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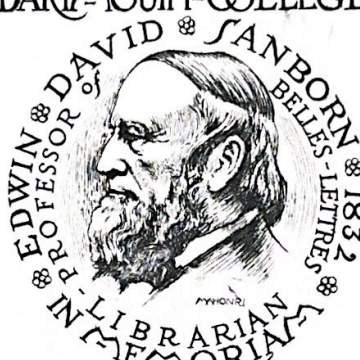
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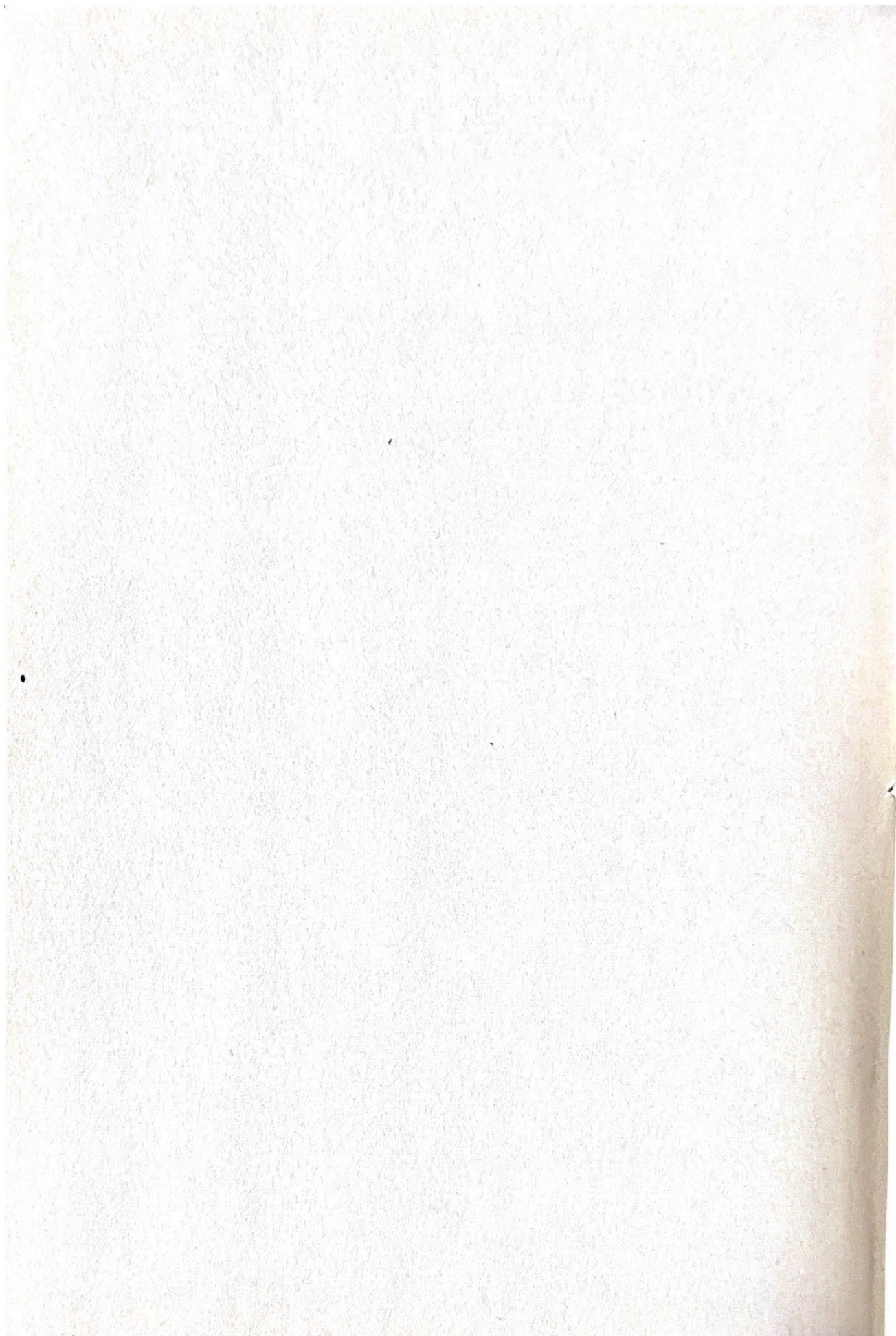
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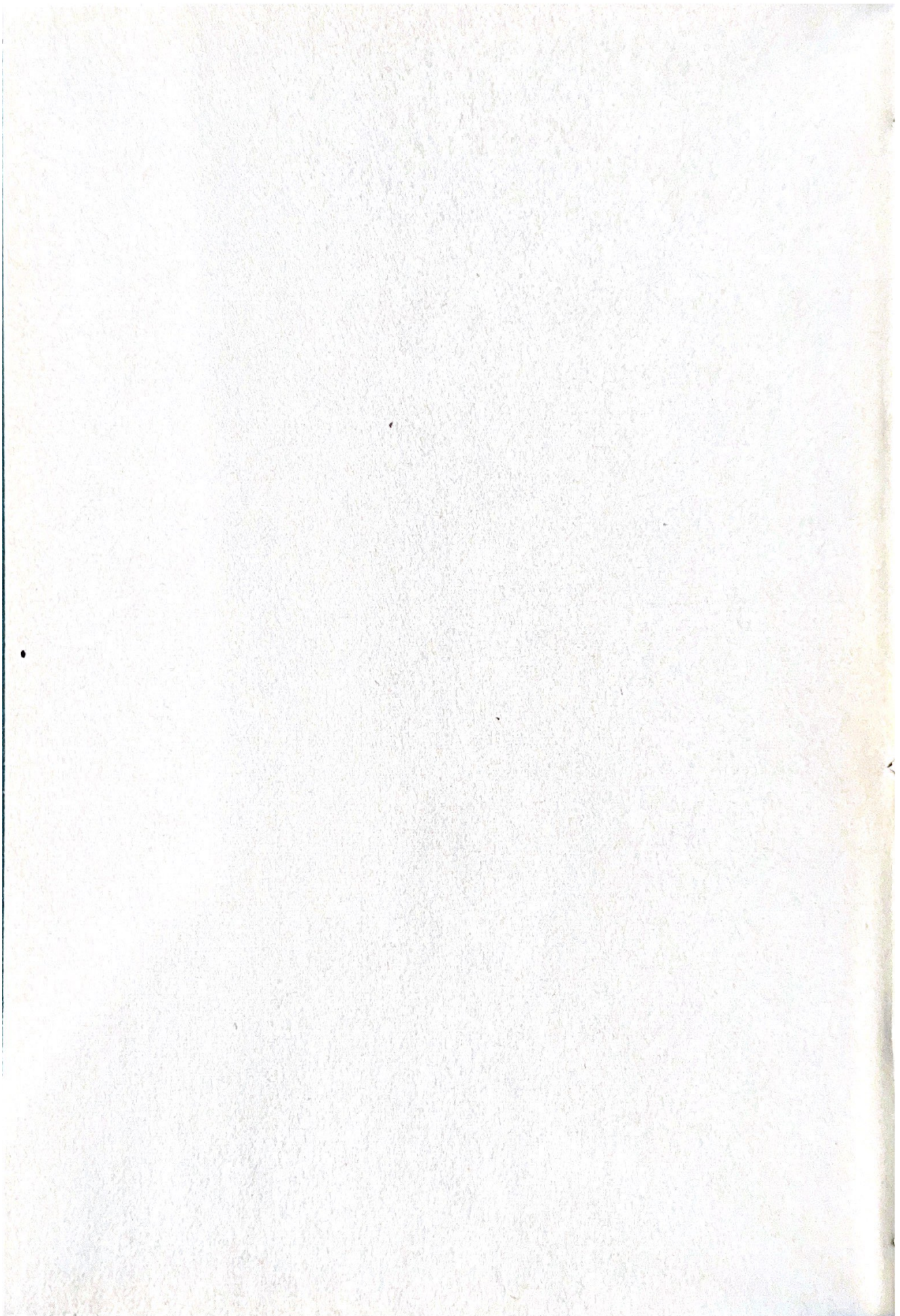


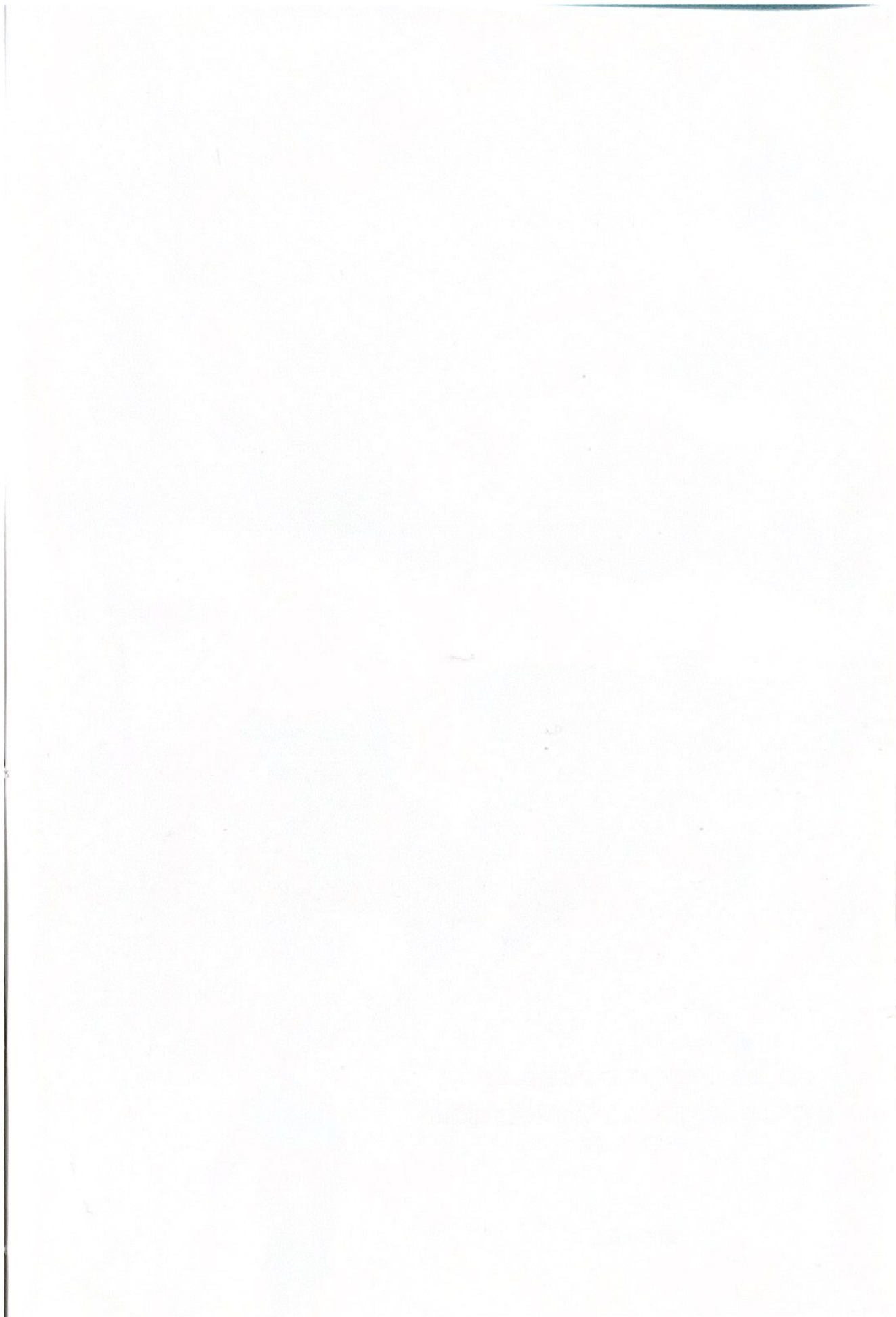
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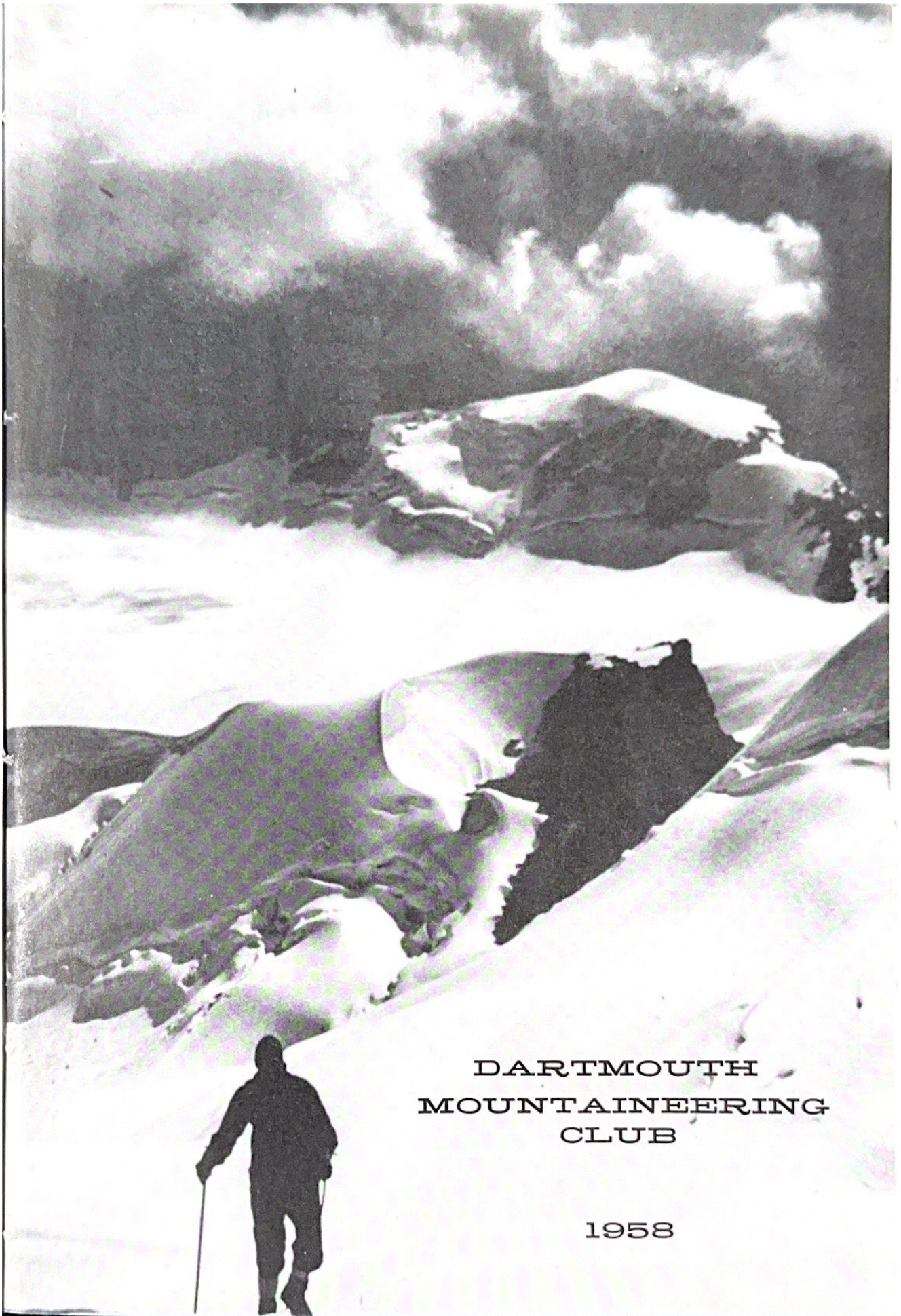
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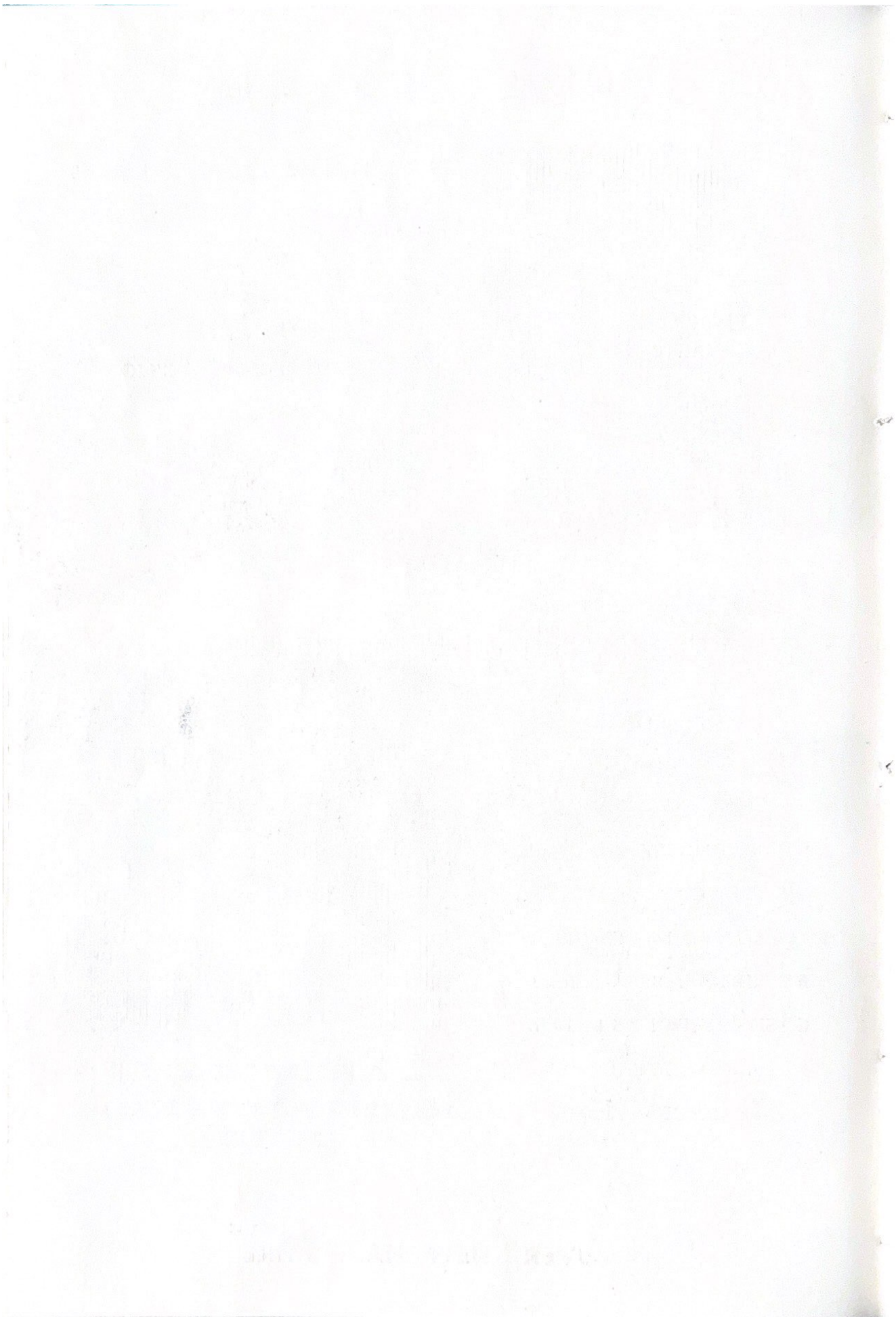






