



The Co-Hiker

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Club News ...

Hiking Milestones

John Troutman 1,500 miles
Carol Beal..... 1,000 miles



Hocking Hills

John Troutman and Jamie Abel recently hiked a trail just reopened near the ruins of the Hocking Hills dining lodge.

Kudos to hike leader/sweeps for 2016

It was noted in our Spring Banquet program that our members hiked over 3,100 miles in 2016. It wouldn't have happened, except that we have some great people who volunteered to lead/sweep the hikes. My thanks to them:

Jamie Abel (6); Dick and Jeanne Barbee (5); Carol Beal (3); Bob and Ruth Brown (1); Elaine Buhrlage (2); Leslie Buhrlage (1); Jim Dearnell (2); Sandy Garey (1); Gisela French (1); Kathleen Hall (1); Lynn Huston (1); Harry Jones (1); Natalie Kupferberg (1); Gerlinde Lott (2); Janie Reeves (1); Don Shaw (1); Heide Sloan (1) John & Whaja Troutman (8).

—Reported by Connie Sheridan, Trail Master

Club Officers

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An excerpt from *Walden...*

I went to the woods because I wished to live deliberately, to front only the essential facts of life, and see if I could not learn what it had to teach, and not, when I came to die, discover that I had not lived. I did not wish to live what was not life, living is so dear; nor did I wish to practise resignation, unless it was quite necessary. I wanted to live deep and suck out all the marrow of life, to live so sturdily and Spartan-like as to put to rout all that was not life, to cut a broad swath and shave close, to drive life into a corner, and reduce it to its lowest terms, and, if it proved to be mean, why then to get the whole and genuine meanness of it, and publish its meanness to the world; or if it were sublime, to know it by experience, and be able to give a true account of it in my next excursion.



Henry David Thoreau reflects on nature, 1854

Hikers to Bikers



Harry Jones, Martha Brown, Don Shaw, Sandy Garey and Giesla French dared the weather and survived in great shape on a bike ride from Miamisburg to Dayton and back on the Friday of the 2017 Spring Camp weekend. The ride was 13.5 miles each way, for a total ride of 27 miles. "... it was fun, even with rain and wind. Thank you, Don and Harry!"

Hike Reports ...



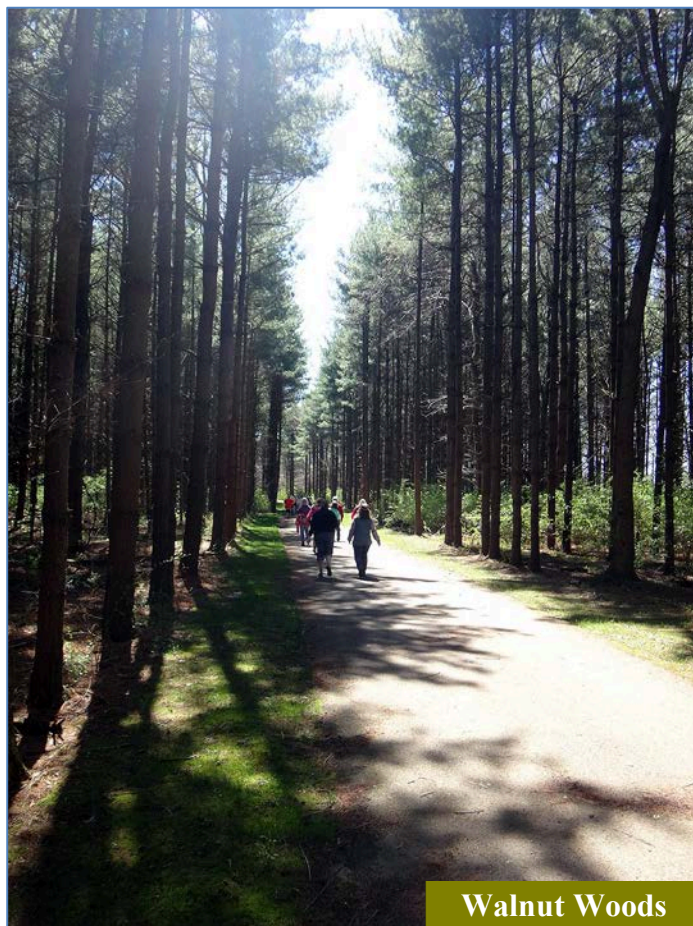
John Bryan State Park/Clifton Gorge State Nature Preserve

