

# The Goose Down Gazette

University of Cincinnati Mountaineering Club  
Spring 1994

IT'S TIME TO TAKE ANOTHER TRIP IN THE DAN VAN



## Letter from the President

The sun's going down. "It must be about eight O'clock," I think to myself. Two weeks ago it would have been only eight O'clock, but this spring forward into daylight savings keeps screwing up my sense of time. It's a pain in the butt, but it has its bonus'. It means that I've got an hour more of usable daylight - an hour more of hiking and biking and climbing and, well, you get the picture. It means I get to sleep later in the morning now in my curtainless bedroom. It means its time to get back outside and shake the leftover winter blahs from my system.

Already this quarter, we've been on a "successful" (that means no major injuries) mountain biking trip, caving trip, trail maintenance, bad mooie night, and a few others.

This quarter, there are already even more trips being planned: Car Camping this weekend at Kocking Hills; Climbing in Seneca, too; the Climbing course for the last weekend in April, and a weekend backpacking, topo map reading, and orienteering course, to mention a few.

I want to thank all the people who are helping out with this quarter's Open House, especially: Joe Loueck, for heading up the slide show; Shannon Williams for being brave enough to volunteer to help Joe; Shannon Hagar for not only designing the front of this years T-shirt, but for seeing the order through the entire printing and delivery process; Nina Meadows for doing the back of same shirt; Jay Gibson for heading up the climbing course for the second consecutive time, (All you climbers, Jay is still accepting volunteers for instructors); Dan Burwinkle and Ken Osborn for heading up the orienteering trip; Jeanne Vennemeyer editing this publication; and the rest of the officers, Jim, Dorsey, Jeremy, and myself, for doing our jobs.

Joe Lampe  
President, UCMC



Art by Pat Artman

## Preface to "Ode to a Stove"

*During the Spring of 1993, I received a letter from Paul Kramer, who at the time was an Appalachian Trail thru-hiker. He claimed that he and his fellow hikers had fallen into disfavor with the Whisperlite International god. He asked how it was possible to regain the favor of the gods again as they liked to eat hot foods now and again after hiking all day. After toying with the concept for several days, suddenly my thoughts converged and this ode suddenly appeared on the paper before me. Please excuse the last verse as it was added at the last moment for Paul's particular enjoyment, but to those few of you who know what it refers, what can I say? Some of the younger members may well be wondering, "What is a Svea?" To this I can only say, ask Bob Kessler and speak loudly so he can hear you!*

*Mark Guttadauro*

## ODE TO A STOVE

*by Mark Guttadauro*

*O' Great Whisperlite International God,  
Boiler of the waters, Cooker of foods,  
Skaunder of the dishwasher and Melter of fine cheeses.  
Protect us from the wrath of the loathed Sputter god.  
And allow the warmth of your blue glow  
To part the shadows of our campsite.*

*Hear us, O' Great Whisperlite International God,  
Perker of coffees, Broiler of tasty sausages,  
Consort of the Lipton Goddess and  
Incinerator of Spiralina bee bars.  
We praise your banishing of the evil Demon Prince Svea,  
To the noise pollution compost pile of history.*

*We look for the downfall (large abyss please) of Semaj,  
Only demon-child of Svea, through your powers of ignition.  
In this hope, we anoint you with the sacred Gumout,  
Bane of the Sputter god.  
By the power of your flame, let's eat!*

## Mountaineering Club Videos

by Jeanne Vennemeyer

Here is a preview of  
new releases. Don't miss  
them!



### "Larry Lies"

In this full-length feature, Larry admits that he has been deceiving us for years.

His **mother** is really the one who bakes the "so-called" Larry cookies that he brings on all the trips. "I apologize to everyone, I just liked getting all of the attention," said Larry.

### "BUGGED!"

Everyone knows that the **DAN VAN** has gone on more trips than Dan.

WRONG! "Dan" has been there all along.

No one knows it, but the **DAN VAN** is secretly rigged with hidden cameras and microphones!

For years, Dan has been capturing footage from all across the country via the hidden cameras he installed inside and outside the van.

He has also captured many revealing conversations and intimate scenes among various club members. "Only Dan could pull this one off," said Roland. "He can build ANYTHING!"

(These videos may or may not be true.)

# Tall Tales

## At Timberline



This is the story of the UCMC ski trip to Timberline ski resort in the Canaan Valley, West Virginia the last weekend in January 1994. It is a compilation of everyone's thoughts after the first day of skiing.

I drove down on Thursday night (1-27-94) with Jerry, Mike, and Randy. We skied for free on Friday with the coupons that Matt and Dorsey provided and had a great time. Later we checked into our resort at Beaveridge Lodge and waited to be awakened as the rest of the UCMC group staggered in at all hours of the night. The next thing I knew Nate woke me and told me it was 8:30am - the slopes open at 9:00am. The only thing I thought was I have to hurry and get dressed.

*Wait, why was I with Nate and naked?* Trying to be casual about the whole situation, I grabbed my jeans and put them on while still under the covers. I discussed it later with Nate and found out it was purely innocent. Why, I'm not even Nate's type.

*All the smiles, laughter, and good times make it all worth while.* Of course smiles and laughter only go so far when you've got a 200 pound guy sprawled out across your legs and your feet are going numb. Maybe a nice, sharp kick to the neck would do the trick but you can't move a muscle anyway so you just lie there hoping the girl next to you will stop snoring long enough for you to actually get some sleep. But no, all night long the grating of her congested sinus slowly drives you nuts. But you can't move and you just lie there thinking about tomorrow when you'll get your revenge out on the slopes.

*Now I feel bad.* Lying here thinking about taking out my revenge on such a nice girl. As if it is her fault her sinuses are full. I should be nice to her; she's been under enough stress already. Especially after the terrible ordeal she had last week with that rabid guinea pig.

She was setting out her clothes for the UCMC weekend ski trip upstairs in her bedroom. The bedroom window was open and the diseased rodent cleverly scaled up five stories into her room. Unbeknownst to the girl, the guinea pig was hiding in her ski clothes waiting to attack her. As she grabbed her clothes the rodent sprung out and sank his pointed teeth into her belly button. *She careened out of control down the slope screaming and tearing at her clothes. This, of course, resulted in a HUGE pile-up of skiers and onlookers/gawkers. It was a terrible scene - there were bodies lying everywhere.*

*The sight of so many horizontal persons immediately triggered within me a flashback our nights stay in the condo.* Nights that began in a relaxing, peaceful atmosphere and then little by little would turn into a strange, weird climate where everybody would stare at each other trying to find in the depths of the others eyes, the essence of life, the reason of being alive, the unbearable lightness of the human being. Pure existentialism that would lead to exorcism, evil spirits coming out of our bodies and dancing around.

*The music was Stravinsky's "Rite of Spring", yet these spirits were doing country line dances. We stared in disbelief. Randy was the first of us to speak. Stroking his goatee he said "this is the most exemplary manifestation of absolute evil I have ever seen. Let's conquer it by overwhelming it with the goodness of our hearts and the pure rationality of our minds." He then led our bibulous bunch in an assiduous chanting of the New World philosopher's credo in the traditional manner. We all held our beer cans atop our heads with our right hands, while simultaneously using our left hands to Q-tip our left ears (symbolizing a willingness to listen) and chanted "Vito Maxime, Vito Maxime," which is bad Latin for "live to the maximum".*

**Chris awakened from the sound of the mystery alarm (?),** he then woke me. After that everyone fell out of bed and fell into the Groove. A bit disoriented we stumbled outside and into the car and were off. Being the first time here snowboarding, me and Chris were just a bit leery of the day to come. We all had our own thoughts and strategies of what was to come. We had gotten our lift tickets, got strapped, and was ready to pull some "Fatty-Fat" air.

*First time skiing is always a tough experience. Looking at the mountain and the wilderness makes you wonder, "am I gonna be OK or will I hurt my knee". But there were other people hurting; bodies were being hauled off the mountain left and right. Why do we subject ourselves to such carnage? Are we bent on self destruction, or are we just idiots?*

**The correct answer is: (B).** We are just idiots; idiots who refuse to sit around and let life just happen to them. We, we are the idiots who go out on the limb and take the risk. Sometimes we experience the thrill of capturing life, that almost perfect run down the mountain, our hearts beating, our minds alert and alive, and our spirits lifted from the drudgery and apathy that pervade modern society. It's the smile, the childlike smile of pure bliss. It's a smile we're simply lucky to have. It's the smile that we seem to always feel just before we see the other side of that coin, ziggig when we should have been zagging, sliding into a tree, or twisting a knee around our heads. It's breaking an ear on the ice. And it's worth it for the smile.

**It was a different kind of smile** that I had as I slipped under the grate in the fireplace. These idiots had been trying to start this fire all night. Well thirty seconds under that wood and it was crackin" and popping pieces of ash onto the living room rug. I was lit!

*Yes, it was the beginning of another enlightening psychedelic experience. The only source of truth in the world. I submerged myself in the essence of mind altering states. My true desires began to make themselves known. I traveled up into the stratosphere and beyond. Mind expansion opening into new worlds of reality. I could see the construction of my DNA. I understood my purpose and saw with the third inner eye. Hands turn inward and can no longer serve a purpose. Spinning through a myriad of foreign states. Can you touch the inner child? What is over that edge and do we have the guts to pursue it? I experienced the high country of the mind. I awoke nude, while making a snow angel.*

**I rarely am nude while being in the snow** so I took my time and enjoyed the feeling. Of course it was cold, yet warm. Is this what I was suppose to feel? I had to get myself out of this situation, so I clicked my heels together three times and said "there's no place like home, there's no place like home, there's no place like home". Thank God, the whole experience was just a strange hallucination induced by trying not to listen to Joe Loucek's Grandpa's jokes. I'd do anything to avoid those stupid, annoying, never-ending jokes. Nothing in this story reveals any Freudian truths about my desires. **It was purely fantasy.**

**Trip members/authors:** Jerry Bargo, Mike Gorman, Matt & Dorsey Hogg, Randy Mueller, Mike Schirmer, Joe Loucek, Joe Lampe, Katrina Dohnal, Nate Pfeffer, Tracy Combs, Brad Conway, Mark Bambach, Dan Lynch, Michelle Boley, Doug Williams, Yandira Regules, Chris Thomas, Dave Texter and Carlos Gutiérrez.

