

THE GOOSEDOWN GAZETTE

VOLUME 25
ISSUE 1

WINTER 2011

The Official Publication of the UC Mountaineering Club



IN THIS ISSUE:

**KIND REMINDERS FROM OLD
ADVERSARIES**

3

PARADISE FOUND

4

**SO YOU WANT TO GET MOUNTAIN
FIT?**

5

NEVER TOO YOUNG

6

**OHIO HAS OUTDOOR
OPPORTUNITIES!**

11

WHITewater SHOUT-OUT

11

ASK THEM YOURSELF!

7



Thanks for being part of the

UC MOUNTAINEERING CLUB

The University's renowned adventurers since 1971!



www.ucmc.org

Goosedown Editors

Lee Sekinger
Tess Piening

Want more info?

Feel free to contact
any of our club officers:

Lee Sekinger
Tess Piening
Alex Ping
Page Kagafas
Nick Bose and

president@ucmc.org
vice-president@ucmc.org
treasurer@ucmc.org
secretary@ucmc.org
equipment@ucmc.org

Letter From the President

Dear UCMCers,

This Gazette is in your hand(s) right now. Epic. It's been over six years since an issue of our official club newsletter was published, and at this moment you have the newest edition held firmly in your grasp. Feel the connection. Lose yourself in the moment. Let the Goosedown take you away on an adventure, of the mental nature.

Okay, maybe a bit romanticized. But then again, maybe not. I will admit that, although this issue signifies the resurgence of the publication and its continued future, the Goosedown is by no means in a state of perfection. It might take several editions before this periodical really starts to embody everything that our club stands for. With that said, those who contributed to this reincarnate edition of the Gazette should be proud of themselves, for helping to bring back the tradition. And even those who might not think they contributed—as long as you are an active and participating member of the club, I think it can be argued that your contribution does exist in some way. I believe in the nature of a club to be an inter-connecting network of all its members, with every member spreading their influence, both directly and indirectly, on the others. In light of this perspective, you might realize that even YOU played a part in the release of this edition. And for that, I thank you!

I hope you will enjoy this fresh issue of the Goosedown Gazette, find some inspiration within, and come to understand, if you haven't already, our club's longstanding tradition of appreciation, respect, and overpowering love for the outdoors!

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 welcome, but will be duly ignored without the subsequent offer of help with the next issue.

KIND REMINDERS FROM OLD ADVERSARIES

NICK BOSE

It always surprises me just how fast the sun sets in the White Mountains of New Hampshire, and just how fast disorientation grabs hold after the last light of day leaves you. A second attempt at a winter ascent of Mount Washington's Boott Spur in December of 2009 drove home this lesson that is sometimes much harder learned. At 6,288 ft (1,916 m) Mount Washington is the highest point in New Hampshire and the second highest point on the eastern seaboard of the United States. To many familiar with the 14'ers of Colorado or the high volcanoes and granite massifs of the west coast, the 4000 footers of New England may seem like an odd addition to a mountaineer's résumé, but during the winter climbing season the Presidential Range in eastern New Hampshire offers conditions not often found outside of the arctic and provides a frigid training ground for the worlds highest alpine zones. Since recreational visits to the summit of Mount Washington became common in the 1850's, over 135 fatalities have occurred on its slopes or in its vicinity, with 88 fatalities directly related to climbing (falling, avalanche, and exposure). As staggering as the list of Mount Washington fatalities is, the list of close calls on the mountain is far greater. Of the quarter of a million people who venture up the mountain each year the majority do so without incident. Yet each year, especially during the winter season, ill-prepared hikers, climbers and skiers find out the hard way that there is no room for poor judgment and carelessness in such a hostile environment. While proper gear and planning are essential for a successful and enjoyable winter summit, the most vital thing is your own sense of awareness to the mountain and the conditions around you. I was reminded just how vital it can be on the evening of December 14 while descending from the summit.



Mount Washington rests at 6,288 ft. above sea level in the White Mountains of New Hampshire .

