

# The Connecticut Section of the Green Mountain Club

## THE TRAIL TALK

October 2010

REV 1



### Mystic River Paddle July 11, 2010

What a fantastic day to be out on the water. It was hot, sunny; and the ocean was terribly inviting. We launched from the Mystic YMCA, turned left and headed towards Mason's Island. Our first stop for the morning was on Enders Island, which has a beautiful chapel with gardens. We stopped and walked through the church and various gardens of roses, herbs and wild flowers. There were benches for meditation. It was a place that gave you a feeling of peace and tranquility.

Mason's Island is named after Major John Mason who had fought at Fort Hill where the British battled the Pequot Indians. He was given the land for leading the British forces. He purportedly was born in Norwich, England, and died in Norwich, Connecticut.

Afterwards, we got back in our kayaks and began paddling along the shores of the island, looking at the homes and cottages. We paddled by Pogy Bay and entered a beautiful inlet. There were no other boaters, and it was quiet. We were able to paddle through the tall, wavy grasses and explore. It was nice to have this quiet time before heading out of the inlet and back to the busyness of the boaters on the Mystic River.

Before we knew it, we had growling bellies. Sure enough, it was after 1pm; so we decided to paddle down the Mystic River to the Sea View for lunch. We floated past the Mystic Seaport and checked out the boats that were launched there. There were some mighty big boats, and we certainly felt like very little fish in our kayaks compared to them. We arrived at our lunch spot about 2:20; and boy, were we hungry. After eating, we decided to head back to the Mystic Y for a swim. We loaded our boats onto the cars and then jumped in the water. We stayed in for quite a while until our skin was waterlogged. We sat on the beach for a short time before accepting the fact that our fun day was ending and it was time to go home. We departed at 5:30 pm, happy with our suntans/sunburns and tired paddling muscles. Per Jack's GPS, we had paddled 9.3 miles.

*Paddlers: Jack Sanga, Laurene Sorensen  
Leader: Mandy Brink*



### 100th Anniversary Relay Hike July 17 to August 15, 2010

On July 17, 2010, Ben Rose, our Executive Director, led the first leg of the end-to-end hike this summer. On July 30th, I was the hike leader representing the Connecticut Section. Plans were to start at the New Boston Trail Head; however, when we reached Forest Road 99, it was barely passable for a short distance. Recent rains had washed out the road. Just two weeks prior, I had been there; and the road was drivable. We parked the vehicles as close to the trailhead as possible and started the hike. Our group of eight met the other hikers who had done the previous day's hike and had spent the night at David Logan Shelter.

Dave Hardy was the hike leader from Route 4 to the shelter. Somewhere along the trail, Prickles, our Porcupine Mascot had taken a serious fall (some say she jumped to answer the "call of the wild") and disappeared on Day 13. She was found and returned later by "Taylor," an end-to-end hiker. When our group reached the David Logan Shelter, Prickles was sitting on the railing with a bandage over her right eye. After assuring Prickles that she would be safe riding on the top of my pack, she smiled and said, "lets go!" After we secured Prickles in her harness, we started the hike that ended on Route 73 at Brandon Gap. Even though the summer had been very hot and dry, we had a gorgeous hiking day. It had been in the low 80's with a gentle breeze.

We later hiked through Wetmore Gap. Forest Service volunteers had just performed trail maintenance. Great job!!! Our planned 7.2-mile hike became a little over nine miles, but all enjoyed the day. We meet Doug McKain, from the Bread Loaf Section, who then became responsible for the care and safety of Prickles. Please go to the GMC website to see all of the photos of Prickles' adventures on the Relay Hike.

*Carol A. Langley*



### Tunxis Trail, Connecticut August 7-8, 2010

After staging our cars, with maps and GPS units in hand, we started our journey at Route 202. After about a mile, we left the Tunxis Trail to check out the campsite on Tipping Rock loop. Apparently, Tipping Rock no longer tips. There's no sign that identifies it, either; but what we think is the location is marked with directional signs.

