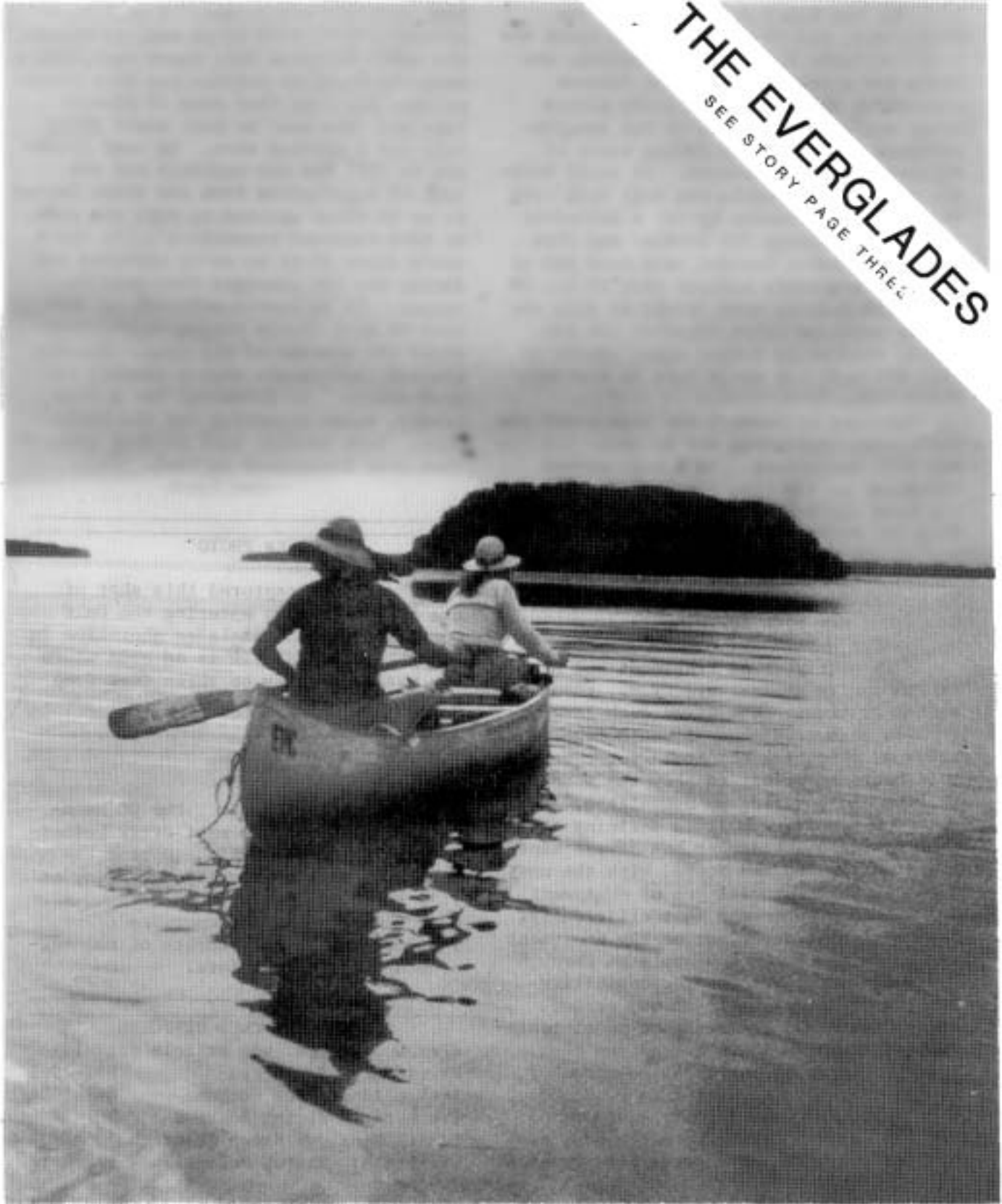


THE GOOSE DOWN GAZETTE

THE OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CINCINNATI MOUNTAINEERING CLUB
VOLUME 4 ISSUE 5

28 APRIL 1962

THE EVERGLADES
SEE STORY PAGE THREE



A MESSAGE FROM THE PRESIDENT

Spring Break took more people on more trips to more places than ever before. The equipment lockers were almost bare! Everyone seems to have recovered from sun-burn and bug bites encountered in the Everglades, and the climbers who spent the break at Table Rock, North Carolina, are ready for a return trip. The lessons learned on these extended trips always bring out the importance of our interdependence on each other during times of wilderness-induced stress. It would benefit many of the people who only deal with the urban environment to try a different type of challenge for awhile, and then take the lessons learned back home and to work. I sincerely believe that if the 10 top world leaders were forced to take one of our extended trips together for two weeks, they would forget about trying to kill off half the world just to dominate whats left.

Speaking of leaders who have sttd the test, congradulations are in order for the new UCMC executives. In a well earned assention to the top, Fletcher Andrews has been elected President. His coming up thru the ranks will serve him well in coping with the intricacies if the UC regulations and the budget. Tom Bailey as Vice-President and Brenda Domingus as Treasurer are both emerging leaders who will serve well.

This past year as President and my previous term as Treasurer/V.P., though trying at times, have given much larger rewards than setbacks. I would like to thank my executive committee for the untold hours of effort to keep the wheels rolling and covering my oversights. Sue played a formitive roll in defining the V.P. position. Fletcher has always kept the cash flowing and Steve, with the most thank-less but crucial job of equipment manager, has performed most efficiently. We are totallt dependent on the equipment we use to protect and propell us through the wilderness, yet the responsibility for the equipment falls on one person. Steve has joined the ranks of model equipment managers who have served the club. The other crucial but least seen member of the executive committee is P. H. "Doc" Dougherty, Phd, our faculty advisor and mentor. He has by far been the best club advisor ever, and an unparalleled example

of what a university professor should be. My earnest thanks goes to all. I'm sure the lessons and experiences here will serve me well for the rest of my life.

The new leaders need the support you have given me and encouragement, along with the criticisms. I will be around to help with trips and, of course, the van. Everyone says every year, let's make the meetings shorter and more interesting, but then they come 15 minutes late and then want to talk about their trip for 5 minutes more. We need speakers to fill out our meetings and the lack of suggestions from the floor leaves it up to those elected to fill the gaps. We have improved tremendously in the 4 years since 20 or so co-op students met during the two quarters they were on campus. It is your commitment as members to make change happen which determines the success of the club. The old elected leaders are only a channel for your energy. So volunteer for a trip leader, write something for the Goose Down. Your rewards will be much greater than your investment in time.

--Dan Lynch

COVER PHOTO

Dan Lynch captured this shot of one of five canoes entering the Gulf Coast along the Everglades shoreline in southern Florida. It is an area where the water may only be three feet deep a mile from the shore.

MEETINGS

During Spring Qtr., the UC Mountaineering Club will meet every Wednesday at 7PM in 607 Swift. During the summer we will meet every Wednesday at 7:30 PM in 605 Swift. Discussions of past trips, plans for upcoming trips, and lectures on all aspects of the out-of-doors are normal fare.

SPRING QTR. CLUB OFFICERS

(For Summer Qtr. see article page 18)

President:	Dan Lynch	681-2962
V.-President:	Sue Workman	861-3404
Treasurer:	Fletch Andrews	861-3404
Equip. Manager:	Steve Kramrech	559-1737
Librarian:	Sharon McDaniels	522-7911

everglades

It often seems that the most distinct memories we have of a particular trip are usually bad. It is assumed that one goes on a trip to have a good time, so naturally when bad things happen, the bad memories prevail. The Club Spring Break Trip to the Everglades National Park and vicinity was one such trip. I asked a few of those who went on the trip to write about certain parts of it. Of those I asked, only the ones whose articles dealt with the unpleasant aspects of the trip bothered to write something. Clearly it was easier to deal with the unexpected--bugs--than to write about the expected, like the good weather.

Therefore, to present a balanced account, and attempt to redeem myself since after all it was MY idea to go to the Everglades in the first place, I would like to present the positive side of the Glades and allow the other articles to deal with its coarse underbelly.

On March 19 a group of ten UCMC members gathered--admittedly two hours behind schedule--in front of Scioto Hall. Ahead of them lay a twenty hour drive to a house in Arcadia, Florida. From that point they planned to continue south another two hours to the northern section of the Everglades near Ft. Meyer, eventually swinging even further south to the Flamingo section.

We arrived at Arcadia on time despite our late departure and all had a good time playing video games on the TV of our host for that night. The next day we continued on south and stopped at the Corkscrew Wildlife Sanctuary which is run by the Audubon Society. A boardwalk over a mile long winds through the swamp, which was mostly dry since it was the dry season, and we all went picture-crazy. A couple wet sections presented brief but concentrated exposure to birds, alligators, and insects.

The next day we spent in the northwest corner of the Glades, canoeing the Turner River. It was a bright-blue day with temperatures near 80°F--quite a change from the 40-50's we were experiencing in Cincinnati just 48 hours ago. We spent most of the day winding through miles of mangrove tree tunnels, occasionally popping out to lake areas and views of the nearby vast grasslands.

When we finally reached the Flamingo area of the Everglades, we changed gears and went for a two day hike in the sawgrass backcountry, bushwacking through an area that is usually under many inches of water in the wetter seasons. It was like hiking through Kansas except there were more trees. We all felt that it was a novel experience but were glad when the hike was over.

From there we went on what was to be a three day canoe trip to Cape Sable (Renamed Cape Hell) which is the subject of one of the next articles.

The final leg of our trip was to the John Pennekamp Coral Reef State Park at Key Largo. Although a very, very nasty storm blew in and canceled our chance to snorkeling out in the coral reefs, a few of us were lucky enough to get snorkeling in the afternoon before--even if it was only at the swimming area, murky water and all.

So, despite the bad things that happened like the bugs, severe sunburn, wind in our faces, and rain all the way home, there were many excellent times too. A group of ten very nice folks had a generally great time in the warmer climes, fair-breezed weather, colorful bird infested Everglades.

