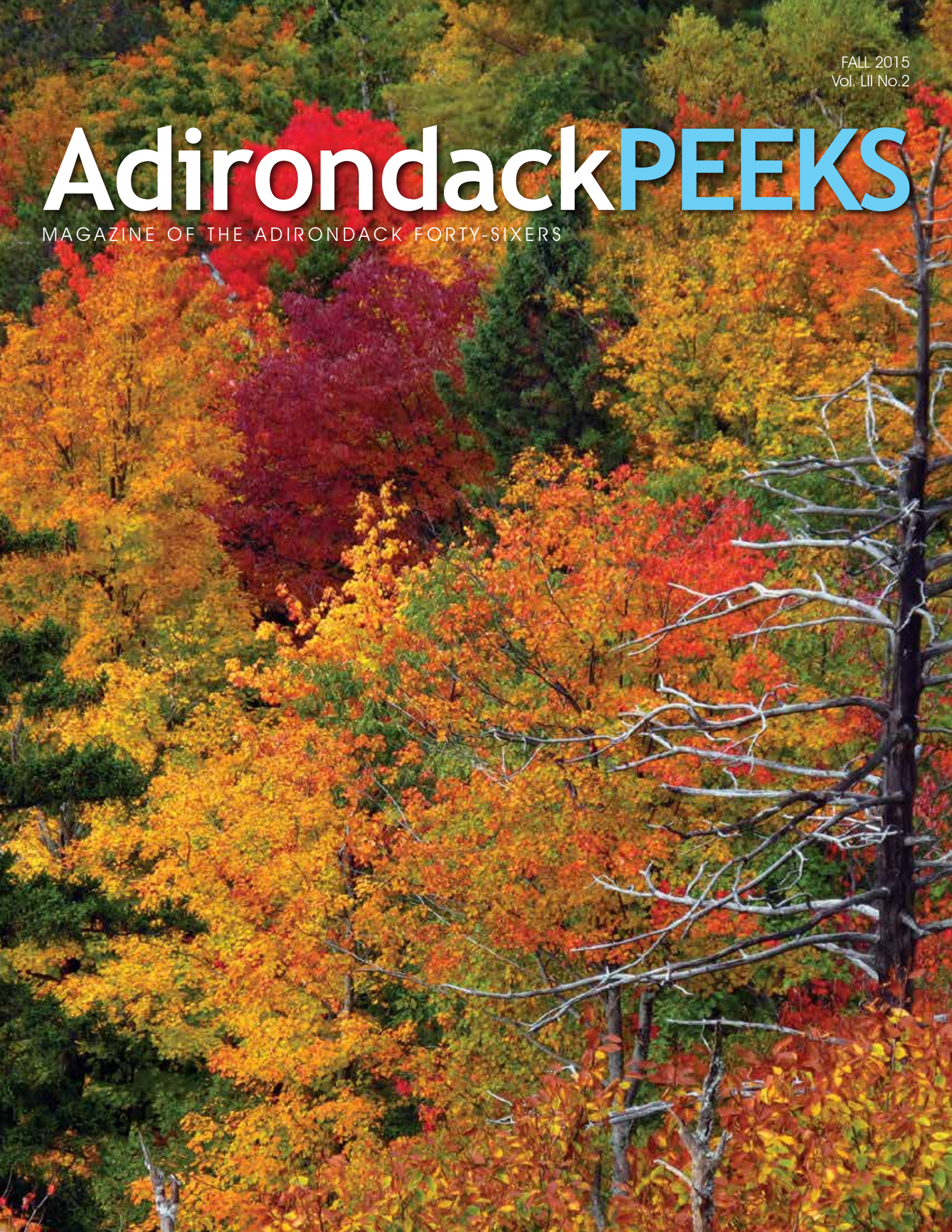


FALL 2015  
Vol. LII No.2

# Adirondack PEEKS

MAGAZINE OF THE ADIRONDACK FORTY-SIXERS



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## AdirondackPEEKs

Semi-Annual Magazine of the Adirondack Forty-Sixers, Inc.

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**Editorial Offices:** Manuscript and photographic submissions for PEEKS should be sent to: Chuck Schwerin, 97 Court Street, Apt. 2, Binghamton, NY 13901. E-mail: cnschwerin@gmail.com

**Orders and payments:** Treasurer, Adirondack Forty-Sixers, P.O. Box 180, Cadyville, NY 12918-0180 E-mail: treasurer@adk46er.org

**Outdoor Skills Workshop:** P.O. Box 126, Lake Placid, NY 12946

**Volunteer trailwork:** adk46ertrailwork@gmail.com

**46er information:** For additional information on club activities and to register to become a 46er visit the club's website at [www.adk46er.org](http://www.adk46er.org), or e-mail [officeofthehistorian46@gmail.com](mailto:officeofthehistorian46@gmail.com).

