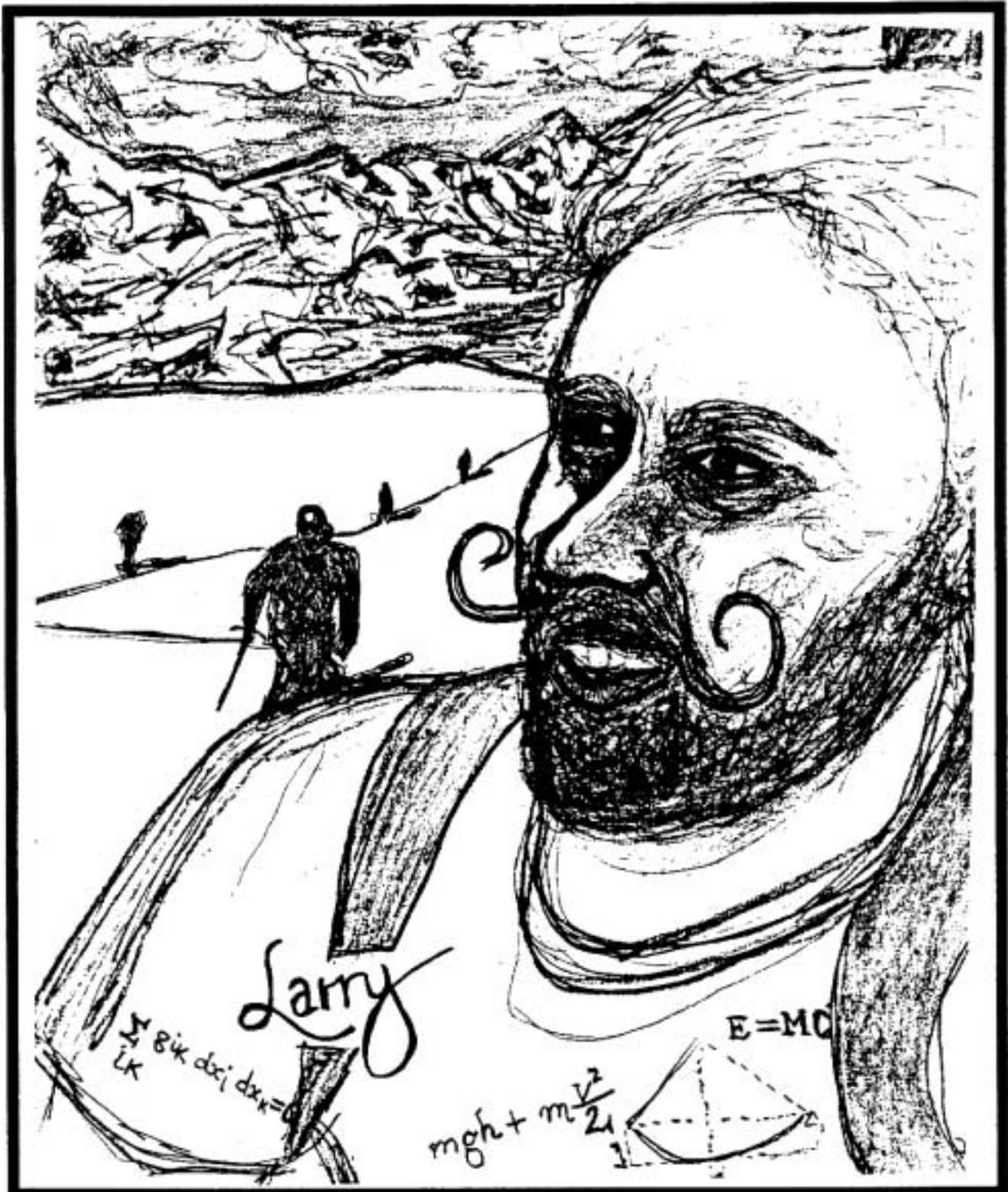


The Goose Down Gazette

University of Cincinnati Mountaineering Club

Fall, 1993



Letter from the Editor

Jeanne Vennemeyer

Compiling the Goose Down has been a trip...different from a climbing trip, or a trip to Daniel's Pub...nevertheless, a trip.

I really had a tough time getting people to write articles. (I'm sure this is not news to any former editors.) I also had to wage a minor war with my computer to get the formatting right.

You'll notice that this issue contains a lot of diverse material. This is due to my editorial philosophy which is to accept and print anything. This ensures that the multifaceted nature of our group is represented.

The nature lovers in the club will appreciate the way **I have kept all articles in their "natural state."** That is, everything has been printed exactly as submitted...unedited, free from the confining rules of grammar, usage and punctuation. **(Caution to students: Do not try this on school assignments.)**

Inspired by other fine publications such as the National Enquirer, I've added a new section called "Mountaineering Horoscopes."



