

# BOOTPRINTS



(The bimonthly newsletter of the Pioneer Valley Hiking Club)

Web page coding by PVHC member, Rachel Bellenoit

## May, 2002

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### Poet's Seat & Sachem Head - Norm Plante

On Saturday, March 9th, a large group (29) of hearty souls gathered in Greenfield on an overcast and dreary day for a great hike to Poet's Seat Tower and Sachem Head. This hike had something for everyone, a river walk, hemlock forest, mountain ridges and spectacular views. Unfortunately, because of the nature of the weather that day the visibility wasn't as good as it could have been.



On the Sachem Head portion of the hike the group took a side trip to explore Bear's Den, a really neat natural rock formation. After the hike 26 of us took over Brickers Restaurant in Greenfield for a sumptuous lunch. We were all seated together at a long table and let me tell you the food there is terrific. I'd like to thank everyone who came out that day to participate in this event and I think its safe to say a marvelous time was had by all.

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### Bartholomew's Cobble Trail Maintenance - Frank Kamlowksi

I left that dreary morning on Saturday, April 13, armed with a few tools, mucho muscle, and five cars full of engineering expertise. My motley crew had embarked on its annual trek to tackle the terrain of Bartholomew's Cobble. As is the tradition, ominous rain clouds began to form as the caravan left Westfield, heading for Ashley Falls. Raindrops began to fall, but the drivers were able to break on through. Working faster than a Dutch boy trying to plug the leak in the Big Dig tunnel, the Cobble crew built two bridges, fixed a fence and designed and built a set of steps leading down to the canoe launch the meandering banks of the Housatonic River.

Sarah, who now manages the preserve since Don Reid's departure, prepared a sumptuous feast of fresh roast turkey sandwiches and dessert, complete with cranberry sauce! The gluttons then dragged themselves through forest, meadow and pasturelands to the top of Hurlburt's Hill, where they enjoyed a magnificent view of the Housatonic

Valley.

With their work complete, the rain was allowed to commence, drenching the group as they began their descent. But what better way to dry off than at the club's favorite ice cream parlor in downtown Great Barrington. Thank you to everyone who contributed to making this another successful work day at Bartholomew's Cobble!

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### Robinson Park Moonlight Hike - Sue Carey

There was a moon out that night. What a novel setting for a moonlight hike! Fearless Frank Kamlowksi led a group of 21 hikers on a 7 mile trek through Robinson State Park in Feeding Hills. The air was brisk, but Frank set a feverish pace which soon warmed even the laggards. The moon illuminated our pathway, under a canopy of twinkling stars. It was a beautiful night to be out!

And then the stillness was broken -- someone or someTHING was ahead of us, a tiny bundle clutched to its chest. In the bright moonlight, the eerie outline of its hairy face peered around. Sasquatch? Big Foot? Cripps!! Extensive questioning revealed that it was Terry who had rescued the forlorn sweatshirt left by its owner for wear on the return trip. Following the interrogation, the group dispersed to Friendly's and Bickford's for ice cream and calming cups of coffee. Thank you, Frank, for a wonderful evening with the moon and without the rain!

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### 28 In Ireland - Marcia Kelly



Last year about this time, I remember telling Donna and Charlotte that if I did another club trip it would be hiking in Ireland. Charlotte gave me her card, and said, "If you do, we are coming." That card sat on my bureau all summer through my preparations and trip to China. I thought maybe 8 might be interested in going. The list kept growing and my limit was 20. 29 put their money down, and, basically, this was the group. Preparations for B&B's took from September until we left and we still ended up with glitches such as Maureen's "House of Pain." I made lists and copies for the group of everything; the driver and passengers, who was staying in which B&B's, the hikes, the itinerary. My dream was to hike where I had only been able to drive by last year and to stand up on a ridge and view the whole Beara Peninsula.

We first met Sept 9 to plan, and much had happened nationally. Twenty-eight of us were determined and departed from Chicopee March 30, 2002. Thanks to Sandy Jurczyk's bus company, we left by bus from Chicopee at 2 p.m., and by 1 a.m., we landed in **Shannon** for a week in the southwest of Ireland. This is an area less touristy and polished than other parts.

Obtaining cars and managing all six cars was the most daunting task for the whole week. First stop **Adare**, which has the most thatched roofs in Ireland. After a snack and scenery break we realized we all had different understanding as to timing. A three-hour drive to our first B&B. It was quite a feat as this was the first time five of the drivers had driven on the left side of much narrower roads. At the roundabout in **Kerry** the last car was not with us. We were only five cars and how to communicate that fact was not clear!

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Our first meal in Ireland was Easter dinner at Casey's Hotel in **Kenmare**. The freshest salmon ever and wonderful Easter lamb were two of the superb choices. Into town to meet the Kenmare Walking Club, who were heading out to Scotland to hike. Another pub had typical Kerry music and dancing, which some found their way to. Monday we stopped in town to see one of the bigger stone circles. Before we could get on our way the stores opened! We all waited for someone who at the end had to buy a second suitcase to get home. Again, one car short - the same one. The men were still shopping. They caught up to us in **Glengariff**. We drove through beautiful mountain scenery, including tunnels carved out of rock, into Glengariff. Another wait down the road for us all to line up. And on to stage 1 of our first hike. But first a flat tire. Finally, we started hiking, but the directions were not right as we walked into someone's private farm who did not want us there. On to Hungry Hill, and all 6 cars started up a hill that quickly became dirt ruts. The local farmer pointed out we had again come on the wrong road and it was a bit late to be climbing Hungry Hill. He pointed straight up and said Maulen Mountain would give us great views in a short time.

