

The Trail Talk

October 2002

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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:

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Membership Dues: Annual dues are as follows:

Individual Adult	\$ 27.00
Family	\$ 35.00
Junior (under 18)	\$ 7.00
Organization	\$ 35.00

Dues are payable by December 31 for the following calendar year. Send annual dues to:

The Green Mountain Club
4711 Waterbury-Stowe Road
Waterbury Center, VT 05677

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

Connecticut Section of the Green Mountain Club

Ten Mile River Camping
July 20 - 21

Times change. Seasons change. Kids change. Oh, well, so much for poetic exploration..

We had 13 GMCers and friends for our annual trip to the Ten Mile River camping area on the Appalachian Trail near Bulls Bridge, continuing an outing that started in 1996. As the kids in our group are older now, the entertainment this year included wading all the way across the Housatonic River (led by the adventurous Sangas and Karls) and fishing (led by the Bassmaster, Dick Krompegal.) From our camping spot beside the field at TMR, we first changed into bathing suits for wading, swimming and rock-hopping. As the afternoon waned, we switched to fishing, mostly with Dick's two poles and his can of worms. After dinner, it was back the river, where we rigged up fishing line on sticks, so that more could participate. With so much activity, Dick periodically had to pass his pole to Jimmy or Drew to hold, and remarkably, every time, our two youngest campers felt the tug of a fish on the end of the line! Several trout, pumpkinseed, perch, and others were caught and released. By 8:30, darkness was setting in, so everyone headed for his or her tents.

The next morning we headed down to the old fishing hole again, with some limited success. As the day was getting warm and humid, around 10 o'clock, we packed up for the mile hike back out to the road.

Backpackers: Jim, Kerry, Brenna and Jimmy Robertson, Molly Brink, Kevin and Allison Karl, Kathy Steffens, Jack, Lee, Olivia and Drew Sanga, Dick Krompegal



President's Message....

It's that time of year again. When the leaves turn brilliant colors, the air becomes crisp and cool and the sound of gun shots fill the air. Yep, hunting season is here so make sure you wear your orange as you are out and about in the woods.

Mark your calendars!! The Connecticut Section annual meeting and dinner will be Saturday, March 8, 2003. This year we will return, by popular demand, to the Cheshire Grange and their famous Roast Beef Dinner. The Guest Speaker will be Fran Baranski who will give a presentation on "Tracking and Animal Signs." Set the date aside. More information will be given in the next Trail Talk.

Rescheduled Work Party To Kid Gore, VT July 26 - 28

Since the May maintenance trip to Kid Gore was aborted due to snow Marge Hackbarth, Dan Zelterman and Dick Krompegal returned to Kid Gore Friday afternoon, July 26. The group set to work cutting down weeds and brush in front of the shelter to restore the view. Marge cleaned out the fireplace and all gathered wood for the evening hot dog roast. The evening was blessedly cool and dry.

Saturday morning Frank Maine arrived with his friend Gene Purcha toting a chain saw. Once Frank got going the trees came down - many with the intention of protecting the roof of the shelter and some cut were beech eliminating the beech nuts favored by the bears. Dan went off by himself to inspect the trail to Glastenbury Mountain. As prearranged, later in the day we were joined by Field Director Dave Hardy who came to inspect the proposed trail relocation north of the shelter. Since this relocation must be approved by the Forest Service it will be some time before this is ever accomplished. Later in the day Dean Dickinson and Scott Martin pulled in from the Story

Spring Shelter direction. Wanting to have the shelter to ourselves, we directed all hikers to the facility at Caughnawaga which unfortunately no longer has an outhouse. It was knocked down because of fear of polluting the water supply. On this trip, due to the drought, we had to go there for our water as the spring near the Kid Gore Shelter was dry. In the evening we had another hot dog roast and a tremendous bonfire. Frank kept sawing up the downed trees and the guys piled the logs on the fire.

