

***Tidewater Appalachian Trail Club
1972-2022
50 Years of "Getting Stuff Done"***

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Preface

This book is a history and celebration of the Tidewater Appalachian Trail Club's 50 years of service to the Appalachian Trail, trails in Commonwealth parks, facilities in Hampton Roads municipalities, and collaboration with a number of conservation organizations. It is a history, but it is more than just that. The text and photographs explain the development of a service culture that began in 1972 and endures to this day. It is a story of great value to new members and to those who would wish to better understand the club and its membership.

You will read about and see on these pages people at work- hard work. They have often climbed for hours to reach the locations in the pictures. Once there, they have then bucked trees, cleared trails, built waterways, and otherwise kept these facilities, especially the Appalachian Trail, in condition to provide a venue for exercise, recreation, and wonder for our fellow citizens.

TATC members recognize the value, sometimes unappreciated, of what they do. In a world increasingly dominated by electronic experiences, the A.T., local parks, and other trails offer a respite. They offer a glimpse of a natural world that is best absorbed by being in it.

You will also see in these pages people smiling, chatting and having fun. TATC is a social as well as a service organization. The many biking, hiking, and paddling excursions it offers helps to bind members together and further strengthen the culture of TATC.

This book, this history, this cultural document is the product of hundreds of hours of work by many of the stalwarts of TATC. Their names are listed on page vi. I encourage you to read it. However, I want to recognize Jim Sexton upfront. He was the driving force behind this project, the editor, and a main contributor of text and pictures.

As you page through this history, you might reflect on the generations of people who made TATC what it is and will be in its next 50 years.

Lee Lohman
TATC President

Tidewater Appalachian Trail Club
1972-2022
50 Years of "Getting Stuff Done"
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Table of Contents

Title Page
Preface
Index Pagesi-iv
50 th Anniversary Fund Donorsv
50 th Anniversary Committeesvi
50 Years of “Getting Stuff Done” (article) 1
50 Years of Accomplishments 2
TATC History Timeline..... 3-6
Early Club History..... 7
Beginning History of TATC..... 7-8
Club History in Review..... 9-12
Early Club History 13-14
Search for Original Members 15-16
Odds and Ends - The Early Years of the Club 17-20
Tidewater and the Appalachian Trail 21
Historical Route of the A.T. 22-24
Building a Better Bridge in Virginia 25-26
Trail Relocations - Some A.T. and Trail Club History..... 27-28
Reeds Gap or Reids Gap 29-30
Appalachian Trail Maintenance and Trips..... 31
Trail Design, Construction and Maintenance..... 31-35
A Minute or Two for a Paragraph or Two on Trail Maintenance 36-42
Reflections on Sherando 43
Clean Deeds Done Dirt Cheap - Sherando Weekend 44-45
Club Tradition 46
TATC Local Management Plan..... 47
Tidewater ATC’s Maintenance Cycle..... 48-49
Big Down Mess Cleared in Three Ridges by Crew of Two 50-51
Tye River Trail Relocation 52-53
Trail Maintenance Update..... 54
How to Feed 80 Hungry Hikers..... 55-56
My Love of the Outdoors and the Appalachian Trail..... 57-58
TATC Appalachian Trail 2,000 Milers 59
Swingin’ ‘n Squeezin’ 60-61
Bill Rogers - A Trail Club’s Everything..... 62-64

Jerry Cobleigh Completes the Appalachian Trail	65
Alert: Typhoon Ned Blast Through the Appalachian Trail	66
Abused and Used by Bunnies	67-68
Walk Across Maryland	69-73
Georgia to Maine - 2011-2016	74
Airplane Crashes on Three Ridges	75-77
Nelson County Designated an Appalachian Trail Community	78
Virginia RPC Volunteer of the Year for 2020	79-80
Virginia Privy Scores First	81
Mount Katahdin 8/7/1997	82
Appalachian Trail Hikes	83-86
Douglas Lee Putman Cabin	87
40th Anniversary of the Dedication	88-90
Cabin Pictures	91-95
Even More Cabin History.....	96
Stone Structures	97-101
The Douglas Lee Putman Memorial Cabin and Phyllis P. Putman.....	102-104
Tails of Putman Cabin.....	105
Historical Photograph.....	106-112
Our Cabin	113-114
Additional Cabin Photos	115-130
History on Entry Mountain.....	131-133
Mau-Har Trail.....	134
Campbell Creek: "Mau-Har" Trail"	135-136
Mau-Har Trail - 10 Years Old	137
Mau-Har Trail - 20 Years Old	137
Mau-Har Trail Founder Dies	138-139
On the Mau-Har with SAWS and Sailors	140-142
Local Trails.....	143
A Story about Local Trail Maintenance	144-145
TATC Trail Construction in New Quarter Park	146-147
2008 Local Trails Maintenance Report	148
Local Trails Photos	149-152
Blazing A New Trail at First Landing State Park	153-154
Judy Kernell and the Three Bears.....	155
Pat Parker Top State Volunteer - 1999	156

Reflections: False Cape State Park	157-159
President’s Award from the National Association of State Parks	160
Dismal Swamp Expedition	161-162
8th Annual Triathlon.....	163
12th Annual Triathlon.....	164
Reflections: The Chocolate Hike.....	165-168
Sailing, Sailing Away on the Chesapeake Bay	169-170
Reflections: Portsmouth Island Hiking.....	171-173
Trail Conferences and Meetings.....	174
Lynchburg '87 A Huge Success	175-176
ATC Conference Photos.....	177-179
Voyage to Vermont - July 2009	180
Virginia Journeys 2011	181-183
Winchester ATC Biennial Conference - 2015	184-186
2017 Views from the Maine Woods	187-190
Hiking, Backpacking, Canoeing, and Other Trips.....	191
HikaNation	191-192
Dolly 3 - Trish 0	193-194
Dolly Sods '94 Chalet Camping at Its Best.....	195
Rappelling on Old Rag	196-197
Old Rag and Rappelling Photos	198-202
White Rock Falls	203-204
Reflections and Progressions of a Rookie Freezeree.....	205-206
Cold Weather Hiking Dolly Sods, Adirondacks & New Hampshire Over the Years.....	207-212
Cold Weather Trip Photos	213-221
TATC Trip to Cornwall and London, UK.....	222-226
TATC Alaskan Trip 2019.....	227-231
Canadian Rockies Trip.....	232-234
Reflections: TATC Canoe and Kayak Trip Group Adventures.....	235-242
Reflections: Canoeing with the TATC - Gordon Spence	243
Dolly Sods Wilderness - Poem.....	244
Member Articles and News	245
Being a Hike Leader	245-246
TATC on TV.....	247
TATC’s Holiday Party - 2003	248
Lifetime Friends	249-252
Campbell Cabin is History.....	253-254

Prez Sez - December 2009 - January 2010	255
TATC Memories	256-265
Reflections: Trails and Environmental Activities.....	266-267
Reese Lukei, Jr.	268-269
TATC Life Membership	270
Update on the Disappearance of John Donovan	271-272
John Joseph Donovan.....	273
TATC’s M & M’s (Met and Married)	274
Roger’s Laws of Backpacking.....	275
Reflections: My Years With TATC.....	276-277
Reflections: A Winter Cabin Ordeal	278-279
TATC Anniversaries	280
Our Tenth/TATC 20th Anniversary Banquet	280
TATC 20th Anniversary Banquet – The Origin and Organization of TATC.....	281-282
TATC 25th Anniversary Banquet	283
40th Anniversary Interview Videos	283
Happy 40th Anniversary TATC!	284-285
Our 50th Anniversary Time Capsule	286
TATC Kicks Off 50th Anniversary Year with Commitment to Plant Trees	287-289
Member Photos	290-317
In Remembrances	318
Herbert Rockwood Coleman, Jr.	318-321
Life of Otey Harper Shelton - A Man Who Mattered.....	322-325
My Remembrances of Otey Shelton	326-327
Leonard Dewey Phelps, Jr.	328-333
Reminiscences of Charlie Gillie	334-335
The Ray Kernel Trip Leadership Award	336
Ray Kernel, The Best Friend I Ever Had	337-338
Tom Reed.....	339-340
Lillian Benson.....	341
In Remembrance of Marilyn Horvath	342-348
Bill Newsom	349-352
In Remembrance of Margaret Emily Crate	353-355
In Remembrance of Jacqueline P. Jenkins	356-367
TATC Board Members 1972-2022	368-378
TATC Trail Maintenance Award Hours - 20+ Hours	379-385
Local Trail Maintenance Hours - 12+ Hours	386-387
Author Index	388-390
Photo Index	391-396

50th Anniversary Fund Donors

Dorothy Abbott	Ron & Sue Leta
Evelyn Adkisson	Lee Lohman
Robert Adkisson	Reese & Melinda Lukei
Faye Bailey	Marti & Ellis Malabad
Milton Beale	Mario & Rebecca Mazzarella
John Blake	Thomas Miano
Larry & Vicki Blett	Tracy & Tim Miller
Mike Brewer	Kama Mitchell
Peter Burch	Bryan & Jenny Morton
Sandy Butler	Wayne Mortimer
Sandra Canepa	William & Brenda Murat
Douglas & Rosanne Cary	Michael Mureddu
Ed & Michelle Cobb	Phyllis & Alan Neumann
Mark Connolly	Jim Newman
Allen Crute	John & Jane Oakes
Joseph Crute	John Pessagno
Bruce Davidson	Dave & Rosemary Plum
Judith Doty	Karl Price
John & Lynn Folsom	Greg Reck
Susan & Gary Fourney	Sharon Reid & Lance Deaver
Laura Garner	Mike Reitelbach
Malcolm Higgins	Henry Robertson
Scott Hilton	Cecil & Sharon Salyer
Ron Hopkins	Martha Shore
Michael & Sallie Horrell	Jim & Chris Sexton
Richard Kavanagh	John Sima
John Klemenc	Gregory & Ann Trace
Svetlana Kononov	Leila Vann
Paul & Josephine Krekorian	Mark Wenger
Ned Kuhns	Donald Williams

50th Anniversary Committee Members

Bob Adkisson
Evelyn Adkisson
John Barnes
Sandra Canepa
Steve Clayton
Michelle Cobb
Reese Lukei
Sharon Salyer
Randy Smith
Stephanie Stringer

50th Anniversary Historical Committee Members

Bob Adkisson
Susan Gail Arey
Rosanne Cary
Malcolm Higgins
Reese Lukei
Phyllis Neumann
Jim Sexton

Tidewater Appalachian Trail Club

1972-2022

50 Years of “Getting Stuff Done”

The Tidewater Appalachian Trail Club began with an informal gathering of people who wanted to hike in the mountains. That first meeting was in a barn where they agreed upon some general rules and scheduled their first hike, which would be on the Appalachian Trail across Three Ridges and The Priest. They liked what they saw and decided that an objective of the club would be to support and maintain a part of the Appalachian Trail.

The following year, TATC was assigned responsibility for the ten mile section of the A.T. from Reids Gap to the Tye River by the Appalachian Trail Conference (now known as the Appalachian Trail Conservancy). This was done with the cooperation of Natural Bridge Appalachian Trail Club, the George Washington National Forest and the National Park Service.

Since that date, our section of the A.T. has undergone several relocations and numerous improvements such as the rock steps on Bee Mountain and the rehab near Hanging Rock. The Mau-Har Trail (constructed by TATC 1977- 1979) continues to be one of the most popular loop hikes in Virginia with its cascading waterfalls and challenging climbs. The establishment of the Three Ridges Wilderness (November 2000) created new challenges as we transitioned from chainsaws to crosscut saws and adapted to the requirements of Wilderness regulations. The Forest Service entrusted us with the care of the trails in the St. Mary’s Wilderness in 2001. Despite serious damage to some of the trails during Hurricane Isabel and needed maintenance, it has become one of our most treasured destinations. We continue to maintain the White Rock Falls Trail along the Blue Ridge Parkway and have participated in numerous projects to assist the U.S. Forest Service, the National Park Service and the local communities in and around Nelson County.

Closer to home, we remain very active in our local city, county and state parks where we have built and maintain walking trails, lead hikes, assist in construction projects and participate in community events. TATC has over 450 members strong and continues to grow through social media and community outreach programs. While our primary goal is to support and maintain our modest section of the A.T., we strive to promote good stewardship of the land through our efforts locally and in the George Washington National Forest. We owe our thanks to that group of folks who met in a barn, formed the Tidewater Appalachian Trail Club, obtained the right to maintain a section of the Appalachian Trail, and led the way for those who have followed in their path.

Douglas Lee Putman Memorial Cabin

With a generous memorial gift from the Putman family in 1978, 15 acres of land was purchased on the wooded western slope of Entry Mountain just off the crest of the Blue Ridge. Construction of the TATC cabin began in the winter of 1979. Rocks and trees were harvested from the hillsides to build the cabin and through the dedication and hard work of scores of volunteers continued until its completion in the early 1980s. Many improvements and additions have been made in the 40+ years since then, but it remains the rustic retreat built and treasured by TATC.

TIDEWATER APPALACHIAN TRAIL CLUB

50 Years of Accomplishments

The following are trails, projects and events TATC members over the past 50 years have either participated in or assisted in developing, promoting, constructing, maintaining or managing.

Alaska Trip	Hoopla (Nelson County)
American Discovery Trail Society (founding member)	Konnarock Crews
American Hiking Society (first club affiliate)	Leave No Trace Workshops
Appalachian Trail	Love Mountain Festival
AT Communities Program	Mau-Har Trail
AT MEGA-Transect Program	MeetUp Site
ATC Local Management Plan	Merchants Millpond State Park
Back Bay National Wildlife Refuge	National Trails Days
Backpacking for Women Workshop	New Mexico Trip
Beginning Backpacker and Hike Leader Workshops	New Quarter Park
Bicycle Trips	New Zealand Trip
Cabin Fever Event at New Quarter Park	Newport News City Park
Canoeing/Kayaking/Rafting Trips	Newport News Fall Festival
Chippokes State Park	Noland Trail
Cornwall/London Trip	Northwest River Park
Co-hosted 1987, 1999 & 2011 Biennial Conferences	Okefenokee Swamp Trips
Cross-Cut Saw and Chainsaw Certifications	Paradise Creek Nature Park
Doo-Dah Parade	Pipsico Red Trail
Douglas Lee Putman Memorial Cabin	Portsmouth Island Trips
False Cape State Park	Rappelling
Facebook Site	Sandy Bottom Nature Park
First Aid/CPR	St. Mary's Wilderness
First Landing State Park	TATC Website, Facebook , Meetup and Display Board
First Sweet Smelling Toilet (SST)	The Chocolate Hike
Fisherman Island National Wildlife Refuge	The Tuesday Group
Freezeree Trips	Tye River Relocation Project
Grand Tetons Trip	Tye River Suspension Bridge
Great Dismal Swamp National Wildlife Refuge	Volunteer Leadership Workshops
Happy Hiker Hour	Waller Mill Park
HikaNation Host	White Rock Falls Trail
Hike Across Maryland	Wilderness First Aid Classes
Hiking/Backpacking Trips	Winter Wildlife Festival (Virginia Beach)
Hoffler Creek Wildlife Preserve	York River State Park
Hosted 1990 & 2001 Southern Regional Multi-Club	Yorktown Historical Park

TATC History Timeline

1971

- Herb Coleman and Walton Vaughn drive to Washington, D.C. to visit Col. Les Holmes, ATC Executive Director, to find out how to start an AT Club
- George Ambrose is Acting TATC President.

1972

- Bill Baldwin is TATC's 1st Elected President
- TATC Dues were \$5.00 & \$ 7.50. Required: Sponsorship & 1 hike per year.
- First meeting held, March 27, 1972
- First TATC hike to mountains (Reeds Gap to the top of the Priest)
- TATC becomes a Class B Trail Club – with 9.78 miles of trail to maintain

1973

- Bill Gibbings becomes TATC's 2nd President
- TATC has approximately 50 members & began to meet at Kempsville Library.
- TATC gets Section of Appalachian Trail from NBATC
- 2nd National Symposium on Trails in Colorado
- TATC Club Patches available for \$2.50 each
- TATC becomes a Class A Trail Club

1974

- Phelps Hobart TATC's 3rd President
- Ed Page holds first Adirondack winter trip
- Meetings at TCC
- Cabin fund established
- USFS buys 85 acres of land near Harpers Creek area from Emery Fitzgerald
- USFS notifies TATC that 2.3 miles of trail in our AT section will be relocated
- Virginia AT Trail Clubs Meeting, Arcadia, VA
- Membership at about 100

1975

- USFS builds Swinging Bridge over Tye River
- Cabins Committee meets to "establish a plan for the acquisition of a cabin"
- TATC Members appear on AM Tidewater TV
- Paul Russell - 2nd Member to complete AT
- ATC Conference Boone NC, 24 members attend
- TATC Participates in 2nd Annual Neptune Festival
- Judy Kernell begins annual Dismal Swamp treks

1976

- Charlie Gillie TATC's 4th President
- Meetings moved to Church of the Advent
- Susan Gail Arey completes the A.T.
- Carol Ann Hornsby & Ed Smith married 12/18/1976 the club's first recorded romance
- Snowshoe Hiking in the Adirondacks Charlie Gillie, Otey Shelton, Fess Green, Jimmy Miller & Pete Williams

1977

- Jacquie Jenkins TATC's 5th President
- TATC Dismal Swamp Committee formed & Fess Green is named the Chair.
- TATC holds first Hike Leaders' Workshop
- ATC Conference in Shepherdstown, WV
- TATC's first trail blazing trip
- Virginia Trails Association meeting at Douthat State Park

1977

- TATC paints blazes on new trail in Merchants Mill Pond State Park
- Dismal Swamp exploratory trips
- Search begins for a circuit hike route connecting to TATC's section of the A.T.
- Call from Mrs. Putman to Jacque Jenkins, offer of funds to build cabin
- TATC conducts exploratory hike to reestablish the Whetstone Ridge Trail

1978

- Mike Ashe TATC's 6th President
- Articles of Incorporation received.
- Otey Shelton leads 12 TATC members on a ski trip to Canaan Valley
- Survey of Mau-Har Trail route completed
- Pilot Reporter and Photographer accompany TATC conducting maintenance on the A.T.

1978

- Construction on the Mau-Har Trail begins
- TATC accepts gift from Mrs. Phyllis A. Putman for land and a cabin
- TATC establishes a committee to develop a Local Trails Guide
- The Mau-Har Trail is completed
- First Official Circuit Hike of the Mau-Har Trail

1979

- Otey Shelton TATC's 7th President
- TATC acquires 15 acres of land for cabin. Price: \$5,500.
- Cabin construction begins
- Exploratory Trips into Dismal Swamp
- 2nd Annual April Fools Parade
- Cabin foundation poured
- ATC Conference Carabassett, Maine
- First stones of the cabin are laid, outhouse built, spring cleared

1980

- Stihl donates chain-saw to TATC
- American Hiking Society's HikaNation begins in San Francisco
- ATC Operation Walk Through – All AT Clubs work their AT Sections
- Cabin stone walls rise to 'plate level', black locust logs felled

1981

- Reese Lukei becomes TATC's 8th President
- ATC Conference at Western Carolina University in Cullowhee NC
- HikaNation Hikers enter Illinois
- HikaNation Hikers enter Virginia
- Annual Spring Thing
- HikaNation reaches Cape Henlopen, Delaware
- TATC Ridgerunner program begun - May to August

1981

- TATC gains tax-exempt status from IRS
- PM Magazine films TATC on the Appalachian Trail and at the cabin construction site
- Cabin stone work finished and Ridgepole in place, rafters going up
- TATC participates in Neptune Grand Parade and in Bay Days Celebration

1982

- Last of cabin rafters put in place.
- TATC barbecues 2000 chickens for Norfolk's 300th Birthday Celebration
- Jerry Cobleigh completes the A.T.
- Official Cabin Dedication
- Loft floor added to cabin, roof is tar papered, doors & shutters installed
- TATC hikes in Oyster Bowl Parade
- TATC 10th Anniversary
- TATC trails divided into sections for trail maintenance

TATC History Timeline

1983

- John Folsom TATC's 9th President
- TATC Becomes AHS Affiliate
- Cabin broken into in late February, minor damage, roof shingled
- Cabin floor work is completed, cabin rentals begin
- ATC Conference in New Platz, NY
- Relocation of AT around Wintergreen

1984

- Herb Coleman TATC's 10th President
- TATC begins trips for canoeing, rafting, caving, rappelling, & skiing.
- Cabin windows installed, bunks built and landscaping work
- Members assist in removal of wreckage from plane crash on Three Ridges
- TATC Ridge Runner Program continues

1985

- New Privy at Maupin Field
- Interior work at the cabin (bunks, screens, cabinets, painting, insulating) & front deck
- TATC members assist Konnarock Crew & ODATC to relocate the AT around Wintergreen Ski Area
- ATC Conference in Poultney, VT
- Life Membership Card #1 is issued
- Quarterly beginning backpacking seminars start

1986

- John Folsom becomes TATC's 11th President
- Construction work on the cabin BBQ pit and patio
- TATC holds its first photo contest to provide pictures for its first yearly club calendar

1987

- "The Big Event" is held at Lynchburg College. TATC is one of the host clubs for AT Conference and is in charge of Excursions.
- Inside walls of the cabin were plastered smooth and eventually painted white
- TATC trail assessment completed with ATC
- TATC issues its first yearly club calendar

1988

- Bill Rogers TATC's 12th President
- TATC constructs bridge and steps in N.W. River Park
- TATC works with Konnarock Crew on Three Ridges
- TATC helps Konnarock Crew and ODATC's trail relocation
- Reese and Melinda Lukei receive two awards, the James A. Kern from AHS and the National Conservation Awards from the DAR

1989-1991

- Rick Hancock TATC 13th President
- Open House - 10th Anniversary Cabin Celebration
- 1989 ATC Conference Stroudsburg, PA
- TATC hosts Multi-Club Meeting at Sherando
- Maxie Campbell's property purchased by the USFS. TATC dismantles the old hunter's cabin
- 1991 ATC Conference Williamstown, MA

1992

- Mike Brewer TATC 14th President
- TATC celebrates 20-year Anniversary at Grand Affairs.
- TATC works Red Trail in Pipsico Boy Scout Reservation
- Mau-Har Trail Founder Dies
- Tye River Footbridge rebuilt with help of Konnarock & USFS.
- Bill Newsom long-time head of Cabin Committee moves to Florida, Bob Adkisson takes his spot

1993

- ATC Conference "Deep South '93" at North Georgia College in Dahlonega, GA
- TATC helps with Bay Trail renovations at Back Bay National Wildlife Refuge
- Charlie Park Completes the A.T.
- 25th Anniversary of National Trails System Act

1994

- Bob Giffin TATC's 15th President
- Tuesday Group is formed
- TATC builds trails at Sandy Bottom Nature Park
- Sweet Smelling Toilet (SST) built at Harper's Creek Shelter.
- TATC works on 5-Mile Red Trail in Pipsico Boy Scout Reservation

1995

- New roof on Harper's Creek Shelter.
- TATC dismantles bridge and reroutes the Mau-Har Trail
- New wood cook stove installed in cabin
- TATC adopts Osmanthus Trail at First Landing State Park.
- TATC completes 5-Mile Red Trail in Pipsico Boy Scout Reservation

1995

- ATC Conference at James Madison University in Harrisburg, VA
- TATC cabin gets a face-lift; new flooring, new cookstove, & new picnic area
- Steve Babor became new Cabin Committee Chairman
- Old cabin floor removed and replaced with tongue & groove planks.

1996

- Ned Kuhns TATC's 16th President
- TATC members snowbound at the TATC Cabin
- ADT Society Group Formed
- Hurricane Fran strikes and closes Blue Ridge Parkway
- New paint on cabin walls & baseboards

1997

- Sweet Smelling Toilet (SST) installed at Maupin Field
- TATC first trail maintaining club to sign MOU with ATC.
- TATC enters hyper-space – first TATC Website
- TATC celebrates its 25th year at Grand Affairs.
- ATC Conference in Bethel Maine, forty-five TATC members attend, eight members climbed Mt Katahdin afterwards

1998

- Ken Isaac TATC's 17th President
- Two severe ice storms hit the AT; TATC clears over 500 trees off the AT in six weeks.
- Reese Lukei – Vibram Volunteer of the Year for Virginia
- TATC Outdoor Gear Exhibit

TATC History Timeline

1999

- Jim Sexton becomes TATC's 18th President
- TATC members participate in hiker rescue from Three Ridges.
- TATC Cabin gets new roof.
- TATC cohosts ATC Biennial Conference in Radford VA
- 20th Anniversary of the Mau-Har Trail

1999

- Bill Rogers elected to the ATC Board of Governors
- Reese Lukei awarded Honorary ATC Life Membership
- Bill Rogers – Vibram Volunteer of the Year
- Tropical Storms Dennis and Hurricane Floyd hit and TATC clears the A.T.

2000

- Pat Parker presented the Virginia Outstanding Volunteer Service Award
- Maupin Field tent platforms & fire rings installed
- Konnarock Crew at Humpback Rocks
- SRMC Meeting in Nantahala NC includes a Hiker Rescue
- Governor's Conference - Greenways & Blueways
- Three Ridges declared a Wilderness
- Otey Shelton & Bill Rogers on ATC 75th Honor Role

2001

- Ken Isaac TATC's 19th President
- TATC gains responsibility for trails in the St. Mary's Wilderness Area.
- Loft rails in the cabin are replaced
- New TATC website; tidewateratc.com
- ATC Conference in Shippensburg, PA
- TATC hosts the 2001 Multi-Club Meeting

2002

- New tent pads constructed in camping areas at Harpers Creek & Maupin Fields.
- TATC raises dues to \$20 / \$30 new & \$15 / \$25 renewal.
- First Annual Valentine's Day (Chocolate) Hike on the Noland Trail
- TATC takes pledges at WHRO-TV
- TATC Banquet to Celebrate 30th Year held at Sandy Bottom Nature Park
- Certificate of Appreciation from Newport News Parks

2002

- Rescue of Boy Scout from the Mau-Har Trail
- Konnarock installs rock steps on Bee Mountain.
- Work on new outhouse for the cabin begins
- 2nd Annual TATC Cook-Off
- TATC holds Trip Leadership Training
- TATC dinner club group formed by Mike Mureddu

2003

- Rosanne Scott becomes TATC's 20th President
- Ned Kuhns completes the A.T.
- ATC Conference in Waterville Valley, NH
- New cabin outhouse completed
- Hurricane Isabel strikes

2004

- Celebration held at the Cabin for 25th Anniversary
- July Swap & Shop, Cooking Contest and Silent Auction
- U.S. Geological Survey changes name of 'Reeds' Gap to 'Reids Gap'
- Konnarock and TATC work on the Tye River A.T. Relocation

2005

- Bill Lynn 21st President
- ATC Conference in Johnson City, TN
- TATC completes Trail Sections 4-8 in New Quarter Park.
- John Donovan missing on the PCT
- Sandy Bottom Nature Park Special Recognition Award
- Work continues on the Tye River Trail Relocation
- TATC receives Resolution/ Certificate of Appreciation from York County

2006

- Body of John Donovan found
- 2006 AT Regional Campout sponsored by Nantahala Hiking Club
- Merchants Millpond – S'mores Contest
- Reese Lukei named Conservationist of the Year by Back Bay Restoration Foundation
- TATC receives Volunteer Award from Virginia Recreation and Park Society, Inc.

2007-2008

- Mark Wenger TATC's 22nd President
- ATC Conference at Ramapo College
- TATC Completes Trail Section 9 in New Quarter Park
- TATC, SCA and Konnarock work on Tye River Trail Relocation
- Donation in memory of John Donovan used to build the cabin picnic shelter
- Dewey Phelps receives 1,000 Hour Trail Maintenance Award

2009

- Phyllis Neumann 23rd President
- Bear Poles installed at Maupin Field
- Park Service creates an improved gravel parking area at White Rock Gap
- ATC Conference in Castleton VT
- Konnarock trail rehab project near Hanging Rocks
- Promotional TATC Video Produced

2010-2011

- Grand Opening of Appalachian Trail Museum
- Continuation of Konnarock trail rehab project near Hanging Rocks
- Virginia Appalachian Trail License Plate program begins
- ATC Conference at Emory & Henry College in Emory, VA

2012

- Jim Newman becomes TATC's 24th President
- TATC Member Mark Wenger becomes Executive Director of ATC
- TATC Celebrates 40th Anniversary at Grand Affairs in Virginia Beach
- TATC and Konnarock work the AT from Reids Gap to Meadow Mtn

2012

- TATC clears blowdowns from 2012 Derecho
- TATC Members attend Trail Community Ceremony in Monson, Maine
- Nelson County, VA, designated as an Appalachian Trail Community
- Harpers Creek Shelter re-roofed

TATC History Timeline

2013

- Nelson County Trail Daze
- 75th Anniversary of Back Bay National Wildlife Refuge
- ATC's Conference in Cullowhee, NC
- Paradise Creek Nature Park Opens

2014

- Mark Wenger becomes TATC's 25th President
- TATC Okefenokee National Wildlife Refuge Swamp Trip
- Long time club member Lillian Benson passes away
- TATC trail maintainer Tom Reed passes away

2015

- Virginia State Parks name Bruce Julian the Volunteer of the Year for 2015
- Walk Across Maryland
- TATC Garlic Mustard Pull
- ATC Conference in Winchester, VA
- 8th Annual TATC Triathlon

2016

- Juliet Stephenson becomes TATC's 26th President
- National Park Service 100th Anniversary
- Last hardcopy TATC Newsletter
- Mau-Har Trail re-blazed
- Deb and Mark Ripka complete the A.T.
- Article on TATC in Distinction Magazine, October 2016

2016

- TATC Screening of Grandma Gatewood Movie
- TATC and the Southern Appalachian Wilderness Stewards (SAWS) work in the St. Marys Wilderness
- Annual TATC Auction
- Leonard Dewey Phelps, Jr. passes
- Jacqueline P. Jenkins passes

2017

- TATC and SAWS - St. Marys Work Trip
- TATC Thru Hiker Panel at Green Flash Brewery
- Reese Lukei presented the American Trails' Hornbeck Lifetime Service Award
- ATC Conference Colby College
- Bruce Julian receives President's Award from National Association of State Parks in Missoula Montana.

2018

- Jim Newman and Juliet Stephenson participate in 'Hike the Hill' in D.C.
- TATC Cabin Periwinkle Removal
- Milton Beale and Mark Ferguson presented with Golden Pulaski Awards
- TATC Adopts a Firearms Policy
- TATC at Newport News Fall Festival
- TATC works clearing blowdowns caused by a November storm

2019

- Rosanne Scott Cary 27th President
- TATC builds a new trail in FLSP
- SAWS Project in St. Marys Wilderness
- TATC Trips to England, Alaska & New Zealand
- TATC participates in Hoopla 2019
- TATC, ATC VARO, NBATC, ODATC & USFS cut down 105 hazard trees at Maupin Field

2020

- TATC at Virginia Beach Winter Wildlife Festival
- All club events cancelled except for Zoom meetings due to COVID
- Margaret Emily Crate passes
- First FLSP Maintenance since COVID Shut-Down
- Bill Newsom passes
- Jim Newman – RPC Volunteer of the Year
- TATC Day in the Park at First Landing State Park

2021

- Lee Lohman 28th President
- Tye River Ridgerunner – Mia Fernandez
- First 'Live' General Meeting since COVID, at Portsmouth City Park
- TATC participates in Coastal Beach Clean-Up at FLSP
- TATC participates at FLSP Fall Fest
- TATC's 1st Day in the Park
- Mark Ferguson passes
- Marilyn Horvath passes

2022

- TATC Plants Trees at Ocean View Elementary School for 50th Project
- TATC Day in the Park and Chili Contest in Newport News Park
- 40th Anniversary of Dedication of Douglas Putman Memorial Cabin
- 2022 Tye River Ridgerunner-Katie Steele
- Damascus Trail Center Opens
- TATC 50th Anniversary Celebration

2022

- TATC caches 2nd Time Capsule in the club cabin
- Crosscut saw certification training/ testing sessions at Sherando
- TATC received certificate of appreciation from the Commonwealth of Virginia and was nominated by Virginia State Parks as a Volunteer Group of the Year
- TATC members attend 'Hazard Trees' courses given by USFS

Early Club History

Beginning History of TATC

In 1971 Herb Coleman, and a friend, Walton Vaughan, from Hanover County, drove to Washington D.C. and spent the day with Col. Les Holmes, Executive Director of the ATC, to find out how they could start a hiking club in Tidewater Virginia. Col. Holmes suggested that Herb give a talk about the trail and if he could get a group interested in starting a club Col. Holmes would come down and take part in the official opening of that club.

Herb then put an ad in the paper advertising that there would be a discussion on the Appalachian Trail at the Barn, a community center located in the College Park area of Virginia Beach. Herb gave some introductory remarks to the thirty or forty people who were there, he got a discussion going and a few people stayed to discuss "how to" get a club started.

From these people, a group formed who began to have regular monthly meetings. They were George Ambrose, Bill Newsom, Bill Nelson, Kate Nelson, Bill Gibbings, Joyce Gibbings, Herb Coleman, and Bill Baldwin. Although at first there was no chairman, they agreed to meet monthly and first they met at George Ambrose's picture gallery shop. Then at the and then at Kempsville Library. That summer it was decided that George Ambrose would act as interim president and the group discussed finding a purpose or aim for the club. There were many different views offered. Some wanted a group of able-bodied hikers who could take a tough hike, while others wanted to include walkers, as well as hikers, each to his own. Sometime in 1972 two more members became active. Charlie Gillie and Andy Simpson had joined the group and contributed to the formation of the club.

In spite of differing opinions, they managed to write by-laws and a constitution. When they had come to an agreement on these things, they asked Col. Les Holmes to award them a class "B" status. This was done April 6, 1972. That date was the beginning. There was an installation dinner held at the Lone Pine Restaurant at the corner of Kempsville and Newton Road to officially install the officers and Col. Les Holmes did come down to officiate.

They were allowed to do maintaining but were not actually assigned mileage of their own. They realized that if they didn't have assigned mileage, they would not be a full-fledged "A" status member of ATC. While doing maintenance work, they noticed that a part of the mileage assigned to the Natural Bridge Club needed more attention and they hoped to get that assigned to them.

Continued

So, on January 6, 1973, Bill Newsom, Secretary of the TATC, wrote to Col. Les Holmes and asked how the club might proceed to gain some of this trail mileage. Then followed nine more letters between TATC, the Natural Bridge Club, and the ATC. Finally on September 20, 1973, ATC Officially notified the TATC that 9.78 miles, previously assigned to the Natural Bridge Club, were now assigned to the Tidewater group. This was done on the provision that the TATC could handle the maintaining, if not, the mileage was to be returned to the Natural Bridge Club. The TATC was now an official "A" status member of the Appalachian Trail Conference.



Bill Baldwin with Jacque Jenkins

Club History in Review

By Herb Coleman

In the winter of 1972, Virginia Beach's former Bay Camping Recreational Vehicle and Camping Accessory Store sent representatives to Washington to discuss with the late Les Holmes (then Executive Director of the Appalachian Trail Conference) about forming a Tidewater affiliated A.T. Club. In spite of the distance to the mountains, Les as well as the organizing committee became so interested and helpful that Acting President George Ambrose and Organizer Herb Coleman (with visits by Mr. Holmes, helpful newspaper announcements, and a mail out letter from Bay Camping) were able to muster some thirty prospects by April 27th for the first gathering in the Virginia Beach College Park Barn Auditorium

It was Go from the start with enthusiasm! Herb Colman, Ray Levesque, Bill and Kate Nelson are the only original members carry overs. By Fall of 1972 the original Constitution and By Laws were drafted and approved, Bill Baldwin our first elected President was installed; the first day hike into Sea Shore State Park and some fifteen stout-hearted souls took their mountain backpacking trek from Reids Gap over Three Ridges and the Priest. What a First! Membership grew rapidly (many whom are still active) as well as enlarged meeting halls; the Norfolk YMCA, Kempsville Branch Library, VB Tidewater Community College, and Finally to the Ocean View St. Adens Episcopal Church Fellowship Hall in 1977 when the toll was removed from the Hampton Roads Bridge Tunnel

The first banquet was held at the former Virginia Beach Lone Pine Restaurant in the spring of 1973 with the proper out of town A.T. dignitaries present. With hard follow up work and negotiations, our club gained Class A status by September 1973 and was assigned Caretaker trail maintenance responsibilities of some ten miles of A.T. trail between Reed's Gap and the Tye River, thanks to the Natural Bridge Chapter who gave up the mileage.

Much more can be said perhaps in later articles about our many dedicated workers past and present members, officers, and club accomplishments. We would, however, like to recognize our former presidents:

Jan. To July 1972 - George Ambrose (Acting)

1972-1973 - 1 year – Bill Baldwin

1973/74 – 1 year – Bill Gibbings

1974/75 - 2 years - Phelps Hobart

1976 – 1 year - Charlie Gillie

1977 – 1 year Jacque Jenkins

1978 - 1 year – Mike Ashe

1979/80 - 2 years - Otey Shelton

1981/82 – 2 years – Reese Lukei

1983 – 1 year – John Folsom

"Facts" supplied to this article by our club Historian, Frances King



**Former Club President and Founding
Member Herb Coleman
Water-proofing a Bench for the Cabin**



**May 1984 - Ex-President Charlie Gillie
Rappelling at Old Rag**



**March 1997- Herb Coleman and Jacque Jenkins
at TATC's 25th Anniversary Banquet**



**May 1978 - Bill Nelson, Jacque Jenkins
and Kate Nelson at a TATC Banquet**



**Yvonne Carignan and Ray Lavesque
TATC Banquet - May 1978**



Ray Levesque and Otey Shelton - 1979

Early Club History

(Most of the following information was collected by a former club historian (the late Barbara Kledzik) in the fall of 2002; she interviewed all the founding members of the club that she could locate, got them to reminisce, tried to keep them on subject, and wrote the following account - only slightly edited by me, Bob Adkisson)

In 1971 Herb Coleman and Walton Vaughn (a friend from Hanover County) drove to Washington, D.C. to visit Col. Les Holmes, Executive Director of the Appalachian Trail Conference; they wanted to find out how they could start a hiking club in Tidewater Virginia. Col. Holmes suggested that Herb give a talk about the A.T. and, if he could get a group interested in forming a club, he'd come down and take part in the official inauguration.

Herb put an ad in the paper, advertising that there would be a discussion about the A.T. at The Barn, a community center located in the College Park area of Virginia Beach. Herb gave some introductory remarks to the 30 or 40 people who showed up, then a discussion followed, including "how to" get a local club started.

From this beginning, a group formed, and regular monthly meetings were held. These founding members were: George Ambrose, Bill Newsom, Bill and Kate Nelson, Bill and Joyce Gibbings, Bill Baldwin, and Herb Coleman. Although at first there was no chairman, they agreed to meet monthly, first at George Ambrose's picture gallery shop, then at the YMCA, and then at the Kempsville Library. That summer it was decided that George Ambrose would act as interim president, and the group discussed finding a purpose or aim for the club. Some wanted a group of able-bodied hikers who could take a tough hike, while others wanted to include more casual walkers—each to his own. Sometime in 1972 two more members became active in the group and contributed to the formation of the club: Andy Simpson and Charlie Gillie.

In spite of differing opinions, the group managed to write by-laws and a constitution. When they came to an agreement on these things, they asked Col. Holmes to award them a class "B" status in the A.T.C. This was done, April 6, 1972. That date was the beginning. There was a dinner and ceremony, held at the Lone Pine Restaurant in Kempsville, to install the new club officers; Col. Holmes did indeed come down from Washington to officiate.

The new club was allowed to do maintenance work on the A.T., but was not actually assigned any mileage or section of its own. The club soon realized—the only way for it to become a full fledged, class "A" status member of the Conference was to get its own section of the A.T., mileage for which it would be officially responsible.

Continued ...

While doing maintenance work on part of the trail assigned to the Natural Bridge Club (a fairly small club, responsible for about 100 miles of the A.T.), they noticed a section needing more attention than it seemed to be getting. On January 6, 1973, Bill Newsom, Secretary of the TATC, wrote to Col. Holmes and asked how the club might proceed to gain some of this trail mileage. There followed nine more letters between TATC, the Natural Bridge Club, an ATC concerning the matter and, on September 20 of that same year, our club was officially assigned 9.78 miles of the A.T.—from route 56 and the Tye River north, over Three Ridges Mtn., to Reeds Gap along the Blue Ridge Parkway (at about the same time, the Old Dominion A.T. Club, out of the Richmond, Va. area, was also assigned a portion of the trail previously maintained by the Natural Bridge Club, the section immediately to the north of ours—15 plus miles from Reeds Gap to Rockfish Gap). This was done on the provision that the TATC could handle the maintenance and responsibility entrusted to it. If it couldn't, the mileage would be returned to the Natural Bridge Club.

Our club now had class "A" status within the ATC, was one of approximately 31 clubs whose official duty it was to care for and maintain a specific section the 2,174 mile Appalachian Trail, running from Springer Mtn, Georgia to Mt. Katahdin, Maine.

And here we are, 40 years later, still maintaining our section of the Trail! Maintaining and improving it - not to mention lengthening and re-routing it - while at the same time looking for and accepting other trail maintenance responsibilities in the area (building and maintaining the Mau-Har Trail, maintaining the White Rock Falls Trail (which is adjacent of our club's cabin), and taking on the various trails within the St Mary's River Wilderness, just to the south). All this in addition to local trails here in the Tidewater area that we maintain. We've come a long way, baby!

Post Script Note: I came across a copy of one of the letters sent from our club secretary to Col. Holmes, back in the spring of 1973. Turns out our club made a specific request to take on maintenance of a different, and much longer, section of the A.T. than that which we were eventually granted. We asked to be given the 25 mile section of the trail from the Tye River SOUTH to route 60 (across the summit of the Priest, past Spy Rock, over Tar Jacket, Cole, and Bald Mtns)—quite a bold request for a young, unproven club to make!

Search for Original Members

Saturday, November 9, 2002, George Ambrose, Bill Gibbings, Bill Nelson, Herb Coleman, and Barbara Kledzik, Historian, met at Herb's house to finalize the list of original founding members of the Tidewater Appalachian Trail Club.

Herb and Bill Nelson met with Barbara twice before that year, once in the spring and once on October 26th. Both men had plans to travel so we had to meet while they were in the area, we were not sure when each of the early members joined the group so we asked Bill Gibbings and George Ambrose to join us. Most of the very early club meetings had been at George Ambrose's office which was a small space and it was felt that he'd have a good memory of those events. Bill Gibbings is somewhat younger than the others and it was also thought that he would have a good memory of those meetings.

First, we decided that those considered to be original founding members would be those that joined in the first two years that actually worked toward getting the club Class "A" status. This work was done in late 1972 and by January 1973.

We had been given "B" Status in April 6, 1972 and at that point the Club could do maintaining work, but did not actually have trail miles assigned to them. The Natural Bridge Club had 26 miles extending as far north as Reids Gap and the Tidewater group hoped that some of those miles would be assigned to them.

Those who were active from the first in 1971 were; George Ambrose, Bill Newsom, Bill Gibbings, Joyce Gibbings, Bill Nelson, Kate Nelson, Herb Coleman and Bill Baldwin. In the second year, Charlie Gillie and Andy Simpson joined the group and were active in helping the club to be assigned Class "A" status. It was learned that ATC had an archivist and we requested we'd like to learn whatever records they might have concerning our attempts to become a club. We gave approximate dates that this would have occurred. We received copies of the letters that had been written between TATC, Natural Bridge Club, and the ATC in order that an agreement could be reached. From these letters we have the actual dates of the process. The first letter was written by Bill Newsom, Secretary of the TATC, on January 6, 1973. It was on September 20, 1973 that ATC notified the TATC that it was an 'A' Status Club and that 9.78 miles were assigned to them to maintain, providing that the club was able to do the maintenance. In the event that the TATC could not do the maintenance, the miles would revert to the Natural Bridge Club.

In addition to inquiring of these known early members. We tried to include others by advertising in the paper. We also tried to locate some who had moved away and Bill Newsom responded by mail from Florida; Kate Nelson and Joyce Gibbings felt their husbands could speak for them. We could not locate Bill Baldwin or Andy Simpson and Charlie Gillie died this last January 2002. There is included in this collection, copies of the letters written between the ATC and clubs to get permission to an "A" Status club.

Continued

The Original Founding Members were:

1971

George Ambrose

Bill Newsom

Bill Nelson

Kate Nelson

Bill Gibbings

Joyce Gibbings

Herb Coleman

Bill Baldwin

1972

Charlie Gillie

Andy Simpson



Bill Nelson—1975

Odds and Ends - The Early Years of the Club

By Bob Adkisson

As TATC historian, I have been perusing some of the early newsletters from the first half dozen years of the club, and I've stumbled upon several interesting bits of information - ways of doing things, requirements and practices; a few of which we might want to start encouraging again.

One reason I say this is because many people have noticed, and commented on the fact, that in the last few years our club doesn't seem to be offering as many hikes and activities as it once did. Is this due to the 'graying' of the club, or a simple lack of volunteerism among its many members? Or is it both?

In the Club's Feb., 1974 Newsletter, following the hike schedule (which, in a 3 month period - Feb. thru April - had 9 overnight hikes listed, as well as 8 local day hikes), this brief paragraph can be found: "Additional Hiking-- the club is not limited to the hike schedule. There will be changes; hopefully more hikes. The several new members who have volunteered to lead hikes are to be commended; **each member, new or old, should attempt to lead one hike each quarter** [emphasis added]. This way there will be more scheduled hiking opportunities and the groups will remain small."

That is certainly an interesting, even a challenging idea - to encourage (to all but require) every member of the club to step forward and lead a couple of hikes every year! It certainly wouldn't do any harm to encourage everyone to do this - that is for sure.

I remember years ago when there were about half a dozen very active and involved (and celebrated) club members who seemed to lead the bulk of the club hikes, especially local hikes, people like Ray Kernell, Luis Seuc, Lillian Benson, Andy Armano, and Marilyn Horvath. These people either aren't with us anymore, or have simply had to cut back because of age or circumstance. Sadly, few have stepped forward to take their place.

At one of the recent Board Meetings this was discussed, and many of the members vowed to personally make an effort to lead a couple of hikes a year. It is something all members can do and should consider. Bill Rogers has written educational hand-outs about the subject of being a trip leader, with advice and how-to information; you can find this material on the club website; you can ask counselors for advice at any club meeting; you can get more involved in the club.

The phenomenon of the Tuesday Group is proof that there is a huge interest in getting together and participating in local outdoor activities.

Continued

I believe the Tuesday Group originally formed to take some of the pressure off of the usual weekend trips that people led—that and to give retired members an activity in mid week to enjoy. What seems to have happened though, over the course of several years now, is that weekend trips have dried up (unless it is a local work trip) and participation in the Tuesday Group activities have at times skyrocketed (38 people on a recent 9 mile hike in First Landing State Park; usually 25 or so folks on some of the 25 mile long bike rides around the area; 20 people on various paddle trips on the local waters).



Luis Seuc & Stan Pearson - Assembling a Bunk

It seems obvious to me that the interest and numbers are there and that an off shoot of the Tuesday Group would be successful—something like: a **Saturday Group!** It would require a volunteer to handle the email scheduling component that Ellis Malabad so graciously and conscientiously provides for the Tuesday Group, and it would probably need a few months to build interest and develop a following like the mid-week group. Like the Tuesday Group, it too would need interested members to step forward and volunteer to lead the trips as well, but, especially for local day trips like these, this is not hard or onerous duty, and most of the participants will be (or soon will be) regulars, new friends, not a pack of strangers. I am sure that Ellis, and Phyllis Neumann, would be glad to offer, to anyone interested, a bit of advice and encouragement on how to get a Saturday Group in the works.

Continued

In its first few years the club was very much work-centered, all about the maintenance work on the A.T., and on a few of the local trails that the club built and for which it took responsibility. And, back then, you couldn't just join the club, you actually had to be vouched for by a member, had to be sponsored, had to prove you were able to do the work and backpack, prove your mettle. It seemed to be a requirement too that all members participate in at least one work trip per year. I don't support or believe that the club needs to screen potential new members, or require sponsorship, but that last one would be a good one to at least encourage again—all members should make the effort to participate in at least one work trip of some sort every year.

The club also had backpacking awards, in which members who were interested had to backpack 100 hours in a calendar year (though you could only credit a maximum of 3 hours of hiking for any one day—which means you had to backpack at least 33 days a year to earn the award), all the while carrying at least 10% of their body weight. The club also set itself goals like this (taken from the April / May 1977 Newsletter): “10,000 Miles..... Lets not forget TATC's stated goal for 1977—to hike 10,000 miles—to show our support for trails in general and the AT in particular. The Hike Master is keeping a log and every member is requested to enter the necessary information about his or her hike.” All the hiking all the members did over the course of a year was recorded and tallied, with the goal of reaching and exceeding the 10,000 mile mark. This information was I believe relayed to various state and federal officials so that they'd know the interest and need was there and they'd be more willing to support trails and wilderness and parks.

Also of note: I see where the first club 2,000 miler was a young man named Paul Russell (19) of Chesapeake; he apparently completed the A.T. in 1975, having walked 1,500 miles of it in 1974. (Now our club claims 28 members - or former members - who have completed the whole A.T.)

In 1974 the club boasted 100 members, and that is the year Judy Kernell joined TATC (having just attended the same Outward Bound School in Table Rock, N.C. that I did). She served on the newly formed Dismal Swamp Committee and that year began hiking in the refuge (for years Judy led a Thanksgiving weekend hike across the swamp, usually lasting Friday thru Sunday). I also see where Ed Page, in 1974, started the tradition of leading a winter hike in the Adirondack Mountains of upstate New York. The late Otey Shelton joined the club in 1974 and in the latter half of the decade became the annual coordinator of this trip. Marilyn Horvath, Reese Lukei, Mal Higgins, and Pat Strong all first joined the club about 1974 (all are still members).

Also in the seminal year of 1974 the club established a modest cabin acquisition fund.

Continued ...

Our club has certainly evolved over the years, taken on greater challenges and responsibilities than the original members might ever have imagined. About a mile of our 9.75 mile section used to be on county roads; now it is all off roads, mostly all inside of an officially designated wilderness area. Our section is nearly a mile longer than when we first acquired responsibility for it, and maybe 1/3 of it has been rerouted by the club (mostly from Harpers Creek Shelter to the crossing of route 56). The swinging bridge across the Tye River was built (by the forest service) about 1974, and re-done about 20 years later. Several sections of our trail have remained the same but have undergone an extensive, concentrated reworking, with stone steps and cribbing, etc. The south side of Meadow Mtn. got switchbacks put in, and the old, ugly hunting cabin that used to sit in the gap at Maupin Field was dismantled by the club and hauled away by the forest service. Then of course the club built the Mau-Har Trail, creating a scenic if rugged loop trail with the A.T., and it built our incredible Douglas Putman Cabin. Later we took on responsibility for maintaining the White Rock Falls Trail and all of the trails in the St Mary's River Wilderness. Over the years our club has also lent a lot of help to the Old Dominion Club, who maintain the A.T. just to the north of our section (ODATC has re-routed over half of their section in the last 25 or so years, and many members of our club have helped with that).

We have the experience and the volunteer spirit—let's keep it up!



**April 1990 - Backside of Campbell Cabin at Maupin Field Gap
With a dog kennel and some fencing visible**

Tidewater and the Appalachian Trail

By Fess Green

The following article first appeared in the April / May, 1977 edition of the club's newsletter:

The Tidewater community of Virginia sits at the mouth of Chesapeake Bay surrounded by seashore, sand dunes, and swamps. The average elevation is eight feet above sea level, and the nearest mountains are 200 miles away. It was there, in April of 1972 that the Tidewater Appalachian Trail Club (TATC) was born.

The club began, as many clubs do, with an informal gathering of people who wanted to hike in the mountains. They met at a barn in Chesapeake, agreed on some general operating rules, and conducted their first hike on the Appalachian Trail during the July 4th weekend. One hiker remembers out of 22 people, there were 18 named Bill. They followed the A.T. from Reed's Gap over Three Ridges to the top of the Priest. They liked what they saw and decided then that the object of the club would be to build and maintain a portion of the Appalachian Trail.

A constitution was written and officers were elected so that the club could be recognized officially by the Appalachian Trail Conference located in Washington, D.C. But without a section of the trail to maintain, the club retained a class-B status until the following year. To the amazement of many old timers in established trail clubs, this tiny group of hikers living 200 miles away negotiated and obtained the rights to maintain a 9.6 mile portion of the A.T. from Reed's Gap to the Tye River in the George Washington National Forest. This portion of the trail is still maintained by the TATC today, and TATC holds Class "A" [status] in the conference listing of maintaining clubs.

The Tidewater Appalachian Trail Club has grown to include approximately 250 members. Many of the former officers now serve on the council, and one is a member of the Board of Managers for the Appalachian Trail Conference. The club schedules local hikes and mountain backpacking trips every weekend. Members earn patches by participating in one of at least four maintenance hikes conducted yearly. The club has established a total membership goal of 10,000 miles of hiking this year. The leading hikers may also qualify for the club's distinguished hiker award which is somewhat more demanding than the Presidential Sports Award for backpacking. Three of the club's members have hiked the entire 2,000 miles of the Appalachian Trail, from Maine to Georgia.

A special interest section of the club has been formed to develop local trails in areas such as the Dismal Swamp where no marked trails currently exist. This committee is working with rangers and wildlife technicians in Virginia and North Carolina toward what may be the beginning of a trail system near the east coast.

In April of 1977, the TATC will hold its annual banquet commemorating the fifth year of the club's activities. The accomplishments of the past will give direction to the future as the TATC declares its goals and objectives for the years ahead. Tidewater's commitment to the Appalachian Trail has been firmly established, and its participation in the future is likely to increase. Furthermore, the membership chairman assures us, your name doesn't have to be Bill in order to join.

[Fess Green was a Business Management Professor at ODU. He joined TATC about 1974 and quickly became involved in a number of projects and activities, especially the Dismal Swamp Committee (having recently changed ownership, the Dismal Swamp was now a National Wildlife Refuge). The idea of a trail never really came to fruition (mostly because the land was too often far too wet to support a trail), but over the next few years, the Dismal Swamp Committee slowly morphed into the Local Trails Committee, and was responsible for building trails in Chesapeake's Northwest River Park, Merchant Mill Pond State Park near Gatesville, N.C., and other such endeavors. They also published a Local Trails Guidebook. Fess moved to Boone, N.C. to teach in about 1980, and later taught at Radford. He lost his life in a biking accident in Radford just a few years later.]

Historical Route of the A.T.

By Bob Adkisson

Last July at the A.T. Conservancy's Biennial meeting, held at Ramapo College, N.J., I attended one of the many workshops that were offered. The topic of my workshop was the various, historical routes of the Appalachian Trail, a subject I've long found fascinating.

I tried to squeeze in a Conservancy sponsored hike earlier that same day, and it ran long, so I unfortunately missed the first hour of the discussion. However, I did get to hear about the Trail in Virginia, and picked up a few nuggets of information I'd either never heard before, or that I'd never really taken in fully.

The lecturer was a Mr. Dominy from the Georgia A.T. Club who, on his own, over a long period of time, had scoured countless old guidebooks and maps, and first hand accounts of early trail hikers, trying to get an idea of the many routes, including the original route, the A.T. has taken. In his ongoing quest he'd also conducted many interviews and traveled extensively.

It is simply amazing how many times, and in how many places, the trail route has been changed, originally running many miles from where we find it today. In one sense there is not a single Appalachian Trail, but thousands of them, all but one, the latest version, falling and fading into the weeds of lost memory. They are, as I said once before in an article about this subject, ghost trails-- the original and the subsequent pathways trod by some of the earliest A.T. hikers.

In Virginia I knew, generally, that the original route of the A.T. used to more or less follow the present day course of the Blue Ridge Parkway. Back in the early 1930's, before the Parkway, the mountains were, to an extent, seeing an exodus of people; because of the Depression, many left their hardscrabble farms and homesteads for work in the cities. The government bought some of their land for both the National Parks and Forests.

Back then the mountains were laced with old roads, both public and private, almost all of them dirt or gravel. With the country itself more or less in flux, and the trail builders both few in number and in a hurry, a large portion of the early A.T. naturally, or by force, simply followed the roads.

From Rockfish Gap south the first few miles the A.T. used to follow county road 610, which ran along the ridge crest. Years ago when I first drove this road I noticed a couple of very old, faded A.T. blazes on some of the telephone poles. They may still be visible today.

In the southern section of Shenandoah National Park Mr. Dominy said the original route of the A.T. left the ridgeline near Black Rock Mtn and for several miles followed the present day jeep road beside the N. Fork of the Moorman River; near Charlottesville Reservoir it then ascended another old road, alongside the S. Fork of the Moorman River, returning to the crest and the present day route of the Skyline Drive at Jarman Gap. I'd hiked both these roads several times and it was a revelation to me that they were once the route of the A.T. How cool!

(In fact, in Oct of 1973, my very first hike on the A.T. had been from Rockfish Gap north to just beyond Black Rock Mtn. I'd then turned south and followed the fire road along the Moorman River's north fork, down to Charlottesville Reservoir and a friend's house nearby. 34 years later, at a Conservancy meeting in N.J., I discover that the 2nd leg of this hike was the original route of the A.T., that in fact my entire hike that beautiful autumn weekend had been on the A.T.— the A.T. past and present. How special, and coincidental, is that).

Continued

I guess the real kick in the pants revelation came when I realized, listening to him, that the original route of the A.T. went smack dab thru the middle of White Rock Gap. White Rock Gap, in case it doesn't ring a bell, is at milepost 18.5 on the Blue Ridge Parkway; it is where we park our cars to hike to the TATC cabin.

That was an Omigosh! moment if ever there was one.

Suddenly that modest, comely little meadow, and the surrounding woods, took up an even more special place in my heart; once, long ago, the A.T. had passed thru this spot, touched it with its magic.

I knew how, in the late 1970's, when our club was searching for a piece of land on which to build a cabin, they wanted it to be as near to 'our' section of the A.T. as possible. There was even some talk of constructing a trail, linking the cabin to 'our' section of the A.T.

The 15 acres that were eventually purchased turned out to be just over 3 miles, as the crow flies, from the A.T. but, unfortunately, the vast majority of the intervening land is private property. No connecting trail was ever built.

Little did we realize, but it turns out the original route of the A.T. is directly connected to the cabin because of White Rock Gap, because our access road connects to it and because we park our vehicles there when we visit. It makes me think of that Disney song, "it's a small world after all".

And there was an additional nugget, one I find almost hard to believe: according to his research, after the A.T. was moved (I guess by the forest service) away from the invading Blue Ridge Parkway and into the Tye River drainage itself, the first route it used was from Reeds Gap to Maupin Field, then down Campbells Creek, following the first half of the present day route of the **Mau-Har Trail!** From the waterfall along Campbells Creek the A.T. continued downstream, to route 814 and the Tye River; from there it climbed Priest Mtn. (I'm not sure how, but maybe up the road along Cox's Creek).

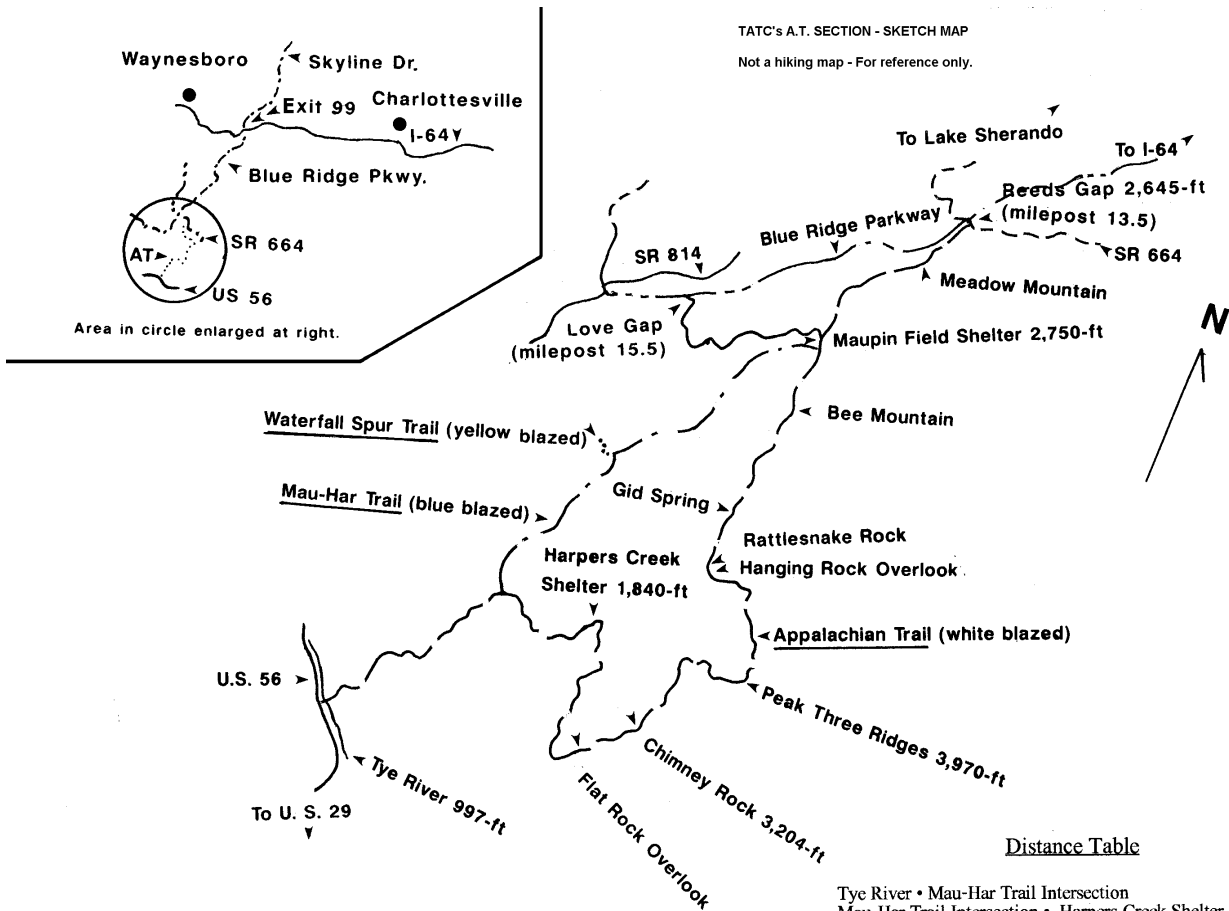
It wasn't until several years later that the A.T. was re-routed again, placed in its present rugged position over the top and along the crest of Three Ridges Mtn.

Many club members know that there was a later change in the route along 'our' section of the trail - in the early 1970's the trail left Harpers Creek Shelter and followed an old 'jeep road' downstream, passing thru a large cow pasture, connecting up to county road 682, road walking $\frac{3}{4}$'s of a mile down to route 56 (once across the Tye River the A.T. turned and followed route 56 west, almost half a mile, to the small parking area where it begins its ascent of Priest Mtn.). This version of the A.T. was abandoned in 1974, in favor of the present trail - an all woods route with a nearly unique crossing of the Tye River-- via a swinging footbridge.

And yes, 33 years after that reroute, we are now in the process of relocating some of this relocation! Does it ever end?

I go to the week long Biennial A.T. meetings mostly for the various hiking opportunities and challenges, but there is always something new to *learn* as well; all sorts of information about the trail, backpacking, and the out-of-doors is available at these meetings, all sorts of links to history and other people's outdoor experiences. I look forward to the next get together, in Vermont, in July of 2009. Two years after that (in 2011) the meeting will be somewhere in central Virginia.

Continued



For a more definitive map and trail description:
Refer to the following (available at local backpacking stores):

1. PATC MAP 12, George Washington National Forest - Pedlar District - N. Sect
2. Appalachian Trail Guide to Central Virginia

Distance Table

Tye River • Mau-Har Trail Intersection	1.7
Mau-Har Trail Intersection • Harpers Creek Shelter	0.9
Harpers Creek Shelter • Flat Rock Overlook	1.6
Flat Rock Overlook • Chimney Rock	0.4
Chimney Rock • Peak Three Ridges	1.7
Peak Three Ridges • Hanging Rock Overlook	0.5
Hanging Rock Overlook • Maupin Field Shelter	2.0
Maupin Field Shelter • Meadow Mountain	0.9
<u>Meadow Mountain • Reeds Gap</u>	<u>0.8</u>
Total	10.5-mi

Sketch Map of TATC's Section of the Appalachian Trail and Mau-Har Trail by Bill Rogers

Building a Better Bridge in Virginia—All 148 Feet of It in Two Weeks

By Dave Benavitch *

*[The article re-printed below, written by retired Forester Dave Benavitch, appeared in the May / June, 1993 issue of the Appalachian Trailway News (this is the official newsletter of the ATC, based in Harper's Ferry, W.Va.). The article tells the story of the **rebuilding** of the footbridge over the Tye River, on our club's section of the trail. - Bob Adkisson]*

If you have the occasion to hike the Appalachian Trail in the George Washington National Forest in Virginia, between The Priest and Three Ridges, you will notice that the bridge over the Tye River has a new look.

The 148-foot suspension span, or 'swinging' bridge, was completely reconstructed in two weeks last summer. The original bridge was built in 1974 by the U.S. Forest Service. The bridge had served well, but, during the past few years, Forest Service inspectors and volunteer Trail maintainers noted accelerated rust in the cables and rot in the wooden decking.

Representatives of the Tidewater A.T. Club (TATC), which maintains that section of the Trail, the Appalachian Trail Conference, and the Forest Service had agreed in late 1991 to redo the bridge under a "Challenge Cost-Share" agreement. The program allows the Forest Service to match resources with an outside partner to accomplish a project in the public interest. The resources can be labor, supplies, or money.



Continued

Trail-club members, with the ATC summer volunteer Trail crew known as the Konnarock Crew, would handle the construction; the Forest Service would provide an estimated \$9,000 worth of materials and the design and coordination necessary to do the job.

The project was scheduled for July 1992. Forest Service engineers redesigned the original bridge plans. Pedlar Ranger District personnel obtained materials, and participants in the district's Senior Community Service program pre-constructed the entire bridge in sections at the Forest Service work center in Buena Vista, Va. New cable was cut and assembled there, also.

The Konnarock Crew and TATC members set up a work camp at the construction site in Nelson County. In just two weeks, volunteers removed the old bridge and installed the new one. While the bridge was being replaced, hikers could either ford the river or take a short detour to a state highway bridge. Without exception, the hikers opted to ford the river. A heavy hemp rope was stretched across the river to provide a handhold.

The project was completed without any accidents or major mishaps. The success of the project strengthened the bonds of our partnership and engendered a new respect for each other's abilities.

After you see the bridge, and particularly if you were familiar with the old one, you will know why all of us who participated in the project are very proud of it.

Plan a hike, or even a drive (Va. 56 passes right by the bridge), to view or use this new addition to the A.T.

** Dave Benavitch was a forester with the Pedlar District of the George Washington National Forest and a veteran Trail-maintainer. Mr. Benavitch, his wife, Claudette, and the couple's children, Amy and Laura, are family members of the Natural Bridge A. T. Club.*



Dave Benavitch, Bill Rogers, Ellis Malabad and Phyllis Neumann

Trail Relocations - Some A.T. and Trail Club History

By Bob Adkisson

I was a member of TATC in the summer of 1992, when the bridge was re-built, but, because of my work schedule, I wasn't able to assist in the club's efforts. Sometime during that 2 week period I know at least a dozen or so club members helped out with the work, but the only name I am sure of is (the late) Otey Shelton. If you were there, if you helped out with the reconstruction of the bridge, maybe you'd like to share your memories in a newsletter article sometime soon.

Recently stumbling upon this article in an old issue of the Trailway News got me to wondering about the original bridge, built in 1974. As I've mentioned before, in a long ago newsletter article, I have some slight history concerning the first bridge, and the re-routed trail that leads to it:

I first hiked 'our' section of the A.T. in October of 1974, walking from just north of Reids Gap to Route 56 and the Tye River; in my 2nd year of college, I was fairly new to backpacking and the Trail. I spent my one night out at what is now called Hanging Rock Overlook, and I awoke to the mountain-tops being completely lost inside a thick cloud-- visibility was about 50 feet. So much for the great views!

Following the blazes, I climbed over Three Ridges Mountain in the damp, colorless fog, descended a few miles of rocky slope and then alongside Harpers Creek, to where it left the forest and entered a cow pasture. Wending my way through the cows and cow pies, here I finally escaped the fog, got below the clouds, was able to enjoy modest views of the base of some nearby mountains. But my clothes, pack, and plans were all dampened by the weather, and from Route 56 I decided not to continue south on the trail (3,000 feet up and over The Priest). Instead, I cut the trip short and hitch-hiked back to VCU in Richmond.

The following spring, in May of 1975, I was back, on a week-long A.T. adventure, walking from Rockfish Gap south to the James River. I again spent a night on 'our' section of the Trail (our club had taken responsibility for maintaining the 10 mile stretch over Three Ridges Mountain sometime in 1973, but I was unaware of the club and any of that)-- this time I camped out at what is now called Flat Rock Overlook. Just after sunset a thunderstorm chased me down from this exposed site, and I wound up sleeping about a quarter of a mile to the south, right on the trail itself (there being no other flat ground). Next morning, with the sun out and the promise of a nice day, I aimed to have my breakfast down where the A.T. crossed Harpers Creek. Only..... **surprise!** I found that in the 7 months since I'd last hiked in the area, the trail had been relocated—now it crossed Harpers Creek just below the shelter and immediately started climbing a ridge.

Boy was I peeved.

The guidebooks and maps meant next to nothing when the trail (especially in the 1970's) was relocated seemingly every week. I was so miffed at being what I called **lost on the Appalachian Trail** that I didn't stop to eat breakfast until I was about a third of the way up the Priest (being 'lost on the Appalachian Trail' means you know you are on the trail, because you can see the blazes and the pathway, but you are on a section that has been recently relocated, one that doesn't show up on the map you are carrying, one whose route isn't described in the latest edition of the guidebook you have, and so you really have no idea where you are, how far it is to the next water source, road, or shelter-- you are on the trail but, for all intents and purposes, you are as lost as you are clueless; instead of being a mile to the next stream, it could be 3 miles; instead of 2 miles to the next shelter, it could be 5 miles, all uphill).

Continued

And so I wondered, reading Dave's article, about the original footbridge over the Tye River, and the 2 plus mile relocation that, from the north, leads to it. Did the TATC, newly taking over this section from the Natural Bridge Club, help to build the first bridge, and were they also responsible for the major relocation of the trail onto the ridge crest? (If so, what a major project for our small, young club to have taken on, or had thrust upon them) Had the Natural Bridge Club done any of the preliminary planning and work; did they assist in any of the bridge construction and trail building?

So I wrote to Dave Benavitch and asked several questions. He was kind and responsive enough to immediately write back, with the answers.

As he mentions in the article, and reinforced in his response to my questions, a dedicated National Forest Service work crew was **entirely** responsible for building the original footbridge over the Tye River (in the summer of 1974). As a personal aside, Dave noted that just months before (in January) he had graduated from college, and the Forest Service offered him a temporary job to help build the bridge. Having already accepted an alternate job offer though, he had to take a pass.

The re-location of the trail, from the new bridge to Harpers Creek Shelter, was also done exclusively by a National Forest work crew, this after several tracts of private land had been purchased by the government to secure the route (this was before the A.T.C.'s special Konnarock work crew program had been developed, and when the Forest Service had actual trail building crews of their own).

The re-location of the trail onto the ridge and over the river on a footbridge was a good thing—no matter how much I might have grumbled that morning as I made the unexpected ascent of the ridge above Harpers Creek Shelter. The re-location meant the trail no longer had to follow narrow county road 682 for nearly a mile, or state road 56 for nearly half a mile— no more road walking, now it could stay in the woods, away from traffic, roadside houses, and barking dogs. The best thing of all though was the swinging bridge-- there are only a handful of such bridges along the A.T. (actually, I can only think of one other, the one in Vermont, over Claredon Gorge). It is special to have such a thing on 'our' section of the trail, and we should celebrate it.

Depending on when you joined the club, you may not be aware that about 7 years ago part of the A.T. route between the swinging bridge and Harpers Creek Shelter was relocated yet again, by members of our club (with the assistance and guidance of the Konnarock Crew). The reasons for this relocation of the relocation were several: turns out a small part of the route built by the Forest Service in 1974 was on private land, but the main thing was that nearby landowners had clear cut their hillside right up to the boundary line and intruded on the trail (they planted an apple orchard, and their warehouse in the valley was both visible and audible). Also, some parts of the original route followed an old jeep road, which was overly steep.

The new relocation was situated on the side of the ridge opposite the clear cut, laid out to have an even gradient throughout its slow climb to a minor gap, where it meets up with the Mau-Har Trail. This new relocation was beautifully engineered and is a joy to walk.

The A.T. is now at a point where relocations will be rare events, not everyday occurrences. There are only about 3 or 4 miles of the actual route that aren't in public ownership, and clubs are, or soon will be, done with things like adding switchbacks to overly steep sections of trail. The A.T. is all but complete and protected, and for that we can all rejoice!

Reeds Gap or Reids Gap?

A Summary Account of a Post on Genealogy.com

written by Russell Reid, 2/15/2004

On February 4, 2004, the Board of Supervisors of Nelson County, Virginia unanimously supported a resolution to the Board on Place Names of the U.S. Geological Survey recommending that the names of “Reeds” Creek and “Reeds” Gap be corrected to their original spelling, **Reids** Creek and **Reids** Gap. The change was the result of several years of efforts led by Peter Agelasto III, a property owner of part of the 18th century land of Alexander Reid Sr., through which Reids Creek flows. The proposed change had already received the support of the State Names Authority for Virginia, and, in the case of Reids Gap, Augusta County and the National Park Service.

The Board on Place Names unanimously approved the requested change February 11, 2004. The spelling change was made in the Geographic Names Information System (GNIS), details of which can be found at <http://geonames.usgs.gov>.



2016 Hike from Humpback Rocks to Reids Gap at Reids Gap

Continued

Reids Creek is a tributary of the South Fork of the Rockfish River in what since 1808 has been Nelson County. Reids Gap lies in the Blue Ridge Mountains on the line between Nelson and Augusta Counties. Sometime during or shortly before 1740, the brothers John Reid and Alexander Reid Sr., their cousin Andrew Reed Jr., and other family members migrated from Lancaster County, Pennsylvania to the Rockfish River Valley in what was then Goochland County. As that county was successively divided, the valley became part of Albemarle, then Amherst, and finally Nelson County. John Reid served as an early magistrate in the area, and his son Alexander Reid, Jr., received a patent to the land in Reids Gap. After the death of Alexander Reid Sr., his son Samuel, the last member of the family remaining in the area, settled his father's estate, sold his own land, and joined his brother in Kentucky. By the time maps were drawn of the area, no family members remained to provide the correct spelling of the creek and gap.

In 2002, a family member, Russell Reid, moved to Nelson County close to the confluence of the Rockfish River and what in the 18th century was known as Corbins Creek (now Gulleyville Creek). Mr. Reid initiated the need for restoration of the family name through his geneology.com post of 2004.



