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# Goosedown Gazette

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April 1995

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## UNIVERSITY OF MOUNTAINEERING CLUB

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### Spring Flowers

Brad Libbey

**D**o you smell something slightly sweet and moist with a touch of wild? A new androgynous scent for beavers from Calvin Klein? A several day over-ripened camper with fresh hot chocolate on his shirt? It is spring time of course and a splendid time to get involved with The Univ. of Cincinnati's outdoor club, The Mountaineering Club. I encourage you to start taking trips. I have found that all members are friendly and willing to help you get involved if you only show a little effort on your part.

In the words of a well weathered trip leader, Jerry Bargo . . . "If a trip is billed as a beginners' trip, GO, even if you are totally clueless. All that it really takes on your part is a shot of courage to commit yourself to have an excellent time. Your "fly-by-the-seat-of-the-pants" trip leader will show you a good time and you will make many new friends."

#### General Information

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..

### Spring Flowers

Bridget Shoe

**W**alking through the park this morning reminds me of last years spring car camping trip to Hocking Hills State Park in southwestern Ohio. About twelve UCMC members showed up that night for an enjoyable weekend in the woods. A few problems arose during the night due to boisterous voices coming from one of the tents. As I heard the story, second hand, the ranger invited everyone out of the tent and issued two citations. Remember, there are quite hours in public campgrounds and it's best not to draw attention to yourself by breaking them. That was the unfortunate part of this trip.

Undaunted by the previous nights upset, we proceeded to hike from Old Man's Cave down to Cedar Falls and Ash Cave. This day hike is a nice way to spend a spring day, unless your trying to find a place to be alone. Back at the campground that evening almost

everyone decided to return to Cincinnati.

The four of us that remained awake Sunday to a beautiful day. After packing up we drove to Conkles Hollow, this particular area is not as renowned as Old Man's Cave. On this hike we carried a field guide for wildflowers. Do you know the difference between Dutchman's breeches and squirrel corn? Or that spring beauties are edible (they grow from an underground tuber). Ever wonder just what that little flower you just hiked by is called? Taking the time to find these answers is a magnificent way to spend a day.



## Climbers' Tips

Jerry Bargo

**E**xperience is one thing which the club has to offer you. The tips here are just a partial list of the knowledge one member has about one particular sport. Just imagine what you can learn while you are on a trip with experienced club members.

### What If?

On the approach, make a game out of anticipating accidents, injuries, and other epics. The more outlandish the scenario, the better. Use your imagination and pose the question, "What if?"

You and your partner should then devise a plan or solution to handle each "What if?" Discuss how to obtain help should it be needed.

This exercise can make you and your partner aware of new skills you should learn, old skills you should polish, or additional equipment/supplies you should bring.

Practice rescue, self-rescue, and first-aid skills from time to time. They are often complicated. The moment you need those skills is not the time to be fumbling around.

### Coiling Rope

Coiling rope is a bad practice; it introduces kinks, and thus climbers' spaghetti (tangles). A better practice is butterflying the rope. Because butterflying the rope puts the same number of twists in one direction as the other, it results in less kinking and tangling. There are a few different ways you can butterfly the rope. The next task you will use your rope for determines which method is best.

If you will be top-roping, start at the middle of the rope and make the first loop longer. This will make it easier to find the middle of the rope when you set up your next climb.

If you will be lead climbing, start at one end and butterfly to the other end. Assuming the butterfly is tied off tightly, the rope will already be "stacked" for the next lead.

If you will be rappelling, start at one end and butterfly to the middle, tie that off, and repeat from the other end. This makes it easy to heave one half of the rope around one side of your rappel anchor (tree, boulder, horn, etc.) and the other half around the other side. However, if you will be rappelling from an anchor system that necessitates feeding the rope through chains or eye-bolts, butterfly the rope from one end to the other.

When you butterfly the rope, leave about 10-12 feet at each end. This allows you to tie off the butterfly and still have long enough ends to strap/carry the rope on your back as if it were a pack.

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### Belay/Rappel Device Recommendations

The variety of belay devices and rappel devices available is mind boggling. While most can be used for both belaying and rappelling, they all have certain defining characteristics. Your personal preferences, combined with these characteristics will ultimately determine for you which devices you will use. I personally prefer the 8-ring for rappelling and the ATC for belaying.

