



**History**  
**Of**  
**Central Division Certified Program**  
**2026**





## Contributions by:

Rick Barbor #165

Linda Barthel #556

Anne Blaedow #360

Brian Cobble #262

Loretta Cobble #383

Linda Murphy-Jacobs #542

Chris Raudabaugh #760

Guy Day #381

Ron Gerdes #636

Hank Herlick #178

Mike Husar #166

Chuck Martschinke #460

Patrick Perlman #492

Tim Wenand #361

Tom Worley #179

Jay Zedak #572

Eddie Davis #186

Chris Moe-Herlick #384

Todd Schurtz #617



## CURRENT ROSTER OF CERTIFIED PATROLLERS 2025

David Anderson	839 W	Welch Village
Thomas Anderson	407 NC	Marquette Mountain
Jim Andrews	380 W	Three Rivers
Rick Barber	165 NM	Nubs Nob
Catalin Barbu	721 EM	Mt Holly
Linda Barthel	556 EM	Mt Brighton
Sean Bennett	261 NC	Granite Peak
Anne Blaedow	360 SC	Central Division
Coburn Bland	323 NM	Boyne Mountain
Marty Blaszkowski	830 EM	Pine Knob
Mark Branham	826 O	Perfect North Slopes
Kathy Brennan	869 WM	Timber Ridge
Tracy Buchanan	829 O	BM/BW Alpine Valley
William Capre	840 S	Wilmot
Michael Case	412 O	Mad River Mountain
Brian Cobble	262 S	Swiss Valley
Loretta Cobble	383 S	Swiss Valley
Jeff Cripps	474 NM	Boyne Highlands
Ed Davis	186 NM	Nubs Nob
Guy Day	381 O	BM/BW Alpine Valley
Bill Dick	582 S	Grand Geneva
Chris Dragosh	863 NC	Granite Peak
Rashid Farahati	801 O	BM/BW Alpine Valley
Kim Feenstra	868 WM	Cannonsburg
Marc Feenstra	867 WM	Cannonsburg
Andrew French	820 O	Perfect North Slopes
Jonathan French	693 O	Perfect North Slopes
Hal Froot	378 WM	Cannonsburg
Paul Fuchs	569 SC	Alpine Valley West
Ron Gerdes	636 O	Perfect North Slopes
Eric Gesteland	543 SC	Cascade Mountain
Todd Gieseke	?	W
Robert Good	600 S	Chestnut Mountain
Kerstin Hammarberg	785 W	Buck Hill

Sandi Hammons	741 O	Perfect North Slopes
Darcy Hanley	742 O	Perfect North Slopes
Mark Haring	539 SC	Tyrol Basin
Henry Herlick	178 NM	Alumni/Northern Michigan
Edward Hickman	382 S	Swiss Valley
Aaron Hislop	821 W	Spirit Mountain
Pete Holdridge	855 NC	Granite Peak
Chris Hopper	856 WM	Timber Ridge
Mike Husar	166 SC	Central Division
Stephen Jarboe	800 O	Perfect North Slopes
Kyle Jones	858 WM	Chrystal Mountain
Jeffrey Jurcak	808 EM	Pine Knob
John Keating	425 NC	Marquette Mountain
Joseph Keller	697 S	Wilmot Mountain
Gregory Kerwin	541 NC	Marquette Mountain
Dan Kleymeer	188 WM	Crystal Mountain
Paul Kuyper	232 NC	Big Snow
Michael Leach	544 NM	Boyne Highlands
Kris Leibau	842 EM	Alpine Valley East
Donald Loerch	696 Adm/Alm	Alumni/Admin Central
Michael Longfellow-Jones	491 NM	Boyne Highlands
Daren Lukes	791 NC	Granite Peak
Richard Manteufel	670 SC	Cascade Mountain
Charles Martschinke	460 S	Wilmot Mountain
Eric Massanyi	692 O	BM/BW Alpine Valley
William McCullough	379 NM	Nubs Nob
John McGoff	647 O	Perfect North Slopes
David McKinley	802 O	Perfect North Slopes
John Mehl	824 EM	Pine Knob
Dale Mihuta	424 O	Perfect North Slopes
Christine Moe-Herlick	384 NM	Nubs Nob
Jeannine Mogan	615 W	Giants Ridge
Linda Murphy-Jacobs	542 NM	Nubs Nob
Keith Natrass	810 EM	Pine Knob
Harold Park	819 O	Perfect North Slopes
Patrick Perlman	492 S	Wilmot Mountain
Erik Rambo	827 EM	Alpine Valley East
Chris Raudabaugh	760 O	Mad River Mountain
Keith Robinson	838 NC	Granite Peak
Les Robinson	828 NC	Granite Peak
Greg Roehm	861 EM	Pine Knob
James Roell	790 EM	Pine Knob
Greg Schoenman	671 O	BM/BW Alpine Valley
James Seeger	789 O	Perfect North Slopes
Otto Selles	841 W	Cannonsburg
Todd Shurtz	617 S	Wilmot Mountain

David Sisco	866 SC	Cascade Mountain
Donald Smith	811 WM	Cannonsburg
Terry Spohn	473 W	Three Rivers
Matt Stordahl	851 W	Welch Village
James Stubblefield	574 S	Swiss Valley
Tom Tavenner	649 O	Mad River Mountain
Mike Taylor	540 NM	Boyne Highlands
John Thomas	570 Adm/Alm	Central Admin Patrol
Timothy Thomas	743 W	Welch Village
Mike Vaerewyck	461 S	Swiss Valley
Timothy Weinand	361 SC	Fox Hill
Derek Werner	601 EM	Pine Knob
John Wiley	263 S	Wilmot Mountain
Kristi Wilke	857 W	Spirit Mountain
Larry Williams	25 W	Giants Ridge
Carl Woodcock	744 NM	Boyne Highlands
Thomas Worley	179 O	Perfect North Slopes
Lauren Wroblewski	809 S	Swiss Valley
Jay Zedak	572 O	BM/BW Alpine Valley







The **National Ski Patrol (NSP) Certified Program** represents the pinnacle of professional development for ski patrollers who have demonstrated exceptional skills, leadership, and dedication to the highest standards of patrolling. This prestigious program is designed for those who have gained significant experience through their work on the slopes and participation in various NSP educational programs, such as Outdoor Emergency Care (OEC), Avalanche, and Mountain Travel and Rescue (MTR). The Certified Program is a self-guided, continuous learning path aimed at those who are ready to take their knowledge and abilities to the next level.

