

BOOTPRINTS

Volume 10 Issue 6

November 2006



4,000 Footers Update

by Richard Harris

With 37 of the 48 peaks completed, I am over 75% of the way to the goal of summiting all of the White Mountains 4,000 footers. Bob only has 5 peaks to go. Shari has completed all 48!!!

Garfield, Galehead, Twins, Bonds, and Zealand Traverse

Over the past several months, there have been several 4,000 footer hikes beginning with a Labor Day Weekend traverse (24+ miles). We had beautiful weather for Friday and Saturday hikes when we completed the summit of 6-8 peaks which also left the trip without a lot of incidents to report. On Friday, September 1st, Bob Morgan, Tom "fair weather omen" Pedersen, and myself hiked to the summit of Mount Garfield and followed the Garfield Ridge "Trail" (not so much a trail in places as a jumble of steep rocks) to Galehead Hut where we dropped our packs and summited Mt. Galehead. We enjoyed the opportunity to meet several dozen AT through-hikers including several who were flip-flopping and several who were doing the AT from North to South as opposed to the typical south-north route. We stayed at Galehead Hut on Friday

night and enjoyed the Hut-provided dinner and breakfast.

On Saturday, September 2nd, we summited South Twin and Tom left to hike North Twin before resuming the trek to the Bonds. Bob and I hiked West Bond, Bond, and Bondcliff. On the way down from Bondcliff towards Bond, we met Tom as he was proceeding towards Bondcliff. Bob and Tom (who had

planned to stay at Guyote instead of hiking out on Saturday) stayed at Guyote Campsite as it was getting late and filtering water at Guyote takes in excess of a half hour. I hiked to Zealand Hut where I stayed for the night and hiked out Sunday morning. Hiking out in a slight mist of rain, Tom and Bob summited Zealand on Sunday.

We concluded that we would enjoy hiking to Mt. Garfield again. The Bonds would be nice as well. However, we would like to avoid the Garfield Ridge "Trail" at all costs.

{4,000 Footers –cont' on page 2}



Thanks for a great picnic Mike & Gail



Annual Summer Picnic – Sept 17, 2006



{4000 Footers – cont' from page 1}

Lafayette and Lincoln

On Saturday, September 23rd, Alison Cook, Kathy Damon, and myself had planned to hike the entire Franconia Ridge. However, the weather forecast changed to indicate clouds and rain on the ridge by noon (we should have had Tom “fair weather omen” hiking with us), so we changed plans to include the two highest peaks. We hiked up Falling Waters Trail in an on and off (mostly on) drizzle/rain. As we were approaching the Ridgeline, the precipitation ceased, but the winds became much stronger and colder. There was no view to be seen beyond 50 feet in front and neither of the summits are marked with signs. Despite the weather conditions and forecast, the trails were busy as we met over 40-50 people while we were ascending. After traversing the beautiful, supposed spectacular vista of the Franconia Ridge, we went to Greenleaf Hut to have lunch, change socks, and purchase shirts before descending the Old Bridle Path including the section referred to as the “Agonies”; or is it “Aching Knees”? We all agreed that this is hike we want to do again in good weather – Tom, when are you going to hike again?

Owl's Head – Shari Completes the 4,000 Footers

On Saturday, October 7th, led by Shari Cox and Lauri, Alison Cook, Bob Morgan, Tom “Fair Weather Omen” Pedersen, and myself, set out on the longest single summit hike in the Whites – Owl's Head. With Tom on the hike, we had gorgeous weather. The water

crossings were not particularly difficult – but at two of them we had to take off our boots and put on other footwear as the water was above the ankles and cooooooIIldddd!!! We spent 30 minutes trying to find the shortest and easiest route across one of the rivers – it was not worth the extra time and effort. Despite the coldness of the water, the two deep crossings

were refreshing to my feet. The first 8 miles of this trail is quite pleasant with an elevation gain of only 1,400 feet. However, the ninth mile traverses an old slide and involves a gain of 1,500 feet. Once on top of the ridge, we meandered until we found what is reported to be the newly found summit. We celebrated Shari's completing her 48th and final 4,000 footer.

