



Volume XLII Issue VI

Editor: Carol A. Langley

SEPT. 2012 – DEC. 2012

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

Cell Phones in the wilderness can help you in an emergency but they will not save you. Do not rely on your cell phone to become your first choice of getting help. Many areas in the wilderness do not have towers near enough for your phone to pick up a signal. Your backpack will become your essential life line in the case of a real emergency where you and the injured person may have to spend time waiting for a rescue crew to reach your location. Food, water, blanket, hat, gloves, headlamp will become very important items. If the injured person can be moved get them into a sleeping bag to maintain body temperature and tent if weather is foul. Make sure that the two people who are going out for help know your location, information concerning the injured person. This info is best if written down because as we all know the mind can become overloaded in this type of situation and only retain some info. When the hikers reach a road for help it is wise to send a voice message or text to hiker who is with injured person. This message will confirm that you have safely reached a location for help and will give reassurance to the two people waiting. Many times when hiking we have only two or three people and this plan will not work. When we leave on a trip someone at home or a friend should always know where you are hiking and where you tentatively plan to stay and when you plan to return. The log books found in shelters can help a rescue team to locate you if necessary, please make sure that someone in your group makes a note where you are going and plan to stay the next night. I sincerely hope that none of us have to be part of an injured person situation. Let's get out and enjoy all the activities planned in the schedule.

President,

Carol A. Langley



Club Information
<http://www.conngmc.com>
Officers & Executive Committee

Carol Langley—President

(860) 621-2860, cosmical14@yahoo.com

Dick Hart, 1st Vice President, Trails & Shelters

(203) 484-9925, ihike@sbcglobal.net

Mandy Brink, 2nd Vice President of Activities

trekeragb@sbcglobal.net

Laurene Sorensen, Director To The GMC

(401) 965-6724, laurenesorensen@gmail.com

Dan Zelterman, Secretary

(203) 230-9108, daniel.zelterman@yale.edu

Marianne Valley, Treasurer

m_valley@att.net

Please direct all inquiries regarding the Club to the President.

The Trail Talk is published four times a year Winter, Spring, Summer and Fall. 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:

Carol A. Langley

67 Pondview Drive

Southington, CT 06489

(860) 621-2860, cosmical14@yahoo.com

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:

The Green Mountain Club

4711 Waterbury-Stowe Road

Waterbury Center, VT 05677-9904

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

Connecticut Section Of The GMC

Post & Receive Messages, Photos, Other Activities

http://groups.yahoo.com/group/ct_green_mountain_club/

Welcome New Members

Michelle King

Brandon Lorentz

George B. Duncan

Lindsley K. Colligan

Patty & Tom Adams

Carol & George Friend

TRAIL TALK – if you are presently receiving your newsletter in the mail and would like to receive an electronic mailing please e-mail me. I will gladly add your name to our list.

Thanks, Carol

Week Day Sunshine Hikers & Backpackers A new group has formed. Unscheduled activities, there is usually a 24 hour notice sent via e-mail. If you are interested please contact Carol Langley at cosmical14@ayhoo.com or 860-621-2860. Thank You!

**Vermont Winter Trip –
Feb 10-12, 2012**

Go north and it will be there. What? Snow!!!! From PA to MA, an interesting group of characters arrived for dinner in Burlington, VT. We had to drive quite a while till we reached snow, but northern VT did not disappoint us. There wasn't a ton of snow but there was enough for us to play for the weekend.

After a fine egg and sausage breakfast on Saturday morning, we headed out to Underhill State Park. After hiking up the road, we shed a few layers and put on our micro-spikes in anticipation of ice. We started up the Sunset Ridge Trail and it was beautiful from the fresh layer of snow. We were a large group so we settled in smaller groups for the hike up. Allen and Jim sprinted up the mountain while the rest of us did a steady climb. We hit some patches of sunshine and blue skies on the ascent but by the time we got around the tree line, the gray clouds had covered the top of the mountain. It was cold but we made it to the summit without too much difficulty. After last

year's tease, we were happy to be standing on the chin of Mt Mansfield. We all got to see what we will look like when we are older and grayer as the hair that wasn't contained under a hat was frost covered, gray and frozen. After a few pictures and a snack, we headed back down.

