



THE GOOSE DOWN
GAZETTE WINTER 1984
VOL. 6 NO. 2

CONTENTS

The BOOSE DOWN GAZETTE is published by the University of Cincinnati Mountaineering Club, a non-profit organization devoted to having a good time outdoors and in deep, dark holes. Comments, criticisms, ideas, love letters, or contributions (money, articles, black-and-white photographs, artwork, cartoons, stories, poems, rumors) to this publication (or myself) should be sent in a stamped, self-addressed envelope. If you expect to see it again to one of the following addresses:

BOOSE DOWN GAZETTE
Larry Bortner, editor
128 W. Nixon #1
Cincinnati, Ohio 45220

or

BOOSE DOWN GAZETTE
UMCMC
Room 428 T.U.C.
University of Cincinnati
Cincinnati, Ohio 45221

Or just give it to me if you see me walking down the street.

Editor: Larry Bortner

Advertising: John Dalgren
Gerry Haarock

Keyboardists: Leanne Burke
Jo Sorn
Linda Keller
Fletcher Andrews
Bill Strachan

Graphics and Layouts:
Linda Keller
Karen LeVier
Amy Norman
anybody else who showed up

Photo credits if I'm sorry I haven't quite gotten around to putting the captions beneath the pictures. One step at a time.....

Cover, Dan Lynch: Mountain Man Bill Strachan pauses in the Colorado forest near Mt. Elbert last December on the club trip.

p.3, Marc Napoli: That Colorado forest that Bill is in must be the San Isabel National Forest.

p.4, both by Dan Lynch: The top is what it looks like when you're lagging behind everybody else on a cross-country ski trip-- or following the tracks of someone who has come down the mountain. The bottom is a mountain stream.

p.7, Anonymous: Our suspect here is climbing a parking garage.

p.12, Amy Norman: A ptarmigan in its winter attire.

p.13, both by Amy: These are some of the reasons Amy prefers to be up in the mountains instead of in the city.

p.17, Debbie Sarabia: A picturesque tree on the shore of Lake Yellowstone.

3 TRENDS AND RELATIONSHIPS INVOLVING THE ABUSE OF MASSIVE QUANTITIES OF WHITE POWDER

by Bill Strachan

The title sums up the article quite well.

5 WILDERNESS SKILLS '83

by Fletcher Reid Andrews III

Wherein the weekend class over last Memorial Day is recounted by one of its participants.

6 FEAR IS NEVER BORING

by Dave Lubinski

Another class story. This one is about last fall's climbing course.

7 TEN MOST WANTED

Author's name withheld by request

Climbing is freedom. But there are those out there who see it as their duty to protect us from ourselves.

9 TWO SCOOPS OF THE SMOKIES

by Bob Kessler

Tales of two recent trips to the Smoky Mountains.

11 THE GIVING TREE

by Shel Silverstein

The story of a tree and her boy.

13 TRAILSIDE REVELATIONS

by Amy Norman

Let's take a hike with Amy....

14 INCIDENT AT WOLF RIVER

by Larry Bortner

Exploring a Tennessee cave.

15 HUG RECIPE

shared by Linda Keller

A vital nutrient for human survival.

My crusty nose stung as I breathed the crisp, cold Kansas air. Harci, Dan, Leanne, and myself seemed to all be in a dream state as we stumbled into the restaurant after an all-nighter from Cincinnati. Even having made this drive several times before did not lessen the feeling of apprehension for us as we crossed the Colorado border and pressed on for Denver. Coffee, Mountain Dew, and acidosis charned in my stomach. Until finally ahead in the distance appeared those shining white mountains.

Our timing for arriving in Denver was true to the fine tradition of really winging it on break trips. We arrived just in time to help celebrate the third decade of life beginning for the illustrious alumnus and former club president, Hal Shaw. It's very hip to arrive for these parties to discover what are the latest trends among the outdoor enthusiasts of Denver. Natives, non-natives, and those who just don't care. They are very trendy people. I mean could you ever envision hot tub bars in Cincinnati? You have to be to keep one step ahead of the hordes of Coloradans who head for the mountains; some every weekend, some daily. Especially during ski season. One also very quickly develops a network of friends out there who can help you save time, money, and a lot of headaches as you pursue High Adventure... and maybe even rocs and beard!

As we mingled among the partygoers there were some familiar faces. Former UCMC acquaintances Chris Rathweg, Dave Christenson, and April McFall all showed up. For me there was Jan and Sue Rothchild whose party I had attended on my first journey to Denver; also, a reunion with Doug Ingle from Cleveland whom I had seen last backpacking on New Year's 1977-78 in Otter Creek Wilderness, W.Va. with Hal and the mysterious Mr. "K". The more we drank, ate, talked, and interacted, the more we learned about where to find the most massive amounts of immaculate, undisturbed white powder and how to find the best deals in the State. Our plans were coming together with such speed that it was impossible to imagine that within hours we would be flying at the limits of control, buoyed up by fluffy white stuff. Yet there were still many rendezvous to go. Leanne met her uncle from Denver, Jeff, Ilene, and Paul blew out to find some friends of Jeff's. And we coordinated over the phone with Amy Norsean in Denver on co-op with whom we desired to meet on our cross country skiing overnight up into the mountains.

Having already equipped ourselves with boards (i.e., skis) in a small time-window between our Denver arrival and the beginning of the birthday party, we all arose early and breezed west in Sunday morning traffic towards Copper Mountain Ski Resort. Lift tickets were on special and we were there skiing with 7,000 other typical American skiers. This did not preclude getting away from the teeming masses. The very easy slopes where we needed to start were not crowded as most Hot Dog Coloradans headed immediately for the

TRENDS AND RELATIONSHIPS INVOLVING THE ABUSE OF MASSIVE QUANTITIES OF WHITE POWDER



intermediate and expert slopes. The highest runs near the mountain pass were almost deserted as only us crazed easterners would dare the intense cold and wind up there. Hal, fresh from skiing at Beaver Creek the previous weekend, egged us on to the steeper slopes. Regardless of skill level there were plenty of thrills and spills for all. Leanne revelled in her first schussing ever and learned quickly as a student of the ski school. Ilene was get down as all get out, taking it in stride, and maintaining a jolly spirit. Jeff kept it up and cool while Dan, Paul, and myself got used to skiing for the first time in many moons, amazed at the powdery conditions.

The next day at Copper, a Monday, was completely different. The slopes were virtually deserted, with plenty of fresh powder and fast but controllable conditions. It was more a day for solitude, enjoying mountain vistas, and pushing for the outer limits of skiing. I remember making the longest intermediate runs in style as well as skiing

the fastest and farthest without turning as I ever have, although I just couldn't get up the question to attempt-- Oh! No!-- the expert slopes. We returned to Denver exhilarated and traded our downhill boards for cross country skis at the ski rental shop, ate hardy, played hardy, and slept hardy.

On Tuesday we got together with Dave Christenson in Boulder and joined him for a very enjoyable afternoon of cross country skiing to break ourselves in before heading into the backcountry. We were somewhat shocked by the change of weather conditions encountered by travelling just a short distance out of Boulder up into Boulder Canyon. Downright nice down in town but a whiter-out blizzard up in the foothills. Perfect cross country skiing amongst breathtaking scenery. This instigated what would be the exclamation for the remainder of the trip, "It's a BLIZZARD!!!"

BILL STRACHAN

Our epic of the trip began the next day as we approached our trailhead into the Sawatch Range. I passed right by a honking Colorado Cowboy in a black Ranger who stopped to yell, "Get outta here. This road is closed!" at Hal's carload. The National Forest Rangers didn't say nothin' about no road being closed in their directions of how to get to the trailhead so we proceeded until we reached the point where nature had closed the road with drifts coincidentally right in front of our cowboy friend's trailer. We geared up and embarked across frozen wasteland. The Sawatch Range lay ahead, containing the two highest peaks in Colorado-- Mount Elbert and Mount Massive. Indeed Mount Elbert is the highest peak in the lower 48 states topped only by Mount Whitney in California. It looked highly unlikely that we might be able to climb up such into these mountains as they were enshrouded in clouds of snow. We were content enough just to ski up a gentle trail into a narrow valley nestled between Elbert and Massive. In the summer one can drive right up this valley and camp at maintained campgrounds. In the winter it is transformed into an isolated wonderland seen only by the few with the will, equipment, and techniques to survive. And survive it is back in these mountains where the temperature freely dips below zero, where pleasant snowfalls yielding excellent powder skiing may quite unexpectedly turn into death-defying blizzards.