And now, for a report on the dark, slimy side of the Everglades. Take heed oh thee of little forthought....

---Bob Kessler

"REFLECTIONS ON BEING
AT THE BOTTOM OF THE FOOD CHAIN"
by Jeff Goller

After the spring break trip to the Everglades, one thing above all is deeply
(Continued on next page, col. #1)

"CAPE SABLE BOUND"
by K.C Crane & Jenny Hadley

Once upon a time, ten adventurous people earnestly began a canoe trip to Cape Sable. The picturesque thought of
(Continued on next page, Col. #2)

imbedded in my memory--the feeling of being eaten alive. Now I must admit at the out- that I am a practicing carnivore. I know the feeling of eating other animals. Perhaps that is why I was so surprised to find the insect population of Florida feasting on me.

When we arrived in Florida, we felt quite prepared, as we brought down a bottle of the active ingredient in Cutter's insect repellent. What we hadn't thought of was the time it takes to apply the solution. From the time that you notice that a bug problem exists until the time that you are protected is enough time for a bug to make a six course meal out of you. The mosquitos were quite hungry. Yet after the canoe trip to Cape Sable, we were all pleased to see the mosquitos--compared to what had been feasting on us at the Cape. If you've never seen a No-see-um before, let me describe one. They are almost too small to see except when they are swarming around your face (which they love to do). Yet, they have teeth bigger than any known shark. In fact, it has been estimated that No-see-ums have teeth that are 5000% of their body size. Their favorite food--U.C. Mountaineers. They are too small to be stopped by the netting on most tents, and Cutter's doesn't even phase them. In fact, I have my suspicions that they enjoy it as an after dinner cocktail. They were so bad at Cape Sable, people ate dinner in their canoes out in the Gulf of Mexico. Trying to cook dinner on a stove in a canoe in open water is an event that one must experience to appreciate.

Even a terrible rain storm did not dampen the appetite of the No-see-ums. I later noticed that a few had burrowed into my sunburn blisters and had got stuck there. Nasty bugs.

At Key Largo a whole new bug was encountered: the blister bug. This friendly fellow doesn't care a hoot about Cutters and looks something like a brown firefly. If you kill it, it is reported that the bug's internal juices make a nasty blister on the skin. They should get together with the fire ants we saw in Arcadia and go in business...

I won't say that I'm vengeful about my experiences in Florida, but I have added a new recipe to my cookbook--Arthropod
(Continued on page 6)

eleven miles of remote sandy beach had their spirits zooming. Within the first hour they paddled through a passing rain-fall. The rain fell soft at first, creating ripples on the glassy water. The temper of the clouds changed and the rain fell steadier, but the wetness became all the more pleasant. The jumping fish played a duo with the rain. The sun came out shortly and dried their wet T-shirts. The paddling continued along with laughter, photographing, and non-sense conversations. Many miles had passed and the tide began to push against the canoes. It was time for a break. The last stretch of water was strenuous on their shoulders, but Cape Sable was just around the next peak of land.

As the group hit the beach, the orgasmic head-rush of reaching Cape Sable didn't last long; it was devoured by nasty little gnats better known as No-See-Ums. The battle raged all night. All defenses failed. The group's only recourse was to retreat to open water. They remained there and were content with a bug-free dinner until the fading sun forced them back upon the shore. There was a mad rush to the tents only to find that those cursed bugs were able to penetrate through the mosquito netting. Nothing could be done till morning light aided their escape.

The evening worsened. An unexpected storm blew in and only fast movements salvaged some canoes from being swamped by storm-level tides. But the groups actions were not fast enough for a fishing rod, watches, tackle, and all of Dan's camera gear. The waves were high and quit quite damaging. (But did they stop fighting when the Germans bombed Pearl Harbor? NOOOOOOOOOO!)

Finally, morning came. The effort to leave what was now renamed Cape Hell was in full gear and completed in record time. There was no more bugs, the storm had resided, and the ten adventurous people paddled away happily ever-after.

Do it when you can - life is too short.

ENVIRONMENTALLY SPEAKING

BE PART OF THE SOLUTION
by Suzanne Workman

"To achieve the frame of mind that helps you to turn on to the wilderness experience, you will have to accept a different life style for the duration of your visit. And I believe the same thing applies to our visit to this little planet...What pleasures and what conveniences, services, and 'necessities' do we really need for the good life? And what is the price?..."

—Boyd Evison

This quote says a lot about our way of thinking. We as outdoor enthusiasts know the necessity of limiting what we can take with us on our excursions. Caving, climbing, canoeing, backpacking—whatever we do we go as efficiently as possible. We take as little as we can get away with while still being prepared for the worst we can imagine. We learn how to economize, how to get the weight of things down, how to prepare ourselves for anything with minimal gear and bulk.

We can learn to apply these same ideas to our everyday lives. It is difficult for sure, but it is possible. This planet that we live on is limited in its capacity and in its resources. We need to be more aware of this and take it to heart. Most of us have been brought up believing that more is better, but this is not necessarily so. We don't need more pollution and yet we sure could use less.

Every little bit that you can do to help clean up the environment will be paid back to you one-hundred fold each time you seek the beauty of nature. Don't believe for a minute that you can't make a difference—YOU CAN!

So now you ask, "Well, what can I do?" Here are some suggestions, but don't just go on my ideas. Be creative, nothing that you do to help the environment will be a waste. Got for it.

1. Recycle--right on campus we have the Cincinnati Experience which recycles

glass, paper, and aluminum. They have receptacles there between Sander Hall and St. George's. It takes a few minutes of your time but it can be very effective for reducing trash and litter that tend to accumulate. You can even get money for aluminum cans; 23¢ a pound. There is a guy who buys them from you on Saturdays from 2-4pm on University Avenue just before Vine St. behind the Aragon Bank. He sits there in a white van which is marked Cincinnati Aluminum Recycling.

2. Reuse--instead of throwing out all those plastic containers, paper bags, and plastic bags, use them again for other things: Planters, bookcovers, some things are great containers for backpacking too. Paperbags can be used for brown wrapping paper, even for making your own envelopes. Before you throw anything away, think about what else you could use it for.

People who live off campus and/or buy their own food should consider joining the Cincinnati Food Cooperative. It's located on Hamilton Ave. just past Knowlton's Corner. It's a unique shopping experience. Everything is purchased in bulk quantities and you bring your own bags, jars, and containers. They have all kinds of good food, especially produce and cheeses. They have great bagels, unsalted butter, there are no preservatives or additives... I could go on and on but you get the idea I hope. They sell milk in returnable bottles even. So you see, they are ecologically minded just like we are. Check it out. I'll be happy to take people there myself or provide any more info you need.

3. Economize--any way you can. Buy larger quantities of things you buy regularly to cut down on trash (laundry soap, milk, etc.). Look for things that are made to last. Even though they may cost more initially, they will be worth it in the long run.

As much as possible avoid synthetic--plastics, nylons, and acrylics. They are made from fuel oil, they break down very very slowly in nature, and they are harmful to your health. Get things in

(Continued on next page, Col. 1)

ENVIRONMENTALLY SPEAKING (Cont'd):

natural fibers or composition--cotton, paper, cardboard, glass, etc and recycle or reuse as much as possible.

I believe that we, as the admirers of nature that we are, can learn to live our lives in a more balanced way with nature. Taking only what we need and using it to the fullest extent possible will greatly aid our deteriorating environment.

If we are not part of the solution-- we are part of the problem.

...FOOD CHAIN (Cont'd from pg. 4)
Stew. The recipe is

Mix in a bowl

- 27 large blood gorged mosquitos
- 150 sand fleas
- 15 dark brown blister bugs
(remove wings first)
- 10 Horse flies with purple eyes
- 1 colony fire ants

Cook over a low flame for 1 hour.
Season with N,N, diethyl toulamide (50%) and Raid. Serve over mashed potatoes.

Lets see how they like being eaten for a change!!!

A human being should be able to change a diaper, plan an invasion, Write a sonnet, cooperate, act alone, program a computer and pitch manure. Specialization is for insects.

WILDERNESS SKILLS COURSE RIDES AGAIN

Once more 15 brave and daring souls will venture forth for a weekend of unbridled fun and mayhem. Yes, folks, the UC MCMC Mountaineering Club will again run its Wilderness Skills Course on Thursday nights, May 20th & 27th, and the entire Memorial day weekend. The course is designed to initiate novice (or experienced) backpackers into the many mysteries of out-of-doors living.

The course consists of two lectures on Thursday evenings, May 20th & 27th, and will cover equipment, trip planning, first aid and orienteering. The outing will take place on Memorial Day weekend in the Rockcastle area of the Daniel Boone Nat. Forest.

The guru to student ratio is kept low (about one guru to four or five students) for most efficient teaching.

A mandatory donation of \$22 covers the cost of lectures, gasoline, and equipment for the weekend. The course is open to all interested persons, non-University and University.. This has always been considered the most challenging and full-filling of the courses run by the UCMC, so be sure to sign up early. Contact Dan at 681-2962 for more information.

Always listen to experts. They'll tell you what can't be done and why. Then go do it.



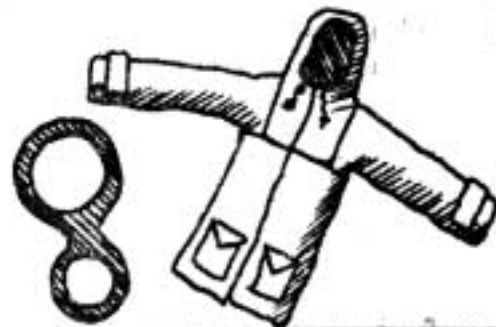
39 CALHOUN STREET
CINCINNATI, OHIO 45219
PHONE (513) 281-2594

For all your Outdoor Needs

COME!

SEE US FOR YOUR
SPRING PARAPHERNALIA

WE'RE SPECIALISTS!



