

# The Golden

# TRIANGLE

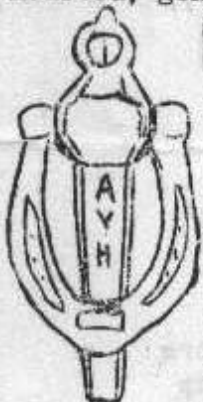


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 Fran Czapiewski, Editor Rosemary Thiebaut, Assoc. Ed. Vol. 3, No. 12 DECEMBER

## PITTSBURGH THIRD ANNUAL 12-HOUR BICYCLE RACE \*\*\*\*\*

Aching calf muscles? tender feet? tired neck and back? maybe a few sniffles? How did you feel on October 5? Chances are you were a bit weary—but happy, with pleasant memories of a well-done job. October 4 saw the culmination of months of hard work....the successful completion of Pittsburgh's Third Annual 12-Hour Bicycle Race.

The presenting of the race was an excellent opportunity for Hostellers to think, plan and work together on a central theme; to cooperate on a "big" national event. Nothing could have exemplified the purpose more than this year's race. Even rain could not dampen the spirits of those taking part. From Chairman and original race committee to the multitude of loyal hostellers and friends who helped, there was a wholehearted, generous giving of time and effort.



Don't Bother to Knock...  
 Walk Right In!

## OPEN HOUSE

Every Thursday  
 8:30 P.M.

- "What's My Line?" -- Nov. 5
- Board Achievements in 1953
- Election -- Nov. 12
- Kaffee Klache
- "New Experiences in Europe" -- Nov. 19
- Herb Buchwald
- Thanksgiving Day -- Nov. 26

- Bob Chemis, Naturalist -- Dec. 3
- Square Dance -- Dec. 10
- A.Y.H. Fashion Parade -- Dec. 17
- Christmas Eve. -- Dec. 24
- Christmas Party -- Dec. 30
- New Year's Eve. -- Dec. 31

## WELCOME

Good will, good sportsmanship and good humor—all were readily displayed during the grueling twelve hours. Riders who spilled, or were forced to quit, cheered the ones still in the race; even helped in feeding other members of their clubs. Kidding remarks flew around, of course.....Damon's, "Slow it down Tony...You're killing us!"....or Harry's singing, "It's easy if the pace is slow!"

When the race was finished, each rider congratulated the winners.....and began talking of next year's event.

Many friends of A.Y.H. participated, the City of Pittsburgh and Boy Scouts....the race would not have been possible without their help. A.Y.H. evidently won a good name for itself and created much good will. Cooperation of local merchants and the presence of Hizzoner, the Mayor, David L. Lawrence showed it.

The race was fun for everyone, although much work went into its preparation and staging. You'll agree, we think, that the 12-Hour Bicycle Race of 1953 was an event to be remembered, to be proud of, to be repeated.

-----Nancy Evans

# VOTE

# VOTE

American Youth Hostels American

Hosteling

Hosteling

Designed to Free You From the Four Walls of Everyday.

We all need the tonic of an occasional trip, whether we're suffering from growing pains or a broken heart, in-law trouble, insomnia—or only the normal boredom which comes from seeing the same faces and places 52 weeks of the year.

When we have no troubles at all, so much the better. Then travel can be counted on to complete our education, widen our horizons, and give us a knowledge of the world which is essential to successful living.

—American Magazine

American Youth Hostels American

## FROM THE CONSTITUTION:

"The voting membership shall meet annually in November and by preferential ballots successively elect a Chairman of the Board and chairmen of the various committees to serve for the following calendar year. The committee chairmen shall constitute the Activities Board...

"The voting membership shall consist of all A.Y.H. passholders of the Pittsburgh Council. The Council shall include the carefully selected, outstanding citizens interested in....helping all, but especially young people, to a greater knowledge, understanding, and love of the world and the fellowship of man by providing youth hostels, organizing trips and activities consistent with the aims and spirit of Hosteling; helping them to develop happier, stronger, finer lives."