If you use the 8-ring for belaying, don't use it in the same fashion as it is used for rappelling. It is not very smooth and it severely kinks the rope. Instead, use it as a stitch plate (small hole ONLY).

I strongly recommend that you keep two different devices on your harness even if you normally use the same device for both belaying and rappelling. This redundancy will save your day if you drop one from the airy heights.

### The Secrets to Climbing Better

Climb with your feet. Your legs are used to supporting your body weight, your arms and hands are not. Use your hands and arms to keep your weight balanced directly over your feet. Don't hug the rock.

Concentrate on your footwork. You should be spending at least as much time looking for footholds as you spend looking for handholds. Before you reach for your next handhold, you should know your next foothold.

Climb with balance and control. Move smoothly and gracefully. Place your feet carefully and accurately on footholds; don't slide your foot down the face onto the hold. When climbing on artificial walls, be careful not to foster this bad habit.

## UCMC: Long Ago and Far Away

Bob Kessler

This is the start of a retrospective of club activities as reported in the Goosedown Gazette on this date in previous years. The GDG has been in publication (more or less) since September of 1978. I shall generally report on events of 15, 10 and 5 years ago, but don't be surprised if I throw in some other dates.

**Sixteen Years Ago:** April 11, 1979. V 1, # 6. Spring. This issue of the Goosedown Gazette is ten pages long and was edited by **Mark Hartinger**, who was also in his second term as president of the club. Yours truly was the Secretary-Treasurer (there was no vice-president then), and the equipment manager was **Tom Simpson** (a former UCMC president). The big stories were about two spring break trips; one to the **Okefenokee Swamp** in southern Georgia, and the other to **Mount Washington** in New Hampshire. Eleven members traveled in the original **Dan (Lynch) Van** to canoe through the backwaters of the Okefenokee swamp. The story mentions close encounters with snakes and overzealous rangers, as well as the pursuit of the perfect tan. The mountaineers, however, were experiencing a completely different kind of weather in the **White Mountains**, as their story relates the constant high winds and bone chilling temperatures. The trio hiked in five feet of snow, orienteering most of the way. On the **calendar** that spring quarter was lead climbing in the Red River Gorge with **Bill Strachan**, canoeing on the Rockcastle River with **Bruce Williams**, rock climbing at Seneca Rocks with **Gary Goodman**, a multi-day **Wilderness Skills Course**, and lectures at meetings on Nature Preserves, Ecology of Caves, and long distance hiking. **Ask The Quack**, a medical column of sorts, gave a rundown of Red Cross procedures for evaluating, treating and transporting accident victims.



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**Ten Years Ago:** (No date). V 7, # 2. Spring. **Marci Napoi** and **Jeff Cousins** were president and vice-president of the club, as well as the editors for this eighteen page issue. **Karen Riggs** was the Treasurer. The cover featured a dramatic climbing photo of **Fletch Andrews** in Yosemite National Park. Jeff wrote a long article about Davis Canyon which is near **Canyonlands National Park**. It seems the Reagan Administration wanted to designate Davis as a nuclear waste dumping site. Jeff details the reasons why this is a bad idea. **Alan Sutherland** contributed a eight panel comic strip with handy rock climbing and survival tips from "Slick-Rock Sam." **Craig Patterson** wrote a tongue-in-cheek travelers guide to Manhattan- with a decidedly outdoorsy twist. Marci wrote about an all women's hike in the **Smoky Mountains**. The four friends hiked up to Husky Gap, past Clingman's Dome, and back down Double Springs Gap. Fletch Andrews recounted his **Yosemite** climbing experiences, including getting stuck out overnight on a climb without any warm clothes or food- in a rain and snow storm! **Linda Keller** contributed a simple recipe for banana bread: 1/2 cup shortening, 1 cup sugar, 2 eggs, 2 cups flour, 1 tsp. Soda, 1 tsp. Salt, 3 ripe bananas. Bake at 350° for 45 minutes.

Five Years Ago: (No GDG for the spring of 1990)

## Tent TLC

Jerry Bargo

Spending a soggy night in a leaky tent is a miserable experience that you will not soon forget. Unfortunately, the abundance of such slums has left an understandably bad taste for the outdoors in many people's experiences.

Tents are very expensive pieces of equipment. A typical tent will cost anywhere from \$150 to \$600. The UCMC even owns a \$900 mountaineering expedition tent. It is easy to see why treating tents with tender loving care is so important.

