

DARTMOUTH OUTING CLUB

# SOLSTICE AND EQUINOX

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## FROM THE EDITOR

We did so many exciting things this term- we surfed, we hiked 50 miles in ~a day, but most importantly we had fun. Yes, that sounds a little cheesy, but we had so much fun. How else were we supposed to welcome the 2027s?

With that in mind, whether you are a 2023 or a 1967, I hope this newsletter serves as a reminder of the community and happiness the DOC fosters.

TOR- Ginger Link '24

## CONTENTS

- 2..... Sub-Clubs
- 14..... The Fifty
- 21..... Award Funded Trips
- 26..... Stewardship
- 28..... Closing

## 23F OFFICERS



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# CLUBS

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We had SO many active clubs this fall! Flora and Fauna continued to grow like an invasive weed (pun intended) and were massive contributors to [SmugMug](#), Cabin and Trail held a make-up portage for '24s who missed out on the tradition over their sophomore summer, and Skate Club finally finished their mini skate park! Leaders and Chairs prevailed during all of this craziness to give '27s, '25s, '26s, and '24s (even some '23s) an awesome fall. Without our leaders, none of this could have happened.



## CABIN AND TRAIL

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### Solange Acosta-Rodriguez '24 and Evan Barrett '24

This fall, Cabin and Trail has been working on getting more people in the outdoors while continuing to give back to the Appalachian Trail. We welcomed '27s with open arms and they have already started attending social events, cooking feeds, and healing trips. Students new and old have been able to get out to popular areas ranging from Gile Mountain to the Prezis, giving students of all hiking backgrounds an opportunity to explore New England at their own pace. This fall, we saw the return of overnight backpacking trips, which have not occurred during the term since before the start of the COVID-19 pandemic in 2020. Trailwork is also in full swing, with trailsaws being given to any group going out on the DOC-maintained section of the AT and other larger projects in the works. Additionally, Cabin and Trail continues to host Dinertoure every Wednesday morning, giving students the chance to explore new diners in the Upper Valley and talk over a nice breakfast (because Breakfast Is So Important!). At the end of 23F, Cabin and Trail is looking forward to ascending new leaders and preparing for Winterim breaktrips, which will range from day hikes and backpacking on the Big Island of Hawaii, backpacking in Zion National Park, and cabin camping in the Second College Grant!



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 **LEDYARD CANOE CLUB**

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Richard Lytle 24'

This fall, the Ledyard Canoe Club has run whitewater kayaking, whitewater canoeing, flatwater kayaking, and flatwater canoeing trips in the Upper Valley area on rivers such as the Connecticut, Deerfield, and White. Beyond the Upper Valley, Hayden Miller '25, Lucas Desilvestro '25, and Pablo Pineda '25 used their off term to complete a Ledyard-funded 1506 mile flatwater kayaking journey through southeastern Australia. Looking forward, we have five upcoming winterim break trips including the Ecuador whitewater kayaking break trip, two sections of the Everglades flatwater kayaking trip, two Río Grande whitewater canoeing trips, and one Río Grande flatwater canoeing trip that is a crossover trip between Ledyard, Cabin and Trail, and the DMC.

