THE GOOSE DOWN GAZETTE

FALL 1987
VOL.10 NO.1

Letter From the Prez

Observation Department.
Some recent headlines: "Concealed weapons become legal today", "Boy slays family, kills self", "Attempted Coup Fails", "Man shot by fellow motorists on highway","Woman gives birth to a Bigfoot". Gazing through todays headlines, you can correctly assume that our world is fairly imperfect. Many of these problems stem from the fact that there is an overload of stress in society. It's said that this is the result of ever increasing pressures on individuals and our astronomical demands on scarce resources. The effects of major stress can be grim, driving people to extremes, even to the point of doing obscene things with mythical creatures. But there is a solution, albeit on a smaller, more personal scale.

Exit Stage Left:Stress.
Enter Stage Right: UCMC.

The University of Cincinnati Mountaineering Club (UCMC) is a non-profit organization open to all persons in the University community and the general public. The Club engages in a variety of outdoor activities; not only mountaineering but also canoeing, cross country skiing, back packing, rafting, caving, biking, rock climbing, horseback riding, skydiving and anything else we can find to amuse our members. We tend to have very open (and sometimes empty) minds, eager to try anything imaginable, from hang- gliding to Tupperware parties. Every weekend, the Club has planned trips, which can satiate anyone's desires for the outdoors (almost). Weekend trips usually involve climbing at Clifton Gorge, caving in Kentucky, rafting in West Virginia, biking in Loveland or just hiking in Red River Gorge. At the end of each academic quarter, the UCMC goes on a one to three week expedition. The past summer trip's have included climbing Long's Peak in Colorado, canoeing in Quetico, Ontario, and backpacking in the White Mountains of New Hampshire. But you may be asking yourself, " Can I participate even though I have little or no experience? What about all the necessary expensive gear? How much do trips cost?"

To answer the first question no experience is necessary. The Club is very enthusiastic about new members and is eager to teach them about any activity of interest. The best way to learn is to gain experience, or in other words - go on a UCMC trip! Not only will you learn about that specific activity, but you will also meet some of the other members on an "up close and in person" basis. However, each quarter, the Club offers more formal and in depth instruction in various sports. These courses are basic backpacking (fall), caving (winter), and climbing (spring). These courses are taken by old and new members alike in order to further their outdoor skills. Also, in the past the Club has offered and/or sponsored courses in Red Cross first aid, CPR, and Wilderness Skills whenever interest arises.

To answer the second question - "no sweat". The Club has a room filled with outdoor equipment which is accessible to dues-paying members. The Club has equipment for just about any trip, and the Club is consistently maintaining and adding to it's present inventory. In addition to the equipment room, UCMC also has a library filled with informational books, magazines, and maps. With the library, the members can plan future trips or catch the latest news in outdoor sports and environmental issues.

As one can see, the Club is very versatile in all aspects, going to various locations and doing a variety of things. What better way can one spend a quiet moment in the outdoors completely devoid of the modern day pressures of life, which brings us back to the original topic of this essay; stress. Going on an outdoor trip, one can easily escape, although temporarily, personal troubles and retain some peace of mind in today's madness. While attaining these intangible aspects during a trip; personal satisfaction, accomplishment, observing the serene beauty of the outdoors, one can be able to relieve tensions and return to the daily routine more inspired and confident. Everyone should owe it to themselves for their physical and mental well being to go and observe the outdoors.

On a final note, I would like to express my sincere thanks to all those who help support and promote the Club, especially those who put the Goosedown together. To name everyone who helped in any way would be tedious, but if your interested in knowing who these people are - just look at the phone list. I hope this enthusiasm runs high as we begin a new and active school year.

SOUNDS GREAT! HOW DO I JOIN?

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.

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 $7.00 for a single quarter or $15.00 for the fall, winter, and spring quarters to use Club equipment and 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 Guttedauro, 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.

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

The Goose Down Gazette is the officious(?) publication of the University of Cincinnati Mountaineering Club. We generally wait until the last minute to publish it, which accounts for the quality. Most if not all of the articles should be read, if at all, with tongue firmly in cheek. If after doing this you have trouble removing your tongue from your cheek I have a brother-in-law who is an oral surgon. Comments about anything you read should be addressed to the editors, of course since I have not told you who they are so you will have some trouble doing this. Oh well! Write to Zeaphod at:

2GOOSE DOWN GAZETTE
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(Please limit you mailings to something that will fit into a standard envelope(can't fit much of an explosive in that much space, hah!).

For some obsure reason the following persons wish to be credited with helping in the production of this excuse of a newsletter. Please choose one from column A and one from column B.

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Jan	Bargo
Steve	Kruse
Nick	Elsen
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Pat Artman making the summit of Long's Peak in Rocky Mountain National Park, Colorado, taken by Larry Joe Bortner.

Photo credits:
pg. 3 Laura Jones
pg. 5 Larry Bortner
pg. 12 Mark Guttadauro
pg. 15 Jerry Bargo
pg. 17 Steve Must
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THE UCMC EXPERIENCE

Neil Kilcoin

The UCMC is one of those rare, well-established organizations that can never bore you - it can do many other things to you, but never bore you. I didn't join without misgivings, but I was in such circumstances almost 2 years ago which made an outlet for my energy and interest necessary. My social life as a new Cincinnatian was showing signs of rigor mortis while frustration with everyday tension brought me closer to the brink of a sudden demise. Work was only a partial outlet (and also part of my problems), so I accepted 2 friends invitation to come to a meeting and see for myself what was up.

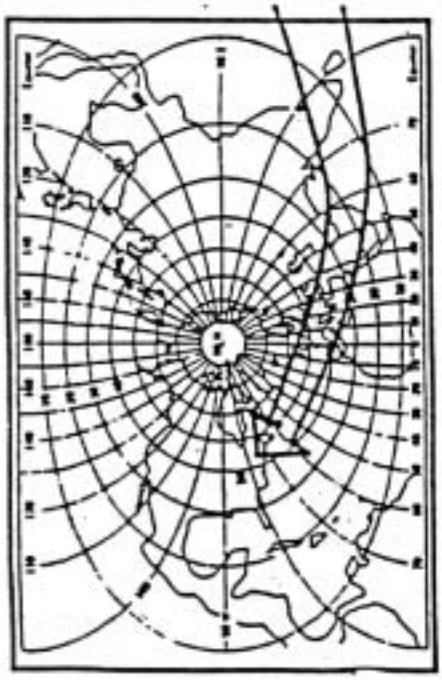
And I was disappointed. As I left the group, I reflected on the evening: a long, loosely organized business meeting (with more folks doing their "own thing" rather than paying rapt attention to the speaker), various short descriptions of seemingly dull trips, plans for future ones, and some sort of limited lecture on any one of a million forgettable subjects. While everybody else headed to their favorite nightspot, I considered my options.

Staying and forcing myself to integrate into this loose coalition of individualists was the right decision, though. Hindsight has revealed how valuable an experience an education of the sort that the UCMC has to offer can be. Not only in Wilderness Skills, Rock Climbing, or other scheduled classes - but an education in personal experience and philosophy: knowing my physical limits and challenging them, my need for stimulation and encouragement, a further appreciation of life and how many other things, I'm only now finding out.

What there was to do in Cincinnati interested me the most at first and still holds my attentions - even though today my horizons are larger. Looking back on my last year here, I wonder how I could have ever sat at home, bored, staring blankly at some uninteresting TV show or rereading something that really wasn't worth my time. Reflection on these things made me think of my recent history with the Club. Having made and abbreviated list of my last 12 months, its hard to believe in those days of channel-changing:

fireworks	weddings	Oktoberfest	picnics everywhere
halloween	zoo trips	skydiving	Tupperware parties
New Years at Hueston Woods	the Bahamas	Washington & Idaho	Horseback Riding
art museum excursion	Michigan & Ontario	lectures on nature & sports	Reds games
parties	backpacking the Gorge	concerts	sailing
sledding	and all too many nights at Daniel's pub...		

No one forced me to join or to do any activity that I didn't feel suited me, but I'm glad I did sign up and see another part of the world. I leave it up to the reader to tally up his "peak experiences" over the last year and come up with as many as I did. If you think it lacking, find out what can be done about it, I did.



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THE WOODS ACCORDING TO "GORP"

MY FIRST CLUB TRIP Laura Jones

Having joined this Mountaineering Club in April, one month later I found myself signing up for its "Wilderness Skills Course." Newly enchanted and equally wary, I wondered about the folks I would hike with for three days -- in Kentucky's Rock Castle County, Daniel Boone National Forest. I considered: Who are these people? What were they about as individuals? as a club? What was I about in joining them? I would find out.

It was midnight, moonless and a 20 minute hike to our first night's camp. We were ten in number -- Jane, Paul, Cindy, Laura, Katt, Jerry, Pat, Mark, Nell, and Mol. Laura and flashlights were our nightly guides up trail and bushwhack, with Cindy at the rear as "Sweep" -- dutifully collecting any of us dust particles who happened to slip through the cracks.

We found the rock ledge "large enough to shelter an army," or at least ten tuckered travelers from possible rains. The moist ground was spotted with tiny glow-in-the-dark worms -- twinkling like the lights of a distant city of faint and starry skies. I mused about this playful flip-flop of firmament, selected a cozy rock and tried to settle down, pawing the earth in fickle and nervous fashion. But it was the chocolate Hostess Twinkie that postponed sleep. And why was Paul concealing it anyway? That classic of junk food was destined to celebrate Nell's and Mark's Gemini birthdays, accompanied by a faltering chorus of "Happy Birthday."

While a spider spun its birthday gift over Mark's face (still sleeping), four of us volunteered to hike back to the cars for the weekend food supplies. After breakfast and cookstove lessons, we mixed gorp ("good old raisins and peanuts"), divided it and the rest of the food to be carried.

Cindy demonstrated and narrated knot tying in spite of a cold just shy of laryngitis. And later, as we hiked, she tied Pat up in knots when her hip belt broke. Also along the trail, someone found an empty turtle shell and I almost stepped on a live one. When we paused for lunch, Laura read "Quotable Quotes" from Reader's Digest! We munched on sandwiches and gorp.

It started to rain while setting up the second campsite. Three tarps and one tent went up quickly. Cindy warmed us with her cheerful chef work of cheese fondue, vegies and apples. Paul accidentally warmed himself with boiling water. Fortunately, no serious harm was done and we gathered for a hike to the nearest river. Single file and flashlight aided, we formed a chain to pass bottles and replenished our water supplies (a bit like The Seven Dwarves on a nightly rendezvous.)

Upon returning to camp and to our surprise, Nell invited all interested over to his tent for strawberry daiquiris. Lively conversation and group back massage soon followed, accompanied by candle-light, warm-hearted smiles and sounds of a nighttime forest. Pow-wow ended, I joined Pat in the tent she was sharing with me. I drifted into a restful sleep, never hearing the animal cries reported next morning.

Mark and I were breakfast cooks and the fried salmon patties turned out unexpectedly tasty. It was Mark's turn to lead the group. He surprised himself and others when he lost footing, and slipped into the cold river water of early Spring. Then Jane discussed crossing choices and techniques.

After a rest on the other side, gorp, a change into dry socks, more gorp and map orientation, it was my turn to lead. Due north was our course and unduly restless were my nerves -- as by now I had discovered the patient and supportive nature of this Nature group. We reached the Winding Stair Trail and its scenic offerings -- rock cliffs, waterfalls, dense rhododendron and hemlock groves.

The third night was a "solo", which is a separate story for each person. Unlike a young Indian brave, sent out alone into the wilderness for contemplating survival as surviving contemplation. After much deliberation, I set up my tarp of plastic and string in lean-to fashion, found a frog-filled water well, collected fire-wood, and became uneasy about the eminent night alone.

Instead of sitting with my anxiety, I decided to walk it off. Subsequently, the sun set during my "walk-about." Of course, I didn't know that I was lost until my flashlight and good fortune calmly led me right back to the leaders' tent!

While feeling sheepish, Paul showed me to my campsite where I stayed put this time -- sleeping light and fitful. In the morning I made a fire to dry my clothes and warm my spirits, envisioning myself as the first member to be kicked out of the Club! Instead, leaders had blueberry pancakes waiting on the fire -- the kind that give hikers "the get up and go to do what must be done; heavens they were tasty and expeditious too!"

We trekked approximately five miles the last day. Recrossing the river, we refreshed ourselves in its coolness, amidst monarch butterflies, school of trout, sunny skies, and (of course) more gorp. A copperhead snake raised its diamond head on the remaining trail we exchanged final adieus with the forest that weekend.

About the Club -- I found out that it consisted of many diversified, wonderful individuals. I found out that its synergism encouraged each person to assert their personality, skills, interests and leadership capabilities. Finally, as a club, I found out that we enjoy and share a love and respect for man and nature.

THE MOUNTAINS WILL ALWAYS BE THERE

Larry Bortner

A sound of rocks falling.

"Help! Help! Help!"

A glimpse of a person on the Middle Teton.

John and Bill hurry up to the Lower Saddle to notify the Ranger and see if help was needed from amateurs.

The rest of us filter in (up?) over the next several hours. A helicopter flies up from Jackson Hole and drops off another Ranger to check out the body they find. We listen to the radio dispatches with the first Ranger.

