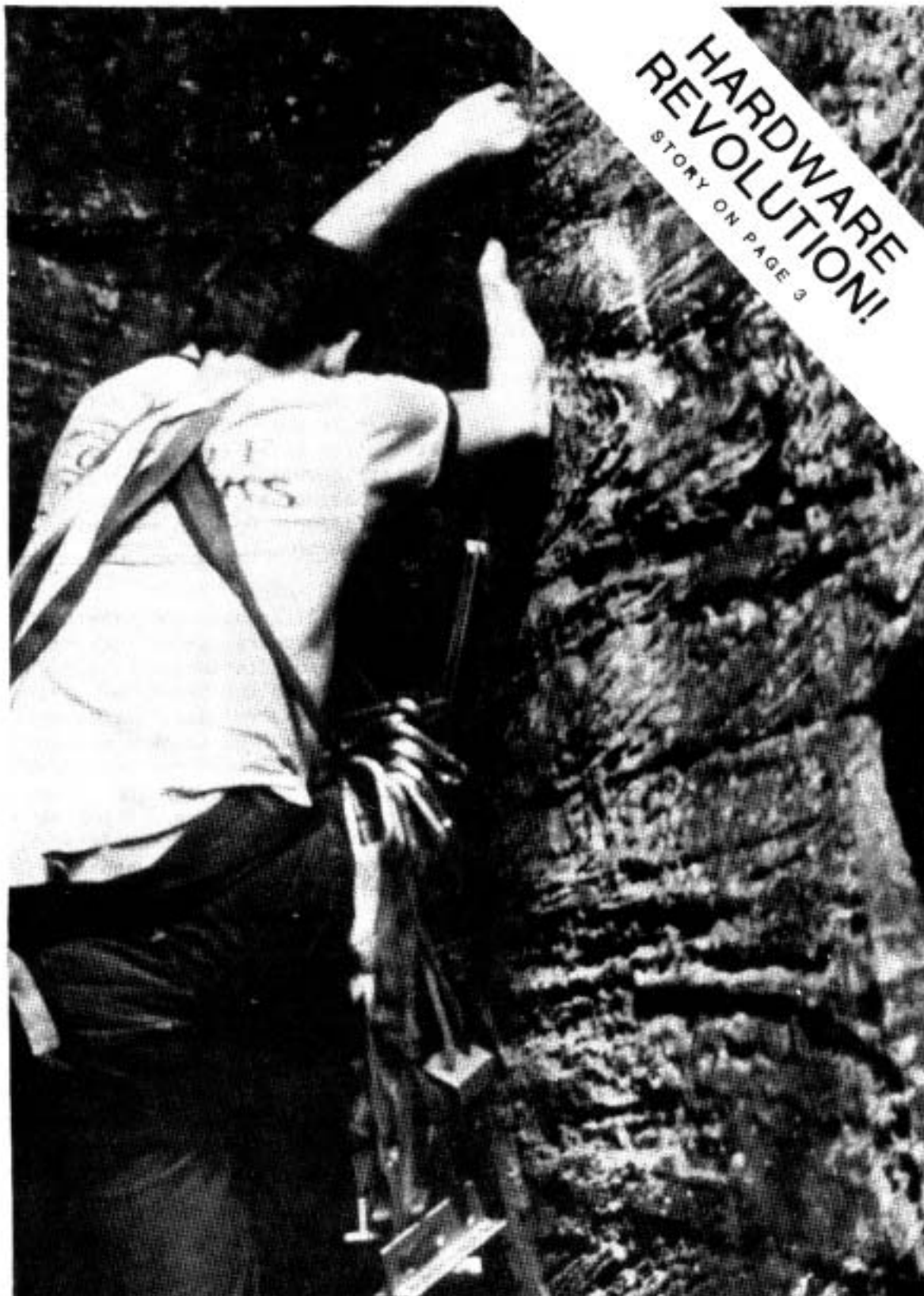


THE GOOSE DOWN GAZETTE

THE OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CINCINNATI MOUNTAINEERING CLUB

Volume 4, Number 2

25 November 1981



**HARDWARE
REVOLUTION!**
STORY ON PAGE 3

Fall quarter is proceeding smoothly for the club, thanks to all the help from so many of you with slide shows, lectures, and leading trips. It's never too early to think about the next quarter trips and lectures: several have already been penciled in but we need your ideas. If you have a trip you would like to see us take, please let me know. We can supply the leaders, gear, expertise, even people--but we need your enthusiasm.

The details for the December break trip to the Smokies are being completed and it should be a delightful, rewarding time after cramming for exams. There will also be a chance for some cross-country skiing in Canada, if all goes well with the snow; Steve Kramrech is leading this.

During the week between Christmas and New Years, weather permitting, we will go downhill skiing at Mad River. So, if you can't afford Crested Butte, all is not lost.

If you think the onset of cold weather is the end of camping out except for nuts and polar bears, we have a pleasant surprise for you. Properly prepared, winter camping can be as enjoyable for the beginner as for the seasoned veteran, many enjoying it more than other seasons: no bugs, no crowds, with the foliage off the trees much is visible that wasn't before. So give it a try!

For those of you who a warmer activity, there is always a cozy cave with its temperature-controlled environment. No rain or snow to interfere. The Caving Glass is in early February, probably the sixth week of classes, but we will have several opportunities before then, so no more excuses about nothing to do.

Get involved. You have only yourself to blame if you don't.

Have a good Turkey Day.

---Dan Lynch

THE GOOSEDOWN GAZETTE

is the official publication of the University of Cincinnati Mountaineering Club, and it published seven times a year. Send articles, letters and inquires to:

Editor/GDG

Bob Kessler

7708 Monticello Ave.

Cincinnati, OH 45236

Rick Forrester, leader of the Columbus Chapter of the UCMC, shows his climbing skill as he scales "Arachnid," at the Red River Gorge, Kentucky. Steve Kramrech took the photo of Rick and his rack of climber's aids. For more information on the latest developments in climbing gear, see the story beginning on page three.

