exited the fog at full charge and attacked her back and left side. The cloud cover had transitioned from canopy to the equivalent of quicksand, and the only thing keeping Bales on Gulfside was the sneaker tracks in the snow. As she fought with the wind and heavy sleet on the ridge, her eyes searching for the increased certainty and security of the next cairn, the set of tracks ahead of her made a hard left-hand turn off trail.

Now she felt genuinely alarmed. She was sure the hiker could not navigate in the low visibility and was heading straight toward Great Gulf. Bales stood there, stunned, as she tried to steady the emotional weight of this sudden intersection of tracks. The temperature and clouds were in a race to find their lowest point, she could see just a few feet in front of her, the winds were ramping up, and darkness was mere hours away. If Bales continued to follow the tracks, she'd add risk and time to the itinerary she had already modified to manage both. But she could not let this go. She turned to the left toward Great Gulf and called out, "Hello!" into the frozen fog.

Nothing. She called out again, "Is anybody out there? Do you need help?"

The strong westerly winds carried her voice away. She blew into her rescue whistle. For a fleeting moment she thought someone replied, but it was just the wind playing games with her mind. She stood listening 0.3 mile from the junction of Jewell and Gulfside and about a mile from Westside Trail. She turned and walked cautiously in the direction of a single set of tracks in the snow; her bailout route would have to wait.

As she carved through the dense and frozen fog, Bales continued to blow her rescue whistle. Wind gusts now exceeding 50 mph rocked her. Even with her MICROspikes on, she struggled to remain upright on the rime ice-covered rocks. She

remembered that the observatory's forecast had advised hikers to be careful with foot placement that day, as the new snow had yet to firm up between the rocks, so punching through would be an added danger. Bales had also heeded that warning by wearing spikes, but even still, a single misplacement of her boot could put her into serious jeopardy.

**'Oh, hello'**

She followed the tracks gingerly for 20 to 30 yards. She rounded a slight corner and saw a man sitting motionless, cradled by large rime-covered boulders just off the Clay Loop Trail. He stared in the direction of the Great Gulf, the majesty of which could only be imagined because of the horrendous visibility. She approached him and uttered, "Oh, hello."

He did not react. He wore tennis sneakers, shorts, a light jacket, and fingerless gloves. He looked soaking wet, and thick frost covered his jacket. His head was bare, and his day pack looked empty. She could tell that he knew she was there. His eyes tracked her slowly and he barely swiveled his head. She knew he could still move because his frozen windbreaker and the patches of frost breaking free of it made crinkling sounds as he shifted.

A switch flipped. She now stopped being a curious and concerned hiker. Her informal search now transitioned to full-on rescue mission. She leaned into her wilderness medical training and tried to get a firmer grip on his level of consciousness. "What is your name?" she asked.

He did not respond.

"Do you know where you are?" Bales questioned.

Nothing. His skin was pale and waxy, and he had a glazed look on his face. It was obvious that nothing was connecting for him. He was hypothermic and in really big trouble. Winds were blowing steadily at 50 mph, the temperature was 27 degrees Fahrenheit, and the ice pellets continued their relentless assault on Bales and the man who was now her patient.

The thought of having to abandon him in the interest of her own survival was a horrifying prospect, but she'd been trained in search and rescue, and she knew not to put herself at such risk that she would become a patient too. She knew she didn't have much time. She went right to work. As he sat there propped up against the rocks, semi-reclined and dead weight, she stripped

FOOTPRINTS IN THE SNOW, TO PAGE 9 



10:30 am: Above tree line and things are getting cold. Pam adds more layers to handle it. Photo by: Pam Bales.



## A Way to Keep Busy, Discoveries in a Pandemic



*Tim Kennedy: You can always move it if you know how. Photo by: Tim Kennedy.*

BY TIM KENNEDY

It was the middle of March, and I had already done about six 4K peaks over the age of 75. That process came to a screeching halt when the pandemic hit. How would I fill my time? Shame on me for admitting that I had never hiked any of the many town forests in Pelham, NH.

In the beginning of April I went hiking in Kirby-Ivers town forest. I enjoyed the hike but the trails had many blowdowns. I saw a new goal. I went home, got my ax and bow saw and returned to correct the situation.

Little did I know what this would lead me to.



*This bridge was built with scrap wood. Waste not, Want not!  
Photo by: Tim Kennedy.*

A friend in Pelham found out what I had done. He just happened to be the coordinator for volunteer help in the various town forests. The next thing I knew, I got an E-Mail. "Tim, we could really use your expertise!"

I have been a trail adopter in the Whites for nearly 30 years. I also spent a week each summer for ten years working out of Camp Dodge so I had learned how to do just about any trail repair.

I was suddenly connected to the chairman of our forestry committee and asked to evaluate some of the forest trails. How could I say no? I suddenly found myself putting in many days of work and meeting many wonderful people dedicated to the worthy goal of providing hiking trails for the local population of Pelham.