"Yep. He's dead. Broken neck."

We watch the helicopter fly down with a full body bag and wonder if we really want to climb the more difficult Grand Teton....

Trudge, trudge, trudge, trudge, trudge....

This is ostensibly a report on the 1987 end-of-the-summer trip out west. But I will also use it as a stump to preach from, expounding and reflecting upon past experiences with the Mountaineering Club and the philosophical and psychological underpinnings inherent in our various lunacies and depravities-- a weakness of mine, I know, but sometimes I just can't help myself.

We are a diverse and quirky collection of individuals with the common attribute of thrill-seeking. The degree of the adventures within reach vary greatly, from jumping out of an airplane to discovering a solitary orchid just off the trail, from rafting down the New River to skinny dipping in Gwen's pond, from climbing Devil's Tower to climbing Mud Crack at Clifton Gorge. There are certainly limits to what any one individual can do, imposed by training and experience and natural ability, but by far the largest blocks preventing us from doing or even attempting a particular activity are those set by our own minds. This is the concept of our pursuits as Zen sports, where the only competition is yourself. When these mental obstacles are overcome, astonishing things can happen.

Adrenalin junkies are a strange breed. They may lead, on the outside at least, fairly normal, sedate lives. But after an unknown amount of time-- weeks, months, even years--, they will come running wild-eyed out of their self-imposed dungeons (both figurative and literal) and go through a period of frenzied activity.

Why?

Indeed. The answers are numerous, various, and personal. The standard response of, "Because it's there," was tossed off by a mountain climber to a non-T-type reporter, and is another way of saying, "Why not?"

Because you've never done it before.

Because you tried it before and didn't quite make it.

Because you've done it before and it was so incredible you want to do it again.

Because you're a woman.

Because you want to grow, you don't want to stagnate, you want to mash that couch potato within yourself. One's reach should exceed one's grasp, what?

Because it's fun.

Because you need the fix.

...trudge, trudge-- jump back as the startled osprey hawk takes often feet to your side. Magnificent! Trudge, trudge, trudge....

John and Steve are finally secure up at the first belay point on the Leaning Column.

I'm glad to be climbing Devil's Tower, finally. Neither Marie nor Mike seem inclined to lead this 5.6 pitch. What the heck, I can climb 5.6.

The rack is too large, having everything we think we might need, including all these gol-durned cowbells. Like a pet constantly seeking attention, the dangling pieces keep getting between my legs.

I almost make it to the bottom of the leaning column. I can't figure out the moves to get up to that nice safe cubbyhole. My foot doesn't jam in the crack. Energy is draining rapidly out of my arms as I hang in a precarious position. My legs begin sewing-machine motions. I curse and snort and pant. I slip and fall, but catch myself before I put any weight on the rope. My face slams into the rock, slightly chipping my two front teeth.

"Do you want to climb down?" Marie asks as I sputter and spit and increase the vehemence level of my cursing....

... trudge, trudge, hop, hop, slip, sit on the rock and get the weight off your back. Get your breath, gaze at the world about you. A few gulps of water, a few M&M's. It's so beautiful out here. Trudge, trudge, trudge....

Pat Artman, Steve Kramrech, Dan Lynch, Mike O'Herron, Brian Quinn, Marie Schulte, John Steuver, Larry Bortner. Eight different people, eight different versions of our western excursion, eight bozos (well, at least three or four) in search of the center ring. I happen to be the leader, the one who thought up this whirlwind tour of rocks and trees and wild critters and bubbling waters. I may be more adept at relating my story through the written word, but it makes these tales no more valid than what the others remember; any one of the others could have experienced more thrills, more terror, more wonder, more frustration, or could have better appreciated the beauty, the majesty, or the accomplishments than I. Pat, for example, can give you a much better oral rendition.

I've been with the club for six years, making me a bona fide oldtimer. Aside from the Akron Chainsaw Massacre and a Jane Reilly-led Wilderness Skills course, my first major trip with the club was to Colorado. 22 members climbed all or part of Long's Peak, after which we split up into two groups and backpacked for a week in southwestern Colorado, then got back together at Great Sand Dunes. For me, the trip was big time sensory overload-- the mountains, the expanse, the views, the stars, my body adapting to both the altitude and the increased physical exertion.

I had caught what I'll refer to as Mountain Fever. The symptoms are subtle but unmistakable; at times you may catch the inflicted one staring off into the distance, wearing a slight smile. If you look closely enough, you'll catch a glint in their eye that reflects the contentment of a brilliant blue sky and puffy white clouds at some summit, the splendor of a crisp starlit night, or the mesmerizing wonder of a crackling campfire. Upon exposure to the mountains, not everyone catches it. A few have a definite allergy to these heaps of rock, some can take it or leave it, but others of us, the Fever just takes and grabs and doesn't let go. It is certainly hard, spending some time in the Rockies and then coming back to Cincinnati. One of the things that makes it easier is knowing that the mountains will always be there; there will be other trips and, barring unforeseen life changing circumstances, you can always go back.

And that's what I've been doing at least once a

year ever since that first trip. With each trip I had varying degrees of input into the planning and decision making, from some to none. The year after the Colorado trip, I was with a group of eight who backpacked for a week in the Winds, spent several days in the Tetons and Yellowstone, and, on the way back, stopped at Devil's Tower. We stopped there and were at the very base of this massive rock monolith-- and we didn't see it. It was night, it was raining, and the guy who held the van keys-- not Dan-- wanted to go home. Now, We had been driving all day and could have easily thrown up our tents or even slept in the van until the next morning, seen the Tower, and taken off, still getting back to dear old Cincinnati in plenty of time before school started. But it was not to be.

So one of the things I definitely wanted to do on this recent trip was to see Devil's Tower, if not climb it. As I was hoping to finish my Ph.D. by the end of August, then start gainful employment in October (laughter at this point by the reader is considered cruel), I wanted this to be a BIG trip, since I might not be able to take off three weeks like this in quite some time. I cut back on my original agenda (climbing Mt. Rainier would have added another week and not as many people would have been able to come along), but what that left was still an ambitious undertaking. The first thing we would do would be to climb Long's Peak right off the bat after driving straight through from C-town. Then we would go up into the Winds on a nine-day backpacking trip, spending a couple of days rock climbing in the Cirque of Towers. Refreshed, acclimated, and in terrific shape, we would then climb the Grand Teton in one day, after visiting Bill and Ann Herbert. Some more visiting, shopping, and general taking it easy, then we would head up to Yellowstone, do an overnight backpacking trip and the typical car touring, then cut back across Wyoming, climb Devil's Tower, and be back in Cincinnati at a decent hour the Sunday before school starts.

Like I said, an ambitious schedule, which we didn't follow exactly. You've got to be flexible to allow for unforeseen opportunities, the group's general attitude, and the condition of my feet.

...trudge, trudge, trudge, trudge, trudge....

Pingora.

I'd climbed it before, a 5.2 where Fletch had done all the leading. I knew this wasn't the start of the climb.

Interrogative: Where then?

(Impatience after scrambling one or two hours to get to this point.)

Up on the top of that block. I'm sure. We either scramble down around the end (much exposure), or we lead this 30-foot pitch.

Shoot, yeah, I'll try it. It looks fairly easy. Let's get this show on the road.

I hadn't led anything for four years. What's a quickdraw for? What's a directional? No prob, as long as the climb is easy.

It was at least a 5.5, maybe a 5.6.

Translation: Not easy....

...trudge, trudge, trudge-- Owl-- trudge, trudge...

In climbing Long's Peak, I wanted to do an alpine-style ascent rather than using the semi-siege techniques of the two previous teams I had been on. The siege tactics seem logical; take a day to hike up to the highest possible campsite (with tents, sleeping bags, stoves, and at least two days worth of food), get up early the next morning, bag the peak, get back down, break camp, and be back at the parking lot before dark. From my readings on acute mountain sickness (AMS), I knew that once one was

above 9,000 feet, there was a 12- to 24-hour grace period before AMS hit, if it was going to hit. It hit a lot of us on my first trip to Colorado and only three out of twenty-two of us got to the summit (There were other factors involved, of course, such as not getting an early enough start, route-finding errors, poor physical shape of some members, and the typical mountain thunderstorm rolling in shortly after noon.). The allure of the alpine ascent lies in the lighter packs needed and the decreased chance of AMS.

I knew the one-day climb would be a real grind-- 16 miles round trip via the Keyhole Route and a mile climb up, then down-- so I stressed that everyone should be in good cardiovascular condition. Also, to get the leg muscles accustomed to mountain terrain, a lot of up and down work had to be done. Starting in the middle of July, most of us ran steps on Tuesdays and Thursdays at Mt. Adams. We were frequently joined by other club members interested in getting in shape. The week before we left, we had worked up to a full hour of running, with the minimum route being from the Eden Park Wall up to the Immaculata Church, down to the river front, across and back the Suspension Bridge, around the Stadium, back up to Immaculata, up to the Playhouse, and back to the Wall. Marie commented that if I had told her she would be doing that when we first started, she would have laughed in my face and forgot about the whole thing (She got even with me several times during the trip.).

...trudge, trudge, trudge-- Whew! Only 1.7 more miles to go! Trudge, trudge, trudge....

We hit the sack later than I had hoped at the Long's Peak Ranger Station campground, about 10:30 local time, after detouring for several hours for fantastic ribs at my sister's in St. Louis and spending too much (too little?) time in Boulder (and we didn't even drive up into El Dorado Canyon, one of the prime rock climbing areas in the world). We got

(continued on page 19)

Trail Blazin'

WINTER CAMPING

Bob Kessler

Now that summer has passed and the trees are greeting fall, you may be thinking of putting your backpack in the closet when winter finally arrives. The thought of being far away from any "normal" source of heat may make you think that cold weather hiking is painful, if not dangerous. Well, winter camping can be dangerous (as could getting caught in a thunder storm in the summer), but if you are properly prepared you will find it comfortable, safe and superbly beautiful.

The key to comfort in cold weather sports of any kind is something called the Layering System. Basically it means that the more clothes you wear, the warmer you'll be. Obvious, huh? The key to layering is not the thickness of the items, but the number of them. The multiple layers each trap a layer of air between them, and this is what keeps you warm. A nice feature of the Layering System is its versatility. Say it's cold but you start hiking and start to warm up; you can peel a layer or two off to maintain an ideal temperature. When you stop again you, can easily add layers back again. In order for the layers to be most efficient do not use cotton blends which loose their insulation value when wet. Wool garment are perfect because of their ability to keep you warm even when wet. Polypropylene is also very good at keeping your body heat in when wet.

Now that you have your body core nice and toasty, you may now wonder what to do about your head and feet. Actually, your head is the single most important item to keep warm. A person loses more heat out of their head than all the rest of the body combined; so you need to pay particular attention to it. Wool and polypro caps are the best and should be worn almost constantly in very cold weather. Feet should also be layered though there is not as much versatility possible as elsewhere on the body. Try a polypro liner sock combined with one or two wool socks. Don't try to cram all that into boots that you sized for summer hiking and now with the added socks must be forced on; you'll only pinch out blood circulation, increasing the possibility of frostbite. Instead, buy a pair of boots with winter camping in mind and allow for thick socks-- you will be much happier.

Other handy clothing for cold weather are things like: gaiters, which stretch from boots to knees to keep snow and moisture out of your boots; Gortex pants and jackets which are waterproof but still allow body moisture to escape; and thick wool mittens to keep your fingers together for maximum warmth.

Once you've survived the day's hike, you'll be wanting a nice warm bag to speed the night in. Winter camping can be very unpleasant if you underestimate the comfort rating of your bag. Most manufacturers will give some kind of temperature rating for their product, but it is best if you have a chance to gradually confirm this by sleeping out in progressively colder temperatures. You may find that your metabolism is such that you may need a -15°F bag to sleep in 0°F temperature. If your bag is insufficient for the cold you expect to encounter, try combining your bag with another, lighter weight bag, effectively producing a -10°F or -20°F haven for the night. Down bags give you the best insulation with the lightest weight, but they must be kept dry or they will loose their loft-- Brrrr. Synthetic bags maintain their warmth even when wet but you pay the price in increased weight and bulkiness.

Here are some more keeping warm hints:

--Keep your backpack weight to a minimum; use available energy to keep you warm, not to carry unused gear, food, or clothes.
--Pace yourself. If you move too fast, then stop, your body will sweat then chill. Better to find a pace that suits the terrain such that your rate of perspiration matches the ability of it to escape out your clothing without drenching it.
--Whenever possible, add layers soon after you stop hiking.
--If you have booties, put them on as soon as you reach camp; don't wait until for your feet to get cold
--Add layers as the evening progresses or if the weather begins to change for the worst. Don't wait until you feel chilled.
-- When you reach camp, set up your tent and sleeping bag first, then cook. Or assign someone in the group to set up tents, etc. That way, if a sudden storm or darkness makes it too cold out, you have a safe haven.
--Get into your tent and sleeping bag as soon as possible. If it's early, pile a lot of people into a tent for body heat, conservation, etc.
--Warm your feet as much as possible before putting them into your cold boots. Use a friend's armpits if necessary.
--Don't overtighten lacing. With added socks, this could easily happen. Allow for circulation. Replace the boots again after hiking for a couple hours to allow for swelling.
--Sleep with water bottles to keep them from freezing.
--Hike with a lover (It's fun too). In moderate cold, two is warmer than one, though extreme cold necessitates separate mummy bags.

