

# BOOTPRINTS

Volume 17, Issue 5

September 2013

## THE CLUBS NEWEST 46ERS

Congratulations go out to the club's newest Adirondacks 46ers, Al Roman and Karen Piepho Markham and Sue Forrest! Karen and Al completed final peak in August, Allen Mountain and Sue completed her final peak in August, in the Santanoni range. Not an easy feat. Kudos to all of you.

## A WEEK-END IN THE BERKSHIRES

By Shari Cox

I know that we are a hiking club and our focus is on hiking. However, the club has diversified over the years and it is great. I remember way back (17 years or so) when I thought it would be great to add a biking trip to the schedule. That was before we had such a large club and we only did hiking. At that time, hiking was only on week-ends. Have we come a long way!

So this year I decided to combine a weekend of hiking, biking, and camping. Added activities included swimming and kayaking as a bonus. Also, to keep to our other tradition of fine eating, we also ate well. Not a Gary Dolgoff caliber restaurant, but it surely was right up there.

Six people signed up for the weekend adventure. The campground we stayed at is in North Adams, which is a city-owned campground on Windsor Lake. The name of the campground is Historic Valley Campground. Originally we had five people signed up: Fred Riotte, Laurie Mahoney, Richard Kelly, Rick Briggs, and myself. At the last moment, we had an add on, Chuck Serafin. Our sites were full, so Chuck made reservations for another site and intended to sleep in his van.

Friday night, everyone made their way to the campground on their own. Fred and I drove up together and checked in about 6:50. The office was closing at 7:00, so we decided to check in and then worry about dinner. Laurie, Richard, and Rick were already there at the campsite sitting in chairs, relaxing. They hadn't gotten around to eating yet. Fred and I went into town and picked up dinner and returned to the campsite to eat with the group. Chuck showed up after we ate. He had been on the lake kayaking. It is a small lake but big enough to enjoy a peaceful evening on the lake. We had a nice campfire and a relaxing night.

The next day the plan was to hike Mount Greylock. Originally I was going to have a later start, thinking that if anyone wanted to join us just for the hike, they could drive up and meet us. I didn't hear from anyone, so we left a little earlier than scheduled. This would give us some time to enjoy the campground later in the day.

We had a beautiful day to hike. The approach that we took was the AT trail. We started from Notch Road and just followed the white blazes south. This brought back memories, because it was one of the first hikes that I did before joining the club. As it was August, I figured that I would run into some AT hikers. We ran into a few and I passed out Lindt chocolate balls to the hikers. We got to the top and were enjoying lunch when Richard Harris greeted us. He had hiked up the Hopper Trail. I had never done the whole Hopper Trail, so I asked if anyone wanted to join him and go down that way. So the group split up; Laurie, Richard K, and Chuck went down the way we hiked up, while Rick, Fred, and I joined Richard H on the Hopper Trail down. It was a beautiful trail and everyone commented that someone should lead this hike in the fall because it would be so pretty. Nice as it was, it was a long way down. My knees were grateful when it ended. Richard drove us back to the campground. A few of us decided to cool down and so

and I passed out Lindt chocolate balls to the hikers.

we went swimming in the lake. It was very quiet. I was so surprised that there wasn't anyone swimming there. It had a nice

little beach and the water was clean. We cooled off in the water and then went back to the campsite to prepare for the night's feast.

I wanted to do a group dinner, but didn't want to have the same old hamburgers and hotdogs. So, I checked with everyone to see if they liked salmon. The dinner choice was accepted by all. I had stopped at Costco on the way to the campsite and picked up the salmon, but when I arrived with it, I left the cooking to Laurie. She had a nice rub for it, and then wrapped it up in aluminum foil and it cooked on the grill along with some sweet potatoes. I think it was well liked by all because there wasn't a morsel left. Thanks Laurie for the good job cooking!

