

# NORTH WOODS NEWS

THE QUARTERLY NEWSLETTER OF THE NORTH WOODS CHAPTER  
OF THE ADIRONDACK MOUNTAIN CLUB



**On April 19th, Dr. Manoj Vora will be the Guest Speaker at our final Business Meeting of this season.**

*Please see page 2 for details ...*

## OUTINGS HIGHLIGHTS

Hunt for Hepatica  
on Coon Mountain

See the dramatic waterfalls  
on the Raquette River  
in Stone Valley

Climb to Summit Rock in  
Indian Pass and see  
the dramatic cliffs of  
Wallface Mountain

Paddle to Raquette Falls

*This seems like good advice for all of us  
- whether we just turned 24, or just turned 74. Ed.*

### On Adirondack Aging ... in Place and With Grace

Recently I have been rereading the book Kangaroo Dreaming by friend Ed Kanze of Bloomingdale. The book recounts the trip he and his wife Debbie took around Australia in the 1990s. They visited many of the same places Lethe and I have visited in our dozen or so trips to Australia to visit our two sons who live there. The reason I mention this is that although our travels were similar, Ed and Debbie, who are both naturalists, *saw* so much *more*. I am envious. They did not see so much by accident, but through careful planning and alert observations.

As I get out this spring in the warmer weather, I intend to try to *see more*. My hiking stamina and speed have decreased, so I can no longer enjoy how far and fast I go. Now is the time to shift my attitude to how much I *see*. A tree will no longer be just a tree, but a sugar maple or a yellow birch. I can identify a few different trees, but I “don’t see the trees for the forest.” Now I will *see* the trees. I will *listen* to the bird songs. I know a few so I will note those I hear and try to learn a couple new ones this year. I *see* the flowers (I have learned most of the Adirondack species), but a fern is a fern; a moss is a moss; a liverwort is a – what is a liverwort? This increased “*seeing*” requires a slower pace and more stops, and that means shorter hikes, but that is appropriate for me. That is my goal for the hiking season – to *see more*. It will take some discipline, but I think it will be fun and rewarding. Why don’t you too get out and *see more*?

*Frank Lescinsky, Chapter Chairman*

*On April 19th, Dr. Manoj Vora will be the Guest Speaker at our final Business Meeting of this season.*

### **Physician Adventurer Manoj Vora, MD**

In 2013, Manoj Vora, M.D. became the first lifelong vegetarian to reach the top of the world. On May 22, 2013, he completed his 10 year quest of climbing to the top of the highest mountain on each of Earth's 7 continents. His expeditions have taken him to some of the most remote places on Earth, from the Andes Mountains to the Antarctic ice, from the Alaska Range to the Himalayas.

In 2014, Manoj became the first person in the world to have completed both the 7 Summits and a 3,700 mile bicycle ride across the width of U.S.A.

From an early age, Manoj was intrigued by the mysterious high mountains of the Himalayas. His photographs and video journals of these rugged places are awe-inspiring. He is a powerful and passionate storyteller. Manoj has been blessed with a lot of luck as an adventurer as well as the special knowledge of a medical doctor.

When not on expedition to a remote corner of the globe, Manoj practices Internal Medicine, specializing in taking care of medical problems in adults such as Diabetes, Cardiovascular disease and Hypertension.

Physician adventurer Manoj Vora takes us on an inspiring journey to remote regions of our world, where he has found his own answers to perplexing questions that constantly plague all mortals. He shares the excitement of climbing and adventure. He makes a case for stepping out of the comfort zone to explore our own inner world.

Manoj has shown the world the power of "Big Dreams". He has realized his own "Big Dreams" with hard work, dedication and razor-sharp focus. His dream now is to share his story with the younger generation to inspire them to pursue their own "Big Dreams" and make them come true.

