



## NEWS OF THE P.A.T.C. MOUNTAINEERING COMMITTEE

1916 Sunderland Place N. W. Washington 6, D. C.

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### COMING EVENTS

- November 2 Little Stoneyman, Virginia  
November 9 Thurmont, Maryland  
November 16 Bull Run, Virginia (if not too cold)  
November 23 Harpers Ferry (if not too cold)  
November 30 Open  
December 6-7 The Hermitage, Pennsylvania. All planning to go on this trip must call Betty Johnson at Empire 5-0778 by December 3, as it will be necessary to plan the meals. Bob Adams Leader.  
December 14 Carderock, Belay practice with Oscar  
December 21 Prospect Rock, Virginia  
December 28 Great Falls, Maryland

### PREMIER OF TV MOVIE

Last summer when CBS, represented by Joel Gross, was about to make a mountaineering picture for showing on TV, they needed climbers for actors, doubles, and for safetying of the technical crew and cast. Several of our local climbers journeyed to Colorado to help and on Wednesday 19 November at Cabin John Recreation Center (just past Cabin John Bridge) we shall have an advance showing of the movie which was made. It's really quite spectacular and well done.

After the movie we hope to have Jane Showacre project a composite group of slides for Duncan Burchard, Art Lembeck, and her own collection. She will show how things looked from behind the camera and we hope, if there is enough applause, repeat "Kathy's" terrified fall into space!

A.L.

Meet at Howard Johnsons on Sunday morning at 8 o'clock (Western and Wisconsin) if you wish to have breakfast with us. Departure time is 8:30. If you wish to leave directly from home and are in doubt as to whether the trip has been changed call Karl Edler at Ap. 7-8851 between 8 a.m. and 9 a.m., or look behind the south-east corner drain pipe at H.J.'s.

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Editor: Betty Johnson Empire 5-0778  
BUSINESS MANAGER: Robert J. Adams  
MIMEOGRAPH: Kay and Hall Blinn

WYOMING INTERLUDE, 1958

## Into the Wilderness

Robert J. Adams

Our march into the Wind Rivers was an inauspicious beginning. Camped on the hill above Burris, we had dutifully crawled out of our sleeping bags at four a.m. and departed for the Presgrove ranch by five, but after that there had been endless delays. We had finally set out from Cold Springs for Wilson's Camp at eleven. Now it was nine o'clock and pitch black except for the stars shining down between the canyon walls. As we stumbled along, dog-tired, cold and hungry, tripping over rocks and falling into water holes, we had ample time to meditate on the months of planning and preparation which had brought us to such a miserable plight.

A 1958 trip to the Wind Rivers, Tetons, and Devil's Tower was discussed in the fall of 1957 by brothers Bruce, Wally, and Bob Adams. As the months went by, others joined in until, as we staggered into Wilson's Camp, the group numbered 23, including a wide assortment of junior climbers ranging in age from 21 months to 16 years. There were Tom Marshall, Bob Spindler, and his cousin Dean Vereen, and the families of John Sopka, Bill Cropper, Ed Worrell, Wally Adams, and Bob Adams. Bruce and his family joined us at the Tetons.

Negotiations were begun in April with Mr. Don Presgrove of Burris for the services of his pack and saddle horses. Mr. Presgrove performed his work competently and to everyone's satisfaction, so far as I know. However, some of us learned the hard way that it takes a man in good physical condition to step out of a truck at Cold Springs, shoulder a 50-pound pack, and walk, even slowly, the 15 miles to Wilson's Camp. Tom Marshall did it, but four or five of us nearly died in the attempt. But who wants to live forever?

We also found that most children under 10 - and some older - make this trip more easily on horseback than on foot. We had three saddle horses going in, seven coming out!

Returning now to the night of August 11, some or all of us might have died on the trail except for the efforts of Dean, who somehow acquired a horse and plunged forward into the darkness shouting "It's only two or three more blocks!" (This when 5 miles out), and then of Bill Cropper, who was already established at Wilson's Camp, and who in the end brought us across the river and into the light of the most welcome campfire we had ever seen. Wally was there, trying to dispense hot coffee, soup, and three gallons of macaroni and cheese but almost everyone was too exhausted or dazed to appreciate it. As I recall, it was one o'clock in the morning before we had the tents up and the children put away inside.

