



the goose down
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Spring is here! We hope you all have spring fever because we sure do. This is the quarter for the Mountaineering Club, so let's all get our enthusiasm up for some great outdoor experiences.

Now that the warm weather is upon us we hope to get your noses out of the books (ha!) and into the fresh air for some good times. Our annual Wilderness Skills class is this quarter; also rafting in W. Virginia, and the usual excursions to our favorite stomping ground, Red River Gorge. We hope to enlighten the masses of UC to the causes of ecological awareness with an Enviromental Fair.

One reminder: In order for this club to function effectively, it is necessary that our members participate. It is not humanly possible for the club to be supported by the administration alone. When this is the case, the club's full potential cannot be realized. For one to realize any benefit or to recieve any satisfaction, an outpouring of one's essential internal energies is necessary. So jump in with both feet and go for it. You won't drown.

-marci and jeff

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Cover photograph by Chris Nicholson showing Fletch Andrews in Yosemite National Park on East Butress route, Middle Cathedral.

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Now I see the secret of making the best persons. It is to grow in the open air and to eat and sleep with the earth.

-Walt Whitman

Debacle at Davis Canyon

by Jeff Cousins

Continuing its seemingly unchangeable course in the abuse and destruction of America's national parks and wilderness areas, the Reagan administration has recently announced that an area within two miles of Canyonlands National Park is being considered for the site of our first high-level nuclear waste dump. This from the president who only last summer donned a park ranger's hat and assured Americans he was "trying to preserve the rich beauty and bounty of our lands and wildlife."

Choosing the proper site for the dump will not be an easy task and certainly, no state will want it within their borders. A national perspective should be maintained, however. This action would constitute another travesty against the fragile desert canyons of the American southwest equal in magnitude to the damming of Glen Canyon.

The heart of the problem lies with the 10,000 metric tons of spent fuel that is currently stored at nuclear plant sites, a quantity that will quadruple by the year 2000. The Nuclear Waste Policy of 1982 required that the Department of Energy select nine possible dump sites and rank the top three for submission to President Reagan. After five years of on site testing, the final site will be chosen from among the top three by the president in 1990. Although President Reagan will not be choosing this final site, it is the policies of the Reagan administration which govern the decision process, a process that has narrowed the selection to five sites in contention for the final three.

Among these five is an area in the lower section of Davis Canyon, located 2 miles from the southeast edge of Canyonlands National Park. The upper sections of Davis Canyon are in Canyonland's Needles district, an area unequalled for its beautiful sandstone spires and fins. As it crosses the park's boundaries, the canyon walls fall away and it widens into a high plateau. It is here the DOE proposes to locate a nuclear dump.

There will be no reprieve if Davis Canyon is selected as one of the final three, since all of the test sites to be submitted to the President will be in immediate peril. Five years of extensive site "characterization" will begin to determine the suitability of each for the construction of the nuclear dump. This means drilling almost 800 holes, including one 22 feet wide and a half mile deep topped by a 22-story headframe, building sewage and cement plants, hauling in 20,000 truckloads of water, and excavating over 10,000 truckloads of salt. The site must be geologically stable enough to store 70,000 metric tons of waste for 10,000 years, twice the duration of modern man's existence on the earth. Even if Davis Canyon is not chosen as the first site to receive nuclear waste, it would seem likely that the site will be used at some future date since so much work will have already been done there.

The final dump site will consist of a half mile deep shaft with and an extensive underground warehouse. Waste will be carried by truck and rail from nuclear plants all over the country and buried in concrete sheathed casks beneath the earth. After the dump is filled to capacity in about 30 years, the shaft will be sealed with concrete and a marker will be raised to warn future generations. It is expected that 3000 jobs will be created by the dump, even though it is doubtful that number of people presently live within 200 miles of the proposed site.

Many reasons exist to pass over Davis Canyon as a site for a nuclear waste dump, now or ever. Although the site must keep the radioactive material from contaminating underground water supplies for tens of thousands of years, it lies within 10 miles of the confluence of the Colorado and Green Rivers, major watersheds for the west-central portion of the country. No roads adequate enough for large quantities of heavy truck traffic exist in the area. Railroads would need to be constructed to serve the dump site. Trucks hauling the radioactive fuel from eastern

nuclear plants would have to cross the Colorado mountains, often crowded with ski traffic and already the scene of numerous truck accidents.

The greatest reason of all, however, is the irreplaceable loss of still more scenic and unmolested desert areas. The solitude and vastness of Canyonland's and its 100 mile vistas should not be broken by noise and pollution generated at this dump.

At Canyonlands Park the ancient Anasazi Indians left their art and culture as a testament to their primitive existence. Will a crumbling marker over 70,000 tons of radioactive waste be the monument to ours?

We leave: part of ourselves.

We take: sand in our cuffs, rocks, shells, moss, acorns, driftwood, cones, pebbles, flowers, Photographs.

But is the picture a tenth of the thing?
A hundredth?

Is it anything without the smell and salt breeze and the yellow warmth when the fog lifts?

Oh! but I got all that, too.

It is exposed for ever on the sensitive emulsion sheet

Of my mind.

-Russell

On The Loose



The Big Apple

by Craig Patterson

It is not a mountain, it is Manhattan. It looks like a mountain and is about as dangerous, but it is not a mountain. It is a metropolitan megalopolis made up of Essex, Bergen, Bronx, Queens, Nassau, Brooklyn, Hudson, Staten Island, Union and Manhattan counties. New York City is ripping at its seams with action. An enigmatic giant writhing with the contortions of a capitalist society. It is a melting pot of business and culture.

Three days in the Big Apple is a good length of time to spend all your money and life's savings. People's Express flies from Cincinnati to Newark, New Jersey for \$70 during the week and \$50 on the weekend. A \$4 bus will take you from Newark to the Port Authority on Manhattan Island. Hotels are expensive (so try to stay with friends). Average prices are \$100 per night during the week and \$60 per night on the weekend. The best way to travel on the island is by taxi or subway. Taxis are usually \$3 to \$10 while subways are only \$1.

