

THE GOLDEN TRIANGLE

VACATION
SPECIALNEW ENGLAND
CANADIAN
ROCKIESTETON CLIMB
CANOE ON TRENT

VOL. 3 NO. 5

PITTSBURGH, PENNA.

SUMMER 1953 ? ? ?

Too soon to think about next year's vacation? Not at all! Most of our extended trips are dreamed up a year ahead. Two years ago when we came back from the Great Lakes Tony was talking about the Tetons, and Bruce was thinking of summer theaters in New England. This year's New England trip was inspired by two hostellers we met last year at South Amherst and who had just come from Nantucket. So trot them out, kick them around, talk them over, do some reading, get them growing--all these ideas for next summer. Holiday magazine compared several areas in this country to fabulous foreign spots: The Italian Lakes region and the Finger Lakes Region, The Hudson River country and the Rhineland (both have good hostel chains). Or maybe you'd like to hike in the Adirondaks after drooling over the pictures taken two years ago--several people have asked for that. Bruce and I have cycled the Horseshoe Trail through the Pennsylvania Dutch country in several long weekends, and recommend that nearby vacation land.

But maybe you want to get far, far away. To Europe perhaps, and who doesn't? Yet Canada hasn't hardly been scratched. The Canadian Rockies trip just back blazed the way and should inspire more to go next year. And how about a canoe trip? Canada, Wisconsin, or the Adirondaks? Art Ellis is pulling for a cycle trip around Lake Champlain. And Bruce and I are collecting information on DeGaspé. That's the way it all starts, you know.

JUNE MERRITT.

SUMMER 1952 ! ! !

Here's what happened on well pre-planned vacations-- The Grand Tetons, Canadian Rockies, New England, and the Trent Waterway Canoe Trip.

ROCKIES - UNITED STATES

After a year of practicing, planning and talking about the trip, the climbing expedition reached Grand Teton National Park on Monday, July 14. The permanent camp, set up at String Lake, resembled a Cat's Cradle more than anything else since each member of the group had brought at least 100 feet of light rope which was used to hold up mountain tents, pup tents, tarpaulins, and washing, so that it was difficult in daytime, and impossible at night to cross the area without tripping over a tent rope, strangling oneself in a clothesline, or stepping on the faces of the hardier hostellers who slept out of doors. A high pantry was built to protect the food from small animals who were referred to as "Rockchucks" whether they happened to be mice, porcupines, or mink to distinguish them from the large animals, all of which were called "Moose."

Tuesday was spent in hiking around Jenny Lake, to permit the seven old members of the group to point at Mount Owen and say in a positive voice to the newcomers, "That is Mount Moran." Wednesday, an easy practice climb was made up the scree slope to the saddle between three minor peaks, from which everyone climbed all three of the peaks. (Note to non-climbers: walking up a scree slope is equivalent to walking up a down escalator on roller coaster.)

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THE GOLDEN TRIANGLE
Published by
PITTSBURGH COUNCIL
AMERICAN YOUTH HOSTELS
6306 FIFTH AVE.
PITTSBURGH 32 PENNA.

Rockies - U.S. (Cont'd)

ler skates, while someone on the floor above throws marbles, golf balls, baseballs and bowling balls down at you.

Thursday was devoted to comparing sore muscles and blisters. On Friday everyone hiked with pack the twelve long mountain miles to Lake Solitude, where camp was made in a grove of pine trees which were a perfect target for thunderstorms which blow down at midnight with little rain but much snow and sleet, and continued through most of Saturday during the hike back "home". Since the next day was Sunday, the climbers scaled Saint John while the hikers laundered.

Those who had only two weeks vacation arrived Monday, and the next morning practically the entire group moved to high camp in Garnet Canyon for five days. The trip was strictly tourist with horses carrying supplies and much of the gear. From this camp the climbers settled their grudges with Middle Teton and climbed South Teton and Grand Teton while the hikers slid up another scree slope, scrambled over boulders, and bathed in warm little pools of ice water. On the return trip to base camp everyone became a pack horse, but was rewarded by dinner Cowboy Style at the Chuck Wagon and milkshakes in Jackson, even thicker than at King's. The rest of the time was spent at base camp, from where the climbers conquered Teewinot and Mount Moran, the hikers strolled up to Amphitheatre Lake, and the tourists visited Yellowstone.

