



# Susquehannock Hiker

On Foot in Potter County...God's Country



Winter 2011

PO Box 643 • Coudersport, PA 16915 • www.stc-hike.org • info@stc-hike.org

The purposes of the STC are to build and maintain trails, aid in the conservation of wetlands and wildlife, and promote good fellowship through the medium of hiking and nature study.

## Winter Frolic Saturday February 19, 2011



When: **Saturday February 19, 2011**

Dinner: **Begins at 6:00 PM**

Price: **\$10.00 per person**

Where: **Gold Church  
Route 449  
Genesee, PA 16923**

Menu: **Chicken  
Mashed Potatoes  
Macaroni and Cheese  
Corn  
Cole Slaw  
Dinner Rolls  
Eclair Cake**

RSVP: **Saturday February 15, 2011**

Program: **STC 2010 Adirondack Trip**

The Susquehannock Trail Club's annual Winter Frolic will be held Saturday February 19, 2011. It's Presidents Day weekend! Bring your sweetheart and enjoy a weekend of patriotic adventure in Northcentral Pennsylvania!

Guided events are still being planned. Stay tuned to our website for detailed information. Possible activities we're thinking about include: cross country skiing, snowshoeing, or winter hiking, (depending on snow depth). If you have other ideas, please include them on your reservation form. All activities are subject to reservations.

In the evening, the club will gather at a new location—the Gold Church located along Route 449 in the village of Gold, PA, approximately 4/10 of a mile north of the intersection of Route 49. Dinner will be provided by the catering service of Downey's Restaurant in Ulysses, PA

A short STC business meeting will follow the dinner. The evening program will be recollections of the 2010 STC Adirondack trip with accompanying photos by Curt Weinhold. ☞

## Wild Game/Harvest Supper

By Tom Fitzgerald

The annual Wild Game/Harvest Supper was held on October 9, 2010 at St. Paul's Lutheran Church Parish Hall in Coudersport, PA. The highlight of the meeting was a song written by STC President Wanda Shirk, entitled, *Mighty Big Boots to Fill*, which honored the long service of retiring president and secretary Wil and Betty Ahn. Wil and Betty were presented with several gifts, one of which being a gift certificate to the Corner Café restaurant in Ulysses, PA.

A special guest was Randy Cimino of Roulette, PA, a young man who had recently hiked both the Appalachian and Pacific Crest trails, and is planning to hike the Continental Divide Trail. He joined the Susquehannock Trail Club at the meeting.

A business meeting ended the evening. The planned entertainment, a DVD presentation on hiking the Appalachian Trail was canceled due to the lack of cables to connect the DVD player to the projector.

Once again, special thanks to Becky Monger, and daughter, Sarah, for kitchen preparation and clean-up. ☞

# Adirondack Trip

By Bill Boyd, Pat Childs, and Wanda Shirk

The idea of reviving the annual trip to the Adirondack High Peaks Area came up a few times during 2009. Finally enough members were interested that Pat Childs was given the go-ahead to look into it. Pat presented the information which she had gathered, at the February, 2010 Winter Frolic.

The estimated cost of the trip was \$300 per person, with half to be paid by April and the balance due by August. Reservations for the week of September 12-18 were made at Kilkenny Lodge near Elizabethtown, a facility that could accommodate approximately 16 people.

Fifteen people made reservations: Clair Almeter, Bob and Helen Bernhardt, Bill Boyd, Pat Childs, Dianne Franco, Lynne Graham, Martyanne Gutierrez, Bryn Hammerstrom, Elaine Pike, George Petriesk, Bob Ross, Wanda Shirk, Tom Weaber, and Curt Weinhold. George was forced to cancel at the last minute due to knee problems. The other fourteen of us left for the Adirondacks on Sunday, September 12, 2010.

We arrived at various times Sunday afternoon, and got settled in for a week of hiking and exploring. We found Kilkenny Lodge to be very spacious with numerous bedrooms, several bathrooms, a den, a large kitchen and an even larger dining/living area. It was built by a family from Philadelphia around 1901 as a summer retreat. It has since had many upgrades, such as plumbing and electric wiring, kitchen and bath fixtures, and heaters. It's in a very private location, but only a couple of miles from Elizabethtown. Everyone brought food from home, which helped greatly with the cost.

