

BOOTPRINTS

Volume 11 Issue 2

March 2007

Mount Monadnock via Pumpelly Ridge

by Shari Cox

I thought I would give Richard Harris a break on this newsletter and submit an article for Bootprints. It is not a 4000~~er~~ hike but it might as well have been. The terrain was rocky and above treeline and it took seven hours to hike about nine miles.

The hike I am referring to is the Pumpelly Ridge Trail on Mount Monadnock. This trail is off of Route 101 by the Dublin Lake. I offered this alternative hike from Dick and Sue's Mt. Monadnock White Dot trail. Dick and Sue have been leading the winter Mount Monadnock hike for several years. I have tried in the past to resurrect the camping part of the Mount Monadnock winter hike of past years of the club. This year was a record year - record number of people and temperatures. The temperatures might have been the reason for the people to try a winter camping trip.

Earlier in the week the weather looked like it was going to be raining, but towards the end of the week it looked like there might be a possibility of sun and warm temperatures. Usually we need to think about crampons, stabilizers, down coats, gloves, hats and snowshoes during this time of year. As a prepared hiker, I packed my down coat, stabilizers and crampons. I never had to take my pack cover off to get them.

Bob Morgan and I rode with Tom Penderson (fair weather hiker no more) up to the trailhead. It was raining as we left the Brooks parking lot. John Klebes picked up



Rick Briggs and Mike Carrier. Mike Carrier just got off duty from the fire-station to join us. All of us met up at the Pumpelly trailhead. Laurie Mahoney and Richard Kelly joined us there. The rain hadn't stopped and it seemed to come down harder.



We put pack covers on our packs and raincoats on our bodies. We set off for the trail. The first part of the trail is fairly flat. The trail was wet. The next part of the trail was a steep up. With all of the rain that came and was still coming, it was like a waterfall trail. It didn't take long before my feet were wet. I was just grateful that the temperatures were warm. If it were colder, the trail would be treacherous. The rocks would have been pure glare ice. {Continued on page 2}



Ring in the New Year at the top of Mt. Tom after Frank's annual 1st Night Dinner at Opa-Opa

PVHC 2007 Election Results

PRESIDENT

Ann Marie Visconti

VICE-PRESIDENT

Marcia Kelly

SECRETARY

Gail Carrier

TREASURER

Shari Cox

{Pumpelly - continued from page 1 }

At one point Richard and Laurie decided that day could be better enjoyed by not hiking in the miserable rain. They turned around. We had made plans to meet at the camping area later in the day. Shortly after they left, the rain let up. We started to get up in elevation and we had some glimpses of blue in the sky. It was still pretty foggy but every once in a while there was a window with a view.

Once we got to the ridge the hiking was a little bit easier. We still needed to hike with caution as the moss and lichen made the rocks slippery. The trail continued to go up and down and I felt like I was getting the work out that I needed but was not in shape for. We split into two groups: the racers and the pacers.

The sky cleared up and there was a cool wind. The wind was welcomed because we had warmed up from our climb. The sun tried to make an appearance also. We had terrific views of the lakes below, but we never had a view of the summit while we were going up.

The pacers met the racers at the top. The racers had been there about thirty minutes. I thought the racers might get up to the top to see Dick and Sue's group. They did not. We had a quick bite and started to go back down. I didn't want to stay there too long because I was starting to cool down. I also wanted to get down before it was dark and also because I was afraid that the fog would move back in and I would not see the cairns down. Because the trail is above treeline, we have to follow cairns (piles of rocks) for trailmarkers.

We had beautiful views and could even see the top, and people at the top, after we had gone down some distance. We still had to be careful on the way down. It took us quite awhile to go 1 mile. It might have been because we were taking several pictures or just because we wanted to be cautious. Once we got below treeline it started to rain again. People had just taken off their rain gear and then they had to pull it out again. Luckily it stopped shortly after it started.

The hike down was uneventful. It seemed very, very long. It felt good to be on flat ground that was covered with pine needles. We could move a little faster since we didn't have to worry about each step. Even with the quickness of our step, it took forever.

