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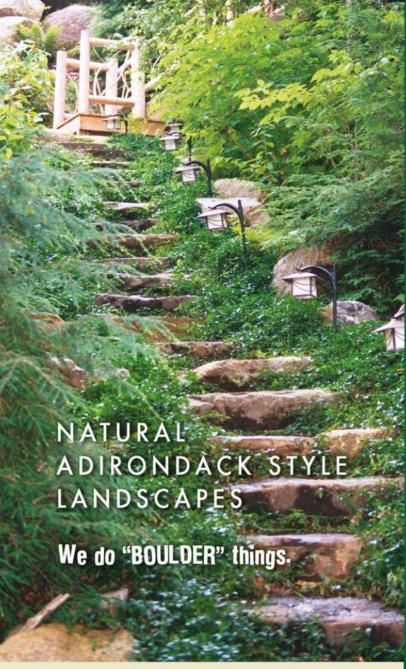






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page 40

VOLUME XLIX, NO. 1 JANUARY/FEBRUARY 2018

DEPARTMENTS

BOX 410 Letters to the Editor	7
The Quiet Collective BY ANNIE STOLTIE	8
NORTHERN LIGHTS Reading Between the Blue Line	11
OUTINGS Battle on Skis BY DAVID THOMAS-TRAIN	14
PROFILE Bunny Austin BY PAT GARBER	18
NORTH COUNTRY Camp Abilities BY ELIZABETH FOLWELL	52
BARKEATER Skinning Up BY KATE MCCAHILL	60
INSIDE & OUT Calendar of Events	65
BACK PAGE Cold Crush Photographs by Jessica olm	72
* *	

Cover: The Path Worth Taking on Cascade Mountain. Zone 3 Photography by Manuel Palacios Cover design: Mark Mahorsky

FEATURES

GLIDE-BY EATING From a waffle window to flapjacks on the fly,

From a waffle window to flapjacks on the fly,
Adirondack ski centers have upped their food game
TEXT AND PHOTOGRAPHS BY NANCIE BATTAGLIA

THE TREE ARMY 28

How the Civilian Conservation Corps changed landscapes and lives

BY NIKI KOUROFSKY

ADIRONDACKS, A to Z 34

The joys of winter, from après-ski to zillions of stars

URSA MINOR 38

While their mothers doze, black bear cubs are born—most of them around the same time in January BY MARY THILL

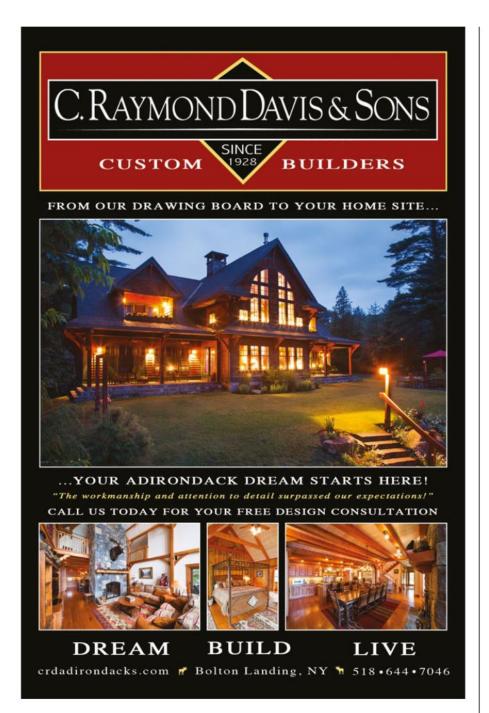
PHOTOGRAPH BY LARRY MASTER

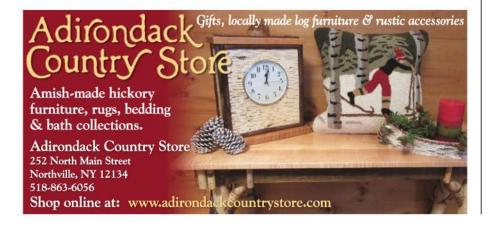
DAYS AND NIGHTS AT DEWEY 40

Saranac Lake's neighborhood cross-country-ski hill unites the community, nurtures future Olympians and offers good, old-fashioned fun

BY NED P. RAUCH

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMIE WEST MCGIVER





ADIRONDACK LIFE

VOLUME XLIX NUMBER 1

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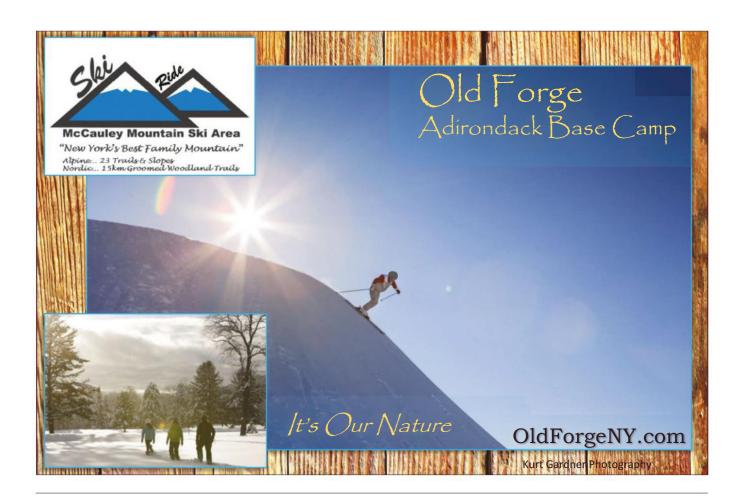
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BOX 410

HUNTING LORE

"A Hunter's Life" (December 2017) by Donald Wharton brought back a memory or two from my first assignment at West Canada Lakes in 1966. That fall, lots of hunters had flown into the area to camp and hunt big game, Bob Bowmen and a friend among them. They set up camp in the location Wharton mentions in his article. I visited with Bob and got some stories about forest ranger Jim Lawrence. Everyone went hunting the first day, which back then was October 25th. I got my first buck that day—a spikehorn. That first evening, Bob's friend, whose name I don't recall, didn't return to camp. Three shots were heard at dark up at the other end of the lake. I went up by boat and found Bob's friend and returned him to camp, my first found lost hunter.

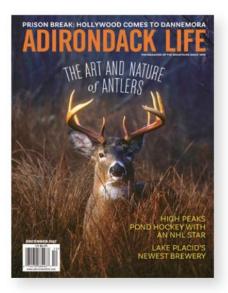
Also mentioned in Wharton's story was the Gould Paper Company camp at Twin Lakes, which was the turnaround spot for the Lynn tractors that hauled thousands of soft-wood logs from there to the Canachagala Stillwater on the South Branch of the Moose River. From there these logs were run down the Moose River in spring to the mill.

Gary N. Lee Retired Forest Ranger Inlet, NY



ADIRONDACK STATE OF MIND

Just got my December 2018 issue in the mail. I even forwarded a few photographs from the pond hockey story ("Pickup Sticks") to my daughter in college at Cornell. She loved the blackand-white photo of the dog carrying



the puck, even thought it was our own chocolate Lab for a moment. It was the perfect study break for her.

She loved my moose jack-o'-lantern, too. What can I say? The Adirondacks are always on my mind and in my heart.

Mary Vecchio via Facebook

DROPPING A BOMB

I am a long-time subscriber to Adirondack Life. Actually, it is the only magazine to which I subscribe. I am writing to express my disappointment that your writers have stooped to using the "F" word in print ("Death of Jon Cody," in the June issue, and "Last Monday in July," in October). Is this really necessary to get the point across? I've always considered Adirondack Life to be one of the classiest magazines until now. I find this language to be very offensive.

Susan Steele Glen Gardner, NJ

Adirondack Life welcomes the views of readers and will publish as many letters as space allows. All letters are subject to editing, must be signed and should be addressed to Box 410, Jay, NY 12941.
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The Quiet Collective

A tribute to our everyday heroes

BY ANNIE STOLTIE

A DYING PATIENT once confessed to hospice chaplain R. W. Williams, "You know, I've never done this before." In the quarter-decade that Williams has been making house calls across the southern Adirondacks, traveling 1,000 times a year from his home in Northville to sit with those seeking comfort, he'd never suggest to anyone that he has the answers. What he does tell them is, "You're never alone. If you have a phone, call me-midnight, two a.m. ... anytime." Same goes for what he says to callers on the other end of the Fulton County suicide hotline he's answered for 38 years.

Over breakfast at Shelby's Kitchenette, in Northville, 78-year-old Williams describes his journey from Manitoba to South Africa to Ontario to the Adirondacks. He's a husband, a father and a grandfather with a degree in psychology who favors bolo ties. He hand-polished the Mex-

ican lace agate that he wears around his neck today. Like everything Williams does, the bolo as part of his daily uniform came from thoughtfulness—"A minister can't visit homes in three-piece suits," he says.

On warm, dry days Williams makes house calls on his white Can-Am Spyder Roadster, its "FAITH

R. W. Williams makes 1,000 home visits a year to his Mountain Valley Hospice patients in Fulton, Hamilton, Montgomery and Schoharie Counties. IT" license plate his gentle roadside reminder. He says he doesn't believe that things are "meant to be." ("Who meant it to be?" he asks. "If it's God, I can't follow a god like that.") He says "the difference between crying and laughing is the width of a hair." ("Some cry for joy and laugh with grief.") That it's "arrogant" to say, "I know just how you

feel." And that he believes "closure" is a myth. (Williams visited a great-grandmother in Piseco who had lost a small child a half-century earlier. When he asked how she had dealt with it. she told him, "Well, I don't think about it every day, but when someone like you brings it up, it was like yesterday.")

Williams's mental-health counseling and hospice work is a calling, he says, and yes, sometimes "it is sad. People dying in their 90s isn't the same as suicide, guns or a baby that dies at 10 days old."

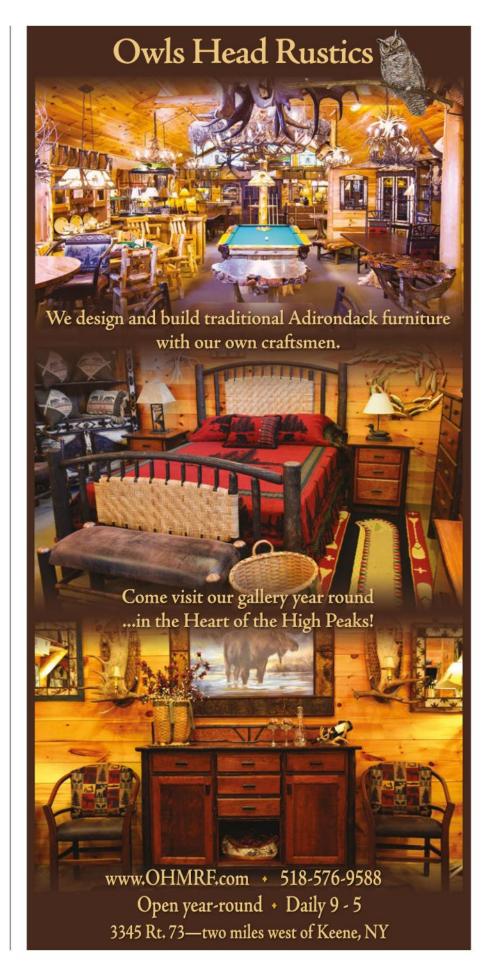
Still, "I see people with broken hearts, not broken spirits." He goes to them "in rain, snow, black ice. It's just what we do. There's no heroism."

But there is.

What Williams does for the dving and the desperate isn't the sort of thing that's acknowledged on magazine covers or at the water cooler. His contributions are under the radar, but essential in keeping communities like ours from collapsing. Around here, people might be too proud or too isolated to ask for help.

In the Adirondacks, volunteer firefighters drop everything to save our homes. Concerned citizens organize spaghetti suppers to raise money for neighbors' medical bills. New parents find frozen meals at their doorstep. In cold weather, teachers drive, after hours, to students' homes to hand-deliver left-behind hats, mittens and coats. Driveways are anonymously plowed in the dark of early morning. Even a certain local veterinarian has been known to make house calls for gravely ill and injured animals. (She came to my house on a Sunday morning to euthanize my family's sick, elderly dog. That creature meant everything to us; the vet, who refused payment, wanted to make her comfortable in her last moments.)

This quiet collective, these heroespeople who never expect a thank you, who, whether answering to a higher power or acting on a primal pull to do the right thing-keep us connected. As Williams reminds us, "you're never alone." A





what's new...



This winter, warm up by the fireplace in the newly-renovated **Cloudspin Bar and Grill**, sip on one of our infamous Bloody Marys, and fill up on local favorites like Whiteface chili or the Cloudspin burger. It's time to up your après game!



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NORTHERN LIGHTS



Meet our local Olympic hopefuls



Lowell Bailey, 36 Lake Placid, Biathlon



Tim Burke, 35 Paul Smiths, Biathlon



Erin Hamlin, 31 Remsen, Luge



Chris Mazdzer, 29 Saranac Lake, Luge



Andrew Weibrecht, 31 Lake Placid, Alpine Skiing

Other Olympic hopefuls include biathlete Maddie Phaneuf, of Old Forge, and ski jumper Nina Lussi, of Lake Placid.



Trash or Treasure?

WHAT'S THAT PIECE OF OLYMPIC MEMORABILIA WORTH? You might be surprised. According to Jonathan Becker, an Olympic historian and board member of the Lake Placid Olympic Museum, "condition plays an important part in [determining] values." Clockwise from bottom right: An intact ticket from the "Miracle on Ice" game could fetch as much as \$700, while a used one is worth no more than \$200. A Roni Raccoon radio is less valuable if the radio doesn't work. Volunteer uniforms—moon boots and all—may have more sentimental than cash value. Items from the 1932 Winter Games, like the above pennant, are a relatively rare find. During the Olympics a poster with Roni touching the rings violated trademark rules and couldn't be sold. "It used to be worth a lot more," says Becker, "but most people today don't understand its significance and rarity."