On Monday, a group of ten went out Ausable Road to the Adirondack Mountain Reserve - a country-club-style estate, with golf course, hotel, and hundreds of acres of forest and trails. The estate allows the public to use the property, subject to a few rules. The group split into two, with some opting for an easy return hike, while the others went on to Indian Head Vista. The latter group got caught in the rain at the vista, but it later abated, so they hiked on to Rainbow Falls. This majestic waterfall is higher than Niagara. The party said it was the best waterfall they had ever seen. The hike for the day was about 10 miles. The remaining four toured around the area and checked out the smaller Split Rock, Roaring Brook and Cascade falls, which were at roadside or only a short hike from the highway.

On Tuesday, a group of 13 hiked to Owl's Head Lookout—about a 5½-mile round trip. A 2¾-mile hike doesn't sound too bad until you experience those trails. The trail starts out like a normal trail through the woods, but as the route gets rockier and steeper, the footpath deteriorates into a rock-scramble. Going down was as hard as going up, and took just as long. When the trail topped out at 2480 feet, the first thing the group saw was two tents. A

couple of guys from New Jersey were camping up there. It was so windy that it seemed amazing that the tents didn't blow off the mountain.

On Wednesday, Curt, Bryn, Marty, Tom, and Wanda climbed Algonquin Peak, the second highest Adirondack peak at over 5100 feet. The trail was about 3.7 miles long, and it took three hours and forty minutes each way. Bob, Helen, Dianne, Lynne and Bill climbed Cascade Peak, which is an "easy" climb, at 4098 feet. But the trails were equally tough as Algonquin's. We thought it was windy on Owl's head, but we weren't prepared for the wind up there. A couple of us made it to the very summit and got pictures of the markers embedded into the rock. We didn't tarry, as you would need warmer clothes to survive very long up there.

It rained on Thursday. Eleven of the group visited a Wild Center in Tupper Lake. A naturalist there gave talks on ravens, otters, and other things. Some of the group visited abolitionist John Brown's pre-civil-war homestead and gravesite. That day Elaine and Bill toured the Lake Champlain area, and climbed an old fire-tower at Mt. Belfry. From there you had a nice view across the lake, into Vermont. Some of the group had dinner out that evening, and others went back to the lodge, had some leftovers, fixed drinks, and sat around enjoying their stay in a ¾-million-dollar house.

## Come to the Winter Frolic for Curt Weinhold's Adirondack trip photos.

On Friday, Some went to the museum in Elizabethtown. Wanda and Dianne took a 10-mile bike ride around the area. Pat, Clair, and Bill climbed Little Crow. Little Crow isn't a very high peak and the climb isn't too bad, but the view is great. You can even see the ski slopes on Whiteface Mountain from there.

On Saturday, Wanda, Tom, Curt, and Marty climbed Mt Marcy. Marcy is the highest peak in New York State, at 5344 feet. It's a 7½-mile hike each way, and it took the group longer than expected. They didn't return to the lodge until after dark, which was becoming a concern for the rest of us. Another group climbed Algonquin Peak.

There were other activities as well. Some of us re-visited some of the waterfalls, which were running much better after Thursday's rain. We had a fire in the fireplace just about every night. Since we were all able to be seated around the huge dining table at one time, we swapped stories and played games most evenings. Everyone pitched in with the cooking, serving and clean-up. Because of all of the food brought from home, the trip cost only about \$215 per person—about \$85 less than estimated.

All in all, it was a wonderful week. Some are already anxious to go again next year. ☺

# Skiing the Kamikaze

By Joe Nachtwey

We awoke to a blustery Winter Frolic morn, February 15, 2010, with a light coating of fresh snow. A group of nineteen set out from the Forestry building at 10AM on a southerly course along the Patterson Park bike trail. As we approached the airfield we diverted from the bike trail onto the “red ribbon” trail recently marked by Joe Allis (and perhaps others). We followed the red ribbon trail in a southerly direction along the eastern edge of the airfield and across Lyman Run road. At that point, the trail took us into the woods towards Splash Dam hollow.

Approximately 1/4 mile into the woods the “new” trail intersects with the Susquehannock Trail (White Line segment) at which point we turned left onto the White Line and back towards the registry book. The Group then followed the Ridge Trail east toward Billy Brown Hollow. A recent blowdown at the intersection of the Ridge Trail and the newly named Wil & Betty Ahn trail proved to be an excellent lunch spot with seating for the entire group.

The lunch spot was also the decision point where the group had to choose between a straight shot back to the Susquehannock Lodge down the Wil & Betty Ahn trail to Billy Brown Trail, or a more adventurous route that would include some serious bushwhacking and ultimately a trip down “Kamikaze” trail!

