

THE GOOSE DOWN GAZETTE

THE OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CINCINNATI MOUNTAINEERING CLUB

VOLUME 4 ISSUE 6

11 AUGUST 1982

WHITE MOUNTAINS



A LETTER FROM THE PRESIDENT:

For a new administration to start a new era in the club, I can only visualize success being generated by much initial effort put forth by not only the officers but also the by the members of the Mountaineering Club. As Dan Lynch and other past officers have said, we are not meant to do everything, but only to act as an organization and directing energy. We need your ideas (no matter how conventional or outlandish) and we need your participation. The U.C. M.C. would not exist without its members.

The more people participate, the more each individual of the Club will experience increased group energy. In this group energy each of us will find strength, togetherness and happiness. Let us all step down off our social and career pedestals and open our hearts to all. My greatest dream for the Club is to see more participation - The vehicle to a friendly and open atmosphere.

FLETCH III

MEETINGS

During the Summer Quarter the U.C. Mountaineering Club will hold its meetings every Wednesday in room 605 Swift Hall at 7:30PM. Discussion of past trips, plans for upcoming trips, and lectures on the out-of-doors are the normal fare.

THE GOOSE DOWN GAZETTE

The GDZ is the official publication of the University of Cincinnati, Mountaineering Club and is published at least once during the quarter. Any reproduction of articles in this publication is freely given for the private and educational use of its readers. Send any articles, letters or inquires to:

Editor/Goose Down Gazette
Phillip A. Coombs
2245 Victor
Cincinnati, OH 45219

CLUB'S OFFICERS 82-83

President; Fletch Andrews 861-3404
V. President; Tom Bailey 771-6063
Treasurer; Brenda Domingus 861-3404
Equip. Manager; Greg Rolfes 481-0640
Librarian; Mike Davis 522-6176

=====

** OTR CONVENTION **

in Wild, Wonderful West Virginia

How does one begin describing the possibilities existant at the craziest party in the East, occurring September 2 - 5. OTR (Old Timers Reunion), a caving (but not excluded to) function has been going on for years.

One fee (max \$15) entitles you to campground facilities, soda, beer (55 kegs), contests & prizes, flea markets, Sauna's & showers, socializing, partying, accident insurance, and most of all FUN!!! Worth mentioning: The convention is located in an area so rich with natural beauty and activities, that one should not miss it.

Seneca Rocks is under a 40 min. drive. The Otter Creek Wilderness is even closer. White water rafting and other water sports can be enjoyed throughout West Vir. As far as caving goes it is a mere walk to the underground.

For info. on this unique happening Sept. 2-5, contact either the Mountaineering Club or Cave Club.

Specifics can be gotten from,
Doc Dougherty 475-3421
or

Fletch Andrews 861-3404

COVER PHOTOGRAPH CREDIT

Larry Bortner snapped this shot of himself and our beloved Cindy Schmid on a recent trip to the White Mountains in New Hampshire.

For the details on Larry's and Cindy's adventures in the North East turn to page 9 to their tale entitled "Glady and Herbert."

-----#####-----

Mt. Rainier trip still open, contact Phillip at 521-7624.



ASK THE QUACK

TRIP TO "SPIDER HILL"
By: Don Speller

One of the many untold stories of the UCMC is when Gary Goodman, an exmember of the club, and I went for an overnight trip to Adams County. Since camping there wasn't exactly legal, we went to the base of an obscure hill and set up camp, which consisted of a tarp and sleeping bags. The night was spent pleasantly free of mosquitoes but my thoughts soon turned from the thought of the lack of insects.

We awoke to another interesting quest, spiders. I could see the outline of about a dozen on the outside of the tarp. Another had formed a web on the pole that held up the tarp. I pulled a few out of my shoes and sleeping bag. One mimicked a large ant to distract enemies. My favorite was a grey jumping spider that refused to move despite my probing with a stick. Later, another moved too close and the grey one lunged forward for an early morning breakfast. There were dozens of different types, large and small all over. Gary and I promptly named the spot "Spider Hill."

When I think about that trip; I wonder, why people fear spiders. Of ten it is because of the many myths and misinformation about them. Legends depict spiders as gods that push the sun across the sky or little beast that kills people and animals by dropping from their webs and biting into your brains. Stories tell of spiders plagues that wiped out towns and charms and potions made from their webs. But, only some of these stories have any truth in them. It is true that spiders were used as weapons in palace court murders and webs have been used to patch wounds and induce intoxication by smoking them. In modern times spiders are used in laboratory experiments and spider silk is used in optical equipment because it is perfectly straight.

By separating fact from fiction we can get a true picture of the spiders. All spiders are poisonous, but only some can kill a man. They are all predators and must eat live animals. The poison kills and partially digests the victim. Since spiders have no chewing mouth parts, the victim must be digested into a "soup", this is done by the spider injecting an enzyme into its food and then the spider sucking out the insides. With this in mind it is easy to see why most spiders are harmless to man. Most are too small to even puncture man's skin with their fangs and since fangs are used to catch food, man is seldom the target. However, the fangs serve another function, protection. This is what brings man and spiders into conflict.

There are only a few truly dangerous spiders in the United States and one is the Black Widow. It is found throughout the country; and is commonly found in old wood piles, buildings, outhouses, and other neglected places. Usually shy they are not prone to bite unless provoked. The bite causes pain, swelling, chills, vomiting, convulsion and sometimes death. Unfortunately normal procedure for spider bites don't apply for spider bites since the reaction is instantaneous. Cold packs sometimes help slow down the process. The only real cure is prompt medical attention and mass narcotics to ease the pain. Black Widows are easily identified by the large black abdomen with its red or brown hourglass marking. They often live in groups and form scattered irregular webs.

Another less common spider is the Brown Recluse, a flat brown spider with long legs and characteristic violin shape on the back of its head. Usually shy, they run when disturbed but will bite if provoked. Unlike the Black Widow both the male and female are dangerous. The bite is often only an

AND THE QUACK' continued . . .)

irritation at first, but soon inflammation, blisters, and then a sunken-in area develops. The victim displays chills, nausea, pain, and sweating. Although the bite is seldom fatal, it can leave a permanent scar from the size of a silver dollar to an entire limb being affected. The Brown Recluse does not form a web and often hides under rocks and the bark of trees.

One spider often confused with being dangerous is the American Tarantula which is usually harmless despite its bite is ~~deadly~~ and the fact large doses of venom are injected into the wound. The venom rarely causes more than minor irritation. Tarantulas even make good pets because they are so non-aggressive. There are two reasons why tarantulas are confused with being dangerous. First is because of their name, Tarantula, which refers to the

sheppien, which was given to a group of hairy wolf spiders (which looks like the Tarantula) that invaded Italy in the seventeenth century. Actually harmless, they were believed deadly; the only cure was a dance, called the tarantella. Later, the American version was misnamed the Tarantula. But a more important reason they are feared is because some of their species are poisonous. The Funnel-Web Tarantula is very aggressive and is deadly. This South American version looks just like the American type, just smaller.