Congratulations – Shari Cox

completed her hikes of the NH 4000 footers after summiting Owl's Head

The descent down the slide was as intimidating to me as the ascent. Once down, I was thrilled to see the cairns at the base. We hiked the same route back and did not bother to find an easy way across the streams and rivers, we just took our boots off and put on other footwear for two of them and went straight across. The crossings brought forth a slight recollection of John's infamous water crossing hike – but ours were anticipated and longer and colder. This is a hike some of us might consider doing again – it we had to.

Mt. Liberty

On Saturday, October 14th, I had scheduled a 4,000-footer hike with the intention of finishing the Franconia Ridge. Bob and Tom were in the Whites hiking the Tripyramids since they had already hiked Mt. Liberty and Mt. Flume. So, knowing there were others on the trail, I set out in beautiful weather (remember, Tom “Fair Weather Omen” was hiking in the Whites with Bob) at around 8:45 (over an hour later than planned). The Liberty Spring Trail is a really nice trail, just a lot like a stairmaster. I met numerous people on the trail. Reaching the summit of Mt. Liberty at 11:45 and having set a target of being finished with the hike by 3:00 p.m., I realized my delay in starting would impede my attempt at hiking to Mt. Flume. The skies were beautiful atop Mt. Liberty – vistas were clear for many miles. But, the wind made the bare rocks at the summit cold and I found a little shelter behind some rocks in which to have my lunch. I then descended the way I came with the intent of returning the following week – I kinda assumed I would have good weather (the following week I encountered 3 inches of snow and a little ice on the upper reaches of the Liberty Spring Trail, 10 degree temps with 60 mph winds on the summit, so I did not hike Mt. Flume on October 21st either).

~Richard Harris



Harry Allen's Herman Covey Wildlife Hike & Picnic - photo by Steve Fraton

POOH-BEAR'S Big Adventure on the Appalachian Trail

By Jan Barlow

Most hikers that hike the Appalachian Trail either make up a name or are given one. Trust me in most cases you are better off with making up your own name. My trail name is POOH-BEAR. This is how I received my name; while hiking in the peak of bug season, swarms of bugs attacked me getting in my ears, eyes and mouth. With the black cloud of bugs all around me, I was "poohing" them out of my mouth so earned the name "Pooh". Then, as I turned a corner with bushes, I saw 8 black furry legs. I stopped dead in my tracks, because I thought it was bear cubs and I wondered where Mama Bear was. I did not want to come between them, as I moved slowly forward my stomach was doing flip-flops. To my relief, out of the bushes came 2 big black Newfoundland dogs. That's how my trail name of POOH-BEAR came about.

I decided to challenge myself to the historic footpath called the Appalachian Trail. The Appalachian Trail, called simply "the A.T." by those who hike on it frequently, is the premier recreational hiking trail in the United States, a continental-scale wilderness pathway set aside by Congress and the National Park Service for foot travel only.

The route of the A.T. closely follows the ridgeline of eastern America's Appalachian mountain chain for 2176 unbroken miles, beginning on the summit of Springer Mountain in northern Georgia and ending on the summit of Mount Katahdin in north central Maine. As it winds its way through the mountains, it passes through fourteen states, eight national forests, six national parks, and numerous state and local parks. About 99% of the route is on publicly owned lands, and no fee is charged nor is special permission needed to hike anywhere on the footpath itself, though in some high-use areas registration is required for overnight stay and fees may be charged for use of shelters and other constructed facilities. The trail is marked with 2 inch by 4 inch white blazes that I dream about all the time.

