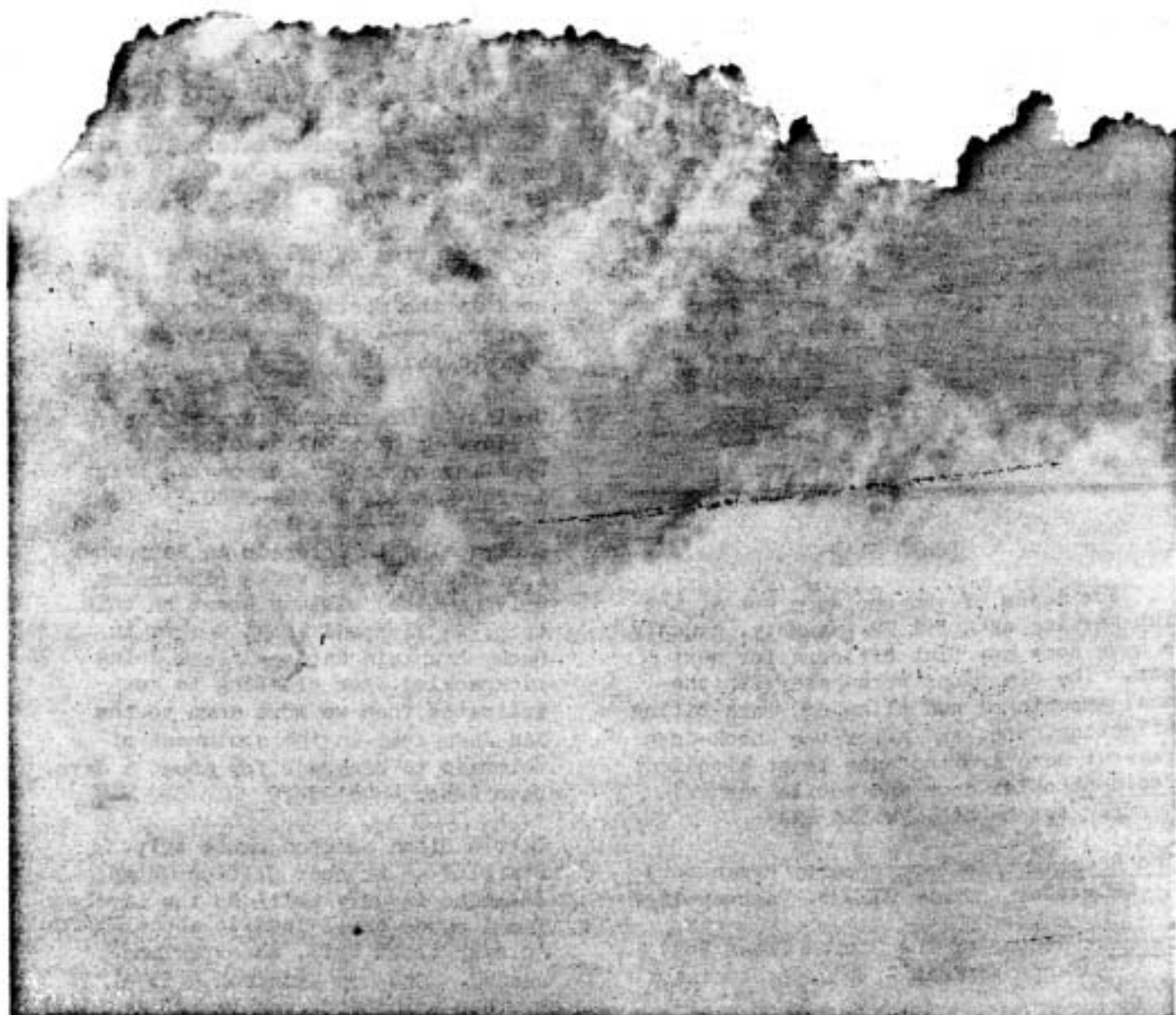


THE GOOSE DOWN GAZETTE

THE OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CINCINNATI MOUNTAINEERING CLUB

