

BOOTPRINTS

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White Mt Sampler - Washington and Monroe

By Lori Tisdell

At the end of the last article I wrote for Bootprints I stated that I love to be able to write about a hiking adventure that didn't have the sentence, "about half way up I had a problem." I'm happy to report that I've had several "big" hikes, as well as one major kick-ass hike since that time, without incident! I'm hoping my hiking jinx has been broken. Kind of like the Red Sox in 2004. Well, at least I didn't have to wait 80 odd years; which is a really good thing, since I probably wouldn't be alive, let alone hiking, that long! And I'm sure you all are relieved not to have to read about another one of my misadventures!

After much thought, based on my previous experiences of challenging hikes, I decided I was ready to attempt Mt. Washington. Can you hear the sarcasm dripping loud and clear between the lines? Anne, my intrepid hiking cohort, and I decided we wanted to make a serious go of it. For several months before the White Mtn. Sampler we knew we'd been challenging ourselves to hike harder, longer and higher than we had previous done. I mapped out a series of training hikes, capping them off with a 10-mile, 2900+ foot total elevation gain Greylock Traverse 3 weeks before the Sampler. The idea being, if we couldn't do the Greylock hike, then Washington was certainly out of the question. Greylock was a great, challenging hike with 11 of us doing the hike proper and two "scouts" who needed to be back home earlier in the day. Lucky number 13! We all did a great job though I heard Norm grumble his "Death March" mantra over and over.

With Greylock under our belts, or hiking boots, Anne and I decided we would give Mt. Washington a go. Though there wasn't a Washington hike on the schedule, Chip Pray and Brenda Doucette planned to do this, as well as Mt. Monroe. We asked Chip if we could come along and, gracious man that he is, he said "OK." We told Dave Vibber of our plans and he joined us as well, and so we rounded out the group at five hearty souls.

The plan of attack was the Ammonoosuc Ravine Trail to Lake of the Clouds, drop packs, do Monroe, back to Lakes, pick up packs (ughh, I think they got 20 pounds heavier after Washington, wow, holy crap what a view - WE DID IT), ridge walk the Gulfside Trail, and finish up on the Jewell Trail. And that's exactly what we did! Obviously the trek was a little longer than that and a

whole lot harder. It was also had awe-inspiring views on a near perfect day. It was laughter, a few tears, a bit a fear (to overcome), a little exasperation, and a lot of ear to ear grinning!

Ammonoosuc Ravine Trail has to be one of the most beautiful trails anywhere. It may be hard but the visual rewards are as overflowing as the waterfalls we encountered so often along the way. And as we got higher into open areas, the views down into the valley and beyond to the sea of mountains were magnificent. I know that it is a very demanding trail but my most vivid memory is not of how hard it was but of how beautiful it was.

Once we got to Lakes we rested a bit and headed up Monroe. Since all the really hard work had been done, Monroe was a cake walk! Richard Harris posted somewhere that doing Monroe was "easier" than getting in the car at the end of the hike because you had to pick up your foot to get in the car! But it was a great thrill to be up there on the 4th highest mountain in NH. The first time above treeline with only one other visible mountain higher than us was a sweet feeling.

And now to that one other visible mountain, Washington. The main reason we were there. Poor Monroe really gets a bad rap. Packs back on, we headed up the rocky cone to the summit. Plodding one step/rock after another we continued on and up. Seeing Lakes get smaller and further away and the towers on the summit get closer was very exciting. Finally, one by one, we each stepped off the last rock and onto the summit. Wow. We did it, all five of us. Pretty cool!

Since it was a road race day and gorgeous to boot, the summit was a circus. We had to wait 15 minutes or so to have our pictures taken on the summit proper. Waiting behind people in flip flops. yah, they dragged their butts up a mountain in a car, having their pictures taken, it just wasn't right.. Still, we had so much more to savor and remember by doing it under our own steam.

We all headed down the Gulfside Trail, which was really spectacular. It was like walking on top of the world, with it all spread before and below us. Ridge walking is a truly wondrous experience. Really, is there any place better to be on a beautiful day? Then it was the slow descent of rock hopping eventually down into the trees. Several people had told us the Jewell Trail is about seven miles long. In actuality it is less than 5...it just feels like seven or maybe seventeen!