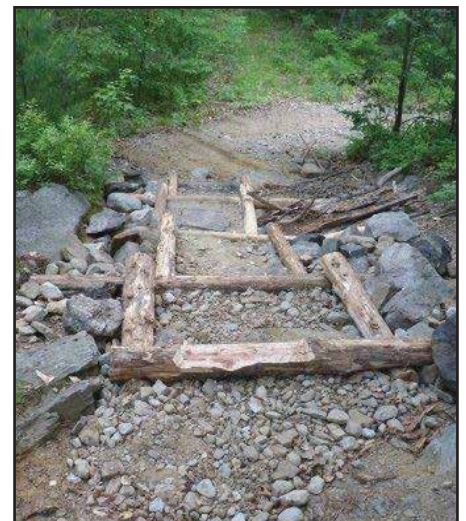
My first project was a simple relocation of a section of trail that floods every spring. I was able to find some good logs about a quarter mile away. The big rocks needed were mined and rolled several hundred yards. It was a good workout.

We were able to harvest many cedar trees that had been killed in a spring storm last year. Nobody can explain what really killed them but the material is great for trail work. I ended up with the cedar in my yard to be peeled and base logs to be cut. The material was not safe sitting in a pile at edge of a forest parking lot.

The next big project was a washed out section of trail that had become a gully. I humped in the cedar logs needed to create a four tier log crib system. Each crib was

filled with rock and buckets of gravel that had washed down. The side areas were filled with boulders and brush. I'm hoping that plants will start growing in a year or two.

Many of the trails were in need of bog bridges. My friend and I hauled in the base logs and cedar planks to the work sites. That was a chore. I ran two work days to show folks the process of how to build bog bridges. There is a picture of one bridge that I built out of two foot long cedar logs split lengthwise. That was to use up some odd pieces. I did not want to waste anything, although I have a pile of logs to be peeled and a bunch of four foot base logs for more projects.



*Building a log crib solved a chronic problem with a gully in the trail.  
Photo by: Tim Kennedy.*

I still have some projects in mind for the fall before the ground freezes. Some are just involve simple drainage problems. Some are more complicated.

The pandemic forced me to look local for some hiking. It did that and more. Now I've met a wonderful new group of people who also love the outdoors. I've discovered a need and am able to help out and provide some trail education along the way.

So I guess I would challenge you all to look for ways to help in the woods in your local area.



*The Crawford House was built on the land now occupied by the AMC Highland Center.*

path in many places, by 1840 it had been improved and widened so that it could be used as a bridle path. Crawford Path is generally considered the oldest continuously used footpath in the United States.

However, Crawford Path was not the only trail created by the Crawfords.

They cut a second path from the Bretton Woods area that followed the Ammonoosuc River to base of the Presidential and then climbed the ridge now taken by the cog railway. For a while, this second path was the more popular and was ultimately converted into a bridle path by Horace Fabyan, and became known as the Fabyan Bridle Path. Ultimately, the construction of the cog railway displaced this trail.

In the 1840s, the Crawfords also cut a bridle trail up Mt Willard that is the basis of the current hiking trail, and the Davis Path. The Davis Path never gained popularity as a route to Mt Washington likely because of its length and fell into disuse only to be resurrected in more recent times.

We have the Crawfords and their hostelrys to thank for the construction of the trails that are the basis of the wonderful trail



*A view north through Crawford Notch from the Willey House, Bartlett, N.H., on a clear summer day in 1910 (?). Photo by: AMC Archive.*

system in Crawford Notch.

Similarly, as time went on, the development of hotels in Franconia Notch led to the creation of a second trail system in the Whites. The first path to Lafayette was cut in 1826 by Stephen and Joseph Lane Gibbs, and followed close to the route of the Greenleaf Trail from the valley near the Cannon Tramway to Eagle Pass and on to the site of the current Greenleaf Hut. In 1852, a trail following the route of the Old Bridle Path trail was developed.

Trails were also cut to Bald Mountain at the head of the Notch near Cannon. In the 1850s in the southern end of Franconia Notch, trails were cut to the Flume, to the cliffs on the top of Mt Pemigewasset, and to Georgiana Falls.

The first path up Moosilauke was cut in the 1840s in an effort organized by a local innkeeper, William Little. In the 1850s, three additional trails were cut up Moosilauke, including one from the North Woodstock area. The two trails from the southern side of the mountain followed the routes of the Carriage Road and the Benton Trail. The trail from North Woodstock was known as the Little Path and was erased by subsequent lumbering. As with the other trails in the Whites, these trails were used almost exclusively as bridle paths.

In 1859 a trail approximately following the route of the Hammond Trail was cut up Mt Chocorua. This trail remained the most popular route to the summit of Chocorua for a couple of decades, but fell into disuse when alternative routes were developed.

In the Sandwich Range, the McCrillis Path was cut by William McCrillis from his farm in Whiteface Intervale to the summit of Mt Whiteface. The McCrillis Path, which is still in use, while it has been rerouted at a number of locations, is believed to contain the oldest continuously used route in the Sandwich Range, and was described in a contemporary guidebook as “somewhat difficult” passing “over long reaches of ledges and annoying rocks.” Interestingly, modern guidebooks note no difficulties.

#### **Development of Trail Networks**

Up to this point, the trails we have described were one way, point to point, trails. The next stage in the evolution of the trails was the development of trail networks.

