

THE GOOSE DOWN GAZETTE

from the University of Cincinnati Mountaineering Club
volume 5 issue 2 winter 1983

Caves!



A Letter from the President

How does one begin to express the feelings of gratitude and thanks which are deserved by those who continue to contribute to the means in order to accomplish the ends? I would ponder that a mere thank you is all one can truly do, but this action and expression doesn't seem meaty enough. You may ask why I use the term meaty. A list of a few of the clubs accomplishments in the last 7 months might explain my meaning.

The Summer of 82

1. 8 club members took a major backpacking trip to the Wind Rivers Range in Wyoming;
2. Other trips occurred all summer. For example:
 - a. A rock climbing and backpacking trip to Seneca Rocks - Dolly Sods Wilderness Area - W. Vir.;
 - b. Rockclimbing at Tenn.'s hot and heavy "Rock Pinnacles,"
 - c. W. Vir.'s challenging New River and monstrous Gauley River were the scenes of rafting outings,
 - d. Climbing in Yosemite, Calif.,
 - e. and many other untold(or too numerous to mention) outings.

The Fall of 82

1. A successful openhouse rocketed us into a great era,
2. Tom Souders' brilliant Mt. McKinley slide show tantalized all;
3. The climbing course was a fantastic success;
4. The biggest success of the quarter was the Eiger Slide Show presented by Harry Kent and Keith Lober, the first Americans to climb the deadly north wall in the winter. This lecture was presented through the cooperation of the UCMC and the Sierra Club;
5. Ending the quarter in style, six people took a toe chilling, but heart warming trip to N.Y.'S. Adirondacks.

This quarter has been terrific and continues to look great. A backpacking trip to the Mammoth Cave area, and a combined Ski Club - Mountaineering Club cross country ski trip in Michigan, both happened in the first two weeks of the quarter.

An innovative gathering of U.C. outdoor clubs was the epitome of campus goodwill. The shirt raffle and t-shirts also are a high point this quarter. The spring break trip, now in the planning stages, looks promising for 15 lucky people who will travel to the southwest. There is still room on this trip, but one should make arrangements soon if interested.

The Caving Course will prove to be a blast, as always. I encourage people to take course (Feb. 10 @ 12); no experience needed!

Much still needs to be done. Trip planning, article writing, trip taking, equipment purchasing, etc. We need your input. Don't be shy, but if you are just give me a call to discuss any ideas you might have. Its your club and you will eventually determine its destiny. A destiny I view positively.

Thank you all for your continuing support.

Yours truly,
Fletcher J

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THE GOOSEDOWN GAZETTE is the official publication of the University of Cincinnati Mountaineering Club.

Editor: Larry Bortner

Production Staff: Phil Coombs, FRA III, Stephen the K, Debbie Sarabia, and Jo Sorn

Cover photo: Bob Kessler;
Great White Cone in the Sloans Valley cave system.

COLD FEET IN THE
ADIRONDACK MOUNTAINS

by Bob Kessler

This is a good time? It's now -10°F ., up from -20°F . The air is almost crisp enough to break off; certainly the condensation from our breath is. Six bodies stir, awakening to a surprising cold. Each must find a way to deal with the cold; how to prime a bitterly cold stove, how to thaw the leather in one's boots to usable flexibility, how to keep up some semblance of blood circulation, especially in the extremities, and the inevitable, "Is This Worth It?"

Those were the conditions and questions six members of the Club had to grapple with during the Winter Break trip to the Adirondack Mountains, upper New York state's magnificent—and potentially deadly—High Peaks Region. Fletcher Andrews III was the chief planner and trip leader. Bob Kessler (that's me) and Dan Lynch provided advice and general guidance, sometimes sage and sometimes bitchy. Jane Reilly was full of enthusiasm and generously drove her new Subaru, one hell of a nice automobile. Amy Osterbrock was Keeper of the Sacred Flame, managing to build at least two fires despite the foul weather. Dave Gardner proved the impetus for both scaling down the original trip plans and for urging Fletch onward during the only peak attempt of the trip. All told, they made up a great group of hikers and friends.

The trip began at UC the Saturday morning after exams. A week earlier it had been in the 60's, but it was now around freezing. No one knew what to expect up in the Adirondacks. There, too, it had been unseasonably warm until a few days before. It was no longer a question of, "How much snow?", but, "Is there any snow?" Everyone had snow shoes and lots of warm clothes, expecting (and hoping) for the worst. Finally, by early afternoon we were all packed in and on the road with about 17 hours of driving ahead of us.

When we reached Cleveland, Fletch suddenly got homesick and, dangling the carrot of a home-cooked meal, convinced everyone to stop at his parents'. That almost proved terminal to the camping, as his parents' hospitality worked like a wonderful drug, relaxing us into wimpish complacency. Luckily, we were able to muster a new charge of enthusiasm for the Trip, and were soon on the road again.

Driving through the night, we eventually

found ourselves in Lake Placid, New York, former site of the Winter Olympic Games. The six of us sipped coffee and hot chocolate in Ruth's Diner as we ate our last "civilized" breakfast and discussed our hopes for the trip.

At last we turned down the snowy road that would lead to the trail head. Birch trees lined the road, looking much like the aspens one sees out west. Though there was only four to six inches of snow on the ground, the cold temperatures hadn't allowed the snow on the trees to melt, creating a winter-wonderland effect.

Parking in a lot adjacent to Heart Lake, a campground and lake owned and run by the Adirondack Mountain Club, we organized our gear a final time. Then, with late afternoon fast approaching, we set off. Many of us had very heavy packs, some surely 70 lbs. or more. The going was slow. Also, with snow-shoes on, the uneven trail made for rough going. I soon shed my snow-shoes, only to have to carry them on my back; I wasn't sure which was worse.

