

BOOTPRINTS

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November 2003

First Snow in the Berkshires

By Bill Cichaski

This is the time of year to be in the Berkshires. The Mt. Greylock hike on the 19th of October started out as a gray, cloudy, damp morning. Not what Rick or myself was looking for weather. With just the two of us, we started out on Cheshire Harbor Trail, which is on the Adams side of Mt. Greylock.

The ground was covered with a carpet of golden, fallen leaves, draped in a forest of hemlocks and beech trees. This is a very easy trail up to the top. (Approximately 3 mi and takes about 2 hours) About a half hour into the hike, the trail started to change from golden brown to snowy white. Yes! It was starting to snow, and heavily. I was later to find out from the ranger at Bascom Lodge that it was the first substantial snow fall in the Berkshires this fall.

It was absolutely beautiful to watch the forest and trail fill with the first snow. (Approximately 2 inches). As we reached the top, the snow stopped but the sky was still gray. We headed up to Bascom Lodge, which to our surprise was still open. An enjoyable lunch was taken in the warm confines of the lodge. We later found out that it was the last day the lodge would be open for the year.

The hike down was via the Gould Trail. About 20 minutes into the hike, Rick suggested we take a short side trail to a shelter. As we reached the shelter we were rewarded with a beautiful view. This shelter sits on top of a hill overlooking a cascading waterfall. In the distance, the trees were completely covered with snow. The remaining hike down was easy and enjoyable. I felt it was no better time to be in the Berkshires hiking Mt. Greylock.

- Bill Cichaski



Shelter and Work Crew after First Weekend

Tully Shelter

By John Klebes

This autumn brings another new chapter to the Pioneer Valley Hiking Club's trail maintenance and land stewardship efforts with our contribution to the construction of a new Adirondack Shelter. Several members of the PVHC have helped out with the Trustee's of the Reservations project to construct the framework for a 18 by 16 foot shelter with sleeping loft and porch. Over the next few weekends, we will disassemble the framework and transport it to it's final destination at the junction of the Metacomet-Monadnock Trail and the Tully Loop Trail near the majestic, Royalston Falls.

Come out and join the Trustees Staff, volunteers from the Pioneer Valley Hiking Club, and the Army Corps of Engineers, as we put the final efforts into erecting the Tully Trail Shelter. Situated in the middle of the 18-mile Tully Loop Trail and along the

M-M Trail, this is an ideal backpacking destination that provides many different hiking options. I look forward to leading our first overnight backpacking trip later this year. And in years to come, it will be with pride that I take my grandchildren to the Tully Shelter and tell them how, way back in the year 2003, we constructed this shelter.

England Coast to Coast Walk

By our European Correspondent
- Shari Cox

There is a walk, called the Coast to Coast, which goes from the Irish Sea on the west coast of England to the North Sea on the east coast of England. Alfred Wainwright created the trail about thirty years ago. It is 191 miles from coast to coast. It goes through three National areas; the Lake District, the Yorkshire Moors and the Yorkshire Dales. It crosses the Pennine Way, which goes north to South for 290 miles. We actually met a fellow AT hiker at the hostel where



the Coast to Coast crosses the Pennine Way. His name was Nomad, and we had met him in Maine while hiking the AT. Such a small world!

After driving around Scotland in the rain and hiking Ben Nevis, the highest mountain in the UK, Laurie, Richard and I took a train from Carlisle, England, to St Bees, England. Richard, AKA Big Dig, is a fellow AT hiker. He decided to join us on our little adventure in the UK.

The train dropped us off in St Bees, the western terminus of the Coast to Coast. Most people start from this coast. We stopped at a little store (they



don't have big stores on the coast to coast). We picked up some last minute food supplies. I also picked up a couple of maps. I had a book on the trail, but I was advised to have maps and a compass. I had my compass, which really wasn't going to do me a lot of good because I forgot how to use it.

We were able to find our way to the beach where the walk started. It was a beautiful sunny day to spend at the beach, which many people were doing. I read that it was a custom to put your feet in the Irish Sea before

starting. So all of us took off our packs, boots and socks and walked to the water. The water felt quite nice.