# The UC Mountaineering Club

by Joe Lampe, UCMC President

The University of Cincinnati Mountaineering Club (UCMC) is a four season club dedicated to self-awareness and education in the outdoors.

We enhance the college experience by providing students with the opportunity to acquire leadership skills, experience team work and build self-confidence. Through providing access to equipment and resources, UCMC allows students to participate in many outdoor activities that would otherwise be beyond reach on a typical college student's budget.

**UCMC takes part in but is not limited to cycling, caving, canoeing, backpacking, rock**

**climbing, white water rafting, mountaineering, cross country skiing, hang gliding, skydiving, sailing, scuba-diving, and kayaking.**

At our weekly meetings we provide lectures, slide shows, and speakers on topics such as first aid, safety, equipment use and care, environmental concerns, club trips, etc.

The club also maintains a library containing maps, books, magazines, and newsletters. These resources provide beginners and trip leaders alike with a readily available source of knowledge about the activities we do, our trip leading experiences, and environmental issues.

We also try to provide equipment which help to make our activities possible and to ensure safety.

Club members plan trips and venture out each weekend. Longer trips are planned for each of the quarter breaks.

**UCMC offers beginners formal instruction in the form of beginners' courses, and informal instruction in "learn-as-you-go" type trips.**

We have around 100 dues paying members and a typical weekly meeting attendance of 60 to 90 people!



# "Last One in is a Cold Cheese"

by Mark Guttadauro

## FRIDAY 9/4/92-Riding Off Into the Sunset

There I was, hard at work in the laboratory on the morning of the day we were leaving for our Utah trip. People were going to begin to rendezvous at my house at two, and I didn't get off work until 3:30. Needless to say, I left for an extended lunch, two-and-a-half weeks worth. Stopping to pick up Lara on the way home, we arrived just before Don Speller and Melissa Bailey showed up with Roland's van. Bob Kessler calls and says, "I'm at Stefan's house to pick him up and he's not home!" Next, a strange car pulls up and a girl gets out with a backpack. No one seems to recognize her, and there we are standing around the van thinking, Who the hell is she? She says, "I'm Sally Laib and I'm going to Utah with you!" We find out that she agreed to go and help Cindy Kessler with twelve month old Gretchen on the trip with only two days notice. We finally receive a phone call from Bob informing us that Stefan has returned home, but still needs to pack for the trip. Not so soon, Bob arrives with a Honda filled with baby paraphernalia and one Stefan, and no room for anyone's backpack because a baby crib doesn't pack very well. We all tell Stefan that he must buy all of us dinner to make amends for being late. A long while later, everything is packed and ready to go and we are reduced to waiting for Greg Tewes to show up. Fortunately, he had given his gear to us the night before. Shortly after he arrives, we are driving west into the sunset, on the road for Denver. Driving straight through, we stop only for meals and gas. By early afternoon Saturday, we have arrived at the Gerdings' house in the suburbs of Denver.

## SATURDAY 9/5-Green and White Toys

Shortly after arriving and finding no one home, we decide to do some lunch. We return to the Gerdings, where we meet Jerri Best and the Gerdings, and find Paul Kramer has arrived at the Gerdings after an entire summer spent hiking in the Pacific northwest. We then form a reconnaissance trip to the local REI and also to The North Face store where everyone is able to acquire copious amounts of trail guides and outdoor gear. Later that night, Cindy, Gretchen and Linda Gajdics return to the Gerdings from a dayhike. Seriously outvoted, Paul and I are forced to endure dinner at Pizza Hut, both of us having developed a healthy immunity from the enjoyment of pizza and pizza related foodstuffs over the years while working at LaRosa's.

## SUNDAY 9/6-Porcupines & Corpses

We wake up on Sunday morning after sleeping out in the backyard, and get a good laugh when Gerding informs us that her neighbor called her during the night to warn her that there were several bodies or corpses in her backyard. Shortly after breakfast, we voyage to the airport and pick up our two rented Explorers, a green one and a white one. Immediately upon sighting the green Explorer, I am informing Bob that if we get the green Explorer, I will be in that vehicle. Ready to leave for Utah, our only holdup is waiting for Fred Harms to return. Waiting for Fred, our group is sprawled out on the Gerding's front lawn, reading our new books and trail guides, playing frisbee and football (Stefan has an insatiable need to play frisbee anytime he has a free moment) or listening to Paul tell epic comedies about his travels earlier in the summer. Explaining just how a porcupine managed to try to eat his MSR waterpump or how he was surprised by a huge bear on the trail that turned out to be a cow, Paul kept everyone entertained by reducing them to fits of uncontrollable laughter. The rumor was that Fred had to drop his brother off in Albuquerque at seven in the morning on Sunday. Hey! Today is Sunday and isn't Albuquerque like almost 500 miles from Denver? Fred won't be here until after four! We are going to be waiting all day! Unknown to us, that statement would not cause any *deja vu* for the rest of the entire trip. This was to be the first and only time we would be forced to wait for Fred. He arrived shortly after three and we were soon on our way to Grand Junction. We begin our drive by climbing through the foothills of the Front range and on into the heart of the Rocky Mountains. Fred and Linda are having a tough time in the pickup. It is extremely loaded down with all our gear and goes uphill very slowly. As we approach the Eisenhower tunnel, Bob suggests that we pull off at the scenic overlook at the far end of the tunnel and wait for the pickup. Paul and I are giving Bob a hard time about his Bee Bars. We are saying that it's a good thing that his order of Spiralina-Bee Bars (gag! choke! barf!) didn't arrive in time at the Gerdings or we would be forced to go over the pass. The reason for this is that Bee bars would be considered hazardous cargo and would not be permitted to pass through the Eisenhower tunnel. In fact, we tell him, they are so bad that we should have those little Department of Transportation diamonds they put on semi-trucks plastered all over the Explorer. You know, poisonous cargo, corrosive, radioactive waste and, of course, biohazard. To all this, Bob's only reply is "yeah, yeah, yeah...Bee bars are good for you and you guys just don't want to admit it." Bob has arranged to have Chris Gerding mail the Package of Bee bars to the Escalante Post Office, general delivery. As we sit, waiting for the pickup, in the scenic overlook on the far side of the tunnel, the pickup comes rocketing out of the tunnel doing eighty-plus MPH and

goes screaming down the mountain. We all jump into the two explorers and take up the pursuit. On the far side of the mountains, we pass through Glenwood canyon, traveling on the newly completed sections of highway, finally completed after decades of construction. After following along the tiny Colorado, we arrive at a Grand Junction KOA and set up camp in the dark.



### MONDAY 9/7-"Standing in the Middle of Nowhere, With Nothing to Do, Here We Go Round Again..."

Finally, today we escape from these overcrowded urban conglomerations that people think of as "civilization" and head for the open desert. Just fill up the gas tank and here we go!...I'm thinking, when my reverie is suddenly interrupted. "What's that Bob? you lost your pocketknife and want Paul, Lara and myself to sneak down the street to GENE SNYDER'S HUNTING FISHING AND OUTDOOR SPORTING STORE to buy a new pocketknife for you. You don't want everyone lost in the store for hours? I can't imagine why not." Fortunately for us, this covert operation was achieved with everyone else being none the wiser except for Bob's protests that a pocketknife like this doesn't cost \$35. An hour later, we cross into Utah and pass a road construction sign, followed by regularly spaced repaired areas on the road. Bob looks up from his book in irritation and says, "I can't read with all these bumps, how long is this construction area?" I reply to Bob, "Don't worry, the sign said road construction next 113 miles!" Later, after lunch on top of a tall butte with an awesome view, we cruise into the Deadhorse Point visitor's center and instantly we are off on a several mile dayhike along the canyon rim at Cindy's suggestion. The view of the canyon is amazing. Three-hundred feet below the rim on which we are standing is a wide plane with a white edged rim which then drops another several hundred feet down to the Colorado river. There are huge artificial lakes in the distance. They stand out like a sore thumb because they are obviously alien to the terrain. A sign explains that they are nitrate mining pools, where nitrate-saturated water is evaporated, so the nitrate can be shoveled up and carted away. Are those little things down there really mountain bikers circling along the White rim? Looking from the bottom of the "U" of the gooseneck, the view from Deadhorse point is as picturesque as all the pictures you see in the four-wheel-drive vehicle commercials on TV. The name of the point apparently comes from the slaughter of a herd of horses at this point. So much for the 'named after a neat story' theory. After setting up camp, we hop in our Explorers and drive pell-mell (this is a euphemism for "almost as fast as the vehicles will go") to Grandview Point at Bob's behest, "Hurry, hurry, we're going to miss the sunset!" Upon arriving at Grandview Point in plenty of time for the sunset, we are treated to an awe inspiring view of the white rim and a huge expanse of broken terrain, looking out into the heart of Canyonlands National Park. Just think, in a few days we'll be right out in the middle of that, Bob keeps telling us. Looking out over the canyons, there is only canyon after canyon, with the hint of rivers somewhere lost in the depths. Straight out to the south is the Confluence of the Colorado and the Green Rivers, to the right is the twisty and torturous

reaches of the Maze area and to the left, off in the distance, are the spires of the Needles district. Imagine a thousand colors of red and orange, with white trimming along the rim interspersed with the duller gray-white sandstone layers, all of this painted on a jumble of canyons, cliff faces, spires and broken lands and then lit with the red-orange glow of the setting sun. A world unlike any other, where green exists only as dual ribbons on either side of the meandering rivers. After the sunset and many pictures, we drive back to the Mesa arch trail and take a night hike out to the arch, which is right on the edge of the rim. You can look straight down the rim from underneath the arch. The most memorable sight of the evening is the sky, the stars are all out in force. It is stunning to see how bright they are when you get away from the city.