It was at this all-time low point of our morale that a slight difference of opinion arose between Blondie Worrell and Wally Adams, an incident which in retrospect seems mildly amusing. For his emergency cooking Wally had used Blondie's beautiful set of nesting aluminum pots over the wood fire. By the time she arrived they were blackened beyond recognition. Blondie had intended that they should be used only on the

Coleman and was thoroughly incensed, demanding that he clean them up forthwith. Wally was equally incensed that anyone should criticize his public-spirited efforts, especially considering the difficulty of locating equipment in the dark; he steadfastly refused her demands. The kettles never did get cleaned very well, and I may be a little brave to mention the matter even at this late date. Blondie may just decide that it's my job.

It might be well to note here that the difficult and time-consuming work of planning menus and ordering, packaging, and transporting the food was performed by Blondie, Wally and Billie Adams, and Kate Adams. No one ever went hungry, and there were even some compliments on the meals, particularly one which included reflector-oven biscuits. The food cost per person was just over 14 dollars for 10 days, plus 5 dollars for the packer.

By 9 o'clock on the morning of the 12th a few people began to venture out of their tents and stretch sore muscles. The sky was a beautiful blue, and in the daylight our camp area turned out to be luxurious. We were sheltered by stately pines and spruces, some at least a hundred feet high, and firewood was abundant. There were open grassy areas that afforded spectacular views of the canyon walls and of several high peaks. We had an enormous fireplace, several rustic tables and benches, and a clear cold stream just a few steps away. A ridgepole and tarp were set up over two tables to provide all-weather operations. An Army mountain tent was stuffed with food until the roof bulged.

After a lazy breakfast, curiosity overcame inertia and off we went to explore our surroundings. Wally and his family crossed Dinwoody Creek to the trail on the west side. Bill Cropper and John Sopka took the trail on the east side up to the Dinwoody Glacier for a preliminary look at the cirque. Tom Marshall, Ed Worrell and I followed them, but climbed West Sentinel for a high-level view of this magnificent ring of peaks. We were to pass over this trail twice daily for the next week. It starts with a pleasant walk through the woods on a path of pine needles. The slope increases, and presently you are in the open on a large boulder field that marks the tree line. Beyond this you walk through mountain meadows to the roar of Dinwoody Creek as it tubles down over the boulders. After two miles of walking, the terminal moraine of the glacier is in sight, and you can pick your way across the creek to the trail on the west side. Just below the moraine an official sign announces the "Dinwoody Glacier". We started up West Sentinel from this point, first along a small stream, and then bearing left to the skyline. The climbing is grade 3 or 4, depending on the skill at route-finding. The summit is nearly flat and large as a city block, at an altitude of 12,500 feet. The view is most rewarding. Tom Marshall set a blistering pace on this little jaunt, as befits a man who is out for track at Dartmouth.

As we neared camp and fancied we already smelled supper cooking, we were greeted with a pleasant "hello" by a tanned young fellow camped across a branch of the creek. This was Ken Anderson of Sacramento, who with his wife Florence and son Benjamin, 5, had back-packed in from Cold Springs on a three-day trip. There is nothing to it, he explained, if you work out the weights ahead of time, and if everyone carries his share. For instance, Ben can walk 15 miles a day and carry a pack while doing it. In order to see more of the country, the Andersons planned to

go out by a different route. They hoped to climb Horse Ridge at a point opposite West Sentinel, proceed to Chimney Rock, traverse a 13,000-foot ridge eastward to Indian Pass, then turn north and follow Dry Creek to Cold Springs. Ken was anxious to know what we had seen of this route from West Sentinel. Unfortunately, since this mountain is no higher than Horse Ridge, we had seen very little.

The next day found John Sopka, Bill Cropper, and Tom Marshall embarked on a serious climb - Turret. They were up at five and on the trail by six. Meanwhile, I had resolved to climb West Sentinel again and take the family along to enjoy the view. At seven o'clock Wally, Kate, Johnny, Bobby, and I set forth on this mission at an unhurried pace. Once on the mountain, we managed to get sufficiently off the route to find some class 4 pitches. After all, one of the best methods yet discovered for getting your breath is to sit down and belay!