We finally got back to the cars and it was just getting dark. We drove back to headquarters where the campground is. Laurie and Richard were there. We set up our tents, put on warm clothes and then set off for our reward. A terrific dinner at Lilly's with great service. Lilly's has been a tradition for many years. It has a warm pleasant atmosphere created by a fire in the wood stove. Every one was happy with their meal. As we checked out, they thought we

had been there earlier in the day. We said it wasn't us, but Dick and Sue's group.

We went back to the campground. Some people went to bed and others stayed out and enjoyed the warm winter temps and the clear sky filled with stars. It was pretty comfortable sleeping out with the mild temperatures.

We got up in the morning. Laurie and Richard heated up water for coffee and hot chocolate. I provided oranges and oreos. A great combination.

It was a great trip! As always, it provided great conversation, great comradeship, great food and a feeling of accomplishment. We also found out what the sarcophagus was. John and Rick were looking for this all the way up and down even though they didn't know what they were looking for. When we got back to headquarters we asked the ranger what it was. There was picture in a book. I had seen this rock several times and always that it was amazing. I just didn't know there was a name for it. Have you seen the sarcophagus? Maybe you can join us next year!!!

~Shari Cox

Blackhead Range Backpack

By John Klebes

It was the last weekend in January and one of the first club trips outside of the Whites to see snow this year. We had a special treat as Sybille Nickels, a former member that moved to Wisconsin, flew in to join our winter backpacking trip.

The Blackhead Range is located near the northern end of the Catskill Mountains and includes the 3rd, 4th & 5th highest peaks. Thomas Cole (3,940 feet; 1,201 m), Black Dome (3,980 feet; 1,213 m) and Blackhead Mountain (also 3,940 feet).

Rick, Sybille, Ann Marie and I headed up the Black Dome trail to the Escarpment trail near Burnt Knob. Rick and Sybille headed up toward Windham High Peak in search of the allusive views as light snowflakes fell, and we were enveloped in the clouds. Meanwhile, Ann Marie and I scrambled up an interesting bushwhack to the

high point of Burnt Knob exploring this snow covered trailless summit. Descending back to the Escarpment Trail we meet Rick and Sybille as they returned from their fruitless search for views through the clouds. We enjoyed a light lunch at a rocky ~~view~~ viewpoint along the ridge before heading up and over Acra Point. This section of the trail was a winter wonderland of balsam and rock vistas.

Just before hitting the steepest part of the trail we dropped down to the Batavia Kill Lean-to, our destination for the night. We had a very nice evening that included a roaring campfire, hot-spiced cider, good company, and a night of cosmic wimp-out (our traditional backpacking dice game). The only complaint I got was that we never found an outhouse near the lean-to.

Sunday was fantastic with a great, but strenuous, climb up Blackhead Mountain. Icy on one side and deeper snow on the other. Lite snow flurries both days made it magical. There were a few very steep icy spots that we should have really put on crampons but didn't. We dropped down into the gap between Thomas Cole and Blackhead. At 3,700 feet, the highest in the Catskills. There were only a few drifts that where over a foot of snow or more. Given the limited views through the snow clouds we opted to save a trip over Thomas Cole and Black Dome for another trip and headed out for a well-deserved stop at the diner for a late lunch.

~John Klebes



Batavia Kill Lean-to near Blackhead Mountain

4,000 Footer Update

by Richard Harris



Mt. Cabot

Hot Tea & Chocolates anyone?

On Thursday, December 28, 2006, Bob Morgan, Tom Pedersen, and I ventured north to Gorham with the intent of completing our respective northernmost 4,000 footers. We stayed at a nice (well, it had a color television, 3 beds, private bath, and heat) motel in Gorham and planned our treks for the next day. Tom was doing Mt. Waumbak while Bob and I had our sights set on Mt. Cabot. The weather forecast was good and we expected there would be a number of people on the trails, especially Waumbak.

The next morning we had a good breakfast and then separated as we drove to our respective trailheads. While we debated what equipment to take, we decided that snowshoes would not be necessary based on the trail reports and the conditions we saw at the trailhead. It has been a really disappointing winter for snowfall. We took stabilizers and crampons. Depending on how much ice we encountered. Having heard about Ed's very enlightening presentation on equipment necessary for the Whites, I decided to pack my jetboil and extra water.

