

# THE GOOSEDOWN MAGAZINE

Volume 5, Issue 3

Spring 1983



published by the University of Cincinnati Mountaineering Club (UCMC)

the Grand Canyon... plus thrills, chills, spills, and much, much more!



A LETTER TO THE CLUB

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Well folks, the year's end quickly approaches for the present officers. I must admit that I shall forever cherish the many memories of the past year. To say the least, it has been a pleasure representing the Mountaineering Club as President. Much has happened during the 1982-83 year, all of which has been the result of some very involved and helpful people. At this time I would like to thank all of you (you know who you are) who have made this year possible.

Elections, held on April 20th, resulted in a promising mix of officers for next year. Tom Bailey (this year's V.P.) has been elected as President. His past experience working with the Club and University, along with his knowledge of outdoor activities, make for an exciting and efficient future for the UCMC.

Greg Rolfe, this year's Equipment Manager, has been elected as Vice President. Greg has had the uncanny ability to be one of the Club's most underspoken and yet most involved members. As V.P., I believe Greg will be of great help for Tom in dealing with the many duties the two will encounter.

Finally, Marci Napoli has been elected as Treasurer. Marci's energetic approach to life, and her growing knowledge of climbing, caving, etc., will be of great value to the Club.

I look at next year with great optimism. The Club will continue to educate people as well as provide equipment and other resources not normally available without such an important organization. The Club will also continue being a family to those who are willing and open. I think one of the greatest things the Club has to offer is something to identify with. I have seen so many members grow within the Club. At a large university, it offers refuge, identifiability, activity, strength, and contact with other people in a different environment.

For me, the Club has been all the above. Without its presence, I would have left UC long ago. With its presence, and with my willingness, the Club has benefitted me in numerous ways. Thanks, Club!

At the end of this quarter I invite all of you (new and old members) to join me on a heartwarming trip to the Boundary Waters. In the Boundary Waters region, we will canoe, camp and enjoy life, freedom, and nature to the fullest. Please join me on this once-in-a-lifetime excursion.

Thank you and enjoy.

FRA III, President UCMC

COMINGS AND GOINGS:

The UCMC and the Miami Group Sierra Club co-sponsored a superb lecture in April. Fred Beckey's slide show and lecture on the Mountains of North America had those of us who attended psyched to get up into the mountains.

In March, the Sierra Club presented Dewitt Jones at UC, narrating his feature-length film, John Muir's High Sierra. The technical climbing sequences were a little outdated, but thrilling nonetheless.

The Wilderness Skills Course is being offered over Memorial Day Weekend. A participant learns fundamental backpacking and survival skills. Even if you've been camping for years, you can learn a lot.

Another Tree for Peace was planted by the UCMC on John Muir's birthday.

Climbing at Eden Park is still clinging on a 5.10 with no belay.

SPRING BREAK TRIP--THE GRAND CANYON.....3  
The Crew relates their adventures in the American southwest this past March.

AN AMERICAN WOMAN IN SPAIN.....4  
Cindy Schmid tells us what Spain is like.

THE GOOSEDOWN GOURMET.....5  
Amy Osterbrock and Stephen Kraus share some of their recipes for tasty meals on the trail.

STALKING OHIO'S BIRDLIFE.....6  
Getting up early in the morning is for the birds. So says Rick Forrester in his introduction to Buckeye birdwatching.

THE ROOF DIDN'T CAVE IN AND WE DIDN'T RUN INTO ANY BEARS...7  
The uncomfortable saga of the latest UCMC caving class blends with the chilling first-person account of a hypothermic near-death experience by Paula Robinson.

THE ASSAULT ON MOUNT RAINIER.....9  
Rick Forrester gives a detailed account of his and Mark Hartinger's summit attempt on one of the major Northwest peaks last summer.

EASTER SERVICES.....11  
Jack Elliot finds some sacred Indian ground in a remote area of the Mojave. But he loses something near and dear to him.

TRY A WORKING VACATION

American Hiking Society (AHS) each summer seeks volunteers to work in National Forests and National Parks. You pay own transportation to site, bring your own camping equipment, and pay \$25 membership fee to AHS; they provide campsites, food. Work is usually in remote, rugged terrain, often at high altitude; you must be healthy, able to do hard manual labor outdoors for ten-day minimum. You get time off for hiking, swimming, etc. Sites this year will include Alaska, Arizona, California, Hawaii, Kentucky, Massachusetts, Maine, Michigan, Montana, New Hampshire, Wyoming. Ages 13-70 accepted. Info: AHS Volunteer Vacations Program, P.O. Box 36, N. Scituate, MA 02060.

Cover photo: Tom Ratzilla took this photo of the rest of the Crew in the Grand Canyon last March. Special thanks to Bill Epper for the half-tone print.

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# SPRING BREAK TRIP — THE GRAND CANYON

## by the Crew

- Fri., 18th... After three hours of packing 6 backpacks, equipment & food for 11 days, everybody was surprised that there was still space for 6 people in the car heading for the Southwest.
- Sat. Day... During our drive to sunny Arizona we noticed numerous clusters of snow along the road in Texas.
- Sat. Night... The small clusters of snow increased to much bigger clusters resembling a snowstorm in New Mexico. After Dave had slight difficulty with controlling the direction of the car we decided to stop and camp in the "warm", snowy desert.
- Sun. Afternoon... Driving through the incredible landscape of the Southwest we reached the Petrified Forest. Due to the lack of time, we acted like a pack of Japanese tourists, jumping out of the car, taking pictures, and rushing to the next viewpoint!
- Sun. Night... We reached Sunset Crater and erected our tents right in the middle of volcanic ashes. (Wow! Intense!)
- Mon. Morning (before sunrise)... Klaus awakes! Tom awakes! Karen and Christian are awakened! We staggered our way up the volcanic ash mountain to witness a magnificent, breathtaking, amazing, blazing orange pumpkin rising over the painted desert.
- Mon. Day... After several stops at large lava flows and ice caves (Sunset Crater), Indian ruins (Wupatki National Monument), and the Little Colorado River, we reached our aim - THE GRAND CANYON. Our 1st view of the G. C. looked like a white cat in a snowstorm.
- Mon. Evening... The weather finally cleared up for a few moments, and allowed us to get an impression of this nature-created vastness. After removing "tons of snow" with pots and pans we could finally put up our tents for another refreshing, cold night.

Tues. Morning... Ranger: "I wouldn't recommend it... You will need crampons... You can't even see the trail... Not today." Dave: "Now we are here, we have to go for it." So we did, once we checked out the trail's condition. Dave did a tremendous job of breaking trail through the difficult beginning, while Mark, due to the soles of his boots, had difficulties in maintaining an upright position. Nevertheless we finally reached our first campsite in the Canyon: Horseshoe Mesa.

We ate our elegant dinner of rice and tuna at the edge of the Mesa, enjoying a tremendous view of the Canyon above and below.

Tues. Night... We were tenderly awakened by a "refreshing breeze". "Oh \$\*//#! No way can we hold it!" is heard from one of the tents. The slight breeze we encountered broke the poles of one tent. This made part of the crew sleep draped in a mass of nylon tent, while the others spent the night trying to keep their tent up.

