



# The Alpine Steward

ANNUAL NEWSLETTER

FOSTERING THE SPIRIT OF WILDNESS AND CONSERVING THE ALPINE AREAS OF NORTHEASTERN NORTH AMERICA

## PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

# The Need for Wildness

*By Ryan J. Harvey*

Many aspects of 2020 have been shaped by the arrival of the coronavirus, and the work of the Waterman Fund is no exception. For many that call the alpine and wild areas their spiritual home, the COVID-19 pandemic has only re-affirmed the vital importance of open spaces and public land. As population centers felt a respite in activity during the initial pandemic-induced slowdown of the economy, the wild areas—including the Northeast alpine zones—received an increase of pilgrims to the beauty and fresh air that these areas provide.

Our newest Emerging Alpine Steward Award recipient, Myles Sornborger, experienced this first hand stewarding the narrow spine of Franconia Ridge amidst record numbers of people. Conveying the alpine stewardship message while practicing and modeling responsible COVID-19 behavior is a feat, and one he rose to admirably.

In my own experience constructing a wetland boardwalk on a local land trust property, the trailhead was commonly full during the week, with trails being enjoyed by local families, visitors to the region, and the new home school communities that have developed. It is apparent that the longing of humanity to search out the unrestrained and uncorrupted wild continues, especially during challenging times.

In my view this longing is a strength. The connection

we can feel to natural spaces suggests something that has threaded itself throughout time, cultures, and the progression of humanity. Our relationship to the elemental world around us is foundational to a much larger view of our place within the Earth's ecosystem. Self-reflection, refinement of our ideals and ethics, inspiration for new possibilities, affirmation of the interdependence; the power and value of open spaces we love is significant and integral to our resilience in these unusual times.

# # #

Shifting to the work of the Fund, the pandemic forced the Board to meet virtually this year while we undertook two notable projects. First, was the celebration of the Fund's 20th Anniversary via a short print publication (also available on our website). Second, was the writing of a new strategic plan that will guide the organization to 2025. Both of these documents required looking back at the Fund's inception, accomplishments through the present moment, and envisioning the work of the future.

In the process, we learned how far we have come and the great potential ahead of us. As long as there is longing for wild places and the alpine, there is a need for the Waterman Fund. Our increased focus on trail grants directly meets the need raised by the volumes of visitors to the wild places of the Northeast. We are excited and inspired to continue our role as advocates and stewards of these special places.



IN THIS ISSUE

President’s Message: *Wildness* ..... 1  
*Summer of COVID in the Adirondacks* ..... 2  
Grant Spotlight: *Camel’s Hump* ..... 4  
Emerging Alpine Steward: *M. Sornborger* ... 7  
The Year in Photographs ..... 8-9  
Annual Essay Contest Winners ..... 10-11  
Board Member Update ..... 13  
Treasurer’s Report ..... 14  
Waterman Fund Donors ..... 14-15



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# HOW MUCH IS *TOO* MUCH?

By Michaela Dunn

Sunday Morning.

I stopped to sign in on the radio, and looked suspiciously up and down the trail. I had spoken to 326 people the day before, and every part of me felt it. I jumped as I heard voices up ahead, worried about the aftermath from Saturday’s numbers.

The voices got louder, it was 7:45 in the morning. Three people, bear canister in hand, were happily bounding down the jumble of rocks. I instinctively pulled up my mask and stepped to the side.

“Good morning! Where did you folks camp last night?” I asked.

“Oh, on Marcy,” came the reply.

“You camped up *there*?”

“Yes! We found a great spot.”

I was a little taken aback. Over my three seasons of stewarding it has been a rare occurrence to find people camped above treeline, let alone readily admit to it without the slightest inclination that they had done anything wrong.

Stumbling a bit I turned to face them.

“Okay, well we do have a lot of really rare plants up there that are incredibly sensitive to being stepped on. Just a few footsteps is enough to kill them, that’s actually why I work up here—to protect those plants. That’s part of why we have regulations against camping both above the treeline and above 3,500 feet.”

Their bounce vanished and they eyed my radio and patches suspiciously.

“We had no idea, I’m so sorry,” one of them said, looking genuinely alarmed. I continued to give them more information on the plants, emphasizing their slow growth rate and how many of them are endangered in New York State.

