

The Connecticut Section Of The Green Mountain Club

The Trail Talk

VOL. XXXVIII NO. V

October 2009



Green Mountain Club 100th Anniversary Celebration 1910-2010

The Green Mountain Club will be celebrating its' 100th anniversary in 2010. Several events have been planned for the membership and it is my sincere hope that many of the CT. Section will attend and support one or more of these events. Further details of these events will be in the Winter Issue of the Long Trail News. Please mark these important dates on your 2010 calendar.

March 11, 2010 – Birthday Celebration with an historic slide presentation of the Long Trail and a birthday cake.

May 7, 2010 - Trapp Family Lodge Dinner – Stowe Vermont 150 Guests

May 22, 2010 – Annual Meeting – Headquarters Waterbury Center, VT – Burlington section will be the host. Volunteers needed for hikes, parking, tickets, etc.

June 5, 2010 – Inn at the Long Trail Fund Raising Dinner – Killington Section

July 16, 2010 – Barn Dance 6:00 – 10:00 Food & Dancing – Marge Fish

July 17 Sat. – Aug. 15 Sun. 2010 100th Birthday Hike Relay – Massachusetts to Quebec

There are a few sections of the trail that need hike leaders – please contact Ben Rose: brose@greenmountainclub.org if you would like to lead a hike. I will be leading the section hike from the New Boston Trail off FSR99 to Rte. 73 on July 30 Fri. 8.6 miles.

On Feb. 6, 2010 the Snowshoe Festival will be held at Waterbury Center GMC Headquarters. I have volunteered to help with the setup of the food. Looking for CT. Section members to volunteer and help me. Plan to go up on Friday afternoon – Greenmount Farms has a converted barn with bunks, full baths and a full kitchen. Rates start at \$15. Green Mountain Inn gives discounted rates to GMC members. Please contact: Carol A. Langley 860-621-2860, cosmical14@yahoo.com.

Hope you will be part of this great celebration!!!

Carol A. Langley

New Members

Michael J. Boyle
North Haven, CT

Chris Edmonds
Branford, CT

Lawrence King
Vernon, CT

Mark Schofield
Madison, CT

Thomas Marston
Higganum, CT

Donations

Ann V. Bogucki
East Hartford, CT

Peter Curry
Danielson, CT

Carol Langley
Southington, CT

Craig Repasz
Hamden, CT

Steve Higgins
Greenville, RI



The Appalachian Trail St. John's Ledges – Silver Hill Aug. 15 – 16, 2009

We met at the parking lot at 10:30 a.m. The temperature was creeping into the 90's so we took it slow; the trail in this section is wide and easy. Lunch was planned at Stewart Hollow Lean-To where Ed Myers joined us for lunch and then hiked back out. As we continued hiking North the temperature was rising but the spirits of the hikers were good. One more break was taken before the climb up to Silver Hill. On my past visit I had problems with the pump at the campsite so the decision was made to pump water about one half mile before and lug it in. Kevin may have pumped too much water since he struggled to get it up the hill then gave it away the next morning.

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Club Information

<http://www.conngmc.com>

Officers & Executive Committee

Carol Langley—President

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Please direct all inquiries regarding the Club to the President:

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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 \$ 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/

Silver Hill is a great place to spend the night, with a large pavilion and picnic table. The AMC has built a new swing that will hold three people and faces the valley and mountains. The evening didn't disappoint us as three thru hikers came in and a CT Ridge Runner AMC spent the night with our group. Good conversation was had by all and the lights were out at 8:30 p.m. Mary got Kevin and I up at 5:30 a.m. – must be her Strict military background. We had a leisurely breakfast and hit the trail before 8:00 a.m. We arrived back at the cars before the heat of the day.