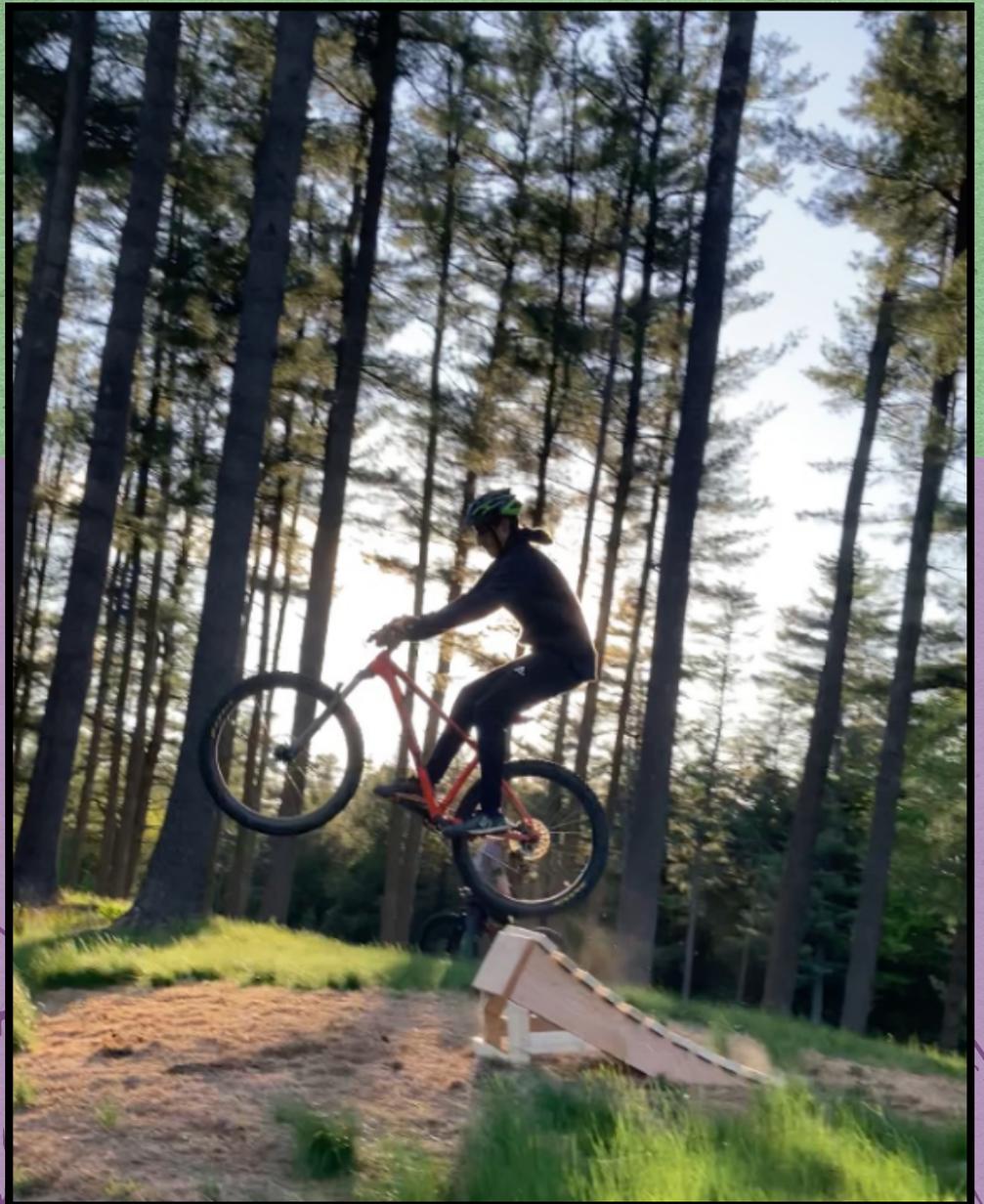




## DARTMOUTH MOUNTAIN BIKING CLUB

Carter Sullivan '24

This summer and fall, the DMBC has been riding bikes all over the Upper Valley (and beyond!). Over the summer, trip destinations included Highland Mountain Bike Park, Killington Mountain Bike Park, Green Woodlands, and Boston Lot. Beginner trips were also run to Huntley Meadow (in Norwich), which has some awesome beginner-friendly terrain! This Fall, we've kept the good vibes going with a bike park trip to Killington (and more bike park trips to come), rides to local destinations like Oak Hill, and even some social gatherings! We recently gathered to watch Red Bull Rampage, as the Utah desert freeride event inspires us to tear up the trails at Boston Lot like never before. Also, we'll be running a trip to Moab this December, and we couldn't be more hyped about it. All in all, it's been a great few months for the DMBC, and we're looking to keep our momentum rolling through the year!



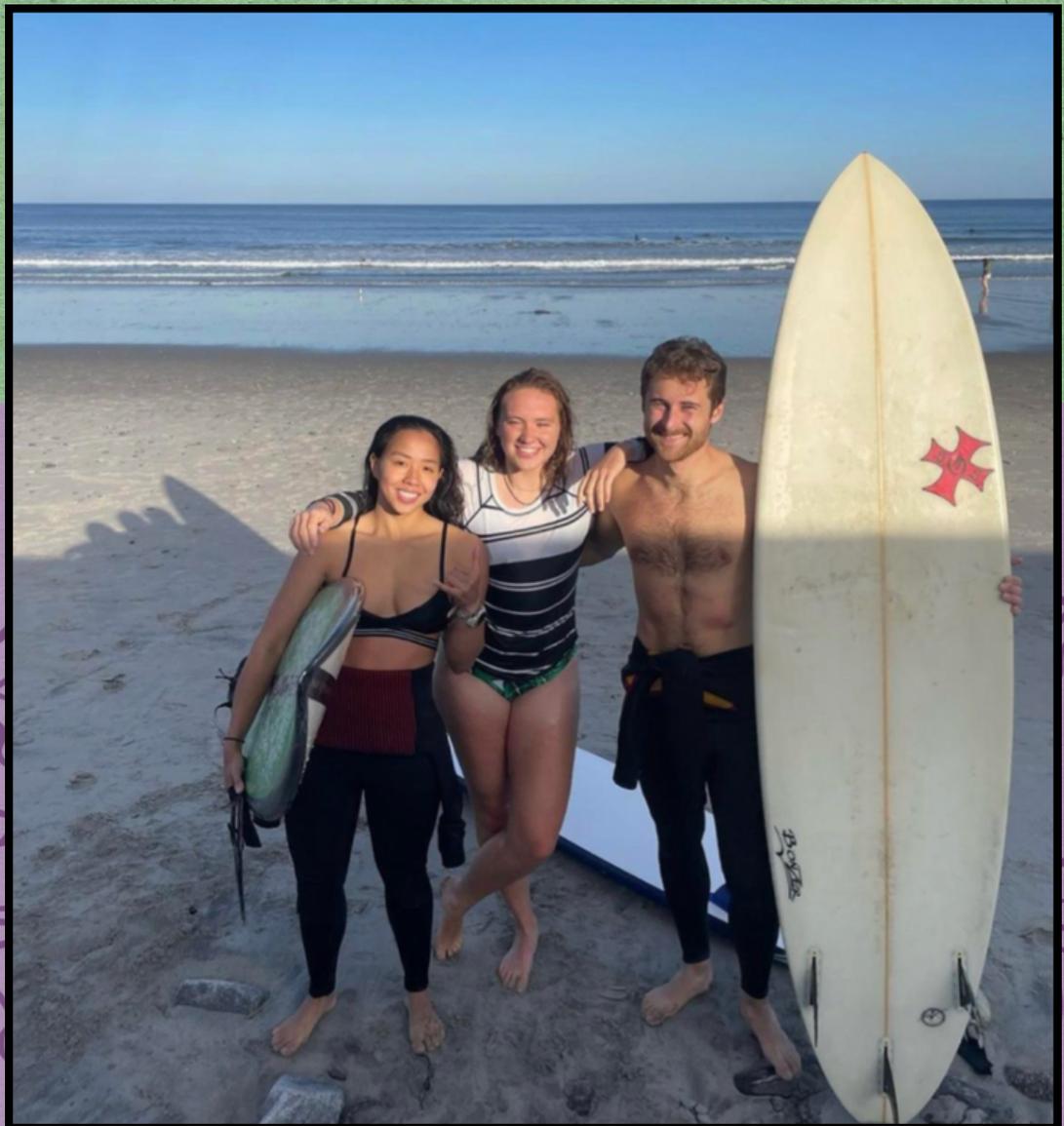
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## SURF CLUB

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Kieran Norton '24

This fall is off to an exciting start for the surf club. While the increased instance of severe weather is troubling, one small silver lining is that some hurricanes and tropical storms bring swell to New England's shores! The term kicked off with Hurricane Lee following the first week of classes, as well Tropical Storm Phillipe a few weeks later. Trips have been run as far south as Hampton Beach on the New Hampshire Seacoast, to Kennebunkport, Maine. Some Club members have even tripped down to Cape Cod for certain storms with a specific swell direction. Beginner and intermediate trips are also being run often, helping the club to grow and stimulating interest in the sport at Dartmouth. It is exciting to see the skate club starting to build a park on campus, allowing surfers to simulate the sport in Hanover and collaborate with another sub-club.





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## FLORA AND FAUNA

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Wyatt Cummings '24

Flora and Fauna has been going strong throughout 23F! The sub-club, founded just last year, has seen multiple trips a week, all of which are beginner-friendly and bring in plenty of '27s and long-time DOC members. We've explored the Upper Valley, by: birding around the region, making wildflower bouquets at the Organic Farm, setting up a light sheet to attract moths, learning about beekeeping with Farm Club, setting up bat boxes, exploring bogs, and going on mushroom walks in Pine Park. We've also traveled further afield, by: birding while surfing (FnF x Surf! The crossover you never knew you needed), watching the snow goose migration near Lake Champlain, and exploring the Second College Grant. While not out in the field, we host feeds and socials as fun ways to build community. We have also established new long-term conservation projects: students are helping visiting professor Steve Brady track overwintering wood frogs, and in the winter students will help VINS trap and band birds of prey. Stay tuned to see what FnF does next! Reach out to [flora.and.fauna@dartmouth.edu](mailto:flora.and.fauna@dartmouth.edu) any time if you'd like to meet us or learn more!