Our goal the first day was modest. We wanted only to travel about two miles to a lean-to at a place called Rocky Falls. But a few of the group, weary from practically no sleep in 32 hours, moved very slowly. In a short while, it was getting dark and the group was split. Luckily we all made it—raggedly—to the shelter, but it was long after dusk before everyone had eaten and gotten into the warmth of their bags. It was agreed that in the future, the group had to be ready to stop for the night by about 3:30, as it got very cold and darkish by five.

In the morning we discovered that it was -10°F . at 8 A.M. Amy's thermometer, which was supposed to record the night's low, hadn't been set properly. We later found out that the low that night was -20°F ! Needless to say, we were slow in rising that morning.

When everyone did finally get out of their bags, it became a contest against the cold. People were jumping up and down to stay warm. Dan kept going for jogs down the trail, returning with ever longer snotcicles in his crusty beard. After futile attempts to warm his feet, Dave announced that he had misgivings about whether or not he could continue the trip. Soon everyone was complaining of cold feet and voicing doubts as to their ability to take both the cold and the heavy packs.

The first chore was to warm Dave's feet, then the group would evaluate the trip plans. With the aid of Jane's armpits and

my Army heat pad, Dave finally got his feet warm. The group then agreed that they should return to the cars, unload a lot of food, and go out on shorter loops that would require less gear.

So, having left the cars only the day before, thinking that we wouldn't be seeing them again for seven days, we found ourselves at them again. This time we weren't quite sure what we wanted to do and we spent a lot of time discussing the possibilities.

The Adirondack Mountain Club had an eight-man bunkhouse on their Heart Lake property, and the hardy group from the UCMC were soon at its gas-furnace warmth, drinking wine and playing cards. A new trip was devised, up to a place called Avalanche Lake and back in three days.

The next morning was warmer and brilliantly clear. Everyone was excited and we hit the trail with high hopes. The weather report called for warming, so we left the snow-shoes behind.

Now we were seeing and appreciating the Adirondacks. Frozen creeks seemed to be at every bend, the snow sparkled in the light, and the only sound was that of pleasant conversation or the click of a camera. The trail system was very well developed. Because of a huge fair-weather hiking usage, the park's trails needed enormous numbers of bridges, walkways, and even steps to control erosion.

The first major landmark we encountered was Marcy Dam (Fletch claims it's all a coincidence.). The lake created by it was framed by mountains and encrusted with a thin layer of ice. We worked our way around it and began a slow ascent along the creek that feeds it. A heavy snow still clung to the trees here, but the warming weather would soon change that. The lean-to we camped at couldn't have been more picturesque. Off the trail a short distance, it was nestled in the trees, over-looking a rocky stream.

While Amy gathered firewood, Bob and Fletch bushwacked up the side of a nearby mountain to get a view of the surrounding mountaintops. Dave and Jane also went for a day hike, exploring the trail we were to take the next day. When both groups returned, Amy's fire was starting. Dinner was leisurely prepared. It was quite a contrast to the first night out.

The next morning was very warm. Spirits were high as we started up the trail. Clouds had rolled in during the night and rain seemed more likely than snow. The

group turned at the next trail junction and began the ascent to Avalanche Pass. Though it has been dubbed the "misery mile", it wasn't long before the pass was reached.

Great rock faces marked the crevice that was the pass. Dave and Fletch could hardly be contained; they wanted to climb. Large sheets of ice clung to the rock and there were frequent stops to take pictures.

Soon we reached Avalanche Lake. It was incredible. Like an alpine lake out west, it was bordered on one side by the sheer rock that rose to the cloud-covered summit of Mt. Colden and on the other side by the boulder field which was the base of both Mt. Iroquois and Mt. Algonquin. Like the lake we had seen previously, Avalanche Lake had a thin coat of ice, and there were ski trails marking a route across the ice. Not wanting to trust the thin ice, we followed the foot trail around the lake. That trail—which Dan curses to this day—was something akin to caving with a pack on. We spent more time climbing up, down, across, and around boulders than we did actually making distance. At two spots the Park had actually bolted a walkway along vertical rock, the lake below and the sky above. Most everyone thought it was great.

Our destination, a lean-to just past Avalanche Lake, turned out to be dismantled, so we opted to travel another mile to Colden Lake. It was still early in the day, but we knew the added distance would make it necessary to stay out one more night than planned. Everyone agreed they had enough food to last, and we headed to Colden.

When we finally found a lean-to to our liking at Colden Lake, the clouds had settled in, shrouding most everything more than a hundred feet above the lake. The ice on the lake was so inviting that we laid e.p.'s and r.p.'s about ten feet out onto the ice and sat down for a lunch feast. Dave checked the thickness of the ice by chopping through with the ice axe and discovered it was only a meager two or three inches. No one dared go out more than fifty feet onto the ice, but Dan and Fletch and myself all tried our skills at chopping the ice.

Amy again wanted to gather firewood, but since everything seemed so hopelessly damp from the melting snow, she had no volunteers. Instead, the rest of the group went on a day hike, hoping to see another lake farther down the trail. When we got back, Amy had managed to build some smoke, lamenting the meager firewood pickings. As everyone snuggled into their bags, a lone light shone from the far side of

"Foulhardy in the Extreme"

by

Craig L. Patterson

The clouds are vast hovering over the land stretching toward the North Sea. The purple heather lays limp on the dull grasses, crippled on the hill-sides of yesterday's growing season. The cold is not the only element wearing on the moorlands; the grazing sheep uproot the fragile vegetation in their constant, patterned chomping. The flocks are as much a part of Scottish heritage as the clansmen themselves, providing wool for the warm clothing and tartans needed to survive the cold damp winters. These fluffy creatures roam the sloping brown and yellow moorlands undisturbed by the hustle and bustle of the modern society growing in the nearby cities. A wall of grey mist sinks on the island in the distance. Cloudmasses swell in minutes, energized by galls originating from the influx of land and sea. I am a visitor to the mysterious isles of the Lower Hebrides situated on the western reaches of the country of Scotland.

