

BOOTPRINTS

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Mt. Isolation! – Richard Harris, Shari Cox, Tom Pederson, Alison Cook, and Bob Morgan (left to right), frozen in place at the summit. See the full story continued on page 2.

The Adi“rain”dacks

By Dick Forrest

I bought a copy of the Lake Placid News at the Noon Mark diner in Keene Valley for my wife, Sue. She found the New York State Department of Environmental Conservation (DEC) Search and Rescue Reports in this local newspaper. In the DEC reports, on Friday, June 30, 2006, there was a report of a lower leg injury near the summit of Algonquin Peak. The 53-year-old woman slowly limped down the trail, and when forest rangers met her, they escorted her out of the wilderness area. In another incident, it was reported that on Saturday, July 15, 2006, a 40-year-old New York City woman and her daughter were overdue from a hike on Wright Peak. A forest ranger was dispatched and located the subjects at approximately 11:30 p.m., and upon finding them, escorted them out of the woods.

Why do I mention these incidents? Well, we saw many things that people were doing wrong as we climbed up and down Algonquin Peak on Saturday, June 22nd.

{Adi“rain”dacks-cont’ on page 3}



“Unsuspecting hikers enjoying Osceola”

Oseola Hike

By Allison Cook

Relative Club newcomer Tom Pederson can be found making a call or two to other clubs after a weekend in the Whites that started with two separate motor vehicle accidents (car body damage only) and ended with a memorable struggle to get 4 people and hiking gear into Richard Harris’ Rav 4, already more than fully loaded with beach



with it, plus other items too numerous to mention. This was the result of a minor miscalculation in the car spotting process, and Richard’s unwillingness to photograph the proceedings is regrettable. Good thing he carries rope, tho.

Along the way we met a grand dame of hiking who beat us to the parking lot despite having twenty- plus years on us as well as two knee replacements and a fresh hip. A recent minor wood splitting injury didn’t slow her down either.

We caught up with her at Richard’s car, which is why there were 4 people headed back to the starting point of the hike to pick up the other cars. She mentioned in passing that a car key had been found between Osceola and East Osceola. This turned out to be mine, so we raced AAA back to the trailhead on Tripoli Road.

The grand lady’s Plan B had been to hike the 7 miles back to where her car was, so she was graciousness itself despite the various set-backs.

The hike itself was a beauty – gorgeous weather and views, nice breezes, no bugs. A tad steep in spots! We took a short side trip to Greeley Pond, which was a pretty spot and a good location for a dip if we’d been prepared.

I now have 4 new extra sets of keys and a key-hider, and we’re set for the next time!

Congratulations to Richard for bagging his 24th and 25th 4000 footers. Tom is off to a good start with 8. The car key is probably continuing to cause confusion among helpful hikers – hopefully it’ll rust soon, so people won’t picture some disaster unfolding below.

~Allison Cook



Tubing on the Deerfield River with Norm – July 15, 2006

| chairs, a baby crib and the Pampers to go

Congratulations!

Club Member Jan Barlow completed her section hike of the entire 2,174 mile Appalachian Trail, extending from Georgia to Maine, in July. This also signifies her completion of climbs of all 67 of the official peaks of the New England 4000 Footer Club. Congratulations Jan!



Traversing river crossings on the way to Mt. Isolation

Mt. Isolation

By Richard Harris

Mt. Isolation is aptly named – very isolated from any other 4,000 footer.

August 12th was another beautiful day in the White Mountains. Temperatures and humidity were comfortable and the sun was shining. So, five of us (Shari Cox, Alison Cook, Bob Morgan, Tom Pederson, and myself) trekked up to Mt. Isolation via Rocky Branch, Isolation, and Davis Path trails in quest of summiting another 4,000 footer. This was Shari's 47th! – One more to go. (The rest of us have summited 13 to 31 of these peaks.)