Laid

Back

"ON FALL' BALLS AND NUTS: PART II-
DUFTY'S POPOFF BECOMES A DIVING
BOARD" by Bill Strachan

Dufty's Popoff is a climb on Seneca Rocks that had been a dream to me since my early years of climbing. I had looked for the first time in awe at Dufty's classic jam crack and overhang while doing one of my first leads on LSD (Lower Skyline Direct) on the south end of Seneca. At that time as a beginner at leading, I just couldn't even imagine that in the future I would try to lead-climb over Dufty's abrupt five foot overhang.

But things change quickly in the sport of climbing. By the beginning of last summer I had a number of experiences behind me that built up my confidence to the point where I wanted to climb Dufty's Popoff. I mean after all I had lead other 5.7's at Seneca and had even followed a couple of hard Seneca 5.9's. In fact I had lead the 5.7 Durrance route on Devil's Tower with Craig and Fletch. So now leading Dufty's just didn't seem like it was such a big deal as it did when I was a young rockhopper.

The day was perfect for climbing and in the morning we basked in the sun on a ledge at the base of the southeastern corner of Seneca Rocks. The climb started with some tricky face moves with thin protection. Fletch lead up the first pitch and Mark followed up to clean out the protection. When I got to the rock the climbing up those first difficult moves felt good. We leisurely changed the belay where we stood at the base of the crack as Fletch described how the route was to go and I read over religiously for the last time the "little red book" (the Seneca Guide).

I started to lead up the crack and found good jamming and famous protection. As the crack began to arch up towards the overhang, the balance became more delicate but the

jams and the pro were still bomb. And then I was there at the base of the overhang. I put in both a wired and a slung hex in the crack, reluctantly attaching some runners to avoid rope drag over the obviously large overhang which was now confronting me. Securely clipped in I began to explore the holds out over the lip. As I moved out I had good hand holds but the footing was awkward. I was doing it but at the same time it wasn't easy.

Then came the moment of Truth. As I was fully extended in the horizontal position and beginning to pull myself over the lip of the overhang the sharp pain of a cramp shot through my right arm, the kind of cramp in which the hand closes tightly into an unopenable fist. In a fraction of a second terror began to race through my mind. From my previous experience with this type of cramp while top-roping at Clifton Gorge I knew that I would not be able to hold on. In that same fraction of a second I screamed, "Oh shit! I'm coming off!!!" and I surrendered to the inevitable, closing my eyes and pushing off away from the rock at a point over 150 feet from the ground, trusting totally in my protection and equipment.

In that short time that my body free fell upside down 20' through the air I fainted or my consciousness left my body or something like that. At any rate I don't remember any particular sensations from the time I let go until Fletch's belay caught my plummeting body and jerked my back into a crash against the face. Immediately I heard the call, "Are you alright?" Shaken but not seriously injured I called, "Let me down!"

As I rested on the ledge and got the shakes out Fletch went up
(Continued on page 8.)

"LEAD CLIMBING CLASS AT CLIFTON"

by D. Gardner, L. Bortner (edited
by B. Strachan)

Why does everybody cringe when someone mentions the word "trip report"? I mean, golly, there's a lot of things somebody could write about. Take for instance the lead climbing class Saturday, February 28th at Clifton Gorge. I had full confidence in our instructors; Fletch and Roland, that is until I arrived at Scioto and Fletch was taking off his clothes in the middle of the parking lot, yelling at the occupants of the large duplex to wake up. You have to understand that it was 30 degrees out in addition to being an ungodly hour of the morning. All 9 of us piled into Rolands car and Larry's space cruiser in hopes that it would warm up. Our first stop was for doughnuts in Xenia. Looking like a bunch of locals, we stormed

the joint, ordered a various assortment and split.

We seemed to be the first people to arrive at the gorge that morning but it was a clear day and the sun was beginning to warm the rock a bit by the time we started to climb. Fletch and Roland first lectured about knots, types of protection, belays, chock placement, etc. We split into two groups and it was pointed out that each piece of protection that we set could be the one that saved our lives. So we practiced leading and placing protection with a safety line from the top just in case our protection slipped out in a fall. All of us neophytes then lead and cleaned at least one climb. After this amusing and at times strenuous diversion we attempted leading to a ledge, setting up a belay, and passing the lead on to the second. It was at this point that many of us realized that top-roping and leading are two different matters.

All in all it was a very educational experience and I hope that the course offers it again because more people in the club need exposure to leading. After all we have all that lead equipment. Fletch and Roland deserve a bit of thanks for doing one hell of a job as teachers. You could see that the day was a success by the satisfaction on everyone's face as we chowed down on a Ha-Ha's pizza afterwards.

"ON FALLS, BALLS, AND NUTS"
continued from page 7

and finished off the climb. On the second I got back to the overhang and found when I got out over it again that I had missed a crucial hold that enabled one to pull up over the lip with ease. Still the fall put a big dent in my ego and it took a few months for me to regain and then surpass my confidence level previous to diving off of Dufty's Popoff.

GET READY FOR SUMMER
CHECK OUT YOUR EQUIPMENT, THEN...
CHECK OUT US!!



The Self-Propelled Outdoorsman, Inc.

LARRY H. SICKMAN, JR.
(513) 741-3201

5557 FAIRWOOD ROAD
CINCINNATI, OHIO 45239

ROLL YOUR OWN (kayak that is)
by Joanna Wright

Ever since my canoe and I were fished out of the Whitewater River five or six years ago by a couple of Sierra Club members, and given an impromptu lesson in rolling a kayak, I have wanted to finish that lesson and really learn how to paddle a kayak. So this winter I am taking the Kayak Roll School which the Miami Group of the Sierra Club has been offering for a number of years. The class consists of an introductory session to explain clothing, equipment, and safety techniques, and eight other classes in a pool, ideally timed so that soon after the last class the weather will be warm enough for the group to take an actual river trip in order to put all our learning together.

The pool we are using this year is at the Stepping Stones School for the Handicapped, an ideal place for this sort of class, because the pool is mostly shallow and the water is warm and extra blue, so it's not uncomfortable to ~~stand~~ ~~stand~~ in the water when it's not your turn in the boat. For the first two in-pool classes, the group, of about 40 students, was split in half and one half worked in the pool while the other half had a lecture and movies about safety and river reading. The group in the pool got an intense session, learning how to get in and out of the boat, how to fasten a spray skirt, and how to wet exit when the boat tips over. We also practiced hip flips, which are an essential part of a successful roll.

After the first two weeks, the entire class is in the pool every week. The first thing that happens is that we are all lined up in order of the length of our legs--not by overall height. This makes it easy to divide us up so that everyone in a group can use the same boat with few adjustments. The student/teacher ratio is very good, about 3 or 4 students and two teachers for each boat. From then on, it's organized chaos. Each group scrounges the best part of the pool, and each student gets one or two turns in the best boat they can get. Every class is generally begun with a little hip flipping practice, and some sweep practice-- the other part of a success-

ful roll. Every instructor has his own teaching method, but one they all use is to "imprint" the motions on your muscles by pulling the paddle through the water the way it should go, over and over, until you can do it without the instructor's guidance. Then, magically, you find yourself upright, not quite sure how you got there. If you're a real showoff and learn to roll quickly, you get sent to the deep end of the pool to practice paddle strokes, more rolls, and offside rolls.

My fourth session, however, I met the "roll fairy", a legendary capricious character who gives you rolls when you're not expecting them, and then mysteriously takes them away. I struggled through that class without even approaching a roll. Every time I started to sweep my paddle, it would nose-dive to the bottom of the pool, developing an excellent "bottom brace", a very dangerous technique to use on a fast flowing river.

One important part of the class that we were all strongly advised to take part in, is the social gathering at a local bar after each roll session. I didn't realize at first how important that is. But, it provides more than just a tension-releasing fun time. We talk about our problems or successes with our rolls, find deals on used kayaks for sale, and most important, build acquaintances with the people we will need to know when it comes time to plan our own river trips. As with so many of our other activities, you should never kayak alone, and boating with other people, especially more experienced boaters, is the best and safest way to get experience and increase your own skill.

My story has a happy ending to it, like most if not all of my fellow roll students. My very next session after my initial encounter with the roll fairy, I battled it out with her (him?) and won, managing to roll successfully about ten times in a row. The Sierra Club Kayak Roll School has perfected it's teaching techniques over the years, with an ever greater success rate, so that now almost everyone eventually masters the roll. The school is open to anyone, even non-members. Check with the U.C.M.C. officers to get more details, or better yet, join the Sierra Club and find out about it firsthand.

LAST WINTER
by Craig L. Patterson

While streaming on Spirulina, I feel energetic, at least vitanized enough to write. What comes to mind isn't much because long trips in the middle of winter are few, I guess short term adventures can assuage the wrath of the book store, but feelings fade and humans burrow indoors.

For instance, who could forget the Crockett's pot luck keg party or Kent Sheet's twenty first birthday, classic moves by aspiring mountaineers. Or Marty Huseman's attempts at creative conflict, which our club needs so badly. Sharon and Debbie broke in another stairway with a Club cream ale party and Cindy Schmid's 2nd annual chainsaw party was also commendable. But, what about the rush of the great outdoors?

Two torn events that left me sore and shaking came off last weekend. (Feb. 22) First, Bob Kessler, an undying asset to the Club, led all 22 of us up shit's creek without a paddle. "So you wanted to go caving" was all I remembered, until I pulled the stalactite out of my back at Joe Bologna's pizza pen, what a deadly swim into the past, let's do it again. Secondly, after a slow start one Sunday, Tom Bailey's East Fork orienteering course was the best. A clear Valentine's Day spent hiking through Cincinnati's own backyard. It isn't as easy as some may think taking bearings on Mother Earth and Father Sun. Finally, Dan Lynch deserves credit for his dedication to the Club throughout this quarter. The winter Open House and the van transportation were definitely monumental efforts.

So, what would anyone do during the winter if there wasn't a U. C. Mountaineering Club? They would spend money, what else!