Humpback Rocks to Rockfish Gap - Tziv Kutz-Hyman, Bill Bunch, Bruce Davidson, Jim Newman, Peter Burch, Andy Grayson, Mark Van Zandt, Mike Camlet, Bob Adkisson, Libby Carmines, and Mal Higgins (Bob Mooney photo)

Appalachian Trail Maintenance & Trips

Trail Design, Construction, and Maintenance

By Dave Brewer

In 1979 the Appalachian Trail Conference Board of Managers approved the following primary mission of the Trail community:

"The Appalachian Trail in its entirety shall be kept forever open, obvious, and narrowly passable for hiking. The treadway shall pass lightly over the land to provide for the least disturbance to the natural setting. The Trail shall be marked and cleared to offer passage that may be both enjoyable for the reasonably prepared and in harmony with the natural environment."

In addition, the Board adopted official standards for trail clearing, marking and treadway maintenance. "The Trail shall be kept clear of vegetation and obstructions which unnecessarily impede foot travel. It shall be cleared to such a width and height that a hiker with a pack can walk the trail without undue difficulty."

When constructed, the trail should be cleared to a width of four feet and then maintained to a width of three feet with a finished and weathered foot treadway of eighteen to twenty-four inches.



TATC Members & Konnarock Crew relocating section of TATC's Trail

Continued

The Trail should be of adequate height to avoid snags on packs and to allow for branches that lower with rain and snow. When possible, the Trail should be maintained with a minimum three foot width between trees and an eight foot clearance overhead.

"The Appalachian Trail shall be continuously and neatly marked using standard techniques in such a manner that the hiker unfamiliar with the area can discern the direction of the route and the location of drinking water and facilities." White rectangular paint blazes mark the trail from Maine to Georgia. Side trails are marked with blue paint. Blazes are 2 inches by 6 inches. They are painted at eye level. Double blazes, one of them two inches above the other, are used to denote a change in direction or a junction.

The Tidewater Appalachian Trail Club is one of the thirty-four maintaining clubs and has signed agreements with our partners the National Park Service, the U.S. Forest Service, and the Appalachian Trail Conference accepting the responsibility for trail construction, maintenance and corridor management of 9.9 miles of the Appalachian Trail, the three mile Mar-Har Trail, and the White Rock Falls Trail.

Maintenance of TATC's assigned trails is accomplished by club members acting as "overseers" with each assigned a segment of trail as follows:

Appalachian Trail

Jerry & Etta Burch - Reed's Gap to Maupin Field

Jim & Teela Robertson - Maupin Field to Gid's Spring

Mike Brewer - Gid's Spring to Top of Three Ridges

Royce & Judy Bridger - Top of Three Ridges to Chimney Rock

Reese & Melinda Lukei - Chimney Rock to Flat Rock Overlook

Ike Knox - Flat Rock Overlook to Harper's Creek Shelter

Charles Engle - Harper's Creek Shelter to Intersection of Mar-Har Trail

Mike & Pat Reitelbach - Intersection of Mar Har Trail to Tye River

Mar-Har Trail

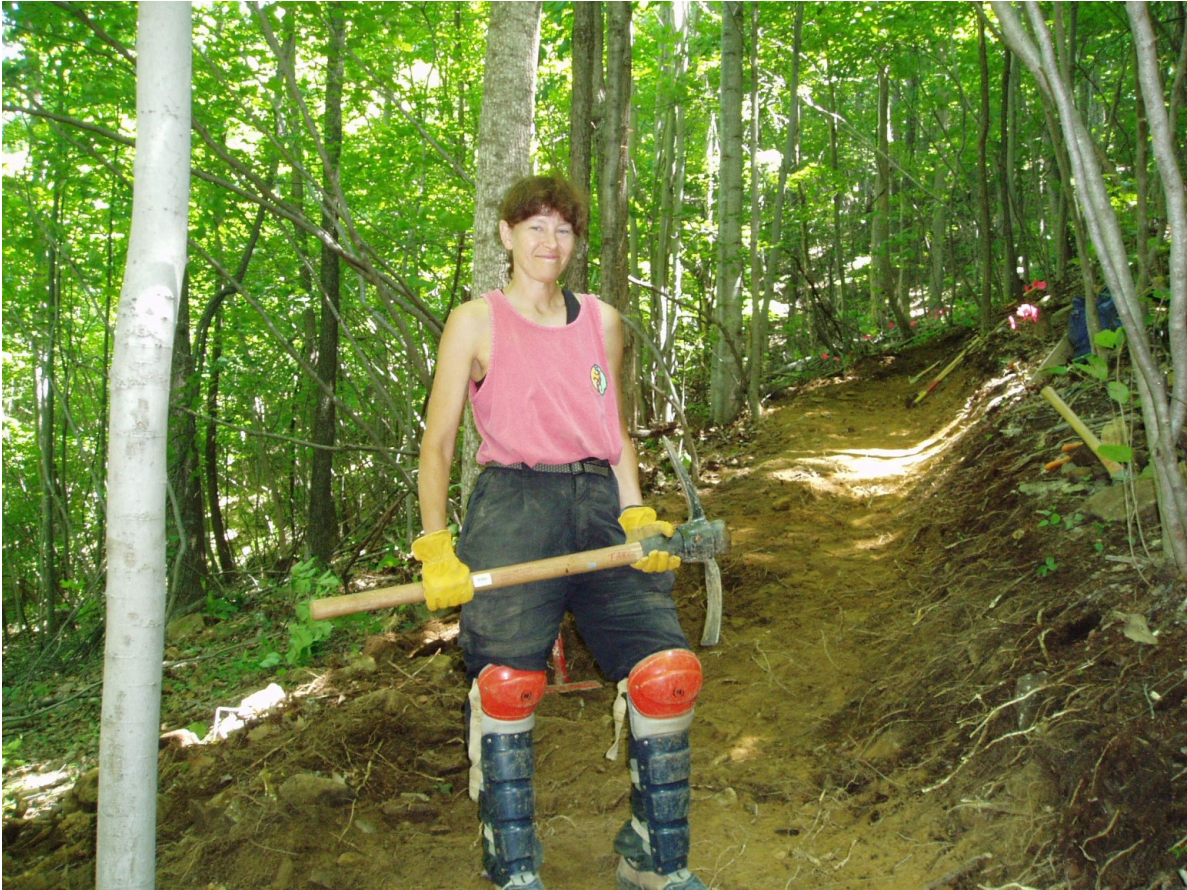
Rick & Roberta Hancock - Love Gap Road to Foot Bridge

Andy Armano - Foot Bridge to Intersection with AT

White Rock Falls Trail

Bob & Evelyn Adkisson - 20 Minute Overlook to Blue Ridge Parkway at Club Cabin parking area

Trail Maintainers



Phyllis Neumann



John Oakes



TATC Trail Crew - 2021



A Minute or Two for a Paragraph or Two on Trail Maintenance

February - March 2015

Although May seems like a long way off right now in our sometimes-cold winter, I hope that you'll think about going out for either our "Spring Walk-Through" on May 2, or our "TATC Spring Maintenance Weekend" on the weekend of May 15-17. Our base camp is Sherando Lake U.S.F.S. Recreation Area, about 20 miles south of Waynesboro, VA. The map schematic for getting to Sherando from Hampton Roads is featured at the TATC website <www.tidewateratc.com> on the drop-down menu under the tab for Trail Maintenance.

Our "Spring Walk-Through" comes up first, May 2nd, and we'll use the CCC Kitchen area near the upper lake's dam as our base camp on Sherando. It's an opportunity to have some small reconnaissance teams----in sum, only about a dozen or slightly more people-----go out to walk our assigned trail(s) and make notes on what deficiencies exist as a result of the winter's wind and weather on our trail. They'll note the location, size, and number of trees that have blocked the trail in some way, and perhaps any washed-out trail, or maybe sidehill tread surface that needs adjustment. Also, as a result of a report from a member who has walked the trail since our Fall Maintenance Weekend, we know of at least one tree that has fallen across our section of A.T. in a way that requires some more work, so we'll make notes on that. When the small teams return to Sherando, they'll pool their information, so that we can plan what tools we'll need a couple weeks later for our "Spring Maintenance Weekend." And, for those who stay overnight at the tenting area at the CCC Kitchen, a pancake and sausage breakfast will be provided on-site for those attendees.



Continued

A couple weeks later, we have our “Spring Maintenance Weekend” on May 15-17th. Some people like to arrive some time on Friday at the Williams Branch Picnic Area of Sherando to get a favorite car-camping site with picnic table; maybe one that’s at the rear of the area, or one that’s close to the flush-toilet bathrooms and the dining shelter, or maybe one that nearer the entrance to the area. Team rosters will be put out on clipboards in the dining shelter for a time on Friday and early Saturday morning to allow attendees to choose which work team they’ll join, based on difficulty of mission or distance to hike with tools. We’ll gather our teams on Saturday morning at about 7:30AM, get a safety briefing, arrange our carpools, and pick up our teams’ assigned tools to put into the vehicles, and head out for the several trailheads. When we get back on Saturday afternoon, there’ll be a period of schmoozing around with snacks in anticipation of our club-sponsored dinner for all attendees, to possibly include some hikers we meet out on the trail. We expect that The Devil’s Backbone, the brewery-pub downhill of Wintergreen, will again offer to help support our dinner with BBQ and either beans or slaw, which our club will supplement with veggie chili or another dish, and maybe salad. Our desserts will be potluck, an assortment of brownies, pies, cakes, cookies to provide calories to defend against any cold during Saturday night.

Please make note of our scheduled date and consider participating in this, one of the two major events a year that justify the existence of the Tidewater Appalachian Trail Club. And, if going out on the trail seems too heavy a burden, consider working on the meal crew to help get our Saturday night dinner together for us all. It’s all good! I’ll put out preliminary rosters at the next couple TATC meetings for you to sign up.

Mark Connolly

TATC Trail Supervisor

trailsupervisor@tidewateratc.com





**Mal Higgins and Otey Shelton
At Maupin Field Shelter**



Mal Higgins (on right)

Scott Hilton, John Gillikin, Dewey Phelps, John Pessagno, and Bruce Julian



John Sima uses a lever to assist as others cut a tree fallen across the trail



Mal Higgins and Patrick Hayes supervise as others cut



Marty Vines and Amanda Hartwig (in the middle)



Duncan Fairlie



Mark Ferguson



Rosanne Cary



Reese Lukei & Otey Shelton with Rattler - Early Mau-Har Work Trip
(read more about this snake on page 356, in Reese's tribute to Jacque Jenkins)



Harpers Creek Shelter gets a new roof



Milton Beale repairing Harpers Creek Shelter Roof



Lance Deaver and Bailey at Sherando



Pete Burch at Sherando - 2020



**John Oakes on trip to clear
the Mau-Har Trail**

Reflections on Sherando – February - March 1993

by Lillian Benson

I made my debut on a TATC Maintenance Weekend; my first in four years of membership. It was sweaty work, full of fun and a learning experience for me. I joined the group headed for the bottom of the ravine portion of the Mau-Har Trail.

Why did I think that 10K Volksmarches on mostly level ground had conditioned me for slipping, sliding, bumpy rocks camouflaged by spent leaves under my feet; up, down, sideways: every which way but level?

The group was soon long gone from my sight as I gingerly threaded my way along the narrow trail. The blue blazes I searched for, when I could lift my riveted gaze from my footsteps, assured me I was not lost.

Finally! Voices! I had not been abandoned! It was time to eat. I guess I had earned the privilege, so I joined the lunch bunch.

A bright green insect was discovered and identified as a "Katydid". I found a dropped beech leaf, delicate as Venetian lace. Bob set up a portrait studio with the macro lens on his camera and our treasures became a part of history.



Back to work I shoveled dirt, raked it smooth, cut out small, stubborn roots and then sat down with the others to supervise, and to kibitz the sweaty ones; I was learning how to be part of a maintenance hike.

On the way back to camp the uphill were tough for me, but my buddies also felt it after their strenuous workday: thanks guys, for not leaving me behind this time.

My expertise in uphill hiking was commented by all: "Climb Mt. Trashmore 3 days a week as a training program", "Your depth perception would improve if you would not wear bifocal glasses", and "Are you really that old?!" All I can say is thanks to Mike for holding my hand as I crossed the bridge over the River Kwai.

And that night after a sumptuous meal, wine coolers and Herb's moonshine, I joined the scene around the campfire; we were all so laid back.

This, then, was the good fellowship Herb talks about.

Clean Deeds Done Dirt Cheap - Sherando Weekend

October 16-18, 2020

By Mal Higgins

This Sherando Fall Maintenance weekend was unlike our traditional years. COVID dominated the planning. Our superlative Trail Supervisor, Jim Newman, had put a great deal of thought and effort into coordinating with our friend, Kelly Sims, ranger at Sherando Lake Recreation Area. As a result, 17 TATC members went to Sherando (some arriving on Thursday) and we camped at the community campground up the hill from the Upper Lake Friday and Saturday nights. A very nice heated and new bathrooms provided hot water and even showers. Those attending included Pete Burch, Madelyn Camlet, Michael Camlet, Rosanne Cary, Michelle Cobb, Tim Hall, Lisa Hall, Patrick Hayes, Mal Higgins, Ned Kuhns, Lee Lohman, Jim Newman, David Plum, Rosemary Plum, Jim Sexton, John Sima, and Duncan Fairlie.

Our group was well briefed by Jim Saturday morning on all the usual hazards of tools, critters, and this time an extensive briefing on how to work with COVID here and there and everywhere. [pro-tip: do not spit on anyone, do not share a tool, do not get within 6 feet of anyone, wear gloves, use plenty of sanitizer and wipes, and whatever you do, do not run over someone's foot with a wheel barrow]. Rosanne provided a goody bag to each of us that included her hand made TATC masks. Jim provided his own goody bags with snacks of all kinds to each of us.

The group of 17 became three work crews, and here is a summary of their activities.

1. Saw crew using cow pasture route to Three Ridges summit, clearing one 14-inch tree blocking AT near Flat Rock Overlook and four high step-overs along the way to the summit. Fun part was pole vaulting a heavy 8-foot log off the trail and down the mountain. Jim Newman, Lisa Hall, Tim Hall, John Sima & Tom Meree

2. Chain saw crew gave White Rock Falls Trail some infrequent attention by eliminating 4-5 troublesome step-overs. After an early finish, the crew joined the Maupin project. This crew was Dave & Rosemary Plum, and Duncan Fairlie joined by Plinio Beres and Megan Martin of the USFS.

3. The Maupin Field rehabilitation crew. We drove up the fire road one by one, not sharing cars. Our tasks for the day were to rehabilitate campsites, install new fire rings, and clean the privy and declare it open for business. Once there, we split into groups; throughout the day we shifted around doing different jobs.

Continued

One group laid out 8 foot and 11 foot logs into rectangular tent pads, first digging shallow ditches to roll the logs into. They pegged these boundary logs into the ground with wooden stops. These logs were from dead trees downed in an earlier trip at the start of 2020. Peter Burch had hauled a huge dump truck of #9 pea gravel purchased by TATC up the fire road and prepositioned it not too far from the kiosk on the fire road. Another group trucked wheelbarrow after wheelbarrow of gravel to a total of five or so rehabilitated tent pads all day. Some folks raked it smooth as the gravel was dumped in. Mid-day, Peter went back to Sherando and hauled another load of the #9 back to Maupin.

Mike's daughter, Maddy, was an enthusiastic and hard worker at age 16 - very nice that Mike could bring her.

I joined Lee Lohman in unscrewing something like 20 or 30 long screws holding in the plexiglass on the map/information kiosk, and replacing the outdated PATC Map 12 with the latest 2015 version. Lee knew his way around a power impact drill to deal with the screws. Lee did 99% of the work and even cleaned the plexiglass with Windex. My job was to staple the map in and do maybe five screws.

Jim Sexton oversaw yet another crew that installed a number of brand new fire rings in spots not too close to the tent pads. The fire rings were purchased by TATC, partly using a grant TATC received from the Appalachian Trail Conservancy. Pat Hayes was the quickcrete hauler in his truck. The installation included digging holes, pouring in quickcrete, adding stream water to mix, and then setting the long prongs of the fire rings into the quickcrete to harden. The new fire rings seem to be significantly taller than older ones.

A pet project of mine, for which advance approval had been obtained from our USFS rangers in the Glenwood Pedlar District, was to sanitize the privy. It was supposedly "closed" by the ATC and had a sign stating it was closed due to COVID. In fact the door had never been barred and it was in use since the pandemic began. TATC leadership deemed it important that it be operative to avoid campers creating poorly prepared catholes in the Maupin Field area, which early reports indicated were becoming a problem. The privy was hosed down with a power disinfectant spray, swept out, and we reposted COVID precautionary signs on the door to use at your own risk. This just seemed to me like common sense.

At days end, we reassembled back at the community campground at Sherando. Pat Hayes provided a huge box of Cheetos, Fritos, Doritos, potato chips etc. which together with a few beverages formed the basis for a socially distanced gathering around another Mother of All Fires. Again, Peter came to the rescue, driving a front end loader full of firewood up to the community campground. That fire was hot and bright and the conversation was lively. Duncan Fairlie, our scientist in residence, pointed out some night sky objects, including Mars and Saturn. It was a satisfying and rewarding end, and the only thing we all missed was our usual community shared potluck that in past years Michelle has so capably organized. Let's hope we can get back to that in 2021.

CLUB TRADITION

We leave town rain or shine!

We share driving costs!

We share our equipment with new hikers!

We conserve weight by 'Buddy Hiking'

We pack it in and pack it out!

We respect nature.

We take photos and leave only footprints!

And we ain't ascaresd of the dark!



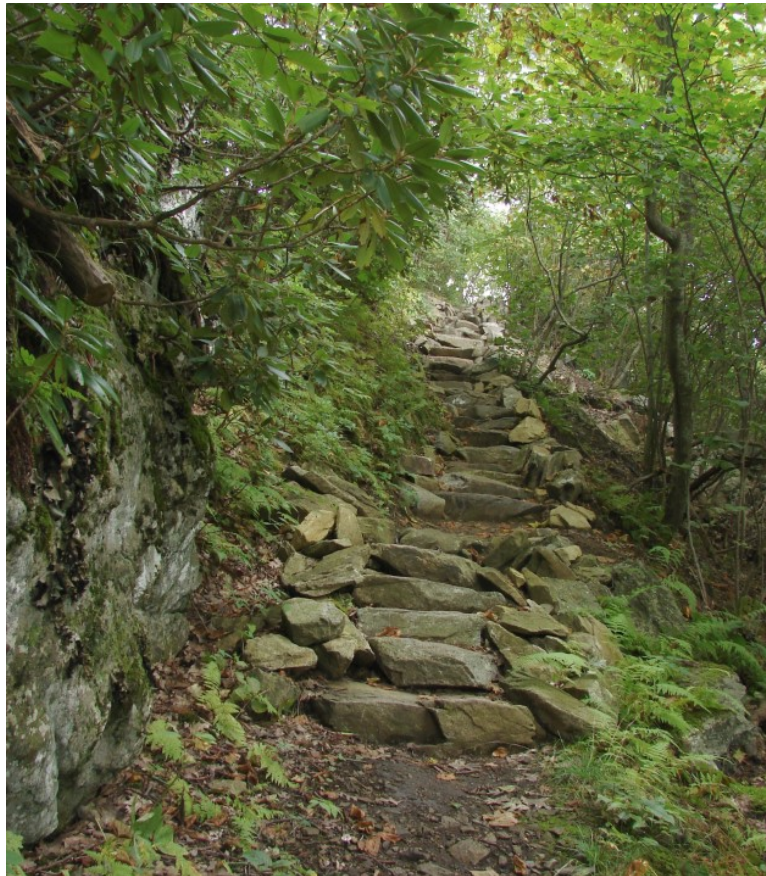
TATC Local Land Management Plan

Reese F. Lukei, Jr.

The 1968 National Trails System Act was required to be reviewed by a commission after 10 years to determine if the requirements of the act had been met. The commission did recommend reenactment in 1978 of the National Trails System Act, but was critical of the managing agencies and AT trail maintaining clubs for having not established a land management plan.

The Appalachian Trail Conference subsequently required the AT maintaining clubs to develop a local land management plan specific to their particular section of the AT. I was President of TATC at the time and took on the responsibility of gathering the data and details of the just who the clubs contacts were with the federal, state and local agencies and what the clubs responsibilities were to them. John Folsom, who was a technical writer, formatted all the data I had accumulated into the TATC Local Land Management Plan, which was submitted to the AT Southern Regional Management Committee.

The TATC plan was the only one accepted by ATC, and copies of the TATC plan were provided to the other AT maintaining clubs as an example of what was required.



AT trail maintenance on trail to Hanging Rocks - August 28, 2010

Tidewater ATC's Maintenance Cycle

by Mark Connolly

Before I became the Assistant Trail Supervisor for TATC in 2010, I had been the Vice President of TATC in 2009. In that first official role, I started attending some of the inter-club meetings/conferences, such as the small Blue Ridge Partnership meetings, usually in March or so. The Blue Ridge Partnership is composed of our neighbors on the AT, Old Dominion ATC and Natural Bridge ATC, as well as some people from the U.S. Forest Service District office, the Blue Ridge Parkway administration, and from the Virginia Regional office of the Appalachian Trail Conservancy, which is the umbrella organization for the 31 volunteer clubs, from Springer Mountain in Georgia to Mount Katahdin in Maine.

Old Dominion ATC draws most of its membership from the Richmond general area, and is responsible for the trail maintenance from the south end of the A.T. in Shenandoah N.P. to Reids Gap on the Blue Ridge Parkway, and is just north of and maintains 19 miles of assigned A.T. mileage. Natural Bridge ATC's assigned mileage starts just to the south end of our 10+ assigned miles, that is, from the Tye River Bridge/Route 56 southward for 90 miles.

At those Blue Ridge Partnership Meetings, as well as the much larger, Southern Regional Partnership Meetings, usually in April, which consist of ALL of those clubs south of Shenandoah N.P. to the southern terminus of the A.T. at Springer Mountain, I sometimes heard those other members talking about having lunch together somewhere and then deciding to go out to do some maintenance that afternoon on a part of their assigned mileage. The point was that we in the Tidewater area are 200 some-odd miles and three and a half hours' drive away from our assigned trail mileage.



Konnarock Crew.1991

Continued

Although I'd been a member of TATC since at least early 1985, what I hadn't heard earlier was that members of these other clubs were more-frequent maintainers than the general membership in our club. Our schedule has traditionally had only two major maintenance events a year, with a Spring Maintenance Weekend in April/May and a Fall Maintenance Weekend in September/October, usually attended by about 60-80 participants on each.

Some of the A.T. Thru-hikers coming from the south get to our section of trail sometimes before our Spring Maintenance Weekend, and may not benefit from our later removal of trees that had fallen across the trail over the winter. When our Spring Maintenance Weekend is held, the growing season for the vegetation is just starting. By the time of our Fall Maintenance Weekend, the majority of the Thru-hikers have transited our section, and probably encountered a lot of mountain laurel or rhododendron and other shrubs growing into the trail corridor since our Spring Maintenance Weekend.

It wasn't until I became the Trail Supervisor in 2011 that I started to think of scheduling additional maintenance events during the summer to combat the growth period for the shrubs bordering our assigned trail. The idea was to assist the TATC members who had assigned sections of the A.T. where the rapidly growing summer weeds encroached the trail. My solution was the "Swingblade & Lopper Festival" weekends that we started that helped reduce the reports from Thru-hikers that we weren't doing our best to maintain our mileage. Although usually only about a dozen or so people showed up for these events, I like to think that it made a difference.



Fall Maintenance 2010

Big Down Mess Cleared in Three Ridges by Crew of Two Trip Report – January 15 -18, 2021

Paul Dickens is a C-Sawyer and USFS Traditional Tool Trainer, member TATC, PATC and CMC, Board Member of SAWS

On January 15, the Crew of Two (Paul and Martha Dickens) removed the climb over logs and limb mess totally blocking switchback on the AT above Tye River heading north. The switchback was made passable and the social bypass trail around the down mess was blocked. On January 18, the Crew of Two returned to clear the step-over, step-on logs remaining after the first trip. The Crew of Two is from same household to meet ATC and Forest Service COVID precautions. We made 7 cross-cut saw cuts on 15 January including 3 C level cuts on the big oak down blocking both the top and bottom of switchback. We blocked off the switchback shortcut social trail with brush. On 18 January, we made 7 more cuts including 4 under buck cuts because of top bind in the step-over, step-on logs left after first trip. On the second trip we brought a strap-puller and pulled off the trail the big cut oak log left as a walk around on the first trip. Total of 14 crosscut saw cuts in two trips with limbing, axe work, strap puller work and tread repair to clear the big down mess. Three Ridges is Wilderness. Power tools are prohibited, so traditional tools were required. In normal times, the big down mess cleared would be a great TATC crew training exercise. Clearing the down mess in this high traffic area was important to prevent social trail resource damage, so special crew with their own equipment who could comply with COVID precautions was dispatched.



Continued

Jan 15 - On trail 9 am. Off trail 3 pm just before rain began. 6 hrs. trail work. 4 hrs. travel and 101 miles roundtrip from GVA home. 2 persons x 10 hours = 20 hours.

Jan 18 - On trail 8:30 am. Off trail 1:30 pm, 5 hrs. trail work. 4 hrs. travel and 101 miles roundtrip from GVA home. 2 persons x 9 hours = 18 hours.

Other volunteer time. 1 hour total selecting and packing tools before each trip. 1 hour cleaning and storing tools after second trip. 1 hour writing initial and final reports.

Total 40 volunteer hours and 404 miles volunteer travel.



Tye River Trail Relocation

July 3-7 & 8-14, 2008

By Bruce Julian

This is to let all club members know what they missed on our trip to the Tye River Relo this past month. The trip started out beautifully, on July 3rd as Dewey, John, and Bruce met at Hwy 15 and I-64 just west of Richmond. Dewey and Bruce knew this would be the last chance to get burgers and fries for almost two weeks. They planned to camp out at the Apple Orchard and hike into the work area each day along with the other club member and the Konnarock Crew. No showers, right, who needs them? They knew they could hike down to the Tye River and get cleaned-up there.

Arriving at the campsite everything was dry, which made the ride up the dirt road very easily. Looking around for a good place to park the trucks, which would be home for about two weeks, they decided to back them back to back and put up a tarp over both of the trucks. Dewey had a large folding table and with the extension pole that he always carries in his truck, this made a great tent pole. They had coolers with ice, two 5-gallon containers with water, a three gallon bottle for hand washing and enough food for an army. Sleeping would be in the back of their trucks. Dewey had a foam pad with a sleeping mat on top of it. Bruce only had a 5 inch. blow up air mattress, with pillow and sleeping bag.



Continued

About 2:00 p.m. the K-rock crew arrived and began unloading their tools. Then two other vehicles drove-up the long dusty road and this was five of our club member along with John, that we had met earlier on I-64. They all were going to stay at Sherando Lakes, for those HOT showers. Everyone greeted each other and tried to remember the names and faces of each. Bruce had the tools in the back of his truck for the club members. We all got our daypacks and two or three tools and started out for the work place.

We hiked about half a mile, to the point, where in 2005 the group had stopped work on the relo. Everyone found a good spot to sit down and watch the K-rock leader show everyone the way the trail should be built. After about 45 minutes of class, we all took our spots along the red flags and began to dig. We were only able to work about two hours and it was time to go back to our campsites. The ones that had been here before knew what it was like, but the new people found out fast that it was not a piece of cake. Raking leaves, removing rocks and digging into the hard mountain dirt made the going slow.

On Friday, we started up the trail one more time to the place that we had stopped the day before. Here everyone picked a spot and as we all strung out along the red flags the digging started. With the big rocks and roots, the size of small trees some people only could dig five to ten feet where as others could reach about 15 to 20 feet along the route. This went on for three more days, and then the K-rock had to leave and the trail club people were down to only four.

When the K-rock Crew left we had completed about 500 feet. The Student Conservation Association (S.C.A) started working on Saturday with six students and two leaders. Kerry had them move up the flag trail about 100 yards and begin there. He wanted to keep their work separate from what we were doing. We had two more club members leave on Tuesday and Dewey left on Wednesday. Bruce decided to move over to Sherando Lake, campground and take a day off and get a shower. Then on Friday, we had two more club members, show up and we started over again. The S. C. A. group did about 1000 feet by Saturday and will continue to work until July 28. We owe them a BIG THANK YOU for all that they have done.

The rain came down every night the first week and some days, but it helped to keep everyone cool. We found 7 Yellow-Jacket nests or should I say they found us. A few bee stings for Scott, Bruce, and a few others, but we kept on digging. The S.C.A. kids along with Scott and his friends should make a big dent in finishing the relo. Scott will be back there again on the 24 of July with 4 or 5 of his friends to work with the kids. Hopefully we can finish in August when the Konnarock returns on the 7th. We could sure use all the help from any of the club members who can make it up there.

Trail Maintenance Update – 2016 – April - May

As this is written, we are six weeks away from the May 7th walkthrough of our Appalachian Trail section to determine work needs for the following maintenance weekend (May 13-15). Walk through folks camp at the CCC kitchen knoll. Best to arrive prior to gate closing at 10:00 PM Friday. At this point we have six members signed for walkthrough and nineteen for maintenance weekend. Needed are a minimum of 6 more for May 7 and 40-50 additional for the main task weekend. Although we will not turn away unexpected walk ups, it is best to announce your planned participation in either or both events by officially signing-on either at the April general meeting or by emailing <trailsupervisor@tidewateratc.com> or <jimnewman55@cox.net>

Prior knowledge of your intentions is important for planning, especially for preparing the May 14 dinner. Anyone needing information about our base camp at Sherando, visit the TATC website (www.tidewateratc.com). Under the tab "trail maintenance" is a map and other useful information. Camping is free at the Williams Branch Picnic Area; however, the area must be cleared by 9:00AM Sunday. Those participating in Sunday hikes will be allowed to camp the night of 5/15 at the CCC Kitchen knoll Sunday night.

Uncertainty reigns in two areas of concern: St. Mary's Wilderness trails and new Forest Service requirements concerning volunteers on the AT. The recent wildfire of unknown origin in the wilderness area, to be followed by a planned prescribed burn 10 miles north of the Cellar Mountain wildfire has or will impact area trails. Maintenance needs are not known presently; however, a previous Forest Service plan to increase their trail maintenance activity is welcomed. Regarding Forest Service newly announced requirements to instruct and document trail maintenance volunteers, TATC board members are dizzied by the extensive paperwork put forth and have responded in a formal and constructive manner. More to come on this one!

More information and question opportunities will be offered at the April general meeting. Remain well and drive safely.

Jim Newman

TATC Trail Supervisor

trailsupervisor@tidewateratc.com

Sherando: How to Feed 80 Hungry Hikers

By Stephanie Stringer

I get so many wonderful compliments on the food served, I think I'm going to start taking full credit for the tastiness of our Sherando meals - even though it's the Waynesboro Kroger's deli manager Cindy Bradley that's been doing all the work. Every year I thank her for doing such a great job and making my job only to call in the order and pick it up. The biggest challenge is deciding what to order and more importantly, how much to order. This year I ordered creamy chicken and rice for 80ish, grilled veggies for 60, and vegetarian rice and beans for 20 - and toppings of shredded cheese and fried onion rings. And while I think we had about 80 total hungry hikers eating dinner, we had enough leftovers to give away several meals at the end of the evening - surprisingly, the vegetarian rice and beans was totally consumed!

We usually pick up the several trays of food in my trusty Subaru. But after last year when the very full trays of baked beans tilted and the sauce spilled all over my hatchback floor of my then brand new car (which despite several cleanings, that mishap still emits a not-so-great aroma on hot days when the car is closed up), this time I casually eyeballed and admired Phyllis Neumann's flat bed truck and exclaimed how perfect it would be to pick up the food. So even though it took her away from happy hour (sorry Phyllis), she agreed to do the food run with me.

We did pretty well on costs - only about \$3.75 per person, and there was plenty of delicious food! Our total food bill was about \$300 and included salad, the Kroger vittles, and toppings. We also bought a few supplies, (sterno, plastic bags, oven mitts) which will last us for several more events. As a group, we did pretty well on bringing our own dishes, drinks and cups, cutlery and napkins, but please remember to do that for next time. The least impact we have on the environment, the better.

Our main volunteers were Judy Welp, Chris Sexton and Dottie Abbot. They are veteran meal supporters over the years and their help is invaluable. Judy (who couldn't make it to Sherando this year) helped with some of the pre-work - inventorying all our TATC supplies, listing what we needed this year and then helping with the shopping. On maintenance Saturday when just about everyone was out on the trail, Chris and I cleaned and set up the picnic shelter and tables (OK, OK - so we had some strong muscular types help move the tables before they headed out). We then took our routine trip to The Cheese Shop in Stuarts Draft—a bonus of Chuck Wagon duty—you do your job well before Sherando, then set up early in the day on Saturday, and then late in the afternoon become available again for final dinner arrangements. Open time during the day has allowed us to explore the area with side trips and stops at a local farmer's market and to an apple festival last fall!

Dottie brought all the salad fixings and after she returned from some tough maintenance work, put the salads together—and they were spectacular!

Continued

Jim Newman used his truck to bring all our supplies to and from the event, and Joe Turlo brought our burners and propane tanks.

We had several people volunteer to help serve - one through hiker who gave his name as River - I'm not sure if that is the name he was born with or if it was his trail name. But he was pleased and honored to be invited to dine with us, and felt the least he could do was to help us serve. He told me he was nearly a local (although I don't remember where he's from) and would plan to join TATC once he finished his AT hike. Other servers included Bob Mooney, Cindy Wong, Evelyn Adkisson, Jane Martin, and a young man in an orange jacket whose name I did not learn. Clean up is always a breeze with the many spontaneous volunteers we get. And with Jim and Chris Sexton taking care of all the recycling and Dottie packing up the few items that needed to be run through her dishwasher at home, we quickly had a clean shelter - a place no self-respecting bear would even bother to visit looking for leftovers.

As usual, our dessert table runneth over. If you brought a homemade goodie, we'd love to have your recipe! Many people ask me who brought this sweet treat or that sweet treat, but I often don't know - people just drop it off and head out. Please send your recipes to stephaniestringer15@gmail.com and I'll see if I can convince Jim Sexton to find some space in our newsletter for these.



Reflections: My Love of the Outdoors and the Appalachian Trail

By Mark Wenger

It was the summer of 2001 National Boy Scout Jamboree at Fort A. P. Hill. I was the leader for the Colonial Virginia Council. One day wandering through the exhibits there was a display for the Appalachian Trail Conservancy. I picked up a brochure and found there were local chapters in Norfolk and Virginia Beach. I said I needed to join to see what they were about. I did not.

Summer of 2002 I led a contingent of scouts from Colonial Virginia Council to Philmont. That 2 1/2 weeks of backpacking and camping did it for me. I had been an active camper but now camping would never be the same without backpacking. That fall I went to my first meeting of TATC, met some great people and discovered all the volunteer time needed to keep up the Appalachian Trail as well as other trails both in the mountains and tidewater. WOW! Somewhere I could give back at the same time enjoy my new passion of backpacking and camping.

I started with a hike led by Ned Kuhns with my external frame pack on a section of the AT south of the James River. From there my passion only grew. In May of 2003 I led my first backpacking trip (no one came). The next weekend I led a second (Mike Barbeau came). From that point on I was leading hikes at least once a month and began my section hiking of the Appalachian Trail. At the same time I got involved with management of the club with positions of outreach chair, vice president, and programs and finally president.

By 2011, I finally finished my section hiking of the AT and was again leading hikes. I retired from Colonial Williamsburg Foundation starting 2012 and became the Executive Director/CEO of the Appalachian Trail Conservancy. As it turned out, the board of directors of the ATC at that time did not share my vision of leadership for the 31 maintaining clubs and the Conservancy's relationship with local, state and federal partner agencies. I felt the board was undervaluing and not supporting the vital role played by the maintaining clubs, which form the backbone of the organization. So, after one stint I did not return, but returned to TATC as President again. It was a great time but I needed a rest.

So for the next five years I took a leave of active participation. Now in the last two years I have begun again to volunteer to help the trails and clubs I love and will soon be leading activities geared to beginners and older people like me. Showing you are never too old or too young to enjoy the outdoors and to volunteer.

Continued



Mark Wenger



Mark Wenger and Ned Kuhns

TATC Appalachian Trail 2,000 Milers

Martin Glasser	1973
Jim Hall	1975
Paul Russell	1974-75
Susan Gail Arey	1976
Bob Adkisson (Bilbo Bob)	1973-77
Bob McCullough	1977
Chuck Engle	1979, 1989
Rick Hancock	1980
Steve Cyrus	1982
Joanne Kandare	1982
Jerry Cobleigh	1966-82
Joe Kupec (Mill Hunkey)	1981-83
Dave Dailey	1983
Harry Train	1983
Mike Reitelbach	1985
Reese Lukei, Jr. (Sagwagon)	1974-87
Ken Isaac	1987
Tom Harris (The Virginia Rambler)	1989
Joe and Ellis Micklos (Tidewater Turtles)	1989
Earl Swift (The Housewife's Friend)	1990
Charlie Park (Eagle III)	1993
Bruce Goodhue (Grandpa Bruce)	1993
Susan Gail Arey	1989-2002
Ned Kuhns (Typhoon)	2003
Scott Hilton (Scott-1/2 of the Odd Couple)	2005
Katrina Rogers (Vision Quest)	2005
Juliet Stephenson (Just Blue Skies)	2010
Mark Wenger (Animal)	2004-11
Mark and Deb Ripka	2011 - 2016

Swingin' 'n Squeezin'

by Bill Rogers

Work to do

Swing that blade;

Squeeze those loppers

Flowers galore this spring weekend:

Blackberry and dewberry blooms

herald good crops,

Bluettes form pale blue carpets,

Catawba candles are in full colour,

just two in open bloom.

Brilliant red fire pink blooms at

lower elevations,

While Dainty rock cress adorns the
ridges.

Solomon's seal fronds form
arcs'

and Virginia creeper unfurls bright green leaves.

The last flame azalea lingers a bit.

Moss pinks, Mom's favorite flower,
are plentiful this year,

Mountain laurel is in full bud, its
beauty yet to arrive.

Here tall white violets; there short
purple ones,

Delicate wild geraniums,

Rugged spiderwort, and perky white
star flowers abound.

Tulip poplar blooms high above,

In places dogwood petals cover the
trail.

On Flat Rock Overlook the Virginia
rose shows buds,

Even lowly poison ivy is blooming !

Back to work

Swing that blade;

Squeeze those loppers

Jubilant song and other sounds

brighten the world:

Indigo buntings in their brilliant coats
sing to the cosmos.

Ovenbirds and thrushes add their
voices to the chorus,

And chipmunks chirpingly chitter as
you pass.

A red bellied woodpecker chirps in a
tree,

Near noon, far below in a hollow, a barred owl
calls once.

A logcock booms on an old dead tree,
And later screams across the hollow.

Towhees both call and sing,

The voice like a hoarse robin is the
scarlet tanager's.

Titmice whistle cheerfully,

And a redstart's faint, short song is heard on
high.

The Tye is a muddy rush, Harpers
Creek roars down its valley

Brooks in the hollows rush, echoing
pleasantly.

A dead soldier by the trail succumbs to the saw –
TimmMMM berrrrrrrrrr! and

crash

..... Sad to lay him down.

But the old trooper, a gypsy moth victim,

No longer threatens the trail tread.

Back to work -

Swing that blade;

Squeeze those loppers.

Continued...

Adoption, I was adopted by a lovely stray,
A hound dog with manners so gentle -
And eyes so soft and loving.
My breakfast half his, along with
lunch, dinner,
And water
A fellow worker donates a peanut
butter sandwich.
He slept inches away, curled and
comfy,
A friend.
Back to work
 Swing that blade;
 Squeeze those loppers.
I sweat, perspire and odoriferize the
land,
A vulture soars overhead; Do I smell
that bad?
Butterflies in black, with iridescent
blue,
Flitter throughout the forest.
Bumblebees hum and buzz about the
blooms,
While a loose water bottle cap
spreads coolness down one leg.
A wet headband, with dragons yet,
Keeps drips out of the eyes –
But lets yon bald pate scorch red.
A tick, I find a tick –
Out out damn tick.
Back to work -
 Swing that blade;
 Squeeze those loppers.
Friday the East half of Three Ridges
hides in the fog,
Saturday is clearer, less humid, but a
scorcher.
The first day, three liters down the
hatch,

The next, five pass by the lips.
'Twas hot,
Darn hot.
Saturday's pleasant early morning air
movement stopped,
Causing one to wonder –
Oh cooling breeze, cooling breeze -
Wherefore art thou cooling breeze?
I swing and swing that pesky blade,
Bush cherry, poison ivy, growth of
all kinds
Falls to make the trail passable for
another day.
I work and sweat and strive for hours
it seems –
But, no matter how many long I
swing that blade,
The hike back takes but moments.
Oh yes dear reader, I can hear you
say -
"BTDT."
If you've Been There - Done That,
my hat's off to you –
If not come join us, the pay is great!
Both days were pay day for this
working volunteer,
Thru hikers passed by, appreciative
and thankful.
Good hours were spent on the trail,
Workaday stress relief par
excellence!!
Come, help us hold back the brush,
Make it a kinder, gentler trail.
 Swing that blade;
 Squeeze those loppers.

Bill Rogers

A Trail Club's Everything

By Jim Sexton

Bill Rogers has been one of TATC's most accomplished members. He has been a member of TATC since 1977, and served as TATC President in 1988 & 1989, as a Club Counselor in 1986, and held various Board positions from 1984 to 2017.

Bill has volunteered 4,314 hours of direct trail maintenance on the Appalachian Trail (AT) since TATC started recording trail hours in 1993, twice as many as any other TATC Maintainer during that same time period. He has spent uncountable hours in other roles that support TATC, other AT Clubs, the ATC, and the AT.

Bill also served as a Trail Section Leader for years, with responsibility for maintaining trail sections of the Appalachian Trail on Three Ridges.

He served as the club's ATC Representative from 2000 to 2005.

The ATC's Konnarock Trail Construction Crew has been a familiar activity for Bill as well. He participated in the Humpback Rocks Area, Bee Mountain, Dragon's Tooth, and the Tye River Bridge Construction Crews, just to mention a few.

Bill Roger's trail maintenance activities weren't restricted to the AT. He sponsored and led annual maintenance trips to Merchants Millpond State Park in North Carolina and to York River State Park in Virginia for years. He served as our Local Trails Chairman from 1984 to 1988, 1991, and 1992, accomplishing trail maintenance and hiking trips in the Tidewater area.

Bill has also taken First Place in both the TATC T-shirt design and TATC photo contests.

Bill was the longtime Chair of our Education Committee from 2002 - 2017. He authored various educational guides, data sheets, newsletter articles, and pamphlets, including "Rogers' Laws of Backpacking." Starting in 1983, Bill taught Beginning Backpacker Seminars each year for many years. His seminars helped to recruit and keep new members.

He served as an Appalachian Trail Natural Heritage Monitor, making him responsible for inventorying threatened endangered species.

Bill and two other volunteers received a USFS Pedlar District "walking stick" award for dedicated efforts in building privies (SST's [Sweet Smelling Toilets]), commuting over 2,000 miles just to dig the cavern under the Harpers Creek SST.

Bill was appointed to the ATC Board of Governors in 1999, serving on the ATC Land Trust and Trail and Land Management Committee.

Bill made a major contribution in 1998 to the AT thru his clean-up efforts. The TATC section of the AT was devastated by storm damage, with over 500 downed trees reported. Bill made multiple trips, traveling 200 miles from Tidewater to the AT, first to clear the access fire road, and then the trail itself. Due to Bill's leadership and his efforts along with other club members, the TATC section of the trail was cleared within four weeks. Bill was also instrumental in clearing trail damage after Hurricane Fran, Dennis, and Floyd.

Continued

Bill was the Vibram Volunteer of the Year for the State of Virginia in 1999. Bill Rogers and Otey Shelton were chosen as our club's entry into ATC's 75th Anniversary Honor Role in 2000 as part of ATC's anniversary celebrations.

These a just a few of Bill's accomplishments.

Bill didn't do this for rewards or a pat on the back. "It's just for the satisfaction and fun of it." "You look back, and you've done some good things and been out in the air," he said. "It's work, but good work."

Thanks, Bill, for everything!



Bill Rogers - 1990



AT Trail Maintenance at Hanging Rock Overlook - April 15, 2011



AT Trail Maintenance - May 5, 2010

Jerry Cobleigh Completes the Appalachian Trail

By Reese Lukei, Jr.

At 9:35 a.m. on Wednesday, May 5th, 1982, Jerry Cobleigh completed a journey that he began in 1967 in Maine - hiking the entire Appalachian Trail. His original goal was to hike the 2,000 mile trail in 10 years, but it took him 16 years of weekends, holidays and vacations. The final part of the 55-mile section from Spivey Gay on the Tennessee/North Carolina line to Hot Springs, N .C. was hiked with Reese Lukei and Fess Green.

As was true of most of his hikes, something unusual happened on Jerry's last hike. He discovered and ate "Ramps" (pewh!) and was offered and drank pure "Tennessee Moonshine" (Whooppee!!).

Congratulations, Jerry.



May 1980 - Jerry Cobleigh - Section Hiking the A.T. in Laurel Gorge, TN

Alert: Typhoon Ned Blast Through the Appalachian Trail

By Rosanne Scott

As anyone who was on or near the Appalachian Trail between Reids Gap and the Tye River swing bridge during the weekend of May 16-17, 2003 knows, a compact but powerful typhoon blew through the area, causing major smiles and floods of warm greetings.

I am, of course, referring to TATC's own Ned Kuhns, whose trail name is "Typhoon". Ned began his through-hike in March, and planned his leave date based on how long it would take him to travel from Springer Mountain in Georgia to the TATC section of trail by our Spring Maintenance weekend, May 16-18. Ned's planning was flawless, since he arrived in time to travel our whole section of trail on Saturday and visit with the many maintainers along the way.

Ned, with some of his new friends from the trail, joined us for dinner on Saturday evening at Sherando Lake. It was a pleasure to have their company for the evening, hearing about life on the trail, a life that many of us will only experience vicariously through these sturdy souls. Ned - we wish you the best of luck for the rest of your journey. Keep the postcards coming

(Ned completed the A.T. in 2003)



Abused and Used by Bunnies - 2 Tales of Rascally Rabbit Behavior

by Bob Adkisson

Under the heading Memorable Animal Encounters, (I've told of almost bumping into bears, nonexistent and otherwise, and of rescuing a moose stuck between a tree and a boulder. These were all big, bumbly animals that, no matter how lovable, should always be treated with a degree of wariness; they demand respect, and their demands can be backed up by several hundred pounds of pure muscle.)

But what of small, unassuming animals like, say, the cute clover-eating little rabbit? Dare we turn our back on them? Dare we think we know of what they are capable?

Camping without a tent let's the world into your bedroom-the world is your bedroom, from one horizon to the other and it's safe to say that the 1st tale would never have happened if I'd closed myself off inside one of those narrow nylon cells. Anyway, a companion and myself had just spent a rough day hiking what is probably the toughest few miles of the whole A.T. - thru southern Maine's Mahoosuc Notch, then up Mahoosuc Arm Mtn. and several miles over to Speck Mtn.

There is not one inch of dirt or actual trail in the half mile long Notch, and it takes over an hour, maybe 2, to climb, worm, and scramble your way thru the maze of fallen, room-sized boulders that fill the bottom of this wooded ravine. Last winter's snow and ice are visible, here and there, in the shadowy recesses beneath the rocks, and a small stream, unseen, can be heard running even deeper down. In the jumble of boulders, sometimes the trail goes thru a small opening under a rock; packs, heavy with supplies, must be removed, shoved ahead or pulled along behind.

It's a real workout, and when it's done, no rest, nothing but an eroded, straight up ascent (another Maine specialty) of about 2,000 feet or more. By the time my friend and I reached our goal, the summit of Speck Mtn., it was late in the day and we were beat. It was only our 2nd night in Maine (on our way to Katahdin); we were looking forward to seeing our 1st ever moose, and enjoying one of the most pristine states on the whole trail. The last thing I expected or wanted this night was to be attacked by a disgruntled rabbit.

The mountaintop was covered by a dense miniature forest (evergreens stunted by winter winds and snow pack) but near the lookout tower was the perfect camping spot, a small grassy clearing just off the trail. Yes, taking off our packs, the 1st thing we did was climb the tower and look back on a weeks' worth of walking - Mt. Washington and the White Mtns. of New Hampshire to the South. To the North; Bald Pate and Bemis Mtn; the trail thru the more humble, but every bit as taxing, Mahoosuc Range. Back in the clearing we both noticed a large innocent looking rabbit feeding in the grass. Without a thought or a worry, we spread out our sleeping bags, ate a quick, cold meal, had but a minute to write in our journals before darkness descended. I lay back, exhausted, the rabbit last seen 25 feet away, still nibbling.

Continued ...

Perhaps 5 minutes passed, sleep was already at hand when, Wham! Something jumped on my feet. Wham again now it banged off of my knees! Then Bam! It bounced off my stomach, nearly doubling me over....Rabbit Attack! I pulled my arms out of the bag and threw them across my face for protection. Wham! The rabbit bounded off my forearms and into the bushes, gone.

Welcome to Maine, boys, where the bunnies get their giggles using tired hikers as trampolines!

Bunny Tale #2 -- It was but 12 months later, on the 140-mile-long Northville Lake Placid Trail in the Adirondacks of upstate New York, that myself and 2 other hikers were thanklessly used by a speeding rabbit, left to defend ourselves against the frustrated, toothsome animal that had been hot on its tail. Like in Maine, this whole encounter lasted less than 6 seconds, proving that you should watch less TV and stay off your computer, out of the house (pay attention to life!) - amazing things can happen to you in a very short amount of time, if you are there to experience them.

It was late in the afternoon; I'd camp out one last night before reaching the end of the trail in the town of Lake Placid. I'd just met 2 southbound hikers, young men my own age, and we stood there on the trail, about 3 feet apart, passing a few minutes in innocent, unsuspecting conversation. But suddenly we were cut short by a frantic-urgent sound, something running thru the deep woods and shadows, something tearing across the forest floor. And, out of nowhere and nothing, it was rapidly coming right toward us as if it knew we were there, as if we'd been there all along, as if destiny had arranged us like pawns on a chessboard.

Six seconds our heads swung to look upslope, there came a brown blur, a rabbit, zigzagging at full throttle, zipping past trees and clumps of fern, bounding off a 5-foot-high rock outcropping and, never hesitating, shooting right between us, within inches of us, between our legs and gone, down toward a lake 100 yards away, the low angled sun shimmering off the water's surface, blinding us thru the trees....

We looked back upslope, to what had been pursuing the long-gone rabbit, what had been 5 feet behind it right up to where it jumped off that outcrop, 30 feet from us. The pursuer was a fox. It skidded to a quick stop and, all hope gone, glared at us for a full 2 seconds.

To the rabbit we were a godsend, a chance it was willing to take; it must have cunningly calculated that it had little to lose almost brushing up against our legs. To the fox, resigned and yet resentful, coldly, grimly staring us down, we were a gauntlet it dared not run. Foiled, defeated, and no doubt hungry, it turned and trotted off, surrendering the field to us. Pride or wariness caused it to stop once, throwing back one final glare. Then it too was gone, back into the quiet waiting woods, the lengthening shadows.

Dumbstruck and wide-eyed, our jaws dropped in amazement, the 3 of us looked at each other, as if to say did you see that?! Do you believe what just happened....

Walk Across Maryland: 40 Miles of the Appalachian Trail And Civil War History on South Mountain

By Mal Higgins

Rocks! Tough uphill! Hot and humid! Blasting rain! Poison ivy! For perhaps 15 years Joe Turlo has been joining a group of friends organized by Marshall and Karen Hamilton to walk 40 miles south on the Appalachian Trail across Maryland. This year, I joined Joe and “WAM 31” from Friday, June 3 through Sunday, June 5, 2016. Marshall and Karen, now living in Texas, have done it for 31 straight years as of 2016! Other TATCers who also did the hike were Jerry Schneider, Sr., Jerry Schneider II, Marilyn Anspach (collectively, they acquired the moniker “Team Marilyn” due to their hiking together), Mark Connolly, Faye Bailey, and Michael Horrell.

Three days, two nights in the woods, 40 miles and we “Wammers” slackpacked south from the Pennsylvania line into West Virginia with approximately another twenty friends of Marshall who gathered from Maryland, California, Texas, and probably other states too. Each night we ran shuttle cars to position for the start of the next day’s hike, ate in restaurants, and the TATCers either camped out or slept in their cars. The hike consisted of a 10 mile hike on day one, a 13 mile hike on day two, and a 17 mile hike on day three. During the days we had at least two refreshment stops at intersections of the A.T. with state roads and Karen Hamilton met us there with popsicles, fruit, water and other snacks.

After we TATCers assembled at the Comfort Inn, Hagerstown on the day before, we adjourned for supper at Barefoot Bernie’s Restaurant. Spirits were high. Next morning, we TATCers assembled at the Dixie Diner in Smithsburg MD, met Marshall, and after breakfast met the other twenty or so hikers at the Pen Mar County Park at the PA/MD state line.

We were off on a hot, sultry day, and immediately encountered one of the most severe elevation gains of the three days as we hiked south to High Rock. It’s a prominent overlook in a monitored park area from which hang gliding is officially permitted out into the Maryland valley far below. An official sign warned not to navigate one’s hang glider into “Area P-40”, always off limits. I am pretty sure that is Camp David, Maryland, the Presidential retreat, and no one there welcomes hang gliders!

When we resumed hiking after a lunch break at High Rock, the trail became extremely rocky and began another climb to walking a ridge. We met several teams of trail maintainers, part of a “South Mountain Maintainers” chapter of the Potomac Appalachian Trail Club. They were using gasoline powered weed whackers and were cutting back the encroaching growth on the A.T. One member with whom I spoke, Steve Miller, knew and had hiked with TATC member, Ned Kuhns. Another member was wearing a TATC tee shirt she had picked up somewhere.

Continued ...

In the afternoon we got a pretty good shower, which didn't really get one too wet under the forest canopy and stopped after about an hour and a half. Throughout the day I met many through hikers heading north to Mt. Katahdin, as part of a large "bubble" of hikers. I met Sweet Potato, One Who Walks With Sweet Potato, Spider, Cheesy, Trekaroni (who hiked with a long salami strapped to his hiking pole), Doc, MacGoober, and Little Kiss (an Italian).

At the end of the day, we arrived at the stopping point near Ensign Cowall Shelter. Mike, Mark and Faye, and I set up our tents there, while Marilyn set up her tent near the parking spaces where Joe and the Schneiders would spend the night in their trucks. We drove in to Smithsburg to eat meat loaf at the Dixie Diner again. Night fell as we arrived back at the trail hike for a quarter mile hike into our tents. No rain fell, and the night passed uneventfully.

Saturday, day two, was our hottest day (80s F) of the three days hiking. After an early morning car shuttle by Joe and Mark, we resumed the hike, joined by the other hikers who arrived at the parking lot on Wolfsville Road. During the day I met Barbara and Mary, a mother and daughter, who with Gary, the husband, have a history of long distant hiking. They have hiked the WAM for all of these years, including the 22 years since Barbara was pregnant with Mary. Never missed! Mary, an accomplished, poised and friendly young woman, hiked the Pacific Crest Trail with her parents at age 9, and for many years held the record as the youngest P.C.T. hiker to complete that trail. Mary graduated in June from Stanford with a master's degree in Agricultural Systems.



Continued ...

We passed through two great overlooks in the afternoon, Black Rock Cliff and Annapolis Rock. Both are similar to Tinker Cliffs near Roanoke. I found myself often hiking alone, enjoying the solitude, and admiring the prolific, blooming, white mountain laurel that was everywhere the entire day. Rocks on the trail were everywhere, too. We reached a stop at the U.S. Route 40 intersection with I-70 on a hot afternoon, and Karen, WAM's co-organizer, was there with ice cold popsicles, water, and snacks. The A.T. then immediately crosses I-70 on a spectacular pedestrian bridge high above.

Throughout the day I met more through hikers: Snake, Spielberg, Super Tramp, Badger, Grouse, Oriole, Slow Joe Crow, Portuguese (from Portugal), Shire, Puck (a retired Marine special forces guy), and Mogley (a young 18 year old).

Near day's end, we reached Washington Monument State Park for another rest break with popsicles and snacks. In 1827, citizens of Boonesboro, MD erected a large stone tower, somewhat shaped like a 30 foot tall beehive. Over the centuries it has been reconstructed, most recently by the C.C.C. in 1936. I ascended the internal steep stone circular staircase to the summit and was rewarded with great views of the valley below. As I lounged on the grass, taking a break, unbeknownst to me, I acquired a nice bunch of chiggers. We wrapped up the day without rain after 13 miles at Turners Gap on South Mountain next to the Old South Mountain Inn.



Continued ...

Mark and Faye, Marilyn, and I set up our tents for the night there at Dahlgren Back Pack Campground Area, a free campsite. There we met a son and mother hiking team, who had just started a long northbound section hike. The son demonstrated his skill at “slack rope walking” by gracefully balancing himself and walking a slack rope strung between two trees. A busy-body Maryland park official made him stop, but when I questioned the ranger about what regulation prohibited this, the ranger could cite no provision. Another example of pettiness by a bureaucrat. We joined the other TATC members for a short drive into quaint Boonesboro to eat at Dan’s Tap House, before returning to our camp. Hot water and showers at a bath house made this a welcome place to stop. It rained overnight but stopped before sunrise, and after breaking camp, and Joe and Mark shuttling cars, we joined the other gathered “Wammers” to hike our final 17 miles.

The entire three days of WAM are mostly on a huge mountain known as South Mountain, which was the scene of a fierce set of Civil War engagements in September 1862 as General Robert Lee’s Army of Northern Virginia invaded the North in an attempt to end the Civil War early. He was met by General George McClellan’s Army of the Potomac in pursuit of the invaders. Numerous historical signs at Turners Gap told the tale of these bloody encounters as part of the South Mountain State Battlefield. I was sobered to reflect that as I hiked these peaceful and beautiful mountains, I was walking through an area of great loss of life during the Civil War. I was hiking by myself at the time, and I stopped at the monuments erected in isolated spots to slain Confederate General Jesse Reno and Union General Samuel Garland, who died the same day, September 14, 1862. The Confederates withdrew by day’s end and three days later on September 17, 1862, the armies clashed at the Battle of Antietam, the bloodiest one day battle in American history with 23,000 killed.

It was another hot, humid morning and we hiked six miles to our lunch stop at Gathland State Park at Crampton’s Gap. Karen and Marshall had arranged to use the picnic shelter there and we feasted on a catered picnic of fried chicken, tortillas, fruit salad, corn on the cob, and other goodies. It was a welcome break at the former estate of Civil War correspondent George Townsend, pen name “GATH”. The War Correspondent Arch, 50 feet high and 40 feet wide, was built there in 1896 by Townsend, where he retired. It’s maintained currently as a national historic monument by the National Park Service.

On this day, the through hikers bubble continued: Old Hiker (wearing a patch proclaiming “Embrace the Suck”), Hong Kong Steve (from Hong Kong!), Stone, Sphagnum P.I. (a woman biologist with an interest in moss), Morning Glory, Not A Bear (a young woman with a black pack), Chewy (a Bernie Sanders supporter), Kiwi and Virginia Creeper (mother and daughter from Blacksburg, VA), Conductor, Elusive, Cheap & Easy, Hobo, and Moonshine.

Continued ...

The Wammers all hiked on for the final 11 miles after Gathland. After a gentle climb back uphill to the top of the ridge, it was time to put the hammer down. Mother Nature decided likewise, and as forecast, the skies went dark, the rain howled in, and a soaker began. I regrouped with fellow hikers from California and Texas, and we trudged on in the downpour. The A.T. steeply descends from Weverton Cliffs in a series of sharp switchbacks to the C & O Canal Towpath. One more rest stop at the Weverton Road crossing, and then we pounded out three miles of flat walking on the tow-path. The rain had stopped, and the sun came back out, as we entered Harpers Ferry. The strikingly clear water of the Shenandoah River was mingling with the muddy, swollen Potomac River at the point on which Harpers Ferry sits. One of the Texas hikers, wearing a “fit bit” was amazed to discover that the fit bit showed she had walked exactly 40,000 steps today.

Marshall and Karen negotiated the Coach House Restaurant at Harpers Ferry to remain open as Wammers came straggling in, and all of us wrapped up the WAM with an early evening celebration there. In addition to the chiggers, I had picked up some poison ivy, and by midweek on my return, I was enjoying the best of both. WAM! Do it!



Georgia to Maine - 2011-2016

by Deb Ripka

In 2011 my husband, Mark, retired after 36 years in the US Army. I also retired after 21 years of teaching. We knew that we were ready for the next phase of life but weren't sure exactly what that would entail. Little did we know that hiking the Appalachian Trail would become a big part of our first five years of retirement!

We had done a lot of hiking and a lot of camping, but we had never long-distanced backpacked (although Mark had had his share of carrying a rucksack in the Army). We loved Shenandoah National Park and started to become interested in backpacking the Virginia portion of the Appalachian Trail. In August 2011 we did our first section—54 miles from Ft. Royal to Harpers Ferry. We were hooked!

As we continued to do sections that were within a day's drive, we realized that we wanted to complete the entire trail. Gradually we added more miles to our sections and by May of this year we had completed everything except New Hampshire and Maine!! We decided to do both of these states in the same trip since it is such a long distance from here. After 35 hiking days, we summited Katahdin on July 8, 2016!

We did not realize five years ago what an adventure this would be. It entailed 18 trips to the trail over a five-year period. We realized early on that we needed to take a "zero" day every five or six days to recuperate. These days became some of our favorite parts of the trail. We saw a part of America that we would have never experienced—to include visiting the oldest brewery and oldest winery in the United States! We also met such wonderful people on the trail and in the towns. We took a lot of shuttles to get to trailheads, and our drivers would educate us on the highlights and struggles of their communities.

We discovered that every hiker had his or her own reason for being on the trail. Some were recovering from deployments in the military; some were trying to figure out what was next in their careers; some were challenging their bodies after physical issues; some just wanted to be outdoors. There were day hikers, weekend hikers, section hikers, and thru-hikers, but all of us had to face the same mountains and weather. At the end of the day we could all relate!

We are not sure what our next adventure will be, but we know that hiking the entire Appalachian Trail is one of our greatest achievements! We are so proud to be a part of the 2000-miler club.



Airplane Crashes on Three Ridges

Reprinted TATC Newsletter Article

By Bob Adkisson

Below is reprinted an article from the April-May, 1984 edition of the club's newsletter, about a small airplane that crashed on our section of the A.T. that February. There has, of course, been about a 90% turnover in club membership in the last 30 years; few club members now are aware of this accident. In checking the web for additional information about the crash I found nothing, only a local news item about **another**, earlier crash of a two-man military plane very near the A.T., about 10 miles farther to the north, in the Humpback Rocks area; this was, I believe, in 1962 (the two men on board that plane were forced to bail out when their plane suddenly lost power in dense clouds; both survived).

A twin-engine Piper Comanche airplane crashed on the Appalachian Trail about ¼ mile north of the highest point on Three Ridges about 9:30 P.M. Sunday, February 12th. The pilot, Ott Sedwick, who was the only person aboard, died in the crash. Sedwick left Conway, S. C. about 8 P.M. en route to Butler, Pa. It is not known why, but the plane was heading south when it crashed and only lacked about 20 feet from clearing the tree tops. The weather was clear. The wreckage was not located until February 14 about 4 P.M. by the Civil Air Patrol. Sedwicks' body was removed by rescue workers the next day. He was an employee of Armstrong Utilities, Inc., Bulter, Pa. and lived in Kittanning, PA.

On February 19th, [club members] Bob Herrmann, Fred Darling, and Reese Lukei visited the crash site to determine in what way TATC may assist in the removal of the wreckage. Jack Albright, an ATC Board member, was also present. There are three large pieces, the two engines and the main part of the fuselage. The rest of the four seat aluminum aircraft is in about 2,000 shredded and mangled pieces. The wreckage is scattered on both sides of the Appalachian Trail for 150 feet in each direction. An insurance company has the responsibility to remove the wreckage. Two salvage firms have been asked to bid on removing the plane, including a helicopter pilot who said "no way". TATC has offered to backpack the wreckage out to Maupin Field where it could then be trucked out. TATC members will be asked to assist in the removal effort if it becomes necessary.

The article ended there and, as with many Newsletter articles, there was no indication or mention as to who the author might have been. Lynn Folsom was newsletter editor at that time.

In the following newsletter, the June-July edition, trail supervisor Bob Herrmann wrote a long article about the spring work trip on our section of the A.T., held the last weekend in April. The plane crash and its wreckage are mentioned only once, briefly: naming everyone who participated in the work trip (with a funny anecdote or observation about each of them), he wrote: "Mike Squires and Nancy Pratt with their garbage bags of airplane parts carried down from Three Ridges". There was nothing in any subsequent newsletters.

Continued ...

In preparing to reprint this article, I contacted life member Reese Lukei (since he is mentioned in it) to ask if he remembered any additional information or details of the event. He did indeed: He noted that TATC didn't learn of the crash until **after** the wreckage had been located and the body removed. He said the rescuers approached the crash site from the foot of the mountain, on the Tye River side, instead of coming in off of the Blue Ridge Parkway and thru the Maupin Field area, where access would have been much easier, the climb up to the summit at least half of what it is from the south side.

Once aware of the crash, club members were asked to stay clear until investigators had finished their work. He said investigators concluded that the twin engine plane had lost a propeller, as only one was located at the crash site.

Reese believes that the three largest and heaviest pieces of the aircraft were taken out by helicopter, though he didn't remember which agency or company might have done the work. TATC members removed several bags of smaller stuff, carrying the pieces of wreckage (about 2 miles) down to the Maupin Field area; the forest service took it out from there, by truck. The plane struck a large oak tree, about 30 feet up; one engine tore loose on impact and fell to the foot of the tree (pieces of the engine were embedded in the tree); the 2nd engine wound up on the A.T. itself. The fuselage apparently somersaulted across the trail and was found upside down.

The location of the crash was in the slight ridge-crest saddle, between the summit of Three Ridges Mtn. and Hanging Rock viewpoint. Thirty years later, no trace or sign can be found of the crash.

Reese said he most probably wrote the unsigned newsletter article, taking most of the information from news reports.

In mentioning this unfortunate incident, I am also reminded of something else that once existed on 'our' section of the A.T., something that most present day members know nothing about, and of which there is now not a trace: at Maupin Field, within a stone's throw distance of where the A.T. intersects the side trail going 100 yards down to the shelter, there used to sit an exceptionally ugly, old, run down and little used hunting cabin (on about 90 acres of private land). This was the Maxie Campbell cabin, and there is a photo of it on the club's website, under the CABIN tab (photo # 34). In the photo, taken in October, 1990, club members are tearing the cabin down; the debris was hauled out by a forest service truck about a week later. As part of their ongoing effort to protect the A.T. and establish a wild corridor of land for it, the forest service had bought the property (and the cabin) about a year earlier; they asked our club to raze the structure. We also took apart some dog kennels and fencing immediately behind the cabin, back by an old collection of rusted, shot-up appliances. Walking around the area now, you'd never know what used to sit there, or how, before the forest service gated the fire road that came in from the Parkway at Love Gap, local hunters, and Maxie, used to drive their vehicles in and park right next to the A.T. Though the area is heavily used by hikers now, a sense of isolation and naturalness has been restored.

Airplane Crash on Top of Three Ridges



Nelson County, Virginia Designated an Appalachian Trail Community™

Press Release

Nelson County, VA (September 20, 2012) – The Appalachian Trail Conservancy (ATC) will celebrate the official designation of Nelson County, Virginia as the newest Appalachian Trail (A.T.) Community™ on October 17, 2012, from 1:30 p.m. - 3:00 p.m., at the Nelson Center located at 8445 Thomas Nelson Hwy, Lovingston, Virginia. This event is free and open to the public.

The designation will begin with guest speakers including Mark Wenger, Executive Director/CEO of the ATC and Laura Belleville, Director of Conservation for the ATC, as well as local representatives from Nelson County.

“The Appalachian Trail Conservancy is proud to celebrate communities that are helping to protect and promote the Appalachian Trail,” said Julie Judkins, community program manager for the ATC. “These new partnerships will increase local stewardship of public lands, support community initiatives for sustainable economic development and conservation planning as well as support healthy lifestyles for community citizens.”

After the ceremony, guests are welcome to snack on local apples donated by Drumheller’s Orchard and beverages while they view a slideshow of photographs of the A.T. near Nelson County and of local trail clubs doing trail maintenance.

The ATC will also host “ATopoly”, an activity for all ages to learn more about the A.T. and Leave No Trace principles.

A variety of local outdoor clubs and organizations will have informational booths set up during the event as well.

The Appalachian Trail Community™ is a new program of the ATC, the nonprofit responsible for management and protection of the A.T. Launched in 2010, this program recognizes and thanks communities for their part in promoting the A.T. as an important local and national asset.



Virginia Regional Partnership Committee Volunteer of the Year for 2020

Each year, the Virginia Regional Partnership Committee (RPC) recognizes one Volunteer of the Year and one Agency Partner of the Year, for outstanding contributions to A.T. Stewardship. This year, our very own Jim Newman was presented with the Volunteer of the Year Award for 2020 at the Fall Virginia Regional Partnership Committee (RPC) Meeting, held on October 24th, 2020. Attached below is a copy of the award nomination that TATC submitted for Jim:

VOLUNTEER OF THE YEAR NOMINEE

James Newman – Tidewater AT Club

Submitted by: Rosanne Cary, TATC President



James Newman has been a member of the Tidewater Appalachian Trail Club (TATC) since 1984. Following his retirement as a high school principal, he has brought a consistent enthusiastic interest in and dedication to the Appalachian Trail, the TATC, and the Appalachian Trail Conservancy while winning the support of club members who elected him to leadership positions of vice president and hike master (2009 - 2011), followed by president (2012 - 2014). When no one else would volunteer to take on the challenging position of trails supervisor, Jim stepped forward and is currently serving in that key position (2015 - Present). A leader and active participant in every endeavor in which he pursues, Jim has accumulated many hours of volunteer service, particularly in maintenance on the AT. A qualified cross-cut sawyer, he also has actively participated on Konnarock work crews and work with the Southern Appalachian Wilderness Stewards (SAWS) team.

Continued ...

This past year, Jim has achieved a long list of accomplishments, a summary of which include:

- Organized, managed and supervised the maintenance of TATC's section of the AT from Reids Gap to Route 56 at the Tye River Bridge. This includes "walk-thrus" to scope out the specific maintenance work to be done during the two major club work weekends held at Sherando Lake Recreational Area. During these major club weekends, he developed innovative safety briefings which have resulted in zero accidents. Recognizing the need for additional work in hard to reach trail areas during the summer growing season, he organized and led "Lopper & Swing Blade Festivals" that attracted new maintainers to begin work on the AT while maintaining our section of the Trail in tip-top condition.

- Faced with a continued shortage of volunteers, Jim actively pursued Outreach initiatives to attract more youth and members to TATC for involvement with and maintenance of the AT by conducting Trail related presentations and presenting displays at local parks and in the local community at other outdoor "open- house" events to promote the club and the AT. His efforts have been a major Outreach success.

- He has personally coordinated with U.S. Navy commands to attract local Navy personnel to work on the AT. Through his efforts, TATC was recently recognized on ATC's "The Register" for the large increase in maintainers for the Trail. He attracted Midshipmen from the U.S. Naval Academy to work with Southern Appalachian Wilderness Stewards (SAWS) crews on our major AT projects.

- Jim initiated an effort to organize a crew to remove hazard trees from the Maupin Field area of TATC's section of the trail. This effort resulted in a multi-organizational crew removing 105 hazard trees in one day.

- Jim has been TATC's representative assisting the Appalachian Trail Park Office (APPA) and ATC on their Wayfinding project. He initially participated in the contractor's site visits and then reviewed and contributed to the site assessment dealing with TATC's section of VARO's pilot sites. He continues to be TATC's primary point-of-contact for this important project.

Jim Newman truly represents the essence of leadership in volunteerism and TATC wholeheartedly nominates him as the 2020 Volunteer of the Year from the seven clubs of ATC's Central and South-west Virginia Region. He has done "everything" in support of the AT, TATC and ATC. No one is more deserving of the award this year.

Virginia Privy Scores First

How sweet it is!

by David W. Benavitch

The Tidewater Appalachian Trail Club and the Pedlar Ranger District of the George Washington National Forest last fall produced a first along the Trail in Virginia - a sweet-smelling toilet. The structure, located at Harpers Creek Shelter, is based on an old standard Forest Service design, modified to incorporate new "Sweet Smelling Toilet (SST)" technology developed by the Forest Service's San Dimas, Calif., engineering lab.

The major design modification involved the size of the pit and the venting system. The old plans called for a three-foot square pit with a four-inch vent pipe rising vertically along the inside of the building. We made our pit four feet by six feet by eight feet deep and braced it with treated lumber. We used the extra depth for a culvert pipe fitted over a steel sleeve formed in a concrete slab. The culvert fits over the pit but is located outside the building. The culvert is painted black, to absorb heat. Warm air inside the pipe rises up and out, pulling with it air from the pit. Air in the pit is replaced by fresh air circulating downward through a riser.

The privy is located on a small ridge near the shelter to take advantage of prevailing breezes. The secret to the lack of noxious fumes is in the large (12-inch diameter) vent pipe, which faces south for maximum sunlight, and the location and orientation of the structure.

It will be important to remove spider webs, etc., from the vent pipe at least twice a year by lowering a weighted object down the pipe on a rope. The vent pipe should not be covered with screen wire. For maximum efficiency, the pipe needs to be fully open.

We came up with other improvements, such as using number-one-grade treated yellow pine that won't have to be painted, and quarter-inch (clear) Lexan for the roof, to maximize natural lighting. We also eliminated the plywood interior lining. Experience has shown that the cavity between the walls provided excellent nesting areas for rats, mice, and other critters, which, in turn, attracted snakes. We used galvanized screen to cover louvers and gable vents and covered that with quarter-inch-mesh, galvanized hardware cloth to deter persistent gnawers. We trimmed the screened areas with strips of treated lumber to provide a finished look.

Materials for the toilet cost about \$1,500. It was funded as a cost-share project between the Forest Service and the Tidewater A.T. Club, members of which provided most of the labor. The pit was, by far, the most challenging part of the project; diggers hauled out two rocks for every shovelful of dirt!

Pedlar District Senior Community Service Program enrollees pre-cut most of the lumber, and Forest Service personnel carried in the materials. It is hard to get excited over a pit toilet, but TATC and the Forest Service are proud of this one! Not only is it well built, but it smells good, too.