## CLUB INFORMATION

<http://www.conngmc.com>

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### Articles

The Trail Talk is 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

When filling out the form to join or renew, circle the Connecticut Section on the application to receive, at no extra charge, the Connecticut Section's newsletter and activity schedule.

#### Dues:

Individual Adult	\$ 40.00
Family	\$ 50.00
Senior (70 or older) or Limited Income	\$ 22.00
Nonprofit or Youth Group	\$ 50.00
Business or Corporation	\$150.00

Send annual dues to (can also pay online):

The Green Mountain Club  
4711 Waterbury-Stowe Road  
Waterbury Center, VT 05677-9904  
(802) 244-7037, [www.greenmountainclub.org](http://www.greenmountainclub.org)

### Connecticut Section of the GMC

Post & Receive Messages, Photos, Other Activities

[http://groups.yahoo.com/group/ct\\_green\\_mountain\\_club/](http://groups.yahoo.com/group/ct_green_mountain_club/)

Shortly after passing Tipping Rock, we arrived at the campsite. I would give it two stars. It's an adequate place to bed down for the night; yet there was no view of any kind, no water, and no privy.

Our trek progressed to Route 44 and the Farmington River Turnpike where the trail follows both of these roads for a short distance. The turn off from the Farmington River Turnpike into the woods is not marked; and I just happened to glance over to the side of the road and see a blaze.

We then proceeded somewhat uneventfully to Ski Sundown. At this time, Kevin decided that he'd rather not press on. Jim and I were disappointed but were happy to have had a chance to hike with him. After Kevin secured a ride back to his truck, Jim and I continued along the trail. After the steep climb to the ridge that rises over Lake McDonough, we decided to check out the overlook at the south end of the ridge; however, the trees had overgrown and obscured much of the view.

By this time, between this being Jim's second backpacking trip and my sock experiment starting to go awry, we were ready for the hike to be over; but we still had seven miles to go! Jim with is fatigue and I with my blistered heels pressed on and arrived at Roaring Brook campsite just before sundown. I would give this site three stars. It had surface water that was still running (although it was not roaring) despite the near-drought conditions and a nice view of the brook; but the site didn't have a privy.

The next day, we started the last seven miles. After about three miles, two Vikings blew by us on the trail. Notwithstanding their fast pace, the tall, blond backpackers hardly even looked flush with exertion as they smiled at us.

Around lunch time, we arrived at the parking lot and decided not to do the originally planned three additional miles along Hurricane Brook. Although not extensive, I think Hurricane Brook is probably one of the most picturesque areas in Connecticut; but considering how decimated the near-drought conditions had left the brooks and creeks that we saw along our way, we decided it probably wouldn't be worth the extra effort. Tired but satisfied, we made our way home.

We hiked 21 miles.

*Hikers: Jim Fritz and Kevin Vann*

*Leader: Mary O'Neill*



## **Mount Hancock and South Hancock Hikes, New Hampshire August 14, 2010**

Jack and I arrived in Lincoln on Friday afternoon with enough time to get in a short day hike, so we picked a loop trail that leads up to Mt Pemigewasset (2557 feet). The hike ended up being four miles and quite a decent climb. At

the summit, the trail opens up onto a rock table with a great view. It was a clear day, and we could see for miles. On returning to the campground, we were joined by Jim and Grace. We settled in for a campfire and a game of Scrabble. Jim made fun of Mandy's two-word list that's tucked in with the board, well, until it became his best friend, and he soundly beat us all.

On Saturday morning, we headed up the Hancock Notch Trail to the Cedar Brook Trail. We had a bit of trail magic when we encountered Mike and Adam who had driven up that morning to join us for the hike. We came to the Hancock Loop Trail and had to decide whether to go north or south first. The book described the south peak as an unrelenting climb up. That sounded good to us, so off we went. The book was correct. It was a good climb up. Our first summit for the day was South Hancock at 4319 feet. The north peak, Mount Hancock at 4420 feet, had the better view. We were happy that was our second peak; we had lunch at the top. After a short break, we had an uneventful trip down. Once we were back at the parking lot, Adam and Mike proceeded back to Connecticut. Jim headed to New York since he had a bike ride on Sunday. The lone remaining three went back to the campground. After dinner, we headed into the Lincoln Town Green for a free concert and ice cream.