Unbelievably, we fanned out in all directions up the hill even though there was a path. There were sheep scampering about and even chased Norm. When we got to the top the views were incredible. The **Beara Peninsula** is long. The Beara Way walking route is over 120 miles, but we could see the sea on both sides and the town of **Castletownbere** below. Our first hike was lovely, the air brisk and mostly sunny. After our first day and little sleep, some went to check into their B&B. The rest of us made a short stop at a local pub before the evening began. And what an evening! Again, wonderful food, entertainment; an Irish storyteller, interspersed with children from 6 to 14 both playing instruments and doing traditional dancing. One of the boys had just placed 6th in the world.

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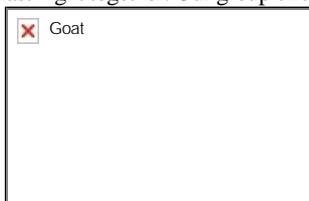
Next day was our longest walk of over 13 miles from **Castletownbere to Ahillies**. It was the scheduled hike no matter the weather. It was rain, fog and hail through muddy bogs, and up a steep hill in areas plentiful with sheep. Up and over fences and rock walls. Eighteen set out, and we finished in a colorful village at O'Neill's Pub. The Irish coffee with Bailey's and Guinness helped ease the cold and weariness. Wednesday was cool, but **SUNNY**. Our walk today was from **Ardgroom to Eeyeries**. We were on a ledge overlooking the sea most of the way. Flowers in bloom and old stone ruins along the way enhanced the views of the sea along the ridge. The rest of the group had spent 2 days visiting **Garnish Island and Blarney Castle**, but we all joined for dinner, which was a lengthy process as we filled the restaurant. We left the wild and romantic Beara, and headed for **Dingle**. We drove across the Ring of Kerry, where we stopped for the views and then the beach at **Inch**. It was warm and sunny. This was a place to see an Irish beach. We had a hike in Dingle, but most opted to walk around town. The intrepid 5, with help, parked their car at the end and set out at 5 p.m. They were rewarded with gorgeous views of beaches and beehives - ancient little stone dwellings believed to have been used by ascetic monks for solitary prayer. A few drove out to the Blasket Islands Center to learn more of their Irish ancestry.



Everyone could choose where to eat in Dingle; all but four had dinner in Murphy's Pub. On to An Connor's for traditional Irish session. Friday was our last full day, and we headed to the **Cliffs of Moher**. A long drive and through many towns and a ferry ride across to County Clare. In traffic, lost another car and became much less concerned this time. Decided they would find their way. The day was overcast with occasional spitting of drops, but the Cliffs were spectacular, and some of our photos still showed their massiveness.

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On to our final B&B and last problems, but everyone had a bed. Dinner for all of us in a hotel so we could spend our last night together. Our group circled the room, and everyone had the opportunity to express the highlight of their trip.



More than a few said the 13-mile hike in the pouring rain and hail and getting to pub at the end for Bailey's Irish coffee. Everyone was in agreement about the friendliness and welcoming of the Irish people, the beauty of the landscape and ancient ruins. For some, it was the chance to see their ancestral homes, and visit relatives. Not much ice cream, but where else could you end your hike at the local pub? We were gone only a week, but an ocean away. To me, it was wonderful to walk in the mountains of Ireland with a great group from home.

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### **Addendum to Marcia's Ireland Hike - "Maureen's House of Pain" - Norm Plante**

While staying in the town of Glengarriff, Ireland, a brave group of P.V.H.C.'ers (Charlotte, Donna, Mike, Ed, Norm, Tom, Jack, Lisa and Mary-Beth) had the pleasure of being guests of Maureen in her aptly nicknamed "House of Pain," which was supposed to be a luxury Bed & Breakfast. For three days this intrepid group endured cold showers (no hot water), no heat, musty rooms, cramped quarters, and Maureen's famous breakfasts consisting of a shot-glass of orange juice and 1 egg, 1 sausage, 1 Irish bacon & toast.

One day Tom asked for fruit, and was awarded a brown/black banana that he generously shared. From our room we had great views of a dumpster inhabited by three broken down alley cats. One had a broken tail, one had mange, and one had a missing eye. Ask Charlotte and Donna what they wore to bed every night. Upon our departure from there we were all awarded the highest order of "The Extreme Endurance of Pain & Suffering to a Hiking Group in the Republic of Ireland." Notable mention goes to Joann Miller for the "Slug Salad" she had at the Mariner Restaurant in Castletownbere.

In spite of how this all sounds, we all had a great time in Ireland and can now laugh about the things that happened. Thanks, Marcia, for organizing a great trip, and sign me up for next year..... I've got a score to settle with Maureen.

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### **Winter on Mt. Adams - John Klebes**





ROB SCHECHTMAN, CLUB PRESIDENT, ON THE SUMMIT OF MT. ADAMS

It's March 17th, and we stand atop the majestic pile-of-rocks that is Mt. Adams, second highest peak in the northeastern United States. Basking in the sunlight, we gaze across the snow and ice-covered peaks of the presidential range from the windy summit of Mt. Adams. The buildings atop Mt. Washington almost seem lower as we snap our summit pictures with this New England highpoint in the background. Who could ask for better winter weather?



