Vice Presidents Corner
by Merle McDonald

Gudy is off trekking in Nepal so I will try to fill in for her in this issue of Tread Lines.

As I am sure most of you already know we had a very busy summer on the Colorado Trail with 19 week long construction crews and 5 weekenders. All planned work was accomplished except in a couple of areas. In one case the need was much greater than anticipated and the other a crew had an extremely high rate of cancellations. So what was accomplished?

The five weekend crews all worked on the north end of the Trail at various places between Waterton Canyon and Georgia. They were all to repair ware and tare and weathering.

The kind of improvements that make the CT much more pleasant to use, especially in sections that get heavy use.

The Swan River reroute is almost complete after six summers of strenuous trail building. Only a short section just above Horseshoe Gulch remains to be completed. I think we will be able to complete it with one or two crews early next summer. A lot of small stumps appear to be the main obstacles.

I had the opportunity to hike the whole reroute a couple of times this summer and in general it is in great condition. I was impressed with some rock retaining walls that were built some three or four years ago. Even though they were built by amateurs they are still in excellent condition and add immeasurably to the ambiance of the trail. It is a shame rock retaining walls are so labor intensive because I know of a lot of other places along the CT.

August Afternoon Tank 7 Camp
Presidents Corner continued

would make a big improvement.

In one area along the reroute about 300 yards of trail had been obliterated by a timber clear cut. However the Forest Service personnel advised me it would be corrected by the contractor by the first of September (92). Also on the north sides of both the Middle and the North Forks of the Swan the trail is a little hard to find. I think that can be corrected when we sign the section next summer. All in all it is a great 20 miles of trail to replace the dusty traffic laden Tiger Road. Judging from what we saw this summer it is going to get lots of mountain bike traffic and in the winter it should be good for x-country skiers. Since part of the reroute is along the top of a ridge between Keystone and Breckenridge ski areas one can get good panoramic views of both of them.

We had backpack crews in three different areas just west of Leadville. I haven’t heard a full report on those yet but I did hear they were quite strenuous.

There were four crews in four areas along the center portion of the Gunnison Spur. The three construction crews finished each of their areas but the maintenance crew found the older sections of the trail needed much more than a little cleaning. So we will probably need one or two maintenance crews for that section next summer.

Perhaps we will have better luck with getting someone to donate the use of three or four llamas for a couple of week? Do I hear any volunteers?

Continuing southwestward we had one crew near Windy Peak (about 50 miles southeast of Gunnison along the Continental Divide) doing Trail improvement. Previously the trail in that area had just appeared, it was not planned nor constructed. The new trail is much more comfortable to hike and now has some really neat overlooks of the Gunnison valley. There is one more section in that area that needs some work but that one will have to be serviced from a different base camp location.

Animas District (Durango) had three crews. Two crews were needed to install a bridge and it’s approaches across Cascade Creek. This was a pretty major project that required moving lots of rock. Even some drilling and blasting was required. Now hikers can cross Cascade with dry feet. I am anxious to get down there to look at their handiwork. The other crew did some trail improvement just north of Kennebeck Pass. In this area also the trail just materialized and was in need of some organization. In the past hikers spent a lot of time in this area wondering around trying to figure out where they were and which was the right trail. All of
that should be in the past now.

Did I hear somebody ask "What about next year?" Well it is still a little early to say for sure, but I will tell you what kind of planning is taking place. As I mentioned earlier we will need one or two crews to finish the Swan River Reroute. It (or they) will probably be Jeep-in (or high clearance drive-in) on the high ground between Horseshoe Gulch and Soda Creek. Not the fantastic views of Keystone 1&2 but a very pleasant area with much easier access.

If the routing of the Gunnison Spur across the Continental Divide can be resolved between the Leadville and the Taylor River Districts and a method of crossing the Taylor River is found we can look forward to about six crews in that area next summer. Also we can use a couple of week long maintenance crews to refurbish some older sections of the Spur.

Animas District would like to have about three crews to work on the trail between Kennebec Pass and Fassbinder Gulch. That section has some grades of 35% and it is narrow and rough and is continually receiving a fresh supply of loose rocks from the weathering process. It is a bit hazardous for a hiker coming down with a heavy pack. These crews will probably be drive-ins and as always have the excellent support from the Animas FSD.

Two other minor trail improvement projects are under discussion for next summer. One is to make several improvements on the trail in the vicinity of Mt. Yale. This section of the CT was constructed prior to WW II as the Main Range Trail. Time has taken its toll and it could use a bit of sprucing up. It would be a drive-in on North Cottonwood Creek. The other is a reroute of the trail west of Spring Creek Pass to take it off of about four miles of jeep track and go up and over Jurosa Mesa where the views are great. It should be a high clearance drive-in/Jeep-in depending on how much you are willing to abuse your car. There is a neat camp site there providing we get there before the sheep.

Undoubtedly some changes will be made before the schedule is finalized in January. But this should give you a good idea of what is to come next summer.
Colorado Trail Song

(Ed note: This song is essentially a Jody Chant or a soldiers marching song.)

I left a nice soft bed back home: for a place with room to roam!

No more traffic, as in old Pa., but just a palce for Elk to run and play.

We use a pulaski and McLoud; till our muscles, almost ache out loud.

Heidi, Heidi, Heidi, Ho! off to build some trail we go.

We build tread 24 to 48, Slope it back and take a break.

So goes the day in the beautiful Colo. sun, building trail and enjoy everyone.

Heidi, Heidi, Heidi, Ho! off to build some trail we go.

When the sun begins to drop, We head for camp and something hot.

We talk and eat, and have some fun, with new friends in the Colo. sun.

Heidi, Heidi, Heidi, Ho! off to build some trail we go.

1990
by Dick Hackman

Reunion Crew for Maintenance Section 13.1
(Camp Hale)

by Jim and Margarita Miller

We had a great get-together at Camp Hale starting Friday, June 19 and dribbling out June 25th with Harold and Bill holding out to the last.

Friday, the Sages, Laurences, R. & M. McKinneys, Taylors, Todds, Millers, John G. and Scott C. were joined by Marcie Guerrein (up from her Smokey the Cop assignment in Durango) in a margarita celebration of Margarita’s special pork green chili over taquitos- yum!