December 14, 2009 – 4:10pm

The sky had gone from blue to gray in the fast-fading light of the afternoon. All day we had climbed through pristine conditions on our way up the Boott Spur trail toward the summit, twenty mile-per-hour winds with minimal gusts and a temperature that was hard pressed to drop to single digits. The day started at Pinkham Notch at 5:30 am making our way up the Tuckerman Ravine trail in the pre-dawn darkness. In the days before our climb the area of the Presidential Range had seen blizzard conditions that would have made

climbing above the tree line impossible. Ninety-plus mile-per-hour wind sent the summit temperature plummeting to -55°F (-48° C). The high-pressure front had deposited nearly a foot of fresh powder in the four days prior to our climb and, needless to say, any previously broken trail up our route had been obliterated by the storm. But the day before the weather had turned for the better, and even though a new trail would have to be broken, the weather on the higher slopes promised to be pristine.

Our group that morning consisted of Kate Hedrick, Scott Reynolds and myself. Trudging in snow-

shoes up the Tuckerman Ravine trail we reached the junction with the Boott Spur trail a little before 6:00 am. The snowshoes, not ideally suited for the fresh powdery snow, struggled to maintain buoyancy atop the white drifts. I had decided to use this return to the Boott Spur as a conditioning trip for upcoming multiday mountaineering trips that were planned, and in doing so carried all of the equipment that I would need for extended overnighting in the alpine zone. The decision to carry the extra gear would serve as a reassuring

Continued on page 8

PARADISE FOUND

TAYLOR BROOKS

Some call it the hippie's Aspen, a Rastafarian garden of Eden. But most call it Telluride, Colorado. While words cannot grasp the total sweetness of this place, here is an attempt. This quaint mountain town is nestled among the jagged peaks of the southern San Juan mountain range in San Miguel County. The town itself is full of heritage. Starting as a silver-mining boom town, it has evolved to a favorite destination for countless people. Every weekend there are festivals that will make any lightly-stomached person feel queasy just looking at the events that are scheduled for a single year, ranging from tightrope, yoga, wine, film, nothing festival (Google this), bluegrass, weekly free concerts in a natural amphitheater, and even the annual mushroom festival. Hearing the locals howl at the moon as it crests over a mountain peak after a George Clinton concert is my personal favorite (I joined in the welcome). The

town itself is at 8750 feet; to the west is the Telluride Regional Airport, one of the highest charter and private airports in the lower 48. To the east is Bridal Veil Falls. At 365 feet, this behemoth is an ice climber's nirvana in the winter and a sightseer's Kodak-moment-of-a-lifetime in the summer.

Summer also brings jeeping enthusiasts from all around the world. Telluride is home to one of the most dangerous jeep trails in the nation, and many come to test their skills. Jeep films their commercials at the 13,114 foot Imogene Pass. The rocky jeep trails finger out from Telluride like nerves connecting to the brain. They lead to multiple mountain passes, Alta Lakes, and



various abandoned mining camps full of empty mines just ripe for exploration. Hiking any direction out of town gives day hikers and backpackers a chance to explore ridge lines that overlook the crimson painted San Juan's, basins, and wild expanses that make the would be badass feel like a fresh army recruit just from hiking from one side to the other. Some say that geology did some of its best work in the local region — 14,000 foot peaks surrounded by aspen forests that morph into evergreen wildernesses that are all too easy to fall in love with. While most try to escape from the day to day hassles by going to the gym or punching a bag, the easiest way to escape in Telluride is finding yourself a good looking rock, sitting on it, and doing absolutely nothing until you spot something else that looks sweet. No matter what your reason for coming to this town, it is guaranteed that you will leave with more reasons to come back than you did coming in.



SO YOU WANT TO GET MOUNTAIN FIT?

ANDY SCHRINER

Alpine gems caught your imagination? 5.11 off-widths dancing in your dreams? 50 mile backpacks through remote backcountry on your mind? You better get fit. Here's how.

First things first: you need to decide what aspects of fitness your project requires. Unlimited aerobic capacity? Tremendous single-rep strength? A high power-to-body-weight ratio? All of the above? Tailor your workouts to the mix of aptitudes required by your chosen endeavor. For me, the project is alpine character-building, so the answer is all of the above.