\$100 placed at 7 percent
interest compounded quarterly
for 200 years will increase
to more than \$100,000,000 -
by which time it will
be worth nothing.

NO MORE CLIMBING AT CLIFTON GORGE
by Stephen M. Kramrech

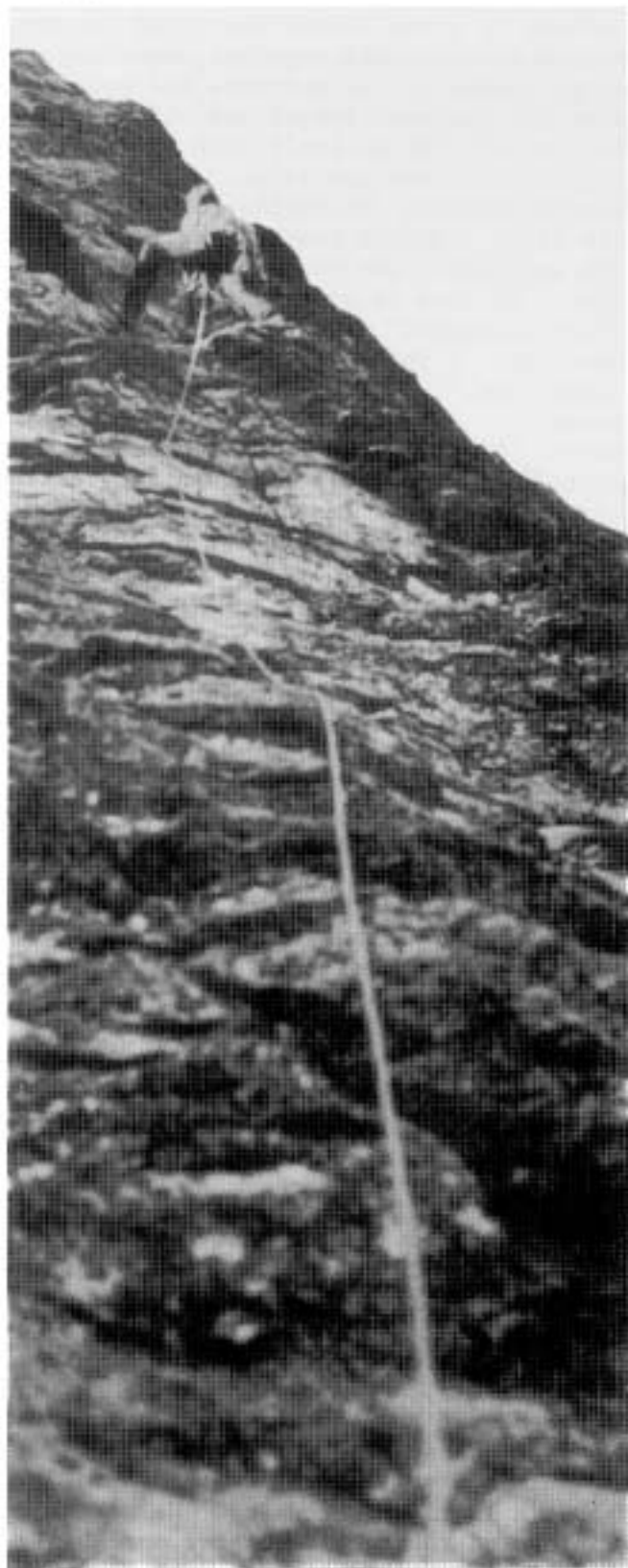
It came as a chock to many local rock climbers to learn that the Division of Natural Areas and Preserves planned to close Clifton Gorge in the John L. Rich Nature Preserve to climbing as of 1 August, 1982. The U.C.M.C. learned about it indirectly from a letter that was sent to a local equipment store by the Chief of the Division, Richard E. Moseley, Jr. In an effort to learn the reason for the seemingly abrupt decision Richard J. Forrester, John R. Engbretsen, and Stephen M. Kramrech obtained an interview with Mr. Moseley on Friday April 16.

After introductions and some background on the participants the interview proceeded for a marathon 2 1/2 hours, of which about 3/4 of it was taped by John for later review and commentary. Mr. Moseley proceeded to fill us in on the complete story of the decision. He expressed regret over the decision but explained that while climbers as a whole were not responsible for any but a small portion of the damage being done to the environment there they attracted people who did either by deliberate acts or unknowingly by straying off trails in the misbelief that because the climbers are off trail others can go off trail also. In essence climbers had been a "privileged group" and it was felt that this was unfair to other people. To clear up one misconception the climbing area is in the interpretive part of the Preserve but, there is no provision in the Articles of Dedication mandating continued climbing privileges in perpetuity, we have been there only because of the opinion in 1975 that climbing should not grow substantially and become a detriment to the area. This did not prove to be true and so the current situation arose. Various options to the decision were discussed such as a permit system, climbing season, redefining the Preserve boundaries, etc. but, were all felt to be untenable at this time.

Realizing that Clifton Gorge is not only well known and used by many out-of-state and Ohio climbers Mr. Moseley said that he and his Department would be very willing to help climbers to find as many alternative sites for climbing as possible.

(continued on page 25)

TABLE ROCK



Fletch Andrews climbing "My Route".
-photo by Larry Bortner

Four people -- Debbie S., Ken C., Fletch and Larry. Food for one week. Camping gear. Climbing equipment. One small car.

Leave 5 P.M. Sunday after the Mini-Marathon and saying good-bye to Cindy S. Play cat-and-mouse with two girls in two cars from Eastern Kentucky U. The one leading tries to communicate with us, pointing ahead and moving her lips wildly. Can't understand her. Car dies suddenly in eastern Tennessee, with Crockett driving. Fortunately it's not raining and the car is right by an exit ramp. Push the car down the ramp. There just happens to be a service station at the end -- closed, of course. Push it by a telephone booth where there's a light and continue working on the car. Fuel or ignition system? It's not the fuel pump, is it? Don't know. Clean the battery terminals. Doesn't help. Give up and crash at 3 A.M. Phone rings. Obscene phone call.

Service station opens 7 A.M. He can't help us, but gives us the number of some guy who works on foreign cars. How much money do we have? Call him. He'll be here in 45 minutes. Continue working on the car. Fletch fiddles with one of the fuses. Car starts right up. Wait for the specialist anyway so he can set the points which is one of the many things we had messed with. Two hours later, he shows up. We need new points which he happens to have.

On our way by 10. Reach Morganton, N.C. in a couple of hours and get our first view of Table Rock. But the road to the base is one of those twisting, single-lane gravel roads common in the mountains. An hour or so later, we finally make it. Fletch jumps out and kisses the nearest rock. Greg G. and Dave G. show us to some routes, since locating them can be difficult for the newcomer. I follow Fletch's lead on all 3 pitches of a 5.6 climb called "My Route", my first exposure to exposure, setting off a gut-wrenching sensation felt by any sane person when they're hundreds of feet off the ground and clinging to the side of a mountain. But what a view! One climb is all we are able to get in this day (those of us in my car) -- don't want to get stuck on the side of the mountain after the sun goes down.

The next day, Tuesday, dawns bright and clear -- a perfect day for climbing. Since I have done no leading other than at Clifton Gorge, which was strictly supervised, I want to climb a nice, easy bolted route (permanent

"TABLE ROCK..." (continued)

anchors courtesy of Outward Bound; in case one of my carefully placed stoppers or laxes slip out, I don't have to worry about plunging to a messy stop on the rocks below.) Debbie and I spend an hour looking for a 5.4 climb called "Two Pitch". Debbie finds it-- after she's scrambled halfway up it. "Not worth it," says Debbie.

So we spend another hour or two looking for a slightly more difficult bolted climb-- in vain. Wanting to get some climbing in, I say, "Let's just climb where we dumped our gear. It looks fairly easy." With all that lichen, meaning nobody else has gone up here? Sure. I lead the first pitch. The climbing is not that difficult, but

there aren't that many places to sink bomb-proof pieces. The way I wanted to go looks different when I get to the first ledge. I traverse right, muttering. I spend two, probably three hours on this first pitch. Debbie is falling asleep, muttering. I reach a belay spot, a bit of dirt almost big enough to sit on and a small scraggly pine that groans in complaint as I lean against it. Shit. No place else to go. Debbie follows without too much trouble. As she reaches me, the sun is not far from setting. Keep climbing.

She leads the next pitch in rapid time. Dave C. calls out from the parking lot far below, "You've got 15-20 minutes till the sun sets!" The next thing I know, Fletch has run up beneath me. "Don't move! I'm coming up!" I sit, waiting. Debbie is strapped in above, waiting for me to climb. Communication with her is very difficult. Fletch hasn't climbed up yet. The rest of the UCMC climbing contingent is below, trying to figure out what to do. It's getting dark quickly. Can Debbie climb down? No! Can she abseil down? Is that the same thing as rappelling? No way. Is she at a ledge where she can walk down? I can't get this question across to her.

Debbie calls down, "Why aren't you climbing?"

"I'm waiting to be rescued!" I yell back.

Why don't we come down from the top? Why not? Ken C. positions himself with a flashlight to mark our position to those coming down from the summit. Go ahead and climb up to her! Right. In complete dark-

ness. But it's not a vertical wall and the climb is rather easy. My climbing partner is anchored underneath an overhang. A large, vegetated ledge is just above. I walk out from underneath the overhang to guide Fletch down from the top. Debbie and I huddle together, munching on gorp, gazing at the mercury- and sodium-speckled piedmont spread out before us, and hoping that we don't have to spend the night on the shallow ledge. Fletch is getting closer. We decide to climb up to the ledge. Fletch reaches the ledge and the end of the two ropes he rappelled down. We have to prussic up the ropes. "Wait a minute!" says Debbie. "This looks familiar. I think there's a trail that leads down." Fletch scouts it out. Sure enough.... The ropes are taken in from above. We walk down off the mountain, getting to camp at 11 P.M. An interesting day of climbing. Lessons I learned from this incident: don't attempt a first ascent on your first lead climb and don't forget a flashlight and a bivouac sack.

