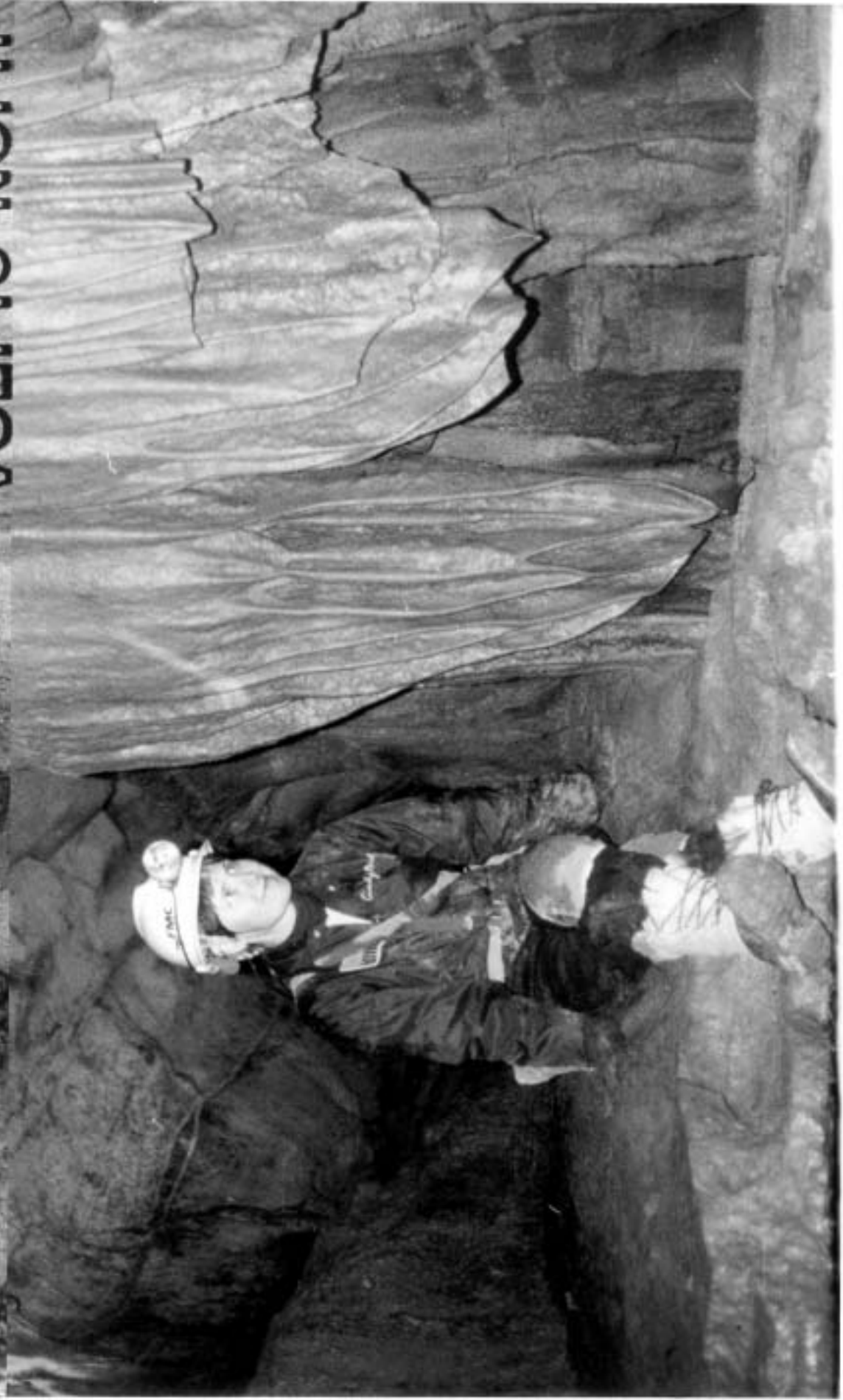


# THE GOOSE DOWNS GAZETTE

SPRING 1988  
VOL. 10 NO. 11



# Letter from the President

Mark Suer

As I was weaving my vehicle, the infamous "tent on wheels", down the road, it finally bit me: spring is here. Yes, one of nature's signs that displays this change of seasons is the appearance of minor craters (or potholes) all over city streets. Cincinnati, it seems, is quite lucky to be the mating ground of such creatures (whose main purpose of existence is to gobble up tires and axles); otherwise, Cincinnatians would have quite a difficult time determining the change of seasons due to its mild winters. It seems that Mother Nature has served up another dull, dreary, unexciting, grey winter completely devoid of any co-operating weather. Although she did give us plenty of rain, freezing rain and freezing rain mixed with sleet, we had only one semi-decent snowfall the entire winter, making winter fun challenging and downright frustrating.

In any case, this concept of approaching spring time (You remember spring? - warm sunshine, cool breezes, daffodils, chirping birds, mini-skirts) seemed so exciting that my momentary inattention to my weaving and dodging enabled one of the dreaded Cincy-craters (species - potholibus Cincinnatiabus) to feast on my front axle. Judging by the ferocity and magnitude of the hole, it was a dominant male. I wished I had my caving gear with me: this sinkhole seemed very promising and should be pushed. Unfortunately, this crater was so large that even my 4-wheel drive was not sufficient to escape the crater's hunger. I needed a tow. Discussing the size of the pothole with the tow truck operator, he had heard rumors that the Reds were going to play all their home games next year in this pothole. Hey, it isn't as nice as Riverfront, but it could seat more fans and Shottzie would just love the nearby neighborhood fire hydrants.

Anyway, what I was saying before was that spring has finally come. For a lot of people, unlike myself who spends spring time by driving into potholes, this means getting out of the house and enjoying the outdoors, which is the main purpose of the University of Cincinnati Mountaineering Club (UCMC). The UCMC is a non-profit organization which is open to all persons in the university community and the general public. Although the name is just a bit misleading, the UCMC does anything imaginable that involves the outdoors. Along with the mountaineering activities this club is going to pursue this spring and summer, the UCMC also will be engaging in other activities such as backpacking, canoeing, caving, rock-climbing, whitewater rafting, hang-gliding, skydiving, hiking, tubing and many other fun things that have slipped my mind at the moment. Of course, the UCMC offers at least one or two trips every weekend, which maybe just enough time to gain some sanity to face the onslaught of the coming week. Just think: you could go climbing at Clifton Gorge, caving under Kentucky, rafting in West Virginia, biking on the Loveland trail or just hiking at Red River Gorge. These weekend trips are also economically quite reasonable: the only costs are for food and transportation, which run only about \$5-\$10, depending on the trip. In addition to the many weekend trips offered, the club also takes extended excursions from one to three weeks usually during the quarter breaks. The last extended trips involved winter backpacking/snowshoeing in the Adirondack Mountains in New York and backpacking in the Smokey Mountains (see articles inside). Although these trips are a little more involved due to the length of the trip, they are still comparatively cheap (\$75-\$300). Future extended trips include climbing

Mt. Rainier in July and hiking one of the pristine canyons in southern Utah in September. But this only scratches the surface of what this club is all about. I'm sure you have questions like: "This club sounds too hard core. Can I fit in?" or "What if I don't have any experience?" or "What if I don't own any of that expensive gear?" or "How do I join?".

In the first place, the club offers a variety of trips that range in difficulty from the beginner to the hard core. The club has many friendly, knowledgeable persons who are more than willing to teach and instruct you in any sport you are interested. However, the best way to learn is to go on a UCMC trip, such that you will have a "hands-on" learning experience as well as meeting the members on a more personal level. But on a more formal basis, the club offers a course every quarter in one of our more basic sports. In the fall, the club offers a course in backpacking; in the winter - caving; and in the spring - rock climbing. Each of these courses teaches you the basic rudiments of the sport such that you will be able to lead your own trips. In addition to these courses, the club also has a library filled with magazines with the latest news and developments of any outdoor activity. The library also contains many instructional books along with topographical maps and trip planning materials of various parks and regions throughout the U.S. and Canada.

The question of gear is not a problem with U.C. Mountaineering Club members. The UCMC was founded specifically for the low-budget college student in mind. Since outdoor gear is rather expensive, many students would not be able to afford to the activities we pursue. However, all dues-paying members (only \$7 a quarter) have access to the club's

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Any criticism or suggestions concerning this newsletter will be considered, but will not be taken seriously. Write or stop by the club's office:

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U.C.M.C. is always looking for a few good men, but would rather find a few good women... the few, the proud, the uncouth...

... the Mountaineering Club.

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in his element, by Mike O'Herron (from the Suer Collection);  
pg. 8 --- Andy Gerding lining up for the 90 meter, Colorado, Lisha Gerding;  
pg. 17 --- Mark Suttaduro & Mark Holtegel ascending through Sloan's (the  
Suer Collection);  
pg. 19 --- Steve Must on a heinous liuback near Crosby, by Hugh Loeffler.

# New Year's Bash

The second annual UCMC New Year's Eve Party at Heuston Woods was another howling success. There were no arrests, no animals (or club members for that matter) were detained by the authorities, and there was only one assault resulting in a broken pinky (I always knew Nick was thickheaded).

The club gathered together on New Year's Eve in the official party cabin to stave off the cold with the warmth of friendship, and a few rounds of "suck and blow", and to simultaneously celebrate Nick's birthday and ring in the new year with hope, optimism, future prosperity... excuse me, with the usual unceasing, cynical attitude that most of us exhibit.

Although the Mexican Mountaineers were still battling banditos south of the border, the Aspen socialites had returned from the slopes, and the Adirondack Arctic Explorers had made it back, although a couple had to stay at home to count their digits. We had an excellent turn out with some new faces and some old familiar faces. The beer flowed, the champagne corks bounced off the walls, and so did the slam dancers, late into the new year. As exhaustion set in, the crash cabin gradually filled up as the revelers sacked out on any open stretch of floor.

The morning hangovers were remedied with an exquisite omelette recipe whipped up by yours truly, and pot after pot of that sweet nectar brewed by that primitive but essential device we call the instant coffee maker. Soon, the survivors began to display signs of life, and the rest of the day was spent hiking the woods, testing aerves on the pipelines spanning the vast valleys of Acton Lake; invading the lodge pool, terrifying the 10 year olds with

# A UCMC Experience

Mark Holtegel

It all started one snowy eve in January 1987. After an exhausting evening of painting on the O.C.A.S. campus, I noticed a flyer announcing an open house for a club on campus. Having little access to the main campus and knowing few people there, I found 510 Swift Hall on the night mentioned. Since leaving the Army in 1977, I hadn't found a group of people as interested in the outdoors as I was. This first meeting with these folks is what sold me. As I sat alone, my back to the wall, I was amazed at all the equipment these people had. A raft, canoes, backpacks, climbing gear, camping gear as well as an array of magazines in the chalk tray near the blackboard. I sat and bided my time. First was a welcome to new members, which included an in-

---

a fierce game of keep-away; as well as engaging in mentally strenuous activities such as Pictionary and Trivial Pursuit. New Year's Day was once again rounded out with another delicious version of Wise Sasaqua.

The following morning saw a mad rush to evacuate the cabins before check out time at 10:00, and everyone (at least everyone was invited) was treated to pancakes in the beautiful community of Northside, compliments of Steve Kraarech. I think that once again everyone had an exceptionally good time and we can all look forward to a year end get together every year end, or year beginning, depending on your point of view.

depth summary as to what the club did. Then discussions about previous trips, current events, a treasurer's report, and then future trips. I was aghast! A neat and orderly meeting. But that wasn't all! A slide show with music was about to commence. In my mind I thought I'd see a bunch of kids at a wiener roast, toasting marshmallows etc. Boy was I surprised!!!! The show consisted of the many things the club does. Shots of spelunkers, hikers, climbers, campers, skiers, chutists, rafters, and canoers filled the screen. It showed pictures of whitewater, forests, birds, animals, flowers, and beautiful sunsets, the side of nature I hadn't seen for a while. The photography was very exceptional in that it filled my heart and mind with an everlasting sense of ability. They said that "you too can do all that we do." I was relieved to find out that I didn't have to be a student to belong to their club. I don't even have to pay dues to belong. They welcomed me to join them in their pursuits, and for a small quarterly fee, I can use their equipment. I can do just about anything in nature that I feel comfortable with. If I don't have the confidence I need, but the desire to do a certain thing, they have people to teach me. If I don't learn it the first time and want to continue, they'll continue to try to teach me. They don't prod. In a friendly way, they try to teach one their experiences. In the year I have been in the club, I have learned many new things and have made many new friends.

H.D. Thoreau once wrote "As I love nature, As I love singing birds, And gleaming stubble, And flowing rivers, And morning and evening. And summer and winter, -- I love thee my friend." These words of wit seem to sum up my feelings for this club. These people are surely my friends and I have a certain love for them all.

# Quest for Snow

Mark Suer

Sometimes, everything comes together with no real effort. Yet, at other times, nothing ever goes right. You feel like King Midas in reverse - everything you touch turns to crap. It reminds me of a time when Nick was trying his new method of ascending ropes. It was the day after Christmas and we were playing around on ropes in the DAA stairway. (What better way to spend the holidays?) After ascending only a few feet, with his new method, Nick suddenly became inverted. Leave it to Nick to come up with a system that goes both up and down. While we amusingly watched Nick untangle the spaghetti of rope and perlon ("I intended to do this to practice self-rescue" - Sure Nick), Ed Gemperline came in to inform us that there was no snow in Pennsylvania. Major bummer! Ed, who was the coordinator of the X-was break X-C skiing trip in the Allegany Mountains, was just informed by the forest service that there was no snow in the area. This was a major dilemma since we were planning to leave in about 5 hours. We promptly packed up our ropes and started working on Plan B. We made several calls to New York and Pennsylvania, and after about an hour, we found a place in central New York with snow. With this information, we changed the trip to a winter backpacking trip. After we called everyone about the sudden change in plans, everyone dropped out except for Nick Day (aka Nick), Mike O'Heron (aka Mikey O), Jeff Streba (Big Bird, Baby Face etc.) and myself (aka Chevy - because I drive like Chevy Chase in "Vacation"). No one else was prepared to go winter backpacking for five days. Later that night we piled into Jeff's ATV for the quest for snow - a trip where half the fun was getting there.