Unfortunately, we had to put everything back on to start hiking.

The walk was along the coast for a good portion of the day. It was high on the cliffs and it was beautiful. We didn't know where we were going for the night. We just kept walking until we decided to stop. We saw a B&B that was on a farm. We asked if we could camp somewhere. They gave us permission to camp on a field that had just been hayed. We set up our tents, cooked dinner, and enjoyed the setting sun. It was a good first day. We were hoping that the rest of the walk would be so good.

The next day we woke to pouring rain. It stopped long enough for us to take our tents down and pack up. We started hiking and decided to quit early, around noon. We checked into a B&B that hadn't quite opened but were willing to let us be their first customers. We could shower, dry our clothes, and eat a good lunch at the pub. This was a good incentive to stop early.

The following day the weather was good, but we had some other problems. After lunch we started walking, except we weren't sure if it was the right trail. The trails aren't marked, the map was hard to follow, and the openness of the hills showed trails everywhere. Richard was ahead of us. Laurie and I decided to turn around and to take a different trail. Richard saw us but didn't follow. We were separated for most of the afternoon. We finally met up towards the end of the day. We walked to a camping area and settled down for the night.



We had other trying days like that. One day we took the wrong path and

ended up on the opposite side from where we wanted to be. The weather had changed to rain; so we decided to take a ferry and two buses to get to the destination that we wanted.

It was at this time that four men took pity on us and took us under their wing. Three of them were from England and the other was from Australia. Stuart and Mike were friends that started together. Stuart was the map-reader, and Mike was the GPS man. The other two, Paul and Peter, met while hiking, and hooked up with Stuart and Mike. They were the backup map-readers. Laurie, Richard and I were tag-alongs. That was fine with me. It gave me a chance to walk and enjoy the scenery instead of keeping my nose in the book, walking a few steps and then questioning every step I made.

One decision we made was to use a Pack Horse service that would transport our packs from one destination to our next destination. That way we only had to walk with a



daypack. Our packs had been heavy because we had a lot of extra items from when we were traveling by car.

We slept in many interesting places. We stayed in some hostels and one of them had previously been a church. There was also one that looked like a castle. There were some nights that we camped. One place was in grass that was up to our thighs; another place was in a sheep pen and filled with sheep. We slept in people's backyards, and also found ourselves sleeping in a bunkhouse behind a pub. The new owners of the pub just took it over that weekend. The bunkhouse hadn't been used for years and it was filled with junk. We assured the owner that it was quite acceptable to us.



Stuart, Mike and Paul needed to finish the hike earlier than we did, so we had to separate. On our last night together we went to a pub and played "Quizco". It is a popular pastime in the pubs. We didn't win anything, but had a lot of laughs.

Peter stayed with us till the end. We finished at Robin Hood's Bay on a beautiful, sunny, hot day. The coast walk to the end was very beautiful. We finished by putting our feet in the North Sea, and toasting at Wainwright's Pub.

Now that I have done it, I can offer advice to those that may want to attempt this walk. It can be real easy and enjoyable. The first piece of advice is to learn to read a map and to use a compass. I did eventually learn with Pete's help. The next piece of advice is to have good rain gear. I don't think you could do the whole walk without any rain. If you want to do the walk right, use the Pack Horse service, where they transport your bag. If you have money to splurge, you can stay at B&B's, and eat at the pubs. There is nothing like a hot shower, good food, and a comfortable

bed at the end of a hard day of walking. The last bit of advice is to find someone to tag along with that knows the area. You can make some good friends and have a lot of fun.

- Shari Cox

Bartholomew's Cobble

By Frank Kamlowksi

On Saturday, October 25, twelve members met on a frosty morning at the Westfield Friendly's for trail maintenance at Bartholomew's Cobble in Ashley Falls, Massachusetts. Leaving at approximately 8:05 a.m., heading west on the Mass Pike, the sky was clear with a bright shining sun.