Knowing this would be a long hike (by our standards) as it involves 14.6 miles for the round trip and 3,600 feet of elevation gain to reach the summit, we set out on the trail at 7:45. The route to Mt. Isolation was quite enjoyable. Footing was generally good and the grades were easy with some moderate areas. Rock hopping through the bogs and streams that are supposed to be trails were a bit tiring. As we ascended toward the summit, we noticed the very different vegetative zones that were encountered.

We were pleased to find the infamous water crossings were tame on this day and relatively easy – no one fell in. Blowdowns were a bit of a challenge

(for me, as I managed to whack my head on 3 of them – leading Shari to yell “Richard, you are taller than you think”.)

After nearly 5 hours of hiking, we reached the summit at 12:35. Immediately we encountered very windy conditions. All of us suddenly reached for our packs to find

fleece or something warm to put on. Not quite the middle

of August and we felt we were in November. As everyone who has hiked in the Whites knows, always be prepared for changes in weather, this summit demonstrated that fact. After some of the necessary photo shots by Tom and Bob, Tom found a nice protected spot for our lunch spot. After a nice lunch (topped off with M&Ms supplied by Tom), we went back into the wind and had a final photo session.

Though windy, the views on the summit were gorgeous. Most of the time, Mt. Washington and the Southern Presidential were out of the clouds.



Shari and Alison bundled up as it is Winter in August

Trail traffic was quite busy as many people took advantage of the beautiful hiking conditions. We encountered a group of youth from Boston and New York City who were on a 21-day adventure camp, a number of other persons who were day hiking the trails and several backpackers were on the trail.

We descended summit and reached the cars before 6:00. A brief stop at the Pinkham Notch allowed some to clean up a bit and change some very sweaty and a bit dirty clothing. Shari and I maintained the club's standards by stopping for ice cream (at McDonald's in Gorham). We stopped in St. Johnsbury for dinner and then headed south for home.

It was a great day to be in the White Mountains. Tom informed us that he has never encountered rain in the Whites – Al, be sure he is on the Sampler.

~Richard Harris

Lake Wyola

A great time on Lake Wyola thanks to John Gorey and Celeste Ziemba! After a nice hike around the lake John invited all to join in a picnic coordinated by Celeste at his lake house. Boating, Kayaking, good food and good fun. Thanks John & Celeste!!!



Picnic on the green



Lake House from the Dock



Touring Wyola Lake

{Adi"rain"dacks--cont' from page 1}

Why do I mention these incidents? Well, we saw many things that people were doing wrong as we climbed up and down Algonquin Peak on Saturday, June 22nd.

We went with PVHC, ala Adirondack Annie (Ann Mundy), to the Adirondacks hoping to have perfect weather. Anne, prior to June 22, 2006, was batting a thousand (that's perfect) for good weather. We only really cared about Saturday, when we would definitely be climbing a mountain. Anne had been told: "It never rains on Ironman weekend." The online Weather Channel for Lake Placid on Friday said low 70's, cloudy and only a 10% chance of rain for Saturday. That would mean no sun, but overcast and cool -- perfect for hiking. Things were looking up.

But we were in the Adi"rain"dacks, as one ranger at the ADK LOJ told me years ago. When we started out early Saturday morning, a little before 7:30 a.m., it was cool and overcast, as promised. We were going to tackle the 2nd highest peak after Mt Marcy (New York States' high point) in the High Peaks region of the Adirondacks, called Algonquin Peak, and climb 4.3 miles over almost 3,000 feet of elevation gain to an elevation of 5115 feet above sea level.

Six of us, Mike Reed, Alison Cook, Kathy Damon, Ann Mundy, Sue Forrest and myself, Dick Forrest, started out together. It was soon evident that two groups formed, a hare group and a tortoise group. The hares, Mike, Alison and Kathy, hiked faster than the tortoises, Ann, Sue and I, so the hares left us in their dust. They also tackled Mt. Iroquois, beyond Algonquin Peak, with Boundary Peak between. The only time we saw them for the rest of the day was when they again passed us returning.

