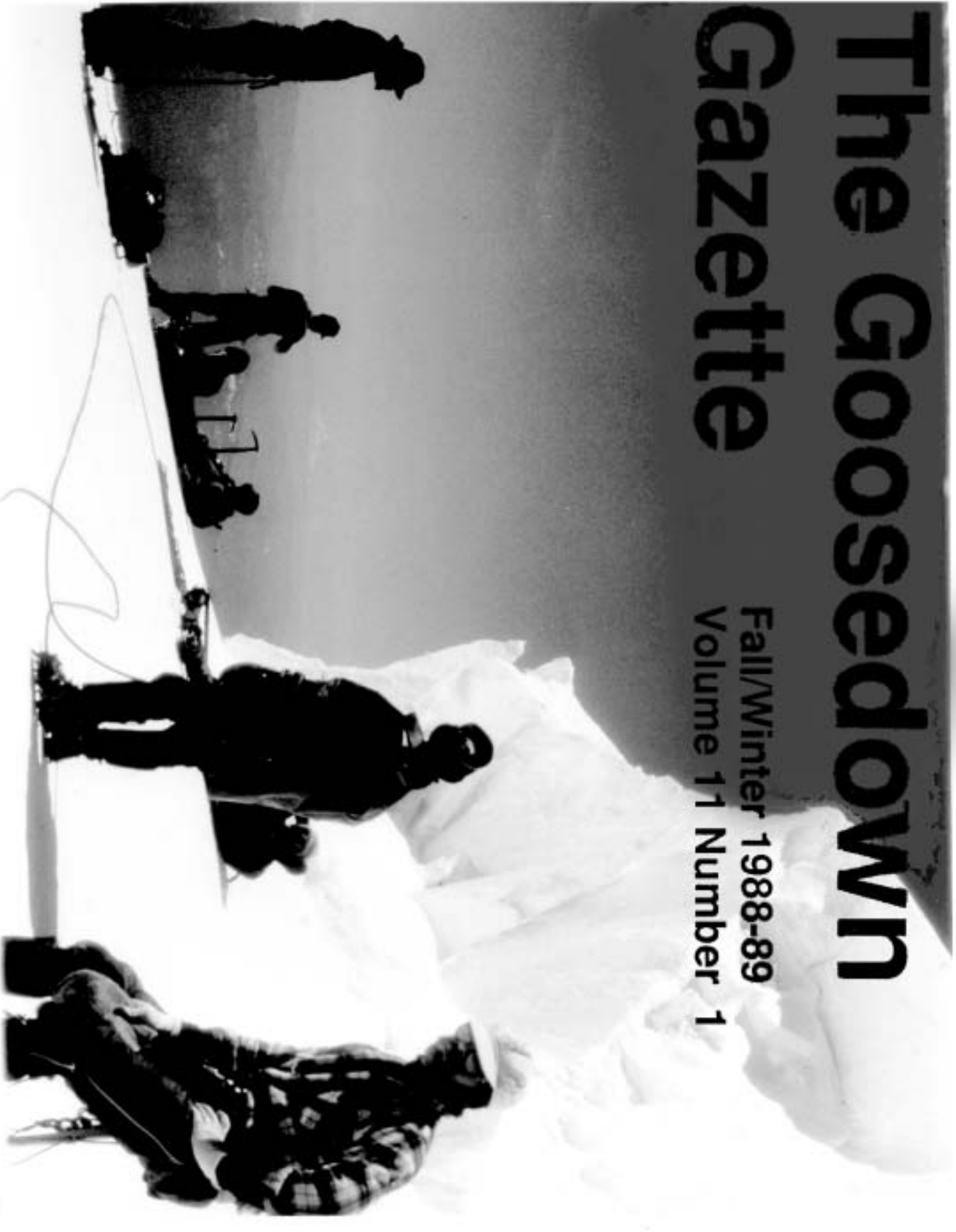


The Goosedown Gazette

Fall/Winter 1988-89
Volume 11 Number 1



Letter from the President

Jerry Bargo

The University of Cincinnati Mountaineering Club (UCMC) is dedicated to improving self-awareness through enjoyment of the outdoors. Members make new friends, gain self-confidence, develop leadership skills, and expand their horizons by participating in a multitude of exciting and different activities. Such activities include backpacking, caving, rock climbing, cycling, skiing, skydiving, canoeing, white water rafting, and, yes, even mountaineering. Social events such as movies, picnics, and parties, such as the annual New Year's Eve Cabin Party/Experiment in Community Living (or is that Communal Living) provide opportunities to mix, mingle, and meet active members in the club.

Since the UCMC is so active in the outdoors, it is only natural that we are involved in conservation. The club constantly recycles paper, glass, and aluminum saved and collected by members at home and on clean-up trips. Members are taught to take nothing but pictures, leave nothing but footsteps, and kill nothing but time on trips. There are usually 1 - 5 outings on any given weekend. A typical trip consists of 4 - 12 people and lasts 1 - 3 days. Total cost is usually \$2 - \$5 worth of gas per person and the food that you eat. Most all of the equipment necessary is provided by the club. Extended trips (1 - 3 weeks) are usually planned for school breaks.

"But I can't do that." Yes, you can! No experience is necessary as a good number of the trips are geared towards beginners. You need not be a student to join the UCMC.

So how do I join? Come to a meeting, pay your dues, \$7 per academic quarter or \$15 for the school year, and go on a trip! Meetings are held in room 510 Swift Hall on the main campus of the University of Cincinnati every Wednesday night (except exam weeks and between quarter break) 7:00 p.m. fall, winter, and spring quarters, 7:30 p.m. summer quarter. For more information, come to a meeting or stop by our office in room 217 Tangeman University Center (TUC) or call Jerry at 553-6844.

A Short note from your typesetter

Robert Sexton

As I sit here in front of the machine, I have to ask myself if all the work has really been worth it. In a word, No. But in the dark hours of the night, as this newsletter nears completion, the full scope of what we have done begins to occur to me.

This is this the first issue of the GooseDown Gazette to be done entirely by computer. It won't be the last. With the advent of UCMC desktop publishing(tm) we can now produce an entirely new kind of newsletter. A New kind of newsletter that involves much less work for everybody involved. No longer are there marathon cut-and-paste sessions. By doing the job electronically, we don't have to settle for whatever we get from the first paste-up job. It's possible to make a more readable and enjoyable newsletter in less than half the time of the previous issues.

This rapid rate of publication makes it possible for us to take advantage of the

flood of articles that pour into our New York office daily. We see an exponential decrease in the publication time, with each issue being produced in less time than the last. Eventually, we will have an hourly edition, should the rate of article submission, and club growth proceed at the same rate.

If you wish to submit an article for future publication, please submit it in the following format:

- ☛ MS-DOS format 360k 5.25" or 720k 3.5" diskette
- ☛ WordPerfect 4.2 format.
- ☛ No formatting commands.
- ☛ Allow WordPerfect to break the lines, and end all paragraphs with two carriage returns.

If you don't have access to a computer, talk to one of our editorial staff listed in the credits. It should be quite easy, as there are only three of us at present.

If you have comments or suggestions about the layout of our first issue, please direct them to me, Robert Sexton, in writing with 15 minutes of publication. Offers of assistance are appreciated.

Volume 11 Number 1

The Editors

Well, it's finally here! The long awaited 11th edition of the Goose Down. I think the quality of this edition will reconcile the delay.

The Goose Down Gazette is the official publication of the University of Cincinnati Mountaineering Club. It is published approximately twice a year, depending on the schedule of the editorial staff. Articles for the next edition are now being accepted at the UCMC office or mailing address. Constructive criticism of this publication will be kindly accepted, but completely ignored unless the author of the comments offers his talents for future journalistic endeavors. Write or visit the club's office at:

Goosedown Gazette

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A big thanks to all contributing writers and to all those who offered their time and effort for this publication

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Descending Rainier, (left to right) Mike May, looking hard, Steve Must, kicking back, Bhavani Pathak, eyeing Mt. Hood in the distance; unidentified party of four on left. Behind the camera at the other end of the rope is Larry Bortner.

Photo credits

p. 5 Matt Lehr (both)
p. 7 Matt Lehr (his camera, not his photo)
p.13 Mark Guttadauro
p.15 Paul Kramer
p.16 Tracy Smith
p.20 Phil Wilkins

The Goosedown Gazette

Fall/Winter 1988-89

Volume 11 Number 1

Goose Down Gossip

The Nose

What's been happening around the UCMC since the last issue of the GDG? It can be summed up in two words: Lots.

Elections last spring for one thing. **Jerry Bargo** became President, **Mona Bracey** was the choice for VP, and **Steve Nieman** didn't want to give up the job of Treasurer. Mona took off last summer to work at the Nantahala Outdoor Center, "pitching rubber," learning to guide whitewater rafts, and playing around in her kayak. Due to some bureaucratic foul-ups, her change of majors wasn't recognized and she was kicked out of her classes (Gosh. Would that actually happen here?). So she stayed down in North Carolina and is now working at a textile factory because she sewed her own teddy bear. Unable to fulfill her vice commitments in the Natty of Sins, she resigned and (**Neo-**) **Phil Wilkins** was elected unanimously (with minor grumbings) to continue officially as the Vice President that he filled in for so capably over the summer.

Could it be that the UCMC is having too many parties? That we are straying from the wilderness ethic of exploring strange new worlds and new experiences and taking the easy way out by partying down in town? Nawww.... Many club members enjoyed **Amy Elsen's** party on the farm out by Wilmington last June.... **Larry Joe Bortner** finally graduated with a Ph.D. (after 16 years of college) and celebrated with a pig roast at his parent's farm in Darke county. Volleyball and softball and horse-shoes and Larry cookies were enjoyed by many. (What's he still doing at UC?)... **Gwen Wise** had a big, big, BIG party at Wise Acres, her parents place in Indiana. All the guys enjoyed the mid-

night skinny-dipping. As is usually the case, females were less enthusiastic....

Bob and Cindy Kessler had their annual open house at their beautiful homestead out in Loveland. The traditional ropes course featuring the zip line was set up and enjoyed by all who chose to partake.... **The UCMC fall open house party** was held at 444 Dixmyth and featured the new deck built by owners **Bill Strachan** and **Craig Patterson**.... **Bhavani Pathak** threw a surprise birthday party for **Steve Must** that was attended by most everyone who went to the zoo that evening on a trip led by **Allan Sutherland** to see the panda. Boy, was he surprised (The panda, not Steve. Or is it the other way around? Or maybe it was Allan.).... **The Kessler's annual Halloween party** was a real treat. Top costumes were **Karen** and **Dennis Dziech's** pink flying pigs and **Allan Sutherland's** parody of his own panda art print. Honorable mention goes to **Steve Must** and **Bhavani Pathak**, who were very convincing as **John** and **Yoko Lennon**.... Of course, any mention of party happenings would have to include the party that **Mitch Dieciani** threw but couldn't attend. They wouldn't let him out of the hospital. He tried to catch a falling beer keg with his foot and broke some toes.

Milestones. Like Marriage.... This is old news, but **Laura King** and **Bill Strachan** got married here in town last November, the day after **Amy Norman** got hitched to **Mark Oswald** out in Boulder, Colorado.... As detailed elsewhere in this issue, **Mark Hartinger** married **Denise** out in Seattle on the Saturday of the July Fourth weekend. The next day, **Marci Napoli** and **Fletcher Reed Andrews III** became wife and husband on Orcas Island.

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A surprising number of Cincinnati-based people made it to these Northwest weddings.... **Chris and Lisha Gerding** are expecting to give Andy a little brother or sister soon.... **Cindi (Schmid) Driehaus** is also expecting.... as is **Rick and Amy Forester**.... **Jan True and Andy Van Brocklin** packed up and moved out to Corvallis, Oregon, joining the growing contingent of ex-Club members relocating in the Northwest (Once you're a member, can you ever really become an ex-member?), they flew in for the holidays and the 3rd annual Houston Woods New Year's Bash.... **John Steuvers** and **Nick Day** followed Andy and Jan for some mountaineering and other ankle and knee wrenching activities.... **Neil Kilcoin** is attending graduate school in Connecticut, while **Gwen Wise** is doing likewise at IU in Bloomington, Indiana.... **Ann and Bill Herbert** were in the Adirondacks last I heard.

Has anybody ever seen **Jeannie Venemeyer** carrying a backpack? On a trail? The fall climbing course was a success. Turnout for the climbing course this fall was tremendous and had to be split up into two separate weekends. The use of video tapes greatly enhanced the training. An advanced rock climbing course is planned for next spring. The introductory Wilderness Skills course is being offered over Veteran's Day weekend, with a more advanced course to be developed and given in the spring.

For those interested in spending some time in British Columbia, an excerpt of a letter from Amy (Norman) Oswald is included: "...We just got done taking a great vacation. We went up to B.C. and went canoeing in Bowron Lakes Provincial Park near Prince George. It was a 70 mile LOOP in the canoe! A series of lakes and rivers connect up to bring you right back where you began. The mountain scenery is spectacular. Mountains rise straight up out of some of the lakes. The fall colors were in their prime-- birch and aspen--, so

bright and golden. We overdosed on scenery. There were a few short portages, but they were mostly on the first two days so you got them over with quickly. We only saw about 4 other people during the 7 days. There wasn't a lot of wildlife visible, but we did see a moose and lots of bald eagles and loons. Bear tracks and other bearsign was all over, but I was glad not to encounter any face to snout (You can decide who has the face and who has the snout.). We also saw wolf tracks. The weather was marginal. It rained on us a bit. One day it rained and blew so hard, the waves on the lake were too big for us to go anywhere, so we were stormbound at our little camp by the lake. It snowed on the mountains above us! Mark got tired of me beating him at gin all day. Anyway... I'm sending the park brochure on the loop because it is such a great trip, someone from the Club may be interested. A lot of people do it in July and August, so I wouldn't want to do it then. It wouldn't be the same experience we had. But September is great (we went the last week). Some people also ski the loop in winter. That sounds like a pretty intense trip to me. I guess it would take about 2 weeks...." Trips and experiences not written up in this issue of the GDG: **Paul Evan and Katt Heitkamp and Dave ???** spent three weeks up in Alaskan wilderness, having to get dropped off and picked up by a bush pilot.... **Gwen Wise** spent six weeks working in and around Anchorage for the state parks system there.... **Robert Sexton** jumped off the New River Gorge bridge. Twice. A parachute was involved.... **Allan Sutherland** led a trip to Red River Gorge where they ended up administering first aid to somebody who fell off a cliff. 70 feet? 100 feet? 200 feet? Does anybody have the facts?... **Larry Bortner** led a very short caving trip to St. Leon, Indiana, only 45 minutes away. Lured by tales of an unexplored cave, the exploratory team found a bedding plain-- a slimy tunnel half-full of

mud, too small to turn around in, that went for maybe a hundred feet.... **Laura Jones** spent a month in Boulder, Colorado, and another month meditating in Vermont. If you have any news, any facts of interest, any dirt-- let us know. We'll twist things around so that it sounds interesting. And remember-- The Nose knows!