We arrived at the Cobble about 9:15 a.m., and were greeted by Sara, with her usual pleasant smile. We cleared brush, cut up a few fallen trees, and finished up at about 12:30. After a mini-tour on one of the trails, we headed back to the cabin where a delicious roast turkey, sliced roast beef, chips, and cookies awaited us. After a hearty meal, we hiked up to Hurlburt's Hill, and got a well-deserved rest. The view was spectacular, and the weather was outstanding.

At this time, I would like to thank the following members: Harry Allen, Lynn Gebo, Carol Vanderheiden, Dick Forrest, Ed Laroche, Bill Nickerson, Connie Fogarty, Norm Plante, Gary Dolgoff, Don Leis, and Sue Carey, for their time and hard work.

Friendly Fiji

By Laura Aubrey-Cook

This past spring, my husband and I had the opportunity to travel to the Fijian islands. As owners of a full-service, dive shop here in town, we were able to participate on a FAM trip. A FAM trip is a chance to visit a particular place and familiarize you with the location, people and culture. We had heard so many wonderful things about Fiji that we wanted to visit the region with hopes of perhaps sending a group of travelers there in

the near future. FAM trips, as they are referred to, are not exactly vacations. It is expected that you learn about the location and become comfortable with it and feel certain that you can find other travelers who would be interested in traveling there as well. The trip is inexpensive, usually with several dive shops, hotels, and the bureau of tourism of the region subsidizing much of the trip itself. You stay at one or more resorts, and tour others, as well as try different restaurants & eateries. The dive shops in that area also take you scuba diving and show you the wonders of their part of the ocean. This is all done with the intent of bringing more people to the country, and thus promoting tourism in a particular part of the world. This was my first FAM trip - little did I know what awaited us.

I don't have to tell you that since September 11, 2001, travel in this country and the rest of the world for that matter has never been the same. Many people are choosing not to fly the airlines, and many more are not leaving the United States for fear of terrorism attacks against Americans. In today's times, we choose our vacations based on the proximity to our homes and avoid many regions in the world. You can just imagine the anxiety my parents felt when I told them that my husband & I were leaving for Fiji during a time when the war in Iraq was building. Our departure date was April 1, 2003. Yes, April fool's day, and the war officially broke out just the week before. What were we getting into? My husband said we should go and my daughter who was staying behind looked stunned. I knew she would be safe staying here in this part of the country, but what about us? We had to make our way to the Los Angeles airport in LA. Of all places LA airport! Our trip leader, who had traveled to that region many times over the past few years assured us that we were indeed safer in Fiji than anywhere else. OK, we are leaving on April fool's day and traveling half way around the world. That part of the world is the South Pacific, to a point halfway between New Zealand and the Hawaiian Islands. Relax; our trip

leader kept telling us, you're going to Fiji, the friendliest place on earth.

We left out of Hartford/Bradley airport, where security appeared tight, and we made our connection in Chicago, and continued on to L.A. Once in L.A., we met up with the rest of the tour group at the Air Pacific Airline for a 10:30pm night flight. News flash in, via the airport television, SARS first contact in this country had just occurred in California at an airport just about an hour south of our present location. An airplane from Hong Kong was being detained and quarantined. Oh great! I better call home and assure everyone we are not in that same airport. My mom took the news well, and asked me if we were wearing facemasks to protect ourselves. No, but many others were wearing masks in the airport. The gravity of the situation really set in at that moment.

