



The Trading Post

Spring 1989

Issue 2

The Editor's View

This issue of The Trading Post is dedicated largely to the sport of rockclimbing. For some of you, climbing might seem like an extreme sport, an activity for foolish young Nautilus-and-steroids types in search of an adrenalin rush, far removed from the proper contemplation of nature. But for me, climbing is the latest love in my lifelong affair with the outdoors. For I believe there is a common thread which runs through all the activities of the outdoor adventurer, from the day hiker in Duke Forest to the Himalayan mountaineer. This thread binds us together while weaving a tapestry which depicts the whole colorful spectrum of outdoor sports. But perhaps the best way to demonstrate this theme of common experience is to provide a brief illustration.

A couple of weekends ago I went climbing in West Virginia's New River Gorge. Saturday dawned cold, wet and gray, but by late morning the rain and mist had largely dispersed and we managed to sneak in a few satisfying climbs. That night, however, it rained fiercely. We awoke with that rumpled, grimy feeling that comes from sleeping all night in a "mostly dry" tent. The gorge was full of creeping mist, and the rock was utterly soaked. Hoping for a repeat of Saturday, we waited about in the gorge hoping the cliffs would dry. We stood around on the muddy dirt road, watched coal trains

chug by, peered into old mine shafts, and stared into the sullen, brown underground. We killed time until early afternoon, by which point it was painfully



obvious that the fog and drizzle would not let up. Frustrated, we decided to try Stone Mountain in North Carolina, hoping that conditions would be drier further South.

Our main concern was getting to Stone

Mountain before we ran out of daylight. It was aggravating to think back to the hours we had wasted at the New. However, as we drove over the crest of the Blue Ridge we were dismayed to see an ocean of wet mist extending all the way to Winston-Salem. We kept driving anyway, though none of us believed Stone would be dry enough to climb. Now I was thoroughly depressed: Monday it was back to classes and deadlines, and we had wasted most of the weekend waiting for weather to cooperate.

But as we drove the last few rural miles to the park, the fog mysteriously lifted. We arrived in the parking lot with barely an hour of daylight to spare. We grabbed our gear and practically ran the mile to the base of the mountain. We picked a route that was short enough to allow us enough daylight, but hard enough to be exhilarating. Stone Mountain is known for long stretches of climbing devoid of protection points to keep you from falling a good distance. The challenging climbing and lack of protection forced me to concentrate hard on the task at hand. When I finally reached the top of the pitch, I found that the mental effort of

climbing had evaporated my frustrations into a perfectly timed moment of light and silence and clarity. The sun was starting to set, casting long beams across the valley, and I gazed from my perch high on a sheet of granite at a mist covered meadow and a sky turned into a sea of pastel shades. The air was crisp and cool and quiet as it is after a rain.

I suddenly felt very peaceful. The exertion of climbing and the beauty of my surroundings had completely obliterated the antipathy I had to the coming week. I felt alive again. Rejuvenated.

This, I think, is the experience we all seek in the outdoors, from alpine summits to the banks of the Eno: a sense of the sublime, a perspective on our lives we can't get in the rush of "civilized" living. In short, a re-birth.

