

BOOTPRINTS

Volume 16, Issue 5

September 2012

CELEBRATION ON MORIAH

By Lori Tisdell

“You’re almost there . . . it’s right there!” As I rounded the bend just below Mt. Tecumseh over 2 years ago, those were the cheers I heard from Allison Cook and Kathy Damon. It was my first 4,000-foot White Mountain hike. Richard Harris was leading and Allison and Kathy were among the 10 of us participating. I had some trouble along the way and almost turned back. However, as I neared the top Allison and Kathy saw me and cheered me on to my first summit. When I heard they were completing their journey of hiking the New Hampshire 48, I knew I would be there cheering for Allison and Kathy. The circle was complete.

About a year ago Richard, Allison and Kathy counted up the 4,000 footers Allison and Kathy had hiked and realized they were pretty close. So they spent next year working on completing all the mountains left, beginning with Mt. Isolation at last year’s Sampler. With Richard leading and cheering them on, Allison and Kathy hiked the Osceola, Owl’s Head, Whiteface, Passaconaway, and Carrigain, leaving Bond, West Bond, Bondcliff, and Moriah for the spring. The Bonds trip was going to be a 3-day spring backpack using Galehead Hut as a base to hike from. Moriah was left for last and was planned for the 2012 White Mountain Sampler.

I’ve had the great good fortune to hike with these two amazing, kind, cheerful and strong women on several White Mt hikes, as well as more local hikes. They are unfailingly supportive and I can’t think of many people more deserving of the support and cheers they received in their quest to complete this goal. I was invited to join the Bonds hike with Richard, Kathy and Allison, and did so along with Dick Forrest and Sean St. Marie. It was an amazing experience, and we were blessed with perfect weather and outstanding views. I felt so fortunate to be counted among this group and to follow in the footsteps of these remarkable women. To be able to hike with them as they neared the end of their goal is something I will remember for many years to come.

Then there was only one left. The weekend of the Sampler promised to be one of the best of the year. We could not have asked for a more perfect day for the Moriah hike. It was sunny and clear, with blue skies, warm but not humid, and lots of views. There were 17 hikers, most of which were there to see the completion of this 10-year journey. As we started up the steep beginning ascent of the Carter-Moriah Trail, I looked over at Allison and Kathy beginning what would be one of their most memorable

hikes. They took their time, along with Richard and Eva, taking photographs along the way, savoring the climb, enjoying the views. As we got higher, there were more and more expansive views of the Northern Presidential peaks from open ledges. There was Madison, Adams, Jefferson and Washington, then the Carter and Wildcats, an ever expanding panorama of mountains.

It’s rather fanciful of me, but it felt as if those the mountains were paying homage to and cheering Allison and Kathy along the way.

CONGRATULATIONS TO
ALLISON AND KATHY ON
COMPLETING THE 48 IN
NEW HAMPSHIRE.



As they approached the summit we were all there anticipating Allison and Kathy’s arrival. They turned the corner and climbed the last few feet and the cheers and applause began! What a moment. I think the cheers could be heard for miles. Many photos as well as a video were taken. It was like the paparazzi with a celebrity sighting! Our own PVHC celebrities. An appropriate celebration followed.

See Celebration on page 2 for continuation

Celebration continued from page 1



After enjoying a break and lunch on the summit, Allison, Kathy, Richard, Eva, Gina and I headed back down. The views continued on this beautiful trail over open ledges, with a lovely area of low-lying shrubs and flowers, and butterflies flitting around us. Eva followed the butterflies trying to get a good shot of a one, finally succeeding. We continued on down, finally entering the forest again for good, the views now behind us but there were bunchberries and little star flowers along the trail. Near the end was a beautiful stream to cross, more challenging than the others, as there were no blazes indicating where to cross over. Well, it wouldn't be a 4,000 footer if there weren't any challenges. We arrived at the trailhead to find everyone waiting to give Allison and Kathy one more cheer.

