

The
Easy Glider
 Kick 'n Gliders Nordic Ski Club

Editor: Bill Stine (william.t.stine@gte.net)

Issue: May, 2001



Spring Fling Picnic

Well, it won't quite be summer, yet, but our first summer activity is scheduled for May 17. Dave LeRoy will host a covered dish picnic at his home. The club will provide grilled meats and beverages. Bring your folding chair, a covered dish or dessert and your XC skiing (and other) pictures to share with club members.

RSVP, if you can attend, by leaving a message on Dave's answering machine at: (717)561-1647



Summer Activity Schedule 2001

- Thur - May 17** Picnic at Dave LeRoy's Home - Details at left.
- Thur - June 7** Picnic at Pinchot State Park - Meet at the Quaker Race day use area, off Rt 177, at 5:00 pm. Bring something to grill, something to share and your beverage. We can hike, canoe, mountain bike or swim if it is hot or just sit and socialize. We can stay at this area until sunset. If you bring your canoe you will need either a Fish Commission or PA State Park Sticker. This is a full moon! **Leader: Nan Reisinger**
- Sat - June 30** Canoe the Yellow Breeches - Meet at Messiah College at the covered bridge at 1:00 pm. **Leader: Nan Reisinger**
- Sat - July 21** Nissley Winery Tour, Taste & Picnic - Join us at 6:00 for an evening of a covered dish picnic, wine tasting and fun at Nissley's. Dancing at 7:00 to the light rock/oldies sounds of Night Wind. Grilled chicken provided. \$10 **Leader: Joyce Miller**
- Aug 5** Picnic at Zitzer/Whitlock's "River House"
 We return to Phyllis & John's delightful riverside Dauphin home for a tubing party and picnic. Arrive at 2:00, potluck supper at 5:00. **Leader: Phyllis Zitzer**
- Sept 21-23** Camp, Bike, Canoe at Ohiopyle St. Park
 Camp at Ohiopyle State Park (2 nights) about \$15 per person. Bike the Rail Trail along the Youghiogheny River on Saturday. Canoe the Middle Yough on Sunday. **Leader: Nan Reisinger**

Please let the event/trip leader know if you plan to attend. Call for more details or possible changes in meeting time or schedule.

Nan Reisinger: (717)852-2187 (w) or (717)763-8094 (h)
Joyce Miller: (717)354-4211x2325 (w) or (717)355-0423 (h)
Phyllis Zitzer: (717)783-2548 (w) or (717)921-9006 (h)

2002 Weekend Ski Trip Preview

Mark your calendars! The weekend ski trips for 2002 are hereby announced:

Dec 28-Jan 1 Stowe, VT

For the first time we will take up residence in the legendary village of Stowe, VT. A wide selection of commercial and public XC ski trails combined with the charming village of Stowe, promise to produce a memorable New Year's trip. Rentals and lessons. **Bill & Sandy Stine**

Jan. 11 - 13 Lake Effect, NY

We will repeat the outstanding trip to Pulaski, NY, with a change in accommodations. The 1880 House B&B in Pulaski will soothe us with delightful rooms, breakfast and dinner. All we have to do is enjoy the great skiing in an area that has the highest average snowfall east of the Rockies. Option for third night. **Bill & Sandy Stine**

Jan. 18 - 21 Garnet Hill, NY

This perennial favorite trip is back to a three night weekend of its own. You can ski out the doors of our rented houses to enjoy the trails at Garnet Hill. The trails are beautifully groomed with enough variety to satisfy everyone from novice to expert. Rentals and lessons. **Jamie Hackman**

Jan. 25 - 27 Crystal Lake, PA

With what are, arguably, the best designed ski trails in PA, Crystal Lake is a cross-country treasure less than three hours' drive away! Take a full weekend and ski right out the door of Noseni Lodge, right on the property. Great place for both beginners and advanced skiers. Rentals and lessons. **Dennis Major**

Feb. 1 - 3 Laurel Highlands, PA

Nan discovered some outstanding chalets for the 2001 trip and we will return to them for 2002. Excellent groomed trails and a variety of public trails are just a few minutes drive from where we'll stay. Rentals and lessons. **Nan Reisinger**