Saturday, we were joined by the Mesdaqs (young Michael Murphy is growing like a weed and looks good in his carrier, but still needs a little pulaski training) Plus Julie’s sister and family, plus more Sages than I could count, including their favorite granddaughter (and mine) Christa--plus Benson (dog or bear?). We managed to dine on Margarita’s brisket (Texas BBQ style) after placing the FBI/NASA memorial bench at the Cataract Creek waterfall. We were joined at our Camp Hale site by an “Executive” Outward Bound group. They arrived via vans to their pavilion tent with fancy grill for steaks and meals catered by Vail pros, plus professional entertainment. We understood they would leave at 6am to go river rafting, but they

X-FBI/NASA Adopt-A-Trail Maintenance Crew for Section 13.1 (Camp Hale)
actually left about 9:30 am, Sunday — leaving us the majority of their beautiful—delivered to them at site—cord of split pine.

So we celebrated our good fortune by a joint effort of placing the second memorial bench at the lookout point overlooking Camp Hale. What couldn’t be done—was—Using Jim Taylors downed elk carrier and 9 men horsepower we took it straight up the hill! We then placed a new 4x4 sign at the Trailhead, so no one can miss the first turn with Scott and Ramon figuring a path to mount it in the submerged rock field. Margarita did her incantation over the cairn rebuilds. We enjoyed the evening coyote chorus followed by a supper featuring John Gwin’s Moe Chous Cajun crawfish recipe from his Baton Rouge home. Helen and Mary furnished an alternative for those with queasy stomachs. Fantastic! Outward Bound would have been envious.

Our planned hike from Copper Mountain to Camp Hale was scrubbed due to deep snow on Searl and Kokomo Passes, as reported by three hikers from Denver en route to Durango. The young stallions said it had taken them two full days to make the normal eight hour stroll—so much for us. So, we spent the day exploring a possible reroute approaching Cataract Falls from Kokomo Pass to avoid an exhausting ascent/descent. No
luck.
Bruised knees and more sensitive areas later, plus more than the usual array of ticks—first year we have seen them—we concluded the old timers who decided the one way up/down was the best/only/easiest were smarter than we thought—and so reported to Gudy who requested the survey. The good news was we did find a reroute to avoid a bad erosion problem in section 13. No we do not restrain ourselves to section 13.1.

So, we celebrated Italian night as catered by our co-workers, Mary, Jodie, and Margaret with desert by Barbara.

Finally, between all the fantastic cuisine, we did do a lot of work and while we don’t plan a wheelchair route we believe our section compares favorably with the rest of the Colorado Trail and no one should ever get lost on it.

Our Tuesday night report welcomed late arrival Dick Maurer who once again averaged out his airline take-offs and landings to give us a needed energy restart.

Finally-finally, we read a letter from our co-worker Edd Quigley who is sojourning with the Peace Corps in Honduras and sent cards to him and to Jim Boyd, who was called back to California en route to join us by a death in the family—Jim’s first miss. We welcomed newcomers

Jim and Ilene Taylor. Jim helped Harold and su servidorin building the benches.

Finally-finally-finally, we received a beautiful note from Georgia Koch thanking us for donating our left over food to St. Joseph’s Receiving Home for Children. Many thanks to Barbara Sage for delivering same.

Kudos and Snicker bars to a great crew and effort as we take off to wander the USA without itinerary knowing the crew is in good hands with Bill and Mary Todd.

Hasta la vista,

Jim and Margarita Miller

The Colorado Trail passing a waterfall on the upper reaches of Junction Creek.
The Soda Creek (Crew #7) Commemorative Letter

To: Gudy Gaskill, Colorado Trail Foundation
From: Soda Creek Crew #7

We would like to thank the Colorado Trail Foundation for an invigorating, satisfying week of trail construction on the Soda Creek drainage. For all of us, this has been a week to remember. We experienced everything from a grandfatherly angel delivering coffee and sweet rolls on the trail to hot showers. And in between the good times we managed to complete about 3000 feet of quality Colorado Trail.

As students and professionals who spend their days in air-conditioned offices and classrooms, we especially appreciated the chance to live and work in the great Colorado outdoors.

We will long remember the crisp Rocky Mountain mornings, the sound of birds singing and Bill’s Chevy Blazer horn calling us to breakfast, drinking coffee brewed in pantry hose, pulling up a lawn chair after dinner to an open campfire, popping another cool one from the bubbling brook.

Our week was so successful that we are writing to you at the suggestion of our crew leader, Larry O’Donnell, who promised us that we have been the best crew ever. Putting modesty aside, we would like to suggest that you recruit trail builders in the future who match the ages, personality types, eating, drinking, and work habits of the people on crew #7.

Before describing our crew, we must admit that everything during the week did not go perfectly. For example, one member of our crew accidentally picked enough columbines for an entire bridal party before she was informed that picking the state flower was illegal. However, to make up for this little error, she carved your name, Mrs. Gaskill, in the largest Englemann spruce in Summit county as a lasting memorial to your leadership.

Our week was fabulous, a model of cooperation and camaraderie. With the glow of the week’s success fresh in our minds, please consider picking future crews using the following people as prototypes:

Your crew leader should be like our “chief checker,” Larry O’Donnell. The obergruppen fuhrer as he was fondly known, had a talent for trail engineering that inspired us to whack away at hillsides with a pulaski to the point that a dust storm was raised one day which blotted out the sun in Dillon for an entire afternoon. Larry should probably the Colorado Trail poster boy for his leadership, friendship, and amazing talent for peddling Colorado Trail t-shirts.

Continued overleaf

Crew #7 continued from pg 7

sweatshirts, caps, books, buttons, and assorted other discounted paraphernalia, which prior to this year had been given free to hard-working trail members. The fact that he drove home to Breckenridge and showered while less fortunate crew members dabbled their armpits with frigid stream water should be overlooked for his dedication to the Colorado Trail.

Every crew should have a cook like Bill Cannon, the angel of crew #7. Where else can you find a man capable of cooking peach cobbler in a cast iron pot while smoking his pipe, adjusting his apron, nursing a beer, taking special orders for spicy wings, still smiling through it all (although Bill put a few teeth marks in his pipe stem whenever there were leftovers). Trail cooks should be grandfathers, preferably hearing the news of new grandchildren while working at the base camp, miles from the nearest telephone. One word of caution: having a cook like Bill on the trail crew means that crew members are guaranteed to gain weight, despite burning 4000 calories a day.

And then there are the crew members, like Chuck Murphy, who knows more stories about Alaska than the writers of Northern Exposure. Chuck was the crew tree saw man, who trimmed more limbs than the central characters in the Texas Chainsaw Massacre. Chuck’s other talent is mathematics and he knows how to put 2 and 2 together. Cheryl, Chuck’s friend, talked him into climbing his first two 14,000 ft. Colorado peaks recently, and he quickly figured that the sum of Gray’s and Torrey’s peaks is no more mountain climbing.