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# President's Report

The great 46er Paul Jamieson once said that "It is easier to become a Forty-Sixer than to be one. The art of the being is to keep one's sense of wonder after the excitement of the game is over".

You've threaded the herd paths; survived Allen; made it up the Macomb Slide; forgot to carry a rock up Skylight from Four Corners and it rained on you. I remember the distinct moment when I became a 46er on the summit of Mount Marcy back in September of 1998. The feeling of joy was overwhelming and I sensed that I had accomplished something somewhat significant in my life... Things were different then—we were a much smaller club and everyone seemed to know each other. And although today our numbers have tripled, I would imagine that the majority of folks who finish today have the same feelings and that same sense of accomplishment.

As we struggle to define ourselves as a much larger club, our growing numbers can be a force for good—a force for positive change. Keep the wonder and excitement going. There are plenty of simple things that we can do when out and about in the mountains: like pick up litter spotted along the trail, stay on the rock when above treeline, help out a new hiker, and the list goes on. Or consider joining the trail crew for an outing and meet like-minded folks while learning the proper way to side trim a trail—then apply these valuable skills to your bushes at home! Every small effort adds up and can equal a great deal of positive change.

Keep on climbing!

Brian Hoody #4410W

# Homage to the Hudson River

By Bill Localio #316

In August 2008 the director of Camp Treetops, Karen Culpepper, made me a tantalizing offer: would I be interested in going on a field trip with famed saxophonist, Paul Winter, to record original music at Lake Tear of the Clouds?

For those of you boys and girls who are unfamiliar with Winter, he is one of our foremost composers and musicians, a seven time Grammy® winner, world-renowned for his works that are inspired by the natural environment.

Paul's intention was to come to Lake Placid a couple of days before collecting his daughter from camp and had asked Karen if a staff member was available to join him and his field engineer, Chris Brown, for a trip to Lake Tear. His idea was to make a recording celebrating the 400th anniversary of Henry Hudson's sail up the river that now bears his name. He would play at various places along the way, then produce an album from those selections. One obvious place to start was at the headwaters of the river.

When Karen asked if I would go I jumped at the chance. As devoted as I was to my campers, hiking to Lake Tear and listening to Paul Winter play was going to be a lot more interesting than supervising the children's packing to go home. As it turned out, the trip proved to be memorable in more ways than I anticipated.

I wasn't going to be the "guide"—you don't need a guide to hike into Feldspar Lean-to and then up to Lake Tear. But I was going to provide logistical help, food and equipment from camp supplies. About a week before the trip I emailed Paul suggesting that he and Chris come by camp the day before so I could give them any items they might need and, also, so I could check over what they were bringing and make sure it was adequate.

Around 8:30 that morning Paul and Chris unloaded their packs from the trunk of their car. Chris was in his 40s and seemed pretty fit. His gear was light, appropriate, and neatly packed in a high quality backpack. On the other hand, Paul was not outfitted as efficiently. He had a bulky sleeping bag that consumed most of his pack, with an equally cumbersome sleeping pad he planned to carry in one hand. In the other hand was his soprano sax, beautifully packed in a custom-made case.

I gulped, thinking, *You're going to go like that? Up that miserable trail to Lake Arnold?* I persuaded Paul to use one of the camp's Kelty backpacks as well as a light, but warm, sleeping bag and a Z-Rest pad. With the extra room we gained, I was able to slip the sax case inside the pack as well.