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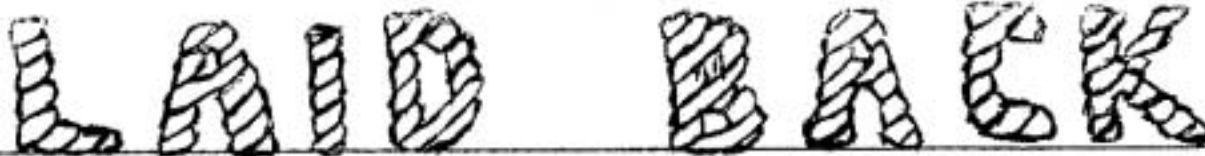
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MEETINGS

The UC Mountaineering Club meets on every Wednesday in room 607 Swift at 7 PM. Last meeting of Fall Quarter will be December 2nd. The first meeting of the Winter Quarter will be January 6, 1982. Bring a friend! Open to everyone.

CPR COURSE

On January 23 (a Saturday), the UCMC will be offering a course in CPR- Cardio-pulmonary Resuscitation. Working in conjunction with the Red Cross, this course will take one day, but is well worth the time. CPR teaches you how to restore someone's breathing and heartbeat in the event of failure. The course will also teach you how to save the life of a choking victim. The cost is nominal, less than \$4 and the instructors volunteer their time and talents. If you've taken CPR more than a year ago, you're due for a refresher, so now's the time to do it again. Feel free to encourage non-club members to attend, but try to let the club leaders know how many to expect. Please make an effort to take this course--the life you save could very well be someone you love. For more information, Call Dan at 681-2962 and he'll refer you to the proper persons.



FRIENDS BETWEEN A ROCK
AND A HARD PLACE
by Eric Perlman

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1931-A mountain climber grips the steep rock with waning strength. His hob-nail boots scrape at the granite. He screams for help to his partner who tends the frayed hemp rope from around a rocky corner. The screams go unheard in the high wind. Desperately, the climber pulls out a soft iron piton, stuffs it into a crack, and pounds it with his alpine hammer. He attaches a quarter-pound iron snap-link, called a carabiner, into the eye of the piton and clips his rope into the carabiner.

Safe at last, he tells himself. Then he slips, dislodges a piton, snaps the rope, and tumbles to the ground 1,000 feet below. In 1931 climbing was not a very popular sport.

1981-A mountain climber steps delicately onto a rock edge the thickness of a dime. His high friction shoes do not slip. He whispers into his walkie-talkie wired climbing rope and, despite the howling wind calmly informs his partner that the next section of rock looks severe and deserves some protective hardware. He grabs a spring-loaded camming device, called a Friend and wedges it with one hand into a two-inch-wide crack, then clips his rope into it with a one-and-a-half-ounce chromemolybdenum alloy carabiner.

His finger strength fails, and he falls. No problem. The Friend and carabiner can withstand more than 3,500 pounds of impact. The rope easily handles 4,000 pounds with a gentle, shock absorbent strength.

Advances in equipment have improved climbing capability and safety so greatly that despite nerve-racking exposure to falling rocks and weather and the ever present danger of falling, climbing has become one of the fastest growing sports in America. In 1958, for example, 388 climbers reached the 14,410-foot summit of Mt Rainier in Washington. Last year almost 4,000

climbers made it to the top.

The most radical advance in climbing hardware since the nylon rope is the Friend, developed by Ray Jardine, a master rock climber and former space flight mechanic in Colorado. Jardine was frustrated with the awkwardness, weight, and marginal safety of conventional climbing hardware, which consisted of iron pitons that were driven into cracks with a hammer (often a two-handed operation) and nuts, wedge-shaped chunks of metal that were slotted into cracks like nickels into a vending machine. "Finding the right nut to fit a crack can be time consuming," Jardine says, "especially if you're hanging on for dear life."

"We were looking for material that produced a lot of friction between metal and rock but was also incompressible," Jardine says. He chose an aluminum alloy that held against rock 10 times better than iron or steel.

With the help of a computer, Jardine worked out the best shape of the comma-shaped cams that would grip and hold with a constant force regardless of their orientation. Each Friend has four cams that are independently suspended so they can flare out to adjust to widely different cracks. Unlike the nuts, which can only be used on cracks that widen and then narrow, the Friends can hold in cracks that open out as much as 30 degrees. And Friends come out of a crack as easily as they go in - a "trigger" on the stem pulls in the cams to their narrowest setting releasing their grip.

The heart of a climber's safety system is the rope. It must be strong enough to hold a 180-pound climber for a fall of more than 50 feet, yet it must stretch and absorb the shock of impact. Thin steel cable is lighter, stronger, and more resistant to cutting than nylon, but it does not stretch at all. The poor climber whose fall was stopped by steel cable would probably snap his spine. A rubber rope on the other hand would be virtually shock-free, but the stretch would be so great that a falling climber would probably slam into a ledge or other rock outcrop even while the rubber rope was saving him from

(continued on page 12)

"EXCERPT FROM A JOURNAL"
by Suzanne Workman

June 30, 1981

After a night of sleep best described as fitful, I awoke to the raucous sound of the Clark nutcracker and stellar jay heralding the sun's rising. I opened my eyes and looked around in a daze. The first few minutes I was totally confused, then I realized where I lay. California! I remembered the flash of a neon sign when I crossed the border, and the surge of energy that I felt. I laughed as I recalled the agricultural check station that looked like a cathedral, where I was told I had to eat all my black cherries before I could drive on. How crazy! Just then a guy pulled up behind me on a motorcycle. It was 11:00 P.M., and being in no great hurry, we sat in that check station made of huge pine pillars and ate the sweet juicy cherries. We were told to leave the pits and the stems with the attendant. That was the pits! No, not really, for it was a beautiful starry night and I was going to California to see the redwoods. It was funny; somehow it seemed appropriate; a kind of offering to gain admittance.

But now it was morning and I lay under a canopy of Ponderosa pine and Shasta red firs at Patrick Creek campground. A rushing river below beckoned me. It was time to get going, and after a breakfast of nectarines I embarked on my journey to the great Redwood National Park.

(later) The redwood forest is beautiful! It is beyond my vocabulary to describe it. The mist was thick yet transparent at times. It blew in and out of the trees and the sun made golden streamers of light. I saw a cobweb covered with dew, and like a delicate piece of lace strung with pearls, it sparkled in the morning sun. I sat inside a giant hollow tree and felt at peace with the world.