Mount Katahdin 8/7/1997

by Janie Blassingham, with help from Joyce Kilmer

I think that I shall never see
A team as tough as the TATC

'Twas 7 a.m., when 11 brave
souls started out
There were 4 guys and 4 gals
from TATC, all ready to shout

2 gals from Georgia, and 1
Mainer, were with us
Cheerful they were, and a
definite plus

To Baxter Peak on Katahdin,
was our intent
And made it we did, 'tho our
backs were bent

The smell of balsam, as we
passed through the trees
Brought Christmas to mind,
when we fell to our knees

Told the easy way down, was
the Saddle Trail
You know how hikers love to tell
tales

'Tis said -
the mountains in Maine, are
uphill both ways
No argument you'll get from us,
on that fateful day

There were little rocks, loose
rocks, big rocks, and boulders
The packs on our backs brought
pain to our shoulders

"Please stay on the trail", the
little signs read
'Tho on the soft dirt, we would
love to have tread

In sunny weather, we started
our climb
But along about dark, we had
run out of time

A more motley crew you
couldn't find
Emerging in the dark –
battered, bruised and most
blind

Poems are made by fools like me
But only GOD was with the TATC.

Appalachian Trail Hikers



1997 AT NY - Judy Kernell, Marlene Walchli, Dan Cheche & Marilyn Horvath



Ellis Malabad, Bob Adkisson, and Phyllis Neumann,
on Ridge Trail near summit of Katahdin, July 13, 2004



**Phyllis Neumann, Mal Higgins, Bob Adkisson, and Ellis Malabad
on summit of Katahdin, July 13, 2004**



TATC Trail Magic at Reids Gap - 2018



Sally Goessell - Brown Mtn Shelter 1987



Jerry Burch - 1980



Marilyn Horvath & Dan Cheche, AT Dalton, Mass. 1999



**Florence Cupschalk & Judy Kernell
Wayah Bald Tower AT NC 2002**



Judy Kernell on the AT in NC 1997



Gudrun Hile, Larry & Vicki Blett

Douglas Lee Putman Cabin



Douglas Putman Memorial Cabin - 40th Anniversary of the Dedication

By Bob Adkisson

On May 8th, 1982 the Tidewater Appalachian Trail Club held a Dedication Ceremony for the club's cabin. After about 40 months of steady, hard toil, it still didn't have doors or windows, the floor was 100% dirt, and the roof wasn't entirely finished yet. But the work had taken longer than expected, and those in charge felt we shouldn't keep the Putman family waiting any longer. If nothing else, we wanted to celebrate what we'd created so far! We were proud of it, and pretty sure we'd have the roof completed soon, the security shutters and doors all in place by Thanksgiving, with a working cook stove installed inside and a lock on the door.

The Putman family, having tragically lost their son Douglas in a car accident in 1977, had generously given our club a large monetary gift, and we had agreed to build a cabin dedicated to their son's memory. It was a near monumental task our club took on, but it was also a labor of love, one that bound many of our members into a close knit, family-like work crew, out of which flourished many long-term friendships. The camaraderie and the sense of accomplishment that grew out of the effort were a once in a lifetime sort of experience.

I was there on that mild, beautiful Spring day in 1982, as was the Putman family, assorted dignitaries and friends, and many members of the trail club - in all, 87 people came to see and to celebrate what we had done, what we were still working to finish.

Here is the newsletter article about the event, published about a month after the event:

"Cabin Dedication"

The dawning of a new day and a living memorial to Douglas Lee Putman.

The day began with the air being permeated with the smell of roast pork cooking. As TATC members hustled about to make the Douglas Lee Putman Memorial Cabin Dedication a lasting, living memory, they succeeded. The day shared with us good weather.....sunshine.....a few droplets of rain, the sweet aroma of Spring, a full moon - the many blessings of nature. Above all, we were surrounded by friends - friends of Douglas' in the name of family and others.

The Dedication was well attended, approximately 87 in number. The ceremony was conducted by Reese Lukei, our President, who gave the invocation and welcoming remarks. Jacque Jenkins gave a brief history of the cabin and introduced Phyllis Putman Sullivan, our benefactor. Harold Crate explained the time capsule after which there was a laying of the cornerstone. The capsule, containing pictures, a description of Doug's life, and a poem, as well as a roster of TATC members, was embedded for the sake of history.

The ribbon cutting by Phyllis and Otey Shelton opened the door to Doug's friends interested in the out of doors, and in particular hiking.

Continued ...

After the ceremonies, all gathered for the “feed”. The barbequed pork, cole slaw, bean-hole beans and apple turnovers were devoured. Hmmmmmmmmm good! It was a beautiful occasion.”

The work crew that weekend, the people that pulled the Dedication altogether and brought it off without any noticeable hitches:

Jacque Jenkins (a former club president and the cabin’s chief cook and cheerleader; she was also the head wrangler, calling club members and trying to get all the hands and help the project needed); Harold & Margaret Crate (Harold was the head architect, the man with the plan, and Margaret was always there with him, doing whatever was needed; both of them came on almost every once -a-month work trip, for the several years that it took); Bill Newsom (a jack of all trades and one of the inner core of workers who was there almost every month, and one of the few who wasn’t retired); several very active couples, most with steady and long work records at the cabin - John & Ann Wilbon, Larry & Susan Twiford, Larry & Susan Sites, Karl & Melva Price (along with their grown daughter Cindy this weekend), Fred & Jean Darling, and soon to be married Mary Marsh & Mason Newsome; and seven single people - Curtis Eley, Bob Adkisson, Lillian Benson, Richard Kavannaugh, Fred Bull, Herb Coleman, and Clay Perry.

Friend of the club and nearby resident, ‘Big John’ Childress brought in the whole pig that we cooked for about 24 hours, taking 2 hour shifts, turning it on a spit all of Friday, and Friday night.

On Friday Harold and others continued work on the cabin itself, attaching heavy security shutters to 3 of the windows, plus the bottom half of the front door. Butchers paper was placed to cover the front door opening, and on Saturday Phyllis Putman, Douglas’ mother, cut a ribbon from across the doorway, and pulled the paper aside as well - symbolically opening the cabin to all in attendance.

In attendance on Saturday for the Dedication was Dave Startzell, head of the Appalachian Trail Conference, along with his wife Judy Jenner (who was editor of the Trailway News, the ATC’s magazine, published out of Harper’s Ferry). Ruth Blackburn of ATC was also there, as well as representatives of both the National Park and Forest Service. Lynn Coffey, editor of a local newspaper, attended (there are several books by her in the cabin, all about local history and people; she now lives in the small community of Love, about 3 miles from the cabin).

Of course members of the Putman family were there, as guests of honor - Phyllis and her husband Garrett Sullivan, and Debbie and Susan Putman (sisters of Douglas). There were 4 others in attendance with the last name of Putman, but if I heard who they were or exactly how they were related I have long ago forgotten.

Leading up to the weekend of the Cabin Dedication contingents of loyal workers put in extra days and hours trying to get the cabin (and the grounds around it) cleaned up and to a certain state of completion. In early April in that year was a 9 night/10 day work trip, during which a lot was accomplished. This was followed by weekend trips on April 23rd - 25th and April 30th - May 2nd. So, the weekend of May 8th was the 3rd weekend in a row that people made the long drive to the Blue Ridge Mountains and were there at the cabin, working to get it ready. Even staying late on Sunday afternoons, trying to do just a few more chores.

Continued ...

Looking thru the names of those that signed the log book in May of 1982 (the ones that signed legibly, that is), I see only a handful that are still active in the trail club today-- Mal Higgins, Reese Lukei, Richard Kavannaugh, Jerry Cobleigh, Karl & Melva Price, and of course myself.

It is sad to say that almost all of the people who most dedicated themselves to the project have, in the last 40 years, passed away. Of the 23 people I highlighted above, that hosted and helped out that weekend, only 8 are still with us.

But what a gift the cabin is, what a marvel, what an adventure! We created it, we enjoyed it, and it will continue to live and give memories for many years to come. It was a wonderful opportunity and idea the Putman family presented us with, and I believe we made the most of it. We built something special and long-lasting and good. I know of several families in the trail club, including my own, where 3 generations have traveled to and enjoyed spending time at the cabin. Priceless memories.

Members of the Putman family have done the same.

This coming May 8th, 2022 - many club members will be staying that weekend at Sherando Lake National Forest Campground, doing work on our section of the Appalachian Trail on Saturday. On Sunday, the 8th, all are invited to visit the Douglas Putman Memorial Cabin - maybe the weather will again be perfect and you can walk the half mile in and spend an hour or two, have lunch, look around, visit the spring and the old house site and maybe the cemetery 150 yards down the hillside. Think of Douglas, a young man who loved hiking and music and died far too young. Think of all the club members who put so much time into the construction of this grand edifice, who gathered so many rocks, moved so many cartloads of supplies, raised up the roof and the beams and created such a strong and mighty shelter. It is a place to cherish, to find peace and quiet, to live in the heart of nature, to appreciate the arc of time, and how one generation, or one family, gives to another. Priceless gifts.



May 1982 - Cabin Dedication - Otey Shelton – Father and Mother of Douglas Putman - Harold Crate - Susan and Debbie Putman; Doug's Sisters



**May 8, 2022 - 29 TATC Members attend the 40th Anniversary
of the Cabin's Dedication**



Jeff & Ann Crate; Linda & Steve Crate at Cabin 40th



**40th Cabin Anniversary - Hikers to the Cabin
on the White Rock Gap Trail from Sherando**



40th Cabin Anniversary - Bob Adkisson tells the History of the Cabin Construction



Attendees at Cabin's 40th Anniversary Judy Welp, Melody Persinger & Keith Yeargin, Bruce & Margaret Julian (back row), Vic Pisone, Lelia Vann & Greg Reck, Margaret Pisone



Attendees at Cabin's 40th Anniversary Chow Down on Sub Sandwiches



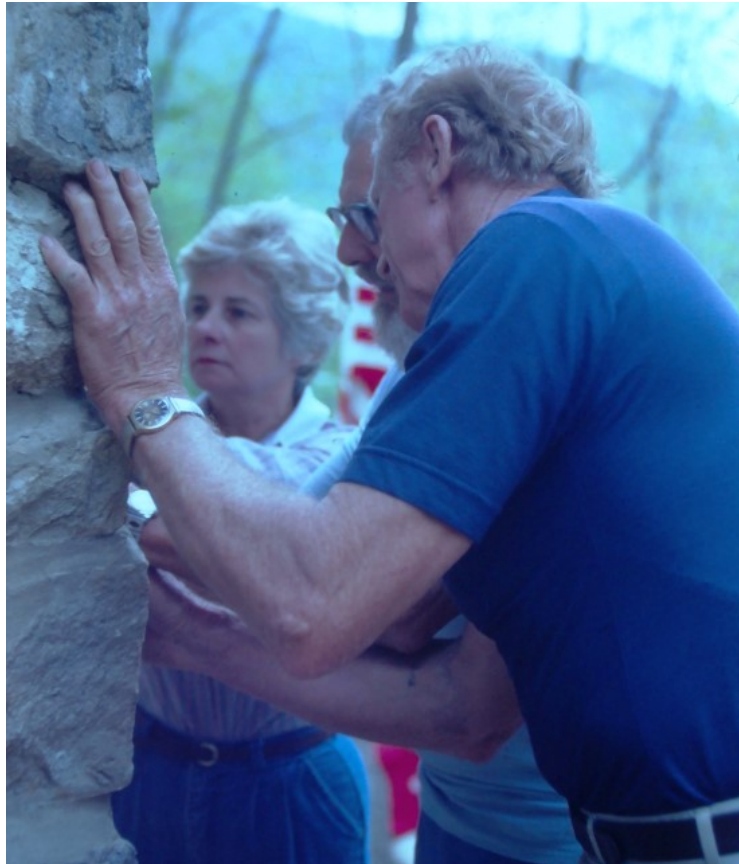
May 1982 - Club Members and Guests at the Cabin Dedication



1983 - Harold Crate attaches the Plaque dedicating the Cabin to Douglas Putman



May 1982 - Cabin Dedication
Former President Jacque Jenkins and Phyllis Putman



May 1982 - Cabin Dedication
Phyllis Putman with Harold Crate mounting Date Plaque

Even More Cabin History

By Bob Adkisson

Besides the photo book that Margaret Crate put together and is now offering for sale to all interested club members (the book contains approximately 190 photographs, most taken by Margaret, others by Reese Lukei, and ok, one taken by me, from high up a tree, using Margaret's camera), there is also the TATC official website, where one can find posted about 135 photos that again, like the book, detail and document the building of the TATC Douglas Putman Cabin. This set of pictures also mostly belong to Margaret, were taken from the two photo albums she assembled and donated to the club several years ago; some of the photos are again by Reese Lukei, and some, mostly the more recent ones, are by yours truly. Between the book and the website, only a dozen or so of the photos show up twice.

By the time this newsletter is published the batch of on-line photos will have been put into chronological order and, I hope, have captions in place.

Margaret's beautifully done book, *Building A Dream*, has some text to go along with the photos, but it is mostly the photographs speaking for themselves, and the shining faces, dozens and dozens of faces, of some of the hundreds of club members who gave so much to create our wonderful cabin out of the simplest of materials—rocks, rocks, and more rocks, mortar, wood, dedication and perspiration.

Accompanying the on-line photos are a dozens and dozens of pages of text-- various early cabin committee reports, newsletter articles, letters and work book entries, stories and time lines—all of it detailing the history of this important, multi- year club project, from it's very beginnings until the present day. Please take a few minutes, or even an hour or two, to let your eyes wander down thru the pages of this history. You will, I hope, come away with a greater, broader appreciation of some of what went into making the cabin a reality, into the very special place that it is.

And, on top of all that, an announcement: on February 12th , 2014, the program for that month's TATC meeting will be a slide show (on a computer disk), put together by Margaret and hosted by me, of the building of the trail club cabin. Margaret has put a lot of time and effort into reviewing literally hundreds and hundreds of old photos and slides, selecting and organizing them into different categories, and writing narration. How hard it must have been to narrow it down to a single slide show when there was so much to choose from!

Whether you helped to build the cabin, just love it and admire the workmanship and effort that went into creation, or you are new to the club and have never seen it or spent a night there, if you want to witness some of the work involved in its construction, and see some of the people that put in the hard labor, mark your calendars and make an effort to be there. I hope it will be a special, memorable night.

I will arrive early and bring both Margaret's two photo albums and the *Building A Dream* book, for those that would like to look thru them as well.

* * * *

And, if all these photographs of the cabin, all this history and talk, have piqued your interest, the cabin is of course available for rent, by qualified members, 357 nights in the coming year. The 8 missing nights represent the 4 maintenance / orientation weekends that cabin co-committee chairman Greg Hodges and I have blocked out and scheduled for 2014. If you are a new member of the club and want to see the cabin and get yourself qualified to rent it on your own, you will need to attend one of these 4 trips. They are on the following weekends: April 11-13; May 30 - June 1; September 19-21; and November 7-9. There will be some light to moderate maintenance work done each of these weekends, and first timers will learn the ins and outs of how to care for and operate the trail club cabin. There is usually time for a hike or two also, with many things to see and do in the immediate area.

Stone Structures

(Aug. / Sept. 1979 Newsletter)

[This is a Newsletter article from Aug. / Sept. 1979, written by Cabin Committee Chairman Ray Levesque. The club had chosen to build a cabin out of stone, instead of a log cabin or an A frame structure, and here is both a work report as to how things were progressing in that effort, in the summer of 1979, as well as a bit of rock philosophy]

The highest calling in the destiny of a stone is to become part of a hope for man. Anon.

As work on the Club's cabin began with the pouring of the foundation footings June 30, 1979, the twenty or more Club members present spent a back-breaking day hauling water, gravel and cement. The slow progress perhaps emphasized the patience and long term commitment by the Club that will be necessary to sustain the project as now planned. Those plans envision a structure built from the field stone so plentiful on the Club's 15 acres.

The decision to build the cabin of stone evolved in early 1979. As discussion centered on the strengths and well as drawbacks of the proposal, and was resolved by the feeling that the Club, above all, wanted durability and low maintenance for the Douglas Putman Memorial Cabin.

Much of the skill necessary to complete a stone cabin can be found in TATC members: Chuck Jessie, Harold Crate, Otey Shelton, and Ray Levesque, to name a few, have construction, engineering and building backgrounds. Many others have already contributed time and labor to getting the project into the field, and as one step to consider the medium of stone, its choice for the cabin provides the opportunity to use the ancient art of masonry to unite the club in an effort to achieve an enduring structure that will last beyond our own hiking days.

Masonry is not mystical; good masonry is simply the ability to apply the law of gravity: stones fall. The authors of Stone Masonry (1976) state: "the most important factor determining whether a wall will ultimately stay in place or fall is not the quality of the mortar or the hardness of the stone; not the tightness of the joints or the firmness of the footing. These variables are all of consequence, but the principle force which determines whether a wall stands or falls is gravity. It is a simple fact that if you defy gravity you will eventually lose the contest...The objective of wall building is to set stones in such a way that gravity will hold them in place; to arrange them so that they are in effect, falling on one another".

Those TATC members who have already spent hours gathering stone on the land and hauling it to the construction site know that stone of every size and shape is useful. The small, irregular pieces will be important in filling the gaps between the larger rock. Whether large or small, round or flat, smooth or rough, each stone will have a function. A mason will be aware of three features of every stone: its ability to rest solidly on stone below it (its "base"); its ability to provide support for stones added above it (its "top"); and its exterior appearance or "face". Only time and experience enable a person to acquire the skill to "see" these functions in a stone and visualize its integration into a wall. But as the knack of shaping and shimming stone is acquired, even a particularly irregular stone can be used, but always with the basic thought that the law of gravity is pulling the stones down!

Continued ...

As of August 1, 1979, the Cabin site still needs more help from club members. Work is continuing on the footing, and the foundation is half completed. The weekend of July 28th the road was modified to permit carrying of materials by mechanical means rather than by hand.

The next big effort will be on the weekend of August 31st, and we still intend to complete the footing and start building the front wall. It is anticipated that the next cabin work trip will start the building of the remaining walls at the September 28th weekend. The new work schedule will be work until 5 p.m.; go swimming at Sherando; (bring a bathing suit); they have hot and cold showers at the bathhouse; then return to the camp site for supper. See you at the next Cabin work week-end.

Ray Levesque
Chairman, Cabin Committee



April 1982 - Nancy Barger cutting a Stone



April 1981 - Otey and Margaret stand atop wall while Lee Hulten and Ken King mix mortar below



April 1981 - Ken King and Margaret Crate transport Rocks up to the Cabin past the Mortar Box and the Cool Sand pile - Charity supervises - the Crate's Dog



October 1981 - Otey finishes the Big Chimney



November 1979 - Foundation Work - cinderblock foundation is visible as we erect plywood - Left to Right - Margaret Crate, Gene Krah, Bob Adkisson, and Otey Shelton with hammer



April 1982 - Bob Adkisson – laying stones at one of the corners



**April 1982 - Otey Shelton supervised the laying of stones -
He did the work on the fireplace himself**

The Douglas Lee Putman Memorial Cabin and Phyllis P. Putman

[This is a letter to the club from Douglas Putman's mother, Phyllis Putman. It was published in the Aug / Sept 1980 TATC Newsletter. Mrs. Putman was kind enough to share some of her thoughts and feelings about Douglas, and about the cabin project that she envisioned and financed. She also tells us a little about herself and her family, and about her hopes for the cabin. Someone in the club included a short introductory paragraph for this newsletter article]

(To honor her son, Phyllis Putman funded our club's ongoing cabin project; and has written us an account about how She decided to select the cabin project, about her son's tragedy, and about herself and her family. We grateful to the Phyllis for sharing her thoughts with us and to her daughter, Sue, for sending us the poem about her brother.) Editor

I, Phyllis P. Putman, am presently a Social Studies Teacher and Department Chairman at James W. Robinson Secondary School in Fairfax, VA. I came to teaching 15 years ago after I had raised my children, and I thoroughly enjoy working with high school and seniors. Deborah, Doug's older sister, has a degree in accounting from the University of Carolina and is presently working to become a S.P.A. Doug's younger sister is currently working on a degree in English and will graduate from George Mason University next year. Doug's father is a real estate specialist with the U.S. Navy.

The decision to support the Douglas Lee Putman Memorial Cabin was the result of a family effort and has received the wholehearted support of Doug's father and sisters.

My son was taken from me suddenly on July 19, 1977. Even after three years, I say this aloud to test the reality of it. We go through life, warning our children to be careful, dreading the consequences, but never really thinking that the worst will happen, and that a child will be taken from us. The first thing one asks "Why my son?", but then I have to Ask "Why not?" There is so much suffering the world that one cannot expect to be exempt. But I am an optimistic, hopeful person and have always believed that what we cannot undo must be accepted. So, for me, the answer was simple – use the insurance money awarded as result of Doug's death for some worthwhile purpose.

I recognized that aside from family, Doug had two loves, music and the outdoors. In fact, he was planning to go camping the week-end after the accident that cut his life short. To fulfill my purpose, I reached out to the Appalachian Trail Conference and found my way to the Tidewater Branch, for Doug had hiked that section of the Appalachian Trail when he was a student at Virginia Commonwealth University in Richmond.

Continued ...

Doug loved hiking and was always trying to get someone to hike with him, but barring that he would go alone! After some talk and genuine concern on the part of Jacque Jenkins, and the Tidewater Appalachian Trail Club, the Douglas Lee Putman Memorial Cabin was born. I hope the availability of this cabin will encourage young men and women to seek joy and a sense of fulfillment in being a part of nature and the out-of-doors. I think Doug would have liked that.

Poem:

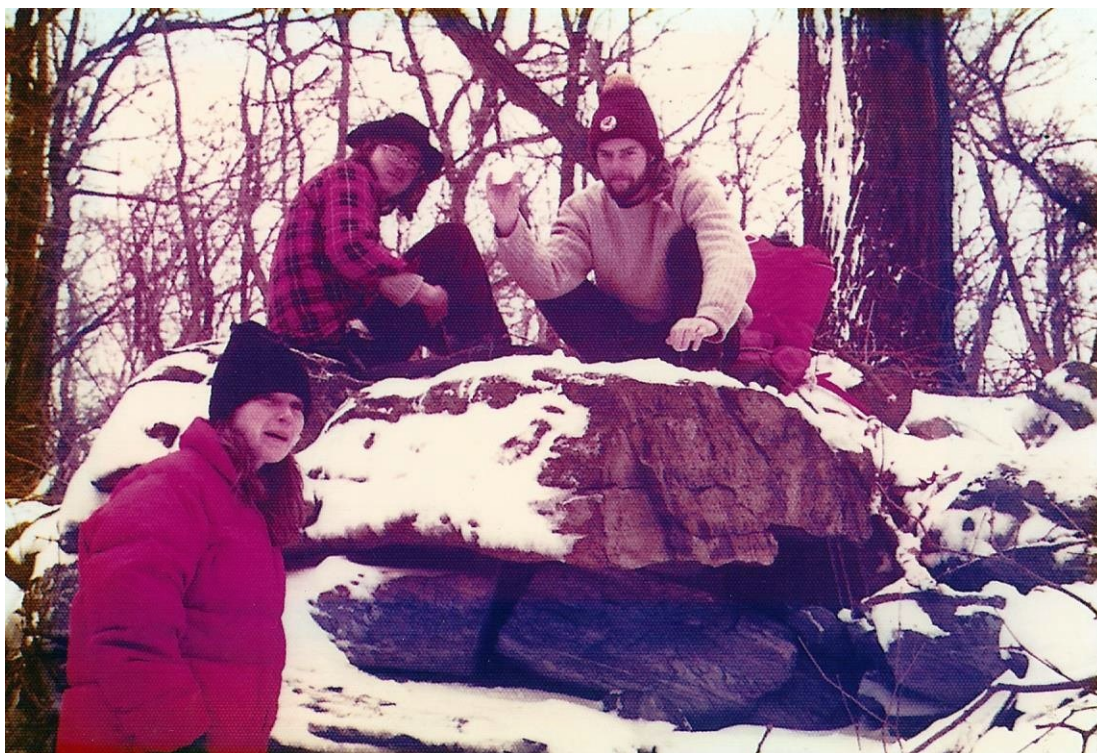
DOUG PUTMAN

By Susan Putman

*He was my brother,
I loved him with all my heart,
Whatever life he's chosen to start,
doesn't include me until my time has come.
So, I won't dwell on the fact that he's gone,
or that he will no longer play his songs.
I'll never forget how lovely he sang;
and the smiles he brought to the faces
who knew him so short a time.
He sought to know what he wanted to be,
yet his manner was easy-going and free.
He was beautiful, and preserving that spirit
is my main concern
Even though I long for his return,
I won't drown his memories in my tears
Who he was, and how he loved,
will live in my heart forever.*

[People that love and treasure the cabin should be thankful that Mrs. Putman's initial phone call to the club went to then president Jacque Jenkins. Jacque was a contemporary of Mrs. Putman's and, like her, had grown children about the same age. Jacque had also been involved in the ongoing quest by our club to build or obtain a cabin, and so was especially receptive to (and appreciative of) Mrs. Putman's offer. The two of them developed a rapport and relationship that did much to make the cabin a reality - for all involved]

Continued ...



**Photo from Putman Family of Douglas Putman on the rock in the red hat,
on the trail with friends**



Debbie Putman, one of Douglas two Sisters on a separate visit to the Cabin

Tails of Putman Cabin

By Trish Mims

This is the story of a man named Ed, a bold mountain man whose two teens he led to Putman cabin in the midst of dead winter. A Tidewater Clubber, he was ... hearty, fearless, intrepid.

It was the winter of '93 when Ed set out with his two kids for a bonding experience in the wilds of George Washington National Forest. Snow was about thigh deep, but the roads were passable and the dauntless Ed forged ahead to the cabin where his group, tired and hungry, brought the great fire-place to life and dirtied all the pots they could find making a fine repast.

Following dinner, the tired trudgers decided to put a pot over the fire to heat water to do dishes the following morning. Elizabeth slept downstairs and the menfolk slept upstairs. All settled in for a long winter's night. When down the walls and up there arose such a scamper that Elizabeth not a wink of sleep did secure. Somehow, she didn't quite see these beasties in the cute little red shorts of Uncle Walt's imagination.

Like a good parental unit, Ed came downstairs early the next morning and started cleaning up using the water that had heated over the fire during the night. He grabbed the scrubby that was in the pot, added a little soap and set about being a good little househusband cleaning all the dirty dishes from the previous night.

"How did you sleep?" He asked Elizabeth.

"I didn't," she answered. "All night long, I listened to the mice scurry up and down the walls. Once I heard a splash; I think one fell into the pot of water."

Our dashing mountain man froze in mid scrub. with great revulsion and trepidation he slowly looked down at the Scrubby he was wielding. And with a Very great " Aarrahguh, " our hero gave wings to a very dead little beastie that was only trying to reincarnate itself as a member Of the Brillo family.

Who knows but what cavemen used the same clever little device waiting for Brillo pads to be invented? And our own Ed Martin was astute enough to duplicate their creativity in the wilds of Putman.

Historical Photograph

By Bob Adkisson

I guess it is true that, in their own way, ALL photographs are historical, but before I get to talking about the photograph on the following page, please allow me a few preliminary comments:

As many of you may know (and just as many may not!) our club is nearing its 50th Anniversary. There is (or soon will be) a committee working to mark the occasion and celebrate this important milestone; several things are already in the planning stage, and any and all help will be appreciated getting things lined up and ready.

I too just celebrated an anniversary-- a few years back I reached my 40th year as a club member. I attended my 1st club meeting in Nov. of 1977, having just a week or so before finally completed hiking the entire A.T. (mine was a strung-out effort-- a 5-year series of section hikes); I officially first joined the club the following November, in 1978.

Having hiked the trail, I wanted to 'give back' to it, by helping the club with its maintenance. I did wonder at first though-- if, or how much, the club actually needed my help-- a club of 300+ people, with only 10 miles of trail to oversee.....those numbers seemed way out of kilter.

But then, what really cemented by relation to the club, was something that began a year later - the start of construction of the Douglas Putman Cabin in the Blue Ridge Mountains of Nelson County, Virginia. The cabin is about 4 miles, as the crow flies, from our section of the A.T.

Again, it took me a year to get myself in gear and go up to the cabin work site to help, so it was in November of 1979 that I actually first pitched in and got my hands dirty. At that time the cabin was little more than an outhouse, some cleared campsites, the access road, and the foundation. But on that fateful work trip I fell under the spell of the mountains and the season, fell into the enormity of the project and the easy camaraderie of the group of club members there with me on that westward facing slope. I felt immediately at home, and knew that this was something that needed all the help that all of us (and more) could give. I was hooked.

Though some of the people at the cabin that weekend I'd met before, in passing, on that first trip to the cabin worksite I was really more like a first timer to the club (not long after attending my first ever club meeting in 1977, I got a night time job; for the next 2 years I missed out on the opportunity to meet and get to know members at the monthly meetings).

That first work trip to the cabin was I believe only my 2nd overnight trip with the club, and not just camping and eating with the group of 21 people, but working side by side with them, moving earth, rocks, and logs, digging a ditch and laying a drainage pipe-- that shared labor opened a bond and began any number of long-time friendships.

Continued ...

Harold and Margaret Crate were on this trip in 1979, along with son Steve and his wife Linda; Bill Newsom and Jacque Jenkins were there (Jacque cooked for the group, over an open fire and in a dutch oven); Otey Shelton and Ray Levesque were ever present those first few years; Not only was Marilyn Horvath there, but her husband Hugo came (and they forgot to bring sleeping bags!); John and Ann Wilbon would prove to be regulars; S.G. Arey, Ken King, Howard Cartwright, Jim Barrett, Cecelia Yeskolski, Mason Newsome, Larry Nafziger, and John Fowler - most of them would be met again many times on other work trips to the cabin, or at other club activities.

The photograph below was taken during the January 11th-13th, 1985 cabin work trip. By then the cabin was considered all but complete, with rental use by members having begun in August of 1983. But there were lots of finishing touches to be made, mostly inside the cabin, and the nearly once a month work trips continued for several more seasons. Five of the people mentioned above (from 1979) were also on this trip-- some of the most dedicated cabin workers, still with it over 5 years later: Harold and Margaret Crate, Bill Newsom, Jacque Jenkins, and Marilyn Horvath. And, by 1985, you could add my name to that list as well.



Continued ...

So, one reason for this historical article is all of the history of the club that is, so to speak, in the air now - because of the upcoming 50th Anniversary. Also, because, for over a dozen years, I was the club historian; having lived so much of the history of the club, I am interested in it and like sharing it, like looking back at how far the club (and I) have come.

Since this last year has been one of distancing and loss, with almost no club activities to take our mind off of things, this is also a good time for reflection and appreciation. It is a chance for sharing some of our history, looking back at and remembering some of the people that have been on this journey with us, and introducing the current membership to some of the people from the past that contributed so much to the club's legacy.

Some of them of course are no longer with us.

I chose this particular photograph almost by chance - when I saw it again a week ago it sort of leapt out at me. I thought it deserved a place in the next newsletter, and that the people in it deserved special mention. I happened upon this photograph again because, in a recent email with long time club member Mal Higgins, somehow the name of a former member came up - Gid Honsinger. There is a place on our section of the A.T. - Gid's Spring-- that is named for him (exactly how or why I don't know), but Mal claimed not to remember or know Gid. To jog his memory, I told him to go to the club's website, to check the CABIN PHOTOS under the tab for the CABIN - I knew there were a few photos of Gid there.

I myself scrolled back thru this collection of 127 uncaptioned and out of order photographs, both just to look at them again, and so that I could tell Mal exactly where to find the photos of Gid. The group photo (above) is from the mid-1980's, when Gid was still active in the club and living in the Tidewater area. It is one of my favorite photographs from the collection, and I will now introduce all the people in it, tell you a little bit about each of them:

First off, the photograph was taken by one long time club member-- Judy Kernell-- who is otherwise not seen here or in any of the other pictures in this on-line collection! I don't know how I came by this photograph-- did it belong to Margaret Crate, a prolific photographer of many club events, and she gave it to me when I was club historian and she was organizing her collection and giving away extra photos? And - that Sunday morning, I am assuming she gave her camera to Judy and asked her to do the honors.

Continued ...

On all of the many cabin work trips we brought along a journal, fondly called The Golden Book (because that was the color of its cover). In these books (we are on our 3rd book now) one member of the work party would be asked to write down the date of the trip, the members present, and what work was done. And whatever else they wanted to note. I was able to match the photograph to the exact work trip by comparing the list of people in attendance to the people in the picture-- but it wasn't a fair fight because I have a good memory, I could tell it was winter by the coats, gloves, and hats people were wearing, and by the age/size of my step-daughter in the photo!

Judy Kernell only revealed herself because she wrote this modest passage in the Golden Book, describing the work weekend:

"We replaced some firewood Sat. a.m. In the afternoon we worked on the porch. Jacque fixed bean soup, grilled cheese, salad. Birthday cake for Bill Newsom and Jerry Burch. Had some snow and ice early a.m. 16 degrees. The cabin is fantastic! I'm thankful I got to come and enjoy the weekend. Judy Kernell"

Within the club Judy is probably most remembered for two things: for many years she led an annual overnight hike into the Dismal Swamp, with her husband Lee helping with the car shuttle; and Judy graced several club banquets and special get togethers with her music, playing her harp for all to enjoy. I was able to go on one of Judy's across-the-swamp hikes, on a chilly and wet weekend right after Thanksgiving. She loaned me one of her spare machetes! She seemed to know the swamp like the back of her hand and showed us the site of an old sawmill and a section of an old logging railroad that, though close to some of the various dirt roads in the refuge, you'd never know they were there without someone's guidance.

Lee Kernell is in the photograph - he is standing near the back right corner (3rd from the right), with a black and red plaid coat on and a brown wool cap. This may have been the Kernell's first trip to the cabin, and I knew them the least of all the people in the photo.

In the upper right corner of the photo, standing tall in a tan coat and maroon cap, is one of the founding members of the TATC, Herb Coleman. Herb was active in the Boy Scouts and in the Coastal Canoeists, and probably in the ATC as well. He had friends and contacts throughout the state, was club president in the 1980's, and was a general all-round raconteur. Herb was, in a word, a character, had a slow and folksy way about him-- sort of like Sheriff Andy Taylor/Andy Griffith. I accompanied Herb on 2 canoe trips to the Dragon Run Swamp, and enjoyed his company on my first winter trip to the Adirondack Mtns of N.Y., on a trip led by Otey Shelton. When I was still just a new club member, he went out of his way to help me when I got arrested in Richmond for canoeing the James River without a license - he contacted friends (canoe club members and maybe even a lawyer) and found out that the law wasn't in effect, I had no need to worry - and indeed, my case was thrown out of court. Herb passed away in 2004 (on the club's website, under the Newsletter tab, check out the article about Herb, written by Marilyn Horvath, in the Aug/Sept 2004 edition).

Continued ...

Between Herb and Lee Kernell stands Marilyn Horvath, in a tan coat. Marilyn too is a long-time member of the club, a leader of many hikes on the A.T., and a great lover of the cabin (3 generations of her family have enjoyed time there). She is also a great canoe partner (she paddled in the bow position on a weeklong club trip to Algonquin Prov. Park in Ontario). Marilyn has an irrepressible zest for life and loved just about every moment of every adventure she ever went on. She always had a good time. Marilyn and her husband Don now live just off Shore Drive, in Baylake Retirement Community.

Standing shoulder to shoulder with Marilyn (with Lee between but behind them) is Andrew Bulloch, my nephew. He was about 12 years old when this photo was taken, and I was happy to be able to share the cabin with him any number of times as he grew up. He loved it, of course. He is now about to turn 50 and still rents the cabin about once a year, has taken his own son there numerous times.

In the upper left of the photo are 4 people close together. The tallest among them, in a dark blue coat and a red stocking cap, is Harold Crate. Harold was the man, the unassuming man who quietly put more time and effort into the cabin than anyone else. He did so much, including a lot of work in his Newport News garage (he built the cabin table there, and the cabin shutters, and transported them up). It was he and Otey Shelton that teamed up to design the cabin, and while Otey supervised the laying of the stones, Harold seemed in charge of everything else. Harold, and his wife Margaret, did take a few months off here and there to travel and enjoy their retirement, but after most of the major work was done, they kept going up on the work trips, kept enjoying it and adding things, right up thru the mid 1990's when health problems forced him to stay closer to home. Harold passed away in Jan., 2004, at the age of 87.

Next to Harold, also in a blue coat, is the indomitable Jacque Jenkins (don't let her pink hat fool you). Check out, on-line, the Member Profile article about her in the Dec/Jan 2002/2003 Newsletter. Jacque was the club's first female president and it was her warm and sincere rapport with Mrs. Putman that went a long way in making the cabin project happen. Jacque too put in a lot of time and effort, going on nearly every cabin work trip for over 7 years, buying the food and cooking great meals for all of the workers. And she took on the thankless task of calling and cajoling and trying to get people to come up and help with the work. She was the biggest cheerleader the project had and she was a major reason it was successful. When I threw myself into the project, she practically adopted me from my parents. Though a generation apart, we became life-long friends.

Ironically, having put so much into it, not long after this photo she moved to Florida to be near her daughter and her growing family, and only visited the cabin once, years later. Jacque passed away in 2016, at the age of 88.

Standing directly in front of Harold and Jacque are Jerry and Etta Burch. They joined the club in the mid-1980's and soon became part of a 2nd wave of dedicated cabin workers. The two of them loved the cabin and helped with every job that came along. They also adopted a section of the A.T. and kept it well maintained. Their nearly every-cabin-work trip dedication lasted over a dozen years. They are both retired now, and still members of the club.

Continued ...

In the bottom half of the photo, sitting, kneeling, or squatting:

In the front left of the photo, the man in blue jeans and a blue coat is Bill Newsom. There is an article about Bill elsewhere in this newsletter - please read it for more background. Unlike Harold, Margaret, Jacque, John and Ann Wilbon, and many other club members who put in a lot of time at the cabin, Bill was still working (at NASA Langley), and no doubt the long weekends of work at the cabin, at least once a month, wasn't easy on him. But he seemed to thrive on hard work, and at the cabin he was a jack of all trades. Bill and I mixed a lot of mortar together, especially for the fireplace chimney and the 2nd story at each end of the cabin. He is in a lot of the cabin photos, doing a variety of work. Nice picture of him and Jerry blowing out the candles on their birthday cake! Bill just passed away this last November, in Florida, where he'd gone to spend the last years of his life with Jacque Jenkins. I don't think he ever rented the cabin, or had a chance to stay there after the mid-1980's.

Gid Honsinger, in a brown coat and hat, is kneeling directly behind Bill. Gid was active in the club in the mid-1980's. He was an affable and helpful guy and I remember him being at many club events, working on the cabin and on our section of the trail. He dated another club member, Terri Villanueva, who worked for the Fish & Wildlife Service at the Dismal Swamp Refuge. At some point they married and, when she got transferred to a refuge in Delaware, they relocated. I think they still live in Dover, and both retired years ago. Maybe they will come join us to celebrate the club's 50th Anniversary?

Just to the right of Bill and Gid, but behind them, is Evelyn Adkisson, my wife (who I first met on a cabin work trip in April, 1983) and her 5-year-old daughter, Leigh. Once we met, the two of them joined me on about every work trip to the cabin for the next decade or so. Plus, all the times we rented it on our own (we were the 2nd group to rent the cabin once it became available). Leigh handled snakes, millipedes, and salamanders, swung on grapevines, played in the streams, caught snowflakes in a spoon, and helped build snowmen on the stone patio. She brought many friends there with her over the years. Now her children, a 3rd generation of our family, go there and enjoy the simple wonder of the cabin, the closeness of the natural world.

Lillian Benson, in red pants and a gray coat, kneels just to the right of Leigh. Her smile, and that of Margaret Crate beside her, really makes this photo special to me. Lillian was a neighbor of ours for several years and we all took sunset walks together to the shore of the Lafayette River. She became a special friend over the years. When she moved to Ohio to live with a daughter, we became pen pals. Lillian led numerous club day hikes all around the Tidewater area for many years. They made great family trips and were well attended, a lot of fun. She organized Chinese New Year hikes and eating out at a certain Chinese restaurant afterwards, a place that celebrated with fireworks and a dragon performing out front. Lillian also organized and led trash clean up trips to Fisherman Island, and overnight trips to the cabin at Wash Woods, in False Cape State Park. She also got involved with the Pipsico Boy Scout Camp in Surry, got our club to pitch in and build a 5-mile-long trail there. Her smile says how much she enjoyed her trip to the cabin, all the close friends she found in the club. It meant the world to her. Read more about Lillian in the June/July 2014 Newsletter, written not long after she passed away.

Continued ...

Margaret Crate, in blue jeans and a dark blue sweater, is beside Lillian. Her smile too says how much she enjoys being with the friends she made in the club, and how perfectly at ease she is on a cold Sunday morning in the mountains. She and Harold both felt so lucky to have found the club just after they retired. I first met the Crates on that cabin trip in November of 1979 and was impressed with them right from the start. When the Horvaths realized they'd left their sleeping bags at home the Crates immediately gave them theirs. Instead of camping out that cold night, the Crates slept in their SUV, using sleeping bag liners and blankets to stay warm. Over the next 15 years the Crates were a constant, ever positive part of my life. Two nicer people would be hard to find. They did everything the club did, from paddling to rappelling to backpacking to trail work - and it was something for me to witness, people my parent's age sliding down a rope off the cliffs at Old Rag Mountain, canoeing on wild lakes in the Canadian wild, clamoring all over the skeleton of a cabin in progress. They were inseparable and they were an inspiration. Three generations of their family have also been to the cabin. Margaret lived with her son Steve and his wife Linda in Christiansburg, VA. for the last dozen or so years of her life. Evelyn and I stopped by to visit whenever we could, and we exchanged letters and calls trying to keep in touch. She passed away in March of 2020. Much beloved, she was 99 years old. Under the Documents tab on our website, you can read more about both Harold and Margaret, tributes from club members - click on In Remembrance at the very bottom of the column.

And that just leaves the last person in the photo, sitting or squatting in the window sill at the very back of the shot - that would be me. I too am wearing a red and black plaid jacket, with a blue hoodie over my head. Seeing the picture reminded me I'd just experienced a mini-trauma a week or so earlier-- because I was now married, with a child, I needed a better job, one that required me to have short hair and deal with the public, and I'd just gotten my first haircut in 17 years. I felt as if I'd been scalped, or lost my identity. Growing up is hard, even at age 31. Seven months later I switched jobs again, was hired as a fire-fighter for the city of Norfolk; a 28-year career began; another page was turned.

And this is just some of the story behind just one photograph, just one moment in time, on a certain hillside, far away.



Our Cabin

By Bob Adkisson

[This is a TATC Newsletter article from March / April, 1999. By then cabin champion Jeanne Everitt had moved away, to Northern Virginia. Cabin Committee Chairman Bill Newsom had moved to Florida. As head (or co-head) of the Cabin Committee, Bob Adkisson stepped into the role of cabin promoter. Some of what follows has of course been covered before, but with the turnover rate of members in the club, it is necessary to sometimes cover the same ground again]

January, 1999 was the 20th anniversary of the start of construction on the TATC Douglas Putman Memorial Cabin. Twenty years ago, about a dozen club members hiked 3 miles through snow to the Club's newly acquired 15 acres of land (the Blue Ridge Parkway, our main access route, was closed that weekend). They began the work of clearing both camping sites, and a site on which to build a cabin. They were back a month later. Again the Parkway was closed, covered with snow. Again they carried in tools and packs, 3 miles. Lumber for the outhouse too.

Talk about hard work and dedication, commitment and camaraderie - the building of the cabin epitomizes it.

Starting in the winter of 1979, there was a cabin work weekend once a month, once a month to build a family's and a club's dream. Jacque Jenkins recruited workers and cooked meals for them. Otey Shelton and Harold Crate directed the work. Hundreds of club members, skilled and unskilled alike, pitched in. It was a labor of love, an achievement that proved to be its own reward.

By the spring of 1980 the foundation was in and the foot-thick stone walls had begun to rise.

By the spring of 1981 the walls topped out on the front and back of the cabin, and black locust logs were cut, moved, shaped and readied; that autumn, the rock work on both ends of the cabin (including the chimney) was completed, the ridgepole put in place, and the heavy rafters started to go up.

In the spring of 1982 there were extra work trips to get the roof on and the cabin ready for a Dedication Ceremony, attended by the Putman family. The Putmans (of northern Virginia) had generously given our club the funds to construct the cabin and to buy the land on which it sits.

By the fall of 1982 a wood burning cook stove was installed, and the security doors and shutters were put into place - for the first time the cabin could be locked up.

By the summer of 1983 the cabin was completed to the point where rental began.

There followed several years of finishing touches (all of the work documented in two 'Golden Books') - some interior stone work and plastering; a floor; bunks, benches, and a table were built, cabinets donated; interior doors, glass windows, and screens were installed; a front porch was added; an outdoor cooking area painstakingly pieced together (mostly by Harold Crate); much landscaping work done, including moving boulders and removing stumps.

Continued ...

This year, on March 13th, at the TATC Banquet, Margaret Crate (former club historian, tireless cabin worker, and great photographer) gave a slide show to commemorate the 20th anniversary of our treasure, our cabin. It was rewarding to reminisce, to see the faces of those who gave so much - to appreciate all their efforts, to celebrate with them.

Building the cabin was so much fun!

For the next generation of club members, your reward and duty is to both maintain it and enjoy it.

[The article continues for a few paragraphs - the annual Cabin Report, detailing usage and income for that fiscal year; also, mention is made of how two ATV's had trespassed up the mountainside and onto club property that winter. The article closes with this:]

Susan Fourney of Springfield, Va., the youngest sister of the late Douglas Putman, stayed at the cabin in November [1998], with her daughters scout troop. I believe it was her first overnight visit. She is very appreciative of our club's fine work and continued dedication to the cabin, and she promised to send a photo of Doug to hang there.

[A few months later we received a collage of 3 photographs of Douglas; we hung them in the cabin]





**Sept. 1978 - Jacque Jenkins, Chuck Jessie, Melinda Lukei, and Mal Higgins
Locate a Spring (and possible cabin water source)
Among heavy Summer growth (Including Poison Ivy)**



Bulldozing Cabin Site Clearing



Winter 1979 - Harold Crate and others create part of the access road to the cabin site - someone brought their bulldozer



Winter 1979 - Members of a cabin work crew carry in tools and wood to build the outhouse - Otey Shelton - Jacque Jenkins - Harold Crate



February 1979 - One of the first jobs at the cabin site - dig a hole - build an outhouse - Bill Newsom and Steve Crate - right side



May 1983 - Evelyn Smith cooking with Andrew Bulloch



Summer of 1980 - Large Group of Workers lay rocks as the 4 cabin walls slowly rise



Winter 1981 or 1982 - Sunday Morning - Harold and Margaret Crate use a cart to get the gear out to the Parkway after a work trip - Jacque and her car are at the turn around spot



September 1988 - Cabin Work Crew - Luis Seuc - Andrew Bulloch - Marilyn Horvath - Harold Crate - Mario Mazzarelli - Evelyn & Bob Adkisson - Tommy Mazzarelli - Hailey Mazzarelli - Leigh Liebert



January 1997 - Tim Kroha and Tom Noden pull sleds along the frozen Blue Ridge Parkway on their way to the TATC Cabin



Winter 1982 - Marilyn Horvath about to carry a roof board to the cabin



Early Spring 1982 - Karl Price trims the newly placed rafters



May 1983 - Linda Campbell and Nancy Barger lay tree rounds in mortar - the original cabin floor



Gid Honsinger and Etta Burch placing the patio stones near the side door of the cabin, these rocks came all the way from a West Virginia cow pasture above the small town of Cherry Grove courtesy of Otey Shelton and Big Blue (his truck)



**April 1989 - Cabin Workers - Harold Crate standing - Art & Gae Caudill,
Linda & Sig Signorelli, Herb Coleman, and Dave Brewer**



November 2003 - Bob Giffin, Kevin "Vip" Vipavetz, and Steve Babor



September 1995 - Steve Babor and Dan Barham breakup and remove the original cabin floor



Foggy Morning at the Cabin in Early Spring



**April 2013 on a Cabin Work Trip
The rain stops, the sun comes out
and the fog drifts away**



October 1981 - A 10 day work trip at the cabin and a tremendous amount accomplished - Otey Shelton atop the high scaffolding



January 1979 1st Cabin Work Trip and the Blue Ridge Parkway is Closed because of Snow From L. to R. - Bill Slaughter, Bill Newsom, Jack Fisher, Ray Levesque, Jacque Jenkins, Harold Crate, and Bill Parks.



**April 1989 - Snow on Sunday Morning as the work crew packs up to leave.
Etta Burch, Evelyn Adkisson, and Leigh, with Harold in the doorway.
Leigh is trying to catch snowflakes on a spoon.
(That is a dogwood in bloom in background)**



Steve Babor, Chris Roisen, and Jim Sexton prepare a meal at the Cabin - 2001



February 2016 - Night time photo of the Cabin by Jay Sanchez



**Bill Newsom & Jerry Burch at the cabin,
blowing out the candles on their special birthday cake**



**April 1982 - Eating at old campsite -100 yards below the cabin work site
L to R- Jacque Jenkins, Ann Wilbon, Harold Crate, Susan & Larry Sites,
Susan Twiford, Melva & Karl Price, and Bill Newsom,
standing - Susan Gail Arey and Fred Darling**



**March 1985 - Carrying a log for the underpinning of the front porch -
Mark Connolly, Harold Crate, Bob Adkisson, Jerry Burch, and Bill Newsom**



November 2021 - Cutting firewood at the cabin - Peter Burch with chain-saw, Richard Douglas assisting



Jenny DeArmond at the TATC Cabin the weekend that a small crew removed the original floor



**Rachel Higgins, helping dig Putman Cabin 2nd privy hole
Summer 2003**



Otey Shelton in the TATC Cabin



**Ray Levesque & Jacque Jenkins
at the Cabin Site 1979**



**Mary Ann Barbini helps
build the Cabin 1979**



John Folsom at the Cabin Site 1979



Tent City Cabin Building - Mal Higgins 1979



Reese Lukei at the Cabin Site 1981



**Pat Callanan, Marsha Arey, & Linda
Crate mix cement for the cabin**



**Curtis Eley on ladder building the Cabin
1982**



Cabin Walls going up 1981



**Mal Higgins and Gene Krah
work on temporary interior scaffolding ,
Late Summer 1981**



**Pat Callanan paints a window
frame at the Cabin 1983**

History on Entry Mountain

By Malcolm Higgins

[Feb./Mar. 1982 Newsletter]

[Below is a detailed newsletter article about the 15 acres of land in Nelson County, Virginia that TATC purchased the first week of January, 1979, with money given to the club by Mrs. Putman. Cabin committee member (and unofficial club lawyer) Malcolm Higgins did the research and wrote the article, laying out some of the history and previous owners of the property, as well as some of the restrictions that were placed upon the land by our club.]

Title to the approximately 15 acre tract of land in Nelson County, Virginia owned by TATC can be traced back to before the turn of the century. The title search reveals that families with roots deep in the history of the area once owned this property.

Soon after TATC entered into its agreement of September 1, 1978 with Mrs. Phyllis Putman to accept a gift of \$15,000 to establish a memorial cabin honoring her son, Douglas Lee Putman, TATC members Jacqueline Jenkins and Malcolm Higgins researched the tract that the Club wanted to buy. On a hot and humid September 8, 1978, they went to the Nelson County Circuit Court Clerk's Office in Lovingston, Virginia, and searched the title back to 1893. On January 3, 1979, TATC acquired title to the land.

The chain of title to the land reveals:

Deed dated July 11, 1893, recorded in Deed from Henry Loving, to Wesley R. Coffey. The land was described as 'certain mountain land' beginning at a chestnut on **Entry Mountain** and containing 50 acres (Now we know the name of the mountain).

Deed dated August 6, 1932, from Mary Etter Coffey, widow, and Ivetta Howdysshell, Verbelia Coffey and Maggie Coffey, children to Mary J. Fitzgerald, daughter of W.R. Coffey. The track 'known as a portion of the Loving tract' and supposed to contain 15 acres.

COMMENT: As often happened in earlier times, it appears that Mary J. Fitzgerald had not recorded her December 28, 1912 deed in the Clerk's Office of the Nelson County Circuit Court, but had kept it in her home, which "was burnt." The title search could not locate the December 28, 1912 deed for the 15 acres in the Deed Books. It is very plausible that W.R. Coffey did give a deed on that date for the 15 acres, however. Two other deeds, both dated December 28, 1912 were located in the deed books. The first was from W.R. Coffey and Mary Etter Coffey, his wife, to W.H. Coffey, which conveyed 4 acres. The second was from W.R. Coffey to Mary Etter Coffey and her heirs, which conveyed 31 acres.

Continued ...

It seems clear that the original 50 acre tract bought by W.R. Coffey (Wesley R. Coffey) in 1893 from Henry Loving was subsequently split up by W.R. Coffey into the 15 acre, 4 acre, and 31 acre tracts referred to in the above deeds.

This August 6, 1932 deed contains references to certain physical boundaries of the TATC tract that are yet prominent, such as "the headwaters of White Rock Creek," "cliff of rocks," "ledge of rocks," and refers to an "outlet to road." Because the Blue Ridge Parkway was not established by Congress until 1936, it is not known whether the road referred to is a predecessor of the Parkway.

Deed dated August 6, 1932, recorded from Mary J. Fitzgerald and J.C. Fitzgerald, her husband, to Rosanna Fitzgerald. This deed contains the same metes and bounds description of the tract, "lying on the headwaters of White Rock Creek and containing 15 acres more or less." The boundaries are described by "calls" to chestnut, gum, water oak and maple trees, a ledge of rocks at the head of new ground at a mountain field, an ironwood tree, a chestnut tree, and back to a fork of a branch of the creek to the place of beginning with an outlet to the road.

COMMENT: Rosanna Fitzgerald was the daughter of Mary J. Fitzgerald and J.C. Fitzgerald, according to Saylor Coffey of Love, Virginia. Mr. Coffey was interviewed on September 8, 1978 by Jackie Jenkins and Mal Higgins

Deed dated August 31, 1959 recorded from Rosanna Fitzgerald Landes, widow, to Dellie A. Fitzgerald and Stella R. Fitzgerald, husband and wife.

Deed dated January 26, 1974, recorded from Dellie A. Fitzgerald, widower, to Patricia Fisher Price. Attached to it a sketch made on February 2, 1974, by an unknown draftsman. The sketch of the land, although not to scale, is the first and only map yet of the TATC tract. The U.S. Forest Service owns the land surrounding the TATC tract on all sides and has several surveys. One USFS survey in 19235 of USFS tract N531 refers to the tract to the east as the "Marietta Coffey Tract." Another USFS survey in 1978 of USFS tract 1608 refers to the tract to west as the Charles W. Robinson tract. The spelling of "Marietta" appears to be a more literate spelling of the name of "Mary Etter Coffey," who also owned the 15 acre tract that TATC now owns.

Deed dated January 3, 1978 (should have been 1979; subsequently corrected by correction deed), recorded in Deed Book 169, page 8, from Patricia Fisher Price and Cleveland M. Price, Jr., her husband, to Phyllis P. Putman.

Continued ...

Deed dated January 3, 1979, recorded in Deed Book 169, page 10, from Phyllis P. Putman, single, to Tidewater Appalachian Trail Club, a Virginia non-stock corporation.

COMMENT: the deed in number 7 above contains restrictions on the use of the land that were mutually agreed to by Mrs. Phyllis P. Putman and TATC. These restrictions and covenants run with the land and **permanently** affect the use of the land. They are:

The primary dwelling structure shall have affixed a plaque memorializing Douglas Lee Putman.

The land shall be preserved in its natural state insofar as possible consistent with the use of simple dwelling structure or structures and access thereto.

The land shall never be used for motorized recreational use, commercial use, or industrial use.

Timber taken from the land may never be sold or harvested for the primary purpose of deriving profit from the land, unless such harvesting is consistent with sound forestry practice.

The land shall never be used for agricultural purposes or for raising livestock or poultry where the primary purpose of the activity is to derive profit.



View of Parkway from Top of Entry Mountain

Mau-Har Trail



**Lee Hulten, Otey Shelton, and Ranger Harry Fisher of GWNF
Map out the Route of the Mau-Har Trail**

Campbell Creek: "Mau-Har" Trail

In October 1977 Mike Ashe and Angelo Filippi started talking about a circuit trail from Maupin Field to Harper's Creek, via Campbell Creek. They were going to hike the undeveloped area and Sally Harland said "Lee, let's take a group into Maupin Field and connect with them." October 29, Sally, Ruth Caplan, Otey Shelton and I left Maupin Field and hiked, crawled, etc. through the beautiful, undeveloped area; however, we did not connect with Mike and Angie. December 3, Mike, Angie, Sally and I left Ivan Bodner and Andy Layne at the top of the ridge near Harper's Creek to try to connect with the blue ribbons we had tied from Maupin on October 29. Again, we did not connect. April 30 Otey and Reese Lukei started from Harpers Creek and Kenneth King, Ranger Harry Fisher and I started from Maupin to connect at the waterfall on Campbell Creek. Now we knew it could be done.

I still can't understand how I ended up Chairman of this project, but I have enjoyed every moment of it. I have been over the entire area about seven times with Project Committee Members, Otey Shelton (Trail Supervisor), and Ranger Harry Fisher of GWNF in all kinds of weather. June 4, Otey, several TATC members and other interested people, and I walked the entire trail from Maupin to Harper's Creek. By now we felt we know the area well enough to take Ranger Fisher in to approve the trail. On July 2 we walked the trail with Ranger Fisher, tying yellow ribbons as we went. Now we had approval for the trail from Maupin Field to the Waterfall. As you read in your last Newsletter, July 14 was the important day! NINE MONTHS FROM IDEA TO REALITY. Over 40 TATC members and interested friends labored hard and long that day starting the new trail. July 29-30 found 10 of us back up there working and becoming more interested in the project as we discovered a spring on the trail, built rock steps across a stream,

We let you rest a while and enjoy some "fun hikes" while Otey and I walked and reflagged the trail from the waterfall to Harper's Creek to get that section approved to build. September 20, we received the work to "go" and on September 23 there were 17 of us up there laboring hard again, at the same time having fun and getting to know each other. We ended up with a few sayings and nicknames such as "Moving Right Along" or "Wild Man". I shall always relate these to certain people and smile as I do so.

Our Next Work Date Is November 4. At this time, we hope to complete the basic trail from the fire road on Harper's Creek side to Maupin Field. I would be most grateful if at least 50 TATC members would call me and say they wanted to go and work this date. Remember, this is OUR trail and I feel we are going to be proud of it and you will be glad you had a part in it. You gave me a job to do and I can say I have done it to the best of my ability; however, I could not have done it without our excellent trail supervisor, Otey Shelton, and YOU. Let's complete the Basic Trail November 4, then we can all say "We have done the job well." As time goes by and we "dress up the trail, I feel each of us will be proud to have had a part in it. Thank you for your cooperation. See you November 4.

Lee Hulten
Project Chairman



July 1978 - Mau-Har Trail Construction



Mau-Har Trail Maintenance

Mau-Har Trail - 10 Years Old

By Reese F. Lukei, Jr.

During November and December 1977, some TATC members began discussing the possibility of building a trail that would link our two shelters, Maupin Field and Harper's Creek, thus forming a loop trail with the AT. We received a green light from Harry Fisher with the George Washington National Forest. Several club members, including Mike Ashe, Angelo Filipi, Lee Hulten, Otey Shelton and Reese Lukei, began scouting, exploring and bushwhacking for a hikeable route.

In May 1978 we finally had what we thought was a good route and Fisher agreed. Work began immediately with 40 club members working from Maupin Field Shelter on a beautiful May weekend. Work continued throughout the remainder of 1978 and most of 1979. Lee Hulten was the spark that kept us going and she chaired the Campbell's Creek/Mau-Har Trail Committee.

The name Mau-Har was selected, after three ballots, at a club meeting.

On the wet, cold weekend of November 10-11, 1979, the trail was completed, signs erected and the Mau-Har Trail opened.

Judging by the use it receives, it is one of TATC's major accomplishments.

Mau-Har Trail - 20 Years Old

By Reese F. Lukei, Jr.

During November and December 1977 some TATC members began discussing the possibility of building a trail that would link our two shelters, Maupin Field and Harper's Creek, thus forming a loop with the Appalachian Trail. We received a green light from Harry Fisher with the George Washington National Forest on whose land the entire trail would be located. Several club members including Mike Ashe, Angelo Filipi, Lee Hulten, Otey Shelton and Reese Lukei began scouting, exploring and bushwhacking for a hikable route.

In May of 1978 we finally had what we thought was a good route and Fisher agreed. Work began immediately with 40 club members working from Maupin Field Shelter on a beautiful Memorial Day weekend. Construction continued throughout the remainder of 1978 and most of 1979. Lee Hulten was the spark that kept us going and she chaired the Campbell's Creek / Mau-Har Trail Committee. There were two evenly split groups of members who wanted the trail named Campbell's Creek Trail or Mau-Har Trail. The name Mau-Har was selected at a very long club meeting, with Mau-Har winning on the third ballot when someone on the Campbell's Creek side went home (or just didn't vote).

On the wet, cold weekend of November 10-11, 1979, the trail was completed, signs erected and the Mau-Har Trail opened. Judging by the use it receives, it is one of TATC's major accomplishments.

Mau-Har Trail Founder Dies

by Reese Lukei

In the fall of 1977 TATC members began exploring for a new trail route that would connect the Maupin Field Shelter and the Harpers Creek shelter by using Campbell's Creek for at least of the route. The idea was to form a loop trail with the A.T. over Three Ridges. It became obvious immediately that this was not to be an easy task. There are several steep mountain ridges between those two shelters.



Lee Hulten

Continued ...

The one person who had faith in the project and who kept everyone else fired up about finding a usable route and completing the trail construction was Lee Hulten. It was Lee who chaired the Trail Committee and maintained a contract with Harry Fisher of the George Washington National Forest, who had to give final approval to our proposed route.

Construction began on a beautiful weekend in May 1978 when 40 TATC members showed up at Maupin Field to begin the Trail work. Throughout the rest of 1978 and most of 1979, work trips were held every month. Finally, in November 1979 on a cold and wet weekend the signs were placed at ends of the three-mile-long Mau-Har and the trail opened.

A fitting tribute to the vision and dedication of Lee who passed away on December 12, 1992, is the fact that the Mau-Har Trail is of most beautiful and most hiked trails in the George Washington National Forest.

Thanks, Lee.



**May 1978 - Otey Shelton, Lee Hulten, Harry Fisher (USFS),
Reese Lukei, and Ken King
1st Mau-Har Scouting Trip**

On the Mau-Har with SAWS and Sailors

by Michelle Cobb, TATC VP

On a cool, beautiful weekend in early June, a trio from TATC provided some southern hospitality, sweat equity and old sailor skills to a SAWS - US Navy Midshipmen crew on the Mau-Har trail.

Jim Newman, John Oakes and myself bounced up the fire road to Maupin Field to join what was a weeklong hitch for this young, enthusiastic crew. We intercepted them Friday afternoon on the Mau-Har as they were coming back to camp after a hard day of rock work. Eyes grew big as saucers with the news that our trucks were laden with a fried chicken dinner and all the fixins, including ice cold watermelon for dessert. This crew of two men and three women had been camped and working in our section for a couple days, and the idea of tasty food at the top of the trail, which didn't need to be re-constituted with H₂O, brought a chorus of 'thank you's'.

Soon after returning to the field and setting up a buffet under John's ingeniously rigged tarp, who comes walking down the AT but none other than Greybeard! Known off trail as Dale Sanders, he's 82 and attempting to become the oldest person to thru-hike the AT. A gregarious gentleman who lives up to his trail name with at least 8 inches of facial hair, Greybeard said he was so glad to see us and wanted a group photo to post to his Facebook page – which we learned from the silver stamp mementos he handed out – is a public page at “Greybeard Adventurer”. So yep, you can see the whole deliriously happy group of chicken eaters there, among the 22 photos posted under “May 30th to June 4th, 2017”.

Next came bouncing up the fire road was our section's ATC Ridgerunner, JR Davidson, who said he'd be working with us the next day. I enjoyed talking with JR, originally from Danville, VA, and learning about the life of a Ridgerunner. He said a family of mice had moved into his SUV, but other than that seemed to love his nomadic job. Later that evening after doing his rounds, he reported that 46 people were camped below us around Maupin Field shelter.

After dinner, conversation became lively between the Navy midshipmen - Nic Freeman, Hannah Couto and Alexa Cardoni - and LCDR John Oakes about the current state of the Academy's Bancroft Hall. Positioned on opposite logs, John had a captive audience and appeared to be loving every minute of it!

The next morning had us all fixing a quick breakfast. I was very curious watching the embedded crew pull out their camp kitchen which included a 2 gallon water pot and 5 bear canisters of assorted dry food. They had hiked in from the Blue Ridge Parkway with their rock work tools along with tents and a week's worth of supplies. I envisioned the large pot dangling from carabiners off a backpack! We were called to morning circle for the day's work plan and each of us offered a stretching exercise to limber up.

Continued ...

We hiked down to the waterfalls and split up into two crews. Claire Arentzen was my crew leader and our job was to rehab tread on a 25' section – digging out to the mineral layer which would become firmed up by trail traffic over time – and forming crib walls to stabilize the path. The second crew was above us, lead by Chris Robey, their task was to move a half-ton rock from the slope and position it as a step. This is where the old sailor skills came into play – with John's come-along rig and vast experience, by day's end the rock had been safely moved into position in an enormous, hand dug hole. This hard work was segmented by breaks at the waterfall, including lunch on the rocks, where shoes came off and feet numbed in Harper's Creek.

I'll never forget working with this young crew - their energy was contagious and the crew leaders seemed to have an intuitive way of assigning tasks to fit their crew's skill level, making me feel like I was a true contributor to the effort.

SAWS crews will continue to work in our wilderness areas - sometimes we have very short notice as was the case with this trip - look out for listings on our website and Meetup. I'd hardily encourage you to join them if you can!



**Michelle Cobb - SAWS Crew
and a bear can breakfast**



**“Yes Sir” - John Oakes
and U.S.N.A. Wilderness Crew**



Greybeard Adventurer's Photo of TATC and SAWS/US Navy Midshipmen Group



Chris Robey and TATC's John Oakes - 07/29/2017

Local Trails



**False Cape State Park - November 13, 2006
Dewey Phelps, Ellis Malabad, and Bruce Julian**

A Story about Local Trail Maintenance

My husband, Bill, and I have always loved to get out and walk. When we lived in Europe, we were delighted that the whole country shut down on Sunday and walked with us. (Okay, maybe we were walking with them.) When we moved to the Hampton Roads area, we continued this practice of loading the kids into the minivan on Sunday afternoon and heading to a local park. We were delighted and amazed at how many trail choices we had within a one hour drive of our home. After a while, we had our “go to” favorites, but we still loved to try out a new trail.

One day (before the ubiquity of smart phones), Bill picked up a TATC newsletter and I saw that there was a local trail maintenance at Beaverdam Park in Gloucester. We wanted to “give back” for all the hours of enjoyment on local trails, AND we had never been to this park before. SIGN US UP! The leader and club members greeted us warmly in the parking lot, gave us a little safety talk with a description of the work and hike, and off we went. We walked, we talked, we clipped, we worked in teams to move heavy limbs off the trail, we picked up litter, and we laughed - A LOT. There was work for all abilities. We left the trail with a sense of accomplishment and went to lunch where the storytelling and laughter continued. Driving home, Bill and I said, “Wow!

What a great group of people,” and we joined the Tidewater Appalachian Trail Club the next day. If you have never gone to a “local trail” maintenance outing, give one a try. I promise you, you’ll have fun, and leave with a sense of pride.

If you are not a member of the Tidewater Appalachian Trail Club, what are you waiting for? Sign up today. AT work days are even more fun!

If you already know what I’m talking about, consider leading a “local trail” maintenance outing at one of your “go to” favorite parks. I can help you set it up and notify people. (Remember Field of Dreams? – If you build it, they will come.)

If you are one of the club members who routinely steps up to lead local trail maintenance – THANK YOU!

Diane Leber
Local Trails Chairman
localtrails@tidewateratc.com



11-26-2017 - Special Project at First Landing State Park



Woodworking at First Landing State Park

TATC Trail Construction in New Quarter Park

SPRING 2004 - Yes, TATC will have worked over 700 hours for the new trail construction at New Quarter Park in York County. We have completed the 1.5 miles of Trail Sections 4-8. The trail is located near Camp Peary and Cheatham Annex. Wooded rolling hills open fields, Confederate redoubts, water views from bluffs overlooking Queens' Creek, Cubb Creek, and the York River. We have weathered everything from 28 degrees, sleet, and snow to sunny days with temperatures in the 60s. The park will open for the spring on April 1, so that all may enjoy hiking Sections 1-8. Hike through fields and forests and spot vultures, eagles, deer, and raccoons. You may enjoy water views from river bluffs overlooks.

TATC will continue contact with New Quarter Park by sponsoring local trail maintenance trips a few times a year. Phyllis Neumann will be the coordinator for those trips. Look for more work trips later to work on Sections 9 and 10 of the three-mile trail. Many thanks to the dedicated work force who lopped, chopped, dug, raked, and chain sawed their way through the park. The park will place a sign at the entrance to Section 5 commemorating TATC's trail construction work. The park hosted a picnic for the TATC and the Scouts (who worked the 0.5 miles of Trail Sections 1-3) on March 12. On May 14, 2004, the York County Board of Supervisors plan to host a thank you at the park, so be sure to participate in that celebration at 10 a.m.

Chris Sexton

Note:

SPRING 2005 - TATC completed the 1.0 miles of Sections 9 and 10 of the three mile trail. This endeavor led by Phyllis Neumann spanned several months and involved the efforts of many dedicated TATCers and others who volunteered their time during the week and weekends to design and construct this outstanding trail. This involved choosing and flagging an appropriate path, clearing trees and blowdowns and eventually sculpting a wide, walkable trail suitable for foot traffic. The trail is now 3 miles long and follows Queen's Creek and Cubb Creek with scenic views of both as well as the York River. Wildlife abounds with evidence of deer, raccoon, songbirds, osprey, eagles and the occasional snake.

The trail has been open to the public for nearly a year and today (12 March 2006) was our first spring maintenance trip. 23 trail maintainers spent 3 hours raking, lopping and sawing. But, the overall condition of the trail was so good that there was plenty of time to admire the splendid views. If you have not had a chance to visit this beautiful park and see our trail, then I urge you to do so. This is a wonderful example of the positive impact our club has had on the community. We should all be proud of TATC and our accomplishments!



New Quarter Trail Construction - 2005



New Quarter Trail Maintenance - October 2005

2008 Local Trails Maintenance Report

by Chris Sexton

73 volunteers worked 909 hours on 12 different local trail maintenance trips.

Local trails maintenance trips were made to False Cape State Park, First Landing State Park, New Quarter Park, Sandy Bottom Nature Park, Merchants Millpond State Park, and Fisherman's Island National Wildlife Refuge.

Trip Leaders included Bruce Julian, Bill Lynn, Pat Parker, Brenda Sullivan, Jim Sexton, Chris Sexton, Steve Babor, Nancy Rinkenberger, and Phyllis Neumann.

Many of the hours were earned at two multi-day extended trips at False Cape State Park. Local trails awards were presented in May and November 2008. A local trails rocker bar patch can be earned with 12 hours of local trails. A certificate is earned at 30 hours. Certificates are awarded for each hundred hours worked. 16 TATC members were awarded the new local trails caps for cumulative 75 hours of local trails work.

Trip leaders and participants are always welcome to join the TATC'S local trail efforts. If anyone is interested in leading local trails maintenance trips at new parks, please contact Jim or Chris Sexton.



First Landing State Park - Trail Maintenance - Bruce & Margaret Julian



First Landing State Park - Trail Maintenance



Weyonoke Bird and Wildflower Sanctuary Hike



1992 Back Bay NWR Clean-Up



1982- Back Bay NWR Clean-Up



**Dave Brewer & Judy Kernell
in Dismal Swamp**



**Lynn Folsom and Baby Lisa,
Mackey Island 1983**



**Marilyn Horvath in the
Doo-Dah Parade - 1997**



**Special Projects at
First Landing State Park**



TATC at Environmental Education Center, False Cape State Park - 1980's



Beth Ewing & Tom Harrison at Portsmouth Island - 2003

Blazing A New Trail at First Landing State Park

Jean-Paul Richard

When the staff at First Landing State Park decided they needed a new trail to parallel the main access road, they made the right decision and called on Tidewater Appalachian Trail Club members in 2019 to help.

Margaret Pisone and Ellis Malabad organized a crew of more than 25 willing volunteers, supplemented by a group of REI employees, to blaze a new trail. The effort, accomplished on two brisk midwinter days, consisted of wielding pulaskis, loppers and rakes to clear the trail laid out by the park rangers. The tools available at the park were supplemented with tools from the club's other projects. After those two solid days of concentrated effort, the trail was cleared and ready for final grooming and grading by the park staff. It's open, now ready to be used.

Regular park users have been heard mentioning the new trail in glowing terms and I'm sure it is well appreciated by the staff at the park. Thus, our club is not only continuing to maintain our assigned trail, we are helping expand the enjoyment of the park with a new trail.





First Landing State Park - Trail Construction - 2019

Judy Kernell and the Three Bears

by Susan Gait Arey

Judy Kernell's 20th annual Dismal Swamp hike went off as planned on Thanksgiving weekend. The weather was cool but otherwise good, with just a few sprinkles on Friday afternoon, and a low of 18 degrees Saturday night. By now we had the ditch crossings down pat - everyone put on water shoes and either rolled up their pants legs or put on shorts to cross Portsmouth Ditch. To cross Myrtle Ditch, we simply looked for the bridge we had built a few years ago out of an old railroad rail and a log or two. We found a new "artifact" Friday - the old dog pens and outhouse of one of the long gone hunting camps by the lake. And we visited the Rodney Jackson cabin for probably the last time as it will probably be gone by next year.

But our biggest surprise came late Saturday afternoon as we were eating dinner at the T intersection of Kim Saunders Ditch and Forest Line. Way down grassy Kim Saunders Ditch Road, a large black dot and two smaller black dots emerged out of the forest, and began wandering slowly towards us, grazing along the way. As they got closer, we realized these weren't lost hunting dogs but a mother bear and two cubs. We must have watched them for twenty minutes before they got close enough to identify us as humans (bears don't see too well) and decide that was close enough, and to head on into the woods again.

A little later just before dark, a mother bear and two cubs came out for a few minutes on Forest Line Ditch Road down just a little way from our intersection. It was probably the same family however since this was the direction the same group was headed. And the next morning the first hikers to get to Cross Canal a mile and a half along, saw a mother bear and one cub - again possibly the same family. We had eight bear sightings and saw at least three separate bears.

In twenty years of the annual Swamp hike, only once I think did a couple of people catch sight of a bear. And in my own twenty years of taking trips into the Swamp, I had never seen a bear, though I had seen their tracks and droppings many times. So, this was a real treat for the thirteen people on that hike, to not only see a bear, but to be able to observe three of them for such a long time.



Pat Parker Top State Volunteer - 1999

by Reese Lukei

Each year at its annual convention the Virginia Recreation and Parks Society (VRPS) recognizes the outstanding efforts of volunteers and professionals that serve Virginia's local, state and national parks. At the VRPS Conference this past September in Richmond, TATC member Pat Parker was honored by being presented the 1999 Outstanding Volunteer Service Award.