We met the rest of our group, eight other dive shop owners from different parts of the United States. Everyone was nice and appeared to be ready for an adventure. The night flight was comfortable, however, many seats on the plane were empty, which allowed most of us to claim 3 seats and stretch out and sleep lying down. The stewards passed out blankets, pillows; sleep socks, earplugs & sleeping masks. A late dinner was served along with a movie, and our ten-hour flight out of L.A. towards Nadi, Fiji, began. I slept most of the flight, as did most of the passengers, and woke up just in time for breakfast and another movie. Hey, this was an easy flight! Arriving at the Nadi airport, located on the main island of Viti Levu. There are 220 islands, which make up the Fijian Islands. We were scheduled to see two of them. The main island, where the international airport is located, is on Viti Levu and the small island of Bega nearby. Several Fijians, who had our shuttle bus ready, greeted us. As they placed leis of shells around our necks, their bright faces and warm smiles delivered the word Bula! Welcome. I immediately noticed the humidity in the air, and was told that April was the last month of Cyclone season. What? Cyclones! You're kidding, right? I've traveled all this way to meet a natural disaster! Yes, this part of the world

experiences cyclones. Twisters, tornadoes and cyclones are all the same thing, just a different name depending on which part of the world you are in. What else could happen here in this unfamiliar land? It was 5 a.m. Fijian time, and the sun would soon be rising. As we left the airport grounds, we shortly passed through the first village, a very small village with a group of little huts with assorted animals corralled nearby. Lush, tropical landscaping with trees filled with bananas, passion fruit, papayas, and other tropical fruits. There was a sign just ahead and our shuttle bus became very quiet. I saw this huge painting of the American flag and the words God Bless America. I felt Goosebumps all over my arms, and immediately let out a heavy sigh. Fiji is friendly and truly welcoming us. This was just the beginning of the friendliness and kind assistance that awaited us in this hidden paradise. Wherever our bus took us, we were greeted immediately with Bula! Passing by so many villages and townships, native Fijians would stop what they were doing and turn toward us to wave enthusiastically. It was hard to believe the first few encounters, but truly these people were happy to have us in their country.

We were escorted to our first resort called the Lagoon resort, which was nestled among the trees along the Bega lagoon, which empties into the Pacific Ocean. The place was an old Japanese bordello from the early 1930's, which has been converted into a very comfortable hotel with many amenities. Our dive company based there was Aqua Trek, whose crew did everything in their power to insure we saw as much of the unusual marine life as time would allow. Micro life included nudibrachs, blue ribbon eels, and cleaning shrimp, by the hundreds. The bump head parrotfish, intensely colored jellyfish, and large schools of jacks, were common sights. My husband, Scott, captured all of this on video and much more. The dive crew was exceptional, sharing their customs with us and talking of about their family life. Most of them were from the nearby smaller island of Bega. The last day we were scuba diving off the shore of Bega, and the

crew took us into a small bay toward the beach so we could have lunch on their homeland of Bega. We learned Fijians are intensely proud, and they spoke of the 200 Fijian soldiers, which were part of the peace-keeping mission in far away Lebanon. We spent three days scuba diving with this crew. I found them knowledgeable, humorous, and protective of us. Their ability to speak the English language was incredible, until I was informed that English is the official language of the Fijian Islands. Everyone does speak English. I also learned that Fiji was one of the last strongholds of cannibalism, which ended around the turn of the 20th century. Modern medicine is available, and communications are updated with Internet capabilities in all major cities. My biggest concern when traveling has been, "Can we drink the water?" Fiji has the best water in the Pacific. The islands have artesian wells throughout, and Fiji now bottles and exports their water bottled to many other areas of the world, including the United States.

The end of our stay with our newfound friends was celebrated by invitation to their kava ceremony. The drinking of kava is a special gathering, and is done collectively using a community bowl, which is passed from person to person. It is a sharing of respect, culture, and a time for friendship. We experienced all of these, and more. I knew I would miss these people.

Our next stop was the Wananavu resort, which was a three-hour drive away. We stopped to tour another resort along the way called, The Landing, which was an ocean-side complex with villas to rent. Their restaurant served excellent local cuisine of fish/seafood. Driving along the roads we passed many more small villages, and we continued to be greeted with smiles and waves. We continued toward Wananavu resort and stopped to tour the capital of the main island, known as Suva. The city was large and filled with much activity. The smell of bakeries everywhere was tempting, and proved to be a delicious experience. The government is patterned after the British parliament system, and the queen still appears on their currency. We were told the

government experienced a coup four years prior, and the dictator/president was replaced with a prime minister. Their islands are now governed independently and are quite stable. We toured the palace and the government parliamentary buildings, and continued toward the heart of the city. The population of the Fijian islands is made up of one third Muslim, one third Catholic/Christian, and one third Hindu (Eastern Indian population). The people were friendly and helpful in our quest for an Internet café to contact home. Communicating with the states was easy and inexpensive. A telephone call is just a few American dollars for six minutes, and Internet messages average two dollars per message, or ten dollars for 15 minutes of online time. We departed late in the afternoon, and arrived at Wananuva resort tired and hungry.

