
The Goose Down Gazette

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The Goose Down Gazette is the official publication of the University of Cincinnati Mountaineering Club, a nonprofit organization dedicated to having fun in the great outdoors. If interested in joining the club we meet on Wednesday at 7:00 PM. Call the office at 556-6014 or stop by the office for location.

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Letter from The Prez:

Can you believe it? After a long hibernation, the Goose Down is finally back. This edition contains lots of stories about past trips (some up to 3 years old) and plans for many future trips. For all the new members out there - the best way to get to know other members is by going out on trips together. So take advantage of the full fall calendar and get out on lots of trips this quarter!

Lara

Perspectives of a Beginner on a Beginners Backpacking Trip

Unknown

My doorbell rang at a quarter till eight on a delightfully sunny Sunday, March 18. I hauled my stuff down to the street, dumped it into Chris Boylen's luxurious station wagon and hopped in. Phil Wilkin, Lara Hugenburg, Dave Taylor, and Jenny Ustick rode in Lara's Caravan. Our destination: the Smokies.

Driving down I-75 in Kentucky, Lara pulled the Caravan up beside our station wagon (sometimes known as the wagon station). Phil, who was riding in the front passenger seat, signaled for Chris to roll down his window, which he did believing there was an important message awaiting us. Instead, Phil, after carefully calculating the wind drag at 70 MPH, tossed a chocolate donut hole right through our window. It just missed Chris's face by a matter of inches and lodged between Chris's back and the seat. Nice throw.

Somewhere in Tennessee, we stopped at a gas station to wash the dirt prints off of Lara's vehicle. Nearby stood a typical trucker's diner called Scott's which advertised cheap hamburgers. The burgers were "White Castle style" which I equate with "yucky", but the pickles were good.

After driving through the dazzlingly over-commercialized Pigeon Forge, Tennessee which consists of three miles of motels, fast-food restaurants, putt-putt golf courses, and souvenir shops, we arrived at Elkmont campground in the Great Smoky Mountains National Park by mid-afternoon. We set up a couple tents to mark our spot and jumped in the station wagon to visit Clingman's Dome and Chimney Tops.

We found the road to the Dome closed, so we had to settle for Chimney Tops. I wasn't disappointed. The hike up (and I do mean up) to the Tops was strenuous—slightly less than a 2000 foot rise over two miles. The last 100 feet was a bare rock

climb (the Chimneys). Jenny, Lara, and I took our time on the rock as we were unsure of our footing. Once we made it to the top though, there was no question it had been worth the effort. The view was extraordinarily beautiful. Being 4800 feet up of a precipitous mountain, I could see miles of distant peaks and valleys. I felt minuscule in the world. We (the four guys) climbed over to the second peak where we lingered, absorbing the scenery for half an hour. Reluctantly, we had to leave before sundown so that we would have enough light to get back down the two-mile path.

Back at Elkmont, we cooked green beans and ham for supper. Since we had only put up two tents, Chris and I set up sleeping quarters in the station wagon. It wasn't any more dirty than sleeping on bare ground.

Getting up to a fairly warm morning, we had oatmeal for breakfast. We loaded up our packs and drove to Jakes Gap turnoff where we left our cars. On went our backpacks, and off we went up Cucumber Gap Trail. A couple hours later, we reached the Little River Trail where Phil and Chris entertained us by attempting to swing across a stream on a grapevine. Instead, they damaged their bodies by crashing into a tree trunk. Tell me that's not entertainment.

We turned northward on the Huskey Gap Trail, and followed it up to Sugarland Mountain Trail where we stopped for a lunch of cheese and sausage. The temperature was a comfortable 60—warm enough to wear shorts which Phil did. It was turning out to be a perfect day.

Hiking up the Sugarland Mountain Trail, we felt the air grow rapidly cooler. By the time we reached campsite 21, it was downright freezing. We quickly set up our tents, and within ten minutes, it began to sleet and snow. We all crowded into the

Stretchdome to pass the time playing Euchre. That didn't stop the cold, though. Needing heat, we made a quick supper of seasoned rice and hot chocolate. It tasted great. With a strong desire to get out of the wind and snow, we nixed the idea of a bear bag, and just wrapped all of the food stuff and cooking equipment in the rain fly and left it on the ground. Quickly, we stole to our sleeping bags with cups of hot chocolate in hand, even though it was only around 4:00.

Despite being in my sleeping bag for 16 straight hours, I did not get much sleep that night. First, my brand new "travel pillow" would not hold air for more than 15 minutes. Second, the temperature got down to about 20 and I shivered the entire night. Although I had three pairs of dry socks on, my feet remained numb no matter how much I massaged and flexed them. The last time I was that cold was at least ten years ago when I was building a snow fort. At that time, I froze because I didn't want the fun to end. Last night, I didn't have a choice.

At last light came, and I got up to have a granola bar for breakfast. I felt miserable. Besides being chilled to the bone, a mouse had pooped in my drinking cup, there was an inch of snow on the ground and I didn't bring boots because I don't have any comfortable ones, the shoestring of my comfortable tennis shoes broke, and I had no winter coat. I considered bailing out when Phil asked me, but strangely enough, I chose to move onward. Either way, we would have to tramp through the cold and snow, and since our next campsite was down in the valley, I was optimistic that things would be warmer down there.

The group vote was for forward. We started up snowy Sugarland Mountain Trail. Despite wet feet from the snow melting on my shoes, it

didn't take long to feel warm. The sky gradually cleared and the sun brightened everything. By lunch-time, there was not a cloud in the sky. We stopped on a cliff's edge where we could view some distant mountains for a lunch of cheese and sausage. I felt rejuvenated.

We made the rest of the seven-mile hike in good time as Rough Creek Trail was downhill. We arrived at campsite 24 an hour and a half before sundown. Quickly, we set up our tents, started a fire in the existing fire pit, and cooked a supper of Lipton noodles spiced with pepperoni.

After darkness fell, Lara, Phil, Chris, and I stayed around the fire to dry our socks and shoes. As we talked, a shadowy figure suddenly appeared behind Chris. It was Tim Doyle. Although we were expecting him either before sundown or after sunrise tomorrow, he didn't startle us. I suppose if we would have heard his bear growls as he snuck up on us, we would have paid attention.

As Tim cooked his own supper (rib-eye steak), everyone else went to bed leaving he and I to chat. While his steak was cooking as he went to fetch some water, I wondered if Tim would notice if I snatched up his steak and replaced it with one of the tennis shoes I was drying. He might have noticed the blue color, so I decided not to try it.

I awoke the next morning to find Tim fixing the fire and Lara sitting beside it shivering. We spotted a doe and fawn crossing the hillside in back of us. I ate chicken soup for breakfast. By the time we got everything packed up, it was late morning. We figured that since we only had four miles of fairly flat hiking that day, we would have plenty of time to explore once we had set up camp.

Wrong. Little did we know that it was "creek-cross challenge" day. Along the path, there were about seven streams which required some fancy stepping and or creative bridge building. Three of them were particularly tough because they offered no

natural path (via stones or branches) to cross. Of course Chris and Phil always found a way which required quite a bit of skill, but Lara, Jenny, and I needed something more secure. With fallen branches, specifically placed rocks, and rope, they built a bridge at each crossing. We stopped for a lunch of peanut butter and jelly on bagels and gorp. The sun felt warm.

We made it to campsite 25 about an hour before sundown. Lara expertly built a fire. Phil and I cooked a dinner of macaroni and cheese with chicken chunks. Pretty good stuff when you're hungry. Phil later made some popcorn, and managed not to burn it the second time.

Everyone hit the hay right after supper except Tim and I. Tim tended the fire while I tended my wet socks and shoes. Tim mentioned that he grew up living next to Jim Frey (former manager of the Royals and Cubs). For Christmas, Jim used to give Tim and his brother autographed baseballs. But since they were not big baseball followers at the time, they used those autographed balls in the neighborhood games. Whack! "What did that ball say on it. Willie who?"

We awoke to a beautiful morning. Since our campsite was at a trail's end, and since we didn't want to backtrack, Phil decided we would bushwhack up the ridge to our northwest to meet up with Miry Ridge Trail. "It can't be more than half a mile," he claimed. Chris and Tim took off ahead of the rest of us to find the easiest route, and we followed 20 minutes later.

After a major struggle to climb a few hundred feet, Phil told us to wait while he went to meet up with Chris and Tim. We waited. And waited. Although we didn't have a watch, it took at least an hour and a half for Phil to return. Phil came back bearing scratches including one slashed across his right cheek. He said that the rhododendrons were so thick a rabbit couldn't get through and we

would have to go another way. He did manage vocal contact with Chris and Tim, so they knew where we were going—the long way around. To get up to the Appalachian Trail required a hike up Goshen Prong Trail. Although beautiful, it was four and a half miles of uphill hell which took us more than three hours.

