

The Trail Talk

July 2002

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Trail Talk: 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 Dues: Annual dues are as follows:

Individual Adult	\$ 27.00
Family	\$ 35.00
Junior (under 18)	\$ 7.00
Organization	\$ 35.00

Dues are payable by December 31 for the following calendar year. Send annual dues to:

The Green Mountain Club
4711 Waterbury-Stowe Road
Waterbury Center, VT 05677

Website: <http://home.attbi.com/~gmccctsection/>

Connecticut Section of the Green Mountain Club

President's Message....

I have always been amazed at the many jewels that form the Connecticut State Park and Forest system. We are fortunate that our small state has so many close-by open spaces and trails. I was reminded of this recently as I came across our newest addition the Fort Trumbull State Park in New London.

The fortress dates back to George Washington's plan for coastal defense and includes one of the few remaining Block Houses (built 1794) from that era. The current Fort Trumbull was built in 1850 and includes an 1830s stone Officer's Quarters and Barracks that now serve as the visitor center.

Since Colonial times, the Fort and the surrounding area has served as the location of various military forts, schools, and training centers for the Army, Navy and Coast Guard. In the 1990's the base closed with operations moved to Newport, RI. One of my earliest memories was going to the Underwater Sound Lab (also known as the Naval Undersea Systems Center and later as the Naval Undersea Warfare Center) in my early Navy years for training. Later, as a civilian I worked on the base and made many visits to the fort to support various projects.

What a change there is today! The old Navy base has been torn down to make room for "something", a serious point of discussion in New London. What remains, until construction blocks it, is one of the finest views of Long Island Sound and the Thames River. Should you decide to visit, New London also has a wonderful river walk and the nearby Connecticut College has a 400-acre arboretum.

Ken

April 21

Mattabesett Trail Maintenance

After not being too successful helping a damsel in distress with her automobile, we set out to work on this beautiful spring day. The group inspected and cleared the trail from Black Pond to Rt. 68. We picked up a lot of trash but this was one of the few times we actually got it all. Usually there are a few places where one would need a truck to get it all so some is left for another day.

Workers - Lora Miller, John Bensenhaver & John's daughter Lindsay, Ken Williamson.
Leader: Dick Krompegal

May 11

Mattabesett Trail Maintenance

After a long breakfast at Guida's we set off to work from Paug Gap to Rt. 68. Even after negative publicity for the user, there still is a lot of motorcycle use in this area on the hiking trail. At the end of the day several ticks had to be pulled off but other than that it was a very good hike and a very productive work trip.

Workers - Ken Williamson, Mandy Brink, Joe Delesio, Sarah O'Hare, Richard & Leslie Chandler.
Leader: Dick Krompegal

May 17 - 19

**Vermont Long Trail Maintenance
Snowed Out!**

This trip started to fall apart early. The plan was to walk Dave Hardy over the proposed relocation we flagged last fall so he could record it then get it approved by the Forest Service. However, Dave got held up doing other work. Several people who wanted to attend had to cancel because of other obligations.

I started the drive north early because I always wanted to determine if there were any Brook Trout in a small brook we cross on the walk into Kid Gore. The brook is in a very remote area of the National Forest. Just as I was wrapping up from the "not too legal" fishing adventure Bill Brodnitzki and his daughter

Anne came strolling down the old logging road. It was a beautiful, virtually cloudless sky at that time - about noon. The three of us then made our way up to the Kid Gore Shelter, flagging the route as we went for the others we expected to follow.

After setting up and claiming our bunks Bill and I set off to do some trail work north on the Long Trail. The sky was now partly cloudy but appeared threatening at times so we headed back after about an hour. Jack Sanga arrived in the late afternoon. After eating dinner, I had fish, we spent the evening feeding a campfire and swapping stories. It got damp and cold so it was into the sleeping bags earlier than usual. With the morning came a surprise - snow. It had snowed several inches during the night and it was still snowing. Reluctantly I took a temperature reading, thirty degrees. It is not unusual to get a few flurries and for the temperature to get down to freezing in May at the Kid Gore Shelter. It is at 2,300 feet. However, most of our gear was for early spring conditions, not late winter. The plan was to work to the top of Glastenbury Mt., about 4 miles south and up to 2,900 feet. With that in mind we procrastinated for several hours to see if the snow would let up. However, in about four inches of snow and still snowing we decided to "Get The Hell Out Of Here" at about nine. We packed then started our 3 mile walk back to our vehicles.

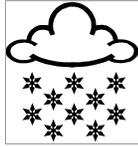
Half way out we could see where somebody had pitched a tent and had a vehicle parked. Since Frank Maine was supposed to join us we assumed it was his impressions in the snow. With his high 4-wheel drive vehicle he can get closer to the shelter over rough dirt roads. Later I learned Frank was there with a youngster, Tim Dean.

After changing, we carefully drove the 10 miles of dirt road back to civilization, a few times having to carefully go around / under snow bent trees. Frank told me weeks later that he drove around to where we were parked and had cut several trees with his chain so we could get out.

