

# The Goosedown Gazette

Fall Open House Edition

October 2000 Volume 23 Issue 1

UC Mountaineering Club



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Wind River Mountaineering Course:

The Food, The Instructors, The Students

Challenging the Cascades

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Welcome to the  
**UC Mountaineering Club**

Experience the thrill of adventure with us!

We are experienced in it all!

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We are the largest student organization on campus, with a membership of over one-hundred and an average meeting attendance of over forty.

Our activities include but not limited to:

Hiking, backpacking, camping, caving, climbing, white water rafting, kayaking, cross-country skiing, snow shoeing, downhill skiing, mountain biking, trail running, skydiving, hang gliding, snorkeling, scuba diving, recycling, partying, tree planting, ice climbing, sledding, canyoneering, ice skating, bouldering, base jumping, bungee jumping, star gazing, and, of course, mountaineering.



**NEED MORE INFO?**

Feel free to contact any officer.

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Cover: The 2000 Wind River Team Mountaineering Course Team (WRM) at trail head. From left to right; Annelies Koob, Renee Ford, Chuck Crimmel, Charles Redmond, Dave DaShiels, Jeremy Sibert, Laura Bates, Leisa Eidson, Belinda Bankes, Noel Tichenor. Photo by Matt Jaszowski.



**JOIN US every Wednesday at 7:00 pm**

**Weekly meetings:** Blegen Library, Room 308.

We mainly discuss and share our trips, do a bit of business, then enjoy a program or slide show on neat adventures from within and outside the club.

**UCMC Office:** 217 Tangeman University Center  
Moving at the first of the year  
because of University construction.  
Will keep you posted.

**Call anytime:** 556-6014, or just drop by.

**Membership:** \$10/quarter, or \$30/year.

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

Check out the UCMC home page for almost up-to-date news, minutes, trips, and cool links:

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

## Letter from the President

I welcome all you Mountaineering Club Goosedown readers. It is good to see old and new faces coming to meetings and trips these days. If you have not been so lucky to come to meetings I encourage you to find us on Wednesday nights at 7:00 in Blegen Library in room 308.

You might be wondering what exactly the Mountaineering club does. Well, so much more than solely mountaineering. Trips focused around caving, climbing, backpacking, kayaking, white-water rafting, and biking are only a few things that the group does.

Never been climbing or rafting or backpacking? Good, come on our beginner trips that are scheduled throughout the year. These trips are specifically designed for those who do not have much experience in these activities.

Enjoy this issue of the Goosedown, I would like to thank those who contributed articles and Leisa Eidson for spending the time to put together this piece of art. Adventures await within the Mountaineering Club. I hope that the Goosedown entices a few palettes to come join us on Wednesday nights.

Your President,  
Renee

# A Check of the Mirrors and on Down the Road

By Tim Doyle

Well the 1999-2000 school year was rather productive. Robert Sexton utilized the scholarship to the utmost, by attaining his whitewater rescue and kayak instructors rating. Larger expeditions were mounted to Wyoming and the Cascades. Instructional courses were offered all 3 quarters in all disciplines. Last fall, we hosted our first Wilderness First Responder (WFR) course in conjunction with W.M.A. The Club now has four WFRs. Good job and many thanks to all involved!

This year is shaping up to be another banner year for outdoor instruction. This fall we are offering another whitewater rescue class and introduction rock climbing. Many more instructional trips will be planned and announced throughout the year.

Our affiliation with U.C. administration is taking a "different turn." Sometime this winter, our lovely office, "the black hole of despair" will be relocated to a trailer park on Brodie Plaza- YEE-HA! Unfortunately, due to some "incidents" last year among several different clubs, S.O.A. has adopted a new policy: Zero-tolerance for drug and alcohol violations. And they mean ZERO-a harsh reality with harsh penalties. Consequently, "official" club instructional courses or funded trips will be offered as "Alcohol-free" here on out.

That's all the news that is fit to print for now. So "Keep the rubber side down and the shiny side up!"



Belinda Bankes, Laura Bates:  
Mountain Man Wall climbing,  
Wyoming 2000.  
(Photo by Leisa Eidson).

# An Instructor's Perspective

By Jeremy Sibert

This summer Annelies Koob, Laura Bates and I lead our first extensive mountaineering course. This was quite an undertaking. Annelies and I had lead many trips for the UCMC before, including several climbing courses, but this was the big one. The logistics in planning such a trip put our NOLS (National Outdoor Leadership School) education to the test.

First we had to find a third instructor. So we decided to recruit from our respective NOLS courses. From the several people we contacted, Laura Bates, from Annelies' course, was able to commit the time. Now that we had enough instructors, it was time to plan the course and the food.

The course was simple-find a loop that had mountains and snow! We choose a loop in the Northern Wind River Range of Wyoming. But the food, this was a different story. It is not an easy task to plan food for 10 people with varying palettes and dietary needs. So we chose to use a system that has proven very effective for NOLS. The ration method. This involved planning quantities of staple ingredients based on group size and activity.

From the need to calculate the food as accurately as possible came the development of a large spreadsheet. This helped us tabulate food quantities and divide them into the two rations that would be used during the trip. In all, we needed about 280lbs of food and fuel for the two-week course. This was split roughly in half, half to be carried in and half brought in by porters. Suffice it to say, this was the biggest problem of the course. Always plan for missing a re-ration.



Jeremy Sibert: Wind River Range, Wyoming 2000.  
(Photo by Leisa Eidson).

Yes, we missed ours. Unfortunately, this brought our trip to an early end. However, most everyone had a good time and learned a lot. Some were eager to learn more and look forward to continue climbing in the harsh mountain environment, while others used this short trip to discover their dislike of mountaineering. In any event, we feel the trip was fairly successful and we, the instructors, have learned much from the experience. We have already begun planning the second Wind River Mountaineering Course (WRM).

I will close by saying that we were very excited to provide the opportunity for club members to enjoy the beautiful mountains of Wyoming and are very impressed with the effort demonstrated by the students of the WRM 2000. Despite the trials of mountaineering and the unfortunate situations that can arise in any wilderness experience, the students of the WRM 2000 did a hell of a job! We hope to see some of you in the mountains climbing and enjoying life and someday passing your knowledge along to others.

# The UCMC Wind River Mountaineering Course - NOT a Watered-Down Experience, or was it?

By Belinda Bankes

I've heard that feelings of love and hate are often one in the same, or at least very similar. I never fully realized the accuracy of this until I spent a week in the Wind River Range last June.

