

# NOVEMBER '98

Official Publication of the Fall Line Ski Club

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## WORDS FROM THE PREZ

Hiking, to some people, may be just "a walk in the woods," but to a growing number of Fall Liners, hiking is a passion, an adventure, an endeavor unlike any other, and one, if not the most, physically demanding activities ever engaged in. Yes, hiking, like many other outdoor activities, has various levels of difficulty. From a "walk in the woods" over level terrain, with a flat, dry surface for a couple of miles in an hour or two, to "mountain hiking", with a half-mile gain in elevation over rocks and boulders and roots and fallen trees, through mud and marshes and streams, over bridges and planks, up ladders, up moss and leaf-covered slabs of granite, for seven miles and taking five hours time, and then turning around to go back .a vastly different experience. What in the world possesses Fall Liners to do this?

In the summer of 1989, my sister moved to Colorado. I helped her with her move, and, arriving in Denver and the Rockies in darkness, I awoke the next day to the sight of jagged peaks reaching up to a cobalt-blue sky. We drove up Boreas Pass above Breckenridge and after viewing the town below and ski slopes across from me, I looked

up the ridges leading to a nearby peak and said, "I want to go THERE...". The next day, with some of my sister's new friends, I hiked Mount Bierstahdt, reaching an elevation of 14,060 feet above sea level. Despite gasping for oxygen in the thin air and tending to sore leg muscles, I was rewarded with spectacular scenery, a newfound sense of camaraderie, and unforgettable views from the summit. My fellow hikers "bagged their 30th fourteener" (out of 54 mountain peaks in Colorado over 14,000 feet), I bagged my first, and became hooked as a mountain hiker.

In the early part of this year, Fall Line Hikers was formed to help organize, promote and educate interested members and prospective members in mountain hiking. During the past year, I have joined other Fall Line Hikers to hike the Kittitany Ridge in New Jersey, the Green Mountains of Vermont, the White Mountains of New Hampshire, the Catskills and Adirondacks of New York, and, in a few days, the Appalachian Trail in Pennsylvania. Needless to say, a great year for hiking. I am very enthusiastic about the growing interest in Fall Line Hikers, in the continuation of annual hikes (third year to Vermont, fourth year to the Adirondacks, umpteenth year for the Pennsylvania Fall Foliage Hike), and in the creation of new weekend camping and hiking trips as well as additional day hiking trips. The premise is simple: we enjoy the mountains in the winter while we ski. Let's enjoy them all year long! I, along with other experienced Fall Line Hikers, are also cautious about the growing number of hikers and the need to educate the novice participants. According to James Burnside, author of Exploring the 46 Adirondack High Peaks, "...the National Safety Council calls mountain hiking 'a dangerous sport.'... outranked only by mountain climbing, hand gliding, parachuting and snowmobiling. In fact, mountain hiking is more than twice as dangerous as scuba diving... [and] 64 times more dangerous than downhill skiing." Why? Inexperience, exposure, exhaustion. Not understanding how physically taxing mountain climbing can be has sent several novices back down the trail to the parking lot. And if you spend all your energy reaching the summit, so still have to hike back down, and downhill is NOT necessarily easier. And not having the proper gear, and becoming cold and wet, can be deadly. Mountain trails are often in wilderness areas, miles from shelter and medical assistance. Exposure is the number one killer on the deadliest mountain in the world... Mount Washington in New Hampshire.

Fall Line Hikers' mission is to have a variety of hikes of different lengths and degrees of difficulty throughout the spring, summer and fall, and to educate and inform all as to the proper gear and conditioning. We want you to join us, and we want you to be safe. The last hike of the year, on the Appalachian Trail west of Allentown, PA, will have fall colors, beautiful vistas, blue skies and cool temperatures... can't make it? Go wax your skis, and we'll see you next year.

Your Prez,

Bob Suravage

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# **EXPLORE YOUR ATTITUDE X2**

**By Laurie Hartenstein**

On November 4, 1998, one of the most unique weekend trips - OKEMO AND STRATTON - opens. This weekend trip combines skiing at two great mountain resorts and promises to be one of the best weekend trips to Vermont this season. The trip runs from January 29, 1999 through January 31, 1999. We will be staying at the beautiful Brookhaven Resort Condominiums located in Ludlow, Vermont. The three bedroom condominiums have two bathrooms and are located 1.5 miles from Okemo Mountain. The condominiums all have fully equipped kitchens with microwave and dishwasher, washer/dryer, cable T.V. and a fireplace. The bus which runs every 40 minutes, will pick you up in the condominium parking lot and drop you off at the Okemo base lodge. One item to bring along is a pad lock or combination lock. Absolutely no skis are permitted in the condominiums; however there are ski lockers conveniently located in the entryway porch. The Brookhaven condominiums are the gateway to Ludlow Village. The Village has unique shopping and opportunities and many restaurants. There are two restaurants located within walking distance from the condominiums. On Saturday, we will be skiing Stratton and on Sunday, we will be skiing Okemo.

