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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 campour site was a grassy knoll between a roaring glacial stream and a clear brook from the snow slopes, unusally large this year. We were walled in on both sides by steep rock cliffs.

We started climbing in earnest on Saturday. There are a number of peaks well over 13,000 ft. in this area, nearly all approached by way of Dinwoody or Gannett Glacier. The unusually large amount of snow this year greatly facilitated travel between camp and glacier and offered a variety of climbing conditions. Dinwoody (ca. 13,400) was our first peak, everyone but Irene (who was learning the true meaning of "Achilles' Hoel") making the climb, which was mainly a boulder scramble. From the top, we surveyed various triple and quadruple traverses of neighboring peaks, but we managed with difficulty to restrain the young enthusiasts from starting off on this project then and there, The following day, the boys climbed Woodrow Wilson (ca. 15,500) and Pinnacle Ridge (ca. 13,200), where they found some good rock climbing. Meanwhile the girls did various camp chores, sneaked in a little laundry, and basked in the sunshine and peace.

The whole party achieved Gannett (13,785 ft.), the highest peak in Wyoming. Having heard that the usual route up the "Gooseneck" was a walk, we used our imaginations, and chose as the Gooseneck, not the proper rock ridge, but a steep curved snow gully adjacent to it. Art, Tony and Norm took turns laboriously kicking steps in this, and we climbed all the way on snow. It was a beautiful clear day, and at least one person was thrilled to sight the Tetons from the top. Coming down, we crossed the bergschrund via a narrow snow bridge, catching a glimpse of an icicle-hung ice cave.

Those who craved a taste of ice-climbing had their chance on Turret (ca. 13,500). A cold night had iced the snow slope leading up to Elsie Col and gave us an excuse to don crampons. Above the col, all hand and foot holds could be spotted by the ice or little piles of hail stones accumulated thereon. Art led one rope up a gully, where he cut steps in the ice for about 30°. Don enticed the other rope out onto a face, which offered some real rock climbing. However, the time grew short, so the second party had to accept a rope from above to finish the ascent.

The outstanding rock climb of the trip was the Sphinx (ca. 13,200), climbed by Art, Arnold, Don, Tony, and Norman. Art's fine lead up the south ridge (led previously only by Hans Kraus) called forth rave notices from his admiring and hardy followers.

The lesser peaks, East and West Sentinel, etc., were climbed on our "rest days".

On our last evening, we celebrated the end of two wonderful weeks with a famous Wexler sherbet and a tremendous campfire. We deserted the latter, however, for nature's more spectacular show, a marvelous aurora borealis.

We feel inadequate to the task of describing the beauty and grandeur of this area. Fortunately, the excellent Kodachromes brought back by Arnold, Art, and Tony do a much better job than words can, so you will all, we hope, have a chance to see for yourselves this wonderful wilderness.

(We assume that you are curious about the title of this effusion. Well, it's only this: one member of the party was found capable of operating only in low gear, and hence earned the name of "Andante". This unfortunate individual was the victim of continuous torment at the hands of at least three members of the party. Obvious result: "Andante's Inferno".)

#### UPS AND DOWNS

November 12. Carderock, Maryland.

Charlie Gallant

George Kamm

Chris Scoredos

Mary Sturgeon

The week-end most of the climbers went underground (reported in last issue), a few Gallant souls remained Kamm and collected at the Hot Shoppe as usual. They transported themselves to Carderock and Chris and Charlie demonstrated how to do the Lembeck Cross-over. There were also some Mary doings in the vicinity of the Jack-Knife climb. We Chris our hearts and promise not to do this again.

December 3. Great Falls, Maryland.

Jean Burnstad Peg Keister Dot King Jack King Chris Scoredos Eric Scoredos

Jack Wilson

David King

Sterling King

Mary Sturgeon

Loraine Wilson

Early arrivals at the Hot Shoppe received a pleasant shock in the form of Art Lembeck and Don Hubbard, resplendent in neat gray suits and rosy eyes — just back from a non-stop 28 hour trip to New York and the American Alpine Club annual meeting. Since these city slickers couldn't be persuaded to change clothes and come climbing, the rest of the group set off regretfully for Great Falls and high water.

