

FOUNDED BY
JAN AND HERB CONN

NEWS OF THE P.A.T.C. MOUNTAINEERING SECTION

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Climbing, rather mountaineering, in the Tetons is a world apart from rock climbing around the Washington area or in the Gunks. That is an understatement. There is exposure. There is snow. There is scree. And the mountains are big. Really big.

Early the morning of July 5, my mother and brother waited with me at the Jenny Lake Ranger Station for Jerry Archibald. Shortly after 4:00 AM he showed up; baggy trousers, beard, pack, and Sierra cup. We loaded him into the car and drove over to Lupine Meadows to pick up the trail to Garnet Canyon and the Platforms.

I can't tell you too much about the 7-mile hike. It was dark. We had been preceded by horses and my view was limited to the toes of my boots, Jerry's heels, some wild flowers, a couple of deer, and a sunrise. Jerry would shout back to me every once in awhile that I didn't have to try to keep up with him; after all, he had done the trail twice before with monstrous packs. He could have saved his breath. I was having a hard time maintaining any forward motion. Gasp, pant. Much less set any records. We finally reached the Platforms 2 and a half hours later.

After a quick breakfast and conversation with some people who had tried the Grand the day before, Jerry and I started up toward the saddle between the South Teton and the Middle; the objective was the Middle. We were on snow as soon as we left the Platforms.

Jerry explained some of the characteristics of snow as I panted along behind. Previously my main concern with snow had been snow as a traffic hazard or whether there was enough for skiing. So I learned about moats, sun cups, where ice might have formed in someone else's tracks, where snow might be undercut from water, etc. Basic mountaineering techniques were also demonstrated: boot-ax belay, self-arrest, glissading, and the rest step. The rest step certainly is a natural thing to do after you have reached the fourth shade of blue. Unfortunately it took me two days to co-ordinate breathing, stepping, and resting. Somewhere in the system I was holding my breath... This probably contributed something to a mild case of "mountain sickness".

We proceeded. While the scenery was blue sky, snow and mountains, my view was limited to Jerry's heels, sometimes the soles of his boots, and always the toes of my boots. We lunched on the saddle between the Middle and the South overlooking Ice-floe Lake at about 11,750 feet. I wasn't awfully tigerish at this point. We managed another 400 feet or so when I decided it was nap time. We rested for awhile and then, discretion being what it is, started down. Going down doesn't do too much for the knees but at least you can breathe.

I discovered that even with all the fresh air and exercise food just doesn't appeal. Jerry whipped up a monster dinner though and somehow I managed to put away half of it. And so to bed.

The South Teton was next on Jerry's climbing list. We made the top of this one...all 12,505 feet of it. Jerry's route was based on the premise that the shortest distance between two points is a straight line...which we made. A gorgeous route. "Gaston would be proud," was Jerry's comment.

The nicest part about reaching the top is coming down. Dinner that evening was euphoric. There is something about a successful day of climbing—even dehydrated dinners taste good.

Bob Norris joined us that evening. He had just gotten in from the Canadian Rockies, which he described as climbing on a stack of potato chips.

We had a "rest" day the next day. Some rest day. We climbed the East Peak of Nez Perce. At one point Jerry slipped, broke out one of Bob's carefully kicked steps, just missed me, and bounced into a moat. The next bounce would have been about 50 feet down to some rocks. Ol' Jerry recovered gracefully while I was really shook. Gads. We did a couple of rock pitches and a rappel to make the ascent. Bob classified the rock as a mere scramble but I decided that happiness is a rope. My life of quiet desperation ceased. It became audible. "You guys don't have to feel we have to climb this. Anyway, I thought this was a rest day." Sweaty palms the whole way and most of the climb was easier than anything at Carderock. The increase of exposure seems to affect composure at the same rate. I survived enough to notice the flowers in the vegetable holds which seemed to attract me. And they haven't a belay...

After doing the climb we glissaded back to camp. There is a real technique to glissading. I kept "catching my edges" and ending up airborne. Fortunately there was plenty of room for mistakes on this particular snow field.

That evening we hiked back to Jenny Lake. And endured an evening of civilization.

The next afternoon we hiked back up the Garnet Canyon trail. Now acclimated to a degree, I didn't mind the extra weight of the three bottles of Coors in my pack. The following day we did the Middle Teton by the Ellingwood Coulouir.

