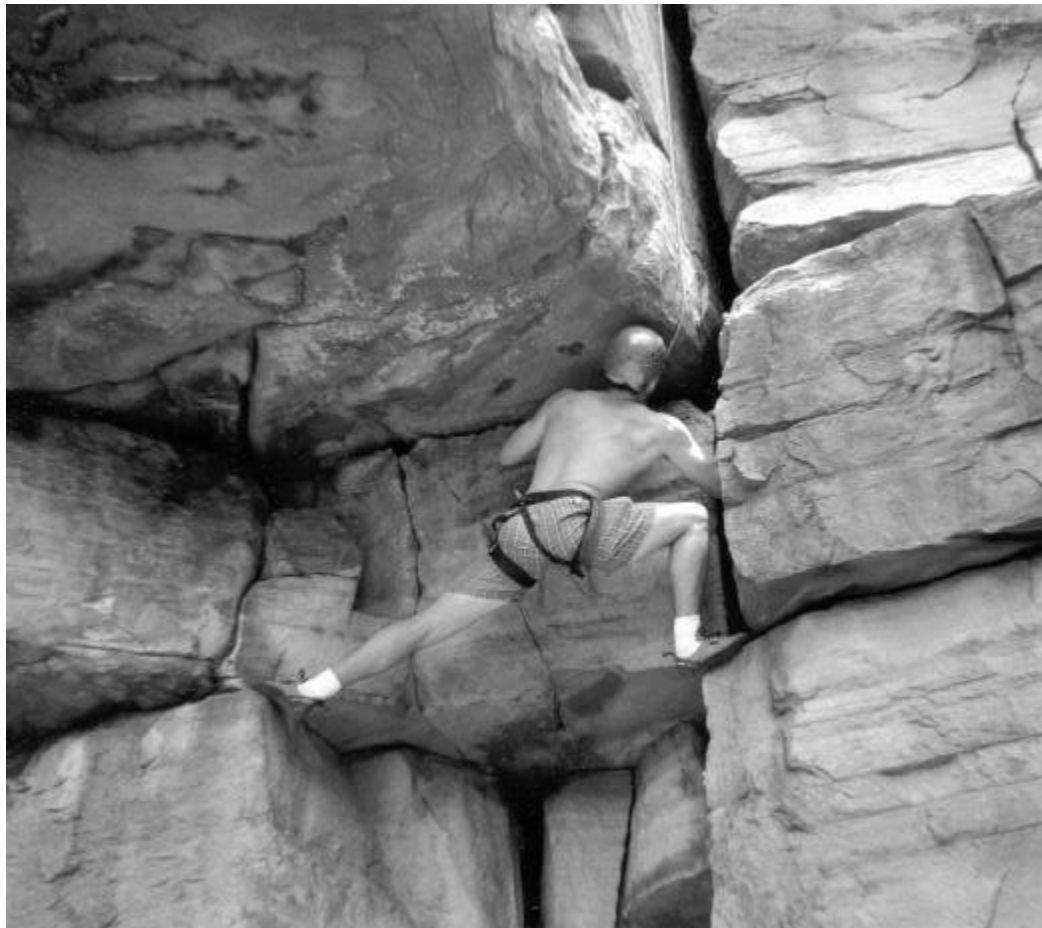


THE GOOSESDOWN GAZETTE

Fall Open House Edition 1999

Volume 22 Issue 1



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UC MOUNTAINEERING CLUB

Welcome to the UC Mountaineering Club

Take your body where your mind wants to go!

We do it all

We are the largest student organization on campus, with a membership of over one-hundred and average meeting attendance of over forty. Our activities include, but are not limited to: hiking, backpacking, camping, canoeing, caving, climbing, white water rafting, kayaking, cross-country skiing, snow shoeing, downhill skiing, park cleaning, mountain biking, trail running, skydiving, snorkeling, scuba diving, recycling, partying, tree planting, ice skating, sledding, canyoneering, bungee jumping, star gazing, base jumping, ice climbing, eclipse chasing, marathon running, tubing, tie-dyeing, and, of course, mountaineering.

~

We've had outstanding trips this year. Our members have been on mountaineering expeditions in Wyoming and Colorado, numerous backpacking trips to the Smokies, Dolly Sods, Big South Fork and the Red River Gorge. We have also been caving in Sloan's Valley and Pine Hill, scuba diving in Dale Hollow Lake, whitewater rafting on the New, the Ocoee, and the French Broad Rivers, skiing in Whistler and Timberline, on countless climbing weekends, introductory courses for beginners, such as the ever-popular climbing course, the Wilderness First Responder Course, and even a NOLS course. UCMCers have also been globe-trotting to such far-flung places as Chile, Bolivia, Guatemala, Japan, and Europe.

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Come 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, feel the wind play with your hair and the grass tickle your feet. Savor the simplicity of a warm campside meal with the stars overhead, and wonder how you could have possibly gone so long without it!!

Join us every Wednesday at 7:00

Weekly meetings are in 525 Old Chemistry. We informally discuss trips, do a bit of business, then kickback for a program or slide show.

Membership is \$10/quarter, or \$30/year.

Membership entitles you to use the club's library, and check out enough equipment for yourself for one week. Gear checkout is every Wednesday after meetings, and should be returned the following Wednesday before the meeting.

The UCMC Office is located in 217 Tange-man University Center (556-6014).

Check out the UCMC home page for news, minutes, trips, and cool links:

<http://www.ucmc.org/>

UCMC Webmaster: Jeremy Sibert
bigmarmot@hotmail.com

Need More Info?

Feel free to contact any and all officers!

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Editor's Note: The Goosedown Gazette is published by the University of Cincinnati Mountaineering Club, a student operated non-profit organization. The articles and comments within are neither endorsed nor acknowledged by the University of Cincinnati. All contributions including articles, poems, stories, pictures, rumors, quotes, cartoons, notes, gossip, money, drawings, and food should be sent to the editor. Comments and criticisms are welcomed, but will be duly ignored without the subsequent offer of help with the next issue.

Cover: This is UCMC member Scott Reese crag climbing at Star Mountain in southern Tennessee. Photo by Kristi Mitchell.

A Letter from the President

Readers of the Goosedown,

Welcome back mountaineers. This is the new president, Renee Ford, wishing you a wonderful 99-00 season. For those who have been out to lunch for the past several months, I'll let you in on the new executive staff. V. President is Ted Roll (a.k.a. squirrel), for treasurer, Matt Kappen and the equipment manager, eyes and ears of the gear, is Lori Stile. So when you see some strange faces standing in front of you at the meetings, you can at least give them a name for taxonomically purposes.

Summer flew by, and fall is settling into its local nest around here, giving us even more colors to go out and see. Trips are going out all the time so stop by the UCMC office or attend a meeting and sign up. The office is located in RM 217 at TUC (Tangeman University Center; for those who do not believe in abbreviations).

Meetings are held on Wednesday nights at 7:00 PM in Old Chemistry, RM 525, so bring you, yourself and some friends or if not, tell some of these kids walking around on campus that we are much more fun than their previous plans and to join us. If coming back on campus scares them, tell them or yourself to drop on by Daniels Bar after the meeting.

Have a great year and remember our motto; "You never have too much work to do to go play outside."

President,
Renee Ford

Wilderness First Responder Course

by Robert Sexton

In 1998, the Mountaineering Club established the Outdoor Leadership Scholarship Program. The goal of the OLSP (Later renamed the Steve Must Memorial Scholarship) is to help UC Students pursue advanced training in outdoor activities. For many years the UCMC has been a trusted source of hands on training in a variety of areas. Through the scholarship program, we hope to develop the club further by bringing new knowlege and training techniques into the club.

This year marks a major milestone for the UCMC. We hosted our first Wilderness First Responder Class (WFR). The WFR is a 72 hour, comprehensive wilderness medicine class. Students learn how to handle everything from minor medical problems to life threatening emergencies. The class is split between classroom and hands on training, with an emphasis on understanding the major body systems and how they fail. Students are trained in evacuation and extrication, as well as diagnosing and treating less sever medical problems. Students who pass the examinations receive a 3 year, renewable certificate.

WFR classes are held in a variety of places throughout the year. Many universities offer these classes, but generally the dates have not worked well for UC students on the quarter system. By hosting our own class, we could choose dates that worked well for us. We contracted Wilderness Medical Associates of Maine to teach for us. For facilities, we used swift hall, and secured permission to use Burnet woods for simulations. For minor simulations, we used the outdoor areas near Swift hall and the quadrangle.

The class was a great success for us. We had an enrollment of 14 people, and everybody graduated. The scholarship committee awarded three scholarships, to Renee Ford, Anne Koob, and Jeremy Sibert. Of the WFR Students, over half were members of the UCMC, and several more were inducted over the course of the week. Congratulations to all of our graduates!

