



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



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**GMC Members Receive 10% Off At All Times**

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

Ken Williamson  
 3 Mill Village Pentway  
 North Stonington, CT 06359  
 (860) 535-2622  
[Ksub@aol.com](mailto:Ksub@aol.com)

**Trail Talk:** Published six times a year in February, April,  
 June, August, October and December. 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	\$ 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://members.home.net/gmc-ct-section>



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### Backpacking over Mt. Greylock June 8 - 10

We set off for a nice hike on Friday into Mt. Crystal campsite. After a nice night we started out early on Saturday for a 9 mile stretch that took us on a challenging day of ups and downs. The weather could not have been more beautiful and it was wonderful to be out. We stayed at Mark Koepel Shelter Saturday night and had a nice visit with some other weekend and thru hikers. The entertainment of the weekend ended up being that we got to watch Sarah and Ken attempt to cook on a newly invented stove that Sarah was trying out. When it wasn't on fire, it wasn't cooking too well either and long after we had finished eating, Sarah and Ken were still coaxing their stove along all in the name of being "pure". Sunday was our hike over Mt. Greylock with its beautiful views. It was a tough hike down over the north side and after arriving into town at the end of a grueling 10 miles we were all pretty poop. The fun ended with pizza and a thankfulness at the privilege of being out on such a beautiful weekend.

Hikers: Sarah O'Hare, Steve Kerry, Ken Williamson, John Bensenhaver, Norm Sills, Mandy Brink

### Long Island Bike Trip June 16

Originally a 100 mile out to Montauk Point and back but nobody cared to come along. So, I shortened it to 34 miles with Sag Harbor as a goal. In the end Sarah and Mary answered the call.

We met up in New London and boarded the 0900 ferry to Orient Point, Long Island arriving shortly after 1015. It was a

## Connecticut Section of the Green Mountain Club

smooth but foggy crossing and very overcast on our arrival with the water view of Long Island Sound and the Atlantic Ocean obscured by fog. We headed out on an excellent bike path towards Greenport.

We took a detour into the town of Orient and rode several miles along the water-front ending up in an area called Oyster Ponds. We found a really nice beach and took the opportunity to do a little exploring. By this time the morning fog had lifted and the overcast sky had burned off. The rest of the day was filled with sunshine and the temperature was ideal.

Heading back down the road we arrived in Greenport in time for lunch. Greenport has many options for dining but being a port town we had to eat seafood. We chose a restaurant that overlooked the harbor and Shelter Island. After a leisurely lunch we took a short ride over to the Maritime Museum. In addition to various nautical artifacts they had a section on submarines that included a mockup of the USS Holland, our Navy's first submarine.

Instead of taking a ferry onto Shelter Island we headed back towards Orient Point to check out a state park next the ferry landing. Also managed to stop back in the town of Orient for some ice cream. Really neat old time ice cream parlor with great banana splits. We talked for a while with the lady running the parlor and listened to her story of working in an ice cream parlor in Greenport as a young woman 50 years ago.

Close to the park Sarah spotted a really pretty dead bird and stopped to check it out while Mary and I rode on ahead to the park entrance. On our arrival at the park we were greeted with a closed sign. A big closed sign. And a closed gate. And the park police waiting by the toll booth. I took this to mean the park was closed. Mary on the other hand took this to mean maybe the park wasn't closed and we should ask if they really mean it is closed or just sorta maybe closed. As we discussed signs and such Sarah, who by this time had tired of poking dead things with a stick, rode into the park on a

side trail (where you couldn't see the closed sign) heading for the Park Police. Now I of course wanted to call out to her but Mary talked me into waiting to see what happened. She rode right past the Police and into the park. Mary and I took this to mean the park was only sorta closed so we took off in pursuit. On the toll booth was a small sign that said the park really closes at 6pm which gave us at least an hour to look around. In fact we stayed till well past 6 and nobody seemed to care. Not sure what this means but it only reinforces Mary's concept of "CLOSED" which may someday get us all arrested.

We all had a great time!! Next stop on the island tour is Block Island.

Riders: Mary Horne, Sarah O'Hare, Ken Williamson

#### Story Spring Workparty June 22 - 24

Despite rainy weather predictions and anticipated black fly infestation nine brave people showed up for the annual June trip to Story Spring in VT. Friday in Vermont was dry and drizzle did not come until Saturday afternoon. The serious downpour came Saturday night after workers had retired for the night, most in snug tents.

Leader Dick Krompegal and Marge Hackbarth arrived at noon Friday. While Dick blazed the side trail, Marge cleaned out the fire-ring in preparation for the Saturday cook-out. By evening all the rest arrived, Gerry and Bill Brodnitzki, Sarah O'Hare and Ken Williamson, Sue Spring and Norm Sills, and Frank Maine. In anticipation of rain Dick and Bill put up a tarp over the picnic table and all spent the evening eating and drinking, much to the delight of the thru hikers with whom we shared.

Saturday morning all set out to work to the vista about 3.5 miles south of Story Spring. Frank brought his chain saw along so all the blowdowns were removed. A thru hiker Jonathan French, trail name Mukwa, was holding up for a day at the shelter so decided to spend it helping with the work. He joined Marge in cleaning waterbars and he even constructed a new one out of stones. With everyone's help a big dent was made in the much needed drainage work. By

afternoon the wet crew struggled back to camp in a light rain. Thanks to the tarp and Mukwa's fire skills we roasted hot dogs and feasted on munchies - again to the delight of a new group of thru hikers. The Connecticut Section of the GMC could become a legend on the Long Trail.

