



Connecticut Section of the Green Mountain Club

Volume LIV, Issue IV

October to December 2022 Fred Clark, Editor

President's Message Fall 2022

GMC Annual Meeting on June 11 – Highlights

Andy Hood and I attended the club's annual meeting in Waterbury Center Vermont. In his opening remarks President Howard van Benthuysen compared the GMC over the 50 years of his involvement – from 1972 when he was the caretaker at the old Gorham Lodge on Camel's Hump – to today. Notably club membership has increased from 2200 to 9800, major campaigns protecting the vast majority of the Long Trail have been completed and by the end of 2022 all of the pit privies will have been replaced by moldering-style outhouses. Perhaps the greatest current and future challenge for the GMC will be managing the Long Trail system in the face of heavy and ever-increasing usage by hikers.

Of particular note, the GMC Awards Committee announced the designation of three honorary life members including our own **Carol A. Langley**. Carol was honored for her long, untiring and incredibly active leadership in our section and in the GMC overall. Congratulations, Carol! Andy had initiated the nomination and read the announcement at the meeting. Since Carol was hiking on the A.T. in southwest Virginia in mid-June, we plan to make a formal presentation to her in person at our annual meeting.

Our annual dinner and meeting Saturday September 24

Our annual event at the Cheshire Grange is fast approaching. With Covid-19 still prevalent, it's fully understandable if anyone doesn't feel completely comfortable gathering in an indoor setting. If do you plan to attend and haven't already contacted Dennis Himes to RSVP, please do so (contact info on page 2). Dennis has secured as our guest speaker Joan Nichols, a certified forester and the executive director of the Connecticut Farm Bureau, who will provide a presentation on the state's forests. If you'd prefer to attend only the meeting portion starting around 7:00 pm, that's an option too.

On Wildlife

A couple of notes on the increasing interactions with wildlife in our area. I attended a presentation by a master wildlife conservationist who volunteers with the Department of Energy and Environmental Protection. He provided some interesting data on estimated populations in Connecticut:

- 1,200 black bear - The population increases by 10 to 15 percent per year, so it's doubling each 5 to 7 years. DEEP estimates that the state can accommodate about 2,000 bear before some type of management will be required.
- 126,000 white tail deer
- 46,000 turkeys
- 4,000-6,000 Eastern coyote
- 100 moose, mostly in the northern tier of towns along the Massachusetts border

On the subject of bear, the Appalachian Trail Conservancy in mid-July announced a new policy recommending all overnight AT visitors carry a bear-resistant food storage container as part of their backpacking gear. This policy comes after a multi-year increase in human-bear encounters at AT campsites. Many incidents were the result of improper food storage by visitors or black bears' success at circumventing traditional food storage techniques.

See you on the trail, *Jim Robertson*

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Inquiries: Please direct all inquiries regarding the Connecticut Section to the President.

New Members: The Connecticut Section welcomes these new members who recently joined:

Scott Holmes

Ann Courcy

Timmy McCormack

We look forward to meeting you at our upcoming events.

Publication Schedule: *Trail Talk* is published four times a year in March, June, September, and December. Please e-mail your activity report as a Word document to the Editor at fpclark1@comcast.net no later than the fifth day of the publication month.

Membership: When filling out an application to join or renew your membership in the Green Mountain Club, circle **Connecticut Section** on the application. You will receive, at no extra charge, the Connecticut Section's newsletter and activity schedule.

Dues:

Individual Adult	\$45.00
Family	\$60.00
Senior (70 or older) or Limited Income	\$25.00
Sponsor (Individual/Family)	\$75.00

Send annual dues to:
Green Mountain Club
4711 Waterbury-Stowe Road
Waterbury Center, VT 05677-9904

You may also join or renew online at:
<https://www.greenmountainclub.org/>

Special Thanks to member Charlotte Hitchcock. Each issue she facilitates the e-mailing of *Trail Talk* by formatting the layout and reducing the file size.

Want to help the Connecticut Section reduce expenses and save trees? Just send an e-mail to the Editor, requesting that you be e-mailed *Trail Talk*, rather than having it mailed to you. You'll receive *Trail Talk* sooner, too.