SUMMIT OF ADAMS 2

Most of us started out our adventure by spending the night on the floor at my brother's house, about an hour from the trailhead. With an evening soaking in the hot tub and a morning breakfast of pancakes, we were in grand shape for our alpine climb up the Lowe's Path to the Grayknob cabin of Mt. Adams. Ten of us set off in cloudy weather, and quickly had to switch to crampons to navigate the hard packed ice that covered the steep three and a half mile climb to treeline. We stopped briefly at the log cabin shelter for snacks before climbing the steepest sections. When we arrived at the Grayknob cabin, we quickly staked out our ten sleeping spots as the cabin was filling up fast. Grayknob cabin is rated to hold 12 people, and we heard that the Craig camp cabin another half mile down the path was already filling up as well. By the end of the night we would be in a full cabin with 17 people, three of them sleeping under the tables in the kitchen area. Glad we got an early start and were able to find space for our large group. After getting settled, some of us went on a water run and exploration of the Craig Camp, but the weather was very clouding with limited views. It was hard to believe we were at tree line because you couldn't see anything over a few 100 feet.



The next morning the weather had cleared, and the views were fantastic. A few people stayed behind to enjoy a relaxing day on the mountain while the rest of us headed up the alpine terrain for the summit. Seven of us made the summit of Adams 4, a minor peak off the main summit of the Adams range. With fantastic weather and some neat cloud formations, six of us were enthusiastic about crossing the snowfield in the col between Adams 4 and the summit. It felt like one of the documentaries of high altitude mountaineering as we crossed the snow field, and met up at Thunderstorm Junction, just below the true summit. Crossing the last steep section of rocks in the strong wind was treacherous, but exciting. What a view from the summit. You couldn't stay long on the summit, but just below and out of the wind, we had a nice lunch. While descending by a different path, we crossed another ice field. Bill Cichaski had equipment failure, as the steep angle of the traverse broke one of his crampons. Since a slip on the ice would send you into the ravine, we took our time and carefully helped Bill across the icefields using our ice axes and a rope belay. Probably overkill, but it was fun to practice our rope work techniques. With the beautiful weather it was a lot of fun, but had the weather turned it might not have been such a good trip.



It pays to double-check the condition and quality of your equipment for winter mountaineering.

The view from the Castle down to Craig Camp was postcard worthy. After a short rest back at the Gray Knob cabin, we headed back to our cars. An excellent trip and my first successful winter summit of Mt. Adams.

Photos contributed by Rob Schechtman

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### Windjammer Adventure - Laura Cook

This is the only way to explore the real Caribbean - aboard a 300-foot sailing schooner with only 100 passengers and 45 crew. We boarded our four-masted vessel the S.S. Polynesia, affectionately called the "Poly". Arriving in St. Marteen, we experienced on-time flights, smooth transfers, and soon we were aboard preparing for dinner. What followed was an on board party complete with dancing and a live island band! Waking the next morning to the smell

of hot coffee and "sticky buns," we were faced with several choices: land tour, beaches, or sailing aboard "the True North 2", an America's Cup yacht, in an exciting regatta race. The sailing was thrilling as we learned to race her in quick time, and competed with another America's Cup competitor.

Back on the "Poly" we set sail for Nevis after lunch, and sailed towards adventure. Each day a different island and a decision on what to do.... Beaches? Exploring? Or just kick back and relax. We choose scuba diving for Tuesday morning, and decided to ride horseback on the beach in the afternoon. The evening's BBQ was at a local spot where Scott and I danced more in an evening than we had in the last five years. It was wonderful. We made so many friends and acquaintances from all over the country, and all over the world.



Wednesday, we arrived in St. Kitts to scuba dive, and explore her territory. We discovered St. Barts on Thursday, and beached it. St. Barts offered shopping, hiking, snorkeling and so much more. By Friday, we landed on Tintamarre, a deserted island perfect for walking, swimming and just plain hanging out. This island made me smile all day - turquoise waters with island sunshine was ours. All tanned, rested, and well-fed, this group of 14 travelers had the adventure of a lifetime. We are planning another trip to the Caribbean to explore yet another set of islands aboard another Windjammer Sailing Vessel. For more information on Windjammin or for those interested in next year's adventure, please call Laura Cook for details. My phone number is in the club directory.

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### Camping at Battleship Cove - John Klebes

On February 23 and 24, Mark Henke led a troop of club members on an overnight adventure to the USS Massachusetts in Battleship Cove, Fall River, MA. After an orientation, we were given a tour of our accommodations on this living-floating museum of an actual battleship used in WWII. We staked out space in the authentic canvas crew bunks onboard before going off to explore the ship.



In addition to climbing and exploring on the 35,000 ton World War II battleship that originally housed more than 2,300 sailors, we had the opportunity to explore the Destroyer Joseph P. Kennedy, Jr. and the submarine Lionfish. There were PT boats, landing craft, the Hiddensee and other exhibits as well. I think we did more hiking on and around the ships and exhibits than on most backpacking trips in the Whites. We saw a presentation and tour of the Marine Museum, including a replica of the Titanic. Many of us were so fascinated by the museum presenter that we returned the next morning for his interactive presentation on nautical knot tying.



