

# Tidewater Appalachian Trail Club Appalachian Hiker

[www.tidewateratc.com](http://www.tidewateratc.com)



August 2009 - September 2009

## Prez Sez

Having just returned from the Appalachian Trail Conservancy 37th Biennial Conference in Castleton, Vermont, I am most aware of two things. One, it is much hotter down here in Tidewater. And two, we have hungrier mosquitoes. At least the ones buzzing around my backyard made me feel very welcome the moment I arrived home. Virginia and Vermont are very similar in many ways-lush green mountains, lots of hiking trails and a populace that seems to have a deep love and respect for the outdoors. Another commonality is that the Green Mountain Club of Vermont just hosted a fabulous event. Two years from now, the massed clubs of Virginia will do the same. If you were able to attend the Vermont festival, then please share your experiences with fellow TATCers. Tell them about the hiking, biking, horseback riding, fun excursions, informative workshops and evening programs. Tell them about the warmth and fellowship of shared time with fellow hikers. Tell them about friendships renewed and new ones forged. Tell them about an amazing week of fun and camaraderie spent celebrating the Appalachian Trail in the Green Mountains of Vermont-soon to be repeated in the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia.

**"Virginia Journeys 2011"** is the title and theme of our event. Journeys through the mountains and valleys of southwest Virginia to include hikes on the AT and other trails, journeys to sites of historical and geological interest, journeys of thought and self-discovery through workshops and programs, and journeys of pure doggone fun such as a ride down the Virginia Creeper Trail. But, the Biennial doesn't just *happen*. It requires an enormous amount of planning, organization and leadership. Ned Kuhns is the Chair of **Virginia Journeys 2011** and Mark Wenger is the head of the TATC Steering Committee. When they ask for your help, please step forward and offer what you can. Rise to the challenge! Together we can make **Virginia Journeys 2011** a spectacular success!!!

Phyllis Neumann  
TATC President  
[president@tidewateratc.com](mailto:president@tidewateratc.com)

## Newest TATC Video

Visit [www.youtube.com](http://www.youtube.com) to view TATC's newest video. This is a general promotional video for the club that was shown at the 37th Biennial Appalachian Trail Conference held in Vermont in July 2009. You can type in "Tidewater Appalachian Trail Club" and see both of the videos that the club has posted to YouTube, or you can type in

**"<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=6-4dns6ZIU8>"**

to go directly to the newest video. Remember to choose "HQ" at the bottom right of your YouTube screen to watch in high quality.



## Table of Contents

Prez Sez	1
Newest TATC Video	1
TATC Club Officers and Committees	2
Membership	3
Minute for Maintenance	3
TATC Annual Photo Contest	3
Final Ridge Runner Report for 2009	4
BRMS Ad	5
Surviving Myself	6-8
Voyage to Vermont	8
TATC Cabin Updates	9
Activities Schedule	10-11
Lake Colden, NY - Photo by Jim Sexton	12



Visit our website at  
[www.tidewateratc.com](http://www.tidewateratc.com)

## TATC Club Officers

President	Phyllis Neumann president@tidewateratc.com	566-4584
Vice Pres.	Mark Connolly vicepres@tidewateratc.com	623-0764
Secretary	Laura Bontems secretary@tidewateratc.com	425-1156
Treasurer	Jim Smith treasurer@tidewateratc.com	238-2334
Trail Supervisor	Scott Hilton trailsupervisor@tidewateratc.com	625-6052
Assistant T.S.	Bruce Julian assistantts@tidewateratc.com	484-0975

## Counselors

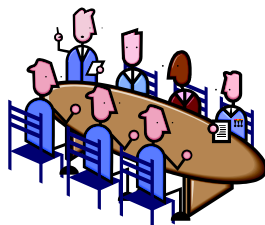
Rosanne Scott counselor@tidewateratc.com	583-5960
Jane Oakes counselor@tidewateratc.com	467-9633
Sandy Butler counselor@tidewateratc.com	872-9271

## Committee Chair

Cabin	Steve Babor cabin@tidewateratc.com	588-7501
Cabin (Rentals)	Bob Adkisson cabin@tidewateratc.com	627-5514
Calendar	Jane Martin calendar@tidewateratc.com	363-8464
Education	Bill Rogers education@tidewateratc.com	484-6001
Hikemaster	Mark Connolly hikemaster@tidewateratc.com	623-0764
Historical	Bob Adkisson historical@tidewateratc.com	627-5514
Local Trails	Jim & Chris Sexton localtrails@tidewateratc.com	484-2827
Land Mgt.	Bob Giffin landmgt@tidewateratc.com	495-7002
Membership	Mary Hormell membership@tidewateratc.com	627-2392
Newsletter	Jim Sexton newsletter@tidewateratc.com	484-2827
Programs	Kevin DuBois programs@tidewateratc.com	621-2564
Outreach	Mark Wenger president@tidewateratc.com	253-0056
Social	Nancy Babor social@tidewateratc.com	588-7501
Timekeeper	<i>position open</i>	
Merchandise	Debby Hedley merchandise@tidewateratc.com	n/l
Web Master	Jim Sexton webmaster@tidewateratc.com	484-2827

## ATC RPC

Ned Kuhns rprep@tidewateratc.com	552-0292
Bob Giffin rprep@tidewateratc.com	495-7002



## Membership

The annual ATC conference has just ended. Wow! Did we have fun and learn a lot about Vermont, its history, sites, etc.