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May 26, 1981



MESSAGE FROM THE PRESIDENT

SUMMER QUARTER EVENTS

I want to tell you that this year has been very rewarding for me. I hope you have gained as a result of the Mountaineering Club. If you're like most, you've found good company and great scenery. I have many people to thank for this successful year, especially Craig, Chris and Dave. It couldn't have happened without you! I wish to thank Suzanne, Mary Beth, Fran, Jane, and especially Steve Kramrech for putting out such fine work. I wish to thank everyone in the Club for giving me feedback, leading trips throwing parties. I wish to give special thanks to Amy, who has given me invaluable support and advice, and to my family who have tirelessly answered the phone, and become proud of the U.C.M.C.

I will be here next year to continue helping. The reason I took the job of President is because I have a great need to give back all that the Club has given me. I still have not repaid my debt. Thank you for trusting me and voting me in. Our accomplishments of 1980-81 are too numerous to list here - even in the whole Goosedown. But, the old adage is always true! You get out what you put in. We've gotten a lot this year because of everyone's inputs. We are the best Club on campus - second to none. Good luck Dan, Suzanne, Fletch and Steve. We support you and look forward to 1981-82. God bless you all. I love you.
Marty

POWER PLAY

For those of you who were not at the Club meeting on April 22 (naughty, naughty) we have some new Club officers for next year. The elections were held with the usual amounts of mud slinging, back-biting infighting, etc. and after the knock-down drag-out here are the ones least bloodied:
President(chief cook and bottle washer)
Dan Lynch- nth. yr. in DAA

Vice President/Secretary(party organizer)
Fletcher Andrews III-jr. accounting?
Treasurer(keeper of the Sacred Green Box)
Suzanne Workman - 3rd. yr. business

Regular meetings of the Mountaineering Club will be held during the summer, however because T.U.C. closes at 5p.m. during the summer meetings are held in room 093 McMicken Hall. Also, meetings will start at 7:30p.m. during the summer. The first meeting is June 24, the last is on August 19, with a meeting every Wednesday in between. If no one is in the room look around outside we may be enjoying the fresh (choke, cough) air in back. If you can't make the meetings the people to call for information about trips, parties, ect. are:

President: Dan Lynch - 681-2962
or
V.President: Fletcher Andrews - 861-3404

Following are a list of activities for the summer quarter:

Canadian canoe trip June 12-22
Canoeing in the Atikokan area on the Turtle River, approximately 100 mi. in 5-6 days. Class I-VI white water.
Stephen Kramrech - 559-1737

Rock climbing at Clifton Gorge
Trips are organized usually every week at the meetings by various members, come to the meetings to learn details.

Caving in Sinking Valley, Sloans Valley, Cricket Falls, etc. The best person to try for caving trips is Bob Kessler at 984-2700.

Backpacking in Colorado in September
Approximately two weeks (including driving time) will be spent on this trip, we'll spend about 4 days in Rocky Mountain National Park doing backpacking &/or climbing to get acclimated then we move down to the San Juan area in the southwest of Colorado to backpack for about 6 days.
Dave Weber - 481-3819

Little Miami weekend canoe trip.
Starting at or near Clifton Gorge sometime in July we'll do the Little Miami canoe trail down to about Milford. An easy float trip, no experiance needed. Stephen Kramrech - 559-1737
(note: Other trips org. weekly at meetings)

CONSERVATION REPORT
TAKEN FROM THE NATIONAL WILDLIFE FEDERATION WEEKLY
UPDATE OF CONSERVATION LEGISLATION

7TH CONGRESS
1st Session

MAY 15, 1981

WATT TESTIFIES ON LAND AND WATER CONSERVATION FUND AMENDMENT

On May 7, Interior Sect. Watt testified before the Senate Energy and Natural Resources Committee's Subcommittee on Public Lands about S.910, the Reagan Admin.-backed proposal for altering the Land and Water Conservation Fund(LWCF). S.910 would allow funds now earmarked solely for parkland acquisition to be used instead for "restoration and improvement" of existing parks.