On the descent, we got hit by a frigid blast of wind and cold. We stopped and layered up. Dick was kind enough to share some hot soup. Once we were back in the trees, we were out of the wind and stripped off our layers once again. It was a fun walk down with several patches that warranted a good slide on the behind down. Some of the group took the side trail to see Cantilever Rock. We congregated back at the cars and headed to the hostel for showers.

Dinner was at 159 Main St in Jefferson. Mandy's brother in law, Mark, and a friend, Scott, had come up from PA to join us for the winter hike. They fit right in with our crazy group. Dinner unfolded like a comedy scene from Seinfeld. It started when we tried to explain the soup upgrade to Jim and Scott. From there it went to which meal has the most grams of protein, what is cranberry chutney, how much gravy comes with the turkey and many other questions to our waitress. Enquiring minds want to know, well at least Scott's inquiring mind wanted to know. All I can say is that I think we burned as many calories laughing as we did climbing. We learned what a heap of gravy meant and even reminded Scott of it the next morning when he needed a heap of syrup for his pancakes.

The big decision Saturday night was what to hike on Sunday. We went to bed undecided. We were not quick to rise on Sunday morning. After a late breakfast some of the group decided to head home. Mandy, Mike and Dick chose a hike to Nebraska Notch and Taylor Lodge. Scott and Mark were staying in Vermont until Monday so they decided to tackle Camel's Hump. The hike to Nebraska Notch was about 4 miles of gentle ups and downs. Taylor Lodge is a cute place tucked between two mountain ridges. It has a front porch area with some picnic tables that leads

into a sleeping area with bunks. After a snack, we walked out to the creak of the snow laden pine trees. We were able to change and warm up at the hostel before heading back to CT. Mark and Scott reported that they made it to the summit of Camel's Hump where it was bitter cold and windy.

As we expected, the hostel at Greenmount Farms was so fun. Laura and Mandy got in some time on the big swing. There were sleds for a few slides down the big hill across the road and Brian even tried out the climbing wall. Our group would recommend the place to anyone looking to hike in the Underhill area. It was a blast of a trip.

Co-leaders: Jim Moore and Mandy Brink. Hikers: Mike Shaw, Dick Hart, Allen Freeman, Laura and Brian Mooney, Mark Stone, Scott Black

Appalachian Trail Massachusetts April 20-22, 2012

The Berkshires in springtime is as beautiful as can be imagined. In our excitement about this three day backpacking trek there were concerns that the forecasted torrential rains would cloud in the views and dampen our fun. We all arrived in Sheffield prepared for the worst of weather conditions. Collecting our gear, we shuttled to the northern trailhead in Tyringham, leaving Bill's car at the Lake Buel Road parking area. Bill was planning on joining us for one night and his car placement was convenient if rain shortened our weekend.

We began our trek through marshy areas and open fields before entering the forest. The trees' leaves were just beginning to awaken but the wild flowers were in full bloom. Dave was able to identify a dozen of them. After seven miles we turned onto the spur trail to our night's destination, the Mt. Wilcox North Lean-to. We found ample tenting spots beyond the shelter and made camp. Supper was a welcome rest after a long afternoon and we shared stories with the two hikers staying in the shelter. We passed an

uneventful night with neither rain falling nor any marauding creatures intent on stealing our food bags.

With the rain expected later in the day we set out early Saturday morning. The woodland was alive with the song of the Northern Waterthrush. Reaching Lake Buel Road at noontime, we stopped for lunch and said goodbye to Bill. From here it was a one mile uphill climb to the ledges at Ice Gulch. Looking over the steep cliffs into the gorge we found the boulders covered with ferns and moss. Caves and crevices piqued our imaginations on what creatures lived there. A short side trail took us to the Tom Leonard Shelter, our night's stop. We all agreed to stay in the shelter rather than deal with the possibility of wet tents and gear in the morning. After claiming our bunks, we settled in for a long and, surprisingly, sunny afternoon. We snacked, napped and faced the inevitable journey down a very steep hill to our water source. The return trip was more of a challenge, however, as we were laden with our water for our evening's needs as well as for Sunday's eight mile hike out.