Wednesday I film Dave C. and Fletch climbing the 5.8 "Crackerjack". After this, I walk along the trail towards the Amphitheatre, where everybody else has gone. I meet them halfway; the clouds are a bit too menacing. We top rope a few nice climbs in this area to finish out the day.

Thursday was the best day of climbing for me, as Ken and I got in 6 pitches worth of easy to moderate grades with lots of exposure, or "situation", as Scottish climbers say. That night, right after a hurried supper, we're hit by a short but violent thundershower. Directly afterwards, we are treated to a spectacular pyrotechnical display as the storm rambles down the valley for the next hour. Weather forecast for the night: snow and freezing temperatures.

Friday morning is definitely freezing. No climbing today, at least not here. Break camp and brunch at a roadside restaurant not far away. \$3.00 for Today's Special. Not bad for all the food we get, plus a cubesteak that was Grade A Prime shoe leather. Dave C., Dave G., Dan, and Greghead off to Stone Mountain. The rest of us head back to Cincinnati.

But it's still early in the day. How about a little sightseeing? We make the mistake of taking off on some more hilly North Carolina back roads, with Fletch

(continued on page 14)



ASK THE QUACK

"DANGERS ASSOCIATED WITH CAR ACCIDENTS"

By: Don Speller

Members of the UCMC often engage in sports that could cause injury, but the most dangerous part of any trip is the drive to and from a destination. Four members, including myself, realized this fact when our car missed a turn and rolled over on our way to Seneca Rocks two years ago. Fortunately no one was hurt, but the car was totaled. Rather than talk about simple car emergencies, such as changing a tire, I would like to discuss associated dangers of car accidents which make them different than accidents in the wilderness.

ACCIDENTS WITHH OUT INJURIES

When a car goes off the road and the occupants are unhurt they might assume the dangers is over. But there are many associated dangers of a car accident that the occupants might not be aware of. I will list a few of those dangers below.

FIRE-In any accident there is the danger of leaking gasoline is always present. It could remain undetected by the occupants. In order to ~~xxxxx~~ avoid a fire in the first place, shut off the motor and all electrical power in the car. If at night, shut off the lights, evacuate the car and then determine if gasoline is leaking. The nature of a gas is such that fumes could reach the engine even if the gas is leaking from the rear of the car. In an accident never try to restart the car until it has been determined it is safe to do so. If leaking gas is found, **STAY CLEAR!**

WATER-There are hundreds of drivers each year that end up in some large body of water such as a river. If this should happen to you don't panic. Most cars will float for a short while enabling the occupants to escape. My sources indicate that the door will eventually open. I recommend evacuating through the window since the water pressure doesn't appreciably effect its operation. Once outside the car stay with the vehicle. Do not try to swim to shore unless you are absolutely sure the water poses no threat. This is most important at night when a person can't see how fast the current is moving. There has been more than one case where the person survived the crash then drown trying to swim ashore.. Often cars end up in the water be-

cause of roads flooding and the current sweeping them into the current. If it is not possible to stay with the car then apply the same lifesaving principles you would use in water emergencies. Use common sense and your chances to survive are good.

ELECTRICITY- One danger often ignored is the possibility of live wires across your car. There are many dangers--sparks could ignite gasoline. Live wires can whip around or appear harmless. They can energize everthing near them. The problem is that no one can be sure just how far from the wire is safe.

Inside the car, the occupants are usually safe since rubber tires prevent wire-to-ground electricity flow. The general rule is to stay in the car. However, if anything comes in contact with the body and the ground it will be instantly energized. If a one can't stay inside the car, the key to safe evacuation is not to touch the car and the ground at the same time. To accomplish this, open the door and face outward. Place feet on the metal edge next to the seat. Then sitting facing outward fold your arms as if in a straight jacket, lean forward and leap as far as possible. Fall to the ground and crawl to a safe distance. Do not walk since an electrical arch could form between the raised foot and the ground foot. Be sure to consider if the ground is wet.

ACCIDENTS WITH INJURIES

A course in first aid would be necessary to learn the proper procedure in treating injuries. However, each associated danger offers special problems for the rescuer. 1) Fire-- This is one sure reason for immediate evacuation regardless of injury. There is always the possibility of a rescuer being injured or killed by the fire so each case of rescue must be considered seperately. Do not attempt to extinguish the flames unless you have the

"TABLE ROCK..." (continued from page 12)

driving (For those of you who don't know, Fletch's father is a professional race car driver.). Up and down and left and right and hard left, hard right. The cubesteak may see the light of day again. Ken has been telling us all during the trip that "boke" is Scottish slang for "vomit". The Australian word is "chunder". We look for a boke bowl.

Stop at a overlook, take some pictures, settle our stomachs, and drive back down slowly. Stop at a picturesque country church for some more pictures. Fletch lets Mortimer out for some fresh air since it's been at least 3 or 4 years since my watch turtle has been out of the car. We forget to let him back in, leaving him in our dust. Put a lemon in his place.

Take the "scenic" route through the coal country of Virginia and Kentucky, much of it two-lane highway. This increases travel time greatly, especially if you get behind a slow truck or the Gospel Sinners, Singers--, as there are very few straight

sections. Muffler starts to fall off. Wire it up. 70 miles outside of Lexington, the car dies again, with Ken driving. No problem. Just fiddle with the fuse holder. No start. Cut the damn fuse out of the circuit. Still doesn't start. Kick the car. Doesn't help, but it makes me feel better. Open up the hood, look around. Reconnect the distributor to the coil. Car starts, we're on the road again. Car dies rolling into a toll booth. The same wire had disconnected again. Tape that sucker together.

Reach Cincinnati. Stop at a Liquor Kwik in Covington and get a few six-packs. Iselle is waiting, drop Ken off. Go to Debbie's apartment, trash it out, inhale the beer. Jeanie, one of Debbie's roommates, offers some Jack Daniels. Great! Toast to the trip. Toast to climbing. Toast to anything you can think of. Feel good for a while. Then-- boke and chunder for an interminable time and pass out on the floor. Hell of a trip.

Larry Bortner

CINCINNATI DIVING CENTER
WE TEACH
SAFE SCUBA® DIVING LESSONS

- SCUBA DIVING CLASSES STARTING MONTHLY
- QUALITY DIVING, SNORKELING EQUIPMENT
- ENVIRONMENTAL APPAREL - CANOEING - KAYAKING
- DIVING OHIO, FLORIDA, BAHAMAS - THE WORLD

CALL 521-3483

8412 WINTON RD CINTI OH 45231
(ACROSS FROM BRENTWOOD SHOPPING CENTER)

SALES, SERVICE, INSTRUCTION, REPAIR, TRAVEL

SCUBA LESSONS
STARTING
MONTHLY!
WET SUIT
RENTALS & SALES

CINCINNATI DIVING CENTER, INC.

INTENSE/in-ten(t)s'/adj, sometimes -**EST**
(ME fr. MF, fr. L *intensus* stretched, tight, intense, fr. *intendere*, past part. of *intendere* to stretch out, intend)
1-a: existing in a strained or extreme degree: revealed in the height of its distinctive character **b** of color: very deep **c**: having or showing its characteristic trait in extreme degree **d**: extremely marked or pronounced: **INTENSIVE**
e: very large: **CONSIDERABLE** **2**: strained or straining in or as if in an extreme effort: done or performed with great zeal, energy, or eagerness: highly concentrated **3 a obs**: **INTENT**, **BENT**, **RESOLVED**-used with **upon** or **about** **b** (1): feeling deeply, especially by nature or temperament: exhibiting or reflecting strong feeling or earnestness of purpose (2): charged with artistic emotion or intellectual excitement: possessing the quality of artistic tension: deeply felt

-from Webster's Third New International Dictionary

RECON I

SOMETHING DIFFERENT...SKI ORIENTEERING
by Mark Hartinger

Rain plummeted the car as I rounded Snoqualmie Pass in the Cascades. Five miles to go. Let's see--skis, poles, rain gear, compass. The National Weather Service was announcing temperatures in the pass area at 35. Combined with the downpour, the day would be more of a challenge against the Cascade weather than a competition with time and opponents.

My first ski orienteering meet--a x-c event combining orienteering with my newly acquired x-c ski ability. It was only the fourth orienteering meet I had entered, but I found myself entered in the longer of two courses set that day. 6.6 km with 7 controls. The rain continued to dampen my clothes, as well as the 80 inch snowbase. Skiing on this would be like roller skating on a sand beach.

11:25. First out. My tracks would be the first (the setter would have deliberately left misleading tracks). With skis in arms, I ran from the registration about 200 yards to the edge of the woods. Skis on, I'm on my way. Not too many others out today. In the distance the trembling boom of a cannon reverberates amongst the hills as an avalanche is triggered by the Forest Service, shattering the silence of the woods.

The immediate problem, though, was to find control #1. I would have seven immediate problems today, I guess. So enjoy it. Time to turn off the trail, and into the woods. Three or four hillocks dot the field, each around 50 feet high. On top of one is the first control. Sidestepping up what I believe to be the proper hill, slipping, cursing, sliding on the wet snow. Looking out across the white expanse, at the next hill, I spot the bright orange control marker. Down, up again. The control is at the edge of a steep hill--can't lose it here. Maneuvering the skis in the tangle of bushes proves frustrating, but I punch my card and am cruising downhill, having studied the map and determined my route to the next control.

The remainder of the course continues in a similar fashion, but the scenery pre-

sents an ever-changing spectacle of wilderness beauty. Topographic features on the map come alive around me. An added element of challenge was given by streams swollen by heavy snowmelt. At one point I decided that crossing one stream would be a great time saver from going around it. Backdropped by a snowy clearing, pines contrasting in their melancholy green, all shadowed by the omnipresent rain. Facing. Always running against the clock. There I was, skis in hand, standing in a foot of rushing water, scooping out sections of snow on the far bank to gain footholds out of the stream. Footholds up through about six feet of snow.