Since we were pumped up about the trip, we had a hard time trying to sleep. So, of course, while Jeff drove during the night, no one slept. After

driving through Cleveland, Jeff wanted to rest, and somehow, the other three simultaneously appointed me to drive. Since I was outnumbered, I didn't have a strong case to appeal their decision. Reluctantly, I got behind the wheel. By 8 a.m., I was going to switch with someone else when we got to Rochester. Immediately after asking Mikey O how far to Rochester, I crashed (figuratively & literally) only to be awoken by Mikey O's screaming "Slow Down!" Oh Sh--! We were heading down into a ditch straight for a culvert. Mikey O was still screaming while I gassed it, trying to avoid the culvert and get it back onto the shoulder. However, the shoulder had all these little poles with reflectors on them, conveniently placed all over. So, I had to drive back into the ditch, causing us to go airborne because the embankment around the culvert acted as a ramp. As soon as we landed, I hit the brakes, and all the gear fell on Nick. Waking up, Jeff asks very casually, "What's the matter? . . . Hey, where's Nick?"

After digging out Nick and assessing the situation, everyone agreed it was time to switch drivers. Seeing that Jeff's ATV was OK, we got back on the highway - "enough" of acting like Dukes."

We pulled into Syracuse to get some gas, and after talking to the locals about the snow situation, we found that there was snow where we were going except at a ski resort. Major, major bummer! Seeing that we were only a few hours from Adirondack Park, we decided to head for it and not stop until we saw snow. Driving north through the park, we hit snow, and we stopped at a place next to Canda Lake, 4-7 people were watching their beloved Giants lose an NFL playoff game. As we asked to bartender about the trails, everyone looked at us as if we came from Mars. The bartender told us to head up the street to another bar - the X-was tree bar. The bar was situated right on a golf course with people skiing all over it. Since we assumed they wouldn't want us camping on their golf



course, we asked if there were any trails nearby. The bartender, a Grizzly Adams, mountain-man look alike, pointed to the wall behind him. He had a couple of topos pasted to the wall and pointed to a trail on the map where no one goes - not even the snow mobiles. The bartender also told us that they were having a dry winter, there was only eight inches of snow on the ground. Usually, there is three feet of snow by Christmas. Asking where we could get some topos, he said that a general store on the way to the trail had them in stock.

The general store was definitely run by a family because a young teenage girl was running the place while her father was buying supplies. When we went to get the topos, they were out of stock of the one we wanted. Debating whether to buy a different topo and head to that portion of the park or not, we decided to buy a "simplified trail map of the Back's and wing it with our original

trail. As we left I saw a bunch of boys drooling over something that you don't see in Cincinnati. Although I didn't notice it on the way in, this general store had a full magazine rack (when I mean full - I mean everything conceivable) on the porch for the customers to peruse. If this store was in Cincinnati, it would be shut down in five minutes. Interesting. Finally, we reached the trail, which was located right off the road. We hastily parked our gear and headed down the trail. Since we only had two pairs of snow shoes, Jeff and Mikey O blazed a trail while Nick and I followed. Since it was close to three o'clock we only went about 500 yards down the trail before making camp; darkness comes early in New York: around 4:30 or 5:00. Exhausted from trying to find a place to hike, we crashed by 6 and slept until 8 the next morning. That night it got down to 15 degrees F according to Jeff's special thermometer which records the

lowest night temperature.

Our plan was to follow the West branch of the Sacandaga River near Sherman Mountain, and then double back on the way out. So, the next day we hiked along the river in the bright sun. Although it was only in the mid 20's, we were plenty warm due to the sun and the hiking. Unfortunately, we lost the trail due to the snow; so we decided to follow the river. In some places, the river was completely frozen over, but the river was not very deep or fast moving in these areas. We bushwacked until we found ourselves in a bog-like area. In this area, there were snow drifts up to three feet deep, which were kind of hard to avoid without snow shoes. Struggling through the snow and crossing the river, we came upon an interesting site - an illegal hunter's camp. A large A-frame tent was constructed of logs and thick plastic. Along side the tent was a cord of wood and metal boxes filled with supplies. Although we were disappointed to see such a sight, we left it alone and began to find a campsite for the night. We picked a sight on top of the ridge away from the creek we were following.

After finding enough wood for the fire, we cooked a warm dinner and ate it around the warm fire. After a few hours of conversation intermingled with Nick's jokes, we retired for the night. Three of us slept in the North Face tent while Jeff wanted to sleep in his floorless, Chowinard tent, which Nick called a cheap tarp. Since this was my first trip winter backpacking, I found many aspects of it interesting, especially the sleeping aspect. Not only did I have myself in the sleeping bag, but I had my boots, water bottle, camera and loose clothing as well. It was difficult at first to sleep with all of this in my bag, but I managed somehow. Another thing that I thought was curious was that my camera battery did not operate in the colder temperatures. In order to take a picture, I had to first warm up the camera by keeping in my shirt, and then whip it out to get a snap shot



before the battery got too cold. These were just a few observations I had made that made things just a little more fun. This is not to mention Nick's continually repeating the punch line of a sick joke. (I can't mention it here but it was about doing something four times and poaching someone in the south.) Another interesting observation was that everyone continually sang two lines from the song Winter Wonderland: "In the meadow we will build a snowman . . . Walking in a Winter Wonderland." We just didn't know the rest of the words. Get I digress.

That night we got 4 more inches of snow and the low temp for the night, according to Jeff was 22 degrees F. Happy that it was my turn to use the shoes, we went trudging off to find our lost trail. The shoes were a bit awkward at first, yet easy to become accustomed to. They are a magnificent help when walking in snow. I was only ankle deep in the snow whereas I would have been knee deep without them. We found our river again but no trail. So instead of bushwhacking, we walked on the frozen river. Snow began to fall again and with it came a biting cold wind. After a short while, we went back to bushwhacking trying to find the trail, but with no success. After a cold lunch of frozen cheese and sausage, we came upon beaver activity: many small trees were fallen with the distinguishable conical end on the trunks. Finally, we found our trail again and we began to cruise. The storm let up and the sun came out, displaying a beautiful blue sky. Soon we set up camp with extra time on our hands. First of all we had to get some water by breaking the ice in the river. Being in the valley next to the river, we realized that the clear skies were going to bring colder temperatures, for it was much colder than it was that morning. After getting the water, Nick had to unclog a line in his whisperlite stove, while he and Jeff did this in that tent (tarp?) up to 110 degrees F, while it was only 10 degrees F outside. It felt like heaven. However, all good

things come to an end. We still had to collect wood for that night's fire.

Feeling refreshed, we worked double time and had a roaring fire built in no time. Night quickly fell but a bright moon was out which illuminated the snow-covered forest. However, night was not the only thing to fall; the temperature fell also. It was an interesting experience sitting near the fire that night - my back as frozen while my face felt as if it was boiling to the glowing heat of the fire. While contemplating the situation, the three of us (Nick went into his sleeping bag - it was too cold for him) came up with the idea of hanging our emergency blankets around the fire. This would in effect radiate all the heat back towards us and the fire and possibly eliminate the biting wind. However, one must make sure that the blankets didn't melt, or ice form on the other side of the blanket. Unfortunately, the idea was only an idea - no one was motivated to move because we were all frozen to the ground. But seriously, the fire was hot because Mikey O put my water bottle a little too close to the fire, and it became totally non-functional.

After retiring, we all spent a sleepless night in our tents debating whether to spend another night out or do a death march to get out. By daybreak we had decided to leave and had a strategy set such that we could break camp in the minimal amount of time. However, we had to wait for Jeff. By the time we broke camp it was -10 degrees F; whereas the low for the night reached -15 degrees F. So while waiting for Jeff, I walked back and forth through camp to keep my toes warm while Nick complained as vocally as possible to keep warm. Finally we got on the trail and were cruising at a good pace. Since Mikey O and Jeff had the shoes that day, they broke the trail while Nick and I followed. On the way out, we happened upon some suspicious visitors - park rangers. The rangers originally said they were looking for us because of the frigid weather. However, there were alternative motives. They asked if we

had furs and Mikey O replied, "No, we only have wool and polypro." I think Mikey O missed the point of the interrogation. Then they asked us if we had hunting gear, fishing gear, trapping gear, etc. To all these questions, we replied negative. However, we managed to divert their attention by mentioning the hunter's camp we had found. While they headed to check out this camp we headed for the car.

As we were packing our gear in the car, the rangers came back. In a roundabout way, they apologized for their assinine behavior, yet they explained that no one spends more than one night in the Dacks in December. Due to this rare occurrence, they decided to investigate. Although they couldn't bust us on any infractions, they did find the illegal hunter's camp which they would check again in the fall. After discussing the NFL playoffs with the rangers we took off for home. However, we stopped back at the X-mas tree bar for a quick beer. Once we walked into the bar everyone recognized us as the "four crazy college kids who came all the way from Cincinnati to hike in the woods." While we were thawing out in the bar, I realized my toes weren't thawing out as quickly as the rest of me. I realized that my toes had suffered a mild case of frost bite. As they thawed the toes began to throb - that last night took its toll on me. However, I was up and about a few days later, I'll never forget our quest for snow.

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# Andy Hits the Slopes

Lisha Gerding

The Gerding Colorado ski trip to Keystone was in the planning well in advance with the purchase of an eight passenger mini-van. Andy could no longer fly free, and since he was learning to ski this year, we knew that driving was the only way to make it affordable. We realized that Chris' Celica was incredible small and uncomfortable when we travelled to Colorado this past summer. So the van would change everything. Ah, a week of putting slick boards on your feet and speeding uncontrollably down steep slopes and the 15 degree weather, most people would definitely think we were crazy!

We were hesitant about the weather, especially after our summer trip, but this time we said, "let it rain," after all it had to turn to snow! The week before we set out that is exactly what it did! We started out on Friday January 8 and we were planning on driving straight out, but about 4 am we knew that we were all tired so we decided to stay somewhere for about 5 hours.

Early Saturday we started out with less than five hours left to drive and as we passed through the Continental Divide the mountains were covered with snow!

Sunday we hit the slopes and Andy hit the bunny hill. He was apprehensive but excited. I had a hard time letting go but I knew we could never teach him so I "let go of the reins."

Well, we were finally off but first, I had to conquer old ground. Three years ago when we had been out there I had trouble with one part of the mountain so I was set to tame it and I did! Later that day Chris and I found a blue run as steep as a black but no moguls.

Andy though is the real story this ski trip amazing even himself. Each day he was given report cards and after the first day his instructors knew he was going to be exceptional. He could "pie" (make a wedge with his skis to stop) by the end of the first day. Two days later he was stopping

and starting down the bunnyhill. The third day they were teaching him turns. We had private lessons from this point on because he had excelled all the kids in his class. It wasn't until that third day that we got to see him ski without him knowing it. Chris and I were coming down and we were really beat until we saw a little boy all in the red going up a lift. We quickly followed and he got off at the top of both a green and blue run. Naturally we thought he would go green but he went blue. It was the same one I conquered just today. Andy was incredible following his instructor and doing turns almost as well as me. He did get tired though very easily but he would put an adult in traction for months.

The next day he had a lesson in the morning and we skied with him all afternoon. Now I really had to bite my tongue so I didn't tell him to slow down just because I'm afraid of speed. Chris and I found the line between becoming overcautious parents and what was safe. He loved speeding though and was so confident. The last day we took him up the gondola and we took greens all the way down. Andy liked skiing through Chris' legs. His instructor had told him there were tigers in the woods. (I think to get them to ski faster.)

The last night we went over to Keystone's Village and tried to ice skate. Andy's ankles were too weak and so I pulled him along in a sled. All things though must come to an end and so we started home. We arrived Sunday morning and Andy who had been sleeping all the way back was ready to start his day, we were ready to crash!



# Eye of the Pyramid

Craig Patterson

Nine thousand years ago, a group of families gave up their nomadic wanderings and settled along the Nile River on the continent of Africa. These humans, we call Egyptians, flourished by forming a cooperative society in a stable climate in a land of abundance. Civilization was born...

Thirty one dynasties and twenty seven hundred years later, the golden age of Egypt fizzled into hieroglyphics and ruins. The Greeks, Romans, Byzantines, and Arabs followed, but none could rival the ancient kingdoms of Egypt. The pyramids and temples of the Pharaohs attest to the knowledge and spirit of the Egyptian people.

Craig and Cheri flew to Cairo, Egypt in September to steal a glimpse at a ten thousand year old civilization. The land of the ruling Pharaohs has been overcome by an arid climate averaging less than one inch of rain per year. The desert comprises 94% of Egypt's land area with hot dry days and cool nights. Air pollution and dust hover over the cities of Egypt aggravated by a rapidly growing population with third world persistence. 45 million Egyptians now crowd the narrow strip of vegetation by the Nile. The city of Cairo supports between twelve and fifteen million Egyptians. Over 90% of the population are Egyptian descendants living in poverty. Over 90% are Arabic Muslims who believe in Allah and his prophet Mohammed (600 A.D.). The Egyptian economy has been stimulated over the past century by tourism and the discovery of oil.