Who went on the trip? As the only non-photographer, let me give you a verbal snapshot of each. Betty Bierer, the leader of the trip—sitting under a tree making lists, menus, K.P., rope groups ad infinitum—the only time she sat still long enough for a picture.—Walt Ellians, the Man from Mars, in canary yellow parka—glissading down from Peterson Glacier in a sitting position. (Cont'd Page 4)

ROCKIES - CANADA

You have heard your friends mention plans for a Canadian Rockies trip; you have heard that they have gone—but have you heard about the trip? Man!! What you've missed! Here are a few remarks that sum up just a small part of the trip as taken from a letter written by Albert Lee. He was a tripper from Brooklyn, N.Y.

"Has anyone thought of a good word to describe our jolting jaunt over the Rockies? The extravagant verbiage which is common currency in travel folders (enchancing, alluring, romantic, glamorous, etc), is too fancy for our trip. The best fitting word I can come up with is "unique"."

"That made our trip unique was not the grandeur of the mountains nor the color of the Calgary Stampede nor the icy glaciers nor the rushing rivers and falls, because in spite of what you say these are the same things which American Express and Thomas Cook sell to thousands of tourists every year. Our magic ingredient was People. First ourselves—Betty, Joan, Elsie, Marge, Grace, O-B, Bill, and even Al. Then, Eve and Rita (two adventurous girls who joined our group on the train), Harry (the bagpiper), Ray, Eileen, Ev, Doris, Chuck Harris (the Canadians), Ron, Don, the Spears, Ruby (other Canadians who helped out along the way), Mac (coffee like Mother useter make), the nameless heroes of the CPR—and many others. Our trip would have been interesting, even if we hadn't met these people, but they sure added that certain Something.

"My memories of the trip are crowded with personalities: meeting the cancellists in Toronto for lunch and then not lunching with them—buying our provisions at Eaton's—the inevitable tour of the streets searching for a restaurant and going into the Sword to get a menu—O-B lugging the spare tire like a life saver 5000 miles—throwing stones into the river at Calgary—dashing off the train at whistlestops for milk (remember the Chinese boy who thought we wanted buttermilk when we meant bottled milk?)—the cric, crac, croc of Canadian Rice Crispies—Marge sinking up to her

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Cape Cod - July 6

knees in the marsh on Mt. Ike.—Tinker (dog at Ike Inn) drinking our water—Bill's cooking—the groans from Joan when she drew three consecutive meals—the mosquitoes—Elsie getting up at 4:00AM at Hilda Creek to see the porcupine—the first four miles to Maligne Canyon—the last five—the mosquitoes—the big squeeze at meal time on the trains (how many pieces do I get?)—the rat race changing trains and getting our money's worth at lockers and check rooms—the hot water from the ladies' room—Elsie being locked in a w.c.—Betty being scared by a 'bear' at the creek—the mosquitoes—Ron imitating Englishmen and comparing American and European girls—Hairless Bill and his inseparable beret—Marge's daily laundry—the steak at the Icefields Chalet—the steak at Athabasca—our dungarees in the plush lobby of the Chateau Lake Louise—Grace leading us out of the wilderness on Mt. Ike—our 'beat' look upon arriving at Sunwapta—playing "Hearts" to 1:30 AM on the train back—madly discussing who should share her berth with Elsie and then finding out we were going coach all the way back—sleeping four in a reclining chair 'bed'—gosh, this could go on forever."

Yes, it can go on forever. With the experiences we had, we could fill several Golden Triangles. If this has made you feel left out or in a quandary as to what some of the above means, ask any "Rockette". They'll tell you more and more about the Canadian Rockies.

Bill Conensky Jr.

KEEP IN TOUCH WITH
HEADQUARTERS ABOUT
THE TWELVE HOUR
BIKE RACE!!