This wonderful trip opens on November 4, 1998. The early sign-up rate is \$249. Which includes transportation to and from Vermont, lodging at the condos, transportation to Stratton on Saturday, and lift tickets! This deal cannot be beat! So join the fun and sign up for the STRATTON - OKEMO WEEKEND which promises to be a blast!

FACTS	OKEMO	STRATTON
Slopes and Trail	85 covering 470 acres	92 covering 476 acres
Base Elevation	1,195 Feet	1,933 Feet
Summit Elevation	3,344 Feet	3,936 Feet
Vertical Drop	2,150 Feet	2,003 Feet
Longest Trail	4-1/2 miles (Mountain Road)	15,840 Feet
Lifts	12 including 2 high speed detachable quads and 3 triple chairs	12 including 3 double chairs, 1 triple chair, 4 quad chairs, 1 six passenger chair, and 1 12 person gondola
Snowmaking	92% of all terrain (433 acres)	80%

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# ADVENTURE ON THE CHESAPEAKE

## By Bob Schmidt

Once again the waters of the Chesapeake beckoned and Fall Liners responded (in droves!!). This year's sailing excursion took twenty of us to Annapolis, Maryland during the weekend of September 18-20. What began as a trip for sixteen on three boats proved so popular that it was expanded to four boats and a total of twenty two (We missed you Bob and Denese...and we all hope Denese is on the road to recovery).

Even though the trip leader put the request in early for sunny weather and strong winds, the National Weather Service pulled a fast one on us. Saturday was overcast and we didn't have a puff of wind all weekend. As usual, this didn't prevent the Fall Line crowd from having a good time.

After a delicious dinner at the Wild Duck restaurant on Friday night, we set sail on Saturday morning for Annapolis. Our captains (Bob, Gene, Mark and Todd) were, as always, very accommodating and made the trip even more fun. These guys have a real talent; even though most of us crew members are faking it when it comes to knowing how to sail, the captains ALWAYS make us look good!

We made excellent time to Annapolis. After the customary shrimp-and-beer-laden "happy hour", we all made our way into town. Annapolis is a wonderful place to visit with a nice mix of historical and, of course, "partying" places to check out. It is definitely a Fall Line kind of town.

Dennis Halterman has always said that Fall Line is a drinking club with a skiing problem. Well, one shop was selling hats and tee shirts with the inscription "Annapolis is a drinking town with a sailing problem" (sounds like you got ripped off Dennis...want a lawyer??). Since we had all broken up into smaller groups, dinner on Saturday night was truly an international affair (Chinese, Italian, Moroccan, a good old fashioned steak -- you name it). Some of us partied in town, while others preferred a more tranquil evening on the boats.

If you want to see the definition of "filthy rich" in action, you have to go to the Annapolis Yacht Basin where we were docked. There were some absolutely beautiful ships that were worth literally millions of dollars. There was one ship in particular that caught the eye of most of the Fall Liners. It's a gorgeous nine million (yes...I said "million") dollar yacht that was berthed next to Mark Roesner's boat (one of our captains).

The crew didn't allow us on the ship so we had to admire it from afar. However, rumor has it that at least two Fall Liners were able to sweet talk their way onto the ship for a tour later in the evening. Since the trip leader was sworn to secrecy, I'll NEVER tell anyone it was Sharon King and Danielle Siniscalchi.....WHOOOPS!!...Sorry!!

We were supposed to depart at 11 AM on Sunday but the yacht basin people were kind enough to give us an hour's leeway for the Fall Line shoppers to finish their Buying '98 Annapolis tour. On the sail back home, the sun did come out so the worshippers were able to absorb some rays (and catch up on their sleep!).

Many thanks to the captains and to the Fall Line gang who made my first experience as a trip leader a very enjoyable experience. I hope everyone is looking forward to our excursions next summer.

