

BOOTPRINTS

VOLUME 14 - ISSUE 6

NOVEMBER 2009



Annual Holiday Party

Saturday
December 12, 2009
5:30 to 11:30 p.m.
at
Springfield College

It's that time of year again! We hope you can come and meet, eat and dance off your feet!

The Holiday Party is FREE to all members, and non-member guests are welcome for a nominal charge. The event is catered, but all guests also bring a favorite food as well. Decide what you would like to bring - we will have sign-up sheets soon.

Besides delicious food, the party also includes Ann Marie Visconti's famous slide show. Prepare to re-live the fun hikes of 2009.

The night will continue with our interactive D.J. and fun dancing.

As always, we will depend on volunteers to assist with set up and clean up. Contact Cindy and Gary if you would like to help.

Reminder - this is an alcohol-free event.

See page 5 for directions.

Hope to see you there!
Cindy & Gary Dolgoff

"Yes" to turning back

By: Linda M. Coolidge

I befriended Ron Morrisette, Jr. on Facebook where I was introduced to hiking adventures through the photos he downloaded to facebook. The experiences he portrayed in his hiking and water adventure photos peaked my curiosity. This is where Ron informed me of the Pioneer Valley Hiking Club. I've been

looking for an organization that offers activities like the PVHC for sometime as I'm not one to partake in these types of activities alone. I perused the PVHC website and after a month or two of thinking about joining, I decided there was no better time than now to join.

I informed Ron that I joined and a week later he invited me to join him on the September 22nd Mt. Tom hike led by Carol Vanderheiden. This was my first major hike, never mind with a club who had seasoned hikers! Arriving at Mt. Tom, I felt intimidated but motivated. As the hike began, Ron kept providing me with words of encouragement as I struggled up the main road to make it to the beginning of the trail. I noticed some hikers waited at the start of the trail but soon to be long gone into the trail as we got closer. It was Ron, myself and old Mt. Tom at this point. If it wasn't enough that I could barely make it up the road to the trail entrance, every time we came to a steep part of the trail, I informed Ron, jokingly, that I would get even with him as I huffed and puffed my way up. The inclines felt like I was climbing Mt. Everest. I was hoping it would even out sooner than later or we would reach the summit fast so I could raise the flag and take a breather. Ron let me borrow his hiking pole which made hiking so much easier. With all the ridiculous hyperventilating (on my part; huffing and puffing up the trail) I had to take a needed water break. Ron had my well being in mind and asked if I wanted to turn back. At this point we were 1/2 way into the trail. I didn't want to be a quitter or ruin the hike for Ron any more than I was so I told him "Keep going! Well, little did I know. I should have said "yes" to turning back.

Further into the trail another break was needed for bug spray as the mosquitoes were biting (only me it seemed). During the break, I noticed it was getting dark; felt a little nervous but knew it would be okay. I was with Ron who probably knew this trail with his eyes closed. I have never hiked in

the dark woods and thought it to be an adventure. At one point I heard something rustling along the outskirts of the trail and not being able to see what it was. I immediately informed Ron. I could imagine a pack of coyotes eyeing me, watching me, salivating as the carnivores saw me as a chicken leg walking the trail! Ron saw no major issues with the rustling so I forged on, huffing and puffing, leaving whatever it was in the dust and out of my imagination. Eventually, in the distance we heard someone calling and saw lights, it was Carol and the guys who were waiting for us along the trail concerned about our whereabouts as the sun had set some time ago. Once we met up, we formed the hiker's march relying on others to light the trail. It was hard to see even with the lights as my shadow blocked the path I was hiking. Every now and then someone would get their foot caught under a root or slip on a rock that jutted from the ground. Someone mentioned that we were almost at our destination and pointed to the road in the distance. I felt a sense of relief knowing that I would live to see another day and this ordeal would soon be over. As the hike continued and continued and continued someone noticed we were going up hill again, facing the opposite direction of the road where we were going to end our hike.

