



SUSQUEHANNOCK HIKER

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



Autumn 2016 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.

STS's First Adirondack Style Shelter



Photo by Chris Bell

Sometime around spring or early summer, 2015, some of us in the Susquehannock Trail Club began kicking around the idea of building an Adirondack-style shelter somewhere along the STS. Of course, the first order was to ask the Susquehannock State Forest manager to see if it would be permissible. After some talks and deliberation, we found that it would be, with some stipulations: not near any streams, remote from any public roads, and definitely not in the Hammersley Wild Area.

Jerry Johnston and I selected a site in a remote section of northern Clinton County about midway on the trail between Ole Bull State Park and Cross Fork. The forest district approved of the site and we did some preliminary clearing during the August 2015 STC Camporee weekend.

So began the planning, which first involved looking at plans and kits. We learned right away that kits were prohibitively costly. One outfit in upstate New York would erect a shelter for \$7,500, plus trucking. That was far too much for our club to afford. So the next step was figuring how we could build one for much less than that.

Fortunately this same outfit had some detailed plans online which gave us a blueprint to work with. Cedar is one of the best kinds of wood for a log structure, but it's not readily available in our area. Besides, it's also very expensive. We heard that larch would be a good second choice, so we began looking for larch. We did find some, but the sizes, quantity, and accessibility weren't right for our needs. Especially the accessibility. A hunting club near the sawmill with an old larch plantation on their property, never responded to our request to buy a few of their trees.

About this time, STC secretary Lois Morey, informed us that she had an old pine plantation on her family property, and would donate as many trees as needed to build the shelter. The trees were Scotch pine, a species considered by many foresters as not much better than junk after they've outgrown Christmas tree size. But we figured this species would be good enough for our project—especially since the trees were free! And best of all, they were in a valley bottom on level terrain, and close to the same main highway as the sawmill where they would be slabbed.

The sawmill was less than 25 miles away. It was owned by our old friend, Karl Altenhein, of the Klein Family Century Farm at Mina, PA. Karl had restored a 1926 Ireland circular sawmill, just about from a basket-case. That's a story in itself. The mill is powered by a 100-hp Twin-Cities gasoline engine. One look at that beast and we thought it would burn a gazillion gallons before our logs were sawn. But it turned out that it's quite economical to run. And the sound--oh my, you have to hear that for yourself! Karl has a fine mill setup.

Karl offered to do the sawing for some fuel costs. We were elated to say the least. I happened to have a trailer large enough to do the hauling, and a tractor to do the skidding and loading, so we felt we were in business

Jerry Johnston and I began cutting the trees and hauling the logs to the sawmill in early September 2015. At various times along the way, we were joined by Joe Allis Wayne Baumann, Gary Buchanan, Tom Fitzgerald, Larry Holtzapple, Mark Kelly, Matt Kelly, Mary Lou Parker, and Cindy Zembryki, who all joined in to limb the logs and pile the slash, and/or to help at the sawmill. Much of the sawing was done on the day of Karl's annual antique farm show. At that time, some complete strangers who were visiting the show pitched in to help get the sawn logs off the deck and onto the trailer, something we really appreciated. The shelter's base logs were about 8 inches square and 16 feet' long. They were heavy.

The logs were slabbed on three sides so as to lay up evenly and have a flat wall inside the shelter. We hauled them home to my place and laid them up off the ground on some telephone pole sections where they slowly lost moisture and weight during the winter of 2015-16.

In the meantime, a couple of large black cherry logs from a blowdown were donated. From these, Karl sawed some 1½-inch thick planks for the floor, which I stored inside a shed for the winter.

In the spring, as soon as the ground firmed up, I placed the base logs and the first two tiers in place in my yard, to do some final measuring and trimming, to ensure that everything would fit together right at the erection site.

My property has an abundance of large flat stones that we decided would work well for the corner foundations. Several of these were hauled to the site and set in place in mid-June 2016. A few days later, the bulk of the logs were hauled to the site and erected over a two-day period. After the first two tiers of logs were in place, we installed the floorboards, which gave us a solid base to work from as we added extra layers of logs to the walls. *Editor's note: See*

the summer 2016 Susquehannock Hiker for details of that part of the story. A few weeks later, the rest of the logs were hauled to the site and spiked in place to finish the walls.