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## Lake Placid Hurricane Hike 1998

By Cara Marella

The theme for the weekend for those of us hiking on Hurricane Mountain was lateness. Our car, which contained 7 of the 12 Hurricane hikers, arrived late on Friday due to the pokiness of one of our passengers who shall remain nameless -- Pat (I know, I know.. your sorry)!

But as it turns out we were the earliest of the bunch -- arriving at 10 o'clock. The rest of the crew trickled in over the next few hours, with our last arrivals not finding slumber until 2:30 Saturday morning. The theme continued as we were late getting our breakfast after a slight disagreement with a couple of somewhat cantankerous Cascade Inn staffers. To top it off, for some reason, the town of Keene, N.Y. saw fit to have two roads with the same route numbers on our way to the trail head, and, of course, we took the wrong one, so we were once again LATE getting started hiking.

But despite the rash of tardiness which pervaded our group, the hike itself finally got off at 11 a.m. and was a fun day for all.

I started off leading the hike and was soon dubbed "Mrs. Jones" by a couple of Canadian hikers due to my Indiana Jones-like chapeau. I was outpaced on the trail though by Gary

"Killer" Kanefsky and his betrothed Christina "Enigma" Berdini. When asked what kind of training regimen was used to help her scamper up the trail so easily, Christina simply stated that "a steady diet of daily chocolate intake" as well as "dancing to Irish Music once in the twelve month period before the hike" did wonders to keep her in shape!

We had some first-time hikers on this trip, including Rich Hardin's and Nick Bidwell's new sweethearts, Andrea Stevenson and Sueanne Savoia, as well as Pat "Shecky" Doherty and our "Sweepmaster", Randy Jones. We also had some experienced hikers that were new to the club or just this hike – Matt "Quiet Man" McGoldrick and Fran "Cat Woman" Harrelson. The rest of us weren't new to the hike or the club, we just knew a good thing when we experienced it last year and decided to come back again.

The consensus of the group was that the hike was a good length and had enough challenge to keep your heart pumping and your quad's screaming. We ate lunch at the summit, which had a spectacular 360-degree view of the surrounding mountains and the beautiful foliage at its peak of color. The rustic, uncivilized splendor of the moment was commingled with the technology of our age when Randy and Rich each decided to share the moment with their families by calling them from the peak on their cell phones.

We would have loved to stay at the peak longer to revel in our accomplishment, but it was just a tad bit too chilly for that, even with all of our bundling to keep warm. Some bundled more than others. Andrea had a striking resemblance to the little brother in "A Christmas Story" who couldn't put his arms down. The downhill venture brought out the creativity in the gang. "Killer" Kanefsky, for instance, decided to roll down a section at the very bottom because he just didn't feel like walking anymore. Cheryl "Stealth" Spotts, on the other hand, displayed her agility with a tuck-twisting roll which landed her precariously balanced three inches above a puddle, waving away those who tried to help her by stating that it was simply a cramp that put her in this position!

Overall, everyone seemed to enjoy the hike, although Randy was quoted as saying that if he would have known that the hike was going to involve #\$\$@&#% rock climbing, he wouldn't have signed up! He was kidding of course.

Off the mountain, our group enjoyed the yummy, albeit lengthy, dinner provided by the Cascade Inn on Saturday night. As entertainment, members of our group staying at the White Sled regaled us with tales of their accommodations, which included Pat's shower stall being shorter than he was and the excitement which overcame them as they wondered what might be on the one English-speaking TV channel available in the area.

On Sunday, most of us enjoyed visiting one of the Olympic sites in Lake Placid – the ski

jumping complex where Olympic athletes train for ski jumping and ariels. We were lucky enough to be able to observe future Olympians training in both events while we were there.

All in all, it would seem that everyone in our group had a challenging and fun weekend. Hope to see you all again next year as we tackle a new peak.

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## INTO THE HEART OF CAMDEN RIDE THE FALL LINE/SOUTH JERSEY DIRTY DOZENS

By Harry Gould

Picture this: Joe Durkin and the "Cellar Dweller Gang" mired in the muck of a filthy basement; John Greenstreet and his fellow window installers dripping with sweat over balky window frames; John Kennedy, Dennis Halterman and a gaggle of others, splattered with latex house paint.

Just call us the Dirty Dozens.

On October 17, some 20 Fall Liners and five South Jersey Ski Club members spent a gloriously sunny Saturday morning in South Camden as rehabilitation volunteers for Heart of Camden, a nonprofit housing corporation. By day's end, there were smiles of satisfaction all around for a job well done, but it was difficult to tell what we craved most -- pitchers of beer or bars of soap.

