

The Connecticut Section Of The Green Mountain Club

The Trail Talk

VOL. XXXVIII NO. II

July 2006



V.P. of Activities

Sarah O'Hare who has been our V. P. of Activities has advised me that she plans to resign this position after 7 years of hard work and dedication to the CT. Section. Sarah will continue being the club's Secretary, which she has also been doing for the past two years. The club needs to fill the position as quickly as possible. To allow time to instruct how to prepare the activities schedule. Other responsibilities are attending 4 to 5 Executive Board Meetings during the calendar year and planning the Annual Dinner Meeting. Are you interested? It is not a hard job. Our Activity Schedule is the club's lifeline; will you be the member to meet this challenge? Thank you for your consideration of this position. All inquires should be directed to Sarah O'Hare at 860-563-7018 seohare7@yahoo.com or Carol A. Langley at 860-621-2860 cosmical14@yahoo.com



GMC Annual Meeting Report:

On June 3rd, 2006 I attended my first Green Mountain Club annual meeting as the Connecticut Section Director. The annual meeting was held at the Long Trail Brewery in Bridgewater Corners, Vermont. Bridgewater was a good location name considering the weather. Rain, rain and more rain. Carol Langley was also present and gave an excellent report on the sections activities during 2005. Since the section is approaching its 40th anniversary, Carol has entered into talks with the Manchester section about hosting next years annual meeting, using this event as the kick-off our sections 40th year.

Of importance to the GMC was the reporting on the Second Century Campaign which is designed to significantly increase the endowment and help to ensure the future of the club. Also of importance is that the Long Trail is down to less than 8 miles of unprotected trail from Mass. to the Canadian border. The new GMC club president is Richard Windish.

Bill Brodnitzki

Metacomet-Monadnock Trail May 6, 2006

On a semi sunny day we embarked on the first in the series of hikes on the Metacomet-Monadnock Trail. The trail runs from the CT/MA border to Mt. Monadnock in NH and is arranged in sections for day hikers. Some section areas have been relocated for various reasons since Bill last thru hiked it some 30 years ago. We stepped off at 9 a.m. sharp and immediately encountered a multitude of wild plants in bloom and birds of all description for this time of year. This scene would be played out time and again until the hike's end.

The trail is well marked but sadly, local bikers and ATVs use it. Sections 1 and 2 of the trail starts at a bog in Rising Corner and ends at the Westfield River in MA. Along the



way we meandered over steep inclines and descents, ridge trails, quarry rims, meadows and wooded areas. Most of the vistas were to the west towards the Berkshire foothills and the Westfield River Valley. We passed by the Agawam Archery Club, the towers of TV Channel 22, the Provin Mt. Aeration Reservoir and some strange earth diggings. At trail's end we viewed the remains of a cabin used by the monitor of an old river gauging station. Across the rushing water the trail blaze was located where we will start sections 3 and 4 in July. Bill remembered the trail for the most part. Henry kept us well informed about birdcalls and plant life. Sarah remembered the peanut butter cookies and Carol kept the pace moving during sprinkles. With everyone contributing to the fun this 6.5 mile trek was over with too soon.

*Hikers: Carol Langley, Henry Smith, Sarah O'Hare
Leader: "Mr. Capp" Bill Falconer*

The Trail Talk

Club Information

<http://www.conngmc.com>

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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 \$ 35.00

Family \$ 45.00

Senior (70 or older) or Limited Income \$ 20.00

Nonprofit or Youth Group \$ 50.00

Business or Corporation \$125.00

Send annual dues to:

The Green Mountain Club

4711 Waterbury-Stowe Road

Waterbury Center, VT 05677-9904

(802) 244-7037, <http://www.greenmountainclub.org>



Backpacking Trip in NJ

April 21-23, 2006.

Section 5 from

Millbrook- Blairtown Rd to Route 206

The trip started with excellent communication between Jack and Mandy on meeting for the drive. Mandy went to exit 56 off of I84 and Jack was waiting at exit 56 off of I95. So Mandy headed south on 91 and Jack headed north and they met at the DQ in Meriden. What a person has to do to get some ice cream. On Friday night we all met at Mandy's parents cabin in the Poconos. After a lazy evening of dinner, sitting by the fire and a game, we headed to bed in preparation for an early start in the morning.

