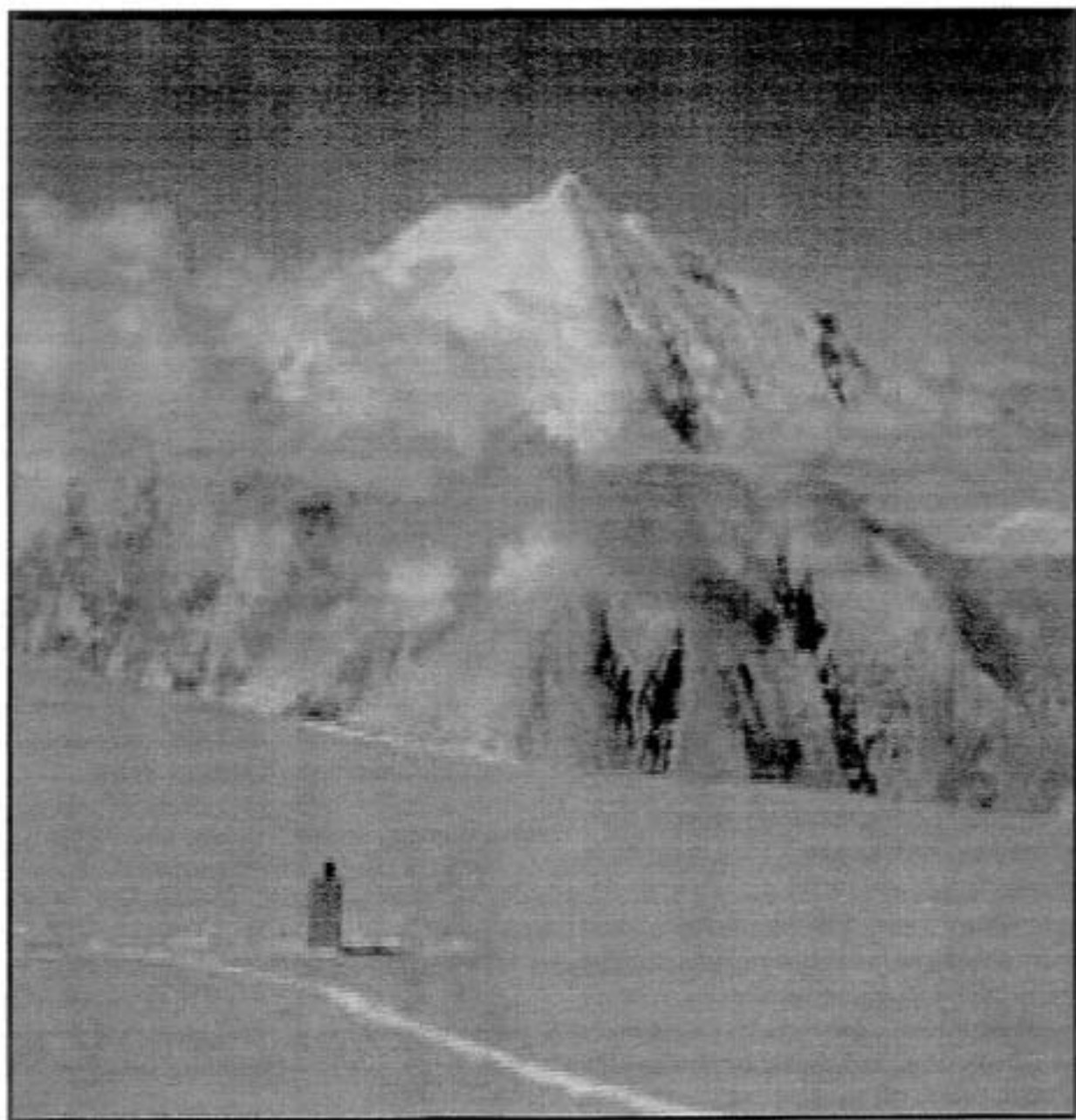


THE GOOSEDOWN GAZETTE

Autumn/Winter 1997-98

Volume 20 Issue 1



UC MOUNTAINEERING CLUB

Are You Doing What You Want?

We Are.

In the past few months, members have gone on trips to the Cascades, Big South Fork, Mount Whitney, Death Valley, the Grand Tetons, Glacier National Park, Red Rock Nevada, Monagahela National Park, Red River Gorge, New River Gorge, Stone Mountain, and indoor climbing at Rockquest, skydiving in IN, cross-country skiing in the N. Midwest and Canada, white-water rafting in WV, hiking in CO, scuba-diving in FL, caving in KY, and big-wall climbing in Zion (just to name a few places).

*

Come and experience life! Go where you want-where you breathe a little deeper, sweat a little harder, and paddle, climb, hike, slalom, and push your limits to the perfect exhaustion. Or go where you tune into a slower pace, listening to the patter of rain on the tent fly, savoring the simplicity of a warm campside meal, and wondering how you could have possibly gone on so long without it all.

*

- Join us every Wednesday at 7:00pm Room 525 Old Chemistry. We informally discuss trips, do a bit of business, then kickback for a program or slide-show.

- Membership is \$10.00/quarter and \$25.00/year. Membership entitles you to use of the Club's library and enough equipment for yourself for one week at a time. Gear check-out is every Wed. after the meetings, and should be returned the following Wed. before the meeting.

- The UCMC office is located in 217 TUC, and the phone is 556-6014. Check out the killer UCMC home page for news, trips and cool links @ <http://soaserver.tuc.uc.edu/org/ucmc/>

Need More Info?

Feel free to contact any and all officers!

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The *Goosedown Gazette* is published by the University of Cincinnati Mountaineering Club, a student operated non-profit organization. Comments, criticisms, and contributions (including but not limited to articles, artwork, stories, rumors, quotes, photos, poems, money, cartoons, notes, drawings, and gossip) should be sent to the following address:

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Cover Photo

From Rob Even's trip to the summit of Mt. McKinley, he gives us a photo entitled "View from the Latrine"



Letter from the Editors

Editors Jeremy Sibert and Annelies Koob on the approach to the Grand Teton in the Grand Tetons, Wyoming

October 8, Fall Quarter 1997

Welcome potential new Mountaineers! It's the beginning of a new school year and the leaves are changing. This is probably the best time of the year to partake in many of the activities the UC Mountaineering Club promotes. Time to dust off those packs and boots and walk among alpine flowers and splash in the cool water.

Through many years of observation, the UCMC members and officers have determined that one of the best ways for all of you new budding mountaineers to become involved in the club is to get out there and *go on some trips!* What better way to get to know the members of this club than to spend an entire weekend with them! I know, some of you may be thinking, "I don't know how to pitch a tent, or how to light a stove, or how to find my way out of a dark forbidding cavern." Well, you're in luck! The UCMC offers basic courses covering topics such as backpacking, climbing, and caving. If there is a course we don't offer, you can rest assured that there is a current member that has the experience and willingness to teach a young (or older) aspiring UCMC'er.

When Jeremy first joined this club, almost five years ago, that is precisely how he got involved. Shortly after taking a climbing course, he volunteered to be equipment manager. By taking courses, going on trips, and getting involved in the club he got to know a lot of people and gained a lot of knowledge about the outdoors.

I encourage all of you to go on these trips and get involved in the club as well. Come to meetings, take part in club activities, run for office in June! Don't let the fear of not knowing a particular outdoor skill intimidate you. Every one in this club has been there too!

We spend every free weekend on trails, on rivers, on rocky crags, and in caves. Come and join us in our search for adventures!

Annelies Koob, Vice President

Jeremy Sibert, President

Trads and Gads

A tribute to those who are worthy, a smack to those who are not.