Calendar of Events:

Upcoming events are listed here:

<http://www.conngmc.com/newwiki/doku.php?id=start>



Lady slipper orchids on the Maine AT – see page 3

ACTIVITY REPORTS

Maine AT Caratunk to Monson

June 12 – 15, 2022

by Jim Robertson and Mandy Brink

Mandy and Jim hiked another section of the Appalachian Trail in Maine, a total of 34 miles over four days. In terms of Mandy's trail completion tracking system, yet another Appalachian Trail Conservancy map section can now be "retired."

On Saturday June 11 we both arrived at the famous Shaw's Hiker Hostel in Monson at about the same time, Mandy driving up from Connecticut and Jim coming over through northern Vermont and New Hampshire from the GMC annual meeting in Waterbury Center. We met the hostel owners Hippie Chick and Poet who showed us to the bunk room on the second floor.

On Sunday morning we gorged on Shaw's \$11 breakfast of eggs, bacon, hash browns and unlimited blueberry pancakes, then waddled to our vehicles. We spotted Mandy's car at a side trail in Monson and Jim drove around to the trail crossing near the small town of Caratunk to start our trek northward. Day 1 was an easy six-mile walk, trending gradually uphill, to Pleasant Pond Lean-to. Many lady slippers, pink and white, were still in bloom along the side of the trail. Arriving at the lean-to at 1 pm, we debated hiking more miles since it was so early in the day but after sitting for one, then two, and then three hours, we decided that we were content to stay right there. Over the course of the afternoon, several long-distance hikers, mostly southbound AT thru-hike hopefuls, came in. Two of the more interesting fellows were *Andante*, a retired orchestra teacher and concert violinist from Minnesota, who was finishing a multi-year thru-hike with a final trek northbound from Pinkham Notch to Mount Katahdin, and *Shrooms*, a 20-something who foraged for mushrooms and cooked and ate them, even though he wasn't always sure of their exact identity. He awoke the next morning after some intestinal distress but lived to hike another day. We never saw Shrooms again but had the pleasure of meeting up with Andante at each campsite and again in Monson. He was a delight to chat with, and enjoyed the fact that we, of a similar age group, were out hiking amongst all the "youngsters." We were finished with supper and dental hygiene and had our bear bags hung by 5:30, which Mandy believes is our record early end to a backpacking day on the Maine trail.

On Day 2 we were up and out of site around 7:30 am with a steep climb up Pleasant Pond Mountain for starters. Weather was cool and overcast, good for climbing. Views were limited by the clouds but the tread north of the summit was generally easy, with few of the roots and rocks for which the Maine AT is well-known. As we reached Moxie Pond and forded the shallow Baker Stream, we heard thunder but hoped we could hike the remaining three miles

to our destination before the rain began. Alas, after two miles the precipitation started and soon we were drenched by a downpour. Jim attempted (futilely) to find shelter in an evergreen grove but the rain was just too hard. So we pressed on to Bald Mountain Brook Lean-to arriving at 3 pm. As we dove into the shelter and started to switch to drier clothes we noted that Andante had already set up his tent nearby. He emerged a few hours later, having napped through the whole storm. Mandy decided to set up her tent while Jim elected to sleep in the lean-to. One northbound thru-hiker *Kilt* (we're not sure if that's his trail name but he was wearing a kilt) stopped in for a rest but pushed further northward to find an evening encampment. After some hot beverages and supper, we enjoyed another chat with Andante.