I didn't know what was in store for me, really. I was in shape-strength training and cardiovascular workouts three times a week at the gym, climbing two nights a week, and hitting the trail with my new mountaineering boots at least twice a week. This regimen began in March. Then I added "hydration" training in mid May. I drank water all day long, as much as I could. I've been told that if you are getting enough water, you should pee every 60 minutes. I knew I was well hydrated when I found myself grabbing the key to the restroom every 45 minutes. (I'm glad my office is right next to the restroom, or people would start to wonder...) But I didn't want to experience altitude sickness during the trip and water is free, so I wasn't going to risk it. Water became my best buddy, going everywhere with me. I didn't know it in early June, but water would become my main focus while I was in the mountains. As for being physically prepared, I wasn't.

I brought everything on the gear list the Club provided. I didn't want my pack to be too heavy, so I stuck to the list. I didn't take more than one of each clothing layer and packed only four pairs of socks,



Belinda Bankes: The mountaineer. Wind River Range, Wyoming 2000. (Photo by Anna Koob).

three for hiking and one for sleeping. I searched for the lightest, durable journal in which to store my thoughts (which were countless) and brought a small paperback (as if I would feel like or have time to read). I sawed off my toothbrush handle and only took one Nalgene bottle. I brought SPF 30 lip balm and suntan lotion, and used them regularly. But I didn't bring a good moisturizing lotion-it wasn't on the list. Every time I took off a glove to light the stove so I could boil snow, or put the glove back on after my fingers went numb, the polyester fibers grabbing and pulling apart the painful cracks in my fingers told me how stupid that was. Fortunately, my tent partners, Dave and Noel, were both generous enough to let me use some of their lotion when the cracks turned into crevasses. But the lack of lotion wasn't my biggest blunder.

Why a person who owns several Nalgene bottles and always bring two on a trip would only bring one bottle into a harsh mountainous environment puzzles me. But the list said to bring one bottle, so I did. This was not a good move and I realized it before I even tried, several times, to put my 72 lb. pack on by myself. Would I have even noticed the additional weight an extra Nalgene bottle would have added to a pack that was already two-thirds my body weight? Probably not and it would have been worth its weight in gold. I filled my belly and my Nalgene with fresh water and posed for the first group picture, illustrating our huge packs and buckling knees, before beginning our challenging hike to Dinwoody Glacier.

Rushing rivers are beautiful and can be very refreshing. Mountain rivers are cold and can be hypothermic, especially if you fall in. I confess, at the time of the trip, I was not good at stream crossings. My depth perception was terrible. Add to that factor a twenty-foot wide rushing stream, cold water, a heavy pack and a waterfall down stream. Leading our hiking team across was Jeremy, who is strong and brave, and has long legs that are nice to look at but hard to follow in a stream crossing. We were to follow Jeremy, stepping as he stepped.

He would call out "step" and we would take a step. Remember the streambed is slippery, the water is swift, Jeremy has a long stride and I am not good at this. I know Jeremy tried to take smaller steps but my uncertain legs did not want to extend far enough to follow, and I slipped and fell into the icy water. Sitting in the water was at first refreshing and really not bad. But as I couldn't stand up due to all the weight on my back and the fact that my legs were getting quite cold, it became a bit scary. Laura, one of our fearless leaders, was behind me and as I gave my all and grunted for that extra push, she pulled on my pack and I up I stood! The rest of the hike that was day was just as challenging for me, although a bit drier. When I lost my balance and started to fall over, my trekking poles saved me. The poles did not help me to step up over, and over and over again as we hiked the steep ascent to our next camp sight at Seneca Lake. I was more exhausted than I thought a person could be and still be able to function. I have never been so relieved to reach the top of a hill! (I followed Anna across the river on the way back, which worked well, as we are approximately the same height).



Dave DaShields:  
Wind River Range, Wyoming 2000.  
(Photo by Leisa Eidson).

Seneca Lake was absolutely stunning. My feelings of utter despair, exhaustion and evil hatred of hiking turned into complete appreciation for where I was and what I was experiencing. I was honored to have the opportunity to sit on a huge boulder on the edge of a rock face, listening to the ice in the lake far below squeak in protest as several chunks shoved their way through the small opening leading to the river we just crossed. Sitting silently by myself, I let the sharp breeze sting my face as I waited for the clouds to take flight and allow the warm sun to kiss my cheeks and welcome me to the breathtaking area I was fortunate enough to visit. Nature once again, as she always does when I am distressed, embraced me with tranquility and replaced my dissatisfaction with peacefulness.

Here, I got to experience what burnt water tastes like. It is not good! I tried adding water to the snow while melting it, but it did not work for me. The problem with the burnt water was that I hated the taste and did not want to drink water. I knew I had to, in order to stay hydrated and function well, but I drank very little. Leaving Seneca Lake, we passed a cold, clear stream. I dumped out my fairly full Nalgene of burnt water and filled it with fresh water, popped in an Iodine tablet and then had to wait a short half-hour before I could drink cold, tasty water! I downed that bottle and re-filled at the next stream. Iodine tablets are great...if you're not allergic to Iodine. I found out the next morning that I was-my lip swelled all night long and by morning had puffed out to about of an inch! (That made eating and drinking a challenge.) I took a few Ibuprophen and the swelling was almost gone by that night. Unfortunately, I had to go back to boiling my drinking water. There was a stream near out camp sight, so I could at least get away from drinking burnt snow.

This is where the problem of only one Nalgene really became an issue. I boiled water to drink, but



Belinda Bankes, Leisa Eidson: Crevasse Rescue Training, Wind River Range, Wyoming 2000. (Photo by Noel Tichenor).

it took several hours to cool down enough to drink. If I had brought two bottles, I could have drunk water from a cold bottle while the previously boiled water had time to cool down in the other bottle. In addition to the long cool-down time, one of my food group partners incessantly asked to use some of the water I just boiled before I could let it cool so I could drink some of it. He was able to use Iodine in his two water bottles and didn't realize that since I couldn't and had only one bottle, my water supply was limited. Being dehydrated, I grew very short tempered and this really frustrated me. All I wanted was cold water, but it seemed so difficult to get. The saying, "water, water everywhere, but not a drop to drink" became crystal clear to me! In order to have drinking water, I had to plan ahead-waking up at least 45 minutes before my cook group so I could boil my personal drinking water before boiling water for the group.

Depending on the situation, water can be life threatening or invigorating, something you can't get enough of or something you never want to feel again. In the Wind River Mountain Range, water was the source of every emotion of love or hate I experienced. Water allowed me to experience the serene beauty of a mountain lake, the numbing pain of falling in a freezing cold river, the pleasure of drinking water from a fresh mountain stream and the inconvenience of having a swollen lip. My moods were simple-if I had water to drink, I was happy...if I didn't, I was not happy at all. I obviously didn't die of thirst, so it all worked out in the end. But the next time I go anywhere in the great outdoors, I will definitely bring two Nalgene bottles-no matter what!



Tent View  
Wind River Range, Wyoming 2000. (Photo by Leisa Eidson).

## A Park for all Seasons...Right in UC's Backyard!

By Bridget Shoe

On campus with an hour before your next class and nothing to do? Try a nature outing to Burnet Woods. This is a wonderful place to take a short walk around the lake visiting with the ducks, geese and fishermen.