I had done bike touring to Pennsylvania and to Canada along with many other places. I enjoyed the bike tours but I found that the cars and their exhaust fumes, along with dodging cars trucks and dogs, were sometimes a bit much to take at times. I had also done quite a bit of hiking and loved being out in the woods so I increased my hiking time. I joined the Pioneer Valley Hiking Club. I hiked 95 miles of the M & M Trail in Massachusetts. I also hiked The Greenway Trail, The Robert Frost Trail and half of the Mid-State Trail. I was hooked and set my goal to hike the Appalachian Trail (AT). I did some more backpacking and decided that it doesn't get any better than this. I would have really liked to thru hike the AT but a job held priority at this time in my life. After 20 years at my job I did not want to start with a new one. My thought was that it would take me 12 years to complete the AT hiking in sections and only on vacation time and long weekends. To my everlasting surprise, I completed my goal in just 4 years! I started out on my journey on July 3, 2002 and finished on July 9, 2006.

Back at home now, sitting at my computer as my fingers dance around the keyboard like a tap dancer in full motion, my mind drifts back to the AT and all the fun times I had hiking my way South. I saved the last 100 miles to hike north because I wanted to savor the grand finale of hiking Mt. Katahdin last.

I started my big adventure in 2002 carrying the whole way a nice smooth white stone that sparkled. (Picking up a small stone and carrying it with you is tradition). The stone and I did the hike together through blood, sweat, rain and maybe even a few tears. I made the summit of Mt. Katahdin on July 9, 2006, where my good friend, "Mr. Stone" joined the cairn at the top. Goodbye, friend.

In Maine, I ran into the Naked Hiker in Maine and that was a real eye opener. I had heard of him so you would think I could have done more than stutter "Hi - nice weather, huh." On more than one occasion I hiked in the dark with my headlamp on. One night hike in Maine I almost landed in a lake, discovering in the morning that I was just 2 steps away from the lake, close call when at all cost I try to keep my feet dry. Dry feet are happy feet.

In New Hampshire, I saw a moose at Lonesome Lake with magnificent antlers. It was a beautiful day and I just relaxed and enjoyed the view. I was lucky coming over the White Mountains as I had the best weather ever.

In Vermont I loved the music at the Long Trail Inn -(the trail goes right by the Inn) a nice place to hang out after a long days hike. Somewhere in Vermont I ran into John Klebes (president at the time of the Pioneer Valley Hiking Club) and his brother, Bog Bridge Tester. I happened to have on my Pioneer Valley Hiking Cub tee shirt and, in the club spirit; I showed him I had it on. I pulled my fleece jacket to the left to show him the logo on my tee. Bog Bridge Tester joked to John that if all the members' give this kind of greeting he wanted to sign up. It is now a club joke as to how we greet each other.

As I was sitting at Lion's Head in Connecticut, enjoying the beautiful view, two people showed up. A very nice lady sat down next to me and started chatting as though we were old friends. After talking with her for several minutes, I figured out that she was Kyra Sedgwick, and with her was Kevin Bacon. His laugh was a dead give-away. I didn't let on that I knew who they were because I thought they wanted to just relax. The funny thing is, I almost asked them to take my picture with the beautiful view in the background. That would have been a switch for them.

In New York, I had pictured the train station in my mind as something maybe with four walls, but it was a brightly colored seat. I had also dreamed about food - but guess I'd need to wait a while longer. When I got to the next shelter I decided to stay there that night, I was by myself in the shelter (just me and the mice). I could hear cows mooing so it must be time for them to be milked. I finally fell asleep around midnight and was rudely awakened with a bright light shining in my face. I thought I was dreaming, but instinctively reached for my mace. The fellow said he was the caretaker checking the place - at 1:00 AM!! I did not let go of my mace and was ready to fire. In fact, he really



was the caretaker. Lucky for him! I was not sure if I was dreaming or not. He was a nice guy and gave me food and Gatorade. The cows were still singing away as though practicing for a cow rock band. Needless to say, I did not get much sleep that night.