Let's start with aerobic capacity. Cardio. Heart and lungs. No shortcuts here: you need to put in the time. Get a watch, and spend progressively longer periods of time sucking some wind. Volume is key; don't worry as much about intensity. Mix up the pace or try some intervals every once in a while, but just do a lot. Outside of your workouts, add mini-workouts to your day: take the stairs those 5 flights up, ride your bike to work, and go for a quick walk at lunchtime. These mini-workouts will help convince your body that this whole adaptation-to-cardiovascular-stress thing is something you're serious about, will help burn some extra calories, and will improve circulation to your sore muscles and speed recovery.

Now let's get strong. Again, think about your goal, and what movements are required. With this in mind, train *movements*, not muscles. Do compound (multi-joint) exercises that mimic the stresses of your sport,

and you'll not only get more workout in less time than if you had done isolation exercises, but you will build more efficient neuromuscular pathways. Use what I like to call the Jean-Claude Van Damme Action Hero Principle: if you want real, functional strength that's going to allow you to lift that damsel in distress up over the cliff edge with one arm (or, more realistically, make that super-powerful crux move, leap over that creek with a big pack, or catch yourself when you've stumbled), you need to get away from the overly controlled gym movements and add some dynamism and stability challenges to your workout. Avoid exercise machines. They stabilize the weight for you, and you rob yourself of part of the workout. Use freeweights, sandbags, your loaded backpack, or a small child. Do shoulder presses and rows one arm at a time while standing so your torso is engaged. Do barbell squats (sometimes called the single greatest exercise for overall fitness), and then do single leg squats (work up to it – they're tough). Do dumbbell bench presses with a different weight in each hand. If you've been doing the same exercises for a long time, make little tweaks in the angles of your body parts (for example on a bench press, narrow or widen your grip 3 inches, or for a row, bring your elbow closer to or farther from your side), and notice how much harder it gets. If you notice this extra difficulty, you've been training a very specific neuromuscular pathway and have gotten very efficient at it (which is great if that move translates *exactly* to your sport – but if not, then Jean-

Claude Van Dammit, shake it up!). Even better, change up your routine to incorporate totally new moves. Be sure to vary your rep schemes too, again, based on your goals. Look up "periodization". For example:

- 3 sets of 6 reps (3x6) at heavy weight will build maximum strength and size and minimal endurance
- 3x10 at moderate weight will get you something in the middle
- 3x20 at light weight will get you mostly endurance and will probably not cause you to gain size

What about rest? Change up how much rest you get during your workouts, too. The less rest you get, the more cardiovascular stress, the less you allow fast-twitch muscle fibers (the strong, quick-contracting variety recruited during maximal and near-maximal effort) to recover and the more you require slow-twitch muscle fibers (responsible for endurance) to carry the load, and vice versa. As for rest between workouts, it's as important as the workout itself. You'll need to find the right balance for your current fitness level and the type of workouts you do. If you're already very fit, try a cardio day, followed by a strength day, a cardio day, and a power day, then get active rest (go for a walk, a short hike, do some easy plyometrics, and don't just sit on the couch) the next. See how you feel the day after the rest – was it enough?

Let's talk core strength now. True functional strength starts with the core: balance, stability, the ability to

Continued on page 7

NEVER TOO YOUNG

PAGE KAGAFAS

Ever wonder why you love being outdoors? Maybe it's because your friends do too, or just because you love the smell, or maybe because you love adventure. For many of you, I'm sure your love for the outdoors began when you were really young. But who's to thank?

Ann Weigel Elementary School in Colerain hosts grades K through 5 and is home to about 475 students. Among the 27 teachers there, you'll find Ashlee Strang. She is in her twenties, a graduate of Ohio University, has a degree in elementary education and is Weigel's Physical Education teacher. On December 1, Lee Sekinger, Tess Piening and I met up with Ashlee at the elementary school to give the kids a taste of the things we appreciate. Lee and Tess had also gone a few days before, as well. We brought gear from UCMC's gearspace and Ashlee had it spread out on their gym floor. We had backpacks, tents, a ladder, a ducky and a kayak, and other little things like helmets, sleeping bags and life

jackets. First, the students would come in and sit down, waiting respectfully for directions from Ashlee. After she would explain that the gear was only to be used in the ways we showed them, they were broken up into groups and rotated around the gear, while Lee, Tess, and I walked around explaining things or playing along with them.