#### **TRAIL CONDITIONS**

With mud season approaching, it is wise to check on current trail conditions before venturing into the woods. Two good sources of current trail conditions (and possible trail closures) are:

The Adirondack Mountain Club at:  
[www.adk.org/page.php?pname=trail-conditions](http://www.adk.org/page.php?pname=trail-conditions)

The New York State Department of Environmental Conservation at:  
<http://www.dec.ny.gov/outdoor/7865.html>

#### **TRAIL CONDITIONS II**

You can help to improve trail conditions. Since 1986 thousands of volunteers have worked with trained ADK trail crew leaders to complete trail maintenance and reconstruction projects all over the Adirondacks. For more information, go to:

<http://www.adk.org/page.php?pname=volunteer-trails-schedule>

#### **CHAPTER OFFICERS and COMMITTEE CHAIRPERSONS**

Chairman: Frank Lescinsky  
518-523-0334

Vice Chair: Tim Chick  
Secretary: Jini Hood  
Treasurer: Peter Gillespie  
Director - Peggy MacKellar

Programs: (open)  
Outings: Carol Edmonds  
Conservation: Tim Chick  
Membership: Nancy Morrill  
Newsletter: Jim Edmonds

## NORTH WOODS CHAPTER OUTINGS SCHEDULE

(has been distributed as a separate document)

Check for schedule changes online on our North Woods Chapter Calendar at:

[www.brownbearsw.com/freecal/northwoods](http://www.brownbearsw.com/freecal/northwoods)

## TRIP REPORTS .... written by the Leaders of last quarter's Chapter Outings

### December 13 2014, Hike or Snowshoe, Dial – Leader: Peggy MacKellar



Five of us women met at the Ausable Club in St. Hubert's at 7 a.m. to begin our Saturday adventure. We had just received 2 feet of new snow, so we knew we might not get to the summit if the trail breaking proved to be too arduous. We were lucky, however: 2 people had gone up the trail before us! The bluebird skies helped our morale as we climbed up to the burned area on the side of Noonmark. The views were expansive, and many photos were taken during our snack break. Three young Canadian men passed us at a pretty fast pace, announcing that "we didn't have to thank them for breaking the trail for us," and declaring that they were going on to Nippletop after Dial. Nancy remarked that unless they were extremely fit and experienced, they would burn themselves out trying to break trail at the pace they were moving. We descended off the burn and started the climb to Dial summit.

Our group set a slow, deliberate pace, switching the front person every 5 minutes so that no-one would get too tired, since we were still packing the trail, even after the others had gone before us. About 10 minutes before reaching the summit we were surprised to encounter the 3 men coming back down the trail. They made some excuse about why they had turned around rather than continuing to Nippletop,, but we knew they had met their match with the deep snow. Our slow, steady pace had kept us going without much difficulty. The tortoise wins again! The summit rock was in the sun, and we thought we'd be able to hang out and enjoy the view of the Great Range. But when we got up on the rock, it was too windy to stay up there long, so we ate most of our lunch back in the trees on the trail. Our descent was leisurely, and more photos were taken. What a great day for 5 women on the trail!



### January 3, Cross Country Ski, Tupper Lake Golf Course - Leader: Barbara Hollenbeck



Five of us braved very cold temperatures to snowshoe on the Tupper Lake golf course trails. Conditions were not friendly for skis. We followed the groomed trails to a point where we decided to take a short bushwhack to check out the view from a rock face. That turned out to be a windy exposure, so we quickly ducked back into the woods. On our return, we stopped by the bon fire pit where that evening's town-sponsored full moon ski would meet. After the morning outing, we enjoyed an excellent lunch at Tupper Lake's newest Park Street eatery.