Tanker Tunes

"If your trash has wheels and you've made a good deal the rest of us are played for fools"

THERE MAY BE nothing more quintessentially Adirondack than an environmental battle waged through folksongs. In November, Iowa Pacific Holdings LLC president Ed Ellis released his musical response to Dan Berggren's "Junkyard Express," a protest song about Iowa Pacific's storage of old tanker cars on disused railroad tracks in the Adirondack wilderness. At press time, some 50 cars were parked along the tracks, with plans for up to thousands more.

"There's no need to fight the cars are not in sight You see wilderness every which way"



Unlisted

THE BICKNELL'S THRUSH, a rare migratory songbird that breeds at high elevations in the Adirondacks, New England and southern Canada, was among 25 species the U.S. Fish & Wildlife Service (FWS) rejected for addition to the federal endangered species list in October.

Despite deforestation in its wintering grounds on the Caribbean island of Hispaniola-which is still recovering from Hurricane Irma-FWS reasoned that the long-term threats from climate

change, which could dramatically shrink habitat at the southern end of its summer range, were too unpredictable to merit the bird's inclusion.

Bring On the Bling

ADIRONDACK LIFE won a total of nine awards-one gold, four silver and four bronze-at the International Regional Magazine Association conference, in Banff, Alberta, in October. The awards honored work from 2016:

GOLD TRAVEL: "Three Days in the Santanonis" by Brian Castner SILVER GENERAL FEATURE: "High Profile" by Annie Stoltie

> **COLUMN: Short Carries by Annie Stoltie** PUBLIC ISSUES: "Aaron Mair" by James Odato

PORTRAIT SERIES: "Freeze Frames" by Yvonne Albinowski

BRONZE ESSAY: "Valentino and Me" by Niki Kourofsky

SINGLE ILLUSTRATION: "Vanishing Acts" by Janice Kun

OVERALL ART DIRECTION (30,000 and over): Kelly Hofschneider

PORTRAIT PHOTOGRAPH: "Freeze Frames" by Yvonne Albinowski





Battle on Skis

Storming the ramparts at Crown Point's historic ruins

BY DAVID THOMAS-TRAIN

I'D SKIED OVER THE TOPS of Marcy, Lyon Mountain and Poke-O-Moonshine, but never across the top of a 250-year-old British military parapet. During the French and Indian War there were two clashes called "The Battle on Snowshoes" in the Adirondacks, but never a Battle on Skis. Last February, several of us decided to remedy that, setting upon the forts at Crown Point on our boards.

That 18th-century war was a clash between superpowers Britain and France for control of North America, as part of their imperial conflict over Europe and the Americas. The Champlain Valley was a major economic, strategic and transport corridor, so both nations built forts and settlements—and frequently fought. They put up a

fort each at Crown Point, the two-mile-long peninsula jutting into the narrowest and most strategic control point on the lake. Strangely, these saw little action.

For our expedition, the real battle turned out to be logistics—corralling a small army of skiers and jibing schedules with the iffy Champlain Valley snow. In the end, our group—outdoor guide Elizabeth Lee, Crown Point State Historic Site director Michael Roets, photographer Nancie Battaglia and myself—twice laid schuss and siege to the irresistible turf of the bastion.

Aside from the visitor center, the entire 350-acre historic site is free and open to the public in winter. We parked near a stone picnic pavilion and set off on our skis to explore the ruins.

The defensive ramparts of the big British 1759 fort are super-steep earthen mounds that were originally covered with wood. They are hardly skiable and barely scalable on the outside; jagged rock rubbles the dry moat that surrounds them. But we breached the northern walls at a huge gap where the entry gate once guarded the way,

The soldiers' barracks of a 1759 British fort are among the remnants of the French and Indian War that are open for winter exploration.

and easily climbed the much gentler inside slope. It was fun to glide the high perimeter with drop-offs on both sides: sentry duty on skis.

Within the walls are the huge parade ground and the three gray stone barrack ruins. Outside, the view is a splendid jumble of chronology: the arched steel span of the 2011 bridge over the ancient lake, the 1909 Champlain lighthouse monument, an 1800s limekiln, the modern village of Port Henry backed by the timeworn mountains, and at water's edge, the French fort, whose walls and underlying rock outcrops are composed of 480-million-year-old limestone.

What went on at this place? Our skis tracked over most of the grounds, but we barely scratched the surface of Crown Point's history. Native Americans were here, as stone projectiles found on the peninsula attest. The first "permanent" settlements came in the early 18th century, as the French pushed south from Canada.

In 1737, they finished a small fort, St. Frederic, a garrison for 120 men. In February 1757 Robert Rogers, the British guerrilla commander of Rogers' Rangers-an independent company attached to the British Army-burned and looted the farms hereabouts. Later that year, as the Brits moved aggressively north, the harried and outgunned French abandoned St. Frederic and blew it up. Except for the corner nearest the blast, the fort's stone base remains, dwarfed by the British stronghold behind it.

A second explosion in 1773 made easy our 2017 escape from the bigger bastion. Just 14 years into its life, a fire broke out in the barracks, spread to the outer walls and touched off the powder magazine inside the rampart. It burst the south corner of the stronghold and burned all the buildings. Now there's a gentle pathway over this part of the once-sheer wall, so out we coasted.

We gazed back to the ghostly chimnevs of the hollowed-out barracks. All this had been built on six acres for an army of 4,000 men. Look-



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OUTINGS

ing from above like a gargantuan squat turtle with pointy appendages, it was all but abandoned by the Brits after the fire. So in 1775, the Yanks snatched the fort's cannon and hauled it to Boston in an epic winter trek that helped clinch the American rebel victory there. The largest British structure in North America was now out of action.

So was the entire strategic peninsula. On our second foray, Michael skied us across fields past a ring of four redoubts, smaller fortifications outside the main fort. Each had been guarded by 100 men and about 10 cannons; Gage's Redoubt, named for General Thomas Gage, sits atop a semicircle of rock, with its own 15-to 30-foot walls, less steep than the main fort's. The snow was deeper this time, so these pitches were a blast to shoot.

We skied down to a curious 40-foot stone tower. Younger than the forts, this 19th-century kiln was used to bake limestone into lime, the key element in mortar. The kiln's top quarter is broken, exposing the firebrick furnace chamber. All the structures at Crown Point State Historic Site are "preserved ruins," a status that maintains but does not restore them. Modern-day mortar is needed for this and is evident in repairs all over the grounds; two full-time masons are on staff.

The trails around the forts are wide swaths mowed in the grass in summer; they wind through the fields, into the woods, past the ruins. We took one toward the shore of Bulwagga Bay, the western arm of the lake, apparently named for a Native American who drowned there. Rafts of ducks, geese and gulls shelter here, away from the big water. In May, a bird-banding station operates just up the hill, where spring migrants are caught, recorded and released as they wing it north up the peninsula. Farther on, an osprey nest platforms the top of a telephone pole. The state designates much of the Crown Point site a bird conservation area; that day, most of the fliers were still far south.

OUTINGS

Other wildlife abounds. We followed a distinct trail of fox tracks, elegantly laid out at the base of the larger fort's north wall. Fox waste little energy, taking advantage of land contours, and head efficiently for their targets; they would never climb super-steep hills like these ramparts except in an emergency. Weasel prints reveal hyperactive little guys that zip hither and thither checking out each sound and smell. The only local mammals missing are those that crave big spaces or seclusion, like bears and bobcats.

Down at the tip of the peninsula, next to the water, lies Fort St. Frederic, our last stop. The modest ruin is dwarfed by both the British one and by the immense new bridge. But here had been a hefty four-story redoubt with 12-foot thick walls of fancy chiseled stonework, a chapel, a moat and drawbridge, guardhouse and iron portcullis—impressive in its time and place. The French destroyed most of it and sailed north, so the Brits took what was left.

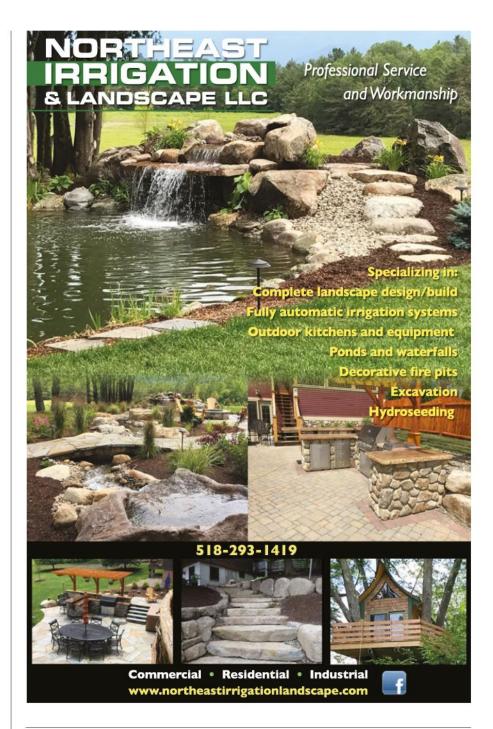
We skied the perimeter, checked out the interpretive signs, glided back to the cars, said our goodbyes and made our retreat.

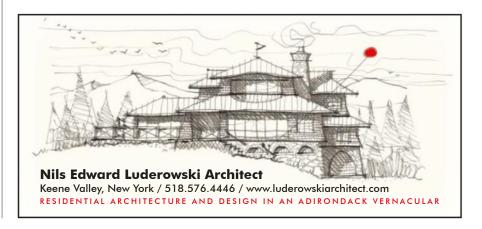
The forts are quiet places, and they share their tales subtly and gradually. A busy highway edges the grounds, yet it's out of mind. The skiing is mellow, but for the walls. We'd crossed them, slid into the past, and let the forts take us captive.

IF YOU GO

Check the weather for conditions in the Champlain Valley, which has less-reliable snow cover than at higher elevations.

On Crown Point State Historic Site's webpage at parks.ny.gov, click on Maps and pull up the Trail Map; the Adirondack Mountain Club's fifth edition of The Guide to Eastern Trails also has descriptions and a map. Plan on at least two hours here; the skiing is mostly gentle, and the trails are wide. Wear layered clothing, and bring a snack and binoculars.





Bunny Austin

The life of a fifth-generation Long Lake guideboat builder

BY PAT GARBER

"YOU CAN SIT THERE," Bunny Austin told me one sunny morning last fall, pointing to a rocking chair. "That's what my father called his 'crying chair."

We were in Bunny's boat-building shop, behind his house on Kickerville Road, in Long Lake. When I asked him what a crying chair was, he switched topics, explaining that it took approximately 310 hours to build one of his guideboats. The ribs for

cedar is a better wood for making the planks than white pine, he explained, but sometimes white pine is all that's available. White pines in the Adirondacks, he said, get really big, and in a blow they sway back and forth, weakening the fibers, something he called windshake. A boatbuilder won't know that, however, until he has spent two to four hours cutting and shaping one, ready to use on the boat-and then it splits.

Finally, Bunny came back to my question about the crying chair. "That's when you want to sit down and cry-after you've wasted all those hours!"

I sat in the chair, but I didn't want to cry. I was thrilled to hear Bunny's stories.

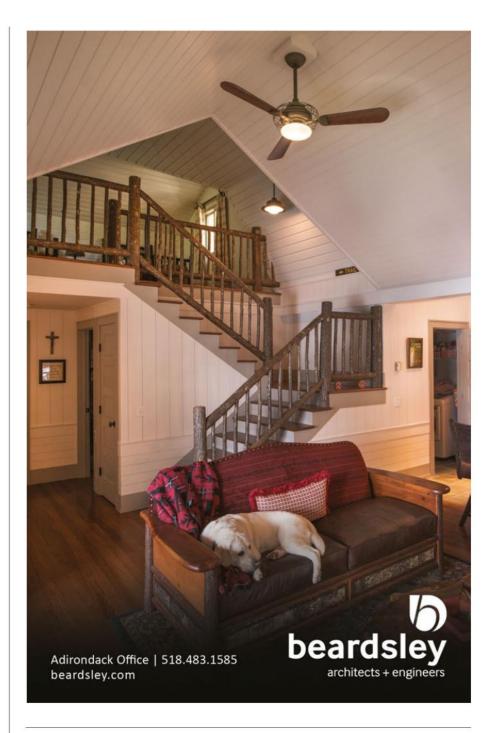
Eighty-nine-year-old Long Laker Bunny Austin is well-known locally as a talented fifth-generation guideboat builder. William Austin, Bunny's great-great-grand-father, was the first Austin to come to Long Lake. Originally from Vermont, he moved west with his son Ferrand and worked as a guide, taking visitors out to hunt and fish. He needed a boat that was easy to row and light enough to carry between waterways, so he designed a small craft with yokes for carrying on the shoulders. This could be considered a predecessor of the guideboat.

Bunny, born in 1928, was named after his father, Harold Austin, but his mother began calling him Bunny at an early age, and it stuck. He grew up in Kickerville, on the north side of the bridge that spans Long Lake. His family, which included one brother and a sister, did not have much money. They moved frequently around town as Bunny's father pursued work.

