

**THE GOOSE DOWN**  
**GAZETTE** FALL 1985  
VOL. 8 · NO. 1



# TABLE OF CONTENTS

- 2     **Summer Highlights**  
       *Karen Riggs*
- 3     **ENVIRONMENT-- Still Our  
       Challenge for the '80's**  
       *Alan Sutherland, Brian Hoop*
- 6     **The Inclines and Trails of  
       the Western Trip**  
       *Gwen Wise*
- 8     **WARNING: Climbing May Be  
       Hazardous To Your Health**  
       *Steve Must*
- 10    **Tumbling and Bodysurfing as  
       Whitewater Sports**  
       *Katie Borden*
- 12    **Yosemite Summer**  
       *Barbara Boylan*
- 13    **Diving the Florida Springs**  
       *Mike Daulton*
- 14    **KOYAANISQATSI-- The  
       Hopi-Navajo Perspective**  
       *Brian Hoop*
- 16    **Reflections on  
       Northwest Waters**  
       *Unknown*
- 18    **Solitary Trek**  
       *Brian Hoop*
- 20    **Make Mine Rainier**  
       *Bill Strachan*
- 24    **Club Calendar**
- 25    **Letter from the President**

The Goose 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 where no one is his right mind would consider going to. Comments, criticisms, ideas, mash notes, or contributions (money, articles, photographs, drawings, stories, rumors, etc.) should be sent to the following address:

GOOSE DOWN GAZETTE  
UCMC  
Room 428 T.U.C.  
Cincinnati, Ohio 45221

Editor  
Larry Bortner

Assistant Editor  
Brian Hoop

Advertising  
Mike Daulton  
Karen Riggs

Computer Inputters  
Brian Hoop  
Karen Riggs  
Gwen Wise  
Bill Strachan  
Bob Kessler

Graphics  
Alan Sutherland  
Barbara Boylan

Cover Photo  
Larry Bortner took this shot of the Lower Falls in the Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone.

# Summer Highlights

## Rafting:

This summer we had a couple of raft trips to West Virginia (See *Tumbling and Bodysurfing as Whitewater Sports* for an account of the other trip.). Early Saturday morning 6 people awoke early (too early for a Saturday) to prepare for the long drive to The New River where they would meet the backbone of the trip, Mike Dawson, and one other anxious rafter ready to see what the river had to offer this fine day. It was a slow start but we made our destination by midday. The 2nd party wasn't there at the meeting point, so we waited and waited for about 2 hours before we discovered the note they left that the ranger had prominently displayed under the desk. They arrived about 10 minutes later. Finally on our way again a little later than planned, we altered our schedule to just inflate the raft and fairy across the river to a camp site for the evening. Nice and roomy, we set camp and built a fire. Huge boulders lined the shore and we couldn't resist climbing out on them and listening to the sound of the water rushing by in the dark. We hit the sack early to get an early start the next day. A nice, quiet, peaceful night till the train came roaring by. And by. And by. The next day— "Tut, Tut, looks like rain." Shall we go for it or not? Hell, yeah! We set up to go, and 3 people took the vehicles to destinations for our shuttle when we finish. The rest waited in the raft, playing around. Rumble, rumble. It is raining.

It's getting a little cold just sitting in the rain, so we got friendly and huddled up. Murray, here comes the rest of the crew! On our way we quickly warmed up paddling through the rapids and having the good time we expected. Rain quit for a while and we just enjoyed ourselves. Time for lunch at Zig Zag rapids. As we ate lunch we had a great view of the rapids from our perch on top of boulders. "Tut, Tut. Looks like rain. Again." We were determined to stay out of the rain with a shelter provided by some boulders. Ready or not, here it comes— only here comes golf-size hail (we have pictures). And we were worried about rain. We watched as helpless rafters sat in their rafts curled up in balls trying to avoid the unpleasant gift from the skies. It lasted a long time— even longer for those out in the storm. Well,

it ended and we hopped out of the shelter to pick up handfuls of hail that was freezing to the touch. We launched once again and made the rest of the trip with no more surprises. It was a *hailing* experience.

## Caving:

Bob and Larry did some moonlighting on us and taught a class for another University. But get ready, because caving season is upon us. Winter is the best time to go— it's warmer underground than on the surface and the caves are drier (not as muddy). It's a wonderful experience. Try it and send your laundry home to mom.

## Sun Worship:

Several trips were made to the beach by our hard core members. They took along heavy equipment such as a dart board, inner tube, raft, coolers, sun lotion and Trivial Pursuit. It was certainly a rough adventure for these members.

## Fireworks:

A van load of members made the trip down to NEBN's Fireworks on Labor Day. We got carry out ribs at the 'Sunk', a classy little place located in the back of a liquor store in Newport. The viewing site was on the levy which proved to be quite a task to not slide down into the people in front of you. The fireworks were great— we got to see a new type of a fireworks. We didn't have a spot in which we could see both shows. That tree may be gone by next year! Roland and Dan expertly parked the van in a location that allowed us to zip right out of Ky. and into home territory.

## Climbing:

Lots of climbing going on all summer. Clifton Gorge was a frequent visit and a few members even got glimpses of our treasurer Steve Must. Seneca Rocks was visited just before school began which proved to be enjoyable for the climbers.

## Canoeing:

A few canoe trips were taken this summer. One canoe trip ended up at Metasora, an old tourist trap filled with crafty shops, a railroad and a canal boat. The rain stopped so we had to depart from this tourist site to finish our quest to canoe. We canoed the Whitewater River for the rest of the day and had a relaxing time.

## Tubing:

A healthy group of about 10 people took to Little Miami in inner tubes (with one kayak). We floated along, being sure to elevate the behind

during the rapids to prevent a rude awakening by the rocks, seeing that the water was a little low. Don had a trusty cooler tied to his tube to refresh us when needed. Steve L. had a slow leak but didn't prove to be a problem since we brought the air pump along in the kayak. Steve K. did his part by towing us along when we could catch him. He also picked up garbage that had been rudely discarded along the banks.

## Backpacking:

Several trips were taken but one stands out in my mind— the trip to Red River Gorge in which I participated. It was a nice trip, hiking along the side of the ridges and stopping off at creeks and ponds to play with minnows and crayfish. Upon reaching our destination for the night, we found a campsite that looked like a garbage can with no sides. Trashed to the max. With a quick clean up, it was made livable. There was a nice swimming pool in the creek at the campground that everyone took a chilly swim in. We were a little muddy from this short cave that Allan S. lead us through (We are lucky to have Allan with us today.). The camp fire was light and we enjoyed the rest of the evening avoiding the smoke. The next day we set off to walk along the creek back to the car. We happened upon another swimming hole that had an amenity. A nice swing rope was all set up just waiting to be swung on. Well, Allan S. swung out and back being carefull not to drop since we were in our hiking clothes. John S., Mike D., and Sharon K. all made it out and back. I had to try it also. I made it back but I had to swim a little bit. The guys were all kind to me and voted me the winner of a one contestant wet t-shirt contest. I dried out by the end of the afternoon. Wonderful trip.

## Mountaineering:

Just before school began, a group of 7 people headed out to Washington to climb Mt. Rainier. See articles in this issue of the *Goosedown Gazette*.

## Bike Touring:

Brian Hoop spent the summer biking from New Mexico to Kansas. See his article also in this issue.

*Karen Riggs*



# ENVIRONMENT: Still Our Challenge for the 80's

## America... Love it or Lose it!

As people who enjoy the luxury of outdoor recreation in a wild and scenic countryside, the American public ought to become more aware of the unchecked exploitation and abuse which is occurring in our remaining wilderness areas and National Parks. As human demands increase, more stress is heaped upon the natural world. Any trip to a local park will quickly show you beer cans, old tires, cut trees and other trash, the inevitable eyesores of the 1980's.

Examine the situation more closely and you'll learn that the Department of the Interior has begun a large scale logging and road-building program into roadless areas of our State Parks and National Forests. Also, the Army Corps of Engineers has long suggested damming the Red River Gorge for more hydro-electric power. And chemical emissions from industry and automobiles are polluting our water, raining us with sulfuric acid, and poisoning our earth.

We, as fellow wilderness-exploiters and human beings, are now faced by a very serious dilemma never previously encountered in human history. If we are to begin to reduce the steady erosion of our environment, then business and government will need to feel pressure from a very loud grass-roots voice. We must demand safer treatment of industrial chemicals and wiser practices of dealing with our land and limited natural resources.

Some favorable signs are evident, such as the successful joint effort of a Kentucky Senator and Kentucky Representative to protect the Clifty Roadless Area of Red River Gorge under Federal Wilderness Area status. Sadly, this represents only about 3% of the Red River-Daniel Boone National Forest.

The rest remains open to logging operations and other destructive activity. Senator Wendell Ford was very happy to receive letters of congratulations and support from a few U.C.M.C. members, and promised to continue in his push for positive action in Kentucky.

Local environmental problems are merely a reflection of a world-wide malaise. As people demand more from the earth and take it to feed their children, fertile forest is rapidly giving way to useless desert. It seems to me that we will only begin to overcome these problems when the majority of our population begins exercising its power over destructive government and private practices. The American people must express a popular desire and need for the preservation of our planet's unique ecosystems and demand new far-sighted practices in our exploitation of the natural world. Only by conserving our natural heritage and appreciating the wealth of life will mankind survive and triumph.

Allan Sutherland

\*\*\*\*\*

## Current Congressional Activities

In light of recent political rhetoric from the Reagan administration there has been a dangerous turn of opinion within both houses of Congress to the right. After a decade of positive legislation concerning the protection and clean-up of the earth's environment our government is beginning to step backwards in the environmental issues arena. Under tremendous pressure from energy industries and a sympathetic administration, Congress appears to be renigging on previous commitments to protecting the environment.

It is essential to reassure our representatives of grass-roots support for maintaining an accelerated attack on pollution and increasing conservation and recycling efforts. Therefore, it's up to you to get in touch with your representatives and tell them what you think. There are several bills up for reappropriations and our representatives need to know how they should vote.

Here's a quick rundown on current issues.

— Superfund. Just recently passed again by a narrow margin. Intended to provide federal funds

for the regulation of hazardous wastes use and the clean-up of mismanaged hazardous waste sites and proper disposal of these materials.

— Clean Air and Water Acts. Created in the mid 70's they have been crucial in the regulation of industrial and public pollution such as car exhaust emissions and sewage and smokestack discharge. Because of high costs to industry, they have been fiercely lobbied against.

— Solar Energy Tax Credits. Funding of these tax credits is to expire at the end of the year while huge tax incentives for production of oil, gas, and coal— all exhaustible resources— are in no danger at all. Even solar energy research is in danger unless Congress reappropriates funds.

— Wilderness protection laws. The Department of the Interior and Army Corps of Engineers are aggressively stepping up activities in our protected wildernesses. Logging road development has been increased, inevitably leading to more timber cutting. Even Red River Gorge was recently being considered again as a possible dam site.

Please register to vote so your concerns will be heard. It is all of our responsibilities to be aware of the policies of our government. It is our responsibility to make sure the best interests of our environment are protected by our government. It is also our responsibility to do our own individual actions to clean up our environment.

How to get in touch with your representatives:

## U.S. Senate

John H. Glenn (D), term till 1986.  
10407 Federal Office Building  
550 Main Street  
Cincinnati, OH 45202  
684-3265

or  
2235 Dirksen Senate Office Bldg.  
Washington, D.C. 20510

Howard M. Metzbaum (D), term till 1988.

8405 Federal Office Building  
550 Main Street  
Cincinnati, OH 45202  
684-3894  
or  
347 Russell Bldg.  
Washington, D.C. 20510

*U.S. House of Representatives*

*1st District*

Thomas A. Luken (D), term till 1986.