We skied several miles and set up a base camp by a latrine. But not before experiencing several powder plunges. Some of us seemed bent on totally immersing ourselves in this snowy experience. Dan was so excited he busted right out of his bindings as we approached camp. Hal and I began to trample a platform for our "spaceoos" tents as we all made camp preparations. Snowcamping is a real trip with especially deep powder and long, cold winter nights. Snow must be melted for cooking and drinking water. Stoves must be supported to keep them from settling down into the snow. Then going to bed at dark, everybody wakes up in the middle of the night, rolls, laughs, and goes back into hibernation.

Soon after waking and having breakfast, cross country skiing of course becomes the way to keep warm. It is leisurely enough though, that warm conversation and friendship can be developed while pursuing the activity. We did such as we skied farther up among these majestic peaks. Midway through the day we encountered a troupe of Outward Bound students who had been out in the mountains for seventeen days. The foreigners in the group indicated to me when I passed them that they coveted, "That girl with the electric socks, Marci." We were to be obliged for the rest of the trip by the nice tracks made by their equipment-hauling sleds. We kept Marci, although the batteries in the electric socks froze, making them useless.

Returning to camp we set up with Amy and her friend from Denver. Dinner was enjoyed and we went back into hibernation. It was a long, cold night as the temperature dipped to eight below. In the morning, after preparing breakfast, we brought the stoves gingerly inside the tents to totally thaw out. It was the last and most beautiful day in these mountains as we skied out towards the cars, leaving Amy and her friend to enjoy more. The day was clear and sunny with both mountain tops revealed in their glory. Elbert reminded me of shots of Mount Everest with the plume of snow blowing off the summit. The Outward Bound class had climbed Elbert. Of course they were equipped to the hilt with plastic boots, wide metal-edged skis, Goretex suits, and avalanche wands. Dan and I procrastinated most of the day, setting up snapshots. The quality of the results were well worth the effort. We finally all wet back at the cars near sunset.

We had our return-to-civilization meal at a nice cafe in Leadville, the highest incorporated settlement in the world. It was here on top of the world that we pondered and discussed the deeper meanings of our earthly relationships while sipping heartily before-dinner drinks. We explored the importance of parental upbringing, the number and order of siblings, and how this all affected personality. Hal, being a disciple of transactional analysis (as well as myself), informed us that the family with three children is most easy to stereotype. The first child is an achiever, the second, although somewhat rebellious, will eventually make good and fit into working society, and the third child will be very rebellious, maybe even lazy, but will be the most socially mobile. Interesting stuff. The other topic, male/female loving relationships, was briefly touched upon at this dinner with continuing debate as we re-reviewed the conditions of Hal's relationship with his partner Roseen, which are stuck up with magnets on his refrigerator. The discussion and ponderance on this subject continued in the car on the way back as both Marci

Please turn to page 17



WILDERNESS SKILLS '83

FLETCH ANDREWS

Awaiting the arrival of everyone, those present played an invigorating game of hacky sack while thinking over the past two lectures during the week. Would we have to deal with snake bites, hypothermia, or some catastrophic accident causing major injury and necessitating evacuation? Six students strong, all had been exposed to multitudes of issues and information concerning wilderness skills-- equipment, first aid, map & compass uses, low impact consciousness and other ecological considerations, and trip planning. Indeed, there was a glut of information which would only become clear in context and practice, which is exactly what we set out for when we departed for the Big South Fork of the Cumberland in Tennessee.

Well into the night, we arrived at the trailhead, senses dulled by carbon monoxide fumes and the 6 hour drive. Suddenly a speeding car bulletted around a corner, scaring all. Four wheels locked, the car skidded to a violent stop. Visions of vehicular homicide ended as the policeman inside asked if any speeding cars had passed.

"No!"

The car peeled out of sight in a reawakening roar. With hearts pounding, our monoxide-numbed brains fired more efficiently.

Strachen's legendary night vision, an amazing gift, lighted the unknown, untraveled path as all learned to trust their subtle sense of the unseen physical surroundings. Having traveled a mile or so in darkness, we bedded down as drizzle began to fall.

Having broken camp without a trace, stoves boiled water for warm cups of tea while Bill passed out one and a half granola bars per person. We didn't know it, but from here on out all food rations would get smaller and smaller until food would become the basic concern for all.

Hiking for the next few miles was a pleasure. The trail followed a beautifully forested ridge. Below, water could be heard flowing and the views were spectacular.

With time, our stomachs began to churn, as did the trail. Having left the scenic trail with its rock walls, valleys, etc., we now traveled on rutted four wheel roads. Ankles tiring, blisters forming, the students began to get frustrated. A rest and an energy recharge of two handfuls of trail mix ended with the need to push on as we were behind schedule.

Now dusk, at least two more miles would have to be traveled. Hours before we had left the rutted road and bushwacked up a steep mountain ridge. Rhododendros, prickly ivy and other dense vegetation made progress slow,

strenuous and tiring. Angered students began complaining, "What are we supposed to learn from this?" Finding another road, we hiked until finding a path hopefully leading to the Cumberland River. Dave supposedly would meet us by the river. Before descending the trail to the river, a tick had to be removed from the back of Laura's neck. Ten minutes of operation detached the blood sucking creature.

The next two miles were hell. Darkness had set in and the group had gotten very spread out. The foggy wet climate became denser and denser as we hiked down the steep uneven trail. Marci, Laura and I, way behind, struggled with the trail, invisible in the darkening atmosphere. Tired, hungry, and weak, we stumbled clumsily, tripping and twisting toward darkness.

Finally we reached the others, who had made voice contact with Dave. Relieved, all hiked toward camp, questioning the educational value of the ten strenuous miles we had covered.

Angered and hungry, we set up tents as Bill made dinner. Bill's famous trail soup was great, yet for some it was a disgusting porridge of unfamiliar freak food. Niso paste, spirulina, raw egg and vegetables in water just wouldn't do it. Only the golden arches could satisfy a few unadjusted individuals who went hungry.

Sunday we woke starving. An apple, some cheese and tea just teased our bodies. The weather of questionable stability at that moment was acceptable and class began with search and rescue procedures, as well as canoeing. Individuals also braved the deadly Tyrolean traverse high above a waterway flowing into the Cumberland. The weather began turning sour as large dark clouds and gusts of wind whipped up. It was time to move! If a downpour occurred, the van, now a mile away on the other side of the river, would be stuck in a pool of mud. With one canoe and eleven people to transport, I began shuttling gear and bodies across the wide, beautiful and wild expanse of the river. The plans got out of the backcountry before it was too late and too wet to travel on the rugged roads, then head into town for food. Yes, the mere mention of food was a true motivator and had all of us packed in moments. The sky, a threatening black, reminded all of our precarious predicament.

With the van loaded, we were ready for the journey. The next two miles of road threatened van, life and limb. Sliding sideways up waddy hills, the edge of a cliff only inches away, we skidded on in horror. Finally we gained access to a gravel road. From here we would soon reach a gas and food station.

Now in excellent spirits, we drove back to the woods of the Big South

Fork, stuffed with junk food. Having hiked back a mile or so, we reached a flat grassy area and designated it as base camp. Below, a series of rock walls and creeks were found, an enchanted spot indeed. With the sun disappearing, everyone was given various choices on their approach to the night's rest. You could go out alone or with someone else and either take or not take equipment. Carla, Kim, Beth and Laura went out in groups of two. Everyone else chose to spend the night alone, some with equipment, others without. I for one took only the clothes on my back, a rain jacket, and a nylon tarp weighing under two ounces which fit in my shirt pocket.

Darkness had set in by the time I left and soon I found myself in the midst of an overgrown grove of deadly rhododendros. Following a creek bed, crashing and wrestling with the rhodo's, my sense of direction was completely off. The maze of multi-directional ravines and creeks made no sense in the confused, crowded darkness. At least one or two miles away from base camp, I realized I was lost. Trying to find base camp now would get me more lost, so I hiked up a ridge away from the rhododendronized creek and laid down on the sloping earth. I would have to wait for sunrise to find my way back. The temperature steadily dropped and the 2 oz. blanket became the only barrier between my body heat and the cool breezy air.

With sun beams diffusing the darkness, I woke and reassessed my situation. Three hours later, after bashing through unfamiliar, overgrown jungles (visibility = 1 foot), I came upon a path. Below, I discovered a beautiful waterfall enclosed in a grove of rhododendron. Getting lost was worth this find. From here I followed an animal trail, until I found myself on top of a thirty-foot cliff. Calling out, I received replies from Beth, Marci, and Laura! I jumped to a tree and slid to the ground below. Home at last!

At base camp, Bill had dug a low impact fire pit and was baking a coffee cake in it. A tasty breakfast gave us energy to rappel and climb the virgin sandstone walls below base camp.