The venom of spiders can be compared to that of snakes. The Black Widow, Funnel-Web Tarantula, and the Brown Recluse bites are about fifteen times ~~more~~ deadly than the Palm Rattler. The brown Recluse's poison stays more localized ~~she~~ ~~is~~ ~~not~~ ~~deadly~~. A Banana Spider of South American is 300 HUNDRED more deadly than the rattler. * It should be noted that due to an accident at Miami International in the early seventies that several Banana Spiders escaped into the wilds of Florida and reports have shown that it has spread out and now lives throughout Central and Southern Florida. The Banana Spider is easily identified and avoided for it is from 1½ to 2½ inches long with large abdomen which is black with large yellow patch almost covering the top of the abdomen. Its webs are large and generally circular. The only real cure for these bites are doses of anti-venom and narcotics for the pain.

Most species of spiders are harmless. Web Spiders and Garden Spiders rarely bite and cause no ill effects. One group of spiders that cause more bites than most are the ground spiders such as the Wolf Spider. This very common spider sometimes crawls into clothing or is rolled upon in the tall grasses. Fortunately the bite is harmless. Rick Forrester, former Quack reporter, had numerous spider bites at one Old Timer Reunion. This type was the probably the culprit. There is no reason for any outdoorsman to be a

"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 46014
(2.5 miles north of I-276
on Rt. 4)

874-9212



Grub City News

OF ADVENTURES PAST, AND THINGS TO COME...
by Bob Kessler

There are two basic levels of caving, hard-core and sport. Recently I had the opportunity to experience both and maybe my description of them will help you decide which you would prefer.

First, the hard-core. Hard-core cavers are certainly masochistic (and probably sadistic in that they often drag unsuspecting friends along) in their choice of caves to visit. Often such a cave involves long periods of crawling, or hours of tedious surveying, or submerging most of your body in very cold water. A recent trip to the infamous Sinking Valley included all of the above with a few ringers for the sake of novelty.

The Sinking Valley Cave System is a notorious cave consisting of a large trunk passage with several side leads--all of which contain water most of the time and flash-flood with disturbing ease. Consequently, the hard-core cavers usually wear their wet suits when they visit the cave, and pray earnestly for continued sunny skies while they are inside.

My most recent trip into Sinking Valley was a mapping trip with Doc Dougherty and Dan Lynch. Our objective was to push a side lead that contained a lot of water flow, surveying it as we went along. Normally, to reach the side passage, we would enter the Big Sink entrance and proceed downstream for about 20 minutes of easy walking before we reached the side lead. This time, though, I thought it'd be quicker to go upstream and take a crawl that would get us to our surveying point faster. Unfortunately, I had forgotten how terrible a crawl that was, and by the time we reached our destination we were exhausted.

We took one look at the two foot high passage we intended to map, filled with about eight inches of rapidly flowing water, and decided to eat lunch early while we were relatively comfortable.

With food digested and spirits high, we struck out. At first the surveying went very slowly. The passage twisted a lot,

making for numerous stations of very short length. I had trouble reading one of the compasses and eventually used a different type. Dan was grumpy (rightfully so!) because he had to try to keep his compass completely dry (try it sometime while crawling through water). And Doc started to get sick from his lunhh. All-in-all, we were having a great time.

Eventually the passage stopped twisting like a snake and we began to get some distance under our belts. The passage widened a little and we were able to get off our knees. We were getting excited about it becoming something bigger--and better. But, Doc began to have some serious cramps and we opted to bail out early; we were not anxious to rescue someone from that passage. We vowed to return, some Sunny Day late in the summer.

Anyone want to go along?

Sport caving is very different from what I just described. It can often have difficult sections in it, but more likely it is very easy caving. Recently five of us from the UCMC went to the Sloans Valley Cave System to help out in a clean-up effort and do a little sport caving. Reaching over into the moderately difficult category, we descended a 30 foot cable ladder into the Screamin' Willie Entrance. With a caver of the canine persuasion along, the trip had an added flavor of novelty and hassel. We spent most of our time exploring a room called the White Grotto (because of its white formations), some interesting waterfalls, and poking around through passages that varied from short crawls to easy walking.

We had hoped to get into an area known as the Big Passage, but because my memory of the area was too rusty, we never made it. But we all had a good time--except maybe the dog--and I was ready to return the next weekend, better prepared to find my way through.

But I ended up without the bucks to return the next weekend, but I'm sure that won't stop me for long. Being short of money in temporary, the caves are there forever.

BOOK REVIEW: GOING TO EXTREMES,
 n. by Joe McGinniss
 published; Plume, 1980

On the scene in Alaska, in the late seventies. Witnessing the tremendous change and upheaval of a people and a land - a land three times the state of Texas with glaciers bigger than the state of Rhode Island. McGinniss spends almost one year travelling and living with the real Alaska, giving an objective rendition of a harsh reality most visitors won't witness.

The attractiveness of this book is largely due to the ability of the author to pass on the information and stories he gathers with a sharp, highly polished objectivity that brings the story out of the pages and into most readers' imagination. He fortunately tells the real story of Alaska; the alarming alcoholism amongst the natives and whites; the remote, nearly inaccessible villages that comprise the true spirit to the state; the sheer

"QUACK"(CON.)
 afraid of spiders, only cautious of them. Besides, I don't think that many people will ever encounter as many spiders as Gary and I did at "Spider Hill."

 BOOK REVIEW(CON'D)

hatred of the whites by natives; the effect of the presence of the oil companies; what Alaskan Wilderness is and what it means to the people who really belong there, who live there; and the throngs of outsiders who spend a few weeks and publicizes the state as if they had just bought the place.

McGinniss is direct, painting a bleak picture of what was, and probably will come. But the power behind his writing is his feeling for Alaska, his understanding of what is happening there. You should read this book before you form opinions and arguments about the Alaskan Wilderness. It will provide you with the most realistic information attainable second-hand. The author is incredibly poignant, leaving you with a bittersweet picture of Alaska - the natives, the white settlers, the newcomers, the oil influence, and the wilderness, with an amazing geographical account of the land itself.

Mark Hartinger

"How worn and dusty, then, must be the world, how deep the ruts of tradition and conformity! I did not wish to take a cabin passage, but rather to go before the mast and on the deck of the world for there I could best see the moonlight amid the mountains. . . ."

HENRY DAVID THOREAU

- - - - # - - - -

Why live if one does not do it to the fullest?

PACo

Wilderness Trace



HYDE PARK STORE NOW OPEN ! ! !
 Tel. 321-6800
 Hours; 10 AM thru 9 PM, M-F
 SAT. 10 AM thru 5:30

QUALITY GOODS . . .
WELL WORTH THE PRICE !!