The next morning we faced another early climb, up Moxie Bald Mountain. This one was not as steep as the previous day and the skies had cleared, providing great 360-degree views from the open rocky summit. The bare summit at just over 2600 feet elevation is the result of a forest fire in the early 1900s. We spent a few minutes there despite blustery conditions before heading back down into the woodlands and on to Moxie Bald Lean-to, located in a beautiful setting near Bald Mountain Pond. It would have been a great spot to camp but we had only hiked four miles that day and had many more to go before we could sleep. We forded Bald Mountain Stream (ankle deep) then meandered through mostly level lowlands along the stream to another ford at the west branch of the Piscataquis River. The trail app *Far Out* (formerly *Guthook*) says this can be a difficult waist-deep ford but fortunately the water level was only about knee-level and the current wasn't fast. At this point we'd completed ten miles for the day by 3 pm. Our original plan was to look for a stealth camping area here but we both felt as if we had enough energy to press on another three miles to Horseshoe Canyon Lean-to. Besides, the trail just follows the river downstream to the shelter. How hard could that be? Well, we didn't count on the trail layout which consisted of a seemingly endless series of (pointless) ups and downs along the river bank. Whoever laid out the trail through this section was a sadist. Anyway, we got the lean-to just before 6 pm, finding Andante and another couple already set up. Andante shared our assessment that the last three miles had been a lot more challenging than anticipated. We set up tents behind the structure before enjoying our evening meals and warm beverages, glad that we'd completed 13 miles for the day with only six miles remaining to Monson tomorrow.



Our last day was greeted by more pleasant weather and low humidity. We had one more ford, the east branch of the Piscataquis River, which at almost thigh level turned out to be the deepest of the trip. Beaver activity on a stream feeding into Lake Hebron required some searching and a bushwhack around a flooded trail section but soon we reached the side trail to Mandy's car. We drove back to the Monson General Store for a cold drink and who did we meet but Andante, who had arrived earlier and just picked up his food drop at the local post office. He insisted on buying a chocolate milk for Mandy and a coffee for me and we enjoyed one last talk with him on the store's outdoor patio before heading home.

In Summary:

The Trail: Not as bad as other sections of the Maine AT. Our only two significant climbs were over Pleasant Pond Mountain and Moxie Bald Mountain, both of which sported elevation gains of only 1200-1300 feet. The rocks and roots that characterize the Maine AT were ubiquitous but not as frequent as in the 100 Mile Wilderness to the north. There were many long sections of pleasant tread of soils or leaves.

The weather: good, mostly Goldilocks temperatures with highs in the 70s and overnight lows in the 50s. We were only caught in one downpour about 30 minutes prior to arriving at our Day 2 destination, the Bald Mountain Brook Lean-to, for the evening.

Wildlife sightings: 7 garter snakes, a resident chipmunk at every lean-to, lots of moose poop, zero moose, few black flies – locals said the hatch wasn't as bad as usual this year and we were at the tail end of it, mosquitoes plentiful and annoying but not chase-the-moose-into-the-swamp bad yet.

Another section of the Maine AT complete and another trail map retired. Overall, a great walk in the Maine woods.

Mattabesett Trail and Seven Falls Loop
June 24, 2022
by Carol A. Langley

On a beautiful sunny summer day, **Tracie McDougall**, her daughter **Zoe Kleebblatt**, and their two dogs, Storm and Gitta, joined me. We parked on Aircraft Rd. and headed south on the Mattabesett Trail a short distance until we connected with the Yellow/Blue blazes of the Seven Falls Loop Trail. We were moving along and soon came to the Utility Lines roadway. Now where in BLAZES did the blue blazes go. After spending some time in the hot sun trying to locate them, we decided to follow the utility roadway out to Rte. 154 and see if we could find the trail again. After a few attempts of following blazes, I heard the water at Seven Falls. Then I found the correct blaze, and we soon arrived at the Seven Falls. Storm and Gitta decided to take advantage of the cold water and get drinks and take a little swim. We also took a break. The trail led us over some rocks and back to mostly flat land until the blazes turned

towards the Utility Road again. The rock climb was a bit much for the dogs so Tracie walked around with them. I remembered climbing those rocks maybe 25 years ago. I thought this may be the last time I climb these rocks. Time will tell. We picked up the Mattabesett Trail and followed it back to Aircraft Rd. I think the dogs were happy to see their car. We decided not to continue on because the temperature was climbing. I plan to do the other section north in the fall.

