

# Worn Wear - The Stories We Wear





## **R1 Escapades**

### **Dave Anderson, Lander, Wyoming**

Dear Patagonia,

My R1 Pullover has provided me with more comfort, both physically and emotionally, than any other piece of clothing I have ever worn.

I purchased my R1 Pullover about the same time I started receiving emails about my upcoming 20<sup>th</sup> high school reunion. I grew up in the suburbs of Connecticut, which I managed to escape thanks in part to Patagonia's catalogs showing people living a very different life than mine. I continued following that path which eventually led me to sitting in a porta-ledge 1,500 feet off the ground in Pakistan. Using our sat-phone, I typed out a short email to the reunion organizer, "Sorry, I can't make the reunion, I am kind of busy." I attached the photo of me standing next to Sergeant Iqbal and Captain Abdullah and the rest of the special forces (see photo). I failed to mention in the email that I had not been abducted by these stern looking men and in fact they had become our good friends during the course of the expedition. I guess the photo was a big hit at the reunion.

Since that summer, my R1 was my go-to layer for a host of crazy adventures and mishaps during the next four years, protecting me from the cold and even some "explosive" conditions.

Some of the expeditions with my R1 Pullover include plunging into the partially frozen Zanskar River during a month-long winter trek in Ladakh, India. Then there was the

time in Southeast Alaska, after being tent bound for a month on a glacier, that I decided to celebrate the onset of good weather by dousing some rocks with white gas and showing off my juggling skills (see photo). My R1 did a valiant job protecting me from my poor coordination and I only lost all the exposed hair on my arms. Then, after getting marooned in Lukla, Nepal by a snow storm, I once helped a Nepali friend process some homemade *rashki* (really strong whiskey). Everything was going great until the ancient still blew up coating me and my R1 with alcohol, causing a prolonged period of intoxication.

My last journey with my R1 Pullover occurred in 2004. Three friends and I embarked on an epic 8,000 mile dirtbag adventure, retracing the route described in the epic survival novel, *The Long Walk*. We traveled along the frozen tundra of Siberia, across the dunes of the Gobi Desert, over the Himalayas into India. In Calcutta, I hand-washed my smelly clothes and hung them on a line to dry. When I returned, all my clothes were there except the R1 pullover! While I was heartbroken at the loss of my constant companion for the last four years, I couldn't help but admire the thief's taste in outerwear. My R1 Pullover has a unique burn hole (from the fire juggling incident) and I always keep a look out for it, not to get the Pullover back, but to hear about its journeys.

-Dave