We were down to three. The ascent of Algonquin was hard, but nice. Some rock scrambles with our hands, but mostly rocks strewn in our path that we had to navigate through and around. Except for the scrambles, it was almost like going up and down a streambed all day.

Well, it rained in the Adi"rain"dacks when we got close to the top of the mountain. I didn't mind the ascent because it a relatively warm rain, even



"Adirondack Ann" and the group that braved the rain to see Sunny Sunday

on top of Algonquin Peak, though it was imperative to put on rain gear at that point with a cool wind blowing. Close to the top of the mountain I ran into Mike and Monica Gross, who had climbed Wright Peak, and then were coming down from the summit of Algonquin Peak. They decided not to go further along the ridge of mountains, which was in their original plans, due to the rain. Ann, Sue and I had earlier met them coming down from Wright Peak at the junction of the side trail to Wright Peak on our way up to Algonquin. They started out just behind us at the original trailhead and were also much faster hikers than we were.

I reached the top of the mountain and Sue and Ann followed shortly thereafter. It was hard to see them come up the trail in the fog and the rain. Ann took a couple of pictures on top, and we quickly proceeded to descend. It took us exactly 4 and ¼ hours up, and exactly 4 ¼ hours down, for 8 ½ hours of hiking. I know, that's pretty slow. The descent was the most difficult because of the wet rocks. Even though each of us had two hiking poles, we weren't always sure of our footing. So, in one sense, hiking poles slow you down, but in another sense, they take tremendous stress off your knees and ankles. From now on in my life, I will always intend to use hiking poles whenever I hike -- they helped immeasurably getting down the wet rocks.

A few comments about the people we saw coming up the trail that we were on: We saw parents leading their children in sandals coming up the trail in the rain. We saw several people hiking alone up

and down the trail. We saw several people hiking without water. We saw several people coming up the trail late in the day. We saw several people without rain gear. We saw several people without packs on. I was surprised when I met one blonde woman who was outwardly self-assured, hiking alone, and learned that she had no idea of the name of the mountain she was climbing. (I saw only one pet, a Springer Spaniel, on the trail with its owner. Thanks to the rain, there seemed to be plenty of water for the dog along the trail.)

What really surprises me is how unprepared many people are when they enter wilderness areas. The Adirondacks Park is one giant wilderness area. Fortunately, there are summit stewards and rangers around in the Adirondacks to help you and rescue you if you get into trouble, but as one summit steward said to us, "You can caution people, but they'll often go ahead and do it anyway."

So, the moral of the story is be prepared for rain in the Adi"rain"dacks, and just be prepared with, at least, the 10 essential items for hiking/backpacking (see www.geocities.com/pvhcweb/pdf-files/10essentials.pdf) so you, too, can survive in a wilderness area and lessen your chances of needing to be rescued.

~Dick Forrest



Blue Mosque (photos by Marcia Kelly)

Turkey for '06

By Marcia Kelly

This year four of us decided Turkey was the destination. I wanted to go because I have been to Greece many times and have seen the Turkish part of Cyprus. One year I sailed along the Turkish coast and could almost reach out and touch it. Three of the four of us had been to Greece and now wanted to see Turkey. So on June 1 we set out on an 18-day adventure.

After a long trip we were in Istanbul by Friday afternoon. Our hostel was tiny it seemed like 10 feet wide and there was a small circular staircase we could barely squeeze our luggage up – 2 of us to the 3rd floor. After a short rest we went out to see the area where we were staying. The famous Blue Mosque and St Sophia's were up the hill. We were a little bleary eyed and it seemed very hot. We had dinner at a charming open-air restaurant and it turned cool as we sat there. Lucie and Carla lasted longer and stayed for a nightcap.