In the end, some of us got both, but we're getting ahead of our story.

Suffice it to say, it was a wonderful and unprecedented day for Fall Line as we tackled rehab tasks at three urban worksites graciously provided by Heart of Camden. As Dennis noted during our after-hours celebration at P.J. Whelihans: "This is the first time in the history of Fall Line Ski Club that we actually did something for somebody other than ourselves."

The day began at Bishop Eustace Prep in Pennsauken at 9 am sharp as volunteers assembled in the parking lot for our carpool journey into the battered heart of South Camden.

How was this day different from other days? Well, for starters, Dennis showed up with a bright yellow "starter" toolkit purchased at a hardware store only the previous night. Inside -- real tools! That's right, not a single can of Coors Lite. (The betting was on: how long could Dennis last without a beer?)

Sharon King was there too -- resplendent in a newly purchased dark-blue workshirt just begging to be christened with a splash of paint or two. John Kennedy showed up with a pneumatic paint-tube applicator -- a high-tech power device for rolling paint on large wall surfaces. Just about everybody brought hammers, crowbars, flashlights and other assorted tools. Janice Lynch, longtime Heart of Camden volunteer and board member, was the designated drill sergeant and official photographer, rounding up stragglers, sorting through job lists and dispensing last-minute directions.

Off we drove -- destination, 4th and Jasper Street.

The troops assembled at the front door of 1805 S. 4th Street, a boarded-up two-story rowhouse with no windows, stripped-down walls, a waterlogged roof, a dark and filthy basement, crumbling masonry, nonexistent plumbing and nonexistent power (it was, otherwise, in fine shape).

This was Site #1. Job assignments for the day included kitchen-wall demolition, window installation, roof repair and, uh, basement cleaning.

Volunteers anyone?

"I'll do demolition," says Joe Durkin.

"I'll do demolition," says Patty Pfleger.

No takers on the basement. Here's what they got: John Greenstreet on

window duty (along with South Jersey volunteers Mike Keenan, Dave Leh and Dawn Yost). Brad Zacharia on the roof. Mike Keegan, Joe Durkin and Patty Phleger on parttime demolition duty. Did we leave anything out? Oh yeah, Joe Durkin, Patty Phleger and her lucky friends Eric Przelski and Tom McGoldrick on basement detail!

Would they ever make it out alive? Stay tuned.

The house at Site #2 was in far better shape -- a spacious three-story four-bedroom rowhouse in the 400 block of Emerald Street. Its new owner, a Vietnamese immigrant named John Nguyen, had already begun steps to get the house ready for himself, his wife and four children. He'd spackled the walls and painted most of the ceilings when seven Fall Liners arrived to finish up the painting. For most of the day, the affable and energetic John continued work on the ceilings side by side with the rest of us as we tended to the walls.

Dennis Halterman, John Kennedy and Brad Land was joined by Paul Cavanaugh, another Heart of Camden volunteer, on the first floor. Jim Morris and Sharon King took the second with Fran Harrelson and yours truly on the third. Things were going swell until Janice showed up and pointed out that we hadn't opened any windows. Were we enjoying the paint fumes? Were we getting high? (Of course we were -- leave us alone!).

Site #3, a community center (a former corner bar and vagrant hangout until Heart of Camden bought it for \$1, gutted and rehabbed it), was shaping up nicely as Sally Hiller, Carol Slavin and Robyn Zacharia tackled graffiti-covered exterior walls with a fresh coat of paint. Anne Marsteller and Judy Cover put a fresh coat of paint on the inside 2nd-floor walls. Bob Herrman, (aka Mr. Wizard), went to work repairing the electronic doorchime. (Our thanks to Heart of Camden's Bill Wisely and Chick Warrington for helping supervising that job).

There was a fourth site too -- a row of three reconstructed brick homes on

Jasper Street where studs, rafters and roof joists were being installed. Some of the South Jersey volunteers, including husband-and-wife team Mike Flenniken and Julie Vhrel, found work there.

Meanwhile, back at Site #1...

John Greenstreet, Dawn Yost and Mike Keegan were caulking up the windows they'd just installed. Up on the roof, Brad Zacharia, bless his heart, was applying his torch to a new layer of roofing (he'd already spent two Saturdays installing a smaller roof over a mud room in the rear of the house).