The mountain had one last reward for us in the twilight, near the end of the long trek down. Chip and Brenda had gone ahead, and Anne, Dave and I were

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about 5 minutes from finishing when I saw a large, still figure among the trees. It took me a minute to realize it was a female moose! She was just looking at us and not moving. We stopped, not knowing what we should do, then started to move forward to go past her. Suddenly she started walking towards the trail. As we backed away, she slowly, magnificently crossed the trail about 15 feet in front of us. Perfection.

Candlelight Stroll at Strawberry Banke-Dec 4th

By Al Goodhind

Stroll through life in a simpler time, as 350 years of American history, winter traditions and holiday celebrations unfolds around you in New Hampshire's oldest waterfront neighborhood. The living history museum comes alive during the holidays with interactive exhibits spanning the era between the late 1600s and the late 1950s.

For the first three weekends in December the walkways are illuminated by hundreds of luminarias. Colonial- and Federal-period homes are filled with period decor and costumed interpreters. Warm yourself by the bonfire. Smell the alluring aromas from the cooking demonstrations. Included with your admission are entertainment and refreshments in the barn. There is also a buggy ride that will take you around the property. It takes about 2 hours or more to do the tour depending upon your level of interest.

The town of Portsmouth has its annual Holiday Parade the same night. Bands, floats and marchers add to the evening's festive atmosphere. It is just a short walk from the museum. You can leave to see the parade and go back to the museum to finish your tour.

Parking by the museum is limited. There is parking at the town's garage or over the bridge by the museum. Plan on arriving in town about an hour before the 5:00 opening. This is an hour later than other years. **We will meet at the museum's Visitors Center at 4:30 sharp, where you will purchase your discount ticket. The adult group rate is \$14.00 each, \$10.00 for ages 5-17.**

This can be a day trip or overnight. I have arranged for rooms at the **Anchorage Inns & Suites**, 417 Woodbury Ave., Portsmouth, (603) 431-8111. Our rate is **\$77.38 per night for King or 2 DB, including tax and continental breakfast.** The Inn has undergone a complete renovation of their rooms. The club stays there each time. It is very clean and also has a pool and hot tub. **Call to reserve your room and mention that you are with the "Goodhind Party" to get the special discount.** Many do their Christmas shopping at the outlets in Kittery, across the river in Maine. You may also want to take a short side trip to Ogunquit to do the Marginal Way.

I will have a sign-up sheet at the next few meetings. **Information packets will be handed out at the**

November meeting. I hope to have some discount shopping coupons as well. This is a great event to bring in the Christmas season. Try not to miss it. If you have any questions call Al Goodhind at 732-0978.

Google: Strawberry Banke Candlelight Stroll

Time to show your colors

By Marie Babbitt

The fall season is upon us, and with that the hunting season as well. It is time for you to wear all those bright colors you are normally too shy to, to make sure that you are seen. Fortunately, Sundays are still No Hunting days. Hunting regulations call for hunters (and hikers too) to wear 500 square inches (i.e., approximately 23+ by 23+) of hunter orange. If orange isn't your color, please pick another bright color to ensure your safety in the woods this Fall.

Adirondack Mountains

By Deb Gebo

For those of you who know me well, camping, yes, sleeping in a tent, comes under the category of "what chance?" or "whoever would have thought?" My parents, my mother in particular, would have been convinced I had lost my mind. Even my kids were in various stages of surprise. "You? Mom? Like, in a tent?" Well yes, me, in a tent. Ok, I wasn't alone but, still ð

I had agreed to accompany Mike on Ann Mundy's July Adirondack trip. "How bad can it be . it's just two nights,+I figured. And you know what, it simply wasn't bad at all. I really enjoyed myself. Did I sleep Night One? No, not a whole lot but then, I've had nights like that tucked comfortably in my own bed. It's funny what you hear though . although

I was warned of John Klebe's snoring in the tent right behind us (he exited the AT to be with us and snag any extra food to be found) . it wasn't John (not a sound from that direction), rather, it was the occasional tent zipper being opened in the middle of the night for the only purpose I can think of presumably being that "nature called.+ Kind of funny ð but more likely the lack of sleep was due to the first night ever sleeping in a tent. I recall as a youngster camping as a Girl Scout but I also remember rain, and I'm not sure to this day if we actually spent the night or headed home due to the weather. But either way, I'm clearly not a youngster any more, so this is either a first or a second time in a tent in my 50+ years!