Maybe you like to swing: there are swings both at the top of the hill (directly across from the Hebrew Union College) and in the lower playground below Brookline Avenue near Ludlow. Are you beginning to learn to roller blade or skateboard? Brookline Avenue used to go all the way through the park but thanks to UC students who used it as a short cut, often getting speeding tickets for flying past the lower playground, today Brookline is closed to through traffic. Now, it is a flat, paved area perfect for all kinds of activities.

Check out the park office. It's a wonderful, old stone building. Inside are nature displays and an observatory. There are loads of trails all over the woods. Do you know what happened to the stone from the Chamber of Commerce? Don't forget the Frisbee Golf course!

I've stumbled into everything from art exhibits to play rehearsals and photo shoots. See the changing leaves in Autumn, the sleds and cross country skiers in Winter, the flowers in Spring. Burnet Woods is a year-round place to visit that's really close!

# Night Climbing

By Peter Hogaboam

Wednesday rolls around and I'm debating if I should stay in town and get some work done, or go climbing. The dilemma is resolved when Jeff asks, 'Hey Pete, whatcha' up to this weekend?' Translation: Let's go climbing!

So Friday evening we pack up and head south. Jeff, Belinda and I arrive at Roadside Craig about 8pm. It's dark, but by modern virtue of headlamps we go climbing anyway. The approach is short, and the glorious crack that is Roadside Attraction meets us at the end of our trail. We set up, Jeff fixes his headlamp and then leads the route. After he disappears over the first small ledge, the stillness of the night is only broken by the occasional car, the rattle of Jeff's pro rack, and the occasional tug on my belay device. Once Jeff reaches the top, he descends and comments, 'That was awesome.'

Belinda Climbs next. She works her way up the first part, fighting the crack with much effort, but all I can actually see is the wiggle of her headlamp. She works her way up past the first ledge, and ascends until her headlamp batteries die-Mental note to self: longer headlight time. I ascend next, jamming and laybacking my way to the top, looking for footholds that are just out of my headlamps light. Once at the top, I take a look around and decide that I will climb at night more often. The crowds are gone, the forest is quiet, and you never notice that you're eighty feet off the ground.



Jeff Hylak: Seneca Rocks, West Virginia 2000.  
(Photo by Ted Roll).



# Hard Rock Climbing, Red River Gorge

By William Strachan

No climbing area in Red River Gorge carries more of a stigma than the Motherlode. Here the warm-up routes start at 5.11 and the grades quickly progress through 5.12 and 5.13 into futuristic 5.14s. This single area, more than any other location within the gorge, draws climbers from all over the world. This last weekend, I saw at least six climbers from Japan, a contingent from Germany, some Brits, and a couple Canadians, along with "local" climbers from Georgia to upstate New York. A veritable climbing Olympics!

I was told that the "elderly" Japanese climber had on-sighted every route at Torrent Falls last fall (A look in your guide book will tell you that was no small feat.). And in true form, the Japanese I saw at the Motherlode were getting it all on videotape. The current premier hardman of Red River Gorge, Bill Ramsey, was jugging, aiding, and bolting a new line in "The Madness" cave. Bill, when not climbing, is a philosophy prof at Notre Dame.

However, when stripped of all the hype, the Motherlode, like most other areas at the Red, is a very beautiful place. The Lode is also blessed with solid rock and a good variety of climbing. The Buckeye Buttress has a smattering of arete and slightly overhanging pocket and crimp face climbs. The Warm-Up wall features steep plates and huecos. The Madness Cave, shown on the cover of Bronaugh's guide, is very steep, overhanging, power moves. The Undertow Wall is just as steep but shorter than the cave area. This popular area is also lovingly referred to as the "Dark Side" due to its lack of sun. At the far end of the crag there is actually a classic 5.11a sport face climb and a token 5.10 trad route. All in all, there are over fifty routes at the Motherlode.

In most other locales, one area at Red River Gorge would suffice as the main crag. But the Gorge has numerous crags with virtually every type of climbing you could imagine: slab, face, cracks, and steep overhangs in both the trad and sport variety. So get motivated. Train in our local rock gyms (Climb Time, Rock Quest, Miami U. Rec Center) or at Eden Park. Once honed, experience Hard Rock Climbing, Red River Gorge style.

# The Riverfront East Bike Trail Project

By Michelle Kesterman

Over the past few weeks, several Cincinnatians have come together to form RETA, or Riverfront East Trail Association. The group's primary goal is to inspire the development of a 4.5 mile multipurpose trail from the existing Lunken airport loop to downtown Cincinnati.

Having a multipurpose trail along the river will be a great asset to our community. It will provide an excellent alternate commute to downtown for east-siders, which can lead to less rush hour traffic and therefore a reduced demand for fossil fuel and reduced air pollution. It will also add one more piece of the puzzle as the network of trails across Ohio grows. Ultimately cyclists hope to link the proposed trail in downtown Cincinnati to the Loveland bike trail, which already connects with a number of other bike routes in the state.

The proposed trail will most likely be laid along existing (though unused and deteriorating) railroad tracks that already connect Lunken Airport with downtown. It will be modeled after the Loveland bike trail, providing a space for walking, skating, biking, jogging, and cross-country skiing in a safe, scenic setting along the Ohio River. The trail will also be wheelchair accessible.

To find out more about this exciting project, go online to [www.egroups.com/group/riverfront-east-trail-association](http://www.egroups.com/group/riverfront-east-trail-association). From there you may wish to subscribe to the RETA list server to stay informed of the progress and needs of the group. You may also contact club members Jerry Bargo, Michelle Kesterman, or Chuck Crimmel for more information.

RETA is in its infancy, so there are plenty of ways to get involved. Telling your friends and neighbors about the trail will help to spread the word and raise interest in the project. Since much of the groundwork will undoubtedly be political in nature, letters to Cincinnati City Council in support of the trail are greatly needed. To make this trail a reality, RETA is also in need of project volunteers to help with everything from publicity to a project feasibility study.

Action through letter-writing, spreading the word, and volunteering is critical at this early stage because the longer we wait to organize the riverfront trail, the more likely it will be that the proposed site will be occupied by something else. No matter what your degree of interest in cycling, walking, or jogging, this effort will help to raise awareness of our community's need to create more spaces for recreation and reduce our reliance on fossil fuels, and these are values that are worth promoting!