Wed. Morning... After the hail and thunderstorm during breakfast we set off for the day's hike. It turned out to be a beautiful sunny day.

Wed. Afternoon... Passing several abandoned copper mines, a crystal clear spring, and hiking along the inner canyon walls, we reached the Hance Rapids, only to collapse into the marvelous sandy beach.

Thurs. Morning... The muddy water of the Colorado River gave a distinguishing sandy taste to our pancakes. Nevertheless, we all enjoyed our stay at the Rapids.

Thurs. Afternoon... Facing the task of climbing to the rim, we loaded our packs and said goodbye to the Colorado River. Following the map, we hiked up the creek bed until we lost the trail. The increasing darkness forced us to set up camp in the only area possible, a steep gorge next to a rockslide.

Fri. Morning... Fortunately, two scouts located the trail with the aid of a compass and map. We made our final approach to the snowy rim. Upon our arrival at the top, we all felt a sense of accomplishment. What do Rangers know?

Fri. Evening... After adjusting to the "world" again, we were on our way back to U.C. with stops at Canyon de Chelly, Monument Valley, Mesa Verde, and the Great Sand Dunes.

The Crew: Karen Riggs  
Klaus Weiss  
Christian Mayer  
Tom Batzilla  
Dave Bowyer  
Mark Nosin

AN AMERICAN WOMAN  
IN SPAIN  
by Cindy Schmid

Saturday, June 12, 1982-- In a few hours I'll be in New York City. I hope Larry is there to meet me. This should be the continuation of a wild adventure after leaving the Spanish zone. But for now, a few reflections are in due course on the land of bullfighters and ancient cathedrals, flamenco dancers and one-legged beggars in the subways.

Spain. From now on when I think of the country, I will think of it with pride, because I lived Spain. I felt its color, paddled down its Sevillian rivers, climbed its mountains in Cuenca, shuffled through its art galleries filled with Picasso masterpieces, conversed with its people, ran in its parks.

Images at random: Barcelona from the top of Montajuich Park, drinking wine from the walls around the castle as we marveled at the lights of the city, the streets of Tujerillo at dusk, a black figure holding a loaf of bread, little children feeding pigeons in the park, families walking arm-in-arm, flower vendors selling roses in the Madrid street, writing in my journal on top of a mountain, sleeping by the river Júcar, my Spanish mother frying up tortillas in the kitchen, going to the market for the first time and seeing huge trout with their gouged eyes openly displayed, smoking sinsemillian and running on the beach in Benacassi, Patrick in the tour bus playing the B-52's and dancing in the aisles, my roommate Trish and I staring into blank, serious faces in the subway, the gardens at La Granja, the view from the tower at Cordoba, the blind man selling lottery tickets, Palm Sunday in Barcelona, riding in a horse and buggy through Sevilla in late spring.

ONLY IN SPAIN:

- There are no traffic laws. Even if there were, no one would obey them.
- All the cars are compact.
- The American dollar is worth more.
- Wine is cheaper than water.
- You can jump on a subway and go to a bullfight.
- You can eat lunch at three P.M. and dinner at ten P.M.
- Soccer is played 24 hours a day.
- You can talk and say things about the natives right in front of them; you can call a guy an asshole to his face.

- No shower curtains are used and the bath water is brown.
- The dogs and cats only understand Spanish.
- You can't fake anyone out that you're not American.
- You can buy a good pair of shoes for \$5.00, a fifth of anaretto for \$4.00, a dozen roses for \$1.50, and a pound of fruit for a dollar.
- You can see a rich businessman talking to a poor street cleaner every day.
- Diarrhea can strike at any time.
- You don't eat breakfast.
- You can meet another American and form a lasting relationship in a few hours. But that wouldn't happen in America with the same person.
- If you're a woman jogger, you might be one of the only ones.
- You can go to the disco until six in the morning.
- You can have a beer at Wendy's.
- You can leave a crowded city by jumping on a train and being in the mountains in an hour.
- If a woman wears shorts, she risks her life.
- It is acceptable to start drinking alcohol at a bar at nine A.M.
- You can bring your dog into the bar with you if you like.
- You can only flush your toilet by a chain on the wall.
- Spanish garbage collectors come in the middle of the night.
- The pedestrian never has the right of way. Stepping out in the street without looking could be instant death.
- Slipping out of the same glass as a member of the opposite sex means you want to go to bed with them.
- They don't have curtains on the windows.
- They have milk in boxes-- on the shelves at room temperature.
- They have cows and bulls in the zoo. You can also ride a camel there.
- Nothing starts on time (sounds like the UCMC!).
- The workday splits into two parts (siesta, you know).
- It can take 45 minutes to cash a traveler's check when there is no one else around.
- You can go into a post office that looks like a palace.
- You can go into unisex bathrooms.
- It is acceptable for women to wear soaked heels, miniskirts, and outrageous clothing styles almost any time.
- You can go to church and not understand a word.
- You can hug and kiss someone that you just met.
- There are no black people.

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# FOODS DOWN FOUNTAIN

## Ham Dinner

- 1 can pineapple chunks
- 1 can ham

Mix together over medium heat.

## Macaroni Dinner

- 8 oz macaroni, cooked
- 1 pkg Lipton cup-a-soup, spring vegetable
- canned turkey (opt)
- freeze-dried green peas (or canned)
- salt, pepper, garlic, oregano

Mix together all ingredients.

## Cheese Fondue

- 1 can condensed cheddar cheese soup, undiluted
- 1 pkg french onion soup mix
- 4 oz cheddar cheese, cut up
- 1/2 t. dry mustard
- a few dashes cayenne pepper

Mix all over low heat til cheese melts, serve with bag of raw vegetables and bread. (opt - add beer or wine to fondue)

## Sesame Seed Squares

- 1/2 cup honey
- 1/2 cup sunflower seeds
- 1 cup toasted sesame seeds
- 1 cup coconut, shredded

Boil honey to hard ball stage (at this point it will form a hard ball when dropped in cold water) Add rest of ingredients and mix well. Pat with oiled spoon onto oiled pan. Cut into squares.

## Trail Bannock Bread

- 1 1/2 cup whole wheat flour
- 3/4 cup unbleached white flour
- 1 cup nondegerminated yellow corn meal
- 1/2 cup unprocessed rolled oats
- 1/4 cup non-instant nonfat dry milk
- 1/2 T double acting baking powder
- 2 T firmly packed brown sugar
- 3 T corn oil
- 1 cup water

\*Premix all the dry ingredients in a plastic bag. When ready to cook, add oil and water to bag, close tightly, and mix until dry ingredients are moistened. Pat into well-oiled 1 1/2 quart pot and cook covered 10-15 minutes. Flip dough back into pot and cook other side about 10 minutes.

## Barley

- 1/4 cup pearly quick barley
- 1/2 t. salt
- 1 t. oregano
- 1/4 t. pepper
- 1/4 t. garlic powder
- 1/4 t. onion powder
- 2 T margarine

Add all ingredients to 1 1/2 cup boiling water and cook together til done, about 15 minutes.

