

# SUMMER IOCA NEWSLETTER

PUBLISHED WHENEVER WE GET IT TOGETHER: COLORADO STATE OUTING CLUB, ACTIVITIES CENTER BOX 303,  
STUDENT CENTER, COLORADO STATE UNIVERSITY, FORT COLLINS, COLORADO 80523. (303) 491-5856.

NEWSLETTER #3

6 AUGUST 1975

## SUMMER TRIPS

- August 9 Peak-bagging - North & South Arapahoe Peaks, Colorado. Contact *Dick Ott* at 303-443-6560.
- August 9-10 Blueberry pickin' and backpackin' - The Pine Barrens, New Jersey. Contact *John Cardillo* at 212-343-0149.
- August 16-17 Backpacking - Taconics Range, New York. Contact *John Cardillo* at 212-343-0149.
- August 22-31 COLLEGE WEEK IN THE ROCKIES!!! Weminuche Wilderness Area, San Juan National Forest, Pagosa Springs, Colorado. A separate COLLEGE WEEK announcement was mailed out to everyone on the Summer IOCA mailing list a couple of weeks ago, with maps, directions and all other pertinent information.

This is the last summer newsletter for this year. *Joy Sobolov*, the IOCA Executive Secretary, will begin publishing the *IOCA NEWSLETTER* on a regular basis in September, and her newsletters will be sent to your outing club, unless you are interested in receiving your own copies. \$1.50 and your mailing address are all that is necessary for you to receive a year's worth of the various IOCA publications. Send your mailing address and \$1.50 (check made payable to "IOCA") to:

Joy Sobolov  
IOCA Executive Secretary  
5424 Arlington Avenue  
Bronx, New York 10471

If you're planning to show up for COLLEGE WEEK in Colorado in a couple of weeks and are interested in finding extra passengers for your vehicle, or are looking for transportation to COLLEGE WEEK, fill out the form on the last page of this newsletter and send it in VERY SOON, if not IMMEDIATELY, to the COLLEGE WEEK Rides Coordinator. You will then receive information about who to contact for a life to COLLEGE WEEK. People planning to go by bus, train or plane should also send a note to that effect if you want a ride to COLLEGE WEEK from the Denver Stapleton Airport or from Pagosa Springs. However, airport patrons will have to plan on arriving in

Denver before Saturday, 23 August and depart from Denver after 2 September, unless you're willing to find your own means of getting to or from COLLEGE WEEK on other days.

Remember - school starts up again in September, and that means MORE OUTING CLUB TRIPS!!!

## THE METROPOLITAN 50-MILE HIKE

My feet have stopped hurting. At least, I think they have; I haven't tried using them, yet. I've been lying in bed now for three days with my legs suspended in the air while teams of nurses with vibrators keep massaging them. But I think they've stopped hurting now.

You see, I just got back from the Third Annual 50 Mile Hike, conducted by the Metropolitan Intercollegiate Outing Club Association in New York. This year, it was led by my comrade-in-legs, *Ted Tolko*ff, and I was Chief Historian. What follows is an accurate account of that adventure, drawn from my notes, and the vivid impressions etched upon my memory and my feet:

We began at the left field foul line on Harris Field at 8:00 a.m. Lining up on the foul line for the starting photograph were myself, *Dan Tessler*, *Judy Gordon*, *Maxine Waller*, and fearless leader *Tolko*ff. A baseball coach snapped the picture, and when we told him what we were doing, he mumbled, "Your feet must be stronger than your heads!" We thanked him and started northwards. The heavens were smiling that morning! Birds were on the wing! Snails were on thorns, and all was right with the world! Ah, but who knew what was to come? We suspected it, perhaps, or deep in our soles we knew . . . but we gaily tripped onwards, and *Judy* tripped onwards over everything. The rest of us were more careful. By 10:05 a.m. we had completed a traverse of Yonkers, after passing the Official Rest Rooms, and we began walking northwards along the old Croton Aquaduct. *Ted* was soon attacked by a wild beagle, but after driving him off, we continued.

Onwards we walked. We arrived at the Official Water Fountain at 11:40 a.m. and rested for awhile after filling our canteens. *Danny* asked if we wanted to see a puppet show. We enthusiastically agreed, so he hit *Judy* in the nose and told us we had just seen some Punchin' Judy! Yes, our spirits were still high! After applying some more moleskin, *Maxine* asked how far *Ted* thought we had walked.

"Oh, ten, twelve miles, maybe."

"Wow! We've done maybe 20% of the trip so far!"

"We have 80% to go," quoted *Daniel*, and we quickly got up and started walking again.

At 1:12 p.m., we stopped at the Official Pull-Up Area, but the Official Leader was gone, so we just sat down and had lunch. The Official Logbook has an unofficial entry that at 1:17 p.m., a hot tunafish sandwich was consumed, but this has not been verified. After an uneventful lunch, punctuated by softballs the size of softballs dropping from the sky, we were on our way once more.

The woods were lush with greenery and flowers as we walked along; there were beds of violets all along the path. Birds were flitting among the trees and *Ted* spotted an unusual one.

"What's that red bird with the black head?"

"A pimple bird," I replied.

"Oh," he answered, much impressed.

2:30 p.m. found us proceeding through Tarrytown. A short while later I casually asked if everyone had brought raingear.

"Why?" asked *Maxine*, after it turned out that three of us had omitted that little item.

"Just wondering," said I, now knowing why a huge thunderhead had appeared to the windward on a day with a 5% chance of precipitation.