This resort was not really what I had expected. The main lodge housed a beautiful restaurant, lobby, and a pool, which was surrounded by lush tropical landscaping and dozens of hibiscus flowers. The rooms were actually individual burres, or bungalows, built into the mountainside facing the ocean. The burres were air-conditioned, private, and very comfortable. A path extended down to the ocean where the dive shop stood. The beach was uncrowded and pristine. The warm breezes flowed, and a sky full of stars accompanied a new full moon. The next four days, we went scuba diving

to many beautiful sites, which were teeming with more marine life than I had seen anywhere else before. The boat rides were longer than I expected, and took about one hour to reach. I was told this was necessary because the unseasonably warm water temperatures of three years ago had bleached the local dive site. The marine life was untouched by this, but much of the hard corals were dead. The soft corals were making a strong comeback, and signs were encouraging that even the hard corals were beginning to recover. Sharks, barracuda, unicorn fish, and so much more, made it impossible to visually take in all the marine life. You could spend most of one dive just exploring a small area. Pacific scuba diving is beyond anything that the Caribbean waters have to offer. One has to experience it to believe it!

Wananuva resort was peaceful and beautiful, but after our dinner, we found ourselves hungry for news of what was happening back home in the states. The news came from Australia, and reported that the war was in full progress, and our troops were moving swiftly to Baghdad. The worst may be over by the time we are to arrive back home. I found this difficult to believe, but hopeful.

The restaurant served international cuisine, and in the four days that followed, I never had anything but wonderful meals and service. The locals who staffed the resort were responsive to our every request. Our waiters, Soni and Kali began to teach us words and phrases in the Fijian language.

The enthusiastic "Bula!" or welcome, was the typical greeting and all requests were met by "sanga na langa," which means no worries or no problem. On our last night there, we

celebrated with a Fijian BBQ, where Soni taught me how to do the native couple's dance that was very similar to square dancing. We were the only Americans at the resort. Most of the guests were from New Zealand, Australia, and Japan. The Pacific Ocean is after all their backyard. We packed up the next morning, and began our journey back towards the airport, stopping at places of interest and taking some last minute time for photo opportunities. Time once again had meaning, and I felt the pressure of returning home back to a routine that was very different from the one I had experienced during the past 10 days. There is something to be said for eating when you are hungry, sleeping when you are tired, and taking the time to notice the beauty that surrounds you. Friendly Fiji is one of those places, and yet so much more. For more information about the Fijian Islands, you can contact Laura Cook at 413-562-7431.

Watkins Glen – NY Hike



Here is a picture, saying "Having a great time, wish you were here"

(Email from Shari Cox, Chamonix, France)

PVHC Mailbox

10/12/2003

Barcelona & Spanish Class

Hola amigos,

Since I last wrote, I have traveled from Italy to France to Spain, where I am now. I am in Barcelona. I spent a total of 21 days in Italy and I left with much unseen. I had already told you the beginning of my trip. Which is probably a good thing because my notes got lost in the Italian post office.

To continue my Italy trip from the last email, I spent 5 days in Rome. We added one extra day due to a power outage in most of Italy, which lasted about ten hours. The trains weren't running, so we stayed the extra day. While in Rome I got an education in art, history and religion. I did two walking tours. One walking tour that lasted all day was of the old Roman city seeing the coliseum that was built in the first century, the old Roman forum, Pantheon, Trevi fountain and so much more. The following day was another all day walking tour of Vatican City to see St. Peters and the Vatican Museum where the Sistine Chapel is.