EAST	NORTH
614 Wooster Pike Terrace Park, OH 831-3370	11582 Rt 42 Sharonville, OH 563-4774

L A I D B A C K

"CLIMBING DECLARED AN UNNATURAL ACT - A EULOGY TO CLIFTON GORGE"

By: Bill Strachan

A few weeks ago a new route at Clifton Gorge was pointed out to me. An obscure and unobvious but classic layback move over the "Bong Crack" overhang which I was able to top out about a week later. In our rush to get in those last few climbs at Clifton Gorge in John Bryan State Park is closed to rock climbers on 1 August 1982. We seem to be missing the point that to the general public rock climbers are obscure and are supposed to be unobvious.

When I talked to some people who were just hiking through the gorge the other day they were unaware of the closing. They were sort of shocked and didn't think it was fair. Besides they thought it was interesting to watch the rock climbers. "Why was this happening?" they asked. Because the Ohio Natural Areas Council has determined that rock climbing is contrary to the goal of maintaining Clifton Gorge as a natural area. And of course it is very natural to keep only on the designated stone lined gravel path, drink a few beers, and gaze at the rocks uncluttered with strange people grunting and contorting their bodies into impossible positions.

And so rock climbing will fade into obscurity in this part of the country. No longer will the drive to climb every weekend at Clifton Gorge spun on such people such as Bob Livingston, who was one of the original members of the Mountaineering Club. No longer will arms burn and one arm pull-ups develop Yosemite material in a year and a half. Outdoor stores will no longer carry climbing gear. Local climbers will move west. And continuing with the increase in population the wonderful flora and

fauna of Clifton Gorge will be preserved for the teeming masses to view from manmade trails patrolled by gun toting men in green.

Seriously folks we are fighting for our lives and our rights trying to get another area to climb at. Rock Climbing is the University of Cincinnati's Mountaineering Club rock of Gibraltar. We need to find another place to climb and or make ourselves more visible and audible and work out something with the state of Ohio at Clifton Gorge or someplace else.

Personally without Clifton Gorge as a climbing area, I will miss the good friendships that I have struck up with other climbers there and the pizzas and calzones at HA-HA's Pizza.

AND NOW THE GOOD NEWS

Soon after the completion of the writing above the state said they would be willing to leave our beloved Clifton Gorge open until the honorable state of Ohio could acquire a new climbing territory for the rock climbers of south eastern section of the state.

Which translates to, that we of the UCMC can look forward to climbing to our hearts content at least for the rest of this summer. But that still means Clifton will eventually close, regardless.

Let's look on the bright side though that means exploring new routes and on top a new possibly better, possibly worse climbing frontier.

CHEER UP:

The worst is yet to come.

Philander Johnson

"GLADYS AND HERBERT..." (continued)

pointed out the foolishness of everybody having to wear Topsiders -- and didn't see that those were exactly the shoes one of the brothers was wearing.

A few hours after the Brothers Boston took off up the Mt. Carrigain Trail, Gladys and Herbert followed, leaving behind the Mysterious Couple and a note on the AMC comment sheet that Gladys had written in one of her more devilish moments -- something about five horny women from a fictitious mountaineering club in Cincinnati, Ohio (of all places!). The trail to the top was only 2 miles along the ground, but that included a 2500 foot climb. At the summit there was a 50 foot observation tower, which they wearily trudged up to be greeted by a brisk breeze and a magnificent 360 degree panorama of the White Mountains. Mt. Washington, as usual, was shrouded in clouds, but the day was sunny and there was little haze to obstruct the view of the rest of the mountains. They ate a leisurely lunch and marvelled at the vast expanse before them. "This is what life is all a-

bout," Herbert said, nodding his head. Gladys agreed.

A father-son team from Boston arrived from the other side of the mountain. The father was an AMC member trying to climb all 47 of the 4000 foot mountains in the Whites. Mt. Carrigain was his 18th and in his opinion, had the best view. They soon headed back down Signal Ridge Trail after informing Gladys and Herbert of the trail conditions. The Mysterious Couple showed up as our two favorite backpackers were getting their packs together and heading down Signal Ridge. The Couple planned to spend the night on top of the mountain, perhaps to find the desolation that had eluded them the previous night.

The father-son team, ostensibly resting, wasn't too far down the trail when Gladys and Herbert caught up with them. Actually the father had taken pity on the battle-scarred duo and wanted to share some of his Old Woodsman's insect repellent. Gladys and Herbert were exceedingly grateful. They made it down to the gravel road in a pleasant walk, devoid for the most part of nasty bug bites.

But it was another 3 miles along roads to the car. Gladys, tired from the strenuous hiking that day, was going to wait by the packs while Herbert got the car. Before Herbert walked 50 feet, she had changed her mind, as sweat had washed most of the repellent away. They hid the packs in the trees and, with those loads off their backs, shed other, more figurative loads on their trek to the car as each revealed deep secrets to the other. Such is the nature of a friendship; spending an extended period of time in the wilderness with one or several people tends to initiate such bonds or deepen them if they already exist.

They spent that night at a campground in Crawford Notch State Park, hundreds of feet from other people -- the Brother-Sister team (or were they Newlyweds?), Two Typical Families (complete with whining brats), and the Church Youth Group from Inner City New York (They sang hymns all night.). Gladys finally relented and let Herbert fix peanut butter soup and was surprised at how good it tasted. Sometime that night as they watched the flames of the campfire dance, they decided to hike to Arethusa Falls then drive to Pinkham Notch and climb Mt. Washington via Tuckerman's Ravine Trail. "We'll have to

(continued 11)

We Have In Stock;
WOOL SOCKS
WATER PURIFICATION STRAWS
POLYPROPYLENE UNDERWEAR
and much much more . . .



The Self-Propelled Outdoorsman, Inc.

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

5557 FAIRWOOD ROAD
CINCINNATI, OHIO 45239

"GLADYS AND HERBERT
GO TO THE WHITE MOUNTAINS"

by Larry Bortner

The following is a true account of an adventurous young woman and her handsome escort vacationing in New England. The names have been changed to protect those who couldn't face their friends if real names were given.

Herbert was sitting alone one night, worrying about how he was going to make it to the end of the month, still four weeks away, when he received his first telegram. It was from Gladys, one of his favorite persons. "Meet me in New York," was the message. This caused Herbert to worry some more. If he could find somebody to move in to the apartment and help share the rent and if he could find some other people to go along, he might be able to swing the trip financially. But no matter what, he knew deep down that he would be making the journey to the Big Apple and places northward. A few days later, with no prospective roommates and only tentative riders, he sent an overseas telegram, "Hasta JFK." (Until JFK.) He assumed that Gladys would know what this meant since she was staying in a country where Spanish was spoken.