Skis back on, fighting the braking power of the soft snow. Without these thin fiberglass attachments I would be grasping to release my body from the holes my legs would create, as deep as my legs. Another stream. But fortunately a thin snowbridge spanned the watercourse. With no more than a few inches of clearance on either side of the skis I chanced the structure and arrived at the base of another hill. By now the rain made no difference. I felt double my weight as my clothes soppingly clung to my sweaty body. Using herringbone technique I crested the hill, revealing again the surrounding hillocks that contained those tiny markers I had set out to find. Later I would find that others had circumnavigated this particular hill, losing time and what I considered a commanding view.

Down again. Following a slightly bending trail into a saddle, the snow's density allowed a degree of telemarking. Fear not the fall. After a few more controls, I had finally gotten to the last one. A long trek through open clearings, surrounded by small peaks, had allowed time to enjoy, reflect. The rain had slowed, and clouds obscured various points. A beautiful day.

With exhaustion cramping my legs and swelled lungs making breathing a chore, I finished the last 1.5 km of the course, taking advantage of each inch of
(Continued on page 18)



"Blood Drive"

By: Phillip A. Coombs

The twenty-ninth of January five brave souls of the Mountaineering Club fell prey to the Hoxworth Blood Bank. Greg the Innocent, Dave the Disgruntled, Steve the Painted, Susan the Bloodless, and Phillip the Sick.

This brave clan bound to do honor as they had promised; of course there was to be a slight bit of partying afterwards. Ah, but like all great sagas, disaster was to strike.

The clan met at Susan's stronghold of 444 Dixie and proceeded to the Hoxworth Blood Center via Steve's battered Firebird.

The ride to the Center was uneventful. Upon arrival, we waited for our turn for a barrage of questions; so we could give our precious blood.

First in the chair was to be Dave Christenson, next was Greg Rolfe, both were uneventful. Next was, low, myself

under the barrage of questions, it was soon discovered that I spent much of my time in November and December 1981 in the mystic far east. Afraid I had contracted some disease, mainly Malaria or Herpes complex. I was saved; I mean turned down from giving blood.

Next was Steve Kramreth. His parting of blood was uneventful in the beginning. And then finally was Susan Workman; into the chair she went. First they stuck her in the right arm, but no blood came out, so next they tied the left arm with the same results. Something was said about ice water by one of the attendants.

Meanwhile this was happening, myself and a fairly nice looking nurse were having a casual conversation over a stiff coke. Soon, all of the clan was sitting around having a drink and finally decided to leave. Piling out in no particular order; we started to leave with Steve bringing up the rear.

Then, disaster struck, there was a crash, looking back; I noticed someone was missing, Steve. Back into the lounge we went. On the floor lay our fallen comrad, looking quite peaceful, laying between the counter, a chair, and the nurse, that I had been talking to earlier, leaning over him.

In comes the doctor and assist in bringing him around (as usual one ammonium capsule under the nose was sufficient to bring Steve around) Meanwhile, Dave the Disgruntled is late for some Gynastic meet at the Colosium. As with all adventures gone amiss, we looked over our options deciding finally that Susan and myself would take Dave downtown in Steve's Firebird, while Greg stayed at the blood center with Steve. Sounds simple, WRONG!!

Do to the fact I was the only one that was capable of driving for I was the only one not stuck. It should be noted that I haven't been driving, for a good six months, but I have been driving Military trucks and jeeps which is even worse to form, plus the fact that Steve's car is not the one to start over on.

Leaving from the parking lot, I noted the car was in worse shape than I had even dreamed, regardless of what Susan says I did not hit that kid on Reading Road. Some how though we managed to deliver Dave to the Colosium, the return drive she drove and quite conservatively; I can say she was definately worse, Complete with a bit of (continued on 22)

-16-

Wilderness Trace



WILDERNESS MARKET SWAP & SHOP
May 15, 12 Noon -- 4 P.M.

Sharonville Store Only
Bring your used equipment to Sell
Most Store Items discounted 10%-50%

QUALITY GOODS . . .

WELL WORTH THE PRICE !!

EAST

NORTH

614 Wooster Pike
Terrace Park, OH

831-3370

11582 Rt 42
Sharonville, OH

563-4774

Mardi Gras

TRIP REPORT
by Suzanne Vaughan

It all started last August when a friend of ours invited us to come and visit. No one thought it would ever happen. But at Christmas people were still talking about it. It was a crazy idea. How would we be able to afford it let alone coordinate it? But one day in January it was decided. We were going to New Orleans for the Mardi Gras!

Fourteen of us drove down to New Orleans in a 27 foot mobile home. What a trip! Cruising down the highway, away from the ice and snow and freezing cold weather, we watched the moon rise then the sun rise. As the sun rose higher and we got farther south our spirits began to fly. What a great idea! A cruise to the sunny south in the middle of winter for the biggest party of the year (next to our annual bash of course!).

We arrived at the residence of our friends to discover a note saying they had gone downtown for a parade and would be returning later in the evening. Undaunted we proceeded to pick the lock and gain entrance into the house. After all, we did warn them we were coming and we drove a long way. We hit the bar and began our Mardi Gras right then and there.

When our friends finally returned we had just retired. Of course we got back up to party some more. Late to bed and early to rise was the traditional Mardi Gras schedule.

True to form we were up at 7:00 a.m. dancing around the rec room to a Dixieland tune called "Street Parade." We learned how to hop and dance while marching around in a line, a pretty good accomplishment for 19 hung over people.

We all were issued a map of the city with critical points outlined; parade routes, the French Quarter, and the Cafe du Monde. Next we got T-shirts which became the envy of everyone we met. Finally we each put in \$10 to buy liquor.

Armed with \$190 we proceeded to the store. Half an hour later we emerged with three grocery carts full of beer, wine, liquor, and munchies.

Now we were ready for the party. Downtown we found a spot to seat all 19 of us plus our coolers and sat down to wait for the parade. About three drinks later the parade started. Miles of marching bands, dignitaries, royalty, and of course the floats rolled past us as we laughed and yelled. Sometimes people would go crazy in the streets and the crowd loved it. The best of all were the plastic beads and coins that everyone in the parade would throw to the spectators. The sight of beads and driblets would send people into a frenzy. They'd jump up and down screaming and yelling and waving their hands in the air. "Hey mister, over here!" Little kids would dart in and out of the masses of people grabbing beads and driblets that fell on the ground. Mass chaos would hardly describe the scene.

After what seemed an incredibly long time the street sweepers rolled down the littered lanes indicating the end of the parade. Of course another would be coming soon somewhere in the city; the parades never seemed to end. All day long and late into the evening they rolled by and people got more and more "happy" (drunk). At night the floats were covered with lights and were even more spectacular than in the day. But when the parade ends everyone vanishes. One minute you are in a race and the next you're all alone and the trash starts blowing around you.

We walked all over that town. Every day there were more parades and people getting crazy. People in costumes-- wild costumes; I saw a huge pair of lips and a giant boob on a street corner. Hmm! Some people got their faces painted, some people got their bodies painted. Some people were in costume, some people were not. Some people didn't even wear clothes at all!

Everywhere you looked people were laughing and smiling. It was legal to drink on the streets and most people had a drink or two.

Performers set up on street corners and in parks. Musicians, dancers, acrobats
(Continued on next page)

glide. My mind deliriously wondered who was behind me, pushing themselves in an equivalent rush for the timer's clock. As I found later, only six people turned out to compete on this course. I knew some of them, though, were both experienced orienteers and skiers alike. My chances felt slim. How long had I been plodding out here?

"Finish!" I shouted to the group at the end point.

"You're the first back. Let's see. 11:25 to 12:55. That's about one and one half hours exactly."

I expected to see other finishers running towards us any minute, with times totalling under an hour, but I waited a long time. I thought of previous O-meets. Of competing at intermediate levels. But this was against some of the hard-core members of the Cascade Orienteering Club. Why didn't I ski the shorter course? What difference did it make. The route was beautiful, the experience unforgettable.

"Finish!" Another competitor. Was I kidding myself, though? Sure I wanted to win. That was all part of it. But I was positive that my chances were slim. And this recent arrival would prove it, because he was one of the club's leading orienteers.

"What was my...time (pant)?"

"One hour and thirty four minutes and 30 seconds," replied the timer.

"Has...(pant) anyone else...returned?"

"Yeah, Mark."

"What was...his time?"

"One hour thirty minutes, almost on the nose."

The silence made me feel ashamed. Afraid to reveal myself. But it wasn't like there was a crowd to pass into.

"Hey, what route did you pick between 3 and 4? Did you have any trouble finding 6? What did you think..."

Welcome to the club.

MARDI GRAS (Continued)

bats, mimes, even jugglers and jesters were everywhere you looked. Up above you on the balcony, right next to you walking down the street, even laying in the gutters people were everywhere and they all had a great time. If you ever get a chance to go, do it! You'll never see anything like it anywhere and that's for sure!

On April 21st, the executive committee for the 1982-83 school year was elected. This committee consists of the president, the vice-president-secretary, and the treasurer. The prez presides over meetings, leads club trips, and looks for shortcuts on the UC Red Tape Express. The VP keeps a record of trips by club members, keeps in touch with other university mountaineering clubs in Ohio, and also leads club trips. The treasurer, of course, handles the club finances.

There were several nominees for each position, all of them worthy and eager to serve. Fletcher Andrews received a majority of votes cast for president. The race for second banana was tight between Dave Christenson and Tom Bailey, requiring first a second closed ballot vote, then a counting of the votes of the other three nominees who were no longer in contention. After the dust and the scraps of paper had settled, Tom Bailey emerged victorious. To round out the evening of elections, Brenda Domingus was chosen to be our next treasurer.

There are two other club officers, the librarian and the equipment manager, who are appointed by the executive committee. Those club members interested should contact one of the incoming members of the executive committee.