## VIVA HARDIGG OUTDOORS CLUB

Abigail Chase '25 and Kristine Suritis '25

The Viva Hardigg Outdoors Club has had a wonderfully robust autumn. 23Fabulous if you will! Our first meeting of the term had a huge turnout with over 30 participants – 26s and 27s are adorable and they are the future. They're also the chefs! Highlights from the term include freshman-crafted pancake dinners and delicious homemade pizza dinner.

We kicked off the term strong with a hike to Mt Cardigan and Red Wagon Bakery and a lovely impromptu jaunt through the Canaan farmers market.

DMC and VHOC crossover event for a beginner climbing trip to Rumney! We had a wonderful turnout and several people who had never climbed outdoors before and some attendees sport climbed for the first time!



We had a wonderful feed (meeting+meal) at the eponymous Viva Hardigg's house, where we served burrito bowls and Viva generously provided dessert and splendid fall vibes! Over thirty VHOCers were in attendance for this off-campus extravaganza

Essentially, we've had an amazing term full of new faces and trying new things, like hiking, climbing, canoeing, timber teaming, mapling, cabining, and cooking! We are running two (!! ) break trips this winterim- one group of VHOCers will be backpacking Big Sur, and another will concurrently journey to Catalina Island. We're so excited to share stories and pictures from these adventures! Stay tuned for exciting 24Wonderful updates- we're planning to tackle ice climbing, backcountry and nordic skiing, ice skating (maybe hockey if we're feeling spicy), and perhaps a winter Cardigan or two :)



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 ARCHERY

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Shawn Selbst '26

The DOC Archery Club welcomed many new members from the class of 2027 this term and is excited to share our sport with everyone! We continued some new traditions from 23X such as PE Credit and archery tag (as shown in the picture) on weekends! Several new leaders joined our group, allowing us to have three practices per week now. Towards the end of the summer, one of our leaders Eric added some new bows to our inventory, so he has been teaching our members styles of archery beyond the olympic recurves we had before! Our dinosaur mascot target Dino has also been getting lots of love from arrows and club members alike. For the upcoming terms, we're looking at getting involved with optional competitions, becoming part of the house cup, and working on some club swag. Looking forward to future terms with everyone!



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 **FARM CLUB**

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Avery Borgmann '24

It's been a great and active fall at the O-Farm, and as the harvest season comes to a close, we're so proud of what we've accomplished in Farm Club this year. We've been working on building our leader community and standardizing our leader-in-training process, and we recently welcomed four new leaders to the club. The farm has been buzzing with activity, including some very large workdays with a lot of interested '27s, eager to weed, harvest vegetables, pick flowers, and more. With such high participation in workdays, we've been able to reap a bounty of squash, kale, peppers, flowers for drying, and all kinds of other things! We've also enjoyed firing up the pizza oven and roasting s'mores at the firepit as the nights cool down. On Saturday, we will welcome the greater Dartmouth community to the farm for our autumn event, Harfest. This will be a great way to close out our season and to get excited for planting time in the spring.





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## DARTMOUTH MOUNTAINEERING CLUB

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Diane Chen '26

The Dartmouth Mountaineering Club had an exciting summer and fall term with weekly dinner meetings, many trips to Rumney, fun socials, and more! This summer, Ryan Tanski '25 and Ryan Cooper '25 were co-chairs. Some highlights of the summer included many grill outs and quality time outside whenever possible. Additionally, those that were not in Hanover this summer climbed across the country! The DMC ran its first ever break trip to Alaska between 23X and 23F, and tripees learned more ice climbing and traveling across glaciers. This fall, the DMC was chaired by Ryan Cooper '25 and Diane Chen '26. The DMC was excited to welcome 27s of all different climbing backgrounds, and trips were run to Rumney and other local crags whenever the weather permitted. A rainy fall didn't keep spirits down, as DMCers got to know each other during feeds and socials rain or shine. We also ran a term-long 'trad class', which allows more experienced club members to learn gear placements and multi pitching skills at no cost and go trad climbing weekly at crags around New England.





## PEOPLE OF COLOR IN THE OUTDOORS

### Michael Burns '26

People of Color Outdoors (POCO) had a great fall term! We welcomed the 27s into the club and led a variety of outdoor activities and social events. We held meetings every Tuesday evening that were also feeds, and our wonderful feed chairs cooked delicious meals featuring an array of cuisines.

Some fun trips that POCO ran included surf trips to the seacoast of New Hampshire, fun diner trips, hiking, climbing, and paddling trips on local rivers!

Additionally, this term \$3000 was allocated for the POCO Access Scholarship. The mission of the POCO Access Scholarship is to break down barriers to accessing the outdoors for POCO members. Gear, outdoor equipment, training, and certifications are subsidized through the scholarship and prioritizes members who are leaders or leaders-in-training for subclubs.

Overall, there was great turnout for POCO meetings and trips this term. A lot of fun outdoors and social events to bring people together both indoors and outdoors!



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 **TIMBER TEAM**

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Farrar Ransom '23

This term has been hard for the Timber Team with our move to our new practice location still in progress. Luckily we have the wonderfully supportive OPO staff and a few dedicated leaders who have still been able to introduce first-years and older newcomers to the joys of making wood smaller. People have been particularly passionate about axe throwing this term and it's great to see people's confidence grow. Outside of practice and work days, we had a lovely dinner with current team members and local alumni to celebrate all the work that Jim "Pork Roll" Taylor '74 has put into the team over the past 50 years. We also attended the UNH Woodsmen Meet in November where our team came in third place overall in the packboard and fire-build relay event. We can't wait to get into our new workshop this winter!



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## DIVERSITY, INCLUSIVITY, JUSTICE, AND EQUALITY DIVISION

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Reah Donohue '26

This past term, the Diversity, Inclusion, Justice, and Equity Club (DIJE) has been exploring many themes and projects regarding how the DOC recreates in the outdoors. DIJE members have discussed methods of encouraging students to feel a greater sense of connection to the land, history, and environment when outdoors, and the limitations of Leave No Trace in achieving that goal. We have also learned about accessibility in the wilderness for physically disabled people, and how the DOC can make the outdoors a welcoming place for more than the able-bodied, starting with Dartmouth's Hinman Cabin.

This Fall, IDIJE, POCO, and the Student Wellness Center led an overnight wellness mini-retreat at the Moosilauke Ravine Lodge to explore the intersection of wellness and inclusion in nature. In this program, participants engaged in body-mind practices such as yoga, meditation, breathwork, journaling, and a mindfulness hike. This mindfulness experience seeks to explore how wellbeing and resilience are connected to creating a diverse, equitable, and inclusive community at Dartmouth and beyond.