Feb. 8 - 10 Black Forest, PA

The renovated Black Forest Inn attracted a crowd this year and we had a great time. Return with us to the plethora of public trails in the beautiful Black Forest! **Tim Musser**

Feb. 15 - 24 Lake Placid, NY

Yup, you read the dates right! We've rented the Philo House for ten whole days. And, no, you don't have to sign up for the whole stint. We'll price it by the night, DIY meals included, and you decide what nights you'll stay. Pick weekend and/or week days or stay the whole time ... Lake Placid is hard to beat! First come, first served, so you'd better not wait too long. Rentals and lessons. **Bill & Sandy Stine**

Mar. 1 - 4 Inlet, NY

Huge every year, Inlet is just a winter wonderland with great skiing, excellent accommodations, fine company and plenty of snow. Join us! Rentals and lessons. **Bill & Kay Pickering**

Mar. 15 - 18 Turin, NY

The perfect ending to any skiing season. The Pioneer Lodge is spacious, cozy and welcoming with the best meals you'll find on any ski trip. And the skiing? It is wonderful with an excellent variety of public trails! You'll be delighted. **Dave LeRoy**

Trip details and prices will be published in October in the Season Guide.

**If you want to reserve a spot right away you may send a \$50 deposit to treasurer,
Dave LeRoy, at the club's PO Box.**



Meeting Notes

Bill Stine

If you missed the March 6 meeting, then you missed Dennis and Beth Major's excellent slide show of New Zealand's South Island. Your gain if you attended! They biked a bunch and followed that up with a tour by car. The pictures were great!

The March 21 social at Chi Chi's restaurant drew about ten attendees for a fun, completely non-business session. Pass that burrito, will ya?

Dennis called an Executive Committee Meeting on March 27 to discuss input on a variety of issues including how to balance our trip schedules, membership and publicity and a couple of financial items. The results will show up in a financial report, due soon, and the preliminary trip schedules in this issue of Easy Glider.

The trip planning meeting on April 3 was quite successful with what appears to be an outstanding schedule for the coming year. The meeting was followed up by a second Executive Committee meeting on April 24 to finalize the schedules for the coming year.

Membership

Nancy Kauh

Please note the following changes and additions to your 2001 Membership Directory:

Corrections:

Jan Diehl's phone number:
(717)796-0689h

Bernie Webber's phone number:
(717)861-7353h

Bill & Sandy Stine's phone numbers:
(717)392-1675h, (717)475-458c

Membership (cont)

Additions:

Cecilia Cook
351 S. Kershaw St.
York, PA 17402
(410)527-5511w (717)751-6401h
ccwww581@aol.com

Paul R. Matter, Jr. & family
401 Front St.
Boiling Springs, PA 17007
(717)531-7365w (717)245-9697h
pmatter401@aol.com

Joyce E. Miller
104 N. Custer Ave., Apt. #1
New Holland, PA 17557
(717)354-4211w ext2325
(717)355-0423h

Rod Snyder & Rhonda Farley
15 East Portland St.
Mechanicsburg, PA 17055
(717)783-1991w (717)766-9683h

Edward and Theodora Kreuser
P. O. Box 1137
Carlisle, PA 17013
(717)245-9386h



Ox Roast

The Ox Roast is the traditional season kick-off. It's a great opportunity to renew your skiing acquaintances (or make new ones), get the details of the year's ski trips, share a great meal and even pay your dues! The date's been set and the Rubens have agreed to host, so put Oct 20 on your calendar!

Trip Report - Inlet

Bill Stine

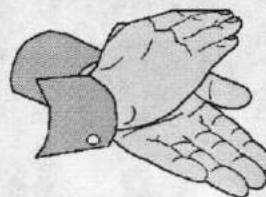
Attendees: Bill & Sandy Stine, Beth & Dennis Major, Cecelia Cook, Dave LeRoy, Nancy Kauh, Fred Wilcox, Carol Lentz, Mike McMullen, Mary Lutz, Nan Reisinger, Wanda Pritluski, Tom & Kathy O'Donnell, Ed & Carole Rockland, Bill & Kay Pickering, Marci & Glenn Pickering, Chris & Cindy Champion.

This year's trip to Inlet and the condos at Rocky Point was one for the record book.