Hikers: Mary O'Neill, Kevin Vann

Leader: Don Hagstrom

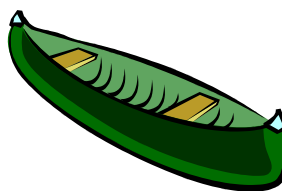


Farmington River Paddle

Aug. 1, 2009

After days of heavy rain the sun was shining the temperatures were predicted in the 80's. Lauren Sorensen met me and my granddaughter Kasidee at the Old Sycamore Tree at the boat launch in Simsbury. The river was very high and was running fast. Grandma had some concerns since Kasidee had always been with someone else paddling on the river and today would be her first solo. She was confident in her ability to stay a float and off she went down the river. Our plan was to take out at Curtis Park just five miles down the river. The first few minutes of the paddle demanded our full attention to stay in the middle of the river where it was the safest. The river banks had very strong and swift currents with tree limbs under the water.

Reaching a slower section we drifted a bit and were able to observe an Eagle high up in a tree that was using his 3 D vision to see brunch in the murky waters of the river. A sand bank cliff where in the past years we were able to see nesting swallows was completely under water. A Cormorant was riding the current with us then would fly up stream only to ride the current down again.



Laurene saw a clearing with a bench and thought this would be a good spot for lunch. Kasidee and Lauren were able to get to the bank but could not get out and onto the clearing. I had a near disaster trying to get to the bank. The strong current turned my kayak around and I was drifting down the river backwards. I was able to turn myself around and continued down the river. Lunch was snacks that we could retrieve and our water. As we paddled down the river we did not meet any other paddlers.

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Seeing a field we knew that Curtis Park and our take out was coming up. Let's get ready- GO- Paddle hard and deep against the current. "WOW "we made land without getting dunked. We were out a just short time when we heard and saw three canoes that were coming into the take out. They did not do so well as all three canoes were flipped as they enter the current. Looks like our little group of paddlers did great.

An exhilarating day on the Farmington River

*Paddlers – Laurene Sorensen, Kasidee Drivdahl
& Carol A. Langley*



New Hampshire Weekend Owl's Head Hike August 28-30,2009

Dick's email to me the Friday morning that we were leaving was "Drip Drip, Splash, Splash. The only thing I would have added to that description to make it complete was Swoosh, Swoosh. Despite the weather we had an awesome hike.

We headed up to Lincoln, our rain gear in tow, ready for the worst of weather. After settling in at the campground, we had a quick dinner and then, sat at our campsite, studying options for weather conditions and alternate hikes, should it be dangerous to tackle the water crossings and rockslide of Owl's Head. Our hearts were in doing Owl's Head so we decided we'd hike into the rockslide, assess the difficulty and make a decision then whether to continue on.

It rained pretty hard on Friday night but only after we were nicely settled in our tents. On Sat morning we woke up to a light rain but certainly not the downpour we were expecting. We parked at the Lincoln Wood's Visitor Center and met



another couple doing Owl's Head. They had done it before and gave us a few pointers, which boosted our confidence that we could do it. We headed up the Lincoln Woods Trail to Black Pond Trail. At the end of this trail we did something atypical for a GMC hike. We did a known bushwhack, yes I said a bushwhack where we actually planned and knew where we were going. With high water, the bushwhack allowed us to bypass some significant water crossings early in the day. We followed a deer trail with some scantily marked orange blazes that were difficult to find but let us know we were heading the right direction. We intersected at the Lincoln Brook Trail as planned. We patted ourselves on the back, we were doing pretty good. When the schedule came out in May, we had several people write to us, warning us of how easily you could get lost on this trail and how poorly marked it could be. Jim Moore was kind enough to loan us his GSP with the coordinates marked and Mike was smart enough to know how to use it. Both were very helpful. We were excited that we had already gone about 5 miles and were still on target.

The light drizzle had stopped but we were pretty wet from the wet trail and wet trees. We continued on Lincoln Brook Trail, did a river crossing or two and then very carefully began to look for our trailhead up to the summit. Warning after warning not to miss it had us with our eyes carefully peeled on our GPS. The countdown, within five minute, four minutes, three, two, one. Guess what? We missed it. All of a sudden we were passed it. With that we began to search within our circle of error. Thus began a more typical event of the GMC, the unknown bushwhack. Our GPS told us one thing for sure, we were heading towards the summit. Trail or no trail so we just kept going up with confidence that we would intersect the real trail. The 8 miles into the summit trail is pretty flat but then it goes straight up for 1.1 miles to the top. We intersected with the trail part way up and well into the rock slide area. There was no assessing what to do, we were a good part of the way up and we were going to the top. There was one great view by one lonely cairn. It was quite a challenging hike up, as the rockslide had it's own river. We took it slow and steady. At the top (4025 ft), there is the false summit and the true summit, a quarter mile over. We really couldn't tell the difference, it felt like a flat ridge walk over from one to the other. Either way, neither summits were marked except for nails left in the tree holding the former summit signs which are no longer replaced because they are popular among hikers as keepsakes. It was three in the afternoon, so after a quick bite, we headed back down.