**No, we're not the Jet Set.
We're the old Chevro Let Set.
But ain't we got Love!**

*Lyrics from a fine country tune performed
by Farm Report at Cory's*

On the Cover

Dr. Larry Joe Bortner, our favorite club leader and physicist, smiles as a U.C.M.C. rope team descends into Camp Muir from the summit of Mt. Rainier. *Drawing by Jeff Lynch.*

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Note: Although you might think so, there is NO connection between the page number and the age of the person who wrote the article.

Letter from the President

Joe Lampe

The orange barrels are going. It's backpacking season. The bugs are gone now. The trees are beginning to change, and the smell of fall is in the air.

What better time to stop and appreciate the present; listen to the melody of birdsong, the sound of a late October breeze through red and gold leaves, the crack of a log in a campfire; take in a stroll along the lake in Burnet woods, a climb in Springfield, or a bike ride to Covington.

Autumn offers a whole new world of experience. All you have to do is step out and breathe it in. The best way to breathe it in is with the U.C. Mountaineering Club. If it happens outdoors, we probably do it. If it happens indoors, well, we probably do that too.

This quarter we have lots of trips planned, from cycling to caving, from hiking to Halloween. In addition to the regular trips, we will offer two courses this quarter: the **beginner's backpacking course**, which will go out the **weekend of the 16th**; and the **beginner's climbing course**, which will go out the **following weekend**.

Most of our trips are listed on the back of this publication. However, more are always being planned and will be announced weekly at our meetings in **601 Old Chemistry Building at 7:00 PM, Wednesday nights**. If you don't see the trip you want on the calendar, come see us. We're always interested in new trip ideas.

If you have any questions, please come by our office at **217 TUC** and talk to me: **Joe Lampe—President, Jim Wilhelm—Vice President, or Dorse Chappellear—Treasurer**.

PS: Thanks to everyone who helped put this year's Open House together.

Nina and the Howler Monkey

Nina Meadows

I sat on top of Temple III. Early morning mist drifted amongst the canopy of the rain forest below, while screaming flocks of parrots went flying by. Occasionally, the mist would reveal a family of Keel-Billed toucans sitting in an emergent tree.

Then I heard it. It was a distant sound, coming across a vast stretch of canopy, sounding like something in between a moan and a deep repetitive hiss. The hair on my arms began to raise.

I sat listening for a half hour, half expecting a medieval dragon to come stomping through the forest. The sound finally ended, and I descended off the ancient Mayan ruin into the jungle to find the others.

We were in Tikal National Park in Guatemala. There were

Sutherland, Roland, Mike Gorman, myself, and Lisa, Ann, and Markus from the Cincinnati Zoo.

I found out later that what I'd heard were the Howler Monkeys. I never did actually see them in Tikal, so I was excited when, back in Belize, we decided to go to the Howler Monkey Sanctuary.

At the sanctuary, we were adopted by a guide, who took us off on a trail to find the monkeys. The third area we went to was successful. There, up in the trees, were monkeys looking down on us.

The guide went up to them and started loudly grunting at them. The monkeys stretched into a hunched posture and began grunting back. Then I heard the loud rhythmic hiss that I'd heard before. I edged in for a closer look.