That night a number of us pooled our pizza coupons (thanks Al!) and had a celebration dinner filled with laughter and good cheer. Allison and Kathy expressed their appreciation of all that Richard had done over the years in helping them in their quest by surprising him with a custom made t-shirt, praising his coaching and cheering talents.

Allison and Kathy, you are among the women who have blazed the trail for the rest of us, helping us on our journeys and showing us how it's done. You both exemplify grace, determination, and strength of will. Congratulations once again!

BOOK REVIEW: MURDER IN THE HIGH HIMALAYA, BY JONATHAN GREEN

By Dick Forrest

How do you put a face on evil? Jonathan Green in his book, *Murder in the High Himalaya*, has managed to do just that. He tells the story about Tibetan Buddhist refugees fleeing their homeland of Tibet to see their revered Dalai Lama, who is in exile from his Tibetan homeland in India. Tibetans are very religious Buddhists, whose spiritual leader is the Dalai Lama.

Why are Tibetans fleeing their own country, and what's evil have to do with it? The Chinese invaded Tibet

in 1950, and since it borders China, they have annexed it to their country. They tyrannically rule over the Tibetan people, overwhelming and destroying Tibetan culture and institutions, and pillage Tibet's natural resources for their own use. What the Chinese are doing to the Tibetan people, the Dalai Lama has called "cultural genocide." A good comparison is what the European immigrants did to the American Indians when they colonized North America.

Tibet is called "the land of snows," and sits on "the roof of the world." On this roof sits a number of high Himalayan peaks, attracting elite mountaineers to climb some of those high peaks, which now controlled by China. Jonathan Green's story documents the collision of two worlds: one the elite mountaineering/climbing community, and the other the politically subjugated and culturally repressed Tibetan people fleeing their own country, pursued by persecuting Chinese troops.

Jonathan Green tells the story of a group of elite mountain climbers visiting Tibet to climb Cho Oyu, the sixth highest mountain in the world, who saw and filmed the murder of fleeing Tibetan Buddhist refugees by Chinese troops. The scene takes place at a high mountain pass called Nangpa La, at close to 19,000 feet. This high mountain pass is the most direct way into India from Tibet. Again, what motivates these refugees to flee Tibet is the promise of seeing their spiritual leader, the Dalai Lama, who lives in exile from his native land of Tibet, in Dharamsala, India.

Jonathan Green is an investigative journalist who writes human-rights-related stories. He also tells the story of Kelsang Namtso, a seventeen-year-old Buddhist nun, who is murdered in the high Himalaya. Through her story Jonathan Green shows the face of evil in the clash of two cultures, one culture being overpowered and obliterated by the other, which parallels the story of the high alpine climbers who captured the carnage at Nangpa La on film. After witnessing the murder of Kelsang Namtso and the sniper shootings of her fellow Tibetans, being "shot down like dogs," the dilemma in the minds of the climbers was: should we tell the world what just happened in front of their very eyes or keep it a secret so that we can continue to mountain climb in Chinese-controlled Tibet?

In reading this book, I felt that I learned a lot about a foreign culture and the political reality of this group of oppressed people a half a world away. We are all human beings, and all human beings have basic human rights. When one group of people not only denies those rights to another group of people, but seeks to obliterate the culture that defines them, then the face of evil must be unmasked. In his story in the high Himalaya Jonathan Green does this brilliantly, shedding light on darkness and bringing darkness to light.



JULY 2012 CAR CAMPING AT HEART LAKE

By Kevin Withers

The July 2012 edition of the PHVC's annual car camping trip to Heart Lake in the Adirondack High Peaks area was another resounding success. This was due mostly to Ann Mundy's hard work organizing the site arrangements and the shared Saturday evening meal. Her good spirits in putting up with the rest of us contributed greatly as well.

