

# The Trail Talk

April 2003

**Club Information:** Please direct all inquiries regarding the Club to the President:

Carol A. Langley  
67 Pondview Drive  
Southington, CT 06489  
(860) 621-2860  
[Cosmical14@yahoo.com](mailto:Cosmical14@yahoo.com)

**Trail Talk:** Published four times a year in January, April, July and October. Activity schedules are included in each issue. Reports of activities and articles must be sent to the editor no later than the tenth day of the month of the publication. Send articles to:

Grace King  
653 Marrett Road  
Lexington, MA 02421  
[Kangti@excite.com](mailto:Kangti@excite.com)

**Membership Dues:** Annual dues are as follows:

Individual Adult	\$ 30.00
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Senior (70 or older)	\$ 20.00
Nonprofit or Youth Group	\$ 40.00
Business or Corporation	\$100.00

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4711 Waterbury-Stowe Road  
Waterbury Center, VT 05677-9904

**Website:** <http://home.attbi.com/~gmccctsection/>

## Connecticut Section of the Green Mountain Club

### *President's Message...*

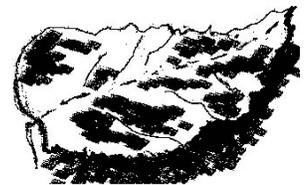
*On March 8, 2003, the Annual Dinner and Meeting of the GMC CT Section was held at the Cheshire Grange and attended by 53 members and guests. We were once again fed a great meal of roast beef, gravy, mashed potatoes, carrots, coleslaw, oles and our choice of beverage. The meal was finished with a brownie topped with ice cream. The group then moved upstairs for the annual meeting and slide presentation.*

*The officers for the next year are: President - Carol A. Langley, First V.P. of Trails and Shelters - Richard Krompegal, Second V.P. of Activities - Sarah O'Hare, Secretary - Steve Keri, Treasurer - Jack Sanga, Directors to the GMC are James Robertson and Norm Sills is alternate. Our reporter to the Long Trail News is Marjorie Hackbarth and the Trail Talk Editor is Grace King.*

*We then had a very interesting slide presentation by Fran Baranski on animal tracks and identification of them. I have spoken with Fran and he is willing to do a animal tracking day program for us next winter in conjunction with a hike.*

*I would like to thank all the leaders for their time in planning and leading several different activities and for all the great members who participated to make these activities a success. Hope to see you on one of our many activities that have been planned for this summer.*

*Carol A. Langley*



by Steve Keri

The CT chapter of the Green Mountain Club actually operates on a deficit. Between the cost of banking and publishing the newsletter these two activities consume what we receive in the form of dues. It is only through additional contributions that we can continue to bring you a quality newsletter. So in appreciation, we would like to thank the following for their generous donations to the CT chapter of the Green Mountain Club.

Richard and Leslie Chandler  
 Sherrill and Ruth Collins  
 Jack Sanga  
 Allan Williams  
 Donald Woodbridge  
 Kathleen Wright

**Sleeping Giant Hike  
January 1**

Only three people joined me on this New Year's Day hike. As we drove by the park entrance we saw many cars and thought there would be many hikers on the trails. In the parking lot on Chestnut Lane, Steve Keri waited for us. The weather predicted was not good and just as we left our cars in the inclement weather started.

Generally I am a fair weather hiker but today coming prepared for the elements we started off in search of the Blue Blazes that would take us to the Tower. Well as we hiked along in the rain, sleet, snow talking and not paying attention we went south on the Blue Trail instead of North, not a good thing. When we heard the cars and saw the road we knew what happened. Since the weather was nasty but we still wanted to hike, plans changed.

Returning to our origination we took the Violet trail that led us over, down and around rocks and plenty of water. Back on January 1 1992 Henry Smith and myself had done this trail and remembered a lovely waterfall. We then linked up with Cascade Trail, which runs right along the edge of the falls. With the weather and the slippery snow on the trail this was probably not the best trail to be on, one slip would have resulted in a nasty fall into the rocks and water. A fallen log along the trail was in just the right spot for our lunch

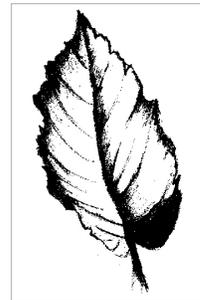
break. During this time Henry assisted Beck Hoge to wrap a Hot Spot with electrical tape. Lunch was short since we needed to keep moving to maintain our body heat.