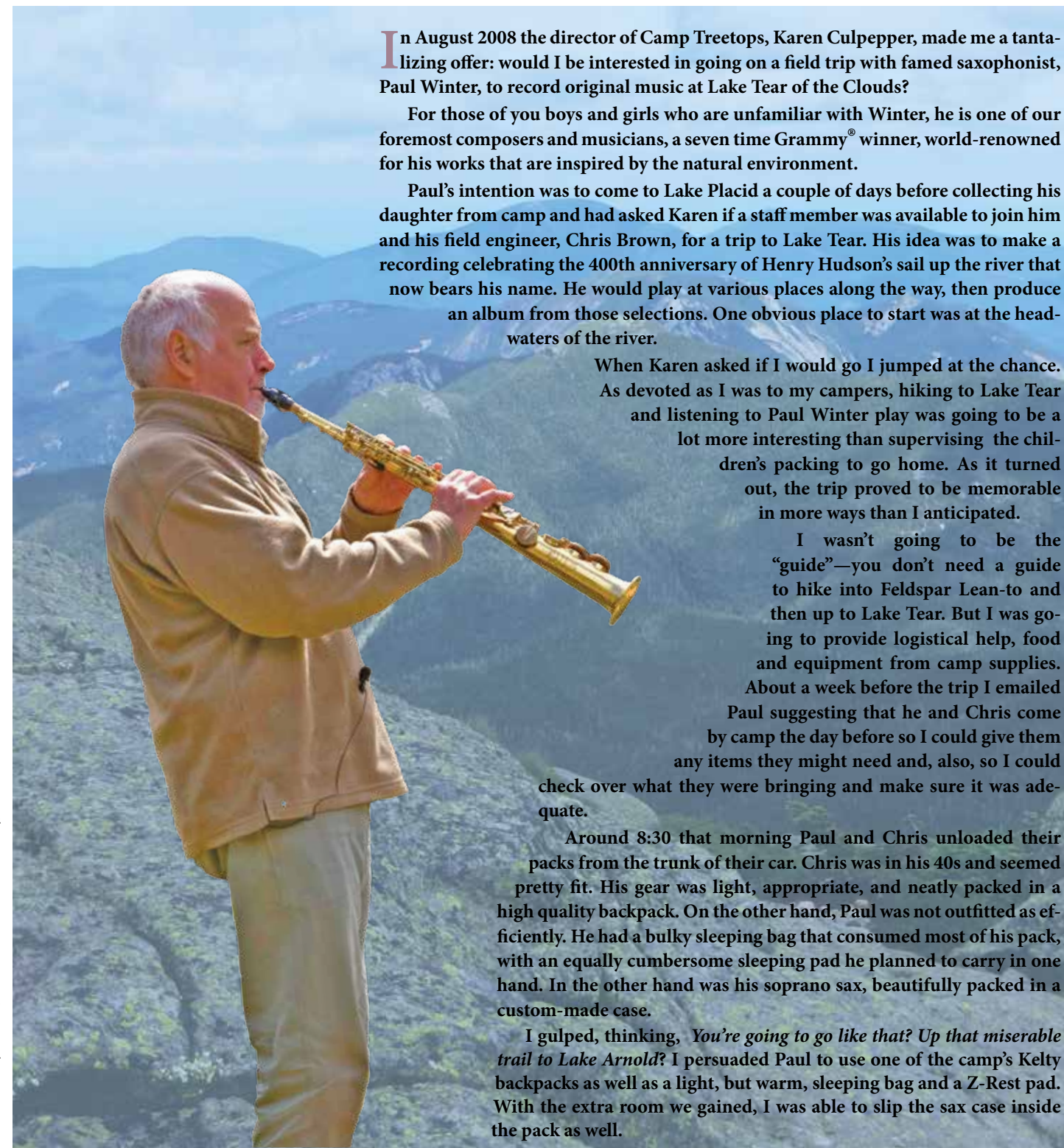


Photo credits: Bill Eltzy (Paul Winter) and Suzanne Lance #1802W (View from Marcy)



Lake Tear of the Clouds.

Photo credit: Tom Clark #700

The sound floated up, bouncing off the steep cliffs surrounding the pond. It was beautiful.

Before we send campers out on a trip we check all their personal gear but I assumed there was no need to do that with Paul and Chris. I just asked if each had raingear, a wool hat, a headlamp or flashlight, a fleece or warm sweater, and two liters of water. “Yep,” they said. “We’re all set.”

I was no youngster—in my early 60s in 2008—and didn’t relish carrying my (now) 50 lb. pack into Feldspar Lean-to, but with all of Chris’s technical gear and Paul’s sax they just didn’t have any room for group gear or food. So, a bit later than I wanted, we drove to the Loj and started up toward Marcy Dam.

Around noon we stopped for lunch at the Dam, sitting by the old lake. It was a lovely day and we chatted quietly, getting to know one another, as hikers walked by, unaware of the celebrity in their presence.

“Are we almost there?” Paul asked as we

shouldered our loads to go.

“Ahh...no. We still have four miles left and three of those miles are pretty rough going.” Then I added, reassuringly, “That’s why we need to get going now, so we can give ourselves lots of time.”

Over lunch Paul had been telling me about his earlier recording trips out West, riding horses and accompanied by outfitters. *Hmm, this is going to be different*, I thought.

We made it up to Feldspar without much difficulty and shared the lean-to with two young guys. They were surprised when Paul pulled out his sax and did some warming up, but didn’t appear to recognize him. We had a good supper, which I prepared, and both Chris and Paul pitched in with the cleanup. The next morning we assembled our day packs for the hike up to Lake Tear.

Paul clearly was in a different mood now, his

creative game face securely fastened.