On Sunday it was time to pack up and head home. This was a great prep hike for the Katahdin climb at the end of the month. Mileage for the day was about 8.5 miles.

*Hikers: Jack Sanga, Grace King, Jim Moore, Mike and Adam Shaw  
Leader: Mandy Brink*



## **Baxter Antipasto: Abol Bridge to Abol Campground August 26-27, 2010**

In anticipation of the Big Baxter Bash (as described elsewhere in this newsletter), Mandy and I decided to get an early start on the outdoors confab by arriving a day early and warming up with some serious AT activity. Mandy needed to work late; so we left New Haven at the crack of noon, arriving at the Appalachian Inn in Millinocket, Maine, just in time for a beautiful sunset. Dinner at the lumberjack-themed Café was fine. Chatting with our server, we learned that she was also planning to climb Katahdin on Saturday.

Mandy and I awoke at 5 am with breakfast at the Café. Again. (Hey! This is a one horse town.) We caught our ride to Abol Bridge and were dropped off at the small ragged convenience store. Dan had a major nostalgia experience.

(Voice over background music: Yeah, I know what you must be thinking. A small convenience shack out in the middle of no-where can't be such a big deal, BUT this little

store represented the first sign of civilization after the end of the Hundred Mile Wilderness. Trust me on this. When this wild, starving man came out from two weeks in the woods back in 2000, he couldn't get enough cold soda and potato chips. Anyway. Fade back to the present...)

At 9 am we were in Baxter Park. Mandy had a friendly chat with the park ranger who sat at the entrance all summer and registered hikers entering the park. This was absolutely the nicest 10-mile section of the Appalachian Trail. Check out the photo of our lunch site: Clearly Mandy enjoyed every minute of this.



The trail followed a large stream with one set of waterfalls after another. Absolutely amazing! And then it got better – the waterfalls got even larger. We walked on a relocated AT trail along the shore of Grassy Pond that provided great views of the mountains. Later that day Mandy took a side trip, and we got separated. I hitched a ride along the Perimeter Road to Abol Camp but managed to receive a message from Mandy. When Grace King and Pam Wolfe arrived from Boston, we all drove back to pick up Mandy.

Post Script: The following day, on their climb up the Hunt Trail, Pam Wolfe and I ran into the server from the Café in Millinocket. Go figure.

*Hiker: Mandy Brink  
Leader: Dan Zelterman*



## **Mt Katahdin Trip/Baxter State Park, Maine August 27-29, 2010**

Dan and I headed to Maine on Thursday morning and stayed in Millinocket at the Appalachian Trail Lodge that evening. We had planned to hike the last 10 miles on the AT into Baxter State Park the following day. The lodge provided us with a shuttle to the Abol Bridge campground. It was a fabulous hike, and Dan will provide the details in the previous write up.

On Friday, after arriving into the Abol Campground in Baxter, we set up camp and waited for everyone to arrive. Half the gang was there, and the other half was under pressure to arrive by 8:30 pm when the gates close. Most of



the later travelers arrived in time except for the Boy Scouts, whose cars had gotten separated. One car arrived, but the other did not. The rangers were kind enough to keep the gate open until the other car found its way to the campground. With some coordination from Jim Moore, we were able to fill up most of the tent and lean-to sites. We spent the evening visiting with everyone at their various sites. We also enjoyed a campfire and snacks at the Shaw campsite.