Now that you are armed with this overview of winter hiking, you may very well wonder where you can acquire the clothing and cold weather boots and bags. Surprisingly, the Goodwill store is an excellent source for wool clothing at very reasonable cost. If you are not out to win a fashion contest, an effective layering system can be built out of items acquired there. More specialized goodies like gortex and polypro can be obtained at any of the local outdoor stores. Bags and boots for the winter camping can be very expensive and must be carefully chosen. Think about what kind of outdoor activities you may want to get into and talk with the salesperson at the store or an experienced Club member. There are a lot of options out there and you will want to take your time in order to make the choices that best suit your needs.

The most important thing to remember is that the advent of cold weather need not force you indoors. Winter is a beautiful time of year that, like the other seasons, is best experienced by being out in the middle of it. Don't hesitate; get your pack in order and ENJOY!

SEX SCANDAL IN U.C. ADMINISTRATION UNCOVERED BY U.C.M.C.

Mark Suer

Now that I have your undivided attention, I would like to tell about the club's trip to the White Mountains in New Hampshire. (I couldn't think of a really good title for this article. Besides, I wanted everybody to read this article first.)

A group of seven of us left the hot, humid, muggy air of Cincinnati on the night of July 3 for the cool, clean, crisp air of the Whites (and on time!--probably a first for the club). The "group of seven" consisted of James Geers, Melody Minges, Randy Mueller, Brian Quinn, Don Speller, Jan True and myself. The drive was pretty uneventful except listening to the Floyd (Pink), the Dan (Steely), the John (Elton) and-- How could I forget ?!?-- Randy's weaving on and off the road.

Somehow, we arrived at the AMC (Appalachian Mountain Club) Pinkham Notch Camp, which is at the base of Mt. Washington, the highest peak east of the Mississippi. It was July 4, 5 P.M., and it was raining. We piled out of the van and proceeded to organize our gear. We planned to eat our dinner, Dinty Moore stew, while still at the van.

Somehow, Jan convinced us to eat the stew cold. I think we were just too lazy to get out the stoves after packing everything. Jan kept smiling and saying, "Isn't it this good?", while I force-fed myself. (I only ate it so Jan wouldn't feel bad). After eating the "dinner", we hit the trail, heading north towards Mt. Madison on the Old Jackson trail. After hiking a couple of hours, we set up camp and mentally prepared ourselves for the next day.

We woke up Sunday to warm sunshine, a welcome change from yesterday's rain. After a "delicious" breakfast of oatmeal (By the looks of it, I would have never eaten it if I didn't know what it was), we started for the summit of Mt. Madison. Although the trail was initially "level", it was still rough because the trail was littered with wet stones and roots due to the shallow soil. Most of the trails were like this, which made walking very frustrating unless, of course, one likes to fall. Brian and I called these nuisances trail gangs, which are always trying to trip you up when you least expected it. (Trail gangs are the wilderness equivalent to the urban street gangs). As we began to hike to the top of Mt. Madison (5,367 ft.), the trail turned into a class 4 climb which was very awkward while carrying packs. After a lunch break, we finally reached treeline, offering us beautiful views of the Great Gulf. We quickly scrambled for our cameras, but we only took a few pictures, knowing that we still had about 1300 feet to climb. (Patience is a virtue.)

Hiking up the several plateaus which make up the southeastern face of Mt. Madison, we all became separated in the boulder fields. However, from an elevated view I could still see everyone, and make sure that they were OK. As Don and I were watching those behind us, I decided to go on ahead. I hadn't gone more than twenty feet when my left foot slipped out while climbing down a small boulder and I came down with full force on the arch of my right foot. Don instantly came over when he heard me cry out. Although the ankle had instantly swelled, I could still walk on it, but not without some discomfort. Eventually, we all make it to the top of Mt. Madison, and the view was really worth the effort. We could see all the Northern Peaks, the ski slopes of Wildcat Mountain and even the small town of Gorham, which was miles away.

The descent down the western side of the cone was a little tricky. We had to jump from boulder to boulder until we were in the col between Mt. Madison and Mt. Adams. We went down about 800 feet in this manner until we reached the AMC Madison hut in the col. The AMC huts are like hostels on the mountain range where day hikers can spend the night-- for a small fee (about $35 a night per person). After we filled our water bottles at the hut, we descended another 1500 feet to the treeline so we could camp. Our campsite was a sloping "ledge" next to a small stream off the Valley Way trail. The site was small; only two tents would fit on the ledge. Since Jan and Randy volunteered to sleep out, nobody argued with them. In fact, none of us had a high quality sleeping spot due to the steep slope, but it really didn't matter because we were exhausted.

The next morning was a little cloudy but rain seemed unlikely. Over a yummy breakfast of bland oatmeal, I promised that this day would be a short day since we were still tired from yesterday and my ankle wasn't 100%. However, it turned out to be what Brian termed a "Death March". We went back up the Valley Way trail to the Madison Hut and proceeded around Mt. Adams. At Thunderstorm Junction, a place where several trails converge at a ten-foot-high rock cairn, we stopped and ran up the remaining 500 ft. to the top of Mt. Adams, while Melody stayed behind with our packs. At the top were a horrendous amount of bugs, so we stayed long enough to just take a few pictures. It was about noon when we started back on the main trail, the Great Gulf trail, and headed towards Mt. Jefferson. The trail stayed fairly level at an elevation of about 5,000 ft. as it wound its way around the smaller Mt. Sam Adams.

While retrieving water from a small spring, Randy managed to separate himself from the rest of us by going onward. It didn't bother me too much until we came to a fork in the trail. I was now a little worried because he might have gone the wrong way.

Wondering if he had the presence of mind to stay on the right trail, Melody stopped and asked an oncoming hiker, "Did you pass anyone back there?"

"I really don't remember, maybe I did."

"He's tall, thin, has short blond hair, glasses, and he's all hunched over like he's ready to die."

"Oh yeah! Yeah, he's just up ahead a bit."

At least he stayed on the right trail. We picked up our pace and finally caught up to him. We stopped at the saddle between Mt. Jefferson and Mt. Adams and looked into the 2000 ft. ravines on both sides. The view everywhere was majestic. I pointed out our destination: The Castles, a large outcropping of rock on a ridge west of Mt. Jefferson.

As we hit the trail again, I noticed that Randy had once again disappeared. I yelled for him, and 200 ft. behind me I heard this very timid answer come from behind a boulder. He said he had diarrhea. Ohhhh Mannnn! I asked if he was OK, and he replied that he felt a little weak. After taking a Pepto Bismol tablet, Randy felt OK.

While on the way to the Castles, we coudn't find the trail and found ourselves halfway up Mt.

(continued on page 8)

Jefferson. Instead of going around Mt. Jefferson, we decided to go for the top. Although the hike was a bit arduous, it was well worth it, for the views seemed to just get better. Mt. Washington just seemed and arm's reach away as we turned away from Mt. Adams. Instead of going northwest towards the Castle, we decided to head south towards Mt. Washington and the Sphinx trail to camp. However, we found out we couldn't camp on the Sphinx trail, so we went onward again towards Mt. Washington. (I'm sorry Mark. Come on. As I'm typing this in, I can't help but make one small correction. The Death March happened because someone took a wrong turn on one of the trails, REMEMBER?!? --Jan un-True)

Finally we reached the Jewell trail junction which was practically at the top of Mt. Clay, the northern shoulder of Mt. Washington. It was 7:00 P.M., it was getting dark quickly, and we were still at 5300 ft. By dark however, everyone made it to the campsite, which was at about 4000 ft. and nowhere near running water.

The next morning I woke up at about 4:30 A.M. Although I was tired from the day before, I was excited about today's hike to Mt. Washington. Everyone else woke up a few hours later, and after breakfast, we left our packs behind to hike up to the top. First we reached the top of Mt. Clay (5541 ft.), then the summit of Mt. Washington (6288 ft.) The hike took about two hours at a relative steady pace.

At the top was a weather station and a museum/tourist shop. While there, it was very easy to see who hiked up to the top and who were the tourons who drove. Asking the tourons, I found out that it cost $10 for a car and driver and $5 for each additional passenger to drive to the top. There was even a disgustingly dirty cog railway that took tourons to the summit. That cost $25 a person round trip. Although the railway is an astounding engineering feat with its 30% grade, its effect on the environment is devastating. Coal and fly ash could be seen all over the side of Mt. Washington, which were belched from the stacks of the engines. We were upset and wondered why a cleaner fuel couldn't be used.

After everyone had got a good look at the view and checked out the small museum (the sight of the fastest recorded gust of wind: 231 mph), we all decided to go back to our camp. Once everyone had returned, we packed up our gear and went off the shoulder to the foot of Mt. Washington's west side. There we camped next to a beautiful creek after a short hike back down to 3000 ft. that night. Don and I built a fire but not without a lot of effort, due to damp wood.

After much work, we finally got it going. I just sat back to enjoy its warmth when Randy suddenly spit a mouthful of tea which extinguished about half of the fire. I was dumbfounded, not to mention perturbed. He said there was something in his tea and the fire was the only thing he could use as a target within his spitting range. (What did I do to deserve this?) Anyhow, we got the fire going again.

The next day, a short day, we headed down further to the Railway base station and saw the tourons fork over big bucks for train tickets (which aren't refundable in inclement weather.) From the train station, we went west on the Ammonoosuc Ravine trail. The trail was pretty casual as we passed the gravesite where a hiker had died years earlier due to exposure.

Soon we came to a very beautiful sight: Gene Pool. Although the pool was small, it had many assets; it was crystal clear, it had cascading falls feeding it, and two young women were bathing there. Dressed only in long, wet T-shirts, their peaceful swim was fortunately interrupted by our unexpected arrival. After they "clothed" themselves, they told us that the trail got extremely steep ahead, and wished us well.

As they had foretold, the trail instantly turned into class 4 and remained that way until we set up camp at 4200 ft. The campsite was excellent. We had a marvelous view of the ravine below with a cascade of falls adjacent to the site. While everyone was enjoying the area, Brian and I hiked up to the top of the ridge to Mt. Monroe (5384 ft.). The view to the east was completely blotted out by fog, but the west side was completely clear. We were able to survey the day's hike, but we were not able to see the campsite, due to the steep terrain. When evening set in, we went to join the others for dinner.

The next morning I was greeted by thick fog; I couldn't see more than 15 ft. As we began to ascend, the fog lifted somewhat, and it posed no serious threat. After we passed another AMC Hut, the Lakes of the Clouds came into view. These were three lakes on top of the ridge between the cones of Mt. Washington and Mt. Monroe. After crossing Bigelow Lawn, we headed for Tuckerman's Ravine. As soon as we got to the east side of the ridge, the fog had lifted totally and we were once again in sunshine. The trail going down into the ravine was tricky at times, becoming very narrow with wonderful exposure at your disposal. But we all made it down alive as we viewed the precipitous head wall of the ravine. Many people have died on the Tuckerman Ravine trail by falling because they slipped on wet rocks or ice. Although it was mid-July, there was some snow left at the bottom of the head wall. I guess it forgot to melt, but Brian didn't care as he eagerly put his hands in the white stuff. I figured out that he likes snow.

Once we were out of the ravine we hiked for a few more hours until we set up camp off of the Raymond Path. Since this was our last night in the Whites, we were having mixed feelings. But our quiet mood turned into delirious laughter about the advantages of carrying a 15-pound rock in your backpack. (You just had to be there!)

After a restful sleep, we quickly packed our gear and headed for the van. By mid-afternoon we left the park and headed for home, but not without making a few stops. First, we stopped in Woodstock, Vt. (Not the infamous "Woodstock"), which was a quaint, New England tourist town where everything cost twice as much and their wooden covered bridge has a steel structure. Nice place to live if you make 60 thou. Our next stop included a tour of a wall in Albany, NY, where I pissed off a lady who tried to sell me a heavy metal T-shirt. (But that's another story!) Soon after we were on the road and after about an hour we were almost in Vermont again. We loved the Whites so much we were subconsciously returning.

Our next stop was Buffalo, where Randy's mother fed us a first class breakfast. And after breakfast, we headed across the border to Niagra Falls, Ontario. Niagra Falls are, of course, large and quite commercialized. There were tourist boats that would take you right to the base of the falls. I don't understand why anyone would pay money to get drenched. Maybe the view is better with wet clothes on. After we had watched tons of water fall 100 ft. or so, we said goodbye to Randy's mom and headed for Cincinnati.

Going from Cleveland to Cincinnati, I realized that Ohio is relatively flat and boring. Some of us had to play childish games to interrupt the boredom, while others of us easily kept ourselves occupied (No names mentioned, yet!) As we pulled into town, we could feel the grip of modern day life entrap us. Or did the spell cast by the serene beauty of the forest disintegrate in the city streets?

THE WEST IS THE BEST

– or –

MANIFEST DESTINY IS NOT DEAD!