For dessert, I had brought the fixings for scones. So, after the wood gathers got the wood, and the fire was going just right, we toasted the marshmallows. Although I had brought the typical Hershey bar for the chocolate, I decided that the Lindt chocolate bars would be even more decadent. However, although it tasted good, it left a mess all over Laurie as the Lindt ball leaked the chocolate center all down her shirt! We enjoyed the campfire until we were too tired to linger further, and so headed for the tents (and van).

Sunday morning we were treated to some of Rick's famous Quinoa Buckwheat blueberry pancakes. I See Berkshires page 2 for continuation



*Berkshires continued from page 1*

brought fresh picked blueberries for this event. Rick usually gets up early to get the coffee going but he overslept. We weren't going to let him sleep too late, because we weren't going to miss out on this breakfast. He had brought all of the ingredients and so he whipped up the batter. The stove was just the right temperature, and he topped each pancake with blueberries while they were cooking. You could see the batter making bubbles and they were cooking nicely. A quick flip over to the other side and then they were steaming on your plate. Add some butter and maple syrup to the pancakes and voila, you have breakfast! They were mighty tasty. Thanks, Rick!



**Rick's famous pancakes**

Thank goodness we got up early, even if Rick had overslept a bit, because we had to clean up the dishes and food, pack up our tents and gear, and be ready for the day's adventure. Although we did have enough time though to traverse the trail around the perimeter of the campsite. It wasn't long, but long enough to get the blood flowing and the breakfast digested.

The day's adventure was to bike the Ashwilticook bike trail. The trail is just shy of 11 miles. I had three people tell me that they would meet us as the North Adams visitor's center at 10:30. Norm Plante joined us, as well as Diane Crowell, with two other members of the club. The other person that intended to join us was a running friend of mine. I thought she would enjoy the bike trail, however, she didn't show, so we left without her. The day looked to be promising, and was. As we reached the end and started back, I saw the friend of mine who had planned to join us on the bike ride. She had underestimated how long it took to reach the meeting place and also didn't have cell service in the area. Can't always count on technology! Good to have Galina.

I had previously spotted a fruit and vegetable stand that served ice cream and thought it would be a good place to stop on the bike ride back. I was WRONG! It was not a good place to go. It was a little stand separate from the vegetables and fruit. The stand offered grilled food. Some people got sandwiches and others ice cream. The wait seemed like forever before anyone got served. While we were waiting it started to rain. There were tents

set up, so we brought our bikes under there and sat and waited for the food. It was finally ready.

It might have been a good thing that it took so long, because by the time we were ready to leave, the rain had stopped. Oh good, I thought, I won't have to ride in the rain. Again, I was WRONG! We had probably about seven miles to go. It was flat, so it would be an easy seven miles. The rain started about ten minutes after we started biking. At times it seemed torrential and we were lucky to have an underpass to stop under. Okay, it looked like it might slow down and stop. So we ventured out again but the rain started up again and stayed with us all the way back. Biking in the rain isn't as much fun as hiking in the rain. Well, no, I don't think hiking in the rain is all that fun either, but that tells you how bad biking in the rain is!

We all made it back to the visitor's center a just little wet, but safe. Overall, I think all the events for the weekend went fine. How can a weekend go wrong with hiking, biking, camping, good food, and good people to be with?



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## **BAXTER STATE PARK PIGGYBACK**

By Lori Tisdell

Eight members of the PVHC extended their hiking vacation by traveling to Baxter State Park after the White Mountain Sampler in June. This was the second year in a row for me. In fact, I was so awestruck by the beauty of Baxter last year, my first time there, that I immediately started making plans to go back again this year! Instead of a day hike though, I wanted to make it a backpack this time and stay at Chimney Pond for several days. However, getting reservations at Chimney Pond can be a bit tricky because the park only accepts reservations snail mail. If you really want to secure the exact dates, your reservation form must arrive exactly four months in advance of your trip. If it arrives sooner the reservation is thrown away; if it arrives later someone else's may have sneaked in before yours. I was lucky to be able to secure reservations for the ten person bunkhouse which was to be our home for the duration.