3407 Federal Office Building  
550 Main Street  
Cincinnati, OH 45202  
684-2723  
or  
2342 Rayburn H.O.B.  
Washington, D.C. 20515

*2nd District*

Willie D. Gradison, Jr. (R), term till 1986.

8008 Federal Office Building  
550 Main Street  
Cincinnati, OH 45202  
684-2466  
or  
2311 Rayburn H.O.B.  
Washington, D.C. 20515

The President (Ronald Reagan); term ends Jan. 1989.

The President  
The White House  
Washington, D.C. 20500

\*\*\*\*\*

**CHALLENGE**

- To All Members of the  
Mountaineering Club

Recycling of aluminum cans has not been as glamorous very lately as when it first became vogue. I am aware that only a few years ago the state of Ohio was on the verge of becoming a required bottle and maybe even can return deposit state only to fooled by the bottling and canning lobbies.

My challenge to you, the members of U.C.M.C., is to be an example to our community that our club acts on what it believes in. A plastic bag will be provided at every weekly meeting for you to deposit what few or many cans you've collected alongside your garbage can. Surely the cans would collect faster and benefit us with more money for equipment than the good the few pennies you'd receive would benefit yourself.

Although it may be a timid thing for an environmentally interested group to accomplish, it

nonetheless would be a positive first step. Along with the Red River Gorge clean-up crews in the spring, recycling would be another good signal to the campus and community that "WE DO IT ALL."

\*\*\*\*\*

**REPRINTS**

I found two suitable articles from the *Goose Down Gazette* date 25 Nov. 1981, Vol. 4, Number 2 dealing with environmental awareness which many club members probably never saw. Consider what they say.

**GENERAL RULES TO LIVE BY**

From "Everyman's Guide to Ecological Living," by Greg Cailliet, Paulette Stier, and Milton Love.

1. Be constantly aware of the interdependence of Man and Nature. Everything we do has an effect somewhere. Be alert to the ultimate fate of the items you use. Before using, ask, "What will it do to the state of the environment?"
2. Use only those materials essential to your existence. Eliminate the "I want" philosophy of life. "Eat to live, don't live to eat." Fight needless consumption; purchase only items you really need.
3. Buy durable items, avoiding those designed for obsolescence. Make what you can, bake what you can, grow what you can. Avoid take what you can.
4. Seek to recycle anything you "consume." Reuse products rather than discard them. Donate things that others can use.
5. Support any action or inaction that tends to alleviate the problems facing our Earth. Vote, write letters, petition, boycott, testify.
6. Oppose the social myths of Growth, Progress and Development. There is nothing inevitable about "progress." Natural beauty and open spaces are the common heritage of all life and should be protected.
7. Set a good example yourself in your lifestyle awareness, waste, consumption, and communication with others. Nothing is going to change unless we are willing to live it ourselves!

**THE GREENPEACE PHILOSOPHY**

Ecology teaches us that humankind is not the center of life on the planet. Ecology has taught us that the whole earth is part of our "body" and that we must learn to respect it as we respect ourselves.

As we feel for ourselves, we must feel for all forms of life- the whales, the seals, the forests, the seas. The tremendous beauty of ecological thought is that it shows us a pathway back to an understanding and an appreciation of life itself- an understanding and appreciation that is imperative to that very way of life.

As with the whales and the seals, life must be saved by non-violent confrontations and by what the Quakers call "bearing witness." A person bearing witness must accept responsibility for being aware of an injustice. That person may then choose to do something or stand by, but he may not turn away in ignorance. The Greenpeace ethic is not only to personally bear witness to atrocities against life; it is to take direct action to prevent them. While action must be direct, it must also be non-violent. We must obstruct a wrong without offering personal violence to its perpetrators. Our greatest strength must be life itself, and the commitment to direct our own lives to protect others.

Whatever any of our personal feelings may be regarding the priorities of the lives of whales, seals, forests, or seas, we all, as human beings with the power to affect those lives and the knowledge to be aware of that, must accept the task to "bear witness" to whatever destruction of our earth, or any part thereof, that is carried out by our fellows. You may or may not believe that the needs of wilderness takes precedence over human needs and comforts, but we cannot accept the benefits of our society in ignorance of the costs at which they are reaped. And these benefits include the enjoyment of that very wilderness.





CLIFTON AVE.  
2329

CINCINNATI, OHIO 45219

Murphy's Pub on Clifton Avenue introduces fun hours and happy times.

Every afternoon features a surprise for our guests.

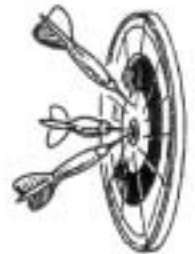
Prices are too low to believe.

You'll notice a whole new look, a new feel, a new ambiance at Murphy's Pub on West Clifton--

Be there!



Hours Daily  
2:00 P.M.-2:30 A.M.



Specials Daily  
2:00 P.M.-8:00 P.M.

241-7888

# The Inclines and Trails of the Western Trip Circa 1985

Gwen Wise

It is 8:00 PM Sunday, August the eighteenth, and Bill's Subaru station wagon is packed and ready for our trek out to Washington. Amazingly on time (only one hour late), Larry Bortner, Bill Strachan, and I (Gwen Wise) have stuffed ice axes, cameras, wool clothes, and Larry's delicious chocolate chip cookies into the car, barely leaving enough room for the passengers. This will be the first time I have ever been west of the Mississippi, so to prepare for the long car trip ahead, I prepare myself mentally for exhaustive periods of slumber. Luckily I can sleep anywhere and through anything; because of this natural talent I am unofficially given the job of driving through the nights. But for now Bill takes the first leg of the trip. Armed with tapes ranging from classics to Hillbilly Blues and spirulina Whale-of-a-bar's (the sale of which benefits Greenpeace, the antinuclear ship sunk by French agents), Bill straps in and hungrily attacks the miles between us and our first destination, El Dorado, Colorado.

I wake up around 4:00 AM to see the St. Louis arch, the Gateway to the West. We are now really on

our way. The first couple of states go quickly, and I am temporarily disillusioned about the progress of our travelling. Suddenly (and rudely) I am snapped back to reality when we arrive in Kansas. It is my turn to drive through Kansas (Bill has braved treacherous thunderstorms to allow us to arrive safely). I just learned to drive a stick a few weeks back, but there is no reason to worry because Kansas, especially past Salina, is all plains. The temperature is a comfortable 70 degrees. Driving through Kansas is uneventful, although there are clusters of blacked-eyed Susans on the median strip and fields of sunflowers that look like rows of yellow soldiers saluting the sun. It takes 9 long hours to drive through Kansas, but we finally pass over the boundary into Colorado. Our spirits pick up and so does the grade of the terrain. We arrive in Boulder around 3:00 PM. Boulderites drive like maniacs (their highway reminds me of one large dodger rink), so we fit right in. No one realizes that we're foreigners.

Bill is on a natural high as we pull into Dave and April Christenson's house located in El

Dorado. El Dorado is a mecca for rock climbers and Bill has finally ended his pilgrimage and arrived to become one with the rock. Bill, Dave, and Chris Goplerud, a friend of Bill's, climb in the canyon until dark. This is the first time I have been exposed to the world of the compulsive rock climber, and learning the lingo-- 5.12, leading, protection, aiding, jamming, etc.-- is like learning a new language.

At nightfall Larry, Bill, and I eat dinner in Boulder. Boulder is definitely a college town, with the University of Colorado providing both jobs and consumers. People of all sorts hang out in the cool summer air, ambling up and down the Mall, listening to the musicians playing in the square and gawking at the hippies who are lost in a time zone more reminiscent of flowers and protests, not cardigans and sushi. After dinner we spend the night with Tamara and Chris Rathweg who live in a house with a most spectacular view. I must emphasize the word house, because their last place of residence was a tepee. They had to desert the tepee after it rained for one month straight, when even double-zip-locked items were wet.

In the morning we pick up Chris Goplerud and proceed to Wyoming and the Medicine Bow National Forest 30 miles west of Laramie (location of the University of Wyoming). Talk about open spaces-- hundreds of miles of nothing but dry dirt and sagebrush. We camp that night in the Vedauwoo area of the forest, which is the "in" place to be climbing nowadays. Chris and Bill go bouldering before dinner; at nightfall we make a crackling fire out of fallen pine branches.

I am awakened the next morning by the sound of cows eating by our dead campfire. In Wyoming there are open ranges where cattle just roam freely. On the roads are barriers called cattle guards (makes sense) which keep the cattle from crossing. Vedauwoo is a part of an open range.

Anyway, Wyoming is a very wide state, approximately 300 by 400, and we have a long drive ahead of us to



Mt. Rainier as seen on the drive up to Paradise. Photo: L. Bortner

get to Montana. We stop at Lander, Wyoming, which is the headquarters for NOLS (the National Outdoor Leadership School, similar to Outward Bound) and a nostalgia trip for a young Bill. We leave Lander for Cody, Wyoming, named after the infamous Buffalo Bill Cody. We eat at Irma's, a saloon and hotel built in 1902 by Buffalo Bill and named after his youngest daughter. It has a huge cherrywood bar given to Buffalo Bill by Queen Victoria in appreciation for a command performance of his Wild West show. It is a real "touristy" place. Bill tells us about a real saloon in Atlantic City (50 miles west of Lander) where cowboys leave their guns at the front of the saloon. It's authentic old West with the swinging doors and a bullet hole in the mirror.

By the time we get to Shoshone National Forest to camp out, it is nightfall. In the morning we leave for Yellowstone (it's mostly in Wyoming, but parts of it are in Montana). After bagging a peak-- Mt. Washburn, an easy walkup at 10,243 ft.-- we become Yellowstone tourists. We see a bison, a bull moose, and a few Big Horn sheep. The rest of the day is spent visiting some spectacular points of

interest.

We see the Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone, Mammoth Hot Springs, Inspiration Point, and, my favorite, Echinus Geyser. Echinus Geyser erupts every 45-60 minutes for a duration of 3-4 minutes. But just for us it put on a spectacular spray show lasting 15 minutes. With hunger slowly eating away at us, we leave Yellowstone and dine at the Ranch Kitchen just north of the park in Montana. This restaurant only uses ingredients prepared by a commune (all organically grown vegetables). It is a spiritual experience.

That evening we camp in a campground in Gallatin National Forest called Snowbank. In the morning I take my first bath in a mountain fed stream. It is cold. The bath revitalizes me for the next long leg of the trip: destination, Seattle.

Montana is a beautiful state, but it is also "square" and thus it requires a lot of travelling time. We drive through the tip of Northern Idaho, and continue our way into Washington. After stopping for dinner at The Flame in Spokane, a restaurant in the seedy part of the city (we think it would be a great place to eat because of all the cars in the parking lot, but we quickly realize that it is primarily a gambling casino), we camp in Wenatchee National Forest. The weather is perfect for open air camping. In the morning we leave for Seattle where we meet Bob and Cindy Kessler at Mark Hartinger's house. After taking showers and doing laundry, we head for Mt. Rainier National Park and sleep in a picnic area since all the campgrounds are packed with end-of-the-season campers.

On Sunday morning we drive to Paradise at the base of Mt. Rainier, 5500 feet above sea level. The hike from Paradise to Camp Muir is only about 4.5 miles, but it takes 5-6 hours. Muir is a little over 10,000 feet. It has been an unusually warm summer in Seattle, so the snowfields leading up to Muir have exposed rocks in many places. These spaces provide an all-too-welcomed respite to the weary hiker from 800-foot Cincinnati. Each of our packs are stuffed with warm clothing (Gortex, down jackets, wool sweaters and pants), because the wind is strong and the weather can turn extremely nasty very quickly. Even though it is summer, Mt. Rainier (elevation

14,410 ft.) should not be approached lightly. Besides the unpredictable weather, there are dangerous crevasses which makes roping up a prerequisite for people who attempt the summit. Avalanches and rockfalls are not uncommon.