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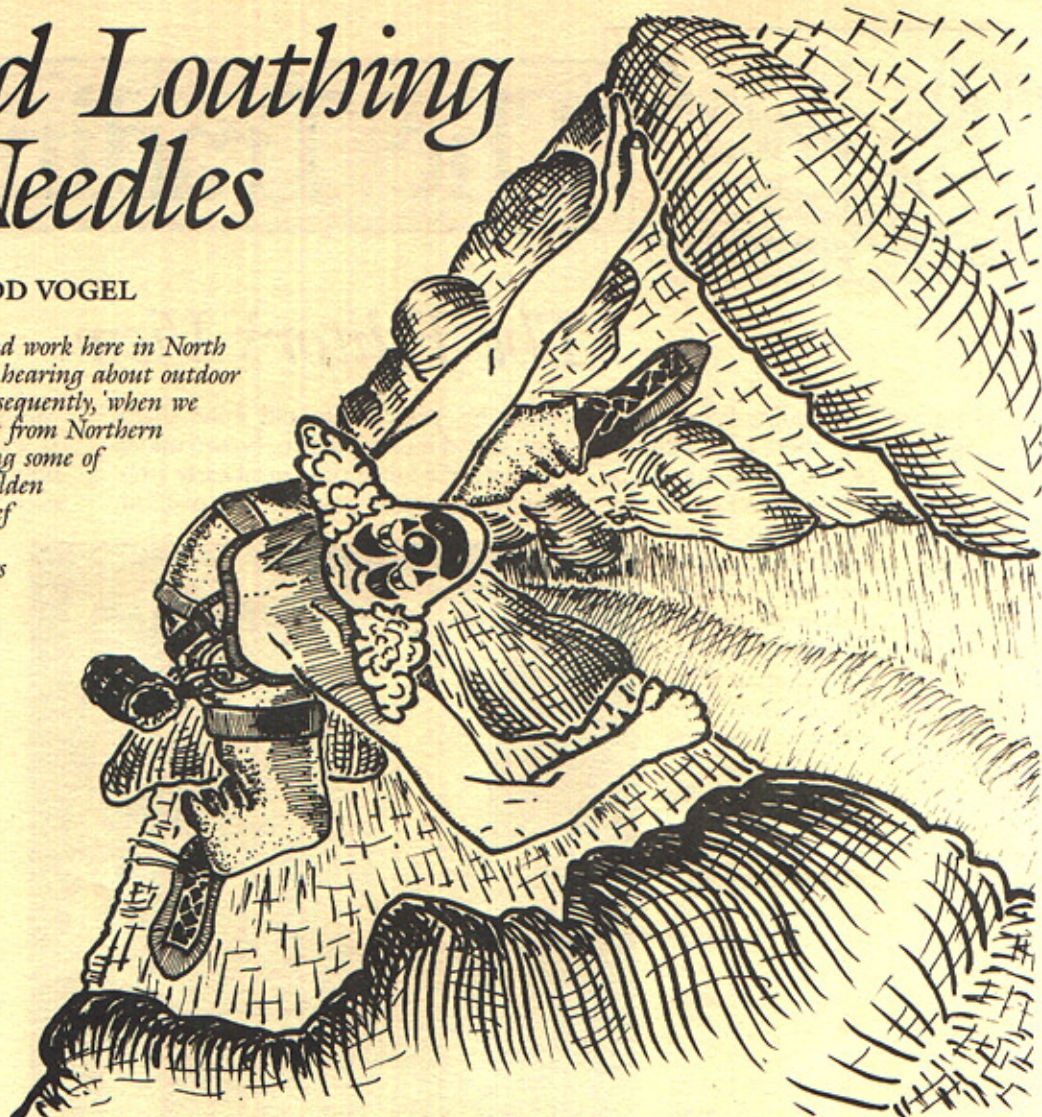
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Fear and Loathing at the Needles

BY FRED LIFTON AND TODD VOGEL

Although we at Eno Trader's live and work here in North Carolina, we're always interested in hearing about outdoor experiences from further afield. Consequently, when we recently met two young rock climbers from Northern California, we were keen on collecting some of their tales about climbing in the Golden State. They offered to write us a brief travelogue about a recent trip in exchange for some cash, or VW parts or climbing chalk, or a few cans of Dinty Moore beef stew, or anything. Unsuspectingly, we agreed, offering to trade them the float valve to a '67 bug carburetor and three packages of instant soup. What follows is the result of this dubious transaction. It's a little odd, but then what do you expect from Californians?



Dateline: a California highway, night-time.

I heard the strains of an old Frank Zappa tune drifting up through my consciousness. I looked around. I could perceive motion. Lights were whizzing by like colored streaks of molten perlon. Ahh, a freeway. Yes, that's it, I was in the car. I was in the car driving. I glanced over at the passenger seat. I saw someone. Eventually I saw in the gloom that it was my old friend and climbing partner, Todd. His eyes were rolled back in his head and a thin strand of drool connected his upper lip to his lower. He still wore his climbing harness. I concluded, therefore, that we were returning from a climbing trip. But from where? How long had we been gone? Had it been fun? My hands hurt and dried blood speckled the shredded tape on my knuckles, so it must have been. Suddenly, a pungent waft of agricultural by-products filled the already ripe atmosphere of the car's interior. Ahh, yes, of course, we were on Highway 5, roaring through the agricultural heart of California's Central Valley.

Now my memory was returning. As we sped through Wasco I knew with certainty that this was the route to and from the Needles, in the Southern Sierra. If we would just come to Los Banos I could be certain we were on the right track. Besides, I had a hankering for Dairy Queen. An oncoming semi full of aged sheep-manure reminded me of the importance of watching the road. I tried my utmost to concentrate, but one nagging question remained: what had I done for the past twenty-four hours? My mind labored to reconstruct the past events...