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Cover picture: The Bugaboos: Sam Silverstein in the foreground.



THE NORTH RIDGE OF TEEWINOT

by

Barry Corbet '58

As Jake Breitenbach and I were preparing for a climb of the Royal Arches in Yosemite one sultry evening last summer, we were suddenly seized with a severe fit of camp despondence. Tomorrow it would be hot and dry, the screams of the unbelievably large tourist population of Yosemite Valley would float up in a morale shattering crescendo, and it would be just like any other mid-summer day in Yosemite. "Why," said Jake, "should we stay where climbs are classified by the difficulty of overwhelming the ants, where grade five means only that the bushes and dirt are not used for artificial aid, where the Ranger's shack is a place to ask at when you can't find the facilities but not when you want information about climbs, and where they put unclimbable boulders in the middle of camp grounds and the Sierra Clubbers climb them anyway?"

"Why indeed?" said I. So we went to the Tetons.

So back to Jenny Lake, where the challenge of the peaks is nothing to getting Bill Wallace to let us stay in the campground for six weeks over the allowable time. Our first thought was that out of all the months we had spent climbing in the Tetons, we had never climbed Teewinot. So we must climb Teewinot. And, from the Ranger Shack, the three steps of the North Ridge are most imposing. So next morning we left for the North Ridge of Teewinot.

The first major mountaineering problem was the swamp at the west edge of Lupine Meadows, guarded by two sleepy but well-pronged deer. This negotiated, it's simply a third class friction pitch up the grasslands for miles and miles. The grass turns into fir needles, and finally into rock. After an indeterminate number of days we reached the notch between the Crooked Thumb and the ridge.

Jake led off on a fourth class pitch, to the left of the crest, which turned out to be 140 feet long. After the usual attempts to establish communications after the rope was all gone, I gave up and trusted all to Jake. This lead took care of the first step.

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CLIMBING AROUND WASHINGTON

by

Roberts W. French '56

Choosing the best single rock climbing area in the East could easily lead to violent controversy (a Westerner might even claim that there isn't anything worth climbing in the East, and we could come to blows over that); therefore, instead of stating that the Shawangunks or Seneca Rocks or some other area is the best single area, I'll say this: if you want to live near a great variety of excellent, challenging climbs which you can enjoy the year 'round, and if you want to climb with congenial people who are also skilled climbers, go live in Washington, D.C., and climb with the group known officially as the Mountaineering Committee of the Potomac Appalachian Trail Club.

At this point a skeptic might say, "O.K., I'll take your word about the people, but I've driven through Washington and the country there is either flat or gently rolling, except for the Blue Ridge Mountains, and they're way down in Virginia. What sort of climbing can you find there?" To take one example: thanks to the activities of the Potomac River over the past few million years or so you can find some superb rock climbing almost within spitting distance of the White House (well, twelve miles or so; you might make it with a strong wind in back of you). Out around Great Falls, Virginia, or Great Falls, Maryland, depending on which side of the river you're standing, the Potomac has cut a gorge a few miles long, providing climbers with a few miles of excellent rock on both sides of the river and a seemingly inexhaustible supply of climbs. The rock is sixty to one hundred feet high, give or take a few feet, and it's--well, it's solid as a rock and good for climbing. On it you can find chimneys, laybacks, finger traverses, "brute strength" climbs, balance climbs, overhangs, delicate climbs on smooth rock where you have to use rounded quartz nubbins for holds and on which you never really feel secure--there's something to please everybody along the Potomac. During the warm days of fall, when the weather turned downright hot around mid-afternoon and we were climbing along the Potomac, it was no problem to get cooled off. We changed from climbing clothes to bathing suits and one rappel would bring us right down to and in the river.

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MOUNT SHUKSAN

by

Sterling Neale '59

Last fall, while I was working in Seattle, Jake Breitenbach--one of the DMC members who started guiding in the Tetons last summer--and I decided to climb Mt. Shuksan on our first free weekend. To go with us were Kent Kammerer and Lynn Miller, two climbers from Seattle, and Willi Unsoeld. Willi also guides in the Tetons and he is a rather renowned Himalayan climber.

Since we had been planning this trip for such a long time we assumed that the weather would be miserable but the day arrived and it turned out to be one of those beautiful days when it didn't even rain in Seattle.

At 9:30 we were on our way and before long we could see Mt. Baker which is just west of Shuksan. Around 2:30 we got the first view of our objective and an hour later we were on the trail to Lake Ann where we planned to camp.

At 4:30 the next morning we were awakened by Willi playing reveille on his harmonica. We were quite happy to find that he had breakfast half ready. The other half required water which I had to get from the lake. I wasn't so happy about this. After a good breakfast and a few more tunes from Willi we started up the trail, which seemed to have an infinite number of switchbacks.

We climbed a gully, which consisted of easy scrambling over loose rocks. It was made enjoyable, however, by frequent stops to watch the sunlight work its way down from the summit of Mt. Baker. From the top of the gully we dropped down over the other side of the ridge to the bottom of Winnie's Slide.

This is a snow slope about 200 feet high which provided us with practice in step cutting and belaying. Willi said that he would show me how he pulled Pete Schoening off belay. I survived the test but only after ripping my new climbing pants when I caught them on my crampons.

After we reached the top we crossed some boulders and were on the Upper Curtiss Glacier. Here we roped up (Jake and I on one rope) and started across taking different routes. Our routes included everything from falling in crevasses (just one leg) and delicate pitches to easy walking and yumping (a Swedish technique).

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Sterling Neale on the Black Face of the Lower Exum Ridge.





THE BUGABOOS - 1957

by

George Fisher '59

The Bugaboos are a fantastic group of sheer granite spires in the Purcell Range of British Columbia, and are located on the west side of the valley containing the headwaters of both the Kootenay and Columbia Rivers; they are roughly thirty miles by logging road due west of Spillimacheen, a logging-ranching town on the Columbia. They were first visited in 1910, and have become a well known climbing area in recent years. The climbing there is really wonderful, but unfortunately the weather leaves a good bit to be desired. We had selected them largely as an area in which to learn some of the fundamentals of expedition climbing.

The four members of our little "expedition"--Carlos Plummer, Sam Silverstein, Sterling Neale and myself--met in Spillimacheen, which we were planning to use as a starting point for the trek into the mountains. We had planned to have one of the local ranchers truck us and our supplies for the first twenty-five miles, but we were rather discouraged by the price he wanted. A local garageman--Jimmy Paul--thought that Sterling's Volkswagon Micro-bus would have no trouble on the logging road, so we decided to try driving in ourselves. We had very little trouble--plug for "der elves in der Black Forest"--and arrived at the cabin at the end of the road around noon. From this point on, we had to backpack--first over an easy two miles on the level, and then for another two miles up an awful moraine. Sterling was still a bit out of shape after his sedentary summer in Cleveland, and was feeling the weight of his pack, so Carlos and Sam went ahead to set up camp while Sterling and I followed along more slowly. When we finally reached Boulder Camp--the usual camping area on the head of the moraine beside Bugaboo Glacier--we met Barry Bishop, Walt Bailey and their group which was just finishing up two weeks of climbing, with almost perfect weather. After talking with them awhile, we ate dinner and bedded down for the night.

The next morning dawned clear, and we decided to climb instead of going down for the rest of our food. Sterling was still feeling the effects of the previous day's packing, so the rest of us set off for Eastpost Spire, while

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THE BUGABOOS - 1957 (continued from page 13)

he set to work fixing up the camp. We were pretty disappointed by the "climbing" on Eastpost--in spite of the guidebook, we'd expected a little more than a leisurely stroll for old ladies and children under six--and in our desperation, we left the usual boulevard of a route and jammed our way up a short rotten crack to the summit. However, the climb did give us a chance to get oriented--and the view of the spires to the west made us all the more eager to get started with the real climbing.

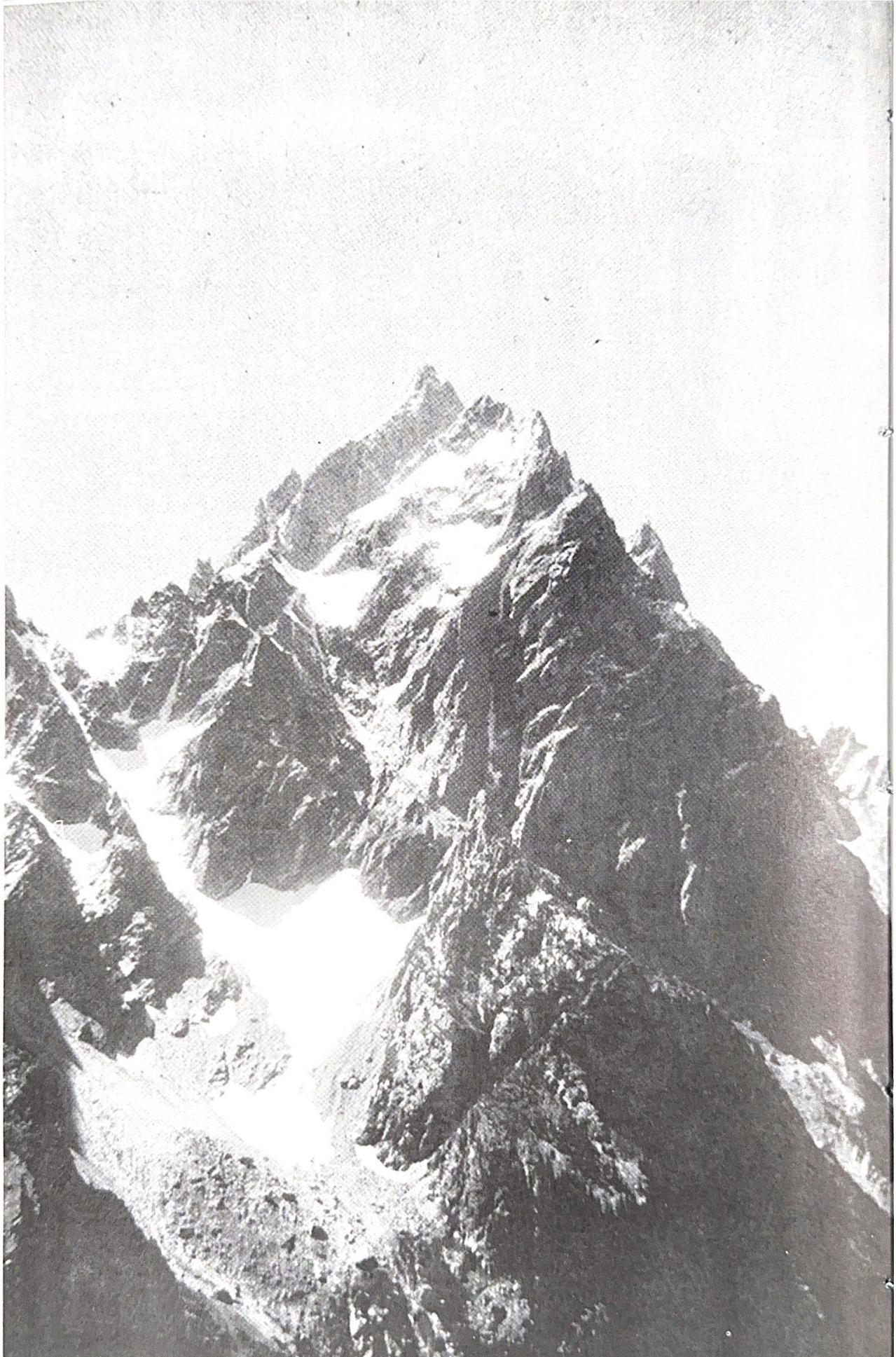
We were undecided the next day whether to climb or go down for more food--we'd only brought up enough for three days, since our packs were almost filled with tents, ropes, cooking gear, etc.--but at length we decided to give Pigeon Spire a try. However, we were overtaken by a heavy snowstorm at the West Summit--the point where the real climbing starts--and had to beat a hasty retreat, much to our frustration. Two days in these beautiful peaks and no climbing yet! To make us even happier, the snow caught us in camp while cooking supper--convincing us we should have packed our food in two man units, so as to be able to cook inside the tents.