## Peanut Butter Plus

- 2 parts peanut butter (natural)
- 1 part Carnation nonfat dry milk (keeps it from separating and increases protein 100%)
- add: nuts, roasted soybeans, raisins, sunflower seeds, and/or sesame seeds

## Pita Creata

- pita bread
- veggies (be creative)
- cream cheese
- grains - millet, sesame seeds, bulgar, lentils (ground)
- brown rice (pre-cooked)

Brown grains in oil, add veggies and water. Cook until done. Combine all in pita and top with alfalfa sprouts.

## Porridge

- grains and legumes - ground and boiled into a thick stew
- add spices to taste
- eg. tobasco and curry
- oregano and sweet basil
- paprika and curry
- etc.

## Roasted Vegetables

(This turns out best if you have a campfire)

- onions
- zucchini and yellow squash
- mushrooms
- margarine and butter - lots
- salt and pepper

Chop vegetables and wrap with other ingredients tightly in aluminum foil. Place directly in fire and cook about 20 minutes. Serve with rice.

## Beef Jerky

- 1/4 cup Worcestershire sauce
- 1/4 cup Soy sauce
- 1 T tomato sauce (opt)
- 1 T vinegar (opt)
- 1 t. sugar
- 1/4 t. garlic powder
- 1/4 t. onion powder
- 1 t. salt
- 2 lb. lean beef (the leaner the better)

Trim off as much fat as possible (unless you like your food to fight back) since the fat does not dry much. Put into freezer and freeze until it is firm, not hard; this makes it easier to slice. Slice into strips approximately 1/8 inch thick and 1 inch wide - thinner strips dry more quickly. Slicing with the grain of the meat gives a chewy jerky, slicing across the grain gives crumbly jerky. Combine other ingredients for a marinade. Marinate beef strips 4-5 hours or overnight in refrigerator, turning them over about every 2 hours. Heat oven to about 140-150 degrees F, and place marinated strips on a wire rack or shallow pan (they dry faster on wire racks because of the air circulation) in the oven with the oven door open about 1 inch. Dry for about 12 hours, turning the strips every few hours. If using a pan instead of a wire rack it may take longer. They are done when they are easily breakable or slightly chewy. Note! This whole process is very relaxed and lengthening or shortening any step even by as much as 2 hours won't hurt anything.

## Chicken Gumbo

- 1 can Swanson's chicken
  - 2 pkg oodles of noodles, chicken flavor
  - 2 pkg chicken cup-a-soup, cream style
- Cook noodles, add soup and chicken and cook a few more minutes.

## Canadian Brew

- Mountain Dew
- Canadian Mist

Mix together in equal parts. Chill in rushing stream.

STALKING OHIO'S BIRDLIFE  
by Richard J. Forrester

It is five in the morning and it is just barely light. The air is cold and wet from the dew and every piece of clothing seems to absorb the cold. From a nearby bush we hear the bird's call as if someone were saying "Peter, Peter, Peter." It is a high-pitched repeat of two notes. Again the call, "Peter, Peter, Peter." We carefully stalk the bird. Moving around it like a cat, we inch closer. Slowly. Slowly and even closer. We're within range and I raise the scope to my eye, and then... "GOT HIM! DID YOU SEE THOSE HEAD FEATHERS FLY! A TUFTED TITMOUSE!"

And so it goes. Another day, another bird. The soggy, cold mornings evaporate into days filled with robins, bluejays, and sparrows. Each one seems to taunt us. They seem to say "You got our friend but you haven't got us all."

Bleary-eyed and tired, we pack our gear, grab a quick bit of junk food, and head out to all the God-forsaken places in the state of Ohio. Alum Creek gave us an American Widgeon; Spring Grove Cemetery gave us a Junco; and we even headed out one night to the I-275 and I-75 interchange for a reported snowy owl. The life of a BIRDWATCHER trying to see all the known species of birds in Ohio is not all fun and games as you might think.

It even can be hazardous to your health, as when recently Amy and I were out east of Cincinnati standing quietly when 15 quail leaped into the air from a bush not two feet away from us. "JESUS CHRIST! THAT SCARED THE        OUT OF ME!" A great place to have a cardiac arrest is in a forest. Common Bobwhite gets put on the list and we move on.

With a set of fast focusing binoculars, Peterson's Guide to Birds East of the Rocky Mountains, pen, and lifelist we're on and on and on.

Birding does have it's enjoyable aspects also and one of the things which makes it so enjoyable is the "Lifelist."

The lifelist is a simple listing of all the species of birds which are known to be seen annually in a given area such as the state of Ohio. Next to each species name is a box which you check off when you sight the particular bird.

The game really gets interesting when you only have one or two birds left to be seen in a particular category of birds. For example, under the category of "Woodpeckers" there are 7 different species of birds to be seen in Ohio. Amy and I have seen six of the types since starting our lists. They are: the common, pileated, red-bellied, red-headed, hairy, and downy woodpeckers. I will lie, cheat, steal, sell my NSS number, or even my grandmother to see the seventh species-- the Yellow-bellied Sapsucker-- before Amy does. If you see one, please call me day or night toll free.

Bird-watching and keeping a lifelist really do add enjoyment to the wilderness experience because it allows you to see some of the little things in nature that get so easily overlooked such as the color of a wing bar or a bird call or the manner in which a marsh bird dives differently into the water than other water birds. When traveling through forests, you can appreciate them more by concentrating on what is there and less on yourself and what you will be doing when you get back to civilization.

The lifelists are enjoyable ways to keep track of your successful adventures and they spur you on to get back into the wilderness. As the name implies, you have your entire life to complete the list but if you move to another state, you may be greeted with a different species list and you start all over. Completing the list as fast as possible becomes a very enjoyable game. One person sighted 250 different species in one 24 hour period! You can bet he put in quite a lot of mileage that day!

And so, Amy and I head out for another soggy morning rendezvous with our elusive friends. Unlike the cliffs or mountains, the birds don't wait for you to come and see them. By 8 or 9 a.m. you lose most of your chances.

Amy and I have extra copies of a lifelist if anyone wants a copy of it. If anyone would like a really enjoyable Saturday or Sunday morning adventure learning a lot about Nature, contact Amy so that while she's out showing you juncos and goldfinches, I'll be out searching for a Yellow-bellied Sapsucker.

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THE ROOF DIDN'T CAVE IN AND  
WE DIDN'T RUIN INTO ANY BEARS

by Paula Robinson

"You've gotta be kidding!"

I stared ahead to see a ceiling of solid rock curving gracefully over solidly-packed dirt. The tunnel stretched to infinity before me, a tube three feet wide and one high snaking through bedrock.

"It's not much further," a disembodied voice echoed from ahead. "Keep going. Take your time."

I found myself panting for breath as I tried to hold back that unpleasant feeling that can overwhelm a person when her elbows keep wedging themselves against solid rock as she tries to belly-crawl some thirty or fifty feet more. An echo called from far behind me, "Are you all right, Paula?" It was Jo, trying to reverse my in-process metamorphosis from human female to quivering mass of Jello in crawspace.

"Yeah, I'm all right. Scared to death, but I'll be okay." The words were loud and angry, filling the tiny non-space around me. My first time in a cave and there I was whimpering with unaccustomed claustrophobia. Of all the dumb things I didn't want to do, going to pieces in a crawspace was one of them. Some brave adventurer I was turning out to be.