That climb brought new aspects of mountaineering to me. The snow was softish...not as soft as it had been on the South where we had been up to our knees on the steepest pitches, but corn snow with hail stones the size of pigeon eggs, and steep. Steep enough that you had to lean back to pull your ice ax out of the snow. Heart palpitations. No room for mistakes here. There is a definite correlation between the steepness of the snow and the number of times Bob and Jerry call each other "Big Daddy". The more chatter the steeper the snow. There was more rock scrambling, a free rappel, and a sonic boom. There is nothing like being poised on a piece of steep snow, listening to an avalanche in progress on the Grand, and having some Air Force type pull a sonic boom right over your head. Nothing like it at all.

We finished the climb, lunched on top, and descended.

We came down the next day for a rest. Plans to do Teewinot were changed due to weather. Instead we saw something of what the Park has to offer other than climbing. We spent the latter part of the morning at Buck Pond watching the great blue herons. In the afternoon we drove out to an area where you can see bald eagles. We were privileged to see two fly by.

That was climbing for me. Bob and Jerry were joined by Al Weiss. They went on to do the Grand, Teewinot, and Nez Perce.

Often, while I'm 9-to-5-ing it, I get the blind stares and a funny feeling in my stomach when I think about that clear air, a drink of water from the stream at the Platforms, and the stillness at dawn with the first movement of the Grand Canyon Suite in mind. And, as you know, you never get all the way home after an experience like that.

Sallie Greenwood

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Hanging Around

Annapolis Rocks
Oct. 5

Sallie Greenwood - Trip leader
Bob and Kate Adams
Don Milligan and family
Colorado State Sweatshirt
Bob and Joan Robinson
Don Schaefer
Charles Head
Bill Deutermann
Chuck Sproull
Tom Sproull
June Lehman
Tom McCrumm
Friends
John and Sandy Mallan
Bob Waldrop

Bill McCullough
Al Goldberg
Mike Hall
Nellie Widmayer
Roger Hammill
Cayce Odom
Ron Bartelt
Mary Eldridge + 3E's
Bob Trumble
Lewis Licht
Howard Reiss
Gary Zielinski
George Livingstone

Regular climbers were joined by new climbers and by climbers new to the Washington area. Rock-sitters were few as most everyone tried some kind of climb--most exposure was to Basic Elements of Overhangs. By the end of the day there were many mutterings about "back to the bar"--for pull-ups with weights, pull-ups with less weight and finger-tip pull-ups.

Bob Waldrop shamed those of us who attempted THE Ceiling by doing it the first time he tried it. He then repeated the climb slowly so sundry cruxi could be memorized by we who are less gifted.

An all-out attempt at doing Climb and a Half as a lead climb was initiated by Don Schaefer and Tom McCrumm before lunch. After placing two pitons and having lunch they talked Bill McCullough and Chuck Sproull into lending a hand. Chuck managed to get farther along than either Don or Tom but ended the climb airborne as had Bill, Tom, and Don. George Livingstone gave it a try and ended the climb by climbing down. Actually Don and Tom were planted by the Training Committee to test the success of Oscar-practice. Chairman Nolte can relax; no complaints from the fallen climbers. Bob Adams made the climb with an upper belay after all the shouting was over.

EDITORIAL

UP ROPE IN TROUBLE!

We have a serious problem. UP ROPE desperately needs original material on mountaineering, club trips, personal trips, or any other subject that would be of interest to the Mountaineering Section. I would like to run a feature article each month, similar to Chuck Sproull's contribution in October. This is your newsletter--contribute.

Perhaps we could have a contest each month for a center fold - "Rope-mate of the Month" - hmmm.

Note:

This month's business meeting will feature a slide show by Tom McCrumm. Tom has assembled a collection based on the Annapurna-Dhauligiri and Everest regions for our enjoyment.