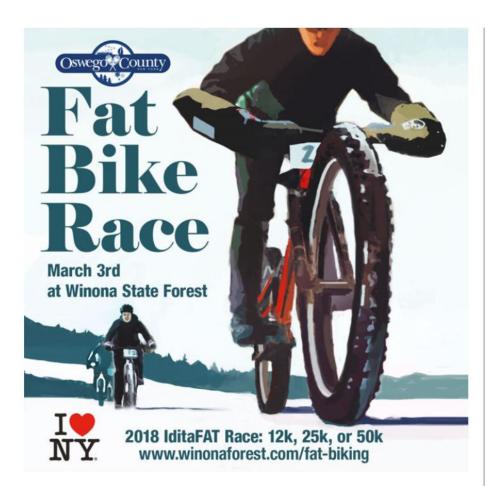
The family worked together, growing vegetables that his mother, Ethel May, canned. They had a few cows they milked, churning the cream into butter, which they traded in town for other groceries. They raised hogs, preserving the pork by soaking it in cold water and "enough salt to float an egg." Ethel May fried it up for breakfast. "It might not have been good for you but it sure tasted good," Bunny said.

Later, Bunny's father took his family to live at several large Adirondack estates, where he worked as a teamster, hauling logs, ice blocks and dirt in wagons and sleighs.

Bunny chuckled as he recalled one day when Mary Walker, owner of the 5,500-acre Cedarlands park, pulled up beside him in her Pierce-Arrow automobile. Fishing was not allowed, but sometimes Bunny would sneak down to Big Brook and throw out a line. On this day, he had caught a few pumpkinseeds and perch and was walking home. When Mary Walker passed him and exclaimed, "Stop the car!" to her chauffeur, Bunny thought he was in big trouble. Instead of berating him, she got out of the car with a camera and took his picture.









PROFILE

In his sophomore year at Long Lake School, Bunny met a girl named Evelyn who had just moved to town. Thus began a romance that would last for 63 years. Bunny graduated in 1947 and got a winter job cutting ice from the end of the lake, loading it on Lawrence Keller's horse-drawn bobs, and hauling it to fill local ice houses. One afternoon, when he was missing Evie, as he called her, he asked if he could go to town for the night. He ran down the lake, "running 300 steps and then walking 300 steps," arriving in time to visit with his girlfriend. He returned to camp on his racing ice skates, on what he remembered as "one of the prettiest nights I ever saw, with the moon shining." Bunny and Evie were married the next year.

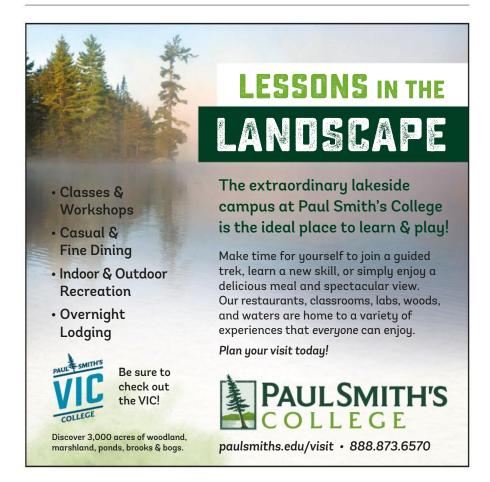
The young couple enjoyed rowing guideboats on Long Lake, Big Brook and Cold River, where they camped out near the cabin of the Adirondack hermit Noah Rondeau. Bunny recalled that "one day we decided to go up and visit Noah John. He was sitting outside with a big pot of coffee over a fire, and he asked us if we'd like a cup. Evie said yes, but you should have seen the look on her face when he kicked around in the leaves until he found a cup. I ended up drinking that cup of coffee to get her off the hook."

In 1951, after the Korean War began, Bunny joined the Marines. An excellent shot, he was soon employed to teach other Marines marksmanship at Parris Island. He was sent to Officer Training School and later fulfilled his dream of earning his Navy wings and becoming a pilot on an all-weather twin-engine night fighter jet.

"Russia was flying twin-engine bombers to the west coast of Japan," Bunny said, "and we would fly out at night to intercept them and let them know that we knew they were there. One night in 1954 there was terrible weather with zero visibility. The radar operator and I were flying over Japan and climbing, when suddenly there was an explosion—we think we were hit by lightning—and we lost all



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PROFILE

our electric power. We dropped to 17,000 feet and began flying distress patterns, hoping someone in our military would find us and lead us in. We ran out of fuel and had to get our parachutes and bail out."

Bunny landed in a rice paddy and walked to the house of a Japanese family. It was late at night, and the family was scared to death, but he spoke enough Japanese to express that he needed a telephone. A young boy took him on the back of his bicycle to the nearest town, where he was able to call for help. The base sent a helicopter to retrieve him and the radar operator, who was hanging in a tree by his parachute.

Bunny continued to serve in the military until he retired in 1971. On the plane ride home, Evie asked him a big favor—that he would never fly again. After 17 years of worrying about her husband's safety, she was ready for some peace of mind. Bunny agreed.

Returning to Long Lake, he took a job as a groundskeeper at the Adirondack Museum, in Blue Mountain Lake. He had built his first guideboat in 1964, and now, using patterns from his grandfather, he built guideboats in the museum shop.

After studying at Bible school for four years, in 1980 he became a minister in the Wesleyan Church. He served in Brant Lake and then Bavaria, Germany, before returning to Long Lake in 1995.

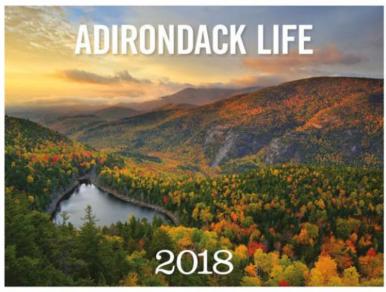
After Evie passed away, in 2011, Bunny continued to work on boats and officiate at a few weddings and funerals. He recently married a Newcomb woman, Solange Turcotte.

In his lifetime Bunny has completed a dozen guideboats and worked on many more. He has helped his son Robert, who ran his own shrimp trawler in Beaufort, North Carolina, build a boat named *The Hunter*, after Robert's late grandson. Another son raced guideboats in the Adirondacks, and a third operates a ferry in North Carolina.

The Austin family's boating tradition continues through another generation.

ADIRONDACK LIFE

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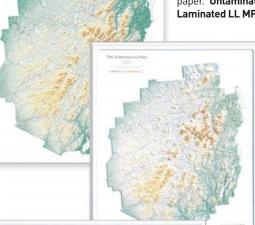






Adirondack Park Maps

Topo map published exclusively by Adirondack Life. 36"w x 48"h, printed on 80-pound fine art paper. Unlaminated UL MP2 \$29.95 Laminated LL MP4 \$49.95



Adirondack Park Raised Relief Map

Now in three dimensions: peaks, valleys and waterways you can feel. Vinyl, 24"w x 30"h.

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Wish you were here...lconic postcard images from throughout the Adirondack Park. 550-piece puzzle measures 24" x 18." PCP 24A \$19.95



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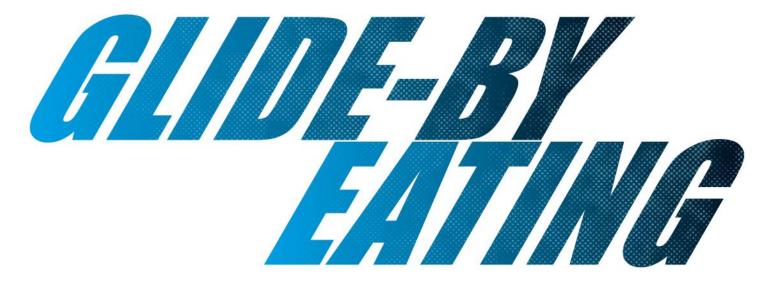
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From a waffle window to flapjacks on the fly, Adirondack ski centers have upped their food game

TEXT AND PHOTOGRAPHS BY NANCIE BATTAGLIA

"WHICH WAY TO THE PANCAKES?" asked a fellow skier as we glided past another group at North Creek's Garnet Hill Ski Resort. They pointed, and we followed ski tracks along Coyote Pass to the Sugarhouse trail. Within a few minutes we were outside an old building where skis leaned against the faded clapboards. The aroma of breakfast wafted out the door in the crisp winter air. Inside was the simple feast: freshly made pancakes dripping with syrup from Maple Knoll Farm, in Minerva.

Ski areas have upped their food game over the past few years, with hungry skiers reaping the rewards. Here are some trailside snacks to lure you in and power you back out.

Garnet Hill Lodge and Ski Resort

Garnet Hill's flapjacks-on-the-fly tradition started a few years ago to celebrate the arrival of maple season. The perk now continues through the winter—a trail pass for Nordic skiing or snowshoeing gets the goods from 11 a.m. to 2 p.m. on Sundays.

39 Garnet Hill Road, North River; (518) 251-2150; www.garnet-hill.com





Oak Mountain Ski Center spices up Thursday nights with Mexican favorites. Top: Soups, s'mores and other treats await at Josie's Cabin, a popular Mt. Van Hoevenberg destination. Facing page, clockwise from bottom: The Waffle Cabin is a new addition to Whiteface. The tempting smell of pancakes greets Sunday skiers at Garnet Hill. Page 24: Gore Mountain's Waffle Window dishes up sweet and savory varieties.

Gore Mountain Ski Resort

The Open Pit Grille at Gore Mountain offers an enticing selection at its Waffle Window, which opens at 9 a.m. on weekends and holidays. The Belgian-style delicacies are made from dough, so they're richer, denser, sweeter and chewier than batter-based versions. You can opt for the savory Adirondacker, with bacon baked right in, or a sweet version topped with powdered sugar, caramel sauce, chocolate ganache, blueberry compote—or even Oreos and gummy worms.

793 Peaceful Valley Road, North Creek (518) 251-2411; www.goremountain.com

Whiteface Mountain

Last winter a new shack appeared under the gondola at Whiteface. From 8:30 a.m. to 4 p.m. on holidays and weekends, skiers and riders can line up at the Waffle Cabin for freshly made Belgian treats adorned with powdered sugar, chocolate and other high-energy sprinkles. It costs less than a fiver to reboot your system.

5021 Route 86, Wilmington; (518) 946-2223; www.whiteface.com

Mt. Van Hoevenberg Cross Country Skiing and Biathlon Center

Off Mt. Van Hoevenberg's easier greendot trails Flatlander and Zig Zag, you'll find Josie's Cabin, a cozy pit stop with nearby bonfires encircled by Adirondack chairs. Belly-warmers include soups, s'mores and, of course, Belgian waffles (with a vegan option). The spread is cooked up by Green Goddess Natural Foods, of Lake Placid. Open holidays and weekends, from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m.

220 Bobsled Run Lane, Lake Placid (518) 523-4436; www.whiteface.com

Oak Mountain Ski Center

One of my favorite mom-n-pop hills becomes a madre-n-padre place on Thursdays, serving "MexEcono" fare from 4 p.m. to 9 p.m. After a day of hitting the slopes—or Nordic skiing on the town's trails along the Sacandaga River—the Acorn Pub and Eatery's quesadillas, burritos and nachos can really bring on the heat.

141 Novosel Way, Speculator; (518) 548-3606; www.oakmountainski.com











PAGES 28-29: ROCK LAKE PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHNATHAN ESPER. HISTORICAL PHOTOGRAPHS AND MURAL FROM ADIRONDACK EXPERIENCE

"YOU KNOW, IT'S KIND OF A BIG DEAL."

A few years ago, my youngest daughter—around eight at the time—paused for about a nanosecond in her bouncingoff-the-walls excitement over an upcoming trip to deliver that earnest assessment of camping.

We're not a family of hardcore backcountry adventurers, but a couple times each summer we'll pitch a tent at a state campground and spend the weekend falling asleep to the chirrups of crickets and waking to the yodels of loons. Those public campgrounds are my daughter's portal into the wilds, and her experiences there—running feral with her cousins, paddling a misty morning lake, catching an unexpected meteor shower—will inform her relationship with nature for the rest of her life.

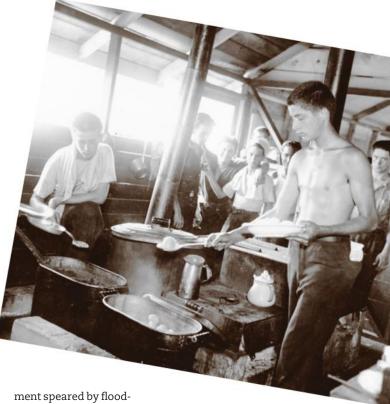
The Adirondacks is rich in these wilderness gateways thanks, in part, to an initiative born of desperation: the Emergency Conservation Work Act, more commonly known as the Civilian Conservation Corps (CCC).

The CCC began in 1933, when the Great Depression was at its bleakest, with unemployment hitting almost 25 percent and breadlines snaking through city streets. The program—shipping young, unemployed men to conservation jobs around the country—was a pet New Deal project of Franklin Delano Roosevelt, who had piloted a similar plan as governor of New York State. It was a bit of legislative poetry: citizens would help sustain the land, and the land would help sustain the citizens.

You can still see the program's impact on the Adirondack Park 85 years later: Tall rows of pines north of Bolton Landing, or lining the trail to Rock Lake in the town of Indian Lake. Popular pathways like Minerva's Roosevelt truck trail—a birder's

paradise—and sections of the Tongue Mountain Range loop, on Lake George, bordered by stonework walls. More than a dozen campgrounds—including Fish Creek, Golden Beach, Cranberry Lake and the Lake George Islands—developed or expanded by the corps. Even beautiful 300-acre Lake Durant was just another abandoned logging impound-

Left: Enrollees in the Civilian Conservation Corps (CCC) at Speculator improved state campgrounds, broke miles of trails, and battled erosion and forest fires. Above: Hungry recruits gained more than 10 pounds, on average, during their first months of duty. Pages 28-29: CCC-era pines surround the trail to Rock Lake, relics from the camp that also created nearby Lake Durant.



ment speared by flooddrowned trees before Camp S-115 cleared the area and built a new dam.