In the later afternoon a lone hiker came in for the night. We made her feel welcome as she settled into the loft. She entertained us by playing her Indian flute, the melody beautifully filling the air. Quiet overtook us rather early and we all fell asleep wondering (and prepared) if the porcupines would make their nightly visit. Evidence of their presence was obvious for the shelter had been gnawed extensively. The porcupines avoided us overnight but the rains did not. It poured, off and on, only to cease by morning.

With rain gear at the ready we set out early on Sunday, our flute playing companion joining us. This section of trail took us along the Housatonic River and through fields. After entering the woods again we came across a patch of Red Trillium. Dave's keen eye spied something unusual, a

Yellow Trillium! Then another! It was quite special to see these rare wildflowers. At long last, after 23.5 miles, we arrived at our trail's end. We were quite happy that we won the race against the predicted daytime wet weather. However, the rain caught up with us at last as we left the pizza restaurant and it followed us home.

Hikers: Bill Brodnitzki, Dave Wells, Don Hagstrom, Mark Blanchard

Leader: Sarah O'Hare

Biking the Airline Trail – June 3, 2012

Dave and I met at the commuter lot on this sunny day. I was a little nervous as I hadn't done any biking yet this season. Dave said not to worry, he hadn't done much biking either, that he only had several hundred miles under his belt. Um, not to worry?

So we headed out. I think we had a mile into our ride when we heard, pop, then hiss, and Dave was very quickly riding with a flat tire. Not to worry though, he was prepared and had that tire changed in no time. We continued to ride and I saw up ahead a familiar silhouette, sure enough there were Don Hagstrom and Carol Langley walking the Airline trail. We stopped and chatted for a few minutes then we continued biking. We got to the end of the trail, turned around and decided at the parking lot that we weren't ready to be done riding so we headed the other directions for a few more miles. In the end we ended up biking about 24 miles. Easy miles for Dave, a good first work out for me.

Bikers: Mandy Brink, Dave Chatel

Farmington River Paddle June 23, 2012

On a beautiful summer day five GMC members launched down the river from Rte. 4 destination Curtiss Park, Simsbury. The recent rain of Friday evening had swelled the river giving us a nice ride.

The birds were singing and Great Blue Herons flew across the river over our heads. Sand Swallows darted all around us as we passed by their homes in one of the river banks. Doreen Scott and Dick Hart reached a blow down under the Rte. 44 bridge. Dick sized up the situation and decided if we hugged the right bank we could then ride the current and be pulled through a small passage. All passed without incident.

After the third bridge we saw our planned lunch spot at the Gifford Pinchot Sycamore Tree. As we reached the site about 6-8 small children were playing there and wanted to help us get our kayaks out. Suddenly I hear Dick Hart speak to them in Spanish and they moved. A nice shaded lunch spot was found, during which Dick decided to take a dip in the waters of the Farmington. Refreshed we laughed and headed down river to Curtiss Park.

Passing under the Drake Hill Bridge which is decorated with flowers we saw a family of Mergansers 11 ducklings count was made by George Jackson. For some reason the last half of this paddle always seems shorter than the first even though they are about the same in miles.

Soon we reached Curtiss Park after a 11 mile paddle. Shirley Jackson stayed with the kayaks while I drove the other paddlers back to their vehicles.

Paddlers: Carol A. Langley, Doreen Scott, Dick Hart, George & Shirley Jackson.

Full Moon Paddle – July 3, 2012 Barn Island in Stonington, CT

I was so happy when the New London Day showed a full sunshine for the day. It would be the perfect night for our full moon kayak. I was disappointed when we all met at Barn Island and

the clouds had rolled in. Oh well, it was still a lovely evening to paddle.

