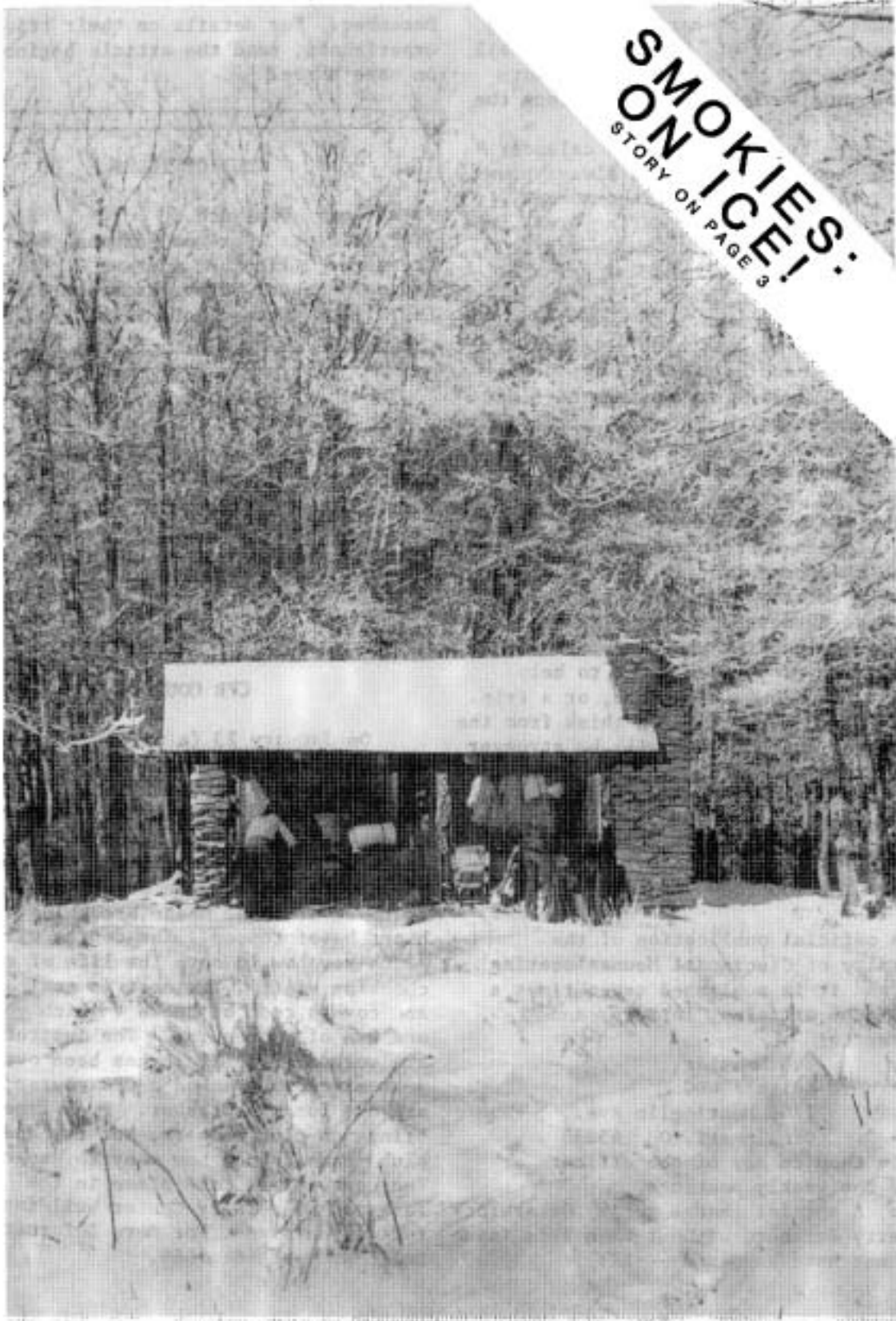


# THE GOOSE DOWN GAZETTE

THE OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CINCINNATI MOUNTAINEERING CLUB

Volume 4, Number 3

20 January 1982



**SMOKIES:  
ON ICE!**  
STORY ON PAGE 3

Well, it seems we're in the middle of the nippy season, but with friends in the UCMC, there are always warm times and exciting places to go. The winter break trip to the Smoky Mountains was successful thanks to genuine caring and sharing by those on the trip. We didn't make all goals on the map, but we made many more important goals with each other along the way.

Upcoming trips? Well, the calendar is on the back, and there is always room for variations and spur-of-the-moment ideas. Looking ahead to spring break, the Everglades trip is taking shape and it looks like we have a chance of going all the way to the West Coast in September-- more details to follow.

Leadership is something we always try to encourage, and believe me, it doesn't come easy. Leaders are neither born nor made; they evolve through commitment and plain hard work. There are plenty of opportunities to learn the ropes (no pun intended) on large and small club trips. The club officers are not the only ones who put together trips and do things like publish the Goosedown, it takes everyone to make a team. The club continues and progresses by developing new leaders. We are actively seeking your input, so don't be surprised if you are asked to help with the Goosedown, a lecture, or a trip. You will gain more than you think from the experience, and the club will be stronger because of you!

---Dan Lynch

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#### THE GOOSEDOWN GAZETTE

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

Bob Kessler  
Editor/ GDG  
7708 Monticello Ave.  
Cincinnati, OH 45236

or give them to any of the officers at one of the weekly meetings.

(Note: A special thanks to Amy Osterbrock and Larry Bortner, without whom this issue would not have happened---BK).

Any Norman took this idyllic shot of one of the shelters along the Appalachian Trail in the Smoky Mountains. Members of the UCMC stayed in shelters like these during their visit to the park in December. For details on their trip and experiences, read the article beginning on page three.

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#### CLUB OFFICERS

President:	Danlynch	681-2962
V.-President:	Suzanne Workman	861-3404
Treasurer:	Fletcher Andrews	861-3404
Equip. Manager:	Steve Kramrech	559-1737
Librarian:	Sharon McDaniels	522-7911

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#### MEETINGS

The UC Mountaineering Club meets on every Wednesday in room 607 Swift at 7PM. Discussions of past trips, plans for upcoming trips, and lectures on all aspects of the out-of-doors are normal fare. If any of this sounds intriguing, then check us out! Bring a friend.

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#### CPR COURSE

On January 23 (a Saturday), the UCMC will be offering a course in CPR-- Cardiopulmonary Resuscitation. Working in conjunction with the Red Cross, this course will last from about 9 AM to 4 PM. It is well worth your time. CPR teaches you how to restore the breathing and heartbeat of those whose breathing and heart have stopped. The course will also teach you how to save the life of a choking victim. The cost is nominal, \$5, and covers cost of books (which you keep) and use of mannequins. The instructors are volunteers. If it has been over a year since you've had a CPR course, you are due for a refresher. Feel free to bring non-club members, but try and let club leaders know how many to expect. The course will take place in the Tangeman University Center building; follow the signs. For more information, call Marty at 661-1666.