New Year's Party

The 3rd annual UCMC Hueston Woods New Year's Party was a rousing success as old and new members alike gathered to ring in the new, and share the warmth of friendship, good cheer and good times. A big thanks to **Steve Nieman and Roland** for planning, organizing and executing the event.

Wall Street News

Fall of 1988 saw the student organization takeover of the U.C. Cycling Club by UCMC. The merger resulted in an immediate 8% increase in club stocks due to the increase in membership and University funding. As the UCMC conglomeration continues to grow, the news bodes ill for the Rafting Cartel. The swing toward cycling may pull members from the water and onto the pavement; their shares are expected to drop 3-5 points by Spring. Caving and Climbing are holding steady as the Fall Climbing Course has sustained enthusiasm in the vertical world, and the upcoming Winter Caving Course has a record of high participation. Backpacking is stable with a strong group of dedicated followers, while Cross-Country Skiing continues to fall with the scarcity of consistent snowfall in Cincinnati. Downhill Skiing continues its instability as the U.C. guppies (graduate urban professionals) plan another trip to Colorado, but shares could skyrocket if Strachan's plans to convert Mt. Rumpke into a ski resort are realized. Further developments as they arise.

The Dan Van and Other Digressions

Steve Must

Everywhere you go these days, the highways are constantly coated with swarms of speeding automobiles. What gets me is that every car you see during rush hour traffic has approximately zero passengers. Thousands of people her-

metically sealed in their air-conditioned, self-contained mobile unit, warily eyeing their neighbor from their secure isolation. As Americans, we are obsessed with "freedom" and "independence", and I think that the automobile epitomizes and offers the best way to realize these "God-given" rights. It often seems more like self-

centered selfishness or excessive waste, also a popular American trait. Granted, Third World nations aren't inhabited by angels merely because they are not as technologically advanced, but as machines and computers become such an integral part of our existence the amount of human interaction is greatly reduced. I see our society putting up

Continued on next page...

higher and stronger walls between each other. Buzzing across highway and biway, "get out of my way you no good S.O.B.," we all lose touch with the humanity behind the wheel of all these vehicles. Unless one feels that listening to a sexually deprived troglodyte and a cynical woman tell dirty jokes on the radio in the morning is a positive development of your human potential.

Everyone is in such a hurry in this country. Stop-n-Go, Stop-n-Shop, Stop-Shop-Eat-n-Go, Stop-Shop-Eat-Excrete-n-Go, ad nauseum. You know what I mean. Hell, nobody eats dinner as a family anymore. Hell, families hardly even exist anymore in urban and suburban areas. Family dinners are out, McPuke is in, thus there is little quality time when parents sit down and actually communicate with their children. Adults have enough trouble communicating with each other. I heard that the average couple spends 31 minutes a week talking to each other. It seems that this would have a detrimental effect on adolescent children who need attention and someone to listen to at that age. This sets the foundation for youths turning their energy to destructive and/or illegal activities. I mean just look at Kramerech.

Seriously though, I truly value the companionship and unpretentious acceptance of the Mountaineering Club. With such a diverse group of individuals, there is always something to discover about people as well as oneself, during club courses and weekend outings, but especially ex-



What State am I in?

tended trips. They always bring out the best in people. In fact, the best way to become well acquainted with club members is to throw caution, and Cincinnati, to the wind, and climb into the official UCMC "Greyhound" and head for the mountains...

My first experience with 'The Van' was a caving trip down to Wolf River. Sitting in the last row of seats with a load of at least 8 people, I was amazed at the

distance that the front end swayed from side to side and the way the back end followed out of phase. But no one else seemed too concerned, so I sat back and enjoyed the ride.

New River Gorge

I'll never forget the time we were creeping down an old "access" road full of holes and small boulders into the New River Gorge to go rafting, and the speed at which Karen and Gwen jumped across the van when it felt like the vehicle was going to roll over a cliff into the Gorge. Of course Dan was calm and maneuvered us to safety, but I think that one even shook him up a bit.

Orcas Island

"Wow, look! That must be Mt. Baker."

O'herron instinctively reaches for his camera (if he can find it), like a junkie reaches for his syringe. Brian gets ready to get out of the van.

"Let me stop this thing first!"

I swerve into a dirt road as Brian is airborne. Matt steps out and I see his eyes light up.

"Holy shit, I think I've crushed his skull!"

No, just some pebbles in the palms, but driving for those under the influence can be dangerous.

Seattle

You get a lot of angry honks when you're on a fair-sized grade in Seattle, the light turns green and you don't

Continued on next page...



The Dan Van loading up at 444 for a cross-country trip

Continued from previous page...

move, even when Mike May has it floored. But you really get a lot of strange looks when 9 people come charging out of the van to push it through the light, then chase it for two blocks until the hill levels off.

"Too many people?"

"Nah, it's the transmission, it'll need a new one for the Utah trip, anyway."

"What about the tires, I hope that front left doesn't blow before you guys get back."

"Hell, you only need one wiper!"

"See you Gwen, have fun in Alaska."

"Thanks for the lift, see you in Cincy, Mark."

"Olympics, Glacier, Bugaboos, Christ! Have a good time, hope you make it back."

From the Keys to Big Bend, Texas, from the White Mountains to Seattle, Alconquin, Quetico, Colorado, Utah, Tetons, Glacier, Bugaboos...the list is endless. I think this vehicle has seen more of this country than most of the club members!

Mike May

The following are excerpts of letters that Mike May wrote to Elaine Hovekamp during a Club trip to the Northwest this past summer. Six of us - Brian Quinn, Matt Lehr, Chuck Broge, Mike O'Herron, and their fearless leader, Larry Bortner (that's me), as well as Mike, set out in Dan's van from 444 Dixmyth on Wednesday, 6/29, to attend a pair of weddings of three Club ex-presidents in Seattle the following weekend. Mark Hartinger was to marry Denise on Saturday and Marci Napoli and Fletch Andrews were to tie the knot on Sunday (Mark, Marci, and Fletch are the ex-prez's.).

Mike has deleted some material, the "smutty" stuff and various personal references. Laura Jones, the patient soul who typed in the bulk of the letters from the sheets and scraps of papers given to her, did so creatively. I myself had to clarify matters in some spots and tie loose ends together in others. Like

many Club activities, the joining together of the words of this article has been a group effort.

6/30/88

...It has rained practically every mile of our journey. The passenger's wiper blade died in Kansas City. With the rain has come high humidity and we are all sticky and clammy (Ick!). So here we are blazing toward Colorado-- a mere 209 warm, moist miles away. The country looks dry, though. You could have walked across the Mississippi River.

Speaking of the Mississippi, we stopped across the river for some Missouri hospitality. Larry's sister provided a grilled pork steak dinner for us in St. Louis-- plenty to eat and a three hour rest. Quite hospitable!

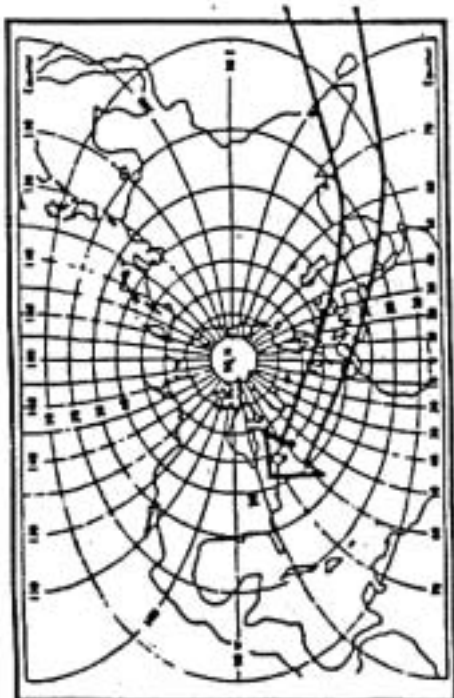
...Just crossed the border to "Colorful Colorado." Temperature is about 66 degrees, which feels chilly to me. Larry took his documentary photograph (as in each of the previous states). I finally

Continued on next page...

Letters to Elaine

DUTTENHOFER'S

MAP STORES



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2nd UCMC rope team on crater rim of Mt. Ranier

found the back of the van. I'll snooze until Denver.

...Just leaving Boulder. We stopped at the University of Colorado long enough for Mike O'Herron (alias Micro) to fall in love with the place and decide he has to go to school there. We hit the Pearl Street Mall long enough to choke down a sub and a Beck's dark and visit the Banana Republic shop. Then we found Laura Jones on Arapahoe St. at the Naropa Institute. It appeared as if she was taking a Buddhist course there for a couple of months, but I can't be sure. She really seems to have the ability to see from the third person and I'll be interested to hear what she has to say upon her return. (Or maybe she'll stay and work on a "lama ranch!" Hello, Dalai! "Om Mani Padme Hum.") (Ed. note: I'm quite sure the parenthesized material was not written by Mike. Check with Laura.)

I spent about \$90 for gaiters, wool mittens, overmitts, socks, and 6 ft. and 12 ft. lengths of 5 mm perlon for the prussics at the North Face and Neptune Mountaineering shops. I'll need ice axe, headlamp and batteries, harness, tent stakes, and ground pad when we

stop at REI in Seattle. All this for climbing Rainier! But I'll be able to use everything for years.

7/1/88

...On the road again. Spent the night at a national forest campground in the middle of Wyoming. Larry and I took baths in the Medicine Bow River-- cold enough to make your teeth shrink. We took a "short cut" on dirt and gravel that almost went back to Colorado before we found a paved road leading back to 180, several hours later than we had hoped. But the most important reason for taking an unknown trail is to find out where it goes. We did see half a dozen deer and a pronghorn in the forest.

...Spent a couple of hours in Salt Lake City. The more curious among us took a tour of the Mormon Tabernacle....

7/2/88

Stopped in Boise to visit Larry's friends Tom, Barb, Alex and Donner (the latter two beings were a 2 yr. old boy and a dog of unknown age). Then we drove all night through Idaho and Oregon, reaching the Columbia River gorge just before dawn.

Oregon was pretty from La Grande to Portland with a variety of scenery. The

sun came up early behind us. Sage brush and grasses stretched across the high desert to the south, so flat you could see the curvature of the horizon. Railroad tracks, the river, and mountains were on our right. This desolate scenery must have been how the Old West once appeared. As we travelled along the river, high rock walls towered above us on both sides. Encountering rain, we stopped to photograph a full rainbow, then a series of waterfalls along a scenic detour away from the interstate-- very ethereal; the falls were so high they seemed to materialize out of the mist.

After driving all day, we stopped at a Washington state park to shower and dress for Mark Hartinger & Denise's wedding reception. Arriving two hours late, there was still plenty of food left. We saw Bob and Cindy Kessler and UCMC "old-timers" Rick and Amy Forester, and Hal Shaw. Before they left, the bride and groom threw customized frisbees to all those remaining at the reception. "This ain't no weinie roast. Mark and Denise. July 2, 1988." Nice touch.

Continued on next page...

Daniels

2735 Vine St
281-1026

*We've got the food, the fun, the drink.
Just bring in your friends to make your
evening complete.*

A full service restaurant and carryout

We rented boots, crampons and axes at REI in downtown Seattle. With proper equipment in hand (for mountaineering if not weddings), we then raced to catch the last ferry of the day to Orcas Island-- ten minutes to spare. We clicked a few shots of an almost totally red rainbow-- strange.

7/3/88

Orcas Island is really nice (at least what we could see last night in the dark). Major fireworks were firing from the docks as we drove in. The twenty-one miles of winding road to Doe Bay was heavily shadowed by trees. We checked in after midnight, but were able to take advantage of the sauna and hot tubs-- really soothing to weary travelers.

Everyone was here last night-- Bill & Laura Strachan, Craig & Cheri Patterson, Amy (Norman) and her husband Mark Ostwald, Linda Keller, Fletch and Marci, and, of course, ourselves. So we really feel at home.

...We drove up Constitution Mountain this morning with Laura and Bill. On the short hike to the summit, we met Craig and Cheri, Craig's sister and her husband, and Amy and Mark. From the tower at the summit, which is the

highest point in the area, you could see many of the surrounding San Juan Islands.

We returned in time to volunteer the van for limousine service. Five people who were attending the wedding had just gotten off the ferry from the mainland, without a car, and needed transportation to Doe Bay. Not knowing most of the people who were invited, we displayed the Fletch and Marci limo logo and went to fetch them. The travelers were Bob and Cindy, Steve Must and Bhavani, and Gwen.

The wedding was beautiful. New Age style, outdoors with plenty of freshly picked wildflowers, underneath a bright blue sky, on a rocky cliff overlooking the bay and the crashing surf and the distant sailboats. Fletch and Marci wrote their own vows. All those associated with the UCMC at one time or another-- about 25 people-- climbed down the short cliff, hopped on slick, algae-covered rocks, and posed for a group shot on this rock in the middle of the cove.

After the meal, a marimba band played music from Zimbabwe. Very primal stuff. Everybody was dancing. The house was literally shaking to the beat.

7/4/88

...I'm up this morning with the sun. I should probably catch as many Z's as possible in preparation for the climb, but...

Well, Larry has arisen and I suppose we'll be packing up. Mutt and Micro are off sea-kayaking. Bob and Cindy need to be dropped off at the ferry this morning....

Here's how it stands. Steve, Bhavani, and Gwen are now part of the van crew. We all brunchted with the wedding party, said our ta-ta's, finished packing (almost), and raced over the winding road to catch the last ferry of the day to Anacortes, just as it was getting ready to pull out. Half the wedding party was there. On the hour-long boat ride, Linda spotted a killer whale and I saw a seal. More ta's.

