
Goosedown Gazette

January 1995

THE UNIVERSITY OF CINCINNATI MOUNTAINEERING CLUB

Think Forward

Welcome to winter. Skiing, climbing, hiking, skating we are still active in the winter months, weather or not mother nature cooperates. Please get out, meet people, trek, trip, journey, ramble, cruise, seek, find, discover, and above all do something you have never done before. What would life be without new experiences?

Editor

General Info

Meetings are held every Wednesday, 7:00, in room 601 Old Chemistry Building. We usually discuss trips, business announcements, and kick back for a program. Members should bring gear back before the meetings at 6:15 to the basement of TUC and can check gear out on a weekly basis after the meetings usually around 8:00. If you are interested in more socializing we make our way to Daniel's Restaurant on Daniel's Street across from Daniel's Hall.

Need some information? Call Brad 221-7727, Shannon 651-3774, or Jay 579-9460. Have equipment questions? Call Jerome 921-6959. Want to look at magazines or maps? Stop into 217 TUC (556-6014) during the week..

9/29/94

Well, M' never showed up. As I waited a few dayhikers filtered in & out. A couple, from Houston tried to talk to me. I lied my butt off, telling them that I was only a weekender. As of now, I guess that's all I am--only 2 days left until I'm in Canada. Somehow, I think he knew better. The guy reminded me of Lara G's father in terms of build and physical appearance & mannerisms. Guess since he's such a straight shooter, he had a problem with my filthy lies (or filth & lies). He was here on the 27th not impressed with the Windy Pass views--' for that matter, he told me that is wasn't worth the effort. Then he told me a small front was coming in. I now wonder who the weekender is.

After getting cold and moving to a more sheltered spot, I asked a couple of hikers if they had seen M' Still no sign. Beginning to wonder about her interview--wasn't in the N-B lot. Perhaps they'll pass her on the way down and tell her I was waiting.

Pressed onward--Granite pass is quite impressive...

Hiking the Pacific Crest Trail,
Mexico to Canada. Paul Kramer.

Gortex Made Me a Believer

They say that rainy, miserable backpacking trips are the ones you remember the most -- and I know I will never forget the UCMC December Backpack trip of Fall Quarter. Final exams were over and a group of hearty UCMC club members (Jerome, Dan, Curt, Brian and the club's mascot Bo a German Short Hared Pointer) met in the parking lot of Scioto Hall. We discussed the chilling temperatures and rain which had fallen that entire day and convinced ourselves that the worst had passed and that we were in for the normal gray and overcast Cincinnati winter weather. We agreed that the weather man's report of continued torrential rains changing to snow must be wrong as usual -- would not you know this time he was right on.

Out group arrived at Shawnee State Park at around midnight and hiked two miles into the first backcountry campsite, aided by head lamps. Just as the last tent stake was planted, mother nature began to rain and never stopped even for a single intermission the entire weekend.

I settled into my sleeping bag, confident that the clubs state-of-the-art Sierra Design mountaineering tent would keep me dry and warm.

continued

My tent mates were Dan and his sixty-five pound dog, Bo (who sleeps wherever he pleased — including on top of my head). We slept late that next morning in our partially dry tent, hoping to weather out the rain, until Bo could not endure the claustrophobic conditions any longer.

The rain had no intention of giving us a break, so we rigged a quick dinning fly and huddled around the warmth of a B. P. stove and hot cups of oatmeal. It was agreed that breaking camp in the continuing rain would further compromise the dry supplies we had so meticulously protected inside the tents, so we decided to just day hike.

We took a long hike into the beautiful and rugged Shawnee Wilderness, hoping the rain would let up in the afternoon. No such luck, it rained steadily all day. Sometimes you just can't win, so we decided to pack up and head out that night.

Ahh! We were back to the dry trucks! As Curt, Dan and I changed our thoroughly drenched clothing, we were in envy of Jerome, "Gortex Poster Boy," who was boasting about his bone dry first layer of clothing. Yes, Gortex definitely made a believer out of me, and I put the purchase of a Gortex parka on the top of my priority list.

Shawnee State Park. **Brian Hauck**

Outdoor E-mail

The bacon's in a tree.
There's a fire on my knee.
There's an egg in my sock.
The hash browns are rolling down
the dock.
Breakfast is far more exciting.
When the stove explodes when
igniting.