Mystic River Paddle
July 1, 2022
by Mandy Brink

I had no takers for my paddle, but it was such a beautiful evening that I decided to do a write up anyway. Bella and I geared up and headed onto the Mystic River into a very gusty wind. It was a lot of work paddling but that was okay because we were paddling for the ice cream stand at the drawbridge. The old sailing vessels such as the *Charles Morgan*, the *Brilliant* and the *Joseph Conrad* look so majestic from the river side. There were so many flags on the boats and homes, I supposed as a welcome to the 4th of July weekend. On one large sailing vessel named the *Alvei*, there was an enormous American flag and it made me feel quite patriotic. After enjoying some ice cream, I expected that the paddle back would be easier. The wind had died down quite a bit, so it was easier but still a bit of work. We saw flocks of ducks and geese enjoying the water. I got to watch the sun setting and, while not a brilliant sunset, there was still a beauty as it slowly melted into the clouds. We were out for about two hours of peace and tranquility.

Hopeville Pond State Park Paddle
July 10, 2022
by Mandy Brink

It was a perfect summer day. We met at Hopeville Pond with one canoe, 4 kayaks, 4 adults, 4 kids and 1 dog. **Laura Mooney** and I manned the canoe with **Amy** and **Annie** (my granddaughters). **Mike Shaw** and **Jim Fritz** manned a kayak. **Liam** (my grandson) and **Ben** (Mike's grandson) each started in a kayak to work on improving their kayak skills. The kids ranged in ages from 9 to 6 and each wanted a chance to be an independent kayaker, well at least at the beginning of the paddle. Most of this write-up is told through the view of kids kayaking.

First it was important to name the vessels. The blue kayak was *Blueberry* and the green canoe, *Cucumber*. Mike, who was in the red kayak, wanted to be a manly *Rhubarb* but the kids preferred to tease him by calling him *Strawberry*. The two yellow kayaks wavered between *Banana*, *Peaches* and *Sour Lemon*. The kayakers traded places with the canoe kids when they wanted a break from kayaking. It was fun to hear some of the comments that came from the kids as they worked on mastering the skills of paddling. From the adult, the conversation went like this: "Annie, we are going to go

around the corner so you have to turn as you paddle.” From Annie, “I’m not turning, I’m not turning, I’m going backwards.” Then Ben, who had done a series of impressive circles got the knack of moving the kayak forward, went paddling by and then we heard “I’m stuck in a tree.” At one point Annie was in a lily pad patch and we thought she was stuck but no, she was busy picking herself a bouquet of lily pads. The kids took turns in the kayak with Amy, the youngest of the bunch getting towed behind the canoe where she sat like a queen. She paddled little and informed us she was just relaxing. Bella the pooch sat quietly in the canoe, and we never heard a peep out of her.

We paddled the whole length of the pond and then headed down the river. The kids were getting a little tired, so we started playing the “I’m going on a picnic” game. We had hoped to make it all the way to the waterfall and dam but there was a blowdown across the river, so we turned around. The kids were very happy because we had been hearing for quite a while, “can’t we turn around.” In addition to being a bit tired from paddling, the independent kayak kids were now ready to be towed. The adults were happy to help because it really was a long paddle. Mike and Jim gladly helped with the towing. We made an adventure of it by pretending that the river was in a jungle wilderness, and we named the different parts we paddled through. I don’t remember exactly all the names but there was one last bridge we had to go under before we closed in on the beach where we had started, and it was called The Bridge of Hope of Cold Root Beer. We reached the beach and the kids immediately wanted to know if they could jump in the water. The adults loaded up the boats while the kids changed into their suits and swam. We had a picnic dinner together before everyone headed for home.

Sleeping Giant State Park Thunder Moon hike
July 13, 2022
by Carol A. Langley

The air was very dense and heavy as I made my way up to the tower. Wow, what a difference! A beautiful breeze was moving the tops of all the trees and making the air temperature much better. Several people came and went but no one stayed for the Full Moon or knew that it was tonight. As the sun started to set, it was covered with a large cloud bank which took on many colors, lavender, pink, orange and, near the end, a fire red/orange. This added color to the contrails of the airplanes that were flying into Bradley over the tower. There were some planes that were flying close to the coast line and would probably go to Providence or Boston. Glancing to the east, I saw a huge gray cloud bank that had white fluffy clouds on the ridge line appearing to be a snow cover. This gave me a flashback of Denali National Park which I visited last year. It was a beautiful picture that Mother Nature created and then added a Stratus Cumulus gray/blue cloud that took on the appearance of a Hummingbird. It was 8:30 and there

was no visible sign of the moon making an appearance, so I started my walk down the tower path. The air temperature and dense air returned. But the fireflies/lightning bugs put on quite a performance, dancing all around me and the trees. As I came to an open view off to the west there was another line of clouds. They formed the image of a galloping horse headed to the ocean. No Full Moon but a very special night with Mother Nature.