Thirty hikers went on the trip and plans were made for a number of different hikes and other activities that Saturday, including biking and kayaking. There was something fun for everyone. Dick and Sue Forrest planned the most ambitious outing, leaving very early Saturday morning to hike Skylight and Gray, which are located on the far side of Mount Marcy from Heart Lake. The rest of us decided that this 18-mile jaunt up two 4000-foot peaks was just a little more than we cared to do for a day hike. So we split up into several other groups, with the largest group hiking up Phelps Mountain, which is the closest high peak to the camp site and involves a round trip of less than 9 miles. That was my choice.

Enough people decided to hike Phelps that we split into two groups. In typical Adirondack fashion, Ann Mundy's group planned to leave at 8:00 A.M., whereas my group of seven hikers decided we would choose a more compassionate departure time of 9:00 A.M. As it happened, we didn't hit the trail until almost 9:30, a very compassionate starting time indeed. It was mostly sunny as we set out, but the clouds increased as we walked. Three of our group planned to only go to Marcy Dam and then walk back. Their timing turned out to be pretty good as they got back to camp just about the time the rain started. The remaining four of us, Lisa Frigo, Rob Schechtman, my sister-in-law Candelin Wahl, and I, were still working our way up the mountain when the rain hit. Ann's group had already summited and lunched, and were starting down by that point, a just reward for their observance of traditional Adirondack starting times.

Fortunately for our group, the mountain spirits were not overly displeased with our late start. The rain was still only a drizzle as we reached the top. We found shelter under some low trees and tall bushes, and had lunch there. Phelps is reputed to have one of the better summit views of the high peaks, but the rain clouds interfered with our appreciation of the view. It began to rain more heavily as we started down but we all had our rain gear and made it off the steeper part of the mountain without any problems. As we got down to the more gentle descent, the rain tapered off and the sun came back out. By the time we were almost back to Marcy Dam (more properly the former site of Marcy Dam+ as the dam was washed away during Hurricane Irene last year), Lisa and Candelin had warmed up enough to take a full-body dip in the cold waters of Marcy Brook. Rob and I settled for dipping our feet and heads. It was disappointing to see the mud hole that was left after the pond behind the old Marcy Dam drained away when the dam broke. The loss of the pond will probably detract a bit from the popularity of the many

campsites in that area of the park. Apparently, there are no plans to rebuild the dam.

We returned to camp in plenty of time for dinner and to welcome the return of some of the more ambitious hikers who had climbed Dial and Nippletop, or Ampersand Mountain. As always, Ann had supplied hot dogs and hamburgers to feed us all and there were plenty of choices available from the side dishes people had brought to supplement the main course. To our surprise, Sue and Dick returned from their marathon 14-hour march before dinner ended. They looked weary but were still smiling.

After each group had recounted their experiences of the day, Lisa Frigo and my wife, Robin, strove mightily to coax a better sing-along performance from us than we had managed the year before. Our excuse then had been that none of us could remember a complete verse to any of the songs we tried to sing. Well, this time around Robin had downloaded the songs to her iPhone and had brought along a battery-operated boom box to play them on, thinking that we could sing along with the recordings. We did do a little better than the previous year but I think our real problem wasn't failing memory but lack of musical talent. We had fun anyway and were well enough behaved that the ranger only had to visit us once to remind us that quiet time had arrived.

On Sunday morning, a few people still had enough energy for another hike but most packed up and departed in leisurely fashion. Having flaunted tradition with our late start on Saturday's hike, we observed it on Sunday with a late breakfast at the Noonmark Diner in Keene Valley. The Noonmark is *the* place to go for late breakfasts, as well as for ice cream and pie. All-in-all, the trip was another excellent PVHC adventure. Thanks again to Ann Mundy for putting it all together.