Cheryl Sargent, our group’s super hiker, has climbed 49 of Colorado’s 14,000 ft. peaks, and despite this grueling accomplishment, she remains the model of good humor and friendliness, calling everyone “Dear,” even the elk. Someone in every crew should have Cheryl’s infectious laugh.

Every crew should also have a creative eater like Meg Stone, who can subsist on the staples of a healthy teenage diet—vegetables, french fries, and beer. Meg also perfected the art of drying her boots at the fire pit, removing them at the peak moment of dryness, just before they burst into flame.

Our crew had the model pacesetter, Greg Steinmetz. His cheerleader muscles bulging like Ross Perot’s ego, Greg carved trail like the legendary John Henry, dirt flying in all directions. We calculated that given a pulaski in one hand and a McCloud in the other he could carve the trail from Breckenridge to Denver in a week. Greg also set the pace in trailside fashion, sporting a series of hand-lettered muscle shirts that certainly

Larry O’Donnell and crew at work at Soda Creek
outclassed the free shirts we should have received from the Colorado Trail Foundation.

No crew is complete without a southern belle like Sandy Baldwin—gracious, genteel, well-dressed, even down to gold earrings at suppertime. Sandy became especially fond of Colorado flowers, and in the true southern tradition kept cut flowers on the dinner table the entire week. Sandy showed the cool composure of a southern belle when she came upon one of the male crew members emerging from his tent, clad only in his underwear, and she said, without batting an eyelash, "Pardon me. But do you have any Grey Poupon?"

Every crew needs a mother-daughter combination like Sandy and Casey Miller. Casey was so excited to be camping in the Colorado mountains that she tried to jump into the fire. Maybe she was attracted to the smoke, since she had been without a cigarette for several days at the time. Casey is a trail-building machine, cutting trail as quickly as the Denver Broncos cut running backs. Casey convinced us that a trail crew without an Alabama beauty is like grits without butter.

Bless my magnolia blossom and call me Bubba, the some must be said for Georgia men. Fortunately, our crew included Georgia boy, Mark Carrouth. Any man who loves his vehicle as much as his mamma can’t be all bad. Mark went in six days from a beer drinkin’ man who stopped for breath at every lupine flower on the trail to the worksite, to a beer drinkin’ man who could march up the trail non-stop. Mark also started two Colorado trail crew traditions: sticky tongue sandwiches and showering in your hat and boots.

Lisa Myers, the Florida filly, had an appetite for trail building that could serve as a model for any crew. She also had an appetite for camp chow that bordered on the miraculous. Math teacher Chuck Murphy, tried to calculate the energy exchange for Lisa’s meals and trail work, but the equations predicted that she should have been 6'4" and able to groom trail for a week on the calories she consumed daily between breakfast and bedtime. Every crew also needs a card shark, and Lisa filled the bill by sweeping more consecutive UNO games than Summit county has rainy summer days.

One benefit of working on the trail crew for an out-of-stater is the chance to be hooked on Colorado beauty. Such was the case for several crew members, including Steve Matin. Steve warmed up slowly to Colorado, though, probably because he froze his first night in camp. His sleeping gear started out with a bag the thickness of a Colorado t-shirt (given free to previous workers). But thanks to the Forest Nurse, Holly English, he added a blanket, then a bedspread to his sleepwear and became convinced of the invigorating benefits of camping out. The Colorado trail made Steve into a Stump Jumper and Non-stop Club member, both of which may lead to some additional commemorative tattoos.

Just as there has to be a class clown, there has to be a crew comedian. Ron MacNicholas kept us in stitches (some from laughter, some from wounds) with a sense of humor that combined Jack Benny and Don Rickles. Ron’s well-oiled comedy machine ranged from harassing the Forest Nurse to harassing the female crew members, who harassed him back. Ron was an experienced member of dacamp, dacrew, da trail-building team. Da end.

Trail building is an engineering feat, even if only at the pick and shovel level. Our crew was fortunate to have a very civil engineer as consultant, Keith Jones. He was civil enough not to criticize our engineering anyway. He was also nice enough to bring along his nephew, Chris, who reports that Keith talks in his sleep. Tapes of Keith’s sleepy-time conversations are in a vault in Denver. Keith can be counted on to be a long-time financial contributor to the Colorado Trail...
Foundation.

Chris Cann was the youngest member of the crew, age 11 going on 21. He attempted to grow hair on his chest by eating hot wings. Chris loves riddles and guessed several involving water, guns, elevators and cabins. Probably the biggest riddle Chris tried to solve all week was why grown people would work so hard for no pay, not even a free t-shirt. Chris dressed for battle with camouflage fatigues and combat boots, probably to fight mosquitoes.

Trail crews should bring together people from places far away. Sam Junkin came the farthest of any crew member, traveling from the President’s house to the outhouse. He probably reflected on some of his presidential duties as he dug the camp latrine, since college presidents sometimes find themselves in deep doo doo. Sam was also the camp woodcarver, fashioning walking sticks for himself, his wife and Chris. Every crew needs a craftsman like Sam, who does quality work, whether as a trail groomer, latrine digger, woodcarver, or conversationalist.

Sam’s wife, Adele Junkin, can use her trail building experience as a teacher educator. “Listen, she will tell her students, “if you want to know why pursue a college degree, spend some time on the business end of a pulaski.” Every crew would benefit from a person like Adele, who quietly reflects on events and offers sound advice. Adele’s opinion is so respected that, during our week on the trail, Ross Perot took her advice and quit the presidential race.

A crew must also have an idealist to remind everyone that optimism and commitment are far more powerful than pessimism and apathy. Natalie Comfort put a smile on the face of every sour old fart in camp with her sweet idealism and smiling disposition. If anyone doubts her optimism, consider that she is leaving Maryland for college in Missoula, Montana. Little does she realize that Big Sky country includes more mosquitoes and moose per square mile than any state in the contiguous Union.

Our head Stump Jumper, Larry Zier, could easily lead any crew himself, both by experience and hard-working example. Larry, like a lot of crew members, finds the outdoors therapeutic. Larry’s week of remedies included: whisper-growing therapy, work therapy, corn cob pipe therapy, stump therapy, and body odor therapy.

Just as there should be a mother-daughter team on the crew, a father-daughter team is recommended. To balance Chuck Murphy’s mathematical expertise, Alan Olds came along with crew #7. He proved that Humanities teachers are as good at judging distances as Republican presidents are at balancing the budget. Ask his daughter, Jenefer, who hiked from camp to the Keystone parking lot on her dad’s estimate that it was “only about 3 miles.” When ask at the end of the week how much trail the crew had built, Alan said, “about 10 miles worth.” Using his calculations, the Colorado Trail would extend from Durango to Seattle.