Sec. Watt said that he is "appalled at the shameful state of our national parks," and that "we must bring about a quick and dramatic change" in policies which allowed this situation to occur. He argued that in lieu of continuing of continuing to acquire lands for the national park system, the DOI should focus its energy and monies on taking proper care of parks it already has. "we must change our priorities if we are to be called good stewards," said the Secretary. He added that "as Secretary of the Interior, I owe an apology to the American people" for the current failure of park facilities to meet public health and safety standards.

Sec. Watt explained that the Admin. request for \$105 million in FY82 LWCF funding includes \$8 mill. for small-scale safety protection measures, \$29 mill for cyclical repairs and maintenance, \$10 mill for preservation of cultural resources, and \$48 mill for 24 capital improvement projects. He said that though he might wish to be doing something "glamorous" for the park system, the funds would have to be used for "just an awful lot of plumbing." The Secretary also announced that "this admin. will not be accepting those gifts" of land which would be a burden to the system and would not receive proper care.

Representatives of several conservation organizations testified in opposition to S.910. Gaylord Nelson, chairman of the Wilderness Society, said that the constantly growing demand for recreational opportunities makes expansion of our national park system even more necessary. Noting that the LWCF is generated by revenues from outer continental shelf (OCS) oil and gas leasing, which will increase dramatically under the new Administration, Nelson claimed there is no reason why "restoration and improvement" cannot be implemented in addition to continued land acquisition. Other environmentalists testified that S.910 would pervert the original intention of the Congress when it established the fund solely for purchasing park and recreation lands. Subcommittee chairman Sen. Malcolm Wallop(wyo.) announced that hearings and workshops on parkland acquisitions will be scheduled this summer.

EDITORIAL/OPINION OF NWF

There are outstanding areas throughout the country which the Congress has identified as worthy of protection through authorizing expansion or addition to the National Park System. Santa Monica Nat. Recreation Area in Calif., Chattahoochee River NRA in Georgia, Cuyahoga Valley NRA in OHIO, Jean Lafitte National Historic Park in Louisiana, Valley Forge NHP in Pennsylvania, Manassas National Battlefield in Virginia, Olympic National Park in Washington, New River George National River in West Virginia, and the Appalachian National Scenic Trail between Maine and Georgia are all part of the \$3 Bill. backlog awaiting action.



AN INDIAN PRAYER



O Great Spirit

Whose voice I hear in the winds
And whose breath gives life to the world.
Hear me, I am small and weak. I need
your strength and wisdom.

Let me walk in beauty, and make my eyes
Ever behold the red and purple sunset.

Make my hands respect the things you have
made and my ears sharp to hear your voice.

Make me wise so that I may understand the
things you have taught my people.

Let me learn the lessons you have hidden
in every leaf and rock.

I seek strength, not to be greater than
my brother, but to fight my greatest enemy-
myself.

Make me always ready to come to you with
clean hands and straight eyes.

So while life fades, as the fading sunset,
my spirit may come to you without shame.



The morn is up again, the dewy morn,
with breath all incense, and with
all bloom, laughing clouds away with
playful scorn, and glowing into day.
-Byron

The Rockcastle Canoe Trip

by SL

Eight members and previous members of the club went to Daniel Boone National Park this past weekend and canoed the Rockcastle River. The river was already flooded because of rain the previous week. It also rained two days, off and on, during the trip. All of this made for an exciting trip. The trip was around 15 miles long but only took about nine hours of actual canoeing because of the rapid water.

The only people who tipped on first day were my partner, Jeff, and I. We tipped twice. Neither time by accident of course. The second day the rapids got a little rougher and everyone tipped at one time or another. I again tipped twice, realizing the importance of being able to tip well. At the last rapid, where everyone seemed to lose it, we hung around awhile and helped fetch another group from the water as they too fell victim to the river, one after another.