Allan Sutherland

It all began with our family vacations, when I was a small child. Since those days, I have always felt a subtle, yet profound tug from the West upon my soul. It was precisely this feeling (as well as the location of my brother's wedding) that caused me to travel to Montana and Wyoming last August. The idea was to go solo most of the time, mixing in a few visits with friends who were working at National Parks along the way.

Going to the Sun

After a very inauspicious departure from Cincinnati, including lost luggage and almost missing the flight, and a three day visit to friends in Denver as a jumping-off point, I finally found myself soaring over the Rockies towards the land of the "Big Sky", Montana! It was exciting to look down through the clouds at the jagged profile of the Wind River Range and the vast deep blue of Yellowstone Lake, with the summit of the Grand Teton stabbing above the horizon beyond. It all looked so small. From high in a plane, all sense of size and proportion are lost.

Once we had landed and exorbitant fees had been exchanged for a rental car, I was off like a shot for Glacier National Park. The land between Great Falls, MT. and Glacier Park is just low rolling hills covered with an unbroken blanket of golden grain and range grass. Although monotonous, this nearly treeless country is also hauntingly beautiful, and the sky does seem to be stretched several sizes larger than back East. But after hours of driving through this former range of the Blackfeet Indians, the sudden appearance of forests and mountains is course for much rejoicing.

Glacier Park, located along the Canadian border, is famous for its grizzly bears and snow-covered peaks. Perhaps the Nation's most scenic road, "Going to the Sun" winds through the park along sheer mountain sides, huge valleys, and alpine brooks, then crosses over the Continental Divide at Logan Pass (el. 6646 ft.), which was a marvel of engineering in 1932 when the road was finished. The road drops down on the Western side to McDonald Lake, where Vicki Cullen had a job at the lodge complex. She told me it was cool to sleep on the beach instead of blowing money on a campsite. Throughout my stay, I got off on the "park bum" lifestyle of sleeping under the stars, washing in the river or sneaking into the employee cabins to shower, and cooking in the parking lot. I found it a refreshing change of pace.

Wildlife in Glacier was abundant and definitely not shy. I was buzzed by a golden eagle, woken up one morning by a beaver in the lake at my feet, followed around at night by a hooting owl, and I even saw two moose feeding by the road, right next to a sign suggesting to "Watch for Moose along Road." (They must be working for the Parks System!) On a hike to Hidden Lake I watched a mother mountain goat and her kid from 10 feet away without a hint of alarm (from them). But seeing wild animals by a road with 50 people shouting and jumping around with polaroid cameras began to irritate me, so I decided to go hiking someplace more remote.

The backcountry spot I chose was twenty miles up a gravel road. I guess I was still green from city living, because in my enthusiasm I committed a number of serious errors that helped make this a most exciting outing. Count 'em and see.

I started the 14 mile hike around 1:00 p.m., after driving past a ranger station without checking in. Since I was going solo without the luxury of jingling bells to alert grizzly bears of my approach, I tried to walk noisily and talk when coming to places where I couldn't see ahead. I was miles in when it became obvious that I hadn't packed enough water, and I was eventually forced to drink from streams. (With this kinda luck, Giardiasis, here I come!) I knew it was getting pretty late when I finally reached Quartz Lake, so I turned around for the quick seven miles out. It was shortly after this that I met a strapping 12-point buck on the trail. But unlike all the other whitetails I'd seen, he didn't spook and run off. In fact, he projected an air of complete confidence in his ability to defend himself against some punky blond backpacker as he came walking directly at me. I quickly got a few small trees between us. He stopped to stare at me, not eight feet away. I made a few loud noises to scare the deer, but he was not fooled. Eventually he moved off a bit and I caretully backed away, holding my pack as a defensive weapon while the buck stared at my departure. Although it may sound funny, this little event got me to re-examine the potential danger of soloing in bear-infested woods. The rest of the hike was a race with nightfall, which won while I was still about 3 miles out. And me with a busted flashlight, no less! I finally arrived back at the car at 10:20 p.m., totally whacked out, but happy!

Don't get me wrong, though. One of my great goals was to see a grizzly. That's what brought me to hike at Many Glacier, a prime area for this. So there I was again, truckin' along a slope, scanning above and below for animals, when a very excited group approached me and asked, "Did you see the bears?"

Mystified, I answered, "No". They explained that just ahead of me on the trail had been a sow bear with two cubs, although a curve must have hidden them from me. From their position, the other hikers could see both the bears and me, but hadn't yelled a warning because they figured I knew already. One woman in the group gave me a bell, bless her heart! I never did see a griz, despite the effort. Looking back, maybe its a good thing.

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THE WONDERFUL, MYSTICAL POWERS OF NATURE

Jan True

Last night I spent one of the most enjoyable evenings of my life. I survived no life-threatening situation; peaked no incredibly difficult and challenging climb; discovered no breath-taking beauty secretly held within a cave; I simply spent the evening sleeping under the stars. This is not a blood-chilling article about a close encounter with death or related subject which is guaranteed to catch the interest of most members in this Club. It is simply an article describing the ultimate sense of deep satisfaction and contentedness that nature has to offer, and the obligation we all have to preserve that portion of our environment.

I am currently a student here at U.C., living amongst the hectic and confusing madness of Clifton. I don't know about the rest of you, but in my opinion, it is very easy to lose one's self-identity in the city. I stood out on my apartment-complex balcony this morning, and wondered exactly what it is that the human race has done to our Earth. Were we meant to mold her faces with our expressways and skyscrapers, or should we ourselves have been molded by our Mother Earth? Is the life-style of the now ancient cave-man the one that was intended for us, living with the land instead of against it? These are questions for which mankind will most likely never find the answer, but they are questions which I myself cannot help but ponder. What's done is done, none of us can change the "progress" that our civilization has achieved. And I am not looking negatively on the accomplishments that my fellow cohorts have attained. I am just concerned that our fellow citizens may be losing touch with the essence of our existence. I am not saying that each person who inhabits this Earth should be a rock-climber, a backpacker, a white-water rafter, a mountaineer, or any other type of natural recreationist. It may sound quite cold and harsh, but I honestly would not want that. As our own rock-god (Steve Hill) wrote in one of his Goose Down articles, the wilderness would quickly fade away if every individual were to behold it the way we do. I'm actually glad that not everyone is a mountaineer or a climber. But even though someone may not enjoy spending weeks in remote and overgrown backcountry without any of the civilized customs, it doesn't mean that the individual can't do their best to support and strengthen our wilderness lands. I'm not talking extremities here, because most of us are so deeply rooted into society, myself included, that we are unable to "change the world." For example, I'm sure most of us drive automobiles, correct? We all know the damaging effects they have, but we are too dominated by our current technology to do much about it. To live in today's world, it is almost necessary to have a car. We all use paper-products, for which we must reduce the population of trees. We wear clothing which we develop from other life-forms. By no means am I saying we could change our current way of life to regress back to the "cave-man times." But as long as we have developed ourselves to this state, let us at least acknowledge the importance of respecting nature. I'm certain most of the people in this Club do just that, but I am referring to these people who aren't lovers of the outdoors. I myself have several friends who wouldn't accept money to go through a week of backpacking! These are the people who are unaware of what they can do to protect our roots, our essence, our meaning of life. Again, I am not hinting at major changes here. But getting a group of your friends together for something like a clean-up hike never hurts. Your friends who could financially support wilderness organizations may not be aware of the good that one of their donations could create. Just doing whatever you can do to support and ensure the safety of our wild lands is better than simply taking them for granted.

I started this article with the intention of describing the immense joy that my night at East Fork provided me, so that is what I will end with! Living in the city does quite often confuse me as to why I am here, what my meaning is. I don't have any answers, but I do feel that nature brings me as close as I will ever come to an answer. This is the last weekend before classes start, so I wanted to spend every moment of it "communing" with nature, getting my head on straight before settling into the time-consuming drudgery of classes. I couldn't spend one more night under a roof, so I called and called everyone I could think of, but no one was free to take off with me. So I packed some food and headed out for East Fork. They have two backpacking trails, one at 10 miles and one at 40 miles. Granted, it isn't the Grand Canyon or Grand Teton National Parks, but it can still give an individual the same inspiration. I got out there around 10:30 and hiked for an hour on the dark, soupy trail. It was raining lightly, but I didn't head back to Pascal (for those of you who don't know, that is my car) until the real down-pour started. I returned to Pascal soaked from head to toe and ready to crash. As corny as it sounds, I got an odd sense of satisfaction from the rain, I actually enjoyed being drenched. After all, rain is also a part of nature! I got to sleep around 1:00 and woke up to still more rain at 5:00. I enjoyed two more hours of hiking on the trail, and then decided to turn around and head for home. Even though I felt as if the rain brought me closer to the woods (yes, maybe I am crazy!), I knew it wasn't doing my cold any good! East Fork's trail is nice, peaceful, relaxing, enjoyable, etc. But it wasn't life-threatening excitement that I needed, it was the serenity and reassurance that I find only when I am participating with nature. And that is exactly what I found, hiking out there alone on a rainy night. I don't know if the rest of you have ever felt this way, but I almost worship nature as if it were some mystical type of god or something. Getting to some remote and undeveloped area periodically is exactly what I need to become re-united with that mystique, with that sense of awe and admiration I have found in the wilderness. Once I have renewed this need and refreshed my inspiration and amazement towards life and Mother Nature, I am content to again return to my urbanized existence. Some day, perhaps I will need more than only an evening of peaceful, revitalizing hiking. Maybe we are all the type of people who just need more from nature than we will ever be able to find while living the typical life-style. Maybe someday the only way we will find true satisfaction and self-fulfillment is through ridding ourselves of all places of current technology, and genuinely living with the land, instead of against it; letting nature dominate us, and allowing her to mold our actions so we can survive by her rules - instead of us attempting the opposite. I myself wonder if I'll ever be able to escape the "call of the wild" and the wonderful, mystical powers of nature.

Watered Down

WELCOME TO CANADA, EH? Mark Guttadauro

"Between Lake Superior and the prairie's edge lies a region known as 'Quetico.' This is a landscape of tangled lakes and rivers, of rocky islands and towering granite cliffs, of misty mornings and splendid sunsets, of beaver, moose and loon."
Bruce M. Littlejohn

Quetico! Another exotic name for a faraway place, we found ourselves thinking as we piled into the van. Squeezed in among our numerous bags and piles of equipment, the seven of us are quite prepared to spend the next twenty hours enjoying our first-class accommodations. After awhile, it all becomes a blur. Indianapolis, Chicago, Madison, Duluth, Ft. Frances, Winnepeg... Winnepeg! We didn't go quite that far; well, maybe next year. Atikokan was only about a two hour drive from the Canadian border and we soon found ourselves on the outfitters' island on Lake Nym at the edge of the park. The two Canadians on the island were very helpful and had quaint Canadian-sounding names, Joe and Rick. They were quick to say that it had rained every day for the last nine days, but only for about 24 hours each day.

Since, we had an odd number of people, we decided to put three people in one canoe. Seven people, seven days on the water, means everyone gets a day off riding in the middle. This quickly became known as your wimp-day.

The Ed Gemperline Wimp Day

Ed's day began foggy and cloudy and it sprinkled on and off during the morning. All of the new canoe-trippers received their first taste of portaging less than an hour into the trip. Luckily, it was the only one of the day and it was short, only 840 meters. The end of the portage placed us on the shore of Lake Batchewaung, about three kms. across and six kms. wide. A bit of open water there, eh? After a long day of paddling, we arrived at our camping spot just in time to watch the sky clear up and become cloudless. The Big Dipper slaps you in the face every time you glance in its direction, but no Northern Lights and no loons calling.

The Mike Gorman Wimp Day

We woke to a near cloudless day and began paddling and working on tan lines. The loons were out and we were treated to three or four of them calling to each other. The scenery was great, open water with a mixed pine and birch forest surrounding the lakes. The portages were very mucky in certain areas and really bad in certain spots. A nice slow paddle through the weeds and lily pads down Deux Riviere left us floating on Sturgeon Lake, where we eventually camped for the evening. Sturgeon Lake is one of several large lakes in the park and is at least 25 kms. long although only 4 kms. wide at its widest point. Dinner was ham, potatoes, onions, and carrots cooked in the coals of the fire and eaten by the campfire.

The Non-Wimp Day

The day started out so nice we decided to make it a layover day. Ed and Amy K. quickly set out for the Grand Rapids and Chatterton Falls, a 10 meter set of rapids. Mark, Amy E., Steve and I decided to seek out some old cabins further down Lake Sturgeon on the shore. We stopped at Blueberry Isle on the way and eventually found the remains of two cabins neatly cut and stacked in several cords of wood, thanks to the Ministry of Natural Resources. Mike spent the day basking in the sun. I had an incident with ten grouse when we mutually scared the hell out of each other. The animals were out in force during the evening. The loons were calling, we could hear a barrel owl hooting in the distance and we could hear another animal crying that sounded like a cat being skinned alive. Mark S. saw an otter swim by the island and I forgot to mention that we saw a red-tailed fox down by the cabins. Also, several people saw a bald eagle fly over the island.