-----All you 'carefully-selected, outstanding citizens' are naturally, interested in a strong, vital organization. You are naturally, going to vote for activities leaders who will keep the Council strong and vital.

ELECTION DAY is November 12, 1953.

Hostel Headquarters  
will look as empty  
as this space, unless you come out  
to vote on Nov. 12.

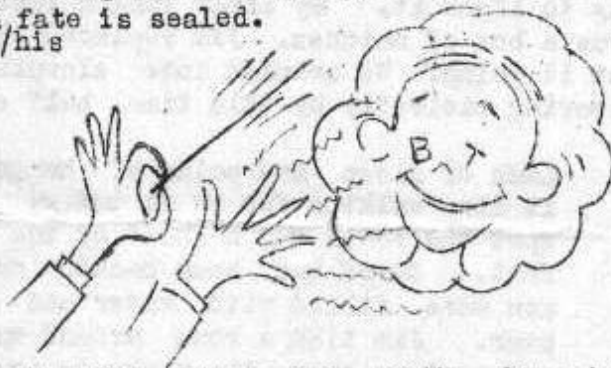
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PITTSBURGH COUNCIL

American Youth Hostels, Inc.  
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"He was a broken man—people avoided him on the streets and whispered behind his back. He was a failure: a task had been given him and he had failed! Let me tell you about him, my children, so that you can avoid the tragic errors this poor wretch made....."

"Imagine if you will the Syria Mosque. It is Friday nite and the Pittsburgh Symphony has just finished Beethoven's Seventh. Exhilarated by the overwhelming music, Hosteler Oscar wanders into the lobby for intermission. There he encounters W.W. chairman of Baker Trail Blazers, Inc. a subsidiary holding company of the Hostellers. W.W., taking advantage of the intellectual stupor O. is in, proposes that O. take the responsibility of blazing Sector 1. of the Baker Trail. Oscar, the Pastoral Symphony beclouding his brain, says, "Yes,"..... and fate is sealed.  
his



"During the subsequent months, he gets a chance to go out only once and blaze a mile of trail before school work interferes. Later, vacation interferes, summer inertia interferes....and every time the poor wretch visits Hostel headquarters, the wee red line, signifying the minute amount of work he has done stares at him from the wall. He begins to avoid Thursday nights so as not to see the dreaded chart and hear the cruel taunts of the others.

"In the Fall, he leaves Pittsburgh, probably forever, although his life work remains undone....Oh! the shame and degradation!!!!

"Therefore, oh my children, remember the sad story of Oscar Firschein, the Frail Blazer, and beware of W.W. when under the influence of classical music!"

Letter 3—From "Winning Woman Racer

Washington, D.C.  
October 14, 1953

Dear Betty,



.....Everyone looks at me as if I'm crazy when I say I really enjoyed riding in the race. The only unpleasant part was the rain. I wasn't particularly tired, either. Of course, after half an hour I could no longer touch my toes, and I had to lift myself out of bed Monday morning ...bowed Monday nite; felt fine Tuesday.

The boys (Damon and Toni, in particular) were so good to me. I tried hard to do my share of the work and really hope no-one says that I rode the 217.4 miles by sleigh-riding all the time.....

Of the five Washington Cycle Club members who entered, only two finished. But we all enjoyed it - whether from a bicycle seat or the feeding line. In fact, I think the kids on the feeding line even worked harder than the riders.....

I hope the 12-Hour Race will continue. It is one of the best displays of sportsmanship I've ever seen....I told one man off very unladylike. He had tried to spill me; but this was the only rudeness I encountered at all.....

I am, of course, planning on riding next year if possible....Many thanks for your knidness during the visit.

