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The Hemlock

Volume 2, Issue 5 (February 2009)

"If we had no winter, the spring would not be so pleasant: if we did not sometimes taste of adversity, prosperity would not be so welcome." --Anne Bradstreet



Frozen Assets



A relentless optimist, I'm struggling to find the positive side of the current economic problems and the effects they are having on Lock Haven University.

Perhaps this is an opportunity to rethink how we use resources. Like many of you, I now find myself turning off lights that aren't in use and asking whether a paper copy is really

necessary. Another positive development is that the university has contracted with an energy service company to significantly reduce our energy consumption, which will both save money and reduce our carbon footprint.

I think we might also focus on the aspects of this community that remain regardless of budget cutbacks. We still live and work in a beautiful part of the world, and we are surrounded by opportunities--most of them free--to enjoy nature.

Welcome back to a new semester. Hopefully, these articles will help you to make the best of this long, difficult winter.

Snowshoeing

--by Amanda Alexander (LHUP English Major)

For those who possess a love for winter sports and are looking for something new, or for those who have tried and failed miserably at every other winter sport, snowshoeing could be just the thing to get you through the winter doldrums.

Dr. John Reid, of the geology and physics department, has been snowshoeing for 11 years. "My wife and I like the outdoors and wanted something active to do outside in the winter that required little skill," he said. "If you can walk, you can snowshoe."



[Rock River and Trail's website](#) suggests trying snowshoeing for the first time at a city, state or national park to get used to the sport. Once you feel more comfortable in your new snowshoes, the best place to go is a hiking trail or a trail specifically made for snowshoeing. These trails are typically marked according to their difficulty. Reid recommends the [Pine Pitch Loop](#) in Tiadaghton State Forest, off Route 664. About a 30-40 minute drive from LHU, he says the whole loop takes about two hours to complete. "It's mostly level with some gentle up and down. It's a pretty area with a nice vista at the far end of the loop that overlooks the Pine Creek Gorge," he said.

Snowshoeing is also relatively inexpensive. It doesn't require much gear and you can mostly wear things you already own. The list provided by Rock River and Trail recommends wearing warm layers with something windproof and waterproof on the outer layer. However, Reid cautions, "Don't overdress. Although you are 'just walking,' you exert more energy than you normally do walking and will warm up pretty fast." Next, make sure you've got warm socks and a pair of waterproof shoes or boots. Rock River and Trail recommends investing in a pair of Gators, as "they're great for keeping your ankles dry in deep powder." Make sure you've got on a warm hat and gloves. Reid suggests wearing sunglasses, and while poles are optional, they are recommended for beginners. Reid also suggests bringing a thermos of hot cider along on any snowshoeing trip.

Rock River and Trail offers many tips for beginners on the website, but perhaps most important is that in order to snowshoe you do not need to modify your natural gait. While you can walk or run while snowshoeing, it's

easier to run on flat terrain and to walk on more difficult terrain. There must be four inches of snow on the ground to successfully snowshoe. Reid also offers the following advice: "Try to get to trails early after a new snowfall. It's more fun to walk on a fresh trail rather than one that has been used already by other people for snowshoeing or skiing or snowmobiling. My wife and I take turns being in the lead. The one in the lead does more work as they break new snow."

Rock River and Trail offers snowshoes to rent or buy. Adult snowshoes can be rented for \$20 on a weekday or \$35 on a weekend day, while children's snowshoes can be rented for \$10 on weekdays and \$15 on weekends. Different snowshoes can be purchased for different snowshoeing goals. The hike series is great for casual hikes and walks. The trek series stays tight for aggressive running. The pace series is modeled to match a woman's natural stride and can be used while walking or running, while the youth series is for children who weigh less than 80 pounds. You can also purchase a snowshoe kit which includes snowshoes, poles and a carrying bag. Rock River and Trail sells Redfeather brand snowshoes. For more information, Rock River and Trail is located at 57 Bellefonte Ave. and can be reached at (570) 748-1818 or through their [website](#).

Pennsylvania's State Park Cabins



If you are longing to spend some time in the woods, but are not quite ready for winter backpacking, an excellent alternative is to rent one of the 280 cabins located in many of Pennsylvania's state parks. The [price](#) varies according to the type of cabin and the season, but rustic cabins in the off-season go for as little as \$25/night. Most of the cabins

are available year round. From June to August, the cabins must be rented for a week, but off-season, you can rent a cabin for a night. The rustic cabins are heated by a fireplace insert (typically you must bring your own wood or buy it locally) and provide bunks, a refrigerator, electricity, and a stove (bathrooms are located close to the cabins). Modern cabins have indoor plumbing, carpeting, and electric heat. You can check availability and reserve cabins [online](#).