On Saturday morning, Laura and Brian arrived to join us. They had stayed in Millinocket the night before. They were our wake up alarm. We grabbed breakfast and packed up for the day. We all weren't planning to hike the same trail, and Jim Moore began sorting out trail destinations and shuttle requirements. Sound confusing? It was, but he did a great job of figuring it all out. We headed out at various times on various trails, but everyone was out by 8:30 am. To summarize the different hikes, I'll just share who took which trails. Dan and Pam headed out to Hunt Trail and hiked to the Gateway. Mandy and Adam and Jim Moore hiked to Hamlin Peak. Grace was really ambitious and did both Baxter Peak and Hamlin Peak. Laura, Brian, Jim Fritz, Mary, Kristina, Barry, Mike, Lauren, Laurene, Sorensen, Dave and the Boy Scouts hiked to Baxter Peak and across Knife's Edge.

It was a sunny day with some clouds here and there. The breeze on Knife's Edge added a bit of a challenge to that hike. There are some spectacular pictures, which you can see on the GMC-Connecticut Section website.

At the end of the day, there was a community dinner back at the campsites. All were accounted for except Mandy, Grace and Adam who finished Hunt Trail in the dark. Everyone had a successful day and seemed happy about their hikes.

The original plan on Sunday was to hike some more, but we decided to give our hiking boots a rest and do something

different. Jim had a congratulations cake made for Grace for completing the 48/4000 footers in New Hampshire. We presented it to her after breakfast. After breakfast, some departed for home. Dave and the Boy Scouts went canoeing in Kidney Pond. Laurene decided to hike the 10 miles on the AT that Mandy and Dan had done the previous Friday. Pam took a short hike around Daicey Pond while Mandy, Grace, Mike, Adam, Lauren, Dan and Jim Moore went canoeing and swimming in Daicey Pond. The water was fabulous. Eventually, everyone who had not already left reconnected in the afternoon with their various carpools for the return trip home.

Many thanks Jim Moore for managing the more stressful parts of the trip coordination. He made arrangements with Baxter Park to reserve our sites and to obtain the park rules. He also coordinated site assignments for the participants as well as the shuttles back to the camp after the hike. Since we had done this trip two years ago, we had a concern that no one would have any interest. Well, we were wrong and had quite a bit of inquiry and a great crowd of participants. 23 hikers had participated this weekend. I got off pretty easy with just coordinating food and cooking equipment and cooking a lot of chili.

*Participants: Pam Wolfe, Dan Zelterman, Jim Fritz, Mary O'Neill, Laurene Sorenson, Mike, Adam and Lauren Shaw, Laura Brink, Brian Mooney, Kristina and Barry Grant, Grace King, Dave Kwiatkowski and Boy Scout Troop 157 from Weston, MA*  
*Co-leaders: Jim Moore and Mandy Brink*



## AT Kent to Ten Mile River September 4-5, 2010

Killing the proverbial two birds with one stone, this Labor Day weekend backpacking trip was both a GMC activity and the first shakedown trip to prepare my Boy Scout crew for a 2011 trek in New Mexico. We all met initially at the A.T. crossing on Route 341 in Kent. While Pete and I spotted cars at Bulls Bridge, Mike started south on the trail. The rest of us followed a bit later. Just past Mount Algo Shelter, Don, who was in the lead, came across a very large black snake on the trail. The estimated length was in the four- to five-foot range. The snake didn't stick around for long, crawling quickly into the surrounding leaves and underbrush. Once we had reached the Schaghticoke Mountain ridge, we enjoyed some good views to the east of the Housatonic River valley and to the west of New York. Temperatures stayed in the low 70's with periodic breezes to keep us comfortable. As we started our



descent down to the river, we met an AMC ridgerunner and several day hikers. Passing some old building foundations on River Road, we noted that the new AT guidebook for Connecticut-Massachusetts mentions that evidence of Housatonic Valley settlements that date as early as 4000 years ago had been found. This was a tidbit of interest to a couple of the Scouts who are history and archeology buffs.