Trad to Sandy Hemple for supplying the club with fifty waterproof/breathable ponchos last quarter.

Trad to Dan Lynch for once again bringing the Dan Van to the Ocoee during UCMC's Memorial Weekend White Water Trip, and for all the shuttling that ensued.

Gad to park rangers during aforementioned Ocoee Trip, who in their devilish excitement to write out tickets "forgot" to give bear warnings, endangering both bears and UCMCers, resulting in the loss of Bobber's salmon.

Trad to all UCMCers who selflessly assisted the Equipment Managers with washing sleeping bags, Alfred Sidman for refilling first-aid kits, and Paul Evan for repairing broken whisperlites.

Trad to Jeremy, Zack, Matt, and Ted for spending days building the interior of our new equipment trailer and transferring equipment from our old room in the basement of TUC.

Trad to Nate Pfeffer for compiling another incredible Open House slide show.

Gad to the University's President Steger who declined invitation to speak at the Earth Day Celebration in McMicken Commons, withheld open support for implementation of the U.Can Recycle program, and refused comment on his notable absence.

Trad to Tim Doyle for another year of his profound wisdom in the position of club advisor.

ATTACK OF THE TOUIONS!

contributed by David Koob

Yahoo- noun. Species of human encountered in the outdoors that gives little regard to the well-being of the environment or fellow humans. They can be found strewing cigarette butts and beer cans carelessly about while mindlessly tromping through vegetation or careening off cliffs. Due to excessive inbreeding, they at least give warning of their presence by the occasional hoot or "yahoo" that accompanies their foolishness. Hence the name.

Touion- noun. Found more often in gaudy shops and establishments appropriately dubbed "touion traps", they are a distant relative of the yahoo. Though a touion is far less likely than a yahoo to venture past paved roads and grease pits, they too will occasionally impose themselves on the parks and forests. Luckily they are lazy and do not stay long.

Evidence of recent touion invasion can be found in the Comment Box at Bridger Wilderness, part of the Bridger-Teton National Forest in Wyoming. Actual touion comments:

- ⇒ The coyotes made too much noise last night and kept me awake. Please eradicate these annoying animals.
 - ⇒ Chairlifts need to be in some places so that we can get wonderful views without having to hike them.
 - ⇒ A small deer came into my camp and stole my jar of pickles. Is there a way I can get reimbursed? Please call.
 - ⇒ Ban walking sticks in wilderness. Hikers that use walking sticks are more likely to chase animals.
 - ⇒ Trails need to be reconstructed. Please avoid trails that go uphill.
 - ⇒ Too many rocks in the mountains.
 - ⇒ Escalators would help in the steep uphill sections.
 - ⇒ Please pave the trails so they can be plowed of snow this winter.
 - ⇒ Too many bugs and leeches and spiders and spider webs. Please spray the wilderness to rid the area of these pests.
 - ⇒ Instead of permit systems or regulations, the Forest Service needs to reduce world-wide population growth to limit the number of visitors to the wilderness.
-

The Women's Course: A Beginner's Journal

by
Amy Sullivan

My very first camping trip, short of once sleeping on my back porch, was the Women's Backpacking Course this spring! What a trip! I kept a journal, and decided to share parts of it with others. I was very nervous. I have never been so pushed out of my comfort zones physically and emotionally....

June 24, 1997
GETTING THERE

We all met at Brueggers Bagels at 7am and we left about 8am. In my car- Lynda, Kathy, and Lara Guttadaro- so far so good. (except that I put very smelly bug lotion on when I got out of the shower that morning and the car stunk like it -- rookie mistake #1.) We were the lead car and Lynda and I had a great time singing at the top of our lungs to the tapes of great music mix. We got there about 12:30. Not too long after that, Shaanta, Carolye, and Sandy got there. We just hung out to wait for the last car. I am thinking, "cool, the longer we wait, the less time in the woods".

As we are getting to know each other there is a little tension. I am thinking, "I am not going to like anyone in the last car-- Tonia, Val, Laura and Anne. (How wrong I was!!). Finally, we are done and ready to load up on the last of our faucet water and head out. We drive to our parking area and pull out our packs to re-pack them with Lynda's things. (She is 7 months pregnant and cannot carry her gear). This is

jump in to help for the good of the whole. This is the lesson of camping that I think amazes me most. It seems no one keeps score on who does what -- there is a job to be done and everyone does a part.

I am overwhelmed because I am not sure the best way to pack, but finally trust myself and fit it all in. Sandy came to the rescue to help me get the pack on and adjust it. As we hike in, I am continually having to readjust my pack because it is digging in to my front right shoulder. It never gets comfortably adjusted -- on Saturday, I have a nasty bruise on the shoulder.

What to remember so far:

We will spend time waiting --

BRING A BOOK!

always take good music

Put bug stuff on right before you go into the woods

Pack the pack evenly and try it on with weight in it.

Always ask for help- you will get it.

Camp with an open mind- people can, and will, be excellent

RELAX!!

THE HIKE IN

The hike in is good- not too hard and I am comfortably keeping pace, although I notice with this pack on, my feet are not quiet under me. I almost fall a few times. About 1/2 hour in, we start to hear thunder and tension begins. Then rookie mistake #2 is glaringly brought forth as Lynda yells, "Amy, do you know where your pack cover and poncho are?" "Yes," I replied. "I know exactly where it

The word on the trail is that there is a place just ahead. The pace quickens as the thunder and lightning grow louder and brighter. At last, we spy our home— my only problem is that it is down a rocky, slippery bank, across a creek and up a very muddy, wet bank. I am overcome by fear and totally overwhelmed!

I want to run with every fiber of my being! I'm thinking, "I'll just stay here!" My fear is huge and I know I need help, so I tell Carolye and Lara Gutt., "This rocky, wet stuff scares the shit out of me!"

Lara jumps in and helps me by going down first slowly (even though the rain is coming and the tents MUST be put up before the rain gets there if at all possible). She shows me where to step and coaches me along. Then, at the creek, she takes off across it and yells back, "Just look for big rocks and go fast!" What she doesn't know is that my boots are not waterproof. I take off fast and look for big rocks and by the time I am to the other side, my feet and shoes are soaked! I am thinking, "This is the worst!" Then, I look up and realize how hard it is going to be for me to get up the muddy, slippery slope. I say to Lara, "There is no way I can get up this!"

She turns sideways, plants her feet, reaches out her hand and instructs me to plant my feet each step. I take the first step. As I reach for her hand and take the second step, my first foot slips out and I fall to my hands and knees.

Completely frustrated and embarrassed, I am thanking God that there are only two people behind me who view this utterly graceful display of hiking skill. At this point, I decide the best way up is on my hands and knees.

This works and I get the first taste of the grime and dirt I will feel for the next 3 days. I am NOT a happy camper!!!!

where we will sleep, eat and call home until Sunday. It is not exactly what I had in mind, but then again, I wasn't in charge— thank God!

Lessons from the hike in :

ALWAYS pack you pack cover and poncho on top
Never assume something will be easy
Whenever you need helping hand, one will be there
Trust the more experienced camper
Dirt and grime wash off (eventually)

THE RAIN IS COMING!

By the time I get up the hill, there is a flurry of activity going on. Everyone is busily setting up their tents, and I of course have no idea how to do this. I stand helplessly watching Val set up our tent, meekly asking how I can help.

Finally, it's time to put the rain fly on. Standing there helpless for the last few minutes, however, has me feeling totally sunk. I am helpless, overwhelmed and defeated.

The tent is up. Our stuff is put inside. I get out of the tent, stand up, turn around...and no one is around!

