

# THE GOOSE DOWN GAZETTE

THE OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CINCINNATI MOUNTAINEERING CLUB

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## WIND RIVER RANGE



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(Or discontents as the case may be.)

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Credit Where Credit Is Due

As with it seems all to frequently that the reliable few come thru. I will say quite honestly though, I was surprised by a few who did help. These people were in some ways more responsible for getting out this first issue of the fifth year of the Goose Down more than myself. To them I would like to give my thanks;

Debbie Sarabia  
Teresa Ferris  
Greg Rolles  
Paula Robinson  
Jo Sorn  
Steve Kramrech

To another member of the Club, I have to give a special thanks to him for he provided the place and extra incentive to myself to publish this GDG and literally took over my own job as editor to get this one out. He even stayed up until 1:30 AM Sunday with me to print. Thank you, Larry Bortner.

Phillip A. Coombs  
Editor / GDG

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THE GOOSE DOWN GAZETTE

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Photo credits--

Front cover: Larry Bortner snapped this shot at the Porcupine Pass in the Wyoming Wind River Range. Story on page 17.

Page 17: Fletch Andrews took this group shot of the Wyoming crew before they left.

Back cover: Little did she know that as she flew back from one of her frequent excursions into the Twilight Zone that Larry Bortner would be there to capture the moment with silver halide crystals on celluloid. Note the authentic punk rock sunglasses from Spain. This is, of course, the soon-to-be famous Cindy Schmid.

# BROKEN BACK

THE AMERICAN RATING SYSTEM

By: Bill Strachan

Beginning climbers are usually confused by the strange numerical world of technical climbing rating. All the while experienced climbers are bickering about the esoteric details of what America's rating really is. Several climbing books and climbing guides have explanations of rating systems as specific nuances in geology affect the way the rating system is applied to a certain rock formation. Still, to the uninitiated these somewhat sketchy explanations of the grading of technical climbs can be dangerously confusing. I am now going to attempt my own explanation of the commonly used American Rating System, geared toward the neophyte which I think will reveal the strengths and weaknesses of the system, as well as make clearer the finer points on which technical climbs are rated.

There are two sets of numbers which are used to rate climbs. The "grade" of the climb indicates the approximate time involved in doing a climb in view of such objective factors as the number of climbers in the party and each one's physical and mental endurance, as well as the number of vertical rope pitches, weather, rockfall hazard, and the difficulties in route-finding. Bad weather and inability to find an easy way up has thwarted many a young rockhopper. Climbs are graded by a scale of Roman numerals I to VII as shown below:

GRADE I - short and easy climbs usually only involving a few hours.

GRADE II - half a day of medium difficulty climbing.

GRADE III - One day of hard to very difficult technical climbing.

GRADE IV - One long day of hard to extremely difficult technical climbing. The hardest pitch is never below the technical rating of class 5.7 and may involve some simple direct aid technique.

GRADE V - 1½ to 2½ days of very difficult technical climbing. The hardest pitch is seldom below class 5.8 and may involve a considerable amount of direct aid, overnight bivouacs, and hanging belays.

GRADE VI - More than two days of extremely difficult continuous free and aid climbing. Objective hazards may be unavoidable and unpredictable. On these formidable mountains, expect to be weathered in an impossible position for days. A real "burn."

GRADE VII - The highest mountains in the world, climbed alone without oxygen, against unbelievable odds, by the superstar-gods who train fanatically to be able to achieve the feat.

One should weigh in the mind after consulting a guidebook that a climb's grade may change as much as three grades up depending mainly on weather conditions.

In addition climbs are rated by the amount of technical and physical difficulty involved in a scale of classes from 1 to 6. A brief explanation is given below as seen in Mountaineering: Freedom of the Hills.

CLASS 1 - Cross-country hiking, hands not needed.

CLASS 2 - Scrambling, hands helpful, rope not needed but probably carried to assure party safety.

CLASS 3 - Easy climbing, scrambling with use of hands, elementary climbing technique helpful. Rope should be available and may

## AMER. RATING SYSTEM

be desired by an inexperienced climber.

**CLASS 4** - Roped climbing with belaying. Belays may be anchored, being natural anchors or climbing hardware. Some moves may be difficult and could be Class 5 except for the security of short pitches, or natural protection such as trees, shrubs, and rock horns.

**CLASS 5** - Roped climbing requiring protection such as runners, artificial chocks, and pitons as well as belays.

**CLASS A** - (Formerly Class 6.) Roped climbing with an artificial assist, such as stepping on a piton or climbing a chain of slings or pre-tied stirrups.

To complicate matters, even more Class 5 and Class A are further subdivided. Class 5 is divided into an open ended decimal system which presently spans numbers from 5.0, 5.1, ... to 5.9, 5.10, ... 5.13. If your beginning to wonder if you need to be an expert mathematician to understand the decimal rating of technical climbs I can assure you that Reinhold Messner, the world's best climber, didn't get a Ph. D. in mathematics for nothing! This decimal system is supposedly "to more precisely define the difficulty of free climbing." But when one searches for these precise definitions they are usually pretty sketchy and you will likely find references to specific climbs as examples. Well if you have never climbed such and such a route which is an example of a 5.9 at a certain area then how do you know exactly what to expect? Well, you don't. Nothing substitutes for experience. I have devised, though, a simple explanation of the decimal system for the new climber or climber watcher which is along the same format that Class and Grade have been previously described in.

**5.0 - 5.3** - Easy climbing, hand and footholds numerous and easy to find. 5.0 and 5.1 might be climbed w/o a rope by experienced rock climbers.

**5.4 - 5.5** - Medium difficulty climbing. Hand and footholds are plentiful but one may have to search to find them.

**5.6 - 5.7** - Hard climbing. Hand and footholds are there but may be hard to find or require some strength or technique to use. Rock may be overhanging. (Note: most climbs below 5.6 are easily protected.)

**5.8 - 5.9** - Hard climbing. Hand and footholds scarce or difficult to use. Usually requires considerable muscular strength and technique. May be sparsely protected.

**5.10 - 5.11** - Extremely difficult climbing. John Gill best defines this class in Bonney's Field Guide to the Wind River Range. "In the airy upper reaches, a superior 5.10 move, which is usually found on vertical or overhanging rock, and is most commonly in the form of a hard boulder move, generally speaking is rarely done by those who haven't mastered technique and required certain outstanding strengths; for instance, one-arm chinning ability on fingertips, squeeze grip chins, exceptional cross pressure ability, etc.

**5.12 - 5.13** - This again is an extension of certain outstanding moves first mastered on boulder problems. These climbs are done only by those who have developed almost supernatural strength, will, and courage.

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The water you touch in a river is the last of that which has passed and the first of that which is coming. Thus it is with time present.

Life, if well spent, is long.

- Leonardo Da Vinci



# RECON ONE

RAFTING WITH DEATH

By: Larry Bortner

It is a typical beginning for a UCMC trip. Dave Bowyer-"Hey! Want to go rafting in West Virginia..." "Sure, I'd like to, but I'm trying to save money for Wyoming..."

"Well, I'll be back Friday night with you and me and Ann and Bill and my friend Jock, we can do it for about thirty bucks a head. Try to find somebody else. See you Saturday."

