

# THE GOOSE DOWN GAZETTE

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Wilderness Skills instructor Mark Hartinger sinks his teeth into his work as he demonstrates a Tyrolean traverse over the Rockcastle River on last year's course as instructors Bill Strachan and Rick Forrester, and student Jane Rielly, look on.

THOUGHTS FROM THE PRESIDENT

SUMMER QUARTER ACTIVITIES

It's hard for me to believe that my term as president is at its end. This year has really been like a dream to me. I sincerely believe that I will not fully realize the impact of this entire year until after I step down. I consider serving as the president of the U.C.M.C. to be one of the most important and worthwhile experiences that I have had in my lifetime. It has been a fantastic year for me and I wouldn't trade any of it for anything in the world. That includes everything from the hard work and frustration to the fun and elation. But, I have to say that the most rewarding part of the year for me has been getting to know the special people of the U.C.M.C.- as a group and as individuals.

I would like to take the time here to thank Dan Lynch for all his help and support, as well as always being on top of things (i.e. the bonus money and the raft). My thanks also go to Bruce Williams for doing such an excellent job as equipment manager. Also, I want to thank Bill Strachan and Marty Huseman for their motivational help and support when I really needed it. And finally, all my thanks go to you - the U.C.M.C. for giving me the opportunity and honor of serving as your president for the past year.

God Bless You All-  
Love Always,  
Jane

Regular meetings of the U.C.M.C. will be held in room 043 McMicken Hall at 7:30 p.m. since T.U.C. is closed after 5:00 p.m. in the summer. The first meeting will be on 9 July and meetings will be held until 27 August every Wednesday. Activities will be planned mostly on a week by week basis so there is no formal calendar of events. However, following is a list of the most likely people to contact for a particular activity. Summer meetings have been even less formal than regular school meetings, believe it or not, and have been well attended with some very enjoyable trips resulting. Lets continue the good times and try to make this upcoming quarter an even better one than last year.

GENERAL INFORMATION

Marty Huseman.....661-1666  
Dave Weber.....481-3819

CLIMBING

Bill Strachan.....861-3404  
Stephen Kramrech.....559-1737  
Mark Hartinger.....481-8149  
Chris Hughes.....281-0164

CAVING

Bob Kessler.....574-8080  
"Doc" Dougherty.....475-3421

CANOEING

Jane Rielly.....871-0879  
Marty Juseman.....661-1666  
Mike Dawson.....563-2306

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SPRING QUARTER ACTIVITIES

MAY  
28

Slide show(s) and talk after regular business meeting.  
30&31 Rock climbing at Clifton Gorge on Saturday after over-Night camping in the park.  
Stephen Kramrech

The spring quarter Club trip will be to the Wind River Range in Wyoming or that general vicinity (if Chris can get everyone together to decide). This trip is being planned for persons with mountaineering experience but for full details talk to Chris Hughes phone 281-0164. Go for Gannette Peak people don't settle for less!!

ELECTION RESULTS

For those of you who don't know (ask you really should attend meetings) and as a matter of record the U.C.M.C. has some new officers. Marty Huseman in a stunning defeat over Craig Patterson and favorite(?) Stephen Kramrech became president-elect for the 1980-1981 school year. Dan Lynch an old favorite (no pun) was displaced by Dave Weber. Marty is a biology major in her sophomore year and Dave aspires to a degree in Business in two more years. Along with the new elected officers there was a complete turnover for appointed officers, Cindy Mason is now Club librarian, Chris Rathweg will be equipment manager, and a publicity off. (unknown)

"The mountaineer, in the true sense of the term, may be defined as a man, who climbs, and who continues to climb because he enjoys trying to solve the technical problems of different ascents. The man who climbs one mountain, however difficult, as a stunt, is no mountaineer. The mountain traveller who crosses a pass merely to get to the other side, the mountain Rambler who enjoys mountain scenery, but who has no appetite for mountain problems, the mountain scientist for whom the main motive of mountain exploration is scientific research are not mountaineers in the proper sense of the term."

