



Benton MacKaye Trail Association

P. O. Box 53271, Atlanta, GA 30355-1271



BMTA NEWSLETTER

AUGUST, 1992

Construction Corner

BMTA NON-WORK TRIP

June 13, 1992

Kirk Johnson



The Cherokee National Forest did not complete the design narrative and cultural and biological assessment needed to allow new construction in Tennessee. Rain continued thru mid-morning so no rush was made to work the alternative section on the Fork Ridge Trail.

When the drizzle ended, the party hiked on the northern most approved segment in Tennessee from FS 45 to the edge of the escarpment above Thunder Rock Campground. Since we were not going to stay long I did not carry my lunch. After we left the blue ribbons marking Marty Dominy's proposed routing for the BMT, we continued on the woods road to the powerline opening at the top of the Ocoee River Gorge. It was a picturesque spot several hundred feet above the river so everybody else pulled out their lunch and started eating. The Pullens had an extra Granola bar and someone also brought oatmeal cookies, so I didn't starve. The rafters below would occasionally yell in excitement as they entered the rapids near the put-in at Ocoee #2 Dam.

The party went to Rough Creek in the early afternoon, walking up the former West Prong Road to view two washed out culverts, crossing eastward on the Rough Creek Trail past the bottom end of the Fork Ridge Trail and returning to the vehicles down the former East Prong Road.

Attendees, fantastic first-timers underlined, were: Carole Clement, Steve Ritchie, David Pullen, Mike Pullen, Mike Christison, Laurice Shaw, Marty Dominy, Wayne Smith, Darcy Douglas, Sam Engle and Kirk Johnson.

About half of the group stayed over Saturday night camping in the large white pines at the undeveloped Big Creek Campground. After the morning shower, a loop hike was made up Yellow Stand Load Trail to the southern Low Gap, returning first westward and then northward on the Big Creek Trail.

The rains were annoying, but the clouds kept things cool so the insects were not out except for ticks, which were plentiful.

The Forest Service has promised to complete all procedural steps before the September Work Trip which is scheduled for Tennessee.

Volunteer Hours this month -	55
Travel Hours this month -	42
Total Hours this month -	97

Attributable to the Cherokee National Forest

Legislation Corner



This concept was "borrowed" from the Cherokee Hiking Club's newsletter. Pending Congressional legislation or litigation regarding recreation, trails and/or the environment with potential interest to members will be featured arbitrarily.

Native Biodiversity & Clearcut Prohibition Act
HR-1969

Ancient Forest Protection Act
HR-902

American Discovery Trail Designation
as a National Scenic Trail
HR-3011 S-1537

Hiker's Corner



Featured Monthly Hike

May 23, 1992

Laurice Shaw



Prompted by May's Boxie Corner, Lee Barry submitted an interesting article concerning his various bear encounters over the years. This is the second installment--Ed.

Bear Encounters--Part 2

Lee Barry

The most likely place for a deliberate contact by a bear is at a public campsite or trailhead parking area where the irresponsible leave trash. Away from public places bears are more careful. In areas where they are hunted you will just about never see one. If you do, it will generally flee. Where they are protected, such as in the GSMNP, it's another story. Even there they avoid contact in the back country.

Once I was approaching Peck's Corner Lean-to from the rear. As I crossed the front I saw a nice sized bear approaching from the opposite side of the lean-to. We both stopped. Since I had the back country permit I proceeded forward, opened the gate and entered the shelter. The bear ambled across the front of the shelter and down the trail to the spring. As you are probably aware, shelters in the GSMNP have wire fence strung across the openings. The bear never gave me a second glance.

On another occasion, at Spencefield Shelter in the GSMNP, a mother bear with twin cubs strolled by slowly and sniffed the area thoroughly. The mother knew I was there but ignored me, as did the cubs. They just followed momma. When she'd stop to sniff so would each cub, actually poking mom's nose out of the way.



The group enjoyed a sunny, cool morning as we left Watson Gap heading to Dally Gap. We passed through a long abandoned farm and met the challenge of a few stream crossings. Several people eyed potential campsites for future overnights along the free flowing creek.

We arrived early at our stated destination so the group, feeling full of energy, decided to trek on. We continued half way up Hemp Top, retraced our steps to pick up Jack's River Trail, then back to the BMT for a total of 12 miles.



