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JAN AND HERB CONN

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The Grand Teton or Bust: A Hoary Tale of Adventure

Don Schaefer

For reasons of sloth and ego the tale of the 1968 Deutermann-Schaefer expedition to the Tetons has never appeared in print. However, epic, heart-gripping adventure has a life of its own and inevitably must be told.

The expedition, for me, started one day in the spring when Bill mentioned that he and his wife Cynthia were planning a trip west that summer and perhaps we could get together and do some climbing in the Tetons. With speed, that must have astounded Bill, I accepted his invitation and the expedition was formed.

To prepare for the expedition Bill and I went lead climbing at Carderock at 6 am in the morning. We looked often at Ortenburgher's Guide to the Tetons, especially at the description of the Exum Ridge route on the Grand. The description was not too frightening since the hardest pitch on the climb, the Friction Pitch, is only a 5.3. We exuded confidence.

Bill and Cynthia left to tour the west before arriving at the Tetons and I continued to train madly. (In other words I went climbing at Carderock regularly; once even in my new mountain boots.) A couple of weeks later my wife, Betsy, and I caught the plane to Denver and Jackson. A bronzed Bill and a freckled Cynthia, obviously in good spirits and physical condition were on hand to greet us. The expedition had begun in earnest!

The next day we became full fledged climbers. The rangers at Jenny Lake, after looking with boredom at my pitiful climbing application, issued us permits and we signed out for the Exum Ridge route on the Grand. The first hint that things might not be so simple came when we realized that we didn't know how to get to the base of the Grand. No matter. In a few minutes we were made aware that Lupine Meadows and the Glacier Trail existed. The expedition was once again back on the track.

As if to acknowledge our elevation to the rank of "climber" we decided to devote the remainder of the day to physical conditioning -- we hiked up to Cascade Canyon. Betsy, who was pregnant at the time, decided to stop at Inspiration Point, and a mile or so later I turned around and Betsy and I took a leisurely stroll back to camp. I rested for the great assault. Bill and Cynthia staggered back to camp much later in the afternoon.

Our plan of action for the attack on the Grand was quite straightforward. We would arise at 5:00 am at Jenny Lake. We would go up to the Grand, climb it and return hopefully by 6:00 pm the same night. If we were really slow we might have to use our flashlights walking down the trail.

The next morning we were up at the appointed time and by 6:00 am we were ready to start. We were quite chipper despite

the extraordinarily early hour. The packs felt heavy and the air thin, but we steadily made our way up the trail to Garnet Canyon. The day was brilliant; there was not a cloud in the sky. After what seemed an endless climb we reached the dreaded switchbacks on the trail. At the beginning of the third switchback we noted a steep path up towards Garnet Canyon. But we were faithful to our directions to leave the trail on the fifth switchback and continued to trudge upwards. At the beginning of the fifth switchback we looked in vain for the trail into Garnet Canyon. It was nowhere to be found. (In fact it was about 100 feet up the trail and would have allowed us a level traverse into Garnet Canyon.) We had no choice! We bushwhacked down from the beginning of the fifth switchback to the beginning of the third and climbed the steep back-and-forth trail up to the traverse into Garnet Canyon. It was about this time I began to have a few doubts. It seemed certain that we were going to have to use those flashlights after all.

As we turned the corner into Garnet Canyon Nez Perce came into view. Bill and I were sure that it was the Grand. Our big concern was whether we were going to have to leave the trail and walk halfway down the mountain and up the other side. However, before we made up our minds to take that desperate action the Middle Teton came into view. We knew that this was the Grand. It was unmistakable. We couldn't exactly pick out the route but maybe when we got a little closer...

We staggered into the lower meadows of Garnet Canyon about 9:00 am. The meadows were covered with snow, but there was one patch of green. We stowed our packs containing cooking gear (in case we wanted to cook supper after the climb). We put on our climbing hardware. We were ready!

We knew that the approach was via the lower saddle between the Middle and Grand and there was the Grand with that big black dike staring us in the face with the Middle off to the left. So we headed up the south fork of Garnet Canyon between the South and Middle Teton. The sky was a dark blue and absolutely cloudless.

By 1:00 pm we were about 3/4 of the way up the fork in the Canyon. Bill looked over at the "Grand" and said that it looked like a walk up. But we both knew that the attempt had failed. From the Saddle it would take 5-6½ hours to reach the summit of the "Grand." We could not get off the mountain in daylight. So we had a cold and sad lunch and began our bitter retreat from the "Grand." By 4:00 pm we were back at Lupine Meadows.

At 6:00 pm by pre-arrangement Betsy and Cynthia drove back for us. They seemed a little incredulous that we had not succeeded. After all the mountain had been climbed once

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Summer outing:

The Ledge Rats of Baltimore, led by Bill Robinson, are planning a trip to Colorado's Maroon Bells and Mt. Holy Cross. Aug. 1-15. For more information contact Bill at 3012 Abell Ave., Baltimore, Md. 21218.

Joe Donohue's new enterprise:

Joe has expanded his mountaineering equipment operations from truck-size to store-size. The new store is Snow and Rock and is at 44 Main St. in New Paltz. Joe will still be around the Uberfall on week ends.