April 22, 2017

Connie Sheridan, leader; Cathy Young, sweep

Both Chaucer and TS Eliot have observed that April can be a cruel month. And, so it was on this date. It was much cooler and slight rain chances were predicted. Sixteen hikers gathered to walk the scenic gorge and revel in the waterfalls and spring flowers and rock outcroppings and other natural phenomena. The five-mile walk started out on the old stagecoach path and stayed on the north side of Little Miami River due to the condition of the footbridge

where there's a warning to stay off. There were many banks of trillium, some Jack-in-the-Pulpit, numerous Virginia bluebells and other spring flower varieties, not to mention the fungi and moss. We climbed the ridge and visited the Bear's Den to enjoy their animal skins and other realia. Our return hike was on the Rim Trail which is much flatter and wider. We found the iron pins for rock climbing, but lacking proper equipment we had to forgo. My thanks to Cathy Young who swept up the photographers on the hike and led the return hike back to the cars. Our dinner at Young's Jersey Dairy gave us further time for socializing. And, of course, most of us enjoyed ice cream at the barn next to the restaurant! 🍦 🍦



Walnut Woods Metro Park

April 8, 2017

Gisela French, leader; Heide Sloan, sweep

When hikers made the hike in January, it was a brutally cold and windy day. Gisela and a couple of other hikers remarked how nice they thought the park was, how no one was very familiar with it, and that it would be worth doing again in nicer weather. So, 25 of us did! We started out on the Sweetgum Trail, heading through the Tall Pines Area. Circling back around, we crossed Richardson Road onto the Kestral Trail, which took us across Lithopolis Road to the Buckeye Trail. After a brief pit stop, we returned west

via a short piece of the Monarch Trail, finding the Kestral Trail again, which led us back to the trailhead. Following the six-mile hike, we made our way to O'Charleys in Canal Winchester. 🍷 🍷



Germantown MetroPark

April 1, 2017

John Troutman, leader; Jamie Abel, sweep

The hike started at the Twin Valley Welcome Center. Germantown MetroPark features the largest areas of old-growth forest within Montgomery County, creating optimal habitats for wildlife. The Orange Trail started out hugging the river bottom, crossing some old-growth forest and water-carved ravines. We stopped for lunch at a picnic area and then crossed the Germantown Dam over Twin Creek. The north side of the stream led hikers down an old earthen roadway, back up on the bluffs and through several nursery areas before ducking down into the river valley floor again to cross the stream via the Conservancy Road bridge and returning to the Welcome Center. A total of 27 hikers headed out on the trails that morning, with several opting for routes shorter than the 7.5 miles of the long trail! That evening, they returned to the hotel to make various dinner plans. 🍷 🍷



Lobdell Reserve

March 25, 2017

Sandy Garey, leader; Giesla French, sweep

The trail led 27 hikers over rolling terrain through mature woodlands, open fields and along Lobdell Run Creek. Since the creek was high from recent rains, we explored the western sections of the park and then caravanned to the eastern sections, where we followed the treeline of a Frisbee-golf course for a total of five miles. On this temperate day, Lobdell was a wonderful area for wildlife and wildflower observation. For dinner, we broke bread at the Nutcracker Family Restaurant in Pataskla. 🍷 🍷



Charles Alley Nature Park

March 11, 2017

Heide Sloan, leader; Giesla French, sweep

The four-miles of trails the 17 hikers traversed in Alley Park proved to be hilly, with some being very steep. We hiked around Twin Lakes, followed the Meadow, Oak and Alley Trails, and then looped along Buck Run and Vulture Roost. While there wasn't any snow on the ground, we did see some gorgeous icicles hanging from the rock walls along the back boundaries of the park. We stopped to look for the eagles, but they had not yet returned to their nest near the lake! We met at Bob Evans in Lancaster for our repast and socializing. 🍷 🍷



Highbanks Metro Park

Feb. 25, 2017

Natalie Kupferberg, leader; Connie Sheridan, sweep

We walked through hardwood forests and shale ravines, eventually pausing for a splendid 110-foot elevation view of the Olentangy River. Our 22 hikers climbed and descended some moderate hills, passed a cemetery of some of the first settlers in the area and stopped by a burial mound left by the ancient Adena Indians. The features and the views were abundant and showed why this park has been designated a National Natural Landmark! Following the five-mile hike, we warmed up with a delicious meal at Ruby Tuesday in Powell. 🍴 🌲