Stopped at Hal Shaw's in Seattle for Steve and Bhavani to pick up some needed items. Pulled into a campground in Mt. Rainier National Park in the dark. Couldn't find Mark Carter of New Zealand-- we were supposed to meet him at the inn at Paradise, at five thousand some feet the highest point you can drive to.

Continued on next page...

7/5/88

We're at Camp Muir now at 10,000 ft. and have been since late last night. One hell of a long stroll up from Paradise, where we left the van. Snow squalls and the clouds that carried them made for minimal vision. Heavy packs and not being used to the altitude caused fatigue, forcing the step/rest method--you synchronize your breathing with your motion, exhaling as you step up, putting most of your weight on the back foot, and taking three or four breaths before you step again. The party got split up. Mark came back for the Kelty tent early on. Being sweep at the time, I had to let everybody else go before me. Where are Sherpas when you need them?!

I gave up the rear to Larry later and moved ahead. When you get in front, you have to stop and wait, but you get cold quickly and have to move. And starting again is so hard. Mark, the most experienced mountaineer, overtook me at one point and said we had to stick together. He went ahead to stop the others. As it turns out, Steve, Mark, Gwen, and Bhavani went on to Muir with the Kelty and the poles to another tent. The rest of us (who happened to be the ones who drove out in the van--hmmmm) got off course. Darkness was approaching with no Muir in sight. We had no tents in case we had to bivouac. When I ran back to the left and found a cairn that marked the trail, then the tracks of the others, we proceeded to the stone shelter at Muir-- dog tired.

7/6/88

Today was beautiful and clear. We practiced self-arrest with the ice axe and ascension via prussics, just in case we happen to fall into a crevasse. From here we can see Mt. Adams, Mt. St.

Helens, and Mt. Hood to the south, piercing the fluffy white carpet of clouds below us.

Now we're trying to get fed and off to sleep so we can get up at one a.m., catch a bite, and start the final ascent (4400 ft. elevation gain). However, my rice is still hard after 45 minutes of boiling, so I'll get to sleep a wee bit later than anticipated....

7/7/88

On top now-- I can see for miles! At several degrees below freezing, I say, "Let's take some pictures and get off of this rock." We're really on the lip of the crater. The actual highest point, Columbia Crest, is across from us, but we shan't trudge over and sign the register.

7/8/88

We came all the way down to the van yesterday, right after coming off the summit. The trip down was harder than the stroll up. Seven out of ten of the UCMC team had started the climb at two a.m. when the stars shown brightly and the ice was crisp. We watched the many other climbers go before us, all the head lamps shining like a vast pearl necklace draped over the mountainside. And slow going it was, waiting while the lead groups searched out their path. Finally, we started traversing the Cowlitz Glacier above Muir. Above Cathedral Rocks, we stopped to put on our crampons and Steve, Bhavani, Larry, and myself tied into the rope at thirty-foot intervals; we moved out onto the Ingraham Glacier. We watched a beautiful pre-sunrise higher up-- prettier than any I've seen before-- perhaps due to our altitude. We climbed up slowly, occasionally having to step carefully on rock-hard snow bridges

that spanned crevasses. We stopped only for water.

The moon, bitten from the right, shone through the night, its light gleaming from the glacier below. Little Tahoma stood sharp and tall-- a lonely picture of solitude, crisp against the mountains and valleys beyond and below. We watched the moon slip behind the mountain as we climbed the upward switchbacks, and then watched the sun rise. We climbed higher, now in relative solitude because of our slower pace.

The many groups ahead went on and several behind passed us. We continued up slowly-- crampons biting into cold ice as the sun rose high into the bright blue sky. At the final approach, we met the other team of Mark, Brian, and Micro coming down. They had been to Columbia Crest and signed the register.

Half an hour later, we stood at the lip of the summit crater in a stiff, cold wind. It was a beautiful sight. We could see Adams & St. Helens & Hood & Baker and a number of unidentified mountains. As I took a picture, my new hat flew off and sailed over the edge of the mountain, tumbling down the slope and finally coming to rest in a crevasse field, none of which had yet opened. We packed for the descent after snacking and taking group shots.

After a minor divergence to pick up the cap, we started the tortuously slow journey down. The air temperature rose rapidly under the brilliant sun. Any bit of skin that was exposed got burnt from the higher intensity UV rays, including nostrils and lips and roofs of mouths. On soft, melting snow bridges we crossed crevasses, the interiors consisting of lucid, gleaming, aqua-blue ice walls, sculptured and polished, disappearing into the darkness below. We mucked along in the slushy snow and ice that stuck to the soles of our boots, making up our crampons almost useless. We were slipping and sliding every other step. Painful was the descent, taking forever, dangerous as hell.

Just above the Ingraham Flats, Steve, then Bhavani, and then I slipped a bit down a steep chute, nothing unusual. Then Larry slipped big time and was at the head of a mini-avalanche. Bhavani yelled and went into a self-arrest as I heard the snow cascading down. Looking back, I saw these gleaming points of steel hurtling toward me with Larry Joe close behind to force them home.

Continued on next page...

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Now, when you're on a roped team on a glacier and someone falls, you're **supposed** to self-arrest. Well, I said, "Forget this (malarkey)!" and I bailed out in time to save face (so to speak), sliding just ahead of Larry who finally remembered how to self-arrest. We all came to our respective stops and didn't have to do any crevasse rescue (Not true for the other climbing team. Ask Brian.). We continued down, having to jump crevasses we had walked across in the morning.

From Muir we packed and set off down the mountain at various times. I was able to glissade by the seat of my pants about a third of the way down, until rocks and dirt became more prevalent. After I reached the parking lot, I went to the lodge to get-- a Cheesburger in Paradise! And Rainier Beer. Chuck treated everybody to dinner just outside the park (I respectfully declined the offer.). Then we drove to Hal's and crashed in his backyard last night, twenty-three hours after we got up for the climb.

Woke up this morning with dew coating my hair. We had a group breakfast - cornbread and omelets. We took showers and did laundry. Hal Shaw is a terrific host, but he'll probably be glad to see us go....

7/9/8

Good Day!

Returned our rented ice axes, crampons and boots yesterday to REI in Seattle. Then battled traffic-- Seattle to Olympia was one massive traffic jam on the interstate-- to come south to St. Helens. To climb it you need a permit. Jack's Restaurant, the one place outside of the park that you can get a permit, was closed by the time we got there. So any chance of doing the climb (legally) was squashed. We meandered to Amy & Mark Ostwald's place a mile from Trapper Creek Wilderness Area. And who else was there but Hal Shaw and his girlfriend!

...This morning, after pancakes, we took a stroll to the wilderness area, stopping along the way for a dive in a mountain stream. Well over 5 ft. deep, but not as cold as Medicine Bow. The wilderness area was a rain forest-- full of huge Douglas firs, hemlocks, and ferns of all sorts. The trees were dripping with Spanish moss.

Now we're off to Seattle again to drop Steve & Bhavani & Gwen at the airport. Amy & Mark took us to the Lower Lewis River Falls, then Mt. St. Helens. Very little has grown since it blew in

March of '80. The square miles of dead trees indicate the destruction--all blown over, laying like matchsticks and jamming Spirit Lake.

7/10/88

8:30 a.m., just outside Lake Sylvia State Park. We would be in the park, but we just got thrown out by a ranger. Last night we stopped at several state parks to camp, but it seems they all close at ten p.m. And I mean close-- barricades and rangers parked at the entrance. When this was the case for Lake Sylvia at one a.m. this morning, I drove back towards town and pulled off a half mile down the road. A cop came by and talked to the RV owners also parked there and allowed us to stay. Another ranger just now stopped and said they don't allow such things. Friendly place.

...Lots of clear cutting in Washington. Fields of scrub and stumps left tell the story. Sometimes regimented rows of seedlings are patched in to simulate rebirth.

...Just came off an eight-mile loop in Quinault Park. Beautiful rain forest-- Spanish moss hanging everywhere, ferns, and 150 ft. tall, 6 ft. diameter trees packed together.

Here we are in the Olympic National Park. We have pitched camp and eaten already. I had the delicious noodle & tuna dinner and famous Hovekamp tea. The group is really getting along well and I feel a real camaraderie. Vacation certainly is nice! Except--

O.K., one small bitch section: I had a headache from the altitude all the way up Rainier, my face got sunburned to the point where it wrinkled with blisters, oozed for a couple of days, and now is sore and peeling. I burned my earlobes and lips, two things never before burnt, my knee hurts, my hip aches, and I missed Elaine! There.

7/11/88

...We hiked 16 miles from North Fork campground through the rain forest up to Reflection Lake and back. It was as if I were a kid again-- running around in the woods that are as much a part of me as my home, breathing in the smells of the wet spring vegetation. I remembered the hours spent roaming overwhelming lush greenery just like this.

By the top it was scrub pine and low shrubbery-- like Mt. LaCombe. And the lake was small and still. It rained all day and we got wet-- real wet. The trip down really hurt my knee (again). As daylight drifts away, I'll turn in for the night....

7/12/88

We are on our way to Ozette Park at the northern tip of the Olympic peninsula. There we plan to do a 10 mile loop suggested by Amy, camping on the beach. But there was still quite a drive ahead, and we need to have the left rear tire fixed since the spare is already being used and we really don't want to drive very far on the one tire with the steel belts showing. We repaired the wipers and dash lights at Hal's. But who has taken the club van on any trip and not had some needed repair?!

Well-- today's my birthday....

7/13/88

Last night we hiked 3.3 miles along Sandpoint Trail to the Pacific, then 3 additional miles along the beach. These six miles were in the rain and only Larry, Micro, and myself stayed to camp; the other three hiked the whole loop without gear and slept in the van. The trail in the rain forest to and from the ocean was all boardwalk to prevent erosion. It did not make for good traction in the wetness. When we got to the beach, there was a lot of driftwood-- logs bigger than phone poles littered the high tide mark like matchsticks. Walking north, there was little "beach" (read "sand") to speak of, only dark igneous rock streaked with white veins-- solidified lava flow formations littered with multi-colored, bowling ball-sized rocks. A stiff wind blew from the south, the rain wetting our backs. Sea stacks rose ominously out of the mist. We traversed the beach at low tide, enabling us to cross vast expanses of flat rock and tidal pools that would have otherwise been submerged. Kelp and sheets of jellyfish littered the way with a slimy, smelly, quivering mass.

The rain stopped before we made camp. We dined on a log by the sea, watching the crows and the gulls and the aerial acrobatics of a formation of small birds. A threatening sprinkle forced a quick end, but no more rain fell. We watched the sun sink towards the horizon, creating spectacular colors on the looming clouds. Huge tankers inched along miles away. Offshore banks of clouds prevented a sight of the sun disappearing into the ocean.

We were awakened by seals yipping and howling like coyotes. It was low tide and we could have walked to Ozette Island a half mile away. And although the racoons had been bold last evening, they did not get into our packs overnight. Tents were wet from the rainfall

Continued on next page...

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and a rainbow shown to the south. An hour's march over slippery boardwalk via the Azula path, past several tame deer, brought us back to the van by Continued on nine a.m., time for breakfast as we drive east. Matt, Brian, and Chuck were harassed last night by some guy named Jason in a hockey mask....

A pleasant ferry ride to downtown Seattle. It didn't feel right, not having to race like hell to catch the last possible ferry....

In the middle of Washington at Lake Moses. We are in the sage and dry times of the high desert again. Why does it look like it's going to rain?

7/14/88

We've been in Glacier National Park since 5 a.m. Everyone is zonked and have slept a few hours now....

It's very nice here, but I'm a bit strung out. We were going to do a ten-mile hike from Logan Pass, but the weather was just too nasty for us weary mountaineers. We're on the eastern side of the continental divide now and may do a day hike shortly from Swiftcurrent Creek....

The east side of Glacier looks drier than the west, yet not as dry as Wyoming. We hiked a whole 5 miles to the Ptarmigan Falls and back, the first couple of miles through rain. No bears today, although grizzlies were sighted along this trail yesterday and many spots were torn and dug up by claws. Did see a marmot.

Here we sit doing laundry and feeling clean after long, hot showers. How long has it been since showers? Way too long, says my nose. It is pretty here, with mountains and streams and all, but there's a lot of fireweed and brush and scrub pine and aspen springing from a 1980 forest fire. It would be nice to spend a lot of time here, but we have to

sprint for Canada and the Bugaboos in the not-too-distant future.

Micro cleaned the van, an exercise frequently pursued on this trip. Nearly every camp stop we have to unload, reload, and reorganize, then disorganize whenever someone jumps into the back to sleep, crushing the crushables and everybody else flinging all to disarray, digging for their box or bag or stuff sack or whatever.

It appears that the campgrounds across the road are full....

7/15/88

A fine morning it is! We set up the tent last night at the St. Mary's campground facing east and this morn opened our eyes to blue skies peppered with white puffball clouds and sunlight streaming through the mosquito netting. Prairie dog-type critters here will take food from your hand if you let them (bad practice)....

Alberta is regarded as the place where the mountains meet the plains since there are so few foothills and the Rockies rise quickly to the west. It's very rural with lots of open space, but greener than Montana....

Many more hills in British Columbia, lots of trees and rivers and log houses. I like it plenty! Logging is big here, as well as horses, dude ranches and resorts. Plenty of bikers with packed paniers in Canada.

Something to look forward to: a soothing twenty-seven mile drive along a one-lane gravel logging road will take us to the trailhead of a three-mile, 700 meter elevation gain hike ending at the Conrad Kain Hut....

You would not believe this place! I zipped up the trail in a hour-and-a-half to this beautiful three-story lodge at the side of a glacier. Running water directly from the glacier, gas stoves and

lamps, and luxurious outhouses built below a low rock overhang-- you can sit cozily and listen to the babbling stream of glacial runoff. The hut will accommodate fifty sleepers on the top two floors. It has polyurethaned wood floors (boots must be removed in the enclosed vestibule) and has tables and chairs on the first floor common area. Five dollars a night, but it beats the Kelty on a rock.

It is a bit chilly due to sweaty clothes from the exhausting climb up. It was not as strenuous as Muir since there wasn't any snow and we didn't lug up everything we owned. The trail, though, is brutal, with every step a step up. The rock gets so intense in places that they have strung steel cable as a hand rail to keep you from falling off the 8" granite ledge.