I dimly remembered working late with Todd two nights ago. We were putting the finishing touches on a rockclimbing article. Suddenly, the words had jumped off the page and possessed us with demons of temptation, like Jimmy Swagart in a pay-by-the-hour motel. Unable to control ourselves, we had assembled the essentials in a granite-induced frenzy: six Zappa tapes, one rack climbing gear, two quarts coffee, 10 gallons unleaded. Oh yes, always safety conscious, we also brought a lighter, stove, espresso pot and extra coffee. And \$3.47 in cash. Thus pre-

pared, we had driven off into the night.

We had gotten about as far as the end of the block before we realized that we had no idea where we were driving. We pulled over and tried desperately to think. Hmmm, climbing, climbing... where could we go climbing? Yosemite was certainly close enough but the crowds, the gaping tourists, the "take-a-number" lines of climbers at the base of our favorite routes made The Valley less than appealing. We wanted to climb, not wait around all day. Joshua Tree National Monument had the acreage to insure plenty of available rock, but it was nine hours away. Since we only had one day, 18 hours of driving seemed, even to us, a little extreme. There was always Pinnacles National Monument, with its surreal, lumpy mudstone formations, but we knew that when one is caught deep in the throes of a climbing frenzy, only alpine granite will suffice: long, airy cracks, crisp mountain breezes, multi-pitch routes leading to real summits. We sat silently in the car, thinking, thinking. Todd farted. I rolled down my window. And, as if borne in by the cool night air an idea formed:

"The Needles!" we shouted simultaneously. Yes, yes of course. Only five hours from the Northern California coastal town where we made our home, a mere 200 miles down Highway 5, they were easily in the range of a one day blast. These virtually undiscovered Sierra spires were sure to be without crowds and, best of all, they offered pitch upon pitch of incredible climbing on beautiful pink and yellow granite. With a roar of the engine and a screech of tires (no mean feat in a '78 Subaru) we headed off towards the highway.

The next thing I could remember was Todd gently kicking me awake at 7 a.m. I smelled coffee. That was good. All I knew was that we had somehow arrived at the Needles: my mind drifted, envisioning this magical climbing area, a secret place, like Idaho's City of Rocks. Only better. Like Utah's Zion, but smaller, and not sandstone. Sort of like climbing in Baja only not much. And we were here: New York... The Gunks! No... No. I...

I realized that I must have fallen asleep again.

My face was scalded by burning hot espresso. Todd had become more sincere in his wake-up efforts. I stumbled from my bag and grabbed the guide-book and a cup of joe. Briefly, reason prevailed and we decided to start with a moderate route: "White Punks On Dope." The name seemed fitting given the amount of coffee we'd already consumed. According to the guidebook, this 5.8 jewel had it all: face, hand crack, lieback, friction, off width and big red splotches of jelly. Oh no, wait, that was just on the guidebook. Without further ado, we packed everything we needed. This was simple as we'd forgotten everything but climbing gear. Oh well, lunch-schmunch, we'd just have to go on body fat.

The three-mile approach afforded spectacular views of the Mineral King range, Mount Whitney, the Kern River Canyon and my tired feet. The trail ended at the base of the ladder leading to the Forest Service fire-lookout on Magician Needle, the first of the five distinct spires which comprise the Needles. From here, we scrambled along a climbers' trail, contouring over scree and through pine duff. As we skirted along the base of the crags, we were filled with the magic of the Southern Sierra, in our shoes mainly. Finally, we skidded down through the pine-needles and dirt around the base of Voodoo Dome, to the bottom of our route. The Ceremonial Toss of The Carabiner resulted in the first lead going to Todd. The pitch was 160' of perfect 5.7 hand-crack, narrowing out to double finger-cracks and horns. The crux was off-fingers and hard smearing on thin edges and polished dishes. So far the "lingo-quotient" for the route was high.



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I led on through the second pitch which climbed through a deceptively intimidating roof. The third pitch combined the best elements of surfing and rock-climbing: a perfect 5.8 lie-back through an arched, curving dihedral that looks exactly like the tube on Hawaii Five-0. Only vertical. From there the route took us through a long, run-out pitch of 5.7 friction to a big sandy ledge. Finally, I led the last pitch, a finger crack leading to face, past a mirage of a Coke machine and up to an illusory giant keg of cold brew. Hmmm, perhaps we should have brought more water on the route. We topped out around noon in the blazing Southern California sun. To the north we could see the snowy peaks of the Range of Light, while east of us, and far below, the Kern River thundered. But enough sightseeing...

Briefly, reason prevailed and we decided to start with a moderate route: "White Punks On Dope." The name seemed fitting given the amount of coffee we'd already consumed.

