

THE GOOSEDOWN GAZETTE

Fall Edition
November 2004
Volume 24 Issue 1



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UC MOUNTAINEERING CLUB

Welcome to the UC Mountaineering Club

Enjoy the world outside your window!

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 are not limited to:



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

Need More Info?

Feel free to contact any officer.

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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 or 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 criticism are welcomed, but will be duly ignored without the subsequent offer of help with the next issue.

Cover: Seneca Rocks Climbing School Trip, Marty Crawford and Joe Gayetsky



JOIN US Every Wednesday at 7:00 pm

WEEKLY MEETING: 7pm, 525 Old Chem
Each week we meet to discuss and share our trips, do a bit of business, then enjoy a program or slide show on adventures from within and outside the club.

MEMBERSHIP: \$10/quarter or \$30/year
Membership entitles you to the use of the clubs library (books, videos, magazines), and to check out equipment from yourself for one week.

UCMC GEARSHACK

The gearshack is located in the parking lot south of Daniels Hall. Gear checkout is conducted after meetings.

Check out the UCMC homepage for almost up-to-date news, information, trips and cool links:

www.ucmc.org

LETTER FROM THE PRESIDENT

Thanks for reading the Goosedown Gazette. As some of you know, this is our first issue in about three and a half years. I hope you enjoy reading about trips and learn a little in the process. Most importantly though, I hope reading this Goosedown will remind you why you love the outdoors and inspire you to get out more.

For those of you who may be reading this but have never been to a meeting, I would encourage you to attend. We have something to offer all skill levels in a myriad of outdoor activities. We offer beginner climbing and backpacking experiences every spring and fall, as well as beginner paddling and caving periodically. For the more advanced, the adventures are unlimited!

During the past year we have had club trips to Canyonlands N.P., Utah, the Gore Mountains of Colorado, Seneca Rocks, W.V., and Hot Springs, N.C. just to name a few. Club members have also found the time to travel the world on non-club trips. Just this past summer, UCMC members have traveled to Canada, Mexico, Europe, and Africa. This collection of experiences is one of the greatest resources of UCMC. Any of our members would be happy to give you advice relating to your next trip.

Whether you're interesting in acquiring new skills or meeting a few more climbing partners, I invite all of you to join UCMC. In the two years that I have been a member, I have gone on more trips than in the previous five years and gained more knowledge than I could ever have gained on my own. I guarantee that UCMC will enrich your outdoor experiences.

From Cubes to Canada

By Rob Laing

I don't want to go back in there, I thought this afternoon. I had walked outside to the parking lot, surprisingly the most scenic area of my whole day. I have been encased in a cubicle office, with enough room to run laps. You could probably get nine or ten laps per second if you really try.

In the parking lot, the sun made me squint. I don't know if my eyes are so used to wearing sunglasses these days that any amount of light makes the eyelids reflexively close, or that not seeing daylight for the past four hours has conditioned them to the fluorescent glow of the overhead lighting system and the glow of this computer screen. I squinted at the sun and inhaled the slight breeze that cooled the direct hit of the sun to what people around here call "perfect" weather.

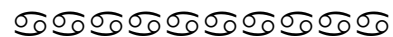
The breeze was strong and warm. It was able to cut the humidity out of the air just enough to make it seem 75 degrees Fahrenheit. As it flowed through the trees adorning the parking lot I had left my closet inside and the seemingly endless staring at the same four walls. My mind traveled elsewhere, back to the depths of summer.

Canada. Two whole months of Canada.

Canada is big. Huge. You can drive all day and still only make it a few inches across the map. Here in British Columbia, there's not much between towns. No outlet malls, no exits crowded with gas stations, no flushing toilets at the rest areas. Fewer people, less mess, no hassle.



The mountains are steep, especially on the drive from the border crossing in Abbotsford west toward Manning Provincial Park. The peaks tower above. Tree line is a long distance from the pavement highway, almost like a heaven of clear space on the mountain reserved for the gods. Through this valley flows the Fraser River, the main drainage of British Columbia. Its color is a tumultuous haze of mud brown and glacial blue, quickly and unhesitatingly telling its life story. It flows smooth and unassuming and carries a tuft of wind that hurls itself through the canyons and valleys.



We get a message from Darwin, proprietor of Fraser River Expeditions, telling us that the Nahatlatch River is too low to run commercially due to a low water year. We'll have to do the Fraser instead. That's cool. The Fraser isn't usually low enough to run commercially, and in fact, our trip would be the first to run it this year.

Darwin meets us at our RV park-overrun-by-25-crazy-fifteen-year-olds campsite to guide us to the put-in. We mosey down to the riverbank and cross a frigid creek and find our boats waiting for us: two of them. Each is a giant outrigger, four tubes wide with a platform

in the middle to put our feet, powered not by oars or paddles, but by a 40 horsepower outboard motor. After the safety speech and the equipment check, we're on the river.