Midday on the Isle of Skye in December is shortlived for climbers pushing down to dusk ambitions. The trailhead for the Quillin Mountains starts at the junction of two country roads. The area is sparsely populated with a seasonal pub, a number of farmhouses, and scattered flocks of sheep. Max and Bess let me off at the rock bridge by two parked cars.

"There must be someone up in those icy rocks already. I still think you're crazy to pass up a warm car ride around the island."

Stubbornly I reply, "Ya know, there is a completely different perspective up there. Every ounce of energy it takes to get into the high country is worth the effort."

"Good luck and be careful," Max warns.

His words are muffled, as I am already headed for the first rock cairn, relieved to be alone in the solitude of the open air.

The approach follows a river and multiple ruts ground into the half frozen soil. The vastness of the region is dwarfed by a lack of trees, but distances are still great. I cross terraced waterfalls and wooded bridges. The gentle slope continues to a rock plateau holding pools of water crusted with transparent ice, a good spot to rest and absorb the panoramic view. The first Quillin looms above me. Lakes, islands, and pastures stretch out before me. I leave my last running water and move to the base of the first Quillin to contemplate my path. Fortunately, the rock cairns lead the way up the maze of switchbacks to my first encounter with snow and ice. I round the corner of the frozen rocky face and collide with the brutal force of gusty winds. Luckily, I have all four power points pinned to the earth or I would spin off like the crystals of ice stinging my partially exposed face. My two hour climb from sea level goes quickly as I surmount the 3070 foot Quillin, Am Bhaisteir. I rest on the top of the rocky pyramid, nestled between a buffer of clouds and grasslands. The Quillins surrounding me demand awesome respect.

The question rests in the back of my mind. Should I quit now or keep going? My fearless ego decides to go for it. The highest Quillin lies at the western terminus of the Cloun Basin ridge, maybe a half mile away. The first quarter mile heads south down an easy ridge to the junction of three steeply ridged basins. The smallest eastern basin boasts three conical spires and a large block resembling the face of a man. The largest southern basin is obsessed with a fierce biting wind ripping against a steep exposed knife edge. I chose the horseshoe shaped Cloun basin to the west as my intended descent. The wind chill encourages a lunch break in a three sided natural block shelter.

I sit frozen to a rock eating high energy foods and drinking cold water, oblivious to danger. The last quarter mile is bitter, cutting steps in crusted ice and gusty winds, I am hypnotised. Safer ground is in the distance. Slip! Zing! DAMN! This is steep. My fall quickly turns into a nightmare. Frictionless hell. A black ledge approaches. I am unable to divert my accelerating slide. OH GOD! HERE COMES DEATH! ZIP!! SMACK!!! CRACK!!!! And darkness.....

My recovery to subconsciousness skids on a scattered level of incoherence. My hands are numb; in fact, all my senses are dull. A fast look around sends me into panic and terror.

"Oh my God, oh my God, HELP ME, PLEASE....."

My first decision is irrational. Get to the only farmhouse in sight, but I don't even know where I am. My gear... I spin in pain to search the towering scree slope for my belongings. Helplessness continues... No pack, no balaclava, and no gloves. The warnings return to haunt me, but help to reorient my mind. It is obvious that I am in a fight with life and death. I have no choice, time is a crucial factor. Hobbling to my feet my injuries become apparent. A torn ankle almost sends me flailing down another brutal scree slope.

"No! No, not again....Please..."

God only knows how long I have been unconscious. I can't feel my raw bleeding hands and try shoving them in my leather jacket. Cheri comes to mind. I wonder if she can sense my disastrous situation. I will live for her regardless of the pain. My left hand folds at the wrist entering my pocket and I am forced to work it in using my good right hand, moaning seems to help. I gasp, wease, and whine to the fringe of the moorland. My work is cut out for me, I have at least three miles to reach the highway.

"Someone help....Help...Help me."

My right foot is incapable of carrying any weight. My only choice is to rip it to shreds, but stay on level ground, and then the sheep can play tag with this raving maniac. It would be ideal to ride one home. If only there was a shepherd around. It isn't until now that darkness seems eminent and rain floats in.

"Help me, please help me."

My mind begins to drift. I shake my head, clearing my senses, and keeping the rain from impregnating my battered skull. I am thirsty and quickly becoming dehydrated. I spot a trail across a major river. The climb up the steep northern bank is an obvious indication that my nerves and muscles are shot. I painstakingly

teeter over some run off water for a drink. Where is the junction? It can't be far... The trail continues endlessly.

"Do it, Craig, you can do it. Stay with it."

I approach a fenced off farm yard with a vacant white farmhouse in the distance. Unexpectedly I sink up to my knees in a stream of soggy muck in the backyard. If my friends could see me now. I wash myself off in the puddles on the gravel driv and continue through the pouring rain. I still have a quarter mile walk on the highway, but my spirits are lifted by passing cars and assured recovery. At this stage hypothermia or even pneumonia are direct possibilities. No one wants to pick me up. I can't even lift my arms to warn a car.

"Stop, please stop, my god."

I even consider lying down in the middle of the road, sounds deadly. I try to relax on a bridge, ignoring the consequences of a bus load of kids. At last a couple stops to see if I am drunk.

"Please help me."

"What's wrong?"

I pull my bloody hand out of my pocket and have a free ride to the hospital. The man anxiously helps me into the front seat. The woman comforts my shoulders from the back seat. I ramble on in half conscious worries...

"Sorry to bother you, please don't speed, I think I have internal injuries. My left hand is broken and so is my right ankle."

"Don't worry, you'll be at the hospital soon."