We were up bright and early but the weather sure wasn't bright. Pouring down rain would be the best description. After breakfast at the local diner, we headed into New Jersey to stage cars. It was a bit challenging to find the trailhead on the southern end but in the search we got to see some of the nice parts of the Delaware National Park. We hit the trail about 11am, in the pouring rain with our rain gear in for good use. It would have been a beautiful ridge walk with beautiful views but all we got was an abundant of views of the fog. The trail was fairly flat and gentle. We hiked 10.8 miles to the Brinks Rd Shelter. We were soaked to the bones and for a brief moment the group considered hiking out the remaining four miles and going back to the cabin, you know the one that's warm with a cozy fireplace. Mandy, by unpopular vote, gave the "I refuse to let the elements defeat me lecture" so we all headed to the campsite to set up our tents. We had a very brief break in the rain, and as soon as the tents were up, the rain started in full force again. Mark, in a last ditch attempt to spend the night at the cabin, tried to burn the tent down. His fuel tank was leaking which caused a quick fire in the vestibule. With quick thinking, he threw the stove out in the rain and Jenny beat the burning ground with her wet handkerchief. Mark fiddled with the stove and we cooked dinner without incidence. Jack was invited over to the big tent for a game of acey-ducey but he was sound asleep so we all decided to hit the sack too, at 8pm.



It poured all night long. Jack was the only one brave enough to crawl out of his tent in the wee small hours, 3am to be exact, to make a cup of tea. At 6am we all rallied out of bed with visions of a warm diner dancing in our heads. Well darn, what's a warm diner when you can have instant cream of wheat in a wet tent on a rainy Sunday morning? We fed Laura, Sarah and Ida of a quick breakfast, and sent them on ahead start trip to hike out and get the staged cars. The rest of stayed behind and packed up our very wet gear.

The big tent didn't fair so well so we had wet bags, wet everything. We loaded our very heavy packs and hit the trail for the 4 mile hike out.



The Trail Talk

Again, it would have normally been a easy trail but for us it was water covered and muddy. We again got soaked to the bones but hey, it was only 4 miles to a dry car. So we made it out, changed into dry clothes and hit the road for home. Despite the weather, it was still a good time because the company was fantastic.

“Thank You” to the gang for coming despite the gloomy weather forecast.

*Backpackers: Mandy Brink, Jack Sanga, Laura Brink,
Mark Stone, Jenny Stone,
Sarah Stone and Ida the hiking hound dog*



Naugatuck Trail May 13, 2006

Torrential rains the day before, with more rain expected, nearly cancelled this hike. Five hikers braved the dismal forecast for this short morning hike of 5.5 miles. We were lucky this time, it remained cloudy until we were all back home when it rained again and didn't stop for many, many days. We started out at a quick pace noticing how the woods had become alive with newly emerged ferns, the trees had leaves at long last and the birds were rejoicing that it was now spring. The many brooks we followed and crossed were



running fast. Many areas were muddy which showed off fresh deer tracks. While descending through a rocky gorge we roused out a turkey vulture which perched just ahead of us. The rocky outcrops, including Spruce Knoll, were a disappointment. The trail description stated that there were views but all we saw were the overgrown trees.

We stopped for a long break before passing through an area recently logged. Shortly afterwards the trail turned onto a woods road which followed along Rt. 8 for about a half mile. The rocky, moss covered cliffs alongside had become a series of waterfalls. This final section was the end of the trail at Andrasko Road where we had left our cars.

*Hikers: Laurenen Sorensen, Don "Woody" Woodbridge, JR
Ellis, Joe Buysse
Leader: Sarah O'Hare*



Kayaking at Bluff Point State Park May 27, 2006

We had a mid afternoon start on a sunny day with two kayaks and one canoe paddling. We explored the area in the cove and headed in the direction of Bluff Point. We paddled out to Avery Point and checked out the lighthouse there. At this point the trip would have been open ocean so we decided to head back. Of course Mandy was her usual rain magnet and the only rain all weekend hit while we were paddling back. The sky turned an ominous color of dark blue before the sky broke opened and soaked us all. Jack and Mandy were so glad they wore their skirts to stay dry.