Now satisfied and happy with their experiences on the course, everyone hiked back to the van. The catastrophic miles hiked on Saturday now seemed dwarfed as all reconsidered the many figurative miles they had traveled in the growing sense. Instructors and students alike had shared deeply in times of depression, frustration and exhaustion as well as times of happiness. People had been pushed to their limits and beyond, realizing a higher state of development and ability. In just three days, we had experienced a month long Outward Bound course-- strenuous, exciting, challenging, and developmental.

FEAR IS NEVER BORING

DAVE LUBINSKI



A while back I got my first chance to try rock climbing by going on our club's beginning rock climbing class trip. There were a good number of students and our always-helpful teachers on this excursion-- "Kill" Bill, "Scary" Larry, and "Flipped out" Fletch. We left from U.C. (luck!) on a Saturday at 7 o'clock in the blessed A.M. (Way too early after Friday nite festivities!) Our trip was a journey up to Clifton Gorge near Ha Ha's Pizza in Yellow Springs. We started the class off by setting up a rappel. Fortunately, since I've tried it once before, I didn't have any coronaries on

this part of the course. After surviving the rappel we students got our first taste of climbing-- all things considered, not too bad. I even made it to the summit. Even better, I only had one, tiny (make it medium size) difficult section. Everyone either topped it or learned something valuable on this one.

After a few confidence-building climbs, my fear of falling, injury, utilization, and/or DEATH seemed to sink back into far away corners. Strangely, or insanely, I found it exciting to attempt a hard move while 40 feet above the "valley floor". Some of my classmates, however, did not always agree with me. I also discovered that the mental moves were just as difficult as the physical ones. By trial and error I found that in order to move smoothly and efficiently, one must pre-plan his footholds and hand holds. Learning the hard way was not always fun! "Oh Gee!



What in the #2000 do I do now? Fly?*

Our instructors did a good job of teaching us and preventing any major disasters. They also acted as confidence boosters--

"Oh wow, check out that great frap...haven't seen one like it in years."

"Hold on a sec and I'll cut that knot out for ya!"

"Did you hear about that climber who fell 50 feet and stopped 1 foot off a ledge upside-down?"

No really... They did a great job. We learned a lot about equipment, knots, top-roping, belaying, lead-climbing, escaping the law, rappelling, prusiking, and such, such more. I had a great time and highly recommend the class to anybody who's a little nervous but wants to give rock climbing a shot.

... a few moments with Ray Norman Chameleon colors disguise the sky...illuminated in all hues and brightnesses.

Wintery winds send chilling responses to being scattered sparsely amongst the trees and rocks.

The day is tugged and fought over by the wind, the sky, and the snow.

The dominance of the night conceals the struggle, darkness soothes.

The full moon shines boldly, lighting the way for nocturnal creatures such as great horn-billed owls and cross country skiers.



Fashions for the Functionally-Minded



Wilderness Face

614 Wooster Pike 831-3370
11582 U.S. 42 563-4774
3441 Michigan Ave. 321-6800

SUSPECT: Name - Unknown
 Alias - Royal Robbins, Spiderman
 Sex - Male
 Race - Caucasian
 Age - 22 to 25
 Height - 6'1"
 Weight - 155
 Hair - Brown
 Eyes - Hazel
 Other - Obvious scars on hands

CRIME: Wanted for various vile forms of conduct involving defacement of vertical walls!

WARNING: Suspect is considered dangerous and may have various weapons such as ropes, slings, and other odd implements of destruction.....



TEN MOST WANTED

Hello, this is the central id. The above description just fits one of the bodies I'm in, but they don't want him, they want me. Yeah, you know me; I'm the id in each and everyone of you. You know, I'm the one who's talking to you from inside your little head when you are considering doing something which might be viewed as vile, decadent, socially unresponsive, irresponsible, damaging and lawfully wrong. The funny thing is that you know it's the thing to do, but just like everyone else, you shut me out and listen to-- Ego and Superego-- Uh, it makes me nauseous just mentioning them.

Anyway, let me explain how I've gotten our suspect into various strange, odd, unpleasant, and peculiar situations with the law and other idiots involved in criticizing my influence or who may be involved in social control.

First of all you must understand that I have convinced our suspect that his actions are justified even amongst all the resistance he has received from others' egos and superegos. The reason for such conviction comes from his knowing my path leads to ultimate enlightenment, pleasure and bliss.

I began dominating our suspect at an early age. Together we enjoyed breaking every ridiculous rule and law and getting away with it. This is when our suspect got hooked, for nothing satisfies more than a nice vertical crack. For example, at age 8 we climbed a five-story radio antenna tower attached to the hotel he was spending the night in. This was a spiltail climb, as earlier a spat had erupted between child and parents while on the family vacation. Little did they know, we were already on our way down when they spotted his foot from the second floor balcony. All the

concerned lecturing, spanking and loving in the world couldn't stop that rush of bliss received from following me-- id.

Another classic example of our suspect's wild id influence is demonstrated by his parking garage climb while attending Ohio University in Athens. I drove our suspect up this seven-story monstrosity in broad daylight. Just around the corner was the Athens Police Station.

From here on out our suspect climbed everything in sight -- trees, buildings, even rock outcroppings and walls when available. For years absolutely no sanctions or comments occurred until 1980 when our suspect and a good friend almost got caught in the act by U.C.'s finest. Instead of major fines and penalties being inflicted, a barrage of questions occurred as to what these two gents were up to which made them act so guilty upon sighting by the policemen. This unchecked run-in with the law was so exciting that our suspect got an additional rush of bliss beyond the act of climbing we per my instructions.

After many obvious unchecked public displays of my influence, and after numerous brilliant new routes on various U.C. buildings were established, our suspect finally had one of his most spectacular encounters with the law. What a glorious moment for us both!

This particularly exciting event occurred one warm Friday evening in June of 81. During a boring day of work, I began implanting the idea of climbing a wall yet long crack on the back of Rhodes Hall. To our suspect,

the mere thought brought on orgasmic twitches, uncontrolled salivating and eventual foaming at the mouth.

Upon leaving work, he bought a six pack, drank a couple and proceeded to gear up. Clad in dark clothes and equipped with headlamp, extra rope, haul sack, rack, striers (a rope ladder used to stand in), flif hook, and daisy chain-- unequipped with identification and dollars-- we set out to sid-climb the seven-story building.

Preparing for half an hour in the corner of the building amongst the cover of small trees, I finally decided it was dark enough to begin the climb. A #7 stopper wedged, an strier clipped in and progress began. Soon our suspect and I were above the first floor and above the cover of the trees. The ground below got further and further away with every chock placement and upward strier movement. This was a superb sid climb, and what frightful circumstances to make the whole endeavor truly gratifying. The rope trailing below was attached to the haul sack containing gear for any emergency which might occur at greater elevations. Contents included in the sack were a hundred-foot rope, two friends, and other various gear and life support systems. Looking left, our suspect spotted an old policeman on foot. Trying to act inconspicuous in a conspicuous place, I tried to make us disappear. Absolutely motionless, we stared at the officer below. What a glorious moment when he yelled out, "Hey, what are you doing up there?" The thought of calling back, "Oh, just trying to finish the rest of these windows," crossed my influential desire, but I decided to let our suspect

handle this situation somewhat alone. He, what a great situation; what bliss and excitement for us both!

"Oh, good evening."

"Hey, do you have permission to be up there?" asked the inquisitive and intelligent cop.

"Well no, but I'm not doing anything wrong."

Of course he wasn't doing anything wrong and I wasn't either, really. As I explained, it's just these ridiculous social expectations of conduct created by misguided individuals.

As expected the cop barked back authoritatively, "Come down from there right now!"

"Oh, I hope you've got some time, it's gonna take awhile."

"Sure, don't rush ... don't hurt yourself," said the officer.

At this point I was beside myself, laughing like mad. The tough, authoritative cop had been reduced to a bag of confusion. He didn't know up from down; his ego influence was being challenged by my superior purpose of true expression. Suddenly he regained his authoritarian aura when two more officers arrived on the scene as if they were reinforcements for the capture of a cold-blooded killer. Killers I'm afraid are motivated by Ego and Super-ego, not ~~er~~ Id. Anyway, the woman cop bitched out some over-compensatory masculine orders (as if trying to cover up her femininity), but the old bag of a cop indicated he had it "all under control."

Our suspect, truly a hero at this point, whistled my laughs as he proceeded back down from the second floor level. About half an hour passed before grounding the attempt. Another 15 minutes passed as all gear was packed into the haul sack. All that was left to do was coil the rope, so our suspect proceeded out to the concrete stairs where the policewoman had been waiting patiently. The conversation went as follows:

"Well, how are you this evening?"