The wind through the canyon is fierce and cold. I remember from some physics or geomorphology class in my earlier school years the principle that velocity of a fluid increases when the width of the passage decreases. I'm chilled from the water, and the wind seems to be kicking me when I'm down.

The Fraser's flows are scary. Whirlpools quickly form and appear to be able to suck anything down without any consideration for precious necessities like...breathing. We go through a few waves that crest well above my head, and suddenly I realize that I'm thankful that I'm not in a 12-foot paddle raft. We hit Sailor Bar, the biggest rapid on the river and "get served" by the waves. After we're through, Darwin eddies out, points the bow upriver, ferries across the top of the rapid, and cuts the throttle, sending us back into the wave train. Six more times and we decide that we need the rest of the gas to make it to the takeout.

We pass an avalanche gully that had been sending rocks down on the railroad tracks that skirt the canyon walls to the interior. Darwin tells a story of a survey crew sent up to figure out a solution to this problem. The railroad crews eventually destroyed a spiritual edifice of the local Natives without any consult. At this point, the sun is strong and the wind is taking the bite out of it. I lean back on the outrigger and pull my visor over my eyes and listen to the breeze, the waves, and Darwin's less-legit stories of bank robbers and cows eating car batteries.

I remember a morning late in the second trip, while on a backpack in Wells-Gray Provincial Park. We had decided to

push into this backpack in the real wilds of British Columbia after much debate over the kids' outdoor competency: kids setting up tents that the Big Bad Wolf would have dreamed of seeing; requiring that eating Pop-Tarts be done over a bowl in this prime griz country. Our goal was to get into Fight Lake for camp the first night, hike north to Battle Mountain the second night, then backtrack all the way out to the trailhead on the morning of the third day.

It was the morning of the second day when I awoke to hear rain slapping the tent, and me checking to make sure that all my possessions were dry. I rolled around, peered through my groggy eyes and let out a groan. "Uuuuuuuuuarrrrr." I look at my co-leader Cara, buried deep in the mess of Gore-tex and down next to me. She shot me the look of agreement that the plans for the day had just changed: sleep in at our new base camp while we day hike to Battle Mountain.

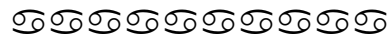
A painfully slow three hours pass as we cook breakfast and prepare for our foggy day hike. In W-G, there aren't many trails. We bushwhack around a stand of trees for about an hour, only to find the one trail that we should have taken in the first place. It's been a long time since I'd hiked just for the sake of hiking, and it was beautiful. I'd never seen so many Indian Paintbrush in my life. The meadow was a covered with reds and pinks, blotched across the meadow so chaotic and so perfect.



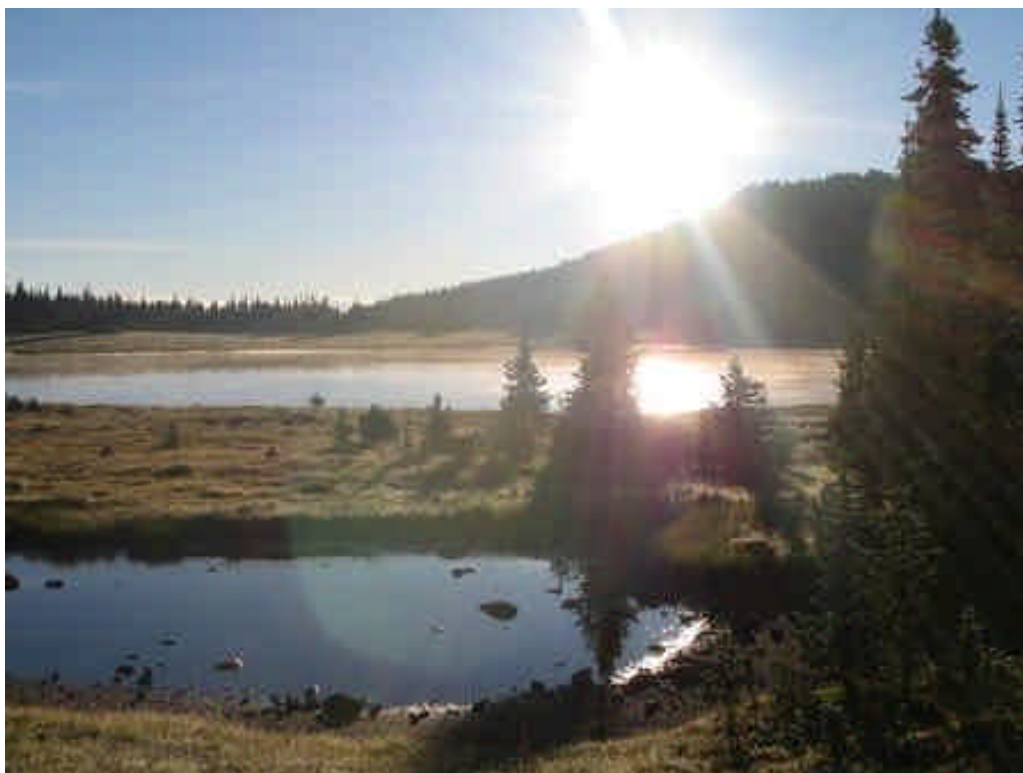
The rain came down in spurts; misting, clearing, steady with brief bursts, then just fog to keep us company. It felt like the constantly overcast skies were creeping lower and lower. As we headed up the ridge toward Battle Mountain, the trail became faint, and so did our hiking as we wandered through the meadows hoping that we were going the right direction. With the fog shrouding all possible landmarks, getting lost seemed inevitable. The going was slow.