Sincerely,

Ruth E. Sibley



IT WAS 170 MILES ACROSS THE MOHAVE DESERT to the town of Lone Pine, and it was 9 P.M. on Friday when we arrived....13 miles farther was our destination, the Whitney Portal campground. On the way up,...sheer cliff on one side; black nothingness on the other; mountain road to end all...a narrow shelf on the side of a 500-ft. cliff. That night we camped in Inyo National Forest.

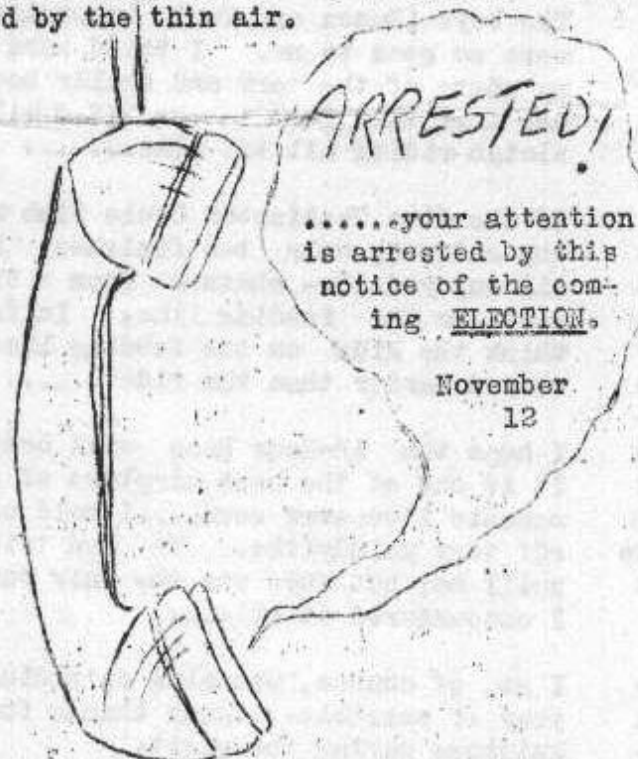
Taking food for 3 meals, sleeping bags and our warmest clothes, we started on the foot-trail to Mt.

Whitney, 13 miles up. The trail led us with many switchbacks thru beautiful pine forest, past several small lakes.....lunch at Mirror Lake, and a nap, and we reached the timberline.

For me it was getting rough; my breathing was getting faster and my legs felt like

lead. The altitude didn't affect Jim so much. We met several returning hikers during the afternoon who had tried to make the trip in one day.

Towards 4:30 P.M. the sun dipped below Mt. Whitney; the temperature started falling fast. Troubles began when we stopped for supper. The gasoline stove just wouldn't work and Jim used up all his matches trying to light it. By sheer luck a last group of hikers came down the trail. They gave us a box of matches. Jim replaced the vaporiser element in the stove and finally got it going. We crawled into sleeping bags after eating, but not to sleep. I was shivering violently by this time, half suffocated by the thin air.



Visitors to Madame Tussaud's famed wax works gallery in London may see a bicycle racing man in the "works." Reg Harris, said to be the first racing cyclist to be shown in the exhibition of most famous (also infamous) and notable personalities of the past and present, is in the sports section.