Darby Creek Metro Park

Feb. 11, 2017

Dick Barbee, leader; Jeanne Barbee, sweep

Twenty-seven hikers showed up to hike along two famous creeks—Big Darby and Little Darby—which are renowned for the quality of their waters and the mussels and other aquatic life found in them. We hiked six miles over a variety of the trails, including one along Big Darby Creek, under the massive pilings of the train trestle. The trails were gravel and grass with just a few hills that we conquered! After the hike, we dined at York Steak House, across from the Westland Shopping Center. 🍴 🌲



Tar Hollow State Park

Jan. 28, 2017

John Troutman, leader; Whaja Troutman, sweep

The trail started out with a heckuva hill, but after that it was a moderate four-mile trapse around Ross Hollow for 15 COHC hikers. Parts of the trail were narrow with some fairly steep drop-offs, but the route afforded many scenic views. The only technical part came at the end, where the trail traverses a hillside and is angled, making the footing tricky! We enjoyed a hearty meal at Goodwin's Family Restaurant in Circleville after the hike! 🍴 🌲

Walnut Woods Metro Park

Jan. 7, 2017

Mike Passerini, leader; Therese Passerini, sweep

This 1,100-acre park provided for an easy, five-mile, level-two hike for the 14 trekkers who showed up on a frigid and blustery day for the first club hike of 2017. A number of years ago, the park property was a nursery, and it remains relatively flat to this day. We walked on paved and grassy trails, or snow covered as was the case. We also walked through a beautiful stand of pine trees and another of maples. The rest of the park was very open, allowing for the wind to harass us as we walked. Afterwards, we met at O'Charley's for warmth, dinner and conversation. 🍴 🌲

Social Reports ...



USAF Museum



Sugar Creek

Spring Camp

March 1, April 1-2, 2017

Jeanne Barbee, coordinator

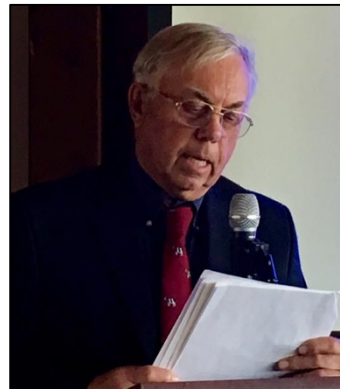
Spring Camp was held in Dayton with accommodations at the Hampton Inn Dayton Mall. Friday plans were offered to arrive at the U.S. Air Force National Museum. Ten members did this part, touring miles of the huge complex. Meanwhile, Don Shaw and Harry Jones led Gisela French, Martha Brown and Sandy Garey biking for 14 miles (see photo, page 2), and John and Wadja Troutman explored the Wright House in Dayton.

At the motel, 15 rooms were reserved with 24 members attending the weekend. People went out to different restaurants to eat Friday night. Many ate at the Rusty Bucket, while others found Subway in the mall and close by for sandwiches for Saturday's long hike. Returning to the motel, we gathered in a meeting room, where we started a jigsaw puzzle Betty Bradley had brought and played bingo for snack foods. Some used the swimming pool which was warm.

The rooms were nice and breakfast was good Saturday morning. Jamie and John explained how the hike would work, with some doing the 7-mile route and others doing a 4-mile loop at German Town Metro Park, while yet another group could do a different section of 3-4 miles. Lots of spring flowers were spotted and, except for some mud, we all got along well and enjoyed the good weather. For dinner Saturday night, we split up with most going to Golden Corral, then we all met back to the hotel to relax, do the puzzle and have a short meeting with readings by

Criss Molasso, Ruth Brown and Connie Sheridan. The puzzle finally was finished and put away.

After a nice hotel breakfast on a beautiful Sunday morn, Dick and Jeanne led 23 folks on the 5-mile hike at Sugar Creek. This is a busy park, and we needed to watch out for runners. Pat Shade and Sandy Garey walked with sweep Jeanne until Pat decided to head back since that would be 4.5 miles. We crossed two creeks on big flat rocks, which were challenging, but all made it and enjoyed the many wild flowers on the pathway. We marveled at the Two Sister's trees and walked the Osage Orange tunnel. After the hike, we met for lunch at Frishes, right near the freeway we would be taking home. This was a great weekend in Dayton with lots of great hikes yet we to do!