Arguing that discretion is the better part of valor, Gary & Rachel Burger, Rich & Wendy Centenaro, Patty Corcoran, Chris & Tiffany Findlan, Dave & Mary Ann McGuckin, Nancy Nachtwey, and Rob & Schanna Rounds chose the Wil & Betty Ahn Trail.

From here, the story will track the adventurous (foolish?) Kamikaze group. Seven of the heartier skiers chose this route: Ned Corcoran, Tony DeVito, Debbie Gross, Joe Nachtwey, Mike & Gloria Hasel, and Jeff Welk. Most of them later regretted it! The longer route took us across the Ridge trail to the second ATV trail just above the head of Jacobs Hollow.

We turned left (north) onto the ATV trail for a hundred yards at which point we turned right onto an old logging road. We followed the logging road for a few hundred yards to the boundary of what used to be Private land (formerly the Losey Run Hunting Club property). This is where the outing became interesting!

We cut right, off the old log road in a

northeasterly direction and began bushwhacking across a relatively flat plateau toward the head of Drumater hollow. We followed an overgrown skid road that was used for timbering over 10 years ago when the hunting club sold the property to the State. After about a mile, we reached the head of Drumater, and a decision point: Do we ski down Drumater trail to Billy Brown (which is quite harrowing in its own right), or continue on to “Kamikaze”? The vote was unanimous: on to Kamikaze!

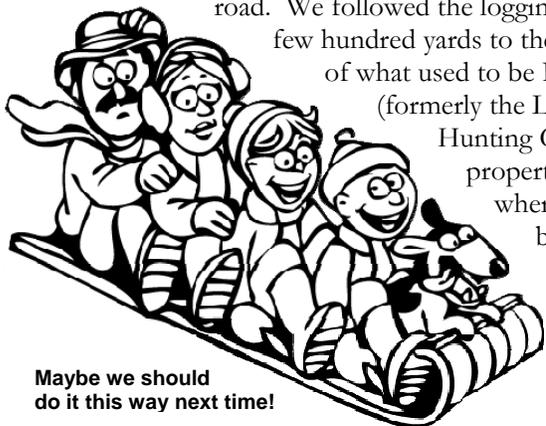


We continued bushwhacking in the northeasterly direction for about three-quarters of a mile where we reached the old log road that comes up from Losey road. We followed the log road north for about 1½ miles to the top of the ridge above Route 6, about half a mile east of the Susquehannock lodge. Then bushwhacked west along the top of the ridge to the boundary of State land and Wil & Betty’s property, and our ultimate destination: the head of “Kamikaze”! You see, “Kamikaze” is actually Wil & Betty’s log road from their house to the top of the mountain. It got its name for obvious reasons.

The way to ski Kamikazee is to allow a vast amount of space between skiers because once you start you won’t stop until either you take a spill or you make it to the bottom! So at the top we all stood, going one at a time. There were three of us left at the top watching our friend Mike approach warp speed, when all of a sudden a large deer leaped off the bank from above Mike, and walked across the trail. Then another deer appeared. The second deer crossed less than 10 yards in front of Mike, talk about an adrenaline rush! Luckily there wasn’t a third deer!

Anyway, I’ll share another tip with you. Unless there’s a substantial snow base, don’t be the last to go down Kamikaze. The prior skiers invariably push all the snow off the trail, between snowplowing and tumbles, leaving exposed rocks and sticks.

Well, we all made it down the “Kamikaze” again—with the usual complement of bumps and bruises!! 5t



Maybe we should do it this way next time!

# Grand Union Canal Trip

By Linda Todd and Terry Simkins

In October 2010, a group of seven, led by STC member Terry Simkins, spent several days traveling by “slowboat” on England’s Grand Union Canal. [Appropriate background music: *Cruising Down the River*.] Others participating in the trip were Beau Bristol, Carmine Cioffi, Marcia Cronin, Mike Philippe, Todd Simkins, and Linda Todd. In Terry’s words, “My goal for this trip was not to reach someplace or go so many miles, but to get a feel of England by visiting with the everyday people in their surroundings.”

From Coudersport, the group traveled to Buffalo, and then flew to Philadelphia, and on to Heathrow Airport, London. They arrived in pouring rain, and were driven by Taxi to the small town of Leighton Buzzard, northwest of London, where they purchased groceries, and received their two narrow canal boats, the Crystal and the Ivory. The remainder of the day was spent learning to operate the canal boat and the locks on the canal.