Sunday morning Dave left early and the rest of the crew went over to Caughnawaga to do some cleanup. When we left the view was much improved and both shelters tidy looking. Dean and Scott headed north on the trail to their car, Frank and Gene dropped off at Frank's Jeep leaving Marge, Dan and Dick continuing on the old logging roads. It started to sprinkle. Shortly before reaching the cars Dan and Dick scared up a MOOSE about fifty yards ahead of, and just out of, sight of Marge. After driving several miles we changed clothes in an outhouse for a primitive camping area. A stop in Wilmington for Mexican food then back to CT.

Many Thanks
Frank Maine, Gene Purcha, Dean Dickinson, Scott Martin, Dave Hardy.
Written By Marge Hackbarth.
Leader Dick Krompegal.

Mt. Adams August 10

This was the 3rd in our presidential series in the White Mountains. Aug 10th started out overcast and with a light drizzle. We all met at the restaurant at Hikers Paradise around 8:30ish. We proceeded to the trail head (which had been carefully scoped out in advance, which meant we didn't have clue where it was).

The original intention was to climb Kings ravine and then take Air Line back down. Due the weather, we were thinking about taking an alternate route. We decided that we would go up the common trail and then at the head wall make a decision about tackling the ravine.

We agreed that when we reached the branch point, if it was raining we would stick with a safer trail. As luck would have it, just as we reached the decision point, a light mist began. Grace threw down the gauntlet by saying "We can check out the head wall and then if it is too steep we can turn around". Yeah ... like that would happen.

We proceeded along the trail and by the time we got to the head wall, the weather had cleared up and there wasn't a cloud in the sky. We tackled the ravine which didn't look too imposing on the way up. Certainly wasn't as tough as Huntington Ravine on Mt Washington. Anyway, we went through ice caves, which some people said they saw ice. Quite an accomplishment in mid August! They were really cool so they might have contained ice.

We also met a troop of boy scouts on the way up. This troop was younger boys, who were going to hike to the Madison hut where they would meet older boys that were climbing Mt Washington.

The trail was in good shape and there weren't many people on the mountain. Other than the boy scouts I don't think we met anyone on the trail until we reached the summit.

On the way to the summit, Steve thought he would take a more direct route to the top. However, about 20 feet up a solid rock face, common sense (couldn't have been fear) was restored and he descended back to the trail. Although the rock face was about 45 - 50 degrees in pitch, it was more than one would really want to do without the proper equipment.

Most of us reached the summit around 3:00. Some people who shall remain nameless ran up the mountain and did the summit around 1:00.

One of Loreen's friends from Maine was supposed to meet us on the mountain. At the top we began talking to this nice and knowledgeable guy about the mountains. Turns out this was Rick who we were supposed to hook up. Talk about a small world.

On the way down, we walked a knife

edge with Kings ravine on one side and Bumpus Basin on the other. At places the trail was only 12 to 15 feet wide. From this perspective it looked like only idiots would actually climb Kings Ravine.

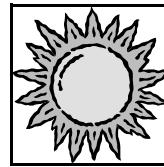
Once we reached the tree line, the trip down was uninspiring. In fact it is supposed to be the shortest route to the summit. However, it took us almost 3 hours to descend the 4 mile trail. Except for Grace who got her second wind and practically ran down.

Once we all regrouped we went out for supper where we relived the day, past adventures and planned for future events.

We finally decided to go our separate ways around 8:30. Some people who shall remain nameless decided to be reckless and drive 5 hours back to North Stonington.

Honorable mention has to be given to Dave who did all 4 Adams summits.

Attendees were Mandy, Grace, Loreen, Steve, David, Rick and Jack.



Day Hike at McLean Refuge August 11

On this beautiful summer day I had six hikers meet me at the entrance to McLean. Standing in the parking lot we could feel the heat of the sun and knew the day would get hot fast so promptly at 9:15 we hiked to the trailhead.