Pat was nominated for this prestigious award by Sandy Bottom Nature Park where she is a Founding Member and current President of the Friends of Sandy Bottom Nature Park. In making the nomination, Chris Hickman, manager of Sandy Bottom, said "Pat sometimes seems to be in several places at one time. We were beginning to wonder if someone cloned her".

As TATC members know, Pat has been very active in our club for many years. Somehow she finds time to actively serve in these positions and organizations - Chair of the Hampton Clean City Commission's Coastal Awareness Committee, Peninsula Pathfinders, Phoebus Women's Club, Phoebus Improvement League, Captain of the Sandy Bottom Relay of Life Team, Clean the Bay Day (and any other cleanup that comes along), and she is a member of the American Discovery Trail Society and The Chincoteague Natural History Association. It is remarkable that she also works full-time at NASA and has time for her family.

Pat is due a huge round of applause from all of us. Congratulations and a BIG THANK YOU,



Reflections: False Cape State Park

by Bruce Julian

False Cape State Park has been a great place for hiking, biking and kayaking over the years for members of TATC. Most members have visited the park, and some have done just one of those, and others have joined my wife Margaret and me and done all three in one trip into the park.

Margaret and I joined TATC the year we were married, 20 years ago, and have enjoyed every year we have spent with this great group of trail maintainers. I have spent many hours volunteering on the beautiful Appalachian Trail, that we all love, but also many of us have been trail maintainers and volunteers at city, state and local parks, helping wherever we can. I had already been volunteering at False Cape for 10 years before joining TATC, so when I found out how much this group loved the outdoors and maintaining trails a bell went off in my head. I started planning week long trips to False Cape State Park.

For the last 19 years we cut new trails, maintained trail, built, painted and rebuilt boat docks for four local parks in the Tidewater area. While doing this we hiked, biked and kayaked and have enjoyed it all. With the help of False Cape State Park, I set up a three-day paddle weekends, paddling from Little Island Park down to Back Bay to the Environmental Education Center (EEC). The EEC is made available to groups interested in learning about and improving the environment of the bay and wetlands. For six years with two trips each year our trail club enjoyed spending time on Back Bay and in the EEC at the park.

The triathlon I set up fifteen years ago and for fourteen of those years we had anywhere from eight to twenty-eight club members biking, hiking and kayaking a twenty-mile route into and back out of the park. The fifteenth year was 2020 and COVID 19 struck, and so we could not do a triathlon, but hopefully I can once again set up another triathlon for our club members to enjoy in the near future.

With the club being around for 50 years, I hope all the new members and old ones can help keep it going for another 50 years. The Appalachian Trail and local trails need the volunteers of the Tidewater Appalachian Trail Club for many years to come.

[Editor's Note: Bruce was recognized by Virginia State Parks as its 2015 Volunteer of the Year. In 2017 Bruce received the President's Award from the National Association of State Park Directors for his service of over 17,000 volunteer hours in False Cape State Park over 25 years. The award was made to Bruce in Missoula, Montana.]



Bruce Julian - Virginia State Parks - 2015 Volunteer of the Year



False Cape State Park - Clean Up - 2005

False Cape State Park



President's Award from the National Association of State Parks

Congratulation to Bruce Julian on receiving the President's Award from the National Association of State Parks Directors during a Conference held September 7th, 2017 in Missoula Montana. The award was given to Bruce in recognition of his commitment, dedication, focus and drive to support the parks," said Jim Meisner Jr., spokesman for the Virginia Department of Conservation and Recreation.

Virginia State Parks also named Julian the Volunteer of the Year in 2015, and also nominated him for the national award.

The Award recognizes his 25 years of service, primarily at False Cape State Park but also at other State Parks in Eastern Virginia.

Congratulations Bruce!!



**Bruce Julian receives the President's Award
from the National Association of State Parks**

Dismal Swamp Expedition

by Susan Gail Arey

This past Thanksgiving Weekend Judy Kernell held her tenth annual Dismal Swamp hike. In honor of this important anniversary three groups went into the Swamp three different ways, all meeting that evening at the campground at the locks on the Feeder Ditch to Lake Drummond. Judy led a group of four hikers on about a 10 mile walk from the northwest side of the Swamp along Washington Ditch, cross-country through the woods, and down Soldiers Path. Many trees were down, due to our recent hurricane, making it hard for them to find their way, and they didn't arrive until long after dark.

Tom Frink led another group of four in by canoe. The most unusual method was taken by myself and several others, who took a boat ride on the Skipjack "Norfolk" on the Inland Waterway, from Waterside in Norfolk up the Elizabeth River, through the Deep Creek Locks and down the Dismal Swamp Canal to the Feeder Ditch. Here we got out and walked 3 miles to the campground. This was a most interesting ride for those of us who had seldom if ever seen the commercial waterfront or rural Chesapeake from the water. Once in the canal, several of us took turns sitting in a swing and being pulled nearly to the top of the 61 foot high mast for a view of the farm country and Swamp.

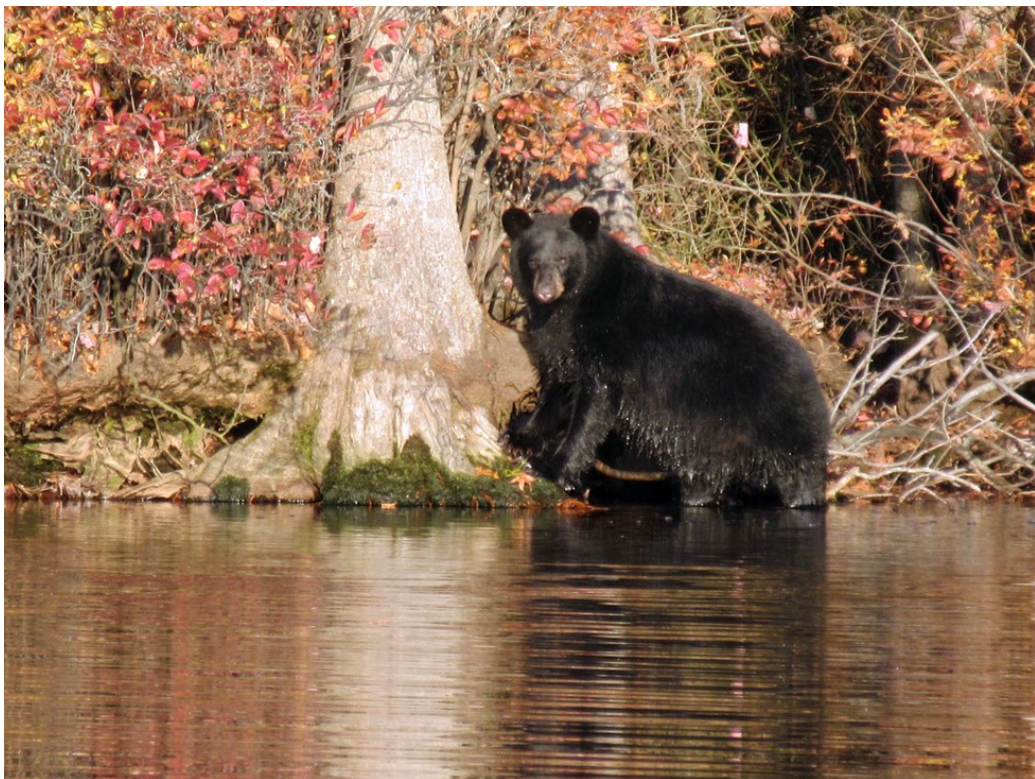
The next day Judy's group continued their three day walk through the Swamp. They had difficulty crossing a couple of the large ditches that crisscross the Swamp. One time Judy found an old logging railroad rail on the ground, which they used to make a bridge. ("It once held a whole train", Judy explained, so she figured it would hold them.)

The boating group walked back to the skipjack and sailed up to the Barbeque Barn in Deep Creek for lunch. Some people ended their trip here, but others continued on to Waterside. At one point the boat got caught between two lowered bridges for an hour, and had to go around in circles while waiting for three trains to pass. Though it was a rainy weekend I would not have wanted to spend it anywhere else.





December 1980 - TATC Group hiking along the drought exposed shoreline of Lake Drummond



A Bear along the shore of Lake Drummond

8th Annual Triathlon

September 23, 2014

Bruce Julian

At least this year we did not have two armed guards waiting at the gate of Back Bay Wildlife Refuge, stopping everyone because our Government could not get their act together, therefore closing down the National Parks. Actually no one was at the gate this year; so we rode our bicycles right through it and headed south to False Cape State Park.

I had sixteen Tuesday Groupers for this year's 'Triathlon', and what a group they were. All but two were there before their leader, who for some reason had a very slow driver, a school bus, and a stoplight working against him. I know there is no reason for being late, you just have to leave earlier from home, right? We were able to ride our bicycles out of the parking lot at Little Island City Park at 9:45 A.M., and be on our way. The weather was not the best that we've had over the past eight years, but it was not half-bad. The clouds overhead kept the sun off of us, and the wind kept us cool all day. The wind was out of the N.N.E. at about 15 to 18 miles per hour and the bicycle ride of 6.5 miles seemed to go very fast. We had no blowouts, and only one stop at False Cape Gate to take a picture, and by 10:30 A.M.; we were on the water paddling south in the State Park's kayaks. Out of the sixteen participants, we had seven new people, whom had never been on this Triathlon. They certainly were not sure of what they would find around the next bend. All of them stayed right with the group for the biking, kayaking and hiking; so as to not get lost. I want to THANK ALL for staying close together!

The wind at False Cape Landing was behind us, and 11:40 A.M.; we were hiking towards the ocean, where we would stop to take a break to eat our lunch. Walking on the deserted beach, we saw only one truck south of us, heading north. The wind was blowing between 18 and 22 miles per hour by that time, which kept all the birds away on this day. We retreated back into the Live Oaks Trees at the campground and used their tables for lunch.

By 12:20 P.M., we were back at the boats and heading north into the wind, but hugging the shoreline as much as possible. When the last boat pulled in to the pier, it was only around 1:30 P.M., and after replacing all the boats back onto the racks, and placing the paddles and PFDs inside the Boat House; we headed back towards the park's office. As we reached the office, we found that it was closed. However, we did see the Park Manager Kyle Barbour. We asked him to take a picture of our group, standing beside a newly painted buoy. It was 2:10 P.M., and we were on the last leg of our 20 mile trip. John F. headed out first, and everyone followed, peddling a little harder. We had the wind in our faces, but still as Nancy P. said; "We all were back in the parking lot at 3:00 P.M. as promised". The first timers for this trip were: Nancy P., Milton B., Gayle O., Kama M., Tom R., Diane L. and Jack S. The old timers were: Richard T., J.P., Bob S., John F., Jane O., John O., Ken V., Super Woman Dottie A. and the No. 1 guide Bruce J. I want to Thank All for a great, fun and safe trip.

On the way home, ten of us stopped at Pungo Pizza for a little snack, and it was so, so good.

Thanks Everyone,
Bruce.

12th Annual Triathlon



18-09-25-82
by Bill Billings



Reflections: The Chocolate Hike

By Phyllis Neumann

The Chocolate Hike made its TATC debut on Saturday February 9, 2002 as an easy winter walk on the Noland Trail. After joining TATC in 2000, I quickly became involved in many of the Club's diverse activities. I was eager to participate more and wanted to do something special for the Club.

I had never led an activity before but was familiar with the Noland Trail and so offered to lead a hike there. I chose February for two reasons. The first was because I had many winter memories from my childhood growing up in New York State. I recalled endless dark dreary February days with little snow and weather too bleak and cold to play outside. I wanted to create an activity to fight back and conquer that February funk. The other reason I chose February was that I felt I needed a theme to attract participants. I settled on something I knew would resonate with TATCers: food. Specifically, chocolate. And February is all about Valentine's Day so it was a perfect pairing!

I submitted my trip announcement to the February/March 2002 newsletter with the headline: "First Annual Pre-Valentine's Day Hike on the Noland Trail" inviting participants to "escape those mid-winter February doldrums" and take a hike on the Noland Trail. I promised frequent breaks to observe waterfowl along the way and to eat chocolate and that "there would be an award for the most unique Valentine snack".

Well, no TATCer is going to turn down a challenge like that and so it began. We had respectable attendance for that inaugural hike with maybe a dozen or so showing up. I began the hike with a short "tailgate session" extolling the history and virtues of chocolate. "Seven days without chocolate makes one weak" and "Chocolate is cheaper than therapy and you don't need an appointment". As I recall, we had fairly decent weather that day, shared a fair amount of chocolate (mostly traditional Valentine's chocolates) and everybody had a great time. And of course, we ate lunch afterwards.

I decided to repeat the hike in 2003 and soon realized that something unique seemed to be happening. We had 30 or so folks show up this time and many brought homemade baked treats: "Chocolate Trail Mix Bars", "Death By Chocolate Cupcakes" and Bill Lynn's famous "Chocolate Intravenous" so named because the only way to get more chocolate is intravenously! I was the sole judge and had to sample each and every submission-not a job for the faint hearted or weak stomached!

The Chocolate Hike broke records (and nearly the law) the following year. In an effort to attract new members, our Publicity Chair had issued a press release about the hike. A very successful press release it seems, because when I arrived at the park that morning I was greeted by several dozen hikers (one from Philadelphia!) and one security guard! Apparently, the Mariner's Museum had concerns about hordes of hikers on the trail and had arranged for their security to help manage the crowd. He soon realized that we were a pretty tame group and after a chocolate cookie (or maybe it was a brownie) allowed us to proceed.

Continued ...

As has become the tradition, I was besieged by budding bakers all wanting me to try their cookies, cakes, truffles and brownies. Mayhem is a good way to describe the onslaught and I enjoy every moment. The joy and expectation in happy faces is more than I can describe. We had over 60 participants that day and the chocolate entries were over-the-top. The Chocolate Hike had become a true phenomenon!

Over the years we have averaged 50-80 participants per hike. Somehow the weather cooperates and no one ever goes away hungry! It has become an opportunity for aspiring pastry chefs to exercise their baking skills as well as a chance for non-bakers to get out, hike and eat other people's chocolate creations! The competition can be fierce, but it is always fun. The awards at the end of the hike may provide some incentive or motivation for prospective chocolatiers, but mostly it's about getting outside and sharing the day with friends, new and old.

The hike began with my desire to do something for a club that had done so much for me. Its continuing success is maintained by the momentum and enthusiasm of the hundreds of participants over the years. What started as a basic day hike has evolved into an annual tradition treasured by all!



The Chocolate Hike



The Chocolate Hike



Jenny DeArmond, Steve Babor, and Phyllis Neumann



Nick and Ginny Werner

Sailing, Sailing Away on the Chesapeake Bay from the Official Log of The Island Dream

By Ellis Malabad

Six fearless sailors appeared on the docks at Fort Monroe Tuesday morning and signed on as mostly able bodied seamen (or seawomen?). All had thoughts of riding through stormy seas to an island paradise aboard the mighty sailing vessel. After inspection, all crew persons allowed aboard. Before getting underway, the pre-sail checklist was completed. The first thing a vessel needs to do is to get away from the dock. I am glad none of the other skippers were on the dock as we attempted to depart. If they had only seen what happened to Seaman Dewey, I would have never have been able to live it down. Apparently, Seaman Dewey changed his mind about leaving at the very last minute. His station was at the stern of the vessel to let go the stern lines. His feet were planted on the dock boards while his hands were tightly clasped to the stern rail. As the boat was slowly pulled forward to let go the bow lines Dewey slowly began to list forward. At first it was only 10% then 20%, 30%, 40% - OH NO! Dewey was hanging from the stern with half of his body in the water. Well, as the captain of the boat I felt this looked rather unseemly. A decision was needed. We either needed to shove him overboard or bring him aboard. I must say the crew was divided on this. Some said "feed him to the fishes". Others said "if we leave him who will swab the decks? So, as the captain I decided to bring him aboard as the decks really needed polishing.

We had just cleared the harbor when Island Dream began to feel the seas. She headed directly for open water. You could feel the hull rise and fall with anticipation as the sails were raised. The first sail the crew hoisted was the main followed the jib. It was then that the boat began to pick up speed. At the helm was demoted Seaman Apprentice Dewey. He set the course towards Bermuda; however, after a few minutes Seaman Jane put her foot down saying that she wanted to see the aircraft carrier Enterprise sail down Thimble Shoals Channel. I personally feel that she wanted to check out the young sailors on deck. Dewey, trying to keep the crew happy, set the helm hard over to port. I believe that he was set to board the little gray navy ship; however, a hovering helicopter aimed it's prop wash directly at us forcing a course change. The Enterprise elected not to challenge the superior force retreating to sea.

Another course change was made to the North towards Baltimore to avoid the shoaling waters of Norfolk's East Beach. Seaman Bob took charge of the radio traffic. He made sure all vessels knew to get the heck out of our way as we headed North up the Bay. I think he put out an APB (or something like that) on any vessel in our way. A little later Seaman Bob was demoted to head handle attendant after it was discovered that the handle to the head flushing pump was missing. After the crew was searched, the missing handle was found in Bob's possession. He made a flimsy excuse that "it just broke off" which was not accepted. Everyone knows that Chinese plastic is stronger than steel.

As were headed back we took a tour of Hampton Creek passing the Cousteau Society, the Air and Space Museum and stopping for fuel at Blue Water Yachts. Phyllis wanted to jump ship for ice cream. We had to put her under restraints to keep her in line. After a short trip and another stop at the poop dock (pump-out dock) and we were back at Fort Monroe.

So it went - another bold undertaking in the annals seafarers.

TATC Sailing



**Laurie Behm and
Phyllis Neumann**



Ellis and Marti Malabad



Dewey Phelps

Reflections: Portsmouth Island Hiking

By Gordon Spence

The TATC offers many varied opportunities to enjoy the great outdoors. After being members for many years, Melinda and I realized that we were always enjoying our trips which others led. While we were not strong hikers and not ready for the rigors of extended mountain hiking, we thought others might enjoy a trip that we had taken to Portsmouth Island, NC. We learned that Portsmouth Island is one of those magical places that still exist if you know where to look. Portsmouth Island is located at the southern tip of the Seashore National Park, a short boat ride from Ocracoke, NC.

Our first trip was in the summer of 1996 and we stayed in the village of Ocracoke only taking a day trip to Portsmouth Island. In the years that followed, we made numerous annual trips with TATC members, and we would meet up with Rudy and Donald Austin, two locals who can trace their roots back several generations. Just listening to their stories made the trip worthwhile. They operated a small boat which carried passengers across the sound to Portsmouth Island. While Rudy and Donald no longer operate the ferry, their grandkids continue to provide the service.

Once at Portsmouth Island, we explored freely. There are several buildings still standing, remnants of a once thriving village and later a haven for duck hunting. The center of attention is the United Methodist Church which is prominent in any discussion of Portsmouth. There are several remaining homes there that have been preserved but no one lives there anymore. Another prominent building is the Coast Guard Station consisting of the station itself, a storage shed and cooking facility. The NPS has a small landing which made it convenient to get on and off the boat. A short walk brought us to a welcome center which was one of the original houses set up with era appropriate furnishings. We explored the many small cemeteries, hunting lodges, post office, general store, and church. Today there is not much left of the earlier community when there were over 700 peoples living there. The last inhabitants left in the 1970's.

From the village, the outer beach requires a walk across a marshy flat stretch. Once a pasture for the town's livestock, it has slowly returned to a wetland. Sometimes dry, more often wet but never very deep. Then a short walk thru the outer sand dunes and the really big beach stretches out in front and to either side. The beach is located at the north end of the island. To the right (south) the beach extends 20 miles to the south where there is another ferry and a campsite operated by the NPS. To the left the beach sweeps around towards the village. We have found the beach to be a delightful area for just walking and exulting in the joy of being alive. The beach is a great place for shelling and bird watching. When staying overnight, we typically find a hollow in the sand dunes and stake out a claim for our tents.

Every visit to Portsmouth Island was special, always in ways we did not predict. There is no electricity on the island and therefore, no lights. The sky offers a majestic, breath-taking view of the stars. On one of our first trips in 1997, we were treated to the immense Hale-Bopp comet. Beyond anything we had ever seen.

Continued ...

In the morning, we would be reminded of the many visitors that came around during the night. There were tracks left in the sand from birds, rabbits, raccoons, foxes, mice, snakes, crabs and the tail dragging tracks of the nutria. This was too much not to share, and we organized return trips with club members. Alas, the island is low lying with a marshy environment and the mosquitos are legendary. We tried to schedule our trips in late Fall or early Spring to avoid the swarms of blood suckers. Mostly we were successful but not always. One trip the mosquitoes were so thick we ate our supper standing in the waves to avoid them. Finally, when we got tired of standing, we made a mad dash for the tents and shut them out. Woe onto anyone who had to venture out for a call of nature that night. The following morning, on our trip back across the marsh, I noticed that my traveling companion was carrying a thick coat of mosquitoes. He was not amused.

On another trip, we were faced with a stiff wind. Our "scouting party" had walked over to the beach and described the blowing sand as unsuitable for camping. The fall back was to slip back to a small pine grove where we hunkered down out of the wind and set up our tents, Still, a trip to the beach was called for. The wind was blowing such that a steady sandstorm enveloped us as we walked to the beach. It was an unusual sight, somewhat like a scene from Lawrence of Arabia with sand swirling around and rising up to our waists.

On a subsequent trip we once again encountered the heavy winds and located another clearing where we would set up our tents out of the wind. One of our more intrepid members decided that he had come to the beach and by golly, he was going to camp on the beach. In the morning he discovered that the blowing sand had left him with 6" of finely sifted sand inside his tent. Just another adventure.

While we always enjoy shelling, it is especially bountiful in the spring before the tourists come and gather the much sought-after Scotch bonnets. One Spring, after an especially cold winter, we discovered the shells of 23 rather large sea turtles. While there are stranding rescue teams, elsewhere, no such help was available in this remote location. So sad.

On one trip we were treated to the sight of to a flock of cormorants estimated at 20,000 birds. The flock of fish-eating, diving birds was located just offshore from our camp site. It was amazing to watch the technique of these birds. The birds in the rear would fly over the flock and settle in to dive for fish. Then another group from the rear would fly forward in a hopscotch manner and continue to dive for their supper.

Any trip to the beach requires a night hike, right? Many of our trips included a hike from the beach back to the village after dark. There was always some trepidation about walking back thru the marsh with chilling water up to your ankles. With the usual tricks played by those ahead jumping out and scaring those coming up from behind, it was great fun being a kid again. Once back in the village this night, we headed for the church. The church was kept in immaculate order and looked like it was ready for service the next day. So, as we looked around by the light of flashlights, the beams of light cast an eerie glow. As it turned out, one of our group really could play the piano. So as we stood nervously (would the park ranger show up?), she played the theme from "The Phantom of the Opera". What a perfect setting.

I wish I could more accurately describe the sounds of the surf beating on the beach, or the smells of the bayberry and pines under a warm spring sun. I picked up several broken pieces of shell, all worn smooth and easy to the touch. Memories of trips taken with our TATC.



Gordon and Melinda Spence at Historic Portsmouth Village



Portsmouth Island - Spring 2004

Trail Conferences and Meetings



July 1987 - Lynchburg ATC Conference



Leon Jeffries ATC Gettysburg 2001



Tom Harris & Chuck Engle 1989

Lynchburg '87 A Huge Success

Judging from all reports and comments overheard, the 1987 Appalachian Trail Conference held July 3-10 at Lynchburg College and hosted by TATC and seven other Virginia AT clubs was a resounding success. The best count available showed about 1000 persons in attendance. Some 55 of these were TATC members, which may have been the highest number from any club outside the Lynchburg/ Roanoke area. Everybody seemed to enjoy the fellowship, entertainment, workshops, hikes, and excursions (if not the heat!).

Special thanks are in order to the following TATC members for their contributions to the Conference:

- Jacque Jenkins for her inspiration and leadership in helping bring the 1987 conference to Virginia, and for her part in food planning.
- June Horsman for serving as Chairperson of Excursions for the conference steering committee. This required months spent in planning the outstanding excursion schedule and hours at the excursion desk during the Conference, answering questions and handling problems in her cool, calm, efficient style.
- Harold & Margaret Crate and Reese & Melinda Lukei for their work on the new TATC exhibit; also, to all who contributed their photographs for the display.
- Susan Gail Arey, Herb Coleman, Marilyn Horvath, and Mario Mazzarella for conducting informative and stimulating workshops.
- Rick Hancock, Ed & Linda Bradley, Bob Adkisson, Harold Crate, and Reese Lukei for leading hikes.
- Diane Price, Tina Georgiades, Evelyn Adkisson, Melinda Lukei, Mike Reitelbach, Lynn Folsom, Margaret Crate, Pat Strong, Pat Mangan, Susan Hill, Gudrun Hile, Barbara Klediz, Rosé & Leon Jeffrey, and Herb Coleman for leading and/or hosting excursions.
- Any other who contributed in any way to the Conference's success.

Miscellaneous notes and quotes from Lynchburg '87:

- The art show was enhanced with photographs taken by Susan Gail Arey and with portraiture by Jacque Jenkins, who set up her easel near the Excursion desk and painted several portraits by request!
- It was good to see TATC members from far away, such as Frances & Ken King with son, Justin from Tennessee, Otey Shelton from West Virginia, and Jacque Jenkins from Florida.
- While most of our members in attendance rested in the comfort of air-conditioned dormitories, there were at least a half dozen TATC tents out on the baseball field, where it was definitely not cool!
- The daytime temperature in Bill Newson's RV was reported to be as high as 120 degrees!
- Leigh Adkisson loved the snake and reptile workshop. but swimming and rope swinging were probably her favorite activities.

Continued ...

- Gudrun Hile enjoyed everything because that's her way. Those who hiked with her enjoyed following along to her happy harmonica tunes.
- Pat Strong was pleased to be hiking on a beautiful section of the A.T. to Pedlar Lake and stopping for lunch at Brown Mountain Shelter.
- The concert by folk musician John McCutcheon was outstanding, entertainment, according to Margaret Crate. Harold's flattened wallet is proof, as they will enjoy McCutcheon on record at home!
- Several TATC members enjoyed a workshop on hiking in the U.K. (in preparation for future trips?). Keep your eyes and ears open for further news!
- The Smith Mountain Lake State Park personnel really put out to provide a great day of entertainment with a full-course picnic lunch, according to those who attended.
- Diane, Tina, Gudrun, and Ruth went tubing down the river - a great way to stay cool!
- Many out-of-the-area people got an introduction to our section of A.T., but some would have been happier not to have awakened the bees!
- The excursion to Washington, Charlottesville, and Lexington were special in themselves, with wine and cheese treats on the long bus rides back to Lynchburg helping everyone forget how tired they were.

All in all, it was a great conference with something for everyone to enjoy, including the children. Many more words could be written, but perhaps it is sufficient to say "A great time was had at Lynchburg 87'.



July 1987 - Six TATC 2000 Milers at the Lynchburg Biennial - Reese Lukei , Bob Adkisson, Rick Hancock , Mike Reitelbach, Chuck Engle, and Susan Gail Arey



28 July 1987 - Susan Gail Arey and Club Founder Herb Coleman



Maine 2004 - Nina Rountree and Ray Stephens



Bob and Evelyn Adkisson - Maine - July 2004



30 August 1997 - After attending the A.T. Biennial in Southern Maine - 9 Club Members and 2 from the Georgia Club climb Mt Katahdin - Reese Lukei , Mal Higgins, Bob Adkisson, Heather Lukei, Janie Blessingham, Otey Shelton, - etc.



1979 - ATC Conference in Maine - Lobster Feast

Voyage to Vermont

July 2009

By Phyllis Neumann

There was a healthy representation of TATCers at the 37th 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!!!!



Thanks for Attending and Volunteering at Virginia Journeys 2011

By Ned Kuhns

Over the past three years, those who have attended TATC monthly meetings or read our articles in our monthly newsletter have heard our president Phyllis Neumann and me discuss Virginia Journeys 2011, the Appalachian Trail Conservancy's 38th Biennial Conference held from July 1-8, 2011 at Emory & Henry College in Emory, VA which is in the southwest corner of the state. I am pleased to report that the conference was an overwhelming success due to the support of many TATC members who not only attended the week-long conference but also volunteered to help in a wide variety of assignments.

Of the 958 hikers who registered for the conference, TATC had one of the largest (if not the largest) contingents of attendees. I want to publicly acknowledge those TATC members who attended the conference and particularly to thank those who volunteered. By my count, there were **51** of us there with most remaining the entire week. On the back page of this issue, you will find a photo of those attendees who could be assembled on Sunday night of the conference.

I particularly want to thank all those who volunteered in some capacity or other. Many assisted in a variety of areas. At the risk of missing someone's contributions, I would like to acknowledge those who played a major role in making the conference such a success.

Mark Wenger was TATC's representative on the Steering Committee and was responsible for manufacturing and installing the signs and kiosks which helped direct visitors at the college. Rosanne Scott arranged for and handled all the publicity for the event, including the use of social media opportunities. Reese and Melinda Lukei presented one of the evening entertainments with wonderful photos of their Arctic and Antarctic Expeditions. Many members volunteered to lead some of the 80 interesting and informative workshops which were so well received at the conference; these included Bill Rogers, Mary Hormell, Ann Smith, Susan Gail Arey, Phyllis Neumann, Rosanne Scott, Reese Lukei, Jim Newman, John Oakes, and Alan Neumann. Assisting the workshop presenters and helping to ensure workshop attendees located the correct rooms were Phyllis Neumann, Mal Higgins, Sandy Baylor, Bill Rogers and Michael Horrell. Bruce Davidson was particularly valuable in ensuring the college's audio/visual equipment was functioning correctly for the presenters' use.

Continued ...

In the central registration area, Phyllis and Alan Neumann transported and set up the TATC exhibit and audio/visual equipment on which our TATC outreach presentation developed by Jim Sexton and his committee a few years ago ran continuously and attracted many viewers. Bruce and Margaret Julian transported the three large wooden kiosks to the College and erected them with the help of several others. Staffing the Workshops Desk for which TATC was responsible were Evelyn Adkisson, Phyllis Neumann, Mal Higgins, Mary Hormell, Sandra Canepa, Svetlana Kononov, Jane Oakes, Margaret Julian, Bob Safford, Ann Smith, Melinda Spence, Dottie Abbott, Margaret Pisone, and Karen Wilson.

With the large number of cars arriving and departing during the weekend, traffic control and parking became a major issue. When one of the other A.T. clubs was unable to assume that task, TATC volunteers accepted the responsibility. Standing out in the hot sun to control the traffic on various shifts were Bruce Julian, Richard Tarr, Tim Smith, Alan Neumann, Bob Safford, Michael Horrell, Vic Pisone, and Gordon Spence. Greeting attendees and controlling traffic in the Van Dyke dining hall were Bill and Marky Lynn and Mary Bechtold.

Helping to lead the 170 hikes over 65 different routes were Bob Adkisson, Mal Higgins, Bruce Julian, Jim Newman, Susan Gail Arey, Rosanne Scott and Mark Wenger. In this area, I'm sure there were other TATC leaders or co-leaders but I just don't have access to all the names.

As you can see from the above, Virginia Journeys 2011 was a total TATC club effort with many members volunteering for multiple assignments. I apologize if anyone's name was inadvertently not recognized. For those who attended and those who volunteered, I extend my grateful appreciation and thanks. The conference was a tremendous success due to your collective support.

ATC's 39th Biennial Conference will be held at Western Carolina University in Cullowhee, NC from July 19-26, 2013. Volunteers will be needed to assist the Deep South clubs in that endeavor so I hope you will plan to attend and volunteer there as well. I intend to!





TATC at the Emory and Henry A.T. Biennial



July 2011 - TATC Volunteers at the Emory and Henry A.T. Biennial - Evelyn Adkisson, Phyllis Neumann, Jane Oakes, Margaret Julian, and Richard Tarr

Winchester ATC Biennial Conference: Hiking Through History

By Mal Higgins

About thirty members of TATC traveled to Winchester, Virginia in mid-July 2015 to participate in the biennial Appalachian Trail Conservancy conference, hosted by the Potomac A.T.C. and the Mountain Club of Maryland. The theme this year was “Hiking Through History” and the conference was staged from the campus of Shenandoah University, a liberal arts college with about 4000 students. I was among the thirty TATCers who participated in the conference.

PATC took the active lead in organizing many of the workshops, excursions, hikes, entertainment, and other events throughout the six day event. PATC was saddled with an obnoxious software online registration system called “CVENT”, owned by the A.T.C. and first debuted to everyone’s torture with the 2011 biennial at Emory & Henry, hosted by TATC and the other six Virginia clubs. It hasn’t gotten any better in the intervening four years.

Early PATC notices stated that Shenandoah University was only making available 90 dormitory rooms for what was expected to attract about 950 registrants. Other options included camping and nearby motels which PATC provided links to. Later, apparently, Shenandoah released more rooms, but the die was cast. A cost comparison by some TATCers quickly revealed that the cost of a motel room at Best Western right across the street from the campus was only about \$10.00 more per night, and so many of the attendees opted for that, over the “bring everything you need including all your bedding, waste basket, towels, and fans” un-air conditioned dorm rooms.

Early arriving TATCers kicked off the conference with a celebration of Chris Sexton’s birthday the first Friday night in the university dining hall. Jim Sexton arranged for some cake and Jim Newman acted as the concierge for the party. Jim Newman also was TATC’s mule who transported and set up the TATC display board with all our photos in the exhibit hall on campus. We owe Jim a debt of gratitude for that chore. Other TATCers volunteered at registration and other venues, and Ned Kuhns let four hikes on the A.T. during the week.

I shared a room with Jim Newman and Bruce Davidson at Best Western, and it worked out quite well with our refrigerator to hold the requisite adult beverages at the end of the day. Each of us did different things, with Jim bringing his bike and taking several bike tours with the PATC hike leaders of civil war battlefields, such as Manassas and Antietam. I opted to hike a lot, and Bruce and I often were on the same hikes. I did my first hike the first Saturday to the summit of Big Schloss with Bruce; Big Schloss was also hiked to throughout the week by Bob Adkisson and Jim Newman, and no doubt other TATCers too.

A favorite hike to me was a bushwhack through the woods near Harpers Ferry, WVA to pass through an old strip iron mine from the 1800s on our way to locate the earthen beams of Fort Duncan, an earth and wood fortification first controlled by Union soldiers and subsequently surrendered to General Stonewall Jackson in the first year of the Civil War. Our hike leader, Larry Broadwell, a member of PATC and quite the historian of the civil war in that area of Virginia, having just published a book about Civil War hikes, expertly let us up a steep slope to the only remaining signs of the fort: large earth berms to which the artillery guns were rolled to fire down on Harpers Ferry. Now, these earth berms lie in the middle of a forest, but at the time the forest was cleared to allow a full range of fire. Quite somber to experience.

Continued ...

That same hike Larry led us to an old abandoned farm house, near its fields and showing a great deal of decay. As we approached, a large turkey vulture flapped out of the upstairs window, startling the heck out of us. Someone had placed a child's rubber doll in a broken out window, lending an eerie, haunted house kind of feel. Bruce, my son, Matthew, who joined us on that hike, and I later in the day walked up the street in Harpers Ferry to the A.T.C. national headquarters to visit there and discuss the A.T. conference with the desk staff.

In subsequent days I hiked with Ned Kuhns on three days, as he led hikes on the A.T. originating both in Maryland at Pen Mar County Park, and along the famous "roller coaster" stretch of the A.T. north of Snickers Gap. We saw beautiful views, meadows, wild flowers, kudzu overcoming a forest, streams, shelters, and some iconic places, including the Blackburn Trail Center and the Bear's Den Hostel on these hikes. These hikes were classified as "strenuous/restricted" with good reason, as each had lots of elevation gain and with Typhoon Ned, no one dilly dallies. Bruce and Bob joined me on these hikes, which were "key swaps" with another group of hikers moving toward us from the opposite end of the trail.

I re-learned a lesson as old as they come on my last hiking day. It began at the Blackburn Trail Center, where within the first 100 yards of hiking the lead hikers kicked a hornets nest (well, they didn't mean to, and it was actually ground bees), so about four of us got stung as we ran down the trail. About an hour later as I hiked along lost in thought and watching my feet on a rocky section of the A.T., I walked head first—wham—into a low hanging branch extending across the trail! I stopped a bit stunned, instantly realizing what I'd done, but waiting for the pain to arrive as I stared at the branch. Got my wish. No real damage done, but Kathleen, a co-leader with Ned, got to justify carrying the first aid kit by applying a bandage to my forehead. The lesson? "Look up from your feet"! At the end of the day, right before reaching the cars we paused at some "cascades" (tiny waterfalls) off the A.T. and many of us stuck our heads under the falls.

The biennial conference was many things to the attendees. I didn't do any workshops but did attend a lecture one evening by a hiker, Matthew Kirk, who holds the speed record of 59 days for an "unsupported" hike of the A.T. (north to south). He was quite humble about it and clearly loved the A.T. and spoke emotionally about his experience then and now. Others from TATC did workshops, explored historic old Winchester, and hung out. Many of us took our meals in the dining room of the campus, which offered very tasty food, lots of it, and provided an opportunity at breakfast and at dinner to socialize with other TATCers as well as folks we knew from prior biennials.

The next ATC biennial will be at Colby College in Maine in August 2017, hosted by the Maine ATC, a club that maintains 267 miles of the A.T., an event that no one should miss. We TATCers are already thinking about extending that trip to include a post or pre-trip to maybe include a bit of canoeing or other hiking. Don't miss this chance to enjoy a remote and beautiful part of the A.T. and all that Maine has to offer.

ATC Conference - Winchester -2015



2017 Views from the Maine Woods - TATC at the ATC Conference

By Mal Higgins

About 37 members of TATC journeyed north to Colby College, Waterville, Maine, the venue for the 41st Appalachian Trail Conservancy conference, August 4-11, 2017. The conference offered a wide variety of scheduled hikes, excursions, special activities, films, presentations, and music of various styles. TATCers did it all.

Founded in 1813, Colby is the 12th-oldest private liberal arts college in the country. Located in central Maine, it sits on a 714-acre campus near downtown Waterville and the Kennebec River Valley. Most TATCers stayed in Dana Hall, a dormitory, though a few were in other lodging.

One drawback of the Colby site was that in nearly every case hikes on the Appalachian Trail were about an hour and a half drive one-way from campus. I was able to hike five of the six days on the A.T., often with Jim Newman, Bruce Davidson, Bob Adkisson, and Ned Kuhns. The four of us coordinated our hiking schedules. I calculated I did close to 50 miles total, the longest being a 13 mile hike Ned led. Most of the A.T. hikes departed from the assembly point at Colby around 6:30 a.m. and we would arrive back at campus about 6:30 p.m., just in time to get to the dining hall before it closed.

All the hiking on the A.T. in Maine is robust! Switchbacks are few. We often encountered northbounders, as well as major section hikers, on their quests to complete the 2190 miles of the A.T. Most hikers we saw were headed to Mt. Katahdin, only 150 miles north and they were so enthusiastic as their quest neared completion. One hike led by Ned, I did with Jim, Bob, Bruce, and about six others from other clubs. We hiked a lot of upland bogs on very wet terrain, bridged by puncheon (logs split lengthwise and laid on foundation logs to keep the hiker up out of the water). The puncheon we were told lasts about 15 years, but many logs were quite deteriorated. This hike brought us near a large lake (in Maine all lakes are "ponds") with a small beach, and had many steep ascents and descents, probably totally 1000s of feet of elevation gain. Yet incongruously it had been stated to have only about 500 feet of gain. NOT!

Another quite enjoyable hike was a "heritage hike" in which the local Maine hike leader, Mike Zimmerman, a MATC member and maintainer took us to Flagstaff Lake and we hiked an old abandoned part of the A.T. near Safford Brook. Mike told us tales of Myron Avery blazing that trail to Flagstaff Lake and pointed out old rusty metal A.T. diagonal markers and mileage chipped on a boulder.

Continued ...

Yet another hike was a favorite of everyone, as it involved using the A.T. “Kennebec Ferry”. This was a key swap, in which hikers swap cars, drive to opposite trailheads and then hike toward each other, handing off the keys to the other drivers’ cars when we meet in the middle. It was led by MATC volunteer Craig Dickstein. The “ferry” is a canoe that traverses the Kennebec River, paddled by a full time seasonal A.T. employee, who transports hikers and packs safely across the Kennebec River to either side. Seasonal water releases from an upstream dam reach the ferry site and swell the depth of the river to well over its normal five –six feet with a fast moving current, so the ferry service shuts off for the day around 2:00 p.m.

We all enjoyed the canoe ride and hiked on to Tim Harrison’s Pierce Pond Fish Camps. This is traditional Maine fish camp with lodging in cabins, a lodge, family style meals, and good fishing in a pond. We made our way there on the A.T. along Pierce Creek, a gorgeous creek full of cascading water, and crossed by some precarious log bridges, and finally a rickety earth dam to reach the Camp. Here’s the website: <http://www.harrisonspiercepondcamps.com/index.html>

The one day I did an excursion, we went to nearby Augusta, Maine’s capital, and visited the Maine State Library. There, we had a specially arranged exhibition of Myron Avery’s papers and correspondence - quite fascinating to peruse his extensive writings. Avery was the “promoter and hands-on doer” who pushed the dream of Benton MacKaye to transform the Appalachian Trail into a reality. We also got a guided tour of the exhibits of Maine’s growth and history beginning in the 1800s as a timbering, ship building, fishing, lobstering and outdoor recreation state. Several of us - Jim Newman, Susan Gail Arey and another club’s member - later walked across the street to the Maine capitol building and did a self-guided tour there.

Evenings on the Colby campus offered many choices of activities. Legendary Maine Humorist Tim Sample packed the house with his crazy tales of lobstermen, lost tourists, Maine geezers, duct tape, blue tarps, and broken machinery decorating country folk’s yards. As he puts it in his distinct Maine accent, the answer to tourists is “you can’t get there from here”. Another night several of us saw a slide show about The Yukon 1000, an epic canoe paddling race in 2016 between two man teams on the Yukon River from Canada into Alaska. A Maine team competed and won, paddling 18 hours a day with little sleep. Ouch!

Nick Werner and Lance Deaver staged an impromptu guitar jam one night. Other nights, TATCers convened in the bar on campus - yes, Colby has a bar. The bar suffered from a lack of atmosphere and had some loser beer offerings - not a single craft or dark beer. Dana Hall was quite adequate, with fans furnished to knock the heat built up during the day. Only one night did we get drenching rain that went on most of the night, and somewhat into the following early morning, but it relented in the morning and hiking still proceeded.

Continued ...

TATCers mingled with each other at breakfasts and dinners in Dana dining hall and shared the stories of the day's activities. Overall, the meals served there were quite good with a variety of healthy options, and some good pizza thrown in every night, too. A highlight for some was "lobster night" featuring a cooked lobster, potatoes, corn on the cob, etc. I am not a fan; but others said it was great. To me, lobsters look a little too life like with too many appendages.

Many TATCers combined the trip to the Maine Woods ATC conference with other preamble or post conference vacations and days in the Northeast. I felt the conference was a huge amount of fun, and the Maine Appalachian Trail Club was so successful in its planning and staging. The next conference has been announced to be in the summer of 2020 at Ramapo University in Mahwah, New Jersey, and will be organized as a shorter four day weekend conference.



Maine ATC 2017 - Mal Higgins



Hiking, Backpacking, Canoeing, and Other Trips

HikaNation in Virginia

By Reese Lukei, Jr.

The 50 HikaNation hikers entered Virginia on March 8, 1981. They began their trek on the Appalachian Trail on March 18 at Damascus. On April 12 they will have been hiking one year. Hollins College will host a picnic on April 11 for the group.

They will enter our section of the AT about April 19, 1981. A check station will be established at Maupin Field shelter for the three days the hikers will be passing through. We plan to provide a vegetable stew to the hikers. If you wish to help, call Jacque Jenkins at 587-6024.

The hikers are now scheduled to arrive in Washington, D.C. on May 13. A reception is planned at the Capital. A parade permit has been obtained for 5,000 hikers. If you would like to be one of them, call Reese Lukei at 340-5948.

HikaNation Reaches the Atlantic

By Reese Lukei, Jr.

Thirteen months and sixteen days. 4289 miles. That's how long and far it is from San Francisco to the Delaware coast by foot. On May 27, 1981 HIKANATION reached the Atlantic Ocean at Cape Henlopen, Delaware.

There was a mixture of great joy and sadness as the hikers splashed into the Atlantic surf. Earlier the hikers had been welcomed in Harper Ferry, where the mayor proclaimed May 8, 1981 as "HikaNation Day". After a five-day hike on the C & O Canal, HikaNation walked into Washington, D.C. The hike led them past the White House, the Washington Monument and down the Mall to the Capitol, where they were greeted by members of Congress. President Reagan and Secretary Watt sent messages to the group.

TATC provided a trail-side stew meal to the hikers during the three-day period April 20-22. Many compliments were expressed by the hikers. Thanks to Jacque Jenkins, Harold and Margaret Crate, Mary Marsh, Mason Newsome and Melinda Lukei for their efforts in providing the meal.



May 29, 1981 - Jacque Jenkins, Melinda Lukei ,and Harold Crate cook for the HikaNation Group as they pass thru on their way from California to Washington D.C.



May 29. 1981 - HikaNation Hikers

Dolly 3 - Trish 0

By Trish Mims

I was just going for a short day hike. We had rented a cabin in Timberline and just a half mile away was a Dolly Sods Trail. I couldn't resist. Especially when the alternative was to go to a Teddy Bear Museum which was advertised on cardboard signs with magic markers and tied to numerous telephone poles. Nope. Trail Trish was going to enjoy a few hours of Mother N in the DS Wilderness.

The Saint (aka David the Mims) walked me to the trailhead and offered me his GPS which wasn't in the mood to commune with satellites making it rather useless. I declined. It was 10 a.m. and I was only going for a short little loop hike. At least I did have the brains to bring 48 oz. of water and a map. The brains ended there. No compass, no definite game plan.

It was a beautiful sunny day, I set out on the Stone Coal Trail in high spirits. Dolly Sods is beautiful in the summer, all covered with ferns, rhododendron, and deer. I started down the trail cockily. Not even much of an incline, I thought, maybe I'll do 15 miles. This was certainly going to be a walk in the park and a beautiful park it was. All was good. Little streams babbled through meadows in places where the dense forest backed off. My first issue came in the dense forest. There was a cairn on the trail, but no indication of where the trail continued. Hmm. I set off in the obvious direction, leaving my own little marks just in case it wasn't the actual trail. It wasn't, and I retreated removing my little marks. I tried another direction. Success, but I should have been warned. Dolly doesn't let her people blaze the trails and the cairns are few and far between. At 1:30 I was suddenly at a huge cairn beside the Red Creek.

After lunch I found the trail marker sign and headed down Red Creek Trail. About 1/4 of a mile down the trail, it headed across the creek. Lemme explain this creek: it was about 75 feet wide with major stones, make that boulders. Water only covered about a third of it. And always a different third. So, you had to constantly cross wet rocks. Not deep. just slippery and hungry for ankles.

So, I saw the cairn, crossed the creek, found the trail and set on my happy way. Then the trail just got tired of being a trail and quit. I backtracked, looked for a cairn or sign of trail: nuttin. I just kept going in the same direction using the sun in place of the compass I didn't bring. Eventually the trail reappeared. Ahhh. This is good. I continued on until a downed tree crossed the trail. I clambered over it, knowing the trail would pick up on the other side. Wrong. By then it was cloudy and my compass, the sun, was taking a nap. Not wanting to walk in circles (something I have perfected over the years) I went back to the Red Creek Rock Bed. I followed it until I saw a camp area on the side of the Creek I needed to be on. I checked it out and found a fire circle and 2 cairns, but they didn't go anywhere. I spent about 40 minutes trying to find myself a trail. Back to the Creek bed.

It was now after five and I was getting concerned. I envisioned a night in DS with no little backpacker amenities. And worse. I knew David would be getting concerned and when he gets concerned, he calls people: police, sheriffs, rangers, the coast guard, the trash collectors. No one escapes, he calls them all!

Continued ...

I tried to pick up the pace a bit and soon saw another camp area. I was checking it out trying to figure out how the ** anyone got to it when I spotted two young men with backpacks heading my way. I immediately presented my map to them and asked them if they would mind telling me where I thought I was. I somehow (God looks out for many of us!) was right at the cross trails of where I wanted to be. "It's just up there," he said pointing into the brush Uh-huh I gave him the look." He dropped his backpack and said "I'll take you there."

He did.

I thanked him and told him he was an absolute Eagle Scout He informed me that, in fact, he was. From then on it was a piece of cake. My only problem was David. I had had no cell service all day, and that hadn't changed jogged and race walked up the trail. It was almost six when I arrived at the junction where I had started. I zipped down the trail to get on the Timberline ski trail. hoping to get cell service

At 6:13. I finally got through to David. He was walking up the trail to meet me at the junction and said I was 17 minutes away from his call to the sheriff. He had programmed it into his phone and was ready.

So now I have a new list of 10 necessities for day hiking: Much water, a lighter or matches, flashlight, extra clothing, food, whistle, map, and a compass. It's the little things.

Ed. Note: Plus a GPS

Trish Mims



Dolly Sods '94 Chalet Camping at Its Best

by Otey Shelton

On January 14th of this year, eleven TATC members departed the Tidewater area for a hike and camp out in Dolly Sods, West Virginia. The weather was cloudy and a light rain was falling. We encountered light snow just west of Harrisonburg. But here was no accumulation on the highway until we reached the town of Seneca, West Virginia and the Allegheny Mountains where the snow was heavier and it was very cold.

On arrival in the Canaan Valley the temperature was minus 17 degrees and with the high winds the chill factor dropped to minus 54. We checked the Dolly Sods area and found the weather almost unbearable due to the elevation (4,300 feet) and the high wind (chill factor minus 75 degrees).

After conversing with the members present, we decided that it would be unwise at the late hour of the day to attempt to set up camp. I moved the group back down to Canaan Valley and made contact with some friends to locate a shelter area to camp. A close friend invited the group to his chalet to camp in his den. Consequently, eleven club members pitched camp on the floor of a large den.

The next day, Saturday, we made another attempt at Dolly Sods and found the weather and temperatures just as bad as the day before. Most of us decided to camp in the chalet again, however four hardy souls decided to camp out in the fringe of Dolly Sods, the temperature was minus 15 degrees.

Sunday, we drove up as close as possible and hiked to Dolly Sods to find the four campers. The high winds had ceased however and the noon time temperature had risen all the way up to minus 12. The snow on top of Dolly Sods was two to three feet deep with drifts five to six feet. We helped break camp and hiked out to rendezvous at the Canaan Valley Lodge before departing for home.



February 1989 - Dolly Sods

Rappelling on Old Rag

by Mario D. Mazzarella

About 11:45 pm on the night of 25 October 1985, 18 TATC members led by Rick Hancock shouldered their packs and headed up Old Rag Mountain. Switchbacks gradually led us to the upper slopes where the branches were bare of leaves. A brilliant moon threw long shadows through the trees and cast an eerily beautiful light all about. About 1:00 the scattered group recollected itself. We pitched our tents and bedded down for the night. A sound like a woodpecker trying to drill a water pipe jarred us into wakefulness. It turned out to be Reese Lukei rapping reveille on his Sierra cup. Pushing aside thoughts of mayhem we staggered up. The hiss and breathy roar of old camp stoves cooking breakfast gave way to the flap of nylon as we broke camp at 8:30 am, and continued our ascent.

A beautiful dawn ushered in a flawless day. Vantage points revealed vistas of distant crest and still brilliant foliage far below. Then the adventure of the narrow passageways: crawling on all fours; scrambling for footholds and handholds; forming a bucket brigade style line to hand packs along the single deep crevasse. Bob Adkisson did his mountain goat imitation, nimbly leaping over obstacles that most of us struggled through. Rick Hancock continued to show how he outfits himself cheaply by finding an orphaned roll of brand-new Thinsulate. At 11:30 am we reached the rappel site near the summit. It was hard not to look smug when day hikers marveled that we had carried full packs up the trail.

Now Reese Lukei and Harold Crate began explaining the art and science of rappelling to novices like me. Some handle their fear by silence or bravado. I joke.

“Reese, how far down is that cliff?”

"Oh, it's about a hundred-foot drop.

“DON'T SAY DROP!”

Rick went over first and served as belay for those to come. Other veterans followed while we never-hads wrestled with the question: "to try or not to try or was it to die or not to die?"

Monte Robinson was the first rookie to go. Reese followed him down side by side, instructing him every step of the way. This pattern was followed for all new people all day. Ten feet down, the instructor -- Reese, Harold or Rick-- called for belay. Then the novice was told to remove his hands. All did, and spread their arms to demonstrate the effectiveness of belaying. Margaret Crate took pictures of this moment. Most smiles seemed a bit strained.

After an hour of watching, I found that I had somehow pushed myself into trying it. Both knees were like jelly as I tied on the rope. My experience was well-nigh universal. You fight against terror to walk over the edge. Your instructor coaxes a few a few hesitant steps down out of you. The belay is demonstrated. And then the fear evaporates in a moment; your confidence and performance improve with every step and bound; you reach bottom--and you can't wait to do it again!

Continued ...

Meanwhile, Reese had been going down with one hand on the rope and the other holding a camera, snapping pictures of people from halfway down the cliff, one more detail in an unforgettable experience. Some of our party decided to wait another day, and no one blamed them.

That evening a happy group gathered around the fire in the Byrd's Nest Shelter and told stories--some of them true. Another brilliant night was followed by one more lovely day and we hiked down the mountain on an easy trail. We stopped for a rest at a spring--and darned if Rick didn't find a brand-new water bottle! Most of us repaired to the famous Bavarian Chef for dinner, a well-deserved reward for first-time rappellers and the perfect ending of a weekend filled with adventure, beauty and friends. John McGriff spoke for many of us when he called it the most fun of any hike he'd ever been on.



Old Rag - 2005



**August 1977 - Lee Hulton and
Marilyn Horvath on Old Rag**



**May 1976 - Fess Green
Old Rag Rappelling**



**June 1982 - Susan Gail and Otey Shelton
Rappelling on Old Rag**



Old Rag - May 2008 - Jane, Marti, Phyllis, Mark, Mary and Ellis



TATC Rappelling in Richmond



**Marilyn Horvath & Reese Lukei
rappelling on Old Rag 1982**



Bruce and Margaret Julian - Old Rag 2005



**Rappelling on Old Rag, 1994, Lee Atkison,
unknown, Rick Hancock**



Shirley Boyd climbing Old Rag 1992



**Anne Kandare,
1981 thru-hiker,
cooking on Old Rag 1982**



Lee Atkison, Old Rag 1994

White Rock Falls

By Linda Chronowski

"I said that you were dropping it." repeated my friend as I forlornly watched my water bottle bounce down the slanting rock face and skip over the edge of the cliff, providing the eventual "thunk" that let me know, yes, it really did go all the way to hit bottom.

We were sitting on the granite cliff top at the scenic overlook for TwentyMinute Mountain near milepost 19 of the Blue Ridge ETA Parkway. It was a beautiful shirtsleeve warm day for a December Saturday. The sky was the purest shade of azure blue that we hadn't seen for at least seven weekends. We were about to eat lunch, having walked south on the parkway from White Rocks Gap, where we finished the short 2.5-mile hike of the White Rocks Falls Trail. Although TATC maintains this trail on a routine basis, I had not been over it until now. I had been saving it for a special weekend. This had been it.

My friend and I were staying at a furnished cabin nearby, both of us having needed to distance ourselves from others so we could each think clearly about our respective unrelated problems.

White Rocks Falls seemed to be the perfect answer for some great scenery as well as solitude on a simple and short trail. Easy to moderate effort was required this weekend as my friend had an old ankle injury that resurfaced and I had recently body slammed a wall while playing racquetball.

We chose to begin from the Slacks Overlook (MP #20). I had been informed by club members it was easier going and more downhill from this end. (Local knowledge is a great resource when you can get it). After reading some incorrect trail guide information, we finally found the trail head well marked (yellow blaze) north of and opposite the Slacks parking area. The trail was nicely maintained and easy to follow even if we forgot to watch for blazes as we looked at our feet. The trail ran downhill to a creek. We crossed several well constructed footbridges. The gurgling creek was so visually appealing, we meandered along it as the sun began to warm the morning.

We gently ascended to a rise and soon found ourselves actually atop some cliffs, which are slightly to the left of the trail. Kodak moments were at hand. The vistas were wonderfully rewarding.

The trail descended from the cliff tops via switch backs. We came to a sharp right downhill turn. If my friend had not looked back at the base of the cliffs we had just left, we would have missed the big bold sign with arrow announcing, "THE FALLS".

The spur trail ran past the base of the cliffs and entered a beautiful three-sided amphitheater of cliff face. There were the falls! They were quite aptly named. It was so peaceful watching the cascade enter small pools below. The water was crystal clear. We spent much time there enjoying the serenity and marveling at the tenacity of life where trees eked out a roothold to survive on sheer rock.

Continued ...

It was moist and cool there. Once out of the sun, after a while we chilled. Returning to the junction, we found the steep descent from there the most challenging part of the hike.

Soon we came to a broad creek crossing, which we boulder hopped. I chose to go a little downstream for my crossing, as the blazed more obvious route seemed beyond my ability. The water was quite high from recent rains. My boots were not waterproof, unlike my friend's. Here she filtered water that to me still tasted like rocks anyway. But it was cold and quite refreshing

After a while we came to several blow downs, which were too heavy for us to remove. (Can't help wanting to do maintenance sometimes). We found more small footbridges, saw a fantastic bird condominium tree and somewhat too soon found ourselves at the junction of White Rocks Gap and the TATC cabin trail

The road walk from mile 18.5 uphill to Twenty-Minute Mountain Overlook seemed a lot further than half a mile. I had just complained about how uneventful this hike had been, that I might just have to manufacture a story of interest, when my water bottle leapt overboard.

On the other side of the rocks were two rappellers who came over by us. "Say, if you're going down this way, maybe you could find my water bottle?" I jokingly asked. (Like I couldn't afford the seventy-five cents for another.)

"What's it look like?" one inquired.

"A clear plastic Gatorade bottle with an orange and green top." replied my friend

The rappeler looked over the cliff edge, spotted it and began directing his partner below toward it.

Amazing!! The bottle was not even leaking. I figured the impact of falling about -75 feet would do more damage, but it only had a few scrapes and a small unmovable dent in one side.

"Gee, now do you think maybe you could find the clear plastic cover that goes on top?" I asked laughingly.

"That's about the size of a quarter, right?" asked the top side man.

"I see it." came the voice from below.

"Can you believe that?" I asked my friend incredulously.

"Well, looks like you won't have to make something up now." she replied casually as she bit into a Granny Smith.

Reflections and Progressions of a Rookie Freezeree

By Richard Tarr

Why, hell fire, I've been scuba diving in 30 degree water off Newfoundland; my hands and feet were numb and I had an ice cream headache but I survived. I've been diving twice in Iceland and three times in the Orkney Islands, so a hike up north in a warm ski jacket and pants, insulated boots and an Icelandic wool hat should be fun. Though I must admit I've never hiked with snow shoes, worn crampons, nor slept on the snow. So off I go to the Adirondacks to climb the Gothics with the veteran Freezerees: Mal Higgins, Bob Adkisson, Bruce Davidson, Ed Martin and JP Jones. We rented our plastic boots and crampons and hit the trailhead in 4 1/2 feet of snow. I borrowed JP's extra snow shoes and they worked fine 'til I got to a bridge made of narrow planks, crossing some unknown depth. I had to walk sideways, so it's step with the lead foot, then the other one. But the trailing snow shoe always ended up on top of the lead one. It was two steps forward and one step back. I see why ducks don't walk sideways. After nine bridges and six miles, I finally caught up to Ed who waited for me so I wouldn't get lost.

We got to the campsite, cooked some Ramen noodles and set up the sleeping bags. Bruce's temperature gauge said 5 degrees above and it wasn't even dark yet. I thought this was going to be a chilly night in my 20 degree mummy bag. I was told to put my water, food and clothes in the sleeping bag to keep them warm. So everything except the snow shoes went in there with me. If I didn't survive the night, I'd look like King Tut in his sarcophagus with his worldly possessions to be taken to the afterworld. Damn this polar stuff! I'd rather go with some scuba gear and a bottle of Chardonnay.

I awoke to a cold morning. But wait! It can't be too cold because there's Bob walking around on the snow in his bare feet. This confirms what I suspected from my canoe trips with him. When they do his autopsy, they won't find any DNA.

After an insufficient amount of instant oatmeal, we don the crampons and start up the trail. Five hours later we climb out of the tree line and stare up at this peak hidden by the clouds. Mal announces "There it is!" So the tough part begins. Halfway up, there's a steel cable nailed to the rock face for something to hold on to. Mal and Bob are in the lead and they scoot up this thing like two possums racing up a persimmon tree to see who's the first to get to the dead crow. Bruce stays behind to give me encouragement. "Don't look back" he says. Hell, I can't see much looking forward with the sweat freezing into icicles over my eyes. They wait for me near the top, enjoying the view. If it wasn't for the freezing 30 mph wind and snow, I think I could see to West Virginia. I don't think I could really enjoy the view anyway for worrying about how I'm going to get off this mountain without sliding into the tree line a half-mile below. Then I realize my return trip water bottle is frozen solid. Bruce lends me a thermal water bottle holder so I can keep what little is left in my first bottle, from freezing.

Continued ...



We got back to the camp site after dark and I'm tired and dehydrated. Another sub zero night and I haven't had a bowel movement in three days. I wonder if my HMO covers a steam enema. They'll probably send me to an undertaker for that. Next morning I found my only pair of gloves frozen solid since I forgot to put them in the sleeping bag. Ed loans me his extra pair.

I survived the trip! The worst of it was the blisters that I got from those ill-fitting plastic boots we rented. The next Freezer trip was to the Dolly Sods. I was much more prepared, having my own snow shoes, crampons, insulated water bottle holders, extra gloves, insulated combat boots, and 5 hour energy drinks. It didn't hurt that I had acclimated by sitting in a lawn chair on my deck in my underwear, during near-freezing nights!

Reflections: Cold Weather Hiking Dolly Sods, Adirondacks and New Hampshire Over the Years

By Mal Higgins

So many folks have been part of the TATC tradition of doing cold weather backpacking adventures in January or February of each year that inevitably my memories will leave out people and strange events. The tradition began before my time as a member of TATC. I joined in 1976, but I did not do a cold weather hike until 1978.

The cold weather hikes were led by the inimitable, legendary, Otey Harper Shelton. Otey had a background of living outdoors in cold weather, growing up on a farm in rural Amherst County, Virginia. He served an 11 month tour of duty in 1950 with the U.S. Marine Corps in which Otey fought against the Chinese Red Army in the Battle of Chosin Reservoir, North Korea. Daytime temperatures were well below zero F. He told those cold weather war experiences to us in later years on our TATC cold weather hikes.

In February 1976 Otey organized a TATC snowshoeing, backpacking trip to the Adirondack High Peaks region of upstate New York. He had learned of the region from his friend, Ed Page. The High Peaks included 46 Adirondack mountains that were higher than 4,000 feet in elevation. [Later, two peaks were determined to be slightly lower.] The small group of hikers included Charlie Gillie (TATC president), Fess Green (TATC Local Trails Committee Chair), Bruce Davidson, Jimmy Miller, and Peter Williams (TATC Trail Supervisor).

They traveled north in Otey's rickety Travco RV. Along the way, crossing through New York City, it was snowing hard. The Travco rear ended a car with nuns who were traveling to one of the airports. No one was hurt and the Travco was intact. Apparently the nuns' car was not intact, so the TATCers drove the nuns to the airport before continuing the drive to the High Peaks area. A strange start to the hike! This story was repeated to me by Otey on more than one occasion. Bruce Davidson vouches for the story! An official account by Fess Green of this very first Adirondack hike appeared in an early TATC newsletter story in the February/March 1976 Newsletter. But this was not mentioned! The group summited a peak that year called Upper Wolfjaw.

A year later the February 1977 TATC newsletter mentions in its hike schedule another hike planned by Otey for the Adirondacks. But nothing is known or remembered anymore about this 1977 trip, and no newsletter article was written.

Otey regaled the general membership of TATC with his 1976 and 1977 trip reports with tales of snow, snowshoeing, peaks and bitter cold overnights in shelters and tents. Those tales hooked me. I wanted to try it. I made my novice cold weather backpacking trip in 1978.

It was a "tune-up" Dolly Sods hike later in January or early February 1978, where we parked on Route 32 after an all-night drive. We snowshoed miles along a road to a tiny settlement known as Laneville, where we tented in the woods. Bruce Davidson was on this hike and remembers the miserable tent he had! We both remember it was impossible to keep a fire going as it would sink in the snow. These West Virginia hikes became the basis for a "rule" that prevailed for years: a requirement that before one could go to the Adirondacks one had to do a winter "tune-up" hike in the Dolly Sods Wilderness.

Continued ...

The Adirondack High Peaks region is accessible from two main trailheads. One originates at the Adirondack Loj (so spelled) at Heart Lake, and the other at "The Garden", a mere parking lot, closer to Keene Valley. The Adirondack Mountain Club operates the Adirondack Loj with a bunkhouse and even meals. There are no facilities at The Garden.

I remember my first Adirondack trip later in February 1978, and it was grueling. The pattern of these early years was that immediately following the monthly membership meeting of TATC in its former venue, the Episcopal Church of the Advent in Norfolk, the group would pile into an old 9-passenger van of Otey's and drive all night to Keene Valley, NY, arriving at breakfast at the Noon Mark Restaurant. We would visit The Mountaineer to rent snowshoes or acquire last minute gear (some owned snowshoes; in my first year I did not).

On this 1978 trip were Otey, Charlie Gillie, Chuck Jesse, and a few whose names are lost to my memory. We arrived at the trailhead at "The Garden" parking lot. We snowshoed seven miles uphill on the Johns Brook Trail (also known as the Phelps trail) with full backpacks to the Slant Rock Shelter, before camping for the night with miserably cold "zeroish" temperatures

The next day we snowshoed to the summit of Mt. Marcy, New York's highest peak at 5344 feet, while it snowed. As one reaches the "Alpine zone" one moves above the tree line and the views open up. Trail markers (round colored disks) sometimes disappear below the snow because of the short trees and high snow drifts, which can exceed seven feet. Finding the trail is often difficult, and sometimes you are not on a trail. Once, Charlie Gillie, a stout man, broke through the snow pack supported by tiny alpine spruces and sank up to his waist in a "spruce hole". Extricating oneself with a backpack and snowshoes on requires assistance, and so we dug Charlie out amid great laughter.

We arrived at Marcy's summit in midafternoon, a bit later than optimal. We carried full backpacks as the plan was to go down the opposite side to another shelter. With the aid of good compass work by Otey and Chuck, an azimuth was shot to the approximate location of the shelter, and we struggled down the steep back side of Mt. Marcy, mostly not following a trail. Thanks to Otey and Chuck we hit the hut/shelter known as "Lake Tear of the Clouds" (torn down in following years). So much snow had built up at the face of the shelter that a wall of snow greeted us and we had to tunnel our way from the end of the shelter to get inside to its deck. This ended our exhausting day, still etched in my memory decades later.

This trip hooked me on the fun and hardship of cold weather outdoor adventures. The usual pattern was a January hike to the trails of Dolly Sods Wilderness and overnight at least one night in tents there, followed by a February hike to the Adirondack High Peaks. The Dolly Sods Wilderness in the 1980s was a grim and bleak place in the winter, freezing cold and remorseless wind, and there were no peaks to bag. Typically there were no great views either, because of low clouds, or swirling snow. Trails were poorly marked and in some cases only Otey knew where we were, and I think he was not sure! Tenting at night we froze; stoves stopped working; snacks congealed. I learned that as much as I liked Snickers bars, they were inedible when frozen.

Continued ...

Those first hikes for me in 1978 began a sequence of hikes that has continued for decades in either January or February of each year. It also began a set of TATC Adirondack hiking traditions that for the most part have continued on through 2022. The all night drives to the trailheads have given way to a better approach. Now, we drive to Lake George, NY and stay overnight at a motel. For many years, our custom was to dine that first night at the Capri Pizzeria Restaurant. Eventually we branched out to other restaurants. On the following mornings we would depart Lake George quite early and drive the final 75 miles to Keene Valley, New York, and breakfast at the Noon Mark Restaurant.

The tradition of stopping at the Keene Valley outfitter, The Mountaineer, still continues. Many rented snowshoes there, and this is still possible today. The 1976 group visited a restaurant/bar called The Spread Eagle (today, the Ausable Inn) at the end of their hiking. The TATC newsletter reports that on the visit they encountered a boxer dog who drank beer from an ashtray! The Ausable Inn has continued to be a traditional destination for all recent New York trips to celebrate coming out of the forest.

As time went by I began to co-lead these annual hikes and we dropped the Dolly Sods "requirement". We instead focused on annual Adirondack High Peaks trips. In the decades that followed most of the time I organized the trip as Otey slowly lost his ability to participate. Otey's last winter hike that I know of was a hike to Camp Peggy O'Brien at age 87 in February 2003. He was so happy to be back in the Adirondacks. He died in 2007 at the age of 91.

Over time, our winter hikes to the Adirondack High Peaks have included ascents in various years of Mt. Marcy, Mt. Algonquin, Little Haystack, Big Haystack, Skylight, Basin, Gothics, Colden, Wright, Saddleback, Big Slide, Upper Wolf Jaw, Lower Wolf Jaw, Armstrong, and Phelps. Sometimes, we were unable to reach summits such as Mt. Marcy or Algonquin, because of severe wind or white-outs. At various times we have enjoyed the eerie experience of snowshoeing across two frozen lakes, Avalanche Lake and Lake Colden. One year we camped on the shores of Colden in a three sided shelter.

Certain events over the years have remained in our collective memories. One of our early Adirondack hikers, Rick Lentz, went several years and was a strong hiker. In 1985, several of us with Rick were approaching the summit of Mt. Colden (4714 feet). The weather was extremely nasty and windy. Rick began to develop early stage hypothermia and Otey yelled out for us to stop. We assessed Rick and turned around to get back to our three sided shelter, where we got him into his sleeping bag and fed him hot soup. Rick was shivering with early hypothermia, but we eventually got him warmed up and he was okay.

Jerry Burch, another strong hiker, often carried so much "gorp" ("good old raisins & peanuts") that we teased him about having five pounds of gorp and no food. One year, Reese Lukei decided at midnight as we slept in a shelter that some psychic event required him to get up and hike out. We couldn't convince Reese otherwise, and so Reese and I snowshoed out to the trailhead and car and we found a motel in Lake Placid. I hiked back in the next day and rejoined the group. Reese reported later to us that a family member of his wife had died.

Continued ...

Another year we were hiking in the vicinity of Indian Falls. We had to cross a creek that had thin looking ice. Several inched across a fallen log, but I was impatient and foolishly strode across the ice. It broke, and one of my legs with snowshoe attached was now below the creek's surface with the pressure of the fast moving current against the snowshoe. I could not pull my leg back up on to the ice surface supporting the rest of me. I pulled my foot right out of the soft rubber "pac boot" I was wearing. The boot, still fastened to the snowshoe, was sucked downstream, and popped up to the surface like a raft. Bruce ran downstream and grabbed it as it came by! They brought it back, and Bob gave me an extra sock to put on that foot. We decided we needed to retreat to our shelter for the day.

Bob Adkisson became known for his "all cotton" clothes and gloves, a material that is considered "forbidden" by all winter gear experts! Often he didn't even wear the cotton gloves. Bob has a penchant for exploring, and one year as the rest of us backpacked out the usual Johns Brook Trail, Bob took the parallel Southside Trail. The problem arose that at the lower end the trail crosses Johns Brook, and that year the Brook was not frozen. Bob nonchalantly removed his trousers and boots, hoisted his pack, and waded across in his socks, sometimes briefly up to his waist in freezing water. He says the adrenaline rush made it so the icy water and temperature didn't register!

On three occasions we have snowshoed in three and a half miles on the Johns Brook Trail to reach a cabin known as Camp Peggy O'Brien, rented by the ADK Club. This highly sought after cabin has propane for heating and cooking, the large tanks for which are flown in by helicopter in good weather. Camp Peggy is ideally situated to attempt a variety of peaks for day hiking. Our most recent trip there was in 2020, before the COVID pandemic hit. Five of our group summited the formidable Gothics Peak that year, including Jerry Bauer, Brian Richie, John Sima, Bob Adkisson and Tom Milano.

In our recent Camp Peggy trips, two of our very strongest hikers, who have consistently led to help break trail in the snow, Brian Richie and Jerry Bauer, have hauled a sled with a large picnic cooler full of fresh vegetables and other items to cook on the Camp Peggy stove. While the rest of us are woefully boiling water for a less-than-tasty freeze dried meal, Brian and Jerry are sautéing vegetables, frying meat, and generally making us drool.

In New York, on hiking back out of the High Peaks region, our pattern was to drive to Lake Placid, New York and become tourists there and in nearby Saranac Lake. In Saranac Lake we would enjoy the Winter Festival and the "ice palace" built by locals using huge frozen blocks of ice cut from the lake. In Lake Placid we would buy souvenirs and visit the Olympic Arena, which memorializes the great winter athletes of the past who trained in Lake Placid, and where the historic 1980 USA Olympic men's ice hockey team beat the Russian team in the "Miracle on Ice". Sometimes, we would set aside half a day to cross country ski on the Jack Rabbit Trail, just outside Lake Placid, or on the local golf course.

One year, probably 1979, we visited the Olympic Training Center at Mt. Van Hoevenberg. It was offering tourist rides on the bobsled run for a pretty steep price. Several of us, including Otey Shelton, Reese Lukei, Bruce Davidson, and me, waited in line quite a while for the two minute ride. Once on board with us squeezed in between a professional driver and professional brakeman, the sled sped off. We lurched and zigged and zagged down the course (modified for tourists by starting only part way up). Reese said the ride was so violent that he chipped a front tooth because his teeth were chattering so much. On another year, Bruce challenged the luge course. Here, the luger lies on his back on a tiny sled and plummets down the chute, using shifting body weight to steer. Bruce clocked the highest tourist speed of the day at 45 mph!

Continued ...

Beginning in 2005 we began to expand to winter hikes in New Hampshire. Around this time we began to call the annual hike a "Freezereez," since we were going to the White Mountains of New Hampshire as well as New York's Adirondacks. We also began to call ourselves "Freezereez". That year we tented in the snow in Big Rock State Park, which had remained open along the Kancamagus Highway, and we snowshoed many local trails. JP Jones brought his outdoor propane grill in his huge van, and we enjoyed its warmth as we boiled water.

Among the hardest peaks in 2005 was one that Bob Adkisson and I did by ourselves called "Fool Killer". We sat near the summit and observed the sun setting on distant Mt. Washington and thought "we should try that next year." We did. In 2006 we spent a cold night in a Hermit Lake shelter below Tuckerman Ravine, a glacial cirque. Next day, Bruce Davidson, Al Bellinoff, Bob Adkisson, Duncan Fairlie and I, summited Mt. Washington (6288 feet) via the Lion Head Trail with moderate winds on top, but severely cold temperatures. What a thrill. Duncan led us back off the summit in a plunging hike on the Boott Spur Trail out to a motel.