The first trail network was the Waterville Valley Trail System. This trail network was the creation of Nathaniel Greeley, for whom the Greeley Ponds are named. Gree-

ley settled the Waterville Valley as a farmer around 1830. In the mid-1830s, after hosting a convalescent guest, the reputation of the valley as a healthful retreat spread, and Greeley started an inn. When the railroad reached Plymouth in 1853, Greeley's inn became a major tourist destination.

Because the railroad never got closer



*A party of hikers on the Crawford Path below Mount Monroe, N.H., on a clear summer day 1920s. Photo by: AMC Archive.*

than 20 miles from Waterville Valley, Greeley was able to dominate development of the area. He cut trails to local waterfalls and lakes and to mountain summits, including Osceola, Tecumseh and Welch. Unlike other trails, Greeley's trails offered the opportunity for loop hikes as well as destination hikes. Unlike the other trails, Greeley's trails in and around Waterville Valley were designed for and primarily used by hikers, not horse riders.

However, Greeley also cut three long distance bridle paths: one to Crawford Notch through the Pemigewasset Wilderness, the second lead through the gap between Sandwich Dome and the Tripyramids to the settlements at Sandwich, Whiteface and Tamworth, and the third lead to Woodstock following the route of Tripoli Road. While most of Greeley's trails are now



*AMC Autumn Excursion group at AMC Lakes of the Clouds Hut, Mount Washington, N.H., on a clear autumn day in 1928. Photo by: AMC Archive.*



# Trails Less Travelled: A Collection of Ideas for Hikes for Families and Explorers

BY LU ANN LAQUERRE

Climbing lists provide great incentives for visiting new locations and for getting out on the trails. While we all know the New Hampshire 4000 Footer List, and most of know the 100 Highest List and the 52 With a View List, there are many other lesser known climbing challenges to explore.

Here are just a few:

The **Society for the Protection of NH Forests** is sponsoring the “5 Hike Challenge” from 8/29-10/31/20. “Hike it Yourself” Autumn Adventures include choosing 5 hikes from a list of 20 trails



located throughout New Hampshire. Registered participants can receive a special limited edition neck-gaiter or “buff” that doubles as a facemask and bears the Forest Society logo with a mountain-themed print, plus trail maps with directions and hiking tips. Earn a hiking patch for completing 5 hikes of your choice. Registered participants pay \$8 per hike or are free with a membership. Go to [Forestsociety.org](http://Forestsociety.org) for more information and to register.

**Waterville Valley** has a Redliner 125 patch. Discover 19 peaks, 57 natural features and 48 trails covering 125 miles of White Mountains terrain.

Once you have completed hiking all the trails send in your log and \$10 to receive a patch.

Go to <https://wvrd.recdesk.com/Community/Page?pageId=22094> for more information.



The **Lakes Region Conservation Trust (LRCT)** Explorer Patch Program is a project designed to encourage people to visit a variety of LRCT conservation areas throughout the Lakes Region. Enjoy 20 different trails to earn a patch. Go to <https://lrct.org/explorelearn/explorer-patch-program/> for more information regarding the trails.



There is also a Castle in the Clouds hiker achievement patch program that has you redlining all the trails in the Lakes Region. Go to <https://lrct.org/explorelearn/castle-in-the-clouds/#patch> for more information.

The **Belknap Range** contains 12 peaks that one can hike to receive a hiker achievement patch from the Belknap County Sportsmen’s Association. Details can be found at this link: [http://4000footers.com/list\\_belknap.shtml](http://4000footers.com/list_belknap.shtml)



Inspired by the White Mountain Redlining challenge, the **BRATTS** (Belknap Range Trail Tenders) have created a patch for hiking all of the sanctioned trails around the range – some 65.5 miles! The “rules” and workbook for keeping track of your completed trails can be found at the following link: <https://www.belknapangetrailtenders.org/redlining.php>



## TRAIL SYSTEM WHITE MOUNTAIN, FROM PAGE 7

lost, he was a leader in developing the trail systems we enjoy today.

The next step in the evolution of our trail system occurred with the development of hiking clubs starting in the 1870s, including the creation of the Appalachian Mountain Club in 1876. These developments were described in the Summer 2020 Edition of *Mountain Passages*. AMC also began construction of its high country huts system. Madison Springs Hut was first constructed in 1888, and Lakes of the Clouds was started in 1901. The other huts followed. With the advent of the hiking clubs, and the development of the high country huts, the trail system began to resemble the trails we know today.

As described in an article in the Winter 2019 edition of *Mountain Passages*, the next factor forming our current trail system was logging and logging road and railroads running through the White Mountains. Ultimately, the evolution of our trails are the product of the work of the pioneers of trail development, the logging roads and railroads, and the forest fires that followed logging. Each played a part in the development of the wonderful trail system we enjoy today.



*A view northeast along the Crawford Path toward Mount Franklin, Mount Monroe and Mount Washington, N.H., on a clear summer day in 1915. Photo by: AMC Archive.*

However, the trail system is not finished. Trails are abandoned and new trails created. There are still wonderful locales to visit that are not accessible by trail, and some that once had trails which no longer do.