Anyway, all that aside, all of Adirondack Annie's attendees arrived on Friday. Most people headed out to dinner at various places in Lake Placid. There were 12 of us in our restaurant . two different tables but it made for a lot of laughs. And later, there was a nice campfire.

Saturday brought a number of hikes for what I was told would include roots, rocks and mud . yes, the great *See Fat Chance on page 3 for continuation*

There is also a buggy ride that will take you around the property.

Fat Chance continued from page 2

Norm was right about that . despite the hike tackled, RR&M were part of it. Mt. Colden was lead by Al Roman. Mt. Colden, at 4,700 feet of elevation gain, is the 11th highest peak in the Adirondack Range. Al had five hearty hikers with him. Next was Dick Forrest's hike up Cascade and Porter Mountains . both 4,000 footers. There were also a few other miscellaneous mountains tackled by various weekend attendees. My choice was Ann Mundy's hike which led three of us to Avalanche Lake through the Avalanche Pass. For those of you who have never been there, mile long Avalanche Lake is set between Algonquin, Iroquois and Wright Mountains to the west and Mt. Colden to the east. We were able to enjoy the beautiful lake directly while those summiting Mt. Colden were able to look down upon its beauty. While a couple of members of our group stopped at the lake, Ann inspired me to accompany her to the %ditch-up Matildas,+catwalks bolted to the rock face of Avalanche Mountain. They are thusly named because prior to the existence of the walkways, a guide was carrying a young woman named Matilda through the Pass. As the water became deeper, her sister repeatedly urged Matilda to ditch-upqin order to remain dry, so says Wikipedia. Interestingly, part of the trail to Avalanche Lake was completely destroyed by a slide from Mt. Colden during Hurricane Floyd in the summer of 1999. Hundreds of trees, now cut away to make the trail accessible, line the trail. It was absolutely amazing and reminded us once again of the force of Mother Nature. It was a great hike, Ann, and I know we all truly loved it.

Back at the campsite, and one refreshing shower later, it was time to relax for a bit. We shared lots of delightful hors d'oeuvres, chatter, and stories of the day's hikes. Then it was time for dinner, hot dogs, hamburgers, along with a myriad of great other dishes brought and shared by the weekend attendees. Satiated, we sat for a little bit until the rain got things cleaned up really quickly. But as one knows, rain in the Adirondacks can leave as quickly as it comes. The campfire was started and snorers were had by most of us. Later a thunderstorm sent us either back to our tents or into the screen house for more talk and laughter.

On Sunday, many of us headed to the Adirondack LOJ for a great breakfast. A few did one last quick hike; the rest of us cleaned up the campsite and headed for home. Was the weekend fun - you bet. Was our beloved Adirondack Annie just the best of hostesses . oh yah. And would this girl, who would never ever believe she would spend two nights sleeping in a tent, go again . you bet! It is a weekend in which I had great fun. Thanks Ann for your awesome planning and your sincere caring for all of us. And I must say a special thanks to Mike for doing everything he could to make me comfortable . it worked, it really worked.

Adirondack Car Camp

By Marie Babbitt

Yippee, I finally made it to the Adirondacks, thanks to the hiking club, and boy was it a nice time. What I heard before leaving was roots, rocks, mud and the all too softly spoken word, rain . shhhh, we are not to speak of such things. It was strongly recommended by a true friend to bring my rain gear and expect no less. So, being the fair weather hiker that I am, I bought new rain gear for the rain that I was sure we would experience. I had not previously car-camped, only backpacked, and so I packed light with all that was on the list that Ann provided . well, almost everything.

