



# The Easy Glider

Kick 'n Gliders Nordic Ski Club

Editor: Pete Oswald (editor@kicknogliders.org)

Issue: April, 2012

## Meeting place Rookies Sports Bar Tuesday, April 3, at 7:00pm

2238 Derry St., Harrisburg. It's on the north side of the street, between 22nd and 23rd Sts.

From I-83 southbound: exit 45 to Paxton St., west to 29th, right on 29th to Derry (about 1/4 mile), left to Rookies.

From I-83 northbound: exit 44B to 19th St., left on 19th to Greenwood (1st intersection, after RR bridge), right to Derry, sharp left to Rookies.

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## Program Meeting 7:00 pm, Tuesday, April 3

### Trip Planning

Got any new ski venues that you would like the club to visit? Present your ideas at the April meeting. You need to have: approximate cost, possible dates, type of lodging, and eating and skiing arrangements.

If you have any questions about the meeting or how to propose a trip, please contact Andrea Hospodar at [ahospodar10@comcast.net](mailto:ahospodar10@comcast.net) or call 717-832-1354.

### Election of Officers

The Nominating Committee, consisting of Sandy Stine, Tanya Richter, and Peggy Hampton (Chairperson), is pleased to nominate the

following persons for election at the April meeting of the Kick 'N Gliders Nordic Ski Club:

President:	Jean Geiger
Vice President:	David Walborn
Treasurer:	Dave LeRoy
Secretary:	Marilyn Grove
Extended Ski Trips:	Andrea Hospodar
Day Ski Trips:	Ron Henry
Membership Chair:	Nancy Kauh
Programs:	Cheryl Capitani
Newsletter Editor:	Pete Oswald

Also recommended for jobs that are not explicitly specified in the club's standing rules are:

Publicity:	Dave Powell
Webmaster:	Bill Stine

Respectfully submitted,  
Peggy Hampton

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## GARNET HILL TRIP REPORT

Jan 23-27, 2012

David Walborn

Bookended by two days of downpours a dedicated hand full of Kick 'n Gliders eked three days of very satisfying skiing from the meager snow this stingy winter allotted to Garnet Hill. In so doing, Bill and Sandy Stine, Nan Reisinger, Pete Oswald, Tom Hooper, Richard Manix, Andrea Hospodar, and David Walborn renewed a Club tradition held four years in abeyance.

Our accommodations at the Goose Pond Inn on



the southern end of North Creek proved most welcoming, and the breakfasts, cooked to order from an extensive menu, provided us each morning with the sustenance to begin our day on the trails. Since all four bedrooms (each with a private bath) at the Inn were ours alone, we pretty much had the run of the place: two dining areas, a living room and a game room. Arrival night Nan provided a delicious beef stew, David prepared a tossed salad, and Maria Pieretti's special flan topped off the evening. Departure eve we shared three large pizzas, more salad, and Sandy's carrot cake with cream cheese icing. Although we had no kitchen facilities, the B&B owners, Jim and Beverly Engert, provided us with the necessary utensils (and dishwashing services) to enjoy those two meals "at home."

On our first day of skiing we were turned away from the Garnet Hill Cross Country Ski Center. To protect their snow softened by the previous day's rain the Center had closed all trails. Fortunately Bill Stine's extensive knowledge of



ski opportunities soon had us underway on the Siamese Ponds Wilderness Trail. The snow was soft, but not at all sticky and we skied in several miles before increasingly challenging terrain led to a group consensus that further progress was not advisable. On the way out we extended our day



by skiing the delightful Overlook Trail to the Balm of Gilead Trail intersection (on the edge of Garnet Hill's groomed system) and back. Dinner that evening was at the Black Mountain Resort where meat loaf and a bucket-full of mussels proved popular choices

Day two found us back at the Garnet Hill Center where--after overnight freezing--early morning grooming and track-setting had opened many of the trails. Those familiar with the Garnet Hill system will recognize names such as Blue Jay Way, Old Faithful, Trapper Trail, and Cougar Run which provided us with a morning loop to the edge of the central system and back to the ski shop for lunch. Conditions were surprisingly good and made for an enjoyable outing. Icy Skull Buster Hill and Solitude trail, both ungroomed black diamond options not exercised on our route, showed how different things would have been without the hard work of the grooming crew. In the afternoon we skied in the opposite direction down towards Thirteenth Lake and then looped around Bobcat run, finally retracing some morning trails back to the Garnet Hill Lodge for an after-ski drink at the bar overlooking the lake and mountains beyond. We made dinner reservations for that evening at the Lodge. With a menu that included entrées such as Apple Onion Pork, Wild

## Quebec City Trip Report

Jan 27-Feb 3, 2012

David Walborn

Mushroom Ragout, Ménage à Trout, Canard de les Trappeurs, and Maple Orange Salmon (non of which exceeded the \$20.00 threshold), we enjoyed a rare classy yet moderately-priced white-tablecloth dining experience. If only the waiter had appeared a little less harried....