Our trail system is a work in progress but we appreciate those that have gone be-

## TRAIL SYSTEM WHITE MOUNTAIN, TO PAGE 11



 FOOTPRINTS IN THE SNOW,  
FROM PAGE 5

him down to his T-shirt and underwear. Because he wouldn't talk and she was in such close contact with him, she gave him a name: "John." She placed adhesive toe warmer packs directly onto his bare feet. She checked him for any sign of injury or trauma. There was none. From her own pack, Bales retrieved a pair of softshell

back of his head with one hand, gripped the Thermos with her other, and poured the warm, sugary drink into his mouth.

**'We have to go now!'**

All this took an hour before he could move his limbs or say anything. Slurring his words, he said that when he had left Maine that morning it had been 60 degrees outside. He had planned to follow the very same loop as Bales. He had walked that

ness and genuine concern she ordered, "You are going to stay right on my ass, John." This wasn't the way she usually spoke to people, but she knew she had to be forceful now. He seemed moments away from being drawn irrevocably to the path of least resistance — stopping and falling asleep. Bales vowed to herself that this was not going to happen on her watch.

She figured that the only viable route



11:00 am: *Things are getting rough, and Pam decides it is time to turn back, but.* Photo by: Pam Bales.

pants, socks, a winter hat, and a jacket. He could not help her because he was so badly impaired by hypothermia. She pulled the warm, dry layers onto his body. Imagine for a moment the extreme difficulty in completing that task in that environment.


Bales next removed a bivouac sack from her pack. She held it firmly so the winds would not snatch it. She slid it under and around his motionless body, entombing him inside. She shook and activated more heat packs that she always brought with her into the mountains, reached into the cocoon, and placed them in his armpits, on his torso, and on each side of his neck. Bales always brought a Thermos of hot cocoa and chewable electrolyte cubes. She dropped a few cubes into the cocoa and cradled the

route several times before. He told her that he had lost his way in the poor visibility and just sat down here. Even as he warmed up, he remained lethargic. He was not actively working against her, but he wasn't trying to help her either.

Bales recognized that he would die soon if they didn't get out of there. She looked her patient squarely in the eyes and said, "John, we have to go now!" Bales left no room for argument. She was going to descend, and he was going with her. The wind roared over and around the boulders behind which they had hunkered down during the 60-minute triage. Bales removed her MICROspikes and affixed them onto John's sneakers. She braced him as he stood up, shivering, and with a balance of firm-

out was back the way they'd come, back to the Gulfside Trail, turn right, head back to Jewell Trail, and then descend. That seemed like an eternity, but a half-mile to the top of Jewell was much shorter than the two and a half miles over to Ammo. Bales did not want to head onto Westside Trail or up Mount Washington, where she feared the storm was even more severe. There was something really unsettling about the sound the high winds made as they roared past them and, off in the distance, slammed headfirst into the western slopes of Washington's shrouded summit cone. She had absolutely no interest in taking them closer to that action.

Visibility was so bad as the pair made their way along the ridge that they crept,

FOOTPRINTS IN THE SNOW, TO PAGE 10 

seemingly inches at a time. Bales followed the small holes in the snow her trekking poles had made on the way in. She wished she could follow her earlier footprints, but the winds had erased them. Leaning into the headwinds, she began to sing a medley of Elvis songs in an effort to keep John connected to reality — and herself firmly focused.

She was moving them slowly from cairn to cairn, trying hard to stay on the trail, and trying even harder not to let John sense her growing concern. He dropped down into the snow. She turned to look and saw that he seemed to be giving up. He curled in a sort of sitting fetal position, hunched down, shoulders dropped forward, and hands on his knees. He told her he was exhausted and had had enough. She should just continue on without him. Bales would have none of it, however, and said, “That’s not an option, John. We still have the toughest part to go — so get up, suck it up, and keep going!” Slowly he stood, and Bales felt an overwhelming sense of relief.

They had traveled just under a half a mile when Bales and her reluctant companion arrived back at the junction of Gulfside and the somewhat safer Jewell Trail. It was sometime around 2 p.m. when they started down. The sun would set in three hours. Although the trees would protect them from the wind, it was darker under the canopy. Bales switched on her headlamp as they continued their tortuous descent of the trail’s tricky curves and angles.

With only one headlamp between them, Bales would inch her way down a steeper section, then turn to illuminate the trail so he could follow. To help him along she offered continuous encouragement, “Keep going John; you’re doing great,” and sang a dose of songs from the 1960s. Their descent was arduous, and Bales dreaded that he would drop in the snow again and actively resist her efforts to save him.

Finally, just before 6 p.m., after hours of emotional and physical toil, they arrived at the trailhead, exhausted and battered. Her climb up to the spot where she located John had taken about four hours. Six hours had passed since then.

Bales started her car engine and placed the frozen clothing she had taken off John high on the mountain inside so that the heater could thaw them. She realized he had

no extra clothing with him.

“Why don’t you have extra dry clothes and food in your car?” she asked.

“I just borrowed it,” he told her. Several minutes later, he put his now-dry clothes back on and returned the ones Bales had dressed him in up on the ridge.