The next day we opted for the Grand Bazaar to see what Turkish crafts were

available. It was very much like the Bazaar in Marrakesh winding in all different directions. Eventually we made our way down to the shoreline of the Bosphorus. And sat before we began exploring the other side. I convinced the others that we needed to try another area for dinner, it was a long walk, and eventually we arrived and a group of



Jeanne Shopping

Chinese tourists suggested a particular restaurant, which was an excellent choice. We were seated in a section that was all Turkish except us. The musicians came in and sat with the patrons who knew and sang the songs being played. It was a fun experience to see Turkish families out for an evening.

We headed back and I thought we should head in a more direct way to

catch the tram up to where we were staying. We headed down and soon were away from the crowds, it was much quieter, and we asked for direction and this man walked with us. I was a little ahead trying to scout out where we were headed. All of a sudden I heard Jeanne scream and heard running. I thought someone might have grabbed her backpack with money and passport. I ran back up and Jeanne was coming back up the hill. This guy had grabbed her two gold chains off her neck and run with Jeanne chasing after him and screaming. We had someone call 911 and so we had police cars and other passersby all trying to help us. The most helpful person was a Turkish woman who was a lawyer and had lived in London. She stayed with us until she put us in a taxi, which she negotiated for us.

After much debate about what to do Jeanne decided she wanted to report it to the police. It was close to midnight, very hot and humid and we were still jetlagged. The police station was in an old building cement floors, old plastic furniture, unappealing rooms, and police all around who did not speak English. Thank goodness for our Turkish lawyer. Without her we would have sat there all night. After some discussion they took us upstairs to look at mug shots on a computer; we must have looked at thousands. We were so shell-shocked we could not react.

We went downstairs and they brought Jeanne into a room that had several things happening at once. The rest of us were in an entry room that also had a lot of activity. They brought two Turks in for questioning regarding possible theft. It was a small room and we could hear a lot of noise –yelling and banging around. When they finally came out there were at least 20 police that had been in there. Later a Canadian came in. He had been out with some Turkish friends and as they were leaving a restaurant he had his wallet with all his cash and credit cards stolen. Finally we were finished and could get back to our hotel for some sleep. As we left there must have



Overlooking KAS

been at least 50 police standing around. Jeanne remarked that they must have all been protecting the station from crime not the tourists. We later heard there were several muggings that night as well as two murders.

The next day we opted for something more relaxing and so took a cruise on the Bosphorus. It was relaxing and we sailed up the European side and down the Asian side. We picked a boat that had a guide who explained some of what buildings we were seeing and at the outer edge of Istanbul were mansions for some of the Turkish people to have waterfront homes, several of them also had private pools alongside.

The next day we flew to Dalaman where we met the rest of our hiking group. Our flight left early enough so we missed breakfast. This little tiny hostel that cost us ~\$20/night. The two men who slept on the hard benches during the night made us coffee and went out to a bakery and brought us back a bag of hot pastries fresh out of the oven. Even though this hostel was too small they were friendly and helpful with all of our concerns. Lonely Planet should definitely keep this one in.

We had time to wait so went in to the town of Dalaman. The sea was another 20 min but the town was full of British expatriates. The prices were written in pounds and it was easy to see the restaurants catered to English tastes. We went back out to the airport to meet

up with the British contingent for the hiking part of our holiday. Our guide Sadik was also there to greet us. We took a bus down to Kas and it went along the sea, which gave us gorgeous views. We arrived at our hotel, which was up the hill from most of the town. A walk we became very familiar with over the week. The hotel was lovely. A pool as you walked in and beyond different levels of seating amongst the rocks and trees. This is where we had breakfast and our first and last nights dinner and relaxed here when we had the opportunity.

One custom very difficult to get used to was the Turkish love and abundance of Nescafe Instant Coffee. Our choice in the morning was either tea or Nescafe. Lucie in particular was always on a quest for real coffee, which was extremely difficult to find.