Jerry Bargo
Renee Ford

Annelies Koob
Ted Roll

Devon McCullough
Robert Sexton

Cailin Hays
Jeremy Sibert

UCMC: The Beginning

Vicki S. Rumford

For years UCMC members have talked and speculated about who founded the UC Mountaineering Club and when. Some older members have made obscure references to different climbing legends, but no one was ever able to confirm those recollections.

Enter Annelies Koob. Long time UCMC member and former UCMC president. Anne (pronounced ah-na) has always been moderately curious as to the truth of the club's beginnings, but not until Spring of 1999, did a series of coincidences provide her an avenue for that curiosity. At the time she worked for Benchmark Outfitters and was president of UCMC.

While at shopping one Saturday afternoon that spring, Anne overheard a co-worker talking with a man who, in passing, mentioned his involvement with the start-up of UCMC. Anne wanted to talk with this man. She waited for an opportunity to speak with him, but unfortunately he made his purchase and stealthily made his exit before Anne could corner him and exchange the UCMC secret handshake.

Fortunately, the customer just happened to have left his business card! Along with being curious, Anne is also persistent. The customer, a busy and prominent lawyer in Northern Kentucky, was difficult to reach. It was her tenacity that finally got her in touch with Lawson Walker at his home in northern Kentucky. Lawson later called another original member, Jay Budde, who contacted Terry Barnhart. Terry was excited and quite surprised to hear from the Mountaineering club and he called Anne back. He and the other founding members never expected UCMC to last too many years after they left Cincinnati. Terry contacted Denny and Jane Conners, Gerry Papania, Juanita Janigan, and John Frasca.

The eavesdropping theme continued when I overheard Anne discussing this chance encounter at a Wednesday evening meeting. After she told me the story summarized above, I got the idea to write an article about the beginning of the club. I offered to write the article and Anne enthusiastically accepted my offer. One of these days maybe I'll actually learn from the old cliché about curiosity and the cat. At the time, I had no idea what I had gotten myself into! Anne shared her information with me and I began sending emails to the founding members and talked with Terry, Denny, and Gerry.

A common theme among UCMC members today is found in U2's *Still Haven't Found What I'm Looking For*; and UCMC members have been looking around the globe for years. Actually, UCMC members have been climbing and rafting and hiking and biking and running and doing just about any outdoor activity for almost 30 years now.

Between 1969 and 1971, Denny Conners and Terry Barnhart made friends with other outdoor enthusiasts. They went climbing, backpacking, and camping as their school schedules would allow. As interest in climbing grew among Denny and his friends, they wondered how many other students might be interested in joining them.



Seneca Rocks, West Virginia

Terry and Gerry Papania went to Clifton Gorge as often as they could. Over Spring break in 1971, these guys went to Seneca Rocks, West Virginia with John Frasca. According to Terry, this is the trip where "the idea for a club evolved."

According to Denny, it was another outdoor enthusiast, Michael Murphy, who asked UC how they could go about forming an official club. The school assigned the new UCMC an advisor. They got permission to put up a display in the lower level of the student union, reserved a room, and held an organizational meeting. Enough people attended that they began having "periodic meetings in the student union and began organizing



An early UCMC campsite

trips.”

Terry Barnhart’s created posters to help get UCMC going. He created two: HIKE PRICE HILL and CAMP MT. ADAMS. Hopefully, no one ever actually camped in Mt. Adams, as I’m sure the Cincinnati Police would be less-than-thrilled with tents strewn around that part of town.

Terry and Denny became integral parts of my research. With their help and the help of some long-time UCMC members still here in Cincinnati, I contacted several of the original members using email. I created a questionnaire and sent it to them this summer. Terry and Denny are the only two who have returned that questionnaire so far and that’s where I got most of the information for this article.. Terry (who still lives in Denver) and Denny Connors (who lives in Wisconsin) both have families. They not only stayed active in outdoor activities, they passed their love of the outdoors to their children, who are now of college age themselves. In fact, Denny’s son sounds interested in forming a club similar to UCMC at Georgia Tech. If he does, maybe one of the traditions he starts there will be a chart of who’s who, so future members can see how their club started.



Two wild and crazy guys

Terry and Denny shared numerous stories of their adventures with me. The stories share a similarity to many of the trips UCMC members plan today. It’s Wednesday evening and someone wants to go somewhere. That person decides where they want to go, asks others to come along, they all decide who is going to drive, how long they can afford to be away from work and school, and off they go. Except for the major treks which require prior training (such as the trip several club members made to Mt. McKinley in 1997), club members are still quite spontaneous.

I found yet another common theme between today’s club members and the original members. Most students lack sufficient funds to do all they want to do, such as travel and buy gear.

“We were all equipment freaks, but lacked sufficient funds to buy much,” Terry recalls.

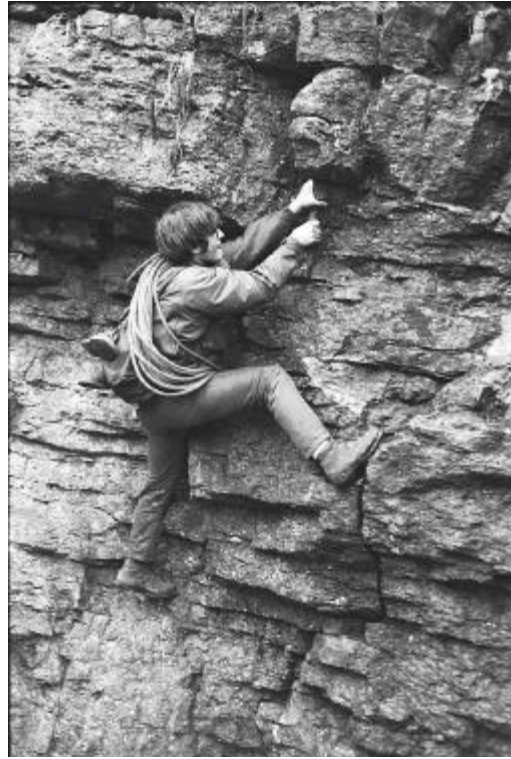
According to Terry, the first gear arrived late Winter quarter, 1972, not quite a year after their initial discussions at Seneca Rocks.. The order included a rope, carabiners, pitons, webbing, and a helmet or two. Terry ordered the equipment using his REI member number. The gear arrived , just as the seniors were trying to finish their final projects. They had little time to use the new equipment, but I know they relish the fact that their club thrived.

Gerry, Denny, and Terry are absolutely amazed that the club they and their friends formed, became one of the largest student groups at UC. UCMC’s 140+ members and dozens of former members literally spans the globe. The UCMC “family” continues to support each other. Former members welcome newer members into their homes because they know how tight students’ budgets are. Such camaraderie allows students to travel the world climbing mountains, hiking the backcountry, paddling the whitewater, and viewing eclipses, among other pursuits. These trips continue to be our escape from our everyday lives.

Terry Barnhart summed up UCMC trips in one sentence. “Our trips cemented our friendships.” That tradition continues to this day.

So much of what college students learn while at college takes years to actually sink in. We must first grow up some and experience the world. But we should never forget the power that comes from a team of people striving toward a common goal. It’s that teamwork that created UCMC. It’s that teamwork that will help Denny’s son create the Georgia Tech Mountaineering Club and it’s that team work that has kept UCMC alive for almost 30 years.

I hope you've enjoyed this first article on the beginnings of the UC Mountaineering Club. While I had no idea what I was getting into when I started this project, I thoroughly enjoyed working on it and look forward to continue research. I have pages and pages of stories from Terry and Denny. Gerry Papania promises to send me more and I hope to get even more stories from the other members as yet unknown to me. This project is truly a work in progress, so look for more articles about how UCMC has developed over its 30 years.



Above left:
Rappelling through the trees

Above right:
Denny Connors free-soloing

Left:
The easy way across the river

Below:
Jay Budde doing it the hard way



Fall at Red River Gorge

by Anthony Sanders vice-president of UC Earth Co.

Red River Gorge is the tri-states premiere camping, rock climbing and rappelling location. It is located only two hours from Cincinnati and is an easy weekend trip. To get there go south on I-75 until Lexington. Then go east on I-64. Drive until Mountain Parkway exit and go south, this highway goes through Daniel Boone National Forest where Red River Gorge is located. Get off at the Slade exit. Turn left and you're on Kentucky State Route 77 that goes to most destinations at the Gorge. It is recommended to get a guidebook, or a guide will be needed, and methodically visit all of the arches, caves, cliffs and rivers at the gorge.