“Why didn’t you check the weather forecast dressed like that?” she asked him again as she had up on the ridge. He didn’t answer. He just thanked her, got into his car, and drove across the empty lot toward the exit. It was right around that time, at 6:07 p.m., the Mount Washington Observatory clocked its highest wind gust of the day at 88 mph.

Standing there astonished and alone in the darkness, Bales said to no one, “What the @\$% just happened?”

#### **‘I am getting help’**

Bales would not get an answer until a week later, when the president of her rescue group, Allan Clark, received a letter in the mail, and a donation tucked between the folds.

I hope this reaches the right group of rescuers. This is hard to do but must try, part of my therapy. I want to remain anonymous, but I was called John. On Sunday Oct. 17 I went up my favorite trail, Jewell, to end my life. Weather was to be bad. Thought no one else would be there, I was dressed to go quickly. Next thing I knew this lady was talking to me, changing my clothes, talking to me, giving me food, talking to me, making me warmer, and she just kept talking and calling me John and I let her. Finally learned her name was Pam.

Conditions were horrible and I said to leave me and get going, but she wouldn’t. Got me up and had me stay right behind her, still talking. I followed but I did think about running off, she couldn’t see me. But I wanted to only take my life, not anybody else and I think she would’ve tried to find me.

The entire time she treated me with care, compassion, authority, confidence and the impression that I mattered. With all that has been going wrong in in my life, I didn’t matter to me, but I did to Pam. She probably thought I was the stupidest hiker dressed like I was, but I was never put down in any way — chewed out yes — in a kind way. Maybe I wasn’t meant to die yet, I somehow still mattered in life.

I became very embarrassed later on and never really thanked her properly. If she is

an example of your organization/professionalism, you must be the best group around. Please accept this small offer of appreciation for her effort to save me way beyond the limits of safety. NO did not seem in her mind.

I am getting help with my mental needs, they will also help me find a job and I have temporary housing. I have a new direction thanks to wonderful people like yourselves. I got your name from her pack patch and bumper sticker.

My deepest thanks,  
—John

Bales was deeply moved by the man’s gesture and his reference to the fact that she made him feel that he mattered. Bales’s selfless act and genuine humility struck a chord elsewhere. Ken Norton, the executive director of the National Alliance of Mental Health–New Hampshire, is a recognized expert on mental health issues who speaks nationally on the topic of suicide. Like Bales, he is also an avid White Mountain hiker. When I shared this story with him, he captured the gravity of Bales’s intervention on the ridge.

“John borrowed a car, got in the car, drove from Maine to Ammonoosuc Ravine, hiked to this spot where he felt like he was going to be past the point of no return, contemplating this the whole way, and along comes this guardian angel out of nowhere who force-marches him down the mountain,” he said. “It is important for Pam and others to know that 90 percent of those who attempt suicide don’t go on to die by suicide. John drove away that day and didn’t drive over to the other side of the mountain to go up the other side and finish what he started. He drove home, and a week later, he felt the need to write in an anonymous way to the president of Pemi Search and Rescue to share his immersion back into society and his life. His story represents hope and resilience.”

In the eight years since Bales saved John, she has become something of a White Mountain legend. It’s a title she never sought or wanted, but certainly one she has earned.

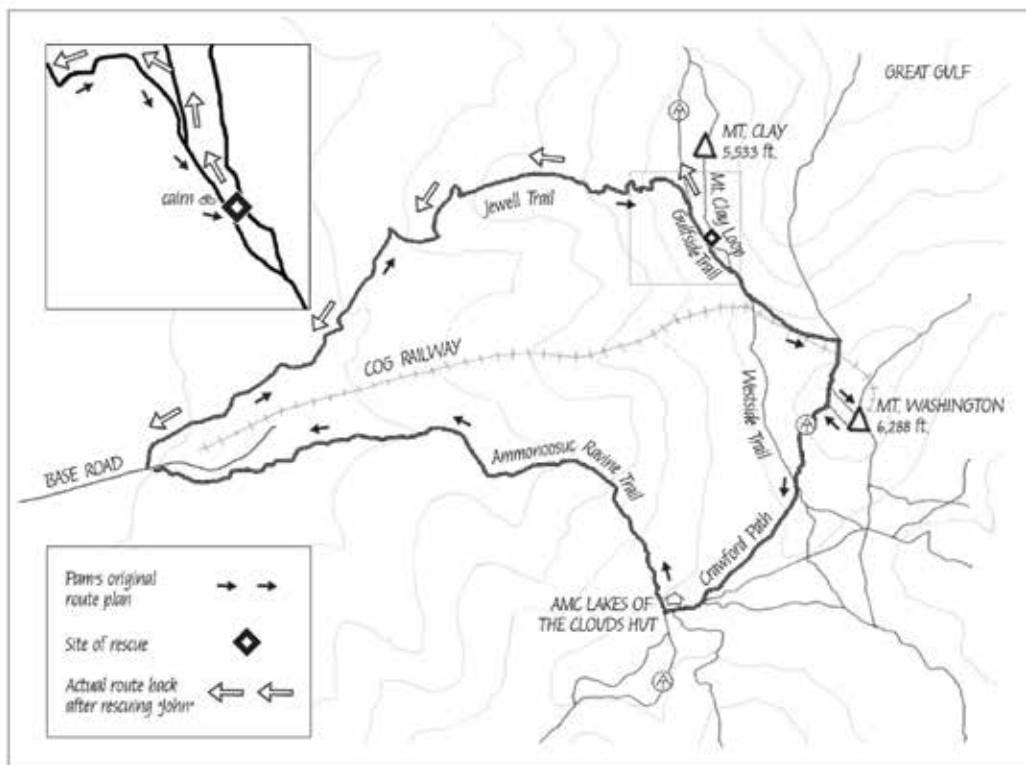
Some people have asked me if I tried to find John. The thought of searching for him felt wrong. As I’ve reflected more on this story and its relation to the issue of mental health, my response to the question about finding John has evolved. I have in fact found John, and he is very close by me.

