



John Muir Charter School **GRIT** Pomona CCC

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California Conservation Corps—Pomona Satellite

Pomona CCC Satellite Graduates Four Students

Carolynn Aguayo



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The time has arrived for young adults to finally move their tassels from the right side to the left; graduation season has arrived. Many have been hard at work for 12 years in hopes of obtaining their high school diploma. Others have been working toward their diploma a bit longer. Obtaining a high school diploma does not come easy to all. Challenges in school or obstacles in life create more of a challenge for some to obtain that little piece of paper that we all value so much. Thanks to the efforts of the John Muir Charter School and the California Conservation Corps, those who were not able to graduate with their class now have a chance to claim what should have been rightfully theirs some time ago: their diploma. These young men and women must return to a classroom after a long, hard day on the grade. They average a total of 10 hours per week of classroom time. Their hard work has finally paid off. The Pomona Satellite Center is proud to be graduating four of its own. Those graduating include Andrew Coll, Bryan Nupia, Tiffany Ramos, and Manuel Salazar; They can finally say goodbye to the burden of not

having their diploma and say hello to a new future. The emotions that come along with conquering a dream that seemed to be gone forever go without explanation. They were asked about their feelings toward graduating.

Andrew Coll decided to leave high school his junior year. His exact reasons for leaving are too personal for him to share them openly. He said he felt more comfortable attending a continuation school. However, his parents decided to get a divorce and this was hard on Andrew. Having to cope with this new situation eventually caused Andrew to drop out of high school. When asked how he felt about leaving he answered, "I was sad and relieved at the same time. I was sad to leave my friends. I was relieved because every school has those people that get picked on, I was one of them." After he left school, Andrew thought that he would never be able to see the day when he would hold his diploma in his hands. He felt that he would probably settle for a G.E.D. After several mundane jobs with no hope for advancement Andrew's stepmother told him about the California Conservation Corps. Andrew got hired in September. The high school program was something that Andrew was not aware of. "When I heard about the program I was excited because I was the first one in my family that had not received a high school diploma." Andrew would finally be able to graduate like the rest of his family. "It was a dream that I thought was way out of reach. The CCC then gives you that opportunity again." Andrew said that it seemed almost impossible to finish school during the one year in which you are contracted with the CCC. However, Andrew didn't let anything slow him down.

Contributors

- John Berge; Advisor
- Carol Aguayo; Features
- James Burthe; Gamer Review/Commentary
- Sara Kuechler; Commentary
- Colton Kegeler; Report From Backcountry

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Communications-Talk at the GRIT!

ATTN: CORPSMEMBERS,

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The JMCS GRIT Newspaper of the CCC Pomona Satellite Center will not, under any circumstances, publish any obscene material in the shout out box. Please do not waste the time of the Newspaper staff by asking them to do so.

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THE GRIT is always on the lookout for interesting stories, views, or commentaries from Corpsmembers.

Tell us about how you overcame an obstacle in your life, A time when you

realized that you could accomplish a task or problem that you once may have thought insurmountable. What does the CCC mean to you—What does the opportunity that education provides mean to you. What is your passion, is it something that you would like to share with your brother and sister Corpsmembers.

Do you play a musical instrument? Do you write? Are you an artist, a sculptor, a great cook? How will you use those talents and skills to create a successful future for yourself? Will the realization of those dreams also contribute to the quality of life in the larger society? Give a Holler!!!

Contact: CCCGRIT@gmail.com

Australia Bound

We would like to send our sincerest congratulations to two of our Corpsmembers at the Pomona CCC Satellite. The Grit is excited that our feature writer; Carolyn Aguayo will head to Australia. Also, Red Hat Crew leader; Renae Perez is Australia bound They will be leaving around the end of August for approximately 3 months of hard work and new adventure - Congratulations!

Sara Kuechler COMMENTARY James Burthe

I have had many people in my life tell me not to be preachy; “Don’t tell people why you are Vegan unless they ask.” - “Nobody cares about your religious beliefs.” and, “It’s annoying always having to listen to people talk about their beliefs.” These are just a few of the things I have been told because I choose not to be silent. But to the people who believe that we should live our lives silently—I have to ask, how will we ever make change if nobody knows what we think? There have never been any major milestones accomplished by people keeping their thoughts to themselves. If you have ideas or beliefs that mean something to you, then voice them. If you don’t, you will never be heard. TAKE ACTION, BE HEARD!!!*Sara*