Cotton — Winter's Silent Killer

--by Steve Guthrie (LHUP Recreation Management Professor)

Now that winter's here, some people are complaining about the cold weather and hiding indoors, enduring winter's onslaught for only brief minutes at a time. In contrast, others embrace winter's wonderland. Regardless of which tactic you choose, you will be more comfortable in winter if you understand and practice the principles of staying warm. Every experienced outdoor person has heard the phrase "Cotton kills." But many don't believe it. Perhaps if you understand why "cotton kills," you might be more willing to invest in more appropriate winter clothing.

In cold weather, moisture (water) is the enemy. Water has an extremely high thermal conductivity, which means that it conducts heat away from your body. The problem is that we are always perspiring water, even when sleeping. Exercise accelerates the perspiration. When exercising, we will perspire $\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 quart per hour. If you wear clothing which traps that moisture against your skin, then you will cool off exorbitantly. In the winter, this can mean you cool off faster than you can generate heat, eventually leading to hypothermia, which is the primary killer of people in the outdoors, regardless of age.

Air, on the other hand, is the gold standard of conductivity, because it absorbs little heat (has very low thermal conductivity) and is lightweight. If you can trap a thin layer of air next to your body, the thin layer will insulate you from the cold—in fact, this is what cold weather clothing attempts to do.



Outdoor or active-wear clothing deals with the problem of water in various ways. However, most all try to prevent water from staying next to the skin. Here is where "moisture regain" comes into play. Cotton has a very high moisture regain. That is, for its weight, it soaks up a lot of water, and holds it there. In fact, compared to modern synthetic fabrics (made of polyester or polypropylene), it soaks up 25x to 220x more water.

In addition to the low moisture regain of synthetics, they also have valuable "wicking" properties. Synthetics wick moisture away from the body, drying from the inside out. Because they hold very little water, they dry from body heat; and as they dry, due to their wicking properties, they create a layer of dry

next to the skin. In contrast, cotton does not wick, nor dry. If you wear cotton next to your skin, you essentially trap a layer of water next to your skin, chilling you until it is removed. This wet cotton also gets outer layers wet, reducing their insulating value. Or, if you wear cotton in an outer layer, it will effectively trap moisture inside with nowhere to go, still chilling you. In fact, if it weren't for the embarrassment, you would be warmer walking around in the winter nude, than wearing cotton thoroughly wet from sweat!

Are there natural insulating materials other than cotton which work for cold weather? A long time favorite has been wool. Wool actually soaks up more water than cotton. However, like synthetics, wool wicks moisture away from the body, creating the dry insulating space we need; it also has hollow fibers which contain insulating air. With only $\frac{1}{2}$ the thermal conductivity of cotton when dry, dry wool insulates you 2x better than dry cotton; consequently, wool remains a reasonably good insulator when wet.

Silk has long been touted as good for cold weather, but for the most part that is merely marketing. Silk has a much higher moisture regain than cotton and does not have the insulating value of wool, either wet or dry. It does have wicking qualities which compensate for the high moisture regain. But for exercising or for wet climates, other fabrics are much better than silk.

So, instead of complaining about being cold, or hiding from it, get rid of your cotton and enjoy winter.

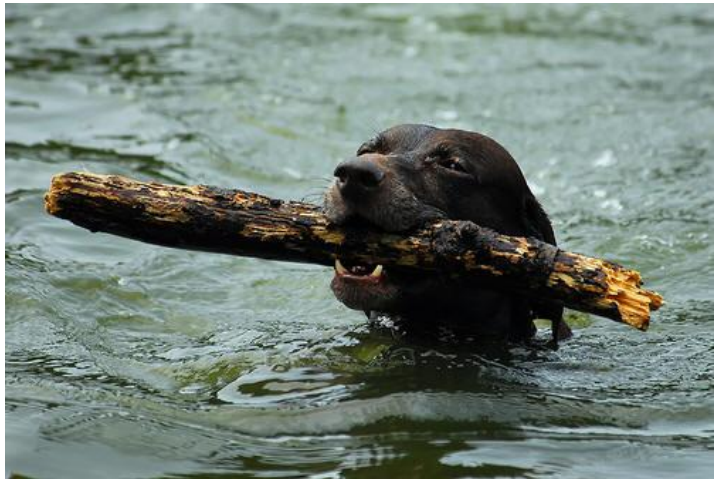


"Black Bridge" was taken by [Nathan Fought](#) (LHUP Art Major) at Farrandsville, on March 9, 2008.