The combination of beautiful scenery and numerous ancient sites makes the south coast of Turkey the perfect place for some fine coastal and inland walking. Our base for the week was the charming little town

of Kas, which has a wide range of restaurants and a lively harbor. Our walks, cultural excursion and optional activities were designed to be flexible to suit the interests of the group, but all had a variety of stunning views. For cultural interest we can visit the famous sunken city of Kekova supposedly by sea kayaks but the wind was too strong so we took a local boat. We saw the remains of the Lycian city of Arycanda (unquestionably the most spectacularly-situated site in all of southern Turkey), as well as the ruins near to Kas. For the active there was also the chance to go scuba diving (May to October), or take a cruise aboard a gulet (local Turkish boat), which takes us over the clear blue waters for which this enchanting area of Turkey is renowned.

Our first day's hike started thru the town to acquaint us with it. On past the sea front, hotel and restaurants and around through olive groves to a beach restaurant where we had a lovely lunch and some of us a swim. It was cool and the sea wasn't really warm but it was similar to Greece. The cool wind was unusual for June. Most evenings we wore a light jacket... we took a water taxi back to the town where we had time to wander and stop at the pool before dinner. Most evenings we had dinner together and lingered on in the town much later. The hotel was not large and most evenings the hotel staff would join us also.

The day we went up to



Sailing the Mediterranean



View from Capadocia Hotel Room

Arycanda we had lunch at the caretaker's house prepared by his wife. That night the bus drivers' wife prepared a wonderful dinner and they took us up to their house. They had two sons who were outside playing most of the time. Both women did not work outside the home. In the evening as we sat there relaxing after dinner the men helped put away the food and all the clean up. This wife was bareheaded throughout the evening but she had a new scarf she was trying on later so we assume she may wear one when she goes out.



Fire at Chimera

Our last hike started up in the hills and brought us to a site overlooking the town. The views here were spectacular. We had our last dinner with the group around the pool at the hotel. There were 13 of us, 1 man. Our guide was flustered and said he had never had mainly women before. Most evenings we had a group dinner and always seemed to be at the same place later. You walked in a doorway to the pub but it was an outside area so you sat amidst the trees and flowers. We learned to drink raki, which is a licorice based drink that you add water to and it becomes foggy in appearance.

The eighth day the Brits left to fly back to England and we continued on our trip down to Olympos. John Klebes had originally found this on the Internet and is known for its tree houses, which are sort of a myth. Very few actually stay in them but in little shacks on the ground that includes a bathroom. Ours was lovely with sitting areas all around where you could relax and read a good book. We paid about \$16pp and it included

breakfast and dinner. Coffee (Nescafe) and tea were available all day. The beach there was even more beautiful than Kas. One evening we went to Chimera.

The Chimera also known as Yanartas or burning rock is a cluster of flames that blaze spontaneously from the slopes of Mt Olympos. In legend this is where a mythical beast, part lion, part goat and part dragon still breathes fire beneath the rock. This is said to be the source of the Olympic flame.

It is worthwhile to read the whole legend and an absolute must to visit especially in the evening when after a 20 minute walk up the wooded mountainside you can enjoy the flames and soak up the atmosphere of this unique and ancient place.

Jeanne had convinced us the other place we should not miss was Cappadocia. And somehow we got talked

into taking a bus from Antalya @ 5PM and arriving the next morning and 8:30 and spending the day walking around the rocks with a guide. Our cave hotel that night was a welcome retreat.

Extraordinarily spectacular, like a lost world with a searing brilliance of color - the landscape of Cappadocia is be-fitting of a fairy tale complete with 'fairy chimneys.'

Millions of years ago lava and volcanic ash from the now extinct volcanoes Erciyes, Hasandagi and Golludag, covered the plateau with tuff, creating a malleable medium for Mother Nature's artistry. Her wind, rain and floodwaters have gently sculpted the area creating unforgettable valleys, magical cone-shaped monoliths, and a landscape that almost defies description.