This happy little band reached the summit at eleven, in time to see three equally-spaced dots moving, almost imperceptibly, across the steep snowfield between Warren and Turret. Some time later the dots disappeared into the cliffs on the west side of Turret. (John informed us later that his party reached the summit via one of the north ridges. Some friction slabs were encountered, but no pitons were used.) Just at noon, when we had taken pictures and eaten lunch, Wally noticed a peculiar black object at the summit of Gannet, a thin black line in the center of the snow-dome. Suspecting that this might be Ken Anderson, we watched intently for any sign of motion. None was apparent until, suddenly, the object was gone. Our conjecture was confirmed four hours later when we regained the trail at the base of our mountain, just as Ken came sprinting through. He had made a quick solo trip up Gannet in an unsuccessful attempt to get a view over Horse Ridge into Dry Creek valley to the east.

That was the Andersons' last night at Wilson's Camp; and we sat around their campfire for an hour or two drinking tea, eating cookies, and singing such eternal favorites as Clementine, Oh Susannah!, and Jan Crack Joe. Harmonicats Florence and Ed were both in fine fettle for the occasion. In the morning the Andersons began their long trip through the wilderness. We hope it was a happy one.

Thursday August 14 was the first serious climbing day for Ed, Wally and me, who set out at six for the Sphinx. Ed was for approaching the beast from the east, where any fool could plainly see that the skyline was inclined at least 80 degrees to the horizontal. "Arnold says it's very interesting," he confided, "--sixth class!" If that was expected to sell the route to the Adams boys, someone had miscalculated. It seemed like a full day's work to even walk to the Sphinx, touch base, and come back, let alone getting involved in six or eight hours of technical climbing. As we got closer to the point of decision, the late hour of ten was duly noted, and Ed was overpowered by superior numbers. As it turned out, the North Face route was a pretty good choice. For in rapid succession we fell heir to three excellent pitons, a brand-new sling rope with descending ring, and a nearly-new 7/16-inch climbing rope. These items must have been abandoned by a party overtaken by bad weather, for the terrain was easy.

Unfortunately no sixth class pitches were found on this route, though some bordered on fifth. Ed provided some excellent route finding



on the descent, bringing us half-way around the mountain to avoid a bergschrund that blocked a 90-degree sector to the north and west.

Friday was the big day for John Sopka, Bill Cropper, Tom Marshall, and Bob Spindler. They arose early in the morning, crossed the moraine, and proceeded to the col between Pinnacle Ridge and Gannet via the glacier and the snowfield just above it. Then they turned north and followed the ridge leading to the south shoulder of Gannet. This involved several hours of class five climbing, in which six pitons were left in place. Two intense snow-and-lightning storms were encountered, one in the morning and one in the afternoon. As a result it was five o'clock by the time they reached the south shoulder, too late to consider going on to the summit, which was still an hour away. The day was not lost, however. The view from the shoulder is just as dramatic as that from the summit, and there had been some excellent rock climbing.

Meanwhile preparations were underway for a Saturday assault by as ill-assorted a band of recruits as were ever seen on Gannet. The three Worrells - Ed, Blondie, and Chirpie (21 months) - and three Adamses - Johnny (12), Bobby (9), and I were already fixing supper at a high camp near the "Dinwoody Glacier" sign. Back at base camp Wally and Dean (who had never climbed before) were poised for a five o'clock departure. All three groups planned to follow the glacier to the foot of a steep snow couloir lying to the east of the ridge used on Friday, and to follow this couloir to the shoulder of the mountain.

On Saturday morning we were up at four, cooking by the pale light of the Primus. As soon as it was light enough to walk we were on our way, scrambling over the boulder field in good spirits. Before long we were out on the hard grey ice of the glacier. By eight o'clock the ice was steep and the going somewhat treacherous. As we stopped to put on crampons, Wally and Dean appeared below and overtook us rapidly. This steep portion of the glacier was, I believe, the most difficult part of the route. We walked up narrow ice ridges bounded on either side by deep crevasses. Much of the time we walked on gravel that clung precariously to the melting ice beneath. At last we reached snow. This was such a good feeling we scarcely minded walking back and forth around the crevasses. Then we crossed a narrow snow bridge, and we were in the couloir.