One member of the group was less than convinced. Scoffing, he hoisted the bear can he was carrying into his other arm and said with a knowing tone, “Oh, I think it’s okay, we found a nice patch of grass to set up on.” I stared at him. This was going to be a long day.

Further up the trail, I was still thinking of if I could have handled the situation better, and if I should have reported them when I turned a corner and came face-to-face with two tents and four men in jeans.

Damn it.

“Hey, how’s it going?” I said a bit too forcefully, my heart sinking at the newly scorched patch of grass where they had clearly had a fire the night before.

Startled, one of them dropped the tent stake they had just pulled from the ground.

I asked where they were from and where they were headed, how their hike had been the day before. They relaxed significantly when they realized I wasn’t hostile.



Great Range, Adirondacks

**PANDEMIC OR NOT, WHAT WILL SUMMIT STEWARDS BE DEALING WITH IN FIVE YEARS. THE RUSH OF HIKERS SEEMS LIKE A GLIMPSE INTO THE FUTURE, ONE THAT THE HUNDRED YEAR OLD PLANTS AND THE CHARACTER OF THE WILDERNESS SIMPLY CAN’T SUSTAIN.**

It was their first time in the area—ever—and one of the first camping trips they had been on.

I began talking about how much I love the Adirondacks, and what a special place it is. How the High Peaks is the largest wilderness area in New York State and how few places exist that are anything like it.

They all nodded in agreement. I took a deep breath and pressed on.

“It’s hard, I want everyone to be able to experience this

beautiful place like I have, but it’s been so busy recently I’ve been seeing a lot of resource damage from people just not being aware of the regulations in the area.”

“Oh I’m sure, that’s terrible.” One of them said looking around and nodding furiously.

“Yeah.” I continued. “We do have a lot of regulations in the High Peaks but it’s all to protect our resources so others

*continued on page 6*



# High Use on Camel’s Hump Prompts Caretaker Grant Award

Alicia DiCocco

One side effect of COVID-19 was that there were more people in the mountains this field season, including the Green Mountains of Vermont. As a result, the Green Mountain Club (GMC), who manages 500 miles of trail on the Long Trail and its side trails, the Appalachian Trail in Vermont, and trails in the Northeast Kingdom saw double digit increases in use at most day and overnight sites. This has a direct impact on the trail resources and infrastructure and was especially difficult to manage with limited staff in the field due to COVID-19.

To manage the high use in the Green Mountains, GMC has a backcountry caretaker program in the to provide education and outreach to hikers, manage backcountry outhouses, and complete routine trail maintenance. Especially important is the presence of caretakers on

Vermont’s three alpine zones because studies have shown that the presence of a backcountry caretaker has a direct impact on vegetation regrowth and health.

This year, the Waterman Fund awarded the Green Mountain Club a grant to support the backcountry caretaker program on Camel’s Hump, a popular day hike up to an alpine zone. Camel’s Hump was particularly impacted by the increased use, both on the summit and in overnight sites. Overnight counts at Hump Brook tent site increased by over 30% while Montclair Glen and Bamforth Ridge shelters both saw overall increases in dispersed camping around the shelters as more people chose to tent camp.

Increased use is predicted to continue and will likely be a management challenge for years to come. As the Green Mountain Club and other organizations navigate this, the support of the Waterman Fund will have a direct impact on the mountains and the people who use them.



## • • FUNDING OPPORTUNITY FOR TRAIL PROJECTS CONTINUES • •

In previous years the Waterman Fund has discussed providing larger grant awards towards trail projects to better serve the mission of the Fund. The Fund has cumulatively awarded over \$22,000 towards trail projects since 2002, consisting of only 11% of the total grants awarded. These individual grants have been generally between \$2,000- \$3,000. As a result, the Fund has not been able to invest a significant amount of funding towards trail projects.

In recent dialogue with land managers, trail maintainers, and researchers there appears to be a need to invest into the greater alpine trail infrastructure. This improved trail infrastructure will help protect the fragile alpine ecosystem

that surrounds these trails.

In the 2020-21 grant cycle, the Waterman Fund is offering up to \$15,000 towards alpine / sub-alpine trail reconstruction and rehabilitation projects. This grant will be in addition to our annual grants awarded and will follow the same guidelines and parameters.

