

The Second Wind: A late-season photo gallery

Contributed by Tyler Cohen

This season was a weird one. I'm not sure my driveway was plowed more than twice, but 15 minutes from my Vermont home, there was plenty of snow in the Green Mountains. For much of the season, it just took some searching to find. That is until spring came. Late February brought an apocalyptic storm to Vermont—three feet in a weekend, six in a week—followed by a summer-like heat wave, then a whirlwind of travel from Switzerland to Oregon and back home.

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It took until late February for winter to show its true self in Vermont. Until that point, the mediocre snowfall drove us farther from our regular zones in search of soft snow.

When winter finally came to the Green Mountains, it came in force, dropping three feet of snow in a single late-February weekend. The storm lingered all week, with some areas receiving as much as six feet in a seven-day period.

Smiles seem all that much bigger when you haven't skied deep snow all winter. Rachel Wood laps up the fresh on another run down Dewey.

Spring came all too fast to the Northeast with a sunny week of 80-degree temperatures in early March. The snow in the mountains disappeared as quickly as it fell, but not before a springtime pilgrimage to Mount Washington for some weekend skiing around Tuckerman Ravine.

Soaring down the East Snowfields in front of Mount Madison. At this point in the spring, the mountains (and valleys especially) were so void of snow, it seemed like late April.

Following my weekend on Mount Washington, I hopped a plane for Switzerland to ski the Alps around the village of Andermatt. The region had experienced a far deeper winter than the Northeast (though also abbreviated), but the weather was spring-like throughout my stay. I joined a crew of international journalists and a team from Scott Sports, and we stayed a night at the Camona da Maighels. Full-service backcountry huts at 2,310 meters are proof that the Europeans are far more advanced than Americans.

On my final day in Switzerland, I met up with Dan Loutrel, a local guide and the proprietor of Birdos Freeride Skis. Our

day began in a fog that cut visibility to 10 feet, but ended with turns down a 500-meter couloir in sight of Mont Blanc and the Matterhorn.

A week later, I arrived in Oregon to tour Garmont North America's new headquarters in Portland and test some of their new products on Mount Hood. Hood's winter had been similarly deep to Andermatt's, but the snow was set up and buffed.

Now the bikes are out, the skis are away and my desk is a mess of gear test forms and scribbled Post-Its. This spring was a quick blur, but I have months of warm weather to sort through it all.

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