For our third, and final, day of skiing we returned to Garnet Hill--our only real option--where our good fortune in having skiable snow at all was underlined when a van-load of refugee skiers from the Lake Placid snow desert disembarked at our oasis. We retraced the previous morning's route, extending our ski this time to include Sugar House, Mountain View, and Apple Way on the



flatter, and more open distal edge of the system, still on fairly decent snow. The snow was, however, too sparse to reach Roger's Road Pick Up, and thus the signature bus ride back to the Ski Shop, the "cross-country ski lift" unique to Garnet Hill.

Provisionally Garnet Hill not only had enough snow to allow us to ski hard and long for two days, but, that it was open at all, was thanks to the efforts of new owners who had just purchased the enterprise in December. It made one wonder at the frailty of a winter passion with such stringent requirements of extensive terrain, explicit topography, and abundant snow-cover in an age of economic constriction and temperature inflation. We were glad to have made our small contribution to the sustainability of the Center with the purchase of tickets, food, services, and gear. But, as if to drive the sustainability point home, rain arrived that evening, continuing through the night and into the morning of our departure.

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This trip was so big and complex that the customary chronological rendition of the seven days that we lived in Vieux-Québec, the picturesque walled 17th-18th century city center were too rich and varied in experiences to allow for a thorough accounting. Not only did Old Quebec offer the cultural illusion that in passing under the battlement through Porte Sainte-Jean, we had actually passed through a magical gate into a city in Europe that beckoned us with its centuries-old streets, houses, churches, monuments, fortifications, museums, and a foreign language and cuisine, but the Winter Carnival offered a schedule of unique attractions, and, not to be forgotten, three cross-country ski centers outside Quebec had to be incorporated into the experience.

The Hotel Clarendon mostly did not disappoint. It is ideally located in the heart of the old city and always seemed to be just a few blocks from the next venue. The Clarendon is a well-restored historic (19th century) building that does not clash with its setting. The dark-paneled lobby and dining room reflect the slightly faded glory of a bygone era. The hotel claims that Churchill and Roosevelt, during a two-week stay in 1944, worked out the plan for the liberation of France at the Clarendon. The rooms were comfortably appointed, but were not of equal size or location. Those on the outside overlooked the Hotel Frontenac or the Hôtel de Ville with the St. Lawrence in the distance. Those on the inside stared into a narrow interior well. We were all located on the 6th (top) floor so the outside windows were cut into the mansard roof giving a definite Parisian cast to those rooms. I had a spacious exterior room which looked out over the Monastère des Ursulines. Other rooms with two occupants had less space than I did. All 22 Kick 'n Gliders settled into the rooms assigned to them by the hotel with their usual equanimity in the face of the lodging disparities that arise in group travel. The management did arrange for a change to an exterior room for participants who did not want to stare into that well. The 22 guests of the Hotel Clarendon that Friday night were, in order of their

room numbers, Richard Manix and Tom Hooper, Carol and Fred Wilcox, Tim and Cindy Hoehn, Nancy Borremans and Jean Geiger, Beth and Dennis Major, Tanya and Fred Richter, Stacey and Tom Nash, Pam and Mike McMullen, Nancy Kauh and Dave Leroy, David Walborn, Barbara Brandt, and Nan Reisinger and Pete Oswald. Noted absentees from the roster were trip leaders Cheryl Capitani and Dave Powell who organized the trip, made all the lodging arrangements, and whose detailed trip letter with turn-by-turn directions into the city and out to the ski centers plus suggested activities remained the blueprint for the trip even though they couldn't make it.

That Friday we had arrived in Canada under rain that, as we headed north, turned to freezing rain which coated cars and windshields without, fortunately, turning the treated roadway into a skating rink, and which finally, in the vicinity of



Quebec City, became all snow--heavy, wind-blown snow. Dave's parking arrangements were ideally suited for these circumstances. As the snow storm raged above us, we were able to park underground at the Hôtel de Ville (City Hall)--purchasing a one-week unlimited access pass for just \$63--and utilizing a passageway under St Anne St connecting the garage directly with the Clarendon. The snow storm forced the cancellation of the opening ceremonies of the Winter Carnival that evening, but was an invitation for a number of snow-starved Kick 'n Gliders to walk from the hotel for dinner at a nearby restaurant to feel for the first, and maybe last time in this notorious season, snow falling in generous quantities all around us in the night. Others chose to remain in the hotel for the lighter fare at the bar-lounge.