We entered the woods on the Loop trail, which was very easy hiking and marked very clearly. The group seemed to breakout into pairs and soon the air was filled with hikers chattering sharing their thoughts with one another. After crossing a woods road we picked up the Summit Trail which was grown in and no longer gave any views but we were glad to have the canopy of evergreens which shaded us and helped to keep the temperature a little cooler. At this point we took a fluid break (in-take and out-put) we also decided that as I had stated in the hike schedule that if

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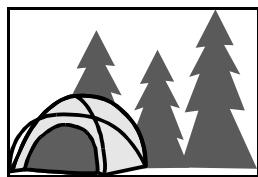
the heat became unbearably for anyone we would shorten the hike. Marge announced that she felt like it was 100 degrees and she had probably lost 5 lbs through perspiring so at the next junction we picked up the Mt. Rd. and headed back.

This is a very nice road lined with Pine Needles along which I discovered Wild Orchids (Rattlesnake Panton) growing in quite a large area. Soon the old Caretaker Cabin was in view. The group quickly took advantage of the front porch and shared snacks while we were entertained by nature. Something in the Trout Pond was jumping and making huge circles in the water. We watched out but just couldn't judge where it was coming up next so we never identify this creature of the deep. We did have the opportunity to watch a Great Blue Heron dive and get himself lunch. As we enjoyed cookies which I believed Lora Miller bought (if I am wrong please forgive) the Great Spangled Fritillary - Butterfly dined on the last nectar of the wildflowers in the area.

Since the day was getting hotter and the gentle breeze with a view of the pond did not help to keep us cool we hiked out and called it a day. I think we probably did about 4 miles. This is such a lovely place with a great variety of trails for any season.

Thanks to all who joined me hope to see you on other hikes:
Marjorie Hackbath, Sarah O'Hare, Lora Miller, Jim Robertson, Richard and Leslie Chandler.

Happy Hiking, Carol A. Langley



Story Spring Work Party , VT August 23 - 25

On Friday Marge Hackbath, Dan Zelterman, Bill Brodnitzki and Dick Krompegal arrived around noon at the Story Spring Shelter. After they set up camp the men left to inspect the area where the bridge

is to be built over Black Brook. Marge remained in camp to clean out the fire ring and gather wood. Later in the afternoon Bruce Gregoire and his son Travis arrived. They had heard of our project from Bob Schoff and Bruce, who had just finished the Appalachian Trail this year, was eager to help.

The evening was spent eating snacks and beverages and talking with thru hikers who occupied the shelter. Norm Sills and Frank Maine joined us in the evening.

Saturday morning Sarah O'Hare and Jim Robertson joined us after leaving CT very early that morning. Sarah left with Dan to blaze the trail back south toward Lydia's Rest. Mother nature did not cooperate with the blazing and again rain interfered. Much later in the day Sarah & Dan returned soaked to the skin. Since her dry clothes were in her car, Sarah fueled up on a nice pasta salad she had brought then returned home.

Earlier Bill, Marge, Jim, Travis, Norm and Dick walked out, drove to another trail then walked into the bridge project. Bill showed us how to lay out the elevation lines. Fortunately the brook was so low the task was easy after an old abutment from the previous bridge was removed. For some reason the Field Supervisor, Greg Western did not show up as planned. Without him the crew could do no further work so started their walk and drive back to Story Spring in a light rain. Later Greg arrived at Story Spring with this wild story he did bring, how because of his unruly truck his meticulous plans went amuck. Somehow the tailgate opened so as he bounced along for many miles over the rutted dirt road the tools were popping out, along with his hiking boots. He traveled back to look for them - finding some but not all.

By the time we reached Story Spring it was raining in earnest so a plastic tarp we brought was erected over the picnic table next to the shelter. Frank was sitting in the shelter making pizza, much to the delight of the thru hikers. Of the five pizzas he made Marge figured she had a piece of each so she had no room for the hot dogs and salad. The hikers helped to collect lots of wood and we started a fire. Frank had wisely covered the wood Marge had collected. Norm had brought fresh

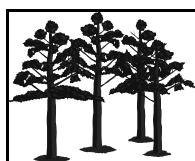
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carrots, grapes, beverages, and his wife's delicious cookies. Marge kept urging the hikers to help eat all the food we had including tomatoes she had brought from her garden. We had promised Greg we would return to the bridge site in the morning if the rain stopped. Bruce and Travis returned home on Saturday afternoon and in the evening Jim, Norm and Bill left. After dark the rest retired to rather damp tents, but the rain had stopped.