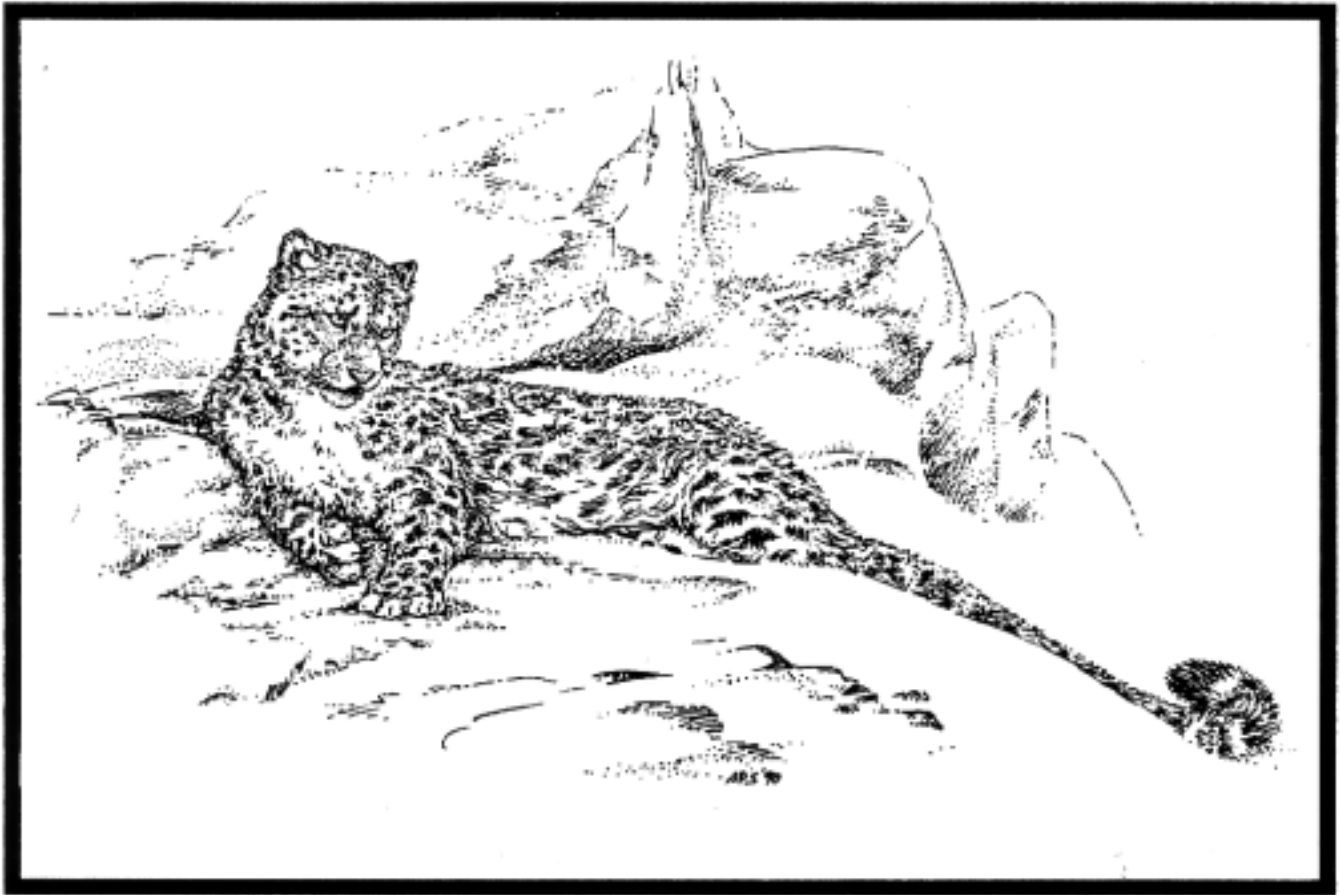
Suddenly, a soft, warm blob the color and consistency of cornmeal landed on my glasses and face. "OH MY GOD, the monkey just S%&@ on me!" I shouted.

I pulled my glasses off and went tearing off down the trail to the creek we'd just passed. Roland and Allan got out of my way while the guide went into hysterical laughter.

Suddenly I heard "Nina!" I turned to look just as Mike clicked the shutter. Cursing, I continued to the stream to wash off my glasses and face.

All in all, while getting crapped on certainly wasn't the most painful thing or distressing thing that has ever happened to me, it definitely was the most disgusting.

I was very careful about standing under trees without having my face



Art by Allan Sutherland

Memorable Quotes from Belize

Nina Meadows

"He can't eat beans."

"I very seldom tell people I once dived head-first into an empty swimming pool."

"This is the *niciest* tall grass savanna I've ever seen."

"Allan Sutherland, blood-sucking insect feeding grounds and sanctuary."

"Where is Marcus?"

"I've never seen the water this deep here."

"This is a rain forest. It's *supposed* to rain."

" We have no pan francais."

What About This Earth

Steve Sailer

And what about this earth
home and mother
to which we return
waves taking shape
falling back into the sea?

And what of this life
day into night
breath after breath
passing thoughts
without end?

And what of the answers
this knowledge
labyrinthian landscapes
in place of the myths
our sense of wonder?

I find my sanity in simple things
the shade of a tree
the call of a dove
the metallic silence of the stars
as they fold into the early dawn.

Standing alone
far away from the crowd
there is beauty in this solitude
with no need for questions
I can bear the uncertainty.

And what is it we call love
this passion that cries
reaching hoping
searching for a home
in all the lonely hearts?

And what of the dreams
blazing fires
burning trails
through the pain
all the failures?