Mountaineering Club Activities

# 2000 **October**

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11 <b>MEETING OPEN HOUSE</b>	12	13	14 <i>Swift Water Rescue Course</i> <hr/> <i>Backpacking</i>
15 <i>Swift Water Rescue Course</i> <hr/> <i>Backpacking</i>	16	17	18 <b>MEETING</b> <i>Wind River Mt.aineering COURSE</i>	19	20 <i>Backpacking at Dolly Sods (weekend)</i>	21 <i>New River Bridge Day</i> <hr/> <i>Raggae Run 5K Ault Park</i>
22 Lue Gold at Cinti Zoo Speech on Monument Proposal	23	24	25 <b>MEETING</b> <i>Mark Alexander hiking Alaska</i>	26	27 <i>Cystic Fibrosis Run Like Hell 7:00</i>	28 <b>Climbing Course</b>
29 <b>Climbing Course</b>	30	31 Halloween				

Mountaineering Club Activities

# 2000 November

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
			1 <b>MEETING</b> Show TBA	2	3	4 <i>Beginner Caving</i> <hr/> <i>Beginner Women BackPacking</i>
5 <i>Beginner Caving</i> <hr/> <i>Beginner Women BackPacking</i>	6	7	8 <b>MEETING</b> <i>Guttadauro: Canadian Rockies</i>	9	10 Veterans Day No School  <i>Rock Climbing Seneca Rocks</i>	11  <i>Rock Climbing Seneca Rocks</i>
12 <i>Rock Climbing Seneca Rocks</i>	13	14	15 <b>MEETING</b> Show TBA	16	17	18
19	20	21	22 <b>MEETING</b> Show TBA	23 Thanksgiving No School	24 No School	25
26	27	28	29 <b>MEETING</b> Show TBA	30		

Mountaineering Club Activities

2000

**December**

SUN

MON

TUE

WED

THU

FRI

SAT

					1	2
3	4	5	6	7	8	9
	<b>e</b>	<b>x</b>	<b>a</b>	<b>m</b>	<b>s</b>	
10	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28	29	30

# Hiking The Olympic Coastline

By Bob Kessler

In early August two UCMC Club Alumni and their families (The Kesslers & the Hartingers) headed for the beaches on the western coastline of Olympic National Park. Located in the northwest corner of Washington State, the trailhead is about two hours from Seattle. The hike was from Third Beach to Oil City (Hoh River terminus into the Pacific ocean).

The hike is relatively short, seventeen miles, unless your are with kids ranging from 5 to 10 years. We decided to tackle the hike in four-and-one-half days. As with any ocean beach hike, one must be aware of the tides as they occur during the day and night in order to efficiently travel. We planned to walk about 4 miles each day, camping at major fresh water streams each evening.

First thing we had to do was pick up our permits at the ranger station in Port Angeles, which is along the driving route from Seattle. You can also self-register at the trailhead. The Park Service now charges a daily use fee of \$4 per day per adult. For our group of eight with four adults and four kids, the permit totaled \$32. The rangers also advised us that we were required to use raccoon-proof bear cans each evening. We rented two very nice (but too small!) bear cans for \$30. Later, we noticed that everyone else on the trail was using plastic pickle buckets; a much smarter plan.

After all the paperwork was done, we headed to the trailhead. We dropped off the wives and kids and Mark Hartinger (UCMC President 1977 - 1979) and I ran the two-hour car shuttle, leaving a vehicle at the trail terminus at the mouth of the Hoh River. By the time we got back to the trailhead at

the Third Beach parking lot, the families had already hiked the 1-1/2 miles to the beach and made camp.

Mark and I followed them in, but soon there was a problem. I had decided to carry a water bag in to avoid pumping water the first night and morning. The additional 20 pounds didn't seem to be a potential problem for such a short hike in, but as I walked down the trail I twisted my ankle. I heard an audible snap emanate from my left ankle and down I went. I suppose that the additional weight took a likely minor sprain into the major injury category. As I struggled to my feet, the pain was intense and I worried about being able to walk. With time I was able to hobble into camp and spent the evening soaking my ankle in a cold stream flowing out of the hills. With the use of an ace





bandage, I managed to complete the hike, but the injury was severe and required the utmost of care as I hiked.

Third beach is a lovely stretch of sandy beach stretching about a mile and a half. Camping is basically on the beach, with a few wooded sites. We carefully checked the high tide line to ensure a dry evening. High tide was occurring at late afternoon, so we often could safely pick a camp just by noticing where the tide reached on the beach.

The next morning was the official start of our hike and we headed south along the beach. We needed to cover about 4-1/2 miles this first day. Almost immediately we faced our first sand ladder. When the coastline contains an impassible headland, the Park Service has constructed trails through the woods to by-pass these spots. To climb the hills they installed giant ladders of wood and cables that lay against the ground and allow hikers to ascend safely.

Eventually we got used to the four sets of ladders we were to climb during our trip, but the first one required careful inspection and testing before the kids were allowed to climb. Once up in the woods,

we were rewarded with spectacular forests of giant cedars. After about a mile of dense wooded trail, we re-emerged onto the beach.

The day progressed uneventfully. We timed our start to pass a spot at low tide that would otherwise be impassible. Once beyond that point we had the rest of the day to leisurely hike to our next camp. At a spot called Strawberry Point we spent a couple of hours exploring tidal pools along an impressive sea stack (large outcropping of rock) that was slowly being surrounded by the in-coming tide. We passed a park ranger who was surprised and impressed that we were taking such young children on this hike!

We camped that night at Toileak Point. There is a summer ranger station there and a large stream flowing out of the woods. A great wooded spot was found and we slept peacefully, aware that we were well above the high tide mark. When we went to fetch water from the stream, we discovered a surprising effect of the sea on the stream. At high tide, the ocean became a kind of water dam preventing the flow of fresh water out of the woods. The water backed up and the pools looked turgid. It was hard to pump without clogging the filters.



However, the next morning, as we hiked by at low tide, the stream had become a crystal clear babbling brook. A wise coast hiker times his water needs with the tide too!

The second full day of hiking was initially a repeat of the first. After about a mile of wide sandy beach, we came to our second ladder ascent to a highline trail. This trail was 1-1/2 miles long and featured a wide stream crossing at about the midpoint. Goodman Creek is usually an easy ford of 20-30 feet in knee-deep water, but rains or a high-tide induced damming can make it impossible to cross.. We had no problems, and eventually regained the beach and hiked the final 2.2 miles to our beach camp at Mosquito Creek. Even though the tide was slowly coming in during that afternoon, the wide beach allowed us to hike easily and safely. There were numerous sea stacks along the way and everyone enjoyed the rhythmic pounding of the surf-a great way to forget about the city sounds we normally endure every day.

While the kids played around camp, Mark and I decided to scout our next day's hike. We had to decide on either a 3-1/2 overland trail or a risky beach hike at low tide. Unfortunately, the low tide the next day was not very low and the waves would be literally lapping at our heels as we scrambled across large boulders. We scrambled, climbed, wave-hopped along the coast for about a mile before we were forced to admit that this would be too much for the kids. Free adults would probably enjoy the challenge of working their way along this rugged section of coastline. Those who make it are rewarded with a 1.3 mile beach hike on the other side, reducing the highline trail portion to just 1.3 miles.

