



Go Range

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Jan and Herb Conn

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ANDANTE'S INFERNO, 1950

At the close of work on Friday, July 7, two low-flying, jet-propelled cars headed west from Washington. Monday afternoon, at Burris, Wyoming, they disgorged the following cramped specimens: Arnold Wexler, Art Lembeck, Don Hubbard, Tony Soler, Norman Goldstein, Duncan Burchard, Irene Posner and Peg Keister, the members of our Wind River expedition. With a minimum of delay, we were loaded into Don Presgrove's truck and transported into the foothills. We hoped to overtake one of Floyd Wilson's packers who had just started in with a small party. However, the pack train eluded us, so we made camp and a hasty supper at the packing station. We spent the next day and a half waiting. Although we chafed at the delay in getting into the high places, the enforced stay was both pleasant and profitable. We gave our atrophied muscles some mild exercise at a moderate altitude, explored the ridge above and the canyon below, and photographed the wealth of alpine flowers carpeting the meadows around us. Art contrived to work alone on the latter project, but Arnold, like a true expert, employed a crew to measure distances, record exposures, shade his lens, etc.

Late Wednesday afternoon, the packers, the climbers and the horses all managed finally to be in the same place at the same time, so we started for the high (ca. 12,000 ft.) pass over Horse Ridge. The advance party of hikers enjoyed a wonderful view of Gannett and other peaks from this eminence, but those who had stayed behind to supervise the packing found their view obscured by the fast falling dusk. Long after dark, the latter group stumbled into Wilson's lower camp at the Ink Wells (Peg dragging an obstreperous pack horse, Art dragging Irene, and Arnold dragging his feet). At the camp, we were overcome with gratitude to George Tanner for a steaming stew and coffee. Next morning, we loaded up again and went without further delay up Dinwoody Creek into the Gannett area. The pack train took us as far as feasible almost to timber line, then we back-packed the remaining two miles or so to our final campsite at 10,500 feet near the foot of Dinwoody Glacier.

Since some of the boys had made several trips with heavy loads, our leader, Arnold, permitted us to sleep Friday morning and to spend the day organizing camp. Our site was a grassy knoll between a roaring glacial stream and a clear brook from the snow slopes, unusually large this year. We were walled in on both sides by steep rock cliffs.