Next to Chris' Purple Overhang (which he couldn't sell to anyone), there is a little face now known as the Sturgeon Struggle. After Mary, Jean and Peg had worked out on this, one of the young Kings came along and showed us how it should be done. Sterling and Jack and their offspring played around on the cliffs closer to the river. After a leisurely lunch in the unexpected warmth of the noon sun, we crossed to the more difficult rocks opposite our earlier efforts, but finding them well greased, we contented ourselves with some easy scrambling and a rappelle down. The Kings, Scoredoses and Wilsons having left early, and with ambition running low, Marj, Jean and Peg finished the day with a walk up the canal.

December 10. Carderock, Maryland.

Dolores Alley
Betty Alley
Billy Alley
Mike Volker (Billy's friend)
Jim Bullard
Walter Downs
Charlie Gallant

Dick Goldman
Sally Goldman
Don Hubbard
Peg Keister
Ray Moore
Johnny Reed
Ted Schad

Hans Scheltema Chris Scoredos Jane Showacre Tony Soler Bob Stephens Mary Sturgeon Arnold Wexler

Under a cloudy sky, this crowd slogged through the mud along the canal to complete Operation Crash. The engineers went right to work, and by lunch time the set-up was finished. Oscar, the concrete dummy, was hoisted by a block and tackle: and a fine new trigger mechanism provided the means of release. Free falls of 30 feet (from 15 feet above the belayer) were successfully arrested. The falls were caught through one carabiner, using dynamic hip belays. In order how to discourage future belayers, we won't mention that wisps of smoke were seen rising from the belayers' rears, that Ray burned a hole in his trousers,

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#### UP ROPE STAFF

## UPS AND DOWNS (continued)

and that Johnny's rope now has a fused nylon crust.

Meanwhile the lay population went climbing. The Beginner's Crack and the adjacent face served as a warm up. Ronnie's Leap was tackled with varying degrees of success. Jane, Peg, Walter and Ted played around on Jan's Face, while Jim, Mary and Hans went off to the Chris-Wex-Don Traverse, Jim leading. According to Chris, who kibitzed on the latter group, the Traverse has never before looked so hazardous and thrilling. Jim missed the water by inches at least once.

By mid-afternoon, snow was falling and everyone was weary, so the group scattered. Some of us went on to Ray's to warm up a Chili supper and to further discuss Oscar's future.

\* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \*

Arnold Wexler, Don Hubbard and Art Lembeck travelled to New York on Dec. 2 to attend the American Alpine Club's annual meeting and banquet. Arnold was the speaker after the afternoon meeting. We hear that he was introduced as the "man who put climbing on the rocks". His illustrated lecture "Climbing in the Windy Range, Northern Selkirks, 1950" was very well received. Jimmy Maxwell, who climbed with us during the war years, spoke in the evening, telling one-third of the story of the first ascent of Yerupaja (21,760 ft) in the Andes. Jimmy is now president of the Harvard Mountaincoring Club.

# COMING EVENTS

December 30, 31, and January 1. New Year's Trip to Milesburn Shelter, Penn.

Art hopes to find those rocks he has been getting glimpses of for several years. If he does find them, there will be rock climbing. If not, we promise hiking for sure and, possibly, skiing or ice-skating if the weather cooperates. Also, there will be nightly gatherings before the fireplace for popcorn, singing, tall tales, and what have you.

Due to the limited size of the shelter, and the necessity of making large food purchases, we must ask that you make your reservation, accompanied by a deposit of \$2.00, to Win or Art Lembeck, 4840 Bradley Blvd., Chevy Chase 15, Md. before Dec. 27. No reservations will be accepted after that date and no deposits refunded unless cancelled prior to the 27th. So, come one and all and let's really see the Old Year out and the New Year in.