We encourage nonprofit trail maintenance organizations to apply to the Waterman Fund if there is a trail project that the Fund can contribute to. The Fund is excited to offer this expanded opportunity to help strengthen trail stewardship in the alpine areas of Northeastern North America. Please submit a grant application by [December 15, 2020](#).



Summit steward with hikers at the top of Mount Abraham, Vermont.



*How Much Is Too Much? ... continued from page 3*

can continue to love and experience this place. You know, I believe it's everyone's responsibility to research an area before going there to make sure we aren't hurting our wild spaces or making them less beautiful for other visitors." They continued to agree, appalled that anyone would even think of hiking somewhere without doing their research.

"One way we are seeing damage is people camping above the legal elevation, which is 3,500 feet. it's hard to dispose

**I WALKED OVER TO WHERE THE TENT HAD BEEN, SAW ANOTHER PILE OF ASHES FROM A FIRE, FRESH BLOOMS OF TOILET PAPER, BROKEN GLASS, AND SEVERAL WRAPPERS HANGING OFF THE BILBERRY.**

of human waste up here because the soil is so shallow, and before the regulation went in place we were seeing a lot of water contamination."

Their nods slowed as they realized where I was going. "Wait, are we above 3,500 feet?"

The summit of the 5,344 ft mountain loomed less than a mile away behind him. "Yes, very," I answered.

After a brief pause he shot back: "I don't think we are." Deep breaths. "Oh we definitely are."

"I don't think so."

I wondered if my male colleagues deal with this as often as I do.

I informed the gentlemen that I had worked here for three seasons, and that this happened to be my 63rd ascent

**I SPOKE TO 700 HIKERS IN FIVE DAYS. MANY PEOPLE ACCIDENTALLY STEP ON THE VEGETATION ABOVE THE TREELINE BEFORE I CAN TALK TO THEM. 700 PEOPLE MEANS 700 PAIRS OF FEET ON THE TRAILS. JUST FIVE FOOTSTEPS WILL KILL THE PLANTS.**

of Marcy, and I could assure him they were well above the legal camping limit, but if he needed to see a map I would be more than happy to pull one out and go over how to read the contour lines.

Their eyes widened and I caught some more glances at my radio. "Yes, Ma'am."

They began apologizing, but justified the camping by saying that one of the men had heat exhaustion and was overly dehydrated and couldn't make it any further.

I kept up the conversational tone. "Well, you know, that's part of being prepared. Bringing enough water and water

purification so that you don't run into a situation where you need to damage a resource to prevent injury is our responsibility. This wilderness has to be here a lot longer than we do."

I began the same process with the fire regulation, launching into a spiel about how many forest fires we have had this year, and how the use-level we see in the high peaks cannot support everyone burning things. They caught on quicker this time, but challenged me again.

"Fires are allowed on this side of the mountain, aren't they? A guy told us we couldn't have one at Lake Colfax but this side of Marcy we can."

My patience was dwindling fast. Deep breaths. I pushed the sarcasm back down my throat and looked him squarely in the eye.

"You mean Lake Colden. I work here, I know the regulations. The man who told you that was wrong." His chest visibly deflated, "Yes, Ma'am."

I looked again at the pile of ashes, then at the flattened vegetation where the tents had been.

I met the eyes of the men standing before me, disheveled—clearly out of their comfort zones.

"Do you need to write us a ticket?" One of them asked.

I sighed, wondering again what good reporting them to a ranger would do at this point. "I'm not going to call you in, but I want you to do me a favor."

I asked them to google Leave No Trace when they got home, and spend some time on the organization's website. I watched as they put the website link in their phone, and thanked me. I made sure the ashes of the fire were cool to the touch, and instructed them to disperse it so other hikers didn't get the same idea. They stumbled over each other's apologies, saying that they hated to think they were part of the problem. They vowed to pack out every scrap of trash they found on the trail.

I wished them a good hike, and stared in disbelief at the summit of Marcy where I had just noticed yet another tent clearly staked out in the alpine.

I took off, hoping to catch up to the illegal campers before they packed up. When I got there I was too late. I walked over to where the tent had been, saw another pile of ashes from a fire, fresh blooms of toilet paper, broken glass, and several wrappers hanging off the bilberry.

Putting that cleanup off for the next day, I pushed onward, hoping to catch up with the culprits. As I crested the last ridge before the summit a familiar buzzing sound filled my ears.