Rover of the River

--by Horace F. "Buck" Hanna, Jr. (Retired Lock Haven High School History Teacher)

Back in the old days, we Hanna boys of West Main Street had a canoe; a holdover from the dissolution of the Hanna-Tidlow Canoe rental business. Our dad, Horace F. Hanna, regularly competed in canoe races on the Susquehanna River. He kept one beautiful "Old Town" eighteen footer canoe



that we kids used regularly on the river. We were always warned by our parents to stay on the North side of Boom Island. This was because of the infusion of sewage on the Lock Haven side (fortunately, this problem has since been corrected).

During our various and sundry canoeing excursions we were adopted by an unusual dog; a mongrel really. He had the body of a sheepdog but the short legs of a beagle. He handled his unusual make-up with serene dignity. We Hanna Boys had no choice in the matter; this convivial canine adopted us. We loved him! We named him "Rover" (ok, so we weren't very original).

Rover was with us in all of our fun times at Boom Island. But he completely ignored us while he was savagely pursuing rabbits. He never caught any of these rabbits, but, he was relentless in the chase.

Rover's love life was unique. He somehow found a partner upriver in Queen's Run (5 miles upriver). Sensing that it was romance time through some weird clairvoyance, he'd go up the Renovo Road, clamber down the bank and swim to his lady love's place. We'd learn of his amorous advances when we'd get a phone call informing us: "He's up here again." So, one of us would have to drive up and retrieve Lothario.

Despite this (or perhaps because of it) Rover had strong religious commitments. Every Sunday he'd walk the three blocks to meet and greet arriving parishioners at I. C. Church with much tail-wagging fawning. He became a fixture and many worshippers knew him by name. Rover managed the attention with great aplomb.

Years rolled by and we grew up. Our old faithful canoe went the way of the Titanic. Different, more exciting activities demanded our attentions. Rover moved away, and we didn't see him anymore.

Many years later whilst quaffing a brewskie in the old Grove Street Mohawk Grill (currently, The Saloon), an elderly gent I knew named Harry Ryan asked me, "Do you remember a dog named Rover?"

"Yes, I certainly do," I replied. "Well" says Harry, "If you want to see him once again come over to my place. Rover's lying in the gutter, and we've got barricades around him. He can't move. He's going to die; soon."

I thanked Harry and the next morning drove over. There he was...Rover of the river, the dog of my boyhood, lying in the gutter, unmoving. I knelt and talked to him for a while, shedding a few tears in memory of sunshiny days of yesteryear. Final goodbyes hurt.

Farewell...Old Rover...Long may you swim the river and roam the skies.

Some Thoughts on the Origins of "Environmentalism": A Tribute to Arne Naess

--by Joan Whitman Hoff (LHUP Philosophy Professor)



We are living in a time when there seems to be a greater awareness of our relationship to the environment. Recycling initiatives, energy conservation, and water conservation are but a few of the tasks undertaken by many who have been alerted to the dangers of environmental degradation. Given this, it seems right to pay homage to one of the leaders of this movement: Arne Naess, who died at the age of 96 on January 15, 2009.

'Environmentalism' is deeply rooted in environmental ethics. The discipline of Environmental Ethics found its inspiration in the work of Arne Naess, who founded the view of "deep ecology." Naess claimed that the movement to protect the environment solely for human welfare was "shallow ecology." What is needed is a non-anthropocentric attitude that acknowledges humans as beings who exist with the environment and not only in it. This view, known as "deep ecology," stresses the interrelationships of all things in the biosphere. His principle of "biospherical egalitarianism," requires a deep respect for all forms of life and a

rejection of the "master-slave" dichotomy that fosters the use-abuse of the environment problem clearly evident across the globe.