Twice in New Hampshire we have hiked to a hut called Gray Knob, which is operated by the Randolph Mountain Club with a caretaker. This can be accessed by various trails, including the notorious Lowe's Path. We have varied those trips to include some of the highest peaks of the Presidentials, including Mt. Pierce, and Mt. Eisenhower via the historic Crawford Path; Mt. Monroe, Mt. Madison, Mt. Adams, Mt. Jefferson, accessed by the Great Gulf Trail, and the granddaddy, Mt. Washington. These peaks are all generally in the Pinkham Notch area and near or on the Appalachian Trail.

We have also hiked the New Hampshire peaks in Franconia Notch, including Cannon, the Cannon Balls, and along the Old Bridle Path to Mt. Lafayette. Brian and Jerry are the only ones to make the summit of Mt. Lafayette. Others made it to Greenleaf Hut but time, worsening weather, and weakening strength turned us around. The jumping off point in this part of New Hampshire has been Lonesome Lake Hut, operated in the winter with a caretaker from the Appalachian Mountain Club. Other huts we have stayed at are Zealand Falls and Carter Notch, also operated by caretakers. All of these primitive facilities have unheated bunkhouses, so the outside temperature is what is inside too!

For something different in 2009, we decided to return to our roots and go to Dolly Sods in February. All was well the first day as we snowshoed with our heavy backpacks up the Three Mile Trail from the Whitegrass Cross X Ski Center to reach the Dolly Sods plateau. Heavy snow lay along the Stonecoal Trail and we reached our campsite next to a semi frozen river, Stonecoal Run. We set up our tents and on the following day we hiked around the high open areas of the Sods in quite cold weather with some beautiful, wintry views. But overnight a warm wind blew in and by the next morning we were in the middle of a massive meltdown. It was so warm that as we trudged out the trail on which we had laboriously broken snow was running a gusher of water down the middle. That convinced me that global warming was ruining winters in Dolly Sods! We haven't been back since.

In 2011 there was no global warming in the Adirondacks. Only three TATCers made the Adirondacks trip that winter: Mark Connolly, Bob Adkisson, and Ed Martin. They snowshoed into a shelter just past Marcy Dam. Mark reports the shelter let the wind rip through and he huddled and froze all night inside his sleeping bag with his puff jacket on. In the morning a ranger from the NY Department of Environmental Conservation came by on patrol and warned that that night the temperature was predicted to drop another 15F. Bob reports that would have taken it to minus 30F. Discussion followed! Ed hiked to the car early and procured a motel. Mark and Bob day hiked the frozen Avalanche Lake, and then hiked out to meet Ed in the parking lot.

Continued ...

Over many years, the number of TATC members who made these trips is innumerable. Many TATC folks enjoyed multiple such trips and were “regulars” in the early years, including Reese Lukei, Ken King, Rick Lentz, Dave Brewer, Mike Brewer, Al Bellinoff, Ed Martin, Jerry Burch, and many others whose names I no longer remember.

Others did at least one time and sometimes many more: Susan Gail Arey, Harold and Margaret Crate, Patrick Knight, Ken Stiles, Phil Farley, Mike Squire, George Keefe, Rob Blansett, Tom Evans, Paul Davis, Dave Bowman, Kirk McMath, Scott Grob, Garland Nichols, Ned Kuhns, Richard Tarr, Duncan Fairlie, Jim Sexton, Nancy Rinkenberger, Trish Mims, Mark Wenger, Juliet Stephenson, Joe Wieliczko and JP Jones. JP even brought his 13 year old grandson. JP, a doctor, often came and drove his large van so many could carpool. He also brought his laptop and worked on patient files during down times! I brought my teenage son, Matthew, on a couple of the early years hikes. He has acquired the “cold weather hype.”

A few regulars of the early years are still around and still hiking cold weather trips. They include Bruce Davidson, Bob Adkisson, Mark Connolly, and myself. In the last decade, besides Bruce, Bob, and Mark, we have been joined by Brian Richie, Jerry Bauer, Jim Newman, Marty Vines, John Sima, Tom Miano, and John Predom, a Vermonter. It has been fun to welcome newcomers to the Freezeree life. Some of the younger hikers have summited peaks on days when we older ones make it only part way.

I have not always made the annual winter hike trip. In 2019 when I could not go, that year’s Freezerees brought along a gnome and named it “Gnome Mal”. When I have missed, it has always seemed like a part of my winter rhythm was off. COVID-19 and mandatory quarantine rules of New York and New Hampshire prevented us from journeying north in 2021. Our most recent trip at the time of writing this was February 2021, when on a cold set of days, the Blue Ridge Mountains in Nelson County caught a snowstorm. We were able to organize this as a “popup” Freezeree and five of us parked our cars at Royal Oaks Cabins and backpacked on the closed Blue Ridge Parkway to the TATC cabin. We enjoyed three days doing day hikes in the area on a modest amount of snow in the woods. Hopefully such an event might occur again in 2022.

I suspect that TATCers will be doing cold weather hikes for many years in the future. It is with great respect for the old timers who began these cold weather adventures and are slowed by time or are no longer with us, that I recall with much nostalgia their names and faces and the camaraderie we shared.





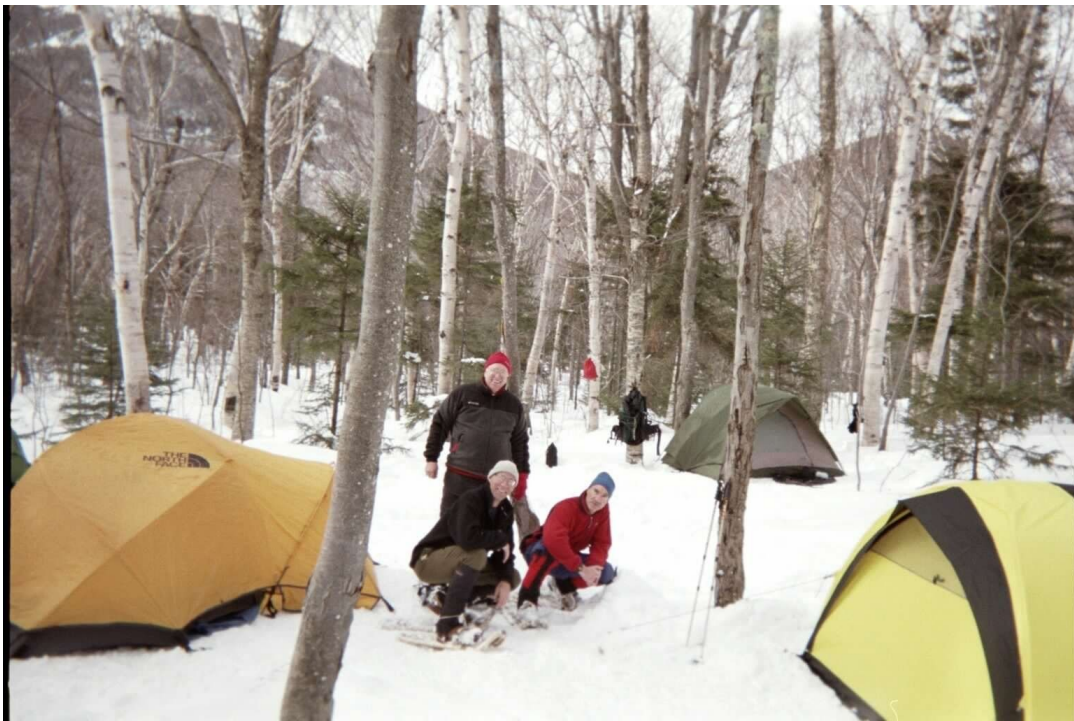
**February 2012 - Winter Hike in N.Y. Adirondack Mountains - Mt. Marcy
Bruce Davidson and Brian Richie**



Mal Higgins, Al Bellinoff, Trish Mims, and Ed Martin,



**Al Bellinoff, in a spruce hole on trail to Mt. Colden,
via Arnold Lake, Adirondacks - February 2002**



**Ed Martin, Mal Higgins, and Al Bellinoff, Marcy Dam,
Adirondacks - February 2002**



**Al Bellinoff, Trish Mims on trail to Mt. Colden,
via Arnold Lake, Adirondacks - February 2002**



**Al Bellinoff, Trish Mims, Ed Martin, at Marcy Dam,
Adirondacks - February 2002**



**Bruce, Marty, Jim, Mal, and Tom at Bushnell Lean-to
January 2020**



Mal Higgins at Trail Junction - January 2020



**Mal Higgins, Marcy Dam,
Adirondacks - February 2002**



**JP Jones, New Hampshire,
January 2005**



Jerry Bauer on top of The Gothics, January 2020



**John Sima, Brian Richie, and Jerry Bauer
on top of The Gothics, January 2020**



Mal Higgins and Ed Martin, Marcy Dam, Adirondacks - February 2002



Bob Adkisson, Bruce Davidson, and Mal Higgins



**Mal Higgins, summit of Big Slide Mountain,
Adirondacks, January 2000**



**Trish Mims, summit of Big Slide
Mountain, Adirondacks,
January 2000**



**Trish Mims, Marcy Dam, Adirondacks
February 2002**



**February 2020 - John Sima on exposed trail section
near the summit of Gothics**



**February 2020 - Jerry Bauer reaches the steepest part of the climb
to the summit of Gothics in the Adirondack Mountains of N.Y.**

TATC Trip to Cornwall and London, UK

By Jim Sexton

A group of ten from TATC traveled to the UK from June 1st to June 10th of this year (2019). The group included; Jim and Chris Sexton, John and Jane Oakes, Milton Beale, Nancy Pruden, Lisa Billow, Phil Spayd, Peggy Rommen and Juliet Stephenson.

We flew from Norfolk to Heathrow Airport in London, and then took a train ride to St. Ives Cornwall. Situated at the southwest tip of Britain, Cornwall has more miles of coastline and more hours of sunshine than any other English county. St. Ives is the most popular seaside resort village in Great Britain. The combination of beautiful scenery and a pleasant climate makes it one of the most popular locations in Britain for a walking holiday.

We stayed in St. Ives for seven nights at Chy Morvath, a Manor House run by HF Holidays. Besides board, the Manor House provided three meals a day, guided hikes and nightly educational programs. For four of the days that we stayed at Chy Morvath, we went on guided hikes through the hedgerows of Cornwall and along the Coastal Path, stopping in small and large towns and villages, at restaurants, coffee houses and pubs. The Manor House provided us with experienced guides and a choice of three different hikes each day to choose from; either easy, moderate or harder hikes. A presentation was given by the Hike Leaders each night, describing the hikes for the upcoming day. Box lunches were provided to hikers. The food, special treats and the service provided all exceeded my expectations, I thought it was good to great!

Our first hike in Cornwall was from St. Ives along the hedgerows and rugged cliffs on the coast west of St. Ives, passing Clodgy Point and returning to St. Ives. Part of this hike was along the Tinner's Way, an 18th-century packhorse route used to move tin up the coast. We saw the ruins of several old tin mines along the way. We also spotted one seal swimming between the rocks at Clodgy Point.

Our second hike was along the Coast and Coves of Mount's Bay. We walked along the Coastal Path, past several coves and beaches, over the Halzephron Cliffs and across the sands of the Loe Bar to finish at the fishing harbor of Porthleven.

Our third hike was to Poldark Country and Land's End. We walked through the mining village of St. Just, across the fields and lanes of the Cot Valley, before joining the Coastal Path to reach the fishing village of Sennen Cove. The final section lead us over the granite cliffs to Land's End, which is the most westerly point of mainland Cornwall and England. While in St. Just, we took a guided tour of the Geevor Tin Mine complex, where parts of the Poldark BBC TV series was filmed.

Our fourth hike was along the Helford Estuary. We went along the coast, past the Helford River estuary, along the gnarled cliffs at the tip of the Cornish peninsula, finishing at Trebah Gardens.

Continued ...

We were supposed to go to St. Michael's Mount and the Mousehole for our fifth hike. However, it rained torrentially on that day. Instead, we decided to take a taxi to the town of Marazion, and then walk from the town across the causeway to St. Michael's Mount. The causeway is only above water at low tide, so we ate lunch in town while we waited for the causeway to surface. The causeway is about a fifth of a mile long and connects the mainland to St. Michael's Mount. We experienced heavy rain and 30 mph wind as we crossed the causeway. Some of us, who had lighter rain gear on, got pretty wet. When we arrived on St. Michael's Mount, we were told that the St. Michael's Mount Castle was temporarily closed for visits, since 40+ mph winds were battering against the west entrance doors. We visited the museum exhibits on the Mount, and then went to a coffee shop to dry off and wait until the castle opened. It never did open that day, so we crossed back over the causeway to the mainland, before the high tide came back in and covered the causeway. We then gathered together and the Manor House provided us with a bus to take us back to St. Ives. An exciting day, but most of us would like to return back again someday, to visit the castle when it's open.

All in all, I thought our stay in Cornwall was amazing, and a great value for the money. Most of the time in Cornwall the temperatures ranged from the high 50's to the mid-60's, great weather for hiking. The only thing negative that I can think of about the Manor House stay; is that it had no clothes dryer. They did have a washing machine, but no dryer; so you had to hang your clothes to dry them, and in the cool and humid climate of St. Ives, clothes dried slowly.

At the end of our stay in Cornwall, we took a train back to London, to stay for two nights at the St. Pancras Hostel. The location of the Hostel was ideal, it was just a block and a half away from the St. Pancras/King's Cross Train Station, with easy subway access to all of London. We arrived in the middle of the afternoon, and ate dinner at O'Neil's Pub. The prices were fair and the food was very good. We also ate breakfast at O'Neil's the next day for only 5 British Pounds (around \$6.50) each. I had more food than I could eat, along with coffee. We all took an early evening walk that first day and ended up walking all the way from the Hostel to the center of London along the River Thames.

The rooms at the Hostel were basic but clean, with each room having two bunk beds and with three shared bathrooms on each floor. The Hostel also had a small Bistro/Bar, a TV room, a Breakfast Room, and Laundry Machines. The front doors, the doors to the rooms, and the rooms themselves all had key-coded locks, and we were provided with magnetic key cards. A great place and location to stay for the money. One suggestion; for a bit more money, reserve ahead for a private room with an attached bathroom, especially if you don't want to sleep in bunk beds and share a bathroom.

The next day, we had one full day of sightseeing in London. We split into several groups; since some of us wanted to see specific sites on our first trip to London, while others who had been to London before, wanted to see other sites. Chris and I took the Subway into London, then walked across the Mall to Buckingham Palace and watched the 'Changing of the Guard'.

Continued ...

From there, we took a Sightseeing Bus Tour of London, and then a cruise down the River Thames to the dock next to the Tower Bridge. We then walked to the nearest subway station and returned to St. Pancras at the end of a long day.

On our final day in London, we took the subway to Heathrow Airport for the plane back home. Nine of us arrived back in the U.S. at JFK Airport, where we found our flight had been cancelled due to bad weather. The flight back home was rescheduled two times, but both times ended up being cancelled. So, our group had another adventure; camping out on the floor and in chairs at the airport terminal overnight and waiting 18 hours for a flight back to Norfolk the next day. This was the not-so-great portion of our trip.



Botallack Mine in the West of Cornwall, England, UK.



Clodgy Point Walk



Coffee House at St. Michael's Mount



Chris Sexton walking over a Rock Stile



St. Ives Waterfront



St. Michael's Mount

TATC Alaskan Trip 2019

Jim Sexton

Bob Mooney, Jim Newman and Jim & Chris Sexton went on an Alaskan Cruise/Land Tour using Princess Cruise Lines from July 13th to July 25th 2019. We flew from Norfolk to Vancouver, BC on July 12th 2019 and stayed overnight in Vancouver at the Victorian Hotel; so that we could start the cruise portion of our trip the next day. We cruised on the Golden Princess from July 13th to July 20th, stopping at ports in the cities of Ketchikan, Juneau and Skagway Alaska. We also spent a day cruising in Glacier Bay National Park and a day cruising in College Fjord. The glaciers in College Ford were especially spectacular. We enjoyed various daily shipboard events and entertainment while at sea. On July 20th we arrived in Whittier AK for the Land Tour portion of our trip. We took a train ride for 8-1/2 hours from Whittier to Denali on the Denali Explorer, a train with domed railcars for sightseeing. We stayed two nights at the Denali Princess Wilderness Lodge, then two nights at the Mt. McKinley Wilderness Lodge and then one night at the Captain Cook Hotel in Anchorage. The average daily high temperatures on this trip ranged from the high 50's to the mid-60's, although there was one day in Denali where it got up to a blistering 79 degrees, We took various excursion trips while at the cruise ports and during the land portion of our tour, some of us going together on some of these excursions, and some of us going on separate excursions. Listed below is a listing of the excursions that that one or more of us went on. Photos from these excursions are included in the later part of this newsletter.

Excursions:

- ATV Adventure with Back Country Dining (Jim Newman) - Denali Lodge
- Denali Wilderness Hike (Bob Mooney) – Talkeetna
- Helicopter Glacier Trek/Hike (Jim Newman and Bob Mooney) – Juneau
- Helicopter Hike and Rail Adventure (Bob Mooney) – Skagway
- McKinley Discovery Air Tour (Bob Mooney) - McKinley
- Musher's Camp & Sled Dog Experience (Jim Newman) - Skagway
- Natural History Tour into Denali National Park (Jim Newman, Chris Sexton, Bob Mooney and Jim Sexton)
- Rafting the Nenana River Scenic Wilderness Run (Chris Sexton, Bob Mooney and Jim Sexton) - Denali
- Skagway City, Summit & The Days of 98 Show (Chris Sexton and Jim Sexton) - Skagway
- The Great Alaskan Lumberjack Show (Chris Sexton, Bob Mooney and Jim Sexton)
- Town Tour, Tram & Timberline Trek (Chris Sexton and Jim Sexton) - Juneau
- Wilderness Jet Boat Adventure (Chris Sexton and Jim Sexton) – Talkeetna

Unfortunately, I cannot provide a complete description of all the excursions that we went on in just a short newsletter article, but listed here are a few of the more memorable highlights of the excursions that Chris and I went on: *Continued ...*

While in Juneau, Chris and I took the Mount Roberts Tramway 1,800 feet up the mountain from sea level. At the top, we took a half-mile hike with a Naturalist who pointed out many of the most common plants in Alaska. At the end of the hike, we went to a Tea Room, where we sampled three teas and three jams made from native Alaskan plants. Both the hike and the tea room were very soothing and enjoyable. This excursion was relatively inexpensive compared to the costs of other excursions, and provided the most value for the money spent.

Probably my most favorite excursion was rafting the Nenana River. Although we rafted on only Class II and III rapids; the trip was still exciting and the views from the river were spectacular.

Although the Jet Boat excursion that Chris and I took was OK, I actually thought that visiting the small town of Talkeetna was the most fun part of this trip. Talkeetna is a tourist town, but it still provided a view of what a small Alaskan town is like. We especially liked stopping at the Denali Brewing Company in Talkeetna for lunch.

We all took the shorter Natural History Tour into Denali National Park, which was included by Princess as part of the price of our overall cruise/land tour. This was a 30-mile narrated bus tour on the restricted road going into the interior of the National Park itself. Our bus only traveled 30-miles into the park on the 92-mile road, but the bus stopped plenty of times for walks and views, and we saw plenty of wildlife. Unfortunately, we saw no bears. If you do go on a Natural History Tour in Denali, I suggest that you take the longer version of this tour, where you travel 65-miles into the park. We heard from several people who took this longer tour, that they saw a lot more animals and sights, including herds of elk and several grizzly bears.

Cruising College Fjord and seeing all of the Tidewater Glaciers emptying into the sea is a must-see on any Alaskan Trip. This is the part of the trip with the most spectacular views. If you go to Alaska, this is the one place that you do not want to miss.

During our last night and day in Anchorage, we had time to take a city bus tour, go to exhibits, and watch a show on the Northern Lights (at the Sydney Lawrence Theatre). Another memorable part of our stay in Anchorage was the eating out. We went to three excellent restaurants in Anchorage; the Glacier Brewhouse, the Crush Bistro and the 49th State Brewing Company. All of these restaurants were at least 4-1/2 stars. The food at the Crush Bistro was a bit more expensive than average, but it certainly was different and all of it was delicious. We all enjoyed sitting on the second deck patio of the 49th State Brewing Company, with good food and good views.

Continued ...

I always like to mention at least one downside of any trip that I go on, and this trip had one as well. While traveling back on the bus to the Mt. McKinley Wilderness Lodge from our last excursion trip, we heard that the power was out in the whole lodge complex. When we returned to the Lodge at 5:45 pm, the power was still out, and remained so until around 11:00 pm that night. The Lodge apparently had plans for such outages, since they quickly arranged for a buffet-style dinner for which they only charged \$10.00. We did have to wait around an hour or so after our return to eat. The food consisted of hamburgers or salmon patties, along with mashed potatoes and vegetables, a drink and a desert. They cooked the food using outside grills and propane burners. One of the servers mentioned that the power goes off at least a couple of times each season at the lodge, due to storms and trees falling on the power lines that run 300 miles through the woods and tundra between the lodge and Anchorage. On the plus-side; at least we had to only spend \$10.00 each for dinner, instead of the \$20-\$30 each that we were normally paying for dinner during the land portion of our trip.

After going on this trip, one thought predominates; "When can I go back again".



Whale Fountain in Juneau, Alaska



White Horse Pass - Photo by Chris Sexton



49th State Brewing - Restaurant Rooftop in Anchorage, AK

Jim Newman and Bob Mooney - Glacier Hiking - 2019



Canadian Rockies Trip

By Jim Sexton

Well, it's in the books now, as seventeen TATC members have returned from spending 12 days and 11 nights in July 2010 in the beautiful Canadian Rockies. We flew into Calgary, Alberta and then drove to and spent time in Banff, Yoho, and Jasper National Parks. The weather was cool, with mornings in the 50's and a high of around 76 degrees during one of the days, and low humidity. Coming back to the heat wave in the Tidewater area was certainly a shock. We stayed in hostels in Banff, Lake Louise, and Jasper for the trip, and while the hostels in Banff and Lake Louise were very nice, the one in Jasper wasn't. The "Jasper Hostile" had plenty of mosquitoes and chipmunks coming in through open windows, two water main breaks while we were there, and additionally, the bunkrooms left a lot to be desired. The Jasper Hostel is supposed to be rebuilt in 2013 (a new Jasper Hostel has been built). Let's hope so. We prepared and ate most of our meals in the hostels, but we also dined out in Banff, Field (B.C.), and Jasper.

Some of the trips that club members went on included: Lake Minnewanka Boat Ride and Hike, the Banff Gondola, Sunshine Meadows Hiking, Johnson Canyon Hike, the Vermillion Lakes, Plain of the Six Glaciers Trail and Tea House, Lake Agnes Trail and Tea House, Sentinel Pass Trail, Lake Moraine Trail, Consolation Lake Trail, Spiral Tunnels Overlook, Takakkaw Falls, Emerald Lake Trail, The Whyte Museum, The Columbia Icefield Center and Icefield Bus Tour, the Wilcox Pass Trail, the Jasper Tramway and Whistler Mountain Trail, the Valley of the Five Lakes Trails, the Maligne Canyon Trail, Medicine Lake, the Maligne Lake Boat Ride, Athabasca Falls, Sunwapta Falls, and Mistaya Canyon. We also stopped at numerous overlooks off of Highway Route 1 and Route 16, and the Icefields Parkway. Our pictures don't do justice to the ever breathtaking scenery that we viewed.

One of the more memorable moments of the trip was when the group that hiked to the top of the ridgeline next to Wilcox Pass came across a cold beer that someone had left in a glacier stream. They all took a drink, in the spirit of trail magic. The most exciting part of the trip for me was hiking to Sentinel Pass. We climbed 2,376 feet, with the last 700 feet consisting of switchbacks that climbed almost vertically up the side of the mountain pass, crossing several snowfields along the way. The view from the top was spectacular. Standing on 1,000 feet of ice on the Columbia Glacier Icefield was also exciting, as well as windy and somewhat cold. Trip members included: Robert Wygand, Nathan Wygand, Brittany Wygand, Richard Martin, Carol Martin, Malcolm Higgins, Mark Connolly, Mary Bechtold, Michael Horrell, Richard Tarr, James Sexton, Chris Sexton, Lisa Billow, Alice Baylor, Laura Bontems, Katrina Rogers, and Christine Woods. We celebrated Chris's and Rob's birthdays during the trip. We ended the trip spending under the estimated amount; so the cost of the trip for 12 days was about \$965 per person, plus airline fare (which averaged around \$700). Additional expenses included three eating out meal costs, personal items, memorabilia purchased, and of course some ice cream purchases. I would like to thank all participants of this trip for their great camaraderie. Trip Participants graciously gave Jim and Chris a surprise giclee print of a bear on canvas by Denis Mayer, called Home Sweet Home, as a lovely thank you for the year long work planning this trip of a lifetime.

Canadian Rockies Trip



Canadian Rockies Trip



Mary Bechtold and Chris Sexton



Richard Martin, Katrina Rogers, and Richard Tarr

Reflections: TATC Canoe and Kayak Trip Group Adventures

by Marti Malabad

When we first joined the club in 1992, we started going on canoe trips led by Otey Shelton and Larry Blett, then by Ned Kuhns and Ellis and me. We paddled white water on the Shenandoah, Maury, Rockfish, Buffalo, Tye, Staunton, New and James Rivers in the western part of Virginia. We car camped most of the time but had a few overnights with gear in the boat. Otey, who had friends everywhere, would always find a field or open area where we could camp. On one river trip, he arranged for us to stay in a field nearby. It was a primitive campsite but as a kindness to the women present, he arrived early. He and Larry set up a temporary outhouse with tarps, a big bucket and a triangle of wood planks to sit on. It was much better and more private than going into the woods. We could always count on Otey and Larry to make the best situation possible. Of course they had no control over the weather. One of my funniest memories was waking up one morning and hearing Larry carrying on about his shirt and pants that were frozen solid overnight by an unexpected frost. He had gotten wet the afternoon before and had left them to dry on the hood of his car. We always had a good laugh on these trips.

Locally, the Dismal Swamp Canal & Lake Drummond, College Creek, Merchants Mill Pond, Waller Mill Park and the Back, Northwest, Blackwater & Pagan Rivers (to name a few) gave us fun flat water trips. TATC offered us the safety of going in numbers to do these trips. The knowledge shared on these adventures has given club members many years of successful paddles. We even conducted a few canoe safety/ rescue clinics to help us all.

In recent years, numerous TATC members have purchased kayaks and enjoyed exploring even more of the local lakes and flat water rivers our area has to offer. Even though Ellis has lived here his whole life and I have most of mine, we are always amazed at how many great places there are to paddle. The scenery and wildlife is always varied and interesting. Eagles, Great Blue Herons, Egrets, Beavers, Songbirds, Turtles and Deer are just a few critters we have sighted.

Enjoying the company of fellow TATC members led some of them to plan a week canoe adventure to be taken every other summer when there was not a Biennial Appalachian Trail Conservancy meeting. Ellis and I joined them in 1996 at Watoga State Park, WV to paddle the Greenbrier River. Later years saw trips to Lake Ocoee, TN; Boundary Waters, MN; Little Wolf Pond in the Adirondacks, NY; Asheville, NC and Greenville, ME. Maine was a favorite and was returned to numerous times. We usually stayed at a commercial camp on Wilson Pond. The last one saw eight of us going in 2017 before attending the ATC Biannual Meeting in Colby, ME. This meeting was so close we could not resist a week of paddling while in Maine. These trips were either flat water or lake paddling.

Continued ...

We stayed in large houses or groups of cabins as we all agreed it was a vacation. We did not need to sleep in tents! Each location had special extras to add to our enjoyment. We always added on hikes or local excursions (i.e. white water rafting, museums and historical sites, Wildlife Centers, sight-seeing airplane rides) to see more of the areas we were visiting. One of our favorite hikes was Mt. Kineo on Moosehead Lake, Greenville, ME. A small boat ferried us over to the island where we hiked several trails, all leading up to magnificent views of the surrounding lakes and mountain ranges. A fire tower gave the hearty folks a real view across the landscape.

One year, we were able to see Mt. Katahdin in the distance. Ellis Malabad, Mal Higgins, Bob Adkisson and Phyllis Neumann even left the cabins before dawn to drive back roads to Mt. Katahdin and hike a portion of the Appalachian Trail there. It was a long day but they all loved the experience. On these trips, we often had options to go in small groups to hike, paddle or just explore area activities. I think that is why we enjoyed them so much.

One year, Ellis and I spent a day paddling with Ron and Sue Leta in Maine. We saw a female moose grazing beside the pond edge. We just floated silently near her to watch until she literally vanished into the surrounding woods. As we returned to the cabins, we saw loons and listened to their calls. In the Boundary Waters, MN, we camped two nights with Bill Bunch, Teela and Jim Robertson and Mike and Dave Brewer. Our campsite was on the south shore of the lake and we looked out to the north shore into Canada. We saw the Northern Lights one night, which was a thrill. We also got to watch a beaver as he ate and then slapped his tail and dove into his lodge.

Spending time with good friends made these trips so much fun. Our memories and friendships with TATC friends will last a lifetime.



Maury River
Marti & Ellis

TATC Canoe and Kayak Trip Group Adventures



TATC Canoe and Kayak Trip Group Adventures



TATC Canoe and Kayak Trip Group Adventures



TATC Canoe and Kayak Trip Group Adventures



James River Canoe Rescue Clinic 8/98



Boundary Waters, MN 8/00



New River 9/03

TATC Canoe and Kayak Trip Group Adventures



Mt. Kineo Hike
Greenville, ME
2004
Mike & Dave



Mt. Kineo Hike, Greenville, ME 2004



Greenville, ME 2004

TATC Canoe and Kayak Trip Group Adventures

Greenville, ME 2004 Bob, Mal & Ellis



Upper Wilson Pond, ME 7/08
Ellis, Melinda & Gordon, Phyllis & Alan



James River State Park 6/01

Reflections: Canoeing with the TATC

By Gordon Spence

We were first attracted to the TATC by a friend who enticed us with tales of white water canoeing. Little did we suspect what was in store for us as we attended our first meeting back in the early eighties at Advent Episcopal Church in Ocean View. Gosh, such great adventures were to start in the cramped little meeting hall with no air conditioning. We were soon welcomed into the group. Ned Kuhn, Ellis and Marty Malabad, Bob Adkisson, Otey Shelton, Phyllis and Alan Neumann, Rosanne Cary, and others became fast friendsand they wanted to go canoeing.

Not knowing what we were getting into, we rented a canoe from the Navy's MWR. After the first trip, we were hooked and had to have our own canoe. The only drawback, if you can call it that, was the distance to the nearest white water. While there is some adventure within the city limits of Richmond, we were looking for something more that included overnight camping along with canoeing. During that first summer, it seemed we were on the water, or in our case, in the water, every weekend. What a blast. What camaraderie.

For a couple of landlubbers, the idea of challenging some of these class I (Class I being the lowest) rapids was daunting. But leaders always stressed safety and it seemed that every trip, every flat water offered the opportunity to learn new boating and safety skills. J strokes, draw strokes, power strokes, life lines, scouting the rapids prior to running them. What to do when, not if, you capsized. While the waters here can be exciting and challenging, at the end of the day, the water was shallow and the rapids short in duration. Just a lot of fun.

While we didn't canoe in the dead of winter, in early spring we had icy water and frost on our tents when we woke up on Sunday morning. There were times when the water was shallow and we scraped across the stones or had to get out and drag our boats around the exposed rocks. Initially we stayed in Virginia and made numerous trips on the James, Tye, Buffalo, Maury, and Rappahannock Rivers. And I can say that I toppled into each one in time. Each river offered unparalleled views that could only be seen from the seat of a boat and with the changing seasons, each view was unique to that place, that day, and you.

This experience whetted our appetite for more and we expanded our trips to the French Broad River near Asheville, NC; the Boundary Lakes region in Minnesota; the Adirondacks in New York; and Androscoggin River in Maine. Along with the club trips, we took numerous trips to Massachusetts, Tennessee, and North Carolina. It seems if there was water there, we were on it.

Today, my canoe lies bottom up beside my house, its bottom so badly scarred by numerous trips and more numerous rocks, seen and unseen, it can only ply the calm waters of our lake. But each scrape and scratch is a memory of a test of skill and determination: of days under a hot sun idly paddling thru the Virginia farmland or over an icy sluiceway determined to keep our balance and not be subject to a cold dunking. I feel sad for those who never hefted their canoe onto their roof rack and took off for a weekend of paddling on a river in Nelson county.

Dolly Sods Wilderness - October 1983

Otey Shelton – Trip Leader

Bill ‘Pulaskiteer’ Rogers – Trip Recorder

Big Blue, bouncin’ and jouncin’,
Into the Wilderness carried the crew.
Over rocks and boulders without hesitation,
As smooth a ride as a kangaroo.
In a stand of spruce, half up a hill,
We set up our tents in the evening chill.
Saturday morn, whilst snores were still loud,
Came the wee small voice of Otey;
“Aren’t these people ever getting up?”
Breakfast behind us we did not tarry,
The ridges and rocks beckoned us on.
Down in the valley the fog was thick,
Hiding the ponds and the valley floor.
Autumn colors’ could not have been finer,
Each tree and bush a beautiful sight: -
Soft browns, resplendent yellows, brilliant
Reds, oranges, and mixtures of all.
Every hillside and each little hollow
Had beauty of its own for us to behold.
Rocks piled high were fascinating shapes
to fantasize,
A whale, a fort, a humpbacked camel.
A mid-day snack caused eyelids to droop,
As we lay about soaking up the sun.
Later, an evening meal fueled the furnace
For sunset watching on rocks so warm.
Sunday another beautiful day,
With blueberries and blue birds and colors galore.
A doe bounding through the trees,
Pretty lichens under a magnifying glass.

Good friends, beautiful country,
A stream to soak away your cares -
What more could you ask?
Sunday evening, after din-din and cornbread,
Sunset from the rocks - a spectacle enjoyed.
The moon and constellations paraded
Beauty across the heavens.
The Milky Way and a shooting star glittered
above,
During the night a drip was heard;
But not from rain.
Dawn showed the Sods in a different mood,
Dark and dripping, windy and chill.
A cold windy fog covered the world,
And clung and dripped from everything.
The hike to the cars a chilly one,
Only humans abroad in this kind of weather!
The cars in sight, a last photograph,
Leaves covering the road.
Descending to the valley, each to their own
thoughts.
a stop for a snack, a change of shoes;
Shopping at the Gendarme - the Old Mill too.
The ride home, country roads, autumn colors.
Tents are dried and put away,
The trip is over, yet it lives on.
The Sods are there, for one and all,
Hark to their call

Member Articles and News

Being a Hike Leader

by John Folsom - 1984

Anyone Can lead a hike! You don't have to be in terrific physical condition or a master woodsperson. All that's needed is the desire and a small amount of time. So, let's look at what's involved in "leading" a hike.

First, you decide that you want to go hiking in a certain area. Maybe it's a favorite section of the AT or a local trail, or perhaps it's somewhere you haven't been before. No matter - it just takes a little more preparation if you're going to unfamiliar territory.

Let's say that you've decided to go hiking on the XYZ trail. and since it's more enjoyable (and safer) with others in company, you'll 'lead' a hike. A large percentage of the leading actually occurs before you ever leave home. Here are some general steps necessary to get organized:

1. Pick the location and date(s).
2. Obtain map(s). guidebook(s). etc.
3. Determine transportation requirements, such as distance driving time to the trailhead. Then establish departure time, and expected time of return.
4. Be aware of specific requirements (parking, permits, shelter, special equipment, etc.)
5. Call TATC's Hikemaster and get your intentions listed on the next newsletter's hike schedule.
6. Set a limit on the total number of hikers. This will vary from hike to hike. but the ultimate decision is the hike leader's to make.
7. Before you depart, leave your itinerary with a responsible person in the local area.

Now comes the fun part! You and your group have arrived at XYZ trailhead. What does the hike leader do? For the most part, just enjoy the hike. Use a little common sense, follow good outdoor practices, and keep the group together. Be receptive of suggestions or advice from others, but remember that it's your hike, so you should have the final decision when necessary.

Continued

That's all there is to being a hike leader. Now that you know anybody can do it, why not try it? Pick a hike within your capabilities, get organized, and have fun! The club's hike schedule can never be too full, and we can never have too many hike leaders.



**1988 Trail Assessment - Richard Kavanaugh, Mike Dawson,
John Folsom, and Larry Blett**

TATC on TV

by Reese Lukei

The Tidewater Appalachian Trail Club was featured on the CBS television program PM Magazine on September 3rd, 1981

The program was filmed "on location" at Blue Ridge Mountain Sports, on the Appalachian Trail along the Blue Ridge Parkway, at our cabin site, at Crabtree Falls and at the AT crossing over the Tye River. The filming was done on August 7-9th.

The was produced by Paul Smith, filmed and edited by Bill Myers and hosted by Marcia Bradley all from WTKR-TV. Despite some unexpected problems, we all had a great time and PM Magazine produced what we consider to have been a super program. We owe Paul, Bill and Marcia a well-deserved "thank you".

Thanks also to our club who took time to participate and make the event a success.



**Jacque Jenkins and Mary Marsh serve dinner to reporter Marsha Bradley
at the cabin campsite/kitchen/dining area - 1981**

TATC's Holiday Party

By Debbie Bellucci

Approximately 100 club members enjoyed catching up with old friends and making new ones at the Holiday Party on Saturday, December 7th, 2003 at Snug Harbor Officer's Club, Little Creek Amphibious Base, Norfolk.

Special thanks to Otey Shelton for providing the sponsorship needed to have our event in the club, which was beautifully decorated in holiday lights, greenery and candles (not to mention the stray bird that had to be chased out before everyone arrived). Gordon Spence introduced LTJG Chong Lee of the Navy Chaplain Corps, who delivered the invocation before the guests made their buffet selections. While The Jim Newsom Quartet played really fantastic jazz, blues and soul music, our evening overflowed with laughter, friends and festive holiday cheer. Prizes for the Get New-Members Contest were awarded to: Pat Strong (who brought in the most new members), Otey Shelton, Howard Cartwright, and Debbie Bellucci. Thanks to Pat Parker who contributed door prizes, which were won by random drawing by Janie Sledd and Gary Thornburg.

A great big THANK YOU goes to all who played a part in making the evening a success: Rebecca Beamer, Tim Clapp, Janie Sledd and Jennifer Rieder for arranging the creative tabletop centerpieces, Gordon Spence for being the gracious emcee, Annie Tison for giving out name tags and collecting money at the door, and to Otey Shelton and Ned Kuhns for greeting guests as they arrived.

Since Snug Harbor has undergone management changes and prices will be restructured, we may not have our event there in 2003. If you have a location suggestion for the next holiday party, please get in touch with Debbie Bellucci.



Lifetime Friends

by Rosanne Cary

Having settled in Norfolk in 1994 after finishing my stint with the Navy, I went about the business of starting a new life.

That year a co-worker who knew of my interest in the outdoors told me about TATC, and together we signed up for our first hike. Led by Ray Kernel, we hiked the Crabtree Falls trail to the top, where his friends treated us all to birthday cake in honor of Ray's 70th birthday. I was amazed and at how fit and vital they all appeared to my then 30-something eyes, and it inspired in me a desire to be like them.

The 28 years that have passed since then have been full of adventures, new friends and new experiences which have often felt like I'd been attending an adult version of summer camp. For my first backpacking trip (to Old Rag) led by Rick Hancock (combined with rappelling down a 100 - foot cliff) I borrowed gear and bought a cheap pair of hiking boots. By the end of the weekend, my feet were blistered and every muscle ached but I was hooked enough to traipse around Dolly Sods, West Virginia with Otey Shelton, to St. Mary's Wilderness with Mark Wenger and to become confident enough to lead several backpacking trips with Ellis Malabad to Dolly Sods and Mt. Rogers. With Gordon and Melinda Spence I camped on an island boasting a ghost town replete with pirate stories and cemeteries, spending the day walking the beach, flying kites or searching for shells. Can you picture being near 40 years old and never have had the chance to jump off a rope swing into a river? Or "body surf" or tube over rapids? That was me, playing like a kid on those whitewater river trips led by Otey Shelton and Ned Kuhns. But the best part of all of these adventures were the people I met, the friends I made, which made me feel part of something very special.

TATC also opened the doors to educational opportunities I'd never considered before. In 2000 I completed my first cross cut sawyer certification, given at the club cabin by Mike Dawson. Wilderness First Aid, Hike Leadership, Leave No Trace, Map and Compass - all this valuable training was made accessible by the club. Returning the favor by organizing workshops, backpacking, camping or biking trips provided the opportunity to do even more fun things with more people and make new friends. Friends and TATC members like Ellis Malabad, Marti Malabad, Phyllis Neumann, Bill Rogers, Milton Beale, Stan Krajewski, Royce Bridger and Steve Babor made it possible to pass on some of what we'd learned both through training and from personal experience.

I have a framed photo of some friends from a backpacking trip which I kept on my desk at work for many years. Whenever the day was rough, I would look at that photo and remember where my true life, my reality, my sanity, existed. TATC is so full of great people, just go down the membership roster and you'll see who they are. I'm grateful to have had the opportunity to know many of these people, and hope to keep up the fun and friendships through another 50 years.

Cary Fall Fiesta - Fall 2019



Cary Fall Fiesta - Fall 2019



Cary Fall Fiesta - Fall 2019



Campbell Cabin is History

Who said that trail maintenance is all work? Certainly not those who participated in the recent dismemberment of the Maxie Campbell cabin!

Dave Benavitch proved he doesn't believe in work alone. An employee of the Pedlar District of the George Washington National Forest, he not only helped work on the cabin but also wore a chef's apron. The scent and taste of his fresh vegetable soup provided the perfect topping for this work day.

Dave's home-cooked meal was sandwiched between campfires Friday and Saturday evenings. But Mike and Dave Brewer reported they worked too; in fact, Saturday morning, they had their 18-man workforce lined up at the cabin which they then tore down, piece by piece. By mid-day, two huge stacks of lumber bordered the site.

Richard Thomas devoted the weekend to trail maintenance, including the AT and the Mau-Har. He also believes in combining work with play (or is it play with work?) and, not wanting to backtrack, from the Mau-Har he hiked on to Route 56, then to 814, on to the Parkway and eventually to Reeds Gap.



Campbell Cabin at Maupin Field in 1990 before it was torn down



Tearing down Campbell Cabin at Maupin Field - 1990



Campbell Cabin Demolition Crew - 1990

Standing: Mike Brewer, unknown, Mike Squire, Rick Hancock,
Royce Bridger, Larry Blett (below Royce), unknown, Dewey Phelps,
Mike Reitelbach, unknown, Dave Brewer, unknown, Jerry Burch
Kneeling: Bob Adkisson, Bridger Family Member, Judy Bridger

Prez Sez

December 2009 - January 2010

As I write this article, the sun is shining brightly outside and the temperature is hovering in the mid-60s. It's a little hard to accept that the winter solstice is only a month away. The nor'easter that pummeled our coastline two weeks ago is still fresh in my mind and a potent reminder that Mother Nature can do whatever she wants, whenever she wants! A recent four-day outing to False Cape State Park illustrated the tremendous power of these storms and their awesome ability to alter the landscape. Our trip was partially to do maintenance on the trails there and to construct some railings. But we found plenty of time to hike and enjoy the beauty of the park.

False Cape was once home to a thriving community that was unable to survive the dynamics of the constantly changing ecosystem. Storms, endless shifting of the dunes and remoteness contributed to the eventual demise of the villages. All that remains are some rusting cars, crumbling buildings and a cemetery. Bruce Julian, our group leader, has spent many years volunteering at False Cape and entertained us with stories (mostly factual) of the area's history while leading us on hikes all through the park. From high dunes of shifting sand, to dense thickets of Live Oak, to the pounding surf on the beach, False Cape is a fascinating mix of contrasting scenery. Every turn in the trail brought another breathtaking view of sea, sand and sky. Perhaps most impressive were the freshly carved faces of the primary dunes. Resembling sharp precipices and cliffs, rather than gently sloping hills of sand, they clearly demonstrated the stunning erosive forces of wind and surf generated by the recent nor'easter.

Each visit to False Cape brings new insights to the effects of weather on this fragile coastline. The shifting sands reveal new treasures just as soon as they bury old ones. As I walked the trails and beach and took in the panoramic beauty of each vista, I thought how very fortunate I was to be able to partake in such an adventure. Had I not been a member of TATC, I don't think I would have ever had the opportunity to appreciate this unique environment on such an extreme level.

TATC had a great year in 2009, filled with lots of projects and fun trips. Two weeks of Konarock gave us a new staircase on the AT near Hanging Rock.

We have new bear poles at Maupin Field and a new picnic shelter at the cabin. We continue to stay active in the local community with maintenance trips and hikes at local parks. Many enjoyed the camaraderie of the 2009 AT Biennial in Vermont and we have made a gallant start towards the next biennial, Virginia Journeys, in 2011.

Many thanks to all of my fellow TATCers for your participation and support over the past year. None of this would have been possible without your help. And a very special thanks to my fellow board members for their leadership and guidance. I would be lost without them.

The holidays will soon be upon us and I know that I will take a moment to give thanks for all of the dear friends I have made through TATC and all of the wonderful adventures we have shared together. Let's make 2010 another great year!

Be safe! Have fun!

Phyllis Neumann

TATC President

president@tidewateratc.com

TATC Memories

By Susan Gail Arey

I joined the Tidewater ATC on October 15, 1975, about 3 ½ years after it was first formed. Though I didn't know it at the time, the date was significant because that's when Baxter State Park in Maine, where the final mountain on the AT is, closes down for the year, and if you are hiking the AT from Georgia, you have to climb it by then. 364 days later I made it with two days to spare. But that is why I joined the Trail Club – to learn more about the Trail since I had plans to fulfill my childhood dream of hiking it the next year.

I first heard of the Trail Club in the spring of 1975, when I took a night class on backpacking at Old Dominion University, to learn how to backpack so I could do the Trail. The instructor was Phelps Hobart, president of Tidewater ATC. Another person taking the class was Otey Shelton. I don't know why he was taking the class since he almost could have taught it, but maybe he wanted to learn some of the new techniques.

Though there was no class backpacking trip, after the six week course ended, Otey volunteered to lead one. I heard him talking to two other people and asked if I could come too. The trip was the prototype of all the Old Rag rappelling trips to follow. We drove up there Friday night, hiked two miles up to a campsite, continued about two miles over all the rock climbs on the Ridge Route to the top the next day, went rappelling, camped out near the top, went rappelling again the next morning, then hiked down the Ridge Route again, instead of taking Weakley Hollow Fire Road, as later trips did, and drove home Sunday afternoon.

Later Otey and Rick Hancock led the Old Rag Rappelling trip many times and I went on some of these trips – but I was on the very first.

Otey joined the Trail Club about that time, and I joined the following October.

I was intimidated these first few meetings – all these people were experienced backpackers and campers, and I was such a neophyte. I hardly dared speak to anyone. Only three people there knew of my plans to hike the entire AT, -- Otey, Phelps Hobart, and a girl who worked at Blue Ridge Mountain Sports where I bought my equipment. I was not about to tell anyone else – they would have tried to dissuade this five foot tall 90 pound weakling from embarking on such an overwhelming endeavor. This started a tradition – of me not telling my plans until they are my past, or at least not until I'm already out there. In fact if I'm not saying much, that's when I'm most likely to be planning something. Talking about it will only jinx it.

One woman I sat behind at one or two of those meetings, who seemed like an experienced outdoor person, was named Jacque Jenkins. In those days you had to be sponsored by someone to join and when I filled out the application, I or the person I was handing it to, asked a woman standing nearby if she would sign as sponsor, -- and years later I saw that application again, and saw that it was Judy Kernell, one of the lifelong friends that I made in the organization.

Continued ...

In December 1975 the Club was having a Christmas picnic at Seashore State Park (so our recent 2021 holiday picnic in the same park was not the first), so I went to it, the first trail club activity I ever went to. I think that was the time I ran into Judy Kernell while I was driving around the campground looking for the group, -- she was a teacher who had taken one of her school classes camping.

The Trail Club did not have many winter activities then. So in order to get more experience I went on a weekend backpacking trip to Big Levels in November and a weekend canoe camping trip to the Dismal Swamp in February with a newly formed ODU outing club. I wanted to see how I would handle the cold weather since I didn't know if you could spend the night outside in winter without dying.

Then on March 11, 1976 I boarded the train to Georgia and on March 12 I started the AT and walked till I got to Mt. Katahdin in Maine seven months and a day later.

Word gradually leaked out. Early in my trip when I didn't call home from a pay phone in a trail town in time, my father called someone in the club for information, -- he was worried a bear had eaten me or something.

Also I ran into a few trail club people at the Priest and Three Ridges. I had never seen the Trail Club's section of the AT on Three Ridges before. At the swinging bridge over the Tye River I met Bill Abbott and Mary Ann Barbini, who gave me a ride down the road a mile to a country store and back so I could buy some extra supplies. Then they took off on a long roundabout bushwhack trip around the side of Three Ridges so they could see a waterfall, and came back over the top of Three Ridges and were coming down the switchbacks when I met them again. I wonder if this was the same waterfall on Campbells Creek and this hike a sort of prototype of the Mau-Har Trail that we have today.

In Vermont I also ran into Jerry Cobleigh who was doing one of his section hikes that would eventually add up to his completing the Trail. It was shortly after a hurricane when the Trail was still spongy with water.

When I returned from Maine in late fall 1976, I became very active with the Trail Club. I was surprised to find you could vote because I had heard you had to go on one or two trail maintenance trips in order to vote, even if you were a member, and seven months of my time had been taken up with other things that year. That must be another rule that got changed, along with not needing a sponsor.

I also found that the club meeting place had changed. When I first joined, it was at Tidewater Community College way down in Virginia Beach. Now it was meeting at the Episcopal Church of the Advent on Norfolk Ave. in Ocean View in Norfolk, and there it stayed for about 20 years. Then it moved across the street to the Senior Center or Recreation Building, and it stayed there for almost 20 more years. Then it moved to the new Pretlow Library a few blocks away in Ocean View and there it met until March 2020, when coronavirus shut everything down. Then it moved to Zoom meetings, which were not too satisfactory. Hopefully it will move back to the Pretlow someday, though it is presently meeting at a church in Va. Beach.

Continued ...



Springer Mountain, Georgia - March 12, 1976



Katahdin, Maine - October 13, 1976

The Mau-Har Trail

Though I did not go on any trail maintenance trips in 1976, I have done plenty of them since, both on the AT and on other mountain trails and local trails we adopted, and I helped build the Mau-Har Trail around 1978-80. There was some discussion of whether to call it the Campbells Creek Trail or the Mau-Har, but the Mau-Har won out because it was a more unique name. It connects Maupin Field to a spot on the AT about half a mile south of Harpers Creek and is about 3 miles long, half the distance of the AT between the same two points, which goes over Three Ridges. The Mau-Har Trail is known for its waterfalls and makes a nice loop with the AT.

The Cabin

One of the first trips I went on with the Trail Club after my return from the northern end of the AT in Maine, was to Pocosin Cabin in Shenandoah Nat. Park in the winter of 1977. It was owned by Potomac ATC, and PATC members kind of had dibs on them, and could reserve them earlier than other people, but other clubs could rent them too. I had seen several of them on my AT thru-hike, because the AT went right past a few of them, but this was the first time I stayed in one of them. We took a big loop hike, down to the stone ruins of a mission and past a waterfall, and generally had a good time. This was one reason people in the Trail Club started talking about having our own cabin, so we wouldn't have to go through PATC and wait to see if one was available. Everything had to be done by snail mail and expensive long distance phone calls in those days. The Trail Club had rented a few of PATC's cabins, and decided it was time to get one of our own.

So we started going cabin shopping. There was a deserted cabin just beyond the cow pasture where we parked to take the old road and former AT route up to Harpers Creek Shelter, and there was of course Maxie Campbell's old hunting cabin on the AT at Maupin Field. But finally the best decision was made – to build our own. That story has already been told in another book. Mal Higgins did the volunteer legal work connected with acquiring a piece of land off the Blue Ridge Parkway a few miles down from Reeds Gap, where one end of our Trail section was.

Jacque Jenkins was the best cook over a wood fire that I ever knew. The apple cobbler that she made at Maupin Field from apples just picked off the trees at the gap there, was just about the best food I ever ate. For a few years as we camped in "tent city" at the old Coffey cabin site while building our own cabin, she was generally in charge of the rustic kitchen set-up. She was an outgoing person, frequently at the cabin, and served as club president.

Continued ...

Early Women Members

Jacque Jenkins was also only the second woman to join the club, after the wife of one of the 20 men who were founding members. As Marilyn Horvath told me in the early '80's, Jacque went into Bay Camping on Virginia Beach Boulevard to ask about places to camp, met Herb Coleman who was a salesman there, and he encouraged her to join the Trail Club that he was a member of. Some of the (men) club members were skeptical about allowing a middle-aged housewife to join, so they stipulated that she could join if she climbed The Priest from Tye River, an elevation gain of 3,000 feet in just 4 miles. She did and they had to let her in. This was probably about 1973 since the club had only formed in 1972.

Marilyn Horvath was the third woman to join.

I knew nothing of this when I joined in the fall of 1975. There were quite a few women in the group by then. I was surprised when I found out a few years later that women had not been wanted at first because we weren't considered tough enough. I wonder what some of those men thought when in 1976, one of their members, who was not only a woman but a 5 foot tall 90 pound woman, succeeded in hiking the whole Trail from Georgia to Maine solo.

Marilyn Horvath was one of the most prolific and active members all through the 70's, 80's, 90's, and 20-00's, and was especially prominent as a hike leader. In the 1980's she noticed that here we were, an Appalachian Trail Club, yet not many members were actually hiking on the Trail, so she started leading weekend trips in Virginia about once a month, picking up where the last one left off. Then in 1989 Larry Blett decided to lead a few longer hikes on the AT in Maryland and Pennsylvania, and Marilyn went along, but soon started leading them herself. I went on a number of these hikes in North Carolina, Maryland, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, New York, Connecticut, and Massachusetts. They were always a lot of fun (or as Marilyn would put it, "We aren't having fun unless we're miserable"). Marilyn was always in a good mood, always joking, and playing cards at lean-tos or cabins, and always made it fun. The first time I remember going on a hike with her was, I think, to Mt. Rogers over the Fourth of July, 1977. Also on that hike was Ray Levesque, a shorter wiry more serious guy active in the late 70's and 80's, and a hard worker at the cabin.

Marilyn achieved about 1,400 miles of the Trail from the southern end of the Smokies to just over the Mass.-Vermont line on this series of hikes.

Judy Kernell was a junior high school science teacher and a harpist who played at fancy restaurants, weddings, and the Virginia Symphony. She also did some rather daring excursions, especially leading a three day backpacking trip through the Dismal Swamp for about twenty years. Using compasses, machetes, and briar cutters, we would hack our way through dense, sometimes briary, forest from one ditch or dirt road to another. The ditches were more like small canals, and we usually had to find a fallen tree to cross some of them on. We would walk from Washington Ditch in Virginia to Rt. 158 in N.C., going beside Lake Drummond along the way.

Continued ...

In 1983 she played the harp for the grand opening of Sky Meadows State Park in northern Virginia, but first she and I took a three day backpacking trip on the AT in the vicinity before cleaning up and putting on our good clothes for the occasion.

For that matter, sometimes our group would get out of the Dismal Swamp at the N.C. end on the Sunday afternoon after Thanksgiving, and we would hurry home, get cleaned up, and she would show up at my church by that evening to play the harp for the special Christmas cantata my church used to have, and I would show up too, especially since my father was singing in the choir. She says she knew my Dad before she knew me. We could go from muddy swamp clothes to clean hair and dressy clothes in an hour.

Lillian Benson was another prolific and innovative hike leader. She joined the Club after seeing about 20 or 30 of us march in the Neptune Festival Parade in the mid 1980's, with me twirling my walking stick like a baton. She didn't backpack, but she led us to explore local places we didn't know or think about, such as Zuni Pine Barrens, Stumpy Lake, Hog Island, and other small natural areas. She started the trips to Wash Woods, first with a day trip (which I was on) to scout it out, then the overnight stays at the Environmental Education Center.

Other Members

Herb Coleman served as president, worked on the cabin, and led and went on many hikes and excursions, including a canoe trip down Dragon Run. He often had his pipe clamped in his teeth, and was very gregarious. He could get to talking with a group of strangers he'd met at an Interstate rest stop on our way to or from the mountains, and it would take us about twenty minutes to draw him away. I always thought he was the archetypal Virginia gentleman till I found out he was from California and didn't move here till he was six.

Otey Shelton also served as president, and worked on the cabin. Since he had construction experience, he could tell the rest of us what to do (except Harold Crate, who also had construction experience). Once or twice he even drove his truck down the rough old dirt road the Coffey family had once used, to bring in heavier supplies and tools.

Otey originated what is now called the Freezeree Hike in 1979. First we went on a weekend trip to Dolly Sods, West Virginia to learn winter camping and get used to the cold, then a few weeks later we drove to the Adirondacks for about 4 or 5 days of backpacking in the snow. About 12 or 15 people went and hiked about two miles into a lean-to area on a lake, using snowshoes or skis. I had a pair of snowshoes. The first night the temperature went down to minus ten degrees. The second night it went down to minus thirty. With two sleeping bags and a few layers of wool clothes and a quilted polyester jacket, I managed to survive (no polar fleece or polypropylene then), along with two other club members I had ridden up with. Everyone else had hiked out to Otey's RV that second night, and stayed in it, but two of them still got frostbite.

Continued ...

The next morning Ken King, Al, and I hiked out, but Al's van wouldn't start because the oil was too cold, so we had to start up our three backpacking stoves and shove them under the oil pan to thaw it out. Somehow we met up with the rest of the group somewhere in Lake Placid. After dinner in a restaurant, we all jumped in our vehicles and drove through the night, racing a winter storm south down the Delmarva Peninsula, trying to reach Tidewater before it caught us.

These were exciting times. I'm glad I went so I can brag about camping out at minus thirty the rest of my life, but I've never been back, even though I've heard it's been nice and balmy on other later winter hikes up North, sometimes even up in the teens.

Bill and Bea Rogers I first recall on a backpacking trip to Maupin Field probably in summer 1977. We were camped out at Maupin Field and they were in their tent with their packs outside, and I heard a rustling noise or something, and soon informed them, "There's a skunk in your pack." Well, there was nothing to do but wait for Mr. or Ms. Skunk to leave, which it did after finding nothing to munch on in the packs. One good example for hanging your food bag.

Reese and Melinda Lukei were staunch longtime members too from pretty near the beginning. Both were from longtime local families. Reese served as president of TATC, executive director of the American Discovery Trail, and was a bird expert who banded birds and was involved with the Eagle Cam focused on the eagles nest at Norfolk Botanical Gardens.

Curtis Eley was another early member active in the late 70's and early 80's, -- humorous, gregarious, good natured, who I believe had a heart attack around 1983 while mowing his lawn.

Jacque Jenkins' hiking partner Bill Newsom was also a good humored man, who could often be found working on the cabin.

Margaret and Harold Crate were often working up at the cabin site along with their German shepherd dog. Harold was one of the people who actually knew what he was doing in constructing the cabin, as opposed to all us unskilled laborers.

Three of the women that used to hike together were Pat Strong, Janie Blassingham, and Barbara Kledzik. At ATC Conferences they, being older ladies, would pick a stretch of the AT to day hike over several days' time, doing just a few miles per day at a leisurely pace. I roomed with Pat Strong at several Conferences. I already knew Janie Blassingham because she sat in front of me at church, and her daughter had been in my acrobatics class when we were kids. Barbara Kledzik was an artist. Once she invited me to join the Volksmarchers for a trip to Washington (there were extra seats on the bus they wanted to fill) and instead of volksmarching, I visited the National Gallery of Art for an art show I'd really been wanting to see, though I certainly did plenty of walking around the Mall area.

Continued ...

Rose Magnarella didn't join the Club till about 1992, but went on all the longer harder one week backpacking trips that Marilyn led. She had actually led backpack trips for the Girl Scouts, while her daughters were members, on the AT near where she lived in upstate New York along the Hudson. I never joined Girl Scouts down here because they never went hiking or climbed mountains, and in all my years of backpacking I have only met two troops on the trails. She was doing it when no one else was.

Linda "Ski" Chronowski was also on some of Marilyn's and Judy's backpacking trips.

Larry Blett was very active in the 1980's and 90's, and started leading a few of the longer hikes on the AT in Virginia., Maryland, and Pennsylvania, starting in 1989.

Dave and Mike Brewer, father and son, were also very active at this time, Dave going on some of the harder hikes such as those Marilyn led.

Dewey Phelps, humorous and easy going, went on a lot of these hikes as well. His claim to fame as a young man, was that he and some friends had gotten a cow on the elevator in the girls dorm at college.

Mal Higgins, the lawyer in the Club, has handled some of the legal matters, especially in acquiring the land for the cabin. He is also the leader on the toughest hike, the Freezeree, up in the Adirondacks or New Hampshire. Myself, I've been on it once and like I said, that was enough.

Rick Hancock thru-hiked the AT in the 1980's, then led some of the Old Rag rappelling trips, as well as ghost walks around Williamsburg. Red haired, outgoing, and friendly, he was also known for wearing shorts, even in the winter.

These barely skim the surface of the memories I have of the Trail Club. I've been in it 47 years, and if it were possible, I'd be ready for 47 more.



Susan Gail Arey canoeing in Merchants Millpond 1988



Susan Gail Arey
Bennetts Creek Canoe Trip 1979



Susan Gail Arey at
Fishermans Island Clean-up



Susan Gail Arey near the AT, near Pearisburg 1989



Susan Gail Arey rappelling on Old Rag 1982

Reflections: Trails and Environmental Activities

Reese F. Lukei, Jr.

I am a native of Norfolk, Virginia and I have been an outdoorsman since I can remember, beginning in the Cub Scouts and Boy Scouts. Music has been a part of my life since band in Ocean View Elementary School. After four years as a US Navy Musician (French Horn), I performed for 13 seasons with the Norfolk Symphony, 10 years in Colonial Williamsburg plus other groups. I was also a church choir director for 5 years. Music was not feeding my family and after graduating from Old Dominion University with a degree in accounting I became a Certified Public Accountant (CPA), Certified Internal Auditor (CIA), and partner in a Norfolk CPA firm.

The years 1973 and 1974 became major turning points in my life. I read a 2-paragraph article in The Virginian-Pilot in Spring 1974 about a new trail organization called the Tidewater Appalachian Trail Club. Two other men and I had started Boy Scout Troop 481 at Kings Grant Baptist Church in 1973 and I thought to myself that would be a great way to get the boys hiking in the mountains. We were already taking them to Back Bay National Wildlife Refuge and other local places. At that time in order to join TATC you had to participate in 3 maintenance trips and be recommended by 2 TATC members. The US Forest Service had just bought land for the AT adjacent to the Tye River and built the swinging bridge, so there was lots of new trail to be built. I fulfilled the membership requirements and became a TATC member. Little did I know how that would change my life forever!

In 1974 I also became involved in banding birds, which I still do today, and became a Volunteer Research Associate for the Center for Conservation Biology at the College of William & Mary. I specialize in birds of prey and have banded over 12,000 raptors such as bald eagles, osprey, peregrine falcons, etc.

I was President of TATC in 1981 and 1982, and club treasurer a few times. In 1981 I joined the Appalachian Trail Conference Board of Managers and in 10 subsequent years served on several committees including Finance, Konnarock, Publicity, Youth (now Outreach), Chair of Nominations, Honorary Member, and ATC/Club Relations. I was the editor of The Register 1989-1994. I participated on the Konnarock crew for 11 seasons including as crew leader in 1991 and 1992. In 1985 the Boy Scout Backpacking merit badge was brand new. I represented the ATC at the 1985 Boy Scout National Jamboree at Fort AP Hill in Virginia to introduce the Backpacking merit badge.

I combined my volunteer activities at Back Bay NWR with my TATC involvement by leading a club Spring cleanup at BBNWR from 1977 through 2006. One TATC trails activity led to another and soon I was on the Virginia State Trails Council (1993-94), the Virginia Beach Greenways, Trails and Bikeways Committee (1994-95), Virginia Beach Open Space Committee (2001-04), Virginia Beach Health Committee (promoting trails 2003-07), Virginia Beach Outdoors Plan Committee (1998-99), Virginia 2000 Outdoors Plan Committee, and the Virginia Beach Bikeways and Trails Committee (2004-07).

Continued ...

My other trails involvements include treasurer of The American Hiking Society (1982-88, 1990-91), Virginia coordinator for HikaNation (1980-81), National Coordinator of the American Discovery Trail (1991-2003), Co-founder of the Partnership for the National Trails System (1991), Co-founder of National Trails Day (1993), Co-founder American Discovery Trail Society (1996), and Co-founder Back Bay National Wildlife Refuge Society (2019). I designed and led the construction of the trails system at Back Bay NWR which on June 4, 2022 were designated National Recreation Trails.

A few of the awards I have received are:

- Take Pride in America by US Secretary of the Interior (1990)
- American Hiking Society James A. Kern Award (1988)
- US Fish & Wildlife Distinguished Volunteer Award (1993)
- Appalachian Trail Conference Honorary Member (1999)
- American Discovery Trail Society Happifeet Award (2004)
- Conservationist of the Year Back Bay Restoration Foundation (2005)
- City of Virginia Beach Leadership Award Bikeways and Trails (2007)
- Conservation Legacy Award Back Bay National Wildlife Refuge (2012)
- Hulet Hornbeck Lifetime Service Award – American Trails (2017)
- American Discovery Trail Society Lifetime Service Award (2017)
- Conservation Champion Award – The Center for Conservation Biology (2020)
- Seven Local Trails named Reese F. Lukei, Jr. Raptor Trails (2017)
- Mary Reid Barrow Wildlife Advocate Award – City of Virginia Beach (2022)



Reese Lukei - HikaNation - 1981

Reese Lukei, Jr.

On May 10, 2017 Reese Lukei was presented with the Hulet Hornbeck Lifetime Service Award at the American Trails Symposium in Dayton, OH. It is the highest honor celebrated in the national trails community. Much of the credit goes to my activities with the Appalachian Trail, American Discovery Trail and Back Bay National Wildlife Refuge.

This award is for an individual that, like Hulet Hornbeck, exemplifies long-standing vision and wisdom in support of trails.



Reese Lukei, Jr

Reese Lukei, Jr.'s long and productive career with trails began with his interest and dedication to the outdoors and migratory birds in the Back Bay National Wildlife Refuge on Chesapeake Bay in Virginia.

Reese has an extensive list of volunteer positions and awards. His leadership talents surfaced in the trail community in 1981 when he became President of the Tidewater Appalachian Trail Club. Reese has been a Board Member for the Appalachian Trail Conference and the American Hiking Society, became the American Discovery Trail National Coordinator, is the Co-Founder and Board Member of the American Discovery Trail Society, and served on many trail, bikeway, and birding committees.

Reese's keen sense of purpose and visionary ideas have helped organizations to grow and prosper.

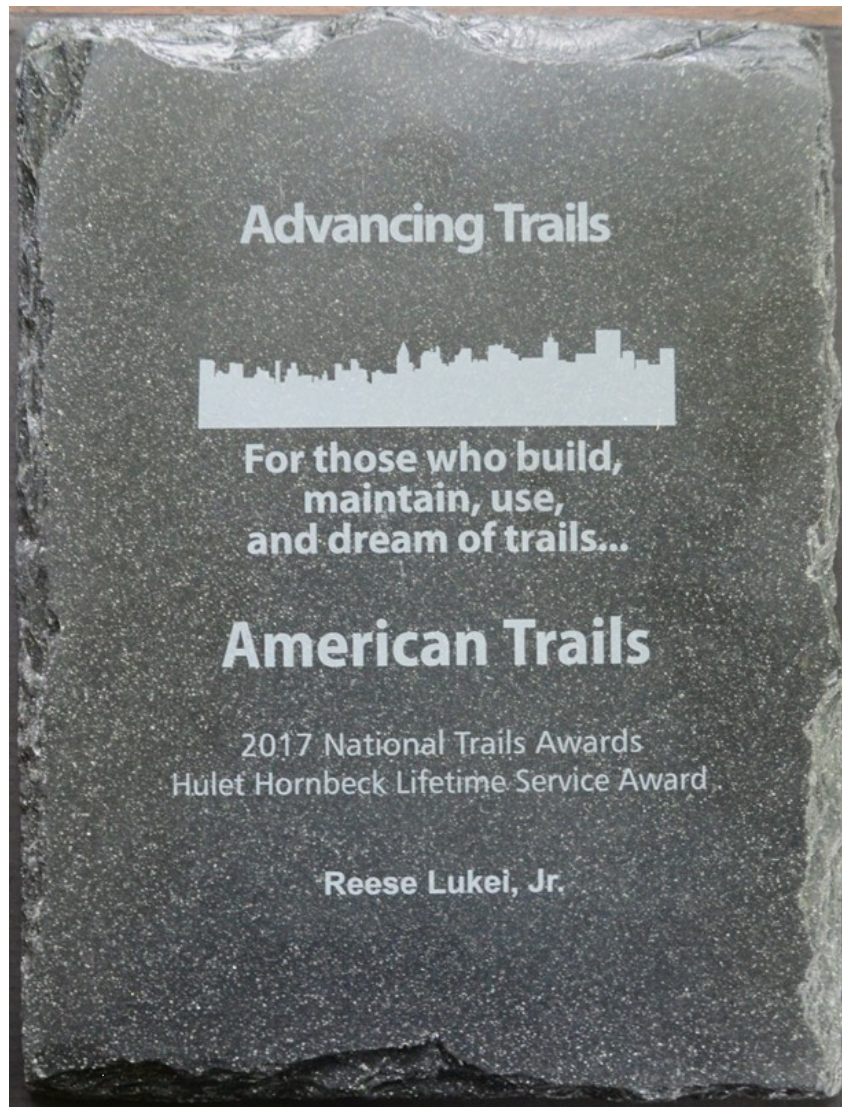
Continued ...

His legacy in the trail community is documented in his personal trail of successes. During his 35 years of successful leadership he has mentored many of the current trail leaders today.

Reese has hiked in all 50 states, every Province and Territory of Canada (except Labrador), 72 countries including the North Pole and Antarctica, the entire Appalachian Trail, and banded more than 10,000 raptors.

Reese is an example of a complete, well rounded person who has a vision, sees an opportunity, then goes out and makes it happen. All while creating lifelong friendships that transcends all else.

www.AmericanTrails.org



Hulet Hornbeck Lifetime Service Award presented to Reese Lukei, Jr.

TATC Life Membership

Reese F. Lukei, Jr.

Early in the 1980's Jacque Jenkins and I proposed to the TATC Board that a new Life Membership be created by the club for those wishing to support TATC for an extended period of time. We both realized that it would require an amendment to the TATC by-laws, but we did not expect it to take as long as it did.

It actually took about 2 years to work out the details of the amount a Life Membership would cost and how the funds were to be used in the future, essentially creating an endowment. Eventually there were nine of us who paid their dues and became TATC Charter Life Members.

After the TATC Board and members approved the by-laws amendment and the Life Membership became effective, the nine of us met at my home one chilly evening. We had decided to draw numbers to determine who would be Charter Life Members number 1 through number 6. There were three individuals, Bill Newsom, Jacque Jenkins and Herb Coleman, and three couples John and Lynn Folsom, Harold and Margaret Crate, and Melinda and I.

Jacque had worn a purple felt hat so we wrote six numbers on pieces of paper, folded them up and placed in Jacque's hat. For the couples the ladies drew the numbers. After the drawing we unfolded the pieces of paper all at the same time and disclosed who had what number. By the luck of the draw Melinda and I became TATC Charter Life Members Number One.



Update on the Disappearance of John Donovan

Bob Adkisson

Last Summer in this Newsletter there was an article about John Donovan, a 60-year-old hiker from Petersburg, VA. who was a member of both the Old Dominion and Tidewater AT. Clubs. John had just retired (in March of 2005) and had long awaited, ambitious plans to hike and travel, in the western U. S., and in various places around the world.

His first adventure was to hike the Pacific Crest Trail, from the Mexican border just east of San Diego to the Canadian border in the mountains northeast of Seattle.

Unfortunately. about 2 weeks into this hike, somewhere in southern California, in icy weather, he mysteriously disappeared. As his trail club friends said, they knew something was wrong when the postcards (which he loved to send) stopped coming.

The Pacific Crest Trail (PCT) is many times more isolated and wild than the Appalachian Trail (AT). The trail is not blazed, and late season snow can obscure the footway for long stretches. Stream crossings can be especially difficult. the water is high and cold from snowmelt.

When John was reported missing, searches by national forest and police officials turned up nothing. Eventually, John is presumed to have died— doing the thing he loved most. backpacking.

Various memorials were held, and one especially generous member of the Old Dominion Club (centered in the Richmond area) donated a substantial gift to our club, in John's name and honor (the T.A.T.C. Board is still trying to decide how to best use the money—perhaps to help finance the construction of a lean-to on the A. T. in the Thunder Hill area).

In early May of this year, as was widely reported in the news, an extraordinary thing happened. A young couple attending a financial convention in Palm Springs, Cal. took the aerial tramway to the upper slopes of 10,700 ft. San Jacinto Mtn., planning to take a short day hike. From the low desert, the (cable car) tram comes far up the eastern side of the mtn; the PCT meanders along the ridgeline on the mtn's western flank.

The couple wandered off of the trail they were on. and then somehow couldn't find their way back to it.

Besides apparently being inexperienced or amateur hikers, they were unprepared and unequipped for what they were about to endure; they wound up spending 3 nights lost in the rugged wilderness and cold.

What saved them was that, on the 3rd day, without food or much rest, with their energy and hope running on empty, they happened upon a streamside campsite - what apparently was John Donovan's last campsite.

Continued ...

At first, the couple assumed that the owner of the backpack they'd found was nearby and would help rescue them. Upon closer inspection they realized that the pack and gear were weathered, wet, and appeared abandoned; there was no one around.

Searching the pack, they found John's identification and his journal. According to the newspaper article, they said, "His last journal entry was one year ago to the day that we found it, which was very eerie".

The journal portrayed a man without hope of rescue. Apparently, he knew he was off of the trail and in a bad situation - "Nobody knew where he was, nobody knew to come looking for him, so he was preparing for the end. We were looking at the words of a man who was passing'.

Along with the journal, they found salvation in his backpack: a warm sweater for the woman, dry socks for the man, and matches.

On their 4th day out, they used the matches to start a signal fire, igniting a large collection of dried vegetation that was choking a culvert. An acre or two went up in smoke, which drew the attention of a helicopter crew. They were rescued and taken off the mountain.

Authorities planned to search the area the following weekend for signs of Donovan's body.

As I write this, on May 20th, I've had no updates on the results of that search.

As a retired social worker, John had spent most of his life helping people. Even in death-- even a year after his death— he helped to save the lives of two total strangers, lost in the woods on the upper slopes of San Jacinto Mtn.

A memorial picnic shelter was built between March and Sept of 2008. Yes, it is dedicated in the memory of John Donovan, and there was a gift of I think \$1,000 by his friend Ken Baker (both of them were joint members of both ODATC & TATC) that paid for it. There is a plaque inside of it commemorating it to John. And I made sure to include for the 50th anniversary book one photo that shows both John and Ken (along with Bob Giffin).