Although Red River Gorge is a relatively small park the unique glacial melt-off geology creates truly stunning micro-regions deserving the respect of any nature lover. Natural Bridge is the largest natural arch in the world. There are many other arches as well. They are quite sturdy and it is possible to walk across them or even camp. **

The rock shelters are one of the most hospitable things about Red River Gorge. In almost every cliff in the Gorge there are accessible overhangs that will keep campers and campfires dry even in the heaviest of thunderstorms. However, one does need to be careful. There have been all too many incidences of people falling off cliffs to serious injury or death. **

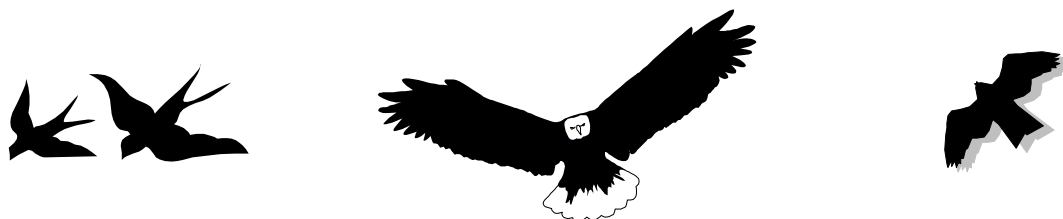
There is one cave at the Gorge near Moonshiners Arch, where the moonshiners stored their hooch. It takes about half of an hour to get through the tunnel and requires a little bit of climbing but it is passable with dogs and small children.

The Adena Indians, the tribe that constructed Serpent Mound, spent several hundred years in the Gorge hunting bison, deer and birds; camping underneath the shelter of these ledges. They have left us with Indian Staircase, a rock ledge by the Gladie Creek Ranger Station that has hand and footholds carved into a cliff face. It has great acoustics and there is one campsite on the ledge that boasts a rock bubble, named the OM dome, in the ceiling that one can wedge a log in and chant mantras or play the drum with great effect.

Red River Gorge is the hottest camping spot in the region even in the winter months. Those students interested in taking part in an organized trip that will clean up a section of trail and go rappelling should call Cailin of the Earth Company at 556-6014, ride and camping gear can be provided with advance notice.

Stay dry, warm and walking the Earth; Fall Gorgeous.

****Editor's note:** Although the top of an arch is a very scenic place to pitch a tent, a few years ago, an *experienced* hiker and camper took a fatal fall off Gray's Arch at night after setting up camp. In general, it is not a good idea to camp at the top of a cliff or an arch.



Trad Geezer Goes Sport

by Bill "Captain Static" Strachan

Here we escape the sweltering heat of summer for the sanctuary of air conditioning. To a place where the pounding beat of techno fills the room. After warming up we get down to some serious business. I start out the severe overhang, turn my body into a bomb undercling, grab the pinch just below the lip, and then throw for the phat sloper. But no, my hand slides and I fall into the pile of mattresses. I lay there draining, recovering, watching Jennifer and Lynnette work their problems. Finally, I get back to business. Grab the pinch, throw. Yes! I stick the sloper, reach sideways and gaston a marginal hold, step up and grab the finishing jug. Back to the mattresses I lose myself in the techno beat. Total climbing immersion, bouldering for timeless hours in a ten by twelve room, walls and ceiling plastered with plastic holds and colored tape to mark the routes.

When I first started climbing, people still pounded pins and clean pro consisted of machine nuts with the threads ground out hung on slings. I grew up in the Seneca trad school and went on to do numerous multi-pitch mountain routes out west. When indoor climbing and sport climbing hit the scene, at first I said it was BS. But the drive to climb as much as possible was too great and I gradually succumbed. Not to say that I don't still get in a trad climb or a mountain here and there. It is just that now I can fill the spaces between with another type of climbing.

Footwork and body movement lessons learned from intensive bouldering are translated to leading in the gym. I reach up and turn into a manky pinch. Backstep right, high step left, ease up slow and steady catching the thin, sloping ledge. Reach down, make the clip, breathe. Feet up on wafer thin edges, pull in and balance, reaching to stick the next hold. I finally get the redpoint on this hard 5.11 route called Projecto y Juan Carlos.

Now the temperatures have moderated and the training on plastic can be put to good use outdoors. Torrent Falls was once a resort with a large amphitheater and outdoor dance floor. One can hardly tell now. It is overgrown with trees and rhododendron and looks like any other place in Red River Gorge. At the base of the cliff a group of guys speak in a foreign language. Is that Puerto Rican? No, it turns out they are from Bulgaria and Yugoslavia. Some of them are brothers and their mother, watching at the base of the cliff, is a refugee from the war in Kosovo. Seeing people from all over the world is now so common at Red River Gorge it doesn't surprise me any more.

Shut down at the last clip on my current project, Centerfire, I relax, belay for others, and gather my strength back. Finally, it is time again. Jeff, my belayer, doesn't like people whimping out on leading. I know I can get this! I work up steadily through the preliminaries and cop two good rests. Then I move up into the first crux. Locking into a mono pocket with my right hand, I slowly ease up to grab a thin crimp left and then move my right hand up again to a solid thank god pocket. I work up below a buldge and the next crux. I shake and get as much rest as possible. The pine scent smell near the top is calming. Jeff shouts up words of encouragement. Left hand sunk in a iron oxide tube pocket, I back step right, turn and high step right. Reaching down, I grab the rope and barely make the clip. Edging up over the overhanging buldge, I reach some better hand holds, high step right into a solid toe pocket and grab the jugs by the anchors. I have just redpointed my first 5.11c sport climb! The celebratory brew at the car is now well deserved. At 44 I am climbing harder than ever. That's what can happen when geezers go sport!



The UCMC Oink Squadron

Expedition: The Marathon

Larry Bortner



“Are you still running?” Chuck asked over his beer at Daniel’s, the last Wednesday of 1998.

“When I can. I’ve been thinking about running the Flying Pig.” May 9th was a little over four months away. I tend to procrastinate more than most people, but you want to allow at least three months to get in shape for a marathon, so the time to make a decision was looming.

“If you get your money in by midnight tomorrow, you can save ten bucks.”

Another consideration. But still... Forty bucks to run a marathon? Ouch. Procrastination rules the next 24 hours and no check is written. A couple of weeks later (Another Wednesday night. Can you name the venue?), I spot Chuck talking with Jeannie. A few minutes later she comes over to my table.

“We’re going to get a bunch of club members together to run the marathon and you’re going to be our coach. This is going to be fun!”

Right. Does she have any idea what she’s getting into? Jeannie is a natural athlete and a very successful career woman. I had helped her train for and successfully climb Mount Rainier several years ago (despite her, uh, gastrointestinal distress above ten thousand feet). If she put her mind to it, I had no doubt she would finish a marathon. Things like this seem to come easy for her.

I had run a couple of marathons before, maybe fifteen and twenty years ago. (All right, I’m an old-timer, perhaps no longer blessed with the attitudes and proclivities and fire of a typical college student, but you may be here some day, if you’re not already.) I finished both races in the same time of three hours and fifty-two minutes, a decent time but nowhere near the Boston qualifying time. I had hit the wall hard in both of them and I still remember the pain, which has been a strong barrier to running another one. But this was the inaugural running of a major Cincinnati race. Maybe things would be different this time.

So I took Jeannie’s assignment seriously. I spent an afternoon (and lots of money) at Bob Roncker’s Running Spot, getting new shoes and running apparel and some books. I drew up a thirteen-week training plan for finishing the 26-mile 385-yard course, inserting regular walking intervals into the long runs. Traditional training for a marathon consists of building up your mileage to 50-mile plus weeks. This is fine if you’re really into it, but it can be daunting to the first-timer, which includes most of the club members who were thinking about running the marathon: Chuck, Jeannie, Bill, Ted and Kristi. Over-training is the cause of most long distance running injuries, so the plan I came up with was one with minimal mileage: thirty- to forty-five-minute runs during the week and a big training day on the weekend. This big day alternated between a long run, an intermediate run, and a fast three-mile run.

Let me interject something about training club members. By our nature we are very independent. We will listen to the experienced of us who clearly know what’s going on in terms of skill. Climbing, rafting, backpacking, caving, etc. — many of the techniques and procedures are rooted in safety concerns and if we don’t pay heed to pronouncements of the leader, we or people we are with could end up injured or worse. We do have common sense even if we’re pushing the edge. But if the one in charge becomes too dictatorial, demanding instead of suggesting, we give them a dirty look and tune them out.

Thus the plan I came up with was by no means mandatory. I gave it to those who expressed the slightest question as to how to go about training. I had regular runs on Tuesdays, Thursday, and Saturdays. If they didn’t show up, I would ask how their running was progressing, try to nudge them to stick to the program, and leave it at that.

Like climbing a mountain, running a marathon is largely mental. The time I climbed Mt. Rainier with Jeannie, we climbed with two other club members who had moved away from Cincinnati. I had sent them both training plans, stressing cardiovascular fitness. (Run a lot before you show up at the mountain.) Both showed up overweight and out of shape. At 12,000 feet, Don couldn't go any farther; he gave up. Dave surprisingly made it to the summit, more by the dint of his strong will than all the extra calories he had stored. I salute him. (So much for training, eh?)