The Amy Kruse Wimp Day

The sunrise was awesome. Twice over because it was reflected perfectly on the glass-like surface of the lake. We met someone at the far end of our first portage. It was a man kayaking through the park for 14 days with his dog! After a short stop at a set of small cascades, we arrived at one end of "The Garden Path", a 1600 meter portage around a stretch of serious whitewater. One set of rapids had standing waves that started out upwards of two feet. After we set up camp, we all went swimming in the lake. Amy K. was shocked that the water was so cold. Meanwhile, Mark S. was losing a toenail (Typical ; our fearless, footless Pres. -- ed. note). During the evening, we had a visitor. I saw a field mouse exploring our food bags, so we sealed all our food bags in Ed's Bill's bag.

The Mark Suer Wimp Day

Amy K. woke up early and opened the Bill's bag and left it open while the rest of us slept. (Amy was fast asleep before finding out about the mouse. --ed. note). Needless to say, when we emptied the bag, the mouse was inside and had chewed into Mike's stuff sack to get to the granola.

The day was a nice, quiet, overcast day, which was spent portaging around many small rapids as we worked our way upstream on the Pickeral River. At the top of the Pickeral River, we found an old dam spanning the water. Long ago, the dam was used to control the level of Pickeral Lake to float logs to the far end of the lake. Now, however, the dam doesn't have any sluice gates and merely stands as a reminder of the history and colorful past of the area. Before camping, we had a heated discussion as to where we were. Ed thought that a certain shoreline ahead of us was "the shore" rather than Emerald Island, which is an immense isle in the middle of Pickeral lake, also rather large.

(continued on page 12)

(Welcome to Canada)

The Any Elsen Wimp Day

No sunrise for this morning. It was totally overcast and working up the courage to rain. Luckily, it was our shortest day. Two hours of easy paddling allowed us to reach our planned campsight, the same island on which we spent the first night. We didn't want to go further because we were told that campers have been having bear problems in that area. An hour after we set up camp, it began to rain. Later in the evening, we built a new fire pit and ring and burned the wood that we had collected and protected from the rain. Our last night in the park turned out to be a cold one.

The Steve and Mark Wimp Day

It rained all night and kept on raining during the day. Steve and I had to share our wimp day, since we had taken a layover day. We both had to suffer through the wind and the rain. I was fine while I was canoeing, but I was cold when it came time to ride in the middle. Another bald eagle was sighted flying in the rain and soon after that a long portage took us out of the park. We talked to Rick and Joe about our trip over a case of beer and soon headed out. Dinner in Thunder Bay and then breakfast in Sault St. Marie as we watched a lake freighter pass through the Soo locks. Across the Makinac Bridge, on through Detroit and eventually down into Cincinnati.

Quetico turned out to be a very nice park. I forgot to mention that the name comes from Quebec Timber Company. It was great watching the birch trees turn bright yellow, golden and orange as the maples turned crimson and flaming red, offset nicely by the deep green of the pine forest.

(West is the Best)

Like Walking In a Postcard

The next day saw me southbound through Yellowstone to the Tetons. Bill and Ann Herbert had invited me to stay at their place in the Tetons, so I hunted them down and moved in. It was great to have folks who were familiar with the place, and they suggested some excellent trails. My favorite spot was Amphitheater Lake at the base of the Grand Teton. The lake is hemmed in on three sides by steep slopes, which I climbed to a point where it also dropped off abruptly on the other side, thus forming a narrow ridge. I sat down to lunch, facing the lake with a rock at my back as shelter from the cold wind that came blasting up from the valley behind. The altitude was just under ten thousand feet, the sky was very clear, and it was very peaceful. Black and white nutcrackers would fly between the peaks or dart close overhead, the sound of their wings cutting the wind. Above me rose the Grand, looking deceptively easy to climb. That was a great day. Twice I came upon black bears very near the trail, and a large flock of blue grouse were so tame I stood in their midst to photograph them as they fed on berries all around me.

That evening I returned to find Gwen Wise and a friend who had just decided to drive West for a few days, and had popped in to see Ann and Bill. We were all pretty surprised to see each other! The next day we hiked up Cascade Canyon and were treated to the sight of fresh snow on the mountain tops from the night before. The morning of our departure broke with rain and clouds that wrapped low around the peaks. We all said our good-byes and Gwen and I took off in our different directions. I had to go back through Yellowstone to catch a return flight home from Montana.

Although packed with too many visitors, Yellowstone is still spectacular. It feels fantastic to be so close to unconfined pronghorns, elk, trumpeter swans, and huge lumbering bison that don't even care that you are there. Yellowstone is also graced with some very spectacular waterfalls, and the geysers, steam vents, bubbling mud pots, and other geothermal features contribute to a surreal air that is quite unique. I wish that I had been able to spend more time at this place.

The Inevitable

Yes, it wasn't easy to leave the chilled, clear air of the mountains behind and return to the August Inferno of the Sin-City. Such ridiculous events as the baggage claim conveyer belt breaking down for 45 minutes or the discovery that I'd parked for two weeks in the short term lot and owed $76.00 did little to raise my spirits. But now, as I sit writing this, I remember the smell of sagebrush and pines, the crystal mountain creeks, the golden eagle, and that big sky. I console myself.

Some day... some day....

A NEW EXPERIENCE Nick Day

It's Friday night, 7:00 p.m.. We are sitting in Amy Elsen's family room preparing flyers with great expectations. Why? Open house flyers are not thrilling, nor are the Bud Lights of Paul's which we are drinking. In a couple of hours we will be headed for an adventurous UCMC weekend.

At 9:30 p.m., Andy, Jan, and I are in Fifi Fiesta, and it ain't no party! Three people, climbing gear, camping gear, and four gerbils under the hood. Six hours and 10 gallons of gas later we were at Babcock State campground, crashed out in the In the open under a starless night sky.

Bright and early Saturday morning, Jan and I are up ready to go do some lead climbing. Meanwhile, Andy is sawing logs, and just won't wake up. I knew how to get him motivated - I said "We won't have to pay if we leave before the attendant arrives." He was ready to go in two minutes. We had breakfast at the old bridge on the New. Three cans of Spaghetti O's on the Svea composed our gourmet meal (considered a treat at any campsite).

We tried to locate a climbing guide book from a raft company, who said that there wasn't one to be had in the area, so we went to the New River Bridge buttress - a good place to climb for the afternoon. Andy wanted to catch a little nap and said he would catch up with us in five minutes. Three hours later we finally saw him coming up the hill. I lead a 5.7+ and set it up as a top rope for Jan. We played on this for about two hours. I spent the last hour cleaning eight bombproof pieces. Three stoppers, and two Friends were in solid and required massive sweat to remove them. Hey - I'm cheap! I can't afford to lose any pieces on a 30 foot climb! There is a very important lesson to be learned here - never bottom out a 3 1/2 friend when you can place a 3. Also, never let Andy take a small nap - he'll miss the days events. Jan and I took a small break because we were tired. Andy, being well rested, was ready to climb so we went up the hill and found an 80 foot, right facing ile back (5.9), and set it up as a top rope. To do this, Andy had to free a 30 foot off-width crack. He then smoked up the climb like it was nothing. I did pretty good. Jan had some problems and ended up burning out on the first 20 foot She made a great attempt, but she's only been climbing since this spring. After climbing, we headed back to the campsite to meet Gwen and Roland.

Sunday, 7:00 a.m., we prepared for our main objective - white water rafting. By 8:30 we are ready to leave, our usual 1/2 hour behind schedule. Gwen had to shower and Andy just wouldn't come out of his cocoon from the back of his tomato red Fiesta (Fifi). We met Mike Dawson and his crew at the put-in around 11:00 a.m. After a run-down on paddling the raft, Roland had us on our way. We went through a couple sets of rapids, each of which excited me more than I had ever imagined possible. Roland assured me there was even bigger and better excitement ahead, and he was definitely right about that! Gwen found a spiffy Hawaiian hat, and it being my colors - purple and pink - gave me the honor of sporting it. The river was lower than it had ever been (in Roland's words), so we spent a lot of time bouncing off the rocks. Roland said that this was making the rapids a lot less difficult. Jan made a wise-ass remark as I was bailing the boat, so she found herself drenched with a five-gallon bucket of water. In Keeny's rapid we got the boat stuck in a hydraulic. We were thrown to one side while water gushed unendingly over the sides. We were amazingly triumphant in the heat of the rapid. Jan attempted to bail out some of our extra water, and in the process, payed me back for drenching her earlier. But it was no big deal, because I was already drenched. Roland said we would have lunch after running Z, the most interesting set of rapids on the New. We ferried in, went right, and then, WHERE AM I? I'm struggling hand-to-hand with the overpowering forces of Z! I attempted to sustain respiration with a lung-full of water. I had to think out every breath, and remind myself to keep my feet up and hold on to the paddle. In the process, I managed to knock my ass on a really nasty rock. Mike managed to throw the rescue rope to me in one excellently aimed toss. I latched on and was pulled at long last to safety. Now we had lunch on the rocks and watched all the commercial trips run Z. Roland said that nobody falls out on Z -- except me of course! After a bagel, cheese, pudding, and some bouldering, we jumped anxiously back into the water for more rapid running and boulder bouncing.

After running the rest of the river we took out just past the New River Bridge, where we got our gear loaded up and started our drive home. The New River is top shelf, and I'll definitely be back for more climbing and rafting. Well, at least climbing. I think the only way Roland will take me on another rafting trip is as a male bailing-slave! Hey Roland, when is the next trip?

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WET AND WILD COLORADO

Lisha Gerding

History has a way of repeating itself and driving 20 hours to camp in Colorado didn't change a thing; it was raining and overcast when we arrived that night. The trip out was uneventful. Andy made the trip seem shorter.

Early the next day we drove up to Rocky Mountain National Park. It was over-cast still with scattered showers (I'm beginning to sound like a weather reporter), so we got our rain gear and did a little hiking through the park. Andy of course didn't understand that we were actually chosing to walk in the rain, but he probably figured what most kids think; parents are weird.

He changed his mind somewhat when we found this huge boulder field that looked like where Fred Flinstone worked. There was a dam above this area which broke and 300,000,000 gallons of water threw boulders like balls and broke trees like small sticks. It left a beautiful waterfall and a small lake on the other side of the road.

It started to rain a little more so we hopped in the car and decided to take a road up to the top of the mountain. The worse part was that the higher we went, the more we became part of the "fluffy white" things we call clouds. I called them a real pain in the neck. Chris and I couldn't decide whether to laugh or cry. All we knew was there was some beautiful views, but we couldn't see a thing. Andy decided to go to sleep.

Later that night back at the camp site, poor Chris had to make dinner in the rain while I tried to keep a three-and-a-half year old from tearing down the walls of the tent due to total boredom. The night was a long one, but an experience for Andy. He had to go to the bathroom and was initiated as a full-fledged camper when he christened his first tree. Later on I found it difficult to explain why he couldn't go on any tree all the time.

The next day, we decided, after talking to a neighbor camper who said it had been raining like this for four days, that we were going to move farther west. So we decided to try the mountain road again on our way out. Before that, we stopped where the Big Horn Sheep came down to get minerals for their diets. Finally our luck was changing; we saw some small ones and Chris got pictures of them running. The road turned out to be just as spectular as we had imagined it would be. There were rock slides and ice patches and views of the valleys below. Things were certainly looking better.

Andy thought the members of the welcoming committee at the top were so cute that he wanted to take the marmots home. Andy enjoyed feeding them grapes while they had their pictures taken. We then started our trip down the other side to Keystone, which isn't far from Dillon.

Going farther west didn't change our luck. It was awful there and now we had a child who wanted to go home. He wasn't having fun. To quote him, "This is berry terrible. I want to go home."

We knew if we got a hotel room and gave him a few cartoons he would be happy, but what about us? Dillon had a jungle gym, which is a kid's vacation, and we got a chance to see some sail boats on the lake.

The next day started out sunny, so we took to the hills where we had skied three years ago. The hike turned out interesting when we stopped halfway up to take a short break. Some joggers came running up and breezed past us. We had been huffing and puffing! Chris and I couldn't believe some of the rocks, trees and ditches you ski over. It truly was a beautiful hike and no one could ask for a better view for lunch-- a sea of mountains.

The weather forecast indicated that rain was there to stay the duration of our trip, so we voted and found ourselves homeward bound.

Andy couldn't call it his vacation until we did something he really liked. Outside of Denver we found a railroad museum-- Yes, we had turned into tourists out of desperation. He was much happier.

We headed home after that but through the first part of Colorado there was nowhere to eat and Andy was so hungry - we had a riot on our hands. We kept bluffing it and told him that over the next hill was the best hamburgers. Well we didn't find the best, just McDonalds. The rain followed us home. In fact, later that night the fog got so bad we had to sleep in the car at a rest stop. Wednesday night we finally arrived home late and Andy wouldn't go to bed until he did toy inventory. Midnight arrived and we collapsed from exhaustion-- our trip was over!

High Exposure

SENECA AT LAST! Jerry Bargo

It must have been nearing 4 A.M. when an excited, "There it is!", woke me up. I wiped the sleep from my eyes and stared out the window at the darkness.

"Where?", I asked.

"Right there.", Nick said.

I guess my eyes had not adjusted to the light (or lack of it) since I could not see a thing. Everyone else was pointing and nodding in agreement so I decided to take Nick's word for it.

John pulled off the paved road onto a gravel "cattle trail" that led to the camping area. We quietly piled out of the car and slipped into our sleeping bags for a night under the stars.