## **TUESDAY 9/8-Space Aliens Kidnap Elvis**

In the morning, Bob and others get up and go to see the sunrise at Deadhorse Point, when they return, we drive to Green River, stop to refuel and let Cindy purchase a watermelon to eat for lunch, and quickly leave the town on a dirt road that heads out into the open desert towards Horseshoe canyon. After eating each others dirt for many, many miles, literally true since the sand even made it into the Explorers with the windows closed and only the air conditioning running, we finally come upon a lonely sign sticking up in the middle of nowhere, claiming that Horseshoe Canyon can be attained by turning right. We pull up at the trailhead in the early afternoon and after a quick lunch, we prepare for our jaunt down into the canyon. Paul and myself are watching in disbelief as many of the others decide to take one quart of water or less after being cautioned that they will be hiking in the open desert and it will be very hot. On the way into the canyon, Bob is explaining that Horseshoe canyon is the sight of the largest and best collection of pictographs in North America. The best area in the canyon is called the Great Gallery and is several miles upcanyon. When we come across the first evidence of Indian rock art on the canyon walls, we are joined by a strange man who claims that these drawings are proof that UFO's exist and that aliens have visited the planet earth and also built an Elvis memorial on the moon. Paul then questions the man as to whether or not they (the aliens) were able to save Elvis and where exactly they took him. As we continue to the Great Gallery, the man follows and spouts phrases like, "This is amazing, the same aliens who did Easter Island must have done this!" and also, "This is nearly definite proof that aliens, see the spacesuits in the drawings, they couldn't be anything else, that aliens altered the evolution of mankind by interbreeding with chimpanzees!" Paul keeps saying, this guy is great, he's more entertaining than the National Enquirer!

The Great Gallery is a wall under an overhang (a la Red River Gorge) which is covered with many figures of men, animals and scenes of life in the desert, or something about aliens and Elvis and sexually active chimpanzees. Feel free to believe whomever you wish. They pictographs seem to have been painted on the sandstone walls with some kind of red and black paints. There are literally hundreds of figures drawn on the walls of the Great Gallery. For a moment, you wonder why the Anasazi Indians felt the need to paint on the wall. Then you think, why is it that we have graffiti today. Paul, Lara and myself begin the trip back down the canyon first. It is now nearly an oven on the canyon floor. We are very happy to have brought over two quarts of water each. We begin the steep, initial climb out of the canyon, it's a real bitch since the hill is just a big sand dune. We easily reach the vehicles and decide to start dinner. We can be eating by the time anyone else gets out of the canyon. An hour and a half later, the last of the group drags into camp just before the sun sets. Pathetic is a good way to describe how a person looks after hiking in the open desert with too little water. Stefan refers to Bob as "Food partner" and Bob's only reply is, "A partnership implies equal sharing, if this is true, Stefan, how come you always end up with the better half of the dinner?" To which Stefan replies, "I need more food than my food partner since I am more entertaining than you, my beloved food partner" Entertainment for the evening consists of placing Gretchen in her crib at the edge of the parking lot and shooting pictures of her with nothing behind but the moon and miles and miles of nothing. It's amazing what civilized people are reduced to when there's not enough alcohol around, just kidding Cindy! One of the other groups is telling us what it was like to scale the Flint trail, which we will traverse tomorrow. They claim the trail ascends 1200 vertical feet in less than half a mile. It's pretty exciting they claim. We sleep out under a sky full of stars, the double white streak of the Milky Way stretching across the entire sky.

## **WEDNESDAY 9/9-The Rat Patrol**

In the morning, we part ways with Cindy, Gretchen and Sally. They cannot not follow us on the four wheel drive roads in the Honda and so they are headed to Capitol Reef to do some dayhikes and will eventually meet us back in Denver. The rest of us continue down the dirt roads to the Hans Flat Ranger Station on the west edge of Canyonlands. Are we four-wheelin' yet? we keep asking, little do we know what is coming! Today is the beginning of an interesting phenomena, with the green Explorer in the lead and Fred and Linda following closely in Fred's pickup, the white Explorer is often lost behind us in the distance. As the white Explorer is traditionally the last vehicle packed every morning thus far, Paul and myself finally have developed a hypothesis as to why this might be happening. We call it the peppermint patty theory (no, not some Charlie Brown thing) but rather from the York Peppermint Patty commercials, you know, it's not just any peppermint patty, it's a York Peppermint Patty! So we keep telling Bob, we need to stop and regroup, and let the others catch up. "Which vehicle is missing?" and then when we inform him it is the white vehicle, he says, "Why is it always the same car?" Well Bob, we all say, it's the white car, it's not just any car Bob, it's the white car! When the white

car finally catches up with us, it is then only minutes before they are frantically signaling everyone to stop. After we stop, Greg and Jerri are immediately climbing into the back of the pickup, it seems their styrofoam cooler has shattered from the bumps and jolts it had been absorbing on the rough ride. The back of Fred's truck is soaked and smells like dead rotting animals by mid-afternoon. Miraculously, the watermelon has survived unscathed.

We finally disembark at Hans Flat to find the flag flying at half mast and wonder who shot the president. We ask the lady at the desk and she says, "Oh no! It wasn't the president, Senator so-and-so from ???state??? died." After wasting more of our money in their bookstore and finding out that the road conditions are in about as good as shape as they are ever in, we set out to descend the Flint Trail, which is the road which takes you below the Iron rim and into the Maze. Our goal is to drive out into the Dollhouse and Standing Rocks areas.

Upon encountering the top of the Flint Trail, we find that this is a serious little descent down a ribbon of dirt road that winds its way back and forth down switchbacks, descending 1200 feet in less than a half mile. That's almost one vertical foot for every two horizontal feet! We send Fred down first to see if he will make it, and watch as he negotiates the three-point turns on the switchbacks. That's where you cut it around the turn as hard as you can until your front tires get closer to the edge than you really want them, then you back up and try to pull forward again and make the turn. No problem except for that little grade we mentioned earlier. It is fun watching Fred ease forward a couple feet and then sliding five or six after he locks his brakes, especially on that section where the trail goes down a really steep hill and then makes a sharp right turn. Fred stops at the first three-point turn and waits for everyone else to copy his driving feats of bouncing over foot high boulders going down a steep hill right on the edge of the cliff. Suddenly, we are down and it is lunchtime. During lunch, we are all commenting how happy we are that the hard part is now over. You ain't seen nothin' yet, baby! is a polite poetic method to foreshadow the readers that the exciting part of the day is still to come. First, we follow a circuitous route along the edge of 300 foot cliffs where you can lean your head out of the truck and see straight down to the base of the cliff. Next, we decide to shorten our journey by motoring down a dry wash until we regain the road. After a short, very relaxing drive across a flat, sandy plain, we find ourselves at the Teapot Dome area where the going gets tough. Imagine a shelf of slickrock fifteen feet wide with a cliff up on the driver's side and a cliff down on the other side, and add to the fact that the shelf is very uneven, one to two foot vertical sections to try to drive over, you guessed it, we all do a lot of walking and ramp building. After hours and hours of bone-jarring punishment, we manage to conquer the tough section. Five miles down and only seventeen to go. Several hours before the sun sets, we give up in disgust and backtrack until we find a nice flat bench to camp out on. Don't forget that this is all happening out in that beautiful jumble of canyons and sandstone cliffs that we saw from Grandview point ages ago. Kinda like a bad day in paradise or some silly shit like that.

Watching the sun go down and turn the expanse of canyons out over the maze section into blazing golds and coppers is incredible and makes one realize just how much you miss living in the city. No stars tonight, we notice as we lay out our bags under the stars, the moon is out and extremely bright. Since it would be inappropriate to end a hell day like this on a peaceful note, I'll mention the fact that I awake in the middle of the night to feel something crawling on my legs. No, not a snake but it could be a scorpion... "Paul, Paul get up, there's something crawling around in my bag, unzip it and get it out." It takes a while to convince Paul that it isn't a snake and no he isn't going to get bit. Afterwards, his only comment was, all that for a stupid spider. I am happy it is only a stupid spider and not a scorpion even though I now have ten or twelve bites to prove the existence of the little bugger. Settling down again, we realize we are now under the most amazing display of stars and shooting stars that we have ever seen.