We traveled from Rome to Florence and spent two nights there. Florence is where "David" by Michelangelo is. I didn't see the real "David" because it cost 10 euros. I did see an imitation though at Palazzo Michelangelo. On a day trip from Florence we went to Siena and San Gimignano and back to Florence in time to see a classical concert.

We then traveled to Cinque Terre by the way of Pisa, (You know where the famous leaning tower is). In Cinque Terre, which means five villages, we stayed in Manarola at a hostel. Cinque Terre is a national park made of the five villages, which are right on the Mediterranean Sea. You can walk from village to village in one day or take as long as you want. It is absolutely beautiful and I would recommend it to anyone that goes to Italy.

The next stop was in Nice, France, which is part of the French Riviera. The coast there is another beautiful site. We took day trips to St. Marguerite, an island off of Cannes and also to Monaco. This is the area for the rich and famous. I don't know what I was doing there, because I am certainly not rich. Famous maybe to my friends and family at home.

We took a train to Arles for a night. I am not sure why except that someone told it was nice. We left the next day and spent 10 hours on the train to Barcelona.

So here I am, now in a very lively city. Entertainment on the streets, plenty of food places, street vendors selling all kinds of birds from chicks, doves, parrots, parakeets and who knows what else.

I checked in to the Spanish school today. For the next two weeks Laurie and I will be in taking a Spanish Language class. I am looking forward to that. It should be lots of fun. Finally a place to call home for 2 whole weeks. I won't have to pack a bag!!

Well, that is it for now. Take care...write sometime. I love hearing from everyone. Especially now since I should have access to computer a school.

Adios, Hasta la vista.

Shari

Check out the website at www.geocities.com/hikearoundtheworld/

New pictures online:

go to www.photoworks.com

Name: uturnshari

Password: hikearoundtheworld



PVHC Snowshoe Rentals:

The club has 4 pairs of snowshoes available for the use of our members. Two backpacking tents (\$10 rental, 50 refundable deposit), club screen house, and hand-held radios are also available. Our Quartermaster, Jack Leary (413-562-0264), will assist you in renting these items under the following conditions:



Snowshoe Rental Process

Rental: \$5; 1-5 days (i.e. pick-up Thurs return Monday)

Deposit: \$25 refunded upon return (separate check)

Max. Rental length: 5 days, Must be current member, one pair only, and one reservation at a time.

Procedure:

1. Call Quartermaster place on hold for dates.
2. Send \$5 min of rental/deposit fees, Quartermaster will confirm receipt. Reservation dates forfeited if money not received within 4 days.
3. Arrange for pick-up with quartermaster, pay-in full upon pick-up.
4. Obtain deposit fee upon return.

Important Notice

The following memberships are up for renewal:

November Renewals:

Iwona Bednarski
John Paul Boisvert
Suzanne Carey
Miriam Chaput
William & Suzanne
Cichaski
William Drexler
Cheryl Funk & Family
Lynn Gebo
Bill Grygiel
Richard Harris
Edward Laroche
Lauren Ludwin
Lee Merrill
Joanne Miller
Sheila/Richard Paquette
Richard Puzzo
Fred Riotte
Beverly Wolfram

December Renewals:

Carolyn Carr
Terry & Sandy Cripps
Phyllis Dassatti
Sandy Jurczyk
Frank Kamlowksi
Marie Modena
David Pierrepont
Jeanne Tsatsos

Please renew early, and renew by mail. (Make checks payable to PVHC) Mail your renewal with your name and any address or phone number changes to:

Pioneer Valley Hiking Club
c/o Wilderness Experiences
P.O. Box 265
Southwick, MA 01077

(Dues are \$25 member, \$40 family, and \$15 for students)

Upcoming Hikes And Activities:

Holiday Party – December 13th, 2003

This year's holiday party will be held at the Pueblo on the campus of Springfield College on Saturday, December 13, from 6:00 p.m. until 11:30 p.m.. Although our costs have increased over last year, the Executive Board voted to spend the same amount per member as last year. The party is free for members, and \$5.00 for each invited guest. Please make all reservations by December 2 (club meeting), or call me, Frank Kamlowksi, at (413) 568-0859.