One of the most exciting, if not enjoyable events of the trip, was when we were attempting to line one of Eric's canoes around an impassable rapid. Somehow one end of the canoe began catching part of the very fast moving water. Almost immediately half of the canoe was under water. We tied ropes to the ends and tried to pull it out of the water but we couldn't budge it. At one time we had ten guys trying to pull the canoe out. A group of canoers who were behind us helped also. When we were almost ready to give up and leave it there, completely submerged except for three inches of the bow, we tried one last time and things started to happen. As the canoe rose above the water, one foot at a time pointing toward the sky, everyone grabbed a part of it and pulled. We finally got it out of the crevice it was lodged in. Needless to say, the people riding in the canoe were glad they weren't going to have to buy a canoe that was under five feet of water.

The rapids were exciting and even terrifying when you were actually in them.

The first two times I fell in, I had visions of the canoe joining forces with a rock and vice-gripping my head in fast motion. I was so shocked at the strength of the water. I had watched rapids from the bank, and I had stood up in the rapids on the Little Miami River. These were not quite the same. I tried swimming but didn't go anywhere. The only thing I could do was to point my legs down stream and go with the flow (no pun intended.) I was glad both times to see by buddies pull up along side me like taxi cabs on a cold, rainy night. The next two times I dunked were not quite so frightening. As a matter of fact, it began to be fun, knowing that as long as the canoe was downstream, (along with your feet,) and someone was waiting below, your chances of getting hurt were slim.

The most peaceful and beautiful part of the trip came during Saturday afternoon after a storm, in which it got cold and everyone sought shelter in the pine forest a thick fog set in. As we were canoeing down the river, which had become very still and quite, almost like a lake, all of the sounds stopped except for an occasional bird. There was no sound of water, let alone cars or machinery. We paddled silently through the fog with the towering green pine forests framing the river on either side. It was like a cross between a time-warp and The Land Time Forgot. I definitely got the feeling of prehistoric existence. The spell slowly broke as shutters began clicking away, including my own.

On the way home we stopped at Joe Bologna's Italian restaurant. Sicilian pizza and bread sticks made our welcome back to civilization. (The waitress did also since we hadn't seen a girl in two days.) It was one of the best trips I have been on. It was definitely the most exciting.

* * * * *

Luxury makes a man so soft, that it is hard to please him; so that his pleasures at last become his burden. Luxury is a nice master, hard to be pleased.
-Mackenzie

Fell luxury, more perilous to youth than storms or quicksand, poverty or chains.

REPORT FROM THE COLUMBUS
CHAPTER OF THE U.C.M.C.
by Richard J. Forrester

I love to talk, as most of you know, but since Steve has better things to do than typing my report all weekend, I'll try to keep it short.

Recently, the entire Columbus Chapter of the U.C.M.C. (still only one member) joined together with one member of the Cincinnati division, Amy Osterbrock, and her father in attending the Annual Meeting of the Ohio Nature Conservancy. I could give you a long, boring, strictly factual account of the weekend and Burr Oak State Park, but something happened that weekend which changed my relationship with the natural world.

Myself, Amy, and her father arrived late Friday night and were able to attend only the last half of the Board of Trustees meeting. There were no more seats available in the room and we stood outside, in the hallway, peering through the doorway. My first shock of the weekend came as I glanced around the room. Not one pair of hiking boots could be seen. No muddy jeans, no idle chit-chat going on, no cliques nor power games were going on.

The topic of discussion was the proposed state repeal of the tax-exempt status of privately owned, natural lands. We had to leave to set up camp during a conversation as to whether-or-not a proposed nature preserve should be thoroughly searched for endangered flora and fauna (a several year project) before purchase or after purchase by the C Conservancy.

The entire topic for that evening was survival. Survival of our most severely endangered eco-systems in Ohio. Here was a group of people who were really doing something about the future of the forests and preserves. This wasn't a game. It wasn't a hobby or weekend pastime. It was life and death for vanishing wildlife in Ohio.

