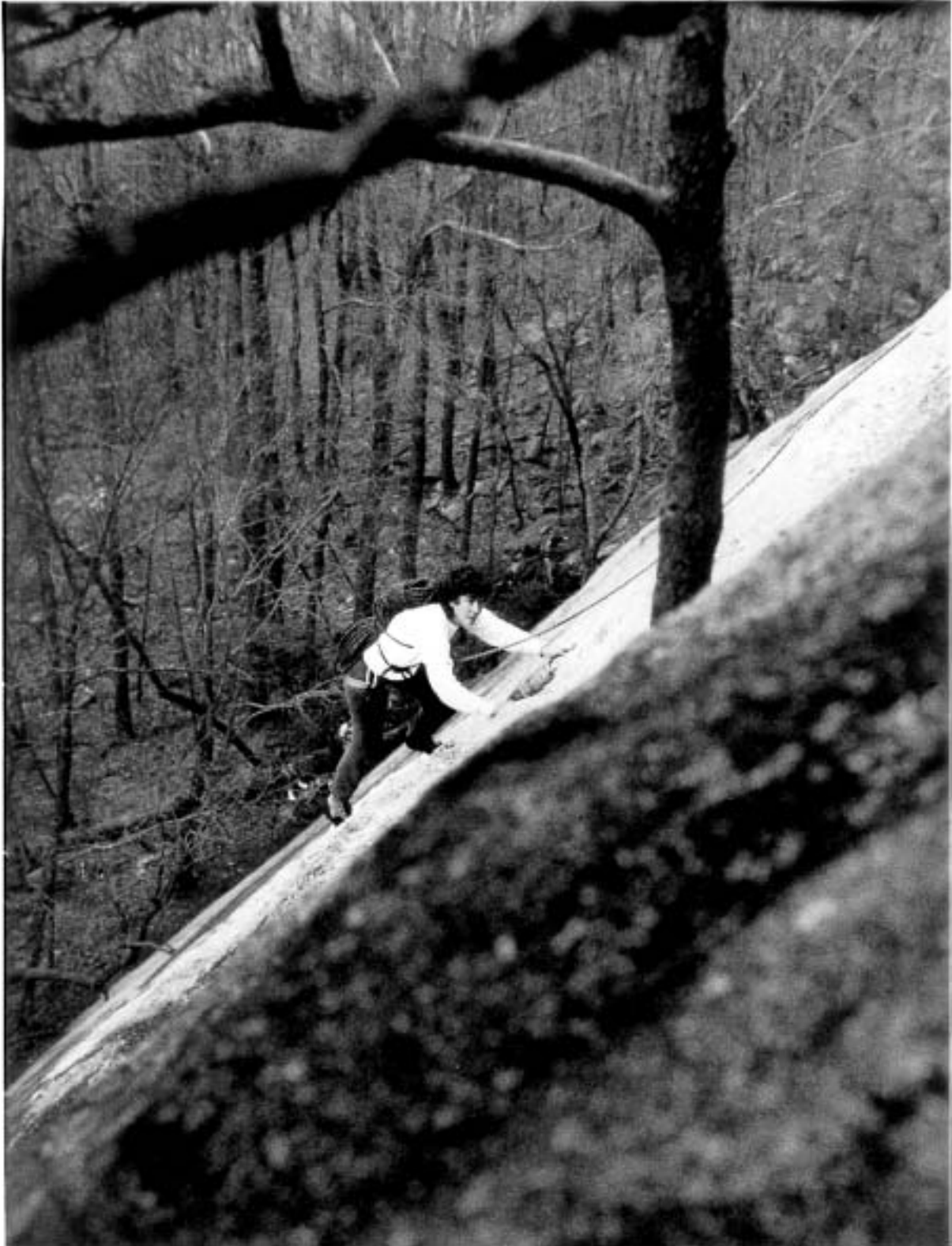


# THE GOOSE DOWN GAZETTE

SPRING 1987  
VOL.9 NO.II



# TABLE OF CONTENTS

The Goose Down Gazette is the official(?) publication of the University of Cincinnati Mountaineering Club. It is published whenever we can find enough hostages to use to force our members to work on this rag. You will probably notice many satirical and degrading comments about Club members, they are all intentional and probably true. If you have any beefs about the content please write to Guido at:

GOOSE DOWN GAZETTE  
University of Cincinnati  
Mountaineering Club  
Room 217 T.U.C.  
Cincinnati, Ohio 45221

(P.S., for those with negative suggestions we have a specially constructed filing container. Positive comments will be appropriately rewarded.)

This is usually where credit is given to those who participated in this endeavor, so without further ado:

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Graphics  
Joy Sander

Cover photo  
Jerry Bargo took this shot on the recent Club Spring Break trip to North Carolina, at Stone Mountain.

Photo credits  
p. 6: Steve Must  
p. 9: Mark Schorle  
p. 12: Mark Guttadauro

- |    |  |
|----|--|
| 2  | Red Byrd Arch<br><i>Paul Dickman</i>                             |
| 3  | Georgia on My Mind<br><i>Katt Heitkamp</i>                       |
| 5  | Skiing the Boat<br><i>Joy Sander</i>                             |
| 6  | Cycling in Cincinnati<br><i>Steve Must</i>                       |
| 7  | Chicago-- De Best<br><i>Mitchell B. Diccianni</i>                |
| 8  | First Aid Kit<br><i>Steve Must</i>                               |
| 9  | Nothin' Finer Than Carolina<br><i>Marie Schulte and Nick Day</i> |
| 11 | Grub City News   |
| 12 | Miller's Pit the Second<br><i>Mark Guttadauro</i>                |
| 13 | New Year's Bacchanal<br><i>Steve Must</i>                        |
| 14 | A Kentucky Spring<br><i>Mark Guttadauro</i>                      |
| 15 | Mountain Men: Indian Princess<br><i>Larry Bortner</i>            |
| 18 | Letter from the President  |



# Red Byrd Arch

Paul Dickman

Hiking. I don't think the word really does the deed justice.

There are different grades of hiking. It can be a pleasurable stroll along a shady path. Easy. Relaxing. Enjoy a quiet spring day outdoors and escape town for a while. Hiking can be a good alternative to jogging or cycling for many. Get an early start. Hit the trail by 9 A.M. or so, pack in a lunch and some water, and spend an entire day winding through some place like Red River Gorge, weaving through groves of fir and rhododendron, grunting up a few select peaks and peddling down long, boulder-strewn slopes along the creek beds. On a warm day, heat and dirt are never a problem; plenty of deep pools line most of the trails in the Gorge area. Spending a hot August day splashing up through Swift Creek with a few friends and a light pack is a great workout-- good for the heart and good for the mind.

I think a pleasant workout was the farthest thing from my mind on that bleak November evening.

The rain had been falling all day. I'm not talking drizzle. I'm talking shower. I'm talking deluge. The skies had been cloudy when we made camp the night before farther down Red River. We had awakened to a light drizzle which had turned into heavy, heavy showers very quickly. This wasn't the kind of rain that "whispered" down into the forest-- this screamed down, taking branches and leaves into the swollen, muddy river. By the time we broke camp and picked up the main trail, we had to shout at one another just to be heard. Fifty or sixty yards ahead, the trail practically disappeared into the rain.

We had followed the trail along Red River back until the river met Clifty Creek. This had been the farthest we had ever been on this particular trail. It really wasn't that far back, a couple of miles maybe, but for the most part, the trail was rather populated, so we rarely hiked it.

What we wanted to do was to find Red Byrd Arch. We had located it on the topo, on the south side of the Red River, about three ridges down from its confluence with Clifty Creek. From past descriptions of the arch, we knew that it would be large enough to shelter us from the storm.

In order to stay within the confines of Daniel Boone National Forest, we had to cross to the southeast bank of the river. Wading waist-deep through the muddy river was our only choice. At this point, it was virgin territory as far as we were concerned. We had never been along these banks and there was no trail. Our only navigational aid was the river and the wet topographic map. We worked our way through the tangled rhododendron towards the Silvermine branch, a small creek that we would use as a landmark to locate the arch. This took us a couple of hours. The rain continued and the forest was very dense.

Once across the Silvermine branch, we worked our way up the adjacent ridge, upon which the arch was located. This was extremely rough. The rhododendron was very thick and, yep, the rain continued. At this point we were soaked. The rain had penetrated every layer of protection that we had. Not to mention the fact that we were still wet up to the waist from crossing the river four or five hours earlier.

Night was closing in.

We stopped at the bottom of a steep sandstone wall and pulled out the map. I looked around at the bleak foursome of my companions. No one appeared to be very happy and I felt pretty bad, as I was the leader of this half-baked expedition to Red Byrd Arch.

"Let's just find a rock shelter and camp!" shouted Rick in a very disgusted voice.

No one disagreed. We were all hungry, tired, and wet. So we began to work our way out along the base of the sandstone cliff. At this point, the rhododendron was so thick that we had to crawl on our bellies and push our packs ahead just to stay at the base of the cliff.

As I pushed my pack ahead of me, bellying through the soaked forest floor in pouring rain, I rounded a small part of the cliff face and there it was! Up to the left I saw the arch silhouetted against the darkening evening skies. It rose maybe twenty-five feet from the side of the ridge. I shouted to the others and we were beneath the arch in a few minutes.

Once beneath the arch, we stoked up a toasty blaze, cooked up a big pot of chili, sent the Wild Turkey around once (O.K., maybe twice), and relaxed. Dry and well fed beneath Red Byrd Arch.

## General Information

Meetings are held throughout the school quarter every Wednesday night at 7 P.M. in room 510 Swift Hall. There is no charge to attend meetings and everyone is welcome. During the meetings, regular business is attended to, old trips are discussed and new trips are planned. A lecture and/or slide show is usually planned for each meeting. During the summer quarter the Club still meets at the same place, but at 7:30 P.M.