After spending one week in Egypt, we were more appreciative of the comforts of home. Being loaded with money and belongings in the third world can make you defensive and cautious. Let's face it, white tourists stick out like sore thumbs in the Arab world. You may begin to react irrationally to constant attention and assistance. It is often

difficult to feel comfortable even when you are completely relaxed.

Our first bout with culture shock takes place in the international airport in Cairo. A handsome Egyptian leads us through customs and tries to sell us a grand tour of the antiquities. We declare our independence and politely push him out of the way. He quickly leads us to a private limousine, synonymous with a swashed station wagon at an inflated price. We choose a government taxi and sideswipe our way to the Meridian Hotel on the Nile. Doormen, baggage carriers, and lift operators escort us to our accommodation with deep red carpet, arabic TV, a stocked refrigerator, and a fantastic view of Cairo. A closer look uncovers asts on the floor, black hairs on the bed, and an expiration date on the Stella Export Beer. We shrug off our jet lag with a Greek buffet, complete with belly dancers and hookahs on the

house. Two Arab men wearing turbans and waving sticks dance by our table. A woman bakes bread in a clay furnace by tables of lamb, grape leaves, and baklava. Happy, content, and dedicated to Allah, these Mediterraneans seem glad to be alive. Welcome to the Arab World...

Craig and Cheri wake up before noon to peruse the streets of Cairo. Egyptians go about their business with ritual determination. Walking, loading, and unloading rule the sidewalks with loitering a close second. The daytime heat saps the workers strength leaving incomplete projects in a desperate society. Family life seems to overshadow the work ethic to success. Egyptians confide in each other rather than institutions to solve many of their problems. A carton of Camel cigarettes, a beat up Datsun, and an overcrowded flat are ambitious goals for an Egyptian family man. Trade and



barter are alive and well without set prices. Pedestrians carry large payloads and scamper through intersections oblivious to danger. An Egyptian farmer guides his horse and wagon down a highway ramp with a passenger bus and a traffic jam hot on his tail. The air is filled with the honking of horns and the dust of survival.

We pass vending stands and buy bottled water, grapes, and mangoes. The fruit is weighed on a balance by a tired grubby farmer shaded from the sun by a canvas awning. Across the street, a machine gun clad embassy guard sits in his watchtower. "Hey Lady, I take you on a tour of Cairo!", "No Thanks, we just took one." We shuffle through the crowded square to the Egyptian Museum. The treasures of King Tut are in a jail cell at the back of the museum. Tutankhamun died at age eighteen while ruling Egypt in 1338 B.C. His tomb was uncovered in the Valley of the Kings by Howard Carter in 1922. We get lost in the corridors and kingdoms of Egypt until a guard asks us to "Come Back Tomorrow?". It is back to the Meridian for a swim and a shower, exhausted by the heat of the sun.

After recuperating, we grab a taxi to the Pyramids of Giza to see a sound and light show. Traffic is horrendous with crowded bridges, sloppy driving, and the honking of horns. Laying on the horn is an art form in Egypt with elaborate messages followed by appropriate gestures. Our taxi driver tells us that obtaining a Visa to leave Egypt is next to impossible for most Egyptians. He feels being born in Egypt puts him at a disadvantage. He thinks that the United States thinks of themselves first, Israel second, and Egypt third. He does not like the War in the Persian Gulf.

Our initiation continues with an unexpected stop at a perfume store. The driver introduces us to the Mayor of Giza, who leads us to a dingy purple room with shelves of perfume. The mayor explains that his perfume consists of papyrus squeezings and the concoction has been passed down

through many generations. He hands us a log book filled with signatures of satisfied customers, including Roy George and Eric Clapton. We plead for dinner at the pyramids, not perfume in his harem. He takes a drag off his third pack of cigarettes and gestures towards the door. We exit stage left and gaze in awe at the Pyramids of Cheops, Chephren, and Mycerinus. The Sphinx narrates the sound and light show and boasts of the permanence of the Pyramids of Giza. Historians estimate that the pyramids were built between 2600 and 2500 B.C.. They believe 100,000 slaves worked three months a year for 100 years to build the 481 foot Great Pyramid of Cheops. We walk down the dirt streets of Giza past cafes and tables of men playing cards. We quickly turn down another offer to buy perfume on the taxi ride back to the hotel.

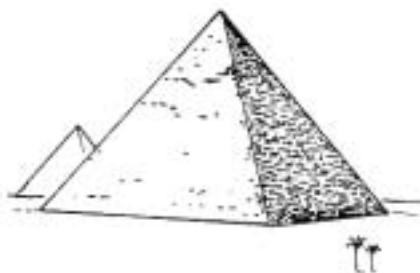
Our next hurdle is Luxor, situated 400 miles south of Cairo. We hop in a taxi after being bombarded with help, and ride to the train station to secure a sleeping berth. A four day wait on tickets leads us to a taxi to the bus station. With no buses to Luxor, we change our destination to Hurghada on the Red Sea. We have no choice, the driver and another man shuttle us to an alley where bargaining and arrangements are made. They offer us a 300 mile ride to Hurghada for fifty dollars. We change taxis and leave Cairo. The highway takes us past miles of apartment complexes, Sadat's Tomb, military installations, guarded checkpoints, and the Suez Canal. For 200 miles, we hug the shore of the Red Sea passing oil fields, oil tankers,

herds of camel, and military outposts. Our driver kills time by chain smoking and honking his horn at passing traffic. We get gas for fifty cents a gallon and give a swami "cousin" of our driver a lift. At night, the Egyptians play chicken with their headlights to keep each other awake. After a seven ounce cola break, we arrive at the Hurghada Sheraton for four days of rest and relaxation.

Hurghada is located on a remote stretch of the Red Sea. The only other accommodations in the area are resort villages and club beds. The Sheraton is circular with an open air atrium in its center. We gorge ourselves on buffets and relax at the hotel disco by the saltwater swimming pool. Fresh water is scarce and has to be piped in from the Nile. The facilities are turned off in the afternoon and at night to conserve water. We pay ten dollars for a day trip into town. Our taxi ride includes an hour of bargain shopping, a visit to the stuffed fish museum, and a hopeless attempt at plane reservations to Cairo with Egypt Air, (a one month waiting list). Egyptians wearing robes, sandals, and turbans loiter in the town square. Scraps of trash collect along fences and in the gutters of the streets. Nothing decomposes in the dry climate of Egypt including dog poop. The buildings have unfinished second stories with rebar protruding from concrete columns. We are told the owners are optimistic about future expansion. We return to the Sheraton for more culture shock...

After three days in Egypt, we experience the "Revenge of the Nile". Was it untreated water, thick beer, rank mutton, or fruit and vegetables? Our diet quickly changes from delicacies to food staples. Unfortunately, these parasites hang on for weeks killing your appetite as well as your sphinxer. The only symptoms we don't have to live with are stomach cramps and repetitious assaults. We suck in our guts and shift into overdrive.

It is 5:00 a.m.. The Muslims are facing Mecca and praying to Allah.



Craig and Cheri meet Wasser, a happy black tour guide and taxi driver. We begin a day trip to Luxor, 150 miles southwest of Hurghada. The sun appears on the horizon of the Red Sea. We pass through the mountains and discover a land of contrast. Large trucks carry petroleum products, bags of concrete, and building materials on the black oiled highway. Spin drifts of white sand churn across the heated desert. Women dressed in black saris herd goats, cook bread, and carry pots of water along the road. Is this a mirage or is there an oasis in the distance? It is Kena on the Nile River. Thousands of Egyptians trade food at a roadside market. Skinny Africans ride donkeys at a swift clip into town. Families bathe in canals of sewage by the roadside. Welcome to Africa...

We arrive in Luxor around 9:00 a.m. and decide to visit the temples and ruins at the Necropolis of Thebes. Wasser is happy to be of service. He pays for tickets, tips the guards at checkpoints, slows down for pictures, and occasionally speaks to us in broken English. Wasser points out two 64 foot high statues of Amenophis III at the Colossi of Memnon. Three Pharaohs were responsible for most of the building in Thebes; Hatshepsut (1486 B.C.), Amenophis III (1364 B.C.), and Ramesses II (1274 B.C.). Hatshepsut was the only female ruler of Egypt. She wore a beard during her reign to gain public respect for her position. We visit her mortuary temple at Deir El-Bahri, and listen to an English tour guide explain the hieroglyphics and gods carved in the walls. Osiris the God of Vegetation, Horus the Sun God, Atum the Creator of the Earth, and Anubis the God of the Dead are depicted throughout Egyptian history. Our next stop is the Valley of the Kings. Sixty two pharaohs including King Tut were buried between 3900 and 700 B.C. in chambers resembling subway tunnels. The walls of the tombs are laden with colorful hieroglyphics depicting the life and times of the deceased Pharaoh. The mummies that once lay in the tombs were dressed in gold and precious

jewelry in preparation for the afterlife. The Pharaohs dreamed of immortality. The vendors sell jewelry, papyrus paintings, and sculpture. Wasser takes us to an alabaster store to buy intricately carved statues of Egyptian Pharaohs and Gods. We barter for half price and get statues of Hatshepsut with a beard, Anubis the God of the Dead, and Horus the Sun God. The earthen colors of the alabaster are as dusty and deprived as the gravel roads of the Necropolis.

We take a car ferry across the Nile to visit the temples of Luxor and Karnak. The temples are conglomerations of centuries of building, primarily in the reign of Amenophis III and Ramesses II. Obelisks, Sphinxes, and statues of Pharaohs adorn the avenues, pylons, colonnades, chapels, and mortuaries in the temples of Luxor and Karnak. Egyptian boys trade information for tips. "Look Lady! The God of Fertility." The Japanese tourists place their palm on the Scarab (a statue of a beetle) and circle it for good luck. We relax by the palm trees and sacred lakes, while goats graze on the brown grasses. We buy our fourth liter of bottled water and the vendor offers us hashish. This is definitely a smoking society. We hop in the taxi and cross the desert to Hurghada after an overloaded day of antiquities.

On our last day in Hurghada, we board the hotel boat to the coral reefs to do some snorkeling. We have an international crew with Arabs, Indians, Germans, British, Americans, and Egyptians represented. There is a definite language barrier, but at least everyone has swimming in common. We are all eager to jump into the salty blue water. The visibility in the clear water is close to 100 feet. The variety and color of the tropical fish and coral is spectacular. The captain blows the horn to signal our return after an hour of diving. The rest of the afternoon is spent searching for seashells and relaxing by the Red Sea.

At 5:00 in the morning, we take the long taxi ride back to Cairo. The

driver takes us directly to the airport to stash our bags for one last romp in Cairo. A beautiful bride glides by in a white sari. The men begin an uproar of jubilation in the airport crowd. The howling reminds me of a procession of honking cars. We eat a hard boiled egg and a roll at the airport restaurant to pack our upset stomachs for another hair raising taxi ride into town. Our first stop is the Cairo Citadel, a fortress built on the east bank of the Nile in 1176 A.D.. The El-Masir Mosque (1335 A.D.) and the Mosque of Mohammed Ali (1857 A.D.) are the star attractions on the hill. At the entrance to the Mosque, we are requested to take off our shoes and slip on sandals. In the middle of the forecourt, a fountain provides ritual ablation. The Turkish rulers sacrilegiously bathed in the holy water. Nowadays, Egyptians wash their feet in the airport sinks. We enter a gigantic room with concentric circles of lamps hanging from the ceiling and mats on the floor. Muslims are strict believers in Allah and have faith in Islam. The praying niche faces Mecca in Saudi Arabia and the holy men speak from the pulpit every Friday. The Islamic New Year took place on September 16th. No fireworks, just a good reason to wash up, put on a clean robe, and eat a healthy dinner. Alcohol is considered evil and is not abused in Arab society. We exit the Citadel and get lost in the abandoned and poor portions of Cairo. If Egypt is doing well, the African situation is scary.

The rest of the afternoon is spent bartering for curies in the Bazaar Quarter. Our shopping pays off with two jewelry boxes, two wood elephants, a carryon bag of gazelle leather, and more alabaster. The streets are crawling with people buying food, pots, pans, linens, rugs, chairs, brass ornaments, and jewelry. After experiencing the armpits of society, we are in dire need of a shower. We were going to stay up all night for our early morning plane, but decide on a cheap hotel close to the airport instead.

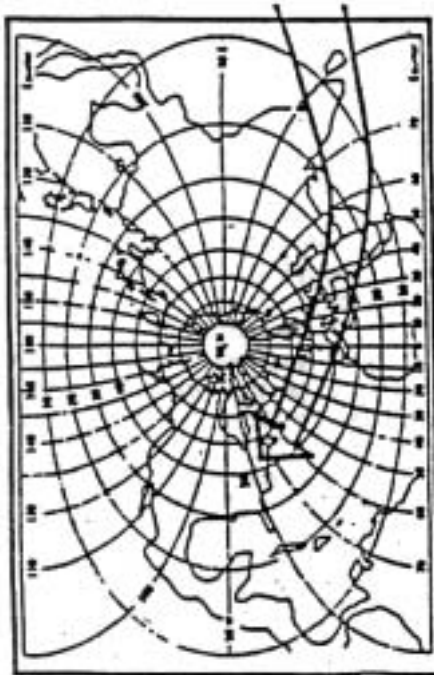
To our dismay, the baggage keeper has lost the key to the storage office. After an hour of fruitless searching, we surrender to our seedy hotel for a shower with no clean clothes. Still suffering from the Revenge of the Nile, we eat steak, potatoes, and bread with no salad. We talk to an English businessman on a one month work order away from his family. He laughs at the slow service and claims that three hours of construction work in England takes five days to accomplish in Egypt. He finishes dinner and says "Cheerio". The alarm sounds at 3:00 a.m. The baggage keeper has found the key and charges us an extra day to receive our luggage. We quickly change into traveling clothes and enter the international airport. We sleepwalk through three hours of customs, including two baggage checks, three carry on baggage checks, seven passport checks, and two body searches. After twenty hours of

flying with layovers in Paris and New York City, our plane lands in Kentucky.