Humans have added their touch to the landscape as well. Beginning in the 2nd century BC, Christians fleeing

persecution carved small, defensible refuges, high up in the rocks of hard-to-find valleys and gorges. A very positive crowd of early hermits, they dug monasteries and churches and completed their work with heavenly frescoes of Jesus and stories from the Bible. Others who added their touch to the landscape included the Hittites, Phrygians, Medes, Persians, Romans, Seljuks and the Ottomans.

There are countless monasteries, chapels, churches, dwellings and pigeon lofts carved into the Cappadocian landscape as well as 37 known subterranean cities, one (Derinkuyu) is more than 8 stories deep!

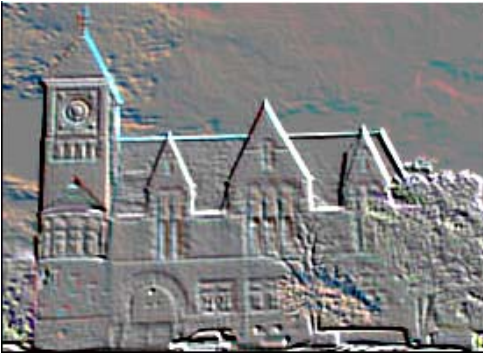
We spent two days walking through and in some of the caves and saw only a small part. The winds still whip across and it is hot. We met Canadians, Columbians, Japanese and even some Turkish were here to see the sights. The food was a little different but still delicious. That night the hotel proprietor cooked us shish kebab on the patio with a view of a towering mosque lit up

We flew back to Istanbul for one last day and with sadness at ending this holiday headed home at 3:30 in the morning. Lucie Devries, Jeanne Tsatsos, Carla Lecompte and I all felt this had been a wonderful trip. The Turkish people were wonderful and friendly and sometimes went out of their way to be helpful.

~Marcia Kelly



Last Day in Turkey



"Streets of Amherst" completed.

By Marcia Kelly

We started September 14, 2005 and finished Aug 9, 2006. There are 150 miles of streets in Amherst with many cul-de-sacs and dead ends so we walked a total of about 240 miles. I kept track with a street map and a street listing from the town engineer. We cancelled once in July due to weather-heavy rainstorm. We had up to 14 people and the average was 5. Once I walked alone and a few times it was just Lucie and me. George Baker joined us in December. We had help from many others over the year. Biggest numbers were in the winter months when it was cold and dark and as the days got longer and lighter we had more sidewalks to walk on.

We had barking dogs but never one that attempted to assault us. Several people would remark on this group of adults walking in their neighborhood and wanted to know what we were doing. On more than one occasion we had to ask where we were particularly in neighborhoods that the streets did not follow a pattern... We enjoyed seeing the different architectural styles and ages of houses. The fall foliage was beautiful as was the snow lit scenes during the winter. Often with the snow we did not need flashlights other than to let oncoming cars know we were there. I had a red parka with reflective tape and Ruth Wade often wore a bright lime yellow vest to be more readily seen. As spring came we marveled at the beautiful gardens. Somehow we became guardians of cars, shutting doors left open and turning out car lights.

As I write this tonight we are having a picnic at Ruth's house beside the pond to celebrate completing all the

streets of Amherst. And of course the picnic was a lavish affair in the beautiful pond setting with a waterfall trickling by. We had shrimp, sushi, crab cakes chicken curry salad, hearts of palm with shrimp and avocado. In addition to everything Ruth provided, she also made a pasta dish that was gluten free and to celebrate in style we had some champagne.

For the coming year we may take on the streets of Northampton because there are such a variety of great restaurants. Please let me know if anyone would be interested in this. We usually walk 1&1/2 to 2hrs and then have dinner.