"Uh-check." (Let's see-\$200 for Wyoming and I really should pay Cindy back so she doesn't run out of money in California-but I've never been rafting before. What the HELL!)

The five of us leave Cincinnati around 2PM Saturday. We arrive in Albright late and drive up a coal mine road to a free and somewhat illegal camping spot that Bill and Dave had discovered on the christening voyage earlier this summer. A fork in the dirt road leads to a bridge across a stream to a pile of coal dust (handy for hiding two cars behind.) Since the coal dust is a dead end it was a clear night; we throw our bags on the bridge. Ah! wilderness! The fresh air, the running water, the trees, the solitude--Oh, shit! A truck is coming down the road from the mine. It turns at the fork! And keeps going past us. A hunting party with guns in the gun racks. They don't notice us.

We trip down in the fog to the entry point on the Cheat River and arrange for a truck to pick us up at the Lynchburg Bridge. By the time we have our life jackets and paddles together and the raft inflated, the fog has dissipated and the sun is out. The river is up to two feet, meaning some of the rapids would be class V, according to the guidebook.

Our run down the Cheat was a blast, (incredible!) One rapid after another, just blending together. The weather was perfect-sunshine,

blue-skies, and temperatures in the low seventies. The paddle work is a little shaky at first, but soon we learn to work together as a team. The stomach heaving was not as pronounced as in a run-of-the-mill rollercoaster, but the thrill is much greater-you don't have to paddle like hell to keep your seat in a roller coaster. It is all over much too soon. The eleven mile trip normally takes six hours, has been completed in three. We amuse ourselves but swinging from the limestone shore into the river on a cable attached to the bridge seventy feet up.

The original plan had been to do a stretch of the Cheat on the up river side of Albright on the next day, Labor Day. Jock suggested we do the Gauley instead. HE had done the Lower Gauley last year with a friend they had breezed through it. The way we worked as a team, we should be able to breeze through the whole twenty-four miles of the upper and lower Gauley in one day. But the Gauley is a class VI river, the wildest river in the U.S. besides the Colorado. I have reservations about attempting the Gauley on my second day rafting ever. But I do not voice them, as every one else was eager to try it.

We drive to the base of the Summerfield Dam and set up camp late. This implies a late start the next morning. Because of the controlled water flow, the Gauley is very low. Since we are already late, we decide to go for it instead of looking for a river with more water.

For those of you ~~xxx~~ who are not familiar with West Virginia, it is a very wild state for being east of the Mississippi. There are more people in the city of Cleveland than the entire state. There is very little access along the section of the river we intend to raft; four or five jeep trails where take outs leading up to distant country roads and a track for (continued on page 6)

much too strong to attempt any great amount of maneuvering; I was trapped into swimming the rest of the rapids. At that point I had to start concentrating on what was happening and how I should react. I had to make sure I keep my feet in front of me and elevated. I didn't want to get my foot caught in a rock. I spread my arms out for balance and control. It would have been better if I had held on to my paddle, but I hadn't. Also, I tried to time my breaths between the crests of the waves so I would get clean gulps of air.

Suddenly I saw a large rock up ahead. The current crashed against it and then flowed to either side. There was an anxious moment when I thought I would hit the boulder, but I was able to move just enough to avoid it. As I passed the rock, I was raised by the swell of water around it, then fell into another large hole. Once again I was underwater but this time I was not too worried. Almost immediately I was out of it and bobbing through a smaller set of hydraulics. The worst was over and I could see the large raft positioning to pick me up. I took a look back but couldn't see what was happening to Karl.

Soon I was pulled into the rescue raft and watched Karl get into the Club raft. We had both survived without injury. Luckily we both had wet suits on or we might have had serious hypothermia problems.

I got back into the Club raft and went through some more rapids, but I could tell that I was really drained. I had learned some valuable lessons, but I was too tired to try another class 4 or 5 rapid in the smaller raft that day. So when the next big whitewater called for strategy planning, I decided to change places with someone in the large raft. I would surely try class 4 and 5 again in the Club raft, but not until I had a lot more strength and experience. Rafting is not a sport to take lightly. You have to know what to do in both good and very bad situations. In a way I'm glad I took a swim early on because, like a climber's first fall, you experience what is least desired, but ultimately inevitable.

coal trains which parallels the river after five or six miles. Those looking for isolation easily find it. Those seeking the comforts and neuroses of civilization have a bit harder go of it.

We scrape bottom in several places, in others we have to walk to get through the rapids. The going is much slower than on the Cheat. We reach the first take out point sometime in mid-afternoon, where a large tributary joins the river. The trail up to the road is a mile and a half in length. It is at least another four or five miles to the next take out point (with a half mile jeep trail.) We decide to continue on, hoping the extra water will make things easier. The locals picnicking on the beach comment that this is the lowest they have ever seen the river.

We run into a boulder field (big boulders strewn across the river, sizes from small cars to houses) and trouble right away. It is not always clear what chute to take. The raft is whirled around often, necessitating switches in orientation-the front becomes the back, the back front, etc. Sometimes we make mistakes and are wedged in a channel too narrow for the raft to fit through. The raft starts to fill with water, we jump out, free the raft, dump the water out, and continue. It's all rather exciting. (I later learn the safest thing to do is to stay in the raft, unless it is folding in half.)

In one particular instant, we abandoned ship before we started to take on water. I caught Dave on the chin as I scramble for safety. The reduction in the weight of the raft frees it from the jam and we have to jump back in quickly. The current takes us along a large boulder. At the end of the boulder the river hangs a quick left and drops about six feet, then hangs a right goes ten feet then drops another six feet. Then the real rapids starts. As we are swept into

## PUSHING (IT)

by Stephen Kramreds

Flash of brown/red/grey, flash of green, a spot of blue whips by. Thunk! Jingle. The fluid sloshes in my circular canal, a multi-tentacled beast snatches at my clothes/body, a sudden constricting up (down?side ways?), and equilibrium of a fashion was restored.

"Steve, are you alright?"

(From more distant parts) "Is anyone hurt?"

And again, "Steve, are you OK?"

I notice trees rising (?) from left to right in my field of vision. "Hey, that's not right," I think. "Yeah (croak). YEAH, I'M ALL RIGHT! I think."

(From afar) "Do you need any help?"

"NO, THANKS," from J.R.

Well, I realize if I rotate 90° to my right, it will reassert my normal (HA!) world perspective, so I guess I will; it'll help Roland when he lowers me, too.

"You want me to lower you?" J.R. asks.

"Wait till I straighten up." (But I've been straight for years so I doubt if it'll work.) "OK," I say, and Mother Earth takes me to her bosom (incest is best!).

"What happened?" J.R. again.

"I think I fell."

"NO SHIT. You all right?"

"Yeah, le' me get undone."

"You going back up?"

"I think I'll take a breather first, but I think so."

"OK, you're off belay."