## **Mission**

The mission of the Certified Program is to identify, develop, and certify patrollers who have shown superior proficiency and leadership within the NSP. Certified patrollers are expected to contribute significantly to the NSP, the National Ski Area Association (NSAA), and the broader skiing and riding community by providing top-tier training, support, and service. The program emphasizes continuous growth in leadership, skills, and capabilities, ensuring that certified members are prepared to serve at the highest levels of ski patrol excellence.

## LEADERSHIP AND LOCATIONS

March 5,6,7	1982	Nubs Nob	Tom Worley
March 4-6	1983	Nubs Nob	Tom Worley
March 2-4	1984	Nubs Nob	Tom Worley
March 8-10	1985	Mt Ripley	Tom Worley
February 21-23	1986	Nubs Nob	Tom Worley
February 21-23	1987	Indianhead	Tom Worley
February 19-21	1988	Nubs Nob	Tom Worley
March 10-12	1989	Indianhead	Mike Husar
February 23-25	1990	Nubs Nob	Dave Bukala
February 21-24	1991	Mt Ripley / Indianhead	Derek Calomeni
March 12-15	1992	Nubs Nob	Derek Calomeni
March 18,19,20	1993	Indianhead	Paul Kuyper
March 3,4,5	1994	Nubs Nob	Paul Kuyper
March 9,10,11	1995	Marquette	Paul Kuyper
February 29; March 1,2	1996	Nubs Nob	John Keating
March 6,7,8	1997	Marquette	John Keating
March 5,6,7,8	1998	Nubs Nob	John Keating
February 25,26,27	1999	Marquette	John Keating
March 2,3,4	2000	Nubs / Boyne Mountain	John Keating
March 1,2,3	2001	Marquette	Jeff Cripps
February 28; March 1,2	2002	Nubs Nob	Jeff Cripps
February 27, 28; March 1	2003	Marquette	Jeff Cripps
February 26,27,28	2004	Perfect North Slopes	Jeff Cripps
March 3,4,5	2005	Nubs Nob	Jeff Cripps
March 2,3,4	2006	Marquette	Mike Longfellow-Jones
March 1,2,3	2007	Nubs Nob	25 Mike Longfellow-Jones
February 28,29; March 1	2008	Marquette	Mike Longfellow-Jones
February 26,27,28	2009	Nubs / Boyne Highlands	Mike Longfellow-Jones
February 25,26,27	2010	Marquette	Mike Longfellow-Jones
March 3,4,5	2011	Lutsen	Mike Longfellow-Jones
March 1,2,3	2012	Perfect North Slopes	30 Mike Longfellow-Jones
March 7,8,9	2013	Nubs / Boyne Highlands	Mike Longfellow-Jones
February 27,28; March 1	2014	Marquette	Patrick Perlman
March 5,6,7	2015	Lutsen	Patrick Perlman
February 25,26,27	2016	Nubs / Boyne Highlands	Patrick Perlman
March 2,3,4	2017	Marquette	35 Patrick Perlman
March 1,2,3	2018	Lutsen	Ron Gerdes
February 28; March 1,2	2019	Nubs / Boyne Highlands	Ron Gerdes
February 27, 28, 29	2020	Marquette	Ron Gerdes
-	2021	-	Ron Gerdes
March 10,11,12	2022	Lutsen	40 Ron Gerdes
March 2,3,4	2023	Nubs / Boyne Highlands	Ron Gerdes
March 7,8,9	2024	Granite Peak	Ron Gerdes
February 26,27,28	2025	Marquette	Ron Gerdes
March 5,6,7	2026	Nubs Nob	Daren Lukes



## The Very Beginning

In 1982, a bold notice in the *Rusty Parka News* announced:

**“Certified Now in the Central Division.”**

It was less an advertisement and more a flare shot into the sky. ▶

At the National Ski Patrol Springboard Meeting on April 25, 1981, the Central Division voted to launch a pilot Certified Program to gauge interest and readiness. The Eastern Division had already been refining a similar program for nearly 15 years before Central conducted its inaugural exam. What followed was the beginning of a rigorous tradition that would shape leadership and excellence across the division.

The original three-day test was comprehensive and demanding. Candidates were evaluated in:

- Extensive skiing
- Toboggan handling
- First aid training
- Lift safety
- Lift evacuation, both self and public
- Patrol management
- Search and rescue
- Area management
- Equipment
- Communication
- Area personnel relations
- Collaboration with ski school, lift operators, and groomers
- Section, region, and division leadership

The contact's name on that early announcement was Tom Worley, a point of connection for those ready to step forward.

That first year, thanks to the generosity of Beach Day, who covered expenses and lodging, George Wesson from the Eastern Division traveled west to conduct the first Certified event in the Central Division at Nub's Nob. His leadership helped set the tone: exacting standards, real world scenarios, and no shortcuts.