I hiked a trail along the seaside. It followed the cliffs, winding in and out of lush green forests filled with ferns and moss. Along

the way I found bushes laden with berries--blackberries, thimbleberries, salmonberries--all related but quite different in taste, texture, and color. Then I found the hidden beach strewn with driftwood and rocks of various sizes and shapes. I climbed along the rocks; they were rough from the weather and the relentless pounding surf, and I went up and down easily. On the way back I heard sea lions barking from their caves far below me. I could not see them for the deep forests, but their cries came loudly over the roar of the waves.

I stopped and sat in the sun atop a grassy knoll and looked out over the ocean. Surely this is the land of plenty! How the first people must have felt when they stood where I did and beheld this glorious sight. It was so beautiful! I thought of my good friends whom I love so much, and I wished I could share this moment with them.

"UCMC CLIMBING COURSE:
ANOTHER SUCCESS"
by Larry Bortner

To the 11 students who shivered before the cold wind at Eden Park on Oct. 23, it seemed more like acclimatization for an Arctic expedition instead of the rock climbing class offered every fall by the UCMC. But pushing away second thoughts, we stood and listened to instructions on the proper knots, tying a seat, belaying, and rappelling. Of course, everyone had a chance to practice these, but quickly, because it was getting colder and darker.

Early the next morning, we met in the front of Scioto and headed up to Clifton Gorge (In John Bryant State Park - Ed.). It was still below freezing by mid-morning, which made the first climbs harder than they ordinarily are, with the cold rock quickly numbing bare fingers and making it difficult to know if you've got a good handhold or not. But it finally warmed up and everybody got a chance to try Mail Slot, Chimney Crack, Mud Crack and Cocaine's Little Sister. Not to be outdone by the National Guard, training

(Continued on page 14)

ASK THE QUACK



"ABOUT SHOCK"
by Don Speller

"Rampart. This is Fifty-one. We have man that fell from a ladder. Victim appears to be going into shock."

"Fifty-one, give I.V. Ringers and transport as soon as possible."

As you see, the Quack has tuned in some old reruns of the show emergency. The term shock is used frequently on this show. But just what is shock anyway? To understand just how serious shock can be let's look at the circulation system.

In a normal person blood carries oxygen to cells of the body and removes carbon dioxide. But if the body is injured, such as a broken leg, a chain of events occur. The body's metabolism automatically slows down so valuable energy and oxygen will not be wasted on useless activities. This energy is used for the job of repairing the injury. However, when the body's metabolism is slowed, the tissues do not receive enough oxygen as they normally would. Since the tissues can't operate at this degree of oxygenization, the body compensates by slowing metabolism still further. If this chain reaction continues the result would be death.

But low oxygenization is only one problem. In some cases the vital organs, which need more oxygen in an injury, will

draw blood from less needed parts of the body such as arms, legs and skin. This is why pale skin is common in victims of shock. But the tissues with less blood produce waste products that are not carried away in the blood stream as they normally would be. The wastes increase until the tissues die. The body reacts by drawing fluid from the blood and places more strain on an already weakened system. This reaction of reduced oxygenization and increased waste build-up is generally termed shock.

Shock is caused by some form of circulation loss. Loss of blood through injury is one way. Therefore the first step in controlling shock is to control bleeding. This is primary to all other treatments for shock. To treat shock without controlling bleeding is like bailing a sinking boat without plugging the hole first. Then the treatment of all wounds is next. This will ease some of the burden on the body. Paramedics would give I.V. Ringers solution. This is a solution of electrolytes which would help to replace lost fluids and enable the circulation system to pump the remaining blood easier.

Shock can also be caused by dilation of the blood vessels. When the vessels dilate, as a reaction to fear or chemicals for instance, large

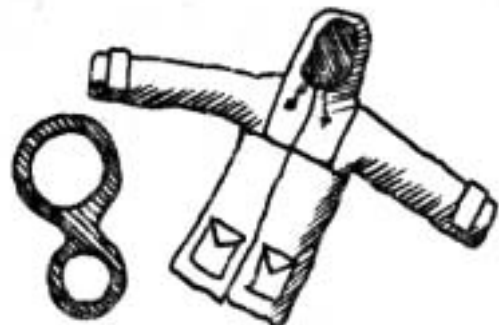
(Continued on page 8)



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"SUMMER CLOSE-OUT"
by Mark Hartinger

I had never taken my brother backpacking or caving, and rock climbing only once - an episode at Eden Park. How he could have lived with me all this time and not gone with me on any of these trips is unexplainable. But this time we gave it two months of planning. What started out to be a two-week trek through our western states fell to a one-week jaunt to the White Mtns. and finally dwindled to 5 days backpacking in Shenandoah National Park and rock climbing at Seneca. But that week in September could never have been more fun.

(To those graduates of club trip #1 to Shenandoah - we drove there in 9½ hours!) For the first time in his life, Paul shouldered a backpack (my classic Kispoko frame) and set out to spend time farther away from "civilisation" than he had ever been (camping). We

didn't choose an easy route, but the experience was rewarding for the both of us.

On Monday we descended 2300' down the Whiteoak Canyon Trail and climbed 800' up Berry Hollow to make camp beneath an old favorite - Old Pag. Deer literally walked within feet of us that afternoon. Overall, we saw more than 50 deer in the park over a 2-day period. On Tuesday morning we ascended Old Pag in time to witness a major storm forming on the Blue Ridge. We opted to hike out that day and used the Old Rag Fire Road to make quick our escape - a relentless uphill climb. Paul received a good education about trails that never seem to stop going up.

We used the rest of the day to hike Stony Man, drive a good portion of the Skyline Drive, and listen to a ranger program at Big Meadows, our camp area that night. By 4:00 P.M., the rains started falling. 12 hours later, they hadn't stopped. In fact, they didn't stop until about 7:30 the next morning, and fog replaced them. But the fog presented a most unusual backdrop for a most beautiful place. We didn't waste a minute, hiking parts of the AT, hiking down to waterfalls, and getting a close-up view of the Lumberlost Trail.

Wednesday afternoon we set out for Seneca to introduce Paul to lead climbing. We finished out a misty evening on Skyline Traverse.