Where does it all end? Where does it all start? In this case it starts when I was three (NO, NO, NO, not that far back)...It starts when Roland and I are sitting atop the flake to the right (facing the hill) of the main flake of rock in Tennessee which most UCMC people are calling the Pinnacles. Fresh from completing what we had thought would be a longer climb, we look around for something else to climb. We also talk to Eric and Gary (G.E. people) who were on the main flake. This is Eric's (?) first time here and they are doing what must be the first climb most people do when they're brought here by (former)

friend(s) as an introduction to the area (Howdy, y'all!). J.R. and I had picked our climb thinking it would be as long as Eric and Gary's; not so. After the end of the second pitch, it's a short scramble/climb through a 3/4 hole on one side of this flake to ground level (which, if you haven't been there, is always rising at about a 45-55° angle everywhere).

So as we survey the prospects, J.R. sights a mushroom, most-sacred of plants, of rock on a flake to the right of our flake.

"What about that mushroom?"

"Where?"

"Over there."

"Oh, yeah. Hmmm."

"What d'ya think?"

"Actually, I was looking at that face downslope about 50 meters."

"Looks a little veggie."

"Not that ledge, just to the right. Just before the ridge starts."

"Yeah, if we start down there and follow that diagonal crack to the left it'll put us near the bottom of the mushroom and we can climb the mushroom from there."

(This is where the dangerous part comes in.)

"Yeah, that looks like it will work."

(Careful, now!)

"Want to go for it?"

"Yeah, let's do it."

(That does it. Too late now!)

"Great...how do we get down off here?"

Scramble down, traipse over to the rock.

"Do you want to lead?" --J.R.

"Yeah, sure. Why not?" (We know why!)

"Do you want to start from here?"

"I don't think so. Let's look a bit more."

"What about over here?"

"How about just left of there, but you belay from that tree?"

"OK. Think you can lead it up there?"

"Sure, no problem." (Big HA!)

So, like a dozen other times, you straighten your rack, tie in, check the

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belay, check the route, take a piss and take stones out of your shoes (not necessarily in that order).

"OK, on belay?"

"Belay on."

"Off we go. Climbing."

"Climb."

First piece a #2 Campbell Saddle wedge about 1-1/2 meters up as a directional since the belay tree is approximately three meters to the right of the route.

Second piece is a #3 Stopper in a horizontal crack about 1-1/2 meters higher.

"How's it going?"

"All right, but it's mostly fingers and toes right now. If I can get one meter higher there's a big ledge to rest on."

So how do I get on the ledge? Let's see...not much for my feet, not even toe holds. But if I can get a little higher, I should be able to mantle, if I can friction my feet for just a few seconds...

"Hummm...uhhh...ah...shit, come on just a little...oh, well, minus six brownie points for knees."

Grab at flake in front of me and haul myself up with some unexpected ungraceful moves.

"OK, I'm up. I'm going to stop a second."

"Has that as tough as it looked?"

"No, just kind of awkward. I couldn't get set up for a classic mantle so I had to use my knee."

As I contemplate the next three meters of rock I notice that it's blank for any protection except for the six-centimeter crack/flake that I grabbed to pull myself up onto this ledge. Actually, I could have gone where the ledge widened to the right, but it would have gotten very veggio. Besides, that overhang above the blank spot above me didn't look too bad. So I decide to drop a piece in the crack before I go onto the blank area.

"Jesus, holy shit."

"What's the matter?"

"That flake I grabbed to pull up on..?"

"Yeah?"

"The whole frickin' flake, about 1-1/2 by 2 meters, just moved when I grabbed

"Oops."

"And there's another one about the same size on top of that one that's loose."

If I'd pulled outward instead of straight down before, I'd have pulled them into my lap.

"If you get up here, don't pull out, pull straight down if you need to use the flake."

"OK."

Sooo, that means my last piece will be about one meter below me now and four or five meters when/if I get to the overhang above the blank spot. Fortunately, there are some pretty good holds in/under the overhang and there is a foot-wide ledge to stand on, so...

"I'm going up. If I make it to the overhang, I'll be in a good position to stop. Climbing."

"OK, climb."

Up I go, and it's not too bad but kinda thin.

"OK, I'm at the overhang. I'm going to see if I can put a piece in somewhere."

"That's a good idea since you're pretty far above your last piece."

"Right on."

OK, what looks like a good place for protection? Try a piece here, try another there, etc. Well, let's try a Titon in this pocket in the roof--too small, next size up. Ahhh, not too bad but might pop out if the direction of the fall is too far to the right. If I get above the overhang, there looks to be some bombproof placements.

"OK, I got a piece in. I'm going to try the overhang."

"Climb on."

Shit, this is going to be awkward. Two meters to my right is a lot of good handholds but it would mean stepping on those damn loose flakes which would probably be pushed off onto J.R. No fair killing your belayer in mid-climb. So I go right as far as I can, get some holds and try to get my feet up, but I'm having an awkward time and I'm getting tired so I'll downclimb to under the overhang-- (continued on 0)

# WHITEWATER REPORT

FEAR AND LOATHING ON THE NEW RIVER  
OR  
HOW I LEARNED TO STOP WORRYING AND  
SURVIVE A HYDRAULIC  
by Bob Kessler

Probably the greatest fear a novice whitewater canoeist or rafter has of his new interest, is the possibility of taking a swim. Everyone hears the horror stories of those unfortunates who fall out in heavy whitewater rapids and end up dead. It can happen in a chilling variety of ways. A foot could get caught in some rocks and drag you underwater. You could get stuck in a Keeper, a wave pattern that traps you in a circular motion. Or you could bang your head against the rocks if you made the mistake of traveling through the rapids head first.

Recently, on a trip to the Cheat and New Rivers of West Virginia, I had the unlucky opportunity to find out firsthand what it is like to take a "swim." It wasn't the first time--I had fallen out of a canoe on the Rockcastle River several years ago--but time had softened the experience.

The weekend started off well enough. A group of six rafted down the Cheat River on Saturday with no serious problems-- and no swimmers. It was only the second time I had been in a raft, but the class 2 to 4 rapids were more educating than dangerous.

On Sunday we met up with some more people and went to the New River, a class 2 to 5 whitewater river. It was cold and windy and we debated for some time whether or not it was worth risking hypothermia, but as the sun slowly warmed the air, we decided to go for it. Everyone had wet suits on to keep out the cold, and most had additional wool too. The Club's raft had four people in it and there was an additional, larger raft, with six people in it. In the club raft was Jake and me up front and Jane and Dave in back.

The first thing I noticed when we got out into the New was the size of the waves. The New has a large water flow and

consequently produces impressive whitewater. We seemed to do well at first, but I did think that I was still a little weak from doing the Cheat the day before.

We soon reached the first set of major rapids: the Upper Railroad which has a class 4 rating. After stopping to discuss strategy, we entered the rapids. There was one major hydraulic and hole in the first section that we were aiming for while cutting between some rocks, and that is where Karl and I fell out. Why we were thrown out is a subject of debate, but we somehow got the raft turned sideways. Instead of slicing through the hydraulic, we were flipped-- not enough to dunk everyone, but enough to throw me and Karl.

The instant I went in comes back to me in slow motion recall: I remember seeing Karl either reaching for me or following me out. I fell backwards and was submerged. I was angry at first, then scared. Would my inexperience keep me from reacting properly, and possibly kill me? Was I in a Keeper or would I soon pop out a little downstream? I took in a good amount of water at first and had trouble breathing, but the next thing I remember is being out of the hydraulic and floating through lesser rapids. At first my difficulty breathing caused me to panic slightly when it seemed my lifejacket wasn't doing much. Actually, it was doing quite well, but the turbulent water made it seem ineffective.

