

THE GOOSE DOWN GAZETTE

THE OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CINCINNATI MOUNTAINEERING CLUB

Volume 3, Number 2 "Environmental Issues" Edition

December 3, 1980



MESSAGE FROM THE PRESIDENT

Well, the quarter is coming to a close, I hope it has been a profitable one for you. When you receive this newsletter we will have a new officer, the Vice-President/Secretary. We welcome the new officer and look forward to the extra help and expertise this person will bring. It is time to start looking ahead to winter quarter. Think about guest speakers, trips you want to lead, and new directions you want to see the Club pursue. Get your prized pictures together for our photography contest the fourth meeting of next quarter.

The December Club trip will be a 32 mile section of the Appalachian Trail in North Carolina and Tennessee. There will be many beautiful sights and warm friendships during this trip. The trips we take are the backbone of our relationships in the Club. It is nice to know that we travel with such good and experienced people. Good luck to all the other trips planned during the break; may they be fun and safe.

Finally, we finished our new Constitution. It is the product of many long hours of hard work by some very special people. Take time to read a copy. Thank you, to all of you beautiful people for your support and suggestions.

Merry Christmas and
Happy New Year!!!!
Marty

Steinbeck, Tolstoy, de Maupassant, Poe!!!

No, you won't find their works in this newsletter but, only because they're no longer alive. However, since they are not around that means that you, an aspiring or accomplished writer have a very good chance of getting your works published in the Goose Down Gazette. Don't be shy, submit that article you did for Biology 101 on the mating habits of *Drosophila melanogaster*! Go ahead and write that paper you always wanted to do on Zen and the art of backwoods sanitation. Whatever it is write it and submit it to any of the G.D.G. staff and they'll see that it is properly taken care of. (Articles should pertain to some aspect of the out-of-doors.)

UNIVERSITY OF CINCINNATI
MOUNTAINEERING CLUB INVENTORY
as of 3 September, 1980

Backpacking and Camping Equipment

- 3 North Face sleeping bags, -5
- 3 Snow Lion sleeping bags, 150
- 3 Sleeping bag liners
- 4 Ensolite ground pads, 56 inch length
- 6 Sleeping bag straps, 40 inch
- 3 One quart aluminum fuel bottles w/pouring cap
- 4 Sigg Touristor cook kits, includes large pot, small pot, lid windscreen, base pot holder, Svea 123 stove, eyedropper & strap
- 1 Coleman Peak 1 stove and cook kit, includes large pot, small pot and pot holder
- 1 Gas propane stove
- 1 Aluminum griddle, 10 inch x 16 inch
- 4 Nylon tarps, 5 foot x 8 foot
- 3 R.E.I. Crestline expedition tents
- 5 Backpacks, full frame, medium(2 Camtrails)
- 4 Backpacks, full frame, large(4 Camtrails)
- 2 Daypacks
- 2 Klettersacks
- 2 Extension bars for full frame backpacks

Caving Equipment

- 1 Cable ladder, 10 meter
- 7 Justrite caving helmets w/ electric lights
- 7 Battery holders, canvas
- 1 Bluewater III caving rope, 165 foot

Whitewater Equipment

- 1 Phoenix camera bag
- 1 Bill's Bag, Northwest River Supplies
- 1 Udisco 8-man raft with repair kit and pump

Climbing Equipment

- 1 Kernmantle, nylon rope, Edelweiss, 165 foot
- 4 Goldline, nylon ropes, laid, 165 foot
- 2 Rope sacks, canvas
- 1 Forrest nut pick
- 2 CMI eight-rings
- 2 Sticht belay plates
- 1 Pair Gibbs ascenders
- 1 Pair Jumar ascenders with slings
- 8 Ultimate climbing helmets
- 1 Chouinard hammer with holster
- 1 Stubaï hammer with holster
- 7 Prussiks, nylon
- 8 Pcs. tubular nylon webbing, 16', seat
- 6 Pcs. tubular nylon webbing, 20', seat
- 39 Pcs. tub. nylon webbing, 6' runners
- 2 Pcs. tub. nylon webbing, 12' runners
- 10 Equipment slings, various types

continued on page

AN INTERVIEW WITH RUSS GIBSON

During the summer of 1980 several members of the University of Cincinnati Mountaineering Club met with Wilderness Preserve Officer Russ Gibson to obtain some answers to some questions that have been asked about the Clifton Gorge area and John Bryan State Park. Some of the questions have been wondered about for years, others were prompted at the time of the interview as a result of answers to other questions. The three Club members who interviewed Mr. Gibson are Rick Forrester, John Engebretsen, and Stephen Kramrech. They started with a series of 24 questions compiled from various other Club members and expanded on these when necessary for completion. The interview took place on a rainy Saturday at the lodge in John Bryan State Park. The interview lasted for approximately 1.5 - 2 hours, interrupted only once by the only earthquake to occur in the southwestern Ohio, northern Kentucky area in many years (was this an omen about the results of the interview?). In the transcript that follows all parties in the interview are referenced at the beginning of each question/answer by their initials. The interview will be printed in installments in successive issues of the Goose Down Gazette. Finally, the interviewers, and the Club, would like to thank Mr. Gibson for the honesty of his answers, his friendliness, and his cooperation.

RF: Oh my gosh! I'm on tape.

SK: We're on tape.

RF: I don't know if you know all our names, but, my name is Rick Forrester.

JE: John Engebretsen.