This sounds great, but how much does it COST?! There are no fees to participate in general Club trips, but there is a whopping charge of \$5.00 for a single quarter or \$10.00 for the fall, winter, and spring quarters to use Club equipment and to participate in the Club-sponsored trips between quarters. A dues-paying member is given access to the Club's thoroughly extensive equipment supply, use of the library, and a copy of the Goose Down (whenever it happens to be published).

A Word about Equipment. All of the Clubs equipment has been purchased through self-generated funds. It is made available so that college kids on low budgets can enjoy the outdoors without investing a lot of money. The equipment room, operated by our Equipment Manager Mark Guttadauro, is open before each meeting from 6:15 to 6:45, for equipment return, and after each meeting for check-out. Equipment can be checked out for one week, and the equipment is expected to be returned in the time specified and in the same condition as it was given out. A fee, set by the Manager depending on what kind of mood he is in, will be assessed to perpetrators for late or damaged equipment. There isn't enough room for a complete list but the Club can outfit 15 cavers, 10 climbers (top roping), and 11 backpackers. We have 5 tents, 9 sleeping bags, 5 pairs of cross country skis, 3 canoes, and a raft.

Again, the use of the equipment is a privilege, don't abuse it.



# Georgia on My Mind

Katt Heitkamp

It's Monday evening, March 30, 1987. I sit and watch the evening news while outside the snow is falling heavily. Is it possible that only a week ago I stood in the pine forests, under palm trees among the palmettos or alone on the beach gazing into the waves crashing on vast stretches of dunes? I smile, for, yes, it was so. I need only to call on recent memories to know.

## THE JOURNEY

April 21 was the day we left for Cumberland Island, a small island off the coast of Georgia, at 8:20 A.M. With Bill and Ann Herbert at the helm of the Rockwood RV, our crew left Cincinnati, in high spirits and full of anticipation and excitement. In addition to Bill & Ann, the crew consisted of Jeff Strebe, Amy Eisen, Terry Shirk, Chris Prior, Mona Bracey, Elaine Hovekamp, Brenda Heitkamp, and myself. The time passed quickly with laughter, games, and lots of Dum-Dum suckers for us smokers!

We arrived in Savannah, Georgia around midnight under less than desirable circumstances, with a gas tank on empty and in a less-than-respectable part of town. The search for gas was on. Fortunately we found the much-needed gas and decided to head out to the suburbs. We parked in the lot of a Waffle House (Always a welcome sight to weary travelers??). There, about half of us slept while the rest ate breakfast and entertained the waitresses for the next 5 hours. Bright and early Sunday morning, we continued on our way south to St. Mary's to catch the ferry out to the island. The morning sun shown in a cloudless sky and we were eager to reach our destination. Nobody seemed to even notice or care that we had run out of Dum-Dum's; all thoughts were on the island.

We reached the dock with plenty of time to meander about and gear up. Brenda and I had assumed (wrongly) that there would be a nearby store where we could buy one potato and one egg needed for the first evening's dinner on the island. And of course there wasn't; however, a nearby restaurant, about to close for the day, was kind enough to sell us the potato and egg. Again Lady Luck was with us! After a short lecture from the ranger on the highlights of Cumberland Island National Seashore and our

responsibilities, we boarded the ferry and headed for the island.

## THE ISLAND

At last, the island!! We departed the ferry and proceeded on to the land. The dock area was lush with palm trees, palmettos, and other vegetation. To the left was a small two-room museum, home to many of the island's natural treasures. After another short lecture, we headed for Sea Camp, the first of four sites where we would be spending the upcoming week. The first few hours were spent learning to use the stoves and how to set up tents.

With lessons completed, we ventured out of the camp area to explore the beach and southern tip of the island. Before the sun set we saw a few of the many wild horses that roam the island. We also got our first sighting of the many armadillos that make their home there. We were soon to discover just how many of these bizarre little creatures there were, since it was impossible to walk anywhere for longer than ten minutes without running into one of these curious creatures. With snouts to the ground, they diligently search for who knows what, oblivious to all else.

Also explored were the ruins of a mansion built by Thomas Carnegie in 1881. In the evenings's setting sun, one could just imagine the gala balls with guests strolling about the lawns and gardens of the once majestic mansion. Upon return to the camp we fixed our meals and settled back to relax and enjoy the Rice Crispy treats prepared by our own Elaine Hovekamp. Nice job, Elaine!

Monday arrived full of sunshine and warm temperatures, a fine day for some serious hiking. We headed out for our next site, Yankee Paradise, about 7 miles north of Sea Camp. The group encountered navigational problems about mid-way there. Upon discovery of our error, half the group opted for backtracking to take the correct and legitimate trail to the site. The other half took a not-so-legitimate trail across private land. However, all's well that ends well, and everyone made it to the site in A-OK shape.

Well, sort of. Some shoulders and swollen hips were the result of this first day's hike, and were felt by the majority of our small band. The

day's hike provided sightings of more horses, and, of course, many more armadillos. In addition to a small band of wild turkeys. There was only one trooper to go off and explore after the trek. However, having forgotten his compass, this particular trooper (We won't mention any names!) got a little, shall we say, lost, and did not return to camp until well after sunset!!

It was Terry and Chris's turn to prepare desert for this evening. At this point it should be noted that the water source at this particular site supplied fresh, cool sulphur water-- enough said. Anyways, chocolate pudding made with sulphur water was a treat! for one certainly won't forget. Nice attempt, Chris and Terry!!

Tuesday brought us to the northernmost camp, Brick Hill Bluff, and an overcast sky. The rains were moving in. We spent the day going our separate ways to explore the area. Our camp lay amidst a forest of pines and oaks surrounded by large marsh areas. In the surrounding marshes Brenda and I each sighted the same alligator, approximately 4 feet long, on separate occasions. Brenda mistook it for a log until it blinked at her. Oops! A quiet evening spent in a gentle rain amidst vicious gnats, ticks, and mosquitos brought the day to a close.

Wednesday again brought overcast skies. Brenda, Jeff, and I decided to take the Roller Coaster Trail south to the next site, Hickory Hill, while the others took the main road. Roller Coaster Trail lay close to the marsh area where Brenda and I had sighted the 'gator. We decided to stop and see if it was still there. There, in the same spot, floated our blinking "log", only now surrounded by nine small bambinos!! Great start for the day! Roller coaster Trail was an excellent choice. A common green snake, moss-covered trees, several species of birds, and more armadillos were seen as we passed along the trail. As we neared our destination, the rains again came. But they felt cool and refreshing after the five-hour hike.

Thursday was spent at the Stamford Beach site. Shortly after we arrived, the rain began and fell heavily throughout the day. I, like many, opted for playing potato that day. Curled up in my sleeping bag, I snoozed away a good part of the afternoon.

After dark set in we pulled on our wool sweaters and ventured out for a stroll along the beach. The strong winds and waves crashing in the darkness entertained us for the evening.

Friday had arrived. Very early that morning, a small white-tailed deer wandered by the camp. This was my first sighting of any deer on the island. I followed it down the trail a ways until it slipped into the heavy growth of palmettos. I was amazed that a deer as large as it was could slip through the dense vegetation making nary a tell-tale sound.

In the evening the rains came again. Around a warm campfire, clothed in ponchos, we attempted some good, old-fashioned campfire singing. But mostly it was a lot of intermittent humming. Nobody knew the complete set of words to any one song.

The last day had come. We arose to a very gray, rainy morning. A unanimous decision was made to leave the island that morning instead of the originally planned afternoon. So everybody packed up and headed for the dock area. Of course, once we had boarded and made our way to the mainland the clouds parted and sunshine came through!! Oh well, que se ra, se ra!!!

#### HOMeward BOUND

We drove straight through back to Cincinnati. With the exception of a couple of stops for one malfunctioning alternator, one flat tire, and one case of Montezuma's Revenge for yours truly, it was smooth traveling the whole way. At one truck stop Chris and Terry received a most interesting proposition of the money-making kind!!