New tents almost always need to be "seam sealed" before you use them for the first time. Seam sealing a tent prevents water from seeping into the tent through the stitching. Seam sealant usually comes in a small bottle with a roll-on or paint-on type applicator. The sealant is applied liberally to the seams (stitching) of the tent's floor, walls, and rainfly. During the life of a tent, this process will need to be repeated occasionally.

The sun's UV rays will deteriorate nylon over time. Do not unnecessarily expose your tent to UV, especially at higher altitudes.

Many common chemicals (fuels, oils, insect repellent, etc.) are harmful to nylon as well. Be especially careful when loading equipment into vehicles.



# Craziness Travels to Botswana

Matt and Dorsey Hogg

The following is a copy of a letter from some members of our club who are currently teaching for the peace corps in Botswana.

March 14 '95

UCMC,

Yo ho ho and a bottle o' The Cap'n! It's tea-time here in Africa so I thought I'd zip off a letter to you guys since you were kind enough to respond (after quite some time, I might add) to the letters we sent you already. The first two were sent to His Holiness Mr. Libby and we know how irresponsible he can be now that he's getting on in years and maybe he just forgot to bring the letters into the meetings. Or whatever. But this letter is going to Mr. Bargo who I'm sure will do a real bang-up job of letting anyone who wants to see it, see it.

So, you guys enjoyed the now annual, soon to be famous, Matt and Dorsey's Really Cheap West Virginia Ski Weekend and Liquorfest ©, ®, ™ etc. The one question you need to ask is "How much money did Nate pocket after the whole thing was over?" I mean, I soon discovered that the potential profit margin for leading that trip was enormous. Not to implicate Nate (we all love him like the brother we never had) in any kind of improprieties but it's just something to think about the next time the meeting is starting to drag on and on and on...and you're thinking "Wow, I never knew someone could spend twenty minutes talking about a book called Crappin' in the Woods" (No offense Jim, I still love ya like the sister I always wanted). Ah well, I just hope that you guys had more snow and less rain than we did and that noone spent as much time spewin' spaghetti at the porcelain goddess as one person we could mention but won't even though *everyone* knows who I'm talking about (but for those who don't, his name is **DEFINITELY NOT**---, editing thanks to Dorsey). I think I'm starting to get a little mean but then again I've been hardened by a year of "re-circulation" jokes. "So, how's life in the washing machine, Matt?" "Enjoying the LaundroMatt?" "Look out! I think I see a German U-boat circling around that undertow. Oh, it's only Matt. D'ya think maybe we should throw him a rope or something?"

Speaking of re-circulation, we have tentative plans to someday go rafting down the Zambezi in Zimbabwe. That's right, 32 Class V rapids over a five hour period with uncountable numbers of Class IVs, IIIs, IIs and even a few Class Is thrown in for good measure. I've decided to give it a go as one of their biggest selling points is "It's really fun and noone has ever been killed rafting this river!" So I figure, why not? There's got to be a lot of people to go down that river who are just as bad as I am about staying in the boat and they've all lived so I'm sure I will too. But then again the brochures say nothing of the many hundreds who have been maimed and scarred for life due to the experience. They don't mention all of the double amputees and psycho-ward commitments they've had over the years. And the safari companies never mention the number of people every year who make their way into being the main constituent of a pile of lion dung. But none of that will stop us, by golly. We're UCMC through and through, right Dorsey? Yeah Matt, whatever you say. Now get your butt outta the way and let me write some!

Hello everyone! We thought that we would give you some idea of what we go through here in the bush. LIFE IS HARD! We have to hike half a mile just for water everyday, every two months we have to dig a new pit to do our business in, and all we eat is rice, and green stuff they grow here at the school. Luckily the Peace Corps gives us vitamins to supplement all the major food groups we are missing. We've forgotten what food tastes like! We are also waiting for the rifle the Peace Corps issues to protect us against the lions and 12 foot long pythons. Our grass hut doesn't have very thick walls, and lions have been known to come through the mesh windows. HA, JUST JOKING! Except for the fact that we are out in the bush, and there are enormous lethal snakes (but we haven't seen them). We are