The day ended with a great meal at the Globe Inn, and bedtime at 7 PM. Evening meals were mostly eaten in pubs and inns. A rural English pub (short for “public house”) is more like a mom-and-pop family restaurant/tavern than an American beer joint. Children are permitted until 7 PM, and dogs are always welcome. Unlike in America, tipping the waitress is socially unacceptable!



By the end of the second day, everyone had become proficient in steering the boat and/or operating the locks, and seventeen miles had been covered. The group docked in Cosgrove, and spent the evening at a very friendly pub called the Barley Mow where the barmaid showed them how to play a game called cheese skittles.

The next day they arrived at Stoke Bruerne and discovered that the town was holding a three-day “Village at War” observance of World War II, complete with jeeps, artillery fire, intermittent air raid sirens, and popular songs of the early 1940’s. The group ended the day with another great meal at The Boat Inn.

In England the people feel very strongly about their right to keeping public walking paths open. There is a group who organizes once a weekend to walk most of the public paths. If a landowner has built something to block the path, the pathwalkers will take it down. If a farmer has planted a crop on the path they will trample it. In a county where there are fewer personal freedoms than in America, they vigorously protect the public rights of way.



The next morning, the party entered the 1¾-mile-long Blisworth Tunnel. This engineering marvel, built by hand in the early 1800’s, was closed for years, but reopened in 1984 for recreational canal boats. Unless you meet another boat coming toward you (which we didn’t) you are in total darkness except for your one headlight showing the way. Before the steam engine, narrow boats carrying freight were poled through the tunnel. Later “leggers” were employed to do the job. Men would lie out on planks extending from both sides of the boat, place their feet on the side of the tunnel, and work the boat through. This must have taken a great deal of effort (and time). At the other end, they would hop off and take the next boat through in the opposite direction, using the same method.

By the afternoon of the third day, the rain had moved out of the area. By 3 PM the party arrived at Warwick, the site of a famous castle. For a change, supper was eaten on the boat, and the party played cards until bedtime. [Watch for the Warwick Castle story in the Spring 2011 issue.]

After leaving the castle and picking up their freshly-laundered clothes, the party traveled through the last two locks before beginning the return trip. That evening, they stopped at a canal pub where they watched a women’s field hockey match on television. A local woman who played the sport herself explained the game to them.

The following day, the party split with one boat stopping at Leamington Spa, a large student town, to check out the night life. Terry’s boat worked its way back toward Leighton Buzzard. As they were a little ahead of schedule, they took time out to do some geocaching. They arrived back in Cosgrove, and once again took supper at the Barley Mow pub. The proprietor’s 6-year-old daughter, Emily Rose, showed them how to play a game about mountain tops and a card memory game. She also introduced them to her pet basset hound named Buddy.

The groups reunited at Leighton Buzzard, turned in both boats, and prepared for the flight home. All agreed that it was a wonderful trip that generated a lifetime of fond memories. 5π

# A Winter Circuit

By Brian Carey

A couple of years ago I remembered that I was looking over my favorite Newsletter, the fortieth anniversary



edition of the Susquehannock Trail Club, and a photograph caught my eye. The caption read “Francis Clark first person to winter hike the STS”. There was a no nonsense look in his eyes in the photograph as Mr. Clark’s huge—what looked like a military-issue—rolled up tent lay across his shoulders at the top of his rucksack. There was bulging snow cloaking the tree line in the background behind him.

A winter hike of the STS? Was that even feasible? Well I guess it was and I am sure Francis Clark had an incredible adventure achieving it!

As opportunity would have it and the holiday season of winter 2009-2010 moved closer, I had a chance to make a winter backpacking adventure and remembered the photograph of the steadfast Mr. Francis Clark. Could I achieve a winter circuit of the STS?

The possibility of an attempted winter circuit turned to a probability of an attempted winter circuit when Carol and Ed Szymanik of Susquehannock Lodge and Trail Center returned my e-mail saying that The Lodge had an accommodation for me both pre- and post-hike, and that I could store my vehicle on their property during my attempt.

I was going to follow the lead of Francis Clark and try to make a winter circuit of the STS.

I poked my head outside of The Lodge and my teeth instantly started chattering the morning of December 30, 2009, the result as much from my nervousness as from the 12° F. temperature. I was reluctant, and just a nickel short of terrified, as I studied the winter slopes around me.

Before I shouldered my backpack and left The Lodge, Ed asked me to look at a photograph that was displayed amongst many on a bulletin board. It was a shot of Francis Clark, back turned, looking down on a luminous snowy valley of the STS. If he was looking back for me I wasn’t there yet—not even close!