Ecology movements, according to Naess, must be ecophilosophical and not simply ecological. Such a philosophy stresses the importance of harmony and equilibrium, a wisdom that is descriptive and prescriptive, and a class-less attitude that recognizes the complexity and value of all living things. Moreover, it requires interdisciplinary collaboration. Through such collaboration, Naess thought that there could be a greater awareness that the things of the earth have "a right to live and blossom." He thought that regions needed to be autonomous and not be threatened by other regions who might desire to take advantage of them for environmental or political gain. He thus called for the strengthening of local self-government and dialogue among all persons in those communities. He believed that such an ecophilosophy had to be put into practice and he was true to his word, becoming an activist for the environment.

While Naess noted the dangers of futuristic planning from limited perspectives and he argued for "soft future-research." He stressed the importance of developing ecophilosophically sound policies based on egalitarian principles that acknowledge the unity of all things. He stressed the importance of being aware of our own ignorance and the need for respect of all things.

Naess's philosophy laid the groundwork for future environmental movements and there is no doubt that he will continue to live in the hearts and minds of those who seek to better understand ourselves in relation to the environment and identify ways to foster action that respects all living things. This view certainly remains controversial, as people like to privilege themselves over other living things, but there is no doubt that Naess's philosophy and activism will remain a driving force in the lives of those who would like to help us think beyond the scope of our egoism.

For more information on Naess, visit the University of Oslo's "[Centre for Development and the Environment](#)" website. A summary of Naess's positions can be found in: "The Shallow and the Deep, Long-Range Ecology Movement: A Summary" in Michael Boylan, ed., *Environment Ethics* (Prentice-Hall, 2001): 49-53.

Groans

--by Zach Fishel (LHUP English major)

Five straight days of snowfall, and from the charcoal grey sky above, it's evident there won't be any stopping it this week. It has been a hard winter and that big February storm hasn't even hit yet. Desperation calls out from all of creation, groaning as icicles stretch from the gutters to the ground. This sagging and grumbling from the weather isn't just on the gutters. The trees swing and snap as the ice creeps to the branches, the weight of the world on gnarled fingers of bark and bud, snapping like bones from the frozen nights. Nature is starving for fresh life. The ground is trying to avoid the peppering of road salt and intrusive cuts from the shovels of grumbling teens.



But there are signs that change is coming. Hibernations begin to become light naps as urgent cries are being heard. The rivers and streams are trying to remove the veil for their husband. An orphan in the water awaits the sign of return; buds try to break free of the slaving chains of old Mr. Frost. Winter is breathing its dying wheezes. It won't last; you can almost feel the dying. This war is one of grace and mercy for the land. Soon we will see men with calloused hands who will work the land just as hard as winter tried. This work will be gladly accepted by all, for it brings life and assurance that the evenings won't be as hard. As the sun will fade into the bruised purple skies of February, creation will rejoice at the rising and healing of March and spring.

Country Ride

--by Tammy Houser (LHUP Secretary to the Department of History,

Political Science,
Economics, and
Foreign
Languages)



I love living in
central
Pennsylvania. I
always said that I
didn't think that I
would be able to
live anywhere else
because it is such
a beautiful place
to live, work,
play, and raise

children. I have an interest in nature, photography and the history of our neighborhoods. My favorite thing to do on Sunday afternoons is go for a country drive. Taking these country drives is calming and gives me a time for reflection. One day this past autumn, I took my camera and spent some time in nature.

Our first stop was at my favorite look-out point, Mount Riansares, near Loganton. It is the highest point in Clinton County. From there one can see I-80 west and view the majestic landscape of the mountains and valleys. To the east you can see a large body of water which is the reservoir for Lamar Township. I am always in awe of the patterns of fields and residential lands that surround these mountains and valleys. Beside the road are large, graffiti-covered rocks that act as barriers so one doesn't drive over the side of mountain. But what interests me are the rocks with fossils that are embedded in the rock. At the top of the mountain is a fire tower as well as a well-built stone cabin. Around the cabin, I noticed the different sizes, textures, and colors of the mosses. I do not know what fascinates me about moss, but as I was taking pictures of the different mosses, I wondered what purpose it served.

After we left Mount Rianares, we drove around the valley to Loganton. I like to take the time to stop at Spring Mills to visit the covered bridge and take more pictures. As we headed home, we drove through Mackeyville. My favorite spot in Mackeyville is the short ride around Duck Run Road. I love to take in the picturesque beauty of the small miniature horses, the large farm house, barns, horses, cows, land and even a working water wheel (a favorite

spot for high school senior pictures). I also like to take pictures at nearby Belle Springs Park. The pictures are usually beautiful if you watch the time of day.