The weather leaving Paradise is sunny with a nice breeze. This sharply contrasts with the weather at Camp Muir. Since one is hiking uphill, the change in temperature is not that noticeable. I finally get to Muir where Marty Huseman, Bob and Cindy, Mark and his girlfriend Ruth, Bill, and Larry have put their equipment into the nearest available niche in the stone shelter that provides sleeping space for twenty people. It is 4:00 PM and our expected time of departure from Muir for the summit is 1:00 AM. So we need to get supper and get to bed if we are to be rested at all for our attempt. Unfortunately, we end up sleeping by a loud, rude, snoring man from New York. Because of a detour caused by the opening up of many huge crevasses on the Ingraham Glacier, the round trip from Muir to the summit (about a 4500 ft. elevation gain, then loss) will take between 12-13 hours instead of 8 hours.

It is frighteningly dark in the morning as we prepare for the ascent. Crampons, ice axes, and head lamps are a must. Because my boots are not stiff enough for crampons, any chance at my going for the summit is out of the question. But the rest of the team ropes up in the darkness to begin the long, arduous climb to the top. About an hour later Bob, Cindy, and Marty return. Marty's headlamp had burned out, and her knee, which she pulled in Idaho putting out a forest fire, was acting up. Also, there was a rockfall in front of the first party (Larry, Mark, and Ruth) that really spooked Cindy.

The four of us stay at Muir until 2:30 PM, when Marty and I must descend to Paradise to return rented equipment. We just miss the summit party. The hike back down to Paradise is a lot easier and faster, but it is slippery and surprisingly it takes a heavy toll on my muscles. At 7 o'clock the successful summit party reaches Paradise. They are beyond exhaustion.

All day Tuesday is spent recuperating. In the afternoon we have a barbeque down on the beach.

(Please turn to INCLINES on page 9)

\*\*\*\*\*

347 Calhoun Street  
281 - 3322  
M - F 9AM - 6PM  
SAT. 10AM - 4PM

**CAMPUS  
COLOR  
LAB**

- Same day Ektachrome slide processing
- 44 hour color & B&W printing
- White & Wolf Passports
- Portraits
- Enrich film
- Colorgraphic transparencies
- Custom printing - Ink & Color
- Slide duplicators

**WELCOMES BACK U.C. WITH FALL SAVINGS!**

☆ Always a 10% Discount for Students and Faculty! Just Show Your I.D.

☆ A Great Deal on Ektachrome!

☆ Check Our Price on Film **5% OVER COST** Thru. Nov.

☆ We'll give you **15% Off** Our New Lower Develop and Print Prices To See Why Our Color Prints Are Better!

**15% OFF** ON OUR NEW LOWER COLOR PRICES! Develop & Print\*

**50% OFF** ON COLOR SLIDE PROCESSING Process 5-6 Only

\*U.C. - ONLY (Excluding 110 - Dec)

Complete Color Lab  
347 Calhoun St.  
281-3322

Complete Color Lab  
347 Calhoun St.  
281-3322

\*\*\*\*\*

# WARNING: Rock Climbing May Be Hazardous to Your Health

Steve Must

Rock climbing, like any other pleasurable activity, can become an addiction. It can happen to anyone. Anyone with determination, perseverance, confidence, some coordin-

ation, and a little free time can easily become obsessed with the thrill of reaching the top and the intoxicating satisfaction of accomplishing something through your own

personal power.

It can begin innocently enough with a UCMC climbing course at Clifton Gorge; that gets you interested. Then you discover that there is a place to practice bouldering right here in Cincinnati at Eden Park. But climbing only twice a week just doesn't do it for you, so you're soon looking for routes up campus buildings. You're tempted by lofty church steeples, anything vertical! After a rainy week without a climbing fix, you find yourself cranky and irritable. You work long and hard at Eden Park and the Gorge, but you yearn to experience real rock climbing.

What's this?? Excellent rocks right next door in West Virginia! Multi-pitch leads, intense exposure, the gorgeous view from the top-- this is what climbing is all about!

Obviously, this affliction could infect any normal human being, but certain people are much more susceptible. Some key attributes for those with a higher potential are a dry, almost morbid, sarcasm; a defiance of authority; and a loathing of the "system" or our society itself. While the majority of true-grit climbers have these character traits, not that many people who share these attitudes are climbers. Unfortunately, too many of these people live in adverse geographical areas, (adverse as far as climbing goes), having never left the city, or just never having the chance to discover the challenge of flesh on rock. Thus, their frustrations are turned towards other diversions such as drugs, crime, etc. However, if the conditions are right, and the fortunate being is given the chance to experience the thrill of rock climbing, an addiction will soon develop, thrive and flourish. Eventually, this person will become dependant on climbing, spending whole weekends on climbing binges, and soon will become wholly obsessed with the activity.

Unfortunately, the majority of our society does not understand what happens to a climbing junkie. They always speak of the dangers in-



Rick Forester and Steve Must go through one of the exercises in the Vertical Ropework Seminar, the club's introductory class in advanced climbing techniques.....photo: J.R. Engebretsen

voiced. But what isn't dangerous these days? How many plane crashes occurred this past year? How many people die every year in car accidents? How many people miss out on wonderful experiences because they're afraid to take a chance? Considering the self-satisfaction and the confidence a climber obtains through an accomplishment that has little or no adverse effect on the environment or society, the risk is worth taking.

\*\*\*\*\*

## DANIELS'

Great

for  
Mexican food  
and  
Burgers

281-1026

2735 VINE

*INCLINES... continued from page 7.*

The water is frigid and the beach is mostly rock. But there is a terrific view of the Olympics silhouetted against the setting sun on the Pacific ocean. Bijou, Mark's dog, retrieves sticks from the icy water while we gorge on burgers and Rainier beer.

At dusk we return to Mark's house, and there Larry, Bob, Bill, Cindy, and myself plan our trip to the Cascades. We decide to spend the next five days in the Enchantment Lakes area of the Wenatchee National Forest. Having decided upon the itinerary, the rest of the evening is spent "hanging out". I try to complete a book I take from Mark's library written by Arlene Blum— *Annapurna: A Woman's Place*. There is a passage that explains or at least attempts to put into words how I feel about the trip and other precious moments in the past (and the future):

Last campfires never die. And you and I  
On separate ways to Life's December,  
Will always dream by this fire  
And have this mountain to remember.

We get a late start on Wednesday. The five of us bid our



Fortunately these cave-men found in the Cascades are behind bars.

photo: C. Kessler

farewells to Mark and Ruth and take off for the mountains. When we finally arrive at the trailhead and start hiking, it is nearing dark. We hike for an hour in the darkness being guided by Cindy and her excellent night vision. We find a scenic spot off the trail situated by a stream which makes a perfect location for a camp. While Bob and Cindy eat their gourmet, easy-to-prepare, freeze dried food, we sit and wait for our supper (this is characteristic of the whole trip). The weather is terrific, and sleeping is a pleasure.

We hike all day Thursday and cover many miles. The terrain is rough and uphill. But the uphill hike and the weight of the packs is a small price to pay for the beauty that unfolds before us. Mere words can not describe the beauty of these glaciers, alpine lakes. They are cold, clear, and crisp. One can see the bottom (except where it is too deep), and the color is a deep emerald-blue. They are so inviting that one is lured to them hoping they are hot springs. But one quick dip of the big toe will discourage the most avid, foolhardy swimmer.

Thursday night we camp at Snow Lake. We sing songs (*Hey, Ho nobody home— Meat nor drink nor money have I none— Still I will be merry— Hey, Ho nobody home, etc.*) while Bill accompanies on his harmonica. We pop popcorn and have a feast on the bank of the moonlit lake.

In the morning Bill catches one mountain trout which he has for breakfast. We hike all Friday (uphill again), and Friday night we set up base camp (altitude 7200 ft.) at Crystal Lake in the shadow of Little Annapurna. It is our intention to split up on Saturday: Bill and Larry will attempt Prussic Peak and Bob, Cindy, and I will climb Little Annapurna and take short day walks around base camp. Unfortunately, Bob and Cindy develop food poisoning from some bad cheese left over from the Mt. Rainier ascent. Larry and Bill go ahead and attempt Prussic Peak. A couple of pitches from the top, they hear something that sounds like thunder (the face of a mountain is a terrible place to be during a thunderstorm), so they abandon their climb and rappel down. Bob and Cindy spend the rest of the day recuperating in their tent while the other three of us climb and practice short rappels.

Waking up early to a cool morning makes it hard to get out of the sweet confines of the sleeping bag. But we had saved 9 miles for Sunday. The hike out of the Lake Enchantment area is mostly downhill. Never has going downhill been so grueling. Asgard Pass is a half mile, 2500 ft. drop which takes roughly two hours to descend. Boulder fields must be traversed (with a full pack) and scree fields must be tolerated and conquered.

*(Please see INCLINES on page 18)*

# Tumbling and Bodysurfing As White Water Sports

Katie Borden

Saturday dawned a gorgeous day. Bright sun filtered through the treetops. You could hear the river in the background. The green lushness of the West Virginia countryside surrounded us. This was the start of a new adventure, filled with unknown qualities and, might I add in retrospect, a lot of deepness.

We had left Cincinnati on a late July Friday night at 9 P.M. There were six of us in two cars, as some of us were returning to Columbus. We drove through the long, dark, rainy night for six hours. Miraculously, one of the guys was able to find a small dirt road, around 3 A.M., that led to a huge cave. Being the novice campers we were, most of us slept in the cars.

The next day we drove down to the river and it was decided that only five of us could go. Cindy, who had been on rafting trips a couple of times, offered to stay behind. At this point in time, I was very laid back about the trip. I'd been canoeing before. I figured this would be about the same. A nice, leisurely, relaxed paddle down the Cheat River. It was after we pumped air into the big yellow raft (not the Kings Island round raft variety), put it into the water, climbed in with our yellow Omega lifejackets, and were given the first lesson did I realize this might not be as mellow as I had thought.

We were instructed how to hold our paddles. Then Dave said if we fell out, the first thing to do was go feet first, lie on your back, and hold your paddle in front of your body. I turned around and looked at Dave. I said, "What do you mean, 'if we fall out?' I have no intention of falling out." He just smiled at me and said to remember. We were in a calm stretch of water. Steve and Bill were sitting up in front. Laura and I were in the middle and Dave was in back steering the raft. Bill looked behind and instructed Laura and I to plant our feet. One of my first misconceptions about the trip was that we

would sit in the boat and gently work our way down the smooth river. One, we sat on, not in, the raft, close to the water; and two, it was not a placid river.

We then learned commands as we approached our first rapids. Easy forward and then plunging into them. "Give me power, give me power!" The words were shouted above the sound of the rapids. Then we were through and on our way to the second which was a little harder and then the third. We were riding up one of the crests of a wave when I felt myself being tossed out into the wild water. The first thing I did when I came back from underneath the water was to grab for my glasses. The raft won't go too far away, so I swam toward the outstretched paddle and grabbed hold. They took my glasses and then pulled me aboard. I got my breath back; it wasn't as easy to get my confidence back. It took about 4 to 5 more rapids before I regained it. I also untangled the string from my hair and tied my glasses to my lifejacket.

We continued down the river, overwhelmed by the West Virginia scenery. It was gorgeous. The rapids became too numerous to count. The river was uncrowded. We were followed by a raft filled with four men, three of them weighing over 250 lbs. We had stopped periodically to dump water the raft had taken in. We had spoken to them a little and later they were to play a part in the drama ahead.