RG: Russ Gibson.

SK: Steve Kramrech.

RG: Hi Steve.

RF: We're from the Mountaineering Club at U.C.. We do a lot of climbing here in the area.

RG: I have noticed that I have seen you fellas up here periodically, most every weekend.

RF: We're kind of concerned about the area, issues, stuff like that. I guess you should announce yourself for our posterity.

RG: For your posterity, I'm Russ Gibson. I am the Preserve Manager of Clifton Gorge State Nature Preserve, Sebenthaller-Vesper State Nature Preserve, Houston Woods State Nature Preserve, the Still Waters Scenic River, the upper Little Miami Scenic River and a place called the Cross Woods up in Champagne county. Realistically, 98 percent of my time is spent at Clifton Gorge.

RF: Why is that? Do you like it better or something?

RG: No, basically what it is is, Houston Woods, which is a section of the Big Woods, is about a 200 acre stand of mature, virgin beech forest, beech maple if I'm not mistaken, and Houston State Park has always had the administration of that area

since it was designated a Nature Preserve. Basically, we have left the management of that area in the employees hands. That's the only other area that really receives much public use.

Clifton receives approximately 125 to 150 thousand visitors a year. That's probably conservative, as far as immenseness goes; it's almost impossible to determine exactly how many people do come and go through that area.

It's important right now to distinguish the fact that Clifton Gorge is no longer part of John Bryan State Park. Up until seven years ago, it was considered a section of John Bryan State Park, then when the Ohio Legislature made the Natural Areas Act (I believe that was in 1972) and once our division became a reality; our sole function being to maintain and purchase places that are outstanding natural areas, and at the same time provide an educational resource, a scenic resource, and a good public resource, Clifton Gorge came under our authority.

Some of our areas; we have 43 Nature Preserves state wide I believe, probably 20 of those 43 have very limited access and that's usually involved with a permit that is required to get into those areas. Most of those represent very small areas that are very fragile, bogs, things of that nature, where if you did have heavy public use you would destroy

the environment rapidly built, at the same token, there really isn't a great demand for public use.

Then, from there, we go to other areas, the other 25 or so that do have designated interpretive nature preserves that provide for general public access, there are some trails and bike paths in some, that range from 5 acre marshes that have had bogs established, up to 1200 acre Lake Cathra Nature Preserve which is down in Jackson County. Then we get back to the public useage and the heaviest used area that our division administers is Clifton Gorge. I would say that probably half of our division's attendance comes from Clifton Gorge. As you can see, with that kind of a demand on the area, there is so much use, it would be impossible, impractical for me to spend less time there than I do now.

RF: How many people do you have running around?

RG: As far as my staff, I have myself which is a full time position, I'll be here all year, then I have two college interns that are performing anything from...mainly they perform maintainance, but, they're also courtesy law enforcement. They are here just a few times a week but, periodically we'll have 2 or 3 officers come into the area on the weekends, especially high usage weekends like Memorial Day. We figure we had ten thousand people come through the area memorial Day. Out of those ten thousand, probably 250 were climbers actively engaged in rock climbing. Which probably gets us to where you're trying to get to anyway.

Before we start speaking about the rock climbing I would like to give just a general overview of Clifton Gorge, I think that is important. Clifton Gorge is, as the rock climbers are probably familiar with, composed mainly of the Springfield Dolomite strata of rock which is characteristic of the Silurian Age. The significance of the area to the geologists is that the area was carved largely during glacial times. A lot of the rock carving that has taken place in the state of Ohio was due to post-glacial activity. It occurred after the ice had been long

gone and it was created mainly from the increased run-off of water. As the glaciers melted they produced a lot of water with a lot more force and most of the gorges and things like that in Ohio, especially from I-70 north were probably carved mainly after the glacier had already receded.

Clifton, on the other hand, being really sort of on the southern border of the glacial activity in Ohio, was carved a lot during the glacial period from the run-off that was created by the glacier as it moved down the state. Prior to that time a lot of the rivers did run south to north, which is sort of unusual when you consider what our drainage patterns are today. Mainly, north of Mansfield (and that's just an arbitrary line) the water is in the Great Lakes Water System. Most everything south of Mansfield, including Clifton and the Little Miami River is in the Mississippi Water Shed. So, the significance there is that as the glacier moved down, it altered the drainage patterns of the existing rivers that occurred in Ohio during those times and it changed them from a south to north running river to a north to south running river. Basically, that is the significance on how the gorge was cut. Underlying the dolomite, there is a brassfield limestone which is a much softer rock. When the force of the water hit the softer rock, it created a lot of the cliffs, a lot of the bluffs, a lot of the overhanging ledges that do exist. This is in part responsible for the large boulders that are out in the middle of the river,

(to be continued next issue)

The Goose Down Gazette is the official publication of the U.C. Mountaineering Club and is published whenever the editor (a really great person) decides he has the time to spend on this rag, usually twice a qtr. (it helps to have lots of articles-hint). Although he has been favorably compared to the Head Honcho the ed. does recieve some help in putting this thing out from other people (the Staff), my thanks to those neat people: Bernie Rosia, Mary Garner, Sharon McDaniel, Don Speller, Bill (Cap'n Static) Strachan, Ann Hayes, Bob (hodage) Kessler, Dan Lynch, Cindy Schmid, and any others I may have forgotten.

