

BOOTPRINTS

Volume 13 Issue 4

September 2008

Mosquitoes smell us?

Marie Babbitt

A friend sent me a short article, looks more like an advertisement for a new product which uses lemon eucalyptus oil. The researchers suspect that the lemon eucalyptus oil masks the scent the mosquitoes sniff to find us.

The CDC does not recommend the use of essential oil added to any sunscreen or other product and then used as a repellent.

The synthesized version of lemon eucalyptus oil is **PMD** (Chemical Name: para-Menthane-3,8-diol). The CDC listed products using lemon eucalyptus oil or PMD along side products using Deet. Maybe this is a less toxic alternative that may work for some of us.

Marcy B. Long – A Tall Tale ~

Mike Reed

Who's M.B. Long, you're probably asking, and why should we care? What is Marcy B. Long is more like it. It was the original name of the mountain a few of us climbed in the Adirondacks a few weeks back, unwittingly named by the Mahican Indian guide, Chief Moaning Calves, who accompanied the geologist Ebenezer Emmons up the newly christened Mount Marcy, named after then governor William L. Marcy, in 1837. On returning to their base camp at Heart Lake, at the site of the current LOJ camping area coincidentally enough, Moaning Calves, lifting his sweaty arms towards the mount in awe (and defeat), was heard to cry out, by Sam Porter, a reporter for the Saratoga Chronicle who accompanied Emmons et al that day, "Marcy be long!" Mr. Porter, not knowing any better, and not bothering to find out, knew the mountain had something to do with a Marcy, and figured, well . . . The next day his article, "Emmons Conquers Mount Marcy B. Long," was to be found on page 3 of the rag, and unfortunately, his misnomer somehow made it onto the first state map of the region! Eventually, the state's wilderness council recognized the error and had the name changed to the current, and correct, Mount Marcy. And if you believe all this, I'm an orangutan's brother-in-law!



But, sure as shootin', Ol' Moaning Calves was right on the mark: the hike from LOJ to Mt. Marcy be long, way long. Now enough of the bull, here are some facts: Mount Marcy, at a height of 5,344 feet, is New York's highest peak. Lake Tear of the Clouds, located near the col between Mts. Marcy and Skylight to the south, is the source of the main headstream of the Hudson River. The mountain is named after former governor William L. Marcy, who authorized the environmental survey that explored the area. The first recorded ascent of Mount Marcy was in 1837 by a large party led by Ebenezer Emmons (1799-1863), an American geologist from Middlefield, Massachusetts. Mt. Marcy is sometimes called Tahawus — an Indian name that means "the cloud splitter." However, the local Indians, who were few in number, had no name for the mountain. "Cloud Splitter" was an Indian name that the white settlers invented for it.

The latest PVHC hike of the same was led by yours truly on Saturday, July 19th, during Adirondack Annie's car camping event held at the LOJ on Ironman Weekend, July 18 to 21. It was one of four hike offerings that day, I believe. The word having already gotten out, or at least having been reinforced, the night before, when all who were asked about the hike could only come up with one phrase, "It's long" (14.8 miles to be exact) – I was only able to get a commitment from one hardy soul the night before, and one late committer on Saturday morning. So, it was Norm P and Richard H who tagged along with me around 7:30 AM that morning, along with Bob M, who was planning to peel off the trail partway up and head to Phelps Mtn., then Table Top.

Although the air was cool (lower 60s), it was also quite humid, it having rained pretty good the night before (of course). And it
(See page 2 for continuation)

A Note from Ray

Ray Tibbetts, founder

To all members of PVHC, I was going through some of my old folders and came across the original art that went into the club logo and was reminded of how it ended up to be what it is today. We had 3 different designs before the club settled, by vote, what it is today and like the club it to have gone through several changes and people, to be where it is today. I think it is in a good place, open for changes and new things. I think that it is a good thing to remember where it came from and the positive changes that made the club what is today and all the wonderful people that got it there.

The good times, the weddings, some negatives (but we don't dwell on them), the self confidence people got from trying something they always wanted to, the outlet it gave people because they needed something else in there life. The knowledge we have gained working together and meeting new friends.

Sandy and I look forward to every issue and getting the list of hikes to see what's up with the club. We see new names and wish we were there to meet you all and see old friends.

The hiking club has grown beyond my vision I had when I started it. I'm thrilled to think that it outgrew me obviously wasn't very hard) and went beyond what I had envisioned. I sometimes wish I was wise enough to in vision what it is today or what it has become. A lot of hard work from a lot of dedicated people that were willing to take the time to make the club into what is.