We had learned you could foretell how bad the next stretch of rapids were going to be by listening to the river. The louder the sound, the rougher it was. With the sounds we now heard, it looked it was going to be quite a ride. We started through with Dave yelling, "Power! Give me power!" As we fell into the trenches of water and had to fight our way up and out he yelled, "Full power, c'mon!" and then conquering it we yelled shouts of joy, "Whoa!", and then hit the next one. We were in a tricky course of rapids now as there were a lot of rocks. We rounded a bend and the raft came up



and went sideways against a rock. Bill and Steve went out and the raft continued with the rapids going downstream. I looked back and saw on their faces what surely must have been on mine when I went under the rapids-- fear. Plain, naked fear. It's very scary to go underneath those churning waters.

We pulled onto shore. Bill and Steve floated down and got out of the water. They were cut and bruised. We rested awhile and then continued on our journey. By this time it was getting to be late afternoon. We went through a major series of rapids in a place named the Coliseum. We were all proud of ourselves as we did a good job through this tricky place. We had only a small stretch of river left and we were all feeling good. We started through one of the last rapids and all of a sudden we were being rammed up onto a large rock. Bill and Steve fell out. I joined them shortly. I went under and was spun around going head first. I put my feet first and then was turned around again. I regained my feet-first position and grabbed onto a rock. The water here was shallow but very fast. I looked around and saw Bill near me. I yelled at him as I didn't want to be alone. He came over and we both hung on to this small rock.

We looked ahead and saw Steve hanging on to this rock right before another major rapids. The raft, with the four guys that had been behind us, now came back. But they could only get so far upstream. All of a sudden we saw Steve let himself go. I looked at Bill and said, "Is he crazy?" Bill said, "I don't know." It looked like he was going to bodysurf those upcoming rapids. No way was I going down there. The guys in the raft were ahead of us now and had some rope. By now Bill and I were cracking jokes and it looked like fun to pull ourselves across the river. I followed Bill slowly, keeping a distance behind him. It was hard to leave the safety of my rock. It looked like he caught the rope, so I started walking in the water toward him. All of a sudden I was caught in the power of the current and on my back, feet forward, heading toward a wall of water six feet high, surrounded by high waves of splashing, frothing, rushing water.

I bodysurfed those rapids. What fun it was-- AM! After a couple of times of going under and having waves splash over and pull me

# Make it a cross country Christmas.



## Wilderness Trace

into their depths, I came very close to total panic. That's one thing you can't do. You just have to relax and go with the waves. I saw Laura and Dave on one of the times I popped up out of the waves. They were looking on in amazement. I yelled, "Get me the fuck out of here!" They hopped on the raft. I grabbed hold of a rock, hanging on for dear life. They passed me by, so I went under once again. They managed to grab me and pull me on board.

We were right in the rapids. Nobody said much as we were paddling too hard. The raft with the big guys had picked up Steve and Bill. We all met in the middle of the rapids and picked up our remaining raftmates. We continued through a couple of rapids. When our ending destination was sighted, everyone started talking at once. They said I was brave to bodysurf those rapids. Brave? I had no choice! Steve and Bill had seen those rapids and remarked that no way were they going to swim them and they made for the shore. Laura and Dave had managed to stay in the raft.

We pulled into the landing and Cindy greeted us. We went and ate at a restaurant and later came back

to the woods and put our sleeping bags down around the campfire and looked up into the stars. It had been quite a day. We had battled with nature and had won. We'd built up our spirits and confidence. This was my first experience with the Mountaineering Club and what an exciting and fun adventure it was. Thanks to all my raft mates who made the trip all the more fun: Laura, Dave, Steve, Bill, and Cindy.



Stellar  
Jay



## Yosemite Summer

*Barbara Boylan*

When I first went to work in Yosemite a year ago last summer, all I knew about the park was that Half Dome was there. For awhile I even had it confused with Yellowstone and I thought there were geysers there too. Having worked there as a dishwasher for two summers now, I can tell you that one thing Yosemite has is tourists. Hungry tourists!

Oh, there are also mountains there. One of my favorite hiking trips that I took was an overnight across the north rim of the valley. Since my hiking friend was working that weekend, I opted to do this one solo.

To avoid a five hour hike up to get out of the valley, I rode the town bus to the High Country which put me on the same level as the valley rim. I had a good chat with my friend Dan, the busdriver. When I told him about my trip, he suggested that I take the old Tioga road trail on the last leg of my journey instead of walking the full distance along the highway. Dan dropped me off at Porcupine Flat.

As the bus rolled away I was for the first time alone and completely dependent upon what I carried on my back for the next thirty three hours. I wondered, 'Do I really know what I'm doing?'

The first part of my hike took me to North Dome which faces Half Dome. Both can be seen from the valley floor. What can't be seen from the valley is the high ridge behind North Dome. In order to get on top of the dome I would have to walk down this ridge and then up the dome. I considered the miles I had ahead of me still and decided that the view from the ridge was just as good as the one from the dome.

There were a few people on the ridge with me and we talked a bit before I moved on. They were the only people I saw until the next day. I did get to see a lot of birds, woodpeckers and Stellar Jays. During lunch by the cliff edge I watched a hawk. I also saw a deer with her fawns, but that was about it for wildlife.

By evening time I'd reached a fork in the trail with a side road going up to Eagle Peak. I slipped my pack off here and decided to watch the sunset on the peak and then come back down and make camp. I changed my mind when I found a perfect campsite on the peak, complete with a view and a fire ring. I came back to my pack, but before I could take it up I had to get some water. I took a flashlight and a pot and backtracked to some ponds I'd seen in a meadow.

It was that dusky time in the evening when the light is fading and a quiet stillness hangs in the air making you incredibly aware of your own presence. I was very aware of being there, in the woods, all alone, lacking even my backpack full of familiar stuff. I was standing in a marshy meadow with six huge, dark trees looming between me and the path and offering a great hiding place for anything that wanted to attack me. This was the make or break point. I was starting to feel nervous out there alone. I took a couple deep breaths and stayed still until I calmed down. Then I walked past the trees, relieved.

After getting the water, my pack, and some firewood up to my

camping spot. I was set for the night. The only element I found annoying was the sound of the diesel buses which came up from the valley. I left in the morning to the sound of the dump trucks.

My second day took me over the top of El Capitan. I sat for awhile up on top and took in the rocks and the wind. It was very barren on the mountain. I saw one person that day, a climber who was chaining his mountain bike to a tree.

That afternoon I turned off onto the Tioga road as Dan had advised. It was an easy walk on level paved ground, until I got to the avalanche. That was the reason the road had been abandoned. Dan had told me that I would be able to pick up the road on the other side, but after I'd picked my way across the rocks I couldn't tell if I'd gone too high or too low to find the road. So having no other choice I climbed down the avalanche. I made it to level ground with very shaky knees. Now I only had seven more miles of walking till I reached home. This trip ended up to be about 20 miles which was more than I had planned for, but it was worth every step.

# Diving the Florida Springs

Mikel Daulton

The day after the big snowfall last winter was the perfect day to leave for an extended weekend Dive Trip. Where to? Where else but the warm waters of Florida.

So Dave, Mark, Jeff, and myself called our bosses and said we were sick, then went out loaded the car and headed south. Driving straight through, we arrived the next morning at Gennie Springs, Florida just north of Tampa. The weather was great with temperatures in the 70's compared with Ohio's 20 degree highs. We were in heaven.

Gennie Springs is about 75 feet across with a stream 5 feet deep leading to a small river a couple hundred yards away. At the bottom of the springs there's an opening into a cavern you can swim into. The water coming from these springs is crystal clear. It's like you're swimming in air instead of water. We made two dives there and in between dives we snorkled down the stream to the river. Where the black water of the river meets the clear water of the springs a black wall is created where you see fish swimming in and out. After Gennie

we went to our hotel and had a dinner of fresh seafood from the gulf.

The next day the weather was the same. Great! We headed out for King's Bay. There are several springs in King's Bay. The ones we dove into were Three Sisters, Idiot's Delight, and Catfish Corner.

Catfish Corner was especially interesting because of the large number of catfish swimming in it. On the third and, unfortunately, last day of our trip we drove over to Manatee Springs.

There's two parts to Manatee: one is a sink hole filled with water connected to the main springs by an underground river. This river goes into a large cavern about 100 feet across and 65 feet deep. The entrance to the cavern is in 30 feet of water and is about 9' X 10' with a very strong current. The spring puts out 96 million gallons per day.

After Manatee we headed back home, regretfully, to the cold and snow of Cincinnati ending this trip.

"Quality Equipment is Your Blue Chip Investment"\*



**CROSS COUNTRY SKI PACKAGE**  
Epoxi waxless tuning ski • Leather boots  
• Fiberglass poles • Boteffella binding

\*\$99. 2100 Madison \$41.  
321-4882 SAVINGS  
1-800-368-5555

**CINCINNATI DIVING CENTER**  
SPECIALIZING IN DIVING INSTRUCTION



- DIVING CLASSES MONTHLY
- SNORKELING & DIVING EQUIPMENT
- ENVIRONMENTAL APPAREL
- DIVING TOURS MONTHLY

**521-DIVE (521-3483)**  
8412 WINTON RD CINTI, OHIO 45231  
(ACROSS FROM BRENTWOOD SHOPPG. CNTR)  
SALES - SERVICE - INSTRUCTION - REPAIRS - TRAVEL

# KOYAANISQATSI-

## The Hopi-Navajo Perspective

Brian Hoop

Koyaanisqatsi: Hopi-Navajo word

1. Crazy life.
2. Life in turmoil.
3. Life disintegrating.
4. Life out of balance.
5. A state of life that calls for another state of being.

Life giving rain is precious on the high desert lands of north-western New Mexico. So when the afternoon clouds build up around Mt. Taylor and the skies grow dark and electrifying, one senses the magic the Navajo and Hopi live with everyday. At an elevation of 11,301 feet, Mt. Taylor, some 50 miles west of Albuquerque, dominates the skyline. For the Navajo Indians Mt. Taylor is sacred, honored like a god, symbolizing their awareness of how precious this earth is to their livelihood.

At present developers from Albuquerque and Grants are pushing

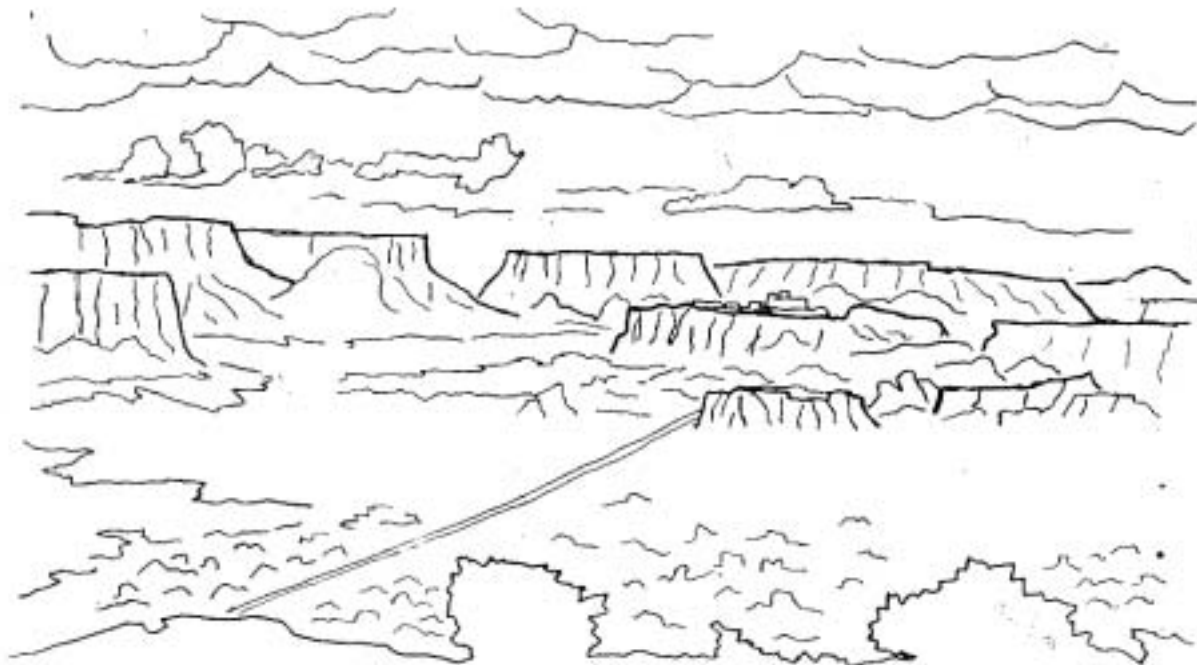
to have National Forest lands turned into ski lanes and resort areas. The Indians have watched the Anglo society trek their way west across their land. Railroads and I-40 snake through their land, uranium mining fouls their water, and land is subdivided into properties. All they can do is shed a tear when that first tree falls in the name of recreation and economic potential. They peacefully accept the inevitable.