Bob and I began around 7:30. We passed a youth group who had camped out the night before alongside the trail (in



subzero temps . brrrrr!!!). They were intending to proceed to Mt. Cabot. It was a beautiful day with a nice sunshine and pleasant conditions. The trail was in good condition with no difficult pitches or water crossings.

Given the disappointing snow conditions this year, we were not surprised to find that the snow amounts were minimal (less than 6 inches for most of the trail). As we approached and passed the former Fire Warden's Cabin, we finally encountered significant (knee deep) snowdrifts, but we only had 0.4 miles to go to the summit. The snowdrifts were short-lived. The views at the site of the former fire tower and on the summit were gorgeous. We also encountered the wind and much colder conditions at these points, so we made our way back to the former Fire Warden's Cabin.



Now, comes the Jetboil. I pulled out the Jetboil and heated up 2 cups of water, Bob produced some tea bags and we enjoyed hot tea and frozen Lindt chocolates while viewing the vista from the cabin. Of course the chocolates were a bit hard, one would bite through the normally soft shell and feel the crust of the shell break away while the frozen middle would melt in your mouth. After about 15 minutes, the 8 degree temps of the cabin



were starting to make us feel uncomfortable, so we put on our stabilizers and backed away the Jetboil (several water bottles that were not insulated froze shut. remember to pack them in the pack next to one's body and insulate them) and proceeded to race down the trail to the car which we reached around

4:00. We never saw the youth group on the trail as they encountered issues, which required that they abandon their hike.

Tom, we later learned, had considerable company on the trail. The company on the trail proved to be very helpful as they determined what looked to be the end of the trail was actually a mile short of the actual summit. However, the actual summit had less of a view. Tom was back at his car by 1:00.

Bob and I proceeded to head home. We stopped at an Applebee's and encountered a very obnoxious customer. We did not say anything. A pleasant surprise occurred as the waitress informed us that the customer had paid for meal. It sometimes pays to hold one's tongue. Our regret is that we did not order a more expensive meal. Bob did not even have dessert.

~Richard Harris

Attempt on Mt. Jefferson

by Richard Harris

Mt. Jefferson – Almost

Ever go on a hike where you work hard and get relatively close to your goal, but can't quite get there. Well, deciding not to reach the goal can be the smartest decision. As the Jefferson attempt of January 27/28, 2007 demonstrates. On Saturday, January 27th, Bob Morgan, Tom Pedersen, Rob Schechtman, and I drove north with the intent of challenging some of the northern Presidentials in Winter. Tom aiming for Mt. Adams and the rest of us striving for Mt. Jefferson.

One Saturday we hiked approximately 3.2 miles up to Gray Knob Cabin. operated by the Randolph Mountain Club. The weather was nice, cold, but clear skies. The trail conditions were quite good. Most of the way to the cabin we did not need crampons or stabilizers. However, at the Log Cabin shelter, Rob and I put on our crampons, as the next 0.7 of a mile to Gray Knob Cabin were steeper and icier.

We encountered several groups also headed to the cabin and one large group heading for the very exposed Berch+. By 4:00 we were in the cabin and having some nice hot teas as it was quite cold, but beautiful.

We proceeded to find a space to sleep for the night. the cabin was to be full that night and if we were unable



maintenance leader, had encouraged us to scrape/brush off some of the snow and ice off the cairns as we hiked from the Cabin to the Col. Very smart thing to do as it made it much easier to find our way back to the Cabin.

Within 15 minutes of leaving the Col, the wind was not as strong and the clouds began to shift. In less than 2 hours we were back in the Cabin and found Tom waiting for us. He too had to forego his effort on Mt. Adams as the wind and conditions were not right for the summit effort.

After resting, having some lunch, and packing up, we proceeded to descend back towards the cars. As often happens on such hikes, when one was unable to see the summits earlier, as one leaves, the clouds lift. Shortly after leaving the Cabin, we reached the Quay and had a beautiful view of the summit of Mt. Jefferson. 3-1/2 hours earlier we could not see more than 100 feet up the side of the cone, but now one could see the summit

to stay there we would have to head over to Crag Camp, the Perch, or back down to the Log Cabin. After dinner, which inevitably involved some form of soup or freeze-dried foods, we turned into our sleeping bags as it was forecast to be cold and we wanted to be rested for Mt. Jefferson.

