

BOOTPRINTS

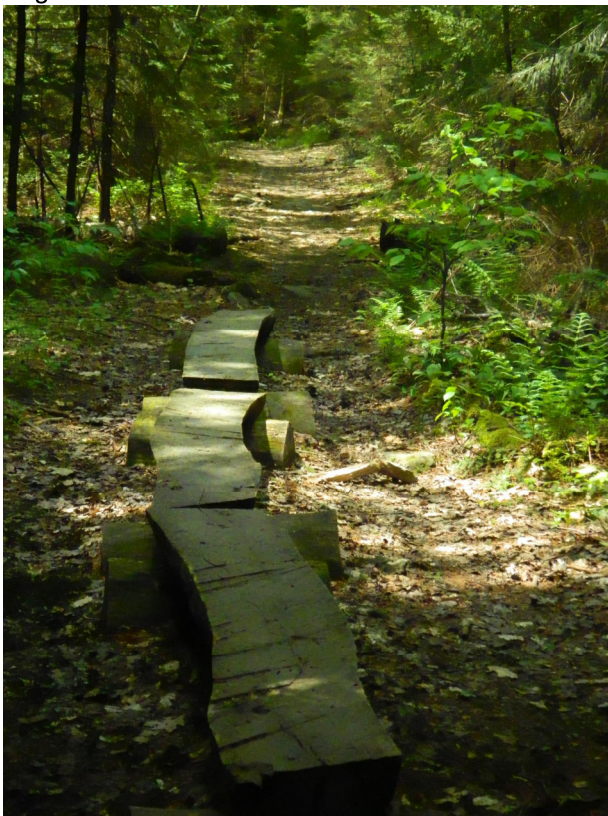
Volume 15 Issue 4

July 2011

WALK WITH ME

By Sue Anderson

Walk with me in nature there is more to be seen.
There is beauty to be untold.
There are riches in nature that
are better than gold.
There is life under the canopy of green.
Walk with me to find worth amongst the forest green.
Find your peace and strength in the Silence of the forest
green.
Walk with me in nature to find beauty that can not be
told.
Walk with me and find the riches in nature that are better
than gold.



Somewhere on Mount Greylock

HIKING THE AT IN MA – ONE SECTION AT A TIME

By Cindy Hibert

To hike the entire Appalachian Trail (AT) is not a goal of mine, though I do admire people who have accomplished such a feat (kudos to Shari, Laurie and John!). What is of interest to me is to enjoy hiking

and along the way see if I can do at least some of the AT, starting with the AT in MA. I had previously been hesitant to lead hikes. Even though I was brought up hiking and knew lots about it, and leadership, I decided during 2010 to obtain my AMC Leadership Certification.

Jeanne Kaiser also wanted to lead a series of hikes along the AT in MA, so at the 2010 holiday party, we decided to plan and co-lead the series of ten hikes, during which we will go 92.4 miles. 88.4 miles will be on the AT in MA; the other 3.8 miles is on trails to get us to and from the AT

So as a new leader, I am learning lots about screening, or should I say, attempting to screen people I do not know regarding their hiking level. Just as it took time to get to know the hikers of the PVHC, it will take time to know the AMC hikers too. I keep refining my questions, as we not only want to make sure all those on a hike are capable, though I also want to make sure the hike is fun and safe for all of us. One of my favorite screening stories is a woman who wanted to go on the 12.1 mile hike and thought she could be done and home in 4 hours! She was too fast for us!

We have hiked the 1st four sections through early June and are hoping to be finished by October 2011. Marie Babbitt told you all about our 1st section through Sages Ravine, over Mounts Race and Everett, and ending with the steep descent to Jug End. We had 15 hikers and it was a chilly day. Thank goodness the steady rain held out until we were in our cars heading home. My favorite part was Sages Ravine; what a beautiful spot of boulders and rushing water.