The next day we simply had to go down for more food--but in order to lighten our packs to carry as much as possible on the return trip, we left almost all our protective clothing in camp. About halfway down the moraine, we were surprised by a soaking rainstorm, and we were thoroughly drenched by the time we got to the cabin, and our food! What to do? Simple solution: since we couldn't sleep there (our sleeping bags were back in camp), and since we couldn't see going back up to the camp by the glacier in our soaking condition, we decided to drive back to Spillimacheen, get a hot meal, dry off, and sleep in our cars. When we got to town the first thing we did was to ask the Ranger for a weather report--but when he said they don't predict weather in BC, they just joke about it, we decided not to put too much trust in forecasts--instead we'd wait to see what happened. But it was still raining the next morning, so we spent that day in Spillimacheen, glad not to be in our tents (they leak). Barry, Walt and their group showed up in town that night, having decided to get out too--they informed us there was six inches of snow up in our camp, and that there was a good deal of snow and verglas on the peaks. This convinced us that the rock climbing was probably over for the year, so we started looking for other things to do. After some consultation, we decided to try to traverse roughly seven miles from the Bugaboos over to the Four Squatters--a group of snow mountains, which, according to our information, were unclimbed. The new snow naturally

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Carlos Plummer on East Post Spire, Bugaboos.





THE NORTH FACE OF GRAND TETON

by

Barry Corbet '58

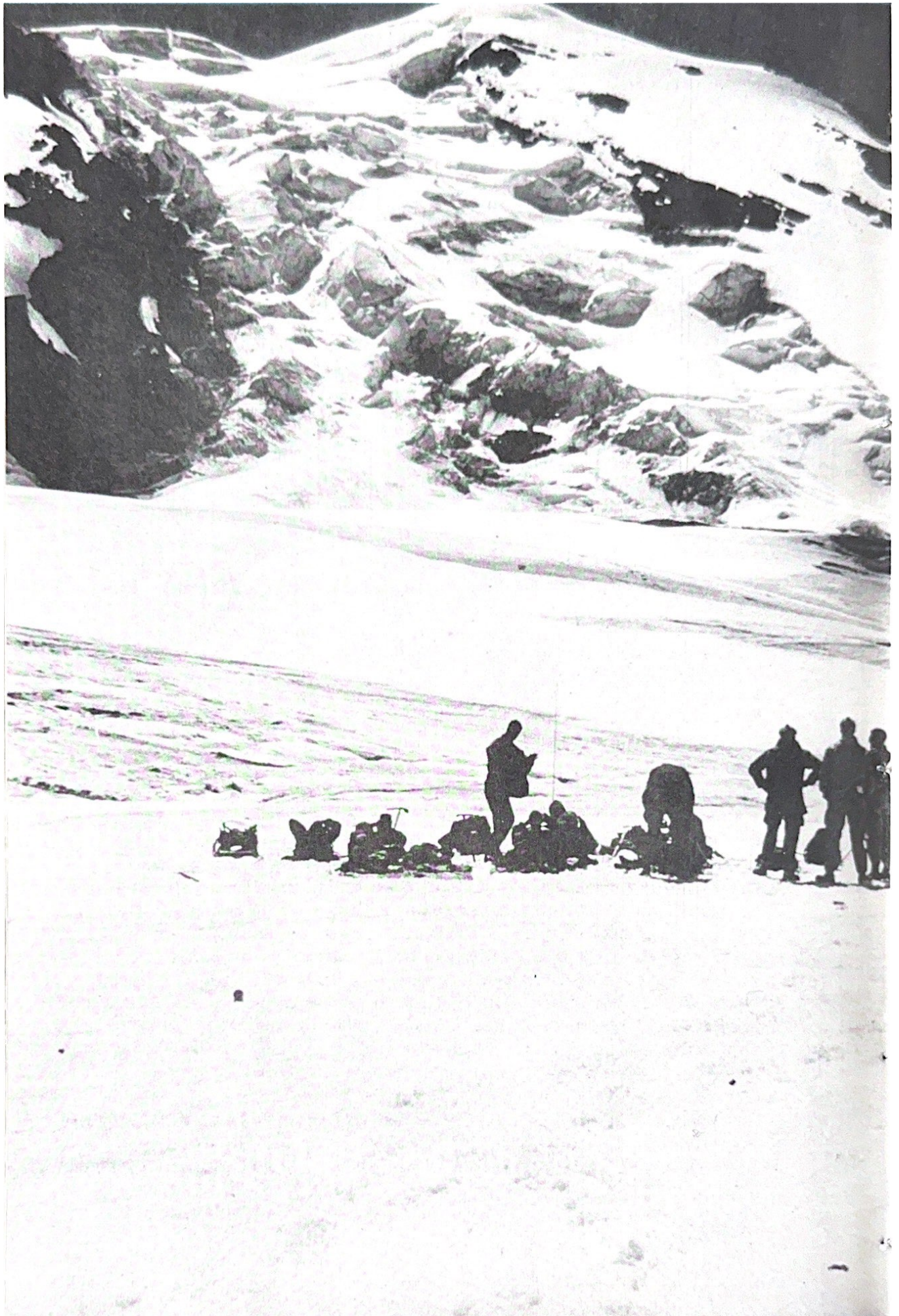
Because of the unusual bergschrund problem, only two attempts had been made on the face before us. The first had succeeded after twelve hours on the face; the second had failed after a bivouac on the face. Jake Breitenbach and I were somewhat fearful of what we expected to be a rather grueling climb, so we camped on the lower Teton Glacier with enough supplies to wait for good weather. At 3:30 a.m. of the second day on the glacier, we decided that conditions were right, so we started off. The bergschrund was crossed without difficulty (we had left a fixed rope previously), and we first touched rock at 4:30. We followed a poorly defined gully for several pitches, then crossed by an obvious ascending traverse to the deep chimney leading to the first ledge. We walked up the first ledge snowfield (angling slightly west) which brought us in one (?) lead to the second ledge. This ledge we followed to a point between the snowfields which seemed to coincide with Ortenburger's photo. Here we climbed straight up to the third ledge, the last lead including a short but tricky face climb. An easy scramble up this ledge brought us to the base of the infamous "pendulum pitch." Up to this point the climbing would all fall between easy and moderately difficult.

I had juggled the leads very carefully so that I'd have the pendulum pitch, and for once I figured correctly. The chimney leading up to the traverse is a little rotten, and quite respectable in difficulty. The traverse is most impressive, for it forces the climber out more and more over the nothingness below. Four angle pitons placed in as many feet gave me confidence, however, and I found the so-called "hand traverse" not too difficult. Jake came up, and we scrambled up the fourth ledge to the base of the traverse into the "V." Jake claimed this lead, and was soon at the end of the pitch, which consisted mostly of balance moves on a steep face and small holds. I considered this pitch the most difficult of the climb.

From the gully which forms the "V" we scrambled up for several hundred feet, finally hitting the top of the east ridge in an effort to avoid verglas. At the summit

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Mount Owen and the north face of Grand Teton.



THEY'RE READY

by

Barry Prather '61

People have always thought climbers are crazy. One of their favorite attacks is, "What happens when somebody gets hurt?" I've been telling them that the injured just lie down and die. I figure the answer is appropriately crazy coming from a crazy climber. When I'm serious, though, it's a different answer, and I usually use the rescue last year on Mt. Adams, a 12,000 foot peak in Washington, to illustrate my answer. It wasn't a heroic rescue. All that those in trouble needed was a little moral support.

It happened one nice summer Sunday during July 1957. Six Yakima Valley men set out to climb Mt. Adams by way of the Adams Ice Fall, on which is some hairy fifty to sixty degree clear ice. One of the party took a bad fall, breaking his ice axe in the process, but wasn't hurt physically. Halfway up the ice, two others were getting a little shaken up. They crawled onto a rock and stayed there. In the meantime the two lead men had climbed to the summit and descended to base camp by another route. One of the men who had stayed behind told them he hadn't seen the two on the rock move for four hours. A man immediately went for help.

Evening was coming fast as he reached a telephone. The Mountain Rescue Council was called. The Washington State Patrol and the Sheriff's offices started to organize for the rescue. At eight o'clock the next morning there were at least twenty experienced climbers at high camp, the elevation being 10,000 feet. At ten-thirty, the two men on the lonely rock were roped in with two members of the rescue party, and were on their way down the mountain. All that remained was the weary retreat.

Within ten hours the Mountain Rescue Council, teamed with the State Patrol, had moved to a high assembly point and were ready to carry out a highly complex rescue if necessary. Mountaineers had come as far as two hundred miles. The Ellensburg and Yakima group and a group from Hood River, Oregon, were ready for a full scale rescue. The State Patrol had sent walkie-talkies to base camp with the climbers, providing an excellent communication system. A helicopter was standing by to take out any serious

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Rescue party 9500 feet below the Adams Ice Fall.



THE NORTH RIDGE OF WOODRING

by

Barry Corbet '58

Woodring, one of the lesser known Teton peaks, was reputed to have some sort of nondescript north face, so Bill Buckingham and I decided that someone ought to climb it. Accordingly, we left String Lake at some hour which was too early, and eventually arrived at a point near the west end of the lakes in Leigh Canyon. From here it was apparent that the mountain had a north face and a distinct and larger northwest face, both of which were rotten black schist. The north face, however, is split by three pegmatite ridges, all of which should provide enjoyable climbs. We picked the westernmost ridge, which separated the two faces.

An hour's bushwacking from the canyon floor brought us to the base of the ridge, marked by a prominent pinnacle (subsequently named Corbuck Pinnacle). The notch between the pinnacle and the ridge was gained by the chimney on the west side. The pinnacle fell in one lead by a fairly difficult route starting on the south side, circling the east and north sides, and finishing on the west side. We climbed down about twenty feet to a slab on the west side, the south end of which provided a piton crack for the rappel.

Alternating leads, we climbed the rest of the ridge on surprisingly good rock. The leads were mostly fourth class, all very enjoyable. Some three hundred feet below the summit, the ridge peters out into a fierce looking black face. This face, however, can be climbed directly with ease.

WHEN I MET THE SAINT

by

Charles C. Plummer '59

"What time will you be back?"

"Oh . . . sometime early Sunday afternoon, I guess,"
I said as I wrestled a pack from the car.

My mother aimed the car back into the thick stream of downtown Mexico City traffic while I dodged my way across the street to meet a group from the Escuela de Guías de Mexico (Guide School of Mexico) for what I expected to be a weekend hike.

After several hours of impatient waiting the group of five humans and one cable, or rope in Spanish, were congregated and ready to take the sixty kilometer taxi ride to Amecameca, the town that stands where the two giants, Popocatepetl (17,883 ft.) and Ixtlaccihuatl (17,343 ft.) emerge from the 7000 foot high Valley of Mexico floor. The rope, incidentally, was truly a cable since it was one inch thick manila. This bit of super-security would add about twenty pounds on the back of its carrier.

By the time we reached Amecameca, I was aware that I was about to be introduced to rock climbing rather than take a hike. We were to climb a pinnacle which stood just below Ixtlaccihuatl at an elevation of about 11,000 ft.

In Amecameca, the Zermatt of Mexico, we sat down in a cafe for our dinner this Saturday night in March, 1954. "We" consisted of Jose Luis Beteta, Director of the Escuela de Guías and trip leader, a second Mexican whose name I forget, Ted Bruner and John Rahming who, like myself, were students at the American High School. John, a native of Ohio and now at Harvard, had invited me along after he had learned I was interested in mountaineering. After dinner, we lingered long, drinking many tall glasses of cafe con leche (a fifty-fifty mixture of strong coffee and hot milk) and then repiled into the taxi for the steep, winding drive to the saddle between Ixta and Popo. Here we paid off the taxi driver and hiked toward Ixta and a mountain refuge while Beteta pierced the cold night with some rousing songs extolling the virtues of the Escuela de Guías.

We arrived at the refuge where we would spend the night. One whiff inside this log shack let us know that cows lived here when climbers didn't. It took a while before we

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WHEN I MET THE SAINT (continued from page 22)

cleaned the place suitably. We then spread one poncho on a section of the floor consisting of several feet of dust. The manner in which we slept was quite novel. Two of us with sleeping bags slept on the ends of the poncho while the other three who had brought one blanket apiece shared their blankets, using the two of us with sleeping bags like bookends to block out air from the flanks.

The coffee did not help John or me to doze right off, so we soon began battling for breathing room much to everyone's disgust. The battle lasted into the wee hours of the morning when I finally dozed off in spite of discomfort and cold, only to sleep intermittently until six a. m. when I faced the morbid task of arising. I sat up and took a deep breath of dust and got out of the bag to shiver my way through breakfast.

Soon after we were on our way; we faced across a valley to view a solid wall of cliffs. Beteta pointed to an ominous pinnacle standing apart from the cliff. This was El Santo, The Saint, our objective. I shuddered a bit as we proceeded down into the valley. I shuddered a little more as Beteta recounted some of the gory lore that went with some of the pinnacles we passed.

In the floor of the valley we paused to fill canteens and drink the tasty water in the glacier-fed stream. As we descended below the tree line with its fir and Alpine meadows, I experienced a great desire to remain a hermit in this place. The grind up the opposite side of the valley was made interesting by two baby rattlesnakes which I nearly tripped over.

We were now at the base of "El Santo" which soared vertically upward perhaps 250 feet. As we prepared for the climb, somebody noted that my hiking boots would never do. The others had carried sneakers along. I was immediately lent a pair of sneakers while the rightful owner prepared to ascend in stockinged feet. Altruistic acts such as this are quite common among Mexican mountaineers.