-Arnold Lunn, from  
A Century of Mountain-  
eering

Mister Lunn obviously has a fairly rigid definition of the term 'mountaineer.' Though we do call ourselves the Mountaineering Club, few of us are mountaineers in Lunn's sense of the word. Thinking of the implications of his statement, though, we can tie it into all activities in which this club partakes.

Lunn can make such an imposing definition because he has chosen to make a commitment to an activity and realizes the responsibilities involved in achieving a certain skill. His attitude shows a focusing of energies.

We, today are target of a bombardment of stimuli. The mass-media mind tempts us to try any and everything. We can "learn" outdoorskills by reading. Our personal aspirations take us to stores where we can purchase the tools for the experience. Catalogues are profusely displayed with their products in the magnificent settings we yearn to be in (simply substitute your image for the model's and dream on). In the duration of a trip we can compare equipment with other adventurers. Thus, we can achieve the essence of the adventure. Or can we?

Perhaps our outdoor experiences are becoming packaged deals of saleable products. Such commodities are prey to becoming a fad. Do we drop one experience for another depending on its public popularity? Can we afford to be haphazard in choosing an activity when the land that it requires (a wilder place) is so easily out-of-mind when out-of-sight? What of any sense of responsibility towards an activity or an ethic

towards the land that we visit in pursuit of the activity, from both a personal and group standpoint of ethics?

In 1872, a tract of land over 2 million acres in NW Wyoming was designated Yellowstone National Park. This was our nation's first NP and "the world's first instance of large-scale wilderness preservation in the public interest", according to Roderick Nash. To quote from Dr. Nash's book, Wilderness and the American Mind, "It was praised as a "museum" and "marvellous valley", an area where people could see "freaks and phenomena of Nature" along with "natural curiosities." "...The railroad interests hoped that Yellowstone would become a popular national vacation mecca like Niagra Falls of Saratoga Springs with resulting profit to the only transportation line serving it." "... Supporters of the bill (which Congress was considering in the designation of Yellowstone as a NP) assured their colleagues that the Yellowstone country was too high and cold to be cultivated; consequently its reservation would do "no harm to the material interests of the people."

continued on next page

These show an attitude of the outdoor experience in wilder places as a packaged deal or commodity for the American public. The example of the railroads' intentions may be analagous to the ever increasing number of outdoor equipment companies which "pop up in the wave of a fad to take advantage of the public inclination to acheive their own (the companies) monetary profit.

Admittedly, it is hard not to be a tourist in visits to wilder places nowadays, since most of us do not live in the wilds (granted, Cincinnati is another wilderness of a semantical sort). But let us not allow ourselves to be numb to the conditions by which we are able to enjoy such places, and be aware of the delicate conditions which surround their existence.

When we'd go on our adventurous excursions, are we of a mountaineering ethic or thrill-seekers, or do we choose? Do we go in order to be able to talk about it when we return? Do we take for granted the ability to go to these places, (or their very existence...?) To what extent are we willing to sacrifice or compromise in order to get there? How important are these places to our fulfillment - both to individuals and the group? These questions bring the recurrence of a theme from honourable Willy in his presentation on "leading a climb" (4-23 meeting.) that is **INTEGRITY**

#### COMMITMENT $\triangle$ MOTIVATION

Let us swing back now to the first national park. Apparently the first attempts at preservation stemmed from an attitude other than one of "wilderness for wilderness sake".

From Nash again, come the statements: "yet the stipulations that "all timber, mineral deposits, natural curiosities, or wonders "in the Park be retained "in their natural condition" left the way open for later observers to construe its purposes as preserving the "wild country"... gradually later Congresses realized that Yellowstone NP was not just a collection of natural curiosities but,

in fact, a wilderness preserve." It was referred to by George G. Vest as a "Mountain wilderness" and defended in the Romantic manner as "esthetically important in counteracting America's materialistic tendency." Also, the National Park was seen as, "a great breathing place for the national lungs and a place where rest, recuperation and vigor may be gained by our highly nervous and overworked people."

Do we allow ourselves the dangerous luxury of swallowing manufacturers materialistic claims concerning the necessities of outdoor excursions? When we venture out, do we expect our creature comforts to be perpetuated and our discomforts to be eliminated? Are we aware of the reasons or callings by which we seek the wilder places? Are we dedicated to our activity (be it canoeing, climbing, ~~backpacking~~, search and rescue, or even car camping.) in the sense of Lunn's mountaineer?