On the Red Dot Trail we connected with the Horseshoe Trail then with the Red Triangle which linked us with the Green Trail that would take us back to our parked cars. This route stayed at the base of the Giant and would be a very cool hike on a steamy July or August day. The day dragged on as we just keeping slopping along in water and wet snow, Becky who was not used to this nonsense, asked "Are we there yet"? During the whole day we were in the woods we saw only 4 people and 3 dogs. Where did all the people go??

When we finally reached the car, Henry had made hot chocolate in a thermos and did it taste good and helped to warm our hands as we held the cups. There was a bit of dispute as to the length of the hike so I took a piece of string and moved it along the trails we hiked and have come up with 7.5 miles.

Thanks Henry, Becky and Steve for spending our New Year's Day hiking with me. Hope you can join me again on the trail.

Carol A. Langley



by Steve Keri

**Wadsworth Falls State Park  
January 5**

At long last, my annual cross country ski outing had excellent snow conditions. Snow had fallen the day before, certain to bring winter enthusiasts out to the park on a bright Sunday morning. Four of us arrived, the two women for skiing, the two men for snowshoeing. We took off in different directions, each method of transportation looking for different trail terrain and snow condi-

tions.

After awhile the two groups crossed paths and we followed the same trail, traveling together to Big Falls, the main attraction at the park. After pausing at the ice encrusted falls we continued on as a group, the men on snowshoes keeping up pretty well with the ladies on skis. Not a long outing today, as we tired by lunchtime. Decisions need to be made as to where to go to conclude the morning's activity. A change from pizza, we thought, and found an Indian Restaurant in Middletown. A new taste experience for some, a treat for all.

Snowshoers: Ken Williamson, Steve Keri  
Skiers: Laurene Sorenson, Sarah O'Hare



by Steve Keri

### **Cockaponset Forest Trail January 11**

Three of us started out from Route 148 with the plan to do 10 miles. The temperature was in the twenties, bright sun, a slight breeze, and about 2 inches of crunchy snow - this was not a stealth hike. Dave lead, headed up the Cockaponset Trail. He is obviously living only on his reputation (Dave's death march") because everyone survived. As further evidence of his general deterioration (advancing age?) Grace who had arrived late managed to run down the group after only one hour (3 miles) into the hike.

The now group of four proceeded up the Cockaponset to Jericho Road - and even 5 miles from the start - and stopped for lunch. After some discussion and excellent apple cake thanks to Lora (if you like goodies - hikes with a dueling Sarah and Lora are great!) we headed back. On the return trip we took the Old Forest Trail and

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then the Pataconk Trail so only about one mile was on the same path.

Warning to all hikers - If Grace leads a hike it may really be a death march. She looks fully capable of "loosing" the "allowed" 10%. After running down the group in the beginning, she was observed several competent observers running (not jogging) up the last hill. Way to go Grace!

Hikers: Grace King, Lora Miller, Steve Keri  
Leader: Dave Chatel

### **Massachusetts Appalachian Trail January 12, 2003**

The original hike was planned for a trail in Rhode Island but I had no takers. So on this bitter cold windy day Henry Smith and myself drove to Lee, MA. To hike in and check out Upper Goose Pond Cabin. The first part of the trail was broken in by someone who had snoeshoes so the hike was good. Trees danced in the air as the wind blew and blew. When the sun came out our steps in the snow had a BLUE color to them. The sky above cleared over and we had a beautiful cobalt sky just like you would see in the Colorado Mountains.