By the time we had the rope uncoiled, John got a sudden seizure of sanity and decided he was not up to this climb and would wait at the base. It was 10:30 when Beteta began the first lead. Once this was finished, he yelled down that I could proceed with no worries, so I clipped into the rope and hardly had I gotten off the ground before I began shaking my way up the rest of the pitch. It was quite a while before I vibrated onto the little ridge Beteta was sitting on. I looked over the other side and

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HAGERMAN PEAK AND SNOWMASS BASIN

by

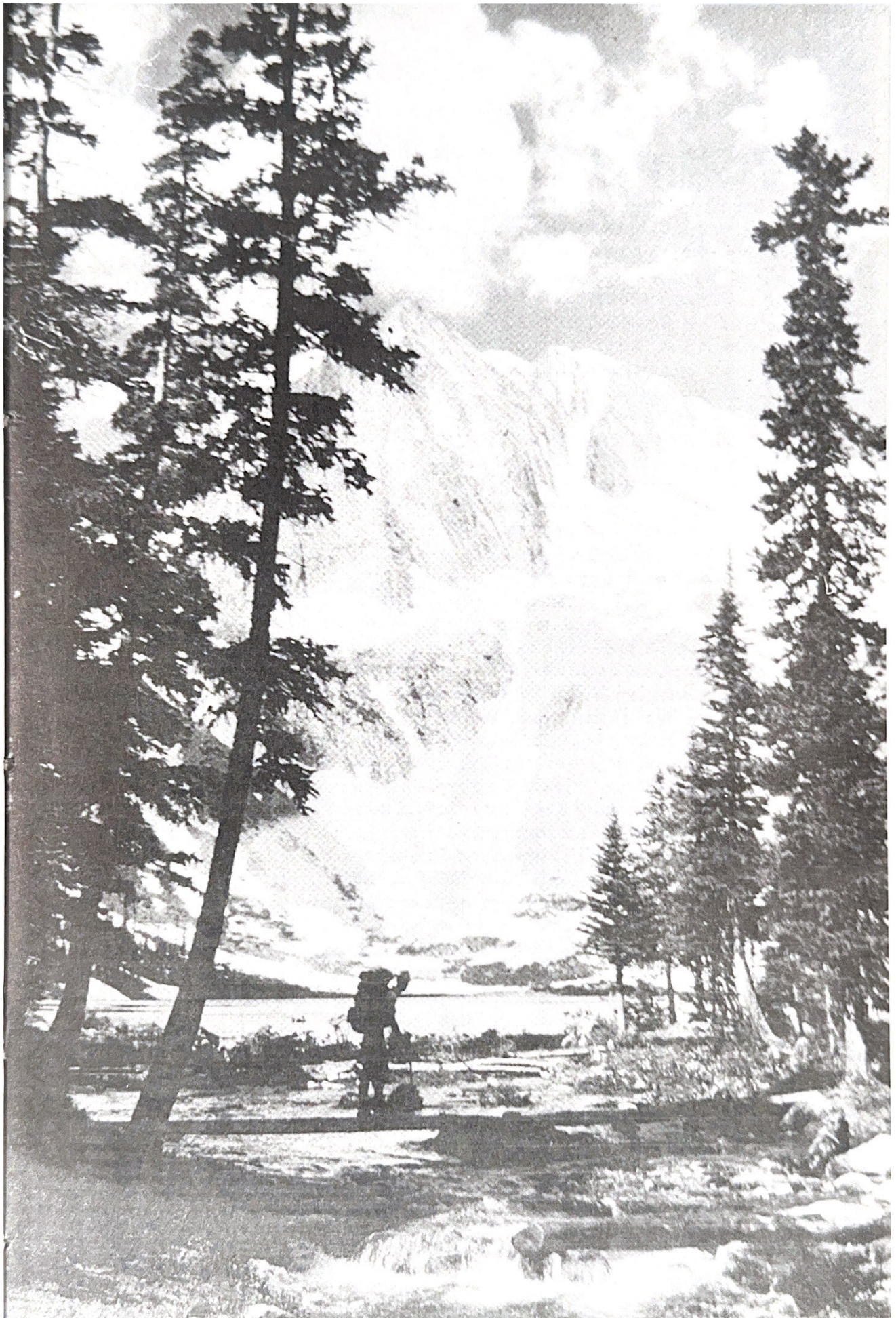
Sam Silverstein '58

While working near Rifle, Colorado, last summer I was fortunate in having some time off during the early part of the month of August. A friend of mine from Dartmouth, Rod Isaacson, was working about 100 miles away and we arranged to get together for a trip to the Snowmass peak area. This is a group of peaks lying near Aspen in the Elk Range.

I left Rifle early on a cloudy Saturday morning and drove to Glenwood Springs where I met Rod. Then we drove up toward Aspen. At the town of Snowmass, which is only a Post Office-General Store for the ranches in the area, we turned up the Snowmass Creek road. A little way up there was a sign placed by the Colorado Mountain Club saying that the bridge to Snowmass Falls Ranch was out and that we would have to detour around to the south about 14 miles and come in on the Brush Creek road. From the sign we also learned that the CMC was having an outing at Snowmass Lake. We drove around to the Brush Creek road and as we approached the ranch, Mt. Daly appeared before us. Daly faces you as you drive up the valley toward Snowmass Falls Ranch and it has a large sheer face with a snow couloir in the center. Towering as it does above the valley, standing alone by hiding the higher peaks which stand behind it, Daly presents an inspiring sight for the beginning of a mountaineering adventure. And in our case it was the only really auspicious sign we had, for the sky was heavily overcast and a few summits were in the clouds. Drops of rain fell from time to time and I must admit that I had visions of packing all the way into Snowmass Lake, a distance of 9 miles, and then spending the next day in the tent watching the rain fall. Luckily this did not happen.

We had arrived at the ranch about noon and as we put the last few items in our packs some people started out on horses for the high country. After selecting a few of our favorite pitons and taking a last look at the car to see what we had forgotten, we started along the trail. The trail runs up the Snowmass Creek Valley and the river which runs down the valley is a gleaming, sparkling sight. It is fed from high above in the snow-filled mountain basins and the water comes

(continued page 26)



HAGERMAN PEAK ... (continued from page 24)

roaring down between the rocks and along its course are deep meadows and high pines and aspens. The trail winds up the flatter lower part of the valley and we made good time along here. At the end of the first mile the trail branches, one portion takes off toward Pierre Basin and Lakes, the other continues eight miles farther to Snowmass Lake and Peak. Rod and I set down our packs and talked over which peaks we would head for--our decision was made for us, however, when we realized that we could not ford the fast moving stream and we did not wish to hike back to the ranch to cross, thus losing a mile of packing. So we set off for the Snowmass-Hagerman Peak basin, and I might add we never regretted the choice.

The weather was still threatening, but a break in the clouds on occasion gave us a view of the higher summits. At the 5 mile point on the trail we took a long rest stop, and then continued up a level valley filled with beaver dams and large ponds of cold, green water. The slopes were covered with alpine flowers and when the sun chose to let us see above, green meadows could be seen on top of the lower ridges. Lower down were thick stands of aspen. Higher still was a ridge of solid rock with many gendarmes protruding along its course--the whole expanse should provide a mecca for the ambitious rock climber, for it looks as if it must contain hundreds of climbs. But we were short of time and looking for the higher summits. We continued along the trail for another mile and a half, winding along the side of the valley and at each turn gazing at the new ridges which appeared, each one more spectacular than the one before and all filled with snow from the very heavy fall last winter. A pair of skis could have been packed up had we had time, and each of these basins would have provided a number of miles of downhill skiing over smooth slopes of a fair angle and good corn or soft snow. We forded the stream finally on a beaver dam and found a girl sitting on the other side. She told us that we still had 2 miles to go, all uphill. So we rested, drank some lemonade, and started up. She had come down from the lake for a while and she hiked up with us. We plodded up the last muddy and steep two miles to the lake. The trail wound through a tall pine forest and we had to cross a number of small rivulets.

Finally the sign appeared, Snowmass Lake Campground. Here we found 25 or 20 people from the Colorado Mountain Club group I mentioned before. They were there for a two and a half week outing. We set up our tent since it was raining, and decided to have dinner with them. Dinner was good

(continued page 27)

HAGERMAN PEAK . . . (continued from page 26)

and we made many friends talking with the others in the group. At about 10 Rod and I got to sleep with drops still falling. . . when we awoke the next morning at 7 there wasn't a cloud in the sky. A perfect day for climbing. But 7 was a late hour and by the time we got out of camp with breakfast under our belts it was 8--a very late hour for the climb we were about to undertake. We had decided to climb the long SE ridge of Hagerman, which is 13,077 feet high.

I haven't described the Snowmass campground and the mountains surrounding it and I shall do this now. Snowmass camp is at the east end of a lake fed by melting snow from the high basins. On three sides it is bordered by high peaks and sheer rock cliffs--only on the east does it open into the valley, down which its waters spill. At the west end of the lake is Hagerman Peak, connected by a long, sheer knife edge ridge to Snowmass Peak (14,200), and Snowmass connects by a long ridge with Capitol Peak. Surrounding these are other fourteen thousand footers. The peaks are all rock dropping into huge cirques, carved by glaciers, with snow fields in the bowls. Projecting fingers and arms of snow hang on some of the rock walls.

The Snowmass Basin contains just one lake about a mile long, but in some of the other bowls, seen from higher up, small green pools could be seen in the snowfields, each a clear water lake.

We hiked around the lake and up the hot scree and snowfields to the base of the ridge. By the time we had completed the first pitch of the climb it was 11 A.M. The ridge was long and had three major obstacles. The first and second were gendarmes, the third a castle-like formation. And it was to be the third that gave us the most trouble. We ascended the knife edge ridge on the first pitch; then came a long steep gully to the top of a small gendarme. Rod and I traded leads and belayed continuously as we moved up the steep ridge and out onto the face. Here and there we used pitons for protection as the rock required. Finally we surmounted the second gendarme and were faced with the castle. We were now very high on the ridge and it was 3:30. Around us we could see the Maroon Bells near Aspen and many of the other peaks in the area. Below us, the wonderful lake gleamed emerald in the sun.

I led a long hard pitch up to a ridge on the tower, passing a very steep section. Then Rod completed a fine lead up a vertical cut in the rock. My next lead went up to the ridge again and here I placed a piton for protection before

(continued page 30)

RICHARD E. MCGOWAN (below) is shown in his *Eddie BAUER* Kara Koram parka and trousers at base camp on Mt. Lhotse on the Nepal-Tibet border in Asia.



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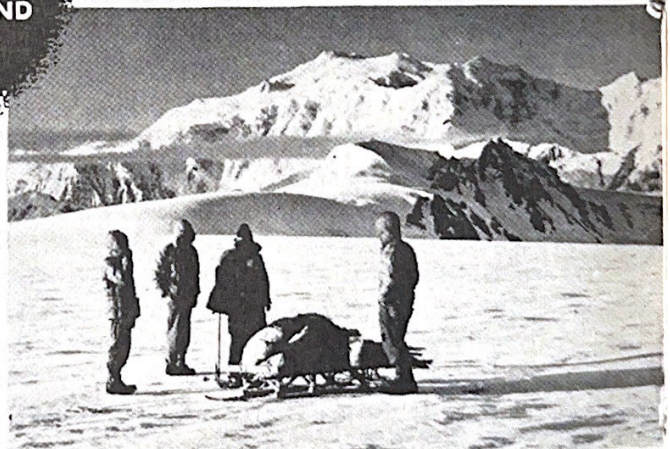
"The crux of the test of your down garments came when Dr. B. Spirig at camp 5 (25,600 feet) had a heart attack, and became snowblind. He was finally evacuated to camp 4 (24,600 feet) by two Sherpas and there, without sleeping bags or air mattresses spent the night wearing *Eddie Bauer* down pants and down jacket. (Lent him by the Americans.) To think of a man, weakened almost to death and able to survive one night under such conditions!... The temperature thirty degrees below zero."

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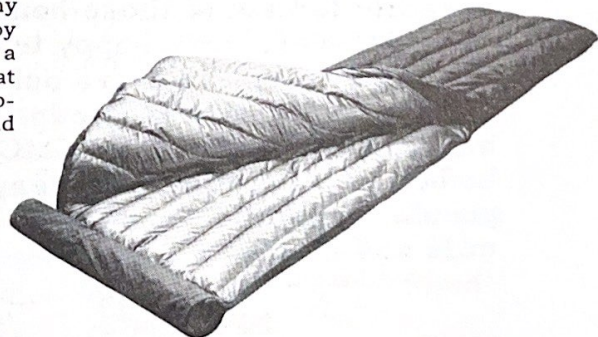
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HAGERMAN PEAK . . . (continued from page 27)

going out around the corner on good holds but over a 1000 ft. exposed wall. Rod followed and agreed that it was quite an airy spot. After a few easier pitches, we attained a long steep scree leading to what we thought was the summit. To the north we could see Capitol Peak and its long, sharp ridges. When we reached what we thought was the true summit we saw to our disgust another long ridge with about a 500 foot rise in altitude. It was now 5 P.M. We had something to eat and then moved along the ridge. By 6 we were in a saddle 400 feet below the main summit. We were very tired and time was closing in on us. There was a long rotten couloir sloping beneath us with a long snow slope half-way down. The choice--up or down? We stood in the saddle looking up wishfully at the summit, a scant 400 feet away over easy but rotten rocks. It would take us half an hour to reach the summit in our tired state and easily another half hour down to this same saddle. We agreed--it must be done. We descended quite happy with the climb we had done and only sorry that we had not had more time to reach the true summit. The descent was not without difficulties, for the rock in the couloir was rotten and slid quite easily. We remained roped and continued down to the steep snowfield where we belayed in short stretches with the ice axe. The snow was soft on top and hard beneath requiring caution and step kicking--most tiring work after a long day of climbing. Finally the slope eased off somewhat and we glissaded to the southern bowl. From here we followed the steep scree and snow east to the pass leading to Snowmass Lake, for we had come down in another bowl. Once in the Snowmass drainage basin we glissaded again down to the lake and from there had a long slog in the dark to camp. By the time we reached camp it was 9:30--we had been moving steadily for almost thirteen hours and had been rock climbing steadily for six of those hours.

We were very happy to take off our packs for the last time at the car and drive out. When we stopped at Snowmass for gas we found that a lodge owner on the road with the down bridge had taken out the CMC sign so that his business would be better. I thought this very unsporting since it meant that people taking the wrong road had to pack their gear an extra mile and a half.

by

Charles C. Plummer '59

A delightful romp up the southwest ridge of Symmetry Spire in the Tetons moved us to try something worthwhile on our next ascent and thus we found ourselves outlining our plans at the Jenny Lake Ranger Station. We would pack up to Garnet Canyon this same afternoon and the following day Sam Silverstein, Sterling Neale and I would climb the entire Exum Ridge of Grand Teton while George Fisher sat this one out in camp. The day after, the four of us would climb the relatively easy north ridge of the Middle Teton.

The summer before, I had been with Barry Corbet and Jake Breitenbach on the second ascent of the Lower Exum (account in 1957 DMC Journal) but had not done any of the leading.

Once our camp was established in Garnet Canyon, we slid into our sacks at 8:30, knowing that half the climb could be won if we got an early start. For the same reason, we slept spasmodically, glancing at our watches throughout the night until 4 A. M. when we ate a hasty breakfast and began the monotonous trek to the base of the Grand, moving upwards as the alpenglow slithered gracefully down the peaks to meet us and relieve our chill.

At 7:45 we roped up at the base of the ridge and Sam took the first lead up the frigid rock. I took the next two leads since both of them involved chimneys--my specialty. The first of these was short and awkward, the second slightly longer than the rope. Near the top of the second, I had a bit of difficulty, causing me to believe I'd lost my touch in wide cracks; however, once up, we glanced at the guidebook and discovered that we were supposed to leave the chimney before the top.