What remains beyond us to know
Is sought as meaning and reason
And the obsession to open the universe
Is excused as understanding nature.
In order to use life well
We must surrender our importance
And open ourselves to nature
To discover the universe there.

Ute Poem

CAVE PERCEPTION
by Jo Sorn

A man travelling through darkness,
is yet travelling-
Rami, Sufi Poet

We stood at the entrance to the cave, which waited like an open door leading to the tabernacle of Earth. One by one we enter. Upon crossing the threshold, I feel ready to know and experience in some minute, personal way, the chambers which stretch in darkness before me. A short distance into the mist, I stop. In heart-pounding awe, I behold the beauty of the surrounding rock, breathing with life. Overcome with a sense of timelessness, I surrender to the moment. The poetry of the cave is dark, but special for those who seek it.

Ever since I took the lantern tour of Mammoth Cave, the very idea of caving in its most rugged form appealed to me. Hearing that the UCMC did just that, I immediately contacted President Emeritus Dan Lynch. Three weeks later, I found myself in the company of a motley crew of seasoned cavers and red-cheeked rookies.

As we climb the passageways, I feel closer to the earth than I have ever felt before. The rest of the group, except for my patient guide and teacher Dan, forges ahead. I find it difficult to keep up, as I don't want to rush through. Observing these underground chambers leads to the recognition of Mother Earth in her most extreme manifestation. The tunnels course like vast arteries in every direction. Within this brooding silence I can't help but sense a greater awareness of our ancestors and their close association with the cave.

The ancient Egyptians expressed a belief in an underworld which they called Neter-Khertet, meaning "divine subterranean place". They believed it to be a place where the soul was transformed. Anubis, the jackal-headed god of the underworld, weighed the heart (believed the seat of intelligence of a man) against the feather of truth. According to the Incas of Peru, caves were considered sacred places where the ancestors were worshipped. The Incas made great pilgrimages to the caves, chiseling and polishing the stones, as well as constructing stairways. In the Buddhist

world of the Far East, a monumental legend exists about a land known as Agharta. It is a doctrine of a superior world, a subterranean paradise. This belief still exists in the areas of Tibet and rumors abound that the entranceway to Shamballah, the capital, is secretly hidden except to those who have the right key, the open-sesame. Supposedly, this celestial paradise of Agharta is inhabited by a superior civilization with accessibility to various exit points around the world.

Somewhere into the excursion we enter a fantastically huge gallery. The shadows cast by headlamps form eerie projections on the walls. Off to one side, low to the floor, are two or three apertures, accessible by pulling oneself through on elbows. Well worth it, I soon find out, as they lead to a small honey-comb type room with a perfectly smooth, domed ceiling. The sight is so vivid, that I won't soon forget it. I think about the Kiva.

The Hopi Indians of Northern Arizona still perform ceremonies in self-constructed underground chambers known as Kivas. The Kiva is where the Hopi commune with the "Kachinas", or spirit messengers. According to Hopi myth, at one time man and the Kachina lived together in the underworld.

Consider these things: The ruined city of Teotihuacan, located in Mexico, is so old that when the Aztec Indians came to power they considered it to have been built by gods. Due to volcanic activity which took place in the Valley of Teotihuacan millions of years ago, the whole countryside is undermined with lava tubes. The Pyramid of the Moon was constructed in the center of one of these tubes. The Pyramid of the Sun is built directly above a natural cave. - Something to think about. Studies recently undertaken prove the Pyramid of the Sun was not used solely for religious purposes as orthodox archaeologists believe, but rather as an instrument for sighting important solar dates.

Caves—what better sanctuary for the safekeeping of objects deemed of great value? In 1947, a herdsman searching for a lost goat discovered 1,900 year-old scrolls in a cave near the Dead Sea.

Caves have served as inspiration for writers of mythology, opera and music. Goethe, the great German author, after visiting Baumann's Cave in the Harz Mountains of central Germany, wrote of his visit to the cave, "I crawled through it

(cont'd page 8)

ACID RAIN

By David Christenson

Although there has been quite a bit of talk recently about "acid rain," there is also quite a bit of confusion. Acid rain is rain with a pH lower than what it would be if the rain came from an uncontaminated atmosphere. Because of the small amounts of CO₂ naturally found in the atmosphere, the pH of pure rain is 5.6.

The effects of acid rain depend on the chemistry of the soil on which the rain falls. Limestone based soils neutralize acidity and are not as seriously affected by acid precipitation. However, granite based soils, such as those found in eastern Ontario, upstate New York, and Scandinavia, have no neutralization capacity and are easily damaged by acid rain. In Scandinavia there are practically no fresh water fish to be found. This is in striking contrast to 100 years ago, when there was a great abundance of fish. Scandinavian residents attribute the decline of their fisheries to industrialization in England and central Europe and the consequential acid rain. This claim is backed by pH data for rainfall and waterways, both of which are unnaturally low. In North America damage has been relatively recent. Adirondack fish counts have declined in the last 10 years. This decline is associated with acid rain and lakes. The fish young are the most susceptible to the acidity and are often killed, with subsequent decline of the species. Acid runoff leaches metals, particularly aluminum, into the lakes. Metals accumulate in fish eggs and gills and kills many of them. Similar results are occurring in Ontario. New York and Ontario are losing their aquatic ecosystems. No one disputes the damage done to aquatic environments by acid rain.

There is quite a controversy, however, on the causes of acid rain. There is a conclusive link between sulfur dioxide in the atmosphere and acid rain. There is also a link between nitrogen oxides and acid rain in the Adirondacks and eastern Ontario regions. The source of acidity in rainfall is about one third to one quarter from nitrogen oxides and two thirds to three quarters from sulfur dioxide. The sulfur dioxide is at least 90% from man-made sources. Two thirds of rainfall acidity in North Eastern North America is from SO₂.