With our decision to take the safe route, we immediately ascended out of camp the next morning, entering the longest section of wooded trail hiking. There were several small creeks that were passed during the long hike in the woods, but the trail was generally very easy. The spectacular tree scenery occasionally opened up to offer vistas of the beach and sea stacks hundreds of feet below us. The group worked their way slowly through the woods and returned to the beach for good by late afternoon.

Because of high tide, we couldn't get around a rocky point, so we looked for a good camp spot. The section of beach we were on proved to be lacking in that category, but we eventually squeezed into a spot amongst some downed trees, just above high tide. We ate dinner and discussed trying to get around the point ahead, hoping to find better camping on the other side. This would require a dusk hike, likely ending in a night hike-not a good idea with kids.

To our later regret, we decided to make the push for the far beach. Leaving camp at 8:30pm, a full three hours before low tide-but at least during a



reducing phase—we set out. Almost immediately we came to a jumble of car sized boulders that required careful negotiation. The waves were crashing at our feet, and despite Mark and me assuring the group that the tides were going out, some of the kids got very scared (I'm sure I'll hear about this later: "Hey Dad, remember that time you tried to drown us in the ocean with packs on?"). The group was making slow progress when Cindy and Molly slipped on the wet rocks in the gloom and Molly smacked her head. A large welt popped up on her forehead and tears were added to the general misery. It was fully dark by the time we reached the beach on the other side and tempers were short. It was well past the kids' normal bedtimes and the expected better camping spots were no-where to be seen. After some persistent scouting, Mark found a small site in the woods, we made camp and fell into an exhausted sleep.

The next morning we discovered that we were at the Hoh River and had only about a mile to hike out to our cars. The additional hike the night before greatly reduced our itinerary for the last day. The families took advantage of the extra time to go back and look at the rocky point in the light of day (it didn't seem so scary).

We finally hiked out to the car, and after completing the car shuttle, went our separate ways: The Hartingers went back to their home in Seattle, and the Kesslers continued their vacation by driving next to the mountains of the Goat Rocks Wilderness. The weather throughout was cloudy and cool, but dry.

## An Old Government Recipe

Submitted by Chuck Crimmel

According to the Knight Ridder News Service, the inscription on the metal bands used by the U.S. Department of the Interior to tag migratory birds has been changed. The bands used to bear the address of the Washington Biological Survey, abbreviated as "Wash. Biol. Surv.," until the agency received the following letter from an Arkansas camper: "Dear Sirs: While camping last week I shot one of your birds. I think it was a crow. I followed the cooking instructions on the leg tag and I want to tell you it was horrible." The bands are now marked "Fish & Wildlife Service"

-Thomas McIntyre



Chuck Crimmel, Charles Redmond: Cooking Tamale Pie  
Wind River Range, Wyoming 2000. (Photo by Leisa Eidson).

# Kool-Aid in My Stir Fry and Potatoes in My Cocoa

By Renee Ford

"Labels...In Nols we didn't get labels," replies one of the fearless leaders on the Winds Mountaineering trip that was offered this past June through the Mountaineering Club. This course was offered to club members to teach basic mountaineering skills which included an in depth look at backcountry cooking.

Let me backtrack to the argument for labels. You see all our food was in bulk and distributed in clear bags without labels, making it difficult to determine what was in the bag. The problem with this system is illustrated in the title. Powdered milk and powdered mashed potatoes can resemble each other when one is hungry and cold.

However, I am not griping on the way we ate throughout the trip. In fact, I don't think I have eaten that well since Mom would cook dinners for me. We were lucky to have the amount of food that we did, especially when the second food ration never arrived to our group.

The students were provided with ample supplies to cook gourmet dinners. If you were lucky enough to have open-minded eaters and creative cooks, your meal choices were endless. This is where the Kool-Aid comes in. Chuck and Charles were elected to cook that night for Leisa and myself. I believe the cook's choice was sweet and sour rice and this meant that we needed something sweet. The recipe called for dried fruit but our hungry bellies ate that long ago. The substitute was to be Kool-Aid. I must admit I hesitated to try rice with Kool-Aid but eating it, I discovered that these cooks had a natural ability for good taste.

Accomplishing backcountry cooking was a major priority within our cook group and I am proud to say that we had much success. Other dishes included Gaudu-Gaudu spaghetti, something that resembled a taco pie, and with Chuck's assistance, a beef jerky stew (Chuck brought some of his own ingredients). Pancakes with spice cake mix and homemade bread by Annelies. One of my proud moments was after the course ended. What began as everyone making their own breakfast turned out to be a huge buffet including my homemade cinnamon rolls.

Of course everyone has his or her own advice when cooking. Ask Annelies, she will tell you to use mucho butter. Chuck's ailment to bland cooking...tobasco sauce and my favorite to add that extra flavor, peanut butter.

After the day was done we discussed if anyone's pants felt looser. Hiking all day reassured us that our waistlines would be smaller. Chuck, the true experimenter, walks into the general store in Pinedale, WY and crosses paths with a scale. A \$0.25 deposit lets Chuck know that our cooking was certainly not a low-fat diet, for he weighed the same. Somehow the excess of butter, peanut butter and whatever else was lying around, is good for the back country and not for Jenny Craig.

Let this be a lesson to all of us: you see you don't need to know what goes into your dinner because if you are hungry, everything tastes good. In addition, creativity and open minds go very far whatever you do. Lastly, "the Nols' way" prevails once again, we didn't need labels, besides who wants to carry that extra weight?

# Car Camping Recipes

Submitted by Peter Hogaboam

## Garlic Ramen

1 pkg Ramen noodles (save seasoning for a soup)  
5 cloves fresh garlic, unpeeled  
1/2 Tblsp butter seasoning  
pinch salt  
pinch pepper  
2 chives, chopped  
water

Bring to a boil. Add Ramen and garlic. Once Ramen is ready, drain all but a little bit of water. Take each individual clove of garlic, and pinch it until the clove pops out of the skin (make sure you oint it toward the pot). Mash and stir in the garlic. Add everything else, stir well, serve.



Renee Ford, Belinda Bankes:  
Wind River Range, Wyoming 2000. (Photo by Leisa Eidsen).

## Chicken in Winesauce

1 chicken bullin cube  
some bow-tie pasta  
1 cup dry white wine  
freeze-dried chicken-or ground chicken-or pre  
cooked chicken breast cut up into little pieces  
3 cups water  
1 tblsp corn starch

Bring water to boiling, add pasta and chicken. Once pasta is cooked just the way you like it, drain the water off (possibly in a container for later use). Crush the bullion cube into fine pieces, add to the pot. Add wine. Bring to a simmer, long enough that the alcohol taste burns off. Slowly add corn starch, stirring constantly to avoid lumps. Once sauce has reached desired thickness, remove from heat, serve. Makes 2 servings.