*See Piggyback on page 3 for continuation*



*Piggyback continued from page 2*



### Chimney Pond

After the 4+ hour drive from North Conway to Millinocket, we still had to check into the park, drive the long dirt road to the trailhead, and then hike the 3.3 miles to Chimney Pond, with full backpacks. I think Sue's backpack weighed more than she does! We all gathered together before heading in. Our group was Rick Briggs, Dick and Sue Forrest, Karen Markham, Al Roman, Fred Riotte, Bob Trombley and me. It was a great group and we all got along well, which was a very good thing as we were sharing close quarters for the next three days and night!

The weather gods didn't seem kind to us at first, what



with lots of rain, overcast skies, and thunderstorms forecasted for most of our time at the park. But we were very lucky and experienced only about a half hour of light rain on Monday morning, and two brief thunderstorms in the evening on Monday and Tuesday.

We settled into our digs, scoping out and setting up our bunks (six lower bunks out of ten!), setting up our cooking areas, purifying water, and generally making ourselves at home. Since we originally had ten people signed on and paid, we had the bunkhouse to ourselves. Even though we are all used to sharing shelters, bunkhouses and hut sleeping rooms with people we've never met, it was really nice not sharing the space with

strangers this time round. And having the bunkhouse was essential that week with the black flies decimating everyone they came into contact with.

Most of the group decided to do their big hikes on Monday, but Rick and I elected to wait until Tuesday to do ours. With the rain coming down and the overcast skies, Rick thought Tuesday would be a better day, which was a good thing as I was still recovering from being ill and needed the rest. The others made up three groups heading out.

Al and Karen headed up the Dudley Trail (a/k/a Deadly Dudley, a steep 2000-foot ascent in 1.2 miles) to the Knife Edge to Baxter, the Tableland, and Hamlin Peaks, and then down the Hamlin Ridge Trail back to Chimney Pond. Fred and Bob headed up the Hamlin Ridge Trail to Hamlin Peak, the Tableland, and then onto Baxter Peak, returning to Chimney Pond via the Saddle Trail. Dick and Sue headed up Hamlin Ridge as well, and summited Hamlin Peak, then over the Tableland and down the Saddle Trail.

The Tableland is an extraordinary place of beauty



**Sue still going strong**

The Tableland is an extraordinary place of beauty with far-reaching views of mountains and lakes, as well as closer views of colorful flowers, shrubs, low lying fir trees (krumholtz), grasses and the occasional butterfly flitting by. I fell in love with it the first time I experienced it, which was the impetus that caused me to put the trip See piggyback on page 4 for continuation



*Piggyback continued from page 3*

together this year. Once you've been on the Tableland it is hard to forget it.

That night was fun and games. Several of us played the card game Oh Hell. Karen won handily, leaving the rest of us far behind. There was plenty of laughter to go along with the sighs of defeat. It was an early night, with the sun barely down before we were all heading to our bunks.

The next day Rick and I headed out early, hoping to get our hike in before the forecasted 80% chance of rain and thunderstorms hit. We headed up the Hamlin Ridge Trail, a steep, open and rocky ridgeline that bisects the North and South Basins (glacial cirques) of Baxter. It is a spectacular trail with views down into both Basins, behind to Basin Ponds and more mountains, to the left Pamola, the Knife Edge and Baxter Peak, Hamlin Peak ahead, and The North Peaks to the right. It is a little overwhelming and almost difficult to take in, sensory overload in the best possible way!

Rick and I arrived at the unsigned Hamlin Peak where we rested awhile and enjoyed the views. For me it was one of the sweetest mountain summit moments ever. I had been up in the air whether I'd even be able to go to Baxter when I was ill just two weeks before the trip. Hiking into Chimney Pond had been the main goal, so getting to Hamlin and the Tableland was just icing on the cake. Then we headed south on the Tableland, where clouds were breezing in and out, obscuring then opening views as we went along. I was grinning like a fool most of the time from that point on, totally immersed in the experience.