FEAR!

I say, "What am I supposed to do now!?" A voice from Carolye's tent says, "Go over there and stand under the tarp." As I head that way, I notice two big fallen tree trunks in the path.

I get to the tarp, take my place under it and realize that if I open my mouth to say anything, or if I look at anyone, I am going to burst into tears.

This feeling doesn't leave me until the next morning, so most of the rest of the evening and night I spent trying not to cry. As I stand under the tarp, several scenes are running through my head. I think of the road from Camp Lewis to

band) and I stay at in the Smokies. I think about being curled up on the couch with the screen door open, listening to the rain, and about my house and all the comforts there— a bed, a roof, a shower, a bathroom, ect. As we wait for the downpour to let up, I am making sarcastic comments to Cathy about how stupid this is and how I will NEVER do it again! Sandy looks at me and asks if I am having fun. I respond with a simple and most definite, "NO!"

As the rain slowly let up, I decided to go to my tent as some others had done and relax there.

Great idea!

WRONG! I got in the tent, sat down, and felt instantly claustrophobic. I tried to stay there and get to like and appreciate it, but it wasn't happening. I decided to get out. (Besides, I knew if I stayed there one second longer, I would burst into tears.) If I only had a book to distract my mind!

Val, my tent and cooking partner, has decided to start dinner. I just stand there in the drizzle not having any clue. Someone comes back and says they have found a great rock overhang where we all can hang out, cook, and stay dry. Val decides to go cook there.

I grab my crackers and follow. I am still not speaking to anyone or looking at anyone, as to not cry. About this time I realize that if I had a big cry, I would feel better.

But I couldn't look like a wimp in front of these nature women I hardly knew!!

So I sit at the rock overhang trying to collect myself, yet not doing a very good job. Everyone soon joins us and there is laughter and talking. Only one woman stands with a big

women must think about her with this big frown.

The rain has stopped. As people are finishing up and cleaning, I notice that our dishes are not getting clean. I think, "Val, clean our dishes! Just take care of me on my first traumatic night out here!"

Instead of yelling this (like I want to), I borrow some cleaning supplies and clean our dishes. I do feel a little better about this.

After we all finish and go back to our tents, most everyone goes to filter water. This means navigating that same steep slope that I crawled up earlier in the day. I think to myself, "I am not going down that steep slope ever again!"

So instead, I offer to help Sandy hang the food. That was easy- all I had to do was watch her rig something up as I tried not to cry.

We walk back to the tents, but I am overcome by the conviction that if I don't go number 2 (poop), I am going to be in trouble. So I grab the shovel and ask Sandy and Lynda if one of them would come and help me - by showing me a good place to go. They both say no.

So I turn with tears and go off to do my business. I don't think the spot is great or the hole I dig is big enough, but I did feel a little better after I was done.

More Lessons :


Spend time before going of into the woods getting to know your equipment.

Feelings of helplessness are treated best with action - just jump in

I prefer a big tent

There are some things you just gotta do on your own (like go #2!)

If you gotta cry, just cry



finally talk and cry some. I feel a little more connected to the group. I collect myself, then Carolye comes to give me a big hug and I cry all over again. Finally, we settle in to play cards and I notice how tired I am.

I go in our tiny tent to lie down and notice that I am longer than the tent. My feet are squished into it. I am going to puke. I can not stay a second longer!

I get back out and sit with the card players and shyly say I am going to puke if I have to sleep in there because it is too small.

GOD BLESS LAURA! She says, "Oh, you can sleep in my tent and I will sleep with Val."

"Is your tent bigger?"
"Yes!", she laughs. I ask if it is OK with her tent partner and Anne says it is. I am not sure if it really is, but at this point I can't care.

We move our stuff and I go back to try to sleep. I lay my head down and am totally alert, eyes and ears wide open. I lay there, listening to tampon stories, trying hard to find them funny. Soon, Anne joins me to go to sleep. Her voice is sweet and comforting and I feel better. She falls asleep, and finally, so do the others.

I notice I am not sleeping.

For hours, I do not sleep.

I listen to the animals - are there bears around? or other people? The rain, which had stopped for a while, is back. At this point, I am thinking I could hike out in the morning, go to a hotel, and come back to get everyone on Sunday. I say the Prayer for Protection 100000 times that night as I struggle to get comfortable without success.

All I can think is that if it is raining tomorrow, I am leaving. What

Some important stuff to remember:

If you share how you feel, you will gain a sense of connectedness to others

Try the tent before you are out there!

GET A THERMAREST!!

June 25, 1997

SATURDAY IS FINALLY HERE....

I get up, thinking, "if I make it through this day, I will be able to leave."

I join the others for breakfast. As I watch Sandy make pancakes, I question why someone would go to all the trouble to cook hot food, when you could much easier eat bagels or something. Once Val makes our eggs, and I begin to eat, I realize why we cook: It is one of the few comforts we get out here. A hot meal for breakfast made me a happy girl - but I am still wondering if I will ever do this again.

Water needs to be pumped this morning and again, I bail. I know my turn to hit that slope will come, but I put it off.

After breakfast we cleanup, rehash our food, and prepare for a day hike. About 9 miles is planned. We all set off together.

At the start of the loop, the group decides to split, with one group wanting to go faster. I stay with the pack and my water - the slower group. Not long into the hike, we find a beautiful overlook.

As we continue along the path, we begin to hear thunder. Today it doesn't rock me as bad as yesterday.

The thunder is getting louder and closer. We stop at a rock overhang to eat lunch and wait for the other group to meet us there. We relax and talk good girl talk and listen to the thunder.

Finally, the other group meets us

enjoy myself. Back at the overlook, we stop again for a long while and share more fun stories and laughs. Carolyn offers to help me take care of my business here (I want to be sure I am following proper camping etiquette for taking care of business).

We decide to head back to camp and fix dinner.

BACK AT CAMP

OK, finally, I am willing to go pump water. I make it down the slope without falling, pump water, and make it back up. In the meantime, most of the group went for a swim in the river sans bathing suits. I decide this would be a great thing to do. It will feel great! Thank god I forget that I am afraid there are snakes in the river.

I join the last few in the water. The water is freezing, but once I am in, it feels great. I think, "Why didn't we do this all day?". The water was the final piece of my day that helped me rebalance my energy. I finally feel like I am back in my body and fully present.

When I joined the others back at camp, dinner is being started. I am getting the hang of things (at least I remember to bring my utensils AND food to dinner!) When I open my food sack, I realize that my trail mix spilled all over and ants have found their way in. Oh well, I guess I'll just have Goldfish for dinner!

Once again, Val cooks for us and dinner is excellent. After dinner, a campfire is made and we all settle in for a session of Secrets and Lies. Not everyone is comfortable with personal sharing, but it feels very natural to me. This exercise is good for myself and the others, and I feel much better afterwards. It is interesting to hear

experience for all of us.

June 26, 1997

OUR FINAL DAY

I am the first one up on Sunday. I do some Tai Chi and watch the sun rise.

Slowly each person gets up and starts to pack up to leave. I am thinking, "This better than when we got here!"

I realize that each of the women who helped me in ways this weekend that might seem small to them, but they were HUGE to me. And beyond them helping me, I just really like each of them - for their personalities and strengths, their easy smiles and laughter. I also hear from the others that they appreciated my sense of humor. I don't think I would have made it without that!

As we are sitting together sharing, I realize that I am completely at home here. It is no longer strange to not have a roof over my head. In fact, I prefer it. The trees and rocks and water and ground and leaves and sky are all I need. I find something that I have been looking for all my life - a home that is always there - place to go and feel whole and centered and complete and fulfilled.