Welcome to the following new and renewing members:

Bill Billings, Tom and Susan Chamberlain, Tom Myers, Chris Thomas, Susan Tsimpinos, Rose Mag-narella, Julio and Susan Fonseca, Robert Liles, Rebecca Young, Thom Bailey, John Douglass, Kara Late-rella, Dorothy Abbott, Randy Arends, Byron and Christine Work, Ken and Diane Lancaster, Michael & Ana Merritt, Chip & Karen Stilwell, Allen Page, Olga Polyakov & Tosca Ballerini, Tim Smith, Shepherd Johnson & Nancy Lewis, Chuck Cayton, Kimberly Judson, Nancy Hall, Paul, Pan & Tracy Grochmal, and Verena Wyvill.

*Mary Hormell*  
*Membership Committee Chair*  
*membership@tidewateratc.com*

## Minute for Maintenance

With July almost gone, and our two Konnarock weeks in the books, the Hanging Rock trail re-hab project got off to a great start. Cooler than normal temps and very little rain afforded the workers a break from the usual July steamy weather. Tons of rock got hauled by grip hoist or people power, many rocks became smaller with the aid of sledge hammers, very large rocks were chipped to fit just so and lots of very solid steps were created. The first week 17 workers composed of 7 Konnarock crew members, and 10 club members got the project off to a great start, even though 2 of the Konnarock crew were feeling a little under the weather. July 4<sup>th</sup> all gathered at Sher-ando for a very nice cookout that had regular and veggie burgers from the grill, macaroni salad, corn on the cob, and the all important desserts including ice cream and brownies provided by my friends from Petersburg, Debbie, Mac, and Doug. Joining us were Mike Pierson, the Ridgerunner for the past several seasons and his wife Elaine. We got rained out on Sunday and most folks headed for home.

On Monday John Gillikin and I started to remove the roof on the Maupin field shelter. At the end of the day we put tarps over the shelter to keep the users dry. This side project which had been on the books to do for two years came to fruition after several e-mails with David Whitmore of the USFS and finding out he still had money to provide the new cedar shakes. Kelley Sims, head ranger at Sherando ordered just the right amount of materials. With Tuesday and Wednesday as off days Thursday once again found John, Bruce Julian, Mark Connolly, Milton Beale, and I working on the roof but not able to finish. Back on went the tarps.

Friday found 9 Konnarock crew members, originally ten but their leader Dannon was still sick and had to leave and 12 club members. Picking up where we had left off, work continued on building steps and cribbing. With lots of enthusiasm thru the weekend, the project moved forward at a good clip. Saturday once again found everyone at Sherando for dinner, this time provided by Nancy and Marc Rinkenberger. Chicken and veggies from the grill, fol-lowed by ice cream sundaes for dessert.

Once again on Sunday rain showed up, this time holding off till early afternoon. Since we had left the trail with no gaping holes or other work incomplete, we packed up our tools and headed out. Most folks left that evening, with four remaining to finish the shelter roof. Bruce, Mark, Milton and I, and joined by Bill Rogers chased a few late sleeping hikers out of the shelter, it was 8am. We were able to finish the shelter roof with a quick break for lunch, by 2 pm. The Konnarock crew which had been camping at Maupin field broke camp and left around noon. After hauling all our equipment to vehicles, most visited the Blue Ridge Pig for second lunch.

Thanks to all that came out and participated, remember we will doing it again next year. Kerry informed me that Dannon is better now. Our hours have been turned in with shirts to come in August or later. Thanks to the guys that helped with the shelter roof. That was wedged into the schedule as a last minute project. There is no more maintenance trips on the AT until the fall trip in October, but maybe I will put another trip to St Mary's on the calen-dar for early or late October, maybe even November. Till the next meeting, have fun.

*Scott Hilton*  
*TATC Trails Supervisor*  
*trailssupervisor@tidewateratc.com*

## TATC Annual Photo Contest

TATC's Annual Photo Contest will be held at the General Meeting, Wednesday, September 9th. We want to see your pictures! Pictures depicting various club endeavors will be judged by a professional and will also be candi-dates for inclusion in the TATC 2010 calendar. It is a lot of fun to share these and it gives us an opportunity to swap stories and maybe even exaggerate our adventures a bit.