Early arrivals including the Stines, Glenn Pickering, Cecelia Cook and the Champions did a warm-up ski at Fern Park. After cleaning up we headed out for the traditional Friday night dinner at the Old Mill restaurant in Old Forge. It seemed that nearly everyone of the 23 attendees was at the restaurant for the first record of the trip!

Saturday was clear and beautiful. Fred left with one group for a relaxing day of picturesque, easy trails while trip leader, Bill Pickering, decided to try a new (to the Kick 'n Gliders) trail to Tioga Pond. This is an in-out ski, about five-and-a-half miles each way, that terminates at a point on a beautiful,

Election of Officers



The Election of Officers took place at the April 3 meeting. The slate of elected and appointed officers for the coming year is:

President: **Bill Pickering**

Vice President: **Tim Musser**

Treasurer: **Dave Leroy**

Secretary: **Joyce Miller**

Newsletter: **Bill Stine**

Weekend Trips: **Glenn Pickering**

Membership: **Wanda Pritulsky**

Programs: **Carol Lentz**

Day Trips: **Dennis Major**

The leadership thanks the Nominating Committee of Nancy Kauh and Nan Reisinger for a job well done!

remote pond. The route is a multi-use trail, meaning that snowmobiles use it. But, its out-of-the-way location means that it doesn't get much use by anyone. We found the trail head and began the day's adventure. The trail turned out to be delightful, narrow with short, sometimes steep, hills through a mix of hard woods and evergreen forest. The downside was that, though there was plenty of snow, it was hard and a bit icy on the south facing hills. Even the limited snowmobile traffic that the trail had seen failed to chop up the surface enough for good control on the downhill and therein lay the basis of the second record for the trip ... injuries!



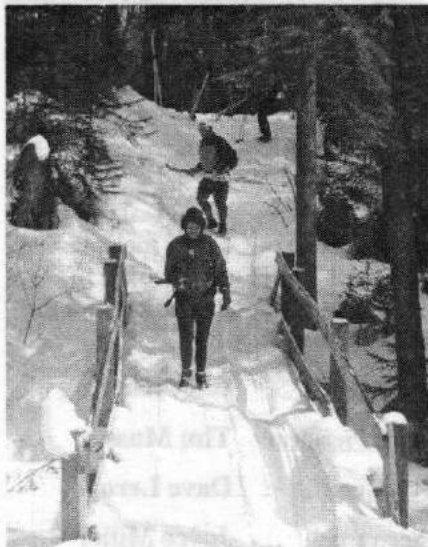
Nan Reisinger leads the way on the trail to Tioga Pond.

We had three of the injuries within a mile of the beginning of the trail. First, Mike fell, dislocating his shoulder. Now that may sound devastating, but it had happened to him before and he simply snapped it back into place (ouch!) and continued to ski for a while. Then both Sandy and Mary performed face plants on the same short downhill, suffering small ice cuts on their faces and a sore shoulder for Sandy. Sandy and Mike decided to call it a day at that point, opting to drive back to Inlet to look for tamer stuff. The rest of us continued along the trail, enjoying the view and the camaraderie, but struggling on some of the short, steep hills.

About four miles in several of our number decided to call it a day and formed a group to ski back to the trail head. The rest of us continued gamely

on with Glenn in the lead. In the end, only Glenn made it to the point on the pond, while the rest of us ate our trail lunches on the ice-covered pond about half a mile short of the point. Wanda entertained us all during lunch by building a tiny snowman and decorating it with tiny pine cones and needles.

After lunch we headed back with Dave and Nancy, Bill Pickering and Nan skiing the sweep position. Then it happened ... Dave fell on a small, innocent hill. Dave injured his ribs (later diagnosed as a "floating" rib), rendering him unable to take deep breaths or to ski. This, about four-and-one-half miles back in the woods. Oops! As it turned out, Nan skied ahead to get help while Nancy and the two Bills walked with Dave, carrying his gear and offering words of encouragement. We were eventually met by two snowmobiles about a mile from the trail head. They loaded Dave and Nancy onto their sleds and took them out while the two Bills continued under muscle power. Dave and Nancy drove off in their van, eventually ending up in Utica for x-rays and a diagnosis.