We ate dinner (Chow), Navy-style, in the officers wardroom, and the food was excellent. During the evening, there were Morse-code classes, a movie on the history of the battleship, and stargazing from the deck. Many of us enjoyed popcorn and the feature movie before hitting the bunks. Sleeping in the bunkrooms was an experience between the snoring (who me?) and the squeaking of the canvas bunks. In the morning we had a nice breakfast, and they issued box lunches for later in the afternoon. We were free to continue exploring the ships and exhibits. Despite plenty of time, I found myself exploring the submarine Lionfish and the bowels of the ammunition magazines inside the big guns to the battleship, and didn't have time to explore the destroyer and other landing craft.

Perhaps Mark will lead us again on the grand overnight adventure? An excellent trip and fantastic value with all accommodations, meals, and exhibits included in the inexpensive price.



CAMPING AT BATTLESHIP COVE  
Photos contributed by Ann Marie Visconti

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### Canada Geese and Their Goslings (for birdlovers and hikers alike) - Rachel Bellenoit

If you've hiked during the months of May and June, especially near bodies of water or streams, or



woods with wetlands, you most likely have run across families of mallards or Canada geese. I was honored in May of last year, with the privilege of following a Canada goose couple and their three young goslings around the upper pond at Mt. Holyoke College. My 14 year old daughter and I have been feeding the mallards and geese there for the past 4 years. We make it a weekend habit to feed them, particularly in the winter when a lot of visitors stay away. The ducks and geese usually come out of the water when they see us coming (with the camera equipment and cracked corn). They feed gently out of our hands. So, I suppose it wasn't a complete surprise last May, when I was doing my camera thing around the pond, that when I came across a family of geese and their little ones (about 2 weeks old), that they already knew me and trusted me.



Geese have their goslings in the safety of the water within 24 hours of birth. A gosling can swim a distance of 30'-40' underwater. They oftentimes swim and walk with the mother at the head and the father holding up the end. Sometimes families join in groups and share in taking care of the young. This is called a 'creche.' Canada geese most actively feed during the early morning and late afternoon. They are grazers and eat a variety of plants such as marsh grass, berries, sprouting wheat, bulrush, glasswort, salt grass, brome, clover, salt brush, cattails, not to mention turf grass. Last May I spotted a family on the shore embankment. I set up my tripod low to the ground and sat in the grass about 15'-20' away. Slowly, I inched in closer. After about 30 minutes, I was close enough

to have reached out my hand and petted one of the goslings. A few of them walked right up to me and brushed by my knee. The parents showed no fear and trusted me explicitly. It was one of the most delightful moments of my life to be allowed so close and to observe these cute little goslings eating and peeping away. It is so tempting to pick one up as they are so adorable, but I didn't betray the trust shown me. Occasionally, someone walking the trail around the pond would come into view. At that point, the parents would go on alert and scurry their little ones down into the water. The alert was more obvious if the walkers had a dog with them. Geese will hiss at dogs from a long distance. Once the walkers were gone, the family would come back up the embankment next to me and continue feeding.



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Like the muted swan, Canada geese mate for life (mallards pick a new partner each spring), and usually go back to the same area for nesting. I'm hoping to find the same couple this year and photograph their new goslings. In fact on a



walk near the shoreline of the pond on Sunday, April 21st, I ran across a large goose standing watch on the lawn area on top of the embankment. Usually geese don't pay you much mind when you walk by. But this one was hissing and flapping his wings. This is in the same area where I watched the family last year, so I'm surmising that somewhere down along the shoreline is the female and her nest. The male goose is a fierce protector of his family. And this was one of the few times I had my little 20 lb. dog with me, hence the hissing and wing flapping.

For more information on Canada goose behavior visit: Coalition to Prevent the Destruction of Canada Geese at [www.canadageese.org](http://www.canadageese.org) If you have your own stories to share, I would love to hear from you. I'd like to know of other local areas where they can be observed. You can email me at [www.rollei\\_flex@hotmail.com](mailto:www.rollei_flex@hotmail.com) or telephone me. My telephone number is listed in the hiking directory. It has been recently corrected, so if you don't have the corrected one, please email first. All geese photos ©2001 and 2002 by Rachel Bellenoit.

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## Hiking Poles - John Klebes

Ever wonder why so many people are opting to hike with trekking poles these days? Perhaps you already know how great they are when crossing streams, and anyone who has hiked in the knee-killing, steep trails of the Whites knows they help protect your footing and keep stress off your joints on the downhills. Perhaps you have an old pair of ski poles, or fancy, collapsible, high tech poles, or even a favorite tree branch, and have discovered the benefits of using these great tools. Well, now, there is scientific proof to go along with all that practical knowledge we had all along. The scientists at the Universities of Massachusetts and Wisconsin and at Steadman-Hawkins Sports Medicine Foundation in Colorado found that poles provide the following benefits:

- Fewer injuries - Trekking poles allow hikers to keep up to three points of contact while maintaining a more normal stride and faster pace with less effort. They reduce the risk of injury and tendonitis in the knees, calves, thighs, and hips, according to Michael Torry at Steadman-Hawkins.
- Less Pounding - by absorbing some of the force that would normally go through your legs during each step by up to 4.4%. Hey, it adds up over a long hike.
- Relief for ailing knees and joints - by reducing the amount of compression in your joints during the downhill.
- Fewer falls - With the change in balance of a backpack, poles help with stability on uneven terrain.
- Less fatigue - According to Chris Knight at Umass, properly used poles reduce the work the muscles and joints due by transferring some of the load from your legs to your arms.

### Proper Use Of Trekking Poles

The length of the pole should be adjusted to match the terrain. By adjusting the length, or the placement of your

grip, you should hold your poles so your arms are bent at about 90 degrees.