"I was just fine till now," answered the policewoman.

"Well I sure wouldn't want you to have a boring Friday night, now would I? Give me a minute to coil the rope."

After the initial conversation another cop, who had apparently been hiding in the bushes waiting for our suspect to make a wrong move with the woman cop, came out in the open after realising the passiveness of our criminal. While walking to the campus police station, the cops began trying to justify their hindrance. Of course, "You never do anything alone, only in groups," was the first statement. Little did they know, we were a pair. Our suspect, according to the officers, used poor judgement and exhibited insensitivity, irresponsibility, and suicidal

tendencies.

The young male cop said, "What's wrong with you, you got some kinda death wish, Stupid?"

Our suspect explained futilely that no death wish existed, only the will to climb. "No officer, just the opposite." Feeble, misguided minds shall never understand.

Threats of confiscating gear, putting our suspect in jail, kicking him out of school and the U.C.M.C., etc. were made as the police report was filled out. To make a long and exciting story short, the police let our suspect go and to this day all threats have resulted in zero sanctions. Yes, as I said, a glorious happening - true bliss thro climbing!

Two more humorous situations have occurred to our hero. One occurred at King Kwik one hot summer's day when building for a moment was a must. Some dark undercover nerd cop flipped his badge and inquired, in his changing adolescent voice, as to why our hero was on the wall. Well, if I had had my way, I would have told the little twerp to find a hole, stuff his head in it, and not come out until he was set for police-type duty; the poor mutant would never change though. What a lerp. After questioning, rationalizing, etc., in the back roach-ridden room of the King Kwik he forced our hero into this security pit - his honorable office, for detective-like interrogations, the disturbed lerp decided to let our outlaw go. If he only knew what a criminal he had in his clutches. While leaving the store, the lerp came running out acting as if he were on pursuit of a deadly criminal (Magnus style-- a joke) and as he ran he tripped over his big feet. Typical.

The last situation of almost

checked unlawful climbing occurred during U.C.M.C.'s own climbing course at Clifton Gorge. Our suspect/hero proceeded to free climb an easy route (5.2 rating) so that he could put up a top rope for those less adept at giving into ~~er~~ Id. Upon reaching the top, he prepared to set up the rope, but looking down, noticed a hyper ranger running up the trail to where one could reach the top of the cliff. (Note: it is illegal to climb unroped at Clifton.) Having been in these situations before, we decided to skip the harassment and fine of \$30.00 and we ran in the other direction. The adrenalin was well worked up and our hero as well as myself were laughing up a storm as we ditched the ranger. Running back to the group by way of a trail cutting down the cliff, all gear was dropped and a quick change was made so that our outlaw was in disguise, incognito-like, with the collar flipped up. True sign of genius, collar flipped up and all-- man of one hundred disguises. Amazing. That poor misguided ranger hunted like a hunting hound with a cold. What a pup at tracking; he was no hunting dog, just a ranger with a cold in the head. Out-foxed thee again! Triumph! The Id always wins-- I hope. So does our suspect/criminal/outlaw/hero. Keep looking, FBI.

A THOUGHT

We've got these amazing arms and legs that enable us to walk, run, swim, climb, hike, ski, peddle, paddle, hug, cradle...Thank God.

Think of those unable.



FEATURING
EVERYTHING EDIBLE
FOR THE TRAIL:

- *unsulphured and unsugared fruit
- *raw nuts
- *trail mixes
- *instant soups
- *vege-burger mixes
- *hi-protein bars
- *soy milk
- and more...

Hours: Mon-Fri 10-8:30 Sat 10-7 Sun 11-5

347 Ludlow Avenue 861-1101

TWO SCOOPS OF THE SMOKIES

BOB KESSLER

Super Bitch curled her mouth in a plastic smile and cooed, "I'm sorry to ruin your vacation, but...." I looked out the window of the visitor center in the Great Smoky Mountains National Park, and sighed. After a five hour drive, we arrived at the Park only to be greeted by an ice store that had "closed" the Park. The ranger in charge of backcountry hiking permits seemed more intent on dissuading us than helping us salvage our itinerary, hence the nickname "Super Bitch."

I couldn't help but think back to one month earlier, around the first of November, when Cindy and I visited the Park. Conditions couldn't have been more different-- The trees in the valleys are bursting with autumn colors, the air is still warm, and the rangers are friendly and co-operative.

Cindy and I are planning to spend a week on the trail, starting from Elkton and looping over the Appalachian Trail, eventually returning to Elkton. We drive past the seemingly endless spread of cowpats in Elkton and turn up the Little River road. The forest shrouds the narrow road and we pass some of the few remaining homesteads in the park. (I both envy and feel remorse for the owners. Surrounded by the Park, the beauty of their homesteads is secure, but that same pristine quality of the Park ensures the loss of their property to the greater good of mankind. The remaining privately-owned parcels received a sixty-nine year lease when the Park formed in the late 1920's, and some day those lucky few who once called the Smoky Mountains home will have to give it up.) The road rapidly deteriorates into a jeep trail and we find ourselves at the trailhead.

In a short while we have shouldered our packs and start hoofing it. A light misty rain comes now and again, fine-tuning an already primitive, earthy atmosphere. The Little River churns over boulders to one side of the trail and a thick forest rises up to become mountains on the other.

Cindy and I then encounter our first surprise of the trip: a major stream crossing. A fork in the trail, one that will eventually take us to the Appalachian Trail along the ridge-top, brings us first to fifty feet of roaring water. Cold water. Very, very cold water. After much searching for an easier route, we resign ourselves; strip off shoes and socks, roll up pants legs, and dip surprised--shocked!-- toes into the frigid waters.

I hope for a quick numbing of my legs and feet as I grope gingerly out into the river. Admittedly a softy when it comes to the bottoms of my feet, I wince my way along. The bliss-

ful numbing ceases but is quickly replaced by a deep aching. I envision first my narrow freezing up, then my legs fracturing, bringing sure death. "Man's Legs Break Apart Crossing Smokies Stream" the headlines would read. Suddenly I drop into a deep hole, and my rolled up pants legs become a joke. My camera skis atop the water for an instant before I regain my balance. Finally I reach land and quickly dry my feet, hoping to thwart additional damage.

But we are only half way, perched on a small island like caged animals looking for a way out. Cindy sees a downed tree spanning a narrow channel of water, and we walk across it to the security of terra firma streams.

That night we camp along a much larger stream and wake to the sun sparkling atop the water and a slate blue sky. Our goal that day involves a 3000-foot elevation change, taking us to Double Spring Gap along the A.T. The day starts well with a steady but easily doable ascent. The complexities of the forest changes too, the autumn colors give way to barren branches. The wind seems to blow more and it carries with it a chilly foreboding of ridge-top conditions. Sunny, mid-day warmth is replaced by a kind of intermittent late-afternoon wash of light, unable to perform its earlier feats of heating.

Cindy and I are now plodding, each turn in the trail not bringing the hoped for ridge-top. Cindy is giving me a "this is not fun" look and falls further and further behind. I'm worn out too, both of us victims of not being in shape. The trails in the Smoky Mountains are not for the car-camper set. I'm determined to make it to the top, and encourage Cindy onward.

Eventually the top is peaked. We're beat but the shelter is only two tenths of a mile away and we're quickly there. It's a gorgeous spot, nestled in the saddle of two mountains, surrounded on three sides by forest and fronted by a small meadow. The sun is brighter here on top, but the day is definitely spent and dropping temperatures promise a cold night.

In the morning Cindy and I wake up in the clouds. The world is a haze of whiteness. It's bitterly cold but I leave the cocoon of my sleeping bag and go out to look around. Clouds are streaming through the gap, sometimes thinning to almost complete visibility, and sometimes obscuring even the closest trees. My camera keeps busy.

Cindy makes it clear that the extreme cold and windy conditions are not what she wants to endure for the next three days we planned to hike the

ridge. After much soul-searching on how much I should impose my goals on her, I relent. Our new plans are to hike out that day to Clingman's Dome, hitch a ride to the car, and do some day hikes and overnights for the next four days.

As we approach the Dome area, the ridge opens up to broad, golden meadows. The day becomes very warm and I think about the places I will not see on this trip: Thunderhead Mountain, Mt. Squires, Russell Field and Spence Field-- especially Spence Field, noted for its exceptional beauty. I vow to return soon and see those places of such intriguing promise.

But it seems that the weather and Super Bitch have joined forces and denied my goal of visiting Spence Field and its environs on my second attempt. It is late December and not surprising that the weather is nasty, but close the entire Park?