Throughout our unplanned travels in Egypt, we encountered the passive, friendly Arab. Egyptians trusted us during our moments of indecision and went out of their way to be courteous. We felt the optimism and peace in the Egyptian soul. It was difficult to travel in this land of heat and dust, but the spirit of the relaxed Egyptian shined through the adversity.

The years pass slowly and the golden age of civilization changes hands. Humanity is resilient. Concentration of power follows the rape of the earth. Our natural resources are being devoured to fuel change. The world is experiencing an information explosion. The computer age is widening the generation gap and expanding human capability. Corporations and military governments are thriving rulers of the Earth. At the same time, global catastrophe,

disease, and the onslaught of the nuclear age are frightening reminders of the vulnerability of the human race. We live on a small planet in a fragile environment. Americans avoid Egypt and third world nations like the plague. What will the United States be like on its nine thousandth birthday? The nations of the world will eventually compare. Go, you Americans, uncover the millenniums of knowledge in the Egyptian hieroglyphics and antiquities. Confront the issue. The Egyptian civilization is still bustling. There are many lessons to be learned from the design of the ancients and the eye of the pyramid.



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# South of the Border

Bob Kessler

It was December 18 and we were all wearing spring-like clothing as we entered the Cincinnati Airport. It was actually quite cold, but we knew that in about five hours we'd be in 70 degree temperatures; that we'd be in Mexico.

Mexico! After nearly a year in the planning, it was finally happening, and it was hard to believe. Three couples had committed themselves to this adventure: Bob and Cindy Kessler, Jane and Paul Wieland, and Bill and Laura Strachan. Many nights and many phone calls had gone into the planning of this trip, but finally there was nothing left to do but let fate guide us and get on the plane.

The group had three main goals. The first was to stay in Mexico City and visit various historic sites, museums, and ruins. The second was to climb the volcano, Iztaccihuatl (simplified, "Ista"). The third was to fly to Cancun and explore the beaches and ruins of the Yucatan Peninsula.

As we flew into Mexico city it was readily apparent that it was indeed one of the largest and most polluted cities in the world. Located in a bowl-like valley, there is no escape for the pollutants, and a dense brown haze obscures any view until one is directly overhead. Once something can be seen, the enormous sprawling size of it overwhelms. The effects of a severe earthquake a few years before are apparent even from the air: Many buildings have lost windows, sides of others are collapsed, and some are just heaps of rubble. The depressed Mexican economy has been unable to cope with the magnitude of the damage, and so many buildings have simply been abandoned.

Once we land at the airport and make our way to baggage pickup, it

becomes apparent for the first time that we are indeed the foreigners. When we talk, passerby's give us the odd looks. None of the signs seem obvious. And there are a LOT of people.

Luckily, Jane knows some Spanish and is immediately thrown to the wolves as we have to try to pickup our rental van, get directions to our hotel, and maneuver our way out of the airport. Once we have all squeezed into the VW Combe van with backpacks, climbing gear, and six people, the immediate task is to find our way to the hotel. As you might imagine, one of the largest cities in the world has some of the densest traffic and craziest drivers. It is truly every man for himself. Red lights mean stop only if there is someone else coming. Every intersection is crowded with people hawking incense, candy, and sodas, as well as children washing windows, juggling, or outright begging. If you happen to be first in line, you are expected to tip for the "show" or buy some knickknack.

With more than one wrong turn and many bad directions, we manage to find the hotel. Once we are settled in we go out for dinner in what is now early evening. Since it is close to Christmas, there are decorations everywhere. Giant light displays grace the corners of the Paseo De La Reforma, a tree-lined avenue of many lanes. We are near what is called the Pink Zone, a popular tourist area of hotels, restaurants, and shops. Even here, though, there is much damage from the earthquake. Entire blocks are boarded up and there is an eerie feeling about.

The next day started off well as we decided to walk around and try to find a market. In Mexico, a market is an open air collection of stalls selling everything: food, clothes,

gifts, artwork, etc. We had heard of one that sounded particularly good, but could never find it. Whenever we thought we were close and asked for directions, we were told it was only a few more blocks ahead. Yes, just a couple of blocks that way. No, go back three blocks then west five blocks. Etc, etc, etc. We began to suspect that the Mexican custom of giving bad directions over being unable to answer one's inquiries, was plaguing us.

Giving up on that quest, we decided to take the subway to an area known as the Localo and see the Catedral Metropolitana, built from 1563 to 1810. Unfortunately, we were there during rush hour and as we were packed into the trains, a very organized group of pickpockets worked us over, stealing some money and camera gear and credit cards. One daring individual used a knife to slice open the buttoned pocket of the shorts Paul was wearing to get his wallet. Though the wallet was not gotten, the contents were cut in half by the knife which stopped just short of cutting Paul. Needless to say, we were all quite shook up. What had seemed a crowded but pleasant city now seemed dangerous and threatening. The stolen items really proved to be insignificant, and our pride was more damaged than our vacation. But from then on, at least in Mexico City, we never felt quite safe.

The next couple of days were devoted to exploring the Museo Nacional de Antropologia--one of the greatest museums in the world--and the pyramid ruins of Teotihuacan, located just north of the city.

Finally it was time to head towards the volcanos, about a days drive (with stops) southeast of Mexico City. At one point while driving out of town, we had to bribe a police

officer after missing a stop sign. A few nervous moments passed before we realized he would rather be bribed than write a ticket. In fact, he refused our first offer of \$25 as too much, taking \$10 instead. Once out of the city we were happy to see some open farm land, though the living conditions were quite squalid.

Our last stop before entering the mountains was a little community called Amecameca, where we bought some food and supplies. Amecameca was very picturesque. Narrow streets were lined with low buildings very Spanish in character. Their socela, or town square, was tree-lined and quaint. The town seemed much more friendly than the overpowering Mexico City. Adding to its charm was the majestic Iztaccihuatl, which dominated the skyline. We buy a giant bottle of water to supply us for the next few days on the mountain, and head out of town.

Mexico does not have many national parks, but one of the biggest is the Parque Nacional Iztaccihuatl-Popocatepetl. The volcanos of both Ixta and Popo make up the body of the park. Popo is the highest at 5414m (17,763ft) and still is active with occasional smoky eruptions. Ixta, at 5266m (17,277ft), is dormant.

Our early fears of the ability of the Combe to make the drive up to the trail head proves unfounded, and we work our way up the steep road. The forest surrounding the mountains seems sparse though the trees are good size. We first stop in at a large climbers lodge at the base of Popo to register our climbing itinerary, and head for the trail head of Ixta, called La Joya. The paved road quickly becomes dirt as we bump our way to the very end. La Joya is nothing more than a few large rocks and a torn around area, but with a spectacular view of Ixta. We are parked at about 4000m (13,100ft), and

plan to do the climb in two days. The first day will take us to a "cabin" at about 4500m (14,750ft). The second day we will push to the summit and return to La Joya.

After passing 14,000 feet, the is the danger of encountering high altitude sickness, and we all hope that precautions we have taken will spare us. Starting in Mexico City, at 2207m (7248ft), and staying at progressively higher altitudes should help our bodies cope. Some in the group have also become experimental animals for various high altitude sickness prevention drugs. Each couple asked their doctors if they knew of any drugs that, at least on a short term basis, would prevent the illness. The three doctors each prescribed a different drug, so it seemed to us that we were some kind of devious controlled experiment. We all hoped that our medicine was the one that would truly work...Time would tell.

# DANIELS'



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We set up tents at La Joya and waited for the sun to set. Various climbers were descending and we quizzed them on snow conditions, the need for ice gear on the glacier we would have to cross, and the sleepability of the cabins. Everyone said forget your ice gear as the glacier was easily traversed in hiking boots, that there was little snow, and that it would be very cold in the cabins. It sounded good, and we watched a beautiful sunset before crawling into the warmth of our sleeping bags.

The next morning we got geared up and Bob and Cindy started up to the first pass. It was a sunny day and when we got to the first pass, we were treated with a great view of Popo. Bill and Laura were next up to the pass and we soon discovered that Laura's high altitude medicine was not working. While she got repeatedly sick, we noticed Jane and Paul on the trail far below. They stopped for a long while, then turned back. Confused, I decided to find out what happened. Almost to the bottom he encountered Paul who explained that Jane had gotten very sick and she was going to wait for us in the van. Paul encouraged us to keep going and that he would meet with us at the cabin that night.

Back up with Cindy, Bill, and Laura, I relayed the story and we continued on. The climb was very difficult. Being a former volcano, the trail consisted mostly of volcanic dust that made the footing tenuous at best. For every step up, you took a half step slide down. The altitude continued to make Laura sick but the rest of us felt fine. That's not to say that we couldn't tell we were above 14,000 feet. Breathing was difficult and the climb was draining. We had a guide book but discovered that it was pretty general in its trail description and worried that we might take the wrong route.

We neared a pass at about 14,500 feet by mid-afternoon, and the sky began to fill with dark,

threatening clouds. The summit became socked in and Cindy and I started worrying about the weather. We passed some British climbers on their way down and they said not to worry about the clouds, but we felt that was easy for them to say as they descended. We began to become enclosed by the clouds. Bill and Laura were ahead and reported that the cabin was not at the pass as we had hoped. In fact, we deduced that if we continued at our present pace we would just make the cabin before sunset.

However, if we turned back now we could still return to La Joya before sunset. Spending the next day stuck on the mountain in bad weather did not sound good, so Cindy and I turned back. Bill, hell bent on seeing that elusive cabin, dropped his pack and climbed solo the thousand vertical feet to the cabin, then he and Laura followed us down.

We never encountered Paul on the way down. In fact, when we finally got view of the van--still about 500 feet below--it drove away! Paul had gotten very sick as he tried to catch up with us (The second failure of the Grand Medicinal Experiment), and returned to Jane. They had decided to go over to the Lodge for dinner, and just happened to drive away as we returned. It was comically frustrating, but we ate some dinner and awaited Jane and Paul's eventual return. Once we were all reunited and all our stories told, we decided to stay the night at the climbers lodge.

The next morning, after hearty breakfasts, we headed on to our final destination for this leg of our trip: a town called Puebla. We toured the nearby ruin, Cholula. Its pyramid in its heyday had a greater mass than the Great Pyramid in Egypt. Now it looked more like a large hill rising off the surrounding plains, capped with a catholic church. The Spanish conquerors had the habit of destroying and heathen temples they found and building a church or shrine in its place. Cholula had been one of the

victims of the Spanish fervor, and recent excavations by archaeologists are now revealing the splendor that once was.

We stayed at a very nice hotel in Puebla and celebrated a quite Christmas Eve among the six of us. The next day we returned to Mexico City and prepared for the second leg of our vacation. The first leg certainly had not been what we thought it would be. Mexico City certainly had not endeared itself to us with its poverty, pollution, and crime. The volcano climb had been a big disappointment for all of us. We all believed that it could only get better.

Our next stop was to be the Yucatan Peninsula. We were going to take a flight out of Mexico City into Cancun, rent yet another Condo, and spend the next two weeks making a large loop, seeing the major ancient Mayan ruins. We were also hoping to see some remote scenic beaches along the Caribbean Sea, ending our stay with several nights near Cancun being tourists.

So far the trip had been exciting, depressing, inspirational, and threatening. We hoped for the best as the plane cleared the smog enshrouded Mexico City. Below us the terrain changed from mountains and scrub to flat stretches of dense jungle. The plane arched out over the ocean, an ocean of incredible aquablue hue. We soon could make out the distinguishing trademark of Cancun: The endless expanse of pure white beaches.

To be continued.



# CAVE COUNTRY



Since the fall issue of the Goose Down Gazette, many members of the U.C. Mountaineering Club (UCMC) have been on a variety of caving trips. All of the caves visited are located in Rockcastle, Jackson and Pulaski counties in Kentucky. At this point in time, it is near impossible to keep straight who went where and when; however, we are just lucky enough to remember to where all or most of where the trips went. Early last fall, the UCMC, led by Jeff Streba, visited Arthur Sigleton's Cave for the first time. This cave as we were told has many beautiful formations; however, the cave is rather short (about 1000 feet). Jerry Bargo liked the cave so much that he ran a return trip in the following weeks. Jerry and a few others also went to check out a nearby hole, which turned out to be only a nasty rat's nest. -- What fun!

Later in the fall Mark Soer led a trip to Crooked Creek Ice Cave (CCIC). The most interesting aspect of any trip going to this cave is the farm one must pass through. One gets a good taste of the poverty that exists in central Kentucky, for it seems the some of the people live as their ancestors did a 100 years ago. Anyhow, the standard route was covered: entering the lower entrance and exiting the climbable vertical upper entrance. Most of the cave was covered, including an untagged nasty crawl, except the 110 foot donepit in about seven hours.

In November, the UCMC visited Millen's Spring Cave for the first time. This trip was led by Mark Soer. The first few hundred feet of this cave involves wading through waist deep water. Heading for the older (geologically speaking) part of the cave, the party reached a large breakdown room where many leads went in various directions. All the high leads ended in dead end; however, they

contained interesting formations. The lower leads were not pushed because the group was up to their chins in water with the water getting deeper. After an hour or two, the proper lead was found-- a nasty breakdown crawl followed by a treacherous traverse around a pit followed by easy walking passage. The group followed this passage for a good distance before deciding to head out. Everyone was looking forward to getting out, but they were not looking forward to going through the waist deep water again. Luckily, they didn't have to change out of their wet clothes in frigid weather.