-----CAVEAT LECTOR-----

CAVE CONSERVATION

by Bob Kessler

It is often harder for a person to see and appreciate the beauty and frailty of a wild cave than, say, a lush pine forest or mountain stream. But like the tree, cave formations can be easily destroyed and polluted cave water can have equally disastrous effects its ecology like a fouled mountain waterway.

Many visitors to wild caves either forget or never realize the potential permanent damage they could do. Wild caves to the novice and insensate are lifeless, colorless tubes of mud and rock.

In contrast, the experienced and concerned caver sees the wild cave as a unique environment teeming with life and spectacular beauty. It is a place to be carefully protected because damage to it could take thousands of years to correct.

The National Speleological Society is an organization of cavers dedicated to the protection and preservation of all caves. It promotes specific guidelines for cavers to be aware of while caving and attempts to correct what damage has already been done.

Since many of us in the Club will be in caves in the future, it is essential that we be aware of those guidelines. It is also important for us to be willing to help clean up the abuses of others as we travel through those caves. As the NSS puts it, "the responsibility for protecting caves must be assumed by those who study and enjoy them."

The NSS Conservation Policy is simple and direct: everything is of value. "All contents of a cave--formations, life, and loose deposits--are significant for its enjoyment and interpretation. Therefore, caving parties should leave a cave as they find it. They should provide means for removal of waste (including spent carbide!); limit marking to a few, small and removable signs (no painted arrows!) as are needed for surveys; and, especially, exercise extreme care not to accidentally break or soil formations, disturb life forms or unnecessarily increase the number of disfiguring paths through an area." Resist your temptation to touch that light-colored formation with your muddy hands. Don't shine your light near a bat to see if it'll move; it'll die instead from a too rapid metabolic increase. Stay out of that crystalline pool, your blob of a

footprint forever imprinted there will inspire no-one.

The NSS also encourages projects such as: "establishing cave preserves; placing entrance gates where appropriate; opposing the sale of speleothems (chunks of stalactites, stalagmites, soda straws, etc); cleaning and restoring over-used caves; cooperating with private owners by providing knowledge about their cave and assisting them in protecting their cave and property from damage during cave visits, and encouraging commercial cave owners to make use of their opportunity to aid the public in understanding caves and the importance of their conservation." If you see someone selling cave formations, break their face. Instead of just a tourist trip through a cave next time you go, plan to take some rags and wipe graffiti of the walls. If you find some fabulous cave full of formations, be careful not to let too many people know its location until adequate protection can be established.

Remember, it is your personal responsibility as a user of caves to protect and maintain its appearance and wildlife so those that follow you will have as enjoyable experience as you did.

If you want more information on cave conservation or would like to join the NSS, write them at:

NATIONAL SPELEOLOGICAL SOCIETY
Cave Avenue
Huntsville, Alabama 35810

CAVE COURTESY an NSS reprint

You enter a cave as a guest of the owner and are expected to treat it with respect, avoiding damage of any kind. Before entering any cave, make sure you have permission of the owner. This is essential if good will is to be maintained, and applies even if the owner does not live within sight of the cave. Even when the owner has extended a standing invitation to enter his cave, it is still considered proper to check with him before each visit unless he has said that this is unnecessary. Park your car where it will not be a nuisance to the land owner. Leave gates as you found them. Never cross a cultivated field or climb a wire fence. Never dump carbide on the ground; its poisonous. Replace barriers over an entrance, it's meant to keep stock from falling in. Let the owner know you're safely out and tell him what you found in HIS cave.

Broomsage Ranch: Horsing Around in The Twilight Zone

by Cindy Schmid

Saturday morning in Clifton. Brisk, light breezes slowly ascend past sleepy eyed shopowners opening up on Calhoun Street, oblivious to the decrease in weekend patronage by collage students. Burnt out businessmen in third rate suits gobble down day old Egg Mc Muffins followed by giant cups of coffee, their force of liquid speed. It is the weekend in Clifton. But for those eleven destined for a small but quaint horse ranch in Versailles, Indiana, it is the day, that day, which signals their entrance into the Twilight Zone. A horse ranch. A likely yet unlikely place for a Zone occurrence to manifest itself. Not an unordinary horse ranch to say the least. Except for the horses themselves. They all had merry-go-round horse-like eyes. Terror stricken. Unmoving. Frozen in one place for eternity, like horses on a merry-go-round.

The lodge where we stayed, not at all an unusual lodge. Electric stove, cats, a fireplace. Almost like home. Except for one thing. The exhaust fan to ventilate the smoke did not work, thus causing a thick layer of smoke to settle in the room permanently. There we were, eleven Dantes in hell, fighting our way through impeding and ominous pollution, determined to not let the thought of having to leave the windows and doors open due to lack of ventilation of the smoke discourage us, we made our way down to the Zone barn filled with a dozen or so glassy eyed merry-go-round horses. We were to pick one to amuse us for the afternoon. I picked Dusty, the alleged all time mellow horse of the ranch.

Five minuets into the hour and a half ride, I realized that this ride was no picnic for wussies like me who only rode once at Fort Scott and possibly at Winton Woods where the big event was to trot 3.1 feet in three hours time. No, sir. These mombo horses ran! They ran, galloped, trotted and did not know the meaning of the word stop. Several comments from the likes of Kent Sheets better emphasized this point. "I should have worn a catcher'S mitt! Now I know why they call it a jockey strap!" Well anyway they were horses that did horse-like things. They tried to fake you out by not listening. They ran through low hanging branches that made huge gashes in your arm and poked your eyeball out at random. They ate when they weren't supposed to and jumped over fallen logs like they had the lead role in National Velvet.