We consulted the guidebook. Cleverly determining that classics were designated by blobs of jelly, we turned to the page facing "White Punks." Hmm, on the east face of the Sorcerer was the "Don Juan Wall, Grade IV, 5.11." or maybe "5.1," the rating was obscured by a strawberry seed. We did a brief gear inventory. Yes, we had some. Thus equipped, we proceeded to the base of the Sorcerer. Origi-

nally AI, this five pitch overhanging thin crack left us at a loss for words.

"Speaking of words," Todd mused aloud, "words can be very confusing." "What do you mean?" I asked, sitting down on a boulder.

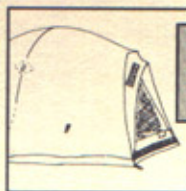
"Well, for example, take 'a pair of pants.' Have you ever worn just one pant? What is a pant, singular? One leg? What do you have if you have one pant? Nothing, I say.

"Yeah," I agreed, "And the same goes for a 'pair of glasses.' What is one 'glass.' It's a monocle, that's what! Or a martini.

We realized that we were procrastinating in the face of fear.

So, without further ado, we readied the rack. The crux of the route came in the first 130 feet. Fortunately, a "Rock and Ice" editor in the parking lot had given us the beta for the crux moves on this amazingly aesthetic 11.c pitch. The first few jams were moderate 5.10 finger locks, physically challenging, but not too technical, a stark contrast to the gymnastic sequence ahead. According to the beta, the last solid 5.10 finger jam ended with a right little finger, palm out, thumb up. From here it got more complicated. Next, apparently, jamming your left pinky toe gave you the height needed to fire in a locker nostril jam which, after chalking and hooking your left heel, rolled out into a full-nose smear, followed by a thin earlobe jam from which you had to dyno to a manky flake large enough for a ring-finger cuticle. (Left hand only.) For those with facial beards, a rest lay just ahead. From here, the beta claimed it was just a pair of little-finger locks to

□ See NEEDLES on page 4



Trader's Tips

The Lowdown on Lightweight Footwear

BY JOSH BODINE

When the winter melted into spring I used to dive into my gear closet and excavate my hiking boots. You know the ones—those all-leather, deeply-lugged soles, stiff, heavy, clunky 1970's style boot. As I coerced my recalcitrant feet into them, I would often wonder if there wasn't perhaps a more appropriate boot for a dayhike in Duke Forest.

Well, as it turns out, there is an alternative to Spanish Inquisition style hiking boots. Many shoe companies now manufacture comfortable, lightweight hiking boots—at one-third the price of "traditional" ones. However, these light boots offer many other welcome features in addition to a good price. They come in a wide range of sizes, so entire families can affordably outfit themselves in quality footwear. The high-carbon outsoles will outlast even the toughest kid, and the multi-layer foam midsoles will cushion everything from leaps out of trees to last minute sprints to catch the car-pool to work.

Most lightweight boots are constructed with a very breathable mesh fabric, with



leather reinforcements. The result? Your feet stay cool in the summer heat, and dry quickly after that unexpected shower. Lack of leather doesn't translate to lack of support, though: you'll find a steel shank in the midsole of most models, which provides lateral stability, while stiff plastic heel cups keep your heels

locked in. High-top models feature padded scree collars to keep out pebbles, twigs, dirt and small animals, while providing greater ankle support. Moderately lugged soles help provide off-road traction, so even off-trail enthusiasts can tread confidently.

Backpackers are wise to pack light boots in addition to the classic variety. When camp is made, just peel off those hot and heavy clunkers and slip into that pair of cool (seemingly weightless) light boots. Then, on the hike back into civilization, when your pack is almost empty, you can stroll back in your lighter boots, your feet will love you for it. (In fact, some strong-footed people even carry heavy loads in light boots; I've carried up to sixty pounds in my Hi-Tec "Sierra Lites.")

Depending on your needs and tastes, you can find a fitting boot in a price range of \$30 to \$100. So grab the kids, bring the spouse! Heck, you can even get Fido into a pair. But please—don't ignore your old, trusty clunkers in the gear-closet; they'll always be there when you really need them.

NEEDLES

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happy jug-land. But did that mean one, two or four little finger locks? We determined that since "finger-locks" was plural, there must be more than one. Therefore, we decided to do four half moves, keeping at least two in reserve. Good thinking! We congratulated ourselves on our forethought.