With an established park system already in place, New York State was able to grow the nation's largest Civilian Conservation Corps division, putting 220,000 men to work in 208 camps. Arietta was the first to be stationed in the Adirondacks, in May 1933; by the end of the effort, 25 more camps would help transform the park's landscape. Crews battled and prevented forest fires, built dams and bridges, curbed invasive species, developed recreational access and planted millions of trees.

Prospects had to be veterans or single, young—18 to 25 years old—and eligible for government assistance. Enrollees, many transplanted from urban areas, signed on for six-month enlistments at a rate of \$30 a month, with the stipulation that \$25 be sent back home to help the folks. The state Conservation Department coordinated projects, but the Army ran the camps. At first, these were little more than tent colonies for a couple hundred men outfitted in hand-me-down uniforms from the Great War. Tools and supplies could be scarce.

Conservationist Clarence Petty worked in one of the earli-

est camps—Cross Clearing near Tupper Lake—as one of the Local Experienced Men (LEMs) hired to oversee newcomers to the wilderness. When he reported for duty, he was given about a dozen workers and zero tools. Petty trekked the five miles to his homestead in Coreys to grab an ax and saw to share among the men, who had been charged with bringing in



firewood for the rudimentary settlement.

Tents soon gave way to rows of barracks lined with cots, along with mess and recreation halls, libraries and infirmaries. The Essex County Republican declared that the Port Henry camp that opened in November of 1933 had "all the comforts of a modern hotel"—roomy, insulated quarters boasting "two big coal burners" each, and a bathhouse with "plenty of basins and mirrors." Royce Pusey told the Republican that it was a world away from the North Hudson tent city he'd just transferred from. "No more sleepless nights during snow storms and winds," he reported.

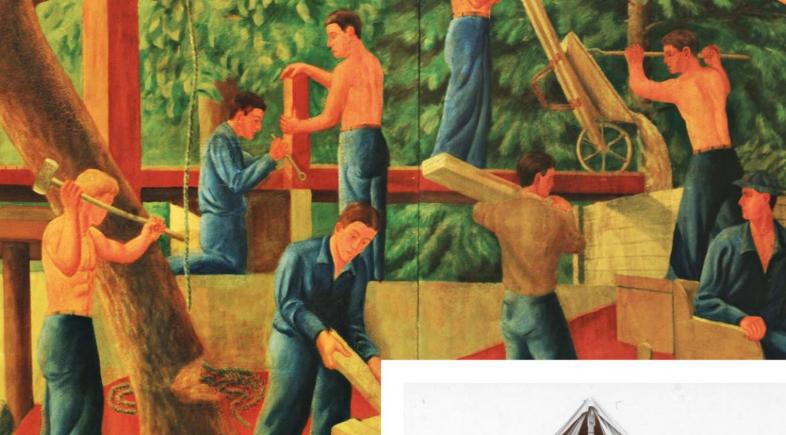
Even as the living became more comfortable, the labor remained backbreaking. In a 1997 retrospective for the *North Creek News*, Minerva recruit Jack Sheehan remembered his time at camp: "Every job was performed by manpower since there were few machines in those days. Men dug post-holes, and if they ran upon large rocks, they were hand drilled and dynamited. Then the fragments were also dug out by hand. The work day was from 8–5, one hour for lunch, and you gave your best effort every minute of the day."

Those minutes added up. In October 1933, the North Hudson camp broke a state forestry record by planting 134,000 trees in one week. The green troops that Clarence Petty helped oversee at Cross Clearing cut 10,744 feet of trail in their first

month. After three years, the Bolton Landing boys had scoured 118,000 acres for gypsy moth egg clusters and had ripped out currant and gooseberry bushes—hosts that can carry blister rust from pine to pine—across 66,000 acres. Fish and game details throughout the park developed public fishing grounds along Fish Creek, and on the Oswegatchie, Boquet and Salmon Rivers. Others, dedicated to fire control, cut firebreaks, ran telephone lines to observer outposts and built 76 miles of truck trails through Forest Preserve.

When it came to firefighting, it was all hands on deck. In 1933 alone, hundreds of CCCers battled wildfires that destroyed more than 3,500 acres. And those flare-ups were dwarfed by Franklin County's Great Bay Pond Forest Fire the following year, which kept men from five camps working in shifts for days to bring the blaze under control. The Paul Smiths camp logged 2,500 mandays fighting fire that year; the Lake Placid camp another 1,900.

The Civilian Conservation Corps was defunded in 1942, as attention and resources shifted to the war effort. By then, "Roosevelt's Tree Army" had planted 220 million seedlings across the state (an estimated three billion nationwide) and sent millions of desperately needed dollars home to families. Add to that the boost to the local farms that supplied the camps, and the mom-and-pop enterprises enrollees visited on weekends. (Word is that Spanes, a bar near the Benson Mines camp,



did a particularly booming business.) At some locations, such as Newcomb and Minerva, civilians were able to pull in a paycheck or two, pitching in to build the camps for incoming corps.

And then there were the benefits to the men themselves. In Adirondack Civilian Conservation Corps Camps: History, Memories & the Legacy of the CCC, Martin Podskoch records the stories of more than a hundred enrollees. One was George Bowles, a 16-year-old who must have given a creative accounting of his age when he signed up in January 1939. He hired on in "an old pair of shoes that had cardboard in them because they had holes in the soles because our family was so poor." But at the end of a freezing 130-mile trip from Watervliet to Blue Mountain Lake in the back of a canvas-covered truck, Bowles was issued new shoes, along with socks, long johns, coats, pants and shirts. "I had more clothes than I ever had," he said.

Not everyone made it in from the cold. In a 1975 Glens Falls Post-Star article, Leroy Van Patten—who did a hitch at Bolton Landing—remembered lining up outside the infirmary with other hopefuls on a bitter day in 1937. At least, he wrote, the men who didn't pass the physical were allowed to keep the overcoats, hats and gloves they had been given.

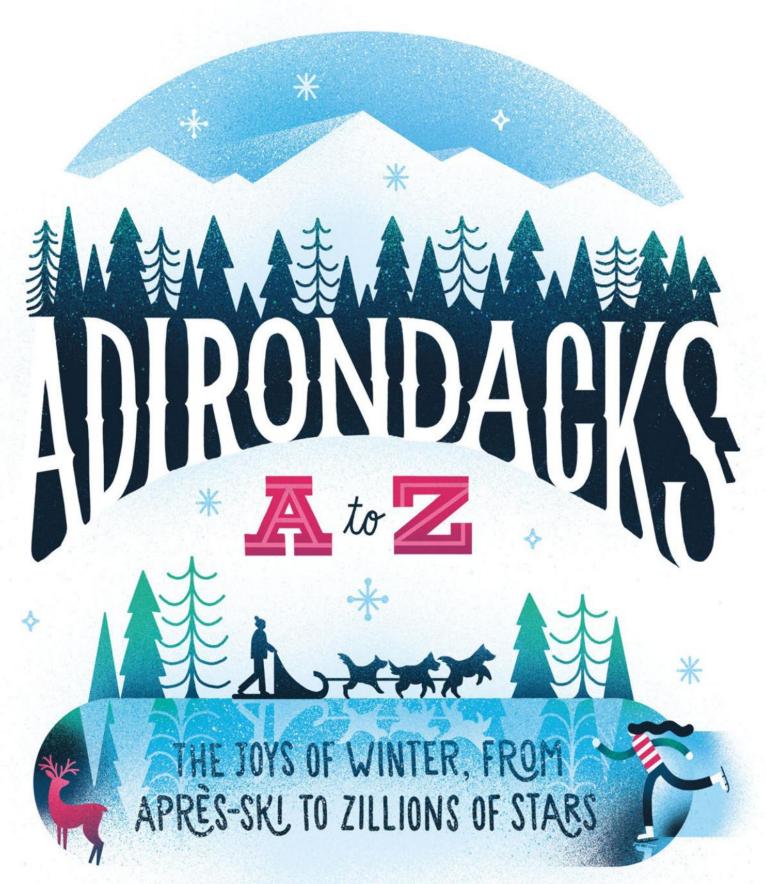
Top: Detail of the 1937 mural that decorated Speculator's recreation hall, memorializing the camp's work on a suspension bridge over the Sacandaga River. Inset: Enrollees at Schroon River and other early outfits slept, ate and recreated in tents. Facing page: The Speculator compound is the only CCC outpost still standing in the Adirondack Park; it now operates as a children's camp.



Recruits also had access to medical and dental care, as

well as classes in reading and writing, forestry, first aid, auto mechanics and more. But the most important thing they learned, according to 98-year-old George Jensen, of Chestertown, was how to work hard. "It was physical," he said. "It made us very strong because we did all that manual, heavy work."

The program gave (Continued on page 49)



ILLUSTRATIONS BY MICHAEL MULLAN

PRÈ Half th

PRÈS-SKI

Half the fun of a day on the slopes or the trails erwards, when you're sha

comes afterwards, when you're sharing a drink and a laugh with friends. While Lake Placid nabs much of the post-Whiteface action, Wilmington's own Pourman's Tap House (518-946-6160, www.pourmanstaphouse.com) draws a friendly local crowd for regional craft brews, pub fare and live music.



ALSAM
Aside from providing the signature sweet-piney scent of the Adirondack woods, Abies balsamea is essential to the winter well-being of our woodland neighbors. Moose munch on its twigs and needles to maintain their strapping physiques through the season, while white-tailed deer and snowshoe hares shelter among its boughs.

The most fun you can have on ice with a broom and a 40-pound rock, this quirky sport is gaining popularity south of the Canadian border. Discover how to tell a biter from a burn through the Learn to Curl program (www.lakeplacidcurling.com) at the Saranac Lake Civic Center.

OG-SLEDDING
You don't need to go to Alaska to experience the exhilaration of dashing through the snow in a canine-powered sled. Both Newcomb Winter Fest (January 13, www.discov ernewcomb.com) and Indian Lake's SnoCade (February 16–24, www.adiron dackexperience.com) include dogsled rides among the festivities.

The Boathouse at The Point (www.thepointsaranac.com, 800-255-3530)—the most-requested guestroom at the Adirondacks' toniest resort—was recently winterized. Now you can curl up by the massive stone fireplace after a day of skiing, skating or ice fishing and take in the million-dollar Upper Saranac Lake view.

LANNEL
It's the official winter uniform of the Adirondacks.
Any plaid will do, but we're partial to classic red buffalo check.



Whether you're trying out a new winter hobby—like ice-climbing or backcountry skiing—or want to discover off-the-beaten-path destinations, a licensed professional outdoor guide can show you the ropes. Contact the New York State Outdoor Guide Association (www.nysoga.org, 866-469-7642) to find an expert who specializes in your area of interest.







ACKRABBIT TRAIL
Follow in the foot-glides of
Adirondack skiing pioneer
Herman "Jack Rabbit" Johannsen—a
living testament to the health benefits
of winter exertion who lived to the age
of 111—on the 24-mile trail between
Keene and Saranac Lake he helped
design. Visit www.jackrabbittrail.org
for maps and trail descriptions.

CCAULEY MOUNTAIN

Like the other mom-andpop or community-run ski centers around the park, Old Forge's local hill (www.mccauleyny.com, 315-369-3225) offers terrain for skiers of every level, for a fraction of the cost of the staterun operations.

OUTINE

The best thing to happen to french fries since ketchup, this Canadian import—topped with squeaky cheese curds and smothered in gravy—is the ultimate comfort food for a wintry North Country night.

The Lean-To restaurant at Great Pines Resort (www.greatpines.com; 315-369-6777), in Old Forge, offers an especially satisfying take.



IGHTTIME TREKS Guided moon-

light snowshoe tours at Lapland Lake Nordic Vacation
Center (www.laplandlake.com, 518-863-4974), in Northville, start with a warming bowl of chili and lead to a lakeside bonfire. Be sure to reserve in advance; this year's outings are planned for January 27 and February 24.



UNJAMUK CAVE
The origin story of this vansize grotto near Speculator

W

is a mystery, but it's fun to imagine who might have sheltered here long ago (hermit French Louie is one rumored occupant). An easy snowshoe hike of a little over a mile brings you to the cave. Visit www.adirondackexperience.com for directions.

Even if you don't give a hoot about birdwatching, there's a thrill in spotting an owl in the wild. All the better if it's a snowy, which some-

With six-million acres to explore, you can find pockets of solitude within the Blue Line any time of year. But winter is your best chance to stand alone on a High Peak summit or any of the other spots that are jam-packed in warm weather.

UMBERJACK BREAKFAST

Early Adirondack woodsmen scarfed heaping plates of flapjacks, bacon, eggs and sausage to sustain them through a grueling day outdoors. The new Adirondack Mountain Coffee Café (www.adirondackmountaincof fee.com, 518-946-6080), in Upper Jay, tops off its gut-busting Woodcutter's 1800s-Style Breakfast with a slice of pie.



USTIC ARCHITECTURE Skiing the five-mile trail to

Camp Santanoni—one of the oldest and largest of the Great Camps—is a fun way to combine outdoor recreation and Adirondack history. The 32-acre site near Newcomb was built by an Albany banker around the turn of the 20th century. It was used as a retreat and to entertain guests, among them Theodore Roosevelt.

KATING WILD ICE Nordic skating requires special equipment—and extra caution-but its fans say the rewards of gliding for miles over the natural ice of Lake Champlain and other Adirondack lakes are well worth it.



OBOGGAN CHUTE Lake Placid's rebuilt 30-foot converted high-jump trestle is once again sending intrepid sledders careering down an icy chute onto frozen Mirror Lake. Ten bucks (five for students) gets you unlimited runs during the scheduled period. Check www .northelba.org for conditions and hours.

PYONDA PROGRAMS

At Up Yonda Farm (www.upyondafarm.com, 518-644-9767), a four-season environmental education center in Bolton Landing, families can discover the secrets that help local critters survive winter, learn how to identify our cold-weather constellations, or just tag along for a naturalist-led snowshoe hike.