Variations:

1. Mushrooms instead of Chicken.
2. Beef & gravy mix instead of chicken & bullion.

## Challenging the Cascades

A Comprehensive View: Bob Mouk, Matt Kappen, Steve Neiman, Toby Yougt, Ted Roll



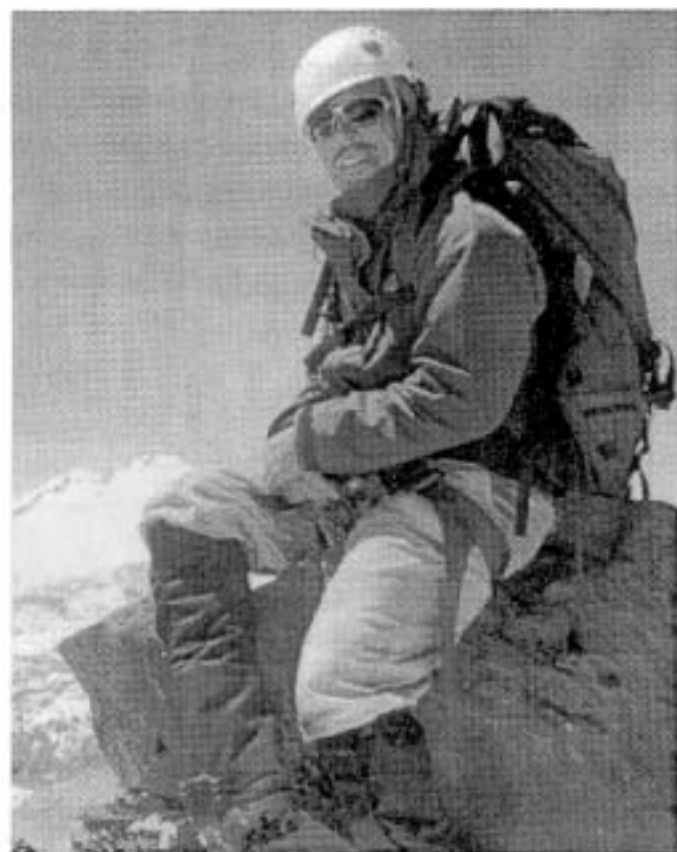
With the peaks of the north cascades reaching up into the clouds, and further according to Toby who has actually seen the peaks on the one clear day in the past seven years, the five of us packed our gear in the pouring rain and tramped several thousand feet into the clouds. Steve and Matt had just completed a 31-mile-loop around Mt. St. Helens the day before and were feeling pretty tired. Toby, Ted and Bob were raring to go, with fresh muscles and over-inflated ambitions. The night was dark, the night was blue. Out of the alley, the poopcart flew. A bump was hit, a scream was heard. Ted was hit by a flying turd. For several hours we struggled toward the first pass on the journey to Mt. Challenger (yes, the name says it all). Within the next 24 hours, the five of us would discover how Mt. Challenger earned its name.

The hike to base camp on Mt. Challenger was roughly 20 miles including a 2000 foot climb to Hannigan pass, dropping back down more than 2000 feet to a good size river that we would have to cross, another several thousand foot climb to Perfect Pass, a climb through the "imperfect impasse" which was about 1000 ft. deep and a good 30 ft. wide (I am not positive of the dimensions because we couldn't even get that far), and then traversing the Challenger Glacier to a good spot for base camp. All in all, that first painful day

covered no more than 5 miles. The trail was so covered with snow that I believe we spent as much time searching for a trail to follow as we did following the trails that we could eventually find. To slow things down even more, Ted decided that joy-riding down steep snow-covered slopes without an ice axe would be exciting until he discovered the trees in the North Cascades have not yet been padded. In other words, Ted slid about 60 feet, on a 40 degree slope, narrowly missing several tree trunks. All that Matt, Bob and Steve could hear was Toby yelling "Ted...Ted, slow down, Ted...stop Ted...TED... STOP." The rest of us ran (as best we could run on the snow covered slope) to see Ted nestled in the trees 40 feet below us. Fortunately, he had found several nice branches to stop him before the tree trunks would have.

By the time we reached camp (actually gave up hiking and threw tents on the snow), all of us were sore, tired, lost (although it turned out we were actually 75 ft. from the trail), and hungry. We set up camp, ate, and relaxed for the evening discussing what we could do the next day. The problem at this point was that Steve, being older and wiser than the rest of us, realized he could not physically make it even to the Mt. Challenger base camp so he was ready to turn around and let the rest of us continue without him.

After a good night of sleep, sanity found the rest of the group, and Steve was not the only one that realized Mt. Challenger was more of a challenge than we had time for. A check of the area revealed that we had actually made it to Boundary Camp, about half the distance that we had planned for the first day. At this rate, we would make it to the summit about the time that we expected to be back on the road. We decided to hike back, and consider our options that afternoon. It was much easier today to tell where we needed to go—follow the creek up into the bowl, and turn right to Hennegan Pass, which was about a 1,000 feet up a 40 degree slope. Okay, maybe sanity hadn't yet returned. Even after Ted's excellent adventure the day before, we still did not break out the ice axes. We took a break at the pass for lunch, and it didn't take long for a pair of birds to come looking for handouts. They took off after realizing that the only thing they were getting was their faces on several photographs.



As we started back down, we realized that we were going to have the same problem that we had the day before—where the blazes is the trail? Or any blazes for that matter? Okay, time for dead reckoning again. Despite a few false leads, we eventually found the trail and headed down. The trail was much more enjoyable today, since we were going down and did not have to push so hard. It felt like we had a lot more time to look around and take pictures.

As we headed into town, Ted read through the Cascades guidebook to find a mountain that would be suitable for our group, given that we had two days less to climb. He and Toby determined that Mt. Shuksan would be a suitable climb—even though Toby had already had to abort two attempts on that mountain! Steve, the least experienced member of the group, is wondering what he is getting into.

That night, we camped alongside picturesque Baker Lake. Mt. Shuksan would be a two day climb—one day up to high camp at 6,500 feet on the Sulfide Glacier, then one day to get to the summit, back to camp to pack up, and then down to the car by nightfall. We stripped our packs to the minimum, including using only one tent (the Stretch Prelude) for all five of us.

In the morning we loaded up on water and headed to the trailhead at 2,500 feet. Ted, Toby and Matt played speed racer on the way up, while Bob and Steve played tortoises. The trail was a relatively mild slope for the first couple of miles as it ran along the base of the mountain, but then took a 90 degree turn directly up the ridge. For about another mile, the trail was fairly easy to follow—just follow the slushy wet tracks, and hope you don't slide

Steve Nieman: At the summit.  
Cascades 2000.