After a quick lunch and some more blind hiking, we came to a ten-foot post with a sign that said “Battle Mountain Trail.” We were overlooking a valley than ran between the ridge we were standing on and the base of the mountain. It slowly dropped off on both the right and the left as streams originated from in both directions from this point. Beneath the fog we could see the intense greens of the firs and spruces that covered the bottom half of the mountain. The wildflowers were still absurdly gorgeous.

The next morning we woke up early so that we could reach the trailhead before noon. I knew something was different as my eyes were resilient to open. The sun was about to crest the mountains in the east and beat down on us. The air outside was crisp, chilly like autumn air farther south. Clouds still clung to the hillsides of the higher country. I raised my arms and forced them as high as I could, opening every fold and crease of my pruned skin to the rays of sunlight. How great it was to have it back.



The sun feels great this afternoon, much like it did that afternoon as I snoozed on the raft on the Fraser River, much like it did that morning as I awoke and greeted the day in the British Columbia backcountry. For a long day in the cube, it’s a refreshing break, an acknowledgement that life is so much cleaner out there. The sun and wind bring clarity that there is always a place out there that I can access and beat the cube. I just walk outside and trigger the memory, then sit back for hours and let the good times roll.



Getting in Shape for Climbing

By Andrew Smith

Climbing is an awesome sport. Unfortunately, it can be hard to get into for beginners. Often beginning climbers are held back by their physical and mental fitness. Below are some suggestions to improve fitness so that you can focus on technique on the rock and enjoy more of the climbing experience.

Climbing requires a lot of stamina. To increase my endurance I try to get some cardiovascular exercise at least three times a week. Effective cardio workouts should be an absolute minimum of 20 minutes. To get any benefit you should aim for at least 30-40 minutes. Good sources of exercise are swimming, rowing, biking, running, and walking.

In addition to pure cardiovascular endurance, muscular strength and endurance is needed. A lot of climbing is done with the lower body so you should place some emphasis on leg strength. A good way to gain strength is simply to go walking, 2-3 mph with a slightly loaded pack. If it is too easy, pick up the pace or add weight to the pack.

If you are more inclined you might try heading to the weight room. My typical leg regimen includes: squat, leg press, leg extension, leg curl, and calf raises. I try to do three sets of 8-10 reps for each exercise, which seems to build a good mixture of strength and muscular endurance. If you cannot get to the weight room, a few good home exercises are lunges, wall sits, and calf raises.

Everyone says that climbing is done mostly with the lower body, but we all know that a lot of upper body strength is needed to hold on to the wall.

The essential climber exercise is the pull-up. This exercise builds lats, biceps, and triceps. A proper pull-up is performed by grabbing the bar with the hands a little wider than shoulders, palms facing away from the body, pulling the body up until the chin is above the bar, and then lowering all the way down until the arms are extended. A semi-alternative to the pull-up is the chin-up. It is like the pull-up but with the palms facing towards the body with a closer distance between the hands.

If you cannot do many pull-ups or any at all, it is good to just hang from the bar. This increases grip and gets your body used to the general strain on it by the exercise. A little more advanced technique than the hang is the flexed-arm hang. To do this get a chair or a stool to stand on so that you can grab the pull-up bar with your chin above it. Then, kick out the stool and hang as long as you can with your chin above the bar, but not on it.

Some good upper body exercises in the weight room are lat pull-downs, bicep curls, seated rows, bench press, tricep extensions, pull-downs, military press, and dumbbells lifts with the shoulders.

In addition to upper body and lower body weights, it is really beneficial to strengthen the core muscles of the stomach and back. This can be done by sit-ups, crunches, and back extensions. A little bit of an abs workout can be done through pull-ups as well by bending the knees and keeping the body straight with the feet behind it when doing the exercise.

Grip is strengthened through many of these workouts, but it is built up best by climbing itself. Another option to isolate grip workouts is to squeeze a tennis ball, racquetball, or buy a strengthener from the store.