### January 3, Colvin/Blake – Leader: Peggy MacKellar

A group of 7 started up the Ausable Club road at 7 am. We had received permission to walk on Lower Ausable Lake, a godsend when climbing Blake because it eliminated the necessity of our climbing Colvin twice. We easily trudged up the 3.5 miles of the road, waiting to decide if we would cross the lake on the way up or on the way back until wind conditions were determined at the boathouse. We took a snack break and changed to microspikes, since the ice was thick and black and there was little wind. It took an hour and a half to walk up the lake. At the trail up to Blake, we were pleased to find a remnant of a broken trail. We easily followed the broken trail up, all of us that is except for one person who had older style snowshoes. They had less aggressive crampons, and were wider than more modern snowshoes, so traction was a big issue for her. Fortunately, she was a marathon runner, so had strength and stamina going for her! We got to the col between Blake and Colvin, took a snack/water break, and headed up to Blake summit. A few icy sections were challenging on both the way up and the way back down. Some nice views were had along the way to the tree'd summit, where photos were taken next to the Pinnacle Ridge sign. Down we went, back to the col. Then we started up the steep trail to Colvin. I wondered how the ledges and ladder sections would be . . ., but we were lucky: they were not encased in dangerous ice, and we even climbed the ladder with our snowshoes on. We encountered some other hikers, who were not even carrying snowshoes, just wearing microspikes. They reported that “on the websites, everyone said that only microspikes were needed.” I reminded them that the trail was nicely broken, like a sidewalk, thanks to people wearing snowshoes, and that snowshoes were required in the High Peaks if there was more than 8 inches of snow. They really didn't seem to care if they ruined the packed sidewalk trail. At Colvin summit, we took photos, enjoyed the views and another snack/water break, and then headed down the challenging little cliff area just below the summit. We were interested to check out the new ladder that we



had heard about being placed there last summer. Unfortunately, it turned out to be a really LITTLE ladder, with only 2 or 3 rungs, and it did not do much to improve that challenging spot. We all negotiated it successfully, although slowly and carefully, and descended quickly to the Elk Pass trail junction, where another well deserved food break was had. It was all downhill from there, but we still had miles to go once we got back on the road. As we trudged along the road, we looked for the handmade mile marker signs to encourage us. We were back at the cars at 7 pm. This was my most challenging hike in terms of distance and trail steepness since getting my new knees last March: 15 miles and 12 hours didn't seem overly challenging with my new joints! YEAH!

### **January 14, Cross Country Ski and Cookout at Grassy Pond Lean-to - Leaders: Marilyn and Peter Gillespie**

Although the -20 degree reading at Paul Smiths prompted a few cancellations, 12 of us undaunted by cooler temperatures took part in this outing. We met at the Hayes Brook Truck Trail parking area off Rt. 30 at 11 a.m. (2 who had not noted that the original start time of 10 a.m. had been pushed back an hour had already set out on the trail), and skied or snowshoed to the lean-to at Grassy Pond. A fire was built, and hot dogs were roasted, complemented by baked beans, marshmallows, cookies, and chocolate. Sandy Hildreth,



one of the lean-to adopters, joined us for a short time and updated us on her recent activities. Participants departed at their leisure, and everyone was back at the parking area by 3:30. There were no complaints about the cold (the car thermometer actually read +19 at 3:30!). The day was clear, the conditions were good, the sun was out, and everyone had a good time.

### **January 20, Snowshoe and Cookout at Trombley Landing - Leader: Will andCaper Tissot**

Thirteen of us set out on a day marked by a temperature of 15 degrees amd a gorgeous bright-blue sky: 11 on snowshoes, 1 on skis, 1 brave soul trailing behind walking (forgot the snowshoes!). Snow and ice clad every branch as we wound our way along the beautiful, narrow trail through tall balsam firs and hardwood forests to reach the lean-to on the shore of the Racquette River. Each of us carried a sizable load of firewood, which we thankfully unloaded, leaving some behind for the next adventurers. We built a fire, roasted hot dogs, and enjoyed s'mores. (Marshmallows were prevented from freezing by stuffing a bag of them into each front side of one woman's jacket. It worked well – the marshmallows didn't freeze, and the jacket wearer sported a far fuller figure than is normal for her.) The round trip, about 3.5 miles, took 3 hours, including the lunch time, on nicely packed snow.

**January 21, Snowshoe to Hemlock Lean-to - Leader: Gretchen Gedroiz**

Six NW Chapter members headed out to Hemlock Hill lean-to on the Racquette River: 3 on snowshoes, 3 on skis. One member of the group was new to the Chapter. There were a few rocks peeking through the tracked trail to watch for, but otherwise conditions were perfect. We ate lunch at the lean-to and explored the river's edge. There were 3 layers of ice on the shoreline where water levels had dropped and refreezing had taken place. On the return trip, the snowshoers took a shortcut bushwhack on an old trail, cutting off 25 minutes of travel time and allowing us to beat the skiers to the trailhead—or could it have been because they spent time standing at the top of the hills strategizing their descent.