Another day, I found myself in the middle of a Balance Bar Challenge. I heard someone coming up behind me fairly fast. When I turned around I saw that he had a number on. I wasn't sure if I should cheer him on or join him. I cheered him on and along came 3 others each explaining what they were doing all the while moving right along. I had seen these Challenges on TV, but now I was in the middle of one, how exciting. Giving me the feeling of being part of the Balance Bar Challenge got my adrenalin going as if I was racing, my hiking pace quicken too, I actually did more miles that day than planned.

In New Jersey, my feet were flying and this is where I did my first 27-mile day. The views were gorgeous with water snaking all around. When I crossed the southbound bridge at dusk, the bridge was moving under my feet. The car headlights seemed to be heading right for me at incredible speeds. I was on the sidewalk but not feeling really confident about it. When tractor-trailers went by I held on for dear life as not only did the bridge sink down, but also the wind threatened to blow me right off the bridge. I came close to losing my Pooh hat but managed to keep it. Actually, I enjoyed crossing the bridge, a bit of a thrill.

After crossing the bridge into Pennsylvania, I saw a mama bear and two healthy cubs, my first sighting of bears so far. This is the land of rocks, or as I called it, Blister City. I'm sure that little gnomes come out in the middle of the night to overturn rocks to make them official ankle twisters plus a few loose ones just to keep you sharp. At the halfway mark I was just leaving the trail and found a big pack of Trail Magic. (Trail magic is when someone leaves something for us hikers, somewhere on the trail, and it always puts a smile on us hikers)

I really pigged out on it, blessed those that put it there. I hurried along, as I knew I was only minutes away from the halfway point and my feet were itching to get there. I even kissed and hugged the sign because I was so thrilled to be halfway. I did the little halfway dance and headed off to do the half-gallon challenge, but to my dismay, the store was closed. I did get my 1/2 gallon

challenge later with Ben & Jerry's, but did not get one of the really cool spoons, just a stomachache. But it was worth it!

I blinked my eyes and was through Maryland. The Cicadas (a bug that emerges every 17 years) were out in full force and their singing was ear piercing to say the least they were all over, hanging from trees, on the ground, for the most part they quieted down at night so you could at least sleep.

In Virginia I really had to hang on to my Pooh cap here. These were the most interesting states I had hiked so far as to weather. You could say that I had to fly by the seat on my pants! In the Shenandoah Valley I encountered two hurricanes and one tornado. The wind was blowing so hard that it was hard to put my feet where I planned to and the rain felt like pins and needles on my skin. Having shorts on did not offer much protection for my legs. My feet were so wet they looked like dried up prunes.

In Tennessee, after I have been on the trail for weeks, I develop two hollow legs; I just couldn't seem to fill myself up. If you are hiking in Tennessee and see a sign that reads, "Please stop in and say Hi to Uncle Johnny", please do. It is a great place to stay and is right on the trail. They give you door-to-door service. I was dropped off at Pizza Plus and wolfed down 10 plates of pizza, plus the salad bar and dessert. I went to the grocery store AFTER eating because I knew I would have bought so much food that my backpack would have weighed more than me. I treated myself to a pint of ice cream but it was too tempting and was gone within 15 minutes after I left the store.

The Smoky Mountains are beautiful and the weather was pretty good as I hiked thru. There were a lot of rules to follow in the Smokies but I thoroughly enjoyed them. I met a fellow on the trail here who told me his name was Johnny Knoxville, which I assumed, was his trail name. After talking with him for a half hour I went into Gatlinburg and had a steak. Also saw a movie and saw previews of the "Dukes of Hazard" and recognized the fellow that I had met on the trail. It was actually Johnny Knoxville of the "Dukes of Hazard". He may have wondered why I was not awestruck and asking for his autograph. I apologize for not knowing who he was but I feel as though he was happy to be just a fellow hiker and get away from adoring fans. This makes 3 famous actors I have met on the trail.