Halfway through the ride, my seemingly mellow horse took a turn for the worse by some unknown and coniving spirit. Not taking kindly to Dan Lynch's horse Ace riding rather closely, my alleged all time mellow horse took on a sadistic diversion from the trail and broke into a Latonia gallop toward the woods. In the meantime, fiercely bounding along, I lost my reins. Before I knew it Dusty had deliberately lost me by veering sharply to the left as my body, going with the force, flew off to the right. Airborne for about eight yards, I landed in some obscure pathonly to look up to the oncoming horse of Dan Lynch and those monstorous hooves (not Dan, his horse). Momentarily frozen in terror, although later I was told that I distored the actual distance to more than it was, I rolled quite frantically to a safe place in the field.

The day continued with less zonish atmosphere than usual. We had discovered an unexplored cave, so six of us managed to wheeze our way in there complete with definite neophyte equipment such as Girl Scout flashlights and gymn shoes. Reaching the end of the cave, and spending a good deal of time absorbing Geology of Caves 101 by Dan, we did have an unusual shock to learn our friend the bat was

A WALK THROUGH THE FOREST

by Eric H. Sauce

sharing space in large lecture with us. However, Dan explained the dangers of disturbing the bat in it's natural habitat and we were soon on our way.

Saturday night turned out to be a hum-dinger. After our initial pig-out of community dinner, the die hard partyers of the weekend began to work on various "spirits." After enough of these spirits, the effects began to warm our hearts and cause our minds to become profound. Soon we were discussing everything from drug trips to what it is like to almost become a nun. We even reverted back as far as the drug movies we were forced to see in junior high; depicting a speed trip in which the victim was recalling how the hotdog she was eating came alive and told her "Don't eat me. I have a wife and three kids at home." No one could quite "top" this "accurate" drug experience.

Sunday was a day made for creating new paths and discovering new regions. So that's exactly what we did as Kent, Dotti, Jim and I went four-wheeling in Kent's jeep. Four U.C. co-eds alone in the woods. Blazing new paths. They laugh. They turn. They listen to Bruce Springstein as the rustle of crunchy leaves press against the side of the jeep. They race through cornfields, tease pinetrees, race up hills of which there is no sign of the other side. Suddenly, they ascend one of these hills. Airborne over the top, they stop short. For on the other side, not more than two feet, there is a lake. Not only did the mountaineers stop short of being in a permanent zone, but they were aware of the risk they were taking. Rod takes care of fools and babies in the Twilight Zone.

AS I undretook my walk on a brisk Saturday morning, I stumbled upon a wooded area not far from my home. I trampled through the woods on a thin, muddy, gravel path which was following the crest of the hill. The forest consisted of many different types of plant life from small weeds and shrubs to towering maples, elms and pines. As I went along, I would try to identify these wonders of nature. Also, I would listen to the wild creatures in their natural habitat. I felt like an intruder. My mind was so wrapped up in this world that the next step I took I stumbled and rolled down the side of the hill. A soft bed of leaves caught me before I landed in the creek. The water was gently flowing over the rocks. I picked myself up and continued on my way. By this time the sky had turned from sunny to dingy gray. As I rambled along in the dark forest, a strange feeling ran through my entire body. The woods opened up into a pasture and my eyes came upon an aged relic of the past. There in front of me was a dilapidated, weathered barn. The ancient barn must have stood there since the beginning of time. The door was almost off it's corroded hinges. The scarlet paint had not been completely stripped away from the cracked wood. The loft above the door exposed itself to the elements for many a day gone past. The rotted hay stretched out surrounding the yard with its ugliness and stench. I peered up to the tip of the barn and there stood the rustled weather vane upon its pedestal. No longer would it catch the wings of the wind. It began raining, so I left this somber scene and ran for some sturdy shelter.

REPORT FROM THE COLUMBUS CHAPTER OF THE U.C.M.C.

By Rick Forrester

Total white-out conditions existed. Snow so cold and moving so fast, it cut like a knife against the face. It suddenly transformed the quaint beauty of the gently rolling plains into a frozen, lifeless desert.. It was the kind of weather that even the most experienced mountaineers fears.

But fear doesn't exist in the Columbus chapter of the U.C.M.C.. Its sole member, Rick Forrester, quickly waxed and corked his Bonna 2000 cross-country skies and bravely reached into the unknown (the first snow of the year). With five layers of clothing to protect him from the driving snow, the only sounds that could be heard were of his skies shushing through untrodden snow and crashing cars careening off a nearby highway.

With tears of joy falling from his eyes Rick realized that the Columbus chapter had successfully SCOOPED the often slow-to-get-started Cincinnati division by partaking in the first organized true winter trip this year. The entire Columbus chapter (one dues-paying member) was on the outing and everyone showed up on time. This was an obvious "first" in club history. Winding their way through a forest of stranded and abandoned automobiles they arrived ahead of schedule at a nearby field and were "on-trail" in less than five minutes which is another club "first".

Trip report: One person, one car, 3 miles.

The Columbus chapter, which has its main headquarters in Rick Forrester's filing cabinet on the floor is a recent and outstanding new chapter in the tumultuous and exciting history of the U.C.M.C.. Boasting a 100% turnout at all meetings and outings, the Columbus division is quickly becoming a top-notch organization in the State's capital.