Once we got to Lake Tear I saw an experienced professional who knew exactly what he wanted. He went out onto different spots at the edge of the lake, playing his sax and instructing Chris to make sample recordings. Paul checked the sound to make sure he was getting satisfactory results. I just stayed in the background. The sound floated up, bouncing off the steep cliffs surrounding the pond. It was beautiful. Paul must have played at least 45 minutes in several places, regularly consulting with Chris. A few hikers came up the trail, marveling at the sound. One guy came down from Grey Peak, encountering me at the edge of Lake Tear. He said he’d been near the summit when he first heard the music. “Gee, that sounds just like Paul Winter.”

“It is Paul Winter,” I replied. He was

## Lake Tear or Bust

By Paul Winter

My first iconic, panoramic view of the Hudson was from Pete Seeger’s mountain-top home near Beacon, when I visited him in 1967. In that same month, I attended a concert of Pete’s near the Hudson in Garrison, NY, where he announced his dream to build a replica of a 19th century sloop to sail up and down the Hudson to awaken peoples’ involvement in cleaning up the river.

Fast forward to 1979, when my Consort was invited to play at the second Hudson River Revival; and then to 1994 when Pete and the Consort played a concert at the Bardavon Opera House in Poughkeepsie, to celebrate the 25th anniversary of the sloop “Clearwater”. Meanwhile, since 1988, I’d been producing an album with Pete in my barn in Connecticut, along with various choruses, and the album was finally finished in 1995. On the album were Pete’s songs “Sailing Down My Golden River,” “Of Time and Rivers Flowing,” and “River of My People,” along with 15 others. So I had already had a taste of the Hudson River lore, when one evening in the late ‘90s, I played for the annual gala of the non-profit organization Scenic Hudson in Tarrytown. I stayed that night at the home of my long-time friend Fred Osborn, who lived in the Vanderbilt Castle overlooking the River in Garrison, and on whose land that original “sloop concert” had taken place in ‘67. Fred said: “You’re doing albums all over the world, about the Grand Canyon and about Lake Baikal in Siberia, why don’t you do an album celebrating the Hudson?” So the idea began to percolate, and when I mentioned it during a couple of subsequent concerts at towns along the Hudson, people were enthusiastic.

I like to approach my albums as James Michener did in his novels: going back to the very earliest times in the region, learning about the geology,

the creatures, the earliest humans, and the historical period. So it was natural to want to begin by visiting the source of the Hudson, at Lake Tear of the Clouds. That visit we made was really a “recce,” a reconnaissance. Had the album gone forward, I’d have returned with a small entourage, probably including other instrumentalists. The vision was to follow the progress of the River and, when it became navigable, to do a boat trip all the

In addition to the challenge of getting out of the woods before dark, I was, of course, very concerned when my field engineer, Chris Brown, went missing.

At Lake Tear I was improvising, playing calls to hear what reverberation I might be getting. At some points it was quite lovely, maybe three or four seconds. The fun is you can, on the album, give listeners a sense of the space of the place you’re celebrating. And it also sometimes



Paul Winter at Lake Tear of the Clouds. Photo credit: Chris Brown

way to the City, recording at various places along the way, ending up playing in New York’s Cathedral of St. John the Divine.

The model for this river trip was our experience in the Grand Canyon in the ‘80s, during which we did three three-week river-rafting recording expeditions down the 277 miles of the Colorado River, the first time with 40 people and three other times with 21. From those adventures came our 1986 album CANYON.

The visit to Lake Tear was different from other wilderness pilgrimages I’ve made simply because it was all hiking. Most of the other adventures involved some means of transport: the rafts in the Grand Canyon, Zodiacs with the whales in the Pacific; horses in the Rockies; kayaks with the orcas in British Columbia; a converted tug-boat on Lake Baikal; dog-sleds into wolf country in northern Minnesota. The last part of the hike down from Lake Tear was one of the most arduous experiences, simply because we had tried to cram into the two days a trip which probably should have allowed three.

gives the player a sense that the Earth is answering, especially when there’s an echo of some kind. I had no musical themes in mind when I came. These always emerge from the experience of playing on the land.

The Hudson album never evolved, as I was not able to find the funding it needed. These kinds of projects are expensive—more like a film than a studio-recorded album—as they involve many different people, expeditions, and a huge amount of time. As to the question of whether the album might ever happen: it would depend on whether organizations and/or people who love the river, its valley and heritage, want to hear music that celebrates it and are able to support the production effort. ■

*Note: The new “Pete-Pak”, which includes the remastered Grammy-winning album PETE, and a new DVD of never-before-released films of Pete Seeger performing with the Consort and others will be released this fall—available through Paul Winter’s website: [www.paulwinter.com](http://www.paulwinter.com).*

stunned.