Bog Bridge Section 3 of AT

The 2nd section was 5.4 miles, over pretty flat terrain
See Hiking the AT continued on page 2

Hiking the AT from page 1

and through bogs and fields. There was no way to avoid getting a little wet after all the rain this Spring. We had 15 hikers again, and it was a beautiful day with some flowers finally booming. My favorite part was the long bog bridge section where we were surrounded by swamp, flowers, trees, and vines.

The 3rd section was 7.1 miles, over rolling terrain, with some steep sections where scrambling was required. For our lunch spot, Mother Nature placed a huge boulder with fabulous views of the 1st segment we hiked – and it fit all 20 of us! The ice gulch (a gulch is a deep V-shaped valley formed by erosion and this one was cut by glaciers) was fascinating and lovely as well as a good break spot. This was my favorite spot on this hike.



3rd Section AT lunch spot

The 4th section was like a PVHC reunion for this 12.1 mile hike. Of the 16 hikers who attended it, we had three AT through-hikers and two Adirondack 46ers! (And yes, we had 1,200 feet of elevation gain, not 12,000 feet!) No favorite spot this time, just a great, fun, and very experienced group!



Anytime is a good time for a snack

Jeanne and I are enjoying leading these hikes. We are learning as we go, making improvements with each hike. Besides the two of us, two other hikers have hiked all four sections with us: Dick Forrest and Bruce Wade. Hope to see many more as the summer and fall progress, as we hike toward the VT border!

COFFEE

By Henry R. Lafleur

I awaken and cannot see. I do not know if it is day or night. It is very cold. My mummy sleeping bag is cinched up very tight. The opening in the bag is fist size, just enough to let in air for breathing. I loosen the drawstring sufficiently to see out. It is dawn, and the temperature is below freezing. There is a dusting of snow on the ground, and the trees are coated with ice. The sky is clear, and the sun will soon brighten the day.

I am comfortable in my sleeping bag, and tempted to stay there in my warm and safe cocoon. Except I envision the smell and taste of my addiction - coffee. I reach out with one hand and light my stove, fill my cooking pot with water, and place it on the stove. I sit up, still in my sleeping bag, and unhook my food bag. The bag is suspended from a rafter, safe from the hungry, persistence mice that inhabit most shelters. From the bag I take out my breakfast; two pop-tarts, 5 dried prunes, 3 dried apricots, and a ziploc bag filled with instant coffee. I am accustomed to this fare for breakfast. It is practical and requires no clean up. The pop-tarts are not in a carton - the flavor will be a surprise. The dried fruit will keep the scurvy at bay.

At the moment my attention is focused on the coffee. With boiling water I make a pint of strong coffee in my water bottle. I sit against the back wall of the shelter, wrapped in my sleeping bag, sipping coffee from my cup filled from my supply bottle. The supply bottle of coffee is stuck into one of my frozen boots, to help defrost it. I alternate

the bottle between my boots each time I refill my coffee cup. Later, when I am packing up, I will warm my hands on the coffee bottle.

I am very relaxed, sitting in the shelter, fueling my body with caffeine, and eating my breakfast. The air is brisk and clean. It is a treat for my lungs. I hear no harsh noises of civilization. My thoughts wander at will; no job related decisions to make, and no agenda to follow. I have no obligation to leave this cozy nest. However, this promises to be a grand day. I am anxious to get on the trail, and enjoy the wonders that nature has created.

Most of my coffee is consumed. I exit my sleeping bag and begin the process of packing. First I dress, except for my boots. Then, I stuff and compress my sleeping bag, deflate and roll my mattress, collapse my stove, and tidy up the rest of my gear. It is my practice to sleep with my socks on all night. They are warm from my body, and the cold is not immediately transmitted from the boots to my feet. I strap my fifty-pound pack to my

See Coffee continued on page 3

The air is brisk and clean. It is a treat for my lungs.