Later in November, two trips within two weeks were led to the same cave--Miller's Cave. Mark Soer and Bob Kessler led the first trip whereas Mark Gattadauro and Bob Kessler led the second. The standard route was taken - in the main entrance, through the Nerd Trap and Pitfall passage, over the Pinnacle of Death, through the Malfunction Junction, into the Quagmire and Oppaline Way followed by the Cobble Chasm. It was decided that this year's cave course would be held at Miller's.

On December 21, Mark and Mark led their third annual Christmas "disaster" trip. This year the trip was led to Goochland Cave with plans to get past the second breakdown pile on the right side. Everyone was planning to be in the cave at least twelve hours. Once the group got past the second breakdown pile, they were going to try to find the basecamp or Calvary Crawl. However, we found neither; we were in a section of the cave called the Subway, which led to Calvary Crawl. Anyhow, at this point some of the cavers were beginning to feel a little bit wimpy due to excessive partying the previous night. So we decided to head out but not until Ed got suckered into doing a

long nasty crawl (possibly the beginning of Calvary Crawl?). The trip lasted only about eight hours--not the required length for a "disaster" trip, but we have fun anyway.

Everyone took January off from caving, but action resumed in February. On February 6, Mark Soer and his brother, Larry, assisted in leading a church youth group trip to Sloan's Valley. Chris Boylan and Phil Wilkin were also part of this excursion, although they were part of the "youths". The route chosen was Post Office Pit to Garbage Pit, which is quite challenging for beginners due to the hairy climbs involved. Everyone had to free climb down into Post Office Pit and into the Big Room. Climbing into the Big Room involves climbing via etriers to a small ledge which is about 40 feet above the floor of the room. In any case, everyone made it out of the cave in one piece although Mark had a headache with Excedrin written all over it.

While Mark Soer was preventing crazy teenagers from running all over the cave, Mark Gattadauro was spending the weekend with three other Greater Cincinnati Grotto (GCG) cavers. They headed down to check out a new cave (not a virgin cave) which was known by the locals as Horizon Cave. It is a really exciting cave because the main stream passage was not only big (20-25 feet high and 30-40 feet wide), but it was long extending approximately a half mile.

Unfortunately all side passages died out rather quickly. There is one passage that is still unexplored. It is, of course, a classic bedding plane crawl--long, low, wet, and nasty. In other words, a sucker hole.

The following weekend, Feb. 13 & 14, several UCMC headed down to

Sloan's Valley for a photo trip. Going on a photo trip is like caving with a suitcase filled with bricks because of the extensive gear required. The party, headed by Bob Kessler, concentrated in the Post Office Pit, Hughes entrance and Big Room Extension areas of Sloan's. Although eight went in on Saturday, only four were willing to go back in on Sunday after spending the night at a nearby, cheap Motel. Many exposures were taken successfully using Bob's new "photon torpedo", which enabled us to photograph large rooms by multiple exposures.

On February 18 and 20, the annual UCRC caving course was given by Bob and Mark & Mark. Although the turnout was not as large as was anticipated, the course was still a success. After the standard Thursday night lecture, the field trip was to Miller's Cave for the first time. The route chosen was in the opposite direction than the standard route such that all the

climbs were "up" (with respect to "down"). Gaining practical experience with a cable ladder is greatly facilitated in going up rather than down. Everyone had a great time and as usual - Nobody died!

The following three trips were GCG trips on which three joint UCRC-GCG members (Mark S., Mark G., and Jeff Streba) participated. On March 6, eleven cavers headed for Rain Shelter Cave for major assault survey trip. The group divided into three survey teams where Mark & Mark and Jeff formed one team whose job was to survey an upper level of a canyon passage-called the Needles Passage. Following a canyon passage until it choked up, we built a rock cairn (a reference for a survey point) and chimneyed up 25 feet to the upper level of the canyon. The passage was easy to survey; however, Mark was a little inexperienced in placing points and only managed to survey only 250 feet in four hours. However, the

passage contained very interesting gypsum needle formations (hence the name of the passage). Even on the wall, there were thousands of microscopic needles which looked similar but not quite like snow, something rare to see in caves in this part of Kentucky. In the canyon passage there was a formation of calcite that was called cave blood. The calcite had a bright red tint within it. At a quick glance, it looked vaguely like something nasty that someone coughed up. After about five hours in the cave, everyone started to head out. Of course--nobody died, but....(Well, just barely no one died-Enough said!)

The following Sunday, March 13, the GCG'ers got a typical head start on caving- in the cave at the crack of noon. Once again, the grotto was surveying more passage in Rain Shelter. We quickly divided into two survey groups. Jeff Streba was keeping book while Mark and Mark ran



tape and compass, respectively (ha! You guess which Mark ran what!), leaving Paul Kramer (a new UCNC-GCG member) free to learn the system. First, we ran an incredible three shot loop closure to "A" survey and then picked up a short dead end canyon. Real easy--another 20 meters in the bag (or should we say in the book?). Now, time for some real fun: uncoil the rope, and were off surveying down a fifty foot pit. Nice drop but both Marks got a bath and shower combo while surveying until they headed down a 40 foot crawl to another drop of 15 feet. After Mark and Mark threw Jeff over the drop, they ascended back up the rope. All the while, Paul was waiting at the top, valiantly watching the rope, lest some hodge steal it. Mark did gain much practical experience in how not to lip a pit (enough said!). Everyone walked around to the bottom of second drop, picking John Neack up along the way, and proceeded another loop closure to "B" survey. Many thanks to Paul who prevented John from receiving the bath and shower combo at his own expense. Mark G. and John ended the trip with a magic trick--a locus paces magic loop closure that's best not talked about, even though John says Mark G. is an honest man.

During Spring break, Jeff, Mark and Mark headed to Smokey Caverns in Jackson county to do some more surveying. Most of the initial shots were quite difficult since we were heading down a very steep slope to the lower level of the cave. Most of the shots were at about 45 degree (slope) but with one at an incredible 50 degree shot (kinda steep). After following a short canyon passage, we came to a thirty foot drop-- a free abseil with a nasty lip but quite scenic. There was a nice waterfall adjacent to the drop and a nice view of the room. We picked up our survey again and shot into three small leads. Although Jeff was told that these small leads were pushed to termination, we had a hard time swallowing this fact. After surveying each of these passages for a few hundred feet, we decided to head out.

# Neack's Nightmare

Howard Kalnitz

I'll just stay here, ok John? ...  
John... ok? ... Oh John, are you there  
John... well I'll stay right here...  
John? ... ok.

I had finally found a place where I could almost sit up after about 200 ft. of the nastiest crawling I'd done in awhile and John and Mary Gratch were ahead of me (and apparently not that concerned about it).

We had planned to come down to cave in Rainsbelter on Sunday and stayed at Mitch's new place. When we woke up the next morning and surveyed the various empty bottles (the only surveying we did all weekend) and made fun of each others hangovers (of course I was not hungover), we decided it would be a drag ass day.

Although the ascent was short, it was interesting to say the least. Mark S. accidentally pendulumed into the waterfall extinguishing his lamp. Mark G. gained more practical experience on how to ascend over a lip (enough said-again!). After spending nine hours in the cave we were pleased with what we had accomplished for the day.

## QUOTES from the

### UNDERWORLD

It is easier to find someone to have sex with than it is to find someone to go caving with" - John Neack

"My (4-wheel drive) truck gets me there alright -- just far enough so I can't be towed" - Don Mauney

Describing how he physically felt after the cave course trip: "I feel like I've been stepped on" - Chuck Brogie

So we started looking around the valley where Mitch lives. By all accounts it looks like it should have some cave under it. Its between Poplar gap and Headley hollow. Mitch told us about a sinkhole on the side of the road up the hollow. We stopped to look at it on the way back from breakfast and I found a going lead at the bottom of a passage. So we geared up and headed in.

John was the first through the tight spot. Soon we heard a lonesome voice from the other side, "It's low but I'm going up to the next corner... ah.. is, ah... well isn't anyone going to follow???"

So Mary and I pulled Jeff out of the way (takes a good cork that boy does) and followed. And followed. And followed. At no point could you stand (nor could I for that matter). When I finally stopped you could sit before crawling again. A good place to stop and see what happens I thought.

With this lightweight out of the way the Macho contest started. Who could out grime and out crawl who. I think they called it a draw but look for a rematch. There were upper levels too. One had some kind of huge cistern in it that had obviously been poured in the cave but no longer is used for anything.

I jumped out of the cave and went ridgewalking because I was sure that the crawling passage went under the floor of the valley and after I left them (matter of fact around the very next corner) they would drop out of a huge borehole on the other side. I thought I'd meet them coming across the field.

So Neack's nightmare is still there, plenty of passage to survey, a lot of virgin (well, only used once), and a good project for some (sucker) one. Don't ever say we ain't nice.

# High



# Exposure

To the untrained eye, the U.C. campus looks like just another city block reaching ever skyward, but to the afflicted rock (and wall) climber these corners, stone plazas, concrete expansion joints, brick chimneys and dihedrals beckon forth the opportunity for adrenaline pumping, irresistible, vertical challenges. Curious passersby gawk, ridicule or shake their heads and ask, "Why?". Some even offer good intentioned or sarcastic advice, "There's a set of stairs around the corner!?" Others just silently wonder at what these unfortunate souls could have suffered in their childhood (which they may never have left) to pursue such pointless endeavors, "What's missing in your life!?" But they soon grow impatient and go on their way ever wondering what compels these poor obsessed creatures.

Personally, I feel it is an excellent study diversion... and right outside most library windows! Unfortunately, whereas the typical student merely pauses with indifferent curiosity, the local authorities don't appreciate this type of activity in the least, and one can get into serious trouble if one

is caught. However, considering the quality of some of the routes on campus, and the inherent ability that climbers possess to avoid figures of authority and life-threatening situations, I feel it is worth the risks.

Although, as in the past I see GDC vol. 1, issue III could compile a route list with complete history, descriptions, locations, and ratings for all climbs on U.C.'s campus, I feel that this destroys the excitement one experiences when discovering something for the first time. I also disagree with most of the ratings I've seen and they just turn the pure enjoyment of the art of climbing into adammned numbers race. But probably most of all, it's because I'm just plain lazy.

Anyway, if you are interested in participating in this satisfying, clandestine activity, I urge you to seek out your local rock jocks who I'm sure will be happy to guide you on a campus climbing tour complete with demonstrations. If you would simply like to begin climbing in a relatively safe, or at least legal manner, I suggest you sign up for the UCMC spring climbing course. Speaking of which...

## CLIMBING COURSE

If you've often enjoyed the thrill of scrambling across boulders while out hiking, but felt like you wanted a more intense climbing challenge, or maybe you've been inspired by the antics of imbeciles like David Lee Roth, whatever the reason, the Mountaineering course is a great place to learn the fundamentals of technical rock climbing.

The course will cover important knots, how to set up belay anchors, how to belay, belay signals, how to rappel safely, and many of the basic climbing techniques. You will also learn what in the hell "belay" means. Climbing etiquette and common sense will also be stressed.

The course will involve an evening at Eden Park to learn the rope work and get started, and a full day at Clifton Gorge in Yellow Springs, Ohio, to put it to the test. This course is designed for people with no prior experience, but is quite useful for those who need to sharpen their climbing skills.

April 28 -- Eden Park  
(from @ 6:30 till dark)  
April 30 -- Clifton Gorge  
(all day, bring lunch and  
Ha Ha pizza cash)

\$20 course fee -- covers  
transportation, instruction  
and equipment usage

For more information contact:

Steve 861-8130  
Nick 522-2718



# Lounge Lizards



**Description:** An ever dwindling breed of the UCMC. Known to procrastinate heavily and have a high state of inertia. Their nearby niche is 217 TUC, a limitless energy sink that drains all life forms that enter. They always want to migrate from concrete Clifton to an environment of lush forest and skyward reaching rock walls; due to this high inertia they can barely function in negative energy fields such as the University of Cincinnati, but unleashed into the wide open outdoors and they transform into an infinite source of mobility. To help save this breed go to 217 TUC, hangout, skip class, eat lunch and shoot the ball with the lounge lizards. After about 2 or 3 times at this you too will be mystically transformed into one of them. This is the only way to help the dying breed because there is no reproduction, asexual or sexual, associated with lounge lizards.