The drone flew obnoxiously in front of my face, and I

*continued on page 12*

## MYLES SORNBORGER: 2020 Emerging Alpine Steward



Myles Sornborger is presented with the Emerging Steward Award by Ryan Harvey at left, Nat Scrimshaw, and Laura Waterman.

*By Ryan J. Harvey*

As the White Mountains enjoyed a fresh coating of autumn snow a small group of mountain enthusiasts gathered at Sandwich Notch Farm in late October (socially distanced, of course) to celebrate the second Emerging Alpine Steward Award winner. Representatives from the Waterman Fund, U.S. Forest Service, and the World Trails Network gathered to honor Myles Sornborger as the recipient of the Emerging Steward Award. Myles is the Fund's second winner of this award, which recognizes a beginning steward—five years of service or less—of the Northeast mountains who has demonstrated a commitment to preserving both the physical landscape and the spirit of wildness in the mountains of the Northeast.

For the past two years Myles has been integral in the ongoing stewardship effort on New Hampshire's Franconia Ridge as an intern for the World Trails Network

Americas. The Ridge has experienced significant pressure from recreation and Myles multi-tasked, filling both the roles of alpine steward (educating visitors) and trail tender (performing ongoing basic trail maintenance). Notably, this season Myles was one of the only stewards on the ridge, navigating the challenges of providing the alpine etiquette message while being socially distanced in the alpine zone.

Gathered around the campfire for the award ceremony, the group discussed the challenges of and opportunities for the continued stewardship of the Ridge. Myles' input was indispensable as someone who clearly has become intimate with every crag, cairn, bootleg trail, and terrain feature of the iconic ridge. It is individuals like Myles who will pass on the enthusiasm and passion of this work and inspire others. Please congratulate Myles on this award, or honor him and the many others who dedicate their time, attention, and passion to alpine stewardship by passing on the stewardship ethic.



# THE YEAR *in Photographs*



1. A summit steward speaks with a hiker in the Adirondacks.
2. The DiCocco family hiking near Mt. Mansfield.
3. A COVID warning sign on a trail in the Adirondacks.
4. A summit steward with day hikers in the Adirondacks.

5. Portrait of an Adirondack summit steward.
6. Camel's Hump summit in the Green Mountains.
7. A summit steward points the way ahead to a hiker.

*All photography by Ben Brosseau, ADK, with the exception of 2 & 6: photos by Alicia DiCocco.*



# From Lorraine Monteagut’s “*The Wild Self*”

When we saw the tops of the radio towers, we hurried the rest of the way to the summit of Bear Den Mountain. We dropped our packs and took to the tractor seats that had been jammed into the earth facing the Shenandoah Valley, partially viewable through the power line clearings. It was late June and we were losing light on the first day of our 161-miles section hike of the Appalachian Trail north from Rockfish Gap. It was our first trip as a family, me and Ben and his three kids. The previous summer, they’d all hiked the section between Hot Springs and Springer Mountain together. I had never hiked more than 30 miles in one trip. I felt the outsider in more ways than one.

## This Year’s Essay Contest Winners

By Laura Waterman

The Waterman Fund is proud to announce the winners of our eleventh Essay Contest. We welcomed forty-one entries, many hitting a high bar. This year the reading committee, comprised of current and former board members, outside readers, and the editor of *Appalachia*, chose, for our 2020 Essay Contest Lorraine Monteagut’s “The Wild Self” as our winner, and Hilary Smith’s “The Tourists” for honorable mention.

Our theme for 2020 was chosen to celebrate the 20<sup>th</sup> anniversary of the Waterman Fund, and asked our writers to compose reflective essays focused on changes in the wild, and read, in part, “We’d like to think that wilderness and wildness can withstand the test of time, the change of political regimes, the evolution of technologies, the ebb and flow of social organizations, and the cultural zeitgeist. But can it? How has the spirit of wildness and wilderness itself endured over the last twenty years? ... How have cultural shifts impacted the wild in these last two decades? What have they been?”