ISTAS In the Adirondacks, summer and fall get most of the attention, but winter here has a beauty all its own. Flocked in snow, without dense foliage to block the sightlines, your favorite views undergo a dazzling transformation.



winter blues.

NTER CARNIVALS

cabin fever sets in, towns around the park vie to outdo each other for the craziest way to celebrate the season. Take your pick from outhouse races in Lake George, the frying-pan toss in Saranac Lake or human foosball in Brant Lake. It's all good, wacky fun,

OLYMPICS

and a guaranteed cure for the

The international village now houses inmates instead of athletes, but many of the other facilities from the 1980 Winter Games around Lake Placid are still being used for their original purpose. Take a few laps around the speed-skating oval where Eric Heiden won five gold medals, or ride to the top of the ski jumps and imagine sliding over the precipice. Visit www.whiteface.com for information.

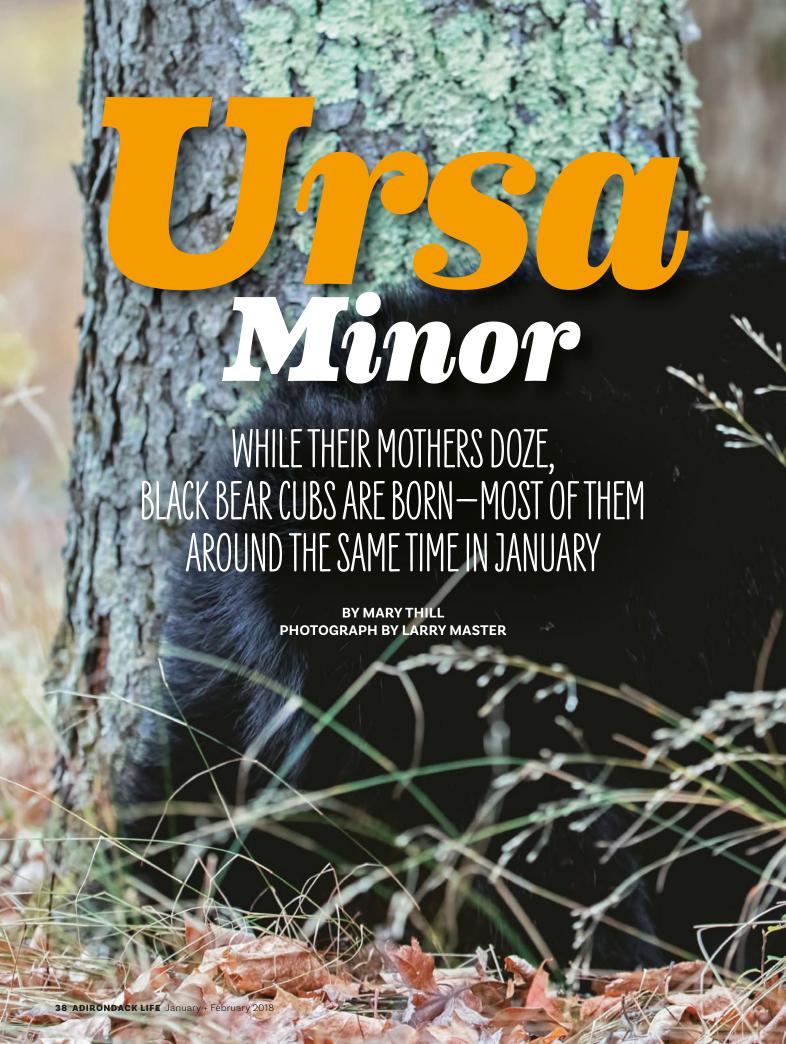


ELLOW BIRCH "Such a generous tree," writes Robin Kimmerer in her Adirondack Life essay "The Giving Tree" (December 2005), of one of the Adirondack forest's most abundant species. Among yellow birch's gifts to humans is its fire-starting capacity; for many animals it provides food and

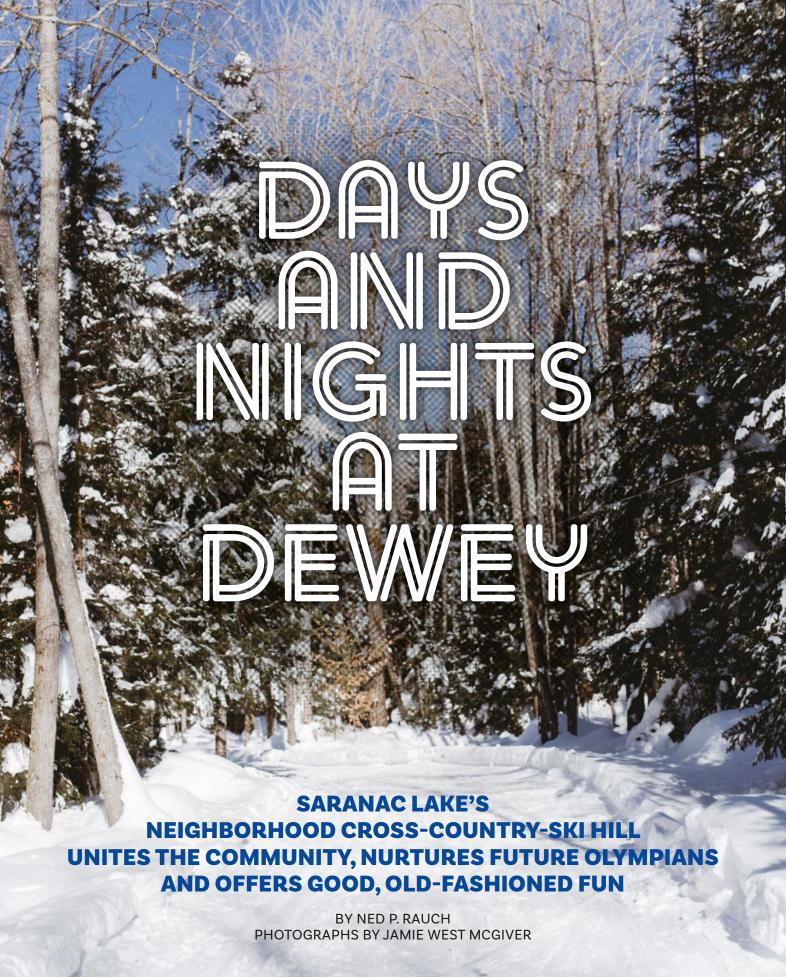


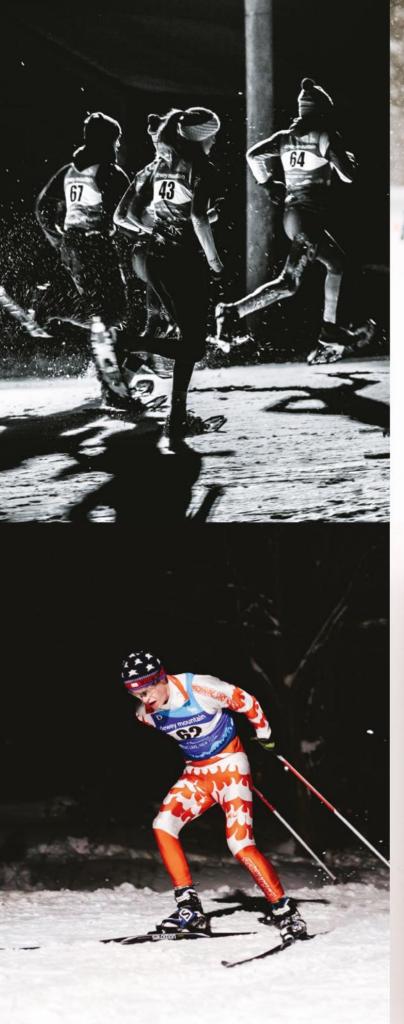
ILLIONS OF STARS

The upside to seemingly endless dark nights is the primo stargazing potential. The Adirondack Public Observatory (www.adirondack publicobservatory.org), in Tupper Lake, offers public viewing on the first and third Friday evening of every month in winter, starting a half-hour after sunset.













junior year of high school I found myself working on a cattle ranch in Montana owned by Mel Gibson. He ran it from afar: in the two months I was there, I spotted more rattlesnakes (one) than movie stars (zip).

I grew up in Manhattan, and nearly every one of my assignments on the ranch—helping to drain a goiter bulging from a cow's neck; re-stringing barbedwire fences; remaining on the back of a horse as it streaked across open country—felt miles beyond my reach.

The first time I cross-country skied Dewey Mountain, in Saranac Lake, my mind returned to Montana and the memory of a particularly perilous task: driving a tractor, top-heavy with a load of hay, across the slope of a steep hill. I had expected the thing to topple and roll or slide out from under me at any moment. So long, senior year. (No one else at the ranch appeared worried.)

The trail I was following at Dewey, nearly a decade after my Montana days, led me across the slope of the mountain. It was well-packed and slick and I was a clumsy skier. Every few yards I would either topple over or my skis would slide out from under me. The stakes were lower, but I was back on that tractor.

Except I was having fun, slipping through the forest, as were the much better skiers who passed me, their friendly chatter fading as they disappeared into the trees. Some time later I returned for one of Dewey's beloved under-the-lights ski nights, gliding among shadows, bare lightbulbs dangling above, snow sparkling below. I recall the thrilling realization that I was skiing exhausting, exhilarating loops through the woods, bumping into friends and neighbors



around every turn, all about a mile from the center of town.

"The focus is always on having fun," said Chris Morris, a volunteer coach and lifelong skier. A Saranac Lake native, Morris is a co-chairman of Dewey Mountain Friends, which formed in 2013 to raise funds for Dewey's recently constructed lodge. "There are other options out there if you really want to focus on the racing end. We've tried to foster a love of skiing. Going out, exploring, playing games and having fun."

For nearly 40 years, it's worked, drawing first-time skiers and Olympians alike into the woods and onto the snow. What

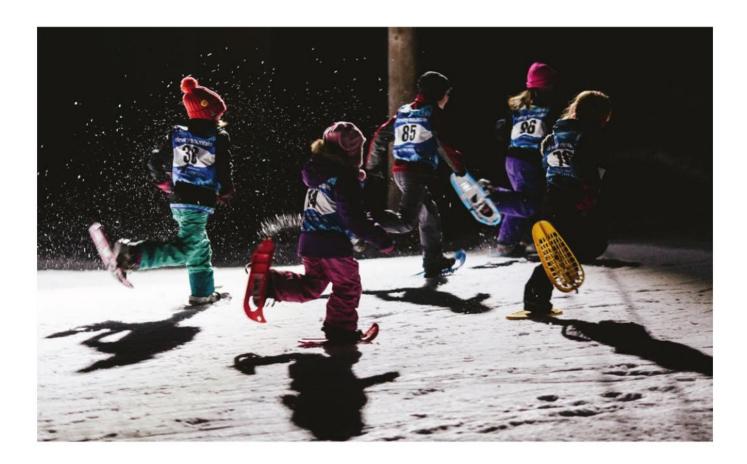
began in the early 1980s as a small knot of challenging trails and a drafty cabin has developed into a year-round hub of outdoor activity.

When Dewey's ski season ends (and the trails dry out), mountain-biking season begins. Barkeater Trails Alliance—which has built a 50-mile network of single-track trails throughout the High Peaks region—has helped to bolster Dewey's mountain-biking terrain.

Last summer, Pendragon Theatre, in Saranac Lake, staged A Midsummer Night's Dream on a platform in the woods just off one of the main trails. There are races, musical performances, ski classes for







kids and exercise classes for seniors. The new lodge—bright, spacious and thoroughly insulated, with massive windows gazing out onto trails—opened at the start of 2015.

Such is the communal love for Dewey that more than 600 households donated to the construction costs. Mason Stoddard, five years old at the time, contributed \$1.19 in 2013. Tom Boothe and the Keet Family gave generously, and Boothe volunteered as project manager. Dewey Mountain Friends raised nearly half a million dollars.

Visitation climbed following the lodge's completion; Dewey acquired an additional chunk of land for new trails; the parking lot was tripled in size. Growing pains of the best sort.

"It just gets better and better and continues to grow," Jason Smith, Dewey's manager, said. "I just love the variety. It's great to be a part of the growth, the community, the support and the continued success of something.... There's so much potential here."

Dewey is owned by the town of Harrietstown, which contracts Smith's out-

"There are
other options out
there if you really
want to focus on the
racing end. We've
tried to foster a love
of skiing. Going
out, exploring,
playing games and
having fun."

doors company, Adirondack Lakes and Trails Outfitters, to run it. Eight miles of ski trails, 2.5 miles of snowshoe trails and five miles of mountain-biking trails twist, dip and climb through more than 100 mostly wooded acres. Trails at the bottom of the mountain are groomed; trails near the top are not, giving skiers a hint of the backcountry without requiring they trek deep into the Forest Preserve to find it.

The ski area opened in an official capacity in 1981, following several years of planning by the town council and the Saranac Lake Chamber of Commerce. But locals had been carving turns on the mountain for decades.

Once known as Ring Hill, Dewey Mountain is thought to have been named after Thomas and William Dewey, who ran a hotel—Dewey House—near the mountain in the early 1900s. In January of 1942 Dewey made a brief appearance in a New York Times article about the state's efforts to "establish its North Country as one of the major Winter sports centers in the East." After mentioning new trails in Keene, Speculator and elsewhere, the piece declared, "Snow fans visiting the Saranac Lake and Warrensburg sections will find Winter sports facilities enhanced by largescale improvements. At Warrensburg, 20 miles north of Glens Falls, a new 500foot ski tow is in service; and at Dewey Mountain, fringing the town of Saranac Lake, are a new 1.000-foot ski tow and a rustic ski hut."

