



# Bootprints

The Bimonthly Newsletter of the  
Pioneer Valley Hiking Club

## White Mountain Sampler Trip A Friday Hike: Mt. Cabot

by Cindy Dolgoff

Gary and I were all set for Al Goodhind's annual Mount Washington Weekend Hiking Sampler. This would be our ninth visit to the Whites with Al's group.

A few days prior to the Sampler, Karen Markham called Gary to see if the two of us wanted to join an unofficial White Mountains hike on Friday. It was too late to get it on the PVHC schedule. Karen assured Gary that the hike would be challenging but compassionately-paced. "Count me in!" I yelled from across the room. There would be seven of us total on the hike - me and Gary, Karen, Al, Deb, Cheryl and Carol. Karen told Gary the name of our destination - Mt. Cabot - but oddly it was not in my *White Mountains Guide to Hikes* book.

See *Mt. Cabot* continued on page 3



## Owl's Head...Again!

by Lori Tisdell

Heather Wyman contacted me a several months ago asking if I was interested in hiking Owl's Head again. My daughter, Jos, is working on her 48, and Carol Vanderheiden wants to finish pretty soon. So we decided on the second weekend in August - same as last year. I got Karen Markham on board for her third trip to that magnificent summit. Karen and I decided to open it up to the club. Heather was bringing a group that wasn't officially part of the PVHC hike.

See *Owl's Head* continued on page 5

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“My suggestion, Premium  
Mountaineering Society  
(PMS), was rejected.”

~ Al Goodhind



The last known photo  
of Geraldine Largay

## Featured Club Member: Al Goodhind

by Al Goodhind

My involvement with PVHC came about when I was trying to sign up Backpacking, Etc. for a chamber of commerce membership. I first met Ray Tibbetts at his store, and learned that he and Ed Lizotte were starting a hiking club. Remembering with fondness my hiking with the Boy Scouts, I had been thinking about doing some hiking. The timing was good. Back then the club was just beginning to form. Western Mass Outdoor Adventures hiking club was the name that was chosen by Ed Lizotte, and he became the first club president. There were about six members at the beginning, including Dick Forrest. WMOA was too cumbersome for our name. Dick Forrest came up with the name Pioneer Valley Hiking Club. My suggestion, Premium Mountaineering Society (PMS), was rejected. Still don't know why PMS didn't work. LOL. The club logo is another story, which I can relate to you if you ask me.

The first backpacking trip in the club was undertaken by Ed and I alone. The plan was a four-day backpacking trip beginning from Franconia Notch and across to Mt. Washington. It was pretty aggressive for a beginner like myself. We got a late start up the Falling Waters Trail on Mt. Lafayette, and

-- See Al Goodhind on page 7

## The Disappearance and Mystery of Geraldine Largay

by Dick Forrest

Geraldine Largay, a thru-hiker, hiking by herself, a 66 year old retired Air Force nurse, 5'5" and 115 pounds, known by the trail name of "Inchworm," disappeared on the Appalachian Trail in Maine just over two years ago and her fate remains a mystery. Kathryn Miles wrote an article for the *Boston Globe* entitled, "How could a woman just vanish? On July 22, 2013, Geraldine Largay stepped into the Maine woods and disappeared without a trace." (see link to article at bottom of this article)

See *Mystery continued* on page 8

**Mt. Cabot** *continued from page 1*

Upon arriving at the Briarcliff Motel on Thursday night, we met up with Carol. She advised me that our Mt. Cabot hike was a 4,000 footer. What? I had never hiked a New Hampshire 4,000 footer. At least, I didn't think so. Carol retrieved her official *White Mountain Guidebook*, which showed all of the 4,000 footers. I reviewed the list. "Does Mt. Washington count if you only hiked down it?" I asked. "No", Carol replied. "You have to hike both ways." Therefore, Mt. Cabot would be my first 4,000 footer, "if" I made it.

On Friday morning, early, the seven of us piled into two cars with all our hiking gear and drove for about an hour and a half, northwest of Gorham, NH. When we arrived at our destination, there was only one other parked car. A tall, stern looking man emerged from the only residence and walked over to us. "He's going to tell us to leave" someone said, worriedly. Instead, he asked us if we wanted him to take a photo of our entire group. What a guy! He snapped the picture, wished us a happy hike and went back to his home.

The pretty field with lupines and Indian paintbrushes turned into a rocky path, and then, an overgrown forest of muck. Squish, squash, slurp. My right boot submerged into some kind of glop and I could feel the liquid soaking into my SmartWool sock. Luckily, it was not hot out and the morning bugs were apparently still asleep.

Onward we slogged, sometimes having to detour around and through brush to avoid deep mud pockets. The footing at times was slippery.