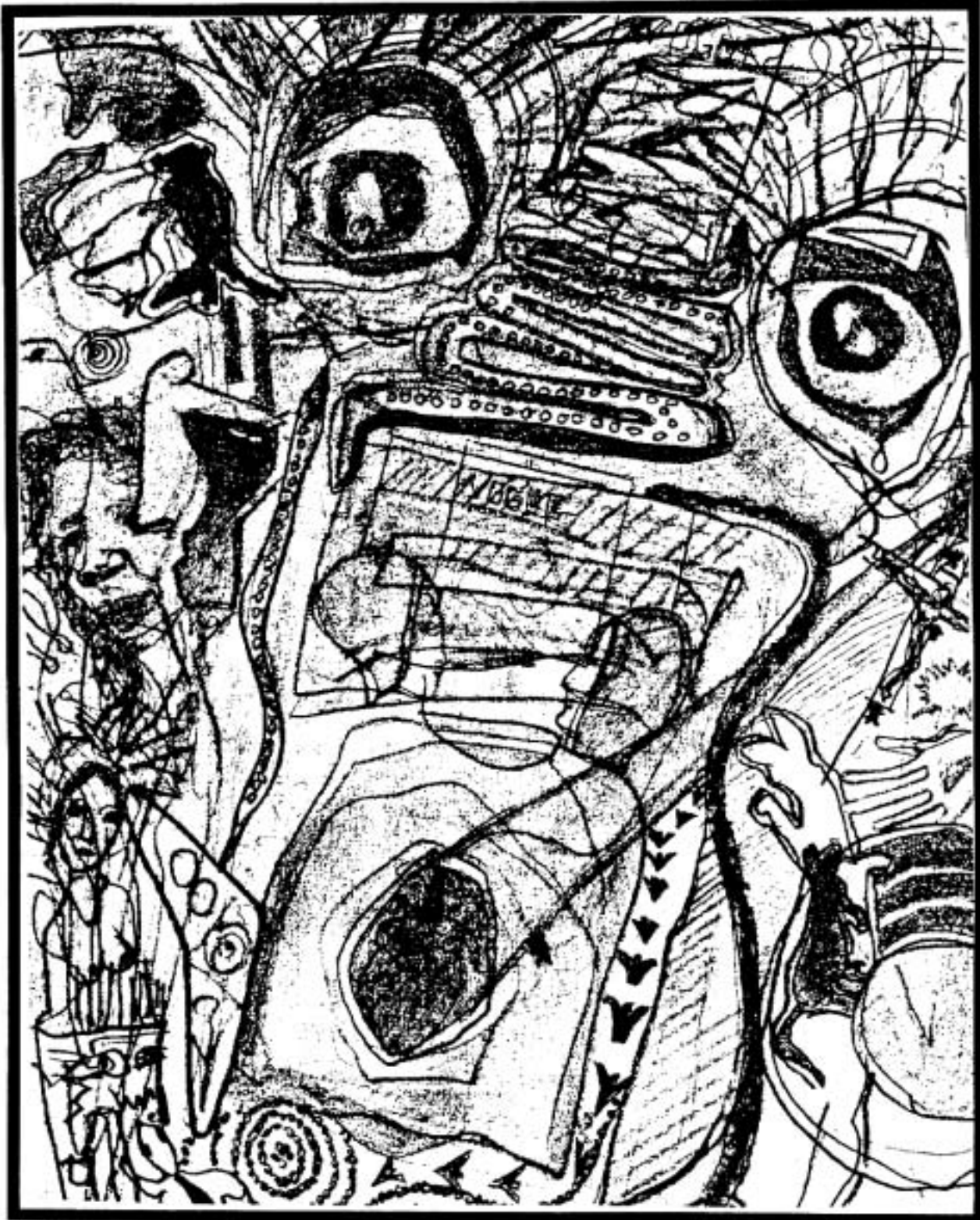
All of us are like this I guess
images floundering in a sea of desire
to choose, when each choice
has a life of its own
like water running
to fill all the low places.

Flying like butterflies
are we the dreamers or the dream
I need my heart
with eyes alive and willing
to carry me through.

So what of this earth
home and mother to us all
to which we return?

Aboriginal Scream

Jeff Lynch



Mountain Goat Traffic Jam

Pete Thomas

September is an interesting month to visit Colorado. The tranquillity of the summer season is greeted with abruptly cold northern winds from Canada. What results are temperature ranges of over forty degrees daily! Mornings can be about 38 degrees and afternoons into the lower 80's.

Some of the 14'ers in the Rocky Mountain Range had snow on their peaks due to precipitation during the previous night.

One of the most beautiful sights is the change in color of the Aspen trees.

The first few days of my vacation, I spent some time fly fishing in Waterton Canyon, Colorado. It's about 30 miles outside of Denver.

The streams are crystal clear. The scenery of the water with the foothills in the background is breathtaking.

The fresh-water fish were not quite as active as normal; however, my reward was just being out West.

During the middle of the week, I headed north to Rocky Mountain National Park.

Every type of weather was experienced in one day. It rained in the morning, we had beautiful sunshine in the afternoon, and snow (yes, snow) was experienced toward the end of the day on top of a trail.