Right before the class period was over, we all sat down and they each said what piece of gear was their favorite. Ashlee also asked them if they had ever gone camping before. Many of them said yes, but this was the first time most of them had ever been in a tent, worn a backpack, sat in a kayak, or learned what a cable ladder was for. Not only were they

being exposed to fun things to do outdoors, they were also being taught the safety that goes along with it – for instance, always wearing a life jacket on the water or a helmet while climb-

“This was the first time most of them had ever been in a tent, worn a backpack, sat in a kayak, or learned what a cable ladder was for.”

ing. This was a fantastic idea of Ashlee's to expose these kids to things their families at home may never have exposed them to. Now, more than ever, it is important to be able to remove yourself from the hustle and bustle of our fast-paced society. Respecting nature and spending time outdoors also can bring about a different appreciation for life. Are you ever too young for that?

First-graders at Ann Weigel Elementary enjoy a quick rafting adventure on the invisible river inside the school gymnasium.



MOUNTAIN FIT

FROM PG. 5

transfer forces from your legs through your arms and vice versa. Notice I say “core”, and not “abs”. You need to do a lot more than abdominal crunches to get really functional core strength. Try planks (when they get easy, lift your right foot and left arm up and out, and move your hips up and down, then switch) and side planks. Add half moons (search for “half moon mountain athlete”), reverse woodchoppers, and stiff-leg deadlifts (then go to single-leg stiff-leg deadlifts). Google “Ab Ripper X”, a P90X workout hosted by a nutjob named Tony Horton, and try not to laugh the next few days. Better yet, ignore everything I’m telling you, figure out what is hard for you, and do it!

You want to fine tune this fitness machine? The above will get you long way if you stick to it over the long haul. To go even further and pack the most power into the smallest package, you need to shed unnecessary weight and get strong without getting big. To start off, put down the twinkie. Eat a balanced, healthy diet with a mix of fruits and vegetables, lean protein, and complex carbohydrates. Not only will this get you mountain fit, but you’ll live longer. Eat 5 small meals throughout the day rather than 3 big ones, or eat small snacks between meals – this keeps the metabolic fire burning, and helps convince your body to overcome the evolutionary desire to store fat for the drought years back on the African savanna. Make sure you’re well-fueled before your workouts – eat a snack with some carbs and pro-

tein about an hour beforehand – and provide the building blocks for recovery with a similar snack immediately after your workout has ended. Keep an eye on your weight and your fat stores (the gut for men, thighs and butt for ladies) to see how you’re doing. If you’re eating a balanced diet, hitting the workouts hard, and still not shedding that extra fat...then eat less. To get stronger without adding size, add an occasional (once every two weeks, or fit it into your periodization schedule) power workout: 3x4 on heavy weight followed by a set of 10 explosive, bar-rattling reps, or 3x10 explosive reps. Try some plyometric moves: jump lunges, torso-rotating medicine ball tosses, or a single arm dumbbell snatch. Do a workout filled with nothing but explosive, light-weight exercises, and when you finish you’ll feel like kicking down every door you walk through.

Finally, remember this: everything you do starts and ends with the mind. Don’t forget to train it. Your sport requires quick adaptation to changing conditions? Change your workout plans last minute. You need to deal with adverse weather while grinding out tough miles? Go for a long jog in a cold rain, and underdress. Stick to your workouts even when you don’t feel like it. Small victories in situations like these add up to increased willpower, an easier time staying positive in difficult situations, and more confidence that you can take on anything, which, when you’re mountain fit, you can.

ASK THEM YOURSELF!