Al and I rode up together and we had a nice time getting to know each other. We stopped at one of the final rest stops, not so much to use it as to possibly run into other fellow club members on their way up to ADK, and we of course did. We met Karen, Donna, Jeanne and Ann, our fearless leader. As we stood in the rain in the parking lot, I suggested we move to a dryer location. Ann enthusiastically brought me into the welcome building, walked me into a room, turned me around and said, %welcome to my mountains.+ There before us was a panoramic view of the Adirondacks, which was quiet beautiful, as I was soon to experience more directly.

Oh, did I mention rain? The closer we got to the ADK campground, the harder it began to rain. Like as in Al's wipers were on high and still the visibility was poor at best. How are we going to set our tents up in this, I wondered. The spectacular view that Ann alluded to in her directions were hidden to us as we turned down the road to ADK.

The rain subsided enough for us to set up our tents, and by the time we finished setting up the group screen house, the sun was out and other club members were arriving. As I was letting air into my ¾-length Thermarest pad, I could hear the humming of motors filling my fellow hikers air mattresses, nothing I ever heard on a backpacking trip. Some club members came up the day before and their sites were uninhabited since they were out, we presumed hiking, which of course they were. And the piece de resistance was, of course, the arrival of John Klebes. To all of our astonishment, he had still not landed a job!

Some of us went into Lake Placid for dinner. We saw the ski jumps and banners commemorating the two Olympics that had been held in the town. We walked around a bit after dinner and discussed, of all things, club policies.

The usual meeting was held on Friday evening, with hike leaders describing the hikes for the following day and people choosing their desired challenge. Al was leading a hike to Mt. Colden, Ron was going to Mts. Algonquin, Iroquois and Wright, Dick and Sue were leading a hike to Mts. Porter and Cascade, and Ann was leading a hike to Lake Avalanche. I chose Cascade and Porter, since I am just getting my hiking legs back and

See Car Camp on page 4 for continuation

Ann inspired me to accompany her to the %ditch-up Matildas,+

Car Camp continued from page 3 did not know the terrain.

We left later than planned in the morning and arrived at the trailhead around 8:20 am. Dick and Sue had started the hike the day before but because of the heavy rain, turned back. There were seven of us and we ended up splitting up into two groups. I was in the rear, huffing and puffing, until I got my stride, which just alleviated the huffing and puffing. As described, the trail was roots, rocks, and (some) mud but the green of the forest trees was what really caught my eye. And because we took short breaks now and then, I was able to enjoy the surrounding beauty. Donna, Eleanor, Sue and I caught up with Dick, Jeanne, and Li at the junction of the Mts. Porter and Cascade trails. We took a short break and then headed to Porter. The trail was down and then up, and basically we were hiking in a flow of water down the mountain. When we arrived at the top of Porter we were gifted with a spectacular 360 degree view of the surrounding mountains. Off to our right was Cascade, and even from a distance we could see the throng of other hikers atop the mountain.

Mother Nature can be deceiving sometimes, and the distance that we often hike can look more daunting when taking a birds eye view, than the actual hike itself. Such was the case with our return trip to the junction. We started up the trail to Mt. Cascade and within a short distance we were above tree line. For whatever reason my mind tells me once I am above tree line I am almost there, no matter what the actual facts might be. In this case though, the hike to the summit was short. However, hikers coming down from the summit forewarned us of the force of the wind. There was one tricky scramble up the rock face but we all pitched in and helped each other.

We summited and looked for a place out of the wind to each lunch. We ate a quick lunch while enjoying the sun.

As we began our descent, the intensity of the wind had increased and I nearly got blown over when I was off balance a bit. But there were beautiful little yellow leaves that had rolled themselves up into a cylindrical shape littering the trail. Our trip back down the mountain was quick, and I was grateful that I had taken so many short little breaks to catch my breath on the way up.

