

THE GOOSE DOWN GAZETTE

THE OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CINCINNATI MOUNTAINEERING CLUB

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Welcome back to all old members, and hello to the new! We are U.C.'s most doingest and daringest club. Last year was quite a success and this year will be even better. If you're into outdoor sports, this is the place to be for instruction and companionship. Beginner and expert - we offer much to both. Come with us to pristine wilderness, 5.10 climbs, class IV whitewater, and 50 foot sinks. Each quarter we teach a special course. This fall, rockclimbing will be taught by experienced rockclimbers. There will be many weekend trips throughout the quarter, and a large club trip at the end.

C'mon folks, bring in those slides and guest lecturers. Thanks to those who attended the equipment clean-up and constitution meetings. Please come to Dave, Chris, or myself if you have any questions or need anything. This is YOUR club; we are your humble servants. Let's get set for another year of fun, learning, adventure, and continued protection of our environment. Don't forget meetings start at 7:00 sharp! Jane, Molly, Chris, Bob, Sharon, and myself would like to thank Jack and Toni Dubinsky for their friendship and aid in the Boundary Waters trip.

Happy Trails!
Marty

U.C.A.C. OFFICERS

PRESIDENT: Marty Huseman 661-1666
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The cover artwork for this issue is by Ann Hayes.

As a member of the U.C.A.C. part of your dues goes towards the purchase of equipment. This equipment is under the care of our equipment manager, Chris Rathweg. There are a few policies which should be known to all members, following is a brief summary of these policies, along with an abbreviated list of the Club's equipment. Climbers take note of #4 and make yourself known. Also, Chris asks that you only call before 11p.m. as the family he lives with simply must get some rest sometime.

1. Equipment is to be checked out at Club meetings unless circumstances make this impossible and other arrangements must be made with Chris.
2. Equipment can only be kept for one(1) week during the quarter. There is a 50¢/day late fee for overdue equipment. If you wish to keep it longer you must check with Chris first to see if someone else needs it. The exception is equipment checked out for end-of-the-quarter trips which is due at the first meeting of the next quarter.
3. Equipment must be returned as you received it(clean)! This is especially important for the cook kits and stoves, keep them clean and empty.
4. Climbing equipment will only be loaned out to experienced people known to Chris. All other equipment is available to any member.
5. Equipment not properly returned is subject to a cleaning fee.
 - 6 sets sleeping bags, liners & pad
 - 5 sets stoves & cook kits
 - 1 Coleman 2-burner
 - 9 fullframe backpacks
 - 3 tents
 - 4 Goldline ropes
 - 1 Edelrid lead rope
 - 2 full lead racks
 - 7 caving helmets & ele. lites
 - 1 10m. caving ladder
 - 1 Udisco 8-man raft
 - 2 pairs Sherpa anowshoes
 - whistles, compass, day pack etc. etc.

TWO PEOPLE, ONE CAR, 2757 MILES

By Mark Hartinger

What happens when two people want to go on vacation, one to the mountains and on to the ocean? Well, the most logical thing to do is to go where "the mountains meet the sea," or Acadia National Park on the rugged and beautiful coast of Maine.

Kathy Murphy and myself journeyed there on August the 10th for a 4 day stay of bicycling and hiking, the first stop on a trip that would circle New England. This historic and awe-inspiring portion of the country which had beckoned me to the White Mountains (N.H.) in March of '79 had pulled me back for the 4th time, my second to Acadia, and the first time for my lifetime partner.

After a drug-out, boring night of driving, we pulled into the main section of the park, crawled into our sleeping bags on the shores of a glistening glacial lake, and slept our "driving blues" away. Suddenly Kathy jolted awake as a bug scurried about on her ear, and, before she could get to it, proceeded to explore down into her inner ear canal. As the insect tap-danced across her ear drum, causing severe pain, I tried a couple of measures which might extricate the adventurous insect, but to no avail. This was clearly not your average first aid case. So while speeding our way to the hospital in the car (which fortunately was parked close), the troublesome insect, a black ant, decided to return to the world of light and relieve Kathy of her dilemma. Unfortunately, it slipped out the window before either of us could immortalize it on the car seat. With that problem solved, we thought of some topics which the Quack might discuss in upcoming issues.

Our trip basically begins at the Visitor's Center, where all trips to National Parks should start. Here we saw a quick movie and found out other pertinent info. After performing the duties of body maintenance after a long trip, we drove to the town of Bar Harbor, which is a short

distance from the park.

Bustling with activity, predominately leisure, the town of Bar Harbor is in itself a small part of Acadia. Although not in the park, tourists invariably find themselves walking the streets amidst lobster restaurants, wood shops, craft stores, and vendors selling cheap memorabilia. The motto stamped on each Maine license plate was apparent here, "Vacationland." The crowded pier, with parking lots, parks and ice cream shops, was decidedly different from the other harbors we would visit on Mt. Desert Island. The concrete pavement, though, would be quite similar to the trails ahead.

Monday's dawn began irregular a clear cool morning, not like the typical overcast morning of a Maine seaview. Our bikes, readied the previous night, were mounted with a hint of ceremony as we started our three day ride through the eastern half of the island, or the main portion of Acadia.

After locking our bikes to a tree, we began the long ascent to the summits of our first two mountains: Mt. Dorr (1270') and Mt. Cadillac (1530'), highest point on the coast of Maine. Rising majestically right out of the Atlantic Ocean, these rounded peaks are the products of a massive granitic intrusion 300 million years ago and a more recent glacial age. These mountains are totally unlike any other you could ever visit. Although their altitudes do not reach into five figures, the tree-barren, polished rock summit plateaus inspired us to believe we sat on the summit of the world. Rising directly from the sea, the trails provide as hard a hike as can be found on most western mountains; this we soon discovered.

The hike up Mt. Dorr provided us with excellent views of the Atlantic, Frenchman's Bay, and the Porcupine Islands. Our tennis

shoes gave us much better footing and agility on the rock than would have lug soled foot weights. Wearily we snapped pictures on the summit, and stared disbelievingly at the mile-distant Mt. Cadillac, thronging with the small figures of "touristas." Why does man insist on building roads and edifices on the highest mountains, such as Mt. Washington in New Hampshire? We wondered why they weren't left to the more deserving, and possibly the remnants of man be left to litter the summits of a nearby "second highest". Dutifully, we finished the rest of the hike and stood ashamedly on this highest point as unguessed RV's rumbled by and unprepared short-sleeved families scuttled from the gift shop so that the Polaroid-bearing father could hurriedly snap those "summit shots." We stayed long enough to appreciate our feat and grieve over man's ignorance.

The remainder of this day's ride brought us to Sieur De Monts Spring, Sand Beach (an irregularity of the Rocky Maine Coast where we lunched on the sand and got our feet wet in the icy 55 degree water), Thunder Hole, and Otter Cliffs. Dusk found us retiring to a pine forest for the night.