Alrady the division has expanded its outdoor activities far beyond the more conservative southern Ohio chapter. Jogging to and from auto repair shops is becoming quite popular as well as bicycling to and from auto repair shops. Pushing cars stuck in the snow is quickly becoming a new fad as well as trying to kick start cars with frozen batteries. Ahhhh, what ever happened to those lazy, Hazy, days of summer?

The President (Rick Forrester), the Treasurer (Rick Forrester), the Vice-President (Rick Forrester), and the equipment manager (guess who?), have all taken up the ancient martial art of Kung Fu which derives its form and motions from nature's animals such as the praying mantis, the crane, the dragon... The WHAT????

The Columbus division is planning to be quite active. With climbing areas within 3 miles of headquarters rock climbing will become very popular as soon as the President buys a rope and can find a belayer. Of course since the Columbus branch is an affiliate of the Cincinnati division the Columbus chapter will be expecting a huge operating budget from the University of Cincinnati. So money will no longer be a problem. Right, Mart?

The Scioto and Olentangy Rivers pass through Columbus and are navigable by canoe and kayak but the water has been known to dissolve some, but not all, forms of copper, steel, aluminum, plastic, particle board, pack cloth, fiberglass, and Hefty Trash bags. No poisonous spiders or timber rattlers have been sighted in headquarters heated pool but it is the Presidents understanding that the pool does draw many weird creatures in early spring and summer. Several Coppertones were reported last year.

The entire Columbus division is certified in first aid. Can the Cincinnati division be proud to say that? Who has taken over first aid training down there? The President's address is:

Richard Forrester
Self-appointed President and Head-Honcho Columbus Division
University of Cincinnati Mountaineering Club
1088-D Weybridge Road
Columbus, Ohio 43220
(614) 459-2625

We, here in central Ohio, hope that a healthy alliance begins to grow between our two organizations even though our chapter is better than your chapter.

Always keep in mind the old backpacking saying:

Kill nothing but insects,
Take nothing but walking sticks, and
Leave nothin' but lasts nights
Romanoff.

POINT OF VIEW: A CHANGE IS NECESSARY

As 1980 ends, it is fitting that we take a long hard look at what is happening in our world. Our political problems are important to be sure, but in this article I would like to treat our exploitation of nature. The key to the necessary change in our relationship with and to the environment is not technology. The answer lies in our perception; what we think personally and individually of our environment. There must be a change.

We are not the rulers of nature; rather we are the stewards responsible for its protection. Unfortunately, Christianity has long held that man is the ruler of the earth, and he may do as he wishes. Genesis states that, "God created man in His own image, and set him to rule over all the creatures of the earth. What we must understand is yes, we are different from all the other animals, but we are not separate. We all exist together our fates are intertwined. Every facet of our world has a relationship to every other facet, no matter how obscure. Acceptance of this belief is absolutely essential to our survival! We have got to stop saying "I", "ME", and start saying "WE", "US". All technology in the world will not help us if people do not change their point of view.

I would like to think that as members of the UEMC we of all people should have this point of view. Who should know better the close relationship of man to his environment? We must change our point of view from exploitation to protection and wide use. Yes, this may result in a reduction in our standard of living but is that the only means by which we measure our richness? Is our existence only tolerable if we gross \$30,000 a year? Aren't there more important things in life, like families, spirituality, love, nature? We will be asked to make some choices, and we must show our government which way to go.

"But, all conservation of wilderness is self-defeating, for to cherish, we must see and fondle; and when enough have seen and fondled, there is no wilderness left to cherish." These words were penned by Aldo Leopold in the 1930's. It's true. Man can understand only which is useful to him, and which is not useful may be eliminated. Man has not learned to be responsible he is the dictator, usurper, and only being worthy of

existence. He should be a caretaker; a custodian. We choose to milk the earth dry.

I challenge you to confront yourself and answer some questions: How important is the natural world? How important is your world? How much work are you willing to put forth to preserve the wild world that we enjoy? Are you guilty of letting someone else do it? Do you make all your trips as "low-impact" on the environment as possible? Or do you think, "Well, I'm just one person, it won't make much difference if I'm not as careful as I should be". Or, perhaps you don't even know how to make a low-impact camp! Well that's one reason people join the club: to learn these things. Can you teach them?

Are you a hypocrite? Of all the people who should know how to protect our wild areas it should be you. I say again: what we need is a change in attitude. After we modify ours we can help to change others. But it must start somewhere. I can think of nothing sadder than to look back and say with a sigh, "Yes, those were the good old days. Remember how we could go anywhere we wanted and check in with the rangers? Now we must make our plans years in advance because of the shrinking acreage and exponential demand....."

Most of you will be dealing with this subject as an interest outside of school and work. But perhaps a few others will make this their lifetime, as I am doing. Something must be done and done now. First of all we need a change in our point of view. This can be brought about through education. There will be a list of books following this article that will give you a good beginning. Next, support your Sierra Club. Buy the Magazines, become a member, purchase their 1980 calendars, attend their meetings. Bring back some suggestions for our club, maybe we can work together. Vote in the political leaders that have a good environmental record. But most of all talk to people you know and people you don't. Don't pass up any chance to educate the public; this is the key. As members of the UEMC this is our mission and responsibility.

Marty Huseman

Books To Read:

Walking Softly in the Wilderness, John
Hert, Sierra Club Books.