I looked around and saw both Karl and the Club raft to my right. The shore was closer on the right so I tried to move that direction. Downstream the rough water continued with more big holes and numerous hydraulics. I was calmer now, and when Karl asked if I was o.k., I said yes.

I quickly realized that I was moving away from the Club raft and would not be rescued. As I moved to the right I heard Jane yelling not to. She shouted that there were rocks to the right and that I should stay to the left. At the same time I was discovering that the current was

(Continued on page 6)

RAFTING WITH DEATH(CON.))

it, I think with pronounced calm and clarity," So this is what Death looks like." I know there is no way we are going to make it through this.

The raft jams, I yell, "GET OUT!" and push Dave out of my way as I jump up on the rock I had picked for myself, as everyone fend for themselves. The river spits on the raft like a watermelon seed. Dave falls out of the raft and follows it down to a boiler where it jams again. He grabs hold of the side of the raft. Ann slips into the current and also manages to grab the side. Dave's hold weakens. He goes under. In such places as this, The rock can be undercut, forming a sideways cup-like depression that can serve as a hand trap to catch submerged objects (such as a unlucky swimmer.) As tons of water pins it in. He pops up in a eddy pool farther down. Ann is visibly weakening. I yell to Bill and Jack, who have capably extracted themselves from the mess, "Get Ann! Get Ann!" They jump down into the raft and pull her to safety.

With everybody out of the water and secure downriver, I ponder how to get down to them from my safety of the rock-island. After seeing what just happened, I ruled out floating down the river. I toss my paddle on the boulder about three feet away, committing myself to climbing up it then rock-hopping the rest of the way to them group. It's a stretch to put one foot on the boulder,; if I slip, fall it's back to the first choice, automatically. My shoes are wet, the rock is wet. Handholds and foot holds aren't what I thought they would be. I try various combinations to get off. Nothing seems solid enough. If I lunge and throw my right hand up on top, I might be able to grab something up there or get some friction. I'm thinking too much. Gotta go for it! But no rope. . .

I make my move. I reach up but nothing is there. The friction is insufficient. I fall into the cold

water. I see a sparkling, distorted tunnel-vision image of the world of light above. I thrash and sputter my way towards it as the current is taking me swiftly to the raft-jam. Luckily, I am washed out on some rocks upriver from the danger spot.

We free the raft, dump the water out, and walk it down to the pool after the rapids. Relieved and wary, with new respect for the river, we continue, scouting each rapids that comes up. Some we decide to walk around. Others are manageable. It is getting dark. We don't know on which side of the river that the next take out is on, nor how far down it is. We take a few minor rapids by starlight, then come to one that sounds too major to chance it. Bill's first day at work is tomorrow; my advisor expects me in the lab, doing my research. This is not to be. That we could make it back at all is fortuitous. We pull the raft up on the steep shore, scramble up the rocks and through the briars to a railroad track, dump all the equipment off to the side. The going is uncertain all the time, the center of the with gaps between the ties offering the only clear path. A mile and a half down, a jeep trail crosses. Relieved, we head up. Another half mile and we're on a West Virginia country road, which is the same as the jeep trail. We walk at least two miles in the direction that we hope will take us back to the dam.

It's midnight. We're cold, wet, tired, and hungry. Ann refuses to go any farther without at least a asking for help, despite Bill's admonitions against walking up to any abode in West Virginia after dark. Ann and Dave get this gentleman out of bed to ask for help. He graciously offers to take us back to our car at the dam-it turns out that the trip back ends up being twenty miles along the roads. We offer him twenty dollars for his trouble. He finally accepts ten. We crash.

We drive to the top of the jeep trail late the next morning, after making the appropriate calls to concerned people in Cincinnati. It is (continued on page 13 )

## THE ASSAULT OF MT. RAINIER

### \*PART ONE\*

By: Richard J. Forrester

It is 3:15 in the morning and we have been traversing glaciers for over two hours. Our headlamps emit a dim white light which seems to bring the crevasses and jumbled ice blocks of the Ingraham Glaciers to life. I expect to see someone or something to step out from behind the frozen shapes. No one appears. There are no birds, no plants, no light, no life. I scan the area trying to pick up the trail of old footprints in the snow and the seemingly haphazard placement of the red flags markers which are either buried, broken, or too far apart for use.

I step on the rope. DAMN! DAMN IT! Although the points of my crampons missed the sheath of the rope, the thought of damaging my life-line to Mark Hartinger rips my consciousness. The rope binds us together like our friendship and because of it we share the ascent of Rainier.

I am so tired. So very tired. Every muscle and joints aches. We have eight more hours of ascending.

The assault of Rainier had really begun almost two months earlier when, in response to Mark's suggestion, I began the ascent of Crosley Tower to train my legs.

The door to the first floor stairwell is opened. I take a deep sigh. The thought of jogging up 15 flights of stairs spurts into motion. By the third floor, my breathing settles into a good rhythm. Fifth floor-I'm slowing, move faster! Seventh floor-passes and beads of sweat roll into my eyes. The glasses come off and I wipe my eyes while still ascending full pace. By nine, the legs are tiring. By twelve, the legs are screaming. Fifteen-it's over. I double over. Walk to the elevator, push bottom one. I start again. And again. Later

with a 30 pound pack.

The first attempt on Rainier took place the day after Amy and I arrived in Seattle. Amy, I, Mark and Kathy Hartinger and a friend of Mark's from the U. of Washington, Dan, pulled into the "town" of Paradise at 5557 feet on the south side of Rainier. Cabins, restaurant, ranger station, rain, and sleet greet us. Mark and I will try again next Friday and Saturday.

The week is filled with day hiking in Oregon, climbing to 8000 feet on Mt. Hood (highest mountain in Oregon), and day hiking around the famed Mt. St. Helens. It is good acclimatizing and certainly good enjoyment.

Friday found Mark and I impatiently waiting on the steps of the Ranger Station at Paradise for a ranger to arrive at 8 AM so that we can register. Will he let me climb? Am I good enough when I have come from Ohio where the standard climb is the 30 foot Clifton Gorge? Past Wilderness Skills Instructor, registered EMT, 5.6 climber, Mt. Hood to 8000 feet. I am allowed to climb.

Mark and I will take the Ingraham Glacier-Disappointment route which is the "easiest" route on Rainier. It is 9½ miles of trail and an 8853 foot elevation change to the summit. We have two days. Mark states that the route has been closed at the Ingraham due to an ice fall in July and that the route is probably more difficult than before.

Amy will hike on the north side of Rainier on the Burroughs Mountain region between the Emmons Glacier and the Winthrop Glacier. Next, she will hike in the Tatoosh Mountain Range around Plummer Peak and Pinnacle Peak.

With clown white glacier cream covering our faces and sun tan lotion inside nostrils, earlobes,

"FALLING!!!"

GO TO START, do not pass out, do not collect your wits.

