

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 Right Photo:** Abominable snowmen & 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)*

I Recall \

*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 ski 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 sometimes...when you are all away*

Jack Venrick 1960's Bozeman, Montana