Wabbaquasset Trail, Woodstock
July 31, 2022
by Joe Conaci

On a muggy Sunday morning **Jim Robertson** and I met near the shore of Muddy Pond, about one-third of a mile from the Massachusetts border. We drove to this remote section of Woodstock to hike the recently opened Wabbaquasset Trail. This is the newest path among the Connecticut Forest and Parks Association’s (CFPA) Blue Blazed Trails.



From the parking area, the trail goes east through Pond Factory Road Open Space. We passed a cellar hole with chimney, and remains of other structures.

This may be the ruins of St. Mary’s Camp, a twenty-five-acre summer camp that opened in the late 1920s and operated into the 1940s. The camp was run by St.

Mary’s Catholic Church of Putnam, but open to Catholic youth throughout Southern New England. The camp program included aquatics, sports, nature activities, and daily mass. The campers stayed in tents or slept eight to a cabin. St. Mary’s Camp was open for boys during July and then for girls during a few weeks in August.

The trail leaves Pond Factory Road Open Space and enters the Hibbard Forest. John Hibbard gave this one-hundred-acre parcel to CFPA in 2016. John Hibbard was CFPA’s Secretary-Forester from 1963, a role that later expanded to become the CFPA Executive Director. The forest is named in memory his father, J. Eugene Hibbard, who purchased the land in 1961.

After the path enters the Hibbard Forest, the trail forks. From here the Wabbaquasset Trail forms a loop. We took the Southeasterly path and hiked the loop counter-clockwise. The trail descends gradually, through a mixed forest, and contours along a stone wall. The trail then gradually climbs up Griggs Hill, which is densely forested

and crisscrossed by more stone walls. We hiked a short distance down the hill to return to the fork, and then to the parking area. We took a few photographs of the chimney before leaving. Overall, this was an easy, one-and-a-half mile hike. The newly-built path follows a gentle trailbed, but hikers should be cautious of poison ivy.

Sleeping Giant State Park Sturgeon Moon Hike
August 11, 2022
by Carol A. Langley

Mandy Brink and four of her grandchildren, **Amanda, Luke, Lilly** and **Mat**, met me as planned. We reached the Tower Path and began our hike to the tower. It was a very warm evening, and stops were made and drinks were taken so that all would reach the top. As soon as the tower was visible, the children were on the move to get to the top. There was a beautiful breeze which made our time at the tower very enjoyable.



We ate first then, after a photo shoot, watched several planes fly overhead. We even had the opportunity to see a plane that was flying directly over another slow up and the one below took off like a rocket. Somebody apparently had been delayed somewhere. Looking to the west, we were able to see the sunset and some beautiful colors. The western sky became a crimson glow and it seemed to be endless. I had placed myself by one of the viewing areas in the east. A gray/blue cloud bank was just sitting there and then suddenly I saw a beautiful pink ring – the outline of the Sturgeon Full Moon and it became a Pink Moon. It was starting to be dusk so we started down. Just as we entered our first curve, the Moon was a beautiful rose color. We took a few minutes to take in this spectacular sight. As we continued down, we had views of the moon as it changed color, first to a warm orange then to a pale yellow. Soon we reached our cars and the great night came to an end.

Taconic Crest Trail
June 11, July 23, and Aug. 20, 2022
by Dennis Paul Himes

The Taconic Crest Trail follows the crest of the Taconic Range starting from Massachusetts, just east of the N.Y. border, going north while crossing the border several times, clipping the SW corner of Vermont, and ending up in New York just west of the Vermont border. Several of us

section hiked it. **Joe Conaci** and I did all three sections, **Barbara Kelly** did the southern and northern sections, **Cathryn Dolan** and **Shelley Reuben** did the southern section, and **Diane Lucas** did the northern section.