We headed out to the coastal marshlands and then back around Barn Island to Wequekequack Cove. There was lots of bird life going on at this time of the evening. We paddled as far as we could before the cove narrowed to a small creek that we could no longer navigate. We headed back out towards Barn Island and were able to witness the beautiful sunset. It was quiet and calm, we commented about the peaceful feel of the water. In Wequekequack Cove there is a small model of a submarine that Dick deemed the USS X, Unknown Stonington Ship X

It was now dusk and the clouds were still all about in the skies. Jim and Laurene headed back to the boat launch while the other three of us decided we were not yet ready to be done paddling. We headed out towards more marshlands. It was very interesting that in the areas of algae, there was this neon green glow that came up out of the algae as we paddled. It was everywhere and as soon as the paddles hit the water, it was like a bright glow to light the dark water. We had no idea what it was and it is probably something not good but it was kind of fun to see it like a light show as we paddled.

The three of us got lucky as the clouds seemed to be moving and for a good 20 minutes, that Full Moon came through the clouds and we were able to sit there and watch it in utter amazement. We were so happy that we had that moment. It was now 9:30 p.m. and we decided it was time to head back to the launch. Only Tom was smart enough to bring a headlamp. Mandy had a hitch-hiking firefly that tried it's hardest to light the waters for the group. We all hovered by Tom and paddled back. It was truly a delightful evening.

Paddlers Mandy Brink, Dick Hart, Laurene Sorenson, Tom Adams and John Hammel

**East River Paddle – Madison.
May 27, 2012**

We met at the boat launch in Madison at 9:30 am on a bright sunny blue skied day. The tide was low which allowed us to see lots of activity along the coast. The banks were busy with the activity of fiddler crabs. We paddled for several hours, eventually arriving at the Guilford Salt Meadow Sanctuary and the end of water that you were able to paddle. All along the paddle, birds were in abundance. The red winged blackbirds were singing, the ospreys watching us from their nests and the egrets wading in the grass. We got out of the kayaks to stretch our legs. Sarah decided to explore a muddy bank and we watched as she got sucked into the mud, first her feet, then her ankles and then it was like quick sand. We weren't sure if we should start writing her eulogy or go rescue her. We didn't do either. We kept taking pictures and she eventually escaped.

The river really changed for the paddle back. The tide was coming in and it got so much wider. It looked like a completely different river. We were able to go off and explore the small channels along the way. At one point Dave went down on of these channels and saw 30-40 turtles along the shore. By the time Regina and I got there most had jumped in the water but we got to see 30-40 turtle heads swimming and peeking out of the water waiting for us to leave. It was really cool.

We stopped for a quick lunch along a small sandy area along the shore. After that we headed back to the boat launch. This is a wonderful paddle if you enjoy salt marsh paddling. We all had a great time.

Paddlers: Mandy Brink, Dave and Regina Chatel, David and Nan Rothberg, Dick Hart, Tom and Patty Adams, Sarah O'Hare

**Ninigret Pond Paddle
July 8, 2012**

It was a clear day with not a cloud in the sky and hot when we met at Town Dock Rd. What a great place to paddle. Much of Ninigret Park is a Bird/Wildlife Sanctuary so there was so much bird activity. Paddling for a while, we then headed to a small sand area so we could take a dip in the water. Refreshed, we decided to head for the breach way to explore a way to find our way over to the ocean side of the park. We were successful and found a nice boardwalk that took us over to the ocean. What a refreshing swim. The water was quite cold and very exhilarating. We explored more shoreline before heading back to the dock. We only got to explore a part of this pond and would certainly recommend it if you are looking for a great place to paddle.

Paddlers: Mandy Brink, Laurene Sorenson

**Lake Mansfield Trail – Rte. 15
July 8 – 12, 2012**

One could not have asked for better weather. Plans were to meet our shuttle at 8:30 a.m. Rte. 15 parking so Kevin and I camped at Elmore State Park. This is a very nice place with shelters, tent sites, showers and a great lake to take a swim.