In the morning, the sky clear, we were able to make spectacularly beautiful ascents into Gunsight Notch and up to South Peak - East. We were literally the only people on Seneca Rocks. Paul easily followed me up 5.3-5.4 routes. And in all the years teaching rock climbing, I've never had a quicker and more enthusiastic student. As we shivered in a cold breeze, snacking on M&M's up on the South Summit, I knew that that would not be the last time the name Paul Hartinger would appear on the register. But most of all I regretted that this time had been waiting all those years.

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GRUB CITY NEWS

"ERIC'S SAGA"
by Bob Kessler

God, it was dark. Terribly dark. Eric tilted his head slightly, an almost feeble attempt to increase the illumination of the rock. His candle flickered from even so slight a move. Eric's mind raced with confused options. His handholds were anything but secure--that was a known. A fall from here would be bad, killing him and dooming the remainder of the tattered caving party--those too were knowns. But, where to go from here, could he hold on, would the rocks above be any more stable or were they merely mud, and what would he do once he reached the high ledge?--these were the unknowns that brought terrifying paralysis.

Seconds. How long was a second to a caver hanging fifty feet above a rubble floor of breakdown? Eric's arm began to shake, first slight tremors of muscles protesting an un-natural strain, then serious convulsing from the abuse. Let go! screamed his muscles, Let Go! Eric now had no choice but to try a move; a move that would either inch him closer to freedom or kill him.....

It began innocently. With youthful vitality pumping through him, Eric rushed home Saturday after a full day of climbing at Clifton Gorge. With a quick shower and repacking binge, he was soon on the road again. He was going caving. Leaving from Scioto, the group of UCMC underground enthusiasts were planning on camping in south-central Kentucky tonight, and caving all day on Sunday--and Eric was already late.

Rushing into the lot, Eric discovered that the group hadn't left yet because the van they intended to use was also late. Eric relaxed and talked with the rest of the group. Bob and Dan were the leaders of this trip, but it was Dan who was now late. Sloppy, Eric noted silently. As an experienced caver, he knew it was important to be aware of the good and bad traits of one's fellow cavers--it could prove critical later.

Finally, Dan arrived and the group of

ten headed south. Eric brought his guitar and played precision requests as the miles passed, moving amongst the seats so all could hear. There were a couple of nice looking girls on this trip, he noted, and spent more time by them as he played.

Three hours later, the van bumped down an old railroad bed and turned sharply into the parking lot next to the Barn. The Barn was one of two structures maintained by the Miami Valley Grotto for overnight use by cavers. The other was the Fieldhouse, a remodeled chicken coup, surprisingly comfortable with gas heater and other modern conveniences.

After everyone was unloaded, Bob came running up from the fieldhouse, babbling that it was empty, and why not stay where it's warm. But once everyone was inside (straining its capacity past reasonable limits), some rather authoritative cavers returned and informed all that they had prior rights to the fieldhouse, and that the UCMC group would have to spend the night in the barn.

But then a local landowner--drunk beyond the point of reason--arrived, making it seem an unfriendly gesture to leave. And when he pulled out a derringer and "mockingly" pointed it at people, Eric knew enough was enough. With deft force, he managed to relieve the local of the gun and send him packing; all without insult to the local's inebriated sensitivity. The other cavers were so grateful to Eric that they gladly gave up the fieldhouse to the UCMC group. Bob and Dan were impressed.

The next day looked bad to Eric's trained eye: Heavy cloudcover threatened rain and flash flood in the cave. Against his better judgement, Eric allowed Bob and Dan to convince the group that their trip would be safe, and they entered the cave. After all, they were the leaders of this trip and knew the cave well. But still, Eric was especially careful to watch for trouble signs.

A couple hours into the trip the trouble began. After moving through a complex section of very low level cave, Bob and Dan became lost. Even Eric, who

(Continued on page 12)

"THE UCMC GETS SADDLESORE"

by Joanna Wright

Not everyone in the UCMC is content to conquer only mountains. A few of us have a lurking desire to conquer living things--like horses. Which is why, after resisting pressure to arrange a trail ride like the one that nearly killed us a few years ago, I finally broke down. This time we went to a stable at the Sugarcreek Reserve near Dayton, Ohio, which not only let us ride without a guide, but also let me bring my own horse, Seamus (an alumnus of the stable).

Leave it to me to plan an exciting trip. First, five of us arranged to meet in front of Scioto, only to find a parade in progress, which set us back 45 minutes. Then, we couldn't find Seamus, and when we did, we were an hour behind schedule. Luckily, we had allowed lots of extra time, so we arrived only a half-hour late. After we dis-suaded Seamus from a suicidal attempt to jump out of the wrong end of the trailer, we were hustled out onto the trail. Five minutes later, we noticed Sue Ann listing oddly, so we had to stop and adjust her stirrups. It took another ten minutes and a few makeshift switches to get all the horses moving again.

Once we had accepted the fact that loving kindness had no effect, and that even brutality didn't work on Cindy Shockley's horse, R2 (who was pretty brutal himself), we had a pleasant walk on some pretty trails. Naturally, the horses perked up on the way back to the barn, and even old R2 thought he was running the Derby. No one fell off, and no

horses keeled over, so ultimately the ride was a success. Marty even got to perform her famous whinney to an equine audience (Seamus was unimpressed).

(I'm still looking for the ultimate trail ride--no guide and good horses. Until I find it, I'll keep riding old Seamus--and smirking at the unfortunates on rented horses.

"...QUACK" (continued).

quantities of blood are removed from the main stream, thus reducing circulation. To prevent this, keep the victim warm. Do not induce sweating, so be sure to take into consideration the environment. Remove all wet clothing. Also, do not use artificial heating such as a hot water bottle because this will cause surface blood vessels to dilate. Do not give fluids to a shock victim regardless of their thirst. Instead, wet their lips with a wet towel.

Finally, position is very important. Since breathing is the only way the blood gets oxygen, the victim must be able to breathe as freely as possible. The best position for the victim is either flat on his back or on his back with the feet elevated about 10 to 12 inches. If breathing becomes difficult, place the victim in a semi-reclining position with head and torso slightly elevated and legs flat. Do not slant the entire body or breathing will become difficult.