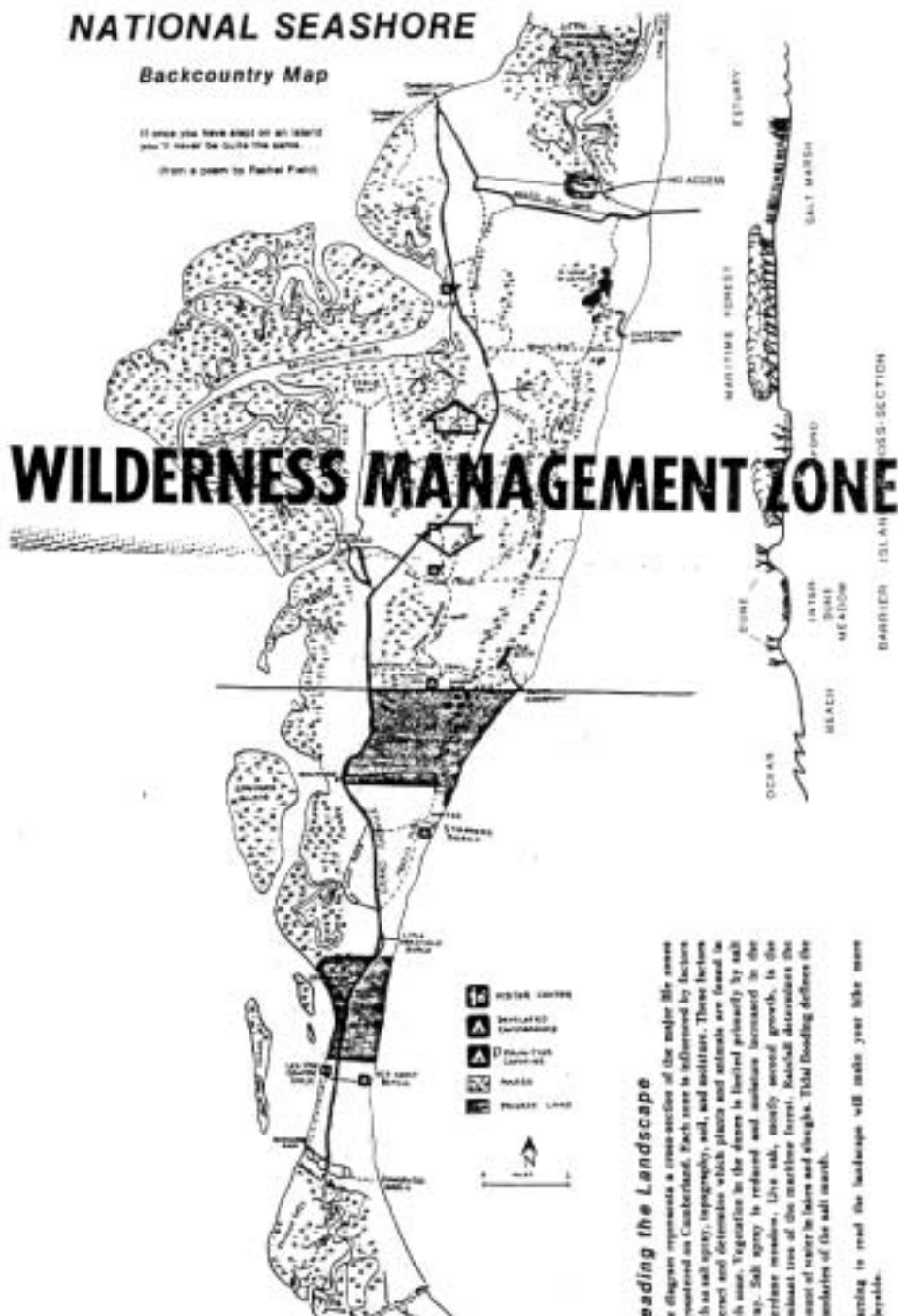
#### AFTER THOUGHTS

I think I speak for all our crew members in saying our week on Cumberland Island was both wonderful and memorable. A pat on the back goes to Jeff Straba for organizing the trip. A job well done, Jeff! And, many thanks to Bill and Ann Herbert for use of the Rockwood, many great stories of the wild west, and for teaching us new phrases like "Crotch Crickets". Thanks, Ann and Bill!!!

## NATIONAL SEASHORE

### Backcountry Map

If once you have done an island you'll never be quite the same.  
(from a poem by Rachel Field)



**Reading the Landscape**  
 A diagram represents a cross-section of the major life zones encountered on Cumberland. Each zone is influenced by factors such as soil type, topography, soil, and salinity. These factors interact and determine which plants and animals are found in each zone. Vegetation in the dunes is limited primarily by salt spray. Salt spray is reduced and sustains increased by the surface meadow. Live oak, mostly serotinal growth, is the dominant tree of the maritime forest. Scaevola dominates the coast of water to below and through. Tidal flooding defines the boundaries of the salt marsh.  
 Reading the landscape will make your life more enjoyable.



# Skiing the Boat

Joy Sander

As I opened my eyes, I found myself staring at the looming mountains which had replaced the endless fields of Kansas. Although I hadn't been out West since I was eight or nine, it was as beautiful as I had remembered, and I knew that this was going to be a trip that I wouldn't regret. Only a day earlier I was still rushing around trying to turn in papers and make deadlines on projects. Now all this was left behind, and I was anticipating an incredible vacation.

Being a spontaneous person, I had made my decision to go to Colorado less than a week before. One of the people who had signed up for the trip had cancelled, and a replacement was needed. I remembered being envious when the Steamboat trip was announced; however, I had never imagined that I would be going with them. Downhill skiing had long been my favorite sport, but challenging slopes are hard to come by in the Midwest, and I was yearning for something better. It had been four years since my last good ski trip (to Stowe, Vermont), so even a week seemed too long to wait.

After a 26-hour drive, stopping only for food and gas, Jeanne, Dan, Larry, Roland, Pat, and I clambered out of the van and stretched our aching legs. The Ski Club buses had not arrived, and we would be able to peacefully check into our condo and unload our gear. But this was to be the only peaceful event on this trip, with 160 other Ski Club members sporting a budget geared more towards partying than skiing.

The condo turned out to be more luxuriant than any of us had imagined. It was equipped with two stoves, two refrigerators, a washer and dryer, and a fireplace, not to mention a Jacuzzi in one of the bathtubs. Well, maybe it wasn't that great; we had to go outside to get to the hot tub or pool! Our deck faced the bottom of the slopes at Steamboat, and we could watch the gondola start up in the morning as we donned our thermal underwear.

Jeanne and Pat were excited to start ski lessons that first morning. They had never been skiing, but they had obviously decided to do it right. Steamboat had many more slopes than we could cover in the first day despite the fact that a lot of them were closed due to lack of snow. It was a crisp morning, the glaring sun glistened on the snow, taunting us to attempt the winding trails below.

We started conservatively, on a green run through the trees, planning to arrive at a lift which would take us up to some more challenging runs. The trails ranged from scenic routes (which were also used by the Cat machines that groomed the slopes) to treacherous cliffs with only man-sized moguls to prevent tree fall. Well, maybe that's an exaggeration, but it sure doesn't feel like one when you accidentally turn onto the wrong trail!

After an exhausting first day of skiing we retreated to the condo to talk about the day's events over a delicious dinner. But the day was not over yet. We received a telephone call informing us where the party was to be held that night and, although we were all tired, we couldn't help wanting to attend the festivities for at least a little while. We soon fell into a routine of waking up early in the morning and dragging ourselves in late at night from the raucous ski club parties.

\* . . . \* \* \* \* \*



Finally, on the last day of skiing, a tremendous snowstorm hit. A torrent of flakes crystallized on the trees, simultaneously cutting the visibility to virtually zero. Ah, powder, the ideal conditions for the true skier. Unfortunately, we were not quite accustomed to this skiing experience. The blinding snow made it impossible to see which way the trails were going, and more than once Larry and I fell over attempting to turn too sharply in the deep snow. When the storm finally cleared, we enjoyed our newly found control, trying some black runs and feeling a confidence that had developed over the five days of skiing. Pat and Jeanne even worked up to trying a blue hill or two.

That night the ski club outdid themselves with the wildest party of the trip. We received the routine telephone call informing us that an imported bear party was on the agenda for the evening. We arrived to find fourteen hundred dollars worth of beer filling the bathtub and stacked up on the deck.

Needless to say, none of us wanted to take the first shift driving the next morning. I did not feel remorse because the five days were already up; it had been the perfect length of time for skiing and the ideal getaway vacation. As we left the next morning, I got the feeling that everyone was very satisfied with their adventure, and we all enjoyed the beautiful ride home as if we'd never seen the scenery before.

# Cycling in Cincinnati

Steve Must

On a gorgeous Saturday afternoon, the first gloriously warm and sunny weekend of Spring, four fearless UCMC members clad in shorts and T-shirts ventured out into the relentless streets of Cincinnati (Only to find that they would soon be digging out their wool and polypro for the rest of the week!). Bravely pitting mortal flesh and blood against incomparable foes as massive as the Metro monstrosities, as vicious as the ever-thirsting jaws of the dreaded parallel drain gratings, as asphyxiatingly offensive as the spouting fumes from the endless parade of uncontrolled emission systems, their adventure began. But the riders did not yield (except occasionally at red lights and stop signs), and eventually made their way up to the Mt. Airy Forest to relax among the wooded hills and further exhaust themselves with a round of Aerobie-- the ultimate flying ring.

The outing got off to a slow start. Allan, who had borrowed Neil's bike, was having difficulty keeping the wheels on the bike. After the problem was corrected, and Allan and I figured that Larry and Mitch had abandoned us, we were flying down Ludlow. The group reunited at the viaduct and we were finally on our way, cruising in the sun along the eroded banks of the Mill Creek. Breaking away from the main thoroughfare, we rode up Gray Road, which is quite a scenic and enjoyable ride isolated amidst the other heavily-trafficked streets. After our extended stay in the park, we traveled through Mt. Airy and ended the gorgeous day with the push back up Ludlow.

With the warm weather upon us, the streets will be filled with cyclists. As a motorist, be aware that they are out there and be careful and courteous in your driving. A bicycle has as much right to the road as an automobile, and when there isn't sufficient room along the berm, a cyclist is entitled to a full lane. Please exercise extreme caution when driving in the Clifton area-- Allan just bought a new bike!

Here are some general Do's and Don'ts for biking in any city:

Don't attempt to tighten your spokes while you are moving.

Don't ride no-handed across uneven railroad tracks.

Don't look behind you while whizzing close to parked cars.

Do acknowledge an approaching cyclist with acceleration and a firm nod.

Do acknowledge an approaching large dog with acceleration or a firm kick.

Do avoid obnoxious children attempting to throw large sticks through the spokes of your front tire.



## SOLE SPORTS

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# Chicago-- De Best

Mitchell B. Diccianni

The U.C. Mountaineering Club is a versatile group sharing many common interests. We do things as diverse as climbing mountains, jumping out of airplanes, or crawling underground. Hiking is a popular activity that everyone has enjoyed somewhere and in some fashion. This may be an afternoon walk through the woods, a hike in a nearby park or a romp through a city. Yes, we visit, hike, and explore everywhere, including cities. With current and former UCMC members around the country, there exists the opportunity to visit old friends and explore new places.

Recently, Gwen Wise, Paul Even, and I decided to visit two former UCMC members (Karen Riggs and Dennis Dzilech) in Chicago. Since both Karen and Dennis are former UCMC Presidents, it was only fitting that we would visit them on the 3-day weekend afforded us by President's Day. The Friday night drive up was uneventful, but not unchallenging. The challenge was in seeing out of the windows in Gwen's car when it started raining; it seems that she's got six-year-old wipers on her four-year-old car. The wipers did manage to make a small, clear spot near the bottom of the window, so, heads hunched low, on to Chicago we went. We arrived at Karen and Dennis' apartment about midnight, but couldn't get anyone to answer the door until 12:30. They said they didn't hear us because they were asleep (but what were they really doing?).

