N Y C

N Y C the place for you to be, 
an experience you'll never forget.  
A place to listen, and look and see  
what nature has for you.  
Full of friends and of fun, a place  
to meet strange people and act like  
you've never acted before.  
N Y C toughens you physically and  
mentally for the job world.  
A place to grow with no  
walls or boundaries . . .
July 23, 1986

Dear NYC'er,

Thanks for a great session. I really enjoyed working with every one of you. I know few days were easy, and some were darn hard, but by making it through each day you discovered a lot about yourself. You learned that you are tougher than you thought and that you can handle any job you put your mind to. You have learned how to live with people from a wide variety of backgrounds and work as a member of a team.

You have camped out for five weeks and seen a part of Oregon that few people ever visit. And, you have learned something about the natural environment -- that it is a tremendous resource for recreation and raw materials and that it deserves and needs our care and concern.

But most of all I think you have learned responsibility. Responsibility not only for putting in a fair day's work, but for the daily chores necessary for living in a group -- responsibility that will help you get and hold any job you set your mind to.

Working and living with you has been an experience I'll never forget and I want to thank you for your time, effort and patience. You have helped NYC grow into a Fifth Generation and become a better program. Thank you and keep in touch.

[Signature]
WEEKLY REPORT

Week one - Blue Crew

Our Crew was stationed out in the boonies about an hour and a half driving time from the nearest town which was Detroit, Oregon.

The country is simply beautiful up here with the greenest, tallest trees in Oregon. We made a firetrail around a clearcut unit, 2,300 feet of it. It was hard! It had roots and rocks everywhere, but we pushed it and finished one day early. Orange and yellow crew also finished early, so we all did a four day week and took an early weekend. That was great, but now we are on the edge of a six-day work week, piling slash. Better buy a lot of junk food because that's the only thing that's going to pull me through. Everybody's adapting well to the new living, but there are still complaints about the yummy food; government unsalted peanuts and powdered milk. Overall though, it's been a great first week. I'm not so sure about the next. Reporting live from Detroit Lake, Oregon.

Phil Cicero

Week two - Blue Crew

We worked a 6 day week this week and put in about 6 hours overtime. We piled that old time favorite slash. We had to work on about a 45 degree hill in 85 degree weather. The evenings were filled with Franks story telling and raids with the yellow and orange crews and swimming in our favorite waist deep swimming hole. Rose also gave us a treat this week, (she let us go fill our water jugs). Brian did a very good Seed. We played hug-a-tree and then we sat along the river for about 45 minutes alone and took time to ourselves just to think. It was great. We did our evaluations this week. Everyone is becoming more like family, except Frank who left us on the weekend.

by Angi
Week three - Blue Crew

Sunday. And there was great rejoicing and gnashing of teeth. All of the people of the Smurfy realm praised Art for his wisdom in chastising them for their riotous behavior in the battle of the pillows. Behold, all of the people were glad from the dearth of work on this day and the portent it gives for a week of four days.

All exalted in the advent of clean clothes and the breath of sunshine from the crusade to Lemla Lake. The boredom of returning to the same worksite was lessened by the swapping of campsites of Blue and Orange crews. The bliss of being free from the mosquito horde was diminished by the watchful anticipation of a retaliatory Orange raid for the Blue raid last week.

Monday. On the first day of work Blue Crew finished the Great Unit, and it was good.

Tuesday. After working above our old unit, we were shown the glory of our new unit. Many steadfast smurfs conceived great hatred for the Rhododendrum plant. We were all greatly pleased and flattered by receiving invitations from the Red crew for a "Pool Party", and from the Orange crew for dinner. We anxiously flocked to the leech nest which the Red's humorously called a "Pool". Our fearless leader experienced the pool and the frog-eggs at the bottom while most of us huddled in awe. The Reds showed equal reluctance to brave the pool. Most of us stood about conversing, eating or skipping stones into the scummy water. We then returned to camp to dine with Orange crew for a sumptuous meal.

Wednesday. We were assisted by NYC Director, Art Pope for the day. That evening he stopped by, picked up mail and left cookies and M & M's for his loyal workers.

Thursday. Worked hard on our unit, we were rewarded with Art's cookies and M & M's. After work and dinner Orange and Blue crews teamed up to play "capture the flag" against Yellow and Red crews. Yellow and Red crews ostensibly won.

Friday. Rain, yeah that was friday, and COLD too. Rain and cold, cold rain. We got up late feeling miserable, avoided the wet, cold, potatoe pancake breakfast. We finally got to the work site, shrugged into ill-fitting raingear and waddled down the gravel road like deformed penguins. We were all surprised when Butch came and shoved us off the unit, but we got back to the van and got out of there. This week was characterized by early mornings, gross breakfasts, hot work, cold streams and restless sleep. Bye now.

By R. Riddell
Week Four - Blue Crew

This was the week when we started counting days left to work. We had a new project which was building a hiking trail. Everyone thought it was much better than slash piling. Thursday, we awoke to find lakes inside our tents, under our sleeping bags too. That morning before work it was a mad dash for the best rain gear. Friday, finally came and we worked hard to finish our trail. A lot of hard work and pride was put into the trail and we were proud of the result of our work.