The day before her plane was to arrive, he left the large midwestern city for the all-night drive to the coast, sans roommate or riders. He worried that his seven-year-old car wouldn't make it and that \$80 really wasn't enough money to go off on an adventure like this and that maybe he should have found more information on camping. Yet he continued.

As soon as he got into New Jersey, fuses started blowing. He bought a lot of fuses and sought knowledgeable assistance to no avail. Frustrated, Herbert called the airport and had them page Gladys to let her know that he would be there. He finally arrived, three hours late, in a slightly dazed condition (But then, that's his usual condition.). She ran to greet him and he swung her around in front of astonished onlookers.

After stuffing Gladys's luggage in his small car, their mutual decision was to forego the romance and excitement and expense of the big city and seek out a more natural setting, one more conducive to retrospection and introspection. They also chose to take U.S. #1 up the coast

instead of the interstate, as there would be more sights to see (Besides, Herbert had never really fixed the car; he only discovered that the fuses didn't blow if he didn't go faster than 50 mph.).

To celebrate Gladys's return to the country, they dined sumptuously on lobster and other seafood delicacies at a restaurant in Connecticut where a little girl was throwing mints at Herbert. After a relaxing sojourn in an appropriately sleazy motel, they continued their leisurely pace up the coast in the gray skies and rain that residents noted was a definite sign that the weekend had arrived. They spent some time in the Twilight Zone before escaping to Burlingame State Park in Rhode Island. The tent was put up in the rain and an attempt was made at cooking with a stubborn Svea that didn't like moisture. The soggy and tepid macaroni and cheese with tuna was nourishment, nothing else, much to the dismay of Herbert, who considers himself a good cook.

The next day, they decided take in a little history and drove to Plymouth, Mass., to see Plymouth Rock. To quote a Cleveland druggie there at the same time, starting in disbelief at the small rock cemented together where it had broken: "What a waste!" It was a typically American tourist trap. They continued northward as quickly as possible and got lost trying to drive through Boston. Darkness found them in North Conway, N.H., just a few miles from the White Mountains National Forest, with no information on trails or campsites and no place to get any. They drove through the White Mountains on the main highway constructed for the multitudes of skiers, looking for a (free) campground. It was getting late. They hadn't eaten since the afternoon when they had cheese and crackers at a friend's in Mystic, Conn. Herbert was strung out from driving all day and Gladys was still suffering from a seven-hour jet lag; they were both irritable. They finally saw a sign for a campground. Herbert turned onto the gravel road -- and drove past the Dolly Copp campground. Gladys said nothing. After they drove up and around for a few minutes, they came upon another campground. But this one was for large groups only. Herbert continued driving up the mountain. He wanted the highest campsite he could find, so that they could catch the full glory of a mountain sunrise. "Why didn't
(continued on back)

"GLADYS AND HERBERT..." (continued)

you turn in at that campground way back there?" Gladys asked. But Herbert was inspired; he kept going up. After thirty minutes, he was exasperated. The A La Carte meals had been on the engine block for the last hour and a half. Gladys told him to go back to the first campground. Weary, he agreed, and in another thirty minutes they were throwing their pads and bags near their campsite picnic table, hoping it wouldn't rain that night. They poured their meals in pita bread. Gladys finished her meal in quick order; Herbert dripped most of his on his sleeping bag and worried about bears.

The next morning they stopped in at the Appalachian Mountain Club headquarters at Pinkham Notch and asked for information on trails and easy climbing areas. The twerp who attended them pointed out a nice "flat" trail leading up to some cliffs. They bought an AMC topo and drove to the head of Nancy Pond Trail. Soon they were hiking on a trail that was quite pleasant, with gurgling brooks and occasional sunbeams struggling through many branches to reach the forest floor. Then the angle of ascent started to increase, as did the number of black flies and mosquitoes (In their detailed planning for the trip, they had overlooked the insect problem and had packed no insect repellent.). After several hours the terrain leveled off, but the insects increased to ravenous swarms. Yelling and slapping themselves, they took turns putting up the tent while the other ran up and down the trail to escape. Soon they were able to dive in and rest. The barrage let up by supertime, enough for them to prepare a hearty meal of Cincinnati Lentil Chili.

That night brought rain and winds. They stayed in the tent until the rain let up in the midmorning. The mosquitoes returned by the time they hit the trail. They hiked for a few hours, past the mosquito breeding grounds of the still waters of Ponds Nancy and Norcross, until they reached the runoff of the latter on the other side of the ridge. Here they lingered, as a stiff breeze was coming up from the valley, offering a bug-free environment. Since it was so pleasant, they decided to set up an early camp and sleep under the stars that night by the cascading creek. That afternoon was spent catching

up on their journals, basking in the sun, and taking baths in the surprisingly warm water of the stream. For supper they had a scrumptious treat -- Rice-a-Roni Spanish rice, cooked according to directions on the package. Neither of them had ever eaten it prepared in this manner. They sacked out on their rock beneath a heavy cloud cover. A few hours later the clouds had cleared, revealing a magnificent starlit sky. An hour or two later, though, it started to sprinkle. Reluctantly they got up and drug their bags into the tent that Herbert had set up, "...just in case." It was just as well. The winds had lessened considerably by the time the typical mountain sunset had arrived with its glorious colors and spectacular cloud shapes. The mosquitoes violated the cease-fire zones frequently. As they could not stay submerged in their bags for very long because of the warm night, Gladys and Herbert were bitten all night until they reached the tent.

The following day dawned bright and clear. They hiked down a beautiful trail to Desolation Shelter, a three-sided, roofed structure with a wood floor. The bugs were not as numerous, but they were still a bother. Gladys had brought her swimming suit along and on this nice, sunny day, she was going to go swimming, by God. The rushing creek nearby had several small, deep pools that were appropriate for such activity. The major drawback, as Herbert found out quickly when he stuck his toe into the water, was that it was very cold. Incredibly refreshing and invigorating, but cold. They ended up jumping in for a few seconds occasionally, just to escape the bloodsuckers.

"Desolation" turned out to be a misnomer. Soon after their arrival, the Mysterious Couple showed up and pitched a tent not too far from the outhouse, instead of sharing the shelter -- seems they wanted privacy, (Their free-standing tent shook a lot that night and the next day, despite the lack of wind.) Later on that afternoon, the Brothers Boston appeared (one of whom goes to school at Case Western in Cleveland). So Gladys and Herbert got to share the shelter after all. Around the campfire that night, Gladys talked about her previous summer in New England, working at a preppie camp. She
(continued page 8)

"GLADYS AND HERBERT..." (continued)

get up real early," Herbert warned. But the next day was Gladys's last before she had to report to the preppie camp and she wanted to "go for it."