When planning the ascent of Manhattan, most climbers use Broadway. Most popular routes begin in the Battery Park in the south and end at Harlem in the north. Your first stop should be Wall Street. Here you will see the New York Stock Exchange and the Inaugural Hall of George Washington. Brooklyn Bridge is a pleasant rush hour hike. Your ears will resound with the whining of the 20th century. Blocks of row houses with lower level delis and shops line the streets of Chinatown, Little Italy, Soho, and Greenwich Village. Washington Square has been overcome with rats and vegetables, but lends itself well to resting or strolling. A good escape route leads to the top of the Empire State building which acts as good overlook. Central Park is an excellent place to boulder or just relax. The classic museums and galleries should not be overlooked on the upper east side of town by Central Park. But to really enjoy the backcountry of New York, the enthusiast should visit Times Square.

Walk down 42nd street and enjoy myriads of people. In you should happen to break down from the hustle and bustle, there are beautiful cathedrals and hospitals throughout the city to

service your condition, especially Saint John's Cathedral just below Columbia University on the upper west side. It is the second largest cathedral in the world and is divine. When you have completed climbing Manhattan, sit back and enjoy the city lights at your favorite \$100 restaurant or night club. The streets are always inviting and filled with energy.

For rafters, there is a boat that floats around Manhattan Island called the Circle Line. Scenic cruises take tourists to visit Ellis Island and the Statue of Liberty. The wind off the Atlantic can be fierce, so be prepared.

A few words of caution: learn how to read the graffiti on the subway walls and stay out of Harlem. Also, make sure not to speak English or take pictures. Finally, carry a gun, knife, or hand grenade when traveling alone at night. Try to pretend you are hallucinating and your visit will be much more enjoyable.

The best way to leave New York is by bus or subway during rush hour. Try to get stuck in one of the tunnels on your way back to Newark so that you can miss your plane. Traffic jams are always good excuses for extended vacations.

And just remember what Frank Sinatra has to say, "I want to be a part of it, New York, New York."



I am glad I shall never be young without wild country to be young in. Of what avail are forty freedoms without a blank spot on the map.

-Aldo Leopold

Vagabond Travels in Oslo Norway

by Amy Norman

Well, it seems like days since I've been in Copenhagen and yet it hasn't even been 24 hours. The train ride up was somewhat miserable. Only 2 cars went to Oslo and there was no room in the non-smoking section. I was attacked by the air, or lack of it, for most of the ride.

I woke up to what I thought was morning on my night train through Sweden. It turned out to be the middle of the night. It was broad daylight by 4:30 A.M. The Swedish countryside was beautiful... I can only describe it as mystical and mysterious since I was half asleep.

I arrived in Oslo early this morning, threw my pack in a locker and headed out to conquer the town. The merchants were just beginning to set up their stands. Lots of jewelry and vegetables, and flowers galore, and the best musicians I've heard anywhere. I sat and listened to one man sing folk songs while I ate breakfast in the park behind him. I walked on pedestrian streets and wandered to a port on the water. It had cannons and brick buildings with brick designs on the sides. I layed on top of the bluff for a while and absorbed the warmth of the day.

I got lost trying to find the Edward Munch Museum. (not a new experience on this trip). Munch is one of my favorites, so I really enjoyed seeing this huge collection of his works. While looking at a special exhibit in the basement of this museum, an old Norwegian started talking at me. When he realized I didn't speak his language, he broke into faultless English. He was an old, feeble looking man, skinny, kind of pale with fine gray hair sticking out in an old man kind of way. I would venture to guess he was 75 or 80. After discussing the exhibit and other unrelated tangents, he asked me if he could buy me dinner. I was a bit wary, but he seemed harmless, so I said OK.

We hopped on the subway to the downtown area and walked a bit. He showed me little things I never would have seen such as the huge wooden carvings on City Hall. I couldn't

believe I was being treated so royally by this old Norwegian. He took me to a very fine restaurant and ordered me the most expensive thing on the menu, leg of lamb.

I learned all about his life. His father had been a diplomat in Washington D.C. and he himself had lived in Albany, N.Y. for about three years when he was young, before returning to Norway. He showed me a picture of his dog, a Norwegian Elkhound, of which he was very proud. He gave me a coin, an old Norwegian one, with the Elkhound on the back. Norway is the only country, he said, that has a dog on it's coin.

He told me so many amusing stories, only half of which I fully understood. I asked him about the midnight sun in the north. He said in the summer when it never gets dark, people keep no regular hours. They go visiting in the middle of the night. They can read the paper at 2 AM on their porch, by sunlight. It sounds crazy! Then in the winter they have to catch up on their sleep since they don't sleep much in the summer, so they spend months in the dark. Then the 1st day when the sun rises again, they celebrate like a holiday and all the kids get off of school. How incredible to have the change of seasons mean more than just a change in weather, but also the difference between light and dark. It's really fascinating to me. I would love to experience that for a year. I wonder how it would effect one emotionally.

Anyway-- back to Trygve Giverholt-Hansen (pronounced 'trig') and dinner at the Grand Hotel. I think he thought I was really a starving backpacker. I had only eaten a very small breakfast that day, so I ate lots and lots. This whole afternoon seemed like such a strange thing. I expected to look away and turn back and he'd be gone, or the things he had given me would mysteriously disappear or something (I'm always looking for a mysterious story).

What a funny mixture... an extremely well dressed, intellegent, old Norwegian man, and

me, wearing the same clothes for weeks, young and relatively aimless. He was so precise in everything he said and had an incredible memory. For a while the conversation turned to success stories. I think he was sending underlying inspirational messages to me!

When I had to leave, he insisted on giving me a 100 Kroner bill (about \$13). I didn't want to accept it. He'd already done enough, but he said he'd be happier if I took it. I left him in the restaurant and promised to keep in touch. He was so kind to me I can hardly believe it! It's an incredible thing to experience such kindness from total strangers.