Remember the Quack's rule of shock-- "Treat for shock in all major injuries, even if the victim appears not to need it. Act promptly."

Now if you will excuse me, I'll get back to my show.

"Ten-four, Rampart."

"Mud, mud, glorious mud
Nothing quite like it for cooling
the blood
So follow me, follow
Down to the hollow
And there we will wallow
In glorious mud"

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Trudgin'

THE SHELTOWEE TRACE TRAIL by Mark Hartinger

I could tell by the deep scratches and dried scabs on my painfully tight calves that our trip would never find itself in "50 Short Hikes in Kentucky." Nonetheless, I was deeply grateful to know our method was in a way unique, long-forgotten and overlooked by the masses of beaten trail followers, and was more in the manner of "exploring" an area than just hiking it.

Bob and Cindy Kessler had tucked away a few days of break time in their assortment of employments, and one way or another I found myself listening to the characteristic "Klink" of empty Mountain Dew bottles rolling against each other on the floor of Bob's car as we struck out on I-75 into the Rockcastle area of

southern Kentucky.

On a previous rafting trip Bob and I undertook down the Rockcastle we found the Sheltopee Trace Trail, and thus motivation was provided for this weekend jaunt that we were about to embark upon.

And so now, curiosity imploring us to seek more first-hand info on this trail, we parked the car on a gravel road intersecting it, and the three of us set out for three days on what promised to be a fine trail, enjoyable company, and perfect weather. Mother Nature had started her chore of slowly evoking the colorful contrasts in the myriad of trees, and reds, oranges, browns and yellows struck the chords of autumn. Our plan was to follow the Sheltopee, which should inevitably cross Cane Creek, and from there follow this waterway to the Rockcastle River, where we could hike out on trails more familiar. That afternoon we enjoyed a steady descent into the Cane Creek valley, periodically interrupted by puzzled references to our topo, which did not show the trail. Suddenly the trail routed us down steep cliff faces to Cane Creek, indicated by a wooden sign. I went briefly up the trail, where it crossed a small side stream. Another sign read, "Pounder Branch." For the first time since our episode in Uncompahgre, Bob and I had miscalculated our position - fortunately with better consequence this time.

Bob confirmed his hunch that the trail continued up the other side of the valley with a short hike, and so it was resolved that our only course to the Rockcastle was directly in the streambed, and that was not very promising. After a long supper break we took to the water, bouncing on available rocks and gravel bars, avoiding the precipitous and rhododendron dense shorelines. The deep pools and long jumps between rocks quickly put Cindy in her gym shoes, but I was not so lucky, having carefully made sure mine were safe and sound in the car, miles away. Darkness encroached quickly into the valley, but we continued until the "next bend" was utterly black and impossible to see.

(Continued on next page)

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SHELTOWEE TRACE TRAIL (Continued)

Surely God had seen fit to watch over us, for even though the cliffs towered 100' on either side of us, we randomly crawled up out of the streambed through heavy rhododendron (the nemesis of the bush-wacker) and within minutes found, only by weak flashlight beams, a perfect closed-in clearing to spend the night. (Sometime ask me about Bick Luck, Teela Brown and Pierson's puppeteers--editor) And so went day one.

Sunlight was slow in creeping into our niche, and so the next day started late. Boots were quickly shed in favor of gym shoes (I treaded carefully with naked feet), and Cane Creek twisted on. Stopping by one pool, we noticed some trout lazily swimming. Well, I had packed assorted fishing gear, and was quick to try my luck here. Before long, and much to Bob's surprise, I landed an 8" rainbow trout, which, along with two blue gill that Cindy hooked, was the only fish worth keeping.

I soon donned socks to hinder the

gradual wearing down of my bare feet, and they in turn soon illustrated the abrasiveness of the stream floor by developing large holes. The route was wearing heavily on all of us, I think, but was made more humorous by the sight I made. Wadding at times in water above my knees, slogging along in worn-out socks, holding a walking stick in my right hand and in my left trailed a rainbow trout, attached to a string, swimming along as if a pet out on a walk (later, the fish died, as expected, on overland travel and was promptly fried and eaten, and overall was quite good).

It was a long while before Bob discovered a jeep trail paralleling our course, and so we eagerly replaced our boots and set out for what turned out to be a worse fate. The brambles were thick. The jeep trail barely existed amongst decades of growth, and our legs bore the anguish of pain as we picked our way through the brush.

In due time more familiar areas were reached, lunch was enjoyed on warm, sunny rocks amidst Cane Creek, and the Rockcastle was soon reached. Although lower than I had ever seen it, its shoreline rocks still provided ample recreation as we skipped from rock to rock to rock and listened as the river wandered by. We camped right at the beginning of the narrows, enjoying a warm night and awaking to a light rain which ended before it had an opportunity to ruin anything. We hiked the few miles or so out the Rockcastle Narrows Trail, which we connected up with the Sheltoewee and finished out at the car. Chestnut Oaks had spread an ample supply on the trail to make collecting them seem worthwhile, so Cindy and I filled a box and a bag before returning home.

A good trip? No doubt about it. I finish this article with consideration of pain killers for the gouges I recieved falling in Cane Creek. But the pain lessens as I relive the friendship and scenery shared over the past few days.

(Editors note: For more information on this and other trails in the Daniel Boone National Forest, write to,

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

"Ecology teaches us that humankind is not the center of life on the planet. Ecology has taught us that the whole earth is part of our "body" and that we must learn to respect it as we respect ourselves. As we feel for ourselves, we must feel for all forms of life - the whales, the seals, the forests, the seas. The tremendous beauty of ecological thought is that it shows us a pathway back to an understanding and an appreciation of life itself - an understanding and appreciation that is imperative to that very way of life.

As with the whales and the seals, life must be saved by non-violent confrontations and by what the Quakers call "bearing witness." A person bearing witness must accept responsibility for being aware of an injustice. That person may then choose to do something or stand by, but he may not turn away in ignorance. The Greenpeace ethic is not only to personally bear witness to atrocities against life; it is to take direct action to prevent them. While action must be direct, it must also be non-violent. We must obstruct a wrong without offering personal violence to its perpetrators. Our greatest strength must be life itself, and the commitment to direct our own lives to protect others."

