



FOUNDED BY
JAN AND HERB CONN

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

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ON QUALIFYING CLIMBERS

TAL BIELEFELDT

I climbed the south side of Mt. Hood this spring with the Mazamas, the big local climbing club in Portland. Nothing technical--a slog uphill, and a view from the top. The south side route is a long course, but it corresponds roughly to the Old Lady's route at Seneca Rocks. Two days later, as I was procuring a cup of coffee in the Reed Commons, a professor, a Mazama who had been on the climb, approached me gravely and said, "Talbot, I have here a document to present to you which I am sure you will treasure for the rest of your life." He handed me a small rectangle of parchment embossed with gothic black lettering:

This certifies that	TALBOT BIELEFELDT	(name)
ascended	MT. HOOD	(mountain)
by the	SOUTH SIDE	(route)
Official Climb of	MAR 23 1969	(date)
***	(Leader)	
***	(Asst Leader)	

On the reverse, in such a manner that the parchment could be folded in half and carried in a wallet, were the words:

MAZAMAS SUMMIT CERTIFICATE

With the club's goat-and-triangle symbol in the center.

Now this may seem to be a rather paltry incident; indeed. I understand that these documents are hardly a rarity in the Northwest. But ponder a moment--think what this certificate means. It is proof, absolute proof, that I am a real Mountain Person. It is a credential to have by me always. Not the trivial sort of card one uses for cashing checks, purchasing beer, or burning flags, but.....

The Grindelwald guide pulls himself up before me and says, "Aber, mein Herr, we simply must have some evidence of your competence. One must to realize that the Eigerwand has not before in the winter been climbed in bathing trunks."

"Oh yes---I suppose not, of course," I reply, somewhat bored by his jabbering and by the skiers staring at my paisley joms. I reach into my athletic supporter and withdraw a crumpled piece of parchment. "Here," I say, "I believe this will be sufficient."

He stares at the scrap for a moment. "Forgive me, mein Herr," he stammers, "but what sort of ascent is this 'Suden Seite'? I am unfortunately unfamiliar with...." His voice trails off as my lip begins to curl in a delicate sneer.

Some months later, a tall bronzed figure strides stark naked up to Ranger Sam Ropeknipper's desk at the climber's register in the ski lodge on Mount Hood. Standing to his full height in the twelve-point crampons strapped to his bare feet, the stranger says grimly in a guttural accent, "Guten Morgen, Herr Ranger. On this day have I come to make the first ascent of the Suden....."

"Ohmychrist," mutters Sam.

"Aber mein Herr, you do not understand. I have come a new page in the history of the Sudenwand to write!"

"Uh, well, look--" Sam says, "we've got this equipment inspection, see? Now, do you have any fishnet underwear?"

In an agony of frustration, the Grindelwalder runs from the lobby of the lodge, out across the lava floes, and up the Palmer Glacier. That evening, a rescue party of Rangers, skiers, and climbers crouches in the swirling mist of the Hood Crater. Two members of the Mazama climbing committee ascend to the summit ridge where the crazed man clings to an icy spire above the sheer north wall. The minutes drag; finally, down through the mist come two figures---the Mazamas.

"Where's the Kraut?" asks Ropeknipper.

"He jumped off."

"Ohmygod. You mean he wouldn't take that crummy piece of paper?"

"Parchment, please."

"All right, parchment. Why wouldn't he take it?"

"We never gave it to him."

"WHAT?"

"It's not an Official Climb. Besides, he never paid a climbing fee. How do you expect us to print up all those certificates

"Its not an Official Climb. Besides, he never paid a climbing fee. How do you expect us to print up all those certificates without any money?"

Ropeknipper gasps. "You mean you just let him pick up his lunch? He's dead?"

One of the Mazamas shrugs. "It's not a complete loss. After all, the rescue's an official trip. We stopped on the top to sign each other's Summit Certificates."

"The two climbers start off down the mountain, their pitons, carabiners. and display cases jingling merrily on their backs.

BELAY LEDGE (formerly Notices)

Entertainment:

The Section needs positive suggestions for next season. Please communicate with Don Stemper (365-2716) preferably with information on the source of materials.

Route descriptions:

For the record, will all members please mail a description of any new route to the Chairman or to the Secretary for use in a guidebook (to be published sometime in the future). Follow the style of the Shawangunks guidebook.

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