Many of us are quite gung-ho about starting up something new. Maybe it’s a new school year? Maybe a new book? Maybe starting a family? It’s human nature to take pride in the things we do and accomplish. What can be quite difficult, though, is taking pride in the end result, because many people can forget to put that into consideration. Myself included! It’s very easy to lose focus when you look at the big picture. A lot of the time, it’s because you don’t see the results immediately. That new school year can become a real challenge. Maybe you’re not doing good and becoming discouraged? That new book has a lot of weird meanings that you feel you’re missing or maybe you just don’t get it? Perhaps, your child has been misbehaving and you feel as if you have no control over your own child, or even the ability to provide guidance. If we stick out the bad and just deal with things, as we should, we could see a lot of improvement in our lives. That tough school year may earn you \$100k a year down the line. You can develop your insight with that new book you’re reading. The trouble child that drove you mad can be taken care of you when you can barely take care of yourself. Regardless of feelings, if you take a task up, be (hu)man enough to finish the job. It just might make ya feel better about yourself. *James*

Gamer Review.....James Burthe

Gran Turismo 4 was the last full game in the Gran Turismo series until we are graced with Gran Turismo 5 at either the end of this year or the beginning of next year. The Gran Turismo series is the racing simulator of racing simulators. Released on the Play station 2 in the early millennium, it is still a force to be reckoned with, with over six-hundred and fifty cars to choose from. From supercars and muscle cars to rally cars, D1 cars, F1 cars and German touring cars, this game has your racing fetish covered. Each car is as it would be in real life. Made to the exact specifications.

The same can be said about the thirty PLUS tracks you can choose from. With over 20 real world courses, raining from ice and dirt to tarmac and wet tracks, you can’t be bored. Each track looks like its real life counterpart. They’ve even taken pictures from the real tracks to compare to the game. It’s hard to tell which one the game is and which the picture is! Also, with license tests, this game teaches you proper racing techniques. Everything from proper racing lines, throttle control, braking, drafting, passing and a ton more. PLUS, if you want to throw some extra cash down, you can get a REAL driving set-up. A Fully vibrating racing chair, loud-as-heck headphones that spit the sound of the engine and tires racing along the tarmac, a clutch/break/gas pedal with a 7 speed gear box and a racing wheel with paddle shifters.

I’m still undefeated. Wanna try me?

Pomona CCC Satellite Graduates Four Students— cont.

One day during afternoon roll call John Berge, my teacher - was standing in front of everyone holding an envelope in his hands. That envelope contained something absolutely invaluable to Andrew, his diploma. Andrew had just gotten back from the grade. He had no idea that Berge had that diploma in his possession. "I couldn't believe it," Andrew said. "I was so overwhelmed. Berge then said, "There are very few times when you get to see a grown man cry" and handed Andrew his diploma. To all of those that have not yet graduated, Andrew would like to say, "Never say can't." He shared a very inspirational quote by Sir Edmund Hilary: "It's not the mountain we conquer, but ourselves." As far as the; "what now" question, Andrew said that he plans to attend Mount San Antonio College and take classes in computer science. He said that he eventually wants to get a teaching degree and teach either English or History. "High School wasn't the best for me, so if I can make it better for someone else, then it's worth it." Andrew would like to extend his deepest gratitude to the CCC. "Without this program, I probably would have never taken the steps to get my diploma. They open that door that you thought was shut." Andrew added; "Without Berge constantly pushing me, without Berge helping me, I probably would not have accomplished this.

Fellow graduate Manuel (Manny) Salazar struggled with high school, a situation made worse by hitting a rough spot in his life."I would go to school but I wouldn't do anything." Manny struggled with reading and felt intimidated by classroom requirements. He felt a personal disappointment as he witnessed his friends and peers graduate. Watching them accept their diplomas—he knew that he could have accepted

his as well had he applied himself. Manny struggled with finding a job, working in a plastics factory for 4 months, he attended adult school in his off hours, working toward his diploma. After several jobs, a co-worker at Von's suggested he try the California Conservation Corps. When he applied, finding out about the high school program was a plus. He realized that once he was accepted as a recruit, he would be compelled to attend high school classes. Now he saw an opportunity to finally get his diploma.

Manny came into the CCC, during fire season so going to school was difficult because of the emergency response of the Pomona Satellite crews. He would take books home , do the work on weekends and would come in on his days off to attend school.

I was so happy to learn that I was close to obtaining my diploma, my thoughts soon turned to another obtainable goal; I would go to college, the only one of my siblings to do so.