# trudging

"SMOKIES ON ICE"  
by Molly Reilly

It is always difficult when writing an anything to set the right tone and create a style that will in itself tell the tale. Should I write a funny article-humor abounded, or a sensitive article-sensitivity was surely there with us? Or do I write about the spirituality, comradeship, a lot of joy mixed with a little pain? Such was the UCMC's winter trip to the Smoky Mountain National Park. The recipe was easy: thirteen special people (note that they must each be totally different from the other), in a naturally beautiful setting, with lots of warmth equal to the amount of frost, and the spirit of Christmas. The result is a sort of magic enough for all.

The trip began on December 11, getting off to a usual late start. It is comforting to know that some things remain constant. We arrived in the park after a seven-hour and thankfully uneventful trip. The sky was clear and the temperature a cool fifteen. For many of the group members it was a first winter camping experience, for some a first experience camping, and for others just a new camping experience. With logic like this, how can we go wrong? After a first cold night at Elkmont and a bit of confusion and bum information (thanks Martha), the group split to 6 and 7 and we began the some 32-odd mile trip.

The first day of hiking set us on the Little River trail in search of campsite 23. Not far into the trail we encountered our first setback, a fallen bridge over what might in summer seem a delightful large stream. In winter however, a stream crossing such as this represents the threat of time, with sunset at 5:23, as well as the danger of wetness. A "splash" could at the worst be fatal and at best miserable. After forty-five minutes of searching, we decided to build a crossing of stones and branches. Thanks to much heaving of Dan and Greg and the innovativeness of Amy, the crossing was a success. But it was growing dark quickly and camp was nowhere in sight. Soon it was completely dark and we found ourselves teetering between a rock and a

wet spot far below. Finding a clear spot we decided to camp for the night. Who saw the blatant "No Camping" sign? Thank fully, no one. Day two I thought would be a breeze, only 4.4 miles to the top and half, we have all day. When reminded of this seemingly brazen day later, a snarl or perhaps a growl replaced any response. We climbed all day uphill, over 2000 feet. Surely Martha must have placed the signs herself. Finally we reached the Appalachian Trail, hung a right, and limped our way to the first humble shelter. What could be better than a dirty cage with a chain link bed? Absolutely nothing! That night the rains came and came and we feared for our comrades in tents not far behind. The dismal rains continued through the morning and we decided to go only a short way and wait for the others at the next shelter. Soon enough, Dave came bounding down the trail and we all moved together through a blizzard to Derricks Knob.

Travelling in this weather was difficult, in all its up and down, over ridges, but it was absolutely beautiful. Unfortunately, Marcy's already cold and wet feet were becoming increasingly more painful. That night all together in the shelter, we discussed our knowledge or lack thereof, about frostbite. We would decide in the morning if evacuation procedures were necessary. In the morning, much to our delight, the sun shone brightly through azure skies while drops of snow fell from the frost-heavy branches. Quickly, we learned the warming technique of Dave's group (UCMC Expeditionary Force Group B), a strange shoulder to shoulder hopping behavior while chanting Peat House (Moss).

Taking a good look at Marcy's toes, we decided that evacuation was indeed necessary. Suddenly, all the wilderness movies and lectures about giving up goals became a reality and the maturity and skills of the group were tested. Whereas usually the needs and desires of the entire group are highlighted, now the need of the individual was supreme. Dave  
(continued on page 4)



# GRUB CITY NEWS

## "THE GREAT SLOANS VALLEY CLEAN-UP"

by Bob Kessler

It's been many hours since the band of cavers have seen daylight. They've been exploring one of this country's largest cave systems, and are having a grand time. The areas they've been to have not been of the "tourist" route, sections most non-serious cavers wouldn't dream of trekking. But now the group decides to wind up their trip with a jaunt through a more heavily traveled section of the cave. The evidence of man's presence becomes more and more evident: arrows of every size and color, pointing every possible direction; dayglo spots of paint dot the rocks in the passages ahead; and worst of all, the scrawling of names on walls and formations becomes prolific. Too tired to do anything about the graffiti after such a long trip, one of the cavers comments to the others that they ought to come back sometime and try to remove some of the #@! on the walls. They all mumble agreement and trudge out the cave.

Years pass. The graffiti grows, and everytime that caver passes some, he reaffirms to himself--someday...

At one of the last UC Mountaineering Club meetings of 1981, John Wallace approaches me about a caving trip. Being one of the few cavers in the club willing to lead trips for novices (I'd rather see them learn to cave correctly, than to have them nurd-up my favorite habitats), I am a natural choice.

John has a group of Explorers he would like me to take caving. Some have been caving before, but most are novices. At first I wasn't too sure. It had been awhile since I'd been caving, and somehow a tourist run wasn't what I had in mind.

But then I remembered all those trips when I promised to return to clean off the obnoxious graffiti...

I accepted on the grounds that the Explorers must contribute some elbow grease and wire brushes, in exchange for my leading them on a trip. They wanted to go to Sloans Valley, and I couldn't think of a better cave for a clean-up trip.

We met on a frosty Saturday Morning in December in Northern Kentucky, and the group of 12 headed south. The 3½ hour drive south was uneventful and we arrived at the Post Office entrance about 9:30 a.m.

I wanted to take the group first down Post Office and through the Fountain of Youth, and then exit via Garbage Pit or Screaming Willie. I knew that the Fountain area was particularly irritating and so that was our main objective. We shuttled cars to the Fieldhouse and I signed us in and said hello to some groggy cavers strewn on the floor. We dropped by Crocket's and I talked to an even groggier Crocket, getting permission to leave a car at Garbage Pit.

Finally, back at Post Office, we were ready to go. Except that I then found out that all the Explorers had  
(Continued on next page)

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## - - - 1982 WINTER CAVING CLASS - - -

So it's cold outside and you've decided that you're going to put off your outdoor inclinations until the spring thaw, right? WRONG! Fun and frolic await you underground as the UC Mountaineering club offers its beginner caving class. Discover a world that changes very little with the seasons, averaging

a comfortable 55° year-round, yet offers a lifetime of fascinating adventure and discovery. We'll teach you what you need to cave, how to do it safely and with respect to nature, and even take you on an all day trip. Lecture and slides shown on Feb. 11, trip on Saturday, Feb. 13. Call Bob:984-2700; Dan:681-2962.

"forgotten " their wire brushes. Luckily, I had two and John had one, so we set off though I knew we now could not do as much as I had hoped. We also took along a spray bottle of coke to aid in the removal of the tough spots. It worked wonders on the stubborn spray paint (makes you wonder whats happening to your stomach).

Though my original intent was to remove all graffiti, John convinced me that key arrows should be left to facilitate exploration of the cave by beginners or those unfamiliar with a certain section. So we removed all the duplicate arrows as well as those appearing every ten feet in a one-way trunk.