Second Annual Race on Monongahela Wharf.

Dear Mom:

I meant to buy stamps at every post office we passed, but Roger Probst keeps pedalling so fast I cannot afford to stop. The bike trailers work fine and all who passed us were curious. Finally we added signs "Helsinki or Bust", and now we are regarded as Olympic champions. Hope to catch up on sleep tonight as the last two nights people kept dragging in so late. We found one body in bed when we came last night—I kept turning my flash on her till I could see her face, and they told me it wasn't Gloria but Martha. The we heard the last crew had arrived, and it took all the King's horsepower to get them in! They say the \$64 question is how many canteens does it take to fill a radiator?

We are on a big ferry heading for the Vineyard. People look askance because we are busy mixing up a tuna salad on the top deck. Bruce is crying with onions and the gulls are frantic. Ginny Rach advocates that they should wear diapers. Land ho! Three days later—Martha's Vineyard.—Still trying to catch up with Roger. Big hostel here holds 225, with showers and an IRON! Good old airport coffee a la Judy, and super benches. Sunday at Gay Head and a full noon on Katana Beach. Roasting ears with sand and butter.

—Later on Another Ferry—

Now we are heading for Nantucket—30 miles at sea—and another hostel meal on board.—historic whaling island with whale shaped weather vanes, rose covered fisher cottages, and quaint "widows' walks" atop the houses. Here we have split up, and nine of us are in a room at a boarding house, with some queer people and a baronness. We have a routine—one, two, three, turn—and get the foot out of my face. Nearly froze in the ocean wind at Mrs. Stackpole's beach party—watermelon and baked beans with sand. Saw two straw hat plays, and wore out the windows shopping.

—Mainland—

We're on the road again. Jolly Roger will stop for my stamps so you'll know a shark hasn't got me. We saw another play, with Barbara Bel Geddes.

(Continued Page 5)

RELAX CLOSE TO NATURE

.....IS THE WAY TRAVEL FOLDERS PUT IT!

"Can I help you?" said John Grable, politely lifting his jacking cap. "No, thank you, we're helping ourselves!" they replied, and wiped their faces on Edith Kerschner's mosquito netting; rattled our pots; licked water-proofing from Fran Czapiewski's tent and drummed on the upturned quoniam where the boys had set up their beds. At this point 'Bronco' Edlis rode herd on the hobby critters and sent those cows romping off to stare from a safe distance... to give us a repeat performance of the comic drama next morning.

Not all of the Trent Canal System wandered through pretty, Pennsylvania-type farmland. There were the downhill rivers and the dozen or so dams we had to go through...and there were the Keweenaw chain of lakes in the 'Bush' country. Pig-o-on and Sturgis-on, Stony and Lok, Katchawano and Seugeg... sprinkled with pink-stone islands with little cabins on top. Here, our detailed charts of the waters proved their seventy-five cents' worth with their well-marked channels and buoys. We didn't sink a single island!

Canoeing never was tough at the 10-miles-a-day that we covered. But, there was the time when it got rough and nothing was out on Clear Lake but our canoes: where we said our prayers like mad when the white-caps hit broadside and sang like mad to ease the paddling--and admitted when we reached shore, that was kind of fun! The pace was slow enough--well, most of the time--to allow some super menus. Crowds gathered just to admire our fried chicken and reflector-oven specials, and our ambition. Ronny Goldman became expert enough with hot cakes to give Henry Eckhardt competition and our leader turned the girls green with his peach cobbler one day.

TH... to Margaret Dudas and Mary Louise... for taking on extra duties... ing passes, collecting... and answering mail, etc.), while many AYE members were on extended trips.

We were able to pick up, besides poison ivy, some odd bits of useful information: Cows are curious; Loons sound like giddy school kids; Mosquitos can tell time--they showed up promptly at 9:30 for their supper(us.) Best of all, we discovered that Canadians, with their smiling voices with the turned-up "Eh!" at the end, are the most kind and gracious we ever met.