I took the trolley up to the youth hostel and went for a short run that made my body feel better from the train ride the night before. Then I shared a room with 5 others, one of whom was an insane Austrian, another a divorced woman with 3 pairs of skis and a pile of oil paints scattered about the room. She told me she had a hut somewhere in Norway and that she had run out of money in Oslo. She was scrubbing floors to earn her keep at the hostel. Anyway, she yelled and screamed at the girl in the bunk above her for snoring. It was the craziest thing. She was so uptight and had so much aggression. I was afraid she was going to pull a knife on us next. She said as a general announcement, "don't tell me what you think of me!" All we wanted to do was sleep. She definitely had a few screws loose.

What a contrast of personalities I met that day!



As for small difficulties and worryings, prospects of disaster, peril of life and limb, all these, and death itself, seem to him only sly, good-natured hits, and jolly punches in the side bestowed by an unseen and unaccountable old joker. There is nothing like the perils of wilderness to breed this free and easy sort of genial, desperado philosophy

- Melville

Can you solve this Wilderness Puzzle?

by Don Speller

Remember when you were a kid and you had a comic book with a "see if you can find what's wrong with this picture" cartoon in it? The picture would depict a man with two left hands, doors without knobs and animals missing a leg. You would circle all the mistakes.

Those pictures remind me of a situation I was in during the last Wilderness Skills Course where the instructors, who should have known better, got into a messy situation that could have led to serious results. So, like those old cartoons, see how many mistakes you can detect in the story:

Marci, Steve K. and I were instructors on the Wilderness Skills Course last year. We were on top of the ridge over Indian Staircase in the Red River Gorge taking the students out on the "solo" outing. We got started after dark and were marching through the woods, choosing sites for the students to spend the night. After a while Steve and I noticed that Marci was no longer with us. We assumed that she had returned to the camp over Indian Staircase where all of our gear was. Steve and I placed all the students in their spots for the night and headed back toward camp.

As we were walking back we noticed one of the students walking about looking for his rain poncho, his only source of shelter. He had set it down and after walking away from it a short distance, was not able to re-locate it in the dark. The three of us searched in a circle for about 15 minutes, but were unable to find it. There was no choice but to take the student back with us to get another poncho.

As we headed back, we didn't seem to recognize any of the area. The farther we walked, the more concerned we got since we should have reached the camp or the edge of a cliff. Instead, there was nothing but endless ridge top. We debated whether to turn back, change direction, or continue on. We continued on, following a small spot of light on

the horizon which we thought was a campfire in the Ohm room. When we reached a clearing, we saw small spots of light in many places marking the various campsites all across the valley. We found a trail which sloped downward. This couldn't be right since there was no hill on the ridge. We were lost.

My worthless head lamp, which used four A cells, died. The student had no light and the only light left was Steve's fading flashlight. I had a candle but it proved useless with its flickering light and splashing wax.

Steve began suggesting the possibility of sleeping out in the woods with no equipment. Steve and I had on shorts and the temperature was dropping. I wanted to continue on as long as we had even a flicker of guiding light.

Finally, when all seemed lost, we noticed a bright light in the distance. We approached the edge of a ridge and noticed a campsite at the bottom of it. We tried to yell to the people below to find out where we were when we heard a voice to our right. It was Marci calling from the camp. Soon we arrived no worse for wear.

Steve and I had walked too far out onto the ridge instead of heading south toward the camp. Since we could not see in the dark we had no point of reference to correct ourselves, except a point of light we mistook for the Ohm room.

How many mistakes did you find? I got six. Here they are:

1. arriving too late to put students out before dark.

2. failure to bring proper light source.

3. when finding the student without a poncho, we should have had one person stand still while the other two searched for the poncho, using the standing person as a point of reference. Instead, all three wandered in a circle so we had no idea how far we were from the poncho.

4. following an abstract point of light.

5. the worst mistake of all - FAILURE TO CARRY WITH US PROPER EQUIPMENT TO PROTECT OURSELVES FROM EXPOSURE AND RAIN. Even if it was only a poncho it would have been sufficient. Instead, the three of us had no protection if it started to rain. Hypothermia

would have been a possibility. Ironically I have a "survival kit" which contained a few items just for such an emergency. Even the candle would have worked if I had my aluminum foil to mold into a reflector. I left the kit in camp.

6. failure of Steve and I to dress adequately.

The purpose of the "solo" is to teach people to handle the possibility of being stuck out side for a night without equipment. It seems almost poetic justice that the instructors needed to learn this lesson.



What is life but a series of inspired follies?

-Shaw

STAND OUT
KILGORE'S
Corner of Jefferson and University

The Merging of Two Extremes

by Marci Napoli

It was time for another Smokies adventure. This time I wanted to be prepared. Unpredictable is an accurate way of describing these mountains. One never knows quite what to expect. At one moment, the sun could be shimmering through a few sparse clouds and the next, a torrential storm could come angrily blasting through those seemingly gentle hills. But this time I was ready for anything.

My cohorts, Linda, Kari, and Cheri, and I had thought of everything. We were determined to keep warm and comfortable on this trip no matter how much extra weight it cost. We all had polypropylene long underwear, wool pants, hats, gloves, and many socks and liners, as well as a multitude of food and other accessories. This trip was not going to be a repeat of my first backpacking experience with the Mountaineering Club, which sobered me to the reality of mountain weather.

We began hiking on a clear but cool afternoon. Our destination was Husky Gap. It was a pleasantly gradual climb to the campsite. We settled easily, filled our stomachs, and hoisted our food into a nearby tree. That night the wind whipped through the valley communicating its strength and power.

Our tent was warming by the time I awoke. We weren't at all sure what to expect. The sky was a fine blue, and the sun had the quality of a spring day. Could this really be December? After the first few moments of hiking, we began to peel our layers.

