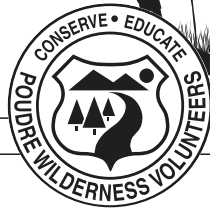


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Poudre Trails

The Poudre Wilderness Volunteers Newsletter



Stay on the Lookout for Noxious Weeds

By Bill Tremblay

Last spring at Jack's Gulch PWV Training Weekend, Tom McClure of the USFS gave an illustrated talk on noxious weeds of the Rocky Mountain West, passing around at least a dozen examples of various weed plants such as Canada thistle, various knapweeds and toadflaxes and leafy spurges. Tom, who is responsible for the noxious weed programs for Region 2 of the USFS, urged PWV members to "study up" on the subject because such weeds harm not only the beauty of the environment, but also soil, water, wildlife, farming, and ranching.

A weed is an aggressive, undesirable plant that interferes with land uses and water resources. Usually, they are "exotic," i.e. from somewhere else (sometimes another country, sometimes just another county); thus, they have no "community" such as native insects that can help keep them in check.



Tom cited Spotted knapweed as so widespread in Montana that "it has practically taken over. Deer and elk and cattle won't eat it, so it impacts both wildlife and ranch animals negatively." On the Western Slope in Colorado, Russian knapweed can "gobble up" as much as 100,000 acres. Closer to home, Diffuse knapweed and leafy spurge with its deep root systems have spread up such roadways as I-25, I-70, US 287, and US 14, degrading the habitat of Rocky Mountain sheep.

Lori Wiles, a Weed Ecologist for the USDA Agricultural Research Service, says, "Noxious weeds are everyone's problem; everyone must contribute to their control."

One big breakthrough was reported last summer in both *The Denver Post* and the *Fort Collins Coloradoan*. Jorge Vivanco's research

(*Weeds* continued on page 4)

Meet the New Board Members

On October 17, 2002, a new PWV Chair and Chair-elect were chosen as well six new members to the Board of Directors. Here are some brief introductions to the new folks who will join the existing board members in helping set a course for PWV in the immediate future:



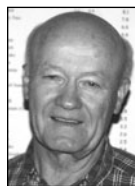
John Cochenour was elected PWV's new Chair. John joined PWV in the spring of 2000 and was elected to the Board that fall. He is an Associate Professor in Distance Learning at the University of Wyoming. He is a Leave No

Trace master educator having taken the week-long National Outdoor Leadership School LNT Masters course in the summer of 2001. John has also been active in trail crew efforts. John and his wife, Donnice—who is also a PWV member—live in Fort Collins.



Janet Cook joined PWV in 2001. She has worked at CSU for 30 years and is presently an Administrative Assistant in the Bio-Chemistry Department. Janet has an MS from CSU in Physical Education and has

been a member of the Colorado Mountain Club since 1978. She is approaching retirement from CSU in a year or so and is looking for retirement opportunities. She feels that PWV will provide a way to contribute her energies to preserving wilderness.



Doug Jackman joined PWV last spring. Doug retired as Executive Director of a medical association in the state of Washington and moved to Fort Collins in 2001. He brings plenty of experience working with

such organizations as the American Lung Association where he was a field representative organizing fundraising and volunteer recruitment programs. Doug was one of the volunteers who worked in the PWV office this past summer.



Mike Mosehauer joined PWV in 2001. When Mike retired from Kodak (Rochester, NY) in 1992, he moved to this area to start up a new business to consult for IBM, while his wife, Betsy, transferred to Kodak in

Windsor. They are both avid skiers and hikers. Betsy is also a PWV member.

Jacques Rieux joined in PWV's founding year of 1996. Jacques owned and operated the well-known Stone Lion Bookstore in Old Town for many years prior to retiring. He previously served on the Board of Directors from 1997 to 2000 and has served as an advisory director and has provided meaningful counsel to the board while chairing the mounted contingent. Jacques is also the Chair-elect.



Dan Speed joined PWV last spring. Dan is manager of the WalMart distribution center. He and his wife, Tina—also a member of PWV—have taken active roles in PWV and other boards in the community.



Ken Thielen joined PWV last spring. Ken manages Foley's department store at Foothills Mall. He and his wife, Lee—also a member of PWV—compete in trail rides of 25 to 50 miles. They enjoy the non-competitive nature of riding

wilderness trails. Ken is also a member of the Experimental Aircraft Association and flies out of the Fort Collins airport. Ken is particularly interested in recruitment and promoting deeper involvement in the organization by the membership.