"Do we have to leave?"

On the hike out, I decide to move fast to really experience this with both my feet securely under me. I will never forget this trip. It has been a life-changing event and can't wait to do it again.

What I Know For Sure:

I always have a place to go
to feel good
I have a new hobby
I shared an excellent weekend
with 10 very awesome women

Signaling for Help

How to make sure rescuers see and hear you:

Assemble a lightweight emergency signaling kit that contains fire starter, a whistle, and fluorescent orange surveyor's tape. Consider adding a signal mirror and pencil flares. Keep it in your pack. The most effective flare will depend on your surroundings.

- Deep Woods:** Build signal fires
Blow on emergency whistle
String up surveyor's tape
- Mountains / Snow:** Build signal fires
Blow on emergency whistle
Create ground-to-air distress symbols in snow or in grass
- Desert:** Build signal fires (if wood is available)
Create ground-to-air distress symbols
Flash signal mirror
Shoot off pencil flare

Ground to Air Symbols

Standardized and internationally recognized, these symbols can be used in any area where pilots can see them. Use bright clothing, a tent, sleeping bags, wood, or any other objects which may contrast sharply with the surrounding terrain. You can even stomp symbols into the snow or scratch into dirt.

Pencil Flare

Inexpensive, lightweight, and small, you simply pull the cord and this 1-ounce flare shoots skyward and burns intense red for approx. eight seconds. Problems: Someone has to happen to be looking during those eight seconds, and flare may be inhibited by snow, heavy wind or rain, or a heavy forest canopy.







Smoke Bomb

Produces billowing clouds of (preferably) orange smoke. Problems: Similar drawbacks as a pencil flare, and has the same shape and weight as a can of soup.

Ground-To-Air Symbols

How to communicate with the pilots:

Many search and rescue operations are conducted from aircraft, so it pays to know the International Civil Aviation Organizations ground-to-air signals. Of course, spelling out "HELP" will do the job, but you can indicate more precisely what you need with these symbols. The symbols should be eight to twelve feet high with each line at least one foot wide, and made with objects that sharply contrast with the background. Against grass or dirt, use clothing and camping gear; against snow use big rocks and wood. Keep a copy of these symbols in your first-aid kit, or use the mnemonic "FILL" to remember the three most important ones: "require food and water" (F), "serious injury" (I), and "all is well" (LL).

 Require food and water	 Serious injury, Require doctor	 All is well
 Require medical supplies	 Probably safe to land here	 Unable to proceed

Knowing how to get the attention of searchers can make you an easy find, but preparing for emergencies is the surest way of avoiding trouble. That means carrying a map and compass, a first-aid kit, a bivouac kit, and having the know-how to correctly use them. Consider taking a CPR or first aid course through your local Red Cross, or a Wilderness Medical Associates course such as the Wilderness First Aid Course that was offered through UCMC last fall. UCMC also has an Orientation Medicine at least once a year.

Alaska Adventure: Climbing Mt. McKinley

By Rob Even



It was in the spring of 1994. Rich decided it was time we make definite plans to climb Mt. McKinley. We both knew that we wanted to climb the tallest mountain in North America one day.

Rich asked Jeff, Bruce, and myself if we were interested in making the trek. We all told him that we were, and started planning. We originally planned to do our climb in May, but changed the date when we discovered that more climbers successfully summit in June.

According to Rich's calculations, we could be ready to safely climb Mt. McKinley within three years. Eight prior training trips would serve as preparation for the big climb. Each of the eight climbs concentrated on different skills we would need to perfect if we were to safely summit.

It was imperative that the entire team go on all the training trips together. We could then strengthen our team, finding our individual and group weaknesses.

After our fourth trip, Jeff decided to drop off the team. He was having trouble with the altitude. Some medications are available to help with altitude sickness, but they do not help everyone. Unfortunately, they didn't seem to help Jeff. Two weeks before our departure for Alaska, Bruce had a bicycle accident. His collar bone popped out of its socket. At first he was unsure if he would be able to do the climb, but with some rest and rehab exercises, the shoulder healed well.

Our plans were to climb the West Rib route. This is one of the more technical routes (Alaska grade 4). To make the climb easier, we planned to go up the West Buttress to the 14,000' camp so we could acclimate. We also planned to take the West Rib cutoff to the 15,600' area to make a food cache before heading down to the beginning of the route. This would make the technical part easier. We had planned three weeks for the climb (allowing rest days & bad weather days).

May 31

We arrived at the Cincinnati/Northern Kentucky airport early, and I got an early flight out to Detroit, then Minneapolis, then on to Anchorage. On the flight from Minneapolis I opened the shade on the window. I was hoping for my first look at McKinley. The scenery was breathtaking. There were mountains and glaciers everywhere. Just before we landed I noticed a rainbow near the airport.

I arrived in Anchorage at 7:30. Rich and Bruce were to arrive at 12:15. After storing my luggage, I went to the bar for a few drinks. What else do you do in an airport when waiting on friends?

Shortly after Bruce and Rich arrived we found a place to sleep by Delta's baggage claim. It was one of the quieter places in the airport, but I still didn't get much sleep. (I was excited, the airport was noisy, and it was still daylight at 1:00 am!)

June 1

The shuttle to Talkeetna arrived a half hour late. Our first stop was at Doug Geeting Aviation to unload our gear. We were told our flight may be delayed because of bad weather on the landing strip at the Kahiltna glacier.

So we went to the ranger station to register for the climb, ate lunch, and headed back to the airport. The weather was clearing, so we packed up the Cessna 185 Turbo. Between the three of us and our gear, we couldn't fit in the plane! We were able to repack a few items on another plane.

Just before we left we drew straws to see who would get to sit in the front seat on the way in and out. Bruce got it on the way in, and I got it on the way out. Tony (our pilot) wisely decided that since I was the biggest, and weighed the most, I should sit in the front both ways.

I've always enjoyed flying, especially in small planes. By the way we took off, I could tell the plane was heavy. The back of the plane shifted awkwardly, which scared me a little. We all had earphones on, and Tony narrated the scenery. The views were beautiful! We soon heard on the radio that the landing strip was starting to cloud up. Tony decided to continue on, and hope it would clear again before we had to land. When we arrived near the landing strip, we circled around the area 3 or 4 times but the cloud didn't dissipate. Tony decided to head back to the Talkteena. At this point I was starting to get a little air sick, and just wanted to land anywhere. We arrived back at the airport decided to try to repack the plane. We eliminated unneeded gear (like clean clothes to change into when we got back), and were able to fit everything into one plane.

It was getting close to supper time so we went to a place called The Latitude 62°. Shortly after returning to the airport from supper, we climbed back into the plane and headed for the Kahiltna Glacier (7,000') again. It was interesting landing the plane on skis in the snow at the base of the mountain. We set up camp and went to bed.

June 2

We started to organize and pack our things for the climb. As I was packing, I couldn't find my climbing harness, slings, or carabiners. I looked everywhere. I couldn't believe this was happening to me. I must have unpacked them by mistake when we reorganized and packed the plane.

Fortunately, I had also mistakenly brought my wallet. I decided to see if I could find someone leaving that would sell me their equipment. I found someone shortly. He offered to simply lend me the things I needed, but I thought it would be easier for both of us if I just bought the gear. Accepting only \$100, he gave me a great deal on the equipment.

As we finished packing, Bruce noticed a small bag by all the helmets. It my climbing gear. It wasn't in the stuff sack I usually put my climbing gear in. I was a little embarrassed about asking if I could get my money back. The guy I bought the gear from had not flown out yet, and we exchanged again.

