



The
Easy Glider
Kick 'n Gliders Nordic Ski Club

Editor: Peter Oswald (editor@kickngliders.org)

Issue: January 2016

Meetings are held upstairs at [Center Street Grille](#), 4 Center St, Enola PA, 717-732-6900.

The Center Street Grille is on the east side of Center Street just south of Wertzville Rd (PA-944).

Directions to Center Street Grill at end of newsletter

Event Calendar

Program Meeting:

When: Tuesday, January 5, 2016
Time: 7:00 pm
Location: Center Street Grille

Program: "Hiking the Appalachian Trail" by Nan Reisinger

Don't miss this great presentation by Nan! She holds the distinction of being the oldest woman to hike the entire length of the Appalachian Trail in a single season. In her presentation she will describe her experience, including a few special adventures, with photos and/or video of this hike of a lifetime.

Dinner Social (January)

When: Wednesday, January 20, 2016
Time: 7:00 pm

Location: Fenicci's of Hershey
102 West Chocolate Avenue
Hershey
717-533-7159

RSVP: Sandy Stine by Monday, January 18
sandra.h.stine@gmail.com or
717-471-6329

REMINDER: No program meeting is scheduled in February due to ski trip conflicts.

Dinner Social (February)

When: Wednesday, February 17, 2016
Time: 7:00 pm
Location: Herby's El Mexicano
720 Main Street
Harrisburg
717-939-0624

RSVP: Sandy Stine by Monday, February 15
sandra.h.stine@gmail.com or
717-471-6329

NOTE FROM THE PRESIDENT

As we enter the 2015-2016 ski season, we should consider the closest Nordic ski venue to we folks in central Pennsylvania, that being Crystal Lake Nordic Ski Center. I discovered this interesting article about Crystal Lake in the WINTER 2016/2016 issue of Susquehanna Life magazine written by Tara Caimi.

As I write this article, we are in negotiations with Crystal Lake to accommodate our club on a trip there in late January 2016. We hope all works out satisfactorily and hope that there will be suitable snow. We hope for good snow all over the northeast. Again, as I write this there are unseasonably warm temperatures predicted for the next week, or so. Denver just received inches on December 15th.

Day Trips 2016

by Bill Stine

Will it actually snow in Pennsylvania this winter? We'll just have to wait and see.

Meanwhile, when it actually does snow (See, I'm being optimistic, here!) we'll want to take the opportunity to get in some skiing and that's where the Day Trip process, that we implemented last season, process becomes important.

The idea is, instead of scheduling day trips in advance and hoping for decent ski conditions, that we coordinate day trip opportunities on the spur of the moment when ski conditions at a nearby location are good.

The coordination mechanism is an e-mail list that interested members sign up for. Instructions to sign up are on our website at kickngliders.org/pages/daytrips.html. (You must sign up to be on the list to get the e-mails that are sent to it.) Anyone who wishes to set up a trip simply sends an e-mail to OneDayTrips@kickngliders.org announcing their intentions and interested skiers can respond to them.

Don't know where to go for day trip skiing? Once again, you can turn to our website! Navigate to the "Places" page:

kickngliders.org/pages/placestoski.html

and check out the Pennsylvania ski recommendations. There are more than 15 ski venues listed and mapped including places in Harrisburg, Lancaster, Laurel Highlands, Reading,

Williamsport and other places. Included are maps and websites for the suggested venues. Do you know of other places? Let me know and I'll include them on our website.

Happy skiing!

Hut to Hut in the Adirondacks

Submitted by Roberta Strickler

The article in the December Easy Glider, about skiing the Siamese Ponds Wilderness, brought to mind the very memorable February 1996 Kick n Gliders hut-to-hut trip to and through the Adirondack Park. We followed a serious winter storm into this wilderness and encountered endless blowdowns and sketchy trail conditions, along with the BYOB policy of the cook, who carried our bedding on his skimobile.

Because Ad Crable was writing this account for the Lancaster New Era, he skirted some of the additional side-stories from that trip which remain embedded in Kick N Gliders' memory bank. The nine KnGers as I recall them with the help of quotes are Dave LeRoy and Nancy Kauh (not yet married), Kim Lausch (who was the only person willing to go first down a rocky steep trail to which she donated one of her limbs), Wanda Knuth and Wendy Davis Baker (quoted in the article), Roberta Strickler and her yoga student, Ad Crable, and two women who seem to have disappeared from Kick N Glider Membership: Cathy Cowan and Louise Minervino

Does anybody know where we can find Cathy and Louise?

Outdoor Trails

By Ad Crable

Lancaster New Era

February 23, 1996

SPECULATOR, N.Y. - Here in the frozen stillness of the deep North Woods wilderness of New York's Adirondack Park, it happened, that magical moment for cross-country skiers.

Your moving body parts harmonize into an equilibrium that makes skiing over the frozen landscape effortless. Your skis are locked in the tracks as if on a trolley bed.

Your downhill momentum propels you up the hills. Your glide is long and even. You are balanced in place and mind. You feel like you can ski forever.

My skiing companions, eight members of the Kick "N Gliders Nordic Ski Club, also hit these pockets of bliss last weekend during a three-day, hut-to-hut ski trip in the heart of the Adirondacks.

Over three days, we traversed 24 miles of the backcountry. We schussed over frozen lakes hemmed by rocky summits, through tamarack bogs pocked with beaver lodges.

We glided over ridges and through ravines under the lacy-green canopy of fir and spruce trees and among hulking birch and sugar maples.

And, this being a wilderness trip where the forces of nature are unchecked, we spent considerable time picking our way around, over and through trees downed by two recent windstorms.