Cascades 2000.

down farther than you step up. Then we hit snow. No more tracks to follow, so the speed racers had to do doughnuts looking for the trail. We finally decided to go by dead reckoning again, and headed as directly up as we could. Eventually we got above the tree line, and could see where we needed to go. Though it flattened out for a while, it wasn't long before we would need to break out the ice axes. After we climbed a particularly steep section, we scrambled through a notch and could see the peak of Mount Shuksan, and the glacial valley underneath it—great place for lunch, and to let the tortoises catch up.

We started out from the notch and took up the same positions as before lunch. Toby being familiar with this route, knew that we would not need ropes. The rest of the approach to high camp included traversing steep snow slopes and climbing wind-swept snow fields. By late afternoon we reached the Sulfide Glacier and found a perfect camp under the shadow of Shuksan's summit pyramid. We quickly divided the tasks of pitching the tent, digging out our kitchen and melting snow, so that we could eat dinner and relax a little before heading to bed.

After a semi-cramped night in the Prelude (Make the Switch!), we awoke at 4:30 a.m. for our alpine start. While the sun was still hidden beneath a blanket of clouds, we silently prepared for the climb. We had all laid out equipment the night before so that we only had to put on our packs, step into our crampons and rope up before heading out. Early in the climb Bob was plagued by huge blisters he suffered the day before and had to turn back. While he was frustrated at missing the summit attempt, the beautiful sunrise over a valley full of clouds helped ease the disappointment. While the rest of the party continued toward the summit, Bob returned to camp and went back to bed for a few hours. Later that morning he melted a bunch of snow so that the rest of the party would have water when they returned. They were expecting to be back in camp by 2:00 p.m. at the latest.

The first part of the climb was about a mile and a half of gentle uphill, weaving across the glacier. At several points, we leave wands (6 foot bamboo shoots with small red flags) sticking in the glacier to help us find our way back in case of poor visibility. A couple of crevasses were bypassed, but at one point, Steve (did we say before that this was his first



Toby, Steve, Bob: Cascades 2000.

wilderness mountain ascent?) decided to see how close he could get to a crevasse and take a picture. This seemed to make the rest of the group quite nervous. Steve eventually gave in to peer pressure, reached his arm out over the crevasse and snapped a shot, hoping it would turn out when developed.

We reached the base of the summit pyramid. Time Check: 9:30 a.m. We feel good, we are making good time, only a couple more hours to the summit, so we should be headed down by noon at the latest. At this point, Toby, our de facto guide since he has climbed several summits in the Cascades, decides to mix up the route a little and get off the snow onto the rock. Ted and Toby, being frequent fifth-class climbers, are both extremely comfortable with this route. Matt and Steve, on the other hand, have not done as much rock climbing (that is, once was enough) and are not so sure about this, but will trust our leader. After about an hour of rocks sloping at 30 degrees, with loose gravel all over, Matt and Steve are clinging to the rocks for life, while Ted and Toby are bouncing around like mountain goats.

The climbing is slower now, since the lead climber scrambles up as far as the rope will allow (hopefully to a good perch) then waits for the rest of the group to catch up. Some of the pitches require maneuvering around, and even under, overhanging rocks. Matt has the remaining wands sticking out of the top of his pack, and the rest of us frequently hear "F#!\*#!\* wands!" Matt and Steve are convinced that this is worse than fourth class climbing. Progress is taking incredibly longer than anticipated, but the best route is upward, since our return route is planned down the other side of the summit.

We finally pull around a ridge and see that we are about 60 feet from the summit. All we have to do



Cascades 2000.

is go up about 10 feet of 60 degree snow, climb about ten vertical feet, scramble over some more rocks, and we are there. As usual, Toby leads the way. When he gets to the top of the climb, he helps Steve get up the climb, then unropes and scrambles to the summit (about 15 feet above). Steve has finally found a relatively flat spot (wide enough to sit on, and only slopes about as much as a handicap ramp) and decides that this is far enough. He helps Matt up the climb, as Matt says "Fourth-class climbing, my a\*\*!" Matt then unropes and passes Steve to proceed to the summit. Steve then holds the rope as Ted scrambles up the climb, saying "F#!\*#!\* Wands!" as he had finally taken pity on Matt and relieved him of the wands. Ted, too, passes Steve and proceeds to the summit. After several minutes of coaxing, the group gets Steve to scramble the rest of the way to the summit. Time Check: 2:30 p.m.!

As we are running very late, we snap a couple of pictures and then start down. We can see where several groups have left belay slings to rappel down the other side, so we start there. We fell into a fairly efficient pattern. Toby would set up the rappel, go down first and scout for the next belay rock. Steve or Matt would go next, and the others

would follow. Then Steve and Matt would cling to the rock for dear life, while Ted rappelled down, pulled down the rope and worked with Toby to set up the next rappel. About the fifth rappel, Matt followed Toby down, got off the rope and yelled for Steve. As Steve started over a ledge, he kicked loose a small rock, say about the size of his head. To warn those below, he immediately yelled, "Rock . . . ROCK!!!! The rock was headed right for Toby and Matt. Matt was able to take some cover under a ledge, but Toby, in the middle of a snow patch, had nowhere to hide. Fortunately, the rock could not decide which one of them to hit and landed harmlessly in between them, spraying them both with snow. Everybody shook off that scare, and we went for the next rappel. Steve went second that time and was surprised by a full moon shot as Toby cleaned out his trousers.

After several more rappels, we got to a notch in the ridge where we returned to the side of the mountain that camp was on. At this point, we were still a couple of hundred feet above where we hit the summit pyramid about 6 hours earlier, but now we had snow that we could descend. We put the crampons back on and Toby belayed us down as far as the rope would reach. We then got off rope and headed for a nearby island of boulders that was relatively flat. After regrouping there, we roped back up and started the trek across the glacier. Time check: 4:30 p.m.. About the fifth step out from the rock island, Steve's right leg plunged into the glacier all the way to his thigh. Steve called it a crevasse, but everyone else said it was "just" a bergschrund.

As the hours ticked with no sign of the guys, Bob got a little nervous. Eventually two other climbers appeared and set up their high camp adjacent to ours. While Bob made small talk with the new arrivals he learned that it was almost 5:00 p.m. He was starting to think about when to go for help

when he noticed four small dots moving very slowly off the summit pyramid.

It took about an hour and a half of trudging across the glacier (this snow sure is a lot softer now than it was this morning!) to get back to camp. After a good rest break, we took down the tent, stuffed the packs, and headed down. We left camp about 7:00 p.m., and made it back to the car by 9:00 p.m.

We got a hotel that night, then dropped Toby off in Seattle. Okay, he dropped two of us off to pile back in the Ranger. The four of us headed down to Mt. Rainier, with plans to possibly take a day hike to Camp Muir (app. 10,000 feet). When we arrived at Rainier Lodge, we ran into Phil from the Benchmark store in Cincinnati! He told us that Jeremy and Annelies (two former officers on their graduation/engagement trip) were going to be in the area the next night. We decided not to go to Camp Muir, but rather tour around the mountain and try to hook up with Jeremy and Anna. Though they did not make it back when expected, we did see them on the morning that we were headed out as we drove out of the National Park, we spotted a familiar Trooper (Isuzu Trooper, that is) parked by a coffee shop. Small World.