2ND ANNUAL MEMORIAL DAY WEEKEND GREYLOCK FOUR SUMMIT TRAVERSE

By Lori Tisdell

After the resounding success of last year's Memorial Day, Greylock four-summit traverse, I decided to make it an annual event. At approximately 11 miles in length and 2900+ feet of total elevation gain, it is perfect as a conditioning hike for the White Mtn Sampler in June. Several hikers actually returned for another go at it this year! So, maybe it wasn't quite the "Death March" Norm called it last year. And just where was Norm this year? Hmm, didn't see him among the returnees.

Fourteen club members arrived in Westfield eager to hike, well, maybe more eager for coffee at the early meeting time the hike required. We all set off for The Greylock Visitor's Center, where we were meeting two more club members. And nearly as important, it was our only chance at indoor plumbing for the next 9 or so miles. Then off to the trailhead at Sperry Campground.

One of the interesting things, among the many, of this hike is that it starts out losing elevation instead of the usual gaining. We descended down into The Hopper, a deep valley surrounded on three sides by steep slopes supporting stands of old growth trees. The Hopper was formed by glacial erosion and was so named because of it's resemblance to a grist mill's grain hopper. While there we hiked among the tall trees and beautiful green ferns. and crossed over Money Brook several times on a sun dappled trail.

Then it was time to start the climb up to Mt Prospect, the first of our four summits. We gained back all the elevation we had lost plus added some more on this frequently rocky, mostly steep climb of about 1 mile. Finally the trail leveled off, mostly, and we continued onto our lunch stop at the Mt Prospect Vista. With its view westward of the Taconic Range and Williamstown below us, it was a perfect place to stop, rest and refuel for a bit.

From the Mt. Prospect Vista until past Mt Greylock we would be on the white blazed Appalachian Trail. Walking in the footsteps of so many who trod the 2100+ mile trail, including several of our own PVHC members, was awe inspiring. It made our 11-mile hike seem quite tame by comparison. Soon we were on our way to the next summit - Mt Williams. Once again we were climbing upwards; a shorter and not nearly as steep trail as the previous one led us to another vista. To the north were hazy views in the distance of the Green Mountains and the Hoosac Range.

As we continued on for the next several miles the trail became much more moderate, with easy grades taking us through the forest and over a few rocky areas. We passed by the third summit of our hike, Mt Fitch, without even knowing it. As we neared Greylock we came upon a stand of fir trees with their distinctive evergreen scent. It reminded me of winter and the last time I was at Greylock in several deep feet of snow and rime-ice covered trees. This sunny warm May Day was a

far cry from that cold overcast January day four months before.

The final ¼ -mile approach to Greylock was steep on an open trail, with the sun beating hot upon us, and ended with a 100-foot rocky, even steeper climb. Then we were there, on the summit of Mt. Greylock, the highest point in Massachusetts. Some took a long break on the grass overlooking the valley with cooling breezes was the reward for all their hard work, others explored the summit a bit and even climbed the War Memorial Tower, or got a nicely prepared meal courtesy of the Bascom Lodge staff, while still others found a place to close their eyes and take a snooze!

Before we headed back down the mountain we all gathered at the flag. In a moment of silence we paid our respects to those brave military men and women who are currently serving, those who have served, and those who gave their lives in service to our country.

The hike back to Sperry Campground was all downhill, with some lovely scenes along the way. Heading south on the AT, just below the summit, is an alpine lake with a small cabin reminiscent of Walden Pond. A waterfall or two and the lovely tree-lined trail completed a perfect day in the forest. Thank you to all my hiking companions for coming out on a holiday weekend to spend time at my favorite MA hiking destination.

On the way home some of us stopped at a local soft-serve stand and got the real reward for hiking all those miles. Is there any better feeling then having spent the day hiking in the woods, followed by sitting in the sun with an ice cream cone in your hand? I'm sure there may be but this is right up there at the top!