Spring Banquet

April 30, 2017

Carol Beal, coordinator

COHC had its Annual Spring Banquet and awards celebration April 30 at the Boat House, situated at the confluence of the Olentangy and Scioto Rivers, providing a scenic backdrop of the Columbus skyline while dining and conversing with friends. Mike Horn our guest speaker proved to be a winner. His beautiful photos of wildlife and birds were exquisite. His compassion and passion for birding and photography were evident. He left us wanting more. Dick Barbee emceed the event Good food plus good company equals a good time. Thanks to all for coming out!



Trekking Tidbits ...

Hike every day for a month: With a reunion coming and a gut to lose, our writer tries to remake himself on the trail

I suspect I am not the only person who, with the clock ticking toward yet another high school reunion, thought “How did that happen?” Time was not on my side: I had a mere 41 days before gathering with classmates.

A mere eight-minute drive from my front door lies an extensive trail system leading into New Mexico’s massive Gila National Forest. Five or six times a week, I don my daypack and head into the hills. A couple times a month, I go on a backpacking trip through rough country.

Yet.

With the possibility of mortification looming, I opted to set a goal. While huffing up a trail in the Burro Mountains, I decided to check off each of the remaining days before my reunion with a hike. The ground rules were simple: It wasn’t an official hike unless it lasted at least 90 minutes. It also had to transpire out in the woods. (Walking my dog, Casey, through the neighborhood did not count.)

Math majors might take note of the fact, that, if I hike five or six times a week under normal circumstances, then, in reality, this 40-day endeavor would likely add only about 10 days to a hiking schedule most people would already consider dense. The problem: beer. Too much, to be precise. I blame my half-Irish, half-English ancestry. Not surprisingly, this DNA-level inclination is often a next-day motivation killer. In order to hike for a minimum of 90 minutes for 40 straight days, I would have to overcome, or at least manage, my social proclivities for 40 straight nights.

All worthy undertakings ought to begin with a ceremony. So, on day one of my quest, I drove down the kind of rutted dirt road that defines my home range, parked next to a long-abandoned barbed wire fence, and pointed my well-worn Lowas toward a peak I had seen many times from the highway but had never visited. Its summit is not lofty, but its multi-mile, cross-country approach is steep, ragged, and lined with every manner of spine-laden species of flora found hereabouts. Several hours later, while balancing on a summit scarcely large enough to accommodate a single boot, I shouted, with only a few ravens as my witnesses: “I shall do this!” Completing the quest, now, was about honor as much as physique.

On the majority of the subsequent 40 days, I covered nearby ground. I’d rise at 5:30 a.m. and, with Casey, hit the trail by 7. On weekends, I would venture farther afoot, up into the Gila Wilderness or over into Arizona’s White Mountains.

Forty days later, my wife and I carried a celebratory picnic lunch (read: Clif Bars) to a little-known waterfall. And, just like that, the quest was achieved. As I was preparing to drive to my high school reunion, I looked once again into the mirror. I was stunned to observe that the image had not changed as much as I had hoped. I had lost a couple pounds and my legs were tanned, toned, and scratched all to hell. But there was one important change: The person looking back at me boasted a big smile that seemed to ask: “What’s next?” 🍌🍌🍌

*This article was edited for space. It was written by M. John Fayhee, author of 12 books, including *Smoke Signals: wayward Journeys through the Old Heart of the New West*. The full article appeared online at: <http://www.backpacker.com/skills/adventure-at-any-cost>*

How to fix hiking boots and shoes:

A little TLC will keep your hiking boots in shape for years to come

When it came to how long hiking boots are supposed to last, our readers agree: In a survey, 77% said that they expected their footwear to serve them for 2-5 years. That life span depends largely on construction. Put in the effort to keep your boots in shape to maximize what you get out of them.

■ Maintaining your hiking boots

Keep them dry. Remove your insoles each night and let them air dry. Put your boots upside down to help drain out water.

Treat as needed. Once a year, or whenever boot leather turns a lighter shade or cracks, perk it up with a silicone- or water-based treatment. Use sparingly or you'll clog your boots' membrane.