**Lorraine Monteagut** is a writer based in Tampa, Florida. She holds a Ph.D. in Communication from the University of South Florida, and is working on her first nonfiction book about the young immigrants who are reclaiming the magic of their ancestral traditions,

forthcoming from *Chicago Review Press*. Lorraine writes, “I’ve always wondered about the distinction between the wild and civilization. Native peoples and marginalized folks like migrant workers have been living in what we call the wild for centuries. To them, the “wild” is land upon which they’ve toiled, land they were relegated to, land they sought in exile, land from which they have been displaced. Our insistence on “othering” the wild reveals how we view it as a primarily recreational space for our consumption. This works against true environmental stewardship and conservation, since the distinction ignores the concept of wildness in our own backyards and the ways we should honor the wilderness in every aspect of our lives. The wild is everywhere. We are wild! I have been thinking about these concepts for years. They took form during my recent section hikes, and finally, this was an opportunity to find the idea a home.”

**Hilary Smith** writes, “I am a writer, musician, handywoman and grower of food. My essay was inspired by the two years I spent living beside the Yuba River in Nevada City, California—an area at extreme risk of wildfire, where locals are increasingly being pushed into the role of amateur rangers and firefighters as tourism outpaces the county’s ability to enforce its own laws.”

# From Hilary Smith’s “*The Tourists*”

The tourists start coming in mid-March when the river is still too high to swim. They spread out their towels on the rocks and sunbathe, let their dogs splash around the shallow pools, leave the first of the toilet paper flowers on the side of the packed dirt trail. They admire the wildflowers and the swirling emerald water. They build cairns of river stones and take photos of them. The sun leaves the canyon by mid-afternoon and the tourist leave too. Then I hike down the hill and push the cairns over, scattering the stones again, flinging them back into place.

## • 2021 ALPINE ESSAY CONTEST •

*Guy and Laura Waterman spent a lifetime exploring, living, and writing within the boundaries of culture and nature, and through our annual contest, the Waterman Fund seeks new voices on the role and place of wilderness in today’s world.*

Our prompt for our 2021 contest grows out of our feeling that folks might be doing some pretty interesting thinking and writing about how the pandemic has shifted relationships with the natural world.

**Here’s our prompt for the Waterman Fund Essay Contest for 2021:**

2020 has been an unusual year. A once-in-a-century global pandemic has affected almost all aspects of how we live our lives, forcing us to change how we relate to the world and to one another. In this historical moment, in what ways has your connection to nature changed—in the woods and on the mountain tops—and in what way has it remained the same?

**The deadline for submission is February 2, 2021. Submissions should be 2000–3000 words. Please include contact information and a few lines about why the writer feels their essay is appropriate for**

**the contest. Online submissions of double-spaced manuscripts in a 12-point font. Word doc compatible files are preferred. If submitting by mail, please include an email address. We will announce the winners at the end of June. The winning essayist will be awarded \$1,500 and published in *Appalachia Journal*. The Honorable Mention essay will receive \$500. Both essays will be published on our website. For the purposes of this contest, an emerging writer is considered someone who has a solid writing background or interest, but has not yet published a major work of prose on this topic or been featured in national publications.**

We welcome personal, scientific, adventure, or memoir essays; fiction, poetry, or songs are not eligible for this contest. More information about the Waterman Fund and on the essay contest is available at [watermanfund.org](http://watermanfund.org), Facebook, and via [essays@watermanfund.org](mailto:essays@watermanfund.org). We welcome all inquiries.





*How Much Is Too Much? ... continued from page 6*

pushed back frustration as I approached the two young men flying it.

I was soaked in sweat and wheezing from running up the mountain after the illegal campers. It took me a second to compose myself, and I asked where the two people were from.

They looked at me with contempt, exchanged glances, and sarcastically said “here” with a shrug of the shoulders. I swear I saw one of them roll his eyes as they continued to fly the drone over the summit.

I glanced at my watch, it wasn’t even 8:30.

“Where is here?” I asked, and listened as they reluctantly told me Plattsburg and Chazy.

“Oh you guys must be familiar with our wilderness areas then?”

More shrugs.

“Well, less than 2% of the lower 48 states is designated as wilderness. You happen to be in the largest one in New York. It is one of the few places where motors aren’t allowed, including drones.”

They glared at me.

“That’s not true, I’ve never heard that before.”

I glared back. Completely exasperated at being questioned for the third time in less than 30 minutes. I knew I needed to step away from this situation before my patience disappeared.

“It is true,” I said evenly. “And I’m going to need to get some information from you if you don’t stop flying the drone.”

That earned me the fourth, however sarcastic, “Yes Ma’am” of the morning as they grumpily packed up. I don’t like resorting to that tactic, but sometimes it’s the best I can do.