Breakfasts were in the hotel's Le Charles Baillairgé Restaurant (a 19th century architect and civil-engineer who worked on the Clarendon, the Parliament Building in Ottawa and numerous churches). There was an ample, if unvarying, buffet which allowed everybody to gather in one place each morning to coordinate the day's activities and to connect with other trip participants. Dinners were out on the town and usually involved everybody meeting in the lobby at 6:00 to choose, among several proposals, a restaurant for the evening. This informal breaking into groups allowed people to share a meal with varying members of the trip much as the shifting seating at breakfast did, and prevented too large a party from overwhelming one establishment.

As had been observed in previous trips to Quebec, the restaurants were happy to see one of our groups arrive and service was rendered with great aplomb up to and including the individual checks. The fare ranged from the pricey wild caribou filets and other French-Canadian game animals of Aux Anciens Canadiens housed in a 17th century building around the corner from the Clarendon (but better to arrive by 5:45 for a half-price sampler) to the modestly priced all-crepe menu of Casse-Crêpe Breton down the hill from the hotel and heavily frequented by local families. The



lamb stew at Pub Irlandais St-Patrick just beyond the Hôtel de Ville garnered some repeat business. A lunch at Le Cochon Dingue or Le Petit Cochon Dingue won some of the best reviews as the group split between the Crazy Pig and the Little Crazy Pig, sister establishments outside the city walls in the lower city where our two-group city tour ended on Tuesday. Another memorable (dining) experience enjoyed by some included the funicular ride down to the port and ferry across the icy St. Lawrence with return trip (ten dollars in

transportation) being the highlight of the evening as the lights of the city and especially of the Château Frontenac beckoned from above. (The beer and food at a brewery in Lévis on the opposite shore, not so memorable.) The overall group consensus seemed to be that restaurant prices in the city were a bit higher than the culinary attainment merited.

Activities for our week in Quebec evolved day by day with the weather just as Dave had suggested as follows: Saturday the Winter Carnival with the city covered by, and digging out from under a fresh coat of snow. Sunday skiing at Duchesnay under mostly sunny skies. Monday skiing at Camp Mercier with blue skies. Tuesday a guided walking tour of the city and visit to museums. Wednesday a wind-driven snow storm leading to more museum visits although some held to our original intent to ski that day by skiing the Plains of Abraham just outside the city walls--for a while--into the teeth of the storm. Thursday skiing under partially sunny skies at Mont-Sainte-Anne.

Winter carnival activities we participated in or witnessed on Saturday were the snow-shoe race



followed by the dog-sled race through the city streets from the Frontenac out through the Porte Saint-Louis and back. The raft ride down the hill at the end of the Carnival grounds on the Plains of Abraham was a blast and progress on the ice sculptures was cause for return visits. But the main attraction was the city itself and Cindy Hoehn arranged for us to participate in a guided walking tour of the city on Tuesday. We had to break into two groups both of which thought we had the best guide because of the informative and entertaining hours we spent visiting and learning

about the city. One interesting fact our guide led us to observe is that despite its distance from the sea, at Quebec City the St. Lawrence River flows both upstream and downstream--he pointed out the upstream movement of the ice on the surface--as the river appears to reverse its flow with the tides. He also taught us that the walls currently surrounding Québec were built by the British on top of older French fortifications to protect the city from the Americans who were defeated by the Canadian winters as much as they were discouraged by the impregnable British fortifications. I asked him why it was that when I spoke French to people in the Montreal area they always answered me in English whereas in Québec the response is always in French. "Because Montreal is a bilingual city but in Québec life is in French," was his answer. I had noticed that in Québec, even sitting at a table where everybody ordered in English, if I ordered in whatever French I could muster, the waiter always addressed me in French for the rest of the evening. Good confidence builder for me and an even better tip for him. It also helped to explain a highway sign at the entrance to the city that reads "Québec Capitale de la Nation." The snow storm on Wednesday allowed us to visit the Musée National des Beaux-Arts Du Québec on the Plains of Abraham with a particularly beautiful collection of Inuit art and a survey of Quebec art from the French period to the present (more than a couple of hours to do it justice) a tour of the Citadel (probably best to visit in the summer--if at all) and in the lower city, the Musée de la Civilisation with displays of artifacts from the history and culture of Quebec and other civilizations.