After greetings and small talk, everyone crashed, except Paul and I, who decided to walk down the street for a beer. It's a nice, safe Italian neighborhood they live in and I had no qualms about walking around in it at night. After all, we Italians look after each other.

Saturday, while Dennis was at work, we explored the waterfront and the Lincoln Park Zoo. At the zoo, we encountered a lady who had nothing nice to say to her companion, and said it rather loudly, too. Good thing there was no visible companion to hear her (to us, anyway). It was nasty! We also explored the downtown shopping area, Gino's pizza (rated among the top 10 pizzas in America), and fought what felt like 5 degree, 40 mph winds off of Lake Michigan that tried to knock us off our feet every time we crossed a street that led to the lake. Saturday night we traveled, explored, hiked, and climbed.

Traveled downtown, explored possibilities for parking, hiked to Rush Street, and climbed up and down stairs and bar stools. Truly a mountaineer's delight.

Sunday brought a day of more sight-seeing in Chicago. We visited Wrigley Field, Soldier Field, the Planetarium, and the Sears Tower before heading over to the Second City that night for a comedy show. After an enjoyable show, we headed over to Carsons for what was advertised as, "the best ribs in Chicago." The restaurant had a long wait, so we ordered some ribs to go. The place across the street looked interesting. A sign painted on the outside of this deli? bar? restaurant? said, "Ed DeBevics... more than a beer-- it's a way of

worked our way over to a counter in the hopes of buying some beer to go. Here they were selling Ed's T-shirts, mugs, and buttons among other Ed paraphernalia. Dennis picked up a button and read, "DeBevics, De Best". This just made us laugh more. We then asked for a case of beer. The girl said okay and, talking to me said, "Push this button (on the cash register), four times." We were still laughing and in a good mood, so, not knowing why, I pushed the button. She then told us we had to do that because she wasn't old enough to sell beer. We were laughing harder and harder all the time, and nearly died of laughter when she told us we owed her \$30, \$30 for Ed's beer! Not Molsen's, not Heineken, not even



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life!" We decided we had to have some of "Ed's" beer, so as the women waited for the ribs, the guys went out for the beer. The roads were quite busy so we waited for the walk signal. But this is the big city, not little Cincinnati where cars stop if they think the light is about to change.

When Dennis was about mid-street, a cabbie angrily swerved around him. Dennis didn't like the cab so close either, so as the cab went by, he gave it a nice, solid, resounding thud on the side and kept walking. The driver, steamed at this, stopped his car and looked back nastily at the person who was now behind his cab... me. He looked like he was about to jump out of his cab and do... what, I don't know. But when I looked back and smiled at him, instead of yelling, he turned and, still angry, drove off.

We were laughing pretty hard about this as we walked through the revolving door of Ed's. The place was packed. Dennis and I

Millers or Bud, but Ed's! Well, we left Ed's with a \$30 case of Ed's beer, depressed that it cost so much, but laughing heartily at the last few minutes' events. We went back to Carsons, met the girls, picked up our ribs and went back to the apartment. We ended our weekend mellowly by eating ribs, drinking beer and having some truly enjoyable conversation among friends. It was a lot of fun and Chicago is a great city. Oh, by the way, if you were wondering whether Ed's beer was any good, I leave you with two things: 1) Ask Paul; 2) If you spent \$30 on a case of beer, would you say anything about it except that it was... De Best?

# First Aid Kit

Steve Must

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Any activities that are as exciting and worthwhile as the type that this club thrives on are accompanied by a risk of injury. The severity of such an occurrence can be greatly reduced with the proper knowledge and preparation. The knowledge can be gained through books and first aid classes. The preparation I'm referring to is in having the medical supplies, i.e., first-aid kit, with you on any outdoor excursion, thus being prepared to handle an emergency.

For members who are having their first experiences with outdoor skills, emergency first aid isn't something one should take lightly. Here is a list of supplies most first-aid kits contain. The first section is basic necessities that should be found in every backpacker's first-aid kit, followed by optional "luxuries", (although some might disagree with what I feel is a luxury) or items that only apply to specific geographical or environmental conditions. The bottom line is, it is your personal kit, you decide how much you want to carry, and what extras you find necessary. Almost every item can be purchased at your local Walgreen's or the pharmacy department of K-Mart or one of those monolithic Kroger's.

## Necessities:

Triangular bandage.....	head injuries, support broken limbs
Gauze Pads (sterilized).....	control bleeding, prevent infection
Band-Aids (various sizes).....	" " " "
Adhesive Tape ( 2" roll).....	secure bandages, make butterfly bandages
Moleskin or Molefoam.....	preventing and treating blisters
Antiseptic (Betadine).....	cleansing wounds, preventing infection
Liquid Soap (biodegradable).....	" " " "
Scissors.....	cut bandages and molefoam
Tweezers.....	remove splinters or stingers
Razor Blade.....	" " "
Aspirin (1 doz.).....	relieve headache
Extra Strength Tylenol.....	relieve more severe pain, treat hangovers
Antibiotic (Mycitracin).....	treat infection
Eye ointment.....	treat eye infections
Matches.....	fire, nicotine fits
Quarters.....	emergency calls--e.g. Joe B's pizza

## Luxuries:

Sunscreen.....	desert or glacier travel
Antacid Tablets.....	acid indigestion
Diarrhea Tablets.....	diarrhea, Montezuma's revenge
Constipation Tablets.....	the other end of the spectrum
Insect Repellent.....	to keep Nick at a distance

# Nothin' Finer Than Carolina

Marie Schulte and Nick Day

Destination - Table Rock of Linville Gorge, North Carolina. As the 10 of us left Cincinnati at 5:30 Thursday afternoon, our thoughts were on the full weekend of climbing ahead of us. The conversation turned to, what-else, climbing. For most of us this was our first trip to the 600 ft. granite southern cliffs, and for some, this type of high exposure would be new experience.

After 6 1/2 hours of highway, we arrived at Dave's friend's house, where 6 of us would be spending the night. Being originally from this area, Dave had a lot of acquaintances down there. Before leaving to drop in on another friend for the night, Dave said he would be back at 7 a.m. for an early start for our climbing adventure. Of course, when he got back we were all still asleep. So after much difficulty in rousing the group, we headed out with a typical UCMC "alpine start." The first hour on the road to Table Rock was fine, the second hour was awful. The majority of it spent on an 8 mile dirt road leading to the base of the rock. The road was painfully slow, designed especially for 4 wheel drive vehicles, was filled with hairpin turns, washboard sections, not to mention the fact that one the gates was closed, forcing us to go even further off-road than we were. Soon we had an awe inspiring view of the appropriately named Table Rock.

We finally made it to the parking lot and prepared ourselves by separating gear and bouldering a while. Eventually, we split into climbing groups. Nick, Gwen and Desmond were off to do the Cave Route, a popular route that isn't too difficult. Dave and his friend Kurt went to do some top roping in the Chimneys, which are located to the opposite side of the parking lot than Table Rock. Brad, Ken and Ken headed out and eventually found themselves on a 5.8 called Crackerjack (well, at least Brad did). Mark, Jerry and I were off to the North Ridge. The start of this climb is on the opposite side of Table Rock from the parking lot. This required a somewhat strenuous hike over uneven rock terrain, but well worth it! When we reached the base of the climb, we were above the valley trees and the view was great.

The sky was overcast, but we could still see the magnificent scenery. Mark led the first pitch, and I followed him. After I tied in at the first belay, I sat and enjoyed the heights while Jerry climbed up. I thought that the view was good when we started, but it kept getting better as we gained altitude.

Finally we reached the top. I felt as if I could see forever. As we were taking some pictures, Mark pointed out Linville Gorge across the way, where he was hoping to climb the next day. The sky seemed to be getting darker, so we headed down the trail on the backside of the rock. It is kind of disappointing, to do all that work to get up such a high cliff, only to find a young family who hiked up the back trail. On the way down, we heard thunder, but the rain was still holding back. At the parking lot, we sat down to eat lunch, joined by Nick, Gwen and Desmond. Someone realized that we could watch Brad and his group on their climb from where we were, just as the rain began to come. Brad had reached a ledge a full ropes length up and not to thrilled with the idea of leading on wet rock, decided he wanted to come down. Unfortunately, he had few pieces left and his single rope was too short to rappel down from. The sound of the falling rain was not loud enough to drown out the continuous string of curses floating down from Brad's ledge.



It seemed that Brad's brother valued his equipment so dearly, that instead of leaving a piece of webbing or two for a double rope rappel, Kevin and Ken ran up the trail, in the rain, tied off the other rope to a tree, threw it down to the stranded climber, and he slid down the single ropes tied together. (ed. note -- collegiate climbers are on a tight budget.)

Finally, we regrouped and after the excitement over the previous events died down, we loaded up and headed back to Johnson City. Dinner consisted of clean climbers, a few beers, and excellent Mexican food. We managed to get an earlier start on Saturday, with an amazing 6 o'clock revelry. Table Rock appeared before us under a glorious morning sun and perfect temperatures for climbing. We all laughed, "No rain today, Brad!" Mark and Jerry headed off to Linville Gorge for an hour long hike to do the Mummy 5.6, a classic 6-pitch route that takes the climber up almost 600 vertical feet. Nick, Gwen and Desmond planned to do the North Ridge. Dave's friend Kurt and I went up the Cave Route, and eventually met Dave and his group on lunch ledge. This was a huge ledge with a large growth of trees and brush, where a lot of climbs converge. While waiting for our turn to climb, we met a group from North Carolina State University who were participating in a climbing class, and actually got credit for learning to climb! They said they had even built an indoor climbing wall to practice on. (ed. note -- there is extensive building problems

throughout the UC campus, if the authorities would only learn to respect this valuable form of self-expression. Also see next issue - "Climbing Guide to Campus Concrete.")