John Donovan and Friend Ken Baker watch as former Club President Bob Giffin cooks breakfast

John Joseph Donovan

September 2006

John Joseph Donovan, 60, of Petersburg, VA, departed this life in May 2005, while hiking the Pacific Crest Trail in Southern California. Treacherous trail conditions due to heavy snow pack trapped him in a remote area in the San Jacinto Mountains; his remains were recovered June 4, 2006.

John was an avid hiker, an active member Of the Old Dominion and Tidewater Appalachian Trail Clubs and had just retired from 20 years as a clinical social worker with Central State Hospital. John served fifteen years in the United States Navy, and earned his bachelor's and master's degrees in social work at Norfolk State University.

He was preceded in death by his mother, Helen Fitzgerald Donovan, and is survived by his aunt, Catherine Fitzgerald Barlow, Catherine's five children, and many friends and co-workers.

John had a deep faith, a caring heart, and will be remembered for his generous laughter. A memorial service and interment were held on July 11, 2006, at 3:00 p.m. at the Virginia Veterans Cemetery in Amelia, Virginia.



Cabin Picnic Shelter - dedicated in memory of club member John Donovan

TATC's M & M's (Met and Married)

Ed Smith and Carol Ann Hornsby
David Wike and Barbara Cruz
Bill Abbott and Judy Jones
Bud Franklin and Jennette Heyder
John Folsom and Lynn Gaither
John Fincannon and Sheila Bish
Bill Van Moorhan and Judy Verzal
Kenneth King and Frances Koah
Bob Adkisson and Evelyn Smith
Ed Bradley and Linda Hoag
Gid Honsinger and Terri Villanueva
Mike Squire and Nancy Pratt
Jim Robertson and Teela Clifford
Mason Newsome and Mary Marsh
Rick Hancock and Robi Florino
Helmut Speckheuer and Mary Lou Morrill
Fred Bull and Susan Darling
Larry Blett and Vicki Fanning
Julio Fonseca and Susan Hall
Jim Smith and Karin Lyman
Doug Hudak and Yi Wang
Lance Deaver and Sharon Reid
Ed Martin and Jane Jarvis
Jim Sexton and Chris Roisen
Tim Smith and Ann Fagnani

Roger's Laws of Backpacking

All trails that go down, go up before you get where you are going.

All trails that go up, continue.

That which fits neatly in your backpack Thursday night at home, will not fit back into the same pack Saturday morning.

Stuff expands to take all space vacated by consumed food.

The more you eat, the heavier your pack gets

When you need it in a hurry, it's in the bottom of the pack.

It rains right after you pack your parka.

You run out of film just before you see a bear or ten-point buck.

You need TP immediately after you lend it to a fellow backpacker.

Trails that are well blazed are on the map, those that aren't- aren't.

Your map always shows that other trail.

A lack of contour lines means an unlevel trail

When it's cold and rainy, there is no firewood.

When there is no firewood, your stove won't start.

If you leave it home, you need it.

If you take it with you, you don't use it.

Mosquitoes like you better than anyone else

The town festival with all the fun and free food was yesterday.

Your food packages have arrived, but the post office has moved.

When your feet have finally dried your boots, you reach a bridgeless river of consequence.

It gets dark just before you reach your intended campsite, then it rains.

When it's raining, the shelter will be full when you arrive.

When it isn't raining, the shelter will be full when you arrive.

Your hiking partner, whose stove you are going to share for the weekend, forgets the stove.

The road map you need to find the trailhead with is in the other car.

You only lose maps the day of the trip.

Everyone knows where the trail is, except those you ask.

The more clothing you carry—the hotter the weather.

The less clothing you carry—the colder the weather.

The need for moleskin varies inversely with the supply.

Your lawn grows twice as fast when you are on the trail for the weekend.

You come to an unmarked trail intersection five minutes after passing a group of local hikers going the other way.

Reflections on My Years With TATC

Rick Hancock

My time with TATC actually started about 2 years before I joined. My Appalachian Trail Thru Hike began on April 2, 1980, at Springer Mt. and on May 10th I hiked 24.2 miles heading toward Vanderventer Shelter. A few miles before I began the final climb of the day, I crossed a highway and saw 4-5 guys heading southbound. One guy had a big smile and a crew cut that was "High and Tight". His name was Reese Lukei. He and his partner Jerry Cobleigh were thru hiking the AT in sections. As fellow Virginians we chatted for a while swapping trail stories. Reese gave me a couple snacks and a Green TATC card with club info.

It wasn't until probably 1982 that I was at Newport News Park and saw a TATC display manned by Harold & Margaret Crate who later became two of my favorite people in the world. I finally made it to a meeting, I believe that August. As I walked up to the meeting hall a tall gregarious fellow with iron crew hair, green Forest Ranger pants, a red checked shirt with bolo tie, and smoking a pipe approached me and introduced himself as Herb Coleman. He too became a close friend. My favorite memory of Herb was a hike to Brown Mt. Creek Shelter. we were sleeping side by side and just before dark he must have been feeling pretty frisky as he did a little shimmy dance complete with red checked shirt, wool hiking socks, boxer shorts, and yes, his bolo tie.

At that August meeting I signed up for my first TATC hike: the Fall Old Rag Mt. Rappelling. I had a blast and by that spring I was co-leading the trip and by the following Fall I was leading the trip which I did for over 20 years. Otey Shelton, Jerry Burch, Harold Crate, Ken Isaac and other's often shared leadership with me. Speaking of Jerry Burch, on one memorable Old Rag Hike his old wood grained station wagon broke down near Nethers, Va. We must have driven between Nethers and Charlottesville 3 times making towing arrangements before we started on the long drive home. I could kind of feel a bit of tension as we neared his home and that's when he told me this wasn't the first time, he'd left a vehicle in the mountains and Etta "probably wasn't going to be happy".

That winter Reese selected me to serve as Trail Supervisor, which was a job I enjoyed greatly. I remember one trail Maintenance trip where about 15-20 of us were in Maupin Shelter. It was pouring down rain and a group of students from UVA hiked in totally unprepared for the conditions. We helped them string up tarps/tents and they made it through the night. Shortly before dark I decided that I wanted some ice cream, and since I'd 4-wheeled in trail tools in with my Suzuki Samurai I decided to head into Waynesboro. Everyone chipped in and I came back with 13 half gallons!

Richard Kavanaugh was always a quiet guy and few knew he had a wild side. We used to meet on occasion when he worked at a bank in downtown Hampton. We'd grab a couple of subs and eat lunch on a sailboat that a friend of his owned. But the wild side came out on a hike that Marilyn Horvath led. We'd hiked from Punchbowl Shelter to Brown Mt. Creek and were camped at the shelter. Some guys set up across the creek and just happened to have some liquor. Richard had maybe a bit too much and was having trouble getting back across the narrow log bridge until I suggested that it might be best if he crawled across. Which he did!

Continued ...

And of course I have to mention my best friend I ever had in my life, Ray Kernel. My Dad, also named Ray, passed away from cancer in Dec. 1987. I met Ray that Oct. and he and I clicked. I'd moved back home to help care for my Dad, and I think I needed the companionship as my Dad and I were very close and I knew I was losing him. Ray and I led many day hikes and bike rides together, always stopping for lunch afterward.

He also would bring day hiking groups to Old Rag including a memorable trip where it snowed on us on Friday night. Bob Giffin and I decided to hike on up the mountain and carefully reconnoiter the frozen granite rocks to our rappelling site. Now the main reason we did this was because it was my wife Robi's birthday and Ray had brownies in his daypack along with balloons. We weren't even sure if they were going to make the trip or not so after a cold day of rappelling, we shouldered our packs and headed down to Byrds Nest Shelter. Through the cold mist and snow flurries we could see a group of people heading our way and yes, we celebrated Robi's birthday on Old Rag Mt in a snow storm.

Finally, like so many other members I met my wife Robi at a meeting. Her friend Mary Lou Bailey talked her into coming to a meeting and I fell in love with her curly hair. Of course, the feeling wasn't quite mutual at the start. She was quiet and I talked too much. I finally called her (after checking with Mary Lou to make sure she was even interested) and the rest is history. We celebrated 31 years together this past May 11th along with our beautiful daughter Sierra Ray Hancock, who grew up knowing so many people. She had a great affection for Dewey Phelps and worked alongside Dewey and I on the Whetstone Ridge Ranger Station project.

In closing I'd like to say that even though I've not been involved with the club for a number of years I enjoyed my time and look back with the fondest of memories. So many years, so many great people who were part of my life.



**Rick Hancock leads a Bike Ride
in Hampton - 1989**

Reflections: A Winter Cabin Ordeal

By Rick Hancock

Approximately "1996" a group of us—Sharon, Paul, some random guy from the Navy, myself, and Carol McDowell - drove up one Friday night and hiked in to the cabin from the Blue Ridge Parkway. We debated parking there or hiking in from Love Gap and decided that we both had 4 wheel drive so no issues.

We woke up Saturday morning to overcast skies and light flurries and hiked along White Rock Falls, 20 Minute Cliff Overlook and down to Priest. By the time we returned to the cabin the snow was still just gently falling with only a couple inches on the ground. I'd brought food for the group that included two breakfasts and Saturday supper plus some trail snacks. By the time we went to bed the snow still wasn't accumulating but about 2:00 am Paul went to the privy and when he returned he shook me awake and said, "We're In Trouble." The snow was almost to the top of the deck railing and falling fast!

Sunday morning we got our gear together and after locking up we started hiking to our trucks which were buried to the bottom window frames. We dug them out started the motors and went approximately twelve feet before we were hood deep. After a bit of thinking we decided to hike out and within a couple hundred feet we were in waist deep snow. We slogged along for probably a half mile and realized there was no way we could break trail for two plus miles back to Love Gap.

Returning to the cabin, we split wood, stoked the fire and did a food inventory. There were two large cans of beans. I'm talking 3lb cans and the girls started slowly cooking them. We lived on beans for I think three days while the snow continued to fall. I had a pocket weather radio and we knew that we had a brief window on Thursday with clear skies until the next major storm hit on Saturday. I spent the several days before departure building a pair of snowshoes with saplings and string.

We decided we had to break out of the snowbound cabin on Thursday. I won't say the snowshoes were a failure but they weren't a total success either. Regardless, Paul and I took turns breaking trail for almost two miles in waist to chest deep snow with drifts that were taller than us in places. We finally hit the dirt road leading to Rusty's Hard Time Hollow and the last bit of hiking was through a trough that Rusty had made. We got to Love Gap and snagged a ride to a market along Rt. 814. I contacted my wife, Robi (who was worried to death despite Ray Kernel and my daughter, Sierra's, assurances we'd be fine). We planned to sleep on the abandoned porch of an old house, but a guy who lived locally took us to his house and made arrangements to get us to Charlottesville the next morning where Robi picked us up.

By the way, our trucks stayed up there for another two weeks until the Park Service contacted me and said we had a one day window with one lane of the Parkway cleared and the gate open for us to get our trucks out. We didn't know it at the time but people were stranded in the Smokey Mountains and had supplies air dropped. Waynesboro had 10' of accumulated snow and Mal Higgins and his kids, Matthew and Abigail, were stranded at Rockfish Gap and spent a couple of snowbound days at the Colony Inn Motel. Shortly after that trip I invested in Vermont Tubbs snowshoes! I believe a few weeks later Steve Babor led a group to the cabin and upon climbing out of his vehicle he fell and broke his leg before he took a half dozen steps. My cabin trip in the snowstorm was truly a memorable one!



1996 - TATC Members Snowbound at the Cabin

TATC Anniversaries

Our Tenth

Margaret Crate

1982

We'll celebrate our birthday at our annual Spring Banquet on Friday, March 26th, at the Officer's Club, Little Creek Amphibious Base. If you have attended before, you know that the seafood buffet is delectably delicious and well worth the \$13.00 a person!

Ruth Blackburn, Chairman of the Board of Managers, Appalachian Trail Conference, has agreed to be our guest, along with her husband, Fred. They have been active members of the conference and of the Potomac Appalachian Trail Club for many years, PATC recently honored them by naming their latest cabin acquisition the Blackburn Trail Center. We couldn't ask for a finer person on spokesman for the Appalachian Trail.

Bill Nelson will review our own Club history and accomplishments through our first 10 years and perhaps a preview of things we hope to do in the future.

TATC 20th Anniversary Banquet

TATC will Celebrate its 20th birthday with a banquet to be held at Grand Affairs - A Touch of Class at 2036 Pleasure House Road, Virginia Beach. The banquet date is Friday April 10, 1992. The festivities will begin at 6:00PM with a social hour. A sit-down dinner will follow from 7:00 to 8:00 pm. There will be lots of entertainment and the recognition of the folks who have made the club an outstanding success. Our new officers will be installed. The banquet committee has worked very hard for nearly a year to make this the very best event you could ever expect. There will be some surprises! You will have to be there. You can't possibly beat the price. \$9.00 per adult and \$7.50 per child age 9 and under.

Many Of the founders of the club will be present. We also expect several out-of-town guests. If you can put someone up for a night or two, please let Larry Blett know at 471-2404. You should have received an invitation in the mail. You must make a reservation to attend. Return your RSVP card no later than March 27. Your special 20th Anniversary T-shirt order must be returned by Feb. 26. If for some reason you did not get an invitation or you know someone who wants to attend call Linda Signorelli at 464-4642.

TATC 20th Anniversary Banquet

The Origin and Organization of TATC

Bill Nelson

Friends of the Trail, hikers, walkers, active, inactive - all those marvel at the visionary wisdom of Benton Mckaye, founder of the trail who said:

*“The Trail should be a journey through a primeval environment,
a source of rejuvenation in Nature, a refuge from engulfing urban life”*

In 1970, some of that philosophy must have been latently waiting in the souls of some of our friends here tonight.

To tell who precisely started this wonderful club is not really possible, because it was an amalgam of dreams and hope for something to happen that would materialize into an environmental experience, spurred on no doubt by the accomplishments of Benton Mckaye, Myron Avery, Jean Stephenson and other greats of the Trail who preceded 1970.

But we can say is that it was Herb Coleman, who through his scouting work knew Col. Les Holmes, then Executive of the ATC, then located in Washington, D. C. Herb put a notice in the paper that Les Holmes of the ATC would be in town and would tell of the Appalachian Trail in Spring 1971. Thirty to Forty people showed up, and through questions were many, only a few remained to talk further (the location was the Barn, College Park, Military Hwy.). We have to depend on memory, as prospective hikers don't carry pencils, too heavy you know, so I hope I don't leave any one out who was there that night. I know Margaret Crate would be happy to have your name for the record. But as we talked, Bill and Joyce Gibbings, Bill Newsome, George Ambrose, Bill Baldwin, Kate Nelson and myself hung around to form an organizing committee, so the start was April 1971.

After a shaky beginning with no one serving as chairman, we agree to start meeting monthly, the first to be at George Ambrose's picture gallery shop. We moved after a few meetings, first to the Norfolk "Y", then to the Kempsville Library.

That Summer, we agreed that George Ambrose would be acting president, and we set out to find a purpose or aim for a club and then some simple free as a lithe spirit by-laws. We met in my house and at the Gibbings as we both remember well; the emergence of differences on purpose and aims becoming vocal and challenging. True to the beginning of any venture, but very true of outdoor trail venturists, there were strong opinions. We were volunteers, and as we all know, volunteers hold their liberties dearly, working not for pay but for higher ideals that inspire them. Bill G. provided plenty of excitement when he said "we want a club of able-bodied hikers, who can take a tough hike without being a drag, let's have none of the sneaker set". I asked him if I could tell this story and he said sure, I haven't changed. Bill still doesn't get it; Joyce runs things. Anyway, George said that if we had to have a club with rules, bylaws and such, the heck, it wasn't what he was looking for which was a collection of people who fell together once in a while for a hike. The last view, mine, included hikers, as well as walkers, and the rigor involved would be self-imposed. It was an interesting Fall, hacking out a thin by-laws and constitution, getting our growing group to ok it. We were then ready to ask Les Holmes at the ATC to award us as a Class "B" club, which came through, passed by the Board of Managers., on April 6, 1972. We take that date as the BEGINNING. We had twenty-seven names on the club list at that time.

Continued ...

Also, that Spring, to show our positive zeal, we arranged an equipment review in Seashore State Park. Bill Baldwin and Andy Samson, who were our hi-tech gurus, laid out on a tent canvas half an array of the necessary items. We showed up in our best rag tag gear, combat boots, army fatigues, high top sneakers which Gibbings didn't miss, and my three-year-old Maine guide shoes which I thought would wow everybody. Andy's demonstration on an Optimus stove put fear in the hearts of the prospective gourmet hikers. He pumped a bit, relit a bit, and finally got it going. We were launched into the arcane mysteries of survival on the trail. We had some fallout, but most of us were hooked. Gone for keeps, for me, were the WWII hero stories of dirt and grinding nights on the ground, for here was a new concept, the individualist, the environmentalist and the volunteer all wrapped up into one endeavor. No mess halls, big tents, canvas bedrolls, supply trains. Now we took labels off underwear to save weight, packed dehydrated food, etc.

Recognizing that we were not a true club unless we had a piece of the Trail, we set out to make ourselves known. The next important one to help us is here tonight, coming all the way from Lynchburg. We are honored to have him here, for not only being the important cog in getting us a piece of the Trail, he is, and his wife Sue too, a pretty good hiker. He is a forty-sixer, which means he has climbed all forty-six peaks of 4000' in the Adirondacks, Sue has some twenty to her credit. Only our Otey Shelton comes close with Mal Higgins and Charlie Gillie behind him.

We were in contact with Les Holmes about some mileage, and we were now acting as a team. Natural Bridge AT Club had twenty-six miles of trail, north of Roanoke up to Reeds Gap. Les Holmes and Stan Murry then ATC Chairman, acted for us and asked them if they would consider releasing some mileage to us. We were getting a reputation for being a bit vocal and I had some fears about how they would respond.

We were invited by Ed Page to visit his club and take a hike. I didn't know how he meant that, but I took him the right way. Joyce, Kate, Bill and I went up on a weekend in the Spring of '73. We were on trial, and a bit nervous, but at least by that time we had new boots and knew how to light a stove. We met the Natural Bridge group, and Bill's keen eye caught mine. Ed Page didn't miss it either and he told them a most engaging bit of history. "The ladies you see here are tougher than you think, while the men were gone in the forties and early fifties, they took care of all maintenance on the full twenty-six miles of trail". That opened my eyes and shut my mouth. We started up the trail, Bill and I remember it as Lovington Springs, stopping for lunch under a big rock, which was dripping wet from spring mist, drizzle and dew. Kate and I plopped down showing we knew what rugged hikers do, and felt the wet seeping through. But the ladies, how skillful, gently placed pieces of plastic on the ground and henceforth enjoyed dry bottoms. Out came little plastic containers with precise quantities of delicious looking stuff, whereas we dipped into our gorp bags. No way were we to demonstrate our magic with the Optimus. Kate told me aside, from now on I'm slipping in a candle and a short flash of bourbon and don't give me any drill about weight. We passed, thanks to Ed's tolerance and Kate' and Joyce's good manners.

We received notice on September 20. 1973 that the Natural Bridge Club would release to us 9.85 miles of trail from Reeds Gap south to the Tye River, with the proviso that should the Tidewater club ever fold, the mileage returns to Natural Bridge. Ed Page has become a lifelong friend to TATC, and we are indeed grateful. We were now launched as a club.

That ends the organizational story. This club has been blessed with great presidents and volunteers through its history, beginning with Phelps Hobart, Jackie Jenkins, Otey Shelton, Ray Levesque, Marilyn Horvath, Fess Green and others about whom we'll see later in the new slide show. It began as a wonderful odyssey for many of us and enjoyment of its activities has enriched our collective soul.

Rufus Morgan, a man of fond renown in early North Carolina hiking said it well –
"The AT is not just a path, but a walk into life."

TATC 25th Anniversary Banquet

The members of the Tidewater Appalachian Trail Club will celebrate its Silver Anniversary with a banquet on March 15 at Grand Affairs at 2036 Pleasure House Road in Virginia Beach, which is located 1/2 block Off Shore Drive (Route 60). The festivities will begin at 6 PM with a social hour and entertainment. A sit-down dinner will follow from 7 to 8 PM with a beef, chicken or vegetarian meal choice. The banquet committee has been working hard to provide you with an evening of great fun! From 8 to 10 PM there will be entertainment, a special TATC slide presentation, skits, recognitions, and door prizes.

You can't possibly beat the admission fee which includes some special surprises! Adults \$15.00 and children age 9 and under \$8.00. You will receive an invitation about February 1st. You must return the reservation card included in the invitation by March 1st in order to attend. We have to guarantee the number of people attending in advance. A special 25th Anniversary T-Shirt has been designed and will be available for \$6.00 at the banquet.

We are inviting guests and out of town members to attend. If you have a spare bedroom and are willing to have someone stay with you, please let Ken Toombs know at 340-5622. if you have questions about the celebration call Reese Lukei at 340-5948.

40th Anniversary Interview Videos

Here's a link to a YouTube video created for the 40th Anniversary event:

https://youtu.be/m_0DUPHI2v0

A little background: This video was created by Rosanne using the club's laptop & video camera. The in-person interviews were conducted at Rosanne's house in one day (with the exception of Margaret Crate); Rosanne has clips of other members that did not make it on the video, as the video had to be edited for timeliness. Enjoy!

Happy 40th Anniversary TATC!

By Phyllis Neumann

TATC celebrated “40 years of Fun and Adventure” at Grand Affairs in Virginia Beach on Saturday March 24th. The months of planning and hard work were well worth the effort as evidenced by the fine turn out and exuberant atmosphere. Nearly 200 eager revelers gathered in the waiting area outside the banquet hall well in advance of the 7pm start time. Once the doors opened, the crowd was met by an elegant ballroom, beautifully decorated tables and the gentle sounds of harp music performed by Judy Kernell. The social hour was just that, as members, former members and special guests enjoyed hors d’oeuvres while renewing old friendships and beginning new ones. Folks came from as far away as California to celebrate this milestone!

The evening began with a ceremonial cutting of a cake, emblazoned with the TATC logo, by crosscut saw! Making the cut were club members Bob Giffin, Dewey Phelps, Marilyn Horvath, Pat Strong, Reese Lukei and Phyllis Neumann.

Special guests included Theresa Duffey (President of ODATC), Trudy Phillips (President of NBATC), Dave Benavitch (our Forest Service liaison for many years), Laura Belleville (Director of Conservation for ATC) and Steve Paradis (Chief Operating Officer for ATC). Our speakers were Mark Wenger (TATCer and Executive Director of ATC), Pam Underhill (Park Manager for the Appalachian National Scenic Trail), Annie Downing (District Ranger for Glenwood/Pedlar) and Fred Hazelwood (District Manager, VA DCR). Pam presented a beautiful NPS plaque to TATC President Jim Newman and also handed out 25 year Service Awards to Susan Gail Arey, Rick Hancock and Pat Strong.

Grand Affairs served a delicious meal, towards the end of which we all enjoyed a poignant slide show edited by Steve Ralph. He had spent many weeks collecting prints and digital images from members to chronicle the club’s history. Guest were transfixed as they watched themselves get younger and younger up on the screen!

Recognition was given to past TATC Presidents, the Met and Marrieds and the 2000 Milers. All members were honored and asked to show how many years they’d been in the club. Happily, there were quite a few from the very beginning!

Continued ...

The 40th Anniversary video produced, directed and edited by Rosanne Scott was the highlight of the evening. We watched as several TATCers gave heartfelt testimonials, all profound and fervently sincere, expressing how grateful they were for what the club has done for them. There were confessions of long held secrets and some recollections that were painfully downright funny! It is a memorable film for TATC posterity.

The evening ended with the induction of the 2012-2013 Board of Directors and the passing of the official TATC gavel to President Jim Newman.

All guests received a commemorative TATC 40th Anniversary mug and bandanna (collector's items already!) and the memory of an outstanding evening of fellowship celebrated with good friends. Many thanks to my fellow 40th Anniversary Committee members, without whom this event would not have been such a tremendous success: Reese Lukei, Rosanne Scott, Ned Kuhns, Marti Malabad, Steve Ralph, Mark Connolly, Jane Martin, Ann Smith, Margaret Pisone and Beth Ewing.

See you at the 50th...



Our 50th Anniversary Time Capsule

Mal Higgins

A MESSAGE TO THE FUTURE FROM 2022 TATC MEMBERS

The TATC committee planning the 50th anniversary celebration of the founding of the club decided that it would be fun to create a time capsule of objects, photos, papers, electronic essays and a 50th Anniversary book to be created and stored in 2022. The time capsule itself is a stainless steel and watertight cylinder, 5.5 inches wide by 24 inches tall. Once installed in the TATC cabin sometime after October 2, 2022, the time capsule will be opened decades in the future. Both the placement and the opening date will be determined by the Board.

Every effort has been made to place in the capsule artifacts and a variety of writings that tell the story of TATC's first fifty years. Those years were filled with men and women who maintained the Appalachian Trail from Reids Gap to the Tye River Route 56, built and maintained local trails, built the Mau-Har Trail, built the TATC cabin, became 2000 milers on the A.T., backpacked, canoed, kayaked, bicycled, rock climbed, day hiked, car camped, white water rafted, skied, rappelled, nature watched, froze in winter hikes, peak bagged, and of course, ate! It has been "Fifty Years of Getting Stuff Done"!



TATC Kicks Off 50th Anniversary Year with a Commitment to Plant 500 Trees in Norfolk, Virginia Beach, & Locations TBD

Jim Newman



What better way to begin the celebration of our club's half century existence, and to honor all that have served the purpose and progress of Tidewater Appalachian Trail Club, than this worthy environmental cause. As the world races to slow climate change, trees receive more attention for the role they play in cooling the climate—and for good reason! Trees absorb and store massive amounts of carbon, and unlike other carbon removal methods they don't require expensive technology. Research indicates that natural climate solutions, such as forest conservation and restoration, can provide over one-third of the climate mitigation needed in the next decade to meet current international agreement targets. Our planet deserves our caring help!

Our efforts begin on Saturday, February 26, 2022 at Norfolk's Legacy Grove on the vast grounds of Ocean View Elementary School, 9501 Mason Creek Rd. TATC will join Norfolk Arborist Steve Traylor at 9:00AM to plant 50-100 trees in appropriately-spaced pre-dug holes. The number of trees depends on supply available at the City of Norfolk Nursery located in Chesapeake. Cost of trees will be \$15 each. You may donate through TATC website using "Donate to 50th Anniversary" button. Contact Jim Newman by leaving msg at 757 867-6688 or emailing <jimnewman55@gmail.com>.

Continued ...

A second TATC Legacy Grove will be planted in Virginia Beach during the February-March timeframe. Plans for that location are pending information from the city arborist. A special newsletter will be forthcoming providing details. David Plum is working with the Virginia Beach folks and you will soon hear from him.





Member Photos



**Lee Lohman - Wilderness First Aid
(WFA) Course - 2019**



**Judy Kernell crosses a Ditch
Dismal Swamp 1982**



**Henry Stone and Ned Kuhns
in Snowdonia NP Wales**



**Mary Jo Kennedy & Wes Moore
Portsmouth Island 2003**



Tye River Bridge - 2012



**TATC Participates in Coastal Beach Cleanup
at First Landing State Park - September 25, 2021**



Herb Coleman Dragon Run 1980's



Reb Stewart

TATC James River Canoe Trip - 1980



Gene Monroe - 2013



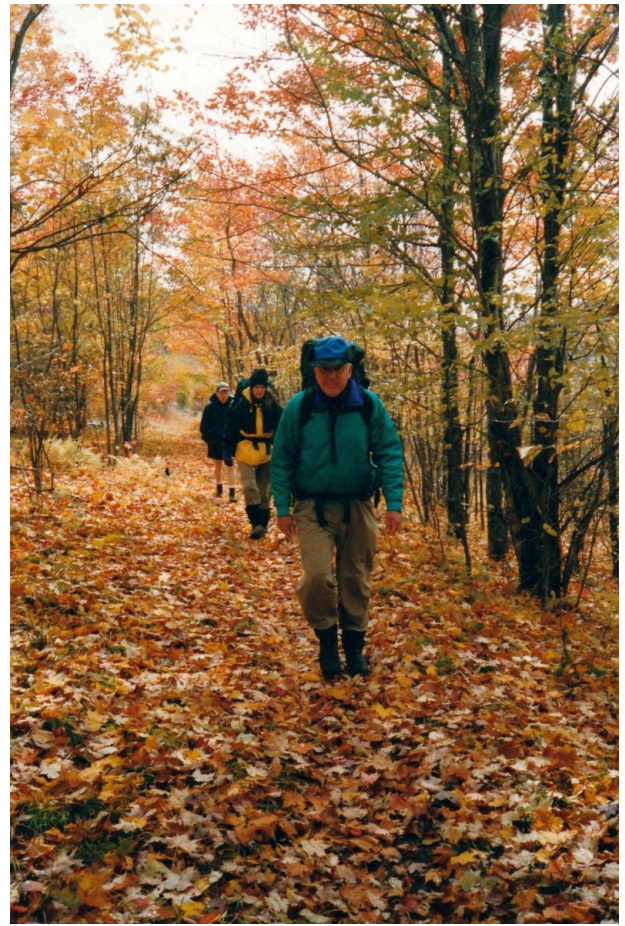
Linda (Ski) Chronowski, Humpback Rocks, 1995



Shirley Boyd and Larry Blett on A.T. at the foot of the Priest



**Margaret Crate and Melinda Lukei
False Cape overnighter - 1980**



2001 Mt. Rogers Backpacking



Dewey Phelps & Jerry Burch, Dismal Swamp - 1993



February 1989 - Dolly Sods



**Bruce Davidson, Tom Miano, Duncan Fairlie, and Lance Deaver 10-16-2021
St. Mary 's Wilderness River Falls Trail at the Falls**



Crabtree Falls - Elisabeth Parks, Chris Sexton & Sandy Baylor



Dan Stranigan - 2016



A Colonial Ride - September 23, 2008



Creeper Trail & Hungry Mother - May 2008



Bike/Hike False Cape State Park 4/23/2013



High Bridge Trail



Toano Bike Ride - March 2006



Dismal Swamp Canal Trail - 2009



TATC Annual Photo Contest - 2008



Grand Tetons Trip - 2006

TATC Cook-Out & Contest



Jenny DeArmond - 2002



Phyllis Neumann and Bill Lynn - 2002



Ellis Malabad - 2010

TATC Display Board



Chris Sexton - 2021



Christine Morgan and Michelle Cobb - 2021



T-Shirt Display



TATC Day-in-the-Park and Chili Cookoff - 2022

Camp Horseshoe Ski Trip - 2001



Doug Kuett, Mary Beth Phillips, Jim McCormak, Carl Wright, Phyllis Neumann, Ellis Malabad, Anna Nelson, Ken Isaac, and Cindy & Mike Barbeau



Andy Armano and Mike Sholor at Camp Horseshoe



Tom Reed and Ellis Malabad - Golden Pulaski Awards - May 20, 2007



Scott Hilton gives Dewey Phelps the Golden Pulaski Award - November 2008



**Ned Kuhns - Volunteer Leadership
Award 2009**



**Richard Tarr - First Landing
State Park**



**Milton Beale
Spring Walk-Thru Breakfast- 2017**



Shepherd Johnson & Nancy Lewis



**Mary Hormell and Jim Dyer (foreground)
New Mexico Trip - 2007**



**Richard and Carol Martin
New Mexico Trip - 2017**



Phyllis Neumann - Volunteer Service Award - 2013



Margaret Crate - 1981



Clay Perry - 1981



**After a day of cabin work,
Frances King relaxes inside at
the table, knits by lantern light**



**Clay Perry and Susan Gail
work on cabin shutters**



10th Anniversary Celebration, May 13, 1989

Linda Signorelli, Harold Crate, and Cary Coronas cooking chicken for the guests



Barbara Rucker

Caulking under a window frame



Pat Strong & Sister

Katahdin 1997



Sheila Bish - 1980



Slig Gray - 1979



Mary Marsh - 1981



Stan Pearson at TATC Cabin - 1982



Ann Wilbon at TATC Cabin - 1982



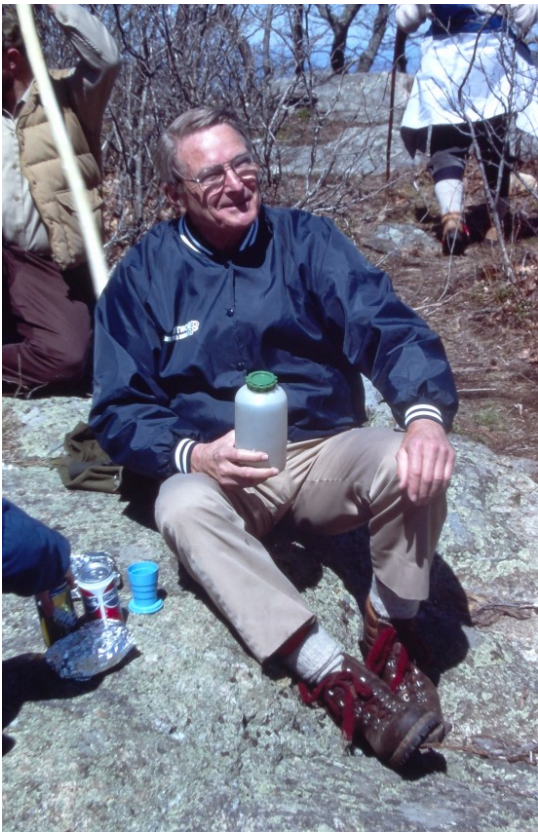
Jim Robertson at TATC Cabin - 1986



**May 5, 1989 - 10th Anniversary of the start of Construction on the Cabin.
To left - Margaret Crate and Bill Newsom give a short speech. Otey at side door.
Sig and Dot Brewer to Right cooking food for the group**



**May 1989 - Bob Adkisson, Heather Lukei, Leigh Smith, Jenny Crate,
and Buddy the Dog Howl at 10 Year Anniversary of the Cabin**



Jim Olin - 1991 - Three Ridges



Cabin Work - Art Caudill - 1989



Gae Caudill and Evelyn Adkisson



Bea Rogers - 1981



Vivian Dean at the Cabin – 1983



Alice Cruse at the Cabin– 1981



Bill Van Moorhan at the Cabin - 1980



Fred Bull at the Cabin - 1981



Lillian Benson leads a hike at Zuni Pine Barrens 1980's



Luis Seuc



Larry Nafziger, White Rock Falls



**TATC Members at Norfolk Doo-Dah Parade - April 31, 1997 - Sybil Stankavich -
L to R - Bob Adkisson - Marilyn Horvath - Dan Cheche - Reese Lukei - Heather -
Melinda Lukei - Ev Adkisson and Leigh - Jenny DeArmond**



**Winter 1981 or 1982 - Harold and Margaret Crate use a cart to get the gear out to
the Parkway after a work trip - Jacque and her car are at the turn around spot**



TATC Members park their Snowshoes



Looking down at one end of the cabin from the loft

In Remembrances

Herbert Rockwood Coleman, Jr.

Obituary published by Richmond Times-Dispatch from May 9 to May 12, 2004.

Also published online at <https://www.legacy.com/us/obituaries/timesdispatch/name/herbert-coleman-obituary?pid=2212497>

Herbert Rockwood Coleman Jr., 76, of Virginia Beach, died Friday, May 7, 2004 in Virginia Beach. Survivors include two daughters, Beth Clarke of White Stone, VA., and Pat Agard of Ft. Thomas, KY.; one son, Herb Coleman of Glen Allen, Va.; six granddaughters, Moriah Clarke, Hannah, Becky and Sarah Agard, Kaitlin and Ashley Coleman; and one sister, Martha Jane Myers of New London, Conn. A memorial service will be held at 2 p.m. Friday, May 14 at Community United Methodist Church in Virginia Beach. A graveside service will be held at 2 p.m. Saturday, May 15, in Forest Lawn Cemetery in Richmond with a reception to follow at his son's home. In lieu of flowers, donations may be made to the American Red Cross. Arrangements are being handled by the West Chapel of Bennett Funeral Home.

[Editor's Note; Mal Higgins - I attended Herb's memorial service at the Community United Methodist Church in Virginia Beach along with at least a dozen members of Tidewater Appalachian Trail Club. The service bulletin included the congregation singing "Amazing Grace" and Herb's granddaughter Hannah Agard sang a solo, "Here I Am, Lord". Remarks were provided by Dr. Keith Almond and Dr. Fenton Wicker.]

Tribute to Herb Coleman

By Marilyn Horvath

[First published in the TATC Appalachian Hiker, August-September 2004 issue]

One of the Club's firsts: Herbert Coleman Jr., who passed on last month (editor's note: Herb died May 7, 2004), was an inspiration to so many of our hikers. He will be remembered by this hiker, especially for the fact that he paid attention to even the least of the hikers whom he led. I remember how, in St. Mary's Wilderness or Ramsey's Draft, he had us hang our sleeping bags on lines to air as we awakened. And as we hiked, in line, he placed a strong hiker at the end, and he knew where we all were. That felt very secure especially for me as a beginner.

Across streams he had rocks put in place, and when I slipped off and landed full back into the icy water, he was there and I couldn't believe I was out before I got wet! Now that's a leader you'd want!

Supervising our meals (with samples for himself), he saw that our tents were properly placed. He induced me to put a pebble in my mouth to keep from getting thirsty. It worked all day until we made camp and he showed me a broken limb that could crash down on my spot. I looked up. But then I swallowed the pebble.

Continued ...

Our early leaders I thought of as giants: and Herb was one of them. He was an early president. He was beloved in his Church and by the people of the Red Cross for whom he voluntarily drove blood for hospitals every Thursday, sometimes long into the night.

He pleased the ladies, young and old, with his dancing right until the end, never minding that some proficiency was lacking there. But he had style. Plenty of it. And that, as you'd say, made all the difference.

Herb, we'll all miss you. Who knows if the Club would have become as great without you.

In Remembrance of Herb Coleman

By Mal Higgins

Those who knew Herb remember his warm and friendly personality above all. He led TATC in its early years with a steady hand as its president. He enjoyed a good joke and told plenty. Outside the club, he was an employee of a business known as Bay Camping, which sold RVs and lots of camping gear, too, but it was not a backpacking store. A pipe smoker, Herb would light up with his pipe during evening leisure hours in camp.

One of my favorite memories occurred in 1981. I had been a participant at that time in two or three of the annual winter backpacking trips to the New York Adirondacks, led by Otey Shelton. The protocol in those days was that at the conclusion of the TATC monthly meeting of January or February, those who were going would have their backpacks with them at the meeting, fully loaded with food, clothing and gear. Our preparation had occurred over several days of packing, rearranging, adding and subtracting weight.

We would pile into Otey's 9 passenger van and drive all night to New York, arriving after day-break. No overnight motel in those days. We would grab a bite to eat, typically at the Noonmark Diner in Keene Valley, visit the outfitter store The Mountaineer, and head to the trailheads.

On one occasion, Herb decided the night of the TATC meeting that he too wanted to join us. Otey said OK, so we piled into the van and drove to Herb's house around 9:30 p.m. Herb explained to his wife he was joining us, and proceeded to throw a few food items into his last minute pack. Among the items were numerous individual size packs of raisins. We were anxious to get driving and kept telling Herb to hurry it up. Who knows what he forgot?

But we did get underway and arrived at the Adirondacks trail head for Marcy Dam. For the next several days in the Adirondacks, Herb apparently had not much to eat but raisins, and would barter and trade with us for other food items. We teased him unmercifully about his raisins, but shared what we had. I think that was the only Adirondacks trip Herb made with us!

Continued ...

In Remembrance of Herb Coleman

By Jim Newman

I met both Herb and Sig [Ignatius "Sig" Signorelli] at a cabin gathering during the late 80s. I remember Sig as the center of attention at the dinner table as we enjoyed an evening meal. Sig was full of interesting stories punctuated by hardy laughs, while Herb was more reserved. Both were smoking; Sig with his cigar and Herb with the pipe. On another cabin event, I had joined Rick Hancock for a ride up and hitched a ride home with Herb, Herb was driving his full-sized General Motors car—maybe a Buick. We carried on casual conversation all the way down I-64 as Herb puffed his pipe.

In Remembrance of Herb Coleman

By Mark Connolly

I moved to Virginia Beach from Maryland in August of 1984, and looked for an outdoor activity group that would offer more outings than provided by the local Sierra Club Group, which seemed fixated only on letters to the editor and supporting environmental lobbying. Outings were a neglected afterthought. So, probably from an ad in "Portfolio" magazine, I was delighted to discover TATC that fall of 1984, and started going to meetings in what is the Advent Episcopal Church on Norfolk Avenue, across from the golf course, when Herb Coleman was the president of TATC. I remember his professorial manner in conducting the meetings, and, when outside, his pipe and stalker/Irish walker hat. Sort of a try at Sherlock Holmes. When I joined, the TATC Putman cabin had been completed, and I didn't know much about how much the founding members had put into either the start of the organization or the cabin construction, but I was impressed with the folks I met.

In Remembrance of Herb Coleman

By Reese Lukei

Herb was indeed a character. Herb was the first to try to educate club members as to proper camping etiquette. He worked at a camping store on Bonney Road in Virginia Beach. He would dress up as a backpacker, and wear his wide brimmed Mexican sombrero to get our attention. When TATC would participate in local parades like the St Patrick's Day Parade in Ocean View or Veteran's Day Parade in VA Beach he would wear that colorful sombrero. Most of the time had a pipe in his mouth but usually not lit.

Continued ...

In Remembrance of Herb Coleman

By Rick Hancock

2 Herb Coleman stories.

I met Herb at a Sept. TATC meeting. He was the President. That Jan. I was elected Trail Supervisor (totally skipped Asst. Supervisor). We went on a fall maintenance trip and that evening it **POURED DOWN RAIN!** For hours it rained steady and out of the cold mist came a group of UVA students on a trip. A bunch of us were piled up in the shelter and we made room for more bodies so they could cook. I had driven my 4X4 Suzuki in on the Love Gap Fire Rd with tools in the trailer. Shortly after dark I got the taste for some ice cream. Another guy and I drove to Waynesboro and back appx. 40 miles with 13 half gallons.

Second story is short and sweet. Herb and I were on a TATC backpacking trip. Pretty sure it was Punchbowl to Brown Mt. Creek. When he was getting ready to climb in his sleeping bag he was wearing a pair of red plaid boxer shorts. He kinda did a little shimmy dance before climbing in his bag. I'll never forget the look on a couple of females' faces nor those long skinny legs!

Herb was a good guy and a good friend. I miss him along with a lot of other "old timers."



Remarks on the Life of Otey Harper Shelton delivered at his Funeral, May 18, 2007 Aldersgate United Methodist Church, Hampton, Virginia

By Mal Higgins

A Man Who Mattered

Hello family and friends. This is a tough day, isn't it? A week ago none of us knew we'd be gathering this Friday to say goodbye to Otey Shelton, gathering to reflect on the life of a father, a brother, a grandfather and a dear friend.

Otey was a man who was generous of spirit and generous of material things, a man who could teach, a man who could lead, a man who could work and a man who could play and be mischievous. A recent sign on a reader board in Virginia Beach says "Your world is only as big as you make it." Otey helped me make my world bigger. Otey was a man who mattered.

I'm going to tell you about some of these things, seen through my lens as his friend in the Tidewater Appalachian Trail Club since 1976.

There wasn't much Otey couldn't do when it came to a project. Need to scout out a proposed trail? Need to build a stone cabin in the woods $\frac{3}{4}$ of a mile from a road? Need a new outhouse? Need to build a floating dock on a tidal river? Who 'ya gonna call? Otey, that's who.

In the Fall of 1977, several members of TATC, including Otey and Reese Lukei, wanted to design a loop trail that would connect Maupin Field Shelter on the Appalachian Trail section maintained by TATC with the Harpers Creek area of the trail. Over a number of different weekend attempts to locate a route, they eventually succeeded in the Spring of 1978 in laying out the route. Over the next year, the Club built the trail and after a spirited debate at one of its meetings, the membership selected the name "Mau Har Trail" over the rival proposed name, "Campbell Creek Trail." The Mau Har Trail remains a favorite hiking trail to this day along a beautiful creek and a series of waterfalls and through a beautiful stretch of forest. Otey was a man who mattered.

In the Fall of 1978, during a Mau Har Trail construction trip, Otey discovered a very large Timber Rattlesnake curled up where they were clearing. Again Reese Lukei is implicated in this. They decided that the other members of the work crew should get to enjoy the snake. Reese fashioned a forked stick to pin the rattler's head down, and then he and Otey took turns grabbing the snake with a strong handgrip behind the head and carrying it up to the campsite a half mile away at Maupin Field. Everyone was still out on the trail working, so it seemed only logical to remove all the food from the wooden camp food box for temporary rattlesnake storage. A note warning of the snake inside was written and placed on top of the box, and they then returned to work.

Continued ...

A couple of hours later upon returning, Otey and Reese faced the wrath of Jacque Jenkins, the camp cook, who found it in her box. Her punishment was that she would only cook grits for Otey and Reese for the remaining meals! Otey and Reese hated grits! The snake was released, but that night everyone made sure their tent zippers were all the way up.

In 1979 it was time for another project for the Club. The Club had received a gift of \$15,000 in honor and memory of a young man named Douglas Lee Putman. A committee located and purchased 15 acres off the Blue Ridge Parkway at Milepost 18.5, and for the next three years Otey and another legendary club member, now deceased, Harold Crate, designed and led the Club members in the construction of the Douglas Lee Putman Cabin. Otey convinced the cabin committee to build a stone cabin rather than a conventional wood cabin. He spoke of a stone church he'd helped build with his brothers in Amherst County as a young man. Harold oversaw the design and the framing, roof support rafters, windows, and doors. Otey oversaw the pouring of the footers, the mixing of mortar, the selection of stone from off the adjacent grounds and abandoned old stone farm walls, and the laying of the stone for all the walls and fireplace. He personally brought sandstone rock from the Canaan Valley area of West Virginia in his favorite truck, a Ford F-250 named "Big Blue", to use to face the inside cabin fireplace surface. On more than one occasion Otey required that a course or two of stones that were improperly laid in his absence had to be torn out and redone. Some 25 years ago this May in 1982, the 20 foot by 30 foot cabin was essentially completed, built by all volunteer labor on weekends over three years. The cabin is in constant use today. Otey was a man who mattered.

But Otey didn't stop at building cabins. When a new outhouse pit had to be dug at Maupin Field in the 1980s Otey led the effort. When the digging was done, a perfectly good old outhouse, which was permanently secured to its concrete slab over the old hole, was in too good a shape to waste. Otey engineered some log rollers, placed a chain around the outhouse, attached a "come along" hand winch, and proceeded to pull the old outhouse and concrete slab over the rollers and on top of the new hole!

The places Otey led hikes or canoe trips in the Tidewater Appalachian Trail Club are too numerous to mention. He taught a lot of novice canoeists the fundamentals on such rivers and in such places as the James, the Tye, the Maury, the Chowan, the New, the Dismal Swamp, Merchants Mill Pond, and Back Bay Wildlife Refuge and False Cape State Parks.. He taught many a club member, including me, how to rappel on Old Rag Mountain. He led hikes all over the Appalachian Trail, the Tuscarora Trail, the George Washington National Forest, Shenandoah National Park, the wilds of Dolly Sods and Canaan Valley, West Virginia, and the fearsome and freezing Adirondack Mountains of New York.

For many years beginning about 1975, Otey led annual winter camping trips in January and February. I joined in this madness in 1978 because Otey made it sound fun! In January came the "winter tune up" hike to the Dolly Sods Wilderness. Exploring the vast, freezing, and nearly trail less Dolly Sods on a white and glistening winter day, was good preparation for what was to follow in a couple of weeks in the Adirondack Mountains of New York.

Continued ...

In the early years we'd depart right after an evening club meeting in late January or early February and we'd drive all night to the High Peaks area. With 50 pounds or heavier backpacks, we'd snowshoe up the trail to establish a tent site in the snow or set up in a three sided shelter at areas such as Marcy Dam or John's Brook. Over the years we attempted and sometimes made it to the tops of the summits of the Adirondacks most intimidating peaks, such as Mt. Marcy, Mt. Algonquin, Mt. Skylight, Mt. Colden, Lower Wolfjaw, Upper Wolfjaw, Big Haystack and Little Haystack.

Bent over in the face of blasting cold winds across landscapes far above tree line, gray and leaden skies, impossibly steep and icy slopes, breaking through the crust and sinking up to your arm pits or worse when supporting branches of buried trees give way beneath your weight—all these are part of the winter backpacking experience. And yet Otey taught us the sheer joy of the emptiness of it, and the knowledge that no one else was even out there was the magic that brought one back. Camping out in temperatures well below freezing, we learned that when the sun went down at 6:00, about the only sensible thing to do was crawl into your sleeping bag and spend the next 12-13 hours or so snoozing, shivering and wishing it was sunrise. Otey would tell us of the 50 degrees below freezing temperatures he endured while fighting near the Korean border with China in the battle around the Chosin Reservoir. Otey was a man who mattered.

Otey always seemed to be the first one up. Bill Rogers, a TATC trail club member, penned a poem about hiking with Otey, which includes these lines:

“In a stand of spruce, half up a hill,
We set up our tents in the evening chill.
Saturday morn, whilst snores were still loud,
Came the wee small voice of Otey,
“Aren't these people ever getting up?”

In the years that followed, Otey stayed active in the Club. In the summer of 1997 he and Louise joined many other club members at the biannual conference of the Appalachian Trail Conservancy in Maine. At age 81 he joined about a dozen other hikers from the Club and climbed to the summit of Mt. Katahdin, the 5267 foot tallest peak in Maine. In the late 1990's he assisted Pat Parker in the design and building of the gazebo and various trails in Hampton's park called Sandy Bottom Nature Park. He also oversaw the installation of a floating boat dock in Hampton's Air Power Park. Hanging from a sling 15 feet off the ground suspended from a crane Otey had arranged to be there, Otey showed us how to pound away with a sledge hammer on the tubular plastic pilings for the floating pier.

None of us want to be here at this time and place, and not for this purpose. But, we gather to share our grief, to console one another and to offer our support, love and friendship to the family, because Otey was a man who mattered.

Continued ...

Otey had a favorite saying he says he learned from a general in the Korean War when the Marines were being driven back down the Korean Peninsula by the North Koreans and the Chinese. When asked how tough it was to retreat, the general reportedly replied: "That was no retreat; we were advancing in another direction!"

I like to think that Otey is advancing in another direction. I like to think he's eyeing that heavenly dwelling with all its rooms that St. John promises us we'll see, and I like to think that Otey is discussing with the Lord how that rattlesnake got in there.



Otey Shelton, TATC Spring Banquet, 2003 - photo by Debbie Bellucci

[Editor's Note: Otey was an extremely influential member of the early days of the TATC, although not an original "founding member". He was president of TATC during the calendar years 1979-1980. Those of us who contributed to this article knew him from so many times together. He led innumerable hikes and paddles and, along with Harold Crate, was a construction manager and chief stone mason during the construction by TATC of the Douglas Putman cabin. He led a full, rich life. I have kept intact the stories as submitted to me by their authors, retaining their voice and style, with only minor editing.~~Mal Higgins]

My Remembrances of Otey Shelton

by Rosanne Cary

I first met Otey around 1995, when I was new to TATC. He was such an active hike leader, taking people hiking and canoeing around Virginia and beyond.

He seemed to have a special place in his heart for West Virginia.

Otey was taking a group canoeing down the Tye River. I'd never paddled a river, and didn't own a canoe. But Otey didn't let that stop me, he connected me with Ellis Malabad, who had a canoe and needed a paddling buddy for this trip. It was an invigorating time on the water with lots of rapids and tip overs; Ellis proved to be a good canoe commander and Otey a capable organizer, and that trip rates highly in my fond memories of "Otey trips."

In the fall of '96, Otey showed a group of us the finer points of the Dolly Sods Wilderness in West Virginia. Most of us had never been there before, and it was an adventurous treat! We set up camp in the woods, then hiked across bogs and beaver ponds and streams. It started raining when we were out a few miles from camp. Now, at this time I was an inexperienced hiker, and was wearing cotton clothing and had a pretty flimsy raincoat on. By the time we got back to camp, I was soaked, and I think some others were, too. Mal Higgins and Otey rigged a tarp in an effort to give us some shelter from the rain. I dived into my tent and put on the only dry clothes I had left, my pajamas. Then I heard Otey calling everyone to muster outside. He asked us a question - did we want to stay in camp, or hike out to Canaan to his friend's house, where he knew we could stay the night? It took a split second for all of us to say "let's go" and off we went, leaving camp as it was.

True to his word, Otey's friend amiably welcomed us to his home and turned over his basement room, complete with wood pellet stove, bed and chairs and the best feature of all - it was warm and dry! We dried out, cleaned up and went to the restaurant at Canaan Valley for dinner, then bunked in the basement for the night.

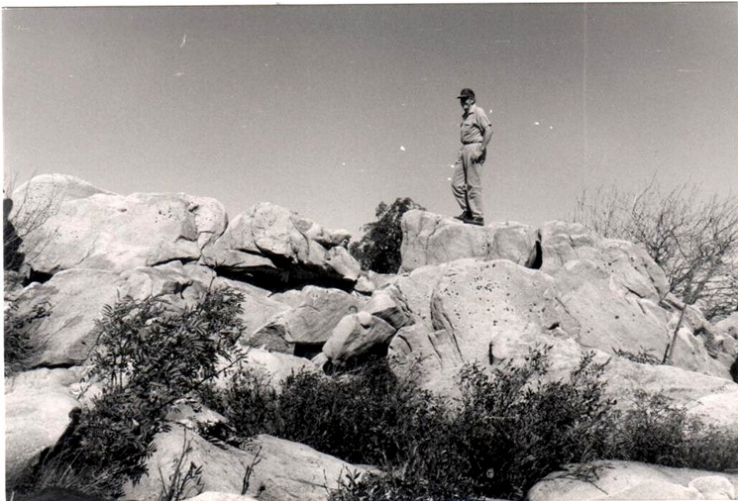
Otey sounded reveille at the crack of dawn, and we returned to Dolly Sods that bright and sunny morning to pack up camp and then head for home. It might seem to some reading this that the trip was a bust, but I didn't care one bit about being wet and in the rain, it was wonderful to be out with friends, having an exciting escapade. And Otey was our hero, leading us out of the wilderness to shelter. He always seemed to "know somebody" and had great connections in the world.

I would explore a good many places in the years to come with Otey in the lead, both through woods and wilderness as well as along swiftly flowing rivers. He had a daring spirit and was always up for an outing. He introduced so many people to places that were familiar to him but new and exciting to his friends. Otey was a force of nature that comes along once in a great while, and I feel privileged and glad to have known him.

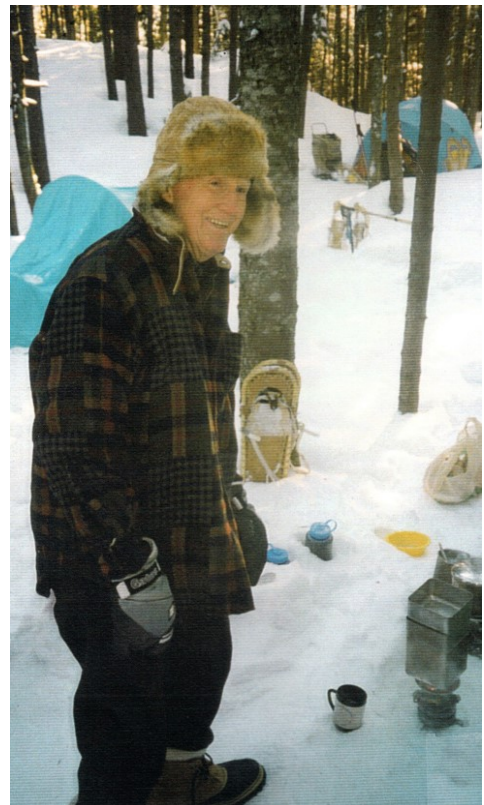
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1996 Group Shot - L-R: Mal Higgins, Carl Hanbury, Linda Ghanem, Ellis Malabad, Mary Bechtold, Gail Owens & Otey Shelton. Photo by Rosanne Cary.



**“Hark to their call...”
Otey Shelton Dolly Sods
1990 photo from Bill Rogers**



Otey Shelton - Winter

In Remembrance of
Leonard Dewey Phelps, Jr.
April 14, 1932 - November 13, 2016

A collection of memories from his friends in the Tidewater Appalachian Trail Club.

Compiled by Mal Higgins

[Editor's Note: All of us knew Dewey from so many times together. It seems fitting that we gather our stories and tell them to each other and preserve Dewey's memory as we knew him. This cannot be a complete account of Dewey's full life, of course, but is rather a collection of fond memories. I have kept the stories as submitted to me by their authors, retaining their voice and style, with only minor editing.]

Biographical information: Dewey was born in Pamlico County, NC. Growing up, he was a member of the Boy Scouts of America and an Eagle Scout. He served in the U.S. Coast Guard and was a veteran of the Korean War. He was a 25+ year member of the Tidewater Appalachian Trail Club. He retired as a commercial printer from Norfolk Printing Company. He was survived by his loving wife of 51 years, Carol R. Phelps, and three children. He is buried at the Albert G. Horton Jr Memorial State Veterans Cemetery, Suffolk, Virginia.

PHYLLIS NEUMANN: I remember volunteering with TATC for Konnarock work on the relocation of our AT section above the Tye River Bridge. That was over 10 years ago I think and spanned years when I was Trail Supervisor and then President of the Club. I had a lot of apprehensions about my position with the Club being a relative newcomer. But there were certain members that offered constant encouragement and support. Dewey was one of those people. He volunteered for just about every trail trip we had - whether on the AT with Konnarock or locally when we were constructing the trails at New Quarter. He always showed up with a smile and an eager attitude. He seemed skilled in just about everything-whether building a trail or fixing a chainsaw that wouldn't start. He never tired, was always enthusiastic and never failed to have a kind word of encouragement. He was first to volunteer to wash dishes after any group meal and in the evenings we could always look forward to one of Dewey's stories about his childhood or being in the Coast Guard. He was a constant figure at all the False Cape trips and never missed an outing with the Tuesday group. And he loved dogs and they loved him.

I'm going to miss him.

MARTI MALABAD: When I think of Dewey, I will always think of a kindhearted man who never spoke a negative word of anyone, willingly shared with others, worked hard at any task he took on, told delightful stories of his life, and loved his time with TATC and the Tuesday group. We will miss his smile and the twinkle in his eye. One of the first maintenance trips I took with Dewey, he brought me a hooded rain jacket so I could be protected from the rain dripping on my head from a tarp as I served chili to the maintenance crew. He just showed up with it and put it on me, smiled and went to eat. He cared for his family and friends. We can all be inspired by knowing Dewey and the life he led.

Continued ...

BRUCE JULIAN:

"Dewey the Man I Knew" Part One

Dewey was the man we all loved and wanted to see on a Tuesday outing or a Maintenance Weekend on the A.T. He would always have a smile for you each and every time you met. I started making the trips to False Cape State Park in 2004 twice a year and Dewey made every trip with us, up until a few years ago. He and Wes Ward were two of the people who came on the very first trip, and we three came in early one day before the other 12 volunteers came in.

Our first project was to build a Storm Shelter for the campers to go to at False Cape Landing Campground, if bad weather should come up. The three of us were to cut 12 - 4x4 boards with notches for a 2x4 to fit into. The corner ones would be cut on two sides and it was very important to make sure our cuts were in the right place so not to waste any lumber. We would measure twice and sometimes three times and began to cut, and on about eight different times Dewey would say "STOP, I don't think that's right." Sure enough, we would check again and most of the time Dewey was right. He surely saved us from wasting lumber on that day. If there was a job to be done, Dewey would always be there to help in any way that he could, and you would know it would get done right. On the second day the others came in and we all finished the shelter in four days; it is still looking good today after almost 13 years of service.

"Dewey the Man I Knew" Part Two

It was a cool day one fall when Dewey asked me if I could cut down two white pine trees in his front yard. Well, you know me, put a chainsaw in my hand and I go crazy. Yes, I told him I would be over the next morning about 8:00 a.m. and we could have both of them down in a few hours. Well, we had only been working about one hour and Carol had already come out of the house three times, telling us to be careful and be sure not to get hurt with that chainsaw up on the ladder. I had only fallen down once or twice with the saw in my hand from the third step and wasn't sure what she was talking about. On about the sixth time she said something about praying for us and her knees were getting sore.

Well, just after she went back in we had tied a rope to one of the limbs that hung over the house and I knew Dewey, being a Coast Guardsman, could tie knots better than most men. His job was to pull on the rope with just a little pressure, but if you know Dewey you know he doesn't do anything "just a little". As I started cutting the limb that hung over the house he began pulling. As his knot got tighter it came loose, and Dewey went rolling backwards over and over until he stopped in the middle of the road with a neighbor's car coming to a screaming stop right before hitting him. As you can imagine Carol was out the front door in a heartbeat to save Dewey, but he was fine and jumped right up and started talking to the man in the truck just like nothing had happened.

After Carol had fixed us a lunch we headed back out and finished cutting the trees with no more mishaps. It must have been that prayer that Carol said over our meal before we began to eat. She kept saying something about "Oh Lord, please watch over these two hard working men for they know not what they are doing, AMEN!"

Continued ...

"Dewey the Man I Knew" Part Three

Back in 2008 Dewey and I decided to stay another week after a Maintenance Week was over. This was while the club was working on a relocation of the Appalachian Trail north of the Tye River. He and I had driven up to the mountains in different trucks and were planning to stay there at the top of the Fitzgerald apple orchard with our trucks backed up to each other with a large tarp over both trucks. This was to help keep out the rain, which we had just about every night. He had his bed in the back of his truck and I had one in mind.

Everything was going great. We would rise in the morning and after breakfast pack a lunch and head out to where the Service Corps of America (SCA) kids had left off the day before. We would start digging out rocks and roots. The kids would soon come by from down below where their campground was located. They would marvel at Dewey each day and wonder how a man his age could be working there an hour before they started and most days be there working after they had started down to end their day. That was just Dewey's way of doing everyday things that I am sure he had done all his life. I only got to know Dewey for about 13 years and I know he made me a better person just knowing him for that short time.

We finally finished the trail relocation in 2008 with the help of those kids, who worked for 28 days, and with a lot of volunteers from TATC. Dewey didn't do it all by himself, but I can say for sure no one worked any harder than he did to finish this work. We will miss him each and every day as we go out and work on the Appalachian Trail; but don't worry, I am sure he is just up ahead watching you, so please do your best.

"Dewey the Man I Knew" Part Four

Dewey was always giving us a laugh or two each time we went out on a Tuesday Group outing or on the A.T. or even down at False Cape State Park, a place he surely loved. He had all kinds of jokes he would tell us, but the best one was about The Baby Bo Weasel. If I heard that one once, I know I heard it 15 times. What I would give today, just to hear Dewey tell it one more time.

One day we were at Merchant Mill Pond, North Carolina, on a paddle and on this day Dewey was sharing a canoe with Wes Ward. We had stopped for lunch and everyone was pulling their boats up onto the shore and Dewey's boat stopped on top of a stump. As Wes stepped out, the weight of Dewey sitting in the back seat made the canoe flip over, putting Dewey in the cool water. We all had a big laugh and jumped in and helped him get out. Luckily, Dewey had a few dry clothes to put on. Being the good man that he was, we never heard one bad word from Dewey, and he tried to always take the blame for what went wrong.

Continued ...

Another time was on a bike ride in Virginia Beach and we had to go down the Rudee Inlet Bridge and make a sharp right turn and then a sharp left. Dewey made the right turn OK, but on the left turn he was going a little too fast and ran off the road and flipped his bike between three small pine trees, missing them all. Don't worry! He popped right up and got back on his bike like nothing had ever happened.

A story he loved to tell was when he was in college, Dewey and another friend once put a cow on the third floor of the girl's dorm, by using an elevator. I won't tell what happened to them here, but you can ask me the next time you see me.

Dewey was friends with a young girl at False Cape State Park, who he enjoyed talking to. Rebecca was from Jock-a-Wind, North Carolina, down where he was from and they had a lot to talk about. She lives at Bear Creek Lake State Park now, just west of Richmond and was so sad to hear about her friend Dewey.

MAL HIGGINS: Dewey Phelps touched many of our lives in so many ways. Dewey, as some may recall, printed our TATC newsletter for many years back in the day. He was an avid Appalachian Trail maintainer. He contributed so much to False Cape State Park maintenance trips, and was a frequent participant in the Tuesday Group's paddles, hikes, and bike rides. He was especially kind to my son and daughter one campout trip back around 1990 or so at Maupin Field when they were young kids. We were all tenting out there. In the evening, sitting around the shelter, my son was selling Boy Scout candy bars as a fund raiser and had a box of them with him to sell for \$1.00 each. Dewey bought several and was delighted at my son's "entrepreneurship." My son was equally pleased he found a customer in the woods. For many years later, at our monthly club meetings Dewey would inquire about him.

Dewey enjoyed life and people. He was a frequent participant in TATC's spring and fall maintenance trips to work on the Appalachian Trail. He was a cheerful presence at the evening group meals, recounting stories and tales of other people and trips. Dewey provided the spark and good humor that made others want to be around him.

MARILYN HORVATH: The people from Dewey Phelps's generation, who formed our Club, were of an amazing, unselfish breed (perhaps the legacy of World War II) of whom Dewey was an example. The good humor that surrounded him made every expedition notable and unforgettable. Even though his snoring led to his banishment from our lean-tos, and he'd set his tent up well away from us, we'd still hear him. With either Dewey or Herb Coleman on a hike one could always feel included and safe. And if you were missing something, Dewey would always give of himself. With Dewey along, things always seemed to go right. And that was his blessing.

NED KUHN: When TATC was assigned (volunteered for?) the responsibility to design and provide 1,000+ of the hard-copy program for the 1999 ATC Biennial Conference held at Radford University, we immediately went to Dewey for his printing advice and assistance since he owned and operated a local printing company. We had a scheduled date for completion of the program but when ATC wanted some last minute changes made, the time to meet that date was significantly compressed. As you might expect from knowing Dewey, he was not flustered or disturbed by the change, simply saying that the program would be done on time.

Continued ...

It was printed perfectly on attractive beige card stock and delivered on time for transportation to Radford University. Also, as expected, Dewey gave us a greatly discounted pricing for the printing. TATC received numerous compliments on the appearance of the program Dewey printed.

In June 2006, Ken Baker (from ODATC) and I planned to hike the Tuscarora Trail to Pennsylvania which started at the Hogback Parking Area where the A.T. crosses Skyline Drive in Shenandoah National Park. Bruce Julian volunteered to drive us very early in the morning to the starting point. As his close friend, Dewey volunteered to accompany him in Bruce's truck. They were scheduled to pick me up at home at 6:00 AM which meant that they had to begin about 5:00 AM or earlier. At 6:00 AM (on schedule), Dewey was knocking on my front door which woke me from a deep sleep. Deeply embarrassed, I quickly got up and grabbed my gear while they waited in Bruce's truck until I was ready. Needless to say, this was the type of story that I could have heard about for years to come but Dewey in his always kind and thoughtful manner never mentioned my delay again. BTW, neither did Bruce.

BOB ADKISSON: I don't remember when I first met Dewey-- it was probably back in the late 1980's, maybe on one of Marilyn Horvath's backpacking trips. I do remember always enjoying his gentle and personable company; Dewey was open and accepting, always helpful and interested in other people; he had a wonderful sense of humor, and he and I kidded around and ribbed each other often (especially years later, when I learned that his real first name was Leonard- or, as I sometimes addressed him: Lenny-baby!).

Dewey lived not far from me, and many times, for several years, we rode together to the meet up spot for various Tuesday Group activities, or on weekend club trips. Several times he was my canoe partner, and with him in the boat I never had to worry about much of anything-- he was so agreeable, never one to complain or get bothered, plus he was experienced, could be counted on to know what needed to be done and how to do it.

I remember a weekend trip to Ocracoke Island - Dewey and I took my car and left early on a Friday; stopping at the Nature Conservancy property in Nags Head Woods, we hiked a couple of miles, then went on south to meet up with Gordon Spence's group that night for dinner; on Saturday we all took the boat over to Portsmouth Island, where we visited the all but abandoned village, then went and camped overnight on the wide beach - more walking and exploring, enjoying the great out-of-doors. Dewey seemed to be always up for anything!

The one trip I kidded Dewey about the most was the time he drove me and one of his young-adult nephews to the TATC cabin, the first weekend in January. When we arrived in the mountains on Friday we found the Parkway closed, covered with about 10 inches of dry, fluffy snow. Footing was not a problem, and the 3 of us easily walked the 3 miles to the cabin from the junction with county road 814. First thing at the cabin though, we discovered fairly fresh ATV tracks that came up the mountainside and stopped right at the side door. I dropped my pack, left Dewey in charge, and set out to track down the offenders, if they could be found (they couldn't).

Continued ...

The next day the two of them were willing and able, and gung ho, to follow me wherever I led - we bushwhacked up over the top of Entry Mountain (immediately above the cabin), crossed the Parkway, and then followed a ridge-line all the way down to the lower lake at Sherando. A nice walk thru the wild and snowy woods. We discovered that the lake was frozen, from the beach down to the dam at the far end. Dewey double dog dared me to walk out onto the ice - he promised to get a picture of me, for posterity. And so I did. He took one photo, but kept trying to get me to go farther out, where the water (if I broke thru) would be over my head. And so I didn't. All in good fun of course. As the sky clouded over, we followed the White Rock Gap Trail back up to the Parkway, then returned to the cabin as a light rain began to fall.

I don't remember all the particulars of what the weather did, but we knew from the forecasts that things were going to change, get much colder Saturday night, Sunday, and the start of the next week. The thing I long ribbed Dewey about was that, early Sunday morning, he and his nephew jumped up, packed, and were gone before I was hardly awake - they abandoned me there at the cabin, without a ride home! This was all as we'd planned it, of course-- I had a couple of extra days off of work and would find my own way home, in mid-week (by foot and thumb to Waynesboro, and by bus back to Norfolk), but for years afterwards I wouldn't let Dewey forget that he took me to the mountains and then left me there, with the snow freezing over that Sunday afternoon to a rock-hard surface that was like trying to walk on a slanted ice skating rink, with the temperatures dropping down into the teens. I had no micro-spikes, no tent and, worst of all (if I fell and broke a leg), no cell phone! He thought that was so funny, and we'd have a good laugh together. I will miss him.



Dewey at False Cape State Park

Reminiscences of Charlie Gillie

by Mal Higgins and Reese Lukei

We lost a friend when Charles M. Gillie, age 75, died last January 12, 2002. Charlie was president of TATC in 1976 when Mal joined, and Reese had known him since about 1974. Sadly, during a number of years preceding Charlie's death, we had not seen him, as his ill health had forced him to stop attending TATC meetings. But time has a way of compressing, and even though we are aware we aren't seeing someone, we think of the person in that present moment when we were with him. We wanted to share some of those with club members.

Charlie loved cold weather and winter backpacking. After hearing him and Otey Shelton talk about Dolly Sods and the Adirondacks trips they had made for a couple of years, Mal joined them on a February 1978 trip to the Adirondack Mountains of New York.

What a "killer hike"! Mal has never forgotten it. We hoisted full backpacks seven miles up the trail on snowshoes to the Slant Rock shelter before camping for the night in snow and "zeroish" temperatures. Charlie kept our spirits up with jokes and his favorite winter warmer, a flask of vodka with peach brandy. Mal can still remember how good that tasted.

The next day we full backpacked up the trail to reach the summit of Mt. Marcy. High up at the edge of the timberline, the trail had ceased to exist, and we walked precariously across the tops of small conifers and spruces completely drifted in with snow. Charlie, who was a stout man, crashed through the surface and down into a "spruce hole" as the branches below gave way. Thrashing around pulled him down in further so that his head was below the surface. After the initial guffaws by those of us still standing on the surface, we spent the next half hour on our untangling Charlie's snowshoes from under the branches and pulling Charlie's pack and Charlie up out of the hole. Several others later fell into their own spruce holes, so progress to the summit of Mt. Marcy was slow.

Finally, on the summit at late afternoon, Charlie, and Chuck Jessie, using a map and compass, shot an azimuth bearing off the summit to follow toward Lake Tear of the Clouds shelter, which the map showed as our closest shelter. Somehow, we managed to come down the steep southern slope, sliding and falling frequently, and right at nightfall emerged exactly at the shelter in the trees. The shelter was completely snowed in on the front. We tunneled in; six or seven of us collapsed into an exhausted meal preparation and a few sips of Charlie's peach brandy and vodka.

Several years later, in November 1981, Charlie, who was active for many years in caving with the Tidewater Grotto, led a trip of TATC members, including Mal, on a caving trip to the western part of Virginia, near McDowell and the Bullpasture River. Charlie led us into two caves that were known as the "Crossroads" and the "Marshall" caves. He had brought enough helmets and carbide lights for all of us to use and taught us caving etiquette, safety, and how to squeeze through narrow passages. A favorite memory Mal has is Charlie demonstrating the absolute darkness of a cave by having us all turn out our lights and just sit quietly in the dark.

Continued ...

One of Reese's fondest memories is of a backpacking trip over Mother's Day weekend in 1977. Jerry Cobleigh led the trip with Charlie, Reese, and 3 senior Boy Scouts, including Rick Lukei. The hike was to cover 60 miles of the AT from Rte. 624 to the New River. There were ominous signs from the start. Charlie's wife, Alyce, was less than happy (putting it kindly) that he was going to be gone on Mother's Day and also his birthday. Virginia was having one of its worst droughts on record, and the AT in southwest Virginia was in turmoil with trail relocations almost every week.

The plan was to leave Thursday night and hike an average of 20 miles on Friday, Saturday, and Sunday. Then drive home. Knowing that the AT was being frequently relocated because of land-owner problems, Reese had called the AT Conference and gotten the most current route - and was warned that the mountains were bone-dry - take water!!

We left on time - with Alyce fuming when Reese picked Charlie up. We got to Rte. 624, found a place to park, and slept next to our cars. We set out at daybreak Friday morning. We were all having a great time until about 5 pm, when we had not reached a crossing, and our water was running out. About 6 pm, we met a group coming towards us who had bad news — the AT had been rerouted again. We had already hiked 20 miles and had another 6 miles to Trout Creek! We got there just before dark. I had been carrying a freeze-dried blueberry cake for at least a year in my pack. mixed it up, Jerry took the candle out of his lantern, and we all sat in Trout Creek, which was only a few inches deep and celebrated Charlie's birthday.

Up early Saturday morning, we set out to hike 20 miles. We had water and were supposed to cross another creek in a couple of hours. By 3 pm, the creek had not appeared, and we were out of water. We sent 2 of the scouts down a Steep hill to find water. None there! On we went. About 5 pm, we finally heard running water. It was flowing right along the trail — on the other side of barbed wire and with cows in it every few feet. About 30 minutes later, we came to Rt. 42 about a mile from Newport.

At the time, there was a country store in Newport, and that is where we went. We went right to the drink and the ice cream counter. Charlie picked up a quart of orange juice and drank it all. Then drank another one. Picked up a third and, with the two empty bottles and a half-gallon of ice cream, paid the cashier. Each of us ate a half-gallon of ice cream and declared our hike over. We had had it! Because of the reroutes, we had backpacked almost 60 miles in two days and were nowhere near the New River.