Our three days of skiing were on the best snow of



the season till that point and probably beyond. There was deep snow fresh on the ground and hanging on the pine boughs in thick layers. The trails at all three centers were well-groomed and

tracked but the Easy and Difficult distinction at this end of the province did not accord with the classification in the Laurentians. The difficult trails here did not require the skills of even the intermediate trails there. At Duchesnay on the trails we skied, I counted only one brief section on a downhill where the track was lifted, and at the one section where herring-bone might be in order, the familiar little yellow sign of a skier tucked into a downhill stance found at the top of a hill was instead canted upward at the bottom of the hill to warn of the steep climb. (At Mont-Sainte-Anne there were black diamond trails marked as very difficult that we didn't ski out to) Still, we knew that we would be on green and blue trails on this trip and it was just so much fun to be out in



beautiful snow on beautiful days that the absence of thrills and spills was easy to forget. At Duchesnay and Camp Mercier we were accorded the status of a mostly senior citizen group so that our tickets turned out to be \$8.00. On our final day of skiing we were shocked to find that at Mont-Sainte-Anne seniors paid \$19.00 and adult admission was \$24.00--no group discount. That's what you can expect at a cross-country ski center that is next to and is run by a down-hill outfit. The skater-wide double-tracked trails we skied at this third and priciest of ski centers hardly seemed worth the steep admission--that is until Nancy Borreman's map reading and advocacy skills finally convinced us over lunch to do trail #38 in the afternoon. What a beauty: single tracked almost shoulder to shoulder with the trees this narrowest of ski-center trails wound its way through the forest like a deer track in the woods. Over one section a moose had tracked its way along the trail. You knew that you were in a ski center because occasionally you crossed a super-

wide double-tracked skating trail but soon you were lost again in the woods. The lowering sun started to shine through the clouds as a light snow shower shook diamond dust to the ground. Once again you knew why you are a cross-country skier.

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## Single-Track Nirvana

by Bill Stine

Yeah, I know. All the ski center brochures just love to boast about their wide, impeccably-groomed trails where customers can practice both traditional and skate technique. But, "Hey!", I don't skate. And, I just love narrow, intimate little trails through the woods. It's just that few of those are groomed.

Enter Centre de ski de fond de Charlesbourg at the north end of the village of Charlesbourg, just 15 minutes north of Quebec city, off Aut-73. The center's website claims 30 linear km of trails, offering many easy trails but also having enough intermediate and advanced sections to keep anyone interested. Since they were close to the Ice Hotel and a dog sled operation that our Australian traveling companions wanted to visit, Sandy and I decided to give Charlesbourg a try during our personal trip to Quebec.

What the website didn't tell us was that the trails were a single-track aficionado's delight! Groomed by a snowmobile dragging a track-setting machine barely as wide as the snowmobile,



the trails were as narrow as possible with the tracks set right in the center of the trails.

Our fear, as we ventured off on one of the easy trails was that the trails weren't even wide enough

to do a decent snowplow. We needn't have worried. Hill after hill, we gradually came to realize that the trails were designed so that you never needed to slow down. All the trails were one-way and, though a downhill section might begin with a blind curve, it soon straightened out and ran out onto a long level or uphill area. So you got those little thrills, not knowing quite what lay ahead. And, you got some pretty fast downhill runs. But you were always safe.

We had a ball that day and so enjoyed ourselves that we returned the following day for more of the same. Loved that day, too!

Oh! Did I mention that they have oodles of snowshoe and hiking trails as well? That there are



a few cozy warming huts scattered around? Or that the trails are patrolled? Or that they have ski and snowshoe rentals? Or that there's a little cafeteria with homemade soups and other goodies? Or that a ski pass costs only \$12? Well, they do!

We recommend stopping by Centre de ski de fond de Charlesbourg on your next visit to Quebec so that you, too, can experience single-track nirvana. We certainly will!

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### **Maine Huts & Trails Survives K'nG Assault**

Feb 4-10, 2012  
by Bill Stine

We tried, by damn ... but we failed!

Three Hutmasters and staff, six days of meals, meeting vegetarian and gluten-free requirements, schlepping our gear from hut-to-hut and working to keep the trails in shape ... Even during this

snow-starved season the trails were completely covered ... if not fluffy and with perfectly set tracks. The staff worked their butts off for us and managed to deliver every time!