Here are a few tips on preventing injuries whether climbing, running, or lifting. Make sure you stretch your muscles. This improves flexibility which is quite helpful on the wall. Also, in weight training make sure that you work out the opposing muscle group. For example, if you exercise your arm using the bicep curl, make sure to exercise the opposing motion with the tricep extension. This helps prevent joint damage and possible lopsided physique.



Joe Gayetsky at Seneca Rocks



Marty Crawford at Seneca Rocks

Steve Must Memorial Scholarship Fund Update

In June, Joe Gayetsky and Marty Crawford became the latest recipients of the Steve Must Memorial Scholarship. Their scholarship was awarded to learn Intermediate Climbing Skills at the Seneca Rocks Climbing School in Seneca Rocks, WV. Tony Barnes who has been an instructor for nearly twenty years taught this three-day intensive course. He is also author of the area's climbing guidebook.

The first day of class reviewed basic climbing concepts as well introduced multi-pitch climbing, protection placement, and anchors. Day 2 began with more climbing then covered rappelling, friction knots, belay device alternatives, and climbing techniques. Day 3 covered more in-depth topics like belay escapes and ascending techniques, before revisiting the topics already covered.

The Steve Must scholarship is available for undergraduate students pursuing outdoor education. For more information and specific application requirements visit www.ucmc.org.

Good Trail Running in Cincinnati?

By Jim Breyfogle

So you've grown tired of driving for hours to go to a place with decent trails, or hunters have scared you away from East Fork and you're worried that you'll be relegated to running on sidewalks in the recreation void that is Cincinnati. Have no fear: only a few minutes drive away from UC on Colerain Avenue is Mt. Airy Forest. Named one of the top 20 urban trails by Runner's World Magazine, this scenic 1,500-acre park has over 14 miles of connected trails ranging from flat and well maintained to rugged stone steps that will leave even the most experienced trail runner gasping for air. Most of the trails are part of a large loop with many access points allowing for convenient routes, and for the most part are rarely used.

While running through the heavily wooded hills and valleys, you'll encounter over 1600 types of plants (Source: Cincinnati Parks Dept), which makes you forget that you're never actually more than 100 yards from the road and inside the limits of a major metropolitan area. Besides the beautiful scenery, there is the wildlife. Since hunting is not allowed in Mt. Airy, the deer are very abundant, and on the majority of runs there I have seen many more deer than people. Although this does have a downside: I spoke to a fellow who had been chased by a territorial buck during mating season.

For those who would rather hike or mountain bike, the network of trails provides for several great options. There are also bridal trails, picnic areas, swing sets, and a dog park for those less adventurous. Mt. Airy, Cincinnati's largest park, is a true oasis in the gritty urban environment of Cincinnati.

Even Welsh people are welcome at UCMC

By Nicola Goldberg

When I first arrived in Cincinnati I was suffering from acute "whatthefhellhaveIdone-itis" and "whatisthisplace" syndrome. UCMC helped me recover from these when I was starting to think that the only cure would be immediate evacuation back to Wales. I have really appreciated being a member of the club. Since my first car-camping trip to Red River Gorge with some of the "slipshod" crew I haven't looked back

I've learned a lot from other members of the club: always erect your tent before you leave, just to check the poles are there (Chuck); don't pitch your tent in a hollow (Bob Mouk); don't lean your head against the window of a van if Joe has sat there, and don't ever listen to Andy on a whitewater 101 course!

The club has also enabled me to see parts of the country I've never been to before and probably wouldn't have thought to visit otherwise: Red River Gorge, Clifton Gorge, Hot Springs, East Fork, and Paint Creek State Parks, Put-In-Bay and the Busch house.

I've also come to appreciate that there is more to the club than "mountaineering" activities. My favorite memories include burritos and bluegrass at the Comet, Northside; my birthday beers (at various drinking establishments around Cincinnati); Sting and Annie Lennox concert; my trip to Chicago, and of course the Big Big Picnic!

Finally, I'd like to say thank you to everyone at the club for making me feel welcome. I hope people appreciate my presence too, other than for teaching them British swear words, and I value greatly the friendships I have made here.

Gear Review: *Montrail*

Excellerace XCR

By Andy Thien



Photo by John Hamel

About a year ago, I decided it was time for me to purchase a new pair of boots. My boots at the time, a pair of full-grain leather boots by Lowa, were still like new. As a novice backpacker, I had bought them while in Munich for a six-month internship at BMW. From the day I left home for Germany, my new found love of the mountains and my lack of spare money for traveling had me determined to see as much of the Alps as I could. After all, Munich lies in the foothills of the Alps, train tickets are cheap, and overnight accommodations are free when you carry a tent. With only two hundred Euros left in my pocket, I let a cheery-eyed, well-endowed Fräuline at a local gear store convince me to purchase the Gore-Tex Lowa's for a mere 165 Euros. After six months of blistering, toe-crunching hikes in the Alps, I finally overcame the denial that I had spent a small fortune on a pair of boots that did not even fit.