We passed by the third summit of our hike, Mt Fitch, without even knowing it

UPCOMING CLINICS

- July – Club Social and Tag sale. Bring your hiking gear to sell**
 - September – Rick Briggs. Essentials of your daypack**
-

Coffee from page 2

back. I take one last look around. I have a propensity to leave things behind. I take my first step of the day on the Appalachian Trail.

I thru-hiked the AT starting on the summit of Mount Katahdin on June 29, 1995, and reached Springer Mountain on January 3, 1996. The temperatures the last two months were often well below freezing. I was often alone. Alone in a shelter at night exaggerated my paranoiac imagination. The first light of the morning was always a welcomed sight. Not all mornings were like the one described. The weather did not always cooperate, my energy level was sometimes low, and on rare occasions my supply of coffee ran out - that was the worst disaster I experienced on my thru-hike.

HARRY'S BUG FEST HIKE

By Marie Babbitt

I was looking forward to hiking the 7 Sisters, that Harry had listed on the schedule. I had yet to do them this year and was trying to get into hiking shape. My usual take on bug spray is that I don't use it, and so off I went with the group of hikers, spray free. We met at the Skinner main gate and then carpooled over to the Notch side of the mountain to start the hike. We started from Judd Road, a place below the Notch on the South Hadley side; always nice to learn of new starting points for hikes.

We were hiking up the Robert Frost Trail to the top of Bare Mountain, over to the 7 Sisters, down to the low place, and then back to the cars. The hike up the Robert Frost Trail was steep and long. I wondered as I was hiking up the mountain, just what poem Robert might have wrote as he ascended this side of the mountain, and just how influential the bugs might have been to what he composed. To say the least, we were all getting attacked pretty good by mosquitoes and black flies. Several hikers stopped for brief moments to douse themselves with more bug spray. I just kept telling them to leave me alone but to no avail. We reached the M&M, stopped briefly to wait for everyone to get together, and then off we went; however, while "briefly" waiting for everyone, we stood around too long and were just prey for the bugs.

We saw several columbine plants as we made our way down the trail. The hike was a pretty good pace and there was not a lot of stopping, as everyone was battling the bugs. If you slowed down, as we had while making our way up a rocky incline, or down one, we were all trying to figure out how to kill the little buggers and keep moving fast enough for them not to land on us. It was no use.

After we crossed the low place and were heading up one of the rocky ledges, Richard joined us. He had started from the other end, on the Summit House side, and was going to turn around and finish the hike with us, going back the way he came. God bless Richard, one way was enough for me.

Richard, Sue, and I hiked together, loosely for awhile and Sue, who is new to the club, was excited that she was doing the Seven Sisters. When we finished the Seventh Sister, Richard officially congratulated her. I'm not sure where they end even, though I was there when he acknowledged the accomplishment. As I recall, Sue did wonder why there were more ups than downs.

It was getting close to lunchtime and the spot Harry had in mind was already taken by another group of hikers, so we forged onward. We finally stopped for lunch, somewhere, and by this time I was really at my wits end with the bugs and asked if I could use someone's bug spray. Harry was nice enough to let me use his and so, had a fairly pleasant lunch. We all ate quickly, while Harry and Richard were discussing the loop down to the low place. Thinking about the possible

increase of our forest friends this day, Harry graciously changed the hike and we continued on to the Summit House and then down the Halfway Trail to our cars. I don't believe anyone was disappointed with the change of plans, since it was a warm day and we were all pretty tired with the bugs. We all headed home to wash away the bug repellent; no ice cream stop this day.

Thanks Harry for a nice hike and the use of your bug spray.

Club Picnic

By Jeanne Kaiser

The PVHC decided to hold its annual club picnic a little bit early this year-June 5th. The schedulers decided that after the grueling winter, that kept some, but by no means all, of us indoors way too much, an early picnic would be a welcome respite.