By Wendy

Week Five - Blue Crew

Up in Canyonville
We piled slash
We made good piles
That will never crash

Got up at 4:00
We're laughing in our tent door
The tent came down
With help from some clowns

The peanuts are good
The jelly is great
It's the WORK that we all hate

We are the proud
We are the few
We are the members
Of THE BLUE CREW

By Angi and Mary
Week Two - Orange Crew

Monday, 5:15 everyone got up and ate granola with powdered milk. We were all pretty tired from working the day before. Left for work at 5:45. By 6:00 all groups met at Fete's camp. 6:15 we had a safety analysis and waited for the plastic to show up. We started work by 6:30, piling slash. Kristin told us to stack the piles parallel to the hill, six-feet wide, six-feet long, and three-feet high. Then cover it up with plastic then cover the plastic with more slash. Took 15 minutes off at 8:30 for a break. We had lunch at 10:15 and got off work at 1:45. The afternoon was free till dinner at 6:30. Then to bed at 9:00.

Tuesday, we were up again at 5:15 to a breakfast of corn flakes and crispy rice. Started work at 6:00, same thing as day before. At 12:30 we discovered that rolling rocks was fun and dangerous. Dinner at 6:30 was chicken. After dinner Chip and Dale went fishing and caught two fish. To bed at 9:00 again.

Wednesday, we had hot oatmeal for breakfast and started work by 6:00. The day went about the same but the heat really started to get to us. We had tuna-rice casserole for dinner and went to bed at 9:00.

Thursday, was like the other days this week, we got off work at 2:15. Then we went in to Watson Falls and had seed, and got to go up and look at the falls. After that we all went to camp and were all very tired and ate supper and went right to bed.

Friday, we tried to finish the unit and had to go on overtime. This day was the only day that B.O.B. was really mellow. Art looked pretty depressed because we weren't done with the unit. After work we took half an hour to hook up the trailer. We missed the campground and had to turn around and get back.

Saturday, we all split up into different groups, some climbed Mt. Bailey, some went to Crater Lake and some went to Diamond Lake. That night the Reds did a little skit.

Sunday, we all got up and ate chicken fruit (eggs). Then we all went to Lamola lake and B.G. all day. We went back to get our food then back to camp and to bed.

by
Week five continued...

Now we are back at headquarters, finishing cleanup and awaiting our parents. Everybody's thinking many thoughts, but in a nutshell we can say that we are both looking forward to going home and at the same time thinking about leaving our new friends. Even though we all plan to see each other again (or exchange letters) it's always a funny feeling to meet new people from all over, get close, and then have to part with them again. As a parting note, we shall tip our hats to Art, who works so hard to gather us all together and coordinate what we do. Thereby making it possible for us to enjoy our time with so many wonderful folks. Muchas gracias, Senor Pope.

by Chip Sell and Greg Paul
Week One - Red Crew

WEEKLY REPORT

On Monday when the Red Crew woke up, there were lots of people getting up before the crew leaders, who did not like this. When we got to the job site we had our half hour of safety. When we finally started working it looked as though it was going to be a very hard job. We got started working and it went a lot faster then I thought it should have. By the end of the day we were all tired but we were happy. We had gotten all the way to the top of the steepest slope on the hill and almost all the way to the highest point on the path. Dinner was interesting but good. At bed time, we were ready for it.

On Tuesday, we got up just a little later then we had the day before. We ate breakfast and headed for the job site. We climbed up our fire trail and by the time we made it to the top we were already tired. We fixed up everything that needed fixing, we lengthened our trail, and started eating too many peanuts. When we arrived back at camp, we fixed dinner and afterwards we stood around the campfire.

On Wednesday, we got up even later. We ate and headed up to the job site. We got our fire trail almost to the place where the Orange crew left off. That day we had eaten too many peanuts and we were already getting sick of them. When we got back to camp, we went to wash up at a small stream near the camp site. After we washed up we went back to camp and ate. We went to sleep a little later, 9:30 p.m.

Thursday, June 19, the Red Crew found out that the Orange Crew was not going to be working on their half of the fire trail. Us Rad Reds thought that their trail (meaning the Oranges) should'nt be that bad as we looked at our wonderful trail. Well we started to work on where the two trails met. There was plenty of large, medium and small roots mixed in with rotten logs and rocks. We soon found out why the Orange crew took quickly to the creek clearing. At 10:00 we were given a break that lasted 15 minutes. Butch, through out the break kept telling us to eat peanuts. We worked hard for the next two hours still clearing roots of all sizes and doing touch up along the way on our own trail. When it was time for lunch (of course we were all hungry) we found out that the shotgun did'nt bring enough food to fulfill our hunger. But we did manage to make it through the day with the help of the peanuts, which we have all learned to hate by now. We had the normal after lunch slow down and the last hour and a half He-man run. After work we had the normal overcooked/undercooked dinner and the laugh attack.

Friday, Butch woke us with the "come on you Duff breakers" and the "get out of bed you dirt bags", etc. We know it's all a joke. Butch tells us that we should be done by noon. So all that was packed was peanuts and chips (Butch ate the peanuts). We by the time we were through, it was 3 o'clock, and we were all hungry and dead tired and slightly Irritated at the shotgun. When we got back to camp the Orange crew had left the camp, leaving us alone to fill in the sump and both latriines. When we all got together for the weekend it was sorta like a family reunion, everbody you know or wish you did'nt was there and, "great, what took you so long?" And that sums up my week in brief.
Week two - Red crew

Monday - The firetrail was started. It was hot and the day started early, so as to work when it was cooler. Time after work was highlighted with trips down the creek and watermelon to beat the heat. This was not necessarily a hard day, but it was hard to work after a weekend of rest.

Tuesday - Got up early and continued with firetrail we started Monday. Art cane and dropped off new crew member, Lynnette. Art stayed for dinner and saw our Smelly cooler with rotten chicken in it. Shaunda cleaned it out. We spent most of the time in the creek.