about 60 miles from the nearest grocery store, a very well stocked grocery store. That is 60 miles at the end of a dirt road. So that means if you forget to buy something like toilet paper, too bad. Just hope that your friends have some to spare! We have a great three bedroom house, electricity, running water (no hot water though, the wood burning water heater seems to be missing some very important pipes and valves). It is an old house, according to African standards, built around 1949. No airconditioning, or heat for that matter (we hear it gets VERY cold here, especially at night during the winter, but that's what we have each other for, right?) most buildings are not heated. Some of our neighbors have T.V.'s, and VCR's, but we're here to rough it. Electronics are quite pricey here, and tend to be built like shit. So we stare at the walls alot, have started to learn to read for enjoyment, and we even talk to each other now and again. Amazing what you resort to without instant entertainment. We live in these beautiful, rocky hills. Haven't done too much exploring yet, only a couple short hikes. The weather has been HOT!

We have a vacation in about three weeks. We plan on going into Zimbabwe and doing some backpacking in the Matopos. There is a game reserve in the area, so we hope that it is safe to travel without a vehicle. Last weekend a woman who has been here for two years told us some pretty scary lion stories. We heard about a Peace Corps volunteer who was working as a game warden who almost got eaten by a lion. The lion was circling his tent, then he sat up. At that moment, the lion put his paw through his tent, right where his head was before he sat up. Then, he made a run for his truck. Yikes!

The only animals we see, or are likely to see here at home, are donkeys, cows, and goats. There are baboons in the hills, but they avoid the school. I guess the land is so over grazed by livestock that the game animals are only in the National reserve areas. Originally the reserves were set up to protect the livestock from the game, now the reserves protect the land from the livestock! There are lots of good insects to see here too. Big ones, as well as little ones. We even have moths the size of an open hand. They don't fly too well, they make big thumps when they hit the windows or screens of the house. Not too pleasant when they fly at your head either.

Well, I could go on and on. And I'm sure you all want to hear more! **So you better write to us, and let us know what you want to hear!** It was great hearing a little from a bunch of you! As I sit here sweating, thinking about the ski trip makes me homesick! This hot weather makes me remember that COLD winter we had last year. In the sun, it gets up to about 120 degrees farenheit, the house stays around 90. We made one caving trip last winter where it was so cold my pants froze around my ankles while I was trying to change into my dry clothes. I think that was the weekend they had to close Kentucky because of the snow and sub-zero temperatures.

Well, I do have to go to work tomorrow. Teaching here is a lot like teaching at home, except here you can smack the students with a stick, called beating. I'm on duty this week, I have to supervise the afternoon and evening study periods. I carry a stick with me! I feel so stupid carrying a stick, but the students seem to take me a bit more seriously if they think I am going to whack them!

If anyone wants to send us stuff, feel free!! We love packages, any mail will do! We are in need of some **new music!** We didn't bring very many tapes with us. Anything will do, even a collection of greatest showtunes! The radio here is quite

varied, today we heard Bryan Adams, Air Supply, then a collection of childrens songs sung by children, all in a row! The local music is rather strange, and annoying. Can't even explain it. So if you send us tapes, only send dubbed versions, no matter how much you all want to buy us brand new, expensive tapes, don't. Tapes are a hot item for thieves. New music, music off the radio, old music, anything that will get us dancing in the hills. If someone is really ambitious, we also appreciate anything to drink, ie. coolaid mix, lemonade, iced tea. The drink mixes here have this tartrazine stuff in it, which we hear is banned in the U.S., and is carcinogenic. And of course our coolaid will taste better if we know it came from you! Packages go through the post quicker and easier if they are packed in padded envelopes. Also, put "used" before the non consumable items that you write on the customs sheet, or else we might get charged some hefty duty charges. Postage is EXPENSIVE, so letters will do just fine!

Well, if you are reading this during a meeting, hope your time was well spent. If you are reading this at Daniels, I am sure this is better reading than conversing with anyone who is sitting next to you!

Miss you all!

Your friends in Botswana,

MATT + DORSEY!

P.S. Mike Gorman (and anyone else interested), we are expecting you somewhere in Southern Africa in '96! This part of the world is a great place to visit!

P.S. THERE IS ONE THING I REALLY DO NEED! I NEED SEVERAL SMALL PLASTIC MIRRORS LIKE THE ONES YOU MIGHT FIND IN A DENTIST MIRROR (THE SMALL PLASTIC THING HE LOOKS IN YOUR MOUTH WITH). I DON'T NEED THE HANDLES ~~AND~~ AND ALL, JUST THE MIRRORS. THANKS - Matt  
AND JERRY, PUT DOWN THAT SPX!