During my summer at St. Bonaventure Indian Mission in Thoreau, New Mexico, I recalled the lesson of Koyaanisqatsi. As told in the movie by that name, Koyaanisqatsi is the Hopi-Navajo word for life out of balance, a crazy, disoriented sense of order. There's no denying it's our Anglo-Germanic culture, in the European tradition, that is out of order. Despite all the Christian

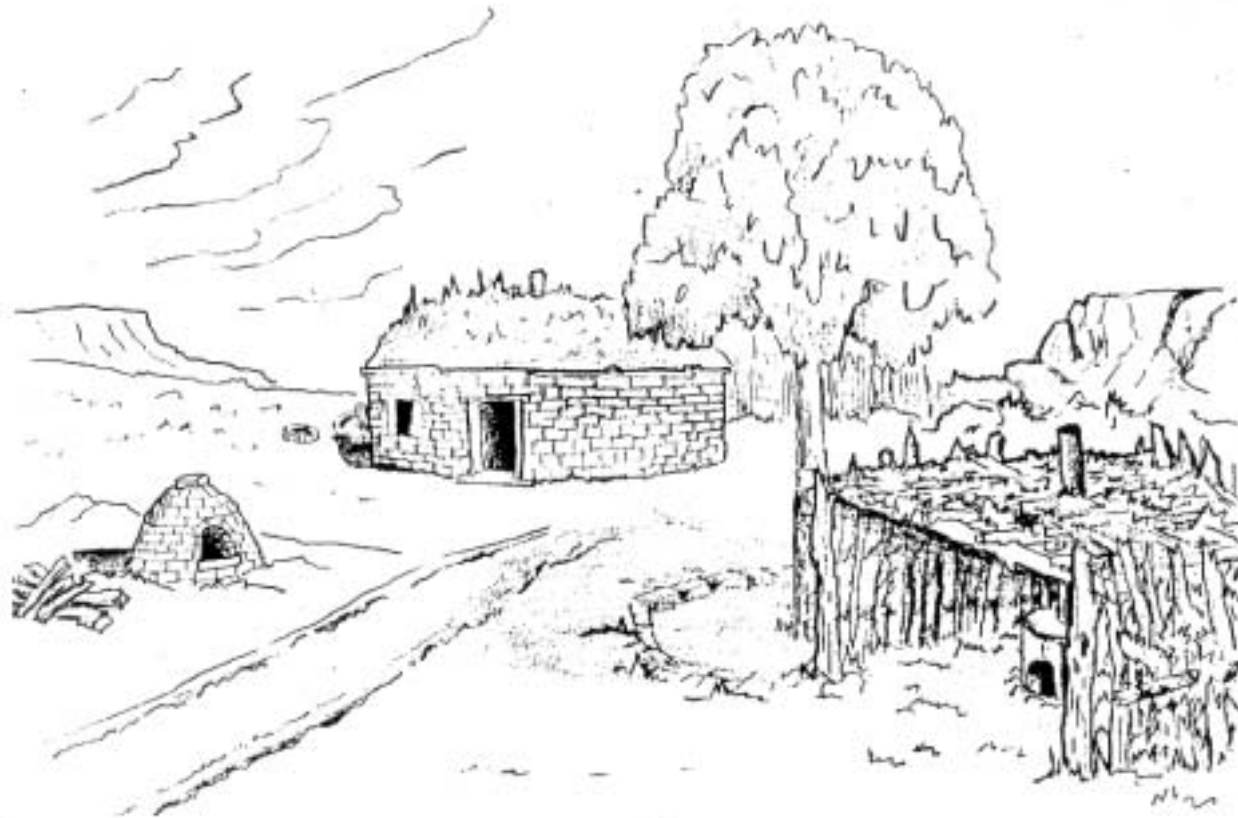
intentions of securing health and prosperity for humankind, we no longer understand the balance between man and earth that the Navajos and most Native American Indians took for granted many moons ago.

The Navajo worship that which gives them life. There is no one all-powerful god. It is from the earth and skies that all life begins and ends. Spirits watch over sun, water, agriculture, and the earth. They take what little they need to survive. That's all they ask. That's all they needed, until the last century. Human life is just as such a delicate link in the eco-system of earth as is any other living organism. Their daily lives were proof of their awareness; their responsibility to not overburden that system. They knew harmony.

Their so called primitive



I WONDER WHO'S THE RICHER:  
US OR THEM.  
I SUPPOSE HEAVEN CAN'T BE FAR FROM HERE.  
WHY GO ANY FURTHER.



society is in sharp contrast to our own developed civilization. They're a matriarchal society; the elder women dominate the power structure. Interesting how the Navajo have become the largest surviving Indian tribe in the country having historically never fought a battle against white man. Maybe we should take notice of the not so aggressive instincts of women.

Take a look at their habitat and daily lives. They live in adobe houses called hogans. Made of materials directly from the earth, mud and water, they have a thermal efficiency white man can only dream about. During the day the thick walls shade the interiors, much like a cave. Yet, at night the solar warmth stored in the earthen walls is released. Even the tee-pee is a masterpiece of common sense engineering man today still considers primitive.

Cooking stoves, called kivas, use little amounts of wood to heat sandstone rocks which will warm an oven a whole day. There's no electricity, natural gas, or coal involved. No need for factory produced stoves, refrigerators, or dishwashers. They get by without paved roads, sewer lines, tele-

communications, etc. Could a white man live without a toothbrush and deodorant?

Their economy is based on individual family production of essentials, unlike our society's interdependency on industry and trade. They are simple sheep-herding people, making their own wool clothing, growing their own crops of grains, and hunting now and then. They maintain extended families and every family member has a responsibility in both production of shelter and food.

Education is much more than becoming a literate citizen as in our society. In fact, they had no written language until this century. Education involves passing on the skills of survival and respect for the environment from generation to generation. Education is learning how to live in harmony with one's own environment.

The Native American Indians essentially live a rural/agricultural existence. We all know that is the history of the human race. Even the Anglo-Germanic tradition is in agriculture even as we move beyond such a primitive existence into the age of industry

and technology.

One may argue the Indians are still agriculturally based because they never progressed as a civilization should. I point out that while the Navajos have adapted to live in such a harsh, dry, desolate climate they never once altered the earth as drastically as the white man has deemed essential. I think they would much rather change themselves before they'd put one scratch in the earth.

Does anyone recall what Northern Europe and Eastern America were like before we turned whole continents into farmland? Those endless forests are gone forever now, all in the name of human progress. They must have been beautiful forests. Maybe we should be thankful to the Indians for not having disrupted western America seeing as how white man surely would have by now if we'd been here as long as the Indians had. (Note: In Brazil and Australia they are cutting down rain forests in the name of farmland for human survival. [History repeats itself.] The future may belong to civilized man, yet I'm convinced the Indians were

*(Please turn to KOYAANISQATSJ, p.17)*

# Reflections on the Northwest Waters

There were two nude bodies on the beach. Were they exhibitionists or were they merely responding to a natural urge that the magnificent scenery of the Pacific Northwest evoked? Were they to be soon drawn into the pounding surf, bodies intertwined in embrace, the rhythms of the waves inspiring an equally fundamental motion between them? Or did the beauty and isolation of nature so exceptional compel them to shun all that interfered with the perception of that place-- the waning warmth of the afternoon sun; the chill of the wind on skin; the sharp wetness of the ever-changing surf; and the subtle coarseness of the sand? Or was it to be a combined response, the limitlessness of nature becoming a role model?

To find out, one need only travel to the Olympic Coast in Washington State and let the mind and body "go with the flow," so to speak.

The Pacific Northwest is a rocky shoreline of unparalleled scenery. The mainland trees halt abruptly a hundred feet above the ocean surf. The shore itself changes randomly from wide beaches to rocky outcroppings full of tidal pools. Out from the beaches and rocks rise inspiring "sea-stacks," lone columns of stone ranging in size from that of a car to that of a house. The inevitable gulls soar from pinnacle to pinnacle, their wailing cries drifting to the beaches with the waves.

To reach the Olympic Coast, one must first travel to the Seattle area. Heading west out of Seattle, either ferries can be taken across Puget Sound to the northern edge of the Olympic Peninsula, or one can drive on highways that circumscribe a route around the southern edge. Once the coast is attained by either way, a number of options are possible. Simple camping along

## Anonymous

beaches by the highway afford easy-- albeit not very isolated-- recreation. The serious explorer of nature will want to move beyond the reaches of man's influence, trekking along the very private shoreline in the northwest corner of the Peninsula.

One particularly gorgeous route-- and the inspiration for this discourse-- was a section of shore starting at the terminus of the Hoh River. There the glacier-fed waters of Mount Olympus mix with the Pacific Ocean, crystal green merging with crystal blue. The immediate impression of this area is one of expansive beach. Underfoot though, is not sand, but well rounded rock, polished by eons of gentle abrasion. As one turns northward, you are immediately dwarfed by hundreds of huge trees, scattered all along the shore like satchatickes. These once handsome giants of the forest were swept down the Hoh River over many years of spring flooding and cast to the shore by the receiving ocean waters.

Hiking through this area can be challenging. Often the trunks will exceed six feet in diameter, and climbing over or around can be challenging. Pausing to reflect upon the forces that carried these trees to their destination certainly brings a breath of thanks that you were not here then.

Once the tree-littered shoreline has been navigated, one enters a stretch of sandy beach, much like what was seen to the south along the roadside, but now you are quite alone. Ahead, the steep-cliffed land mass juts into the ocean. At the base of the cliffs the beach becomes jumbled rock, inviting careful scrambling. Depending on tidal conditions, you could be forced to ascend to the tops of the cliffs or merely pick your way along the slippery rocks.

But persistence pays off. Eventually you round a rocky bend, and before you stretches the perfect beach. Lagoon-like, it is rimmed by tall cliffs. The shore at each end is a mass of rocks full of tidal (Please turn to REFLECTIONS, p.23)



39 CALHOUN STREET  
CINCINNATI, OHIO  
Phone 221-6700

HOURS  
11-8 Mon. & Fri.  
11-6 Tues.-Thurs.  
10-5 Sat.



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

far more aware of the thin line humankind walks between economic and population growth and ecology on this planet than we'll ever be. I ask you, who is the more responsible?

The Navajo people are in a critical crisis between population growth and available natural resources. I came to agree with a biologist friend from Northern Michigan University, although disheartening to admit, there are just too many Navajo people for the limited land area they control. Federal health programs have provided free health care, insuring a higher birth rate and lower death rate than the Navajos have been historically accustomed to.