Those "large-scale enhancements"

For nearly 40 years
Dewey Mountain has
drawn first-time skiers
and Olympians alike.
Despite an expanding
trail system—for skis
and, in warm weather,
mountain bikes—a day
pass costs just \$5.

TO-DEWEY LIST

Throughout the ski season Dewey Mountain hosts Tuesday Night Races; on Wednesdays, Outdoors & Active for Adults to encourage them to get out on the trail; and a Thursday afternoon Youth Ski League. The following are additional events at Dewey, but to see a complete schedule of races, festivals and other activities—and to verify dates and times—check out www.deweymountain.com or call (518) 891-7450.

FRIDAY NIGHT SKI JAMS

January 12 & 26, 7 p.m.-9 p.m.

Free skiing on lighted trails, plus food and music—featuring local talent (like Steve Langdon and friends, below)—make Dewey's ski jams the most popular events of the season.

WINTER CARNIVAL SNOWSHOE RACES

February 7, 6 p.m.-8:30 p.m.

Competitors, ages four to 104, run under the lights with the Winter Carnival king and queen.

ADIRONDACK SNOWSHOE FEST

Februaru 24 & 25

A weekend of races that includes a 10-kilometer National Qualifier and the Shoe-be-do family fun race sponsored by Dewey Mountain, the Village of Saranac Lake and the Paul Smiths VIC.



wouldn't endure. But Harrietstown Town Councilman Ron Keough, a longtime advocate for the ski center, remembers climbing the mountain in the 1940s and early '50s with friends and whooshing down on skis and toboggans. They made their own trails, then stopped for "hot chocolate at the McGill home after." Even then, a day at Dewey sounds like fun.

"It was a dream that became a vision that became a reality," Keough said, as he rattled off names of people and organizations (Saranac Lake's skiing guru Natalie Leduc; the town's Highway Department; former Chamber director Sue Dyer) responsible for Dewey's success. "I just believe in Dewey," he said.

BRIAN MCDONNELL WAS Dewey's first manager, running it until the early 2000s. McDonnell, owner of Mac's Canoe Livery, in Lake Clear, recalled legions of dedicated volunteers helping him expand and improve trails, install lighting and run events.

"It was a true community center," he said. "We got a lot of help from a lot of different people. Several people in town did their community service at Dewey Mountain. I see them now and they say, 'I still remember the day you worked my tail off."

For years, McDonnell said, skiing at Dewey was free. When fees were eventually introduced, they were kept low. Even now, a day pass is only \$5. A season pass for a family is \$75.

"A lot of families became ingrained into the Dewey community," he said. "We made sure we engaged with people in the apartment complex next door. We had doctors, regular people—everyone."

Dewey's managers, coaches and volunteers have always emphasized the benefits of outdoor exercise and camaraderie over cutthroat competition, access and participation without even a whiff of elitism. "Our work at Dewey and at places like [Mount] Pisgah and the skateboard park," Morris said, referring to a pair of Saranac Lake facilities, "is to make sure there are opportunities to families regardless of income, so they don't have to worry about how much it costs, or how to get there."

You don't have to be a good skier to go to Dewey, but the mountain has nonetheless produced a startling number of really, really good skiers. Annelies Cook, Tim Burke, Lowell Bailey and Billy Demong all skied at Dewey as kids, and all have competed in the Olympics. Demong, now the director of USA Nordic, won gold and silver medals in the 2010 Winter Games in Vancouver.

"One of the distinguishing things about Dewey is, it's a hard course," Demong's mother, Helen, said. "Our girls and boys, if they could ski here, they could ski anywhere. They came up here, and then they were skiing up the Alps."

And then, despite international success, they return to Dewey, maintaining their ties to the mountain and its community of skiers. Morris said the kids he coaches are always up-to-date on Burke's latest race results. "They feel connected to that," he said. "And it's empowering to them."

Cook coaches at the mountain, as do her siblings. She, Demong and Burke all have trails named after them.

"They want the kids around here to know you can do anything that you put your mind to," Helen Demong said. "I'm well aware that we were very fortunate to have facilities available for our kids. It was not a goal to develop an Olympian, it was a goal to have great fun outdoors for the kids. The friendships that were made, the memories, we were very lucky."





One gets a sense Dewey's young skiers are still very lucky. Jess Zobel (one of Cook's siblings) has been leading children along Dewey's trails for nearly a decade. She grew up skiing and racing on the mountain and wants to fill her young charges with positive associations with the sport. "If people choose to live in Saranac Lake, they need to have some winter recreation skills to be happy during our long winters," she said. "When I ski with the children, I always point out the beautiful things we see on the trails: 'Look at that boulder covered in snow. I wonder how big it really is and how much is actually just snow.' 'Can you see how the golden light is coming through the trees in the sky? That's how we know that direction is west, and the sun is setting.' 'Look at those tracks in the snow. Who do you think made them?"

While visiting Saranac Lake last winter, I brought my daughter, Louise, then a year-and-a-half old, to Dewey. Within minutes of our arrival, Jason Smith, the manager, had emerged from the equipment room with a pair of skis barely longer than a butter knife to strap to her boots.

Louise's first moments on skis ended

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Demong all skied there
as kids, and all have
competed in
the Olympics.

in tears, but Smith's account of the experience was decidedly positive: "Hey, she shredded a couple of inches."

Smith clearly delights in his work. "I like the idea that I can start my day by updating our social media with a post

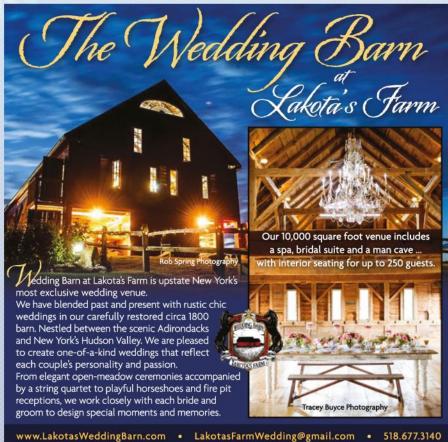
about trail conditions," Smith said. "Then I get on a snowmobile and make the trails look beautiful, then transition to skiing with kids of people I know, my neighbors, then transition to a lighted ski trail, skiing with locals or visitors who finish their day skiing laps at Dewey."

MY MOST RECENT visit to Dewey occurred last March, on one of those perfect days when spring claims the air and winter maintains its hold on the ground: no need for a jacket; plenty of snow to ski. A friend and I slid out onto the trails. We guessed wrong on wax, so our strides weren't always as smooth as they might have been. It didn't matter. We climbed, we talked. I fell on a flat stretch but remained upright on a long downhill with a tight turn. We were outside, having fun.

IF YOU GO

Dewey Mountain Recreation Center is a mile west of downtown Saranac Lake on Route 3. Learn more about its trails, hours and rentals at www.dew eymountain.com or (518) 891-2697.



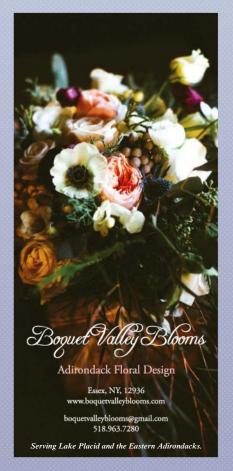




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THE TREE ARMY Continued from page 33

young men the space to be boys—Podskoch records short-sheeting, pillow fights, skinny dipping, battling for king of the hill—while shaping them into productive citizens and, in many cases, soldiers. Ninety-one-year-old Ned Ovitt, of Indian Lake, remembered the army trucks bringing crews to town on weekends for movies or baseball games—he joked that locals

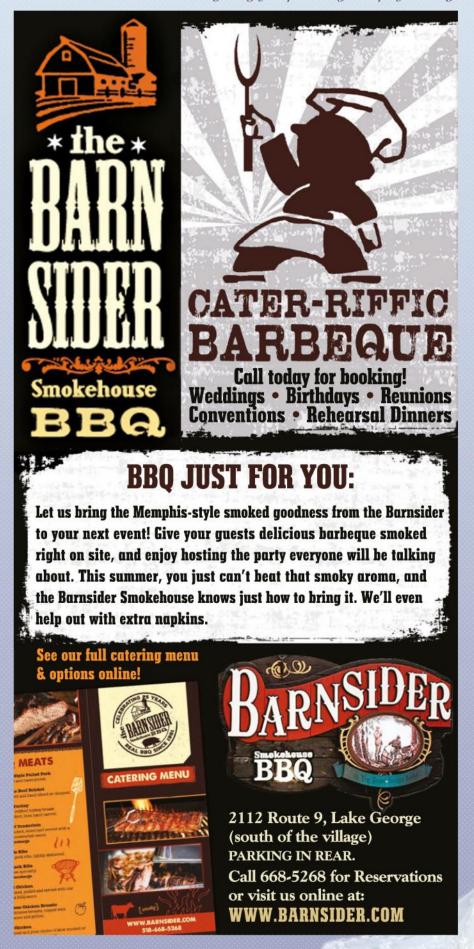
BY THE END OF THE PROGRAM, "ROOSEVELT'S
TREE ARMY" HAD PLANTED AN ESTIMATED THREE
BILLION SEEDLINGS,
SENT MILLIONS OF DESPERATELY NEEDED DOLLARS HOME TO FAMILIES,
AND HELPED KEEP THE
FARMS THAT SUPPLIED
CCC CAMPS AFLOAT.

took their daughters indoors when the CCCers were around.

"It was a good program," Ovitt said.
"It was good for the area. It was good for those boys. That was the idea."

"THIS IS SWELL!" Art Vogel, a transplant from Brooklyn to Arietta, gave that verdict on the CCC to the New York Sun in July 1933. Most Americans agreed, and still do, looking back through the red-white-and-blue haze of history. But there were a few wrinkles in the corps outfit.

Unions weren't very keen on the program—that is, until one of their own, Robert Fechner, was tapped to head it. And wilderness advocates took issue with the brand of conservation on offer, especially here in the Adirondacks, where philosophical arguments can take on the urgency of death matches. John Apperson, Robert Marshall and other giants of the local environmental scene questioned the wisdom and legality of work on protected Forest Preserve land. Recreational improvements, backcountry dams and truck trails—designed to allow access to firefighters and their equipment—all came under attack. Plowing wide paths

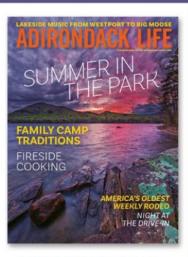


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THE TREE ARMY

through the wilds was of particular concern, advocates argued, as these byways could attract cigarette-wielding tourists, causing more forest fires than they helped control. The Association for the Protection of the Adirondacks and other organizations took their case to the state, but the Attorney General and a governor-appointed committee both agreed that the truck trail projects could continue.

The debate over truck trails was big and noisy, but the CCC brought some quieter threats to the environment.

ENVIRONMENTAL
ADVOCATES ARGUED
THAT TRUCK TRAILS—
DESIGNED TO ALLOW
BACKCOUNTRY ACCESS
TO FIREFIGHTERS—
COULD ATTRACT CARELESS TOURISTS, CAUSING
MORE FOREST FIRES
THAN THEY HELPED
TO CONTROL.

One was the use of pesticides to control the invasive gypsy moth population. In Adirondack Civilian Conservation Corps Camps, Bolton Landing enrollee Tony Satiroff explained the process: "In the winter I worked searching for egg clusters of the gypsy moths. We painted them with creosote.... In the summer we sprayed the infected trees with arsenic. Then when it rained the poison was washed into the brooks and wound up in Lake George." An Adirondack Record-Elizabethtown Post article from 1938 tallied 3,500 acres statewide that were sprayed with arsenate of lead in the program's first five years.

The northern rattlesnake population took a hit, too. Since Warren County had a bounty on the snakes, some enrollees added rattler wrangling as a side hustle. From June to September 1933, the Ticonderoga Sentinel reported that 25 skins had been turned in by workers at the Bolton Landing camp.

But species-undermining and water pollution weren't the only skeletons in the CCC closet. Also problematic were

THE TREE ARMY

the discriminatory policies and practices of a program nurtured under the promise of a greater good.

If needy families had daughters instead of sons, that \$25 monthly stipend the corps could provide was out of reach. The CCC had a "No Girls Allowed" policy throughout its existence, despite Eleanor Roosevelt's advocacy for the inclusion of women.

Although African Americans were accepted—the legislation that created the Civilian Conservation Corps forbid discrimination based on "race, color, or creed"—recruitment percentages didn't always fit the demographic landscape, especially in the South. Segregation was de facto at first, but then, citing the concerns of both administrators and communities, director Robert Fechner instituted a mandatory policy in July 1935. Fechner responded to criticism with this assurance: "I have personally visited many negro CCC companies and have talked with the enrollees and have never received one single complaint."

There was one exception to blanket segregation—in the main, white men oversaw camps. Fechner defended that policy in a letter to a congressman, explaining that locals wouldn't accept African-American crews unless there was "an assurance that white supervisors would be in charge." According to Fechner, finding communities that would welcome African-American camps was a recurring problem; none were ever placed inside the Blue Line.

THE ADIRONDACK PARK was founded on a bold premise, that a balance can be struck between the needs of nature and the needs of mankind. It's an ideal we've been struggling with ever since. But once, in a time of great misfortune, the entire country came close to fulfilling that promise.

The Civilian Conservation Corps—however imperfect—helped establish the value of conservation in the national consciousness. It was a tangible example that, yes, we can work together to care for the land, and that the land, in its turn, can give us hope.

It's kind of a big deal.













Camp Abilities

A winter weekend packed with fun for visually impaired students

BY ELIZABETH FOLWELL

A DOZEN KIDS in bright pink jackets and vests are streaming down the broad boulevard of fresh snow at Old Forge's McCauley Mountain. Arms outstretched, legs making triangles, they cascade

like an army of five-pointed stars. Some have a guide skiing backwards in front of them; others are listening intently to a coach nearby who reaches out to touch a shoulder or hand. They're feeling the mountain with their moving feet, no poles at all.