We moved fairly rapidly to the Fountain-of-Youth, our main objective. There, on the walls above the fountain, we encountered our first room of massive graffiti. It looked like a formidable task, and it took quite a bit of prodding to get the Explorers psyched. But, once

(Continued on page 16)

"A GRAND ASCENT"  
by William Strachen

With the Heneurable Bill Briggs  
and the stars  
as our guiding light  
The approach started  
at midnight  
To reach the lower saddle  
by daybreak light

Gray granite  
crunching under feet  
We stay close together  
Walking in a rhythmic beat  
Cold dark clouds  
wisp oe'r head  
Cold wind stings  
my eye to tear

Pull on thick rope  
climb the headwall up  
Get some water  
crash out in the hut

A few hours later  
we awake and start the pace  
scanning the route  
on the black face  
In Goatfinger's hands  
we've got the ace  
Through good protection  
the rope is laced

Sharp black granite lips  
Hard layback and fingertips  
moves up the wall  
Glances down the precipice  
discourage a fall

Coarse stone palmed  
up easy friction  
unroped free climbing  
sharpened balanced attention

Exhilarating feelings  
close to the top  
Gleefully on to yon summit  
aye am to hop  
The Teton oh so Grand  
magnificent jut of rock !  
The horizon smiles with  
views for miles

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# ENVIRONMENTALLY SPEAKING

## "AIR POLLUTION"

by Suzanne Workman

The problems of air pollution, like many other issues environmental and otherwise, are not seriously considered until they become serious. But this is, after all, a relative consideration. To the rural resident the pollution flowing from a factory in a nearby town may represent a threat to his livelihood while the same amount of pollution in a highly industrialized area may be viewed as insignificant in relation to the much greater amounts present. In either case the same amount of pollution exists but will demand quite different levels of concern. The question remains that air pollution at any level may be affecting the existing balance of nature between competing living organisms or perhaps even causing changes in the climate and atmospheric conditions of the earth.

An article in National Geographic describes a problem caused by the smog from the Los Angeles area. Hydrocarbon exhaust emissions from the major freeways rise into the atmosphere where they are photochemically oxidized by sunlight into various oxides, including ozone. The ozone rises from the Los Angeles valley and because it inhibits the ability of plants to photosynthesize, it has begun to have a detrimental effect on the vegetation of the High Sierras. Since the plants, especially the large fir trees and the Ponderosa Pines, cannot photosynthesize at their previous rates, they do not use their elaborate root systems to the fullest. This causes their root systems to shrink and thus the trees become susceptible to wind damage. Although this may not seem to be a very serious problem, it has several serious implications. The first of these is that the old forests are dying off and the younger trees are not nearly as strong or large. Attempts to hybridize trees resistant to ozone

pollution are underway but cannot keep up with the current destructive processes. A second point is that only the trees are noticed due to their size, hence visibility. The number of other forms of vegetation similarly affected cannot be determined without extensive and expensive research. There are also other photochemical oxidants whose affects are even less well known. Examples of these are peroxyacyl nitrates, aldehydes, and other complex chemical compounds.

Besides the photochemical pollutants, there are carbon monoxide, nitrogen dioxide, and of current concern, sulfur dioxide which produces the phenomenon known as "acid rain." Suspended particulates are also of concern.

In London in 1952 atmospheric conditions resulting from a temperature inversion prevented natural ventilation of the air around the city. The condition lasted about five days and caused an increase in the pollution of about twenty times normal. By the time the inversion lifted 4,000 people had lost their lives as a result of the increased pollution. Such a catastrophe caused considerable concern and steps were taken to clean up the air over London. But the fact remains that it can happen. It has even happened here in Cincinnati. Several years ago there was a temperature inversion which affected many people in the Cincinnati area, although luckily for only a short period of time.

We, as concerned citizens, need to draw attention to the potential problems of air pollution and request action.

When writing letters to representatives regarding the Clean Air Act remember the following points. (continued on next page.)

**AAIR POLLUTION\* (Continued)**

Be sure to identify the issue: The Reauthorization of the Clean Air Act. Stick to one subject; be brief and concise. Write your own views in your own words. Write as a concerned citizen and not as a member of an organization. **ASK FOR SUPPORT OF A STRONG CLEAN AIR ACT.**

Willis D. Gradison (Dist. 1)  
1117 Longworth House Off. Bldg.  
Wash., D.C. 20515  
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Bob McEwen (Dist. 6)  
507 Cannon House Off. Bldg.  
Wash., D.C. 20515  
Locally call: 393-4223

Thomas N. Kindness (Dist. 8)  
2434 Rayburn House Off. Bldg.  
Wash., D.C. 20515  
Locally call: 895-5656

John Glenn (Sen.)  
204 Russell Sen. Off. Bldg.  
Wash., D.C. 20510  
Locally Call: 684-3265

Howard Metzenbaum (Sen.)  
347 Russell Sen. Off. Bldg.  
Wash., D.C. 20510  
Locally call: 684-3894

Thomas A. Luken (key vote)  
240 Cannon House Off. Bldg.  
Wash., D.C. 20515  
Locally call: 684-2723

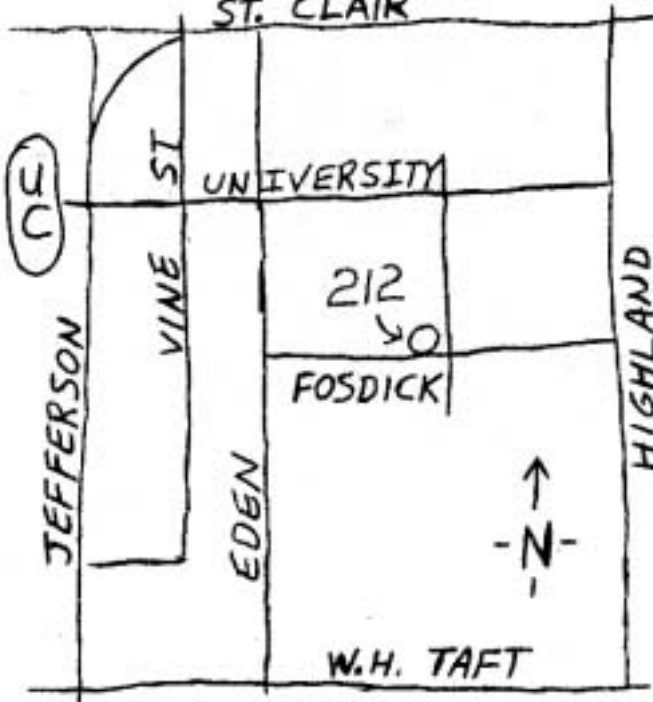
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HOUSE PARTY

Friday Jan. 29, 8:00 P.M.  
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Sarabia-McDaniel-Shockley of the UCMC, in collaboration with Rinehart, also of Apt. 2, and Jeff and Dale of Apt. 1, will on this evening turn the three floors of their beautiful Corryville residence into a riotous good time. Music and drinks will be provided (probably Little Killers). All invited to partake.

