

# Hiking Without Dave

A journey of things  
found, lost, and remembered  
along Ohio's Buckeye Trail

**CW Spencer**



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*Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path.*

~ Psalm 119:105 (KJV)

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## Dear Dave

I'm thinking about us again. That's something that happens almost every day. Even though my mind goes back far too many times to that Memorial Day weekend, I have good memories as well. I try to linger on those as often as possible. They inevitably include our trips, whether by boat, bikes, or boots. Seems like our best way to connect was to share time together outdoors.

I can hear those waves slapping our rowboat, anchored in our sweet spot in the bay at Rice Lake. The rest of the family might have chosen to loaf at the cabin or drive into Peterborough, but *we* were there to fish. From our metal perches, we pulled out endless bass and walleyes. And don't forget that one illegal species you kept. I haven't.

I can see the newly emerged greens and smell the woodsy aromas that we encountered as we pedaled down the Greenbrier River Trail in West Virginia on a spring morning. Fifty miles on my little Huffy is hard to forget. Why did it always turn into a race to see who would get to that little diner in Marlinton first?

I can feel the vastness of the Red River Gorge that we experienced as we explored its boundless natural beauty. Kentucky certainly has bragging rights over your state (in my not-so-humble opinion). We joked endlessly about each other's state. In fact, we joked about almost everything. I appreciated the humor, especially since we didn't do conflict well. Except for our love of the outdoors—and for each other—we didn't have a lot in common. Our differences were nearly as immense as the gorge, and sometimes being together took some

work. But we did the work and didn't let it stop us from having fun.

Maybe my best memories are of the times we met halfway—in more ways than one—deep in southern Ohio at the Day Hike Trail at Shawnee State Park. Previous to that, we had drifted apart, so I was excited when, by some stroke of fate, or more likely of a Divine hand, we decided to drive a few hours to join forces in conquering some rugged terrain. Those steep hills of the “Little Smokies” soon became our regular spot, and that's where, on one frosty winter afternoon, we came up with The Plan.

The Appalachian Trail beckoned us to a thru-hike. None of those puny three- or four-day hikes we had taken on it before. Can you imagine if we would have actually gotten to carry out our plan? Who would have survived the longest on Ramen noodles and Doritos? Would we have escaped the clutches of the many bears that lurked along the path? Whose stinky boots would have rendered the other brother unconscious first?

It wasn't malnutrition, beasts, or body odors, however, that stopped us before we even made it to Mount Springer. Those things we could have overcome. Now I'll never know how our big hike would have turned out. This is where the bad memories return and no amount of humor can chase them away.

I still need to hike—for us—but the AT is a bigger project than I want to handle alone. I remember a short backpacking trip I made years ago on Ohio's Buckeye Trail, the largest hiking loop anyone knows of. More to me than just a 1,444-mile trail along back roads and through forests and cities, the BT winds a path through my life. Its southern terminus is just across the river at the overlook in Eden Park, the view we shared when you came to visit. It winds its way near the Day Hike Trail that you and I loved so much. It passes through hills that I explored as a child in northeastern Ohio (you were still a rug rat at the time). Finally, it leads past a plot of ground in Troy where rests a part of me. This could be the

perfect answer.

As I prepare to step off, many feelings are coursing through me: anxiety about what I will encounter, excitement for a new adventure, loneliness that you will not be walking with me, fear of not finding the answers I'm looking for. I know it won't be easy, but I also know that this is the way for me to go.

Since I can't hike the AT with you, I'll take this circular route with your memory. I need to clear my head and air out my heart. I've told family and friends I'm still going on a big hike, just that on this adventure I'll be hiking without Dave.

# Journal Entry # 1

## Remembering the Important Stuff

I decided to go big on my kick-off hike, Dave. Along with eleven others, I would hike through a large piece of the Stockport section and cross well into the next.

It had taken me a week or two to decide on this trip featured on the Buckeye Trail website. When I finally called John, the organizer of the hike, he said I was lucky I didn't wait any longer. There were twelve slots, and I was number twelve. He advised me that the terrain was strenuous and to pack accordingly.

With no Dairy Queens, Bob Evanses, Pizza Huts, or Cracker Barrels on the trail, I had to go prepared. For a good part of a week, I stuffed and unstuffed and restuffed items (each one absolutely indispensable) into and out of and back into my pack, which was newly acquired from my official outfitter: Sam's Club. I bought one exactly like the one I gave you. It sure is a beauty.