The day's hike was an extended one. Although we each brought about three quarts of water, we were already short. The expected creek just wasn't there, as we were hiking on a ridge. Water was our main concern. We calculate from the map that it would be possible to hike a mile down into a ravine where there appeared to be a small creek. This essential jaunt added two miles to an already nine mile hike. It was worth it. Our bodies were sufficiently dehydrated already, as it was warm and the hiking was strenuous.

After our minds and bodies were at ease

with the newly acquired liquid, we began to more fully enjoy our surroundings. Linda awed at the mosses and liverworts. Kari charged ahead, eager to find out what a shelter was like. Cheri was not far behind her. "I've been here before," I thought to myself as I leisurely stumbled up the trail.

Our fingers were numbing and our layers were accordingly replenished. The warmth of the sun was gone as we slowly lifted our feet over the last mile of the day. "It has to be just over this ridge," I kept telling myself. When we finally arrived at the Mount Collins shelter we pulled our boots off immediately. Linda's new boots were not too conducive to the long day and oozing blisters were beginning to appear. She remained in good spirits, and bandaged her sore feet without much complaining. We rested at ease with plenty of water, good food, a clear sky, and a long but beautiful hike to ponder.

Again the sun warmed our faces in the morning. An entirely new world was revealed with the absence of darkness. The moss was a vibrant green. As we began our hike it seemed as if we had stepped forward in time. A docile spring day was upon us. Trees filtered the sun in moving patterns of dark and light. Linda and I meandered slowly, appreciating the multitude of life forms. Kari and Cheri hiked ahead.

Our goal was to hike up and over Clingman's Dome (the highest point in the Smokies) and eventually reach the Double Springs gap shelter along the Appalachian Trail. When we arrived at the Dome, the sky still held the quality of spring. It was obvious that this area was over traveled as the ground was well beaten. Although we agreed on the damage that tourists caused, we could not resist walking up the concrete overlook tower. It was indeed a magnificent view. A quiet mist rested in the valleys below.

Hiking down from Clingman's Dome we began to notice that the vegetation on either side of the trail was torn as if animals had been

digging. We hiked on in wonder of what type of creature was creating the mess. As we rounded a bend I saw two large beasts dart away into the brush. They were tusked, snub nosed wild boars! At this point we all began to pick up our pace. Those things are known to charge and we weren't going to take any chances. The sun was beginning to fade and we wanted to be safely out of boar territory by dark.

When we finally arrived at the shelter we were relieved to find a spring near by. Water was a constant worry that day as it was not apparent that there would be a spring near by. From the moment we approached the shelter I experienced *deja vu*. It all came back to me as we sat next to the warming fire. That second cold night of my first backpacking experience was with me. I could almost feel the tightness of those shitty boots I had, and the throbbing onset of frost bite in my toes.

Linda and I decided to conquer our intimidation of boars by becoming comfortable in their world. The ground surrounding the shelter had been subject to the boar's aggressive digging. We took ourselves, our E.P.s, and our imaginations, into the boar field and gazed at

Venus and Mars. We became part of their world.

The next day was a further step forward in time. It seemed like summer now. The two extremes had met and come to terms with each other within myself and my experiences. The frigid cold was met with the warmth of spring and summer. My lack of knowledge on the first trip in these mountains was balanced by the comfort and ease with which this trip flowed. There were still lessons to be learned, however. Hiking down from Double Springs Gap, I was so eager and full of energy that I went full force, paying little attention to the way in which I walked. As a result of pounding my joints on the downward slope for five hours, I severely damaged my joints and was in extreme pain hiking out the next day. In fact, I could not bend my knees or walk normally for the next three weeks. I have yet to experience a trouble free trip and am beginning to wonder if it could actually exist. There has to be a balance, I suppose.



Smokies Trip December '84. Photo by Marci Napoli.

Intro to Western Rock Reality

by Fletcher Andrews

Seems like a long time past, but things are different since my intro to western rock reality. Buckeye boys go west ready to tear it up, that was our joke. Yosemite though, had something else in mind. A lesson in karmic need creates a lesson given - the trick is to be humbled and learn the lesson.

You may have heard the statement that accidents or situations result from an incorporation of smaller incidents escalating to the grand situation or accident. As a caver once put it, "Most accidents seem to be built on a foundation of minor errors." The same is true for a situation I experienced, an experience you might learn from as well. Let us first examine the various minor errors

1. Being born.
2. Existing during this
Socio/Econo/Geologic period.
3. The desire to climb
4. The capacity to climb.
(i.e. having hands, feet, etc.)
5. Having not had the lessons before

At the moment these seem to be all the errors I can identify. As the story starts, I just had to climb, so off I drove from Cincinnati to Yosemite. The drive itself could be construed as a minor error, for had I not gone to Yosemite I would have avoided the situation altogether. However, one can argue nothing ventured means nothing gained, or as others put it, "The path of least resistance leads to stagnation."

In Yosemite, a climbers' granite mecca, I teamed up with Cincinnati's Chris Nicholson and Seattle's Bob Erley. On day one after a strenuous 5.1 warm-up on the lower regions of Glacier Point apron, veteran Chris, myself, and Bob (who hadn't climbed in 6 years) decided it was time to get serious and commit ourselves to the 17 pitches of Royal Arches, a climb rated Grade III, 5.6, A-1. The route takes one approximately 1700 feet above the valley floor and demands a wide array of techniques including face and crack climbing, water shed climbing (vertical swimming or slimbing), penduluming, aid climbing, tree climbing, tension traversing, and horizontal rappelling.

On May 11, 1984, after a late breakfast of coffee and cakes us two Buckeyes and our Evergreen companion started ascending the lower ramps of the Royal Arches route. Equipped with 3 quarts of water, 3 apples, candy and 2 sticks of gum, we quickly moved high above the hot sunny valley floor. Carrying packs of ingestibles and rainjackets, we were prepared for an enjoyable day's climb.

By approximately 2:30 p.m. we had reached the base of the Bear Hug pitch. With the sun blazing down on our insect-like bodies, pants and t-shirts were definitely overkill for the 80 degree heat.