We walked a little faster, singing "*Oh, Susanna*" to confuse *Oogah* as the rain began to fall. Something happened, though, because we didn't get too wet, and after extending the known limits of the aquaduct another  $\frac{1}{4}$ -mile north, we joined U.S. 9 at 4:30 p.m. At 5:10 p.m., we arrived at the Official Supermarket in Ossining where we replenished our gorp and other provisions. Our feet were beginning to feel the first twinges and pangs of the agony which was to follow. But we began walking again and saw the sun set like a red rubber ball, knowing that the worst was yet to come. Our northernmost point of penetration was reached at 8:00 p.m., and after the Official Changing of the Socks, we began to retrace our steps. Oh, how our gaze lingered longingly on the Penn Central trains pulling into the Croton-Harmon station. But stalwart were we, and with stiff upper lips, stiff upper calves and stiff upper ankles, we trudged on. Yes, trudged - no longer were our steps carefree and gay. Our teeth were gritted, our eyes dulled, our legs aching. Up and down the hills of Ossining until . . . until our ears pricked up! Our nostrils dilated! Off . . . off on the horizon . . . a speck! We walked faster and faster until we saw that the speck was a building . . . and the building was . . . the Official Diner!!! (fanfare) At 10:20 p.m., we stumbled in and had a dinner that couldn't be beat. We then heard the bad news from *Judy* and *Maxine* - they had used their last piece of moleskin! We were on our own, now . . .

Just before we started again, *Judy* presented *Ted* with a four-inch shocking pink Smile Button. That seemed to make him angry enough to stay awake for the rest of the hike. At 11:35 p.m., we began walking again, but before we started, *Danny* shook himself and said, "never again!" That was the last thing he said for the rest of the night.

From then on, things became rather vague. The entries in my logbook are scribbled and mostly illegible. I recall thinking about my feet and praying, "You pick 'em up, Lord, and I'll set 'em down." At another point, an unearthly voice echoed from a graveyard, "Who dare disturb my rest?", but it was only *Ted* hiding behind a tombstone. If I had caught him, I might have gotten him a permanent position in that graveyard - preferably a horizontal one - but it wasn't worth the effort. Jagged crystals of lactic acid were forming in my muscles and jabbing into raw nerve endings. 1:40 a.m., Sunday - Main Street, Tarrytown. 3:00 a.m. - Main Street, Irvington. Oh, my poor feet! 4:45 a.m. - Hastings-on-Hudson, and my notes read "hear birds and coal gas," whatever that means. 5:40 a.m. - it's starting to get light again and we're in Yonkers! And as the sun rose, our bladders filled, but we found ourselves in the midst of civilization - no bushes! Fortunately, we passed an armory, where the commanding officer gave us permission to use their

latrines at 0725 hours. When we told them what we were doing, they suggested that we join the Army where we could take all the 50-mile hikes we wanted. "Ha-ha," we said and limped off.

Yonkers seemed interminable, and Van Cortland Park seemed even longer. *Judy* and *Maxine* had quieted down after their hysterics in Yonkers, and staggered on now, uncaring. *Danny* shuffled along, balancing on his blisters, oblivious to his surroundings. I cursed *Ted's* smile button and he told me to have a nice day.

Lousy smile button . . .

Well, we made it back at 10:20 a.m. Twenty-six hours and twenty minutes of walking. And the sun was up. We took the final group picture and headed for home. I was carried off to my bed where I lie today. My feet have stopped hurting now, I think. But the human mind has strange ways of dealing with pain and suffering. All I can recall now is how much I enjoyed the hike. I even think I'll go on the next one, although I swore I wouldn't. But after the foist two 50-mile hikes, I swore I wouldn't go on another . . .

*Ellis Lader*  
New York U. Outdoor Club

# COLLEGE WEEK RIDES COORDINATION

## PEOPLE WHO WANT EXTRA RIDERS -

I have room for \_\_\_\_\_ extra outing clubbers and their gear.

I would like to leave on \_\_\_\_\_.

I would like help with: DRIVING  EXPENSES

I plan to drive across these states:

I plan to hike out of the COLLEGE WEEK site on \_\_\_\_\_.

## PEOPLE WHO WANT A RIDE TO COLLEGE WEEK -

I would like to leave on \_\_\_\_\_.

I will be alone  I will be with \_\_\_\_\_ others for COLLEGE WEEK.

I would like to hike out of COLLEGE WEEK on \_\_\_\_\_.

I can help with: DRIVING  EXPENSES

## PEOPLE ARRIVING NEAR THE COLLEGE WEEK SITE BY PLANE, BUS OR TRAIN -

I plan to arrive in DENVER  PAGOSA SPRINGS  ALAMOSA

and I will be coming in by AIRPLANE  TRAIN  BUS

Date & time arriving: \_\_\_\_\_ Airline & flight #: \_\_\_\_\_

I will need to return to the same station before \_\_\_\_\_.

I can help with: DRIVING  EXPENSES

SEND THIS FORM - IMMEDIATELY - WITH ALL REQUIRED INFORMATION TO:

Alan Brooks  
Natural Resource Ecology Laboratory  
Colorado State University  
Fort Collins, COLORADO 80523

My phone number is:

My address is printed on the other side.

AREA CODE:



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COLORADO STATE OUTING CLUB  
& STUDENT GROTTO  
ACTIVITIES CENTER BOX 303  
STUDENT CENTER  
COLORADO STATE UNIVERSITY  
FORT COLLINS, COLORADO  
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**NEWS-DATED MATERIAL**