**Downhill:**

When going downhill you should angle the tips of your poles forward slightly to reduce the compression in your joints. Stop and lengthen the poles before going downhill to maintain a comfortable grip and upright posture.

**Uphill:**

When hiking uphill, angle the poles backward for an extra boost and reduce ankle stress. You should take time to re-adjust the pole length shorter for uphill climbs. If you get tired of adjusting the length, try putting foam bicycle grips on the poles below the normal grip, so you can easily reposition your hands lower on the poles when going up hill.

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**Outdoor Leadership Training - John Klebes**

On April 20-21, six Pioneer Valley Hiking Club members took advantage of the AMC Outdoor Leadership Training weekend held at Noble View. In the pleasant environment of the old farmhouse and hilltown trails, we covered such topics as the foundations of leadership, trip planning, and leadership styles. In the afternoon, we had a fun series of role-playing skits that helps us practice or perform new skills while hiking some of the surrounding trails. Most of the participants spent the night at the farmhouse, cottage, or tented on the grounds. This made for an enjoyable evening to get to know some of the other AMC members from the Berkshire and Mohawk-Hudson Chapters, as well as the Boys & Girls Club that were taking the course with us. On Sunday we covered topics such as liability and leader requirements, trip planning and leading techniques and safety. Our own club's Wayne Rodrigues taught an excellent section on accident scene management, followed by some practical role-playing on the trail. Join me in congratulating the six members from our club that took advantage of this great opportunity to advance their skills: Carol Vanderheiden, Bart Estes, John Klebes, Ann Marie Visconti, Wayne Rodrigues, and Sue Ziff. I'm sure we will all be benefiting from their experience in future hikes.

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**PVHC TRAIL MAIL**

**Trail Maintenance, and More Trail Maintenance... - Gary Dolgoff**

It's nice that on the mid-March to mid-May schedule, there are not one, not two, but THREE trail maintenance events listed! Two of them, including an upcoming one on May 11th, led by Ann-Marie Visconti (co-led with Rob Schechtman, on the first one), and one led last month by the steadfast Frank Kamlowski! Boy, I couldn't believe the fallen tree, that 12 of us able-bodied(?) carried down the trail, to be utilized for trail-usage. Straining, grunting, and groaning - we must've been 'quite the sight'! And, it's great the way Ann-Marie, soon after she joined the Club, moved right into an 'active leadership mode'! Her charm, dedication, and general goodwill and energy are appreciated by us all! Take it from me, trail maintenance "is" actually fun! (But, don't take my word for it, come 'check it out' on the 11th of May! (see schedule).

**Newer Members Are Very Active, Too! - Gary Dolgoff**

Yeah, I've noticed on some hikes, trail maintenance, as well as those Northampton dinner and walking events, that a number of newer 'clubbies,' have been making the scene! This is good, and a sure sign of a healthy, participatory club, with the members so happy with the group; they note the feeling of 'immediate inclusiveness,' feeling 'right-away welcome', as well as enjoying our cool 'diversity of events' It's all good, it's all good....

**Coming May 18th - The Newport Cliff Walk - Gary Dolgoff**

This time the hike will be co-led by myself and Dianne Carey. Wow, and what a walk it is! First having seen it last December on a Club day-trip (led by the amicable Al Goodhind), Dianne jumped into our activities with her boundless, good-natured enthusiasm, and has been getting into leading and co-leading, a nice variety of events, and I decided that this was too good an experience to pass up!

As you walk the Cliff Walk, and you look out into the untrammled ocean crashing against the rocks 40 feet below you, how can one NOT become immersed in this wild beauty. It reminds me of looking out from the California coast...yep, it's a good one! The full walk is 7 miles back and forth, though you don't have to do all of that. It's up to you. And then, of course, there's eating, joyous eating.... So, come on down! (details on the activity schedule) Feel free to call me with questions, etc.

**Battenkill Canoe Trip - Terry Cripps**

I have cancelled the "Battenkill Canoe Trip". There were only 5 people that responded with their deposits. Should any of you still want to go to Battenkill Sports Quarters, you can go on your own by contacting Walter directly. If you want any further information, call me. My number is listed in the club directory.

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## March Clinic - Donna Jago

Perhaps it would be nice to mention that our clinic in March consisted of a beautiful slide show and informative and interesting presentation on trips to Alaska by an experienced trip organizer whom I had met two years ago at the Big E camping show - "Tours by Dana" PO Box 15, Stafford Springs, CT 06076. Phone: 1-860-684-2492  
[www.toursbydana.com](http://www.toursbydana.com)

Dana was very happy to attend our meeting and make his presentation. Following the meeting he told me that we were just the kind of group that he would love to organize a trip for. We share his love of mother nature and a desire to actually participate in, rather than just observe, outdoor activities: hiking, camping, fishing, backpacking, etc. For those that missed the clinic they can log on to his site. Trips are reasonably priced for a 14 day vacation, and he can accommodate up to 16 people. There may be some availability left for this summer's trips!

### IMPORTANT SAFETY NOTICE - Crampon Recall

Troll is recalling the following crampons:

- T10 Flexfit
- T12 Flexfit
- T12 Fastfit

The current plastic components may exhibit impact brittleness at low temperatures; therefore, crampons should be returned for these components to be replaced. Please contact the retailer where the goods were purchased, or contact Troll directly to be allocated a return's reference number.