The park has many visitors in this month because the elk begin to bugle. They travel into the mountains to feed in the mornings. They generally come down in later afternoon.

In addition to elk, it's not uncommon to see deer, marmots or fox. One person sighted an American eagle.

Toward the end of the week, I drove to Mt.

Evan's. The weather was clear.

When traveling on a mountain road, I could see cars being greeted by a herd of mountain goats that eventually caused a traffic jam.

The real bonus was being at the top of Mount Evan's. The sights were spectacular.

It was a great way to finish the trip.



Art by Pat Artman

Mountaineering Horoscopes

ARIES (March 20-April 19)

This is NOT your month. Stay away from ALL people, plants and animals.

TAURUS (April 20-May 20)

Matters of the heart will command attention. Even your wilderness skills training will not help.

GEMINI (May 21-June 20)

Don't panic if anything happens.

CANCER (June 21-July 21)

This is a particularly special time for you, even though you may not know what time it is.

LEO (July 22-August 21)

You MUST come out of your depression. Avoid watching TV and stay away from U.C.

VIRGO (August 22-September 21)

If you feel like quitting, go ahead and quit. Then you will feel even worse.

LIBRA (September 22-October 20)

Don't forget to do what you're supposed to do.

SCORPIO (October 21-November 21)

The next time you go to the grocery, remember to buy toilet paper.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 22-Dec. 20)

Now is the time to allow your inner-nature to shine through. However, before doing so, disguise yourself in a good Halloween costume.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 21-Jan. 19)

Travel light, but remember to carry adequate beverages.

AQUARIUS (January 20-February 19)

Remember to brush your teeth. Someone fascinating will kiss you soon.

PISCES (February 19-March 19)

What's Love Got to Do With It?

Dr. Alex Cudcowicz

in Red Rocks, Colorado

**"ROCK CLIMBING PROHIBITED!
\$999 FINE OR 180 DAYS
IN JAIL OR BOTH"**



U.C.M.C.

Meets every Wednesday
7:00pm
Room 601
Old Chemistry Building

After the Official Meeting,
The Real Meeting Happens at Daniel's Pub
in Clifton.

Join Us!

Eating

Richard A. Tillinghast

I wanted to get fat
 so I started eating
 cantaloupes on the freezer
 pins and stickers on the bushes
 outside grass and honeydew
 I began to eat dirt spread
 my way out towards the middle of
 the field out to the road
 where I caught a mail truck
 bound for the five and dime in town
 where I ate a guitar at the music
 store I asked the hunchback what
 is in your hump and can I have a taste?
 When the rocking chair stopped rocking
 I ate the crumbs under it I ate
 the slivers of the whittlers down
 on the square I ate exhaust on Main
 I ate the eyes of the Bengal tiger
 and the fear of the monkeys.

When I was lying in the field
 I felt the sun saw the fence
 saw the shadows in the trees
 I saw the tiger
 eat the butterflies from my fingers.

The Poet and His Wife

Richard A. Tillinghast

The poet and his wife
 each had holes in their clothes,
 and when they met
 each one's fingers found the holes
 and what was underneath.

Waitering

Richard A. Tillinghast

Well first of all you got to
 be clean you got to worry about things
 like shaving and using soap
 in the shower-- you're cleaning yourself
 for them not for your own self.
 so you go there and immediately
 it's like walking into a dungeon.
 oh god I check my section
 see the tired looks on the other people
 walk around, tighten up my
 (Good God) tie! and punch the time clock.
 I immediately start into my sidework--
 rolling silverware two forks,
 a knife, a spoon, stick 'em all
 in there together, roll 'em up
 and stack 'em get your count
 and stick 'em somewhere where nobody'll
 take 'em.
 then eventually if the manager's been cool
 and given you a good section you'll
 get a table-- some weird people
 sometimes but usually just the boring
 people but they're not really boring
 'cause you can do something
 like pound on their table
 or scream at them or act like a
 male stripper (for a table of two men)
 or just act retarded
 and it's usually pretty fun.
 then though you get busy
 and punch all these orders in and when it's
 a good night you wonder "How the hell
 did I learn all this stuff? What the hell
 am I doing here?" But you make a few bills
 and it's not so bad and
 never forgetting what life really is
 you go home.

Kandinsky

Karen Vennemeyer

Clashing colors spilled by skilled hands,
Inconstantly shaping courageous proportion-
Strokes of unmatching lines in confusion,
Intertwine and intersect, crashing.

Colored by gradations of unique spectrums,
Shapes strangely find equilibrium-
The lines and circles reciprocate,
Artistry combining with Chaos in equal parts.

We shall not cease from exploration
And the end of all our exploring
Will be to arrive where we started
And know the place for the first time.