I was on the trail following the tracks of The Lodge’s day hikers that courteously had broken the trail in front of me the day before. At a rest I sat in the snow. The freshly fallen particles lay thinly scattered over the older snow and were reflecting sparkling colors of red, pink, blue, silver, and magenta in the morning sun along Jacob’s Hollow. What a fantastic start for me!

Past the “Dynamite Shed”, up Cardiac Climb, through Hogback Hollow, and along the field at Frazier Farm, I walked with the clouds seemingly looking on in curiosity.



On the third day my boot liners and then my socks started taking on water with all the deep brook crossings. I knew of some high water routes that would have been drier but my guess was that Francis Clark enjoyed a good ford and so why not me? This problem was nothing that a make-shift pair of lawn and leaf bag “socks” couldn’t cure. And my boots did not freeze but instead made good company inside of my sleeping bag at night.

I swept into Ole Bull State Park riding sunbeams and enjoyed a hot meal of macaroni and cheese at the stone pavilion. The snowmobile enthusiasts were having a terrific time in the cold, clear, ubiquitous winter.

A furious, raging, snow squall broke out from a cloud above me and I all but lost any visibility as I ricocheted off the bare trees like a pinball going down the overwhelming steep grade of Morgan Hollow. Absolutely frightful! Absolutely whiteful!

When I awoke the next morning I could not believe how beautiful the new bridge over Young Woman’s Creek was in the freshly fallen snow. Ted’s Truss was in a glory that I felt privileged to use!

My three-hour trek up Long Hollow in the deep snow did not break my spirit or even bring me down. In fact it brought me up just like the cross-sectional and topographic maps showed that it would! The STS is a bit of a roller coaster in this section and I felt like a strand of wet spaghetti trying to wrap myself over it.

I could smell the wood fires burning above Cross Fork before I could see her. I was happy to reach Kinney’s Store because I needed to procure my most important utility. That would not be food or drink. It was fresh pairs of lawn and leaf bag “socks”.

One night I camped at “Bear’s Lawn” near Stony Run. That is when it snowed about eight additional inches. This would slow me down remarkably and my planned circuit duration was in jeopardy. But something else more

remarkable happened. I felt that I was no longer covering up, turning away, and guarding myself safely away from the winter elements. Instead I had become an integral part of the winter elements. Snow would fall and I would catch a few flakes on my tongue. I laughed aloud when some turkeys fled from me leaving snow angels with their wings on their failed attempts at flight before finally taking off. I was in awe watching a hawk smoothly circling the heavens. And the snow was deep!



Brian Carey

I trudged into my last day, eleven miles out from The Lodge. Later, I reached the highest elevation of the STS under sunshine, but it was almost one o'clock PM with still seven miles to go. With five-thirty darkness just a little bit away I was not likely to make my goal. That was not good with all of the family and friends that were already worried about me.

But that is when I got lucky.

It was the Sunday of January 10, 2010, a beautiful day despite the low temperature of minus 4° F., and I walked up on the trail where some cross country skiers had just been through. The trail was now flat and packed from their activity and suddenly I was moving along swiftly without the burden of shin level snow. The packed trail was all I needed, and I just kept walking until I staggered into The Lodge in the oily dark, my twelve day adventure completed.

I never met Francis Clark, but I would have liked him a lot. I had entered the STS at mile number four at the Billy Brown Trail junction. I exited the STS at mile number three at the Thompson Hollow Road intersection. And so with my clockwise trek - I left one mile out there. I guess I will have to return next winter to chase the elusive Francis Clark again, the first person to winter hike the STS. ☞

## Next Newsletter Deadline



The spring edition of the STC Newsletter will go to press March 19, 2011. Email your articles to [info@stc-hike.org](mailto:info@stc-hike.org) no later than Wednesday **March 16, 2011**. If you'd prefer, you can also mail them via the US Postal Service to PO Box B, Robinson, PA 15949, by **March 12, 2011**. ☞

## Letters to the Editor

Losing the Balance of Nature  
RE: Losing the Trail (Autumn 2010)

### PART I

Daniel Boone, one of the greatest walkers, forged west making many Indian friends. He admired their consideration for the land. There was a balance between the immediate food & future harvest. Always a ritual was made to the growth of the plants and animals remaining. At least one fourth of what's there. As settlers established their homesteads they needed farm lands. Approaching one Indian, his answer was with great sadden face said, "You mean I shall work for you when you cut down my trees & plowed up the soil, taking my food & medicine." This went on and on pushing the tribes further west and it seemed a frivolous matter.



