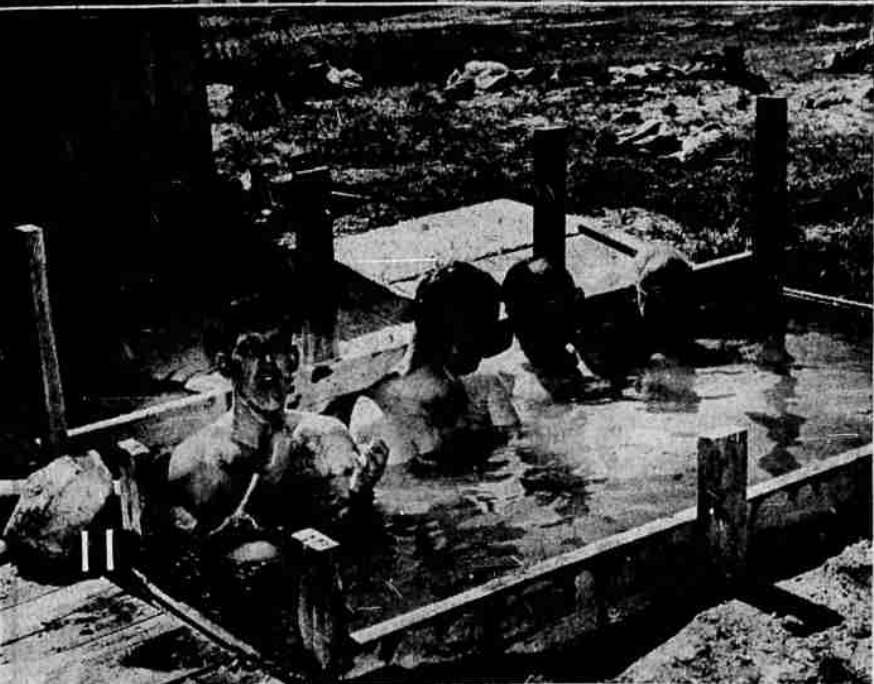
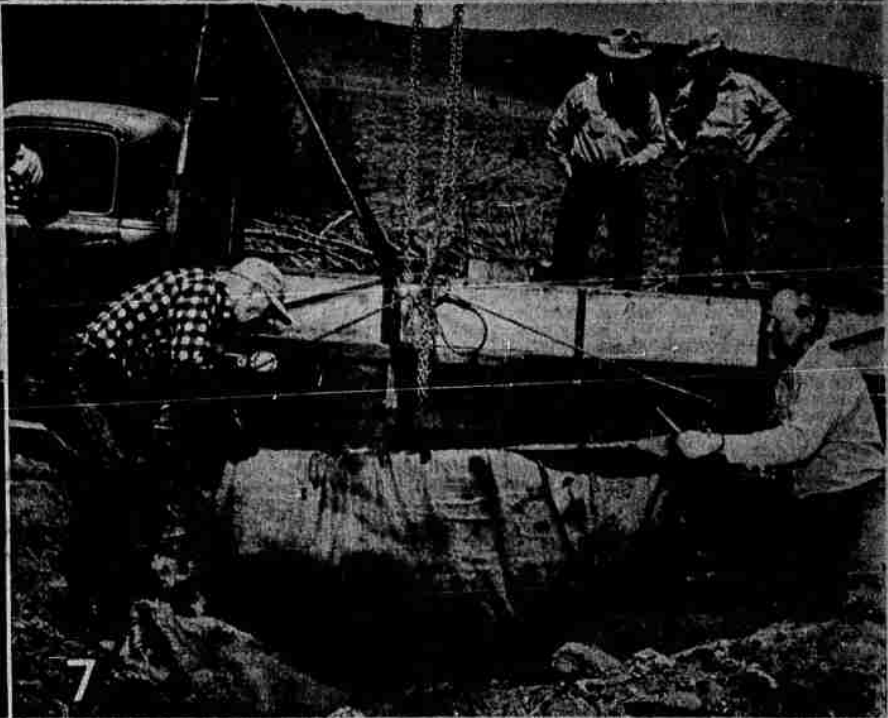


# ORDER OF ANTELOPE TO MEET AT BLUE SKY HOTEL



"OH GIVE ME A HOME, FAR AWAY FROM MY WIFE," will be the opening refrain ringing through the tall pines the weekend of July 24-26 when some 400 men, minus guns, dogs and women, take off for the annual Hart Mountain trek. Pictured here are a few scenes from last year's party. (1) Signpost in the desert gives you directions with a perky antelope up on top to point the way Eastward to the camp. (2) This sign isn't kidding. It's been known to happen. (3) Dining facilities

at the Blue Sky hotel, al fresco department, are spacious, airy and numerous. (4) From expert to novice, the battered old piano gets a workout all day and much of the night. (5) Candidates for the degree of Wild Jackass have the honor of digging out the juicy and succulent meat from the barbecue pit. The beans are buried at the end. (6) The old West still lives high up on the ridges of mighty Hart Mountain. (7) Cyril Cook (left), and Gib Fleet, the chief chefs for the big

party, carefully lower a beef into the pit ready to cover it with red hot fire and dirt. (8) The acid test comes from the chefs when they take that first, all-important sampling of the beans that have been simmered in milk cans along with the meat. (9) The big event for the first-timers comes when they are initiated into the Order. Here you see 'em being administered the oath by John "Meatballs" Blair. (10) The stomach Steinways come in for a beating at the big campfire

and add a good deal to the doings. (11) The hot baths over at the old shack are a high point of the trip. Here a few of the boys soak off some of the desert dust. (12) Waterholes are necessary in the desert, and here's just one of the welcome spots. (13) Homeward bound, the truck all loaded up. It's a great country for trucks and not so good for these low-slung new passenger cars. But everyone has fun, so who cares? — Photos by Joe Van Wormer, Bend