There is danger of exploiting our excursions by letting them be therapy, by failing to take responsibility for our own integrity in saying we need another place, or vacation to balance out our "highly nervous and overworked state." Further, would we be content just knowing that the wilder places we yearn for exist, even though we may lose the ability to visit them?

Perhaps there is a wilderness inside each of us and our group as well. One teacher used to consistently demand that "we choose to remain ignorant." Another tells me, "don't ever stop exploring or you'll lose your integrity."

From Gerard Piel's "Wilderness and the American Dream" essay, "It is said that the remaining wildland must be closed to the multitude that might invade it in search of solitude... the multitude, by definition can find no solitude, and the wildland would cease to be wild." From Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh comes the

## The Alcoholic Outdoorsman

from our honored London food and wine correspondent, Chris Hughes.

The idea of comfort in the great outdoors is one which is pursued by the majority of writers about climbing, mountaineering, and other activities. Mostly, the pursuit of comfort, like that of safety, bodily integrity, and life itself, is put far behind the achievement of the current spectacle, at least in print.

However, it should be obvious to all that once the most vehemently ascetic climber has repelled off his not quite unclimbable 5.9 A4 VII death defier, SHE is in quite desperate need of the comfort of some mind altering activities. We can of course discount opium, cannabis, and all other illegal substances. (Well, we can at least think about them, but they are illegal.)

Obviously, as the climber comes about his body, SHE could not possibly smoke tobacco, which would at once addict him, destroy his lungs and do other undesirable things to his body. editor's note: (The use of his and SHE here as unisex words indicates that the author intends no sexual bias).

By default we are left with our old friend alcohol. By a further process of elimination, we can throw out liquor as being a bit too much in the way of instant blackout, and beer as needing too much in the way of cesseting and care. So, wine seems to be it. Consider the advantages. Ease of carrying, strength, and a great tolerance for temperature. Open your heavy bottle, pour it off into your nearest Bota or Ziplock bag, and you are ready for action. This, the first of a possible series, will introduce the novice to the joys of wine (and maybe food) in the outdoors: on the river, in the woods, up mountains, and even in the hanging bivouac. (Although if you want to get high when you're that high you really need help.)

This first article will deal with your specialty wines, namely



Strawberry Ripple, Thunderbird, and Mogen David. Very few people realise what lifesavers these wines can be; if you allow them to partially freeze, the residual liquid can run an MSR stove for up to 20 minutes per bottle, clean a wound, or keep bears happy and well away from your food cache.

If you wish to drink them (See the "Quack" for information on nephritis and other kidney ailments.) they are amongst the best sources of sugar and other carbohydrates, just be sure to drink alot of water with them. Like rubbing alcohol (for which they make a cheap substitute) they don't taste like much, but they get you there faster. And sometimes you stay there for days. These excellent beverages have a place in camp cuisine: added to almost any freeze-dried meal they transform boredom to a taste treat. Of course, the meal still tastes better cooked, but think of the saving in fuel. Recipes incorporating wine are legion in modern cookbooks, but in the outdoors wine is so much more versatile: a single bottle of Strawberry Hill wine can npt only lure a possum from half a mile away, it can be used to poison the brute, and then a judicious slug can cut the grease, Tenderise the meat, add flavor to the stew, and the residue can so numb your fellows that they will eat the stuff without noticing that you are scarfing down their last Mountain House lasagna. Indeed wine has it's place in your backpack, and if you can manage it, in the backpacks of the rest of your team. Only, try not to let them know, or they may want some too.

Next time: A Whole Glacier To Cool One Bottle? & The Red - White Controversy.

*Remember, never place the bottle near the belay rope, it may get knocked over!*



# MAINSTREAM

By Craig Patterson



With the lost presidency and skin diseases behind me, it is time to re-enter the mainstream fever. Spring is sweating summer and my hyperactive states are reborn. Memories of Big Bend and beyond flash back during the idle moments that trail through every 8-hr. work day. For those with active imaginations, the experiences Bill Stzachan, Andy Andrews, and I had during the aftermath of Big Bend might ignite some insight into the nature of the United States.