T.S. Eliot, Four Quartets

44 at 444

Pat Artmap,
the cover girl
of the Mountaineering
Club, celebrated her
44th birthday with a
party at 444 Dixmyth.



Pat

The fete began promptly at 4:44pm and ended exactly at 4:44am. Jeff Lynch captured the event on video. Be sure to borrow the tape from Pat so you can see the scene where Larry reminisces about climbing Long's Peak with Pat. Also, the video contains a rare interview with Pat's cat. **HAPPY 44th, Pat!**

The Willisonian Institute Books, Records, Etc.

1609 Chase Avenue

David Willis

(513)542-5231

Don't Fall In !

Chuck Brogie and Dave Boyer tiptoe around a hungry crevasse on Mt. Rainier.



Cheated on the Cheat

Bridget Shoe

I don't remember exactly, but it was either January or February when I first heard of the "Icebreaker Special". The idea of rafting on the Cheat River the first weekend in April was not my idea of fun. The snow on the ground outside made the cold water of snow runoff sound especially bad. In the end, however, sixteen members of UCMC paid their forty dollars for the promise of a wet suit and an exciting ride. I was not one of them.

In 1986, I went rafting on the New River on a chilly day in early May. I was wearing a wet suit and I don't recall it as a pleasant experience. I was cold and wet all day. So although my adventurous side longed to go down the Cheat, my practical side ruled. It was the new "duckies", that's what changed my mind. A "duckie" is a small inflatable raft for 1 to 2 people.

In mid-March, a group of us traveled to Paint Creek, OH for a weekend adventure. Although both the air and water temperatures were cold, I was warm in the wet suit and booties I borrowed from Jill Denig. I rode down the creek with Rob Even to the single rapid, a class three I was told. We spent several hours there running the rapid over and over by going through the rapid then carrying the duckies back up the top. On my second run, Rob talked me into trying it alone. The truth be told, I'm not too experienced when it comes to boats and water. But, I'm learning and I knew how to do this rapid.

Paddle up the eddy as far upstream as possible, about 30 feet. Stay on the right side of the big rock in the middle of the creek at the top of the rapid. Go over the little waterfall right next to the rock, then over two waves. Up-down, up-down and paddle for the left side as hard as you can. Why? Because there's a big hole on the right side that will eat you. Even though Jim Wilhelm was waiting on shore near the hole with a throw rope, I was nervous.

I made it to the left side, which was a fun bumpy ride over the waves. The object is to keep the duckie pointed straight downstream and just ride through the waves. With me, the duckie kept turning sideways and bouncing off the rock wall to the left. I'm glad duckies bounce well. At the end of the run, just paddle to the right shore and carry the duckie back up to the top to do it again. Jill and I both had our first solo runs in the duckies.

As I see it, there were only two major differences between the above mentioned spring trips. On my first trip to the New River, I got soaked to the skin and was wet and cold from the start of the trip. On the second trip to Paint Creek, although I sat in cold water all day long, I was protected not only by my wet suit, which never got totally soaked, I was also wearing booties so I had warm feet. I think the secret to enjoying spring rafting trips must be found in staying warm.

Anyway, two days before the Cheat River trip was expected to leave, someone backed out. Someone else quickly grabbed the spot. Friday, the day the trip left at about 3 p.m., two more spots opened up and by 6 p.m. we were on the road to WV.

The rafting trip was a bust. We arrived at the river at the scheduled time for what is supposed to be the "premiere" ride on the east coast. All sixteen of us suited up in the wet suits and dry over-suits provided by the outfitter. Some in the group bought neoprene mittens and/or socks at \$12.00 a pair. With the water temperature at 34 degrees and the air temperature between 45 and 50 degrees, the trip was acceptable.

All dressed and signed in, we arrived at the gathering area. Here we were told the river level was at 7 feet and the canyon runs stop at 6 feet. The outfitter did, however, offer the opportunity for

Boarding the buses at the outfitters, we had no idea what the narrows were. As we traveled along the river and were able to see the "white water". It was disappointing, with 4 rapids that looked no more threatening than the one on Paint Creek. The majority of this "white water" was flat water paddling. Most of the group opted to have their money returned, but five of us agreed to make the six hour trip from Cincinnati to Albright, WV a second time for a shot at the canyon.

We stayed to watch a video tape of the days rafting. Tim Doyle pointed out that every other raft passing through this one "class 4" rapid flipped, dumping everyone into the cold water. We then drove over to the canyon to check out the real rapids. The first one was impressive with huge standing waves. We sat there for a while just watching the water.

Three weeks later, Nate Pfeffer's credit card was credited for 12 trips, which left room for four of us to return. Only myself, Nate, and Jim Wilhelm made the final trip. Saturday morning at 11:30 am we signed the papers, dressed in wet suits (still free) and waited again in the picnic area.