**FOOTPRINTS IN THE SNOW, FROM PAGE 10**

John is my neighbor, he is my good friend, a close colleague, a family member. John could be me.

At some point in our lives, each of us has found ourselves walking with a sense of helplessness along a ridgeline and through a personal storm. Alone, devoid of a sense of emotional warmth and safety, and smothered by the darkness of our emotions, we've sought that place just off trail where we hoped to find some way to break free of our struggles and strife. Sadly and tragically, some do follow through. Many are able to quietly self-rescue, and others like John are rescued by others like Pam Bales.

The most valuable lesson I've learned through this powerful story is to be more mindful of caring for myself and seeking out rescuers when I sometimes find myself on the ridgeline, and to be more like Pam Bales when I sense that those tracks I see ahead in the snow, regardless of who may have made them, appear to be heading deeper into the storm.



**TRAIL SYSTEM WHITE MOUNTAIN, FROM PAGE 8**

fore and enjoy the legacy they left us. We can show our appreciation by caring for what they left, and pay forward by working to improve and expand what we have.

**Looking to Learn More?**

Are you interested in learning more about the development of the trails and the history of the White Mountains? If you are, you might want to explore the following books that are still in print:

- *Forest and Crag; A History of Hiking, Trail Blazing, and Adventures in the*

*Northeast Mountains* by Laura and Guy Waterman;

- *White Mountains Hiking History; Trail-blazers of the Granite State* by Mike Dickerman; and
- *This Grand & Magnificent Place; The Wilderness Heritage of the White Mountains* by Christopher Johnson.

Keep exploring!



*A line of hikers on the trail, probably Crawford Path, in the Presidential Range, N.H., on a partially cloudy summer day in 1920. Photo by: William F Dawson, AMC Archive*

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# Proposed By-Laws Amendments

BY BOB MCLAUGHLIN

In the spring, the Executive Committee appointed a temporary committee to consider the need for amendments to the Chapter's By-Laws. I chaired the committee and the other members were Paul Berry, Wayne Gortrel, Frank Miller, Debbie Marcus, Eric Savage, Larry Yetter, and Rick Silverberg.

Our primary focus was addressing a problem that arises if there is no available candidate for a term limited office. There are four term limited offices under our current By-Laws, the Chapter Chair and the Chapter Vice Chair may not hold the same office for more than two consecutive years, and the Chapter Secretary and Chapter Treasurer may not hold the same office for more than five consecutive years. Traditionally, the Chapter Vice Chair is nominated for Chapter Chair after serving for one or two years to gain necessary experience in

Chapter and Club matters. However, the By-Laws do not provide a mechanism to address a situation where the Chapter Vice Chair resigns or is otherwise unavailable and the Chapter Chair is serving their second term. We face that exact situation this year.

In addition, while reviewing the By-Laws other desirable changes were identified. In summary, the following amendments are proposed:

- Article IV § 2: Providing a mechanism to elect an officer who otherwise would be term limited, and defining how term limits will be calculated when an officer is appointed between annual meetings;
- Article IV § 9: Clarifying and modernizing procedure for votes of the Executive Committee between meetings;
- Article IV § 4: Changing the quorum for Executive Committee from 4 to 8 members present;
- Article V § 2: Eliminating requirement

for 4 member meetings each year in addition to the Annual Meeting; and

- Article VI: Creating the Communications Committee and deleting the Newsletter Committee which will be part of the Communications Committee.

The By-Laws may be amended only by a vote of the members present at an Annual Meeting or other regularly scheduled Chapter Meeting at which a quorum is present. You will be receiving a full copy of the proposed amendments prior to Annual Meeting and will be asked to vote to approve the amendments as the initial matter in the business session. The text of the amendments is also posted on the Chapter website at <https://amcnh.org/chapter-bylaws>.

Please make sure to attend the Annual Meeting and vote "yes"!



## Winter Hiking Series Cancelled

BY LARRY YETTER

For the first time in 20 years, the AMC NH Chapter will not hold its annual Winter Hiking Series this winter. The challenges of offering a safe program to 24 students are insurmountable in this time of Covid-19. We hope that we can again provide the series in 2021. We understand that more and more people are getting outdoors and hitting the trails and do hope that they do so safely.