ST. CLAIR



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# CLUB'S VOICE

## "MOTIVATE"

by Fletch Andrews III

O.K., so it's winter, now what?

Look, just because it's cold and nasty out doesn't mean you can't get off your little fannies (that's plural for two buns)

I mean have you ever considered it like this: You live in a cabin in Vermont, you're starving because you haven't gotten off your ass to get supplies and all of a sudden you have the urge. What urge? The urge to unload! "God," you say, "it's colder than hell is hot out there!" (Cabins don't have warm bathrooms, let alone seats). Here you are in the midst of a nasty winter storm in Vermont, starving because you don't have any food and now you have to sh\*%!

Well for Christ's sake (and your own) get up, run out to that cold seat, plop down and do it! It's that easy.

"You know I never did look at it that way." The point is when you have to do something you do it. Just like when Bob Kessler calls and diplomatically asks if I have an article. I say yes and wait until ½ an hour before the meeting to dream up something and try and write it legibly, (it wasn't - ed.) asking everyone in the house how to spell this and that. (Thanks Craig, Sue, Brenda, and Zeke).

Look, what I'm saying is, I know it's cold and I know it's windy, but come on, let's motivate. Climb, Climb, Climb. Pack, Pack, Pack. Cave, Cave, Cave, etc. I encourage you all to do whatever it is you like or hate to do. Let's have Fun! Let's all make it to that imaginary out-house. Enjoy, Enjoy, Enjoy!

## THE EFFECT OF REAGONOMICS

by Dave Christenson

As with all branches of government these days, the Park Service is facing major funding cuts. Funding problems are especially acute in areas that are not highly visible to the public. In the area of environmental studies in particular, no new employees will be hired on a full-time permanent basis. Secretary of the Interior

Watt is now able to gut programs, such as acid rain impact studies, under the guise of budget cutting. However, many non-political employees of the Park Service are trying to minimize the impact of loss of funds through volunteer programs.

(No)manpower is needed to continue vital work and volunteer positions are available. Volunteers receive lodging and subsistence wages. They are not considered federal employees and are not subject to the current hiring freeze. Because of the cost effectiveness of the volunteer program, funding is not a problem and is expected to remain stable. If you think you might want to participate in this sort of thing, now is the time. For more inspiration and information, talk to Dave Christenson.

## A LETTER FROM BILL

Dear UCMC Members,

I want to share with you all that I had a very fine, action-packed journey out to California. First, when I went to pick up Chip (my next-door neighbor in Cleve. and my travelling companion), I caught some cross-country skiing in the Chagrin Valley. This proved to be a good warm-up outing. When we arrived in Denver, Hal Shaw and Chris Rathweg had already planned a rendezvous with the U.C. Ski Club at Keystone Ski Area. Soon five ex-UCMC members (including Bill and Leroy who live with Chris), Chip, and a girl from the Ski Club had formed a group and stood at the base of the mountain with downhill boards secured to our feet. A constant snowfall and a foot of powder soon found us racing down runs like the Flying Dutchman. After leaving Denver, Chip and I bivouaced under pines at high elevation in Vail Pass in the still-blowing snow-storm. The next morning we got up early and cross-country skied the two feet plus of powder in the Corral Creek Area. This was surely the fine Colorado skiing that you always hear about. Finally we

(continued next page) travelled

A LETTER FROM BILL (Continued)

out of the heavy snows and down to Bryce Canyon and Zion National Parks. I want to tell you that Zion has a lot to offer and ought to be considered for a future club trip. There is some really intense rock climbing there and also a lot of beautiful backcountry. I bought a trail guide that is excellent. Soon it was all over and we had travelled across the High Sierras to the coastal Santa Cruz mountains among the redwood rain forests where I am settled.

It was an odd feeling for me sitting at club meetings last quarter knowing that I had the intent of leaving you people all behind and moving here to California. The feeling of detachment and loss especially at my going away party was deeply heartfelt. Yet it put me in an interesting space from which to observe the club. I saw that we are really a very integrated group and I feel fulfillment knowing that many of my own ideals and visions for the club are going to be perpetuated far past my own presence. I also felt that even though sometimes our conflicts and problems seem a bummer at the moment they happen, we actually work through our situa-

tions with nature, bureaucracy, and people fairly efficiently.

Now I am with a group of people who claim that they are trying to reach a totally integrated group consciousness from which to change the world. We ourselves in the club also talk of and sometimes even manifest actions concerning these changes. From observing both groups now, I feel that I can safely say that the UCMC has a highly evolved group consciousness, maybe even a little more refined than Dr. Hillis' group, the people who are trying to feed the world with Spirulina. Take that to heart!

How can this be explained? I see it this way. The main catalyst for the club's transformation has been the club trips. Many times real survival situations have forced us to go beyond our ego differences to help others survive wilderness situations. It is wonderful to see that we have taken this consciousness of our obligation to serve others in need out of the wilderness and integrate it into our social, political, and spiritual lives. Through our get-togethers, letter writing, debating, petition signing, and dedication towards the Earth runs a common thread that we have gleaned from our experiences with the forces of nature.

In this way UCMC members are a very lucky group of people. The confrontation of the unknown and even sometimes life and death situations in the wilderness have forced the transformation to group consciousness. It is our fate in the confrontation of nature that is our quick teacher, guide, and prime mover. There is thus a very rare trust, friendship, and bond of love among us that is hard to attain or find in a group. Thus resistance must be contrived and people here have to study long and hard to realize something in their being that we might have gotten in one night of enduring a storm off the Atlantic, or in the Rockies, or in the Smokies. As Dr. Hillis would say, "Let us meditate on that ONE."

What it comes down to from my point of view is this. Both of the groups are striving towards the common goal of peace on Earth and with the Earth. And though Dr. Hillis' bunch has it together with the Spirulina ventures and has the potential to feed the world with it, there is something less than the spirit and the drive that the

(continued on page 18)

## Wilderness Trace



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# "FINALLY, CANADA!"

by Rick Forrester

From the trip journal...

"Friday, 12/18. Lowest temperature neg 8 degrees F. Can you believe that? I sure can. Both of my sleeping bags are coated with ice. Temperature at breakfast is neg 5 degrees. Our breath and body moisture has coated the inside of the tent with ice and opening the ice-covered zippers is fun. Sleep has been getting more and more difficult although dreams are more vivid."

That was an excerpt from notes taken on the sixth day of the winter backpacking trip Amy Osterbrock and I took to Algonquin Provincial Park in Ontario, Canada just before Christmas.

While most "normal" people head south during winter or stare zombie-like out of frozen windows at home, Amy and I decided to experience mountaineering in a unique manner. What we couldn't capture in vertical height--i.e. mountains, glaciers, etc--we made up for by traveling north in the dead of winter. North, the Arctic, the land of polar bears, seals, frozen tundra, and frozen feet.

Originally scheduled for the winter of 1979, it seemed that as the temperature dropped, so did the number of members who had signed up, and so the trip was cancelled. I wondered where the club mountaineers were.