Today, the water level was four feet, making the overall trip class five white water. We were assigned our guide, also a Jim, and told to look for him in the raft after we found life jackets, helmets, and paddles. While trying on life jackets, I met Jane. She would be traveling down river with us in a kayak and recording the days events on video tape. My life jacket was way to big, so I was sent back to the trailer for a smaller one. Here I met Chuck, one of two safety boaters, who would also travel down river with us in kayaks. Their job was to rescue any unfortunate souls that might fall out of the rafts.

Everyone loaded into the rafts, crews of from 3 to 6 people with one guide and one assistant guide. Our group was the smallest. No bus ride upriver this time, we put in at the outfitters and paddled downstream toward the canyon. Along the way, all ten of the rafts in our group pulled together for the safety talk. We were instructed on how to swim if we should fall out of the raft. The idea is that if you fall in the water you should bring your feet to the

surface and point them downstream. If your feet are above the surface, they cannot get caught between any rocks below and trap you underwater. Also, if a rock appears in front of you, it's least painful to hit your feet first. We were also instructed to grab the logs at the front and back of the kayaks if we were being rescued by one of them.

The first rapid is called "Decision". It's rated class 4-5 (5 at high water) and is a very impressive looking rapid. We paddled toward it and right at the very top, no more than two or three waves into it I was in the water. I have no clue as to how. Within a minute your paddling and the next everything is white foam. I went through two waves and broke the surface, Chuck was there when I popped out of the second wave. The raft came up behind me and Nate and Jim pulled me back in. "Don't relax yet, we're not out of the rapid" was all that was said as I crawled back to the middle of the raft, grabbed my paddle and went back to work.

We bounced through a few more waves, and then the raft turned sideways. Suddenly the entire left side of the boat, Nate and our guide Jim, fell into the water. The assistant guide tossed the rope to the other guide, held the middle and tossed the knot to Nate. The guide was pulled back in the boat as we were exiting the rapid. Nate was picked up by another raft. Time to regroup for the next rapid.

Big Nasty, class 4 at high water, is a big hole local river right that looks as though it could eat anything that would go into it. Our raft lead the way and skirted the rapid off to the left side. It was a bumpy ride, but not as exciting for us as for the rest of the group. Each boat that followed us approached the rapid the same way; they spun around at the top and entered the hole backwards. The rafts then flipped and soon everyone was swimming.

In one of the rafts, two women managed to stay on the raft. The hole was still holding that raft for several minutes after they jumped into the water. We tossed a rope every now and again until all the rafts and crews were in the eddy with us. Our guide began pumping air into our raft, this was when I finally learned it was leaking.

The next big event happened to two rafts in our group. We were passing between a series of large rocks on river right. It was a bumpy, fun ride. As we came around a rock, suddenly we saw two rafts pinned to a huge rock in the center of the river. We made for the rock, but were only able to maintain a position next to it just long enough for the assistant guide to jump onto the rock before we were forced downstream.

We quickly eddied out about 30 feet downstream on river right. As the other rafts came through the passage, they also eddied out below us. I noticed one lone person sitting on a very small rock in the middle of the river directly across from us. From the downstream direction, two guides appeared and jumped into the front of our raft. We paddled upstream in the eddy as far as possible, ferried across to the rock, and attempted to break into the eddy behind the rock.

The guide in front was furious. The type of anger you get when everything is done correctly, but you fail anyway. If the raft had been in proper condition, properly inflated, we may have been more successful.

After we reached the eddy on river right, it was pointed out to the guides that two people were in the water fairly close to us. One of the guides responded, "Don't worry about them, their not in our group." I was quite surprised by this at the time. But being "professionals", I guess they have liability worries. The lone person from the middle of the river was gone, but we would be here for quite a while.

The shoreline at this spot was littered with large rocks. The rafts were trapped against a huge rock in the center. A second large rock located about 20 feet to it's right created the passage we had ferried across earlier. To get to this second rock, one had to cross a small waterfall.

The guides walked to the edge of a small rock and jumped, about four or five feet, into the eddy behind the rock. They swam to the rock and scrambled up it. A rope was then tossed across to the rafts. This rope had to be tied to a second rope, which was tied to the outer raft. This raft was sideway in the water

pinned between the first one and the rock. / eight people were trapped on the rock.

Two, then four guides pulled on the rope. A series of ropes were set-up. More guides appeared from downstream, including the one whose raft was pinned to the rock. She had been washed out and under the submerged raft, under a submerged and then on downstream. One of the guides was on the edge of the small rock by sliding along it. He was unable to stand up and jump across the way to the eddy.