The exam itself consisted of 12 modules:

- Toboggan
- Skiing
- Lift Evacuation
- Self-Evacuation
- On the Hill Risk Management
- Interview with a Patrol Director
- CPR Practical
- CPR Written
- Three Scenario Practical's
- Bystander Management
- First Aid Written
- First Aid Essay

Over time, the medical component evolved alongside the profession. First Aid expanded into WEC and ultimately into OEC, reflecting the patrol's commitment to advancing emergency care standards. Avalanche training and low angle rescue were later added, expanding the program's technical depth and mountain relevance.

What began as a pilot became a proving ground. The Certified Program in the Central Division was not merely a test of skills. It was a declaration that leadership, professionalism, and mastery on the hill mattered. It raised the bar and then invited patrollers to clear it.

From that first event at Nub's Nob to the comprehensive program, it is today, the foundation laid in 1981 and 1982 continues to shape excellence across the division.



## **In their own words:**

### **Rick Barber #165 – 1982**

At the fall meeting in Grand Rapids, I first heard the words that would quietly rearrange my future. Tom Worley stood before the Division Directors and introduced the Certified Program. Something in me leaned forward. I wanted more. More precision in my skiing. More confidence behind the handles of a toboggan. More learning that would stretch me past comfortable.

Not long after, I attended the Prequalification Clinic at Nub's Nob. That hill would become both my proving ground and my classroom. I also had the privilege of participating in the first Certified event there, guided by evaluators from the Eastern Division including George Wesson, Bill Bziack, Mary Bizack, and Bill Hubbard. They brought experience, sharp eyes, and high standards. I brought determination and a healthy dose of nerves.

I completed my Certified test in one year. Looking back, that still surprises me. I became staff the following year, stepping into a role that allowed me to give back to the program that had sharpened me.

My first year was humbling. My sideslip was, frankly, horrific. It had a mind of its own. But I practiced relentlessly at my home area, Kandahar Ski Area. Kandahar had a vertical of 163 feet, a tow rope, and a poma. Not exactly a grand alpine cathedral. Still, it was mine. I worked on every Certified skill I could squeeze into that modest pitch. The area even boasted a wooden ski jump, which became my unlikely classroom for practicing the self-evac module.

The ski and toboggan test had its own rhythm. Snowplow on the course. Kick turns on a bump where the tips and tails were floating, not touching snow. Then kick turns where the tips and tails touched the bump with nothing underfoot. Precision mattered. Balance mattered. Control mattered. I remember skiing Scarface in ungroomed bumps, each turn demanding commitment.

I have now been patrolling for over 50 years, with 45 of those at Nub's Nob. The hills have changed. Equipment has changed. Techniques have evolved. But the pursuit of excellence that began that day in Grand Rapids still guides me. The Certified Program did more than test my skills. It shaped the patroller I became.

## **Mike Husar #166 – 1982**

I have been a ski patroller for over 51 years, and I am proud to say I was one of the first in the Central Division to earn my Certified pin. That small piece of metal represented a very large commitment.

In March of 1982, at 21 years old, I attended the qualification clinic at Indianhead Mountain under the direction of Bill Hubbard. I was young, hungry to learn, and determined to measure myself against the standard. The Certified Program was still finding its footing in the Central Division, and those early days had the feel of building something from the ground up.

That first year, thanks to Beach Day, who covered expenses and provided lodging, George Wesson from the Eastern Division brought the Certified Program west and conducted the first Certified event in the Central Division at Nub's Nob. I was part of that first candidate class. There were ten of us and five evaluators. Twelve modules stood between us and the pin.

The gear alone tells you how much has changed. We skied on 210-length boards with Look bindings. No helmets. Wooden backboards. NSP Winter First Aid. Thomas half rings. A Cascade 100 toboggan. Lift evacuation was done with 7/16 Goldline and line savers. The self-evac module had no harness. You relied on skill, composure, and trust in your system.

The mountain operations interview was not conducted in a room. We skied the hill and identified risks as we moved. You were expected to understand every aspect of mountain operations, from lift mechanics to snowcat routes. It was not enough to ski well. You had to know the mountain as a living, working organism.

In those early years, I served as test coordinator, back when candidates and staff all stayed under the same roof. We shared meals, stories, nerves, and the quiet understanding that we were shaping something important. I later connected more deeply with the National Certified Program, continuing to contribute as the program evolved.

Leadership became a natural extension of my commitment. I served as a patrol representative and have always believed that experience carries a responsibility to guide others. Today, more than five decades later, I continue to patrol at Park City. The equipment is different. The protocols have advanced. Helmets are standard. But the heart of it remains the same: skill, service, and dedication to the mountain and to each other.

## **Hank Herlick - #178 - 1983**

When I was asked, "Why did you want to go into the Certified program?" my answer came fast and clean: I wanted to be the best I could be. No grand speech. No complicated strategy. Just that simple, stubborn drive to sharpen every edge I had.

I was introduced to George Wesson from the Eastern Division, and learning about their long-standing Certified program lit a fuse in me. Here was something serious. Structured. Demanding. It wasn't about just getting down the hill. It was about mastering it.

I passed the Certified test in its first year in the Central Division. That didn't mean it was easy. I remember the frustration with the kick turn, especially in the bumps. At the time, I said out loud that it had no real purpose. You could not move an inch from where you were planted. Shift your position even slightly and it was a fail. It felt rigid. Unforgiving. Precision under a microscope.

And those 210 skis? Looking back, I joke that their only real value now is moving ice shanties across a frozen lake. They were long, heavy planks with opinions of their own.