*Jane Martin*  
*calendar@tidewateratc.com*

## Final Ridgerunner Report for 2009

Tomorrow marks the end of my 2009 Ridge Running season. So it is time for my annual wrap up. Two years ago I offered you a poem. Last year it was some fun statistics. This years I've reached a new pinnacle of creativity. That is, my creative mind has decided that what would be more creative than to "borrow" from the creativity of others. In that regard I offer you some of the best of the shelter register entries from 2009! In no particular order:

"Trying to talk myself out of talking myself out of going on." Cabot

"Our father who art in heaven hallowed be thy moleskin." (In the Priest shelter) Sunshine

"God grant me purity, chastity and temperance, but don't grant it yet." (Once again, the Priest shelter) Josey Wales

"Stopping in for a break & carrying what feels like the Sears Tower for a pack." Cajun Dave

"There's a damn fly buzzing around my head. I feel like Pigpen from Charlie Brown's gang, only smellier." McTea Bag

"Penny Whistle is a foolish hiker. She begins 2600 foot climbs while a storm is brewing. May Thor and thunder gods protect her. Ever notice how when people go crazy they start talking about themselves in the third person?" Penny Whistle

"Wet tent, lots of bugs...ain't life grand?" Dah Wahtte

"Dream like you will live forever. Live like you will die tomorrow." Montana Mac

"Ah, mac and cheese, a dinner fit for champions and kings." Tumbleweed

"Body begs for mercy, but you walk on "thru", that's what you do." Salty

"Something besides myself has been eating my Fig Newtons." Doc McCorkle

"Those who were seen dancing were thought to be insane by those who couldn't hear the music." In Deep

"It's a love hate relationship with the rain. Love that it scares away the bugs, hate that I am wet constantly. It might be another long day at the office." Raspberry

"Life lesson learned on the trail! Always make a shopping list. That way you can avoid four days in the woods without toilet paper." Blondie

"Nasty climb today! I'm with Blondie...out in the woods for 4 days and no toilet paper. I will trade someone 2 Brownie Bliss Clif bars for some T.P. Anyone Please!" Duckie

"Would someone from Florida bring a gator to this pond (Punch Bowl) and thus shut these damn frogs up." Hodgepodge

"Humid. Deciding whether to filter water or ring my shirt out into my Nalgene." The Kid

"I read the memorial to Little Ottie. That was a tough little dude. I bet if he had grown up he would've been a serious thru hiker." Hot Pants

"Two things I can't stand...Intolerance of other cultures... and the Dutch." Skeeter Doobie

"Some of the frogs in the pond (Punch Bowl) sound like they smelled my socks and are gasping for breath." Ramble On

"Happy Birthday America! (on 7/4 obviously) At 233 years old, you are still smokin' hot!" Odysseus

"Some kind person left cupcakes and cookies in the shelter. Trail magic is almost as good as bad sex, but even that is pretty good." Raleigh

"Stopped in with Spitfire to tape up a blister on my big toe the size of a 1955 Buick hubcap!" Radio Bob

"I wish I was an old man so that I could hit on the old lady (Hot Flash at FR 38) at trail magic yesterday. She was too sweet. Stole my heart. I've decided I want to be a trail angel when I grow up." Smiling Bandit

"Don't sweat the petty things. Don't pet the sweaty things." Flash

So there's some of the best from 09. Hope you enjoyed them.

*Happy Trails!*  
*Mike Pierson*



# BLUE RIDGE

mountain sports • brms.com

Be kind, have fun & do the right thing.



Travel Like a Pro

## Shop By Appointment

Preparation for a trip is essential, but time to prep can be hard to come by. Before you travel abroad or hike the trail for a couple of days, call your local Blue Ridge shop and schedule an appointment with one of our knowledgeable staff members.

- ★ Let us outfit you for your international trip
- ★ Take time to be properly fitted for boots
- ★ Need to gear up for that thru-hike? Give us a call.

Hilltop North Shopping Center, VA Beach • 757-422-2201  
Marketplace Shoppes, Williamsburg • 757-229-4584

patagonia®



Chaco



KEEN

**Surviving Myself**  
(Or: Learning the Hard Way)  
By Bob Adkisson

Forgive me, but perhaps an even better title for this would be:  
The First Time I Fell Out Of My Canoe (And The 2<sup>nd</sup> Time Too!)

Learning to canoe seems to me fundamentally different than learning to backpack, or taking extended bicycle tours. The biggest difference is *the boat itself*— learning how to control, and live with, a 16 to 18 foot long, 60 to 80 pound *thing* that is constantly being yanked around by river currents or buffeted by contrary winds. Learning what to expect, learning how to handle and maneuver it is everything, is an education in and of itself.

If you are lucky, and if, like me, you try and do it almost entirely on your own, you may learn (*if you survive*), *eventually*, how to make it dance. With experience, with a bit of hard won wisdom and grace, you and the boat may become one, can become at times magical.

I bought my first canoe about mid-way thru the Carter administration, a year after completing the Appalachian Trail. Hiking the A.T. gave me an overwhelming feeling of outdoor confidence, one that assured me I could do about anything I put my mind to. *No worries!* And so, with but 25 miles of experience in a canoe (acquired 5 years earlier, at an Outward Bound school), I bought my first canoe.

Just as important, I bought a couple of guidebooks to the rivers of Virginia—fuel for the fire that was about to be ignited.

That autumn I paddled near my house on the Elizabeth R. a few times, and soon tried to paddle the feeder ditch into Lake Drummond for my first overnight trip. On the river I was disheartened and frustrated by my lack of control in even a mild wind and, on the feeder ditch, had to finally, disgustedly throw in the towel after about a half mile: between fighting the current and a strong headwind, it was just too much effort for too little progress; disappointed in myself, and chastened, I turned around and went back to my car, went back home.