Fog. That mist which ordinarily darkens the spirit of trips surrounded us, spelling out a coming rain. But here it was welcome, for it was as much a part of Acadia and the coast as the island we were on. Offshore a foghorn sounded as we pedaled down the early morning empty road, clad in impervious raingear. Since the mountains themselves were veiled in the misty silence, our morning was spent riding. This was to be our best day, sliding through the clouds, attentionless to the moist air. We had arrived at the car a day early, but took the opportunity to tour the western half of the island, a relatively untraveled section mostly inhabited by wealthy summer residents who maintain 30' sailboats and yachts moored in one of the many coves and

inlets. Some Sound, Southwest Harbor, Duck Cove, Goose Cove, Seal Cove - all their own story. Our drive took up the rest of the day, and took us through densely wooded areas over dirt roads, past old cemeteries reminiscent of forgotten lobster fishermen. The area was rich in its absence of the "touristas," and also in its beautiful glacial lakes and smaller wooded peaks. Ever present was the mist, enhancing this mysterious world, evidenced by the wooden sail masts disappearing into grayish skies. Past the dimness, though, we knew the island did not sleep, and some fisherman was collecting his traps out in the grayness.

We busily got under way as our last full day in the park started, a bright sun and gentle wind helping to dry our wetted tent and sleeping bags. Our first task was to climb Mt. Penobscot (1194') and Sargent Mt. (1373', second highest). The trail did no winding as we scrambled our way almost directly up Jordan Cliffs (aided by bolt ladders and log bridges) to the long summit of Penobscot. None of this was easy, and the miles were measured in hours and blisters, but the commanding views were reward enough for our labor. Another mile to Sargent, and.....WHAT!! Is there a road up here too? A quick question reveals not, but an outing from the local AMC (Appalachian Mountain Club). Let's see, 1, 2, ..., 37!!! as they file past, leaving us to our solitude. We quickly noticed that each mountain we had climbed was different, revealing totally different views and panoramas. This was entirely possible considering the diversity of this place.

For a small part of the afternoon, we split up. Kathy to enjoy her own Acadia, me to mine. While she walked the beaches, I had to finish what I considered important. In order to have hiked to the top of the five highest mountains on De. Desert Island and Acadia, I had yet to go up Pemetic Mtn. (1248'). Instead of the well-trodden path

many had taken, though, I chose a course basically straight up, through unfamiliar woods and ground. But before I knew it, the summit was mine. As before, its' scarred beauty and barred surface was unparalleled and took hold of my heart. In a burst of energy, I jogged down the trail to the parking area, and continued up two short summits called the Bubbles, two connected peaks made popular because of their accessibility. My exuberant pace won me the misunderstood glare from exhausted hikers straining under unnecessary loads of food and water. Tiring from my run, I stood on the top of South Bubble and was able to say my own farewell to Acadia National Park, as was Kathy, who I knew was sloshing her feet in the Atlantic surf right now.

Somehow I naturally awoke the next morning at 3:30, gently awakening Kathy for a final tribute to this graceful island. We washed and packed our gear. In a half hour, the car is rambling up Mt. Cadillac, an aberration to our own rules about mountain tops. After a long wait on the summit, many others have joined us in contradiction to the solitude I had in June, '79. But, regardless, as if scheduled many months ahead of time, the sun arose on the Atlantic horizon at 5:28 on Thursday, August 14. Somehow being the first North Americans to witness this daily miracle provided us with an absolutely perfect ending to our trip. With that we lumbered back down the mountain and steered for New Hampshire and Vermont

DON'T FORGET

All new and old members of the UC Mountaineering Club, this weekend (October 17-18/19), there will be a climbing class held at Eden Park and Clifton Gorge. The class begins at 5:00 Friday evening at Eden Park. There will be more information forthcoming.

TWO NEW MOVIES By Don Speller

With the box office sell-out of "I was a Teenage G.D." and the Oscar winning "Demonos Bane" by Bob Kessler, the UCMC studios felt the need for another film. But just what film do we do? How about "The Seneca Sanction" - a daring plot to sanction George Willig's ascent of Old Ladies route. No? What about "Roots III" a guide to wild plant life. Or maybe "The Svea Syndrome" - a bizarre tale of a stove possessed by the twilight zone. (Based on a true story.) "Close Encounters of the Big Bend Kind"? "The Quack goes to Washington"? "Car Wars" The list is endless.

Finally the choice was made. The first film will be shown at the Fall Open House (Oct. 15). It will show the variety of areas used for climbing by the club and it will give novices and new comers an idea of what the areas will be like. The areas involved include Eden Park, Clifton Gorge, Red River Gorge, and Seneca Rocks so far. Our daring climbers risked life and limb to get just the right shots. This film is guaranteed to rival "The Eiger Sanction". Sorry but Clint Eastwood couldn't make this production. (Who needs him when you have got us.)

DID YOU KNOW ?

Did you know that Spain has some of the best mountains for climbing and hiking in the world? Spain is criss-crossed with many different ranges of mountains including the Pyrenees and the Asturians. These ranges, though in the heart of Spain and minutes from such major cities like Madrid and Leon, are mostly untouched by the ravages of civilization. The mountain ranges in Spain rival in beauty other ranges throughout Europe but do not have the vast majority of climbers and tourists.

THANKS BRUCE AND RICK!

Often when old members leave the Club after many years of service, we neglect to put in writing an acknowledgment of their generous contributions. The inevitable farewell parties for them are a good opportunity for personal thanks, but written documentation is essential for later Club members to know the history and influences on the Club.

Two significant members have left us recently, Bruce Williams and Rick Forrester. Though both are not lost forever—Bruce is in West Virginia and Rick is in Columbus—their absence at the weekly meetings will be keenly felt.

Bruce joined the Club four years ago when it was not much more than a dozen or so rock climbers. Through the years, Bruce pushed hard to expand the Club's interests by organizing some of the first true whitewater canoeing on the Rockcastle River in Kentucky. Later, he was appointed to the office of Equipment Manager and solidified many of the policies regarding Club equipment that are now common practice. A strong leader, Bruce helped teach both the Rock Climbing and Backpacking Courses, and became the first member of the Club to graduate from the National Cave Rescue Seminar. An experienced mountaineer, rock climber, canoeist, backpacker, and caver, Bruce's talents and good (?) humor will be truly missed.

Rick discovered the Club late in life—while a graduate student—and immediately gave his all to it. Even though he could not hold an official position in the Club because of his graduate status, Rick still became as influential as any officer in the Club. He brought with him a keen awareness of the importance of first aid in the outdoors. He relentlessly advised all members to take some type of first aid course, often teaching courses in first aid and CPR through the Red Cross for Club members. Affectionately known as "The Quack" in the GooseDown Gazette, Rick faithfully wrote safety-oriented articles that taught us all a lot. An avid bicyclist, cross-country skier, rock climber, and caver, Rick led many trips as well as taught in the Rock Climbing and Wilderness Skills Course.

Thanks so much you two, and good luck!