The southernmost section was done first on June 11. This section is entirely in Massachusetts, from Pittsfield to Hancock. Conditions were good. It wasn't too hot, it didn't rain, and the bugs were minimal. The trail surface is generally pretty smooth, although with a lot of ups and downs. There were several ponds along the way, including an extensive beaver pond which isn't on the map. There's one viewpoint in this section, on Berry Hill, but it's a very nice one, with extensive views to the west. There were several very nice fern fields along the way. We didn't see a lot of wildlife, but we did come across some bear scat. The hike ended with a road walk of a couple miles, which was the longest road walk of the trail.

The middle section was done on July 23. It went from Madden Road in Hancock to Phelps Trail (which we used as an access trail) in South Williamstown. These are both in Massachusetts, but about half of this section of the trail is in New York. It was hot, especially during the middle of the day, which affected me more than I expected. The trail first goes up quite a ways, then follows the ridge, and then drops down on Phelps Trail. The initial climb wasn't bad, because it was still early in the day, but the middle section, which follows the ridge, several times drops steeply into a notch (called a "hollow" there) and then climbs steeply back out. It was those steep climbs out in the heat of midday which got to me. I was never in danger of not making it, but I had to take a lot more breaks than I usually would. Joe was very patient with me, though. The trail is mostly regular forest trail, but parts of it follow ATV roads. At one point, while on an ATV road, I realized we hadn't seen a blaze in a while. Soon after we decided we'd better turn around, in case we were moving farther off trail. After about 3/4 of a mile back, we found where we'd left the trail. There's a sign ten feet or more off the ground on a tree telling you that the trail leaves the ATV road there which we had missed. This section doesn't have any views or ponds, but it does have more of the nice fern fields we had in the first section, as well as several boundary markers and an old charcoal mound. Also, some blueberries which were almost ripe.

While we were taking a break at Southeast Hollow an old black birch fell, about 20 feet away from where I was sitting! There was no wind at all at that point; it just came crashing down with no apparent cause.

The northernmost section was done on August 20. We went from Phelps Trail in South Williamstown, MA, to Rte. 346 in North Petersburg, NY, the low point on the TCT. We started by climbing up to the ridge on Phelps Trail. This was the hardest part of the day. It's a mile and a half of up. Once on the TCT itself, there were a lot of smaller ups and downs, some flat trail, and a steep drop at the end.

We started out in Massachusetts, but most of this section is in New York, with a short bit clipping the SW corner of Vermont. Early on we got to Berlin Mountain (in NY), which has a meadow at the summit and a good view of Mount Greylock. This is the high point of the TCT.

There are a few other decent viewpoints along the trail, but not as many as shown on the map.

When we got to Hopkins Forest we passed by some Williams College forestry research projects. These were baskets weighted down by rocks with nets clipped to them. Our best guess is that they were collecting data on what falls off of the trees. We took the short side trip to the Snow Hole. This is a rocky gash in the ground which was about 30 degrees colder than the air above it. It was cool, in both senses of the word.

For the second TCT hike in a row, a tree fell down close enough for us to see it. This one wasn't quite as close as the last one, but it fell right over the trail.



At one point, near the end, I was in the lead and I decided to wait for the others to catch up. After fifteen minutes, I turned on my phone and texted, *Everything OK?* After another fifteen minutes, I decided I needed to do something. I could see a TCT blaze just up ahead, so I knew (or “knew”) I was on the TCT. I figured they probably had lost the trail. I figured that if that was so, they should be able to find their way to Rte. 346 and thence to the trailhead. So, I decided to continue to the trailhead, and, if they weren't there, leave a note and start backtracking up the trail. Just as I was getting ready to head out, I got a response to my text:

Joe: *Yes, just reached the car.*

Me: *Did you lose the trail?*

Joe: *No, but there was a hard turn to a re-route. Did your reach the car and then walk for service?*

Me: *No. I waited a half hour for you guys to catch up. I was just about to continue. Maybe I missed the reroute, but there's a TCT blaze here so I figured I must be on the trail.*

So, I headed down the trail, and found that I soon joined the current TCT. That blaze I had been looking at, about 100 feet ahead of me, was on the actual TCT, but not, as it obviously seemed to me, on the trail I was on. I had stopped at a place off of the trail, but close to the trail so that the blaze ahead of me convinced me I must be on it. The others must have passed a hundred feet from me without either of

us noticing the other. Anyway, I got to the trailhead, where the others were waiting, and it all ended well.

