The outfit of thirty people and chaperones finally got their wheels a turning a little after eight AM on Sat. morning, most of the group bouncing along in the Army 6-6 chartered for the occasion while the People's Leader carted the food in his own special jeep.

The truck was parked at the mouth of the canyon and everybody scrambled up the sand bars and bushes to the now-dry falls where this here party was to be held. The Illustrious Hero took his jeep over the top of the ridges and down the top of the canyon with the food to save carrying it, and incidentally had a right sporting trip of it. A farmer caught the outfit for trespassing but nothing developed of it.

Rappelling ropes were set up at the falls on the surrounding cliffs and new members began to wonder where they had been all these years while such things were going on. Some people say rappeling is better than riding a merrygoround, but I don't know about that.

The group ate a free meal on the club, consisting of cocoa, soup, hamburgers and nothing else, while watching other prospective members trying to vindicate themselves on the precipices.

In the afternoon more rappeling was taken on while Chaperone Hodgson led a few of the more attractive girls on an arduous hike and get lost trip through the bushes. Some people did not especially care for him after fight the brush for a time.

The group left the area about three in the afternoon.
LEWSTONE FALLS
PICNIC-1953

Menu - Bug Soup & Hogwash

Next stop's a Lunch!

Some Damn Fool making a Spectacle outa himself.
HIKE TO LAWN LAKE, ROCKY MOUNTAIN RAIL'Y PK. OCT. 4, 1953.

After a considerable delay due to lost women, the group pulled away in sections around seven thirty Sunday morning. Bright blue skies promised a lilly-dozer of a day. After a long haul up Thompson canyon, the group convened momently at the Coffee Bar in Estes Park. Other delays, such as the Outing Director not being able to find his jeep, kept us from getting loosened up on the trail until about nine o'clock. A fast group, headed by Bob Stebbins, raised dust in the faces of the rest, including most of the posy pickers and other horticulturists. The last of the group chogied up the final grade to the lake about twelve thirty, just in time for lunch. Stebbins' group, after a short rest at the lake, was dragging up the ridgelets to the Saddle between Hagues and Fairchild, intent on climbing one of the two. The rest of the group cramped out on a small rise overlooking the partially drained lake. A couple of the more industrious members of the club clawed their way up the cliffs of Mummy Peak, directly in back of the lake.

The main body of the group returned in twos and threes down the trail about three o'clock, but the last stragglers never started from the lake until about four thirty and consequently arrived around six thirty, or almost dark. The Outing Director never did show up on the hike, due to the sinfull influence of a couple of women, who led them astray up the Trail Ridge road. A joto hike for the first one of the year.
Makin Dust

Mummy Mt. & Woman don't mix.

Cheesecake in Club Style.

Somebody always cleaning.
This trip started out to be a special one in the glorious history of the Hikers Club, as Oren Sealey of the Denver Post's Empire Magazine somehow got wind of the proposed trip and was interested in coming along in order to get pictures for a feature story on the climb by the Club. We met at the weird hour of seven o'clock in front of Ammons and were dispatched away by the illustrious Outing Director Robert Z. Morrowickchi.

We in the cars met at the turnoff to the rock after a number of stops and false turnoffs. Most of us walked in to the rock from a ranch a short distance off the main road, but the People's leader drove his jeep quite a ways further on a parallel cowpath system. Most of the group ate lunch after reaching the rock, although it was only eleven a.m. People were starting also to moan for water that they forgot to bring. The main group began climbing shortly afterward, in all, a party of twelve. The remainder of the group took up the satisfying pastime of flower collecting on the numerous rocks around the area.

Oren Sealy turned out to be a man not suited for the business of following us as he developed a game leg and was content to set up his outfit on a ledge quite a ways from the rock and take telescopic photographs of the group as they came over the top. The no good club historian made a feeble attempt to pick up other shots of the climb and the rappel in hopes that they might suffice.

The group returned in chunks of two and three down the hill to the cars, the last group getting down fairly late in the afternoon.
The Mystery Forts of New Mexico

The sturdy tower houses once sheltered the pioneers against a marauding enemy

By THOMAS B. LEASURE

STRIpped of an exciting past and all but forgotten, the tower houses of New Mexico which the Spaniards called torrones are adobe and sandstone remnants of a time when death and danger stalked the land.

The now-crumbling torrones were a vital part of the landscape in the century between 1750 and 1850 when pioneer families were often set upon by marauding bands of Apache, Comanche and Kiowa. Then, the round, thick-walled, two-storied structures dotted the fertile, mountain-rimmed Taos valley and offered shelter in time of attack. When the warning was sounded, settlers streamed in from the fields, hiding the livestock and herding women and children into the sturdy little buildings.

But that was a century ago. Today the torrones mean little in the age of the A-bomb which was hatched in nearby Los Alamos. One in Taos, its round stone tower still preserved, is being used as a storehouse. A bell-shaped torreon in El Prado, two miles north of Taos, is a chicken roost. There probably are others, possibly used for equally drab purposes.

Chickens now roost in this weather-worn, bell-shaped tower house located near El Prado, N. M.
Jim Hodgson on the subject of hanging in space... Out of the darkroom and into the hills... Coming: a color-pix tour...