Three pitches higher we now faced the infamous pendulum pitches. With Chris belaying I reached up and clipped an etrier (rope ladder) to a bolt, ran my end of the rope thru a ring on the bolt, and was lowered 7 feet below it. Running sideways, my body suspended on the rope, I swung forcefully, gaining the ledge left of the blank wall. Next I belayed my companions over the stimulating void, each experiencing extreme apprehension before lurching towards me across the vacant granite span.

Chris and Bob moved past me to the second pendulum leading us to the rotten log. The log apparently was used during the first ascent in 1936 and at that time was reported to be extremely unstable. Nearly fifty years later the log still serves as a means to cross what would otherwise be a very difficult free or aid pitch. At nearly a 75% angle, the log is precariously suspended by trunk and top and as one shinnies over its dry-rotted remnants, it shakes in a most alarming manner.

During the whole drama of penduluming, an unnoticed storm was quickly moving towards us from the west. The wind first called our attention to the approaching forces. Soon we had rainjackets on and our anxiety-ridden, adrenalin-filled bodies rattled across the shakey wooden bridge. In my opinion crossing the log was the most frightening series of moves I had ever experienced. As if

awe-struck beginners, we fearfully crawled over the tenuous structure.

By the time us Buckeyes and Evergreener had crossed the log a cold drizzle had begun to fall. Chris led ahead while Bob and I remained semi-protected on a small pine- and bush-covered ledge. Seconds crawled slowly by as we waited anxiously for movement above. Chris was out of sight and the dark-skied wind prevented communication. The rope was our only signal of progress.

Finally Chris yelled out that we could come up. Bob went first reasoning that the later he left the wetter and more difficult the next friction pitch would be.

One pitch beyond, the precipitation ceased but threatened future release. Tonight's return to the valley was becoming very questionable. Now 6 o'clock, dusk was near and 3 or 4 pitches remained, not to mention the difficult descent traversing across North Domes' lower southern portion to a jungle of manzanita (a large woody shrub comparable to rhododendrons but worse). Once through the brush we would have to work our way down a navigable nightmare known as the Death Slabs. The more I thought about it and the faster it got dark, the more apparent it was that we were going to spend the night on top of the valley rim on a wall's edge.

I traversed up and left viewing the last two pitches. In the darkening twilight we would have to traverse almost 200 feet across a featureless, algae-soaked 65-degree slab. Chris led next, moving carefully to a small jagged rock halfway across the slab and underneath a large dripping precipice. Bob and I followed, taking every precaution to not lose our footing. One slip could cause a penduluming slide on the wet slab towards a 1000 foot vertical drop to the valley below. This of course we had no intention of experiencing.

Ninety feet of slab remained to be crossed as I prepared to do a tension traverse into an area known as the Jungle. This would be home for the night, a wilderness experience. There'd be no crowded camp areas to contend with tonight, just us, the ledge, the trees, the cold and the darkness. The fact was we were faced with a major predicament resulting from many minor errors. Yes, a lesson was in process. We had all been born, error number 1, and with error number 1 came the ability to screw up more. We had seriously underestimated the

time needed to complete the route, given the constraints of ability levels, route knowledge, weather and our lacking familiarity with Yosemite.

In total darkness we began assessing our situation. 1. It was dark. 2. It was getting cold. 3. We weren't prepared. 4. We were hungry and had only an apple, a candy bar, one stick of gum and a carrot. 5. We weren't going any further. In one sense this was amusing but in actuality we realized the seriousness of our situation. Having been on the ledge no more than five minutes, it was becoming noticeably colder and with only some cords, a t-shirt, and a thin rainjacket, I knew hypothermia was a very realistic concern.

Suddenly a vision struck me; earlier that morning I had seen Chris put some matches in his pocket. With matches we could possibly start a fire if it didn't rain - what a warm thought. I mentioned the memory and Bob excitedly remembered also. Chris looked gravely at us stating that he had indeed collected matches, but we failed to see him remove them. Realizing a fire was our only hope of survival we all started searching thru our various pockets. Much to our distress we came up empty-handed. Then we began checking every nook and cranny of our packs. Still we found nothing of value other than my wallet which I once kept a book of matches in behind family pictures and friends' business cards. Anxiously I pulled out everything in my wallet. Chris and Bob peered suspiciously, but again NO MATCHES. The last thing to look through was my first aid kit. Shivering, I began carefully removing one item at a time; first some moleskin, then a band-aid, a roll of adhesive tape, gauze bandages, more band-aids, a couple of spirulina tabs, more moleskin, and lastly repair tape. I looked gloomily at my two hopeful climbing companions and as I removed the repair tape, I felt as though I had let them down. Chris wearily shined the only flashlight into the almost empty first aid kit, lighting the most beautiful pack of 4-year-old drug store hand-out matches!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Within 20 minutes, after some serious wood collecting (an activity which did much for our spirits and warmth), we began building a standard Boy Scout bond fire. The next 10 hours went by slowly as we fought to keep warm on the windy ledge. Ropes and gear became ground pads and our summer weight clothes served as sleeping p.j.'s. Amazingly enough, we all caught some shut eye, but as the

light drew near, snow began to fall, indicating how cold it actually had been.

With the fire out, the three of us shiveringly split a few morsels of food. The snow continued to blow down from above and every movement to begin our descent came only after much concentration and effort. Much to our surprise one more sloppy slab would have to be crossed with the aid of a rope.

Within five hours, after some extremely frustrating route finding, we exhaustedly arrived in the valley. Wow, what an epic.

Looking back at this experience has been an incredible lesson. For one, I now carry six to seven packs of matches in my wallet - an item of immense value. Next, I try to take extra clothing when out in the wilds, should the weather turn sour. Also I have found that one needs to be realistic in planning time requirements; this could probably be construed to be the main error we made.

You know life is a process of error-making from which you learn to avoid such errors in the future. The climb itself was a blast and I highly suggest it to anyone. There's just one problem, I recently heard that the rotten log fell this past winter.