Manny realized that he could turn the learning experience into something positive and that propelled him to complete his high school requirements. Manny says that he was nervous about getting called up at roll call to receive his diploma, naturally shy, he felt he should not be applauded for something he should have accomplished some years ago. Manny now volunteers in the classroom as a tutor and is a big help and inspiration to other students. Manny gave a big thank you to Berge, the CCC staff, and his peers for their tremendous support and encouragement.

Graduate Bryan Nupia Also gave a laudatory shout-out to Berge, Captain Reed (CMD) and the rest of the staff at the CCC for reaching this

milestone.

Not having parents to answer to from a young age, Bryan says he pretty much gave up on himself from the age of 13. He basically did no school work, having no interest in school. Not getting a diploma proved to others and himself that they were right—he didn't care about himself. However he had a nagging regret that he couldn't be on stage with his peers when they received their diploma.

When I found out that the CCC offered a high school program, I was excited because now I had a second chance to accomplish something that I had not appreciated before. Bryan says that he was quite challenged by the rigors of working toward his diploma, but that it made him even more dedicated and committed to that goal. He began to set priorities and each step along the way pushed him toward his goal. Bryan says that he was almost in a state of shock when he realized that he had completed the requirements to achieve his diploma. He also had a big sense of relief, knowing that it took him longer than it might have had he applied himself in school.

Bryan is not content with a high school diploma and plans on enrolling in college, stating; "I definitely plan on enrolling in college—I am going to go to Cal State East L.A. I may attend a community college to get my basics out of the way, but I am definitely going for the 4-year degree. I know I have the ability to succeed." Bryan, we also think you are headed toward future educational success.

Tiffany Ramos is another of our graduates. Tiffany had to quit the program soon after getting her diploma, however we will see her at the graduation ~Carolynn Aguayo

Writers Block

The elementary school I attended in the 6th grade was about a mile and a half from where I lived in Turner Park, a development of homes off Turner Avenue in Cucamonga. Orange groves separated our neighborhood from the school. Walking out of the final grove, I squirmed through the hole in the chain-link fence to the playground where I would wait for the bell summoning me to Mr. Malone's classroom.

Early in the mornings of the October/November harvest season, the Braceros would be out in the groves heating up their breakfast on makeshift fires at the end of the rows of orange trees by the cement irrigation pipes. The Braceros (workers brought from Mexico through a contract with the Employment Department) were brought to the groves on an old grey bus. The Braceros lived at the Labor Camp over on Arrow Highway. Years earlier that Labor Camp had been used as a transition point for the internment of Japanese Americans.

I would head to school earlier than usual during the harvest season so I could ask the Braceros for some of their tasty food, food wrapped in flour or corn shells. The wrapped food contained egg, potatoes, meat, and sometimes bean. There was a homemade sauce that complimented the tasty food. The men laughed loudly as this little kid with the fiery red hair and a million freckles dipped the food in the sauce. The sauce was very hot and forced smile belied the stinging pain as the homemade sauce touched my lips. On one of my morning breakfast trips to school, I met a man named Juan. Juan spoke the Bracero's language as well as mine. He was a man who seemed bigger than life.

He had a constant smile on his face, he seemed to be in charge of these men, the boss. When he spoke, the Bracero's were silent as they watched him. Juan wore Khaki pants and shirt and a canvas hat-his hands were big and calloused. He asked my name, and when I replied John, he laughed heartily and said; "You are also Juan, but I will call you Juanito."

The harvest would last just a couple weeks before the Braceros would move on to the next group of groves then dotting the landscape of the Inland Empire.

Every school morning I would stop and talk to Juan and eat breakfast with the Braceros. I had a sense of importance as I sat with the men, not understanding the stories they were telling but laughing just as heartily along with them. Juan, the boss, didn't seem to treat me like just another little kid, he seemed to value me as much as he valued the hard-working Braceros.

I asked Juan to teach me how to cut the oranges from the tree. He walked up to a tree and in what seemed like a nano-second he held a beautiful Navel orange in his hand. He laughed as I stood in awe of his expertise-I hadn't even seen him cut the stem. He repeated the feat, only slower. It was almost poetic the way he took the orange in his big left hand and with one sweeping motion with the worn clippers in his right hand, he freed the orange from its stem.

Juan often spoke to me about his work in the groves; it was a man speaking with dignity-a man with respect for those he worked for, and for those who worked for him. Juan was more than a "Boss" to these men, and you could tell by the way they approached him that these Braceros had enormous respect for Juan.