The remaining four pitches, although less technical, were equally strenuous. This route was definitely continuous 5.11, following a single crack all the way to its airy summit. We were especially glad that we had discarded our extra pairs of pants. The weight of four pants would have made the climb infinitely more complicated. Nonetheless, the climbing was incredibly aesthetic. The mountain silence was broken only by the swooping cry of swallows and the jingling of gear on our slings. The crack swept upwards through oceans of the golden lichen which characterizes Needles granite. By the time we summited it was 5 o'clock. We had been out of water since morning, having used the last of it to brew the morning coffee. We had com-

pleted two grade IV's and 10 pitches of climbing in the baking Southern California heat. We looked down into the scree and manzanita covered Kern River Valley. Five miles and 4,000 feet below, the river glimmered invitingly. We eyed each other briefly and then started running. Until we came tight against our anchor. We paused to think more rationally about this. Hmmm . . . we had just



climbed up five pitches. Therefore, our potential energy had increased by a factor of five. Thus, we could coast the five miles cross-country down to the river. However Todd, a master logician, pointed out that we would then have to hike the five mile bush whack back up. But I, a

super-extra-good logician, having many grade VI logic problems under my belt, reasoned that since we would have come down five miles, the five miles back up would cause the terms on either side of the equation to cancel, leaving us on the summit, as we indisputably were. In the face of these incontestable facts and not having any strength left to argue with anyway, we decided to simply hike back to the car.

So, now it all made sense—Frank Zappa, the Central Valley, Highway 5, driving, bloody hands, agricultural stench. We were, in fact, returning from the Needles, truly one of California's greatest climbing areas. Ahead of us lay the open road, Dairy Queen's grease-soaked french fries, and an unfinished climbing article.

A transplanted Californian, Fred Lifton is now an English graduate student at Duke. In his spare(?) time, he also edits this newsletter. Todd Vogel's whereabouts are unknown. When last heard from, he was cadging jobs from ski resort operators at Mammoth Mountain in California, trying desperately to support his climbing habit.



Fieldnotes

The Deadly Hemlocks

BY JIM WILTENS

"What d'ya think Charlie, should we eat it?"

"Don' know yet," Charlie scratches the stubble on his chin, "the tops sure look like carrot tops."

His friend nods enthusiastically. "Yeah, and look at this root," he yanks a plant out of the stream bank, "it's a ringer for a parsnip."

"Yeah, but I don' know."

"Come on Charlie. Here, look at the seeds. They look just like what you see on fancy baked breads."

Charlie purses his lips. "Kinda' look like what my wife calls dill seeds."

"So what's holding you back?"

"I don't like them little purple splotches on the stems."

"Come on Charlie, we'll eat just a little to make sure it's okay."

And with that, Charlie and Friend join "the list." A long list. Another human suckered in. This plant is one of the black sheep of the carrot family. In outward appearance it shares similarities with carrot, parsnip, parsley and dill. But, inside it has black heart, stamped with a skull and cross-bones. This is *Cicuta maculata*, commonly known as Water Hemlock.

Water Hemlock is found throughout the Eastern Region, from New England to Florida, and as far west as Texas. It is fairly common in the South where it lurks in wet meadows, thickets and freshwater swamps. Parents who safeguard their children are often appalled when they 'discover' what Water Hemlock looks like. The creek bank where the kids play is often filled with the innocent "carrot-like plants." Their youngsters have been romping around the equivalent of an open medicine chest. Water Hemlock is closely related to its evil twin, Poison Hemlock (*Conium Maculatum*).

Poison Hemlock is deadly serious. Since ancient times it has been known to be highly toxic. One of the earliest accounts of its lethal nature is contained in the *Phaedo*, written in 399 B.C. The victim was the Greek philosopher Socrates who was forced to drink a tea brewed from Poison Hemlock. In early Greece this plant was a preferred method of execution for State prisoners. There was also a period in Europe when matters of inheritance and succession were solved in the Lucretia Borgia fashion, by adding Poison Hemlock extract to a



rival's drink.

A common misconception among plant foragers is that a small bite of an unknown plant is a safe method of ascertaining edibility. This is a deadly misconception since some poisonous plants are lethal even in small quantities. A botany student in Southern California was curious about the taste of Hemlock. To satisfy her curiosity, she touched some of the plant to her tongue and immediately spat it out. A half hour later she was taken to the hospital complaining of numbness in her legs, one of the characteristic symptoms of Hemlock poisoning. The poison in Hemlock works on the central nervous system. Starting in the legs, there is a progressive paralysis, working up the body to the lungs, resulting in death by asphyxiation. Symptoms are often apparent within a half hour after

□ See HEMLOCKS on page 7



Econotes/Earthwatch

Third Fork Creek Stream Watch

BY GRETCHEN COOLEY

Groundhog Day this year marked the sixth anniversary of the Third Fork Creek Stream Watch—a diverse group of more than 100 Durham residents, most of whom live in the Morehead Hill, Lyon Park, St. Theresa, Forest Hills, Old St. Joseph and Rockwood neighborhoods.