At about noon, we climbed to 7,700' where we cached the food and clothing we would need later for the West Rib. This area was supposed to be the first camp. We decided to climb a little higher. By around 7:30 we had made it to 8,350' and set up camp. At 8:00 we turned on the CB radio to listen for the weather forecast. The forecast was good weather for the next few days.

June 3

I woke up around 7:00, ate breakfast, and by 10:00 we ready for the hike to 11,000' camp. As I was buckling my hip belt, one of the two fingers on the fasttex buckle broke. Luckily the one finger held it together. I hope it will last the rest of the trip. It was a beautiful day. We arrived at the 11,000' camp around 3:30. The last stretch of the climb was heinous. After setting up camp, we ate dinner around 6:00pm. Our plans are to get started around 6:30am tomorrow.

June 4

Rich woke me at 6:30, and we were on the move by 8:45. The first part of the day was in the shade. We had heavy packs because we left the sleds at 11,000'. We climbed to 13,500'. We arrived at camp at about 2:00, set up camp, melted snow for water, and packed our packs for a carry up to the 14,300' camp.

Started up to 14,000' at around 4:00. We made it to there by about 5:15. It was another beautiful day and hiking with a light pack was great. Climbers usually spend a lot of time here to acclimate and wait for a good weather forecast to summit.

There are also toilets here! It was nice to take a dump from a comfortable seated position. The view from the latrine was great.

We started back to the 13,500' camp. I'm anticipating dinner and a good nights sleep. Tomorrow is going to be a long day. We plan to carry our cache to the 15,600' area on the West Rib. Apparently this particular trail, the cutoff, has not been used lately, so we will have to break trail.

June 5

Our first cloudy day. It began snowing a little last night. We left camp at about 7:45am, climbed to 14,300' and set up camp by 9:00am. We sat and had a hot drink. The cutoff route to the West Rib was in and out of the clouds. The ranger informed us there hasn't been anyone on the trail since the last big snow. He said it would be a slog. We started about noon, got to about 14,700' at about 2:30, and hit an icy spot where we needed crampons.

We returned to camp and discussed whether it would be feasible to climb the West Rib route. The ranger thought most of the West Rib would be similar to this afternoon. We

decided to do the West Buttress instead. It wasn't an easy decision to make. We really wanted to do the West Rib. We didn't have enough food with us, so we planned to go down to our 7,700' cache tomorrow. Change of plans again. After counting our dinners we each had eight left. We probably didn't need more, but it would be nice to have extra food in case of bad weather. We would need five meals to do the West Buttress, but 10 would be ideal. Rich thought about asking climbers coming down for their extra food. Not long after that, descending climbers offered fuel. We didn't need any, but said we could use some food. They had a lot. We took what we could use and thanked them. Tomorrow we will carry our first load to the top of the fixed line at 16,200'.

June 6

We woke up between 8:00-8:30am. It was a rough night. I awoke gasping for air. I thought that we might have been climbing too fast and I had pulmonary edema. I lay in my sleeping bag for a while before I decided to wake Rich. After asking me if I had any of the other symptoms (I said no), he didn't think that was a concern. We decided it may be sleep apnea due to thin air. The tent had also been completely closed up because it had been windy and snowy earlier. I still didn't sleep much last night.

We packed the cache for the top of the fixed line, and started climbing about 10:00. We were hoping that someone would be coming down to help break trail but nobody did. Rich led first, followed by Bruce, who broke the trail when Rich got tired, and then me. A group of climbers caught up with us and broke trail the rest of the way up which made my lead easy.

It was about 3:00 when we got to the top of the fixed line at 16,200'. I was extremely tired at this point. After making our cache we headed back down to the 14,300 camp. We got back to camp about 5:00. I had a killer headache. Rich was a little concerned about me (so was I). I started to cough about 6:30, but after I drank some herbal tea, the coughing stopped. We ate dinner. It is 8:00 and I think its time for bed. It's amazing how easy it is to sleep with 24 hours of daylight, especially when you are exhausted.

June 7

Today has been a rest/acclimation day. We ate some of the food we got from the climbers. I had some grits for breakfast (and I was amazed at how much I liked them). If they had some butter spuds added to them they would have been great. For lunch we tried the mystery package. We thought it might be couscous with raisins or something like that. After trying it I think it was grits with cinnamon, sugar, and dried cherries. It was a little too sweet for my taste. In the morning it was snowing. The sun came for a while and we dried our clothes. We laid in the sun and read books. Bruce cached his book by mistake and was reading mine. When Rich went to get his reading glasses he realized that they weren't his. He didn't know whose they were or how he got them. We played Pass The Pigs, and Rich won 3 out of the 4 games. I won the first one.

June 8

We were ready to go by 8:15. Today was the first day I was cold while I was climbing. The views were spectacular, and at points had a little more exposure than I expected. It looked like a small avalanche covered the trail. If you got off trail you would sink up to your waist in snow. We made it to 16,200' by 12:45- about an hour faster than the day we climbed it before. We loaded the stuff from the cache that we brought up two days ago into our packs. It was a long hike to the 17,000' camp. To my surprise, we were the only climbers at this camp. Rich was moving really slow after we got to 16,200'. His leg muscles were bothering him. I think that the medication that he took for his diarrhea might have dehydrated him some. He said it was the hardest day of his life.

It was hard work shoveling the snow while we were setting up camp. I had a hard time concentrating on what I was doing. My mind kept wandering off into no man's land. After setting up the tent, Rich climbed in to change into some dry clothes because he was cold. Shortly after getting into the tent he realized that he was starting to go into hypothermia. He got into his sleeping bag to try to warm up. We started the stove to boil water for him to drink and also to put hot bottles in his sleeping bag to help warm him up. It was almost 9:00 and we still haven't eaten.

Tomorrow is going to be an acclimation/rest day.

June 9

I woke up about 8:00 but stayed in bed and read. Last night was the coldest night so far. At about 9:30 a.m. our thermometer read -5° . We think it might of gotten to -15° / -20° last night. The -40° bag was still way too warm. Most of the day we have been in the clouds. At one point we could tell the sun was shining only because of the shadows inside the tent. I looked out the door and saw a big white cloud. After a closer look, the cloud I thought I saw turned out to be the snow wall we had around the tent. High altitude plays funny games with your mind.

June 10

We got up about 7:30, ate, and packed our things for the summit. Two other climbing parties had started out before us. No sooner had we started, Rich's legs started to bother him and he was getting winded. He suggested that we go on without him, and he would try to keep up with us. We got the first aid kit from him. I was moving slow because of the steepness of the trail, and Rich was keeping up with us meanwhile.

When we got to Denali Pass (18,200'), the wind really started to blow. I stopped to put on my wind stopper balaclava and ski goggles. The ski goggles froze up immediately. I tried to defrost them but it didn't work. I decided to try my Glacier glasses again. They were also freezing up now. As I was wiping the ice off the lenses, one of them fell out. Luckily I caught it before it slid down the mountain. After a lot of trouble I manage to get my regular glasses out and they worked OK.

Most of the way up we were in the clouds (in & out of light clouds). Up up we went. We finally saw the summit, or what we thought was the summit. As we got closer, Bruce saw a dark shadow in the clouds- the real summit. We were still a good 2-2 1/2 hours away. As we got closer, the clouds started to clear. We saw that we had to cross a knife edge ridge. It was only about a foot wide in some spots. It scared the shit out of me crossing it.

We made it to the summit about 4:00 (6 1/2 HR.). We were the first climbers on summit today. The two other climbing parties joined us shortly. It was a great summit day. We took lots of photos. The temperature was somewhere between -10° and -20° but it didn't feel cold to me. I guess I was too excited about being on the summit for it to bother me.