A Sand County Almanac, Aldo Leopold,
Ballantine Books.

Walden, Henry David Thoreau,
Signet Classics.

Pilgrim at Tinker Creek, Annie Dillard,
Bantam Books. Avail. at Bookland.

Land and Leisure, Van Doren, etc.

Maroufa Press Inc. UC Bookstore under
Recreational Geography 15-041-351

Turn Over A New Leaf-
And Help Save A Tree
By Suzanne Workman

Sitting here at my desk I look at the stack of books, notebooks, and assorted papers stacked in front of me and I wonder, "How many trees were destroyed for these?" After a little searching I found the answer, in a round about way. It is estimated that one ton of paper is equal to seventeen trees. Well with my trusty calculator I figured that I have about 1/2 of a tree on my desk right now. That may not seem like that much but just think for a minute...these are my books for one quarter. I go to school for three quarters a year for four years. My calculator tells me that I will have used 6 trees -- and that's just during college! If you start counting every year of school that's 18 more trees! I begin to feel like a murderer.

It is estimated that the average person in America today uses 540 pounds of paper a year. I could go on with my calculations but the question is, "What can we do about it?" As concerned college students there are several things that we can do. First of all -- buy used books when they're available, share books if you can. Maybe a friend or neighbor is in the same class and you could work something out. What about letters you write? Why not use the kind of stationary that makes its own envelope or make them out of plain paper bags. Who looks at the envelope anyway? Post-cards are another alternative and they're even less expensive to mail. Of course you will have to write less or smaller but wouldn't you rather do that than see our forests felled for stationary?

I'm not against paper, just the waste of it. After all don't you love to go out in the woods and smell the aroma of trees and other living things?

As members of a nature oriented organization we can start something. What about a paper drive to raise money for new equipment? All it takes is a few motivated people. So think twice before you throw anything away. Reuse what you can or see if someone else can use it. You may not be able to save much but every little bit helps!

The Club's New Year History - Solved
An Offbeat Financial Report
From the Treasurer
David Weber

"Nothing could be finer
than twelve new carabiners
if I only had the checks to pay for
them"...

This was the first listing in the Treasurers fall quarter diary. It seems that the Treasurer was promised new checks but the checks did not arrive on schedule. With expenses piling up the Treasurer was forced to write the remaining six checks and sign them. The events that followed, 12 weeks total, were nearly finished off by the Treasurer. Here are the 12 weeks recreated based on event from the diary.

Second week: I was sure the checks would arrive. The creditors (members the Treasurer owed money to) were uneasy about financial matters. They discussed impeachment proceedings.

Third week: I stalled using my favorite excuses, "Sorry, Doc is out of town, I need his signature" and the more convincing excuse, "Damn I forgot the checkbook, sorry, catch you this week".

Fourth week: Had to barricade the house. Creditor replaced 'For Sale' signs on the front lawn.

Fifth week: I was forced to disguise myself as a 'fairy' while on campus. Danger is always present. Voices from Burnett Woods haunt me.

Sixth week: Still no checks. I was forced to take drastic measures. I held up Provident Bank. The loot was 8 blank checks. Saved...??? For how long??

Seventh week: Checks all used up. I held Jean McCarthy hostage in Rm 320 TUC. The demands: A private investigator to locate the missing checks.

Exclusive rappelling right of Crosley Tower. The demands were met.

Eighth week: New stall techniques developed. Private detective cracks the case. His source reported, "Someone lost the

EVERY WEEKEND
by Craig Patterson

On a typical weekend at Seneca Rocks, West Virginia, the mixture of people add a unique flavor to the sport of climbing. Most climbers smash three or four in compact cars or two in large four-wheel drive rock eaters. Their intent is to travel 5 to 12 hours after a hard day's work without killing themselves. The challenge lies in the last four hours of Appalachian or Allegheny speeding. Upon arrival the climbers are shaking, buzzing and desperately ready to go kill someone on the rocks. Next, breakfast is inhaled at Buck's or exhaled at the 4 U Fools restaurant. Some climbers even skip breakfast and laugh about it all day.

The fun begins on the mule trail to the rocks, where you find your climbs are already taken. You choose an alternate climb from the 150 and start the long-awaited first pitch. The silence of the valley is broken by conversations on both sides, above, and below you. Ya see--climbers have a tendency to bitch, yell or chatter when they aren't screaming signals. Acrobats laugh at you from muscle beach 5.10+; beginners start crying half way up Old Man's 5.1 and everyone in between yells "Rock!" By this time the beer drinkers are sweating profusely on their hand holds, while the beginners realize they would rather be down on the ground. Two Marines, using their heads for jams, comment " Gee, this would make a good sniper position." Ansel Adams, Euell Gibbons, and Jeremiah Johnson sit on luncheon ledge eating bird seed and discussing wild hickory nuts. Seneca Rocks is Fantasy Island, until you reach the summit block simultaneously with 15 other climbers. Everyone holds onto each other so no one will get kicked off.

It's the common ground that perpetuates the climbing scene.

Pushed together unwillingly, a crowded weekend can be a drag, but the brighter sides of campfires, friendships, travel, and climbing make it all worthwhile.

