

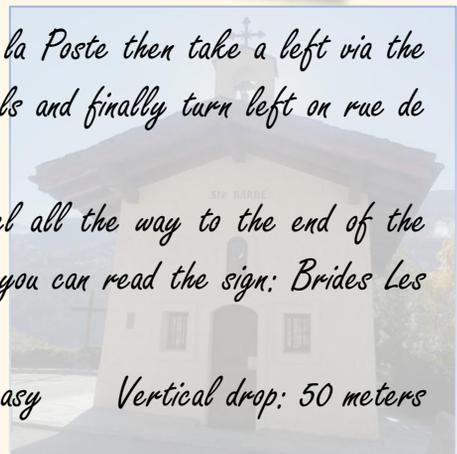
# The Vinyards Trail in Autumn



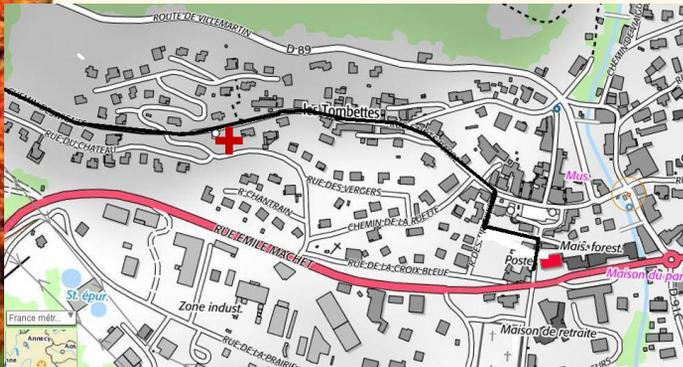
*Start : from the township hall, walk up rue de la Poste then take a left via the Place des Tilleuls, turn right on rue des Tilleuls and finally turn left on rue de Sainte Barbe.*

*Description : walk by the Sainte Barbe Chapel all the way to the end of the paved road. Start hiking on the dirt road when you can read the sign: Brides Les Bains and Montagny.*

*Route: round trip 1h30    Level of difficulty: easy    Vertical drop: 50 meters*



+ The Sainte Barbe Chapel



*It's the perfect place for green lizards. We were lucky to see one as we hiked the vinyards trail (see the picture on the right).*



A green lizard

*We have noticed that some of the stone walls along the trail start falling apart here and there (see the picture on the right). You may also encounter vipers on the rocky slopes. Watch out!*



The stone walls start falling apart

## *What we discovered on this trail...*

People visiting our valley are often surprised to discover vineyards up in the mountains. We have tried to find explanations and we learned that they grow in Tarentaise thanks to its warm and dry climate. It is an inner valley within the Alps. It doesn't rain a lot and there is a warm wind coming from south called "foehn". The sun beams directly hit the slopes on the southern side of the valley. Those southern slopes have been exploited for centuries to produce wine. The farmers who grew vines were not necessarily inhabitants of Bozel, they came from various other villages, sometimes even very remote hamlets. They didn't sell any wine because they didn't produce enough. It was only for their own consumption. We asked our grand parents and relatives about it. Our friend Hugo got a few elements from his grand father.



*Memories*

"Our family used to live in the village of Saint Bon on the northern side of the valley. We used to grow vines on the side on the southern slopes.

Farmers would walk from very remote villages to work in the vineyards and produce their wine.

My parents grew wine in this area until the nineteen seventies. We would walk on the vineyard trail to reach our parcel of vine. It would take us about two hours to walk from Le Freney, our hamlet, to the plot. We produced our own wine. The production was barely sufficient for our every day consumption."

*Hugo's grand parents*