Now that you have read through all the afore, what is the point of it all? That it all comes down, sooner or later, to how far to push it (the climb, your luck, your body, your (?) mind(?)). In climbing, as in anything, knowing when to take a chance can be the road to joy or--well, let's not think about the other. On that day I took a chance. How closely did I calculate the odds? Not very fucking much at all. I was concentrating on the climb, the sun, the sweat and I did not stop to realize that if that Titon in the pocket popped I would crater out. (And as I hope you have gathered, I did not feel that it was a bomber placement.) Luck of the very dumb variety was with me that day though, so all ends well.

"Hey," from John after we scouted a bit after the fall.

"What?"

"I think we're too far upslope. We should have started down there."

"Yeah, I think you're right."

"You want to move it down?"

"Sure looks good."

"You want me to get the pieces or..."

"I'll go up and get them. After all I put them in."

"You sure?"

"Yeah, no problem." (Haven't we heard that before?)

And I go up and come down, this time under control, and we moved down-slope to set up again.

"You want me to lead, or do you?" I say.

"I want to lead it." From J.R.

"OK, have at it."

And so it goes, till the day you d...

and on any exposed skin, Mark and I will follow the Skyline Trail past tourists and mountaineers alike. The tourists will stop shortly a little further up the mountain when they reach 4000 feet up to Camp Muir.

We scramble over broken rocks as we parallel the Nisqually Glacier. It's giant crevasses are all in line and seem to be ribs of ice on the mountain which the Indians call Tahoma. The Nisqually pours down Tahoma from the summit and is immense. Immense? Mt. Rainier can be easily seen from over a hundred miles away.

The Muir snowfields can only be described by one word - trudge. One foot after another. Thousands of times and always up. Footprints are everywhere and there is no virgin snow up to Muir. Mark and I will add several thousand more footprints. We are two of the 2500 climbers who will try to touch the summit each year.

To Be Continued next issue.

\*\*\*\*\*  
You can feel the muscle knots in your legs  
And now and then you reach down to test the hard lumpiness.  
Every step and every strain and hard breath and heart pump is an investment in tomorrow morning's strength.  
You're watching the change with your own veins.  
Fibers multiply and valves enlarge and wells thicken,  
A miracle  
At least if the species has lost its animal strength  
Its individual members can have the fun of finding it again.

Terry and Renny Russell

MISSING... by Craig Patterson the  
E. C. (EXTRA-CONTINENTAL)

As his undergraduate career came to a close, Americans were ripping their way through life. Living patterns were accelerating as the world was getting smaller. In the nick of time, he traded in wheels for wings and rails. A turning point for a four year resident of 444. He got so used to working and going to school... He needed to go on vacation, but felt heart broken to do so. After rationalizing his departure, he decided to visit friends and relatives in Europe. A good place to find the past and contemplate the future. "They all talk funny over there, it would be a great place to land." And so it came to pass. if you look closely through the satellite in the sky, you can see him wandering aimlessly through the night, fighting with pigeons for bread in the park.

MISSING UPDATE... 10/6/92

Looks like Berlin to me. East German comptroller was very similar to KGB in Firefox, lots of continued questions. Nevertheless, a pretty absurd grip on human rights. The West Germans just laugh, cynically.

I think I would fit in well in Germany. Beer is \$1.00/six pack while wine is only \$2.00/bottle. Everywhere I see German cars, fresh fresh fruits and vegetables, and bakeries.

The air here is deadly, the buildings are dingy, and the sand is soily. Ah. wait a minute... the soil is sandy. Many people involved in alternative lifestyles or movements; feminism, anarchism, la punx, squatting and other organizations.

RAFTING WITH DEATH(CON"D)

a private jeep trail leading to a takeout owned by Mountain River Tours. There is a work crew, getting the place ready for rafting tours. I ask if they ~~know~~ would mind us using their take out point. The chief says yes. We go into more details of our problem and he relents.

It turns out the tour companies don't even bother to run the Gauley until the Corps of Engineers lets out the water in mid-September. One of the workers put it more succinctly-"Nobody runs the Gauley when the water's down." We tell them that we are from Cincinnati and ask them if they know Mike Dawson. Of course they know. They probably give him shit the next time they see him. "What kind of dummies do you raise back in Cincinnati?!"

We walk back to the raft, have a pleasant time rafting down to the camp, and walk the raft up the trail to the car. We make a slight detour through Lexington on the way back to Joe Bologna's. We arrive at 444 at midnight, greatly thankful and with many stories to tell.

Not a bad trip for thirty bucks.



Bill Strachan  
INDEPENDENT DISTRIBUTOR  
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\*\*Spirulina, Light weight Backpacking food.

HIGH ENERGY, HIGH PROTIEN  
Herbs and Seasonings !!!!!  
CHRISTMAS SALES PRICES THROUGH  
NOVEMBER 30, 1982

"Storm and Sorrow in the High Pamirs"  
by Robert W. Craig, pub.-Simon and  
Schuster, 1977.

My experience with mountaineering books can be broken up into two basic groups - "How to" books (how to climb, ski, drown, etc.) and meta-philosophical books which can draw the most profound cosmic experience from finding a banana peel on a trail or a dead butterfly in your Sierra cup.

I didn't know which kind "Storm and Sorrow" would be when my mother dropped it in my lap exclaiming that it had been on sale for \$2.92 (reg. \$12.95) and that it looked like a book on mountaineering from the cover. The cover has Bruce Carson ascending a 45 angle ice slope with ice axe and crampons. As it turned out, the book is neither a "How to" nor a meta-philosophical book and I am very glad my mom dropped it in my lap for it is one of the few books which brought tears to my eyes while I read it.

The book is a very emotional and factual account of the American involvement in a multi-national climb in the Pamirs. From the book's cover..., "In 1974, 160 climbers from twelve nations converged on the Pamirs Mountain Range on the Soviet-Chinese border. No Americans and few Europeans had ever climbed those mountains. The sheer number and variety of nationalities delighted the Soviet hosts, who proudly described the expedition as the greatest assemblage of climbers in history. But the great hopes and ambitions quickly changed to bitter disappointment, despair, and grief. By the end of the climb, the entire Soviet women's team of eight, as well as seven other climbers, had died.

"Robert Craig, deputy leader of the American team tells what happens when climbing becomes secondary to survival.

His story is not so much about this single climb, but rather about the complex chain of events that included climbing, suffering, death, and the struggle for life against monumental odds. But most of all, it is the story of a midsummer tragedy in the High Pamirs."

Although the book initially

confuses the reader with multitudes of names, and who is doing what-where, it clears up quite quickly and the reader becomes personally involved as tragedy after tragedy begin to envelop the climbers. Craig often uses quotes from diaries written during the actual events, and having written the book in first person, you can't help feel that he is sitting in your own home telling you his story as if here were one of your closest friends.

The book does have a modest amount of very useful mountaineering how-to information, but I was so caught up in the emotion of the events, that the technical info was absorbed only after I went back and re-read the chapters.

As an example, Robert Craig and Gary Ulin were caught in an earthquake-triggered avalanche and buried alive. Craig goes into detail on his rationale for trying to either wait for unknown rescue or to attempt to dig out of the rapidly settling rock-hard snow. I was reading the pages as fast as possible to see if both would survive! To hell with rationale!

The book had a secondary effect on me in that it made me evaluate my relationship with club members with whom I climb and mountaineer. If I was in the same situation as Craig on Peak Nineteen, that is at 17,000 feet with no equipment and no rescue likely, who would I want to be with from the club who could help me survive? Of all the club members you associate with, who do you trust with your life?