Presently Navajos are allocated a quantity of land by family of which 100% of their land has already been divided. When families grow they must subdivide again and again what land was given to their grandmothers over 50 years ago. Since Navajos have great pride in their land, very few leave for the urban metropolis to help alleviate overcrowding. The desert land is not fertile enough to

support such a concentrated and stationary homestead. There's a problem when a family receives acres when they need square miles to maintain traditional standards of living.

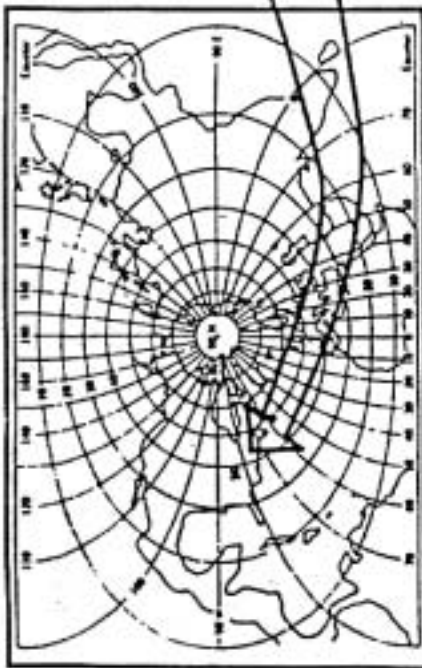
As a result, most families become dependent on federal assistance in the struggle to feed and clothe their burgeoning families. They are just not accustomed nor ready to accept the Anglo work ethic and simply work their way out of poverty. Besides, what we call an acceptable standard of living is sheer extravagance to them. When they realize the good earth can no longer satisfy their needs they lose that all important sense of harmony with the environment. They loose their pride and self-esteem. The Navajo way, life in balance, fades away.

In our society priorities often deem it essential to sacrifice natural equilibrium in the name of serving society's interests. A dam is put up; providing water for thousands, but a valley is gone forever. A forest is cut; shelter is provided for many, but it will be decades to centuries before the forest life is back to normal. Coyotes are exterminated by the

thousands; cows are saved, but a serious blow is dealt to the ecological life-cycle of dozens of species. Gaseous minerals are pumped out of the ground; the life pulse of a whole society, yet at the same time creating exhausts that choke the precious air we'd die without. Where does it end? Do we have other alternative? Maybe we are beyond the point of no return. I hope not. Maybe we will listen, see, and find lessons to be learned from the lifestyles of our brothers, the Native American Indians. I hope so.

*With Beauty Before Us  
With Beauty Behind Us  
With Beauty Above Us  
With Beauty Below Us  
With Beauty In Us  
With Beauty All Around Us  
With Beauty We Walk...*

-- Navajo Night Chant



# DUTTENHOFER'S

## MAP STORES

Business Maps • Travel  
Maps & Guides

Foreign Language • Wall  
Maps & Globes •  
U.S.G.S. Topographic •  
Navigation • Outlines •  
Road Maps • Atlases •  
Cities • State • Regional  
Maps • Zip Codes •  
Special Areas

### CLIFTON

210 West McMillan Street  
Cincinnati, Ohio 45219  
phone: 381-0007

Always in stock

American Map Company  
Cleartype  
Rand McNally

Broad Range

custom framing •  
dry mounting •  
• mylar  
overlay services •

### DOWNTOWN

104 East Court Street  
Cincinnati, Ohio 45219  
phone: 241-7722

# SOLITARY TREK

Competitive sports never interested me much. I somehow disliked the idea of person against person, the proud victor and the humbly defeated one. The image vaguely reminds me of what war is all about. This summer I took a journey on my bicycle thinking I had found a suitable, non-competitive alternative. Instead I found myself creating four intensely competing parties including my body, my mind, the bicycle, and the outer elements of the road, sun, and wind.

The itinerary included leaving from my summer visit in Thoreau, New Mexico with plans to see Mom and Pop in Kansas City, Mo. and intending to return to Cincinnati sooner or later. That was all. Like any eager student I hoped to see a little of this and a little of that, but nothing in particular. My checklist of essentials included helmet, tent, sleeping bag, stove, eating utensils, plenty of rope, one change of clothes, plenty of food, and plenty of tools and inner tube spares. All in all I carried a lot less than most people would.

Day 1 was spent on Navajo Indian land—117 miles of high desert travel, zigzagging along highway 57 and 187 across the continental divide, always in an elevation range of 7,500 - 8,000 feet. The sun appeared menacing, yet the dry climate kept me from noticeably perspiring. As long as I replenished water supplies often enough, I was quite comfortable.

Clear skies gave me unobstructed sight for miles and miles. Always visible were the long stretches of mesas, miles to the south and north. Earth shades of red, white, brown, and green were splashed along their faces in horizontal bands. Life was sparse on the high desert. I passed maybe five trading posts, no villages at all. The homes of the Navajo were hidden in the vast horizon before me. My companions were lonely pinyon pines giving me little bits of shade, prairie dogs cheering me on, and soaring hawks uplifting my spirits. No wonder the Indians are at peace with the environment; it truly strikes me as a sacred land. Reaching Cuba, N.M. and the base of the Jemez Mountains, my competitors were all in a tie.

My body felt good, my spirits were high, the bike ran well, and the road terrain was challenging enough.

Day 2 and I started climbing. Highway 96 took me through the Jemez Range to the Rio Grande Valley. Majestic peaks all around looked incredibly like a mini-Colorado. The Abiquiu Lake basin was a paradise, being that it was the only large body of water I had a chance to swim in the entire trip. A majority of the time I was gliding down as the Rio Grande drew near, yet there were many hardy climbs. Still, I was in decent physical shape, the scenery uplifted my spirits, the bike was holding up, and the road was no trouble.

That night I slept by the Rio Grande River, which happened to be at the bottom of a monstrous canyon. Highway 96 became a dirt path as it wound 3 miles down and 3 miles up the canyon walls. A comic skunk amused me all night with his shenanigans in my food supply. He told me he wouldn't stink me, so I went back to sleep.

Day 3 took me through Teos, N.M., up over a 9,500 foot pass, through Val Verde and Angel Fire ski area, to Eagle's Nest near Wheeler Peak, (which at 13,161 feet is the highest in New Mexico), and on past historic Cimarron, N.M. A 20 mile climb followed a beautiful clear-water creek. Heading east of Eagle's Nest, I sped down narrow Cimarron Canyon which was faced with spectacular high cliff walls. The meadows were wild with high grass, there were Douglas fire everywhere, and wildflowers were all along the roads. There was life everywhere.

That night things began to change. I was on my way to Raton, N.M. out on the prairie when clouds began to threaten rain. I ended up in a nasty hail storm for some thirty minutes with no cover for miles. Luckily for me I ran into a group of hippies headed for Wisconsin in moving vans and motorcycles and waiting out the rain. As it goes they gave me a lift to Trinidad, CO. Unfortunately, it was cold and wet and a Friday night. The high school crowd was out. I was in the wrong place at the wrong time. Needless to say, I got jeered

## Brian Hoop

at a lot until I got out of town. It was one or two in the morning before I got to bed. My body was exhausted, my spirits were down.

Day four I was out in the middle of nowhere following highway 160 east. The mountains of New Mexico were fading away now. Ahead of me were miles of cattle ranches, barbed wire fences, and the endless lands of the Comanche National Grasslands. It was unique, it was beautiful, but I was getting lonely ever so slowly. Now my mind was playing tricks on me. I felt like I wasn't getting anywhere fast enough, although I was moving faster than ever. I was confused by the time I stopped in Springfield, CO. Why wasn't I in Kansas yet? I couldn't tell if I was exhausted or not. My body felt fine yet my mind said I was exhausted. I'd begin to shake while eating dinner. Was I freaking out? Should I quit now? Where was the Greyhound station? My bike was okay and the terrain wasn't fighting me. Who was getting the best of me now—my mind, my body? Which would give up first?

That did it. I wasn't going to give up. I knew it would be a struggle all the way now. Day five and I crossed the Kansas border. Out in the middle of nowhere and I was struck by a phenomenon. The land was now cultivated, contoured, and scraped by the fingers of man. I began to see what looked like city skylines spread out over a flat horizon. It turned out to be grain elevators. Such buildings everywhere became my goal markers. How fast could I make it to the next white tower? Why wasn't I going faster?

Oh shit, a flat. I changed it. Ten minutes later, crap, another flat. What were those things doing in my tire? Those thornal Jesus, they're an inch long. I found out first hand you don't go anywhere in western Kansas without thick rubber tubes. I ended up spending half my fifth or sixth day waiting at a co-op store for heavy duty Carlisle tubes.

My spirits were shot the rest of the way to Dodge City. As I rode along highway 56, I was mesmerized by the monotonous hum of hundreds of water pumps everywhere and windmills

going swish, swish, swish. Where was I? Is this peace of mind? Is this getting in tune with nature? Can't enjoy myself now cause my back wheel is out of true. Boing! OH, OH! There goes a spoke and I'm past the bike shop in Dodge City. Why am I not going faster? Where did this wind come from? Shit, it's blowing in my face, right at me. I thought it was supposed to be behind me. 300 more miles and the wind is getting stronger. Or am I getting weaker? Now I'm averaging only 90-100 miles a day versus 115+ a few days ago. Where did all these truckers come from? Hey, guys, you realize you're a pain in the rear? You're taking up too much room. Get out of my way.

Let's go home, Brian. I can't, there's no bus out here. I'm lonely. I'm tired and exhausted mentally and physically. But I'm having fun, why and a good thing? It's day seven or eight and you're almost to Emporia, Kansas. You can't give up now. But you're going crazy, man. You're draining your pocketbook for food money. You can't control your hunger. You want more, more, more. Why's that waitress looking at you like you need a bath? You're a mess, my friend.

Your body's shaking, your spirits are shattered, the wheels on your bike are falling apart, and you're cursing the wind and road as if they were the devil's handiwork. You can't push anymore, you're not getting anywhere. You've even forgotten to tell your readers where you were days six and seven cause you don't remember yourself. Hey, my man, you're even talking to yourself. Stop it. Give it up, buddy.

KURPLUNK, UMPH, BOING,  
SPROING, CRUNCH

Hi, Mom. I hit a bump and the panier pack flipped off and got twisted in my wheel. Broke five spokes. Can you pick me up? Thanks.

I almost got to Emporia, Kansas, 850 miles from Thoreau, N.M.

I'll admit Kansas is really beautiful. But somehow there's just too much of it. Too many wheat fields, too many grain silos, too much flat land. It would have been nice to go the distance all the way to Cincy—riding through the Missouri Ozark Country, and up the Ohio River roads in Kentucky. That would have been nice. Some other

time.

Did I win or lose? It was a close race. Mentally I was on the brink of disaster but something inside me kept pushing. Don't stop now! My body was exhausted, yet never approached collapsing on its own. I think the mind has a lot of control over the body. The bike was fit to ride if I was equipped to change the spokes. That would have taken too long and honestly I didn't know how to deal with them. The road, sun, and wind were like pushing through a brick wall. They kept chipping away at my spirits and strength, but they never stopped me until the bump.

Yes, I won in the end. I won because I tried. Just like any challenge in life, it doesn't matter if I got all the way. As long as I enjoyed trying and I feel that the effort will make me a better human being, I've succeeded.

Will you ever ride again,  
Brian? Sure thing buddy, buddy.

\*\*\*\*\*



*INCLINES continued from page 9*

Walking down scree fields requires patience and sure footing. If one gets tired (which is very easy to do) and hurries, they could go home with a snoot full of gravel. Finally, Asgard Pass is behind us and the remaining miles go much quicker.