We arrived at Double Springs Gap shelter as darkness approached. Inside were three guys (about our age), one of whom laughed like he just escaped from a Stephen King movie. None of us were exactly chipper, so we ate a quiet supper of seasoned noodles (the last planned meal we had left). Upon asking the guys how these shelters slept, they said, "It keeps the wind and the bears out. The only problem is when mice run across your face." Since we had only two two-man tents, and since the tent I had been sleeping in was now on some other mountain with Chris, it seemed fairly obvious that I was the odd man out.

I set up my sleeping bag on top of the shelf made of logs and wire fencing which could sleep five on the top level and five more on the bottom. Phil, Lara, Dave, and Jenny hit the sack right after supper which left me with three strange guys locked in a small shelter on top of a mountain. (What, me worry?) We tended the fire which burned in the fireplace, cooked marshmallows, and talked. As it turned out, the three were from a military college in Georgia. They had all kinds of stories about all the B.S. that goes on there. Despite my initial reservations about them, they turned out to be great guys.

After a terrible sleep (that wire fence was just not very comfortable), I woke up at sunrise along with everyone else. We were all waiting for daylight. The morning was cold, windy, and threatened precipitation. Because we had run out of Coleman fuel, we quickly ate a cold granola bar breakfast.

As we were packing, a guy who looked like he stepped off the cover

of a Z.Z.Top album entered the shelter. I'm sure he had been on the trail for many days, if not weeks. He asked where we were going, then sat down to make his soup and quietly mumbled to himself.

We left Double Springs by 8:00, literally walking in the clouds. It was cold and damp. Despite the impaired visibility, as we approached Silers Bald, we spotted a large white streak through a gap in the mountains. Looking at a map, we figured it must have been part of Fontana Lake, 10 miles south of us.

After a dispirited lunch of gorp and peanut butter crackers, we started down the Miry Ridge Trail dreading the eight miles yet to go. When the sun broke through the clouds, though, our spirits were lifted a bit. As we approached campsite 27, we met a familiar face. It was Chris! He was on his way up to Blanket Mountain to pass the time waiting for us. One question—where was Tim?

After reaching their cars on Thursday, Tim and Chris agreed to meet at the first cheap motel in Pigeon Forge. The ambiguity of this set-up led to a meeting that would never take place. Instead of finding Tim, all Chris found at the motel was a cop full of nasty suspicions. What would you think if you saw a guy who looked like Chris, with filthy clothes, driving a beat-up station wagon?

We would never see Tim again (at

least not in Tennessee).

We all drove back to Pigeon Forge for a long-awaited hot shower. (Actually, the thought of a shower was what kept Jenny, Lara and I moving those last three miles.) Phil, Lara, and I checked into a motel room for our shower (not together), while the other three who were heading home that night, stopped at the public shower. We met at Pizza Hut (the one that looks like it's been magnified by a factor of three) for dinner. Although we had already put in 14 miles that day, we decided that our legs had just enough stamina left to poke around Gatlinburg.

On our way over to town, I picked up from the van floor the note that Chris had left on our windshield that morning. I discovered that Tim had written a note on the same notepad asking us to leave a note at the Visitor's Center by 5:00 because that's when he would be back from fishing. It was 6:30. Sorry Tim.

We parked at one end of the main strip in Gatlinburg. Certain animals are cunning enough to know how to avoid traps, but not humans. We passed countless knick-knack souvenir shops selling everything from knives to shot glasses; from warlock sculptures to "picture yourself on a magazine" photo-graphs. There were innumerable tee-shirt places displaying the Simpsons and New Kids on the Block while the local air brush

artists were busy out front attracting attention. On the street, we were audibly entertained by the steady thump of the car stereos of the teenagers cruising by. Did we once do that?

Back at the motel, Chris, Jenny, and Dave took off for Cincinnati (little did they know that five inches of snow were forecast back home), while Phil, Lara, and I changed into our swimming attire. The Jacuzzi, despite having rather lame agitation, was relaxing.

Overall, it was a great experience, although it's a lot easier to say that now that it's over. A more appropriate name for the trip would have been 'Phil's Survival Course.' It included a total hike of 36 miles over the five days, several bridge building demonstrations, a snowstorm, a rhododendron battle (we lost), and a thigh-muscle endurance test. Also, it included great weather (every afternoon was sunny and warm and there was no rain), close-up wildlife watching, extraordinary scenery, new friends, a way to lose weight, and a feeling of accomplishment. I would do it again.

Humankind

Lewis Mumford

There comes a time - it is the beginning of manhood or womanhood - when one realizes that adventure is as humdrum routine unless one assimilates it, unless one relates it to a central core which grows within and gives it contour and significance. Raw experience is empty, just as empty as the fore-castle of a whaler, as in the chamber of a canting-house; it is not what one does, but in a manifold sense, what one realizes, that keeps existence from being vain and trivial. Mankind moves about in worlds not realized. Ages hence people may realize more keenly what has happened today than our contemporaries do. It is the artist, the knower, the sayer, who realizes human experience, who takes the raw lump of ore we find in nature, smelts it, refines it, assays it, and stamps it into coins that can pass from hand to hand and make every person who touches them the richer.

A Backpacking Recipe from Jeff Sipes Kitchen

BANNOC BREAD

1/4 c. brown sugar
2 c. whole wheat flour
1/3 c. instant powdered milk
1 Tb. baking powder
1/4 tsp. salt
2 Tb. margarine
1/2 c. water
1/4 c. raisins (optional)

Trail directions: Add brown sugar, whole wheat flour, powdered milk, baking powder, salt, and raisins together. Melt margarine and add to dry ingredients along with water, mixing well. Mold dough into two balls and place on an oiled frying pan lid near the fire. Cover with towel and let dough rise for 20 minutes. Flatten dough balls and fry slowly in a lightly oiled skillet with a lid, lightly browning bread on both sides. Bake bread in a dutch oven with hot coals for 10 to 15 minutes.

Bannoc can be cooked by panfrying exclusively. Merely form dough into a greater number of thinner pieces and fry as above.

Bannoc dough may also be used to make fry bread. Mold dough into four balls and knead for several minutes. Flatten balls into a pancake shape, one-fourth inch thick. Place in hot oil and deep-fat fry until lightly browned.

Falling Rock

Mike Schirmer

On a mountain climbing trip out to Colorado, in September of 1990, I was hit with a rock and I'd just like to share that experience with you. It was on the traverse between Mt. Harvard and Mt. Columbia that I heard a climbing partner yell "ROCK!". This wasn't anything we hadn't heard before, as we had run into a lot of loose rocks in our two weeks of mountain climbing. On the previous mountains I was getting pretty good at avoiding falling rocks. Anyway, once again I heard "ROCK!", I looked up, saw a rock (a fair sized one, about 12" x 10" x 3" and was able to avoid it once again; increasing my confidence in being able to avoid falling rocks. Well, not more than five minutes later I once again heard that familiar call of "ROCK!", and once again I think "no sweat, you've been handling this like a charm". Well that was the one that

hit me. After I heard the call, I looked up to spot the rock, about the same size as the last one. This one looked like it was going to pass me about ten feet to my right side, then all of a sudden just above me it took a sharp bounce right for me. Instantly I think, "@*#!?"; I ducked down as far as I could and raised my right arm up to protect my head. I took the impact of the rock in my right forearm, about 1-1/2 inches above my wrist. Immediately after I was hit I felt a lot of pain in my right arm and my head and I had no idea how badly I had been hurt. My climbing partners immediately came to my aid and helped me diagnose my injuries. The most obvious injury was the large scrape on my arm; the pain in my head went away pretty quick - it was only slight pain from braking my arm as the rock bounced off me. Another unseen

injury, but definitely felt, was to my confidence. That rock put a serious damper on my level of confidence, not just in being able to avoid falling rocks, but general climbing self-confidence climbers get with each experience on the rock. I wasn't exactly expecting that degree of confidence loss from an accident like that. Well, I sucked it up and drove on, as we would say in the army, but I was much more cautious with the rest of my climbing. The confidence does come back, but it takes a little while after something like a rock hitting you. So what I guess I'm trying to get across is even if you think your indestructible, like I did, remember that you're still human and that accidents do happen; and when they do, don't be surprised if you lose a bit of your confidence, that's normal. So have fun rebuilding your confidence.