The final step was the roof. We purchased full-measure 2x6-inch rough-cut hemlock rafters from a small Amish sawmill near Black Creek, NY, hauled them to the site, and built the roof framework. Last of all, we covered it with green corrugated sheet metal roofing. We now have an Adirondack-type shelter on the STS. And we did it ourselves for about 1/10 the cost of one built to the same plans by a commercial contractor!

Those who helped with the various parts of the shelter erection included Wayne Baumann, Bob Bernhardt, Clifton Bowser, Jim Bowser, Bill Boyd, Tom Fitzgerald, Austin Holtzapple, Larry Holtzapple, Terry Holtzapple, Violeta Holtzapple, Jerry Johnston, Mark Kelly, Lois Morey, Bill Morey, Valorie Patillo, Vincent Rose, Allen "Buzz" Russell, and John Zimmer. Valorie had the distinction of being the first person to spend a night in the shelter.



An autumn song for the new shelter:

Song for a Guitar

By Lincoln Fizzell

(Well, maybe a harmonica. Not many backpackers carry guitars.)

Come lie by the fire and hear the night sigh,
As leafy stars blossom and smoke stings the sky.
For our queen is a gust in the tents of the moon,
And her fragrance is closeness of flame, and as soon.

The rocky Earth's bosom has nurtured our will,
But shadow lies soft in the cleft of the hill,
And our queen is sweet shade by the grassy breeze blown
Where sunlight steps naked from river to stone.

While we flash in the future like jays in a pine
Or puzzle at crossroads the day's wrinkled vine.
Our queen sits in scarlet, the sun on her gown,
And her beauty is warm as a trouble in town.



Next Newsletter Deadline

All articles must be received before **December 17, 2016** to be included in the next edition of the *Susquehannock Hiker*. Email your articles to info@stc-hike.org, or mail them via the USPS to **PO Box B, Robinson, PA 15949** no later than Saturday **December 3, 2016**. 5π

2016 Trail Maintenance Projects

By Bill Boyd

What percentage of hikers in the Keystone State say, “I don’t like to walk down a trail just to walk down the trail. When I’m out hiking, I want to be doing something: like pushing a Swisher mower, swinging a weed whacker, wielding a chain saw—well, at least a Katanaboy—or maybe stopping here and there to dig a post hole or two for a trail sign.”

A lot of the STC members who attended the annual Camporee at Ole Bull State Park this year must feel that way. The Camporee could just as well have been called a “workoree.” Twenty sixteen saw only a few fun hikes, but a lot of work hikes this year.

The biggest single project of the year, of course, was the construction of the first-ever Adirondack-style trail shelter along the Susquehannock Trail system. That project is covered in a separate report.

The new footpath at Ole Bull State Park



Photo by Helen Bernhardt

Two weeks before the camporee on July 29, Bill Boyd, Joe Allis, John Zimmer, Bob & Helen Bernhardt, and Tom Fitzgerald met at Ole Bull, and dug a new zigzag trail up the hillside from the main park road to PA Route 144 above. This route will be in use for an indefinite period until the park is able to replace the rotted steps made from old railroad ties.

On the camporee weekend, an advance cohort arrived at the park early Friday morning, August 12, and were soon dispatched to various assignments by STS Trail Maintenance Chairman Bill Boyd.

Bill, along with Valorie Patillo and Sandra Cogan Swisher mowed the upper woods road section of Spook Hollow,

and also mowed and trimmed from the Susquehannock State Forest’s Big Springs Camp Site Colony Area past the intersection of the North Link Trail to the Big Springs Road.

In the meantime, John Zimmer and Tom Fitzgerald also headed out to the access road of the Big Springs Camp Site Colony Area where they set a post for a directional trail sign to mark the point where the STS leaves the access road. A few years ago, Tom had temporarily fastened the sign to the stub of a dead white pine tree. The pine stub was now rotten and about ready to fall over.

Jim Bowser and Wanda Shirk put up new signs and cleared brush at the junction of the STS and the Donut Hole Trail where the Osborne and Porter branches join to form the Shingle Branch of Young Woman’s Creek.

Bob & Helen Bernhardt and Roxanne McMillan cleared debris from the Ole Bull Trail.

In the afternoon, John and Tom Scouted a barely-discernible trace of a trail on the north side of middle Cherry Run that we suspect was the original CCC trail in that hollow. They decided that, for the foreseeable future at least, the STS should remain in its off-the-trail location in the bottom of the hollow. Reopening the old trail is beyond the practical capabilities of the current club members. It would take a gang of several “young bucks” a week or two of work to properly restore that footpath.