Far above we could see Wally and Dean working their way upward. They reassured us that the snow was good, and so it was - just soft enough to make good steps. With a hard push the ice axe would go down far enough for a good belay. Going up this seemingly endless couloir I would lead 60 feet, then belay the boys as they moved up 60 feet, keeping 60 feet of taut rope between them. I caught numerous falls of one or both until we were all fully confident. But a steep snow slope is very tiring to small legs. Somewhat before reaching the top we escaped to the rocks on our right and scrambled up to the shoulder, with its magnificent view of the valley to the west. It was now twelve-thirty. Wally and Dean appeared from the ridge above and advised us to hurry, as we would have at least another hour to the summit. So we ate a little lunch, laid the packs on a large rock, and started up the ridge as fast as the condition of two fairly tired boys would permit. I began to have serious doubts that we could get off the mountain before night.

Once the summit ridge was gained, the view was breath-taking, particularly to the west, where the face falls away sheer, projecting the climber into unknown valleys with their lakes, glaciers, and lesser peaks. With one eye on this panorama and the other on the narrow snow ridge that provides a precarious passage, we inched along a quarter-mile or more until at length the summit was reached at two-fifteen. The Worrells arrived with us, Chirpie dismounting from his perch a few feet shy of the summit so that he would have walked part of the way. In our disorganized and somewhat apprehensive state of mind we lost 45 minutes taking pictures, starting back at three.

The snow couloir looked even steeper going down, but for the Adamses this proved to be the easiest part of the trip. With dad belaying, the boys fairly ran down for 60 feet, keeping a taut rope between them, then planted their ice axes and waited for me to come roaring down. There were numerous catches and self arrests, but it was a most enjoyable episode. It was less fun for the Worrells, who were heavily loaded and, because of Chirpie, could not afford to tumble in the snow.

Then we were on the glacier, which was as disagreeable as ever. Bobby was a sad-looking customer coming down those ice slopes, tired and tripping over twelve-point crampons twice his size. We finally reached our high camp at nine o'clock, greatly relieved to be off the mountain. Wally and Dean had got back to Wilson's Camp at four-thirty!

As our last effort in the Wind Rivers, Tom, Ed, Wally and I made a traverse of Warren, Doublet, and Dinwoody. Already I feel Ed's disapproving eye, so I must explain immediately that in spite of Ed's insistence that we were required to traverse all three peaks, we in fact traversed only the first two and came down off Dinwoody the same way we went up. More of this later.

Warren is a peak quite comparable to Gannet, approached by the glacier, an endless snow slope, and a grade 3 scramble up the East Ridge. It commands a magnificent view of the cirque to the north and of the Titcomb Valley to the south. The summit register showed that a large party of Iowa Mountaineers, including Bruce Adams, had preceded us on this traverse 10 years to the day. There were only 4 or 5 pages of other names up to the present. We crossed over to Doublet in the easiest way, by-passing the gendarnes. We gave the Dames Anglaises a longing look but hurried on, not wishing to spend the night on the mountain. The col leading to Dinwoody is blocked by a rock face which rises steeply from a snow ridge at the head of two couloirs. All of this looks perfectly terrifying as it is approached from the east, but the snow ridge is quite safe. The rock climbing beyond is enjoyable, but no more than class 4. From the top of the face, one emerges onto an enormous boulder-strewn slope that sweeps down to a saddle, then up to the summit of Dinwoody. From the saddle a pleasant snow slope leads down to the glacier and home. This fact was sufficient, for three of us, to establish the route. Ed pointed out that we would not complete the triple traverse unless we went down the other side of Dinwoody. But nobody could remember what the snow couloir on that side was like. It might, for instance, be cut by a horrible bergschrund. It was 4 o'clock then. Dinner would be at six. Ed lost.

When the sound of that argument died down we heard an unmistakable yodel, faintly reminiscent of Don Hubbard on a Sunday morning. Looking up we spotted two slim objects on the distant summit of Mt. Wilson. There was a great deal of yodeling and shouting in both directions, but absolutely no intelligence was conveyed, even though the other party remained on Wilson for at least a half hour while we climbed Dinwoody. For all we know they may have been abominable snowmen (Wyoming Variety).

On the evening of August 19, Don and Pete Presgrove came back with a party of four mountaineers from Harvard and MIT. The trip out was most pleasant; we left about nine and were all at Cold Springs by four o'clock waiting for the pack train. It was a clear indication of what can be accomplished when everyone is in good physical condition, and when there are a few more horses.

Our stay at Wilson's Camp had been almost ideal. There were no flies or mosquitos. Except for a few afternoon showers the weather had been perfect - sunny and warm with clear, cool nights. It is interesting to speculate how Wilson's Camp must look in the dead of winter - probably one of the loneliest spots on earth.