Colorado "90"

Mike Schirmer

Who: Mark Suer - Leader, Paul Even, Amy Kruse, Mike Schirmer, Chris Kubat, & Jim Stanley.

Friday, Aug. 31: This is the day our trip started. We left from Mike Schirmer's house about 8:30pm and drove straight through to the Sangre De Cristo mountain range, near Alamosa, Colorado, where we planned on climbing Blanca Peak (14,345 ft.), Ellingwood Peak (14,042 ft.), and Little Bear Peak (14,037 ft.). Nothing really significant happened on the way out.

Saturday, Sept. 1: We arrived at the access road to the mountains about 9:30pm (local time). We drove up the road as far as we safely could in the dark and set up camp for the night. We were all tired from the long drive out, but we didn't seem to get a very good night's rest.

Sunday, Sept. 2: This morning after we got up, we packed our packs to sustain ourselves for the week of adventure we were to have in the mountains. We had planned on taking ice climbing gear with us, as the guide book said there would be ice or snow on the mountain year-round. Well, as we were getting ready to depart our vehicles a group of climbers were coming out of the mountains and told us that we would just be taking extra weight if we took the ice gear because there wasn't any ice or snow on the routes. We took the advice of those folks and left the ice gear in the car. I traded the weight of my climbing gear for extra camera equipment (my mini-camcorder). Yes, I took a camcorder up into the mountains, real tourist-like, I know, but I got some decent video; although, I don't think I'll want to carry that much extra weight with me again. Anyway, our plan for today was to hike up to Lake Como, near the edge of the tree line, elevation about 11,600 feet. The hike took all day with our full packs and was very hard. We got to our base camp area about an hour before dark, set up camp, ate, and went to bed. Mark

fixed dinner that night of Hamburger-Helper lasagna with Nature Burger.

Monday, Sept. 3: This was an off day for us because the hike up to our base camp at Lake Como took a lot out of us. Mark, Paul, Jim and Chris went on a short day hike to recon the route for the following day's attempt at climbing Little Bear Peak. Amy took a walk by herself and I just walked around Lake Como taking pictures and read a couple of short stories. Jim fixed dinner that night of canned chicken with rice, teriyaki sauce and water chestnuts. After dinner we went to bed.

Tuesday, Sept. 4: We got up about 6:00am (local time) and prepared ourselves to climb Little Bear Peak. We left base camp around 8:00am. We reached the summit about 2:15pm without much trouble, spent about half an hour on top taking pictures, etc., then we started the long hike back to base camp. The trip down seemed to be going well until a storm decided to roll in and dump some rain and hail on us - not fun. We finally made it back to camp safely in about 1-1/2 hours, not bad compared to the approximate 6 hours to reach the summit. Dinner that night was by Amy, she fixed sour cream and onion with chives scalloped potatoes with summer sausage. We played the card game Hearts until it got too dark then it was off to bed for a good night's rest.

Wednesday, Sept. 5: This was another off day for us. Paul fixed a hot lunch of beef stew with Nature Burger. Mark, Chris, and Jim did a recon of the route to Blanca and Ellingwood Peaks. I went with them to the base of the route. Along the way I also did a photo session with a curious marmot. Paul and Amy did short hikes on their own. We had some rain in the afternoon and Jim and I had our sleeping bags rained on because we had left them out to air out. That evening Chris fixed dinner of Spanish rice and pepperoni. Jim fixed a fire that morning and

again after dinner. In the afternoon after our short hikes we also finished our game of Hearts, from the night before: Jim lost, Mark won.

Thursday, Sept. 6: We got up at 4:00am to get an early start on climbing Blanca and Ellingwood Peaks and to try to be off the mountain before the afternoon storms rolled in. We left camp around 5:30am (still dark) and made it to the summit of Blanca Peak about 10:00am. Jim was feeling bad so he headed back to camp after Blanca Peak without attempting Ellingwood Peak. The rest of us made the traverse over to Ellingwood Peak around 12:00 noon without any difficulty. The route down from Ellingwood was very hard on the knees and ankles. We rested for about half an hour by Blue Lake, at the base of the route, and made it back to camp by 2:30pm and found Jim resting. We all took afternoon naps until dinner time. Amy fixed dinner of rice with broccoli and chicken. That night it rained most of the night. We played cards and told stories until we went to bed in our "bone-dry" tents.

Friday, Sept. 7: We slept in that morning. After getting up we laid out everything that got wet from the rain the night before. Next we packed everything up and started hiking back to the cars down in the valley. We did that long downhill hike in about 3 hours, arriving at the cars about 2:30pm. As we were hiking out of the mountains a storm was rolling in and dumping snow on the peaks, our timing seemed to be real good. At the cars we switched the car rack from Paul's to Chris' car, exchanged some gear and said goodbye to Amy and Paul, who could only spend the first week with us. Mark, Chris, Jim and I then drove towards Alamosa, Colorado. Just east of town we stopped at a KOA for showers, laundry, and phone calls. We then proceeded to Alamosa and ate at a restaurant specializing in Mexican food, called Oscar's. After dinner we

cruised Alamosa looking for an old army buddy of mine. We finally found him and talked for a couple of hours before we moved on to the Collegiate Peaks near Buena Vista, Colorado. We pulled into the Collegiate Peaks campground around 11:30pm, set up our tents and went to sleep.

Saturday, Sept. 8: We got up around 9:00am to a beautiful day, not a cloud in the sky. This was going to be an off day for us, but since the weather looked so good we didn't want to waste it, so by 10:30am we were off to climb Mt. Yale (elev. 14,196 ft.) The guide book classified the hike to Mt. Yale's summit as a "family hike"; we all agreed it was not a "family hike". It took us about four hours to reach the summit. We probably should have turned back before the summit because of afternoon thunder storms, but we didn't. We could tell the storms were staying just south of Yale so we decided to push for the summit anyway. Jim had his best day of climbing during the whole trip, so far; his climb, however, was chemically enhanced with Viverin. Jim also left his daypack about 200 feet below the summit so he could make better time, trying to beat the storms. As I said, the storms stayed south of Mt. Yale, although we did get a few snow flurries from the edge of the storm. Anyway, on the way down Yale we couldn't find the spot where Jim left his pack and we spent some time looking for it. Jim finally found it and we continued down the mountain. We got caught in some rain on the hike back to camp and when we got back we had to dry out the tents because we neglected to put the rain flies on. I fixed dinner that night; we had MRE (army ration Meal Ready to Eat) chicken-a-la-king and turkey diced with gravy over rice with crackers. That night we played cards for a while then went into town to the local Seven-Eleven for a case of Coors and some munchies. After returning from town we played some more cards, then went to bed.

Sunday, Sept. 9: This was an off day, a typical Sunday where you just

sit around and do nothing. We all read books or magazines most of the day and hardly spoke a word to each other. Dinner that night was Cajun rice by Chris. In the afternoon Mark, Chris, and Jim went into Buena Vista for bagels, cereal and more pretzels for that night to have something for the beer to wash down. After dinner we played cards until we could not stand Jim's farting any longer (he didn't mix well with the Cajun rice).

Monday, Sept. 10: We got up around 9:00am and took down camp and got ready for our hike into the Collegiate Range to set up a base camp for climbing Mt's. Harvard and Columbia (elev. 14,420 ft. and 14,073 ft. respectfully). We drove to the trail head, put on our packs and began our hike in the rain. The rain stopped about halfway up to our campsite. We set up camp next to a huge tree and rock - a real nice site. Mark fixed dinner that night of alpine spaghetti. Jim built a fire in our built-in fire place, but it took a few good hours of helping it burn before it would finally burn on its own. The fire was our cheap entertainment for that night. We also spent some time star gazing and debating whether or not you can really see satellites orbiting the Earth.

Tuesday, Sept. 11: We got up at 6:00am and were on the trail by 7:05am to climb Mt. Harvard. At first we were a little off track and climbed one of Harvard's false summits. We finally made it to the summit of Harvard by about 11:30am and spent about an hour on the peak. Since the weather was so good, not a storm in sight anywhere, we decided to traverse the ridge that connects Mt's. Harvard and Columbia. The traverse was easy on the ends, but the center was tricky. The guide book described the traverse as "long and interesting". It was on this traverse near the Columbia side that I was hit with a falling rock. I took the impact in my right forearm as it was protecting my head. The injury was only scraped skin - I'm glad my arm made it up to protect my head or I may not have seen the summit of Columbia. We

finished the traverse and made it to Columbia's peak by about 5:00pm; still no storm clouds anywhere to be seen, very rare in the mountains. Our descent off Columbia consisted of basically sliding down a scree chute; because there were so many loose rocks we did it one at a time. We finally made it back to base camp about 8:00pm, for approximately 13 hours of hard hiking. Mark fixed dinner again, this time we had oriental rice. (Yes, another rice meal.) After dinner we all went to bed.