Telephone 01457 878822  
Fax 01457 871051  
Email [info@troll-climbing.com](mailto:info@troll-climbing.com)

Please do not return crampons without this reference number. Troll apologizes for any inconvenience and thanks you for your co-operation in this matter.

### New Address for Ray Tibbetts

Ray Tibbetts wanted me to pass on his new email. For those who are new in the club, Ray is one of the club's original founders, and hosted the club's first home at Backpacking Etc. He is a life member of our club. We wish you many happy adventures in your new home. His email is: [raytibbes@bellsouth.net](mailto:raytibbes@bellsouth.net) For his new mailing address and telephone number, please contact [pvhc2000@hotmail.com](mailto:pvhc2000@hotmail.com)

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### The 1500's - Donna Jago

Many of us PVHC members may have friends, family or co-workers that think our idea of "fun" - camping, hiking, backpacking, whitewater rafting, cooking over an open fire, communing with Mother Nature in the "wild", is more like torture, barbaric or quite insane. What kind of person would choose to go without showering, shaving, TV, telephones, computers, mattresses and fast food for days, weeks or months at a time? We know the answer.

My friend, Linda, who joined me and the PVHC on the Bronx Zoo trip, has been living in NYC for over 20 years. She arrived in NYC from Boston, where she and I met as children. This interesting and seemingly believable story was forwarded from her (with no judgment or comments) and reminded me of us folks who enjoy "roughing it" in the great outdoors. Isn't it nice to be able to "choose" to rough it!

Next time you are washing your hands and complain because the water temperature isn't just how you like it, think about how things used to be.... Here are some facts about the 1500s:

Most people got married in June because they took their yearly bath in May and still smelled pretty good by June. However, they were starting to smell, so brides carried a bouquet of flowers to hide the body odor. Baths consisted of a big tub filled with hot water. The man of the house had the privilege of the nice clean water, then all the other sons and men, then the women and finally the children, last of all, the babies. By then, the water was so dirty you could actually lose someone in it - hence the saying, "Don't throw the baby out with the bath water."

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Houses had thatched roofs, thick straw, piled high, with no wood underneath. It was the only place for animals to get warm, so all the dogs, cats and other small animals (mice, bugs) lived in the roof. When it rained it became slippery, and sometimes the animals would slip and fall off the roof - hence the saying "It's raining cats and dogs."

There was nothing to stop things from falling into the house. This posed a real problem in the bedroom where bugs and other droppings could really mess up your nice clean bed. Hence, a bed with big posts and a sheet hung over the top afforded some protection. That's how canopy beds came into existence.

The floor was dirt. Only the wealthy had something other than dirt - hence the saying "dirt poor." The wealthy had slate floors that would get slippery in the winter when wet, so they spread thresh (straw) on the floor to help keep their footing. As the winter wore on, they kept adding more thresh, until when you opened the door, it would all start slipping outside. A piece of wood was placed in the entranceway - hence, a "thresh hold."

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In those old days, they cooked in the kitchen with a big kettle that always hung over the fire. Every day they lit the fire, and added things to the pot. They ate mostly vegetables, and did not get much meat. They would eat the stew for dinner, leaving leftovers in the pot to get cold overnight, and then start over the next day. Sometimes, the stew had food in it that had been there for quite a while - hence the rhyme, "peas porridge hot, peas porridge cold, peas porridge in the pot nine days old."

Sometimes, they could obtain pork, which made them feel quite special. When visitors came over, they would hang up their bacon to show off. It was a sign of wealth that a man "could bring home the bacon." They would cut off a little to share with guests and would all sit around and "chew the fat."

Those with money had plates made of pewter. Food with a high acid content caused some of the lead to leach onto the food, causing lead poisoning and death. This happened most often with tomatoes, so for the next 400 years or so, tomatoes were considered poisonous. Most people did not have pewter plates, but had trenchers, a piece of wood with the middle scooped out like a bowl. Often trenchers were made from stale bread, which was so old and hard that they could be used for quite some time. Trenchers were never washed, and a lot of times worms and mold got into the wood and old bread. After eating off wormy, moldy trenchers, one would get "trench mouth."

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Bread was divided according to status. Workers got the burnt bottom of the loaf, the family got the middle, and guests got the top, or "upper crust."

Lead cups were used to drink ale or whiskey. The combination would sometimes knock them out for a couple of days. Someone walking along the road would take them for dead, and prepare them for burial. They were laid out on the kitchen table for a couple of days and the family would gather around and eat and drink and wait and see if they would wake up - hence the custom of holding a "wake."

England is old and small and the local folks started running out of places to bury people. So they would dig up coffins and would take the bones to a "bone-house," and reuse the grave. When reopening these coffins, 1 out of 25 coffins were found to have scratch marks on the inside and they realized they had been burying people alive. So they thought they would tie a string on the wrist of the corpse, lead it through the coffin and up through the ground and tie it to a bell. Someone would have to sit out in the graveyard all night (the "graveyard shift") to listen for the bell; thus, someone could be "saved by the bell," or was considered a "dead ringer."

And that's the truth...(and whoever said that history was boring?)

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## BOOK REVIEW

### **High: Stories of Survival from Everest and K2 , edited by Clint Willis - Dick Forrest**

This anthology of mountaineering stories, edited by Clint Willis, is one of the best that I have read. Copyright in 1999, it's amusingly called an Adrenaline Book. Each of the sixteen stories is an excerpt taken from books or whole or portions of magazine articles about mountaineering expeditions on Mt. Everest or K2.