Bound and determined to make the trip this year, myself and one other fool--I mean, mountaineer--Amy, packed up the Toyota and at 2:15 PM, December 12, headed due north. With us were four sleeping bags, snow shoes, recording thermometer, and 70 pounds of assorted winter gear. Where were the other mountaineers? Were they staring out of windows? Heading south?

At 6:20 PM, we left the United States behind and crossed into Windsor, Canada. Highway 401 flew by at 100 kilometers per hour, but the beauty of the scenery held us both in awe. Not one piece of trash was seen anywhere, no billboards along the highway, no sleazy interchanges. It's

(Continued on next page)



"FINALLY, CANADA!" (Continued)

amazing how beautiful the countryside is without man-made clutter.

Turning towards the Arctic in Toronto, HWY 11 took us into a frozen land, covered with at least a foot of snow. On HWY 60, at precisely 4:18 AM, Dec. 13, 1981, my three year goal came true as we passed the west gate of Algonquin Provincial Park. A herd of deer greeted us and briskly returned to the woods from whence they came.

Sitting in a jam-packed Toyota, there lay before us, 2935 squares miles of unspoiled Provincial Park. Being the oldest Park in Ontario and one of the largest in Canada, it is unlike parks in the lower 48 states. No roads scar or divide the interior of the park; only HWY 60 slants across the southern corner.

"10:30. Welcoming committee of Canadian gray jays floated down, out of a perfectly calm sky, a slow glide, and landed not two feet from my face on the trail head sign."

The Western Uplands Highland Hiking Trail, a 32 km loop trail seemed the perfect route for a six day winter backpacking experience. Having been uplifted when the last glacier retreated 10,000 years ago, it was a land of immense beauty, with coniferous forest, and precambrian landscape covered with a deep blanket of snow and ice.

I had intimate personal contact (my first mountaineering experience) when walking along a steep slope my foot slid off an ice-covered, hidden-under-the-snow boulder, and I went tumbling down the slope. Amy thought the experience was so rewarding she took a picture to commemorate the wonderful event.

With almost continuous snowing for the first three days, nature began her mountaineering, no-mercy teaching. Water is the giver and taker of life in winter. The same snow that gave us sparkling clear streams from which to drink, also melted into our layers of clothing. Wet clothing had to be dried by thermoregulating: Using layers of clothing which could be peeled away to maintain a constant body temperature, our bodies were not allowed to sweat; by placing our moist clothes next to our bodies to absorb heat, the water evapor-

ated, Pumped away from our bodies as we walked, replaced by cool dry air from the next layer. It worked damn well.

"Tuesday... I got stuck to my knees in a swampy area of trail--had to remove pack so Rick could drag me out. Felt like a swamped water buffalo..."

Unspeakable beauty surrounded us for six entire days. With not another human being to be seen or heard, our companions were the boreal chickadee, the three-toed woodpecker, the mouse, the deer, mouse and beaver. Rarely seen, they left fresh prints in the powdery snow every morning. The mouse tunnels in the snow, diving into snowbanks only to reemerge a few feet away. Rabbits left their telltail tracks of large paws in front of small paws; rabbits land with the hind legs in front so that quick starts are always possible.

With down bags inside of dacron bags, sleeping was generally warm enough in the frigid conditions, but uncomfortable due to hills and valleys formed by our own bodies melting the deep snow under the tent. With overnight lows below zero 3 of the 6 days, moisture froze on the inside of the tent, and touching the sides sent down a new snowfall inside which glistened and twinkled at us as our eyes and noses peered out of ice-encrusted bags.

Breakfasts and dinners of "A La Carte" meals with rice and hot chocolate to drink were gifts from heaven.

By the third day, we both accepted that our feet would be in severe pain for the first hour of walking. Complaining would serve no purpose except to distract us from the beaver-dammed lakes and moose tracks crossing frozen lakes.

Due to our slow progress up and down the snow-covered, rolling hills, we revised our schedule. Instead of doing the entire loop, we took a day of rest and backtracked out of the Park. That day provided us a campfire at Maggie Lake, warming both our souls as well as a lot of wet clothes.

Clear blue skies and occasional snowfall greeted us the last three days. But since there were no clouds to reflect the heat back to the earth, the

(Continued on page 18)

# Ask the Quack



## "ABOUT FROSTBITE"

by Don Speller

It seems amazing that the Quack could have written so many articles for the Goose Down Gazette without discussing frostbite. Since the weather outside is taking turns dropping below freezing it seems to be an appropriate time.

Frostbite is a reaction to exposure to cold. There are three degrees of frostbite. In the first, the skin becomes red and itchy. This is due to the blood vessels in the skin expanding to allow more blood into the skin. The blood carries body heat and will raise the temperature of the skin. This type of frostbite is common and easily remedied. Local heating, such as placing exposed area near the body, rewarms the effected part.

In the second degree, blisters form and the skin becomes pale. The extreme cold chills the tissue so much that circulation is impaired. In this case medical treatment is necessary. The blisters should never be opened or rubbed. The victim of this degree of frostbite will not be able to move the effected part much and usually has no pain. There is some dispute as to the treatment but my sources suggest not rewarming the effected part unless medical care can be given. I will explain the reason for this in a moment.

The third degree is the most extreme. The circulation is extremely impaired and blood and fluids seep back into the effected tissues causing color to turn deep purple or black. If untreated the area will become severely inflamed and painful. The blisters may rupture and cause ulcers. The tissues will eventually die and amputation will be necessary.

There are two main associated dangers of frostbite besides the freezing itself. The first is gangrene. This is the decay and death of tissue due to loss of circulation or by injury. The worst part of gangrene is that it invites severe infection. Since hands, feet, toes, and ears are susceptible to frostbite and are common places

for bacteria growth on the body, infection is almost inevitable. However, there are ways to slow the spread of infection and one way is chilling. Since the effected part is already frozen it is better to leave it this way until medical care can be given. If rewarmed, bacteria can spread unchecked and without proper medical care to stop it. This is one reason why second and third degree frostbite should not be rewarmed without medical care.

The second reason, and also the second associated danger is chilblains. This describes the congestion of veins by blood clots. These clots block circulation and increase the risk of gangrene. If the frozen part is rewarmed there is a risk of re-freezing thus causing further damage. Also there is a possibility that the clots will dislodge and become lodged in other parts of the body. Therefore it is better to leave a part frozen until medical care is given.

Avoiding frostbite is easy by simply having the appropriate clothing. Stay dry and warm and encourage circulation by massaging feet and hands (do not massage if already frostbitten). If these measures are taken there is no reason why frostbite should ruin outdoor enjoyment during winter months.