Arrival day found the Gauge Road trailhead parking lot full to the brim. But we found space to park as local day-trippers came off the trail. Loading our gear into waiting cargo sleds, we headed in on the hilly, two-mile trek to Poplar Hut. There we relaxed and were served a hearty dinner. Afterwards, we toured the unique off-the-grid-setup used at the huts including composting toilets, wood fired floor radiant heat system, solar/hydro power system and the drying room.

After a hearty breakfast we headed toward our second night's destination, Flagstaff Lake. The twelve-mile ski is relatively level with rolling hills. That is except for the 500 foot rise over the shoulder of Roundtop Mountain. The climb rewarded skiers with beautiful views of Bigelow Range and Flagstaff Lake. There was even a small yurt at the top where you could eat lunch and get warm.

I should mention that, while most of the trails in this system are easy to intermediate in difficulty, there are a few spots that give pause to even



seasoned skiers. Consider the area of the southern crossing of Long Falls Dam Rd. The northbound

descent to the road crossing itself is abrupt and at least one skier managed a face-plant as he skied right out onto the macadam! To be sure, it's easy enough to remove your skis for these and the few other heart-stoppers, but there's always that little challenge ...

After showers we gathered around the woodstove to savor memories of the day's ski and to enjoy our now-favorite wines or beers and the paper whites growing in the window next to the stove.



Following dinner it was more stories, a rousing Scrabble game, and reading that occupied most of us.

Our third day's ski trail covered another twelve miles or so to Grand Falls Hut. Rolling hills characterized the beginning and end of the trail with a long, level stretch that paralleled the Dead River. Near the end of the day's ski the river speeds up and flows over Grand Falls. It produces a "grand" roar and is pretty spectacular sight, especially along a ski trail. One final climb brings the skier to Grand Falls Hut, the newest of the three huts in the system.

Unlike the other two huts, that have a parking lot within a couple of miles, the nearest trailhead to this hut is well over four miles away. There's also a new trail this year called the Enchanted Section that continues north. More difficult than the other

trails and more than 14 miles long, we decided to leave it for another year's adventure.

Half-way through our journey, now, we began our return trip the following morning. As during the previous few days, the sky was bright and sunny and the sun slightly softened the snow making for pretty good skiing. Most of us were back at



Flagstaff by mid-afternoon, relaxing by the fireplace or skiing the surrounding trails.

Wednesday was a lay-day with no particular plan. A few decided to simply relax and stay inside to talk and read. Most, however, elected to explore the Flagstaff area, skiing some of the short area trails or venturing across the frozen lake and bushwhacking through the woods to the main trail. In particular, photographers in the group used that day to cast about critical eyes to capture that special scene that might win them a prize in the photo contest that Maine Huts & Trails had set up for us.

Thursday found us working our way back to Poplar Hut from which we would depart the following day. By now all of us were in pretty good shape and the climb around Roundtop Mountain was easily managed by all. That night we celebrated our skiing accomplishments, the good company of club members and staff and our good luck with the weather. Our final morning brought an early breakfast, a fast ski back down to the Gauge Road trailhead and a long drive home or, for the lucky ones, a shorter drive to our next skiing destination, North Conway, NH.

This season marked our second trip at Maine Huts & Trails. This hut-to-hut venue offers a unique experience, one that we all enjoyed and that withstood even our special needs. We'll be back to be sure!

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## Photo Contest Winners Honored by Maine Huts & Trails

by Bill Stine

During our recent Hut-to-Hut trip Kick 'n Gliders were challenged by Maine Huts & Trails to make submissions to a Photo Contest. Four photo categories were described; Exteriors of Structures, Interiors of Structures, Action, and Scenic. The photos were to be submitted anonymously. Maine Huts & Trails personnel would do the judging and report back to me.

Photos were submitted by seven photographers:

Jesse Jepsen	Dave LeRoy
Lisa Johnson	David Walborn
Karen Pelton	Bill Stine
Nancy Kauh	

I'm pleased to announce the contest winners:



**Exterior:** "Poplar Arrival" by Nancy Kauh



**Interior:** "Cozy Apres Ski" by Jesse Jepsen



**Action:** "Long Hill" by Nancy Kauh



**Scenic:** "Grand Falls Looker" by David Walborn

Winners were awarded a one-night Maine Huts & Trails stay in a choice of hut with dinner & breakfast included to be used anytime within the next year for each of their winning photographs. All the photos can be viewed at my Picasa page at <http://tinyurl.com/6ogu3s7> (along with my other public Picasa albums). It should also be noted that several of our photos from last season's hut-to-hut trip now appear on this season's Maine Huts & Trails brochures.

Thanks to Maine Huts & Trails for the opportunity and for the generous prizes they awarded!