As with all our relationships in life, some create times of friendships and memories that stay with us for the rest of our lives. Charlie's love of the outdoors and his interests in people extended into other parts of his life of which we knew little except by report. In January, long-time club members who went to the visitation or gathered at Charlie's funeral included Bill Nelson, Herb Coleman, Reese Lukei, Jerry Cobleigh, Marilyn Horvath, and Mal Higgins. We shared stories like the ones above with ourselves and Charlie's family. One of the photos of Charlie that the family brought was taken on one of the winter Adirondacks trips and featured Charlie's face and mustache iced in with the famous Adirondacks drip. Of all images, that's probably Mal's favorite—the way we looked on that "killer hike" so many years ago.

The Ray Kernel Trip Leadership Award

by Jenny DeArmond

Long term TATC members all remember Ray Kernel. For those who are new to the club, imagine a tall, older man with a gruff exterior and a generous nature. He did a bit of everything for the club, but he specialized in leading day trips. Many of his trips were "hike ands", as in hike and bike, hike and canoe, and even hike and take the ferry. It seemed that the more forms of transportation involved the better. Ray took us all over the region — from the Colonial Parkway, to the Dismal Swamp, to Chippokes Plantation, to Crabtree Falls, to Old Rag, to Tangier Island, to the Eastern Shore, and to our own backyard at Newport News City Park. Even if you never met Ray, you've heard his line now part of TATC tradition, "And we'll eat out afterwards". This was his signature phrase each time he described an upcoming hike at a meeting, and each time the room roared. It was never really clear which aspect of hiking Ray liked most - the outing itself or the food shared with friends afterwards.

One of Ray's standard trips was to Old Rag. He would lead a group up the fire road and join up with Rick Hancock and others for an afternoon of rappelling. I brought a friend of mine from work on one of these trips. She was new to the club, new to hiking, and she freely admitted that she was out of her comfort zone. Ray was a warm, supporting presence all the way. He encouraged her during the tough uphill bits, coaxed her through the tight squeezes and rock scrambles, and celebrated with her at the top. By the end of the trip he had her beaming. This was just Ray's way. His leadership style was steady, quiet, and kind.

The club's two primary purposes are maintaining the AT and leading organized outdoor activities for members. We recognize those who give significant time to trail work through the Trail Maintenance Awards. There has been no system, though, for showing our appreciation to those like Ray. Ray died in February 1998. In his honor, and to recognize others who lead the bulk of our outings and related trainings, the club has created the Ray Kernel Trip Leadership Award.

The first recipients of the award are Cheryl and Joe Zebrowski, Bill Lynn, Joe Turlo, Gordon and Melinda Spence, Bill Rogers, Otey Shelton, Bob Adkisson, Rosanne Scott, Jenny DeArmond, Ned Kuhns, and Rick Hancock. In their own personal style, they gave time and energy to create an opportunity for others. The events ran the gamut from strenuous backpacking trips, to work trips, to whitewater canoe runs, to strolls through historic neighborhoods, to organizing or providing training related to outdoor life, and to bike rides for charity. In appreciation of their efforts, the recipients were given a copy of The TATC Activity Leaders' Guide.

Ray Kernel, The Best Friend I Ever Had

Rick Hancock

As I mentioned in another story, I met Ray in the Fall of 1987. I'd moved home to help take care of my Dad, who was fighting cancer. Oddly enough, his name was also Ray. Our relationship came at a time that was very important to me and after my Dad passed away (while I was in the hospital for 10 weeks fighting a cyst on my pancreas that almost killed me) we began spending time together both in the TATC and on our own. Of course, we led many day hikes and bike rides together, including a Dismal Swamp hike when my daughter Sierra was literally 2 weeks old! I led the Old Rag rappelling trip for over 20 years and I doubt Ray missed bringing day hiking groups up more than 2-3 times. I have pictures of Sierra at 6 months old roped in on a rock face. Ray was always careful and took care of his groups but on one trip a lady took a fall on the Saddle Trail and had to be brought out by Rangers on a litter. The TATC used to participate in the Oceanview Saint Patrick's Day Parade. A TATC member who led that event complained one year that no one participated in the parade because 20 were with me and another 30 day hiked with Ray.

Ray and I just clicked, we had the same sense of humor. He shared many stories of his youth in Garrison, WV working the coal mines and of his service in WW2. Often, I'd call him and he'd say "I was just dialing your number". Or I'd think "I haven't talked to Ray" and the phone would ring. It happened numerous times and after he passed his wife verified that it was almost uncanny. Everyone knew how much Ray enjoyed Golden Corral and probably once a week he and I would meet on my lunch break. One winter it had snowed and the icy streets had the weather people advising everyone to stay home. We'd planned to meet for lunch and a winter storm was no barrier. His wife pointed out that they we're supposed to go out for lunch but Ray had said it wasn't safe. His reply to her was "You're not Rick".

One last story. Ray brought his Granddaughter to Old Rag one time and her mother made him promise he wouldn't let her go over the edge. Of course all logic went out the window and I took her over the edge with the sincere promise that what "Happened On Old Rag Stayed On Old Rag" we thought we'd pulled a fast one until a week or so after the trip. One club member who was also a reporter did an article that made it's way into a small Williamsburg Newspaper. The article included a story about his Granddaughter, Ray, and of course the guy who took her over the edge complete with 3 pictures of her and I. Mom wasn't happy but with a bit of explaining she realized I was pretty experienced and her daughter was safe.

In closing I'll say that Ray was indeed the Best Friend I Ever Had. Shortly before his passing not more than a week or so we were talking and just before the call ended after we said goodbye I said "Hey." Then I hesitated a moment and said " I want you to know that I love You." Then he replied " I love you too." That was our last conversation. It was nothing of great importance but I'm so glad we both knew the depth of love we had for each other. There's seldom a day that passes that I don't think of the 2 Rays that meant so much to me.

Continued ...



**Ray Kernel and Rick Hancock
Old Rag 1994**



Ray Kernel - August 1997

Tom Reed

I'm sad to relate that Tom Reed, an ardent A.T. Trail Maintainer, passed away on September 20th, 2014. For health reasons he had moved to Towson, Md., to be near his son, his brother, and Walter Reed where he was being treated.

It's hard to realize that we have worked together on the Appalachian Trail since 1996, 18-years. Dewey Phelps was with us for the first few years. We had some really great times up in the mountains - never a bad time. We cut a lot of blowdowns, lots and lots of blowdowns, felled trees for waterbars, worked on myriad waterbars, ran the quarry and the winch when Konnarock put in the steps above Campbells Creek on the Mau-Har Trail, worked with other Konnarock Crews, and kept the fire road trimmed and well-drained. He proudly received his 'Gold Pulaski,' along with Ellis Malabad, while camped with TATC at Sherando Lake one October.

Even in wet or white falling weather it was good to get out. And yes, we did a lot of great work. Many was the time we'd tackle a task without talking, we knew the job and each other so well words were often just not necessary. "That crosscut saw could really sing!" A favorite saying of Tom's toward the end of a crosscut saw cut was, ATwo more pulls!@ It became a mantra vocalized when we were tired and at a nearly completed task, to give us that last surge of energy and humor to finish.

Of an evening we'd sit around camp chatting, or sometimes go a whole evening with nothing but a verbal "Good night", when ready. We'd listen to the barred or great horned owls, the crickets, the katydid, a booming ruffed grouse; and watch the stars, moon, clouds, or rain drops in the small open area where we parked at Bulldozer Park on the fire road ridge. During hunting season we were often found at the Sherando Lake Group Area or CCC Kitchen. Our departures from the mountains were, without fail, marked with lunch at the Blue Ridge Pig.

In between trips we biked, kayaked, canoed, day hiked, enjoyed our annual New Year Day Hikes, and partook of pleasant dinners with Bea at Koi Sushi where Tom learned the art of using chopsticks. One New Year found us on the Back Bay Beach at 0-dark-thirty in the ayem, on a windy 22-degree morning, to watch sunrise before meeting our hikers at 8:00

Tom had a long hard fight, maintaining a strong, positive attitude throughout. We kept in close touch by phone and e-mail. Just the weekend before he passed, he went to Orlando with his son and had an enjoyable time. After returning, things went downhill fast. I'm left with 18-years of cherished memories and photographs of a fellow Pulaskiteer.

Bill Rogers

Continued ...



Tom Reed

Lillian Benson

Long time club member Lillian Benson (89) passed away March 31st, 2014, in Ohio - where she has resided with one of her daughters for about the last 15 years. She was buried, in a private family funeral, April 11th, at Forest Lawn Cemetery in Norfolk.

Lillian first joined TATC back in the mid-1980's and soon became a well-known, well liked member - she was in charge of the publicity committee for several years; she wrote many articles for the newsletter; she participated in a wide range of club activities (even rappelling off of Old Rag Mtn.); but she is perhaps best known as an organizer and leader of countless local hikes. Some club newsletters, whose hike schedule covers two months of activities at a time, would have 3 hikes listing Lillian as trip leader, going to such places as Hog Island Wildlife Refuge, Northwest River Park, Fisherman's Island, the Virginia Beach oceanfront to watch the full moon rise, the protected pine forests around Zuni, VA., First Landing and Chippokes State Parks, etc. Her overnight trips to the Wash Woods Environmental Center (in False Cape State Park) were one of my favorite trail club excursions. Her hikes were family friendly, easy going, and always well attended. She led trash pickup and other service trips, and got the club involved in a multi-year effort to build a 5 mile long trail at Pipsico Boy Scout Camp in Surry County, VA. Lillian came to the trail club's cabin several times and participated in work trips there. For the club, she also hosted annual dinners at a local Chinese restaurant at New Year's.

She stayed active and interested in a whole host of endeavors, seemed to always have several irons in the fire, always on the go, always planning her next trip. She enjoyed the company of club members, and was always looking for new ways to recruit and interest others in everything we did (and everything she did).

While her health was still good, Lillian also traveled quite a bit, visiting her two daughters and their husbands (Debbie and John in Ohio; Sandy and Terry in Suffolk) and one son and his wife (Gary and Fay in New York), along with numerous grandchildren and great grandchildren.

As a club volunteer, for many years, she went above and beyond, and will be fondly remembered by all who knew her.

About a dozen years ago she moved to Ohio to be with family there but returned to Tidewater every year or so to visit us. She attended the club's 40th Anniversary celebration 2 years ago and basked, one last time, in the good company of her trail club friends.

The Trail Club and its members held a special place in her heart, and she asked that any memorial contributions in her honor be directed to the Club (Tidewater Appalachian Trail Club / P.O. Box 8246, Norfolk, Va., 23503).

A Memorial Hike, for family and friends to celebrate her life, will be held Saturday, June 28, 2014, at First Landing (formerly Seashore) State Park, in Virginia Beach; meeting time 10:45 a.m., at the Visitors Center (on the south side of Shore Drive). There will possibly be a June 29 rain date, if needed, same time and place. After the hike those interested will gather for lunch at C.W. Shuckers Restaurant, about 2 miles west of the park, also on Shore Drive.

There will be a sign up sheet for the hike, and eating out, at the June meeting. Call Bob Adkisson (627-5514) for any additional information, or to get your name on the list if you can't make the meeting.

In Remembrance of Marilyn Horvath



Photos provided by Marilyn's Son; Sandy Horvath

Bob Adkisson

Memories of Marilyn Horvath

My first memory of Marilyn is easy to remember, and it marks a very important moment in my life: as a new and sort of reluctant club member, the first time I went up to work on the TATC Cabin (on a chilly weekend in mid-November, 1979), I got a ride to the Blue Ridge Mountains with Hugo and Marilyn Horvath. It was my first time meeting either of them, and the ride had been arranged by former club president Jacque Jenkins. Besides being the head cook, chief wrangler, and all around champion and promoter of the project, one of Jacque's other chores was matching up people who needed a ride with those that had space and were willing.

I'd just the week before turned 26, and had all through 1979 been hearing about the construction of the cabin, the monthly work trips. I'd seen a few photos of some of the early work. But all that year it seemed like I had too many things going on, was distracted, and for some reason the idea of it just didn't "fire my imagination" or interest.

About 10 p.m. that Friday night, when we arrived at the parking area in the small meadow at White Rock Gap, I shouldered my pack and was ready to hike the half mile in to the worksite (at this point there was no cabin, just a foundation, an outhouse, some campsites, and the access trail). But of course another rider and myself were going to wait for the Horvath's to get their gear sorted and their packs in place; we'd hike in together. But it soon became apparent that there was a problem - they'd each assumed the other was going to put their sleeping bags in the trunk, and neither had! They were at home, still in the closet.

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No sleeping bags on this cold night– that just wasn't going to work.

Fortunately there was another club member there in the meadow, getting her gear in order. To the best of my memory, this was also my first time meeting Margaret Crate. In a few minutes her husband Harold came walking up to join the group (Harold, I was to discover, was the chief architect of the cabin).

The Crates quickly came up with a generous solution to the problem of the 2 missing, and desperately needed, sleeping bags– instead of tenting out with the rest of us, Harold and Margaret would stay there in the meadow, inside their Chevy Suburban, using sleeping bag liners and some blankets to stay warm; the Horvath's got to borrow and use their sleeping bags both nights.

It all worked out, and soon we were walking off into the dark woods.

Saturday dawned clear and cool, revealed 3 dozen club members present and eager to get to work. And one thing was clear– working would help keep you warm! Harold, assistant architect Otey Shelton, and Cabin Committee Head Ray Levesque assigned any number of jobs and chores, pointed out tools, gave instructions and guidance. It was actually fun, and we accomplished things.

Surrounded mostly by people the same age as my parents (everyone I've named so far), I fell right into this family of club members that, over the next few years, was to build the Douglas Putman Cabin - a close knit group that made that dream come true.

I immediately fell in love with the idea and the promise and the camaraderie of the cabin. It was something that would change my life.

And, it began with Marilyn and Hugo sharing their car for the long ride up there, hiking into the woods with them, sleeping on the side of a mountain in the middle of nowhere.

Turns out that Hugo had had quite enough of living rough and going without– as a young man, about 35 years earlier, he'd served in WW II in Italy. I wouldn't see him much over the years, but the irrepressible Marilyn was everywhere in the club. She led countless hikes, many of them on different sections of the Appalachian Trail, both in Virginia and neighboring states. She went on at least a few caving trips, led by former club president Charlie Gillie (though I heard there were times she was petrified by the dark and cramped spaces). I am not sure I was there on that specific trip (led by Otey Shelton), but I've seen a photo of Marilyn bravely rappelling off of the 100 foot cliffs atop Old Rag Mountain.

And then there are the canoe trips – just 2 years after my first visit to the cabin, I learned about a club excursion to Algonquin Provincial Park, in Ontario, organized by Jacque and the Crates. I was sort of a last minute addition to the group, accepted only because Marilyn didn't have a paddling partner. Turns out it was a 2 week trip altogether, with 7 nights spent out on the lakes and rivers of this huge, wild and wondrous park.

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I have to say (and I think Marilyn would have agreed) that of the 12 people on this trip, traveling about 75 miles in 6 canoes, the two of us had the most fun together. I think we were both cut from the same cloth, had the same spirit of adventure and complete love of nature. The first day all of us saw a bear eating berries along the shore of a lake. The 2nd day we all passed by a huge moose standing in a marshy section of a river. The 3rd night I was sleeping out in the open, near Marilyn's tent, when we heard some animal close to us. She passed her flashlight out to me and I pointed it at the source of the noise – a raccoon climbing up a nearby tree.

It was on the 5th day she and I diverted from the group early in the morning (none of them wanted to add a quarter of a mile of paddling in order to see an old logging camp); we spent maybe 15 minutes looking for and finding the alligator that was mentioned on the park map (the 'alligator' was actually a long abandoned piece of logging machinery, left there at the edge of a flowery meadow). We took some photos and then hurried to catch up to the group.

At the end of the trip, at an ice cream shop we'd all been thinking about the whole time we were in the wilderness, she bought me a large sundae - to thank me for all the times I saved her from getting her feet wet when getting in or out of the canoe; I'd simply scoop her up in my arms and place her in the bow seat. There were 3 married couples on the trip, and none of them acted so silly, or got treated to such chivalry!

About 10 years later I led what I think was the longest canoe trip ever offered to the members of our club– a continuous 104 mile paddle down part of Craig Creek and the upper James River. Only 3 others signed up to go on the trip with me, and Marilyn was the only one I really knew. It was an eventful trip, the main reason being the 35 year old man I'd allowed to come along– he was an inexperienced canoeist, but also immature, at times unable to handle himself or a few minor challenges. He insisted Marilyn ride in the bow seat of his canoe and help steady him. Marilyn let me know she didn't really want to play that role – she enjoyed paddling with me and felt safer riding in my boat. But she was the brave soldier and rode with him the first full day on the river. The 2nd day we made the switch and she came to my boat, and that worked out well, until the man ran into a tree and turned over. Then he refused to get back in his boat, with or without Marilyn - he insisted on riding in my boat!

It seemed the only way to get us moving down the river again was to have Marilyn paddle his boat solo while he rode in the bow of mine.

I don't think she'd ever been in a canoe by herself before, but this seemed like the only solution, at least that afternoon; she saw that and was game to try. It was an easy river, though at times there were strong currents and some tight turns. I told her to stay close behind me and I talked her through the fast water, pointed out the few obstacles, and told her how to avoid them. She did fine and I was both proud of her and thankful.

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The next day, at the halfway point of the trip, the 4th person in our group (an older man, in his own canoe, who mostly kept to himself the whole trip) decided to stop, camp in a cow pasture, and wait for us to come pick him up when we were done.

Now on the wider, slower James River, we got the younger man back in his canoe, paddling solo, and Marilyn again rode with me. Two days and about 50 miles farther along, we reached the take out. At least we had perfect weather all 5 days of the trip, and good water.

I remember Marilyn attending many cabin work trips – in Margaret Crate’s book of photographs there is a shot of Marilyn carrying in the long roof boards, one at a time, from where they’d been dropped off at the “turn around spot” along the access road.

Once, on a Sunday afternoon coming back to Tidewater from a cabin work trip, Marilyn and I had no choice but to ride in the back of Bill Newsom’s small pickup truck, which at least had a camper shell on it to protect us from the cold wind. It wasn’t the most comfortable or civilized way to get from the mountains to Norfolk, but we made do, found a couple of spots among the tools and packs and let the miles pass on by.

I also remember one rainy night, not long after we got the roof on the cabin– about a dozen of us were lying side by side in our sleeping bags on the floor of the loft. A couple of minutes after the lantern was turned off, Marilyn spontaneously started reciting from memory a long poem by Robert Service, about Alaska and walking through a snowy wilderness. After maybe 5 minutes Harold gently asked her to stop– everyone was tired and it was time to go to sleep he said.

I went on a couple of Marilyn’s hikes in the mountains– once to Green Pond and into the St Mary’s River Wilderness, and once on the A.T., heading south from the Dragon’s Tooth area. On the A.T. hike, to get back to the trailhead where we’d started, she did what you might say was her trademark move - on Sunday morning she and one of the men on the hike (I think it was the always affable Dewey Phelps) hitch-hiked back to fetch two cars; this was about 15 or maybe 20 miles, on gravel and lightly traveled county roads. I am sure they offered to pay the first person that stopped a couple of dollars to get them all the way back to the cars.

I can’t think of anyone else in the club that would even consider doing this, but that was Marilyn– optimistic, adventurous, knowing it would all work out in the end.

Marilyn loved the club cabin, and once it was built and open for rental use by members, she led many weekend trips there. She talked it up at club meetings and got many new members interested in it. Even if she didn’t rent the cabin for the weekend, if she led an overnight hike in the area she’d drop by on Sunday morning to show it off to people. And she shared it with her family– her 3 grown children and several grandkids have spent many memorable nights there together (even Hugo came up and enjoyed himself). Her family is one of several within the club where 3 generations have spent time under the roof of this simple but exceptional cabin.

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Perhaps Marilyn is best remembered getting up at club meetings and talking about a trip she'd just led. She'd describe the hike, and how not everything happened the way the group would have wanted it to, but always, always, she'd end the story with the phrase, "but we all had a really good time!" That was her real trademark move, her philosophy.

She was a great friend that I had the good fortune to know for many years. Our last hike together was at James River State Park in October of 2013; she and her new fiancé Don Swift joined my wife and I, and about half a dozen more club members, at an extra large cabin there. It was one of many special times we spent together, in pursuit of beauty and adventure in the heart of nature.

Rebecca Young

Greetings from Rebecca in Alaska!

Thank you for letting me know of the passing of Marilyn Horvath...

I went on my very first trip to the cabin with her as the leader... It was just after the group who got stranded at the cabin following a big snowfall; I remember hearing the story of what happened and when I awoke in the middle of the night to find it was snowing. I woke up Marilyn and asked her if she thought maybe we needed to leave? She did.

I did several week-long section hikes of the Appalachian trail with her and a few other women plus Dan, our token male. My favorite was our hike of North Carolina and Max Meadows. I will attach a few photos of our hikes in a separate email

Marilyn was always calm and upbeat, no matter what happened... I often mention her when I talk about my section hikes of the AT. and will always miss her.

Karl Price:

We were out on the trail after a heck of a rain storm and trying to get to a place to spend the night camping. Marilyn was just ahead of me mucking through all the mud. Suddenly she disappeared! I glanced down and saw the back of a huge back pack and a couple of legs sticking out. I grabbed the back pack and pulled her up and had quite a laugh which she didn't really appreciate but she couldn't see this head-to-toe mud-covered elf! She eventually forgave me and I will always remember that hike.

(Continued ...)

Sandra Canepa:

I was fortunate enough to have met Marilyn Horvath on only, sadly, two occasions. The last time was when she and Don, shortly before their marriage, attended a TATC Maintenance weekend in the mountains. For that reason, I have to "assume" they both then were in their mid-80's but you never would have guessed. They just sparkled that evening, Marilyn greeting dear close TATC friends, meeting the newer TATC members who were anxious to meet her (I was one), and, of course, proudly introducing "her Don" to all of us. She was in her element, and Don was right there with her. And, although I am not sure, I believe they even tent camped that weekend. Yes, Marilyn was the epitome of TATC membership, support and dedication. The example she set is one all ATC members should try to follow.



Marilyn Horvath at the 'turn around' spot; for the Cabin



**Summit of Max Patch September 1998
Photo from Rebecca Young**



**Mountain Mamma's NC
October 1998
Photo from Rebecca Young**



**July 2000 Clingmans Dome NC - Jane, Mary Jo, Florence,
Judy, our shuttle driver, and Marilyn – Photo from Rebecca Young**

Bill Newsom

By Bob Adkisson

Bill A. Newsom, Jr., age 90, died November 19, 2020 in Florida.

In 1972, Bill was a founding member of TATC; he later became a Life Member of the club, was a real cornerstone in the construction of the Douglas Putman Cabin, and, once rental use began, for almost 10 years he was the first head of the Cabin Committee as well as the rental officer.

There are probably only a handful of us today in the club who remember Bill because many years ago, after he retired from his job at NASA Langley (in 1985), he spent several years dedicated to caring for his elderly mother, and then, with her passing, he moved away; leaving his beloved native town of Norfolk, he followed his heart south.

Twenty years an active club member, involved in every aspect of the TATC cabin, in 1992 Bill moved to the small town of Apopka, Florida (just north of Orlando), to live with his long time friend and fellow club member, Jacque Jenkins (Jacque, a former club president and life member, also played a pivotal role in the building of the club cabin but, after about 7 years of work she was drawn to Florida to be near her adult daughter and grandchildren. Jacque passed away in January, 2018).

There were 5 club members most involved in designing the club cabin, supervising the work, ordering materials, and spearheading other aspects of getting the cabin built, 5 core people that dedicated vast amounts of time and effort to see it through-- from just an idea to completion. These people were: Jacque and Bill, Harold and Margaret Crate, and Otey Shelton.

Bill was the last surviving member of this group, and with his passing a page in the history of the club is turned.

Every club member who visits and enjoys time at our club's wonderful stone cabin high on the side of a mountain in Nelson County owes these 5 people a debt of gratitude. They deserve to be well remembered and honored for all they contributed.

(Continued ...)



Bill Newsom measuring door sill of the cabin. He was one of a handful of people that came on a majority of the cabin work trips. Bill was exceptional in that he wasn't retired.

I was fortunate enough to know and work with all 5 of these great club members-- all of them a generation older than me. I experienced many long hours of work with them at the cabin (and on our section of the Appalachian Trail), rode back and forth to the mountains with them countless times, shared meals and mud and bugs and all sorts of weather with them, had many adventures with them on many trails and rivers.

I was lucky, and at the time I knew I was lucky-- to have found the club and these people (and other club members) that were so kind and generous and adventurous, who let me share this corner of their world, accepted me with open arms. My life was made infinitely better for having known them. I thank them all.

Bill and I were very different people-- besides being 23 years apart in age-- but I remember many hours standing beside him at the mortar box, the two of us wielding long handled hoes, mixing mortar and filling 5 gallon buckets for Otey and the rock laying crew high up on the jury rigged scaffolding at each end of the cabin. He was a highly educated engineer who worked for NASA in the wind tunnels, doing all sorts of technical research on military aircraft design, while I was a long haired college drop-out who worked the night shift in a wine warehouse, saving money for my next big trip. One of us a rock solid conservative with all sorts of responsibilities, one a carefree liberal.

That was another great thing I noticed about the club and the work we did, how different people came together from all walks of life to rub shoulders and get the job done, building a community, sharing their love for it all.

(Continued ...)

Bill was also different from the other core group who came on almost every cabin weekend work trip in one very important aspect - they were all recently retired (or, in Otey's case, self employed and semi-retired), while Bill still had to get up early every Monday morning, drive to Hampton and go to work. I remember him speaking up about that in the spring of 1982 when we put in a lot of extra time (I think we made the long drive to the cabin and back 4 weekends in a row that April, and on Sundays we even worked until about 2 in the afternoon) to get the cabin ready for the Dedication Ceremony early that May-- a Dedication attended by members of the Putman family and many invited guests.

Besides the cabin work trips with Bill and the others, there was one very memorable canoe trip - in August of 1981 Jacque and the Crates organized a week-long paddle in Ontario's Algonquin Provincial Park, about 200 miles north of Toronto. There were 12 of us altogether, in 6 rental canoes, and we paddled and portaged about 75 miles through any number of lakes, rivers and bogs. The first day we saw a bear close up, on the shore of a lake, the 2nd day we passed by a huge moose feeding in a bog. I had never paddled on lakes or in such a wilderness before. I don't think Bill had either. There were times I thought he looked far out of his element or comfort zone, but he smiled and gritted his way through it.

I visited Bill and Jacque in Florida 4 times over the years, mailed them TATC calendars every December, wrote and spoke with them on the phone a few times a year. They kept up with club events, read their newsletters, came back to Virginia at least once to visit the cabin they'd both worked so hard to build.

I also mailed Bill a long newspaper article a few years ago, a series about the history of NASA Langley. After getting out of the military, he worked there from 1958 until 1985 and, though rarely speaking much about it, he was very proud of the job he did. He recently sent me photos of himself at work and wrote about some of the things he did there. I'm sure some of the work he did was classified. I include one or two photos that he sent, plus one of him at the trail club cabin.

The last thing I sent him was a recent article from the Virginian Pilot newspaper about the book and movie Hidden Figures, which of course is based on actual events that took place at NASA Langley. Turns out he had an at least passing acquaintance with one of the women featured in the film (the aspiring engineer Mary Jackson, played by actress Janelle Monae).

I was informed of Bill's death by one of his long time, loyal neighbors, a woman who he'd asked to be the executor of his will (I believe I briefly met her on one of my last visits). She said Bill was doing well right up till the end, bothered only by poor circulation in his legs that kept him from getting out much. The cause of death was heart failure (nothing COVID-19 related). His last wish was to be buried in Norfolk, in a family plot alongside his mother and father. She sent me a copy of the obituary he wrote for himself, which I include here:

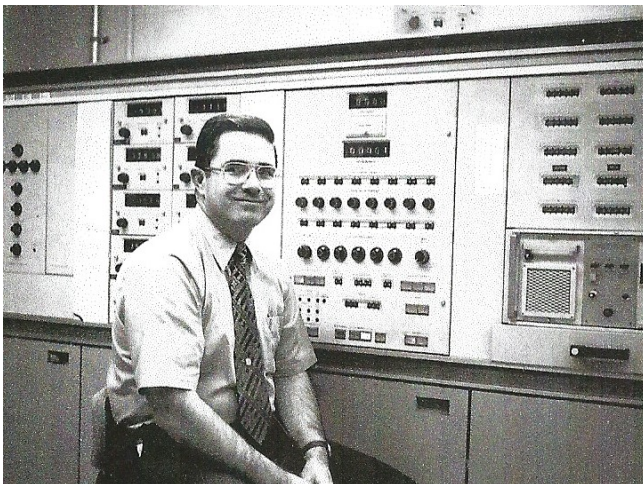
(Continued ...)

“Newsom, William A, Jr. Age 90. Died Nov. 19, 2020. He was a native of Norfolk, Virginia and the son of William A. Newsom and Lucy Russell Newsom. After graduation from M.F. Maury High School and Virginia Polytechnic Institute, he was recruited to be employed at the Langley Research Center of NACA which in 1958 was merged with other technical facilities to form NASA. His work at LRC was the study of Dynamic Stability and Controllability using the Free-Flight-Model Technique. During his period of employment, the configurations studied varied from unique designs of STOL and VTOL ideas to the development of all military designs such as the F-4, F-14, F-15, F-16 and F-18 fighter planes as well as the B-1 and B-2 bombing planes.

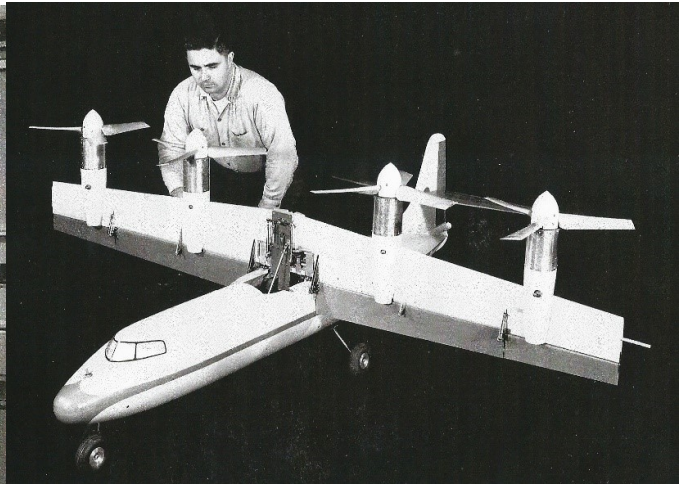
His military service consisted of 5 years as an Aviation Ordnanceman while a member of VMF -233 U.S.M.C.R. and 2 years as a member of the faculty of the Artillery School U.S. Army [the latter assignment was at Fort Sill, OK] He was a charter member of the Tidewater Appalachian Trail Club and a Life Member of the N.R.A. with a primary interest in long-range rifle marksmanship.

He was preceded in death by his beloved younger sister Carolyn N. Ferris of Yorktown, Virginia.”

One final thing I remember Bill telling me when I visited him in Florida: he grew up in what sounded like a neighborhood of modest homes in Norfolk, along Killam Ave. just east of Hampton Blvd, near what is now an ever-expanding part of ODU. He told me how, as a teenager, in the mid to late 1940's, he'd carry his hunting rifle onto a city bus, ride to South Norfolk, transfer to another bus going into some rural part of Chesapeake, then spend the day alone in the woods and fields, hunting or target shooting. At day's end he'd ride the bus back home. Neither he, the bus drivers, or apparently the passengers thought twice about a teenager carrying a rifle on the bus. But, years later, to me he marveled about such a thing not raising a single eyebrow, being perfectly acceptable.



Bill Newsom - Wind-Tunnel Jockey



Bill Newsom - 1957 - First Project

In Remembrance of Margaret Emily Crate

September 6, 1921 - April 25, 2020

A collection of memories from her friends in the Tidewater Appalachian Trail Club



[Editor's Note: Margaret, and her husband Harold Crate, were extremely influential members of the early days of the TATC, although not original "founding members". I have kept intact the stories as submitted to me by their authors, retaining their voice and style, with only minor editing - Mal Higgins]

Here is an excerpt from the obituary for Margaret appearing in the Daily Press on April 27, 2020.

<https://www.legacy.com/obituaries/dailypress/obituary.aspx?pid=196081468>

"Their hobbies were numerous, and their interests varied; late in life they spent many years traveling extensively throughout the United States, Canada and Europe. A love of outdoor activity led to her and Harold's active participation in the Tidewater Appalachian Trail Club camping, hiking, canoeing, climbing, and making friends. They were instrumental in the construction of the Putman Cabin . . . in use by [TATC] club members today."

[The following Remembrance first appeared as an anonymously authored newsletter article in the December 1990 - January 1991 TATC newsletter. It is believed that the author is Jeanne Everitt, the newsletter editor at the time. Here is the link to the original full newsletter, <https://drive.google.com/file/d/1jMozvM1gtF5rjxX1sr3jg-5eKimkdSbA/view> found online at the TATC website: <https://tidewateratc.com/> . - Mal Higgins]

(Continued ...)

YOU KNOW WHO I MEAN!

By Anonymous; perhaps Jeanne Everitt

When you talk about this couple, it is not easy to separate one from the other. Now, that is not to indicate they are clones. Rather, it attests to their support of each other in their mutual and separate interests.

Neither is it easy to get to a beginning point with this duo for they joined the TATC and immediately became an active part of the core of a major project. They continue to devote a large portion of their energies to our activities yet have many interests outside the Club as well.

When they "found" the TATC, they were very quick to state, "We aren't joiners!" and along with that said they probably wouldn't attend meetings. However, they wanted to hike with others.

Nevertheless, for some reason, they did attend a meeting shortly after that. And, Margaret said they "haven't missed a meeting since".

Their first, and a continuing, involvement with the Club was with the construction of the cabin. Harold, who had gained basic construction know-how by observing his father, arrived on the scene in time to draw up the floor plan for this 1-1/2 story structure and to help choose the hillside site.

Margaret recorded on film the hard work and the play, the sunshine and the snow, the people and the materials - all the necessary ingredients for a solid building. Presently, she has three scrapbooks which follow the birth and maturation of this project to include current maintenance trips.

Both continue to support cabin maintenance. They also help with the annual open house which adds a delicious feast to this beautiful mountain retreat.

Photography is another interest which Margaret and Harold share - Margaret taking pictures; Harold developing them. So, it is not surprising that Margaret has recorded and continues to maintain the history of the Club through photographs of day hikes, canoe trips, picnics and parties.

In addition to Margaret's role as historian, Harold has been a counsellor. They have served as social directors and also have led rappelling trips. Margaret was "older" when she first rappelled off a picnic table in their back yard and said she never would have dreamed of rappelling when she was young and had more sense.

(Continued ...)

It is difficult to imagine the TATC without Margaret and Harold Crate. Yet they traveled to Boone, NC, to find us. There, at an Appalachian Trail Conference, they met some of our members.

It was their enjoyment of the outdoors and subsequent search for a hiking group which took them to the Conference, and it was out of the pleasant memories of a 6-week family vacation that that enjoyment grew.

Anyone who has fun tenting with three teen-age sons while crossing the US has got to have lots of enduring characteristics! Seriously, Margaret assured me tenting came naturally to them, and they followed that trip with shorter outings to the Shenandoah National Park and to PATC cabins.

Margaret is a native to this area. Harold came to the peninsula in '42 from the University of Illinois and worked until retirement as an engineer at NASA. The teen-agers are adults now. David lives on the peninsula and Jeff in Christiansburg. Steven and his wife live in Blacksburg and are members of the Club.



Margaret Crate at the TATC Cabin

In Remembrance of Jacqueline P. Jenkins

January 1, 1928 - December 12, 2016



A collection of memories from her friends in the Tidewater Appalachian Trail Club.

Compiled by Mal Higgins

[Editor's Note: Jacque (also often referred to as "Jackie") was an extremely influential member of the early days of the TATC, although not an original "founding member". She was president of TATC during the calendar year 1977, serving one term. Those of us who contribute below knew her from so many times together. She was a mover and a shaker in the club, as you will read. Of course, this is but a small part of her life, and told only from our narrow window of TATC activities. I have kept the stories as submitted to me by their authors, retaining their voice and style, with only minor editing.]

Biographical information: Jacque was born in Lynchburg, Virginia. We knew Jacque as the first woman TATC president in 1977. Jacque is survived by her companion, Bill Newsom, one of the original founders of TATC, and two children, Laurie Holmes and Scott Jenkins.

REESE LUKEI: Jacque was our "camp cook" during the building of the TATC cabin and the construction of the Mau-Har Trail. On one of the early Mau-Har trips Otey Shelton and I captured a very large Timber Rattlesnake that was right in the middle of the trail about 1/4 mile from the Mau-Har cabin (where small stream crosses). We decided that we wanted everyone to get a chance to see the snake so he and I took turns carrying it to the cabin. What to do with it???

The only secure thing we could find to put it in was Jacque's food box, so I emptied it and put the snake in it. Later that day when Jacque and others returned, Otey and I had gone back to work. We had put a big note on the box saying the snake was in the box, but Jacque thought someone was playing a joke on her and opened the box. Jacque exploded!! Boy was she mad. When she learned that I was the one who put the snake in her food box she declared that the only thing I was getting to eat was "grits" which she knew I hated. In the photo files I have turned over to Bob Adkisson are photos of the snake in Jacque's food box as well as Otey and I holding the snake.

(Continued ...)

MARILYN HORVATH: I don't know of any woman through the years who I admired more than I did (Jackie) Jenkins. She was a real mover and shaker.

One of the many restrictions she overcame in the times of the emerging feminism of the 70's was the reluctance of some men to follow orders from a woman, plus the suspicion of the wives of the men of the club when she called to remind them of their promise to help most every monthly weekend in the construction of the cabin. "Who is that woman who keeps calling?" they'd ask and Jackie would have to practically beg to get everyone out to help. She needed in the beginning to round out a small bunch until it got a momentum of its own. She faced some nasty hostility from those who claimed the cabin would bring down the club with liabilities it couldn't handle.

But Jackie, having led many a winter hike with its biting cold, had a vision of having a warm place of our own to come to after a Friday night 200 mile trip, and not have to set our tents in the snow. Plus the pleasure and comfort it provides all the rest of the year. With a dry sense of humor she goaded us along until she completed her project that we all enjoy now, although I've missed her presence each and every time I've enjoyed what she so lovingly provided.

Thank you, Jackie!

MAL HIGGINS: I join other long time members of TATC in lamenting the death of Jacque. Jacque was the first woman president of the club, which today boasts over 400 members, and maintains an 11 mile section of the Appalachian Trail in Nelson County, Virginia. Jacque was instrumental in working with Phyllis Putman, mother of Douglas Putman, who provided the money used by TATC to acquire the land and build TATC's Douglas Putman Memorial Cabin during the years 1979-1983, when major construction was completed. The 15 acres was purchased for \$5,500.00 by deed dated January 3, 1979.

Jacque relentlessly sought and eventually found the ideal spot to buy land and build the cabin - Entry Mountain, 15 acres off the Blue Ridge Parkway in Nelson County. In those days the club met in the parish hall of Church of the Advent, in Ocean View, Norfolk, which was Jacque's church. TATC club members were divided over the wisdom of buying or building a cabin. A cabin committee studied the issue for several years. Opponents feared the "softening" of our hard core mission of maintaining the Appalachian Trail and backpacking. A cabin would be a sacrilege! Others argued that a cabin would be a retreat where members could go after a hard day of working on our section of the A.T. This latter group eventually prevailed by a wide margin in votes taken.

I remember one weekend of September 1978, Jacque, a couple other stalwarts, and I drove over to Nelson County. On September 8, an extremely hot and muggy day, Jacque and I parked in a little meadow some 100 yards off the Blue Ridge Parkway, the site of a demolished cabin from days long ago. We walked an old wagon road deep into the woods to explore the potential 15 acre purchase and along the way found two springs, one of which was identified on a rough sketch. It was important to the decision to buying the land that we verify it had a water source and a well would not have to be drilled. Finding the springs meant getting into the heavy summer growth of all kinds of stuff, and being stupid about poison ivy, I thrashed around with no regard to what I was in.

(Continued ...)

We then drove to the Nelson County courthouse, and I did a title search of the land to determine its past ownership and verify it was lien free. The search went well, and Jacque joined me in reading the old deeds. That chain of title is reported in an article under "Cabin" on the current TATC website, "History on Entry Mountain [Feb. /Mar. 1982 Newsletter]" That night, camped out, was when I first learned the meaning of poison ivy!

Jacque also supported innumerable work trips during the construction of the cabin, which kicked off on a weekend in January 1979. On most all of these work trips, Jacque joined the workers, camping out in tents with the club members and acting as "camp cook" to prepare wonderful group meals in the forest over a wood fire and grate. She pitched in with the rough work of hauling wood, stone, and building supplies to the site.

By spring 1982, the Club had the cabin built sufficiently with walls and roof (though at the time with a dirt floor, no shingles over the roof, no stove, no shutters, and no front porch; all these refinements were yet to come). Jacque, who was an artist, presented several of us, with tiny coffee mug size ceramic replicas of the cabin, with the cabin dedication date on it of May 7, 1982. I still treasure my cabin replica today.

Later, she provided the same cheerful "camp Mom" support in the early 1980s as TATC built the Mau-Har Trail, an iconic, beautiful side trail along Campbell Creek near the Appalachian Trail. The naming of the trail provoked a controversy among club members. Should it be the Campbell Creek Trail? Or the Mau-Har Trail (a contraction of Maupin Field and Harpers Creek)? As I recall Jacque wanted Campbell Creek Trail, which I too wanted. We voted repeatedly and the votes were tied evenly after several votes. Finally, someone got tired and went home, or changed their vote, and "Mau-Har Trail" prevailed.

Jacque was popular with her fellow club members and always ready to add encouragement and fun to any situation. The club was sad when she moved to Florida in the late 1980s, and her legacy in TATC will long be remembered.

[Editor's Note: The below remembrance of Deborah Putman is via an email received by Bob Adkisson. Deborah is the daughter of Phyllis Putman, donor of the money used to buy the cabin land and build the cabin, and the sister of Douglas Lee Putman, after whom the cabin is named in his honor.]

DEBORAH PUTMAN: Jacque was a key figure in helping us build a true memorial to my brother Doug, who hiked and camped on the Appalachian Trail, sometime with and sometime without fellow hikers and campers. Doug lived a very full but much too short life in his 24 years, and I'm sure he is looking down on this cabin and the Tidewater Appalachian Trail Club with great pride and appreciation for those who support the dreams of the hikers, campers, and explorers of nature, who only ask for a safe place to rest as they try to commune with nature.

(Continued ...)

ROBERT ADKISSON:

PART ONE: [Robert Adkisson] Rescued by a stranger. . . .

I remember well the first time I met Jacque Jenkins-- it was in November of 1977, as I attended my first meeting of the TATC.

I had just turned 24, had just, the week before, completed the last in a series of section hikes to finally (over four years time) finish the entire Appalachian Trail. I'd also just become acquainted with a member of the club, who told me where and when the meeting would be; I thought I'd go and check it out (this club member had to work late that night, wouldn't be arriving until maybe halfway thru the meeting).

Unfortunately, I myself arrived about 10 minutes after the meeting started, found myself pushing open a door to a large meeting hall, stepping in front of a room with about 60 to 80 people in it-- a room full of complete strangers. And, it seemed like every eye in that room left the speaker on the stage and turned to stare at me. Having just spent a month on a nearly deserted Appalachian Trail, seeing and talking to almost no one, and being a fairly introverted, private person anyway, my instinct was to turn around and run.

Instead, like a deer caught in the headlights of a speeding truck, I just stood there, trying to decide what to do.

[Editor's Note: The following description of the meeting place is the parish hall of Church of the Advent, on Norfolk Avenue, in Ocean View. Jacque was a member and arranged for the club to use the space, which continued for many years.]

The entrance door was, like I said, near the front corner of a rectangular room. A low stage was immediately to my left, with a man behind a lectern addressing the group. There were rows and rows of folding chairs, all filled with people; there was a walkway at each side of the room, and a central aisle as well. I wanted (I *needed*) to get to the back of the room, out of the line of fire of all those inquiring eyes, to sit in anonymity and safety, but I dared not cross in front of anyone to get to the middle aisle. I noticed that the walkway along the wall nearest me was half blocked by several people, people who preferred to stand, or lean against the wall, rather than take a seat. I didn't want to walk between them and the speaker either. All paths seemed blocked, and I didn't know what to do, so I just stood there.

I couldn't help but notice an empty seat right in front of me, in the front row, beside a well-coiffed woman I judged to be in her early 50's (a woman about the age of my own mother). Surely the seat had been claimed by someone else-- it probably belonged to the man on stage-- and I didn't presume to sit there, or even ask about it.

Before I knew what was happening the woman half rose to her feet, took me by the hand, and pulled me down beside her. She'd reached out and saved me! A feeling of gratitude and security washed over me. I felt forever indebted to her.

(Continued ...)

A few minutes later, during a brief lull in the talk, or a quick change in speakers, the woman leaned in close and asked me my name; was it the first club meeting I'd attended? Nothing too complicated. I said yes, but I couldn't help blurting out something else-- that I'd just completed hiking the A.T. I guess it was my way of saying I belonged there, I wasn't just some schmuck who'd wandered in off the street (I'd recently heard someone say that there were two types of people who'd hiked the A.T. - those that told everyone they met that they were a thru-hiker, and those that kept it to themselves, who didn't introduce it into every conversation. I definitely felt I was from the latter group, but there I was, desperate to belong, feeling a sudden need to justify walking thru that door).

An hour or so passed. The meeting with all the announcements and talk mostly flowed pleasantly over my head. I was content just sitting there, beside this woman, who herself occasionally got up to speak to the group. She was a club officer, apparently. Eventually I realized she was the club president, and that her name was Jacque Jenkins.

She'd saved me, and I both liked and trusted her. And so I wasn't prepared when, near the end of the meeting, she stood and, in a fashion, betrayed me-- announced to the group that they had a visitor, a first timer, a man who had just hiked the entire A.T. I had to stand up again, turn and face that crowd of strangers, while they banged their hands together in applause.

I survived it, but barely. I also, eventually, forgave her.

In a couple of years, when I somewhat belatedly fell in with the cabin construction regulars, she became a sort of 2nd mother to me, and I think I a sort of 2nd son to her. We became good if unlikely friends.

I guess you could say, in Hollywood terms, we met cute.

PART TWO: [Robert Adkisson] Good work. . . .

After attending my first club meeting late in November of 1977, several things soon transpired, things of great import (though not everything was immediately apparent to me, and the consequences would stretch on for many years).

Just a few weeks after that meeting, out of the blue, Jacque Jenkins (the club's first female president) received a phone call from Mrs. Phyllis Putman. Four months earlier Mrs. Putman, from northern Virginia, had lost her 24 year old son Douglas in a car accident. She was calling to see if our club would be interested in building a cabin (or some type of shelter for hikers) as a memorial to her son, with money that she would provide.

Both the Putman family and the many members of our club (both the members at that moment, and people that weren't even born yet but would one day become members) are so lucky that it was Jacque who took that call. Things would not have turned out as they did had it been a different person.

(Continued ...)

I think it is fair to say that Jacque and Mrs. Putman made an immediate personal connection; having a sympathetic ear and a kind heart, Jacque was about the same age as Mrs. Putman, and she too had grown children. Jacque was independent, strong willed, and had a can-do spirit, and, beyond that, she knew that our club had been trying to buy or build a cabin in the mountains (or lease and repair a place) for a couple of years - with little to no success.

She immediately passed the offer on to the club's board - many of whom simply didn't believe, or couldn't grasp, that it was real.

As a counterpoint to this, about 6 weeks later (in January of 1978) Jacque ran for a 2nd term as president, but lost a bitterly contested race - lost to a man about half her age, one who opposed the club's idea of having a cabin (he considered himself a purist, even eschewed using a tent when camping out).

Fortunately, the cabin idea had enough support and momentum that, after considerable deliberation, in July the club voted, overwhelmingly, to accept Mrs. Putman's generous offer. Soon after that, with Jacque among the search party, a suitable piece of land was scouted out and purchased and, just 13 months after that fateful phone call, construction began on the Douglas Lee Putman Memorial Cabin.

Disappointed to have lost the election, Jacque did not give up on the club or her place in it - she stayed involved in numerous ways, and threw herself into the cabin project. An excellent and resourceful cook, she took it upon herself to go on just about every cabin work trip for the next seven years, preparing delicious and filling meals for the work crews over an open fire (or in a Dutch oven). The first four years the work crews camped out, ate beneath tarps, sitting on stumps or crude benches, buffeted by icy winds or summer heat.

Jacque was the head cheerleader of the cabin project, its tireless champion, the person who endlessly phoned members and tried to persuade them to drive 200 miles, one way, to work in all types of weather, doing all sorts of bone wearying work. One work trip every month, for seven years. Some people joked her, sometimes called it 'Jacque's Cabin'-- because she worked so hard to promote it, worked so hard feeding the workers, worked so hard doing whatever chores needed to be done. She took it as a compliment.

She did herself proud, and would later say that, other than her two children, the cabin project was the biggest and best thing she was ever involved in.

Anyone who ever enjoys time at the cabin owes her a great debt of gratitude, for she is one of a handful of people that most made it happen, that put their heart and soul into it for an extended period of time.

And then, almost ironically, once the project was nearing completion, she was one of several long time cabin workers that moved far away, and would hardly ever see it again (Jacque's daughter married in the mid-1980's, moved to Florida, and soon had children of her own; as much as she loved the cabin, and all of her many Trail Club friends, for Jacque the pull of family was greater, and she went south with tears, but without regrets).

(Continued ...)

As a lifetime club member (something she was quite proud of), she kept up with the club over the years, and both my wife and I made a point of visiting her several times in Florida. She was a wonderful and generous host, always glad to see us, happy to hear about the club and its members, and about how the cabin was faring. Besides her family, in Florida she returned to her great interest in art, at which she was very talented, and she continued to travel, though no more hard bunks or camping out for her-- it was mostly cruises, where other people cooked her meals.

I feel a special debt of gratitude to Jacque because it was the cabin project that drew me into the club, and the club has proven to be such a big part of my life. I will never forget the year 1981, when I went on every cabin work trip, including ones in April and October that lasted 9 nights each. Several times I rode to or from the mountains with Jacque, and the fact that I threw myself into the work, made the project a priority in my life, forever endeared me to her.

Besides the cabin work though, there were fun trips too, like the two week canoe trip Jacque organized in the summer of 1981, all the way up in Ontario's Algonquin Provincial Park - it was my first experience paddling on lakes, portaging from lake to lake, and seeing moose (and bear) from the seat of a canoe. All the people on the trip were cabin workers, and, as Marilyn Horvath would always say (she was my canoe partner on this trip) -- 'all of us had a wonderful time!'

Thank you, Jacque. You did good.

PART THREE: [Robert Adkisson] Jacque handed me the keys. . . .

[When the TATC cabin construction began in 1979,] Jacque assigned herself the thankless job of phoning club members, month after month, year after year, trying to get people to come up and work on the cabin project. But, as intent she was to get the cabin built, and keep her promise to the Putman family, there were sometimes more important things too - like friends and family.

In April of 1982, with the promised Cabin Dedication only a month away, and so much work to do, something came up that showed this other side of Jacque.

It was an extended, spring-time cabin work trip—nine nights total: back to back weekends and, for those that were retired (or who took a week off from their real jobs), the five weekdays in between. Twenty three people came that first weekend and a lot of work was accomplished-- nailing roof boards into place, mixing mortar and laying rock on the inside of the fireplace, general cleanup work and preparation for the Dedication, etc. I was staying all nine nights but, without a trustworthy car, I had gotten a ride up with someone.

Sunday, after dinner, with only a handful of people staying over for the mid-week work, Harold Crate returned to his home in Newport News to complete something for the cabin. The plan was for him to drive back with it early Tuesday morning and meet Jacque in Waynesboro; they'd buy some supplies together and then return to the cabin. Margaret Crate was, like me, one of about half a dozen people staying on at the cabin, continuing the work.

(Continued ...)

But when Jacque went into town Tuesday morning Harold wasn't there to meet her; instead, somehow, she got word that on Monday night, because of concerns about an irregular heartbeat, he had checked himself into Riverside hospital, near his home.

She returned to the cabin and reported the news to Margaret, who of course wanted to immediately go and be with her husband (but she had no vehicle). One club member was getting ready to head home to Virginia Beach, and Jacque asked him to give Margaret a ride. He had plans though—to stop and visit friends in Charlottesville first

With the keys to her car in hand, Jacque turned to me and asked if I would mind driving Margaret back to Newport News. I was more than glad to do this, to be of help; within a few minutes Margaret was packed and the two of us headed out in Jacque's car. I dropped her off at the hospital, turned around, and drove the 180 miles back to the cabin. I see in the Golden Book we kept about cabin construction that Jacque wrote I returned about 7:30 that evening.

Work on the cabin was important, but the friends doing that work were more important. We were very much like a family; we cared for each other. I was so glad to be a part of it, to be taken in, trusted and valued; to be working together towards a common goal, with so many good people. What a privilege!

PART FOUR: [Robert Adkisson] Louisa Ferncliff. . . .

Did we work long and hard building the Trail Club cabin? You bet. Did we also have fun? Even more.

Heck, among all that work, and countless hours on the road driving back and forth to the mountains, we somehow found time to invent a person (also a possible lover and love child) -- almost a whole 'life and times' story book.....

Her name was Louisa Ferncliff.

To be honest, I can't rightfully say who invented what, or when it all began exactly, but quite a bit of it originated with Jacque as she tried to explain to neighbors and friends where it was she disappeared to at least one weekend a month, what she was doing and who she was hanging out with. First she tried the truth-- she was helping build a primitive cabin on the side of a mountain in Nelson County, Virginia; she was tenting out in all sorts of weather, all four seasons of the year; she was cooking over a fire, getting water from a spring, using an outhouse; she wasn't getting paid a dime; she was working with several close friends and any number of people she hardly knew - the more the merrier!

To look at Jacque at any other time or any other place, you'd be hard pressed to think she was the kind of woman interested in, or capable of, such hardy and unlikely activities, and some of her neighbors and friends from church weren't entirely convinced.

(Continued ...)

One day on her way to the cabin, driving up the nearly deserted stretch of Interstate 64 between Richmond and Charlottesville, she noticed a sign at exit 143. The big green sign read: Louisa Ferncliff. Louisa is a small, pleasant town, the county seat of Louisa County, just a few miles north of the Interstate. Ferncliff, on the other hand, is lucky to even be recognized as a place, since it seems to consist of only a couple of houses and one crossroads convenience store, located just to the south at the intersection of routes 208 and 250. But, to Jacque, it sounded like a name, the name of a person, perhaps a long lost relative of hers (Jacque had, after all, grown up in nearby Lynchburg).

Louisa Ferncliff soon became a family member that she went to visit once a month or so-- or so she began to tell home-bound skeptics back in the city. She shared her invention with others in the club, including me, since I rode to the mountains with her several times a year. We began to imagine Louisa in various ways, but most often as a well-to-do but at least slightly wayward woman, a woman of high pedigree and refinement with a bit of gypsy eccentricity about her. Perhaps she imbibed a bit, or at least had a moonshine still at the back of her property (sort of like the two ding bat / charming spinster sisters in the TV show *The Waltons*).

Soon we noticed that Louisa Ferncliff had a male suitor, one Yancey Mills. He also lived just off the Interstate, at exit 107-- within sight of the Blue Ridge Mountains, and with his own big green sign. A year or two after their apparent affair began there was a possible love child: Shannon Hill, who lived just a few exits east of Louisa Ferncliff. (Where did the last name Hill come from, we wondered aloud). This was all great fun, an inside joke we shared, something to help pass the miles, and smile about around the nightly campfire.

Sometimes no one would mention Louisa for months, and then one of us would come out with something funny that Louisa had done, and we'd all get a big kick out of it. A few of the new folks wondered what or who the heck we were talking about, and we'd have to fill them in on the details. Sometimes they'd look at us as if we were strange, but that was only because they hadn't been on enough cabin work trips yet.

After a year and a half of steady work on the cabin project (something like 20 work trips in a row), mid way thru 1982 I claimed some time for myself, went off on a long bicycle tour of the western U.S. But this trip was different from other long, solo trips I'd taken-- I now had a sort of 2nd family to write home to; met thru our shared work on the cabin, I had many trail club friends to keep informed. This too, like building the cabin, was no chore, but a labor of love, all part of the wonderful camaraderie I'd found.

Towards the end of my nearly 6 month odyssey I made it out to Hawaii which, it turned out, was *not* the highlight of my trip. All sorts of things went wrong in this so-called tropical paradise-- trips to a bike repair shop and a dentist, stranded in the town of Hilo for 4 rainy days and nights over Christmas weekend, shadowy people skulking around my campsites at night, a teenage boy pointing a pellet gun at me, various people cursing at me from passing cars, plus I almost drowned, twice.

(Continued ...)

No joke-- the night of Christmas Eve, in a cramped, sweltering bivy tent near the Hilo airport-- soaking wet and miserable-- I held onto my sanity (by a thread) only by imagining what it was like that very minute at the trail club cabin, back in Nelson County, and wishing more than anything that I was there. Picturing myself there. To survive I also had to dole out promises to myself left and right, short term and long term promises-- things I would do to make up for the hellish spot I found myself in that night in the mosquito filled woods. A long term promise I made to myself was to go to the cabin at the end of the bike trip, spend a couple of weeks there, just taking it easy (that was a promise I found easy to keep).

About a week later, with my bike finally repaired and on the sunny, western side of the Big Island, I went into a gift shop in the town of Kailua-Kona, looking for postcards. Almost immediately my eyes fell upon a greeting card, one with a pastel colored picture on the front. The picture was of an older woman standing with her bike (a bike from about the 1950's), perhaps on a street in Paris. She had an ankle length dress, a large handbag and hat, and, though her face was mostly turned away, I knew instantly: it was Louisa Ferncliff!

I bought the card and, in Louisa's hand, with her voice, I wrote as if she were on my bike trip-- I let her recount some of my latest adventures and travails, let her put her own spin on some of the events. Then I mailed it to my 2nd mom, Jacque.

About 6 weeks later, when I showed up at the February cabin work trip, I think she had the card with her, and she proudly read it aloud to the group. Louisa Ferncliff was back, and as wayward as ever. Sitting around the warmth of the fireplace, we all enjoyed a good laugh.

It wasn't by accident that, before going home to my real family in Norfolk, I stopped at my 2nd home, enjoyed a couple of nights with my 2nd family, there on the side of a mountain in the Blue Ridge.

Years later I was married and, a dozen years after that, we were driving to the cabin. We stopped at exit 143, I got out of the car, and Evelyn took a picture of me standing in front of the LOUISA FERNCLIFF sign. I had a copy made and mailed it to Jacque in faraway Florida. She wrote back and said how much she enjoyed it. We shared a few stories, rumors and speculations, of Louisa's recent activities.

Years after that: now I had a couple of grand kids that I'd shared the cabin with, their first time in such a wondrous place!

And then, one perfect spring day in late April, staying at the cabin by myself for a few nights, I walked out to White Rock Gap to fetch something from my car. Just as I arrived, unlocked the car and started to rummage around for a book or a can of soup, I heard two vehicles drive into the gravel parking lot, pull up just past me, and stop in front of the kiosk the Park Service had recently erected. I glanced over at the two large, nearly identical old luxury automobiles from I guess the 1930's. The windows were rolled up, tinted-- I couldn't see who was in the cars, but then, I already knew, didn't I..... all those years later, it was of course Louisa Ferncliff, still kicking, maybe on her way from a New York penthouse to her new husband's cattle ranch in Texas, taking the scenic route, past the cabin and south along the Parkway.

(Continued ...)

I grabbed my camera, snapped a couple of photos as the cars slowly pulled away. Again I made copies, sent one to Jacque, told her of my latest Louisa Ferncliff sighting. I may have mentioned a scented handkerchief that Louisa had dropped out of the window as her limousine pulled away. She is, I know for sure, out there still.

JIM CRUSE: The main thing I can say about Jacque is that she was always there for anybody who needed help. It has been a lot of years but I don't think I can remember an occasion when she seemed angry about anything, even though she may have disagreed with what was happening. Also, I will always remember her "magic" touch with a wood burning fireplace and her "oven". *[Editor's Note: Jim is referring to a cinderblock outdoor fireplace built for Jacque at the old camp site/cook site with a metal box as an "oven"]* Countless meals were lovingly prepared for the cabin work crews and her cobblers were of the type that made you say "more please".

In addition to the numerous tips she gave me on working around the cabin she also taught me how to look deeper at what was going on around me. "Don't just hike a trail to go from point A to point B, teach yourself to slow down, look at what's around you." Learn to truly see, not just look. Watch for small movements and barely audible sounds that will reveal a new and wondrous world.

One "lesson" she taught me which I have applied often was "don't worry about what others are doing. Learn to be satisfied with what you accomplish. Work to achieve the goal as part of the team."

Even though I had not seen Jacque for many years, she will always be someone I counted as a friend. I list her with others who greatly influenced my life such as Otey Shelton, Lee Hulten, and Harold and Margaret Crate.

EVELYN ADKISSON: When I started going to TATC meetings, the club cabin was still being built. I signed up for a work trip, and that's where I met Jacque. She was outgoing, fun to be with, and confident in the group and herself to get the job done. I kept going on the cabin work trips and had a great time getting to know the members and learning various ways to help with the work. We were woken up early on those work days by Jacque noisily cooking breakfast for all of us. I still wonder how she fixed delicious homemade wheat biscuits, suppers, and desserts on that wood-burning stove. It was smaller than the present one and needed continual wood added to keep the fire going and provide somewhat even heat.

Some Saturday mornings, she and I left the cabin and drove to Stuart's Draft to buy groceries for that night's supper. On those long drives, we talked about everything. She enjoyed people and sharing outdoor activities with them. I learned about her interest in painting and art classes. I remember on one grocery-run telling her that I felt sorry for one of my friends. This friend's father had always told her he wished she had been a boy, and this felt like a weight on her. After maybe 2 seconds, Jacque said, "If that had been me, I'd have said, 'Well, ha-ha, the joke's on you! I'm a girl, and I'm going to have a happy life, anyway!'"

Thank you to Jacque, for sharing her happy life with us.

(Continued ...)

SUSAN PUTMAN (on behalf of the entire Putman family): We were so sad to hear about Jacque's passing. She will always be larger than life to the Putman family.

When we were grieving, Jacque was there with compassion, humor and boundless energy. After our land donation to TATC, she said "Phyllis Putman is an angel sent from heaven." But it was Jacque and a host of other club members who were the real angels. Through the years we watched them build a tribute to Doug, who so loved the trail that he would often strike out on his own to commune with nature and other hikers who crossed his path.

After we spread Doug's ashes so many years ago, from the big boulder overlooking the site, we set out to watch the astonishing progress on his memorial.

TATC's weekend warriors gathered lumber and stone from the property and crafted them into a magical retreat. They poured out their sweat, blood - and sometimes tears.

We often wonder what would've been, if Doug had lived beyond his 24 brief years. But we shudder to think what wouldn't have been, if Phyllis had not met Jacque and forged a living memorial for generations to come. May her light always shine over the ridge.

~The Putman Family
(Phyllis, Deborah and Sue)



TATC Board Members 1972 - 2022

1971

President - George Ambrose (acting)
 Vice President - Bill Nelson (acting)
 Secretary /Treasurer - Kate Nelson (acting)

1972

President - Bill Baldwin
 Secretary - Bill Newsom
 Treasurer - Kate Nelson
 Counselor - Bill Nelson
 Counselor - George Ambrose
 Counselor - Andy Sampson

1973

President - Bill Gibbings
 Vice President - Bill Baldwin
 Secretary - George Ambrose
 Treasurer - Kate Nelson
 Counselor - Bill Nelson
 Counselor - Bill Linster
 Counselor - Ray Levesque

1974

President - Phelps Hobart
 Vice President - Quinton Roesser
 Secretary - Jacque Jenkins
 Treasurer - Kate Nelson
 Trail Supervisor - Ed Smith
 Counselor - Bill Nelson
 Counselor - Ray Levesque
 Counselor - Fess Green
 Membership - Jerry Cobleigh

1975

President - Phelps Hobart
 Vice President - Charlie Gillie
 Secretary - Jan Brockman
 Treasurer - Jessie Hite
 Trail Supervisor - Paul Russell
 Counselor - Bill Nelson
 Counselor - Fess Green
 Counselor - Bill Gibbings

1976

President - Charlie Gillie
 Vice President - Jacque Jenkins
 Secretary - Pat Strong
 Treasurer - Norm Blumberg
 Trail Supervisor - Peter Williams
 Counselor - Jerry Cobleigh
 Counselor - Fess Green
 Counselor - Bill Gibbings

1977

President - Jacque Jenkins
 Vice President - Mike Ashe
 Secretary - Maryann Barbini & Mike Gump
 Treasurer - Norm Blumberg
 Trail Supervisor - Bill Abbott
 Counselor - Otey Shelton
 Counselor - Jerry Cobleigh
 Counselor - Bill Gibbings
 Cabin - Jim Hall
 Education - Peggy Allen
 Membership - Marian & Bob Hayhurst
 Newsletter - Angelo Filippi & Glen Sentman

1978

President - Mike Ashe
 Vice President - Curtis Eley
 Secretary - Yvonne Carrigan
 Treasurer - Angelo Filippi
 Trail Supervisor - Frances Stafford
 Counselor - Jerry Cobleigh
 Counselor - Otey Shelton
 Counselor - Reese Lukei
 Cabin Committee - Jim Hall
 Campbell Creek Project - Lee Hulten
 Dismal Swamp Committee - Fess Green
 Education - Peggy Allen
 Education - Reese Lukei

1978 (Continued)

Membership - Marian & Bob Hayhurst
 Newsletter - Judy Jones & Ivan Bodner
 Publicity - Sally Harland

1979

President - Otey Shelton
 Vice President - Al Miller
 Secretary - Yvonne Carrigan
 Treasurer - Ann Hester & Lee Hulten
 Trail Supervisor - Chuck Jessie, Ken King
 Counselor - Reese Lukei
 Counselor - Ray Lavesque
 Counselor - Mal Higgins
 ATC Rep - Bill Nelson
 Cabin Committee - Ray Levesque
 Dismal Swamp Committee - Curtis Eley
 Education - Reese Lukei
 Local Trail Guide - Angelo Filippi
 Mau-Har Trail - Lee Hulten
 Membership - Barbara Baldwin
 Newsletter - Maryann Barbini
 Program - Gay LeRue
 Publicity - Sally Harland
 Social - Sandra Allen, Mollie Miller

1980

President - Otey Shelton
 Vice President - Cecelia Yeskolski
 Secretary - Phil Gordon, Marilyn Horvath
 Treasurer - Lee Hulten
 Trail Supervisors - John Folsom, Chuck Jessie, Don Williams, Frank Davis
 Counselor - Reese Lukei
 Counselor - Mal Higgins

TATC Board Members 1972 - 2022

1980 (Continued)

Counselor - Curtis Eley
 Accounting - Alan Stein
 Cabin Committee -
 Ray Levesque
 Dismal Swamp - Curtis Eley
 Education - Reese Lukei
 Historical _ Sheila Bish
 Local Trail Guide -
 Angelo Filippi
 Membership - Al Miller, Larry
 Nafziger
 Newsletter - Yvonne Carrignan,
 Linda Knowles
 Political Action -
 Peggy Vogtsberger
 Program - Mark Karpie
 Publicity - Margarete Martinez
 Social - Sandra Allen

1981

President - Reese Lukei
 Vice President - Lee Hulten
 Secretary - Marilyn Horvath
 Treasurer - Richard Kavanaugh
 Trail Supervisors - Ken King,
 Jim Cruise
 Counselor - Herb Coleman
 Counselor - Mal Higgins
 Counselor - Curtis Eley
 Education - John Folsom
 Local Trails - David Wike
 Newsletter - Alexandria Geiger,
 Curtis Eley
 Program - Jacque Jenkins
 Publicity - Linda Knowles
 Social - Margaret Crate

1982

President - Reese Lukei
 Vice President - Gene Krah
 Secretary - Susan Twiford
 Treasurer - Richard Kavanaugh
 Trail Supervisors - Ken King,
 Chuck Engle

1982 (Continued)

Counselor - Herb Coleman
 Counselor - Harold Crate
 Counselor - Curtis Eley
 Accounting - Alan Stein
 ATC Representative -
 Bill Nelson
 Cabin - Bill Newsom
 Education - John Folsom
 Historical - Sheila Fincannon
 Local Trails - David Wike
 Membership - Susan Sites
 Newsletter - Jacque Jenkins, Alex-
 andria Geiger
 Social - Margaret Crate

1983

President - John Folsom
 Vice President - Susan Sites
 Secretary - Susan Twiford
 Treasurer - Reese Lukei
 Trail Supervisors - Bob Herman,
 Jacque Jenkins
 Counselor - Herb Coleman
 Counselor - Harold Crate
 Counselor - Kenneth King
 ATC Representative -
 Reese Lukei
 Cabin - Bill Newsom
 Historical - Francis King
 Membership - Melinda Lukei
 Newsletter - Lynn Folsom
 Social - Margaret Crate

1984

President - Herb Coleman
 Vice President - John Folsom
 Secretary - Susan Gail Arey
 Treasurer - Reese Lukei
 Trail Supervisors - Bob
 Herman, Fred Darling
 Counselor - Kenneth King
 Counselor - Harold Crate
 Counselor - Jacque Jenkins

1984 (Continued)

ATC Representative -
 Reese Lukei
 Cabin - Bill Newsom
 Historical - Francis King
 Local Trails - Bill Rogers
 Membership - Melinda Lukei
 Newsletter - Lynn Folsom
 Program - Richard Kavanaugh
 Publicity - Lillian Benson
 Social - Margaret Crate

1985

President - Herb Coleman
 Vice President - John Folsom
 Secretary - Susan Gail Arey
 Treasurer - Jodi DeCosta,
 Richard Dean
 Trail Supervisors - Rick
 Hancock, Bob Herrman
 Counselor - Kenneth King
 Counselor - Richard
 Kavanaugh
 Counselor - Jacque Jenkins
 ATC Representative -
 Reese Lukei, Jr.
 Cabin - Bill Newsom
 Historical - Francis King
 Local Trails - Bill Rogers
 Membership - Gene and
 Linda Krah
 Newsletter - Luis Seuc
 Program - Richard Kavanaugh
 Publicity - Lillian Benson

1986

President - John Folsom
 Vice President - Richard
 Kavanaugh
 Secretary - Nancy Squire
 Treasurer - Bob Adkisson
 Trail Supervisors - Rick
 Hancock, Mike May
 Counselor - Harold Crate
 Counselor - Marilyn Horvath
 Counselor - Bill Rogers

TATC Board Members 1972 - 2022

1986 (Continued)

ATC Representative -
Reese Lukei, Jr.
Cabin - Bill Newsom
Historical - Margaret Crate
Local Trails - Bill Rogers
Lynchburg 87' - June Horsman
Membership - Mike Squire
Newsletter - Luis Seuc
Program - Mike Reitelbach
Publicity - Lillian Benson
Social - Beth Ewing

1987

President - John Folsom
Vice President - Richard
Kavanaugh
Secretary - Nancy Squire
Treasurer - Susan Gail Arey
Trail Supervisors - Larry Blett,
Rick Hancock
Counselor - Harold Crate
Counselor - Marilyn Horvath
Counselor - Bob Adkisson
ATC Representative -
Reese Lukei, Jr.
Cabin - Bill Newsom
Historical - Margaret Crate
Local Trails - Bill Rogers
Lynchburg 87' - June Horsman
Membership - Mike Squire
Newsletter - Luis Seuc
Publicity - Lillian Benson
Social - Ann Patterson,
Gay Caudill, Teela Clifford

1988

President - Bill Rogers
Vice President - Rick Hancock
Secretary - Cary Koronas
Treasurer - Susan Gail Arey
Trail Supervisors - Larry Blett,
Mike Brewer
Counselor - Luis Seuc
Counselor - Marilyn Horvath
Counselor - Bob Adkisson

1988 (Continued)

ATC Representative -
Reese Lukei, Jr.
Cabin - Bill Newsom
Historical - Margaret Crate
Local Trails - Bill Rogers
Membership - Vicki Fanning
Newsletter - Robert Barnes
Program - Mike Reitelbach
Publicity - Lillian Benson
Social - Ann Patterson, Gay
Caudill, Teela Clifford

1989

President - Bill Rogers
Vice President - Rick Hancock
Secretary - Cary Koronas
Treasurer - Patricia Mangan
Trail Supervisors - Mike
Brewer, Dave Brewer
Counselor - Luis Seuc
Counselor - Larry Blett
Counselor - Bob Adkisson
ATC Representative - Reese
Lukei, Jr.
Cabin - Bill Newsom
Historical - Margaret Crate
Local Trails - Reese Lukei
Membership - Vicki Fanning
Newsletter - Robert Barnes
Publicity - Lillian Benson
Social - David & Sue Jacques

1990

President - Rick Hancock
Vice President - Luis Seuc
Secretary - Nancy Kilpatrick
Treasurer - Sheila Abihai
Trail Supervisors - Mike Brewer,
Dave Brewer
Counselor - Cary Koronas
Counselor - Larry Blett
Counselor - Reese Lukei, Jr.
ATC Representative - Reese
Lukei, Jr.
Cabin - Bill Newsom

1990 (Continued)

Historical - Margaret Crate
Land Management -
John Folsom
Local Trails - Reese Lukei
Membership - Kathy Wakefield,
Robert Giffin
Newsletter - Jeanne Everitt
Program - Vikki Fanning
Publicity - Lillian Benson
Social - David & Sue Jacques

1991

President - Rick Hancock
Vice President - Luis Seuc
Secretary - Nancy Kilpatrick
Treasurer - Sheila Abihai
Trail Supervisors - Dave
Brewer, Jerry Burch
Counselor - Cary Koronas
Counselor - Larry Blett
Counselor - Mike Brewer
ATC Representative -
Reese Lukei, Jr.
Cabin - Bill Newsom
Historical - Margaret Crate
Land Management - Mike
Brewer
Local Trails - Bill Rogers
Membership - Robert Giffin
Program - Vikki Fanning,
Mike Reitelbach
Publicity - Lillian Benson
Social - Andy Armano
T-Shirts - Etta Burch,
Linda Signorelli

1992

President - Mike Brewer
Vice President - Bob Griffin
Secretary - Cindy Meier
Treasurer - Teela Robertson
Trail Supervisor - Jerry Burch
Counselor - "Sig" Signorelli
Counselor - Sheila Abihai.
Counselor - Otey Shelton

TATC Board Members 1972 - 2022

1992 (Continued)

ATC Club Representative -
Reese Lukei
Cabin - Bob Adkisson
Display Boards - Royce Bridger
Historical - Margaret Crate
Local Trails - Bill Rodgers
Newsletter - Howard Cartwright
Programs - Mike Reitelbach
Publicity - Lillian Benson
Social - Andy Armano
T-Shirts - Etta Burch,
Linda Signorelli