Third Fork Creek begins south of downtown Durham, with its branches coming together in Forest Hills Park, and flows south-west forming the third fork of New Hope Creek which flows onward to B. Everett Jordan Lake.

The creek's recorded history dates back to 1750 and the Stream Watch's mission is to give it a future—one free of trash and pollutants. Water from the creek is not treated before it runs into the New Hope and Jordan Lake.

A core group was brought together originally through two grants from Z. Smith Reynolds Foundation. Their mission was initially educational, to inform those living and working near the creek of their existence. For years people have

dumped all sorts of substances into the creek. Residents have used the Third Fork as a depository for motor oil, leaves and trash. Monitors have located spots where raw sewage was entering the creek because dilapidated sewer lines, laid during World War II, had deteriorated.

The bad odor of decomposing milk was traced to pipe spills at the James Street Flav-O-Rich Dairy. The group has alerted the city on several occasions about bad smells from the area near Forest Hills Shopping Center and the Forest Hills Park. Testing by the state identified the pesticide dichlofos (used to protect stored tobacco), toluene, xylene, nicotine and menthol coming from American Tobacco's plant on Blackwell Street.

Several of these substances were present in amounts large enough to be poisonous. Those from American were entering the stream when the loading dock was hosed down and the run-off went into a storm sewer system that drained into Third Fork. American received a City

□ See STREAM WATCH on page 7



Destinations

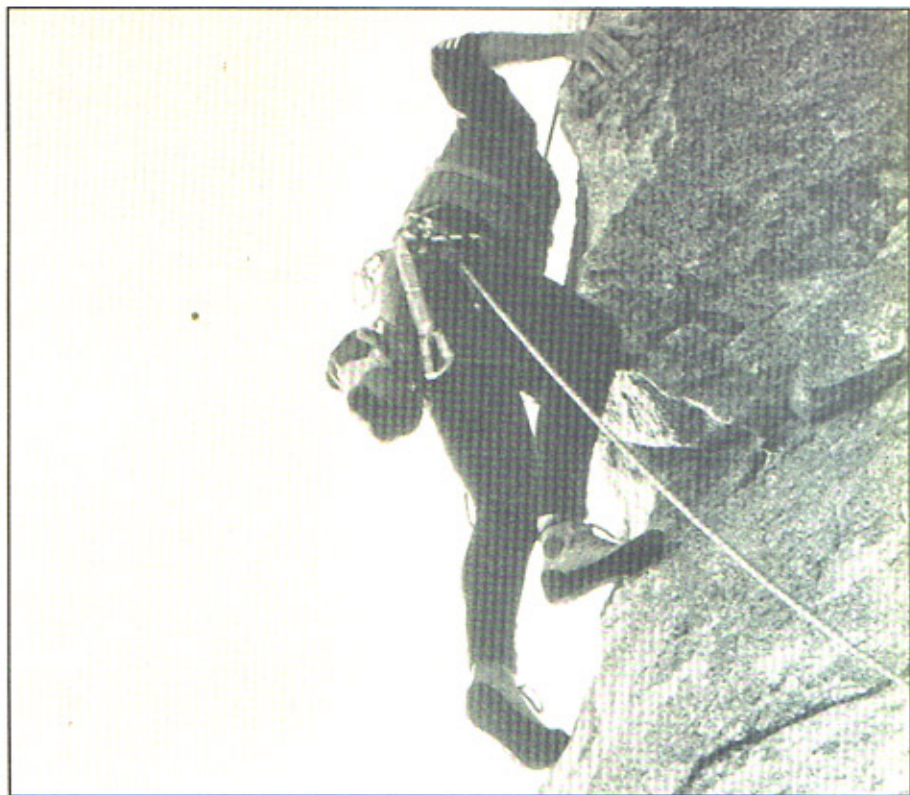
The New River Gorge

BY RICK THOMPSON

Less than a decade ago most climbers in the eastern United States believed that all the major crags had been developed and nearly "climbed-out." The Gunks of New York and White Mountains were considered the only major areas though some knew of the diverse cliffs of North Carolina. However, in the early '80s the thirst for new rock was quenched. The south-east became a hot bed of activity as a multitude of new crags were discovered. At the top of this list is West Virginia's New River Gorge, considered by many widely traveled climbers to be America's finest crag.