We are told that the poor weather discouraged most of the climbers from coming today, a Friday. But we did not get rained on coming up, so it was a good day as far as I'm concerned. We really don't have a whole lot of time to see the place if we get up and sprint down as expected....

I made the peanut butter soup. Really good.

7/16/88

We hiked up near the base of the Bugaboo Spire, a 2600 ft. sheer rock wall topping out at 10420 ft. The hut is at 7,500 ft., so we made 300 ft. in 45 minutes. Lots of pictures of surrounding peaks, snow, and rock, then the descent to the hut. I grabbed my pack and practically jogged down to avoid the knee strain of stopping every step. Keith, an English climber staying at the hut, came down with us for a ride to Banff.

Continued on next page...

Now we're on the road.... A quick stop here for pictures of the Bugaboo Falls.... And on our way. Keith is a geography teacher from Nottingham, England, on an exchange to teach in a Catholic girls' high school in Toronto. He showed us mountain sorrel-- an edible red/brown leaf-- sour. Quite a pretty place is Canada. I wonder what the winters are like. They say 10' of snow is not unusual outside the hut, and it was hit with an avalanche in March of

'81. Ah! another porcupine... and a doe... and a fawn....

We stopped in Banff and ate at a pub. Expensive, but what do you expect for a tourist trap? Sort of like Gatlinburg....

Alberta is flat flat as one travels eastward.

7/17/88

Saskatchewan is also flat. Lots of light at 11 p.m., then again at 5 a.m. Homeward bound.... Jamestown, North Dakota.... Minnesota is mostly rolling

farmland, hardwood trees, fields of green and yellow, lakes hide in the hills, dotting the countryside.... Minneapolis, at Chuck's brother's place. Pleasant conversation with brother and sister-in-law, rough-housing with his young nephews; burgers, beans, and dogs, ice cream, and a cool place to sleep in the basement....

7/18/88

Onward to Chicago, Indianapolis, Cincinnati. Home....

Guttadauro, Suer, and Kramer

Mark Guttadauro:

Intro

On September 3, eight of us met and headed west to hopefully hike in the Rocky Mountains and climb a mountain there, then hike for a week in Escalante Canyon of the Glen Canyon National Recreation Area, participate in heavy shopping in Durango, Colorado, and return alive. Hopefully. The eight of us were Mark Suer, Mark Guttadauro, Bob and Cindy Kessler, Paul Kramer, Allan Sutherland, Steve Feist and Mike Gorman. Can you imagine spending two weeks with these people? Well....

Mark Suer:

The Melted Holy Cross

*"Oh, Jack do you never sleep
Does the green still run deep in your heart
What with these changing times:
Motorways, powerlines keep us apart
Well, I don't think so.
I saw some grass growing through the
pavement today."*

*-Jan Anderson, singing an ode to the wood-
land elf,*

Jack-In-The-Green

Hot, Very hot. Extremely hot. And it was humid. No, it was very humid. No, it was extremely humid. And it was extremely hot. Putting it all together: the summer of 1988 in Cincinnati was extremely hot and humid. It was too hot to eat, sleep, work, play, think, rest, blink, sneeze, sit, stand, breathe, etc. Unable to bear the hellish conditions, eight desperadoes left Cincinnati with a mission: to breathe crisp, clean mountain air, to experience the remote beauty of a desert canyon, and to escape the madness that surrounds all aspects of southwestern Ohio.

These eight desperadoes were not your ordinary group of people but an ex-

Didacts and Narpets

tremely odd lot of misfits, non-conformists, and generally good-natured but strange "characters." For those of you with score cards, the starting line-up was Bob & Cindy, Allan, Mark G., Mike, Steve, Paul and myself, Mark S. The collection was so odd that the temptation to give the group a name was overwhelming. Although "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" had fit accordingly, some of us had the urge to compare our group with others: "If we were Gilligan's Island, who would be Gilligan?" and, "If we were All in the Family, who would be Edith?" The comparisons were endless....

On Saturday, September 2, Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs, the Disney Despardoes, met up and headed out. Destination: Mount of the Holy Cross, Colorado and Escalante Canyon, Utah. However, before leaving, several of us checked every store in White Oak for a lantern battery to power the ever essential music provider-- the boom box. Finally finding some batteries, we made one last check on the van, picked up Steve and headed west. Of course, the drive was extremely boring. The only things that I remember is waking up to Indian raga music and to a beautiful sunset over the Missouri river. Although the scene fit perfectly, it was rather bizarre for someone who is just waking up. The other interesting aspect of the drive was in Denver-- the airport runway goes directly over the highway. It is quite strange to see an airplane take off where it looks as if it is going to go right on the highway.

While in Denver, Allan met up with an old friend from Normal, Ill., and Mike Gorman heard about an open amphitheater just outside of Denver, called Red Rocks -- touron stop number 1. Red Rocks is an amphitheater in the side of a mountain, which is surrounded by huge red boulders. Here we learned of

the dreaded monster of the west-- the bubonic-plague-carrying rodents-- truly a beast to be dealt with. Although we had some problems leaving Red Rocks (Allan was running after birds and Steve nearly lost a finger in the car door), we finally got everyone together and continued to head west to Minturn, Co. As we were enjoying the scenery, we saw the result of a dangerous and destructive activity. It seems that someone had rolled their car from a nearby road down a hill and right on the highway where the auto became completely engulfed in flames. Since traffic was moving very slowly and being the tourists that we are, we took as many pictures of it as we could as we drove by.

By mid-afternoon we reached our campsite in the White River National Forest. Since there was still time left in the day, Mark, Paul and I decided to scout out the trail ahead and stop at Half Moon Pass. Since we had no time to acclimate, the hike was arduous as we went from 10,400 ft. to 11,700 ft. Naturally, we quickly became out of breath and had slight headaches, but we were too eager to see what was ahead. When we reached Half Moon Pass, we were treated to a spectacular view of the neighboring ridges. After a short time we headed back down for dinner.

The next morning every one quickly donned their packs and left for Half Moon Pass, while Allan, Mike and I struggled to park the van. Although we were not surprised, the van does lose some power at high elevations! However, the three of us quickly caught up with everyone else, and we rested at Half Moon Pass. Although Mark had some severe reservations about hiking with full packs because of our performance the day before, everyone seemed to adjust rather quickly. From Half Moon Pass, the trail descended down

Continued on next page...

the other side of the saddle where we experienced our first view of Mount of the Holy Cross, and we came upon a steep slope where we descended via switchbacks for 900 ft. until we reached the bottom of the valley. Once we set up camp, everyone did their own thing-- hiked, slept, read, etc., mentally preparing ourselves for the climb.

Since our climb was only 2 miles (one way), we decided to get up at 7 am. Unfortunately, not all of us were ready to climb. Mark woke up very ill and he decided not to attempt to get out of his sleeping bag, much less attempt the peak. After a quick breakfast, we started hiking up the mountain. By the time we reached timberline, everyone had split apart due to their personal paces, but we all remained in sight of one another, except once. Everyone had stopped at the edge of a shoulder while we waited for Cindy, who was still hiking, out of our sight. Once she reached our level she politely yet firmly reminded us that we should remain in sight. There were no dissenting opinions.

Everyone made the final ascent up the cone of the peak-- a monotonous climb over boulders with plenty of rock hopping, but Paul left his personal snack on the peak, leaving a slightly digested lunch. Steve also remarked of being slightly lightheaded just before the peak but he made it under his own power. After spending an hour and a half on the peak we headed down, and Mike and I began feeling the effects of eating a little too much on a mountain. Feeling like whipped puppies, we dragged way behind everyone else. As everyone stopped to wait for us, we couldn't take it anymore. We both stopped, and we both heaved. At the same time we were, as Paul puts it, "puking in stereo", we were laughing because we both knew that we would laugh about it later even though we didn't feel too hot at the time. Once we were finished, we caught up with everyone else, and, after finding the trail we had lost, we quickly returned to camp. As we rested our tired muscles, Mark returned from a short hike and was glad to report that he was feeling much better.

The next day, we packed our bags and headed back up to Half Moon Pass which included going up the 900 ft. cliff that everyone dreaded. As the mountain began to go out of sight, I realized that the infamous holy cross of snow had melted. With the knowledge we obtained from the Denver Post that

Rapture (the end of the world according to fundamentalists) was to take place in a few days, Bob replied, "What does that (the melted cross) say about our faith?" I really didn't want to answer that question-- all I wanted to do was head to Escalante Canyon, our next adventure.

Paul Kramer:

Canyoneering

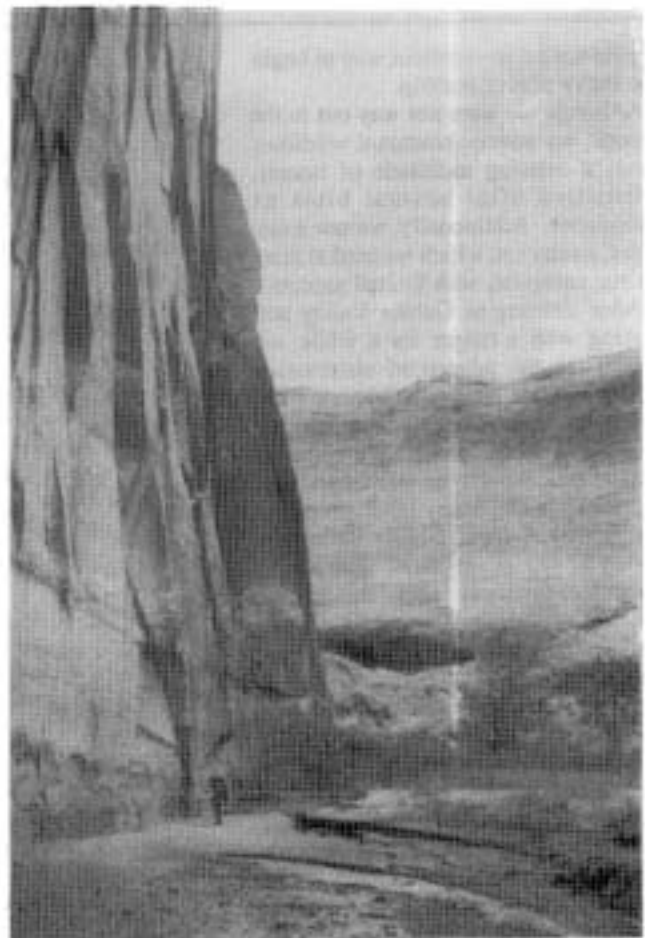
So having left Colorado and Mt. of the Holy Cross behind, we drove for a few hours (actually all day long), and decided to find somewhere to set up camp. Outside of Grand Junction, we found a perfectly flat, soft spot to set up camp-- a KOA campground. Yes, complete with a gameroom, camp store, swimming pool, and of course a free movie (Footloose). After repacking and such, we went out on a hike for pizza. The next morning, instead of taking the chance of having our Colorado gear stolen while our van was parked on the rim of the Escalante Canyon, we mailed our gear (dirty clothes) home, and spent a few hours shopping. Then, our contingent left for Arches, which we promptly blew off due to lack of time. We then drove to Goblin Valley, a Utah state park located in the San Raphael Desert.

The next morning we broke camp and left, driving toward Capitol Reef. After a brief stop, we decided to drive the historic Barr Trail, made by the Mormons as they traveled towards Salt Lake City. The unpaved road in some places was washed

out. The most incredible part of the trail was a pass with very steep switchbacks-- an incredible view. Then after a back-breaking hour and a half we hit

paved road and soon afterwards, the town of Escalante. After checking in at the local ranger station, we stocked up on supplies, and left for the canyon. On Hole in the Rock Road, the road to the canyon, we encountered minor difficulties-- two places washed out by flash floods requiring either driving around, cross country traveling, or minor road repairs by the UCMC road construction crew. Finally, we arrived at Escalante. We elected to camp atop the canyon rim that evening. Allan, Steve, and Paul then left on a night hike to check out the local animal life. About an hour later, Allan frantically ran back to camp-- "Quick, give me a stick and a stuff sack! Paul's holding a rattlesnake at bay!" Later on, Paul, Allan, and Steve returned, triumphantly carrying a stuff sack containing a rattlesnake. The next morning, we released the two-and-a-half-foot snake, amid seven camera-wielding people. Allan was busy ensuring that the snake did not escape, which was important, for snakebite

Continued on next page...



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would not be an excellent way to begin the major part of our trip.

Although we were not way out in the woods, we noticed abundant wildlife--first a teeming multitude of insects, identified after several bites as mosquitos. Additionally, we saw a cat--yes, a stray cat, which we tried to coax to our campsite, with limited success.

After arriving at Goblin Valley and talking with a ranger for a while, we drove to the advertised observation point, and ate lunch. While we were there, the ranger once again drove up and began to talk to us. We began to realize that the ranger was fairly lonely, never seeing many other people in the desolated park. Goblin Valley is a valley hewed in sandstone with mushroom-like limestone rocks standing on the valley floor. The oddly shaped rocks ranged between five and twenty-five feet tall. After taking a few slides, we went back, laid out our sleeping bags and EP's, and slept during the early afternoon. We woke up and ate dinner, and, a few minutes before sunset, we went to the observation point again. After shooting numerous slides, the ranger reappeared and we talked to him for about an hour, then returned to our campsite. We slept under the stars.

Miscellaneous Notes

Paul Kramer:

Lost and Found Department:

Lost

one gas cap

Found

one gallon can of white gas
\$80.00 in \$20.00 bills
one left boot, size five (approx)
\$10.00 in quarters (rolled)
one helium balloon
one pair binoculars (Allan's)

Best Quotes:

Bob: It never rains in the desert.
Bob (later, while watching the Escalante rise due to a flash flood): It's just heavy dew.

Mike: Hey Paul! What was the president's name in 1960?

Paul: Mike! Your a serious fuck up!

Paul: Escalante River? This looks like a river of chocolate milk.

Allan (breathlessly): Quick. Gimme a stick and a stuff sack. M & M & M: Why? Where's Paul?

Allan: He's holding a rattlesnake at bay!

Pets we had:

ants
stray cat

2-1/2 to 3 foot rattlesnake
Racer snake
Dead dragonfly
Live dragonfly
Dead beetle eaten by Mike Gorman
more ants

Important Health Warning:

The local chipminks are known to be carriers of the bubonic plague. If bitten....