On the way home, we followed an Amish horse and buggy. I took a chance and poked my head out of the window and snapped some pictures. Luckily, I was able to get a great picture. It is one of my favorite pictures of all time. Finally, we headed home to a nice quiet evening.

I find that these nice quiet country rides are well worth the time and gas.

LHU Scuba Club in Florida

--by Bradley Cody Bliss (LHUP Scuba Club President) & Nathan Fought (LHUP Scuba Club VP)



For most people, December is a month focused on the anticipation Christmas. This year, for one group of Lock Haven students, white sandy beaches and dive gear took the precedence over candy canes and presents. On December 26th 2008 fourteen LHU students from the LHUP Scuba Diving Club traveled a grueling 24 hours to the Florida Keys

to go scuba diving for a week. Like many extraordinary trips and experiences the ability to accurately and sufficiently describe the trip to someone that wasn't present is often difficult... but it's worth a try.

After several torturous months of planning the Scuba Club was ready to begin the trek to Sugarloaf Key. We met at the university at 9am, and 24 hours later arrived at our KOA campsite, where we joined the coordinators of the trip, the Nittany Divers from Penn State University, as well as students from Maryland University.

The next morning, we woke up ready to dive! Our first dive took place on a part of the reef that was part of a marine sanctuary project. For many of our divers this was their first dive from a boat. The water was rougher than usual and thrashed the boat from side to side as we frantically assembled our gear that would be responsible for our safety far within the depths of the ocean. We wobbled to the stairs that would lead us to the largest playground on earth. Holding our masks in in one hand and weight belt in the other, we plunged into the ocean. The waves tossed our body back and forth like a lion pawing and playing with its prey. All of us immediately thought, "Get under the water," and we slowly submerged following the anchor. The colors of the coral

sparkled against the afternoon sun fighting to make its way to through the ocean water. Once we found our way to the bottom we were surrounded by schools of vibrant fish and smaller crustaceans. The fish sparkled colors that seemed unlike any colors seen on land. At times I even found that no bubbles were escaping through my regulator for I had stopped breathing due to excitement. After a day of exploring this beautiful world we went back to the campsite to relax and share our stories with others.

The remaining days were just as good. On our third day, we dove to around 65 feet to a wrecked tug boat, where we saw extraordinary marine life, such as a green sea turtle, a sting ray, barracuda, puffer fish, a green moray eel and a goliath grouper. Later, we did night dive scheduled, which could make even the most experienced diver sick



to their stomach, as we thought of the million and one things that could go wrong while in the black depths of the ocean. As the sun slowly set, we attached glow sticks to our gear, gripped our underwater flashlights and leaped into the water. In the black sea we saw only the lights of others off into the distance. Once under water the dive sight looked completely different. Fish pale in color came out to gather and hunt food. Strange alien like glowing of various colors caught our eyes from unique species of fish and invertebrates. We dimmed our lights and moved our hands slowly through the water to see the biofluorescents of the microscopic organisms floating within the water. With the lights still out we found our way to a bed of sand, laid down and gazed up through the 40 feet of water gazing at the stars and moon shining...I had never felt so connected with the ocean and nature in my entire life. At the end of the dive, when we reached the surface it seemed like the entire ocean was glowing from the stars and the moon. The moon was so close to the horizon it seemed as though it were touching and the light from the moon shot across the glass surface of the ocean right to the boat almost as if it were lighting our way. Before exiting the water we floated in the middle of the ocean and took in one last image as if taking a photograph with our mind. I will never forget this night as long as I live.

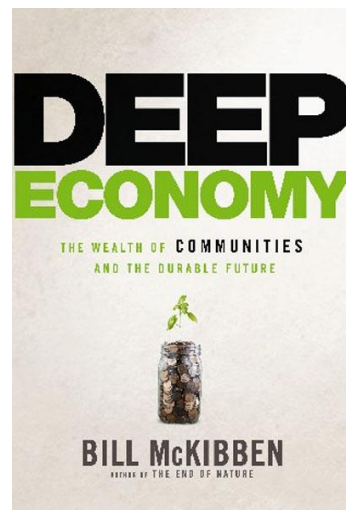
At the end of the week we woke up and somberly tore down our camp site, while saying goodbye to some of our favorite campsite hangouts. Twenty four hours later we were back in Pennsylvania, back in freezing cold weather, but

back with good stories, a good tan, but most importantly 13 great new friends. As we departed and said our goodbyes it was almost hard to choose your last words you wanted to say to summarize the ending of a great trip. A simple nod and a smile seemed to say it all.