From its name one might assume the New River Gorge to be a recent geological occurrence but, in fact, it is believed to be one of the oldest rivers on earth, second only to Egypt's Nile River. Along a 60-mile stretch through central West Virginia the river has carved out a spectacular, narrow gorge up to 1200 feet in depth. Near the downstream end of the gorge the rim develops a nearly continuous rock band which varies between 60 and 150 feet high and stretches for more than 10 miles on each side of the river. Comprised of diamond-hard Nuttal Sandstone, the 325 million-year old formation has weathered into a perfect medium for climbing. Though sedimentary in nature, this fine grained, compact sandstone contains a high percentage of quartz and more resembles quartzite than true sandstone. Texture varies from mildly coarse to that of polished marble, while the rock's sedimentary origin accounts for the abundance of Gunks-like horizontals that make it particularly user-friendly. Cracks, for which the area initially became renowned, lie in heavy concentration along many of the walls. While it's true that some of the finest cracks in the eastern United States are found here, they're just the beginning for the unique architecture of these crags provides an endless variety of climbing. Textbook dihedrals and aretes of perfect geometry are abundant. Roofs of mega-proportions litter the walls and flakes of every imaginable configuration can be found. Between all of these feature lie a plethora of blank-looking faces that are covered with edges and pockets of all sizes and shapes.

In early 1985 work began on the first guidebook to the area. Initially, 125



FRED LIFTON

routes were documented on several crags. By mid-'85 a handful of active climbers were feverishly developing new routes. In the fall of '85 The Endless Wall was opened up, a crag which stretches for more than 4 miles without a single break and has since become the nucleus of New River climbing. Though attempts to finalize the guide during 1986 continued, the unparalleled and amazingly fast development made it impossible to complete it. Finally, in the Spring of 1987, New River Rock was published and included more than 460 routes, the majority of which were the obvious, classic lines established by traditional, American ethics with predominantly natural protection. In early 1987, a grouping of new crags was discovered downstream from the existing areas. Bubba City was born and during the 1987 and '88 seasons this group of walls became the east coast's hot-bed of Euro-style climbing. Traditional ethics gave way to rap-placed bolts and Bubba became an area rivaling Oregon's Smith Rocks for high-standard face climbs. However, this trend has not been limited to Bubba City as the 1988 season

saw the spread of Euro-style routes to the balance of the other crags. By late 1988 the total number of routes at the New exceeded 900, with more than 250 5.10's, 200 5.11's, 100 5.12's and a dozen 5.13's.

Although the outstanding reputation of the climbing here has only just begun to spread the number of visiting climbers has been on a steady increase for the past two seasons. Still, given the vast quantity of rock, you should always be able to find solitude, even on the busiest of weekends. If you're planning a climbing trip soon, the New River Gorge simply should not be missed. Local climbers are as friendly as you'll find anywhere and will cheerfully show you around.

For more information get a copy of *New River Rock* from Eno Traders or write to Etched In Stone Guidebooks, Box 387, Sewickley, PA 15143.

One of the East Coast's better known climbers, Rick Thompson is a partner and senior designer at Thompson Builders and Designers. He is also the author of New River Rock and a correspondent for Climbing and Rock&Ice magazines.

FIELDNOTES

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ingestion. In the case of the botany student, her dose was not lethal, she survived. Never taste test any unknown or toxic plant, to do so is nothing short of Russian roulette.

To identify the poisonous Hemlocks, look for the following characteristics:

1. The full grown plant is 3 to 6 feet high.
2. Smooth upright stems are hollow and often blotched with purple spots.
3. Stems are hairless.
4. Leaves appear fern-like with numerous small divisions.
5. Small white topped flowers occur in flat-topped clusters.
6. Root looks like a small white carrot.
7. Crush a portion of the plant and you will notice an unpleasant odor (some people describe it as mousey).

Learning to recognize some the toxic members of the plant community is vital knowledge for the skilled outdoors person. It may save you from friends like Charlie's.

This column is based on the book, Thistle Greens and Mistletoe, published by Wilderness Press. The author, Jim Wiltens is a professional mountain guide, author, lecturer and director of Deer Crossing Camp, Inc., a summer camp for teens in California's High Sierra and Hawaii. For more information, phone (408) 996-9448.