You know, you learn something new every day.



"I have walked where the old ones walked, and followed paths made by their feet. I have drunk from the springs where they knelt to drink, but I have left no mark on my passing. This was their land; it is now for the moment our land. It will someday be the land of those who follow, who in better or worse times must take a living from it, or find pleasure in its loneliness, its silence, its beauty. I hope to leave no more mark than the passing of a soft wind, to disturb the sand no more, or bend the grass."

-anonymous

Trip Report

Over spring break Craig and Cheri Patterson took a bite of the big apple in New York City, charged to Buffalo, and mellowed out with mom and dad. The high points of trip were the Empire State Building, Clyde Patterson's "Life Span" at Kent state, and a trecherous snow storm in Buffalo. The weather was sunny, cool, and windy, accompanied by one heavy downpour in the city while museum hopping. Cheri's impression of New York: "I loved the tradition and beauty I saw in the people, churches, and various buildings. I was amazed at how large New York really is, and how hard people have to work to keep the city together. Although one's senses are bombarded in the city, and the city is more frail than the mountains, we missed alot and are looking forward to visiting again."



Roger Blum and Steve Must, the two "gung ho climbers" took an expedition to the Eden Park wall Thursday afternoon, March 28, 1985. The high point, according to them was climbing: "pushing your arms, legs, and mind to the limit - sometimes you fall, but you always get back up with a smile on your face and an undying will to climb some more in your heart." The low point of the trip was riding their "piece of junk" bikes back to U.C. up steep hills and trying to avoid being hit by busses. The weather was partly to mostly sunny with a strong breeze, although rain was predicted. It was 80 degrees.



Grandma Keller's Banana Bread

1/2 cup shortening
1 cup sugar
2 eggs
2 cups flour
1 tsp. soda
1 tsp. salt
3 large ripe bananas

bake at 350° for 45 minutes



Grow wild according to thy nature, like these sedges and brakes, which will never become English hay. Let the thunder rumble; what if it threaten ruin to farmers' crops? That is not the errand to thee. Take shelter under the cloud, while they flee to carts and sheds. Let not to get a living be thy trade, but thy sport. Enjoy the land, but own it not.....

Through want of enterprise and faith men are where they are, buying and selling, and spending their lives like serfs.

-Thoreau



I'd rather wake up in the middle of nowhere than in any city on earth

-Steve McQueen

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Those Elusive Northern Lights

by Amy Norman

"Look at those strange lights in the sky!"

"Where?"

"Look!"

"Wow!"

"It's incredible! What is it? It almost looks like airport search lights!"

"But that's impossible. There is absolutely nothing north of us here on this peninsula except a couple of tiny towns that barely have main streets then Lake Michigan and beyond that, the wilds of the Upper Peninsula of Michigan."

The lights shimmered with a greenish cast, glowing then diminishing in intensity and shifting from one side of the sky to another in parallel banded curtains.

"That couldn't be the northern lights, could it?"

"I don't know, can they be seen as far south as here in Wisconsin?"

"I don't know."

"It's absolutely amazing!"

"Look! Now they're brightest there! Ooooh now they're brightest over there. Oh, god, this is amazing! Look, now over there." The car floats into the other lane.

"Uh, keep your eyes on the road, I'll tell you what they look like."

"That's not fair."

At 1:30 A.M., we finally arrived at Newport Beach State Park, on the tip of the peninsula that separates the Green Bay from Lake Michigan, in Wisconsin. My roommate Barb and I had to hike a mile in the dark to our first backcountry site, with hopes of seeing these

mysterious lights all weekend. What a wonderful contrast it all was to the push and shove of Chicago that we had left 6 hours earlier. Unfortunately, we didn't see the lights the next night, but we thoroughly enjoyed the flaming fall colors, crashing Lake Michigan surf, deer, fox, birds and rain that the remainder of the weekend brought. The best morning came Saturday while sleeping in on the sandy beach of Lake Michigan till midmorning when the sun got high enough in the sky to warm the world up to non-frigid temperatures.

I read a couple weeks later in a recent issue of Outside magazine that the Aurora Borealis, or northern lights, can indeed be seen where we were. In fact they can be seen usually about 10 times a year at the latitude of Seattle, the Great lakes, and New York. And they can be seen an average of once a year as far south as north Florida. I feel amazed, awed and priveledged to have been able to see the Aurora Borealis for the first time in my life. I can't wait till next time !!



So why do we do it?
 What good is it?
 Does it teach you anything?
 Like determination? invention?
 improvisation?
 Foresight? hindsight?
 Love?
 Art? music? religion?
 Strength or patience or accuracy or quickness
 or tolerance or
 Which wood will burn and how long is a day
 and how far is a mile
 And how delicious is water and smoky green
 pea soup?
 And how to rely
 On your
 Self?

-Russell
On The Loose

We must look funny to Someone.
 Tumbling through the universe locked in a
 death grip with our tiny ball Earth and
 ripping her busily to pieces, trailing a
 stinking film of gases and pieces of
 satellites and mushroom and dust clouds.

Think of her new
 An unspoiled country lying open to the sun.
 Think of oceans of beauty, instead of scattered
 puddles, muddy and drying up.

What can make the heart ache more than a
 billboard?



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 MY
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Sloan's Valley Caving Adventure

by Micheal May

At approximately noon on Jan. 12, eight adventurous souls gathered in front of Scioto Hall in preparation for our expedition through the caverns of Sloan. 11 o'clock had been the proposed meeting time, but noon was rolling close before everyone had arrived. Cindy's "Draggin' Wagon" and Gwen's Arrow were selected for transportation and were soon loaded with bodies and gear. After stopping along the way to drop off the van, refuel, check the oil and air, dine at Arby's, pick up batteries and groceries, and explain to the officers why Dan was weaving, we finally turned off Ky. 27 on to a snow covered dirt road.