Unlike backpacking, where all you have to do is walk and carry a heavy pack, to canoe you have to learn to control what seems, at times, like a hugely oversized object, in all sorts of trying, changing conditions—you have to get it to do what *you* want, what you *need* for it to do.

I had so much to learn.

In Feb., surprised to find about 10 inches of snow on the ground, I impatiently set out on an overnight trip, 31 miles down the N. Anna River, just north of Richmond. I somehow, luckily, survived, even stayed upright thru the tough fall-line rapids (the guide book said it was a class 4 rapid, and I prudently tried to get to shore to scout it—but, out of control, unable to stop, the current swept me thru and I ran them blind). The next day I so much wanted to get out on the James R., which careens and crashes thru the city of Richmond, falling something like 120 feet in 6 miles, the only problem being a minor blizzard. Inexperience didn't hold me back, but a modicum of caution and common sense did. That and my former college room-mate's father, who advised me to be patient, wait for better weather.

A month later I repeated part of the N. Anna as a day trip with my friend, then I set out alone, late in the afternoon, on an overnight trip (of about 25 miles) on the well name Little River, which was wedged in between the N. and S. Anna Rivers just above Richmond. This river intrigued and challenged me because the guidebooks said it had a class 5 rapid on it, and I was both anxious to see it (what would a class 5 rapid on a tiny river look like? How dangerous could it be?), and I was anxious to test myself.

The getting of wisdom (at least a little bit of it), this is the story of that rather ill-fated trip, all 2 miles of it.

I left my car at the top of the hill, on the side of a lonely county road, about 200 yards up from the tiny, inconsequential looking Little River. With a sleeping bag, a change of clothes, and a bit of food packed away in stuff sacks, I set off. The river was slow and brown and narrow, a couple of feet deep, with steep, 8 foot high banks. The weather was cold and overcast, the drab and barren March woods still very much locked within winter's grasp.

According to the book, I had about 10 miles to go before I reached the fall line rapids; there would be no 'action' until then, only the occasional fallen tree to negotiate. I figured I had enough daylight to go a mile or two, at which point I'd find a place to camp for the night, finishing the trip the next day.

Within half a mile I had to force the boat under one low but massive tree trunk, and maneuver around a number of other obstacles. This was my first time on a small waterway, one with constant, multiple problems like trees and branches to avoid. Fortunately, there was no wind or current to deal with or complicate matters even more.

I was learning by doing, learning and experiencing first hand. I was all on my own, with only myself to blame; perhaps this is as it should be—maybe this is the best (if unforgiving) way to learn?

(Continued from Page 6 ...)

I came to another fallen tree, its trunk partially submerged and blocking the river. This would be the first tree I ever had to pull the boat over. With the banks so high and difficult, it seemed the easiest thing to do was to maneuver alongside the tree, get out and carefully stand atop it, then wrestle and muscle and slide the boat over.

This went well enough, but when I stepped back into the boat and sat down, I realized immediately that I was in the wrong seat—I was in the bow seat instead of the stern. Honest mistake, with all of the chaos of managing the canoe in such a narrow and obstacle filled waterway.

Even with my lack of experience, I knew to try and keep my weight toward the middle of the boat, and to store what gear I had at the opposite end, to act as a counterbalance. Now I found myself and my gear in the same end of the boat, with the other end rising perilously high out of the icy water.

But I thought: *what the heck*—there's another fallen tree blocking the river just 40 feet downstream; surely, if I was careful and vigilant enough, I could paddle to that tree, get out, pull the boat over, and then return to the proper seat.

I turned the boat downstream, balancing my weight to left and right, acutely self aware and careful.

Only, something happened.....

About 10 feet along, I was approaching a broken off tree limb that was at shoulder height. At the last second a swirl of current or a tiny breathe of wind pushed me towards it. Leaning the tiniest bit to avoid the contact, but making contact anyway, I flinched.

And that was all it took: I lost my balance and in an instant I was literally flung from the boat.

It is an amazing, shocking thing to fall out of a canoe unexpectedly, **especially the first time**, especially into chest deep, 40 degree water, with no sun in the cold and indifferent sky.

I was, of course, wearing 100% cotton clothing: socks and blue jeans, a flannel shirt over a t-shirt.

Fortunately, I somehow managed to throw my right arm over the gunwales as I went over the left side of the boat, and this caused me to more or less land on my feet, keeping my head and shoulders out of the water, and thus dry.

Without knowing how I did it, I instantly vaulted back into the canoe, mad as hell at myself (who else was there to be mad at?).

At this point two things were foremost in my mind: 1. to get to shore as soon as possible and call it a day; 2. to be sure I didn't do anything else ill-advised and stupid while doing so. To this end I avoided both bow and stern seats, kneeling instead in the middle of the canoe, keeping my weight even lower.

I headed for the downed tree 30 feet ahead, figuring to use it as a sort of platform to help in hauling the boat out of the river, up onto the bank.

But, there was a new complication that immediately made itself known, something I'd never encountered or dealt with before: in tipping the canoe half over and falling out of it, the boat had scooped up 10 or 20 gallons of water before righting itself; as I paddled forward I noticed how tippy the sloshing water made the boat, how strangely it handled.