ECONOTES

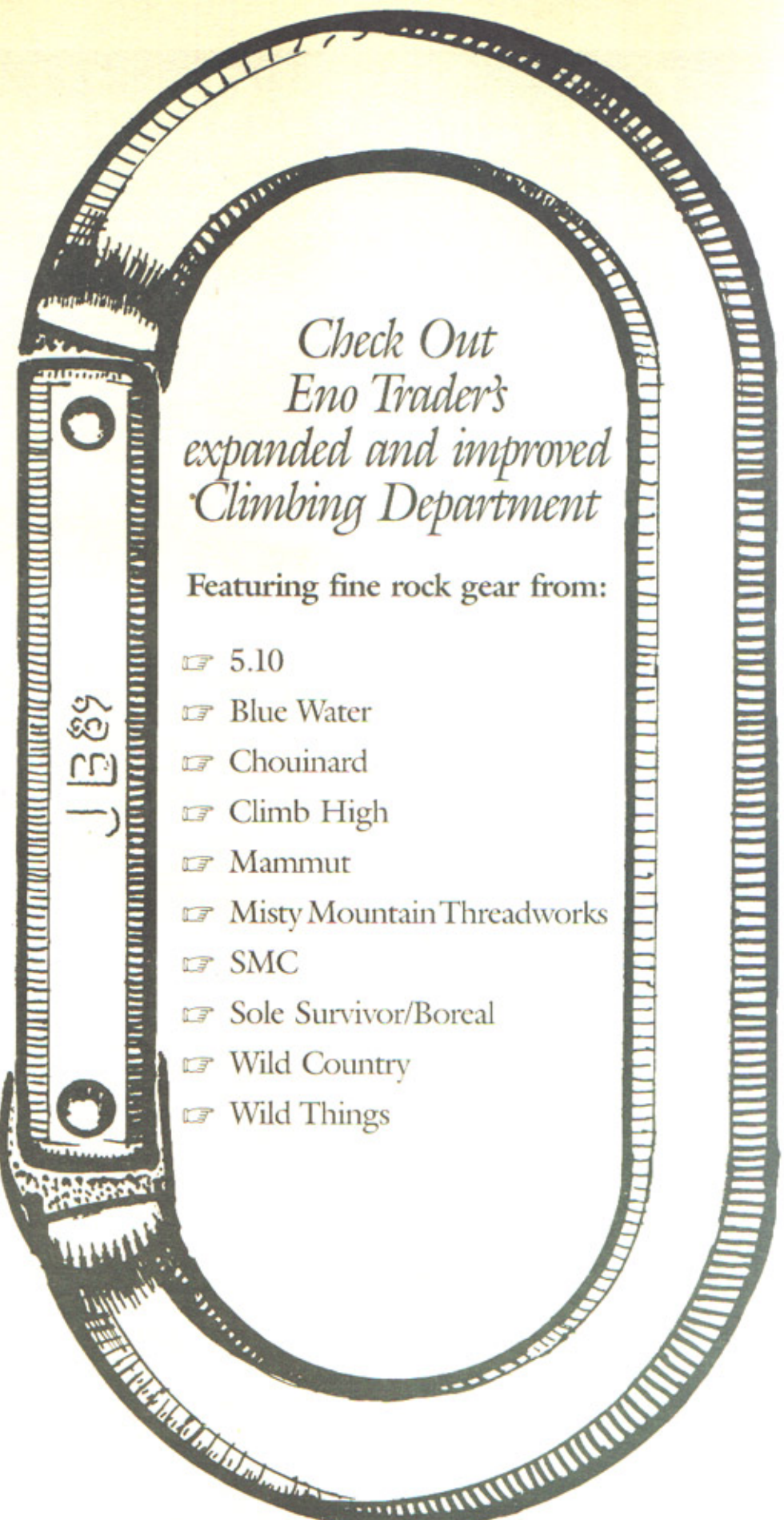
from page five

of Durham permit in 1982 to discharge waste into the city sewer system, but the storm drain ran directly into the creek.

Trash clean-up has been an on-going concern along the creek. A grant from Metropolitan Life made two inter-neighborhood efforts possible. One hundred people moved 5,175 pounds from a section in Lyonn Park and another group produced 3,335 pounds of debris downhill from Old St. Joseph's Church.

Most recently, gasoline leaks from service stations at Forest Hills Shopping Center have been identified and are being rectified.

Monitoring is an ongoing activity. If you would like to become involved you may contact Stream Watch president, Roger Foushee, at 489-3063. Financial contributions are always helpful, as is manpower during clean-ups. One of these is scheduled for later this Spring and Jim Parmentier, 489-0954, is in charge.



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- ☞ Wild Things

Upcoming Spring Events

March:

"The Lemurs of Madagascar" slide-show/lecture

April:

"Hotspots of North Carolina Rockclimbing" slide-show with professional mountain guide Charlton Durant of Looking Glass Guides

April 4th:

"Rock Climbing Ground School" Get off the ground and learn the basics of rockclimbing right in the store. 7:30 pm.

May:

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May 11-13:

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