Wednesday - Involved road clearing which proved to be hot, sweaty and dusty. Tempers were short and at the end of the day nobody thought they wanted to know anyone else for at least a couple of centuries. However, its surprising what a swim and a cold pop will do to ones temperament!

Thursday - Got up early to beat the heat (and there was none), we worked hard and got a lot done in the morning and then we got back and broke camp, and went to Bend to do laundry. Then we took another long drive to our new work site and set-up for the next day.

Friday - We had our first experience with slash. Oh Boy! was it just loads of fun! We did learn some new words like paralell, and perpendicular. Everyone (I mean everyone!) was ready for the weekend!

By Kelly and Debbi

Week three - Red Crew

Wednesday, dedicated to Bill Grey, we started out with another morning of fresh air and screaming, Butch was screaming more than ever, for it was Hump day of Hump week which Bill reminded us of. We got half the breakfast ate and then started getting yelled at to start walking to the unit. After a couple of cat naps while walking to the unit, we finally got there. As we started stumbling down the hill, some wild and vicious deer jumped out at us and ran off. On arrival at the future awesome slash piles, we started getting yelled at from the top of the unit. As the day progressed it got hotter and hotter, we all were thinking about our pool and how cool it will be at the end of the day. After work we scrambled to the pool. About 3 minutes after entering the pool, orange crew came down to look at our sunphole (so called). Some of orange crew go in but not all. After things calmed down, Butch decided to make a water slide which he started on immediately. While Butch was having fun, some choice people started making popcorn, that's when Art arrived. About an hour later, Bill started packing and no one knew why. After Art and orange left, Butch told us Bill was leaving.
Thursday, it was another slash day for the Red crew except today we started on a new unit. It was another 5:00 starting work day, but we are so great it didn't matter what time we started. We can handle any unit they give us. Brian was our rover for the day. Dinner that night was very appetizing. Our noodles were spilled all over the trailer, which of course we picked up and ate. It added a little flavor to it which was badly needed. After dinner all the crews got together for a game of capture the flag. Since we beat the yellow crew on Tuesday they wanted to be on our team. Red and Yellow vs Blue and Orange. Our team won the game after seizing Rosie's bra which was their flag.

Friday, after fairly good sleep, we woke up to a wet and cold morning of vicious screaming. Some of the crew members got wet. When we got done with the wettest breakfast in the history of the world, we started going to the unit. On arrival we stumbled out of the van to get our rain gear. After more yells and screams from Butch Vogel, we started down the hill. Once at the place of needed work, we started in, Butch finally came down and showed and ordered us to work a certain area. But before starting in, Butch said if we were cold, we could go to the van. Hugh being cold started to the van. We started work immediately. Butch started up the hill to check on Hugh. After an hour and a half, we heard Butch screaming to get up to the van. Lance and Reuben started up immediately. Lance flew in the van, threw his helmet off and jumped over the seat and started warming Hugh. Reuben followed taking Butch's spot, Lynnette jumped in warming Hugh from the front. After three of us were in the van, we took off to camp to get hot liquids in Hugh. Getting liquids in all of us we went back to get the others. After picking up the crew, we went to see the other crews off their units. Hours later we packed up camp and went to the camping spot for the weekend. Hugh wake up, are you Warm!

by Lance and Lynnette

Week four - Red crew

Monday, we got up at 4:15 and piled slash. Sunny weather.

Tuesday, the Rad clan and Tom got up before Butch and woke him up the same way that he wakes us up in the morning. Went swimming after work and had half hour silence for E.A. We went off by ourselves and just sat and thought about things.

Wednesday, we went to visit the O.J.s at their camp for about an hour. We all got together and had a talk around the camp fire which was a lot of fun. But ended up cutting plastic all night.

Thursday is the day that Big Rock left us for good to go back to school. Thursday morning we were woke up when Butch went around taking pictures of everyone with flash cubes. We went to the O.J.s and ate dinner with them, it was really fun. Section 5 was invented, it was Ken, B.J., Greg, Chip and Butch.
Week four continued...

Friday, we didn't get here till 1:30 a.m. because our van kept breaking down. When we went to wash our clothes, B.J., Lynnette, Kelly and Butch got into dryers and started spinning around. Other then that, it wasn't a real exciting week at all.

by Shaunda and Ken

Week five - Red Crew

Sunday, we had come into camp the day before at 1:30 p.m. and the same day we had rafted the McKenzie. We packed up and with Orange crew went to Cougar Dam. We went swimming off a boat ramp where there were some other swimmers and boaters (many of them from Marist). When we found our camp, which was a landing from where you could see the 3 sisters and Washington, we ate and went to sleep.

Monday, we woke to the sound of Butch's voice "Get up Rads". We then ate and headed towards our job site. We started our fire trail and in 7 1/2 hours, we finished 900 feet. We came back to camp and did our seed, (hug a tree). We had a quiet night in camp after dinner with plenty of time to reflect on life.

Tuesday, was a long day. After work we were informed that we were to move that night to re-do road clearing. No one was happy about this, but we still managed to be packed up in 20 minutes. Most of what would have been relaxing time, was spent on the road. The new camp was set up, we ate and everyone crashed.

Wednesday, we ended up re-doing a job of prior road-clearing. It took longer then expected. We worked 10 1/2 hours and at the end of the day, no one wanted to do anything but eat and get some sleep.

Thursday, the easiest day of the week for most of us. Three of us worked in the morning for an hour (Hugh, Kelly, B.J.). We came back to camp packed up and left camp. The trip to Oakridge was long and windy and almost everyone fell asleep. We found our campsites and set out for 3 1/2 hours of firetrail. E.A. that night consisted of map and compass. Socializing with Orange crew was the highlight of the time after dinner.