To do our part for winter hiking we will try to hold smaller educational programs this winter. Look for articles in the next issue of Mountain Passages, webinars and perhaps a classroom seminar in January if travel and group size restrictions permit it.

Hike safely this fall and winter and if you are inexperienced in winter hiking, please be sure to do your research to ensure you have the right gear, clothing and information to plan and safely complete the hike. This is not a time to take unnecessary chances.



## New Hampshire Chapter Slate of Candidates/Annual Meeting - 2020

The Nominating Committee (Sam Jamke, Terri Wilson, Eric Savage, & John McHugh) presents the final slate of nominees for the Executive Committee:

- Chair - Rick Silverberg
- Vice Chair - Valerio Viti
- Secretary - Debbie Marcus
- Treasurer - Ron Janowitz
- Immediate Past Chair - Frank Miller
- Bike - Felice Janelle
- Communications - Jennifer Kimball and Bob McLaughlin
- Conservation & Education - Paul Hopkins
- Excursions - Larry Yetter and Dan Heon
- Membership - Jamie Gillon
- Mountaineering - Amanda Knight and Tom Sintros
- Paddling - Robin and Roscoe Diamond and Paul Berry
- Programs - Sue Zielinski
- Ski - Valerio Viti and Thor Smith
- Trails - Richie Holstein and Bill Foster
- Twenties and Thirties - Jamie Cullinane
- Website - Paul Berry



## Where In The Whites?

BY BOB MCLAUGHLIN

In the Spring Edition of Mountain Passages we introduced a new photo identification contest, *Where in the Whites?* We asked readers to guess where the photo was taken and what mountains were in the photo. We promised to print the names of the first 10 respondents with the correct answer.

Last month's photo is reprinted here. It is of the face of Cannon taken from the the Greenleaf Trail at the pass below Eagle Cliff. Specifically, I scrambled onto the large erratic in the pass and set up my tripod to capture the shot.

We received six correct answers from:

- Marc Rubenson;
- Ian Ayer;
- Steve Zimmer;
- Joe Philips;

- Alan Stein; and
- Susan Wentworth

Congratulations! You know your White Mountain Trails!

I suspect this month's photo may be another easy one, but I know the answer. Again, please identify the mountain in the photo and where it was taken. Be as specific as possible! Take a guess and submit your answers to [WitWamcnh@gmail.com](mailto:WitWamcnh@gmail.com). We look forward to seeing your submissions.

### What are the mountains in the photo and where was it taken? *Be as specific as possible!*



*Photo by: Bob McLaughlin.*



*Last edition's photo was of the face of Cannon taken from the large erratic in Eagle Pass on the Greenleaf Trail in Franconia Notch.*

*Congratulations again if you got this correct! You know your White Mountain Trails!*

*Photo by: Bob McLaughlin.*

## Protect Our Trails

BY BOB MCLAUGHLIN

This hiking season has been hard on our trails.

There are many reasons for this. First, it appears that more people are staying closer to home in the pandemic and for better or worse New Hampshire trails are a few hours' drive from millions. Second, campaigns on social media platforms have been promoting outdoor activities, and people have been responding, but not always with the knowledge they need. Third, it is simply a continuation of the ever increasing number of hikers on our most popular trails. I am sure you can think of other reasons for the uptick in use. It is

happening in the Whites, it is happening throughout the northeast.

This overuse results in damage to the trails and the surrounding environment just from the traffic. As hundreds and thousands of hikers walk around a wet spot in a trail, the trail, and ultimately the wet spot, widen and the environment around the trail suffers more degradation. People also walk around rocks or start entirely new trails off to the side. Trail widening destroys vegetation and often leads to more erosion and a whole new round of trail widening. Stay on the existing trail!

If there are stepping stones or log bridges, they have been put there for a reason. Use them! Similarly, when stairs have been built up steep pitches, don't walk

to side damaging the surroundings, use the stairs. Trail crews worked long and hard to build these structures to protect our trails. It is up to all of us to use them.

However, while the increased traffic on the trails results in damage, this is aggravated by the lack of care of some hikers and the amount of litter they leave behind. We have all seen it, and the reports of tissues, water bottles, candy wrappers, discarded clothing and equipment, and especially face masks are commonplace.

Most people just don't realize how long this litter will remain in the environment. We all know that plastic will last a long time, but how many of us realize it will still be present in the environment for more than 10 years. A Styrofoam coffee cup



*Here is an example of well established herd path to avoid stairs built on the Mount Pemigewasset Trail. Why?  
Photo by: Bob McLaughlin.*

can last as long as 50 years, and an aluminum can up to 200 years and plastic bottles 450 years! Cigarette butts will be with us for 1 to 5 years, and tissue for a month or more. Even an apple core will last up to 2 months on the side of a trail. If you drop it, it will stay there unless someone else comes to pick it up. Do your part, don't drop it in the first place!

Adding to this, our trails are facing other problems. As a response to the Covid-19 pandemic, NH State Parks and the White Mountain National Forest closed trailhead rest rooms. In addition, high country huts and other facilities are subject to restricted access. In compliance with the "Law of Unintended Consequences," problems have arisen. I won't describe them in detail here, but anyone who has visited a popular trailhead this summer has likely seen ample evidence that many people appear to believe the trail is their toilet.