Never dry your boots by the fire. Direct heat can shrink or melt leather and synthetics.

■ Cleaning your hiking boots

Fun fact: Mud and foot sweat hinder breathability. Give your dirty boots a good go-over with a stiff-bristled brush after each trip. Once a year, go at them with a mild detergent and a brush. Scrub the inside, outside, and insole (the latter controls odor), then let them dry in the shade.

■ Repairing your hiking boots

Blown bootlace: Keep a spare in your repair kit, or repurpose some cordage (make sure it fits the eyelets first).

Broken hardware: Send boots back to the manufacturer or to a cobbler to replace blown or missing eyelets.

Replace: Boots are built tough, so catastrophic damage is rare. You're more likely to compress all the cushioning, which will lead to sore knees.

■ How to fix a delaminated boot sole

Address this immediately. Pick out any debris from between the upper and sole, and wipe down both with an alcohol prep pad from your med kit. If it's the heel, glob in a bunch of McNett Freesole and wrap it tightly in duct tape. Slide a pen or tent stake beneath the wrapped duct tape to add additional pressure. Get comfy: It takes at least a day to set.

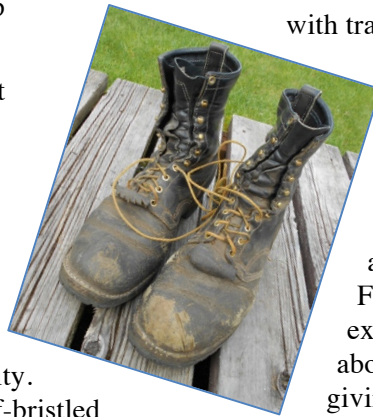
This article, edited here for length, was written by Casey Lyons and Caleigh Ryan. The article appeared online at: <http://www.backpacker.com/skills/how-to-repair-hiking-boots>

In defense of Trail Angels:

Outsiders plying thru-hikers with treats might appall purists, but trail magic is here to stay

While logging 1,800 miles on the Pacific Crest Trail this summer, I thought a lot about how trail angels shaped my hike. They were everywhere on the trail and they offered everything from chocolate cake and hamburgers to showers and shelter. My trip wouldn't have been the same without them. But is that a good thing?

The question of whether trail angels degrade the wilderness experience is a legitimate one. I understand these concerns. But ultimately, these places are better off with trail angels. If, as some argue, they compromise the rugged individualism of a through-hike, they replace that egoism with a shared generosity. And there's tremendous value in that.



Trail angels donate their time, money and, in some cases, homes to strangers. For the most part, they do this without expectations or ulterior motives. It isn't about the gift itself, but rather the act of gift-giving. Acts of charity on the trail, even of small items, assume huge significance. Along the PCT, unexpected generosity is food for the soul as well as the body. A granola bar isn't just a granola bar—it's a connection to other humans who respect your through-hike and support your journey. And, for many of us, the journey represents a personal one as much as a physical one. Trail magic is a profound act of solidarity.

Without a doubt, trail magic must be delivered responsibly. Angels must adhere to the same Leave No Trace principles as hikers do. They must measure that their provisions are needed and appropriate.

I'm prone to cynicism and have looked suspiciously on unadulterated kindness in the past, but the PCT has softened that edge. From the trail, I see things differently. Angels believe in the goodness of people: they see strangers as friends whom they have yet to meet, and they trust that what goes around comes around. "You get back what you put out," says trail angel Dalton Steele Reed, of Tehachapi, California. "At some point, I'll get it back. I don't know when or how, but I will."

This article, edited here for length, was written by Pete Brook. The article appeared online at: <https://www.outsideonline.com/2108001/defense-trail-angels>

LETTER DROP: Get on your feet for a senior feat

Here's a letter-drop puzzle for a quotation from the world of hiking. To solve it, move each letter in a column to one of the empty boxes directly below it. Don't put any letters in the black boxes. If you place all the letters in the correct boxes, you will spell out a message, reading from left to right and top to bottom.

All punctuation has been placed in appropriate boxes. Black boxes mark the spaces between words in the message.

Important note: A word does **not** end at the end of a line unless there is a black box there.

Don't take too long; Tammy and Jim are eager to see the solution!

[illegible]