We started training the last Saturday in January at the Lunken bike trail, about a six-mile loop. Two laps, cold, a little wind, endless asphalt before you. It was hard, but we made it. Tuesdays and Thursdays at 6 p.m. we would meet at the Riverchase Apartments parking lot in Newport to run a four-mile loop along the Riverwalk, through Covington, across the Suspension Bridge, along 4th Street and across the Central Bridge. Chuck ran with us once or twice and it was too early for Ted and Kristi; these people would meet and run in the Hyde Park area. Jeannie and Dick and Sean and myself were the River Regulars. Brian was with us the first couple of months but we couldn't get him to commit to the marathon.

Running is inherently a solitary activity. It's just you and the road and your legs and your heart. You have to make the decision to take that first step out the door. But the more memorable running experiences will be with other people, be it a race, or as with the Oink Squadron, a training run. Like our 15-mile run along the Loveland bike trail on a warm (for early March) Saturday morning.

Ted, Dick, and Sean took off at their own pace and were soon out of sight. Keeping an eye on my watch, I would yell, "Walk!" every ten minutes, then "Run!" after a minute. It was difficult keeping people in rein at the start—you want to run as fast as you can and those of us who have run long distance before have this indoctrination against stopping. But we started getting into the rhythm of it, even looking forward to that ninth minute. After about ten or eleven miles, I changed it to running eight minutes and walking two. The last few miles, I was feeling good, feeling strong. I left the other five behind me and finished in a little over three hours, twenty to thirty minutes behind the first three and five to ten minutes ahead of the others. It was the farthest many of us had run before. It was hard, but I think easier running with a group, with others encouraging you and easing you through the rough spots.

I spent a week down in Florida at the end of March, visiting the Wielands, a married couple and their children who had been active club members several years ago. I ran along the beach every day, getting in a planned eighteen-miler. I don't think anybody else who was on the training program got that run in.

Our next planned long run was a twenty-miler. From studying the map, I realized that we could start at the Central Bridge in Newport and follow the marathon route from mile 5 to mile 24, then run back across the bridge to finish where we started for close to 20 miles even. Chuck and Jeannie were out of town. Ted and Kristi and I started out a little after 8 a.m. and met Sean and Dick speeding across the bridge. They had left Dick's truck with water and Gatorade at a Lunken parking lot at about the 14-mile spot. Getting up and leaving the truck and getting to Riverchase by eight o'clock on a Saturday morning is a bit much to ask of anyone. They caught up with us running after a few miles and quickly passed us.

The three of us had a few bathroom stops but didn't stop for liquids or quick energy boosts (i.e., sugar-laced sustenance). Dick's truck and the stash of Gatorade was a shining oasis. Kristi started fading the last few miles. Ted kept pace with me then finally dropped back to encourage Kristi. I finished strong, in a little over four hours. I was keeping to my own training plan, figuring on a marathon finishing time of between five and five-and-a-half hours.

Long-time training like this is a subset of your life. Some days you feel good, some days you get things done no matter how you feel, some days it would have been better to stay in bed. You will be training on any one of these days. You go on.

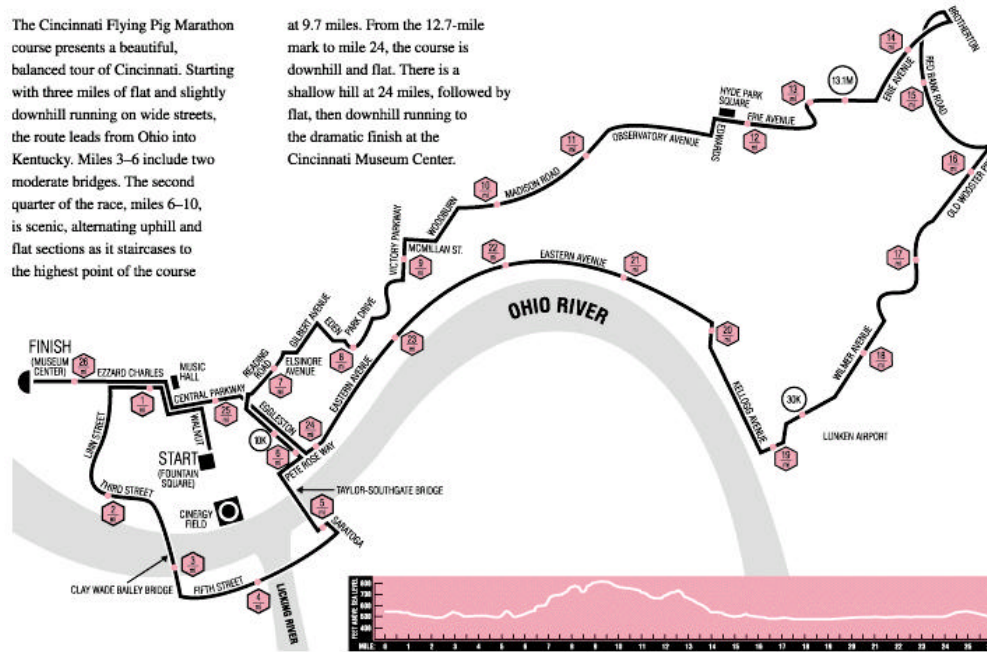
May 9th, race day, dawn. Well, it starts to get light. They want us at the starting line staging area at 6 a.m. on a Sunday morning, while it's still pretty dark. We leave our bags with a change of clothes and other personal stuff to be transported to the finish line at Union Terminal. The starting gun goes off at 7:00 a.m. A few minutes later I cross the starting line and a special mat and with this neat little chip tied in my shoelaces, my marathon time begins.

I'm feeling OK. I had carbo-loaded the last few nights to store up glycogen for the run. I try keeping to the 9-minute run, 1-minute walk, but settle into running between water stops that were located about every mile then walking while I sip water or the sport drink. Running across the Ohio on the Clay Wade Bailey Bridge into Covington in the golden early morning light is absolutely fantastic. The Eden Park overlook at mile 10 is spectacular. People are lined along the route, yelling and applauding. There is a bucket brigade (5-gallon buckets and recycling bins used as drums), several rock bands, a barbershop quartet chorus, a jug band playing, "In Heaven there is no beer..." and a high school band. The route through Hyde Park is just packed with onlookers.

the course

The Cincinnati Flying Pig Marathon course presents a beautiful, balanced tour of Cincinnati. Starting with three miles of flat and slightly downhill running on wide streets, the route leads from Ohio into Kentucky. Miles 3-6 include two moderate bridges. The second quarter of the race, miles 6-10, is scenic, alternating uphill and flat sections as it staircases to the highest point of the course

at 9.7 miles. From the 12.7-mile mark to mile 24, the course is downhill and flat. There is a shallow hill at 24 miles, followed by flat, then downhill running to the dramatic finish at the Cincinnati Museum Center.



I pass Bill and Chuck at the halfway point, still feeling pretty good. (Almost) all downhill from here. If I can keep this pace, I can finish under five hours. I stop at 15 miles to stretch out the legs a bit. Big mistake. The tightness I feel is from the buildup of lactic acid; stretching won't help. I'm slowing down, starting to feel the pain. I stop at mile 17 to smear a gob of Vaseline on a hot spot on my foot. This is a major operation, requiring removal of a shoe and sock, application of petrolatum, and putting the sock and shoe back on (in the right order). With the aforesaid lactic acid excess, it is hard to easily move parts of the lower half of the body. Mission accomplished, I continue running (trotting? trudging?).

There are a couple of stops on Wilmer Avenue alongside Lunken Field that offer Power Gel in addition to the liquids. I take several packets. Foul-tasting stuff, but it's supposed to give you an energy boost (sorely needed by me at this point). I make it to the 20-mile point and give up, partially. The pain is just too great and I start walking. Shortly I am passed by Chuck and Kristi and Bill, seemingly in good spirits. I, on the other hand, am not in a good mood. I try to be supportive, to give them encouragement, but everything comes out as a snarl.

I walk for long stretches along Eastern Avenue, run a bit, walk some more. Intellectually I know that the pain will be there whether I run or not, so it would be better to keep on running to get things over with quicker. I just can't

do it. There are few spots along the road for spectators to congregate and cheers are sparse. The other runners are in just as much pain as I and are not as talkative as at the beginning. Heads are down. You concentrate on putting one foot in front of the other. It is late morning, the temperature is in the 70's, and there is little wind. We are baking from the sun and our own generated heat.