The discussions weren't about writing your senator or congressman in Washington but, how many "critical areas" the Conservancy had purchased that year and what the priority list for next year would be. Private ownership of land is a totally different concept from state or federal ownership. Government ownership

will always be subject to the pressures of big business and whims of 4-year temporary presidents. The group of people in that room were concerned about the rights of vanishing plants and animals and not those of car-campers, hikers, and climbers.

Six thirty a.m. the next morning found us with a somewhat large group of enthusiasts bird-watching. With binoculars, bird-books, and jacket in hand, we meandered into the biting morning air. Wood thrushes, pileated woodpeckers, blue birds, jays, male and female robins, cardinals, wrens, house sparrows, song sparrows...on and on and on. I didn't realize that a one hour walk in the morning would entirely change my concept of where I fit into the natural world.

I remember the exact moment. Two birds darted above us. Only a glance. A glimpse. Our leader stated that from the flight pattern, the birds were a Baltimore Oriole being chased by a Scarlet Tanager. My mind totally stopped. I was in shock. I remember lowering my head; no thoughts were going through my head. I forced myself to think. My first thought-the difference between open and closed cell pads was the absorbance of water; Svea stoves were superior to gas stoves in cold weather. Someone confirmed the leaders observation.

I was totally ashamed of myself. I realized at that moment that I didn't know a damn thing about nature. All I knew was equipment, climbing and caving techniques, maps, compasses, objects centered around and only for - man. I didn't know one natural thing. All I was, was a weekend hiker. Pack up my gear, go somewhere, get on a trail, stomp up and down a trail, and go home. Where did the plants and animals, whose home I had invaded, fit into my hiking weekend?

Sunday brought the same responses again and again from my soul.

The weekend was finished with a visit to a Conservancy Preserve recently acquired. Two loons could be seen diving for fish in a glacial kettle lake. They never gave me instant gratification by giving their bird-call so famous for their species. We could see them only from a long distance. The Nature Conservancy had placed a fence around the entire area to preserve it. There were no gates, no trails, not even ones to use by Conservancy members. I could easily have jumped the fence but I thought about the fact that there weren't trails for even members. No one was to disturb this sanctuary, no one was to disturb this tiny corner of nature. Maybe there are things more important than a backpacker's selfish desires.

OH, LOOK OUT!

by Craig Patterson

Here it comes! Another power packed Spring Quarter with a great group of people, amazed? Always! The experiences, the gatherings, and the migrations of the Club can't help but leave me numb..The Club has turned me into an Action Addict. We are dynamic, we are strong, but most of all we are Real. The Club lends itself to anyone willing to compromise. Looking back, looking forward, we thrive in the present. There is room for the Group and the individual, but even more room for growth. As I swirl from the Office of V.P./SEC., I would like to eat some artichoke hearts(dipped in butter and salt), chip in to burn some wood, and think about the events of Spring Quarter

The wabes of the three seas swirling through the desolation of eroding sand bars in North Carolina. The ohming of the ancients penetrating the sandstone amphitheaters of Kentucky. The relaxed songs of char devouring the beer talk of a PIG OUT. William Strachan's controversial attempts on the TUC Bridge. The May 4th Tree Planting for Peace. The co-operation of the Open House. William Kemsley and the trip to Akron Camp Mueller. The hitch hike back from a busted van, the meetings, of LaRosa's, and other bad english.

"Wait, Man! Ya messed up the order. It didn't go down like that at all. Besides the quarters only half over".

"You know! Yeah! You Know! I think you're right! So, get on your likes and ride".

This issue's cover is the "scenery" winner of the Club's photography contest for this quarter. The winning photograph of a mountain peak wreathed in clouds was composed by Bob Kessler our resident film person. Appologies to Bob and John Wallace (last issue's cover) for the poor reproduction qualities, the originals are many magnitudes better.

JOURNAL EXCERPT

by Marty Huseman

I have found that it is very beneficial to train before a backpacking trip. In the city I strap on my pack and walk on the grassy strips between the sidewalks and the street. I amuse myself by counting the paces between telephone poles and calculating the footage. The neighbors are convinced I'm nuts.