The picnic, as usual, was a great success. The site was the Mount Tom reservation, location of countless PVHC hikes over the years. In fact, Harry Allen led a hike up to the antennas on the top of Mount Tom that very morning. After the hike, the picnic went into full swing. Our hosts and organizers were Rob Schectman and Lisa Frigo, who for the third year in a row did a tremendous job coordinating the picnic, doing set up and clean up, and cooking up a storm. They provided not just the usual picnic fare of hamburgers and hot dogs but sausage and peppers and a great barbeque pulled pork. And if this wasn't enough, club members contributed their appetizers, salads and side dishes, that were not only delicious, but looked reasonably healthy and nutritious. However, I know my own hopes for an entirely healthy eating experience evaporated when I

reached the desert table, which was chock-filled with extraordinarily tasty and sinful treats.

Usually the conversation at club events focuses on hikes past and present. This year, however, the most common topic of conversation was the devastating tornado that hit our area just four days before the picnic. Throughout the picnic I heard many tales of narrow escapes from damage; harrowing commutes and empathy for our friends and neighbors who were not as lucky as most of us.

In all, the food, conversation and even the weather was great. We were lucky to have about 75 club members, both experienced veterans and newbies with us that day. But for most of us, the best part of the day was seeing several of our members who grappled with serious health problems over the winter at the picnic looking fit and happy and talking about hitting the trail as soon as possible.

Thanks again to Rob, Lisa and Harry and everybody else who helped to make it another great day in the outdoors.

Our hosts and organizers were Rob Schectman and Lisa Frigo, who for the third year in a row did a tremendous job coordinating the picnic

Mt. Doublehead

By Dick Forrest

For a moderate climb in the White Mountains on Pioneer Valley Hiking Club's White Mountain Sampler, on Saturday, June 18, 2011, Mt. Doublehead was perfect. As the name states, there were 2 summits on Mt. Doublehead: North Doublehead and South Doublehead. It was a 4-mile hike with views. The trailhead was in Jackson, New Hampshire, about a half-hour drive from our motel in North Conway.

Intending to do a loop, we, a group of 13 Pioneer Valley Hiking Club members, started off with a half-mile downhill road walk to get to the trailhead, where our ascent began. (On the drive over to the parking area, it was raining. When we started our hike, the rain had stopped, but it was quite humid. The rest of the morning the weather gradually cleared, and it became a sunny day with clouds. Only later in the afternoon did more clouds roll in.)

The just under 1800-foot ascent to the top of North Doublehead was relatively steep, a constant up. We, as a group, had to stop several times to catch our breaths and guzzle down some water to stay hydrated on the misty and humid morning. A slow steady pace up the mountain was the best way to climb it. Mike Carrier led the way up the mountain, and outpaced the rest of the group, summiting ahead of everyone. A number of our group were talking blithely away, innocently and effectively taking their minds off the climb.

When we finally reached the summit, there was a antique log cabin there. At the bottom of the mountain, it said that the cabin was for rent and could sleep a maximum of 8 people. (PVHC member John Klebes once rented the cabin in winter.) The North Doublehead summit was especially buggy, with black flies and mosquitoes buzzing us constantly. Everyone used bug spray to keep them at bay. We spent about 20 minutes to a half hour on the summit, and several snacked and/or headed to the summit's outhouse during the break from climbing. Some admired the cabin; while others looked for views and found them a short ways from the summit.

After the summit break, we headed down and up the trail to South Doublehead. It seemed like a short jaunt to quite a substantial overlook, a perfect lunch spot, just short of the second summit. Since the clouds had cleared from most of the White Mountains in front of us, we had beautiful views of Mt. Washington, especially looking straight into Huntington Ravine in the distance. The tops of Washington and Adams, further in the distance, were immersed in the clouds, however; but the clouds on Washington cleared almost completely later in the day. And we also had a spectacular view of Carter Notch, with imposing Carter Dome to the right of the Notch and the Wildcats to the left. Rob Schechtman pointed out the various features and summits to us. Again, our lunch spot was buggy, the only negative.