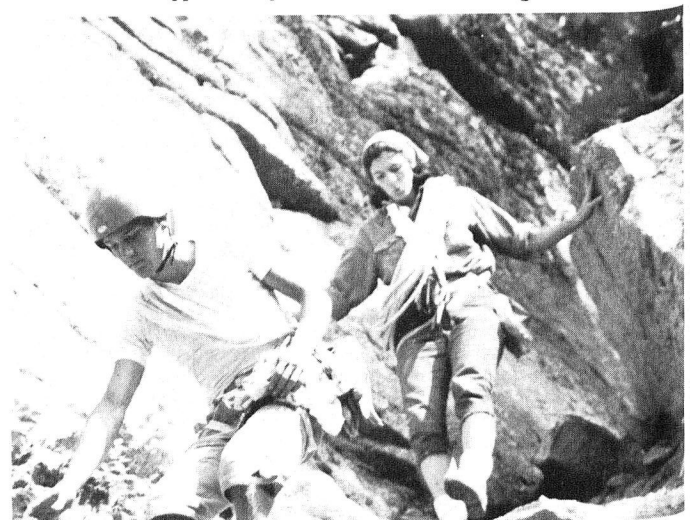
THIS SPACE RESERVED FOR A TRIP REPORT

William W. Deutermann, Jr.

Up Rope

UP ROPE is the Newsletter of the PATC Mountaineering Section, founded by Jan and Herb Conn in 1944. Publication is on the last Wednesday of each calendar month at PATC Headquarters. Deadline for submitted material is the next to last Wednesday of the month preceding an issue. Material for inclusion, comments or questions on editorial policy should be directed to EDITOR, UP ROPE, c/o PATC, 1718 N Street, N.W. Washington, D.C. 20036. Subscription rates are \$1.50 per year. New subscriptions and changes of address should be directed to Business Manager, UP ROPE, etc.

Extra copies of UP ROPE are generally found at the information Desk of the PATC should anyone wish one or two for pass-outs. Please do not take any more than are necessary. These are primarily for use by the Information Desk.



Shawangunks
Oct. 19-20

Tom McCrumm-self-appointed trip leader

June Lehman
Mike Hill
Dave Newson
Tony Gray
Meg Gray
Bob Robinson
Joan Robinson

John Standard
Beth Sebring
Bob Lyons
Matt Hale
Bev Johnson
Mary Eldridge and children
Dick Sideman

Due to a day of total rain on Saturday, all climbing was delayed until dawn on Sunday. Sunday was a beautiful autumn day. We all rushed to complete as much climbing as possible high above a valley of October Reds and Golds, before having to start the long drive back home.

Climbing Chef

For a short backpacking trip where weight is not a problem, or for a climbing weekend without refrigeration, you might wish to try:

Paella Valenciana a la Alpine Cooker

instant rice (saffron)
various tinned goodies
smoked clams
oysters
sausages
peas
shrimp, etc.
small jar of artichoke hearts
olives
etc.

In your cooker's small pot, prepare rice as directed. Open all those cans and jars and mix contents with rice. In the large pot, bring small amount of water to boil. Place small pot with Paella in large pot. Cover and steam till good!

Bill Deutermann



LOCAL BOY MAKES GOOD

SUBJECT: Promotion

Captain Joseph A. Nolte, 24-year old son of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew W. Nolte of 2810 E. Randolph Road in Silver Spring, Md., was promoted to his present rank in a ceremony held recently at Fort Belvoir.

Captain Nolte is currently assigned as the Chief of the Special Projects Branch of the Office of the Deputy Chief of Staff for Operations. Prior to his arrival at Fort Belvoir, he served a tour of duty with the 20th Combat Engineer Battalion in the Republic of Vietnam.

Captain Nolte entered the Army in June 1965 and completed his basic training in September 1965 at Fort Gordon, Ga. During the course of his service career he has been awarded the Bronze Star, Good Conduct Medal, National Defense Service Medal, Vietnam Service Medal, and Vietnam Campaign Ribbon.

The captain is a former employee of the Washington Gas & Light Co. and is currently a member of the Potomac Appalachian Trail Club.

Congratulations, Joe
-Editor

Dear Sirs,

It is always a traumatic experience to leave a place and time you know and love. When I left Washington, I decided that for such an occasion, a farewell address was in order for the climbers who had led me, and taught me so much. I had it written: two and one-half pages of nights around the campfire, the old club house, sentiment, snowcaps, and precious prose.

Then the new UP ROPE came. Headlines, Five type-faces. Action photographs. Offset printing. Efficiency, system, economy. Amazed and bewildered, I put my farewell address away. Gentlemen, I am humbled.