Nitrogen oxides are also primarily from man-made sources. Which emission sources actually cause acid rain is a matter of great contention. Utility companies, Cincinnati Gas and Electric among them, maintain there are no definitive links between emissions from coal fired power plants and acid rain. Most of the informed public and nearly anyone with environmental interests sees the link as obvious if yet unproven.

The current interest in acid rain is timely. The Clean Air Act is still up for renewal in Congress. Acid rain is not specifically regulated in the Act as it currently stands. If the public, AND THIS MEANS YOU, does not give pressure to their/your elected representatives, the law will be written so as not to require reduction of SO₂ emissions. Utility interests are lobbying against such reductions. For information on writing letters to legislators, contact Dave Christenson, 961-6235. I'm usually at U.C.M.C. meetings.

(CAVE PERCEPTION, cont'd from pg. 7)

and examined closely the natural processes at work there... everything that truly existed was all the more clearly evident and I felt myself greatly enriched thereby. As soon as I returned to daylight... I wrote the first stanzas of the poem, which under the title "Winter Journey in the Harz Mountains", has held the attention of many of my friends to the very last line."

We continue travelling up and down jagged tunnels, the silence occasionally interrupted by drops of water sounding from some distant corner. Nine hours later part of the group continue on, while others decide to exit, I being one of the latter. We emerge, greeted by the sweet smell of trees and a last glimpse of fading dusk.

Becoming a member of the Club has taught me much. "Travelling companions", has taken on a new meaning and shown me a way to regain the zest of the eternal child.

The cave - impressive, beautiful, stupendous, as it waits in eternal serenity, whether used for storage, protection, a sanctity for spiritual rites, or a place of scientific advancement - compels the curious of heart and breathes with the spirit of bygone ages.

BUSHWHACKY
by Stephen M. Kramrech

To ski or not to ski, that was the question; unfortunately this problem was resolved for me by my math professor cleverly deciding to move the day for my next test to the day after Martin Luther King day. Since the Michigan ski trip involved a 14 hour(one way) ride and we probably wouldn't return until late Monday or early Tuesday(they actually got in about 3 a.m.) I decided a trip south would be more suitable. So I conferred with my colleague Dr. Jeff Goller about our options. As it turned, he had a ready-made trip to Mammoth Cave National Park already set up that he had put together several months earlier, but had to postpone. Now seemed a perfect opportunity for the trip. So come 5 o'clock Friday, Don Speller, Mike Berger, Phil Coombs, and I met at the usual place, Scioto Hall, for the trip. Jeff who? Oh yea, well one of his professors dropped about 3 chapters of organic chemistry reading on him on Thursday, so he had to cancel out. Anyway, after piling into Mike's LTD(a real pickup car if there ever was one), we headed off to the wilds of Kentucky. Other than a mercifully brief stop at McBarfbags, it was a pleasant 4 hour trip on I-71 to the Park. We arrived at the main digs(yuk, yuk) about 11:30 p.m., only to find the usual \$5 a night fee there; however, a sign at the gate informed us that there are free primitive camp sites at Houchins Ferry at the other end of the Park. So, being of sound mind and body, we tripped on over to Houchins Ferry. With some help from a clerk at the local King Kwik equivalent we found the right road to the campground (hint: if there's more than 10 milli-leagues of snow on the ground, you better bring your 4-wheel drive). Despite some minor partying from the under-age locals, we spent a cold but quiet night there.

The next morning we awoke to the sounds of the occasional car and some mysterious mechanical noises. Surprise! They run the ferry even in the winter. Maybe the noise and nippy morning prompted the ferry operator to offer us some much appreciated hot water; whatever it was, we sat and chatted with him for a few in his little hut with the wood burning stove before packing up and going to the main

Form 10-404 Rev. (11-76)

U.S. DEPARTMENT
OF THE INTERIOR

NATIONAL PARK
SERVICE



BACKCOUNTRY USE PERMIT

The visitor must have this permit during the visit.

When signed, this single visit permit authorizes

NAME *Kramrech, Steve*

ADDRESS *3800 Denny St*

CITY *Lincoln, OH*

TRIP DATES

FROM MONDAY	TO MONDAY
4	5
5	6
6	7
7	8
8	9
9	10
10	11
11	12
12	13
13	14
14	15
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24	25
25	26
26	27
27	28
28	29
29	30
30	31

Location of entry *Wood Springs*

Location of exit *Local Springs*

Primary method of travel *Foot*

Number of people in group *5*

Number of pack or saddle stock *0*

Number of watercraft or other craft *0*

CAMP SITE NAME *Polie Ridge*

late Feb

REMARKS *camp out all night*

waterproof trash

fires in fire rings with

DATE *1/15/83*

ISSUED BY *Stephen M. Kramrech*

DESIGNED BY *John D. Bush*

PRINTED BY *John D. Bush*

FASTEN THIS TAG TO YOUR PACK, SADDLE, BOAT OR TENT

ranger station to get our Backcountry Permits.

Having never been there before I was quite surprised to see the extent of the layout that had only been hinted at the evening before in the darkness. If this is typical of the National Parks, give thanks for the National Forests. There were probably 8-10 full size school-type buses sitting in the parking lot for shuttling touristes around. They also have a small lodge (at ruinous prices I'm sure), the omnipresent gift (sorry there is no other polite word) shoppe, snake bar (no misspelling), ad nauseum. However, since we were not here for the usual treatment, we just sort of ignored all the flash and glitter got our permits and left. Surprisingly, the rangers didn't even express any surprise at our desire to take a winter walk, like it happens all the time.