At mile 24 a woman from my dance troupe recognizes me in surprise and yells a few words that pump me up. Hey, it's not so bad. Another couple of miles or so. I can do two miles in my sleep. Hah! Those are two long, excruciating miles, longer than the last two coming down off a 21-hour climb on the Grand Teton, longer than crawling out of Wolf River Cave by myself with half a map. I am down on myself, stewing in my own juices. Why am I doing this? I silently curse myself and my parents for spawning such a worthless human being. I, the mighty, confident athlete who had run sub-four-hour marathons before, would not break five hours for this one. I try to accept the congratulatory prodding of spectators, but my smiles are grimaces and I have no energy to speak.

The end is near. I pick up the pace. (They shut off the race timer at 5¹/₂ hours.) I cross the finish line at 5:17, the last of the UCMC group. We all had run a complete marathon; Ted, Sean, Dick, Chuck, Bill, Jeannie, Kristi, and myself. Amazing. Dick and Sean yell at me from the side. Most of the group were together, resting in the shade. Bill was in the medical tent, getting intravenous fluids.

Bill had not trained at all for the marathon. He plays soccer, but he had not gone out on any long runs because of leg injuries. He was out most of the night before at Jammin' on Main and had a major hangover the morning of the race. He decided to go down to the start to turn his chip in, then figured since he was there, he should run maybe the first mile or so. Running with Chuck, Chuck kept egging him on and Bill kept running, all the way to the end.

How would I compare running a marathon to climbing a major mountain like Mt. Rainier? Both are major undertakings. You'd better be in decent shape. You have more time to climb a mountain, although you'd better be heading down after noon because that's when the weather starts moving in. Also, you want to be finished climbing up a glacier before it starts melting. Your power output will typically be higher for a marathon; that is, your energy expenditure per unit time is higher. You probably expend more total energy climbing a mountain. Recovery is quicker after mountain climbing. I could barely move after the marathon and I had to go down stairs backwards for a couple of days because of muscular tightness. Coming down off a major peak, you are energized for weeks. The scenery is better on a mountain. You are more dependent on a climbing team.

When you run a marathon, you are through with your endeavor at the finish line. Once you get to the top of a mountain, you still have to come down. If you are injured on a marathon or just want to bail out, there is a medical van or a sag wagon to take care of you. On a mountain, you still have to come down. You hope somebody you are climbing with has taken the Wilderness First Responder Course.

On the whole, I'd rather climb a mountain. This is not to denigrate runners or to steer you away from trying a marathon. Right now, the scale tips towards the mountains for me. I can do all of my training for a marathon right here and in the case of the Flying Pig, run it here. A mountain requires vacation time and getting to the mountain. Then you hope the weather cooperates. For you, why not do both?

There were about 6000 people who signed up to run the Flying Pig, 60% of whom were first-timers. From the records that I saw, less than 4000 showed up for the race and finished it. For the UCMC subset, 75% were first-timers and 100% finished. Congratulations to Chuck, Bill, Jeannie, Sean, Dick, Ted and Kristi. Who's up for the Flying Pig 2000?



October

Sun

Mon

Tue

Wed

Thu

Fri

Sat

1

2

3

Birthday-
Bobber

4

5

6

meeting
Open
House

7

Birthdays-
Renee &
Jeremy

8

9

Ocoee
whitewater

10

Ocoee
whitewater

11

12

13

meeting
Jeremy-
Packing a
pack

14

Climbing
Course
Lecture

15

16

Climbing
Course

17

Climbing
Course

18

19

20

meeting
Paige-
slides at
Benchmark

21

22

Bridge Day
23
Backpack-
ing Course

24

Backpack-
ing Course

25

26

27

meeting
Sean-
Basic 1st
Aid

28

29

30

Robert-
Caving

31

Halloween

1999

November

Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
	1	2	3 meeting	4 Birthday Bob M.	5	6 Nate- Caving
7	8	9	10 meeting	11 Veteran's Day	12	Kiddie Climbing
14 Anne- Women's backpack course	15	16	17 meeting How to coil ropes	18	19	13 Anne - Women's backpack course
21 Ted Backpack- ing	22	23	24 meeting	25 Thanks- giving	26	20 Ted- Backpack- ing
28	29	30				27

1999

December

Sun

Mon

Tue

Wed

Thu

Fri

Sat

1

2

3

4

meeting

Tent Care

5

6

7

8

9

10

11

E

X

A

M

S

12

13

14

15

16

17

18

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Christmas

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31

1999

Backpacking: Olympic National Park August 17-20, 1998

When preparing for a big trip, there is always some anxiety, excitement, and anticipation. Sometimes, you may feel like your job and other responsibilities are piling up at the last minute, and that this isn't the best time to leave for a long vacation. This of course only contributes to more anxiety and usually a bad start to your trip until you get into vacation mode, if you ever do. Other times everything just falls into place, it is a perfect time to take off, and no matter how hard you try to think about the problems at (home/work/school) you quickly find that you're on vacation and digging it.

I would have to say this trip was of the second type. Work was slowing down a bit and I had at least two weeks' vacation to use. Mid-to-late August was looking like a great time to take off, and the usual Cinci-nasty summer weather was causing me to dream of cooler mountain climates. I had been thinking about a trip to the Pacific Northwest for some time, and finally decided that this was going to be the year. I found a few people interested in a backpacking trip to the Pacific Northwest, and as they say, the rest is history.

We did the research, found some relatively inexpensive airfares, and made our lofty plans. We would fly into Portland, stay with Matt and Susan (former UCMC members now living in Vancouver, Washington), and then head off to the Olympic peninsula for some wilderness. After a week of "walking" (Australian for backpacking), camping, and beach combing, we would check out Seattle for a few days and then plan some day trips for the second week. I always wanted to see Olympic National Park, known for its ecological diversity, so the highlight would be a 4-day backpacking trip in the rain forest and lower mountains, with another small trip to the coastal part of the park. After about a week on the peninsula, we would head to Seattle to check out the town, and then stay with Kevin's sister for a few days while we figured out what else we could do. One of the selling points for choosing Olympic was the National Park Service's own description of the park:

Often referred to as "three parks in one", Olympic National Park encompasses three distinctly different ecosystems -- rugged glacier capped mountains, over 60 miles of wild Pacific coast and magnificent stands of old-growth and temperate rain forest. These diverse ecosystems are still largely pristine in character (about 95% of the park is designated wilderness) and are Olympic's gift to you.

Olympic is also known for its biological diversity. Isolated for eons by glacial ice, the waters of Puget Sound and the Strait of Juan de Fuca, the Olympic Peninsula has developed its own distinct array of plants and animals. Eight kinds of plants and five kinds of animals are found on the peninsula and live nowhere else in the world.

- Day One, or "So you're from Australia Mate!"

The day and a half spent with Matt is pretty much a blur now, but for those of you that know him, let me assure you he has not changed much at all. I guess the only difference I did notice was that instead of doing a lot of backpacking, Matt now owns a camper-trailer. Kevin and Michael, the other two members of the trip, did not know Matt before but soon took a liking to him with his outgoing personality and sense of humor. Soon Michael and Matt were talking about Australia, Michael's homeland and a place of fond memories for Matt, who had visited a few years ago. It looks like he's already looking forward to another trip there in a few years and may hook up with Michael if he's living back there again. We were able to make a quick run down to the Columbia Gorge to check out one of the many waterfalls, then headed back to Vancouver to check out one of the local brew pubs. The food was OK, but the beer was great. If this was any indication of the local beers that awaited us, we were in heaven! Of course the microbrewery / brewpub craze started in the Pacific Northwest, so we would not have trouble finding a good ale.

- Day two, “Off to the Wilderness”

For the backpacking phase, I chose a 25-mile loop hike in the North Fork Quinault River area, which would encompass a fine example of Olympic’s temperate rain forest, sub-alpine meadows, and some good mountain views. It would be a bit of a hump, with over 3,500 feet gain in altitude in one day, but it looked good on paper and was fairly short. There was also a good chance of seeing black bear, Roosevelt elk, and to a lesser extent, cougar and other wildlife.

We started our trek on Sunday afternoon after a brief stop at the ranger station. The mist turned into a light drizzle after about 15 minutes into the hike, so we stopped to put on the rain gear. After about five minutes it stopped, and despite being in the rain forest, we didn’t see another drop of rain the rest of the trip! The first night’s camp was at Irely Lake, a dried-up pond that must only be a lake after the Spring runoff. I would not recommend staying here, due to the lack of good campsites and the number of mosquitoes, but we did have one highlight – a multitude of little toads hopping around camp at night.

- Day Three, “The Hump”

Monday was the uphill day. We started the day out at 500’ and Three Lakes camp is at about 3,800’. We were heading up the Big Creek trail to Three Lakes (which should really be called Three Ponds) and encountered some of the biggest evergreen trees you will see anywhere, as well as all the moss and other plant life the rain forest is known for at the lower elevations. It also had a carpeting of the biggest three-leaf clovers I have ever seen, our first encounter with a banana slug, and a variety of fungi. After about three to four hours we noticed the plant life changing as we had gained some altitude. By the time we got to Three Lakes, we were in the sub-alpine meadows and basically out of the rain forest. We pitched camp as the sun was receding and saw the first black bear of the trip, eating berries behind one of the three “lakes”. He slowly made his way out of sight, not worrying much about us watching him.