Wednesday, Sept. 12: This morning we got up around 10:00am, took down camp and hiked back down to the car. At the car we changed, to make ourselves semi-presentable in Buena Vista. In town we ate lunch at Pizza Hut and stopped at an outdoor adventure store to pick up maps and souvenirs. After getting some gas we drove to our next site, near the town of Fairplay, Colorado, to climb Mt. Sherman (elev. 14,036 ft.), known as a beginner's fourteener. We set up camp along the side of the road and Chris fixed Spanish rice again for dinner. We spent the evening snapping a few shots of the sunset and star gazing.

Thursday, Sept. 13: This morning we got up about 7:00am and started to climb Mt. Sherman about 9:00am. On the way to the summit we explored some of the remains of an old mining operation - that was interesting. We reached the summit by about 11:30am. On the way down, Mark and Jim practiced a little ice maneuvering on a small snow patch, which was still on the mountain. After we got back to camp we packed up and started back on the road east. On the east side of Denver we stopped at a KOA for showers, then dinner and back on the road.

Friday, Sept. 14: After driving all night we arrived in St. Louis, Missouri about 10:00am and spent the rest of the morning touring the Gateway Arch. After lunch it was back on the road. We made it back to Cincinnati about 8:00pm to safely end the trip.

Shining Rocks – North Carolina

The following was taken from the trip journal of Jeff Sipes. Shining Rock, North Carolina-August 31 thru September 3, 1990. Mark Carter (New Zealand), Karen & Dennis Dziech, Rob Even, and J. Sipes.

August 31, 1990 - Long drive to get here. Had a flat tire at about 80 mph. was exciting for a minute. Stopped in Lexington, KY to get the tire repaired and have dinner. We finally arrived at the Pisgah National Forest at 3:00 a.m. We shuttled the cars to the ending point and finally got to bed at 3:45 a.m. The night was cold and foggy. A hound dog visited Crackers (Rob's dog) and ate her food. Crackers was pissed. Dennis and I got up to battle this terrible beast. Upon our attack, the dog ran away and hid in the fog; only to return and attack at a later time. September 1, 1990 - I am sitting on Black Balsam Knob, Elevation 6214 or so the sign says. It was cool this morning when we got up but warmed quickly. We ate an excellent breakfast which included homemade nut bread that Rob brought. It was excellent. After an easy morning we set off on the hike. Jumping to the ridge top was almost like work. We shot straight up a dry creek bed; footing bad, trail slick. After a short break at the top, Karen wanted to continue walking, Dennis called her a slave driver.

Had a good walk to our next camp. There were hundreds, maybe thousands, or even millions of day trippers picking blueberries. OK not millions but a lot. Mark called these folks - Loopies. We are going to make a sign for the trail head that reads "Loopies Go Home". Had lunch on top of a bald. We watched as the clouds moved in, it was strange seeing the clouds stop at the top of the ridge. Weather for the first half of the day was hot and sunny, after lunch it was cloudy and hot. We made camp just below Shining Rock.

We have just noted that a daddy-long-legs will function on three legs. Not well, but still function. Dinner was

rice pilaf. I made a cheese cake with the blue berries that were picked today. It was all right. It is beginning to cool off as night comes. We almost killed half the crew setting the bear line. I guess we got lucky, Mark made an unusual mess for dinner. Pork & beans, hot dogs, and Luzianne gumbo mix. It tasted good but looked like hell. His beer was excellent. Dennis and Rob are attacking the pan of blue berries half an hour after eating dinner. Dennis is now conducting a quality control inspection on the berries. Too many with stems, too many red ones; I can't wait for the next deficiency. He has determined, after eating half of them, that they need to be washed. Dennis, Rob, and Mark are now racing the berries down a sleeping pad. They are beginning to scare me, I think they have lost their minds.

We have just hung the food on the bear line. Dennis once again was amazing. It's a miracle he has lived this long. I forgot to write, Dennis has operated the stove twice today without the long anticipated stove show. That's amazing. It has cleared with a great view of the moon. It's likely to be cold again tonight. That is enough for one day.

September 2 - This day started at about 5:00 a.m. when oddly enough the dogs decided to play with a skunk. Well guess what happened. Leika smelled like shit. Went back to bed and got up at 9:00 a.m. Clear and Sunny. By the way - there were a billion stars out last night. Took a long time to make breakfast. Had blueberry biscuit in the bake packer and cinnamon bannoc with blue berries in the top to my cook set. I incinerated the bannoc. Don't ever try using that pan again. I should have smashed the pan with a rock. We took our day hike to the top of Shining Rock. Piss poor view. We hiked a little toward Butt Knob; no kidding that's its name. We shortly gave up on that idea. On the way down, I passed Drew's camp. Who is

Drew? Drew is an eleven year old fellow with a broke left arm. I ran to retrieve the first aid kit and bandannas. Splinted his arm with a foam pad and we helped hike Drew back to his father's truck. His mom and dad were in near panic. We got them all off to the hospital and we got back to the hike. - Have to stop writing to pull the rock from the fire. Cooking berry tarts on a rock.

Had a good hike to this camp. Hit a swimming hole in the river. Jesus it was cold but it felt good. I was exceptionally tired when I got to camp. - Have to put another rock in the fire - Had chicken and rice for dinner. That really hit the spot. We have decided that these tarts are called loopie muffins. While Karen was reading the journal aloud, Dennis threw a loopie muffin in the dirt. No cause for alarm, he made a heroic save. Dennis just announced he had been maimed while picking berries.

Looks like we have made the perfect loopie muffin. We tried it; berries not through-out and not quite done. Dennis is rearranging the fire to cook better. In the process of re-arranging the fire, Dennis sat on the remaining loopie muffins. We had structural failure of only one muffin. I think the black berry muffin was the best. While eating muffins, the log in which we are using for a couch blew-out. Squashed one pot and spilt water on Rob's sleeping pad.

We have just hung the food bag, and once again it was exciting. I sustained a near fatal leg wound while walking to the bear line. I slipped, scaved my ankle and squashed the food. Karen said to note that the bugs were not a problem. It has been noted.

September 3 - last day of our trip and last entry for this trip. Little too hot last night & might have had a little rain. Had a nice breakfast and took down camp. A short hike to get to the trail head. About 2 miles. When we arrived at the car, Mark found a note under the wiper. it read "To the folks

from Cincinnati who helped Andrew with his broken arm on Sunday. Please call. We live just 5 miles north on Highway 276. Hot showers and clean towels for everyone! Please call so we can thank you. Signed Mort & Sherrie Lynn McArthur.

We all were surprised by the note. I washed up in the creek and we all left for the ranger station to buy new maps. From the ranger station we called the McArthurs. They invited us over and gave us directions. We

drove about 6 miles past where we parked and there it was, in the pasture, a large sign that read 'UCMC - Stop Here'. When we stopped, we met Mort and Sherrie Lynn again. We saw Drew with his arm in a cast. Mort had plenty of cold beer, so we sat, talked and drank, talked and drank some more, and so on. It was a good time. Ashley, Drew's brother, gave me two bandannas for the ones I used on Drew. Time was getting short and we had a long drive, so we said

good-bye and left. The McArthurs are good people.

On the way home we stopped at Cracker Barrel for dinner. Dennis was upset because we stopped too early to get roast beef. Served only after 5:00 p.m. He had to settle for ham. Other than this minor emergency, the trip home was without occurrence. Total miles for the trip was 920 miles. Long trip but had a good time with good friends.

Are You an Environmentalist?

Unknown

It seems like a simple enough question, or is it? I pondered for many weeks whether or not to write this article in fear that it might up-set some close friends. It is not my intent to ridicule people or groups, just to express the impression I have gathered in watching and listening. If you do become irritated in the middle of this article, please read on and it may become more clear. Furthermore, I hope to stimulate thought and discussion (even if it is to tell me where to go). I feel the only attitude worse than the anti-environmental attitude is apathy.

Are you an environmentalist? The answer is regularly, "I belong to many environmental groups". Does that count or not? This may count. Lets get right to it and discuss some of the groups affecting the environmental movement. Lets start with my favorite, "Earth First". Are these folks environmentalist? I do not think so. I rank them as environmental terrorists. They have no doctrine which governs their activities; they have no one who is accountable for their actions, they have no structure. Each individual decides on any environmental quest they see fit and sets out to conquer the enemy. No laws nor rules apply. The public safety is of no concern to them. "So what" if some bystander gets hurt, just save the environment. The original intentions

of Earth First were good. It is unfortunate that many Earth Firsters have forgot the original question.