(Where the search for tales of epicness rests in YOUR hands)

**..Rachel Priest
about Machu
Picchu and Peru!**

**..Jeremy Hilligoss
about the high
points in every
state, and how
many he’s reached!**

**..Kedharnath
Sairam about the
tsunami in India!**

**..Diana Hsieh
about her study
abroad in Australia!**

**..Bhupa Malla
about climbing in
Nepal!**

**..Dan Galbraith
about his most
intense biking
trip!**

**..Matt Owens
about Gollum!**

KIND REMINDERS

FROM PG. 3

comfort later in the day. The fifty-two pound pack I carried on my back counteracted my flotation even more and I fought to maintain balance as I pushed up the trail. We took turns breaking trail as we ascended the forested lower slopes, stopping to rest at high points where the canopy gave way to the crystalline blue sky and clear views of the higher summits.

We gained the first shelf and exited the tree line around 11:30 am. With three miles of climbing through deep snow behind us we rested and took in one of the clearest views of the White Mountains I had ever seen. The absence of clouds allowed the sun to illuminate the snow-covered ridges above the tree line and brought the summit of Mount Washington into full view. Two miles and three more ridges separated us from the connection of the Boott Spur with the Davis Path. The slopes ranged from 45 to 55 degrees with varying snow conditions. Where one section of the slope would be windblown down to the bare rock another would be loaded with waist-deep drifts. The drifts that were anchored to the side of the mountain were crusted with a brittle layer of ice that was thick enough in some places to hold our weight, but in others would send us crashing through up to our abdomens. The exposed slabs of rock were also glazed with rind ice which shown waxy in the midday light reminding us of the consequences one misstep would incur. We slowly made our way up the ridge, still wearing our snowshoes to help with the deep drifts. Picking our way through the boulders, we eventually came to the second shelf.

The desolate expanse of the second shelf is a windblown rock ledge about half a football field in length. To the left the ridge drops away into the Gulf of Slides and to the right, for the first time, we gazed into the vastness of the Tuckerman Ravine and the plummeting cliffs of the head wall. As we made our way up the second ridge the angle of the slope increased. The climbing progressed slowly, breaking trail through the deep snow that loaded the slope, ever-aware of the jagged oblivion of the Gulf of Slides that fell away directly to our left. Climbing up the steep incline in the snowshoes proved to be even more difficult than ascending the last ridge. Fighting for purchase the entire way, we expended a large reserve of energy and once we had gained the next ledge we rested and swapped out the snowshoes for crampons. We moved up the last rocky slope and summited the Boott Spur, the highest of the lower summits on Mount Washington, around 2:00pm. The difficult task of ascending its lower ridges left everyone tired and the fast-approaching sunset required that we keep moving toward our goal; the break for frozen Pop-Tarts, Brazil nuts and water was kept brief enough that we did not put on our down jackets.

Once on the Davis Path we moved comfortably along the relatively flat ridge top that traces the left flank of Tuckerman Ravine. In the previous year we had taken the saddle and nearly gone the wrong way; poor weather had obscured the summit from view all day and it had been our first visit to the mountain. Our fatigue-addled minds had difficulty

with the map, held awkwardly through glove liners that left our fingers cold. Collective doubt had eventually turned us in the right direction, thankfully before any energy was expended going downhill.

From the Davis Path we made our way to the Lawn Cut Off trail. The Lawn Cut Off drops down and follows the saddle, which connects the southern flanks of the mountain to the summit pyramid and the far-reaching northern arm of the Nelson Crag. The great chasm of Tuckerman Ravine opened up to our right—only a year before we had counted our losses, exhausted and freezing, and gone the excruciating trudge through the deep snow without snowshoes, post-holing all the way, boots brushing against the tops of the short trees. This year, we crossed over the mountain's ridged spine and joined up with the Tuckerman Ravine trail to begin the final push up the mountain. It was 4:00 pm.

Fatigued from the nearly eleven hours of climbing it had taken us to reach that point, we stopped to eat, drink and discuss what the next step would be. The sun sets at around quarter before four during the winter months on Mount Washington. The pristine blue sky that we had climbed under all day had been replaced by a dull gray overcast that was fading quickly into blackness. Below in the valley, a thick fog was forming that would be trouble if it rose up over the ridgeline. No matter what we decided we would be descending in darkness. The

Continued on page 9

KIND REMINDERS

FROM PG. 8

consolation of skipping the summit would guarantee that we would be on the right route down before nightfall, a repeat of the previous year's trip. After a quick group consensus we decided that we would push on and reach the summit. We donned headlamps and left our packs at the junction of the Tuckerman Ravine trail, which would take us to the summit, and the Lion's Head trail that would take us down. At 4:25pm we started our final push.