~Marcia Kelly

RESTORING DWR (Durable Water Repellent)

Many of us have rain jackets and garments that have a waterproof coatings that allow moisture to vent while keeping rain out. As the material get dirty, ages, and starts to wear out the DWR, or Durable Water Repellent Coating, does not work as it did when new. We feel wet and clammy on the inside and rainwater appears to soak right into the material. Given the expense of some of these high tech rain jackets I'm sure you have wondered if there is something you can do to extend the life. I'd like to share the following email information sent to me by Red Ledge, the maker of my rain Jacket, in response to my request for help in fixing this problem. It just might help you get a few more years out of that vital piece of hiking apparel! ~John Klebes

When a fabric's DWR (Durable Water Repellent) fails, many people perceive the fabric to leak or not breath. Wetting out can make you feel damp and clammy due to the conductive and evaporative heat loss from the body to the garment. Wet-out can cause condensation to form inside the garment, therefore causing you to get wet. Below is a list of simple steps to follow when water no longer beads on your garment.

Washing:

- 1.) Wash the garment in the gentle cycle with warm water, and WITHOUT detergent. DO NOT use fabric softeners as they can do further damage to DWR.
- 2.) Tumble dry on low to medium heat for about 45 minutes. (Some garments will

specifically state on the care content label to only line dry, in this case, DO NOT tumble dry.)

Washing Heavily Soiled Garments:

- 1.) Spot clean heavily soiled areas.
- 2.) Wash the garment in the gentle cycle with warm water, and we recommend using a non-detergent soap, like Revivex Brand High Tech Fabric Cleaner (www.McNETT.com). If you do choose to use a cleaning detergent use only a powdered detergent. DO NOT use a liquid detergent, as they contain emulsifiers which can do further damage to DWR. DO NOT use fabric softeners as they too can have ill effects on DWR.
- 3.) Tumble dry on low to medium heat for about 45 minutes. (Some garments will specifically state on the care content label to only line dry, in this case, DO NOT tumble dry.)

In most cases washing will be enough to remedy any temporary failure in DWR. However, after extended use in extreme conditions you may experience a permanent failure in DWR. Below is a list of simple steps to follow when permanent failure occurs.

- 1.) Wash the garment following the instructions listed above.
- 2.) Treat with a product designed to restore the DWR. We recommend Revivex Brand Wash-In Water Repellent (www.McNETT.com). Follow the directions of use listed on the product of your choice.
- 3.) The use of a spray-on DWR is not necessary but it can further increase the effectiveness of the DWR restoring treatment. We recommend Revivex Brand Water Repellent for Outerwear (www.McNETT.com). Follow the directions of use listed on the product of your choice.
- 4.) Maintain the DWR by cleaning your garment. A clean garment performs best and keeping it that way will extend the life of the new DWR finish.

Upcoming Hikes:

Sept 16: Saturday Hike & Swim - Pinehurst Lake Hike

Hike six flat miles in a private lake reserve in West Hartland, CT. Bring lunch, liquids and bathing suit, towel for after the hike. Meet at 8:45 am at the Gristmill Plaza on corner of Rt. 57 & 10/202 in Southwick, MA to car pool. Destination is 45 minutes from Southwick. Rail cancels.

Arline Ely 788-7278

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



The “Where’s Norm!” News Column

For safer hiking, use trekking poles

Norm Plante passed on a newspaper clipping, by Marilynn Preston, encouraging the use of trekking poles.

“A few years ago, I started hiking up and down hills using trekking poles – also called hiking sticks – and now I’m convinced they’re the greatest invention since the fanny pack. Poles give you leverage when you’re climbing up and great stability when you’re climbing down. They improve your balance, lighten the load on your knees and exercise your upper body in a way that pole-free hiking never can. If you think hiking with poles is just for sissies, get over it.”
(Excerpt from M. Preston, Sunday Republican, June 18, 2006)

Certainly good advise and well worth it to protect your knees! And even better they help with those pesky “stream crossing” that seem to appear when ever a certain someone leads a hike. Marilynn also talks about the new high tech poles that have replaced the wooden sticks of old with features such as adjustable length, ergonomic grips, and shock absorbing springs but even an old pair of kids’ ski poles will do the job.