Why do people bother to risk their necks climbing mountains when it's much more comfortable just to enjoy them from a safe, low, level place? We put that question to James G. Hodgson, director of libraries at Colorado A. & M., and a faculty adviser to the Hiking club (page 6).

Hodgson cogitated a bit, in the way of bookish people who like to climb mountains, and spoke as follows:

"Matter of fact, I'm getting to the age where I'd much rather sit back and watch somebody else do the really stiff climbing, but I can still remember my old feeling that, when there was something to get to the top of, I just had to get there.

"There's something exhilarating about climbing up the face of a rock, and there is a very considerable thrill to be had from coming down a rope over a long drop, particularly one which has a long free expanse like that on the Maiden.

"I suppose flyers get much the same feeling from being suspended in air in a very small plane. I crashed once in a three-motor Junkers in Italy back in 1929, and immediately afterwards flew in a small one-motored plane across the Apennines. There was something of the feeling of hanging in space on such a small plane that I have never felt since on any of the large liners which I prefer now.

"In a way that same feeling of being up in the blue comes to you from a rappel as it does from being in a plane way up in the sky. At least that is the way it feels to me. The fact that I am getting somewhat older, however, does make a considerable difference. I now get my greatest thrill out of watching someone else climb."

Amen.

The Cover
Photographer Phil Slattery, whose natural habitat is a darkroom, remarked he had never realized how heavy a 4x5 camera can be until he went on the expedition which resulted in today's cover photo. From the spot where he parked his car, Slattery hiked two solid hours, all uphill, until he reached the base of the Maiden. Fortunately he was able to sit down and rest, while the climbers clawed their way to the top, before setting up his equipment.

Empire's Slattery packs a 4x5

The homeward trek comes after thrilling rappel down 110-foot rope dangled from ledge above.
The Maiden is in sight (circle) as club members stop for roadside refreshments.

From this spot The Maiden looks more like a giant prehistoric lizard crawling from under great slabs of volcanic rock in some infernal region painted by Dante.

Then begins a two-hour walk to the base from which the climbers start the ascent.

The homeward trek comes after thrilling rappel down 110-foot rope dangled from ledge above.

At this point one slip of the foot could be disastrous. Note climber near summit.

Denver Post
Practice Peak
Colorado A. & M. Hiking club members call her The Maiden and she’s a stern teacher of mountain climbing techniques

By ROBERT W. FENWICK

SOUTH of Boulder, Colo., and visible from Eldorado Springs is a dramatic rocky upthrust known as “The Maiden.” Those who gaze upon it for the first time probably wonder to what lengths the imagination had to be stretched to arrive at the name.

Lined against the deep azure of western skies on a summer day, the spectacular mountain prominence more accurately resembles a monstrous, prehistoric lizard grinning over some secret inner delight.

The monster’s neck juts out from a base of volcanic rock at an elevation of roughly 8,000 feet, and rises approximately 250 feet to the tip of the head. It is up this scaly neck that the thirty-some members of the Colorado A. & M. Hiking club climb to test Alpine theory.

The going up is a tedious, skill-testing grind that experienced mountain climbers nevertheless term “not too difficult.” Coming down is relatively simple if you know how—and too quick, if you don’t.

The climbers gain the top of the monster’s brow, then claw their way down to a precarious position on one of its lips. A rope is fixed to a rock and a 110-foot descent is made in a matter of minutes, Mountain climbers call it rapping.

It’s a neat trick with enough thrills for any Sunday afternoon. First thing you’re hanging onto the rock edge of an overhanging precipice. The next instant you’re dangling in space, suspended only by a rope. Long moments later you’re back on the ground waiting to complete the descent on foot.

Club members leave the campus at Fort Collins at 7:30 a.m. on the day of the climb. They reach the jumping-off point about 9:30 a.m., in cars loaded with lunch, rope and mountain climbing gear. After that it’s a two-hour hike to the base of The Maiden where the traversing maneuver begins.

An experienced group can make the climb and descent in an hour. Beginners need more time because of time consumed in “belaying” across sheer areas. In the “belay” an experienced climber goes ahead and drives a piton or small steel stake into a crack in the rock wall. A carabiner, or stout steel ring, is fitted to the piton. Through this a rope is strung and dangled to climbers below. An expert climber can swing on the end of the rope to the next forward position where another piton may be fixed.

The Colorado A. & M. Hiking club members like The Maiden because of the opportunity it affords for using a wide variety of mountain climbing techniques. Actually the climb is not as dangerous as many that the stout-limbed climbing party makes each year. But it has the convenience of being accessible to Fort Collins for a one-day outing. Too, it is one of the most spectacular climbs in the state.

James G. Hodgson, director of libraries at the college and one of the club’s faculty advisers, says mountain climbing is a fascinating sport, exciting but exhilarating, too. There is one rule against over-exhaustion, he says: Never climb beyond 45 per cent of your capacity. That leaves a good margin for safety. How can one determine his capacity? Well, just don’t climb until you are worn out.

Sponsored by veteran climber Arthur F. Nodkowski, the club has produced many experts. One old-timer, Roy Murchison, Fort Collins insurance man, has contributed much to the skills of the climbing crew. Murchison has conquered all 52 of Colorado’s mountain peaks over 14,000 feet altitude. He still can out-climb anyone in the club, they say.