From the magnificent overlook on the side of South Doublehead, after a brief walk over and down, we took a short walk up to the summit on a two tenths of a mile

side trail. Like North Doublehead, the South Doublehead summit didn't have much of a view - only a big rock cairn to mark the summit. It was rather disappointing, but the previous overlook/lunch spot made up for it.

Returning to the New Path, as the trail was named, to distinguish it from the mountain's Old Path, the New Path was quite a steep trail that took us back to the cars on Dundee Road, a mile down. A number of us slipped and/or fell on our butts on the eroded and eroding precipitous, narrow, wet trail. The steep descent seemed to go on forever. Eventually, the trail flattened out and we all made it safely back to the cars. I would be remiss, however, if I didn't mention the wildflowers on our hike, especially clumps of bunchberry, clintonia (almost past), and the occasional white and pink lady slippers, the last of which we found more often on the descent. Butterflies, like the majestic yellow swallowtail, were also flitting about us.

The book time for the hike (from 50 More Hikes in New Hampshire) was 3 ¼ hours. We stopped along the way and took a little longer. Nevertheless, it was a perfect moderate hike in the Whites, with great views. It was a rigorous up and down, but not overly so. Après hike, to top it all off, like a cherry on a sundae: Dairy Queen.

Mt Isolation - White Mt Sampler Hike

by Lori Tisdell

Six of us gathered in the early morning light for what we knew would be a long day on trail. Richard, our leader, Allison, Kathy, Beth, Heather and I looked up into the overcast grey sky hoping it would clear before long. The threat of forecasted rain and thunder storms was on our minds as we started out on the densely forested trail. Before too much time had passed the rain began and would not abate for another hour and half. At times the rain fell light on our shoulders but mostly it was a soaking downpour. We continued, nearly silent, through the first few miles of climbing while we gained over half the elevation of our 14.6 mile hike.

So began our journey to the summit of the aptly named Mt Isolation. It is one of the most remote mountains of the New Hampshire 4,000 footer's and is part of the Dry River Wilderness. Back in the fall of 2010 Richard talked about doing one of the longer distance hikes at the 2011 White Mt Sampler. I was intrigued yet nervous. But since I knew I'd have to do these eventually I signed on. The 6 weeks before The Sampler the requisite "conditioning" hikes were either wet, buggy or both. Unbeknownst to us it turned out to be good training for Isolation.

Shortly after we reached the top of the initial climb the trail leveled off and the rain stopped. I had been just a little demoralized during the climb almost hoping Richard would call a halt to the hike. I'm glad he didn't and that his greater experience on trail led us to continue on. Eventually the sun began to break through the clouds and the skies cleared. With the sun lighting the branches and the blue sky above us the mood lightened
See Isolation continued on page 6

Important Notice

The following memberships are up for renewal:

July Renewals:

Marcia Kelly
 Robert & Lisa (Frigo) Schechtman
 Elizabeth Case
 Tina Garde
 Stacey Laplante
 Frank Tripoli
 Joanne Kellogg
 Jettie McCollough
 Joseph Walsh
 William Ashley
 Alan & Patricia Banusewicz
 Linda Benoit
 Joel Meginsky & Family
 David Stein
 Scott Aschenbach

August Renewals:

Dick & Sue Forrest
 Ann Mundy
 Marie Bienvenue
 John D. Leary, Jr.
 Ann Marie & Leah Visconti
 Harry Allen
 Connie Fogarty & Bill Nickerson
 Heather Wyman & Family
 Bert McDonald
 Russell Seelig
 Gabriela Horvay
 Charlotte Lee
 Chuck & Fritzi Tiernan
 Doug Adler
 Lee Dawn Daniel
 Mark Pocsik
 Mary Walters

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)