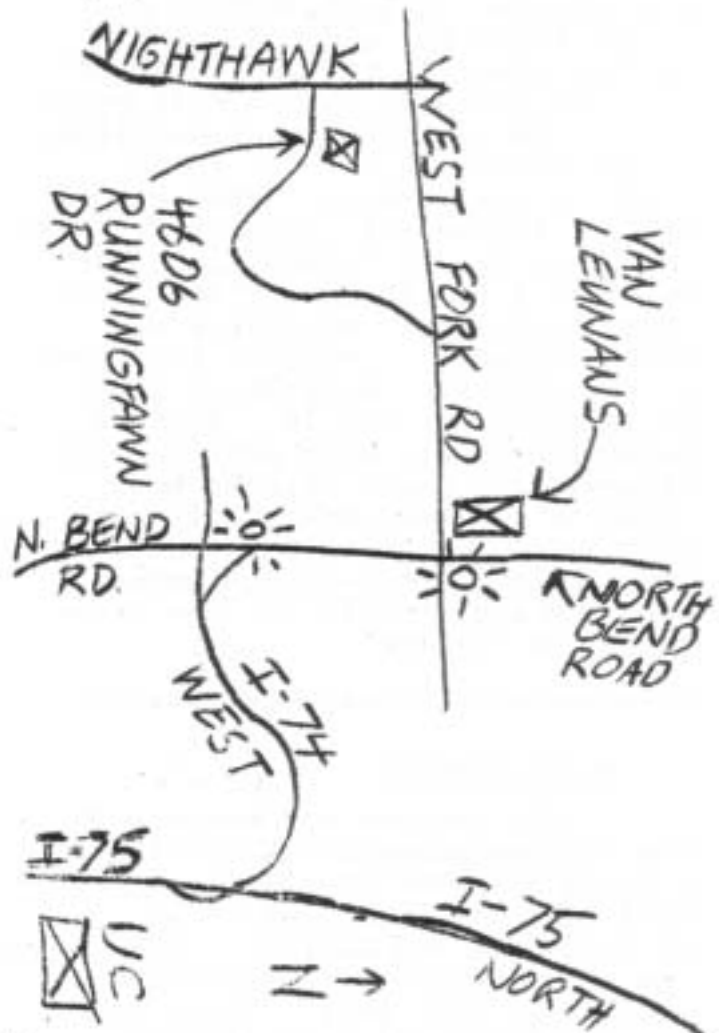
HALLOWEEN PARTY

FRIDAY, OCT. 31 9:00 PM till ?
4606 RUNNINGFAWN DR.

If you creak or go bump in the night, or have some friends who do, there's going to be a party that will interest you! Yes, it's Halloween time again, and once again Bob Kessler will be having a costume party in his basement arcade. Normal attire will keep you out in the cold with this one; craziness will admit you. Dress to kill-or-shock and bring your own drinks (Hey, I'm cheap, ya' know). Dart throwing at past and present officers will be featured as well as a midnight screaming frenzy around the neighborhood. Lots of clean (Humph!) fun guaranteed.

Bring a friend. New members especially encouraged.

IF LOST, CALL 574-8080
(Say "BOO" before speaking)



" LOGICAL EXPLANATION "
A special Halloween short story
By Don Speller

Nick Hammond ran his hand through his daughter Viki's hair, the campfire casting shadows across her face. Even though she was only six, she had handled the trails like an experienced hiker. Viki and her father relished any chance to spend time together in the outdoors, since Nick's schedule left little free time. Yet, when the opportunity came to head for the wilderness neither of them wasted any time preparing for the trip. Such was the case this weekend. Nick knew that the Red River Gorge offered a marvelous area free from jammed campsites. For the entire weekend, they were isolated from noisy people and harassing crowds.

Isolated, that is, until now. There were three of them. They had arrived shortly before dark and were camped on a ridge about a quarter of a mile across the gorge. It started quietly in the evening with only the clinking of bottles and occasional laughter. But as the sky grew darker, the camp came alive with obscenities and the smashing of bottles on the ridge wall. There was more laughter.

Nick stared in disbelief. He had spent the entire weekend trying to avoid these types who have no consideration for the natural beauty and peacefulness of this area. And yet, here they were again like a ghost haunting him. He was only grateful that Viki was asleep and could not hear this fiasco.

"Hey man, help me get more firewood over here." Nick heard one of them yell. The trio walked over to a large pine tree and began snapping off its lower branches.

Nick picked up his daughter. "I think it's your bedtime young lady." He tucked her into her sleeping bag. As he kissed Viki goodnight, he suddenly heard a series of cries from the rowdy camp. These cries didn't sound like the yelling he had heard all night but rather like screams. They were sudden,

sharp and intense. All at once they ceased leaving only silence. Nick squinted through the darkness but there was no sound, no movement; only the fading light of the distant campfire.

During the entire time that Nick and Viki ate breakfast and broke camp, not one sound was heard from the campsite on the opposite ridge. As they hiked toward the car, Nick knew that they would be passing by the area where the rowdy campers were the night before and a strange curiosity seemed to drive him towards it. All the way he kept a watchful eye on Viki since she constantly wanted to pick the flowers and leaves for her own. He had always scolded her on harming the natural beauty of any living thing and since plants and trees were helpless to defend themselves he would punish her himself.

They entered the campsite within an hour. Empty beer bottles were wantonly strewn everywhere, together with trash, burnt wood, and camping gear. There was no sign of people.

"What happened to them, Daddy?" Viki asked.

The question seemed to gnaw at him. He thought to himself that there were no harmful animals in this area. Or were there?

"Now I'm sure there is a perfectly logical explanation." Nick said. "Let's just reconstruct what happened last night. Now we know there were three of them and we can assume they were all drunk. I remember one of them saying shortly about firewood. Shortly after I heard the screams. That's right! And they walked over to that pine tree over there."

He walked on over to a large, beautiful pine with several branches broken off near the base. He noticed that the tree was very near the cliff so he made Viki stand back. He examined the broken branches on the ground and then

ASK THE QUACK

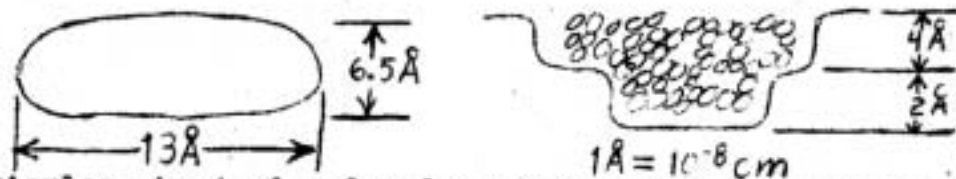


What is the similarity between Romanoff freeze dried spaghetti, Mary's homemade wine, Bob's week old socks and wildflowers? Give up? All four examples have distinct smells, and the Quack thought he might enlighten you as to how your body can smell the delicate aroma of small wildflowers in spring or the tender and elusive smell of Bob's hiking socks.

For an object to have a smell or odor, it must meet several criteria. The chemicals which produce the odor of the plant or animal must be volatile or must evaporate at least to a small extent. This is why a clean metal stove does not smell. The sap of a Canadian balsam is quite volatile and has a very potent smell. Volatility insures that the chemical odors get to the nose. Once inside the nasal passages, the chemicals, which are characteristic of the particular odor, must penetrate a water layer which covers the nerve endings. Heavy motor oils have very little smell for this reason. Thirdly, the chemical must penetrate into the nerves whose cell walls contain a lipid layer (fatty organic molecules).

The anatomy of your nasal passages (simply) is as follows. The odors enter the nose where they are filtered for large particles, warmed, and humidified. This modified odor is mixed in a baffle-like system of bones called the turbinate bones. From there, it passes to the olfactory area which contains the actual sensors.