Just when does a man get too old to climb mountains? Murchison says he doesn’t know. He’s only “about 70.”

Photography by ORIN A. SEALY

Club members meet on the campus at Fort Collins at 7:30 a.m. to be briefed on day’s activities and prepare for big climb.

Climbers share transportation costs being collected by Bob Morrow, trip leader. Girl going with group is Carol Snyder.
MAIDEN TRIP
FALL 1953

Cars to Gemini

Just like Hollywood

A spectacular shot of Rock + climbers to be
HOME COMING CELEBRATIONS

OCT. 24, 1953

The Hikers Club decorated a window in the Clark's Bookstore for the fourth time in a row. The first place position was won last year by us and we were doing our darndedest retain that coveted lil check that comes with the honor. The theme of the decoration was 'Remember When', and the club committee chose the 'Flying Wedge' as the subordinate theme. The window exhibit was centralized around a green Aggie A with yellow wings to represent a flying wedge. The wedge was supposed to be moving down a field mowing down the other conference schools which were represented by pipecleaner figures with the school colors painted on them.

Somebody messed up and we only won second place instead of first, but the five dollard check still overbalanced the expenditures.
HIKE UP LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN-BUCKHORN CANYON  OCT. 31, 1953.

A small group met at Ammons Hall at the miserable hour of seven o'clock Saturday morning. No chaperone showed up so the hike was declared unofficial. As usual, the People's Leader was absent on other business so Wano the Wino followed the masses up the trail. Bob Stebbins drove one car the the other was a yaller jeep. We chogied up the canyon and turned off on the usual logging road to the trail head. A new logging road had been constructed up the small valley in which the trail went so the yaller jeep took the members up the the last sawdust pile. We hoofed it the rest of the way from there. The weather was clear and warm and for once the wind was not blowing so we all enjoyed the view and lunch on top. Some of the group hiked over to the other smaller summit and back for a slight exercise. We left the top about two-thirty in the afternoon and hiked back down to the jeep.

We crowded it down the canyon road, raising dust for miles around and scaring a number of people almost inot the ditch, but got home safely and early.
LOOKOUT MT
FALL 1953
An Intelligent Conversation

The Pile of Rocks

The Conqueror

Check Stefans~7
A monstrous sized group of thirteen pulled out of Ammons Hall a little after eight forty-five Sunday morning in two cars, both of them headed for Horsetooth mountain west of Fort Collins. As the route up the tortuous south ridge of the peak is somewhat inaccessible from the turkey ranch because the owners are sour on us, the expedition decided to scale the precipitous west slopes and face from Redstone Canyon. The advance group pioneered up the treacherous rapids of the Canyon while the main party toiled slowly behind in another car on the road.

As soon as the oxcarts were stopped everyone piled out and ran up the gullies and hogbacks to the mountain proper and began the final ascent. There were people doodling around in every chimney on the face and some of the less eager ones climbed up the back side and conquered the top. One person got hit by a rock, but she was not hurt bad as it hit her only on the head. Another member feel about --- a couple of feet and promptly joined the club of those who have had it. Most of the people got back in time to eat their lunch at the bottom.

Everybody straggled back to the cars in bunches and herds, the last coming in about five-thirty.
"Well, let's go back."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
HIKE TO MOUNT OLYMPUS

NOV. 14, 1953

The group left sometime in the morning either on Sat. or Sunday in a number of cars for Mount Olympus near Estes Park, or was it in Washington. They finally got there sometime between then and that evening and immediately or later started climbing on the rock face, or maybe they went up the back way. The groups were divided up parties, some of the students going in one, others in another, and the remaining in the last one. Some of the reached the top while others did not due to the hard climbing or too many women, either then or the night before. Rumors hath it that somebody fell a ways, but nobody knows whether he is still dead or not. They might ate their lunch on top or maybe they left it in the cars and had to hike down and get it later. It was a beautiful day unless it was snowing or maybe the wind was blowing. An exhilarating view of some peaks was had from the top of the pile of rocks—we still have not found out what peaks they were. We ran, skipped, hobbled, and rappelled down the precipitous face of the crag, gentling bouncing and gliding like a bubble or a balloon from one point to another till we piled into the bottom on the talus slope. It was night or the next morning by the time everybody got down, including some of the girls, and we then chogied back to Clancy's for one for the road.

One of the most satisfying hikes of the quarter
MOONLIGHT STEAKFRY TO THE PINON GROVE

NOV. 21 1953

Seems tho it had snowed about two feet just a couple of
days before an it was colder than a well-diggers toes in the
Klondike, but the unbelievably number of twenty-two persons
showed up after the Football game to attend this icebox party.
The brave and valiant met at Ammons Hall at five PM dressed for
a mighty cool time and went directly to the Pinon Grove north of
Fort Collins on the Laramie highway.

Everybody who was not chasing girls and having snowball
fights spent their time diligently preparing a deelicious supper
which was cooked over a smoldering campfire. The tangy odor of
of pine smoke together with the smell of sizzling hamburgers
just about drove everybody away from the fire but supper was fin-
ally conquered and forced down.