I talk over trip options with the rest of the group, Mark Hartinger-- former president of the UCMC, Paul Hartinger his brother, and Rick Forrester-- another former member of



the USMC and Honorary member. Our options seem very limited and we scratch out a route that will take us to Elkmost Campground (on foot!), then up the Little River trail, ascend to Sugarland Mountain, and descend to Newfound Gap road and the visitor center. It's a lot of road hiking and we are not happy with it.

Super Bitch hints that maybe we ought just return home. We ignore her advice. So, with the icy rain having turned into a mist, we don our rain gear and packs and start trudging the six road miles to Elkmost.

But there is something wrong here. As we walk along the "closed" road, we keep getting passed by vehicles apparently doing quite well on the slick road. We stop for a conference. This is crazy, we conclude, to walk when we could ride. It would seem best to drive to Elkmost despite the Super Bitch, drop off the packs and return the car to the visitor center. Then the walk to Elkmost, without the weight of the packs, becomes a simple matter. Two will stay with the packs and set up camp, and two will carryout the shuttle operation.

We quickly return to our car, load up the car and drive off. Sure, the roads are slick, but careful driving and front-wheel drive reduce the hazards considerably. The drive is uneventful till we near Elkmost and the road gets much worse. The car starts sliding and we decide we've gone far enough. The packs are unloaded about

three-quarters of a mile from the campground, and Rick and I return the car to the visitor center. We worry that Super Bitch will somehow see us and hassle us, but luckily it does not come to pass. Two and a half hours later Rick and I are in Elkmost. Camp is set and dinner is soon ready. Day One has come and gone.

Rising early we proceed up Little River Road to the same trail Cindy and I hiked a month earlier. It had rained hard last night and all the ice that clogged the river the day before has been washed away. All the streams are bloated with brownish water. Clear skies promise a mild day.

Our itinerary calls for five miles today, six the next and three to get out the last day. The trail, however, is practically level, and we soon find ourselves near our campsite and it's still early afternoon. We opt to head for the ridge that night and hike out the second, not the third day. But before we get too far we are faced with a stream crossing.

I groan in remembrance and suggest we construct a bridge out of logs. After all, we are so far ahead of schedule we certainly have the time. The others agree, but talking and doing prove to be separate realities.

Grunting up steep slopes we drag down this tree and that tree; one of them seems too rotted, the other too narrow. A good candidate soars overhead, snagged high up in some neighbor-

ing branches. If we can only shake it free, it might actually span the stream when it comes crashing down. The four of us heave-ho it and down it comes, missing the stream by some distance. What now? Mark suggests turning back and taking another route. Rick and I are not quite ready to give up and attempt to cut the newly downed tree. Unfortunately we have no sawing devices and chopping with rocks might take years.

Just as we concede defeat, Rick spies a large log upstream, already half-submerged. Let's see if we can loosen it and watch it float downstream, Rick suggests. What the hell, we all think, sure. The log, though, will not just float away. We keep having to un snag it every few feet along the bank, and soon find ourselves next to our proposed stream crossing with a very nice log indeed. Sure enough, it fits over the roaring stream quite safely, and we are back in business.

The sun is strong now and we're hot after our bridge-building effort. The trail starts to wind up a small valley bringing us to-- another stream crossing. This time nature has provided, and we scoot across a mossy tree. A careful look at the map tells us that we will encounter two more crossings before we climb Sugarland Mountain. The next crossing soon arrives and there is no convenient way over. Since we know the trail will

Please turn to page 17

Plan your next adventure with,

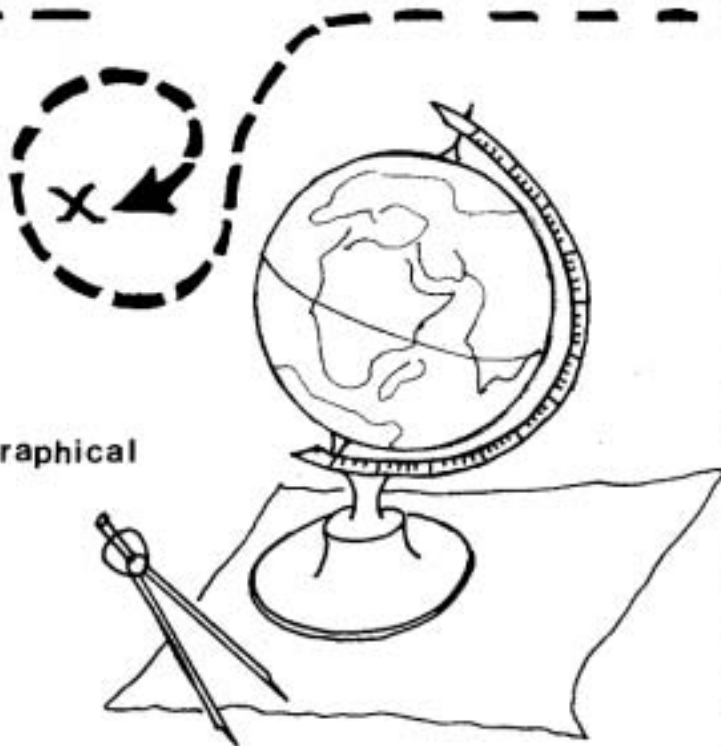
Duttenhofer's Map Store

National Park guides & maps

Official U.S.G.S. dealer of typographical maps - Specializing in Ohio, Kentucky & Indiana

OR,

we can order geologic and topographic maps of anywhere in the United States - with a 1-2 week delivery time.



210 West McMillan

Open 10am - 6pm

Mon.-Sat.

THE GIVING TREE

Once there was a tree... and she loved a little boy. And every day the boy would come and he would gather her leaves and make them into crowns and play king of the forest.



He would climb up her trunk and swing from her branches and eat apples. And they would play hide-and-go-seek.



And when he was tired, he would sleep in her shade. And the boy loved the tree... very much.



And the tree was happy. But time went by. And the boy grew older. And the tree was often alone.

Then one day the boy came to the tree and the tree said, "Come, boy, come and climb up my trunk and swing from my branches and eat apples and play in the shade and be happy."

"I am too big to climb and play," said the boy. "I want to buy things and have fun. I want some money. Can you give me some money?"

"I'm sorry," said the tree, "but I have no money. I have only leaves and apples. Take my apples, boy, and sell them in the city."

And so the boy climbed up the tree and gathered her apples and carried them away. And the tree was happy.

But the boy stayed away for a long time... and the tree was sad. And then one day the boy came back and the tree shook with joy and she said, "Come, boy, climb up my trunk and swing from my branches and be happy."

"I am too busy to climb trees," said the boy.

"I want a house to keep me warm," he said. "I want a wife and I want children, and so I need a house. Can you give me a house?"

"I have no house," said the tree. "The forest is my house, but you may cut off my branches and build a house. Then you will be happy."

And so the boy cut off her branches and carried them away to build his house. And the tree was happy. But the boy stayed away for a long time.

And when he came back, the tree was so happy she could hardly speak. "Come, boy," she whispered, "come and play."

"I am too old and sad to play," said the boy. "I want a boat that will take me far away from here, can you give me a boat?"

"Cut down my trunk and make a boat," said the tree. "Then you can sail away... and be happy."

And so the boy cut down her trunk and made a boat and sailed away. And the tree was happy... but not really.

And after a long time the boy came back again. "I am sorry, boy," said the tree, "but I have nothing left to give you-- my apples are gone."

"My teeth are too weak for apples," said the boy.

"My branches are gone," said the tree. "You cannot swing on them--"

"I am too old to swing on branches," said the boy.

"My trunk is gone," said the tree. "You cannot climb--"

"I am too tired to climb," said the boy.

"I am sorry," sighed the tree. "I wish that I could give you something... But I have nothing left. I am just an old stump. I am sorry..."

"I do not need very much now," said the boy, "just a quiet place to sit and rest. I am very tired."

"Well," said the tree, straightening herself up as much as she could, "well, an old stump is good for sitting and resting. Come, boy, sit down. Sit down and rest."

And the boy did.

And the tree was happy.



SHEL SILVERSTEEN



39 CALHOUN STREET
CINCINNATI, OHIO
Phone 221-6700

11 - 8 Mon - Thur. - Fri.
11 - 6 Tues. & Wed.
10 - 5 Sat.

I PACK MY OWN!

"I don't have to carry my house with me when I travel but what I take has to do the job. Whether I'm packing Wind River Range or canoeing the Little Miami, I can depend on my equipment from Outdoor Adventures."



© Copyright 1979

5% discount to all paid UCMC members on non-sale items!!

TRAILSIDE REVELATIONS
AMY NORMAN



We hit the trailhead at 5:30 that afternoon, knowing full well we would not reach our destination by sundown. The clouds crept over the mountains and closed out any remnant of blue sky on that crisp November afternoon. The trail wound through barren aspen and tall graceful pine as the cloudy sky progressed from a dull, dancing grey to a luminous violet blue.