"Make that slice of pizza!" shouts a counselor. "Push on your right ski. Great! Now put your skis together because it's getting flat." They glide toward the rope tow for another run.

A huge banner proclaims BLIND SKIERS ON MOUNTAIN. It's not a warning to other downhillers but a statement of fact and pride, that visually impaired kids can enjoy winter sports just like their sighted peers. For Camp Abilities, sponsored

by the Central Association for the Blind and Visually Impaired (CABVI), based in Utica, 2017 was the fifth Presidents' Day Weekend program for eight- to 18-year-old kids from all over the state.

In McCauley's lodge I share fries with Zheneavia, while my guide dog, Hartlyn, looks longingly at the tray of food. The self-assured third-grader, who has never skied before, declares the snow is about "200 feet deep." She and another eight-year-old friend from New York City are attending winter camp for the first time, and being hundreds of miles from the neighborhoods they know is no big deal for them, an exciting adventure involving many new sensations, sounds and smells.

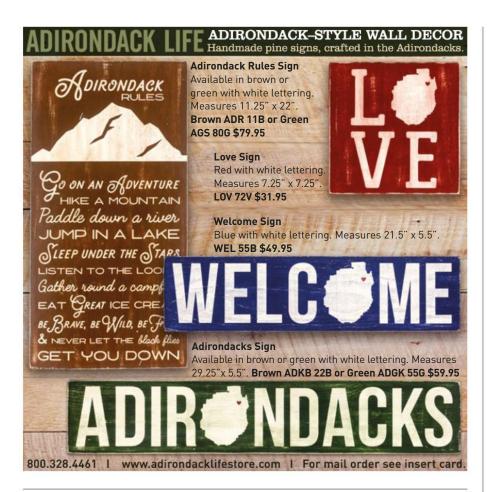
Back on the slopes, 11-year-old Brady, from central New York, remembers me and Hartlyn from the 2016 winter camp in Raquette Lake. That day photographer Nancie Battaglia and I micro-spiked on the slushy, slippery lake; as I held the harness, my guide did her work sticking to the beaten track. Brady told me then about his bulldog, Capone, while the ice-fishing tip-ups were at a stand-still. When I ask about Capone this year, he is thrilled. "You remembered me?" he says. "Sure," I tell him. "You remembered me and my dog too."

I lost my sight about the time the oldest campers were born. Relearning how to ski, snowshoe and get around in the borderless white winter world was frustratingly hard work, but one day it just clicked: trust my feet, trust the spatial awareness I could sense from a hundred different clues and trust my companions to keep me oriented—all lessons the campers are learning here in the Adirondacks.

At McCauley, 13-year-old Chris, from South Glens Falls, slides up to us, jazzed about skiing. With a little prompting from counselors, he busts some moves with an original song and dance that clearly shows his joy. His first time on skis was at Double H Ranch, in Lake Luzerne, and he's a veteran of Camp Abilities.











NORTH COUNTRY

As half the group carves turns on the bunny hill, the others take off on snowshoes. Their guides call out obstacles—an uphill here, a snowbank there—and some campers stride with confidence while others wobble tentatively. There's a slight wind blowing, not damp or too cold, but the right kind of breeze that helps someone who can't see recognize when they change direction.

Once everyone has skied, lunched and snowshoed, all 27 kids and their 27 counselors and volunteers board the bus headed to Raquette Lake. At twilight, on a path lit by tiki torches, they hike over the frozen lake to their quarters at Camp Huntington, the outdoor education facility owned by the State University of New York at Cortland with historic Great Camp Pine Knot as its centerpiece.

For many of the campers this environment-not just ice and snow but trees, big rocks, a complex of many rustic buildings and a spiderweb of paths and trails—is not only a challenge but an entirely foreign country. It's a place defined by risks and new realities, including sharing a cabin with total strangers. "They're doing a lot of things for the first time," says 24-year-old Alex Hodkinson, a team leader for older campers. "It's cold. Maybe they've never really been away from home. Here I resolve issues that come up, everything from someone not finding socks under the bunk bed to being overwhelmed by the experience."

Everyone gathers in the main lodge for meals, open mic sessions like "Care to Share," where they talk about the new things they've tried each day, plus a talent show and a few rounds of whipping and nae-naeing from Silentó's absurdly popular tune. "How the heck do they pick that one up?" I ask a counselor at lunch. "They just do. They're wired to learn from their friends," he says. There are outbursts of song too-the girls belt out the beautiful call and response of Lorde's "Royals," countered by the boys' random chant of "Squirrel! Squirrel! Squirrel!"

NORTH COUNTRY

Camp Abilities packs a lot into three days, with groups of kids building snow shelters, riding on a dogsled or snowmobile, cross-country skiing and orienteering (with tactile maps and talking compasses). At other communal activities they discuss everything from careers to fears. These campers set and clear the tables—there are no special accommodations for those kinds of chores. And they help each other find mittens and hats in a jumble of winter

FOR MANY CAMPERS,
THIS ENVIRONMENT—
NOT JUST ICE AND SNOW,
BUT TREES, BIG ROCKS,
A COMPLEX OF MANY
RUSTIC BUILDINGS AND
A SPIDERWEB OF PATHS
AND TRAILS—IS NOT
JUST A CHALLENGE, BUT
AN ENTIRELY FOREIGN
COUNTRY.

clothes, lend support to newbies and form bonds that can last.

Throughout it all, Kathy Beaver, CABVI's vice-president of rehabilitation services, is everywhere: encouraging kids, advising counselors and checking with instructors who lead specific projects. She explains, "All children, especially children with visual impairment, need to understand that despite adversity they can rise above it, accept the challenge, work through it and move forward. How do we start that process? Including sports and recreation, like at our camps, is one very effective way."

Beaver says, "There's no charge to our campers. The money comes from donations and fundraising. The New York State Commission for the Blind chips in under the recreation program, but most comes from projects allied with CABVI. We're social entrepreneurs: we employ visually impaired people, and their work supports this camp."

Her agency is an economic pow-







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NORTH COUNTRY

erhouse in Utica, with hundreds of employees and a budget of more than \$60 million. There are manufacturing centers in Utica and in Syracuse that package latex gloves used at all airports in the country. CABVI workers operate switchboards at Veterans Affairs facilities and office-supply stores at six military bases in the eastern U.S.

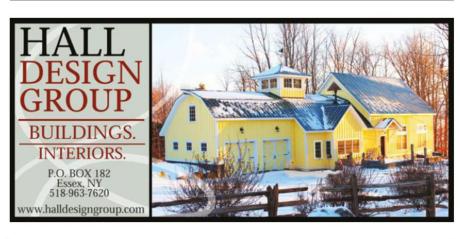
Camp Abilities has a warm-weather component, at Camp Nazareth, near Woodgate in the southwestern Adirondacks. During the first week of August, about three dozen blind boys and girls swim, hike, ride tandem bikes, paddle kayaks, make s'mores, play softball, perfect their Hula Hooping and hang out under the stars. Some kids need one-on-one guidance from counselors, while others plunge headlong into activities. Many hear loons for the first time, and blackflies, mosquitoes and no-see-ums are equal opportunity pests.

One theme at the camps goes beyond recreation and being outdoors. There's a strong component that considers how to prepare visually impaired children and teens for adulthood, higher education and meaningful work. Self-confidence, compassion and curiosity are all pieces of the framework to build success.

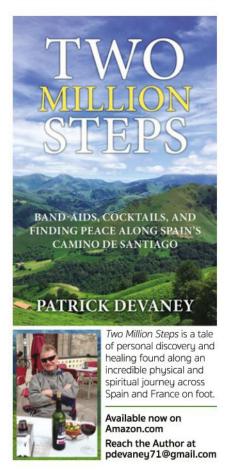
"Imagine having a loss of depth perception or being totally blind and developing the courage to climb a rock wall, ski down a mountain or ride a tandem bike," Beaver says. "You have to overcome fear, trust others, identify character traits within yourself that you can rely on, be brave and daring. And if you can do it once, you can do it again. You can advocate for yourself in the classroom, believe in your dreams, realize your potential and come to understand you are unstoppable. Once we develop strong children who know they can, the rest comes easy." 📥

Camp Abilities 2018, sponsored by the Central Association for the Blind and Visually Impaired, happens February 17–19. Learn more at www.cabvi.org.









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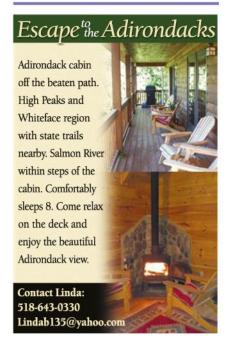
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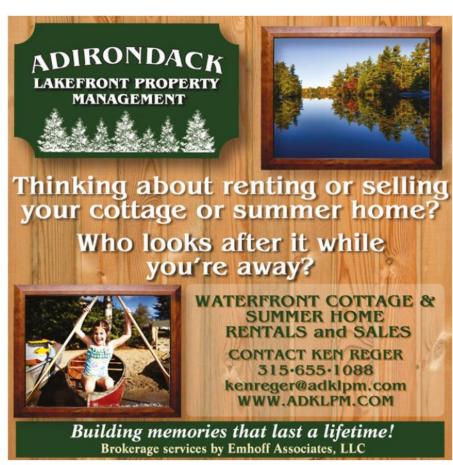
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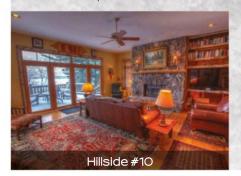


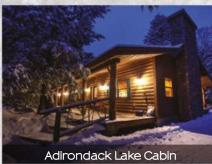
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Skinning Up

A father, a daughter and an early morning tradition

BY KATE MCCAHILL

IT'S STILL DARK when my bedroom door creaks open. My father tiptoes in and sets the cat down beside me on the bed. I check the clock: 5:15. Last night we agreed on five; my father is being kind. Anyway, we both know that if light breaks and we aren't up there, the morning will be wasted, and we might as well have slept in.

Today we're skiing up Whiteface Mountain, which looms over my hometown of Lake Placid. We've hosted the Olympics twice, in 1932 and again in 1980, that famous year when the U.S. beat the Russians on the hockey rink. We're too small to ever host the Games a third time, but that doesn't stop tourists from flocking to see the old venues—the three ice rinks under one roof, and two ski jumps at the edge of town.

And then there's our Olympic mountain: our mighty Whiteface.

In the kitchen, my father whispers, "Today is a two-hat day."

As a rule, I have always hated two-hat days. But I say nothing to my father—I agreed to this, after all, and he is just trying to help—and I pull on two hats, one thin and one thick.

"Ready?" my father whispers, and we squeeze out of the kitchen door, taking care not to let the cat out.

My teeth clack audibly as my father and I drive the winding road to the mountain, a road my father could navigate with his eyes closed. As we drive, the thermometer on the dashboard drops, digit by digit: 14 below, then 15, then 16. By the time we reach the parking lot, the thermometer reads 25 below. A few lights illuminate the trails, which glow blue beneath the star-flecked sky. Besides that, the mountain is silent and dark.

At the bottom of the trail, we peel open our climbing skins and press them to the bases of our

skis so we'll be able to walk uphill. The snow guns blast, and my father removes his hearing aids and puts them in his pocket. I can't feel my hands. We flick our headlamps on, and light pools before us.

Just before we start to walk, my father shouts, "That's Jupiter!" He is pointing at a faint gold dot hanging low in the sky, larger than the other stars.

"Oh!" I shout back. I try to make my voice light, bright, for this is my father, I love him, I love our mountain. But I am freezing, and all I'm thinking of is cold.

"It only gets better from here!" my father shouts encouragingly, and then he turns and begins to trudge.

MY TEETH CLACK AS MY **FATHER AND I DRIVE THE** WINDING ROAD TO THE **MOUNTAIN. THE THER-**MOMETER ON THE DASH-**BOARD DROPS, DIGIT BY** DIGIT: 14 BELOW, THEN 15, THEN 16. BY THE TIME WE REACH THE PARKING LOT. IT'S 25 BELOW.

I have followed my father into the mountains for as long as I can remember. While other kids were learning to walk, I was in our sloping backyard with my father, learning to ski. I remember the snow being deeper in those days, reaching to my shoulders and sometimes even higher. Snow fell on the day of my high-school graduation, in early June. The best Christmas gift I ever received came from my parents when I was 21: four knobby snow tires for my dented car.

Now, my father and I follow the line of the lift past mid-station and suddenly the wind is smacking us full on, streaks of snow snaking towards us over a sheet of sheer ice. For a second. I can't breathe. Tears come.

My father pauses by one of the guns and turns.

"This is always the worst part!" he





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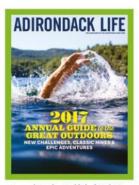
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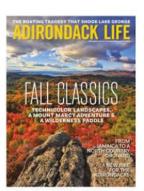
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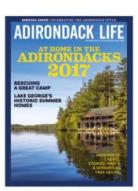
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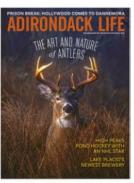


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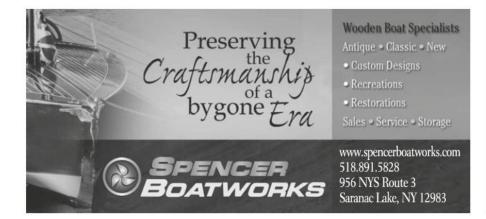
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BARKEATER

shouts. "How ya doin'?"

"Bad!" I shout back; I can't help it, I am doing bad and that's all there is to it

But my father can't hear without his hearing aids.