After the rain squall passed, we landed back at the cove, dried off and found a picnic area where we shared a nice dinner. After eating we decided to walk off our fully bellies by walking out to the Bluff. It was a nice stroll. We sat out on the point for a short while, just enjoying and appreciating the ocean before walking back and leaving for the day.

*Paddlers: Mandy Brink, Jack Sanga,
Dave and Regina Chatel*



Kid Gore Maintenance, VT May 19-21, 2006

For the first time in more than 20 years our 1st Vice President, Trails and Shelters, Dick Krompegal, was unable to attend the spring work weekend in Vermont. The leadership duties were handed over to Bill and Sarah with clear instructions from Dick as to what the mission was. Not exactly certain of who all would be coming, Friday's arrivals were Bill and son, Tom, and Sarah. An uninvited guest, an uninvited pest rather, arrived, also. A porcupine showed up at 3 a.m. announcing its arrival and then entered the shelter. There's nothing like the pitter patter of porkie paws to rouse one out of a sound sleep! It was frightened off, probably quite surprised that creatures larger than himself had taken up residence. There was recent evidence that porcupines had been visiting the shelter frequently.



Early Saturday brought sun but quickly turned cloudy and misty. The small work group headed south to see what awaited them on the four mile section of trail up to the summit of Glastenbury Mountain. Water bars were cleared and some dug anew to alleviate the brook-like condition of some areas. The trail was cleared of a lot of brush. Many pine tree tops littered the path as if a terrific winter wind had twisted and snapped off the trees. Several blowdowns became step-overs or walk-arounds. We also cleared away the remainder of where Dave Chatel had used his chainsaw

The Trail Talk

during his visit in April. Thank you, Dave, for all your hard work! And lastly, hobble bush was clipped, and clipped and clipped some more.

Bill and Tom attempted to make it to the top of the fire tower with its newly replaced stairs but strong winds made them turn back about half way up. Arriving then at the newly rebuilt Goddard Shelter atop Glastenbury Mountain we settled in for a much needed rest and to have our lunch. A quick break it was for shortly after our arrival the winds picked up and the rains fell. On our way back down the mountain we met up with Jay and son, John, two more additions to our work party. As they wanted to continue to the top of Glastenbury Mountain we parted and then they joined us later back at Kid Gore Shelter. With obligations at home, Bill and Tom left in the later afternoon. Still raining and quite chilly, dinner was eaten then all, including a hiker, turned in early. The porcupine was heard outside but didn't attempt to enter, much to everyone's relief.

Sunday morning brought sun and blue skies. Getting on the trail early, we hiked north to see how the relocation had fared over the winter, clearing brush and cleaning water bars along the way. The views from the two vistas, one of which was the new vista in the relocation, were quite impressive. Jay and John were determined to hike and work all the way to Story Springs while Sarah was anxious to be on her way home. We separated after 1.5 miles and then soon both parties were once again hiking in the rain.

Mission accomplished, Dick!

*Crew: Bill Brodnitzki, Tom Brodnitzki,
Jay Avitable, John Avitable
Written By: Sarah O'Hare*



Easy overnight in the Big Branch Wilderness June 2 - 4, 2006



Old Job of Biblical fame suffered greatly. Mandy and Dan did much better if you don't count being drenched in the rain for three days. Dan hiked in to the Old Job shelter Friday afternoon and waited anxiously for either another participant in the trip or else for the rain to stop. Neither miracle occurred. Mandy drove up later and hiked great distances in almost every possible direction (in the rain) looking for the shelter before deciding to camp out with a group of fisherpersons.

Early Saturday, just as Dan was bailing out of the rain, he met

up with Mandy, who was finally put on the correct trail. She convinced him to stay another night, so they dropped packs back at Old Job shelter and day-hiked, waded, and on occasion, swam to Griffin Pond. Fisherpersons along the way were only catching colds and said that even the fish needed to get out of the rain. They did invite our brave, wet GMC'ers to stay with them and share in beer, steaks, sausages, and a fire. Dan was holding out for pizza so he and Mandy marched bravely through the rain back to Old Job. Dinner consisted of tortellini Zelterman with basil seasoning and a handful of Swedish fish for dessert.