Friday, was a long day because we were ready to leave. We worked side by side with Orange crew on a short firetrail. To confuse our crew leaders, some of us switched hard hats (it worked). When we got off work we packed up to come to Eugene. We stopped in Oakridge and bought 2 gallons of ice cream and ate it out of the box. Then we arrived in camp and started clean up.

by Hugh and Kelly
WEEKLY REPORT

Week one - Yellow crew

Well I tell you, it's been a crazy week here at NYC. Opening day festivities with everyone examining each other from various angles and serious questions as to whether anyone knew what was going on, made for a good time.

A long ride in an immaculate rental van later, we arrived at the end of Forest Service Road SE10140 - with only minor detours for backing practice.

Life at camp - we settled into, no we never settled into anything, it was non-stop freaky fun from day 2, (day one having been mentioned earlier).

No such thing as a typical day. Work being very hard on all, blisters and sore backs, fingers etc. being the predominant ailment, with flatulence and "the runs" coming in a close second.

Food? What can one say about Camp Cuisine that hasn't been said yet? A LOT! It was good with the exception of a few hairs in the mashed potatoes. That being the only thing I will say.

Some members of the crew have an intense fascination with bodily functions and the mating call of the African Elk, which sounds quite a bit like prolonged out burst of laughter. Vans have functioned as the reality eye of this insane storm.

Cliff spends much time with flashlight and pen after hours. The comparison has been made more than once with a prison work crew. Blue shirts and jeans are the norm and the matching hats add a neat touch and their large ____ ____ as a real incentive to further work.

Now to the not so mundane things - Pam saw a frog - definitely news there. Mark experienced the local ____ ____ population in a way unrecalled by anyone else in camp. Brett working like a horse has managed to put the finishing touches on one of our Poleskis. "I know what it is", said Pete, "Rocks". As of this evening we have added Jane, Pope and David to our crew. The Dead and Dylan are playing together in Minnesota and we are here in a Campground next door to 1,000 Winnebagos and somebody with a black and white ____________. Missing Miami Vice!

Signed and Sealed Stardate 1986
Nic Closc, NYC Pcon
Week two - Yellow crew

Well, we survived another week. Only 3 more to go. This week was long and hot. Out of the six days it was cloudy and slightly rainy only one day. This week was an eventful week. We arrived at our campsite after dark Saturday night, but saw the most spectacular moon rise between Mount Thielsen and Mount Bailey. We also dined by moonlight on Ramen and Onion soup.

Sunday morning, after breakfasting on some of Art's fantastic french toast, we began our seemingly endless week. After the first day of piling slash I think we had it perfected. Team Rasta, with its new member David, kept up the spirits of most of the crew. Most of the work week went without substantial mishaps, except for the last day when Pete got a little upset with his chain saw.

Everyday this week, after firewatch, we took a refreshing dip in the local swimming hole. Pete (alias "Uncle Rasta") taught us the proper "lunging" technique, but still remains the master. The only injury was June who cut her foot on the rocks on the bank.

Seed activities consisted of the usual Environmental Impact Statement and some others. We did our self-evaluation. Pete (from individual reports) gave mostly good reviews. On wednesday, Bryan came and we worked our seed activity with him. We played "hug a tree" which consisted of blindfolding your partner and leading them to a tree and back and then having them identify the tree. All in all the game received mixed reviews. On thursday, Pete drove us to the summit of Pig Iron Mountain. The view was incredible! From the top of the mountain you can see White Horse falls and Mount Bailey. We all posed for a group photo on the bottom of the watch tower. Upon return we spotted 2 black tailed deer.

On friday, after work we broke camp rapidly and experienced the weekly ritual of mail call. Everyone was ready for a little civilizition after 6 days of slash piles.

A few other things: The inspector came out and gave us an average report. The fire marshall also came to inspect saws. We saw several deer, chipmunks and frogs. On the last day we also came in close working contact with Orange and Blue crews. All-in-all it's been a very eventful and busy week.

Stardate 6-21 to 6-26 1986
by Lisa Punch
Week three - Yellow crew

Week three found the "Banana Slashers" back up on the Piggy sale stacking sticks. Piggy sale - unit 2, was the project for the week. 15 acres of toe-deep slash with a couple of thick pockets to add to the fun. We knocked it out in four days, working almost nine hours on Thursday to finish.

This week's campsite was great. Another landing, only this time with plenty of shade and a fabulous view of Mt. Bailey, Mt. Theilsen and "Kansas". To add to the excitement, "Big Rock Robb" camped with us and provided great input into "Seed" and other camp activities. It was the week of capture the flag.

Thursday night we went off to bed under a clear sky and beautiful sunset. Temperatures were dropping though and there was a definite chill blowing in from the west. Sometime during the night it started to rain and the winds picked up. From my tent I could hear the clanging of pots and pans as they blew across the landing. I was up at 5 a.m. and the rain was still coming down, only now it was mixed with sleet and snow, yes Snow! On the 4th of July, 5:15 a.m. the yellow crew was experiencing snow at their campsite. We debated whether or not to even attempt working. However, upon being informed that Red, Blue and Orange were on their way to work, there was nothing we could do but head off to work ourselves. To make it short, after 1 1/2 hours of work in sleet and snow we pulled out and started our 4th of July weekend a little early.

by Pete
Week four - Yellow crew

This past week, the fourth week of the NYC first session, was spent by the Yellow crew making a hiking trail up by McKenzie Bridge. The week was a basic synopsis of the tensions and confusions built up throughout the session.