**The UC Mountaineering Club Meets every Wednesday  
at 7pm  
in the Old Chemistry Building  
in Room 525**

**After the Meeting, the Real MEETING Takes Place  
at Daniel's Pub in Clifton!**

**Please Join Us!**

## THURSDAY 9/10-Drivin' My Life Away

The next day we are all up early and ready to go, except for the white car. Peppermint patty theory—it's not just any car, it's the white car, and soon set out to retrace our enjoyable path of the day before. Those of us in the green Explorer are wondering how the five of us manage to pack all our gear in the vehicle easily, while the four in the white Explorer have trouble every morning finding space for all their gear. Once again, we find ourselves committing serious acts of car abuse as we inch, scrape and bottom out our way along this wonderful expanse of slickrock that someone decided to call a road. If anyone has ever had the pleasure of hiking over slickrock in the desert, that person would know that only fools would drive cars out into the slickrock, yea, that's us, only we are doing it twice in as many days with nothing seen in between. Today, I find myself piloting the white Explorer. Embarrassed to be seen in the vehicle, I wear my sunglasses constantly. With me is Paul, whom I have forced to suffer with me, and also Jerri and Greg. Jerri, who gets motion sickness, is not feeling well and I'll bet you could never guess why! Greg is reading his 'book', which he seems to never be without. He reads this book of wellness and health constantly, while lounging in the back of the white Explorer. Luckily, we recover the ground to where our "road" meets the Flint Trail junction and we decide that it would be best to follow the road in the canyon rather than try to ascend the Flint Trail. Only twenty-three miles to Hite, where it is rumored that once again we will encounter, wonder of wonders, paved roads. One of the more interesting problems we encounter while driving in a very large, flat area is the only semi-private "facilities" to be found involve standing behind the last vehicle (white, of course!) and doing your thing, so to speak. Those against this at first, tend to change their minds after several more bumpy miles. At one of these 'pitstops', I do the unthinkable with the white Explorer and jump into the lead. Time to let someone eat our dust for a change, I'm thinking. Paul is muttering that those must be clouds in the distance because the bolt of lightning has to be on the way... As we cruise along, Paul and I theorize that the road is a lot longer than Bob promised. We decide he is giving distances in Bob-miles, a unit that we unearthed a couple years back in Paria canyon. There are 2.2 miles to every Bob-mile. Paul and I reckon that 2.2 to 1 is like pounds to kilograms, that's it, metric! And thus we come up with K.M.U.'s (Kessler Metric Units). Now, let's see, Bob said it was 23 miles of dirt road to Hite, that converts to real miles as nearly 51 miles. Eventually, we make our way to pavement and Hite, where the Colorado empties into Lake Powell, but not without a last adventure. As the roads straightens out and becomes less potholed, our speed increases and I manage to attempt to drive over a foot deep wash crossing the road. A really big jolt and curses from the back seat, not a problem, but the big rock I try to move with the front differential leaves its initials on the underbody, ouch! After so many awe-inspiring views in the last few days, it is only fitting that lunch is eaten while perched on the boat dock of the Hite marina watching garbage float by in the lake and swimmers jumping in near the sign that claims that overly high bacteria levels make swimming dangerous. Civilization, ain't it great? Paul and I manage to end our exile and escape from the dreaded white Explorer. With Don Speller at the wheel of the first Explorer, green not white of course, we drive to Hanksville, where we get gas at the store in the side of the hill (if you don't understand, don't ask, just go and see for yourself) and continue our quest to find Cindy and Co. somewhere in the Capitol Reef campground. Highway 24, heading towards Capitol Reef is a drive with awesome scenery and also sharp left turn followed by sharp right turn and so on and so on. Don manages to drive it like it is a straight road. Perhaps he's a little more fearless than the rest of us. We pause at the sight of petroglyphs in Capitol Reef. Petroglyphs are carved Indian rock art. These are not nearly as good as the pictograms in Horseshoe Canyon. On the way to the Capitol Reef campground, we stop for a quick shower in a waterfall and pool at the side of the road, you can't believe how bad we needed that. When everyone is finished with their wonderfully relaxing swim, we quickly find Cindy, Sally and Gretchen in the Fruita campground. Sally is jumping with joy. She is saved from riding with a screaming baby for a short time. The whole area is one huge apple orchard where a huge herd of mule deer roam among the trees. Everyone wanders into the orchard to have a quick apple and we laugh at Stephan and Greg's attempts to get the deer to feed from their hands. After a rather lengthy discussion, it is decided that we could gain an extra day for the Escalante trip by driving on into Escalante today, an additional 150 miles of driving on an already long day. However, those of us with car keys prevail, under great protest and general unhappiness, and once again, off we go. We ramble up and over the Boulder Mountains enjoying the great view, drive through the slickrock on the other side and cross the Escalante river. We have lost the white car, of course. Stopping at a scenic overlook, we wait and wait and wait... Eventually, we arrive at the Petrified State Forest campground, Bob is happily displaying the package of Bee bars that he picked up at the Post Office. Lara, Sally and Melissa say that they are eager to try them, Paul and I knowingly look on in disgust. They say after listening to Paul and Mark knock on Spiralina Bee bars for a week, they feel the need to find out for themselves what they are like. Fortunately, Paul and I are vindicated and no one likes the Bee bars. "See Bob", Paul and I ecstatically yell, "they make normal humans puke!" Bob is screaming, "Oh come on, they aren't bad." He takes a bite, "Mmm, these are really tasty, Bee bars are food for the soul." In the Petrified forest campground outside Escalante, it is decided that Jerri will go with Cindy and Sally will join our group to hike the Escalante river canyon. Cindy is having the buffet for dinner tonight. After finishing her vegetables, she proceeds from person to person mooching a little food from everyone. At long last, the poor tortured and abused watermelon, remember the one Cindy bought years ago, is finally being served to a group of amazed and appreciative soon-to-be hikers. The rest of the night is spent frantically repacking for our six day journey.

# A Frog's Life



by Bridget Shoe

It was a pretty rainy day, but I was out there checking things out. When suddenly hit by a flash flood, I was swept away. Downward, into the dark, black.

Swimming, actually being swept along, suddenly there's light ahead. Swimming toward a rock highlighted in the black. Resting a minute, then realizing all the lights are shining on me. Jumping back into the water, swept along, struggling for a rock outside the spotlight. A nice spot, a little light, starting to calm down after a hard swim.

From nowhere a hand closes as I try to jump away. Trapped, dumped into a plastic bottle of city water and thrown into the dark.

After forever, jostling and being thrown about in the dark. Suddenly, it's light, the bottle is being emptied, even me.

GREEN GRASS. YEA!

## *A Word to Newcomers:*

*We've spent a lot of time and effort putting this together to show you what we're about, and how you can be part of it. We'd like it if you'd give us a try. Our experience is that if you don't go on a trip soon and get to know us, you won't be back for a while. I first came to the club sometime in '87, went to a few meetings, and thought that this would be a fun club to be part of. For some reason I didn't come back; I went on no trips. It would be almost five years before I would come back, do the trips, enjoy the outdoors, climb the mountain, make the friends, and find out that I was right: It is fun. I know that hindsight is 20/20 and I don't generally give unsolicited advice. But here it is anyway: Don't make my mistake. Do this now before you end up graduating and asking yourself, "Why didn't I do this at all?"*

*Joe Lumpe*

## FRIDAY 9/11-Over the Slickrock and Through the Sand

In the early morning, we find ourselves heading down the Hole in the Rock road that parallels both the Escalante river off to the east and the Kaiparowits plateau to the west. We jar along on the continuous washboard, slowly easing our way down into dry washes and back up the other side. The slickrock and river, unseen in the depths off to the left seem to hold a hidden promise. Everyone seems subdued as if waiting expectantly for the hike to start. With a final bone-jarring 200 yards, we bounce into the trailhead area at the end of Early Weed bench. Once everyone is quickly unloaded, Bob, Fred and Linda head off to run the two or three hour round-trip shuttle, leaving the rest of us standing in the middle of nowhere. Those of us staying behind seek refuge from the sun over the edge of the bench and begin our intermission. We sit, eat a quick lunch and try to read a book or take an afternoon siesta. When the one returning vehicle appears way out on the horizon, we pack up and prepare to hike. Our destination, the entrance to Scorpion Gulch, five miles across open slickrock, kinda out thereaway. How do we know we are going the right way, there's no landmarks! It all looks the same? "You just know", quips Paul, "follow me, we want to get there before dark." Falling in step beside Paul, we share a smirk. Both of us, along with Bob, have crossed this stretch of desert three times and it's now burned into our souls. Actually, the third time was Bob it-never-rains-in-the-desert Kessler's fault. Ask him about it and be sure to use his full name. Only a hundred yards into our journey, and both Melissa and Greg have dropped their water bottles and helplessly watched as they cascaded to the bottom of the bench, spraying water everywhere. Not even ten minutes later, Paul crashes to the ground and exclaims, "I blew out an ankle folks, no problem! It's the same one I injured twice this summer." He gets up and quickly passes everyone and is in the lead again in only three minutes. Paul and I split the pathfinding duties, I try to keep us on line in a strategic sense and Paul handles the tactical duties of which slickrock hills to climb over and which to pass around to the right or the left. Hiking slickrock seems more difficult than many other terrains, each step jars your body as you walk across the slickrock or you waddle and wind your way through the sand. Four and a half, exhausting miles later, our three quarter mile long train of people struggles into camp and collapses. How could four and a half miles be so hard? Bob is saying that he is setting up his tent in the same spot as he did two years ago. Paul even claims that those are the same rocks he used last time to support the rain fly. Looking around it appears we are still in the middle of nowhere. Nothing to see for miles in any direction, although those of us in the know are confident that the entrance to Scorpion Gulch is just a short distance away across open sand.