**January 24, Cross Country Ski Old Wawbeek Road - Leader: Al Hood**

Seven North Woods members spent 2 hours skiing in beautiful conditions. The temperature was in the 20's, with light winds and a blue sky. The trail was in perfect condition. We didn't notice many animal tracks, perhaps owing to the fact that we hadn't seen new snow on the track in several days.



**January 24, Bushwhack, Basin via Chicken Coop Brook - Leader: Peggy MacKellar**

Our group of 3 women, 3 men started out from the Garden at 7 a.m. We were fortunate to be able to walk all the way to Bushnell Falls in boots, giving our snowshoes a ride. Believe me, they got quite a workout later! We stopped at the JBL Warming Hut and greeted my friends who were the winter hosts there, and asked them to have some hot water ready later in the afternoon for our walk out. Chicken Coop Brook is a tributary which branches off John's Brook where Bushnell Falls Lean-to no. 2 used to be. We noticed ski tracks coming down the brook, but wondered why there was a very large hole in the ice of John's Brook. It seemed to indicate that the skier may have fallen through! Fortunately, we were able to cross safely and continue up the trail about a quarter of a mile before the bushwhacking started. It seemed like it would be easier to stay on the packed trail a while longer while we gained elevation, rather than break trail up Chicken Coop Brook. After about a half mile, we donned our snowshoes and took a hard left off the main trail to head to the brook—and the big adventure started. Steve did most of the route finding and trail breaking through the woods to the brook, with me and Chris close behind him. The other 3 floundered along behind as we tried to pack a nice route for them over blowdown and through tight spots in the forest. It was a good thing Steve and I had both been up this route a few times: otherwise, the group might have thought we were nuts. We kept reassuring them that, yes, this really was the correct way! When we got to the brook, the going was much easier, and we followed the ski tracks all the way to the slide that came down from the cliffs on Saddleback. The ski tracks helped us find a route around the debris field caused by Hurricane Irene at the base of the Basin slide. We took a break there for photos and snacks. At that point the skier had gone up the newer slide, which headed more directly for Basin, but Steve and I decided to use the slide going up towards Saddleback because that was the route we were familiar with. Breaking trail up the steep slide was quite a challenge, and we switched off so no-one got too tired. The views were pretty good, although the wind was blowing the light snow around a bit. When the slide got too steep, we entered the thick forest on the right side of the slide and continued to labor up through the trees, searching for the main trail on the Great Range. About 2 hours from Bushnell Falls, we were on the packed main Range trail. After another break we headed up and over the steep shoulder of Basin, dropped down slightly, and then made our way up to the rocky summit. Everyone was happy: Chris because he "needed" Basin for his winter 46, and Basin in winter had always eluded him; Pete Biesemeyer because he always wants to go to peaks any way that is not the usual way; Beth also needed Basin for her winter 46; and Brenda had never been there before, not even in summer. (What a trooper she was, trusting Steve and me to get the group to the summit of a peak with real trails, when we decided not to go on the real trail!) And Steve and I are always happy when we are on a mountain in winter. We sat around for over 20 minutes, enjoying the sunshine and having lunch. Some wanted to climb Haystack as well, so we headed down the back side of Basin rather than retracing our steps. I thought the .7-mile descent down to Shorey Shortcut Trail would take about 20 minutes, with us enjoying lots of sliding on the seats of our pants. However, fun sliding was not to be had, due to thick ice on almost all the steep sections. We slowly, meticulously, picked our way down, sometimes changing to full crampons, sometimes taking our snowshoes off to climb down a ladder, then putting snowshoes back on because there was deep snow on most of the route. The "short" .7 of a mile took us an hour! It was now 3 p.m., and we knew Haystack would have to wait for another day. We didn't want to risk coming off Haystack by headlamp in case there were icy conditions there as well. Up Shorey Shortcut Trail we went, got some great views and photos of where we had been, and did get some nice sliding on the way down to Slant Rock. From there it was just a long walk out. We stopped to get water at the warming hut, and we were back at the Garden by 7:30 p.m., tired but exhilarated by the day.