Mark, the crew joker, hit an all time high in immaturity and absurdity, which pushed a couple of crew members over the fine line of insanity. The outburst that followed ended up in a set of rules that somehow has eased the tensions exponentially. Things in the crew are much better; mellow in a sense, because the "insulters" now feel that there is a punishment for making others feel like fecal matter. There is still insulting, but everyone can handle it better. The knowledge that it will all be over in less than a week has also calmed the nerves. It is partly depression; the knowledge that everyone won't see each other again.

Things are definitely closer, more of a family unit than just a crew, and more of a learning experience than just work. Combined with the new atmosphere it has produced an environment ideal for work and pleasure. The hiking trail Blue and Yellow crews built was outstanding, with good width and soil construction. The Forest Service men were pleased with the work, and everyone had a feeling of accomplishment in the end.

So long from week four: with unbalanced hormones and calm nerves; a strange aura in a beautiful environment...

by Dave Zahler

Week Five - Yellow Crew

The yellow crews heart broke Sunday when they learned they had to do Slash the last week of the season. Nobody likes slash, but they'll do anything to make it through the week that followed. The crew hit the slash throwing sticks. It helped to know that there was only 4 working days left. The yellow crew finished their Hell Hole on the same day it was given to them. On Tuesday, we helped Blue crew finish their Hole and got out of work an hour early. The Blue and Yellow crew left that unit and proceeded to go to Teller. The hour we got off on Tuesday was made up on Wednesday. We were starting an easy unit that turned into a real tough one. On Wednesday, the thought of leaving NYC was brought up in the boys tent. Everybody wanted to stay up here in the woods and work. After the first day, nobody wanted to work again, but they stayed. Friday went quick and it was time to go to NYC station. I think everybody thought about leaving each other because that's probably why the van was so unusually quiet, except for the radio. We had a great water fight while cleaning things for the next session. After the cleaning was done we sat down to a steak dinner. It Was GREAT! On Saturday morning we were abruptly awaken by the crew leaders chain saws. It made the last morning start off good. Well that was the journal for the last week. I don't regret coming at all. If later crews read this, it's never as bad as it sounds or feels at the time.

By Cliff Hegler
THE FUNNIEST THING WAS:

Mark dog paddling when he swims - Wind Kuschel

Me, Mary and Angi waking up at 4 and laughing, then the boys tore down our tent. - Wind Kuschel

When Mary woke Angie up at about 3:00 in the morning to help her find her sleeping bag which she lost in the tent. Rob skipping down the road singing his "spam song". - Angi Stubblefield

Seeing what everyone looked like after a week without showers. - Mary Straub

Making Mary and Wind look like Cabbage Patch dolls. Us Jokers trying to get everyone in a good mood and motivated. Our pictures we took. - Eddie Wold

When Mary told me the only thing she liked for "Breakfast" was "oinkmeal". - David Hall

Going to Diamond Lake Lodge to do laundry and take showers and sitting in the van; We watched a guy emerge from the bathroom (with pay showers: $1.00 for 3 minutes) with nothing but a towel around his waist and soap all over his body and hair. He walked swiftly over to the women's bathroom window, and, squinting he bellowed, "Foney, I need 3 more quarters!" Fortunately, he was good natured enough to laugh at himself when he noticed us chuckling at him. - Greg Paul

I think was when we all were laying in bed and our leader walked by and we made sounds with our mouths and she could'nt figure out what it was so she looked in and said "What's going on in there". The next weekend she told some of the other crew leaders what we did and she got all embarrassed but she still thought it was funny.

Thinking at the beginning of this whole thing that we would not know each other quite the way we do.

The funniest thing was Dale singing to Madonna's "Your an Angel" in his kweeby voice.

When our van broke down on the way to Roseburg. We all got out, put our heads together in a circle and prayed for our van. Then in the midst of it all some lady saw us and asked us if we needed any help. - Kelly Zakrzewski
When we stopped in Roseburg to do our laundry and Butch climbed into a dryer and we spun him, then Kelly climbed in and got spun, then Lynnette and I did our spin in the dryer. All the time we were doing this a lady was watching us thinking we were insane. - B.J. Markham

Was when Heather and I were on our way to the bathroom and she couldn't wait so she stopped on the side of the road and sat on a little baby tree. (I think she killed it). And when Reuben pole vaulted the slash pile. - Shaunda Miles

Was when our shotgun forgot the knife and we had to use our fingers and sticks to spread the Peanut butter and Jelly. - Debi Harms

I had to wash the tire of the Van. - Lance Queen

The night B.J., Lance, Chip and I dug the new Latrine. - Ken Seal
THE THING I'LL MISS THE MOST

The one thing I'll miss the most is all my friends and Greg. I have special feelings for you all, remember that. And the whole Rad family and Orange Crew. - Shaunda Miles

The things I'll miss most are: Shaunda's "O'Pee", Nic's poems, Reuben's Impersonations, Lance's Chipmunks, Butch's insanity, Kandi and Bab's Cheer, B.J.'s "Wipe Out" and hugs. - Kelly Zakrzewski

Things I'll miss the most are Butch's wake ups, Chip, Debi, Lynnette, Kelly, Shaunda, Hugh, Ken, Rueben, Lance, even Butch, Art, Kristen, Rose, Nic's poems, Rasta, Karma and all the wonderful things "Rads" had to go through, and of course "Section 5". - B.J. Markham

The close family feeling of the Rad Crew and of course all the friends of the other crews. - Debi Harms

All the people I have met. - Lance Queen

NYC's people, places and fun. - Ken Seal

Is the weekends. When all four crews gather together pooling ideas. Though it sounds stuffy i: usually brings out the crazy side in all. The jokes and the games are wild. The dance just shows you what we will do. That is what I will miss the most of all. The closeness of the crews, and the whole NYC. The great and the hard times. - Patrick Benham

One thing I will miss most is jamming out andorking out at all the laundromats! - Marc Long

One thing I will miss the most is the weirdness of our crew. -

Are the people I grew to love even though I tried not to.