From the top on a sunny day the view was incredible. Gwen said that the exposure had frightened her, but today she was under control. (ed. note - I'd be frightened too, look who she was climbing with!) After this fantastic day on the rocks, we were invited by the parents of Dave's friend to join them for dinner. Their southern hospitality was greatly appreciated, a large meal—Mexican again, and even entertainment with a slide show of Europe. Amidst mouthfuls, we decided to go north on the Appalachian Parkway to Stone Mountain the next day, while four from our group decided to drive home on Sunday. Stone Mountain is a vastly different type of climbing than Table Rock granite, it looks like the top of a dome, consisting of sloping granite that gradually levels out to a bald "peak".

Besides a few cracks, all the routes are friction climbs. That is, the slope is not extremely steep, with shallow holds on which balance is more important than strength. Most of the routes are bolted, and one of the locals told us that running belays are

recommended. This is where the belayer starts running down the slab, so that the falling leader doesn't go abrasively sliding past him, or ground out on run-outs. The climbing here is highly regulated, and the State even prints up a map that is located at the base of the mountain with a list of the climbing routes. All routes must be put up on lead, worn bolts must be reported to the rangers, and no new bolts can be placed without permission. The rangers will even close the rock to climbers on rainy or wet days.

When we arrived the sky was overcast, but the rock was dry. Mark and Brad decided to head for the top on No Alternative 5.6. This climb begins on a large flake for the first pitch, but finishes with clean friction for the last two, with only one bolt each. Mark said it was pretty casual, and regretted that we couldn't stay to do more. After they went up this route, the rest of us, Nick, Jerry, Desmond and I did the first pitch of the same climb. Nick had just belayed Jerry up, and I was about to climb, when I heard Nick yell ROCK!!! Just then I heard this cracking sound, and a tree about 20 feet from Nick came loose and slid down the rock. Needless to say, Nick looked at the tree he was belaying on with great trepidation. We all made it up and down safely, and soon found ourselves Ohio bound.

Our weekend of climbing had ended, but this trip had just whet our climbing appetites. However, we were all pretty exhausted from the extended weekend, and our delirium surfaced in the form of the tremendously bad jokes that we suffered through all the way home. Most of us were able to catch some shut-eye, but when we got to Kentucky it began raining cats and dogs and Nick kept everyone awake with his warped sense of humor as he observed all the tiny frogs jumping onto the highway to meet their tragic end. Cincinnati finally arrived at midnight. And under the looming shadow of Monday morning spring classes, not to mention an onslaught of winter weather, we all agreed that we would plan a trip to Seneca Rocks as soon as possible.

\*\*\*\*\*  
Climbing Course

Learn the finer points of rock climbing with the UCMC.

April 23: Eden Park; intro to knots, belaying, rappelling, and technique.

April 25: Clifton Gorge, Yellow Springs; top roping on limestone cliffs. Equipment is provided. Just bring your willingness to learn. Course fee: \$20 for gas expenses, and instruction.

Wilderness Skills Course

Yet another course is given this spring, this one over Memorial Day Weekend. Once again UCMC will head to Kentucky for an extended weekend of backpacking, map reading, first aid, and much more.

Included in the course will be two evening lectures presented by club members. If you can't make the outing, but still would like to attend the lectures, they will be open to anyone for a nominal \$2. Course fee is \$25, including lectures, gas expenses and food for entire weekend.

May 14: Equipment, clothing, food and map reading.

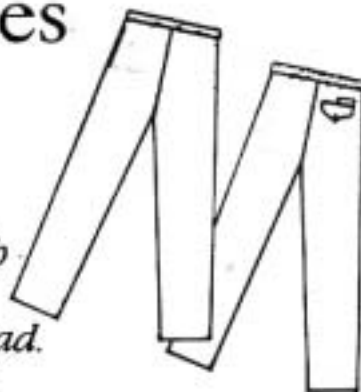
May 21: First Aid.

May 22-25: Backpacking in Rockcastle County, Ky.

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## Wilderness Trace

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# Grub City News

The 1987 Winter Quarter Caving Course was a tremendous success. UCMC made the front page of the News Record and a full page layout in their Focus section. Now that Mark Suer is a big celebrity, we hope it doesn't go to his head. A big thanks to the instructors of the course, Bob Kessler, Dan Lynch, and Mark & Mark for their time and expertise. 14 students participated in the course, which included an evening lecture, and a one-day trip to the semi-dry Pine Hill cave in Kentucky. As this was a new experience for most of the students, they weren't expected to do anything too extreme, but as Dan puts it, "They knew they were had, but they weren't sure how." Anyone who has ever been on the course can appreciate this statement.

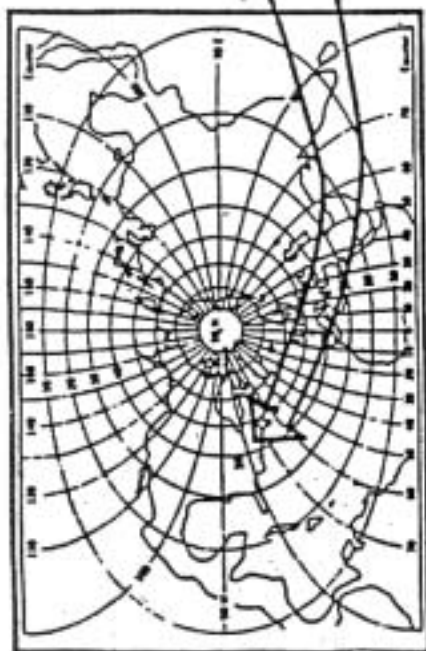
There was a lot of caving activity among Club members this past season, with a lot of virgin cave being discovered and surveyed by Howard, Jeff, and Mark & Mark, mostly in the Rockcastle area of Kentucky.

Regretful Caving Quote -- "This car came down here to die." John Neack on Climax cave trip. From what I've heard, he was right.

SPELEOFEST -- Memorial Day Weekend May 23,24,25

For a weekend of endless caving, bluegrass music, and plenty of beer, attend the annual Speleofest this spring at Rockcastle County, Ky. For more info, contact:

Mark G. 941-1747 or Mark S. 232-1115



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# Miller's Pit the Second

Mark Guttadauro

On December 21, six of us headed down to spend a day underground. My companions were Mark Suer, who was leading the trip, Nick Day, Amy Elsen, Steve Nieman, Mike Schirmer, and myself. We left Cincinnati at 7:00 AM, and after two and one-half hours driving we found ourselves rigging the entrance drop of Miller's Pit #2. The entrance to the cave is a small hole about 6-8 ft. in diameter for the first 15 feet, then it bells out into a large room, leaving you hanging free 40 feet above the floor of the room. I was second in, following Nick, watching carefully for the brrr-glass that he had warned me about and wondering just what the hell it was. I locked my rappel rack off when I was still 40 ft. above the floor. My intention was to get some good vertical ropework slides, but that, unfortunately, was not to be. As other people came down, they were kicking rocks and twigs down at me and also there was an annoying stream of water dripping on me. I decided to take pictures from elsewhere and quickly dropped to the bottom of the pit. Everyone else was soon down and Nick happily told us that brrr-glass was ice (A mountaineering note: verglass is a very slick form of ice encountered in the mountains and is nasty stuff to climb. Ed.).

We set off upstream moving quickly to the chirping of the many bats and nothing eventful happened until Nick returned from exploring a non-existent upper lead, and slipped climbing down. All we heard was the splash and returned to find Nick dripping wet. We asked him how deep the pool he fell into was and he replied, "I don't know, I closed my eyes when my head went under!" I joined Nick in the water when I climbed through a waterfall rather than around it, due to slippery footholds.

Proceeding quickly upstream, we came to a 50 ft. high dome that had water pouring down from on high, with a lead opening at 25 ft. up the side of the dome. Since we were already wet, Nick and I danced through the "shower" singing "Raindrops Keep Falling On My Head", while everyone looked at us like we were strange.

Next we found a dome nestled in the U of a U-turn in the stream, with openings to the stream on the other side. The dome was huge, nearly 35 feet in diameter and easily over 100 feet high. It needed several lights to illuminate where the water was falling from. Steve and Nick went off exploring upper leads, then Amy found her little hole. I remember her yelling back "It goes and it's big enough to duckwalk." It was, that is, it was just big enough to allow most any duck to stand upright, but for the rest of us, it was a tight crawl. At a branch in the passage, Steve and I turned off into a side passage that continued 200 yards, all bellycrawl, that ended in a small room with many leads. These were quickly explored with the only success being that I had broken a connection on my light and had to bellycrawl backwards through a twisty passage in the dark. Steve and I could not fix the light. Time to break out the ol' flashlight.

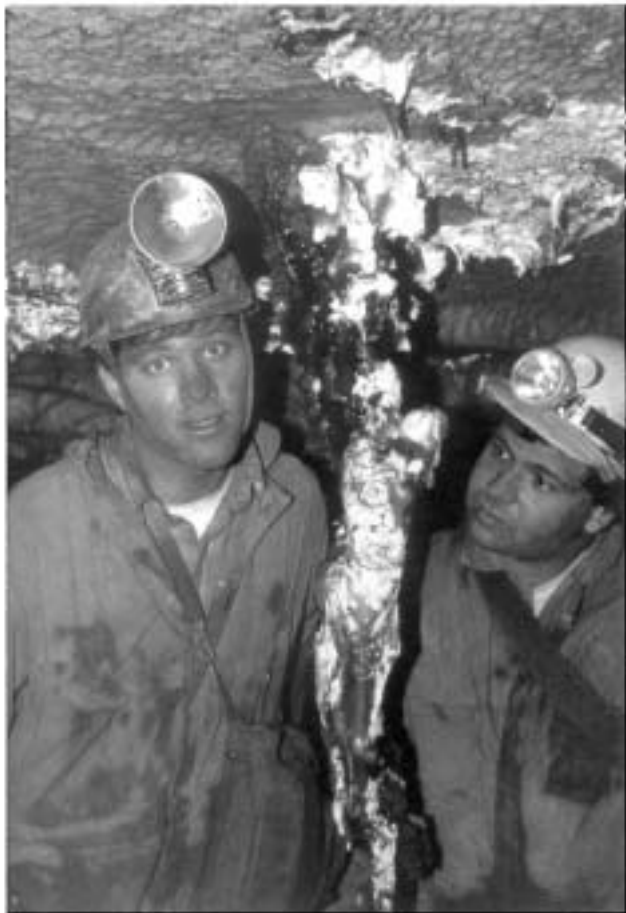
Crawling back down the passage was an experience; I forgot to turn my headlamp off and it flashed back on for a split second, blinding me like a camera flashbulb going off in my face.