The total results of the 200 - 250 mile round trip was that we put in a total of about 2 hours work on the trail. Not Too Productive.

Thanks for the work - attempt.

Anne Brodnitzki, Bill Brodnitzki, Jack Sanga, Frank Maine & Tim Dean, Dick Krompegal



**June 7-9
AT Backpacking Trip
New York**

It was a beautiful weekend to be out. All of us had stressful weeks and were in dire need of a backpacking weekend. We started out with an easy hike into Wiley Shelter. What a luxury shelter with a campsite that furnished not only a picnic table but a cooking table too. On Saturday we headed out for a gentle 9 mile day on the trail. We were lucky enough to stumble upon a hot dog stand for lunch which was an unexpected treat. In the afternoon we got to hike through the Pawling Nature Preserve which was really pretty. Supper was interesting as we once again got to witness some of Sarah's fine outdoors cooking. We got into Telephone Shelter early and decided to relax and enjoy the day rather than pushing too many miles to the next shelter. We played cards and walked to the summit pack free to take in the view. The sky was clear and beautiful and the weather just perfect. On Sunday it was a nice stroll out to the cars and off for pizza. It was a great weekend with great company.

Hikers included - Sarah O'Hare, Ken Williamson, John Bensenhaver, Jack Sanga and Mandy Brink



**June 15
Bent of the River Audubon Center**

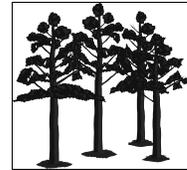
Undeterred by the thick clouds threatening rain, we began our hike at the Audubon Center in Southbury. The Center's manager's wife, Carolyn

Longstreth, a GMC member, accompanied us to point out the highlights of the sanctuary. The Bent takes its name from the hairpin turn of the Pomeraug River, which cuts through it. It encompasses many ecosystems and habitats, including deciduous and coniferous forests, grasslands, old meadows, vernal pools and riparian (riverside) forests.

We explored the sanctuary by following the perimeter trails. First, River Road took us along the Pomeraug River. Taking a short detour on the Beaver Loop kept us close to the river, then once again following the River Road Trail we branched off onto miles of other trails, Collier Trail, Pootatuck Road Trail and Overlook Trail. Along the way, Carolyn pointed out the various birds and bird songs and successfully attracted one for closer viewing.

At an intersection of trails, Carolyn decided to leave us but not before we each took a turn swinging on a perfectly placed vine. A good length, the ground sloping off at just the right angle, we couldn't resist. A little too much strain on the vine and it became loose, ending our childish play. We continued our hike along the Tulip Tree Trail, Sachem's Ridge Trail and taking a side trail to Scalo's Overlook. We then followed the Cascade Trail, missing the side trail to the small cascade, then back to the Center's starting point. Carolyn was working in her garden in the company of her dogs so we stopped briefly before we departed. We estimated that we hiked about 6-7 miles of the 15 miles of trails at the preserve.

Hikers: Lora Miller, Ken Williamson, Steve Keri, Sarah O'Hare



**June 21 - 23
Annual Story Spring Work Party**

Marge Hackbarth, David Chatel and Dick Krompegal arrived at the shelter early on Friday afternoon. While the men took off to clip brush off the trail northward, Marge stayed in camp to clean the fire ring and gather wood for Saturday's hot

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dog roast. As the day progressed hikers filled the shelter and the rest of our crew, Bill Brodnitzki, Grace King, Frank Maine, Sarah O'Hare and her son Tom, Nanette Roina, Jennifer Smith and Jack Sanga arrived. Fortunately, all our crew had tents as there never would have been room in the shelter. Marge was a little miffed that the wood she gathered for Saturday was used but at least the smoke kept the black flies away. They were out and were awful for Jennifer whom they seemed to poison, she had an allergic reaction to them. It is a good idea to carry antihistamines in a first aid kit for reactions such as this. Jennifer did take one.

Saturday morning looked dark and ominous. As we headed south to work all carried rain gear but one gets just as wet from perspiration as from rain. We did have passing showers. Frank Maine, armed with his chain saw and assisted by Tom, started to remove all the blowdowns and step-overs while the others clipped brush, cleaned waterbars and blazed. Well, tried to blaze - opening the paint can made it rain so that task will have to be completed at another time. Most stopped at the vista for lunch, about three and a half miles south of the shelter. Jack, Grace and Jennifer continued south just to look at the Kid Gore Shelter, that adds another mile plus to the trip. It was now showering lightly most of the time making the return trip slippery in places. Marge fell into a brook and Nanette fell in some mud - she insisted on showing everybody just where she got her pants muddy.