The rest of the evening was spent huddled around a
blazing campfire killing all the latest songs and burying the
older ones. Songs we knew were sang and even some we did not know
were also rendered for their fat. Everybody finally gave up try-
ing to mumble that their feet were NOT cold and returned to the
nice warm town of Fort Collins about ten o'clock.
The 1953 edition of the Hikers Club Houseparty held annually over the Thanksgiving vacation was held again at the bodacious Millars Idlewild Inn located downstream from Winter Park about two miles. Twenty-five of us arrived en masse from noon Wednesday to late that night after sliding and skidding down Berthoud Pass. The party was held at this place two years ago so the surroundings were not too unfamiliar to many of the members. Rudolph, the 200 pound St. Bernard was at the door to greet us with lots of slobber and tail wagging. Nothing important came off the first night as most of the time was spent splaying away the grub and people. Of course the People's Leader had a hell of a time explaining to the girls why they could not sleep anywhere except the girls dormitory room.

On Thursday, most of the crew went skiing at Berthoud Pass while the fees detail spent most of the day getting the sumptuous fare to cooking and baking. That evening, turkey, pumpkin pie, and all the trimmings were smeared out on the tables for the starving throng. Mr. and Mrs. Weber of the Physics Dept. lead the multitude in grace and then all bedlam broke loose as knives and coffee cups flew. Later that evening Doc Weber showed some short unedited movies that he had taken while in the Far East.

On Friday again a large number of the group went skiing at Berthoud while some (9) of the more ignorant and hardy souls went on a good jeep trip up the old railroad grade that preceded the Moffat Tunnel. After much digging, casing, and grinding of gears, the two jeeps made it to within a half mile of the Lopp tunnel. Two notable incidences occurred, one while one of the jeeps thought he was stuck and the crew were racking their heads for a new gimmick. The jeeps were lashed together with a cable parted by a sight foot tie as a bumper, but this didn't work too long. The other idiotic thing was the shoveling of a four foot wide cut through three feet of snow for a distance of about forty feet in order to churn through a cut. Most of the shoveling was done with snowshoes. It helps to be crazy. This night after supper of Pizza Pie, the owner, Dwight Miller, showed us slides of the surrounding country and old pictures of the railroad while it was in operation. This show went over big.

Saturday morning the chaperones and others, including Rudolph, were taken up the road to the railroad grade and a remnants of a old town named Arrow. Lots of pictures and snow was got by all concerned while visiting the old cemetery and other installations. The group returned down the old grade to the lodge in time for dinner. Most of the group sat around in the afternoon playing cards while some went ot Tabernash to inspect the freight yards and engines.

All Sunday morning was spent in cleaning up the lodge as part of the agreement, and after a good chili dinner, the last of the group got away from there about one-thirty.
"Man, dig that crazy housewife!"

"If he groels at you, just smash him one!"

1953 HOUSE PARTY - MILLER'S IDLEWILD INN

Gene Fulroott

Rod Currie

Dwight

Rudolph

Parsons
FALL QUARTER PLEDGE HIKE

DEC. 5, 1953

Eight pledges turned out for a pledge hike at one o'clock on a Saturday afternoon blasted by winds and flying snow even tho the sun was out and trying hard. There were only four active and one oph of them a girl so things did not look too rosy. We somehow got everyone in the car from passing the football and took off for the big bend in the Poudre. It was colder than moose feces on an Eskimo’s muckluck in the canyon, but the pledges weakly tied a butterfly around their waist and then tied into another lie with their ankle without a fight. We sent them up the ridge to get wood for a fire while we stayed in the warm car and ate potato chips. After a while they came back still tied together and loaded the gills with firewood. We gave them two matches and asked them to build a fire which they promptly did, even in the high wind. After everything was going good, we hot the fire should be put out properly, and told the chain gang to put water on the fire. They fell down to the river and brought back hunks of ice to melt on the heat. We then untied them and went back to Fort Collins to play the football game.

As the sides were slightly uneven (4-8) the pledges beat the actives by a score of 12-3 in a cool game.

That was the first pledge hike where the actives did not get beat up and mauled that I, the historian, can remember.
Hike and Ice Skating at Red Feather Lakes
Sunday, January 17, 1954

The Hikers club went ice skating and hiking at the ghost town of Red Feather Lakes. 15 hardy souls braved the weather, while the petunias stayed home in bed. While climbing, two people had the misfortune of ripping their pants and consequently had to spend the rest of the day skating backwards.

Everyone went over to the store near by to eat their lunch, but since the store keeper didn't appreciate this idea, the lunches were eaten in a shelter place near the cars.

On the way back one car broke down, but after shifting several passengers, everyone made it home safely.
Hike to Ypsilon Lake
January 23, 1950

One Saturday the Hikers club departed for Ypsilon Lake. Since there would be such a long walk to snow, those who had brought skis decided not to take them. Others who had snow shoes carried them with them. Quite a few made it to the top, but the unfortunates who had to walk did not make it even to the lake. The party who did not make it to the lake sat around a camp fire and then returned to the bottom, soon to be rejoined by the others.
Hike to Kelbornes Tetons
February 7, 1954

One Sunday, the Hikers club went to Kelbornes Tetons. Due to the fact that several hikers went off on their own select hike the day before, the group on this hike was small—only 6 people. As there was no chaperone and Susie and Beverly became the dates of the two Ebes and two Toms.

Since the route picked by the leader was too difficult for the two girls to climb, they sunbathed on a rock below. Two red faces were observed the next day.