Ron noticed some of the markers along the trail where removed and also noticed markers were getting further apart. Something wasn't right?! After going over several bridges, someone mentioned maybe we were going in circles. We were lost! We were still on a trail but what trail? Unbeknownst to us we zigged when we should have zagged! I could only imagine being on the show "Survivor" and winning the million dollar prize if
See Yes continued on page 2

Yes continued from page 1

I made it out alive. Just to be safe, Carol phoned another hiker for directions. We were informed the rescue squad was on their way. As we headed back towards the bridge we had previously crossed, we eventually saw a head lamp in the distance and heard a man's voice yell, "Anyone order pizza?!" It was Harry Allen to our rescue! Life was easier when Harry let me borrow his extra head lamp for the remainder of the hike. In the dark, stumbling over roots and rocks, they joked with Carol about getting lost and how I had to endure this on my first hike with the club. All in fun, Ron said, "This is my initiation!" I replied, "It's more like my hazing!" I kept joking with Ron that I would get even with him for putting me through this torture. The computer's Encarta

As we headed back towards the bridge we had previously crossed, we eventually saw a head lamp in the distance and heard a man's voice yell, "Anyone order pizza?!"

Dictionary describes the word "hike" as a pleasurable long walk, usually in the country for pleasure. I was unaware of the stamina that was needed to make it through to the end. The innocent five mile hike turned into a 10, 20 mile up the side of a mountain hike as my aching muscles thought. At one point I told everyone to save themselves! I was the only one sweating buckets while everyone else seemed cool, calm and collected. Harry directed us to the correct trail and the rest is hiking history.

We laughed, I cried but made it through! Everyone who participated in the hike was very cordial and understanding of my lack of stamina and experience. I'm checking the PVHC schedule for the next "easy" hike, maybe in the afternoon daylight, and work my way up to gain the stamina and

experience that I observed in my co-hikers! I'd like to thank Harry for letting me borrow his extra head lamp . next time really bring pizza and a 30 pack!! And thank you Ron for letting me borrow your hiking pole and for being a

gentleman - he gave up being with the other hikers to support me and stick by my side as I left my boot prints on good old Mt. Tom as I huffed and puffed my way to the end . not a pretty sight!!

P.S; Note to Self . purchase head lamp, hiking pole and better hiking boots with turbo boosters for the steep trails, night vision goggles would be nice, GPS and survival pack for future hikes with Carolö (Just kidding Carol!) Thank you Carol for being the trip leader and providing an experience of a life time!

Holland Glen to Buffum Falls

By Cindy and Gary Dolgoff

The hike for this weekend was intended to be on Saturday, to Mt. Monadnock, led by Gary Dolgoff and Harry Allen. Sadly, the hike had to be cancelled due to rain. Harry called the Park Ranger to see if a hike on Sunday at Mt. Monadnock would be feasible. Unfortunately, the wet and slippery conditions persisted. So Harry went with Plan B - a local hike on the M & M.

We met at Hawley's in Belchertown. There were 7 hikers in all. We proceeded to do a vehicle shuffle so that there would be transportation at the beginning and end of the trail. Our hike was through Amherst and Pelham.

When we set forth on the trail, we came upon a misty field, enshrouded



by fog. We stared at the foggy woody wonder, many of us enraptured by the eerie atmosphere of it all. Later on, the sun broke through - we got to have a real variety of weather, which added to the wonderment of this varied hike.

Early into the trail, we were treated to an area with waterfalls. This area was also somewhat steep although overall there wasn't a lot of elevation gain throughout the hike. After a few hours, we stopped at the half-way point at an electronic tower. There, we had a picnic lunch. We had some conversations there with fellow hikers, a couple walking their dog, and some mountain bikers.

The leaves were just beginning to turn and the woods were pretty. We really enjoyed our walk. It seemed to go by quickly despite being 7.5 miles long total.

We concluded our hike around 3:00 p.m. and finished the day with ice cream at Hawley's.

We'd like to take this opportunity to thank Harry for pitching in and leading his outings so often. During the summer and early fall there were times on a Saturday or Sunday when there was no hike on the schedule, or a difficult hike that only the hardest of hikers could even attempt. To the rescue comes Harry! Through the magic of our club message e-mail system, Clubbies would be notified of Harry's "everyman" hikes. Thanks again there, Harry.