CONCEPTS IN RECREATION

by Marty Huseman

While reading Land & Leisure by Van Doren I came upon some interesting facts and issues that may be of help in understanding better the complex subject of recreation. Recreation is an experience that involves personal and free choice, it occurs in non-obligated time and is self-rewarding. There are 5 areas of recreation: 1) Appreciative symbolic: e.g. mountain climbing and natural scenery. 2) Extractive-symbolic: e.g. hunting and fishing-taking a trophy back home. 3) Passive Free Play: e.g. painting, sight-seeing-little energy. 4) Sociable Learning: Nature study, exhibits. 5) Active-Expressive: water skiing, games. Which one of these do you fit in?

Leisure represents an opportunity for self-expression. The process of socialization to which an individual has been exposed and the values of his family, region, and country can be viewed as factors important to the pattern of responses he exhibits toward environmental stimuli. Recreation is an economic good but it is not market-priced...it is not free! Recreation costs are subsidized by the public at large. Time and money constrain outdoor activities. No goods or services are priceless, it is a matter of the consumer's willingness to pay.

Planning for recreation is a very difficult intellectual and political process. In the U.S. and Canada 75% of the park visitors made the sight and use of water the most single critical factor of the parks. Ironically, the clear lakes preferred for skiing and swimming are the most poor in life and nutrients. To estimate the profitability of an area 3 factors must be considered: location, seasonality, and business volume.

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The recreation professional needs a mixture of social and natural sciences. It is ironic that when we get to the long awaited wilderness it is wilderness no longer.

SPACESHIP EARTH: THE LAST FRONTIER

by Bill Strachan

The Frontiersman by Allan Eckert chronicles the discovery of the great wilderness that once existed between the Appalachian Mountains and the Mississippi by the emerging American nation. For many years the American Indians had protected by treaty most of what is now West Virginia and Kentucky, setting it aside as a game preserve where no person was allowed to take up permanent settlement. In the following passage from The Frontiersman Eckert portrays this area as being a virtual paradise totally unaffected by human activity when explorer Simon Kenton first discovered this wonderful wild land.

-March 12, 1775

The canelands !

He was there at last. Great fields of dry cane, some rising twice his own height, swayed in the gentle afternoon breeze and, as if to reward him for his discovery, a fine fat doe stepped gracefully out of the cover and he downed her with a single shot.

That night at camp they celebrated the end of their search with Simons favorite food; "the hams of a young deer." They slept well and the next morning, and during many of the days which followed, they explored their new domain.

On a sixty foot elevation just above the right hand forks of a little creek they established a permanent camp. Here, about four miles from the mouth of Limestone Creek and near a fine gushing spring in a hillside, they erected a half-face lean-to. From this site they could see the spot near the edge of the canebrake where Simon had shot the doe.

A buffalo trail so well trodden that it was a better road than many Simon had seen in the east passed near their camp and they followed it into the interior. It lead directly to a tremendous bubbling spring of the clearest blue water imaginable. It's shoreline was heavily trampled and, tasting the water, the young frontiersman found it to be heavy with salt. In the pockmarks caused by the hooves of the buffalo, deer, and elk which came here, evaporation had caused pure salt to encrust and rim the edges like frost on the ground. Nowhere before had the pair seen such a profusion of game. Buffalo by the many thousands roamed the land, their great herds following the "roads" which, at some points, were as much as fifty yards wide. Twenty or thirty abreast, these bison herds often took two or three days to pass. The elk were more solitary, but even they would congregate in dozens by the great blue spring which fed a fine river. Hundreds of whitetail deer, dainty and relatively unafraid, also came here and stared curiously at the two hunters.

The streams -rills, creeks, and rivers- were alive with fish; great yellow catfish weighing a hundred pounds or more and with a white flaky flesh better than any eaten before, huge spotted garfish with alligator-like jaws, fine large bass, silver catfish and blue catfish, and huge humpbacked white perch, mammoth turtles, some with ridged mossy backs and tails, and others with greenish shells and smooth to the touch as good leather.

There were otters there and beaver, mink and racoon, weasels and skunks and opossums. Great lumbering black bears so common as to be frightening and now and then they shot one of these, the pair would roast the feet all night in hot coals and have for breakfast, "the richest conceivable delicacy."

The trees and fields were full of turkeys and squirrels, pigeons and quail and grouse. It was a land of dreams, a land that far surpassed even the extravagant tales Simon had heard about it.

What an incredible vision these Indians had of their relationship to Nature. By protecting this land they insured an abundance of game from which they secured food and clothing. The Indian views each of us much as a flower, having a delicate relationship with the Earth whereas much modern thinking views Nature as something to be used at the whim of desire. Kenton's first permanent camp was the beginning of the end of the pristine canelands.

Many American Indians in retaining the wisdom of their rich heritage are presently very foresighted in ambitiously adopting solar energy as a source of energy on their reservations. They realize the importance of preserving the Natural resource. Other people in our modern society are also beginning to share this vision of our oneness with Nature. Yet in the face of the forces that are greedily consuming vast planetary resources the people who are saying "STOP!" and are trying to do something to save our mother Earth are in a predicament analagous to those few gallant warriors portrayed in The Frontiersman who tried to keep American settlers out of Kentucky. I have a personal conviction to shout from the rooftops, "Each Human being must become aware that the individuals place in Natures Divine Plan is as a responsible steward for this spaceship Earth, as these Indians once fully realized, or else we may very well forfeit our Divine inheritance.