An hour after Herbert got up, Gladys started to show signs of life. Despite the enthusiasm of the night before, she really didn't feel like doing anything until 3 cups of coffee had gone past her tongue. The trail to Arethusa Falls was supposed to be a little over a mile, but they took a wrong turn and ended up on the three mile trail instead. The sight and sound and smell of water tumbling 100 ft. down a nearly vertical slab of granite expanded nostrils and dilated pupils.

After taking the shorter route to the car, they drove to the AMC headquarters and were on the trail to the summit by noon, wearing shorts and tennis shoes and carrying only water, a little food, and extra clothes. A couple of hours brought them to the ski area at Tuckerman's Ravine, where there were a few hearty souls skiing down the dirty snow in the Bowl -- in the middle of June. Tuckerman's Ravine Trail was closed to the top because of avalanche danger, but Lion's Head Trail, offering the same hiking distance, was open.

It being a Saturday, there were many people out to test their mettle against the highest mountain in the Northeast. Gladys and Herbert met, among others, a solitary old man of the mountain, two boy scout troops, several people from Quebec, a lone woman who had been told, "Go take a hike. It might improve your disposition.", and a group of five men who had to be talked into going for the summit. The hike up through the tundra and the boulder fields was through a thick, wet, otherworldly fog. The wind increased and the temperature decreased as they got nearer their goal. Within hours grew a feeling of accomplishment, of pitting themselves against nature and coming out on top, so to speak.

Then they came to the paved road and the motorcycle gang emerging out of the mist like Imperial troopers from Star Wars; also, there were tour buses, station wagons, and grandmothers. The heated building at the top offered a restaurant, souvenir shop, and the Mt. Washington museum. All this slightly dampened their sense of achievement.

On their hike back down, most of the clouds cleared out and they could see into the valley. They reached their car by nine o'clock and drove wearily to Mrs. Smith's boarding house -- five dollars per person per night (something that suited their rapidly dwindling budget quite well), plus use of the bathtub. Gladys wanted to wash off the week's worth of grime before arriving at the camp. Mrs. Smith was a delightful little old white-haired lady who had a bible on every night table. In signing the register Herbert noticed that all the other guests had registered as Mr. and Mrs. Thinking quickly, he swallowed deeply and signed in as Mr. and Mrs. Schmid, since he didn't want to get into discussions of possible relation.

Tired but clean, they headed into North Conway to drink with six dollars and the gas gauge riding on empty. They made it back to the boarding house despite being harassed by a local yokel. For the first time in at least a week, they had a good night's sleep in an actual bed. Driving through North Conway on Sunday, they looked for a laundromat so Gladys could wash some clothes using their last dollar and a half and ran out of gas right next to the gas station with the highest prices in town.

Herbert finally got Gladys to the camp with an Indian name meaning, "Top-siders are okay." The camp provided Herbert with enough gas to get to the nearest town and gave Gladys an advance on her travel allowance. She in turn loaned Herbert enough money to get home. Setting out that night, Herbert spent 36 hours on the road covering the 1100 miles to his apartment.

But that's another story.

WHERE DAY GOES TO NIGHT,
ONE SHALL ENTER THE . . .
TWILIGHT ZONE.

ref. Creature named Cindy.

CLUB'S VOICE

DOING OUR SHARE FOR ALASKA

Dear Mountaineering Club:

If we really want to do something for Alaska; We can stay out of IT. Through our own selfish motives we proclaim ourselves more worthy to inhabit this land than the people we protest against, the despoilers of the land. Our very presence will do nothing more than add to the overcrowded, glamorized rush to the 'wilderness' taking place there now.

STAY WHERE YOU ARE! Don't feel you have to deepen the trenches dug by Vibram soles eagerly pursuing a wilderness experience you are not likely going to be able to physically handle or psychologically grasp. Instead of writing your Congressman, just stop yourselves from plundering down the Alaska Highway in your gas-sucking, four-wheeled moving two-door jail cell, contradicting every word you ever pronounced about oil exploitation on the North Slopes. Getting you through that five thousand mile journey just increases the flow of oil through the Pruhoe-Valdez pipeline a little more.

Visit Kentucky instead. Walk there, and feel good about helping to save Alaska, America's DYING FRONTIER.

Mark Hartinger

LETTER (CON'D)
dars, so far not to many takers. Let's take the second step, LET'S GET MOTIVATED!

Phillip A. Coombs

" The land is community is the basic concept of ecology, but that land is to be loved and respected is an extension of ethics."

ALDO LEOPOLD

A LETTER FROM THE EDITOR:

One for the Complaint Department,

It seems that our club is coming under fire from within, as being too centralized. More specifically there is this core of leaders and a troop of followers. Well maybe I am wrong, but we seem to complain too much and do too little.

I say were suffering from the most common disease of our race; boredom coupled with a case of lack of communication.

First, let us look at the problem as another member of our club has put it; we have grown comfortable. Well this may be very true but where does the fault lie.

Honestly, on both the core of leaders and probably more so on us the troops of followers. The club though has done an excellent job of grooming its leaders. So possibly the problem is not quality, but in this case the quantity.

We seem to be stuck with this philosophy that, leaders are born. And to quote the book of Coombs', "BULLSHIT! Leaders are made!"

Now you ask, How is this accomplished?" That is a tough one to answer. Mainly by participating and I don't mean in the passive sense, just being there and doing; but actively. By what the Marine in me says, " GET MOTIVATED!" Be Gun-Ho.

That doesn't mean going off and doing something half-cocked, of this crime I am often guilty.

For a change just sit down and think of what you want to do, tell other be ambitious with your ideas, don't roll with the flow. Something that is often more effective is to do something that you don't like and try not to complain(too much.) You may end up enjoying yourself.

But getting back to the Subject, our leaders have taken the first step and have asked for members i-
(continued in left column)

TRUDGIN...

RED RIVER GORGE: A NEWBY'S VIEW
By: Phillip A. Coombs

It has often been said, "The best way to really experience a place is to go it alone." With this in mind I will say that Red River Gorge is definitely such a place. On the 15 July, I packed up my gear and thumbed down for the weekend. With several good rides it only took me four hours to journey from the concrete and congestion of the Queen City to the rolling vista of the Land of Arches.

Once there, I started up 77, half way to Nadia Tunnel a camper coming down stopped and asked for directions. I must have looked pretty odd standing there laughing, fortunately I was saved by two rangers heading for the western ridge overlooking Gladys Creek. To put out apparently another backpacker's over-sized campfire. They happily gave me a ride to the head of trail No. 221 aptly named Rough. When they dropped me off they gave me the standard mimeographed map of the Gorge and its Trails. Since it was getting dark; I had to make camp without the aid of good topo's seems there weren't any in the club's library or the help of a flashlight. In case you're keeping track that was mistake number one and two for the trip.