On the way home the group stopped at an A&W place for a root beer.
Grace Carpenter
Siny rappel
Grey Rock
Hike to Gray Rock
February 14, 1954

One Sunday a small group of two girls and five boys went on an unofficial hike to Gray Rock. The two girls went on ahead and took the wrong trail so Jan and Don had to go after them and, after taking a cross country short cut, got them on the right trail. The other three boys went on ahead and climbed up the chimney and were eventually joined by the latecomers who had climbed up another.

Lunch was eaten in a sheltered place and afterwards some repelling practice was held. Because it was so windy it was decided to walk down the rock rather than repel. All reached the bottom safely, some had walked and some had run.
The 'Head' stealing Dr. Webber's wife

Man!!

What shall we do now?
Hikers club Banquet
February 27, 1954.

Saturday evening at 6:30 the hikers held their annual banquet in Armons hall. Gene Fuhlroot and Don Olson planned the menu which consisted of roast beef, potatoes, and peas. Susie Herring made apple pies for dessert. Bob Stebins was in charge of decorations. Tom Choate arranged for movies for entertainment. Myrna Jones was in charge of publicity. Those who were not on any committee cleaned up after the banquet.
Digestion

Come on, have some, it isn't that bad

4-eyes gives us a sly look
Anyone and tell a joke

Oh? What big teeth you have

Brandon never does get filled up
Put that cup down, damn you?

What do you see, Margorette?

Two goofy birds
Have you ever seen such a bored bunch?

And it has lace around the bottom.
Hike to Ranger Station
March 7, 1954

Sunday morning the hiker took a snowshoe and ski trip to the Ranger Station. As there was very little snow, several people came back with sore shoulders from carrying their skis all the way. Most people made it all the way to the Ranger Station and had their lunch up there and then took a nap. Those who didn't make it had their lunch halfway up and then slept till the others came down.
No pictures. The camera went swimming with Gracie.

"It never fails—I send out ninety-seven invitations to the Mountain Climbers Society, and you're the only one that shows up!"

Just like Registration
TRIP TO STONE MOUNTAIN
APRIL 3, 1954

As per frequently we got off late—at 9:00 AM. The morn shown bright and
warm—really a wonderful day.

Those attending the hike were: Georgia "Susie" Herring, Grace "Got Wet"
Carpenter, Carol "Sophisticated" Snider, Sandra "Aches and Pains" Patey, Beverly
"Man Catcher" Thornton, Jon "The Head" Hoefer, John "Muscles" Bragdon, Lloyd
"Lover" Gay, David "The Firebuilder" Warner and Don "Eye Spy" Olsen.

After much difficulty (we didn't know where we were going) and using the
cars as jeeps we found Stone Mountain. Upon looking at it we decided it was not
for us— that there were better rocks on the other side of the hill. We ended
up at Flatiron Power Plant approximately 15 miles west of Loveland.

We proceeded to journey up a small canyon south of the power plant and
did some rock scrambling and loafing in general. This place will hereafter be
known as the Shangri La of the Rockies.

After eating lunch and having our fortunes told by Sandra "Aches and Pains"
Patey, the "Head" decided to manufacture a Tyrolean traverse across the small
river. It seems as though Jon made the rappel to the bottom of the ravine with-
out much difficulty. Bragdon went down "Splash". The rappel point was over a
large pool of water and the only way one could reach the side was by swinging
to the other bank. Evidently Bragdon never learned how. Gracie was next.
Follow me now! Hence the nickname "Got Wet". Gracie hovered over the water
for a moment then "Splash". Now for those of you who know Gracie recognize that
she is pretty small (about half the height of a short-legged grasshopper); well,
she made it to the opposite shore O. K., however slightly inundated minus (that's
Gracie) her glasses.

After a search in the sub-zero, murky water by four gallant pearl divers
guess what? Yes, you guessed it. The glasses are still there.

After a brief dip into the deep with a all-female audience to cheer us on
we all arrived at the evident conclusion "To hell with the glasses" and started
home, tired, hungry, squashed (there being 10 of us in the car) and happily we
arrived home.
"Well, don't do it again—see!"

Contributed to M. Hikers Club by Grace Carpenter.
1954 Spring Quarter Hike Schedule

April 3-4 - Stone Mountain - Rock Climbing
10-11 - Winter Overnight
17-18 - Twin Sisters - Mountain Hiking
24-25 - Palisade Mountain - Rock Climbing
May 1-2 - Steak Fry - Poudre Canyon
8-9 - Twin Owls - Rock Climbing
15-16 - Haystack Mountain - Wyoming University
22-23 - Wild Basin - Overnight
29-30 - Long's Peak - Alpine Mountain climb

Hikers Club meetings are held every Monday at 5:00 p.m., West Lounge of the Student Union. You are welcome to attend.

Membership requirements are:
Attend two hikes, sign a pledge card, attend two more hikes, and then a pledge hike.

The club is divided into three sections:
Group 1 (made up of pledges and members who do not qualify for group 2); Group 2 (HIKIES: those who have passed a written test); Group 3 (Mountaineers, those who are in group 2 and have attended the required number of rock climbs and high mountain hikes). Requirements are listed in the new 1953 edition of the Hikers Handbook.