It was haunting, lovely, and utterly compatible with the serenity of Lake Tear. That's what made it so effective. Someone else playing an instrument there would have sounded pretty, but Paul's music just resonated the spirituality of the place. They took no breaks. Paul moved around but never stopped. It was, "Okay, now I'm going to play over here." The engineer just recorded; there was no back and forth. This was Paul Winter in complete control, a master musician utterly in tune with his space. It was very, very impressive.

After perhaps one and a half hours he said, "We're done here. Let's go." Chris packed away the technical gear, Paul stowed his instrument, we had a quick lunch and down the trail we headed.

It's a pretty bad trail dropping back down to Uphill, rocky and steep. Paul was moving carefully, picking his way. Chris, perhaps frustrated by the slow pace, moved ahead of us. I was in the back, paying attention to Paul, and neglected to give Chris the standard admonition to wait at all trail junctions. We got to the split where you turn right toward Feldspar Lean-to and in a few minutes arrived at the shelter. But Chris was nowhere to be found. I looked for a note. I wondered if Chris had just gone ahead, but I noticed all his gear was still there from the night before. Maybe he's just in the woods, going to the bathroom. Paul was a bit concerned but I said "Let's just start packing up. I'm sure Chris will show up." We dawdled. Thirty minutes went by. No Chris. I wasn't really worried about him. He was a savvy guy, strong and sensible. He'd obviously taken a wrong turn and would figure it out. I checked my watch.

"Let's get going, Paul, we have six and a

half miles to go. Chris will catch up." Paul really didn't like this idea but I was pretty firm and expressed great confidence in Chris. I grabbed some of Chris's excess gear



Paul Winter, Bill Localio and Chris Brown.

to lighten his load going out, lamenting to myself that my pack was now going to be about as heavy as it was going in. I left Chris a big note with directions and a map and we started out.

Paul was moving even more slowly now and the climb up to Lake Arnold, never easy, took longer than I had hoped. Paul kept looking over his shoulder, clearly worried about his colleague. Just after we crested the pass and began heading down toward Avalanche Camp we heard a shout. Chris, smiling and moving well, caught up with us. Paul was hugely relieved. As we continued, Chris told me quietly that he'd blown by the trail junction but fairly quickly realized the terrain didn't look familiar, especially as he came to the Opalescent River and Uphill Lean-to. He had stopped a hiker to get directions. "Is this the way to Feldspar Lean-to?" he asked. Pointing down the trail toward Flowed Lands the hiker said, "Yes, just keeping heading that way." After about fifteen minutes Chris realized this certainly wasn't correct. He retraced his steps, saw the trail junction he'd missed the first time, found the lean-to and my note. He packed his gear and hurried to catch up to us.

The trail down from Lake Arnold was awful; it was impossible to move fast. But Paul was crawling. He stopped every fifteen

minutes to fuss with something but I knew he just was getting really tired. I encouraged him, saying once we hit Avalanche Camp it would get much easier. Meanwhile, I kept glancing at my watch. It was getting uncomfortably late.

We reached Marcy Dam about an hour before dark. I suggested we locate our lights for easy access in our packs. Chris retrieved his headlamp. Paul pulled out one of those tiny four-inch long flashlights that you might keep in the glove compartment of your car.

Fortunately, the rest of the hike was uneventful. We reached the parking lot at dusk, exchanged gear, and gave each other warm goodbyes. Paul reached into his car and grabbed a CD made from a trip he'd taken several years earlier to Crestone, Colorado, home of the Sangre de Cristo

mountains, and probably one inspiration for our trip to Lake Tear. In the liner notes Paul had written: *We hiked up there with Steve Van Zandt, our field recording engineer (Yes, THAT Steve, from Springsteen's E Street Band and The Sopranos), who had been on several of our Grand Canyon expeditions. I played my sax at various points around the lake. The sound was thrilling, and the setting spectacular. This was the place.*

Paul pulled out a marker and wrote on the CD, *For Bill, with great gratitude. In celebration, Paul.*

The project to celebrate the Hudson doesn't appear to have resulted in the release of a new Paul Winter album—at least not yet—but I keep the CRESTONE CD in my car and listen to it now and then. It reminds me of those shimmering notes floating above Lake Tear. ■

Scan this QR code to hear: "Sailing Down My Golden River" From PETE by Pete Seeger