That night we went our separate ways. The Sopkas headed east, the Greppers to the Tetons, and the Worrells to Yellowstone. Tom, Dean and Bob Spindler celebrated their return to civilization with a wild night in Dubois. The two Adams families bedded down on the prairie overlooking Burris.

To be continued

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#### UPS AND DOWNS

##### September 28, Carderock and Herzog Island, Maryland

Foul play at Carderock! Your reporter finds that during his long absence from the old familiar climbs at Carderock somebody had been moving the handholds farther apart. The shock of this horrible discovery was, however, softened considerably by the opportunity to say hello to a rare congregation of old timers and the chance to get acquainted with some of the recent additions to the group who heretofore had been only names in Up Rope to me. It was also a pleasant surprise to see Jack Doolan, a fellow CMC member from Denver.

After the usual session on Jan's Face, Ronnies Leap, and the Beginner's Crack, the group adjourned to Herzog Island by canoe -- looking like nothing so much as a group of lost souls crossing the River Styx. Six people in one canoe is a sight to see, and I had high hopes of seeing a demonstration of total immersion, but, alas, I was disappointed.

Piece de resistance of the day's climbing was a very neat lead of the Face Traverse and Jan's Semi-chimbey by Bob Adams, followed by Bob Mole and Carmen Torrey. Chuck Wettling, Hal Blinn, and yours truly followed on a second rope. Careful observation indicated that not only had the holds been relocated, they must have been moved after all the rest of the party used them -- at least they didn't seem to have any

trouble finding them.

In the meantime, Don Hubbard was seen some distance upstream, benignly presiding over a group who appeared to be engaged in some sort of a maneuver which combined the aspects of the piton lead and a may-pole dance.

Back at Carderock, the day closed with a brief session on the Spider-walk. Bob Mole demonstrated how to climb it speedily; \* Bob Adams demonstrated how to climb it elegantly; your reporter demonstrated that its really better not to try to climb it at all.

John Reed

\* (Relax everyone! There'll be no more talk of going back to Carderock after supper. Ed.)

#### October 4 - 5 Old Rag, Virginia

Bob Adams & Family	Genevieve Kemper	Bob Stephens
Ed Drucker	Lenny Krull	Carmen Torrey
Dan Hale	Bob Mole	Chuck Wettling
Laurene Heilprin	Chris Scoredos	The Worrells
Bill Kemper	Jane Showacre	George Ytoma

The advance guard arrived Friday night and had set up camp before the rest of the group arrived Saturday Morning. The Grinder was climbed by Jane, Ed, Dan, and Chuck. The remainder practiced their climbing techniques on the lesser climbs. When the tired climbers returned to camp, they were glad to make the most of their moments of relaxation.

Our luck in weather held and Sunday dawned bright and clear, while the stimulating fall weather inspired several outstanding climbs. Bob and Chuck made excellent leads of the Beginner's Climb. Other leads were made by De, Chris, Chuck, and Jane. The group lingered in the refreshing atmosphere of Old Rag until dusk when they started the long trek back to Washington and Monday Morning obligations.

C.S.

#### October 5, 1958 Carderock for Those who Missed Old Rag

Hal & Kay Blinn	Ross Everette	Dave Head
Dick Dasch	Jack Fritz	Art Lembeck
Jack Doolan	Mary Ellen Fritz	Dave Nicholson
J.B. Emerson	Andy Griscom	Dick Osgood
Pia Emerson		

Plus a group of 3 who have been out before, a girl I've seen before with Dave Nicholson, and the Fritz' children.

Don Hubbard was a breakfast-only guest at the Howard Johnson's manfully resisting all efforts to persuade him to climb this fine fall day. The outcome was never really in doubt since only 2 climbers, Art and Jack Doolan were there to work on him.

The two decided on Carderock because of the small turnout. Within an hour of their arrival at the rocks, Andy and his party of 3 joined them. Andy climbed here with the Kauffmans and is back with us after 6 lean years in New England. Dave made up for last week's failure by climbing Herbies Horror on his first try of the day. There were successes on Sterling's Crack, several on Jan's Face, including newcomer Mary Ellen doing the right edge while wearing Kay Blinn's lucky Kletterschuhe.

A.L.