The sensor area contains two types of sensors, trigeminal nerves and olfactory nerves, which both contain sites which can fit specific kinds of molecules. There are seven known, distinct kinds of sites in the nerves. These sites respond to the seven primary odors of which all smells are composed. The primary odors are floral, musky, putrid, pungent, ethereal, pepperminty and camphoraceous. All the primary's except putrid and pungent have receptor sites of specific dimension. For example, the pepperminty odor receptor site looks like:



The particular chemical molecules which the flower or socks emit must have the same or smaller dimensions as the site for the odor to be sensed. Putrid and pungent smells are not related to chemical dimensions but to + or - charge. For example, cadaverone, a chemical given off by decaying flesh (the Quack's flesh excluded), is a negatively charged molecule and binds to the positively charged putrid site. The pungent site binds positively charged molecules.

As you can see (or smell as the case may be) small odor molecules could "fall" into different sites and could be either + or - charged. The brain receives multiple, distinctly different signals and interprets the odor as Bob's dirty socks or Mary's homemade wine. Or is it Mary's dirty socks and Bob's homemade wine?

FROM THE CHECK IT OUT DEPT.:
NATIONAL CAVE RESCUE SEMINAR (NCRC)
BY BRUCE WILLIAMS

During the third week in June, the NCRC Seminar was held in Tenn., with people coming from as far away as California attending.

The mornings were comprised of classroom lectures and films. The afternoons were involved in practical field work. A few of the topics covered during the week were: hauling and lowering systems, sump rescue, cave rescue organization, medical problems and much more: to name but a few. The course was an extensive program in cave rescue and its organization.

The big mock rescue was held at Ellis' Cave in northern Georgia. It lasted from 8:30 pm Friday night until 2:00 pm Saturday afternoon. The rescue was called off at 8:00 am Saturday morning for two reasons. 1) Dr. John Frankfinland had to catch a plane back to England and 2) after twelve hours it was assumed that the victim would have died from his injuries. The victims injuries were: ruptured spleen, broken leg and arm and head injuries.

This cave system has two pits of 125 and 530 feet. Respectively with a quarter mile crawl through four inches of water.

It took the search team six hours to find the victim and in that amount of time he was starting to get cold from sitting and waiting, so he decided to start coming out on his own. (Remember that this is a mock rescue and the victim is not really hurt). The reason that it took so long to get to the victim in the first place was that the search team was trying to do the job of other teams besides. (They were trying to rig the 125 ft pit instead of doing a quick repel and waiting for the rigging team to set it up securely). It was this and other problems like: breakdown in communication, call-up of wet suits (for the crawl) which halted the rescue for forty-five minutes. Not switching people

for rest breaks. There was one rescuer who was going full force for over fourteen hours and was never relieved or asked to be relieved.

Its situation like this that could cause you to be rescuing more than one person. "The whole idea behind cave rescue is not to get killed yourself, because no one asked that victim to go down in the first place."

I wish the club good luck in the following year and would like to see it start a cave rescue team along with some of the other grottos in the Cincinnati Area for possible use (hopefully never) in the Ohio-Kentucky-Indiana Area.

The following are phone numbers and names of people to contact in case a cave rescue callout is needed:

Southeast: Steve Hutson
(home) 404-951-3568
(work) 404-266-0130
(pmi) 404-638-2181

Midwest: Don Pecate
(home) 812-332-4219
(work) 812-339-2281 Ext. 527

Bloomington State Police-
812-336-4411

Lee Noon
(home) 703-942-9004
(work) 703-949-1681
(work) 703-949-1321

West: Dan Smith
(home) 707-763-4884
(work) 415-456-1516

Northeast: Warren Hall
(home) 212-828-7550

Rick Regg
208-524-5688

CRCN CAVE RESCUE:
804-924-7166 (VA, WVA, MD., NC, E. TN)
800-851-3051 (ELSEWHERE IN U.S.)

I hope these numbers never have to be used by anyone.

Communication and the Club
By Bill Strachan

A number of years ago, when the club constitution was being revamped, we threw out Robert's Rules of Order and turned the meetings in to a free-for-all of creative communication. Through the turmoil only the skeleton of Robert's Rules has been retained in the tradition of having old business first, present business and then future business. This is presently the only protocol that we have for meetings. I would like to suggest that, considering the growth of the club, we might need a little bit more peace and order in conducting meetings.

To get right down to it, conflicts sometimes arise at meetings and on club trips. At meetings hopeless arguments can sometimes drag on causing people to leave, delaying the program, and eating up valuable time when more important things need to be discussed. Conflicts on trips have on occasion turned into personal vendettas. I also see a big problem in having the program after the business meeting in that new people just checking us out end up getting bored and leaving before the main program starts. I'm not really trying to get down on the club here as in a majority of cases we work things out. I am just trying to bring the process to a more conscious level by pointing out some basic problems. "All human problems arise from misunderstanding which in turn emerges out of poor communication."

There is something we should all come to understand here. This club is a node of communication transmitting the knowledge and experiences of outdoor activities to the University community. The individuals in the club, especially those who come into leadership roles, are also nodes who contribute personal skills to the group consciousness. The integrity with which these skills are communicated determines the solidarity of the club as well as its personality and image. What I would like to see in the club is a commitment to a

more efficient mode of communication in the group interaction and in the projection of the group consciousness into the community. I would like to see all dues paying members getting really motivated to attend meetings, develop skills, and giving their all to making this group we call the U.C. Mountaineering Club work. Don't be a pinhead!

What I am proposing is that the club adopts the guidelines of the Creative Conflict technique researched by Dr. Christopher Hills as a protocol for conducting all group interactions. Dr. Hill's techniques were evolved in a number of different group situations and were polished into a shining mirror for the world through the operation of the University of the Trees, where Creative Conflict is a way of life. The book Exploring Inner Space by Dr. Hills and Deborah Rozman, which outlines the Creative Conflict process, will become our guiding light if the club chooses to actively pursue the improvement of communication skills. (This book was a major factor in the success of the Big Bend trip.) I have the book and I have made copies of the section explaining Creative Conflict to hand out. I will not then labor here to explain what is in the book. But I do want to reiterate Christopher's definitions of commitment, motivation and integrity. The trinity that forms the core of this teaching.

Commitment- "The first attitude is commitment to each other in the heart in spite of differences in the head."

Motivation- "The desire to feel at one, beyond differences, and to improve relationships is the basic motivation for wanting to do Creative Conflict."

Integrity- "Integrity means being in touch with our real feelings and expressing them."

The club constitution is now being amended. The rules of Creative Conflict are being proposed as standing rules of order in this revision of the constitution.

AGAINST THE WIND--BOUNDARY WATERS 1980

Marty Huseman

Life is reduced to the essentials. Eat. Sleep. Drink. Keep warm. Recreate. REK RI *T, verb To become fresh and new through pleasurable pursuits. To work hard and play hard. To be With those you love. To shed the old skin and shine forth in the new. To accept Christ and His security. To refresh one's soul...The 6 formed a unit because they dared to count on each other.