Hiking in North Carolina made for a tough few days due to the extreme heat and humidity. One did not even have to move at all and were still soaking wet with perspiration. When I walked into the store at NOC (Nantahala Out Door Center, the trail went right through the middle of it) Rafting place a very nice lady stood there and fanned me. The air-conditioned store felt awesome! My day was made after I had a shower, a steak and some ice cream. Also got laundry done and it felt wonderful to have clean clothes again. I saw and heard lots of bears but seeing as my name is Pooh-Bear, I thought I would be fine. I saw one very big black bear with a shiny coat who took off like a bolt of lightning.

Fortunately for me, he was going away and I could hear him for quite a while going down the trail breaking branches on his way. It rained almost every afternoon and the wind blew so hard it appeared to me that trees were bowing down to greet me.

One night in Georgia, I had just got my tent up when the rain came down so hard there was water under my tent and I was hoping there were no

holes in the bottom of it. It felt like I had a waterbed. I sat in my 1.5 lb. tent with my head touching the top of the tent and it hurt. I looked out and saw hail the size of marbles piling up like snow.

Just before I reached the summit of Springer Mt. I ran into a group of volunteers who gave me grapes and a soda. That tasted so good! I was so excited to be reaching the summit of Springer Mt. that my feet hardly hit the ground. I whizzed right by two guys who were day hiking as though they were standing still. Then I was at the top with a tear in my eye so it was difficult to read the sign. I signed the journal and enjoyed the view. The fellows that I had passed arrived and took my picture. They wondered what I had eaten that day, thinking that if they ate the same thing that they could hike faster. We had a good laugh.

I spent the night in the shelter at the top. There were some hikers who were just starting out and already they were complaining about their heavy packs. I helped them wear out about 20 lbs, after teaching myself how to get my pack weight down to just under 10 lbs (no food or water), in my journey south. I headed down to Amicalola Falls feeling a little bit sad that my hike was almost over. I still had the final lap in Maine to do so anticipation of that cheered me up. When I got to the Stone Arch I felt somewhat overwhelmed at being around so many people after being in the woods for so long.

After a shower I went to the train station where more people were crowding around me, I felt a bit like a sardine. I left Georgia with a feeling of accomplishment. I was ahead of my schedule and looking forward to Maine and Mt. Katahdin.

As I had hiked most of the AT Southbound it felt strange to be going Northbound now. I entered the 100 Mile Wilderness in Maine, for my last and final section of the AT with a full belly and a full pack with 9 days supply of food in my pack. The trail was wet and muddy with slippery roots and the next thing I knew I was on my butt with a stinging pain. I ended up with a big tattoo on my butt of black blue and many other colors.

I continued on and, bam, I went down again! After hiking over 2,000 miles with no major problems, this was unbelievable! I slowed my pace and was fine. I was determined to have fun on this last stretch.

I enjoyed the few rock scrambles and did the 5.2 Loop into Gulf Hagas (The Little Grand Canyon) which was gorgeous. I would recommend to everyone to take the time to check it out. I walked from waterfall to waterfall and enjoyed it immensely. I spent the day there visiting with other hikers and enjoying all the waterfalls. A memorable day.

I noticed that many of the hikers had big heavy packs, but they would learn, as I had, to cut the weight and lighten the pack. I answered many questions from the experience I had gained about hiking on the trail.

At one of my campsites I stayed at a Cow Moose and her 2 calf's were only 8 feet away from me, boy was the Cow Moose big and the two calf's were of a light tan color, stayed right behind their mama.

Somewhere in the 100-mile wilderness, I was at one of the shelters just chitchatting with another hiker. When come to find out this Thru Hiker was just starting his hike southbound, but what took me by surprise is he lived about 2 miles away from me in Brimfield Massachusetts. I hiked 2,150 or so miles and met someone who lived in my town. What are the chances of that?