About half way up, the muddy trail gave way to rocks and the incline increased in steepness. The air took on a cooler, fresher feel. We stopped several times to admire the scenery. Along the way, we joked that I was losing my 4,000 footer virginity. I vowed that a LARGE chocolate ice cream would be my treat when (if?) I completed our journey.

The end appeared to be in sight! The hut that Karen promised appeared out of nowhere. She had assured us that the summit was shortly thereafter. There was actually a "toilet" in that clearing too, but its sign instructed us it was for solid-waste relieving only.

See *Mt. Cabot* continued on page 4



*"The pretty field with lupines and Indian paintbrushes turned into a rocky path, and then, an overgrown forest of muck. Squish, squash, slurp."*

*~ Cindy Dolgoff*



Mt. Cabot Cabin

*“The best part was not reaching out to touch that Mt. Cabot sign. It was hearing the cheers of my friends who had faith in me that I could do it. And isn't that really what hiking is all about?”*  
~ Cindy Dolgoff

**Mt. Cabot** continued from page 3

"Are we there yet? Are we there yet?" No. Just a false summit. Then a cairn, but no official looking markings, and there was obviously more elevation gain continuing. Finally, about a quarter mile from the hut - there it was - the sign that declared "Mt. Cabot - 4,120 feet". Yea!

Everyone let me be the first to summit, then Deb and Cheryl, as it was #2 for them. Then Gary (also #2), Carol #33, and Karen and Al, who had done all 48. Success was sweet! I also enjoyed the nick-name given to me for this hike, "Leader of the Pack". For some reason, I was out in front for most of the hike, rather than my usual position towards the end of the line.

After our victorious moments, numerous photographs, and mutual congratulations, we walked the short distance back to the hut and happily munched on our lunches and traded treats. I peeled off my wet socks, donning a fresh pair that I had thankfully packed.

The hike down was sort of anti-climactic, and there were few exciting moments, except for Gary falling in the mud (he was okay). Bugs came out to greet us, and I now had souvenirs of their bites along my scalp and ears.

As promised, on the way home, we stopped for ice cream, but I was exhausted and no longer hungry. So I ordered a MEDIUM chocolate ice cream, and ate the whole thing.

Will I go on to do the remaining 47 four thousand footers? Highly doubtful. Will I do another one? Probably.

The best part was not reaching out to touch that Mt. Cabot sign. It was hearing the cheers of my friends who had faith in me that I could do it. And isn't that really what hiking is all about?

-- Cindy Dolgoff

**Owl's Head** *continued from page 1*

We put it on the schedule thinking we would have a few interested parties, but not too many. For those of you who don't know Owl's Head is a White Mt. 4,000'er in New Hampshire. It is 18+ miles with four water crossings that can be dangerous in high water, has a steep hike up a scree-filled slide 8 miles in, 1500 feet in one mile, and no views from the summit. There is a really nice view of the backside of the Franconia ridgeline from the slide. It is in the unmaintained Pemigewasset Wilderness from about three miles in. Which means lots of blow downs and no bridges over the big water crossings.

We ended up having lots of interested parties signing on. It was very surprising; at one point we had 14 people! We had decided to close the number of people at 10, but due to the high demand we kept it open, and split the hike in two, since we had two leaders. One of the reasons for closing the number of people at 10 is that AMC rules state you cannot have a group larger than 10 in wilderness areas. Separating into two groups and leaving an hour apart took care of that problem. We also knew there would be faster hikers, people with names like "Flash," and people who wanted to hike at a more moderate pace. We ended up with 12 of us, Karen for her 3rd time, Paul Kozikowski and me for our 2nd, and 9-1st timers. Heather and her group of three were heading in with the later group.

Karen's group was meeting at 6:00 a.m., but my group of seven met before sunrise at 5:00 a.m. We needed headlamps at the start! I wanted to make sure we had plenty of time. This time I was much less nervous than the previous year. In fact, I was pretty nonchalant; maybe because I knew I could hang out at the slide and watch people hike while I relaxed! The hike into the base of the slide is very easy, three miles of virtual flat followed by 5 miles of some rolling easy trail, interspersed with flat. It gains over 1000 feet of elevation, but you'd never know as it is over 8 miles. There are two water crossings, 1/4 mile apart, that are 40-50 feet across. Maybe? The water was very low and not very fast moving, luck was on our side.

About 10 minutes before we got to the base of the slide, Karen and Heather's groups caught up with us. OK, so we were no longer following AMC rules. But we were pretty spread out once the climb began.