Thanks to **Jay Gibson** and the Net

Adventure in Costa Rica

(Clippit from *Nina's Journal*, 12/18/94)

My trip is over, 5 days ahead of time. Actually, it really was over 3 days ago, when I hurt myself, but I was in a state of denial for a while. Right now, I'm in the middle of a 6 hour layover at the Miami Airport, sitting in a wheelchair with my injured ankle propped on the armrests of 2 seats, my wool sweater for cushioning.

I'd hoped the people at the clinic in San Jose yesterday would take care of my ankle and tell me I could continue traveling, but it wasn't meant to be. They examined the ankle, then fetched an English speaking person who explained that I needed to be in a hospital. I'd already decided that if this happened, I would go home. I didn't want to start treatment in one country, fly home and continue in another. Plus, there was the language barrier. So I reluctantly came to the decision that I had to go home. After several phone calls from the clinic, Lisa was able to get my flight rescheduled. So they cleaned my ankle, slathered cream on it, wrapped it up and told me to leave it that way until I got to a hospital.

It happened at 9:30 in the morning of our first day at Rincon de la Vieja, a national park that was created to protect the many rivers and streams that begin there. Rincon de la Vieja is actually a volcano consisting of nine craters, most of which are not active. I'd been looking forward to this area more than any other part of the trip because of all the unusual things there. There are several very tall waterfalls, a swimming hole, a trail called "The Enchanted Forest," which harbors a profusion of purple orchids, hot sulfur pools which could be bathed in, steam vents, mudpots and fumaroles.

I hate fumaroles. I never want to see another one. OK, it was my own fault for going past that sign that said, "Restriction, No Entry," but it looked inviting. I'd hiked a good way to see the fumaroles, was at the end of the trail, and there didn't seem to be much there, except some odd looking sulfur smelling water with steam coming off it and funny little bubbles coming up. So I walked a bit on the white volcanic ash ground. I would probably not have gone back very far, but I heard a burping noise and had to check it out. I continued, maybe 30 feet past where the sign had said "No Entry," and saw this cute little mudpot burping mud just like the tour book said they would.

Yes! This mudpot had to be photographed! I grabbed my camera and squatted on the odd-looking volcanic ash ground for a better vantage point. I looked at the ground. Something didn't seem right. Before I had a chance to move, my left foot suddenly went through the ground into scalding hot liquid volcanic mud. I pulled my foot out, screaming. Shaken, in pain, and very scared, I hurried back to the nearby stream, amid the eerie sound of howler monkeys, which was suddenly filling the air all around me. I rinsed the mud off in the cold stream, but was scared to remove my shoe to access the damage.

Being quite away back a 3 kilometer loop trail, I had no choice, but to hike out. There was pain, but I was in a total state of denial and didn't want to believe I was badly hurt, so I actually walked the longer way around so that I could see the other volcanic features. But I didn't enjoy them. Everything steamed. I hurried past each volcanic wonder, stopping only at streams, where I would cool my foot in the cold mountain water. After the exit of the loop, which involved crossing a fast moving knee deep stream while hanging onto a rope that was tied to a tree on either side, I finally removed my shoe and sock to access the damage. The skin around my ankle had turned into huge blisters. I finally admitted to myself that I had to go back to the lodge. I realized also that I couldn't hike. It wasn't the 3 kilometers that was the problem, it was the hot sun. I'd discovered that sun light hitting my leg where some mud had splashed was unbearable. I was starting to seriously regret having split from Bob and Lisa

to hike by myself. I finally put my shoe and sock back on and headed to the park entrance. To my intense relief, I saw the Germans who had given us a ride to the park, Carmine and her boy friend (whose name had 4 letters, none of which were vowels) sitting by their jeep, sunning themselves. The guy saw me and waved. I went over and told them what had happened.

Carmine immediately insisted I remove my shoe and sock, to expose the burn to the air. I didn't want to. I wanted to go back to the lodge and expose the burn in privacy. But she insisted, so I did. They got water for me to soak my foot in, which caught the attention of the park rangers, who came over and angrily demanded in broken English to know how this had happened. Fortunately they left without forcing a full explanation out of me. An armadillo went running by us on the lawn and Carmine took a picture of it for me with my camera, then they took me back to the lodge.