We arrived at Ten Mile River around 3:30 pm, finding Mike already there with his Hennessey hammock strung between two trees. The rest of us set up our tents under the trees next to the grassy field. A major improvement to the TMR campsite is a new composting privy that has replaced the old pit outhouse. After getting water at the pump which had been relocated to near the Ten Mile River Shelter a few years ago, the Scouts went off to explore the riverbank while the adults swapped stories about hikes and equipment. Dinner preparation started not long after 5 pm. Mike demonstrated his alcohol stove and other lightweight gear. The demonstration was followed by the evening routines of cleanup, hanging food bags and more exploration.

Two families from New York State with young children and a dog came in late and set up camp in the field. A southbound, long distance wanderer from Florida was the only occupant at the shelter. By 8 o'clock, Mike had declared that it was "hikers' midnight" and most of us were drifting off to the tents.

An overnight low of 50 degrees was followed by a sunny morning during which we hiked back to Bulls Bridge. Mike wanted to do some extra miles for the weekend, so he left us and hiked north to Route 341. Pete, the scouts, and I piled into our vehicles for the ride home.

*Backpackers: CT GMCer Mike Dizazzo and Scouts Pete Jaisle, Don Green, Spencer Hurley, Blaine Levine, and Jimmy Robertson  
Leader: Jim Robertson*



### **Cape Cod Trip September 10-13, 2010**

We all joined forces at the Outdoor Adventure Campground on Friday afternoon. Regina and Dave had arrived earlier and had paddled Salt Pond by the time the rest of us arrived. Mike cooked an awesome pasta dinner. We relaxed by the campfire and then decided to do an evening stroll down to the beach. After sticking our feet in the water and enjoying the serenity of the ocean, we headed back to our site for more campfire, s'mores, and wine.

On Saturday, Dave was up at the crack of dawn to ride to the bakery for fresh donuts. This was followed by Mandy's breakfast of McGMC bagel sandwiches. I guess you can already tell that there was no lack of food on our trip. We loaded up the kayaks and headed to a beach that Dave had spotted the day before. We launched ourselves into the Provincetown Harbor and proceeded to paddle from North Truro to the Long Point Lighthouse in Provincetown. Dave

and Regina explored the coastline. We all had a decent paddle with some good winds to give us a workout. Mike was in a sit up sea kayak that gave him a dump into the water, so he got the true test of the water temperatures. It seemed like we paddled forever before we felt like we were even getting close to the lighthouse. Per Jack's GPS, we paddled 4.1 miles to the lighthouse. We beached ourselves and had a nice lunch break. We watched some sailboats playing in the water, and we explored the area. Grace didn't feel a great need to paddle back; but after looking at the options (a long walk into Provincetown), she decided to join us on the paddle back.

We had been told that the wind would be to our favor on the return trip. Well, the wind had shifted, and it was just as much a work going back to North Truro. Grace, tired of paddling, accepted a tow from a local boater. I think we all envied her for a moment as she glided through the water on that motor boat. Finally, the beach got closer and closer. Back at shore, some of us took a dip in the ocean. It was delightful. We loaded up the boats and headed back to the campground for an afternoon snack. Per Jack's GPS, our paddle back was 4.9 miles.



Originally, we thought we'd bike on Saturday, but we were too tired for that. We enjoyed appetizers before we all loaded into Rob's van and headed to Provincetown. After dinner we walked around town while Rob collected cards for the various shows being advertized in town that evening. Back at camp, it was more campfire, snacks and wine. We did a late night hike to the beach. It was such a clear night; and we lay on the beach for a long time, watching the night sky and listening to the waves. We could have just fallen asleep; but it was getting cold, so we went back to the campfire to enjoy the last bit of embers. Regina had been nice enough to be the fire tender and kept the flames going.

On Sunday, Grace and Mike headed out to other commitments. The rest of us hopped on our bikes. Our first stop was the Highland Lighthouse, which we toured and climbed. Our second stop was the Truro winery. We stopped at the beach, rode ab lib and eventually ended up in

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Truro center. We had a late lunch on our way back to the campsite. Dave and Regina departed late that afternoon. Rob, Jack and Mandy drove over to Provincetown to hike to the Wood End Lighthouse. It was a fabulous walk in the early evening. We visited the Memorial Garden where the pilgrims actually first landed for a month before they went to Plymouth. Jack shared some of the information that he had learned from Bill Falconer on their trip in May. It was getting dark, so we headed back to the campsite for a lazy evening around the campfire.