It was a slow descent straight down, over very wet rocks. Much of the rock was loose. We were very happy to see the dead moose on the way down. We had heard rumor of the dead moose across the trail and missed it on our bushwhack up. All that remained was the skeleton, the fur and the smell. After a few pictures, we continued down, rejoined the Lincoln Brook Trail for our trip out. It was getting later in the day so we decided to stay on the trail all the way out. We got to do many river crossings. At the start of the hike, we

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brought water shoes but our feet were so wet, we just did the crossings in our boots. There were a few crossings where we were in up to our knees but what the heck. The river crossings were fun and added an element of challenge to the flat hiking out. So we swooshed our way down the trail. We realized we were going to be hiking out in the dark and were very happy to get the last of the river crossings done before nightfall. At about 8pm, we gave up using daylight, dug out our headlamps and continued the last hour in the dark. We arrived back to the cars around 8:45 pm, thrilled that we had done it.

Back at the campsite, we found our screen house totally collapsed and our tarps blown about. I guess they had some strong winds while we had been hiking but we never felt it. We were happy to get rid of our soaked, muddy clothes, hop in a hot shower and go for a late dinner at a charming café in Lincoln. No campfire for us, it was midnight and we were pooped after our 18 mile day so off to bed we went.

On Friday, we had entertained the idea of doing another peak on Sunday but our boots and gear was all so soaking wet, that we decided to just pack up and head home. After a brief stop in Lincoln to check out a few outdoor places, we sadly left sunny Lincoln and headed back to CT. Many thanks to Jim Moore for loaning us the GPS, to Mike for knowing how to use the GPS, and for the group support that kept us excited about getting to the top.

*Hikers: Mandy Brink, Grace King,
Dick Hart, Mike Shaw*



Mattabesett Trail Maintenance August 23, 2009

With only a slight threat of rain we decided to stick with the plan and blaze the 5 ¼ miles from Rt. 66 to Rt. 68. Kevin and Mark spotted a car at Rt. 68 while the rest of us started hiking sough clipping brush and painting new blazes. After several hours Mandy had to retrace her steps back to her car so she could be at work later that day.



I don't know what it was with black snakes over the summer. We spotted a man sized one on the cliffs sunning itself. That was the seventh or eighth large black snake I had seen over the summer. We continued south to a point where we are contemplating adjusting the trail with a long switchback

instead of the straight and dangerous uphill there now. Kevin marked out & recorded the exact location, using his GPS gadget, so I can discuss the proposed route with the CFPA.

Dan finished his blazing and the rest of us cleared the trail in late afternoon on what was now a very, very hot day.

*Workers: Mandy Brink, Kevin Vann,
Mark Schofield, Dan Zelterman,
Leader: Dick Krompegal*



Martha's Vineyard Trip September 11-13, 2009

What is the definition of a good leader? If it is raining and the event must go on, does that make a bad leader? Or, is the leader redeemed if the first two days are rain but then the sun comes out the day of departure? Are you a bad leader if you lose 40% of the group for a day, or are you redeemed if you find that 40% at the end of the day? What I learned this weekend is that neither matters. The answer to being a good leader is cookies. If you keep feeding the group cookies, no matter whether it's sunny or raining, whether they are lost or found, they will be happy.