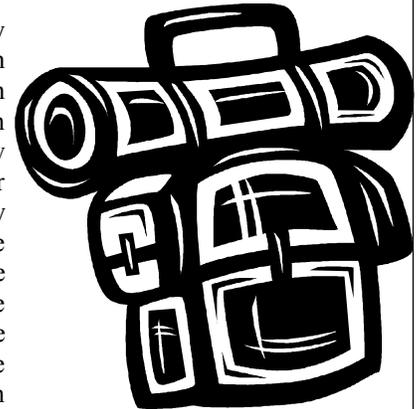
On Sunday, Mandy left to go kayaking, as though she had not had enough contact with water. Dan, who had not suffered nearly enough, spent much of a rainy Sunday climbing over, around, and through much blow-down along the USFS 30 extension up to the AT near Lost Pond Shelter. Half-way up there was a sign indicating that the trail was not currently maintained. Well, duh. Ironically, the sign was largely covered by blow-down. Did I mention that it rained?

*Leader: Dan Zelterman
Mandy Brink*



Long Trail Maintenance Vermont June 23—25, 2006

Arriving early in the afternoon on Friday, we hiked in on the side trail, working on the way in, lots of new growth and one major blow down. Not many AT thru hikers at the shelter. Most people who showed up were doing the LT. More smoking than I have ever seen before with role your own being the major past time. Jim Robertson came in about half hour behind me. We set up and did our walk north. Frank Maine had just arrived as we got back. Dinner then rain starting at about 7:30 pm or 1930 hours. Early to bed with rain, heavy at times all night and into the morning. Jim and I started on the trail at about 8:30 with Frank deciding to go home. He was all packed and ready to go, we were doing a little clipping at the shelter, when he stopped and said he would finish that for us.



Did not get to first vista until about 1 pm. Hand cutting with two people slows the process but increases the exercise

The Trail Talk

significantly. We should market the outing to women as an alternative to curves. There appeared to be some fresh cutting at the first (old) vista also now known as Dick's Vista. The new vista is going to need a lot of work over the next couple of years to keep it open.

Back we went with a little additional clipping along the way. We arrived back at the shelter a little after 4 pm, and to our surprise Frank was still there, his friend Dean had showed up. Jim and I had already made the decision to load our wet gear and get out of Dodge which we did leaving the boys to a night of a smoky fire and liquid refreshment. Home by 7:30 and still drying things out. Love that VT \$2.73 gasoline and they pump it for you at that price.

Still have not seen the rock work done by the Long Trail Patrol but some hikers commented on how great it looked. No one seemed aware that they walked for 15 minutes and had not gotten anywhere. Just before the first vista we did pass one female hiker that came down the trail and said "Your from Connecticut". She had been at Story Spring the same weekend in 2002 when we were there.

*Jim Robertson, Frank Maine and his friend Dean,
Written By: Bill Brodnitzki*



Taconic Trail Hike June 17, 2006

We started out at the south end of the trail, and ascended to the ridge top in a cooling drizzle. Luckily, the weather partially cleared and the precipitation ceased by the time we arrived at the top of Brace Mountain (1.9 mi.). There, ever hungry members of the group consumed a snack while partaking of the view to the west across Dutchess and Columbia Counties and into the Catskills.

We continued north from Brace Mt. Blueberry bushes, grasses, and ledge rock were omnipresent on the open sections of the ridge top; luckily, the blueberries were not yet ripened, as, had they been so, they would have been devoured by our ravenous crew. We descended into a forested area, full of Mountain Laurel and full-sized, deciduous trees; continued past The Robert Brook Trail; and then ascended mighty Alander Mountain.

Nearing the top of Alander Mt. the famished group attempted a premature lunch stop: but the hike leader spurred them on to the true summit of Alander Mt. (6.0 mi.). There, everyone ate their lunch and devoured Sarah O'Hare's delicious, homemade cookies, while once again enjoying the open views west to the Catskills.

We continued north along the ridge top, hiking through scrubby hardhack, evergreens, mountain laurel, and other diminutive trees and shrubs. The trail had something of a tunnel-like quality here. Matt, who knows birds, identified a Rufous-Sided Towhee which seemed to follow us along the ridge for a bit.

Finally, we descended down off the ridge into the notch where Bash-Bish Falls and the trail head are located (9.4 mi.).