On Monday we were up early to pack up. So long to Cape Cod for this trip, but we will be back.

*Participants: Rob Valley, Jack Sanga, Grace King, Mike Shaw, Regina and Dave Chatel*

*Leader: Mandy Brink*



### Nipmuck Trail September 19, 2010

The last Sunday of summer was an ideal day to enjoy a walk in the woods. This hike was another section in a series that I have been leading to complete the Nipmuck Trail. We hiked the entire West Branch and a portion of the East Branch of the trail in Mansfield. Eight eager hikers met at the trail crossing on Warrentville Road and drove a short distance to the southern trailhead of the West Branch on Puddin' Lane. Here we began our day's hike.

It took but a moment to become immersed in our surroundings. That sweet fragrance of the woods put aside all concerns and thoughts of chores waiting at home. The trail began with a brisk step, making for a good warm-up for the climb to the top of Wolf Rock, a large cliff. Here we enjoyed a rest and a snack. A large rock was perched at the edge of Wolf Rock. A discussion ensued as to whether this was a true glacial erratic. Those in the know insisted that it was not, for a true glacial erratic rests alone without any other rocks nearby. As we left Wolf Rock without a clear answer, two rock climbers were preparing for a descent down the cliff.

The West Branch crossed several roads through residential areas. Reaching Schoolhouse Brook Park, we took a side trail to Bicentennial Pond. All was quiet here. Two frogs, thinking they were well camouflaged, sat silently in the muck. Small lilly pads huddled amongst the cat tails and late summer wildflowers fringed the edge of the pond. The serene setting was clinging to the warmth of the fading summer.

This five mile section converges with the main line trail (which goes north to its terminus at the Connecticut-Massachusetts border in Bigelow Hollow State Park) and also the East Branch. Here at the North/South Junction we turned southeast onto the East Branch and began anticipating our lunch stop at 50' Rock. A mere tenth of a

mile or so found us at our lunch stop. Afterwards, we continued onward, arriving at the alarmingly dry Fenton River. When we reached the Iron Bridge (north), Jim R. and Jack decided to explore the Fenton River Trail. This white blazed one mile trail meets up again with the Nipmuck's East Branch. The rest of us stayed the course on the blue blazed path and we all met at the junction of the two trails.



It was only a few steps until we reached our cars on Warrentville Road. Being so close to UCONN, it was suggested that we stop at the Dairy Bar for ice cream. It was a perfect way to end a hike and reflect on another summer's passing.

*Hikers: Jack Sanga, Jim Robertson, Jim Fritz, Polly Silva, Deena Steinberg, Bill Falconer, George Jackson*

*Leader: Sarah O'Hare*



### Appalachian Gap – Lincoln Gap September 24 – 26, 2010

There were originally eight hikers who had been interested in this trip; however, by the day of the trip, we were down to three. We were then faced with a decision: do we take two cars for three people? I decided to call Cecilia Elwert, President of the Bread Loaf Section, to find out about a shuttle. She gave me several names. I called and left messages. Lonnie Fisher was able to provide shuttle service on Friday, the 24th. We met her at Lincoln Gap where we parked my car. Lonnie drove us to the Appalachian Gap. The cost was \$10.00 a person and well worth it for the time and gas that we saved.

On the trail by 11:30 am, we entered the Bread Loaf Wilderness and hiked in mud once again. There was a storm in the early morning hours that had dumped 1 1/2 inches of rain. The trail in this section becomes very rugged, and we climbed rocks with the aid of iron rungs staged as ladders. When we first approached them, I was perplexed as to how could this be done; but Don showed us how to do it - we were over the rocks and hiking along the



trail in minutes. Our first stop was the Theron Dean Shelter which has a lovely view with an eastern exposure. While we were there, we encountered a hiker from Lebanon, Connecticut. The more you're on the trail, the smaller the hiking world seems to get. Yes, he has been sent all the info to join the Connecticut Section of the Green Mountain Club.