BUSHWHACKING MACNAUGHTON MT. - "THE 47TH" ADIRONDACK HIGH PEAK

By Dick Forrest

On June 30, 2012, Ann Mundy, Ann's friend Jack Whitney, Rick Briggs, Sue Forrest and I set out to climb the 47th high peak in the Adirondacks. Actually, the Adirondack 46ers club acknowledges only 46 high peaks, but they encourage all 46ers and aspiring 46ers to climb MacNaughton Mt. because it is, or very close to, 4000 feet in elevation. The early surveyors/climbers of the high peaks did not realize that MacNaughton was eligible to be included in the original list of the high peaks.

The trail to the base of MacNaughton was easy enough. We started our hike at Upper Works, a major trailhead in the Adirondacks, and gradually climbed 4.6 miles to a brook past Hunter Pond, where we started the bulk of our climb. We followed the brook for about 1¼ miles, most of the way up the mountain, almost due east, and then left the brook to climb perhaps another
See The 47th on page 4 for continuation

The 47th continued from page 3

1/3 mile, northeasterly to the summit. The mileage is approximate - the entire journey was 12 to 13 miles.

Jack Whitney was the unofficial leader of our hike (he was adamant about not being called a leader because he believed that each of us on the hike should be self-sufficient). Personally, I think the idea is noble, but, in practice, a bad idea. Jack had climbed MacNaughton several years earlier, and had a GPS on this hike, which helped immeasurably; so, in my mind, he was the official leader of the trip.

We knew that we were going to have to bushwhack (go off trail) most of the way up the mountain, since there was no trail, so most of us had on long pants and long-sleeve shirts, plus hats to protect our heads. All of that clothing proved essential.

Once we hit the brook going up the mountain, this hike was indeed a bushwhack, and how hard could a bushwhack be? Well, as we followed the brook up the mountain, we encountered blowdowns galore. Blowdowns are trees that have fallen, and usually present an obstacle for hiking. Many of the blowdowns were right across the brook, so we often had to get out of the brook and bushwhack around them. The blowdowns were also plentiful in the areas where we bushwhacked. Sometimes we had to go either under or over the trees, if we could, without getting our boots wet in the brook's pools of water. And often, we had to climb out of the brook to bushwhack around the steep sections along the banks where it was too slippery to negotiate.

You can't imagine what it is like to bushwhack in the Adirondacks. Thick, dwarf balsams impeded your path almost every step of the way. The balsams' needles were like mini swords that would either pierce your hands, if you tried to brush them away from your face, or poke sharply at your face, if you didn't push them away. Oftentimes, the dwarf balsams would grow right on top of large boulders we would walk across, and duff from the balsams would hide the spaces between the boulders. For that reason you really had to watch your footing when you bushwhacked; otherwise, you could

It took us 4½ hours to go 1.55 miles up the mountain

have literally fallen through the cracks between the boulders, which we did on a number of occasions. Once it warmed up, we also encountered black flies, about a fourth of the way from the top of the mountain, and they stayed with us as we bushwhacked all the way down the mountain to the main trail. The black flies would mercilessly bite your ears, whether or not you applied bug spray, and often fly right into your eyes. So you constantly had to have your hands close to your head to kill the black flies as they bit your ears, as well as swiping at them to keep them out of your eyes.

It took us 4½ hours to go 1.55 miles up the mountain, and 4 hours to go the same 1.55 miles down the mountain. We started at 7:15 a.m. and ended our hike at 10:45 p.m. . that's 15½ total hours of hiking, including all the stops. It got totally dark around 9:00 p.m., so we used our headlamps for last 1¾ hours of the hike.