The LHU Scuba Club would like to give special thanks to Dr. Carina Howell for being our advisor. We would also like to thank Sunken Treasure Scuba Center, for helping us get our club started.

Book Review: Bill McKibben, *Deep Economy: The Wealth of Communities and the Durable Future*.

--by Mark A. Smith (LHUP English Professor)



Bill McKibben has been at the forefront of those working for a sustainable future at least since publishing his 1989 book, *The End of Nature*, which, even before Al Gore, catapulted global warming into the public consciousness (for a review of *The End of Nature*, see the [Sep. 2008 edition of The Hemlock](#)). Since that time, McKibben has been a tireless advocate for the changes needed to create a sustainable (or as he calls it “durable”) future, addressing issues such as technology, population, consumption, communities, and the information age.

McKibben’s latest, *Deep Economy*, addresses some fairly remarkable developments around the world, all aimed at moving us into that durable future. The book begins by noting that, at least since Adam Smith, we have equated “More” with “Better.” We have assumed that increased affluence leads to increased human happiness and life satisfaction. As a result, we have focused almost exclusively on growth and consumption as a means to achieve it. The trouble is, McKibben argues, the equation doesn’t work. Instead, it has led to an economics of what he calls “hyper-individualism.” Quite apart from the effects this has had on the environment, McKibben argues this brand of economics simply doesn’t make us happy anymore. He cites research done by psychologists, sociologists and even economists showing that increasing consumer affluence doesn’t correlate with life satisfaction. Instead, once basic material needs are met, having more simply doesn’t lead to increased happiness.

He points to “an increasingly sturdy architecture of environmental economics” which looks past the individual in the marketplace to restore the value of community. McKibben has no objection to free markets per se, but rather looks for “the sweet spot between individuality and community.” “In a changed

world," he writes, "comfort will come less from ownership than from membership." Surprisingly—at least from the standpoint of conventional economic theory—living with less stuff and more community actually makes people happier. The science is in, the numbers are crunched, and the results show that the consumer society doesn't make us happier after all.

And so McKibben's book is stuffed with real-world examples of cultures and communities around the world moving in new directions and wresting control from a global economy so obsessed with "efficiency" that it no longer provides for local "sufficiency," much less human happiness or a sustainable future. McKibben devotes a chapter to the local food movement in Vermont, including the growth of farmers markets, community supported agriculture (CSA's), and universities where students are fed substantially by local farmers (given its choice location, LHU could easily move toward such local, sustainable sourcing). McKibben also travels the world, to Africa, Asia, and South America. In Bangladesh he finds "pesticide-free zones," seed banks preserving genetic diversity, and ingenious closed-loop systems for raising food. Farmers raise chickens above small ponds filled with water hyacinth and fish. The chicken waste fertilizes the hyacinth, the fish eat the hyacinth, and leftover hyacinth feeds cattle whose waste is fermented to produce biogas which then cooks all the bounty. These integrated systems have low energy inputs, low ecological impacts, and very high productivity. They may not contribute much to growth or corporate profits, but they're healthy and sustainable. To those who doubt the value of such small-scale agriculture for the future, McKibben points out that small farms are actually *more* productive than large ones, although the food does cost a little more. Yet another bonus: people stay on the land and farm instead of moving into cities. As McKibben notes, large-scale agriculture has "substituted oil for people," something that can't last forever.

As the examples accumulate, we see a grass-roots movement of global proportions, a sort of backdoor solution to the ills of globalization. If governments and economists won't move beyond the fundamentalist mantra of growth and free markets, then people worldwide seem intent upon working out local solutions that restore a sense of community and culture, reduce the impact of global warming, protect the environment, and provide for greater social justice and human satisfaction.

If all this sounds unrealistic or idealistic, I should add that McKibben's forte has always been his no-nonsense, boots-on-the-ground approach to the problems we face. There's no sweeping theory here, and no pipe dreams for the future, only real-world examples of people taking charge of their communities, their food supplies, their energy needs, even their entertainment needs, and building a culture that really can survive. It's now, it works, and it

inspires hope in ways that bailouts and stimulus packages never will: it points to a truly sustainable and satisfying future.