OUR Address:

M+D Hoag  
Meng College  
Box 50  
maeng Botswana  
AFRICA

## Artifice and Nature Brad Libbey

In his essay *Nature*, Ralph Waldo Emerson brings forth "Nature as the symbol of spirit." Emerson believed that the interpreters of this language of nature are the poets of our world.

Although I am not a student of the Transcendentalists, I have often found certain poems and prose inexplicably intriguing. Their words seem to me representations of nature and in turn spirit, as Emerson believed. In this way two of my passions, poetry and nature, are paired together.

If you feel similarly, I invite you to roam through the following poems and remarks. They come from folded pages and underlined passages of books that have crossed my way in the last few years. Enjoy!

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Give me a landscape made of obstacles,  
of steep hills and jutting glacial rock,  
where the low-running streams are quick to flood  
the grassy fields and bottomlands.

A place  
no engineers can master—where the roads  
must twist like tendrils up the mountainside  
on narrow cliffs where boulders block the way.

Where tall black trunks of lightning-scalded pine  
push through the tangled woods to make a roost  
for hawks and swarming crows.

And sharp inclines  
where twisting through the thorn-thick underbrush,  
scratched and exhausted, one turns suddenly

to find an unexpected waterfall,  
not half a mile from the nearest road,  
a spot so hard to reach that no one comes—

a hiding place, a shrine for dragonflies  
and nesting jays, a sign that there is still  
one piece of property that won't be owned.

DANA GIOIA,

"Rough Country", *Poems for a Small Planet*

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It has this throwing backward on itself  
So that the fall of most of it is always  
Raising a little, sending up a little.  
Our life runs down in sending up the clock.  
The brook runs down I sending up our life.  
The sun runs down in sending up the brook.  
And there is something sending up the sun.  
It is this backward motion toward the source,  
Against the stream, that most we see ourselves in,  
The tribute of the current to the source.  
It is from this in nature we are from.  
It is most us."

ROBERT FROST,

from "West Running Brook", *The Poetry of Robert Frost*

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"That's funny," said Pooh. "I dropped it on the other side," said Pooh, "and it came out on this side! I wonder if it would do it again?" And he went back for some more fir-cones.

It did. It kept on doing it. Then he dropped two in at once, and leant over the bridge to see which of them would come out first; and one of them did; but as they were both the same size, he didn't know if it was the one which he wanted to win, or the other one. So the next time he dropped one big one and one little one, and the big one came out first, which was what he had said it would do, and the little one came out last, which was what he had said it would do, so he had won twice . . . and when he went home for tea, he had won thirty-six and lost twenty-eight, which meant that he was—that he had—well, you take twenty-eight from thirty-six, and *that's* what he was. Instead of the other way round.

And that was the beginning of the game called Poohsticks, which Pooh invented, and which he and his friends used to play on the edge of the Forest. But they played with sticks instead of fir-cones, because they were easier to mark.

A. A. MILNE,

*The House at Pooh Corner*

---

Nature "has shown me time and again that William Blake was right when he wrote:

*To see the world in a grain of sand,  
And a heaven in a wild flower;  
Hold infinity in the palm of your hand,  
And eternity in an hour.*

I believe that what I have known there is one of the oldest satisfactions of man, that when he gazed upon the earth and sky with wonder, when he sensed the first vague glimmerings of meaning in the universe, the world of knowledge and spirit was opened to him. While we are born with curiosity and wonder and our early years full of the adventure they bring, I know such inherent joys are often lost. I also know that being deep within us, their latent glow can be fanned to flame again by awareness and an open mind."

SIGURD F. OLSON,

*Listening Point*

I caught a chameleon lizard  
in my backyard,  
and to please myself  
I moved him from a green leaf  
to a tree's brown bark,  
then to my yellow porch  
where he froze in my hand,  
his eyes fixed on me  
as if waiting for me to change.

But I stayed the same.

I stayed the same,  
and kept him behind a screen  
until he had given me  
all his colors.

Then I opened the door,  
but he wouldn't move.  
He just kept his eyes on me—  
as if waiting for me to change.

JUDITH ORTIZ COFER,

"The Chameleon", *Poems for a Small Planet*

You ask why I make my home in the mountain forest,  
and I smile, and am silent,  
and even my soul remains quiet:  
it lives in the other world  
which no one owns.  
The peach trees blossom.  
The water flows.