"Oh, thank God!" I slid down a hill of mud into a blessedly open cavern where I sat and tried to convince myself I hadn't left all my dignity thirty feet back in the crawspace. I looked to Ban, leader of our half of the group. "Will we have to go through that again?" I asked.

"It, uh, it won't get any worse than that," he said carefully, quickly suggesting that we all move into a nearby cavern to have lunch.

Our group climbed down a twisting hill of rock and mud to enter an enormous open shaft lit by a beam of sunlight streaming in from an opening 140 feet overhead. Water sprinkled us as it fell through the diffused blue light to land in the stream at our feet. I stared upward, blinking away droplets of the filmy blue mist as they touched my eyes, memorizing the reflections of faraway sunlight on cave rock and fog.

Jo stood next to me, her eyes fixed upward also. "Can you see it, Paula?"

"Yes, Jo," I said, "with both eyes." I stood quietly, almost in awe. "It's beautiful," I whispered, and meant it.

About two months before UCMC invited members to venture into the Pine Hill Cave System I'd been fortunate to experience something which permanently changed my eyesight for the better--but which also had to be discussed with the caving group leaders before I made the final decision to go into a cave. While Bob was busy with equipment during the pre-caving lecture, I approached Ban to ask a few questions and mention a few things.

I've had insulin-dependent diabetes since childhood, I explained, which I believed would pose no problems in the cave. I had recently had laser treatments on one eye to treat diabetic retinopathy, the eye condition which (until only four years ago) used to cause diabetics to lose their eyesight. The treatments had literally saved my vision in the eye, but had reduced my night vision on that side. Those were the inconveniences and possible risks--now, could I go or was it wiser to wait for an outdoor expedition?

Ban explained that everyone needed over an hour in the darkness of the cave before their vision adjusted to the dim light of helmet lamps; furthermore, diabetics had gone caving with him before without incident. As long as I could handle my bloodsugar levels (as any diabetic of some experience can) and stayed with the group, there was nothing to stop me. Of course I could go.

Thus I was delighted to enter Pine Hill Cave Systems that fateful Saturday morning.

"Oh, NO!"

Not very original, but that's what I said when I learned that the crawspace was the only way back to the rest of the cave from the gloriously lighted cavern we'd just seen. I quickly decided to go through first this time--largely because that meant I could go through fast. If you don't count time spent backsliding on the mud hill, a couple of funny noises I made before actually going in there again, and a brief period of gasping for breath about halfway through the tunnel, I'd say I probably made record time getting through. I stood at the more open passage at the end of the long crawl rationalizing myself into thinking I really wasn't such a wimp when the sound of deliberate, exaggerated panting echoed through the tube of bedrock. Oh, well....

On we went.

"This part's kind of tricky," Ban explained. "Just grab handholds in the rock--like so--then pivot here and put your foot on the underwater ledge over here." He moved over the pitted rock bordering the pool as though he'd done it a hundred times. He probably had.

"Where do I grab? Here? Then what? How do I--"

"Okay, grab here," Ban pointed, "then swing from..."

"Like this?"

SPLASH! In I went, with much hollering and yelling. That water was cold!

Our long-suffering tour guide hauled me from the water and somehow got me to a relatively safe spot before helping everyone else across without incident. I was soaked to the shoulder on one side and to the upper waist on the other. In the fifty-odd degrees of the cave my two cotton shirts didn't provide much warmth.

I did warm up rather quickly, however, when a few of us forged ahead into the next part of the passage. We literally climbed over a small waterfall feeding the pool to find ourselves in a passage where shelves of stone jutted haphazardly to create a startlingly three-dimensional, layered maze. I decided to wait for the rest of the group to catch up as the other two cavers disappeared upward into another level of the jumbled masses of rock.

I waited, comfortably sitting on a convenient shelf as the sounds of other cavers drifted over the smooth stones. Then, almost all at once, I could hear...nothing. I walked back to the waterfall--nobody there. I hurried to where I'd last seen the other cavers climb upward. No sign.

My brain, of course, insisted that the group couldn't be too far away and that the best thing to do was to keep looking and listening. My instincts, however, disagreed.

"HELP! Somebody please HELP ME!!"

Perhaps I shouted words to that effect twice or maybe seventeen times as I tried to be rational about things. When one is alone in a cold, wet cave and doesn't know the way out, being rational about things can seem pretty irrational. The eventual result of my hollering was that I was located by Bob's group. I explained in less-than-ideal terms about having poor vision in darkness and finding myself left behind, and fortunately found the group quite supportive. Bob and Ban's groups reunited soon after my noisemaking ended.

(In retrospect I suspect that cave-disorientation and the shock of ice water had a lot more to do with my separation from the group than anything else. I was later to find out that getting separated from the group is far from uncommon among first-time cavers, or "nerds," as we are aptly called.)

I gave myself a mental shake, angry at my own loss of control. All right. So I was cold, wet, and shaken. I wasn't the only one. I sure didn't need to be any more of a problem child than I'd already been.

Our combined group moved on, and within a matter of minutes we'd come to an area called "The Cathedral." To reach The Cathedral one had to rappel some thirty feet down into the spacious, open room.

I decided it might be better if I sat down for a while instead of rappel for the first time. Everybody else deserved the rest.

Jo was willing to sit with me while I collected the few wits I'd managed to keep with me, but she really wanted to go on down and I really didn't want to force her to stay. In truth, I was glad to have time to pull myself together over a few butterscotch candies and a cigarette.

Five minutes passed, then ten. Man, it seemed cold. Everything below my arse was soaked and getting colder all the time as I sat still on the mud under the low cave ceiling. I kept reminding myself that it wouldn't seem so cold after we got to the dry coats and clothing we'd stored at the mouth of the cave. I was shivering in earnest by that time.

My memory starts getting vague at this point. I can remember when people started returning from The Cathedral. Larry, Jo and I all huddled together singing "ohs" as a means of warming up and providing the others with some listening (?) enjoyment. Finally, Dan reappeared and instructed us to follow the stream to make our way out.

It seemed like everybody was speculating on which way was the right one as we followed the creek. This seemed terribly frightening and irritating to me--what in hell did they think they were doing? Why didn't we get out of this cave and into someplace warm?

More so--why couldn't I keep myself from trying like this? I felt clumsy and sleepy, it was hard to concentrate, and all I could think of was NOT feeling so miserably cold. I wasn't as upset as all that; I just wanted out. Or something.

Damn! Had to keep moving. Had to get out of the cave. Why was it so hard to move?

A writer I know commented that I "could never sell (accounts of my cave experiences) as fiction; obviously too much to happen to one individual in too short a time, which is why Truth Is Stranger Than..."

All this might have made a pretty believable and very funny fiction story if it had stayed within the bounds of reason. However, it didn't.

We'd waited for everyone who'd been in The Cathedral to catch up, then continued along the huge rocks and slabs by the stream until we came to another pool. Here a ledge jutted over the center of the pool, with poor handholds which forced climbers to lean out over the water as they passed. Bully, I reached for a handhold and put my feet on the ledge...