Sign-ups for every hike are on the Thursday before - 3 to 5:30 Main Lounge of the Union.
WINTER OVERNIGHT TO CUB LAKE
APRIL 10-11

Cub Lake lies in Rocky Mountain National Park. This was where the hikers club was destined to journey for the first of two overnight outings.

Our chaparone was Art Noskowiak, one of those rough and ready forestry pros and also our sponsor.

The morn dawned bright—another beautiful day. We arrived in Estes Park at 11:00am, received our fire permit and proceeded up Mill Creek with enough equipment for an Everest expedition. Yes, of course we carried our skis and snowshoes with the faint glimmer of hope that we would find that "Beloved White Stuff."

We found an old cabin just a jump from Mill Creek and stored our gear. The skiing was wonderful. The snowshoeing was excellent. One party went on to Bierstadt Lake.

Everyone got so hungry they were forced to face the hazards of a campfire.

The night ended with John Bragdon leading the outdoorsmen in a chorus of songs—some good others bad around the warmth of the glowing fireplace.

The next morning was beautiful—warm, sun shining—hardly a cloud in the sky. One party again struck out for Bierstat Lake—and one later on in the morning for Cub Lake. We were to pick them up on the road out of the park.

One group of bums sacked out all morning getting only enough energy to feed their faces and then pack up and start down toward the cars.

After picking up the ambitious party we cruised home without incident—er with one minor exception. It seems as tho we were exceeding the speed limit a mere 20 mph or so out of Estes Park and were "pinched" by the local constable for the dastardly crime of "reckless driving." Who was the driver? Gracie—the mascot of the hikers club.

We arrived home—with the thoughts that the outdoors is a wonderful place. We of the hikers club hope it is here to stay for a long time to come.
Hike to Twin Sisters

May 16, 1954

A group of about 11 or 12 people left Ammons at eight in the morn. We had a pleasant ride up the canyon and began the hike up to the top about 9:00. It was a cloudy day, but very warm. Snow balls were prevalent all the way. The boys went to the pump to get water, but it was not working yet. Near the top huge drifts of snow were still lying in the timber, but fortunately we were able to walk on top of them most of the way. We all arrived on top—starved, as usual, so we ate our lunches. Afterwards a period of repelling practice was held during which time the four new members learned to repel correctly while the old members practiced up. At three o'clock Jon decided it was time to return. Someone concocted a hair-brained idea to return cross country. All but three brave souls did just that. We hacked our way through a dense aspen grove which was an old burned area. We arrived at the cars quite awhile after the three who came down the trail.

The car ride home was uneventful, as usual, and we all arrived home in good shapes.

Mr. Hodgson came on this trip. However, he never arrived on top.

Susie Herring
Hiking and Climbing to Palisade Mountains
April 17, 1954

Everyone was set to go. Another beautiful morning for the club. At about
8:00am we left Ammona for Palisade Mountains which lie just north of the Loveland
Water Works Reservoir.

We arrived at our destination without incident.

We practiced our climbing techniques on a small exposure to get the newcomers
acquainted with our methods.

Later on we climbed up a small pinnacle arising to a point southwest of the
Palisades proper. Two parties were formed; one taking the easier "posy-picking
route" the other going vertically up the southwest face.

We ate lunch on top of the pinnacle. Afterward (the other party was still
progressing up the face) we set up a rappel and let the beginners have a try at it.
They did very good for their first time.

Party No. 1 went down to the cars at 1:30pm. Gracie had to "square up" with
the law in Estes Park, so three of the party decided to accompany her and offer
her their condolences on the way up.

Party No. 2 journeyed on up to the west Palisades after climbing the pinnacle
and returned to the car later on in the evening.

How did Gracie make out? It seems as tho those innocent green eyes were
capable of wrangling the judge down to a nominal figure of $8.00 which isn't bad
for maliciously violating the traffic laws of Colorado.

At any rate all present had a good time and returned to Fort Collins--intact.
Hike with Wyoming  May 14, 1954

Everyone met in front of the Campus Shop at eight o’clock. Benny drove so all six people went in his car. We stopped at the Mountain Marketeria to buy food since the club was to furnish it. Margaret bought some canned pop, and bread. Margaret is a connoisseur of fine foods. When this errand was completed we continued on our way to Virginia Dale. On the way we met a car which was from Laramie. We had a sneaking hunch that it was Wyoming’s Cuting Club. Our hunch proved to be more than correct when we arrived at Virginia Dale only to find no one who was awaiting our arrival. We stayed there for twenty minutes, and decided to drive back down the highway to another place we thought Wyoming might possibly be. Sure enough, they were there, and had been there for about thirty minutes. The Wyoming Hiker’s then got into their cars to continue toward our destination. As seems to be general with Hiker’s; all the girls got in one car, the boys into the other.

We then steamed up an extremely narrow, bumpy road. Everyone held his breath; hoping we would not meet anyone coming down. We met Jon and Lloyd later. They were out on a snow survey for the Soil Conservation Service. Since no one knew just where Haystack Mountain was we just drove until we found a good pile of rocks. Of course just as soon as we got out of the cars it began to rain and it continued to rain off and on all day. We climbed to the foot of the rock, each person carrying a small quantity of food. Jon arrived at the eating place with the potato salad, but... all the pickles numbering about twelve in all had suddenly disappeared!!