I heard there were bears in southern Ohio. I kinda hoped to see one, but then what? It's hard to scurry with forty-plus pounds in tow, much of the tonnage being classic bear cuisine. I had already shaved some weight by leaving the cast iron skillet, bacon, eggs, and potatoes at home.

That pan really went over big on the AT when the thru-hikers got wind of it, didn't it? Even though those guys ribbed us about it, they had to admit that we cooked up the best breakfast on the trail. You and I were our own kind of cool, and that is one of the reasons I liked doing stuff with you.

As prepared as I thought I was for this hike, I found out quickly that I was the only member of the group without a camera. Logically, I was the one elected to point-and-shoot for each person's group shot. Somehow I did manage to get into the group photo that went into the BT newsletter. Even in black and white, I thought I still looked a little green.

It was time for me to look the hiker, so I dropped some cool terms you and I had picked up from our few weeks on the AT. Terms like "ultralight hiking," "cotton is evil," and "slackpacking." I couldn't see anyone's eyes behind their hiking shades, but I was sure they had to be wide open in amazement.

We headed south from Stockport, hiking up and down and around the hills. That part of Ohio reminds me of your West Virginia. Farms are carved out of the woodlands, spread about as thinly as the hairs on my bald spot. It seemed like we ascended most of the time. I was glad I took a ton of food because my heavy pack gave me a fierce appetite.

I kept getting a whiff of olives, but it didn't quite match the scent coming from the prolific autumn-olive trees covering the hills. I found the source when we reached our camp and I peered into my pack. The lid had popped off my pint of cold-pressed extra virgin olive oil, and everything in my food bag was soaked. The good news? All my food had become considerably healthier.

I felt people watching as I dumped out the precious extract. Some oil had also leaked into my pack. As I generated the appropriate surprised looks and sounds to make this type of event seem unbelievably rare, I was relieved to see heads begin to turn away from me. My short-lived relief changed to alarm when I saw a zombie stagger into camp.

Well, actually the zombie was a hiker named Bob. He dropped his monstrous pack, then pulled a chair out of it and plopped down. As he slowly changed back to human, he told us his story.

His transformation from man to monster had started earlier that day. He had been late for our departure, so he spent

the day playing catch-up. The heat and humidity were oppressive for late April, and it didn't help that he had fifty pounds or more (just a guess) on his back. All of this caused him to become exhausted, then disoriented. No one in the group knew he was behind us. Although he was only a couple of miles from camp, it might as well have been a hundred since there was no cell service.

Out of nowhere, a car had pulled up beside him on the dead-end dirt road he was on. When he managed to bring the driver's face into focus, he slowly began to realize help had arrived. The "angel" who found Bob told him he had no idea what had made him turn down that path-of-a-road. Bob, however, said that *he* knew why: God had sent him.

As I watched our new arrival wobble on that chair, I wondered what business he had hiking. As he watched oil drip out of my bag, he probably wasn't so sure about me either. I'm sure you would think he and I would make the ultimate BT hiking team.

The next day was even tougher. Bob again struggled, so the two of us went at a slower pace than the rest of the group. We stopped for breakfast at a diner in the village of Chesterhill. In the afternoon, we rested by a creek and I made some tea for us. He couldn't figure out what was wrong. He was a fit and experienced hiker, having already completed a considerable portion of the Buckeye Trail.

We finally realized we were not going to make it to camp. Luckily, this part of the trail was on a back road and a second trail angel came to the rescue. Bob had recovered enough to walk, so he and I hiked together to camp while Jay hauled our packs in his truck.

Slackpacking was definitely my hiker word for that day. On day three Bob went home. He found out a few days later that he had pneumonia; the doc told him it was a miracle he had made it as far as he did.

At the end of the fourth day, I was thinking of dropping out myself. After twelve really tough miles and a treacherous,

muddy ascent into camp, I was spent. I was looking for sympathy from someone. Anyone. That's when Pat said, "Don't get down on us, CW." *Not* what I was wanting to hear. However, I later realized those were the exact words I *needed* to hear. For me, this hike is about manning up. If I can handle the physical part, maybe I will find the courage to deal with the intense sadness and toxic guilt I feel. Maybe I can discover what you were thinking, inviting me to spend that last weekend with you, and why you did what you did to me.