And this time it was not a normal pool. After I slipped from the side and submerged in the water I found myself dragged under by a fairly strong suction coming from beneath the ledge which jutted three feet over and one foot above the water. I remember feeling the current and calculating exactly where it came from--and burying my feet in the gravel in the center of the pool to act as an anchor when no handholds could be found on the smooth undersurface of the ledge. My mind suddenly became very detached. It was hard to move...so much more comfortable to just float in the water...

At a time like that, your brain does not register such frivolous things as 'cold' or 'fright.' Numbness takes over in place of panic--and saves your life, by making you able to react. I was later told that another caver named Roland pulled me out; Dan, who had been a few steps ahead of the group, was right behind him. I felt people dragging me from the water onto some nearby gravel, where my numbness dissolved as the chill and shock caused me to once again gasp for breath.

Soon enough I quit gasping like a bellows and began bellowing. "GET ME OUT OF THIS PLACE! Just GET ME OUT OF HERE!" were some of the nicer things I must have said at the time.

People were talking, but the words seemed bleary and muffled. The darkness of the cave seemed to be molasses which was hard to move through.

Two people were holding me up as the rest of the group stood nearby. Through the cotton surrounding my mind I heard a voice say, "She's cold."

Another voice said, "How bad?"

"Bad."

Suddenly Jo was helping me change out of my icy shirts, putting a warm, dry undershirt and flannel shirt in their place. My skin stopped being a part of the cave and became a part of me again--warm. Almost immediately I felt strength return to my legs, and I could stand again. Somebody handed me something sweet and told me to eat.

I don't know whether I needed sugar at the time or not, but regardless my companions did absolutely the right thing under the circumstances. Had my bloodsugar been low at the time--as happens to insulin-dependent diabetics if they don't have enough to eat--we might have had a worse situation than already existed. As it was, possible trouble was headed off thanks to some sugar in the hands of intelligent companions.

The next thing I remember was our arrival at the mouth of the cave. A few minutes of crawling over gravel below a yard-high rock ceiling and we were where the coats and warm, dry clothes were.

--Which is exactly what I mean: were. In their place we found several torn plastic bags which had kept the clothing dry until the thieves carried them off. I found it hard to be grateful to the thieves for leaving the plastic bags; the man who owned the largest bag (which mysteriously disappeared and was sighted as someone carried it away, we later learned) was probably not much more delighted, either.

The rest of the trip was pretty predictable; somebody brought a goose-down jacket and blanket for me while the van warmed up. Asking brilliant questions such as, "Are we out of the cave yet?", I was somehow transferred from the cave to the van where I was to sit by the blasting heater and listen to my teeth chatter for over an hour while we waited for the police to show up. Soon I was warm, exhausted, bleary-eyed and -minded; in other words, in pretty good shape considering. Even at the time I knew I had one helluva story to tell my grandchildren.

see roof, p. 13



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## THE ASSAULT ON MOUNT RAINIER\*

By Rick J. Forrester

It is 3:15 in the morning and we have been traversing glaciers for over two hours. Our headlamps cast a dim white light which seems to bring the crevasses and the jumbled ice blocks of the Ingraham Glaciers to life. I expect to see someone or something stepping out from behind the frozen shales. 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 flag markers which are either buried, broken, or too far apart for use.

I step on the rope. DAMN! DAMN! DAMN IT! Although the points of my crampons missed the sheath of the rope, the thought of damaging my lifeline 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 joint 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 Grosley Tower to train my legs.

The door to the first floor stairwell opened. I took a deep sigh. The thought of jogging up 15 flights of stairs spurred me into motion. By the third floor, my breathing settled into a good rhythm. Fifth floor—I'm slowing down. Seventh floor passed and beads of sweat rolled into my eyes. The glasses came off and I wiped my eyes while still ascending at full pace. By nine, the legs were tiring. By twelve, the legs were screaming. Fifteen—it's over. I doubled over. Walk to the elevator; push button 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, Nan, 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 3:00 a.m. so that we could 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 9-1/2 miles of trail and an 8853 foot elevation change to the summit. We have two days. Mark states that the route has been changed and the Ingraham due to an ice fall Thursday 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 on the Tatoosh Mountain Range around Plummer Peak and Pinnacle Peak.

With clean white glacier cream covering our faces and

\*Part of this article was originally published in the Fall 1982 issue of the BNO.

sun tan lotion inside our nostrils, earlobes, 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 farther up the mountain when they reach 4000 feet up of Camp Muir.

We scramble over broken rocks as we parallel the Nisqually Glacier. Its giant crevasses are all in line and seem to be ribs of ice on the mountain which the Indians call Tahona. The Nisqually pours down Tahona 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.

I remember Mark Hartinger pointing out Camp Muir above us at 10,770 feet on the south side of Mt. Rainier. It seemed to be such a small island of refuge a great distance away, but within a few hours, we made a final scramble up a rock slope and were in Camp Muir.

It had taken us 7-1/2 hours to make the ascent from the ranger station at Paradise (5557') which is one of the main starting points for summit attempts. The pace had been very slow, especially for Mark, but for me I wished it had taken longer. There are breathtaking views of the Tatoosh mountains, Mt. St. Helens, Mt. Hood, Three Sisters, and Mt. Jefferson. Mountains 100-150 miles away are within your view.

Camp Muir is a cluster of buildings mostly maintained by Rainier Mountaineering Incorporated. For those of you who would like to climb Rainier and who don't have a substantial party size nor experience, RMI conducts a two-day course in mountaineering with a summit attempt for approximately \$175. There are no guarantees on weather, no refunds and if you have not been found to be psychologically and physically capable by Camp Muir, you will not be allowed to continue on to the summit. It is a good policy. Rainier has claimed many lives.

Camp Muir is composed of a first-come, first-serve bunk house, several RMI small buildings, a seasonal ranger hut and to my utter amazement, two Port-O-Letts! No one, and I repeat, no one is too proud to use them.

Because this was my first summit attempt of a major American peak, I had no concept of what real mountaineers were like. At Muir we met several. There was a group of Canadian men and women who had beautiful accents and personalities. There was a group of Americans practicing crevasse rescue which we had seen earlier on the Nisqually Glacier. Several other mountaineers were making a second or Nth attempt on the summit. It was quite inspiring for this "mountaineer" from southern Ohio to be at 10,000 feet with people who were actively and seriously involved with our sport. Every one of them had a "first" ascent and I was in the midst of mine.

At Muir, everything was so unbelievably peaceful and quiet. Mark fired up his M31 as I fed snow into the pan for cooking a meal of rice/Kraft 4-La-Carte and Gatorade (for electrolyte replacement).

All at once it happened; the peace was shattered and our bid for the summit seriously jeopardized. It was not by storm or avalanche, but by 10 of America's "finest" Army personnel blowing into Camp Muir for a patrol leader training weekend. By the end of the day, I had picked up off the ground the following discarded or lost Army items: 4 set of sunlasses (absolutely vital for ascending

Rainier), a survival whistle, a can to an Army water bottle, and a multitude of wasted food. Do these people know how unforgiving a mountain can be?