There are solutions. Check out the Leave No Trace website at <https://lnt.org/why/7-principles/dispose-of-waste-properly/>. Find the solution that works for you and follow it.

In addition, there seems to be an increase of dog excrement, and of "doggie poop" bags on the sides of trails. Really!?!? While stepping in dog poop is unpleasant (I have had to clean my boots twice this year so far), packaging it in a plastic bag that will last 20 years and leaving it on the side of a trail is not the solution. Dogs are great, and can be wonderful companions on a hike, but if you bring your pet, it is on you to clean up after them and carry the waste out.

The problems facing our trails are real and seem overwhelming.

What can we do?

As an organization, the Appalachian Mountain Club and our Chapter can enhance our outreach efforts to introduce hikers to the "leave no trace" ethic and to techniques to reach its goals. While this is a challenge in the current environment, it is a time to be creative and seek to reach a new audience through social media. Something to think about. If you have ideas, reach out to the Chapter Communication Committee and share them.

As individuals, we can also make a difference. When you put together your pack, consider including a garbage bag and a pair of gloves. If each of us does our part to clean up the trails, it will be more pleasant

for all of us. You don't have to collect garbage on every hike, but whatever you can do "will move the ball forward."

If you see someone dropping some waste on the trail, you might also try to find a gentle way to bring it to their attention. Maybe, asking "Have you dropped something?" or something similar might be enough.

If you want to be more overt, taking the time to greet people at the trailhead and asking them if they are prepared for what is ahead and gently encouraging them to carry out what they carry in may help. Maybe it is time to restart organizing a regular team to staff the popular trailheads to spread the "Leave No Trace" doctrine, and introduce hikers to the AMC. In past years, the AMC members staffed the White Mountain National Forest's Trailhead Stewards Program at the Welch and Dickey, Old Bridle Path, Appalachia, Champney Falls, and Ammonoosuc Ravine trailheads. Unfortunately, the program has been inactive this summer because of the pandemic. It may be time to restart it and think about expanding it. I suspect the Forest Service and NH State Parks would appreciate the assistance.

Do what you are comfortable doing, but if we all try to do something, conditions will improve.

One thing we all can do, and do all of the time, is to follow the leave no trace principles ourselves. By providing a good example, other hikers might catch on. If nothing else, we will be following the principle of "first, do no harm." It works for medicine, and it works for life.

Finally, try to diversify your own hiking. Don't always go to the popular trailheads. Open a guidebook at random or spread out a map and with your eyes closed



*When Christmas arrives, will we be hanging these on the trees? Well some folks have started early!*

*Photo by: Bob McLaughlin.*

put your finger down. Find a less travelled trail that fits your ambition and meets your desires, and go off to explore new territory. If you find a new area, take the time to explore it thoroughly. Your effort will be rewarded. New Hampshire is a beautiful state full of great places to visit!

Protect our trails. It is a big job, but if we all try, we can do it together!





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## 'Mountain Passages' is only the beginning...

From hiking to biking, AMC's New Hampshire chapter has it all. Visit our website at [amc-nh.org](http://amc-nh.org) and read more about us and our many year-round events.



## New Hampshire Chapter Annual Meeting

*October 24, 2020*

BY DEBBIE MARCUS

For the first time in 99 years the New Hampshire Chapter of AMC will hold its Annual Meeting as a large-scale “virtual event” via Zoom technology on October 24, 2020 at 7:00 pm. Yes, we would rather be at the Grappone Center in Concord enjoying a fine buffet dinner and the fellowship of our NH Chapter members and guests. However, this year our concern for the Covid-19 virus made holding a large indoor social event an undertaking with too high a risk for all. We hope we can gather together again in person to celebrate NH Chapter's 100th Anniversary on October 23, 2021.

From the comfort of your home, please plan to join us on October 24th. Here's a preview: Chapter Chair Rick Silverberg will review this challenging year and how AMC and the NH Chapter has acted to promote our enjoyment of the outdoors and ensure our safety during the Coronavirus pandem-

ic. The agenda will include a short business meeting to consider amendments to the Chapter By-Laws and to formally recognize and elect the Officers and Executive Committee members. Then we will recognize 25-year and 50-year Members in a unique and memorable way!

Our Keynote Speaker, author Ty Gagne is someone well acquainted with the challenges associated with managing uncertainty and unpredictability in the White Mountains. Ty is the Chief Executive Officer of the NH Public Risk Management Exchange, and the author of *Where You'll Find Me: Risk, Decisions, and the Last Climb of Kate Matrosova* and the widely read essay *Footprints in the Snow*, which is reprinted in this issue of Mountain Passages. He will also discuss his forthcoming book, due out this fall, which tells the story of another large scale search and rescue mission in the White Mountains.

Expect a creative way for the Chapter to award “Door Prizes” to Zoom attendees!

Register in advance for this meeting:  
<https://amcnh.org/annual-meeting>

After registering, you will receive a confirmation email containing information about joining the meeting.



*Ty Gagne, the featured speaker for our Annual Meeting on Zoom.*