Everyone split up into groups of three and four to ascend the rock. In general A & M hiked with A & M and Wyoming with Wyoming. Afterwards everyone ate lunch. Margaret had made potato salad, but unfortunately she forgot to put any onions in it. Margaret is a connoisseur of fine foods. In spite of this, all the salad was consumed. A discussion was then held as to whether we should go back via Red Feather or return the same way we had come. We decided to go via Red Feather since Benny was about out of gas. We stopped for about ten minutes in Red Feather while Benny gassed up (big car). We then returned home by the Poudre and reached home just as the sun was setting.

Sara Fleming
Moonlight Steakfry—Fort Collins Recreational Area, Poudre Canyon
May 2, 1954
Chaparone—none, we left him at home

It was cold. Man, it was cold. To make it seem even colder Benny and Lennette had scrounged an open-air mechanical monstrosity up from somewhere and after cleaning the organic matter (manure) out of it we were ready to go.

After settling down to a nice bumpy, chilly (damn cold) ride we arrived at our destination. Awaiting us were 1 a beautiful picnic pavilion 2 inside, a huge fire place, and 3 firewood so... the next logical thing that struck us was to build a fire to cook our tube steaks, soup, chocolate, and marshmallows. The chocolate was so thin that Bragdon made the dastardly remark that the cook had forgotten the chocolate—that it looked more like the Poudre runoff.

Well, after cutting Bragdon up and feeding him to the fire for fuel, we ate our tasty meal minus his cutting remarks.

After gorging ourselves to full capacity of our digestive cavities we started to sing songs. Well, something that resembles singing anyway. At least everyone tried—let's face it, some of us were not musically inclined.

Around 9:30 the decision came down from the higher HQ that departure time was of that minute. As you know if you are a girl and better be finding out if you are a man that there is a certain schedule the dorms adhere quite readily to and must be satisfied—we left.

Fate dealt us a wicked blow. As we were rounding the turn to cross the bridge across the Poudre we struck a bridge abutment with the left hind dual wheel. The impact mortally disabled the truck. The driveshaft was dislocated, the hind wheels were facing upstream when we wanted to go downstream—figuratively speaking we were up a stream without a truck.

Jon "the head" Hoefer and Bob "obnoxious" Stebbins were the heroes of the night. They started upstream in search of a telephone. Instead they found a ride back to Fort Collins where they found transportation and started back to get the rest of the gang.

Meanwhile, the main body went back to the pavilion—sang songs, cracked jokes, told stories... some of us went to sleep. It was a mite cold for sleeping, however.
while it leaves the other to the mercy of Jack Frost.

At approximately 2:15 am our heroes returned to the area with the much needed rescue equipment—cars.

We had an uneventful time coming back to Fort Collins (slept) and arrived just a shade before the roosters started crowing.

Repercussions are still being felt. The big questions of the day are "Will the girls get Campused? Will the Hiker's Club be Campused? How will we get enough money to pay for the damage to the truck? Incidentally Benny and Rod had another blowout on the way down with another tire. Total damage—driveshaft replacement, two truck tires... Can Miss. Symms withstand the shock?"

Listen in next week for a detailed description of how we solved (or didn't solve) the problem.
May 8, 1954

Our float for the New College Days parade was a "cow of Ponderosa" and... "the Float"

The float passed the reviewing stand and from all indications the judges were happy. Our float was... "the Float"

The theme for College Days was "Cow Boy's Paradise". Early we started to put on the preliminary touches to the float. Hoefer had scrounged up one of the things needed. The theme was "Cow Boy's Paradise". Early we started to put on the preliminary touches to the float. Hoefer had scrounged up one of the things needed.

The procession passed along the cheering crowd. All went well. The truck didn't stop as expected; it didn't stop at any member of the school--the judges didn't pass out for nothing went wrong until... one of the great sagas of this time of the year was over: little that the little gassprinkles ever turned into the parade flyer.

Shortly afterwards things started shaping up and through the tedious efforts of half a dozen members; some of them with hammers in hand, ideas in their heads and suggestions on their tongues, we soon whipped out the most gorgeous float tax support of the little suffragettes. The effect of the impact thoroughly shook all of them that were in the immediate vicinity, not to mention a few of the bystanders. We had our float assembled. Rehearsals were still being held, but we were determined to do our best. We threw a glass of water--it was at one of the little suffragettes. The effect of the impact thoroughly shook all of them that were in the immediate vicinity, not to mention a few of the bystanders.

I will now go into a lengthy description of our float. It was so constructed to resemble a bar room scene. A large round walnut table set on the truck bed with chairs around it. A barrel stood nearby; four spitoons stood within easy reaching distance of all members. The bar was made out of select imported (from the forest) Pinus ponderosa. And... of all things over the bar... well, what usually hangs over the bar... of course, a picture of a nude woman painted by one of those 20th century geniuses J. F. Hoeferinski. Now for a slight revision of the last sentence; the woman was not completely nude for over all the strategic places were hung sprigs of Juniperous so that she would be attired correctly for the parade. Think a little more: a single sheet of paper, a combination of good taste and imagination; but as it passed by in the parade.