Henry bolted down the trail like a Gazelle while Don and I hiked along, climbing over rocks and more rocks. Where can our side trail be; we've been hiking for a while now? Suddenly, we see trail signs at the bottom of a hill, and look! The trail goes straight down through a bunch of tumbled rocks. I think if we had tents at this point, we would have decided to forget the shelter and set up camp for the night.

Yet, little did we know that the best was yet to come! We could finally see the shelter and hear the stream. 'This is great!' we thought. Then, we saw this huge rock with a ladder, and the distance from the ground to the ladder was too long for my short legs. After some deliberation, a decision was made for me to straddle the left side of the rock where I could hold on to tree limbs. I would cross the rock where there was a crevice and grab onto the ladder. *This is still better than working*, I reminded myself.

When we finally reach the Glen Ellen Shelter, we found that Henry's food is already hung and he is scouting the grounds. There was also a beautiful view to the east, and we were able to watch the moon rise. A few stars were visible. Then the clouds came racing in and our star gazing was over. With the windows and door open, Don and I crashed at the hikers midnight hour of 8 pm. Henry sat outside with his radio trying to get a weather report.

Up before dawn, we made breakfast, packed up, and were on the trail as the sun turned the sky a pale red. Red sky in the morning and gray clouds racing across the sky over our heads encouraged us to move at a quick pace. The trail was easy going, and we stayed on the ridge for most of the morning. The ridge had a few ups and downs. About 10 am, the wind picked up and blew relentlessly. We were hiking between 3430 feet and 4083 feet, and we soon had to put on our jackets because of the chill. When we reached Mount Abraham, the wind gusts were now approximately 40 miles per hour. Even though the view was 360 degrees, most hikers were sitting down - even the caretaker was huddled in a makeshift rock shelter.

Lunch was short. Afterwards, we started our descent of the rocks which had to be negotiated on our backsides. This took much longer than anticipated. Plus, we counted over a hundred people on the summit and the trail. We reached Lincoln Gap at 2pm. A decision was made to stay at a State Park and have an easy night. We drove to Smugglers Notch to secure a Lean-To and then made our selves presentable. We then joined the other GMCers at the Annual Appreciation Picnic at Waterbury Center.

Sunday morning at zero dark hour, the boys are rustling

around making breakfast and packing up. Now just where do these guys think they are going? I have the car keys!! We were at the trailhead of Bingham Falls at 8am. After a short hike, we reached beautiful waterfalls and saw many swimming holes for a hot summer day.

The day was still young. We wondered what else we could do before driving back to Connecticut. We knew that the Long Trail was just a short distance up Route 108. Taft Lodge was only 1.7 miles up the trail with an elevation gain of 1350 feet. We could do anything after climbing Mount Abraham! Charging ahead, we were making good time when the sky decided to open up. At first, it was just a little rain. Then, it was more rain. It looked as if we needed to turn around since we were not sure how long it would rain or how much further it was to the shelter.

We turned around and began our car trip home. By the time we reached Stowe Village to gas up for the journey south, the rain had stopped. We had a great breakfast in Waterbury at Max's, and we were good to go.

Thanks for joining me on this section, Don and Henry.