Places not to find lantern batteries:

Beckers drugs
Van Leunens
Thriftway
Walgreens
Convenient

Theories of potted meat (Steve's favorite food):

1. What grows in it?
2. Is it immature spam?
3. Does Kal Kan really taste the same?

Plunge pool:

def. 1) A pool surrounded by slick rock so that when you climb around it, you plunge into it. 2) A figment of Mark Gutadauro's imagination.

Victims of the zipper god's curse:

the Mantis
the Diamond Brand
Paul's sleeping bag? blanket?

Victims of altitude sickness:

Paul K. - vomited on summit of the Mt. of the Holy Cross
Mark S. & Mark G. - vomited in stereo while coming down from summit
Mark G. - just plain sick

Loudest noises in camp:

Bob Kessler's Svea stove
Whisperlie forever-- Svea never!

Absolutely worst meals:

Popeye's fried chicken
Steve's potted meat
Allan's refried beans

Quicksand:

It is measured by the number of screams before you go under.

Worst parts of the trip:

Backpacking on sand
Being forced to watch Footlose at the KOA

Seeing Allan's food (refried beans)

Scariest part of trip:

The Rapture-- a Denver newspaper reported that according to a fundamentalist Denver minister, the world would come to an end while we were in Escalante-- we were shaking.

Continued on next page...

Mark Guttadauro:

Never let Allan drive, he sees a bird and swerves into the other lane. Once he thought he saw a beaver, we almost died....

If you plan on visiting our National Parks, learn a foreign language so you can talk to the other visitors.

Typical Dan-van trip:

Eight people and tons of gear stuffed into the van for thousands of miles. And who has used the van and not had some kind of mechanical problem-- like a leaky transmission that slips every now and then.

Didacts and Narpets

Home again, home again. Well, how do you say it-- the trip's over, or should I say that the next trip just hasn't started yet! But let's stick to the subject. What makes a trip a trip? Why, the people, of course! A place like Escalante Canyon is awesome, but the people that you are with make the trip a lot neater. Allan's copious animal expertise, Mike's ability to bullshit in any given situation, and Cindy always making sure that everyone felt involved and welcome, Bob's knowledge of the canyons and backpacking in general, Paul for comic relief and doing everything no one else wanted to do, Steve was always the manic optimist who was always satisfied about everything, and Mark and Mark, the compulsive organizers who kept the trip on track and made sure everything came together at the right time.

Oh, by the way, what does "Didacts and Narpets" mean? Ask Bob Kessler. He's a big Rush fan, (the rock group), and could tell you all about the song and what the title means. See you next trip.

The First Annual Wolf River Extravaganza

Paul Kramer

Sometimes caving can be nasty. Tight, wet, sharp crawlways tend to make for miserable days. Other times, caving can be easy. Mile long walking passages make this possible. No matter what the conditions, cave trips can be very unusual.

On May 15, 1988, our fearless president Mark Suer led a very unusual trip to Wolf River Cave located outside of Pall Mall, Tennessee. Mark, Mark Guttadauro, Brian Quinn, Tom Kelly, and I met Nate Pfeifer at the mouth of the cave at about noon on Saturday the 14th. Our entire party carried sleeping bags and such into the cave in our Bill's Bags (waterproof bags generally used in rafting and canoeing), for we planned to spend a minimum of 24 hours in the cave. Since Wolf River has an incredibly decorated passage, the Enchanted Forest, this trip was a photo trip.

We "cruised" into the cave, and our first (and only) major obstacle was climbing a breakdown pile with full Bill's Bags on our backs. NOT FUN OR EASY. Then after a short crawl dragging these unwieldy bags behind us, we set up "camp" in the Register Room. We then headed down one of the two main trunks to the Enchanted Forest and began to take pictures (soon to be featured in an upcoming slide show).

After the photo session, we returned to the register room in order to eat. Dinner was the highlight (or lowlight for some) of the trip. After exiting the cave to pick up a gallon of water (we accidentally left it sitting in the back of Mark Suer's jeep), we prepared on our Whisperlites a formal-- yes, formal (coat and tie mandatory)-- dinner, consisting of Fettuchini Alfredo cooked with pepperoni sauce, a full loaf of fine Italian bread sliced to perfection, a bottle of champagne, and, of course, a fine chocolate pudding for dessert. When Nate and Brian saw us centered around a single red rose in a vase on a white linen tablecloth, dining in the exquisite candlelit conditions, they became quite befuddled-- they had crouched in the mud, trying to stay warm, while eating a common candy bar, not even bothering to use fine china or silverware (How crude!). We, being the fine, well-mannered cavers that we are, proceeded to offer them our tablescrap, which they ate.

Bedding down that night, we decided to arise at 8:00 A.M., and set an alarm for that time. After ignoring the alarm, we woke up about 10:00, after a blissful night's sleep. Then we went down the other main trunk passage to Miami Beach-- a large sandy area in the cave. Unfortunately, none of us were able to get a good suntan for some unknown reason. So, after we returned to the Register Room, went down a small side passage that we had noticed the night before, and took a few pictures of the gypsum flowers and needles there, we exited the cave.

One thing not previously mentioned in this report is that Wolf River is a well-known cave-- in fact, we met Larry and Debbie Sath, members of the Nashville Grotto, in the cave. Apparently they are friends of the keeper of a key to an awesome gated cave, Xanadu, which is located near Wolf River Cave. Eventually we are hoping to contact the man with the key, and ultimately lead a trip into Xanadu Caverns.

Cave solitly.



Fine Dining at the Lupus Vluvius Cafe

Save a Raptor

Tracy Smith

Raptor, Inc. is a private, tax-exempt organization committed to the rehabilitation of sick and injured birds of prey. If possible, we release them back to their environment. If non-releasable, we find them a home elsewhere, such as at local educational facilities, the Cincinnati Zoo, or a park facility. Proper state and federal permits are required.

Due to the trauma and severity of their injuries, some birds never get a fighting chance for effective treatment or subsequent survival. Unfortunately, man has something to do with that. We use harmful pesticides that poison the birds' food supply which, of course, destroys the bird. Destruction of habitat, as well as illegal hunting and trapping are also causes for their decline. Among the many resident birds of prey are Great Horned Owls, Kestrels, Red-Shouldered Hawks, and Ospreys.

Allow me to share my first introduction to Raptor, Inc. One evening, I ventured out to the Cincinnati Zoo for a film

and lecture on Bald Eagles. I signed up to win a door prize and, as luck would have it, I won! I received a poster of a bald eagle. I was, from then on, turned on to Raptor, Inc. Soon after joining, I volunteered my time to help out with the birds. Bill Moring, the President of Raptor, Inc., and his wife, Ann, had me over to their "backyard" operation. Together, Bill and I handled most phases of what goes on behind the scenes. Let me explain what a day at Mr. Moring's is like.

The first item of business is the joy of cleaning cages, a task that all good volunteers must undertake. Secondly, we feed the birds. Frozen mice and rats are in plentiful supply as a main entree. For dessert, a lucky hawk or owl might dine on a live victim. Boy! What a thrill that can be to watch. Road kills are also part of a bird's dinner.

The rest of the afternoon is scheduled around "pick ups" and "putting the birds on a creance." A "pick up" is when we receive a call on a sick and injured bird. We then go and retrieve the bird, explaining to the caller our purpose and the rehabilitation procedure for the bird.

"Putting the bird on a creance" simply means trying to see if the bird can fly.

Raptor, Inc. offers people the opportunity to become a volunteering member and to attend special programs. Informing the public is very crucial in helping to build the idea that raptors are important in the scheme of things and are protected by law. Several types of educational programs exist, explaining the purpose and future goals of Raptor, Inc. Also, several local veterinarians donate time and services to the birds.

Live birds of prey that are permanently injured are part of the program's appeal. They serve us with an important reminder of our wild heritage. The future goals of Raptor, Inc. are to someday obtain a permanent facility in which to house and care for the birds, and to have a place to hold public programs. This goal requires land and funds.

If you have any ideas or questions please contact either Pres. Bill Moring at 541-8607, Treasurer Art Weisman at 481-4302, Kirk Vonderheide (in charge of education) at 732-1115, or myself, Tracy A. Smith, at 232-3050.



A Barred Owl is roused from its perch

Rafting with the UCMC

Mark Guttadaro

OK! Let's put the raft in the water right over here. Everybody in and grab a paddle. Look sharp now, this rapid is called Put-In and it's easy to wrap a raft on this one.

OK! Everybody forward.

Forward... Good!

Take a break...

Back on the left, forward on the right. Back left, forward right.

Easy forward. Let's set up the Upstream Ferry. Everybody forward, easy. Good. OK, forward hard! Forward! Forward! Forward, back right, forward left, OK good!

Everybody forward...

And so it goes. Another weekend spent whitewater rafting on the Ocoee River in Southern Tennessee. Rafting

is a very interesting and different sport. It is different from many outdoor activities because it is a group sport rather than an individualistic one like climbing. Everyone must work together, everyone must paddle in sync with everyone else to insure that the raft makes it through each rapid intact.

Just riding in the raft can be a lot of fun, but it's the raft guide who has the exciting job. He has to read the water and plan the course and then call the commands to get the raft down the drop. It's quite a bit of responsibility and everyone else is depending on you. Of course, there are privileges - you let your "crew" do all of the bailing.

Rafting is a great way to spend a weekend. In the pools between rapids you sit back and watch the world go by and then you paddle like hell all the way down the next rapids. Lunch is great, too. Eddy the raft out below a hard

rapid and sit there and watch each raft come through and hope something interesting happens, like a raft flipping or wrapping around a rock. Of course, sometimes interesting things happen to your raft-- like going over the waterfall at Powerhouse (I seem to have forgotten who was guiding on that trip!). If you are really lucky, your raft might even get to run over a kayak or two! Serves them right for getting in your path anyway! Then there are those trips when you have strange people in your raft. You know the kind, like the guy trying to fly a kite in the raft while it's going down the rapids.

An evening after rafting is always enjoyable. You can head down to Grumpy's and have a few cold ones, or you can sit around the campfire and try to think of a reason why you didn't drive down to visit Mona.

Prison Break

Phil Wilkin

A blue pinto, a canoe, and a lot of gear is how the trip began, and within six hours of Cincinnati, Chris Boylan and I found ourselves in Evansville, Kentucky. After two days of lounging at my brother's house and checking out the wonderful scenery, we loaded the canoe and headed out for three "peaceful" days on Lake Kentucky, a lake with a lot of magnificent wildlife and scenery.

The TVA left us a freshly-cut campground on a peninsula to spend our first night. As we sat around the fire, we observed our freckles move. We slowly pecked off the red ticks that covered our lower bodies.

We covered ten miles the next day to do some "honor camping" in the Kentucky Lake State Park. In our true mountaineering appearance, we caused paranoia in two girls whom we asked to bum a ride so that we could tote our gear from the canoe to the site. By the next day, though, relations with the two

ladies had improved and we were back in the canoe.

Setting out after lunch on a concrete island, we noticed the sky getting dark. We started to paddle faster. Then came the thunder. We paddled even faster. Then the lightning and Warp Factor 1 to reach shore. The storm broke as we beached our canoe. Chris started to fly while putting up our tent in the severe wind. I tied down the canoe and anxiously watched a ten-inch-diameter tree snap gracefully in half only forty feet from me. For all our trouble, the storm only lasted fifteen minutes!

We jumped back in the canoe. As we lamely unloaded our gear on the dock, a joyful group of fishermen told us about eight well-cultured and morally straight gentlemen who escaped from the solitary block in the Eddyville Maximum Security Prison. As we drove into town, we saw Kentucky State Police, Kentucky National Guard, prison guards, and even a few men in suits with hearing aids. They all waved their shotguns as we passed, and we smiled back with clean-shaven faces.

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Dreaming of a Whites Christmas

Steve Must

Have you ever had an unsettling feeling that somehow your trip is going to be a disaster? Strangely enough that feeling never came to me, but I waited for it anxiously. The anxiety began to develop from the uncertainty as to our departure time, the fact that there was no snow in New England when we left, and was further enhanced by the noise I heard from the van driving back from Dan's just hours before departure.

"Hello."

"Dan, this is Steve, what the hell is wrong with the van?"

"When do you here it squeak?"

"As soon as you hit 60."

"I told them to change those damn things."

"Hold on.... They did change the damn things, they're all new."

"Uh oh, must be the water pump."

"Great we're only going 1000 miles."

"It's been happening for 2 months, sometimes it goes away. If it were my trip, I go for it."

"I guess we could go the speed limit."

"I'll bring down the mileage charge, and start counting when you leave town."

"See you in couple of weeks."

After a frustrating afternoon trying to figure out what was wrong with the Dan Van engine, we finally hit the highway in the dark Saturday evening on the wings of a Dodge van, a prayer, and a horrendous screeching from under the hood. Well at least we were prepared to spend numerous nights in sub-zero temperatures. Armed with a few credit cards and Matt's AAA trip-tick we headed east, destination - the White Mountains, New Hampshire.

Amidst the confusion of finals week, the expedition was reduced to a total of six. The party included myself, Mark Suer on his never ending quest for snow, the unpredictable Mike O'herron, Matt Lehr and his unceasing and often obscene commentary, and the Germans, Ebi and Michael. The thought of spending 20+ hours in a confined area with Matt Lehr is enough to put fear into the heart of even the most steel-nerved mortal. But sanctuary arrived in the form of a stereo system. Combining an old tape deck of mine, Matt's Pioneer 80 watt blasters, and Mike's infinite collection of CD taped cassettes, the Dodgemobile

was ready for a road trip. It was also quite effective in eliminating the noise under the hood! Only problem was keeping the damn thing working.

We hit the road in the dark on a Saturday evening as the temperature and the barometer were both dropping rapidly. The snow and ice we encountered in Ohio and Pennsylvania gave us hope that we would find more up north. The drive up went something like this:

OHIO:

Somebody get that stereo wired up permanently. Is that snow in the air? Is that ice on the road? Everybody relax, it's only 70 mph, as long as I don't brake or swerve, we can roll right across this stuff.

PENNSYLVANIA:

Oh God, Matt and Mike in the cockpit, I'm going back to sleep. Serious snow, 30 mph, stay on this trucks tail or we'll never find the road again. At this rate we'll get there on Tuesday. Hey, someone fix the tunes.