Orthopedic Products for Women

Buried in the same newspaper column that Norm Plante passed on about hiking poles was a column introducing new products from a company called Wellgate for Women. Founded by CEO Sam Branunstein, (a mother of three who grew up with chronic knee pain and competes in triathlons with a knee brace) Wellgate for Women has created a new line of orthopedic support products (knee supports, wrist supports, ankle supports, etc.) designed exclusively for the female anatomy.

I checked out Wellgates’ website and thought this might be of interest to club members: (www.wellgateproducts.com) Products will be available shortly from retail stores or available now over the Internet at Walgreens.com. And no, I don’t know if they work nor do I get a commission!

Happy Hiking, John Klebes

Bridge over Troubled Waters

By John Klebes

Norm Plante asked me to pass on some news he thought might make for an improvement in one of my famous hikes from a few years ago. Plans are in the works for a 100-foot long \$55,000 two-span bridge on the Mohawk-Mahican Trail. This spot should be familiar to many as it is the location of my famous “cold-water” stream crossing. (Honest, the trail notes I have say there already “was” a bridge there!) Perhaps, by next year, a footbridge over the South River will eliminate the stream crossing between Deerfield and Shelburne Falls. If all goes well perhaps we shall plan a repeat hike in the late spring of 2007.

Important Notice

The following memberships are up for renewal:

September Renewals:

Harris Barnard
Mary Barnum
Joyce Berg
Shari Cox
Lucie Devries
Dick & Sue Forrest
Steve Fraton
AnnMarie Higgins
Bryarly Lehmann
Donald Leis
Laurie Mahoney
Kevin & Judy Mealey
Sheila Messer
Bill Nickerson
Thomas Pedersen
John Rothery
Karen Siemering
Margaret Trombley

October Renewals:

Deborah Alberghini
Ron Archambault
Dennis Bergeron
Dona Burdick
Beth Case
Tony Feato
Donna Fleury
Suzanne Garber
Barbara Graf
Kenneth & Joanne Lamothe
Al & Martha Roman
Peggy Sullivan
Elaine Tryjankowski
Sue Ziff

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)



Steve Fratoni and Nancy Pickett on Mt. Jo, July 22
(photo contributed by Steve Fratoni)



Sachem's Head on the return from Poet's Seat Tower with Norm, March 18 (photo contributed by Steve Fratoni)



Mt Holyoke concert hike with Marsha, July 6
(photo contributed by Steve Fratoni)

PVHC Annual Picnic

The Annual PVHC picnic will be held this year at Nonotuck park in Easthampton, MA on Sunday Sept 17th at noon. Free to members and a \$5.00 fee for guests. It will be held at Pavilion #4. We decided to try a new park this year. There are softball fields, a beach sand volleyball court, three bocce courts, nature trails, a water spray park and playgrounds. It will be the perfect time to socialize with your fellow club members. It will be a \$3 vehicle entrance fee. Hamburgers, hotdogs veggie burgers, corn on the cob and salmon will be provided. Please bring a side dish or dessert to share. Also we need ideas for games and other amusements.

DIRECTIONS: From route 91. Exit 17B. Rte. 141 West. Take Rt 141 west toward downtown Easthampton, after the pond, take Williston Avenue (there are signs pointing to Easthampton High School) you will pass by the high school. The road takes a sharp right turn and the name changes to Lownds Avenue. Follow Lownds, there is a gate abruptly across the road, this gate is the entrance to Nonotuck Park. The Road here changes in name to Daley Field Road. (there is a \$3.00 per vehicle parking fee)

Call Mike and Gail Carrier for details (413)331-0338
Hope to see y'all there!



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:
 Oct 3, 2006, 7pm at **FBC**
 Nov 7, 2006, 7pm at **FBC**
- ❑ Deadline for Submissions for next BootPrints is: Oct 27, 2006
- ❑ **PVHC Summer Picnic**, Sept 17th
 Nonotuck Park, Easthampton, MA
(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

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