## Recent Talks in DIJE

### *Leaving 'Leave No Trace' Behind*

Should the DOC abandon Leave No Trace (LNT)? This week in DIJE we discussed the limitations of LNT and the possibility of moving towards a more holistic Conscious Impact Living.

### *Tackling Dartmouth's Problematic Past*

Dartmouth has had an incredibly problematic, harmful, and racist history that the DOC must do a better job tackling. DIJE is working to create a framework to better address and acknowledge the history of this land and how it has historically exploited various groups.

### *Doc Benton: Should the First-Year Trips tradition stay or go?*

DIJE recently discussed the years-old First Year Trips tradition of the Doc Benton ghost story. We confronted the depiction of indigenous peoples and colonization in this tale and its role in contributing to tripees' sense of place in the outdoors.

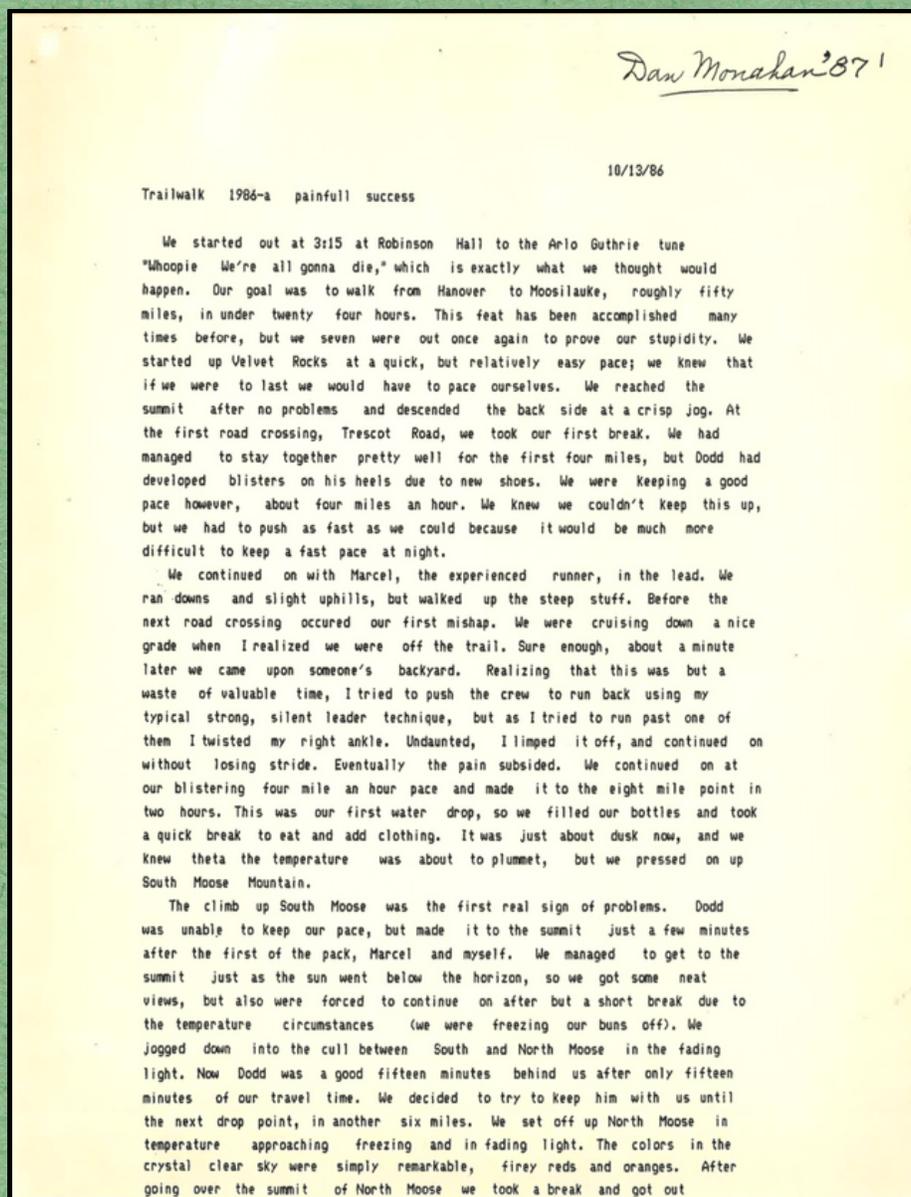
# THE FIFTY

For the uninitiated, the Fifty is a ~50-mile hike on the Appalachian Trail between Hanover and Moosilauke. For many years, the Fifty hiked from Hanover to Moosilauke. That's literally an uphill battle. Now, we hike from Moosilauke to Hanover. Oh, and this is all done in a little over twenty-four hours.

This year, the Fifty was directed by Joe Earles '23 (who has completed the AT), Alexis Chelle '25, and Jack Nelson '25 and was supported by many of students. For some people, the Fifty will be their main involvement with the DOC during their time at Dartmouth. Eight teams left Moosilauke in the morning with six arriving to Hanover the next afternoon. From Joe: "no injuries, no one lost." I'd call that a success!

## THE FIFTY THROUGH THE AGES

Dan Monohan '87, Th '88 shared his journal entry from his attempt at the Fifty. The physical copies of his journal were preserved by his grandfather. Dan notes, "FYI, it was my grandfather's copy. It's his handwriting on the top, and only he would have included my year of graduation on his personal copy, he was such a Dart-o-phile." (zoom in to read!)



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headlamps. we decided it was better to see than to save on batteries. It was here that we discovered that one member of the party, Adam, did not have a flashlight or headlamp. He tried to blame it on Geoff, but that was a moot point now. He didn't have a lamp and that would slow us down. WE managed to keep a good pace down North Moose. While we were going up Holt's Ledge, Adam started to feel bad. He dropped well behind the group and had a tough time. He was really weakening. We took in the views from the Ledge: the moon and stars as well as the houses down in the valley that had their flood lights on. The place would be so much nicer if those houses weren't there. We got together and cruised down the north side, just in time for our nine o'clock meeting with Max at the road.