Those words from Pat were enough to jolt me into the manly me. These guys are real men. You would have liked them, starting on that first night as they held off laughing until I had most of the oil cleaned out of my bag. Our kind of people. I noticed that Pat hugged everyone good-bye after the hike. Real men do hug.

I survived the entire 56 miles, and I know I want to keep hiking the trail—that is, as soon as the oozing poison ivy dries up and the patches of marble-sized blisters on my feet recede. I have made new friends, and I have an expanded list and some new definitions of hiker words that you would like:

- Cotton is evil—If your sock is made of it, and it gets wet, it will corrupt your sole.
- Ultralight hiking—Probably more involved than losing the skillet.
- Slackpacking—Ultra-ultralight hiking.
- Trail magic—Hot pizza that Jay brought in.
- Leave no trace—Eating all the pizza.
- Hiker trash—A pile of empty pizza boxes.
- Gearhead—Somebody who probably would have brought calamine lotion, tape, moleskin, and ibuprofen.
- Power hiker—Me going downhill towards camp.
- Cowboy camping—Staying a night or two at the Best Western next time.

- Trail Angels—Those who pick us up and put us back on the trail, and those who help to keep us on it.

As green as I was, it was probably best that my first hiking adventure on the BT was photo-free. However, when I go back to finish the Stockport section, I will make sure I pack my camera.



ONE DAY I TOLD DAD how much I wished he could experience Dave's and my exciting adventures. His response was to give me his camera and tell me to go take some pictures for him. This happened just in time for our trip along the Cranberry River in West Virginia.

Dave said it would be a good workout if we rode our bikes up the service road along the river. I agreed to that since we were always looking for ways to burn calories. As we conquered the mountain, we traded the camera back and forth, snapping each other while we sucked in our guts. We would need to come up with something better than that, though, to impress Dad.

Dave wanted me to get in a good shot or two of his bike, which cost sixteen times as much as mine (and I bought mine new).

Then he asked, "Hey Squooge, how about a side shot of your Huffy?"

"Okay, but don't get any ideas. You can't have it."

"Probably a wise idea. I don't think I could handle the torque those gears put out."

After quite a few miles of torquing uphill on the gravel road, I was glad to see it level off and then turn into a downhill stretch. But neither of us was prepared for what lay ahead. A bear the size of a pickup truck was parked at the bottom right in the middle of the bend. Dust rose as we jammed on the brakes. It was then that Dave chose to tell me that "bad bears" were shipped to this preserve. People knew

that and went through at their own risk. I bet most people find this out *before* they see one—and better yet, before *it* sees *them*. I secretly wished that I had Dave’s bike instead of mine.

Suddenly, Dave remembered the camera. A real bear! A bad bear! This would be the photo to impress Dad. With trembling hands we snapped five or six pictures, trying to position the camera to create the illusion of us petting the bear. After all, even bad bears need love.

After ten long minutes the bear sauntered off into the woods. I guess it figured it would go stir up trouble somewhere else. We gave it ten more minutes, then raced down the hill. Halfway down, I yelled, “What if her cub shows up when we go past?” Dust rose again as we locked up our brakes and sent gravel flying. Then we realized simultaneously that stopping near the bottom wouldn’t help our cause, so we gassed it again. We skidded around the turn and pedaled frantically until at least one bad bear would no longer be a threat.

What a trip! We had already fondly named our bear Kong. And we had proof of our bravery for once.

When I got home, I immediately retrieved Dad’s camera from my backpack. Almost as excited as a hungry bear in a freshly-stocked trout stream, I prepared to remove the film. My hands trembled again, but this time in anticipation of what would come back from the developer. I would have to handle the film with kid gloves. Dad would soon be able to see firsthand that all the bragging Dave and I did was true. I opened the camera carefully to avoid any light exposure to its contents.

I needn’t have bothered—I stared into an empty cavity.

I spent the next few hours deciding what sort of prevarication I would use on Dave when he asked where the pictures were. Finally, though, the spiritual side of me kicked in and I began to ponder: What would Jesus do?

That didn’t help. He probably would have made sure film was in the camera.

Eventually I fessed up, giving Dave so much ammo for fu-

ture jokes that he would likely need a background check. Come to think of it, though, he fired very few shots concerning the empty camera. I hope I would have shown the same restraint if the tables had been turned. It was quite a while before I told Dad, and then I did only because he was relentless in asking to see the pictures.