Have any disappointments? A few--Theresa O'Callaghan had to turn back early in the trip; Edith never caught the bass she promised us for dinner; we didn't get to toss our leader in the water at the end of the trip.

Go canoeing again? Sure! Let's make it the North Bay country so we can muscle with bears next time.

Fran Czapiewski

Rockies-U.S. (Cont'd)

Freida Hammermeister, returning from Teewinot without a hair out of place or a smudge on her nose--Frank Seaber, perched high above camp on a boulder, singing Jan-crack Joe--Freda Eckhardt mothering everyone--Job Herman's triumphant return from Middle Teton-Hartley Saxon in plus-fours and grey beret--Ruth Eckhardt feeding caramels to wild horses--Lois Anderson, champion hiker--boots, with Hank "Luncheon" Fisher attached--Shu Kao and Henry Eckhardt building charcoal stoves--Lon Frances refusing to come into camp after climbing Middle Teton until she had powdered her nose--Lonch Phinney patching his one pair of trousers--Betty Bellino, with her new style pack--Jim Zimmerman, looking at the Tetons and remarking, "Kinda steep, aren't they?"--Gil Bollino, planning the next six months' conversation around the "Grand"--Jean McDowell, completely covered with zinc oxide--Randy Frances, coming down Disappointed Peak at the end of a rope--Dorothy Anderson laughing off altitude sickness--Ed Worell, the Complete Alpinist, from hat to beard--Tony Frances, mapping next year's climbing routes--and if Hank Fisher's movie camera was working, I'll never live down my swim in Lake Solitude.

Liz Saffer

THIRSTY? -- There's orange pop and coke in the refrigerator. Ten cents.

EVERY THURSDAY AT 8:30 PM- OPEN HOUSE

Sept. 4: Grand premiere of "New England".

A movie- Produced by The Merritts.

Director- June--Cameraman- Bruce.

Cast of "Characters"

Judy V.A. Lynn Audrey

Ethel Batch Ruth Martha

Nancy Ginny Gloria Art

and introducing--"Jolly Roger"

Sept. 11: Square and folk dancing- Get in the swing of things and limber up for the winter dance sessions.

Sept. 18: The Teton Trip reports-- Color slides showing colorful mountain climbers in action, and hikers along scenic trails.

Sept. 25: Baker Trail Revue. First hand information on those red bottle caps.

Oct. 2: 12-hour bike race preview. Got your programs and reserved seats, and last minute information on who's riding in circles.

Oct. 9: Square and folk dancing.

Oct. 16: Record night. Who is your favorite record personality? Well, impersonate him. You don't have to say a word. Just act, and let the record speak for you.

Oct. 23: Election next month, so the present officers will tell you of their trials and tribulations.

Oct. 30: Halloween Party--8:00 PM.

Cost 50¢. Come dressed as the queerest character you know-join in the scavenger hunt-and pause for refreshments after the square dance.

RESERVE EARLY with Ruth Zimmerman,

LI 1-4157J

or Rosemary Thiebaut--LE 1-0212.

Come on
Out for the
Weekend Cycle Trips.
Get in Shape for the
TWELVE HOUR BICYCLE RACE.

NEW ENGLAND CYCLE (Cont'd)

I got lost and pedalled madly down a dark road to get there just before curtain time. Tonight back at Sandwich we had a tasty meal of boiled lobster and clams on an outdoor table near the hostel. (no sand.) Hope the lobster shows vivid red in color photo altho V.A.'s legs are about the same shade. After wading through the sand dunes we left by cars for Cape Ann. June took a picture of the Pilgrim at Plymouth Rock and Somebody left the leftover food outside the restroom door at the Cranberry Bog Railroad but we made out okay.

Many N.Y. people are at Lainesville Hostel and also the Dutch girl we met before and 2 honeymooners. Nite life in the soda parlors is exciting but I must stay home and wash while the basin is free. Tried all the beaches and toured Gorton-PEW codfish cannery.