On Saturday morning, August 13, the full component of campers met again for their respective jobs.

Fork Hill trail divide. Sandra Cogan, Bill Boyd, & John Zimmer



Photo by Tom Fitzgerald

Bill Boyd, John Zimmer, Tom Fitzgerald, Valorie Patillo, and Sandra Cogan drove out to the Fork Hill Road with

two new pressure-treated 4x4 posts. Bill, John, and Tom found the underground stubs of the rotted-off posts of a large directional trail sign alongside the road opposite the Morgan Hollow Trail intersection, dug them out, and carefully placed the new posts in the same holes. While the men were busy with that, Valorie and Sandy worked their way out the Morgan Hollow Trail, clearing brush and trimming branches until they reached the edge of the steep plunge down Morgan Hollow itself. When the two women returned to the road, the five of them lifted the sign out of the leaves, removed the remains of the old posts, fastened the sign to the new posts, leveled it up, and packed rocks into the post holes around the new legs.

On the way in, the crew had noticed a "Rattlesnake Trail" sign incorrectly located along the Wildcat Road at the entrance to a retired logging road. On the way out, the crew minus Tom brushed out the Rattlesnake Trail intersection with the Fork Hill Road while Tom stopped at the logging road and walked in to its crossing with the STS. The STS north to Ole Bull was open and well-marked. The STS south to the Fork Hill Road was brushed in and barely noticeable. The tired crew made plans to brush out the trail crossing and move the sign back to its proper location at a later date.

Jim Bowser and Wanda Shirk returned to the Scoval and Osborne branches and leveled a section of trail with Pulasquis south of the pipeline.

Bob & Helen Bernhardt and Roxanne Mc Millan cleared debris through Spook Hollow.

The following day, on Sunday, August 14, Wanda blazed the Route 144 road-walk section from Cross Fork to the log slide that leads up to the Twin Sisters Trail. On sections such as this, you need to use whatever is available—namely guardrail posts and electric poles.

The crew caught up on their other duties at their homes for about a month, then were back at trail care.

On September 12 and 15, Bill Boyd mowed the Plantation Trail and the Hribar Route.

On September 13, Joe Allis removed blowdowns from Jacob Hollow.

On September 20, Wanda Shirk checked the Log Grade Trail to see what it needed as to clearing. She found out it needed A LOT.

On September 21, Bill Boyd and Wanda Shirk mowed the Splash Dam Trail from the Sunken Branch Road to Palma-

tier Hollow, and trimmed on down to the Junction with the White Line Trail.

On September 22, Mark Kelly, John Zimmer, and Bill Boyd mowed the Italian Hollow Trail and the Jeep road that leads the STS west from the Little Greenlick Road. Later that day, Mark and John cleared the Lieb Run Trail.

On September 23, Joe Allis mowed the lower end of the Splash Dam Trail.

On September 26, Larry Holtzapple Wayne Baumann, and Bill Boyd mowed and trimmed the railroad grad portion of the East Fork Crossover Trail. Also that day, Wanda Shirk and Jim Bowser took brushcutters into the Hammersley Wild Area and cleared most of the briars and brush from the McConnell Road to the "Pool." It was a ten-mile round trip. Jim, who hasn't hiked a lot yet, struggled uphill back to the vehicle at the end of the day. Wanda was still going strong.

On September 27, Jim Bowser, Larry Holtzapple and Bill Boyd ran the brushcutter and weed whacker on the West Branch Crossover Trail between Maple Trail and Beech Hollow, while Tom Fitzgerald and Valorie Patillo yellow-blazed the same section of the trail. That day, the Susquehannock State Forest District removed the dangerous heavy door which was about to fall off from the Crooks Trail dynamite house, and placed it in storage.

On September 28, Wanda Shirk and Larry Holtzapple blazed the South Link Trail east and west of the Lebo Road. That morning, Jim Bowser and Vincent Rose met with Tom Fitzgerald and CCC historian John Eastlake at the dynamite house to assess the soundness of the structure for either historic preservation or use as a trail shelter. The building is in good condition with only minor repairs needed. A new board or steel plate needs to be installed to anchor the L-rods that support the door hinges. Later in the day, Jim and Vinny cut blowdowns and brush from the lower end of the nearby West Branch Trail.