From the last section at Abol Bridge, I could see my destination and felt as though it was really real – I was going to finish! What a feeling! I camped right by the river after visiting the camp store to get food. Now I was entering Baxter State Park, the last chapter of my journey. There were beautiful waterfalls for miles and I slowed down to only 10 or so miles per day so that I could savor this stretch of my hike. There was such a feeling of relaxation and peace as I listened to the water babbling around rocks and washing its own course over the rocks making grooves in the rocks from years of moving over the same rocks. As I refill my water supply, the water is cold on my hands as it whizzes by tugging at my container. Drinking nice cold water on the trail is a plus in the hot summer months. What a grand finale!

I continued on to my campsite at Katahdin Springs Campground at the base of Mt. Katahdin ready to start for the summit the next day. I was camped right where the trail started.

It was a beautiful day as I started up the next morning passing a waterfall that was breathtaking. As I got above the tree line it was unbelievable. I could see where I had hiked yesterday. I continued on rock scrambling, which I love, until I came to a sign and I thought it was the end, but as I got closer I saw that we still had another mile to go. I followed the sign until I came to the end of my trek of 2,176 miles.

My eyes watered as I tried to read the final sign. I got my picture taken hugging the sign. It was a actually a dual celebration because, in climbing Mt. Katahdin, I also completed another goal of mine which I started 4 years ago which was to climb all of the 4,000 footers in New Hampshire, Vermont and Maine - a total of 67 mountains. I was so thrilled to have accomplished both of my goals.

My mom and dad encouraged me all the way and said they were there with me in spirit as I crested the top of Mt. Katahdin. Thanks to all who helped me along the way to complete my goal and to all the Trail Magic that somehow always appeared when least expected, but much needed.

What would I change? Not a thing - unless it might be to have started with a lighter pack. I learned a lot about myself on the trail and developed a deep love of God's country.

I met so many nice hikers and non-hikers along the AT. I even ran into some of them more than one time. There are so many names but I just do not have enough room put them in, but thanks to all of you for making my trip what it was. It was not only the views but also the people that I met along the way made this one of the best things that I have ever completed.

What's after this? My plan is to hike the Long Trail in Vermont, which runs from Canada south to the Massachusetts border, Route 2. There is so much to see on the trails that are impossible to see from a car.

My footprints may have disappeared from the Appalachian Trail, but I will always hold the miles I hiked close to my heart and cherish the memories. Memories that will never leave me.

~Jan Barlow (POOH-BEAR)

Upcoming Hikes:

Dec 2: Strawberry Banke Museum Candlelight Stroll

Event: Candlelight Stroll, Portsmouth, NH – Meet at Strawberry Banke at 3:30 pm.

Other Attractions: Marginal Way hiking in Ogunquit, ME & Outlet Shopping in Kittery, ME.

Lodging: Anchorage Inn & Suites, 417 Woodbury Ave., Portsmouth, NH (800) 370-8111 or (603) 431-8111

Rooms: King or 2DBL beds: \$76.99/night incl tax and Continental Breakfast. Mention you are with the "Goodhind Party" to get this rate.

For more information: Call Al Goodhind – 732-0978

Holiday Party – December 9th, 2006

This year's holiday party will be held at the Pueblo on the campus of Springfield College on Saturday, December 9, from 5:30 p.m. until 11:30 p.m. The party is free for members, and \$5.00 for each invited guest. Please sign up at the at the November meeting, by email: visco1@charter.net or by phone at (413) 547-2729. Everyone is requested to bring an appetizer, or side, or dessert so be ready to choose one when you sign up.

The club will provide the main courses. Last year was a huge success thanks to all of you who donated your time and cooking talents. We expect to have a great time this year with awards, slide show, dancing and entertainment. Dress casual.