## SATURDAY 9/12-Nettles, Damn Dams and Splashes

Morning finds Paul, Lara and myself packed and contemplating that it must be a wet summer in the desert this year because flowers are exploding from every sand dune in sight. Short bushy plants with white flowers and red centers and taller yellow ones cover the dunes all around. The sun is already hot and it's only early morning. The sky is nearly cloudless and the sand is already getting warm. Paul heads out to reconnoiter the giant sand dune tumbling down into the canyon. When everyone is ready, I lead the rest to the top of the dune. Paul is sitting in the shade on the far side of the canyon, far, far below. Don and myself descend several hundred feet quickly, sending small lizards scurrying across the sand, and join Paul in the shade and watch the others slowly work their way down the giant dune spilling down into the canyon. There is already a noticeable temperature gradient when you step into the shade, looks like today will be a hot one. We begin our travels down Scorpion Gulch, looking forward to passing what Paul and I not so fondly refer to as the DSD (the damn sand dam), an utterly useless pile of sand that entirely blocks the way downcanyon. As we approach, we see a field of plants hundreds of yards long between us and the DSD. Nettles! Slow torture is walking through a field of nettles that scrape and stick your legs and then make them itch. Luckily, when we finally reach the DSD, we are going the easy way, up forty feet of sand and down over a hundred feet. We pass Darth Vader and continue into the lower and very scenic section of Scorpion. Oh, Darth Vader is an overhang which has the shape of someone's helmet, where one year we camped under the overhang in the location that would approximate where the eyes would be. In the lower sections, the canyon floor is slickrock and is comprised of small pool after small pool, interspersed with a couple of huge boulder piles that involve some scrambling. One of these involves climbing down an 8 foot chimney which drops directly into a pool. Beyond this, there is flowing water in the canyon and lush green vegetation to climb through and around. Unfortunately, about half of this vegetation is extremely healthy (more than 4 feet tall) "trees" of poison ivy. Since I get it like the plague, this is the stuff of nightmares. When we reach the last pool before the Escalante river, we stop for lunch. A wonderful spot. Melissa is offering everyone a sample of Logan bread (14 cups of flour...) which she is fond of telling people about the ease of its creation. The sandstone on one side is shaped like a wave just beginning to curl and break, all done in that red-orange color for which the Escalante is famous. The middle of this small area is a quiet pool with marshy grass growing around it. After lunch, we plow through a forest of willows and emerge into the Escalante river. As Paul and I turn to watch everyone pop out of the willows, we watch as Sally, not so much emerges as submerges, when her first step into the river ends up being waist deep. The best kind of fun is often at someone else's expense. A prophetic thought. Several minutes later, Paul twists his ankle again but he says it is still no problem. Another couple of minutes and we turn at Melissa's yell and watch her fall down and sit in the river. Bob and I look at each other with raised eyebrows, what the hell is going on? Fifteen minutes later, near disaster strikes as Sally trips and bashes her kneecap on a rock. It looks ugly. After several tense moments, Sally says that it will be O.K. and we continue on. Bob is telling me that things will be better after everyone gets their river legs. My reply is that at the rate we are going some people could be double amputees by that time. Bob and I are telling of the need to find a walking stick, they are a prerequisite for desert river hiking. Useful for checking the depth of the river and the dangerousness of the quicksand as well as emergency support after tripping over a submerged rock. Everyone settles down and we move along much more easily. Watching Greg haul his unadjusted pack is just too painful to watch, Paul and I break down and show him how to adjust the straps so that the weight is on his hips. We feel sorry for him, even though we both know that his pack is filled with many cans of food and 'the book'. The red-orange of the canyon walls, the vertical black streaks of desert varnish adding color to the walls of our world. The river is the color of coffee with cream, no sugar. The lush vegetation at the edge of the river looks almost fluorescent green compared to the contrast of the duller reds, browns, oranges and tans of the sandstone world. We move into camp late in the day, a small spot on a sandy bench overlooking a pool on a small side canyon. We set up our tents under several grizzled old cottonwood trees. What a great spot, a nice campspot under shady trees, and a clear pool below in which to pump our water and soak our feet.

## SUNDAY 9/13-Lizards for Lunch

Our second day hiking in the Escalante river is a much less eventful day. The first excitement occurs when we consider climbing over and cutting a near rincon. A rincon is where a river curves back upon itself and nearly intersects its upstream curve. A rincon is where the water wears through this spot and cuts the loop. We figured we could bypass a loop by cutting over a narrow spot and so sent Paul (he's easy to sucker into anything) to investigate. Well, he never comes back and we decide to go around and do it the long way. Eventually, we find Paul sitting in the shade wondering if we had died or something. Sally and Paul have invented the concept of stealth beavers to solve the beaver question. The problem is, beaver tracks are everywhere, willow branches with beaver teeth marks are scattered along the river, the remains of beaver dams are present, but of the beavers there isn't a sign. The solution is stealth technology, a corollary of the Heisenberg uncertainty principle. It is impossible to both know where the beavers are and also to see them. Since we know where they are (tracks, branches and dams), it then follows that we will be unable to see them. Listening to the rest of us, Lara's only comment is "You guys are really weird." Today is proceeding well, everyone seems to have found their river

legs, except for Melissa who has a bad sense of balance. We each take some of her gear to lighten her load, increase her speed and hopefully keep her from losing her balance on the uneven river bottom. Knowing the river is tricky, you can't see the bottom, or where the rocks and deep spots are, those of us who have hiked the desert canyons before seem to have an uncanny sense to always be able to step in the right places. Sally tells me at one point, "I gave up trying to figure out where the deep spots are, and now I just follow you and now I never have any problems." At one point, Fred and Linda are asking us if we know why Melissa's nose is green. We all quickly look back toward Melissa and sure enough, it's green with splotches of black. Lara volunteers that Melissa tripped, fell face first in the water and banged her nose up. She said it really would have been hilarious if she wasn't injured in the act. We are traversing a long straight, extremely hot section, when we decide to stop at a small side stream and have lunch next to a huge rock. We drop our packs and climb up the rock and laugh and eat as everyone is slowly sliding off their seats. When we grab our packs after lunch, I pick up my pack and find a rattlesnake curled up underneath. I say "hey look! a rattlesnake!" and suddenly Paul and I are the only one's left nearby. He's just a little guy, fourteen inches long and not quite as big around as my pinkie. Good thing too! The rest of the day is spent looking for a campsite that has become determined not to be found. At one point, we stop to allow everyone to catch up, so we can pick our campsite as a group. Bob is asking who it is we are still waiting on and Paul and I both reply at the same time, "The people from the white car, Bob, not just any people, but the people from the white car!" We later decide to settle for a flat sandy beach. We either camp here or we hike several more miles, so here we camp. Everyone crowds into a small flat, but rocky area, but Lara, Paul and myself head out to find the suburbs. We find a great sandy site and quickly set up camp. Adventures at dinner consist on attempts to feed only ourselves and not the omnipresent ants which are swarming the area after Paul and I both cook with pepperoni. I had pumped a very large amount of water for the three of us at lunch and therefore, Lara and Paul say that they will take care of pumping water after dinner. Unluckily for them, tonight the water must be pumped from the Escalante. It takes them hours and they don't return until well after dark. I quite enjoy the fact that I have an evening off from pumping, especially when it is from the river. The others, you guessed it! White-car people, don't start pumping until after dark and are out there for a long, long time.

### MONDAY 9/14-It's Up and It's Good

Almost the first thing in the morning, we come to the rincon-wannabe that we were looking for and most of us head for the saddle as it should only be twenty to forty feet above the river. At the top, the people below look suspiciously small, like maybe more than a hundred feet down. The hell with K.M.U.'s Paul and I decide, let's call them Kessler shit units. We spend the better part of the morning weaving our way around big boulders and trying to cross the river in somewhat shallow spots. A couple of spots are tough, almost more than mid-thigh high. Or in Linda's case, who has a knack for finding the deepest spot around, sometimes about waist deep. Several of us have noticed that Sally's knee isn't quite as fine as she would like us to believe it is. When she steps up or down on her injured leg, she grimaces and grunts in rather obvious pain. Working our way downcanyon, we eventually reach Fool's canyon where we stop for lunch near the mouth. While we are eating, Bob suggests that we spend several hours exploring Fool's canyon before heading on down the river. Paul, Don and myself head upcanyon first looking for a source of water to refill our nearly drained water bottles. We amble upcanyon in what seems to be a completely dry gulch. We reach a point where we are forced to do some chimneying and stemming to climb up and continue up the canyon. Immediately, we encounter a small, shallow pool. This looks pretty good, but it's not the swimming hole that we are searching for. Passing this pool by, we work our way upcanyon and come upon a nice, deep pool which has definite swimming hole possibilities. We decide to split up, Paul will check out upcanyon, Don will tell the others about the pool and I sit and pump water for Paul, Lara and myself. Five quarts and twenty minutes later, I am finished. Bob quickly appears to replace me at the pump and we have both finished before anyone appears to go swimming. After Paul informs us that there are no better pools upcanyon, Paul, Lara, Bob and myself leave the others at the swimming hole and return to the other shallow pool, where we had noticed that another smaller side canyon joined into Fool's from above. We climb the precarious slickrock ledges above the pool and enter a narrow canyon entirely composed of slickrock and climb past several tiny plunge pools. A box canyon brings us to the end of our explorations, but we stop at a small plunge pool and enjoy our own private pool. After refreshing ourselves, we return to our packs at the mouth of Fool's and wait for a short time until the others return. A small group heads out and resumes hiking downstream. After a short time, we find a large area of really quick quicksand. Stefan decides to trick his 'food partner' into the quicksand. He stretches his right leg out and carefully places a footprint in the middle of the quicksand and repeats this until he has a trail of all rightfoot bootprints crossing the quicksand. Stefan then waits until Bob comes along and tells him to go the way he went because it is an easy way. Bob laughs and walks around and continues on. Stefan tries next with Greg. Greg obliges and blunders right into the quicksand to Stefan's delight. Stefan tells us later, "It was very good. He followed my footprints, Ja, and he sank in the quicksand over his knees." We come upon another rincon-wannabe shortly and we decide to give the crossing a whirl. It quickly turns out to be much tougher than it looks. Those in front find themselves traversing across a steep, very loose gravel slope which terminates in a twenty-five foot plunge to the river and rocks below. The first five of us manage to complete the traverse after standing in place at the edge of the drop for many minutes as one person at a time slowly edges their way across the loose slope and scramble onto the saddle. The view from the saddle is stunning. After a tough climb, the other side slopes gently down a