But skiing has a way of humbling you and then inviting you back for more. I found renewed purpose when I learned to Telemark ski. That free-heel turn felt like rediscovering winter itself. A few buddies and I would pile into a car and head to Nubs Nob, chasing snow and progress in equal measure. Those drives were filled with laughter, debate about technique, and the quiet commitment to get better.

At Nubs Nob, I trained ski patrollers and worked closely with management. It was a different time. There was no Twilight skiing. No back bowls. What we had was solid terrain, long days, and a shared dedication to doing the job well.

Looking back, the Certified program was not just about passing a test. It was about raising my own bar and then learning how to help others reach theirs. That pursuit shaped not only how I skied, but how I led, taught, and showed up on the mountain.

## **Tom Worley #179 - 1983**

My Certified year at Nubs Nob was 1983, a year that still feels etched in cold air and corduroy.

I had been inspired long before that by the patrollers in the Southern Division. Watching them, I saw a standard that felt a notch higher, a little sharper, a little more exacting. Beach Day was instrumental in bringing the Certified program to the Central Division, and I have always given Beach credit for getting it off the ground. Without that push, the path might have stayed a distant idea instead of becoming our reality.

In 1982, George Wesson from the Eastern Division came to Nubs Nob to put on the first Certified test. That candidate class included Mike Husar #166, Rick Barber #165, Hank Herlick #178, and Ed Davis #186. It was the beginning of something tangible for us in the Central Division.

Hank and I both passed in 1983. Because of the alphabetical order of our last names, Hank carries #178 and I hold #179. Those numbers are small details, but they carry weight. They mark a moment in time when the program was new, demanding, and still finding its footing in our division.

From 1982 to 1988, I served as the Certified Division Advisor. Those were formative years. We were building structure, expectations, and credibility. When you look back at the national history, Bill Bizaack holds #1 as the National Certified Advisor. Bill ordered the first Certified pin and presented pin #2 to George Wesson. That lineage mattered. It connected what we were building in the Central Division to a broader national standard.

I patrolled at Nubs Nob and later at Perfect North Slopes. Each area shaped me differently, but both reinforced the same lesson: certification is not just a test, it is a commitment.

If I have contributed anything lasting to the Central Division Certified program, I believe it has been through mentoring. Leadership is important, but mentoring is where the real work happens. Watching candidates grow in skill, confidence, and judgment has always meant more to me than any title.

The program today stands stronger because many hands carried it forward. I am proud to have been one of them.

### **Eddie Davis #186 – 1984**

My journey into the Certified program happened almost by accident back in 1992. I was serving as Patrol Director when Tom Worley reached out and told me about a pre qualification event being held at Nub's Nob. I figured if I was going to encourage others to step up, I ought to step up myself. So I signed on.

During the event, our area manager stood off to the side, arms folded, watching closely. He noticed we were running the sled from outside the handles and called me into his office afterward to talk about what he saw as a potential safety issue. There was some convincing to do. We had long conversations about technique, control, and intent. In the end, it was approved and the evaluation moved forward. It felt like steering a toboggan through a narrow chute. Stay balanced, explain clearly, trust your line.

The funny part is I remember feeling no pressure at all. Zero expectations. I was relaxed, almost curious about how it would unfold. Back then, the standard was clear and you either met it or you did not. Simple as that. I enjoyed the event because it brought together patrollers from different hills, each carrying their own snowstorms of experience. We were thrown into problem solving scenarios and asked to apply our skills while meeting the criteria of each module. It was less about flash and more about judgment.

Of course there was the snowplow down the toboggan course, side slipping, and that infamous kick turn. To this day I cannot quite explain the deeper purpose of the kick turn in that setting. It remains one of those alpine riddles that drifts through my memory with a shrug and a grin.

I went on to serve many years as Training Director and later as Patrol Director at Nub's Nob. That hill gave me more than a career in patrol. It is where I met my wife, Cindy. Sixty two years after I first pinned on a cross, I am still pulling duty at Nub's Nob. The snow keeps falling, the sled still tracks straight, and I am still grateful for the ride.

## **Paul Kuyper #232 – 1986**

I began my Certified journey in the Eastern Division with a car full of ambition and just enough gas money to make it interesting. Two friends and I pointed the headlights north and drove fourteen hours to Sugarloaf to test. Fourteen hours gives a person plenty of time to rehearse scenarios in their head. By the time we arrived, I felt like I had already skied the mountain in my imagination.

I completed my WEC at Nub's Nob in 1986. That season felt like a hinge in my patrol life. I had already patrolled at Cannonsburg, Cliff's Ridge Ski Resort, and Boston Mills Brandywine, learning something different from each hill. Every area has its own personality. Some whisper. Some shout. All of them teach.

In 1986 I returned to Indianhead Mountain in Wisconsin, and that is where I have remained. Over the years I have served as Patrol Director, worked as a Red Cross instructor, and evaluated seniors, including running moulage for Senior OEC. I have always believed that realistic training makes better decisions when the snow turns serious.

Certified introduced me to an extraordinary group of people. In the early days, the mission felt clear and bold: prepare patrollers who could go anywhere, ski anything, and handle a rescue with competence and calm. It was about versatility and grit. Today the program feels more technical, more refined, perhaps a bit more surgical in its precision. Not worse, just different. The edges have been sharpened.

I still smile when I think about Bennett, Anderson, and Keating testing. They were young, fearless, and aggressive. At one point they launched their toboggan twenty feet into the air like it had sprouted wings. Snow and bravado everywhere. I remember grinning and telling Anderson to find something in the middle. High energy is a gift, but control is the craft.

Looking back, Certified shaped not just how I ski or run a sled, but how I lead, teach, and evaluate. It gave me standards, stories, and a tribe. And for that long drive to Sugarloaf and every mile since, I would do it all again.