The day dawned bright and sunny with the temp's in the 40's. Right on time Doug picked us up and took us to the Lake Mansfield Trail to start our hike. The trail went up –up - up. Our first break was at Taylor Lodge to take in the fine views. The trail was dry and in good condition. Lunch was at Twin Brooks Tenting area. Much to our surprise the trail actually went down quite a distance before we reached Butler Lodge at 3:30 which was occupied by an angry RED SQUIRREL and a STUFFED HORSE on the Caretakers bed. This was a first. The squirrel is leaving because I am moving in and taking a nap. Just about to lay down and I hear chatter, what is

this 6 boys and two leaders who have been out for 9 days. Anyone who has shared a shelter knows what this is all about. Open the door and the windows let the fresh air in. The caretaker told us she had caught 15 mice in the past week. Not a mouse stirred that night, they were smart and stayed out in the FRESH AIR,

Tues. 5:00 a.m. a clear day let's get moving. Kevin and I were on the trail by 6:30 little did we know what a day we would have. The trail was rock upon rock up, up up. After a short break and accessing the Chin we turned back and went down the Profanity Trail. Plans were to meet George Jackson at 11:15 on Rte. 108 we arrived at 1:15. Patient George just smiled and said he was glad we made it, then opened a cooler with cold drinks and treats. After a nice 30 min. break we were off destination Sterling Pond.

The trail was out to get us but we just kept climbing and complaining all the way. There were places where knee pads would have been helpful. Thanks to two guys with strong arms who pulled me up and over some areas. We all had packed suits and were looking forward to a dip in the pond to cool off. As we reached Sterling Pond we found a Dad with his son and brother fishing, they finally gave up and moved to another spot to fish since I had carried this suit over some nasty terrain, I wasn't giving up till I could COOL DOWN. After a quick dip and clean clothes it was on to the shelter. Kevin & George were settled in and getting ready to cook. We reached the shelter at 6:30 p.m. a 12 hour hiking day. Our eyes were be shut before sunset. Just as we laid down a young lad of 15 years came and moved into the corner. Thank heavens he was tired also and did not start talking. A peaceful; night was had by all!

The trail was the same as the previous day so we just put one foot in front of the other. Mid

afternoon we started hiking on the remnants of an old logging road, what a relief. Kein was ahead and soon we hear the call of the LOON. A little more and we hear look up, there on top of a hill was Beaver Meadow Lodge. As happy as we were to be there, the MOSQUITOES were happier and just drove us to drinking and in bathing bug juice.

Exhausted George and I got in our bags to settle down. Well then the music started BUZZ,BUZZ,BUZZ, That's it up goes the tent screening on the porch. Next George is up trying to make his tent fit on one of the bunks. Twilight descends peace and quiet. In hikes Drive-By loud and so happy to see Kevin sitting at the picnic table. Yak, Yak, Yak. When he left to go get water I asked Kevin to say goodnight to him so we could get some rest.

Thursday, our last day, it has to be easy we earned it. Old logging roads and part of a bike trail we will take this. After crossing a field George calls to me that he reached the Cemetery, my reply was get a place ready for me. Thanks for helping me over the rocks guys.

Backpackers: Carol A. Langley, George Jackson, Kevin Burke



Join the Connecticut Section of the GMC

The Connecticut Section offers a wide range of outdoor activities all year around. Hiking, backpacking, canoeing, snowshoeing and work parties in VT to maintain our section of the Long Trail. Members will receive Trail Talk our section newsletter and The Long Trail News, a quarterly publication of the Green Mountain Club, published four times a year, and discounts on GMC items such as books and shirts, etc.

ANNUAL DUES	
Individual	\$40.00
Family	\$50.00
Senior/Student/ Limited Income	\$22.00
Lifetime Membership	\$1000

NAME: _____

ADDRESS: _____

PHONE: _____

E-MAIL: _____

Please make checks payable to the Green Mountain Club. Mail your payment with form to:
Green Mountain Club, 4711 Waterbury-Stowe Rd., Waterbury Center, VT. 05677

Carol A. Langley
67 Pondview Drive
Southington, CT 06489