The hills and hikes and backpacking trips are still fresh in my memory, New England where I was born and love, will always have a soft spot in my heart. I use my paintings and carvings to preserve sights and memories. Plus it keep me out trouble (most of the time) Thanks for listening

(Mt. Marcy *Continued from page one*) stayed humid throughout. Even so, the conditions were fairly pleasant for the first few miles or so, until the sun came out that is, which of course coincided with the beginning of the steeper portions of the trail. My friends, after that it felt like we were each hiking in clothes made of saran wrap. That is, in no time at all we were mighty damp. Still, the trail was nice enough, what with the views at Marcy Dam, its lake rimmed by Phelps, Table Top, and the like, and those along Phelps Brook and at Indian Falls. White, four-petaled Bunch Berry flowers were a common site bordering the trail, along with the requisite abundance of rocks and mud. "Rocks, rain, mud, and bugs," Norm was heard to drone periodically. Speaking of rocks, the balls of my right foot hurt for weeks afterwards from all the boulder hopping I did.



We approached the last leg of the outward portion of the trail before noon (i.e., in good time), and I, bolting out ahead a bit, as is sometimes my custom, was feeling pretty good about myself until I got above tree-line, at which point seven miles of pretty steady climbing started to get to me. The ~60° air temperature, high humidity and wind conditions, and general lack of visibility, in what had by that point become a walk in the clouds, might have also had something to do with it. The less than promising conditions notwithstanding, there were still plenty of people at the top of this most popular of mountains in the 'Dacks. After lunching, with our backs pressed against the lee side of the mountain to stay out of the wind, we headed out again. And of course (of course!), the clouds finally started lifting as we again approached tree-line, such that I could briefly spot another mountain, or two – nice! Tis a pity, I know, because the views from Mt. Haystack, Marcy's companion to the southeast, which I hiked with the club in 2006, were breathtaking.

The hike back to LOJ was uneventful enough, except for some fun interactions we had with a family of four (plus boyfriend) off and on along the way. The youngest, a boy of 8, had already bagged four peaks in his short time on earth! There we were, three 50-somethings (and one not for long!) covered in sweat and dragging our hiking poles, while this young'n, minus a backpack I

hasten to add, was bopping about and chattering away like he was between rides at Disney World. God bless 'em all. We met up with Bob again about two-thirds of the way back, standing astride two boulders in Phelps Brook filtering water, to replace the (4 liters was it? of) water that he had already gone through. That's alada water. His cramping legs were slowing him down a bit. Now, with three experienced hikers hanging out there by the stream, who surely would know their way back at that point, I saw my opportunity and took off to do a little bit o'hiking at my own pace. That went fine, and I reached camp about 20 minutes before Norm, and approximately 40 minutes before Richard and Bob, which gave me a chance to make it to the showers before the sweaty hordes descended on the structure. So, all in all, the day went fine enough, but to borrow a phrase of Ol' Moaning Calves': "Good God, that was a friggin' long hike!" Happy trails, all.

North Star Kayaking

By John Klebes

On August 2nd Dick and Sue Forest coordinated a return trip to North Star Outfitters for a 12-mile kayak trip down the Connecticut River. I missed this trip the last time Dick and Sue lead it and was very happy to make it this year. The weather was threatening rain but it turned out to be a great day on the river for the ten brave souls that set out in our kayaks to explore the islands and river views.

We headed down stream with views into



Vermont on one side and New Hampshire on the other and dead center the mighty Mount Ascutney Mountain framed our view! Grand it was and cool overcast weather made for very comfortable paddling as we came to the famous Cornish-Windsor Covered Bridge, the longest in the nation at 460 feet and the longest two-span wooden bridge in the world.

We stopped for lunch alongside the river near the Harpoon Brewery and passed through an interesting garden of outdoor sculptures, rock gardens, and tepees in some kind of outdoor meditation retreat garden. Very interesting though I suspect we were not supposed to be there.

We only had a few rain drops but did have a little scare when the threat of thunder was heard. We made it down the river with only a sprinkle towards the end of the trip. As for the ride home that was another matter! The trip was shorter than expected due to very high and fast water. It was easy paddling and very calm but you could see by the progress we were moving fast and the trip ended much too soon. I would have loved to kayak longer but in some ways it's probably for the best since a longer trip would have insured we would have been on the river during the heavy rains! This was best left for the drive home. Thanks Dick & Sue.