When hiking on gravel roads, I find it's the best policy to face traffic head-on. In this manner it is easier to adroitly dodge the well-aimed beer cans tossed wpxpectly from heckling motorists.

Maybe some winter day I will purposely sink into the nearest snowdrift when a really Foxy Guy comes along. With any luck he'll know how to save me from hypothermia. I run up and down the hill's at Cheviot's badeball fields. I was rather surprised while running down a hill on a rainy day. I sank to my calves in muck. Cow pies would have been better.

After I take off my boots it is easy to see the points of friction. God, why won't these boots break in? I look forward to the day when the bulge that pushes out above and below my waistband will disappear.

TIME FOR A CHANGE

The change I refer to is in the editorship of the Goose Down Gazette. I don't feel I can wear both the editor's hat and the equipment managers hat and do the kind of quality job that both require. Therefore I am turning over editorship of the G.D.G. to Bob Kessler as of the end of this quarter. Bob has been involved with the G.D.G. for quite a while and I feel he will do the kind of work needed. If anyone has any gripes about the past years issues I was editor so they're my mistakes, so be it. It's all your's now Bob, good luck!

There's not room to thank all the people who have helped me put out the G.D.G. so I must be content with a simple, THANK'S A HELL"VEA LOT GANG!!!!!!!

Stephen M. Huseman

It is better to desire the things we have than to have the things we desire.

-Henry Van Dyke

WILDERNESS SKILLS COURSE

by SL

The Wilderness Skills Course was held in Daniel Boone National Park in the Cumberland Forest. It was centered in the region around Cane Creek. The instructors were Rick Forrester, Marty Huseman, Don Spellar, and Jane Riley. Students were Judy, Cindy, Fletch, Chris, Eric, Larry and myself. Don and Fletch instructed us on climbing and rappelling. While hanging about fifty feet above some boulders, my rope got tangled in my figure eight. I began getting nervous immediately because I didn't know there was a way to get me out of this mess. Luckily there was. They lowered another rope to me and I attached this to my harness, enabling me to free my knot. On the way I vowed to never rapel again. I meant it at the time, of course.

We also practiced orienteering, which was one of my favorite activities. I learned to read a compass (I knew that something pointed north, but I didn't know what to do with it,) and how to use a map, (topographical.) We also learned how to search for people by making a line and methodically crossed mountainsides.

One of the more exciting activities was traversing a river on a rope. It was a welcome feeling to swing in the chilly river after a hot, sunny day.

The instructors carried and prepared the food, which by the way was excellent. We had many nice meals. We did miss a couple though. The weather was perfect. As we walked out it began to rain. We couldn't complain since it had held off all weekend. The thick foliage was very beautiful as the rain created fog and the leaves and greenery began to shine from the wetness. There is a unique beauty to the dense woods of Appalachia, with its ferns and pines.

Centipedes seemed to breed in our camping area one night because I awoke find five or six on my packs and equipment. Jane found a scorpion in her sleeping bag when she got home. I was told by someone else that the variety there was not poisonous.

We were told where to go and left to do it several times. This was very interesting because we had to work as a team. We were supposed to appoint a leader and stick to his/her decisions. At first it seemed to not work very well. Everyone wanted to follow the leader, at least as long as they agreed with them. Several times people strongly disagreed and took off on their separate ways because they were sure they were right. Once someone proved to be right when they said we had gone to far, but reluctantly went with us anyhow in order to preserve the order of the group. Another time someone swore he knew where we were, when actually he was badly mistaken.

The appointed leaders also had their problems. The task of course, was to listen to all of the possible methods suggested by various people, and choose the best. Then, stick to it and not change the course. It proved hard for some people to stick to one method though when someone was breathing down their neck trying to change their mind.

Toward the end of the trip we began to fall into place and look like a team. People stayed together even if they had differing opinions. People learned to tolerate and listen. It was a rewarding experience and I learned alot about outdoor skills and interpersonal relations.

* * * * *

Few things are needful to make the wise man happy, but nothing satisfies the fool;-and this is the reason why so many of mankind are miserable.