As it was the trail was more than I had bargained for. Try some night to make camp without a light on not exactly level ground. After a long day, I decided not to cook and had a meal consisting of one can of sardines in mustard sauce with some wheat crackers; a gourmet chef could not have done better. Then the mosquitoes decided to have their dinner, oh! Oh, that is number three, no insect repellent. Finally sleep got the better of me; I past out.

The next morning was a pleasant awakening with a cool breeze blow-

ing, the sun just starting its trek over the Ridge, and the birds starting to sing their melodies to the sky, best of all no one around to disturb me in my tranquility.

After a hardy meal of powdered eggs and orange spice tea, I was off to conquer the trail. Luckily for your truly the trail is well marked and it was off to Parch Corn Creek Overlook at the other end of the long twisting path leading up and down the sides of the many different and spectacular valleys.

That day's trail travel wasn't that interesting discounting the above, just tiring; a lot of stops to clean up another hiker's mess. Most of the day was spent just trudging along looking at the excellent scenery with a stop to see Gray's Arch and take a dip in the cold water's of Chimney Top Creek. Ah! Roughing it in the wilderness; I love it.

I see why the Gorge is one of the favorite places for backpacking and climbing. With that early start, I was able to make the eight point five miles to the overlook by 5:00 PM, this gave me plenty of time to back track to a little waterfall and take a refreshing shower, then back to the overlook to wait for Tom Bailey and crew meanwhile I would take a nap. At 8:30 PM still no Tom and the sun was starting to set, so off I went to make camp under the waterfall; having a meal of tomato soup and rice.

The next morning after I broke camp; I went to Sky Bridge then back to see if Tom showed (nope.) And merrily I went off on another trail to Rock Bridge, this one number 219 titled Swift Camp Creek Trail (it reminds one what he wants to do shortly after starting.) The first mile of this trail and the last three quarters

A NEWBY'S VIEW(CON'D)

of a mile are nice, well worn walking path, but everything in between is something else, entirely. As the first mile ends the trail drops roughly three hundred feet in a quarter of a mile, then before you reach bottom the trail shoots to the right apperantly going no-place, but straight ahead is nice hard packed trail which goes three ways once it reaches the Creek. One to the right, one to the left, and one straight in. It seems I was not the only one to mis the turn-off, so I went to the left on the best path(also the one going in the wrong direction, down-stream) For soon I ran into another backpacker searching in vain for the elusive path on our journey to Rock Bridge. After 45 minutes I noticed half hidden in the bushes a sign, reading, " TRAIL NO. 219→" Trying in that direction, I found it.... A small victory and off again I went to Rock Bridge, stopping for an oecassional swim every now and again.

In case you may ask the weather all weekend was hot and humid, an oecassional afternoon spritzal only add to the already mugging weather and did nothing to cool things off.

The one really nice thing about the trail is it has several excellent overlooks, great for taking pictures peeking down into the creek's valley or peer at the sur-

rounding cliffs and ridges.

Reaching Rock Bridge; I decided to try my hand at building a decent camp, complete with shelter and fire pit. It is good to know the old ways are still remembered. Using my poncho and groundcloth; I was able to make a nice three wall shelter complete with floor. Clearing and building a fire pit was nooproblem either, but trying to find fire wood turned out to be a different story. And soon I settled down for a relaxing night by the fire, even enjoyed a midnight swim in the Swift Camp Creek under Rock Bridge.

As with all last days I got a late,late start, packing up shop and hiked out of the Gorge, getting rid of the trash I had collected.

I found out finally where the Ranger Station was of course it was when I no longer needed any help or informatior at the corner of state road 71; and Forestry Service Road 24. Then down to Bert T. Combs Mountain Parkway, no relation, and thumbed back to good old Cincy. With good fortune several rides were very congenial, giving my the elixor of life, cold beer. And soon I was home, half crocked and totally exhausted.

I shall return. I know, it's not original, but then great minds think alike.

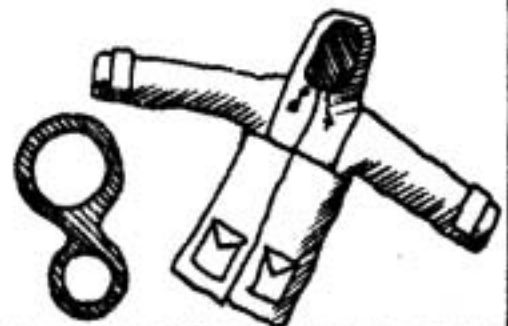


39 CALHOUN STREET
CINCINNATI, OHIO 45219
PHONE (513) 261-2594

For all your Outdoor Needs

UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT
RENT: Tents, Packs, &
Skis.

NEW PHONE NUMBER:
221 - 6700



RECON I

THE WEEKEND TRIP: A CRITICAL VIEW
by Don Speller

My intentio of this article is not to be harsh, but rather to encourage the club to reassess its priorities. I have been thinking about our new officers and approaching school year, and I wonder just what direction our club is taking. Why do we go on trips anyway? Since I joined the club--which was when Hal Shaw was president long ago--I have seen the club grow from a handful of climbers to the club it is today. During that time club members would often voice a critical view about club operations in order to keep it from falling into the same "rut" that often destroys other organizations. There was fear we would become a "party club", or that we would get over our heads with too much work placed on too few people. Fortunately, we have kept parties in line and created new officers to ease the burden of the president. There is one problem, however, that is not yet resolved. I will call it: "comfortable-ness."

Being comfortable is not the same as being lazy. I feel that the club goes on plenty of weekend trips. But it's the type of trip that bothers me. In the days of Hal Shaw, a simple trip to Red River Gorge was a big deal. But now that place is so familiar that it lacks any challenge except for the beginner. I have nothing against the Red River Gorge, but I question the motive for going there or any place else. Do we go to a location because it offers new challenges, or do we go because it's an easy, familiar place that requires little effort in trip planning? Have we become comfortable going to the same places over and over because it takes less work?

With this in mind, I would like to offer a direction for our club in coming years: Emphasis on new places close to home and Wilderness Skills. There are several reasons why I chose these two items.

Leadership--New members do not learn much when constantly relying on the leaders. When these same people later lead trips, they will naturally go to the same spot and do the same things. But if we get into the practice of exploration and skills, new

people will be far less reluctant to do something new on their own. We all know the club needs new leaders. I feel we should give them a chance.

Environment--We add to the congestion of an area if we go to the same location most times out. Even though our members are considerate of the environment, we still have an impact on the area. It is almost hypocritical to talk of "environmental awareness" and then make no effort to travel in less used areas. Wouldn't it make more sense to choose a remote area and emphasize low-impact camping?

Safety--This is the most important, since we are now taking greater risks than before with larger and more ambitious end-of-the-quarter trips. I feel that weekend trips should be a training ground. There have been major trips where some members had little or no knowledge of basic survival skills, or even known how to read a topographic map. This is just an accident waiting to happen (and we have had some close calls). It does a person no good to rely on a leader to pull them out of a tight spot if they are lost or hurt and separated from the group.