Rather than take the time to bail the water out, it seemed best to just go the 20 feet to the fallen tree.

If only it were that simple!

Halfway to the tree I belatedly noticed a log floating lengthways in the river. No big deal I thought, as I tried to steer two inches to the left of it.

But again, a lack of control, a magnetic pull, whatever: the right side of the boat rode up ever so slightly onto the log. In slow motion, this caused the 3 or 4 inches of water in the canoe to shift to the left side. I watched, wondering what was going to happen, how I could counteract it.

There was an odd, second long delay it seemed, then the **substantial** weight of the shifting water caught up to the movement and I was, once again, rudely and unexpectedly flung headlong out of the canoe.

**Amazing!** Falling out of a boat TWICE in about 45 seconds!!

This time, head and shoulders tumbling, I went completely under water, came up sputtering and blistering the air with curses-- incoherent, ineffectual indignation.

I was done, I'd had it-- with myself and the canoe, didn't trust either one of us.

I walked the last 20 feet to the fallen tree, threw the gear to the top of the embankment, pulled the boat up after myself.

Only, to add insult to injury, upon unpacking my sleeping bag and spare clothes, I discovered there were still more lessons to be learned, hard lessons: I'd packed my gear inside a single trash bag, and put that inside of a regular stuff sack. Standing there soaking wet and shivering, a hard and tangled mile back to the safety of my car, I found this wasn't enough protection for what my gear had just gone through—my sleeping bag and dry clothes were half wet!

(Continued on Page 8 ...)

(Continued from Page 7 ...)

With darkness descending, there was nothing to do but live with it, try and survive my own incompetence and inexperience.

Sometimes, I admit, that has not been an easy thing to do.

The good news was that, 5 years earlier (long before I'd got my canoe), the sleeping bag I'd bought was fiber filled (not down), rated to zero degrees, was one especially recommended for canoeing, for keeping you dry when it was wet. Since I had no tent along, only a space blanket, this proved a valuable comfort. If you count sleeping in a half wet bag, in half wet clothes, a comfort.

Next morning, feeling as if I'd suffered enough adventure and had wrung about as much abuse and challenge as I could take from this particular river, I paddled a mile back, *upstream*, to the bridge and the take out. I walked up and fetched my car.

It would be about 15 years (and about 2,000 miles of paddling later) before I came back and 'completed' this 25 mile section of the Little R.

**Then?** It was a piece of cake! 2,000 miles of paddling experience does wonders for your abilities and confidence.

Also, by then, I had discovered, the hard way of course, that the secret number of trash bags (one nested inside of another) to keep your food, spare clothes, and sleeping bag dry, in all sorts of upsets and half mile floats down the river, seems to be 3!

A month after my embarrassing falling out with the Little R., I did answer the challenge of another, the longest river in the state of Virginia: alone, I paddled 315 miles of the James R., in 13 days, from the extreme headwaters to the rapids of Richmond. I did this without falling out of the boat, not once.

In the years since I have, of course, managed to turn the canoe over any number of other times (at least a dozen times), in all sorts of circumstances. It would be nice to say that I learned something valuable, recognized my mistakes, and came away a better canoeist each time, but the truth is, most of the times I've turned over it happened so fast, was so unexpected, that I have no idea what happened, what I could have done differently.

I feel the same way about the numerous times I've slipped thru a difficult rapid or came thru the surf onto a beach without wiping out—how did I do that, what did I do right so that I can do it again next time? For the most part, I just don't know!

As always, there is so much to learn, and that is why there is tomorrow.

## **Voyage to Vermont**

*By Phyllis Neumann*

There was a healthy representation of TATCers at the 37<sup>th</sup> AT Biennial in Castleton, VT this past July. I counted 24 and there were probably more. But it was tough to keep track of everybody as we all went our different ways each day choosing our daily dose of fun. Somehow, most of us seemed to end up together in the dining hall most nights, sharing the day's adventures over dinner and dessert. If you've never been to an AT Biennial, it's pretty tough to explain in a short article. Suffice to say that it's so much fun they can only do it every other year. Kind of like the Olympics.

There were several highlights of the event for me. The trip to the Long Trail Brewery was one. Summiting Mt. Killington was another (okay, I took the gondola). I think seeing the camel in a farmer's field was notable as how often does one see a camel in Vermont? Also, the bike ride on the Delaware/Hudson Rails to Trails, trips to Fort Ticonderoga, the Marsh-Billings-Rockefeller National Historical Park, the Shelburne Museum and Vergennes were all new and exciting. But one thing that really stands out for me was the TATC video which played at our display table in the registration area. Several clubs had pictorial displays, brochures and other AT paraphernalia to exhibit. But nothing came close to our video. The video was made possible through grant funds and the hard work and dedication of the Video Project Committee. Several people were involved with the project: Nick and Ginny Werner, Rosanne Scott, Jim and Chris Sexton as well as many others including those who submitted photos. But Jim was the one who pulled it all together as the deadline approached—editing video and stills, choosing music and doing the narration. Hundreds of hours of work (I am sure) as evidenced by the professional quality of the finished product. I must have watched that video ten times it was so well done. And, I did receive several compliments for TATC from other clubs on the quality of the video. Many thanks to Jim and all who were involved in the production of the video. Well done!!!!