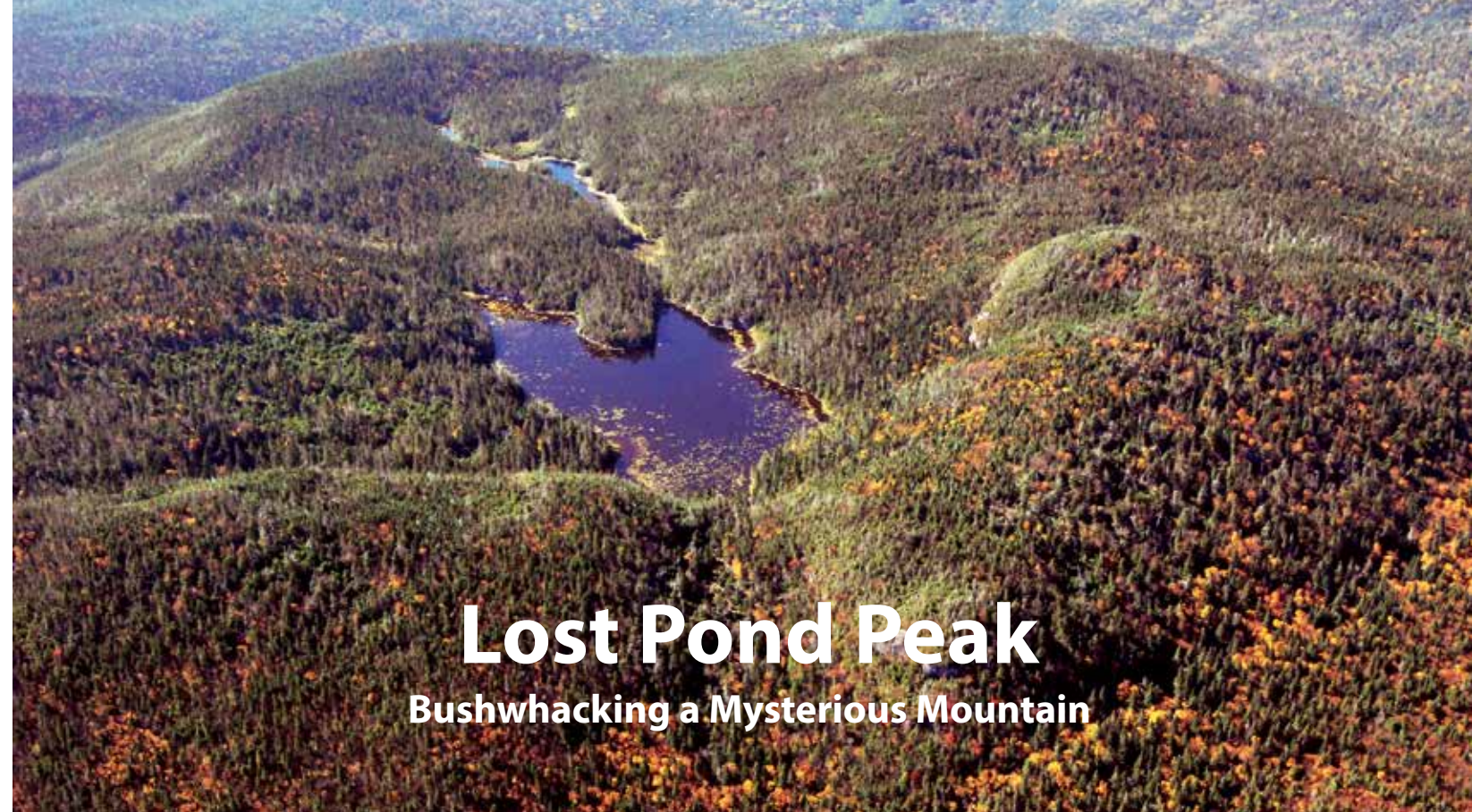
http://music.paulwinter.com/track/sailing-down-my-golden-river

Scan this QR code to hear:

"Song to the Mountains" From CRESTONE by Paul Winter



http://music.paulwinter.com/track/song-to-the-mountains



## Lost Pond Peak Bushwhacking a Mysterious Mountain

Photo credit: Bill Skiff

By Bill Skiff #6942

West of Algonquin, south of Street, north of MacNaughton, east of the Cold River Valley, and in the midst of unpenetrable wilderness, somewhere between Indian Pass and the Northville-Placid Trail, lies a mountain of mystery known as Lost Pond Peak.

When I discovered it on the ADK map over three years ago, I asked my venerable 46er correspondent and historian Mindy Jatulis #2383 to tell me all he could about this mountain, the highest unnamed peak in New York. He responded wistfully that he tried more than once to climb it, but always ran out of time before completing the ascent. With no trail, established herd path, or gentle approach, it was no trek to be taken lightly. I offered to go with him to try it again, but he said that, alas, it was too late for him (he was well into his seventies by then), but he said he knew I would ascend it some day, and asked me to send him a report with pictures of it when I succeeded. Since he faithfully corresponded with me during my completion of the ADK 46 and guided me in his wisdom with those hikes, I promised him I would.