Whatever any of our personal feelings may be regarding the priorities of the lives of whales, seals, forests, or seas, we all, as human beings with the power to affect those lives and the knowledge to be aware of that, must accept the task to "bear witness" to whatever destruction of our earth, or any part thereof, that is carried out by our fellows. You may or may not believe that the needs of wilderness takes precedence over human needs & comforts, but we cannot accept the benefits of our society in ignorance of the costs at which they are reaped. And these benefits include the enjoyment of that very wilderness.

--AJ0

Dear GDG:

I found the article by Don Speller on the articles of a survival kit to be quite good and I agreed with all the information he related to the readers. However, I would like to add one more object to the survival kit which he neglected to mention in his article. That article is a one gallon ziplock bag.

I have found ziplocks to be of immeasurable aid many times. Of course, a portion of the space blanket could be used for some of the uses which I will discuss presently, but space blankets are notorious for ease of shredding which would not suffice for many uses listed below.

It is extremely difficult to purify a small trickle of contaminated water with Halazone unless you have a container such as a water bottle or canteen. In a survival situation where you presumably have not taken any gear with you except your trusty survival kit, the ziplock makes an excellent container. A one gallon ziplock can be easily folded into a small wad in the kit and is quite rugged. It can be used for aiding in the collecting purifying, and transporting of water back to your shelter.

The ziplocks can also be used to protect the contents of the kit from moisture and dirt, and can be used to store dry twigs and other fire starting materials.

Ziplocks have a very important use in the prevention of frostbite of the hands and feet. They can be used to create a vapor barrier system in emergency situations. By enclosing the feet or hands in ziplocks and then totally sealing off the bag around the wrist or ankle so that no vapor escapes, frostbite can be avoided. This system has worked successfully many times on Mt. McKinley.

Ziplocks have countless first aid uses. Sucking chest wounds, hyperventilation, vessels to save samples of blood or urine or avulsed body parts, makeshift ice or heat packs, monitoring fluid loss

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the shock of the fall.

Climbing ropes were made first from the hemp plant, then natural silk, then twisted nylon. Modern ropes are made of Perlon, a synthetic material close to nylon that combines both strength and elasticity. The ropes are constructed in two parts - an exterior sheath, woven to resist cuts and abrasion, and an inner core made of thousands of braided filaments that run the length of the rope.

Edelrid of West Germany, the world's leading climbing rope manufacturer, weaves its rope cores with 50,400 threads, each with a diameter of 1/100,000 of an inch. There are more than 2,500 miles of Perlon thread in a standard 165-foot climbing rope with a diameter of a little less than half an inch. This microscopic distribution of impact is the key to the climbing rope's lifesaving strength and resiliency.

The most exotic development in rope technology is the "talking rope" with a built-in, battery-powered intercom. The communication line is coiled through the interior of the rope and stretches out with the impact of a fall. Talking ropes are especially useful in high winds, inside rock chimneys, and next to thundering waterfalls.

Modern rock climbing shoes look and perform more like ballet slippers than mountain boots. They are tight fitting for extra leverage and control. The toes of the shoes are narrow and tapered for slotting into inch-wide cracks. The sole is smooth and pliable and resists slipping on climbing surfaces that may consist of nothing more than a few hundredths of an inch of crystalline bumps on a slab of granite.

The composition of the sole is the key to modern rock climbing technique. While most shoe manufacturers spend research money to find ways to harden the rubber, climbing shoe manufacturers have been trying to find ways to soften sole rubber. By juggling the recipe for compounding rubber, they've almost made it sticky.

A few European rubber makers dominate the market and zealously guard their high friction recipes. The profit margin is huge, and the turnover rapid - sticky-soled climbing shoes wear out with about a month of daily use. An average pair retails for \$80 to \$100. Not that there is much of an

alternative. To climb the severe routes that were unthinkable 30 years ago but are well-travelled now, even the best climbers could not get off the ground without their high friction shoes.

"ERIC'S SAGA (Continued)

was trying to be observant, couldn't figure it out. Then, came the noise. First almost too slight to notice, then louder --much louder.

Eric went to a lower area for a look. A swirling mass of muddy water was filling the area. He ran back to warn the others. He found them grouped in terror. Bob and Dan had also been checking a lower lead when the water roared in. The passage they'd been in was now underwater. Eric realised instantly that they were gone. (Careless, he thought). He also knew that they'd all be killed if they didn't get to high ground--QUICK!

He ordered them up a pile of breakdown into a large room. The others panicked. They clamored up the rocks without discretion, many losing their helmets and lights in the process. By the time they were at a high point, only three had their lights: Eric, with his carbide, and two electricians.

It soon became clear that they were not high enough. The water was still rising. Eric spied a ledge sixty feet above him; sixty feet of vertical, muddy, unstable rock. But he knew he was the only one who could do it. Luckily, he had insisted on bringing a rope and he still had it securely in his pack--a caver can never be too careful.

On his first attempt, Eric fell from ten feet, knocking his helmet off and breaking the carbide lantern. The two electric cavers irrationally refused to give up their lights, fearing the dark. Eric was forced to stick a candle to the lip of his helmet, and try the climb again. This time he could not fail: the water was closing in.....

Eric's muscles screamed. Pain shot through his body, deafening the muddy abyss below. The ledge, it seemed so close. He had to move his arm--NOW!

Reaching with a quick stab, Eric grasped a rock above his head. It seemed firm.

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Environmentally Speaking

GENERAL RULES TO LIVE BY

From "Everyman's Guide to Ecological Living," by Greg Cailliet, Paulette Stzer, and Milton Love.

1. Be constantly aware of the interdependence of Man and Nature. Everything we do has an effect somewhere. Be alert to the ultimate fate of the items you use. Before using, ask "What will it do to the state of the environment?"

2. Use only those materials essential to your existence. Eliminate the "I want" philosophy of life. "Eat to live, don't live to eat." Fight needless consumption; purchase only items you really need.

3. Buy durable items, avoiding those designed for obsolescence. Make what you can, bake what you can, grow what you can. Avoid take what you can.

4. Seek to recycle anything you "consume." Reuse products rather than discard them. Donate things that others can use.

5. Support any action or inaction that tends to alleviate the problems facing our Earth. Vote, write letters, petition, boycott, testify.

