

POEMS WANTED

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UNL Division of Continuing Studies

1986 Summer Reading Course Program Listing

Pick up the Daily Nebraskan Thursday or Friday or call at 472-1392 for more information.



UNL is a non-discriminatory institution.

500 Mile Campus

Considerate puker makes trip more pleasant

TRIP from Page 9

This time it wasn't me, but it was someone in our tent. A whiskey drinker I believe. That guy deserves a pat on the back for being the most considerate puker I've ever met. That poor bugger crawled out of his sleeping bag, out of the tent and off into the weeds every time. There's no way I would have left my bag for anything — I'd of just turned toward the photographer.

Plans always sound better late at night than early in the morning. We didn't make it up at 4 a.m., but by 9 a.m. we were packed, fed and river-ready.

The first thing I did was to almost fall in trying to get to the back of the canoe.

"Don't grab the gunwhales," said a trip leader laughing.

"What the hell is a gunwhale?" I wondered.

The morning was beautiful and geese and cranes flew in "V's" overhead. A bald eagle cruised the sky just out of camera range.

We paddled along for about an hour and a half, taking in the scenery, and stripping off a layer of clothing now and then as it got warmer. Then we paddled onto a sandy bank and stopped for a short break. Exploring a little, we found the remnants of an old farm that the river had claimed, half burying it in

the sand.

When we got back to the canoes and pushed off, a trip leader said he had put a bag of gorp in each canoe. When we got out of earshot Mark and I tried to figure out what it was and what it was for. I stuck the gorp in my bag and brought it home to show my friends.

We floated down the river for another hour, enjoying the warm sun and the company of the others. The eagle got just close enough for us to catch a flash of white on its head and tail, but no closer.

We pulled in on an island for lunch, and I took the opportunity to test the temperature of the water with my feet. Even with my shoes and socks on I could tell it was quite cold.

The lunch was excellent, roast beef no less. Remembering some of the crude meals I've eaten on previous camping trips of my own, I appreciated it. Whoever packed the food on this one knew what they were doing.

After about an hour we pushed off again for the last leg of the trip. We saw more of the now familiar cranes and geese, a couple of deer and a beaver resting on the side of the bank.

Eight or 10 deer ran out into the river and crossed right in front of the lead canoe. They lunged and swam across the river, disappearing with a flash of white tail into the undergrowth on the opposite bank.

This happened twice. Mark and I, being in the last canoe on both occasions, decided to take the lead and try and get some good shots. No deer ran out right in front of us, but the eagle did fly low and directly over the last canoe. Oh well.

The bridge marking the Shelton interchange loomed ahead of us all too soon. It was time to pull ashore for the last time.

Rinsing out the canoes and loading our gear, I thought about the trip. At first I thought the main attraction to a rec department trip would be the incredibly low prices. This trip was only \$35 (Liquor excluded). You couldn't take this trip on your own for twice that amount.

But there is a less obvious benefit: You really don't have to plan, worry, to even think on a trip like this. Someone else is taking care of that. All you have to do is kick back and enjoy. After a few weeks of classes, work and homework, it feels good to do just that.

I don't think we were on the road for more than 10 minutes before I was asleep. I woke up a couple of times and looked around to find everyone else but the trip leaders in the front seats nodding in and out of sleep, too.

I'm sure there weren't any unsatisfied customers on board.

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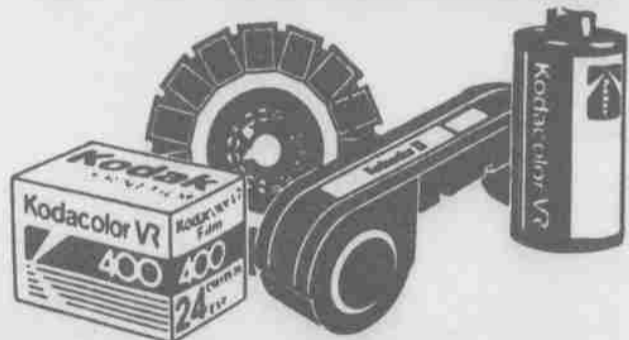
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