(good thing because we decided not to bring them).

After slogging through the trail for nearly 3 hours, struggling with the snow and difficulty of determining where the trail and cairns were headed, we finished

the 1.9 miles from Gray Knob Cabin to Edmunds Col around

noon. The temperature had dropped to 0 or lower and the wind was howling at 50 miles per hour. In these conditions, one is subject to potential frostbite rather quickly. After 15 seconds, our partially exposed hands would begin to hurt. So, we put on goggles and covered every square inch of skin so no



clearly separating from the clouds. Well, another hike, another day.

After reaching the cars, Rob was waiting for the rest of us; we proceeded to head home and stopped at the Applebee's Restaurant of the previous hike. No obnoxious customer, we had to pay our own bills.

~Richard Harris



The next morning, Tom headed for Mt. Adams (there were others at the cabin also planning to summit Mt. Adams) while the rest of us proceeded to head for Mt. Jefferson. While Mt. Adams is a frequent winter destination, Mt. Jefferson is not so frequently hiked during winter. Accordingly, we found ourselves breaking trail. The weather report indicated only 6-8 inches fell the night before, but we were contending with snowdrifts, which were sometimes 2-3 foot deep. Given the terrain and the conditions of the snow, snowshoes were not an option

skin was exposed. We realized that the trek from the Cabin had taken much longer than expected, the amount of energy we had expended had zapped us of the energy we would have needed to summit Mt. Jefferson and then hike back to the Cabin and back to the cars. So, we decided that Edmunds Col was a wonderful destination for the hike, looked at the cloud-encased cone of Mt. Jefferson and proceeded to back track to Gray Knob Cabin.

Rob, the ever vigilant trail



Local Hikes

By Richard Harris

Local hikes, yes, I do local hikes too!!! As I near the completion of the 4,000 footer quest, I will be doing more locally.



Seven Sisters

On dreary looking Sunday, January 14th, 5 of us (Mike and Monica Gross, Juliana Vanderwielen, Kathleen Damon, and I) met at the trailhead for the Seven Sisters traverse in the Mount Holyoke Range. The forecast suggested we might have a window of no rain, so we prepared for rain and proceeded up Barre Mountain as we began at the Notch Visitor Center.

We began at a brisk pace, as I wanted to be sure that the others on the hike did not



feel that I was holding them back. Soon we were on Mt. Hitchcock enjoying the breathtaking view of the clouds . that is all one could see. So, not having a real vista to enjoy, we proceeded to descend to Low Place and begin the Seven Sisters section of the hike. Before long we were approaching



Taylor Notch and met the first fellow hikers of the day . a group of 8 men who cautioned that there was some ice ascending to the Summit House.

Sure enough, the rock steps ascending from the access road to the summit of Skinner Mountain had a thin layer of ice. After reaching the Summit House, most of us decided we would not venture up to the porch as it was covered with a thin layer of ice. So, went under the porch to escape the wind and a slight mist, which was forming. After lunch, we proceeded down the Halfway House Trail (we determined the rock slabs on the M-M Trail could be too icy for a descent) and Two Forest Trail to the main trailhead.

~Richard Harris

North and South Sugarloaf

A beautiful Winter Sunday, February 11th was a gorgeous day to be hiking the Pioneer Valley. Nine of us met to hike South and North Sugarloaf. We summited South Sugarloaf and enjoyed a rest at the viewing tower.



Then, came the long portion of the hike. We followed part of the Pocumtuk Trail to North Sugarloaf . most people only venture as far as South Sugarloaf, but they miss the real beauty of the Mt. Sugarloaf Reservation when they do so. From the trail around to the summit of North Sugarloaf, during the winter one gets an impressive view of South Sugarloaf. One can see how far you have hiked up and down to get to where you are . it may make alter your return plans. We did the loop around North Sugarloaf and stopped for a rest and lunch break along the western edge of North Sugarloaf.