When we got to the Saddle Trail, Rick continued on to Baxter maximizing his time above tree line. But I elected to head down after calling my dad to wish him a happy birthday. yep, there's cell phone service (although sketchy) up there! The sun came out as I headed down. I had views in front of me and I was having a grand time of it as I stopped and chatted with other hikers along the way. Life doesn't get much better than a warm sunny day above tree line.

That night we all celebrated our time at Baxter, capped off by a visit from a female moose grazing at the campground. We gathered nearby watching and taking photos of this magnificent creature. It was a perfect ending to our trip.

Many thanks to Dick, the amazing and awe inspiring Sue, Rick, Karen, Al, Fred, and Bob for signing on and making this trip so great. It's not just about the summits we achieve and hope to achieve, but about the time spent with people on the same journey as ourselves.

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## **SAWYER POND, etc.**

By Al Goodhind

Last year's easy hike turned out to be this year's easy hike. The October 2011 storm washed out the bridge on the Sawyer Pond Trail, but repairs were completed this spring. Both the river and pond are named

after Benjamin Sawyer who, with Timothy Nash, brought a horse through Crawford Notch and thereby proved that it would be possible to build a road there. This pond has been described as "the usual New Hampshire mountain lake, a few acres in area, boggy and marshy and thick all around with a tangle of tough alders."

The pond can be approached from either the Kancamash or from Rte. 302 in Crawford Notch. From the Kancamash the hike is 4.5 miles. Being an easier hike we chose the 1.5 mile route from Crawford Notch. Our group numbered 16 hikers. The trail began at the parking area after a 2 mile drive in from Rte 302. Bug spray was applied and we were off. Crossing the swaying footbridge over the Sawyer River, the group made its way up a small grade where the trail leveled off. The trail is obvious so it is unmarked. A couple of small stream crossings were no obstacle for this hardy group of trekkers. The forest canopy provided shade throughout the hike. Fortunately the bugs did not become an issue.

After about an hour we caught sight of Sawyer Pond. Turning left we passed by several tent platforms. These, along with a pond-side shelter, are available on a first-come first-served basis. Aromas from the breakfast fires smelled good. As we approached the shelter we could see it was occupied by a group of four from the Boston area who had spent the first of three nights.

We also spotted a loon floating along by itself in the pond



**Glen Ellis Falls**

See Sawyer on page 5 for continuation

*Sawyer continued from page 4*

One of them swam in the pond and said the water was "refreshing." I took his word for it. We also spotted a loon floating along by itself in the pond. With the area's peaceful serenity one could imagine spending an afternoon just lying back and napping by the pond.

Following a half hour break the group started back. During the return hike the group spread out periodically. The lead hikers stopped every so often to allow the group to reform. After arriving back at the cars we met the local ranger and her intern. Then ten of the group headed off for the Mt. Washington Hotel for lunch.

What has become a tradition with the easy hike, we enjoyed lunch on the patio at Stickney's. The food is excellent and so is the patio view of Mt. Washington. What could be better. After a tour of the hotel for those who were new to the property, we drove down the mountain to the Notchland Inn, my favorite inn.

The Notchland is an 1860's granite mansion situated on a 100-acre estate. All rooms have a wood burning fireplace. The inn serves a wonderful five-course dinner and bountiful breakfast. The group was treated to a tour of the inn and got to meet one of the owners. For more information check out their website [www.Notchland.com](http://www.Notchland.com). You won't be disappointed.

Next it was off to Jackson to see Jackson Falls. Crossing over the covered bridge into Jackson the falls is only a short drive from Rte. 16. Fortunately for us, the threat of rain kept the crowds away. During most summer days the falls are crowded, with waders and soakers sitting in the many rock pools and waterfalls formed by this easy flowing cascade.