ON TOP OF OLE WHITNEY

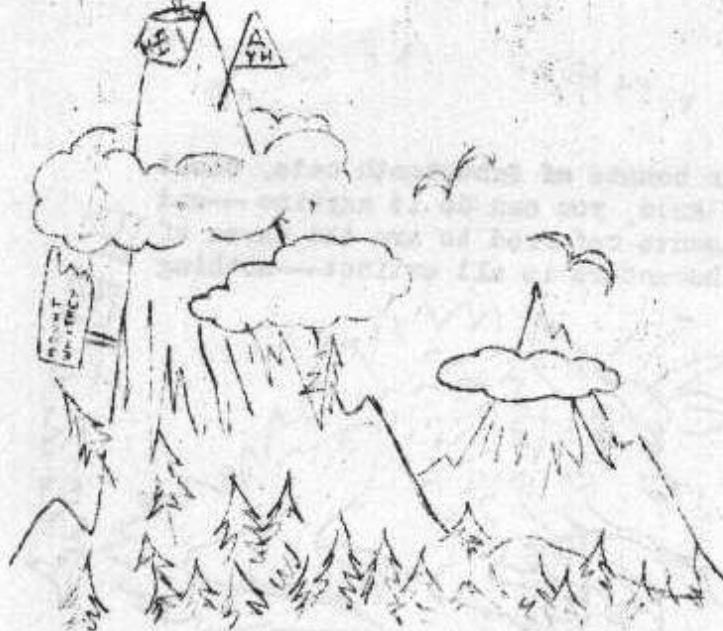


Lack of sleep and pains of hunger made it slow walking for me at 6 A.M. At one spot the trail was a sheet of ice for 50 feet. Steps had been hacked out, but now were filled with water and frozen over. Jim tied a rope around my waist and went up over the rocks to avoid the ice. He held the rope and I crawled on hands and knees over the spot. It was a terrifying moment. I knew if a person slipped here he could easily go over the side.

When the sun came over the mountain, we stopped for a breakfast that was not to be.....the stove refused to cooperate. I couldn't go on, so Jim decided to try alone. Fifteen minutes later, when I looked up, he was there on the ridge, 820 feet from the top. He had told me to be on that ridge when he came back, but at the moment I was too exhausted and weak to care.

I did make it. It was the high point for me, with a view beyond description. While I waited for Jim's return, sleeping and enjoying the scenery, two more hikers came up. Of the four in their  
(more on the next page-----)





party, two had turned back at the ice sheet. These fellows admitted they had been scared half to death coming across the ice, so I didn't feel so bad.

Jim reached the top of Mt. Whitney in 1-3/4 hours (14,500 ft.) On the summit was a small stone cabin, built by the Smithsonian Inst. Jim said his life was saved by a pot of beansoup someone had left on the stove. He took color pictures of the landscape...also of two chipmunks living there 4000 ft. above timberline...and started back.

Returning over the ice sheet was even worse than going up. I sat down and inched over it. My blue jeans froze to the ice if I hesitated too long. Jim assured me I couldn't slip even if I tried, but the rope was tied around my waist just in case! We were both sick from hunger when we reached Whitney Portal at 5 P.M. A big supper and several cups of coffee fixed that though, and made us feel almost equal to the 183-mile trip home.

We'll both remember that very fine but very rough trip—one we wouldn't have missed for the world and would not repeat for anything.

—Ida Louise (Edith) Zimmerman

Today's record for cross-country hiking is held by David Power, 61. He left Santa Monica, Calif. on April 28 and arrived in New York on July 11. It took Edward Payson Weston 77 days to walk across the country in 1910.

## Kansas City Romance

(—A Ballad We Learned From Jim Zimmerman)

I used to go down to the city.  
I'd walk into the station and I'd watch  
the trains come in.  
And then I yielded to temptation,  
I ran away and started on a life of sin.  
I took my hat and fourteen dollars  
And left my home and started on a life  
that always follers when you're rich  
And huntin' romance....  
But my huntin' days are over, I can tell  
you that!

I met a man in Kansas City.  
He winked at me and asked me if I'd like  
to look around.  
And I said, "Yep! That's what I'm here fer  
So he said he'd show me all the hottest  
spots in town.  
He mentioned things he had to fix up,  
So he took my fourteen dollars, but there  
must've been a mix-up....  
He's been gone since Tuesday evening.  
And I'll bet I'll never see my fourteen  
bucks, no more!