WIND CHILL TEMPERATURE CHART  
OF Temperature

		35	30	25	20	15	10	5	0	-5	-10	
		Wind Chill Temperature:										
0	35	30	25	20	15	10	5	0	-5	-10		
5	33	27	21	16	12	7	1	-6	-11	-15		
10	21	16	9	2	-2	-9	-15	-22	-27	-31		
15	16	11	1	-6	-11	-18	-25	-33	-40	-45		
20	12	3	-4	-9	-17	-24	-32	-40	-46	-52		
25	7	0	-7	-15	-22	-29	-37	-45	-52	-58		
30	5	-2	-11	-18	-26	-33	-41	-49	-56	-63		
35	3	-4	-13	-20	-27	-35	-43	-52	-60	-67		
40	1	-4	-15	-22	-29	-36	-45	-54	-62	-69		

NOTE: Wind speeds higher than 40 mph have little additional chilling effect

(Associated Press Chart)

## "WHAT'S A RED WOLF?"

by Amy Osterbrock

On a chilly Saturday morning in November, four members of the UCMC set out to find the answer to that very question. What did we find out? This particular UCMC'er learned a whole lot about digging post holes in shallow, limestone-ridden western Indianan soil, that she really could break rock with her bare hands (helped somewhat by an iron pole), rediscovered what a neat group of people you meet on Sierra Club outings, made the acquaintance of a very personable black vulture by the name of Igor, and had a face-to-face encounter with a sparrowhawk. What in the world does all this have to do with red wolves? Well, as it turns out, a whole lot.

The red wolf, Canis rufus, intermediate between the coyote and its larger cousin to the north, the grey wolf, is considered biologically extinct. This means that it no longer exists as a self-sustaining population of animals roaming free in the wild. So, there goes another black mark to the record of civilization, and another one bites the dust. Well, not quite. Within an hour's drive of Cincinnati, a facility is being developed with an aim to help set right a little bit of that very black record. Paul Strausser, who works at the Cincinnati Zoo, has a farm near Dillsboro, Indiana, where he plans to establish a red wolf preserve. His goals are to breed and study the behavior of these animals in order to determine a method of successfully reintroducing them into the wild. Currently housed on the site are three red wolf/coy-

ote hybrids, a young coyote, the aforementioned Igor, numerous birds of prey including three golden eagles (Paul also runs a raptor rehabilitation center), three big dogs, a herd of sheep, a bundle of kittens, and Paul, his wife, and two-year old daughter. The whole thing is for now totally supported by Paul, and it's many a road-kill that he and his friends have managed to find a use for. Neighbors help out - once they meet Igor they generally get turned on to the idea - even though they're all farmers and might be expected to regard with distrust anything to do with raising wolves and releasing hawks. But Paul believes that in getting to see these animals up close, still relatively wild and proud, such folks can learn to appreciate their magnificence and beauty, and see them as more than just a target to shoot at. So public education is just as important a part of the facility he's developing - which will include a visitor center, acres of large fenced enclosures with associated barns and encompassing diverse habitats, and research facilities such as a watchtower and sleeping quarters to enable researchers to maintain 24-hour vigils. And so on that fine Saturday in November a group of us took part in a Sierra Club work party, to try and help bring this goal a little closer to achievement. We spent the day digging the holes and erecting the posts for the pens. As soon as there are pens, Paul can get pups to raise. We all worked hard, but enjoyed the labor, good company, and the geel that we were doing something positive this time. So, when are we all going back?



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# More GRUB CITY NEWS

## THE SLOANS VALLEY FLOOD by Fred Anderson

All too often, those of us who consider ourselves to be experienced cavers take for granted our expertise and believe it to be a license to ignore some basic rules of safe caving. Although I think I'm a safe caver, there have been times when I have neglected to tell someone exactly where my group was going and when we could be expected to return. I have also (as embarrassed as I am to admit it) entered a floodable cave when rain was expected. Everytime I hear a flood story, I shudder to think "There, but for the grace of God, go I." The importance of cavers telling someone exactly where they will be caving and giving that person some time parameters was illustrated at Sloans Valley on the evening of Saturday, January 2nd.

(First, a little background: Sloans Valley Cave System is one of the largest caves in both the USA and the world. Located in south-central Kentucky, its 20+ miles attracts all grades of cavers, inexperienced "nurds" to dedicated professionals. Each of the many entrances has a name like, Garbage Pit, Minton Hollow, Post Office. Sections of the cave go by names such as Left Cave, Grand Central Spaghetti. The Miami Valley Grotto of the National Speleological Society maintains a fieldhouse, centrally located above the system).

Tony Hughes, Joe Morgan, and I had spent the afternoon touring Sloans from Minton Hollow to Garbage Pit, exiting the cave at 6:30. We could see by what little light was left in the sky that clouds were beginning to move in. It looked like rain,

Tony, Joe, and I returned to the fieldhouse at about 7:00 and proceeded to fix dinner. Terry Anderson, Brian Baker, Brian Hall, and Steve Mollett of the Bluegrass Grotto were already there.

Around 8:00, it started to rain---- first, just a sprinkle, and then a down-pour. Looking at the sign-out sheet, we saw that three cavers whom we knew to be

relatively inexperienced had entered Left Cave at 6:30 and were not expected out until 2 AM. Left Cave is a section of Sloans, connected to Minton Hollow, and is known to flood.

At first, we weren't too concerned because we realized that it would take a considerable rainfall to flood Left Cave, and it had not been raining very long. Surely, we thought, the rain would let up, but it did not. Instead, the volume of it seemed to increase. At 9:00, we glanced outside and noticed that the usually-dry streambed coming down the hill to the north of the Fieldhouse had become a raging river, overflowing its banks. A small pond had developed at the bottom of the hill leading up to the barn. We knew right away that if Left Cave had not yet flooded, it probably would very soon. It was time for action.

After a brief discussion, it was decided that Joe Morgan, Terry Anderson, Brian Baker, and Steve Mollett would hike to Left Cave and attempt to locate the three cavers inside and get them out before it was too late. One rescuer would stand guard near the entrance to monitor any influx of water. Neither Tony, Brian Hall, nor I were familiar enough with Left Cave to search for the others efficiently, so we agreed to wait at the Fieldhouse. If the four rescuers had not returned by midnight, we would take the necessary action. The search party jumped into a car and drove away through the pounding rain.

The next hour was a tense one as Tony, Brian and I sat in the Fieldhouse and watched the rain continue and the pool get deeper at the bottom of the hill. We all breathed a sigh of relief, however, when the search party returned, completely drenched from the half-mile round-trip hike through the rainy woods to Left Cave.

As it turned out, the cave had not yet begun to flood and the rescuers had quickly located the three cavers. Explaining that they were in possible danger, Joe Terry, Brian, and Steve had led the new cavers out of the cave, across a

(Continued on next page, Col #1)

## SLOANS VALLEY FLOOD (Continued)

quickly-flooding streambed outside the entrance, and through the woods to their car. The new cavers thanked their rescuers and drove away, probably not totally convinced that they had been in danger.

The rain continued throughout the night. The next morning, after it had stopped, Tony Hughes, Barb Shaeffer (who had arrived after the rescue), and I hiked to Minton Hollow. The streambed outside the entrance was still flowing deep (it is usually dry) and there was evidence in the cave that the water had risen fifteen feet during the night. The Duckunder, dry the day before, was now suspended shut, and there were streams flowing through parts of Minton I had never seen water before.