When we once again stood in the main stream passage, we decided to head back, since it was getting late and we still had to ascend out of the pit. We had rigged two ropes to help shorten the time it would take to exit the pit. Mark S. helped Steve rig a Gibbs rope-walking system and I set up carabiner wraps with Nick. Nick was 30 feet in the air when Steve started and about 33 feet up when Steve passed him. This was Nick's first experience with ascending gear and he was upset that Steve went faster than he did. Amy and Mike went next, right after we all had some hot-chocolate that we heated up with a Whisperlite (we didn't let Nick and Steve know). Amy went up on the Gibbs rope-walker while Mike and I tried to figure out why his carabiner wraps wouldn't work, deciding that it was possibly because the rope was wet. When Amy was most of the way up, Mark S. followed her up on the other rope, ascending on prussik knots, and causing a N.D.E. (near death experience) by knocking a 5 lb. rock down nearly on top of us.

This left Mike in the pit with me, and we were starting to feel pretty cold because by the time we were rigged up and ready to go, we were freezing from sitting in the pit for two hours. Neither one of us wanted to wait in the pit alone, so we decided to go up together. Our compromise was this: Mike went up the wet, icy rope with the Gibbs and I had to prussik out on the dry rope. It was a strange ascent. Outside, the temperature was below freezing and at the bottom of the pit it was only slightly above freezing, while only ten feet off the ground, it was nearly 50 degrees (This was noticed while climbing around the room and not the result of imagined warmth from the work of ascending.).

Needless to say, the trip back to the car and warm, dry clothes was just a fantasy to Mike and I because it was all uphill. Dinner was next, and we all had a laugh when Mike walked into the restaurant wearing polypropylene long underwear and a pair of jogging shorts.

Thanks guys, it was great.



# New Year's Bacchanal

Steve Must

On December 31, 1986, UCMC invaded Hueston Woods State Park in what was possibly a record for the most UCMC members in one place at one time, and is destined to become a Club tradition. Bob Kessler and Paul Wieland had planned this New Year's Eve Bash as early as September. That way we were able to plan the Winter Break trip around the party (ha, ha).

The turn-out was fantastic. There were so many past members (old-timers as we fondly refer to them), that it turned into a Club reunion. We even celebrated the New Year's baby's birthday. Nick Day was overwhelmed when they brought out a birthday cake, and he was swarmed with kisses from a bevy of beauties.

Two die-hard Buckeyes, Bill Strachan and Dave Bowyer, who we've actually seen quite a bit of lately, came down from Columbus. Bill has to be one of the most loyal dog owners alive. When the Park authorities told him either they would put Kasha in a kennel, or he'd have to leave, Bill didn't give a second thought to staying. Fortunately, none of the other "animals" were asked to leave. The partying continued all night long, but a few did manage to catch some sleep. Rugged Dave, ever willing to cast aside his dependency on civilized and social comforts, slept out on the beach in the sub-freezing temperatures; well, maybe it was because no one would let him in the cabins. Some other faces from the past were Craig and Cheri Patterson, Dave Weber, and yes, they heard about this blowout as far as the state of Maine. Rick and Amy Forrester flew in specifically for this party. The night soon became blurry after bottles of bubbly and Roland's potent blend of mead. The morning came all too soon, and the groggy noggins and turbulent fumbles of most involved were soon to be alleviated by the delicious scent of pancakes and the soothing sounds of Muddy Waters; everyone seemed to appreciate Jeff's appropriate choice of blues tunes that morning.

The day was spent hiking the not-so-untamed forests of the park by a group of over 20 UCMC members amidst flying footballs and sizzling snowballs. A potpourri of luncheon fixin's awaited the hungry adventurers, and after a few overly competitive games of volleyball in the unseasonable temperatures, New Year's Day was topped off with a superb dinner of

King and Kramrech lasagna, followed by the birthday cake. Some of us had to work on Friday, but the revelry continued into another evening with a little less intensity. Everyone can thank Jane, Paul, Bob, and Cindy for organizing the event, and thanks to everyone who brought food and other supplies that made the party such a success. It was such a good feeling to see so many old and new close friends get together for good food and good times. It really brings the Club together with a common purpose and creates a warm feeling of community that can only have positive effects on the future of the Club. For this reason, I hope we can continue to hold an annual UCMC New Year's/Reunion Party every year.

It was a disappointment to

learn that the tentatively planned winter break trip got canned. I don't know if everyone is aware of this, but the Club sets aside money received from the University to help fund gas expenses on the big end-of-quarter trips. If this isn't enough incentive to lead a school break excursion, it should promote interest. I mean, at least make a suggestion, or help plan a trip. You have to try something before you can get experience.

Right now there is a lot of enthusiasm for the combo backpacking/climbing in the White Mountains for June. But it isn't too early to start thinking of winter break, or even next spring break. The earlier you start planning, the more prepared you will be, and things will go a lot smoother.

---

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From garden to garden, ridge to ridge,  
I drifted enchanted...  
gazing afar over domes and peaks, lakes and woods,  
and the billowy glaciated fields...  
In the midst of such beauty, pierced with its rays,  
one's body is all one tingling palate.  
Who wouldn't be a mountaineer!

John Muir

# A Kentucky Spring

Mark Guttadauro

Saturday morning dawned bright and sunny, a great way to start a spring break trip. Four of us were headed down to Kentucky to go backpacking in Red River Gorge. On the way, Bill Streid, Mark Suer, Mike Gorman, and I were planning to stop at Mammoth Cave. A few days before we left, Steffen, Thomas, and three of their friends decided to accompany us to Mammoth Cave.

On the way down, we saw a herd of buffalo and one large traffic jam, but we quickly managed to get underground once we arrived. Due to some clever maneuvering, we found ourselves alone with the rear-guard ranger and managed to get our own private tour, far from all the tourists. All in all, I never felt like I was caving on any of these trips. Mammoth Cave is a cave that has been raped for at least 14 miles out of 320. Fortunately, the actual sights more than made up for the fact that the cave was bastardized for tourists and commercialism. Some of the sights included gypsum flowers and needles that were just indescribable; huge trunk passages, crystal formations, and speleothems.

Finally, we were ready to head for the Gorge. After waving "Auf Wiedersehen" to the German Brigade, we started on our way. The trip was no big deal, except we had a blowout which wasted about 20 minutes. Then we stopped for lunch and returned to find yet another flat tire. Since all we had was a spare flat, we went shopping for a used tire. Other than that, the trip was uneventful.

That evening, while we were all sitting around the campfire, Bill tried to stand up and tripped backwards, almost destroying the tent belonging to me and Mark. This did not endear him to us.

The next day, we packed our backpacks and laughed at Mike when we saw he packed cans of Campbell's soup and jars of peanut butter for food. Lacking rain gear and hiking boots, he made out quite well in spite of his unpreparedness, according to Bill.

We started down the trail at a nice leisurely pace and quickly reached Daniel Boone Hut, a large recess cave which contains a small wooden shelter, where it is believed that Daniel Boone spent the night on a hunting trip. Continuing on after our brush with history, we hiked down part of the Shelotowe Trace and later arrived at Gray's Arch (at 80 feet, the longest continuous rock span in the area), where we ate lunch under a rock ledge. It happened to be raining. During the 2 days at Mammoth Cave and the day driving to Red River Gorge (where rain wouldn't have affected us), there wasn't a cloud in the sky. Then we started backpacking. We decided to set up camp about an hour later because of the on-again, off-again nature of the weather. The sky promptly cleared up and we had no rain for the rest of the day.

One of the most interesting things about Red River Gorge is how green it looks during the winter. Large patches of rhododendrons which can be seen throughout the Gorge give it a spring-like look during the winter.

The next day dawned bright, sunny, and extremely windy. We headed up Rough Trail after breaking camp and it was quite a climb up out of the valley. Just over the ridge, we found a huge bi-level recess cave and spent almost an hour exploring the area. Mike, of course, felt the need to climb up on top which he did at every opportunity. Continuing on down into the valley, we came across a neat little waterfall where we stopped to eat lunch. This consisted of sausage, cheese, and gorp in the mud. Mark S.

thought it would be great fun to turn the zip-lock filled with gorp upside down and shake it. Nobody else thought so.

Later in the day, we were bombed by hundreds of dead sticks falling out of trees because of the extremely strong winds. Our hike turned out to be a little shorter than we planned, only two days long rather than three, because we couldn't find a decent camp site for the second evening. We returned to our car and went to see both Chimney Top Rock and Princess Arch. We set up our camp to an awesome sunset and kicked back and enjoyed our last evening in Red River Gorge.