Mount Washington

August 22-24, 2022

by Carol A. Langley

Last year **Sarah O'Hare** and I tried to hike up to Mt. Washington but Mother Nature had other plans for us. So, we decided to give it another try. On Monday we drove to Gorham NH and checked into our motel. It was early in the day so we took a walk through town. On the return trip we stopped at Subway and then had our sandwiches at the town park which had a recreation area. Yes, Grandma and Great-Grandma took advantage of the moment and did some swinging. Made us feel like kids again!! We had only gone a short distance and saw an ice cream shop. Yes, we did indulge thanks to Sarah's treating. What is this? Scoggins General Store? Yes, we went in and purchased items for the grandchildren, supporting local business. Back to our motel it was time to get things in order for the planned hike on Wednesday.

Up at 5:30 am, we made breakfast, packed and started our drive to the Cog Railroad. Great! We are early and can get on the 8:00 am train. Things soon changed. The clerk told us that hikers could not go on the 8:00 train. You are kidding me! Very calmly we went to a bench and sat down to wait for the 9:00 am train. About 8:45 the clerk called us over to purchase our tickets and gave us a \$10 credit off of our tickets. The train chugged along in the mist and cloud bank as we rode to the top of Mt. Washington.



After having our picture taken at the top, we started our hike to Mizpah Hut. The book says it is only 6.1 miles, how long can that take? Rocks and more rocks. Heavens, each cairn had a large white rock placed on top so

we did not have to look for blazes. Reaching Lakes of the Clouds Hut, we took a break. Then we had an easier trail but that did not last long. There were several loop trails going around the Presidentials (Mt. Monroe, Mt. Eisenhower and Mt. Clinton), but we thought it was probably wiser and safer to stay on the AT.

A foggy mist had moved in so visibility was zero. What is this, rain? We stop to put on rain gear and keep moving. Wet slippery rocks, mud all downhill – the perfect trail to

make time. A repeat performance of last year. Keep marching on, we will get there. We could smell food. Great! It has to be just around the corner. In about a ½ mile, we finally reached the hut. Checked in, went to our room, dropped our gear and went to the dining room as dinner was being served. After dinner we went to our bunk room and were in our sleeping bags needing sleep time. During the night the rain came down heavily, hitting the windows. The trail will be great in the morning.

Waking up at 5:30 I saw a pink sky with clouds, but by breakfast time the rain had started again. Packs on, rain gear on, we started the last leg of this hiking adventure. Finally, we reached the Crawford Connector and soon my car was visible. At least it wasn't raining at the moment. We then retrieved Sarah's car and started our journey back to Connecticut. Thanks, Sarah, for your patience and perseverance. We finally completed our mission to Mt. Washington.



Kid Gore Shelter – Mike Shaw, Sven Englund and Jim Robertson went up to Kid Gore on June 25. Over the past week one of the seasonal GMC construction crews had jacked up the shelter and rebuilt the front left stone foundation, which helped straighten the overall lean and level the front edge of the roof. We stripped off the old cedar roof shingles (which could date from the 1971 shelter construction) in preparation for the GMC crew to return the following week to complete the re-roofing.

Longtime Connecticut Section member **Gary Griffin**, 73, of Southington, passed away on July 9, 2022, after a bout with leukemia.

Gary was an Army veteran who served in Vietnam, and was employed in the construction trades for many years, before retiring to a life of travel, time with family, genealogy studies, and hiking. Gary was interred at the Connecticut Veterans Cemetery in Middletown at a ceremony that several of us attended. He leaves his son and daughter-in-law, Gary and Jen Griffin of Simsbury, and their children; his daughter Candace; and his beloved companion Brenda Burns and her two daughters and son.

CALENDAR OF EVENTS

Upcoming events are listed here: <http://www.conngmc.com/newwiki/doku.php?id=start>.