Following the hike, several of us, despite being a bit fatigued, walked up the river to view Bash-Bish Falls, which was running quite nicely. A cool, refreshing swim in the quarry was averted by all, and the Connecticut residents departed back to civilization.

*The following folks attended this hike: Matthew Golec,
Carol Langley, Sarah O'Hare, Mary O'Neill,
Doreen Scott and Donald Woodbridge
Leader: Donald Woodbridge*



Manchester Bike Trip April 30, 2006

We had a cool sunny start for our bike ride from Charter Oak Park to Wickman Park, in East Hartford. Although this was suppose to be only 10 miles the terrain was challenging with many up and downs.

We went up and down hills, crossing streets, passing through Manchester Community College and riding along the Hockman River. This is an old Indian name, which means "Stinking River". One of the riders, Lynn Johnson from Vernon, remembered the days when the river changed colors from dyes being dumped into the water by the local mills.

Today the river is crystal clear with a sandy bottom. The spring air was alive with the scent of Cherry Trees, Honeysuckle, Lilac's and other's that remain unidentified. Warblers, Red-Winged Blackbirds, Robins, Cardinals, Tuft-Titmouse and Chickadees performed a symphony that was music to our ears.

At Wickman Park we visited the gardens and had lunch on top with great views of the Hartford Skyline. The old home on top of the mountain is a log cabin and can be rented for functions. Time to start the ride back to Charter Oak Park so down the hill



The Trail Talk

we go. That is always a treat and little reward for the effort that it takes to climb a hill on a bike. Sometimes some of us just have to get off and walk the old bike up the hill as long as we get there that's what counts.

On the return trip the wind had picked up and as we past by some Cherry Trees we had the illusion of being in a brief snow squall. All too soon the ride was over, now what does that odometer say, 15.7 miles, nice job everyone for the first time out.

*Bikers: Sherri Hennessy, Lynn Johnson,
Dick Arnold and Carol A. Langley*



Mt. Higby March 19, 2006

A blustery late winter day kept the March winds blowing. The sun was obscured most of the time by heavy dark moisture laden clouds. A few hardy hikers showed up to join me this day.



During our steady ascent from Rt. 66 up the side of the ridge to Mt. Higby, we spotted evidence of someone's makeshift home tucked behind rocks. The mission of this day was to scout out a plane wreckage that happened some fifty years ago. We were fortunate to have with us Dick Arnold who actually was on

the rescue team that found the crash site and the four men who lost their lives. Our first bushwhack turned up a fire ring and a bench - then it was back to the trail - let's look again further north.

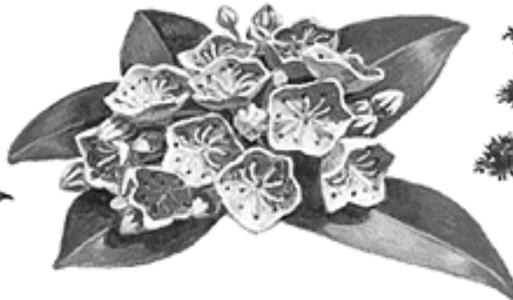
We were able to see New Haven and Long Island for a short time upon reaching a high peak. We walked along rocks and ledges giving us excellent views to the west. Time the group spread out on the rocks across from the Quarry, which wasn't a pleasant view but it would be our last since the trail was making a sharp turn into the woods and down into the valley. During this time Dick went out scouting again and located the site of the plane crash. The crash site had been cleared of the wreckage but the evidence of the growth that looked like it had been dug out and a clear cut trail down the mountainside made everyone become quite. As we walked a short to distance to rejoin the trail we found four rock Cairns that were made to appear like four people sitting in a plane. We left the site with an eerie feeling.

The last 1/1/2 miles of the trail was just a walk in the woods down a muddy rutted road making hikers anxious to reach the end. Even though the hike was only 5 miles we hiked for 5 hours up and down scouting around and taking our time to make the hike an enjoyable one. Thanks for joining me everyone.

*Hikers: Sarah O'Hare, Doreen Scott, Matt Golec, Donald Woodbridge, Dick Arnold and Craig Pocock.
Leader: Carol A. Langley*



State bird
American robin



State flower
Mountain laurel



State tree
White oak

The Trail Talk

Glacier National Park June 17-28th.