NEW YORK:

Gorgeous sunrise, clear sky, cold air. Ebi and Michael at the helm. No time to stop for breakfast. Break into that 10 lb. loaf of rye bread that the Germans brought. A little sausage and cheese and everyone's full. The bread doesn't even look dented. It feeds six for a week.

CONNECTICUT:

Suers driving, I can't look, somebody get some coffee. Does anyone know where Neil lives. Who's turn to fix the music?

MASSACHUSETTS:

More clear skies and no snow to be seen. Nearly there. Steely Dan, Jethro Tull, Jefferson Airplane, James Taylor, Cream, Beatles, what haven't we heard yet? How about some Eagles. By side two were over the border.

NEW HAMPSHIRE:

Matt has begun his verbal reign of terror which threatens to destroy the sanity of all party members. Fortunately, Matt and Mike spent three weeks travelling in the van out west, so they get along quite beautifully. (snicker, snicker) My God, the weather is superb. A high pressure system that should last until Wednesday. A climb of Mt. Washington should begin as soon as possible. But first we need boots and tents. We pull into North Conway at sunset (i.e. 4:30 p.m.).

The first stop was the outdoor stores EMS and IME. O'herron went on a

buying spree and got a 3-man 4-season tent at EMS so we only needed to rent one other. A very enthusiastic salesperson, and somewhat novice climber by the nonsense he talked about, pulled out a 6-man "expedition" tent, a mere 14.5 lbs. In our situation, this was our only option so we took it. The plan of a night hike to camp and a Monday morning ascent of Washington was eliminated when O'herron returned to character and forgot to rent his plastic boots at the other store. A somewhat expensive hotel fee accompanied our lodging that night.

The high pressure system responsible for the clear skies that stayed on Monday was the ideal weather forecast for a climb of Mt. Washington, and would offer excellent views of all the surrounding mountains. Of course the weather changed while we slept at the Hermit Lake hut that night. The temperature went down to 10 below, and the wind picked up throughout the night. Clouds moved in so that visibility was quite poor and once the peak was reached we practically ran back down to the hut. Hermit Lake lies below Tuckermans Ravine. This is a large eastern facing amphitheater that offers good ice climbing and due to snow accumulation throughout the winter it offers excellent alpine skiing even up to July in good seasons. The trail we took to the summit, the Lions Head, climbs the northern ridge of Tuckermans. As one ascends, the trees soon begin to decrease in size until they cease to exist. The treeline varies around 4500 feet, and is caused by the severity of the wind and weather and the harsh rocky terrain. Above treeline, the Lion's Head trail proceeds along a ridge with Tuckermans dropping below to the left. At this exposed point, the wind whips across the ridge with an incredible velocity. It came up so fast, I lost my breath at one point. It was a struggle to maintain balance, and there is no way to communicate with one another. It was exhilarating! I'd never experienced such powerful wind. Talking to other climbers later in the trip, one guy said he got knocked flat on the ground once in that same place. I don't no what the wind velocity was but the caretaker at Hermit Lake had recorded gusts up to 65 mph that day.

Matt had decided to stay back and keep the hut warm for us. We stayed

Continued on next page...

another night at this hut. When it's around zero Fahrenheit, you really don't want to sit around and play cards, so when the sun goes down you crawl into your sleeping bag along with anything of value, drink some tea, and wait for morning. Unfortunately, that is some 14 hours away. Before the sun went down Mark performed his post-climb ritual and deposited his lunch just outside the hut door. You gotta be careful with that spoiled cocoa.

We awoke that morning to a dreamlike scene as misty clouds filled the entire ravine amidst the snow covered pines. As it turned out, 6-12 inches of snow fell across the Whites the night before, we would encounter this soon enough. The next day the party split up with M & M & M heading back to the van at Pinkham Notch while the ever energetic Germans planned to traverse the Southern peaks while I tagged along. Well actually I suggested the trail, Ebi and Michael just agreed, and then they just set out at an ungodly pace. We dumped as much gear as we could on the descending party so we could make good time, but I was stuck with my sleeping bag and heavy clothes so my bitching and moaning was justified. Even leading through knee deep snow, the alpine bred Ebi is hard to keep up with. Fortunately we took the wrong trail, never got to Lake of the Clouds, and descended down the Dry River valley. A descent through knee deep snow can be very exhausting and towards late afternoon the entire party was grateful for the unintentional route change. Just before descending into the trees, the clouds started breaking up and the view into the valley was spectacular. Due to our rerouted trip, we came out of the valley in the dark on route 302 about 10 miles away from our planned rendezvous with the Three Mouskateers. Frostbite is a serious risk when one stops moving in sub-freezing temperatures, but none of us were in any condition to hike 10 miles up the road. After many fruitless hitch-hiking attempts on both sides of the road, finally some good soul stopped to offer a ride. In no time we were all in the van heading for the mountains once again with the remnants of a case of Busch.

Three days of hiking in brand new plastic boots was a major factor in deciding to drive to Maine the next day. (The broken speedometer may also have played a role.) I think Matt and Mike were eager to see the Atlantic because they are probably the first club members to travel coast-to-coast in the Dan van in the same year. A quick stop

in Bethel, Maine enabled us to see Andy Robidoux at Outward Bound as he drove passed us on his way to some climb ice in Carters

Notch. Rather than chase after him with a van full of ice climbing virgins, we opted to head to Acadia National Park on the coast of Maine. Hell, it was almost 45 degrees out, the ice was melting. Maine is a beautiful state to drive through. We popped in a Stones tape hit the road. We camped at a deserted State Park near Bar Harbor on Acadia Island. Having been a Stephen King reader in the past, I could not help but let my imagination go wild when we pitched camp in the heart of his old turf. Especially when Mike and Mike went for a midnight stroll, I was worried that only one would return; mostly worried that the wrong one would return. (Just kidding, O'herron)

We woke to an icily clear morning with a more seasonable temperature of 10 F. It was so cold most of the trip... hey Nick, do you know how cold it was? It was so cold that Mike O'herron finished only one half roll of film! That's cold.

We decided to head back to the mountains that afternoon since the park loop road was blocked and the place was so desolate. But not before stopping at an old 18th century fort, Fort Knox, on the Penobscot River that was built to fend off the British attempting to penetrate the southern coast of Maine. We ran through the vast structure and slid down the fort walls like a bunch of kids playing in a castle. Back on the road.

At the Whites, four of us jaunted up Mt. Adams on a day hike, while Matt and Mike made party arrangements. It turned out that our neophyte climbing buddy Rob, from the EMS store was throwing a party that night and he invited us. It turned out to be a worthwhile venture. The cross section of people we encountered was reminiscent of Daniel's on a Wednesday night. A reggae band and their groupies were in town for the weekend, and although not performing, Rastafarian sounds dominated the stereo system. Matt was his usual sociable self and I noticed he was rubbing off on Suer whose vocabulary has expanded to fit his name. He was out of control when they started the reggae slam dancing. Isn't that a contradiction? Needless to say Mikey O. was in heaven, especially when the spliff was passed around. The Germans just looked on in silent wonder. It turned out that the party was for Henry who was moving to Missoula, Montana. Fortunately, being some-

what of a climber, many of his climbing friends were in attendance. I spent most of the evening trying to find out a place we could go to ice climb the following day. I was overwhelmed. All these guys were serious climbers, and I couldn't keep track of all the suggestions. One guy said he had no plans and that he'd show us around. Then he invited us all to crash at him and his friends place. Once we dragged Mike and Mark off the dance floor, we headed to their place. We slept on the floor of a semi-rustic cabin in the woods with more climbing posters, books, and gear than I've seen assembled outside of a store. His friend had to work but Jon took us out to some nearby icefalls in Crawford Notch for a top roping intro to ice climbing on some gentle as well as vertical ice. We left these guys after beer and pizza, while they talked about their experiences on Rainier and Denali, and asked Ebi and Michael about the Alps. Maybe they'll fit Europe into their schedule, Peru's next year, and if it goes, Annapurna in '92...

Our path turns to Vermont. Overnite at Killington, "You want to sleep in a tent in Vermont in December? Ba, haa, haa!" We sleep at another dependable deserted State Park, except this one has a large house and a ranger's truck out front. We pitch a tent in the parking lot. Gee, Mike, how much was this tent? The rancher's kids wake us when they run to catch their bus. We're out in five minutes. We all agree (with one dissension), that one day of downhill skiing could not be worth that much money... Off to Lake Placid. We spend an excellent and physically demanding afternoon cross country skiing on the Women's Nordic ski trails. Finally, after discovering that the night life in Lake Placid on a Monday night leaves a lot to be desired, we pull off the road and go to sleep. Awaking to find more a return of warm temperatures and a persistently disgusting drizzle of rain, a defeated Mark Suer solemnly stuffs his snowshoes deep into the disheveled pile of gear in the back of the van and we head for home.

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My New Kentucky Home

Mark Holtegel

March was a good time to start planning for a vacation. One in July or August-- maybe July and August!

About the time I started planning, I started back to work. It was on a cool day that I went to work, finishing a house in Hyde Park. The time was right, as the job had to be finished before a May wedding. The winter had been long and hard on this house!

I arrived at 13 Weebotak to find a carriage house needing the finishing touches as far as exterior painting. This small abode, debonaire with its majestic view of the river, appealed to me as I worked in Nature with the wildlife teeming. Painting on this house invigorated me to do the best job I could do. As I moved ladders around and rattled the squirrels, I whistled with the birds and painted. I felt quite at home with Nature. The lizards scurried as I lifted the clinging ivy to paint the stucco. And the view was spectacular!! Someone was building a new dock or marina just across the river. The trees, the river, the city spreading out to the west, and the estates dotting the horizon, all seemed quite quaint to me as I busily prepared this house and scanned over the view.

My plan was, and is, to build a small cottage on my lot in Kentucky. My lot,

100' x 100' in the Cumberland Lake region-- better known as "Holtegel's Hideaway"-- is a piece of Nature that I so longed for!

It is teeming with wildlife. Deer are abundant, as are squirrels, birds of all sorts, and lizards-- yes, lizards! I found lizards under the leaves as I raked.

On July 25, 1988, I arrived at Lots 81-84 on Apache Trail. My first task was to set up camp. I did so quite hurriedly as I had no time to waste enjoying my vacation. It took me the rest of the day but it was time well spent. I tied a line 50 feet or so from tree to tree and secured Smokey, my canine companion, and set up his food and water. Soon I had my Coleman 2 burner going and dinner cooking. After a scrumptious meal of camper's stew I was ready to start. I uncoupled the TeeNee and parked it. After 200 plus miles of grueling travel, TeeNee was finally resting, laden with its cargo. You see, when I left Delhi in Cincy, I had my truck loaded down with lumber, tools, camping gear, etc., and pulling TeeNee, the U.C.M.C.'s trailer that has been rebuilt, also loaded with an assortment of lumber. Making camp, I had to choose a level spot where I could tie up my tarp. Right in the middle of the trail was good. I bedded down that night with a great sense of peace and tranquility-- and some Kentucky Taveran too, of course!

The next morning I awoke to the yelping of Smokey who was on guard for the night. I figured he was barking at a deer, something he had never seen before. That morning, after coffee and rolls, we went on a hike. As I let Smokey off his line, he shot off and soon was tracking a deer. When I reached the bottom of the hill, I found Smokey. He had lost a scent and the deer too. While hiking to the lake I found an 8 point set of antlers-- skull attached, and intact. Later on, my friend Dan and I figured out that the deer had been wounded and ran off to die in the spot where I found the head.

Getting nearer to the lake, the litter was abundant-- oil cans, tires, soda cans, and the like were scattered all about. As near as I could figure, it was a flood inlet, dwarfed by steep cliff-like sides. The water was really low. I heard motor boats in the distance-- a sure sign of other vacationers. Walking back up the creek bed, I found a station marker. It was fully intact and weighed about 15 pounds. I smashed it to get the brass plate loose so I could take it with me.

One half hour later, I huffed into the campsite. I took off my knapsack and sorted out all of my finds, little trinkets picked up along the way to remind me of my hike to the lake.

I put Smokey back onto his line and went to town. I stopped at the Cumberland Lumber Co. and purchased forty 2 x 4's, three sheets of 3/8 CDX and 20 lbs. of nails. This was to be the start of my cottage. On the way back to camp, I went north on 27 and found a shop to purchase a brush cutting attachment for my weed-eater and some chains for my saw. I spent \$150 on my full day of shopping, but I was now ready to clear and build on my lot. I arrived back at camp after my trip to town for supplies and felt I was all set for a day or so. I had made a goal that I would do something toward the building effort at least half of each day. Day 1 had been completed.

Day 2 brought a different feeling for me. I awoke and had breakfast. As soon as I could, I cleared a path to my building site. I had to be selective when cutting the timber. "Save the dogwoods," I said to myself. So I cut through the forest-- a path 20 feet wide and 100 feet long. This left me feeling somewhat empty. Had I cut too much? I had this feeling about what Allan had once advised me: "Cut only what you



Lake Kentucky

need to." Perhaps I got carried away with the chain saw. Although I cut too much, I had enough to actually start erecting my cottage. I laid out my plan; three one foot diameter logs spaced five feet on center. My floor plan took on a shape. I cut the trees 20 feet in length so my cottage is now 10' x 20'. While raking the leaves to clean the site, I noticed a boundary marker. I had cleared more than I was supposed to! From my chosen level spot, I had to drag the logs up hill to a new building spot. Using a come-a-long, I did so in about 2 hours. The rest of the day, I found myself nailing frames together for the outhouse (every cottage has one!) and the cottage.

After supper, I took Smokey off his line and took him for a hike. We were exploring again, on our way to the lake. I had one thing on my mind as we walked-- how great it was going to feel to bathe in the lake! We reached the lake only to find some "tourons" in "our" inlet. Well! No bath in the lake that night. I sat there and watched this guy play with his jet-ski for 10 minutes or so. A real yak he was, weaving in and out and losing his machine at every turn. But he was having the time of his life.

We climbed the hill again to our camp site. As I gave myself a sponge bath, I allowed Smokey to just run. I couldn't tie the animal up again! Except for the times when I left to go to town, he remained free. Day 2 had expired and I was looking forward....