On to the next type of group, the environmental activist. This category includes the Sierra Club, Greenpeace, etc. These folks are the industrial watch dogs, and god do we need these! They keep general industry honest. They hound the politicians and raise public awareness. But some times even these environmental groups get out of line. They break a minor law (i.e. trespassing) to get arrested and grab the headlines. Do you remember the last place marchers were arrested while protesting? I don't remember. Their actions did not make a lasting impression on me. Does getting arrested serve a productive purpose? I do not feel it does. They would be criminals, and yes they are criminals; take up space on the already crowded court dockets, waste the time of law enforcement officials and judges and waste American tax payer's money that is required to arrest, house, and process these criminals. It seems ironic that they preach to conserve while they are getting arrested. Conservation here may mean a little more money for some other suffering program. These environmental activist do play a very important role, provided they use logic and reason rather than emotions to make

decisions.

Then there are those folks who are on the sly protecting the environment. We are always subject to their casual sneak attacks. They are not here to save mankind from himself, just to make the place where they are at that time a little better. They do not normally need the headlines. They do not set out to stir up the masses. We have all met them, they are the quiet people with strong values. They are the people who remind us to return to the basics: recycle what we use, tread lightly on the land, and read the label's fine print in order to make educated decisions about a product. They are the people who ignore the long strides but rather concentrate on the small easy steps to reach their goal. These folks are the true environmentalist.

By the way, do you even know what an environmentalist is? Webster definition states, "an environmentalist is a person concerned about the quality of the human environment". There is a portion of this definition which is regularly overlooked, "quality of the human environment". The environmentalist is concerned with the total environment, not just wilderness. Without humans in the environment there would be no need for environmentalist. By just existing, we contribute to this need. The environmentalist is not forward but subtle,

always striving for a high quality (not high quantity) environment. And because of their little hints, these people are bringing on change. It is becoming an entire movement. Finally, we come to the last group, the environmental followers. These are the folks who listen to what the other groups have to say and evaluate it. Whether they agree or disagree, they listen. The fan-fair used by some groups to present the message only clouds the picture. For my-self, this is the group

to which I belong. I try to remain open minded to absorb new ideas and information. I prefer to listen to the environmentalist. Subtle hints and cool logic work better than large bill boards and radical assaults. When I was recently asked by a club member if I wanted to help plant tree seeds, I declined thinking what a strange idea. But on a backpack trip not long after; I caught myself, during a sit-down break, moving a sprouted acorn seed from the trail to a less

traveled area. It is not as strange as I thought at the time.

I hope the environmentalist will persevere and continue to provide good leadership. Their lifetime of work is paying off. Some of the people out there are just slower or more stubborn than others. We are beginning to make the right moves but there is a long way to go. Are you an environmentalist? Be honest.

The Sad Surrender of Alpha Wolf

I remember brisk nights with friends huddled about the warm campfire of life in the wilderness of existence.

The alpha wolf releases his lonely lament but the night is ruled by silence and we listen in pity.

Twice.....Thrice.....alas, a response.

In unison the members of the pack touch each other with their cries. The group howl excites the old to wagging tails and the pups yelp as harmonic shrieks pierce their naive ears.

As the chorus subsides to an occasional, distant bark we reflect.....touch.

The gentle winds cease, friends pass, the ashes grow deathly cold.

I awaken now to the restless air still not having seen the light of day.

A campfire for one is but a waste so there is none.

Again, his desolate cry pierces the heart but in the unshattered silence of the night I suddenly realize the cry is within.

The alpha wolf is no more.

Friday, Oct. 13, 1989

JEROME d. BARGO

Generation

Rich Cyr

Until March of 1989, the closest thing I had done to backpacking was car camping. My son, Brian age 14 at the time, and I were trying to think of something out of the ordinary to do over his spring break. After some research, we decided to blow off Disneyworld and try a guided backpacking trip to southern Utah. It was a wise choice. I was able to convince my dad, Hormand, age 68 at the time to also give it a try.

Just north of Navajo Mountain is the Rainbow Bridge Trail, a 13 mile moderately difficult trail leading to the worlds largest arch. Rainbow Bridge was first seen thru the eyes of a white man in the 1890's. The Anaszi Indians had inhabited this area many centuries earlier and certainly they must have "discovered" it first. In the early 1960's, the Glen Canyon Dam was built forming lake Powell, submerging one of Utah's most beautiful canyons forever. The dam has "tamed" the Colorado River and "harnessed" its energy. Now the only thing necessary to reach Rainbow Bridge is a boat. Too bad. Enough of a history lesson, on with the story.

After seven or eight miles we left the trail and started exploring the Sides Canyons. **WOW!!!** Those next four days opened up a whole new world for me. This was remote, this was alone, this was really getting away from it all. Canyon, Side Canyon, Box Canyon; one after another after another. No trails, just the canyon floor; sometimes rocky, sometimes sandy, sometimes with small trickling creeks, sometimes combining all of these elements along with cottonwood trees and spring green junipers to form a small inviting oasis; always a great spot to camp.

And the canyon walls. The colors of the canyon walls, these vertical, sheer cliffs, change, right before your eyes. At early morning or late afternoon; stop, sit, wait, watch. No Mid-western colors here - instead we

have unaccustomed brilliant shades of golds and brown and reds and oranges and even shades of black. And don't forget to listen as a breeze cuts the otherwise silent air.

At night, after the sweet smelling campfire of juniper is out, look at the stars. Are there more stars here? Witness more shooting stars and meteors in one night than you would see in Cincinnati in a lifetime, or two lifetimes.

The next morning, after a breakfast of buckwheat pizza (not recommended), hiking back the same canyon everything looks different, really different. You start thinking, maybe it is different. Am I in the right canyon? Am I lost? After awhile you see yesterdays footprints in a sandy wash and sigh a small sigh of relief.

This kind of trip can bring you closer to your friends and family. Heck, you don't have anyone or anything else to distract you, or help you. Just your natural surroundings. As a group, you are all in this together, working as a team, bringing it all together.

For my son Brian, it was a chance to discover a totally different environment than what he was used to, this being his first wilderness experience. Having to rely on himself without any "artificial" assistance was a first. For Brian this was a radically different world to deal with. He told me after returning to Cincinnati that there had been one time after carrying his misfitted backpack all day that "Disneyworld" and it's creature comforts sounded pretty good. He must have enjoyed it though, we've spent three more spring breaks in southern Utah.

For my dad, this was his first trip of this kind. He almost decided not to go because of his lack of experience. We were all glad he decided to come as he definitely created some of the highlights and more memorable moments on the trip. Such as... .. Somehow not packing any of his ex-

tra clothes when he transferred his belongings from his suitcase to backpack. I should point out that he did remember handkerchiefs, ...Somehow ending up wearing a pair of Brians underpants (waist 26) in place of his own (waist 34) for 3 to 4 days, latter saying he wondered why his underwear felt a "little tight". He did try to return to Brian the new expanded version. Brian said "No thanks, you can keep them". ...My father, sitting on my shoulders, naked except for sunglasses and a baseball cap, trying to climb a rock in a very narrow canyon. Myself, also naked, standing in a freezing cold pool of water, ...Or the grand daddy of them all, when my father got lost, well almost. We had set up camp in mid afternoon and did some exploring for the rest of the day. Dad decided to go back to camp early and assured the rest of us he knew the way. When we returned to camp I noticed - **NO DAD!** My mom's parting words were "keep an eye on your father, don't let anything happen to him". Holy shit, I had lost him! For a few moments I just stood there wondering what to do when I heard a very faint voice - "Richard, Richard". I could then tell he had just walked by the camp and continued down the canyon we had hiked up earlier in the day. I took off running and found him waiting for me a half mile back. The amazing thing was that he had covered at least another mile past where I had found him, turned around, (without realizing it) and came back towards camp. We were able to tell this because there was a set of footprints in the sandy canyon bottom the next day.

When I reached Dad he said "I was so glad to hear your voice, I was just going to spend the night here". We walked back towards camp, it was almost dark. My Dad said "Please Rich, You can tell mom all the things I've done on this trip, but please don't tell her about this". No problem dad.