Down below, brave Mssrs. Durkin, Phleger, Przelski and McGoldrick sacrificed their clean, healthy bodies to the pitch-dark basement, whose floor was caked with some kind of black watery ooze. Cobwebs hung from every ceiling. Old pipes hung at crazy angles. An old washing machine sat in the corner, a hulking relic waiting to be carried up and out by our fearless crew.

At some point, they emerged from below. Yes! They're alive! But look out, Patty's got a sledgehammer in her hand and fire in her eyes! Oh no, she's taking after the kitchen wall... She's swinging, swinging, swinging...

The poor wall never had a chance. From then on, Patty became Flailing Phleger, Demolition Queen.

"Oh, it felt good," she said, still breathing heavily.

Need a cigarette, Patty?

At noon there were sandwiches and sodas for everyone. There was entertainment, too -- a delightful street festival on nearby Jasper Street that featured square-dancing, cavorting clowns, pony rides for kids and burgers for anyone who missed the sandwich distribution.

Finally, around 1:30 pm, we cleaned up, washed our paint trays, packed

away our tools, posed for pictures and bade farewell to Bill Wisely, Chick Warrington, handyman Joe Hess, Sister Peg Hynes and the other Heart of Camden regulars.

There was one last act of humanity yet to perform -- getting Dennis over to P.J. Whelihans in Westmont for a well-deserved beer, a bowl of wings and a TV screen with a Penn State game on. At P.J.s, other deserving participants received their awards -- namely: bars of soap to cellar dweller Mike McGoldrick, for attempting to clean himself up with filthy basement water, and to Judy Cover, who apparently discovered unique and artistic self-painting techniques.

Oh, and I almost forgot. As the woman responsible for putting the "Cellar Dweller Gang" on its new career path (she IS a human resources director, after all), Janice Lynch received the most unique award of all from the basement crew -- a black "Wicked Witch" hat.

They found the hat in the basement, of course.

Heart of Camden is a nonprofit, nonsectarian housing corporation dedicated to preserving and rehabbing abandoned homes in South Camden. It purchases the dwellings for a nominal cost and uses primarily volunteer labor to restore them. When finished, no-interest mortgages are granted to screened low-income residents who must perform 5 hours of community service in return.

Volunteers are always needed -- and welcome. The 4th Street house described above will take 6 months to a year to finish, but the work can proceed faster if new people are willing to "adopt" the house on Saturday mornings from 9:30 am to 1 pm.

If you would like to participate, contact Heart of Camden at 609-966-1212, or call Janice Lynch (a board member) at 609-858-6411.

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## REVISIONS TO FLIGHT TIMES FOR UTAH TRIP

All Flights are via United Air Lines -

December 3, 1998

Depart Phila. Flight 1709 5:00 PM – Arrive Denver 7:11 PM

Depart Denver Flight 2819 8:04 PM – Arrive Salt Lake 9:29 PM

December 8, 1998

Depart Salt Lake Flight 2808 1:28 PM – Arrive Denver 2:45 PM

Depart Denver Flight 1260 3:35 PM – Arrive Phila. 8:50 PM

Tickets will be available at November 17, 1998 meeting

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## Mail Call

By Brad Zacharia

We have started to e-mail members on a mass scale. We will be sending out general announcements or announcements that are time critical. Two messages have gone out so far in the last month. If you have not received any then we do not have an e-mail address for you. Please e-mail me a message with your address if you would like to get on the list. You can e-mail me at [Mail@FallLine.org](mailto:Mail@FallLine.org)

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## Fall Line People

By Harry Gould

Here's a hot news bulletin for all you swing-dance wannabes, Saturday night wallflowers and anyone else who ever wanted to be as light on their feet as Fall Line's John Kennedy.

The John Kennedy Academy of Sophisticated Hoofing is open for business.

Wanna learn to jitterbug? John's the man with the plan, daddy-o.

Fox trot? Rhumba? Latin? Waltz? Tango? Disco?

Call John Kennedy -- your dancing Tax Man (he's an IRS analyst).

John is already setting up a small dance studio in the basement of his home in Lindenwold. Mirrors on the wall. Dance platform. State-of-the-art sound system. The works.

And he can't wait to show you the meaning of "suave."

"I just want to see what kind of interest there is out there," John said. "I can either teach in my home of, if it's convenient, I can go to people's homes."

Is he capitalizing on the current swing revival? Of course.