After a while, rafts began to approach from upstream. The 12:30 trip of the same outfitter. The ropes were removed so as not to be a hazard to oncoming rafts.

After we had eddied out, we pumped the raft as much as we could. Then, we sat around waiting for the guides to free the rafts. As the 12:30 trip passed us, they borrowed the pump, telling us they had theirs on the rock in the center. If they did let the pump, I didn't see it the rest of the trip.

A raft full of guide trainees were with the 12:30 trip. They were able to eddy out behind the rock in the center. About 25 to 30 minutes later, the rafts were freed. Our guide determined that the raft did not have enough air to carry the entire crew, so an assistant guide went on in another raft.

We headed downstream again, this time to the spot where lunch was served. Sandwiches and Kool-Aid after a hard mornings work, hit the spot. After we went through a several class three rapid, we then headed to the shore on river right to Coliseum Rapid. This rapid is class five, about a mile long and very narrow. We were told to stay for the river bank should we fall out of the raft.

We watched a few rafts go over the first few rapids. Mostly they flipped. I saw one pop an ender (come straight up vertically in the water) and come up upside-down. One crew made up entirely of men powered through the rapid without problem, but most of the crews were not that strong.

stupid to attempt the rapid. The first big wave would have folded the raft onto itself. Two other crews followed us as we paddled upstream to the top of the eddy. Actually, it took two attempts to get the raft there. Then, we ferried across to river left and bypassed the top of the rapid missing the first 1/8th mile. The rest of the rapid was a nice bouncy ride.

The final rapid of the day, "Swimmers Rapid", has water deep enough that it is relatively safe to swim. Only two of us, Jim and myself, swam this rapid, everyone else opted to ride. Maybe they were tired of swimming rapids. We were instructed not to swim toward river right and not to swim under the raft.

We entered the water off the left side of the raft. "Breathe when there's air and hold your breath underwater." Sounds simple enough. The first two waves were fun. After that, each time I came above the water, the raft was directly in front of me. I had to kick off it once to prevent going under it. Jim did go under the raft, and next time I saw him he was on the left bank of the river.

It was extremely funny getting back into the raft, which had lost so much air that two strong men had trouble pulling me in. The tube had deflated enough to catch the buckle of my life jacket. At take out, which was just around the bend, only the center tube of the raft was fully inflated.

The rafts were loaded on a trailer and we walked across a bridge to the bus. The bus ride back to the outfitter was an exciting trip not meant for those afraid of heights. The road was just wide enough for the bus and the right side dropped steeply. The tops of the trees were just barely out of reach.

There was beer and Pepsi for the ride back. Upon arrival, we changed to dry clothes quickly and went to watch the video tape of the days events. I was the first swimmer on our trip and watching the video it appeared as though I jumped in. Not true! On our trip almost everyone swam at some point.

We were informed that the 12:30 trip was boring as they had only one swimmer. The Cheat at four feet is not a swimming hole. Located in a canyon, it's a forty-five minute hike out, if you know where your

going. After each rapid, there are signs along the bank that indicate the locations of back-boards store in the event of a serious accident. Rescues are accomplished with helicopters.

Long before I went on this trip, I was told "No reputable outfitter would take me down the Cheat" Mainly because I didn't have very much rafting experience. No one asked about previous experience until we were already in the rafts headed downstream.

On the way home and afterward, questions about negligence were bounced around. The outfitter provided the 11:30 trip with antiquated equipment and only 3 of the 10 guides had more than 3 week experience guiding the Cheat.

The 12:30 trip had newer equipment and a higher ratio of experienced guides. It was suggested that they were the last trip of the day and therefore might finish quicker.

Jim pointed out to our guide that the raft was leaking before the trip started, but the guide chose to except the raft.

It was a unique experience that I have mixed feelings about, because in some ways we were definitely cheated on the Cheat.



Rafting

OCTOBER 1993

MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT	SUN
				1	2	3
4	5	OPEN HOUSE	7	8	9	10
					Day hiking Clifton Gorge call Jim Wilhelm at 861-3404	Cycling with Jo 281-8041
11	12		14	15	16	17
					Beginners backpack trip or Dorsey Chappelle at 861-6257	call brad Libby at 281-7727
18	19		21	22	23	24
					Aloha Gathering A.T. long distance hikers assoc. call Paul Kramer at 385-1312	
					Climbing course call Jay Gibson at 684-9910	
25	26		28	29	30	31
		Teton / Yellowstone slide show K. Osborn			Halloween party #1 call Ian Prentice at 221-6121 Halloween party #2 call Dennis & Karen at 677-9443	
1-Nov	2	3	4	5	6	7
					Woman's only backpacking trip Call Lara Guttadauro Caving call Mark Guttadauro	