After about a little more than a mile our snowshoe tracks stopped and we were bushwhacking in the snow to try the best route and find the white blazes. Some were maybe just a foot or a little more off the snow covered ground. Finally we reached the sign that indicated it was 0.6 mild to the Cabin. After taking a short break and some pictures we marched on to our destination. Hiking in deep snow sure is tiring and makes you appreciate the trail in the summer. First the tent platform appeared then the Cabin. After clearing off the porch and moving the benches we fired up my campstove and put the soup on.

We had quite a spread, soup, cheese and crackers, oranges, hot green tea and desert was a chocolate bar. Refueled we started to get ready to return. Not realizing that I had my hands exposed for sometime while I ate, I suddenly could not feel the tips of my fingers and could not close up my packs. Just about this time Henry was reading the trail register when what should appear but a set of foot warmers. You guess it they soon became hand

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warmers. I now have a set in my pack for another time if they are needed.

Gloves on bundled up were started our trek back to the car. Going out was still a struggle since the snow was soft and each step suck in. The next day I ordered snowshoes from L.L.Bean sure wish I had them this day. Plan to lead an overnight to Upper Goose Pond this summer or early fall hope you can join me.

Carol A. Langley



by Steve Keri

### **Super Bowl Hike Gay City State Park January 26**

On one of the many cloudy gray days this winter, four hikers gathered at Gay City State Park in Hebron for an afternoon hike before football's Super Bowl. We left the parking area and headed down the main access road. The park must be popular for people with dogs, as we had to step carefully around many "deposits". Reaching the main pond, we found the ice quite solid - no surprise for this cold winter, especially since this was in the midst of 18 days below freezing in central - so we crossed the pond as a short cut to one of the many loop trails. Trails were a mixture of snow and ice, occasionally requiring detours into the woods to bypass particularly hazardous ice sheets.

After looping around the old Gay City mill site, we walked out on the pond again and spent at least half an hour exploring a couple of small islands and beaver lodges. Jimmy attempted to awaken (agitate?) the beavers in one, jumping up and down on the roof until we reminded him that the beavers would probably not

be happy. We returned to the parking area to enjoy Lora's cream cheese brownies.

Hikers: Jim and Jimmy Robertson, Lora Miller, Bob Schoff

### **Hammonasset GMC and AYH Joint Hike February 2**

On a rare day this winter the temperature went up to 40 degrees so nineteen people showed up for this joint hike. The mild air was delightful until we started to go back westward into a stiff wind. Except for the usual gulls and some black ducks, the smart birds were hunkered down and the seals Marge promised on the Moraine Trail were a no show. However, those that joined the group at the Fish Tale for lunch enjoyed a cozy end to the hike. Hikers included Sarah O'Hare, Jim and Jimmy Robertson, guest John Scully and niece Lisa Scully, Ken Williamson. Marge Hackbarth was the leader represented the GMC.

### **Storm Moon Hike February 15**

At 5:30 I met Jim Robertson and Jack Sanga in Collinsville. Henry Smith rode up with me and on one else wanted to brave the bone chilling zero degree weather. Dressed for the winter weather we started off. The beautiful Full Moon was already starting her nightly journey across the darkened sky. Jupiter sparkled brightly to the right of the moon and was quite a sight.

As we crossed the bridge over the Farmington River the snow crunched and squeaked under our feet. Between the reflection of the snow and the moon our path was well lit. The walk as quite pleasant since we were sheltered from the wind by a bank on the west side of the river. Even though we could see our way Henry had a new headlight that he had to try out. We walked along the river with the Moon at our side casting shadows on the snow. Henry's light was like a beacon lighting the footpath we were following.

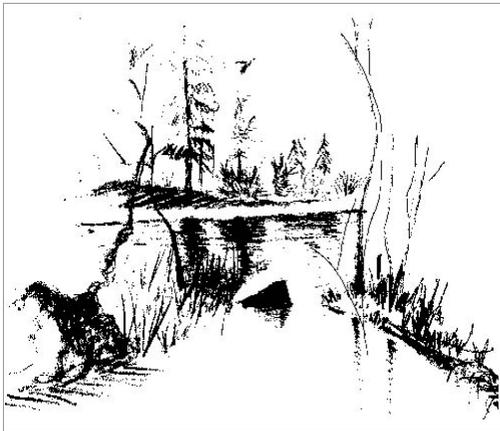
While we kept moving we were very comfortable and enjoyed our night hike. But the minute our group stopped the icy fingers of winter seeped through

our clothes and penetrated our bones. The drone of cars on Rt. 179 and Rt. 4 broke the quiet peacefulness of this evening.