## TATC Cabin Updates

By Bob Adkisson

Here are a few updates concerning our Trail Club's Douglas Putman Memorial Cabin:

Though we are right in the middle of the dog days of summer, somewhere hell must have surely frozen over, because the National Park Service recently, **suddenly**, began working on a project that they have been talking about for over 10 years—putting in a parking area at milepost 18.5 along the Blue Ridge Parkway, where club members leave their cars while staying at the Putman Cabin. We thought we'd never see the day this would happen (and are maybe of mixed emotions, or ambivalent about it, now that the moment is here—it is not something we asked for or particularly wanted). But, starting in late spring of this year, there they were, with bulldozers and dump trucks, graders and gravel, cutting down at least one tree and building a parking lot. No idea when they will finish, and mixed messages about whether the lot will be paved (this is the latest word from the workers themselves), or merely gravel (as we were told thru official channels). If you are renting the cabin anytime in the next month or so, be sure to get the latest info from me or Steve about where to park. Do not leave your car next to the Parkway itself, on the immediate shoulders, or on the side of the road closest to the cabin; do not park in the graveled area they've created; park off to the side where you won't be in their way, should they decide to work during the time of your cabin stay. Please pass along any updates to Bob and Steve upon your return.

For new club members especially, ones who want to visit the cabin and are interested in qualifying themselves to be able to rent it, there are two more maintenance / orientation trips scheduled for this year: Sept. 18-20, led by Greg Hodges (485 9800), and Nov. 6-8, led by Steve Babor (588 7501). Call the trip leader, or look for a sign up sheet at the next meeting if you are interested in either of these trips. They are usually limited to 12 people, and it is about a half mile hike in from where we park our cars, along a fairly flat old 'jeep road'. You can stay in the cabin itself, or camp out nearby, on club property (or in the national forest, if you like!). As with any club trip though, **PLEASE**; if you sign up for a spot on the trip, and then find that you can't go, **immediately** inform the trip leader. There are often people on a waiting or stand by list, and sometimes the work that the leader has planned can't be accomplished if, as it turns out at the last minute, only a handful of folks show up. For the trips in Sept. and Nov. I don't believe any major work projects are planned—no heavy duty work.

It is nearly time to start thinking about next years TATC Calendar, about scheduling hikes that will appear there. As has been the case for a number of years now, you can reserve the Trail Club cabin far in advance, via the calendar, if you want-- providing the trip you plan is open to all members AND is announced not just in the Club's calendar but in the Newsletter a month or two before the hike as well. Deadline for submissions to the calendar is usually the end of October. You do need to first clear the date you want thru the cabin committee, so that the time you request doesn't conflict with some work trip or special event we might have planned. Also, for reservation requests **not** made thru the upcoming year's club calendar-- as it has been for about 2 years now, as long as a trip is fairly open to all members, and is announced in the Club's newsletter, qualified members can reserve the cabin far outside of the usual 56 day / 8 week window. We are making this exception in the hope of boosting group trips to the cabin. Call Bob Adkisson (627 5514) to make a reservation or if you have any questions. As always, you can also contact me online, at the email address (cabin committee) found on page 2 of the Newsletter; but please, this is only for general questions or comments about the cabin and procedures—NOT to ask about specific dates the cabin might be available. **It is best to make all inquiries about renting the cabin by phone**. If you don't get hold of me initially, leave a message, with your name and phone number and the dates you are interested in stated clearly; I will return your call ASAP.

So far this year the spring continues to be running well. There is a large supply of good fire wood (mostly black locust trees) that was cut in early April, though we ask that an effort be made to conserve the best wood; especially during the warmer months, we hope that renters will find, cut with hand saws, and supply most of their own wood, using fallen limbs they gather from the surrounding forest. Recently, Greg Hodges donated to the cabin a propane fired, 2 burner cook stove. It is usually stored atop the wood burning cook stove and uses the same green, screw on propane bottles as the 3 cabin lanterns (remember to bring you own bottles, and to pack out any empty ones!). This stove should help cut down on the amount of wood needed, and now members don't have to pack in their own backpack stoves. The stove is very easy to use and is a great addition to the cabin.

Cabin usage has slumped off significantly this summer—something it used to do regularly; but the last few summers the cabin was rented heavily and I am hoping usage will soon pick up with the cooling of the weather and the turning of the leaves.

"If you build it, they will come", said the voice in the cornfield. Well, last fall we completed the roof work on the great new picnic shelter (the John Donavon Memorial Shelter), and this spring a bird built a nest and raised a family atop one of the 4 corner support posts.

I still remember fondly a couple of perfect days I spent at the cabin a few Septembers ago—sleeping (and reading) on the porch, and for 3 days in a row watching in wonder as a continuous stream of monarch butterflies migrated south at treetop level directly above me; there seemed to be no moment when at least 2 or 3 of them weren't visible, passing one behind the other—for 3 days straight! This is one of the blessings of the cabin—it is so much a part of nature, a part of the landscape. A few years ago a deer even (apparently) gave birth to a fawn on that very same porch; for the next few months the fawn was observed just feet from the cabin, calmly nestled in a flower bed, awaiting the return of its mother.