The parade was underway. The cast was already casting their performance. The barmaids (three) were playing their parts well. Well, at least realistically. The cowboys (two) were receiving drinks from the bartender at a terrific rate of speed. The drinks I might add were nothing but tea-water, but it was hard to convince the crowd that saw the parade that it was tea, but... you know how it is, everyone in the Hiker's Club has talent, including the bartender which had the ability to pass the drinks out as fast as anyone. (Passed out)
missed seeing our float for if they had they surely would have given us first prize. It was a miracle to me that none of the judges passed out if they did see the float but...that is beside the point.

The procession passed along the cheering crowd. All went well. The truck didn't stop as expected; it didn't run into any members of the onlookers; the judges didn't pass out; no sir nothing went wrong until...one of the great hazards of this time of the year was water pistols that the little gangstateers carry around and the barmaids were getting soaked. Corrective action was needed. One of the cowboys took the action whether it was correct or not. He threw a glass of whistle tea at one of the little ruffians. The effect of the impact thorly shook all of them that were in the immediate vicinity, not to mention a few of the onlookers who got their feet quenched. Repercussions are still being felt, but we can disregard them for our coordinator has very broad shoulders that can stand a tongue lashing from some of the officials of the school.

The float ended like it started. In other words it was a mess when it started and was a mess when it was torn down. It had, however, demonstrated just what good times that can be had by people working for a common end. And that was how the College Days Hiker's Club Float & all it stood for ended.

P. S. As you have probably guessed, we didn't win first prize... nor second...nor third... nor fourth...nor fifth...nor sixth...nor seventh... nor eighth... we just didn't have it in us.
Trip to Long's Peak
May 29, 1934

The day started early for us. The hands of the clock hinged on 3:10 am when we pulled away from Ammon's Hall. There were eleven of us -- eager, anxious to be gone and to arrive at our destination -- the summit of Long's Peak.

At 4:30 we signed our J. Henry's at the register at the start of the trail. The walk up the telephone line to the Boulder Field Shelter Cabin was a brisk one. It was very windy and as a result it was hard to attain a steady balance.

At 5:10 am every member had arrived at the Shelter Cabin and was ready for a whack at the summit. It was cold. The clatter of teeth could be heard issuing from every member. We fortified our stomachs with food and our faces with suntan ointment and set off for the summit.

The initial climb was done with the aid of ice-axes carving steps in the wind-packed snow. It steepened then to such extent that we roped together for safety. We split up into parties numbering 3, 4 and 3 in that order. After negotiating a rather precarious (a thin, spotty layer of ice and snow) section paralleling the cable route we took a rest before winding on up the route. There were a few tricky places where the snow lay over the rocks, but we arrived on the summit at 1:30 pm -- 5 hours after starting from the Boulder Field Shelter Cabin.

We hastily ate lunch at the top. It was windy and cold on the summit. An over-head cloud cover shrouded out the visibility.

A year-round inhabitant, a brown-furry woodchuck, lives on the summit. It seemed that he was very hungry -- stole Stebbin's cheese; Choate's glove, and just about made away with two packs. Really ravenous!

We roped in again and started down "Homestretch" following the fried-egg markers to the Keyhole.

We had with us one new climber. One of the best I've ever seen -- the woodchuck. Gads! What traction that fellow had. He followed us for quite awhile, but evidently stopped off somewhere to visit his girlfriend somewhere along the route.
It was an uneventful trip down to Boulder Field. Our mode of transportation for a good part of the way down was via "seat". Just like a giant slide.

Boulder Field came into view at 5:00pm. Without hesitation, for it was starting to snow, we started down the trail for home.

At 5:30pm we were all down—signed out at the register and started for home.

Since four of us were short of transportation we hitch-hiked into Estes with a Park Ranger. Our plan of action was then to hitch-hike onto Fort Collins. We just didn't have the talent. Well, anyway we made it home—tired, hungry, happy, and late—10:00pm.

All in all our trip to Long's was a huge success.
1955 Winter Quarter Hike Schedule

Jan. 8-9  Grey Rock Mtn. - Hiking and Rock Climbing
Jan. 15-16  Ice Skating at Red Feather Lakes
Jan. 22-23  Indian Range - High Mountain Hike
Jan. 29-30  Hidden Valley - Skiing
Feb. 5-6  Banquet -
Feb. 12-13  Mount Meeker - High Mountain Hike
Feb. 19-20  Open
Feb. 26-27  Hill Creek Ranger Station - Overnight Hike
March 5-6  Pledge Hike - Cross country to Devils Backbone

Hikers Club meetings are held every Monday at 5:00 p.m., West Lounge of the Student Union. You are welcome to attend.

Membership requirements are:
- Attend two hikes, sign a pledge card, attend two more hikes, and then a pledge hike.

The club is divided into three sections:
- Group 1 (made up of pledges and members who do not qualify for group 2);
- Group 2 (Hikers: those who have passed a written test);
- Group 3 (Mountaineers, those who are in group 2 and have attended the required number of rock climbs and high mountain hikes). Requirements are listed in the new 1953 edition of the Hikers Handbook.

Sign-ups for every hike are on the Thursday before - 3 to 5:30 Main Lounge of the Union.
Face of Long's Peak from Teleline

Chasm View in Winter

Self Explanatory
"What's he getting so standoffish about?"