New mountaineering school in the Tetons:

Former climbing rangers Ted Wilson and Rick Reese are now running a guide service and climbing school in Jackson. Stop by and see them at the Jackson Hole Mountain Guides, Inc. in Teton Village.

A thought:

"...a momentary negligence may destroy the happiness of a lifetime. Do nothing in haste; look well to each step; and from the beginning think what may be the end."

Edward Whympere



Dear Tom,

I want to add my personal thanks for your contribution to the Teton Climber's Ranch. As I mentioned at the last PATC meeting, it is important for climbers to realize that the ranch does indeed belong to them and your example at the early stages of the project is extremely helpful.

For your information and that of the PATC I am enclosing a copy of the Nepalese Government's regulations pertaining to expeditions going to Nepal together with the AAC information sheet on how to get the necessary letter of recommendation from the AAC. This may be of interest to the members of the Mountaineering Section.

I hope to be able to participate in more of the Section's activities if I can find some way to get out from behind this typewriter.

Nick Clinch
Washington, D.C.

Belay Ledge

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Wolf Rock, Md.
Mar. 15

Sallie Jordan and Moses - Trip Leaders

Sallie Greenwood
Janet Gladfelter
Tom McCrumm
Dave and Joan Templeton
Jerry Archibald
Rita and Andy Lagon

Bob Norris

Bill Thomas
Roger Birch
Al Goldberg
Bob and Kate Adams
Peter Gardner
Steve and Chris
Stroud

It was bitter cold, with even a few snow flurries, but this did not keep the tigers from conquering all of the classic climbs at Wolf Rock.

Roger Birch cursed his way up an ice-filled jam crack of unrelenting verticality. Bob Norris followed with much the same feeling. In good weather this is a beginner's climb. Jerry Archibald did one of his first climbs in over a year. We were all glad to see him out and hope he continues coming.

With cold hands and numb feet, we all made our way to Roy's Place to warm up on beer, sandwiches, and dreams of spring.

Rocks State Park, Md.
Mar. 22

Chuck Sproull - Trip Leader
Moir Murray

Pat Lines

It rained and hailed all day but it proved to be a good opportunity to test the effectiveness of our rain parkas. The Ledge Rats, showing good sense, were getting ready to go back to Baltimore as we arrived.

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Up on the rocks the trip leader attempted to explain some of the philosophies and basic techniques used in climbing. One of the more appropriate techniques demonstrated was the foul-weather-lunch break bivouac. This series of moves is especially aesthetic and attractive to those known as "overhang seekers." Unfortunately, due to ill winds, there were no dry overhangs to be found and we decided to move on to another area. By 3:00 pm we had found the perfect place. While we dried out (externally) under the huge roof at Ida's Bavarian in Aberdeen, we soon became very soaked (internally) paying well-deserved tribute to Bacchus while listening to some really fine, live Blue Grass music.

Greenland Gap
Mar. 28-29

Don Schaefer - acting for the Trip
Leader
Don, Pat, Mark Milligan
Bill Thomas
Roger and Corinne Hammill
Tom "Twinkie" McCrumm
Noel Grove

Betsy Schaefer
Chuck Sproull
Hal Kramer
Mike Hill
Tink Peters
Jim Downs
Allan Clarke

Someone forgot to tell March that it was supposed to go out like a lamb. So we had a pretty good time.

Saturday was a perfect climbing day and four new routes were put up by Washington climbers. The Milligans put up a 5.8 corner just to the right of Engine 143. Chuck Sproull and I completed Lightfoot, a 5.7, after a previous incomplete effort by Sproull and Roger Birch. "Twinkie" and Tink put a route on each side of the Cave. Both routes were about 5.3. Allan Clarke did his usual quota of new routes (2 or 3 per week end).

On the practice climbing front Pat Milligan, Chuck Sproull and Hal Kramer conquered the previously unclimbed overhang to the right of the start of Licked Lisa.

Saturday evening was climaxed by a reading from the "Good Book", also called the "Guide to Naming Climbs at Greenland Gap" or "Licked Lisa". Various high priests of Greenland Gap provided colorful exegeses of some of the more obscure names of climbs at the gap.

Sunday morning we awoke to about 2 inches of wet snow. After pushing Chuck's car up several hills and rescuing the occupants of Roger Hammill's car from a ditch, many of us went to the Maysville Volunteer Fire Department for an Easter morning breakfast consisting of all the eggs, pancakes, sausage, homefried potatoes, toast, juice, and coffee we could eat for \$1.25 each. The hostesses were friendly and the food was good and plentiful. If this breakfast is an annual affair it is well worth attending in the future.

After breakfast we returned to the gap to push Mike Hill's VW up a hill and towed Roger Hammill's car out of the ditch. By this time there was 4-5 inches of snow on the ground. We came out looking for an interesting climbing week end and we got it in the end.