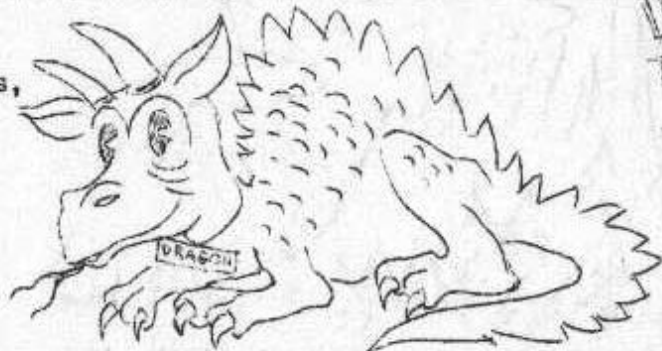
When I grow old and have a grandson,  
I will tell him 'bout my romance and I'll  
watch his eyes bug out.  
But chances are, he won't believe me  
And he'll do the same durn thing when he  
grows up, no doubt!  
But he can't say I didn't warn him  
What's gonna happen when he meets that  
city guy, goldurn him.  
I'm going back to where I come from  
Where the mocking bird is singing in the  
lilac bush.



# THINGS WE NEVER KNEW ABOUT

You've had the itch to investigate the haunts of Sabertooth cats, Giant Sloths and Dragons...haven't you? Y'know, you can do it anytime---and with very little risk---because the haunts referred to are the caves of Pennsylvania, and the above cast of characters is all extinct---nothing left but dem dry bones!

Cave exploring is a fascinating business, and not half so dangerous as it sounds...if a few ordinary precautions are taken. The equipment is simple: a crash helmet with a carbide lamp, such as miners used to use; some sturdy old clothing, a ball of twine if entering a totally unknown cave (so you can find your way back) and a light, strong rope for descending into chambers and returning again.



Place	Name	Time	Distance
1.	Ted Ernst, Jr.	12 Hr.	240.80
2.	Oliver M. Ward	"	240.06
3.	Everett Cassagneres	"	238.55
4.	Damon Phinney	"	225.67
5.	Anthony Pranses	"	222.72
6.	Jim Beres	"	220.50
7.	Ruth E. Sibley	"	217.40
8.	Nancy Nieman	"	208.87
9.	Wm. Comensky	"	206.81
10.	Wm. Wangenstein	"	205.01
11.	Ed. A. Worrell	"	200.88
12.	Ruth Griffiths	"	200.60
13.	Harry Rhule	"	198.16
14.	Dan Mast	"	189.02
15.	L. B. Bierer	"	187.06
16.	Walt Williams	"	158.57
17.	Rudy Hendricks	8 Hr. 30 Min.	165.33
18.	Wm. Vetter	5 " 48 "	102.20
19.	Larry Cohen	4 " 45 "	93.19
20.	Laurette Burke	5 " 30 "	87.17
21.	Peter De Beuk	4 " 15 "	81.91

More about Pennsylvania caves--send for Bulletin G3  
Topographic and Geologic Survey  
Dept. of Internal Affairs  
Harrisburg, Pa.

Naturally enough, the average cave is no place for claustrophobes... Consider the following modes of travel, de rigueur for confined passages...get down and crawl like a snake; or else, squirm thru a waist-thick opening; or lean away backwards and edge along some narrow cleft (gadi!); or slide down a clay fill or crawl over fallen rocks. Our source says, "If you feel smothered in a closet or vault, don't enter caves, because you will have the impression that tons and tons of solid rock above and around you are about to fall in." So.

Now we have some little-known spelio-logical facts:

--Caves furnish ideal places in which to sleep thru the long winter months (for bats.)

--You'll be glad to know that snakes just don't exist in caves---temperature and living conditions are all wrong for them there.

--And your chances of meeting a bear are infinitely remote, it says here.