I continued up, approaching the sign that asks hikers to wear masks. The summit came into view, and I just stopped and stared. Someone had painted rocks on the cairns, and the only two people up there were taking naps in the alpine vegetation. Worst of all, there was no sign of anyone with large packs, for the second time I was too late.

I was shivering from the combination of sweat and wind, and my throat was on fire from the last two days of talking.

I turned my back on the summit, and gazed out over the Great Range. I watched the grumpy drone flyers make their way down, sure they would pull the drone out again as soon

as they got out of my view.

I looked at my watch again. 8:42. I bent down to fix some scree wall, and took a few moments to give myself a mental pep talk. I believe it was the singer Beans on Toast who penned the lyrics “Try your Fucking Best,” which had become my mantra for the weekend.

Another deep breath. I stood up and walked towards the painted cairn, removed the colored rocks to pack out and turned some of the large ones so the paint wasn’t visible.

I changed into a dry shirt, put on a sweatshirt, pulled out a caffeinated Clif bar, then took several more deep breaths before approaching the couple sleeping in our mountain flower watch site.

My tone was a little too nice, as I did my best to talk to them as I would if they were the first folks I had seen that day. Thankfully they were kind and curious about the plants. They immediately moved to solid rock.

I then went to the far side of Marcy, out of sight from the summit and trail, hugged my knees to my chest and braced against 35 mph wind. I stayed that way for 20 minutes just staring at the Deer’s Hair Sedge and watching as the clouds rolled over Algonquin.

A cascade of thoughts flooded my head. Three seasons of stewarding, and the past two weeks had been the hardest days I had ever experienced. I understood that things were busier due to COVID, but numbers have been increasing every year. Was this the future of the High Peaks? Pandemic or not, what will summit stewards be dealing with in five years. The rush of hikers seems like a glimpse into the future, one that the hundred year old plants and the character of the wilderness simply can’t sustain.

I spoke to 700 hikers in five days. Many people accidentally step on the vegetation above the treeline before I can talk to them. 700 people means 700 pairs of feet on the trails. Just five footsteps will kill the plants.

We need to take action now to protect the High Peaks Wilderness. Resources need to be invested into more public education, infrastructure, and data collection, especially if limits on use are to be considered.

*Michaela Dunn has worked as a summit steward in the Adirondacks for the last three summers. This essay first appeared on Michaela’s blog, [hikingforwildness.com](https://hikingforwildness.com), and is reprinted here with her permission.*

# Two New Board Members Heartily Welcomed



Growing up in Massachusetts, **Lars Botzjorns** took frequent family hiking trips as he climbed all of the New England 4,000 footers. After working in the AMC’s hut system in the White Mountains in the 80’s, he and his wife, Jennifer, moved to Vermont. He immediately adopted the alpine portion of the Sunset Ridge Trail on Mount Mansfield. He received a Masters Degree in

Natural Resources Planning from UVM, spent a summer collecting visitor use data at Acadia National Park, and an internship with the Adirondack Nature Conservancy supporting the Summit Steward program. Lars became the Green Mountain Club’s Director of Field Programs in 1992. His time with the Club included production of a regional newsletter focused on the alpine zone, entitled Prenanthes, and hosting the first regional alpine stewardship gathering. He also had a six month stint as Interim Executive Director. Upon leaving GMC in 1999, Lars became Executive Director of Keeping Track, a regional organization devoted to wildlife conservation planning and education. In 2004, another passion took hold and he changed careers to education, and he now works at the Burke (VT) Town School. He did not leave his career in natural resources behind, as he has taught third and fourth graders about forest ecology and Vermonters’ interaction with the land. Lars served as chairperson of the Bolton (VT) Conservation Commission

and over ten years led efforts to protect and manage the town’s 400 acre Preston Pond Conservation Area. He currently serves on the board of directors of the Green Mountain Club and he and Jennifer live in Vermont’s Northeast Kingdom.



**Alicia DiCocco** learned about the Waterman Fund through her work as the director of development and communications at the Green Mountain Club. Since then, her interest in conservation groups in the Northeast and reading about wilderness has grown. After attending Boston University and studying Environmental Science, she worked with an organization that provided outdoor

education for urban youth, many for the first time. It was here that her work and interest in elevating the importance of diversity, equity, and inclusion in the conservation and outdoor recreation communities was sparked. She also spent time living and working in Big Bend National Park, TX, the Yuha Desert, CA, and the mountains of Colorado. She has lived in Vermont for the better part of a decade with her husband and now two children where she has become very good at drawing unicorns and making ramps for toy cars. She also loves to explore the Green Mountains and is currently working on section hiking the 272-mile Long Trail with her dad.