By now my eyes were adjusting and I could make out an ominous silhouette blotting out the stars. "Seneca at last!", I thought to myself. So with bold visions of beating my chest on the summit, I drifted off to sleep.

What was to be my first rock climbing trip to Seneca Rocks, West Virginia, began about 9 P.M. the Thursday before the 4th of July. Nick Day, Steve Must, John Steuver, and myself met in front of Scioto Hall, piled into John's "boat on wheels," and roared out of Cincinnati.

The seven-hour trip was well worth it, as I found out at daybreak. As the sun rose behind our objective, we sifted through the climbing equipment and headed for the rock.

Steve led "Ye-Gods and Little Fishies" and Nick followed/flailed while John and I started on "Simple J. Malarkie". The super view of the South Pillar and over abundance of pigeons were the highlights of these two routes.

While Steve and Nick worked on "The Burn", "Sunshine", and "Green Wall", John and I found ourselves standing on top of the "Gendarme". We then climbed "Gunsight to South Peak Direct" - the most exposed route I have ever led. This landed us at the summit register where, several weeks earlier, someone had written the following:

The Insy-Winsy climbers climbed up the Seneca route.
Down came the rain and washed the climbers out.
Out came the sun and dried up all the rain
So the Insy-Winsy climbers went up the route again.

The next day (the 4th of July), Nick joined John and me. I was following Nick on the first pitch of the day when I disturbed a wasp nest. The little devils were landing all over me, so with a yell I cut loose from the rock and managed to avoid being stung.

We again made it to the summit of the South Peak where we celebrated by setting off some fireworks.

John and I tried one more climb called "The Prune". I managed to lead up about 90 feet of the second pitch before I realized I was off route. I ended up having to back off and downclimb all the way back down to the belay ledge-- cleaning the pitch as I went.

Sunday was to be our last day at Seneca so Steve and I got an early start. We ended up on a route on the east face that was not in the guide book. It was a classic route and Steve did one hell of a job leading it and "Frosted Flake".

Steve and I made an early descent and found John and Nick sitting on the porch of the climbing store. They had decided to check out Seneca from the tourons' point of view and not climb at all that day.

An uneventful trip home brought an excellent weekend to a close. Seneca Rocks far exceeded my expectations. Each climb brought a new meaning to the word "exposure". Needless to say, I can't wait to go back.

A big "thanks" to John who did <u>all</u> the driving.

CLIMBERS UNITE!

A group of Club members have been contemplating and collecting materials for a climbing wall and ropes course. Resources already assembled or available range from small rock flakes to a 250 foot long, one inch thick steel cable and a 747 Rotostop concrete drill. The Club has pledged to donate some worn out Goldline, some of which will be used to construct a Bacher ladder. The eventual location for this project will be the back yard of an alumni-owned house on Dixmyth Avenue. The wall will be built using epoxy to affix the rock flakes as hand and foot holds along the 75 foot long and 25 foot high simulated rock face. This will have the possibility of being expanded an additional 50 foot in length. Two large, well rooted sycamores along with other large trees will form anchors for parts of the ropes course. At press time, the construction manager of the project, Bill Strachan, would welcome any donations or volunteer help to our latest effort (and our members) get off the ground.

MOUNTAIN MEN : HOME ON THE RANGE

Larry Joe

"Jack!" A shrill voice called to him through the haze in the limbo world between sleep and consciousness. Louder and more insistent: "Jack Elliot! Get your lazy ass out of bed!"

A baby cried in his ear.

"Whan? Huh?" he mumbled, forcing one eye open. An dark-skinned oriental-looking woman with a baby on her hip glared at him. "Oh, Mornin', Pokie honey."

"Don't you 'Mornin' Pokie honey" me!" she started in on him. "You promised you'd take me and the kids to Kings Island today. You do remember, don't you?"

"Oh, no," he groaned, rubbing his eyes and trying to sink beneath the buffalo skin. "Is it the weekend already?"

The naked baby screamed. The woman did nothing to comfort it, but sneered at Jack. "You make me sick, you know that? Some god you turned out to be."

She ripped her jerkin open and stuffed a breast into the baby's mouth, instantly quieting it.

"And your kids are even worse. While you're out on the warpath with that dirty old man and my no account brother, I have to stay at home and take care of these brats. Where's this women's liberation you've always talked about?"

"Now Pocohantas--" he began.

"Talk! That's all you ever do! Promises, promises! Nothing but empty words! You said you were going to improve our life, make things better. Fine. Where's the running water? Where's the electricity?"

"No--" His head was aching.

"Where's the dishwasher? Where's the BMW? Where's the VCR?"

"Stop--" Things were closing in on him.

"Where's the airplanes? Where's the skyscrapers? Where's the cable and the TV satellites?"

"Stop!" He struggled to get up.

"Where's the microwave? Where's the frozen dinners? I want my MTV...."

"STOP!" Jack Elliot yelled, sitting bolt upright in a cold sweat.

His hands were tied tightly in front with leather strings, as were his ankles. It was early evening, the violet glow of the sunset giving way to timid stars peaking through the darkness.

Hezekiah came over and squatted beside him.

Jack shook his head. "Whew! What kind of drugs have they been feeding me?"

"Bad nightmare?" the bearded older man asked.

Jack nodded.

Hezekiah sniffed. "Well, probably ain't as bad as what they're going to do to you."

"Gee, thanks for that word of encouragement." Jack started to chew on the rawhide bonds. "What's going on?"

"Well, when the chief declares a feast, there's gonna be a feast. 'Captin' now it ain't gonna be one welcoming a god. They're gonna celebrate catching an evil spirit."

"Right," Jack muttered. He was making no progress on the thongs. "Well, aren't you going to help me?"

"I ain't even supposed to be talking to you. I got my own scalp to think about. I try anything and I'll be joining you. I must leave now."

"Wait...."

A friend in need is a friend indeed. Jack Elliot sighed.

Shit. Shit, shit, and double shit. First he'd lost his tent in a raging thunderstorm in the Winds. Then some freak bolt of lightning had sent him back in time to the year 1823. Then this old geezer Hezekiah had attacked him. Then a band of Indians had attacked the both of them. Then Hezekiah had fallen on him as they were trying to climb down this huge cliff to get away. Then a different band of Indians had chased away the first band and helped to extricate the trapper from the cliffhanging situation. The Shoshone had brought them to their teepee village.

A slender figure, silhouetted against the twilight sky and the raging fires, crept up to him, speaking to him in a language he didn't really know.

He knew the voice. It was softer, certainly, and more musical as well as apologetic. But it was the voice of the woman in his dream. The Indian maiden who got him into this mess.

Some angry shouts from the fires and she ran away.

Then the chief's daughter had slipped into his tent and had started to touch him and take off her clothes. They were discovered and he had been treated rather poorly ever since.

He wanted to go home. He missed Cincinnati a little. He wanted a beer, a nice, cold Christian Moerlein. Even a Hudy Pop would do. He missed Skyline Chili. And Graeter's ice cream. Double chocolate chip....

But he wasn't in Cincinnati and he would never be there again. One must deal with the world at hand. He suddenly realized his wrist was pressing against a familiar lump in his pants. His Swiss Army knife!

Could he get it out? He wriggled and stretched and strained and cursed and rolled over and held his feet high in the air and finally got it out.

Pocket pool for high stakes.

He laughed soundlessly at his stupid joke.

Now all he had to do was to get the knife open and cut the leather. He worked on these procedures patiently and almost yelled out loud with glee when he finally made the first cut. He pulled the bonds off his hands and made short work of those on his feet. He jumped up and shook his arms and legs to get the circulation going.

There had been quite a commotion going on over at the fires. Now there were shrieks and moans of lament, of grief. Squaws were crying.

Jack had been ready to flee, to escape the death and torture awaiting him. But where would he go? What would he do? The Shoshone knew this land much better than he did and could track him down like a wounded buffalo.

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VALLEY BOYS

Steve Must

As I stepped off the plane in San Francisco on that warm June morning, I was suddenly struck with a sobering realization -- I was 3000 miles from home and totally dependent on Hugh Loeffler. Now, I know Hugh very well, but this seemed to give me no consolation.

It all started one week earlier when I received a postcard from Baby Hughy post marked from Yosemite Valley. When I read "I climb! Climb! CLIMB! This place is fantastic!", my yearning for the vertical world was overwhelming. The next day I bought a plane ticket to California.

Now I had to figure out how to inform my friend that I would be there in a week. I sent a letter to Hugh through Yosemite General Delivery. It seemed like a shot in the dark. I would have been very anxious upon arrival if I hadn't heard from Hugh two days before departure. He got my letter and said he would be at the San Fran airport Sunday morning to pick me up! That week of finals dragged on endlessly, but after leaving Cincinnati at 6 a.m., I was walking into the San Francisco terminal before 11 a.m.

Like I said, I was relieved to hear from Hugh, but I knew the guy, this was no guarantee. He could have car trouble, he could be stranded on the side of a wall in a thunderstorm, or he could have fallen prey to some overbearing female belay slaves. Alone in this large city, my imagination began to run wild with frightening scenarios involving the more colorful inhabitants that give the city its reputation. But all grief was immediately discarded as I recognized a mop of curly red hair bobbing above the crowd in my direction. It was a joyous reunion.

Laughing in the face of danger, man-mountain Hugh Loeffler comes face to face with El Capitan

Hugh had already been at Yosemite for three weeks, so I heard about all these fantastic routes I had to do when we got to the Valley. My previous anxieties soon appeared well founded after we spent 20 minutes trying to locate the car Hugh had just parked (6' 5" does not an elephant make). At last we were on the road. When my mother heard I would be flying into San Francisco she was thrilled. Oh, I just had to spend a day seeing the city. On the drive out of the city I didn't even see the Golden Gate Bridge because it was in the wrong direction. Fortunately, I did get to see most of the city because they showed Star Trek IV on the flight out. Needless to say, we wasted no time heading for Yosemite. We quickly made tracks in Hugh's Civic wagon which had faithfully brought him here all the way from Florida -- sort of the climber's personalized version of the Winnebago.

With the West Coast behind us and the rolling windmill laden grasslands before us, we soon made our way into the Sierra highlands. The deep forest pines welcomed us into the park and the road began to descend into the Valley. Above the lower Merced, we stopped the car for a picture. I imagined what it must have been like for John Muir to have travelled all this way on foot to discover such pristine wonders of nature, not knowing the incredible vast beauty that lay ahead of him. At this point we still had another bend to go before reaching the sublime and familiar granite walls of Yosemite, but rather than hanging a left up the Merced, we went right to some roadside "crags" to get in a few climbs before dark. There are not many roadside crags in the East that take you up 300 feet.

We headed up the trail to the Cookie Cliff and did a couple classic routes. On the way to California, I was wondering if I would run into any of the world-class climbers I had seen in some climbing magazines, and the first human beings we saw on the rock were Hugh Herr and another East Coast rock star hanging off some desperate 5.13. I immediately recognized Hugh due to his artificial legs. We both excitedly said hello, but they only responded with a condescendingly curious look as if we were a couple of mutant marmots. We trudged off somewhat disturbed and promised that when we were climbing 5.13, we would still remain the easy going, friendly guys we always were. And none of this lycra shit either.

I found the attitude of the typical Yosemite climber very appealing. The locals I met were laid back and friendly and were happy to have me tag along after Hugh left me at the end of the week. The Yosemite climber has seen a lot of criticism in the past few years over the ethics controversy, to bolt or not to bolt, to hang-dog or not to hang, etc. This is a windy, and unexhaustible subject that would bore to death the non-climber, so I will try to avoid it. Due to pressure from the locals, many world class climbers who visit the Valley flash all the classic routes and head for Joshua Tree or Smith Rocks, depending on the time of year. However, with such a vast area of glacier carved granite it is a wonder more new routes are not put up. Tucker Tech, who works on the Emergency Rescue Team and resides in SunnySide Camp (formerly known as Camp Four), told me there is so much rock that the guidebook could be doubled. The guidebook is quite thick, by the way.

As a rescue service member, Tucker is allotted a tree tent sight at SunnySide, but he prefers to sleep in his customized milk truck that has become a

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permanent fixture in the camp parking lot. I think he said it runs, but we relied on his junker bicycles to reach the climbs.

Let me back up, Hugh and I had a lot of climbing to do. We spent the beginning of the week on "shorter" Yosemite climbs, I mean 3 to 5 pitches. Although, a solid jam crack leader could spend weeks doing all the classic routes along the Merced River, a visit to the Valley would not be complete without a big wall route. No where in the world can one find such sheer, expansive granite at such accessible elevations. For this reason, Yosemite was for a long time hailed as the climber's Mecca. The walls of El Capitan and Half Dome saw the apex of technical aid climbing in the 60's and 70's when weeks were spent completing some of the routes. One route in particular on El Cap was put up in 28 days of continual wall climbing.