Did I mention the berries? Ever since about the 2,000-foot level, we were hiking through a tunnel of blue huckleberry bushes, with some red and black huckleberry bushes mixed in. Whenever we stopped for a water break, we would find ourselves munching on a handful. The huckleberry, for the uninitiated, is very similar to the blueberry, in both looks and taste, except more tart. At camp we were still surrounded by them so we had to have huckleberry pancakes for breakfast in the morning.

- Day Four, “Onward and Upward”

After the leisurely pancake breakfast, we packed up and headed up the Skyline Route towards Three Prune camp, named because some early explorers got stuck here with only three prunes each for dinner. This brought us past our cutover trail by about two miles, and up close to 5,000 feet. It was a spectacular campsite with a great view facing the sunrise. I should mention that we only saw one other group of backpackers this day and our second bear. Again the bear seemed less surprised to see us than we were of him, and soon made his way off into the bushes before we could get a picture.

After setting up camp, we headed further up the Skyline route (not a maintained trail, just a “route”) to see if there were any other good views. We soon found out why it is called a route, as there were downed trees, treacherous cliffs, and thick brush that we had not encountered on the other trails. Nevertheless, the views were spectacular and well worth the extra hike.

- Day Five, “Take Me to the River”

From Three Prune, we headed back down the Skyline route to the Elip Loop trail, a trail that connects the Three Lakes / Skyline Route to the North Fork Quinault River trail. By the time we got down to the campsite at Halfway House, we were almost as sore and tired from going downhill as we were from going uphill two days earlier. On the

way down we saw another bear, and Michael saw one when he was off by himself, for a total of four sightings.

The Halfway House campsite is at the old halfway point of the North Fork Quinault trail. Since the road has pushed the trailhead in much further than originally, this is no longer the case, and there is no house anymore either. The river itself was a pleasant surprise. Since the map shows the trail as basically flat, we expected a wide open, slow-moving, unspectacular river. Instead we were greeted with perhaps the clearest blue water we've ever seen, cascading down a boulder-strewn riverbed with a lot of character. Surrounded by dense forest, it was not a boring little river at all. We later learned that this river is also the only spawning stream for a rare type of blue salmon.

When nightfall came, I decided this was the night to sleep outside. My original plan was to crash right down near the river but the water was a little loud so I ended up just outside of the tent. Little did I know that there would be louder sounds in camp! Since we saw so many bears and were being very careful to hang our food, I was a little paranoid about sleeping out to begin with. When I awoke in the middle of the night to someone screaming incoherently in camp, I naturally thought there was a bear. After fumbling for my flashlight, I shined it around camp, desperately seeking for the hungry black bear. Not only did I not see a bear, but I also couldn't see who could have been screaming. Michael and Kevin were stirring in the tent so I asked them if they heard the guy screaming in camp. As it turned out, it was just Michael having a bad dream and trying to find his way out of the tent in his sleep. Apparently he wanted out of there pretty badly before he came to and realized where he was.

The hike out was fairly uneventful, but thankfully flat. We made it to the trailhead and the rented SUV as planned, with just a few stops along the way. All in all a great loop hike, and highly recommended.

Ratings (1-5)

Difficulty:	3.0 (higher if you're out of shape or a beginner)
Views:	4.5 (the only thing that could have improved the views was more altitude)
Variety of terrain:	4.5 (very diverse hike)
Flora/Fauna:	4.0 (would have been higher if we saw some elk)
Overall hike:	4.3 (good intro hike for Olympic National Park)

- The Rest of the Trip – A Brief Summary

After the backpacking phase of the trip, we headed towards the coast, a strip of which is also in the National Park. Unfortunately we had to drive through some clearcuts to get there. Rialto Beach – great sunset. Camped at a nearby park campground and then headed up to the far northwest corner of the continental U.S. for another overnight hike the next day. Cape Alava is a three-mile hike through the coastal rainforest on a boardwalk to get to the beach campsites. The deer and (unfortunately) raccoons are not afraid of you. You can hike up one boardwalk and then down the beach a few miles, and back on a different boardwalk trail. Besides the wildlife, tide pools, and rock formations, we were also lucky to find some petroglyphs. If you ever consider camping here, make your reservations well in advance, as they are required and the “campsites” are usually full. Although you can camp anywhere along the beach, there are only so many viable sites and the park service is trying to prevent overuse.

After Cape Alava, we made a quick stop up to Hurricane Ridge, and then left the peninsula behind us as we headed to Seattle. Beer, a hostel, coffee, the underground tour, bars, and a plane ride, that's about what I remember from Seattle. Then we went back across the sound to stay with Kevin's relatives for a few days before doing a day hike on the Wonderland Trail on Mount Rainier (Spray Falls).

Overall trip rating: 8 out of 10 huckleberries.

Trip Leader: Bob Masters
Trip members: Kevin Goff, Michael Fowler

Eclipse-chasing in Europe

by Steve Nieman

This trip started on February 26, 1998. Robert Sexton, Bridget Shoe, Bob Masters, and I had traveled to Venezuela to see the solar eclipse. With perfect conditions, we saw day turn into dusk in moments, and saw Venus, Mercury, and Jupiter come out in the middle of the day. We were hooked! We knew what part of the world we would be in on August 11, 1999. Over the next year and a half, we planned (okay, Robert and Bobber planned) the places to go and where to stay. We picked up three more traveling companions, and broke into two groups. The first group consisted of Robert, Bridget, me, and Marcy Avrett. The second group was made of Bobber, Bill Abplanalp, and Brian Matthews (hereafter referred to as B3). We flew over separately, and met up at a few hotels along the way. Following is the saga of the European Vacation!

Our plane is scheduled to leave on Thursday, August 5, at 4:30 in the afternoon. Running late and worrying that I am going to piss everyone off at the beginning of the trip, I arrive at 444 at quarter after 3 to find Bridget alone. She calmly says that Robert is running late and will call when he gets back to his place! After I pick my jaw up off the floor, I say we will go to Robert's so that we are ready as soon as possible. Bridget asks John to shuttle us, which is a brilliant idea that saves us money and – more importantly – time. After dropping John's car back at my apartment, we get over to Robert's as he is picking up the phone to call 444, and Marcy is shoving clothes, etc. into his bag. We all carry his stuff out to the car, and come back to find Robert wondering "where is Clara?" (one of his cats). After a frantic search outside, we find Clara behind the couch (big sigh of relief!) Alright! We can get underway! "Oh, do we want to take along some of these books?" Robert asked. (Only 50 minutes to go till flight time.) We finally get underway, only to realize that it is the middle of rush hour now.

Fortunately, things go smooth the rest of the way to the airport, everyone survives my frantic driving (though my panic grips probably have major dents now) and we get there about a half-hour before the flight. Baggage check rushes us through, and we get to the gate in time – to find out that the flight is delayed a half-hour. Ahhh, the stress finally begins to melt away. Of course, we are not in a hurry to board now, so Robert runs to find the 5/3 machine. After we have waited about 15 minutes, the gate attendant asks if we are a party of four. It seems they are just waiting for us! After Robert gets back, we get in our seats – to wait for clearance to go to the runway. (Are you sensing a pattern yet?) After a few minutes, we pull out, get in the air, and have a nice flight to New York (JFK airport). At JFK, we find our way over to our connecting gate, browse the shops (we have a 1-1/2 hour layover), and have a seat. We then find out that our plane was delayed getting into Boston because of a storm, and we will be delayed for an as yet to be determined time. Ok, we have plenty of guidebooks to read. Our flight was due out at 8:20; we left about midnight. Definitely, a pattern developing here, that seems to stay with us the rest of the trip. This plane is a 767, as was the plane from Cincinnati. These planes have an interesting feature. There are multiple video screens that display, alternately, our overall flight path, what is near us on our flight path, and stats about our flight (speed, altitude, est. time of arrival,...). Very interesting, especially since the outside temperature reads -65° . After dinner, I take a shot of Nyquil (yes, I am starting yet another trip with a cold) and go to sleep as the movie is starting.



I wake up as the plane is south of Ireland (too bad I am on the south side of the plane) and they are serving breakfast. Unfortunately, it clouds up as we approach the mainland, and we do not get to see much. Fortunately, I get directions from Robert at this time to his mother's place in Koln (Cologne). As I finish, I look out and realize that the clouds have broken, and there is a big river below. The flight map shows that we are approaching the East coast of England, having already passed London (damn). We go out over the North Sea, and see several oil tankers and a few oilrigs. As we go in over The Netherlands, we see beautiful farm fields a couple of dikes stretching into the sea from a river, and a few wind generators.