Day 3 came early in the A.M. as I lay restlessly contemplating my day. The bugs, chiggers or spiders, had a feast with my clean body. As I got up itching and scratching, I prepared breakfast. With my morning meal out of the way, I decided to clean up my cooking gear. I felt the need to build a table. So I did. Using all new lumber, I painstakingly set out to construct a picnic bench. With saw, hammer, and chisel in hand, I cut, hammered, and chiseled to make a sturdy bench. Four dados later my bench was taking form. It took all of three hours to make. The rest of the morning I spent clearing an area for the outhouse. That afternoon, I tied the dog and went off to the store. The store, Jett's, is actually a quaint little restaurant, gas station and general store all combined. The locals are very friendly and will talk your arm off if you let them. I talked at great length with the young shopkeeper about local caves to explore and other points of interest. As soon as I could, I collected my groceries and drove the seven miles back to camp.

Smokey was as glad to see me as I was to see him. I soon cooked supper and had another restful, peaceful evening.

Days 4 and 5 were spent much in the same fashion as the first three, except that I drove to the lake to bathe. Both nights I took a jump into the lake and refreshed myself. On one of my visits to the ramp, I met and talked with the Campbells. They are from Cincy and have been at Lake Cumberland since 1964. They own the ramp and sell lots on the acreage where they live. The are BIG on conservation in the area, as well as local politics. The lady, Teddy, seemed to wear the pants in the family. It was very nice talking to the two of them. They made me feel at home and even had coffee with me.

On the 6th day, I went to Jett's to mail letters and pick up ice. I called home and talked with my mom. She was glad to hear from me. I told her all of my stories and asked her to relay a message to Dan Hayes about coming down for a few days. He was supposed to come that Monday but he was busy with an Issac Walton Convention in Milwaukee over the weekend. I was instructed to call back in the A.M. to confirm Dan's plans. The next day, I traveled once again to Jett's and called home. The plans were for me to meet Dan at 1 P.M. I did. What a great feeling, seeing Dan - a familiar face! WOW! He even brought his boat! Great! We're set!! We went back to camp and Smokey was glad to see us. He had never met Dan and it took him a little time to get to know him and trust him. Within a half hour, they were buddies!

We grilled burgers, drank beer and bullshitted the rest of the evening. Dan is a person whom I've come to know through our family. As a teen, he swam on the team with my brother at Western Hills High. Their friendship ran over into our family. He bummed around with Jack Reynolds, a friend of my sister's boyfriend. Dan, knowing the whole fam-damily, eventually came to know Yvonne Hays (no relation at that time) who was a girl scout in my mom's Girl Scout Troop. My mother introduced them and it wasn't too long afterwards that they were married. That is how I met Dan.

Anyway, getting back to the vacation story.... Dan slept in his van and I was in my truck. It was a very restful night without the bugs. The next day, we awoke and Dan volunteered to cook breakfast. Sausage, eggs, o.j. and coffee were the fare. Dan even wanted to do the dishes. Respecting my elder, I al-

lowed him to do the task. After he was done, he wanted to get to know the lay of the land. So I brought out the deeds, a pictorial schematic of the lots and a topo. As soon as we figured out how and what to measure, we set out to find boundary markers. My dad, who had previously set stakes out years ago, had set four, marking the corners of the rectangular lot. Knowing where the stakes were on the road and having found the third one by mistake, I was at a quandary as to where the fourth one was. Studying the pictorial, Dan was certain we could find the fourth one. Pacing off the footage, from stakes 1 and 3, at different angles we soon found stake #4. We had a closure and a definite area to work in. Soon we had sights cleared between the stakes. My only concern with clearing the sight was saving the dogwoods. No big trees, only brush and dogwoods got in the way. We cleared the brush. Next on Dan's agenda was to allow the larger trees to "breathe." All trees dead or "leaning dead" were to be laid down. All vines choking the living trees were to be cut and cleaned out. All dead material, including brush was to be piled up. I helped Dan to do this as best as I could, but the outhouse was still on my agenda and I let Dan continue the task of clearing and piling while I worked on the outhouse.

Towards the afternoon, it became too hot to work so Dan took a hike while I started to prepare supper. After a pot luck meal, we headed for the lake, with Dan's boat in tow. We arrived at Campbell's landing. Dan backed the trailer down the ramp and went to put the boat in the water. We had forgotten to put the plug back in and soon the floor was flooded. He backed out of the water to allow it to drain. All but a few gallons remained so we put the plug in and the boat back into the water. She floated, so I unhooked the bowline and pulled her to shore. Dan pulled out and parked and was back in a jiffy. He couldn't wait to play with his new toy, so off we went in search of a "gas dock". After talking with other boaters, we decided to go to Jamestown Dock. In 15 minutes we were at the dock and fueling up. Gas wasn't cheap there, so we only got about 10 gallons. Inside the floating Chevron tourist trap, we paid up and got maps of the lake. We left and soon found an inlet to bathe in. After getting cleaned up, we decided we would go see the Wolf Creek Dam. As I steered the boat, Dan was bailing water that was still under the floor. It took about a half hour to get to the dam. Just

short of the caution signs, we did a U-turn and headed for our home port. Right at sunset, we pulled out and drove back to camp.

The next morning brought the usual chore of fixing breakfast and the clean-up. Dan decided we should finish the outhouse together and we worked all day getting all but the shingles, door and painting done. We drove to Jamestown to transfer my deeds into one. While there we went to the dock to get lunch. We found the restaurant too far from "tree" parking to make it worthwhile. So on the way back, we stopped at the Colonel's for a chicken snack. After that, we went to a hardware store and bought a bundle of shingles, and 2 qts. of paint. We then drove back to the campsite. That night we ran out of beer!

The next day, we were up bright and early... a new day, a day of firsts! An outhouse, or unisex as we called it, was to be used for the first time. Also it was the first day for either of us to be sick. Dan had come down with a small bug--diarrhea, cramping, and a headache. He had nothing to do but rest in the Unisex most of the day. He was the first to try it out and it works. So did he! As he rested, I went to Jett's to get Pepto-dismal. That seemed to help the most.

When he began debating whether or not to drive 100 miles for more beer, I knew he was feeling much better!

That afternoon, we painted and shingled the unisex. I had put the door on earlier in the day. And I did talk Dan out of the idea of getting beer as we only had two days left in the BUSH!

The next day and a half we spent working on the cottage. We got the main floor timbers fairly level as well as some basic studwork taken care of. After running ourselves out of time and materials, the vacation was about gone. The last half of the last day, we broke camp and packed our vehicles. Dan didn't have to do much packing so he finished quite soon. Both of us were all packed up so we lashed several logs on the TeeNee so it wouldn't flop around on its long return to Cincy.

I decided to let Smokey run FREE that last night. After all, he had spent 75% of the time on his rope. My decision, I was soon to find out, was a wrong one. As we were drifting off to sleep, the canine camper was out chasing nocturnal wildlife. All of a sudden, I heard him barking down in the hollow, I assumed, at a deer. Then, I heard him yelp!! Within minutes, he was back rubbing his muzzle on the ground. Was

he hurt? I got up to look. No sign of blood but the stench shocked me into knowing just what the "great hunter" of mine had found. A skunk!!! A #@&%* SKUNK! And Smokey reeked from snout to tail! Fully sprayed, he was. That skunk didn't miss a hair on his body! He spent the rest of the night tied to a tree far away from us.

Dan was up and out early the next morning--about 6:30. I slept in until 8 or so. Soon after I awoke, I was busy repacking to accommodate my stinked companion. He was to ride in the back of the truck, not in front as I had previously planned. Four hours later we crossed the Brent Spence, the gateway to the "Cin City". Home again, home again, jiggety, jig jig!

As I recount my previous adventures, big and small, I classify my latest as a BIG one. I totally enjoyed a week of solitude, reaching for my personal goals.

Am I going back?

You betcha!!!!

Steve Must

The most impressive thing that an adventurous traveler discovers after spending a few days in Washington is the diversity that the state offers. From the friendly city of Seattle on the Puget Sound at sea level, the landscape peaks out at 14,410 feet on the top of Mt. Rainier amidst the volcanic range of the Cascades. A short ferry ride across the bay and one can experience the thundering rocky Pacific Coast, the icy cold sand and pebble beaches, the unique temperate rain forests, and glaciers on the lowest altitude snowline in the North American continent, all on the Olympic Peninsula. Then there are the deserts that lie to the east across the Cascades.

What one discovers about the people is that the difference between the inhabitants on the East and West Coast is about as great as the distance between them. My statistics may be distorted due to the limited number of people I encountered, but there seems to be a more relaxed or laid back mentality in and around Seattle. Whereas Easterners are

Northwest Passages

obsessively concerned with amassing vast sums of money, the majority of Washington inhabitants are obsessively concerned with amassing vast sums of time. Time which they can spend sailing around the islands of the Strait of Juan de Fuca, hiking through the wonders of the Cascades, climbing the glaciers of the the volcanoes (Rainier, Hood, and Adams, to name a few), as well as the Olympic Range, wandering through the luscious rain forests or along the coast trails of Olympic National Park, or windsurfing the natural wind tunnel known as Columbia Gorge. Did I miss anything? Most likely. It may be the surroundings, not to discredit outdoor recreation in New England, but there seems to be a different mentality between, say, New York and Seattle. A different outlook on life; one upholds a desire to accumulate wealth, the other, a desire to accumulate experience. Of course, with a little wealth one can experience whatever one wants. But the underlying philosophy or goal is inherently at odds.

On my first trip to the Pacific Northwest, my experience with the Cascades was "limited" to Mt. Rainier. Known to locals as "The Mountain", on a clear day Rainier can be seen floating over the city of Seattle over 100 miles away. Unfortunately, those kind of days are rare in this city. Of course, we had no chance to get any view whatsoever of the peak until we had reached about 9,000 ft., just short of Camp Muir at 10,000 ft. but I'll get to that later.

First, let's talk about the Olympic Peninsula. Located due west of Seattle across the bay, this peninsula acts as a buffer that absorbs all the storms that come across the Pacific. For this reason, the Olympic Peninsula has an average rainfall of 180 inches per year. To put this in perspective, Cincinnati has an average rainfall of approximately 40 inches per year. With such a high concentration of precipitation the Olympic mountain range located in the heart of the peninsula has a very high glacier population although the highest peaks are only 7000 feet. One has to keep in mind that these mountains are at 47 degrees latitude, quite a bit further

north than the 14,000 ft. peaks of Colorado which rarely sustain glaciers. When Gwen, Bhavani, and I explained to our gracious Seattle host, Hal Shaw, that we thought we would run over to the peninsula and jaunt up Mt. Olympus to get in shape for Rainier, his 3 A.M. bloodshot eyes quickly lit up, and, holding back his laughter, he said we ought to look at the map a little closer first.

At the higher altitudes, the consistent precipitation continually builds upon itself in the development of glaciers. As the ice compresses under increasing weight, the mass begins to "flow". The melting ice from these glaciers, or runoff, flow down through the conifer forests in the form of ice-cold glacier streams. These forests at lower altitudes, which run the perimeter of the Olympic Range, are known as temperate rain forests; temperate, due to the latitude and vegetation, and rain, due to the volume of rain they receive. In such an environment, best described as lush, life is abundant. The floor is forest covered with giant ferns, every tree is overrun with moss, and almost every tree is over 100 feet tall! It is an extremely peaceful feeling to walk among these giants-- spruce sitkas, Douglas fir, hemlock-- and just smell and absorb the richness of the life that surrounds you. These peninsula forests contain the largest species in existence of six varieties of trees.

As we wandered into the Hoh rain forest on a pleasant morning and immediately became immersed in the diversity of the vegetation, I wondered out loud to Gwen and Bhavani, "What classifies a forest as a rain forest?" Stumped by this seemingly complex question regarding the biological makeup of an environment, the obvious was revealed when it began to rain that

evening. And rain that night. And rain the next morning. And continue to rain. In fact, when you think about it, to get 180 inches of rain a year, it has to rain about a half inch a day. Every day. I think the day we hiked out made up for three other days without rain.

The trail was rather gentle and we were able to hike in ten miles and pitch camp with little change in altitude. The Hoh rain forest follows the Hoh river valley that penetrates deep into the Olympic range and allows climbers the most accessible route to the top of Mt. Olympus. We ran into a wide variety of mountaineers, and discovered that climbing Olympus can be quite treacherous. Almost all of them carried glacier poles to enable retreat in case of a white-out, and the average weight of their packs was up around 70 lbs. Although in some cases, 30 lbs. of camera gear could be considered non-essential. After the ten miles to the Olympus hut, the climber is looking at another 6 miles to Elk Lake and then over 2 more miles to Glacier Meadows, where most parties start out early for the summit.

I decided to hike on up to Elk Lake while the girls stayed back mending their feet. As it was getting late, I practically ran most of the way so I'd get back before dark. It was wonderful to experience the transition from rain forest, to lowland and montane forest, and I regret I couldn't continue further. The temperature became noticeably cooler with even slight elevations, and as I passed climbers along the way I began to appreciate the fact that I only carried my body weight. Although Elk Lake was rather unclimactic, the view of the glacier-fed Hoh River crashing through a gorge nearly 100 feet below my feet made the trip worthwhile. Besides, I was still in training for Rainier,

right? After a total of 20 miles in one day and 10 back the next day, my knees and feet told me that I might not even get a chance at Rainier. (Hey Mr. Sipes, this rock climber has gained undue respect for serious backpackers.)

As we drove back around the perimeter of the peninsula, we couldn't pass up a chance to see the Pacific Ocean. Besides the mountains and the forests, the Olympic National Park extends to the coastal borders of the Pacific. The backpacker has some 57 miles of scenic and secluded coastline to explore. The awesome power and beauty of the ocean could never be more impressive than in an isolated wilderness unhindered by the civilized world. Unfortunately, we passed through a very depressed American Indian reservation to get to the beach, but I believe Larry and the homeboys spent some time hiking the coast, which is documented elsewhere in this newsletter, and I know that Bob and Cindy Kessler would love to tell you about hiking the coast of Vancouver Island if you are interested.

One could spend a lifetime enjoying all that the Olympic Peninsula has to offer, and I haven't even mentioned the Cascades yet. The Rainier ascent went so well it would almost be unexciting to write about, although I could probably fill up three pages. I leave the detailed account of the ascent to Mike and Larry, but I'd be happy to talk to anyone interested in the rest of the story. Just like the peninsula, the whole Northwest has such an endless variety of adventure to offer the UCMC appetite. I yearn to return, and can only console myself with the distorted rationality that living in the midst of all this wonder would destroy the magic.