Those unforgettable sayings like "where's my Boda Bag", Kristen are you mad?" "Hugh, are you cold?" "Your clothes . . . give them to me! NOW!!" "It's going to be a golden day." - Kandi Kostad

Is the friends that I've made - Wind Kuschel
"Good morning campers, it's going to be a golden day" at 4:30 in the morning. Also, peanuts and peanut butter. All the different people I've met and made friends with. - Phil Cicero

Mary and Wendy (my tent buddies). - Angi Stubblefield

Snuggling with Angi! All the people I met at NYC. Peanuts and peanut butter. Mary Straub

Playing fuzzy bunnies with Ed. - Wind Kuschel

Playing pokey-pokey with everyone. Angi's very loud obnoxious goose burps. My good friend Wind. My Electronical, pulsating, cowhide leather, red cased, chinese made, no cap - BODA BAG. My mouse saying. - Eddie Wold

Angie's gooseburps and Mary's but I don't like that whining. - Rob Riddell

Trying to get my crew motivated for SEED - Is asking Michelle where my 2 and I is on the job, and having her bring it to me., She hated that!! - Rose Yuska
REMEMBER WHEN:

Eddie made Cabbage Patch faces on me and Mary - Wind Kuschel

We had a big pillow fight in the tent and Art walked in. Wendy ripped a hole in her pants all across her left cheek. - Phil Cicero

We had our 4th of July dance and everyone went wild. We would swim after work in that tiny, little, cold, swimming hole. - Eddie Wold

When the Blue crew got together that great dance and all of sudden all those glow sticks coming out of nowhere. - Mary Straub

Remember when Hugh (Red crew) got hypothermia that wet, windy, miserable Friday. Boy that was great for us but for Hugh it probably wasn't too fun; (except for getting fed every ten minutes). Remember when we had the Glow Stick dance and they played about 4 songs over and over again and also the song by Eddie Murphy in your B... Remember that day the Blues about took out 2 of the Orange crew with that massive boulder. Remember when we were all together and we were like one great big family. Remember when Kristen use our rearview mirror as a clothes line in the middle of a jam-packed Diamond Lake Crowd.

Kandi practiced her throw with the water jug at lunchtime.

I remember when we were sitting in the Diamond Lake parking lot and we were listening to the Blues stereo and they could hear it in the laundromat. - Dale Goddard

Shelby spent half her energy trying to find out Chip's real name during week one.

Marc graciously allowed everyone else to use his tune box, even when they played music which he couldn't stand.

We all thought we were macho, green beret studs while we played "Capture the Flag".

The peanuts really got us going during week 1.

Chip shared his letters with those of us who didn't get any.
Nonstop talking in the unit about what we were going to do when we got home.

I remember when I first got here and how scared I was. Then I met people and now I don't want to leave them, especially Debi, Kelly, Lynnette, Babs, Kandi, Chip, Greg, Jeff, Dave Z., Nick & yes Kristen. I will never, ever forget you and everyone else. Love you all. - Shaunda Miles

Rads remember when Butch woke us up with the flashcubes and camera and afterwards I had him thinking that the guys were nude when he took their picture in their tent, even though he could easily have seen that we were all completely clothed. - B.J. Markham

Rueben was pole-vaulting slash piles. - Kelly Zakrzewski

I remember the first week when during E.A., Lance informed us of an air biscuit and we had a mass evacuation of the Van. When after the Orange crew came to see us sitting in the van and showed off their chocolate pudding and then we snuck around theirs and slightly rocked it and then we all climbed in with people on top of people and then we all sat in there for a few minutes while we all told jokes. - Debi Harms

We lived together as a family. - Ken Seal
THE EASIEST DAY:

Was when we got finished building a firetrail in 4 days and got an early weekend. - Phil Cicero

There are no easy days at NYC! - Mary Straub

The Friday we took off. - Eddie Wold

I believe the easiest day for everyone was when it was Rainy and Cold and all the Rads were working as hard as they could and 1 1/2 hours later Hugh got Hypothermia and we cruised in the van getting other crews off the job sight while pouring hot liquids down Hugh. - B.J. Markham

My easiest day was when it took us only 2 hours to do a firetrial and when Hugh got hypothermia and we were running around trying to get everyone off their units. - Shaunda Miles

Any Weekend. - Debi Harms

The last day when my back got strained and I just cleaned the van. - Lance Queen

The easiest day physically was the 2nd fire trail and the easiest day mentally was the day we got away from slash and started firetrail again. - Ken Seal

The easiest day was a tie between "the Hole" where we cleaned a creek while raining. It was easiest because we spent half the day with pay walking down. Also, most of the rest of the day getting out of the holes we fell through across the creek. We laughed so hard when Mark fell through and the only thing we could see was his helmet.