A couple of years ago my wife June and I

celebrated our anniversary in the High Peaks region. While there, we stopped at the Lake Placid airport and took a reconnaissance flight over Lost Pond Peak. It was supposed to be an Adirondack tour flight but I asked the pilot to circle Lost Pond Peak and pulled out my Nikon D80 to get some aerial photos of the entire area.

Once we started circling the peak, I could see the entire mountain in great detail. From the west one could see Roaring Brook draining out of Lost Pond. On a topographic map you can see from the contour lines how cone-



Dan Skiff, Bill Skiff, Brian Shaughnessy, and Sharon Shaughnessy.

shaped this extinct volcano is and how the lava used to flow out of the cone long ago, where Roaring Brook is now. (This Roaring Brook is not to be confused with the famous one near Giant Mountain). To the south you could see miles of swampy dense growth leading to Scott Pond and MacNaughton Mountain. From the east, one could see where we later planned to enter the cone, right at a notch in the eastern rim. To the north you could see Street and Nye Mountains. After coming back home I looked for every hiking account I could find for this mountain. The more I looked into it, the more obsessed I became with planning and executing this trek.

I was fascinated by the fact that even from the summit of nearby Algonquin (which is over one thousand feet higher) I could not see Lost Pond! It was truly lost to those not actually standing by it. My imagination drew me to wonder what Mesozoic or Jurassic creature (formerly thought to be extinct) lurked in the secret confines of this extinct volcanic cone! There were few hiking accounts to be found but all of them stated that there is no "easy" way up this mountain, and that it is all too easy to underestimate how much time it takes to hike such a short dis-

tance, on account of the rugged terrain.

After two years and many attempts of trying to coordinate schedules and get good weather, my daughter Sharon, son Dan, son-in-law Brian, and I finally got a date that would work. The start was innocent enough. We got someone to take our picture at the ADK Visitor's Center at the Adirondak Loj. Sadly, we didn't get to start until noon, which put a crimp in our timetable. But the weather was great and we would make up the time.

Dan (who is a captain in the Army Reserves and experienced in land navigation) downloaded a great military map, (military grid reference system, or MGRS) specifically of Lost Pond Peak. He plotted points and was able to identify exactly where we were at any time with compass, map, and GPS. This was a tremendous blessing, especially since there was nothing to see to navigate by once the bushwhack started.



Bill takes a break. Photo credit: Sharon Shaughnessy

got even worse when blowdown crisscrossed the entire ground. Cripplebrush slowed us down and obscured where we needed to put our feet, threatening to send us falling off the logs we were trying to negotiate with our 40-pound packs. One slip and you'd fall quite a ways, risking broken legs, concussions, and

to finish the climb! Until we got to the top, we took very few pictures of the bushwhack. There wasn't much to see and we were running out of time (as we could go no faster than 1/2 mile an hour at best). Once night fell our headlamps would only be marginally helpful in such dense growth. If we had not been so short on time, we would have explored until we found a good vantage point from which to see the MacIntyre Range; we knew there was a good view of it somewhere on that side of the mountain.

We finally got near the notch we were shooting for and found a way to scale a cliff on the right side. Changing plans, we went straight for the highest point on the ridge. The trees were so dense we could not even see Lost Pond. A picture of the sharp-peaked summit would have been indistinguishable from a brush pile so we didn't even attempt to take one.

it was really pounding. We dreaded the fact that with the moss-covered rocks and slippery logs, our danger level had just doubled and we hadn't even found the pond yet! We finally got to sleep around 6:00 a.m., only to wake at 8:00 and realize we needed to get moving. By then, the rain had mercifully stopped. We hastily ate our breakfast, packed up our gear, and set our course where we knew Lost Pond had to be. In the swamp, the ground and many stumps and rocks were covered with enormously thick moss. We dropped down off the northern ridge and swung southeast. With great rejoicing, we broke through a shroud of cripplebrush to discover the shores of Lost Pond! It was so well concealed that our first glimpse of it was when we were actually standing on the shoreline. Even with the fog and the mist, it was a beautiful sight. It was satisfying to know that in all of history there are only a handful of recorded ascents of Lost Pond Peak, and even fewer people who made it to Lost Pond, but we were now among them.