By 6:00 p.m., Mark and I bedded down in the bunk house in an attempt to get some extremely important sleep before our ascent the next day. Neither of us got any sleep as America's "finest" cooked and talked until 9:00 p.m. One Private decided to have nightmares constantly throughout the night and would wake up screaming. No sleep for Mark and I.

1:00 a.m. The mountain the Indians call Tahona awaits. We arose and within 1/2 hour I stepped onto the Cowlitz Glacier! I never thought I was going to make it to Muir, much less actually attempt the summit! Maybe all those times of running up the Crosley Tower stairs in preparation for this trip have paid off. Maybe I had paid enough time.

With electric headlamps lighting the way, we roped ourselves together and with ice axe in hand, we traversed the disc-shaped upper section of the Cowlitz Glacier. Walking on the Cowlitz was extremely easy and crampons were not needed. I learned very quickly that large crevasses aren't necessarily the dangerous ones as I nearly stepped into a bridged-over, unseen crevasse while avoiding the roped connecting Mark and myself. An unexpected fall would probably kill both of us. I was very uncomfortable about my lack of glissading and self-arrest experience. This would later come into play on the Emons Glacier. The route we took, the Ingraham Glacier/Disappointment Cleaver Route, was the easiest route on Tahona (Rainier) and was marked only by occasional broken or buried orange wands (minus their flags).

In near-total darkness we passed the area where 14 people had died in an ice avalanche the year before. Hanging glaciers on the rock and scree slopes were present throughout the traverse. What forces held them aloft? Would they remain as we passed?

After a scramble up one of the three notches in Cathedral Rocks, we had entered the unbelievably different world of the Ingraham Glacier. After donning crampons and adjusting our packs (which carried the barest essentials of clothes, water and food), we faced a nightmarish world of giant crevasses, jumbled blocks of ice ranging in size from small blocks to ones several stories high, ice so hard the axe would barely pierce it, and only headlamps to light the way. Crevasse-jumping was constantly required and delays were set before each jump. At 11,000 feet a mammoth crevasse was present which required us to descend several hundred feet to the base of Disappointment Cleaver. 3:00 a.m., 10,500' up and descending was mental torture. Each step down was cursed. From our position we could see Camp Muir, the Army, and RMC awakening and preparing for their ascents. Chains of beaded lights moved onto the Cowlitz.

From the south base of Disappointment Cleaver, we passed onto the Emons Glacier. The icy summit winds dared us to turn back. We were on the final approach. Another layer of clothes was put on and comments exchanged about our exhaustion, lack of sleep, and our lack of communication which is so vital in maintaining the drive for the summit.

I had thought the Muir snow fields had been a trudge. The thousands of steps always up had returned, but magnified ten fold. No snow-- just ice. Plant the axe, kick the front points of the crampon in, stand on it, plant the other foot, plant the axe. That was the initial pattern. The ankle pain soon started. I remembered training on the Crosley stairs running up the 10 flights. I should have landed on the edge of each stair so that the backs of each ankle would have developed. The pain of front pointing constantly worsened. 11,000 feet and Mark asked if I wanted to continue. It is so easy to stop. The pain, the lack of sleep, the "What the Hell am I doing this for? Who am I trying to impress?" All torment us. At 12,000 feet with 2410 feet to go, I came down with diarrhea. It was a needed break and Mark laughed and laughed as offtrail I chipped a small depression in the ice.

250 more feet higher and we were resting on our ice axes and after each step. I wanted so badly to descend, but I continued. Then suddenly, Mark slipped and self-arrested. It was time to descend. Mark had fallen asleep. For two exhausted mountaineers, it was too dangerous to continue. At 12,500 feet on the east face of Rainier, my first summit attempt had ended. Glissading and self-arresting, we descended to the Ingraham and awaited the most beautiful dawn Tahona had to offer.

Thoughts of an 85-year-old man:

If I had my life to live over again, I'd try to make more mistakes next time. I would relax. I would limber up. I would be sillier than I have been this trip. I know of a very few things I would take seriously. I would take more trips. I would climb more mountains, swim more rivers and watch more sunsets. I would do more walking and looking. I would eat more ice cream and less beans. I would have more actual troubles and fewer imaginary ones. You see, I am one of those people who lives prophylactically and sensibly and sanely hour after hour, day after day. Oh, I've had my moments; and if I had it to do over again, I'd have more of them. In fact, I'd try to have nothing else. Just moments; one after another instead of living so many years ahead each day. I have been one of those people who never go anywhere without a thermometer, a hot water bottle, a gargle, a raincoat, aspirin, and a parachute. If I had to do over again, I would go places, do things and travel lighter than I have.

If I had my life to live over, I would start barefooted earlier in the spring and stay that way later in the fall. I would play hockey more, I wouldn't make good grades except by accident. I would ride on more merry-go-rounds. I'd pick more daisies.

from The Three Boxes of Life:  
And How to Get Out of Them  
by Richard N. Bolles

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## EASTER SERVICES

by Jack Eliot

She's still alive, but you'll have to go out in the desert to visit her.

Elly and I had been together for a few years. You get to know a person like the back of your hand after that. Or so you think. Elly's always been the more spiritual of us - yoga, meditation, both the Tibetan and Egyptian Books of the Dead. The kind of person you wonder if she's really on this plane of existence. Not that I'm claiming that I'm all here, but my training as a scientist has tempered such inclinations.

I was attending a physics convention out in Los Angeles and Elly was up in Claremont helping an architect friend with taxes. The convention was typical - terribly soporific for an ignorant graduate student like myself, but I did come up with a few ideas for my research. That was only for five days. I didn't have to be back in Cincinnati for another week and while I was out in California, I wanted to do some exploring. Mountains, rivers, the beaches, the desert. I'm an outdoors person. I definitely get power from the Earth.

I picked up Elly at 7A.M. in a rented front-wheel drive Subaru. We had planned on driving up north into the mountains and winging it.

She tossed a backpack into the back seat, sat down, and gave me an order. "San Bernadino."

"What?" I said. "I haven't seen you for four days and all you have to say is, 'San Bernadino?'"

"Sorry," she said, kissing me on the cheek. "We've got to get to the San Bernadino County Museum."

I headed for I-10. "Any particular reason?" "Petroglyphs."

I nodded. Elly can be very terse when she has a mission. She's always been fascinated by American Indian culture and its resemblances to those of Egypt and Phoenicia. Petroglyphs are prehistoric rock carvings and they are all over the U.S.

I accelerated up the entrance ramp and merged into the eastbound traffic. "How did you find out about this place?"

"I called the anthropology department at Cal Poly. They referred me to Miriam Hanover there." Her eyes were bright, dilated. When she's this excited, I just have to hang on and go along for the ride. Like the time she discovered those cave paintings in Tennessee.

"Gosh, I'm really glad that after all these years, we can still plan things together."

She hit me. "I'll go alone if I have to. I just want you to share in my discoveries. In my growing."

I smiled. "I haven't left you yet, have I?"

She cracked a crooked smile. "Maybe that's because I haven't run fast enough."

We walked into the museum a few minutes after it opened. There were a couple of older ladies talking at the counter.

"Excuse me," Elly said breathlessly, "but is Miriam Hanover here yet?"