Environmental Justice Conference

The first ever statewide Environmental Justice Conference, "Building Healthy & Improved Communities for All," will be held April 26-28 at the Sheraton Hotel Harrisburg-Hershey. Environmental Justice is the fair treatment and meaningful involvement of all people regardless of race, color, national origin, or income with respect to the development, implementation, and enforcement of environmental laws, regulations, and policies. For more information, visit their [website](#).

Hike of the Month: The Mid State Trail in Woolrich

The Mid State trail is 260 miles long, stretching from the southern Pennsylvania border near Bedford, to the northern border near Lawrenceville. Part of it jogs through our area as it passes from the ridge-and-valley mountains to the Allegheny Plateau. This hike introduces you to a two-mile stretch of the trail, beginning at the [Woolrich Clothing Outlet](#) #1 in Woolrich, PA. John Rich began making clothes in this area in the 1830s, and if you haven't been to the factory outlet yet, you're missing one of the better shopping opportunities in this area. To get to the outlet, take 220 north to the McElhattan exit and then follow the signs. Park your car in the overflow lot to the left of the building. The hike is approximately four miles round trip; in the snow, it takes about two hours.



In the park adjacent to the parking lot (an excellent place for a picnic), you'll see several small buildings. Walk towards the open-fronted lean-to. This shelter was donated by the Woolrich Company in 2007. Note the orange blazes on the trees--you'll be following these for the rest of the hike. Follow the blazes to the southeast (away from the outlet) through the park. After a few minutes, you'll come to Park Avenue (the road into the outlet); turn right, cross the street and follow the blazes for about a third of a mile until you come to Gravel Hill Road, where the trail turns left. Cross Chatham Run and a second small stream, and then follow the blazes to the right into the woods. You'll have to scramble across a small stream (frozen when we were there), and then the trail climbs gradually a few hundred feet through a beautiful hemlock forest.

Once you reach the top, you'll follow several old logging roads southeast, along a ridge that parallels Park Avenue. We saw turkey, deer, and bobcat tracks. After about a mile, the trail turns right (southwest), and descends to Route 150, across from the Susque Valley Animal Hospital. At this point, you've walked almost two miles. You can either return the way you came, or go to the right (southwest) on Route 150 for about a third of a mile to Harley Drive. Take a right, and another few minutes will bring you to Park Avenue--take a right and you'll be one and a half miles from the outlet. When you get back, I recommend breakfast or lunch at the Woolrich Village Cafe (around the right side of the building).



I recently purchased the 11th edition of the guide to the Mid State Trail (available at local outdoor stores for \$38). I hate to complain about anything that is done by the outstanding [MST Association](#) (a nonprofit group formed in 1982 to build and maintain the trail), but there is significant room for improvement with this guide. Included in this edition for the first time are two excellent full-color maps for the second half of the trail. But the MSTA needs to simplify the Byzantine system they use to number their maps. Instead of Map #1, #2, #3, etc., the maps are numbered 213-15, then 303 (old map 216), then 217, 311, and so forth. To add to the confusion, several maps have stickers that say things like "This map is OBSOLETE. Please see map #304. Map 303/304 supersedes this map." The guide itself is little more than a list of the turns the trail takes, as opposed to a compendium of interesting information on the natural and cultural history of places on the trail (the guide to the Black Forest Trail and the Loyalsock Trail are both very good at this). Finally, I find the MSTA's insistence on using only the metric system preachy and annoying. I'm still a bit confused about the logic of their claim that "Metrification is a patriotic measure designed to help end our cultural isolation and ease our chronic balance of payments problems" (p. 19). But provide a good map, and the guide is superfluous anyway. Alternatives to the guide can be found in Jeff Mitchell's [Backpacking Pennsylvania](#) (who thankfully uses miles), and the various [state forest maps](#) that cover the trail (this particular hike is on the [Tiadaghton State Forest](#) map). The response of the MSTA to this rant would undoubtedly be, "If you think you can do better why don't you join us instead of complaining." And they'd be right, of course!



Environmental Focus Group

Bob Myers (chair), Md. Khalequzzaman, Lenny Long, Jeff Walsh, Danielle Tolton, John Crossen, Sandra Barney, David White, Tom Ormond, and Ralph Harnishfeger. The committee is charged with promoting and supporting activities, experiences, and structures that encourage students, faculty, and staff to develop a stronger sense of place for Lock Haven University and central Pennsylvania. Such a sense of place involves a stewardship of natural resources (environmentalism), meaningful outdoor experiences, and appreciation for the heritage of the region.