Hungry Hiker Corner

By Monica Gross

SUNDRIED TOMATO LENTIL COUSCOUS



1 package of Near East Couscous Tomato Lentil (remove contents from box and place in zip lock bag)
 2 chicken bouillon cubes
 1/2 cup sun-dried tomatoes chopped and place in a bag
 1/4 cup black olives sliced and placed in a bag
 1 tablespoon fresh or 2 teaspoons dry basil placed in a bag
 I put my ingredient bags into one larger bag so they are all together and it makes it easier to get organized to eat quickly. In have small Tupperware containers to hold my oil but I have seen individual type packages of olive oil for sale at EMS.

Directions for cooking:

1. combine 1 1/2 cups of waters, 2 chicken cubes, 2 teaspoons of olive oil and contents of spice sack and 1/2 cup sundried tomatoes.
2. bring to a boil; stir bouillon in

3. cover; remove from heat. Let stand 5 minutes
4. Add 1/4 cup sliced black olives and 2 teaspoons dry basil or 1 Tablespoon fresh basil
5. Fluff couscous lightly with a fork before serving.

This meal takes about 5 minutes of prep and 5 minutes to cook. It is tasty. (for continuation see page 3)

Now for a fall like sweet treat. (Hungry hiker continued from page 2)

SPICED APPLE EXTRAVAGANZA

Ingredients

1/2 cup sugar
2 Tablespoons flour
1 1/2 teaspoon cinnamon
6 apples
2 tablespoon butter, melted
1/3 cup chopped walnuts

Directions

1. Preheat oven to 350 degrees F. In shallow baking dish, combine sugar flour and cinnamon mix well.
2. Peel and partially core apples, leaving bottoms of apples intact.
3. Dip apples in melted butter. Roll in sugar mixture. Reserve remaining butter and sugar mixture. Place apples in shallow baking dish.
4. Combine walnuts, remaining butter and remaining sugar mixture; spoon into cavities of apples.
5. Add water to baking dish to just cover the bottom. Bake for 40 to 45 minutes or until apples are tender. Serve warm with ice cream and for a added treat pour real maple syrup over apples and ice cream when serving add a scoop of fresh whipped cream for a real delight. Enjoy!

White Mountain Sampler

By Marie Babbitt

Originally I did not plan on going to the White Mountains since I have been in the past but at the last minute, after a little prodding from a friend, (thanks Shari) I decided to go. Of course I then had to find a roommate which miraculously fell into my lap or me in her's. As luck would have it, for me, Shelia's roommate had to cancel and Al introduced me to Sheila, whom I had been wanting to meet since she leads so many hikes, and we ended up roommates.

We drove up separately and met again up at the motel in New Hampshire. We were both going to do the Mt Chocorua hike the next day with Dick and Sue. So after a hearty meal of pizza at the Flatbread Pizza Co. to load up on the carb's for the hike it was off to bed. I must say there were a lot of pies on the table that night and what started out as a table of six ended up being a table of about 20. The pizza selection was quite nice. The building itself was quite impressive and as an ex- baker I enjoyed watching them baking the pizza in a brick oven and wondered what it would be like to bake bread in it.

Saturday morning, despite all the ominous forecast's for the day, the weather was perfect for a hike. Our group met in the parking lot and after we settled who was in what car we departed for the trail. Dick and Sue gave a brief description of the trail and handed out maps to those who wanted one.

Sorry to say it did me no good as I couldn't make heads or tails of it.

We headed up the Champney Brook trail and the mosquitoes were out for blood. People were

donning insect repellent but to no avail. Our first picture spot was the Champney Falls. Oh how water can thrill the hearts of mortal men. We all stopped to enjoy the falls and explore the area. The back falls cascading over the rock was just perfect. After much picture taking we all headed up the trail again.



There is something about the White Mountains that just sings to my soul. Perhaps it is the contrast of the light color rock and the dark hue of the pine and other lush greenery but whatever it is it certainly does it for me.

There were clusters of us all hiking up the trail and to my good fortune I spent some of it getting to know Lauri (aka dreamcatcher) a little better.



There was a small group of us as we went above tree line and we proceeded to blaze our own trail up the face of the mountain. It was great though as some of us got to develop more confidence in our abilities to scale the mountain. As we neared the top the first of our group yelled down to us to follow the trail to the right as we were about once again to blaze a trail straight up the mountain. I thought the shortest distance was between two points but some of the members of the hiking club can be real sticklers for following the trail (real party poopers). By this time we were all ready to be there. The last little rock scramble to the top

Then there was talk of a tattoo on Eva...

was a challenge not met by our party and we finally submitted.

The 360 degree view was fantastic and worth the effort.