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## K'nGers Never Tire of Lake Placid

Feb 17-21, 2012

by Bill Stine

Variety is the name of the Lake Placid game. The area has venues ranging from the world-class groomed trails of the Olympic Sports Complex at Mt. Van Hoevenberg, the folksy trails of Paul Smith's College's "Visitor Interpretive Center" (VIC) and dozens of ungroomed, backcountry trails on public lands. Lake Placid has almost anything a cross-country skier could ask for. Except for plentiful snow, that is.

We stayed in the five-bedroom house that we've used for several years, named Hawthorne on Lake Placid Club Way. In the absence of trip leader, Bill Hoffman, who had to cancel at the last minute, I stepped in to take his place. But "Genius" presence was certainly missed.

As for the lack of snow ... it wasn't nearly as bad as we worried that it might be. It looked like there



was barely enough snow in the Lake Placid area to ski. But a quick study of the NOHRSC website's interactive maps showed that the deepest snow in the region was just west of neighboring Saranac Lake. Since we were familiar with several trails in that area, that is where we decided to ski.

Day one led us to visit the VIC, now taken over by Paul Smith's College. It was with pleasure that we found the Visitor Center building reopened and staffed with helpful and knowledgeable volunteers. It was with even more pleasure that we found plenty of snow and freshly groomed trails. Some of the old trails have been closed, mainly due to erosion. Happily, though, several new trails have been opened to take their place.



Overall, the skiing experience is enhanced with

more trails and more variety. But even old hands had to keep trail maps close at hand to find our way around.

Dave LeRoy lobbied hard to ski one of his favorites, the Fish Pond Trail, on our second day. About as far west of Lake Placid as the VIC, Fish Pond was also blessed with plenty of snow. We had a great time on the trail with quite a few challenging hills to climb and to zoom back down! Oh, yeah, and the pond at the end is pretty, too. On our way back from skiing I picked up the so-called "canoe map" of the area. We'll use it on our next visit here to ski a loop instead of the in-and-out route, using the frozen ponds, several canoe carries and other area trails.

Wanting to stay where the deep snow was we decided to try the Hayes Brook Trails the next



day. It's just three miles north of the VIC along NY-30. The main leg is an in-out trail to Sheep Meadow that covers a bit over seven miles. In addition, there are a few spur trails, connected like the tines of a fork. So, you can decide, as the day progresses, how much or how little you want to ski. For the most part the trails are pretty easy but are varied as to the scenery. A few of us chose to enter the system using a well-marked horse trail. We were advised to use this trail in-bound only, however. Good advice as the downhills heading out-bound would be downright dangerous! We had a great day skiing at Hayes Brook and will do this trail again!

As usual, we dined on a treasure trove of skier-prepared meals. They were ably prepared by Nancy Kauh, chicken thighs with cabbage, Bill & Sandy Stine, meatloaf, and Tom Hooper and David Walborn, seafood chowder. Thanks to the

chefs for the great grub. It was excellent and I'm certain none of us lost any weight on the trip!

For most folks, Tuesday marked their trip home. Sandy and I, however, stayed another day and elected to try the Peninsula Trails, practically right inside the town of Lake Placid. These multi-purpose trails are located on a peninsula jutting out into Lake Placid. They are accessed by a small road, Peninsula Way Rd, located behind the Howard Johnson's restaurant on the north end of town. We found plenty of snow, probably because the trails are wooded and mostly protected from the sun. Also, they are heavily used by walkers who pack the snow, slowing the melting process. The trails are connected to the Jack Rabbit trail so we skied a segment of that trail as well. We found the trails a pleasure to ski, covering just a little over four miles, just about right for a lazy afternoon.

Lake Placid will remain a favorite destination for Kick 'n Gliders well into the future. In fact, we're busy figuring out how to increase the housing capacity for next season's trip!

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## **Pulaski 2 Trip Report**

March 2 – 5, 2012

By Peg Hampton

Six Gliders (Geri Stahr, Shirley Lentz, Bonnie Gardner, Ellen Hughes, Barb Sears, and trip leader, Peg Hampton) arrived at the 1880 House for the Friday afternoon ski. We headed to Winona State Forest (Center & Wart Rd) to check out ski conditions. As we turned off I-81 and turned on Center Rd., the fields were brown - no snow in sight. It was beginning to look like a mistake to go to this destination to ski. Within a half mile of the forest and to our delight, everything turned white. There wasn't a lot of snow, but the few inches of wet snow made for delightful skiing. Five people decided to ski and Peg donned her snow shoes for a 6 mile adventure. Part way in, we were in search of a Geocache, but first we had to find an unmarked trail. We found the trail head and bushwhacked until we were near the Geocache. Due to the 10 plus inches of snow in the woods, we never could determine which

downed tree to look under.