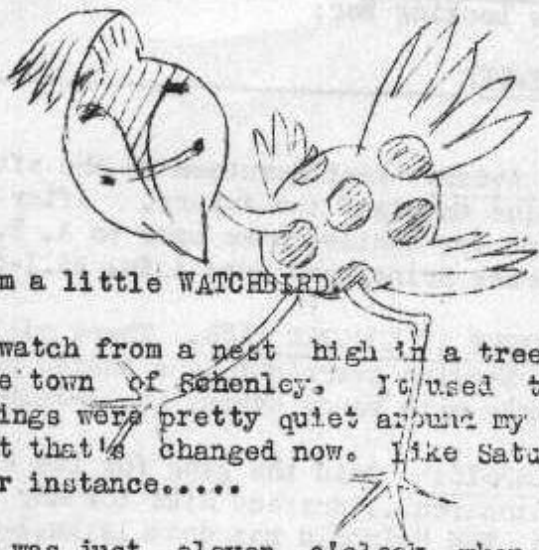
But don't be surprised, if the most earth-shaking development on the entire trip comes when you have crawled to the furthest reaches of the cavern---and find scrawled on the wall---"KILROY WUZ HERE."

---Roger Protas

PENNSYLVANIA'S

UNDERWORLD





50  
 of the Rosey Bush  
 632

I'm a little WATCHBIRD.

I watch from a nest high in a tree near the town of Schenley. It used to be, things were pretty quiet around my house but that's changed now. Like Saturday, for instance.....

It was just eleven o'clock when I was disturbed by some people (Hustlers, they were) chopping a dead tree right next to my house. Walt, Ruth, Bruce, Jean and Dot (that's what I heard them called) then picked up this cut tree and carried it to a small clearing nearby. Immediately, they were joined by two others, Ramona and Gloria. Then everyone began peeling off the bark.

At the same time, John and Cy busily studied a blueprint; then hung up some strings which they told everybody was the roof.(?) When I saw that blueprint, I knew it must be a professional job. I looked real hard. On the bottom was written, "Baker Trail Shelter No. 1."

How they worked----with axes, hatchets, saws and knives...like beavers! In fact that's what they named Ruth after she chopped her first tree, 'Little Beaver' .....couldn't figure that one out, but her friends thought it was funny.

She wasn't the only girl swinging an axe. Five went out looking for a tree....but before they took it there was always a vote----Would the bark come off easily; Was it easy to carry; Were there any thickets around it. And all the time, over the chatter of the girls, you could hear the boys hammering and sawing, as they fitted the logs into place.

I'm glad it's almost finished---(I don't tremble anymore when someone goes past with an axe.) In my birdseye opinion, this lean-to is a good looking piece of work.....And now, to watch the Hustlers that come here to camp!!!

---Jean McDowell

Therese and Bud will be married Dec. 31, in Texas, if all goes as planned. The date is already engraved on the rings. More talent showing up----Ruth Zimmerman and Gloria Fisher are taking oil painting lessons.....Cy and Dorothy Phillippi have applied their vast knowledge of construction to the B.T. shelter.

Bob Fulton has the most unusual nickname----'Steamboat'.....Hostelers meet: Bernie Weiss, while on a New York A.Y.H. trip, met Bruce and his gang in Vermont. After a long chat Bernie had a better idea of his future home.....We have also lost a good hosteler to N.Y.-----Oscar Firschein returned to his home town and an advancement in his line of work.

Wes Bunnelle, who is now living in Calif. has finally found the gal he wants to have love, honor and obey him. To Mr. & Mrs. Bunnelle goes our sincere good wish for their future----may all of their troubles be little hostelers!