The glide makes its way down a steep hill and a narrow bridge.

Back at Rocky Point we learned that Fred's group had a marvelous day. Many of those who had returned early enjoyed the indoor hot tub and swimming pool. Then, we all buried our faces in Kay's marvelous hors 'd oeuvres, drinks and conversation, while mourning Dave and Nancy's temporary absence. The conversation included references to snow that was to be

headed our way which promised excellent skiing conditions for the rest of the trip. We then split up into our two dinner groups for excellent meals and early bed times.

By Sunday morning the media was full of stories about the storm of the century (which was only 63 days old) that was to slam into the area by that evening. Debate about what to do ended in another record ... this would be the shortest Inlet trip on record. We decided to abandon the trip. Only a die-hard few spent the morning skiing at Fern park in excellent conditions, questioning why we were leaving. By one o'clock, though, all the condos were empty.

Of course, you all know about the fourth record ... for a sensational forecast that didn't quite come true. And, we really wanted to believe those silly weathermen! However, the storm slowed down and the trip could have continued as originally planned, though driving would have been difficult for part of the trip home. Oh, well, better safe than sorry? Nah! We'll be back.

Trip Report - Turin

Fred Burgess & Bill Stine

Attendees: Bill & Sandy Stine, Joan Short, Joyce Miller, Fred Burgess, Dave LeRoy, Nancy Kauhle, Mike Marhevka, Peter Oswald, Nan Reisinger, Tim Musser and Mary Klaue.



Pioneer Lodge, March 17, 2001.

The March 16-19 trip to Tug Hill took a turn toward civility, thanks largely to a sweet waitress at a breakfast establishment in Utica. Bill and Sandy Stine, Joan Short, Tim Musser and Fred Burgess had headed north Thursday and stayed overnight in that Mohawk Valley city so they could get a jump on

skiing Friday. But first they stopped at a restaurant for some carbo-loading.

During the course of that meal, the 40-something waitress referred to everyone at the table as "Honey" -- except for Fred. When the late-arriving Kick 'n Gliders learned that he was moping because of this snub, they took to referring to him as "Hon," "Honey," "Sweetie," "Darling," "Dearie" and other terms of endearment in a successful attempt to cheer him up.

Then everyone began addressing everyone else in those terms during mealtimes at Pioneer Lodge, the Turin, N.Y., bed and breakfast establishment where the club stays. It all added up to one of the year's most congenial gatherings. That spirit spilled over to after-dinner discussions, which sometimes headed in some unusual directions -- such as animal bites.

Dave LeRoy told of his unfortunate encounter with a dog that resulted in his having to undergo a series of rabies shots. Joan said she nearly had to go through the same thing when her cat bit her finger and then died an hour later. But Mary Klaue had the best stories. The self-described farm girl said she had been bitten not only by dogs and cats but by horses, cows, a black snake, a muskrat -- and a caged bear. She was a little stingy on the details, but one thing was clear: If only she had addressed the bear as "Honey" before reaching into the cage, the animal would have been pleased to have been petted.

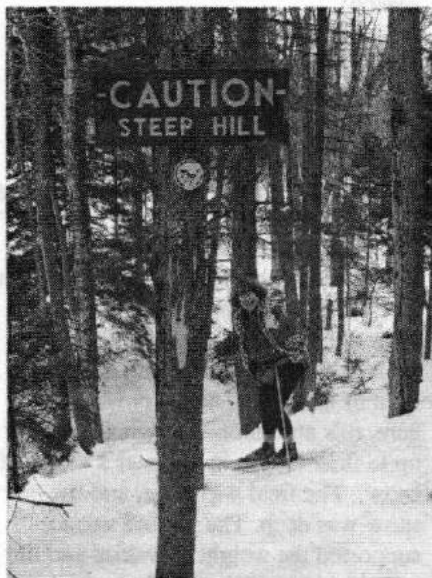


Tim plays king of the hill at Centennial Scoot.

But, we digress! What about the skiing? Well, yes, we did a bit of that, too. Centennial Scoot was our choice for Friday morning. Sandy, Bill, Tim, Fred and Joan headed there directly from breakfast and found good the best conditions we'd ever seen. With plenty of snow everywhere, even the Bear

Ridge loop was easy on our ski bases! Trail accomplished, we drove to the Pioneer Lodge to check in and relax.