Hamlin Peak and the New England 4000 Footers Quest

John F. Klebes

This year I took the opportunity to explore the peaks of Maine and complete my New England 4000-footer quest. I had heard many great stories about the Saddleback and Bigelow ranges and spent an excellent 4-day backpack enjoying these wonders. This completed all but one peak on the list. With only a week or so left before Baxter State Park closed for the season I had to decide if I wanted to make a quick run up Hamlin Peak to complete my quest, or leave the last peak to after the snow melts. Well, fate decided it for me with an unexpected layoff from work. With some free time available I decided to make a quick run to 2, Katahdin and then on to a place I always wanted to visit . The Bold See Hamlin continued on page 3

Hamlin continued from page

Coast Trail in Cutler Coast Reserve.

Tuesday was the only day without rain in the forecast for the next week so I headed to the south gate of Baxter State Park on Monday afternoon. I got to the gate around 11pm after passing several red foxes on the dark mountain road. Slept through the rain in my minivan at the gate and was the first in at 6am. After a cup of coffee and breakfast in the Roaring Brook parking lot I started up the mountain. First stop the ranger station. After listening to his radio weather report he let me know that it was a Class 2 climbing day and was encouraging everyone to stay off the knife edge due to the high winds. I was on the trail by 7am and headed up Hamlin Ridge to the summit with very limited views, misting fog, and clouds with only about 100-foot visibility. It was actually an interesting climb with views down but only clouds looking up. Each rock formation, on this interesting rock scramble up the ridge, came into view slowly so you never knew what was around the corner. Having climbed Katahdin four times in the past, via different trails, I enjoyed this fresh challenge. Despite the weather I had some great occasional views down into South and North Basin and the ponds below.

Near the peak I ran into another hiker

make matters worse I looked at his boots and realized that the sole had completely come off from one of his boots. It was tied on with a shoelace around the arch and flopped open at the toe and heal. He claimed they were good and comfortable boots, which he had for twenty years, but didn't realize they would fail so quickly on this hike.

At Baxter Peak we ran into a number of thru-hikers finishing the trail and helped take summit photos. I met a nice couple and since I had plenty of room offered to meet them at Katahdin Stream and give them a ride into town at the end of my hike. Most of the people we met on the summit heeded the rangers caution to avoid the knife edge but it looked like it might be clearing and sloppy boots+ and I decided to go over the knife edge. Before heading out I offered half of my roll of duck tape to help sure-up his boot! Over the knife edge in the dense clouds we went and sure enough, at about half way it started to clear. We never got a view of the true summit but we did get some good views back toward half of the knife edge from Pamola. I left the remainder of my duct tape with sloppy boots+, who had slowed to a walk taking pictures every

It's not easy to climb four 4,000 peaks in one day purely by accident, but it can be done.

trip to the Johns Brook Lodge in the Adirondacks in mid-September.

When I last wrote for Bootprints, I related how my ongoing mid-life crisis led me to try my first 4,000 footer+ on the club's trip to the Greenleaf Hut in the White Mountains. My success in that venture led me to sign up for the JBL trip. As in the days before the

Greenleaf trip, I felt a great deal of trepidation before the

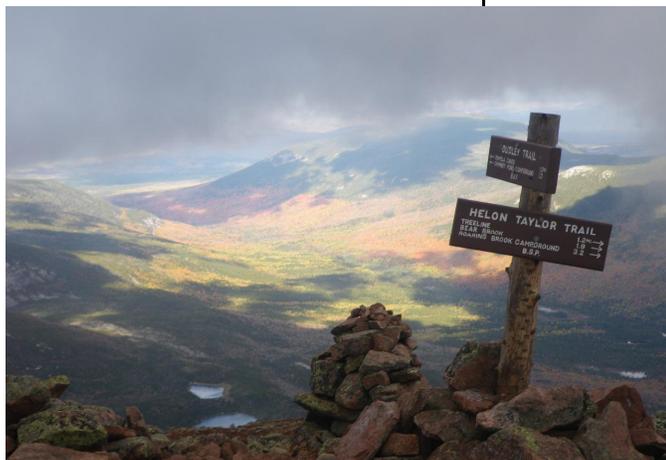
Adirondacks hike. This time it wasn't the backpacking portion of the trip that worried me because I had been assured it was easier (i.e., flatter) than the backpack up to Greenleaf Hut. But I suspected that Saturday's hike selection, drawn from options in the High Peaks region of the Adirondacks, would not include an easy or moderate choice. (It was probably both the words High and Peaks that tipped me off on this).