The final stop was Glen Ellis Falls, located one mile south of the Pinkham Notch AMC Camp. Parking was on the side of the road. A short walk in the tunnel under Rte. 16 leads to Ellis River, which is formed by the convergence of several rivers coming out of Tuckerman Ravine, Huntington Ravine, and off Wildcat Mountain. One can view the 70-foot drop from the top viewing area, or climb down the rock stairway to the base of the falls for a face full of spray. Actually, the full force of the thundering power of the falls is best experienced at the base.

I want to thank the hike leaders who led this year's hikes. I could experience these great places without you. Looking forward to next year. **Dates for next year's Sampler: June 20-22, 2014.**

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## BIKING THE NEXT STEP AFTER HIKING

By Shari Cox

**W**e aren't just a hiking club anymore; though it is our primary focus. Many of us have branched out and added other great outdoor activities to our weekly schedule, which is filled with so many great activities and different skill levels, that each member can certainly find *something* to do. Thanks to all of the leaders who offer their time and efforts to plan and organize events for members. Without them, there would be no club!

This club is a great place to learn about hiking: what to wear, what to pack, where to go, etc. So, with that being said, as a number of us have started biking recently, I thought that it would be great if we could have knowledgeable people teach us about it. As many people know, there is more to hiking than throwing on a pack. The same goes for biking. The biggest thing is learning about taking care of your bike and how to fix it when things go wrong.

Ann Mundy and I asked if someone from Competitive Edge would be able to lead a bike workshop. We especially wanted this to happen because we were heading off to bike the Erie Canal with other club friends. They agreed to do it, even though it was a small group. I had a sign up list at the last club meeting and a number of members signed up. When Competitive Edge confirmed a date, I called everyone on the list to let them know the details. In the end, we had eight people show up, which was a perfect sized group, as it gave everyone a chance to see and ask questions and have some hands-on experience.

Gary and Gary Jr. from Competitive Edge gave a great clinic on bike terms, tire changing, CO<sub>2</sub> cartridges, and maintenance. They are knowledgeable and enthusiastic about what they do. Ann and I had bought our bikes there and they have always been welcoming. It is important that one goes to a reputable store where you can go back for questions and concerns about your bike. When I bought my bike, the staff there spent a lot of time with me to make sure it was a perfect fit, and the correct bike for my needs.

Ann made a comment the other day, and I can't quote her, but it was something to the effect that biking is the next step after hiking. It's easier on the joints, and can be easier than hiking up mountains.

I was actually able to put the training to use as I had to help with a back flat tire on my bike trip. Thank you Competitive Edge for your service.

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## A DAY WITH AL

By Celeste Ziembra

**I** have been in the Pioneer Valley Hiking club for ten years. Going on the White Mountain Sampler was my first overnight adventure with the club. To say that I was excited would be an understatement.

I chose the Al's E hike for easy. The plan was to hike to Sawyer Pond, and then there was an optional stop for lunch at the Mount Washington Hotel. The sky was overcast with the promise of rain for later in the afternoon. Sixteen hikers began the hike, and sixteen hikers returned, but I don't want to get ahead of myself here. The terrain included water crossings and lots of mud. We used wet rocks and logs to make our way through. At least one hiking pole was essential for this type of terrain. Al was helpful in that he held out his pole to help us with some difficult crossings. We hiked at a moderate pace and saw some pretty lady slippers along the way. When we arrived at the pond, it was beautiful, *See Al on page 6 for continuation*



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## CDT TRAIL UPDATE

John Klebes, aka Papa Smurf, our fearless hiking club member is currently hiking the Continental Divide Trail. From his blog page John was in Mount Helena, Montana on Aug 26<sup>th</sup>. He is nearing completion of the 3,100 mile trail. If you have not checked out his blog spot the address is johnklebes.blogspot.com. We are all rooting for you John.