Rounding out the Board of Directors are returning members Garin VanDeMark (Past-Chair) Linda Knowlton (Secretary), Bob Hansen (Treasurer), Donn Maynard, James Johnson, Brett Berlin, and Jill Sanford (Director-at-Large). Kevin Cannon remains as the USFS representative to the Board. Paul Asmus, Bette Blinde, Dave Cantrell and Ras Erdal have completed their terms on the Board. Bob Kretschman has moved to Grand Junction and Ken Owen, a pilot for Continental Airlines, is now flying out of Newark, New Jersey.

Welcome to our new officers and directors!

Finding Your Way UTM

By Bill Tremblay and John Paul Lumppp

Joe McCarthy is a man with an acronym for everything having to do with Land Navigation. UTM stands for Universal Transverse Mercator, but in Joe's vernacular it is simply "Up The Mountain." On Saturday, September 1, a group of PWVers hiked Lion's Gulch with Joe in an attempt to learn everything there is to know about Land Navigation in 10 hours or less. Joe divided the subject into three main areas: reading topo maps and symbols, compass and map coordinates, and UTMs, the universal longitude and latitudes appearing in the margins on every *Trails Illustrated* map.



Joe McCarthy

The first thing Joe explained is that the topo maps most PWVers buy at places like EMS are not all that accurate. For example, up above the Griffin Homestead, Joe asks, "What do you see?" His eager pupils point to geological features such as hilltops, draws, and gulches. Joe persists. "What do you see, right in front of you?" Answer: "A road." "So where is the road on the map?" Answer: "There is no road on the map." He explains that some of the features in the map and some of the features not in the map are inaccurate because the "data" was first amassed in 1927, revised in 1984 and has not been updated. "The road that's there, isn't there, and the road that isn't there, is there," Joe says with a knowing smile. Relying on map features alone can result in, for example, calling down a "Flight-for-Life" helicopter as many as six hundred feet away from the exact position.

A key element in land navigation is accounting for declination between true north and magnetic north, which can be 10 degrees off in some places. One of Joe's first instructions is to draw angles of declination on your map even before you hit the trail. "That way you won't get confused out on the trail." To illustrate his point, Joe set a task for his students: to find a road that's on the map, but one that's so old, unused and overgrown that it is practically invisible. By using map coordinates and compensating for declination the students eventually find that road.

Asked when and why he got so interested in orienteering, Joe states, "I found during the Vietnam War that not knowing where you are can get you killed." Joe's course is comprised of basic navigation skills, gritty Irish wisdom and humor, and beautiful scenery. Any time you get a chance to become one of Joe's pupils, jump at it. It's good to just FTT, Follow The Trail, but it's better to really know where you are. That way you can GUTM and CDTM with no fear of getting lost.

Crosscuts Along the Poudre

With the help of PWVer Garin VanDeMark, USFS Seasonal Ranger Fred Tighe, and PWVer John Fredrickson, a poet discovers the meaning of a "good day's work."

By Bill Tremblay

Trail Crew



Fred drove us to Peterson Lake from the Big South trailhead. It wasn't so much a road as a ditch filled with boulders big enough to crack the axle on Fred's puke-green Forest Service six-pack pickup, geared like a tank. As we bounced and konked our heads off the roof underside of the cab despite our seatbelts, the young USFS ranger at the wheel of this rollicking house of laughter and shouting, started talking as if to a voice in his head.

"Yeah, we lost two moose last summer up along the Laramie River drainage. They fought each other, must've been nine hours, one whole day 'til near dusk, meanwhile ripping up an acre square of willow brush. Finally, they punched enough holes in each other, they both bled to death."

He spat his chew in a tin cup, then added, "I sure hope she was pretty."

We all broke up, and John in the shotgun seat said, "Yeah...in a moose way."

Fred parked the truck, gave instructions: "Whoever carries the crosscut has to bring up the rear. We don't want eyes getting poked out. Get your long pants and long shirts on. Oh, and when you chop, chop down, with your legs apart. We don't want any accidents. We're here to be the solution, not the problem."

We cinched up our packs, picked up our tools and hiked in about a mile-and-a-half until we got to the Poudre River near where its flow is controlled by sluice gates at the east end of Long Draw Reservoir. The footbridge was out so we had to ford, Garin, John and me, with crosscut saw, Combi Tool, which is a six-foot trenching tool for fixing water bars and an axe. We took our socks off, laced our boots back on, loosened our packs so if the current knocked us off our feet we could wriggle out and not be pulled down under. Then we made our way maybe a hundred feet across that cold, cold water, slipping all the way as we put our feet down on algae-covered rocks. We made it.

Spent the rest of a long day sawing ponderosa pines, about three feet in diameter that had fallen across the hiking trail during the snows of winter and the high winds of spring. We kept an eye out so we weren't shangaied by some widowmaker tangled forty feet above us.

As we humped along a ten-mile stretch through dense forest and past talus and scree fields, we checked a dozen campsites, breaking up fire-rings and scattering ashes among the low juniper brush.