Seeing the car in the parking lot is a welcome sight for my feet, shoulders, and tired leg muscles. As we put our packs into the car, the light drizzle that has been falling for the last half hour picks up momentum. Bill is kind enough to have cold Rainier beer and nacho chips ready and waiting. We cram our grimy bodies into the car and

take off for Seattle.

The next day is Labor Day and Bill, Larry, and I go to the beach. We figure we'd come this far, we might as well drive a few more hours and see the ocean. Larry and I rent horses from Blackie, this old cowboy with no teeth who keeps a whole herd of horses tethered on the beach. Since I have never really ridden before, I ask for the tamest horse he has. And I get it. My horse is so tame all he wants to do is to stand in his place by all the other horses. He knows I don't know anything about horses, so he keeps going back there. After this brief equine encounter, the three of us walk barefoot along the beach.

Tuesday we bid a fond farewell to the Northwest and head for home. We drive straight through to Boise and spend a day visiting with Larry's old college roommate Tom and his wife Barb and their dog Donner. From there I drive most of the way at night through the Idaho high desert towards Yellowstone. Larry and Bill catch Old Faithful erupting at dawn while I'm sacked out in the car. We make it to the Badlands in South Dakota that night and drive through the national park in the morning, stopping at a restaurant/gift shop run by the Ogallala Sioux. My tripmates wait for me patiently (?) while I purchase gifts in the shop. We travel across the increasingly humid Midwest to the Mindy City to visit with Craig and Cheri Patterson. We spend a day walking around Evanston and Northwestern University; it is very hot so we take a dip in Lake Michigan and cool off quickly. On Sunday we drive the remaining six hours back to Cincinnati. A few weeks ago, six hours in a car seemed a terribly long time, but after driving 6800 miles across the country and back, it's *nothin'*.

It is 8:00 P.M. Sunday, September the eighth, and Bill's Subaru station wagon pulls into my driveway, returning from our trek out to Washington. It is still stuffed with ice axes, cameras, and wool clothes. The cookies are long gone but equipment and gifts picked up along the way more than take up the room. We have twice as many tapes as we started out with and we are sick of every one (except our own personal favorites). The trip is over. We are back where we started from. But we are much richer than we were three weeks ago, with moments and memories enough to last until the next trip.

# Make Mine Rainier

Bill Strachan

The immensity of a large mountain feature is most intimidating when you are standing at its base. I remember going to Yosemite for the first time with Fletch and Craig and experiencing this. The three thousand-foot-high vertical granite buttrees of El Capitan is by far the most prominent feature in Yosemite valley to the climber but the full impact doesn't sink in until you are standing right at the base, head cranked back, eyes bugged out, staring as far up into the unrelenting verticality as you can see, and realizing, "My God, people really climb this!". Mount Rainier, the highest volcano in the Cascade Range, gives one such a feeling. Approaching the mountain from Seattle it is surely a prominent feature rising from almost sea level to 14,410 feet above it. I truly began to appreciate Mount Rainier as I hiked up the trail from Paradise Ranger Station to Camp Muir and beheld up close the nearly vertical snow and ice that hangs off the mountain in several imposing glaciers. A common misconception among non-climbers is that Rainier

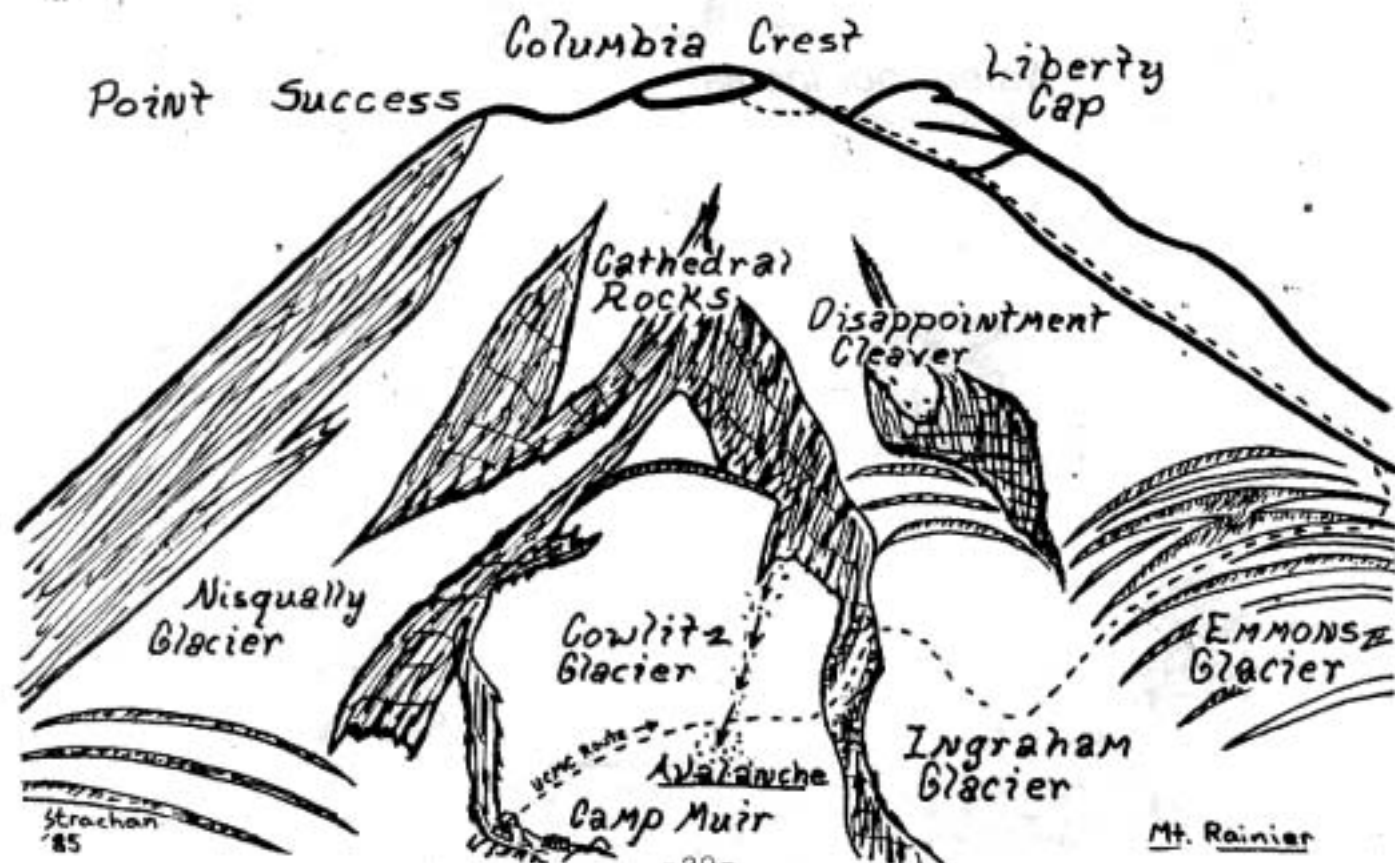
is a walk up. Don't let them fool you, this is a serious mountain climb.

The seriousness of the recent UCMC attempt on Mount Rainier really hit home soon after the party of six members and one native Seattleite set out from Camp Muir across the Cowlitz Glacier in the very dark and starry early morning hours of August 26, 1985. A crash of of boulders coming down from Cathedral Rocks above broke the tranquility and brought instant terror to all in the party. While the first rope team was shaking in their boots, having been so close to the avalanche to see sparks flying from the tumbling debris, the second rope team, to which I was attached, had a moment of confusion as we tried to solicit a "We're O.K." response from the first team which was just out of sight over a ridge in the glacier. It was enough persuasion from the mountain for three people to decide to turn back for Camp Muir right then and there. Having been involved in rock avalanches before I reasoned that it was highly unlikely

for another one to occur in that spot as we crossed, although I thought it would be best if we moved out of that area one way or another as quickly as possible. We switched around places on the ropes so that those who wanted to return to Camp Muir could. Now only four diehards continued up in the darkness tied securely into my Edelweiss Everdry Rainbow Bridge rope.

The new configuration made for a strong team for continuing the ascent: Mark Hartinger, former club president, and myself the seasoned veterans; Larry Bortner, an aspiring alpinist; and Ruth Martin on only her second backpacking trip who was certainly the boldest of us all. I realized that even with the training that Larry and I went through, it would take the utmost effort for us to reach the summit. We moved quickly across the path that the avalanche had taken and soon we were across the Cowlitz and scrambling up a steep scree chute. As we looked back towards Camp Muir, the

(Please turn to RAINIER on page 22.)





# WEAR THESE WATERPROOF BOOTS AND GET THE JUMP ON WET WEATHER.

## *Waterproof/Insulated Irish Setters*

**Guaranteed Waterproof**—Red Wing's new Thundar Leather keeps your feet exceptionally dry. It repels water, yet breathes like ordinary leather for solid comfort outdoors.

**And they're warm**—fully-lined with Thinsulate® to block out the cold, Cambrelle® to absorb perspiration, plus Red Wing's exclusive SuperSole. Get the jump on wet and cold weather with Irish Setters.

AVAILABLE IN SIZES B 9-13, D 6-14, EE 7-12.



DEALERS

Florence  
7921 Mall Rd.  
283-2909

CINCINNATI  
6097 Montgomery  
631-1988

Mt. Healthy  
7400 Hamilton Ave.  
521-2083



**RED WING  
SHOES**

®

**THE ALL-WEATHER  
IRISH SETTER**

MADE IN U.S.A.

...RAINIER continued from page 20.

headlamps of a Rainier Mountaineering, Inc. summit attempt group glittered in the single file of a seemingly religious procession. At this point I was glad that we were ahead of them. At the top of the scree slope, beneath a slightly overhanging rock face we donned our crampons and began to traverse across the Ingraham Glacier, which at this point, up near the Bergschrund (the boundary between the glacier and the rock), was steep and solid ice. A conscious effort had to be made to get all ten bottom points of each crampon to firmly purchase into the ice. Moving across the Ingraham Flats in the darkness, it was impossible to distinguish any features of the mountain outside the small range of our headlamp beams. The intimidation of the route temporarily relented and the only sense of being became the bite of the crampon points into the ice and the tension of the rope in your hand.

On the Ingraham we had gone down and around Disappointment Cleaver and now the route became a steep, straight ahead climb. We climbed up out of the darkness as the cold blue of the first light of day dawned upon us. Soon the eastern horizon was on fire among the distant jagged peaks in a blaze of brilliant orange light. It was a light that enkindles the fire of the spirit to soar to heavenly heights, yet it was tinged by a touch of sadness in its transience. Upward and onward we continued in the full light of day until we were confronted by the most monstrous difficulty on the route, a seemingly endless field of crevasses that were several hundred feet deep. We followed what seemed to be a path along one of the knife edge ridges of snow and ice in between the crevasses only to find ourselves at the dead end in a maze looking down an icy precipice into the bowels of the glacier. We retreated and tried another ridge which we pushed farther. More such puzzles lay ahead; in fact we had become surrounded by a maze of huge crevasses, so we let the RMI group forge ahead and left the the route-finding to the experienced guides who do the route almost daily and are more intimately aware of the glacier's day to day changes. Still there are no absolute certainties on the glaciers of Rainier. A snow bridge crossed this morning on the ascent can be history on the way



The successful UCMC summit team of Larry Bortner, Bill Strachan, and Mark Hartinger pause for a moment at the top of Mt. Rainier. photo: R. Martin

back down from the summit. Even the National Park Rangers who had become lost in the morning darkness on the icefall above took to following the RMI guides at this point. We crossed tenuously underneath an icefall where large chunks of ice that had broken off and avalanched could be seen below and came around the corner of a steep windswept ridge onto the Emmons Glacier which at this point was riddled with crevasses at most only a foot wide but at least a hundred feet deep. I turned to Mark and commented that if the route continued on like this for much longer I might decide to turn back. Fortunately we soon climbed within sight of the rocks of the summit crater still very far above us. The severity of the route began to diminish slightly and after a long awaited rest break for water, munchies, and picture-taking, we continued on with renewed vigor.