Indeed, this turned out to be the case when the hike leaders reviewed their plans at the lodge on Friday evening. A large group planned to ascend Mount Marcy, which I knew was a long march up to the highest point in the Adirondacks. Another group was doing something called the Gothics Loop, which sounded completely crazy. And I knew it would be demented for me to try anything that involved John Klebes and Rick Briggs, and that was even before I saw Rick's pictures from California that depicted the jagged spire he climbed there.

By far the most sensible option seemed to be the one Dick Forrest planned, Saddleback Mountain, a single 4,000-foot peak that Dick needed to check off his list of peaks climbed. I decided to accompany Dick on this seemingly difficult but reasonable hike. After all, I don't want to have one of those out-of-control mid-life crises- you know the ones where you run up crushing credit card debt and people use the words cougar and your name in the same sentence. Instead, I want to have one of those mid-life crises where people admire how physically See Dick & Jeanne continued on page 4

two minutes, and headed down Helon Taylor at my normal pace.

I picked up four AT thru-hikers at Katahdin Stream and with a long stop to watch the moose that blocked our road out, headed into town. After completing my trail-angel work I headed out toward the Cutler Coast for my next



backpacking adventure on the Bold Coast Trail. and we hiked together over toward the Table Land while discussing the rangers warning and decided it was safe enough to head over at least to Baxter Peak. While an excellent hiker I do have to comment on my new hiking partner who had shirts wrapped around his hands for gloves. A photographer, he had been busy getting his photographic equipment together and left his gloves behind in the car. To

backpacking adventure on the Bold Coast Trail.

Adventures with Dick and Jeanne

Jeanne Kaiser

It's not easy to climb four 4,000 peaks in one day purely by accident, but it can be done. I speak from personal experience after the PVHC's annual

Dick & Jeanne from page 3

active and mentally acute you are.

On Saturday morning it was clear that everyone in the club, no matter what route they were planning to take, would have a wonderful day for hiking. The weather was crisp and clear with great visibility. Dick and I made it to the top of Saddleback with little difficulty. Well, to tell the truth, I had some difficulty, but compared to what was coming, it truly pales. It certainly was worth the effort. It was spectacularly beautiful at the top. We had a tremendous view of the valley, the other peaks, the beginning of the fall foliage, and the lakes below.

On our way down, Dick started picking up the campaign he had begun before we set out. We could go to the top of Gothics. It was only half a mile to the top. It was the best view in the Adirondacks. He did it with Sue last year. He was sure I could make it. He made it sound so easy. When we reached the cut-off point, I realized it was only a little after noon. That meant we would be back at the lodge long before the other hikers returned and I didn't even have a book with me. I made my fateful decision and we turned up hill.

The next thing I knew, I was clinging to a cable on the side of a nearly vertical mountainside. This was like climbing up the side of a building. This was not the sensible choice at all. Then I looked back and was struck simultaneously with two thoughts. The first was that the view was among the best I have ever seen in my life. The whole valley was spread out in front of me in all the glory of an autumn day. The second was that this mountain was so outlandishly steep that there was absolutely no way that I was going to hike down. If I tried, I was sure that I would become frozen with terror and that someday, some hiker would find me part way down the mountain looking like Jack Nicholson at the end of *The Shining*.