Ninth day. On the water at 9:30 A.M. Headwinds unbearable. Five strokes get you two feet ahead. Keep the bow straight. Pump that "J", until the blisters rise. Feel the spray on your face, the wind burn your cheeks. Listen to your muscles protest "Enough!" and still you're compelled onward into the violent winds. Whitecaps breaking over the gunwhales do not deter you, nor the thunderheads above. You put your mind on hold and press automatic pilot. Concentrate on the water your the paddle, your partner. It is 2-man, no; 6-man survival; but you do it alone.

And the rain falls, the wind blows,

the water reaches higher and higher. Not much time to be afraid. You just have a healthy respect for the situation and the guts to make it through. Always 'fine-tuning' your response to the ever-changing variables.

Six and one-half hours later you see the public landing at Moose. There is just enough strength to take out. Hands remain clenched to the T-grip and the paddle shaft. Hours later the rocking sensation still with you. Why have you done this? No one can answer and even you can't.

Once again you have the lesson drilled home that you are at the mercy of the elements. The wilderness is neither for nor against you-it is just there; impartial. Yes, you belong here, but the land is sufficient unto itself. You are a visitor on this earth who searches for the right niche, only to realize that the thing you seek is inside you. You may search and travel the interstates, but it is the highways of your mind which hold your answers.



TRIP SUGGESTION: THE FLAT TOPS WILDERNESS

By Bob Kessler

The Flat Tops Wilderness Area is a unique mountain environment southwest of Steamboat Springs, Colorado. Situated in both the White River and Route National Forests, the Flat Tops--as the name implies--are not precipitous slabs of upheveled rock. Instead, it is an expanse of high meadowland with gently rolling hills that abruptly plunge off steep, eroded cliffs to thick woodlands below.

Geologically speaking, the Flat Tops are plateaus of lava-capped strata. Centuries of erosion have created the stark cliffs which mark the sharp elevation change from valley floor to gusty grasslands.

Backpacking in the Wilderness is special because of the change in perspective you have of the environment and your location in it. When you first enter the Flat Tops it feels like any high altitude forest: thick spruce woods crisscrossed by haphazardly fallen trunks, with innumerable lakes of blue-green tint, cleanly flashing the clear-sky sun. Then, when you ascend to the plateau, your impression of the area totally changes: to one side the earth falls quickly away and you can easily trace your route in the valley below, amazed at what you missed and awestruck by what you now see; to the other side is a grassy expanse of wind and wildflowers, of snowfields and....space.... space that entertains the eye with its subtle but distinct variation.

Hiking in the Flat Tops is moderately difficult. Experienced hikers will have no difficulties, beginners should be very cautious not to overextend themselves. Sudden snow storms (or at least very cold rains) are not uncommon even in mid-summer. Mosquitoes and gnats are thick in the lake-strewn valleys--bring a tent with mosquito netting. The plateaus are very windy, affording little shelter and much exposure.

A SUGGESTED ROUTE: An approximate 20 mile, circular trail that begins at Stillwater Reservoir (directions to given later) and enters the Wilderness at Little Causeway Lake. You ascend the Devil's Causeway Pass and drop immediately into the valley on the other side.

Passing many quiet lakes, you'll parallel what is called the Chinese Wall. This wall is the most visible example of the erosion of the plateaus in the Wilderness. Eventually, after about 10 miles, you will reach West Lost Lake. This is the last lake one encounters before ascending up to the high grasslands. Taking the Chinese Wall Trail (#1803), the return loop is begun. At this point you are paralleling your route in the valley below. **BE WARNED!!:** The trail on the top is poorly marked and non-existent at some points. Either follow the rim of the Chinese Wall (the more scenic way) or use your compass and orienteer (the tough guy/gal way). Once you reach the Devil's Causeway, you cross over it to reach the pass you climbed earlier. (By the way, the causeway is named after the Devil because it shrinks to a jagged rock trail no more than three feet wide with a drop of several hundred feet on both sides. Add a healthy breeze and it becomes a...ah ...invigorating experience). From the Pass you descend back to Stillwater Reservoir.

MAPS: ROUTE NAT'L FOR.

137 Tenth St.

Steamboat Springs, CO

White River Nat'l For.

Old Federal Building

PO BOX 948

Glenwood Springs, CO 81601

DIRECTIONS TO TRAILHEAD:

From Steamboat go south of R131 to Yampa. Follow signs to Stillwater Res. Drive till road dead ends at the reservoir.

From Denver go west on I-70. North on R131 to Yampa.

AVERAGE ALTITUDE: 10,000 feet.

BEARS: Black bears.

WEATHER: Rapidly changing periods of rain and sun in lowlands during summer. Snow possible in highlands.

PACK IT IN. PACK IT OUT.

PAY YOUR DUES!

At \$4 a quarter and \$9 a year, the Mountaineering Club is the best bargain at U.C. Your dues entitle you to free usage of the Club gear as well as subscription to the Goosedown, Gas-subsidized trips, access to the Club Library, and lots more. The \$9, by the way, extends through the Summer. So pay up and get involved!!!!!!

MORNING GLOW

By Craig Patterson

The overhang went up, out, and to the left 60 feet. The sun beamed like the expression on Fletch's face. "Look at that overhang, I can't believe this climb." His words carried in the wind 50 feet above my belay ledge. "5.7, Oh man! I'm going for it!" It had been a good seven days of climbing and I'd say Fletcher was as crazy as ever. I heard him talking to his protection as he swung over the overhang on Dufty's Popoff. "Wa Who! Yeah! Wa who! An arm flex and a grin, the feeling was mutual.

The crux, the will, the moves, the pump, the shakes, the rush, the surge, and yes, the victory. That's what the climbers thrive, jive and pride themselves on--power to overcome their own physical limits, to reach new extremes, and to love every minute of climbing; to unleash adrenalin, to reach delirium, but most of all to succeed.

Fletcher Reed Andrews III is an exceptional lead climber. I have never seen him fall. One year ago he started climbing at Seneca with Bill Strachan and has attacked the sport with keen precision ever since, leading at Casa Grande in Texas, Devil's Tower in Wyoming, and Seneca Rocks in West Virginia. Fletch will make an important addition to the UCMC this fall.

Fletch and I did ten climbs in seven days at Seneca Rocks over Labor Day. Our vacation also included caving at "Crossroads" in Virginia and fishing for trout in the Cowpasture River. It was a real country good time.

WELCOME TO THE VERTICAL WORLD

by Bill Strachan

If you have never been rock climbing before there is probably a gap between your notion of climbing and what climbing is really like. When climbing is mentioned many people envision some maniac either

pounding "those metal things" into the rock or swinging a pick-axe into the side of a hill. Many people think the main reason for climbing is "because it was there". This article is intended to clear up these misconceptions and prepare you for the realities of the vertical world.

Rock climbing like many other outdoor recreational sports gives people a chance to get out and enjoy nature. It is a competitive sport in a different sort of way. There are no interpersonal competitions, no trophies and no medals. In fact all one may show after a day of climbing is scrapes and bruises (commonly known as rock rash). In climbing the competition is with oneself. Ultimately the climber must discipline the mind and body to work as one, attuned to the rock and balanced much like a gymnast. It is a technical sport where one must know not only the uses of techniques and equipment but also why they are used. Putting aside a deep discussion of climbing ethics you climb to have fun, to have fun safely, and to do it without destroying the environment.