Some might wonder, "What's the point of the story? Nobody got trapped. Nobody drowned." Well, that is the point. If the three cavers who were rescued had not filled in the appropriate information on the sign-out sheet, we would not even have known that they were in the cave. Instead

of sending a search party to find them, we would have sat around drinking beer and talking, and three people might either have been trapped for several hours or worse.

Surely, this episode illustrated the importance of telling someone where you'll be and when you'll be out. It should also convince us all never to go caving in a floodable cave when rain is expected. Of course, there are a few of us who will probably never be convinced. I guess caving is something like cigarette-smoking: All the horror stories in the world will never convince some people of the hazards involved, and those people are the ones who will likely go to an early grave.

My New Year's resolution is to stringently obey the very safety rules that we try to instill in the minds of new cavers. After all, the main thing that sets us apart from "nurds" is our knowledge of safe caving procedures. If we don't exercise those procedures, then what good is our knowledge of them?

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## "SLOANS CLEAN-UP" (continued)

they got started, they became caught up in it and did a quick, thorough job. Soon the walls of the room were free of all arrows and names scrawled by unthinking cavers.

We did find that the wire brushes left scratches in the mud and rock, but decided that that was more acceptable than the graffiti which preceeded it. However, we also found that rubbing the area with a gloved hand effectively eliminated the lines. But that procedure soon wore out gloves, and we could not wipe out all the scratches (So next time you go through that section, take a minute and rub off some more before proceeding).

I was amazed at how much graffiti there was in the Fountain area. We were able to get most of it, but there is still a lot to do. Areas near Garbage Pit are equally as bad, but I could ask only so much of my group without inviting rebellion from overwork. So next time you go caving, take a wire brush and clean up your favorite section too--you'll be glad you took the time!

# Reconnaissance report

## "FROM THE COLUMBUS CHAPTER"

by Rick Forrester

Continued from the last issue of the GDG, 25 November, 1981, where certain portions of the "Ohio Endangered Plant Law" were highlighted.

1501:18-2-02. COLLECTING ENDANGERED AND THREATENED PLANTS. It shall be unlawful for any person to take, possess or transport for botanical, educational and scientific purposes, or for propagation in captivity to preserve the species, any native Ohio 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 without first obtaining a permit from the Chief of the division. Nothing in this rule shall prohibit the taking or possession of species listed on the "United States List of Endangered and Threatened Wildlife and Plants" for botanical, educational, or scientific purposes, or for propagation in captivity to preserve the species, under a permit or license from the United States or any instrumentality thereof.

### 1501:18-2-03. COLLECTING PERMITS.

(a) All persons requesting a permit for the taking, transporting, or possession of any native species of wild plants listed as endangered or threatened with statewide extirpation for botanical, educational, or scientific purposes, or for propagation in captivity to preserve the species, shall at the time of application for such permit provide the following information in writing to the Chief: (1) A program or project description with a clear statement of study objectives. (2) Justification of the study. (3) Project Location. (4) Duration of study. (5) Species and number of specimens to be collected or involved in the study. (6) Assurance that a final or annual report will be filed with the division, containing a clear statement of the final disposition of each individual specimen along with a copy of any published papers resulting from the study of these plants.

(B) A permit shall be valid for a

period not to exceed one year, but may be renewed at the discretion of the Chief.

(C) Persons failing to provide full information required in paragraph (A) of this rule to the satisfaction of the Chief shall be denied a permit.

(D) Failure to meet the requirements of the permit at the conclusion of the project shall be reason for the Chief not to issue future permits to the person failing to comply.

(E) A permit must be displayed upon demand to any law enforcement officer having jurisdiction.

### 1501:18-2-04. LEGALLY OBTAINED PLANTS.

Any nurseryman, dealer, or individual who has legally obtained any native species of wild plants listed as endangered or threatened in rules 1501:18-1-03 and 1501:18-1-04 of the Administrative Code from another state or commercial propagator shall provide proof upon demand that said plants were legally acquired.

1501:18-2-05. EXCEPTIONS. Nothing herein shall be interpreted in such a manner as to prevent any nurseryman or dealer who is licensed under Chapter 927. of the Revised code from selling, offering for sale, shipping, or otherwise disposing of any endangered or threatened species of plants or parts thereof when such plants have been commercially grown by a licensed nursery or legally imported into this state. Furthermore, nothing herein shall prohibit a person from willfully rooting up, injuring, destroying, removing, taking, or possessing any endangered or threatened plant from his property or from the property of another when said person has written permission of the owner, lessee, or other person entitled to possession.

\*\*\*\*

"Endangered or threatened" plants are protected from individual greed and ignorance only when they are growing on public land. This is unfortunate for any plant on the Ohio rare species list. Will the compass-plant, yellow fringed orchid, or American Gensing plants survive? Man can destroy in seconds what took nature a million years to produce.

"FINALLY, CANADA!" (Continued)

days were much colder. But we didn't care because we were becoming much more adept at winter mountaineering. Fear of freezing to death, fear of frostbite and hypothermia were gone, and only knowledge and nature remained.

The last journal entry...

"Why is it we so lack the ability to appreciate the natural wonders provided us, that we must instead bury ourselves in mountains of junk of our own devising? I guess we don't really want to admit the existence of grandeurs and glories so much larger and finer than our own mechanisms."

For Algonquin Park information, write:  
Park Superintendent  
Algonquin Provincial Park  
Ministry of Natural Resources  
Whitney, Ontario KOJ 2M0.

Park highly recommended for hiking, xc-skiing, and also offers 1500 km of canoe routes. There is a ban on bottles and cans in effect year round, and numbers of people permitted camping is controlled.

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A LETTER FROM BILL (Continued)

UCMC has. It is those intense experiences of nature that are lacking. The ones that have brought us so close. The experiences of natural beauty which drive us to want to save the Earth from the destruction being wrought by the development of the glamorous, throw-away, Hollywood consciousness, that doesn't care, that doesn't give a damn.

I intuit then that the fate of our world lies in our hands, in the merging of the club's consciousness with the group here and with other groups whom share these ideals. The storm that is forcing us all now is the brewing political upheavels running throughout the lands from the ominous cloud of global conflict and destruction. All of like mind must pull together now quickly to assure world survival, just as we have pulled together in our group for the good of the whole.

I ask then for your continued

support in my venture by eating Spirulina and telling others of our mission to feed the starving, by going over rules of Creative Conflict at meetings and putting them into action to validate Dr. Hill's work, and finally by supporting life at 444 Dixmyth, the Pyramid Foursquare, the dynamic World Peace Center from which peace will radiate for the foundation of a New Age. By poplar tree Truth! I am anxious for that time when some of you start to trickle out here to visit and bring your survival-with-style consciousness to this group. I have a nice, wood heated cabin by the creek with plenty of floor room for Goose Downs. (Warning: the Geologic General has determined that the San Andreas fault runs directly underneath my cabin and may be hazardous to your health.) I will be returning to Cinti for a short time in April and I am looking forward to seeing you all then. Until that time, Take Thee Cares not to Californicate our wonderous Earth.