LB

82-83 CLUB OFFICERS

(beginning summer quarter)

President: Fletcher Reed Andrews III	861-3404
V-president: Tom Bailey	771-6063
Treasurer: Brenda Domingus	861-3404

- Money is an aphrodisiac, but flowers work almost as well.
- A generation which ignores history has no past-- and no future.
- Never look a gift horse in the mouth until you see the whites of its eyes.
- When pressures build, I slip away to the woods, walking in them whenever I can... if only in my thoughts.

RECON II

TO BREATHE OR NOT TO BREATHE...
Exploring the Myth Surrounding Vapor
Barrier Insulation

By Mark Hertinger

As the golden globe of sun traces a downward path into the snowy white horizon in the bitter cold of dusk, you rest, relieved that camp is set and, although darkness encroaches, you are prepared against the icy chill of night. Your \$700 uadro-graphite ultraflex poles stands at ready against snow deposition and wind. Once inside, you gingerly and repeatedly unsnap and unzip your impermeable super gizmoparka which not only breathes but purifies sweat into potable drinking water. Available everywhere for a paltry \$329.95. AHHHhh... relief for the feet in breathable boots, of course. While breathing, though, your sensocated full-shank duraboos with the uni ue expandoflanger ankle structure seem to have taken in water. Your right foot screams "Abandon Ship!" from beneath two layers of genuine, \$30 a pair, permabond tight-weave alaskan walrus whisker super socks. Ditto for the remainder of that dainty posterior, packed under your speedywick angora muskrat full-length double zip longjohns. Oh! the wilderness. My bank account doth surrender to you.

So just what makes you believe that all this overpriced technology will keep you warm? Just what does keep you warm during those wintry hikes and long, icy nights anyway? For a long time the retailers have been cramming water-proof yet breathable fabrics down our throats, and confusing us to an extreme. And to what conclusions has the brought us to? As always, it seems that basic principles win out. The old-timers

weren't fooled, and the idea of vapor barrier insulation (VBI) is taking hold once more. How does VBI work, and how can you use it to your advantage?

First of all, let's clear up any misunderstandings you might have about how the body cools itself. Perspiration comes in two forms. Sensible, that clammy sweat that we most often feel; and insensible, that perspiration occurring beneath the skin surface, keeping our skin moist and oily and passing water vapor to the atmosphere. This insensible perspiration goes on continually and in cold, dry air its production is greatly increased. The basic principle behind VBI is to reduce loss of insensible perspiration without increasing sensible perspiration.

The most practical and efficient way to accomplish is by wearing impermeable material as close to the skin as possible the primary layer if you can! And a polyethylene film works as much as 15 times better than urethane coating. As long as proper ventilation is maintained to cut down on overheating and sweating, this system has two major advantages: 1) it decreases fluid loss, important in extreme cold and at high altitude, and; 2) it keeps outside clothing layers dry, thus keeping important loft and insulation.

It should be clear that VBI is only usable at very low temperatures, when your body is unlikely to produce an appreciable
(continued on page 20)

By Brenda Domingus

My introduction to the UCMC was at Clifton Gorge during the climbing course. I'm sure others that took the course back in Oct. (Amy, Greg, and Larry to name a few) can relate when I say that I returned to Cincy from that trip "climb-happy". I would gaze at the woodwork around the window in my room and contemplate how to climb them. Walking home from class, I would frequently stop and climb a stone garage. When I went home to visit my family, they often commented on the strange behavior I was exhibiting. "Where's Brenda?" "Oh, she's over there climbing that wall." "Humm."

In this state of "climb-happy" I wrote a letter to my uncle who has been rock-climbing for 12 to 13 years. And, this is his reply to me, published in its entirety. Dear Brenda,

I'd say from what you wrote in your letter about climbing you are close to being totally "hooked." I've had the same experiences of seeing a wall or building or bridge and wanting to or even trying to climb it. Mostly, when one climbs man-made structures it is called "building" as opposed to "bouldering" on the crags. In any event, though it may be good exercise, climbing on buildings doesn't compare to climbing rock. Rock tends to throw a new challenge at you on every move --often requiring combinations of movement to break through to the next rest stop. Buildings are normally regular and once one has worked out the sequence it is boring.

Climbing is a wonderful sport! I hope you continue--especially
(continued on page 22)

amount of sensible perspiration at your activity level. On some climbs that require hours of strenuous work the temperature would still be low enough so as not to cause sweating, even wearing VBI! Remember, the key is temperature control. Now let's discuss some common applications of VBI.

Probably the best use you can get from VBI is in a waterproof, non-breathable sleeping bag liner. The average person loses almost four pounds of water a night while sleeping! This accounts for about 25% of the heat loss for the body. Approximately half of this is through breathing, but the other half is lost through the skin as insensible perspiration. That's two pounds of water, most of which soaks into your sleeping bag, causing maximum loss of insulating value. This is enough heat, by the way, to melt 28 pounds of ice!

The impermeable liner will do much for your trip, including adding as much as 10-15° F temperature gain to your bag. Also, it keeps moisture and oils from dampening insulation, prevents loss of loft, and decreases the body's water loss. If the liner proves uncomfortable, you may find it advantageous to wear a light layer of clothing, such as socks and long underwear.

But how about during the rest of the day? Well, probably the best uses for VBI are found for the hands and feet. With the hands, a light pair of rubber gloves worn under mittens (e.g. Playtex, etc.) does quite well. A popular, practical, but extremely expensive alternative is neoprene socks and gloves. Be careful to ensure a loose fit in either method, as this is critical to the

(continued on page 22)



Strachan '82

GANNETT PEAK, WYOMING

A LETTER ON CLIMBING FROM MY UNCLE
(Continued from page 20)

after winter is over. There are so many reasons why people climb. Very few climb because they're crazy or "macho". Most climb for very personal reasons. Perhaps my innermost reason is because making the route is completely between me and the rock. No one--no boss, no partner--can cause me to fail. If I make the route I have worked it out alone--I am successful! If I fail, I can't blame anyone else so I am forced to figure out why I failed and resolve my difficulty. One fails for a variety of reasons--overweight, tire, lack of concentration, mental weakness, etc. Whatever the reason, I work to resolve it.

There are other reasons why I climb--escape (from everything since to climb one must be mentally focused on only the moves at hand and foot), beauty (the views can be spectacular), physical exercise (I love the gymnastics of the hard routes), and to compete (yes, there is ply of competition--especially when bouldering).

Climbing IS a safe sport. If one is foolish, however, serious injury can happen. If you climb long enough you will be injured, but hopefully not seriously. The safest way to learn is to climb easy routes with an equal partner and harder routes with an experienced partner. Top roping can teach you alot, but "lead" climbing teaches best. The sharp end of the rope--the lead--forces you to either concentrate, back down, or "die".

If you want to know what being scared is all about, imagine a situation where you're a couple of hundred feet up, twenty feet from your last piece of protection--which is a small wired stopper behind an expanding thin flake, and your fingers are weakening off of the crux hand hold. At that point

(Continued on page 24)

TO BREATHE OR NOT TO BREATHE. . .
(Continued from page 20)

functioning of the system. This is very important with neoprene, as the air cells will expand after they warm up and could cause loss of lymph circulation, drastically reducing warmth.

My favorite vapor barrier system is used in my boots. It has proven extremely effective for multi-day ice climbs in New Hampshire's White Mountains as well as in the Rocky Mountains. It works like this: all you need are four plastic bags (long and narrow, like bread bags and newspaper bags) and two pair of socks, one thin and one thick (preferably wool). Wear the thin socks next to your foot, then one plastic bag, then the boot. This will not only keep one pair of socks dry and warm but will keep out all that moisture those breathable boots invariably suck up!

Well, I hope I've cleared up some of the confusion regarding vapor barriers. But most of all I hope you get out there and try different systems out. There's nothing like first-hand knowledge. Oh, yeay--just one more important advantage. Now that you won't be sweating into and stinking up your clothes, just think of how many more days you can wear them!

BLOOD DRIVE(con.)

spinning rubber at the corner of Burnet and St. Clair and finally arriving at the blood center she was justly satisfied it was the car and not my driving that was screwy.

In we went to recover our fallen comrad, who was slightly still out of it, so Susan drove us to ~~444~~ were Greg and myself went to the party at 212 Fosdick and Susan took the drained Steve to his home and thus ends this tale.....



A few pointers from Bill Strachan....

Consider that you should be able to buy all your food for outings from local stores, especially the food co-op. Also, consider that you don't have to cook, particularly if there is a fire hazard, if you are in the desert, or if weight and/or time/altitude considerations preclude lighting up a stove. There is a wealth of readily munchable food in nuts, seeds, and dried fruits. Nut butters and molasses on bread make great energy foods.

Breads are a good source of carbohydrates besides pastas. Bread may be baked on the trail by the yeast method or by using Bisquick to cut the flour and make it rise. In a survival situation, the white stuff that forms on juniper berries, grapes, etc. is yeast. Mix some with some flour and warm water and voila! Rising dough. Concentrated breads may be baked at home before trips. Hard, flat breads that don't break as easily as crackers may be bought in the store.

Beans are a good staple that are light, dry, and both easily and cheaply obtained. Make sure to take along a sealable container to soak the beans while hiking. Don't be afraid to take along some fresh produce. Onions, garlic, carrots, and potatoes add substance and flavor to a meal. Experiment to see what will keep without refrigeration and for how long. Squash and eggplant can become whole meals. Squash can be wrapped in foil and baked in a fire. Lentils or any other legume plus vegetables make a great soup. Don't forget to take a spice kit. Just put your favorite spices in film canisters or other small plastic containers, suitably marked. They make the difference between barely barfable blah and le gourmet meals. Also, although you may think cans to be too heavy, a small can of tomato paste, shrimp, tuna, etc. can really make a meal.

Read and learn about the local flora. There are many savory natural edibles that may be used for salad or supplement. Take a fishing pole where there will be fish. They are best when flipped directly from the water into the frying pan! Speaking of

which, a frying pan is a necessity for bravo camp cooking, being suitable for frying or baking. Remember that oil is good on a salad as well as in frying. (I recommend olive oil, as it resists burning even at higher temperatures.)