I found the book thoroughly enjoyable and very important to me. I believe it should be read by all serious mountaineers and should definitely be in the club's library.

Rick Forrester

FACTS FACTS FACTS FACTS FACTS FACTS FACTS

From 1970 to 1980, there were 71,655 rock climbers in the Grand Teton National Park. There were 144 accidents with 30 deaths which cost the Park \$144,205 in rescue cost. Because all climbers are required to register, the data is believed to be very accurate.

(Continued on Page 18)



# Goose Down Gourmet

Here are some recipes for hearty, succulent soups from Chef McTell's extensive files. These are good, one course dinners for two hungry backpackers (Vegetarians included.) It's very easy.

## POTATO-CHEESE SOUP

\* My favorite. Quick and easy if you pre-package everything.

In four cups water and tablespoon oil, add;

- 1/2 cup milk powder
- 2 tblsps. oat(or reg.) flour
- 2 tblsps. wheat(or reg.) flour
- 1 tblsps. wheat germ(or flour)
- 1 tblsps. onion flakes
- 1 tblsps. dried veggies(optional)
- 1 tblsps. parsley flakes
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- pepper to taste

Stir well and bring to boil. Remove from heat, add;

- 1/2 lb. grated parmesan or chunks of Cheddar or Monterey Jack.
  - 1 cup instant mash potatoes
- Fold in flakes and let stand for two minutes, allowing cheese to melt.

Stir it all up and devour.

-----\*\*\*\*\*-----

## PEANUT BUTTER SOUP

\* The name itself turns up noses. But on the trail, it's scrumptious. Try it:

In bag I put;

- 2 tblsps. onion flakes
- 2 tblsps. dried veggies(opt.)
- 2 tblsps. wheat( or reg.) flour
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. pepper
- 1/2 tsp. Celery seed
- 1 Bay Leaf

In bag II place;

- 1/2 cup powdered milk
- 2 tblsps. grated Parmesan

In camp mix(melt);

- 2 tblsps. butter

and add bag I, stirring well.

When flour starts to stick add

- 3 cups water, stirring well.

Bring to boil. Instead of watching the pot, in a separate pot mix bag

II and

- 1 cup water

If you use regular milk powder, which is more nutritious than the instant stuff, this will take some time. After the water boils(since you haven't been watching it) add;

- 1/2 cup peanut butter

Stir in well, add the powdered milk mixture, and stir some more. Bring to boil and simmer for five or ten minutes(I've never gotten past thirty seconds of simmering.)

-----\*\*\*\*\*-----

## CINCINNATI LENTIL CHILI

\* Make sure you have the gas for this. It takes a while, but it's worth it.

Package beforehand;

- 2/3 cup lentils
- 1/3 cup Brown rice
- 2 tblsps. corn meal
- 1 tblsps. chili powder
- 1 tblsps. onion flakes
- 1 tblsps. dried veggies or green peppers
- 2 beef bullion cubes(optional)
- 1 tsp. cumin
- dash cayenne
- 1 clove garlic, minced
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. lemon peel
- 2 whole cloves
- 1 bay leaf
- 1/2 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/2 tsp. allspice
- 2 tblsps. semi-sweet chocolate chips

Add to FOUR cups water.

Bring to a boil and simmer for 30 to 45 minutes depending on altitude. When lentils and rice are tender, add;

- 1-3oz. can of tomato paste
- 1/2 lb. cheddar or Monterey Jack, cut in chunks

Eat and enjoy. this goes nice with slices of buttered bread, especially if the cayenne was a dash too much.

Larry Bortner

## MY FIRST CAVING EXPERIENCE

Carol Bittner

If you've never had claustrophobia before, how do you know it won't get you when you're in a cave, crawling on your belly? That's what I asked myself in the car on the way to Sloan's Valley. I always wanted to go caving, but between having papers to write and no money (a typical college student) last year, I never got the chance. But I was determined this year was going to be different. So one of the first club trips was to go caving and, work or no work, I was going. Now back to my claustrophobia. Bob Kessler asked me on the way if I thought I would get claustrophobia. I told him that I had never really given it any thought, but I wasn't going to worry about it until the time came.

After numerous stops, we finally got there. Because of never having caved before, silly me thought that we would just walk into the cave with this huge entrance. But, boy was I wrong. When I asked Fletch how we were to go in, he told me that it was a chimney drop. After he told me this, the first thing I thought was, "Well, if I'm going to get claustrophobia, it might as well happen at the very beginning.". I told Fletch once he was down that I wanted to go first after him so that I would be down there in a hurry with no time for second thoughts. Fletch showed me how to use the cable ladder and while I was climbing down on this little tiny ladder, my knees were shaking and I clung to that ladder for dear life. Once I got down, I felt like I had taken a major step in caving because so far, I had no claustrophobia! At first we didn't do much crawling so I thought I would stay clean for a while. WRONG! Oh well, there went my clean clothes.

I never realized being so short and so small would come in handy. But, it sure did while caving, although, since it was my first time, I was a bit slow. I'm sure there were times when my fellow cavers were miffed - not really; I went with a super group. No one seemed to give it a second thought.

We were about 2 1/2 hours through the cave when we came to the big room in the cave. This is where we had our lunch

break. I don't really know how long we were there, but the longer we sat there, the more I wanted to see sunshine. I was tired and aching and wondered if I would make it through. But I didn't want to be **defeated**, so I started thinking of other things and how far I had come so far. I suddenly knew that I would **make** it the rest of the way, even if I was in pain the next day. Soon we were off and I don't know if it was having that rest or trying to think positive, but I felt better as we went through.

I only had one bad spill. We had to climb a high rock. My foot had to be practically as high as my face and as I was climbing, my foot slipped and my left knee went crack! on the rock. Needless to say, I was hobbling for a few minutes. No sooner was I done hobbling than we came to another climb. I did that one fine, going up and over the rocks with my knee still throbbing a little and climbing down with nothing but my pride hurting. I decided then, - rather, Fletch decided for me - that I should sit for a few minutes because I was just getting frustrated. So Fletch, Marcie, and I sat for a few minutes and those few minutes did wonders for me. My knee stopped throbbing all together and I was off to conquer the rest of that cave.

The best time I had in the cave was when we came to the mud slide. A gigantic hill of mud that was wet and made into a slide. It was just as much fun for me to watch everyone going up and down the slide as it was to actually go down it.

As I climbed the final hill of rocks to see my first ray of sunshine, I thought of not how dirty I was, but of how I made it through my first cave experience without a bad case of claustrophobia. So lookout, caves, because when given the chance, I'll be back.

\* \* \* \* \*

...With beauty before me, I walk,  
With beauty behind me, I walk,  
With beauty above and about me, I walk.  
It is finished in beauty.

Navaho Night Chant



Jeff Mary Mimi Larry Dan Brandon Jerry Cheri

WYOMING---  
FROM THE WINDS TO THE WAPITI VALLEY

I dine with the mighty moose,  
drink with the handsome elk,  
meditate with the regal bison.