Choosing Your Outdoor Equipment

Jeff Sipes

The following discussion will give a novice camper/backpacker the necessary information to evaluate and choose reliable equipment. The discussion only deals with three items most beginners have the greatest difficulty evaluating-- packs, sleeping bag, and a tent. This article contains only general information and you should always consult your salesman for specific help. If the

outdoor shop is reputable, the sales staff will be glad to assist you in choosing equipment. When in doubt, consult another store for a second opinion, because it is you who will be living with the equipment chosen, not the salesman.

If you are a member of the U.C. Mountaineering Club, by all means take advantage of the equipment they have. The backpacks, bags, and tents on the inventory are very basic, but there is enough variety that you can begin to form an idea of what you need. When

you get around to making a purchase, consider the following points.

Choosing a Backpack

When selecting a pack, the first thing to consider is its intended use. Here are some questions you may want to think about. First, how do you intend to use the pack-- hiking, climbing, skiing, canoeing? Second, how long will you trips last-- overnight, several days, a week, or more? Third, what kind of gear will you carry (consider both bulk and weight)? Keep these questions in

mind as you read the discussion of the three types of packs available (external frame, internal frame, and travel packs).

Frames :

External VS Internal

The traditional external frame pack consists of a rigid frame to which the packbag, shoulder straps and padded hip belt are attached. By design, the external frame carries the weight high, transferring most of the weight onto the hips rather than the shoulders. This allows a more erect posture and less upper body fatigue than would be possible without a frame. In general, external frame packs are best suited for hiking on developed trails and for carrying very heavy loads. Other advantages include being able to lash gear to the frame outside the pack, being cooler to wear in hot weather, and being a bit less expensive than comparable internal frame packs.

An internal frame pack uses two flexible internal stays (flat metal supports) to transfer weight to the hip belt. By design, an internal frame pack hugs the body more closely and produces a lower center of gravity, making it better suited to activities requiring balance (skiing, climbing, etc.). Their narrower profile makes them less likely to snag on underbrush or other obstructions. Generally, internal frame packs are more desirable for off-trail hiking, climbing and traveling.

Travel packs are internal frame packs with specialized adaptations for traveling. They can be converted to luggage by concealing the entire suspension system (usually with a zippered panel), and have a carrying handle and/or shoulder strap. While the simpler designs are essentially luggage with a simple suspension system, the better travel packs feature state-of-the-art suspension systems and are excellent back packs in their own right. Because the suspension system is stored, and because of the flexible stays, travel packs are less likely to be damaged in baggage handling than other packs. Because of their compact profile, they are much easier to use in crowded places and on public transportation.

Once you've narrowed your choices down to the type of pack you want, the other important considerations are capacity and fit. Be sure to get adequate capacity for your needs. A pack of 3000-4000 cubic inches is the minimum requirement for a multi-day hike or for moderate travel needs. Extended trips or winter camping will increase the

volume needed. With an internal frame, you will carry your sleeping bag inside the pack, so take this into account when considering pack volume.

The most important single consideration in choosing your pack is proper fit. Take lots of time in the store trying on several packs (with weight added). Seek advice from store personnel in adjusting the packs. After you get home, load up with the actual gear you will use and walk around the neighborhood. Don't hesitate to come back to the store for fine tuning after the sale.

Choosing a Sleeping Bag

The most important factors to consider when choosing a sleeping bag are its warmth rating, shape, type of insulation, weight, features, and price.

It's important to choose a bag with the appropriate warmth rating for your needs. Bags with a temperature rating 10-20 degrees are popular for use in Ohio or for three season use in the mountains. Bear in mind that manufacturer's temperature ratings are approximate: not everyone will be comfortable at the rated temperature. When in doubt, get a warmer bag. It's not worth shivering all night long to save a few dollars or a couple of ounces. Also, sleeping in your long underwear (as opposed to being buck nekkid) or being inside a tent increases the warmth factor.

The shape of a bag affects its warmth (and weight). Although in general, the warmth of a bag is proportional to its loft (thickness), a mummy-shape or tapered bag will be warmer than a rectangular bag of the same loft. This is because a sleeping bag works by retaining your body heat, so a bag is more efficient if there is less volume for you to keep warm. Mummy bags have a hood to protect the head in cold weather and will seal up better around the shoulders. For these reasons and because they are lighter and less bulky for a given temperature rating, mummy bags are by far more popular with backpackers. The advantages of rectangular bags are they are less confining and can be unzipped completely for use as a cot-topper.

In insulations, the choice is between goose down and synthetics (there are several synthetics, but they have basically the same characteristics). Down bags are lighter and more compressible than comparable synthetic bags. Down retains more of its original loft than synthetics, which start to lose some loft after several years. Unfortunately,

down bags cost half again as much as comparable synthetic bags. Down will also lose all of its insulating power if soaked. This problem is sometimes overrated, since in normal use a bag will rarely get wet enough to lose a significant amount of loft.

Synthetic bags, on the other hand, are heavier and bulkier than down bags. They are less expensive and will retain some insulating power even when soaked. They also dry out much more quickly than down bags. Synthetic bags are therefore particularly good for canoeing use. They are also easier to clean than down bags, which take special care.

Quallofil is the newest and best of the synthetics. It is lighter, softer-feeling, and more compressible than other synthetics. It is, in fact, almost as compressible as down. Polarguard is the other popular, top-quality synthetic fill. Hollofil II is less compressible and less efficient than Quallofil, but is less expensive and is used in some good budget-priced bags. Hollofil 808 is even less compressible and less efficient than the other synthetics, but quite inexpensive and makes a good moderately-priced bag if weight is not important.

The weight of a bag will be a function of all the above factors. Consider how important weight is to you when compared against warmth, shape, and insulation. If weight (and/or compactness) is of paramount importance, then you should get a mummy-shaped down bag.

Some down bags have an outer shell of Gore-Tex, a breathable, waterproof material. These bags are warmer and less likely to get wet than other comparable bags. Although expensive, a Gore-Tex bag is worth considering for mountaineering or extended backpacking use.

Some bags use Solarsilk as an inner lining. Solarsilk reflects radiant heat and keeps the bag warmer without adding weight. Some cold weather bags use Texolite, which acts as a partial vapor barrier, adding considerable warmth for very little weight. It is recommended for use in colder weather only since it doesn't breathe well and can make a bag feel clammy in warm weather.

Choosing a Tent

There are currently hundreds of tent designs on the market. In process of choosing one for yourself, you must consider several variables. Size

(amount of people and gear), weight, compactness, type of use (backpacking, mountaineering, etc.), and price are the most important. Since you are unlikely to find one tent that optimizes all these factors, you must choose the one that best fits your overall needs.

Most quality tents utilize double-wall construction, incorporating a weatherproof coated nylon awning (called a rainfly) covering the inner tent body whose walls and roof are made of breathable nylon (the floor is waterproof, of course). This allows interior moisture (from body moisture, cooking, or simple humidity in the air) to escape. A single wall, waterproof tent will hold in such moisture and can become quite wet. A double wall tent will also be cooler in hot weather due to the increased breathability and because direct sunlight is kept off the inner wall of the tent.

I strongly recommend nylon over canvas in family tents. Canvas is very heavy, bulky, and mildew-prone if stored wet.

When shopping for tents, beware of department store and discount house bargain tents. Besides being of lower quality, they may have little or no war-

ranty protection, and it is frequently impossible to obtain replacement poles for such tents.

Tent design varies widely these days, although most are a variation on an A-frame or dome shape. Many tents are "freestanding" or "self-supporting", meaning that once assembled, they support themselves without stakes or guy lines. In some cases, the rainfly may have to be staked out, and staking the tent is always recommended for optimal wind resistance. Many tents incorporate a vestibule into their designs as part of the rainfly or as an optional attachment. Although floorless, a vestibule offers 10-15 square feet of covered space for packs, boots, etc. Most tents use shock-corded poles in which individual short pole sections are connected with elastic cord. Set-up is much easier and there is much less chance of losing pole sections.

Tents are often designated as three season (backpacking) or four season (expedition) tents. This can be misleading since a well made three season tent can be used all year round in anything less than winter mountaineering conditions. In fact, a good three season tent is more than adequate for most tent

needs. A true four season tent will be designed to withstand extreme conditions and is therefore stronger than a backpacking tent. However, because they are meant to be used in cold weather, four season tents sometimes have inadequate ventilation for warmer weather. Also, such tents will generally be heavier.

Once you have made your choice for a tent, there are some things you should do in the way of care and maintenance. Most tents should have the rainfly and floor seams sealed with a liquid seam sealer at the time of purchase and periodically thereafter. This process seals the needle holes and will make the tent watertight. Many people will use a plastic or nylon groundsheet under the tent to protect the floor. The groundsheet should be slightly smaller than the tent so that it won't collect rain-water.

Do not store a tent for long periods when it is wet. After a trip, rinse the tent off well and allow it to dry thoroughly before putting it away. Any nylon tent should not be left set up in direct sunlight for extended periods. The nylon will become brittle and crack under these circumstances.

There is, of course, no single ideal piece of equipment for everyone. If you carefully consider all the factors discussed above and choose the equipment that best fits your particular requirements, you will have a product that will give you many years of comfortable service with proper care.

White Water Raft

Jerry Bargo

(sung to the tune of "Crazy Train", by Ozzy Osbourne)

*Floating, but that's how it goes.
A half dozen people, and no one will row.
Maybe, it's not too late
to pull up on shore and let it deflate.
Surprise Rapid's a class II,
Hate to see a V,
I'm going down the New in a white water raft.
I'm going down the New in a white water raft.*

*I've listened to climbers,
I've listened to fools,
I've watched them play yo-yo,
and rack their own jewels.
One person conditioned to rule and control
the raft through the rapids and to the next pool.
Double Z's a class V,
I think I'm going to die,
I'm going down the New in a white water raft.
I'm going down the New in a white water raft.*

*I got thrown from the boat in Double Z,
You should have heard how loud I screamed.*

*Heirs of a wet sport, that's what we've become.
Inheriting paddles, I'm mentally numb,
"Crazy", that's what they all say.
But if they would try it, they would all stay.
Everyone now paddles
to the raft guides call.
We're going down the New in a white water raft.
We're going down the New in a white water raft.*

A Crime Exists

Mark Schorle

a crime exists no judge
and jury will hear within their court
our mother's pain will be left
out of any government report

the rivers cry
and the sky will choke and gag
but still the ones we've
put in charge will let their morals sag

the trees they are defenseless
to an industry that's blind
their thorns cannot protect them
from a bankers evil mind

in a land so full of treasures
all placed here at our feet
let's do our best to save these pleasures
for our children we've yet to meet

Wit and Wisdom

Editors

PHYSICIST OR MYSTIC?

"The physicist seeks to UNDERSTAND reality, while the mystic is trained to EXPERIENCE it directly."

-Peter Matthiessen

"Modern science classifies the world ... not into different groups of objects but into different groups of CONNECTIONS ... The world thus appears to be a complicated tissue of events, in which CONNECTIONS of different kinds alternate or overlap or combine and thereby determine the texture of the whole."

-Peter Matthiessen quoting Lawrence

LeShan quoting Werner Heisenberg

(Sound like UCMC?)

"...that in the endless interpenetration of the universe, a molecular flow, a cosmic energy shimmers in all stone and steel as well as flesh." (Or is it comic energy?)

-Peter Matthiessen

"Lexington is strategically placed between here and the middle of nowhere."

-Paul Kramer, en route to Nowhere

"Are ya'll the cave dwellers?"

-Waitress in Pizza Hut, Richmond, KY after seeing Paul and M & M and five other cavers

"It never rains in the desert."

-Bob Kessler during recent trip to Escalante Canyon, Utah

"Its just heavy dew."

-Bob Kessler after flash flood

"I didn't break the thing... I just modified it!"

-Nick Day, UCMC repairman

"If you got an ice axe, you can go anywhere!"

-Nick Day, making another repair

"Look- hey, look!- Hey, look over there!- Little dinosaurs!"

-Mitch, seeing an island of Iguanas

"Get it off!"

-Mark Suer, after being informed that his nose was in the first stages of frostbite, summit Mt. Washington

"I'm fucked off."

German phrase, translates: "I'm pretty beat."

-Eberhard Waldhor, White Mountains

Climb

*When your path seems impassable
may your strength cease to wane
When all hope seems lost
may your nerve never falter*

*May the physical and mental extremes
encountered in climbing
pain and joy
fear and exhilaration
enforce your zest for life
and leave you basking in the richness
of the experience
yet ever thirsting for the next challenge
to push the limits of mind and body
to the edge*

Desperate Caver

Jerry Bargo

(sung to the tune of "Desperado", by the Eagles)

Desperate Caver, why don't you come to your senses?
You've been ducking under fences for so long now.
Oh you're a hard ass, but I know you've got your reasons.
This sport that is pleasing you sounds nasty to me.

Don't you mess with any hodags boy, they'll eat you when they're able.
You know the measly little cave cricket makes a better pet.
Now it seems to me some fine days have been spent beneath the surface.
But you only get cold, muddy, and wet.

Desperate Caver, oh you ain't gettin' no smarter.
Your Jeeps and your pick-em-ups, they're driving you home.
And hodags, oh hodags, that's just some water dripping.
Your prison is crawling through this cave all alone.

Don't your pants get frozen in the winter time?
Sky won't show and the sun won't shine.
It's hard to tell the night sky from the cave.
You're climbing high and crawling low.
Ain't it funny how the bruises seem to stay?

Desperate Caver, why don't you come to your senses?
Quit crawling through bat guano. Acetylene.
It may be raining, but there's a ceiling above you.
You better find another exit (find another exit).
You better find another exit... before its too late.

On Top of the Tetons

Jerry Bargo

(sung to the tune of "On Top of Old Smokey")

On top of the Tetons,
I'm all out of luck.
Some say that the wind blows,
but I'd say it sucks.

Hung out on an overhang.
Oh shit! What to do?
I swing with my ice axe,
Chopped my rope clean in two.

I climb now free solo.
"Dear God!" I do pray,
"Just to me one favor,
the Almighty Belay!"

I squirm and I struggle,
my hands soaked with sweat,
whispers from the belay ledge...
they're making a bet!

I kick with my crampons
I'd rented so cheap.
The straps come unbuckled,
I fall to a heap.