

Remembering Tom Dunn



Some people belong to an organization and are content with just paying their dues and carrying a membership card. Tom Dun was not one of them.. There have been few people who have done as much for the NYNJTC with little acclaim, preferring to quietly work “down in the trenches”, where it mattered.

He was always looking for ways to enlist hikers into the ranks of maintainers. If you were new and showed up on one of his scheduled ADK hikes, he’d be sure to get to know you. He’d be sure you enjoyed your hike and tell you about some of the other great places to see in Harriman. His enthusiasm was contagious and before you knew it, you were planning to join him on some project. You’d probably receive free gloves to take home with you, maybe even a pair of pruning shears. I remember Tom buying “baseball” type caps from a vendor down in Atlantic City and then paying a seamstress to sew NYNJTC patches on them, rewards for a job well done. And refreshments? How about

cream pies, pastries, soft drinks, even an occasional cold beer? One never knew what would come out of that cooler!

Always extolling the virtues of membership in the NYNJTC, he gave a gift membership to at least one hiker so he could legally become a trail maintainer. His license plate read "NYNJTC" and you could find his car in Harriman two or three times a week.

Tom was also handy with a chain saw and I remember the first time I went out with him listening to the litany of safety precautions after he had completed the official chain saw course. He got so much pleasure planning exactly where to make the cut, how the log would fall, etc. Of course, he wasn't perfect and sometimes, it was necessary to carry out "Plan B".

He will be missed, but I know he will not be forgotten. Too many people have been touched by his kindness, generosity, and enthusiasm. We'll feel his presence on the trails, the invisible hiker in our midst.