If you haven't been to the cabin, go, **soon!**

# Activities Schedule

PLEASE NOTE: Most hikes are limited in the number of participants. The hike leader will take reservations on a first-come, first-served basis. You can include your name on the sign up sheets available at each meeting or call the hike leader. If you sign up for an activity and then decide not to participate, please contact the leader in advance.

<b>August 7, 2009</b> Friday	<b>Rosanne Scott,</b> 583-5960	<b>HOT AUGUST NIGHTS #1: Ocean View Beach</b> - Meet at 6:30ish PM and bring your picnic dinner and beach chairs and enjoy a leisurely dinner interlude. Afterwards, we'll walk down to the fishing pier and visit the upper deck area for a beverage, then walk back down the beach. Sunset this night is at 8:06; moonrise at 8:49. Be sure to park across the street in the shopping center.
<b>August 12, 2009</b> Wednesday	<b>Phyllis Neumann,</b> 566-4584	<b>TATC General Membership Meeting</b> - 7:00PM at the Pretlow Library, 111 West Ocean View Ave., Norfolk. Program: Jenilee Harris, of Virginia Beach Trails Club, and Karen Forget/Whit Pease talking about Lynnhaven River Waterway access.
<b>August 14, 2009</b> Friday	<b>Rosanne Scott,</b> 583-5960	<b>HOT AUGUST NIGHTS #2: Social Night at Ocean View Park</b> - There is a band playing at the pavilion tonight (blues), so come out for some hot music and cool ocean breezes, plus the company of fellow TATCers. Bring a blanket or chairs, coolers usually allowed (check with Rosanne first). Band starts at 6:30PM; meet at 6ish PM in the park in front of the pavilion.
<b>September 1, 2009</b> Tuesday	<b>Phyllis Neumann,</b> 566-4584	<b>TATC Board of Directors Meeting</b> 7:00PM at the Pretlow Library, 111 West Ocean View Ave., Norfolk. Open to all members.
<b>September 9, 2009</b> Wednesday	<b>Phyllis Neumann,</b> 566-4584	<b>TATC General Membership Meeting</b> - 7:00PM at the Pretlow Library, 111 West Ocean View Ave., Norfolk. Program: Jane Martin will host the photo competition for the TATC calendar (2010 TATC Planner) submissions.
<b>September 12, 2009</b> Saturday	<b>Jim or Chris Sexton,</b> 484-2327	<b>First Landing State Park (FLSP) Maintenance, Virginia Beach</b> - Meet at 9:00AM at the Trail Center Parking Lot off Shore Drive for an opportunity to do some local trail maintenance without driving forever. This is a convenient chance to do one of the main things that we advertise as our reason for being, and a way to share some time locally with fellow members of TATC.
<b>September 18-20, 2009</b> Friday-Sunday	<b>Greg &amp; Carol Hodges,</b> 961-9995	<b>TATC Cabin Maintenance Weekend</b> - Become eligible for a cabin rental by attending this cabin orientation, or just join in with others to work on keeping our cabin spruced up. This weekend should show evidence of cooler fall temps after the summer's heat. A little too early for fall colors.
<b>September 19, 2009</b> Saturday	<b>Bill Rogers,</b> 484-6001	<b>Backpacking Seminar</b> - We'll cover rainwear, footwear, what-to-wear, what not-to-wear, where to go, features of stoves, tents, and sleeping gear, and all facets of this marvelous sport. 9:55 a.m. to 4:30 p.m. Last one this year. Call Bill –others will.
<b>September 25-27, 2009</b> Friday - Sunday	<b>Rosanne Scott,</b> 583-5960	<b>Best of All Worlds Cabin Weekend and Winery Tour</b> - Why is this the Best of All Worlds? Because we'll get in some hiking, stay at the beautiful TATC cabin, AND sample some of the local beverages! We'll arrive at the cabin Friday evening (dinner on your own), then on Saturday spend the day out visiting wineries and enjoying the area. Saturday evening will be a group dinner (and further tasting) at the cabin – everyone bring a food item to contribute to the meal. On Sunday, we can do a short hike before heading back home. Group limited to cabin capacity of 12 persons. Cost: Rental fee \$5/ person/night, bring your own bedding and food for breakfast & lunch. Designated drivers required for day tour.
<b>September 26, 2009</b> Saturday	<b>Pat Parker,</b> 851-9252	<b>Sandy Bottom Nature Park (Hampton) Maintenance</b> - Do some local trail or park maintenance assistance on the Peninsula, without driving forever. Sandy Bottom is at the intersection of Hampton Roads Center Pkwy and Big Bethel Road, Hampton.