At some point I finally stopped lamenting that I had not captured my Kodak moment. After all, what's more important—a photograph or the adventure itself? Without photographic proof, I can make our Cranberry trip, including the bear, as big and as bad as I want it to be. Sometimes the best pictures for me are the ones developed only in my mind.

## Journal Entry #2

### Finding the Inner Child Together

When Zombie Bob and Olive Oil Man first met, I had a sneaky feeling that we would knock off more miles together. Sometimes you just know. After the spectacles we made of ourselves on the Stockport hike, I figured we deserved each other. Well, we teamed up again for my second hike. I'm glad we did because I'm enjoying hiking with Bob.

This one was not as ambitious as my first hike. We returned to the same general area for only one day in the Belle Valley section. When we passed through the gate and into the pastures of Red Hill Farm, we were surprised to encounter a huge gorilla and a giant land shark. Fortunately, we managed to "shoot" them both and get out alive. We hadn't known how dangerous the Belle Valley section could be.

I didn't find out about the monstrous bear that resides at the farm until a week later when I called the owners to thank them for giving a right-of-way to the Buckeye Trail. Otherwise, I would have shot a picture of it as well since I had both camera *and* film this hike. (I'm sure you remember our Cranberry trip when we met Kong. I still grimace when I recall opening up Dad's camera afterward.)

OK, so the creatures were stone monoliths, and I was just playing. The BT is bringing out the kid in your sometimes-too-serious older brother.

One thing you and I missed was being kids together. By the time you were promoted to third grade, I was off to college. I wonder what it was like for you. Did Dad sing "Ole Shep"

and tuck you into bed? Did the two of you play a lot of catch? Did Mom spoil you, too? Did she warn you about the boogeyman before you set out trick-or-treating?

Speaking of the boogeyman, I think he almost caught up with Bob and me when we returned months later to finish hiking this section. It wasn't even Halloween. It was early January, in weather I would have previously thought too cold for man or monster.

We had organized a three-day, 45-mile hike, planning to camp nightly like true cowboys at the Best Western. Our hike began normally enough. After a while, though, we realized we would need something to supplement our hiker food on that rugged terrain. At the end of the first day of hiking, although it was a decent drive, we were blessed to discover Caldwell Pizza Factory, and the next day rediscover it, and the next day . . . We didn't starve on this trip, that was for sure.

We averaged fifteen miles per day, not bad on those Appalachian Foothills, trying to burn off the carbs. The trail followed pleasant back roads, picturesque reclaimed strip mining land, and stretches of woods. The directions for the second day's leg should have raised a huge red flag in our pizza-addled brains: "The BT begins a meander that leads generally SW along a ridge on a variety of bull-dozer trails. Watch carefully for blazes!" We faded into the trees at about half past three on that frosty afternoon.

It became clear after a while that we were not exactly proficient at meandering. In fact, it began to look as if we were going to get caught by the early January night with no apparent exit from the haunted forest. We needed to find one of those blue blazes that mark the Buckeye Trail, the sooner the better since our lights, matches, and tents were back in the car.

I couldn't remember what Mom said the boogeyman would do to me besides steal my candy. I'm sure she never told me how I could identify him or if he had any special powers to guard against. At that moment, though, I figured he could smell fear (and probably pizza breath), so I tried to ignore the

noises under the trees and concentrate on breathing through my nose. Thinking positive thoughts was in the plan as well. *We are two grown men, Bob's a Boy Scout leader, and we aren't scared.* But I think Bob and I, like the boogeyman, could smell a little fear in each other. As I look back on it, getting scared like little kids was one of the best parts of the hike.

Then it happened. No, silly, not the boogeyman, but we saw a blue blaze. In twenty-five minutes we were in the car. I guess he'll just have to wait a bit longer to collect. Maybe heeding Mom's warning was all it took for me to evade him.



**A** NEW SEA MONSTER ate up the entire screen at the drive-in theater, more paralyzing and fearsome than any ten land-bound creatures (including black bears). “It’s only a movie,” Dave and I kept assuring each other. The 85-foot-long eating machine on the other side of the windshield was really only a 15-foot animatronic with rubber skin in a studio. More importantly, *Jaws* required salt water with his dinner, so we hoped the chance of encountering him in the Cumberland River was less than catching a glimpse of the boogeyman.