Once I returned home to Ohio, I vowed to never set foot on a trail again until I had a pair of boots that fit. I decided that, this time, I was going to do some research on backcountry footwear. At the library, I found the book *The Backpacker's Handbook*, by Chris Townsend. Chris Townsend, I learned, is a world renown rough terrain hiker, with over 25 years of experience. His resume includes thru-hikes of the Appalachian Trail (AT), Pacific Crest Trail (PCT), Continental Divide Trail (CDT), and the first-ever hike across the Yukon.

In a chapter on footwear, Townsend describes his conversion from traditional, heavyweight, leather boots to lightweight, trail-running shoes. When he was nearly 1,500 miles into the PCT, his heavyweight boots caused him such discomfort that he resorted to hiking in a pair of trail sneakers, which he had packed as camp footwear. "My feet," Townsend writes, "released from their stiff leather prisons, rejoiced, and my daily mileage went up." "The shoes," he continues, "gave all the support and grip of my old boots, with vastly increased comfort. I have not worn heavy, traditional footwear since!" Townsend points out several advantages of lightweight footwear. First, he emphasizes that lighter footwear is more comfortable and less tiring than heavy footwear. He points to the general estimate that every pound carried on your feet roughly corresponds to five pounds in your pack. Second, he negates the belief that heavy footwear is necessary for ankle support. Stability actually comes from holding your ankle in place over the shoe sole, which is the job of a rigid heel counter and can be found in running shoes and in leather boots. Third, he explains that it is a myth that stiff soles protect your feet from rough terrain while under heavy loads. Stiff soles can actually alter your gait and prevent natural foot placement. The most important aspect of soles is that they cushion your feet.

Grandma Gatewood, the fabulous woman who hiked the entire 2,000-mile AT three times—the first time at age 67—wore sneakers. If Grandma Gatewood could hike 2,000 miles in sneakers, does Joe Athlete really need heavy boots with lug soles?

—*Backwoods Ethics*, Laura and Guy Waterman

Now that I was convinced that lightweight footwear was best for my hiking endeavors, a review in the April 2003 issue of *Backpacker* caught my attention. In the review, the executive editor of the magazine awarded an Editors' Choice Award to a lightweight boot, the Montrail Exclerace XCR. The review acclaimed the innovative design of the shoe, which incorporates the highly breathable Gore-Tex XCR membrane with a high collar and rear-entry tongue to keep out water and debris. "These ultralight, all-weather hikers are the best thing to happen to backpacking boots in a decade," writes the author. During my next visit to The Benchmark in Blue Ash, I noticed that the newly re-opened store had the Montrail Exclerace XCR on display. After being properly sized, I purchased the boots just in time for my summer internship in Los Alamos, New Mexico. Right out of the box, the hikers fit like a pair of sneakers, requiring zero break-in time. I removed the Montrail foot bed and replaced it with a green Superfeet insert to give my extremely flat arches some added support. Over the course of my summer in Los Alamos, I wore the shoes on numerous weekends, overnight hikes, and summits, including Mt. Wheeler (New Mexico's highest point, 13,161 ft.), the Santa Fe Baldy (12,622 ft.), and five of Colorado's fourteeners. Later in the summer, I wore the shoes on a four-night, five day trip in Rocky Mountain National Park, which included a summit of Long's Peak (14,256 ft.) on the fifth day. The shoes performed superbly on each and every hike. Even when carrying a 35-pound pack over talus slopes, my ankles remained stable. The soles gripped well on scree slopes and talus, but the shallow lugs allowed for some slipping on packed snow. The XCR membrane proved very breathable on hot weekends in New Mexico yet kept my feet dry on rainy days in the Colorado monsoon season.

Their breathable, synthetic fabric enables the shoes to dry quickly, even on humid days. With only a few minor abrasions, the synthetic uppers and rubber toe boxes survived serious abuse on rugged talus slopes and rough trails. My size 11's tip the scales at 2-lbs 3-oz, including the Superfeet inserts, and I paid retail price for them, \$120. My only complaint is that the soft rubber sole wears quickly. Hopefully the next version of the shoe will see a more durable Vibram sole.

Top 10 Outdoor Meccas of Greater Cincinnati

10. **Burnett Woods**, Clifton- Frisbee golf, fishing, and Bigfoot sightings
9. **Harbin Park**, Fairfield- Mountain biking, sledding, trail running, and making out.
8. **Mt. Airy Forest**, Colerain Ave- Trail running and frisbee golf.
7. **Little Miami River Trail**, Loveland- Canoeing, cycling, running, and rollerblading.
6. **Mt. Storm Park**, Gas Light District- Sledding and voyeurism.
5. **England-Idlewild Park**, Burlington, KY- Best mountain biking in the area.
4. **Big Bone Lick State Park**, KY- Need we say more?
3. **Banklick Woods**, Independence, KY- Frisbee golf and dog walking.
2. **Eden Park**, Mt. Adams- Climbing, bouldering, running, and river overlook.
1. **Red River Gorge**, KY- Climbing, backpacking, camping, and Miguel's Pizza.