See Generation page #13

Adventures in the Southwest and Guide for Hikers, Bikers, and Sunday Drivers

Beth Reamer

The following are accounts of my recent trips to the southwestern region of the United States (Phoenix, Arizona and surrounding areas). My fiancé (Edson) is stationed at Williams AFB, Arizona (just east of Phoenix) so lately all of our vacations have been starting from there. I can't think of a better place to begin! Every school break (winter, spring, and summer) I've had, I went out to spend it in Arizona. It's a beautiful state. Each weekend that I was out there, we'd take off from that central location and go hiking, bicycling, or general sightseeing around the state and even a little bit of Nevada as well. Listed below are some of Edson and my highlights of our trips to give you an impression of some of the fun things there are to do out there. There is so much to do and see and so much that we still have yet to do that I'm happy to say that we will be living out there for the next few years and would love to show you around!

HIKING

Arizona is packed full of state parks, forests (yes, even the open lands covered with nothing but cacti and shrubs are forest too!), and mountains galore. There are certainly plenty of places to hike around. All you need is plenty of water, hiking boots that you don't mind getting dusty, and the desire to get sun baked.

As I said before, places to hike are everywhere you look. You have to realize that driving through the southwest is a bit different than a trip down I-75 in Ohio – whereas in Ohio you can't drive ten miles without seeing a house or an exit sign for a restaurant or gas, in Arizona you can drive for long stretches of open lands

with pretty mountains and places to hike out in the middle of nowhere. I guess the biggest factor is time. For that reason, most of our hiking was up a mini-mountain that was close-by in northern Phoenix, Squaw Peak at 2602 ft. Also for that reason, we only had time to hike up one "major" mountain, Mt. Wrightson at 9453 ft. (I know to a lot of you, 9453 ft. might not seem like a major mountain, but since the highest point in Arizona is 12,670 ft. and I'm from Ohio where the highest point here is 1550 ft., I will call anything above 9000 ft. a major mountain).

Mt Wrightson

One day on a weekend in Tucson, Edson and I drove our rent-a-car down to the border town of Nogales so we could say we were in Mexico. We never got there. (As it turns out, I've heard from many wise people that we didn't miss a thing.) Heading south on route 19, we saw, peaking out over the cacti to our left, a nice looking mountain and we wanted to see if the road went to the top. It didn't. It did, however, take us to a parking lot at roughly 5400 ft. and there were trails that took us to the summit at 9453 ft. My sweetie innocently looked me in the eyes and asked, "Want to take a walk?". Well, that little walk lasted the rest of our daylight and thus we never had time to finish our drive to Nogales. I'd say it was worth it though. It was a perfect day for a hike so we took the 8.5-mile trail to the summit. The trail is well laid out and easy to traverse—except when there is snow all over and you feel that any minute you're going to slide off the face of the mountain and get snow up you're shorts. Up at the summit is a little flint

box that has a notebook that people have been signing in on for the last few years so if you're ever up there, look up March 1990 entry. We got time crunched so we opted for the 4.5 mile trail for our descent. Our legs and fannies remembered Wrightson for days later.

Squaw Peak

In northern Phoenix is Squaw Peak Park, a tiny park with a tiny mountain. Squaw Peak is good for any day, though. You don't need to take a weekend and drive hundreds of miles (unless you don't live in Phoenix, of course) to get there. What you get is a 1.2 mile course that takes you from 1390 ft. to 2602 ft. where you can get a fantastic view of the Phoenix valley. It's your basic city park and thus the summit trail is always full, but not congested. There's a mix of pleasure walkers, sightseers, and the ultra jocks from the cross-country clubs who run up and down as fast as they can. Believe me, if you want to give your heart a workout, try running up a little bump in the road! Whatever way you decide to do it, I am sure you will enjoy the desert scenery you are surrounded by.

BIKING

If you venture out to the great southwest and have a fat knobbed tire mountain bike, you'll have a blast. Arizona is meant for you! There are plenty of trails and roads that cars are restricted and that road bikes have a more difficult time traversing. It's a pity (for those of us who appreciate paved roads to travel on) that there are only a few paved roads to high elevations that cars and road bikes can use. Two places, Mt Lemmon in

Tucson, Arizona (9185 ft.) and Mt. Graham in Safford, Arizona (10,720 ft.) both have paved roads to the top and near the top respectively.

Mt. Lemmon

Edson and I made several trips to Tucson as it was close (about 2 hours by car) and we really enjoyed riding up this mountain. We knew that Tucson was deathly hot in the summer (like Phoenix) so it was funny that the first day we attempted Mt. Lemmon by bike we began at 1 PM, sharp when the sun was high in the sky and the temperature peaked at 109 degrees. Dumb mistake...DO NOT DO THIS. We began our rides from the parking lot at the ABCO supermarket and a mile up the road I would get my usual Arizona sun headaches and would have to drown my sorrows in Tylenol. But don't let the sun fool you for about ten miles up the road, as we passed out of cactus elevations, we were hit by an incredible (but common) summer shower—complete with lightning, thunder, and little hail pellets. Yeah, I was scared—even crying—but I was a trooper and continued on. Actually, I didn't have much choice as my alternatives would be to stop and get more soaked standing in one place or head down the mountain and risk being swooped away by the streams that were picking up. So I kept going and as fast as it came on, 10 minutes later, the sun was shining again and all my goose-bumped skin went back to the "comfortable" 100 degrees it was before. The scenery here is great—lizards and desert shrubs for miles. But as you go up, the scenery keeps changing and near the top there is solid pines and cooler temperatures, too, I might add. The road ends 32.5 miles (and 9120 ft. up) later at a closed to the public University of Arizona observatory. Edson and I stay there when we come down since we befriended one of the students who lives up there.

We got the opportunity to look out of those EXPENSIVE telescopes. Awesome! At closer examination of the moon, I've noticed by the color it is, that the moon must be made out of cottage cheese, and not green cheese.

Mt. Graham

Mt. Graham has much the same story as Mt. Lemmon but a few differences make Mt. Graham our choice for our favorite. For one thing, Safford is at about 3000 ft. which makes the average temperatures in the summer a bit cooler than in Tucson or Phoenix. Second, the grade is a bit steeper than and more continuous (not as many dips and rolling hills) than Mt. Lemmon making the ride shorter in distance. Third, our ending elevation is about 1000 ft. higher than Mt. Lemmon. And most important, the traffic isn't half as bad as it is on Mt. Lemmon (could it be people don't fancy passing the correctional institute on the road there?). The paved part of the road goes for about 25 miles and then there is a 1.5 mile gravel turnoff that's closed to traffic to get to the second highest peak. The day we attempted that for the first time, there was a rain, thunder and lightning storm we saw off in the distance. We felt the wind and saw the lightning close enough. We didn't get a drop on us until we safely descended to the bottom but we were concerned about being next to Mt. Lemmon and Mt. Graham. Imagine holding your head out, your eyes on the road, and your hands SQUEEZING the brakes for over an hour at a time. All the pain in your legs is suddenly forgotten when it shifts up to your arms and chest until you reach the bottom.

SUNDAY DRIVING

Driving is something you can't help do around the southwest as if you want to go from point A to point B

chances are you'll have to traverse quite a distance. So while you're out and about, keep your eyes peeled because you are bound to see some great sights. Cactus, mountains, desert animals...and if you're traveling by night, you can always count on a clear night for a beautiful star filled sky. If you get the time to go sight seeing, some places that you shant want to miss are the Grand Canyon in northern Arizona and Las Vegas in southeast Nevada. On your way out to the Grand Canyon, be sure to drive up there via a charming place called Sedona. The road from Sedona to Flagstaff we named as our favorite easily accessible scenic drive. Another road which is spectacular is the Apache Trail. Actually built by the Apache Indians; this road passes north of the Superstition Mountains east of Phoenix. On the road you will encounter a series of scenic canyon lakes and then miles of unpaved road. It's gorgeous, but be sure to give yourself time as the 60 or so miles that we did from Williams AFB took us roughly five hours to do!

Enjoy yourselves if you ever get out to the southwest. If you need any more info on things to do in Arizona contact me or the Arizona Office of Tourism at 1100 W. Washington, Phoenix, Az 85007.

"Generation" cont. from page #11

For me, the entire trip, the whole experience will always be special. I had "discovered" backpacking. I had "discovered" Utah. I had shared a special week with my son and my dad. Enough said.

Olympic Peninsula, Quinault River Valley

Chuck Broge

Of all the herons I have seen, this one has been best remembered. Because of the preparatory enduring, I appreciated its flight, and this experience has been stamped into memory:

The mountain sides rise in long deceptive curves. The "ridge top" is always in view far up the slope, but as we climb the trail it is tip toeing backwards, mostly hidden by the dense forest. It is only the dragging hours of uphill trudging drizzle that convince us that we are deceived; taunted by cold, damp, sticking clothes and glasses fogged with droplets, water oozing and swishing into every seam and open space in my shoes, and tired muscles that sigh at any momentary pause.