Last year was a huge success thanks to all of you who donated your time and cooking talents. As in the past, the holiday buffet will consist of several catered main dishes, and an assortment of appetizers and desserts prepared by members. In this way, we are able to keep our costs down, while providing a great party. Dress casual.
-Frank Kamlowksi



Holiday Party Slide Show

Please contact Ann Marie Visconti if you have slides to contribute to our annual Holiday Party Slideshow.

Clinic Topics & Speakers Wanted

We are looking for some fresh ideas for future clinics. Contact Ann Marie Visconti with your suggestions or contacts.



First Night – December 31st, 2003

I will have a sign-up sheet for First Night in Northampton at the November and December meetings. We are planning on making dinner reservations at a restaurant (to be announced) in Northampton for 4:30P. After dinner we will be attending a variety of events until at 11:45 when we will welcome in the New Year as the ball is raised atop the Hotel Northampton

The cost is approximately \$20 for an event button, which will admit you to any and all events of the evening. I will pick up these buttons prior to New Year's Eve and have them to distribute that evening. Please pay me by December 14th, unless you plan on picking up a button yourself. -Frank Kamlowksi (413) 568-0859

Winter in Vermont – Jan 10-11, 2004

Do you love hiking in Vermont but don't like camping in the cold? Join the Pioneer Valley Hiking Club as we do Vermont in style with a trip to the Merck Forest in Rupert, VT. Our destination is a former sugarhouse located in a secluded valley where a nearby stream adds tranquility and peacefulness to our rustic cabin. After a easy farmland hike, 1.9 miles from the Visitor Center, we will setup camp at Dunc's Place. This cabin, Merck Forest's former sugarhouse, is fully enclosed and equipped with a wood burning stove and firewood. It sports bunk and loft space for up to 15 people with a maximum capacity of 20. The cost for the cabin (\$75) will be split evenly between those camping (about \$5-10 each). Merck Forest has an extensive network of hiking trails (bring your snow shoes and cross-country skis) and for those more ambitious Mt. Equinox is nearby for a Sunday hike. Check out the website www.merckforest.org for more information.
- John Klebes



DIRECTIONS TO PVHC'S HOLIDAY PARTY

Saturday, December 13, from 6:00 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, and 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.

Pioneer Valley Hiking Club Officers & Committees

John Klebes, President (413) 786-3620
 Ann Marie Visconti, Vice President (413) 547-2729
 Heather Wyman, Secretary (413) 562-8575
 Kimberly Bruneau, Treasurer (413) 569-1970
 Scott Cook, Wilderness Experiences Unlimited
 Ray Tibbetts, Founder

Standing Committee Chairs

Hike Planning Coordinator: Sue Forrest & Ann Marie Visconti
 Backpacking Coordinator: Ed Laroche & Mike Rattelle
 Trail Maintenance: Ed Laroche & Rob Schechtman
 PVHC Web Page Editor: Dick Forrest
 PVHC Email List: John Klebes
 Quartermaster: Jack Leary
 Bootprints Editor: John Klebes

Bootprints is a publication of the Pioneer Valley Hiking Club. Send your story contributions to the editor at: klebes@aol.com (Email) or by US mail to John Klebes, 157 Thalia Drive, Feeding Hills, MA 01030.

IMPORTANT NOTICES

- ❑ Next Club Meetings:
December 2, 2003, 7pm at **FBC**
January 6, 2004, 7pm at **FBC**
- ❑ Next Hike Planning Meeting:
December 9, 2003, 7pm at **WEU**
- ❑ Deadline for Submissions for next BootPrints is: December 22, 2003

SPECIAL NOTE: Have you signed up for the Holiday Party? See inside for details.

FBC – First Baptist Church, West Springfield
WEU – Wilderness Experiences Unlimited

*** Check out our web page at:
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