We talked. Garin asked me why I joined the Poudre Wilderness Volunteers.

"A couple of my colleagues hike down from Rocky Mountain National Park to Poudre

Canyon with members of the PWV once a year. It sounded like an adventure, so I decided to join. Besides, I'm on something called 'transitional retirement.' I've got four years to wean myself from nearly forty years of teaching. I'm looking to take up something new after I'm not anymore a professor."

"I've been retired for years now," Garin said. "I used to be a VP at Woodward Governor."

John's considerably younger than Garin and me. He still has a long ways to retirement. I figured he was six foot four, maybe three hundred pounds.

"You're the size of an NFL lineman. You play ball?"

"Yeah, in high school, but I was never mean enough."

"That's not a bad thing."

"I coulda been rich, Bill."

"You coulda also spent the rest of your life with crippled knees."

"Let's get started here," Garin said. So I took my first turn at the crosscut, which takes a little getting used to. It's not like cutting back and forth with a regular handsaw. A crosscut is a you-pull, I-pull thing, with nobody pushing, otherwise the blade binds. But once you get into the rhythm of it and let the weight of the blade do the work, it slices through the log, smooth as a spoon through yogurt.

Garin asked for the plastic wedges I was carrying in my backpack to make sure the blade didn't get pinched in there and bind up. John drove them into the cut with a few well-placed whacks from the blunt-end of the axe. Then it was back to sawing, pulling maybe a hundred times, working up a terrific sweat. I was glad I brought along leather gloves. My arms started killing me. And I began to understand why I'd been advised not to wear jeans. Forging the river I'd gotten soaked to the crotch and now it was chafing down there because the cotton takes forever to dry. I made a note to buy some quick-drying nylon pants—the kind that zip out into shorts—when I got back to town.

I'd started writing about gearing up at training camp a few weeks earlier, noticing that all my mentors dressed alike in this "layered" look. It wasn't to conform to each other, as in uniforms, but because they were all responding to the same conditions—temperatures ranging from 70 to 30 degrees F at 8,000-foot altitude.

There's a lot of knowledge to be gained about the national forests, like not crushing the lichen with your boots, counter-intuitive stuff like hiking through muddy creeks rather than trying to keep your feet dry by walking on stream banks and thus adding to erosion. The more than common sense observational powers we were being

urged to develop at training camp.

I changed off with John and just stood there trying to get my breath back, staring at the gray waters of the Poudre River rushing by, realizing how out of shape I am.

We broke for lunch, sat on rocks above the white water and watched kayakers flash by, one guy flipping as he passed through a two-foot waterfall, then flipping himself right-side-up in the pool gathering below the rush. His face puckered and ripping, yet serious like he'd scraped bottom with his helmet and knew he could've died and somehow also triumphant as though it wasn't just luck that he'd pulled through, or even if it was just luck.

Garin opened a package of tuna with his Swiss army knife and spread it on a tortilla as his eyes wrinkled from scanning the glinting river for trout.

"Can you see the fish?" I asked.

"Yeah, they hang out, just floating there behind rocks, suspended, waiting for particles of food to come to them."

"Robert Frost has this poem," I told him, "where he's looking at this west-running brook as it passes between and around rocks, and he notes the white water 'sent back toward the source.'"

"Yeah, 'toward the source,' that's a good one," Garin says. "The only Frost I know is 'I have promises to keep.'" He said the first line, then I sang the rest to the tune of "Hernando's Hideaway," which seemed both funny and



slightly sacrilegious.

John said, "I wish I had you for English. The guy I had flunked me 'cause I couldn't get my modifiers undangled."

We spent the rest of the day hiking, clearing trail, and then it started to rain hard and mixed in with that was this soft hail that bounced off our green plastic hardhats. By the time we got back to Highway 14 and the Big South trailhead we'd covered about eleven miles with our tools. It was 5PM, still raining.

"Today was the hardest physical thing I ever did, two-a-days included," I told Garin. "I'm outta shape," I said. "Or is it just that I'm 62?"

"I'm 68," Garin said, "and I ain't never gettin' old."

A kayaker came out of the river at that moment and said to me, "Don't I know you? You're a professor, right? Didn't I have you for poetry about eight years ago?"

John smiled and said, "You been busted, Bill."

Foot Notes

By John Paul Lumpp



When we joined last spring, my wife Susan and I had few expectations

but were excited about the opportunity to get out on the trails and hoped to make some sort of contribution. We hiked a number of trails, dismantled numerous fire rings, and hauled out bags of litter—glamorous work. I counted 62 chipmunks, two dozen ground squirrels, a bear and not a single moose. Either moose are fictitious beasts whose legend is perpetuated by conspirators or when they see me coming, they run and hide behind a tree.