On the way down I felt real secure, except on the knife edge ridge by the summit. During the last part, the snow kept bogging up in my crampons and I had to self arrest about 4 or 5 times on the way down. We got back about 7:30. Rich got water going for soup, dinner, and drinks. Rich said he was disappointed but not devastated about not being able to make the summit. Today was a long day. I went to bed about 10:00.

June 11

I woke up about 8:00, but did not want to get up. The tent was really frosty again. The frost formed on hair like fibers on the walls of the tent. As I exhaled, it looked like small feathers dancing in the wind. It looked pretty neat. I hope the photos come out. We didn't get camp packed up until 10:00 or 11:00. It was about 20° but with the wind it felt a lot colder.

On the way down, Rich slipped on one of the steeper parts. I couldn't see him at the time because I was the last person on the rope. I did however see Bruce fall from Rich pulling him. I went into the self arrest mode immediately. The rope went tight but not real tight. I held the tension on the rope as I checked on Bruce. Bruce was fine except he hit his bad shoulder as he went into the self arrest mode stopping Rich. Rich was also unhurt. Altogether Rich fell about 20' before Bruce and I could stop him. Pretty exciting.

We got down to 14,000' camp somewhere around 2:30. On the way down we were thinking about going down to our 11,000' cache, and at first I agreed, but by the time we got to 14,000' my feet and hips were hurting. I wanted to stay (going down is always harder on my legs than going up). We set up camp and put a lot of stuff out to dry. We sat around and relaxed and read. Bruce got the urge to go so he took the T.P. and headed toward the latrine. Shortly, he informed us that the T.P. rolled into the latrine. Keep in mind, it was in a plastic bag- it didn't seem like it would roll at all. Unfortunately, to save on weight and space, we decided we only needed one roll of T.P. between the group. Bruce took a few pages from the back of the book he was reading, and used that instead. I hope there are enough pages for me to use tomorrow if I need them.

June 12

I woke up about 8:00 with the urge to go. At first I looked in Rich's book the pages were all used. I didn't want to use my book. After thinking about it for a moment, I decided I had two options. I could use a page or two from my journal, or I could use our only map. I decided that my journal was more important than the map, so I used the map. (The map was not needed- the trail was clearly marked.)

We got everything packed and we were ready to go by 10:45. It was a beautiful day at the 14,000' camp, but you could look down into the valley and see lots of clouds. As we went down we were slowly engulfed by the clouds. By the time we got to our 11,000' cache we were in a white out. It was sort of eery. As you walked into camp you could see all the caches through the fog. They were marked with skies, sleds, & wands. It reminded me of a graveyard.

After we dug out our sleds and other items we cached, we started down.

June 13

We were in a white out again. We can't go exploring because it would be too dangerous. Later, the clouds cleared. We sat outside in the sun. It was somewhere around 5:00

when we reached the 8'000 camp. The last section of the trail was really neat because as we headed down we walked through and under clouds and white out.

By the time we dug up our cache the sun was shining pretty bright. The snow all around us was wet and slushy. Most of the things we had cached were wet. I had extra clothes cached here to change into but they were all wet.

I will remember to put my things in a plastic bag next time I cache something. After we got the tent set up, we tried to dry everything.

Tomorrow we plan to explore the North East Fork of the Kahiltna Glacier. This is the way to the beginning of the West Rib.



Author Rob Even (right) and Bruce on the summit of Mt. McKinley, Alaska 1997

We have plenty of food and fuel left, and we didn't want to leave such a beautiful place so soon. Yesterday and today we were visited by a bird (I think it might have been some kind of finch) that had a broken leg. Bruce called it Gammy Leg. At 8:00 the weather forecast we heard for tomorrow wasn't good, so we will probably hike to the airstrip to be flown out.

June 14

Packed and left camp about 11:30. When we first started out we were in a white out condition. The trail was real hard to see. Rich led out. It wasn't long before we were off trail. After stumbling around in the white out for about a half hour we decided we better sit and wait for it to clear. As we were walking, Bruce and I noticed that (in a white out condition) Rich has a constant pull to the left as he walks.

When it cleared enough to see, we noticed that we were pretty far off to the left of the trail. During lunch, a bird flew up to me and landed on my snowshoe. It didn't seem to be scared of me at all. I took a couple pictures of it before it flew away. I decided to nickname him Snowshoe. We got back to the landing strip about 4:30. We dug up our cache and started to pig out on cheese, salami, bagels, & canned fruit. As we were enjoying our food, Rich noticed a girl that was brushing her teeth for at least 20 min.. It was amazing to see someone brush their teeth for this amount of time but I guess she felt her teeth were real dirty.

The skies finally started to clear and we were able to fly out around 8:00. Rich went to get a room while Bruce and I went to have a beer and celebrate. As we were drinking, Tony (the pilot) came in. We offered him a beer but he only wanted a coke. We talked with him till about 11:00, met up with Rich and tried to find a place to eat. We ended up at the Latitude 62° and a nice bartender made us sandwiches and soup even though the kitchen was closed. We went out again and had a few more beers. At about 2:00 A.M. I called home (6:00 Cinti. Time) and talked to mom.

June 15

Ate a big breakfast at the Road House Inn. We wanted to spend another night but the place was all booked. We did some shopping and laundry. We also packed and organized our gear. We got a room at the Latitude 62°.

June 16

Today we were supposed to catch a ride on the banana bus back to Anchorage at 12:00. When the driver got there to pick us up, there wasn't enough room for all our things. They had someone else drive us drive us back. We had a mini-van all to ourselves on the way back. It cost \$35.00 for the ride. We stayed in the Alaska Samovar Inn. Bruce and I shared a room (the Czar Room) and Rich got his own room because he was going to pick up Lial (his wife) at the airport around midnight. Our room had a two person jacuzzi tub that we didn't use. The furniture and wall coverings were very unusual. We went to R.E.I. and I bought a 20° sleeping bag and a new buckle for my pack.

The End

The Ultimate Backpacker's Equipment Checklist

(If it's not here, you don't need it!)

Major Equipment

- ___ Large backpack
- ___ Tent with fly and ground cloth and stakes and guylines
- ___ Sleeping bag
- ___ Sleeping pad
- ___ Stove
- ___ Cook set
- ___ Fuel

Clothing

- ___ Undershorts (spares)
- ___ Polypropylene long underwear
- ___ Synthetic sock liners (3 pair)
- ___ Wool socks (2 pair)
- ___ Fleece vest/pullover
- ___ Fleece pants
- ___ Sweater
- ___ Boots
- ___ Jacket (windshell, parka, or vest)
- ___ Rain gear (top/bottom Gore-tex or poncho)
- ___ Gaiters
- ___ Cravat (or bandana)
- ___ Wool or fleece hat
- ___ Gloves and liners
- ___ Camp shoes (comfy/light weight)

Camp Hygiene

- ___ Toothbrush
- ___ Toothpaste (pref. baking soda or castile soap)
- ___ Dr. Bronner's castile soap or Campsuds
- ___ Lip balm
- ___ Toilet paper/bandana o.b.'s (no applicator)
- ___ Plastic spade
- ___ Comb
- ___ Sun block
- ___ Foot powder

Cooking Accessories

- ___ Food (pre-portioned/re-packaged)
- ___ Water purifier (pump or tablets)
- ___ Dromedary bag
- ___ Water bottles
- ___ Cup (or mug)
- ___ Fork and Spoon (pref. lexon)
- ___ Pocket knife
- ___ Lighters (pref. 2 or more)
- ___ Extra fuel
- ___ Funnel
- ___ Can opener
- ___ Spices/seasonings