I scale the awesome peaks of  
Volcanic upthrusts,  
hop from boulder to boulder,  
bathe in glacier-fed streams,  
trod the unknown yet familiar path,  
exult in the glories of another  
sunset and the Big Sky.

I breathe deeply,  
eat heartily,  
sleep fully.

The magnificent vistas,  
the smells of the woods,  
the comraderie of good friends --  
nowhere else do I feel  
so vibrantly,  
humanly  
alive.

That's pretty much what it was  
like for me.

For those of you who haven't  
experienced it, a major UCMC trip  
can be an incredible experience.

The fact that we're based  
in Cincinnati is not a limiting  
factor. We are apt to go anywhere  
on the continent --the Everglades,  
the White Mountains, the Rockies,  
the Rio Grande in southwestern  
Texas --wherever there are mountains  
or running water or challenging  
trails or a large chunk of solid  
rock. For one or two weeks, you  
are forced to live in close prox-  
imity to a handful of club members,  
some of whom you may never have  
met before; first you're with  
them for endless hours on the road,  
then you're hiking, eating and  
sleeping with them.

It's hard to write about such a  
journey. Truly, words fail --  
they come nowhere near expressing  
the sensations and feelings of one  
who was there. How can one de-  
scribe snowflakes hitting your  
face, the smell of the pines, the  
vivid colors, the overpowering  
presence of three-thousand-foot  
sheer walls? Poetry is probably  
better equipped than a chronicle  
of highlights, but I'll give you

(FACTS continued) .

Concerning the accidents, the locations of the party members were: 65% were leading a technical climb, 13% were climbing but not leading, 8% had unknown position, 5% were hiking. 4% had the lead climber and the second climber both become injured, 3% had location not a factor (such as being hit by lightning), 3% were stranded, and 0.7% were standing still when injured.

Causes of the accidents:

fell off while climbing-37%, slipped on snow-26%, loose rock pulled out-10%, stranded-7%, glissading-5%, rock fell on victim-4%, failed rappel-4%, pulled off from belay-3%, avalanche-2%, and lightning strikes injured 1%.

Examination of injuries to climbers while climbing showed that 43% were actually moving up when the accident occurred, 34% were moving down, 3% were traversing, 5% were still, and 2% were belaying.

The largest percentages of accidents caused by errors in judgement were the result of having inadequate equipment present (25%), inadequate protection being placed (23%), off route or no knowledge of area (18%), and inadequate anchor of belay or rope (14%).

58% of all accidents occurred on steep terrain and 36% on moderate terrain.

53,274 of the 71,655 registered climbers, 74%, finished their climb. This data was taken from EMERGENCY MEDICINE, Vol. 10, No.6, June 1982. The article "Mountaineering and Rock Climbing Accidents" was written by Lee Schussman, MD., MSCM, and Lawrence Lutz, M.D.

Rick Forrester

(continued)

and surrounded on all four sides by mountains.

On Wednesday morning Jeff the leader takes the rest of the group on a summit attempt of Squaretop. Jerry and I were to try for Mt. Desolation so we could get a nice close-up view of Gannet Peak, the highest point in Wyoming, and the surrounding glacier field; we wanted to see what it would take to climb Gannet. There were no trails up Tourist Creek, just one long continuous boulder field.

(continued on page 19)

WYOMING... (continued)

both. Herewith is a sketch of the latest club trip this past September, to northwestern Wyoming.

Eight people--Jeff, Mary, Cheri Barci, Brenda, Jerry, Dan, and myself--climbed into Jeff's father's van an hour or two behind schedule and took off on a long, merry ride (helped by a large batch of chocolate chip cookies) to the Jim Bridger National Wilderness Area in the Wind River mountain range. We met Glen, a friend of Mary and Jeff, in Omaha; he followed us to the trailhead and was to hike with us for a few days. We missed the exit off I-80 because the route numbers on the highway and on the maps did not agree. We pulled into the campground in a light snow after driving 13 miles along a gravel road about 1 A.M. local time and set up tents, grateful to be able to sleep with our legs stretched out.

We hiked an easy four miles the next day around the Lower and Upper Green River Lakes. A moose cow showed up for an impromptu photo session near the trail. We marvelled at the green water and the ominous Squaretop Mountain towering ahead. Hiking on the following day was a bit more strenuous, covering between six and ten miles. The temperature was in the upper thirties and for much of the day a soft snow fell, but none accumulated. As we hiked up the valley, the mountains got higher and more rugged. Several people we met along the trail were hiking out and cutting their trips short because of all the snow and rough weather. Some of us had second thoughts about going up in the higher country. A choice campsite near the trail at Three Forks Park (park in this case meaning a meadow, not anything with benches or muggers) was already taken when we got there, so we had to go out on the meadow and find an even choicer site near a creek.

(continued on preceding column)

WYOMING... (continued)

There was some snow on the rocks, which increased about an inch for every thousand feet we gained in altitude. After several hours of rough, slow going, we decided to go for Mt. Solitude, a mile closer. The exertion required in all this did not detract from the beauty of all the waterfalls or the grandeur of the cloud-blocking granite walls. Neither of us had a watch. When we reached the base of Solitude it was at least 3 P.M. by my reckoning and snow clouds were rolling in. We turned back, without catching that glimpse of the peak of a glacier -- a lot of snow, but no glacier. Halfway down, the sun came out, turning the exposed granite into a dull, sandy gold. Jerry and I got back to camp at sunset to find the other group minus Dan already there, also licking the wounds of a failed expedition.

Thursday morning brought rain. Hearing the patter of it against the tent fly, we didn't even bother to get up until well after it quit. We would have to cut short our planned route because of the lost time, but we couldn't help it. We didn't break camp until almost 2. Three miles was covered rather quickly and there was still plenty of daylight, so we decided to try for our original goal, Summit Lake, three more miles and a thousand feet up. The trail took us through a higher valley with a magnificent view of the valley we had just left. We reached the lake in time for the sunset that was blocked by higher ridges.

A tranquil mirror lake was presented to those who arose before sunlight touched the lake's edges. Friday's hiking was around a multitude of high altitude lakes. Having gone ahead on the trail by myself, I took out my pad when I reached Palmer Lake and had a nice two-hour nap. I awoke as the others arrived. I mentioned to Dan how I thought my camera was shot. He took a look at it and fixed it in short order, just like he had fixed Marci's and Jeff's earlier. We hiked down through a spectacular Palmer Canyon to another park and chose the campsite less hose-shat upon. Astronomy, various topics in modern physics, and big things on Dan were discussed over the typical western campfire that night. We contemplated the origin of the universe and where schmag came from.

Saturday's trekking was challenging, calling for a 2000 ft. climb over three or four miles up to Porcupine Pass. The last mile or so was through a large meadow. You had to stop every ten feet to catch your breath and from the scale of things, it seemed as though you hadn't moved at all. Getting to the top and being greeted with a fantastic view of a different valley and distant mountains was quite a reward. The four male members of the group got it in their head to climb a nearby peak, one topping out at a little over 11,000 ft. Dan gave Mary instructions on how to use his camera and his 300mm telephoto lens so that we could have a group shot of the triumphant climbers at the summit. It was a quick scramble up. The four of us held our poses for ten minutes in the cold wind, waiting for Mary to take pictures. As it turned out, she had finished about nine minutes earlier and we hadn't heard her yell. We hiked downhill a few miles and set our tents up by a mountain stream.