We feasted on the top and

took turns holding our breath as one after another daring photographer stooped on the edge of the mountain to take pictures of the group. Then there was talk of a tattoo on Eva in a less than obvious place, do you know anything about that Shari? Needless to say it was fodder for the conversation. The weather was looking threatening and people started down the trail not wanting to get caught above tree line in the rain. The last group that submitted barely had time to swallow before people began heading down the trail. Sometimes it just doesn't pay to take pictures.



We left as a large dark cloud was approaching the summit. We actually followed the trail down and it was much easier than the one we had blazed on the way up. We made it to the tree line just before it started to rain, nothing heavy and it was intermittent. I descended with Sue, Dick and Lauri for awhile and then we split up as well. Lauri and I made our way down the trail and took the falls cutoff trail to go past it one more time. I'm not a racer when it comes to the return trip nor was Lauri. It's nice to savor the moments when you're in the Whites. As we reached the parking (See page 4 for continuation)

(White mountains sampler from page 3

lot we were approached by some of our group and asked if a couple of other hikers were with us. That is when we all realized that we had a couple of missing hikers.

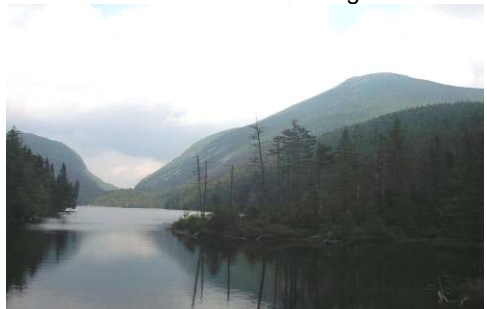
Having never been in the situation I was unsure what the correct action should be. We spoke with the ranger's about the situation and they said it was not uncommon that people took the wrong trail back down. So the educated guess was that is what happened and Sue and Dick went to the other parking area where the Piper trail ended. Shortly after they left our three missing hikers were deposited at the Champney Brook trailhead parking lot by a fellow hiker we had met at the summit and had hiked back with for a time. I am not sure how Dick and Sue found out. Needless to say we were all relieved that no one was hurt and all had been found.

We ended the day of course at Kelly's Ice Cream, which was we were told by Monica the night before had the best ice cream in town and all agreed. Thanks Dick and Sue for a great hike.

Adirondack Ironman Camping Weekend July 19-20, 2008

By John Klebes

This annual event is always a great time and this year was no exception. I arrived late Friday night to join my daughter Stephanie and her boyfriend at our campsite across from the group site which we shared with Ed and Mimi. It was obvious that Ann Mundy had been busy over at the main group site where a tent city was erected of our clubs two screen houses and an array of tents with slumbering hikers. Hope I didn't wake to many of you up with my late arrival. Having noticed that Ed and Mimi had not bothered to put on their tent fly I looked up at overcast but comfortable looking sky and thought how nice it will be to just leave the tent fly off and enjoy the breeze tonight. Big Mistake! We found ourselves scrambling to pull on the tent fly on in the middle of the night when the rains came. By morning the rains had stopped and things were fairly dry but my plans to try hiking the difficult off-trail mountaineering route up the Trap-Dike to the summit of Mt Colden didn't look good.



Taking safety first we stuck to the trails because it would be too dangerous on the

open rock ledges and class 4 rock scrambles if they were wet. While the rest of Adirondack Ann's guests headed in different directions for several other hikes in the high peaks my daughter Stephanie, her boyfriend Dustin, and I headed out toward Marcy dam and Avalanche Lake. Avalanche Lake is a fantastic spot and provides my daughter's favorite view; a postcard perfect view of the Trap-Dike on Mount Colden from the catwalks, known as "Hitch-up Matildas" that wrap around Avalanche Lake. After admiring the views at Marcy Dam and hiking to and around Avalanche Lake we then headed up to the outpost camp at Lake Colden where we spent some time talking with the park ranger and admiring the views of Mt. Colden. We then headed up even farther to the Colden Dam which boasts the best view on the lake of Mount Colden! While Stephanie and Dustin took in the views and enjoyed lunch I ate a quick snack, said my goodbyes, and headed up and over Mt. Colden while the others headed back around the lake for the return trip. I continued around the lake



to the steep trail up Mt Colden and enjoyed fantastic views from one of the best high peaks in the area. As I climbed over ladders and boulders and enjoyed the ridge line I did start to worry I might get caught in the thunder storm but luck was with me. Made it back to camp just in time for the start of the traditional pot luck dinner filled with lots of good food, friendship, and many stories of the days hikes told round the campfire. Sunday morning found us in heavy rain and I don't think many made it out to hike but we did enjoy hamburgers and leftovers for lunch in the screen house and got to see some of the runners in the Ironman races. Another great weekend Ann!