Finally, every crew needs someone who can personally testify that volunteer work exercises every muscle in your body. Jenefer Olds provided that testimony after a week on crew #7, which she had preceded by a week of volunteer labor in Blanca, Colorado, working as stucco applicator, roof shingler, carpenter, cement mixer, and general handiperson. Sales of ibuprofen in Keystone doubled this week thanks to Jenefer and other muscle bound crew members.

The crew, as you can tell, Mrs. Gaskill, was a model for all trail crews. We sincerely hope you will select future groups carefully to follow in some pretty impressive footsteps.

Sincerely

Alan Olds, Crew #7 Camp Scribe
Working on The Colorado Trail—a Volunteer Effort

by Pam Mullins

(reprinted from BASE CAMP
the monthly newsletter of the
Kansas Prairie Packers
Association Inc. of Topeka, Kansas)

After the Colorado Backpack in July, I joined three other Prairie Packers performing volunteer work on The Colorado Trail. Rosie Carter and Judy Fultz have been members of a “Reunion Crew” for a total of 7 years now; their crew helped build and “adopted” an 18 mile section of the trail north of Durango and return every year to perform trail maintenance. Judy and Rosie have also worked on other sections in years past. Judy’s son Neil, joined the trail crew two years ago and again this year; Neil traveled from Alconbury, England on leave from the Air Force to work on the trail this year. After hearing about their experiences in trail building and maintenance and the tenacious efforts of the trail crew, I vowed last year to join them in this worthwhile endeavor.

As Background, The Colorado Trail is a 470 mile long and winds along the Continental Divide (for the most part) linking Denver to Durango. It crosses eight mountain ranges, seven national forests, six wilderness areas and five river systems. What makes the trail even more impressive is that it was created through a massive volunteer effort involving literally thousands of dedicated people. A Ranger in the Animas District stated over 80,000 hours of volunteer labor have been donated in his district alone.

The United States Forest Service assigns Forest Service Technicians, under the administration of a Ranger, to direct the volunteer crews. Forest Technician Larry Johnson has assisted this reunion crew the last several years; he teaches third grade through the school year and works for the USFS in the summer. He was assisted this year by Paul (last name not known) who drives a tourist bus during the winter. Both were very personable “overseers” who worked very hard alongside the crew members. They survey the appropriate segment of the trail prior to the crew’s arrival each July and inform the crew of what work needs to be accomplished. Volunteers on this Reunion Crew may chose between remaining at the base camp (Junction Creek Campground outside Durango) and performing maintenance on the lower section, or “going into the hole” which means Backpacking along most of the 16-mile section working along the way. This year, Judy, Neil, and I “went into the hole” and Rosie remained at base camp tending to administrative duties (she’s a Trail Crew Coordinator this year) and assisting with trail maintenance.

Yes, there is hard work involved, but it isn’t all drudgery. All fourteen of us day-hiked the first day along the upper portion of the trail building water bars and clipping overhanging branches as needed. I learned how to use a Pulaski (which I had never heard of before) and now wish I could afford one of my very own to assist in maintaining my own yard! We returned to base camp that afternoon and the three of us prepared to go into the hole the next day. Goin’ in the hole isn’t as frightful as it sounds and no harder in most ways than an average high-altitude backpack.

We were given the use of three llamas as pack animals for the backpack. Llamas are donated every year by Bill and Jan Redwood who run a llama pack trip business named Llamas of Mancos. Each llama can carry up to 90 lbs. and they carried all of our food, Some extra water, cooking equipment, a chain saw and some extra tools, and tents and sleeping bags. This year our llamas were maned Allegiance, Ignacio, and Hopi and I was very glad to have them along. Carrying a backpack, a Pulaski, and perhaps a pair of tree trimmers can get somewhat tiring, especially if you frequently stop to do small bits of trail maintenance and don’t remove your backpack—believe me, it’s a good way to burn those extra calories! But, at times, you may hike a long section of the
trail which requires little, if any, maintenance so your free to just hike along and enjoy the spectacular scenery. Most days we arrived at our camp for the night by 2:00 or 3:00 p.m. so the weekdays weren’t overly long either.

Part of the maintenance this year included preparing a rock shelf along the trail to “drill and shoot”—meaning it had to be blasted out with dynamite. Crew members prepared it for the blasting and full-time USFS Ranger “Biff” rode up on horseback to do the actual blasting—I didn’t get to see this work done but hope to get the opportunity someday (I guess they don’t invite greenhorn females to help with the “macho stuff”). That morning Judy, Neil and I continued down the trail doing our routine maintenance thing and leading the llamas. At one point Judy and I stopped to dig around another rock shelf and Neil went ahead with the llamas. Llamas are very placid animals and up to this point had just naturally followed the person in lead whether their lead rope was being held by that person or not. Neil came upon a place where some work was needed and left the llamas on the trail untethered to graze (a normal practice during short spurts of work on the trail). While Neil’s back was turned, the llamas decided to turn tail and literally run back up the trail retracing their steps. Judy and I had finished our task and she was ahead of me on the trail when three llamas came charging around a bend at full gallop toward her—I heard spirited shouts of “Whoa,” etc. and came upon Judy with the llamas once again under control. The decision was then made to rotate the lead llama and no further mutinous incidents were experienced. It made for a little excitement in Judy’s day, though (llamas are very expensive and she was already forming a defense for the loss of the donated pack animals).

This segment of the trail (Segment 28) is as pretty trail as I’ve hiked in Colorado and descends from Kennebeck Pass to the Junction Creek Trailhead near Durango. There are portions of terrain with steep slopes and views down into the Junction Creek gorge, redrock cliffs, ponderosa forests, and waterfalls. The night of the full moon, July 16th, I sat on a rock ledge at the edge of a high cliff gazing at the moon above the opposite ridge—a beautiful and serene sight.

There were 10 other members of the reunion crew returning this year: two men from Houston, a woman from Florida, a man from Michigan, a man from upstate New York, and four men and a woman from various parts of Colorado. This was the last year for this crew to work on this section and they have several options to choose from for next years assignment. One option is to build a spur to the trail in the Mancos area; another option is to adopt a section further north of Durango from Hotel Draw to Orphan Butte—this will be decided by the crew members during the year.