One of the sixteen accounts that remains vividly in my mind is the excerpt from Galen Rowell's book, In the Throne Room of the Mountain Gods. Willis prefaces the account by mentioning that this book "has helped to usher in an era of tell-all expedition books." This excerpt by Rowell, taken from several diaries, describes the "vicious feuding by the party members" of the 1975 American K2 expedition. Rowell gives to some of the expedition members a voice in expressing their petty jealousies and disdain for the expedition leaders. A couple of the members felt that they were brought along on the expedition just to shuttle supplies up the mountain to the various camps so that only the leaders of the expedition would reach the summit and get all the glory. It's interesting to read an account that reveals intense discussion of perceived grievances and real humanity. The account reveals how difficult it can be to lead an expedition, and to keep everyone's feelings in harmony with the goal of reaching the summit. It's unbelievably hard enough just to climb these mountains.

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You get the sense from reading this anthology that there are incredible hardships in climbing Mt. Everest and K2. The accounts span the years from 1933 to 1996. Willis purposely didn't put them in chronological order so the anthology wouldn't be "boring." He starts off by giving an overview of the readings in the introduction, and putting each reading in a historical perspective. Climbing 8,000-meter peaks is a relatively new, nineteenth century phenomenon. You get the sense, although not overly emphasized in the book, how technology has helped more modern climbers get to the top of both Everest and K2. In fact, Gary Pfisterer came to one of our PVHC club meetings and told us how he found that Mt. Everest was surprisingly easy for him. But you also get the sense from this anthology that every decision is critical in the death zone (26,000 feet and up). Some of the forces that commonly defeat the climbers are

fatigue, bad weather, intense cold, lack of oxygen or food or fuel, injury, natural impediments like snow, ice, crevasses, avalanches or virtually impossible pitches.

In closing his introduction to the anthology, Clint Willis has a diabolical way of either enticing us to greater aspirations or insulting us for taking the easy way out: "Those of us who choose not to accept that set of conditions (on Everest or K2) don't visit the Death Zone. We go the Tetons or the White Mountains or we take the kids to the rock gym. We manage base camp. We stay low. We read the stories. When the stories are good, it's enough -- or almost."

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### New Photos



While the weather this year didn't cooperate very well for cross-country skiing, Ann Marie Visconti led the club through a winter hike into the beautiful river walk and trails of Granville State Forest.



Once again this year, Terry Cripps got the club together and took over the Remington Ski Lodge for another fantastic weekend of hiking, dining, games, and merriment.



After Norm Plante's Poet's Seat hike, 26 hearty hikers took over Brickers Restaurant in Greenfield.

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### Solo Wilderness First Aid Course Offered June 15 & 16

It is a beautiful, sunny day when you and a few friends are hiking in the Berkshires. You are about 3 miles away from any road when one of your friends slips and falls down a hill and injures their leg. They are complaining of intense pain and are unwilling and unable to move their leg. They are also complaining that the leg is swollen and their toes are beginning to feel numb. You look at the leg and find some gross deformity and bleeding over the middle of the lower leg. Soon afterwards the weather takes a turn for the worse (as mountains do with their own weather patterns). You then find yourself on a ridge in the middle of a lightning storm. You and your friends are getting soaking wet because you didn't think you needed your rain gear for such a short day hike. Now, soaking wet and dehydrated because you failed to bring enough water, your injured friend starts shaking vigorously, becomes cool, pale, and starts to lose consciousness (Shock).



Before you know it, the sun is setting and darkness sets in. You and your friends are not able to carry your injured hiker and are now stuck on a ridge in which the temperature is going to drop to 40 degrees. You have very little food, no shelter nor sleeping pad or bag, and are in great danger by being exposed in a lightning storm.

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Whether you are going for a day hike, backpacking trip, cross country skiing, or snowshoeing, the above scenario can happen to you and your friends. The big questions that arise are: What would you do in these circumstances? Are you prepared for emergencies that may happen to you, family members, and friends? If you lead trips, are you responsible and how would you prepare for and manage medical emergencies? The one thing you would not be able to do is to call 911. Even if you had a cell phone and could call someone. How would they get to you in the wilderness?

If you are a trip leader or someone who just likes to get together with family and friends, then you need to take a wilderness first aid course. If you have some medical background, you will find that skills needed in the wilderness will change, and you need to take a wilderness first aid course. The PVHC and the Berkshire Chapter AMC are sponsoring a wilderness first aid course through Stonehearth Open Learning Opportunities (SOLO) on June 15th and 16th. SOLO is the first to have developed a curriculum in Wilderness Medicine, and has been the leader in teaching wilderness first aid globally since 1976.

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The Wilderness First Aid is a 16-hour course that is taught by experienced Wilderness Emergency Medical Technicians. The course will emphasize preparation, prevention, assessment and treatment of medical emergencies. The two-day outline is as follows:

**Day One:**

Patient Assessment  
Long Term Patient Care  
Shock  
Soft Tissue Injuries

**Day Two:**

Environmental Injuries  
Fractures and Dislocations  
Splint Improvisation  
Preparedness

This course is a must for anyone who spends time in the outdoors where medical help may be difficult to obtain. The course will be taught at Noble View, which is a property owned and managed by the AMC in Russell, Massachusetts. It has hundreds of acres with miles of great hiking trails, waterfalls and scenic views. There is a quaint 200-year-old farmhouse and three cozy cottages that have fireplaces, propane lanterns, wood stoves and plenty of beds for guests. If you looking to get away and develop some emergency medical skills which can help you both at home and in the wilderness, then this is the course for you.