See Owl's Head continued on page 6



*"One of the reasons for closing the number of people at 10 is that AMC rules state you cannot have a group larger than 10 in wilderness areas."*

*~ Lori Tisdell*

**Owl's Head** *continued from page 5*

We probably had six groups! It is very steep, the first 1/3 mile has loose scree and some ledgy areas and then heads back into the woods for more steep plus rocks and roots. Trees are good; we used them to pull ourselves up some sections. After what seems like an interminable time, just when you are wondering when it will moderate...it does! Then it seems to wander aimlessly around this flat summit for a long time. In fact, we passed by the "Old" summit on the way to the new summit. Some wonderful geological survey found that the "real" summit is a quarter mile further than originally thought. Hmm, really, they could have left it where it was.

We met up with Heather's group heading down as we were still heading up. But then we were there! All of the PVHC official hikers! Wow, I was really so impressed and proud of our group. We had hikers who hadn't even hit 10-4,000'ers and hiked this



mother! PVHC members are rock solid. Lots of photos and congratulations around were exchanged. Carol hit 35 - more than 2/3's complete.

So, then it's the bad news. You're at the summit and still have 9+ miles to go to the end. But every step back means there's more behind you and less in front! Glass half full. Once we all got back down the slide, we separated back into our two groups for the hike back out. Those water crossings felt really great. In fact, the water was so cool and refreshing I dumped my warm water, used my handy dandy SteriPEN to clean it, and had cold water to drink. So much better!

After a while it kind of becomes a slog. Mile after unending mile. At least it is a pretty trail. There are cascades of water, some mossy swampy areas, water flowing beside the trail, beautiful green woods, old growth, and lots of water crossings! The great company helps make the miles go faster. Then you start to see the next trail junction sign. Excitement! When you get to the bridge where the wilderness starts, it is like a red letter day. Only 2.9 miles left to go. When you get the Osseo junction, you know you are really in the home stretch. Only 1.4 miles! Then it's the suspension bridge - woo hoo. There, Jos, Karen and Paul greeted the last of us and celebrated crossing with us.

*See Owl's Head continued on page 7*



**Owl's Head** *continued from page 6*

It was a long day at almost 14 hours, but somewhere on the hike back out I looked around and thought "I'd do this hike again." It really is a nice hike. And not nearly as difficult as the miles would lead you to believe, which is the opposite of what the White Mt. guide usually says.

Kudos to all who participated on this hike.

Paul Kozikowski (2nd timer) and 1st timers - Carol Vanderheiden, Eunice Jones, Cheryl Stevens, Debbie Bombard, Sandy Sego, Joan Nichols, Dave Vibber, Bert McDonald and Jos Brannan.

-- Lori Tisdell

**Al Goodhind** *continued from page 2*

had to camp out halfway up the mountain. Setting up our tent 200 yards off trail, we cooked dinner and settled in for the night. During the night I heard heavy footsteps go by our tent. Whatever it was brushed against the outside of the tent as it moved passed us. To this day I regret that I never peeked out to see what it was. However, I was too scared to know. While summiting Mt. Lafayette the next day, a thunder/lightning storm came in. We had to scoot down below and squat on the balls of our feet until the storm passed. After going back up to the summit, the wind was so strong that it nearly blew Ed off his feet. Some of his equipment actually blew off his pack down the mountainside. We ended up at the Garfield Shelter for the night. I was exhausted and collapsed at the shelter. Ed got water and cooked dinner. The next morning we hiked down with the caretaker and caught the AMC shuttle. It was at that point that we both decided that I had had enough. It was the hardest trip of my life. (See *Al Goodhind* continued on page 8)



Current WMOA President Ed Lizotte and future PVHC President Al Goodhind, about 25 years ago

**Al Goodhind** *continued from page 7*

Six months later, I ended up being president for the next 7 years. I was not really looking to do that, but I enjoyed my time as president. I used to do the agenda, the schedule and run the meetings. It used to take me 4 hours just to do the schedule on Excel - I was not that good technically. I am, however, proud to have started the tradition of going for ice cream after the hikes. I created our club motto: "We hike to eat!" Are we surprised? I have met some great people from the club. I'm always recruiting new members, as I am so proud of our group. I enjoy organizing the Sampler and Christmas trips. I will save other anecdotes for another time.

For someone who has been in the club the longest, I should be the fittest of them all. Unfortunately, in case you haven't noticed, I'm not. These days I pick and choose my hiking activities as I try to spend weekends with my 89 year old dad. I hope to expand my hiking time instead of my waistline. It has been a pleasure to be associated with such a great group of people, and look forward to seeing you on the trips.