Fortunately, Hugh at been up one of the early classic routes on El Capitan, the East Buttress Route, which was put up in the 50's. Routes like this, which originated as aid routes were quickly free climbed as the equipment and standards advanced. Today, the long routes on El Cap and Half Dome are routinely completed in three days, and two motivated superclimbers topped out both monoliths in 38 hours. With our combined experience, this climb fit us well. As one of the shorter El Cap routes at 12 pitches, it took us 12 hours from base hike, to descent to the car. The weather was immaculate as was the entire week, and we only got off route once. The climb was exhilarating, I had never experienced such exposure in my life. The descent for the most part was bouldering, but involved a triple rappel wall. As a climber, some of my naive friends consider me to have a death wish, this is completely erroneous. But when I am hanging on a rope from a couple bolts that were placed, God knows when, I start to doubt my sanity and wonder how I can put myself in such helpless situations. Don't tell Hugh, but I was relieved when he decided to take me up a route he had already been on. I mean, an epic wasn't beyond possibility. You get a real boost of confidence in your partner when your he asks you if you had as much trouble as he had staying awake on the belay ledges.

There is sort of a constant discordance between the Park Rangers and the climbing community in Yosemite. That is why it was such a surprise to find that Susan, a ex-Cincinnatian and enthusiastic climber, had received a job with the National Forest Service. She desperately seeks to be a good climber, or maybe she just seeks good climbers. Anyway, she introduced me to the locals like Mr. Tech, and I got to climb in Toulumne Meadows with Don Reid, who wrote the guidebook to the place.

Toulumne Meadows, east of the Valley, is a sea of glacier polished granite domes divided by deep green meadows, and sparkling clear lakes. Backcountry hiking in this area is phenomenal and one can spend weeks traversing the beautiful scenery totally free of civilized contact. During the summer months, many climbers escape the boiling cauldron of the Valley for the cool temperatures of Toulumne. The climbing at Toulumne is of a totally different nature than most of the Valley. The gradual slope of the granite domes is ideal for friction climbing. This type of climbing demands balance, grace, and finesse over brute force. The handholds are often microscopic, so you must have strong confidence in your footwork. It is a tremendously enjoyable activity, especially when someone else is leading; the only way to protect the routes is to clip into pre-placed bolts (unless you're putting up a new route), and sometimes they are placed further apart than is comfortable. Many of the routes involve long run-outs, and a friend who had also been there felt that Toulumne climbers were into death routes. It was kind of a comforting but unfair advantage to climb there with a guy who had done almost every route in the Park.

The time flew by and I soon found myself descending over Utah's Great Salt Lake heading back to our beloved Cincinnati. I had been warned that June in the Valley would be hot and miserable and there was no point in going to Yosemite if you can't lead a 5.10. Those guys were just jealous, and to my delight were proven totally erroneous. The temperatures were actually cool, low 70's, Toulumne was actually cold, the sky was clear everyday. Since Hugh had been there for so long he had plenty of quality climbs lined up. My first Yosemite experience turned out to be a very positive one. The whole week was ideal, but the plane ticket ate a huge hole in my wallet. So as I chug up the street in my dilapitated Maverick, and continually receive abuse from my sister for going out in public with holes in my jeans (hell, they are comfortable), and struggle on the Eden Park wall with perforated Calmas, the vivid memories of the incomparable Valley lift me from the depths of my despair.

He shrugged and headed to the fires.

When he was noticed, everyone shrank from him in fear. Hezekiah ran to him and grabbed him by the shoulders. "Jack, my son, how did you escape?" Shock and fear were in this man's face.

"Us gods have to keep some secrets to ourselves," Jack smiled. "What's wrong?"

A bony finger pointed to the medicine man Running Wolf chanting over a prone body. "Chief Cat Eyes is dead."

"What? How?"

"He was feasting and started to choke, then fell down. Running Wolf says his spirit has flown to the night sky."

"No!" Jack shouted. He ran over to the body and sent the medicine man sprawling. He brought the chief to a sitting position and performed the Heimlich maneuver. Once. Twice. The third time a chunk of meat shot out.

Running Wolf tried to force him away but Hezekiah restrained him.

He laid the chief down and checked for a pulse at the carotid artery. Very faint but still there. No breath. He began artificial respiration. The tribe seemingly gasped in unison and stepped further away. He continued for five minutes until Chief Cat Eyes was breathing on his own.

Jack stood and defiantly announced, "He lives!"

He sat in solitude, staring at the dying embers.

"Jack Elliot," a voice came out of the cold darkness behind him."Spider-Man. Spider-God."

He rolled his eyes. Should he play along with this? Why not?

"Come before me so that I may see you," he intoned. He thought of Marlon Brando in The Godfather.

A brave, head down, kneeled on the other side of the coals.

"What do you wish, Red Eagle?"

"I beg for your forgiveness."

"Granted. How is your father?"

"He talks. He breathes. He lives. He sends eternal gratitude for the Kiss of Life. He considers himself too lowly to ask for your forgiveness. He wants you to have Star Flower."

"Star Flower?"

"My sister. She--"

"I remember," Jack cut in. He remembered her softness in the teepee. He remembered her in his dream. "Shoot, Red Eagle, I don't know if I'm ready to settle down yet."

To be continued....

up at 3:30 the next morning and were on the trail by 4:30, with light day packs. We observed the sunrise when we got into the alpine tundra, above the treeline. John and Brian, with a lot of energy, longer legs, and minimal to no camera equipment, took off at this point and left the rest of us in the high altitude dust. The trail continued up and up and became fainter and rougher until at the boulder field it was marked only by an occasional cairn. The immediate goal, the Keyhole, was obvious, and you essentially had to pick your own way through the rocks. The view on the other side of the ridge was tremendous. To some, it was terrifying, dropping off at least a thousand feet. From that point on, the trail was marked only by a solid yellow circle outlined in red, painted on the next line-of-sight boulder.

Brian joined us, coming down. He had almost made it to the summit, but had turned around because of dizziness. I waited there at the Keyhole for Pat, the last of our group. She was very happy and relieved to get there, thinking that this place was as far as she had to go. She looked over on the other side and this look came on her face that belonged in a cheap horror movie, as if she saw a hundred marmots with chainsaws rushing at her.

"Now, Pat," I told her, "don't talk yourself out of it. It's nothing worse than what you've done before."

Right. Just a lot more exposure than you've ever seen before, even skydiving. So I lied a little. I had climbed this route before, and I honestly didn't remember the Couloir being that gnarly.

The Couloir, not the Gauley. Are we not Mountaineers? Whatever you call it, it wasn't pleasant. It was a very steep scree (dirt, sand, gravel, rocks, and boulders) slope, with some ice and snow thrown in to make things interesting, the start of the fourth class climbing. Fourth class means you should be roped up, because if you happen to fall, you'll bounce a long way before you stop. We didn't have any ropes.

Topping out the Couloir put you on the other side of another ridge, with even more exposure. A stroll along narrow ledges and slanting boulders led to a final (I hate using that word.) scramble up to the summit plateau, a football-field-sized flat area filled with rocks.

I reached the summit at noon, a couple of hours after John. There were few clouds in the sky, but the views were not all that good because of the forest fires in California. So you could only see seventy miles through the haze instead of over a hundred; the views were still great. It was a Monday, the week before Labor Day, perfect weather, and there were a lot of people climbing the mountain. Dan and Pat arrived at 1:30. Pat would not have made it without Dan nurturing her and directing every move; but she still made it to the top, something she never would have dreamed of doing before she joined the Mountaineering Club. One hell of a birthday present for a woman who got back to Cincinnati younger than when she left it.

We took some pictures and had someone take shots of the seven of us. The weather was holding and no afternoon thundershowers were in sight. We headed back down at two. From the Keyhole down through the boulder field, I introduced Merle and Mike to rockhopping. This is an exhilarating if somewhat dangerous activity where you run across the tops and sides of the rocks. It certainly gets you down the mountain quicker. Even so, the three of us didn't get back to our base camp at the van until 8:30, a little bit after dark. Pat and Dan didn't show up for another couple of hours, at which point they crawled directly into their sleeping bags.

...trudge, trudge, trudge, trudge-- Are we having fun yet?-- trudge, trudge, trudge....

Ann finally got the key to the permanent trailer that she and Bill would be moving into since Bill was now acting Chief Engineer of the Grand Tetons National Park. She was ecstatic with all the room-- everybody would get to sleep inside tonight!

Wait a minute. I'm the leader of this trip. Going up to Yellowstone and getting into the back country is on the schedule for today. But instead of getting Bill and Ann a gift, I suppose we could help them move. Besides, my feet hurt. I really don't want to do any more backpacking.

Okay, we'll stay another night....

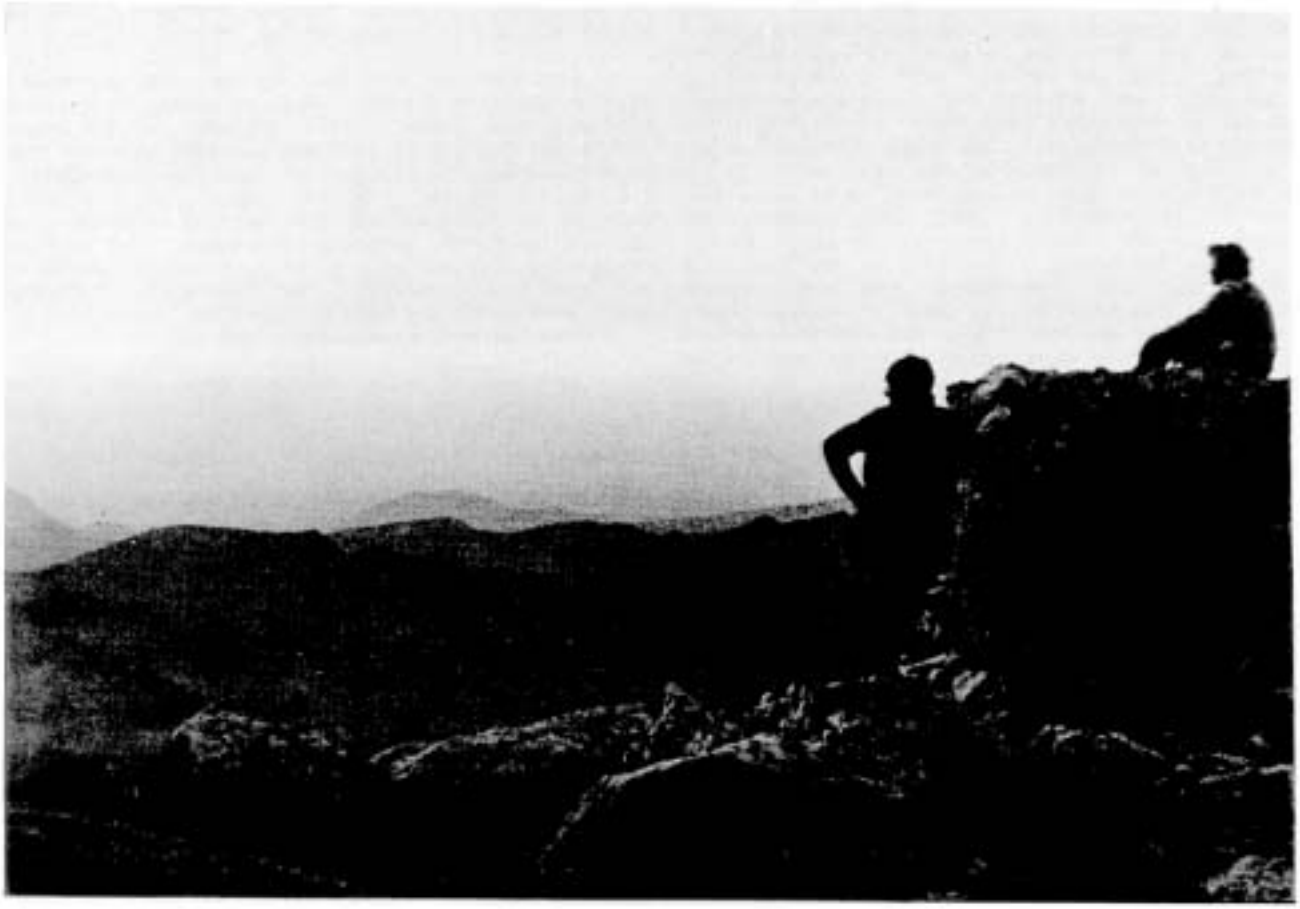
...trudge, trudge, trudge, plop, sigh. I've been out here too long. This iodine water takes pretty good. Trudge, trudge, trudge....

The following day was a rest and travel day on the schedule, with us ending up at the Big Sandy campground that night. But we had driven straight through from Cincinnati and the combination of adrenalin and caffeine and interstate highways made sure that what sleep we got was not restful. Then we had a long, hard day of climbing and trudging after less than five hours of sleep. So people were not in any hurry to get up. We had to repack the van in an attempt to stabilize the steering, plus some of us had to get our packs ready for the hefty backpacking trip in the Winds. This took a great deal of time, cut short by the 2 o'clock daily mountain shower that had missed us the day before. The temptation to play tourist was given into and we spent a few hours wandering through the traps in Estes Park.