The last two thousand feet of the route was arduous but the ability to keep sight of the summit goal motivated us to press our limits of endurance. Though our weary muscles were screaming, "No farther!", in our minds we were now committed to make it to the top. In some places we moved up through ice gullies where it was advantageous to use your ice axe or other handholds to pull yourself up. This was particularly true of a couple of crevasses where the far lip was a foot or so higher than where you were standing. The exposure looking down was accentuated by being able to see the

tops of peoples heads in parties farther down on the route. As we approached the summit we took several more breaks and were able to enjoy the the tremendous view from this altitude.

Eight or so long hours after leaving Camp Muir our tired crew finally stood on the rim of the summit crater. As we gazed across the snow-filled crater towards the true high point on the opposite side of the rim it didn't seem worth it to trudge another half mile in the snow to gain less than one hundred and fifty feet in elevation. For all intents and purposes we were at the top. Rainier is well named *The Grandfather*, by the Native Americans. All of the volcanoes of the Cascade range can be seen from the top of Mount Rainier. Mark pointed them out to us-- Mount Baker in southern Washington and Mount Hood and Mount Jefferson in Oregon, Mount Adams and Mount St. Helens far to the north towards Canada. We were clearly able to distinguish features over two hundred miles away.

The native peoples have a legend that says when the Little Sister speaks the Grandfather will answer. The Little Sister is the recently reactivated Mount St. Helens. As one ponders the mystery of Rainier's crater, its growing bulge (water/yr.) is imperceptible in the human time frame. In the geological time frame, an eruption is imminent, which is documented in a report available at the Paradise visitor's



JUST RELEASED FROM  
 the INTERIOR DEPARTMENT  
 by authority of the N.P.S.  
 (NEW PARENT SOCIETY)

KATIE LYNNE JOHANNSEN  
 A U.C.M.C. SECOND GENERATION!

This birth announcement was sent to the Club by Suzanne Johannsen (nee Workman), a former club officer and now a National Park Ranger at Crater Lake in Oregon.

REFLECTIONS... continued from p. 16

pools teeming with exotic marine life, with a wide, sandy beach in between. Here the isolation and beauty of the Pacific Northwest stir your mind and body. Here you begin to understand the forces that compel you to seek

nature not for conquest but for harmony. Here you can express your love both physically and spiritually, knowing that this kind of place nurtures relationships, evokes positive virtues, and is just plain fun.

Here clothes become an unnecessary impediment to Nature...

## Halloween Party

November, 2, 1985 8:00 PM  
 4606 Runningfawn Drive

If you creak or go bump in the night, or have some friends who do, there's going to be a party that will interest you! Yes, it's Halloween time again and once more Bob & Cindy Kessler will be have a COSTUME party in his parent's basement arcade. Normal attire will keep you out in the cold with this one; craziness will admit you. Dress to kill-or-shock and bring your own drinks (Hey, I'm cheap). Dart throwing at past and present officers will be featured as well as a midnight screaming frenzy around the neighborhood. Lots of clean fun (Hush!) guaranteed. Some food will be provided, but expect to be asked to chip in on some pizzas or something. Bring a friend. New members especially encouraged! If lost, call 574-8080. See map for directions.



center. Such an occurrence will melt Rainier's glaciers and send a wall of mud and water down the Nisqually River, washing the city of Tacoma into the sea. Earthquakes would shake Seattle and ash would affect areas downwind. Another chance for me to make it to the top again and across that crater to the ultimate summit is not guaranteed, nor will the opportunity always be there for those in the club who might dare to explore the mysteries of the crater's ice cave system a Ja Etidorpha.

After the usual summit photographs, we began the long descent which would take us all the way down to the cars at Paradise by nightfall. We made good time going down the Ingraham Glacier by glissading most of the way down to the flats. When we reunited with the rest of the group at Camp Muir after a quick four hour descent, our britches were soaked from the slide but we were in good spirits. As best we could in our half-exhausted condition, we packed up our gear in the Muir hut. A party of climbers just settling into the hut speculated on an empty bottle of Rainier beer as another climber's wife stirred up dust by sweeping the hut floor for the Ranger. Just like my Mount Hood climb the experience of climbing the mountain was over like a short intense dream. Several hours later Larry and I raised a couple of Rainier bears to toast our success as we celebrated with the others in a small tourist trap restaurant just outside the park. By the next evening and a couple of six packs of Rainier beer later, I had replenished the fluids lost to dehydration on the climb and I was ready for our next adventure.



**U.C. MOUNTAINEERING CLUB - FALL 1985**

	MON	TUE	WEDNESDAY	THUR	FRI	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Sept.	23	24		25	26	27	28 29
						CLIMBING - CLIFTON GORGE STEVE KRAMRECH 961-2334	
Oct.	30	1	2	3	4	5	6
		LECTURE ON BASIC ROCK CRAFT DON SPELLER		SPACE LAUNCH		RAFTING - WEST VIRGINIA DAN LYNCH 681-2962 RAPELLING - RED RIVER GORGE MIKE DAULTON 351-5685	
	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
		OPEN HOUSE GOOSEDOWN GAZZETTE SLIDE SHOW PARTY				CLIMBING - CLIFTON GORGE DON SPELLER 831-2440 HORSEBACK RIDING-BIG SOUTH KAREN RIGGS - 281-5980 CAVING BOB 683-7500	
	14	15	16	17	18	19	20
		SLIDE SHOW WASHINGTON LB, BK, CK, BS, GW SHOW CASE TUC				BASIC BACKPACKING COURSE RED RIVER GORGE STEVE 961-2334 ROLAND 729-5763	
	21	22	23	24	25	26	27
		LECTURE EQUIPMENT USE AND ABUSE STEVE K.				CAVING AND RAPELLING MIKE DAULTON 351-5685 DON SPELLER 831-2440	
Nov.	28	29	30	31	1	2	3
		SLIDE SHOW FLORIDA DAN LYNCH			MID TERMS	HALLOWEEN PARTY BOB AND CINDYS 683-7500	BEHIND THE SCENES AT THE ZOO - ALLAN 251-5272
	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
		LECTURE BIKE CARE ROLAND				CLIMBING - SENECA ROCK STEVE KRAMERECH 961-2334	
	11	12	13	14	15	16	17
	* *	SLIDE SHOW PACIFIC COAST DESMOND				CAVING - KENTUCKY LARRY BORTNER 861-3404	
	18	19	20	21	22	23	24
		LECTURE BACKPACKING KAREN RIGGS				BACKPACKING - RED RIVER MIKE DAULTON 351-5685	
Dec.	25	26	27	28	29	30	1
		PREPARATION FOR CROSS COUNTRY SKI TRIP		*	*	BACKPACKING - SMOKIES DON SPELLER 831-2440	
	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
		FINAL PLANS FOR CROSS COUNTRY				STUDY FOR THOSE EXAMS	
	9	10	11	12	13	14	15

FINALS WEEK GOOD LUCK  
CHRISTMAS BREAK TRIP - CROSS COUNTRY SKIING IN NORTHERN MICHIGAN

PRESIDENT KAREN RIGGS 281-5980  
V. PRESIDENT ALLAN SUTHERLAND 251-5272  
TREASURER STEVE MUST

MEETINGS 7:00 PM  
510 SWIFT HALL  
EVERY WEDNESDAY

# Letter from the President

Welcome to the 8th annual fall issue of the Goosedown Gazette. I hope you enjoy our latest issue filled with club members experiences of all types: beautiful, exciting, tense, relaxing and even some unpleasant moments. The Goosedown Gazette serves multiple purposes. It serves to inform non-members of the UC Mountaineering Club (UCMC) activities. Where we go, what we do, and why we do them. Members who are out of town can catch up on what has been going on with UCMC through the Goosedown Gazette. It lets active members capture their thoughts about a trip in print that will last forever and serve as a good reference for later years when they rock the night away in their rocking chairs and can't remember what mountains they peaked and what rivers they tamed. It is a sounding board on issues such as environment and world peace. Its lighter side serves to give the opportunity to express yourself through poems, pictures and cartoons. Through the many shops that will have copies of the Goosedown Gazette available to their patrons the club will reach those who are looking for this type of club but didn't know where to find it. The Goosedown Gazette is the Good Samaritan for the club and I hope it will be a pleasure for you to read it.

What is UCMC all about - Mountain Climbing? Many people are misled by the name UCMC and assume all we do is mountain climb. This is not the case - *We Do It All!*. The club participates in many outdoor activities such as canoeing, cross country skiing, mud sliding, backpacking, caving, biking, rock climbing, horseback riding and last, but not least, Mountaineering. The club tries to have an activity lined up every weekend for members to participate in if they so desire. Climbing a mountain every weekend is a little difficult to arrange - but

not impossible. Trips can be a evening at the Concert in the Park, a day of rock climbing at Clifton Gorge, bike riding for an afternoon in Loveland or cross country skiing for the day at a local park. We can go underground for a day of caving in Kentucky and maybe over night-- perhaps even sleeping in the cave. Spend a moment or two with us at local parks for trash clean up, or take the whole weekend off and go to Seneca Rocks in West Virginia for Lead Climbing, load up the packs and strap them on for backpacking at Red River Gorge, take the waters rafting in West Virginia or bundle up for skiing in Michigan. At the end of the quarter after all the finals are done and the grades are in UCMC will offer to you a trip that will take you away from it all from 1 week to even 3 weeks. You can join in for the skiing trips during winter break, make a return visit for the club by going snorkeling in Florida during spring break, and for summer take off to Europe for biking, go out west to the mountains for a little stroll or go up north for a stroke or two when canoeing the waters in Minnesota/Canada. All these and more are available for the asking. Suggest a trip anywhere doing anything and I am sure you will have a group anxious to go. The club has a vast amount of equipment available to dues-paying members to use on trips. We have equipment for just about every outdoor activity and we are constantly maintaining and adding to our inventory. Equipment is available for check out on Wednesday after the meeting and should be returned the following Wednesday in good condition. We also have a library available for reference; books on what to do, how to do, where to do, maps, magazines (Outside, Audobon, Backpacking, Climbing, and National Wildlife).

UCMC has another purpose

besides the enjoyment of the outdoors. Each quarter UCMC offers courses to enhance you outdoors skills. We will offer this year courses in Basic Backpacking (fall qtr), Caving (winter qtr), Rock Climbing (spring qtr), and when skill level and interest are adequate, Red Cross First Aid, Advanced Rock Climbing, Advanced Wilderness Skills. The promotion of environmentalism is supported by annual trips to Red River Gorge for trash clean up trips during Spring Quarter and being conscious of our environment by not littering within our control and respecting natural resources such as National Forest and Parks. Do your part to keep Outdoors Clubs in business - Respect the Land and its Creatures.

As a new year comes upon us I would like to invite old and new members to participate in this year's activities. We have many activities lined up for the year. There will be a quarterly calendar available at the meetings listing events. Attend the meetings to catch the details of the trips and get in on the spur-of-the-moment trips. Help support the club with your attendance and participation by hanging flyers, sponsoring info. tables on the bridges to attract new members, buying T-Shirts, volunteering your time to help with the Goosedown Gazette by writing articles, poems, cartoons, pictures and helping get advertisements. My fellow officers and I are looking forward to a great year and we hope that you will help support our efforts with your participation. I hope this year will be enjoyable for you and I hope you make the Mountaineering Club a part of that year. Look for the next issue of the Goosedown Gazette in Spring of '86.

Karen Riggs