-- Al Goodhind

**Mystery** *continued from page 2*

I won't go into all of the details of Largay's disappearance, and the subsequent search for her - you can read about them yourself. But why am I so interested in the story of Inchworm? One reason: Al Roman, Karen Markham, Rick Briggs and I backpacked in the approximate area where she disappeared this past 4th of July weekend. Al, Karen and I needed six mountains in that area of Maine to complete our "67 Highest in New England" and "Northeast 111" lists. (Rick is not into peak bagging.) The three of us were successful in our objective - I, personally, had the best backpacking trip of my life.

Another reason that I'm interested in Inchworm's fate is that it's a modern-day, real-life mystery involving an activity that I'm passionate about: hiking. I don't have a morbid fascination with death, but it's interesting to talk to other people about what happened to Inchworm. And, of course, there are many theories. I hope and pray that Inchworm's fate comes to light, and that the mystery of her disappearance is revealed soon.

Link to Kathryn Miles' *Boston Globe* article:

<https://www.bostonglobe.com/magazine/2014/12/30/how-could-woman-just-vanish/CkjirwQF7RGnw4VkAl6TWM/story.html>

-- Dick Forrest

## Important Membership Renewal Notices

The following memberships are up for renewal:

### Sept. Renewals

Ruth Anastasio  
 Carol Carrington  
 Shari Cox  
 Lucie DeVries  
 JoAnne Gebski  
 Carolyn Keeffe  
 Laurie Mahoney  
 Sheila Messer  
 Carol Parent  
 Marty & Meg Schoenemann  
 Gail Schoonover  
 Lynne Wolak

### Oct. Renewals

Janet Beach  
 Dona Burdick  
 David J. Coache  
 Eliza Dagostino  
 Susan Ferraro  
 Donna Fleury  
 John & Regina Fortune  
 Jane Garb  
 Carol Geoffrey  
 Barbara Graf  
 Lori & Tonia Paquette  
 Jeff Hennessey Knox  
 Margot Lacey  
 Phyllis Levenson  
 Charlie Lieson  
 Dori Neuwirth  
 Thomas Pedersen  
 Maria Rocco  
 Al Roman & Karen  
 Markham  
 Rita Willard

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  
 PO Box 225  
 West Springfield MA 01090-0225  
 (Dues are \$25 member, \$40 family, and \$15 for students)

### Pioneer Valley Hiking Club Officers

Chip Pray, President  
 Marcia Kelly, Vice President  
 Lori Tisdell, Secretary  
 Paul Kozikowski, Treasurer  
 Ray Tibbetts, Founder

### Standing Committee Chairs

Hike Schedule: Jeanne Kaiser & Chip Pray  
 Backpacking Coordinator: Rick Briggs  
 Trail Maintenance: Chip Pray & Rob Schechtman  
 Club Website Editor: Dick Forrest  
 Non-Member E-mail Coordinator: Rob Schechtman  
 Club E-mail Coordinator: Chip Pray  
 Quartermaster: Mike Carrier  
*Bootprints* Newsletter Editor: Dick Forrest

*Bootprints* is a publication of the Pioneer Valley Hiking Club. Please email your story/event contributions to Dick Forrest at:

### WELCOME NEW MEMBERS

#### July

Janice Melchiorre  
 Joan Nichols  
 Barbara Werum Richard  
 Melissa Stello  
 Kim Sun  
 Linda Tropp

#### August

Peggy Bresnahan  
 Celeste Hart-Legere  
 Patrick J. Noonan



### UPCOMING EVENTS AND THE USUALS

- Every Mon. (MA) Ashley Reservoir evening hike
- Every Wed. (MA) Evening walks with Marcia
- Every Thurs. (MA) Afternoon walks with Ruth
- Every Thurs. (MA) Ashley Reservoir evening hike
- Sept 5 (CT) AT Section 3
- Sept 5-7 (VT) AT Backpack
- Sept 12 (NH) Mt. Moosilauke: Flags on the 48
- Sept 19 (MA) Tully Lake
- Sept 26 (CT) AT Sec 3 & Mohawk Trail
- Sept 26-27 (CT) Beginner Backpack
- Oct 27 (MA) Full Moon Feast
- Dec 5 (NH) Strawberry Banke
- Dec. 12 (MA) Club Holiday Party

## IMPORTANT NOTICES

Next Club Meetings:  
 Sept. 1, 2015, 7 pm at **FBC**  
 Oct. 6, 2015, 7 pm at **FBC**

***FBC - First Baptist Church, 337 Piper Road, West Springfield***

Deadline for submissions to the next *Bootprints* is October 20th, 2015

**\*\* Check out our web page at:**  
[www.pioneervalleyhikingclub.org](http://www.pioneervalleyhikingclub.org)

Members may join the PVHC Email List by sending a message to:  
[pvhc.hikingclub@gmail.com](mailto:pvhc.hikingclub@gmail.com)



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