Our last night at base camp (Thursday night) we celebrated with a steak dinner and invited the USFS staff and spouses and the Redman’s to join us. It was a real party complete with Hopi the llama, nosing around the picnic table for a free ear-scratching. Some of us went into Durango later to let off steam and dance the rest of the night away at Sundance, a great cowboy bar in town. The next day most crew members headed home, while some drove to other areas to do yet more hiking. Me, I drove home alone in my little Festiva enjoying the scenery and solitude. I passed fruit pickers outside Walsenburg—some were mothers with their young children, a very poignant “Grapes of Wrath” sight (hopefully they aren’t as destitute); and “Walk Across America ’92” participants—very 60’s appearing people flashing the peace sign to those who drove by — the two disparate sights were very thought-provoking. I stopped at the state park west of Walsenburg to take a nap that afternoon and also to see the park for the first time. I’m glad I wasn’t camped there in my little backpacking tent the night before as they had experienced a terrible storm with golf-ball size
hail — there were tree limbs and leaves strewn everywhere!

If interested in more information about The Colorado Trail, please see me, Judy, or Rosie for brochures, books, etc. Also you can help by lending your support to the Colorado Trail Foundation in any of three ways: by volunteering to serve on a trail crew, by contributing a tax-deductible donation to the Foundation and thereby becoming a “Friend of the Colorado Trail”, or by adopting a section of the CT to maintain as your own. The Foundation is a nonprofit Colorado corporation administered by volunteers. All money raised by the Foundation is used to supply and equip base camps and purchase food for the trail crews, there are no salaries or overhead costs. For more information, you may also write to the Colorado Trail Foundation, P. O. Box 260876, Lakewood, CO 80226-0876.

Crew # 10 Middle Fork of the Swan River

July 18 thru 25, 1992

Co-Leaders: IreneCazer & Abe Ohr

Crew 10 continued the uphill trail building of the Swan River reroute of the CT from their campsite on the Middle Fork of the Swan River southward to join the trail coming down from Georgia Pass. (About six miles SE of Breckenridge.) Their hard work completed the south end of this 20 mile section. Since they were the third crew to work from this campsite they had a long, steep, uphill walk to get to their work area each day.

The crews most vivid memory is of the millions and millions of very large rocks that had to be dug out through the expenditure of a great deal of energy and then have to find fill dirt to fill the gaping hole left by the rocks

departure. This effort was further complicated by the scarcity of suitable fill dirt. Carrying fill dirt a shovel full at a time in rugged terrain is neither satisfying nor efficient. A method of transporting dirt in cardboard boxes was developed that provided a significant degree of improvement. However all the hard work was worth it since they produced a beautiful trail that will be enjoyed by hikers for years to come.

Although Crew #10 was a drive-in camp there was insufficient parking suitable for motor homes in the vicinity of the camp. So the motor home contingent was relocated a ways back down the road to a flatter site. While this was slightly inconvenient it did not detract from the fellowship of the 26 hard working crew members lead by the two oldest crew leaders still functioning in that capacity.

Among the several perks of the week were; cold water in the water cooler every day made possible by the blocks of ice frozen by the refrigeration unit in Bob and Barbara’s motor home; The free lift ride and hike to the top of Copper mountain on Wednesday; and last but not least were the helpful Forest Service personnel.

The Friday night rain was expected but it did not spoil the fun of the awards ceremony and the goodby after a happy week.

Diary of Crew #8
Gunnison Spur
July 11-18, 1992
Leader - Frank Pulver

by Sally Jo Beeneit

We had a shaky start, but everything turned out fine. We were notified a week prior to the trip that llamas would not be available, so our pack-in trip became a drive-in trip. We were all disappointed as we had chosen this trip to have the opportunity to work with llamas.

There was some difficulty finding our meeting spot. We couldn’t find the “Forest Service Administrative Site” six miles north of Gunnison. We went back to the Circle K in Gunnison and ask the lady working there where it was. She laughed saying quite a few people had been in that morning with the same question. She thought we meant the Roper Residence, We went to the Roper residence. The elderly gentleman who lived there did know where we needed to go, though. (And luckily his herd of dogs didn’t bite).

We finally found our meeting place and our crew. A Forest service truck was there, but we didn’t see any Forest Service Employees, so about 1 pm we went on up to our Campsites at North Bank Campground to get settled in.

When Frank arrived with the food and tent we realized that the Forest Service didn’t supply us with any tools! Sunday Frank got in touch with them. They would bring us tools Monday. More wires must have gotten crossed, for Monday we waited. No tools arrived. Frank got tired of waiting and drove back to Gunnison and returned with tools. Finally we could get started.

For such a small crew we did quite a bit of work. The trail up from North Bank didn’t appear to have been touched in years. It was terribly eroded and the logs across the trail had been there a long time. We had to do a couple of reroutes because the erosion was so bad that the trail was just a big gully. It didn’t help that much of the trail was built straight up with few switchbacks. All of the members of our crew were very hard workers, and Frank was pleased that we got as much done as we did.

On the lighter side we had quit an infestation of ground squirrels and chipmunks. They seemed to like peanut butter the best, chewing right through the plastic lid on the can. We had quite a few sticky little footprints to clean up.

One evening as we were sitting around the picnic table a ground squirrel tried to crawl into our bowl of goldfish crackers. Dick threw an empty aluminum can at to scare it away. Well he hit it, and it fell off the table dead! Dick felt terrible about it, but he’s still stuck with his new nickname “Deadeye Dick”. (Look for the squirrel in our group pictures).

We had a shower enclosure for use with our solar
showers. Unfortunately, the back was open toward the trail. Russell was spied by a group of horseback riders who whooped & hollered at him. Wi had an amusing topic of conversation that evening.

Jeff practiced his guitar in the evenings. It sounded pretty good, but that didn’t stop us from kidding him about it. Will you know some new songs by next year, Jeff?

Pete and Sue brought a game called “Dictionary Dabble”. We had a couple of exciting games. Who would have thought a vocabulary game could be so much fun.

Jeff, Peggy, and I took turns having 24 hour illnesses of some sort. Jeff said it Must have been just one small microbe jumping from person to person. Luckily Peggy was it’s last stop. Did you mention that in your diary, Peggy?

Peggy wrote quite a bit of stuff in her adventure diary while she was with us. If she goes on to write a book it could be a best seller.

Marv brought his pop-up trailer. It turned into a handy dressing room. Marv offered to let someone sleep in the other bed in the trailer, but no one took him up on it. Could be because he gets up at four in the morning?

Marv and Pete were talking the first day and discovered that they went to the same High School. It wouldn’t normally be a big deal, but this school was in South Chicago! It’s a small world.