Field Equipment

- ___ Map (waterproof/tearproof)
- ___ Guidebook
- ___ Compass
- ___ Watch
- ___ Global Positioning System
- ___ Camera
- ___ Film
- ___ Pen/pencil
- ___ Notebook
- ___ Flashlight
- ___ Headlamp
- ___ Walking sticks/trekking poles

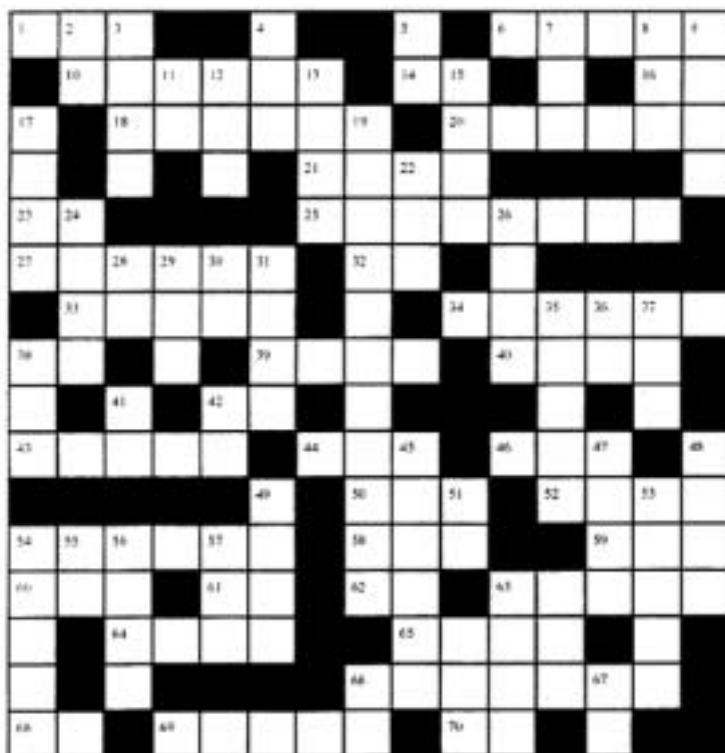
Just in Case

- ___ First-Aid kit
- ___ Space blanket
- ___ Spare batteries (flashlight/headlamp)
- ___ Moleskin
- ___ Snake-bite kit
- ___ Gore-tex repair kit
- ___ Spare parts pack
- ___ Hip belt or day pack
- ___ Nylon repair kit
- ___ Extra rope or nylon cord
- ___ Benadryl/Tylenol/ImmodiumAD
- ___ Assorted zip-lock and ditty bags
- ___ Duct tape (never leave home w/o it)

Obviously, this list includes everything but the kitchen sink, but be it your first trip or your hundredth, it never hurts to make a list and check it twice! This is just a sample list, and should be adjusted to your needs, depending on the length of your trip, the expected weather and temperatures, and the availability of various camping facilities. Remember to thoroughly check all your gear and equipment before you leave - in the field is too late to replace broken O-rings and moldy water filters.

Notes:

UCMC CROSSWORD



DOWN

2. trail from Ga to Me
3. granite, e.g.
4. prefix "one"
5. "ready, set, ___"
7. opp. of beginning
8. long-term personal savings
9. Latin "without"
11. Rainier's state
12. poison oak, sumac, and ___
13. pesky little bug
14. chant of the seven dwarves
17. "___ or without you"
19. 31 down's "footprint"
22. parking garage on campus
24. most recent history
26. a.k.a. equipment
28. California city
29. manufacturer of UCMC stoves
30. he wanted to phone home
31. backpacker's "home"
35. how you power a bike
36. post script
37. Latin "and so forth"
38. Disney's Tasmanian devil
41. Daisy and Luke Duke's brother
42. same as 42 across
45. specializes in car racks
47. road fee
48. places money down
49. inflatable boat (not a duck)
51. brand-name initials for an ensolite pad
53. joules per second
54. requirement for skiing
55. hello
56. area of little turbulence behind rock in swift moving water
57. dead rapper "2__ Shakur"
63. non-chemical process of water purification
66. Nike's "Just ___ It"
67. Fa __ la la la

ACROSS

1. automobile
6. UCMC hiking poles
10. The only use for retired rope
14. "___, No!" said Mr. Bill
16. dorm authority
18. a.k.a. spelunking
20. Native N. American
21. formation of Natural Bridge
23. Knoxville state
25. sled sans runners
27. brain bucket
33. garbage
34. ROTC rope descent
38. first initials of poet Eliot
39. one-way tunnel - RR Gorge
40. Therm-A- "___"
42. time and 1/2
43. UCMC whitewater boat
44. raincover for 31 down
46. Seattle Sombrero, e.g.
50. a.k.a. paddle
52. Jeff, Alex, or Greg _____
54. Nepalese porter
58. local cable company
59. opposite of longitude
60. young goat
61. initials of organization focused on climbing access
62. greeting
63. eyesores on rock faces
64. The Force (it has a light side, a dark side, and it holds the universe together)
65. the only ball of cheese that waxes and wanes
66. UCMC post-meeting bar
68. Do, Re, Me, Fa, ____, La
69. the other UCMC w.w. boat
70. __ Capitan (Yosemite)

Totally Awesome Trip, Eh?

by Bill Strachan

During the week after the Fourth of July, Rick Koehner and I travelled to the Pacific Northwest. By flying out on the Fourth, we got an excellent rate of \$277 round trip from Columbus to Seattle. This was my seventh trip to Seattle. There is something magic about the number seven...

It started out like any other club trip — A jumble of gear on the floor of my house. We had relatively unspecific plans. We would stay with friends, UCMC alumni, the first night. Over the next several days we would climb at a couple of crags out of a number of options. Then we would go to Vancouver, B.C. where I would attend a convention and we would try to fit in a climb of the Squamish Chief. We got our rack organized and hit the road for Columbus.

The flight went smoothly and we arrived in Seattle around 8:00 p.m.. We picked up our rental car, got reoriented to the Seattle map, and headed out on the road. Fletch and Marci Andrews, who are both former club officers, live on Vashon Island in the Puget Sound, across the water from Seattle. We arrived at the ferry terminal at dusk and got there just after a ferry had left, so we were basically in the front of the line.

While we were waiting, Rick, who if you don't know is a mechanic and a nut about old cars (especially VW's) noticed a classic Camaro a few cars back. It was red with a white convertible top. Rick went back and struck up a conversation with the young man who was the owner of the car. In the course of the conversation, the guy informs Rick that he works at a local microbrewery and that, in fact, he has a trunk full of cases, and would we like some beer? Of course!

This was the first of what was to be a continuous string of good omens on this

trip. We boarded the ferry as people were setting off small fireworks on the shore. As we headed out into the sound, we could look back and see the bursts of fireworks displays just over the horizon. Once on the island and at the Andrews, we enjoyed a pint each of microbrewed hefe-weizen and bock, and the good conversation of our friends. Upon rising we had breakfast and the ubiquitous Pacific Northwest espresso. After visiting a good part of the morning, we headed back to the mainland and the only place to start a pacific northwest trip — REI.

This was my first time to the new Seattle REI flagship store. An incredible piece of architecture using all mediums of concrete, steel, wood, and glass. Outside they have a nature trail and a mountain bike testing trail. Inside are various features for testing gear, a rough trail for trying out shoes, a rain chamber for testing shells, and an incredible forty foot artificial climbing pillar inside a glass tower.