Yes, even more Texas as the Sunbelt heads west. Sand storms in boom towns dinged with grit. Spanish speaking Safeway supermarkets filled with los chicanos and immigrants everywhere. Cancerous billboards clutter the endless plains. Speeding trucks chow on tumble weed and dirt regularly, yup. Three "yawhos" dripping with 7 days of desert stench booking through New Mexico and Arizona free from the responsibilities of routine. A 4 a.m. truck stop shower, free acid coffee refills, and haphazard eating habits gets us to California and inside the plain white walls of the Summit University to take in the Sunday morning light of Los Virginnes canyon. The twelve pack of Coors or the death defying seven lane L.A. expressway leaves us sitting among the stones of Malibu Beach on the Pacific coast. The Big Sur scenic fantasia and of course zee baby seals take us to Monterey and the "Sugar Plum Farm" for dinner ...

A male waitress seats us in the gift shop and assures us that we have entered the twilight zone. The purple and light green menu matches the bright yellow carpet. The female manager with a mustache whines, "It's time to close." Three young teenage girls sitting in ice cream parlor chairs at a round green table eat pink cotton candy and giggle at us. Feeling alienated we dive thru the bay window by our table and run for our sanity...

1:00 a.m. and 15 miles from Yosemite, frost collects on sleeping

mummies while snow collects in the valley. "Wow! Waterfalls, rocks and a climbers playpen." Three groups ascend El Capitan and reach the 1/3 point before wrestling with sleep.

Onward to the mountain town of Mt. Shasta. No gas and a night in the car psyches us up for Shasta. A blizzard and ten feet of snow greet our anxiety. Above tree line, above the clouds, so high... We swear that we'll be back. Timber, the Oregon state Forestry Department, Rainer Beer, and my pal Larry make fur a ya who you betcha Oregon coast experience. Four neighbor hoods explore the tidal pools, bird sanctuaries, and ocean caves; loose rock trailing thru tides and waves. Two nights of craze and off to the silent reaches of Stonehenge planted in the rolling grass hills of the Columbia River Gorge. Open and uncomplicated, whops, towns made of rif - raf. The night of the road mountain stream to Lolo Pass, Idaho to snow to Missoula, Montana. More mobile homes and Bitterroot, friendly folks and mountain crosses. By this time, Mt. St. Helens has already blown and Devil's Tower looms at 1:00 a.m., 7 days after Big Bend. Cool morning sunrise to a full day of climbing. 28 hours from Sundance to Cincinnati stuns March 31, 2:00 a.m. 5 hours before work.

The 17 day trip dwarfed my preconcieved notions of distance and the planet earth. There is no planetary inaccessible frontier and our park system is merely a stash of temporary resources which will be exhausted when needed. These 8,000 miles, 6 time changes, and multitudes of experience, haunt my routine lifestyle, and keep reminding me, "Get Off Your Ass!"...

# ASK THE QUACK



The majestic Skybridge Arch in the Red River Gorge is silhouetted against the thunderheads and flashes of lightning in the turbulent sky.

Your hair stands on end and you black out as the lightening bolt passes through your body and your friends. A few moments later, you regain consciousness to find your friend not moving, face down in the dirt, with deep blue skin color.

This event actually occurred about three years ago. If you were in this same situation, what would you have done upon regaining consciousness? Would you check for burns first or for bleeding or wait a few minutes? What should you do ????

Fundamental to all first aid procedures for an unconscious victim are the "ABCD" steps which must be performed in exact order to give your victim the greatest chance for survival.

The first step is the "Airway" step. Immediately as soon as you see an unconscious victim, you should tap him on the shoulder heavily to be sure he is not simply asleep, and then check his breathing which can only be achieved if the victim has a clear passage-way from his lungs to his mouth or nose. If neck and back injuries are not suspected, roll the victim on his back, slip one hand under his neck, and place one hand on his forehead. Raise the neck and tilt the head back. The jaw will automatically open. For the victim with suspected neck or back injuries, grasp the tongue and lower jaw with your thumb and first finger and pull the tongue and jaw outward and down. This will open the air passages unless very severe damage to the throat has occurred.