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*Al continued from page 5*

and we saw a loon swimming along oblivious to us and some nearby campers. We retraced our steps for the return walk, and soon we were back at our cars. It was a great hike, but I was also thinking about our luncheon at the Mount Washington Hotel.



**SAWYER POND HIKE**

Driving up the access road to the hotel was amazing! The hotel looked like a huge palace, like something you might see in India. Al had everything arranged so that we would have our lunch on the veranda overlooking the majestic mountains in the distance. As we were eating, John Gorey said, "This must be what heaven is like. You have these spectacular views and you get to decide which hike to go on every day." I can't say that I disagreed with his analogy.

As we were leaving, Al asked us if we wanted a tour of his favorite inn, The Notchland Inn. As we were traveling there, the sky opened up to torrential rain. Fortunately, just as we arrived at the inn, the rain began to let up. The inn was really special, and you could certainly see why Al liked it so much. The grounds were like a floral tapestry, and everything inside was perfectly appointed. The dining room offers gourmet meals in a beautiful atmosphere, and each room at the inn is uniquely decorated so that no two rooms are the same. We were told that writers often stay there for weeks at a time to have a quiet place to think clearly and write. What a place!

The next item on our agenda was to see Jackson Falls. It was great because the rain had stopped, and we

could see everything clearly. The only way I could describe this was a wide width of falls over many rocks. In other words, it would be a horizontal shot on you camera. It was magnificent!

Al was so generous that he asked us if we wanted to see Glen Ellis Falls just up the road. You have to walk through a small cave to cross under the road to get there. To see these falls, you must climb quite a few stairs. It was definitely worth it. Glen Ellis Falls is more of a vertical drop. It was the type of place where you couldn't stop watching the rushing water. We took many pictures and just stared at this wonder of nature. It is indescribable, really.

I would rate our day with Al as an E for extraordinary!!!!

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## WELCOME NEW MEMBERS

<u>July</u>	<u>August</u>
Kathleen Bauer	Brenda Sturmer
Michael Taniqha	Mary Millimet
	Debi Garlick
	Laury Frazier
	Mary Hazlett

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## BOOK REVIEW: WILD: FROM LOST TO FOUND ON THE PACIFIC CREST TRAIL, BY CHERYL STRAYED

By Dick Forrest

First off, Cheryl Strayed is a very talented writer. No wonder it made #1 on the New York Times Best Seller list; A Best Nonfiction Book of 2012: The Boston Globe, Entertainment Weekly; A Best Book of the Year: NPR, St. Louis Dispatch, Vogue. Wild was also the first selection for Oprah's Book Club 2.0.

In 1995, at the young age of 22, Cheryl Strayed decided to backpack (though she had never backpacked even once) a large portion of the Pacific Crest Trail (PCT), through much of California and all of Oregon. She has just recently lost her mother, who was 45 years old, to cancer, and by her own admission in an online book trailer, she (Cheryl) was lost. Her mother was a mostly single mother who was the foundation for Cheryl and her two siblings: her sister, Karen, and her brother, Leif. Cheryl's stepfather, Eddie, came into her life during the later years of her mother's life. Cheryl and her family resided in Minnesota. When her mother died, the family as she knew it fell apart.

Did she find herself on the PCT? I'm not so sure. But she did find that she became self-reliant, and most of the time on the trail, hiked alone. This reminds me of Diane Arnold King who was a member of PVHC. Diane also hiked the PCT at about the same time as Cheryl. And as a woman, she too was concerned about the safety of hiking alone. Ray Tibbetts, our hiking club founder,

See Wild on page 7 for continuation

Wild continued from page 6

outfitted her from his store, Backpacking Etc., and allayed her fears about hiking alone on the PCT. She completed the PCT over a 2-year period, and as in Cheryl's situation, skipped the Sierra Nevada mountain range, since the snowpack in the High Sierras was overwhelmingly deep. Diane was successful in her second attempt on that section of trail.