6. Oppose the social myths of Growth, Progress and Development. There is nothing inevitable about "progress." Natural beauty and open spaces are the common heritage of all life and should be protected.

7. Set a good example yourself in your lifestyle awareness, waste, consumption, and communication with others. Nothing is going to change unless we are willing to live it ourselves!

METZENBAUM SPEAKS ON THE ENVIRONMENT by Marty Huseman

On November 13, 1981, Senator Howard Metzenbaum spoke to 110 people at the Museum of Natural History in Cincinnati. As Lynn Frock of the Sierra Club introduced him, he told the audience that Metzenbaum was one of only 12 senators that opposed

the appointment of James Watt as Secretary of the Interior. Metzenbaum began by stating that there is a new game in Washington: "Trick or Threat." "If you don't vote our way, we will crush you." According to Metzenbaum, those senators who are not owned by the oil and utility companies run the risk of being defeated if they are steadfast supporters of the environment.

Metzenbaum believes that regulation is the crux of the problem. Normally, laws are difficult to change, but the way they are enforced can lead to results that were never intended when the laws were passed. What good are laws if there is no power or desire to enforce them?

METZ. ON THE ENVIRONMENT:

"Things are not going well...they're going to get worse."

METZ. ON JAMES WATT:

"He thinks strip mining is scenic."

METZ. ON LARGE CORPORATIONS:

"Large corporations aren't going to pay any taxes anymore."

Metzenbaum predicts that oil companies will support a Republican politician to undermine him in the next election. This was likened to the defeat of the Ohio Bottle Bill a few years ago when the media was blitzed by an expensive campaign supported by the soft drink industry. He asked for the support of the people of Ohio, particularly those concerned with the state of environmental affairs. "If I lose at least I'll have my conscience after the election is over!"

METZ. TO CONCERNED GROUPS & INDIVIDUALS:

"Do what you can do...it's a time to be involved and alert."

He suggested the Sierra Club could buy a full page ad in the Washington Post and broadcast the fact that in a recent poll, 68% of the American People said

(Continued on next page)

"CLIMBING COURSE" (Continued)

alongside us, we also did a rappel of one of the highest points.

That evening, four students had to return to Cincinnati (Notice I did not say, "wimp out;" them's fightin' words in the UCMC), but the rest of us, along with head instructor Steve Kramrech and Dan Driver-of-the-Beast Lynch, spent the night at the campground at John Bryant. The campfire was welcome, although a bit hot (I have slightly melted running shoes to prove it) and hot spiced wine really hit the spot. A few hours after sunset, the four who had left returned to drop off Fletch; they had been drinking beer at Ra-Ma's.

We got up late Sunday morning (even with the extra hour from the time change), and hiked along the Little Miami up to the climbing area. We climbed for several hours and learned how to ascend a rope with prussic knots if we really got tired of climbing.

The instruction from Steve, Fletch, Bill, and Dave, although a bit terse at times ("Up!") was superb. Out of those who took the course, the club has gained several solid new members and avid climbers.

LETTERS...(Continued)

through vomiting or diarrhea etc., etc., all utilize ziplocks.

I highly recommend carrying two one-gallon ziplocks in all survival kits. The weight is almost immeasurable and the benefits are great.

The original Quack,
Rick Forrester

Dear GDG:

While reviewing a recent issue of The Lancet, a British medical journal, I came across an article in the miscellaneous section which I found most disturbing. The article (reproduced below) describes a researcher who has apparently "flipped out." I know from personal experience the danger of becoming too emotionally involved in one's research. My own thesis, "Mating Calls of Certain Bears," was a total failure to say the least.

In any case, I have a recurring suspi-

cion that I know this researcher or at least I have seen the results of his work. I appeal to you, my loyal comrades, to help me seek out this unfortunate fellow and stop him before he does his deadly deed. If any of you, my brave and trusted companions, might know where I have seen this fellow please tell me. I believe that together we of BARE can set this poor creature on the road to recovery.

Always,
RAVER

P.S. I reproduce the article herewithin.
To: All Research Personnel in the UK & US
From: Home Office; Gasglow Station for Kamikaze research.

Gentlemen,

It seems one of our lesser chaps has gone a bit Daft. Binary Jim, whose thesis title was "Leaping From the High Peaks" has disappeared from the laboratory. Apparently the poor chap has become so obsessed with proving his point he has been driven to the point of madness. Informed sources report that he has traveled to some of the higher peaks of the American West with the intent to fling himself off. Naturally we are very concerned. Reports indicate he is traveling incognito with a group of harmless halfwits who are seeking an improbable specimen of foliage. The danger to this group, who are unaware of Jim's intentions, may be considered extreme.

Local authorities have provided the following description with hope of identifying Binary Jim. "The suspect may be identified by a red motley appearance about the chin, frequent popping of the ears, and a seemingly uncontrollable urge to yodel. It is also rumored that Jim verbally affronts elderly matrons from a transport window."

Anyone having contact with Binary Jim is instructed to contact the Home Office immediately.

METZEMBAUM (Continued)

they were concerned about the environment. He suggested that individuals exercise their right to vote and influence others to do the same. The senator invited concerned citizens to write to their reps and say: "We, the people care. What are you going to do?"

FROM THE COLUMBUS CHAPTER
by Rick Forrester

Greetings! The Columbus chapter has been extremely active these last few months with small trips almost every weekend. Birdwatching, hiking the Red River Gorge, Buckeye Trail rebuilding in Pike State Park, work at the red wolf sanctuary in Indiana, and practicing hanging belays at Eden Park in freezing weather have kept the Columbus chapter constantly moving in recent weeks.

With all the activity going on, sometimes you need to sit back and reflect on where our relationship with the environment is going. Over ninety percent of all land in Ohio has been altered by man, according to "Ohio's Natural Heritage" and I thought it might be interesting to relate portions of the "Ohio Endangered Plant Law" which the Columbus chapter has in its library.

I have taken the liberty of editing (deleting) several sections which are too long (1501:18-1-01, Definitions, 1501:18-1-03 and 04, the Endangered Species and the Threatened Species Lists). A copy of the entire law and the "Rare Species of Native Ohio Wild Plants" list can be obtained by writing the Division of Natural Areas and Preserves, Ohio Department of Natural Resources, Fountain Square, Columbus, Ohio 43224.