### PART II

Taking the saga to the S. T. Club and speaking for the deer, "You mean I shall eat & clean your trail when you depleted my deer population soo drastically. We couldn't possibly do that with the number that are left. And by the way, we refuse to eat the ferns. Shame on you for destroying them, for the fiddle heads were one of the Indians' foods."

Parallel examples shows us the balance we need.

The trail will always be there. A little bit of manpower & tools will do the job. The hardest part is getting started.

When you sit down to take a break, think how the Indians endured & enjoy your lunch. Things will be better tomorrow.

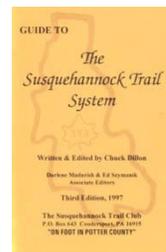
"See ya down the trail!"

"Dannie B E" (Carolyn Enoch)



## Trail Guide Tidbits

©By Chuck Dillon



Mile 14.38—Trail passes Cherry Springs Hunting Club, crosses driveway and descends into hollow over steep bank. The driveway at the Cherry Springs Hunting Club was once the main line of the Goodyear's Buffalo & Susquehanna Railroad between Austin and Galeton.

The line came up the East Fork of the Sinnemahoning switch-backed up Shinglebolt Hollow, came across the top of Hogback Hollow, then switched-backed down Water Tank and Upper Dry Hollows to the West Branch of Pine Creek, and on to Galeton. ☞



**Susquehannock Trail Club**  
 On Foot in Potter County...God's Country  
**Membership Renewal Form**  
 PO Box 643 • Coudersport, PA 16915 • www.stc-hike.org • info@stc-hike.org

The purposes of the STC are to build and maintain trails, aid in the conservation of wetlands and wildlife, and promote good fellowship through the mediums of hiking and nature study

# Outdoor Interests

Please check all activities you're interested in. We will use this information to plan events and trips for the upcoming year.

- Animal Tracking
- Astronomy
- Backpacking
- Bird Watching
- Camping
- Canoeing
- Cross-country Skiing
- Cycling (Road)
- Cycling (Rail-Trail)
- Cycling (Mountain Biking)
- Downhill Skiing
- Fishing
- Geocaching
- Hiking
- Horseback Riding
- Hunting
- Insect Identification
- Map & Compass
- Outdoor Photography
- Orienteering
- Rafting
- Rappelling
- Rock Climbing
- Snowboarding
- Snowshoeing
- Trail Maintenance
- Trail Running
- Tree Identification
- Trapping
- Wildlife Viewing
- Wildflower Identification
- Other: \_\_\_\_\_

Applicant's Name \_\_\_\_\_

Spouse's Name \_\_\_\_\_

Mailing Address \_\_\_\_\_

Mailing Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

Primary Email \_\_\_\_\_

Secondary Email \_\_\_\_\_

Primary Phone \_\_\_\_\_

Secondary Phone \_\_\_\_\_

**Membership Level**

Individual (\$10.00/year)

Family (\$20.00/year)

Dues payable to  
Susquehannock Trail Club

**Newsletter Delivery**

Email

US Postal Service

None

**Event Reminder**

Email

Phone Call

None

Applicant's Signature \_\_\_\_\_ Date \_\_\_\_\_

Spouse's Signature \_\_\_\_\_ Date \_\_\_\_\_

Mail completed form and dues to:  
 Susquehannock Trail Club • PO Box 643 • Coudersport, PA 16915

# 2011 Winter Tragic Reservations

When: Saturday February 19, 2011

Dinner: Begins at 6:00 PM

Price: \$10.00 per person

Where: Gold Church  
Route 449  
Genesee, PA 16923

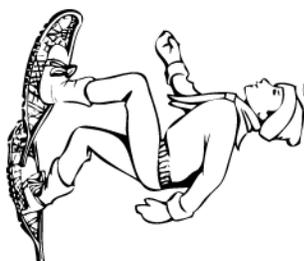
Menu:

- Chicken
- Mashed Potatoes
- Macaroni and Cheese
- Corn
- Cole Slaw
- Dinner Rolls
- Eclair Cake

RSVP: Saturday February 12, 2011

Program: STC 2010 Adirondick Trip by Curt Weinhold

Peaceful day gliding along



I'd rather TRUDGE than glide!

Name: \_\_\_\_\_

No. in Party: \_\_\_\_\_

Price per person: \$10.00

Total dinner cost: \$ \_\_\_\_\_

Mail Reservation to:  
 Susquehannock Trail Club  
 PO Box 643  
 Coudersport, PA 16915