very small hill to the river. Those of us who have completed the traverse set up a handline and counterweight for the rest of the group. Scrambling on loose rock is a lot tougher with a full backpack, it really changes your center of balance. We continue on and on and on. This is turning into an extremely long day. We decide the only place to camp is still miles ahead, we hope it will have running water. This section of the river is lousy with boulders. We spend the entire afternoon crossing from one bank to the other trying to avoid the deep water which is always near the boulders. Of course, there is also more quicksand to keep all of us on our toes. As we hike, the issue of age is discussed, and it turns out that Bob, Don and Fred are all thirt-four. Old men the rest of us decide. Greg, who has passed on ahead of everyone after the traverse, is waiting for us at the side canyon. He is sitting on a rock almost 150 feet above the river. We set up camp in a flat spot on a large sand hill. When the surrounding area is explored, it is discovered that a second side canyon is just downstream only 200 yards, but no campsites at all. Paul and I are irritated at the others because they returned our MSR waterpumps covered with sand and uncleaned, we pout down by the river. Bob comes to the rescue with a stern lecture on proper pump care and use, and also the cost of replacing a ruined pump. Back at camp, it looks like a potluck dinner. Fred and Linda have fresh beets, Lara and myself have pudding and Bob is fixing a cheesecake to celebrate Gretchen's first birthday. Needless to say, we all eat well this evening, as all this is in addition to our regular dinners. The lack of stars in the sky captivates our attention that night. Could it rain? Will we have a flash flood? We worry that life may get interesting tomorrow. We notice flashes of light on the canyon walls and suddenly realize that somewhere nearby is a thunderstorm that is not above us and we see the flashes of lightning illuminating the upper parts of the canyon walls. Tonight, we worry what the next day will bring.

## TUESDAY 9/15-The Cold Cheese

Morning dawns, but there is no sign of the sun. A slate gray sky greets us and we notice lower, darker clouds passing over us. Luckily, there has been no rain yet and the worst of the dark clouds appear to the east, already past us. We begin our travels for the day, heading for the first landmark on the way. Another rincon-wannabe that we will attempt to pass over. As we come up to it we decide it will be easy to cross, it's not very high, but the approach is a huge pile of boulders. We scramble around the huge slabs of sandstone and climb over the rest. At the top, we slip through a slit in the wall and look down upon the river. The path down mirrors our ascent, a breakdown pile of jumbled sandstone. The river further downstream is strewn with huge boulders and deeper pools, which will make for interesting traveling. We have only covered about half of the distance to the next bend when it begins to rain pretty hard. We seek shelter from the downpour under a huge slab of sandstone. Doing some quick exploring, Fred and Paul find a much better overhang higher up, right on the canyon wall. Bob and I are picking "hightide" marker rocks in the river to see if the river is beginning to flash. We sit and discuss what our first meal will be when we get out of the canyon. Forty-five minutes later, the sky is beginning to break up, and shortly the sun comes out. The canyon walls upstream are bathed in the sunlight and they glow in bright golds, coppers and silvers. We suddenly notice that the runoff from the slickrock above is cascading over the rim in huge waterfalls in several places. Everyone is scrambling to get a few quick photos. Ten minutes later, the waterfalls stop flowing and the canyon walls are already dry. It's hard to tell that it even rained at all. We recheck our marker rocks in the river and we realize that the river has come up about two inches. We decide that it probably won't flash from that storm and head on downcanyon. As we approach Steven's canyon, the Escalante becomes progressively wider and less boulder strewn. It seems we are finally past the narrows section. Don seems to be having a hard go of it at this time, his boots (both) have almost totally separated at the heels and it is hard walking for him. He is the perfect picture of a dejected hiker who is ready to be done with the hike. He hikes along dragging his walking stick behind him in the sand, his head is down and he is tearing his hat apart when something upsets him. Paul and I thought that both of our boots were in bad shape, as we have nearly handsized holes forming at the instep of our boots. But Don's predicament is really amazing, we think the hole bottom might come off his boots! Paul, Don and myself decide to form a pact, which we simply name the dead boot club (DBC) and swear to ritually burn and destroy our handicapped footwear when we are free of the canyon. Paul and I are calling Bob "Oh captain, my captain!" in honor of the Dead Poet Society from which we stole our club name. Bob looks at us like we are nuts. We know that Steven's canyon is very close because Steven's Arch towers above us off in the distance. It's really huge. Soon, we reach the mouth of Steven's canyon and fight our way through the lush willows. We reach a sandy beach with a huge sandstone block in the middle and drop our packs. For lunch, we are quickly split into two groups, the kings of the mountain for those of us on the sandstone block and the simple peasantry below. Once again, Bob is negotiating with Lara, Paul and myself, trying to unload the copious amounts of sausage that he and Stefan have, for some of our jelly beans, trail mix and sesame sticks. I imagine sausage every day gets kind of old. Stefan is screaming, "Food partner, what are you doing, you are giving away our good sausage, we will starve. I am betrayed by my own food partner." Bob replies, "O.K. Stefan, we are no longer food partners, you eat the food that you are carrying and I will eat the food that I am carrying!" Stefan is getting worried, "But I have only the lunch, I would have to eat only sausage for every meal!" Bob says, "Good, Stefan, I think that's a great idea!" As we eat, we play throw the filled water bottles back and forth at each other. Simple pleasures for simple people, I guess, and by this time we are all simple. The game proceeds with gusto until Stefan, Paul and myself attempt to play baseball. I pitch a fastbottle low and outside to Stefan, who swings and foul tips the ball. Paul, behind the plate, catches the foul tip and the spray of the basebottle, we now owe Melissa a new waterbottle. Paul is screaming, "What a stupid game, one pitch and the game is

over, no fun at all!" When we finish eating, playing and, of course, pumping water, we dayhike up Steven's in search of this alleged and now mythical plunge pool that Bob has sworn exists and has promised will be there. A short hike later, we come upon the pool, only fifteen feet wide, but over forty feet long. It looks like a slice of heaven. We decide to continue up the canyon to Steven's Grotto. After hiking a little more, several of us decide the hell with this, let's go back to the plunge pool and swim. We return to the plunge pool and Fred is just leaving. "It was great", he says, "have fun" and he laughs as he leaves. Sally, Lara and myself are checking the water out and trying to talk each other into jumping in first, when Sally promises to jump in immediately after I do. She tells me, "I'll jump in, if you jump in first. I figure that I am being had, but what the hell. I climb onto the big rock above the pool and jump. Oh my God, this is water from the arctic. I scream, "Come on, Sally, it's your turn now!" She quickly complies. The shock is written on both our faces as we tread and sputter. We scream to Lara, "The water's fine, come on in!" She just starts laughing. We harass her until she joins us. She plunges in (it's a plunge pool remember, they have this name for a reason) and we watch the expression of shock on her face as she surfaces. This is great fun. The next victim is Linda who has just wandered into view and is aware that something is going on. With three of us urging, we coax her into the pool. She jumps and plunges into the pool, her expression is even better than Sally's. This is really great. Suddenly, from around the bend tromps Paul, our next victim. We all scream, "Paul, come on in, the water's great", trying to sound ingenious. "No, you have to jump in from on top of the rock". We harass him until he follows our lead. He bobs to the surface with a completely red face and a look of shock on his face. The crowd of hecklers grows once again. Upon entering the pool, while still deep underwater, the realization strikes each person that they have been tricked. They also quickly realize that the only way to extract some revenge is to sucker the next person into the plunge pool. We wait and then Stefan appears from upcanyon. We heckle him until he gets ready to jump. However, he hesitates and we worry that a victim might escape. I yell up at him, hoping that he won't know quaint American expressions, "Last one in is a cold cheese!" and so he jumps. Another look of shock and we all laugh. He is asking, "Am I now cold cheese since I am last one in pool" We are now dying in laughter. Greg comes around the bend alone. Paul and I decide this is conclusive proof that there is a god of humor somewhere in the universe or why else would each person wander downcanyon alone? We cajole Greg into jumping in to the pool. When Greg is at the top of the rock, Stefan is shrieking again and again, "Last one in is a cold cheese!" Greg looks at him likes he's crazy and the rest of us are laughing uncontrollably at this point. Greg jumps, Touchdown! and once again, we are treated to an expression of shock and fear when he surfaces. Bob comes next, but says that he isn't going to swim and we are unable to convince him otherwise. Not even with Stefan yelling, "Last one in is a cold cheese!" After splashing around for a while, we dress and return to our packs. Great fun was had by all. But Sally and I had the most fun, since we had jumped in first and were able to watch everyone else. We gather our packs and return to the Escalante to hike our last river mile. We find our trail which will lead us up over the rim and back down into Coyote gulch. It is impossible to hike down the Escalante to Coyote, since Lake Powell's reaches block the Escalante-Coyote confluence. We climb up a steep trail and find ourselves on a trail on the side of a cliff over 400 feet above the river. Paul is claiming that we are only 100 feet up, but you can see that the trees along the river are tiny. We proceed along the trail until we reach the finger which juts out over the Escalante-Coyote confluence. What a view. The view from up here is very different, you can see how the canyons meander all over the place. The Escalante canyons seem to surround us on three sides with Coyote on the fourth. We are forced to vacate our vantage point because of a thunder storm moving into the area. Bob's hair is nearly standing on end. Way up here isn't the safest place in this kind of weather and we begin humping it down the trail zigzagging precipitously down into Coyote Gulch. The wind really picks up and I am forced to wear my glacier goggles and side pieces to keep the sand out of my eyes. The trail switches back and fourth down the side of the cliff wall. At one point, Lara manages to stick her hand into the middle of a cactus, ouch! Always right on the edge, we make our precarious journey down to our campsite right where the trail reaches the bottom of the cliff. We sit under the cottonwoods, waiting for the rain to pass and talk to two older men who are camping at this spot. The one is telling us how he was the person who had to survey out where Lake Powell would reach when it was filled. It was quite a job, years worth of work. A short while later, the rain stops and we set up tents and head out to get water from the spring. That night, Lara and I wake up to find ants crawling on us in the tent. After the first couple of incidents, we light a flashlight and begin a crusade to eliminate the infestation from the tent. It seems that the ants had climbed all over the rain-gear and were set loose when we placed the rain-gear inside the tent. It took 45 minutes to rid us of every last ant. We could hear Paul laughing at us off in the distance.