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## CAMPUS CYCLERY

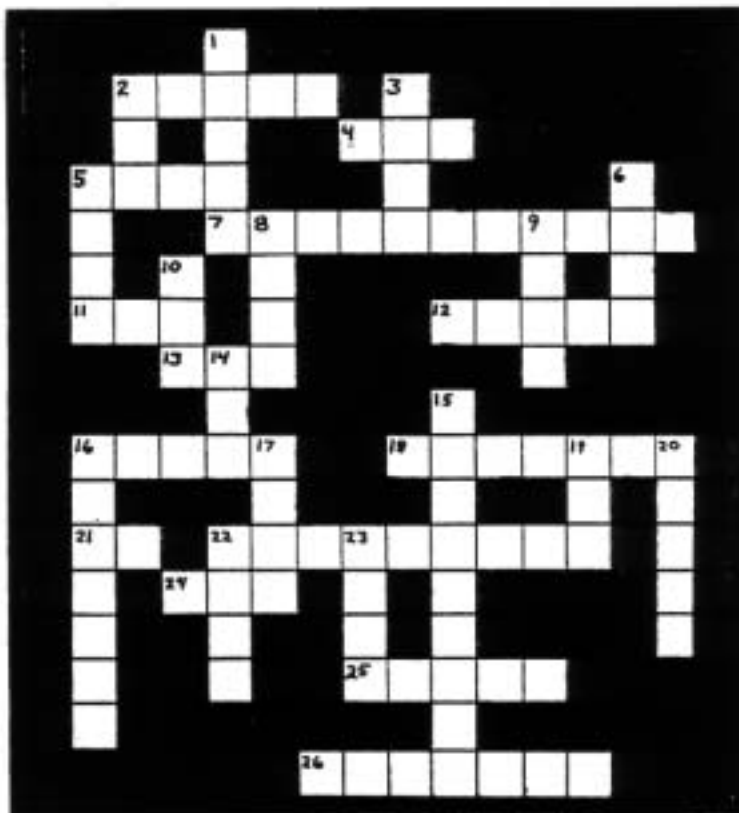
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# First Official UCMC Crossword

Mark Holtegel



### Across

- 2) cooking apparatus
- 4) firewood cutting tool
- 5) temporary shelter
- 7) zippered bed
- 11) estimated time of arrival (abbrev.)
- 12) coolness in danger
- 13) to plan
- 16) larger than a creet
- 18) instrument showing direction
- 21) aid in walking (abbrev.)
- 22) 6 down explorer
- 24) pub beverage
- 25) cutting instrument
- 26) begin a watertrip

### Down

- 1) foot covering
- 2) through the eye
- 3) temporary living area
- 5) woody perennial plant
- 6) hollow earthly place
- 8) device producing light
- 9) good old raisins and peanuts
- 10) pancake topping
- 14) tool to split wood
- 15) larger than a hill
- 16) Hack Finn did it
- 17) climber's depend on it
- 19) approx. time of return (abbrev.)
- 20) frozen H2O vapor
- 22) vehicle used on 20 down
- 23) seemingly chance happening

Our Story opens on a derelict VAN, making its lonely way across Western Kansas at daybreak.....



Inside, the Van is crammed full of people Sacked-out atop a shifting mound of outdoor Equipment. Restlessly, they dream of starring in Great Adventures. Yes, once again..... the U.C. Mountaineering Club is

# WESTWARD BOUND!



This last winter in the "Sin-City" was pretty rough on our friends. It violates a basic law of Nature when you keep an addicted Rockclimber celibate from his "Art".....



NOT A MOMENT TOO SOON! STEVE'S HAVING ANOTHER ONE OF HIS WITHDRAWAL FITS!



Almost before they know it, our merry Band is pulling into historical JACKSON, WY. (An authentic replica of a Frontier Boom-Town, and a Bonanza of Fun for the Whole Family!)



HEY, THIS PLACE CALLED "POSTCARD LAKE" LOOKS REALLY BEAUTIFUL! LETS HIKE OUT TO IT!!!

NO PROBLEM! POSTCARD LAKE IS ONLY A FEW MILES FROM FANGORA, ANYWAY!

HEY, WHAT D'YA THINK OF THESE STYLISH GLACIER GOGGLES?

Soon, they leave behind the shackles of city life and immerse themselves in the profound peace of the Wilderness.....



COME ON, YOU GUYS! WE CANT WASTE OUR TIME WITH THAT! WE'VE GOTTA HIKE 15 MILES BEFORE NIGHTFALL TO STAY ON MY SCHEDULE!

HEY, WHAT TIME WOULD IT BE BACK IN Cincinnati right now ???

OH, SHUT UP!



THERE SHE IS! **FANGORA!!!** TONIGHT WE CAMP HERE AT "LUCIFER'S BOWLINGALLEY" ON THE SOUTH SLOPE!



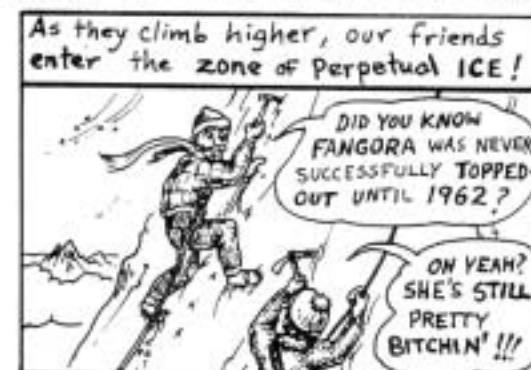
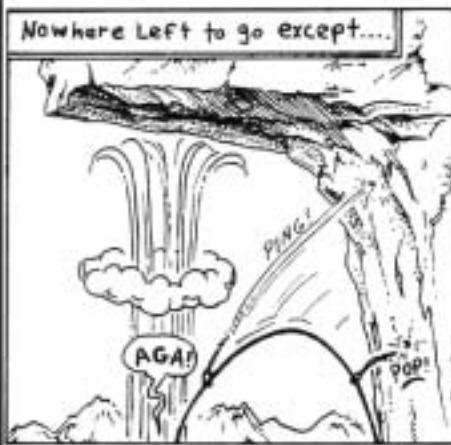
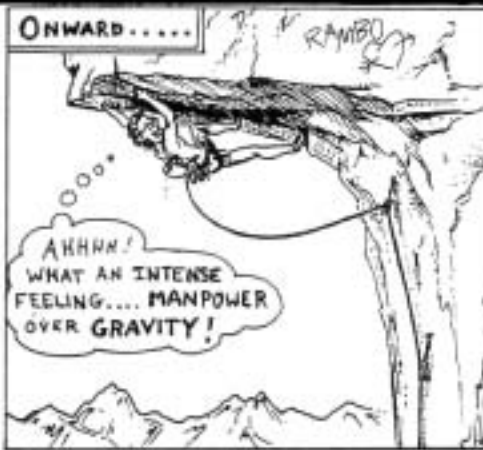
BETTER STEAMROLL YOU GUYS!

BY MIDNIGHT, They Finally reach the SCREE FIELD known as "LUCIFER'S BOWLING ALLEY", where they pitch BASE CAMP #1



I'M SO TIRED I COULD DIE HERE!





# Mountain Men : Death

Larry Joe Bortner

Jack Elliot sighed in the darkness. For once in his life he was happy and content. There was nothing he had to do, no place he had to go. Oh, there was a bit of pressure being a god of sorts, and son-in-law of Chief Cat Eyes. But what was that compared to getting up every morning and driving to work or pulling an all-nighter studying for some stupid test that you really didn't care about and you only retained the information for a week, was? Maybe Jack just wasn't cut out for the modern day world. Would he fit in any better if he was plucked out of time and placed in different year, oh, say, 1823?

Jack thought back over the events of the past few weeks. Although there had been definite low spots like being attacked by a band of murderous Blackfeet or being hogtied because the Shoshone had found the chief's daughter half-naked in his tent (before they were betrothed), he felt more a part of this world than the mechanized, polluted, mad, mad, mad world he had left. Here was a pristine world, as yet unspoiled by man's insensitive rush towards more and better. He wasn't sure of the effect of his presence in this time on the future. Maybe he could do something to preserve the wilderness and the Indian way of being at one with Nature. But then if he went too far, the future he was born in, and hence himself, would cease to exist. He started to get a headache.

He nuzzled the back of Star Flower's neck, was comforted and thrilled at the smell of her, and hugged her tightly. She stirred and nuzzled something he didn't quite catch. They still didn't speak the same tongue yet they managed to communicate on other levels. He interpreted the sound to be something along the lines of, "Again?" She

turned to face him and he traced a smile on her lips with his fingers. "Beauty," he said to her, "You are Beauty and Hope Fulfilled." Keeping his fingers on her skin, he slid down her cheeks to her jaw, to her chin. She laughed softly, said something, and placed a hand on his scraggly beard. They shared a small, tentative kiss. He continued down her neck with his fingernails, and--

[The story to date: Jack Elliot was doing some solitary soul-searching in the Wind River Range and got too near a freak bolt of lightning that transported him back in time to 1823. He was attacked by the Devil but fought him off, only to find the supposed demon was a trapper named H Ezekiah Marker. At this point, the two were attacked by a band of murderous Blackfeet [Does this sound familiar yet?], who drove them to edge of a huge cliff. Much to H Ezekiah's dismay, Jack insisted they downclimb it, which they did. Only H Ezekiah, not having taken the UCNC rock-climbing class, fell on top of Jack. And they both fell all the way to the bottom. Of a small crack system at the top. Jack gained consciousness with his feet dangling over the edge, 2000 feet above the next stop. Another

band of Indians, the Shoshone, with whom H Ezekiah had friendly acquaintance, helped Jack rescue the trapper from the bottom of the crack. This happy group made it back to the Shoshone village where the chief declared a feast in Jack's honor. Awaiting the big shadiq in the VIP teepee, Jack met the chief's daughter for the first time. Totally enamored of this seeming god, the nubile lass wanted to offer herself as a sacrifice. She just forgot to clear it with Pops the Chief. This is the part where Jack got hog-tied. H Ezekiah was reluctant to give aid, not wanting to part with

his scalp. But Jack was able to go through the necessary contortions to free his handy dandy Swiss Army knife and cut through his bonds. Just in time to save the Chief with the Heimlich maneuver and artificial respiration. At this point Chief Cat Eyes decided that Jack, who was obviously a god, and Star Flower should be a pair. Jack was somewhat reluctant, but....)

-- her toes. She screamed and grabbed --

(Shoot. I'm embarrassed. I forgot to mention Red Eagle, the Chief's son. Jack, using karate, had to fight off Red Eagle to earn his respect. Good fight, too. You should have seen it. It was better than anything Kwai Chang Cane ever did [no slow motion].)

--and she finally slumped on his chest.

Jack kissed her on the forehead and pulled the buffalo robe back over their sweaty bodies. Yep, it might take a while, but he was beginning to think he could do all right in this world.

\*\*\*\*\*

"You sure you don't want to ride for a while?" H Ezekiah asked from the Indian pony.

Jack stood up from his resting rock, adjusted his pack, and said, "Naw, I'm fine. Go on ahead. I'll get by." His feet hurt like hell but his saddle sores from two days ago were still a huge pain in the -- well, you figure it out.

H Ezekiah shrugged. "Suit yourself."

"Spider!" Star Flower ran up to Jack and hugged him, sending him back to the rock he had been sitting on. Her eyes sparkling, she ran back to a group of young squaws.

"My name is Jack!" he yelled to no one in particular.

The trapper shook his head. "Some god," he muttered. He clicked at the horse and they left Jack in the dust.

He stood up and continued his trek with the Shoshone. Two weeks ago, just after the wedding feast, Running Wolf the medicine man had informed Chief Cat Eyes that it was time to move to their winter home. Down came the teepees, the horses were outfitted with travois, everything was packed away, and the whole tribe hit the trail. And they'd been hitting the trail every day since then, even through the cold rains of early September. Jack wanted to do his fair

share, so he carried a heavy pack to save the horses. The more he thought about it, the stupider it became. Would another eighty or a hundred pounds-- or even forty, he didn't have to dump the full load-- make that much difference to a horse? And why did it take him two weeks to think about it? He glanced at Star Flower not far away. It could be the pack just hadn't felt that heavy till now.

Who'da thunk it? He had never really considered himself the domestic type, although he had been willing to make a semi-definite go of it with Donna before she broke it off. But that was in the past. Or the future. Whatever, it wasn't now. Star Flower was the epitome of the perfect woman for Jack-- beautiful, young, intelligent, eager to learn. An empty vessel waiting to be filled. She was picking up English quickly, more quickly than Jack was learning Shoshone. Jack shook his head and chuckled. Would she still seem so

perfect when she started having original thoughts and disagreeing with him, realizing that he was not a god? He recalled a nightmare he had when he was hogtied.

He looked ahead to see where they were headed. And stopped dead in his tracks. He'd been here before. That was the Grand Teton directly in front of him. Of course! The tribe was headed north and west down the Hoback River Canyon, then would follow the Snake River up through Jackson Hole and on north to Yellowstone.

Two years ago, he had attempted to climb the Grand with three other UCMC members. They had been snowed in at the Lower Saddle for two days and had to come down after they ran out of food, without getting a chance to push for the summit. In his book, he had a score to settle with the Grand. The question was, should an old married man like himself even consider such a foolish thing?

---

## Wilderness Trace

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"Yo, Red Eagle, you still there?" Jack, on belay, yelled down the rope.

"I am here, Spider-Man," came a weak response. "I am simply not a god."

"Iv, come on! You're in better shape than I am! Remember what I told you about this being a Zen sport. It's all in your mind. Don't talk yourself out of it!"

The two were only an hour or so above the Lover Saddle, higher than Jack had ever been on this mountain. He was relying on his own route-finding ability and two-year-old memories of a rather cryptic description of the Owens-Spalding route up the Grand. He hoped his route-finding technique was up to the task.

Chief Cat Eyes would deny a god no wish and was hoored that his son would ascend to the sky. H Ezekiah had wanted to come along, something about keeping Jack out of trouble, but had backed off when informed of the climbing and the exposure involved. Star Flower had also wanted to come along, not wanting to be too far from Jack, and had thrown a royal tantrum when he sized the idea. He had to console her constantly for the better part of a day before she accepted their temporary parting. Red Eagle, although distant, accepted Jack's offer to accompany him as the fearless brave that he was.

He cleared the Eye of the Needle, wheezing, and almost collapsed beside Jack. "I believe. The proper response. Is, 'Bullshit!'"

What were those red splotches on his face?

Uh-oh.

"Red Eagle?" Jack asked. "You okay? You don't look so good."

"Spider. Man. I do not. Peel. So good."

Jack felt his forehead. Hot! Too hot.

"Well, I've gotten as high on this mountain as I want to go. How about you?"

Shit. Won't make it again. But that really didn't matter. What happened to his friend Red Eagle mattered a great deal. Could it be that the true goal is the actual attempt rather than being on top of the mountain? Nav....

"We. Passed that. Spot. A long. Time. Ago."

"Well, good. Then there's no reason for us to stick around here any longer, is there? Any time you're ready, just head on back. I'll keep a hold of this end of the rope so you won't fall all the way to the bottom."