With an open air passage, "Breathing" can be checked for a minimum of 5 seconds by lowering your cheek to the mouth of the victim. Look for up and down movement of the chest, listen and feel for air exchange with your ear and cheek. A normal adult at rest breathes once every 4-6 seconds. If the victim is not breathing as in the Red River Gorge

incident, you should give 4 deep, full, quick breaths into the victim making sure to pinch the nostrils closed as you breath into the victims mouth.

"Check" breathing and circulation for at least 5 seconds. Circulation can be checked by feeling the carotid artery which is located in the depression on either side of the "Adam's Apple". Be sure not to check the pulse with your thumb since it has a pulse of its own. If the victim is not breathing and does have a pulse, mouth-to-mouth resuscitation should be performed until the victim starts breathing on his own or until medical personnel arrive.

If the victim does not start breathing and does not have a pulse, CPR should be performed.

"Diagnosis" of the extent of the victims injuries should be performed if breathing and pulse resume. Diagnosis should include checking for poisoning, treatment for shock, and a full body search for bleeding, broken bones, etc. Treatment of the secondary injuries is then performed.

As in the Skybridge case, both victims sustained a high voltage electric shock which temporarily paralyzed the brain, causing blackouts. However, the second victim sustained paralysis of the breathing centers of the brain for an extended length of time. This paralysis of the breathing control areas of the brain is very common in high voltage electric shock.

Steps A, B, and C were performed until professional help arrived. Both victims suffered no permanent damage, although the second victim was hospitalized for an extended period of time. Without immediate first aid by his friend, he would not have survived the incident.

The Quack

## BE RESPONSIBLE

Learn first aid so you can help others and yourself in an emergency situation. Call the American Red Cross for info. 721-26

MORNING  
by Chris Hughes

Slowly, one wakes. To the right the river Rhone rushes by, only 5 metres wide and still white with rock dust from the glacier half a mile away from your feet, and maybe 300 metres up. The sun is still behind the mountains from which the glacier is flowing and, so far, has not even reached the village half a mile behind your head. Village!: four hotels and a railway station, on the bend of the road from the St. Bernard Pass down the valley to Lucern. The nearest shop 15 miles away by train, or maybe across the pass towards Italy. Below, one can feel the rocks of the moraine under the sparse grass of the valley floor. No wonder the cows stay up on the Alpine meadows; anything would be better than this. So the bells stay distant, clanging with the movements of the cows, under contract to Suchard, disturbed only by ruminant thoughts of Julie Andrews.

The sky looks clear through the tent flap, frosted naturally, even though this is August. Fifteen hundred metres up and 52° north sees to that. One really could do with a better sleeping bag here, but with all ones clothes on things aren't too bad, except when the wind blows. Time to get up and try the climb up to the glacier. Can't talk about the source of the Rhone unless you've actually been there. Seems strange, one of Europe's major rivers small enough to wade through, almost to jump over with the aid of a few rocks. Odder still to be able to drink it without immediately contracting typhus, typhoid and sundry other foul diseases. But Switzerland is so clean, we all know that.

The noise starts quietly, thumping and squeaking off towards the village. Getting up sounds like a good idea; being run off a farmers land is so much easier half packed. Louder and louder as the stove starts heating the morning tea and oatmeal water (might one combine the two one day in the service of efficiency? Both taste so bad separately that the combination could'nt be much worse). Then, as the sun finally shows above the mountains, the source is revealed. Hans, or Claus, or Dieter is pushing a wheelbarrow up the river bank. Fodder? Some agricultural and unmentionable substance?

No, on closer inspection, common hotel garbage from coffee grounds to cigarette ends. He goes on upstream, tips the lot into the Rhone and wheels back. "Guten morgen" as he passes. One dumps the now boiling water and goes well upstream for more. Switzerland? Yeuk!

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question, "Is there any center in you? Or are you just a moving crowd?"

Let us pause to ponder these points and their full implications in relation to our present situation, both as individuals and as the Mountaineering Club. We seem to have reached a schism—the mountaineers vs the other activities—do we bridge it or part here? Are not we all spirited sympathetically? Technically personal desires / group consciousness land uses / land ethics, motivation, integrity, commitment...