Cascades 2000.

## Richardson Forest Preserve

By William Strachan

Richardson Forest Preserve is 250+ undeveloped acres of Hamilton County Park land in the northwestern portion of the County. The park is largely wooded lowlands and hillsides along Banklick Creek between Kemper and East Miami River Roads. Starting about two years ago, the County began to mark and maintain trails within the preserve. The main trail crosses over an old road bridge over the creek which is in a small gorge at this point. It then skirts upstream along the creek, passing a meadow / prairie area, then fords the creek, and then loops back. There is a side trail that leads to one of the only natural wetlands in Hamilton County.

The preserve is a park for all seasons and sees very few visitors. When there is adequate snow, excellent cross-country skiing is to be found in the preserve. Fortunately for me, I can access the preserve from my street, so I can literally ski out of the front door into a seeming wilderness. And wilderness is not that far of a stretch as one winter I came across mountain lion tracks. There is skiing for all levels in the preserve. The trail along the creek and around the meadow is perfect for beginners. There are some gentle slopes for beginners. And for the advanced, telemark skier, there are some steep hillside trails and the awesome power line cut which has a vertical drop of almost three hundred feet.

Richardson Forest Preserve can be accessed by following the appropriate route to the northwest side of town (i.e. I-74 west to I-275 east or I-71 north to I-275 west). Then take the US 27 / Colerain Avenue exit north to the Kemper Road exit. At the end of the exit ramp, take a right on Kemper and then go about a half mile, and take a left on Lick Road. At the end of Lick Road there is a turnaround area with plenty of room to park. This is where the main trail starts. If we get some decent snow this winter, I would be happy to host an X-C skiing outing into the preserve.

# Lost and Found

Submitted by Chuck Crimmel

**ANYONE CAN GET LOST** It happens all the time, even to UCMC Members. You can get lost practically anywhere, and when you least expect it.

This doesn't just occur in the deep mountains or wilderness, but more often, on day hikes or afternoon jaunts at civilization's edge. Because the less conscious you are of the possibility of getting lost, the more likely you will get lost—a potential problem you need to take seriously

What if it happens to you? Sooner or later it probably will, especially if you hike off trail (bush-whack). If you often head into disorienting places like deadfall areas and underbrush jungles, not to mention look-alike forest, mountain and prairie terrain. The best strategy is to "stay found" in the first place. So for whatever reason you find yourself more than a bit "turned around." What do you do?

Prevention here is the key. Carry a map, use a Compass, carry one as a backup even if using a GPS unit. Daypack the standard overnight survival gear; pause to take frequent landmark and compass reading. Stop and turn around to pay as much attention to where you came from as to where you're going. Dress or equip for a possible wide range of weather conditions. Be sure to give a trip plan to a reliable person before you leave, (and/or file with the park office) describing exactly where you're going and when you'll be back. If you don't return when you're supposed to, the authorities can be alerted and directed to your location.

## **An acronym worth remembering: S.T.O.P**

**S= Stop.** If you think you're lost or even mildly turned around, stop! Right there. Don't keep walking and fumbling forward, hoping everything will suddenly be clear. Usually the opposite happens: The more you move, the more lost you could become. So don't just stop, sit down. Rest. Get comfortable.

**T= Think.** As it hits you that you might be lost, you can experience a flood of erratic thoughts and emotions, anything from fear, embarrassment and/or panic. Fear of humiliation can be one of the main reasons lost people wander farther and farther into lostness, instead of simply sitting and waiting for rescue. In the early stages of being lost, fear, embarrassment can be more on your mind than being found and actual survival! So its vital at this time to collect your thoughts and focus on the problem at hand. Sit, relax, take a few calming breaths and maybe a drink of water and a bite of food if you have it, which, provides conscious and unconscious reassurance that you're still

in control, still functioning in health and comfort. Focus on the specific problems of your situation rather than the terrifying worst-case overview.

**O=Orient.** If you have a map and compass, this will be a lot easier. With or without those aids, ask yourself: Where are you in relation to landmarks you might recognize? Which fork or trail or detour did you take? How long have you been off-course, or uncertain. Can you backtrack with reasonable certainty to the last familiar point? That is, you might not actually be lost yet, just en route to becoming lost. Calm and reason might get you back to recognizable ground.

**P= Plan.** If you can't get confidently oriented, you now face the big question: Do you stay put or try to find your way back? There are lots case histories of people planting themselves mistakenly, only to die from exposure mere yards from a road or trail, or a few minutes from help. On the other hand, and more commonly, lost people have wandered around unnecessarily, getting deeper and deeper into trouble while also hampering the efforts of rescue teams. So the decision to stay put or travel on is crucial.

### Stay or go?

If rescue is likely or near-certain, and if staying put does not place you in immediate or developing danger, don't travel any farther. Often the best recourse when you are lost is to stay where you are, except for minor movements to find shelter and to aid your chances of being located by rescuers. You can expect rescue if you've filed a reliable trip plan; and/or if you have adequate signaling equipment (a two-way radio, a cell phone, a flare gun, or something like that), and/or if you are near a vehicle (car, boat, or airplane) that can both offer survival aid and serve as a visual beacon easily seen by searchers.

Travel from your "point of lostness" only if you have a reasonable certainty of where you are going, or if you must move to escape possible danger (out of a canyon to avoid a flash flood, out of a snow basin to avoid a potential avalanche, and so on) or to reach ground that offers better visibility or a wider overview of the landscape. But if you move at all, mark your trail copiously and overtly, making directional arrows of sticks or rocks, rock-stacks, or even tree-bark blazes if necessary. Don't, as so many advise, "follow streams downhill," hoping they'll lead to civilization, unless you are sure of the specific stream and where it leads. If you must camp for the night, set up shelter, signal equipment, and fuel for a fire well before dark. Do your best to stay dry (wet skin and damp clothing lead more quickly to hypothermia) and conserve energy.

Continued from Last and Found.

Overexerting or exhausting yourself only creates a weakened and therefore dangerous state. In most areas of this country, even in the "wilderness," rescue is usually less than a day away. That's a reason for optimism, which will also raise both your patience and your odds of eventual survival.

-Excerpted from the Oct. 2000 issue of Sports Afield by Anthony Acerrano

Announcing Former UCMC members:  
Mrs. Sarai Hedges-Medvedovic, Ms and  
Mr. Mario Medvedovic, STD, pictured  
here in formal white attire as they march  
toward eternal marital bliss.



WRM Team Wind River Range, Wyoming 2000.

# Adventure with us!

# UC Mountaineering Club