Yosemite California

By Scott Robinson

“Look at that bald ass piece of shit.” These were first words out of my friend Ben’s Dad’s mouth, as we approached Mt. Dana. Mt Dana is Yosemite’s second highest peak. Our trip however did not start there.

The trip started with a flight into Las Vegas, Nevada. Here we enjoyed the comforts of modern day living. In Las Vegas there were McDonalds every 500 feet and luxurious hotels with modern conveniences including flush toilets and clean water. After spending three days attempting to gamble, getting kicked out, and sneaking into every pool possible we left for our next destination, California.

The desert was full of life the day we rode through. Bombs from nearby air force bases exploded around us while wild donkeys roamed the sandy hillsides near the highway and wild stallions galloped through the hot gold sand.

We reached our destination late in the afternoon and pulled into the town of Lee Vinning, to look for food. If you ever have been to a mountain town, you know you cannot find the normal food as you would in a city, expired chili, hot dogs, stale bread etc. We camped for the first night in Tuolumne Meadow one of the largest prairies in the country, this was the typical mountain campsite. The following day, the trip continued to the famous Yosemite Valley. The valley, which is typically filled with tourists, was somewhat empty in September compared to the peak time of June through August.

During the late summer do not bother going to Yosemite Falls because it will be dry. Instead we hiked to

Verna falls, and Nevada falls, other popular sites to see in the valley. Hiking up the rocks of the falls we climbed to the top. We enjoyed jumping from 30 – 40 foot rock faces into the base of the falls. I would recommend a towel and a change of britches if you plan on doing this because the water is so cold; your whole body goes numb. You don’t want to wear clothes; our outfit of choice was underwear which fellow jumpers wore. The sites of El Capitan, Half Dome, and many other cliff faces were breathtaking.



The following day after a breakfast in the lodge and a few stolen bananas, we started our climb. The best part about Mt. Dana is that it does not take too much skill to climb. You reach the summit at 13,057 feet after a rather strenuous 5-hour climb from 8,000 feet at the entrance to Yosemite from Inyo National Forest. The key to doing this hike is packing plenty of water; a camel back, and a water bottle or two. Pack plenty of food, my choice was Charlie the tuna, and jerky, which is light and tasty.

Once you reach the summit you are taken away with views that seem to make you feel as though you are on top of the world. Views include Mono Lake, a salt lake that is surrounded by salt formations formed over the years, Dana Lake and Saddlebag Lake. The wildlife we encountered was that of marmots,

bees, and a few birds. After spending only about an hour at the top we started our decent to the base. This is the hardest part of the trip. Descending down the paralysis ridgeline is tricky as the rocks move around your feet. Once that is completed you must take the flat stretch to the pseudo summit then strait down 3000 feet. The last part is heaven compared to the prior part of the climb. The trail flattens out and shallow fresh water lakes are adjacent to the trail, which are great for bathing or enjoying a cool refreshing swim.

The trip ended with a return to Las Vegas for a stay at the Klondike Inn, the only hotel I know that has runway lights on the roof. However they do have great breakfast deals such as killer eggs and bacon for 99 cents.

Mt. Dana and Yosemite were such an awesome experience due to the variety of activities for all skill levels. If you like to rock climb, the valley is the place to go. Hiking is popular in most all parts in the park, especially the meadow.



As for Mt. Dana, if you want a challenge that will test your endurance and hiking skills it is the climb to do. Few people attempt to climb Mt. Dana compared to many other famous peaks in the country. Technical skills are not required and people of all ages can climb Mt. Dana. I would recommend this trip to anyone looking for a good adventure with many opportunities.



Zambia at a Glance

By Cara Biser

I had an opportunity to participate in a different aspect of the UC mountaineering club this summer. I went to Zambia with Habitat for Humanity. This is not your typical reported UCMC trip, but I know that my involvement in outdoor activities helped me along the way. A group of 13 Americans, Canadians, and New Zealanders headed to a small village called Katete (Ka-tet-a), Zambia. We lived in a 2-room house, sleeping on our sleeping mats (mine provided by UCMC of course) on concrete. We had no running water or electricity, which for me was amazing because of the simplicity and the ability to be closer to God and the beauty of nature. I must admit that the simplicity was wonderful, but the most wonderful part was the people. I felt like a queen in this village.



The culture of the Zambian people is to accept visitors with much love. It is an honor for them to have visitors. They served us food, washed our laundry, smiled continually, let us get to know their homes and their culture. My group had a ton of fun building 2 houses with them, learning how they use everything they have in incredible ways, playing “football” (soccer) with the kids every day and dancing with them around their campfire at night! This was the best experience of my life and it could

be yours too. Anyone can do this by applying online at www.habitat.org.