**January 28, Ski St. Regis Canoe Area - Leader: Carol Edmonds**

My outings are often marked by minor misadventures, but this one was nearly perfect. It was cold when we started, about 5 degrees, and the 4 of us were a bit nervous. However, the brilliant sunshine on Little Clear Pond soon warmed us up. We didn't rush: it was too beautiful, and we wanted to enjoy the scenery. We had a small challenge on the carry between Little Clear and St. Regis Ponds, where we could not get up a steep pitch due to slippery snow. We took off our skis, climbed up, and were soon on our way. There is often slush on St. Regis Pond, but it had been so cold that it was frozen solid, and we had no problems, even at the dam where there is often open water. After a leisurely lunch at the lean-to on St. Regis, we skied to the western end of the pond, up the connector trail, and then back on the truck trail. There had been no new snow for quite a while, but conditions were still good, and we had a very pleasant ski. We ended the afternoon with snacks and hot drinks at my house.

**February 6, Ski Moose Pond - Leader: Lethe Lescinsky**

It began as a very cold day, so we delayed our start and let the sunshine warm the temperature up a bit. Five of us then skied down the trail from Rt. 3, across the Saranac River, and down to the edge of Moose Pond, and then back. We avoided the wind across the lake. The trail had been broken, but new snow on the trees made the trail very pretty. We all enjoyed the short ski.

**February 7, Grace Peak - Leader: Peggy MacKellar**

Four of us started up the Boquet River Valley route from the stone bridge on Rt. 73 at 7:30 a.m. Our hopes were high, since we found a beautifully packed herd path which we eagerly followed on snowshoes. We planned to ascend Grace Peak first, then go to Carson and then, hopefully, to Hough as well. We knew we'd be coming out in the dark, but were not concerned, since the Boquet Valley is mostly flat and the snow makes headlamps seem like floodlights. Moreover, we'd be following our own broken tracks back to the car. We expected to find that the herd paths between the mountains would be packed out, since rumor had it that a few groups had gone to the Dix Range within the last week. At various places, one member of our group kept insisting that his GPS waypoint for Grace summit indicated that it was north of the direction we were heading, but I kept reminding him that I'd been to Grace on this route many times, and that Grace was southeast of where we had started, and that we needed to follow along the north branch of the Boquet for quite a while and then cross over to the south fork. Besides, we were following such a nicely packed herd path without having to break trail much, and were heading in the general direction we wanted to go. Our GPS guy was counting on his device's waypoints for the summits of Grace, Carson, and Hough, and was convinced that the GPS was correct. He extolled the virtues of the GPS, and told stories of how it had guided him right up to summits in the Catskills, bringing him within a few feet of the desired destination. I own a GPS, but if I've been somewhere several times and know the topography and general route, I don't bother with it. We kept following the packed route until we came to a place where it veered off to head in the direction for Hough Peak. We discussed whether to keep using the packed path and go to Hough first and then come out from Grace, rather than going for Grace first. Even though the route to Grace had a barely visible track, we decided to go for Grace because it would be an easier climb up the slide than the uphill bushwhack through the thicker spruce on the way up the higher peak of Hough would require. We were able to follow the single ski tracks up the south fork of the Boquet River and most of the way to the slide on Grace Peak. As we gained even the little elevation getting to the slide, the snow depth increased noticeably, from ankle-deep to calf-deep snow. The slightly visible dent of a previously used route disappeared at the slide, but we knew we could follow the slide up, and we could see the summit! The sight of the summit motivated us, and we started up the slide. The snow depth increased dramatically as we ascended. The person in front of the group was breaking trail in snow above our knees, therefore moving very slowly and getting very tired covering even a short distance. The rest of us meanwhile were getting cold waiting for the trailbreaker to get to a resting point. When the breaker stopped, the rest of the group would pass ahead to warm up by breaking trail, giving the previous breaker a chance to rest. We were moving slowly but steadily up the slide through the ridiculously deep snow. The second person was also trail breaking owing to the deep snow. Finally, at a point where I was third in the group breaking trail, we got to a place where there was thick ice under the knee-deep snow. So, for safety we had to leave the nice, open slide and go into the woods. As we were entering the woods, I saw a group of 3 coming up the slide behind us. I had been aware that Pete Biesemeyer, Gary Koch, and Matt Clark were planning to start at 9 am so they could follow our trail. I knew we had competent help arriving! They quickly caught up to us as we floundered in the deep snow in the woods, still moving uphill. We had been proceeding so slowly that even though they had started an hour and a half after us, they had caught up to us before the summit. They broke trail the rest of the way up to the ridge, since they were