After stocking up on some food supplies, I headed for their extensive book section. Once in the section, I noticed some guys looking at an Ohio topo book. I struck up a conversation and discovered one of them had just moved to Cincinnati! He was interested in knowing where some hiking trails were in Ohio and Kentucky. (Of course I mentioned that he ought to check out the UCMC!)

I then focused in on the climbing guidebooks. I picked up a guide called "North Cascades Rock". On the first page of the book, there was a picture of an old friend of mine from Red River Gorge, Paul "Woody" Woodrum. The place where he was pictured, called



Mazama Rocks, was obviously a sign that was where we had to go! Since weather on the coast called for rain, we also picked up a guide on Skaha Bluffs in B.C. , on the dry side of the mountains.

We left Seattle and headed north on I-5 and then west across the mountains on the North Cascades Highway. At the crest of the Cascades we stopped at the overlook and took in the sights of Liberty Bell mountain and the green valley to the east and towards Mazama. Once at Mazama we found a camp spot, set up the tent, and then headed into a small town called Winthrop in search of grub. Winthrop turned out to be the local tourist attraction but not in too bad of a sense. All of the buildings were in the style of the old west with boardwalks in front. We found an establishment in which to consume some pizza and some more local microbrew (aka Climber's Liquid Training Supplement).

The next morning we arose and headed for the rocks. Mazama rocks is made of a formation called "Rhinstone" which has relatively few cracks and features for natural protection, so many of the climbs are bolted. After warming up on a couple of easier routes (5.6-5.7) we were taking a break when I noticed a gentleman coming up the trail with a Skyline Chili t-shirt on!

I asked the stupid question, "Hey, where did you get that t-shirt?" and got the obvious answer, "In Cincinnati, I used to go to the University of Cincinnati."

Upon which Rick and I both chimed, "We are in the University of Cincinnati Mountaineering Club."

Then the next gentleman coming up the trail said, "I used to be in the University of Cincinnati Mountaineering Club. Steve Must taught me to climb. My name is Mike Zimmer..."

The face brought recognition, "Hey Mike! How's it going?" Chalk another one up for it's a small world!

Rick and I went on to climb most of the plentiful 5.10 routes and got in a good day of climbing. After climbing, we hit the road and headed east and then north with the intent of camping just south of the Canadian border. We found our intended campgrounds packed with holiday campers in their RV's. Eschewing such company, we drove about aimlessly in a no place to camp hell we thought might never end. Finally



on one road, we found a large pull-off and just set up the tent there. The sky was a clear and starry classic western night.

The next morning we crossed the border and went to Penticton, B.C. which is the town by Skaha Bluffs. After checking out three of the campgrounds listed in the guidebook, we settled on the first one we had passed which looked nice.

When we went in to register, the lady behind the counter remarked, "So you're climbers, eh? Well my husband here is in the guidebook." Dan van der Torre introduced himself and we asked for advice on where to climb. His advice was invaluable because of the time it saved us figuring out what to do. The area has over twenty separate cliffs and 350+ routes to climb.

Skaha Bluffs are on a hill overlooking the beautiful Skaha lake. The area is reminiscent of California, with vineyards and orchards everywhere on the rolling hills surrounding the lake. The first route we climbed, Plum Line, which Rick on-sighted, is 120' of excellent 5.10a face climbing, capped off with a small roof. This classic route is featured on the cover of the guidebook. After warming up on this route, I proceeded to on-sight Minor Skirmish, a 5.10c. Rick then lead the first pitch of Primal Dream, a 5.10b mixed climb. But I chickened out of the exposed second pitch, due to an uncertainty of where the route actually went. So we rapped off.

That evening we found that the vineyards and orchards were not the only thing like California. Our waitress at the pub had a Canadianized "Valley Girl" lingo such as, "That's totally awesome, eh?"

and "For sure, eh?" We also discovered we liked the taste of the local Canadian microbrew, Okanogon Springs ale.

The next day we encountered some morning showers. After some waiting it cleared and we did a couple of warm up routes. Then, following some local climbers that we met, we checked out the impressive Red Tail Wall.

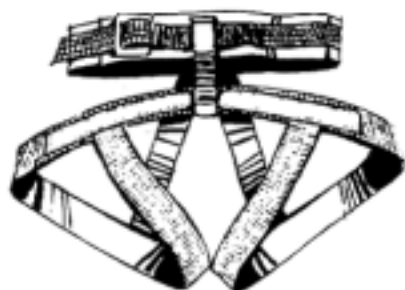
Rick on-sighted a 5.10c and I a 5.10a. Overall we were very impressed with Skaha, the rock, the scenery, and the people. It is definitely a place I would recommend and is certainly a place where I would like to return to.

Finally we headed back to the coast and the big city of Vancouver for my convention. Our quarters at the luxurious Sheraton Wall Centre made up, at least partially, for the weather woes which ended up thwarting our plans to climb the Chief. On our first day at Squamish, we ended up on a major bushwhack trying to find the bottom of a three pitch route. But by the time we found it, rain was moving in. The next day, the route we wanted to do had a large streak of water under the large overhang which appeared to be the crux of this seven pitch climb. We decided to take a hike up to snow line and come back later if the weather improved. The weather did not improve and we ended up at a popular crag right by the road. It was packed with a beginners class. We waited in line to warm up on a 5.8 trad route. Upon checking out a three star 5.10 classic, we found water running down the crack system. We settled for working a hard bouldering traverse by the parking lot.

The conference I attended was excellent. For years I have represented the Light Force company which produces and distributes nutritional supplements through network marketing. Last

year, Light Force merged with Royal Body Care (RBC) which produces and distributes aloe based products through network marketing. At this year's RBC International Convention I again got to hear Drs. Gael and Patrick Flanagan talk about their MicroCluster discovery which has gained them a nomination for the Nobel Prize. I also met Clinton Howard, founder and CEO of RBC. It turns out he has a separate company which has a medical laboratory in Cincinnati. From my attendance at the RBC convention I became a travel agent, through RBC's affiliation with IntelliTravel, and I was invited to a dinner party at the Howard's home in Dallas. Also, one evening after the convention, Rick and I went out to dinner with some other distributors to the Hard Rock Cafe. Here we found Okanogon Springs Ale to also be popular in the city.

By the time this is published, I will have attended the dinner party and RBC's Home Business School in Dallas. So if you are interested in health products, travel, or becoming involved in an excellent business opportunity, please let me know. I will be specializing in adventure and business travel. I plan on putting together some travel packages for the UCMC. I will be able to get some excellent discounts on international travel, presenting a great opportunity for some unique trips.



Bill Strachan is an alumni of the University of Cincinnati, and one of the founders of the University of Cincinnati Mountaineering Club.

Bill maintains active participation in UCMC, and holds the position of Honorary Member. He is a graduate of various courses in both the National Outdoor Leadership School and Voyageur Outward Bound School.

Most recently he has accepted the presidency of



October

1997

Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
			1	2	3	4
5	6	7	8 Open House	9	10	11
12	13	14	15 Fred Becky Mountaineering slide show	16	17	18 White Water 101
19 White Water 101	20	21	22 wilderness cooking clinic	23 Climbing Course Lecture	24	25 Climbing Course
26 Climbing Course	27	28	29 Leave No Trace workshop	30	31	



November

1997

Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
						1
2	3	4 Wilderness Skills Course (lec)	5 Expedition Behavior clinic	6	7	8 Wilderness Skills Course
9 Wilderness Skills Course	10	11	12	13 Women's Wilderness Skills Course (lec)	14	15 Women's Wilderness Skills Course
16 Women's Wilderness Skills Course	17	18	19 Gear Auction	20	21	22 Skydiving
23	24	25	26 Trip Leader workshop	27	28	29
30						