We all congregated on Sunday at Two Medicines campground. Mandy flew in from CT, Dave and Viesha rode up from Colorado and Laurene joined us from Idaho. We went to get our backcountry permit only to find out that the campsites we planned on were closed due to snow and grizzly bears. We regrouped quickly and chose to go to Gable Creek campground. So we got the permit, hiked a bit about Two Medicines and attended the evening program on Mountain Goats.



On June 19th, we backpacked into the Belly River Valley/Gable Creek area. We set up camp, hung our bear bags and checked out day hikes at the little ranger station located there. We had a bit of rain and a thunderstorm that night. It was warm during the day and about 40 degrees in the morning.

On June 20th we did a day hike up to the Bear Mt. Lookout (elevation 6250ft). It was cloudy in the morning, sunny in the afternoon and we got to see beautiful views of Lake Cosley and Glenns Lake. The hike was a challenge in that it was along the side of a mountain in a large area of loose rock. The views were beautiful. We got to hike across a suspension bridge while hiking. We also stopped and saw the Gros Ventre waterfalls. There was an incredible arrangement of wildflowers. After coming off the mountain we hiked down to Cosley Lake and then back to our campsite to cook dinner. This evening began our ritual of playing "Acey-Ducey" at night. It stayed light in Glacier until well after 10pm at night so it was hard to come to bed some nights.

On June 21st, we backpacked back out and headed to Alberta, Canada to the Waterton International Peace Park. We set up camp at Crandall Campground, checked out the Visitors Center, the Prince of Wales hotel and the town of Waterton.

June 22nd was probably everyone's favorite day with a hike to Crypt Lake. We were going to backpack in but again the site was closed because of grizzly bear problems. It was a beautiful sunny day. We took the water taxi to the Crypt Lake Landing and headed off for our hike. The elevation gain was 2200 ft and 5.5 miles out to the lake. It was quite a technical hike at some points and we finally understood why the ranger asked us if we had ice



picks and crampons. We didn't have this equipment so we had to be careful. This was our first hike with snow and there were times where we were hiking along snow fields that one slip could have been big trouble. We had our first mountain goat sighting. We hiked along a cliff that entailed climbing up a ladder through a rock tunnel in the mountain. It was really neat. Crypt Lake was so beautiful, caught in this bowl between the mountains. There was still thick snowfalls up there. The water was a warm 40 degrees. On the hike down, we saw a couple of yellow bellied marmots. We took a side trail into Hell Roaring Canyon before hiking out to the dock to await the water taxi to take us back to Waterton. We all stuck our feet in Upper Waterton lake but couldn't bring ourselves to jump in.

June 23 - Another blue, sunny day. Laurene left us to head back to Idaho. Viesha checked out the town while Dave and Mandy hiked a mile up Bear Hump off of Crandall Mt., to check out the views. There were lots of Golden Maned Ground Squirrels at the top. We saw a lot of deer too. After hiking down, we drove out and checked out Cameron Lake. The USA/Canadian border here is quite impressive with snow capped mountains and a beautiful view of Mt Custer. On our way out of Waterton we stopped and watched a coyote stalk and kill some prey. We also saw some mountain sheep. We headed for Rising Sun campground. The biggest challenge of the day was figuring out how to open the gas cap on the car (Ask Dave, hee hee). Up till this day, Logan's Pass was closed due to snow. We decided to drive up to the visitors center and arrived just as they were opening the pass. We were the third car through for 2006. Logans' pass is on the Going to the Sun highway which connects the east side of the park to the west.

June 24 brought us another incredible day of blue skies and sun. Viesha went horseback riding for the day while Mandy and Dave hiked to (or really attempted to hike to) Grinnell Glacier. We took the Swiftwater Trail and walked to the Grinnell lake lookout. At this point the trail was closed due to dangerous snow bridges. Dave and Mandy wanted to get closer to a Glacier so we hopped over the chain and headed on down the trail. Indeed there were some impressive snow areas that were thin and over streams. We bushwhacked around these and continued forward in our effort to get close to the Glacier. Well, we finally got to a place where a large snow wall melted about a foot away from the wall of the mountain and formed a snow tunnel. The snow tunnel eventually met with the mountain wall and we could go no further. However, while checking the mountain side for wildlife, we discovered that the ranger and the group he was leading, had arrived at the lake lookout point. Dave and Mandy, being in illegal territory, hid out in the snow tunnel and had lunch while we waited for the ranger to head out. Dave kept an eye with his binoculars. Honestly I (Mandy), felt like Jesse James in hiding in the old west. Eventually the