not tired out like we were. Whoever was in the front was working SOOO very hard, but the rest of us were concerned about getting too cold while we were waiting for the trailbreaker to open the route. We had plenty of time to take off our packs, have snacks, drink water/hot cocoa, put on extra layers, etc. while those guys broke trail. Then we would put our packs back on and catch up with them in about a minute! Everyone felt this extraordinary effort was worth it, since when we got up to the ridge, surely we would find a nice remnant of a broken herd path and get to the summit of Grace Peak. It was just after 2 p.m. when we got to the ridge between Grace and Carson Peaks. There was no evidence that anyone had been there this winter! The snow was deep and pristine. We stood still, and the disappointment set in. Matt and I both recognized the place we were as where the summer herd path would go up to Grace, even though no broken branches indicated the route up through the spruce. The snow was so deep that we were high enough above the herd path that those tell-tale broken branches were probably down at our ankles. Gary tested the snow depth with his ski pole fully extended, and declared that in all likelihood it was at least 4 feet deep. We decided to search a bit for the remnant of a broken path, since we were less than half a mile from the summit. We searched around for a while, but couldn't find anything except very deep snow. While we were discussing what to do, our GPS guy declared, "I feel lucky," and started off on a route headed away from Grace Peak. His GPS batteries had died, and he didn't have any spares. He went off to see if he had more batteries so he could count on his GPS again. The rest of us had a brief snack/water break while we waited for him, then called out for him to come back to the group, but we were disappointed when he did not return to the place we were waiting. This meant that the group had to go look for him. We found him after a few minutes, and he announced that he didn't have any new batteries for the GPS. I pointed out to him again that we didn't need a GPS waypoint when we could SEE the summit where we wanted to be, and that I had been there many times before—and furthermore that Gary had been there over 46 times. We definitely did NOT need a GPS to find our way to Grace Peak summit. However, lacking a packed herd path, Gary, Matt, and Pete decided to head back downhill. Since it was now 2:30, I directed that the 4 of us would abort the trip as well. The 3 people with me had never had to abort a winter peak trip before, so it was difficult for them to give up when the summit was less than half a mile away. However, it would have taken us at least another hour to break trail up to the summit. Doru had gotten muscle cramps in his thighs from the effort of trail breaking, so there would have only been 3 of us to break the path to the summit. I was concerned that his cramps might get more severe, impeding his walking, even on the flat, broken path back to our car. In winter, there is NO margin for error/injury, so it was definitely time to turn back. We had a great time quickly descending via our route through the forest and back down the slide. The snow was so deep and unconsolidated that we couldn't butt slide—but we did manage to glissade on our snowshoes quite a bit. When we got back to where the solidly packed path had headed off to Hough, there was discussion about how we should have followed the packed path and at least gotten in one peak. We trudged out, following our broken route easily, using our headlamps for the last 45 minutes. Our ascent to the ridge had taken from 7:30 to 2:30, 6 hours. We got back down in less than 4.

### **February 17, Snowshoe / Bushwack Jenkins Mountain - Leaders: John and Susan Omohundro**

Weather and dithering put this trip on and off a few times, but finally the sun shone and the temperature approached 0 (from a point well below), so we began our assault on Jenkins midmorning on the Slush Pond Road. We broke our own trail down the road for over a mile, then turned south into the red pines, only to be stymied by thick young growth. We backed off, circled east, and tried again. The hardwoods there permitted easier navigation, but the snow got progressively deeper, until we were kicking through it instead of stepping on it. Bill's GPS encouraged us, reporting "you are 387 feet from the summit," then "you are 70 feet from the summit . . ." It took us 3 hours to do that last mile. A bit of lunch, then an easy descent in our deeply grooved trail. An otter had left a slide in the snow where it crossed from the creek on one side of the road to the other. We were back to our cars after 5 and a half hours. It's hard to believe that some of us used to do this kind of thing regularly for 10 or 12 hours in pursuit of the winter 46.