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The total cost of the course is \$110.00, which includes all course materials, certification and lodging. There is a minimum registration of 15 participants to allow the course to take place. Registration sign up is May 29th. If the course is not filled by the registration deadline, your check will be returned to you. Please make check payable to Berkshire Chapter AMC, and forward to Dave Wallis, Noble View Education Coordinator, 781 Western Avenue, Westfield, MA 01085. For questions or more information, please call Wayne Rodrigues (413) 572-2511 or Dave Wallis (413) 562-4350.

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### News of the Weird Hiking Clubs - Dick Forrest

I like to surf the web looking at what other hiking clubs are doing. Listed below are five of the clubs that deserve special mention for being a little on the weird side:

1. **CHAOS (California Hiking and Outdoor Society)** - [www.uc-hiking-club.berkeley.ca.us](http://www.uc-hiking-club.berkeley.ca.us) is "a group of University of California at Berkeley students, staff, Berkeley area residents and assorted other friendly souls who meet regularly to experience the outdoors, have fun and eat chocolate." When you consider PVHC's eating habits, perhaps not so chaotic or weird after all. Perhaps semi-sweet.
2. **Confused Outdoor Club** - [www.confused.org](http://www.confused.org) is another group from California, also from the San Francisco Bay area. It's an extension of the CHAOS club. Their membership has grown to 600 people, and they have no dues. Hmmm. From chaos to confusion. Maybe these guys are really getting their act together.
3. **Society for Barefoot Living** - [www.barefooters.org](http://www.barefooters.org) is a club that bares all, of their feet, that is. There's a page on their web site that lists "the Barefoot Facts: a) It is healthy for you feet to go barefoot. b) It is not against the law to go barefoot into "any" kind of establishment, "including" restaurants. c) It is "not" against any health department regulations. d) It is "not" against the law to drive barefoot." I guess a large meeting of society members with exposed feet wouldn't smell too much. I guess it would depend upon what they've stepped in.

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4. **HADD: Hikers Against Doo-Doo** - [www.haddusa.com](http://www.haddusa.com) Let their homepage speak for itself: "In 1985, parasitic pathologist, A. Bern Hoff, M.D., while hiking in the Jotunheim Mountains of Norway, accidentally stepped on a steaming pile of human droppings in the middle of the trail. While cleaning off his boot, Dr. Hoff had a vision...a vision of walking and hiking trails "free of human and domesticated animal droppings." From this vision, HADD - Hikers Against Doo-Doo, an international grassroots environmental action group, was born." A couple of interesting mottoes are cited concerning the group: "Your movement is our movement" and

"One small movement for man...."

5. **The Lizard Home Rock** - [www.thelizards.com](http://www.thelizards.com) a.k.a.: Hiking Lizards, Nuts of the Woods, Idiots, Those Lost Guys... Also allow their homepage, I mean their "home rock," to speak for itself: "Out of the turmoil of the Sixties and the craziness of the Eighties some Lizards have "evolved" to "kinder and nicer Lizards" (a 90's thing) and hike and ski the trails of the Eastern Sierras... Our group is all about having good clean fun hiking and camping in interesting and beautiful places." Leapin' Lizards. Maybe Anne Marie Visconti's iguana would qualify as a member.

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## 10 Most Endangered in 2002

The National Parks Conservation Association List of Ten Most Endangered National Parks:

1. Big Bend National Park
2. Big Cypress National Preserve/Everglades National Park
3. Federal Hall National Memorial
4. Glacier National Park
5. Glacier Bay National Park & Preserve
6. Great Smoky Mountains National Park
7. Mojave National Preserve
8. Ocmulgee National Monument
9. Valley Forge National Historical Park
10. Yellowstone National Park

Each year the National Parks Conservation Association compiles this list to bring attention to the most endangered National Parks. Check out their website for more information:

[www.npca.org/across\\_the\\_nation/ten\\_most\\_endangered](http://www.npca.org/across_the_nation/ten_most_endangered)

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## IMPORTANT NOTICES:

- Next Club Meeting: June 4th and July 2nd, 7 p.m. at WEU
- Next Hike Planning Meeting: June 11, 2002 at 7 p.m. at WEU
- Deadline for submissions for the June Bootprints issue is June 22nd.

Join the PVHC email list by sending a message to: [pvhc2000@hotmail.com](mailto:pvhc2000@hotmail.com)

Bootprints is a publication of the Pioneer Valley Hiking Club. Send your story contributions to the editor at: [klebes@aol.com](mailto:klebes@aol.com) or by U.S. mail to John Klebes (see club directory for mailing address).

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## Indian Hollow Camping/Hiking-Registration Form

AUGUST 23-25, 2002

**Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Address:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Telephone Number or Email:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Number of Adults (17 & over) \$10 per adult** \_\_\_\_\_

KIDS FREE (UNDER 17)

**Payment due by July Meeting. Make checks to Esther Dahill (address in club directory)**

This is great camping at Army Corp of Engineers campground in Chesterfield, MA. There are flush toilets and showers. You can hike to nearby Chesterfield Gorge and the Pinnacle. Also, there are miles of circuit road that leads into the Basin area that are great for bicycling. Bring **water shoes** for river crossing. Call leader for more information (telephone number in club directory).

"It matters not how long we live, but how."

~ Philip Bailey, Festus

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