## **Brian Cobble - #262 - 1987**

My introduction to the Certified program started with a conversation at Boyne. Bill Hubbard pulled me aside and explained what Certified was all about. It was not just another patch or pin. It was a standard. That talk lit the fuse for me.

John Wiley was the testing advisor for the Central Division at the time, and I remember how steady and deliberate he was about the process. In 1987 the staff roster read like a who's who of strong personalities and stronger skiers: Rick Barber, Tom Worley, Eddie Davis, Hank Herlick, Paul Kuyper, Steve Gotschow, Dan Klymer, and Mike Husar. The candidates included John Wiley, Sen Bennett, Paul Dusing, and Colby Bland. It felt like stepping into an arena where everyone respected the craft.

One of my favorite memories was heading to Sunburst Ski Area to ski crud with Mike Husar. The area was closed. The lights were out. We skied in the dark anyway, carving through chopped up snow by feel more than sight. It was not reckless. It was training the senses. Crud does not care about daylight.

We practiced everywhere and anywhere. Imaginary bumps on flat runs. Two people on a sled just to see what it would feel like under load. Running sleds down Hiawatha when it was sheer ice, the kind that humbles your edges. Kick turns where there were no bumps at all. We built the mountain in our heads if it did not exist in front of us.

John Wiley had passed nine out of ten modules. I blew my knee out and had to come back to finish the skiing portion. That injury slowed me down but did not stop me. John and I skied most of that season together preparing for the next test at Nub's Nob. There is something about grinding through a goal with a partner that forges a quiet bond.

My leadership path began at Holiday Park in 1980, then moved to Wilmot in 1985 where I stayed for more than thirty years. Along the way I served as Section 3 Training Advisor, Southern Region MTR Advisor and Treasurer, Associate Regional Director for nine years, Regional Director for three, Associate Division Director for nine, and Division Director for six. In 1998 I passed PSIA Level I, in 1999 Level II, and in 2000 Level III. I drove hundreds of miles across the division teaching SES clinics because I believed in raising the bar for everyone.

## **Anne Blaedow - #360 - 1991**

I first stepped into the Certified world as an observer. One year on the sidelines, watching closely, taking mental notes, measuring myself against the standard. My motivation was simple and personal. I wanted to grow. I wanted to see how far I could stretch my own capabilities.

When I decided to pursue it seriously, I remember submitting a resume outlining my leadership background. At the time, Certified was not just about skiing or running a sled. It carried the

expectation that you would lead, whether at the patrol, region, or division level. The credential came with responsibility stitched into it.

I sometimes joke that I may be the only Certified patroller who could not recertify because she was pregnant. Life has its own timing. While others were lining up for modules, I was navigating a very different kind of endurance test. It did not diminish my commitment, only redirected it for a season.

Leadership has been the through line of my patrol career. Over the years I continued serving in various roles, most notably as Associate Division Director under Division Director Mike Schons. Those years were full of growth, long meetings, tough decisions, and the steady work of helping others succeed.

At Crystal Mountain I was invited to be part of the Women's program. I remember the year Linda Barthel tore her ACL on the flats, an injury that reminded all of us how unpredictable this sport can be. My own invitation into the Women's program came in an unexpected setting. Olga asked me while we were sitting in a sauna, steam swirling around us, conversation drifting from casual to consequential. Sometimes leadership opportunities arrive quietly, wrapped in towels.

Today I continue to patrol and to provide leadership within the Women's program. Certified sharpened my skills, but leadership has been the deeper calling. It has been less about the pin and more about the people, less about the test and more about the trust.

### **Tim Weinand- #361 -1991**

I started as an observer and helper in 1983 while I was in college. I was young, eager, and trying to absorb everything I could. My candidate class included Anne Blaedow and Jim Andrews, both strong in their own ways, and being around that group pushed me to raise my game.

Back then the structure was straightforward. Once you passed a module, you became an evaluator for that module. It was a sink or swim environment in the best sense. You earned it, then you helped measure it. I always felt the demonstrations were harder than the actual test. On test day you performed. During demos you had to be precise, repeatable, and technically clean while everyone dissected every movement.

I was skiing on 203 centimeter boards at the time. Long planks with opinions of their own. Doing the infamous kick turns on those skis felt like balancing a dining room table on a staircase. It demanded patience and commitment. There was no cheating the movement.

Over the years I stayed deeply involved. I served as a toboggan IT, senior evaluator, Region S and T coordinator, ski school advisor, division staff trainer, and Assistant Region Director. Each role added another layer of perspective. Teaching sharpened my own skills. Evaluating sharpened my judgment.

One memory that still makes me shake my head happened during a Certified evaluation trip. I was riding with Bill Hubbard and Mike Husar on a warm spring day. In what we thought was sound judgment at the time, we decided to drive across Lake Shanno. Halfway across, the ice began to creak loudly under the vehicle. Not a polite little crack. A deep, hollow groan that speaks directly to your survival instincts. Wisdom arrived quickly. We turned around and eased our way back to solid ground, grateful for the lesson and the second chance.

In those days evaluators and candidates even stayed in the same house. The lines between tester and tested blurred after hours, replaced by conversation, storytelling, and shared commitment to the craft.

Over time I have been honored with the Distinguished Service Award, Lifetime Certified recognition, and my 45 year pin. Those acknowledgments mean a great deal, but what matters most to me is continuity. Four generations in, and I am still part of it. The skis are shorter now, the techniques refined, but the heart of patrol remains the same.

### **Guy Day - #381 - 1992**

I have been a patroller for 41 years now, and I am still pulling duty. The mountains have changed, equipment has evolved, but the pull of patrol has never loosened its grip on me.