Love

&

Pak in Terra,  
Bill Strachan

---

FROM THE EDITOR

If you are reading this then I guess we've gotten Number 3 out on time. It hasn't been easy. As with any endeavor, after the initial burst of enthusiasm comes a lull. The crowds that used to show up at staff meetings has become two or three people, the deluge of articles has become a teeth-pulling operation. All in all it can be pretty depressing to the few people who do put out for the GDG.

I don't think members of the club would want the GDG to go under, but something needs to change--fast. I know that there are enough trips happening out there to fill a dozen GDGs a quarter. I know you the reader has very interesting and enlightening things to say to us all. So why don't you write? It isn't that hard to take an hour and write a trip report, give your views on the environment, politics, compose a short story or poem.

Also, there's got to be more people out there who can help type for the GDG, help get ads, and just be there when needed. Well?

---BK

# the GOOSE DOWN GOURMET

## "WINTER WARM-UPS"

Winter backpacking and other cold weather activities impose their own restrictions on menu planning. Top on my list of considerations are warmth and quick preparation. Unless you like doing jumping jacks while fixing dinner, you will cool down real fast while waiting for it to cook. The added expense of freeze-dried or ala-carte meals may well be considered worth trading for a warm meal ready in 10 minutes. In those 10 minutes, warm drinks can be a godsend. Plan to take a lot of drink mixes and use them - winter hiking in full gear you lose a lot of fluids to sweat, and a little dehydration can reduce appetite when taking in extra calories is essential. Quick, no-fuss breakfasts are appealing after crawling out of a warm sleeping bag into the cold, but make sure that they are nourishing enough to carry you through the morning's hike.

### BEER STEW

(or how to make freeze-dried meals edible)

Mountain House Freeze-Dried Beef Stew  
4 oz beer  
lemonade

Prepare stew according to package directions. Add beer, mix. Sprinkle with lemonade crystals.

-David Weber

### ALA-CARTE

Expensive but worth it, and equally tasty for breakfast or dinner. Served with minute rice, the foil package can be thrown in with the rice to cook, and when all is done just mix the rice in the ala-carte package to serve, and save a messy clean-up. I would recommend the following entrees highly: creamed chicken, beef stew, or beef stroganoff. Try the others at your own risk, and let me know the results. One or two a trip may be the most you can afford to take (expect to spend \$1.50 to \$1.80 per serving on these) so save them for the most miserable days.

-GDg

## COFFEE MOCHA

Instant hot chocolate  
Instant coffee

Mix  $\frac{1}{2}$  packet chocolate mix with coffee. Coffee made at normal strength.

-Chris Nordloh

N.B. If you have a flare for the gourmet, and a taste for it, you might also try adding cinnamon to the mix, and, if you can manage to swipe some of those little containers from a restaurant before the trip, also a little half & half. After all, you need all those calories to keep you warm, right?

-GDg

## FRUIT TEA

1 cup Tang  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup instant tea  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sugar  
1 small envelope Wyler's lemonade  
1 teaspoon ground clove  
1 tablespoon cinnamon

Mix thoroughly in quart container. Can be stored in gerry tubes on trips. Use 2 heaping teaspoons per cup hot water.

-GDg

## BREAKFASTS

1 cup apple juice  
1 cup familia  
1 banana

(Mix together or eat separately, as your own preferences dictate)

Ralston or Cream of Wheat  
chocolate or honey

Fix cereal as directed on package and melt in chocolate or honey.

-Craig Patterson

N.B. If you're after protein as well as energy, you can also try mixing in some of your gorp - I'm a purist and go for straight peanuts and raisins, but fancier mixtures will work as well.

-GDg



# UC MOUNTAINEERING CLUB

# WINTER CALENDAR

	M	T	WEDNESDAY	TH	F	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
JAN	4	5	6 <u>MEETING</u> 607 Swift 7:00 pm Slides, Colorado Grand Canyon	7	8	9 <u>Climbing</u> Clifton Gorge OH	10
	11 Cave Club 701 Swift 7:30	12	13 <u>MEETING</u> 607 Swift 7:00 pm Lecture Mountain Rescue Dave C	14	15	16 <u>Backpacking</u> Red River Gorge KY	17 Dave C 961-6235 20 Skiing Dave B751369
	18	19	20 <u>MEETING</u> 607 Swift 7:00 pm <u>OPEN HOUSE</u> Trip Slides Dan	21	22	23 <u>CPR CLASS</u> 607 9 am Marty 661-1666 <u>Backpacking</u> Red River Gorge KY Dave B 751-3693	24
	25 Cave Club 701 Swift	26	27 <u>MEETING</u> 607 Swift 7:00 pm Movie, TBA	28	29	30 <u>Backpacking</u> Smokey Mts Natl	31 Park Lary B 861-6818
FEB	1	2	3 <u>MEETING</u> 607 Swift 7:00 pm Lecture Winter Equipment Mcke D	4	5	6 <u>Caving</u> Instructors Class Bob 984-2700	7 <u>Skiing</u> Mad River OH Dan 681-2962
	8 Cave Club 701 Swift	9	10 <u>MEETING</u> 607 Swift 7:00 pm Slides, Club Trips Marty	11	12	13 <u>CAVING CLASS</u> Pine Hill Cave KY leave UC 7 am	14 TBA
	15	16	17 <u>MEETING</u> 607 Swift 7:00 pm Video/Movie Nite 461 Lib Bob & Dan	18	19	20 <u>Caving</u> Sloans Valley KY Dan 681-2962	21
	22	23	24 <u>MEETING</u> 607 Swift 7:00 pm Lecture Search & Rescue Marty	25	26	27 <u>Lead Climbing Class</u> Fletcher 861-3404	28
MAR	1	2	3 <u>MEETING</u> 607 Swift 7:00 pm Lecture Tri State Air Com Marty	4	5	6 <u>First Aid Class</u> Multimedia 607 Swift John W 431-6004	7
	8	9	10 <u>MEETING</u> 607 Swift 7:00 pm Lecture/Slides PacificTrail	11	12	13 <u>Exams Start Monday</u> Don't panic,	14 just forget about sleep
			Spring Break Trips *****				
			March 19-28 <u>Canoeing</u> Everglades FL		Bob 984-2700	Dan 681-2962	
			<u>Climbing</u> Table Rock NC		Fletcher 861-3404		

INFORMATION  
\*\*\*\*\*

MEETINGS are free and open to the public. You need not be a student to join.  
All meetings are in 607 Swift Hall. Our bulletin board is next to  
Mc Donalds in TUC. Bring a friend. See you there !!!  
Dan 681-2962 Sus 861-3404 Fletcher 861-3404 Steve 559-1737