HELP! I'M FALLING!!

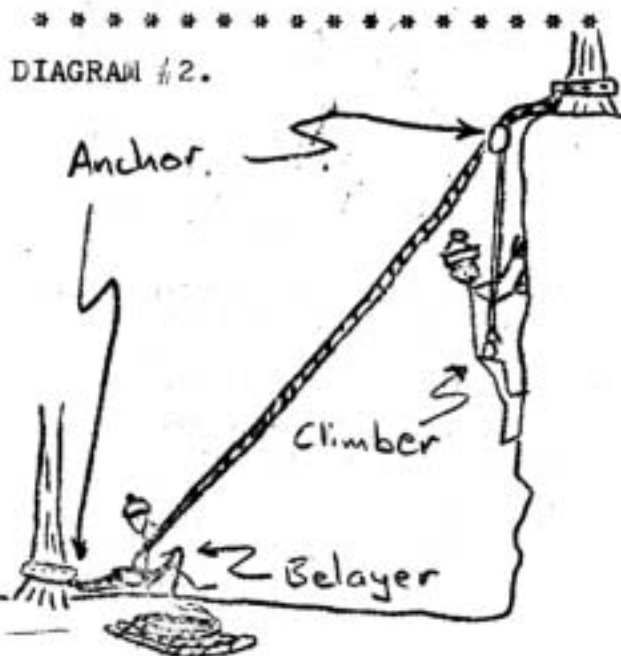
One of the biggest fears of the new climber is naturally that of falling. This fear is usually overcome by falling a few times and realizing that:

- A) The rope and the person who is holding it stop your fall.
- B) You do not usually fall any great distance.
- C) There is usually no pain or injury accompanied by falling and that in fact it is not that unpleasant of an experience.

Now comes the explanation of the system which prevents disaster when one falls. The climbing system consists of three things: the anchors, the belay, and the rope. The first thing that the novice

VERTICAL WORLD (Con't. from pg. 13)

climber must understand is that the rope is to be used as a safety line to catch falls, not as an aid to pull the climber up the cliff. The belayer is the person who holds the rope and catches the climber's fall. Belaying is the method the belayer uses to pull up the rope and catch falls. Belaying, with a little practice, is a simple technique but must be practiced until it comes naturally. Though it must be seen to be fully understood it basically involves putting friction on the rope by passing it about one's waist as seen in diagram #1. In the climbing system there are two anchors, one which anchors the rope above the climber as in diagram #2, as well as one which anchors the belayer (also in diagram #2). This system is known as the belay chain and it's links in sequence are as such: Anchor, Belayer, Anchor, Climber.



I'M GOING TO CLIMB THAT?
HOW??

This will probably be the first question that pops into your mind as you study your first rock face. You've probably imagined people climbing with spikes, suction cups, or some other aid which would immediately give them spider-like abilities. You actually climb first with your eyes, second with your mind, and final with your body. You spot your handholds and foot holds with your eyes, you use your mind to plan how you will move up the rock much as in chess, you then execute these moves with your body. It is impossible to teach the actual techniques of climbing in a text. You can only learn climbing by climbing. Here are some pointers though that the beginner should keep in mind:

One tendency of beginning climbers is that they pull themselves up with their arms and "hug" the rock. This is wrong! One climbs with the feet much as in climbing a ladder. Your hands should be used more for balance. You should try to balance yourself over your feet and not hug close to the rock. You should try to keep three points of contact with the rock at all times; that is two feet and a hand or two hands and a foot.

WHAT TO EXPECT IN THIS FALL'S UCMC CLIMBING COURSE OCT. 17-19

As I have indicated, the techniques of climbing can only really be learned by practicing them. On Friday the 17th at 5:00 p.m. class will be held at the Eden Park reservoir wall. There students will be taught knots, rope handling, belaying, signals, and rappelling so that when they get to the rocks in a real climbing situation they will have enough of a grasp of techniques to be safe. On either Sat. or Sun. students will travel to Clifton Gorge (near Dayton) where emphasis will be placed on actually climbing the 40-60 foot cliffs there with reinforcement of the technical skills learned Friday.

ONE DAY IN THE WHITE MOUNTAINS

By Ann Hayes

Rain, mist-rain, mist-morning Hike anyway Wet; legs, arms, body, head, hands, feet knee-deep in logs. Bog bars on steep hills-trail is really an avalanche chute. No sight of my brother Bob, my trail partner, on own. Blister on tail bone makes me walk bent over low, or with rear-end protruding; at any rate, slow.

The night before we had camped just beyond 'Resolution Shelter', at which 23 people were camped. We're sort of an Outward Bound-type group they informed us, although they were sprawled a out quite leisurely in violation of the "camp 200 ft or more from the trail" and "no more than 10 in a group" restrictions. There are not many restrictions in the White Mt. Nat. Forest Presidential Range/ Dry River Wilderness, but it seems we must follow rules in a wilderness in order for it to exist.

The Resolution Shelter, and the Isolation Shelter which I am approaching, are both doomed to be dismantled this year, according to the AMC (Appalachian Mt. Club) White Mt. Guide. That is because they "interfer with Wilderness policy". There is a paradox here, for though the area is called "Dry River", wet mist or rain clouds have saturated EVERYthing. Stepping upon bog bars placed over the shallow parts of swamps, I wonder if the bridges are the bones of the fated shelter which I seek. Ahead, the shelter still exists, though, and though dank, it is a good relief. Laughter is precipitated out of the air, also now. The last to arrive (as usual) I damply peer into the steaming 3-sided shelter. Looking back at me are my 12 night companions—all male. They assure me that this house is not unlike a locker room as I am dodging the every where hanging clothing and stumble over boots. All is wet, and left out to dry, but still wet in the morning. My spot is squeezed on the bottom sleep-deck, balanced parallel to the edge and perpendicular to the males. Adam and Eric from Ithaca have been laughing and singing the whole time. Someone exclaims they are "worse than girls!", which makes them titter.

more. We fall asleep to the giggling Itacans.

Day three is still raining, so we eat ALOT of breakfast. The packs are only ounces, not pounds lighter, though, if not heavier from condensation. We start out, the Ithacans ahead. This time they are singing their rhythms to hike by. Last night they had proclaimed in case of World War III (nuclear, of course) they would seek refuge here in the White mountains. They disappear up the hill, we follow, take the UP route. All trails here lead either up or down, it seems no switchbacks. A sign says: WARNING; the area ahead contains some of the worst weather in America. Many have died here of overexposure, even in summer. If the weather is bad, turn back NOW.

The weather is bad, we continue up; it gets worse. Past tree line, more boulder hopping or climbing; knees don't hurt yet. The wind engulfs us in gusts of mist. This is August and we have blizzard visibility. I am beginning to wonder why I do things like this. More mist swoops in and soaks in, the Land of Hypothermia. I unload for a fat sweater, to stop is to freeze. The trail partner brother is out of sight. The only company are the cairns for trail markers. In fact, there is no trail, you just hop rocks from one cairn to another. In the white-out they make strange shapes; a brother with a pack? No—a little 4-legged creature? No—a bird with out-stretched wings? No—and not a little man reading a newspaper, either.