The Trail Talk

ranger left and we came out of hiding and bushwhacked our way back to the legal trail. We did see one critter running across the snow that we think may have been a wolverine. We then took the trail around Josephine Lake and walked to the Many Glaciers Hotel for a snack and break from the heat. By the way, this day we learned that a snow area is classified as a glacier when it covers an area of 25 acres and is 100 ft deep.

June 25 - This day we took the Ptarmigan Trailhead to Iceberg Lake (6,100ft), elevation gain of 1,194 ft. Again there was a beautiful assortment of wildflowers. Iceberg Lake was just starting to thaw out and is situated in what is called a hanging valley. It was situated in a huge bowl by Mt Wilbur and is known for its aquamarine colored water. It still had quite a bit of ice and snow on the lake. Dave measured the water temp at 38 degrees. After sticking our feet in, Dave had a moment of craziness and decided to take a plunge in. After clearing a spot of ice and snow he took a whole body dip. Some people really are CRAZY. We also passed the Ptarmigan Falls on this trip. The mountains in Glacier are full of all mountain waterfalls from melting glaciers that are quite beautiful.

June 26 - We drove the Going to the Sun highway and stopped to see the many sites. We also stopped and hiked in to see the St Mary's Falls and the Virginia Falls. We also saw some mountain goats with their kids. We drove out to the section of the park that had a fire in 2003. We stopped in Polebridge, a very tiny town (population 60). They are known for their old fashion Mercantile Store and the Northern Lights Saloon, both on the registry for National historic buildings. We got some very tasty baked goods at the mercantile store and had some drinks at the saloon before heading out to check out Lake Kintla. It was quite a long drive on a bumpy dirt road. The lake was beautiful and we hiked around a bit before heading back to the Northern Lights saloon for dinner. Most of this part of the park was like the prairie and we saw several coyote. We camped this night at the Fish Creek campground.

On our last day, June 27th we saw our first bear as we headed out of the campground. We went white water rafting down the Flathead River. We rafted right past the spot that they used in the movie "A River Wild". Rafting was a blast. We drove into Whitefish Lake, stopped and dipped in our feet except for Dave who again had a moment of craziness and went swimming. Then we said good bye to Glacier and headed back into Kalispell to repack and regroup for our trip home.

Things we learned in the park.

The glaciers are all expected to disappear by 2030 due to global warming. The biggest killer of mountain goats is avalanches.

The park was open as a National Park in 1910. In the winter the temperatures get as cold as minus 65-95 degrees. There are 37 named glaciers in the park. The Great Northern Railroad was responsible for the development of Glacier and was the only transportation there for several decades.

My favorite thought that I left the park with was the ending of the presentation on mountain goats that we attended. He talked about zoos and how bears in captivity become fat and lazy but that mountain goats, even though feed and cared for, will die in a zoo. The reason? Because mountain goats need the wilderness to survive. Some people are like that too, they need the wilderness to survive.

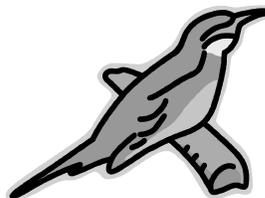
I'd like to thank Dave Chatel, for while this trip was my idea, Dave did a large part of the leg work and planning. Without his help and support, it would never have happened.

Participants: Mandy Brink, Dave and Viesha Chatel and Laurene Sorenson.



Farmington River Canoe Trip June 11, 2006

After days and weeks of rain everyone was ready to get in the water and paddle. We were blessed with a sunny but windy late spring day. A good size group of 13 paddlers showed up to paddle down the Farmington River. Having canoed this river several times it was a very pleasant ride not to have to watch for rocks and limbs, since the river was swollen from recent rains. Even though there was a strong current it was manageable and everyone launched safely. Jack Sanga was our designated river scout.