Returning to the trail, we decided we would forego a return visit to the summit of South Sugarloaf and head for the trailhead. Norm Plante suggested, very good suggestion that we stop for lunch at a diner along I-91. Eight of us stopped for some nice warm food and then headed for home. It was a very nice day to be hiking . 6-7 miles, yes; it was more than originally offered.

~Richard Harris

Mt. Norwottuck & Rattlesnake Knob

Another beautiful day to be hiking in the Pioneer Valley, on Sunday February 25th, 7 of us hiked part of the Holyoke Range State Park. We trekked over Mt. Norwottuk and through the Horse Caves.



The trail conditions were good and the weather was a nice winter day . clear skies and low wind.

We stopped for lunch at Rattlesnake Knob . a terrific place to take in the view of Long Mountain and the eastern valleys. We proceed to return to the trailhead via the Robert Frost Trail.

Norm made another excellent suggestion as 6 of us proceeded to Atkins Farm for a bit of lunch. It was the end of a nice time hiking . 5-6 miles, yes, it LESS than originally billed.

~Richard Harris

No more cars in national parks. Let the people walk. Or ride horses, bicycles, mules, wild pigs -- anything -- but keep the automobiles and the motorcycles and all their motorized relatives out. We have agreed not to drive our automobiles into cathedrals, concert halls, art museums, legislative assemblies, private bedrooms and the other sanctums of our culture; we should treat our national parks with the same deference, for they, too, are holy places.

~ Edward Abbey

Lakes, Ponds & Streams

By John Klebes

You say "potato," and I say "tomato." It's a topic on many hikes and I have been meaning to do a little research on this for some time. With a little push, and some background material from Ed Laroche, I propose answering that age-old question: What is the difference between a Lake and a Pond? And how about those rivers, streams, brooks, and creeks!

Lakes & Ponds

At first I thought this would be easy. Lakes tend to be larger and/or deeper than ponds right? But numerous examples exist of "ponds" that are larger and deeper than "lakes." For example, Echo Lake in Conway, NH is 14 acres and has a depth of only 11 feet, while Island Pond in Derry, NH is nearly 500 acres and 80 feet deep.

Names for lakes and ponds generally originated from the early settlers living near them, and the use of the terms "lake" and "pond" appears completely arbitrary. Just to make it even more confusing many have changed names through the years, often just because someone likes the sound of it! A common motive was to make it sound more attractive to prospective homebuyers. Examples of ponds that are now called lakes include Mud Pond to Mirror Lake and Mosquito Pond to Crystal Lake. Would you want a house on Mosquito Pond?

Early limnologists (limnology - the study of inland waters), in the early 1900s attempted to define the transition from a lake to a pond in various ways such as area, depth, thermal layers, and types of plant growth. Limnologists today recognize that nature can't be divided into precise, neat categories and accept the fact that there will never be a precise definition. However, they did recognize that "deep" lakes and ponds function differently than "shallow" lakes and ponds. A shallow lake or pond is that class of shallow standing water in which light penetrates to the bottom sediments to potentially support rooted plant growth throughout the body of water. Lack of thermal stratification and the presence of muddy sediments are also common characteristics of this class of water. In contrast, a "deep lake or pond" has both a shallow shoreline area that may potentially support rooted plant growth and a deeper portion where sunlight does not penetrate to the bottom. These bodies of water frequently stratify into distinct thermal layers during the summer.¹

Another interesting observation is that smaller lakes tend to put the word "lake" after the name, as in Green Lake, while larger lakes often invert the word order, as in Lake Ontario, at least in North America.²

Taking all this into consideration it appears we can only come to a general rule-of-thumb that a lake is generally a larger and deeper body of water than a pond. And that a lake usually has a deeper portion where sunlight does not penetrate to the bottom

Glossary of Some Special Water Features:

Estuary - An area where fresh water meets salt water; for example, bays, mouths of rivers, salt marshes, and lagoons.

Fjord, or Fiord - A long, narrow, deep inlet of the sea between steep slopes.

Flume - A narrow gorge, usually with a stream flowing through it.

Tarn - A small steep-banked mountain lake or pool, generally formed by a glaciation process.

Vernal Pools - A type of *Wetland* in which water is present for only part of the year, usually during the wet or rainy seasons.

creating thermal layers and different vegetation zones.