So we went to our chosen departure point, the Good Springs Church, to do a final repack and grab a quick breakfast. A moments digression; since this area in the 30's had been somewhat sparsely populated, there were still some structures, churches, roads, and the like around. In fact, one of the reasons for the route we had chosen was to be able to explore some of these things, particularly the graveyards. The Good Springs Church, and graveyard, was a still-standing structure that at first sight evokes images of THE SOUTH, fire and brimstone, damnation, and Gone With The Wind. Upon inspection it looked as if it might still be used for meetings but I never did ask about that. Anyways, somewhat incongruously, there are the standard model Park Service picnic tables outside and some fire pits, so we set about getting fed. I heard it was cold in Michigan but I know it was damm cold on the top of that ridge where the church was, with the wind blasting along about 20+ mph. We eventually took refuge in the church after starting out trying to cook outside. Finally about 11 a.m. we were able to hoist sail and take off.

The trails turned out to be fairly obvious most of the time, in spite of the large amounts of foliage on the ground, and not very strenuous. We went north to Collie Ridge, past Sand Spring Cemetery, where we examined the grave markers, on the Blue Springs trail winding up at

Jaggers Cemetery. Curiously enough, most of the graves at Jaggers seemed to have been people who were not Jaggers. There stopped for a short rest and to poke around a bit.

While we were there, some rangers came by who told us of some new trail that had been put in but that was not on the map yet. Since it was only about 2 p.m. or so, we decided to change our plans and follow some new trail over to the Park boundary, follow it to another trail, and wind up at First Creek Lake where there are some campsites. Yep, that's what we planned to do, all right. Of course, it's not what we did. Oh, we found the new trail just fine, and the edge of the Park, too (it's an old, unused, overgrown road), but the trail down to the lake we some how missed. We had an idea we had missed it when we came to the remains of an old lookout tower which was also the literal end of the line. However, not to fear! We have our trusty compass and topo, and being wonderful navigators we move to bushwack our way to the trail which is southeast of us. About the time that I start using the little light on my new LCD watch, Mike ("Hey, it's getting dark. Let's set up camp right here.") is getting a little miffed that we haven't yet reached our objective; in fact, we haven't even found the trail. After some more skulling we decide to head for First Creek itself and follow it to the lake. We find and follow what we fervently hope is the creek. About a country mile later (take the normal subjective time to go a mile and multiply by 2^n where n is the number of hours past sunset) we start getting into some swampy area and, sure enough, a short distance away is the moonlit gleam on the lake. (Whew, had you in suspense didn't I?)

After some futile searching for the official campsite we pitch it where it looks most comfortable next to the lake. Although I would have been content with some hot food, the others wish a fire to which I gracefully ("NO, NO HOT IN THE LAKE! MAKE YOUR FIRE!") consent. After the usual bull around dinner and a fire we hit the sack about 9 or 10. Since I don't have four season sleeping bag, I borrowed a second from Cindy Kessler and did the double-bag routine with long Johns on and was very comfortable, thank you, except for my head occasionally getting chilly;

(cont. p. 14)

"Escaping the Rat Race"
by
Fletch

Fully bloated, after one more in a series of large meals, Marci (Napoli) and I (Fletcher Andrews) prepare to leave on our New Year's trip. Feeling significantly overweight, we plop into the Pontiac and head toward Pennsylvania. Craig has suggested we hike at Minister Creek in the Allegany State Forest. Besides hiking, Marci and I really want to go skiing. As it looks now skiing might be feasible, although Dad said that eastern skiing is wiped out.

Presently interstate 271N. is getting a good coating of snow. To most drivers the snow constitutes a 35mph speed limit. Feeling secure in my 69 boat, I am confident at 60mph. Suddenly my confidence is shattered as the car loses traction on a slick turn. Traffic is getting thick and many brake lights give warning to worsening road conditions ahead.

Many Miles Further

We are rapidly approaching the Ohio-Pennsylvania border. Do we ski in New York or backpack in the Penn. state? A rest area is only two miles away. The car is given a rest; a phone call is made; The decision - New York bound!! Skiing at Cockainne, here we come!!!

I Luv N.Y.

-(4" Base) - -

Wow, once down the little people's hill and Marci is dying for the real thing. We approach the chairlift and I realize its really ski time. This day of up and down repetition has become a once a year luxury for me. As a kid it was all I ever wanted to do, but life's concessions, more often then not, have gotten in the way.

Now inches away from the unloading point, I prepare for the worst. Last year when skiing with Marci (her first time), she failed to disembark from the chairlift. As a re-

We find Peter Moss looking at his complete "Backing and Mountaineering Information" book.



sult the chair was stopped and she had to jump about 7 feet to the ground. Suddenly I realize she isn't going to touch the platform. "Jump Marci, Jump!" I nudge her rear, she leaps, and we both succeed in getting off the treacherous lift. All too soon a curve of ice must be navigated. I catch a ski edge, but regain spastically and look back expecting to see Marci grounded behind me. She's not there. Impressed I look forward to see her waiting patiently, unflustered by the icy exit ramp.

The rest of the day, from 1pm to 10pm, we spend thoroughly enjoying the pleasure of sliding down the hill of manmade snow.

Minutes from the Trail

The ground around me is littered with glass and smashed headlights, obviously the result of vandalism. Stories of Kentucky vandalism race through my mind. As much as I'd like to disregard the broken glass, I know the fear of being a victim of vandalism will plague

me while in the woods.

Marci is carrying all the food in a daypack and I'm carrying everything else. My pack is heavy, but nothing like the load I carried in the Adirondacks a few weeks earlier.

The trail is hard to navigate, but a faint path is detectable. An hour earlier Marci and I were in an antique store along route 666. The owner, a God-fearing Pennsylvanian (bless her heart), sold us a tourist's map of Minister Creek. She suggested a trail that led to rocks and a very nice overlook. Upon leaving she remarked, "Your getting away from the rat race." Her statement stuck in my mind seeing as all my past New Years Eve's have been spent in some crowded, smoke and alcohol infested room. Indeed, Marci and I are escaping the intoxicating atmosphere of New Year's Eve.