"Everybody seems to be into this swing thing nowadays," John observed recently. "At least five people came up to me during the Snoball and were asking me if I could teach them how to do it. There were an awful lot of requests for swing stuff and jitterbug."

He makes it look so easy. And here's his secret: He's been in training for a number of years.

"I took lessons at a place called the Academy of Social Dancing," John said. "I took lessons there starting in 1976 and was there for five years straight." Those years coincided with the time when disco "got really hot." He has also taught before -- in his home from 1994 and 1995.

He's ready to rumble again -- just for you.

The cost for singles: \$20 per 75-minute session. Couples: \$30 per session. For groups of four or more: \$10 per person per hour. "The fewer people there are, the more technical I can be. If you're going to be dancing with a partner, technique is very important."

With a little guidance from John, you just might be bringing your zoot suits and saddle shoes out of the closet in time for the next Spring Fling. "I can't promise that it'll improve your skiing," John said, "but it might improve your apres-ski life."

Interested? Call John at 609-784-5114

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### **Baby Alert: Remember Emily Carter?**

Jeff Carter's gorgeous big sister? Kathie Read Lizotte's vivacious daughter?

That Emily Carter! Yeah, guys, now you remember.

She's Emily Carter Kelter now (sorry, guys -- she got married and moved to Charlotte, N.C.). But the big news is that we can call her mom, now.

She gave birth to little Kelsey Kelter on Sept. 4. Kelsey clocked in at 7 lbs. and 2 oz. Kathie Read Lizotte reports that mother and baby are doing fine.

\* \* \*

### **A get-well wish:**

Our deepest wishes for a speedy recovery go out to Denese Gilliland, who suffered a stroke Sept. 12 and is now undergoing physical therapy at her daughter's home in Bear, Del.

The stroke left Denese paralysed in her left arm and leg. Her mind is clear and her speech is fine.

A physical therapist visits three to four times per week. She is now able to lift herself out of a chair and walk short distances around the house with the aid of a walker.

"She's in good spirits" says Bob Herrman, Denese's constant companion. "She's aware she has a long road to travel. All things considered, she's doing well."

Denese would welcome calls from well-wishers. She can be reached at 302-325-1582. "She can't return calls," Bob says, "but she can pick up a phone and talk."

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# COPPER MINE/APPALACHIAN TRIAL HIKE

By Kathy Gramick and Betty Demers

It was a beautiful Indian Summer day on Saturday, Sept. 19, for Kathy and Betty's Copper Mine/Appalachian Trail hike at the Delaware Water Gap.

We met at the Delaware Water Gap Information Center to carpool to the trail's parking lot. The scenic ride to the lot introduced us to the start of Fall, the leaves turning burning colors with clean and crisp air all around us.

Our adventurous group of 12 ventured up a Jersey mountain, through shrubs, over stones and millions of slippery acorns to view breathtaking nature at its finest along the way. The thousands of ferns gave the feeling of cushioning cumulus clouds. One may want to jump on them to feel the fluffy bounce.

The hike didn't end at Copper Mine trail. Betty Demers led some energetic souls to the fire tower on the Appalachian Trail. Applauds to Betty, Dave Friedman and Lorraine Peters.

Our visit to the Mohican Outdoor Center stimulated yet more unique conversational moments amongst us. The center is adjacent to the Appalachian Trail between two ridges in the Kittatinny Mountains, providing "a place for hikers to find hostel style lodging" where guests can "enjoy, learn about and help conserve the Great Outdoors," according to a center brochure.

With the combination of Linda Peterman's exotic flavored licorice, Dave's (aka The Camel) hi-tech, multi-purpose toys and lots of recipe-sharing conversations (has anyone tested Mark Wintling's claim of keeping a glass of water in the microwave while reheating food?) -- and not to forget Fall Line's typical joke telling -- fun was had by all.

We didn't even scare newcomer Brian Shane from joining us in a future hike.

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# DANZEIZEN & QUIGLEY'S 37TH ANNIVERSARY SALE

NOVEMBER 7-15

SKIS, SKI BOARDS, SNOW BOARDS,  
EQUIPMENT AND CLOTHING ALL ON SALE

COME OUT AND MEET

NOVEMBER 8TH - 12:00 - 4:00 PM  
JONNY MOSELEY AND PICABO STREET

NOVEMBER 10TH - 4:00 - 9:00 PM  
AERIALS CHAMPION - NIKKI STONE

NOVEMBER 15TH- 12:00 -4:00PM  
MICHELLE LUMSDEN OF THE HEAD TEAM

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