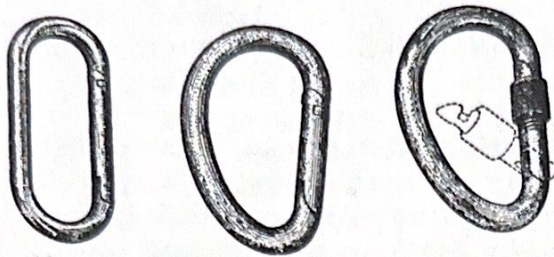
Sam and Sterling took the next few leads which placed us on a large platform. From here the route leads onto the west face of the ridge which was in the wind and shade. We looked directly above us and noticed that the ridge crest was in the sun and looked as if it might go. We talked over the possibility and since we were on schedule and in good form decided to give it a go.

(continued page 33)

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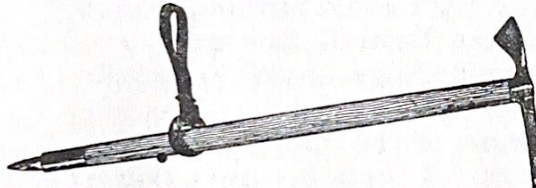


Carabiners:

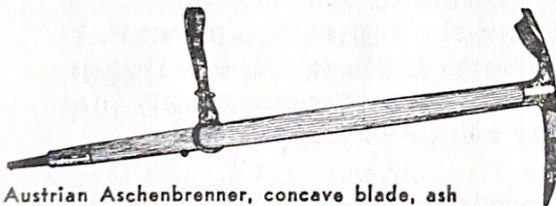
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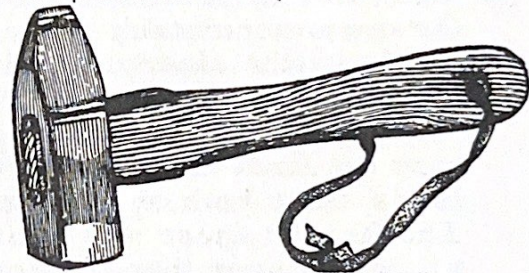


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GOOD GRIEF . . . (continued from page 31)

Sterling drew the first lead and proceeded up what appeared easy but wasn't at all. It involved friction holds (Sterling's specialty) and weaving under an overhand followed by stemming. I began the second lead and went to the right of our belay spot until I was under a horizontal overhang. After placing a piton I tried every conceivable move to get around the overhand and finally started descending after declaring it impossible. A few steps below, Sterling asked if I might go to my right. I tried it and it went like a six cylinder motorcycle and proved quite interesting. I was stopped by carabiner friction halting my rope income. I set up a belay position on a shallow concavity protected from the wind. A short lead up a jam crack would put us on the regular route at the base of the famed Black Face. It was Sam's lead and he reached the jam crack and began struggling, grunting and contorting his face but getting nowhere. Meanwhile, Sterling, who was sitting in the warm sun, fell asleep but fortunately did not toss around before I woke him up. A toss could have caused a three way nightmare. After half an hour of struggling, Sam was exhausted and came back down to relinquish the lead to me. My smaller sized feet got me up the crack in a few minutes.

We ate lunch at the base of the Black Face. The Black Face is the hairiest pitch I've ever been on, being vertical for about a hundred feet; if you dropped something between your feet the object would fall free for perhaps a thousand feet. Sterling led the first half and I the second with every gust of wind threatening to flick the climber off the face.

The Black Face was followed by one long lead of moderate difficulty which joined us to the easy Exum route going up the rest of the ridge to the summit. We now had to decide whether to go back down the Exum route or make a dash for the summit. Although it was nearly 6 P.M. we decided to make the dash, feeling that at worst we would spend a frigid night in bivouac. We scrambled the rest of the way rapidly, unroped for the most part, and emerged on the summit at 7 for an extremely brief visit. We did the descent rappel to the last strains of a crimson sunset.

A lack of knowledge of the easy descent route caused us to turn off in the wrong couloir and make two additional rappels in the moonlight. Of course, we were a bit more than tired by this time and the trip down the scree slopes was a good bit less than pleasant. We collapsed into camp at midnight, having been on the go for twenty hours.

(continued page 34)

GOOD GRIEF... (continued from page 33)

The climb up the north ridge of the Middle was forsaken in favor of rest, recovery and return to Jenny Lake. George and Sam headed home the next day while Sterling and I remained till the sunset of vacation.

After some local climbing, we spent a morning leisurely preparing to pack into Garnet Canyon. During the course of preparation, we began discussing the virtues of one beer after each climb, and decided to lug up a six pack. Just before we hit the trail, we dropped by to buy our six pack but to our frustration it turned out to be Sunday and none could be obtained in Wyoming. The decision facing us now was whether to be rugged and do without beer or drive forty miles to Idaho and back. We drove to Idaho. It was 8 P.M. when Sterling and I commenced an enjoyable moonlight walk up the trail.

Following an adequate sleep and the usual grind up the scree slope, we climbed the Grand via the Petzoldt ridge, featuring a feet-dangling-over-nothing lead by Sterling.

Our next climb took place the following day on an obscure ridge--the southeast ridge of Middle Teton. We woke up in miserable weather but decided to give it a try anyway. Later in the day, while we were doing relatively easy roped climbing, it began to snow. We stopped for lunch before deciding whether to go on or return. After lunch there was no question since the snow was already several inches deep around our feet, so we rappelled into a couloir full of ice, snow, and water and climbed down. The going was tricky and the route-finding was rather interesting. We finally emerged from the storm quite satisfied by our route-finding work in this stormy withdrawal.

We arrived back at camp and let out a few yells. Other climbers in the canyon had holed up for the day and later told us that they heard our shouts of joy from surviving the storm. This was not the case; the shouts were from finding our beer intact.

We returned to Jenny Lake after our beer to make it a total of 6000 feet we had descended.

The climbing season was honorably discharged with a party in the guides' camp.

TALUS

Mountain and Winter Warfare . . .

The installation of the Mountain and Winter Warfare Training Program as part of the Army ROTC here at Dartmouth has been a definite advantage to the Club. Under the leadership of Captain Rees Jones, forty students receive instruction in rock climbing during the spring and fall. Besides increasing interest in climbing, the program has had its more mundane benefits, since the Army has been very generous about loaning us equipment.

Winter and Expeditionary Mountaineering . . .

In order to give an insight into some of the problems a climber might expect to encounter on an expedition and to give instruction to the rock climber on basic snow and ice technique, a Winter and Expeditionary Mountaineering Program was carried on during the winter months. It consisted of lectures one night a week for a month and outdoor practice of technique. The first two nights of lectures were devoted to snow and ice techniques; the last two weeks concerned expeditionary problems. Especially notable was a lecture on medical aspects of mountaineering by Dr. Phillip Nice.

Mount Washington . . .

In view of the lack of places to practice expeditionary technique in the East, we did a variation of our annual Washington climb. Carlos Plummer, Tom Davis, Tom Marshall, and Barry Prather spent a day lugging a camp up Huntington Ravine to the shoulder of Mount Washington, setting up camp in a sunset and then settling down for the night, expecting to be blown off. Unbelievably, they awoke in a perfect calm and crawled out of their tents into a very warm winter sun to dash to the summit in forty-five minutes.

Statistics . . .

The last time the club had a president that stuck around long enough to graduate was in 1954. The year 1956-57 was a particularly rough year on club wheels with two presidents and two vice presidents taking to the hills. It appears that the only solution to the problem is to move the college to Jackson, Wyoming.

THE PASS

by

Peter Farquhar '60

In the years of the gold rush there were three routes to California: one was around Cape Horn by ship, and the other two were overland, either across the desert or over the mountain passes. All of these routes were hard, but the mountain passes were the hardest. This latter route was, however, the shortest and quickest; so it was this route that the majority of the miners and goldseekers chose in the spring of '49.

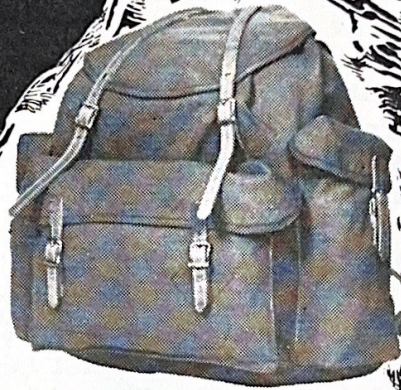
There lies in the heart of the Sierra a pass possessed, it was said, by the very devil himself. So rugged were its slopes, so furious were its winds, and so devastating were its avalanches that the man who tried to cross it in winter was a madman, fool or goldseeker.

The pass rose high above a mountain-rimmed valley some eight miles long and three wide. The north end of the valley opened onto a large lake, black under the leaden winter skies. The wind blew across the lake and dropped its white burden upon the trees in the valley and over the steep slopes of the pass. Tall snow-laden pines spread up from the valley, up the long steep slope of the pass; but as the terrain became more sheer and windswept, the trees thinned out until one lone pine, twisted and deformed from decades of wind, clung to the mountainside some yards below the pass. It was like a sentinel, watching the valley and slopes below. The tree shook and quivered in the wind and its gnarled boughs pointed to the slope below.

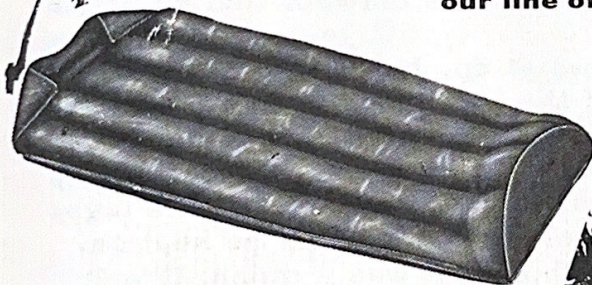
Pierre Bolé looked up; up the steep snow-covered slope, up over the lengths of white blanket, up to a tree, and he thought, "Here is the pass." Pierre had been a trapper. He started to climb. He had left the Rockies for California. Pierre paused for breath. He knew there was gold for him in California if he got there first. He moved on, one foot after the other. He was going to reach it first. He would not wait for spring. He was strong; he knew the tricks of the wilds. He was Pierre Bolé, son of the best trapper in the Rockies. He would cross the pass; he would reach his gold in California first. The wind blasted his face and pulled at his coat.

(continued page 38)

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THE PASS (continued from page 36)

Henry Conway stepped in the footprints of Pierre. His mind was numb with fatigue, and his feet moved mechanically. His body was numb and tired, but his feet moved on. Why did Pierre go so fast? The cold stung his face. Why was he here on . . . oh, yes; he was going to California with Pierre. They would have gold; they would be rich. His hands were cold and he clenched and unclenched them. The two figures moved higher. The snow was deep and soft. The wind blew and they moved up toward the pine.

It was a long slope, and steep. The wind drove the flakes of snow about them, and the cold froze their bodies. They stopped to rest often. Occasionally they heard great, low rumbles, sometimes close at hand, other times far in the distance; but all they could see was the whiteness of the snow about them and the pine far above. They had left the last of the trees far below, and now they were making their way up the steep sheet of snow below the pass. Pierre was cold but he was not tired. He did not mind the cold as he was used to it.

In the steep, smooth covering of white a crack appeared. It grew and widened. The lower side pulled quickly away from the other. The whole blanket moved down, down toward the two figures in the snow. It rushed down with a swish and a rumble. Henry looked up. A look of fear froze on his face; he stammered. He tried to shout, but the words would not come. Pierre looked up; he was startled and surprised. Then his feet went out from under him. The snow pressed over him; the snow enveloped him and sped on down. He fought; he kicked; he clawed, and he broke the surface as the slide stopped.

Pierre was free from his waist up, but below that he was stuck fast. The great pressure of the avalanche had compressed the snow into a form as hard as rock. Pierre tried in vain to struggle free. At length he removed his pack and took out his knife. He began to cut the rock-hard snow from around his legs. It was hard work and now he was cold and tired, but he kept on. He raised his head; he heard something. It was a moan; it was Henry. So he was alive and hadn't been crushed and strangled beneath the tons of snow! Somewhere, a few feet below the surface, was Henry, but how long could he last?

Pierre renewed his efforts to free himself. As he worked, he called to Henry and a muffled voice came back from under the snow. Time dragged on as Pierre struggled to free himself. Twice he stuck himself with his knife, and the snow turned red. One stroke, two strokes . . . he was free. He shouted and got a faint reply. "Over to the right a bit," he thought. Pierre moved

(continued page 40)

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THE PASS (continued from page 38)

a few yards across the slope. He shouted and listened--no reply! He shouted again--silence. What could have happened? Had Henry run out of air? Had he frozen to death? Was he dying or was he dead?

"Hello, Henry, can you hear me?" shouted Pierre. "Henry, where are you?" A faint reply came from beneath Pierre's feet. "Henry, I am coming. Hold on, my friend. I will get you out; I have never lost a friend to the wilds."

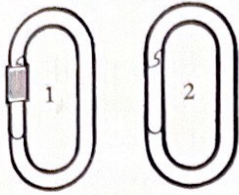
Pierre set to work, talking to his friend as he slowly removed the hard snow. Soon, however, Henry stopped answering. Was he dead? Why had he stopped answering? The wind blew and the snow fell in large flakes. The sky became darker with the approach of night. He should be off the slope before another avalanche swept him to his death. Night was coming on, and if he were on the slope when night fell it was certain death. He heard a low moan from Henry. It would take at least two hours to dig him out. In two hours he could be in a warm cabin on the other side of the pass. In two hours, it would be night. Henry could die before he could reach him. If he were alive, could he make it over the pass? No! He, Pierre Bole, would not lose a friend and he again took up his knife and began to scrape away the heavy snow.

Pierre was startled to hear a voice so close. He took off his warm gloves and scraped with his bare fingers. With a crunch, his hand broke through a thin crust of ice. There was Henry's nose and above the nose, two blinking eyes. Tears rolled from the corners of Henry's eyes and froze as they touched the snow. Pierre said nothing. He looked at Henry and then at the sky. He began to uncover Henry.

Slowly the snow was scraped away. At last Henry's hands were free and he helped Pierre. Four hands now clawed at the snow, but the progress was almost as slow as before. His hips were free now; then his thighs, and at last his feet. Henry crawled from the pit which had almost been his tomb and collapsed upon the snow.

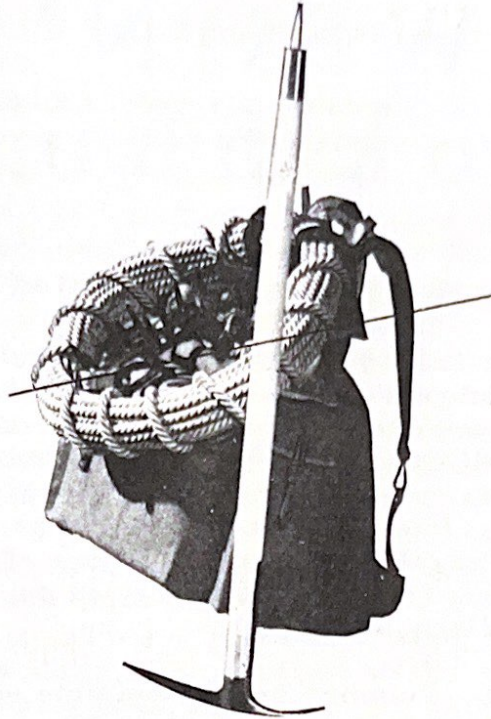
Pierre tied up his pack and shouldered it along with Henry's. Henry rose and followed in the footprints of Pierre. His mind was numb with fatigue; his body was numb and tired, but his feet moved on.