What I learned from this experience: (1) I never want to intentionally bushwhack in the Adirondacks again; (2) each person should carry a backup light source (for a total of at least 2 headlamps, with spare batteries for both); (3) in our quest to get out before darkness came, we didn't stop enough to eat along the way - I personally was okay, but Sue wasn't; (4) don't depend on others to filter your own water; (5) I would be remiss if I didn't thank both Jack and Rick for helping us get up and down the mountain; (6) I am so glad we didn't attempt this alone, which we were going to do a few weeks earlier, as we would have assuredly been in %way over our heads.+

WELCOME NEW MEMBERS

July	August
Kimberly Battipaglia	Mary Walters
Pam Chandler	Christina & Bill Crawford
Janet Platosz	Marsha Odell
Fred Riotte	Bart Gottesdiener
Susan Loehn	Kyle Wojtowicz
Jo Ann Churchill	Marie Nadeau
Carolyn Armand	Cheryl Fisher

FALL'S FLEETING FLOWERS

by Tierney Rosenstock

Summer is winding down now. The earlier sunsets and longer nights, followed by cool mornings that even the sun in the clearest of skies has trouble warming up, tells us this is so. At this time of year there seem to be fewer and fewer wildflowers in the woods and fields, but if you look closely there are still some late bloomers to behold.

Nothing says fall in New England like the striking, bright purple flower clusters of the New England Aster. The woodland floor is also adorned with patches of white from the White Wood Aster. And then there's the violet blue New York Aster.



© Tierney Rosenstock

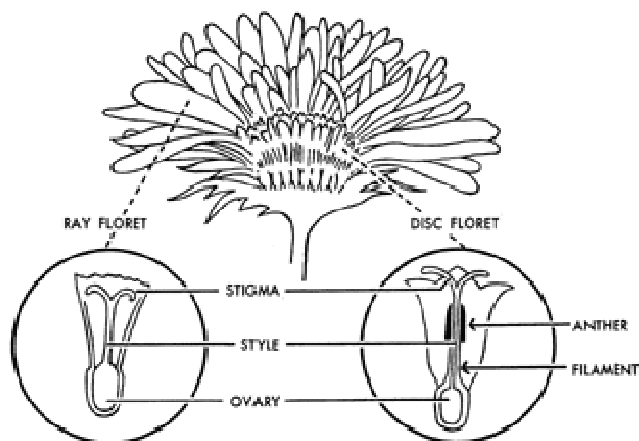
These and many more New England Aster give us some lasting color before our vegetative world goes to sleep for the long winter season.

It might surprise you to know, however, that these beauties we have always known as the asters are actually no longer identified as asters. Thanks to extensive morphological and molecular research See *Asters on page 5 for continuation*

Asters continued from page 4

throughout the 1990s, the plants that we all know as the asters, while remaining in the aster family, have now been split off into ten or so new genera¹. There are still for approximately 180 species in the genus aster, but they are mainly restricted to Eurasia.

The name aster comes from ancient Greece and means star, which is an apt description of the appearance of many aster flowers. Aster flowers, like all flowers in the Asteraceae family, are actually a group of many small flowers clustered densely together. This type of flower structure is called a head. Heads are made up of two different kinds of flowers. The central flowers, or disk floret, are small and tube shaped. The outer flowers, or ray floret, are tongue-shaped and surround the disk flowers.²



http://www.aces.uiuc.edu/vista/html_pubs/PLBREED/pl_breed.html#types

Asters grow in a variety of habitats from open, sunny areas of fields and roadsides to dark, cool places deep in forests and woodlands. Asters have relatively low medicinal ratings³, but have been used for ailments such as rheumatism, and as an analgesic, astringent, and diaphoretic, to name a few.

While the taxonomy is a bit confusing and daunting, it does not take away from the simple beauty these plants provide as summer wanes into fall.

¹ For more detailed information on these genera and their identification characteristics see *The New England Wildflower Society's Flora Novae-Angliae* by Arthur Haines.

² Definitions are derived from *Plant Identification Terminology: An Illustrated Glossary* by James and Melinda Harris.