More photos from the White mountains



In training for Ironman weekend

A Bit of Trivia

By Marie Babbitt

There's nothing like a nice crunchy carrot and the baby ones are great especially on the trail. Wouldn't you agree John? Well did you know that they originally come from central Asia and the Middle East. They were not originally orange. The Dutch developed the color from cultivating purple or red varieties in the 1500's. Somewhere along the line the carrots escaped mans creative ideas and became the wild carrot or as we may be more familiar with Queen Anne's Lace.

UPCOMING ACTIVITIES

- Sept. 7 – Club Picnic
- Sept 19-21 – Johns Brook Lodge
- Oct. 4 – Sugarloaf Mt. & Mike's Corn Maze
- Oct. 11-13 – Backpacking Trip TBA
- Nov 2 - M & M Trail Maintenance

FOR SALE

Thule roof rack Model #400 Aero Feet, #2013 Kit and bars, brand new never taken out of box Purchased for a 1998 Toyota Camry. \$85. Call Marie Babbitt.

Important Notice

The following memberships are up for renewal:

September Renewals:

Joyce Berg
Shari Cox
Lucie Devries
Dick & Sue Forrest
Steve Fratoni
JoAnne Gebski
AnnMarie Higgins
Bryarly Lehmann
Donald Leis
Laurie Mahoney
Sheila Messer
Bill Nickerson
Thomas Pedersen
Martha Sanders
Marty & Meg Schoenemann
Glen Sharrow
Karen Siemering
Joyce Berg
Shari Cox

October Renewals:

Dona Burdick
Donna Fleury
Barbara Graf
Linda Knaack
Carol Letourneau
Mary O'Connor
Al & Martha Roman
Chris & Nancy Sullivan
Sandra Waller
Ira Wettenstein

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

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

Pioneer Valley Hiking Club Officers & Committees

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

Standing Committee Chairs

Hike Plan:	Sue Forest & AnnMarie Visconti
Backpacking Coordinator:	Ed Laroche
Trail Maint.:	Ed Laroche & Rob Schechtman
Web Page Editor:	Dick Forrest
Email Correspondent:	Rob Schechtman
Email List:	John Klebes
Quartermaster:	Jack Leary
Bootprints Editor:	Marie Babbitt

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

Lake Wyola

By John Klebes

In what is starting to become a tradition John Gorey and Celeste Ziemba hosted a fantastic Sunday hike and picnic at John's lake house on Lake Wyola on August 3rd. We started out with a beautiful hike around Lake Wyola with a mix of water front views and shaded woods roads. It was particularly enjoyable for me as I got to catch up with all my friends in the club that I don't get to see as often since my move north to New Hampshire. After our hike Celeste coordinated a smorgasbord of cold cuts and a pot luck of appetizers, salads, side dishes, and desserts that lived up to our "hiking & dinning" club reputation! When then had a chance to just sit in the sun and enjoy the lake front lawn while John provided boat ride excursions around the lake. Many enjoyed the lake air and views of the water skiers from the boat dock but only Norm was willing to try out the water for a cool swim. All in all a grand lake side picnic and hiking adventure. Thanks for your hospitality John and Celeste!





PVHC Picnic September 7, 2008

The PVHC picnic is set for Sept. 7 at Mt Tom, 12-5. It will be rain or shine, as we have the covered pavilion. If you are coming and have not signed up at the meeting, please contact Lisa or Rob at 786-4198, before Sept 4. he club will provide the main course and beverages, and everyone coming is encouraged to bring an appetizer, side or dessert. If you want to bring a cup, plate or silverware it helps to be green, but we will have paper goods as well. We have a field near-by for some Frisbee or relaxing. It is free to club members, except for the park entrance fee. Guests will be welcome for a \$5 fee.

Directions: From Rt 5 take Reservation Rd into the park and go past Bray lake up the hill and the pavilion is on the right near the junction with Christopher Clark Rd and the visitor center. From Rt 141 take Christopher Clark Rd to the visitor center, and take a right on Reservation Rd pavilion is immediately to the left.

IMPORTANT NOTICES

- ❑ Next Club Meetings:
Oct. 7, 2008, 7pm at **FBC**
Nov 4, 2008, 7pm at **FBC**
- ❑ Deadline for Submissions for next BootPrints is: Oct 22, 2008

Annual PVHC Club Picnic Sunday September 7, 2008

FBC – First Baptist Church, West Springfield

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

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

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A publication of the
Pioneer Valley Hiking Club
c/o Wilderness Experiences Unlimited, Inc.
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