Well thanks for reading and stay laid back.

A. Hayes

Sources/ recommended reading  
Voices for the Wilderness  
ed. Wm Schwartz

Wilderness and the American Mind  
Roderick Nash

A Century of Mountaineering  
Arnold Lunn

The Mustard Seed  
Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh

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Psalms 148

Praise ye the Lord.. Praise ye the Lord from the heavens: Praise him in the heights.. Praise ye him, all his angels; praise ye him, all his hosts. Praise ye him, sun and moon; praise him, all ye stars of light. (lines 1-3)  
Praise the Lord from the earth, ye dragons, and all deeps: Fire, and hail; snow, and vapours; stormy wind fulfilling his word: Mountains, and all hills; fruitful trees, and all cedars: (7-9)  
Kings of the earth, and all people; princes, and all judges of the earth: (11)  
1) LET THEM PRAISE THE LORD!

UCMC ENTERS - THE TWILIGHT ZONE  
by Cindy Schmid

Spring Break 1980-Members of the UCMC attend the final meeting of the winter quarter. They laugh. They talk. They are indeed happy mountaineers. But not for long. For unknown to these brave, pioneering souls, they are about to witness a series of events that will no doubt change the course of their entire existence. They will be whisked away from the security of dorm rooms, apartments, and homes into a world which many of us fear to tread. They are about to enter THE TWILIGHT ZONE.

The entrance into the zone began at different times for different people. The members of the van left the famed Scioto meeting spot at approximately 4:30 p.m. on March 14, 1980. Their mode of transportation was a van allegedly used for church transportation and needs. Dan Lynch, a reputable and distinguished cohort, had used his persuasive powers to obtain the vehicle for the latest endeavor to Big Bend, Texas. Of course, neither Dan nor anyone else could foresee the hell which that van would carry us through--the eerie and mysterious happenings that rendered us helpless beyond the confines of the doors of the van. Not even the fact that the van was driven for the glory of God could save us now.

From the start, it was clear that the van itself was from another world. Although it was allegedly controlled by alien beings, we could not state this as a true and inevitable fact until we actually embarked on our journey.

The first incident that signified the presence of something strange was when the windows in the van would not close. We dismissed it due to the age and previous use of the van, buried our faces in last month's issue of Backpacker, and resigned ourselves to freeze at night.

We encountered our first alien creature as we were nearing Big Bend in a small town in Texas. It was a ten foot roadrunner. Amid various "ohhhhs" and "ahhhhs" we managed to escape its clutches. The strange phenomenon of a roadrunner that fails to go "Beep, Beep."

The dirt roads leading into the boundaries of Big Bend Park turned our attention to the nocturnal inhabitants of the surrounding desert. One of the first things that we saw was a parade of jackrabbits of all shapes and sizes. They darted out in front of the van, their beady eyes suggesting an ethereal quality.

One in particular had nerves of steel. Even after slamming on our breaks for him, the rabbit would not budge. We, as members of the van, became its slave, for it would not move. Five minutes passed and the animal remained. His coat shone in the moonlight. Finally, it moved on, but not without one last glance at the headlights. And us.

Marty was one of the first victims linked with the intergalactic happenings. While on the rafting trip, she subjected members of the raft to spontaneous "horse calls." Nothing too terribly unusual--except that the horses along the banks of Mexico answered back.

Molly, a carefree and fun-loving member of the group did her share to avoid the "TZ Effect." One night, unpacking her backpack in her usual quest for food. (Rafters will remember "I'm hungry!") Molly discovered a mysterious incident had occurred. All the salt had spilled out. Not so unusual to the naked eye. But the chilling fact remains: The lid was on.

On Burrito night, Jane decided a little dessert would do a lot to perk up her weary crew. A little pudding, chilled in its bowl by the river would do the trick. Jane was conscientious. She made several trips to its cooling place by the river. On the final check, she could not believe her eyes. The pudding had disappeared. Perhaps consumed by someone high atop a distant star. We will never know.

There were many things in and about the Twilight Zone which backed up our consistent beliefs: the strange way the flowers grew along the hillside, the disappearance of a club E. P., the cattle who climbed the most dangerous of cliffs, and then could not get back down, the way the gas tank remained on three-fourths full. These incidents raised many eyebrows. They will remain a puzzle for years to come. Someday they will become stories for our children.