Knowing I couldn't turn back, somehow, I hauled myself up the cables and to the top of the mountain and was able to enjoy the best view in the Adirondacks. Dick assured me that we did not have to go down Gothics, but

instead could descend in a more rational way. It just involved climbing Armstrong and Upper Wolf Jaw mountains, both 4,000 footers. That should have tipped me off that this would be no easy task, but I foolishly made the assumption that since we were already over 4,000 feet up, it would not be too bad. I envisioned us hiking down from Gothics a short way, then walking on a ridge and then hiking up short way to Armstrong and repeating the process for Upper Wolf Jaw. Oh contraire.

Both Armstrong and Upper Wolf Jaw involved long, steep climbs down, followed by long steep climbs back up. I got used to Dick saying "uh-ho" when he encountered a particularly challenging piece of rock up ahead. I ended up using every muscle in my body, plus every bit of Dick's advice, experience and patient direction, to get myself up and down those mountains. I tried to keep a cheerful countenance throughout. It occurred to me early in the process that the best possible way for me to get out was to walk out. True, they could probably send in the helicopters, but I was pretty sure they would make me pay for that. After all, I thought half a mile would not be bad

Now that I am back, I can admit that although I never would have tried this hike if I knew what it would be like, I am really happy that I did it

did not seem like an especially valid excuse for walking myself into a fix I couldn't walk out of.

Walk out I did, I'm sure somewhat to Dick's surprise. There was still even light in the sky when we made it back to the lodge. When we got there, everyone burst into applause, which I realize means they were all surprised I made it too. After that, the trip was all downhill. A spaghetti and meatball dinner is always good, but it's really great after four 4,000-foot mountains. The fire was crackling, the stars spectacular, and the company just as good.

Now that I am back, I can admit that although I never would have tried this hike if I knew what it would be like, I am really happy that I did it. Getting to the top of each of the four mountains was truly exhilarating. We all owe Ann Mundy, who does a great job of putting this trip together, a debt of thanks, and I recommend Dick Forrest if you ever want to be talked into something you

thought was too hard, because he'd help you get through it.

Membership Directory

It's that time again to put together our PVHC Membership Directory for 2010 which we hand out at the Holiday Party in December. Please take a look at last year's directory and let me know if you would like us to make any changes.

The following options are available:

- NO-print only (name)
- YES - print all (name, address, phone, email)
- EMAIL - print only (name, email)
- PHONE - print only (name, phone)
- TELCOM - Telecommunications, print only (name, phone, email)

If you have not given us permission to include all information, only your name will be printed. If you have any questions or need verification of information, please let me know by email (dmgebo@comcast.net) The cutoff day for information is November 17.

Thanks - Deb Gebo - PVHC Treasurer+

New Members

Doug Adler	August
Debbie Bosse & Bryce Gauthier	August
Allan Herrick	August
Wendy Poirier	August
Dianne Snyder	August
Anne Abert	September
Laurie, Kim & Allison Addoms	September
Ruth Anastasio	September
Linda Barker	September
Linda Coolidge	September
Rosemary Goyette	September
Robert & Carol Jenkins	September
Karen Judge	September
Kim Kirkland	September
Jessica Layne	September
Blanche Nelson	September
Gail Schoonover	September
Kim Caffrey	September
Becky Tiernan	September

DIRECTIONS TO PVHC'S HOLIDAY PARTY
Saturday, December 12, from 5:30 p.m. until 11:30 p.m
The Pueblo - Springfield College, East Campus (701 Wilbraham Rd., Springfield, Ma)

From the East or West

Mass Pike Rt. 90, to Exit 6. Take 291 West for one mile to Exit 5 (East Springfield/Indian Orchard) Turn right onto route 20A, then immediately move into the left lane. Turn left at the first light onto Roosevelt Avenue. Proceed three miles to Alden Street and take a left. Proceed down Alden St. to first light and take a right at the light onto Wilbraham Rd. East Campus is the first driveway on the right. Follow driveway to parking lot.

From the North

Take Interstate 91 South to Interstate 291. Proceed four miles to Exit 5B, East Springfield/ Indian Orchard. Turn right at the end of the exit ramp onto Route 20A, then immediately move into the left lane. Turn left at the first light onto Roosevelt Avenue. Proceed three miles to Alden Street and take a left. Proceed down Alden St. to first light and take a right at the light onto Wilbraham Rd. East Campus is the first driveway on the right. Follow driveway to parking lot.