The highlights of the day were spotting three snakes, one of which pretended to be a four foot black stick extended onto the trail. Our loud voices did not deter him from his pretense. Glenn, Darcy, Troy and I had the opportunity to examine a diamond backed rattler from the comfort of our cars. This sparked a snakes' rights debate immediately following at the Pink Pig.

I would like to address the question of more moderate hikes for beginning hikers. The fun hike groups consist of people of a variety of ages, abilities and interests. Some like to pause to examine flowers and others push on. The group doesn't always stay close together, but the ones ahead are mindful of the ones behind and stop regularly to make sure we have everyone.

There are opportunities to hike shorter distances, even if some decide to travel farther. This does not inconvenience anyone. The most important thing is that participants have fun. A call in advance to Lawrence Jump, trip leader, may be wise in order to discuss options.

Hikers for May's trip, first-timers underlined, included Chris Huff, Darcy Douglas, Troy Carpenter, Walter "Fritz" Ilgenfritz, Jeff Morgan, Glenn Loudermilk, Laurice Shaw and leader Lawrence Jump.

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Recycling a 3 foot stack
of newspaper saves 1 tree
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Calendar of Events



July 25, FEATURED MONTHLY HIKE:
Leader: Lawrence Jump, 706-228-3124
Location: Freeman Trail at Blood Mountain.
Approximately 6 miles. Meet at Wagon Wheel in
Dahlonega at 8:30. Option available at hike's end
to adjourn to Chattahoochee River for a dip.

August 8, MONTHLY WORK TRIP:
Leader: Darcy Douglas, 977-1530
Location: McKenny Gap. Meet @ Ellijay Waffle
King @ 8:00 or Bushhead Gap @ 9:00. Please call
to register.

August 13-16, FAMILY CAMPING TRIP:
Clark and Lyn Cooper extend an invitation for
members to join them in the Standing Indian area
of North Carolina. 449-9345 for more info.

August 22, FEATURED MONTHLY HIKE:
Leader: Lawrence Jump, 706-228-3124
Location: Tesnatee Gap-Unicoi Gap on the AT,
14.9 miles--overnight--meet at Wagon Wheel in
Dahlonega @ 8:30 a.m.

September 12, MONTHLY WORK TRIP:
Leader: Kirk Johnson, 615-892-6609
Location: Cherokee National Forest area south of
Ocoee River. Details in next issue.

September 12, ADT TRAILBLAZER DAY:
The American Discovery Trail (ADT) has set this
date "ADT Trailblazer Day." Efforts are under
way to have people on every mile of the ADT for
hikes, overnight stays, trail marking, sign erection
and light maintenance. Info available from ADT
coordinator, Reese Lukei, at 800-851-3442.

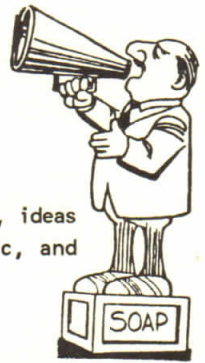
September 25, FEATURED MONTHLY HIKE:
Leader: Lawrence Jump, 706-228-3124
Location: John Muir Trail, from Reliance
Trailhead to Smith Creek Powerhouse. 7 miles
approximately. Meet at Thunder Rock Camp-
ground at 9:30 a.m.

October 10, MONTHLY WORK TRIP:
Location: Halloway Gap or Cherokee National
Forest in Tennessee. Confirmation in later issue.

December 27, PARTY:
Laurice Shaw & Darcy Douglas plan a party for
members, their family & friends for Sunday,
12-27-92 @ 3:00 p.m. Details in future issue.

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Viewpoint



Viewpoint is a forum for member's comments, ideas
and suggestions; subject to space, topic, and
content editing.

Dear Mr. Loudermilk: Enjoyed your humorous
story about "Belch" and Broke-Toe" and
adventures with your cousin Tim in June's
newsletter. Good lead-in for your comments and
agonizing concerns about our environment. Truth
be know...we probably all harbor some degree of
self-guilt about the part we play in this ever-
nagging dilemma! I sense a mild but definite
cringe as you comment about.."self-righteous
pillars of virtue."

Who truly are the "developers (despoilers?)"...can
we live in our comfortable homes (you at Apache
Lane and me in Titusville), consumers of the very
spoils of these developers, wasting energy and
consuming and discarding products made from
our priceless and depleting natural resources, and
not turn away from looking at ourselves with at
least some degree of disgust? I don't know, but I
think I've gotten a glimpse at your feelings...I
know it bugs me!