When we land at Schiphol airport, we do not have a gate because we are so late. A shuttle bus drops us off at the terminal, we go through the airport, get our passports stamped, pick up our gear, and we are through. That was customs? We all get some cash at the Amro (local term for a bank, we think) and I find out that my ATM card does work in Europe. We then go to try to figure out the train schedules. After some consternation as to what to do, we simply go up to the counter and ask in English, and have no problem. We all catch the train to Amsterdam Centraal Station, where Marcy and I quickly have a connection to Haarlem. Bridget and Robert will be going directly to Koln, and Marcy and I will catch up with them there the next day.

When we get to Haarlem, we use the Lonely Planet Guide Book's map to find our hotel. On the way, we pass through the "Grotemarkt," or Town Square. Marcy suddenly says, "Look!" and points across the square. There we see the Hotel Amadeus – B3's hotel. We go across and start in the door and the large, disheveled, non-Scandinavian looking guy sitting next to the door asks what we want. When we tell him we are looking for our friends, he whips out a phone and calls the room. After he tells us there was no response, we ask to leave a message. He essentially tells us that he won't do it. As we leave, Marcy dubs him Bruno. We continue on through town, past many charming old buildings, along a canal, and find our hotel towards the newer side of town. We check in with no problems, and head to our room. The room is very small – two twin beds pushed together, with about 2 feet on either side and about 4 feet at the end. The bathroom was split in two – shower and sink in one, toilet in the other. After showers in the tiny shower room, we both drift off for a two-hour nap.

After we wake, we attempt to call B3 (Bobber, Bill, and Brian) at Hotel Amadeus. Bruno answers and rings their room. Since they were not in, I asked to leave a message. He said that would be difficult. Having never heard that response before, I asked why, to which he replied that he was outside. Hmm, European travel will be different than I am used to. Time for dinner with or without them. After dinner, we wandered around town and enjoyed looking in the windows of all the closed shops (everything closes at 5:00), before stopping back at the hotel. As we approach the hotel, we almost are run over by a bicyclist, who yells at us. Oh, the recessed part of the sidewalk must be a bicycle path! Turns out that bicycle paths are very popular here. We stopped back at the hotel and wrote a note for B3, went back and left it on the door leading to the rooms (Bruno wasn't there to keep us out this time). We went to a pub for a little while, enjoying the local beer, and not so local entertainment. A couple of young street entertainers from The States played a guitar and a bongo, singing some Beatles songs, and other familiar music. After we left the square, we wandered down a side street, and noticed bubbles coming from a sign up the alley. The sign was for a place called The Stalker Club, with a heavy dance beat drifting out the door. We also noticed a red light further down the street, but we did not investigate that. We finally went back to the hotel about 12:30 and crashed.



Of course, we got a late start the next morning. We set the alarm for 8:30, but lingered in bed until almost 9:00. We checked out of the hotel at 10:30, and found the Strippenkarten (bus tickets) in the post office. Finding the bus stop was a little more of a challenge, until we finally saw the sign with the bus on it right in front of us! They conveniently had the times on the pole. The drive was beautiful, along canals and tree lined roads, but the bus driver gave no quarter to a bicyclist in front of us in the road. He came up fast on the bicycle, to within a half meter, and stayed that close until the bike got out of the way. The rest of the trip to the station was uneventful, and we made our way to Amsterdam. With an hour to kill waiting for the train to Koln, we walked around the area near the station. We saw the Sex Museum (we will have to go in when we return) and a shop called Sex-O-Rama with the O formed by a pair of lip prints. Unfortunately, we could not dawdle, and got back to the train.

On the train, the conductor chided us for not having our rail pass validated (stamped and my passport number written in). We promised to take care of that in Koln. Marcy and I decided to play a game of chess to pass some time. At one point, as Marcy was leaning over studying what move to make, the train slowed, and her pack slid off of the overhead shelf and landed on her neck and shoulders. Fortunately, though she was sore for the rest of the ride, she did not suffer any lingering effects. The rest of the trip was flat and uneventful. Not so for figuring out the transit system in Koln! We studied the maps and the fee chart, figured out where our destination was, but could not tell how

much to get where we wanted to go, nor how to get a ticket. So we went to the window and Marcy asked, in her best German, how much to Kolnerstrasse. The lady very kindly told us how much (less than what we thought) and gave us a map with our destination and connection circled (hey, Robert did not tell us about any connections, but of course I am not surprised). We go down the steps, wait a few minutes, and the U-bahn (subway train) we want pulls into the station. But wait a minute, the train the lady told us to catch is going the opposite direction from where we determined earlier that we want to go. And the stop that she circled is Kornerstrasse. Oops, one letter off in the translation. We go back up, tell her what is wrong, and we work out what we need.

We head back down the steps, confident we know where we are going. Hey, here comes our first train. Great timing. We hop on, wait two stops, and hop off to find our connection. We come up the steps and out on the streets, right by the sign that says Deuz-Bensberg (our stop is one before Bensberg) with an arrow pointing up. I don't know what Deuz has to do with anything, but this is obviously the one we want. Our train comes along a minute later, and off we go. Next stop for the S-Bahn is Rudolfplatz. Marcy looks at the map, and I think about the direction we are going and the direction we came from. We both decide at the same time, "Hey, we're going the wrong way!" We hop off at Rudolfplatz, cross the street, and wait for the other train. As we wait, we begin to notice that here, like Amsterdam, America and England have a large influence on the culture. The most prominent sight is a 20-foot high cloth wall in a large square frame around a tree. One side that we can see says "All You Need Is Love", and the other says "I Feel Fine", both in English. Also, American cigarettes are very popular.

After about 10 minutes, our train picks us up, and we settle back for a comfortable ride (the transportation there is comfortable and very clean). We find our way to Robert's mother's place, and she tells us that Robert and Bridget haven't gotten back from town yet. We settle in, and sit and talk to Robert's mom. After a while, we hear a voice at the door, calling hello. I didn't know Bobber and crew were going to be here, and apparently, neither did Robert's mom! She is startled to know that she has three more guests. Especially since she and her husband are leaving for The States in the morning, and they do not have any extra food in the house. B3 has to eat at a local restaurant, while the rest of us enjoy a delicious home cooked meal. After several rounds of beers, we all turn in for the night.

The next morning, B3 heads off to Rothenburg, while our group heads into town to see the Cathedral. The Cathedral is awesome. Enormous, very detailed stained glass windows, intricate tapestries, and other artwork wherever you look. We also climbed 509 steps to the top of the bell tower, and saw great views of the city. After a stop for a snack, we walk along the river and back through town. After we went back to Robert's mom's place and got ready to leave for Muenchen (Munich) the next morning, I went back into town to check out the nightlife. I did find several people who spoke English, including a transplant from Miami, and another transplant from Greece. All in all, a fun night, and I caught the train back as dawn was breaking. After a couple hours of sleep, I finished packing and we headed into town to catch the train to Muenchen.

The train ride was a very nice trip through the Rhine valley. We passed picturesque towns, vineyards, and castles about every 10 to 15 minutes, and had plenty of time to write postcards, write journals, and play cards. We also decided that we had planned too much travelling, and cut out a couple of stops on our itinerary – Pilzen and Berlin. I guess we will just have to come back another time. When we got to Muenchen, we only had a couple of blocks to get to our hotel/hostel. B3 was already there, so we picked up a couple of beers (oh yeah, open containers are allowed on the streets!) and hung out at the hostel for a couple of hours.

The next day, we did a little sightseeing in the morning, and took a tour to the Dachau concentration camp in the afternoon. This was definitely the most somber part of the trip. To see



the conditions that people were forced to live in, and the crematoriums that were used for the dead, brings home the reality of the brutality of the Nazi rule in a way that textbooks cannot. I also had not realized before the distinction between an extermination camp, and a concentration camp. All of the camps inside Germany were concentration camps, used to supply labor to factories. Most of those kept in concentration camps were not killed there, though many died there from disease, malnutrition, and despair. Those that survived their sentences were usually shipped to an extermination camp, thus giving false hope to the other captives that they

would eventually be freed if they followed the rules. In addition to the camp itself, the Nazis had a SS training base next to the camp. This base was recently reopened as a training facility for police. This surprised many of the locals, and they were trying to close it again.

Later that evening, some of us wandered around the tourist/shopping district. We saw a street performer that Robert recognized as a Tuvan throat singer. Dressed in native garb (Tuva is a region around Mongolia) he played a two-string cello, and sang two distinct notes at the same time. He had a most unique and melodic sound. Later we caught up with Tim Heyd (a German UCMC alum) and some of the others at the Augustiner-Kellar beer garden. It was a great place to drink outside in the middle of the city, but not feel like you are in the city. After we went back to the hostel, we hung out for a while, and then I went out to check out the Muenchen nightlife. Again, I found many people who spoke English, had a lot of fun, and went home as the sun was coming up. Hmm, is this becoming another pattern here? Someone even started calling it Steve's Sunrise Tour.