On September 29, Jim and Vinny removed blowdowns from the Game Refuge Trail portion of the East Fork Crossover Trail.

On October 2, Jim Bowser and Ralph Heberle cut heavy beech growth along the Game Refuge Trail.

On October 6, Tom & Jayne Fitzgerald dropped off a signpost at the Bolich Run Woods Road gate, and put up a sign at the Italian Hollow gas well road. They also reconnoitered the bridge abutments from an abandoned bridge across Kettle Creek in South Cross Fork as a possible location for a future STS footbridge.

Trail hours now stand at 1,296 for the year by 56 volunteers. Over the course of the past ten years, the Susquehannock Trail Club has spent in excess of 13,400 hours on trail maintenance, averaging around 1,340 hours per year. We're probably on track to go above our average as we have trail care planned for well into December this year.

"So much fun. So little time." ☺

Old Geezer Hiking Memories

The Presidential Range

By Bob Knowles

Autumn introduces vitalizing days artistically decorated with colorful leaves. Yellow goldenrod flowers cover fallow fields and roadsides. On the short drive to my favorite woodland trail, our smallest falcon flew across the road ahead of me. About the size of a blue jay, the colorful falcon was called a sparrow hawk in my younger years; an American kestrel later. Perched atop a grassy field fence post, the kestrel searched for mice, other small mammals, and smaller prey.

Checking old hike journals, I reminisced of my nearly three and a half decades of woodland hikes beginning in the late 1960's. I thought of my 57 day hikes on the parklike woodlands Buckseller Trail. Buckseller Trail is a 2¾-mile trail between PA Route 449 and the gated Ellis Hollow road in the northern Susquehannock State Forest.

My first-of-year lone day hike on the snow-free Buckseller Trail in the Spring of 2003 began with a brief encounter at the trailhead. A day pack-equipped man following a friendly tail-wagging dog were completing a hike to gather a "ration of leeks."

On another warm day several years earlier, I day-hiked the Buckseller narrow bottomland. Overhead in a robin's egg-blue sky, puffy white clouds appearing soft as cotton slowly floated southeastward. The sight and sound of the clear, fast-running Buckseller Run was my companion the entire hike. A slight breeze gave a mixed scent of hemlock, woodland flower, and dampness of streamside air, dominated by the earthy odor of woodland duff.

Deep within the bottomland hollow, an ancient fallen apple tree trunk with green leafy branches, partially rooted in the bottomland, provided an ideal location to break up by body shape. Under the shade of a small tree rooted in the opposite bank, a slim smallish songbird with an orange throat and large white wing patch picked at leaves for insects—my first sighting of a blackburnian warbler.

In my first half hour, I was serenaded by a constant melody of birdsong, gurgling of the small mountain stream on

my left; twice the buzzing of a hummingbird within a foot of my face, and an occasional annoying mosquito. Near my feet, two dark green three leafed plants of trillium wildflowers still flourished, storing nutrients for next year's three-petaled flowers.

I thought I saw a small animal walking on the stream bank on my left. Turning to look, I saw nothing. A little later, something was disturbing the knee-high grass directly in front of me. A narrow, elongated dark brown body with short legs and long neck topped by a small head slowly sort of flowed out of the tall grass and walked down the dry shallow ditch four or five feet to my right. It was a long-tailed weasel, the largest of Pennsylvania's three resident weasels.

Sniffing here and there, poking its head under the fallen apple tree trunk, obviously following a scent trail, the weasel never realized I was nearby watching. This highlight of my day was a second lifetime sighting of a wild weasel. Sights and sounds of Nature's woodland world stirs a lone woodland walker to believe in Nature's goodness and the gift of life. Nature's mystical woodland world gives on relief from the everyday artificial material world and awakens a natural curiosity to learn more of Nature's secrets.

On a Friday in midsummer of 2001, I finally hiked the entire length of my favorite Potter County hiking trail, the Buckseller Trail. It was the first and last time I would hike the Buckseller Trail with anyone. A nearly constant woodland breeze kept annoying insects to a minimum. Humidity and temperature were ideal. Dick Hribar, Coudersport; Will Ahn, STC President, and Bob Knowles, Ulysses, hiked from the Bureau of Forestry-gated Ellis Hollow Road to PA Route 449 south of Brookland on the Buckseller Trail.