Just thought you might enjoy reading the enclosed
and getting a glimpse of your own into what this
one person, sitting uncomfortably as it is, on the
horns of this dilemma, is trying to do. Anyway,
keep mixing in a little humor in your interesting
column..it's good for all of us. M. J. Eberhart,
Trustee for Georgia Mountain Home Trust

*Dear Mr. Eberhart: Thank you for the kind words.
Strike the "mild but definite cringe" as inadequate; I
mildly cringe when the wife nails me sneaking the
last Coke--I shudder when contemplating my own
culpability concerning the very things I condemn in
others. Hence the "self-righteous pillars of virtue" as
you suspected. Thanks for the brochure and other
information. I don't expound upon its commercial
nature here, but did find it informative.*

*Corporate Members, including Georgia Mountain
Home Trust, are asked to refer to "Editor's Corner"
for an item of possible interest.*

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Boxie's Corner

Glenn Loudermilk



This section is reserved for articles relating to health & safety tips concerning hiking, the environment, or the Trail itself. Members are requested to submit material for publication.

Cousin Tim and I backpacked the AT from Springer to Hightower about 1984 during a hot, muggy July. A planned overnighiter of modest duration, we started out late Saturday morning after shuttle arrangements were completed. It became increasingly humid and shortly after noon we were consistently besieged by the local entomofauna, notably irksome flies and gnats, the latter dive bombing virtually all exposed orifices with irritating regularity. We both pack insect repellent but rarely employ it for some obscure reason. Male ruggedness.

We took a lunch break north of Three Forks around 2, courting bromidrosis in congruence with the stifling weather. The flies and gnats were soon joined by a few curious yellow jackets encircling our lunch treats. I've heard them referred to by a variety of names, but I call them yellow jackets, or YJ's, possibly in recognition of my long standing affinity for Georgia Tech. Sorry, Marty.

We killed an hour eating, exchanging lies and reminiscing about various family members, many of whom are now out of prison. Lunch compromised by the pesky insects, we hoisted packs preparatory to resuming the hike. Suddenly Tim's face contorted comically. "Uh, drop your pack. I'm going to be a minute. Stomach's been acting up for two days," he said laconically and dashed off the trail toward thick undergrowth in a spurtive gait. His hasty departure was explanation enough and I sat down on a rock outcrop to wait.

Tim is a pretty decent family man, refraining from drink, tobacco or excessive foul language, a complete antithesis to his city bred cousin. Therefore I was stunned when suddenly, violently, he literally exploded from behind his chosen pine tree rattling off curses, both singularly and in picturesque, inventive combinations that would rival a seasoned New York stevedore. Pack flapping fulgurantly on his back, hiking shorts and... uh, well, undergarment finery looped about one ankle, he cussed, shouted and flailed his arms wildly, swatting frantically at his bare legs. He

looked like the lead contestant in an old-fashioned country hootenanny.

My first reaction was puzzlement, then mirth. The frightened, angry look on his face squelched that vagary immediately. The boy was not in a frolicsome mood.

Tim's uncanny *anschauung* had failed him and he had disturbed an underground yellow jacket nest, probably with an errant bootheel. The YJ's retaliated swiftly and purposefully.

We implemented an exploratory assessment of the damage. He must have been hit a dozen times, with angry red welts evident on both legs from ankle to posterior, but the majority of the stings were on his right leg. Several were of Brobdingnagian proportions. I studiously concentrated on his lower anatomy, from kneecap to ankle, assigning Cuz the northern regions. I silently recalled an old adage about our great-great grandfather Belch Taylor. Belch was out hunting one fine August morning in the Tennessee mountains he called home when he chanced upon one of his neighbors, B.M. Galore. Ol' B.M. had taken a break from his morning chores, negligently sat upon a log favored by a rattlesnake and was promptly bitten on the buttock. Grandpa came upon him only moments later. Writhing upon the ground, B.M. recognized Belch, implored, "Belch! I've been bit by a rattler. Got me on my behind. I can't get to it. If'n we don't get the pizen sucked out soon, I'm a goner! What am I gonna do?"

Grandpa reportedly straightened his massive shoulders, emitted a thunderous namesake and scratched his chin speculatively. After a pregnant pause, he drawled, "Well, B.M., I reckon you're gonna die." Ditto. I am a product of my heritage.