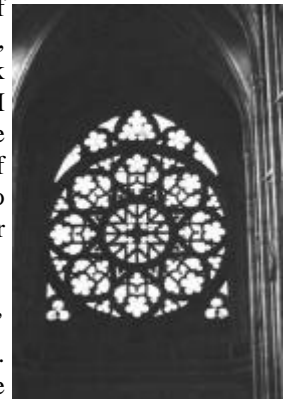
After a couple hours of sleep, it was time to get up and go catch the eclipse. The weather is not looking good - mostly cloudy, with a few breaks for the sun. We took the train out to the Olympic Park, and found a nice spot to set up our tripods as the moon began to eclipse the sun. The weather was better, but still only about 50% sunny. As the eclipse progressed, the sun went in.. the sun came out..... the sun went in... the sun came out.... the sun went in.... the sun came out.. the sun went in..... then it started raining.... then it got really, really dark while it was raining. Well, we knew it was a 50/50 chance when we planned the trip, so now it's **Africa, 2001!**

After we packed up our cameras, we went back to town and met Henrick (another German UCMC alum) and Ann at the Glockenspiel, and had dinner at the Augustiner beer hall. The food was good, but the beer was great. We all enjoyed lots of great German beer that night.

The next morning, we packed up and caught the train to Praha (Prague). Border crossings are so casual (at least for us Americans) that the customs agents actually seemed annoyed when we requested that they stamp our passports. We found the taxi stand at the train station, and were told that the rate would be 800 koruna (about \$24) to get to our hotel. Robert said that was highway robbery, so we carried our gear about two blocks, found another cab, and offered the driver 300 koruna. That seemed acceptable, so we hopped in for a 10-minute ride to the hotel. When we got there, he said the fare was 67 koruna. We gladly gave him a hundred.

We knew when we booked the hostel that it was called the Pink Palace, but we didn't know why. We quickly found out. When we went down the stairs, there was a life size painting of the Pink Panther on the wall. And all of the doors to the rooms were painted pink. And solid steel. It turns out that the building had belonged to an order of monks before the communists took over. The communists turned the lower part of the building into a prison, installing bars on the windows, and solid steel doors on the rooms. The bunks were very stiff, with solid steel slats in lieu of springs, but still very comfortable. After we got checked in, we went in search of a restaurant. We found a very nice place and the four of us stuffed ourselves for about \$40, including tip. We then did some window-shopping. They are very proud of their glasswork - about 80% of the windows are filled with crystal, colored glass figures, etched glass,... I definitely wanted to get back for some shopping. When everyone else headed back to the hotel, I stopped to take a couple of pictures on the Charles Bridge. I talked to a group of kids from Norway, who think we are pretty crazy in The States because we have no problem with violence in our movies and tv shows, but get all worked up about our President's sex life. I had to agree with them.

The next morning, we browsed the shops, and then took a tour of the castle and St. Vitas' Cathedral. St. Vitas' Cathedral was even more astounding than the cathedral in Koln. Larger flying buttresses, gargoyles, and more. Unfortunately, we did not have time to see much more. We had planned to take a night train back to Koln, but all the sleepers were booked, so we had to catch a train in the morning. Still, there was time to hit a bar or two.



St Vitas Round Window

I found a bar that happened to have a drag show going on. Highlights included a Freddie Mercury impersonator playing the vacuum, and a black Heidi, complete with Blonde pigtailed. Bars here had an interesting way of keeping a tab. Instead of paying as you go, they mark down how many beers you drink on a coaster or card that you hold onto, then total it up when you leave. Definitely nicer than having to pull out the cash every time you order a drink. After the show, we stopped in another bar called Al Capone's, and talked to a very drunk Russian for a while. After a while, everyone else called it a night but, you guessed it, I stayed out and watched the sun come up.

Again, a couple of hours of sleep, and it was time to head out to the train. When we got to Koln, we hopped on the first train, and passed a couple of stops before we realized that someone had picked the wrong train, and we were going away from where we wanted to go. We got off at the next stop, but had a 20-30 minute wait for the return train. The next day, we took a trip to the zoo. It was a nice zoo, but very small and not as good as I had heard. Still, a lot of fun. That night, nobody wanted to join me in a trip downtown, so I went out by myself again and came in at, oops, sunrise again (I swear, I didn't mean to, but it was our last night in Germany).

The next morning, the rest of the group let me sleep in while they went to another town to shop. They came back later than they had planned, and still had packing to do. By the time we got to town, we had missed our intended train, and had a two-hour wait for the next train to Amsterdam. We found another train that got us to the border, but had to wait a half-hour there for another train. We finally got to Amsterdam about the same time that we would have if we had waited for the next train. After we checked into the hotel, we grabbed some dinner, then did the tourist things. We stopped in at the Magic Mushroom shop to see what it was like. We then stopped at an internet café to check mail one last time, before heading over to the Red Light district. It was even seedier than I expected. The windows were about 3 feet wide and full height, with red neon strip lights over the windows. Half of the girls were actively hustling for business ("Come here, Honey," or "You like this, don't you"), while the other half looked very bored. There were also numerous video stores. Also, many drug dealers actively hustled business for the harder, illegal drugs. It was fun, but not as interesting as expected.

We then went and hung out at the hotel for a while. By then, everyone else was tired, so I went out alone and, you guessed it, stayed out until dawn. Everything went smoothly the next morning, as we checked out of the hotel, and caught the train to the airport. But of course, our adventure was not yet over. When we checked our bags, they told us that our flight from JFK to Cincinnati had been cancelled. They booked us on the next flight, but that still meant an extra couple of hours in the airport.

All in all, it was a great trip. If you plan a trip to Europe, don't plan to travel so much. Seven travel days in a 13 day trip makes for a very hectic trip. I highly recommend visiting Prague. A little disappointing that we did not see the eclipse, but there will be

Africa, 2001!!

Eclipse-chasing has become a new Mountaineering Club pastime. Obviously, there is a great deal of planning done well in advance of the actual trip. Here are some longer-range UCMC trips that are still in the early planning stages:

Skiing:

Breckinridge - January 2000

Whistler - March 2000

Beginning Mountaineering Course:

June 2000

The Eclipse Chase Resumes in Africa:

June 2001

Cave Restoration Trip to Mammoth Cave:

Winter Quarter 2000

This is a recipe of the locally famous Larry Cookies, of which all Mountaineers in good standing have partaken. They have become a staple of almost every UCMC party due to their extremely delicious nature.

Larry Cookies

This is a double batch, making 50-60 large cookies.

- Besides cookie sheets, you need
 - a small (~1/3 c.) ice cream scoop
 - a large (5 qt.) mixing bowl.
- Preheat oven to 375ø.
- In the mixing bowl, cream
 - 1 lb. butter, softened (Nuke it or float the bowl in a few inches of hot water in the sink.)
 - 1 tsp. vanilla
 - « tsp. orange extract
 - « tsp. lemon extract
 - 1 tsp. cinnamon
 - 1 tsp. cardamon
 - « tsp allspice
 - ¬ tsp. cloves
- Mix in until smooth
 - 1 « c. sugar
 - 1 « c. (lbLarry .) dark brown sugar
- Mix in 4 eggs
- Fold in until flour is moistened
 - ~2 c. whole wheat graham flour (This is a coarser grind than pastry flour.)
 - 2 tsp. salt
 - 2 tsp. baking soda
- Add
 - ~2 ¬ c. whole wheat graham flour
 - 2 oz. bourbon (I use Maker's Mark)
- Fold in and mix well.
- Fold in
 - 24 oz. semisweet chocolate chips or chunks or bits
 - 12 oz. white chocolate, cut up into similar-sized pieces
- With ice cream scoop, place ~2" dough balls evenly on cookie sheet.
- Bake for 20 minutes. I always switch the top and bottom pans after 10 minutes.
- Remove from sheet with a pancake turner to cooling racks over newspaper (to catch the crumbs.)

Notes:

For the semisweet chocolate, Nestle's or Hershey's is fine, but I prefer Dove Dark Chocolate. They used to have 6 oz. bars but I haven't seen them in a year or two. I buy the Promises, individually wrapped bite-sized pieces, unwrap them, and cut them in fourths. I have also used Valrhona bars (~60%) but it was too bitter for cookies a sweeter blend would be better.

If you can't find the whole wheat graham flour, use just 4 « cups total regular flour, or 3 « cups flour + 1 cups oatmeal.

From the editor:

I would like to thank everyone who sent me an article and/or pictures.

I would also like to express my gratitude to Jeremy and Anne for allowing me usage of the computer, the couch and, most importantly, the supper.

Happy Hiking Everyone!!!