Isolation from page 5

and we began to talk and laugh. Looking around we saw lush forest surrounding us. Ferns so deeply and vividly green as to be almost glowing were just a few feet from the trail. Bunch berry flowers and flowers unknown to me bordered the trail. White, pink and purple they grew bringing a lightness to my spirit. . Soon we came to the first of the water crossings. All told there were ten larger crossings, five out and five back. The rocks were too far apart on most of them to make the crossings easily so we put our water shoes on and took the plunge! As there were four more crossings in the next 2 miles it seemed prudent to just leave the water shoes on. In the end most of us kept our water shoes on for the rest of the hike. Since most of the hike was wet with the larger crossings as well as numerous minor stream crossings, running water and mud, sometimes ankle deep, for a trail it was pretty much one big water crossing anyway.

At each trail junction we came closer to our goal. Once on the Davis Path, less than a mile from Isolation's summit, we began to see some partial views through the trees. Then we were at the Isolation spur trail and clambering up the short steep rocky slope. Within a minute or two we were in the open surrounded by

mountains with incredible views of the partly cloud covered Presidential Range, the Wildcats and down into the wilderness.

Bunch berry flowers and flowers unknown to me bordered the trail. White, pink and purple they grew bringing a lightness to my spirit.

After the requisite summit pictures we were

summarily dismissed by the number of black flies attacking us. They'd been dogging us all day and we'd hoped for relief at the summit. No such luck. All that work and we had only about 3 minutes to savor the one viewpoint we'd have all day.

We headed back the way we'd come knowing there was a long way to go. We approached the water crossings once again. The cold water felt heavenly on our feet and no one seemed to care much about getting wet. In fact, Allison dunked her cap in the water and put it on her head and it looked like such a good idea I followed suit immediately. Lovely! Though shorter in time the hike back seemed endless once past the last big water crossing. We started to hear traffic but we knew that was deceptive and tried not to get too excited. The trail was relentless and we all were hoping to see the parking lot around the next bend. 11 hours and 14.6 miles after starting on this journey we finished it. Tired, happy, bitten, bloody and bruised some of us let out whoops of joy as we came out of the woods. Kudos to Richard and Allison for completing this hike a second time! Thanks to Richard for leading and to Allison for lending moral support to those of us marking our first, and maybe last, time hiking to Isolation.

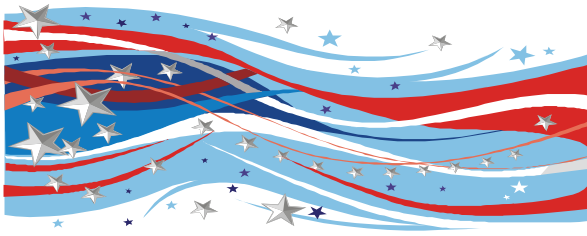
Pioneer Valley Hiking Club Officers & Committees

Chip Pray, President
 Marcia Kelly, Vice President
 Cindy Hibert, Co-Secretary
 Cindy Dolgoff, Co-Secretary
 Deb Gebo, Treasurer
 Scott Cook, Wilderness Experiences
 Ray Tibbetts, Founder

Standing Committee Chairs

Hike Schedule: Sue Forest & Chip Pray
Backpacking Coordinator: Rick Briggs
Trail Maint: Chip Pray & Rob Schechtman
Web Page Editor: Ron Morrisette
Non Member Email Coordinator: Rob Schechtman)
Club E-mail Coordinator: Mike Reed
Quartermaster: Mike Carrier
Bootprints Editors: Marie Babbitt & Mike Reed