The initial examination was interrupted as the milling jackets noisily buzzed about looking for more prey. We evacuated the vicinity post-haste. A few hundred feet down the trail we paused and resumed a rudimentary, awkward scrutiny. Fortunately no other hikers ventured forth; I'm not sure I could have adequately explained the scenario of one scruffy hiker probing over another, semi-naked one. Tim had experienced modest allergic reactions to bee stings as a teen, resulting in moderate swelling and inflammation. Our primary concern at this point was a severe repetition of that reaction.





We used the tweezers from our Swiss Army knives to retrieve as many of the stingers from his spotted carcass as possible, applied antiseptic swabs carried in our first-aid kits to the wounds, a couple of aspirin were ingested for pain, then we nervously awaited the outcome.

An hour elapsed. Aside from the tart, hot ache produced from each puncture Tim experienced no serious repercussion. Yes, he had donned his full apparel by now. We resumed our excursion with some trepidation, but except for a slight limp in one leg, and a fitful night's sleep, he displayed no further reaction.

Most people can tolerate a bee sting or two with relative ease. Some cannot. You should know which class you fall into before venturing forth into the wild. Special consideration should be given to young children. Most yellow jacket nests I have encountered are underground, although I hear that dead or rotting trees hold a special attraction for some hives. Watch where you step, especially off the beaten path. Look for activity close to the ground, several jackets clustered in close formation, that may indicate a buried or concealed nest.

Should you or a companion be stung, watch for abnormal swelling and inflammation, dizziness, nausea or shortness of breath which may indicate either an approaching politician or an allergic reaction or possible respiratory complication. In this event prompt, professional medical attention is essential. This cannot be over stressed.

Attentive readers are probably mystified about one aspect of this narrative. Heeding nature's call at home requires no special talent or intellect beyond that of a two-year old;

in the outdoors it requires manual dexterity, agility and balance attributable to a circus performer. Why would any responsible adult attempt such a maneuver with a fully loaded pack strapped to his back? During the intervening years I have broached the subject a number of times and each time am met with stony silence. Or, worse, ignored. I haven't reviewed the topic with him for ages now. Ask him about it next time you see him; you'll get a kick out of it.

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 Each U.S. citizen generates
 4-6 pounds of garbage daily
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Maintainer's Corner

Darcy Douglas

Lee Hulsey is the BMTA's newest Maintainer. Lee has been assigned Section 5 of the BMT, from Wilscot Gap to Shallowford Bridge. Welcome aboard, Lee.



June Maintainers were:

Section 2 - Sam Engle Work Hours: 6
 Travel Hours: 4 Total Volunteer Hours: 10

Section 4 - Marty Dominy Work Hours: 6 Travel
 Hours: 4 Total Volunteer Hours: 10



USFS Volunteer Hours Report

Volunteer Hours - this month: 67 YTD: 1922
 Travel Hours - this month: 50 YTD: 1371
 Total Hours - this month: 117 YTD: 3293

Thanks to each person who contributed their time and effort toward building or maintaining the Benton MacKaye Trail!

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 752 million pounds of toxic
 chemicals were dumped into
 the Great Lakes in 1989
 =====

Editor's Corner

Glenn Loudermilk



Ms. Grace W. Kennedy from Bloomington, Indiana recently made a donation to the BMTA for the Lyman Emerson Memorial. Family and friends appreciate her gesture.



The June 18th Board meeting produced, among others, a resolution to recognize our Corporate members. Current, up-to-date dues paying Corporate members are asked to submit their business card for display in the newsletter. We anticipate reproducing the card at least twice a year. This resolution is a small token of our continued appreciation for your encouragement and support.



New Members



Welcome to our new members! Please refer to the Calendar of Events section for future hikes, work trips and events. We hope you elect to participate in at least one event this year, but we encourage you to join us for as many activities as you like. We look forward to meeting you personally in the near future.

Ray/Cindy Balsey	Marietta, GA
Machiko Ichihara	Atlanta, GA
Kathy Knox	Atlanta, GA
George Sherrill	Atlanta, GA

Total membership: 230 Newsletter mailed: 290

Hungry for adventure? Excitement? Intrigue? Wealth? Run for public office.



Hungry for fun? Recreation? Sense of accomplishment? Run for the hills.

Join the Benton MacKaye Trail Association for this month's work trip or featured hike. Please refer to the Calendar of Events Section for more information. We hope to see you this month!

Benton MacKaye Trail Association

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