We headed out to Martha's Vineyard on a rather gloomy rainy day. We all took various ferries out of various towns at various times. We all arrived in Martha's Vineyard intact although we arrived in different colors. The seas were pretty rough. Some of us were a usual pink, some a slight shade of green and some a very dark shade of green from getting sick on the ferry. Lunch seemed to remedy the situation. After lunch, we rode around Vineyard Haven. We found the West Chop Lighthouse, which is now a private residence. We headed out to the hostel in West Tisbury. Of course the skies opened up as we rode so we arrived at the hostel looking like a pack of drown rats. The hostel managers felt sorry for us and offered to dry some of our soaked clothes in the dryer. We changed into dry clothes, decided to go check out Allie's, a general store near the hostel, and proceeded to get soaking wet again.

Back at the hostel, we got into dry clothes again and decided to stay put. Grace, Jim and Pam showed up next, also looking like drown rats. We had made soup for Sat night dinner but

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decided that no one wanted to go out again in the rain so we decided on the soup for our Friday night dinner. It was a great soup night anyway. We had just sat down to soup, salad and bread when Jack arrived, also with the down rat look. We visited and ate and had just finished up when the last of our group arrived, the Valley family. After eating and clean up, we settled in to visit and play games. It was pouring outside and we were happy to be warm and dry at the hostel. Ron and Dave were up early and did a 24 miles warm up ride out to Aquinnah. The rest of us leisurely strolled out of bed for the pancake breakfast at the hostel. Jim too did an early morning ride. We decided as a group to ride into Edgartown and then head out to see the Gayhead Lighthouse. Upon arriving in Edgartown, we encountered our first flat tire. The guys were well prepared and fixed it without a problem. We stopped at the Edgartown



Visitor's Center and thus began our problems. Somehow between the visitor center and the downtown area, we lost Sandy and the Valley family. We congregated at the Edgartown Lighthouse in hopes that they'd find us there. We waded at the beach for a bit. Heather tried in vain to find Sandy. The guys decided to go shopping for our evening meal while the rest of us headed on the bike path back to the hostel, in hopes of finding the Valley's and Sandy. We arrived back at the hostel but none of our lost group was there. After a quick lunch, we headed out to Aquinnah. It had been raining and drizzling all morning but in the afternoon it had actually cleared and it was a wonderful ride out to this point. We got some nice views of the Gayhead lighthouse and the cliffs. We enjoyed a ice cream cone, an someone even had two ice cream cones. It would have been nice to walk on the beach but it was 4pm and time to head back before dark. Some of the group wanted to hang out and explore so they took the bus back to the hostel. Those of us riding back, took off and headed back to West Tisbury. About a mile before the hostel, we found the Valley's, who had also been heading out towards the Gayhead area. We peddled back to the hostel, showered, put on dry clothes and worked on our pasta dinner. Sandy arrived back at the hostel, thus our group was complete again. We enjoyed pasta, salad, veggies and wine. We spent the evening talking about our interesting day. At 11pm, we all wondered slowly to bed.

On Sunday we finally woke up to sunshine. The group divided up into two, one group doing a combination of hiking and biking and the other group biking out to Menemsha. What a charming village. We walked around for a bit and explored the docks before heading back to the hostel for one last time to get our belongings. We rode into Oak Bluff,

checked out the East Chop Lighthouse and then headed into town for lunch. We met with the other group who was catching an early afternoon ferry. After seeing them off, we checked out the gingerbread houses, tabernacle and downtown Oak Bluff. Our ferry departed at 5pm, a much smoother ride back to the mainland for sure. Mileage for the weekend was about 75 miles for the majority and over a 100 miles for Dave, Ron and Jim, the early bird riders. Despite the rough ferry ride out and the rain, I think everyone still had a great time.

*Riders: Jack Sanga, Dave Chatel, Ron Sanga, Mary O'Neill, Jim Moore, Pam Wolfe, Grace King, Rob, Marianne and Alice Valley, Sandy Hussan and Heather Hussan
Leader: Mandy Brink.*



Nipmuck Trail Thursday, September 3, 2009

The 5.6 mile section of the Nipmuck Trail from Eastford Road to Barlow Mill Road is one of moderate terrain. Such that it was expected that we were to arrive at the crossing of Boston Hollow Road during the first hour of our walk. Then, shortly after the road crossing, we were to arrive at a vista. The hour came and went but still no road or vista. The leader became confused, stopped the hike and made a confession that there was a problem. Bill, ever the Boy Scout, studied the map briefly and discovered that it was being followed backwards. Oops! Relief overshadowed the leader's embarrassment for we weren't lost or on the wrong trail after all.