Does Day 1 count on this? All we did was play group games in the NYC parking lot and learn how to set up Eureka Tents.
THE HARDEST DAY:

That day. That SUNDAY! Oh, please! Do you remember the first day of Slash? It was the worst of my life. Remember how hot the sun was on that south slope and being so confused—how in the world do you make a slash pile? Do you make it this way? Does the plastic to on the top? On the bottom? Geesh! AND THEN! (But that's not all!!) The HIKE! "Back up the hill to the van Kids!" The eternal cherryness of our fearless leaders—can't forget enthusiasm, now, can we... But, hey, Folks: WE SURVIVED, Eh? - Babs Amling

When we were at the McKenzie River cleaning a road and Butch was on our cases and we find out that it all didn't pass inspection and we had to do it over! - Shaunda Miles

The hardest day for me was the first day of work and the entire weeks of slash piling. - B.J. Markham

When my sleeping bag was soaked and I had to get up and go to work- Wind Kuschel

When we piled slash on the 4th of July and it was snowing - Phil Cicero

When we had to go to work with wet boots - Mary Straub

The day we carried rocks to build the turnpike while it was cold and rainy - Rob Riddell

The day I was cutting in slash that was up to my waist... A day of continuous tripping and anxiety - Rose
ONE THING I'LL NEVER FORGET

How dirty my hair was. All the new people I met. Wake-up call at 4 a.m.- Wind

Is how everyone started acting like little animals. Also the beautiful green mountains of Oregon which God blessed. - Phil Cicero

Going 4 weeks with only 1 shower. The Blue crew's skit which nobody could understand. - Mary Straub

When I cut off Eddie's leg in the sword fight and won. - Wind Kuschel

Working in the snow freezing our limbs off. All the killer people at the NYC. Heather in the yellow crew. - Eddie Wold

Everyone in the Rasta team, a group of friendly teenagers surrounded with beautiful karma. - Chris Bond

Blue crew tried to perform a skit with half of the crew high on Vibran. - Rob Riddell

The Darts in the Blue van... They always kept me awake at the wheel!! - Rose Yuska

I don't think I'll ever forget all the great people I met and the friends I made (like Lynnette, Shanda, Debi, Kandi, Babs, Nick, Chip, and yes, of course, Kristen) I love you and I'll miss you all. - Kelly Zakrzewski

The one thing I'll never forget is the people. - Hugh Sandgathe

The one thing I will never forget is the quiet, straight forward talk around the campfire with the Red crew and Big Rock. Also, I will not forget the night Lance has to wash the rear left tire of the "RAD" van. - B.J. Markham

I have to agree with Hugh and B.J. - Ken Seal
The one thing I will never forget is the friends I have made and came to love, like; Kelly, Debi, Lynnette, Heather, Chip, Cliff, Jeff, Dave Z., Nick and Greg and everyone else also. Thanks for being here, I love you all and will never forget you. Keep in touch. Also, that I got to touch Art's new boots! HA! HA! Shaunda Miles

The NYC, fun and friends, the work, the food (good and bad) and the rainy days outside and hot chocolate. - Debi Harms

EVERYTHING! - Lance Queen

One thing I'll never forget is the glowstick dance at the gravel pit. It was so fun!

One thing I'll never forget is Dale's stance. He does it anywhere: on a stump, swatting, water coolers, on top of the van.

Are all those slams at the beginning of the five weeks.

When the Rad crew slashed over our latrine (girls). When during the first week we had all those "tongue checks". AND, those Peanuts!!

I'll never forge: how talented Shelby is at acting. I'll never forget the van cram the first week with the Reds. I'll also never forget; Kristen's table manners and the "HOLE" the first week with the stream somewhere in there. I'll never forget the feeling of Rhododendron leaves as substitute for T.P.

Brian turned over in the canoe and Butch jumped out of the raft trying to be a hero.

Out on the slash unit, Chip couldn't see the rest of the crew, so he yelled, "Kristen, what's going on?" The response came from the depths of the forest where nobody could be seen: "Don't bother me, I'm going to the bathroom."
I WAS HAPPIEST WHEN:

I finally got Reuben and Babs together and when Greg and I first started to talk (finally). - Shaunda Miles

When we were at the McKenzie doing Firetrail, and after work we came back to camp, laid in the sun half submerged in the creek and eating watermelon all afternoon. - Kelly Zakrzewski

I was happiest when Ken's mom brought watermelons, my parents brought Ice Cream and I finally got through my first "Dink in the Wire" and the first firetrial. - B.J. Markham

When after the first week we arrived at Diamond Lake where I could stand under a real shower with warm water and use a real toilet that flushed. - Debi Harms

When Butch would holler "Quitting Time". - Ken Seal

When Hugh (of Red Crew) got hypothermia. It was almost like a dream come true because Tom had just got through telling us we were working until that eternal slash was piled. Thanks to Hugh, we got a three-day weekend, and that was the 4th of July weekend so we lived it up. But still, the initial shock of "hey, guys! get up the hill and get something warm in ya quick", by Butch, were the best words I'd heard out of Butch in the WHOLE five weeks! - Babs Amling

I was happiest when after three weeks of missing my family and my dog, they showed up at Lamola Lake. - Marc Long

I was happiest when we got out of slash. - Dale Goddard

I got to work 3 1/2 hours blowing up rocks with a demolition man in the Forest Service. - Phil Cicero

Mail came and I got my care packages! - Wind Kuschel

Work was over, and I got hold of my family. - Eddie Wold

Angi and Eddie made a bet that they could stay quiet for a whole week. - Rob Riddell
WILLS

(I, ____________, will ______ to ______)

I will my KaBar to Mark, my SOF and C&C tape to Rueben and my pit stick to Michelle, my flashlight to Mary and Angie since they are so interested in it, and my friendship and food to all the "dudes" in blue crew and my friendship and frogs to Wind. - Phil Cicero

I, Wind, will my coat to Eddie since he always wore it.

I, Angie will to Mark Essary my fork, (he has it anyway).