# Activities Schedule

(Continued from Page 14)

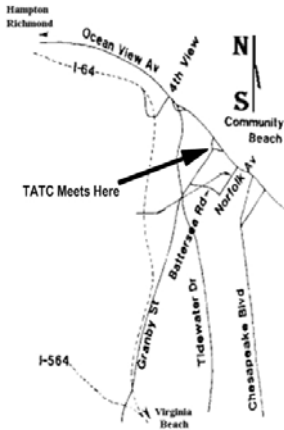
<b>October 6, 2009 Tuesday</b>	<b>Phyllis Neumann, 566-4584</b>	<b>TATC Board of Directors Meeting - 7:00PM</b> at the Pretlow Library, 111 West Ocean View Ave., Norfolk. Open to all members.
<b>October 8, 2009 Thursday</b>	<b>Phyllis Neumann, 566-4584</b>	<b>TATC General Membership Meeting - 7:00PM</b> at the Pretlow Library, 111 West Ocean View Ave., Norfolk. Program: Kevin DuBois will present "Hiking Yellowstone." See photos and get an after-action report of his summer trip in one of our premier national parks.
<b>October 16-18, 2009 Friday-Sunday</b>	<b>Scott Hilton, 625-6052</b>	<b>Fall AT Maintenance &amp; Family Campout</b> - Come for a fun weekend based at Sherando Lake Campground, just off the Blue Ridge Pkwy, and provide some of the effort to maintain our section of the AT. Share some meals at Sherando. Come out for the MAJOR FALL EVENT.
<b>October 24-25, 2009 Saturday-Sunday</b>	<b>Steve Babor, 588-7501</b>	<b>Lake Drummond Canoe Overnighter</b> - Meet at the Chesapeake Dismal Swamp Public Boat Ramp at 9:00 Saturday morning. Bring overnite camping gear, canoe or kayak, PFD, etc. From U.S. Highway 17 in southern Chesapeake, exit at Ballahack Road. Continue west on Ballahack Road to reach the old George Washington Hwy. The boat ramp is just north of this intersection. We'll paddle to the dam and set up camp, then paddle out on the lake and have lunch, etc. I may have a community dutch oven meal for dinner that night. The moon will be in the first quarter so stars should be very visible, which usually invokes a night paddle too. Group size is limited to 10 participants. Call Steve at 588-7501 for more details or to sign up.
<b>November 6-8, 2009 Monday</b>	<b>Steve Babor, 588-7501</b>	<b>TATC Cabin Maintenance Weekend</b> - Qualify for rental of the cabin by attending for orientation, or just go to do some work to help maintain our valuable TATC asset. This weekend will feature an early Thanksgiving meal on site. Share in a festive event with TATC buddies. Call Steve for features and carpooling info.
<b>November 9, 2009 Monday</b>	<b>Phyllis Neumann, 566-4584</b>	<b>TATC General Membership Meeting</b> 7:00PM at the Pretlow Library, 111 West Ocean View Ave., Norfolk. Program: Presentation of Trail Awards for hours spent maintaining AT, local trails, etc.
<b>November 15, 2009 Sunday</b>	<b>Bill Lynn, 867-6753</b>	<b>Merchants Millpond Paddle, Gates County, NC</b> - Explore by paddling the winding mirrored water courses of Merchants Millpond through cypress and tupelo trees after most of the insects have given up for the season. We may follow the trail of floats on the water or choose our own course.
<b>November 21, 2009 Saturday</b>	<b>Jim or Chris Sexton, 484-2327</b>	<b>First Landing State Park (FLSP) Maintenance</b> - Meet at 9:00AM at the Trail Center Parking Lot off Shore Drive for an opportunity to do some local trail maintenance without driving forever. A convenient chance to do one of the main things that we advertise as our reason for being. Take gloves, water, etc.
<b>December 5, 2009 Saturday</b>	<b>Nancy Babor, 588-7501</b>	<b>Holiday Party</b> - Details to be developed. Plan to attend.

**Hikes and Activities.** Please call Hikemaster Mark Connolly 623-0764 to leave a message or e-mail at [Hikemaster@TidewaterATC.com](mailto:Hikemaster@TidewaterATC.com) with all hike and activities information to be included in this listing. If you e-mail them, be sure to identify yourself by full name and that this is a TATC event. Sign-up sheets must be returned to the Hikemaster after the event, and will be saved for a period of several years. You may bring sign-up sheets to the board or general meeting following the event, or mail them to the Hikemaster: Mark Connolly, 1721 LaSalle Avenue, Norfolk, VA 23509



Tidewater Appalachian  
Trail Club  
P. O. Box 8246  
Norfolk, VA 23503

NON-PROFIT  
US POSTAGE  
PAID  
NORFOLK,  
VA  
PERMIT NO.  
1968



**TATC Meetings are held at the Pretlow Library, 111 West Ocean View Ave, Norfolk, VA**

From Peninsula: Take 64 East to 4<sup>th</sup> View Exit 273. At bottom of ramp, turn left at stop sign, turn right onto Ocean View Ave and follow over Tidewater Drive to Granby St. Take right onto Granby St., take next right onto A View Ave, and then immediately turn right onto Portview Ave., bear right around the Library into the Library parking lot, meeting is held in Meeting Room #2

From Norfolk and Virginia Beach: Take 64 West toward Hampton/Richmond. Take the Chesapeake Blvd. exit. Go to end of Chesapeake Blvd., then turn left onto Ocean View Ave. and take left onto Granby St., take next right onto A View Ave, and then immediately turn right onto Portview Ave., bear right around the Library into the Library parking lot, meeting is held in Meeting Room # 2

CHANGE SERVICE REQUESTED