We had good weather most of the time. It only rained after work, or on off days. We all had a wonderful time, worked very hard, and met people that we plan on seeing again. A lot of us acquired new nicknames, and we had, most importantly, a real blast together.

If you want to meet wonderful people who also love the outdoors, be a member of a Trail Crew. It’s fun, rewarding, and the memories will last a lifetime.
Cascading Memories of Crew #19
by Andrew J. Hopkins

A painted black sea of pin lights spring alive into hues of lavender, gold, magenta, and aqua-velvet from glistening dew drops in the early morning sun.

Blue and white Columbine lettuce patches entice like splashes of melting snow.

The C. T. ebbs and flows like the sopranos and altos of Cascade falls, granting freedom to hikers, runners, cyclists, horses and "outdoor enthusiasts."

The C. T., you see, is a friend indeed and a welcome site at the falling of daylight. In crew 19, last C.T. crew of the year, we all take pride in constructing Apian highways, Roman-like walls, jackhammering for the big blast, and yanking monolith trail blockers.

We sit on stumps as old as Chief Ouray, playing "Spoons," "Ace of Spades," and cracking peanuts to the tunes of BINGO and She'll Be Coming Around the Mountain When She Comes.

The camp wondered how Gudy got all the work done. Of course, she was up at the first streak of light, getting fires in the stoves, making up dough, and setting things right.

Breakfast was ready at the clanging of the pots and "Suey, suey, suey." Don't be late or you'll be washing those pots.

Eat what is before you a trail building life we led...
Watch for the red flag...
For the bottom of your tread.

Be sure to eat your tuna spread on your white bread even though you can't wait for your lunch break.

Ice from the Ice Cave and Spring Water from the Mine,
We camp in luxury, thanks to the Divine.

All-seeing, Old-Growth evergreens tower on steep hillsides and small beacons of hope, untouched by the buzz-saw of man.

We have built a trail to be enjoyed by all in the firm belief that nature triumphs overall and in hopes that people will recall Colorado's breathtaking beauty and the need for preservation by all.

God Bless America and the Colorado Trail!

Weekend Crew # 22
Jefferson Lake Area
27-28 June 1992

Leader: Joe Slack

USFS Fairplay District Staff:
Mike, Jerry & Marlin

PROJECT: Reroute a portion of the trail near the beaver ponds, reset some posts and block the old trail. Repair a switchback, relocate about 1/4 mile of trail including the building of a switchback. Improve the drainage, install a culvert and build both of its approaches.

CREW MEMBERS: Mary Figgins, Janet Glahan, Nancy and Roger Games, Susan and Barry Hendron, Cindy Johnson, Terry Kania, Shirley and James Monk, Diane Parker, Randy Rankin, Anke Rommerskirch, Joseph Slack, Herschel Smith, Sean Tangelman, Linda Trzyna, Vicki Vandervoort and Ace Ward.

Only four first-timers were on this crew, but in a very short time, they were competing with the veterans. The crew was divided into several clusters on the hillside. However, all of us could hear Barry at his station. As last year's prize collector of cairn rocks, Barry took on the job of shattering rock ledge with a sledge and heavy rock bar. IN spite of several hours of beating and wearing over an inch off a
new heavy rock bar, the strata didn’t give way sufficiently. The USPS personnel decided that a little drilling and blasting were needed.

Roger became so proficient at building a switchback which had a vertical rock strata through it, that he and a small crew had the honor of repairing an old and badly abused one. No hikers or bikers should complain about his team’s repairs.

With the entire crew assembled, the crossing of the swammy section began. Cindy took over as dirt prospector. James as the rock wall assembler, Anke the upstream channel and catch basin expert, Joe and Barry the downside drainage team, Nancy and Shirley saw to the collection of sizes and shapes of rocks needed by James. The young men, Sean and Ace, took their turns with wheelbarrows. Many loads of dirt were needed to make both the approaches and space over the culvert deep enough for horse traffic. All those not mentioned by name were heavy contributors to the above segments. For a change the dirt supply was so plentiful that the “rock hunters” and “wall builders” had to hustle to keep ahead of wheelbarrow drivers. Bridge “22” over “Crocodile Creek”---it did have water running in May---was completed.

In camp was another example of great teamwork. We were under somewhat of a handicap in that we had only a 16 qt. and 2 gal. pot plus a large salad bowl, propane tank w/2 burner stove w/door and sawhorses from CTF. Our camp equipment set was involved in the CTF Trek and was to be completely set up. However, when Gorge called and said maybe I should bring some cooking spoons, knives, forks etc., I raided my hunting equipment for those and added some additional items which might come in handy, and my 12X14 wall tent. The tent was being loaned to the CTF Trek. The USPS brought us buckets for heating water on the fire ring grate.

All of the cooks did well with improvising. Shirley and Nancy stated that they had never fried potatoes in a 16 quart vat before but when turning them they didn’t spill spuds on the ground. James, Roger or Herschel usually had the early morning coffee ready.

A 12X15 tarp installed as an awning in front of the tent formed a patio large enough for all to escape the rain showers without dashing to the cars of tents. Four marshmallow forks helped make a second dessert for those wishing one after the rain stopped and people collected around the open fire.

What a pleasure to get to know new members and to greet those of previous crews and years. It is my wish to be able to be with many of you on future CTF “diggings”. A JOB WELL DONE TO EACH AND EVERY ONE OF YOU.

Kneeling: Joe Slack, Linda Trzyna, Sean Tangeman, Ace Ward, Terry Kania, Vicki Vandervoort, Mary Figgins, Standing: James Monk, Shirley Monk, Anke Rommerskirch, Nancy Gomas, Roger Gomas, Dianne Parker, Herschel Smith, Cindy Johnson, Janet Glahn, Randy Rankin, Susan Hendron, Barry Hendron
Doctor Gulch, Crew 0992,
July 11-19, 1992
Leader Merle McDonald

Why one names a work site Doctor Gulch when it is on the top of an 11,000 ridge line I am not sure. I guess it was because you had to drive through Doctor Gulch to get there. Anyhow Doctor Gulch is on the Gunnison Spur of the Colorado Trail about 35 miles NE of the town of Gunnison. It had two crews in 1991 and we were to complete the work in that area.

Our Crew met at noon at the Forest Service administrative site about six miles north of Gunnison, where our camp equipment had been previously stored by George Miller the CT equipment chairman. We were to park the two wheel drive vehicles here for the week. So we reorganized our loads into the continuing vehicles and headed the convoy to Doctor Gulch which was another 30 miles away.