**February 18, Ski Pine Pond - Leader: Gretchen Gedroiz**

Eight of us met on one of our “warmer,” brighter mornings for the ski to Pine Pond. We skied down the beautiful trail from the RR tracks on Rt. 86 just outside of Saranac Lake to Ray Brook Marsh. Once out on the marsh, there's immediately a pretty impressive view of Scarface Mountain. We followed the snowmobile trail over the land bridge out onto Oseetah Lake, where the wind picked up a bit. A spectacular view of the Sawtooths was in front of us as we headed across the lake towards the landing. Following the snowmobile trail, we passed Watch Island and crossed a road plowed across the ice to a camp on Oseetah. Back in the woods from the landing, we headed for Pine Pond with its view of Ampersand. We found it to be windy at the pond, so followed the trail back into the woods for a spot to have lunch. Our lunch group picture shows 3 yellow posted signs indicating no motorized vehicles allowed down the trail to the pond, but guess what: snowmobiles had been down that trail too! Our return trip was pleasant, with a little less wind. Folks went to Gretchen's house for a drink and snacks. Of all the drink choices, water was the favorite.

**February 25, Walk or Snowshoe at Mountain View Farm - Leader: Don McLaughlin**

Our day dawned clear and thankfully warmer than the recent near 0 norm. We were a group of 13 snowshoers (our party later swelled to 15 when the Gillespies caught up to us after an hour-late start due to a mistaken start time received from the leader. sorry about that!). We followed the network of trails on the McLaughlin and adjoining Turbek properties, examining along the way an interesting playhouse structure built by the Turbeks' sons some years ago. On returning to the McL farmhouse for lunch, we found a feast of chili and cornbread prepared by Nadine together with a homemade loaf of delicious bread baked by Ed Roesner, and many cookies provided by other members. It was a day of good outdoor activity and a fine feast enjoyed by all.

**February 27, Ski Deer Pond Loop (alternate) - Leaders: Will and Caper Tissot**

Nine of us made a very leisurely ski trip starting at the Deer Pond Loop trailhead on Rte 3. We followed the trail to the intersection, then turned right and skied out to Rte 30. The sky was a brilliant blue, the temperature was 10, skiing conditions were superb. The trail in this direction has only a very minimal ascent, passing mostly through conifers and briefly crossing a bridge by an open bog. The round trip is just over 4 miles. Afterwards, we all went for a boisterous lunch at Charlie's Inn.

**March 7, Snowshoe Coney Mountain - Leader: Barbara Hollenbeck**

Four of us snowshoed up Coney Mountain on a day that was much warmer than the previous days had been: It was comfortably in the mid 20's, and we hadn't seen that for a while. The trail had been used a lot over the winter, and there were several other parties enjoying that day there. It was an easy mile-long climb to the peak. There was a pleasant view, even with the light flurries in the air. With the lack of wind, we were able to stay for a bit and hear the story about the large cross that is planted just beyond the peak. We decided to have lunch at Well Dressed Foods in Tupper Lake before calling it a good day.

And finally ..... **THE BACK PAGE**

Many of our members are multi-talented ... and talents should be shared.

If you have something that you would be willing to share, and that relates to our North Woods and to the season, we would like to publish it.

This Quarter, the Bard dives into Spring  
with a warning ...

### **On Taking the First Plunge in Spring**

May's soon here, you hanker to swim,  
Off the point, beach, or dock—sure, just jump in.  
    Whaaaaa . . ., how your shrill shrieks resound  
    Through the woods miles around:  
Genius, you swam where the ice has just been!

*The Bard of Birch Street*



**An Adirondack Selfie**  
**on Little Clear Pond**  
**January 28, 2015**

*by Barbara, Carol,  
Gretchen and Patti*