Finally, the rock shapes turn into a real man in a poncho at a trail junction. He asks which way I am going. There are wooden signs in this "wilderness", but no sign of the trail. It points to. Confused, I can only point uphill. He sees it and answers, "Good luck" as he lowers his pants and squats under his poncho. I walk in small circles, still confused, can't find my trail. He

WHITE MOUNTAINS (continued)

points it out and I am grateful. As I disappear into the mist I think: should have offered him some toilet paper.

Close ahead Bob is avoiding the wind. He calls me over and we duck behind a comfortable wet boulder. We are crossing just below the summit of Mt. Washington, highest mountain in the NE. It's just outside the Wilderness Boundary. It has on it's summit an observatory and weather station. There is a toll road, and cog railway for those who are less self-propelled/inspired, but our conditions are the same as the Wilderness, still wet.

And what a view we have! We are first hand exploring a cloud. The boulders are all else we see. Glowing green lichen soaking in the translucence of the cloud. Here we walk, and events simply manifest and pass by. The nooks go from small to jump-size and craggy, with crystals stashed among them. A group of 5 comes trooping by and gets sucked back into the mist.

Bob is out of sight again. The map says that a hut is just down aways I have forgotten how to go down. Through Bigelow Meadows, springs swooshing under rocks, side stepping in grasses, in moss. Soon, a while later a ghost lake appears- the other side of which seems nothing; Lakes of the Clouds.

Now yellow trail blazes have been splatted on the rocks. The hut appears, and exists only because its geometry is more perpendicular than the rocks. Signs say: No Camping Here and All are Welcome. Ducking in from the 2 day 2 night rain; inside I find my culture, or my species, for my culture is in my pack. The brother is sipping hot liquid, steaming pack by the door. From around tables, other members of our species stare. A foreign mother indignantly removes a shirt she is drying from my path.

The mood prevailing in this hut is that of a ski lodge. "Da Crew" serves soup for 60¢, with families with kids slurp. A group of young boys wrestle in, take pictures of their leaders, and smoke

cigarettes. One of them removes a 15 lb. rock from his otherwise empty pack, and tearfully complains that he cannot keep up with them as they troop out. Others stream steadily in and out- a fashion show of see-through vinyl raincoats over shorts and t-shirt, cameras and sunglasses, and dissolve into the mist on the other side of the picture windows. We observe them from inside wool underwear and sweaters, and chew on self-hauled fodder. The sky is not giving mercy today, so we ourselves soon disappear into the weather.

At home we talked about how in Alaska, the towns must be pockets in the Wilderness, while in the lower 48 the opposite must be true. The blizzard visibility makes me think we could be in any Wilderness, but there is in my pocket a trail guide and maps of New Hampshire to prove (?) otherwise. I am wondering whether the "WARNING" sign describing the worst weather in America also greeted the tourists on the toll road and cog railway. The weather verifies the "Wilderness" designation of the areas flanking Mt. Washington, but one can cross them in a day on foot.

There are interesting threshold situations tucked in these mountains. I was glad that Isolation Shelter had not yet met it's fate; we did not have to sacrifice comfort for wilderness's sake, and so were spared the wet tent. For the privilege of spending the night in the other Wilderness, one must obtain a permit, which is available at only 2 spots in the entire NF. Therefore, much physical cavorting is required for such beaureaucratic dealings. Could it be that WILDERNESS is an inconvenience??

Down the near vertical Ammonousic Ravine, we drop out of the mist-clear visibility returns. Under a watterfall is a pool to dive in-ah! It is amazing how often we get what we need without even realizing it. Seconds after we redress our wet, naked, skin

(continued on page 17)

GEOGRAPHY OF CLIFTON GORGE
BY MARY GARNER

Clifton Gorge has played an important part in the history and settlement of this area of the country. It has both exerted a powerful compelling force for the settlement and acted as a barrier to early communication. In the days of the stage-coach, crossing the gorge was impossible except at certain points along its course. The gorge ran directly across the stage route from Xenia to Springfield (part of the Pittsburgh-Cincinnati run) and posed a formidable barrier. The crossing was made near the present swimming pool and then the route followed the northern rim of the gorge eastward into Clifton.

The compelling attraction was the potential power in the fast, narrow, easily dammed stream. In the early days, water power was an important factor in the site of a town. First, the saw mills utilized this power to clear the forest and make lumber available for the construction of houses and farm buildings. Also, grist mills used water power to grind the farmer's grain. Eventually, other mills which used large amounts of power, such as paper and textiles, were established. A great number of the villages, towns, and even cities in our country had their early beginnings in favorable mill sites.

As early as 1802, the first mill was built which served as the nucleus of Clifton. In fact, Clifton was first called Davis Mills. The mills were the point to which the early settlers brought their wood to be sawed and their grain to be milled. At this point it was logical to establish trading posts and general stores. Later, the coming of the stagecoach along the northern rim added additional stores and inns and gradually a village evolved.

Between 1830 and 1860, Clifton was a thriving community of over 300 people. There were at least five grist mills grinding the local grain

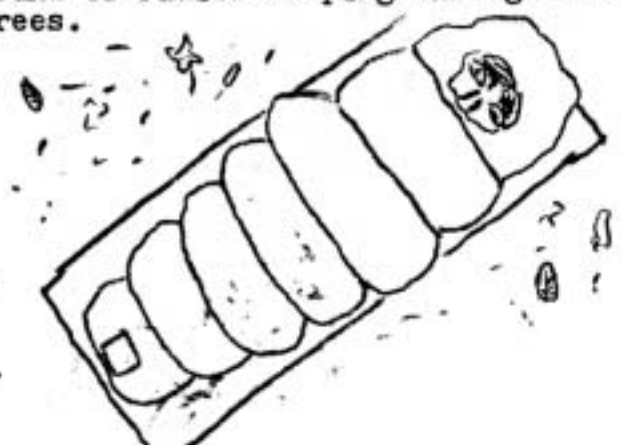
and supplying several distilleries with raw materials; a saw mill upon which a furniture and copper shop were dependent; a paper mill; and a large textile mill which was established early enough to supply shirts for the soldiers during the war of 1812. All these industries and the consequent agglomeration of people were dependent of the power generated by the Little Miami in its gorge.

Later, with the development of coal and petroleum power, the static water power factor became less important. Today, there is only one grist mill which still operates, the Clifton Mill, on the corner of SR 72 and Water street, now restored as a tourist attraction.

White Mtns. (con't from pg. 16)

a family comes off the trail to see the waterfall. It is easy forget that you are not in the middle of nowhere when people are not seen for a while in the hills.

Down continues. All too soon black smoke is risin just North of us. The low hum of 'civilisation' penetrated the periphery of the forest. It is the base station of the cog railway; steamengined source of smoke. Bob is already rested and talking with a tourist couple. As they turn to watch me approach I feel like I'm off another planet. We heave our packs on once more for the day and wobble down the road. Disappearing into the forest, we fight off mosquitoes for a soft bed on the ground and fall asleep to the sound of radios seeping through the trees.