On the Marked Trail

Having hiked a distance, we are now amongst large glacially deposited boulders. Its so beautiful here. An inch of snow is on the ground and icicles hang elegantly from the ancient fern and moss bearing sandstone blocks. Marci and I hike peacefully amidst these amazing historic landmarks. All sound is natural; Minister Creek can be heard flowing in the valley below and above the wind is blowing softly through the trees. I hear a bird in the distance and the pounding sound in my head originates from my beating heart. I am thoroughly in love with this moment.

The Overlook and Beyond

In the distance Marci and I see a golden-yellow meadow, yet everywhere else the rolling hills are covered with a blanket of brown deciduous trees and a faint coating of glistening white snow. Not one sign of man is evident. Behind us is a large, flat wooded area. We contemplate camping here, however a low rumbling sound is apparent and getting louder. A truck crashes through the brush into view. Some ass jumps out and starts hacking into a tree - the act of saying, "This is my mark and my camp." Marci and I are compelled to escape the presence of these people like two scared deer.

Its about 4:15pm and I am tired, so is Marci. Having hiked at least $\frac{1}{2}$ a mile downhill from our intruders,

we try to find a tent site. The ground is much too uneven and we continue to hike, exhausted.

Moments ago we crossed a beautiful stream and are climbing a large Appalachian hillside. Dusk is upon us, but no flat ground is in sight.

Moisture seeps out of my pores as I reach a ridge on top of this hill. A tent site is attained and camp is established. Darkness has set in, the time - 5:30pm. A nutritious meal of rice and chow mein is minutes away. A gun shot blasts out in the distance. Marci and I cringe. I hand her the wine as we make the best of our night of solitude.

Now warm in our bags, I wonder how safe we really are. More gun shots ring out. So much for getting away from the rat race, we just entered the deer hunt zone. What's worse?

"Wine please."

"Not much left," says Marci.

Hardly intoxicated, I wonder, "Will we make it till 12' o'clock, that magic moment of hoots, yells, toasts and kisses?" I think not, as my lids are heavy now - time = 10:55.

Happy 83

Time = 12:30am.

"Marci! Hey Marci, wake up!" COXX... My thoughts drift to distant parties and people. We are happy, yet so alone for such a festive eve. The moon is full above the tent and illuminates the surrounding forest. Tall trees above are swaying back and forth, existing timelessly.

Time = 8:30am

A volley of gunfire startles the morning's tranquility. Cold feet must be warmed, stomachs must be gratified and then we can pack up and headout.

Having traveled a distance, we now stand in the amber meadow we had seen from the overlook, the day before. Minister Creek flows peacefully here. Mellow bends in the creek are accentuated by deep blue wispy pines and long carpety grass. We relax while eating cheese and crackers. A million suns of warth reflect off the ripples of water, while a breeze from the north chills us. Fully gratified, we put our packs on and head for the road, and head for the car, and head for the RAT RACE.....

STAGE FRIGHT

By Marci Napoli

In a club such as ours, input from members is mandatory for the organization of trips and other activities. Each Wednesday evening, members are expected to express their experiences on past trips and their hopes for future trips. This requires a certain amount of speaking ability in front of groups. I imagine that many people who are in the Mountaineering Club suffer from the simple fear of speaking in front of others, me being one of them. This fear is commonly known as stage fright. I feel that it is essential to the success of our club that we try to overcome this fear.

I'm sure that everyone in the club has experienced this unpleasant feeling at one point or another. I realize that it is difficult, if not terrifying, for some people to speak in front of others. Many hearts begin to throb sporadically as a trip is mentioned which they have been on or would like to go on. Thoughts such as, "I'll make a fool of myself," "I'll trip over my words," "I'll say something stupid," race through the minds of the unfortunates plagued with this phobia.

You are not alone, my friends. Just recently I made my first attempt to give some input at a meeting. I raised my hand and to my surprise Fletch asked me to stand up. Suddenly my blood pressure rose, my muscles turned to cement, and I was speechless. I was plastered to my seat. There was no conceivable possibility that I could stand up and face all those inquisitive eyes. My confidence had dropped to below zero. I forced myself to gain control of my vocal abilities and utter a few undeveloped thoughts about a skating trip I wanted to take that weekend. A rush of relief flowed through my body. I had taken the first step in overcoming my stage fright. More importantly, I received a good response. People actually comprehended what I had said and were interested in joining me on my Saturday afternoon excursion. All the paranoia and anxiety was pointless. Later that evening, when I was alone and had time to think about this incident, I realized how silly I had been. I thought about the friendships I've established and the many special experiences I've had with the U.C.M.C. I had no reason to fear the judgments of club members.

Confused, he scratched
his head while
trying to orient
the map.



Many of you have probably had similar experiences. Please remember that we are all willing to receive any input you might have. The club does not consist solely of administrators. Everyone is a part and should be recognized as such. Stage fright is very common, especially among new members. Let me assure you that any new faces, voices and ideas would be a pleasure to see and hear.

I think I shall never see
A billboard lovelier than a tree
But if the billboard doesn't fall
I may not see a tree at all.

Ogden Nash

I am but a footprint on the earth
A wing against the sky
A shadow in the water
A voice beneath the fire
I am one footstep going on.

Indian Poem

BUSHWHACKY(cont. from p. 10)

someday bag manufacturers will get it through their heads that our heads need more insulation than they usually provide.

Next morning was a Sierra Club Calendar picture morning, cold, crisp, with some fog/mist in the woods and on the frozen (it happened during the night) lake. Of course the first thing I did was haul out my camera and shoot about 10 shots. By that time, everyone else was up and about and it was time for food. Although I had hoped for an earlier start than the day before, it was not to be and we got started about 10:30. We found the trail right away and hiked up a fairly steep trail to what we thought would be a large sinkhole area. We actually came out at the Temple Hill Cemetery (omens?) on the same road as Jagers Cemetery and jogged down the road 1/4 mile to the disappointingly large sinkholes. No hope of an entrance here.