We were nearly the first to arrive back at the campgrounds. Shortly thereafter people from other hikes began to trickle in. After most everyone had cleaned up, we began setting up for what was to be a huge feast. There is never a lack of food at our outings, and this trip was no exception. Between the hors d'oeuvres and the burgers, dogs, veggie burgers and chicken dishes, I would say we all ate like kings and queens. Due to the rain after we had finished eating, the campfire was shortened and we ended up under a canopy and the screen house talking about the days hikes and various other topics. Some people planned on doing Mt. Joe in the morning

Breakfast the next morning was pretty mellow, except for the apple core

Breakfast the next morning was pretty mellow, except for the apple core fiasco

fiasco. One of our club members tossed an apple core to our cute little chipmunk friend. After voicing my thoughts on not feeding wildlife, I proceeded to chase the little rascal until he dropped the apple and scooted away. I was, of course, labeled the bad gal but, no feeding the animals please. By 10am the group site was cleaned up and everyone had packed up their gear. Al and I took a walk around the lake and headed out for our trip home.

All in all it was a great trip with great friends. No matter how active or inactive I am with the club, people in the club are always welcoming. Thanks Ann and Al for all your efforts to make this trip a memorable one.

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 & Ann Marie Visconti
Backpacking Coordinator: Rick Briggs
Trail Maint.: Chip Pray & Rob Schechtman
Web Page Editor: Ron Morrisette
Email Correspondent: Rob Schechtman
Email List: John Klebes
Quartermaster: Mike Carrier
Bootprints Editors: Marie Babbitt and Mike Reed

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

New members

June

Joseph Coffey
Matt Dickinson
Mary Paine

July

William Ashley
Alan & Patricia Banusewicz
Linda Benoit
David Stein

August

Mark Pocsik
Lee Daniel & Family



Important Notice

The following memberships are up for renewal:

September Renewals:

- | | |
|------------------------------|-------------------------|
| Anne Abert | Carolyn Keeffe |
| Laurie, Kim & Allison Addoms | Kim Caffrey |
| Linda Barker | James Kmiecik |
| Kim Caffrey | Jessica Kmiecik |
| Linda Coolidge | Donald Leis |
| Shari Cos | Laurie Mahoney |
| Lucie Devries | Sheila Messer |
| JoAnne Gebski | Blanche Nelson |
| Rosemarie Goyette | Thomas Pedersen |
| AnnMarie Higgins | Marty & Meg Schoenemann |
| Beth Jedziniak & Family | Gail Schoonover |
| Robert & Carol Jenkins | Theresa Selvoski |
| Karen Judge | Karen Judge |
| | Becky Tiernan |

October Renewals:

- | | |
|------------------|-------------------|
| Christine Blacke | Jeff Knox |
| Dona Burdick | Al & Martha Roman |
| Donna Fleury | Rahima Wade |
| Barbara Graf | Ira Wettstein |

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 Deb Gebo
81 Roseland Terrace
Longmeadow, MA 01106

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



Coffee with Papa Smurf



Mt. Porter



Avalanche Lake



What's wrong with this picture?



UPCOMING ACTIVITIES & THE USUALS

- Sept 12 - (MA) AT from Beartown St. Rd. to Tyringham
- Sept 17-19 . (NY) Adirondacks Backpacking, Johns Brook Lodge (\$, Reserv.)
- Sept 17-19 - (MA) Russ Seelig's Caper on Cape Cod (\$,Res)
- Oct 3 - (MA) Day Kayaking
- Oct 16 - (MA) Sugarloaf & Mike's Corn Maize
- Oct 24 - (MA) Boston Freedom Trail (Bus \$,Res)
- Nov 6 - (NY) NYC Bus Trip
- Nov 14 - (MA) M & M Trail Maintenance
- Dec. 4-5 - (NH) Strawberry Banke, Day or Overnight
- Dec 11 - (MA) PVHC Holiday Party @ The Pueblo
- Every Monday - Morning hikes, various locations
- Every Wednesday - Evening walks
- Every Thursday - Afternoon hikes

IMPORTANT NOTICES

- ❑ Next Club Meetings:
Oct 5, 2010, 7pm at **FBC**
Nov 2, 2010, 7pm at **FBC**
- ❑ Submission deadline for next Bootprints is: Oct 15, 2010

FBC . First Baptist Church, West Springfield

***** Check out our web page at:**
www.pioneervalleyhikingclub.org.

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

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