My father, Beach Day, was the one who nudged me toward Certified. He did not push. He influenced. There is a difference. Watching his commitment to standards and professionalism made me want to measure myself against the same yardstick.

I became a senior patroller at 18 and a Certified patroller at 21. Looking back, that seems young, but at the time it simply felt like the next step. I patrolled at Nubs Nob from 1987-1993. My patrol path eventually led me west to Beaver Creek Resort, where I worked as a pro patroller from 1993-1995. Those were formative years. Big terrain, real consequences, and a team that expected you to bring your best every day. I was also part of the cardiac team training, which added a deeper layer of medical readiness to the work we did.

I remember my candidate class clearly: Annie Blaedow, Tim Weinand, Loretta Coble, Jim Andrews, Ed Hickman, Bill McCullough and Hal Froot. Our evaluators were Eddie Davis, Brian Cobble, Sean Bennett, Rick Barber, Paul Kuyer and Hank Herlick. It was a strong group, and the expectations were high. You earned every module.

Over the years I have worn a lot of different hats. I served as Region Director, Assistant Region Director for Testing and Training, Assistant Division Director 7 years and still serving, IT for toboggan, OEC instructor, WEC instructor, and ID instructor. For many years I was the OEC lead for the Certified program, a role I took seriously. Strong medical skills are the backbone of what we do, and I believed the Certified standard should reflect that.

I remember when the Certified staff numbered 20 to 30 people. It felt big at the time. Now it has grown to more than 90. Watching that growth has been gratifying. It tells me the program is alive and evolving.

Through all of it, I have tried to stay grounded in why I started. My dad set the example. Certified sharpened my skills. Patrol gave me purpose. And after four decades, I still clip into my skis with the same sense of responsibility I felt at 21.

## **Loretta Cobble #383- 1992**

I started in the snow world as a ski school instructor at Holiday Park in Illinois. Teaching was my first love on the hill. Not long after, I joined the patrol at Holiday Park, and that is where I met my husband, Brian. The mountain gave me a profession and a partner. Not a bad return on a lift ticket.

When Holiday Park closed, I moved over to Wilmot and continued patrolling. My first year in the Certified track was with Kim Rosecrans. We were figuring it out together, leaning on each other through the nerves and the standards. The second year, I traveled to Vail Ski Resort to test and blew out my knee in a fall. It was one of those moments when the mountain reminds you who is in charge. Rehab replaced training for a while, and patience became the hardest skill to master.

The third year I went to Nub's Nob and did it on my own. No training partner, no built-in support system. Just me and the modules. I passed everything. That season taught me something about self-reliance that I carry to this day.

I remember helping Dan Smolaski with the first aid portion. At that time, first aid was WEC Phase I and II. It was hands on, detailed, and expected you to think clearly under pressure. I loved that part. There is something grounding about solving a problem with calm hands and a steady voice.

Over the years at Wilmot, I have re certified under just about every condition you can imagine. Boilerplate ice, soft spring snow, sideways wind. Each one had its own lesson hidden inside it.

Meeting Annie Blaedow, Chris Moe, and Linda Murphy Jacobs became the spark for what grew into the Women's program. We wanted women to feel strong and welcome on their skis, not like guests in someone else's space. I found joy in helping women settle into their stance, trust their edges, and believe in their own skill. My creative side naturally found its way into the events. A little thoughtfulness in the details can transform a clinic into a community.

From ski school to patrol, from injury to passing alone, the journey has been layered and deeply personal. The snow has been my classroom, my proving ground, and sometimes my humbling companion. And through it all, I have stayed right where I belong.

## **Chris Moe-Herlick #384 – 1992**

My earliest memories of Certified are braided tightly with my dad, Bob Moe. He became involved in 1981 in the South Central Region, and I watched the program take root through his stories at the dinner table. Certified was never abstract to me. It had a face, and it was my father's.

I attended a pretest run by Mike Husar, the same event where my dad was testing. I remember standing there, absorbing everything, knowing I wanted to be part of it someday. When it came to first aid, I sought out Al Ramsden, our resident guru. I asked questions, shadowed him, and let myself be mentored. He shaped how I think through patient care to this day.

Back then, you could not even enter the Certified program until you had been a patroller for five years. I counted them carefully. In 1988, I finally became a candidate at Indianhead Mountain. It felt like stepping into something I had been circling for years. Anne and Loretta entered the program in 1989, and in 1990 I had a bye year, a pause that tested my patience but strengthened my resolve.

My inspiration has always been my dad. Watching how he carried himself, how he valued standards and service, pushed me to finish what I started. In 1992, after passing all the modules, I felt not just relief but pride. I had earned my place.

From 1996 to 2000, I served as the OEC lead. That role mattered deeply to me. Strong emergency care is the heart of patrol work, and I wanted our Certified candidates to embody that excellence.

Then, alongside the leadership and encouragement of Linda Murphy Jacobs and Linda Barthel, the Central Division Women's program was born. That effort feels like my greatest contribution and legacy. The three of us, the team of the Lindas and me, poured ourselves into creating a space where women could refine their skills, build confidence, and push their limits.

Together, we have helped countless patrollers master the toboggan down a mogul field, turning what once felt chaotic into something controlled and deliberate. There is nothing quite like watching someone find rhythm in the bumps with a loaded sled and realize, I can do this.

I continue to patrol, teach, and provide instruction in the Women's program. The mountains have been my classroom for decades, but the most meaningful lessons have always been about people. And every time I clip in, I still feel that original spark from 1981, the one my dad unknowingly lit.

## **Chuck Martschinke #460 1995**

I still remember the bite of the wind at Whiteface Mountain in 1978. Olympic patrol. Big hill, bigger expectations. I tried out with Tom Worley, Bob Pasco, and Jim Sharkey, four of us roped together in purpose and pace. There was something electric about that mountain. It did not tolerate hesitation.