"Thank you. All the other. Gods. I've met. Didn't have. This much. Compassion." He turned back to the Needle with a slight smile on his face, hidden from his belayer.

"What other gods? Hey, wait a minute! Come back here! You want me to drop this rope?"

It took them well over two hours to return to the Lover Saddle. Red Eagle seemed to have lost all his energy. He had had no trouble following Jack up Garnet Canyon when they set out early that morning. But he slowed considerably after they took a break at the Lower Saddle. Now, at the same break point in the heat and light of the early afternoon sun, he seemed weak and old.

Jack recognized the symptoms of smallpox. He didn't have the slightest idea as how to treat it. Rest in bed and drink plenty of fluids? The first aid courses he had taken simply didn't deal with the subject. He was fairly sure it was contagious. He'd had chicken pox in the third grade and had been

vaccinated for smallpox, but he didn't know if he could be a carrier and infect the Shoshone. To be on the safe side, the two would have to stay away from the tribe once they got down off the mountain.

Red Eagle was unusually silent as they snatched on dried meat and sipped water. He stared down Garnet Canyon into Jackson Hole and the dark blue lakes near the base of the mountain. Finally he smiled and said softly, "It is beautiful up here in the sky. Would I become a god if I stayed here?"

"Yeah, isn't it great? That's why I love the mountains," said Jack. "And shoot, if you can follow me up here, you're just as much a god as I am, right?"

"Thank you." His smile broadened into a grin and he stood up and strode to the head wall, full of energy.

"Hey, wait for me!" Jack hurriedly picked up his water bottle and the packets of food, stuffing them in his fanny sack. He was unable to catch up with his climbing partner before Red Eagle made it to the edge of the Saddle, thirty feet or so above the moraine of the Middle Teton Glacier.

"Tell my father that I touched the sun and decided to stay in the sky," said the Indian, facing uphill. He turned to the valley.

"You want a belay?" Jack yelled quickly.

"A warrior must know how to die, Jack," Red Eagle said over his shoulder. He smiled weakly. "I know what smallpox is."

With that he dove off the wall headfirst.

"Red Eagle! No!" Jack made it to the edge in time to see him hit the bottom with a sickening crunch.

The body jerked two times, three times, and was still.

"Aw, shit, no! No! No! NO!"

Jack downclimbed as fast as he could, scraping skin and breaking fingernails and dropping/falling farther than he ordinarily would. He reached the prone body and felt for a pulse. Nothing. Red Eagle's head was twisted at an odd angle. Broken neck or broken spinal column. He briefly considered CPR, but knew it was absolutely futile. If he was in his world, he might be able to get a helicopter to fly a living victim to a facility that could handle quadriplegics. But not here.

He tilted his head back and roared long and loud to express his grief and his agony. Such a perfect world. And it was he who had shattered it. For now he had no doubt that he was the carrier of the disease.

Fears streaming down his face, he rearranged the body and started piling rocks on top of it.

When he caught up with the band of Shoshone, he kept downwind of them and allowed no one to get closer than fifty feet. If he had been able to examine Hezekiah more closely, he might have detected faint red splotches on his skin, but in his grief, he was not particularly rational. He forbade Star Flower to approach him; he did not want her to die. She wailed and moaned and raised an all-around ruckus, but he was considered a god and they kept her away from him. He explained to Chief Cat Eyes that Red Eagle had decided to stay in the sky and left it at that. He gave Running Wolf some mumbo-jumbo about evil spirits that he was barely able to hold back, so get the tribe out of this place. They left him some provisions and continued northward. As he picked up the food and equipment, he glanced in the direction of the receding caravan. On a faraway

bluff, wind whipping her hair, Star Flower stared back at him.

Jack wandered aimlessly southward. He really didn't know what to do. Head back east? Find a place to winter? He didn't particularly care. He had found heaven, destroyed it, and now everywhere he could go was hell.

Three days after Red Eagle's death, staring at a meager campfire, he heard a twig snap and saw a figure at the edge of the pool of light.

"Star Flower!"

She approached him slowly.

"No! Stay away! If you are near me, you will die!"

She stopped closer to the fire. "If I--" she began haltingly. "If I not near you, I die."

She rushed to him and hugged him, sobbing.

"Aw, Star Flower," he said through watery eyes. "I don't want you to die." He embraced her tightly. They kissed furiously, tears mingling on their cheeks.

She finally smiled. "My Spider. I no want you leave. But Running Wolf say there way you go home."

"Me? Home?" He laughed. "What kind of medicine man line is that boy feeding you?"

He came to with a hell of a headache. The sun was shining brightly, so he kept his eyes shut. A helicopter passed high overhead. The body he was holding onto stirred slightly. Hum. Woman. Smells good. Tendrils of memories of last night took hold in his brain. Blazing fire. Strange chants. Dancing Woman. Star Flower. Helicopter.

"Star Flower!" he yelped, sitting up and opening his eyes. There she was, ~~snubling~~ snubling and sitting up beside him and rubbing her eyes. They were in a pine forest just like last night. But he could have sworn he just heard a helicopter!

He jumped up and just started running. What was that over there? A trail! An asphalt trail! He had to touch it to make sure. He ran to the closest part, stood on it, jumped up and down on it, and finally got down on his knees and kissed it.

"Ev, Mommy, look at the strange man," a small voice came from behind him.

He jumped up and turned around. Before him was a bleached-blond, wide-hipped mother in polyester stretch pants and sunglasses with a boy and a girl. He laughed gleefully and whooped, "Yeeee-haaaaaw! Lady, you are the second prettiest woman I've ever seen!"

The woman squeaked, gathered her children, and scurried down the path.

He ran back to Star Flower and stood before her, hands on hips. "You didn't tell me you were coming along."

She shrugged and smiled innocently. "You no ask."

So ends the saga of Mountain Men. Jack and Star hitchhiked to Pinedale and caught a ride into Big Sandy Campground with the proprietors of the Lodge. Jack's car was still there and still worked and they made it back to Cincinnati with just three weeks elapsed our time. Plenty of time to find a job and get ready for school. But Jack is worried about the world he left in 1823 and he now realizes that it was Hezekiah who was the carrier of smallpox. Since his intrusion into that time didn't seem to change his home time, maybe that was an entirely different universe. Or maybe since he was a part of the

past, anything he did would not change the future if that past was the past of this present. Get it? I'd be worried, too.

Jack misses that time and place, being the Mountain Man that he is. He wants to save his adopted tribe from the ravages of smallpox and other diseases. He's thinking of mounting a discrete expedition back to them with just enough qualified personnel and serum and vaccine and equipment and books to get by. Star seems to walk around with a perpetual scrunched-up nose as if she can't stand the smell of the place or some of the practices of today's civilization. Since she knows the right dance (after seeing Rocky Horror, she has dubbed it the Time Warp), she's willing to go back, as long as she can have a Walkman and her Frank Sinatra tapes.

If a man with a wild look in his eye or a beautiful Indian woman asks you to go on an extended trip, would you go?

THE END (Or is it!?)

### Answer to Crossword

Across	Down
2) stove	1) boots
4) saw	2) see
5) tent	3) camp
7) sleeping bag	5) tree
11) STA	6) cave
12) nerve	8) lamp
13) map	9) gorp
16) river	10) jam
18) compass	14) axe
21) ft	15) mountain
22) spelunker	16) rafting
24) ale	17) rope
25) knife	19) ATR
26) setsail	20) snow
	22) sled
	23) luck

(Letter cont'd)

gear, enabling them to go on trips. If you own all of your own gear, you do not have to pay dues to go on a trip or attend any of our meetings and/or functions. The club has quite a bit of gear that is necessary for just about all of our activities such as backpacking, caving, canoeing, rafting, climbing, I-C skiing, etc. In addition to this extensive list of gear, our illustrious equipment manager is continually improving, updating, revising and adding to this list of gear; as well as keeping a very close eye on the condition and whereabouts of all the gear, such that the club will be able to serve its members better. Currently, the club has purchased a brand new whitewater raft and six new external frame backpacks. So for a simple fee, you can have all of this gear at your disposal such that you can go on all those trips you only dreamed of before.

If you are interested in becoming a dues-paying member, all you have to do is attend one of the meetings. All meetings are held every Wednesday at 7pm. (7:30pm. during the summer) in 510 Swift hall. No meetings are held during finals week or during quarter breaks. Anyone is allowed to attend any of our meetings- not just members. As stated before, the dues are only \$1 a quarter or \$15 for fall, winter and spring quarters (offered only during the fall). So, if you enjoy spending your free time in the outdoors with

great people doing exciting things - the U. C. Mountaineering club is for you.

As I conclude this letter, I would like to say a few more words. As everyone is looking forward to the spring and summer fun, I am taking a little more nostalgic view of life due to the unclimactic end of my senior year. Yes, that's right, I'll be graduating. All I can say is that my collegic life would not have been as exciting if I had not joined the Mountaineering club. Had I not joined, I know for a fact that I would not have done the number of various things or gone to so many vastly different places. Nor would I have met such of an interesting, multi-talented yet quite diverse collection of people that constitutes the club. The club has not, however, dominated my academic pursuits but has complemented them: my GPA had increased since I had joined some odd number of years ago. As graduation is the end of some things, it is the beginning of more things (too many things, I think), but I will still remain active in the club (although I am graduating, I will not be leaving U.C.). As my term of Presidency begins to come to a close, I would like to thank my fellow officers, Wick, Steve and Mark, for their support and loyalty throughout the year. (Yes, these are the same three clowns who at one point or another caused me to pull out my hair.)

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# Conservation Can't Wait

Jan True

Conservation can't wait...thanks to Allan, many of us display that slogan on a button or bumper sticker for the general population to observe. Certainly we are all very supportive of such a statement and very willing to talk of such supporting beliefs among our friends. But how many of us have fallen into the age-old classification of "all talk and no action?" If you're willing to display such a statement, shouldn't you also be willing to actively support it? It's almost like false-advertising to give vigorous verbal support to such an issue, but be unwilling to make any of the efforts or compromises necessary for the idea you portray to others. Practice what you preach, as the saying goes.

In this instance, practicing what we preach isn't really all that difficult. The ladder of conservational progress is a nightmarish, impossible-to-conquer structure when considered as one massive chunk of environmental need. It is such too easy to convince yourself that YOU can't make a difference, and you certainly can't change the world, so why waste time and effort? That is probably the saddest misconception of society. But the ladder of conservation is like any other ladder, and it can only be conquered one small step at a time. If each of us takes on one small step, the end result is victory.

What steps make up the ladder? What can each of us do on an individual scale to make a very broad difference? The possibilities are limitless, and the best actions do depend on personal views and characteristics. One of the easiest steps towards conservation comes in the form of recycling. It's something we can ALL do, and even better in this fast-paced society, it requires little

time. It takes a minimal amount of effort to separate recyclable materials (paper, glass, aluminum cans) from non-recyclables. From there it's simply a matter of unloading your recyclable goodies at your nearest recycling center. It gets even simpler for you fortunate UCMC members! If you don't have a recycling center near your home-town (that would be pretty unusual), you can bring the goodies into a Wednesday-night meeting. If even that is too unsuiting for your schedule, you can make arrangements for me to transport such items from your home to the recycling center. Minimizing your use of styrofoam products is also a major help to the environment. Styrofoam presents great difficulties in disposal, because in addition to being non-biodegradable, it can release ozone-destroying chemicals upon incineration. By boycotting items packaged in styrofoam, you do nothing but an immense favor. (OH NO! No more Big-Macs!!!) Another step towards conservation requires only your political education. If you are aware of the political views of your local representatives, you can endorse those who most strongly support your own beliefs. For instance, by knowing that Metzbaum

is vigorously supporting approval of an environmentally beneficial Clean-Air act amendment while Glenn isn't, you can direct your voting power accordingly. The final example I will give, but by no means the last possibility, involves the proper disposal and minimum use of "hazardous" household chemicals (the term hazardous is used because of the effect these substances can possibly have on the environment), such as insecticides, drain-openers, oven cleaners, wood and metal cleaners and polishes, paint thinners, etc. These types of substances pose a problem only when disposed of improperly (such as simply throwing them in your trash can.) The EPA publishes brochures describing how these and similar items should be disposed, and I would be glad to give anyone interested a copy. For more information, you can call 1-800-247-1955, or talk to me about it.

All of the suggestions here take a minimal input from each of us. As an individual, you may feel like these actions wouldn't benefit our current situation, and as an individual you are correct. But each of your actions add up to attain a very desirable achievement for conservation.

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# Our God is the Same God

The Great Chief sends word that he wishes to buy our land.

The Great Chief also sends us words of friendship and good will. This is kind of him, since we know he has little need of our friendship in return. But we will consider your offer. For we know that if we do not sell, the white man may come with guns and take our land.

How can you buy or sell the sky, the warmth of the land? The idea is strange to us.

If we do not own the freshness of the air and the sparkle of the water, how can you buy them?

Every part of this earth is sacred to my people. Every shining pine needle, every sandy shore, every mist in the dark woods, every clearing and humming insect is holy in the memory experience of my people. The sap which courses through the trees carries the memories of the red man.

The white man's dead forget the country of their birth when they go to walk among the stars. Our dead never forget this beautiful earth for it is the mother of the red man. We are part of the earth and it is part of us. The perfumed flowers are our sisters; the deer, the horse, the great eagle, these are our brothers. The rocky crests, the juices in the meadows, the body heat of the pony, and man—all belong to the same family.

So, when the Great Chief in Washington sends word that he wishes to buy our land, he asks much of us.

The Great Chief sends word he will reserve us a place so that we can live comfortably to ourselves. He will be our father and we will be his children.

So we will consider your offer to buy our land. But it will not be easy. For this land is sacred to us.