Sincerely yours,

Talbot P. Bielefeldt

Techniques & Technology

Some Interesting Data on Head Injuries

The following data was compiled as a result of some work by myself and two climbing friends, one from the AMC and one from the Colorado Mountain Club. Our source material consisted of all the printed reports of mountaineering accidents available to us covering the years 1960 to the present. The majority of these reports were on accidents occurring in the United States and Canada, with others from Great Britain, Mexico, and Europe. A total of close to 700 accidents were analyzed with the following results:

It was found that of all reported accidents, 13.7% involved head injuries. It is interesting to note here that this percentage remained about the same regardless of area or year.

Of all reported accidents involving head injuries of any kind, it was found that 23% of the reports stated that the use of a hard hat could have saved a life or prevented extreme injury. While such statements are admittedly subjective, tests indicate that hard hats, like seat belts, could be effective in preventing head injuries.

One question remains: How many minor accidents or close calls have there been that have not been brought to anyone's attention that would make the need for hard hats even more apparent?

DEAR GWLADYS

Dear Gwladys,

One way to get trip reports and articles for UP ROPE would be to maroon a trip member on a cliff with a typewriter and not let him down until he drops some copy.

The Phantom

Dear Gwladys:

A climber can determine his "reach" limitations by computing his Ape Index - The plus or minus number, in inches, by which his full arm spread varies from his full height. A higher A.I. makes it easier to reach that handhold "way up there."

Sincerely,

Tom McCrumm

This space reserved for members and friends who wish to send in suggestions
Bill Deutermann

Climbing Calendar

Date	Place	Leader
Nov. 3	Sugarloaf Mountain	Penny Pierce (667-2219)
Nov. 9-11	Shawangunks	Tom McCrumb (527-6272)
Nov. 13	PATC Headquarters Meeting 8:00 PM	
Nov. 16-17	Old Rag	Glenn Cannon
Nov. 24	Cupid's Bower	Bob Robinson (356-4584)
Nov. 28-Dec. 1	Shawangunks	Al Goldberg (593-8124)

The following persons have been nominated for membership in the PATC Mountaineering Section.

Name	Sponsors
Chuck Sproull	Art Wilder Bill Deutermann
Don Milligan	Art Wilder Bob Adams
Pat Milligan	Art Wilder Bob Adams
Roger Hammill	Harold Kramer Lanny Hughey

Nominees should be present at the next scheduled business meeting so that their applications can be voted on.

I have been requested to compile an up to date list of Mountaineering Section members and UP ROPE subscribers. In order to accomplish this quickly and accurately, I would appreciate it if all subscribers would send in a postcard with the following information:

Name
Address (zip)
Phone number (area code)
M.S. member
PATC member

W.V. Deutermann, Jr.

Book Reviews

ON THE LOOSE by Terry and Renny Russel.
Published 1967 by the Sierra Club, San Francisco. 120 pages, 52 color plates, 11 black and white. \$6.95.

If you are the type of person who "would rather wake up in the middle of nowhere than in any city on earth," then you must spend an evening with On the Loose.

The authors, Terry and Renny Russel, are two young California men who spent the better part of their lives "on the loose" in wilderness areas. They were impressed by the beauty that God had created and the destruction of beauty that man had wrought... Impressed to a point that resulted in the creation of a book that cannot fail to influence the reader.

This is not, however, a conservation book. It is a wonderful story of two young men who were able to understand themselves better by understanding nature. They did not go to the mountains, desert, forest and sea to escape from reality, but rather to escape to reality. They went not to forget, but to remember.

The stirring photographs are augmented by selected quotations from James Joyce, George Bernard Shaw, Mark Twain, Thoreau, Aldo Leopold, Bernard De Voto, Walter De la Mare, and Steve McQueen. The juxtaposition of text and photographs will enable the reader to feel the wanton destruction of our wilderness.

As climbers we have all experienced some introspection while pursuing our mountaineering avocation, and we all realize that going to the mountains has helped. The reader will remember these times while reading On the Loose, and be happy that someone else understands as he understands.

The authors give some reason for their book - "We've been learning to take care of ourselves in places where it really matters. The next step is to take care of the places that really matter. Crazy kids on the loose; but on the loose in the wilderness. That makes all the difference."

If nothing else is gained from an evening with On the Loose, you will at least learn that:

"Adventure is not in the guidebook
and beauty is not on the map.

Seek and ye shall find."

Tom McCrumb

Up Rope

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