From the South

From CT take Interstate 91 North to Mass Exit 2, Route 83. Proceed on Route 83 to the second traffic light and turn right onto Sumner Avenue. After two miles, turn left onto Roosevelt Avenue. Continue through two traffic lights, then bear left at the stop sign. Half a mile after the stop sign, cross a bridge and turn right onto Alden Street. Proceed down Alden St. to first light and take a right at the light onto Wilbraham Rd. East Campus is the first driveway on the right. Follow driveway to parking lot.

White Mountain 4000 footers Club

Congratulations to Mike and Monica for completing the 48 - 4000 footers in NH. What is your next adventure?

Pioneer Valley Hiking Club Officers & Committees

- Ann Marie Visconti, President
- Marcia Kelly, Vice President
- Gail Carrier, Secretary
- Deb Gebo, Treasurer
- Scott Cook, Wilderness Experiences Unlimited
- Ray Tibbetts, Founder

Standing Committee Chairs

- | | |
|--------------------------|---|
| Hike Plan: | <i>Sue Forest & AnnMarie Visconti</i> |
| Backpacking Coordinator: | <i>Rick Briggs</i> |
| Trail Maint.: | <i>Glenn Ewing & Rob Schechtman</i> |
| Web Page Editor: | <i>Ron Morrisette</i> |
| Email Correspondent: | <i>Rob Schechtman</i> |
| Email List: | <i>John Klebes</i> |
| Quartermaster: | <i>Mike Carrier</i> |
| Bootprints Co- Editors: | <i>Marie Babbitt and Mike Reed</i> |

Bootprints is a publication of the Pioneer Valley Hiking Club. Send your story contributions to the editor at: marie_babbitt@hotmail.com



Important Notice

The following memberships are up for renewal:

November Renewals:

- John Paul Boisvert
- Lynn Gebo
- Edward Laroche
- Richard Harris
- Edward Welsh
- Donna Ketschek
- Norma Casillas
- Chuck Serafin
- Marie Babbitt
- Mimi Watroba
- Ingrid Kannel
- Glenn Ewing
- Kathy Gray
- Enola Nelson
- Maribel Ortiz Douglas
- Bill Packard
- Diane Sullivan
- Peter Thieme
- Lori Tisdell
- Roz Gwozdz
- Juliana Vanderwielen

December Renewals:

- Frank Kamlowksi
- Phyllis Dassatti
- Wayne Rodrigues & Janice Doubleday
- George Baker
- Deborah Gebo
- Dan O'Brien
- Ruth Preston
- Maryellen Sullivan
- Kenneth Hrycay
- Lillian Orozco
- David Pierrepont





IMPORTANT NOTICES

- ❑ Next Club Meetings:
Dec 7, 2009, 7pm at **FBC**
Jan 5, 2010, 7pm at **FBC**
- ❑ Deadline for Submissions for next BootPrints is: Dec 18, 2009

FBC . First Baptist Church, West Springfield

***** Check out our web page at:**
<http://www.geocities.com/pvhcweb>

Members may join the PVHC Email List by sending a message to:
pvhc.hikingclub@gmail.com

UPCOMING ACTIVITIES & THE USUALS

- Nov 7 -(MA) Trail Maintenance
- Nov 8 - (MA) Turtle Bend Mt.on Unkamits Path
- Nov 28-29 - (CT) Backpacking at Breakneck Pond (limit 12)
- Dec. 5 - (RI) Cliff Walk
- Dec 12 - PVHC Annual Holiday Party
- Dec 31 - (MA) Northampton First Night Dinner @ Malinoϕ
- Jan 16 - (MA) Mass MoCA Museum & Natural Bridges State Park
- Every Monday - Morning hikes, various locations
- Every Wednesday - Evening walks
- Every Thursday - Afternoon hikes

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 c/o Wilderness Experiences Unlimited, Inc.
 P.O. Box 265
 Southwick, MA 01077