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



WELCOME NEW MEMBERS

May

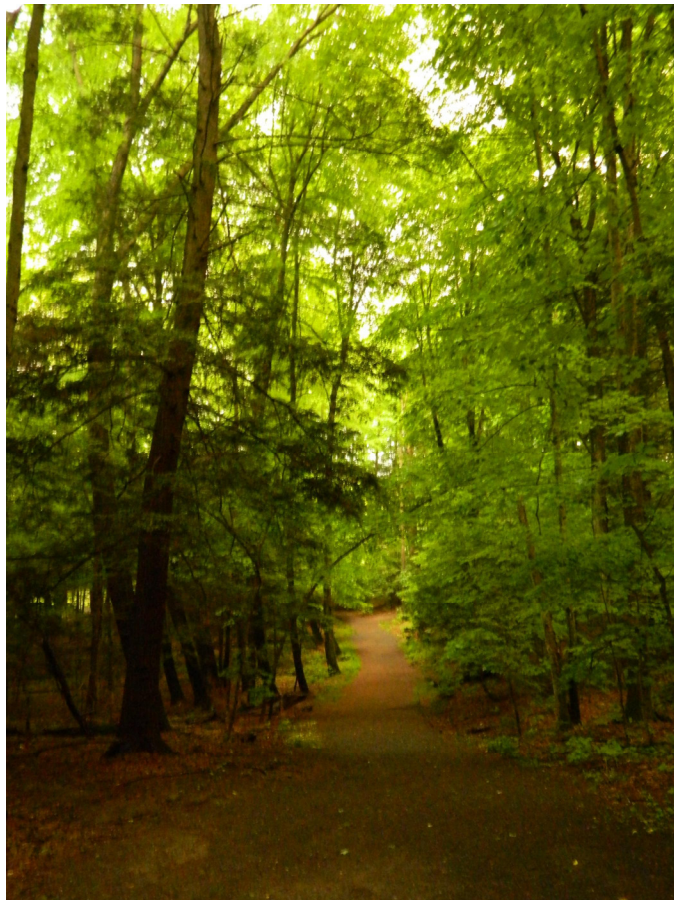
Patricia Bock
James & Diane Brown
Marcella & Paul Fisher
Steven Hilbun & Kelly Turney
Joan Huhtanen
Kerry Trucan
Janice & Paul Mayberry
Angela Whittaker

June

Elaine Moses
Christopher White
Carolyn Young
Mary Parker
Leonard Jasionkowski



AT section 2



Mt Tom



Our Chefs for the day Rob, Rick, Lisa and Cindy



Hmmm, this all looks so good what do I sample 1st?

UPCOMING EVENTS AND THE USUALS

- Every Mon. (MA) "Morning Hike – various locations
- Every Tues (MA) Tuesday evening hikes with Carol
- Every Wed. (MA) "Wednesday Evening Walks"
- July 8-10 (NY) Backpack Adirondack Cliff & Redfield Peaks
- July 9 (NY) NYC carpool
- July 10 (MA) Deerfield River Tubing
- July 15-17 (NY) Adirondack Heart Lake Car Camp & Hike
- July 16 (MA) Hike & Beg. To Adv. Beg. Yoga – bring mat
- July 29-30 (VT) Mt. Mansfield – highest point in VT
- July 30 (MA) Rice Nature Preserve
- Aug. 13 (MA) Trail Maintenance
- Aug 20-22 (NY) Taughanock Falls Park Cabins/ Finger Lakes
- Sept. 3 (MA) Kayaking
- Sept. 10 (MA) PVHC 20th Anniversary Summer Party
- Sept 16-18 (NY) Adirondack JBL Lodge Backpack
- Oct. 1 (MA) AT Series – Cheshire over Greylock to North Adams
- Oct. 23 (NY) Hudson River Valley
- Dec. 3 (VT) Bennington Christmas Overnight or Day trip

Just a reminder: TICK season is here, so keep those pants tucked in and don't forget to check yourself after the hike.

IMPORTANT NOTICES

- ❑ Next Club Meetings:
August 2, 2011, 7pm at **FBC**
Sept. 6, 2011, 7pm at **FBC**
- ❑ Deadline for Submissions for the next BootPrints is August 18, 2011

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

----- fold here -----



A publication of the
Pioneer Valley Hiking Club
PO Box 225
West Springfield MA 01090-0225