### **WEDNESDAY 9/16-On Top of the World**

The long haul up Coyote Gulch begins and everyone quickly notices that the hiking is significantly easier than it was in the Escalante river. Coyote is one of the more visited canyons in the area because of all the sights to see. It's really neat, we climb several waterfalls ranging in height from three feet to over twelve feet. We rig handlines for the more difficult climbs. Melissa gives us all a Batman demonstration while ascending the handline. There are several places where the stream has carved a very narrow channel into the rock and you can look down into the foot-wide chasm and see the water four feet down. We pass cliff arch and continue as Bob frequently consults the map to determine where our lunch spot will be. He is searching for a very special spot. We end up at the mouth of a small valley and stop for lunch. The last of Melissa's Logan bread is finally polished off and Bob is now trying to just give sausage away to anyone who will break down and eat some. Even Stefan is now tired of it. He keeps telling Bob, "Food partner, we must trade our



Art by Dal Artman

sausage so that I can have something else for lunch" After lunch, Bob leads a small group of us up the valley to a wonderful pool. It is a very large and deep pool, with lily pads covering half the surface. The sandstone cliffs form three sides of the pool, which is complete with ducks, we suddenly notice. A literal oasis in the middle of the desert, except for the leeches. During this time, Paul and I have been plying Stefan with corrupted American slang and just plain gibberish. Paul is saying, "Haven't you ever heard, Sinks like a leech", when Stefan asks if leeches swim or crawl on the bottom, "Don't burn your bridges before you build them" or that quaint Mexican expression that goes something like, "Grigos never lie". Stefan tells us that he will no longer believe anything either of us say. Bob then leads us up the side of the valley towards a cliff wall. As we fight our way through trees and uphill, Stefan is exclaiming, "Look! A goot!" A what? we all say, eventually we come to understand Stefan thought he saw a goat, even though there are no goats in the desert, although he still swears otherwise. Bob brings us to the bottom of what he calls the Anasazi Stairway. It is a flake of rock that is pulling away from the cliff face, where you can rather easily climb up to the rim of the canyon between the flake of rock and the cliff wall. There are rough steps cut into the rock to get you started into the narrow chimney-like stairway. I decide that this is a little too much work for me and the condition of my boots and decide to return to the others. Bob, Paul, Lara, Stefan and Fred continue on up the staircase. On the way back, I encounter Stefan's "goot", a startled mule deer and I stare at each other for a second before it vanishes into the willows. Back at the lunch spot, I find that Linda, Melissa and Sally have decided a nap is the best way to spend the afternoon. Spying Don sitting on top of a large sandstone block high up on a breakdown pile, I realize that he is hoping to be back to the car by early next morning. Greg is nowhere to be found. At this point, our adventurers have achieved the plunge pool on the rim above the leech pool. After a few waves and quick pictures they disappear to enjoy the plunge pool. That's O.K. with me, I learned how cold the water was yesterday. Time to find a nice shady spot and kick back for the first time in days. Down at the stream draining from the leech pool, I find a spot under the cottonwoods and decide to pump water for dinner tonight. Soon, all of Paul's, Lara's and my own water bottles are filled. Greg wanders down and fills his bottle also. When everyone returns to the lunch spot, we pack up and head out. Someone is spreading a rumor that a handline had to be rigged across the plunge pool up on the rim. The reason apparently is that Bob cannot swim. We quickly become quite spread out as many of our number are tired of the desert hiking. It's a wonderful spot, nice wide, sandy benches, yet another arch, no this is Coyote Natural Bridge, where the river flows directly underneath. The colors of the walls are amazing and after being in the canyons for a week, it takes something impressive to catch your eye. Everyone seems lost in their own thoughts and hike alone or in groups of two. The long break after lunch seems to have been too long and everybody just trudges along. The end of a long hike puts us on a small sandy bank directly across from Jacob Hamblin arch. We will eat dinner here and then climb the slickrock to the rim where we will camp for the evening. The ascent of the slickrock proves to be more difficult than was expected, but everyone finds themselves on top just in time to watch the sun set behind the Kaiparowits plateau to the east. We drop our packs and set up camp for the last time. Looking around, its like being on a spire, there seems to be a canyon on every side of you. No wandering off in the dark tonight. When it is completely dark, we sit in a small group and watch a huge night sky. Except for the plateau to the west, we are as high as anything else within thirty miles. Nothing blocks our view. We stare at the stars and count the satellites passing lazily overhead and 'ooh' and 'ah' at the shooting stars which streak across the night sky. One is really impressive, it streaks across the entire sky in a bright blue-green glow.

### THURSDAY 9/17-Not So Full of Hot Air

We are all up early and packing quickly. We will attempt to cross the two mile stretch of open desert before the sun gets hot. We set out and move with gusto, we are still on slickrock. We climb a final slickrock knoll and all we see in front of us is sand. No cars in sight yet. Time for the hard part now. Another hour of blundering and the cars appear in the distance. Ten minutes and we can drop our packs for the last time. Bob, Paul and myself set out in the white car to retrieve the green Explorer. We make really good time and we arrive at Early Wood bench in only a little over an hour. Paul and Bob hop in the green Explorer and we return to the others in less than two and a half hours. We find that the Explorers are going to be packed tight since Fred and Linda will part ways with us when we return to Escalante. We are losing the gear truck. When everything is arranged, we begin the long drive up Hole in the Rock road. Another two hours of bumpy and dusty driving to the sounds of Navajo music and news reports finds us at the end of Hole in the Rock Road. After only 200 yards of driving on pavement, the green Explorer has a flat tire. The white car whizzes right past and continues to the gas station down the road. Fred and Linda pull up in the pickup and help us change the tire. We are all rather upset that the white car didn't stop. When we arrive at the gas station, Fred tells us that he has a flat also. Needless to say, we all rush inside to find all those wonderful synthetic foods that we have had to forego for the past week. Paul, Don and myself have a DBC meeting and ritually consign our boots to the trash can amid much picture taking and cheering. It is then decided that the way to properly celebrate this event is to go to Bennigan's when we return to Cincinnati. The reason for this is that Bennigan's has a desert called the "DBC", which is the name of our club. To Bennigan's DBC stands for Death by Chocolate and at this point that sounds really good. Sally is calling her knee doctor long distance, for an emergency appointment when she get back in Cincinnati. Heading into Escalante, we search for a lunch spot. The salad bar at the Circle D Restaurant is victimized and sadly depleted when we are done eating. We wave good-bye as Fred and Linda head off down the road, in the opposite direction from which we are going, towards Bryce Canyon. We pack into the two

remaining vehicles and head off down the road ourselves. We are heading for Goblin Valley where we will camp for the evening and more importantly be able to take long, uninterrupted showers. When we arrive, the ranger tries to charge us \$18, nine dollars a car. Bob uses his uncanny skills of negotiation to work the ranger down to \$2 a person, which he claims is the cheaper group rate, that we have been charged in other Utah state parks. Paul and I burst out laughing, knowing that we have nine people in our group and that Bob and the ranger are arguing over whether we pay, two vehicles at nine dollars each or nine people at two dollars each. We pull into a campsite and Bob redeems himself by convincing everyone that the valley is something that can't be missed. They should hurry up and see it now before it's too late and it gets dark. Six people pile into the white car and head off to the valley. Bob and I look at each other and we both smile. What a bunch of suckers, now we can have showers without waiting, except for Paul who was on his way to the shower even before the Explorers stopped moving. Bob and I flip for second and I soon head off to jump in when Paul is finished. When the others return, the three of us feel and look semi-human again and we are sitting happily working on getting dinner started. At this point, the others realize that they have been had, but it's too late to do anything about it. Suddenly, we realize that Greg did not return with them. "Oh yea, he wandered out into the valley and wouldn't answer our calls, so we left him." The others are pissed at him, so we let the issue lie. Goblin Valley is a depression filled with bizarre half-eroded sandstone columns and spires that looks like something right out of Star Trek. Beam me up Scottie, I think I'm on the wrong planet. When you walk out into the valley, you wander among all of these weird shapes called 'hoodoos' and you feel like it's literally another world. A can't-miss stop if you are ever in the area. Dinner is actually at a table for the first time in a week, what a strange feeling. Quite a bit after dark, Greg comes walking back into camp. He looks tired and hungry as it is at least a couple miles from the valley to the campground.