## Thank You ... *Laura Waterman from Page Hollow*



The pandemic turned this year into an exceptional one for the Waterman Fund: no annual dinner, no field trip, all board meetings on Zoom. It so happened that 2020 marked the 20<sup>th</sup> anniversary of the Fund’s founding. In honor of this we put together a booklet summing up our two decades of dedication to the Northeast’s alpine zones. We could not have produced this booklet without the able and conscientious devotion of **Charlie Jacobi**, a former board president, recently retired from Acadia National Park. Thank you does not cover what Charlie did for the Fund, not even close!

The Essay Contest went on as usual and for that success we thank **Annie Bellerose**, for spearheading, as well as

**Val Stori, Bethany Taylor, Alice Tufel, Rebecca Oreskes, Emily Heidenreich** and our two newest readers **Meika Hashimoto** and **David Crews**. Thanks, as always, to **Chris Woodside** who publishes our winning essay in *Appalachia*.

We thank **Andy Robinson** for his competent and capable help on the Strategic Plan.

We thank with pleasure **Brian Post** for hosting the Fund’s website and ensuring its safety.

We thank **Anne McKinsey** of AMCK Web and Print Design who not only brings to life our *Alpine Steward*, but this year turned her considerable talents to our 20th anniversary booklet.

**Learn more about the Waterman Fund by visiting our website:**  
**[watermanfund.org](https://watermanfund.org)**

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*Many thanks to you for supporting The Fund!*

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Katrina Bennett Ashe <i>in memory of Guy Waterman</i>	Anne Dellenbaugh <i>in memory of Phyllis Austin</i>	David Heald <i>in honor of "Ongoing donations for 4K foot mountains climbed. This is for Mt. Hancock &amp; Mt. Tripyramid.</i>	Curtis Macomber & Judith Sherman	Rick Ouimet	Barbara Rubin <i>in memory of Robert A. Larson, a man for the people, for the land, for the Earth</i>	John Thackray	Geoff Wilson
Peter & Emily Benson	Sam Demas		Margot Maddock <i>in memory of Stephen Maddock</i>	Priscilla Page	Pete Saile & Deb Lane <i>in memory of Dave Hardy</i>	Chris & Wendy Thayer	Andy Wong
Bill & Barbara Bentley	Bart DeWolf		Lee Manchester& Nancy Rich <i>in honor of the Rich Family</i>	Peter & Jennifer Palmiotto	Tom & Diane Sawyer	Sally Tomlinson	Chuck Wooster & Susan Kirincich
Charles Bickel	Alicia DiCocco	Anne & Jim Hemingway	Lora Marchand	Rick & Susan Paradis	Jim Schley	Edith Tucker	David & Muriel Zandstra
Lars & Jennifer Botzojorns	Peggy Dillon	Frances Hitchcock	Judy Marden	Bill & Sue Parmenter <i>in honor of Laura and in memory of Guy Waterman</i>	Stephen Schofield & Deirdre Byers <i>in memory Boyd Everett</i>	Richard Tucker & Pat Smith	Neil Zimmerman
John Bousman <i>in honor of Jeri Bousman</i>	Edward Dimmock	Nancy Hood	Reed & Penny Markley	Lisa & Belden Paulson	Patty & Dave Schorr	Rick Van de Poll <i>in honor of Carl Wallman</i>	Appalachian Mountain Club 4000 Footer Committee
Alan Brauhnoltz	Kevin Eaton	David & Kathy Hooke	Steven Martin	Matthew Peters & Sacha Pealer	JoAnn & David Scott <i>in memory of Jim Hershberg</i>	Kate & Thom Villars	Network for Good (Keep the Whites Wild)
Jon & Anita Burroughs	Midge & Tim Eliassen	Hope Hungerford	Thomas Martin	Ben & Barbara Phinney	Dave Senio & Vivian Buckley	Kim Votta & Ken Vallery	White Mountain Jackass Company
Bob Capers & Stephanie Baldwin	Scottie Eliassen	Doug & Terry Huntley	Andy Mayer & Michele Roberts	Carol Phipps & Keith O'Boyle	Dennis Shaffer & Amy Emler-Shaffer	Deborah Wade	Trail Services, LLC
Libby & John Chapin	Lynn Farnham	Charlie Jacobi	Doug Mayer	Sarah Polli & Richard Hutchins	Lewis Shelley	Jack Waldron	
James David Christmas	Karen Fiebig	Mac Jernigan <i>in honor of Laura Waterman</i>	Mary Elizabeth McClellan	Claire Porter	Nancy Slack	Ed & Eudora Walsh	
Steve Ciras	John Finney (The Finney Foundation)	Joanne & Kevin Jones	Joyce McKeeman & Linda Weiss	Dana Query <i>in memory of Kendall Query</i>	Steve & Carol Smith	Laura Waterman <i>in memory of Keith LaBudde</i>	
David Coker	Pete Fish	Mike Jones & Liz Willey	Anne McKinsey	Larry & Marla Randall <i>in honor of Laura Waterman's 80th birthday</i>	Wells & Kathy Smith	Susan Weber <i>in memory of Reidun Nuquist</i>	
Jan Conn	Brian Fitzgerald & Brenda Clarkson	Philip & Helen Koch	Scott & Ellen Meiklejohn <i>in memory of Meg &amp; Jim Meiklejohn</i>			Patsy Weille <i>in memory of Blair Weille</i>	
Jan Conn	Dick & Holly Fortin	Eleanor & Ernie Kohlsaat	Betty Mobbs & Tim Jones				
Jane & John Conner	Sue Foster	Agnes Bixler Kurtz	AI & Sally Molnar				
Brian Cooley	Darius Ginwala	Frank & Mary Krueger	Peter & Alicia Moore				
	Cath Goodwin						