Sunday morning after loading the thru hikers down with all the food that was left, what remained of our crew packed up then headed toward the cars to drive around and meet Greg and a Long Trail Patrol worker Bob. To our amazement as we were walking out to the road Bill appeared. He had gone all the way home to Norfolk, slept in his dry bed then returned to VT for the day's work. Later at the brook Frank and Dan drove down the rutted and bumpy road in Frank's Jeep. Bill was pleased that the elevation work met with Greg's approval. Numerous trips were made to bring in tools which were then stashed at a camp site where the bridge builders will stay for the next weeks. It is estimated that it will take four weeks to complete the project. Previously four planks weighing six hundred pounds each, we estimated more, costing thousands of dollars a piece had been dragged in. It is amazing that a bridge across this tiny brook will cost about \$5,000.00. The rain had increased the volume of the water in the brook since Saturday. Without the bridge in the spring it would be difficult to cross. After further site work we headed for our cars then home. We left satisfied that after three years the bridge is again going to be restored.

Frank Maine, Bill Brodnitzki, Sarah O'Hare, Jim Robertson, Norm Sills, Dan Zelterman, Bruce & Travis Gregoire, Greg Western

Written By Marge Hackbarth
Leader Dick Krompegal



Metacomet Trail September 1

As a group of six, we began our hike at Penwood Park in Bloomfield. The trail was expected to be rather rugged with several climbs. Therefore, Marge had planned to hike as far as Lake Louise and then retrace her steps. However, the cool summer day and good company beckoned her to go the distance, 6.2 miles, with the rest of us.

And then we were seven. After a water break at Lake Louise, which wasn't much more than a pond, we came upon Dave who had taken a short cut in anticipation of joining up with us. There is now question of whether he gets full credit for hiking this section in full! The jury is still out on that.

A western panoramic view of the Farmington River Valley from the top of a trap ridge was a point of interest, as were the ruins of the Bartlett Tower, a relic of a former recreational development. The highlight of the hike, however, was a barred owl, perched low and near to the trail. Tiring of its observers, it took to silent flight to another tree within our view. It was then that we stopped for our lunch break.

The trail was heavily wooded until the end of the section, where a long roadwalk brought us into Tariffville. After returning to our cars, some departed for home and others to Park Avenue Pizza in Bloomfield for the traditional post-hike refreshments.

Hikers: Marge Hackbarth, Dick Krompegal, Dave Amidon, Lora Miller, Ken Williamson, Jim Robertson
Leader: Sarah O'Hare

Nantucket Bike Riding September 6 - 8

This article would have been a lot more interesting if my co-leader had written it, but since he did all the work hauling the spaghetti back to the hostel, he delegated me to do it. For starters, it could not have been a more beautiful weekend. Some really ambitious riders, Ken and Adele, started their ride from Nickerson State Forest where they joined

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the less ambitious of us, Mandy and Bonnie, at the ferry.

Everyone came at different times and we all joined at the hostel to have a group meeting with some pretty good snacks. Our latest to arrive was Jack who rode by moonlight to the hostel, only to arrive at 11pm, after the hostel doors were locked. With visions of sugar plums dancing in his head, he pounded on the caretaker's door to be let in to his waiting bunk bed. In the morning different groups headed out to explore the island which was full of wonderful bike trails leading to town and to the ocean. The group decided to cook a group spaghetti dinner at the hostel that was marvelous. We were all hungry after clocking 40 plus miles for the day. Some of us then got involved in some competitive Scrabble while others got to view a spectacular display in the sky of the Northern lights. It was a clear night and the sky was so big.

On Sunday morning, again, everyone headed out to spend some time at the beach, explore the shops in town and to ride more trails. Sadly, the time came to leave with the majority of us heading out on the noon ferry. The trip was a lot of fun for everyone. We hope to see you all next year when we continue our Island series with a weekend of riding on Martha's Vineyard. Participants included Mandy Brink, Ken Williamson, Jack Sanga, Bonnie Wilcox, Sarah and Mike O'Hare, Allen Freeman, Jodi Silverman, Doreen Scott, MarieLorenzo, Jennifer and Matt Golec, Laurene Sorensen, Lora Miller and Adele Ferreira.