The rain stopped by the next morning, but it was rather damp so everyone headed for home. Thanks to modern technology of digital cameras and computers Ken promised to send Mukwa's family a picture of their son on the trail. We managed to keep reasonable dry but it was rather muddy under foot. Yes, the black flies were out.

Workers: Norm Sills, Sarah O'Hare, Sue Spring, Gerry Brodnitzki, Bill Brodnitzki, Ken Williamson, Frank Maine, and thru hiker Jonathan French, Marge Hackbarth, Dick Krompegal

#### Mattatuck Trail June 30

This section of the Mattatuck Trail leads through the White Memorial Foundation in Litchfield. It must have been re-routed as we found ourselves at the top of Bear Mountain! The leader confessed to a miscalculation of mileage and having finished the proposed hike we were at a loss as to what to do. A half day of good hiking lay ahead so we took a vote as to where to go. Bear Mountain it was!

The heat and humidity made for a slow beginning but upon reaching the ridge we were rewarded with a breeze and ripening blueberries. We made a quick hike to the top as thunder rolled in the distance. The rains never caught us as we made our way back to Litchfield.

Hikers: Ken Williamson, Dan Zelterman, Sarah O'Hare

#### Mattabesett Trail Maintenance July 15

Five people joined leader Dick Krompegal in blazing the trail from Rt. 68 to Paug Gap, plus clipping and removing trash. Dirt bikes have so degraded the trail that many spots are very treacherous. Maybe if the proposed H. R. bill 1814 should ever be realized the trail could be protected some day. There is an interest in having a

protected 260-mile trail from New Hampshire to Long Island Sound. This would be known as the Metacomet-Monadnock-Sunapee-Mattabesett Trail. Several of Connecticut representatives are involved. The day following our work party there was a press conference on this subject in Meriden. Dan Zelterman from our hiking group attended.

Workers: John Bensenhaver, Bob Schoff, Ron Dylewski, Dan Zelterman, Marge Hackbarth, Dick Krompegal

#### Mt. Madison July 28

Mt. Madison is the northern most peak in the presidential range of the White Mountains. Enough with the geography lessons. Everyone traveled up on Friday afternoon/evening. Friday was a gorgeous day. Blue sky, low 70's big white fluffy clouds. After finding the trailhead (GMC outings are always well researched ahead of time), Paul and I decided to drive up Mt. Washington. It was much easier than hiking up as we did last year. You could see forever. It was 37 degrees at the top with about a 20-mph wind. After the sight seeing tour, we headed to the hostel. Grace and Mandy arrived later.

The plan was to meet at the trailhead at 8:00 on Sat. morning. Things ran right on schedule. We left the hostel promptly at 8:00, making the trailhead by 8:15. At the trailhead we hooked up with Jeremy, Mojo and Steve. There was a last minute change to the carefully planed, thoroughly researched route I had laboriously mapped out.

We left 2 cars at the Pine Link trailhead then drove to the Daniel Webster trailhead, about 5 miles away. Upon getting out and normal gear prep, one team member began frantically searching for his backpack. Luckily a quick call back to the hostel confirmed there was backpack, right in the parking lot. Too much time would be wasted retrieving the backpack. A little rearranging and we were off. We hit the trail at 8:45.

The climb was spectacular, the views were magnificent, this is what hiking is all about. We would hike for about 25-30 minutes and then stop and rest for 5 to 10. We broke tree line around noon. We

stopped at 12:30 and had lunch. Steve pointed out several of the local mountains. We even thought we could see Katadin.

Unlike Mt Washington last year, this year on Madison there was nobody but us. We did play leapfrog with a group briefly at the start, but they soon left us leisurely hikers behind. When we paused for lunch, the stillness was absolute. You couldn't hear any man made sounds. No cars, no planes, no trains, nothing. Conversation soon died as we all sat wrapped in our own thoughts savoring the stillness that so seldom is encountered in our lives today. Eventually we heard some bird calls (not many at 4,000 ft). We wished we had Marge with us to identify them.

Anyway, after about 30 minutes, we packed up and headed for the summit. Once our side trail intersected the AT we began running into other hikers. We met about 30 people on the last half-mile to the summit. We reached the summit around 1:45 took the pictures and again savored the stillness. We watched the trains puffing up and down Washington. You could see their smoke but were unable to hear them. The wind and the conversation of fellow hikers were the only sounds.

We began our descent around 2:00. We took the Watson path down to Pine Link. Pine Link is an uninspired trail. It pretty much goes straight down the mountain. There is no attempt to provide views or inspection of neat features. We paused several times going down.

We were back at the cars around 5:30, tired, sore, but elated. We had successfully hiked the mountain and stayed together as a group. After shuttling us back to the Daniel Webster trailhead, the group began to break up.

But my part of the trip wasn't over. While driving on Rt. 2 through VT the following day, I saw two moose. It looked like a mother and a calf. They were grazing in the drainage ditch along the side of the road. I slowed down to about 10 miles per hour. The calf was skittish and headed for the woods. Mom, just took another mouthful and raised her head to look at me. By then I was past them and had to continue on my way. My trip away from the hustle and bustle of everyday life was complete.

Hikers: Grace K, Mandy B, Jeremy H and Mojo, Paul T, Steve K, Jack S.