## 2020 Treasurer’s Report

By Nancy Ritger

The Waterman Fund reports a solid fiscal year for April 2019 - March 2020. The Fund is reporting a net deficit of \$500 at the year’s end. Annual contributions totaled \$19, 457 up from the previous year’s total of \$17,156. However, investment income was slightly lower than projected at \$19,000. Total expenses came to \$42,400 and included support for the annual essay contest and Alpine Steward awards in addition to the annual grant allocations.

In an effort to recognize the importance of trail stewardship, for the fiscal year April 2019-March 2020,

the Fund has increased annual grant allocation to \$15,000 for trail work in addition to \$16,000 the Fund provides for grants in research and education projects. Due to this new initiative and the launching of the strategic planning process, the Fund has budgeted for a net loss of \$19,000 to be covered by dipping into investments. The Waterman Fund’s net worth at the close of the fiscal year was \$336,535.00 reflecting the volatility of the markets during the pandemic.

The Waterman Fund has remained committed to keep expenses low and is projected to end the current fiscal year on par with those decisions to increase funding for grants and begin implementation of our new strategic plan.

## Interested in supporting our work? *Send a donation today!*

Your Name: \_\_\_\_\_  
*(as you would like it to appear in our records and acknowledgements)*

Address: \_\_\_\_\_

City: \_\_\_\_\_ State: \_\_\_\_\_ Zip: \_\_\_\_\_

Phone: \_\_\_\_\_ Email: \_\_\_\_\_

Matching gift? \_\_\_\_ In honor or in memory of: \_\_\_\_\_

Please make your check payable to ***The Waterman Fund*** and mail to: **P.O. Box 1064, East Corinth, VT 05040**

☐ **If your donation is for \$200 or more, we are pleased to offer you a signed copy of *Forest and Crag*, 3<sup>rd</sup> edition. Check box if you would like us to mail you a book.**

*The Waterman Fund is a 501(c)(3) non-profit organization. All contributions are fully tax deductible.*





Fostering the Spirit of Wildness and Conserving  
the Alpine Areas of Northeastern North America

P.O. Box 1064, East Corinth, VT 05040



## **ALPINE STEWARD AWARDS: *Nominate someone for 2021!***

To nominate someone for the Guy Waterman Alpine Steward Award and/or the Emerging Steward Award, please send nomination letters to the Waterman Fund (forms are available on our website), citing specific examples of the nominee's stewardship of the Northeast's wilderness, along with other relevant personal or professional experience. If you have nominated someone in the past, the nomination remains in our files and is reviewed annually.