Cheryl interweaves her experiences on the trail as a journal with her reminiscences of life with her mother and family. You get the keen sense that the loss of her mother was devastating to her. Cheryl writes a lot about her mother and their relationship. When I started the book, I got the impression that Cheryl's last name, %Strayed,+ fit her perfectly. She is extremely candid about her messed-up life. As an example, just before hiking the PCT, she had just divorced a loving husband, Paul, whom she was unfaithful to. She attributed her divorce to marrying too young. So %strayed+is apt, and the title of the book, Wild, is a double entendre.

You will appreciate this book for its openness, honesty, candor, and its beautiful writing. Cheryl must have used a journal to help capture her feelings and experiences in writing this story, years later.

After hiking over a thousand miles on the PCT, did the trail heal her? I'm not so sure, but she learned a lot about herself, and it certainly enriched her life and gave her an experience that she would never forget. And it's a darn good read because it involves wilderness hiking/backpacking, which is a subject near and dear to many of our hearts.

### Pioneer Valley Hiking Club Officers & Committees

Chip Pray, President  
 Marcia Kelly, Vice President  
 Lori Tisdell, Secretary  
 Carol Vanderheiden, Treasurer  
 Scott Cook, Wilderness Experiences  
 Ray Tibbetts, Founder

### Standing Committee Chairs

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

*Bootprints is a publication of the Pioneer Valley Hiking Club. Send your story/event contributions to the editor at: [marie\\_babbitt@hotmail.com](mailto:marie_babbitt@hotmail.com).*



## Important Notice

The following memberships are up for renewal:

### September Renewals: October Renewals:

Anne Abert	Janet Beach
Ruth Anastasio	Peter & Verilyn Beauregard
Shari Cox	Dona Burdick
Lucie Devries	Dennis Dowling
JoAnne Gebski	Susan Ferraro
Karen Goodwin	Donna Fleury
Allan Herrick	John Fortune
AnnMarie Higgins	Jane Garb
Carolyn Keeffe	Barbara Graf
Laurie Mahoney	Jean Gran
Sheila Messer	Lori Hennessey
Blanche nelson	Kate Kahn
David & Jacqueline	Donna Ketschek
Pleet	Jeff Knox
Meg & Marty	Donald Leis
Schoenemann	John McQuade Jr.
Gail Schoonover	Thomas Pedersen
Betsy Sokol	Maria Rocco
Becky Tiernan	Karen Markham &
Lynne Wolak	Al Roman
	Yoon Youngmi

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)



**A hard day on the trail in the Adirondacks**

### 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 hikes with Marcia
- Every Thurs (MA) Afternoon hike
- Sept. 7 (MA) Castle Hill, Crane Beach (\$)
- Sept. 14 (NH) Mt. Moosilauke
- Sept 13-15 (NY) Adirondack JBL backpack
- Sept. 21 (NH) Madame Sherri Forest in W. Chesterfield
  
- Sept. 29 (VT) Mt. Olga near Wilmington
- Oct 12 (MA) Mt. Sugarloaf & Mike's maze .
- Oct. 19 (MA) Mts. Race & Everett
- Nov 9 (NY) NYC Car-pool (\$)
- Nov. 16 (MA) Northfield Mtn
- Dec 7 (MA) PVHC Holiday Party at the Pueblo
- Dec 14 (VT) Christmas in Vermont+. day or overnight



### IMPORTANT NOTICES

- ❑ Next Club Meetings:  
October 1, 2013, 7 pm at **FBC**  
November 5, 2013, 7 pm at **FBC**
- ❑ Deadline for submissions to the next BootPrints is August 20th, 2013

**FBC** - First Baptist Church, Piper Road,  
West Springfield

**\*\* Check out our web page at:**  
[www.pioneervalleyhikingclub.org](http://www.pioneervalleyhikingclub.org)

Members may join the PVHC Email List by  
sending a message to:  
[pvhc.hikingclub@gmail.com](mailto:pvhc.hikingclub@gmail.com)

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