To avoid the overgrown 1994 timbered section at the Buckseller trailhead, the trio walked the grassy logging road on the left hilltop. Roadside, three different wildflowers grew in one group: terminal clusters of yellow pea-like flowers of birdsfoot trefoil; hop clover's round-oblong small yellow flower heads, and the flat-topped cluster of tiny white flowers above minutely dissected fern-like alternate leaves of the yarrow wildflower. Hribar sampled the first-of-the-year red raspberry fruit.

A downhill walk on a grassy skid road and a bushwhack down on a narrow fern-covered hollow, the hikers reached Buckseller Trail. The trio followed the dry Buckseller Run easterly on the north hillside trail in a parklike woodland of ash, beech, cherry, maple, and oak trees.

Three flicker songbirds flying down the trail in undulating flight were easily recognized by their large white rump patches. The three-leafed trillium wildflower grew on trailside banks storing food for next year's three-petaled flower. Five-petaled white wood sorrel wildflowers blossomed in groups.

The Buckseller dry streambed was supplied with water gushing from a hollow on our right. The hikers came upon a single rusted steel narrow gauge railroad rail leaning against the stream bank beside a length of rusted chain, bent spike, and a barrel hoop—probably from the early 1900s when Buckseller Hollow was logged. Numerous wildflowers grew in rich dampish woodland soil. On one specimen, I counted nine small white flower buds on sturdy stems that radiated umbrella-like from the single smooth stalk of the wild leek. The onion-scented leaves die off before the flowers appear.

A lunch break seated on a barkless tree trunk included interesting tales by Ahn and Hribar. The hike's resumption flushed young ruffed grouse. Turkey tail fungus grew on a downed small tree across the trail. Five fresh turkey scratchings were observed trailside. The sound of running water in Buckseller Run cheered the three hikers on the half-hour hike to their parked autos at the trailhead on PA Route 44. ♪



My First Hike on the STS

By Bill Boyd

My first hike on the STS took place on Saturday, May 19, 2001. My Circuit-Hike partner, Bruce Robbins of Coudersport, and I made plans during the winter to do a circuit hike of the STS. Regrettably, when this day arrived Bruce couldn't make it, so he did this section later on Oct. 12 with his son, Chris.

Sara Squier and Charlotte Freeman, Ulysses, were the hike leaders. Others in the group were Pat Childs, Doug Orbaker and Penn Garvin. They placed a car at the bottom of Long Hollow along the Twelve-Mile Road, and we began the hike from the Little Greenlick Road. It began with the gentle climb past a gas well up the Italian Hollow Trail, which follows a pipeline a short distance before turning into the woods. On the other side of the hill, the trail descends into Greenlick Run and follows the stream down that narrow valley for almost a mile before making a sharp left turn up Bobsled Hollow.

We stopped here for a short break, then headed up Bobsled Hollow, which had numerous blowdowns across the

trail. I remember wondering just who brings the chainsaw in here to remove them. I think I assumed at the time that forestry did this sort of work. Goes to show—NEVER ASSUME! Little did I know that it would be me doing it. And here I am 15 years later and still at it!

At the top of the hill, the trail transitions to Long Hollow Trail, which brings you down to the Twelve Mile Road where our pickup car was waiting. So I did about a 3½-mile hike counter-clockwise on the STS, for the beginning of our circuit hike, which Bruce and I completed on October 13, 2001, to earn our Circuit-Hiker Awards.

We must have dawdled on this hike, as it took us 4 hours—a little different from the 5 1/2 hours it took to go through the 10 mile Hammersley section. It was just Bruce and I that day, and I think we worked a little harder on that hike.

All in all, it was a great experience—84 miles through some of the greatest backcountry you can imagine. And it's still a great feeling just to get out there, even if nowadays I'm usually carrying a chainsaw.

So thanks to some farsighted folks and a whole lot of work, we now have this wonderful trail, and it deserves our attention. Thank You!



Late Newsletter

This issue of the *Susquehannock Hiker* is later than usual. The main reason is the new shelter. We decided to wait until the shelter was finished before we went to press so that we could print the complete story of its construction.

A secondary reason is that the annual Wild Game/Harvest Supper in October was canceled due to declining attendance in the last several years. Therefore, there was no need to have the newsletter out in early October.

The club may reinstate the Supper in 2017, but in **November** rather than October if there is sufficient interest. We would appreciate hearing from club members about this proposed change. How many of you like the idea?