"Good!" he shouts, and now he has turned back up the hill and is moving beneath the arcing plume of snow that blasts from the gun.

A bad day of skiing is better than a good day at work, my father always says, and I remind myself of this.

Halfway up, my father stops, finally, to turn and look.

"Can't beat that with a stick!" he calls out. Behind us, a line of orange is pressing down onto the dark peaks, and the rest of the sky is turning pink. I squint and think I can see all the way to Lake Champlain.

This is my father's church: the peaks, the trees, the winter air, bitingly clean.

We climb all the way to the top, my father and I, past the summit of Little Whiteface and right on up to the top of Chair 6, the mountain's highest, coldest lift. This little hut—wind-blown, frostbitten—marks the start of the Olympic Downhill, and from where we stand, men and women in sleek suits and helmets have hurtled themselves steeply down, finishing their run 90 long seconds later, their legs burning, their faces flecked with frost, their eyes streaming and their lungs roaring for air.

My father points his skis downhill. "Ready!" he shouts, an invitation instead of a question, and he doesn't wait for my response.

Afterwards, we drive home and eat toast and drink hot chocolate.

"We don't have to prove anything to anyone, now," my father says.

He finishes his breakfast, then goes upstairs and takes a shower and puts on clean clothes for work: pressed khakis, a button-down shirt, brown leather shoes, matching socks. He kisses my mother, puts his hearing aids in, and he's gone.

My mother and I both understand, though, that part of him is still at Whiteface, skinning up.

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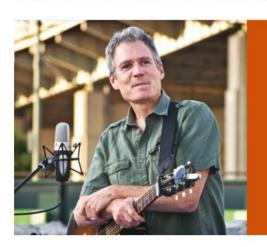
Tupper Lake's wildly popular **Northern Challenge Ice Fishing Tournament**—one of the largest in the state—returns to Simond Pond on February 3. The catch-and-release battle for the biggest northern pike runs from 7 a.m. to 3 p.m. But be sure to get there early, since the derby can attract shanty-to-shanty traffic—after all, there's more than \$30,000 in prizes on the line. Call (518) 359-9715 or visit www.tupperlake.com for details.

For more parkwide events, check out our full calendar at www.adirondacklife.com.

Best in Show

The Adirondack Artists Guild (518-891-2615, www.adirondackartists guild.com), in Saranac Lake, will fete Lynn Manning—the winner of its 2017 Juried Art Show—with a solo exhibition of her paintings. The show runs through January 28, with an opening reception on January 5 at 5 p.m.





Old-Time Tunes

On January 7, Dave Ruch kicks off Adirondack Experience's Cabin Fever Sundays with When Music Was Local: Ballads, Bunkhouses, Fiddles and Flings, an afternoon of Adirondack music and stories starting at 1:30 p.m. For the Blue Mountain Lake museum's winter-weather lineup—including presentations on The Adirondack Roots of American Philosophy, by Marianne Pattinelli-Dubay, and The Life and Times of Adirondack French Louie, by Peter Hemmerich—see www.theadkx.org or call (518) 352-7311.

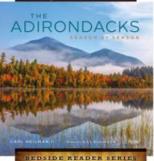
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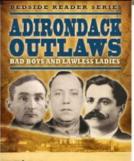
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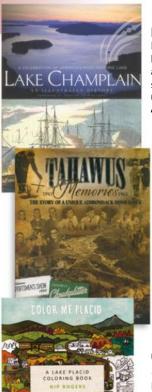
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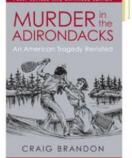
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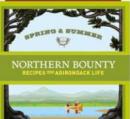
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January 27: Guided Cross-Country Ski. Challenging trek to the summits of Cat and Thomas Mountains with the Lake George Land Conservancy. Register in advance. (518) 644-9673. www.lglc.org

February 1-4: Empire State Winter Games. Amateur New York athletes compete in ski jumping, ice skating and more. Check for times and venues in Lake Placid, Wilmington, Saranac Lake, Tupper Lake, Malone and Paul Smiths. (518) 523-2445. www .empirestatewintergames.com

February 17: Stone Bridge Caveman Snowshoe Race. Six kilometers around the scenic Natural Stone Bridge and Caves complex, in Pottersville. 10:30 a.m. (518) 494-2283. www.stonebridgeandcaves.com

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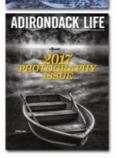
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ADIRONDACK CRAFT BREWERIES M/A 2013 \$6.00 INVASIVE SPECIES S/O BEST OF THE ADIRONDACKS M/J 2014 \$6.00 EXTREME WEATHER N/D BEST OF THE ADIRONDACKS M/J 2015 \$6.00 LAKE CHAMPLAIN & CLIMATE CHANGE M/A BEST OF THE ADIRONDACKS M/J 2016 \$6.00 LOONS S/O AVALANCHES J/F OUTDOOR ACTIVITIES THE WHITE PLAGUE (DISAPPEARING BATS) M/A 11 ESSENTIAL WINTER SKILLS J/F 2009 \$6.00 GHOST BUCK N/D	LOST	2010	\$6.00		
ADIRONDACK CRAFT BREWERIES M/A 2013 \$6.00 INVASIVE SPECIES .S/O BEST OF THE ADIRONDACKS M/J 2014 \$6.00 EXTREME WEATHER .N/D BEST OF THE ADIRONDACKS M/J 2015 \$6.00 LAKE CHAMPLAIN & CLIMATE CHANGE .M/A BEST OF THE ADIRONDACKS M/J 2016 \$6.00 LOONS .S/O AVALANCHES J/F OUTDOOR ACTIVITIES THE WHITE PLAGUE (DISAPPEARING BATS) .M/A 11 ESSENTIAL WINTER SKILLS J/F 2009 \$6.00 GHOST BUCK .N/D	(WHY SO MANY HIKERS DISAPPEAR IN OUR BAC	CKCOUNTRY)			J/A
BEST OF THE ADIRONDACKS M/J 2014 \$6.00 EXTREME WEATHER	ADIRONDACK CRAFT BREWERIESM/A	2013	\$6.00	, , , , , ,	
BEST OF THE ADIRONDACKS. M/J 2015 \$6.00 LAKE CHAMPLAIN & CLIMATE CHANGE. M/A BEST OF THE ADIRONDACKS. M/J 2016 \$6.00 LOONS. S/O AVALANCHES. J/F OUTDOOR ACTIVITIES THE WHITE PLAGUE (DISAPPEARING BATS). M/A 11 ESSENTIAL WINTER SKILLS. J/F 2009 \$6.00 GHOST BUCK. N/D	BEST OF THE ADIRONDACKSM/J	2014	\$6.00		
BEST OF THE ADIRONDACKS	BEST OF THE ADIRONDACKSM/J	2015	\$6.00		
OUTDOOR ACTIVITIES AVALANCHES J/F 11 ESSENTIAL WINTER SKILLS J/F 2009 \$6.00 GHOST BUCK N/D	BEST OF THE ADIRONDACKSM/J	2016	\$6.00		,
OUTDOOR ACTIVITIES THE WHITE PLAGUE (DISAPPEARING BATS)M/A 11 ESSENTIAL WINTER SKILLS			•		
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TOTAL

February 2-11: Saranac Lake Winter

Carnival. Ice castle, parades, contests and performances. Check for schedule. (518) 891-1990. www.sara naclakewintercarnival.com

February 3: Ice Bar Party. Drinks and games at the coolest bar in town. View courtyard, Old Forge. 1 p.m. (315) 601-9728. www.viewarts.org

February 9-11: McCauley Mountain Winter Carnival. Parade down Main Street, ice skating, torchlight skiing, fireworks and more. Townwide, Old Forge. Check for times. (315) 369-6983. www.oldforgeny.com

February 17-18: Raquette Lake

Winter Carnival. A weekend of winter fun, including kids' activities, frying-pan toss and tug-of-war. Townwide. Check for times. (518) 624-3077. www.mylonglake.com

February 17-19: Adirondack White

Out Weekend. Curling, snowshoe hikes, snow croquet and children's activities. Star Lake, Cranberry Lake and Wanakena. Check for schedule. www.adkwow.webs.com

February 24: Frozen Fire & Lights.

Sledding, ice-skating and other outdoor fun at Inlet's Fern Park starting at 10 a.m. Bonfire, food and fireworks at Arrowhead Park beginning at 5 p.m. (315) 357-5501. www .inletny.com

MUSIC & THEATER

January 27-28: Peter and the Wolf.

Sponsored by Piano by Nature; reservations recommended. Hand House, Elizabethtown. Saturday, 7 p.m.; Sunday, 3 p.m. (518) 962-8899. www.pianobynature.org

February 23: Hot Club of San Fran-

cisco. Vintage silent movies set to live gypsy swing. Lake Placid Center for the Arts. 7:30 p.m. (518) 523-2512. www.lakeplacidarts.org

Editors' Note: Because Inside & Out must be prepared so far in advance of publication, telephone numbers are included for the confirmation of times and dates. Email events to calendar@adirondacklife.com.

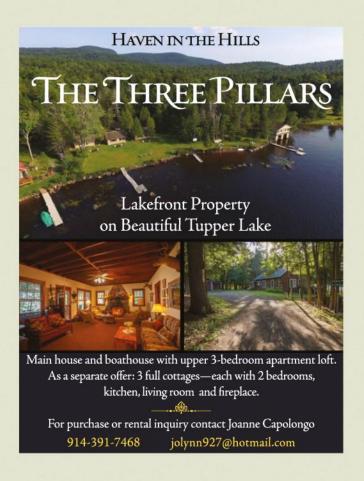


Vote for your favorites!

Vote at www.adirondacklife.com or fill out the ballot below and mail it to: ADIRONDACK LIFE, BOX 410, JAY, NY 12941

Vote for as many or as few categories as you'd like; one business per category. Please include the full name of the business and the town it's in. Only businesses within the Adirondack Park are eligible. Ballots must be postmarked by January 26, 2018. The winners will be announced in the June 2018 issue of *Adirondack Life*.

Provident
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Ice Cream
Candy/Chocolates
Bakery
Casual Dining
Diner
Fine Dining
Outdoor Dining
Cocktails
Microbrewery
Bar
Music Venue
Museum/Historical Site
Tourist Attraction
Arts Organization/Gallery
Festival
Ski Center (Downhill or Cross-Country)
Boat Builder/Restorer
Golf Course
Sports Outfitter
Rustic/Adirondackana Store
Hotel
Bed & Breakfast
Resort
Cottages
Campground
Write-in Category



Jake George

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BREATHTAKING PANORAMIC VIEWS

of the lake, mountains & sunsets. 3,000+sf 5BR, 3BA home w/200' of direct waterfront. Master suite has a screened porch, fireplace & library area. Crib dock w/new sundeck, space for 3 boats. Many upgrades include new septic, new siding, fully automatic generator, alarm system and more. \$3,100,000



75 MILE HIGH PEAKS VIEW!

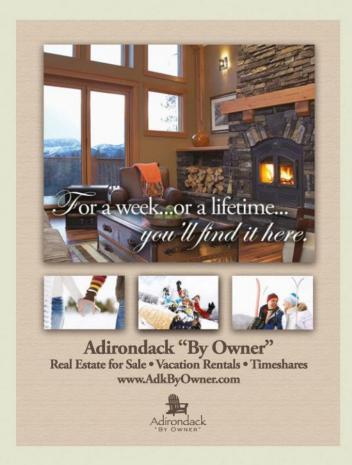
Custom crafted home has incredible views- cathedral ceiling in great room, stone FP & gourmet kitchen. Master suite w/FP & balcony! Lower 2BR's w/views. Bunk room or apartment above garage! Screen porch w/FP, outdoor kitchen w/pizza oven & fire pit. Minutes to Gore Mountain ski

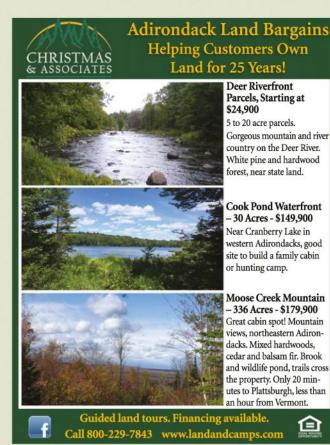


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LOON LAKE MASTERPIECE Spectacular lakefront location with almost 600 feet of waterfront, four bedrooms, screened porch. \$1,750,000



HISTORIC KEENE VALLEY Historic 6 bdrm, 3.5 bath Queen Ann Style Home. Large porches, rolling meadows & beautiful views. \$465,000



HISTORIC SARANAC LAKE Beautiful, high-end, spacious home. 1.2 acre lot, 6 bdrm., 6.5 bath, custom culinary kitchen, 2.5 car garage, Pool. \$595,000



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Meticulously maintained 3 family
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Village and Lake Flower. All units
on separate meters. \$395,000



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Perennial gardens with
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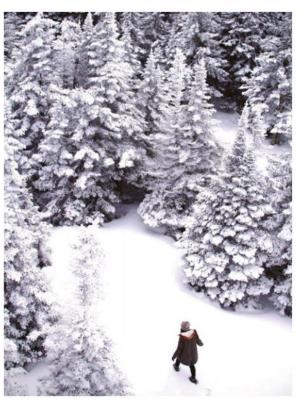
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WINTER, SAYS PHOTOGRAPHER JESSICA OLM, IS ONE OF THE MOST

underappreciated seasons in the Adirondacks. Olm, who splits her time between New York City and North Creek, has paddled, hiked and camped here since she can remember, even learned to ski on Gore Mountain as a toddler. Snow-wrapped peaks and iced-over waters transform "the places I love," she says, "as though I'm seeing them in a new light, for the first time." Follow Jessica Olm on Instagram at @JessOlm

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