The last day of our trip was spent visiting points of interest. Our first stop was Angel Windows, two petite arches which are well worth the trip. Next, we saw Sky Bridge. We continued on and drove through the Nada tunnel, stopping at the Nada spring to fill up our water jugs, then to the Auxier Ridge trailhead. At the end of this ridge lies Courthouse Rock which has an awesome view of the Gorge, Raven's Rock, Double Arch, and Haystack Rock. The climb to the top of Courthouse Rock is rather easy, only a 5.0 or 5.1 chimney, but there is some exposure. The view more than makes up for the short climb. After hiking back to the car, we traveled down to Rock Bridge, which is an arch spanning a small stream. The hike down to Rock Bridge is quite easy because it's all downhill. On the other hand, the trip back is a little more work.

After all this, we found ourselves in the car driving home. We were all happy about the trip, but no one was really quite ready to return to the real world. Somehow, we will all survive until the next trip heads out of town....



# Mountain Men: Indian Princess

Larry Bortner

(Let's take it up where we left off. You know, just jump in without those boring preambles and "Let's bring the bezos who didn't catch the last episode up-to-date so what follows isn't completely meaningless." If there's anything I hate, it's incompetent amateurs beating around the bush and not being succinct and to the point. Unless you want to say a little something about high-temperature superconductors and the revolutionary impact they will have on society and technology. But I digress....)

"Down what?!" Hezekiah asked.

(Upon further reflection, perhaps it would be better to review the story up to this point. Jack Elliot, renowned couch potato-- No, that's not quite right. It was something about a cliff hanger or a religious revival meeting....)

"Downclimb," Jack said. "It's like climbing down a ladder. Only you're hanging onto rock. Just pray you don't fall."

(Religion! That's it! Hezekiah Marker had been telling Jack Elliot to pray--)

The older man was wild-eyed and shied further away from the edge. "I can't do that. The Good Lord knows I'm skeered of heights. He wouldn't ask me to go hanging off some cliff!"

(No, it was definitely a cliff hanger. Only the principals of the story had not quite gotten to the point of hanging on the cliff. Jack Elliot had been out hiking around in the Wind River range all by his lonesome-- either his woman couldn't keep up with him or she got fed up with being referred to as "his" and dumped him; all men run the risk of women coming to their senses-- nothing but Jack and the pack on his back.)

The Indian war whoops were getting louder. Jack shrugged.

"Consider the alternative."

(Caught in a severe midnight thunderstorm that shredded his tent, he sought shelter under a rock overhang. Almost fried by a stray lightning bolt, he woke the next morning to be chased by the Devil out onto the boulder field.)

Hezekiah scratched his filthy beard. "You got a point thar. I just wish thar was some other way."

(But the Devil turned out to be Hezekiah Marker, who thought Jack was a thievin', lyin', murderin' injun. Hezekiah was one of those Viet-nam vets who went off the deep end and thought he

was being chased by cussed injuns.)

"Well, there is one thing," Jack said thoughtfully. "It's a long shot, but the way things have been going lately it just might work."

(Or was he? Jack gave up on him, but darn if arrows didn't start flying through the air, in the general direction of the mismatched pair. This caused some consternation on their part.)

"What in tarnation you waitin' for, boy? Do it!"

(In the sparkling conversation that occurred as they ran for their lives, Jack discovered that he was in the year 1823. 'Let's do the Time Warp again!' was his first thought.)

Jack reached at his hip and flipped out his hand. "Beam me up, Scotty!"

(Whoa! Or, Moe!, rather. If that wasn't enough, they found themselves at the top of a sheer, two-thousand-foot cliff. At this point Jack had made the suggestion to downclimb, a simple procedure when done on belay on dry rock at Clifton Gorge, but something entirely different to Hezekiah, who had certainly climbed on his share of horses and donkeys, but certainly not on any extended pitches of wet Wind River granite.)

"Amazing! Our hero makes fun in the face of danger!" Jack said in his best excited announcer's voice to Hezekiah's continued blank stare. He shrugged. "Follow me. Do what I do. And don't look down."

Our hero ran along the top of the cliff, looking for the easiest start, and found a suitable crack to start chimneying down. "Remember," he said as he started

down, "opposition. Keep your hands and feet on one wall and push your back and your butt into the other. Worm your way down. Got it?" He was already ten feet from the top.

Hezekiah sidled up to the edge, glanced painfully down, jerked his head back and looked in the direction of the last, very loud Indian yell, and looked up, muttering, "Lord, I know I've sinned a lot, but this is asking a lot!" He sat down on the edge, closed his eyes, and tried to mimic Jack's moves.

He was several feet down and in excruciating pain as hairs were being torn out of his scalp-- not by Indians but by "opposition"-- when he noticed a change in the war cries.

"Shoshone!" he yelled with glee. Friendly Indians, Indians who would save him. "Friend Jack!" he called, opening his eyes and looking down to tell the good news. And he found out why Jack had told him not to look down. Waves of vertigo overwhelmed him; a queasy, strange feeling in his stomach, a weakening of muscles, and a loss of his sense of balance. He started to slip....

Jack groaned.

His body ached all over. Where was he? He opened one eye and saw rock. So far, so good. Rock he could deal with. As long as it wasn't poking him in the side. He sat up to alleviate this. Opening his eyes fully, he saw a magnificent mountain valley before him. And two thousand feet of air directly beneath his dangling shoe laces.

Holy shit! He laid back down and rolled over on his belly. He was at the bottom of short slope

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of talus wedged between two vertical walls. Another body was sprawled about ten feet above him. Jack groaned again. He remembered where he was. And what had happened. Hezekiah, screaming bloody murder, had dropped on him from above, just as he reached the top of the talus.

Slowly, he tried to worm his way upward. He brought a foot higher up and tried to push. The stone that was the anchor gave way and plummeted over the edge; the rocks he lay on shifted downwards.

He gulped, took a deep breath, and continued belly crawling. Shortly he reached one of the walls and a solid handhold. He was able to stand up. "Hezekiah?" he called to the prone man from the safer stance. He walked a little higher and was able to get a foot on the opposite wall. This enabled him to get to the victim quicker and be in a more stable position.

"Hezekiah?" he repeated, shaking the shoulders. No response. He felt underneath the jawbone for the carotid artery. There was a strong pulse, so at least the older man was alive.

"Eeerrrrggghhh!"

Hezekiah erupted beneath him, striking out blindly. "Crap!" swore Jack as he grabbed a hold on one wall and berndoorred up into it. Hezekiah struggled to gain his two feet so he could fight like a man. The rocks started to

move. He looked down and froze.

Jack dropped down, grabbed the back of Hezekiah's shirt, and braced his feet on the two walls. Several stones dropped off the edge in the mini-avalanche, but the two men stopped short.

"Hezekiah? It's me, Jack." The other man did not move.

"You okay?"

Hezekiah said very softly, "I'm afraid to move."

Jack talked him through it and eventually they were sitting safely back up in the narrow part of the chimney.

"There, now, that wasn't so bad, was it?" Jack said after a sigh of relief. "And we're away from the Indians. We're safe."

"You're a damned idiot," Hezekiah said, sulking. "And I ain't too bright, listening to you." He related the arrival of the friendly Shoshone. How they didn't have too "downclimb."

"Jezel Petel That's the thanks I get for saving your life?" Jack joked. He smiled. "But that's okay. All we have to do is climb back up and greet our friends."

Hezekiah looked up and got a sick curl on his lips. "I don't think so, Jack Elliot. I didn't climb down too well. What if I don't make it up? You gonna be down here to catch me?"

"Ah, what you need is a belay," said the transplanted Cincinnati. "You sit tight here

while I climb up and get my rope. I'll tie you in and if you fall, I'll catch you. No problem."

Unsure but having no other alternative, Hezekiah shrugged and huddled as high up into the crack as possible. Jack tashed the chimney and trotted back to the overhang where they had spent the night.

A group of five Indians stood around his pack, throwing its contents casually about on the rocks.

"Hey, that's my pack!" yelled Jack, angry, before he noticed several bloody scalps hanging from their waists. He had already started running towards them.

Four of them took heels and ran off. But the biggest one stood his ground. Jack wondered if he could catch arrows like Kung Fu did and hoped he didn't get the chance to try. The boldest brave drew a knife, gave a bloodcurdling scream, and ran towards Jack with a maniacal gleam in his eyes.

The belief that the best defense is a good offense was a poor strategy for Jack. He had taken karate as self defense and all the techniques he had learned were in response to an assailant's attack. He stopped at a grassy patch amongst the rocks. He took his stance and waited, kicking his boots off to the side.

The warrior was a better fighter than Hezekiah. He did not rush directly at Jack. He gained

(continued on page 17)



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the level patch of tundra and approached Jack slowly, the knife low and going in small circles.

The Indian talked at him and shook some beads in his other hand. They started circling each other, sizing each other up. The brave feinted several times, but they were not attacks that could have reached Jack and he did not respond.

Then came an assault for real, a quick slash at his midsection. Jack stepped back and hit the knife hand hard in the direction it was going as it sliced through the air where he was supposed to be. He stepped up quickly and executed a textbook-perfect side kick to the ribs as yelled a "Kial!" that surprised even himself. Pivoting, he delivered a roundhouse kick to the solar plexus that doubled his opponent over. Before the surprised Indian could recover, Jack snatched the knife. He grabbed one of the brave's wrists and twisted it, effectively holding his opponent at bay with one hand.

"Now, I don't want to hurt you," Jack started, talking more to himself than the Indian, "but I'm new to this area and I don't know the local customs, whether I'm supposed to kill you so I don't have to keep looking over my shoulder or what."

The Indian looked up at him, puzzled as he tried to regain his breath. "You speak English?"

Jack did a double take. "You speak English?" he repeated. "Wait a minute. You're Shoshone?"

"Yes. I am Red Eagle."

"Do you know Hezekiah Marker?"

"Yes, we were looking for him. We found Blackfeet with his gear and tracked their party to here. Do you know where Hezekiah is?"

Jack let the wrist go. "As a matter of fact, I do. He's down off the cliff there."

Red Eagle massaged his ribs. "He fell?"

"Sort of, but he's all right. I've got to go rescue him."