Just as we hit the road, my watch turned nine o'clock, but where was Max? We figured he would be on DOC time, ten minutes late, or so. We got out what warm clothes we had and huddled together to try to keep warm. Soon I couldn't stay cramped, so I got up and jogged around a bit to stay loose. Numerous people out driving came by and asked us if we were alright. We responded "Yes," and they went on their way. One car came down the road at about 50 mph, drove past, stopped, turned around, and drove straight at us. Then they stopped and made the same query. After 45 minutes, Marcel and I decided to go make a phone call. We had to get more food and water as well as our other clothes if we were to continue. We jogged up the road to the first house, and just as we got there, a car came by us, backed up, and looked at the house for a minute. Then they pulled into the driveway and a small child came running out of the house saying "Uncle Oliver, Uncle Oliver, we've been waiting for you!!." Marcel and I didn't know what to do, so we lurked in the shadows for a while not wanting to break up their reunion. Soon we decided to barge in, so I waited out in the road to intercept Max, if perchance he drove by. Soon Marcel came out saying that all the stuff had been left by the side of the road and Max is in Hanover on his way here. We jogged back to the trailhead and told the news to the group..They couldn't believe the stuff was here as we had made a cursory search of the area the stuff might have been in. We tramped up to the area and made a more thorough search. We found the stuff buried in a pile of leaves-- oh well. We got out the food, crammed it down, got our clothes, packed them, and headed on. Just as we were leaving Max pulled up. He decided to cruise to the end of the road walk and heat up some water for us. We followed him up the road, and by the time we got there he had hot water going and a small fire to warm us. Just then I noticed that my headlamp was going. I thought it was a little early for it to die, and it died suddenly, I thought it was broken. John Kull and I took it apart and played with it. When we put it back together it went for about ten seconds and then died. I played with it again and it did the same thing. I finally figured out that it was just cold. The temperature was below freezing by now and the battery pack was in my pack. I took it out and stored it in the pouch of the windbreaker that I was wearing. We started up Smarts and I used the light from Scott's light. It was very bright, but

3

my legs blocked alot of the light so it was tough to see. It was also a problem because Scottt's headlamp was an Equps light, which would blink off at random times. We managed to avoid major problems, but everyone got their feet wet on the bottom half of the Ranger Trail. There was lots of mud and not many places to put feet down.

We plodded on up to the summit of Smarts Mountain, at a slower rate. We had managed to keep a four mile per hour pace to the base of Smarts, but it took us an hour and a half to go the 3.5 miles to the summit. Half-way up I turned my headlamp on and it worked for quite a while. We got to the summit and took a break in the Ranger Cabin. We were into our late night mode, so pressed on after not much of a break. Descending the north side was fairly tricky as the water on the rocks was freezing. We had to be careful to avoid the ice. We did manage to run short distances, but we were tired and it was tough to run at night. We pressed on through Quintown, and we were showing signs of serious tiring. Takin the Mad Monk of Mt Washington as an example, we suspiciously, viciously laid banana peals on the trail just before Cube (late night delirium) We could bail out at the base of Cube, but that would mean spending the rest of the night in the shelter without much more clothing; a dismal prospect at this point. Now Adam was really tired, he could barely keep awake. Geoff was getting tired, but he was still OK. Marcel was tarting to have problems with his back. John's body was pretty tired, but Scott and I were still in good shape.

We started the ascent of Cube at about 2 AM. We decided to try a slow and steady pace, but Adam could not really even keep up with that. We knew he had to bail, but there really was no way for him to do so. The crew pressed on. The summit of Cube was really cold and windy. It was tough to keep on the trail in the dark with the blazing on the rocks, But I managed to get us over the summit and down the other side. We got our food and water drop at the intersection of 25A, and pushed on. It was about 4:30 AM, and we wanted to get to Great Bear by 8 or so. I knew we wouldn't do it, but I pushed everyone as fast as I could. We weaved through the mess of trails at Mel Thompson's farm and cruised towards the Baker Ponds. We hit a road and started to jog a little. By now everyone was really beat, but we had to dig down a little deeper. After running for a couple of hundred yards I realized that there were no more blazes. At this point, everyone just sat down and I ran around to find where the trail went. I eventually found it and we went on our way. By now, John, Adam and Marcel were ready to bail out, and we just had to get them to the Atwell Hilton, a place where Max would be with hot water and a ride to the Ravine lodge. We managed to drag ourselves in just as the sun was rising (around 6:30).

We arrived at the Hilton to find that Max had just left the stove and water, but luckily Bob Averill and Bert Gilbert were there to do trail work. We convinced them to give our battered a ride to the Ravine Lodge, and Scott, Geoff and I continued on. I made a quick milage estimate and

4

guessed that it would be 12 miles to Great Bear, and to keep on schedule, we would have to cruise at four miles an hour. It turns out that we didn't have quite that far to go, but I knew we had to "get there." We did the first three miles in about 50 minutes, running all of the downs and going as fast as my feet would take me on the up. Scott was just powering through this stuff; I was really pressed to keep up with him. Geoff was managing to keep up, but barely. Then we got to 25C and Mt Mist. We continued on at this blistering pace, but it was quite apparent that Geoff would not be able to keep up. We decided to part company, as we knew that more hikers would be through there before long (people were being dropped off at Cube and Mt Mist to hike to Moosilauke.) My feet were now getting really tender as I had not changed my socks. I tried to at the Atwell Hilton, but my shoelaces were totally frozen. None the less, Scott and I kept up this high speed walking until we hit 25. There I took the lead and plowed up the first hill. Scott was really tired, so I slowed down. We kept this slower pace until we got to the road to the Home for the elderly. There Scott really hit the wall. The only thing that kept him going was the hot food waiting for us at Great Bear. We got there at about 9:45, and Tauna had water boiling and Ramen noodles ready to go in. That was truly a godsend. By 10:15 I was ready to press on. Scott was pretty tired, but I convinced him to press on. We started up Moosilauke at a slow but steady pace. I knew it was a long ways, so I urged Scott on. After many "We're almost there"s, we broke out onto the ridge. We were only .8 miles from the summit. With renewed confidence, we cruised across the ridge and, after putting on all of our clothing, started up the final pitch. Just as we started this I heard a yell from behind. Metsky had run up Glencliff trail hoping to catch us. He finally did just before we reached the Summit. With this inspiration, Scott and I ran the final 100 yards or so to the Summit. I was almost knocked over by the wind on the Summit, but kept my feet. We took a short break in the old foundation and then started the descent at 12:15.

This was the grimest part of the trip. My feet were really beat, wet and waterlogged, and they hurt alot. we were coming down the steepest terrain that we had encountered as well as the rockiest. We just kept on plugging, knowing that the Ravine Lodge was only about two miles out. Finally, we pulled in at about one thirty and crashed. I immediately took off my boots, and saw the bottom of my feet. They were completely white, water logged and locked really bad. I had a few chocolate chip cookies and crashed. I woke up at 4:30, completely refreshed. Fortunately I had time for a round of hacky sack before dinner. My feet were now completely dry, but were still uncomfortable. After dinner we had a square dance and big party. The highlights included a slam Polka in which I managed to escape with only minor cuts after telling my partner to lean back. She obliged by throwing her weight back, bringing the two of us into a heap on the floor. Also, I started the Salty Dog Rag with one partner and pulled a smooth switch halfway through in the chorus.