The path followed through the Yale Forest and we eventually arrived at the vista where we stopped for lunch. Not long after setting out again we arrived, at long last, at Boston Hollow Road. A note tacked to a tree caught our attention. It was a friendly hello from fellow CTGMcer, Bob Schoff, welcoming us to the quiet corner of the state. Across the road a wooden staircase made for an easy ascent up the steep bank. It was then a short walk to Eastford Road and the end of our hike.

*Hikers: Don Hagstrom, George Jackson, Bill Falconer, Ann Gurske and her pup, Sinai
Leader: Sarah O'Hare*



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John Muir Trail September 12, 2009

The weather was a maybe of a heavy mist to a light rain, even though our spirits were good. The trail was wet, which made the going a little slow. Once we crossed the Devaux Rd. the trail got a little easier. After crossing Guerdat Rd. we reached the height of the land. At the end of the John Muir Trail you bear right on the Connector Trail until you have reached the Wolcott Trail which takes you to Burr Pond Park. We had a relaxing lunch under the canopy of the closed Snack Bar. The decision was made to keep the hike at 5.5 miles. So we returned to our cars with the thought of a warm shower and dry clothes.

*Hiker: Lora Miller
Leader: Don Hagstrom*



Metacomet Trail Hike September 19, 2009

We met just off of Rt. 20 & Newgate Road. We drove north to Rt. 168 then started our hike south on a clear, bright sunny day. This ridge contains several aircraft warning lights for Bradley airport. We met one gentleman with binoculars scanning the sky north. He was trying to spot hawks & other large birds migrating south.



We hiked about 5 ¼ miles in total. We stopped by the Old Newgate Prison. They have several hiking trails but a beaver flooded them & they were not being maintained. We opted out of visiting the prison itself.

*Hikers: Kevin Vann, James Fritz
Leader Dick Krompegal*



Kid Gore Shelter Maintenance October 2—4, 2009

The Gentlemen of the Club listed below met to discuss matters of current social and political interest. The meeting was called to order on Friday evening following a brief prayer giving thanks for “Our Daily Red.” The rain dampened spirits somewhat. These were quickly replenished following preparation and consumption of GMC Tea, a long-time club favorite! Recipe as follows:

GMC Tea

2 cups boiled lake or stream water

1 tsp Tang

Bourbon to taste

There was some lengthy discussion as to the virtues of Mr. Daniels or Mr. Beam and a single dissenting vote for Old Grand Dad. The Gentlemen had to make do with the resources available, however. Dinner and cigars followed.

Saturday morning woke to a glorious overcast with occasional heavy precipitation. Following a breakfast repast, the Gentlemen of the Club set to work using an ingenious system of levers, cables, and winches to manipulate, coax, roll, slide, reposition, relocate, resituate, evacuate, eliminate, eradicate, push, pry, pull, and otherwise move some of the largest imaginable debris left behind by the most recent glacier. Several inquisitive through-hikers stopped by to marvel at the engineering feat accomplished by our strong club members. Photographs were taken to memorialize the day’s events lest others doubt our virtuous and good intentions of providing new tent sites for future hikers. The meeting was adjourned at 2 pm, a day early, due to inclement weather and depletion of certain necessary supplies (additional bottles of Our Daily Red).



*David Chatel, Assistant Engineer
Jim Robertson, Vice President
Jack Sanga, Chief Engineer
Mark Schofield, Sergeant-at-Arms
Kevin Vann, Supervising Engineer
Dick Krompegal, President and Trip Leader
Written By Dan Zelterman, Recording Secretary*

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April 2009

Mattabesett Trail, CT

August 2009

**Highest point of land in CT
near the MA, NY CT Border**



October 2009

**Appalachian Trail
In Western CT.**



October 25, 2009

Talcott Mountain Hike, West Hartford, CT

The Trail Talk

**The Geen Mountain Club
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