Pierre looked up, but the lone pine was not there. He looked down the slope and Henry was not there. All he could see was the night. He called for Henry but there was no answer. The wind howled and blew the cold into his face. It was night and he was not yet on the pass.



PITONS

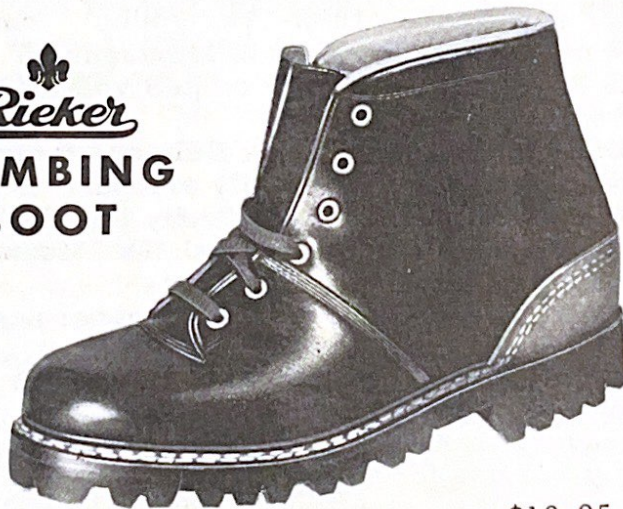
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WHEN I MET THE SAINT (continued from page 23)

nearly leaped back to where I started. Once the four of us were on this precarious perch, Beteta led the next pitch -- a staircase traverse to a broad ledge over a vertical drop. From here, Beteta disappeared around a needle's eye window. A while later we could tell he wasn't at all happy as he informed us that he might peel off. A long time later, he yelled for me to come on and I was glad to get moving after sitting in the cold wind. I breezed around the needle's eye and then saw why Beteta had been having trouble. The next few moves required everything from acrobatics to one-armed chinups and in the midst of it I had to learn how to unclip a carabiner from a piton. From his belay ledge, Beteta coached me to a sheer face which I declared impossible to cross. He pointed out a minute foothold and I used it, expecting that sudden letdown feeling, but much to my surprise, I made it across. The worst was over.

Not much later, we emerged on the summit to behold the massive, white Ixtlaccihuatl which gathered from the deep blue behind it to distribute its chill to those perched high on a needle rising from a quiet and soothing green valley. The summit itself held several crosses and memorial plaques.

A glance toward the Valley of Mexico which lay many miles and several thousand feet down the valley reminded us that eternity was not to be spent here and we reluctantly climbed down to the last difficult part and prepared to rappel. This struck me as a poor place to learn how to rappel, but by now I had built up a tremendous amount of confidence.

My turn to go down came and I was belayed by a light line which would not quite reach the ground. My instructions were to stop ten feet above the ground and untie the belay rope. I considered remaining on the ledge for the rest of my life but finally slithered off and once I got going enjoyed it so much that I forgot to untie the belay rope. As a result, I found myself dangling helplessly with my knees at my chin, much the same way as did Brer Rabbit dangle from the snare in the movie "Song of the South." After much effort, John and Ted managed to free me.

It was now 4:30 Sunday afternoon -- we had been on the rock six hours. A stove was pulled out and we had lunch and dinner with our few remaining drops of water.

With packs shouldered, we began the downhill trip. We kept a tremendous pace and had hardly started before a very black night fell. Our flashlights burned out; we got lost at

(continued page 44)

WHEN I MET THE SAINT (continued from page 43)

times; we had no water. As we neared the Valley of Mexico we began realizing we had been aiming for the lights of the wrong town, so we re-aimed for Amecameca. I was bothered by the thought of my mother worrying and so pushed myself on to reach a phone in Amecameca. Beteta's vivid descriptions of a cold lemonade did not aid our sandpapered throats but helped push us on.

We arrived in Amecameca shortly after midnight. I was the nearest I've ever been to complete exhaustion.

Much to our dismay, the phone service as well as bus service shut down at eight. Long after the last drunk staggered out of the cantina, Beteta gave up trying to hitch a ride on a truck and we spread our bedrolls in the town square. I got into my sack with boots and all on and passed out. The next thing I knew it was 5:00 a.m. and someone yelled that the first bus was about to leave, so within a minute I was packed and on the bus. We sat squeezed into the rear of the bus which transported both chickens and humans, and I found it impossible to stay awake.

At 8:00 a very tired boy greeted a very relieved mother. After turning the bathtub into a huge mud pie I slept for twenty-four hours.

The weekend was what I considered at the time the greatest accomplishment of my life. Though I swore "never again" while looking between my toes on the side of El Santo, the countless details of the climb, the great personalities, the humor, the sheer beauty, and the sense of accomplishment were to begin to mold my life around the mountains. I had met the Saint and had been converted.

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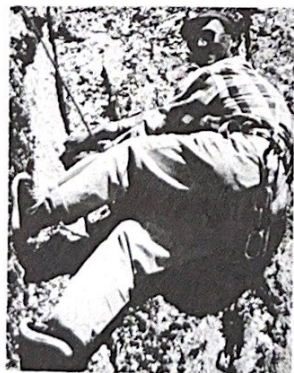
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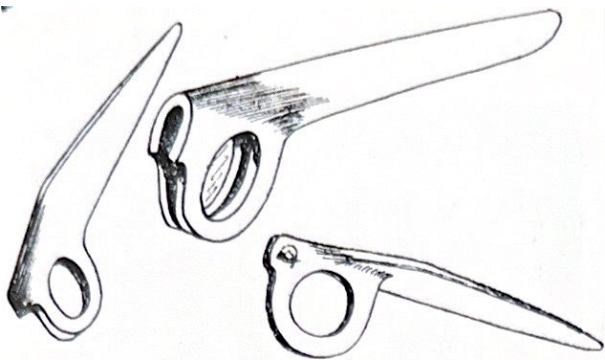
THE NORTH FACE OF GRAND TETON (continued from p. 17)

we met Rob Day and a guided party. After greetings all around, we looked at our watches and discovered that it was 10:25 a.m. We had spent six hours on the face. Dry rock (uncommon on the north face), warm (too warm) weather, no wind, a good route description, and a party of two were the main factors affecting our time. While the conditions made the climb pleasant and not particularly difficult, the North Face has my fullest respect as a problem in mountaineering. The men who first climbed this face met a challenge of route-finding unequalled elsewhere in the Tetons.

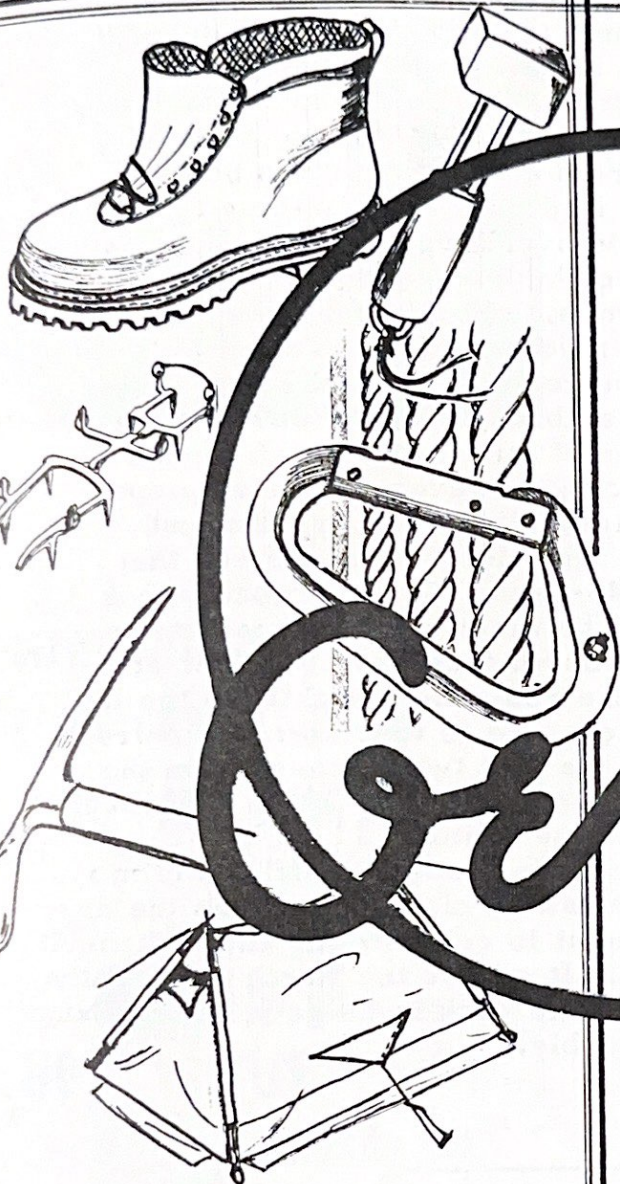
THEY'RE READY (continued from page 19)

casualties. This is what happens when somebody is reported to be in trouble, when somebody takes a bad fall. With a rescue organization only a few hours away, the members of a climbing party know that they can depend on excellent help if somebody gets hurt. They know competent people are ready to help, as they did on Mt. Adams.

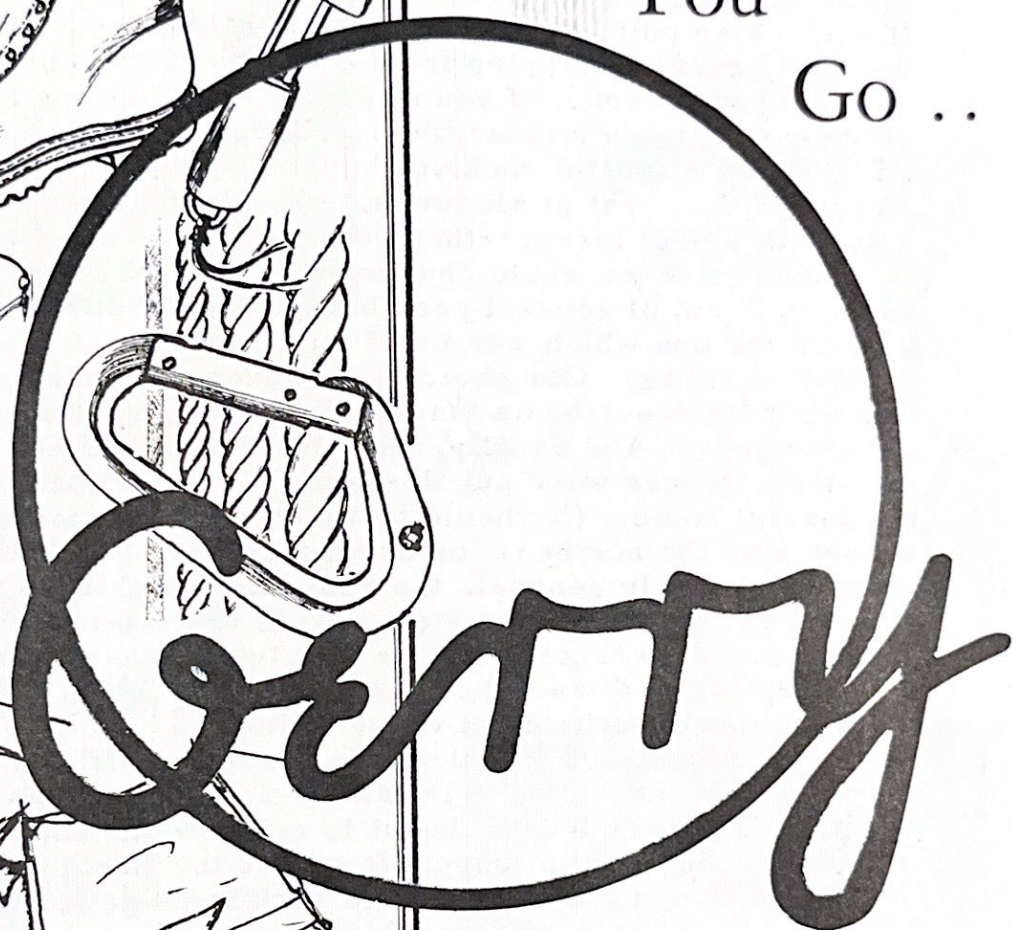
The non-climber will probably remark about the trouble caused by an accident. The old timer will fire right back that that's the main reason for not getting hurt . . .



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CATALOG ON REQUEST

 *Gerry Ward, Colorado.*

NORTH RIDGE OF TEEWINOT (continued from page 7)

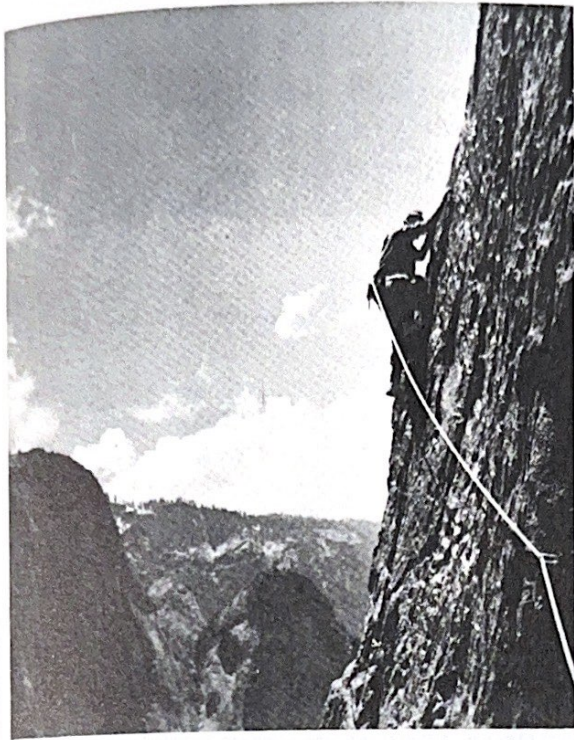
The second step was some five leads, which are rather difficult to describe. The first lead led to about 20 feet east of the crest. This is overhanging most of the way, but only moderately difficult. Jake took over again on a short chimney, which led into a short but very difficult face climb, bringing him to the top of a prominent overhang on the crest. From here the route continues through a maze of overhangs which defy the memory. In reminiscence of the climb, I'd speak of "that overhang," and Jake would ask, "Which one?" If each belay point is farther north than the one preceding it, if you find yourself stepping from delicate friction holds to vertical jam-cracks, if you find yourself climbing difficult chimneys between impossible overhangs, if you're climbing on the most beautiful rock you've ever seen, if you're within 40 feet of the crest at all times, and if you're constantly in a state of abject terror--then you're right on route.