Later that afternoon Joan, Tim and Fred decided to try the rim trail at Whetstone Gulf State Park, with each of them assuming the others previously had skied there. It turned out only Joan had negotiated the rim trail, and she had forgotten details such as how difficult it was to ski there -- especially in four feet of snow covered by an icy crust on the south side of the gorge. The depth of the snow and the steepness of the climb made for an excruciatingly slow first mile. The trio would have turned back had they not felt that returning down the path could have bone-crushing consequences. So they continued uphill, sometimes using their hands and even their elbows as they crawled like crabs.



Joan Short sidesteps a hill on Bear Ridge Trail.

Tim was in his glory in the flatter area nearer the top of the gorge, as the snow was quite slick and offered many "technical" delights. But Fred in particular was having trouble dodging branches that were whipping his face and knocking him to the ground, where the deep snow made it difficult to get back up. Finally they came to Corrigan Road at the end of the gorge -- where Fred and Joan convinced a reluctant Tim to take the road back to the parking lot. It may be the long way, they said, but it would be safer -- and faster -- than going down the north rim trail.

It WAS faster -- especially when the road began a serious descent. Only

snowmobiles had been using the road, and the cooling temperatures had frozen the packed-down surface to such an extent that snowplowing had little effect. Fred almost had reached the bottom when a surprised deer bounded across the road right in front of him. Had that deer been able to talk, Fred said later, it definitely would not have said, "Hi, Dearie." The startled whitetail managed to keep its footing and made it across the road. The startled skier, on the other hand, did NOT keep his footing and found himself sliding down the road on his belly like a hockey puck. He wasn't hurt and was able to join Tim and Joan on a mile-long trudge on a cleared-off paved road back to the car.

The Whetstone survivors showered and joined the rest of us for what has become a Turin tradition ... Friday dinner at the Steak & Brew restaurant a few miles from the lodge. And what a treat it was with Sandy, Bill and Mike ordering a table-side show for dessert of Bananas Foster and Cherries Jubilee.

After breakfast Saturday, we headed to Carpenter Road where we found five feet of snow still on the ground ... hard to believe in the middle of March! The snow was firm enough to support us on our skis, with enough surface powder for plenty of control, but far too deep to walk. We started with Cone Trail, Mill Creek Run, Snow Ridge Loop and Jack's Track before breaking for lunch. There were no injuries, but Tim suffered a minor problem when one of his ski pole baskets broke, forcing him to ski with a single basket. Because of the deep snow, it was impossible to find a place to sit for lunch. So, Dave created an impromptu bench by stepping out of his skis into the deep snow and sitting on the skis! It worked great and most of the group followed suit.

After lunch we skied the other side of the trail system. Just a mile or so into West Loop, Tim turned into a real basket case when he lost the powder basket from his other pole. Tim's one heck of a man, though, and persevered, using only his legs to propel him along the trail. The group split after skiing Larch and Beaver Pond trails with a couple of folks opting to return to the field of snow that a few of us had skated on along the way in Cone Trail. (See Mick's article in this newsletter.)

The rest of us finished up the trail system by skiing Return Trail back to the parking area. That evening we all retired early after an excellent Pioneer Lodge dinner.



Tim Musser having lunch at Carpenter Road on an impromptu bench seat.

According to Dave's proposed schedule, Sunday meant skiing the multi-use trails at Confusion Flats. And so we did! Conditions were as good as we'd ever encountered on this trail. We didn't even get lost! It probably helped that a snowmobile had "groomed" almost the entire first two thirds of the way. For the first time we actually skied the entire ten-mile loop!



Time out for lunch on the "Flats".

Then, it was back to Turin for much needed showers and a well-deserved dinner served by Diane Gaylord and the Pioneer Lodge crew. The evening's entertainment was "Tent Night". It seems that Nan, Peter and Mary stopped at the Eureka store in Binghamton on their drive up and purchased five tents among them. And, they decided they'd better set them up to make sure they were okay and could return any defective merchandise on their way back home. We had tents in the dining room, tents in the living room and people playing in the tents everywhere. Everyone had a good time and no defects were found.