It was dusk as we hiked past the First lake. The path ahead was soon dark and our only illumination was that which seemed to be glowing from underneath the now snow-covered ground. In the patches where there was no snow, the trail ahead seemed to drop off into a deep abyss. It usually turned out that these dark areas were nothing more than a tiny babbling brook or a boot-swallowing mud hole.

After a few hours, the nocturnal traveling lost some of its appeal so we decided to set up camp. We followed our senses and Neanderthal instincts till we located the perfect campsite, complete with bubbling brook and mountain view. After packing down and leveling out the snow, we managed to set up the tent adequately. An early morning departure was scheduled for the next day, so I dozed off, only to be awoken many times by bitter howling winds accompanied by a steady dusting of snow and mysterious flashes of light in the sky.

The morning brought low clouds resting on the mountain peaks. Blue sky visible above revealed intense winds tossing and ripping at the cottony clouds. We packed up late and clambered up boulder-filled troughs till we hit a flat rock valley above treeline, surrounded by rock spires on all sides. The winds fought our balance here on the flat tundra, so we decided not to attempt the rocky, ice-covered knife ridges that would confront us on our ascent of the peak. After all, the main goal is to have fun. Battling those winds on a cold, icy ridge might not be fun.

It was on this trip that I realized what being out in the wild does for me. It sets my soul free. When I'm in the city there are so many signals reaching my senses that are negative... noise and exhaust from the roads... cold cement sidewalks and steel lamp poles... stone-faced disillusioned people.... They do nothing for me but wake me reserve what is really inside of me. When I'm out in the wild, all kinds of positive signals are reaching me. I react in a way where I feel my mind opens up deeply and allows so much to flow in and out. My eyes light up, I sing silly songs... it's a release I really need. I guess that's why I'm in the Mountaineering Club. Maybe this is something we all have in common.



INCIDENT AT WOLF RIVER

LARRY BORTNER

"What happens if our fires go out?" One Who Stares at Fires asked, walking slowly away from the comforting shafts of sunlight along the breakdown at the mouth of the cave.

Leaping Jaguar turned quickly, his scorn magnified by the jumping light of his cane torch. "Perhaps you are not ready to become a man yet. If you still fear like a child, you should not come. Besides, only I would be able to use the power and the magic of my Earth Spirit's fire."

One Who Stares at Fires sputtered along with his torch. "You speak untruths, Leaping Jaguar! Old Bear Eyes says that the spirit of the jaguar is powerful enough to bring good fortune to anyone who can overcome the animal."

The other boy laughed. "But think of all the power I will have! Imagine me in all the warrior dances wearing the pelt of my Earth Spirit! It is lucky we saw the cat come in here."

"We should tell the chief."

The words were ignored as Leaping Jaguar boldly walked further into the cave. One Who Stares at Fires scraped his shin and stubbed a bare toe on the rocks as he scrambled to catch up. The sharp rocks soon gave way to a soft, sandy floor. He caught up to his com-
hort squatting and examining the sand.

"Footprints leading that way," Leaping Jaguar said triumphantly, pointing deeper into the cave. "Do you still want to prove that you are a man?"

One Who Stares at Fires studied the footprints. "It is a large jaguar. Do you think these spears are big enough?"

The other boy-man snorted and continued following the tracks. "I have no patience with boys."

The pudgier young fellow stood alternating glances between the receding flame and the light blue wall that lead back to the open air. He decided to ignore the growing tension in his midsection and become a man.

Being in the very bowels of Mother Earth terrified him. The cool, dank air smelled not of life save for the faint trace of the jaguar. His eyes had not yet adapted to the dark and the meager light from his torch only brought darting, shifting shadow spirits from the enclosing rock.

"Look. Ice!" whispered Leaping Jaguar with a sense of wonder as he gazed at white and brown cone-like formations dripping from the head-high ceiling and growing up from the bare rock floor.

"Ice?" One Who Stares at Fires frowned. "It is cool here, but not cold enough for ice." Impulsively he reached out and touched one. "Wet. Not cold. Not ice."

Leaping Jaguar grabbed a small one hanging down to verify. He took a firmer grip and pulled, breaking it off. "Ha-ha! It is rock! I bet we could use this on a spear." He thrust the small stalactite forward to the heart of an imaginary beast.

The cave trembled, causing the two boys to weave slightly.

"Mother Earth is angry! We have desecrated Her!" One Who Stares at Fires shouted.

For a moment terror soiled the face of Leaping Jaguar. Then he smiled. "No, little boy. It was just your imagination. Come."

Confused and breathing hard, One Who Stares at Fires chose the relative security of his friend's presence to

the darkness behind him. He bent down and side-stepped through the cave, closely following Leaping Jaguar.

They walked through a frightfully beautiful forest of stone columns. At one point the floor dropped into a huge pit, but with enough of a lip on the side that they were able to pass it. Further along, the receding roof forced them to get down on their hands and knees and crawl. To One Who Stares at Fires the rock seemed to be pressing in on him. He had visions of being stuck in a tight place forever. But the passageway soon opened up and they were able to walk upright.

"How much farther?" asked the follower.

"Until we find the jaguar," said Leaping Jaguar, irked at having to state the obvious.

"My torch is almost half gone. We must turn back."

The expected laugh of derision came. "Go back if you must, little one. I can already feel the power of my Earth Spirit. When I kill the jaguar, I will need no torch."

One Who Stares at Fires stood and cried as the other continued. He desperately wanted bright sunshine and open spaces and someone to lead him back. He prayed to the Hunter and the Earth Mother and all the other gods he could remember. He searched himself and found courage. He turned and started to retrace his steps.

The roar of a jaguar and the scream of a boy reverberated through the cave.

One Who Stares at Fires looked back and after a moment started to run toward the sounds. The jaguar appeared out of the darkness and roared again. One Who Stares at Fires gave a high-pitched roar of his own and shook the torch at the large cat. The cat turned and ran. The young man followed.

The prostrate body of Leaping Jaguar had no discernible wounds. "Leaping Jaguar! Are you all right?" said One Who Stares at Fires as he shook his friend.

He moaned. "Too... too powerful! I will never become a man. One Who Stares at Fires. I have failed."

The cave rolled again.

"Quickly!" said One Who Stares at Fires. "The Earth Mother is very angry. We must return to our world."

"Yes. Yes, you are right," Leaping Jaguar said quietly. "My torch. Where is my torch?"

"Here," the other said, relighting



Elementary planetary hygiene and environmental awareness. We're involved with several projects-- if you're interested or just curious, stop by one of our meetings. We meet at 5:00 P.M. in the campus YMCA on Calhoun Street on the following dates:
February 13, 27
March 12, 26
Burnett Woods clean up
April 7, 8
Contact: john 381-0536
onno 751-6888

st. "We must hurry."

They ran and scurried and screeched back, not pausing to wonder at or fear the surroundings. The earthquake started in earnest when they reached the breakdown. Dropping their torches and spears, they dodged rolling rocks and boulders and strained toward daylight with all their hearts and bodies and minds....

"Now," said Dave Sawyer ten thousand years later.

"Incredible," said I.

"Eh," said Bob Kessler, who'd seen it all before.

Footprints. Human and jaguar. Footprints in the deep, sandy soil of the former underground creek bed in the natural time capsule of the Aborigine Avenue in Wolf Creek Cave. There! Shine the light from the side. See it? The heel and the toeprints and everything. Incredible.

Charcoal from the cave torches has been carbon-dated to between ten and fifteen thousand years ago. The bones of the jaguar found in another section of the cave have also been dated to ten thousand years ago. The Aborigine Avenue is a dead end section, accessible only from one of the main trunks. Scholars and those who know have theorized an entrance at that time somewhere along this branch that has since been cut off.

The main portion of Wolf River Cave was not discovered in modern times until 1978. There are only two entrances, both in a minor part of the cave. Anyone can walk in, and the graffiti on the walls shows that many non-cavers have done so over the years. To get to the major body of the cave, you have to climb the Towering Inferno, a large breakdown pile where the temperature rises dramatically in the summer. (I could tell you why-- it's all basic physics-- but you would probably fall asleep.) At the very top is a narrow slot that's not visible until you are almost on top of it. A long crawl from there takes you to the main trunk of the system.

I'd called Bob during the break to see when he was going caving.

"Been busy. Haven't really thought about it."

"How about this weekend?"

"Fine with me. Here's a list of people who expressed interest. Keep a list of B on the party."

And a trip leader was born.