But there is one mystery that can readily be solved. One the way down, the van's interior was the victim of a peanut butter vandal. Peanut butter from an unidentified source stuck everywhere: Door-knobs, seats, windows, armrests, tapes, even the steering wheel. Was this another curse of the TZ? No, indeed. The answer is clear as to why this didn't occur on the way home. We left Dave Christenson in Houston.

## THE CARE AND FEEDING OF A SVEA

by Stephen L. Kranreich

As part of the Equipment Committee and a long time Club member I have seen entirely too many Club Svea's misused. The Svea backpacking stove is really no mystery to operate, it only takes a little practice. If you have never operated one before, the first day on the trail can be a frustrating one if you can't get the stove going for the evening meal. Take a little time at home and get the lighting technique down pat before you ever hoist pack for that next trip.

There are only 15 total parts that make up a Svea so there is very little that can go wrong with it. In fact there are only two moving parts in the entire stove; those being the valve and valve spindle! The stove can be broken down into three major groups: the fuel tank, vaporizer, and burner. The vaporizer is the stem and associated parts that screw into the fuel tank. The burner is the head and plate that screw onto the top of the vaporizer. The fuel tank, which holds about one-third pint, has a fuel cap that incorporates a safety valve which under sufficient internal pressure will open, venting the tank and preventing an explosion (except in Big Bend, Texas). The economy of parts, small size, and relatively large heat output all combine to make this one of the better stoves for backpacking.

The feeding of this animal is simple. Use only camp stove fuel such as Coleman, etc. NEVER ever use automobile gasoline (neither regular or unleaded), kerosene, lighter fluid, or nitromethane. Using anything but camp stove fuel can cause anything from a clogged and inoperative stove to an explosion. (The instructions that come with the stove have a section that reads:

Use only white gasoline (unleaded).  
NOT car gasoline.

If this is confusing remember that the important part says "NOT car gasoline.")

Caring for the stove is even simpler than the feeding, unless you are fussy about appearance. Due to the necessity of preheating the fuel tank (more on this later) the Svea will gradually accumulate soot and varnish deposits on the burner, vaporizer, and top of the fuel tank. These deposits should not be large enough

to affect operation however, if you're like I am you will want to take a steel wool pad, Scrubbee, or similar appliance to the stove occasionally (I hate getting soot all over my hands and into my food when preparing it, bleeech!). Just take care to keep water out of the insides or, if it happens, that you let it dry out for several days before using it. One place that must be kept clean is the hole in the nipple in the top of the vaporizer that releases the fuel vapors. Depending on the vintage of the stove you're using this will be either simple or simpler, in the later models there is a built-in cleaning needle inside the vaporizer. To clean the hole just turn the regulating key to the left and then back to the right, if done with sufficient speed you can clean your Svea even while it is operating without extinguishing the flame. On the older Svea's you must push a fine wire through the hole from the outside. The Club Svea's without the self-cleaning needle have (or should have) a piece of ~~stiff wire~~ on an aluminum handle for cleaning, of course any stiff wire will work if it's small enough.

Now we come to the tricky (you thought) part, firing that mother up!! To do so first you take one old female mule...oops, wrong mother. First, fill the fuel tank approximately two thirds full, only two thirds to allow room for a little of the fuel to expand and create a positive internal pressure. You can cause the pressurization in several ways. Fill the depression in the fuel tank top with stove fuel, fire starting paste, etc. and ignite it. Or, if you have some scraps of waste paper you can gather a pile, burn it, and hold the stove over the flames (or use someone else's already lit stove). Or, in a pinch, by warming it with your hands and/or other parts of your body (not recommended for stage three hypothermia victims). Second, if you are using the fuel-depression method you can light the stove with the last few flickers of flame. If using any other method hold a flame in or near the burner. Third, if you did everything correctly you enjoy your repast. If, as often happens the first time you try lighting a Svea, it didn't light just keep practicing until you get it right. (Tell me again what happened in Big Bend?)

P.S.- The Svea is made by Optimus of Sweden and both stoves are identical.