One morning, after a couple of weeks, Juan told me that he would not be seeing me anymore-the work in these groves was finished. I felt bewildered and began to realize that this friendship with Juan might be short-lived. I wanted it to last forever. The food that morning didn't seem to taste as good, the conversation with Juan less intense. I felt that I had learned so much from Juan and the Braceros and I did not want it to end. As I got up to head to school, Juan reached out with his big calloused hand for one final farewell. Through clouded vision, I looked up at Juan and saw what appeared to be a small tear in his caring eyes. I turned and walked toward school.

My teacher; Mr. Malone was going to give the class the opportunity to tell on a tape recorder what we envisioned ourselves to be doing at the age of twenty-one. We would keep that piece of tape wound around a pencil as some kind of evidence that in our youth we really did have dreams and visions of what we would eventually become. As each student approached the microphone with the accompanying giggles of fellow classmates trying to project their lofty goals to an adult alter-ego, I was preoccupied as my mind was filled with thoughts of Juan and the Braceros.

When it was my turn to recite my goals and dreams, I approached the microphone and began to tell what I would be at the age of twenty-one. At the time, it all seemed so unimportant. I would be some famous person doing some wonderful and fascinating thing that would ensure riches and celebrity. As I recited my dreams into the microphone, I realized that my mornings with Juan and the Braceros were teaching me some valuable lessons that would ultimately frame my life. I realized then that it really didn't matter what I did or whether or not I was "famous" or gathered untold wealth. The thing that really mattered was that whatever I did for my life's work, be it a janitor, sweeping floors for a living, or an executive giant; it must be done with pride and dignity—the same pride and dignity that I saw in Juan and the Braceros who had taught me so much.

Juan, thank you for all that you taught me, "Juanito" misses you.

Photo: Cucamonga Labor Camp 1960's



REPORT FROM BACKCOUNTRY—KLAMATH

COLTON KEGELER; POMONA SATELLITE

The GRIT

June 2009

Another week in the office, but it is unlike most people's office. A wide open sky of blue engulfs the above. A giant orb of white shines rays of heat our way. Sprinkled throughout the sky, small patches of fluffy clouds are dispersed in no particular order. Giant sky-scrappers infest the land around, but not the man made kind. Beautiful trees, some green and alive, some black and burned, but for the most part, still standing. A creek pushes forward right in front of me and the constant rapids will never get old. The wind chills the body much more than any air conditioner ever could. This is MY office. This is my home. No white walls or cubicles block me in. I have nothing but mountains to restrict my vision.

The work hasn't been too difficult, but the pace we are expected to keep is quite exhausting. The best way to describe the work would have to be tedious. Retainers, swales, treads, junk walls are what I've experienced so far. Every day we hike to work. In the past few weeks here the hikes have been anywhere between 1 ½ to 5 miles to work and the same amount back. We're working Monday through Friday from 8:00 a.m. to 4:30 p.m. To get ready for the day we wake up from 5:00 to 6:00 a.m. Our days usually end including chores after work and class around 7:00 to 8:00 p.m. We barely have any time to think of any other place but here.

My crew and I are already like family. It's wonderful to click so fast and so well with everyone. We all look out for each other and work together for the bigger picture: our community. If one of us slips up, all of us pay and we can't let that happen. I am fully experiencing something that I thought was missing in most: selflessness. I haven't been this inspired or awestruck in quite some time. I could actually get use to this, scratch that, I already am use to this.

This place gives a completely unique and original feeling that is new to me. True minimalism and simplicity is fueling my fire. The feeling that material objects are nothing but dead weight, holding you down has drained my brain, in a good way. Conversation means more to me than it ever has before. It is used for everything out here and in so many ways; Entertainment, knowledge, empathy, emotion, and so on. The only way to survive out here is to break apart your walls and let your true self shine, let people get close to you, don't force them to tip toe glance over your walls. In return, they'll return the favor by showing you their true self. Honesty to yourself and to others is very important. Any questions about my experience; Write me and I'll be happy to share my knowledge/answers as best I can. -written 05/13/09

Ahh...some things never change even when you are 600 miles away. Monday...I don't even have to go into explanation on feelings of Monday. These out here seem to be that much harder, especially since I choose to explore on my weekends. Our time at work has mostly been in and is primarily going to be in the burn. The Panther Fire hit last year in '08 and obliterated this area of Klamath. Due to an amazing job of fire fighters of years past, the forest had become quite dense, which allowed the fire to burn heavily and quickly, destroying an unimaginable amount of woodlands.