A pond is characterized as being a small body of water that is shallow enough for sunlight to reach the bottom, permitting the growth of rooted plants at its deepest point. Pond usually describes small bodies of water, generally smaller than one would require a boat to cross. Another definition is that a pond is a body of water where even its deepest areas are reached by sunlight or where a human can walk across the entire body of water without being submerged. Typically, a pond has no surface outflow draining off water and ponds are often spring-fed. Hence, because of the closed environment of ponds, such small bodies of water normally develop self-contained eco-systems.³

Streams, Rivers, Brooks and Creeks

Just like lakes and ponds, at first glance the distinction between rivers, brooks and creeks appears to be somewhat arbitrary. Fortunately it is a little clearer and based mostly on a subjective size distinction.

So what is a stream? A stream, in simple terms, is a natural body of flowing water. A stream begins at its headwaters and gathers water from runoff, rain, snowmelt, or from underground springs. From their source, all streams flow downhill, typically terminating in the ocean. Stream is a generic term for any body of water with a detectable current, confined within a bed and banks regardless of size. Streams are further characterized by their size as rivers, brooks, creeks, and tributaries but they are all correctly called streams.

And how about those brooks, creeks, and rivers?

In general, brooks, creeks, streams, and rivers are similar terms identifying the size of a stream. A river is a stream of water of considerable volume, which travels downhill (from higher altitudes to lower altitudes due to gravity). You can think of the term river is just a shorthand way to refer to a large stream. While a river is technically a stream we normally associate the specific term stream to really mean small stream and use River to mean large stream. But they are all streams in general.

Smaller side streams that join a river are tributaries. Typically, creeks and brooks are smaller than streams while rivers are much larger than streams and other flowing water sources. Little creeks or streams merge to form small rivers then become medium-sized rivers. These rivers may be tributaries of a large river, which can eventually flow into the ocean. ~John Klebes

How Streams Flow to the Ocean

Headwater(s) - The source and upper reaches of a stream. Its source could be a seep or spring, melting snow, or runoff from rain.

Brook - A natural stream of water, smaller than a river or creek; especially a small stream or rivulet, which breaks directly out of the ground, as from a spring or seep. It is usually small and easily forded.

Creek - A flowing rivulet or stream of water normally smaller than a river and larger than a brook. The term is often relative according to size and locality. Some creeks in a humid region would be called rivers if they occurred in an arid area. In some dialects of American English, it may be pronounced, "crick".

Tributary - A contributory stream, or a stream, which does not reach the sea but joins another river (a parent river). Sometimes also called a branch or fork.

River - A natural stream of water of considerable volume, larger than a brook or creek that eventually flow into the ocean.

³ Additional References used throughout this article:

"Water Words Dictionary," Gary Horton (Nevada Division of Water Planning)

"Understanding Lake Data," Byron Shaw, Christine Mechenich and Lowell

Klessig (University of Wisconsin - Stevens Point)

Ken Wagner, CLM (ENSR, Northborough, MA)