Now I hear many people argue that maybe it is in the design of evolution to keep up this conquering of Nature and that we could be become more highly evolved from it. Well I don't buy that arguement. The discipline of ecology reveals that it is in diverse ecosystems, such as the one depicted -lush flora and fauna, clean water and clean air-, that life evolves to it's fullest extent in the great Circle of Nature. Degeneration is the result of pollution, etc. decreasing the diversity of species much as human inbreeding leads to retardation and de-evolution. The fact is that we are the only creatures in this creation endowed with the ability to exercise total freewill. Will we choose to preserve our Natural inheritance or will we choose to close ourselves into the box of our own creation.

We obtained many of our ideas for a democratic government from the Indian councils back in those frontier days. These councils though needed a unanimous vote not just a majority to act on a resolution. What I am stressing here again is the idea of being One with Nature. UCMC think about these things and take your ideas to council. There is really only One side to take on environmental issues. We have in the past debated and taken action on such things as the Red River Gorge Dam controversy. We are dedicated with our new constitutional purpose, to educate people in wilderness use. But there is even more to be done more unanimously if we exercise our personal freewill to act. I hope that this writing about American Indians has inspired you all as much as I was inspired by reading the book The Frontiersman which I highly recommend that you read.

If you are going to be in town on December 29 don't forget to attend the slideshow/talk PUSHING THE LIMITS - MINERAL RESOURCE EXPLORATION IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN FRONT to be given by University of Montana Philosophy Professor and Wilderness preservation activist TOM BIRCH At 7:30 p.m. in the Clifton Community Center 397 McAlpin Ave. behind Clifton Elementary School. COME AND BRING FRIENDS! Sponsored by Ann Hayes and Cindy Schmidt.

checks". Mystery solved. But members are still hostile.

Ninth Week: Still the hostility. Members hang me out the window during the meeting with retired webbing. Janitor pulled me in later that night.

Tenth Week: New Objective; confuse all club members. Argued that last years election was rigged. Dan Lynch still treasurer. Successful until Dan recon-fuses members with constitution amend-ments and bylaws.

Eleventh Week: Distributed fake Visa charge cards to members. Told them to buy anything and charge it to the Uni-versity. All members now in jail... Voted myself President/VicePresident Secretary BUT NOT TREASURER!!!! End of diary.

Gear It Up For Winter
By David Weber

Cincinnatians are well aware of the season directly following Autumn. That season, of course, is that dreaded winter. Winter scares the bravest Cin-cinnatians. Winter brings icy roads (34 car pileups), weeks of snow shoveling (pulled mus cles and double hernias) and those cold piercing winds. The past 4 years have been delightfully gruesome. Most people hibernate for the season or fly to Florida where winter was banned. Why even former mayor Gerold Springer proposed to city council that Cincinnati be moved south! Does everyone hate winter? I don't hate winter and I'm sure many others in the club don't hate winter either. The same activities performed in summer can be performed in winter. Almost. Skinneydipping is a bit nippy after November. Winter, specifically snow, adds a totally new dimension to the wilderness. Winter is also more of a challenge to the individual. Nature's elements can be very severe often dan-gerous. Survival is the name of the game. The proper protection is essential. Clothing is the most important gear for any winter activities. To outfit your-self for winter is not difficult and does not have to be expensive.

The most important material for winter clothing is wool. Wool, besides being warmer than synthetics, maintains warmth even while wet. Wool also dries faster than synthetics. Articles often dry overnight in the sleeping bag. Wool should be layered to achieve maximum

warmth and utility. Although bulky it permits the removal of garments when necessary. A comfortable body temperature can be maintained through layering. Extra socks, shirts, sweaters should be carried in the pack in event of an emer-gency. Your winter backpack may weigh a bit more than the summer pack. The rest is simple. Winter hiking is like summer hiking plus the additional clothes. More nutritional foods and hot drinks should al-be added. Winter activities burnoff more calories than summer activities. The body must work harder to maintain its greenhouse temperature.

Now, where can you buy wool clothes without burning a hole in your pocket? Try shopping at your local army/navy sur-plus store. These stores have piles of cheap wool clothing. Some of it is used but it has been cleaned. For the nearest surplus store, just look in the yellow pages. Now you know how to dress properly for winter conditions. That's great be-cause there will be many club activities this winter. The club new winter equip-ment just begging to be used. The club owns two sets of cross-country skis, two pairs of Sherpa snowshoes and three winter weight sleeping bags (-5). There's too much to do this winter so let's gear it up and get it out for the great winter months to come.

EQUIPMENT contd. from pg. 2

- 3 Chouinard bongs, assorted sizes
 - 7 Chouinard angles, assorted sizes
 - 1 Ea. SMC hex #1,2,3,4, slung
 - 1 Ea. CMI hex #620-680, wired
 - 1 Ea. CMI hex #620 & 630 wired
 - 1 Ea. Chouinard hexcentric #1 - 11 slung and wired
 - 1 Ea. Chouinard hexcentric #5-9 slung
 - 2 Forrest foxheads #2 wired
 - 1 Forrest foxhead #3 wired
 - 2 Sets Forrest titons #6-10 slung
 - 1 Ea. Chouinard stopper #3-7, wired & slung
 - 1 Ea. Chouinard stopper #4 & 7, wired and slung
 - Carabiners:
 - 2 R.E.I. oval
 - 1 R.E.I. locking 'D'
 - 4 Robbins oval
 - 2 Stubai locking 'D'
 - 1 Clog locking 'D'
 - 55 Bonati 'D'
 - 1 Liberty locking 'D'
 - 4 Bonati locking 'D'
- (Ed. note: more equip has been added since.)