We loved the primitive campground at Cave Creek, south of Burnside, Kentucky. When we camped there, a trip to the drive-in north of Burnside on Route 27 was always on the schedule. So was a moonlight swim.

It was always a thrill to jump from the cliffs. We tingled at the thought of leaping into the unknown, especially on this eerie, moonless night. No chance we would hit the bottom after our dark descent delivered us into the swiftly moving water—we had tested the depth of the river many times before—but every chance we would become objects of culinary interest to catfish, snapping turtles, and tonight, straight from the big screen . . .

We took the plunge, then swam out to deeper water, trying to forget the carnage we had witnessed in the movie just hours before. Still fresh in our minds were the Ginsu-knife teeth and gallons of blood, the sound of bones being crunched like tortilla chips, and screams that echoed in the darkness. We tried not to think about the submarine-sized behemoth that could be mere yards behind us sizing us up for his entrée.

We finally came to our senses. One adult, one teen, on our last night at camp. Let's just enjoy the swim. Until Dave began singing: "duh-duh, Duh-Duh, DUH-DUH!"

Panic seized us both and the race to the shore began. It was so dark that I figured we would crash into the rocks at the river's edge before we saw them. At least it might have knocked us unconscious before the chewing started.

To our great relief, though, we escaped the water without major incident. As we dried off, the clouds briefly parted—just long enough for moonlight to fall on the faint outline of a dorsal fin, smoothly circling in the exact spot Dave and I had minutes before so hastily exited. I wasn't sure I had actually seen it, so I asked Dave. He quickly confirmed the sighting. We would have been in serious trouble, no rifle or oxygen tank between the two of us out there.

Back at camp, we laughed at the silliness of our fears, not being able to recall one sighting (besides our manufactured one) of a great white in the Cumberland River, at least not in modern history. I stretched out on my cot, weary from the day's adventures. Before long, from the other side of the tent, came the haunting refrain: "duh-duh, Duh-Duh, DUH-DUH!" Thank goodness I was not out on the water! But I was positive something had just moved under my cot.

Although Dave and I had not been kids in the same decade, that day we were children together.

## Journal Entry #3

# Finding Friends in high and Low Places

I know you thought that I spent too much time being a diplomat, but you do have to admit that I'm pretty good at it. I've been practicing since I was a kid, so I should be. I thought my skills might come in handy on a day in late May when Bob and I (yep, back together again) approached three horseback riders who rested their mounts high on a ridge in the Scioto Trail section.

We were weary from a morning of sloshing through the muck of the horse trail. During the dry season, there is no mud to complicate walking on those paths; also, horses that navigate neglected trails tend to keep them open for hikers. However, we weren't thinking about those positives as the slimy mix oozed up and over our boots that day.

You know I have trouble speaking up. Bob, however, is quite often inclined to speak his mind. That's not necessarily a bad thing. Nevertheless, sometimes it might be better to "battle" on your own turf. The folks on the ridge seemed right at home there.

When we approached the riders, Bob spoke first. "Thanks a lot for my muddy boots and socks."

*Good one, Bob.*

"You're welcome. Most hikers are not as polite as you are."

*Zing.*

Okay. Time for me to enter the conversation. I brought out

one of my specialties: I changed the subject.

“Sure is a hot one.”

Fortunately, we all agreed on the weather report. Gradually the meeting became friendlier and more relaxed as the conversation was redirected to more pleasant topics. It was great to feel biases dissolve and to want to share the trail with people who travel by a different mode. However, what got to me the most was that the riders offered to pose for a picture when it was time to travel on. To me, this said that all was well, and I always like to part that way when possible. Bob and I will probably not complain again about horses on the trail—at least not until the next time our shoes are buried in it.

I call this section of the trail “AT Lite,” and I know you would’ve loved it. It winds through three state forests, with camping available at the state parks. Bob and I placed cars at both ends of each day’s route. When we finished hiking for the day, we rounded them up and drove to a place to sleep. Since there were no Best Westerns handy, we drove to one of the parks each night and hunkered down in “Old Dodge”: Bob in his Journey and me in my Caravan.

The second morning, after shuttling the cars into the proper positions, we hit the trail again. It wasn’t long before we met up with Karen and Jerry down in a valley along Route 23. I was amazed to learn that they had started a hike in February on the East Coast. They were following the American Discovery Trail back towards their home in California. The ADT connects with the BT in Chesterhill, Ohio, then piggybacks it for more than 400 miles until it goes its own way at Eden Park in Cincinnati.