Dinner time at Pioneer Lodge.

We bid our farewell to Pioneer Lodge Monday morning and headed for Boonville and the Black River Canal Towpath. The set tracks were a bit icy for the first couple of miles, but it didn't really matter since there are no climbs and only gentle downhill on this one-way ski. It was a great time, with sunny, warm ... the perfect way to end an excellent cross-country skiing season!

If it was a cornfield ...

Mick Marhevka

If it was a cornfield, the harvested stubble was three feet under the smooth surface. If soybeans were grown, the matted, brown thatch of last year's growth would need a month to see the light of the spring sun. If cows grazed here, this afternoon they would wallow up to their bellies in a winter's worth of snow. The field was huge, and the snow was deep. The packed surface supported the weight of a skier and did not reveal his passage. There was a fine coating of snowy powder on the surface, a hoary frost of frozen vapor. The surface was perfect. The feeling was otherworldly; we were soon to find how strange this cornfield could be. Was this still Turin, or had we slipped through to cross-country Valhalla?

As we crossed the fencerow into the field our powered kick was taken without slipping, the glide was as if under sail. Turns were made with confidence, there was no danger of catching an edge, you didn't as much as dent the surface, and yet it was not icy. The field called to be played upon, and play we did. It beckoned a traverse, and we set off to seek its limits.

We ventured past here earlier in the morning, and had stopped briefly to test

this field. Now it was late afternoon on our return to our parking rendezvous. The rest of our group went to complete their quest of skiing all the available trails in a single day, when Joan Short and I headed across "The Corn Field". The day had been the delicious exercise of breaking our own trails, absorbing the late winter sunshine, and marveling at the deep azure skies that seem only to exist north of the New York Thruway. Now we could enjoy the ease of the skiing on this majestic surface to complement a long day of struggling through deep, unbroken snow in the woods.

We headed towards a far corner of the field, trusting that we would terminate at the parking area, not realizing the adventure soon to be experienced.

We skied and talked easily of the fun of the day; the interpersonal struggles of group dynamics, and the need for a cold beer on the way back to the Pioneer Lodge. The light was late afternoon and flat. Our sunglasses, a thickening cloud cover full of the hints of snow, and the featureless expanse and whiteness of the flat snow surface hid details of the terrain. But who cared. "The Corn Field" was broad. The snow smooth.

Long stride, long glide, my rhythm was established and repeated in the familiar gait of cross-country skiers. Then with one long stride my glide was longer, easier than the last. The next kick produced more speed, and the next glide required no kick or push with our poles.

The sensation was one of going down an increasing grade. Joan and I exclaimed in confused unison, "We're going down hill", yet we didn't see a hill. We only sensed it with the increasing speed. We couldn't judge the pitch, and strangely, we couldn't see the bottom.

Through an optical illusion of flat light and featureless terrain, we were on a downhill run with the only sensory hint being our increasing speed. I instinctually crouched to gain added balance, glanced at Joan to see her assuming the mirrored stance, and unbelievably I said, "I can't see the bottom" as my speed continued to accelerate. Too intent on her need to balance against a potentially disastrous fall at speed into a crusty, deep snow,

she did not respond, but I could tell she was facing the same dilemma. Unable to see a bottom to the hill, I looked up to determine if I could see a rising horizon. I was. This was the first visual confirmation of the downward movement I was feeling. I could see the opposite side of the gully rising as we went further into the seemingly endless whiteness.

Unexpectedly and gratefully, we bottomed out and ran out our speed on the uphill side a short distance. Slowing and coming to a full stop we could only look in amazement at each other and mumble inanities about the descent we just made.

This was still Turin; we were still in "The Cornfield". We weren't pulled inexorably into a quirky fold in the material of the universe. We just went down a short hill we had never seen. That was amazing enough. How could we have not seen a hill steep enough and long enough to accelerate our speed, put us on guard for our safety, and cause long moments of confusion?

We could only continue our trek, perhaps more careful of our position and the terrain. The rest of the trip fun but uneventful. We poled our way to the parking area in good time, enjoying the snow; the exercise, the friendship and the thought of the great supper later at the Pioneer Lodge. We left the field with an experience that we could try to retell, but how can you adequately convey the sense of being drawn beyond your control into a trough you never saw. We could only enjoy the experience of "The Cornfield".