Dodging potholes and large rocks, we travelled to the hollow where we were introduced to our humble living quarters. The "chicken coop", as it was called, was exactly that, a modified chicken coop. Vertically panelled on the outside by split logs, it boasted a small cellar and an open porch. Dangling from a porch cross member were the tattered and muddy remnants of a well worn cave boot. My attention was quickly diverted from this ominous sign as we bustled about, transferring our gear to the coop. A quick tour showed it to be a cozy two room abode, complete with stove, sink, and furnace. A sense of comfort and cheer pervaded. It had obviously been the gathering spot for many adventurous cavers and had seen many nights of laughter and tall tales. Tacked to the wall was a checklist for those going into the cave. Names and entrance and exit times were tallied for all. Only one name had a question mark for a return time. This too was ignored as we familiarized ourselves with the area and prepared for a quick trip to the "Garbage Pit".

Excitement and anticipation hurried us along through the subfreezing temperatures toward the pit. We stopped to notify the landowner of our intentions, then continued on our way. Descending the ladder into the pit, I stepped into the opening and encountered my first caving experience. Warm, 55° air instantly blanketed my glasses with condensation and we quickly peeled off unnecessary layers of clothing. We quickly

acclimated to the warm, humid conditions and our eyes grew accustomed to the light emitted from our head lamps. We moved down the muddy incline and across the rock-strewn cave floor, slipping occasionally despite our efforts to pick solid footholds. The sound of falling water drew us to an opening overlooking a large room. The floor of the room was covered with water, and lying on the bank of the pool below we could see a homemade ladder. We chose not to descend into the room and continued on our way.

Larry had chosen to sweep the rear of the group to be sure that no one was left behind. Unfortunately, shortly into the trip, the bulb of his head lamp burnt out. We were all quite helpful as we peered down into the dismantled lamp in Larry's hands and offered comments and suggestions. Dan was especially helpful as he leaned toward Larry to inspect the offensive equipment. Inadvertently the flame of his carbide lamp came too close to Larry's hair. A series of frantic pats was followed by the acrid smell of burning hair and immediate concern was quickly replaced by peals of laughter as it became apparent the only thing suffering was Larry's pride.

The trip we had chosen was to be short, for darkness had already fallen, but it was no less exciting for its brevity. We picked our way from room to room until we came to what appeared to be an exceptionally large dome. There we came to a halt and as Dan and Don continued down across the room, the rest of us rested in the darkness, talking quietly. Our eyes were useless in the inky blackness and we became more aware of our other senses. The vastness of the room could actually be felt. My legs dangled over the ledge where I sat and I became aware that light is indeed the only hope of survival in a cave.

Following the return of our explorers, we retraced our steps back to the garbage pit and returned to the comfort of the fieldhouse. The quality of Mike's "finely tuned" chili was quickly sacrificed for quantity as we all added ingredients and, subsequently, volume.

We all ate well and prepared our sleeping bags for a restful night, then gathered together as Mike switched on his cassette player. He had chosen an old radio program for the night's entertainment and we listened closely as the tale of rats and a lighthouse unfolded.

Morning found us wolfing down great helpings of "garbage eggs" and preparing for the bulk of our adventure. We took a different entrance to the caverns and resumed our exploration. A textbook entrance revealed a large passage with a sandy bottom extending back into the darkness. This eventually branched into a smaller passage, and we found ourselves slopping through slippery mud and pools of water. Dan indicated along the way a line on the wall, formed by bits of broken twigs and leaves. This showed the flooding depth of the passage. Slipping and sliding along, Cindy remarked that it was like watching a crew of drunks filing along the passage. We later found that the passage we were following was cut off by a cave in, or "breakdown". This section was honeycombed with passages and small rooms, and we all busied ourselves finding a way through. It took some time, but we unravelled a twisted maze of squeezes and climbs that brought us through the tonnage of this overwhelming obstacle. A few more maneuvers, and we were in a long, twisting channel. Mud and clay sucked at our boots as we filed along. Quite some time passed before we pulled ourselves out of the channel and onto solid ground. As we ate lunch, we discussed the possibility of having missed our turnoff. Dejected, we stared from our bank back down into the channel which extended from the left to right. Across the channel was another bank similar to the one on which we sat. Steam rose from our bodies, but coldness started to creep over us as we finished our meal.

Dan scouted the other bank and shouted over that he had found the way. We were led through a series of low passages with plates of rock above and below us. Stalactites and stalagmites became familiar sights. The further we progressed the more spectacular were the formations, and the slower we went. Mike stopped next to a stalagmite over 6 ft tall and a mere inch or so from the ceiling. Unlike the typical inverted cone, this one had maintained a constant diameter up its entire height.

Delicate fingers of stalactites followed cracks in the ceiling and the passage floor was covered with stalagmites. Thin vertical brittle fins, maybe an inch tall and eggshell thin rimmed now dry pools. Impressed as we were, we became even more so when we came to the next room. We had reached our destination, for in front of us was a great stalagmite, several feet in diameter, in a room solely reserved for its magnitude. Its base was surrounded with water and it rose 7 to 8 feet from its pool. Dan remarked on its dirty brown color and pointed to some snow white stalagmites nearby. Twelve years ago this great hulk had also been as pure and white as those. Dirt from the hands of careless and unthinking cavers had discolored it to its somber shade.

We sat for some time reflecting on the subterranean formations, and I drank in the splendor which had over hundreds of years been created by tiny water droplets depositing minerals as they fell. Quite satisfied, we returned, searching the side branches for possible alternative routes. At one point I strayed through a opening, negotiating a series of squeezes and small rooms until I could no longer hear the group. They had been descending a steep mud drop-off and I had taken advantage of the delay to check a possible bypass of the breakdown. Having travelled down to a point where a low gravel-lined stream bed extended down a mud slope and out of sight, I decided to terminate further explorations and return with my findings. Making my way back, I came to a room with a downward shaft and knew that this had not been the way I came in and grew a bit worried. I could hear the others, but I couldn't find my way back. Regressing a bit, I came to the last familiar room and stood still. Calling to Dan, I got his attention and asked that he send some one down to find me. Gwen's light appeared from behind a slab of rock to my right and relief spread over me as I rejoined the group.