The club's casual to ardent cross-country skiers from the Lancaster-Harrisburg area make forays throughout Pennsylvania and other states almost every week from late December through March.

But many of the outings are to ski-touring centers where the trails are groomed, heavily used and the comforts ample.

The nine of us were enticed by the prospect of skiing through true wilderness all day. "You get a feel for what a wilderness really is up here," says Dave LeRoy, a bridge engineer from Harrisburg who makes frequent pilgrimages to the Adirondacks.

"You can't just bushwhack through because there are cliffs and swamps."

For some of us, who range in age from 33 to 55, the trip at first is a little daunting. "You can't go inside, you can't wimp out," notes Wanda Knuth, a schoolteacher from Perry County.

"If I get too cold or too tired it's too bad, I've got to go on. It's an adventure."

Concomitant with our adventurous spirit is the appeal of being able to collapse in a spare but heated cabin with a hot dinner.

Hence the emergence of hut-to-hut ski trips. Adirondack Hut to Hut Tours is one of the few on the East Coast. The Ithaca, N.Y., outfitter provided us a three-day package that included lodging, cook, and two guides.

After a 450-mile drive from Lancaster and Harrisburg, we gathered Friday night in two modern cabins on the edge of a breathtaking mountain lake in the heart of the Adirondacks.

Adirondack Park is the largest park in the continental U.S. Created in 1892 to preserve the unique splendor of the region, it has grown to 6 million acres of private and public land.

Much like the Rocky Mountains, it was not explored until late in the 19th century, notes LeRoy, who has climbed all 46 of Adirondack's "Great Peaks."

We will be skiing through the Siamese Ponds Wilderness, a 112,000-acre pocket of wild country with 67 bodies of water and forested peaks, or "knobs," up to 3,472 feet.

"The trails we're using today, nobody uses them except for hunters," Mike Zwingli, the new 39-year-old owner of Adirondack Hut to Hut tells us.

We awaken at sunrise and zero-degree temperatures for a bracing breakfast of cereal, sausage and scrambled eggs by cook Chuck Cady, a strapping car salesman who finds any excuse to disappear into the Adirondack backcountry.

We drive to the trailhead at King's Flow, an impoundment created by loggers who flushed their cargo into the nearby Indian River and eventually down the Hudson.

After crossing the frozen lake, the line of skiers is quickly swallowed up by a woods quite different in appearance than Penn's Woods.

Our guide is a true Adirondack backwoodsman, Dick Collins, a short, wiry 58-year-old retired postal worker who wears a homemade down vest and sleeps with the heat off.

A patient, steady skier who has skied hut-to-hut on glaciers in Switzerland, Collins takes the time to give skiing tips on the way, showing us how to perfect our glides and smack down our skies to scale hills.

A true guide here is part historian and naturalist. Collins points out the 200-year-old white pine trees that were protected from loggers during Revolutionary War times because they were needed for ship masts.

Part of our journey on the first day is along an old stagecoach road that connected two lake communities.

The terrain is good for skiing, with ample flat stretches to study the woods and the right mixture of dippy hills, steep enough to be fun and challenging but not knee-knocking steep or curvy.

There is a freshness, a crispness about the woods that is intoxicating. If you listen, the silence can be deafening. No snowmobiles grinding over the ridge, no trucks rumbling in the distance. We don't hear a plane overhead in three days.

In stretches of the trail through evergreens, the wind sighs through the fronds.

The foot-deep snow is unbroken except for blue-tinted tree shadows and frequent coyote and deer tracks. On one trail we come across the scattered remains of a deer ripped to shreds by a pack of coyotes. Blood on the snow.

Several of us are startled when two grouse thunder out of the snow.

The ponds we cross are awesome in their openness and we are thrilled by skiing over water. We don't linger long, though, as the wind finds you here and creates little white tornadoes of snow. The cold, which doesn't rise out of the teens on the entire trip, seeps in.

We arrive at the Kunjamuk log cabin well before sunset, pleurably weary after a nine-mile trek. The guides have transported our gear here on a dogsled pulled by snowmobile.

The remote cabin, six miles from the nearest hard road and on the edge of the wilderness area, was fashioned out of huge logs by hunters several decades ago.

It has a cozy ambiance with the soft glow of gas-lit lights. On the walls are old snowshoes and the gaping maw of a toothy northern pike. Wet clothing is draped from rafters.

The focus of attention is a huge wood stove made from a water boiler into which Zwingli thrusts 35-inch pine logs. Creak-bang, creak-bang resonates through the cabin at intervals.

At night, he sleeps on a lounge chair next to the stove to make sure the fire doesn't go out.

Often you can go outside and hear the elegiac howl of coyotes on distant ridges, but not tonight. We retire to our bunk beds and slip into a deep sleep.

Muscles soothed by the respite, we arise the next morning for another hearty breakfast and nine-mile trip on different trails and across different ponds.

A smattering of snow overnight has made the snow conditions again ideal. The deep, powdery snow is fast to ski on, soft to land in.

By trip's end on the third day, two of our party have smacked heads while skiing under blown-down trees arched across the trail. Kim Lausch, of Lancaster, wrenched her knee when she hit a pointy stump hidden by snow and had to be taken out by snowmobile.

But no one is complaining and we bask in an aura of accomplishment and awe at the raw winter beauty we have glided through.

"The reason I came partly was to be together in one place and spend some time together with other people, without TV and distractions," says Wendy Baker Davis, of Lancaster.



KICK 'N GLIDERS
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ADDRESS SERVICE REQUESTED

In this Issue of Easy Glider:

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Presented by Nan Reisinger

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Day Trips 2016

Hut to Hut in the Adirondacks 1996

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