"Can we help?"

"Yeah, sure," said Jack, walking to his pack. "I'm sure we could use the moral support."

Red Eagle started yelling in Shoshone to call back the rest of his party. By the time Jack had his rope out and the few pieces of equipment he needed, he was surrounded by the five Indians. "Tell us, mighty warrior," Red Eagle said humbly, "what is your name?"

"Oh, sorry," Jack said, standing up with the rope and pieces of nylon webbing over his shoulder. "Jack Elliot. But you can call me Spiderman. And here's your knife. Just don't use it on me again, all right?" He started walking to the cliff. The Indians talked among themselves, then followed him at a distance.

He found two large boulders near the crack for independent anchor points for the nylon slings. He clipped two opposing carabiners to the two loops and then to the middle of the 165-foot rope. He uncoiled it loosely and walked to the edge.

"Hezekiah!" he yelled. "Watch out!" After a response from the bearded mountain man, Jack tossed both ends of the rope over the side. He took a tied loop of the webbing, fashioned a diaper seat, and fixed it with a carabiner. He put a loop of the double rope through an eight ring and clipped the carabiner to it.

"Don't touch anything," he said to the group of astounded Shoshone. "I'll be right back."

He went over the side into the crack, rappelling slowly down to the top of the talus slope. "Greetings, Hezekiah. I'm back. And Red Eagle is here."

Hezekiah had mixed feelings. He was glad that the Shoshone had arrived but he still wasn't too keen on climbing up the cliff. The half-inch diameter kernmantle rope seemed much too flimsy for him. Jack pointed out that it had held himself fine.

He prodded the older man to climb into a climbing seat that he had brought down. He tied one end of the rope to the seat, explained procedures to his charge and climbed back to the top quickly.

Jack unclipped the rope from the anchor point, put it through the eight ring, and clipped the eight ring to the carabiners. "Belay on!" he yelled.

Nothing happened. The rope remained stationary.

Realizing he should have put the anchor directly over the crack, Jack moved to do so, figuring that the first-time climber wasn't going to climb by himself. A strategically placed hex (an odd-shaped piece of metal attached to a wire cable) and a short nylon sling did the trick.

"Red Eagle!" He motioned for the Indian to come near the edge. "I want you and your friends to pull on this rope. Hezekiah is on the other end." He hated to use his rope like this, but Hezekiah was being uncooperative. As the braves pulled up the weight, Jack took up the slack through the eight ring. If they happened to slip or let go, he could hold the rope.

A sputtering, cursing Hezekiah Marker finally appeared at the top. "Go help him up! I'll hold the rope!" Jack yelled.

As Jack collected his gear and headed back to his pack, Hezekiah engaged in an intense discussion in Indian with the Shoshone. The group caught up with him after he had collected his shoes and gotten dressed in his hiking clothes. They watched in silence as he

collected the objects thrown out of his pack.

He couldn't stand the silence. It made it too easy to think about his situation. What would Captain Kirk do? Besides grinning disarmingly and charming the leotards of the beauty of the week?

"Red Eagle says you're part spider," Hezekiah finally spoke.

"Back home I would consider that a compliment," Jack grinned disarmingly. He was glad none of the men took their clothes off.

"He says you beat him without any weapons," the mountain man continued. "And he had a knife. Just like you did to me. But Red Eagle is the strongest warrior in his tribe, next to Chief Cat Eyes. You have very strong medicine, Jack Elliot. Are you sent by the gods?"

Jack smiled. "Now there's an explanation I haven't thought of. To tell you the truth, I don't know. Let me tell you my story."

Excerpts from the journal of Hezekiah Marker:

...And he told us of a future world, one that he wasn't too happy with, of willful destruction of land and forests and animals on a huge scale. He captured a small blue fire spirit in a silver Spider contraption and commanded it to boil some water in a silver pan. He mixed some powder in the hot water and offered us some. We were fearful; we did not know if we could drink it and live. Red Eagle was the first to sip it; he is truly a brave leader. He cried out in wonder at the taste of it. I and the four other braves tried some of the "hot chocklut." It was truly ambrosia, the nectar of the gods. But Jack Elliot, the Spider-Man, denied yet again that he was a god or a messenger from the gods. He told us he was stranded in our world and did not know how he could ever get back to his own.

I suggested that Running Wolf, the medicine man of Red Eagle's tribe, might be able to help. He is a wise medicine man and knows much of the spirit worlds. Red Eagle agreed. Jack Elliot was reluctant to come with us to the Shoshone village but he finally pointed out that he had nowhere else to go....

...Five days after the Spider-Man appeared, we entered the Shoshone village. We were greeted by barking dogs, running children, curious squaws, and finally by Chief Cat Eyes. Red Eagle told of the strange and powerful medicine commanded by Jack Elliot. Whereupon Chief Cat Eyes declared a feast to begin that night....

Jack Elliot stood in the middle of a teepee vacated just for him. (continued on page 18)

# Letter From El Presidente

Steve Must

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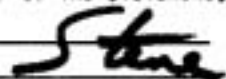
The UC Mountaineering Club is a non-profit organization designed to give college students (or anyone with a thirst for adventure) the chance to experience, on a more intimate and physical level, the exciting natural world that we live in, the chance to escape the concrete, asphalt and hurried pace of existence that we've grown accustomed to in Cincinnati, and to discover a world of luscious vegetation, rushing waters, and starlit skies amidst silent woods or peaceful deserts.

Outdoor recreation is the main focus of this organization; this includes educating others in these areas, but just as important are the growth, learning, and the friendships that develop as a result of club participation. Don't get the idea that this club doesn't like to party (See the article on the New Year's party,)-- the key factor here is that we don't emphasize alcohol. In fact, most members prefer peyote, mescaline, and-- just kidding. What this club does emphasize is appreciation of the natural settings that we utilize for recreation, and safety awareness for everyone involved.

The main activities include backpacking, caving, climbing, bicycle touring, skydiving, skiing in the winter and yes, even MOUNTAINEERING. This list is limited only by the imagination of club members. The club has a trip planned for every weekend, and a large end-of-the-quarter trip with gas expenses funded by the University. Spring quarter is always the most intense time of the year for the club with a lot of backpacking, climbing, caving and biking trips going on every weekend. So don't miss out!

Highlights of this spring quarter include the Climbing Course on April 23 and 25-- an introduction to gear and techniques at Eden Park on Thursday evening, followed by a weekend/day outing to practice the theory at Clifton Gorge up in Yellow Springs. On Memorial Day weekend the Wilderness Skills Course will head down to Rockcastle County, culminating all the time and effort that has been put into the Leadership Skills seminar that Jane and Paul have been leading since November. This promises to be an exiting and educational experience for all involved. This year's summer break trip for June entails a combination backpacking/climbing excursion to the White Mountains.

In closing, I would just like to thank everyone for their help in maintaining such a quality club that has so much to offer. I appreciate all the help that members have shown in publicity, courses, and club organization. This club means a lot to me, the people I've met are fantastic, and it's opened my eyes to a whole new world. I hope to be involved with UCMC until that 40 foot screamer sends me to those 5,13's in the sky. I can't help but express sympathy for the multitudes who pass through this world without experiencing the joy of a secluded forest, the power of a whitewater river, the wonder of the mountains, the serene beauty of a sunset after a torrential downpour spent huddled under a moist rockhouse. But I suppose it has to be this way or else the path less travelled would become an interstate highway, our caves would fill up with Big Mac wrappers, and the silence of the mountains would be a constant roar of the avalanche.



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The Presidential Suite, he surmised. He dropped his pack on the ground and stretched out on the handy pile of buffalo robes. He thought back over his experiences of the past few days and smiled. Learning to ride the Indian ponies, sharing his "exotic" food with his companions, regaling them with stories of his world and its many wonders and horrors. Maybe being narooned in 1823 wasn't going to be so bad. He drifted off to a contented snooze.

He awoke to a soft hand caressing his cheek and thin beard. For a moment he thought he was back in Cincinnati, in Donna's third-story bedroom on Ohio Avenue. Back before things got rocky. The illusion was shattered and recent memory returned quickly when he opened his eyes and saw a striking young Indian maiden with dark, thick hair cascading down halfway to her waist over a leather jerkin. She smiled at him and began speaking in soft tones to him. Jack hadn't learned much of the Shoshone tongue, but from what he had picked up, he realized she desired more intimate contact.

Darn, he thought. Another local custom I'll have to learn about.

He tried a disarming grin. She drew the leather over her head and placed one of his hands on her breasts.

If My Friends Could See Me Now! He started humming.

There was a shout from the teepee opening. Several Indians rushed in, grabbing the woman. She screamed. Jack was pried upon by several braves. They bound his feet and hands with leather thongs, dragged him outside and deposited him in the dust. Shouting and screaming continued; running footsteps beat around him.

"You practice bad medicine!" Red Eagle's voice came from very near behind him. Jack flipped over. "Even if you were sent from the gods, you can't take anything you want!"

Jack was able to deflect most of the kick to his ribs.

Hezekiah ran over and began yelling at Red Eagle in Indian. A shouting match ensued. Red Eagle stormed off.

Hezekiah walked over and squatted down. "I figured you for more sense, Jack Elliot. I know you're from a different world and all, but you don't go putting the chief's daughter in such a delicate situation."

"Red Eagle's sister?"

Hezekiah nodded. Jack managed to sit up, hands around his knees. "What are they going to do to me?"

"Well, for your sake, Spider-Man, I hope the gods protect you. The last man this happened to, they just hung him out to dry."

"In the sun?"

"And the moon. He lasted a whole week. It wasn't pretty. Crows pecked his eyes out and all."

To be continued.... In the next exciting episode: Will one-eyed Jacks be wild? Will Jack make it back to Cincinnati in time for fall quarter? And find a place to stay not associated with the number 444? How did Red Eagle learn to speak English so well? And what about Donna?

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