Oh. Bob lead us through the cave. But it was I who got people and equipment together and decided where to go. At first I wanted to go back to Sloan's. The lure of a different, dry cave and spending the night in one changed my mind, though, and plans for a two-day trip to Wolf River were

hatched. A lot of people wanted to go but obligations of the weekend before Christmas ruled out an excursion for most. In addition to Dave, who was rather burned from his first quarter of med school and in need of some earthly stimulation, and Bob, Mike Albright and Karen Riggs found the time to go.

It's about a five-hour drive to the northern Tennessee location. We didn't leave until 7:30 or 8:00 that Saturday night from the equipment locker. We reached the jeep trail paralleling the river and leading to the cave entrance around 1:30 AM and started to follow it in Dave's big car. Some ways along the trail, we came upon a very large tree in a big, icy puddle, completely blocking further passage.

We didn't know how far away the cave mouth was. Bob, being the civic-minded person he is, suggested we clear the road for future cavers. It sounded like a good idea. The action roused us out of the five-hour ride-induced lethargy. Making do with a small handsaw instead of the everpresent chainsaw on club trips, we proceeded to cut and break large branches and push them off to the side, accompanied by a great deal of shouting and prairie yelling. Within a half hour, the way was clear.

Not more than a hundred feet away was the end of the trail and the beginning of the cave. Since it was an hour's trek into the cave to get to the sleeping site and it was a bright, clear, moonlit night (albeit nippy), we decided to sleep right there. We gathered some of the frozen, waterlogged wood from the tree we had just demolished and tried to start a fire. The sticks and branches didn't even want to break, much less burn. Dave finally found some Coleman fuel which got the fire going.

We got going a little before noon on Sunday. Thousands of bats dotted the ceiling. We walked upright through dry passages for the most part, easy-going until the Towering Inferno and the crawl. At this point we met the Towering Frog, a poor amphibian seeking a hibernating place and drawn to the heat. We left it below the slot.

The cave is shaped like a Y. We proceeded up the main trunk and took the right passage, dubbed the Tremendous Trunk, a long cavern. Towards the end, Bob pointed out a crawl that lead to the Enchanted Forest. "Here's your initiation into hard-core caving, Mike. This is the Chirt Crawl." (Chirt, or popcorn, is a particular kind of rock formation consisting of small, hard nodules of rock sticking out at all different angles.) Just the name sounded painful, bringing to mind images of chirt-covered floors gauging holes in non-kneepad-protected knees. I had been caving twice as much as Mike, but I figured I needed a little initiation myself as two caving trips does not really raise one's status above a herd. So I followed Mike after we arranged to meet the other three at the end of the crawl; presumably they would have an easier go of it.

What a magnificent crawl it was.



HUG RECIPE

INGREDIENTS:

2 people	a touch of love
4 arms	a pinch of humor
2 hearts	a sprinkle of glee

DIRECTIONS

Extend arms and wrap them around each other. Clear your minds, take good look at each other, then pull yourselves together and mix well.

SERVES TWO

(Note: Hugging is all Natural):

- * organic
- * naturally sweet
- * no pesticides
- * no preservatives
- * no artificial ingredients
- * 100% wholesome.)

All the chirt was on the walls and the ceiling and the stalactites and stalagmites while the floor was soft sand. An added aural attraction was the excellent resonance of the tunnel which amplified the chanting. "Be!" In due time, we reached the end. Turning off our lights to conserve our batteries, we watched the silence and listened to the darkness. Just a few minutes of this sensory-deprivation was enough to induce awe and put the self in a less consequential light.

After five minutes or so, Mike and I decided to follow the path that the others should have taken. Since we had the map, they might have missed the connection. This was the case; or, at least, we found it before they did.

From this point, it was a short trek to the Enchanted Forest, a large and varied collection of brown and snow white stalactites and stalagmites. We ate a leisurely lunch with candles on broken stalagmites lighting the way. We returned to the Tremendous Trunk through the renamed De Crawl.

We spent a few minutes finding the Aborigine Avenue with its accompanying red tape strung across the tunnel and

"... Available in
Quality food
stores everywhere.
For any questions
or comments,
please call us at
513-631-3393. We
are always grate-
ful to hear from

mainstay

naturally the best

Pumpnickel

INGREDIENTS: STONE GROUND WHOLE WHEAT FLOUR,
WATER, PUMPERNICKLE MEAL, RYE FLAKES, TRITICALE
FLOUR, BLACKSTRAP MOLASSES, TAMARI, UNREFINED
CORN OIL, YEAST, CARAWAY SEEDS.

NET WT. 18 OZ. (1 LB., 2 OZ.)

3923 MONTGOMERY RD., NORWOOD, OHIO 45212

you!" signs warning all who entered not to enter. All the footprints and charcoal remnants further in were also taped off; we did not cross these boundaries. Some of the footprints were vague, others quite distinguishable. The whole thing was fascinating and, as I believe I said before, incredible. To think that ten thousand years before, men (or boys) whose we now call Indians walked this very passage. And it was only a few on one or two occasions, or else the sandy floor would be packed solid.

After Dave and I had examined everything to our satisfaction, we returned to the main branch and started looking for the Tremendous-Horrendous Connection. This was a tunnel with a hundred-foot belly crawl to the other branch of the Y. I was in the right vicinity when I was searching for it, but I ended up in a dead-end belly crawl while everybody else found the proper way. This consisted of a short belly crawl followed by a twisting chimney descent to a muddy, sloping bottom funneling to a deeper pit--which you did not want to be funneled into. This is what almost happened to Dave. Thinking that the sloping bottom was flat, he dropped down to it and badly scraped up his right arm and elbow in preventing a fall into the pit.

Now this was just to get to the level that the connection was on. We could have climbed back up to the Tremendous Trunk; Bob said that the connection was a belly crawl so long and then a five-foot drop to the floor of the Tremendous Trunk. Dave in his injured condition and the rest of us were all for it. It took us a while to find the route, but the sign telling us not to disturb the jaguar footprints showed us the way.

A long belly crawl it was. But then just a few feet working along with your helmet and pack off can see like miles. Mike and I puzzled over a car-bide-burned message on the wall at a fork until we figured out that it said, "ENDS," meaning that the right passage lead to somewhere for humans. We finally heard a waterfall and came to the other cavern branch.

And found that it was a good ten feet to the nearest solid object on the boulder-strewn floor of Miami Beach in

the Horrendous Trunk. Beneath this tenuous stretch to safety were sharp, jagged rocks and running water another ten feet below. The wall one had to climb down was thick with mud, rendering handholds and footholds tenuous and treacherous. I climbed down first, being very cautious and sure. More the fool I, what?

We were not really prepared for such techniques, leaving ropes and caving ladders back in Cincinnati. Bob would not have hesitated climbing down, but the others, especially Dave, were not quite up to it. We tried rigging a belay with two six-foot slings and everybody's belts, but Dave was incapacitated to the point of severely doubting his chances of making it down in one piece.

The climb up would have been much harder than the climb down just due to the stretch from solid rock up to the mud wall. So Bob tossed me the map, which I missed. It bounced and slid off a few boulders and finally fell down to the rushing water below. "Well, shucks," I said and rock-hopped to the last confirmed visual coordinates of the wayward paper. I spotted it eight feet below through a thin crack on a small rock in shallow water. But how to get to it? I scrambled down to its level and sighted it again. Taking off my helmet and battery pack and back pack, I squeezed between the two boulders, reached, and established fingertip contact which resulted in holding that precious object in my hands.

The plan was that I would, by myself, alone, make my way down Tremendous Trunk and meet them back at the juncture of the Y while Bob, Karen, Dave, and Mike would belly flop back to Horrendous Trunk. Bob decided he would be more comfortable with a map, so I ripped the whole map down the middle, wrapped their half of the Y around a rock, and threw it at Karen, who alertly stepped aside. (Karen, I might add, had to put up with quite a lot on this trip, which was wild compared to the New Year's weekend in Michigan.) Studying the map and getting my bearings in the cavern, I decided my course and proceeded confidently in the wrong direction.

I went up the left branch of the Y instead of down it to the juncture. And re-examined, there are only two entrances/exits, at the bottom. I didn't go very far before I realized my mistake, whereupon I backtracked to Miami Beach, ditched the bad bearings and got a new set. This time I went down the left branch. This lead to the sought-after juncture.

Bob had told me to keep to the left at this point-- or was it the right? No, I'm sure it was the left. I could see clearly that the easy way to get to the Horrendous Trunk was to keep to the right. I had to do it the hard way. Bearing left, I descended into the Pit. This required an extensive climb up a 70-degree wall of mud to get out.