My last weekend consisted of a 10 mile hike to Blue Granite Lake. It started off as just a few of my crewmembers wanting to go, but before we knew it, we had 10 people altogether. We started off on Elk Creek Trail, which is the first area that we worked on when we first arrived out here. The woods in this area are diminished of green standing trees. There are only a few green saplings and leaves of flowers standing only a few inches from the ground. We are surrounded by black, charred, hole-ridden trees all around. We then traveled through the Granite Creek Trail the rest of the way to Blue Granite Lake. This transition is quite blatant-from dismal and vacant to vibrant and dynamic all within just a change of words. This moment was my first true experience of the awe-striking beauty of the Klamath National Forest. Humongous trees with vivid colors that could never be confused with death. Green algae infest the light brown tinge of all the trees' skin. Needles and leaves suspended above practically everything else under the sky sway from the gentle rapturous waves of the welcoming wind. Toward the healthy, breeding soil, flowers grow strong and proud of their vivacious colors. It seems something is trying to sprout through every orifice possible to share in the glory and liveliness that all other beings are basking in. As I first arrived at Blue Granite Lake, achievement overwhelmed me. Although we just completed a 10 mile hike, the body and mind were relinquished of any impairments, of any impurities. The sights I was able to indulge in were magnificent. Blue Granite Lake was the most incredible sight I have ever seen in my stay here. It seemed as if the attractiveness of every object's reflection left its unmistakable presence within the transparent surface of the lake. I saw myself in a light that I've never seen before, I felt I had become forever a part of this lake. It would be sketched in my mind always, as I would be on its surface. The sun's illumination on the water was just as strong as its rays from above. It was almost impossible to sit in the lake's vicinity without being uncontrollably enlightened to a meditative state. I could not have sat out there long enough to fully engulf the essence and pureness of this lake, this wilderness. In the morning, to the east, Tickner Peak was embellished with snow. The sun glistened brightly off these lucid mountain tops, refraining from being dimmed by the shadows. The moon was trying to signalize itself over the snowcaps by stealing the sumptuous beams from the sun. I will never forget the moon's last triumphant stand on that morning right before it rested beyond Tickner Peak. If there could be one thing I could pass down to everyone, a word of wisdom...Empathy. It's one thing to understand someone else's beliefs or feelings, but it's a whole different and more profound experience when you share and live someone else's feelings. Feel this unreal realism yourself. It'll be unlike anything you've ever felt before, guaranteed. -written 05/18/09

As I am writing this I am probably at 6,000 ft. elevation looking down into a valley. It is unbelievable up here. Frogs in a pond about 200 ft. below are croaking like mad trying to find a mate. The sun directly above me is radiating strong rays of heat. My skin is feeling the slight burn, but it is being counteracted by the cool, refreshing breeze as it blows over the top of the ridge we're on into the valley below. My lungs are filled with the fresh country air, only to get better and better the further into the Backcountry we get. These hovering black and yellow flies are staring me down, smelling the several days of sweat from hard work trapped in my once white t-shirt. Up the left ridge of the valley, nothing but barren trees are left standing burnt by the Panther fire of '08. To the right ridge, greenery for days can be seen; Quite a contradiction within just these few miles. In every direction behind me, snow is covering all of the ridges. The white is unbearably bright, perfectly reflecting the sun's brightness. Tickner Peak, the highest peak around here, is directly behind me and I can only imagine how heart stopping-ly beautiful the view from atop it must be. It has to be comparable to a dream.

Ukonom Lake, where are you? We've hiked 10 miles this weekend and can't seem to find it. There is a large group of people out here with me. We have been here on this ridge all day now, well some of us. It is about 2 in the afternoon and we're all doing our own things. Tim is practicing guitar while indirectly serenading us all with lovely music. Josh, Emily, and Kat are going off to find a secluded spot to sunbathe. Kyle is "claiming" a tree in the distance. Cesar is resting/meditating in the sun. Mike is catching up on sleep he missed out on last night. Laura is writing to all of her loved ones. Albert, Rudy, and Jack all continued on our journey to find Ukonom Lake with rested feet, loosened backs, and rebuilt morale. Cont'd. Page 6