We, Angie and Mary will all our batteries to Phil so his flashlight will never get dull.

I, Chris Bond, will to Lisa the ability to realize that graduating from high school is not an initiation into adulthood, and in order to become an expert on all human conversations she will need at least 10 years of college and constant psychiatric care.

I, Mary, will Rcbb my cross which he always wanted to take away from me.

I, Angie, will Chris Bond, my best friend, Debi.

I, Eddie, will David my sleeping pad, and Mark my blanket, and David Hall my pillow, and Angie my cream rinse.

I, Chris Bond, will Debi my ever-lasting love.

I, David Hall, will the whole Blue crew all the top 40 music we listened to between jobs, especially "Whos Johnny" (or was it Wendy?!?)

I, Robert Riddell, will to Mary and Angie the ability to not shrink with fear from glowing eyes.

I, Rose Yuska, will to Blue crew girls my chain saw for an alarm clock . . . to get up in 5 minutes on those cold mornings to come!

I, Rose Yuska, will Blue crew guys my only can of Lysol spray . . . that Eureka tent will never be the same!
We, the Blue crew, will to the Yellow crew . . . our clothes . . . all of them . . . now!!

I, Babs, will to Butch my key to the Salem's Looney House on State Street. Love it! (you need it!)

I, Babs, will rain in the bottom of my tent to the next NYPer crazy enough to let it puddle. The broken zippers are included.

I, Marc Long, will (my) Kandi's red cup back to her.

I, Kandi Kostad, will to the future NYPer's my supposed, occasional "Bad attitude".

I, Dale Goddard, will my worst smelling sock to the Rad crew leader for future use in his substitute teaching job.

I, Babs, will to Reuben a back rub to last longer then any we ever exchanged before.

I, Shelby, will Marc Long my (his) white cup.

I, Babs, will to Kandi some of my Neosporin for her lips and anything to help her nose! Luv ya!

I, Kelly, being of no mind and deformed body, will the following: to Artski, my appreciation and a federally funded program; to Butch, a can - to Nic, a Hug and a self-satisfying poem - to B.J., clean teeth - To Lynnette, patience, sunshine and stars,- To Reuben, a collection of Cheech and Chong tapes. - To Shaunda, a cuddle on cold nights - To Lance, a Chipmunk - To Hugh, an answer for every question - To Kristen, the hug and kiss that was always there for me - To the Red crew, a quiet morning wake up - and to all the great people I met at NYC, my love and best wishes.

I, B.J. Markham, being of a partially sound mind and slightly strong body, will the following things to: Lance, Dr. Scholl's insoles - Hugh, all the books he enjoys reading - Reuben, all the Eddie Murphy tapes - Lynnette, many happy days of sunshine and little hard work - Kelly, an album of her 43 different versions of "You Are My Sunshine" - Shaunda, a strong back and mind and Greg - Ken, a strong body with long patience - Debi, many happy days with Chris - Butch, an alarm clock that says "Rads, its gonna be a golden day; let's beat the heat" at 4,000 decibels - Chip, many happy memories of "Section 5" - Kristin, a chainsaw that keeps the bolts - Art, MANY THANKS and an enormous donation of several million dollars. And to everyone else, a happy and long remembrance of NYC.
I, Hugh Sandgathe, being of computer mind and tall body, will the following things to: B.J., a can of Kodiak that will never be empty - Lance, many horny chipmunks - Lynnette, as many sunny, lazy days as she can find in Rainy Eugene - Ken, a nice collection of guns - Debi, as many boys as she can find - Shaunda, the easy life that you cannot find in the NYC - Butch, a phone call at 4 a.m. with someone screaming "Rads, get up" before the end of summer - Rueben, a life of comedy - Kelly, an enjoyable 2nd session of NYC and a good ski season - To the entire Rad crew, quiet wake ups and even a easy successful life.

I, Shaunda, being of bold mind, will to the following people; To Kelly, a record of "You are my Sunshine", and a cuddle when she's cold! To Debi, a guy that will always be there - To Babs, and Reuben all the green M & Ms - Lynnette many happy years of relaxation - To Greg, all my love and good luck in the future - To B.J., all the Wipe Outs he can handle - To Kandi, a new attitude (HA HA) - Reuben, happy thoughts and many more green M & Ms - To Hugh, all the books he can read - To Lance, a long life with the chipmunks - To Ken, the terminator look - To Chip, Jeff, Dave, Lisa, and Cliff many happy memories - and to Heather a new little tree!

I, Debi, being of quiet mind, will to Butch a DIRTY SOCK everytime he opens his mouth. To the rest of the Rad crew, I will, power over Butch to be your servant and slave to treat you as YOU like. To the Orange crew, I will many 1 and 2 cent candies. To Angl, I will a sane mind and life with whomever.

I, Ken, being of mild personality and strong body, will to Butch; a lifetime supply of Farina - To the Rad Reds; their campfire dreams - To the rest of the NYCers; happiness and long life - To Art; a successful program for years to come.

I, Lisa Punch being of unsound mind and weary body, do hereby leave to Pete Groves the following items:
1) 30 minutes of complete restful silence
2) A new pair of "flip-flops"
3) A tee-shirt with "Let's Party" printed on it
4) One up-to-date copy of "Logger's World" magazine
5) Last, but not least, the title of "Uncle Pete" and a box of Golden Grahams so he can have a super golden day!
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izzly -

It's over, we are sitting in the van rolling down the hill and bonging at curb. We have done some incredible things and survived wild amounts of bullshit.

Thank you for getting involved with me - it's easier with you. Thank you for making me laugh - love.

D. Zane

Mic Close
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