Each pitch we would change leads, and the new leader would pick out of several possibilities which were usually present the one which was most direct and which looked most interesting. Our choices, however, often developed into what I'd describe as "fascinating" rather than just "interesting." And usually, we'd look down and see that the other choices were cul-de-sacs. So we probably took the easiest route. (It should be mentioned that easy traverses onto the northeast or north faces are possible at many places.) In general, the route lies slightly to the left of the crest on the second step, and to the right of the crest on the third step (except for the last two pitches). On the third step, very awkward chimneys are the rule. Overhangs are the rule throughout the whole climb.

Jake and I agree that this was the most difficult climb we've done in the Tetons. It has no pitch as hard as the crux pitch of the Jensen Ridge, but it is consistently more difficult than any of the other pitches. It makes the North Face of the Grand look like a staircase. The rock is as good as the Exum Ridge, and certainly as enjoyable.

EDITOR'S NOTE: The climb described in this article was a first ascent.

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CATALOG ON REQUEST

CLIMBING AROUND WASHINGTON (continued from page 9)

I had the opportunity to climb with the P. A. T. C. while stationed with the Army in Baltimore. The group meets faithfully on Sunday mornings at the Howard Johnson's restaurant at the intersection of Western and Wisconsin Avenues in Washington; the theory is that they meet here for breakfast and are prepared to leave no later than 8:30, but the theory does not take into account the natural human tendency to linger over coffee. Almost all the people I climbed with were out of college and held respectable jobs during the week, coming forth only on weekends in the battered--but colorful--garb of the climber.

Most of the climbs within easy driving distance of Washington are considerably less than 120 feet high, and consequently this group climbs with an upper belay about 95% of the time when they are at these areas. This constant use of an upper belay does several things: it gives the Club an enviable safety record, it prevents beginners from leading climbs before they're ready for it, and when they are ready for it they can take advantage of a third benefit of the upper belay, namely that it allows experienced climbers to attempt climbs of great difficulty, which wouldn't otherwise be attempted. Some of these climbs make even the difficult climbs of the Shawangunks seem like "an easy day for a lady"; you're expected to peel off them a few times before you finally learn their secrets. The first difficult climb that comes to mind is the infamous little beastie known as "Spider Walk" in the practice area of Carderock, just a few miles outside Washington. It's an extremely short climb, less than thirty feet high, but the story goes that even spiders have been known to give up and rappel down, spinning their rappel rope as they went. The bottom half involves a semi-layback on the smooth edges of a crack which will accommodate a few fingers up to the first joint, and sometimes not even that. However, the crack closes in places, and it's imperative that your hands go in certain places in a certain sequence; if you have your left hand where your right hand is supposed to be, something will go wrong higher up and you'll never make it. Of course, there's nothing for the feet and they're left to shift for themselves as best they can, which is none too good. As for the second half, which I have never reached, I am told that it presents different problems of comparable difficulty. People have tried for years and never succeeded in scaling this tantalizing, fiendish bit of rock, although there will always be those maddening people who scramble right up it the first time and then have the nerve to ask, "Was that the climb you were telling me about?"

(continued page 53)

CLIMBING AROUND WASHINGTON (continued from page 52)

Besides Spider Walk, Carderock has a great variety of climbs for beginners, experts, and intermediates, including such notable climbs as Herbie's Horror, Elsie's Edge Face, the Jam Box, the Nubbin Face and Jan's Face. A note about Herbie's Horror appears in the January 1, 1958 edition of Up Rope, the journal of the P. A. T. C. Mountaineering Committee. Up Rope comes out every two weeks, roughly; it was founded by Herb and Jan Conn, who have done a great deal of climbing in the Washington area (among other places). The article reads in part, "Jan and Herb Conn may add another event to the history of Herbie's Horror. Bob Adams used a finger hold to push himself up somewhere near the top, but his finger gave instead of the rock. All joking aside we hope it won't be too many weeks before he has the use of his hand again." Two weeks later in Up Rope a trip report reads, in part, "Bob Adams was a picture of frustration trying to climb with one arm." Even if you're limited to one arm, you see, the climbing is too good to miss.

Another feature of Carderock, where the P. A. T. C. climbers go on the first Sunday of each month, is Oscar. Oscar is a weight used to train climbers in the art of belaying, dynamic and otherwise. A gasoline motor hauls Oscar high up in a sycamore tree, from which he is dropped; the belayer, who is seated on the ground (at least until he is lifted a bit by the first jolt), tries to bring Oscar to a gradual stop before he plummets to the chewed-up piece of earth where he has landed so many times in the past. No further explanation of Oscar's value in training competent belayers is needed, I am sure; just let me add that Oscar has done his share in maintaining the P. A. T. C.'s safety record, a record which is all the more remarkable considering the diversity of the usual group which meets on Sunday to climb together. In such a group there will be climbers of both sexes ranging in age from one year and a few days to over sixty, and ranging in ability from complete and absolute novice to expert. (I never saw the one-year-old boy climbing, actually, but two faithful Sunday climbers who came with their parents were boys who hadn't hit twelve yet and who were on their way to becoming competent and safe climbers.

On long weekends climbers of the P. A. T. C. can drive for a few hours and go to Seneca Rocks in West Virginia, or the Shawangunks in New York, or to some of the excellent

(continued page 54)

climbs in the Blue Ridge. On these climbs, of course, there will be no upper belay and the climbers can practice leading. However, there are enough good climbs within an hour's drive of Washington to keep most climbers happy until they can travel to the places where the big mountains grow. To mention a few of these areas, there's Echo Cliffs, Virginia; Wolf's Head, near Thurmont, Maryland, with numerous short climbs, the most intriguing of which is Wolf's Head itself; Bull Run, Virginia, with beautiful white rock, a fine view, and a jam crack on which one of our climbers got so jammed it took six men almost half an hour to pull her and her knee out of the place in which they had become wedged, seemingly to stay forever; Crescent Rocks, Virginia; Spitsbergen, Maryland; and quite a few others, not to mention Carderock and Great Falls, Virginia and Maryland. Almost without exception the rock is solid and unencumbered with the brush, trees and dirt that too often plague climbers on even the best climbs in New England, and almost without exception each area has climbs for all levels of proficiency and a considerable variety of types of climbs.

Using an upper belay and attempting climbs that sometimes border on the fantastic, climbs that almost certainly would not be attempted as lead climbs even if there were a few good piton cracks, which there usually are not--and if one were able to drive pitons if there were cracks which one is not--the P. A. T. C. has developed a skilled group of climbers who have put to good use in the mountain ranges of the world what they have learned on the cliffs around Washington, D. C. So, if you want some good climbs with good company, go on down to Washington; it may not be the Tetons or the Alps, but it's the best in the East.

MOUNT SHUKSAN (continued from page 10)

From the far side of the glacier we crossed a bergschrund onto the Hourglass. In the summer it probably would have been an easy and rather messy scramble, but at this time of year everything was frozen solid and for the most part covered with ice. It presented problems quite different from ordinary rock climbing, but it proved to be rather enjoyable.

It was an easy climb up solid rock from the hourglass to the summit. The usual summit ceremonies were accompanied by Willi's harmonica.

We left the summit about 4:30 and headed for Hell's Highway, a snow slope that leads to the Upper Curtiss Glacier avoiding the Hourglass. We started down the wrong snow slope so we had to backtrack, checking every gully and snowfield until we found the right one, which was less than ten feet from where we had passed on our first try.

By the time we got off Hell's Highway it was dark and we were now confronted with finding a route across the glacier. Jake and Willi had been looking for routes while on the summit and so with what they remembered and with the help of a head lamp that Kent had brought along we finally got across.

The rappel down Winnie's Slide is one I shall never forget. Willi placed a piton as far down the slope as he could walk and set up a rappel using two ropes. We rappelled the 120 feet right off the end of the rope and went into a self arrest for the last sixty feet. Willi, coming down last, grabbed one end of the rope when he reached the bottom and brought it down with him.

The climb down the gully was miserable and tiring, but every time we stopped to rest Willi got out his harmonica. Things brightened up when I realized I wouldn't make it back in time for work the next morning. We finally got back to camp at 12:30 where Willi mixed up the best milkshake I have ever tasted.

We were climbing for a total of nineteen hours. I shall remember it as one of the most varied and enjoyable climbs I have ever made and with the most colorful rappel I have ever made.

THE BUGABOOS - 1957 (continued from page 14)

wouldn't be much of an obstacle on the peaks--they were all snow ascents, anyway--and we hoped that somehow we could force a route along the jagged ridge separating us from the Squatters.

So after packing back up to Boulder camp, we set off with a minimum of equipment and nine days food. The first day across the glacier went slowly, due to the new snow, and our "minimum" sixty pound packs. But we managed to pick our way around (and sometimes out of) the crevasses as far as the Pigeon Col, at the head of Bugaboo glacier. We set up camp on the ice--then melted half the glacier (or so it seemed) for our dehydrated supper (largely liquid)--and finally went to sleep. We barely managed to stay in the sack until morning (anyone familiar with glacier camping knows what I'm talking about, and the rest wouldn't be interested anyway) and promptly decided not to drink so much water as all the treatises on the subject advise, at least not before going to bed.

After breaking camp, we plodded across the upper glacier for about an hour, and reached the base of the col separating us from Howser Basin--which was the next point on our itinerary. There was a large bergschrund here capped by a very shaky snow bridge which none of us liked at all. We spent some time trying other routes, but this proved to be the only way. Sam and Carlos inched their way gingerly across the bridge to have a look at the route ahead. From below, the ridge above the 'schrund had seemed to slope gently back. But not so! It was steep (roughly 60°), rotten ice. A piton wouldn't hold, and you couldn't get an ice axe in far enough for a good belay. After a long reconnaissance, we all decided that it was hardly the place to do the sort of heavy packing we had in mind. Furthermore, the weather was threatening again, and this wall would be prone to avalanche if it had any more of the impending snow on it. All in all, we figured we'd had it.

So we turned back, packed our gear back down to the cabin again--and set a course for those lands of the sunny south, the Tetons, where we enjoyed a week's good climbing without worrying about BC's daily joke--the weather.

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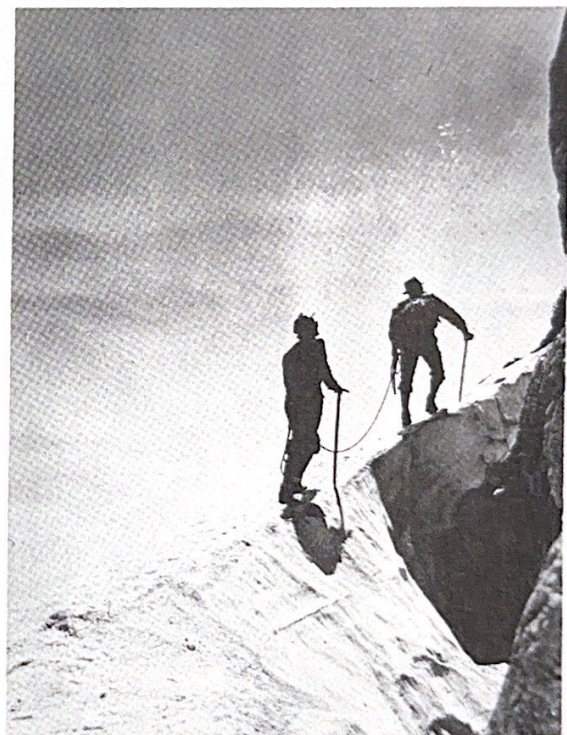