*Hikers: Don Hagstrom and Henry Smith*

*Leader: Carol A. Langley*



## **Ashley Reservoir Hike, Holyoke, Massachusetts September 25, 2010**

The day was made for hiking, a few clouds, temperatures in the 70's and a warm Autumn sun. We met at Bill's estate in Ludlow and were chauffeured to Ashley Reservoir. The parking area was full of cars, but they were there for a local soccer game. The first section was on a shady lane where the sounds of various animals were heard. A causeway lead across the waters to a peninsula. Then another causeway connected to a wooded shoreline trail. A second trailhead was reached before reentering an open shoreline. Most of the flora had been bushwhacked by the employees, but an occasional bloom still burst forth. Mallards were bottoms up amidst the water lilies. The trail is well used by walkers, hikers and bicyclists. After an incline, storage tanks came into view amongst the lodge pole pines along the trail. The far end of the reservoir gave great views of Mount Tom and the Holyoke Range which we hiked on during previous M&M hikes. The reported resident eagle was nowhere to be seen. Cormorants, Canada Geese and Mallards worked the shores for their pre-migratory flights. Back to the causeway, the shaded lane and transportation to Ludlow. Chili dogs, soft drinks and ice cream cake on the shores of Blueberry Pond finished the day. Thanks for making an old man feel young.

*Hikers: Sarah O'Hare, George and Shirley Jackson*

*Leader: Bill Falconer*



## Green Mountain Club Board Meeting Highlights Sept. 25, 2010

With this issue of Trail Talk, I'm bringing back the tradition of printing highlights of the directors' meetings for the edification and education of Connecticut Section members. I've edited my notes taken on the day to focus on a few developments that I think you'll find interesting, and have not all included board actions taken. If you'd like to see the board packet (including agenda, officers', Executive Director's, and committee reports, and other material) please email me at [laurenesorensen@gmail.com](mailto:laurenesorensen@gmail.com) and I will provide them. Also, let me know if you'd like to hear more about a particular topic.

\* Sue Girouard, the chair of the centennial celebration committee, gave a final report on centennial activities. A special guest, Prickles the Porcupine, gave a brief but pointed presentation on her end-to-end tour of the Long Trail. He accompanied each participant through his or her miles during last summer's relay hike. (Ben Rose and his daughter Anya also completed their end-to-end hike this summer. He noted that they'd started two summers ago, and finished on Vermont's four hottest consecutive days in seven year. Electrolytes, anyone?)

\* The death of GMC director Dave Blumenthal in a bicycle racing accident last summer led to two board resolutions, both of which passed unanimously. The first was to appoint his widow, Lexi Shear, to Dave's vacant seat on the board. The second was to accept the development committee's recommendation the GMC establish the Dave Blumenthal Long Trail Education Endowment with funds received by the GMC under Dave's will, as well as donations made in his honor by others. The initial funding of this endowment will be about \$128,000, \$100,000 of which comprised Dave's bequest.

\* Bret Hodgon of the GMC's external auditing firm, Davis and Hodgon, presented a draft of the FY 2010 audit and management letter. We discussed a few changes and corrections to the document and were pleased to learn that the auditors plan to give an unqualified opinion as to the fairness and accuracy of the financials submitted by the GMC's staff.

\* The stewardship committee presented an update on the GMC's response, pursuant to the club's wind energy policy, to the proposed Kingdom County Wind Project in Lowell, VT. The GMC has filed as

an intervenor in the Public Service Board hearings regarding the project in order to raise specific points for the PSB's attention and for future consideration. GMC is seeks specific mitigation, including an alternative night-lighting solution. The club will oppose the project only if appropriate mitigation is not incorporated. The board adopted a resolution capping the amount of money to be spent on lawyers, expert witnesses, research, and other costs of advocacy between now and the next board meeting in late January 2011 at \$30,000 (this sum includes @\$10,000 spent to date). The GMC website has a list of frequently asked questions about the project at <https://www.greenmountainclub.org/news.php?id=223>.

\* Volunteers Wanted: (1) Trail checkers are needed to verify the fairness and accuracy of something else: the new edition of the Day Hiker's Guide to the Long Trail. Volunteers need not be CPAs. (2) The marketing committee is looking for one more member to serve on its planning subcommittee. (3) Volunteers are also needed for the 2011 Snowshoe Festival on February 26. Let Carol Langley or me know if you're interested in any of these opportunities.

*Laurene Sorensen, CT Section Director*