*Art by Pat Artman*

### **FRIDAY 9/18-Seeing the Road Through No Rose-Colored Lenses**

The next day finds us straggling into Grand Junction where we stop at a car wash and attempt to make the vehicles look like they have never been off-road. What a lost cause, there is red sandstone dust in every crack and in every spot imaginable. An hour at the car wash and we have obliterated all of the obvious sources of dirt. We find many scratches on the bodies, but we can't do anything about them, hope they don't notice when we return them. We have a quick lunch at Wendy's and pile into the vehicles for our last trip in them. We head for Denver and make good time. The trip over the mountains is always exciting, sometimes more than others. The aspens are all glowing golden, what a sight. We survive the crossing of the mountains and pull into the Gerdings in the late afternoon. There we meet Cindy, Gretchen and Jerri once again, along with the Gerdings, our gracious hosts. Lisha has moved Andy out for the night since all the people exacerbate his allergies and make him sick. We are all looking forward to a real dinner. We decide upon the Olive garden, and after pretending to make ourselves presentable, we head out for dinner. As always, the first meal after a long trip is a real treat and this was no exception. Especially since we had to wait an hour before being seated. Later, we return to the Gerding's and set up "camp" in the backyard again. A few of the others decide to go and visit the bars. Sally, Paul, Melissa and Stefan return a few hours later. Paul informs us that all they could find was biker bars.

### **SATURDAY 9/19-On the Road Again**

In the morning, after saying good-bye to Cindy and Gretchen when they leave for the airport, and thanking the Gerding's for their hospitality - twice, we set out with all four of our vehicles in an attempt to buy a tire for the Explorer that had a flat. Bob leaves all of us at a Hardee's while he attempts to do this. Do you think that this group can behave for two hours in a fine establishment like this. Well, we did all right until some of us tried to play in the kiddie playground and almost got us kicked out. Eventually Bob returns and we all head out to the airport to return our Explorers. They take them back without a word of complaint, and we quickly find ourselves headed east towards Cincinnati.

### **SUNDAY 9/20-Away-Sickness Runs Rampant**

After driving all night, we pull into my driveway almost at noon. In less than half an hour, everyone is gone except for Paul. I can't believe the trip is over. Paul, who has been out for months, is ready to go home and take a long rest. As he pulls out of the driveway, I realize that the trip is now over.

# A Three Hour Tour

## By Joe Lampe

The temperature outside was a balmy 60°. Steve, Joe and I waited on the fire escape for the late Dan and Dave. The skies had looked pretty bad all morning, but there hadn't been rain since 8 AM. Finally Dave showed up and right behind him pulled up Dan in the roaming Ford pickup. Just then the clouds let loose, and I was beginning to get worried about the success of the trip.

Of the five guys, I knew in varying degrees all of them: Joe, I knew the best, Dan, Dave, and Steve were just sketches of men to me then. As for them, they didn't know each other from Adam. "Five days," I thought -- **"This could get very interesting."**

We'd half loaded the truck when Dave came walking from the direction of his car -- hands full of small bags of food and biking clothes -- and offered us the first of what would become many one liners: "Should I have brought *boots*?" He followed it with, "I've haven't been camping in a *long* time. The rest of looked at each other in **hilarious disbelief**. We hadn't even left Cincinnati, and already the trip was getting "interesting."

The trip that was scheduled to leave at Nine finally got rolling closer to noon, and we were off on our five day adventure of mountain biking, climbing,

to notice that my gas gauge was reading below E. I'm not sure he believed me when I told him that that meant I still had a good thirty miles before I ran out of gas. I'm not sure I believed it either. But every time I've gone anywhere in Kentucky it's been down I-75 or 71. "We'll stop for gas in Kentucky," I said. Following Dan, we headed South on the AA highway off of I-471. Now if you've ever been on the AA highway, I don't have to tell you how unpopulated the area around the road is. Mile after mile, we searched the horizon of each hill crest for signs of civilization, signs of a gas station, to no avail. It wasn't long before long we realized that there were no places to stop for gas. Steve joked that we could use the climbing webbing and have Dan pull us to the next gas stop. But somehow the scene of Dan's truck weaving over the right line, and later, over the left, and, still later, back to the right again, convinced us to simply believe that we would make it to the next stop. Miraculously, we did.

Even with the delay in departure time, we were still able to set up camp in the Daniel Boone National Forest near Cave Run Lake and the town of Moorehead, and get in a ride that day. Dan took us on a ten minute drive to the trailhead. Twenty minutes later, there we were. The ride was a good warm up: Joe threw his back

go on forever. But once we reached the top of that ridge, the trail followed the ridge and we found ourselves on a nice single-track -- one bike at a time -- that led in a roundabout way to what I would loosely call civilization. Joe and Dan were the last to come out of the woods. We'd heard a whoop and a holler. I thought I'd heard a crash, but couldn't tell for sure. Then Joe and Dan emerged from the woods. Joe kind of reminded me of Wile E. Coyote from Saturday morning cartoons after he'd fallen down one of those mile deep canyons and crashed at the bottom. His helmet was still on his head, but it was no longer centered: it was off to one side and tilted forward. Blood smeared on the front of his left leg indicated that it was a wreck we heard. But the smile on his face told us that he was OK. He'd been initiated into mountain biking, and he knew it. Dan and Steve still had plenty of energy, so they followed the route back the way they came. Dave, Joe and I followed the pavement back to the trucks: No sense in wasting yourself on the first day.

For my first real mountain biking experience, I thought I did pretty good. I managed to stay on my bike most of the time except for the hills. It's not like I didn't have the energy to keep

Each time I'd be climbing a hill, pull a little too hard, get the front wheel just off the ground, manage somehow to turn the front wheel, and then place the wheel back on the ground in its turned position, and proceed to ride off the trail in the direction of the misturned wheel. Even if the others couldn't see me, they always knew what had happened when they heard my all too familiar, "X\*\*%@!"

That night as we headed for Tom's pizza and then went for the detour to another pizza place when we saw that the other had beer, we learned that Dan was a wanted man: "I can't go in there," he said. We all looked at each other until someone said, "What are you talking about?" "There's a guy in there that wants to kill me." So off to Tom's we went, the four of us in disbelief. We heard the rest of the story, (sorry, I don't have permission to print that one) and it became more believable.

The next day, we walked to a nice climbing spot, and did a few climbs: best estimates were that they were 5.7's to 5.10's. I think that was the day Dan's dog, Bo, sniffed out a couple that thought they were alone along the top of the ridge of the climbing rock. The guy said he hadn't noticed anything 'til he felt the dogs cold nose. It sounded kind of shocking to me. I never asked him where he felt Bo's nose.

Later in the day we found ourselves atop the bikes again. Dan showed us

problem was it was getting late in the day and the only way to make it back before sunset was to go back up. The trail, he said was about an hour long, and of course, we were back in camp about two and a half hours after we left. I was beginning to hypothesize on the real reason that guy in town would want to kill Dan: Maybe Dan took him on a backpack or biking loop that would only take three/six days to complete.

The almost full moon lent itself to night hikes. And after the meal that Joe cooked that night, we all needed to walk some off. We all ate until we couldn't eat any more and there were still leftovers. Dave and I, being stuck on restaurant time, didn't go to sleep as soon as the others and we walked the road away from the campsite. That was when we spied the house. I was telling him that some of the forest land still surrounds private property; that people still live in the forest. The house was on top of the ridge to our left. The roof was a dark color, and you could see where there was a porch in the middle of the structure. It looked like a really nice place to live.

The next day, we drove past the house on our way to the trail dujour, and wondered how it could have disappeared overnight, and who put those big rocks where it used to be. It's amazing the tricks your eyes will play on you with a full moon and a little cloud cover.

Thursday, our final day of mountain biking

The locals had pulled trees in front of the road to keep people from using the forest service road, and our detours around the trees took us through cornfields and streams. **Joe went through yet another initiation as he tried to bulldoze his way across a difficult stream crossing.** No-one had yet made it across and Joe was the last to try. I don't know if he thought he could go fast enough that he would just glide over the water, but his momentum only helped him to turn the front wheel quicker on a rock and fall faster into the stream. Again, he stood up, helmet tilted to one side, and smiling. He was having a blast. That same trail brought us to the feat of the week: The stream crossing from hell. The stream was about four feet deep in the center, deep enough to immerse your whole bike, and then some; and about twenty five feet across. No one made it the first time. No one but Dave managed to make it the second time. We were fortunate to have come back from this ride if only for the fact that Dan said it would take about three hours. And not long after we started the days ride, Joe started singing parts from "Gilligan's Island" theme song: "A three hour tour...", with clouds above and a few swollen creeks.

All in all, I returned from the trip feeling like I hadn't felt in months, well fed, well rested, and relaxed. I'd go again into that creek or any other of the places again in a heartbeat; only next time,

APRIL 1994

MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT	SUN
4	5	MEETING	7	8	9	10 Caving Dorsey & Matt 861-6267
11	12	OPEN HOUSE MEETING	14	15	16 Climbing Seneca Rocks Camping & day hiking Jim Wilhelm 861-3404 Hocking Hills area	17 Jamie 221-2710 Camping & day hiking Jim Wilhelm 861-3404 Hocking Hills area
18	19	MEETING NOMINATIONS Slide Show Mt. Rainier Mark G.	21	22	23	24
25	26	MEETING NOMINATIONS	27 Climbing Course In Class	29	30 Climbing Course Jay Gibson 579-9460	1-May Climbing Course Jay
2	3	MEETING Nominations	4	5	6 Climbing Springfield 281-8041 Joe Lampe	7

MAY 1994

MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT	SUN
		MEETING NOMINATIONS				
2	3	MEETING NOMINATIONS	4	5	6 Orienteering Dan Bur- 631-3444	7 Course & Ken Osborn 793-5811
9	10	MEETING ELECTIONS	11	12	13	14
16	17	MEETING	18	19	20	21
23	24	MEETING	25	26	27	28
30	31	Last MEETING B4 break	1-Jun August +	2 September	3 Backpacking + Mountain meeting Mark + Lora 471-2730	4
Memorial Day Weekend Rafting on the Ocoee Rvr Bob Masters 583-0904						5 Memorial Day Weekend Rafting on the Ocoee Rvr Bob Masters 583-0904