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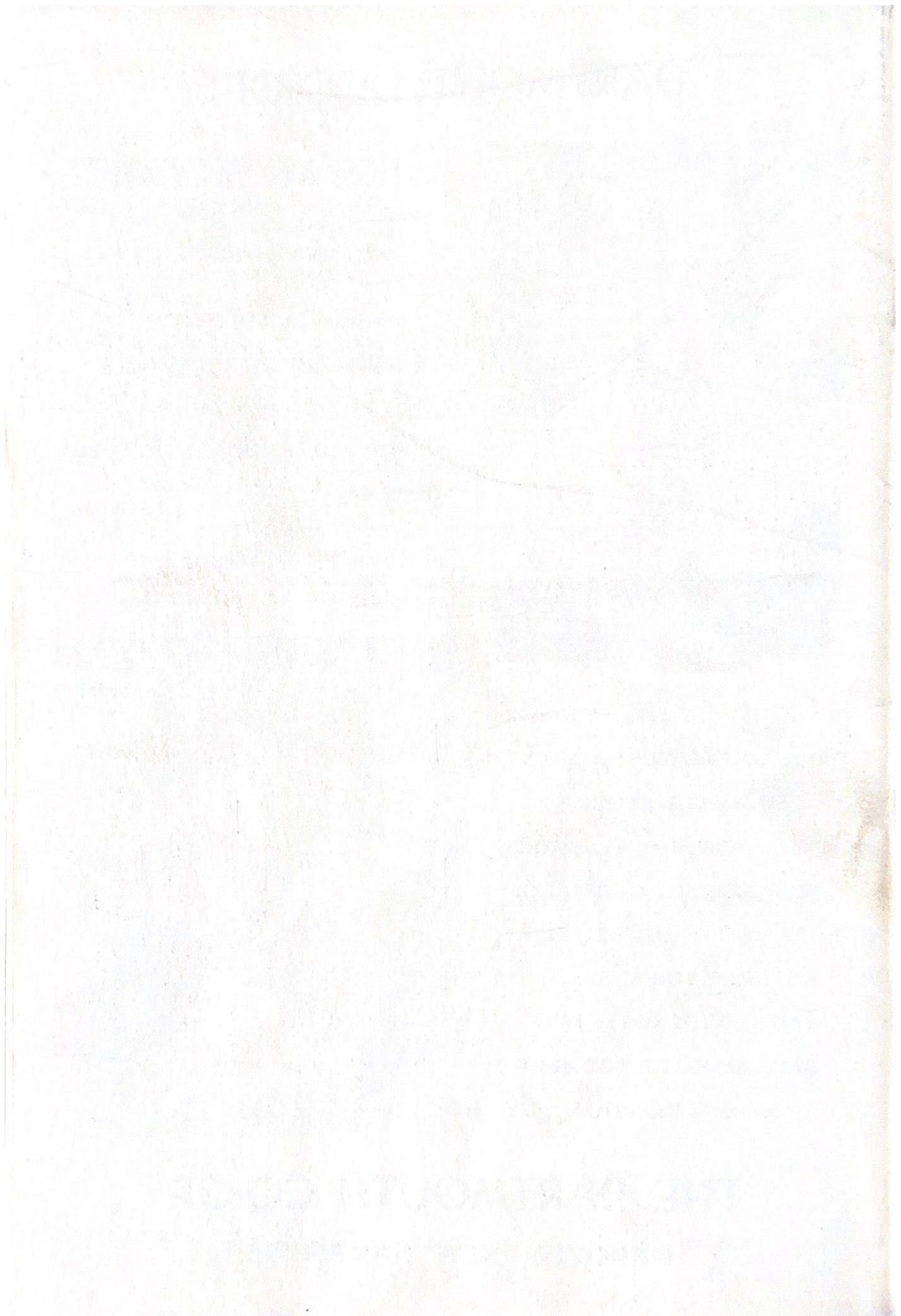
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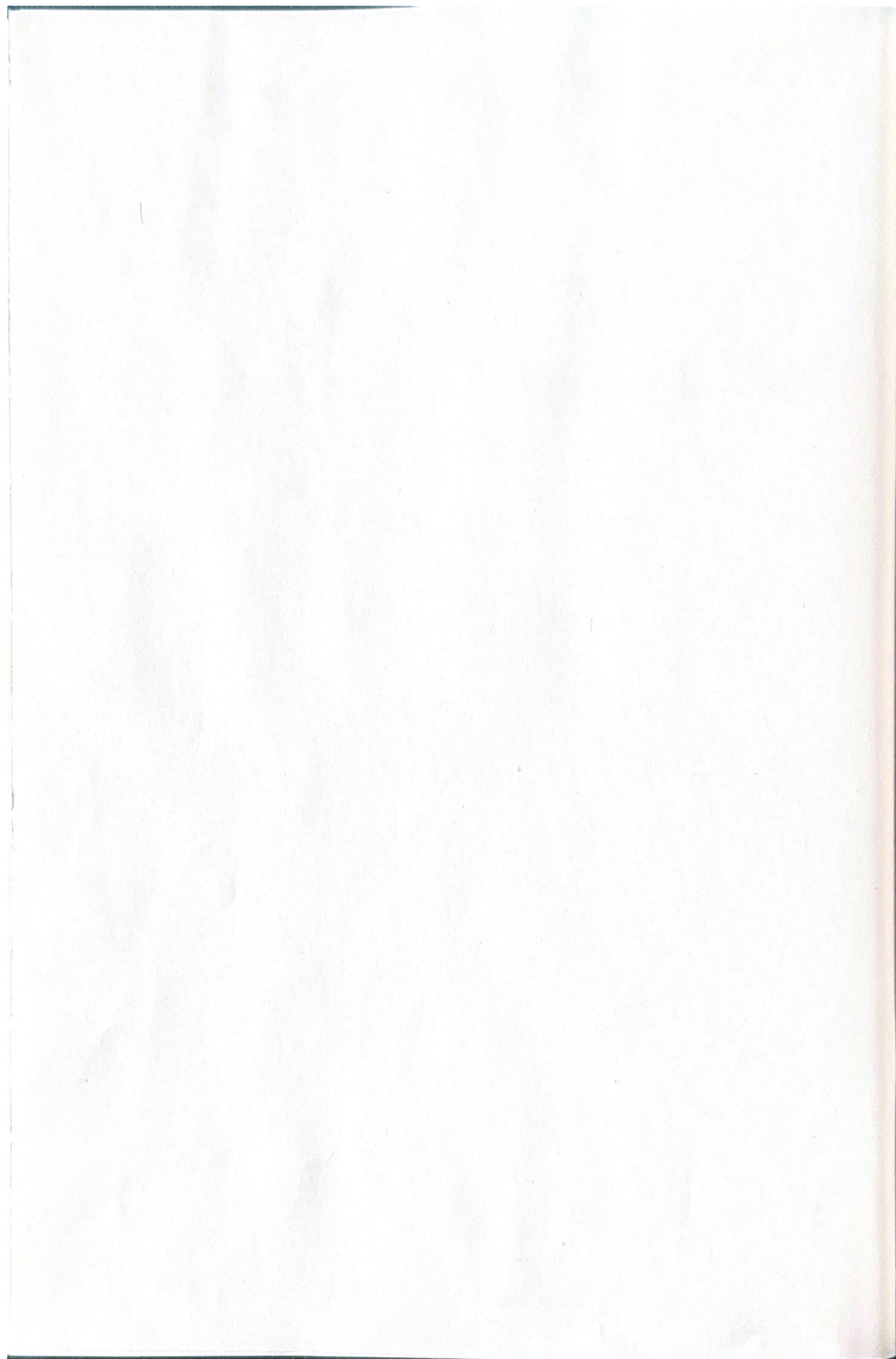
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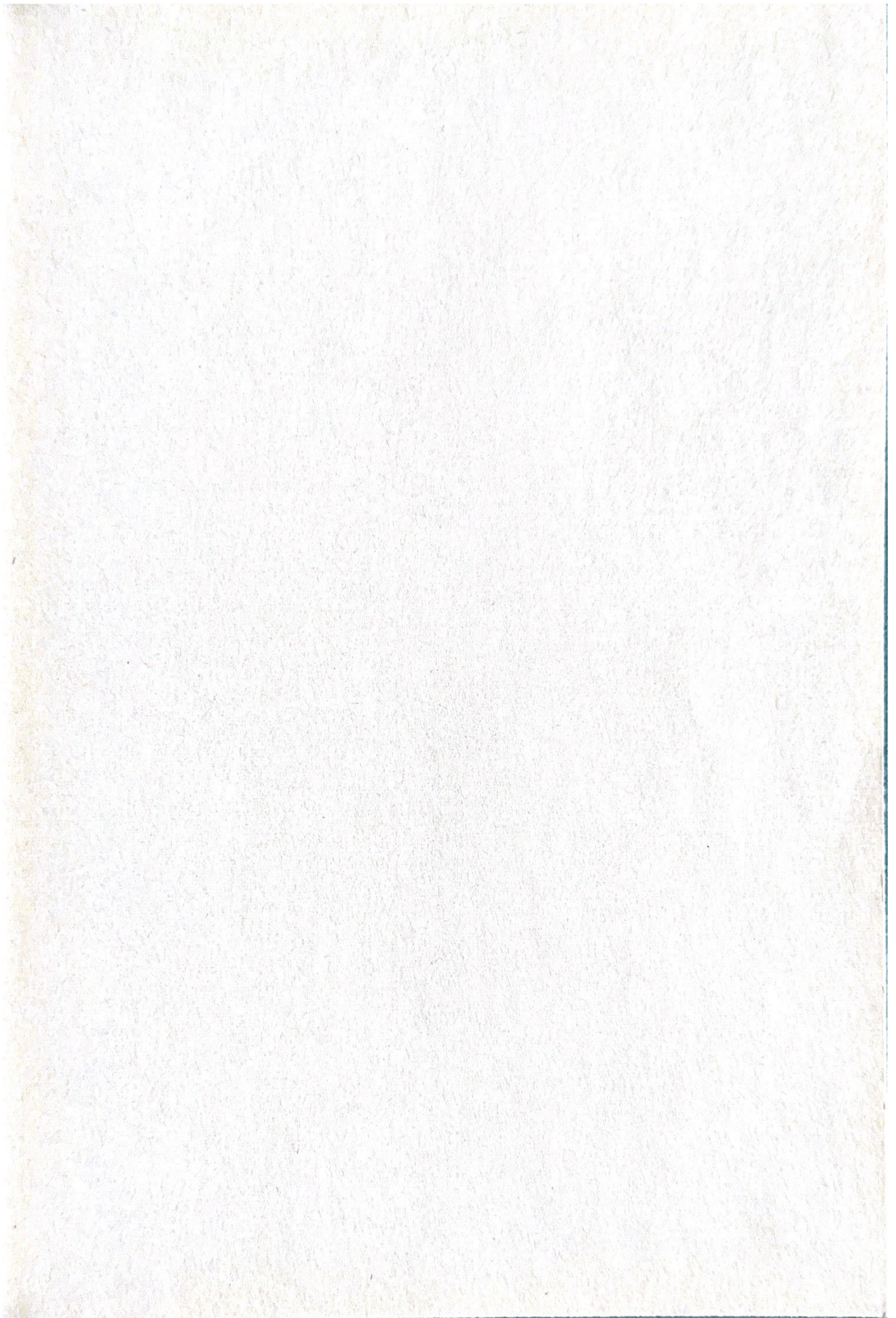


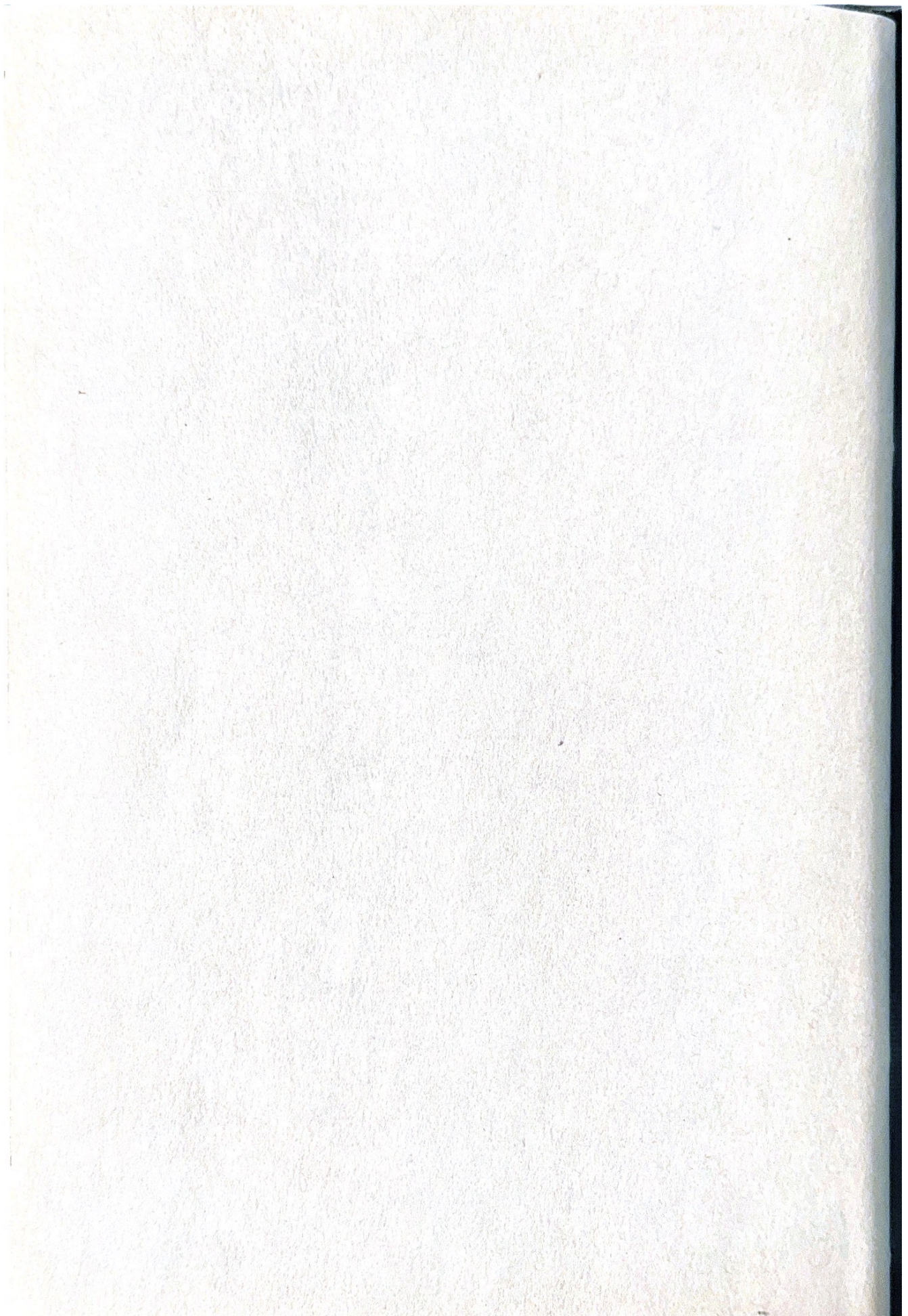
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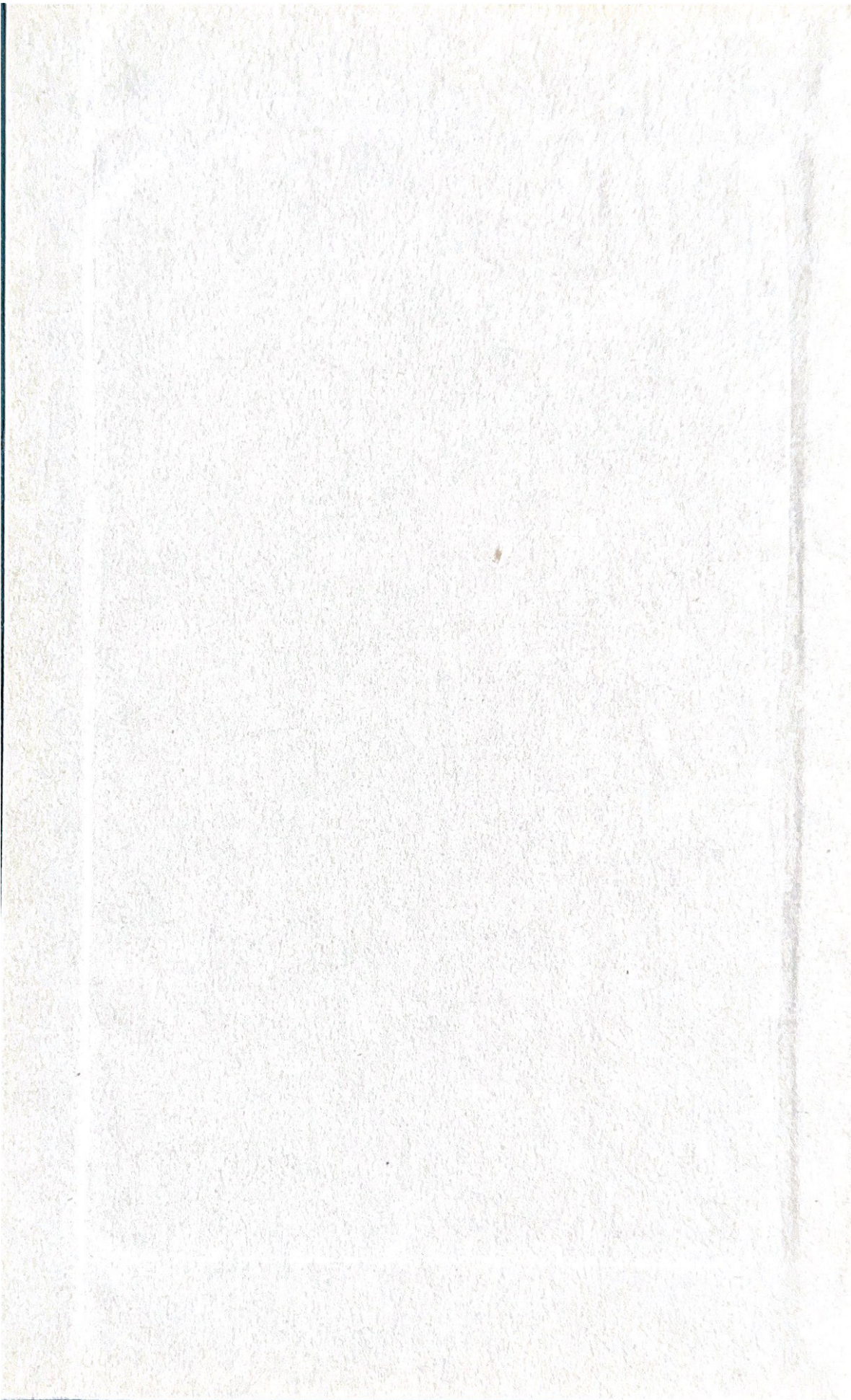












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