As we drove north and I was going over in my mind how to set up the camp it suddenly dawned on me that I could not recall which vehicle had the kitchen and community tent poles. And this should have been obvious since one of them was 12 feet long! I quickly reversed course and headed back to the administrative area. Sure enough there the poles were, lying hidden in the tall grass.

The next problem was that I was the only member of the convoy that had ever been to Doctor Gulch before. And the turn-off of Clear Creek Road was not signed or obvious. So I was extremely anxious to rejoin the convoy. Not easy when you are driving a heavily loaded VW Bus with a quarter million miles on the odometer. Fortunately they had noticed my absence and pulled into a handy roadside campground to wait for me. When I passed the campground I was flying (a relative term considering my mode of transportation) and did not see the parked convoy. However they did see me and we all happily joined up at the turn off to Doctor Gulch.

The jeep road to get to the site is terrible! Not dangerous or exciting but narrow, steep, dull and rough. It takes 45 minutes to drive the three miles! It starts off with a dive into Clear Creek and a ford that gets your attention. However we all made it without incident, even Frank Allen’s 2wd Blazer and John Roberts’ Toyota pulling a small camping trailer. But no one thought the trip was fun. There was one casualty of the road though, Hobie Cassell’s truck lost a clarence light to an overhanging branch.

The camp site was a good one except for the lack of water. The nearest potable water supply point was 17 miles away. So after the preliminary camp organization I ask Art Porter a trail crew veteran, to supervise the camp establishment while I went with the Forest Service technician Andy Edstrom and crew members Bill Kaclber and Claude Taylor to pick up a couple of hundred gallons of water. Claude had generously volunteered his 4wd Ford pickup to assist in the camp chores. By the time we returned the camp was all set up and had endured what was to become the daily afternoon thunder storm. Everyone had a chance to see where their tent leaked while it was still daylight. (That is much better than finding out where your tent leaks in the dark.) Most of this crew were veteran CTers and took it pretty much in stride.

Shirley and Win Wolvlington had not arrived yet since they had spent the day working on the CT with their Adopt-A-Trail crew on their section near Georgia Pass. I was concerned that after the rain they wouldn’t be able to make it up the road. As it turned out they spent the night at the bottom of the Gulch and drove on up the next morning.

Sunday we took a couple of hikes to find our work areas. The previous years crews had constructed trail about a mile to the southwest and a mile to the northeast. They had weathered well and were still in good
condition. The one to the SW ended in a large boulder field which was about 100 yards across. After that the flagging descended into a jumble of dead fall for the next half mile. We did not have any power saw support, only bow saws and pulaskis. I began to sweat. A crew can get tied up for days in a rock field and there were a lot of logs that would have to be cut. As difficult as this camp was to access I certainly dreaded the thought of having to come back again next year. The trail to the NE was quite a bit easier construction but it was also quite a bit longer. I decided we would tackle the harder one first.

Monday morning most of the crew started work on the rockfield while I sent two teams ahead to cut and clear logs. I went ahead to work out the detail of the centerline and mark it. When I returned to the rock field about noon I found much to my surprise that the trail had been completed through it. Only a few finishing touches remained. Everyone knew what needed to be done and they proceeded at an incredible pace. By late afternoon all of the dead fall had been cut and removed and the majority of the tread had been cut. And this was only the first work day!

On Tuesday I divided the crew again sending a small team to put the finishing touches on yesterdays work while the majority of us worked on the trail in the opposite direction. The trail to the NE alternated between forest and meadow running along the ridge with some really nice views of the Taylor River valley and the surrounding mountains in all directions. Where the trail crossed meadows we did not think it was wise to cut a bare tread and expose the surface to erosion. The problem was how to locate where the trail reentered the forest on the other side of the meadow. So we placed sign posts on either side where the trail departed the meadow. The Wolvingtons, who are very experienced Colorado hikers allow as how the post are fine when the visibility is good but totally inadequate when the fog moves in. They had hiked a trail in the San Juans that had marked the trail across the tundra with a square patch of bare ground about every twenty feet. This inhabited erosion but still allowed the hiker to find his way in the fog. So we decided to remove an 18 inch square and 3 inch deep patch of sod every 15 paces. These depressions were then filled with small rocks. We were quite satisfied with the immediate results. I will return to this part of the trail in future years to see how this method withstands the test of time.

On Wednesday most of us hiked to the top of South Matchless Peak which was just east of the trail. It was a beautiful day for a hike in the mountains with great views in all directions. We had just settled down for lunch on the peak when some lightning chased us off. We finished lunch in the valley below.

We returned to camp about mid afternoon and just gathered around the campfire to eat chips and peanuts when the afternoon rain shower attacked. First it hailed a couple of inches of marble sized hail. Then it covered that with an inch of very large flaked snow. Mind you this was July 15th! Then it began to rain. It rained steadily for the next four hours. Cold, hard rain. The ground quickly saturated and the water started running through the kitchen and community tents. So much rain leaked in around the stove pipe hole that it cooled the shepherds stove so much it was hard to keep the fire going. Tents that had never leaked before began to leak. Tents that had leaked before were now flooding. I took Max, my black labrador retriever to our sleeping tent because there was not a dry place left for him to lie in either the community or kitchen tents. Frankly I was getting a bit depressed. Finally about 8 pm the rain stopped.

The next thing I knew the ladies, Sandy, Kathy, Ruth and Laurie along with the young guys, Frank, Ivan and Mark had organized a song-fest and were serenading us old fuddy-duddys who had retreated to our tents, with humorous songs. Colorado Trail people are the greatest!
Speaking of great people, veteran crew member Paul Laughlin, offered to convert the type set of *Tread Lines* to a Laser printer to improve its visual appeal. If you compare this issue with a previous one I am sure you will notice quite a difference. Thanks, Paul.

Thursday dawned bright, clear and cold. There was still lots of ice lying around from last nights storm. I had decided during the night that to insure our ability to depart the area on Saturday in a timely manner that a little preventive road maintenance was in order. There was only one stretch of a couple of hundred yards that would cause us serious problems. It had deep ruts that were no problem to straddle as long as the ground was dry. When it was wet a vehicle would immediately slide into the deep ruts. So we spent Thursday morning filling the ruts with rocks and then covering the rocks with dirt to stabilize them. That afternoon we went back to the NE section of trail to apply the finishing touches. All of our assigned project was now complete.