If it was a cornfield.

Black River Canal Towpath Attracts Skiers

David LeRoy

Eleven Kick 'n Gliders skied back into history on March 19 of this year when they followed the towpath of the old Black River Canal through Booneville Gorge in upstate New York. The Black River Canal is a remnant of the Canal Era when New Yorkers, taking advantage of a natural break in the Appalachian Chain, pushed a 363 mile

canal from the Hudson River to Lake Erie. The resulting Erie Canal, containing 83 locks, provided the quickest and cheapest way to move passengers and goods past the Appalachian barrier, as it replaced horse-powered transportation which had served mankind since antiquity. The hardships endured by immigrants wielding picks and shovels and swatting mosquitoes provided a corridor the cost of which was fully recovered in only seven years.



Fred Burgess, Joan Short and Peter Oswald ski the towpath.

The success of the Erie Canal, however, gave farmers and merchants located along the canal a financial advantage that other New Yorkers did not have. The outcry that this caused prompted the state legislature to sponsor a series of side canals extending from the Erie into remote regions of New York. One of the most ambitious (and least successful) of these was the Black River Canal connecting the Erie Canal at Rome with Watertown 80 miles to the north. Passing between the Adirondacks to its east and Tug Hill to its west, the Black River Canal followed a small stream called Lansing Kill north to a high point at Booneville. Beyond there it paralleled the Black River downstream to Lyons Falls, passing quite near Pioneer Lodge, Kick 'n Glider headquarters at Turin, New York. Beyond Lyons Falls, the Canal entered the Black River itself which was dredged to accommodate canal boats. The climb to Booneville and decent to Lyons Falls required a total of 108 locks in 35 miles, which exceeded the number of locks in the entire 363 mile length of the Erie Canal!

One of the more spectacular sections of the Black River Canal is the 7.5 miles south of Booneville. This section, alone, contains 30 locks as the canal, hugging a ledge high above Lansing Kill, passes through Booneville Gorge.

Needless to say, our perceptive Kick 'n Gliders traversed this section southbound, minimizing the kicking and maximizing the gliding. The most unusual section of the restored towpath is adjacent to a series of five locks providing a memorable downhill run. Along the way, we found most of the original lock masonry intact – a tribute to the fine manual workmanship of the early 1800's. Some sections of the canal are still filled with water maintaining some of the appearance of the long-abandoned waterway.

Of interest also is the method of providing water to the canal at its high point in Booneville, away from which water was continually drained lockfull by lockfull as canal boats traveled to and fro. The needed water was delivered to Booneville by a separate feeder canal which collects it from a point upstream on the Black River at Forestport, New York, where the river is at a higher elevation than Booneville. The feeder collects this water from a reservoir over which Route 28 passes on its way to Old Forge – a point over which many of us are familiar from our travels in this area. Unlike the Black River Canal, the feeder continues to be filled with water, providing a viable water route between Forestport and Booneville.

Skiing the Black River Canal towpath in those sections that are little changed since the canal was active offers a glimpse of a time when travel by canal was new and exciting as sleepy mules pulled barges quietly through the countryside.

New Printing Technology for Easy Glider

You may have noticed that the photos look better (I hope) in this issue. That's because we've printed directly to a commercial digital copier. This completes the digital production of the newsletter, from text composition through digital clip art and even a digital camera to take the photos.

Next step color?

Let me know what you think!



KICK 'N GLIDERS
P.O. Box 7054
Mechanicsburg PA 17050

ADDRESS CORRECTION REQUESTED

Bill & Sandy Stine
627 N. School Lane
Lancaster, PA 17603

In this Issue of Easy Glider

Spring Fling:

- Call now to reserve your spot at this, first, of our Summer Activities. *Free food!*
Don't miss it! Meet us at Dave's house on May 17!
- Also, announcing the rest of our summer schedule!

Weekend Trips 2002 Announced:

- Your first peek at what's in store for next winter!

Election of Officers

- Yup, they've been elected and started their new jobs already!

Corrections and Additions

- The latest updates to "People to Ski With"

Trip Reports:

- Inlet & Turin
- Special features by Mick Marhevka & Dave LeRoy