Once we reached the farthest parking area we returned and retraced our steps. Now Jack Sanga had a new Coleman mini-lantern that he wanted to try out. This lantern was a really net camping item. It weighed very little and sure did give off a nice light. So once again we had the moonlight and a beacon to shine on our path. On our return trip we saw benches that were made by Scout Troop 177. Jim tried them out and we think we were made for short people or the snow cover was quite deep. The troop had used two stumps for the ends and laid across small tree limbs for the seats. Nice job boys!

When we reached the Station House Café we had a bite to eat while we were entertained by a female guitar player/singer. Quite a night. Thanks for joining me Jim, Henry and Jack. I will probably do this trip again. The 4 miles is a nice hike for the night time.

Carol A. Langley



by Steve Keri

### Snowshoeing on Greylock March 15-16

Originally there were 8 people who expressed interest in attending this event. However, due to illness, job or trepidation, the final count was 3. Well, maybe only 2 ½, since Drew is only 6 years old. We all car-pooled together. Dave picked us up at 7:00 am on Saturday. It was a gray overcast

day. But the promise of warmth and sun motivated us.

I thought Ken was directionally challenged. Dave is giving him a run for his money. On the way to Greylock, we missed two major turn offs. One was the Mass Pike. Not exactly easy to miss a 6 lane highway, but we managed to do it. We got up around Deerfield when Dave asked me "Have we gone past the Mass Pike"? No problem! We looked at the map and determined we could take Rt 2 west. No loss of time. Guess who missed the exit for Rt 2 west.

Despite all our navigational mishaps, we were on the trail by 9:40 and heading for the campground, only missing our original time by 10 minutes. We were going to hike up to the campground, drop our packs, set up base camp and then continue up to the summit. We estimated about 2 miles from the parking lot to the campground. I was mildly surprised when we saw a sign that said campground 0.3 miles. Turned out to be the wrong campground. Ours was really Uphill. Up Up Uphill. We figured the actual mileage was closer to 2.5 miles.

We were on the west side of the mountain headed up the Hopper trail. There was a good 3 feet of snow on the trail. The temperature was in the low 40's. The snow would clump to the snowshoes making you stop every few steps and knock the ice balls off. Lugging a double pack, since I had to carry most of Drew's equipment slowed us down a little. Is this the place where I should mention that a blind hiker passed us? Have I ever mentioned that the club could really use a pack llama. However, we were in no real hurry. We reached the campground about noon.

Just as we were about to drop our packs, Dave stepped into a snow pocket and sank about 3 ft down. He had to remove his pack in order to be able to climb out. I have a great picture of him stuck in a snow bank up to mid thigh. Dave is about 6'3" so you know the snow was deep.

After a leisurely lunch, which included some hot chocolate, we left around 1:00 for the summit. Drew thought he would try using the snowshoes. Even he was starting to post hole. After about 20 minutes of using the snowshoes, Drew thought they were more work than they were worth. For Dave and I, snowshoes were an absolute necessity. The climb from the campground to the summit was much easier than the climb

from the parking lot to the campground. We took our time, and reached the summit right around 3:00 pm. We stayed at the top for about 20 minutes, looked around, had a light snack and then headed back down.

The trip down was fast and we reached the campground about 4:00. Although we had brought tents, there was an unoccupied lean to. We swept it out and set up our sleeping gear. Light snack of crackers and cheese, courtesy of Dave. Drew tried to teach Dave how to play Yugi-Oh. Don't ask. It is some Japanese cartoon-monster card game. The rules change every time and every hand. When the sun began to set, we all cooked supper. The temperature began to drop, out came the propane heater. We were really roughing it. We lit a couple of candles and lanterns and played cards until about 7:30. We taught Drew to play 7 card stud.