Friday we decided to hike the NE section to the point where next weeks crew would begin work. This was about 7 or 8 miles away and that would give us a chance to see the part of the trail that had been completed in previous years. It was a fun hike. We got to view our newly completed trail as a hiker would see it and were quite pleased with the results. The trail that was constructed in previous years was weathering well and was pleasant to walk on. And as always we had some nice views of the surrounding mountains and valleys. We had lunch at the end of the completed trail and returned to our camp in mid afternoon

Saturday morning was bright, clear and dry! We had the camp all packed and ready to go by 8 a.m.. Since our camp set of equipment was to be used the following week a few miles up the road and the Forest Service was going to transport it for us, I thought that we would help them load it before we left. But since no FS truck had arrived by 9 a.m. we departed for the Roper Administrative Area where our 2wd vehicles were parked.

Andrew, the FS technician, was there waiting for us. He had not planned to pick up the equipment until after the next crew arrived. So we all departed happily on our separate ways, well pleased with the results of our efforts at Doctor Gulch.

Keystone Gulch #2, CT Crew # 1492,
August 1-8, 1992

Leader; Merle McDonald

Whenever I think of the crew on Keystone Gulch #2 two words will come to mind; Diversity and Fun. I loved the campfire sessions of this crew. I had never heard of so many social and political prospectives from such a small group. And not only in the political arena, we had poets and musicians and entertainers who had committed innumerable Monty Python movies to verbatim memory; we had a lady who could give a neck massage that was a mystical experience. We had engineers in almost every type of technology; we had Michelangelo of the Pulaski who could turn a piece of trail into a work of art; we had a “Dancing Geologist” who could appear and disappear at the oddest times. It was fun being around that bunch.

We met in the Keystone Ski Corporation's parking area and reorganized our gear into the 4wd vehicles for our trip to the top of the mountain. The Keystone gulch road is actually a pretty fair gravel road since it serves as access to the Ski Corps. back bowl ski area. But suddenly we make a sharp right turn off the road down through the bushes and ford the creek and proceed straight up the mountain on an old mine road. One of our convoy missed this turn and proceeded to take an unguided tour of the ski facilities. This wasn't too bad except that he had supper. We were all greatly relieved when they drove in an hour or so later.

The camp site had been utilized by the previous weeks crew so we had an easy time setting up camp. We did find it necessary to move the latrine and re-due the shower enclosure, but everything else was fine. The Carols (Carol Clapp and Carol Hummer) assisted Richard Conger (we had technically had three Richards but we distinguished them as Rick, Dick and Richard) immediately dove into the kitchen organization which greatly simplified the task of the cooks to come. The Carols continued to monitor the kitchen all week and kept things running smoothly. Thanks Carol and Carol we all appreciate your efforts.

Helen and Ken's brother Paige volunteered to bring chimi changas for Saturday night supper and they were great. There were six left over and we had to draw straws for them to keep the fighting down.

On Sunday various groups of us explored in various directions. I wanted to walk the whole Swan River Reroute to see for sure how it was progressing as I am anxious to see it opened. So several of us started out for Georgia Pass which I had estimated to be about six miles away. The trail was good but my estimate was bad, it turned out to be more like nine miles, so I got a lot of static the rest of the week about my distance estimating ability. But it was fun even if somewhat exhausting.

The actual construction of our assigned section was of medium difficulty. The trail in this area contours along just off the ridgeline at about 11,000 feet in elevation. Typically we were cutting bench tread into 30 to 45 degree slopes with the usual amount of rocks and roots to be removed. We worked hard and finished up right on schedule, Friday noon. The Swan River Reroute is complete except for about a half mile at the head of Horseshoe Gulch.

But the evening sessions were the fun part. Ken quoted Baxter Black Cowboy Poetry, Jeff quoted both sides of extended dialogues from Monty Python movies, Paul and Jeff played the guitar and Chuck the French Harp. Ken and Paige harmonized, Dick wrote Colorado Trail songs, Sean explained the mathematics of the pocket sized satellite based Global Positioning System his company is producing, Toni gave the most wonderful neck and shoulder massages one can imagine, Larry entertained us with his 38 caliber solution to all the world's social problems, we sympathized with the Carols over their recently vanished hero Ross Perot, Mike and Jeanine offered their solutions to the education problem and what it would take to make us a kinder, gentler nation, Paul gave us his perception of the Canadian health care system (satisfactory to good), Andy appeared and disappeared without discernable rhyme or reason. Richard and Toni had a knack for camp cooking and the Carols produced chocolate/coffee/?? drink for celebrating birthdays that would knock your socks off. Rick and James thought we were all crazy. But it was fun.
The Colorado Trail Calls Me Back

by Jeanine Fuller
Trail Worker
Keystone 1 & 2
Jul 25/Aug 7, 1992

I opened my eyes
and what did I see?
It was the sun
pecking at me.
Get up, Jeanine,
it seemed to say,
For Gudy is already
on her way.
There is breakfast
to be made,
And Lunch to pack
for the Colorado Trail
is calling me back.
I trudge up the mountain
with 18 others,
It would be downhill
if I had my druthers.
I don my hard hat and
pick up my McLeod,
And find some duff
to pull on down.
For an hour I rake
and rake and rake,
So that I can take
a five minute break.
I sit on the mountainside
and look at the view,
That only God could have made
for me and for you.
Snow capped mountains
covered with evergreen,
It is so peaceful
and so serene.
But back to reality
I must make tracks,
For the Colorado Trail
is calling me back.

I rake and rake
and rake some more,
And finally the muscles
say, “No more.”
I trudge to camp
and hope there will be,
A nice warm shower
waiting for me.
Dinner is prepared
and the fun begins,
Laughter sounds
and the dinner gong rings.
Hikes, cards and Scrabble
are to be enjoyed,
As well as a Campfire
to warm my toes.
But wait, this poem
has been about me,
And that isn’t what the
Colorado Trail is,
you see.
It is about thousands of people
who have picked, sawed and
raked,
For millions of hours
until their bones ached.
A trail they have made
from Durango to Denver,
They have picked which seemed
to them forever.
A trail to enjoy the flora, the
fauna,
the evergreen,
And the snow capped mountains
which are serene.
I’m glad you and I came
to help make tracks,
May we meet once again
when the Colorado Trail
calls us back.

The Trailbuilders Lyric

by Sean Curry

Building the Colorado Trail
Is considered by some a travail
But hand me a pulaski
And I’ll do what you ask me
Till it’s time to return for an ale.

Our leader stays cool & collected
In spite of some stumps
unexpected.
By dint on example
Our output is ample
To justify keeping us well fed.

Though people consider us odd
For working so hard at this job
They never will know
The warm inner glow
That comes from a trail well trod.

So as we return to our homes
To forget all those aches in our
bones
We’ll each keep a part
Of the trail in our heart
And dream of next years joys
and moans.
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