So, if you've been around long enough, you've seen Bill and Ann Hayes cook amazing things on the trail-- pizza, eggplant parmesan, coch stew, nebula bread, and you want to know what the recipe is? Well, to tell you the truth, we don't follow recipes! All that I can tell you is to imagine, experiment, improvise, and improve. There is no substitute for experience and sound intuition in cooking. Sure you may end up with an undistinguishable spooza or a chocolate chip cookie that would make a better frisbee. But more than likely, you won't be believing that you are eating on the trail the best piece of apple pie that you have ever had or that you can fix a wonderful margarita from all your leftovers on the last day of the trip.

POUND CAKE

(All ingredients at room temperature)

cream 1 lb. unsalted butter until fluffy

add slowly 1½ c. honey or 2½ c. sugar

beat 'til creamy

add 6 eggs one at a time

beat just 'til blended

combine & set aside:

1 c. milk

1 tsp. vanilla

1 tsp. almond

extract

sift together:

2 c. WW flour

2c. unbleached flour

1 tsp. baking powder

1 tsp. cardamon, cinnamon, and/or allspice

pinch salt

add flour mix to butter & eggs alternately w/ milk; begin and end w/ dry ingredients (4 or 5 additions); stir just 'til blended after each addition

bake in 2 buttered and flour-dusted loaf pans at 300 - 350 for 1-1½ hrs. or until cakes begin to pull from sides of pan & a fingerprint vanishes slowly or when a knife inserted in the center comes out clean.

-- especially good in winter & can stand a beating in a backpack.

- Ann Hayes

DANGERS ASSOCIATED WITH CAR ACCIDENTS (continued from page 13)

...important for the job considering the size of the fire or if someone is trapped inside (the idea being some effort is better than no effort).

2) WATER-- evacuation is necessary only if the car sinks enough to cause drowning. If a car is exposed enough to allow breathing space inside the car then a badly injured person should not be moved. The rescuer should keep the victim's head above water until proper care arrives. Some exceptions would be if the car is in danger of sinking. If not do not assume a victim must be moved.

3) ELECTRICITY-- This is a bad one since no real emergency care can be given until all electricity is shut off. Proper authorities should be called.

"COMPLETE OUTFITTERS FOR THE GREAT OUTDOORS"

Wilderness Experience • Camp Trails
Columbia • White Stag • Diamond
Camp 7 • Woolrich • Black Ice

QUALITY CAMPING GEAR

BACKPACKS & TENTS
ON DISPLAY

**GREAT
OUTDOORS**

5300 LIGHTHOUSE SQ.
FAIRFIELD, OH 45014
(2.5 miles north of I-275
on Rt.4)

874-9212



A LETTER ON CLIMBING FROM MY UNCLE (continued from page 22)

...experiences must take over. One must gain control of the panic, forget the situation, get on ones feet, and climb (whether up or back down)

Let me give you some of my experiences which have helped me.

1. When top-roping, try anything-- you'll fall alot, but so what.
2. When leading a.) always be sure you can reverse the moves--downclimb b.) try to have protection above you at the crux. C.) Never give up on a placement of protection and climb higher to look for another--chances are you won't find one soon and will be looking at a longer fall.

3. On any climb--relax. There's a theory that goes for every muscle in the body there is another which does opposite work. Therefore as you reach out tensely for the handhold, there is a muscle pulling your arm back. Relax and the "pull-back" muscle will relax making it easier to reach the hold.

4. Buy friction boots (about 1-1½ sizes too small) and wear thin socks. Friction shoes allow you to dance a ballet on the rock.

I hope to see you at Seneca this coming summer. It's been a while since I was there, but would like to go again. Stay safe!!

--Karl Sanger, Washington D.C.

****QUOTABLE QUOTES****

Henry David Thoreau--

Perhaps our grandsons, having never seen a wild river, will never miss the chance to set a canoe in singing waters...

Susan Schutz--

Let us dance in the sun wearing wild flowers in our hair and let us huddle together as darkness takes over. We are at home amidst the birds and the trees for we are children of nature.

Henry David Thoreau--

But lo! Men have become the tools of their tools.

...CLIFTON GORGE contd, from pg. 10
 He has already made inquiries of the Department of Forests, Department of Parks, and others in the Ohio Division of Natural Resources as to possible sites currently owned by the State. As of this date probably the most helpful thing climbers can do is to forward information on alternate sites known to them to Mr. Moseley directly or to give the information to either John, Rick, or Stephen so that they can pass this information along. Whether you send it directly or not the following information should be included - where the site is located at, BE SPECIFIC, and include a map if possible, whether you have climbed there or not and a rating as to suitability for climbing (maybe as compared to Clifton Gorge), the owner of the property if known, the Permanent Parcel Number or other legally identifying information (for tracing deeds, etc.), and any other information you might feel important. The U.C. Mountaineering Club and Rick, John, and Stephen will try to be a center of organization for this purpose and for disseminating new information.

Currently the only known alternative climbing sites are:

Whipps Ledges, Hinkley - State owned

Springfield Rocks, Springfield - private land

Cedar Cliffs, Cedarville - Greene County owned

Aberfelda Ravine, Springfield - private land

Eden Park, Cincinnati - City owned

Various properties in Columbus

If the budgetary situation allows for it one of the departments of the Ohio Department of Natural Resources might be able to purchase some land for the express use of rock climbing, although this not a definite possibility right now. The Department might also be able to make agreements with land owners granting easement for the purpose of climbing. I would like to stress to climbers knowing of potential sites that

they do not go talking to the owners of property, it might piss them off so that they won't want to sell or it might boost their selling price (if purchasing becomes an option). If you would like more information on this situation you may contact Mr. Moseley directly at

Richard E. Moseley, Jr., Chief
 Division of Natural Areas and Preserves
 Fountain Square
 Columbus, Ohio 43224
 (614) 265-6452

In Cincinnati contact

John R. Engebretsen
 2974 Libra Lane
 Cincinnati, Ohio 45239
 (513) 729-5763

or

Stephen M. Kramrech
 Apt. #5, 580 Dixmyth Ave
 Cincinnati, Ohio 45220
 (513) 559-1737

or come to a Mountaineering Club meeting. A climber and lawyer in Xenia would also like to be contacted by interested persons

Farrell K. Ballenger
 Carrera and Associates
 115 North Whiteman Street
 Xenia, Ohio 43385

If climbers in Ohio are willing to make an effort it is felt that Mr. Moseley and his Division will make every effort to cooperate with us in finding other climbing sites in Ohio so that climbing in Ohio will remain alive and well.

Writing is not necessarily something to be ashamed of - but do it in private and wash your hands afterwards.

Little girls, like butterflies, need no excuse.

Everybody lies about sex.

U.C. MOUNTAINEERING CLUB SPRING '82 ROSTER

Andrews, Fletcher III	861-3404	Sum Pres.	Rielly, Jane	321-2662
Bailey, Tom	771-6063	Sum v-Prs	Rolfes, Greg	481-0640
Bennett, John	621-7462		Reinhold, Dottie	242-7761
Bettmen, Jay	475-6944		Rutz, Allen	751-3692
Bittner, Carol	475-2726		Sarabia, Debbie	751-1570
Bopeley, Dan	N/A		Sause, Eric	825-7766
Bortner, Larry	861-6818		Schmid, Cindy	381-1899
Boywer, Dave	751-3693		Setter, Barb	932-0772
Brenneche, Dave	N/A		Steuver, William	221-2735
Bruegge, Bruce	367-6304		Sullivan, Maureen	542-0524
Bunch, Sherry	932-5534		Sutliff, Dan	475-6224
Chabaty, Judy	475-5613		Swope, John	751-3692
Christenson, Dave	961-6235		Szopa, Mary	751-7839
Coombs, Phil	521-7624		Wallace, John	431-6004
Cousins, Jeff	475-2538		Warrington, Mary	561-7013
Crane, Casey	683-7494		Whitney, Eric	559-0435
Crocket, Ken	351-7274		Workman, Sue	861-3404 Spg v-Pre
Crocker, Jim	961-6035		Wright, Joanna	381-0851 Wright,
Davis, Michael	522-6176		Yost, Greg	751-5434
Dermott, Terrence	621-6928		Zins, Kathleen	231-2564
Domingus, Brenda	861-3404	Sum Tres.		
Donley, Brian	975-6339		<u>HONORARY(?) MEMBERS</u>	
Dozier, Suzanne	961-6830		Engbretsen, John R.	729-5763
Dekert, Randall	731-2516		Kessler, Bob & Cindy	984-2700
Ellis, Cheri	631-9035		Kluesner, Matt	769-5091
Gardner, David	281-9177		Strachan, William	861-3404
Garner, Mary	961-0755			
Geers, Fred	931-0858		<u>U.C.M.C. FACULTY ADVISOR</u>	
Glacken, Greg	621-9950		Percy "Doc" Dougherty	475-3421
Glines, Nancy	421-2890			
Goldsmith, Gayle	751-6510		@@	
Goldsmith, Ralph	N/a			
Goller, Jeff	751-7040			
Hadley, Jenny	871-2214		Use the space below for any additional	
Hamrock, Gerry	N/A		numbers or other vital information.	
Heldman, Cathy	961-9105			
Henderson, Gerard	721-3547			
Hodge, Kathy	751-8067			
Hulbery, Heidi	475-3418			
Huseman, Marty	661-1666			
Kane, Kerry	475-4912			
King, Glenn	475-5107			
Koetzle, Dave	871-2576			
Kramrech, Stephen M.	559-1737	Spg Eq Mg		
Lynch, Dan	681-2962	Spg Pres.		
McDanial, Sharon	522-7911	Spg Lib.		
Meier, Webster	241-9926			
Messick, Lyla	385-1851			
Meyer, Anne	281-5516			
Meyer, Tomara	721-1497			
Miller, Allan	475-6372			
Mitchell, Amy	561-6416			
Norman, Amy	475-6347			
Osterbrock, Amy	961-0761			
Patterson, Craig	861-3404			