The initial modules were straightforward on paper and anything but simple on snow. Skiing. Toboggan, both loaded and unloaded. First aid. A skills course threading through a bump field. The infamous kick turn perched on top of a mogul, then again with tips and tails balanced on the crest and then centered in the trough. Every movement exposed your fundamentals. Operating the sled in a disciplined snowplow demanded control, not bravado. The mountain rewarded precision.

In 1990, I formally entered the Certified program. At that time, I was serving as Division Director, and in 1991 I attended the Certified meeting in Summit County. Sitting in that room felt different. I was not just a participant. I was responsible for the direction of the division while also pushing myself through the same demanding standards.

Brian Cobble served as a bystander for the WEC program during that period. Bill Hubbard was the Certified advisor and had just brought Chuck in as a candidate. There was a sense that the program was tightening its focus, refining its expectations.

My candidate class included Guy Day, Chris Moe, Jeff Cripps, and Mike Longfellow Jones. It was a strong, determined group. Everyone brought something different to the table, and the bar was set high.

Over the years, I have held numerous leadership roles at the region, division, and National levels. My advice and input have been sought many times, and I have tried to offer it thoughtfully, grounded in experience rather than ego.

When I look back to Whiteface in 1978, tying out with that team in the cold, I see the through line. The standards, the leadership, the willingness to be evaluated and to evaluate others. The mountains shaped my skills. The program shaped my judgment. And both continue to guide me every time I step onto the snow.

## **Patrick Perlman #492 – 1997**

I have been a patroller for 42 years now, and I am still going strong at Wilmont. The hill has become part of my rhythm, the place where winter feels like home.

My path into Certified started with conversations. I remember talking with Loretta Cobble and Ed Hickman about the program. They did not oversell it. They simply laid out the standard and the commitment it required. That was enough. I jumped in.

The first year I passed skiing, area operations, and the OEC written. Crossing those off felt good, but I knew the deeper tests were ahead. The second year I passed the OEC practical, which for me was a huge hurdle. Managing patient care under scrutiny sharpened every instinct. I also completed chair evacuation and toboggan that year. Each module demanded focus and preparation.

I still remember the skiing portion vividly. There was an evaluating team of ten members watching. Ten sets of trained eyes tracking every movement. We worked through side slips to kick turns, then through the gates. There is no hiding in that setting. Your edges tell the story before you do.

Certified changed how I approached leadership. I committed myself to giving back as a senior OEC and toboggan trainer. I served four years as Patrol Director, six years as an Associate Region Director, six years as Certified Advisor, and as an assistant patrol representative at Wilmot. Each role carried responsibility not just for standards, but for people.

After more than four decades, I still believe in the process. Certified pushed me to be sharper, steadier, and more deliberate. Wilmot has been the constant backdrop, the place where I learned, led, and continue to serve.

## **Linda Murphy-Jacobs - #542 -1999**

I qualified for the Certified program in 1982, and soon after my journey took me to Sugarloaf during an ice storm to Hunter Mountain. The test there was unforgettable: taking the sled down an icy run, sliding down a corridor, under a net, and into a ravine. Lying there tangled in the net could have been discouraging, but it didn't stop me. It was a challenge I met head-on, and it only strengthened my resolve.

Over the years, I have been inspired and guided by mentors like Dan Somalski, Chuck Martschinke, and Brian Cobble. Their leadership helped shape my approach, not just to skiing or toboggan handling, but to mentoring others and building programs that make a lasting impact.

Today, I continue to patrol at Nub's Nob. I am a leader in the Women's program, IT for toboggan, and hold Level III Alpine and Level III Telemark certifications. Helping others gain

confidence on the snow and watching women excel in patrol has been one of the most rewarding parts of my career.

### **Linda Barthel - #556 - 2000**

I got involved with Certified because I wanted to grow, to challenge myself, and to see how far I could take my skills. Motivation alone isn't enough, of course—you also need guidance—and I was fortunate to have incredible role models along the way. Tim Gaffney helped me navigate the OEC modules, and Mary Gaffney offered steady support and encouragement throughout the process.

My first-year evaluation was at Marquette Mountain. I still remember the notable women patrollers who were there, like Loretta Cobble and Anne Blaedow. They set a standard I aspired to reach. My second year took me to Boyne Mountain and Nub's Nob, where I completed two modules: OEC Bystander and toboggan. Each challenge felt like another rung on the ladder of confidence.

Leadership has been a cornerstone of my journey. I was the only female trainer at Mt Brighton for many years, a role that demanded resilience and adaptability. I was honored to be part of the first Women's program at Crystal Mountain, which celebrated 25 years in 2026. Later, I served as Central Division Women's Program Advisor and National Women's Program Director. Reflecting on it all, though, I can't forget the very first Women's program at Crystal Mountain—my first run ended with a fall that tore my ACL. The sled wasn't equipped with splints or blankets back then. That experience taught me lessons in improvisation, patience, and perseverance that have guided me ever since.

I continue to develop programs, provide instruction, and offer leadership at the division and national levels. Supporting others, especially women entering patrol, has been a privilege. And through it all, I still patrol at Mt Brighton, where the snow reminds me why this journey matters—both for me and for everyone who follows behind.

### **Jay Zedak- #572 -2001**

I've often asked other Certified patrollers how their journey began. Why Certified? What spark lit the fuse?

For me, that spark had a name: Dale Mihuta. Dale nudged me toward the program, though “nudged” might be too gentle a word. He saw something in me before I did. From that point on, he was not just an encourager but a compass. I still check my bearings against the lessons he taught.