We passed the breakdown after a bit of delay, for we had not remembered to look back occasionally to see the path from the return view. Perseverance brought us back through and we made our way up the spacious sand-covered passage and out into the snow. Darkness had fallen and thousands of bright stars covered the heavens. The unbridled vastness of the outside world was never so apparent, and an overwhelming sense of freedom washed over me.

The Ribbon

by Linda Keller

THE PREMISE

In 1982 Justine Merrit imagined a mile of fabric encircling the Pentagon, composed of symbols of what people cannot bear to think of as lost forever in the event of a nuclear war.

THE PROMISE

Let us claim the terrifying reality that we now have enough nuclear weapons to end the earth, to leave this lovely planet "to insects and grass"

THEN

Let us **THREAD** our fears into peace and hope.

Let us, through hope,
embroider
weave
paint
quilt
needlepoint
stitch

a symbol or symbols of what we cannot bear to think of as lost forever

We can embroider a flower, a bird, a chalice...

ALWAYS HOPING FOR PEACE

Some of us want to tie a ribbon around the Pentagon- a lovingly created ribbon to remind our nation that we love the earth and its peoples. We have time to carefully create through our symbols we wish to share, a huge **RIBBON** for the 40th anniversary of Hiroshima and Nagasaki, August 1985

Some persons or groups might want to embroider blossoms; some individuals might needlepoint poetry or prose. Some might honor history, art, poetry, music. Or celebrate a sunrise, eagles, trees

YOU CAN PARTICIPATE!!!

HOW TO:

You will need one square of muslin, folded double for a **FINISHED** size of 18" x 32".

You may sew through one thickness, then fold; or sew through both at once; or attach your finished work to the muslin. Your design must be 14" x 32"

Allow for a 2 inch border around all four edges. Seam the open sides, then machine stitch several rows around the four borders to strengthen them. You may use the long borders to carry your name, tow, title, state.

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It takes so much to be a total human being that there are very few who have the enlightenment or the courage to pay the price. One has to abandon altogether the search for security and reach out to the risk of living with both arms. One has to embrace the world like a lover. One has to accept pain as a condition of existence. One has to count doubt and darkness as the cost of knowing. One needs a will stubborn in conflict, but apt always to total acceptance of every consequence of living and dying.

-Morris L. West
The Shoes of the Fisherman



Dare devil in Devil's Garden, Utah. Photo by Paul Barna

Desert Encounters

by Jeff Cousins

You'll get out there and the weirdest things will happen. Like, you'll come up on these wild formations and you just can't figure 'em out. You spend a few hours wandering around through every pinnacle, looking at them from the top and from the bottom, crawling through every orifice and cleft, absorbing every hue, rattling your brain just trying to make some sense from it. And finally you think you've got the answer, but then some new detail catches your attention and you think some more and that doesn't fit at all and at last you realize there is no answer and you forgot the question but the whole thing makes sense anyway.

Next you'll be exploring the unique dimensions of some side canyon, just digging on Creation, and after having not seen another soul for days, you run up on a group of seven people you can hear a half mile down the canyon. Boge on them for ruining your solitude, but no, they're cool and they camp near by that night and its a party. You find out they've been coming here for 12 years and who are you anyway but a yahoo from "back East." They enlighten you to the fragility and finiteness of the seemingly boundless desert

and they tell you of Nirvana in the upper reaches of the canyon.

You seek. Climbing ancient Anasazi steps up a narrow cleft in the canyon wall and wandering on sand dunes turned to rock, unprotected in the 100° heat of a cloudless, midday sun you stumble upon the art and creation of eons. The slide rule and straight edge were cast aside in this design. But you understand; more than mere water carved these sandstones bowls. As social constraints and pettinesses fall away, you bathe in the cool waters of your discovery. Sitting on cliff's edge, above the canyon, you balance the warmth of the sun and coolness of the pool as your eyes and soul absorb every shade of tan, orange, and brown. And you know, it is good.



....and so there ain't nothing more to write about, and I am rotten glad of it, because if I'd a knowed what a trouble it was to make a book I wouldn't a tackled it and I ain't agoing to no more. But I reckon I got to light out for the Territory ahead of the rest, because Aunt Sally she's going to adopt me and sivilize me and I can't stand it. I been there before.

-Mark Twain

UC Mountaineering Club - Spring 1985

monday	tuesday	wednesday	thursday	friday	saturday	sunday
1	2 April	3 UCMC meeting 510 Swift - 7pm	4	5	6	7
8	9	10 Slide Show : Africa James	11	12	13 Caving at Wolf River: Mike 241-2882 Canoeing Rock Castle: Steve 961-2334	14
15	16	17 Elections! Slide Show : Caving Mark - Steve - Ralph	18	19	20	21
x-----TUC Display Case-----x						
22	23	24 Slide Show - Europe Robin - Mary - Dan	25	26	27 Backpacking Red River Don 831-2440 Trash Trip: Tom 721-0162	28
29	30	1 Slide Show: Alaska Mike Davis	2	3	4 White Water Rafting Dave Bowyer (614) 421-2681	5
6	7	8 Slide Show: Sonoran Desert in Mexico: Bill Harrar	9	10	11	12
13	14	15 Slide Show: Born to Climb and Other Diversions: Fletcher	16	17	18 Officer Transfer Dinner at JR's	19
20	21	22 Slide Show: Western Adventures: Tom	23	24	25 Wilderness Skills Class	26
27	28	29 Meeting at Eden Park wall	30	31	1 Speleofest: Mark Turner - 777-3973	2
3	4	5 Finals Week - Good Luck and see you next quarter	6	7	8	9

June 15-28 Backpacking the Elk Range and Utah - Dave Bowyer (614) 421-2681

June 23-29 National Speleological Society Convention - Mark Turner 777-3973