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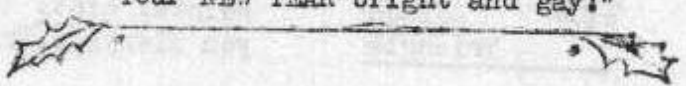
1 BICYCLES AND PARTS  
 \*\*\*\*\*  
 Big Clearance Sale Drastic Reductions  
 Sale starts at 8:00 P.M. November 19

Borets	reg.	\$1.40	now \$ .99
Handle Bars	"	3.90	" 2.89
Pant Clips	"	.15	" .08
Bike Locks	"	1.45	" 1.09
Nite Glow per ft.	"	.25	" .19
Plaid Seat Covers	"	.40	" .29
Tires 26 x 1-3/8	"	3.60	" 2.59
Tubes 26 x 1-3/8	"	2.05	" 1.59

Other merchandise 10% off.  
 Sale continues as long as items last.  
 \*\*\*\*\*

2 LOST AND FOUND  
 \*\*\*\*\*  
 Executive Board; male-female; Fifth and Shady vicinity; night of November 12; bring vote to A.Y.H.; continued good service offered as reward.  
 \*\*\*\*\*

Merry Christmas!  
 What joy to greet our old friends,  
 And again sincerely say,  
 "May your CHRISTMAS be a merry one,  
 Your NEW YEAR bright and gay!"



TRIPS FOR NOVEMBER AND DECEMBER

Looking for  
Something?



FOR EXCITING  
Excursions

LOOK ON THE BACK  
PAGES OF THE  
Golden  
Triangle

Nov. 7, Sat. A Trip to the Aviary Meet downtown in the afternoon. Walk to the North Side to visit the Aviary. After mingling with the strange birds for awhile, hike back to A. Y. H. headquarters for supper. Grace Kriner has more info. MA.1-8213

Nov. 7-8, Sat. Sun. OVERNIGHT AT KOOSIER LAKE. There will be hiking in the State Park. Staying overnight in a heated cabin. Limited to 12. Reserve early with Nancy Evans, Ch. 1-2916.

Nov. 15, Sun. OUR FALL CLASSIC! Join the gang for the crawl thru Dulany's Cave near Uniontown....surface hike for any who suffer from claustrophobia. Bob Helmbold has details. Ma. 2-0272

Nov. 21, Sat. HAMPTON TOWNSHIP CROSS-COUNTRY HIKE. Enjoy the crisp November air as you travel thru fields and woods and over dirt roads. Leader, Bob Sarver.

Nov. 28, Sat. BIRDVILLE TO COOPERSTOWN ON FOOT. Hike over the countryside...have lunch at our new temporary hostel at Saxonburg. See Ruth Zimmerman for more information. Ma. 1-3741.

Dec. 6, Sun. UP HILL, DOWN DALE ON SECTOR III. Hiking on the Baker Trail in the vicinity of the Sportsman's Club and Freeport. Trip to be led by Harry Rhule.

Dec. 11, Fri. Eve. SEE PITTSBURGH AS IT'S DRESSED UP FOR CHRISTMAS, on the city walk-a-tour. Details will be announced later.

Dec. 13, Sun. OLD TIMERS GET-TOGETHER AT PINE KNOB. Follow along Chestnut Ridge near Hopwood and renew old friendships and meet new hostellers. This was one of the early Pittsburgh Council A.Y.H. hikes.

Dec. 19, Sat. Eve. OUR CHRISTMAS PARTY. Catch the yuletide spirit. Join in the singing of carols and dancing. Bring a 25¢ gift for the grab bag. (Be original and funny) Cost 50¢

Dec. 20, Sun. FERN HOLLOW STROLL. This will be an easy hike along trails in Frick Park with a campfire supper. Bring your friends.

Dec. 27, Sun. TRIM THE CHRISTMAS TREE WITH LIZ AT THE LOG CABIN. (This is for the birds!) Bring your own suet. Hiking on Sector IV of the Baker Trail. Make your reservation with Liz Saffer, Ch. 1-0382.

NEW YEAR'S WEEKEND is a nice long one again.

Save those three precious days for a trip you'll remember as one of 1954's best. Meantime, keep your duffel bags packed and ready.....More details are on the way.

Helpful Hint: Keep your blue, A.Y.H. identification card with you always...Trips will cost 15¢....40¢ without the card.