The trail is mostly good footing but narrow, and crosses a slope that steepens as it drops far down to the creek. The constant drizzle allows pale four inch slugs to crawl out onto

the bare compacted soil. We worry about what an inattentive boot might do to these soft bodied creatures, and further up the trail we see repeated evidence; their slow existence stomped by the chance that they were caught in a relative stampede of wilderness seekers. We eat lunch under a cypress that diverts some of the rain, but I don't feel comfortable because the root I'm sitting on is wet, and I still haven't given in to wetness (as I look back, it was a hopeless resistance). Getting started again after lunch is difficult in spite of the rest.

As we walk on toward afternoon, higher on the mountainside the trees are smaller and finally open into patches of steeply sloping bog. The clouds have lifted to form a perceptible line between grey sky and black-green slopes. Shreds of mist blow down along the hillside below the plane of sky and help define a space

that stops my breath and invites me to jump. The slope has steadily decreased but the grey clouds still block our view of the ridge-top. We don't know how this piece of slope fits in, but something in its curve suggests a saddle. I walk ahead when we stop in some brush to discuss when we will turn back. Crossing the slope and rising slightly, five or six hundred feet along the trail I cross a narrow ridge maybe nose-high.

The ground is a thick spongy turf, and a stream gurgles out of a small oval lake fenced on the opposite side by weathered pines about twenty feet high. A hawk perches silhouetted. Below, a heron poses briefly. Annoyed by my approach it flaps away, seeming to rise from the shallow water only by lifting its wings. This fleeting vignette is what I have walked five hours to see.

Fishing in the Smokies

Tim Doyle

This spring break, I was afforded the opportunity to spend a beautiful afternoon in the Smokies, fishing for trout as it should be. In the cold clear waters of a mountain stream, among cascades and waterfalls as pristine as any canvas or photograph. This day was also a welcome break from the by now infamous, "Wilkin's mountain survival course".

Matching wits with brook, brown, or rainbow trout, as well as small-mouth bass is a simple yet challenging exploit. The clarity of the water coupled with the always keen senses of the fish make angling more a hunt than a case of bobber watching.

Regulations within the Great Smoky Mountains Park require arti-

cial baits or lures with one hook only. This is an attempt to promote fly-fishing; however, ultra-light spinning tackle is better suitable and permitted. Not to mention a lot easier for the novice angler. Small spinners, i.e., mepps, roostertails, pauther-martin, as well as feathered and plastic jigs all produce when properly presented.

Wading a pool or run from the downstream end, and casting to current edges, and obstructions seems to prove best. In summer a mountain stream can be quite refreshing to a hot, tired hiker; however in cooler months insulated waders or bank fishing is more in order due to the chilly water temperatures. And nothing is more taxing than a stream

crossing or wading to shore with stone cold blue feet.

So the next trip to the Appalachians give it a thought, an afternoon of play with the beautiful and speedy trout, or the acrobatic small-mouth can be quite exhilarating. Streams throughout West Virginia, Eastern Kentucky, and Tennessee are stocked by state and Federal agencies during spring. And many of our favorite haunts contain prime waters. I know I'll surely repeat the experience.

OCOEE WHITEWATER '92"

Bob Masters

We were the first ones to leave for the annual Ocoee rafting trip on Memorial Day weekend this year. Bridget Shoe, Jim Wilhelm and I piled into Tim Doyle's truck and were on the road shortly after 5:00 on Thursday. Other than the rush-hour traffic through Covington, we made pretty good time.

One of the first highlights of the trip was dinner at Wendy's in Kentucky. We all had a good laugh at this lady who knew how to get the most food for her money. She ordered the "Super Bar" to go and managed to get away with enough food for a family of four!

I made the mistake of getting in the front of the truck this time, leaving Jim and Bridget together in the back. Tim and I had a hard time listening to the music with those two in the back! That's about when we heard Bridget's first memorable quote of the trip: "I wasn't going to hurt it, I just wanted to see how big it is!" Tim and I just figured she was playing with Jim's feet again, but we weren't going to ask.

We stopped in Cleveland, Tennessee for gas and found the beer prices too high. Some locals told us it was cheaper near the Ocoee, but they were buying it there because they were out of cash and could put in on their gas card! At least they had a nice souped-up '67 Camaro to cruise around town in. Apparently that's the thing to do on a Thursday night down there. If you watch closely, you will notice the same cars going back and forth the main strip all night!

After stopping at a few key places to erect some UCMC signs, we pulled into the Chilohwee campground around midnight. Being the only ones in the whole campground, we chose the prime sites for the club. After a short

attempt at looking at stars through Bridget's telescope, we all hit the sack.

I awoke early Friday to the sound of about five woodpeckers and various other wildlife, so I got up and walked around the campground. There were some large, pre-cut logs on the other side so I rolled some over to our usual campfire spot. This must have woken Jim and Tim, because they were soon out there rolling logs over too.

It wasn't long after this that the man on the scooter came by and told us we couldn't reserve campsites without putting tents on each one. If this guy didn't come by at least twice each year to scold us, it wouldn't be a normal Ocoee trip. Same thing goes for the Ranger lady that always tells us to be quiet at night.

We were going to go canoeing on the Hiwassee Friday, but it was dammed up and wouldn't be running until Saturday. We drove around the area for what seemed like a few hours looking for something else to paddle on. Unfortunately we didn't find anything but we did discover a great swimming hole about two miles up from the main put-in of the Ocoee. If you are ever in the area with nothing better to do, the swimming hole is a great place.

Our next stop was Roger Scott's where everyone but Tim bought a pair of Teva's. If you don't know what Teva's are, you're obviously new to the Mountaineering Club. Teva's are the original "sport sandals" invented by a whitewater rafting guide. They are actually very good sandals, but are becoming more of a fad lately and as a result, are somewhat overpriced.

When we got back to the campsite late that afternoon, there was still no one else there from the club. Most of them didn't get there until after 11:00,

and there were cars pulling in all hours of the night. Needless to say, everyone took their time getting up on Saturday.

Keith (Flipper) finally got the rafting spots organized around noon. A group of climbers went to hug the rocks somewhere while others went on a hike and the rest of us went down to the river. Erik G. and I were on the second trip, so we went down to the swimming hole to kill some time. Shortly after we arrived, Ken Osborn showed up with a carload of people including Mike Gorman, Katrina, Jennifer, Brian, Brenda, and Judy (I hope I'm not forgetting anyone). After a short lunch on the rocks, we all (almost all) enjoyed swimming in the cold water of the Ocoee. It was finally time for the highlight of the day, the rafting itself.

Our boat consisted of Jim Wilhelm guiding, Mark Bambach, Pete, Ken, myself and someone else that I can't remember. We were a pretty strong crew according to Jim, and that's a compliment coming from him. I had the lucky distinction of being one of the two people who fell out of a raft on Saturday. This only helped reinforce my nickname of "Bobber". When I fell out, it was right over one of the class II or III rapids. I was surprised that I didn't hit any rocks, at least none that I remember. I was concentrating on keeping my feet pointed up in front of me and thought I would just float down the river until I reached some calmer water. I was actually enjoying it somewhat when Jim suddenly reached out and pulled me in by my vest. At least it's good to know our guides are doing their job! The rest of the run went smoothly, with some good runs through Table Saw and Powerhouse. One thing that sticks out about Powerhouse was Jim telling us to enter the top from the left, then to go river right at the

bottom or "you will die". We had no problem getting to the right when he put it like that.

Saturday night some of us piled into Erik's truck and headed down to Grumpy's. Unfortunately, one of us was underage, so we just hung outside for a while and listened to the music. When we got back to the campsite, there was still a fairly large group around the fire. I believe this was the night the ranger lady snuck up on us (I didn't finish writing this until two months after the fact, so some of the times may be off). Someone was having a discussion about fashion trends and this ranger walks up and says, "I have a trend for ya'll... Did you know your voices carry a country mile in these mountains?" Then she proceeded to threaten us if we didn't quiet down. It didn't make much difference though, as we were soon getting loud again.

Everyone went to bed relatively early Saturday, unlike most Ocoee trips. I guess we all had to rest up for a full day on Sunday.

Sunday's rafting was much different for me. We had a total of nine people in Jim Blackwood's raft and it was a little low on air so we just kind of bounced off rocks and got stuck a lot at first. It ended up being a good run through the bigger rapids though. Having Stephan in the front of the raft is what really made it unique. While most people prefer to sit down in rafts, Stephan likes to stand in the bow and jump up and down through the rapids, hooting and hollering the whole time.