Talking above the noise of the heavy traffic on 23, we questioned those hiking heroes. They carried their life on their backs, hiked ten miles a day despite blisters, bugs, and blizzards, and willingly abandoned family, friends, home and vehicles in order to make their journey together. On a few occasions, they even had to stealth camp in the woods or fields along the road.

I had heard about this type of camping before. When darkness starts to settle in, hikers find a spot to go off the road or path and set up a fireless, no-frills camp. When the sun comes up, they pack up and quickly get going again. Karen and Jerry did this only when necessary.

In the three months they had been on the trail, camping under the radar had only failed once, and failed badly. They had been looking for a spot as daylight was just beginning to fade. Some folks working in their yard suggested a field about a quarter of a mile down the road. When Karen and Jerry found the field, they quickly pitched their tent, fixed a little supper, and stretched their weary bodies out on their sleeping pads. But just as they started to drift off into dreamland, they were abruptly awakened by the property owner yelling and pounding on the tent. He sent them packing, and I'll have to ask them someday what they did that night after they left the forbidden field.

They expressed interest in our hike, but I felt a little embarrassed as I explained my method. My plan is to hike two or three days at a time, rough it only when necessary (or when I forget some equipment), and probably cancel for bad weather. It sounded puny after hearing of their exploits. However, they thought our system was great, so who am I to say different.

Since we were hiking in opposite directions, we had to part, but we are looking forward to meeting again in a few weeks when they reach the Cincinnati area. They will be close enough to my house that, for at least one night, they won't have to pitch their tent or light their stoves.

When the day ended, Bob and I headed home. I thought about the new friends I had acquired over the last couple of days. I don't care what people say about Californians; anyone with guts enough to sneak into the woods to sleep is all right in my book. I don't care what they say about horse people. Those folks weren't so bad, either. I'll just have to remember to lace my boots up tighter and watch where I step the next time I am on a horse trail.

I'm coming to the realization that the stereotypes I have of various groups of people are meaningless. The real people are the ones I connect with each day, one person at a time.

That even goes for folks in West Virginia.



I DON'T REMEMBER EXACTLY WHEN we began swapping West Virginia-Kentucky jokes, but it may have been when Dave purchased his first home. It was situated on a narrow ledge on the side of a mountain. I kidded him about his small slanting yard: anything round or with wheels had to be secured or it would have gone over the edge. We hiked up and down the side of that mountain when I visited because I was worried that if I stood around too long in one place, I might have to shop for pants with two different leg-lengths. Nevertheless, the house was Dave's and he was happy. He and Betty made sure that I had every comfort when I stayed.

He must have lost one too many circular objects, though, because he eventually bought a home down in a lower section of Wayne County, one with a spacious, and basically flat, back yard. The property was graced by a dozen or so large trees and bordered by a wide stream.

Dave loved to sit on the back deck, perched in his recliner (I asked if the fridge would come out next) with a huge mug of steaming coffee and a work by Hemingway, or perhaps Homer, as he watched the beautiful stream flow by. It was another day to contemplate the mower sitting quietly in the middle of the yard. One side of the lawn was mowed (not freshly), the other side not yet. Maybe today would be the day. Maybe not. Manicured grass wasn't at the top of Dave's agenda. I think the rabbits and killdeer in the grass knew and appreciated that today would probably not be the day. The score for the season so far stood at Lazy Boy, 43; Lawn Boy, ½.

It was not because Dave was lazy; it was because he sa-

vored the time that he was not installing or repairing computers. He needed the downtime, and he wasn't going to mow the grass just because the neighbors mowed—or didn't mow—theirs.

Customers and friends came to his yard to partake of his technical savvy (his office was in his house) or to be entertained by his quick wit. Dave kept folks on their toes. He could be a fun-loving agitator, much like Dad, or a sensitive, gentle spirit like Mom. He was a blend of intellectual and down-home, and was well-liked by everyone. The driveway could hold Escalades from the city or giant trucks from up in the “fur hills,” a car owned by a senator or one owned by a city laborer, and whenever possible, a Caravan belonging to his brother from Kentucky.

**To learn more about *Hiking Without Dave*  
or to view hiking photos and follow my blog,  
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**<http://cwspencer.com/>**