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The next morning I woke up expecting to not be able to move, but I was fine. The only sorenes I had didn't hit me until a few days later, and it wasn't severe. Overall a great experience, but I won't do it again for a while.

Dan's email recounting his time hiking the Fifty was part of a wonderful Chubernet (CnT alumni Listerv) email chain. So many chubbers have fond memories of the Fifty. Charley Allen '71 also shared his recollection of the Fifty:

Looking back some 56 years [1967], many of the details from my own footfalls along that route have dimmed with time, but satisfaction with the accomplishment remains one of my best C&T/DOC memories.

Of course, we called it "the trail walk" back then. When some upperclassmen (Steve Goldthwait '68, Bjorn Lange '68) fished some impressionable heelers in the Fall of 1967 to accompany them from State Route 112 back to Hanover in under 24 hours, it was presented as a quick opportunity to meet the cabin requirement for membership. We did "bag" old Agassiz, the Summit shipping container, Great Bear, Armington, Hinman, Holt's Ledge and Harris. But equally gratifying was being told we were tracing the footsteps of the legendary Sherman Adams and reviving a "tradition".

Flash forward a half century and I am amazed to learn how interest has grown. Hard to wrap my head around admission being restricted by lottery and the complexities of logistical support en route. I admire your choice of running south to north. At least our venture was all downhill! The slog up the waterfalls of the Beaver Brook "trail" gave us some idea what we were in for. Somehow I don't recall carrying any food or taking time to prepare it. There were long stretches of looking for the orange and black DOC blazes as we wandered about in the dark, especially when we were perilously close to the Mt. Cube Farm and its surly occupant. But somehow we staggered down Wheelock Street on rubber knees in just under 24 hours total time. I think we only lost Thain Ramey '70 somewhere south of Smarts Mountain. Otherwise, if memory serves, Thomas Goldthwait '71, the Lamarre brothers Albert and Robert '71 and I had a great trip report for the following Monday at 10 PM in Robinson Hall.

After the 2014 fall Fifty, Mike Mayer '17 made a short video documenting the Fifty.



[Click on the image to visit Vimeo, and watch Mike's documentary](#)

“In groups of three to four, Dartmouth students attempt to complete a 53.6 mile hike along the Appalachian Trail. **IN LESS THAN 36 HOURS.** They don't sleep. They don't stop.

Beginning Friday morning in Hanover, New Hampshire, participants hike throughout the day, throughout the night, over mountains, through valleys, all the way to the top of Mount Moosilauke, and down to the Moosilauke Lodge. The expedition is legendary. It's a tradition that goes back all the way to... before any of us can remember. This year, we decided to document it.

The journey is rewarding but brutal. Numerous students provide help along the way. They supply food, monitor safety, and offer mental support for the exhausted participants.

The hikers of the Fifty learn about both the Appalachian wilderness and themselves throughout the challenging adventure.”





# AWARD FUNDED TRIPS

\*Not a comprehensive list

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## SURFING AND MOUNTAIN BIKING IN SAN ONOFRE

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Scarlette Flores '24, Valeria Pereira Quintero '24

On August 12th to the 19th, Valeria Pereira Quintero '24 and Scarlette Flores '24 embarked on a surfing and mountain biking adventure in Southern California for a weeklong Schlitz Funded trip. This all started in the summer of 2022 when Scarlette learned how to surf at Dartmouth during a trip to the coast through the Dartmouth Surf Club. She fell in love with the sport, and then went on a surf break trip to Southern California during her junior winter break. There, she was able to practice several surf skills including how to properly pop-up, catch waves, and paddle. That same summer, Valeria discovered mountain biking for the first time, and got involved with the Dartmouth Mountain Biking Club in the DOC. Valeria became a leader in training, and went on several local mountain biking trips around campus and wished to continue learning more skills through her Dartmouth career. Prior to coming to Dartmouth, Scarlette and Valeria had limited access to the outdoors because gear was expensive and Houston lacked outdoor spaces. The DOC was the first place where they could explore new activities and remove several financial barriers to get outside. They decided to plan a trip where they could practice and teach each other new skills, so that they could become surf and mountain biking leaders in the DOC and lead more trips! Particularly, Valeria and Scarlette wanted to give back to People Of Color Outdoors, a sub-club of the DOC that focuses on helping underrepresented racial and ethnic minorities in the DOC get outside. By going on this trip they hoped to inspire other POCO members to become leaders and apply to Schlitz to reduce financial barriers that often affect minority groups the most.

The trip itself was divided into two parts. The first four days Valeria and Scarlette went to San Onofre and Doheny Beach to catch smaller waves. Scarlette focused on practicing her turns, her pop-up and teaching Valeria how to surf. By the end of the four days Valeria was able to stand up on her board and was able to catch waves on her own! The remainder of the trip Valeria took Scarlette mountain biking to local trails in San Onofre. Although there were some gnarly falls, overall the experience was really rewarding. Scarlette and Val switched between surfing and mountain biking in the San Onofre area, and they were even able to meet up with fellow Dartmouth students and surf together! Now, back on campus Scarlette is DOC President and Valeria is Ledyard Vice President. They continue to lead trips and are super excited for their final year at Dartmouth to get outside as much as possible.







## MOUNTAINEERING IN THE NORTH CASCADES, WA

Talula Seele '26, Keegan Miller '26, Sebastian Frazier '26,  
Brook Chevront (Written by Talula Seele)

Keegan and I have a penchant for planning adventures. We met on a CnT hike during the first couple of weeks of our freshman year and have been adventure buddies ever since. We'd both spent a bit of time in the North Cascades before Dartmouth, and it was a dream come true that the DOC helped fund our trip back.

The trip almost didn't happen. Keegan and I had planned to meet up with a couple of his friends from a NOLS mountaineering course, but one of them got a job offer and bailed just a couple of weeks before the trip was scheduled to begin. Scrambling, we invited Sebastian, a fellow DMC-adjacent '26 and strong sport climber, to join us. He had some knowledge of glacier rope skills from preparing for a break trip. He'd never been backpacking before.