-Rochefoucauld

Get not your friends by bare compliments, but by giving them sensible tokens of your love. It is well worth while to learn how to win the heart of a man the right way. Force is of no use to make or preserve a friend, who is an animal that is never caught nor tamed but by kindness and pleasure. Excite them by your civilities, and show them that you desire nothing more than their satisfaction; oblige with all your soul that friend who has made you a present of his own.

-Socrates

AKRON CHAINSAW MASSACRE ZONE
(U.C.M.C. discovers 1000 ways to
use a chainsaw at Camp Mueller)
by Cindy Schmid

OM BARS
by C. Schmid

On April 24th, 1981, twenty-two members of the University of Cincinnati Mountaineering Club headed for Akron, Ohio for an alleged Ohio Outing Club weekend. Little do they know as they drive along the highway, sipping Norwegian beer and eating pumpkin cookies, that they will soon be entering a zone from which there is no return. They are about to enter the Akron Chainsaw Massacre Zone.

The camp itself looks shady. Hidden messages telling the van to turn back at every corner. The driver, fearless and fuzzy haired Leroy, giggles and plunges fearlessly ahead. What? Oh, dear God! Where is the bridge? They find out later it has not been there for years. A detour is inevitable. They arrive at Camp Mueller, summer camp for inner city kids. They see cars. No people. Bodies nowhere in sight. A few lights. Quiet. Except for the people in the van. They see a few others. They are told everyone is in bed. Asleep.

U.C.M.C. lifts an eyebrow. No one there had heard of curfews on a Friday night. Nonetheless they oblige. Besides this camp even provided them with bunk beds in a cabin. The rest of the Ohio Outing Clubs were all nestled snug in their beds, visions of hiking boots dancing in their heads.

Silence. A giggle from Sharon McDaniels. A snicker from Kent Sheets. A snort from yours truly. Then the sound of the screen door slamming. (Sorry if this sounds like a Springsteen song.) The horrible, death-defying, murderous sound begins. Runnnn...nn...Run...Run.. Runnnnnnnnnnn.... the chainsaw is here. There is nowhere to hide.

Alas, a familiar, haunting giggle begins. That's right folks, it's only Dave Weber, creator of the mind boggling "It hurts so good." from the deserts of Texas, it's Dave who brought us live coverage of the Akron Chainsaw Massacre.

So, beware mountaineers. If you're in bed late at night, safe in 10 degree Eddie Bauer bags and hear the terrifying noise of a chainsaw, yet somehow followed by hysterical laughter, you'll know it's only a bad zone that you'll hopefully be getting out of soon.

- 1½ lbs. black mission figs, stems removed
- 1 lb. pitted dates
- ½ lb. golden raisins
- ½ lb. sunflower seed kernels
- ½ lb. shelled walnuts
- ½ lb. shredded, unsweetened coconut
- 2 lbs. carob powder

1. Mix together figs, dates, raisins, sunflower seed kernels and half the walnuts. Put the mixture through the medium blade of a meat grinder.
2. Knead the ground mixture on a layer of the coconut and gradually work in the carob powder and coconut. Shape into balls, bars or triangles and decorate with the remaining walnuts.

Yields about 4½ lbs. bars

EDITORIAL/OPINION OF NWF (contd. from pg.)

Some of these areas are under extreme pressure from private developers, and must be acquired soon to avoid being lost forever. Meanwhile, some other property-owners are in limbo, unable to sell because their lands are within areas Congress itself approved.

The expense is not great; according to Representative Phillip Burton (California), former chairman of the House Subcommittee on Public Lands and National Parks. NPS land acquisition costs have averaged only \$1 per year for each U.S. citizen. (even under the Carter FY82 budget proposal. the \$335 mill total for all NPS land purchases was only slightly above funding slated for just one water project, the Tennessee-Tombigbee Waterway!)

The National Wildlife Federation opposes S.910. They urge those who are also opposed to write their Senators to do likewise.

(This article excerpted by Sharon McDaniel)