1993

President - Mike Brewer
Vice President - Bob Griffin
Secretary - Cindy Meier
Treasurer - Bob Hickey
Trail Supervisor - Jim Smith
Assistant Trail Supervisor -
John Murray
Counselor - "Sig" Signorelli
Counselor - Sheila Abihai.
Counselor - Otey Shelton
Counselor - Dave Brewer
ATC Club Representative -
Reese Lukei
Cabin - Bob Adkisson
Display Boards - Royce Bridger
Historical - Margaret Crate
Local Trails - Ike Knox,
Royce Bridger
Membership - Paul Dumais
Newsletter - Howard Cartwright
Programs - Mike Reitelbach
Publicity - Lillian Benson
Social - Andy Armano
T-Shirts - Etta Burch,
Linda Signorelli

1994

President - Bob Giffin
Vice President - Ned Kuhns
Secretary - Kathleen Buckley
Treasurer - Janie Blassingham

1994 (Continued)

Trail Supervisor - Jim Smith
Assistant Trail Supervisor -
John Murray
Counselor - "Sig" Signorelli
Counselor - Ellis Malabad
Counselor - Dave Brewer
ATC Club Representative -
Reese Lukei
Cabin - Bob Adkisson
Historical - Margaret Crate
Land Management - Mike
Reitelbach
Local Trails - Ike Knox
Membership - Pat Parker
Newsletter - Trish Mims, Dave
Mims, Anne Wilkins
Programs - Lillian Benson
Publicity - Jenny DeArmond
Social - Andy Armano
T-Shirts - Etta Burch,
Linda Signorelli

1995

President - Bob Giffin
Vice President - Ned Kuhns
Secretary - Kathleen Buckley
Treasurer - Janie Blassingham
Trail Supervisor - Dan Barham
Assistant Trail Supervisor -
Andy Armano
Counselor - Dewey Phelps
Counselor - Ellis Malabad
Counselor - Dave Brewer
ATC Club Representative -
Reese Lukei
Cabin - Bob Adkisson
Display Board - Otey Shelton
Historical - Margaret Crate
Land Management -
Mike Reitelbach
Local Trails - Ken Issac
Membership - Marti Malabad
Newsletter - Trish Mims,
Dave Mims
Programs - Lillian Benson

1995 (Continued)

Publicity - Jenny DeArmond
Social - Pat Parker
T-Shirts - Etta Burch,
Linda Signorelli

1996

President - Ned Kuhns
Vice President - Ken Isaac
Secretary - Margaret Pisone
Treasurer - Mike Brewer
Trail Supervisor - Dan Barham
Assistant Trail Supervisor -
Andy Armano
Counselor - Dewey Phelps
Counselor - Ellis Malabad
Counselor - Jenny DeArmond
ATC Club Representative - Mike
Brewer
Cabin - Bob Adkisson,
Steve Babor
Display Board - Paul Davis
Education - Linda Chronowski
Land Management - Bob Giffin
Local Trails - Jim Sexton
Membership - Marti Malabad
Newsletter - Trish Mims,
Dave Mims
Programs - Lillian Benson
Publicity - Rosanne Scott
Social - Kathleen Buckley
T-Shirts - Jim Smith,
Karin Lyman

1997

President - Ned Kuhns
Vice President - Ken Isaac
Secretary - Margaret Pisone
Treasurer - Mike Brewer
Trail Supervisor - Jim Sexton
Assistant Trail Supervisor - Ellis
Malabad
Counselor - Dewey Phelps
Counselor - Lance Deaver
Counselor - Jenny DeArmond

TATC Board Members 1972 - 2022

1997 (Continued)

ATC Club Representative -
Mike Brewer
Cabin - Bob Adkisson,
Steve Babor
Historical - Barbara Kledzik
Land Management - Bob Giffin
Membership - Mary Hormell
Newsletter - Trish Mims, Dave
Mims
Programs - Lillian Benson
Publicity - Rosanne Scott
Social - Kathleen Buckley
T-Shirts - Jim Smith,
Karin Lyman

1998

President - Ken Isaac
Vice President - Nancy Lewis
Secretary - Evelyn Adkisson
Treasurer - Margaret Pisone
Trail Supervisor - Jim Sexton
Assistant Trail Supervisor -
Ellis Malabad
Counselor - Mike Smith
Counselor - Lance Deaver
Counselor - Jenny DeArmond
ATC Club Representative -
Mike Brewer
Cabin - Bob Adkisson,
Steve Babor
Display Board - Otey Shelton
Education - Bill Bunch
Historical - Barbara Kledzik
Land Management - Bob Giffin
Membership - Mary Hormell
Newsletter - Trish Mims,
Dave Mims
Programs - Joe & Cheryl
Zebrowski
Publicity - Rosanne Scott
Social - Kathleen Buckley
T-Shirts - Jim Smith,
Karin Lyman

1999

President - Jim Sexton
Vice President - Nancy Lewis
Secretary - Evelyn Adkisson
Treasurer - Margaret Pisone
Trail Supervisor - Cheryl
Zebrowski
Assistant Trail Supervisor -
Bill Lynn
Counselor - Mike Smith
Counselor - Lance Deaver
Counselor - Allen Page
ATC Club Representative -
Mike Brewer
Cabin - Bob Adkisson,
Steve Babor
Display Board - Otey Shelton
Education - Bill Bunch
Historical - Barbara Kledzik
Land Management - Bob Giffin
Local Trails - Gordon &
Melinda Spence
Membership - Mary Hormell
Newsletter - Trish Mims,
Dave Mims
Programs - Joe Zebrowski
Publicity - Rosanne Scott
Social - Kathleen Buckley
T-Shirts - Jim Smith,
Karin Lyman

2000

President - Jim Sexton
Vice President - Jenny
DeArmond
Secretary - Pat Parker
Treasurer - Jannie
Blasingham
Trail Supervisor - Cheryl
Zebrowski
Assistant Trail Supervisor -
Bill Lynn
Counselor - Rose Magnarella
Counselor - Nancy Lewis
Counselor - Allen Page
ATC Club Representative -
Bill Rogers

2000 (Continued)

Cabin - Bob Adkisson,
Steve Babor
Display Board - Otey Shelton
Education - Joe Zebrowski
Historical - Barbara Kledzik
Land Management - Bob Giffin
Local Trails - Gordon &
Melinda Spence
Membership - Mary Hormell
Newsletter - Trish Mims,
Dave Mims
Programs - Joe Zebrowski
Publicity - Rosanne Scott
Social - Steve & Nancy Babor
T-Shirts - Sharon Ward

2001

President - Ken Isaac
Vice President - Jenny
DeArmond
Secretary - Pat Parker
Treasurer - Jannie
Blasingham
Trail Supervisor - Jim Sexton
Assistant Trail Supervisor -
Lance Deaver
Counselor - Shirley Boyd
Counselor - Ned Kuhns
Counselor - Allen Page
Cabin - Bob Adkisson,
Bob Giffin
ATC Club Representative -
Bill Rogers
Calendar - Lance Deaver
Display Board - Otey Shelton
Education - Bill Rogers
Historical - Barbara Kledzik
Land Management - Bob Giffin
Local Trails - Gordon &
Melinda Spence
Membership - Mary Hormell
Newsletter - Dave Mims
Publicity & 2001 Mult-Club
Chair - Rosanne Scott
T-Shirts - Sharon Ward
Webmaster - Scott Renegar

TATC Board Members 1972 - 2022

2002

President - Ken Isaac
Vice President - Rosanne Scott
Secretary - Lisa Billow
Treasurer - Ed Martin
Trail Supervisor - Phyllis Neumann
Assistant Trail Supervisor - Lance Deaver
Counselor - Shirley Boyd
Counselor - Ned Kuhns
Counselor - Gordon Spence
ATC Club Representative - Bill Rogers
Cabin - Bob Adkisson, Bob Giffin
Calendar - Lance Deaver
Education - Bill Rogers
Historical - Barbara Kledzik
Land Management - Bob Giffin
Local Trails - Royce Bridger
Membership - Mary Hormell
Newsletter - Dave Mims
Programs - Dick Waters
Publicity - Kimberly Adams
Social - Debbie Bellucci
T-Shirts - Sharon Ward
Webmaster - Scott Renegar

2003

President - Rosanne Scott
Vice President - Bill Lynn
Secretary - Lisa Billow
Treasurer - Ed Martin
Trail Supervisor - Phyllis Neumann
Assistant Trail Supervisor - Ellis Malabad
Counselor - Shirley Boyd
Counselor - Mike Barbeau
Counselor - Gordon Spence
ATC Club Representative - Bill Rogers
Cabin - Bob Giffin
Cabin Rentals - Bob Adkisson
Calendar - Lance Deaver

2003 (Continued)

Adkisson
Calendar - Lance Deaver
Education - Bill Rogers
Historical - Bob Adkisson
Land Management - Bob Giffin
Local Trails - Jim & Chris Sexton
Membership - Mary Hormell
Newsletter - Dave Mims
Programs - Dick Waters
Publicity - Ken Isaac
Social - Debbie Bellucci
Timekeeper - Steve Babor
T-Shirts - Nick & Ginny Werner
Webmaster - Scott Renegar

2004

President - Rosanne Scott
Vice President - Bill Lynn
Secretary - Diane Simpson
Treasurer - Joe Turlo
Trail Supervisor - Duncan Fairlie
Assistant Trail Supervisor - Ellis Malabad
Counselor - Phyllis Neumann
Counselor - Mike Barbeau
Counselor - Gordon Spence
ATC Club Representative - Bill Rogers
Cabin - Bob Giffin
Cabin Rentals - Bob Adkisson
Calendar - Lance Deaver
Education - Bill Rogers
Historical - Bob Adkisson
Land Management - Bob Giffin
Local Trails - Jim & Chris Sexton
Membership - Mary Hormell
Merchandise - Nick & Ginny Werner
Newsletter - Dave Mims
Publicity - Ken Isaac
Social - Lisa Billow

2004 (Continued)

Timekeeper - Steve Babor
Webmaster - Scott Renegar

2005

President - Bill Lynn
Vice President - Mark Wenger
Secretary - Jane Oakes
Treasurer - Mike Galvas
Trail Supervisor - Duncan Fairlie
Assistant Trail Supervisor - Joe Turlo
Counselor - Phyllis Neumann
Counselor - Mike Barbeau
Counselor - Debbie Belucci
ATC Club Representative - Bill Rogers
Cabin - Steve Babor
Cabin Rentals - Bob Adkisson
Calendar - Jane Martin
Education - Bill Rogers
Historical - Bob Adkisson
Land Management - Bob Giffin
Local Trails - Jim & Chris Sexton
Membership - Mary Hormell
Merchandise - Nick & Ginny Werner
Newsletter - Dave Mims
Publicity - Sue Channel
Social - Lisa Billow
Timekeeper - Steve Babor
Webmaster - Jim Sexton

2006

President - Bill Lynn
Vice President - Mark Wenger
Secretary - Jane Oakes
Treasurer - Mike Galvas
Trail Supervisor - Scott Hilton
Assistant Trail Supervisor - Bob Hosang
Counselor - Phyllis Neumann
Counselor - Mike McManus
Counselor - Debbie Belucci

TATC Board Members 1972 - 2022

2006 (Continued)

ATC Club Representative - Ned Kuhns
 Cabin - Steve Babor
 Cabin Rentals - Bob Adkisson
 Calendar - Jane Martin
 Education - Bill Rogers
 Historical - Bob Adkisson
 Land Management - Bob Giffin
 Local Trails - Jim & Chris Sexton
 Membership - Mary Hormell
 Merchandise - Nick & Ginny Werner
 Newsletter - Dave Mims
 Programs - Larry Channel
 Publicity - Sue Channel
 Social - Nancy Babor
 Timekeeper - Steve Babor
 Webmaster - Jim Sexton

2007

President - Mark Wenger
 Vice President - Phyllis Neumann
 Secretary - Jane Oakes
 Treasurer - Mike Barbeau
 Trail Supervisor - Scott Hilton
 Assistant Trail Supervisor - Bruce Julian
 Counselor - Rosanne Scott
 Counselor - Debbie Bellucci
 Counselor - Bill Lynn
 ATC Club Representative - Bob Giffin
 ATC Club Representative - Ned Kuhns
 Cabin - Steve Babor
 Cabin (Rentals) - Bob Adkisson
 Calendar - Jane Martin
 Education - Bill Rogers
 Historical - Bob Adkisson
 Land Mgt. - Bob Giffin
 Local Trails - Jim & Chris Sexton
 Membership - Mary Hormell

2007 (Continued)

Merchandise - Nick & Ginny Werner
 Newsletter - Jim Sexton
 Programs - Carol Hodges
 Social - Nancy Babor
 Timekeeper - Steve Babor
 Web Master - Jim Sexton

2008

President - Mark Wenger
 Vice President - Phyllis Neumann
 Secretary - Laura Bontems
 Treasurer - Bill Lynn
 Trail Supervisor - Scott Hilton
 Assistant Trail Supervisor - Bruce Julian
 Counselor - Rosanne Scott
 Counselor - Jane Oakes
 Counselor - Dan Cheche
 ATC Club Representative - Bob Giffin
 ATC Club Representative - Ned Kuhns
 Cabin - Steve Babor
 Cabin (Rentals) - Bob Adkisson
 Calendar - Jane Martin
 Education - Bill Rogers
 Historical - Bob Adkisson
 Land Mgt. - Bob Giffin
 Local Trails - Jim & Chris Sexton
 Membership - Mary Hormell
 Merchandise - Debby Hedley & Margaret Julian
 Newsletter - Jim Sexton
 Programs - Carol Hodges
 Social - Nancy Babor
 Timekeeper - Steve Babor
 Webmaster - Jim Sexton

2009

President - Phyllis Neumann
 Vice President - Mark Connolly
 Secretary - Laura Bontems

2009 (Continued)

Treasurer - Jim Smith
 Trail Supervisor - Scott Hilton
 Assistant Trail Supervisor - Bruce Julian
 Counselor - Rosanne Scott
 Counselor - Jane Oakes
 Counselor - Sandy Butler
 ATC Club Representative - Bob Giffin
 ATC Club Representative - Ned Kuhns
 Cabin - Steve Babor
 Cabin (Rentals) - Jane Martin
 Calendar - Jane Martin
 Education - Bill Rogers
 Historical - Bob Adkisson
 Land Mgt. - Bob Giffin
 Local Trails - Jim & Chris Sexton
 Membership - Mary Hormell
 Merchandise - Debby Hedley
 Newsletter - Jim Sexton
 Outreach - Mark Wenger
 Programs - Kevin DuBois
 Social - Nancy Babor
 Webmaster - Jim Sexton

2010

President - Phyllis Neumann
 Vice President - Jim Newman
 Treasurer - Tim Smith
 Secretary - Laura Bontems
 Trail Supervisor - Scott Hilton
 Assistant Trail Supervisor - Mark Connolly
 Counselor - Jane Oakes
 Counselor - Sandy Butler
 Counselor - Nancy Rinkenberger
 ATC RPC Representative - Mark Wenger
 ATC RPC Representative - Ned Kuhns
 Cabin Bob - Adkisson
 Calendar - Jane Martin

TATC Board Members 1972 - 2022

2010 (Continued)

Education - Bill Rogers
 Hikemaster - Jim Newman
 Historical - Bob Adkisson
 Land Management - Bob Giffin
 Local Trails - Bill Buck
 Membership - Mary Hormell
 Merchandise - Margaret Julian
 Newsletter - Jim Sexton
 Outreach - Mark Wenger
 Social - Nancy Babor
 Timekeeper - John and Jane Oakes
 Tool Boss - Bruce Julian
 Webmaster - Jim Sexton

2011

President - Phyllis Neumann
 Vice President - Jim Newman
 Treasurer - Tim Smith
 Secretary - Helen Buonviri
 Trail Supervisor - Mark Connolly
 Assistant Trail Supervisor - John Davis
 Counselor - Chris Sexton
 Counselor - Sandy Butler
 Counselor - Nancy Rinkenberger
 ATC RPC Representative - Mark Wenger
 ATC RPC Representative - Ned Kuhns
 Cabin - Bob Adkisson
 Cabin - Greg Hodges
 Calendar - Jane Martin
 Education - Bill Rogers
 Hikemaster - Jim Newman
 Historical - Bob Adkisson
 Land Management - Bob Giffin
 Local Trails - Bill Buck
 Membership - Mary Hormell
 Merchandise - Margaret Julian
 Newsletter - Jim Sexton
 Outreach - Mark Wenger

2011 (Continued)

Programs - Dottie Abbott pr
 Timekeeper - John and Jane Oakes
 Tool Boss - Bruce Julian
 Webmaster - Jim Sexton

2012

President - Jim Newman
 Vice President - Scott Hilton
 Treasurer - Bob Safford
 Secretary - Diana Ramsey
 Trail Supervisor - Mark Connolly
 Assistant Trail Supervisor - John Davis
 Counselor - Carl Allen
 Counselor - Chris Sexton
 Counselor - Nancy Rinkenberger
 ATC RPC Representative - Ned Kuhns
 ATC RPC Representative - Phyllis Neumann
 Cabin - Bob Adkisson
 Cabin - Greg Hodges
 Calendar - Jane Martin
 Education - Bill Rogers
 Hikemaster - Scott Hilton
 Historical - Bob Adkisson
 Land Management - Bob Giffin
 Local Trails - Bill Buck
 Membership - Mary Hormell
 Merchandise - Margaret & Bruce Julian
 Newsletter - Jim Sexton
 Outreach - Nancy Rinkenberger
 Past President - Phyllis Neumann
 Programs - Dottie Abbott
 Timekeeper - John and Jane Oakes
 Tool Boss - Bruce Julian
 Webmaster - Jim Sexton

2013

President - Jim Newman
 Vice President - Christine Woods
 Treasurer - Joe Turlo
 Secretary - Diana Ramsey
 Trail Supervisor - Mark Connolly
 Assistant Trail Supervisor - Ken Lancaster
 Counselor - Carl Allen
 Counselor - Chris Sexton
 Counselor - Greg Seid
 ATC RPC Representative - Ned Kuhns
 ATC RPC Representative - Phyllis Neumann
 Cabin - Bob Adkisson
 Cabin - Greg Hodges
 Calendar - Jane Martin
 Education - Bill Rogers
 Hikemaster - Christine Woods
 Historical - Bob Adkisson
 Land Management - Bob Giffin
 Local Trails - Bill Buck
 Membership - Mary Hormell
 Merchandise - Margaret & Bruce Julian
 Newsletter - Jim Sexton
 Outreach - Nancy Rinkenberger
 Past President - Phyllis Neumann
 Programs - Dottie Abbott
 Timekeeper - John and Jane Oakes
 Tool Boss - Bruce Julian
 Webmaster - Jim Sexton

2014

President - Mark Wenger
 Vice President - Juliet Stephenson
 Treasurer - Joe Turlo
 Secretary - Diana Ramsey

TATC Board Members 1972 - 2022

2014 (Continued)

Trail Supervisor - Mark Connolly
 Assistant Trail Supervisor - Ken Lancaster
 Counselor - Carl Allen
 Counselor - Michael Horrell
 Counselor - Greg Seid
 ATC RPC Representative - Ned Kuhns
 ATC RPC Representative - Phyllis Neumann
 Cabin - Bob Adkisson
 Cabin - Greg Hodges
 Calendar - Kevin DuBois
 Education - Bill Rogers
 Hikemaster - Juliet Stephenson
 Historical - Bob Adkisson
 Land Management - Bob Giffin
 Local Trails - Bill Buck
 Membership - Mary Hormell
 Merchandise - Margaret & Bruce Julian
 Newsletter - Jim Sexton
 Outreach/Social - Jim Newman
 Past President - Jim Newman
 Programs - Dottie Abbott
 Timekeeper - John and Jane Oakes
 Tool Boss - Bruce Julian
 Webmaster - Jim Sexton

2015

President - Mark Wenger
 Vice President - Juliet Stephenson
 Treasurer - Joe Turlo
 Secretary - Judy Welp
 Trail Supervisor - Mark Connolly
 Assistant Trail Supervisor - Ken Lancaster
 Counselor - Stephanie Stringer
 Counselor - Michael Horrell
 Counselor - Greg Seid

2015 (Continued)

ATC RPC Representative - Ned Kuhns
 ATC RPC Representative - Phyllis Neumann
 Cabin - Bob Adkisson
 Cabin - Greg Hodges
 Calendar - Kevin DuBois
 Education - Bill Rogers
 Hikemaster - Juliet Stephenson
 Historical - Bob Adkisson
 Land Management - Bob Giffin
 Local Trails - Bill Buck
 Membership - Mary Hormell
 Merchandise - Margaret & Bruce Julian
 Newsletter - Jim Sexton
 Outreach/Social - Jim Newman
 Past President - Jim Newman
 Programs - Dottie Abbott
 Timekeeper - John and Jane Oakes
 Tool Boss - Bruce Julian
 Webmaster - Jim Sexton

2016

President - Juliet Stephenson
 Vice President - Greg Seid
 Treasurer - Ed Welp
 Secretary - Judy Welp
 Trail Supervisor - Jim Newman
 Assistant Trail Supervisor - Mark Connolly
 Counselor - Michael Horrell
 Counselor - Stephanie Stringer
 Counselor - Phyllis Neumann
 ATC RPC Representative - Bill Leber
 ATC RPC Representative - Ned Kuhns
 Cabin Committee - Bob Adkisson
 Cabin Committee - Greg Hodges
 Calendar Committee - Kevin DuBois
 Calendar Committee - Tony Phelps

2016 (Continued)

Calendar Committee - Tony Phelps
 Education Committee - Bill Rogers
 Email Notices - Steve Ralph
 Hikemaster - Greg Seid
 Historical Committee - Bob Adkisson
 Land Management Committee - Bob Giffin
 Local Trails - Diane Leber
 Membership - Joe Turlo
 Merchandise - Margaret & Bruce Julian
 Newsletter - Jim Sexton
 Outreach - Mark Wenger
 Past President - Mark Wenger
 Programs - Dottie Abbott
 Tool Boss - Bruce Julian
 Webmaster - Jim Sexton

2017

President - Juliet Stephenson
 Vice President - Michelle Cobb
 Secretary - Judy Welp
 Treasurer - Ed Welp
 Trail Supervisor - Jim Newman
 Assistant Trail Supervisor - Milton Beale
 Counselor - Bob Mooney
 Counselor - Phyllis Neumann
 Counselor - Stephanie Stringer
 ATC RPC Representative - Bill Leber
 ATC RPC Representative - Ned Kuhns
 Cabin Committee - Bob Adkisson
 Cabin Committee - Greg Hodges
 Calendar Committee - Kevin DuBois
 Calendar Committee - Tony Phelps

TATC Board Members 1972 - 2022

2017 (Continued)

Education Committee -
 Bill Rogers
 Email Notices - Steve Ralph
 Hikemaster - Michelle Cobb
 Historical Committee -
 Bob Adkisson
 Land Management Committee -
 Bob Giffin
 Local Trails - Diane Leber
 Membership - Joe Turlo
 Merchandise - Mark Van Zandt
 Newsletter - Jim Sexton
 Outreach - Mark Wenger
 Past President - Mark Wenger
 Programs - Dottie Abbott
 Timekeeper - Mike Wilson
 Tool Boss - Bruce Julian
 Trail Supervisor - Jim Newman
 Webmaster - Jim Sexton

2018

President - Juliet Stephenson
 Vice President - Mike Wilson
 Treasurer - Mark Wenger
 Secretary - Steve Rosenthal
 Trail Supervisor - Jim Newman
 Assistant Trail Supervisor -
 Patrick Hayes
 Counselor - Bob Mooney
 Counselor - Mark Ferguson
 Counselor - Phyllis Neumann
 ATC RPC Representative -
 Jim Sexton
 ATC RPC Representative -
 Ned Kuhns
 Cabin - Bob Adkisson
 Cabin - Greg Hodges
 Calendar - Tony Phelps
 Education - Melinda Browne
 Hikemaster - Mike Wilson
 Historical - Juliet Stephenson
 Land Management - Bob Giffin
 Local Trails - Jean-Paul
 Richard

2018 (Continued)

Membership - Joe Turlo
 Merchandise - Mark Van Zandt
 Newsletter - Jim Sexton
 Outreach - Mark Wenger
 Past President - Mark Wenger
 Timekeeper - Mike Wilson
 Tool Boss - Bruce Julian
 Webmaster - Jim Sexton

2019

President - Rosanne Cary
 Vice President - Phyllis
 Neumann
 Treasurer - Douglas Cary
 Secretary - Steve Rosenthal
 Trail Supervisor - Jim Newman
 Assistant Trail Supervisor -
 Patrick Hayes
 Counselor - Bill Bunch
 Counselor - Mark Ferguson
 Counselor - Ellis Malabad
 ATC RPC Representative -
 Jim Sexton
 ATC RPC Representative -
 Ned Kuhns
 Cabin Committee -
 Bob Adkisson
 Cabin Committee -
 Greg Hodges
 Calendar Committee -
 Tony Phelps
 Hikemaster - Phyllis Neumann
 Historical Committee -
 Juliet Stephenson
 Land Management Committee -
 Bob Giffin
 Local Trails - J. P. Richards
 Membership - Amanda Hartwig
 Merchandise - Mark Van Zandt
 Newsletter - Jim Sexton
 Notices - Jim Sexton
 Outreach - Marty Vines
 Past President -
 Juliet Stephenson

2019 (Continued)

Timekeeper - Mike Wilson
 Tool Boss - Bruce Julian
 Webmaster - Jim Sexton

2020

President - Rosanne Cary
 Vice President - Phyllis
 Neumann
 Treasurer - Douglas Cary
 Secretary - Steve Rosenthal
 Trail Supervisor - Jim
 Newman
 Assistant Trail Supervisor -
 Patrick Hayes
 Counselor - Kari Pincus
 Counselor - Mark Ferguson
 Counselor - Ellis Malabad
 ATC RPC Representative -
 Jim Sexton
 ATC RPC Representative -
 Ned Kuhns
 Cabin Committee -
 Bob Adkisson
 Cabin Committee -
 Greg Hodges
 Calendar Committee -
 Tony Phelps
 Education Committee -
 Lee Lohman
 Hikemaster - Phyllis Neumann
 Historical Committee -
 Jim Sexton
 Land Management
 Committee - Jim Moir
 Local Trails - Dave Plum
 Membership - Sharon Salyer
 Merchandise - Mark Van
 Zandt
 Newsletter - Jim Sexton
 Outreach - Rosemary Plum
 Past President -
 Juliet Stephenson
 Programs - Suzanne Moss
 Timekeeper - Bill Lynn
 Tool Boss - Bruce Julian
 Webmaster - Jim Sexton

TATC Board Members 1972 - 2022

2021

President Lee - Lohman
Vice President - David Altman
Treasurer - Cecil Salyer
Secretary - Steve Clayton
Trail Supervisor -
Brittany Collins
Assistant Trail Supervisor -
John Sima
Counselor - Bruce Davidson
Counselor - Ellis Malabad
Counselor - Kari Pincus
Alt ATC RPC Representative -
Jim Sexton
ATC RPC Representative -
Ned Kuhns
Cabin Committee -
Bob Adkisson
Cabin Committee -
Gregory Hodges
Calendar - Tony Phelps
Education - Lee Lohman
Hikemaster - David Altman
Historical - Jim Sexton
Land Management -
Nalin Ratnayake
Local Trails - Dave Plum
Membership - Kama Mitchell
Membership - Sharon Salyer
Newsletter - Jim Sexton
Past President - Rosanne Cary
Timekeeper - Bill Lynn
Tool Boss - Gene Monroe
Webmaster - Jim Sexton

2022

President - Lee Lohman
Vice President - Andy Grayson
Treasurer - Cecil Salyer
Secretary - Steve Clayton
Trail Supervisor -
Brittany Collins
Assistant Trail Supervisor -
John Sima
Counselor - Bruce Davidson
Counselor - Bill Bunch
Counselor - Kari Pincus
Alt ATC RPC Representative -
Jim Sexton
ATC RPC Representative - Ned
Kuhns
Cabin Committee -
Bob Adkisson
Cabin Committee -
Gregory Hodges
Calendar - Tony Phelps
Hikemaster - Andy Grayson
Historical - Jim Sexton
Land Management -
Nalin Ratnayake
Local Trails - Dave Plum
Membership - Kama Mitchell
Membership - Sharon Salyer
Newsletter - Jim Sexton
Outreach - John Barnes
Past President - Rosanne Cary
Timekeeper - Bill Lynn
Webmaster - Jim Sexton

TATC Trail Maintenance Award Hours

First Name	Last Name	Total	First Name	Last Name	Total
Bill	Rogers	4314	Bill	Bunch	569
Jim	Sexton	2170	Nancy	Rinkenberger	567
Ned	Kuhns	2016	Greg	Seid	560
Bruce	Julian	1985	Reese	Lukei	544
Jerry	Burch	1800	Randy	Smith	537
Phyllis	Neumann	1504	Kenneth	Toombs	510
Tom	Reed	1448	Dorothy	Abbott	509
Etta	Burch	1408	Dorothy	Abbott	509
Scott	Hilton	1397	John	Oakes	504
Ellis	Malabad	1282	Mike/Jim	Smith	501
Milton	Beale	1231	Duncan	Fairlie	487
Bob	Adkisson	1212	Ed	Martin	486
Marti	Malabad	1200	Margaret	Lynn	476
Mark	Ferguson	1195	Vic	Pisone	472
Dewey	Phelps	1145	Patrick	Hayes	470
Gordon	Rothrock	923	Harrell	Crate	468
Jacqueline	Jenkins	875	Gordon	Spence	467
Otey	Shelton	824	Sharon	Reid	462
Jim	Newman	820	Andy	Armano	457
Sandy	Butler	803	Steve	Babor	448
Mark	Connolly	772	Margaret	Pisone	436
William	Lynn	762	Sandra	Canepa	435
Rosanne	Cary	750	Paul	Dickens	433
Robert	Giffin	723	Jenny	DeArmond	415
Lance	Deaver	717	Michelle	Cobb	414
Mal	Higgins	716	John	Pessagno	410
Carl	Moeser	698	Joseph	Turlo	408
John	Gillikin	671	Bill	Buck	397
Brenda	Butler	666	Kenneth	Lancaster	397
Carl	Moeser	656	Ken	Issac	387
Peter	Burch	632	Steven	Ralph	387
Chris	Sexton	605	Karin	Smith	385
Richard	Tarr	581	Michael	Mureddu	380
Michael	Horrell	580	Gerald	Staggs	377
Laura	Bontems	573	Svetlana	Kononov	368
John	Sima	573	Chuck	Myers	358
			Dan	Cheche	357

(Continued ...)

TATC Trail Maintenance Award Hours

First Name	Last Name	Total	First Name	Last Name	Total
Jane	Martin	350	Steve	Clayton	248
William A.	Newsom, Jr.	348	Mary Jo	Kennedy	238
Ginny	Werner	348	Barbara	Kledzik	236
Andy	Grayson	346	Sue	Bradshaw	234
Margaret	Julian	346	Danny	Uren	234
Juliet	Stephenson	343	Barbara	Kledzik	232
Bruce	Davidson	342	Al	Bellinoff	224
John	Davis	337	Lillian	Benson	224
Nancy	Hall	324	Melinda	Spence	224
Gid	Honsinger	324	Douglas	Cary	223
Gordon	Spence	324	Charles	Engle	221
Cheryl	Zebrowski	324	Laurie	Behm	218
Richard	Kavanaugh	310	Don	Lansing	216
Jane	Oakes	306	Brittany	Collins	214
Mark	VanZandt	306	Nancy	Lyman	204
Dave	Brewer	304	Sandy	Baylor	203
Mike	Barbeau	303	Nick	Werner	198
Chris	Landcaster	302	Evelyn	Adkisson	196
Dan	Barham	299	Henry	Stone	188
Carl	Allen	296	Alan	Neumann	185
Lisa	Billow	288	Juanita	Greene	184
Sue	Bradshaw	287	Tammy	Uren	184
Mary Ann	Gray	287	Wes	Warr	178
Stan	Krajeski	284	Margaret	Crate	176
Mary Ann	Gray	282	Chris	Roisen	176
Arlie	Steiner	276	Brittany	Wygand	174
Mark	Wenger	276	Alan	Neumann	172
Robert	Wygand	275	Tim	Hall	168
Mike	Brewer	269	Sig	Signorelli	168
Nancy	Pruden	268	Nathan	Wygand	166
Michael	Wilson	268	Pat	Strong	164
Charles	Engle	265	Kevin	Brandt	162
Mario	Mazzarella	264	Sharon	Ward	158
Joe	Zebrowski	264	Lee	Lohman	156
Janie	Blossingham	259	Jim	McCormack	156

(Continued ...)

TATC Trail Maintenance Award Hours

First Name	Last Name	Total	First Name	Last Name	Total
Cindy	Wong	156	Rose	Magnarella	104
Larry	Blett	154	Allison	Forrest	102
Linda	Signorelli	153	Buck	Miller	102
Danny	Brinson	152	Johnnie	Shifflett	102
Donna	Gillikin	144	Brenda	Sullivan	102
Carol	Hodges	144	Tom	Malabad	100
Christine	Woods	144	Ed	Welp	100
Judith	Doty	140	Becky	Shifflett	96
Timothy	Smith	138	Pete	Stanko	96
Corbin	Deaver	136	Mitchell	Modica	94
Mac	McLaughlin	136	Robert	Safford	94
Nancy	Babor	135	Carl	Albuquerque	88
Lisa	Hall	132	Rosemary	Plum	88
Gregory	Hodges	132	Elaine	Wilder	87
Nancy	Hall	124	Susan Gail	Arey	86
Scott	Johnson	124	Fran	Bartlett	86
Marcia	Rinkenberger	124	Judy	Morrow	86
Nina	Roundtree	124	Dylan	Gupton-Brinson	84
Stephanie	Stringer	124	Erick	Spong	84
Don	Warmke	124	Evan	Smith	80
Ray	Stephens	122	Allison	Forrest	78
Michael	Camlet	116	E.J.	Jullian	78
Juanita	Greene	116	Gail	Owens	76
Marcus	Ryninger	116	Judy	Welp	76
John	O'Grady	114	Kyle	Wilson	76
Bill	Adams	113	Kathleen	Buckley	75
Marcela	Madrigal	113	Bob	Koch	75
Shirley	Boyd	112	Kaci	Midgette	74
Jean	Miller	112	Ann	Smith	73
Marilyn	Horvath	110	David	Cywinski	72
Sean	Uren	110	Mike	Merritt	72
Jennifer	Babor	108	Kari	Pincus	72
Bailey	Deaver	108	David	Plum	72
Scott	Johnson	108	Bill	Setzer	72
Jonathan	Shifflett	106	Lisa	Shifflett	72
James	Babor	104	Diane	Simpson	72

(Continued ...)

TATC Trail Maintenance Award Hours

First Name	Last Name	Total	First Name	Last Name	Total
Bob	Veverka	72	Christina	Cramer	56
John	Barnes	68	Bob	Hosang	56
Rebecca	Mazzarella	68	Allan	Jordan	56
Rick	Yavner	68	Allan	Jordan	56
Nalin	Ratnayake	67	Joanne	Lee	56
Barbara	Lippinscot	66	Patricia	Parker	56
Kama	Mitchell	66	Barney	Rell	56
Bob	Mooney	66	Steve	Rosenthal	56
Danny	Owens	65	Sandra	Smith	56
Scot	Renegar	65	Paula	Babor	54
Kristen	Stankavich	65	John P	Jones	54
Sybil	Stankavich	65	Ben	Koch	54
Lee	Atkisson	64	Scott	Miler	54
Donna	Barber	64	Teela	Robrtson	54
Trinh	Buck	64	David	Roisen	54
Amanda	Christanson	64	Devon	Trepp	54
Eric	Christanson	64	Russell	Norton	53
Dave	Phelps	64	Randy	Arends	52
Mike	Reitelbach	64	Tripton	Culpepper	52
Brian	Richie	64	Marsha	Miller	52
Ed	Cobb	63	Sandra	Newman	52
Elaine	Wilder	63	Elon	Perlin	52
Joanne	Lee	62	Gwyn	Williams	52
Wayne	Moher	62	Atkisson	Linda	48
Jim	Moir	62	Bailey	Faye	48
Nancy	Clemen	60	Beamer	Rebecca	48
Tom	Cramer	60	Burton	James	48
Dennis	Gromley	60	Carmines	Libby	48
Martha	Holmes	60	Crozier	Mary	48
Patrick	Landis	60	Dieter	Frank	48
Tom	Meree	60	Economos	Debbie	48
Cecil	Salyer	60	Galec	Andrew	48
Nathan	Terault	60	Galec	Siera	48
Lee	Atkisson	57	Harper	Danielle	48
Cindy	Barbeau	56	Herndon-Powell	Kathyn	48
Mike	Bates	56	Hormell	Mary Alice	48

(Continued ...)

TATC Trail Maintenance Award Hours

First Name	Last Name	Total	First Name	Last Name	Total
Lawton	Marion	48	Eversole	Matthew	36
McDowell	Carol	48	Greulich	Jessica	36
Murat	Bill	48	Haggins	Gerry	36
Newton	Candice	48	Haggins	Jay	36
Norman	Garry	48	Haggman	Ann	36
Norman	Terry	48	Hartwig	Amanda	36
Page	Allen	48	Hooker	Carol	36
Renegar	J.R.	48	Hutchinson	Cathy	36
Scott	Chuck	48	Hutton	Rachel	36
Stansfield	Kimberly	48	Jones	Harriet	36
Walchli	Marlene	48	Katz-Hyman	Tsvi	36
Waller	Byron	48	Krieger	Robbie	36
White	John L.	48	Kurth	Ursus	36
Wilburn	Brian	48	Lee	Craig	36
Zoreski	Robin	48	Leta	Ron	36
DeArmond,	Jon	44	Letta	Sue	36
Leber	Bill	44	Link	Paul	36
Leber	Diane	44	Maher	Karen	36
Downing	Ruth	42	Manns	Terry	36
Voda	Rick	42	Matchett	Wayne	36
Barris	Mark	40	McDonald	Laura	36
Salyer	Sharon	40	McDowell	Jordan	36
Carlson	Randy	38	McNabb	Jamie	36
Lessard	Jake	38	McNabb	Jim	36
Williams	Don	38	Moir	Jim	36
Gallo	Jenny	37	Morrow	Mark	36
Gallo	John	37	Segal	Sheri	36
Anderson	Ryan	36	Shepherd	Jack	36
Baum	Jim	36	Sinisaco	John	36
Belluci	Debbie	36	Veazey	Kenneth	36
Billings	Bill	36	Vines	Marty	36
Brown	John	36	Voils	Mike	36
Carpus	Helena	36	Wadzita	George	36
Dixon	Richard	36	Webb	James	36
Elsa	John	36	Webb	Susan	36
Elsen	Warren	36	Whipple	Raymond	36

(Continued ...)

TATC Trail Maintenance Award Hours

First Name	Last Name	Total	First Name	Last Name	Total
Woodward	Michael	36	Forrest	Erin	24
Bechtold	Mary	35	Fourney	Susan	24
Kohl	Scott	34	Fournier	Susan	24
Andrews	Gary	32	Freyfogle	Edward	24
Bachta	Richard	32	Freyfogle	Judy	24
Boklage	Erin	32	Gambelli	Michael	24
Andrews	Jesse	30	Granger	Kim	24
Pfeil	Mike	28	Hayes	Sarah	24
Baron	John	25	Heffner	Kari	24
Abelein	Chris	24	Hinkleman	Laura	24
Aines	Lorrie	24	Holder	Buck	24
Alexander	Donald	24	Hoover	Shawn	24
Alexander	Emily	24	Jackson	Jeffey	24
Allen	Peggy	24	Jordan	Sandra	24
Alligood	Kay	24	Kuhns	Judy	24
Alligood	Kenny	24	LeMasters	Larry	24
Alligood	Pamela	24	Linn	Bev	24
Ames	Lorrie	24	Lyman	Heather	24
Ando	Lori	24	Machamer	Brian	24
Arends	Matt	24	Machamer	Juliet	24
Armond	Amira	24	Martin	Meghan	24
Arnold	Donna	24	Masters	Al	24
Bagley	Roland	24	Masters	Anne	24
Bazinet	Mark	24	Metz	Kevin	24
Bazinet	Mason	24	Miano	Thomas	24
Behrens	Nate	24	Miano	Tom	24
Bourgeois	Dustie	24	Morgan	Christine	24
Brewer	Dot	24	Morton	Bryan	24
Brewere	Vicki	24	Murphree	Jim	24
Cairns	Shannon	24	O'Grady	Kevin	24
Camlet	Madelyn	24	Oshima	Reiko	24
Cooper	Jody	24	Perkins	Katie	24
Dunham	Jim	24	Power	Betsy	24
Engalbredht (?)	Betsy	24	Reitelbah	Andy	24
Fernandez	Mia	24	Rudolph	Wayne	24
Forbes	Keith	24	Sanchez	Jay	24

(Continued ...)

TATC Trail Maintenance Award Hours

First Name	Last Name	Total
Sexton	Leslie	24
Sipos	Geoffery	24
Sipos	Matthew	24
Smith	Rhiannon	24
Smith	Staci	24
Tapajna	Daniel	24
Tate	Jane	24
Tegelman	Pam	24
Tennyson	Stephanie	24
Thatcher	Art	24
Thatcher	Graham	24
Thompson	Benjamin	24
Tielking	Andrew	24
Updike	Jen	24
Vipavetz	Kevin	24
Waters	Dick	24
Wayne	Darlene	24
Werbin	Paul	24
Whitehair	Matthew	24
Wilburn	Brandan	24
Wilburn	Karen	24
Williams	Genivieve	24
Winslow	Timothy	24
Woessner	Bob	24
Wright	Carl	24
Wyatt	Timothy	24
Zogg	Pat	24
Morgan	Christine	22
Morgan	Frank	22
Steele	Katie	21
Altherr	Jane	20
Beres	Plinio	20

Local Trail Maintenance Award Hours 2000-2022

Name:	Hours:	Name:	Hours:	Name:	Hours:
Julian,Bruce	2642.0	Martin, Ed	169.5	Lynn, Bill	50.5
Julian,Margaret	1421.0	Ramsey, Jim	152.0	Holmes, Ken	50.0
Baylor, Sandy	1309.0	Allen, Carl	146.0	Rumple, Tom	50.0
Ramsey, Diana	1244.0	Warr. Wes	140.5	Strong, Pat	49.5
Gillikin, John	1182.0	Mitchell, Kama	140.0	Butler, Sandy	47.5
Oakes,Jane	1054.0	Leber, Bill	134.5	Cooper, Jody	47.0
Beale, Milton	1023.0	Adkisson,Bob	127.0	Cheche, Dan	45.0
Oakes,John	970.0	Ralph, Steven	117.5	Lohman, Lee	45.0
Abbott, Dottie	911.5	Canepa, Sandy	113.0	Leta, Sue	44.5
Connolly, Mark	835.0	Meier, Cindy	104.0	Bechtold, Mary	43.0
Phelps,Dewey	716.5	Plum, David	104.0	Frost, Michael	43.0
Safford, Bob	650.5	Cruze, Allen	98.0	Rosenthal, Steve	42.5
Murray. John	582.0	Hosang, Bob	94.0	Krajeski, Stan	42.0
Malabad, Ellis	518.5	Rothrock, Gordon	93.0	Moeser, Carl	41.5
Morgan, Frank	437.0	Ryninger, Marcus	91.0	Cobb, Michelle	40.5
Pruden, Nancy	410.0	Turlo, Joe	90.0	Hodges, Carol	40.5
McCarthy, Mike	408.0	Kennedy,Mary Jo	88.0	Parker, Pat	39.5
Morgan, Christine	397.0	Joyner, John	83.0	Spence, Melinda	39.5
Neumann, Phyllis	384.5	Ferguson, Mark	80.5	Wygand, Rob	39.0
Malabad, Marti	359.5	Hilton, Scott	80.0	Karangelen, Bev	38.0
Gregory, Lee	353.0	Hormell, Mary	79.0	Bunch, Bill	37.0
Rogers, Bill	309.5	Ellin, Charlie	73.0	Hedley, Debby	37.0
Pessagno, John	292.0	Martin, Jane	72.0	Stringer, Stephanie	35.5
Arey, Susan Gail	252.5	Bailey, Faye	71.0	Welp, Judy	35.5
Ferguson, Dennis	232.0	Kledzik, Barbara	66.5	Horrell, Michael	35.0
Sexton, Jim	227.5	Spence, Gordon	65.5	McManus, Mike	35.0
Sexton, Chris	219.5	Cowham, Jenifer	60.0	Conner, Gloria	34.0
Pisone, Victor	215.5	Scott, Rosanne	59.5	Lynn, Margaret	34.0
Pisone, Margaret	212.0	Bollengier, Jim	58.0	Stone, Henry	34.0
Owens, Gayle	199.0	Kuhns,Ned	57.5	Billings, Bill	33.0
Mooney, Bob	194.0	Ingram, Laura	55.0	Richie, Brian	33.0
Stephenson, Juliet	190.0	Kimball, Patricia	55.0	Sullivan, Brenda	32.5
Leber, Diane	189.0	Myers, Chuck	53.0	Salyer, Sharon	32.0
Lukei, Reese	174.0	Newman, Jim	53.0	Babor, Steve	31.0
Tarr, Richard	174.0	Buck, Billy	51.5	Woods, Christine	31.0
Gehosky, Lou	173.0	Richard, JP	51.0	Leta, Ron	30.5
Gehosky, Natalie	173.0	Clayton, Steve	50.5	Murredu, Mike	30.5

(Continued ...)

Local Trail Maintenance Award Hours 2000-2022

Name:	Hours:	Name:	Hours:
Lorey, Robert	30.0	Galvas, Mike	19.0
McDowell, Carol	30.0	Safford, Marian	18.5
Rozier , Mary	30.0	Whitt, Jacquie	18.5
Lawson, Robert	29.0	Haggins, Jerry	18.0
Plum Rosemary	28.0	Holmes, Martha	18.0
Adkisson,Evelyn	27.5	McNabb, Jamie	18.0
Welp, Ed	27.5	McNabb, Jim	18.0
Crute, Allen	27.0	Nelson, Bob	18.0
Freyfogle, Ed	27.0	Barnes, John	17.0
Herring, Angela	27.0	Heyder, Clara	17.0
Higgins, Mal	27.0	Mitchell, Van	17.0
Miller, Marcia	26.0	Reed, Tom	17.0
Bontems, Laura	25.0	Reynolds, Linda	17.0
Butler, Brenda	25.0	Swenson, Ken	17.0
Rinkenberger, Nancy	25.0	Clayton, Kay	16.5
Kononov, Svetlana	24.5	Lynch, Kathy	16.5
Collins, Linda	24.0	Warner, Tracy	16.5
Seid, Greg	23.5	Bachman, Beverly	16.0
Giffin, Bob	23.0	Sprague, Linda	16.0
Hodges, Greg	23.0	Martin, Richard	15.5
Runyon, Don	23.0	Campbell, Allen	15.0
Buck, Trinh	22.5	Dirlam, Annette	14.0
McMath, Colon	22.5	Dirlam, David	14.0
Heymann, Paul	22.0	Zawacki, Terry	14.0
Hill, Rick	22.0	Babor, Nancy	13.0
Shortell, Brian	22.0	Gearhardt. Gussie	13.0
Zogg, Bob	21.5	Wong, Cindy	13.0
Allen, Max	21.0	Lansing, Don	12.5
Bellucci, Debbi	21.0	Buonviri, Helen	12.0
Veazy, Ken	21.0	Cary, Douglas	12.0
Martin, Carol	20.5	Dejou, Chantal	12.0
Channel,Sue	20.0	Evans, Agnes	12.0
Dubois, Kevin	20.0	Goessel, Sally	12.0
Hauck,Jeff	20.0	King,J.J.	12.0
Neumann, Alan	20.0	McGrew, Dick	12.0
Clemen, Nancy	19.5	Pilcher, Stan	12.0
Cary, Rosanne	19.0	Reid, Sharon	12.0
Deaver, Corbin	19.0		

Author Index

Author	Article	Page
American Trails	Reese Lukei, Jr.	268-269
ATC Press Release	Nelson County Designated an Appalachian Trail Community	78
Barbara Kledzik	Early Club History	13-14
Bill Nelson	TATC 20th Anniversary Banquet - The Origin and Organization of TATC	281-282
Bill Rogers	Dolly Sods Wilderness - Poem	244
Bill Rogers	Roger's Laws of Backpacking	275
Bill Rogers	Swingin' 'n Squeezin'	60-61
Bill Rogers	Tom Reed	339-340
Bob Adkisson	40th Anniversary of the Dedication	88-90
Bob Adkisson	Abused and Used by Bunnies	67-68
Bob Adkisson	Airplane Crashes on Three Ridges	75-77
Bob Adkisson	Bill Newsom	349-352
Bob Adkisson	Even More Cabin History	96
Bob Adkisson	Historical Photograph	106-112
Bob Adkisson	Historical Route of the A.T	22-24
Bob Adkisson	Odds and Ends - The Early Years of the Club	17-20
Bob Adkisson	Our Cabin	113-114
Bob Adkisson	Trail Relocations - Some A.T. and Trail Club History	27-28
Bob Adkisson	Update on the Disappearance of John Donovan	271-272
Bruce Julian	8th Annual Triathlon	163
Bruce Julian	Reflections: False Cape State Park	157-159
Bruce Julian	Tye River Trail Relocation	52-53
Chris Sexton	2008 Local Trails Maintenance Report	148
Chris Sexton	TATC Trail Construction in New Quarter Park	146-147
Dave Benavitch	Building a Better Bridge in Virginia	25-26
Dave Benavitch	Virginia Privy Scores First	81
Dave Brewer	Trail Design, Construction and Maintenance	31-35
Deb Ripka	Georgia to Maine - 2011-2016	74
Debbie Bellucci	TATC's Holiday Party - 2003	248
Diane Leber	A Story about Local Trail Maintenance	144-145
Ellis Malabad	Sailing, Sailing Away on the Chesapeake Bay	169-170
Fess Green	Tidewater and the Appalachian Trail	21
Gordon Spence	Reflections: Canoeing with the TATC - Gordon Spence	243
Gordon Spence	Reflections: Portsmouth Island Hiking	171-173
Herb Coleman	Club History in Review	9-12
Janie Blassingham	Mount Katahdin 8/7/1997	82
Jean-Paul Richard	Blazing A New Trail at First Landing State Park	153-154
Jenny DeArmond	The Ray Kernel Trip Leadership Award	336
Jim Newman	TATC Kicks Off 50th Anniversary Year with Commitment to Plant Trees	287-289
Jim Newman	Trail Maintenance Update	54
Jim Sexton	Bill Rogers - A Trail Club's Everything	62-64
Jim Sexton	Canadian Rockies Trip	232-234
Jim Sexton	TATC Alaskan Trip 2019	227-231
Jim Sexton	TATC Trip to Cornwall and London, UK	222-226

Continued ...

Author Index

Author	Article	Page
John Folsom	Being a Hike Leader	245-246
Lee Hulten	Campbell Creek: "Mau-Har" Trail"	135-136
Lillian Benson	Reflections on Sherando	43
Linda Chronowski	White Rock Falls	203-204
Mal Higgins	2017 Views from the Maine Woods	187-190
Mal Higgins	Clean Deeds Done Dirt Cheap - Sherando Weekend	44-45
Mal Higgins	Cold Weather Hiking Dolly Sods, Adirondacks & New Hampshire Over the Years	207-212
Mal Higgins	History on Entry Mountain	131-133
Mal Higgins	Life of Otey Harper Shelton - A Man Who Mattered	322-325
Mal Higgins	Our 50th Anniversary Time Capsule	286
Mal Higgins	Walk Across Maryland	69-73
Mal Higgins	Winchester ATC Biennial Conference - 2015	184-186
Mal Higgins and Reese Lukei, Jr.	Reminiscences of Charlie Gillie	334-335
Margaret Crate	Lynchburg '87 A Huge Success	175-176
Margaret Crate	Our Tenth/TATC 20th Anniversary Banquet	280
Mario D. Mazzarella	Rappelling on Old Rag	196-197
Mark Connolly	A Minute or Two for a Paragraph or Two on Trail Maintenance	36-42
Mark Connolly	Tidewater ATC's Maintenance Cycle	48-49
Mark Wenger	My Love of the Outdoors and the Appalachian Trail	57-58
Marti Malabad	Reflections: TATC Canoe and Kayak Trip Group Adventures	235-242
Michelle Cobb	On the Mau-Har with SAWS and Sailors	140-142
Ned Kuhns	Virginia Journeys 2011	181-183
Not listed	Beginning History of TATC	7-8
Not Listed	Campbell Cabin is History	253-254
Not listed	Club Tradition	46
Not Listed	John Joseph Donovan	273
Not Listed	Lillian Benson	341
Not listed	President's Award from the National Association of State Parks	160
Not listed	Search for Original Members	15-16
Otey Shelton	Dolly Sods '94 Chalet Camping at Its Best	195
Paul Dickens	Big Down Mess Cleared in Three Ridges by Crew of Two	50-51
Phyllis Neumann	Happy 40th Anniversary TATC!	284-285
Phyllis Neumann	Prez Sez - December 2009 - January 2010	255
Phyllis Neumann	Reflections: The Chocolate Hike	165-168
Phyllis Neumann	Voyage to Vermont - July 2009	180
Phyllis P. Putman	The Douglas Lee Putman Memorial Cabin and Phyllis P. Putman	102-104
Ray Levesque	Stone Structures	97-101
Reese Lukei, Jr.	HikaNation	191-192
Reese Lukei, Jr.	Jerry Cobleigh Completes the Appalachian Trail	65
Reese Lukei, Jr.	Mau-Har Trail - 10 Years Old	137
Reese Lukei, Jr.	Mau-Har Trail - 20 Years Old	137
Reese Lukei, Jr.	Mau-Har Trail Founder Dies	138-139

Continued ...

Author Index

Author	Article	Page
Reese Lukei, Jr.	Pat Parker Top State Volunteer - 1999	156
Reese Lukei, Jr.	Reflections: Trails and Environmental Activities	266-267
Reese Lukei, Jr.	TATC 25th Anniversary Banquet	283
Reese Lukei, Jr.	TATC Life Membership	270
Reese Lukei, Jr.	TATC Local Management Plan	47
Reese Lukei, Jr.	TATC on TV	247
Richard Tarr	Reflections and Progressions of a Rookie Freezeree	205-206
Rick Hancock	Ray Kernel, The Best Friend I Ever Had	337-338
Rick Hancock	Reflections: A Winter Cabin Ordeal	278-279
Rick Hancock	Reflections: My Years With TATC	276-277
Rosanne Cary	Alert: Typhoon Ned Blast Through the Appalachian Trail	66
Rosanne Cary	40th Anniversary Interview Videos	283
Rosanne Cary	Lifetime Friends	249-252
Rosanne Cary	My Remembrances of Otey Shelton	326-327
Rosanne Cary	Virginia RPC Volunteer of the Year for 2020	79-80
Russell Reid	Reeds Gap or Reids Gap	29-30
Stephanie Stringer	How to Feed 80 Hungry Hikers	55-56
Susan Gail Arey	Dismal Swamp Expedition	161-162
Susan Gail Arey	TATC Memories	256-265
Susan Gait Arey	Judy Kernell and the Three Bears	155
Trish Mims	Dolly 3 - Trish 0	193-194
Trish Mims	Tails of Putman Cabin	105
Various	Herbert Rockwood Coleman, Jr.	318-321
Various	In Remembrance of Jacqueline P. Jenkins	356-367
Various	In Remembrance of Margaret Emily Crate	353-355
Various	In Remembrance of Marilyn Horvath	342-348
Various	Leonard Dewey Phelps, Jr.	328-333

Photo Index

Person/Picture	Page	Person/Picture	Page	Person/Picture	Page
12th Annual Triathlon	164	Bill Rogers	63	Bruce Julian	160
Airplane Crash	77	Bill Rogers	64	Bruce Julian	201
Al Bellinoff	213	Bill Slaughter	122	Bruce Julian	307
Al Bellinoff	214	Bill Van Moorhan	314	Buddy the Dog	312
Al Bellinoff	215	Bob Adkisson	30	Bulldozing the Cabin Site	115
Alan Neumann	242	Bob Adkisson	83	Cabin	286
Alexa Cardoni	141	Bob Adkisson	84	Cabin - 10th Anniversary	312
Alexa Cardoni	142	Bob Adkisson	92	Cabin - 1996	279
Alice Baylor	233	Bob Adkisson	100	Cabin and Picnic Shelter	273
Alice Cruse	314	Bob Adkisson	107	Cabin Loft	317
Amanda Hartwig	39	Bob Adkisson	118	Cabin Photo by Jay Sanchez	124
Andrew Bulloch	107	Bob Adkisson	125	Campbell Cabin	20
Andrew Bulloch	117	Bob Adkisson	176	Campbell Cabin	253
Andrew Bulloch	118	Bob Adkisson	178	Carl Hanbury	327
Andy Armano	304	Bob Adkisson	179	Carl Wright	304
Andy Grayson	30	Bob Adkisson	206	Carol Hodges	31
Ann Crate	91	Bob Adkisson	216	Carol Hodges	84
Ann Wilbon	125	Bob Adkisson	219	Carol Martin	233
Ann Wilbon	311	Bob Adkisson	242	Carol Martin	307
Anna Nelson	304	Bob Adkisson	254	Cary Coronas	309
Anne Kandare	202	Bob Adkisson	312	Cary Fall Fiesta - Fall 2019	250
Art Caudill	120	Bob Adkisson	316	Cary Fall Fiesta - Fall 2019	251
Art Caudill	313	Bob Giffin	120	Cary Fall Fiesta - Fall 2019	252
Back Bay NWR Clean-Up	150	Bob Giffin	272	Castleton, VT - 2009	180
Barbara Rucker	309	Bob Mooney	230	Charlie Gillie	10
Bea Rogers	313	Bob Mooney	231	Chris (Roisen) Sexton	123
Beth Ewing	152	Boundary Waters MN 8/00	240	Chris Robey	142
Bill Baldwin	8	Brian Richie	213	Chris Sexton	84
Bill Bunch	30	Brian Richie	216	Chris Sexton	225
Bill Bunch	287	Brian Richie	218	Chris Sexton	230
Bill Bunch	288	Bruce Davidson	30	Chris Sexton	233
Bill Lynn	248	Bruce Davidson	213	Chris Sexton	234
Bill Lynn	301	Bruce Davidson	216	Chris Sexton	296
Bill Nelson	11	Bruce Davidson	219	Chris Sexton	300
Bill Nelson	16	Bruce Davidson	295	Chris Sexton	302
Bill Newsom	107	Bruce Julian	31	Chris Sexton	307
Bill Newsom	117	Bruce Julian	35	Christine Morgan	302
Bill Newsom	122	Bruce Julian	36	Christine Woods	233
Bill Newsom	124	Bruce Julian	38	Christine Woods	288
Bill Newsom	125	Bruce Julian	93	Christine Woods	307
Bill Newsom	350	Bruce Julian	143	Chuck Engle	174
Bill Newsom	352	Bruce Julian	148	Chuck Engle	176
Bill Rogers	26	Bruce Julian	158	Chuck Jessie	115

Continued ...

Photo Index

Person/Picture	Page	Person/Picture	Page	Person/Picture	Page
Cindy Barbeau	304	Ed Martin	214	Fred Bull	314
Claire Arentzen	142	Ed Martin	215	Fred Darling	125
Clay Perry	308	Ed Martin	219	Gae Caudill	120
Colonial Bike Ride - 2008	297	Elisabeth Parks	296	Gae Caudill	313
Cornwall England Hikes	224	Ellis Malabad	26	Gail Owens	327
Curtis Eley	130	Ellis Malabad	83	Garrett Sullivan	90
Dan Barham	121	Ellis Malabad	84	Gene Krah	100
Dan Cheche	83	Ellis Malabad	143	Gene Krah	130
Dan Cheche	85	Ellis Malabad	170	Gene Monroe	292
Dan Cheche	316	Ellis Malabad	199	Gid Honsinger	107
Dan Stranigan	296	Ellis Malabad	236	Gid Honsinger	119
Dave Benavitch	26	Ellis Malabad	237	Ginny Werner	168
Dave Brewer	120	Ellis Malabad	242	Gordon Spence	173
Dave Brewer	151	Ellis Malabad	287	Gordon Spence	242
Dave Brewer	241	Ellis Malabad	288	Gordon Spence	248
Dave Brewer	254	Ellis Malabad	294	Greg Hodges	31
Deb Ripka	74	Ellis Malabad	301	Greg Reck	93
Debbie Putman	90	Ellis Malabad	304	Gudrun Hile	86
Debbie Putman	104	Ellis Malabad	305	Hailey Mazzarelli	118
Dewey Phelps	31	Ellis Malabad	327	Hanging Rocks Steps	47
Dewey Phelps	38	Etta Burch	107	Hannah Couto	141
Dewey Phelps	143	Etta Burch	119	Hannah Couto	142
Dewey Phelps	170	Etta Burch	122	Harold Crate	90
Dewey Phelps	254	Evelyn Adkisson	107	Harold Crate	94
Dewey Phelps	294	Evelyn Adkisson	118	Harold Crate	95
Dewey Phelps	305	Evelyn Adkisson	123	Harold Crate	107
Dewey Phelps	333	Evelyn Adkisson	178	Harold Crate	116
Dismal Swamp Canal Trail	299	Evelyn Adkisson	183	Harold Crate	117
Dismal Swamp Hike	155	Evelyn Adkisson	313	Harold Crate	118
Dismal Swamp Hike	162	Evelyn Adkisson	316	Harold Crate	120
Dolly Sods - February 1989	295	Evelyn Smith	117	Harold Crate	123
Dolly Sods Kiosk	194	FCSP Bike/Hike	298	Harold Crate	125
Dolly Sods Trip - 1989	195	Fess Green	198	Harold Crate	192
Doug Kuett	304	Florence	348	Harold Crate	309
Douglas Cary	251	Florence Capschalk	86	Harold Crate	316
Douglas Lee Putman Cabin	87	FLSP - Adopt-A-Trail	153	Harry Fisher	134
Douglas Lee Putman Cabin	112	FLSP - Clean-Up	158	Harry Fisher	139
Douglas Putman	104	FLSP - Special Projects	151	Heather Lukei	179
Douglas Putman	114	FLSP - Trail Maintenance	149	Heather Lukei	312
Duncan Fairlie	36	FLSP - Volunteers	145	Heather Lukei	316
Duncan Fairlie	40	FLSP Clean-Up - 09/25/2021	291	Henry Stone	290
Duncan Fairlie	295	FLSP Trail Construction	154	Herb Coleman	10
Ed Martin	213	Francis King	308	Herb Coleman	11

Continued ...

Photo Index

Person/Picture	Page	Person/Picture	Page	Person/Picture	Page
Herb Coleman	107	Jerry Burch	254	Judy Kernell	151
Herb Coleman	120	Jerry Burch	294	Judy Kernell	290
Herb Coleman	177	Jerry Cobleigh	65	Judy Welp	93
Herb Coleman	292	Jim Dyer	307	Juliet Stephenson	225
Herb Coleman	321	Jim McCormak	304	Karl Price	119
High Bridge Trail	298	Jim Newman	30	Karl Price	125
HikaNation Hikers - 1981	192	Jim Newman	79	Kate Nelson	11
Hikers 40 th Cabin Anniversary	92	Jim Newman	142	Katrina Rogers	234
Hungrey Mother	297	Jim Newman	216	Keith Yeargin	93
Jack Fisher	122	Jim Newman	230	Ken Baker	272
Jacque Jenkins	8	Jim Newman	231	Ken Isaac	304
Jacque Jenkins	11	Jim Newman	287	Ken King	98
Jacque Jenkins	95	Jim Newman	289	Ken King	99
Jacque Jenkins	107	Jim Olin	313	Ken King	139
Jacque Jenkins	115	Jim Robertson	311	Kevin 'Vip' Vipavetz	120
Jacque Jenkins	116	Jim Sexton	123	Konnarock Crew - 1991	48
Jacque Jenkins	125	Jim Sexton	230	Lance Deaver	295
Jacque Jenkins	128	Jim Sexton	233	Lance Deaver and Bailey	42
Jacque Jenkins	192	Jim Sexton	287	Larry Blett	86
Jacque Jenkins	247	Joe Turlo	73	Larry Blett	237
Jacque Jenkins	356	John Donovan	272	Larry Blett	246
Jacque Jenkins	367	John Folsom	128	Larry Blett	254
James River 8/98	240	John Folsom	246	Larry Blett	293
James River State Park 6/01	242	John Gillikin	38	Larry Nafziger	315
Jane Oakes	36	John Oakes	33	Larry Sites	125
Jane Oakes	159	John Oakes	42	Laura Bontems	233
Jane Oakes	183	John Oakes	141	Laurie Behm	170
Jane Oakes	199	John Oakes	142	Lee Atkison	201
Jane Oakes	225	John Oakes	159	Lee Atkison	202
Jane Oakes	287	John Oakes	225	Lee Hulten	98
Janie Blassingham	179	John Oakes	287	Lee Hulten	134
Jeff Crate	91	John Oakes	289	Lee Hulten	138
Jenny Crate	312	John Pessagno	38	Lee Hulten	139
Jenny DeArmond	126	John Sima	39	Lee Hulten	198
Jenny DeArmond	168	John Sima	218	Lee Kernell	107
Jenny DeArmond	301	John Sima	221	Lee Lohman	287
Jenny DeArmond	316	John Sima	251	Lee Lohman	290
Jerry Bauer	218	JP Jones	217	Leigh Liebert	107
Jerry Bauer	221	JR Davidson	142	Leigh Liebert	118
Jerry Burch	85	Judy Bridger	254	Leigh Liebert	123
Jerry Burch	107	Judy Kernell	83	Leigh Liebert	316
Jerry Burch	124	Judy Kernell	86	Leigh Smith	312
Jerry Burch	125	Judy Kernell	107	Lelia Vann	93

Continued ...

Photo Index

Person/Picture	Page	Person/Picture	Page	Person/Picture	Page
Leon Jeffries	174	Margaret Crate	107	Marty Vines	216
Libby Carmines	30	Margaret Crate	117	Mary Ann Barbini	128
Lillian Benson	107	Margaret Crate	294	Mary Ann Gray	248
Lillian Benson	315	Margaret Crate	308	Mary Ann Gray	300
Linda Campbell	119	Margaret Crate	316	Mary Bechtold	199
Linda Chronowski	293	Margaret Crate	353	Mary Bechtold	233
Linda Crate	91	Margaret Crate	355	Mary Bechtold	234
Linda Crate	129	Margaret Julian	36	Mary Bechtold	327
Linda Ghanem	327	Margaret Julian	93	Mary Beth Phillips	304
Linda Signorelli	120	Margaret Julian	148	Mary Hormell	307
Linda Signorelli	309	Margaret Julian	183	Mary Jo Kennedy	348
Lisa Billow	233	Margaret Julian	201	Mary Marsh	247
Luis Seuc	18	Margaret Julian	307	Mary Marsh	310
Luis Seuc	118	Margaret Pisone	93	Mau-Har Trail Construction	136
Luis Seuc	315	Marilyn Horvath	83	Mau-Har Trail Maintenance	136
Lynchburg Conference - 1987	174	Marilyn Horvath	85	Maury River 4/98	239
Lynn Folsom and baby Lisa	151	Marilyn Horvath	107	Melinda Lukei	115
Maine - Lobster Fest - 1979	179	Marilyn Horvath	118	Melinda Lukei	192
Maine Conference - 2017	189	Marilyn Horvath	119	Melinda Lukei	294
Maine Conference - 2017	190	Marilyn Horvath	151	Melinda Lukei	316
Mal Higgins	30	Marilyn Horvath	198	Melinda Spence	173
Mal Higgins	38	Marilyn Horvath	201	Melinda Spence	242
Mal Higgins	39	Marilyn Horvath	316	Melinda Spence	248
Mal Higgins	84	Marilyn Horvath	342	Melody Persinger	93
Mal Higgins	115	Marilyn Horvath	347	Melva Price	125
Mal Higgins	129	Marilyn Horvath	348	Michael Horrell	233
Mal Higgins	130	Mario Mazzarelli	118	Michelle Cobb	142
Mal Higgins	179	Mark Connolly	125	Michelle Cobb	302
Mal Higgins	206	Mark Connolly	199	Mike Barbeau	304
Mal Higgins	213	Mark Connolly	233	Mike Brewer	241
Mal Higgins	214	Mark Ferguson	40	Mike Brewer	254
Mal Higgins	216	Mark Ripka	74	Mike Camlet	30
Mal Higgins	217	Mark Van Zandt	30	Mike Dawson	246
Mal Higgins	219	Mark Wenger	58	Mike Reitelbach	176
Mal Higgins	220	Marlene Walchili	83	Mike Reitelbach	254
Mal Higgins	233	Marsha Arey	129	Mike Sholor	304
Mal Higgins	242	Marsha Bradley	247	Mike Squire	254
Mal Higgins	295	Martha Dickens	50	Milton Beale	41
Mal Higgins	303	Martha Dickens	51	Milton Beale	225
Mal Higgins	327	Marti Malabad	170	Milton Beale	306
Margaret Crate	98	Marti Malabad	199	Nancy Barger	98
Margaret Crate	99	Marti Malabad	236	Nancy Barger	119
Margaret Crate	100	Marty Vines	39	Nancy Lewis	306

Continued ...

Photo Index

Person/Picture	Page	Person/Picture	Page	Person/Picture	Page
Nancy Pruden	225	Patrick Hayes	288	Richard Martin	307
Nathan Wygand	233	Patrick Hayes	289	Richard Tarr	183
Ned Kuhns	35	Paul Dickens	50	Richard Tarr	206
Ned Kuhns	58	Pete Burch	42	Richard Tarr	233
Ned Kuhns	66	Peter Burch	30	Richard Tarr	234
Ned Kuhns	238	Peter Burch	126	Richard Tarr	306
Ned Kuhns	290	Phyllis Neumann	26	Rick Hancock	176
Ned Kuhns	306	Phyllis Neumann	33	Rick Hancock	201
New Quarter Maintenance	147	Phyllis Neumann	83	Rick Hancock	254
New Quarter Construction	147	Phyllis Neumann	84	Rick Hancock	277
New River 9/03	240	Phyllis Neumann	168	Rick Hancock	338
New River 9/96	239	Phyllis Neumann	170	Robert Wygand	233
Nic Freeman	141	Phyllis Neumann	183	Rosanne Cary	40
Nic Freeman	142	Phyllis Neumann	199	Rosanne Cary	250
Nick Werner	168	Phyllis Neumann	242	Rosanne Cary	251
Nina Rountree	178	Phyllis Neumann	301	Royce Bridger	254
Old Rag - 2005	197	Phyllis Neumann	304	Sally Goessell	85
Otey Shelton	12	Phyllis Neumann	307	Sandy Baylor	248
Otey Shelton	38	Phyllis Putman	90	Sandy Baylor	296
Otey Shelton	41	Phyllis Putman	95	Sandy Butler	248
Otey Shelton	90	Portsmouth Island Trip - 2004	173	Sandy Butler	300
Otey Shelton	98	Rachel Higgins	127	Scott Hilton	38
Otey Shelton	99	Rappelling in Richmond	200	Scott Hilton	305
Otey Shelton	100	Ray Kernel	338	Scott Hilton	340
Otey Shelton	101	Ray Lavesque	12	Sheila Bish	310
Otey Shelton	116	Ray Lavesque	122	Shepherd Johnson	306
Otey Shelton	122	Ray Lavesque	128	Sherando Lake	43
Otey Shelton	127	Ray Stephens	178	Shirley Boyd	202
Otey Shelton	134	Reb Stewart	292	Shirley Boyd	293
Otey Shelton	139	Rebecca Young	348	Sig Gray	310
Otey Shelton	179	Reese Lukei	41	Sig Signnorelli	120
Otey Shelton	199	Reese Lukei	129	Snowshoe Parking	317
Otey Shelton	237	Reese Lukei	139	St. Ives Waterfront	226
Otey Shelton	238	Reese Lukei	176	St. Michael's Mount	226
Otey Shelton	295	Reese Lukei	179	Stan Pearson	18
Otey Shelton	325	Reese Lukei	201	Stan Pearson	311
Otey Shelton	327	Reese Lukei	267	Stephanie Stringer	56
Pat Callanan	129	Reese Lukei	268	Stephanie Stringer	287
Pat Callanan	130	Reese Lukei	316	Steve Babor	120
Pat Parker	156	Richard Douglas	126	Steve Babor	121
Pat Strong & Sister	309	Richard Kavanaugh	246	Steve Babor	123
Patrick Hayes	39	Richard Martin	233	Steve Babor	168
Patrick Hayes	287	Richard Martin	234	Steve Clayton	287

Continued ...

Photo Index

Person/Picture	Page	Person/Picture	Page
Steve Clayton	288	Tye River Bridge - 2012	291
Steve Crate	91	Various	29
Steve Crate	117	Various	37
Steve Rosenthal	287	Various	49
Susan Gail Arey	125	Various	52
Susan Gail Arey	176	Various	70
Susan Gail Arey	177	Various	71
Susan Gail Arey	199	Various	91
Susan Gail Arey	258	Various	93
Susan Gail Arey	263	Various	117
Susan Gail Arey	264	Various	130
Susan Gail Arey	265	Various	159
Susan Gail Arey	308	Various - Cabin Dedication	94
Susan Putman	90	Vic Pisone	93
Susan Sites	125	Vicki Blett	86
Susan Twiford	125	View from Entry Mountain	133
Svetlana Kononov	303	Virginia Creeper Trail	297
Sybil Stankavich	316	Vivian Dean	314
TATC at Emory & Henry 2011	183	Weyonoke Sanctuary Hike	149
TATC at FLSP EEC	152	Whale Fountain, Alaska	229
TATC on a Log	46	White Horse Pass	230
TATC Photo Contest - 2008	300	Winchester - 2015	186
TATC Section Map	24	Yvonne Carignan	12
TATC Trail Crew	34		
TATC T-Shirt Display	303		
The Chocolate Hike	166		
The Chocolate Hike	167		
Tim Kroha	118		
Toano Bike Ride	299		
Tom Harris	174		
Tom Harrison	152		
Tom Miano	216		
Tom Miano	295		
Tom Myers	300		
Tom Noden	118		
Tom Reed	305		
Tom Reed	340		
Tommy Mazzarelli	118		
Trish Mims	213		
Trish Mims	215		
Trish Mims	220		
Tsiv Kutz-Hyman	30		
Tye River Bridge	25		

TATC Mission Statement

In cooperation with the Appalachian Trail Conservancy, manage and maintain a section of the Appalachian Trail from Reeds Gap to the Tye River in Virginia.

Exceed ATC standards for trail condition.

Provide organized recreational activities for our members and members of the local community through hiking, backpacking, camping, canoeing, biking, and related activities.

Educate our members and the public in proper trail usage, safety, conservation, and stewardship.

Promote "Leave No Trace" as a standard.

Develop and maintain other footpaths related to the Appalachian Trail and in the local community within the resources available.

Adopted October 30, 1998



Tidewater Appalachian Trail Club

1972-2022

50 Years of "Getting Stuff Done"

2nd Edition

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