The summit pyramid of Mount Washington more closely resembles the razed remains of a cyclopean monument than it does a mountain. Mammoth blocks of stone lie piled and collapsed on top of one another forming impossible angles and jagged ice filled recesses. The wind intensified, our headlamps cut through the encroaching darkness and reflected off of the ice covered features that surrounded us as we picked our way through the rocks and neared the summit. Even though I had left my pack at the base of the pyramid the weight seemed to stay with me. I was nearing exhaustion after our all-day assault up the mountain. Then as if out of nowhere the terrain flattened out with the summit buildings in view. We had reached the lower parking lot on the summit, the wind was continuing to build and the temperature was beginning to drop steadily now that the only trace of the sun was a thin line of weak light on the horizon, quickly fading. We moved around to the upper parking lot and crossed the railroad tracks, trekked over the maze of seasonally-abandoned wooden stairs and walkways, and made our way to the sign,

which marked the true summit of Mount Washington. At 4:57 pm we stood on top of the state of New Hampshire. It was dark. A few quick photos were taken around the sign, one or two attempted of the black landscape, some high-fives were exchanged, and we began our descent.

We moved back down the rocky slope of the summit following the Tuckerman Ravine trail and by 5:30 pm we were at the junction of the Lion's Head route. Shouldering our packs once again, we continued down with only the light from our headlamps to guide us along the most sparsely-marked section of trail we had encountered all day. Tired and hungry, I led the way down the slope. The thought of getting below the tree line and out of the wind was the only thing that I could think about. I moved fast over the rocks unaware that I had gone off the route and was now drifting to the left away from the trail. Without seeing any cairns marking the way I continued on and by the time the terrain leveled out I knew that we were in the wrong place.

Looking out over the gently sloping upper ridge we saw no sign of the trail, only the protruding tops of small spruce trees in deep drifts of snow. We had wandered into the Alpine Garden, a stand of trees and shrubs that grow above the tree line. In the spring and summer months the alpine garden is a wonder land of wild flowers, birds and butterflies, however in the winter the lower vegetation acts as a natural snow fence and deep drifts pile up making passage a difficult undertaking.

"We took a wrong turn somewhere back there," I said as Scott and Kate came up behind me.

"Where are we?" Scott asked.

"Somewhere in the Alpine Garden. The trail must have turned further up the hill, I missed it."

Neither Kate nor Scott had seen any cairns further back on the trail either and we decided that we must have gone to far the left and that the Lion head trail was off to our right. We were all tired and no one wanted to go back up the slope we had come down to try to find the trail again. In the dark it was impossible to make out any features that would give away our position and as a result we had no way of telling if the trail was to our right or left. Our headlamps cast thin beams of light out over nothing familiar. If it had been daylight we would have seen the trail of cairns in the distance, leading off to the right. But without that luxury we had significant doubts, and our concerns of walking into the oblivion of Tuckerman Ravine, invisible in the blackness, were high. We chose a course, and began to traverse to the right in order to try to intersect the Lion's Head trail.

After about ten minutes of walking in deep snow, occasionally supported by the crust but often post-holing through the powder, the ground started to slope more steeply downwards and I again voiced my concerns about the danger of the ravine. We checked the map again and agreed that it was possible that the trail had been to our left. Spirits were

Continued on page 10

KIND REMINDERS

FROM PG. 9

low but surprisingly tolerant; we had been on the mountain for fourteen hours, hiking with only sparse breaks and minimal food and drink, and it's possible no-one had the energy to be too irritated. I asked them what they wanted to do. We were all on our third or fourth wind, too exhausted to expend so much energy wandering blindly. Kate suggested that first we should put on our snowshoes before continuing on, which we all agreed with. After we put on our flotation we changed our course and began traversing back to the left.