-Ann Marie Visconti



Important Notice

The following memberships are up for renewal:

November Renewals:

Richard Albano
John Paul Boisvert
Marlene Cannon
Karen Charbonneau
Lynn Gebo
Richard Harris
Edward Laroche
Georgiana Lea
Stephen McGinty
Joanne Miller
Wendy Mitchell
Rebecca Proakis
Fred Riotte
Edward Welsh

December Renewals:

George Baker
Phyllis Dassatti
Dave Giese
Sandy Jurczyk
Frank Kamlowski
Malcolm Meltzer
David Pierrepont
Wayne Rodrigues
Paul Sonier
Hilary Stone
David Vibber
Lirong Wen

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 Wilderness Experiences
P.O. Box 265
Southwick, MA 01077

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

Snowshoe Rentals:

The club has snowshoes and backpacking tents available for rent at a nominal cost. The clubs screen house, trail maintenance tools, hand held radios, and in-step crampons are also available to club event leaders without fees. Contact Jack Leary (413) 562-0264, our Quartermaster, for help with rentals.

DIRECTIONS TO PVHC'S HOLIDAY PARTY

Saturday, December 9, from 5:30 p.m. until 11:30 p.m

The Pueblo - Springfield College, East Campus (701 Wilbraham Rd., Springfield, Ma)

From the East or West

Mass Pike Rt. 90, to Exit 6. Take 291 West for one mile to Exit 5 (East Springfield/Indian Orchard) Turn right onto route 20A, then immediately move into the left lane. Turn left at the first light onto Roosevelt Avenue. Proceed three miles to Alden Street and take a left. Proceed down Alden St. to first light and take a right at the light onto Wilbraham Rd. East Campus is the first driveway on the right. Follow driveway to parking lot.

From the North

Take Interstate 91 South to Interstate 291. Proceed four miles to Exit 5B, East Springfield/ Indian Orchard. Turn right at the end of the exit ramp onto Route 20A, then immediately move into the left lane. Turn left at the first light onto Roosevelt Avenue. Proceed three miles to Alden Street and take a left. Proceed down Alden St. to first light and take a right at the light onto Wilbraham Rd. East Campus is the first driveway on the right. Follow driveway to parking lot.

From the South

From CT take Interstate 91 North to Mass Exit 2, Route 83. Proceed on Route 83 to the second traffic light and turn right onto Sumner Avenue. After two miles, turn left onto Roosevelt Avenue. Continue through two traffic lights, then bear left at the stop sign. Half a mile after the stop sign, cross a bridge and turn right onto Alden Street. Proceed down Alden St. to first light and take a right at the light onto Wilbraham Rd. East Campus is the first driveway on the right. Follow driveway to parking lot.

Pioneer Valley Hiking Club Officers & Committees

Ann Marie Visconti, President (413) 547-2729
 Mike Carrier, Vice President (413) 331-0338
 Monica Gross, Secretary (413) 536-6611
 Mike Gross, Treasurer (413) 536-6611
 Scott Cook, Wilderness Experiences Unlimited
 Ray Tibbetts, Founder

Standing Committee Chairs

Hike Planning Coordinator: *Sue Forest & AnnMarie Visconti*
 Backpacking Coordinator: *Ed Laroche & Mike Rattelle*
 Trail Maintenance: *Ed Laroche & Rob Schechtman*
 Web Page Editor: *Dick Forrest*
 Email Correspondent: *Rob Schechtman*
 Email List: *John Klebes*
 Quartermaster: *Jack Leary*
 Bootprints Editor: *John Klebes*

Bootprints is a publication of the Pioneer Valley Hiking Club. Send your story contributions to the editor at: j.klebes@ieee.org (Email) or by USmail to John Klebes, P.O. Box 51385, Indian Orchard, MA 01151.

IMPORTANT NOTICES

- ❑ Next Club Meetings:
Dec 5, 2006, 7pm at **FBC**
Jan 2, 2007, 7pm at **FBC**
- ❑ Deadline for Submissions for next BootPrints is: Dec 20, 2006
- ❑ **PVHC Holiday Party**, Dec 9th
East Campus of Springfield College
(see inside for directions!)

FBC – First Baptist Church, West Springfield

*** Check out our web page at:

<http://www.geocities.com/pvhcweb>

Join the PVHC Email List by sending a message to: pvhc2000@hotmail.com

fold here



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