Seeing no sign of my fellow cavers, I wandered along Horrendous Trunk for a ways until I figured that the best thing to do would be to sit down and wait for them. They had to come back this way. I turned off my light and sought the previously encountered Darkness and Silence. Within ten seconds I saw a faint light and heard voices from the opposite side of the cavern.

"I think I found it, Mike!" Bob yelled.

"Yeah, you did!" I yelled back.

I was instructed to join them in the minor passage. Puzzled, I did so. Bob seemed to recall a way back to the register room from this point. It took a bit of exploring several passages before his memory sharpened. After

LIGHT FORCE PRODUCTS
• GINSENG • SPIRULINA • BEE POLLEN •
Light weight backpacking food
used by members of the
American Everest Expedition.
Wildfire tablets proven by UMC
members in altitude adjustment.
CALL: Bill Strachan 861-3404

that, we made it to the room in no time.

It was still an hour to the car. At the Towering Inferno, I jumped down from the slat onto the Towering Frog. Somehow he survived that. Bob kicked him up to return him to the freezing outside since he had no chance of survival this far into the cave. We plodded on and got out of the cave at nine, with a five-hour drive ahead of us and no way to reach Joe Bologna's before it closed. We were tired and hungry and had to be back Monday morning. We packed it in and headed north. A few hours later in Somerset, we spotted a pizza joint that was still open. The pizza, believe it or not, rivalled Joe B.'s. We played word games all the way back to Cincinnati to keep awake and rolled into town around three AM, sore but satisfied.

The boys? Oh, they died, buried beneath tons of rock and earth and now they're just waiting to be excavated.

No, that's not right.... They barely made it out of the cave alive and were staked out naked on anthills the next day for causing the earthquake.

Just kidding, you Happy Ending Addicts. They made it out and Old Bear Eyes decided that their valor was exceedingly wacky and they went through the washood rites the next week. Leaping Jaguar went on to become a leading warrior, took the Chief's oldest daughter as his squaw, and eventually became chief. One Who Stares at Fires grew up to be a powerful Medicine Man parceling out sage advice to his boyhood friend the Chief. The jaguar died, forestalling the demise of its race. The North American Jaguar is now extinct.

TRENDS... (continued from page 4)

and Leanne read out of a book on love and relationships. It made the drive go quickly and gave us all a new outlook on things as we returned here to our fair city.

Quotes from Jeff to Hal in memoriam of the missing picture links

"Rocky Mountain High, Colorado," John Denver

"Rocky Mountain way, couldn't get woch higher. Rocky Mountain way is better than the way we have." (Especially in Ft. Wayne) Joe Walsh

"My eyes are blind that I can't see sitting snowblind in the Sun." Black Sabbath

AIN'T IT FUN !!!

SCOOPS... continued from page 10

return to this side of the stream, we decide to bushwack until it returns to our side.

We push through the underbrush and wade slowly alongside the stream. Angling upward, it becomes possible to walk easier in the more mature growth of the forest. The stream is within earshot, but there is a nagging fear of somehow losing our way. The fears are unfounded and we eventually regain the trail. We are all tired but happy to have progressed as far as we have.

Mark is anxious to reach the ridgetop before dark. He hopes we can find a campsite up there and avoid the deepness of the valley. As we climb, the valley and adjacent ridges open out to us. The setting sun is accenting the highs and lows of the topography. A band of clouds seems just barely contained by the neighboring ridge; we suspect a storm is brewing. Nearing the top, the valley becomes obscured by fog or clouds.

On the top we find ourselves on a razor-edged ridge, sharp slopes descending on both sides. The valleys on the other side are in dense clouds, the waning light turning them a blue-grey. A light breeze is blowing but we barely notice it; the scenery awes us.

The pointed ridge affords no campsite and we keep going. Finally we pull out flashlights and continue in the dark. Our new destination is what was to be our second overnight stop. We are so close now, the eleven miles we have already done today does not

seem to matter.

We stumble into the Husky Gap camp site, tired but proud of our days work. Many a mile has been tread, we've built a bridge and crossed a major stream twice without getting wet, and we were able to successfully bushwack around some undesirable trail conditions and hike at night safely and efficiently.

Needless to say, we sleep well that night. The morning brings us-- Winter. A light dusting of snow changes the scenery dramatically. We eat and pack up quickly to stay warm. We appear to be in a fog as we hike the snowy trail. The fresh snow makes it seem as if we are the first to tread this particular path, as there are no signs of other people. The air has the stillness of winter about it. The snow has us longing for more but we know our trip will soon be over.

We reach Newfound Gap road within a couple of hours and hike back to the visitor center. There is still no physical barrier as the road to Elkmont and we are bitter about the Park's over-protective policy. It has caused us to lose a day of hiking due to delays in departure.

Not despite the Super Bitch's attitude problem, we were able to have a great time. The Smoky Mountains are a unique resource area for the hiking enthusiast, and with their being only a five hour drive from Cincinnati, they are easily accessible.

The Spence Field area eluded us again, but the promise of better weather in spring will lure us back to try again. Anyone interested?



U.C. MOUNTAINEERING CLUB PRESIDENT'S LETTER

First off I must thank all of you who voted for me. I hope I'll fulfill your expectations (and my promise).

Hello to all those who are not now Mountaineering Club members but who would like to know more about us. We're officially an undergraduate group of the University of Cincinnati; however, we try to serve as a meeting place for those in the Cincinnati area with interests similar to our own, whether a part of the U.C. group or not. Among our interests (and we hope yours), besides mountaineering (couldn't I guess could ya?), are backpacking, cross-country skiing, downhill skiing, canoeing, rafting, bicycling, sailing, orienteering, and ecological responsibility. To you who know little or nothing about any of our pursuits, we welcome you all.

Many of our outings are at a skill level that allows most anyone to participate. Experienced members are willing to show you the ropes in a very informal manner. Also, don't let your lack of equipment deter you because the club possesses a large amount of gear available to any member at no cost. To the person with some experience, we offer: a place to organize your trips with a library of maps and info on areas in Ohio and the U.S.; some specialized equipment that the average person may not be able to own or rent; and lectures on the outdoors and equipment. If any of you with knowledge on a particular subject would like to share it with others or if you just want to relate your experiences on a trip you took, feel free to contact any of the Club's officers and we'll arrange a time you can present you talk.

I'd like to thank the following persons for their help in Open House work: for the slide show, Fletch, Dan, Ray Norman and Larry; for publicity, Marc, Mike, Karen, Carol, and myself; and for snacks and anything else I've forgotten, everyone who helped.

It's this kind of enthusiasm that makes the club work. It's something that needs to be continuously displayed. I'd like to see some more input, both physical and verbal, from those who may not have contributed to our group consciousness. You may feel what you have to say or do is not particularly significant, but please free yourselves of this notion. If you have thoughts on any club issue, I urge you to speak up, either during the meeting or later in private. It's this kind of input that allows the club officers to better plan for your en-

U.C.M. OFFICERS:

PRESIDENT, Stephen Frankoch 961-2034
VICE-PRES., Greg Rottler 481-9640
TREASURER, Marc Napoli 421-8185
EQUIPT. MGR., Monica Thielman 831-5839

joy. After all this is your club.

The Spring Break trip is still up in the air. Two proposals are backpacking in Shenandoah, Virginia or biking in the Ozarks. If anyone would like to lead a trip to either place, or if you have an idea of your own, please contact a club officer as soon as you can so we can make a final decision.

We haven't had a bake sale in U.C.M. for a while and we need someone to organize it. It usually generates a good income. We're looking for a new design for the club t-shirt, so if you're artistically inclined or have an idea, please present it.

A note on equipment sign out: there is a late fee of \$1.00/day for not returning equipment on time. Although the decision as when and how to apply this is in Monica's hands, it is generally not waived except in very special circumstances. We are tightening up because of abuses by a few persons in the immediate past. I hope we can relax this late fee business in the future. You're all supposed to be responsible adults, so let's act like it. After all, we could have elected to rent equipment like other organizations do. Also, when you go to the equipment room to sign equipment out, please be orderly, for Monica's sake, and reasonably quiet. We have use of our current room on the sufferance of the Geography Department and they have had noise complaints from grad students in nearby rooms. Let's not blow a good deal, eh?

Finally, although elections for next year are in the fourth week of next quarter, I have to speak now since the next S.D.S. won't be out by then (Says who?-- Ed.). Please start thinking of who you want to run and approach them on the subject. They might decide to run if they get enough persons asking them to run. If you're unsure of what a position entails just ask the officer involved, they'll be glad to tell you. I've rambled enough for now, hope to see you at the meetings and on the trips.

Your Guru,
Stephen N. Frankoch

MEETINGS:

Every Wednesday, 7 P.M. in 510 Swift
and 12 to 1 in 425 T.U.C.
You need not be a student to belong.