The ageless one of the two looked puzzled. "Never heard of her."

"Oh, please!" my distraught companion uttered. "I was referred to her by Cal Poly. I've got to talk to her!"

The ageless one laughed heartily. "Easy, child. I am Miriam Hanover. What do you seek?"

"Petroglyphs."

The eyebrows of both Elly and Hanover raised.

"You certainly came to the right place. Come back to my office."

We followed her behind the counter to the Curator's office. "Any particular place you're interested in?"

"Somewhere in the mountains," I chipped in.

"Somewhere- remote. No tourists," Elly added as we sat down. She was chopping at the bit, but restraining herself. I knew she was seeking sacred Indian grounds. How Miriam Hanover would know what was sacred and what was not, I didn't know.

"I've got just the place for you," the archaeologist chuckled. "A few places, actually. One will require a four-wheel drive vehicle to get to it, though. I don't know how much time you've got."

"Well, we have to- ." I began.

"-Plenty!" Elly interrupted.

So much for my own plans for mountain climbing. It seemed as though the two women were speaking a silent language I couldn't understand.

Miriam smiled broadly as she pulled out some maps. "If it's ancient American culture you're after, you'll have to visit the Calico Early Man Site. We've got evidence of Man's existence here over 70,000 years ago."

Interesting. "As opposed to the Alaskan Land Bridge theory?" I asked.

She momentarily stopped her smooth motions of pointing and gesturing. "Exactly."

Interesting because the generally accepted theory of Man in the Americas is that of migratory tribes crossing from Asia to Alaska when the ocean and land was such that there was a thin strip of land between the two continents. This occurred perhaps 7,000 years ago, not 70,000.

"But if it's petroglyphs you're after, Black Canyon is the place." She handed Elly a thick magazine entitled, Petroglyphs, A Further Study. "There are directions in there. If you find any new ones, please let me know. There are so many places up there we haven't been able to explore. And if you do go up, leave word at the Calico Motel."

Elly gathered up the maps and the magazine, her eyes glazed over. "Thank you," she said as she walked out.

"Thanks a lot," I nodded.

"Happy hunting. And beware the glyph spirits!" Miriam called out after me as I raced to catch up with my traveling partner.

"Hi, remember me?" I said.

"We've got to go to Black Canyon," she muttered as if in a trance as I opened her door.

"There's something there I've got to do."

I knew better than to ask for an explanation. I myself was drawn to the early man digs which was fortunately closer than the Black Mountains.

Those digs were certainly impressive, one that any scientist can appreciate- 25-foot trenches dug out with dental picks and linoleum knives for 25 years at a spot selected by Louis B. Leakey, himself. The artifacts themselves were obscure, taking a great deal of imagination to realize them as such. Elly sleep-walked through the trenches and exhibits, failing to mirror my enthusiasm. This shortened our stay considerably.

"How far is the Black Canyon?" She asked Fred, a ranger-type.

"Couple hours," he shrugged. "And leave word at the Calico Motel when you expect to return. We can get up a search-and-rescue team if you don't come back."

"That's good to hear," I said sarcastically.

She hit me again. "It is a good thing. Now we don't have to worry about getting lost."

I grabbed her and led her to the car. "Let's leave word at the Calico Motel."

Never disturb a woman in a trance. "Tomorrow afternoon?" I hope I didn't sound too incredulous. "We're not really equipped to spend a night in the desert."

"Tomorrow afternoon, two o'clock," she repeated to the lady at the motel desk. "Let's go," Elly said, grabbing my elbow and hustling me out.

"You're the closest thing to a Boy Scout I've got. Don't tell me you're not prepared for any disaster this side of the troposphere."

I smiled sheepishly as we drove west. "Touche", Dartagnan. But could we talk about feelings?"

She frowned. "Sure."

"I know you're going through with this no matter what. But I feel something's going to happen in the Black Canyon. Something that will separate us forever."

She stared at me with heartbreaking warmth in her eyes, kissed my cheek, and patted my thigh. "Jack, dear, I love you. Know that I will always love you. I feel that there is something special in that canyon that I must meet and conquer. Granted that something may be within myself. But the meeting ground or battle ground or whatever is up there."

I bit my lip. A small knot of - fear? - grew in my stomach. Fear or the Nuevos Rancheros I had for breakfast. Foreboding is a good enough word what it was.

Elly gave me directions without looking at the map as we drove along. We headed north out of Hinkley on a narrow paved road that soon turned into a dirt path going through the desert. There were ugly dark smears on the horizon, some of which I supposed were the Black Mountains.

"Could I see the map, honey?" I asked.

"Don't worry. I know where we're going."

We came upon a house with a lot of junk surrounding it. A strange place for a house, I must say- at least 10 miles from the town with no other habitation in sight, very remote. I stopped the car.

"Where's the map?"

She blinked. "I think it's back at the Calico Motel."

I was beginning to lose my temper. "The motel. Arghh."

"Jack, trust me. I know the way."

"You lookin' for antiques?" the old lady asked.

"No, ma'am," I said. "Could you tell me where the Black Canyon is?"

She scratched her head and pointed off to the left. "I think it's up there."

"Thank you."

We continued on the trail. Conditions worsened. The Subaru was not a jeep. The going was very slow. Several times we got out and moved large rocks out of the way in silence. That knot in my stomach was growing. I was having trouble hanging on. The civilized part of me wished for exit signs and mileage markers. On the other hand, I was glad to be away from that, to be sweating and getting dirty and sunburned. After five miles, the rocks got to be too big.

"That way," Elly stated, pointing off to the left. The trail was sparse and the wind had picked up to 30 - 40 mph gusts. Sand drifted heavily. We continued for three miles, rounding a bend and getting stuck in the sand.

"Shit!" I muttered.

Elly jumped out of the car and started to shovel sand out of the way with her hands.

I shook my head. "There's gotta be something wrong with one of us." I got out and started digging at the sand on my side. The wind whispered and shrieked a litany to the isolated beauty of tumbleweeds urging the frozen black lava to continue flowing.

The way ahead looked worse than what we had traveled over. I got in the car as Elly stood by. Soon I got the car out of the sand. I waited for her to get in.

"Leave the car here," she said through the window. "It won't be able to go much farther."

Damn, were her eyes bright.

We stood in front of the car. She spread her arms. "Is this not beautiful?"

"Truly." We walked on.

Not just beautiful. There was also a quietude and a heaviness that invoked an awed reverence. There was something about this place that was ancient. Sure, rocks are old, but there seemed to be a consciousness, or several, nearby. (Notice I didn't say spirits).

"Is this the Black Canyon?"

Elly nodded.

"I wondered what the Indians called this."

She said something I couldn't understand.

"What?"

She bit her lip and closed one eye. "Roughly, 'Spirit Palace.'"

I hated to ask, but, "How do you know all this?"

"All what?"

"The way here without a map, the Indian name for Black Canyon."

"Believe me, Jack. In one of my other lives, I was- or am- a priestess of the culture that made these glyphs."

Intellectual, rational thought rebuffed once more. Will I ever make it as a physicist after seeing my sacred cows served as hamburgers?

We walked on between the rocks for another couple of hundred yards. Elly stopped. "Look about you."