If we would have continued another hundred feet or so to the right we would have found the Lion's Head Trail, but we were heading back away from it in the darkness, unable to spot any difference in the homogenous, snowy landscape that could give us hint as to where the trail was. We walked, angling down slope as we went, for about twenty minutes. The snow was deep and even with the snowshoes on we were post-holing up to knees. The wind was getting progressively worse and the temperature continued to drop, making the balance of heat while moving versus standing all the more noticeable. When we stopped again I looked at Scott and Kate and asked each of them what they thought about pitching the tent and waiting for first light to find our way down. Neither was keen about the idea but agreed that it was the safest course of action given the fact of how tired we all were. Apologies were made on the wind to our parents, who would no doubt be awaiting a phone call. They would have to wait until morning.

We turned down slope and started looking for a favorable place to pitch the tent, all preparing mentally to spend a sleepless night above the tree line. As we headed down slope we noticed that the buried trees gave way to moss-like plants and the ground began to flatten. The subtle changes seemed promising, and with renewed hope we continued on and in the next few minutes Scott shouted that he saw a cairn in front of us. In looking for a spot to wait out the night we had inadvertently found the Alpine Garden Trail. The celebration was brief. We checked the map again, found our place easily, and followed the path to the Lion's Head Trail, which had been only a short distance away the entire time. The ordeal had lasted about an hour give or take but we were once again on track and more than a little relieved to be on a familiar path.

Once on the Lion's Head we switched out our flotation for crampons. The wind was sweeping up over the edge of the Tuckerman Ravine bowl in freezing gusts that knocked Kate over, but no-one

wanted to be scrambling down the icy rocks in snowshoes, so our fingers took a hit to their comfort while we fumbled with buckles and straps. It was the last true obstacle of the trek (aside from our own willpower), and we slowly made our way down the final steep ridge of the Lion's Head Trail where it flanks the Tuckerman Ravine, quickly ducking into the cover of the tree line afterwards. The lower portion of the Lion's Head Trail gave us cover from the wind and some comfort to those muscles that had been in use for fourteen hours, switching them out intermittently for a new set: the ones used for glissading. Short stretches of the trail featured a somewhat steep slope, clogged with thick drifts but with a thin line of packed snow where others had climbed the mountain earlier in the day. The chutes were nearly perfect, and we utilized them perhaps a little too enthusiastically. Gravity of one sort or another brought us to the Tuckerman Ravine trail and the long trudge back to Pinkham Notch, where cell phones and heated seats greeted us.



OHIO HAS OUTDOOR OPPORTUNITY!

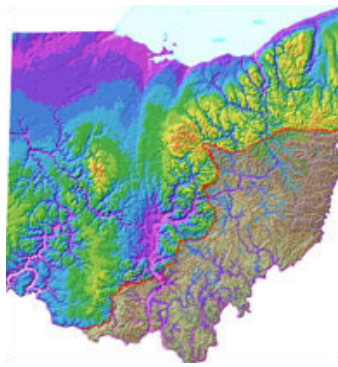
TESS PIENING

A lot of times, when we are trying to decide where to go for our next adventure, places that are wild and beautiful, we often think only of places that are far away. We dream of mountaineering in Montana, climbing in West Virginia, or rafting in Colorado. Perhaps its our familiarity with the local fauna and flora, or our mid-western insecurities, but we often fail to recognize all the stunningly beautiful places that are much closer to us in our little patch of the Midwest.

Ohio is home to 74 state parks, 13 state forests, one national forest, one national park, and three national wildlife refuges. Of the state parks and forests, 18 are in the southwest region, at most only about a 2 hour drive away. Many of these parks offer diverse opportunities for outdoor recreation, including miles of backcountry hiking trails, mountain biking and horse trails, lakes and rivers for boating or fishing, and much more. In addition to all these beautiful places in Ohio that are so close to home, we Cincinnatians are lucky enough to be to near Indiana which offers 23 state parks, 13 state forests, one national forest, one national park, and three national wildlife refuges, most of which are in the southern part of the state.