Welcome New Members

By Lois Morey, STC Secretary

Jamie Bock
Boyertown, PA

Sandra Cogan
Harrison Valley, PA

Virginia & Christopher Knapp
Westfield, PA

Bob Mothes
Gaines, PA

Desiree Smith
West Clarksville, NY

Deer Ran Off with a Rifle Circa 1865

From *Forbidden Land, Strange Events in the Black Forest, Vol. 1, 1614-1895*, Pgs 35-6

©1971 By Robert R. Lyman, Sr.

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Ezra H. Pritchard was one of the earliest settlers in Homer Township where he lived as a bachelor, after the death of his first wife. Later he moved to Stewardson Township near the bridge over Kettle Creek on the Jersey Shore Pike. In 1856, when he was nearly 50

years old, he married Hermanie, the widow of Martin Olson. He died 24 April 1886. Hermanie died 16 November 1889.

Ezra was a wagon maker by trade but so much occupied with hunting that he seldom did any work of that kind except to make repairs for travelers on the Pike when they had breakdowns. He hunted for years with a muzzle loader and was one of the first of Potter County hunters to invest in a Winchester magazine rifle. At that time a Winchester cost about \$40.00. Think of it as about \$400 in terms of our present money [1971].* This rifle was his choicest possession. The care he took of it was wonderful. He never came in from a hunt without cleaning and oiling it, inside and out. Exhibiting it with pride, he would rarely allow anyone else to handle it, even in his house.

During one hunt, on the hills at the head of Joerg Run, with Burt Olson and Ed Joerg, he shot a fine buck. Resting the Winchester against a tree, he started to cut the deer's throat. At the first prick of the knife, the deer struggled to its feet, caught one antler in the guard of the rifle and plunged down the hill. Pritchard dropped the knife, yelled to his companions to help save his precious rifle and hastened after the fleeing animal. The deer slumped at the first knoll a few yards distant—dead as the proverbial door nail. But the rifle slipped from the antler and kept on its course for many yards.

Pritchard passed the deer without a look, in pursuit of his beloved Winchester. When his companions reached him, he was carefully wiping the snow off his rifle. Tears stood in his eyes as he pointed to a very small bruise on the stock, not much larger than a grain of wheat. His treasure that could have been lost forever was safely in his hands.

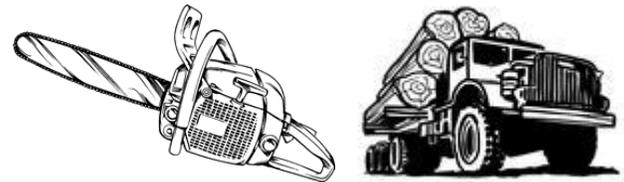
*Approximately \$975 in 2016 money, according to the U.S Department of Labor Consumer Price Index Inflation Calculator. ⁵†

New Trail Maps and Guidebook

A new set of water-resistant trail maps to accompany the guidebook by Chuck Dillon of Pine Creek Outfitters is nearing completion. The new maps are somewhat easier to read than the original maps.

A second guidebook and set of maps is being prepared by Professor Ben Cramer of Penn State University. Professor Cramer has used the global positioning system extensively to show the actual route of the trail more accurately than the old U.S. Geological Survey topographic maps that date back to 1947, decades before GPS was available. He has also rolled a calibrated wheel along the trail to measure the actual surface distance of the footpath. The topographic maps show only horizontal distance.

The new maps and guidebooks should be available in early 2017. Prices will be based on printing costs, which are unknown at this time.



Wild Boy Area State Forest Timber Sale

The Susquehannock State Forest District has informed the Susquehannock Trail Club of a pending timber sale in the upper Wild boy watershed. The timber sale area borders the buffer zone along the Tower Trail portion of the Susquehannock Trail System.

The club has asked the forest district to mark for removal any trees in the buffer zone that appear to present a hazard to the trail and its users. Any hazard trees removed by the professional loggers will reduce the workload of the club's volunteer maintenance force. In addition, removal as part of a commercial timber sale will allow any good logs in those trees to be used rather than wasted.

The forest district has agreed to schedule a tour of the sale area for hikers, either while the timber is being cut, or afterward. The management of a forest for multiple use is a challenging art based on a considerable amount of biological science. A forester will explain the conditions that led to the decision to hold a commercial sale at this time. A major contributing factor is the declining health and mortality of the older trees in that area due in part to repeated defoliation by insects.