Back at camp the shelter was full of hikers. We were also joined by Frank's friend Dean Dickson. Bill discovered the fly over his hammock, and more importantly his sleeping bag, had leaked. His sleeping bag was wet. He decided to head for home as did Grace and Jack. Some of us were ready to boil the hot dogs because of the rain but just then it let up. Dave was not ready to give up on the fire. Birch bark and small twigs were used to start the fire, then putting on larger sticks soon made a wonderful blaze. In a short time people were sitting around it for warmth. Meanwhile, others were chowing down under Bill's fly, which he left for us to use, and which had been erected over the picnic table. In addition to the roasted hot dogs, snacks and beverages, Sarah supplied a pasta & tuna salad and a wonder-

ful, no, two wonderful cheese cakes topped with a cherry sauce - this is primitive camping at its best. Most retired early to not too dry tents. Sunday morning everyone was ready to leave early for home.

Many Thanks To -
Grace King, Sarah O'Hare, Tom O'Hare, Nanette Roina, Jennifer Smith, Jack Sanga, Frank Maine, Bill Brodnitzki, David Chatel, Dean Dickson
Written By - Marge Hackbarth
Leader - Dick Krompegal



June 29 Guifrido Park, Meiden

On the last Saturday of June on a sunny, dry but hot day, 11 GMCers hiked Guifrido Park. Sarah O'Hare led the group up the steep trail to Chauncey Peak. There they had clear views of the tower in Hubbard Park to the west and Sleepy Giant and New Haven Harbor to the south. Those that made their strenuous climb were the young Kerry, Brenna and Jimmy Robertson with their father Jim, Lora Miller, Dan Zelter, Ken Williamson, Leslie and Richard Chandler and Sarah.

Marge Hackbarth using the flat trail along the lake met the group at the bottom of Chauncey Peak and led the hikers up Mt. Lamentation for more great views and lunch. Lora and Leslie supplied delicious sweets. Looping back on the rocky yellow trail we got back to the lake where the little kids and not so little ones tried their skill skipping pepples. Many expressed an interest in doing the hike in cooler weather so mark your calendar for a repeat in fall.

Written by Marge Hackbarth



July 5 - 7
Long Trail, VT

This backpacking trek was a loop hike on the Long Trail in southern Vermont, beginning at Rt. 9. The five of us arrived promptly in the afternoon but were concerned for the safety of our cars left at the trailhead, as a car there had been vandalized. Taking our chances that all would be well over the weekend, we stepped on the trail and began hiking north. It was just a short, 1.6 mile uphill, to the Melville Nauheim Shelter, where we would camp for the night. J.R. came tentless, planning on using the shelters and, fortunately, despite the popularity of this section of trail, there was room for him. Few bugs were bothersome and the temperature was moderate, a relief from the heatwave of the week prior. And just for something to do, Steve made a fire as we chatted into the night with other hikers.

The cool morning gave us a light step as we began our 8.5 mile ascent up Glastenbury Mountain. Our hike continued bug-free, until we were at 3,000 feet. There, every species of fly honed in on us, especially as we stopped for lunch. Between the bugs and the rising temperatures we found ourselves needing an extensive afternoon break, some had hot coffee, some snoozed and new member, Dave, was pleased to have an excuse to get out his comfy camp chair. Rested, we proceeded toward the summit along a ridge-line. We paused at Glastenbury Lookout, seeing our destination in the distance, only 2.5 miles away. The shelter was but a mere speck near the top of the mountain, the firetower, too, a tiny structure seemingly far off in the distance.

We arrived at our destination, Goddard Shelter, and was surprised to find the view in front of the shelter a view no longer, as the trees had grown and obliterated the vista. The leader had expected to view a fine sunset from there and had anticipated some fireworks displays from distant towns. Neither was to be seen from anywhere on Glastenbury Mountain. The skies were hazy and became overcast. J.R. once again found room in the shelter and the rest of us found tent sites in the pine

forest behind the shelter, closer to the firetower. In the early evening we climbed the firetower, finding a couple sharing dinner with their dog. The 360 degree view was hazy and cloudy and it wasn't known until the hike's end that the haze was due to the fires in Canada. By 8:00 it started raining but it didn't matter that it sent us into our tents, as we were tired from the day's climb.

Sunday's hike was to be a long one. We tenters agreed that the pine needle carpet made for a good night's sleep and we were ready for our 12 mile descent. We took the West Ridge Trail and found it to be a very pretty section. Mist-covered ponds with beaver lodges hinted at moose activity but none were to be seen. We were supposed to be descending but in reality we were ascending, forever, it seemed. At the summit of Bald Mountain we stopped for photos before we did our final descent, by way of the east branch of the Bald Mountain Trail. Ken remembered an inviting brook along the way and suggested we let our hot and tired feet rest, in the brook of course!

Refreshed, we set out again, not eagerly anticipating the end of our hike with a two mile road walk back to the trailhead. Upon arrival, we found our cars safe. Driving into Bennington for our much anticipated traditional post-hike pizza, we found, to our disappointment, that the pizza did not meet with our expectations. Nevertheless, we all headed home with thoughts of some good hiking to remember.

Leader: Sarah O'Hare
Hikers: Steve Keri, Ken Williamson, J.R. Ellis, Dave Koerber





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