East River Canoe / Kayak September 14

Another fabulous day dawned on Saturday September 14. It was a great day for kayaking (or getting married). Most of us were at the Guilford East

River boat launch by the scheduled time of 9:30. There were a couple of stragglers.

Anyway, everyone was in water and paddling by 10:00. Unfortunately the tide was going out, so we were paddling up stream and the tide was going out.

This river is open to Long Island Sound so it was salt water. The banks were full of fiddler crabs, mussels and larger blue crabs. We paddled upstream, stopping occasionally for water and snack breaks.

As we paddled upstream the tide continued to go out. The water was getting shallower. There were some schools of small bait fish that you could see jumping occasionally. Suddenly there was high pitched screaming. Seems one had managed to jump into Grace's kayak and she was not happy about it. It was only a little fish, about as long as your index finger. Not even as big as a sardine! Anyway, we managed to "de-fish-ify" her kayak before harm was done.

We continued to paddle upstream and around 11:30 we reached the very start of the river. In fact we actually ran out of water. We turned around and began going back down stream. We found a nicely shaded road side park where we stopped for lunch.

On the way back we saw a number of people that were crabbing. I don't know what kind of mussels are edible, but must not have been the type we saw along the bank. There sure were a lot of them.

We were back at the boat launch by 1:30. We all agreed it was too early to call it quits. Since I was the only one who really wanted to go out and play in the sound with my kayak, that idea was shot down. Canoers can be such a drag. We decided to paddle up the Neck river, which branches from the Guilford river at the boat launch.

Finally the tide was coming in, so going up the Neck river was easy. We paddled for quite a ways and finally decided to turn around. Unfortunately, the tide was still coming in, so it was a lot of work to paddle downstream back to the cars.

Went for pizza and beer in Old Say-

brook.

Paddlers were Mandy, Grace, Vayesha, Loreen, Steve, David and Jack.

Congratulations to Mary and John who were married on Sept 14th.



Message from the main club --- Snow shoe festival, January 18, 2003

Hello!

Please mark your calendars for Saturday, January 18th, save the date, and help spread the word! Last year over 60 volunteers led trips, sold tickets, parked cars, led kids activities and fed hungry snowshoers, making the day one of the most successful festivals yet. We hope snowshoe fest devotees will return again this year and new volunteers will come out to make this year's event even greater!

The one-day event offers the use of demo snowshoes on guided hikes and nature walks. Snowshoe hikes travel through the snowy trails and mountains surrounding Stowe. Nature tours happen every hour in the GMC backyard. There is plenty of food, door prizes, vendors displaying winter gear and winter games for kids! Admission: \$5 for GMC members, \$8 nonmembers. Kids under 12 are free. For more information call GMC at (802) 244-7037 or visit www.wintertrails.org. Event in conjunction with Winter Trails Day '03.

Folks interested in volunteering please contact Keri Foster (Member and Volunteer Coordinator) at 802-244-7037 extension 24 or keri@greenmountainclub.org.

This year's national sponsors include: American Hiking Society, Atlas, Backpacker, Crescent Moon, Kamik, Little Bear, MSR, NSN, Ortovox USA, Red Feather, Salomon, Snowlink.com, TSL, Tubbs and Yakima.

Calling all interested travelers ---

I am looking for some fellow club members who would be interested in a 5-7 day trip to South Dakota, late next spring or early summer. It would entail flying out to Rapid City with the intent to do some beautiful hiking, camping and biking in the Black Hills. Definite activities would include climbing Harney Peak (the highest peak in SD), biking on the George Mickelson Trail and some sightseeing adventures to Mt Rushmore and possibly Jewel Cave National Park, Wind Cave National Park and Crazy Horse. We would be camping, most likely in Custer State Park. If you would like to be included in the information and planning emails, please send an email to Mandy Brink (trekeragb@aol.com). Cost will be largely dependent on airfare and car rental. Other costs are minimal.

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October, 2002

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