While there are surely other diverse, beautiful, and wild places that this world has to offer, there are SO MANY in such close proximity that many of us are guilty of neglecting. We sometimes forget that this part of the country has its own beauty, although it may not be as ex-

travagant as the mountains of Utah or the prairies of Oklahoma. It is crazy for me to think that I have traveled to numerous parks and wilderness areas that are over a thousand miles away when there are so many within only 200 miles. Therefore, I have made it my goal to visit as many parks, forests, and wildlife refuges as I can here in southwest Ohio and in southern Indiana before I move away from the lovely Midwest next fall. I need to visit all these places while I can, and anyone who wants is welcome to join me!



WHITEWATER SHOUT-OUT

TONY SNOOK

A little known fact about the University of Cincinnati Mountaineering Club: the club has two white water rafts each seating 6 or 7 people. Last spring and summer there were several trips taken with these club rafts for the first time in a long time. The club has two different types of rafts. One boat is a self-bailing raft which is the more conventional type of white water raft. The other raft that the club has is a few years older, and does not have a self-bailing floor, and is sometimes referred to as a bucket boat.

If you were around last year, there was a trip to teach individuals to

guide. This trip was setup and run by a long time UCMC member, John Steuver. He took a few of us out to the Ocoee River and taught us the basics of raft guiding and safety. John and a few other alumni are very familiar with the Ocoee River and the area. While white water rafting is dangerous, the Ocoee River is a great river to learn on. It is considered a Class III and IV river. This means it is challenging enough to be fun, but if get thrown out of the boat, you still have a chance of survival.

In the past, an annual trip was taken to the Ocoee over Memorial Day weekend. As trained guides started graduating, the number of trips with the rafts declined until they no longer happened. Now that a few members—Nick Bose, Jesse McKinney and myself—are trained, we would like to get this tradition started again.

We've taken quite a few trips in the short time since we have known how to guide. On all of the trips we have had a 15 passenger van, owned by a member's family (Denise Hagle). We usually drive down on Friday night and set up camp at one of the local campsites. The river is dam released and the high water flows are usually between the hours of 9-5. On Saturday we wake up early and try to get down to the river before 9 and teach passengers how to paddle, etc. After this, we run the river once and usually eat lunch. We have strapped the raft(s) to the top of the van to drive them back up-stream. We then run once more on Saturday and once on Sunday before we come home.

John, Jesse and I will try to be around at some of the meetings to talk to those interested. But, feel free to email me at snookal@mail.uc.edu.

U.C.
MOUNTAINEERING

"We do more than climb mountains." CLUB



Rafting

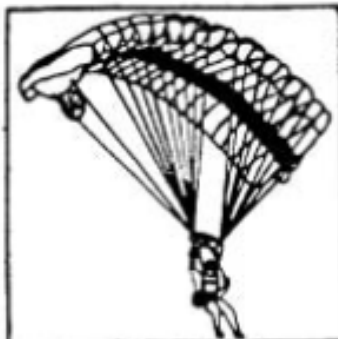
**MEETINGS
EVERY
WEDNESDAY
7:00 PM
525 OLD CHEM**



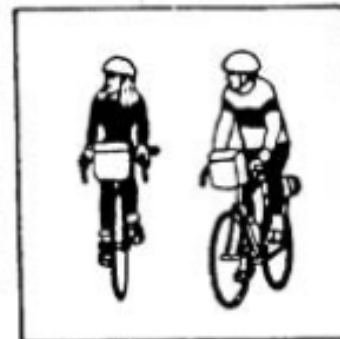
Caving



Backpacking



SkyDiving



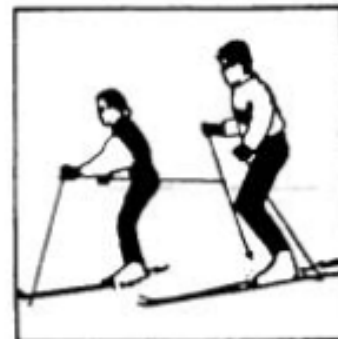
Biking



Rock Climbing



Canoeing



Skating

PAT
ARTMAN