³ Medicinal information was taken from *Plants For A Future* www.pfaf.org

"A WALK ON THE WILD SIDE - BILL & MARIANNE'S TRIP TO THE EASTHAMPTON BEAR FEST"

By Cindy Dolgoff

If you are not familiar with this event, the Easthampton Bear Fest is a city-wide exhibit of life-sized bears, that have been decorated and painted by artists. The exhibit premiered on June 9, 2012, and will end on September 12, 2012. The last Bear Fest took place three years ago. When the Bear Fest is over, the bears will be auctioned off, with all proceeds going to art education, art organizations, and individual artists.

Our hike was on Saturday, August 18th. Bill Burgart and Marianne Huber had the bear route all mapped out. We started at the south end of the route, by Nini's Restaurant, where we sited our first bear, The Sun and Games Bear. Each bear is tagged with its own name and number, and the decorating artist. There are 40 bears along the route, but many of the stores also have smaller bears in their windows, some decorated by local school children.

The weather was perfect - sunny and in the 70s - and we had a wonderful afternoon finding each bear, discussing what we liked about it, taking photographs, and window shopping in the stores around us. I have driven by the bears many times, but that is nothing compared to seeing them up close. You can tell that the artists put a lot of work and creativity into these bears. Although we liked all of the bears, two of them were special to us: Bear # 20 (Bearing the Fruits of the Harvest) at Big E's Supermarket was an outstanding creation of a black bear with fruits and vegetables. Bear #12 (BEAR4ALL2C) was a bear that got us thinking. When you get to this site, there is no bear. However, there is a small wooden box that, when opened, reveals a pair of binoculars. Where is the bear? It took us awhile to find it, but it was a grey bear that was sitting on the roof of a nearby warehouse. It blended in with the roof! It was kind of like "Where's Waldo" but this time with a bear.



It took several hours for us to see all forty bears (well ... we did stop for lunch at Riff's in the Eastworks Building). We ended our day with ice cream at Mt. Tom's Homemade Ice Cream on Cottage Street.

I'm sure that one of the purposes of the Bear Fest was to bring people into downtown Easthampton. I will be returning at some point to check out some of the local businesses more fully. There are many and varied eating spots, some gift stores, a hardware store, a couple of furniture stores, a music shop, "Popcorn Noir" - a dining establishment/movie theater, and a whole lot more. Definitely a compact area to practice "shopping local."

Many thanks to Bill and Marianne for putting this fun event together.

CT AT FINAL SECTION

by Marie Babbitt

Cindy and Jeanne filled out the last of the CT AT series hike on July 7 during that hot/muggy spell we were having. It seems so long ago now. Thanks to Joe we hiked the hike backwards and did all of the elevation gain in the morning rather than the afternoon. Most of the elevation gain was going up the Paradise Lane trail which was pretty busy with hikers that day. We stopped at the junction of the Paradise Trail and the AT and those of us who had hiked the 1st section of the AT Series hikes in MA last year were reminiscing on the fridged conditions of the hike that day. We were all drinking lots of water and Harry was giving directions to a lone hiker. Our final assent up to Bear Mt was only another 500q We all climbed up the old stone monument which was thought to be the highest point in Connecticut in 1885 when it was built.



From here it was all downhill, well as downhill as any hike gets. Tom P. has a saying PUDS, pointless ups and downs, which describes most hikes I would say.



We arrived at Lions Head and was taking in the view when it began to lightly rain, which felt good. We ended up stopping at south Lion Heads for lunch. Although overcast the view was still pretty good. There were eight people who had done all the hikes in the series and lined up for a picture. As you can see from the picture Jeanne was having quite a time of it. After lunch we headed down the mountain and arrived at our cars in record time. We of course stopped in GT Barrington for ice cream, where parking is often more difficult to find than an unfamiliar trailhead.

Thanks Cindy and Jeanne for another great series of hikes.

Pioneer Valley Hiking Club Officers & Committees

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Marcia Kelly, Vice President
Cindy Hibert, Co-Secretary
Cindy Dolgoff, Co-Secretary
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Bootprints is a publication of the Pioneer Valley Hiking Club. Send your story/event contributions to the editor at: marie_babbitt@hotmail.com.