We decided to cross over to the Green River which runs through the Park and follow along it's banks, bushwacking, until we came to either McCoy Hollow where we could cut across to Collie Ridge and pick up the trail there or go on to Buffalo Creek and try to find a trail that should lead to Waterfall Campsite and the main trails again. Do I really need to repeat myself? We found Buffalo Creek, but there was no sign of any trail nearby, so out with the compass again and let's have at it again. This time we had better luck we found what looked to be an unused trail which led to an unused (and how!) road (???) which eventually took us to a real honest-to-goodness road (4-wheel but it had seen use). We followed this for a while. We followed this for a while? We followed this for...say, isn't this getting repetitive? (Phil, "Let's stop and make camp." Don, "I think we should find a water source first." Mike, "If we go a little further we'll probably find the Waterfall Campsite." Me, "I don't care what we do.") A deal is struck, we'll go 'til the first reasonable water source (Don didn't like my idea of using standing water in little depressions. (By the way have I mentioned that Girardea cautions were posted down there?)) After a short distance we find a small trickle and set up camp nearby in the pines. This little jog along the road was not in vain, we came across a relatively recent sinkhole about 10 feet across and 15 feet deep that

looked well worth exploring, too bad we hadn't any lights or rope. After a scrumptious meal of mac and cheese, and Corn Nuts, and Kool Aid, I let the Sandman sprinkle some of his magic dust on me (Wouldn't YOU like to know?).

Up next morning bright and early, which for me is about 9. A moderately quick meal and some discussion as to how long it will take to find the main trail and get to Good Springs and whether we'll be late getting back and all like that. So pack it and move it. What we are looking for is where this road, if it's the road we think it is, makes a 90° bend to the south from it's east-west heading, a rather obvious distinction even for us. And sure enough, just a short hike down the road it turns south. However, the foot trail that is supposed to run east from there to Good Springs is sure not obvious, if it's there. Oh, to be sure, there is something that maybe 10 or 15 years ago might have been a trail, but then again maybe it's not that at all. USGS and Silva to the rescue again. Some mercifully short thrashing through the leaves and brush brings us to a trail only a blind man could miss (Phil, "There's the trail over there." Steve, "I don't see anything."). About 25 minutes later we spy a familiar white structure on a ridge above us, but will the car still be there?

There to here, read paragraph 1 in reverse. My opinions? Despite any impressions you may have garnered from my little missive, I had a very enjoyable time, including the bushwacking (I was never lost (maybe misplaced).). The land is a little too rough to be called "gently rolling" but not too rough to be strenuous and is well forested. I should think the best times to go would be in the spring after the trees get some leaves on and in the fall to catch the colors. The summer might be a bit muggy, but then again, maybe not, why don't you go and find out and tell me? The rangers said that they are still putting in more trails so in the years to come you will probably be able to get from one end of the Park to the other without bushwacking, but until then, DON'T forget your compass and DO get one of the topos for the area; the main ranger station sells them.

CULD FEET... (cont. from p. 4)

the lake, a friendly reminder that some lucky ranger was manning the cabin there.

The morning brought even more warmth—and rain. Three mornings before, it had been -20°F ., now it was in the mid-30's. Pulling out their raingear, the group reluctantly went out into the rain. The trail we were following would circle Lake Colden then ascend to Avalanche Lake and Pass where we would backtrack our way to the cars. We were now encased by clouds, making visibility very poor. The effect was both eerie and beautiful.

We also noticed another significant difference—on the way in, it had been dead quiet, but now with the rain and melting snow, the streams and brooks were alive with the sounds of flowing water. It was as if we were visiting the Adirondacks in another season altogether. Despite the nuisance of the rain, I for one was grateful for the new perspective.

When Dave and Fletch saw the sign at the next trail junction, they knew they had a common destiny to fulfill. With less than two miles to the summit of Mt. Colden, they had to go for it. The rest of the group wished them luck and arranged a meeting point for later in the day.

But a couple of hours later, just as the larger group reached Avalanche Pass for the second time, Fletch and Dave returned. They hadn't made the summit, but had gotten very close before giving up. The trail near the top was too icy and the heavy cloud cover cut visibility to zero. Soaked but happy, the two adventurers had returned safely. Fletch later remarked that he wanted to turn back sooner, but Dave kept on insisting, "Just another fifty yards", until he, too, saw the futility of the summit attempt.

Our final night was spent in a huge lean-to beside the Marcy Dam lake. All sorts of clothing and gear were hung up to dry and all were soon fast asleep—by seven o'clock.

When the sun rose again, we were treated to yet another change in the weather. Overnight, the temperature had dropped again, freezing everything. The moisture on the trees had turned frosty white and all our wet clothes had turned rock hard. To everyone's dismay, their boots had become rocks, practically unwearable. So, avoiding boots for as long as possible, most ran around in their booties, snapping pictures of the white mountaintops, stark against a cobalt-blue sky.

Then, with 1.8 miles to go, frozen boots

In Peter's infinite wisdom, he realizes the bird is trying to tell him something.



were finally put on and the last leg of the trip was completed. Fletch and I were the only ones to suffer blisters, so spirits were high. After a long rest and repacking binge, we hit the road again, driving straight through to Cincinnati.

Reflecting on the trip, more than one person commented that it was one of the most enjoyable trips ever. I, for one, must totally agree. The High Peaks Region of the Adirondack Mountains is one of the most beautiful areas I have ever been to. In winter it can challenge even the most experienced mountaineer, but it can also be a delight to the senses to be enjoyed the year round.

To live one must make a living
In making a living we lose our faces
And see instead the images
Of what we have become.
If only
If only
Life did not become a business

Shavano,
Chief, Uncompahgre Utes

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Dewitt Jones

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