Jose is back at camp probably visiting with friends for the weekend by now. Roger is entangled in his book. Carrie, Christina, and Jacque (pronounced Jackie) are out on their own adventure to the Marble Mountain Wilderness. This is how we spend our days off; this is our weekend: hiking, exploring, and bonding. No electricity, no easily accessible devices to entertain and think for us. Communication and social activities are our source of fun. If you've ever taken sociology, science, math, this is your study guide for the final. We are covering all bases all the time while we are out here. We are continuing to constantly learn one thing or another about life, ourselves, each other, the environment, this trade; everything shines in a different light. We are our own little ecosystem. Each person out here represents a different social class, if you will, or social group. We are all working for this crew, for our own society. If we discriminate, disrespect, or disregard a single person out here, our society will slowly dissolve and disintegrate. Everyone has something to bring to the table; each has something to teach as well as to learn. We are a machine needing each piece to function properly. Again, this is my family out here. I'd do anything for them and they'd do the same; the true beauty of and admiration of selflessness. -written 05/24/09

Our last day of this hitch; It's quite a surprise to think a month and some have already passed. Some bad, but mostly good memories are sticking with me. Our camp is not much of anything anymore and we are letting the hours left here go away however they please. It's been an amazing hitch. I know and get along fluidly with my crew. I'm discovering my true, inner self as well as pumping out the production. We completed all the expected work in this area a week early, so all of this last week we have been doing extra work that wasn't planned. We had our first coyote spike on Tuesday. A coyote spike is where we hike out and make a makeshift campsite away from our center/home camp. We were only gone until Wednesday night, but it was a great first experience. Coyote spike is a term that is used more by fire fighters. This hitch has been filled with a whole lot of treading and swales. We had a few days of work for rock structures like water breaks, check steps, junk walls, and retaining walls. We also had a couple day projects where we had to do a reroute that consisted of a few switch backs. Overall, our whole crew is pushing it as hard as possible and pumping out good work

If there are a few interested in how our daily schedule looks, here it is. One person a day is a KP (kitchen person) who helps the cook for the day and wakes up at 5:00 a.m. The rest of the crew wakes up at 5:30 to get their lunches made. Breakfast is at 6:30. Dishes at 7:00. P.T. at 7:30. Circle-up at 8:00. Work is from 8:00 to 4:30. Dinner is at 5:30. Dishes at 6:30. Class is at 7:00. Quiet time is from 8:00 to 10:00, but we are usually asleep around 8:30 to 9:00.

I heard people were wondering how our living situation is out here and I don't know how to answer that exactly, but I'll do my best. Hopefully, this is informative. In this hitch, we have been very lucky to how much space is in this campsite. We are in the Front Country still and we are based out of an already existing campsite, Sulphur Springs. We have two different camping areas, which are our sleeping quarters. We set up a tarp over a few picnic tables and a fire pit that has become our living/meeting/dining area. We had a crew tent set up with extra first aid equipment, board games, extra glasses and gloves, and books. We set up a kitchen tent for all of our food, which we get restocked weekly on Wednesdays. We had another table set up next to the jungle can for sponging and cleaning. We also set up a tarp to work as curtains around our solar shower area. On the campsite there is a pre-existing bathroom, so no hole for us, not yet at least. The food selection is great for all types of diets. Omnivores, vegetarians, vegans, all of us have been eating well. Only the vegans have had to make sacrifices on the weekend food as well as the bread choices. One thing with being out here, we have to be flexible. For our bathing situation at this hitch we have 3 choices. Our first would be the solar shower, next would be the creek, and lastly would be the Sulphur Springs. The Sulphur Springs are a lot warmer than the creek, but they smell like sulphur...or rotten eggs. With this hitch, we were able to drive pretty much to the campsite. Tomorrow we'll drive toward our new campsite. It would have been a 5 mile hike in, but there are boulders blocking the road so it's going to end up being an 8 to 10 mile hike. I think for the rest of our hitches, we'll be able to drive to the trail head that leads to our campsite, but have to hike in from there. I'll keep you posted about our next hitch. -written 05/31/09

Til next time.....Colton Kegeler

."If There's Time to Lean Then There's Time to Clean"

One of the best things you can have in life is a good work ethic - That's what will benefit you the most. Those who work hard all the time will go far and be successful. Everyone notices a hard worker. He or she is the one who is always productively doing something when it needs to be done. He or she is the one you will never find sitting around when they are on the clock. He or she is the one who always gets special tasks and promotions. It's like my mom always said; "If there's time to lean, then there's time to clean." That means that if you are done with your assignment and you don't know what else to do, clean something—if nothing else. A good work ethic will help you accomplish personal and professional goals. Do yourself a favor and work hard, you won't regret it.....

Sara Kuechler