The Ptarmigan Traverse is a classic 35-mile high route through alpine terrain from Cascade Pass to the Suiattle River. It involves a combination of hiking, off-trail navigation, scrambling, and glacier travel. Over the course of 6 days, we traversed rock, snow, ice, and a quintessential Cascades bushwhack through one of the most beautiful places I've ever been. We took our time and traveled heavy, sacrificing light packs for delicious meals. Keegan is an expert backcountry cook—at one point he baked cinnamon rolls, which we shared with some other folks camped nearby. Having grown up in the culture of fast-and-light backpacking, I quickly learned to appreciate the perks of this old-school-style mountaineering. Indeed, the Ptarmigan was an incredible place for all of us to practice, learn, and grow as outdoorspeople. Keegan, Brook, and I had the opportunity to share and compare what we'd been taught, and Sebastian went from never having seen a glacier to leading a rope team across one.

Of course, not everything could go so smoothly. Fast-forward to our drive to Glacier Peak: about 45 minutes out from the Glacier Peak trailhead, Sebastian and I noticed Keegan and Brook's car disappear from our rearview mirror. After growing increasingly concerned about their absence, we returned to find they'd gotten not one but two flat tires. What followed was a hectic afternoon of failed patching efforts and shuttles into cell service. Brook and I did some crossword puzzles, and Sebastian read almost all of *The Freedom of the Hills* before AAA arrived. We took a rest day to sort out the car, which involved a combination of sleeping in, goofing around in a local bouldering gym, and shopping for gear in the Seattle area.

Once we finally got there, Glacier Peak was another mild misadventure. We did some lovely hiking up to a beautiful camping spot, only to be battered by rain for the next 24 hours. It's unquestionably a rite of passage for any aspiring mountaineer to be cooped up in a tent in bad weather for an indefinite period of time. Thankfully, the rain finally abated, and we made a hasty summit attempt under looming dark clouds. Just as we approached the glacier, however, we were enveloped in fog. With visibility deteriorating, we decided to turn around. Another important lesson for the young mountaineers: failure is part of being in the mountains.

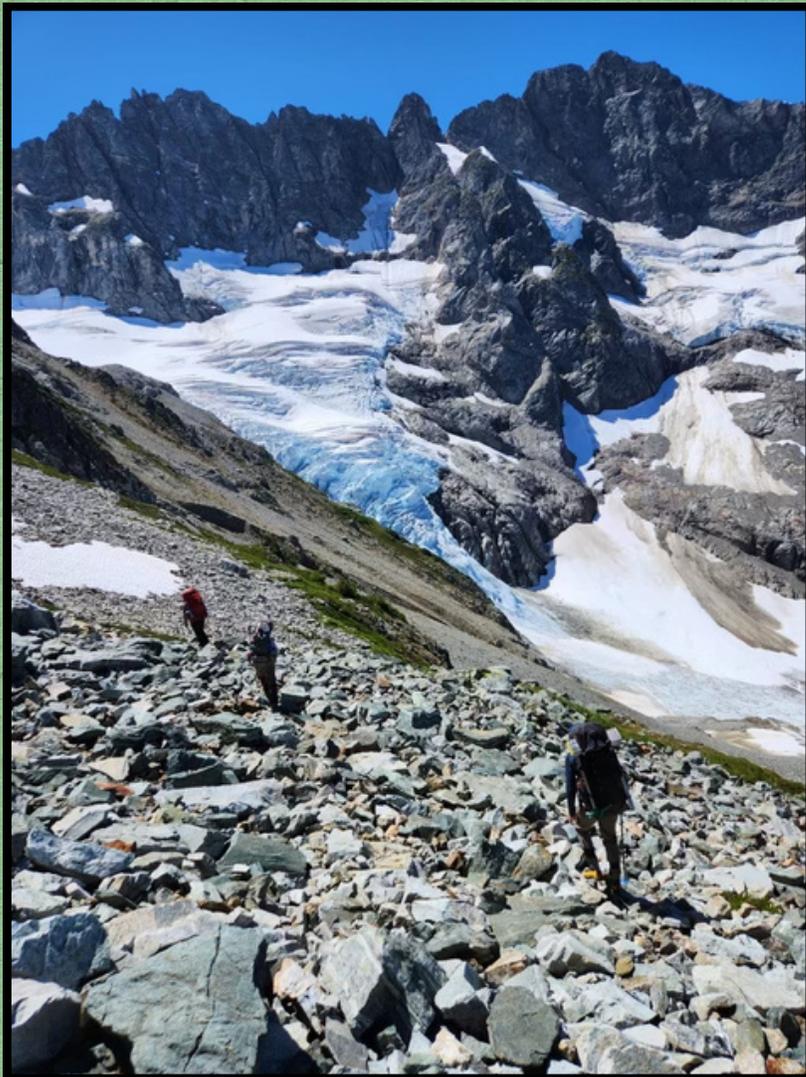
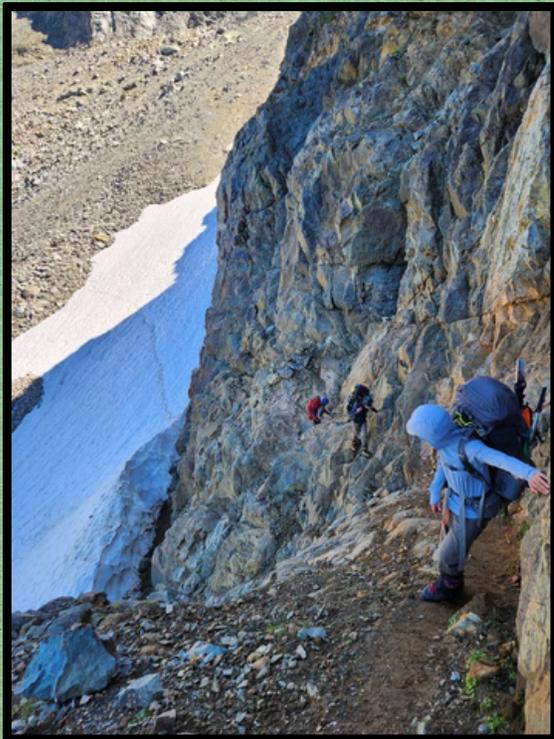


Tahoma (this is the Puyallup name for Mt. Rainier) was the culmination of our trip. I approached this objective with caution, feeling conspicuously young and inexperienced. The Disappointment Cleaver route is a classic introductory mountaineering objective, but we were attempting to summit near the end of the season, when the crevasses are bigger and the snow is melting faster. Indeed, on the afternoon before our summit attempt, Camp Muir was abuzz with speculation about the status of the route. Everyone had seen photos of a rickety-looking “triple ladder” anchored on an undercut edge of a massive crevasse. The Forest Service Rangers warned everyone that the route was “almost out.” That evening, with rockfall audible above camp at 20-minute intervals, we decided we wanted to be out of significantly crevassed terrain by sunrise. That meant an almost entirely overnight climb. We tried to sleep (read: lay awake) in the tent for an hour or two, then departed with the sunset, around 8pm.