Shirley, Geri, and Barb Sears were old timers at this Geocache activity. It was new for the rest of us. (Shirley had a hand held GPS for directions and Ellen pulled up a phone app to look for clues.) We were educated on new terminology and etiquette. You are supposed to be quiet when approaching the geocache. There are clues. There are travel bugs - Shirley found one in Pulaski and planned to take it with her to Washington State on Thursday. There are "cache and dash" sites which you can park and get out of your car to reach a cache and there are other caches that require some serious exercise to locate.

Upon arriving back at the 1880 House, we found that Gliders Molly Clark, Joan Short, Dave Leroy, Nancy Kauh, and Barbara Spohn had arrived. Due to illness, Ruth & Rich Spittler and Grace House had to abandon the trip. All eleven of us squeezed in at the main dining room table to



discuss the overnight forecast of rain with high winds on Saturday. A decision was made to ski at Osceola on Saturday.

We arrived at Osceola Ski Center on Saturday morning to find that owner Hugh Quinn did not groom that morning because of the overnight rain. Conditions were still pretty good. The snow was slow on the down hills - that was good because the wet snow was almost too heavy to snow plow, Ellen tested four different pairs of skis during the day. Finally, at day's end, she made a purchase of skis, bindings, boots & poles. Dave, Nancy, Joan, & Molly left at lunch and drove to Chateaugay where they found conditions very good. Nancy reported that she never saw so much of the bridge

that turns off the road from the parking lot into the woods. The day ended with most of us making a



trip to Selkirk Shores. Dave Leroy advised that the high winds would produce awesome waves where Lake Ontario meets the shoreline. The wind and waves were something - making it tough for us to stay on our feet and rocking the van as we sat in it. Some folks went to visit the historic lighthouse. We returned to the 1880 House for the baked ham dinner with carrot coins, escalloped potatoes, and carrot cake. We had the option of splitting into two tables for dining or squeezing together with eleven people at one dining table. It worked out very well and all the personalities jived.

On Sunday, we went to the CCC Camp at Winona State Forest to ski the race loop. There were several inches of fresh snow, but it was still challenging to ski the trail after 4 wheelers and snowmobiles went on the non-motorized trails. We did some water crossings and everyone stayed dry. Finally, near the half way mark at the intersection of Hiscock and Winona Way, we found some pristine ski conditions. We enjoyed



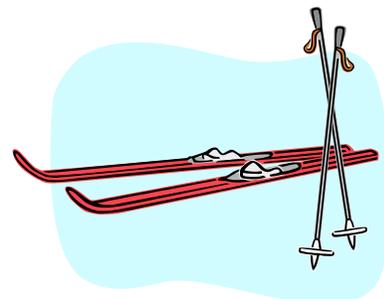
the near perfect ski conditions for several miles

until we hit snowmobile tracks again on our ski trail. It wasn't until later that eve. that we learned we had Barb Spohn to thank for those few perfect miles! She was skiing ahead of us and encountered two snowmobiles on the trail coming toward us. She stood her ground in the middle of the trail and told the sled operators that they were on a ski trail. They did turn back, but not before mucking up the near perfect trail conditions! After skiing the eight mile tourathon loop, we were happy to consume the baked lasagna dinner prepared by the 1880 House staff.

We awoke to snow on Monday morning. Some folks decided to head home right after breakfast. Dave and Nancy were going on the Boonville trip in a few days and needed a few days at home. Ellen, Bonnie, Geri, Shirley, Barb Sears, and Peg went to Selkirk Shores State Park to hike. On Saturday eve, the ground was bare, but on Monday morning, it was covered with an inch of fresh snow. We hiked and were soon on the hunt for another Geocache. We made a water crossing and passed Peg's trekking poles back and forth so that everyone would stay dry. We found three Geocaches in the morning and returned to the 1880 House for a final helping of soup. The snow stayed with us for the drive home until we reached Syracuse. From there south, it was smooth sailing. Thanks to all of the trip participants for making it a wonderful trip.

Now, it's time to put some F4 on your skis and lube the binding with Tri-flow or WD-40. Hugh Quinn advised that we should put F4 on our skis every day that we use them to ski. Using the F4 helps to preserve the base and keeps it from drying out. Apply that F4 now - your skis will thank you when you get them out next season for the Craftsbury trip!