Even more encouraging was the sight of a shoreline with rocks from which we could easily replenish our water supply, which by now had become dangerously low. As we pumped water through our filter and filled up all our Camelbacks and Nalgene bottles with pure, cold, flavorful water, it also dawned on us that we might very well be among the first people in recorded history to safely drink from the waters of Lost Pond. Thankfully, the shoreline was very walk-able most of the way, enabling us to bushwhack around the lake and up over the infamous notch with relatively little trouble. This was a good thing, since we didn't get started from our overnight camp until 10:00 a.m., and the chance of rain was up to 80% by 1:00 p.m.

We climbed the steep inside of the volcanic cone to traverse the notch and it occurred to me that this is the only mountain in the Adirondacks I am aware of that has a volcanic "lake" at the top. From the top of the notch, on the rim, we decided on a different route down, rather than face the torture of the intense blowdown and cripplebrush that had plagued us on the way up. Our alternate way down was much steeper, more direct and much more dangerous in other ways. We went for the steep drainage, which almost directly cascades all the way down to Indian

## It occurred to me that this is the only mountain in the Adirondacks I am aware of that has a volcanic "lake" at the top.

Pass Brook. While there was no guarantee there would be less blowdown or cripplebrush, it was certain to be much steeper.

It proved to be a good call. There were fewer obstructions, which made the hike much faster and easier in one sense, but the

covered with leaves. What appeared to be solid ground, once stepped on, revealed no support at all, causing a drop to rocks many feet below. We became proficient at stopping ourselves before breaking our legs but all came away with bruises. Dan bravely explored and 'found' most of the voids that caused us to 'post-hole', causing his legs to look like someone had attacked him with a baseball bat. We traversed open talus slopes and hiked down the middle of streams until waterfalls prevented progress. At times there were cliffs on both sides and nothing but a slippery rock cascade to follow, with blowdown and insecure ground to overcome.

It was 1:45 p.m. when we finally reached Indian Pass Brook. After a very short bushwhack from the brook we were on the Indian Pass Trail again, about a mile further south on from where we started our ascent, bruised, scraped, poked, wet, and tired. Compared to bushwhacking, we were able to hike almost eight times faster on the trail, making the three-plus mile return to the Loj seem almost insignificant. We all marveled at what a difference a well-maintained trail makes in hiking speed!

On our way home we stopped at the Tamarack Inn in downtown Lake George for a hearty dinner and locally brewed beer. We thanked God for his mercies in preserving us in this remarkable hike! Needless to say, we all slept well that night. ■



Brian Shaughnessy (bandanna) and Dan Skiff negotiating blow-down. Photo credit: Sharon Shaughnessy

added dangers we faced included many sheer cliffs over 50 feet tall. These always seemed to come upon us unannounced. The logs and algae-covered rocks we encountered on the steep descent were wet and slippery. Between many rocks were voids, which were

We really don't know why the Adirondack Dome began to rise, and why it continues to rise—by some estimates, one of the fastest-rising mountain ranges on earth, perhaps as fast as one or two millimeters a year, which is actually incredibly fast.

— Richard Gibson <http://historyoftheearthcalendar.blogspot.com/2014/05/may-24-adirondacks.html>



Hammock Village. Photo credit: Bill Skiff

After hiking an hour and a half on the Indian Pass Trail, we figured we were at the point (about 2.25 miles in) where we needed to start bushwhacking west. A short ways into it, we came to Indian Pass Brook, which was the end of the easy bushwhack. We located a ridge on the northeast side of the mountain which seemed the least steep for the ascent and also less obstructed, shaded by tall trees and offering minimal blowdown.

This proved to be true at first, but not long afterwards the going got tough. The closer we got to the top, the denser the blowdown and hemlock saplings became. We were trying not to hit each other in the face with branches, which blocked our way almost the entire way up. Often, we could not see much more than ten feet ahead of us. It



Lost Pond shoreline. Photo credit: Bill Skiff

a spearing by dead branches like the Punji sticks used by the Viet Cong in jungle pits.

Thick groves of hemlock shed thousands of needles on our heads, in our hair, down our shirts, in our pants, pricking and poking until our skin looked like we had measles. Yet, we kept up our spirits, determined

We were running out of water and time so we headed down towards where we figured the pond should be. With light failing us, we found a swampy area and set up our "Hennessey Hammock" village. It was tough to find enough clear space to stretch the hammocks out but we managed to do that without chopping down trees (which we were loath to do!). The beauty of those hammocks is that one can truly spend the night without a trace that anyone was there, even in a swamp! That night none of us slept very well, despite the comfort of our hammocks and the exhaustion we felt from the grueling ascent. We were all praying that we would get back in one piece, especially since rain was forecast to come in the next day.

At 1:00 a.m. the rain started. By 4:30