A stiff head wind from the northwest was giving Don Woodbridge a difficult time. Dick Arnold and myself were in the last canoe with an old tire swing and rope just in case we had a mishap. The group was moving along very well with the current when suddenly we see a gut of wind pick up the front of Don's canoe, which he was paddling alone. Time to take action before a mishap and a dunking occurs. Another person Dave Hardisty had only half a paddle in his kayak and was also struggling, time to get the two guys into one watercraft. Jack found a nice calm cove



The Trail Talk

and the switch was made. The canoe was now towing the kayak and down the river our flotilla moved.

The air was filled with bird song. Tree swallows darted over our heads in search of insects. Orioles sang sweetly in the trees. A great blue heron gracefully flew up the river. Surprisingly there weren't any ducks. Lunchtime approaching Jack, Eleanor and Dennis scouted out a small cove, which turned out to be a Nature Preserve. A trail led to a pond with a dock in the sunshine where the hungry paddlers enjoyed lunch. After photos it was time to ramble back to the canoes and finish the day on the river.

Back on the river we had reached a very quiet area of flat water. Passing under the Golf Bridge the Hueblin Tower came into view, next the Rte. 175 Bridge and time to take out. The water level was so high we just floated right in and took out usually there is 5 or 6 stairs that you need to climb and carry up the canoe. More photos then let's get these canoes and kayaks loaded up and tied down. The end of a great day on the river with special friends. Hope to see you all on the river again. Thanks for your support.

*Paddlers: Eleanor Poole, Dennis Butler, Alan Poole,
Laura Lane, Doreen Scott, Jack Sanga,
Don Woodbridge, Dave, Leigh, Kyle and Ali Hardisty,
Dick Arnold and Carol A. Langley*



Metacomet-Monadnock Trail July 8, 2006

Sections 3 and 4 of the Metacomet-Monadnock Trail begins on MA Rt. 20 by the banks of the Westfield River. Since last hiked, the trail has been relocated away from quarries and new private landowners. In general, it meanders on a level plateau by a quarry and passes an old



Boy Scout site and a sportsman's club before gaining higher ground in a mixed oak and hemlock forest environment. A recently logged area is now cluttered with slag and new undergrowth of briars and assorted brush while skirting the banks and brooks of the Bearhole Reservoir Watershed. As would be expected, the area was ripe with fauna and flora. Henry identified birds of many descriptions from their cries and we were all surprised at the sightings of a Red Tail Hawk and Wild Turkey in flight.

ATV trails intertwined on uphill and descents into gullies before reaching the end of Section 3 at the Mass Pike. An old quarry road passed under the pike and then over a railroad track to Bush Notch where Section 4 starts. The trail climbs to the crest of the East Mountain Range and continues along the ridge with spectacular vistas on its way to US Rt. 202. Along the ridge, lunch was a priority before the beacon towers for Barnes Airport were encountered. The ridge is not flat and has a number of steep climbs and descents on loose trap rock. Sadly, ATV trails bring revelers who have marked the ridge tops with litter from Independence Day parties. Views of Barnes Airport, the distant Berkshire Range and Hampton Ponds Recreation Area are worthy from this section. We then encountered a large area, which burned last year.

With a mile to go the heat of the day was taking a toll on our thoughts and our need to finish this 8 mile quest leading to speculation on the accuracy of the trail reports. I believe it was more the absence of Sarah's cookies, Henry's sampling of mushrooms, Carol's anticipation of a Westfield River dunking and my old age.

*Hikers: Carol Langley, Henry Smith, Sarah O'Hare
Leader: Bill "Mr. Capp" Falconer*

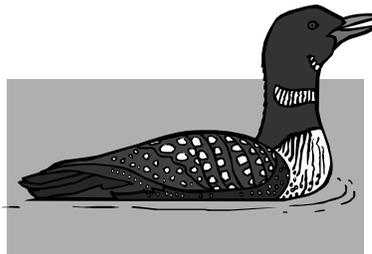


Mattabesett Trail maintenance May 22

One person joined me on this beautiful spring day to do maintenance. Sarah O'Hare and I drove to Rt. 17, the southern end of our section. We blazed in for about one mile then blazed back. Blazing was needed because of the dying hemlocks.

Not much time but did a much needed project. We then both returned home to continue to do spring cleaning and painting.

Sarah O'Hare and Dick Krompegal





Richard Krompegal
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