The climb was epic. We happened to time our trip perfectly with a meteor shower, and I don't think I've ever seen so many shooting stars in a single night. Battling with elevation sickness (except for Keegan, who grew up in Wyoming at 7000' and is therefore superhuman), we straggled our way to the summit under the stars. After a heinous selfie on top, we sat down in the dirt on top of some volcanic steam vents (natural seat heaters!) and contemplated the vastness of the universe. The descent was a blur of bobbing headlights, cheese-eating pit stops, and a bright red sunrise just as we crossed the last of the sketchy ladders.

I think you develop a unique sort of bond with a group of people when you spend time with them in the mountains, including (in this case) a period of being physically tied together for more than 12 hours straight. We laughed and suffered and learned together, surrounded by soaring peaks and a blanket of stars. I'll forever be grateful to these wonderful people—and to the DOC—for making such an epic adventure possible.





# STEWARDSHIP

## ALPINE STEWARDS

### Report of the Summer 2023 Mt. Moosilauke Alpine Stewards

[Levi S. Konrad-Shankland](#); [Maxwell J. Teszler](#)  
*Dartmouth Outdoor Programs*



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## CABIN CREW



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## TRAIL CREW



### Dartmouth Outing Club

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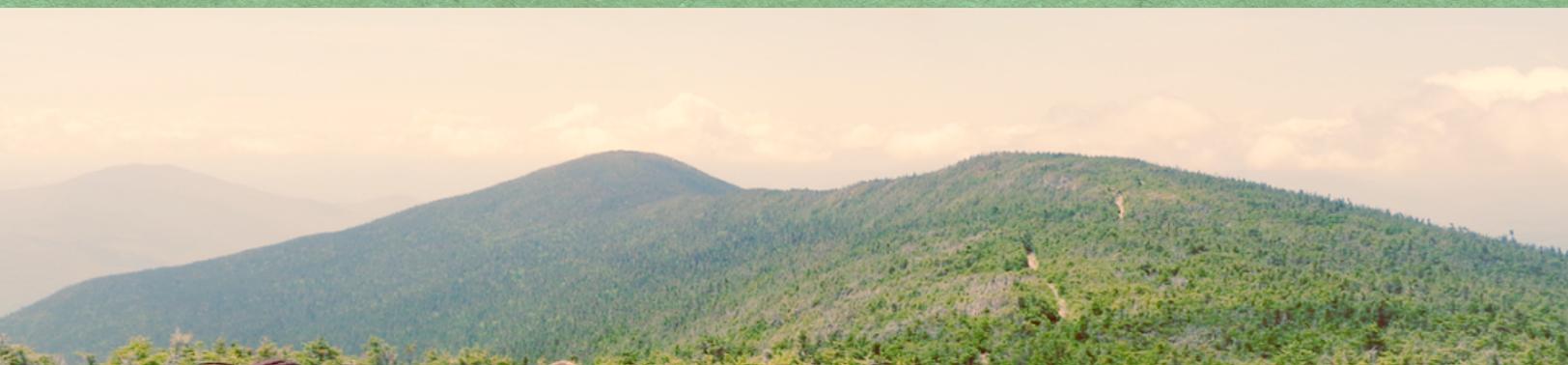


### 2023 Mt. Cube AT Rehabilitation Report

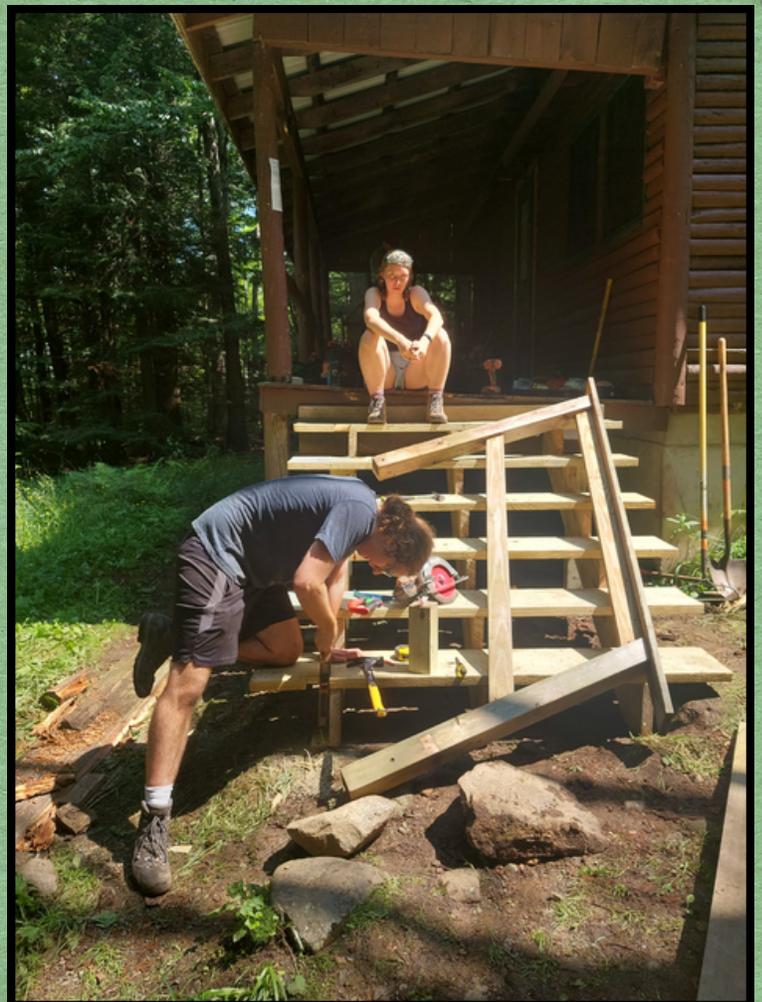
Ian Farm, DOC Trail Crew Director, Summer 2023

Grace Turner, DOC Trail Crew Director, Summer 2023

[Click on the image to read full report.](#)



# STEWARDSHIP



DARTMOUTH OUTING CLUB

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# SOLSTICE AND EQUINOX

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## CLOSING

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For many Dartmouth students, the Dartmouth Outing Club defines their college experience. This is my senior year, and I've had a lot of time to reflect on this. Even if you're not the most gung-ho leader or active club member, the community built by the DOC is inescapable. From our amazing supporters in the Outdoor Programs Office, our peers, and all the way up to Dartmouth administration, the DOC is everywhere. Don't let this newsletter fool you! The DOC is not just sanctioned trips, its also late nights in Robinson Hall, Halloween bonfires, impromptu foraging, and the Ledyard "Fifty." Here's to many more adventures and friends.

Ginger Link '24, TOR

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**DARTMOUTH**  
**OUTDOORS**

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