I had checked bookstores and outdoors shops in Cincinnati for a climbing guide to the Wind River Range, but to no avail. Surprisingly, we ran into the same wall in Boulder with their plethora of excellent establishments catering to the climbing community. Estes Park is also well-represented in this area and I was hoping to find the Sierra Club guide stuck away in a corner somewhere. At Steve Komito Boots, a shoe repair store, the proprietor was grieved that he had just sold out. A couple walked in. He asked them if they had the guide. They did. He asked if they wanted to sell it. It wasn't theirs. But they did have xerox copies of the Cirque of Towers area, which somebody had given to <u>them</u>. And they gave to <u>us</u>. There was one page missing, though, the page following the description of the climb on Pingora I wanted to do. Did part of the description extend to the other page? We wouldn't find out till we got there.

I seriously underestimated the time it would take to drive to Big Sandy and we ended up spending the night at Veedawood in the Medicine Bow National Forest, still in the southeastern part of Wyoming. We wanted to be in the northwestern part, and Wyoming is a big state. We drove all day Wednesday, the following day. That included forty miles of dirt and gravel roads.

But we had made it to the Winds! The Wind River mountain range stretches through the Bridger-Teton National Forest, various wilderness areas, and the Wind River Indian Reservation. I had been to the Winds twice before, once in the Green River Lakes area and the other time to this Big Sandy region and the Cirque of Towers. When I was in The Cirque, I had hiked both in and out over Jackass Pass, instead of doing a thirty-mile backpacking loop, and had climbed Pingora, an imposing pinnacle in the center of the Cirque. I wanted to climb Pingora again and do the full loop. This meant taking along climbing gear: three ropes, assorted slings, and two full racks. We would be out for



eight full days, with our packs full of food. So everybody was carrying a heavy pack. I included too many cans in my food selection, and I realized somewhere on the trail that the extra weight wasn't worth the extra taste.

We started hiking on Thursday under cloudy skies and occasional light rain. Fortunately, the sun came out and the water tumbling down Big Sandy Creek sparkled and shone. Unfortunately, the thunder behind us got louder and the sky grew ominously darker. Then it rained. And hailed. And sleeted. And snowed. This made for some miserable hiking. Especially for one such as myself, who did not have a pack cover. The rope I was carrying on the outside of my pack gained about ten pounds of water. I was the last one to straggle into camp in the trees above Big Sandy Lake.

There were some unhappy campers here, complaining about the so-called Death March they had just experienced. Mutiny was abrewing. A few of the crew were seriously considering turning around and going back to the van. I had told them to be prepared for any kind of weather, but the reality was particularly unappealing. When it was pointed out that this was typical mountain weather, the kind that you would run into no matter where you went, the roar settled down to a low grumble, punctuated by an occasional snarl.

Friday brought the same kind of weather and I held off until noon the decision to push ahead the three miles or so to the Cirque. We pulled out everything to dry as much as possible and started to tear down the tents. At which point an intense sleet squall dumped on us for about five minutes, thoroughly soaking everything that was not covered. Not ones to willingly undergo exercises in futility, we set everything back up and took the rest of the day off. Some lounged around in the tents, snoozing and eating. Others buzzed about, exploring the lake or the ridge above us.

...trudge, trudge-- Wait! My light went out! Mutter, mutter. Okay! Trudge, trudge, trudge....

Mike and Marie and I are on the sixth pitch on the Exxum Ridge. It is 2 P.M., and we can't see the summit of the Grand Teton yet. Mike scrambles ahead, unroped and scouting the route. All we had for direction was our noses and a short, one page leaflet bought at the ranger station. Bill and Cindy had tried to stick around to make sure we followed the route, but a three-person rock-climbing team can be awkward and slow, plus none of us really had that much experience leading on big mountains.

The sky grew darker.

Damn.

It started to snow.

Double damn. Will it stay or will it go?

The snow stopped.

But will it start again? This same time of year a three-day blizzard had settled on the mountain a few years ago, killing a few inexperienced climbers.

I had told the other team climbing the Owens-Spaulding route to wait until one o'clock at the summit.

Do we continue up? We could be at the top in an hour or two. If the weather clears. But we wouldn't know the way down from there. Maybe we should go down-- Marie, the voice of reason. At least we know the way. Down climb or rappel? We've got two ropes....

...trudge, trudge, trudge, trudge, trudge....

We missed the chance to climb Sundance Pinnacle on the way to the Cirque that Saturday because I didn't remember what it looked like coming in and I didn't trust the 15-minute quad topo. (Another fubar on my part. I'll remember the next time.) John and Brian zipped ahead and waited for us slow folks where the trail topped out at Jackass Pass, then went on down to Lonesome Lake when some yahoo told them to clear out because they were disrupting his solitude. It was just as well; the rest of us cleared the pass at the base of Warbonnet Peak, above Arrowhead Lake, which was on the other side of the Cirque. This route was suggested by the climbing guide. Once we had committed to it, we realized it was not for people with full packs. The boulders were reminiscent of Long's Peak.

I had to search for the quicker two. Finding them was aided by the fact that sound carried well in the circle of stone; I could locate them by exchanging yells. The group finally got together and set up camp at the base of Pingora.

Pat and Dan stayed in camp on Sunday while the rest of us climbed Pingora. It was five or six 5.2 pitches to the top and should have taken us half a day. John and I were the lead team, followed by Marie and Brian, then Mike and Steve. Being somewhat familiar with the route and having the only copy of the guide, I waited until Marie knew where to take the next pitch (The incline of the mountain was such that you could not see the team above or below you unless they were very close.). Marie had to lead every pitch since Brian had never led before. She grumbled about it but I think she appreciated the experience.

Incredible views awaited us at the summit, a 360 degree panorama of truly awesome peaks, pinnacles and towers. John found the register, a short length of pipe capped on both ends, with scraps of paper and a few pencils inside so that those who made it to the top could be officially recorded by the Chicago Mountaineering Club. One of these pieces of paper happened to be the missing page from our xeroxed climbing guide. Nothing was missing from the description of our climb. We left it there.

There was a series of three or four rappels to get down off the mountain. At least one of these had to be a double rope rappel, so we had to go down as one group of six instead of three groups of two. After getting down to where we could walk, we had to go back to the beginning of the climb to pick up gear we had left behind. As it turned out, our half-day climb turned into an all-day epic; we stumbled into camp an hour or so after sunset. Dan and Pat had come out to meet us since we only had two lights among the six of us (Naw, we don't need lights! We'll be back hours before sunset!). They had momentarily misplaced the camp, but we soon stumbled upon it.

Monday was an easy day, taken up with meandering hikes and scrambles by everyone and some semi-desperate lead climbing by Mike, Marie, and Steve. The major triumph of the day was Pat's. The mountain she climbed, Skunk Nob, was a mere peaklet compared to all the surrounding spires, but it was hers. She did it by herself, getting in over her head in some spots and having to rely on Pat to get herself out of danger. You can meet some incredible people on these trips; sometimes it's yourself.

We ate our first moose of the trip that night-- or was it mousse? However you spell it, it was chocolate and it was good.

The next three days were reserved for character building. At some point I realized I had misread the map-- the loop was more like forty miles instead of thirty. At this point the sane thing would have been to just take another day hiking out. But no, there were all these other things I definitely wanted to do on this trip; we had to get out in three days. On Tuesday, we hiked eight miles to Cathedral Peak, almost every step going uphill. We hiked another eight miles the next day, some up and some down, to Washakie Pass. I wanted to continue on to the other side of the pass, but I was in the definite minority and we camped at the lake directly beneath the pass and were treated to a spectacular sunset. This left us with fifteen miles to hike on Thursday to get back to the van, mostly downhill. We got up early and ten hours after hitting the trail found us preparing the easiest meals possible from our caches in the van that had not been disturbed by a very fat chipmunk.

...trudge, trudge, trudge, drop the pack and rest. Hmmm, a snow bank. Know what that means? Snowball fight! Yaughhh!

We made it to Jackson, Wyoming on Friday, with plenty of time to take showers and do laundry. The problem is, there are no public showering facilities. It had been almost two weeks since we bathed and people were giving us wide berths. So we pulled the same trick we did when Dan and I were out here five years ago, and at the same place-- we registered to camp overnight at the Green Acres campground in town, paid the modest fee of $16, took showers, did our group laundry at the nearby laundromat, left to cruise the town, and never came back.

We had a free place to stay in Moose in the Grand Teton National Park. Bill and Ann Herbert work there. Bill is 71 and Ann is 50 and they absolutely love the club. It is very easy to love them back. If you happen to be going out that way, stop in and see them. They love the company.

Pat stayed with Ann on Saturday as the rest of us began our climb up Garnet Canyon to camp at the Lower Saddle at 12,000 feet. This climb was equivalent to climbing Long's Peak, an eight-mile hike with a mile gain in altitude. But we were carrying tents and stoves and climbing gear. We were acclimated and in good shape from our week in the Winds, but it was still a grind, taking seven to eight hours. Once we got there, the pall of helicopters and body bags had a sobering effect on our spirits.

But we were up at four the next morning and on the Grand Teton before dawn. The two climbing groups split at the Needle, the Owens-Spaulding ascent team staying on the west face of the mountain and the Exxum Ridge climbers heading to the east face. The climbing on the more technical Exxum route was fairly easy but tedious with three climbers; there was also tremendous exposure. We turned around after the snow squall early in the afternoon, thwarted in our first attempt at this dominating mountain. That we did not top it out was unimportant; we tried, we did our best, and we had fun, especially coming down. It was not so much fun because we were rappelling, it was rather that the pressure was off and we could have fun playing on the mountain.

Mike, Marie, and I got back to the Needle at the same time as the other group, successful in their summit attempt. We broke camp at seven and headed down to the Lupine Meadows parking lot. Dan, Marie, Mike, and myself had to pick our way through the boulder field below Spaulding Falls in the dark. From there on, the hiking was easier, but it seemed endless. I had about a quarter inch of Molefoam over the blisters from the Winds trudging, and I was still hurting. The last of us got to the van at 1 A.M. the next morning.

It had been a rather full twenty-one hours. Over that period I had drunk less than a pint of water, and eaten maybe a handful of MM's and a chunk of pepperoni. Once I stopped moving, hunger and

thirst raged within me. We got back to Bill and Ann's and Pat was hyper, wanting to know how everybody was. I had guessed we would be back by eight that night and she had believed my prediction. We gruffly told her as we climbed into our sleeping bags that more information would be forthcoming in the morning.

Warning: Never feed Steve chocolate chip cookies. Especially if you're going to be sleeping in the same tent.

We were happy tourists in Jackson on Monday and took Bill and Ann out to Signal Mountain Lodge that night. Tuesday we helped them move. Wednesday we had a short tour of the geysers and mudholes and wildlife traffic jams of Yellowstone, forgoing entire sections of the grand-daddy of our national parks. It was just as well; after Long's Peak and the Winds and the Grand, sensory input had been saturated for most of us. You have to spend a minimum of two or three days on just a car tour of Yellowstone to give it justice.

Thursday we drove across Wyoming to Devil's Tower and actually got to see it in sunlight. Friday we tried to climb the easiest route up this rock, the Durrance Route, a 5.6. John, Steve, Mike, Marie, and I all climbed the first pitch. It was very slow going. We decided to bag it in the early afternoon. It was a little bit beyond our ability at the time and we had a ways to drive yet that day.

We drove past several campgrounds in the Black Hills National Forest. We finally made it to George Custer State Park in South Dakota, where I had heard there would be showers. I figured we would be ready for them. Yes, there were showers, but they were coin-operated and I myself didn't have any quarters. Only three of us were feeling sufficiently uncivilized to take a shower. The ranger presented us with a stunning surprise on Saturday morning: a $6 park entry fee and an $8 overnight camping fee. Ouch.

We finished out the touristo part of our trip by visiting Crazy Horse National Monument, Mt. Rushmore, and the Badlands. All of this was pleasant but unsettling. We were all vacationed out and ready to return. These landmarks, impressive though they may be, simply do not compare with the Rockies or the Winds or the Tetons. I think seeing something by the seat of your pants and seeing another on blistered, aching feet caused by your walking there has something to do with it.

...trudge, trudge, trudge, trudge, drop, plop, sigh. This looks like a good place to spend the night. Have a nice meal of Pasta Pesto or PizzaSoup. Have another nice twelve hours of sleep. We've got big plans for tomorrow....

LOUNGE LIZARD'S GLOSSARY OF TERMS

touron	tourist + moron (hey floyd get the Polarord)
female belay slave	Marie Schulte (we can't rappel here there's a dude leading this climb)
spelunker klunker	Mark Suer's old Fairmont (or any other rag)
winnebago warrior	gung ho types with 10 ton's of gear towing a compact car (everything but the cable TV)
corn dork	your fearless leader (any other metallurgical student)
lounge lizards	people hanging out in 217 TUC (the authors)
444	where you go to live on Dixmyth when no one else will take you (Hey it's cheaper than the 21 motel)
squaremont	see splunker klunker (Nick's car would fit here but it's a Mustang.)
the syndicate	ultra secret closed Club rafting group (Reputed to be headed by this Roland type guy, better known on the river as JR)
river rat	Dan Lynch (no comment needed)
Daniel's debutantes	Jeanne Vennemeyer (people who come to Daniels to drink without any stories to tell)
gear queers	a climber with everything but the kitchen sink on his rack (nobody in this Club could afford a full rack of Friends)
hodags	strange elusive creature who betriends Mark S., Howard, Jeff, Mark G. (+ any other warped minds who spend weekends in dark muddy holes)
vestibule	porch

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