We talked to more than 350 people, encountered nearly 70 dogs, most on leash, and about a dozen horses and riders and one mule. We also had to wrestle a few trees off the trails. Trees tend to be very resistant to relocation.

I noticed one thing early on: Real men don't carry water, women do. You can see these he-men chugging away passing us with great speed and determination...men with a mission. They barely utter a "hi" as they pass while the women following them smile politely. Later as we are still going up the trail, these now red-faced men come panting and stumbling down hoping to make it to the trail

head—without assistance. The women, still fresh and ready to go with an I-told-you-so look. If you do see a man carrying water, he is either very intelligent or has been trained by a woman. First thing, what's the hurry? This is some of the most beautiful country there is, why rush through it? Secondly, water's not for wimps. I carry an extra liter or two and have made some friends three miles up the trail when we are the only ones with water.

Nearly everyone we have met has been friendly and are sometimes eager to talk to us. Some ask directions or want clarification on the regulations. Others just want to chat, which is a good thing as I like to take frequent breaks. Some people grumble about leashing their dogs though they usually comply. Of course you know moments later the leash comes off. And others even express their appreciation. After cleaning up the litter from Young Gulch trail head, a couple of mountain bikers actually thanked us for cleaning up. Cool... that makes it worth while.

As a volunteer, I find I have a greater appreciation for our forests and a deeper understanding of the need to protect these areas. We did not save any lives, maybe we educated a few people, perhaps recruited a couple. We did not change the course of nature or move mountains or solve all the world's problems and I did not see a moose. Yet, we did a little good. In all, it was a very good season.

Another Great Year

By Glenn French

Once again with your help, PWV completed another great year assisting the U.S. Forest Service. A total of 7,844 encounters were reported, over 14,000 volunteer hours were contributed toward carrying out the mission and purpose of PWV. With the fire ban this year, it became even more important to have a helpful presence in the backcountry and wilderness areas of the Roosevelt National Forest. Dogs off leash and improper campsites continue to be the most frequent violation occurrences for PWV volunteers. In addition, 41 unauthorized fire rings primarily in wilderness areas were dismantled. Several new violations were related to the use of mountain bikes, the most damaging of these being riders of mountain bikes who create unauthorized trails for their own use. The PWV Volunteer Trail Crew did an admirable job clearing out a reported 97 trees from trails, some ranging in size of 24-36 inches in diameter. Kevin Cannon, The Canyon Lakes Ranger District, and the PWV Board of Directors want to thank you for your contributions during 2002!



Make note of the new PWV web address
www.frii.com/~clrdvol/

Nordic Rangers Hit the Trails this Winter

If you weren't aware of it, the Cameron Pass Nordic Rangers is the winter counterpart to PWV. This volunteer group operates in the Canyon Lakes Ranger District. Volunteers patrol ski or snowshoe trails near Cameron Pass and offer recreation and national forest information, collect visitor use information, and perform minor trail and sign maintenance. Training is in early December and requires strong beginner skills in crosscountry skiing or snowshoeing. A commitment of volunteers completing four patrols is required.

If you would like additional information, please contact Kristy Wumkes at the USFS Canyon Lakes Ranger District office at 970-498-2733 or kwumkes@fs.fed.us.



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Weeds (Continued from page 1)

team at CSU has discovered that Spotted knapweed secretes a chemical substance called "catechin minus" into the soil that suppresses the growth of other weeds around it, especially toadflax. The idea is to synthesize and manufacture this chemical and apply it in areas that have been taken over by various noxious weeds.

Such technical innovations are not the whole solution to the problem. One way the PWV members can help is to include noxious weed information in trail reports, giving variety, location, infestation size and density. Kevin Cannon can then pass this information on to such organizations as the Colorado Foundation for Agriculture. Another way to contribute is not to let ourselves become the means by which weeds spread; we can check our clothing and boots to see that we are not the carriers of such weeds as hound's-tongue, which Tom calls, "velcro seeds."

Those wanting more information on subject can call Lori Wiles at 970-491-8520, Bette Blinde at 970-881-2902, or www.growingyourfuture.com.

PWV Winter Programs

Check the PWV website,
www.frii.com/~clrdvol for the latest schedule.

Book Review

by Doug Jackman

Trail Guide to Northern Colorado
 By Melodie S. Edwards.



The book encompasses hiking and skiing in Fort Collins, Poudre Canyon and North Park. Melodie Edwards provides a lot of the basics as noted in the *PWV Field Guide*. Such as: appropriate maps, beginning and ending elevation, access roads, distances involved, degree of difficulty, highlights of trail as well as flora and fauna. She describes the trails very nicely and what you might want to look for in particular flowers, trees, and animals in the various seasons. She also includes little history of the trail and other enjoyable aspects.

List: \$19.95, Amazon.com price: \$13.97

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