Sunday morning, I decided to take a bath, emulating Brenda and Marci of the previous day when they had lagged behind on the hike up the pass and had taken a leisurely dip and wash in the mellow mountain sunshine. My bathing was in the morning, when it was a bit nipper. The water was literally bone-chilling, the kind they give you about thirty seconds to live in after you go under. It was quick and exhilarating. I wasn't supposed to see Jeff running down river as I crawled out, shivering -- oh, well.... We hiked out through sporadic showers to the campsite at the trailhead. Since the season was over, the water had been shut off and no firewood was available to while away the evening. We cooked dinner in dark wetness and had some popcorn. Dan commented on the fact that we all left the city to be cold, wet, and miserable.

On Monday, we head out the gravel road and mosey into Pinedale. We make about ten stops for gas, munchies, pop, postcards, a rope for the van, and other absolute necessities. Then we head north for Jackson, the Gatlinburg of the west. We ended up driving back and forth through the tourist trap section of town about three or four times before we found the road to the Grand Teton National Park. Funny how thoses thing work out. At the

(Continued on page 20)

WYOMING (CON'D)

only ranger station open, Moose Junction, we asked about campsites and climbing as a female ranger tyro wondered why such scudsy critters were allowed in the building. Gros Ventre, the only campground open, did not offer a convenient base for scaling the Grand Teton or any other major peak; we did not consider backcountry camping but, in retrospect, packs on our group and hiking up in the mountains for another two days would have been unlikely.

We feasted on pizza and beer at Mountain High Pizza Pie that night after getting free showers and doing some laundry, then hit the local Safeway. Each individual gravitated toward the section of the store where his or her most missed food item was - fruit, pop, candy, etc. Brenda and Cheri purchased several bottles of wine which they started sharing with everyone on the way back to Gros Ventre. Jeff, Mary and Dan retired, leaving the rest of us to polish off the wine in the van.

Much of Tuesday morning was spent cleaning pink vomit out of the van, the previous night's combination of comestibles and drink being a bit too much for some of the partiers. By the time we got started from the campground, it was too late to climb a mountain. We stopped in at Moose Junction to get information on top-roping and to obtain a climbing permit for Rockchuck Peak on Wednesday. The reception from the rangers was a bit more friendly than the previous day's, no doubt correlated with our cleaner appearance. A place right off the trail above Inspiration Point and Jenny Lake and one near the highway on the Gros Ventre Slide were suggested for top-roping. Since we wanted to climb in the Tetons, we decided to try the former, even though it was a three mile hike.

Jeff and Mary forged ahead on the trail and stopped for lunch near a likely looking wall just before Cascade Canyon. They finished eating right after I arrived

and scrambled up a boulder field to the base. Jerry followed shortly and not long after, after pointing to the others where we were climbing. Jerry kept on climbing up the mountain and since they couldn't see me, they followed him. It was about three. I was faced with a dilemma; chase them down and set up some top ropes or go ahead and do a lead with Jeff.

I chose an easy-looking crack and started climbing, slowly. It turned out to be harder than it looked, with flaring cracks and loose rocks making placement difficult to nonexistent. At many spots I sincerely questioned being where I was (standing on a very thin ledge on the side of a mountain) and at the crux expressed my desire to God to see my family again. By the time Jeff had made it to my belay spot, it was 5:30. We rapelled down and headed back to the van, all but Dan having gone before us.

On Wednesday the 22nd, Brenda, Cheri, and Marci decided they would rather hike along trails instead of scrambling up the steep side of a mountain, having had their fill of that on Tuesday. There was no trail up Rockchuck, but by following the description from the guidebook and the topo, we could get to the top without climbing equipment. Jeff and Mary dropped out of the steep scramble early on, their feet giving them problems. Near the summit, I got off route and had to traverse a snowy ledge on the north face with a 2000 ft. drop to the ground. The view at the top was simply spectacular, with other mountains around and above us and deep blue lakes below.

Jeff had wanted to leave for Yellowstone by early Thursday afternoon, but we decided to check out the climbing at Gros Ventre. We found a nice 70 ft. wall with a 5.8-5.9 crack that none of us could master. There were easier climbs on other rocks that we did manage to top out. So we didn't make it to Yellowstone until early evening, camping at the nearest open campground.

On Friday we played tourist, driving from place to place, hopping out of the car to walk around and take pictures, and hopping back in to drive to the next point of interest. We got to see Old Faithful throw up and we were able to take in a lot of the other geysers and hot springs. This was not without dis-sension among the ranks, however, as some people would rather have been hiking. At Old Faithful Village, a portentous pink flush crept across Marci's face after a meal of yogurt and ice cream.

Saturday was the day to tour the canyon area and climb Mt. Washburn. We had to stop at one of the park stores to get stamps and mail some letters. Marci took a sip of her Diet Pepsi and had an immediate severe allergic reaction, her skin turning bright red. Since there were no longer any medical facilities inside the park, we had to drive her 95 miles to the hospital in Cody. The drive through Shoshone National Forest and the Wapiti Valley showed us magnificent rock formations that we would not have been able to see otherwise. The climate was more arid and the landscape more typically western than where we had spent the last two weeks. The doctor in the emergency room told us Marci had had a severe allergic reaction. We got some beer and headed back to the national forest because Jeff wanted to do some climbing. However spectacular the rock appeared, it was as fragile as plaster of Paris, making climbing foolhardy.

On Sunday we decided to drive to Devil's Tower, foregoing a return to Yellowstone. The distance was short according to the map, but we failed to take into account crossing a mountain range and we didn't get there until after dark. The group decision was to continue on the road instead of spending the night and catching a glimpse of the Tower, even if it was raining. We pulled up in front of 444 at midnight Monday, back to school and Cincinnati water. We were in a hurry to get back to this?

Thoughts written to soothe a troubled mind  
 The sussurus of a brook.  
 I sigh, content.  
 Sparkles of joy.  
 Murmurs of tranquility.  
 A pleasant, eternal assurance  
 Whispers of gentleness  
 Strength.  
 A breeze in the trees.  
 Puffs of white on blue.  
 A forest of - wisdom?  
 Rejuvenation.  
 The fragrance of growth.  
 I absorb, I become.  
 A brief shower caresses with countless fingers of velvet.  
 Patience in eternity.  
 I partake in the feast of life.  
 The grass is soft, the tree sturdy.  
 Again I sigh, rejoice in doing nothing.  
 What really matters?  
 I sleep.

L. Bortner

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 CANOE CANOE?

Yes it's a bad joke but fortunately the canoe clinic held this summer (the third in a row) was a success by any standards. Held on the Miami-Whitewater River on a beautiful Saturday we had about 16 people participate from the Club and some friends of Mike Dawson the clinic leader. We camped at the canoe livery on Friday night and were treated to three very good films on whitewater safety and technique followed by several hours of discussion and thirst quenching, into the wee hours.

The next morning those who could went into town for a hearty breakfast while the rest slowly awoke. The group got on the river finally and we spent a very informative day learning to "play" the river interspersed with two actual emergencies to other canoeists and practice in rescue in the water. It was topped off with a LaRosea's group dinner that all enjoyed.