Administrative Rules for Ohio Revised Code Chapter 1513, "Ohio Endangered Plant Law." Adopted: July 1, 1980. Effective: July 14, 1980.

1501:18-1-02. DESIGNATION CRITERIA.

The following criteria shall be used for identifying and designating plants native to Ohio which are in danger of extirpation or which are threatened with becoming endangered.

(A) Endangered Species. A native Ohio plant species may be designated endangered if, based on its known status in Ohio, one or more of the following criteria applies:
(1) The species is a federally endangered species extant in Ohio.
(2) The natural populations of the

species in Ohio are limited to three or fewer sites, each of which is one square mile or less in area and is separated from each of the other sites by at least two linear miles.

(3) The distribution of the natural populations of the species is limited to a geographic area delineated by one or two United States Geological Survey 7.5 minute quadrangle maps. (4) The total number of plants in all natural populations of the species in Ohio is limited to one hundred or fewer individual, physically unconnected plants.

(B) Threatened Species. A native Ohio plant species may be designated threatened if, based on its known status in Ohio, one or more of the following criteria applies:

(1) The species is a federal threatened species extant in Ohio but not on the state endangered species list.

(2) The natural populations of the species in Ohio are limited to no less than four nor more than ten sites, each of which is one square mile or less in area and is separated from each of the other sites by at least two linear miles.

(3) The distribution of the natural populations of the species in Ohio is limited to a geographic area delineated by no less than three nor more than five United States Geological Survey 7.5 minute quadrangle maps.

(C) Rules 1501:18-1-03 and 1501:18-1-04 of the Administrative Code shall be amended at least biennially to add or delete to or from the endangered or threatened species lists as new data warrant.

1501:18-2-01. COMMERCIAL TAKING OF PLANTS. It shall be unlawful for any person to take native species of wild plants or parts thereof that are listed as endangered by rule 1501:18-1-03 of the Administrative Code, or threatened by rule 1501:18-1-04 of the Administrative Code, for commercial purposes from any woodlot, field, or forest, or from any other location in which such plant is found growing in its native habitat.

(continued next issue).

UC MOUNTAINCLIMBING CLUB FALL '81 ROSTER

Andrews, Fletcher III	861-3404	TRES.
Bailey, Tom	771-6063	
Bennett, John	621-7462	
Bodner, Tom	829-2797	
Bohn, Mary	475-5361	
Bortner, Larry	861-6818	
Bowyer, Dave	751-3693	
Bowyer, Mark	475-5460	
Bruegge, Bruce	367-6304	
Butler, Mary	531-6639	
Christenson, Dave	961-6235	
Cousins, Jeff	475-2538	
Crocket, Ken	351-7274	
Davis, Michael	522-6176	
Dermott, Terrence	621-6928	
Domingus, Brenda	861-3404	
Dorsey, Dave	N/A	
Dozier, Suzanne	961-6830	
Durkin, Jim	741-4720	
Gardner, David	281-9177	
Garner, Mary	961-0755	
Geers, Fred	931-0858	
Glimes, Nancy	421-2890	
Goldsmith, Gayle	751-6510	
Heldman, Cathy	961-9105	
Henderson, Gerard	721-3547	
Hodge, Kathy	751-8067	
Huseman, Marty	661-1666	
King, Glenn	475-5107	
Koetzle, Dave	871-2576	
Kramrech, Steve	559-1737	EQ. MAN.
Lynch, Dan	681-2962	PRES.
McDaniel, Sharon	522-7911	LIBR.
Meier, Webster Jr.	241-9926	
Messick, Lyla	385-1851	
Meyer, Anne	281-5516	
Miller, Allan	475-6372	
Mitchell, Amy	561-6416	
Norman, Amy	475-6347	
Patterson, Craig	861-3404	
Ragan, John	475-6060	
Reinhold, Dottie	242-7761	
Rolfes, Greg	481-0640	
Sarabia, Debbie	751-1570	
Sause, Eric	825-7766	
Schneider, Ray	531-3491	
Shisler, Judy	475-5958	
Stamper, Greg	475-5178	
Steuver, William	221-2735	
Sutliff, Daniel	475-6224	
Sweeney, Barb	861-4176	
Thompson, Pamela	221-0232	
Wallace, John	431-6004	
Warrington, Mary	561-7013	
Wingett, Paul	751-7389	
Workman, Sue	475-6632	V. PRES.
Wright, Joanna	381-0851	

HONORARY MEMBERS (in Cont.)

John/Roland Engebretsen	729-5763
Bob (Cindy) Kessler	984-2700
Matt Kluesner	769-5091
Bill Strachan	861-3404

UCMC ADVISOR

Percy "Doc" Dougherty	475-3421
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Note: If your name didn't appear here then you either haven't paid your dues, or haven't filled out a release form. See Fletcher Andrews and he will gladly return you to grace.

"ERIC'S SAGA" (Continued)

But...what was this?...A new pain now raced to his brain...It felt like--FIRE! With horror, Eric realized his candle was burning his arm. But his head was immobilized, jammed into a crack, and could not be moved. And if he let go....

Suddenly, his arm jerked in reflex, away from the rock. In the instant of a heartbeat, Eric was falling. And all he could think in those last precious moments was how tragic it was that his heroic efforts should fail, that no-one-----

-----"Hey, Erick, let Velinda play your guitar," someone said.

Eric started. The road hummed beneath him. A belch rumbled out of him, tribute to the fine pizza and bread sticks at Joe Baloney's.

"I'll, I'll play some," Eric generously offered.

"No thanks," Bob teased, "Velinda's much better and knows more songs than you. Why don't you go back to your dreams... Hey, now how big is that ten foot fall you took doing that foolish climb?"

"Uh, sixty...uh...feet."

"Jesus," Dan snorted, "Go back to sleep Eric."

Eric found himself dozing away. He could vaguely make out Bob and Dan discussing the fine weather, the nice dry cave trip, and the good company of another successful cave trip. But Eric, he couldn't be distracted by such trivialities--he was seventy feet up a sheer, slippery wall, fighting for his life.....