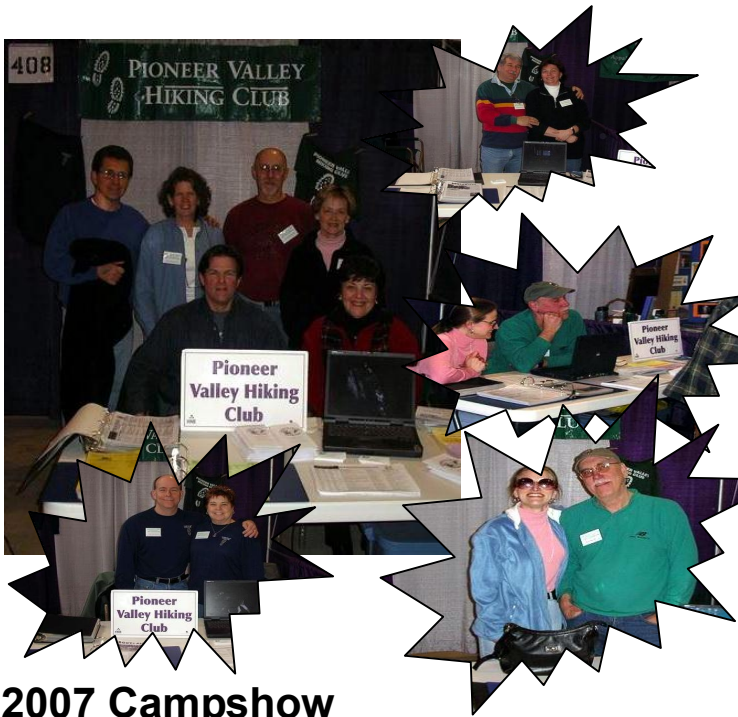
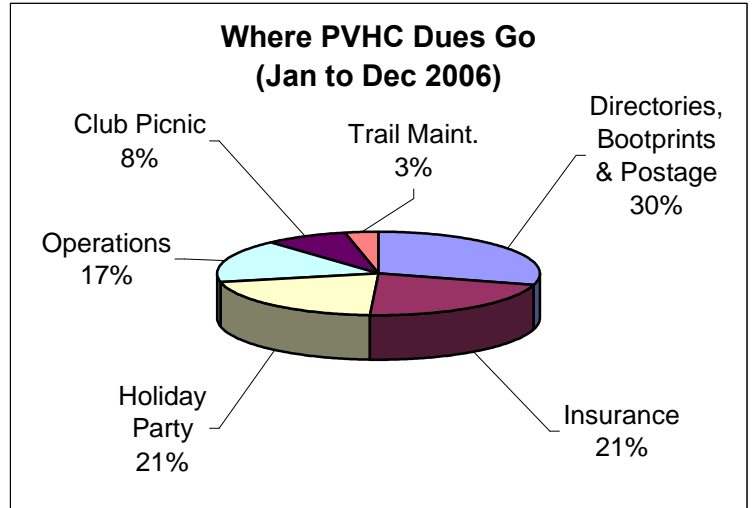
Libby McCann (Adopt-a-Lake and Project WET Wisconsin)

¹ Ref: NH DES Lake Biology Environmental Fact Sheet

² From Wikipedia, the free encyclopedia



Tom Schwensfeir, of Carrabba's Italian Grill in West Springfield, treats PVHC to a fantastic surprise dinner at the February 6th Hiking Club Meeting.



2007 Campshow

Thank you to everyone that helped out with the Hiking Club Booth at the 2007 Campshow. Our volunteers this year were Stephanie & JJ Bustos, Norma Casillas, Theresa & Dave Pierrepont, Laura Cook, Connie & Bill Nickerson, Shari Cox, Carol Vanderheiden, Allan Fontaine, Mike & Gail Carrier, Norm Plante, Nancy Pickett, Chris & Nancy Sullivan, Heather Wyman, and Marie Bienvenue.

~ Sincerely, John Klebes

Important Notice

The following memberships are up for renewal:

March Renewals:

Kay Byington
 Suzanne Carey
 Mike & Gail Carrier
 Sean Dugre
 Cynthia Gaudet
 Alan Goodhind
 John Gorey
 John Klebes & Family
 Leda McKenry
 Francesca Plantedosi
 Bea Robinson
 Mary Walters

April Renewals:

Jacki Barden
 Christina Bianca
 Nancy Bigos
 Rita Blais
 Terri Brusseau
 Cindy Bushey
 Dianne Chiba
 Michael Dugre
 Bruce & Patricia Gardner
 Jane Glushik
 Bryan Goodwin & Family
 Mike & Monica Gross
 Penny Katimenos
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 Jonathan & Kimberly Stevens
 Judy Treu
 Mark Whalen

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)

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Bootprints is a publication of the Pioneer Valley Hiking Club. Send your story contributions to the editor at: j.klebes@ieee.org (Email) or by USmail to John Klebes, P.O. Box 51385, Indian Orchard, MA 01151.

IMPORTANT NOTICES

- ❑ Next Club Meetings:
April 3, 2007, 7pm at **FBC**
May 1, 2007, 7pm at **FBC**
- ❑ Deadline for Submissions for next BootPrints is: April 19, 2007

FBC . First Baptist Church, West Springfield

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