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## Boonville-New Digs in Familiar Territory

March 9-12, 2012

by Bill Stine

It certainly didn't look promising Friday afternoon



when we arrived at North Country Manor B&B, a mile north of Boonville on NY-12D. Small patches of snow dotted the otherwise brown landscape and even the BREIA Trails off Egypt Rd were pretty thin.

But, "Yes, Virginia, there is snow on Tug Hill"!

A few of us ventured up to Carpenter Road and found not only snow but 1½ to 2 feet of snow in the woods. I never imagined that I'd be complaining about too much snow but the trails hadn't been skied very much and we intermittently broke through the crust, making for a slow go in some areas. Tough duty!

Returning to our new-to-us B&B digs, host, Craig Trainor, saw to our needs in the kitchen as we reheated our soup and made up salad for our arrival-day meal. As the last of our crew arrived, and true to Tug Hill form, the winds howled and lake-effect snow fell all evening long. Meanwhile, as we polished off dinner and the last of the evening's wine and beer, we discussed the best place to ski on Saturday. That discussion continued over a bountiful breakfast buffet, finally settling on the BREIA trails on Jackson Hill.

We weren't disappointed! The snow was great and we all easily completed the four-mile loop on top of the hill. Afterwards we gathered in the cozy warming hut for a leisurely lunch. From there we split up, some calling it a day, others checking out the south end of the Towpath trail. A few of us more adventurous skiers opted to ski the loops of the Hillside trail portion of the Jackson Hill trails. They were a blast to ski, if just a bit intimidating. We had a very good time and decided that three of the four of us would follow the steep trail down to the Towpath while yours truly climbed back up to the parking lot and drove the car down to pick them up. They had so much fun that we decided to do it again! This time, though, I got to ski down while Tim Musser drove the shuttle car.

Returning to our "Manor", we were treated to an excellent beef stew meal prepared by our host using beef that he raised on his farm across the road.

We decided to split up on Sunday. Some folks skied the southern portion of the Towpath and another couple opted to try Confusion Flats. The rest of us opted for the South Rim Trail at



Whetstone Gulf State Park. This spectacular trail was, thankfully, quite skiable. Yeah, some portions were a bit icy but this is a fairly extreme trail and some variability is to be expected. What was not expected was the fact that one of my skis broke completely in half right under the binding at the  $\frac{3}{4}$  mile mark, rendering it completely useless. Rather than turning back I left the skis by the trail

and continued on foot to complete the seven mile round trip.

It was worth it, though, as the views into the Gulf were beautiful. Crossing the stream at the head of the Gulf, we continued on to an especially good overlook on the north rim where we ate lunch.



Here, we also got a close-up view of a few of the 195 wind generators that make up the Maple Ridge Wind Farm that now covers much of Tug Hill. Regardless of your leanings on their environmental impact, all agreed that they were both impressive and graceful on this particularly windy day!

Restaurant fare was on tap for Sunday night as we all headed to the River Valley Inn for some first class dining.

Monday was “heading home day” and most of us set out fairly early that morning. Dave & Nancy and Sandy & I decided that Barnes Corners was just too inviting. And, besides, we planned to stop at Pioneer Inn, Diane Gaylord’s new diner just south of Lowville on NY-12. Diane looked great and seems to be doing well with the new business. The trails at Barnes Corners were doing a bit less well. In fact, it looked pretty dismal from the parking lot! We checked it out anyway and found, to our delight, that it wasn’t quite as bad as it looked. Sure, we had to circumnavigate a few spring-conditions water hazards and we eventually ran out of snow on each of the trails we skied. However, we got in nearly four miles before giving up and hitting the road home.

Somehow, the Tug Hill area always comes through. This year was no exception and it made for a great end-of-season destination!

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Two Stines down! You don't see that very often!



Ferry crossing the St. Lawrence River



Maine Hut to Hut trip



Raft Race, Quebec City Winter Carnival



The funiculare, the easy way to get to the top, Quebec City



Grand Falls, Maine



Hut to Hut



Riverside Trail, Hut to Hut



Flagstaff Lake, Hut to Hut



Quebec City Winter Carnival



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ADDRESS SERVICE REQUESTED

## In this Issue of Easy Glider:

**Program Meeting** 7:00 pm, Tuesday, April 3 -Last meeting of the season!

**Trip Planning and Election of Officers**

**GARNET HILL TRIP REPORT**

**Quebec City Trip Report**

**Single-Track Nirvana**

**Maine Huts & Trails Trip Report**

**Photo Contest Winners Honored by Maine Huts & Trails**

**Lake Placid Trip Report**

**Pulaski 2 Trip Report**

**Boonville Trip Report**