This shining water that moves in the streams and rivers is not just water but the blood of our ancestors. If we will sell you our land, you must remember that it is sacred, and you must teach your children that it is sacred, and that each ghostly reflection in the clear water in the lakes tells of events and memories in the life of my people. The water's murmur is the voice of my father's father.

The rivers are our brother, they quench our thirst. The rivers carry our canoes, and carry our children. If we sell you our land, you must remember, and teach your children, that the rivers are our brothers and yours, and you must henceforth give the rivers the kindness you would give any brother.

The red man has always retreated before the advancing white man, as the mist of the mountains runs before the morning sun. But the ashes of our father are sacred. Their graves are holy ground, and so these hills, these trees, this portion of the earth is consecrated to us. We know that the white man does not understand our ways. One portion of the land is same to him as the next; for he is a stranger who comes in the night and takes from the land whatever he needs.

The earth is not his brother, but his enemy; and when he has conquered it, he moves on. He leaves his father's grave behind, and he does not care. He kidnaps the earth from his children. He does not care. His father's grave and his children's birthright are forgotten. He treats his mother the earth, and his brother the sky, as things to be bought, plundered, sold like sheep or bright

beads. His appetite will devour the earth and leave behind only a desert.

I do not know. Our ways are different from your ways. The sight of your cities pains the eye of the red man. But perhaps it is because the red man is a savage and does not understand.

There is no quiet place in the white man's cities. No place to hear the unfurling of leaves in spring or the rustle of the insects wings. But perhaps it is because I am a savage and do not understand. The clatter only seems to insult the ears. And what is there to life if a man cannot hear the lonely cry of the whippoorwill or the arguments of the frogs around a pond at night? I am a red man and do not understand. The Indian prefers the soft sound of the wind darting over the face of the pond, and the smell of the wind itself, cleansed by a midday rain, or scented with the piñon pine.

The air is precious to the red man, for all things share the same breath -- the beast, the tree, the man, they all share the same breath. The white man does not seem to notice the air he breathes. Like a man dying for many days, he is numb to the stench. But if we sell you our land, you must remember that the air is precious to us, that the air shares its spirit with all the life it supports. The wind that gave our grandfather his first breath also received his last sigh. And the wind must also give our children the spirit of life. And if we sell you our land, you must keep it apart and sacred, as a place where even the white man can go to taste the wind that is sweetened by the meadow's flowers.

So we will consider your offer to buy our land. If we decide to accept, I will make one condition: the white

man must treat the beasts of this land as his brothers.

I am a savage and I do not understand any other way. I have seen a thousand rotting buffalos on the prairie, left by the white man who shot them from a passing train. I am a savage and do not understand how the smoking iron horse can be more important than the buffalo we kill only to stay alive.

That is man without the beasts? If all the beasts were gone, man would die from a great loneliness of spirit. For whatever happens to the beasts, soon happens to man. All things are connected.

You must teach your children that the ground beneath their feet is the ashes of our grandfathers. So that they will respect the land, tell your children that the earth is rich with the lives of our kin. Teach your children what we have taught our children, that the earth is our mother. Whatever befalls the earth, befalls the sons of the earth. If men spit upon the ground, they spit upon themselves.

This we know. The earth does not belong to man; man belongs to the earth. This we know. All things are connected like the blood that unites one family. All things are connected.

Whatever befalls the earth, befalls the sons of the earth. Man did not weave the web of life; he is merely a strand in it. Whatever he does to the web, he does to himself.

But we will consider your offer to go to the reservation you have for my people. We will live apart, and in peace. It matters little where we spend the rest of our days. Our children have seen their fathers humbled in defeat. Our warriors have felt shame, and after defeat they turn their days in idleness and contaminate their bodies with sweet foods and strong drink. It matters little where we pass the rest of our days. They are not many. A few more

hours, a few more winters, and none of the children of the great tribes that once lived on this earth or that roam now in small bands in the woods will be left to mourn the graves of a people once as powerful and hopeful as yours. But why should I mourn the passing of my people? Tribes are made of men, nothing more. Men come and go, like the waves of the sea.

Even the white man, whose God walks and talks with him as friend to friend, cannot be exempt from the common destiny. We may be brothers after all; we shall see. One thing we know, which the white man may one day discover - our God is the same God. You may think now that you own Him as you wish to own our land; but you cannot. He is the God of man, and His compassion is equal for the red man and the white. This earth is precious to Him, and to harm the earth is to heap contempt upon its Creator. The whites too shall pass; perhaps sooner than all other tribes. Continue to contaminate your bed, and you will one night suffocate in your own wastes.

But in your perishing you will shine brightly, fired by the strength of the God who brought you to this land and for some special purpose gave you dominion over this land; and over the red man. That destiny is a mystery to us, for we do not understand when the buffalos are all slaughtered, the wild horses are tamed, the secret corners of the forest heavy with the scent of many men, and the view of the ripe hills blotted by talking wires. Where is the thicket? Gone. Where is the eagle? Gone. And what is it to say goodbye to the swift pony and the hunt? The end of living and the beginning of survival.

So we will consider your offer to buy our land. If we agree, it will be to secure the reservation you have promised. There, perhaps, we may live out our brief days as we wish. When the last red man has vanished from this earth, and his memory is only the shadow of a cloud moving across

the prairie, these shores and forests will still hold the spirits of my people. For they love this earth as the newborn loves its mother's heartbeat. So if we sell you our land, love it as we have loved it. Care for it as we have cared for it. Hold in your mind the memory of the as it is when you take it. And with all your strength, with all your mind, with all your heart, preserve it for your children, and love it... as God loves us all.

One thing we know. Our God is the same God. This earth is precious to Him. Even the white man cannot be exempt from the common destiny. We may be brothers after all. We shall see.

Chief Seattle

Chief  
of the  
Squamish tribe

This speech was delivered in 1854 to mark the transferral of ancestral Indian lands to the United States Government.

# University of Cincinnati Mountaineering Club Equipment Sign-out

Gear	Qty.	#Req.	#'s Issued	#'s Ret.	OK
<b>Backpacking / Camping</b>					
Accessory Straps (sleeping bag straps)	22				
Backpack Rain Cover	5				
Compass, <i>Silva</i>	11				
Ground cloth	2				
Sleeping bag liner, blue flannel	2				
Pack Extension Bars (for external frame)	2				
Spade, Green plastic	2				
Tarp, dark blue	1				
Whistles, metal or plastic	9				
Cook kits with Whisperlite stoves	5				
Mess kit	1				
Fuel Bottles	10				
Svea Stove	3				
Optimus Stove	1				
Coleman <i>Peak 1</i> stove (with windscreen)	1				
Coleman 2 burner stove	1				
Pancake griddle, 13" x 19" aluminum	1				
Backpack, internal frame	3				
Backpack, external frame	9				
Day and a half pack, green	1				
Day pack	3				
Sleeping bag	10				
Ensolite and foam sleeping pad (EP)	11				
<b>Tent</b>					
<i>Diamond Brand</i> "Free Spirit" 2-person	1				
<i>Sierra Designs</i> "Mantis" 2-person	1				
<i>Sierra Designs</i> "Flashlight" 2-person	1				
<i>Sierra Designs</i> "Meteor Light" 2-person	1				
<i>Kelly</i> "Conness" 3-person	1				
<i>North Face</i> "VE23" 3-person	1				
<b>Caving</b>					
Caving Helmet with electric light	16				
Battery Pack, canvas	16				
Caving Pack, canvas	16				
Cable Ladder, 10 meter Aluminum	1				
caving rope, <i>PMI</i> , 40 meter static line	1				
Rope sack	1				
<b>Mountaineering / Snow</b>					
Cross-country Skis, pair, 200 cm	5				
Cross-country Ski poles, pair, 140 & 145cm	5				
Cross-country Ski shoes, pair	11				
Gaiters, pair, medium	2				
Ice Axe, <i>Laprado Aneto</i> , 60 & 75 cm	2				
Snowshoes, pair	2				
Ski rack, cartop, for 4 pair	1				
<b>Miscellaneous</b>					
Electric Engraver	1				
<i>Kodak</i> carousel slide tray	3				
Sledgehammer and wedge	1				
35 mm Camera and Accessories	1				

Gear	Qty.	#Req.	#'s Issued	#'s Ret.	OK?
<b>Climbing</b>					
Ascenders					
<i>Gibbs</i> _____	2				
<i>CMJ 5004</i> _____	2				
Belay/Rappel Device					
8-ring _____	5				
stick plate with spring _____	2				
rappel rack _____	1				
Canvas duffel bag _____	1				
Carabiner, non-locking, D _____	50				
Carabiner, locking, D _____	15				
Carabiner, non-locking, Oval _____	8				
Dynamic Topropes					
<i>Edelweiss</i> , red/green, kernmantle, 45m _____	1				
<i>Mammut</i> , Rainbow, kernmantle, 50m _____	1				
<i>Maxim</i> , Blue/Red, kernmantle, 50m _____	1				
Skyline Rope, white/blue, laid 3/8", 40m _____	1				
Static Ropes					
<i>Bluewater</i> Super 3, white/blue, 22m _____	2				
<i>Bluewater</i> Super 3, white/blue, 90m _____	1				
Seat Harness, climbing _____	16				
Prussic slings, 8mm, perlon _____	5				
Webbing, tubular, 1" x 2m (6 feet), white _____	45				
Webbing, tubular, 1" x 3m (10 feet), yellow _____	8				
Webbing, tubular, 1" x 5m (16 feet), blue _____	8				
Webbing, tubular, 1" x 6m (20 feet), red _____	8				
<b>Lead Gear</b>					
Campbell Saddlewedges _____	6				
Equipment Slings _____	2				
Forrest Titon Nut _____	11				
Helmet, climbing _____	8				
Hexagonal Nut, strung _____	15				
Hexagonal Nut, Wired _____	11				
Nut Key _____	1				
Rope, <i>Mammut</i> , Aro-flex, yellow, kernmantle, 50m _____	1				
<i>SMC</i> Camlock _____	3				
Stoppers, strung _____	3				
Stoppers, Wired _____	8				
Piton hammer w/ holster _____	2				
<i>Chouinard</i> Pitons _____	10				
<b>Whitewater</b>					
life vests _____	12				
paddles, 60" or 54" _____	13				
canoe, aluminum, 16' _____	3				
canoe rack, foam blocks or quick and easy _____	2				
Bill's Bag, waterproof, 3.8 cub. feet, orange _____	1				
Water bag, small, Cascade designs, green _____	1				
Whitewater raft with pump _____	1				
Raft repair kit _____	1				
Whitewater Rescue rope _____	2				

I hereby acknowledge receipt of the above University equipment and accept responsibility for the loss or damage of said equipment due to negligence and/or misuse. I also acknowledge, unless otherwise arranged with the equipment manager of the UCNC, that I must return said equipment to the equipment manager within seven (7, count 'em, 7) days of the date checked out, marked below. If I don't I agree to pay one American dollar (\$1.00 U.S.) fine for each additional day up to the present market price until said equipment is returned. I realize that the equipment must be returned as clean, if not cleaner, than when it was checked out or I will pay a cleaning fee determined by the equipment manager. I have read and understood the UCNC official club equipment policy and agree to abide by it.

Name: \_\_\_\_\_ Signed: \_\_\_\_\_ Phone: \_\_\_\_\_  
please print

Equip. Man. \_\_\_\_\_ Date Out: \_\_\_\_\_ Date in: \_\_\_\_\_

UNIVERSITY OF CINCINNATI MOUNTAINEERING CLUB

1988 Spring Quarter Calender

Meetings: Wednesdays 7pm.

Room 510 Swift Hall

President Mark Suer 232-1115

Vice-Pres. Nick Day 522-2710

Treasurer Steve Nieman 681-1256

Equip. Mgr. Mark Guttadauro 471-2730

	Mon.	Tues.	Wednesday	Thur.	Fri.	Sat.	Sun.
	28	29	30 Lecture Bike Maintenance Mark Suer	31	1	2	3 Wild Card Weekend!
	4 Reds opening day- Mitch	5	6 Slide Show Alps & Egypt Craig & Cheri	7	8	9 Backpaking: Big South Fork Paul Even 563-1891	10
APRIL	11	12	13 Open House Slide Show Party- Mikey O.	14	15	16 Climbing @ Clifton Gorge Jerry B. 553-6844	17
	18	19	20 Caving Slide Show Mark & Mark, Bob and Mitch	21	22	23 Climbing at Red River Gorge - Jerry B. 553-6844	24
	25	26	27 Slide Show Climbing Nick, Jerry, Steve	28	29 Climbing Course at Eden Park	30	1 Climbing Course at Clifton Gorge Nick Day 522-2710
MAY	2	3	4 Slide Show Variety Jan True	5	6	7 Grand Canyon Mitch 5/5 to 5/15 751-8919	8 Caving Jerry 553-6844
	9	10	11 Slide show Backpacking in Smokey Mtns. Chris & Phil	12	13	14 Red River Gorge Clean-up Weekend Allan 221-6562	15
	16	17	18 ** Elections **	19	20	21 Vertical Rescue course- Jeff Sipes 481-2465	22
	23	24	25 Mexico Slide Show Kessler, Strachan, Welland	26	27	28 Climbing @ RRG- Jerry Caving @ Wolf River cave -Mark Suer 232-1115	29
	30 Memorial Day - no School	31	1 Meeting at Eden Park Wall (clean up)	2	3	4 M.S. 150 Bike Tour (Cincy to Louisville)	5
JUNE	6	7	8 FINALS WEEK No Meeting Good Luck !	9	10 Amy's Party in Wilmington	11 Canoeing Mark H. 451-1349	12 Climbing @ Springfield Nick 522-2710
	13	14	15	16	17	18	19
	Summer break trip - Climb Mt Rainier - Larry Bortner						