Leadership became less of a title and more of a habit. I leaned into every facet of patrolling I could find. I stepped into the role of ski school liaison and began encouraging fellow patrollers to connect with Professional Ski Instructors of America. I wanted us sharper, more unified, more fluent in the language of sliding on snow. Toboggan handling drew me in next, and eventually I found myself serving as National Transportation Director. The avalanche program grew alongside me, layer by layer, until I was entrusted as the Central Division Avalanche Advisor. Snow has a voice if you listen carefully enough.

What sets my path apart is something I never initially planned. I became the only Certified patroller to earn certification in alpine, snowboard, and telemark. Along the way, I achieved Level III in both alpine and telemark, a benchmark that still stands untouched. I maintained certification in all three disciplines for over a decade and continue to recertify in alpine and telemark. Each discipline feels like a dialect of the same mountain language, spoken with different accents.

One of my favorite stories began with what I suspected was a setup. I was invited on a ski trip to Colorado. Thrilled, I bought the ticket. Only later did I discover it was a snowboarders-only trip. I knew the crew was grinning somewhere. So I bought a snowboard and boots and headed to Boston Mills to begin from scratch. I even called my wife, Dana, asking her to bring my waterski pads and shorts because they had some padding. Function before fashion.

A week later I was in Breckenridge, snowboarding with patrol and sweeping a rugged bump run at the end of the day. A mountain photographer caught me mid-turn. When I saw the photo, I had a quiet, steady thought: I'm going to get Certified in snowboarding. Not to prove a point, but to build a bridge. The snowboarders on patrol needed someone who spoke their language and wore the same boots. I wanted to be that person.

With mentors like Ed Saline and Mikey DeFranco, I earned my Certified snowboard pin in 2003. Telemark followed in 2005, completing the trifecta.

And yes, for those who remember the bystander scenario during testing, I was once cast as the untrained helper who was told to remove his clothing. I complied down to my boxers and stood there awaiting further instruction. Certification builds character. Sometimes it also builds tolerance for awkwardness.

Looking back, Certified was never about the pin. It was about growth, about raising the bar for myself and for those around me. The mountain keeps score honestly. I just kept showing up, in whatever boots the moment required. 🏔️

## **Todd Schurtz -#617-2004**

I patrolled at Wilmont Mountain from 1999 to 2022 and am now in my third season at Mad River Mountain. My Certified journey began in 2001 when I went to observe the program in Marquette Mountain. Paul Fuchs was leading the scenario in which I played the patient, and from that moment I knew I wanted to be part of Certified myself.

I started my candidacy at Nub's Nob, passing eight modules, but still had to complete LAR, chair evacuation, area operations, and the OEC written test. Chuck was a huge help with Avalanche training, and I will always be grateful for his guidance.

Year two took me back to Marquette, where I passed LAR and area operations, and year three at Perfect North Slopes, where I completed chair evacuation and OEC. My class included Jeannine Mogan and Randy Strand—talented, driven patrollers who pushed me to do my best.

One of my most memorable experiences was the bystander scenario. The untrained help was under the chairlift, and the patroller had to instruct them on what to do. The certified candidate asked the untrained bystander to take off his clothes and hand it to the child who needed extra warmth. It was tough to keep a straight face watching the chaos unfold, but it perfectly captured the unpredictability and humor of real-life situations.

Today I continue to patrol, serve as an evaluator, and lead S and T training at Mad River. Certified has been a journey of skill, leadership, and problem-solving, and I'm proud to still be part of it, shaping others as I was once shaped.

## **Chris Raudabaugh -#760-2013**

I began my Certified journey at Perfect North Slopes alongside Jim Seeger, Jaime Roell, Jeff Juzark, Kirsten Hammerberg and Lauren Wroblelski. Those early days were a mix of nerves and excitement, but what I remember most vividly is the bystander scenario—John McGoff took my skis and didn't return them until I was pinned at the banquet. It was a hilarious reminder that the program keeps you humble and on your toes.

Over the years, I've worn many hats within the National Ski Patrol. I served twice as Ohio Region Director, as Assistant Division Director, on division staff for Ski and Toboggan, and as a senior evaluator in both ski and snowboard. I've also achieved PSIA Level II certifications in ski and snowboard, served as Patrol Director at Mad River Mountain, and worked as an OEC instructor.

One moment that stands out is watching Don Loerch tackle the LAR with a sled packed with a tangled mess of prusiks, carabiners, and rope. It was chaotic, unpredictable, and exactly the kind of challenge that keeps Certified training real.

Today I continue to patrol at Mad River, staying involved with training, evaluation, and leadership. Certified shaped my skills, my judgment, and my understanding of teamwork—and it continues to guide how I serve the hill and those who follow behind me.



**In Memory:** (as of 2026)

Dan Somalski #426

Colby Bland #323

Beach Day (supporter)

Tim Gaffney #494

Doc Werner (supporter)



**Role of support staff:**

A "Thank You" is never enough for these loyal supporters who ride in sleds, moulage for OEC, drive long distances to be there for the Certified program.

**Supporters:**

Bev Janke

Yvette Gerdes

Bob Moe

Dot Moe

Dana Zedak

Cheryl Raudabaugh

Dave Jacobs

Mary Gaffney

Jeff Hanley



**Editor's Note:**

It was an honor and pleasure to speak to those listed. I wish the time was unlimited to provide a short bio for every certified patroller in the Central Division. This is the start. I would encourage every certified to give their short bio of why you became a certified patroller and a memory from your journey. This history is a living one. Looking forward to reading your story.

[www.nspcentral.org](http://www.nspcentral.org)

<https://nspcentral.org/certified/>

**Darcy Hanley #742 - 2011**

\*\*\*Historical documents are on the NSP Central website.