At Amherst we climbed a mountain above the Conn. River to a spot where the June '52 cover of "Holiday" magazine was shot. The annual Country Dance Festival was a colorful hi-lite and left us exhausted. We got Pittsburgh publicity about hostel trip on the loudspeaker and a hand from the crowd. Drew lots again (numbers racket) for cars and headed for La Anna Hostel in the Poconos, our last stop. Here Bruce led a square dance, and even without our customary bed-time story, we fell into a deep sleep.

Jolly Roger found the trip educational. After getting over the shock that two of the girls were high school teachers, he stuck by Bruce and learned many new words. The lad got real frappe- happy too. We made it back! My stamps stuck together so I found one at home. It was a wonderful trip!

Your lovin' Daughter.

P.S. Cyclometer reading-pushing 400.

Lynn Irick

C. Bruce Merritt for:

AYH Berets
AYH T-Shirts
AYH Pins and Emblems
Raleigh Cycles and Accessories

SEPTEMBER - OCTOBER SCHEDULE OF EVENTS

Fri.-Sat.-Sun.-Mon., Aug. 29-30-31; Sept. 1: LABOR DAY WEEKEND AT LIGONIER. Cost \$ 6.70. Leave Friday night for three days at Bill Snell's cabin. Beautiful hiking country. Swimming a must at nearby Kooser or Keystone Parks, or splash in Lynn Run by the cabin door. Mountain climbers may scramble on a 90-foot rock ledge. Private cars needed. Leader-Ed Worrell. Phone EM 1-0413.

Sat., Sun.-Mon., Aug. 30-31; Sept. 1: GRAND CIRCLE TOUR ON LABOR DAY WEEKEND. Circle Pittsburgh at a comfortable radius on the Rainbow Belt. Sleep out. Conditions for bike races. Leader-Betty Bicer. Phone EM 1-0413.

Sat., Sept. 6: HIKE AND CLIMB AT McCONNELL'S MILLS. Cost \$1.85. Bring lunch; also mess gear for campfire supper. Leave headquarters 8:30 AM. Cars needed. Leader-Gloria Fisher. Phone EM 1-0413.

Fri.-Sat.-Sun., Sept. 12-13-14: CYCLE TRIP TO AVELLA. Cost \$4.10. Bring sleeping bag, mess gear, and a good light on bike. Cycle to nearby church Sunday. Leave 7:00 PM Friday night. Cycle 10 miles to Shoraden (Bruce's); 25 miles to Avella on Saturday, and sleep out. Return 35 miles on Sunday through Mt. Lebanon (June's). Leader-Bruce Merritt. Phone MU 1-2893.

Sat., Sept. 20: CYCLE TRIP TO BUSHY RUN BATTLEFIELD. Cost 15¢. Bring lunch. Less than 50 miles round trip. Leader-Betty Walczak. Phone LE 1-0212.

Sat.-Sun., Sept. 27-28: BIKE TRAILER TRIP TO PYMATUNG. Cost \$7.00. Cycling and swimming in the lake region. Bring sleeping bag and mess gear. Trailer capacity limited to 12. Leader-Ruth Zimmerman. Phone LI 1-4157J.

Sun., Oct. 5: NATIONAL TWELVE HOUR BICYCLE RACES tentatively scheduled for this weekend. May be switched to week before or after.

Sun., Oct. 12: "EASY" FIFTEEN MILES THROUGH SOUTH PARK. Cost 15¢. Bring lunch. This is an old favorite. Leader-John Ferchak. Phone EO 1-3276.

Sat.-Sun., Oct. 18-19: BLACK MOSHANNON STATE PARK. Cost \$6.25. Bring sleeping bag, mess gear. Only five hours by car to a weekend of camping, hiking and swimming (brill!) in isolated Allegheny wilderness country. Leader-Fred Freuthal. Phone JA 1-0195.

Sat., Oct. 25: CYCLE THROUGH ALLEGHENY RIVER VALLEY. Cost 15¢. Bring lunch. A leisurely circuit of not more than 50 miles and return same day. Leader-Nancy Evans. Phone CH 1-2916.



HALLLOWEEN
PARTY



(For details see Open House information)