You'll notice that the above comments apply mostly to backpacking. I'm not picking on them, but climbers, skiers, and rafters have less options on the locations they can choose (although they can also take note). Also, backpacking skills are fundamentals which apply to all outdoor sports. Our cavers have always been more active in exploring new areas, and I think we all should follow their example.

Below I am going to list places and activities that deserve the club's attention in the coming years:

PLACES

Mt. Rogers Natural Recreation Area and Jefferson National Forest. Located in the very western tip of Virginia, it is the most beautiful place in the state. A very good map of the area is the Sportsman's map for \$1.00 from, USDA Forest Service

(Continued, page 16)

RECON ONE (CON'D)

Mt. Rogers NRA Headquarters
Rt. 1, Box 303
Marion, VA 24354

** also ask for pamphlet on CIRCUIT
HIKES.

** Cherokee National Forest in east
Tennessee is said to be remote, not
too far from Knoxville and the Smo-
kies.

** Bee Rock, Craigs Creek, Ky.
Location of the Wilderness
skills course, offers much more ex-
ploration, only 3 hours from Cinti.
Safe and free parking.

** Frozen Bead State Park, Tenn.
Includes Obed Wild and
Scenic River system and some great
whitewater and hiking.

These are only a few of the
many areas nearby.

ACTIVITIES:

There is an endless list of
activities we could do, but the
following is a list of some im-
portant skills we should practice.

** Three day search & rescue - A
major simulation of a real search
in a rough area.

** Three day orienteering race.

** Ski orienteering (suggested
by Mark Hartinger)

** Survival skills course - one
for each quarter to emphasis the
skills for each season.

** Topographical map skills -
emphasis during backpacking trips.
In winter when everything is cover-
ed with snow emphasis route finding.

** Wild food, Natural foods and
outdoor cookery sessions.

** First Aid - We have done well
in this area.

**
Ok., people, you get the idea.
Think up some more!

it Gatlinburg, blast firecrackers,
and climb Clingman's Dome.

Gee, come to think of it, the
World's Fair wasn't bad at all.

GO TO THE FAIR
By: Craig Patterson

Each spring, blue mountain
rain water plummets down steep
hills and collides with the flood-
ed river valleys of Tennessee.
The clear mineral water natures
the deep green shade leaves that
surround the reserv^oirs and lakes
of the Tennessee River. The tenn-
essee Valley Authority has con-
structed bridges and dams to ac-
comodate water recreation, this
source of clean hydroelectric pow-
er supplies energy for the proces-
sing of fertilizers and aluminum.
Dam controlled white water raft-
ing, fishing, boating, swimming,
and family gatherings are within
an hours drive of anyplace in Ten-
nessee, an excellent place to
host a World's Fair on the devel-
opment of energy resources.

Cheri and Craig figured the fair
was a once in a lifetime experi-
ence and decided to check it out.
After downing a pint of whiskey,
the opportunity descended on 3:30
in the morning. A stop at the lit-
ter strewn SOHIO self service fuel-
ed them away from St, Bernard on to
the misty Bluegrass Highway. By
10:00, the pair had paid three dol-
lars for parking and were spitting
on the T-shirt venders on the way
to the gates. Off in the distance
stood the Eifel Tower with a huge
gold golf ball on its crown. Fam-
ilies and elderly folk gazed in
amazement at the lines of people
and the colorful exhibits. A day
of streamlined knowledge and unu-
sual phenomena indeed. After pay-
ing due respect to our seven acre
farm just outside Knoxville, we
roasted dead dog in our campfire
and laughed jovially at our two
cases of Genessee.

The following day, we decided to
buzz around town and ended up at
Cherokee Dam Lake, our Rock Castle
and conversation with the locals
made us feel right at home. Aw,
but Cincinnati was still two days,
five lakes, two mountains, and one
campfire away, time enoug' to vis-

"LADOMAFU"
by Marci Napoli & FRA III

"A new place to climb? Wonderful!" Another spontaneous adventure erupts at a U.C.M.C. meeting. It was Friday, July second, 7:00 P.M. With Larry starring as driver, Don as leader, Fletch as climber, and myself assuming the role of journalist. We departed with the expectation of completing the five hour voyage in Larry's infamous Opel. Much to our dismay, a disheartening sputter was heard, power died, and we found ourselves no further than the entrance ramp to I-75. It was evident that this little green machine was incapable of fulfilling our requirements.

A cloud of doubt hovered over us as we carefully considered our alternatives. One-Tactfully beg Bill or Craig for the use of their cars. Two-Risk being stranded in Don's car with its questionable water pump. Three-Take Marci's trusty rusty white Pinto. Four-Remain in Cincity and party all weekend. The verdict was chosen and all gear was transferred into the Pinto wagon, (at least we thought), and we were once again trotting down the trail to Tennessee.

Tired and wired, a good dose of caffeine kept awake our last coherent driver, Fletch, buzzing us into Cove Lake campground, which was jammed with Worlds Fair going folk. The starry sky looked to be in our favor, and our excitement flared for the weekends climbs. The lunar light glistened in our eyes as we retired, trying to exclude from our thoughts the fact that the fly and tent poles were safe and secure in Larry's Opel, Cincity, Oh.

Rising with the sun, we dined in Fletcher's tailgate omelet house while wondering if the now threatening sky would unload on us or not.

(PAGE 17)

Without a moment to loose we scurried along the winding back roads of Tennessee, and after what seemed like eternity we arrived at the foot of the almost horizontal hike to the rocks. The walk was worth it. Surrounding the rocks masses of blueberries flourished. We flavored our palets as we sat in awe at the amount of exposure viewed from our position, on only a minor pinnacle.

The climbs completed that day were few, as we were not yet completely confident of the new rock. Fletch and I compromised on an easy 5.4 up the northern edge, this being my first experience with multi-pitch climbing. Fletch naturally found a few challenging detours for himself. Don and Larry were heard but not seen on the north west face, appearing to them a good 5.6. Scanning the area from the top we saw small white dots that appeared to be climbers to the south, large watermelon trucks directly in front on I-71 and that long awaited yet unwanted thunder cloud rolling in from the north. We rappelled down, met up with Don and Larry, and contemplated our next move over lunch. Within seconds the storm was upon us and we were off to the nearest overhang to sit it out. The cloud had no sympathy and it continued to sweep back and fourth through the valley pouring never ending buckets of water all around us. We huddled against the rock like frightened rabbits, dreading the long trudge back to a comfortable existence. Eventually we ventured out and the treatorous hike was gratified by some of Larry's delicious lentil soup.

Our next obstacle: how to keep dry without a tent. The faithful Pinto accomidated only Fletch and myself, leaving Larry and Don to fend for themselves. Using their brilliant ingenuity, they set up tarps which kept them sufficiently dry through the roaring storm

dry through the roaring storm which overtook the skies that evening. Apple pancakes with creamcheese and money were the next mornings menu, energizing us for the days' climbs.

