

DEDICATION:

These pictures and prose are dedicated to my Ole friends and Montana brothers Jim Chester and Rick McBee on their 59th Birthday May 25 and June 24, 2003 respectively.

1. Top Left and Center Photo: Early caveman (Jim Chester (Left), Rick McBee (Right) & Jack Venrick) on their way to Ophir Cave 196X,000 BC

2. Top Right Photo: Prehistoric hiker caught out of his cave 196X,000 BC

3. Center Left Photo: Primitive scouting party 196X,000 BC.

Doug Chester (Left), Jim Chester (Center), Rick McBee (Right)

4. Center Ríght Photo: Abomínable snowmen \mathcal{E}_{t} their MGA flying machine snowed in Jim Chester (Left), Rick McBee (Right)

5. Bottom Left Photo: Unenlightened Cro-Magnon man talking to tree (Jack Venrick)

6. **Bottom Right Photo**: Early life forms carrying their worldly possessions 196X, 000 BC Rick McBee (Left), Jim Chester (Right)

<u>I Recall \</u>

As the days have closed upon us I recall the fun we have had The mountains we have climbed, everywhere we have gone And the deepest, darkest caverns underground

We have broken the sanctuary of silence With the hiss of carbide lamps And the rattle of climbing gear As from Ebanieser's chains

The skí slopes bleached white from the fallen snow The T-Bars and chair lifts straddled to the clouds, The mountain canyons we did drive To look closer upon the rocky sides

The snowy peaks, the wind blown cornices shooting pillars of snow into the sky We drove up winding, icy creek beds covered with frozen snow Where you feel some Force resonating in this majesticness In these early evening purple shadows, this Force appears everywhere

The bitterness is the cold; the sweetness is each breath of life Then we would feel the warmth from a fireplace, The flames that laugh in our wind burnt face And the foam that meets our lips

With Old friends gathered around All of this and more Is so far beyond what words can say This is what I dream about somethimes...when you are all away

Jack Venrick 1960's Bozeman, Montana