Not only did I get to learn and grow as a person, do good things for other people in another culture, and add stamps to my passport; I also got the chance to experience some amazing natural sites. We took 2 days at the end of the trip to relax and explore Africa. I got to take a one-day safari on the Chobe River in Botswana-I saw many elephants, water buffalo, impala, a giraffe, a couple zebra, and a few hippos. My very last day was thrilling; I took a half-day trip to white water raft on The Great Zambezi River, which is on the border of Zimbabwe and Zambia. This was an incredible adrenaline rush and potentially life threatening (but well worth it) adventure.

We finished the night by heading to one of the seven wonders of the world, Victoria Falls: Livingstone “discovered” it (only after the natives did) in 1855 as he searched for what the natives called the “smoke that thunders”. It is approx 5600 feet wide, twice as tall as Niagara Falls and one and a-half times as wide. They certainly named it properly because it is incredibly loud and continually has mist and a rainbow.

The Zambian people are amazing. Africa is wonderful, and the things you can do, the lessons you learn, and the people you meet are extraordinary.



A Trip to the Top of Washington State

By Eric Brown

In December of 2000, the Army transferred me out to Fort Lewis in Washington State. When I started hiking in high school, I'd heard about the great outdoor experiences Washington had to offer, and I was looking forward to taking advantage of as many as possible. When I first arrived at Fort Lewis, the state offered me its usual winter weather: clouds and rain. However, a few days after my arrival, the clouds parted and offered me the first view of what would become my obsession for the next six months.

It hit me like punch standing in the parking lot of the Post Exchange looking Southwest past the ugly barracks and rows of pine trees between my objective and me. There stood Mount Rainier covered in its blanket of winter snow dominating the horizon. I've never seen at a mountain like it before, encompassing all the surrounding terrain, rising above even the C-130 and C-141 cargo planes taking off from McChord Air Force Base. At that moment, I promised myself that one day I would stand on top of the mountain.

I enrolled myself in the Mountaineer's, a mountaineering and outdoors activities club in Washington, winter climbing course and secured a spot on a Rainier climb for July 7, 2001. When the day finally arrived, the nine of us going on the trip set out for the White River entrance to park on the North side of the mountain. Our route, starting at the White River Camp ground, would take us up the Inter Fork trail which ended about 4 miles up the White River at an area called Glacier Basin. From here, we would follow the Inter Glacier up to Steamboat Prow, drop down onto the Emmons Glacier, and ascend to a small saddle between Steam Boat Prow and the steep accession of the Winthrop and Emmons

Glaciers. Within this saddle was Camp Sherman, a permanent ranger station and high camp for climbers attempting to summit from the North. We arrived around 5:00 PM that afternoon and settled in for a one day layover before making our bid for the summit.



Camp Sherman

The next day was a slow one. We stayed around camp talking with other climbers and park rangers. At one point in the early afternoon, I packed up a few essentials and took a climb up to the top of Steamboat Prowl. It was a relatively easy, four hundred foot scramble, but offered an amazing view of the route we had come up the day before, and a bird's eye view of our camp below. After spending about twenty minutes on top, I descended back to camp where we had one last team meeting to work out the details of our bid for the summit. With that, we retired to our tents to try and catch a few hours of sleep before heading out that night.

Around 10:00 PM that night, the nine of us dragged ourselves out of our warm sleeping bags into the freezing night air. It was quit the contrast from the 70 degree weather I had felt earlier that day; warm enough to strip down to my shorts while playing Frisbee and catching some sun. I strapped into the middle position on my rope feeling my hands go almost instantly numb

when I took my glove off to tie the double bowline knot. As I waited for the rest of my party to get situated, I took a moment to take in the surroundings. It was a clear night, and the moon was shining almost full in the sky. All of the mountain's features stood out as the bright light from the sky illuminated the white snow. Towards the Southeast, I could just see the top of Little Tahoma Peak poking out from behind the rest of the mountain. Looking up at the summit I got the misleading feeling that comes when looking up the slopes of a snow covered mountain: the top is just over the next rise, we'll be there in no time. Of course, another hour typically goes by and the summit still looks no closer than it was. Behind me, to the Northwest, stood Seattle lighting up the horizon; the image looking much like cities seen from an airplane at night. I could make out I-5 running the length of the Pacific Coast and moving points of light along it. I thought of everyone who was probably in the heart of that city right now drinking cold beer in a warm bar, and me, freezing, about to undertake a grueling all night trip up the side of a snow covered mountain and decided there was no other place I'd rather be.