I studied the black rocks. Interesting rock, sure, but rock is rock- wait a minute. I noticed faint traces in some of the rocks. Circles, straight lines, squiggles, schematic representations of animals- petroglyphs!

"Incredible!"

The figures seemed like stained glass - beautiful, abstract in a way, and very delicate, even though they were carved into solid rock. For some reason or other few had been vandalized. Agreed, the inaccessibility had a large part to do with it. But humanity does have its despicable streak; some people exist to desecrate fine things like Black Canyon. There seemed to be something else. I had the feeling that if I tried to do a little creative editing on the figures, the coyotes would have my gonads for desert. And as vile as I thought any defacing of these lovely lines would be, something deep inside was pushing me to do so.

There was also the impression that spending the night in the canyon was a no-no. The sun was falling quickly into the desert and I didn't want to be hand-digging the car out of the sand in the dark.

"Come." Elly strode rapidly up a hill to a pyramidal point. She motioned me to a sitting silence. Then she began an eerie chanting that caused my spine to tingle. She bowed into the sun, gesturing distinct, seemingly well-practiced patterns in the air. She proceeded to do the same to the north, east, and south, then to the zenith and the ground at her feet. She grabbed a handful of sand, hopped around in a small circle, and tossed it to the wind.

I knew, without asking, the purpose of the ceremony. It was an incantation to the Earth gods to protect the Spirit Palace. As the sand drifted

to the ground, I sensed a change. More power, more benevolence. The gut message of don't mess with the canyon remained.

"Elly, we've got to be going. "We're not-" "I must stay," she stated. "It is a test that I must pass. To spend the night in the Spirit Palace. I'm getting impressions of life then. This is a sacred place. They had more knowledge of the power of the Earth. There were two warring people. They have both returned to the dust. But the forces they invoked are still active. Some seek to destroy my people's sanctuary, others to preserve. My duty in another life calls me across the ages."

"Spells to cast, what?" I asked with an attempted jaunty acceptance.

She shrugged. "As apt a description as any." I gave her a solid hug and kissed her. "Omex-hana," I said, picking a word out of the swirling sand.

She blinked. "Thank you."

A deep sadness shone in the dying sun reflected through her eyes. Her bearing exuded a calm determination.

I ran back down into the canyon, capturing grit with my tears. Funny. I had always considered myself a brave warrior. And what do I do when I get to a real battle? Keep on going in the opposite direction. I couldn't even stay to give moral support to my love. So what if I didn't know how the war was being waged? On second thought, discretion can keep one out of the funeral parlor...

The Easter morning sun arose over Black Canyon, with much more ease and grace than I did out of the Subaru. As I crawled out of the disoriented, half-conscious haze, I realized the situation right after I bumped my head on the ceiling.

I drove up the canyon with little regard for the machinery and stopped before the sand drift. I ran toward the petroglyphs. The figures seemed to dance in the bright morning light. Panting at the point of the pyramid hill, I looked for any trace of Elly - a kerchief, her leather headband, a foot-print - anything. I was instead captivated by sunlight and the designs of a long forgotten culture. I was trying my best to be distraught, but an incredible tranquility was settling over me.

"Jack."

She stood about ten feet below me. I stared into the sun at her radiant silhouette.

"Don't," she said, squelching my urge to leap down the hill and grab her. "Stay where you are."

"Why?"

I wanted to see her face.

"The protective forces have won. But the victory has not been without price. I must stay here."

"What?" I was approaching the flustered stage. "How long? What about us? Our plans?"

She sighed. "You must live your life without me, Jack. I will always love you, but this takes precedence."

I'm talking definite kick in the pants here.

"Precedence?" I yelled. "What can you do here that you can't do in Cincinnati."

"My presence is required here. You are certainly welcome to visit."

She raised both arms and pointed. "Look to the west, Jack."

I turned and beheld the glorious colors of the desert morning. The petroglyphs invoked a reverence in me for the sanctity of the place. Gone was any prodding to scratch or mark the rocks. The canyon was soothingly peaceful.

"Okay, so maybe it's worth protecting - Elly?"

She was no longer there. I ran down the hill to see where she went. I searched the canyon fanatically all day. In the process, I got lost - rather embarrassing if you've been in the mountains as often as I have. The rest of the day and night is sort of a blank for me. The search and rescue team found me crying on a rock the next morning, several miles from the car. They searched for Elly for at least a week, with the same results I had.

I haven't gone back to Black Canyon - the Spirit Palace. Yet, I've been busy with research and paying back charges to the search and rescue team and the car-renting agency. I have read up on petroglyphs, especially the ones I saw. Seems as though there's such a thing as a glyph spirit. Certain glyphs can only be seen at certain times of the day, depending on the angle of the sun.

I'm sure she's out there somewhere, doing her bit to protect the Palace. Maybe I'll go out there sometime, see how things are going with her.

Maybe next Easter morning.

### ROOF... cont. from p.8

At the UCMC meeting the following Wednesday I was encouraged to relate my "adventure." I told it as I saw it: completely ridiculous--The Three Stooges Go Caving, maybe. Someone asked me if I had "learned anything" from my experience. At the time I said a resounding "No!" because it was simpler and more interesting than the hour-long dissertation I could have given. Yes, I did "learn something."

I learned, for instance, about limitations. One does not need "special" excuses to get into trouble! Everything that happened to me could have happened to anyone; on this cave trip, it simply all happened to me. Diabetes posed no problem, nor did night vision, because those near me knew about both beforehand. A limitation of almost any sort can be dealt with easily by discussing it honestly before an event; hiding it, or worse, ignoring it can cause a lot more embarrassment and trouble than taking time to make it understandable (and thus un-frightening) to other people.

That something we call the Survival Instinct became known to me during the cave trip, too. During the mixed-up moment when the suction was pulling me under, it never occurred to me that I could conceivably have been killed. Everything was automatic: bracing feet in gravel, reaching for handholds, fighting the undercurrent without (for once!) panicking. It's hard to describe what happens in your head at a time like that. All that matters is that you are alive. Then and soon don't exist; perhaps that's an instinctual reaction--due to which I am not floating around somewhere in an underground stream.

Teamwork: I suppose I could loudly proclaim nominees for heroism--e.g. those who hauled my rear end out of trouble twice or a dozen times--but I suspect that everyone on that trip worked not only for him/herself, but for the group as well. This time I was the one needing most of the bailing out. Next time, who knows? The group works as a team and everybody wins. I'll give a boost to prevent a fall as much as I'll take one, as long as everybody gets through the cave. And I am certain that nobody in the entire group was trying to cause, or allowing to happen, dangerous situations for self or others.

Finally, I learned something about caving in general. A cave is a totally alien environment when compared to that to which humans are adapted. You cannot go into a cave expecting to use your perceptions normally. Either you adapt to the cave on the cave's terms, or you may not come out alive. Sounds, time, distance--none of these are perceived as they are in the outside world. This is a part of the incredible beauty, and the danger, of a cave.

"Do you intend to go caving again?" is a question I have often been asked. My answer is a firm, "Yes." After all, all that couldn't happen twice.

Now...if I can just find somebody willing to take me in again...!

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