Important Notice

The following memberships are up for renewal:

July Renewals:

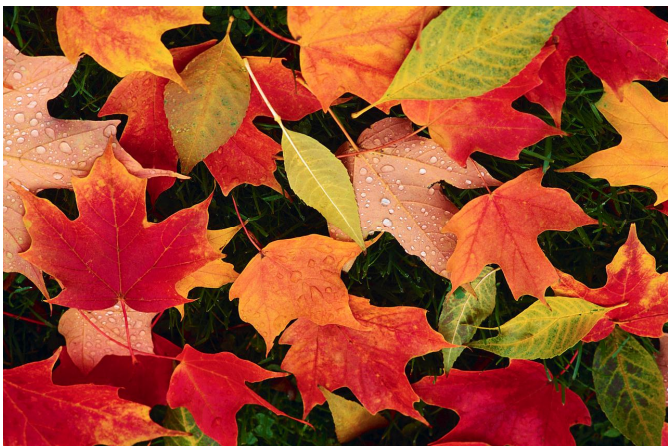
Anne Abert
 Ruth Anastasio
 Shari Cox
 Lucie Devries
 JoAnne Gebski
 Karen Goodwin
 Stacy Helmann
 AnnMarie Higgins
 Carolyn Keefe
 Donald Leis
 John Loomis
 Laurie Mahoney
 Shelia Messer
 Blanche Nelson
 Thomas Pedersen
 David & Jacqueline
 Pleet
 Marty & Meg
 Schoenemann
 Gail Schoonover
 Theresa Selvoski
 Carolyn Stewart
 Becky Tiernan
 Lynn Wolak

August Renewals:

Kent & Janet Beach
 Lucille Boudreau
 Dona Burdick
 Mariene Cannon
 Dennis Dowling
 Joshua Epstein
 Susan Ferraro
 Donna Fleury
 John Fortune
 George & Magda
 Galiatsos
 Jane Garb
 Barbara Graf
 Lori Hennessey
 Bernadette Johnson
 Donna Ketschek
 Jeff Knox
 Brenda May
 Tonianne Paquette
 Jeffrey & Marian
 Parentela
 Maria rocco
 Al Roman
 Kelly Trim
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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)



UPCOMING EVENTS AND THE USUALS

- Every Mon. (MA) Morning Hike . various locations
- Every Mon evening - Kayaking
- Every Tues (MA) Tuesday evening hikes with Carol
- Every Wed. (MA) Forest Park Hike/concert
- Every Thurs (MA) Afternoon Hike
- Sept. 8 (MA) Block Island
- Sept. 14-16 (NY) Adirondack JBL Lodge Backpack (\$, Res.)
- Sept. 16 (MA) Hermit's Castle
- Sept. 23 (MA) Minute Man Trail from Lexington to Concord
- Sept. 29 (MA) M & M Trail Maintenance meal to follow at EB

- Oct. 6 (VT) AT section 1, Southern VT
- Oct. 6 (MA) Mt. Sugarloaf & Mike's Maze \$
- Oct. 13 Mt. Alander & South Taconic Ridge
- Oct. 20 (NY) Hudson River Valley Historic sites
- Nov. 4 (NY) Berlin Mt.
- Dec. 1-2 (NH) Portsmouth Stawbery Banke Day
- Dec. 8 (MA) PVHC Holiday Party . Spfld. College Pueblo



IMPORTANT NOTICES

- ❑ Next Club Meetings:
Oct 2, 2012, 7pm at **FBC**
Nov 6, 2012, 7pm at **FBC**
- ❑ Deadline for Submissions for the next BootPrints is October 18, 2012

FBC - First Baptist Church, West Springfield

Time to Update Your Personal INFO For the 2013 PVHC Directory Beginning date Sept 5 thru October 10, 2012

Watch your e-mail for further details!

*** 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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