We began our trek up the Emmons Glacier what would become an eight hour up hill walk zigzagging around crevasses and chunks of ice. Our first leg of the trip took us towards the East side of the glacier where a better view of Little Tahoma Peak and the Ingraham Glacier began to emerge. In the bright moon light, the massive crevasse fields and ice falls of the Ingraham stood out like a labyrinth of mangled ice. Surveying this unforgiving landscape, I wondered what it might be like to try and navigate the treacherous maze of gaping holes that plunged hundreds of feet into the bowels of the glacier deciding if I'd ever get the nerve up to try it someday (haven't given up on that yet). About an hour or so into the climb, we hit our first major snag. A member of our team, who had been feeling sick ever since waking up that night, decided he

needed to turn back. Two others stepped up, and three of our climbing team turned around leaving the six of us to continue on to the summit. The rest of the trip was a steady pace up the side of the mountain.

Around four in the morning, the sun began to rise in the east. From my position high on the mountain, I could make out all of the surrounding forests, the high plains Yakima desert to the East, and just visible on the horizon to the north, Mount Baker. By 5:00 AM, we reached our final major obstacle, the bergschrund, the massive crevasse where the Emmons had separated itself from the top of the mountain. A well worn jumping position had been marked by the many climbers who had already passed through that season; however, it was still very disquieting jumping across thinking how deep this particular hole may actually have gone.



The Crater—created from previous eruptions

We continued up the last few slopes to the top of the mountain. By this point, total exhaustion had set in, and I could physically feel the lower levels of oxygen every time I took a breath. The crest of every slope brought hope that this one would be the last; however, I reminded myself not to get any hopes up since there always seemed to be one more until, finally, there wasn't. I looked ahead somewhat in awe and realized that there

was nowhere higher to go. Taking the last few steps to the summit, I dropped my backpack and dug out the stars and stripes posing for several shots on the top of Washington State.

After about an hour on the summit, we roped back up and headed out. In some ways the trip down seemed almost worse than the one up. We were all exhausted by this point, my backpack, which was packed with only a few survival essentials, had begun to feel like it was filled with bags of concrete, the temperature was rising, and I was almost out of water. However, we made it back to base camp without any problems. After packing up our tents, and taking a few hours to rest, we headed out of base camp on our way back to the trail head. This is when the most exciting if not troubling incident of the climb happened.



Columbia Crest with Point Success in the background

We were on the Inter Glacier, and it was around 2:00 PM. The sun was fairly high in the sky, and the top layer of snow on the glaciers had turned to the slushy mess one finds on the road after a snow plow had been through. I was on the middle of my rope again and preparing to jump a particularly wide crevasse behind the lead man. Next to us, the second person on another team was also going across. I waited patiently as she made her jump and watched in dread as she came up short of the solid ice and instead hit a small outcropping of snow that

immediately gave way under her weight. Her equipment caught on my piece of rope dangling loosely across the open crevasse and began to drag me down as well. Instinctively, I self arrested stopping a few perilous feet from the edge. After confusion and frustration, we managed to pull the girl out of the crevasse, and the rest of my team took a wide berth around the open chasm.

The rest of our trip passed without incident. I felt invigorated walking back down the Inter Fork trail glancing back up at the mass of Mount Rainier rising behind me. I could now look upon that summit as the sun emerged from behind it every morning and remember what it had felt like to look down on all of Western Washington. This had been one of the greatest accomplishments of my life, and I looked forward to the next big climb the Cascade Mountains had to offer.



Columbia Crest, Summit of Mt. Rainier (Liberty Cap in Left Rear)

Leave No Trace

No matter what type of outdoor enthusiast you happen to be, preservation of the environment is of the highest priority. Leave No Trace, Center for Outdoor Ethics, has developed seven principles to live by while traveling and playing in the great outdoors. LNT promotes minimum impact skills that apply to everyone no matter what their outside passion may be.

The 7 Leave No Trace Principles are as follows:

1. **Plan Ahead and Prepare.** This means knowing the regulations for the area you plan to visit, typical weather associated with the region, and packing the appropriate gear you will need for that environment. Minimize waste beforehand by discarding extra food packaging.
2. **Travel and Camp on Durable Surfaces.** Always stick to established trails, campsites, and durable surfaces. In pristine areas avoid places where impacts are just beginning, and disperse use to prevent the creation of trails or campsites.
3. **Dispose of Waste Properly.** Pack it in, pack it out. Always inspect your campsite and rest areas for trash before moving on. Make sure you pack out all trash, leftover food, and litter. Solid human waste should be disposed of in catholes dug 6-8 inches deep at least 200 feet from water, trails, and camp.
4. **Leave What You Find.** Leave rocks, plants, and other natural objects as you find them. Preserve the past by leaving cultural or historical artifacts undisturbed.
5. **Minimize Campfire Impacts.** Use a stove for cooking and only build a fire on established fire rings. Keep fires small and use only deadfall as fuel. Make sure to extinguish fire properly.
6. **Respect Wildlife.** Observe wildlife from a distance. Never approach or feed wildlife. Store your rations and trash securely.
7. **Be Considerate of Other Visitors.** Respect other visitors and the quality of their experience. Camp and take breaks away from trails. Avoid screaming and making loud noises.

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