LI-PO,

"You Ask Why", *Art and Nature*



When I see birches bend to left and right  
across the lines of straighter darker trees,  
I like to think some boy's been swinging them.  
But swinging doesn't bend them down to stay  
As ice storms do. Often you must have seen them  
Loaded with ice a sunny winter morning  
After a rain. They click upon themselves  
As the breeze rises, and turn many-colored  
As the stir cracks and crazes their enamel.  
Soon the sun's warmth makes them shed crystal shells  
Shattering and avalanching on the snow crust—  
Such heaps of broken glass to sweep away  
You'd think the inner dome of heaven had fallen.  
They are dragged to the withered bracken by the load,  
And they seem not to break; though once they are bowed  
So low for long, they never right themselves:  
You may see their trunks arching in the woods  
Years afterwards, trailing their leaves on the ground  
Like girls on hands and knees that throw their hair  
Before them over their heads to dry in the sun.  
But I was going to say when Truth broke in  
With all her matter of fact about the ice storm,  
I should prefer to have some boy bend them  
As he went out and in to fetch the cows—  
Some boy too far from town to learn baseball,  
Whose only play was what he found himself,  
Summer or winter, and could play alone.  
One by one he subdued his father's trees  
By riding them down over and over again  
Until he took the stiffness out of them,  
And not one but hung limp, not one was left  
For him to conquer. He learned all there was  
To learn about not launching out too soon  
And so not carrying the trees away  
Clear to the ground. He always kept his poise  
To the top branches, climbing carefully  
With the same pains you use to fill a cup  
Up to the brim, and even above the brim.  
Then he flung outward, feet first, with a swish,  
Kicking his way down through the air to the ground.  
So was I once myself a swinger of birches.  
And so I dream of going back to be.  
It's when I'm weary of considerations,  
And life is too much like a pathless wood  
Where your face burns and tickles with the cobwebs  
Broken across it, and one eye is weeping  
From a twig's having lashed across it open.  
I'd like to get away from earth awhile  
And then come back to it and begin over.  
May no fate willfully misunderstand me  
And half grant what I wish and snatch me away  
Not to return. Earth's the right place for love:  
I don't know where it's likely to go better.  
I'd like to go by climbing a birch tree,  
And climb black branches up a snow-white trunk  
Toward heaven, till the tree could bear no more,  
But dipped its top and set me down again.  
That would be good both going and coming back.  
One could do worse than be a swinger of birches.

ROBERT FROST. "Birches", *The Poetry of Robert Frost*

## April

Wednesday	5	Open House (525 Old Chemistry) followed by snacks
Sunday	9	Bad Movie Party (Shannon's Place 651-3774) All invited
Wednesday	12	Meeting (601 Old Chemistry) Program Glaciers Around the Globe
Thurs.-Sat.	13-15	Biking/Hiking/Camping (Smokey Mountains) Mark Suer
Sunday	16	Easter (Brad Libbey may be in town and leading a day hike picnic deal)
Wednesday	19	Meeting (601 Old Chemistry)
Saturday	22	March for Parks (Miami Bike Trail, Loveland)
Sunday	23	Earth Cycle (Miami Bike Trail, Loveland)
Weekend	?	Canoeing (Close to Home) Jim Wilhelm is working on a date.
Wednesday	26	Meeting (601 Old Chemistry) Program NSS, Cave, Slide Show

## May

Thurs., Sat.-Sun.		Climbing Course (UC, Springfield) Date is not decided
Wednesday	3	Meeting (601 Old Chemistry) Program
Saturday	6	Greenup Day Cincinnati (Burnet Woods) With Earth Company
Wednesday	10	Meeting (601 Old Chemistry) New Officer Elections
Wednesday	17	Meeting (601 Old Chemistry) Program
Friday	19-20	White Water Rescue Course (Ohio) ODNR
Wednesday	24	Meeting (601 Old Chemistry) Program
Fri.-Monday	26-29	White Water Rafting (Ocoee River)
Wednesday	31	Meeting (601 Old Chemistry) Program

## June

Wednesday	7	NO Meeting
?	8-20	Backpacking Course (Jerome Sibert) Exact dates are not decided
Wednesday	14	NO Meeting
Wednesday	21	Meeting (601 Old Chemistry) New Officers