PEDALS AND SPOKES
By Mark Hartinger

With the onset of summer and the waning of spring, I was taken up with thoughts of pedaling my way through different scenic areas rather than hiking. So, with my mind geared that way, my spring and summer have been preoccupied with the ways of my bicycle, and it didn't take long to start planning trips and joining others on weekend rides.

And the pace was remarkable. Being used to the plodding along of a 15 mile a day backpacking trip, or the dull drone of a car engine as I mechanically sat my way across hundreds of miles a day in a car, the speed of the bike was a more welcome relief. Stopping wherever I wanted, covering ground easily, and finishing with somewhat more than a sense of accomplishment were reward enough for my new undertaking. And it didn't just go for me, but also for the others on these trips.

During the month of July, two one day trips were easily planned and undertaken close to Cincinnati. The first was a late one starting out at the East Fork Lake State Park area just east of Cincy near Batavia. Meeting myself and Kathy Murphy out there was Rick Forrester on his rip-roaring 6-speed C. Itoh (formally a 10-speed which has some "minor" gear problems). Our course took us down to the flooded lake, and then around its perimeter on the local roads. Although some of the roads resembled I-75 through Kentucky, the traffic was well behaved and our trio was able to cover the 44 miles in 5 hours, including stops to gobble down a quart of ice cream.

Two weeks later found these three, joined by Connie Murphy and Steve Canny, travelling to the area around John Bryan St. Park to do the Old Mill Bikeway, a 35 mile jaunt featuring covered bridges, grist mills, museums, and the park. This trip encompassed roads which were much more mellow and absent of traffic. A long, hot day was topped off by a swim in the Parks pool, and a stop at Ha Ha's Pizza in Yellow Springs for some of the delicious whole wheat crust covered with sour cream, bananas, pineapples, olives, broccoli, water chestnuts, sausage and pepperoni.

CAVE MAPPING
OR
WHAT DID YOU DO THIS WEEKEND?
By Bob Kessler

It's Friday night. The bars, discos, and nightclubs are slowly congesting with life. The patrons are a combination of the bored and curious, lonely and horny; those whose presence is conditioned and those who are being conditioned.

Meanwhile, not so far away there is another person busily preparing for his Friday night. He's going caving this weekend and his ride south will soon arrive. As he packs the last of his clothes--the grungy stuff for the caves and a clean change for afterwards--he wonders why he does this. What makes him choose this over the press of bodies at the party he's passing up tonight? How will he explain his weekend when his friends and classmates rave about how blasted they got and how successful or unsuccessful they were at seducing some fantastically gorgeous girl?

He shrugs to himself. He isn't sure why. Pausing for a moment, he turns back to his gear: Is the carbide packed? Will the sleeping bag be warm enough tonight when he crawls into it at 1 a.m. after driving for hours? Check and double-check.

Tomorrow morning, long before those same friends will groggily awake, the caver will be pulling coveralls up over his wet suit. The air will be crisp, the frost won't burn off until he is far below the earth.

Through the night his fellow cavers have arrived at this placid field somewhere in the heart of Kentucky cave country. Now a party of eight prepare to descend into what no one has seen before. They are here to map a cave. Some will work from rafts in lake-like passages. Some will crawl through mud all day long. Others will wade in waist-deep water, struggling to read the compass & pull the surveying tape taut. For adventure? For Fame(!)? For science? For fun?...Not even they know or ultimately care to guess.

SHOES FOR THE BUDGET CLIMBER

By Don Speller

With today's inflation being able to afford climbing equipment can be harder than climbing a 5.10 at Yosemite. Fortunately the UCMC provides all equipment to members for any difficulty level of climbing. All equipment except shoes. Since proper footwear is essential for climbing and climbing shoes run about \$50 to \$80, I think an evaluation of substitute shoes is needed. In this article I list substitute shoes from worst to best.

First I will list what not to wear. Dress shoes, work shoes, gym shoes, desert boots, and bare feet are all inferior. A good shoe must have some flexibility, good friction, ability to "mold" with the foot and good edges. None of these shoes fit this description.

Bowling shoes offer good edges but lack all other qualities for climbing. They have no friction at all and are simply not worth the investment.

A much better choice is hiking boots. Some climbers swear that boots are the best footwear. However they are heavy, bulky and useless for jamming. I would not recommend boots only for climbing but buy them for hiking and test them for climbing. The choice is up to you.

A common substitute is jogging shoes (not gym shoes). They are very inexpensive, about \$8 at a cheap bargain store. They are also comfortable and offer good friction and jamming. If you choose these shoes make sure they are comfortable but snug. Do not leave a space in front of the shoe or the foot will slip inside and lose its gripping and edging ability. These shoes last about a year depending on your type of climbing.

The best all around substitute is wrestling shoes. These are very thin and designed similar to some climbing shoes. They have many advantages. First they "mold" extremely well to the foot and enable super-

rior jamming and edging not possible with other substitutes. A climber can feel the rock and determine better holds. Also, friction is excellent since they are made for it. All in all, I am able to do more with these shoes than any I've tried.

However these also have limitations. First, they are not very comfortable since they lack any padding. I recommend a single pair of comfortable socks. Also, always bring an extra set of shoes to hike to and from climbs. I learned my lesson at Seneca. Ouch! Blisters!

Second, the cosmetic appearance will wear off very quickly but they can withstand considerable punishment. Also these will stretch somewhat as they are broken in so buy a snug fit. They cost roughly \$16 to \$20 and are found in any major sporting goods store. There is the best selection during fall.

ON THE FRONT

At the head of Cabin Creek
I thought I heard jet planes coming
but the sound swelled to a roar
that 1000 jet planes could not hope
to imitate / tracks of firesweep
the slopes, grey tree stalks burn
in the wind in early spring of 64
warm rains swept the streams so
clean that a 12 foot wall of water
flashed over the top of Gibson Dam
And white limestone reef mountain
fibs turn again to soil and life,
bone and blood
Ecotone energy of the Rocky Mountain
front, at the center of the
dance, mountains and plains
intertwine in wild love
America comes to this ecotone for oil
To fuel the scattering neon
dazzle,
but such old, fossilized energy
cannot flame again
with original life

-Blacktail Gulch,
Montana
9/29/80
Tom Birch

tips on the trunk. " Of course! It's so obvious. Last night the three of them came over to this tree to get more wood and I bet they didn't realiz that they were so close to the cliff being as drunk as they probably were. I'll bet one of them got too close to the cliff and fell over the edge. And the others ran to his aid and met the same fate."

Nick peered 200 feet over the edge but could not see the bottom through the trees.

" That's as logical of an explanation as any, don'y you think Viki?"

Nick and Viki rested a few minutes before moving on. For the first time they noticed the pine tree. It was full and magnificent, but seemed out of place since it was the only virgin pine around. Most of the trees had been cut, having been felled for lumber

years ago and now only scrub pine and some hardwood remained. None were as beautiful as this tree.

"Now you see why I tell you not to hurt the trees, Viki. This pine was untouched for hundreds of years and in a few minutes last night it was scared forever. Let's go. It looks like rain. Hurry, honey. We'll report it to the sheriff."

Nick and Viki hurried down the trail hoping to reach the car before the storm started. Just as the two of them vanished from view, the pine tree slowly raised its branches toward the sky and waited for the rain they would wash the dried blood from the tips of its needles.

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