The mood around the campfire Sunday night seemed even livelier than Saturday. I guess everyone was well-rested and didn't have any reason to get up early on Monday. The night hike to the waterfall was

the highlight of the evening for some of us, although Jim Wilhelm's encounter with the Jiffy Pop was a close second.

Overall, the Ocoee trip was a great time for me and hopefully for everyone else that went. If you've never gone whitewater rafting before, I would highly recommend the annual Ocoee trip. It is a great river for beginners and still provides a challenge for the more experienced paddlers. In addition to the rafting, there are other rivers nearby for kayaks and canoes, as well as some good rock climbing. It is also one of the funnest trips the club does each year, and everybody gets to know each other better by the end of the trip. You know, like how loud you snore or how good you can cook popcorn on an open fire, those kinds of things. I'm already looking forward to next year's trip.

Autumn Leaves

And then she was gone.
 In an instant,
 Wheeling through the emptiness alone.
 Where once our thoughts had winged together.
 Like echoes of laughter.
 Silent as a tear down that granite face.
 Fluttering like a torn dream,
 Reaching out to me,
 Reaching.
 Soundlessly good-bye,
 Soundlessly crumpling on the hard dead earth below.
 Gone, as the silence roared about me.
 Cooling, as I scrambled through that infinite descent,
 Cold, as I reached down to brush the ants
 From her lovely, shattered face,
 Her lovely, empty eyes.
 They buried her in white.
 On a cold grey winter's morning.
 As they bury each of us-
 Alone.
 As they'll bury me some day.
 When I stop falling.

- Damian Conway
 Monash University, Australia

Strip Mining

Janeen Herr

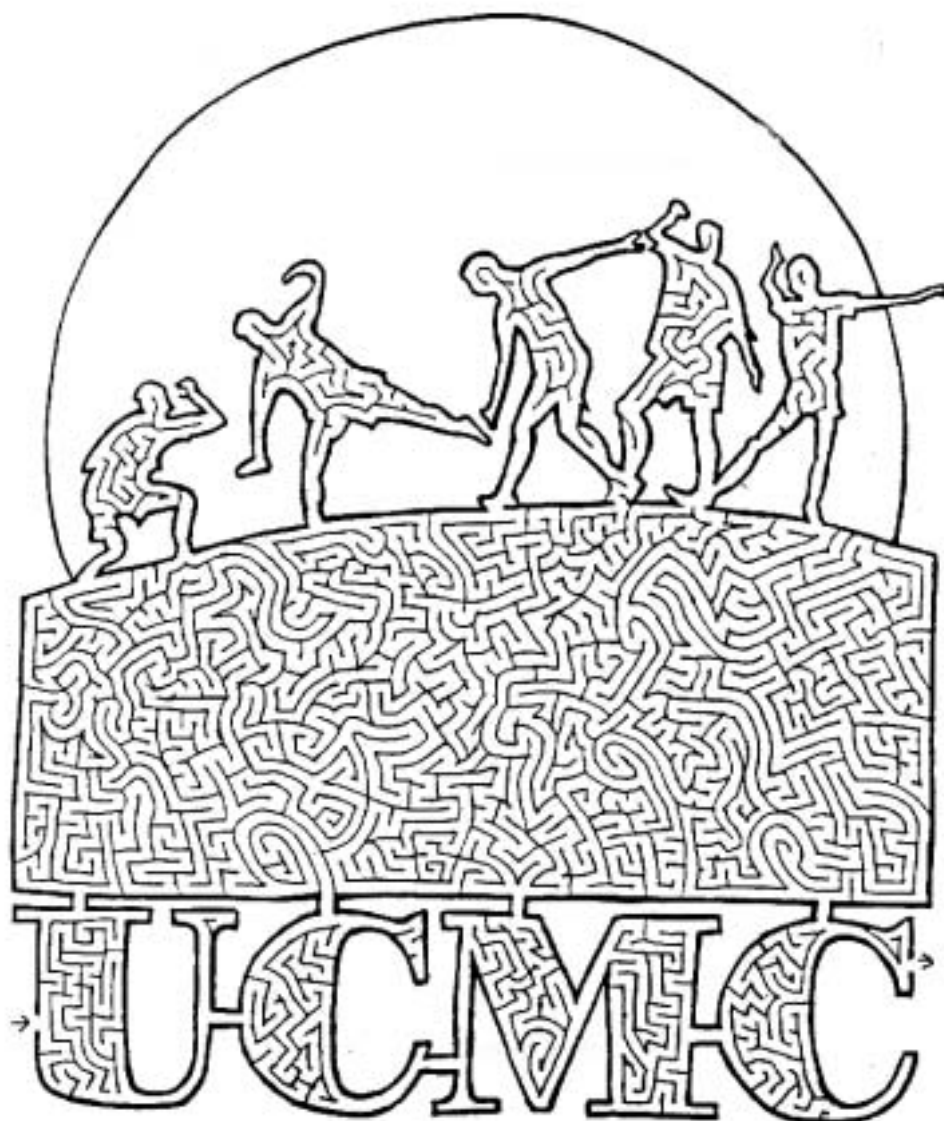
Thanks to the watchful eyes of our members and Peggy Lane of the Enquirer. Together we extended our minds and hearts and with the energy of determination to propel us, we redirected a negative impact being made upon our land. To those of you global travelers, foreigners, and others who think or feel your voice or action has no place in America, think again. What we did has made a difference!

Once you have crossed over igno-

rance to understanding that this planet earth we live on is shared and operated by all of us, then it becomes a personal responsibility to keep alive and flourishing that which sustains your existence. Cleaning and maintaining our precious natural world through recycling what has already been brought to the surface, and holding fast to the life force that is here is an idea that's time is now. Without a healthy plant kingdom there will be no oxygen to breath, no

food to eat.

The strip mining has not stopped. The misdirection of power and money by few creating destructive cycles for many has been with us throughout the evolution of mankind. Our concentrated efforts and quick actions also give a powerful message generated by few benefitting many. Alone and together we make and change history, acknowledge yourselves and each other for working together for a better tomorrow.



**UNIVERSITY OF CINCINNATI MOUNTAINEERING CLUB
CALENDAR OF EVENTS - FALL QUARTER 1992**

WEDNESDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
OCTOBER 7 OPEN HOUSE	OCTOBER 10 ROCK CLIMBING: MATT LEHR BACKPACKING: -> RICH CYR	OCTOBER 11 KINGS ISLAND: LARA HUGENBERG
OCTOBER 14 SLIDE SHOW: COLORADO & WYOMING	OCTOBER 17 CLIMBING COURSE! -> BICYCLING: AMY ELSEN	OCTOBER 18 CANOEING: BOB MASTERS DAY HIKING: TERESA EMMERLING
OCTOBER 21 SLIDE SHOW: GALAPAGOS ISLANDS	OCTOBER 24 CAVING: MARK GUTTADAURO BACKPACKING: -> LARA HUGENBERG	OCTOBER 25 ROCK CLIMBING: JIM STANLEY ADOPT- A-TRAIL: KEN OSBORN
OCTOBER 28 SLIDE SHOW COAST TO COAST	OCTOBER 31 KESSLERS HALLOWEEN PARTY! ROCK CLIMBING: ED SCHULTE	NOVEMBER 1 BICYCLING: JOE LAMPE ROCK CLIMBING: JERRY BARGO CAVING: DAN LYNCH
NOVEMBER 4 SPEAKER: TO BE ANNOUNCED	NOVEMBER 7 DAY HIKING: KATRINA DOHNAL BACKPACKING: -> ROB EVEN	NOVEMBER 8 HORSEBACK RIDING: BRENDA HEITKAMP
NOVEMBER 11 SLIDE SHOW: BY TRACY SMITH	NOVEMBER 14 BICYCLING: -> PAUL EVEN	NOVEMBER 15 CAVING: NATE PFEFFER
NOVEMBER 18 SLIDE SHOW: BLACKMAIL/BIZARRE	NOVEMBER 21 CAR CAMPING: -> MELISSA & SALLY	NOVEMBER 22
NOVEMBER 25 NO PROGRAM	NOVEMBER 28 BACKPACKING: -> TO BE ANNOUNCED	NOVEMBER 29
DECEMBER 2 TO BE ANNOUNCED	DECEMBER 5 STUDY FOR EXAMS!!!	DECEMBER 6 STUDY FOR EXAMS!!!
DECEMBER 9 NO MEETING!	DECEMBER 12 BACKPACKING: -> CHRIS & MARK	DECEMBER 13

NOTE: -> INDICATES WEEKEND TRIP (POSSIBLY LEAVING ON FRIDAY EVENING)