Seated at my belay, I witnessed Fletch traverse up and left. For each lateral move an increase of five feet resulted. Below were jagged rocks and only one useless multi-directional piece. He looked down at the ground and said, "God, I'd better get a piece in!" Struggling, he placed a stopper in a flaring crack. His arms trembled and I could hear him grunting. His strength seemed to vanish as he down climbed in a thrashing manner, leaving the piece hanging in solitude 18 feet above the ground. Exhausted yet relieved to be uninjured, he climbed an easy exposed ramp, reaching a ledge 25 feet above the abandoned piece. he set a "friend" (creating a top rope), down climbed and returned to the original route. With the top rope he was able to get the piece and surmount the ledge after a series of strenuous 5.8 & 9 moves.

It was now my turn to climb. The day before I hadn't been challenged at all, but now I found this route very difficult and fell. Hanging, I regained my strength and resumed my ascent. Finding Fletch's route too difficult, I moved left until in a diagonal crack. With the encouragement of Fletch and Larry, I finally reached the tiny belay ledge - exhausted. (Fortunately the second pitch was not as strenuous.)

Below, Don and Larry were on what looked to be a very hard climb with poor protection and long run outs. Fear and frustration was exhibited by raised voices between belayer and leader. Fortunately both completed the climb safely.

Later we all met at a beautiful 5.8 slant crack, lead by Fletch, followed by myself and top roped by Lar and Don.

"Fourth of July; drink beer!"

"Nope. Sorry can't sell it on Sunday - dry county an all."

Depressed we wondered how to celebrate the 4th. Fireworks!-ofcourse. Crossing the street, we walked into a store and like kids wanted one of everything. This temptation was avoided and we left with \$10 worth of bang-bangs, buzz bombs, wiz-pops, roman candles, etc.

Upon arriving at camp in Cove Lake State Park, Tenn., Don Fletch and Larry began amusing themselves. Many other campers as well engaged in this patriotic frenzy. Suddenly, from the darkness, appeared a ranger approaching rapidly.

"I assume by your presence that one shouldn't be igniting fireworks," suggested Fletcher in a dignified fashion. Mr. Ranger was quite cordial and informed us that fireworks were indeed never to be toyed with in state parks. We thanked him and wished him an enjoyable July Fourth.

"Is it soup yet?" Master chief Larry looked at us with a yes. The creamy dark broth of peanut butter soup was goobered and gouped into our bowls as we waited eagerly.

After the delicious dinner, cartwheels were quite appropriate. Fletch and Don were eager to learn but heavy to flip. Favorable skies were in our favor, but optimism could lead to wet campers. Don and Larry set up their now perfected protective tarps, while Fletch and I gazed at the stars from the tailgate.

Monday's breakfast consisted of leftovers until your stuffed. A shower, a drive, and a hike and we were once again at the base of the rocks. The climbing gods were strange on Monday. The first climbs for both teams were not completed. Switching Climbs, we each retrieved pieces the other team had left behind.

Leaving satisfied, we drove until arriving at J.B.'s for pizza. Arriving in Cincinnati, gear was separated. A race to the showers; Plenty of time to fit in a suspenseful James Bond flick, Diamonds are Forever..... Climbing is forever...
.....

****CREDITS****

The Goose Down Gazette would like to give its special thanks to the people named below;

Greg Rolfe
Larry Bortner
Fletcher Andrews

Their aide in the production of the Goose Down Gazette for this quarter was greatly appreciated; without their help, it would not have been possible. And a thanks also goes to all the people who contributed articles to the GDG.

I would also like to take this time to announce that this is the first GDG to be produced under new editorship and congratulate Bob Kessler for a job well done on last years editions.

Phillip A. Coombs
Editor. the GDG

EAGLE

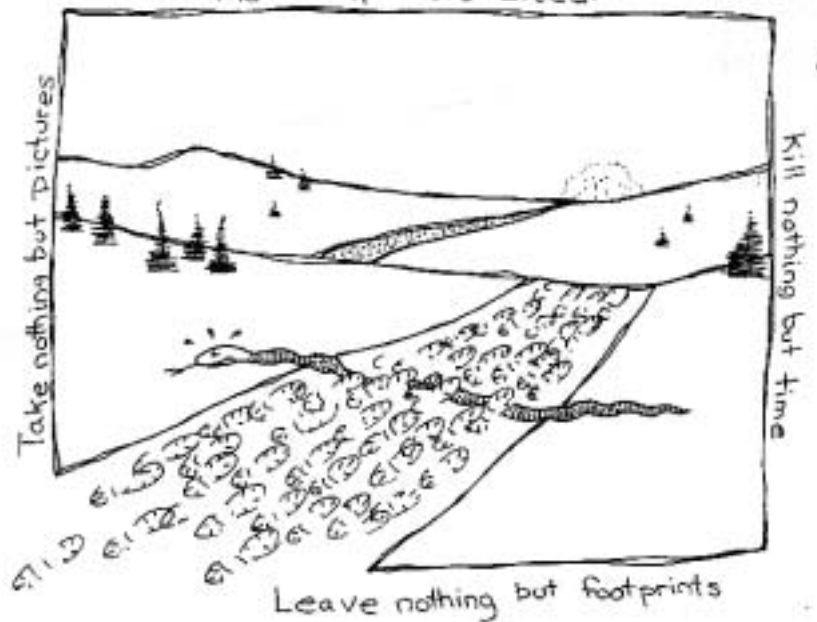
The skies are clear,
The eagle soars on the warm air,
Gliding on the currents of the sky
With its powerful wings,
Free to roam without restriction
Of time and space;
How I wish to soar with him,
To be free. . .

PACo

ATTENTION

Suzanne Workman has informed me that The Endangered Species Act is up for re-authorization in October. I imagine you know Watts' position on this. Letters need to be written to Congress. More specifics will be announced as information is received. Start spreading the word.

The backpacker's creed:



**** AUTUMN QUARTER ****

MEETINGS FOR AUTUMN QUARTER
WILL BE HELD IN ROOM 510
SWIFT HALL AT 7:00 PM ON
WEDNESDAY.



PUMA

Puma your power and grace,
You are silent and deadly;
Oh, what a mighty beast.
You hunt to live so do I;
But your's is for food,
Mine for knowledge and wisdom.
Our lives are so similar,
We are both adrift, to live alone,
We are free to roam,
Your friend is nature,
Mine is that of thought.
Oh, how great we are,
But we must go the way of time;
To die and only leave memories
Of ourselves behind.



Wednesdays, 7:00 pm.

Fall Quarter

Room 510 Swift

U.C.

MOUNTAINEERING

CLUB

If it's done outdoors, we do it...

INTENSELY.