Albergue, the owner of the lodge, came out to look at it. He winced and said it was a bad one. He told me the best thing to do was to go to the hospital, but that he could do there what the hospital would do, plus the hospital would make me stay a couple weeks. At this point, it hit me that my vacation was over. I cried, while Carmine tried to comfort me. I didn't want to spend a couple weeks in a small town Spanish-speaking hospital, so, for better or worse, I opted for Al's treatment.

The entire staff of the lodge, and several local children gathered around to watch. I joked to Carmine and her boy friend about how things were reversed, the natives had become the spectators, while the tourist was the thing being watched. First, they gave me pain pills. Then they brought me a couple shots of whiskey and cheered when I drank it. Carmine told me not to watch. She positioned her body on the bench so that my view of the foot was totally obscured and I was able to bury my face in her chest. Al began peeling the blistered skin while I sobbed in Carmine's chest, both of us holding each other tight. Finally, it was over. Al cleaned the wound and explained to me that I would need to continue cleaning it twice a day and putting cream on it.

Eventually, Bob and Lisa returned and found out what had happened. The accident was on Thursday. Friday, Lisa and Bob went for hikes. Lisa had an encounter with three Peccaries, who snorted and ran off when they saw her. Bob almost hiked into a four foot long rattlesnake that was crossing his path. He stopped when it rattled at him. I hung out at the lodge with my binoculars watching howler and capuchin monkeys eat fruit from the surrounding trees. By the end of the day, my foot had started to swell and I was losing my ability to walk. The burn kept getting more colorful. By Saturday morning when we left Rincon de la Vieja, I'd given up walking. Lisa kept offering to carry me on her back (she was serious! I think she could have done it too,) but I declined and instead hopped around with help from Lisa and Bob. By this time, it was obvious that I needed professional medical help, so after a long bus ride back to San Jose, we conducted a search for a place that would have English-speaking doctors and finally got me to the clinic.

So, here I am, on a plane to Cincinnati while Lisa and Bob visit Volcano Irazu and the coral white sand beaches of Manuel Antonio. Since all three of us are interested in going back to Costa Rica (I have to see the things that I missed this time,) I've nicknamed the trip The First Annual Costa Rican Disaster Trip. Of course, only time will tell if visiting Costa Rica really becomes an annual thing, but it's a good country. It would be worth it.

Tree Frogs

Why would the frogs make such a damn racket after the sun has gone down? My partner is fast asleep, but I don't see how he can with all this confusion. Maybe they are like youth, wild eyed, on the run, hustling from tree to tree, like a student will move from bar to bar. They silenced for seconds a while ago, some strange confusion where not one was quite sure what was supposed to happen. How true, we make so much noise, but what do we really have to say?

Jotted on the front cover of Jack Kerouac's
On The Road, Bradley Wood Libbey

Food tasted eternally fine
As the tree frogs sang,
Closer to past days,
Further into the wood.

The stars were obscured,
As the moon was ablaze,
Higher on the ridge
Further into the wood.

We were not lost,
And what we had seen,
Could only be found,
Further into the wood.

Jotted on the rear cover of Jack Kerouac's
On The Road, Bradley Wood Libbey

January and February

University Of Cincinnati Mountaineering Club Calendar of Events

Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday	Sunday	Monday	Tuesday
18 Open house 525 Old Chem	19	20 Party at Brad's BYOBeverage and Snacks contact Brad (221-7727)	21 Indoor Climbing contact Jay (579-9460)	22 Day Hike contact Brad (221-7727)	23	24
25 Cat Woman Cathryn Hilker 525 Old Chem	26	27 Skiing at Timberline, WV contact Nate (321-3913).....	28	29	30	31
1 Meeting 601 Old Chem	2	3	4	5	6	7
8 Costa Rica Slides Bob Masters 601 Old Chem	9	10	11 Day Hike and Dinner contact Lara (471-2730)	12	13	14
15 World Walker Steve Newman 525 Old Chem	16	17	18 Snow Backpacking contact Bob (583-0904)	19	20	21
22 Meeting 601 Old Chem	23	24	25	26	27	28
29 Mountaineering Slides Rich Cyr 601 Old Chem	30					

,but I still haven't found what I'm looking for.