There was a full moon, and with all the snow it was very bright. We all rolled into sleeping bags and were sleeping by 8:00.

Sunday dawned bright and early. After breakfast we headed back down the mountain. Only took about 1 hour to retrace our steps. The snow wasn't sticky yet, and we were going downhill. Since we were at the bottom so early, we dropped our packs and did some hiking. We thought we would check out the other campground. While on the way we saw a deer grazing in a field. At the campground, someone had made a couple of snow shelters. Drew and I posed for pictures inside. There was enough room for 4 people in each shelter. After poking around for an hour or so, we headed back to the truck, packed up our gear and began heading home. We stopped at Friendly's in Lee for lunch. However, since it was only 11:15 they weren't serving lunch and we had to have breakfast, again!

Campers were Dave C, Drew and Jack S.



by Steve Keri

### Tippecansett Trail March 16, 2003

On this balmy winter day five people joined me. Henry Smith, Ken Williamson, Sarah O'Hare and Eric and Leeann. (Sorry I didn't get your last names). We left two cars at the Beach Pond Area and drove to Yawgoog Scout Camp off Rt. 138 in Rhode Island.

The trail was a bit icy under foot from the daytime melting and freezing at night. Most of this trail is flat other than Dinosaur Rock. We all had to work hard our creative vision for this information, I think the consensus of the group was that it looked like a turtle with his shell. At this point some of us followed foot prints over the rocks and ice which led no where and a couple of "hawk eyes" saw the yellow blazes and followed them. After regrouping we came upon a huge flat rock area where we stopped to take a break and soak in the warm sunshine which felt so good. A couple of pictures were taken and it was on the trail again.

Even though the trail was flat the soft snow under foot mad us feel like we were walking in sand. As the trail took a sharp turn to the left we heard cars and knew we were close to Rt. 138. Now we followed a dirt road where Eric saw the sign "Noah's Ark Farm" which is mentioned in the write up of this trail. The road became a challenge; first we stopped to let a couple of riders pass on horses. Then we were doing some fancy foot work to saddle the ice, water and mud first we stepped

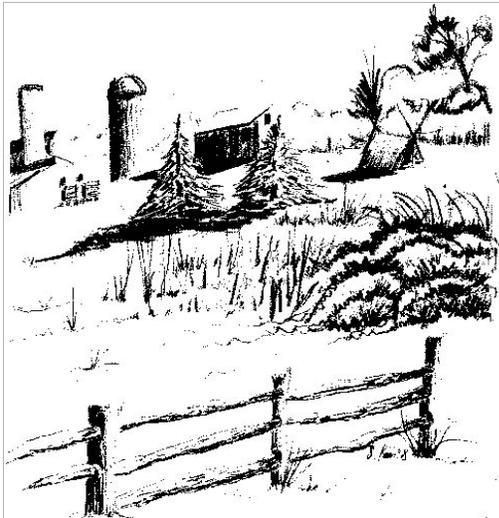
to the left, to the right down the middle of the road until finally we switched back to the trail.

At this point we were in search of the perfect lunch spot with a view of the water which we were hiking around. A rock which we saw from the west shore looked like the place. But after bushwhacking and Henry crossing the ice we found that the rock had warmed the water enough around so that the ice was not safe. We settled for the rocks on the bank of a stream that was frozen over but as the water rushed to the pond we heard it sing its song.

Just like it always happens five minutes more on the trail was a beautiful rock outcropping which gave excellent views of the whole pond. Tell tale signs of fire ash told us that this was a popular spot in the evening probably for star gazing and just hanging out with your friends.

At 2:30 we reached our cars at Beach Pond. Although we had just eaten we all went to the local Piazza place to replenish our bodies with Taco and Veggie Piazza. The Taco Piazza after a few bites was renamed the Lettuce Piazza. Another fine hiking day with some great hikers, thanks for joining me Henry, Ken, Eric and Leeann.

Carol A. Langley



by Steve Keri



**Grace King**  
**The Green Mountain Club**  
**653 Marrett Road**  
**Lexington, MA 02421**



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