Shawangunks/Greenland Gap
Apr. 4-5

Sallie Greenwood - Trip Leader
Mike Hill
June Lehman
Don Schaefer
Peter Gardner
Susan Anderson
Mike Davis

Chuck Sproull
Pat Lines
Hal Kramer
Hal Swift
Jim Downs
Al and Sue Goldberg
Linda Starr

Fearless Trip Leader was turned off by reports of foul weather in the Gunks--4 inches of slush on the carriage road, rain, snow, etc. Those who persevered, Chuck, Pat, Hal, Hal, Jim, and the Goldbergs, reported that the weather was great.

We who opted for Greenland Gap had two beautiful days of climbing--and half the drive. Don Schaefer and Mike Hill each led a couple of new climbs, cheered on by their seconds Greenwood and Lehman. Mike put up Happy Corner which is on the rightmost, outside corner of the Cave; June doesn't think the name is appropriate. Don's first ascents were a yet unnamed climb on the face to the right of Santa Claus Chimney and Duck

Soup, which is between the Fault and the Scoop, but nearer the Fault. Mike and June also put in a climb in the same area--Nap Time.

Climbs repeated were Schaefer's Shattered Schnoz, on which Fearful Trip Leader accumulated some air time due to a loose hand hold at the far end of a traverse, Feces, Licked Lisa, and Santa Claus Chimney.

State of the cliffs at Greenland Gap: firmish. Flora situation: briars are very healthy--projected bumper crop this year in spite of a noble effort on the part of champion clipper wielder June Lehman. Fauna: one dead bobcat-type animal, no early risers from the snake family, the usual number of large, West Virginia black birds (buzzard?), numerous pigeons, and a scattering of fishermen.

Thought: it might be wise for future trip leaders to take along a large bag for trash and garbage at the camping area and perhaps one for the lunch area at the Cave.

Schaefer's Tale of Adventure, cont.
already that season (about two days previously). In any event they still cooked us supper and we quickly fell asleep.

The next morning after checking back in with the rangers at Jenny Lake Ranger Station, Bill and I were glancing idly at a copy of the hiking guide to the Tetons and noted the drawing of the "Grand" when we pointed this out to Cynthia and Betsy they quickly corrected us. That wasn't the Grand but the Middle! Slowly it began to dawn on us that we had lost the Grand Teton! Betsy and Cynthia looked at us with if not a sneer at least a strong sense of superiority. How could anyone try to climb the wrong mountain.

Bill and I talked it over and decided that somehow having tried to climb the wrong mountain was not the same as having failed. We had to have a fair shot at the mountain. But this time we would do it right. Instead of starting at Jenny Lake we would camp at the Meadows and very comfortably start the climb from there.

Late that afternoon Bill and I started up the trail towards Garnet Canyon. At the beginning of the switchbacks on the trail we came upon two other climbers heading towards the meadows. One of them had climbed in the Tetons before and showed us how to count switchbacks correctly in order to find the trail into Garnet Canyon. We arrived at the meadows in time for a cold, windy sunset. Since Bill and I had not brought a tent, we camped in a small cave under a boulder, probably depriving a yellow-bellied marmot of a home. The other two climbers camped with us and agreed to climb the Grand with us the following day.

At 4:00 am, after not sleeping a wink (for my part at least), we headed toward Spaulding Falls and Petzoldt's Cave. This was a moderately steep snow climb and rather exciting. Then we slogged on. And on. And on some more. Finally we came to the headwall guarding the Lower Saddle. Due to snow conditions we had to rope up to pass the wet slabs. At 9:00 am we were on the Lower Saddle. We trudged towards the Black Dike. When we reached it conditions changed rather abruptly; the snow that we were climbing on changed to hard snow mixed with ice. But we didn't care. We were on the mountain at last.

We reached the couloir behind the Needle, a rock pinnacle. The going was slow and dangerous. We passed one chimney. Then we stepped left out of the couloir and passed the second chimney in one 5th class pitch. By this time we were lost. Oh, we knew how to get back, but we didn't know where we were. At about 12:00 noon we reached the top of a ridge and looked across a gully to Wall Street, a prominent feature on our route. It had taken about 3 hours from the lower saddle to reach a point that could be reached in about 45 minutes later in the season. We stopped for lunch and pondered our strategy. Would we try the Owen-Spaulding route instead of Exum Ridge? Then we happened to notice the sky. It was full of clouds moving rapidly towards us. We had not only lost again, but the stakes of the game were becoming much higher.

Retreat from the Grand was difficult. We rappelled down

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CLIMBER'S CALENDAR

Date	Place	Leader
May 2-3	Greenland Gap, Maysville Gap and Kline Gap	Linnea Stewart (593-8097)
May 9-10	Cady's Castle	Mike Hill (336-1471)
May 13	Meeting, PATC Headquarters, 8:00 pm	The Masherbrum Expedition--slide show by Nick Clinch
May 16-17	Seneca Rocks	Joe Nolte (836-2797)
May 24	Great Falls, Va.	June Lehman (JA2-0105)
May 30-June 1	Shawangunks	Tom McCrumm (527-6272)
June 6	Carderock Party: 2nd Annual 4 pm-	
June 7	Carderock (Training)	Bob Adams (293-1340)
June 10	Meeting, PATC Headquarters, 8:00 pm	

Trip Leaders are reminded of their responsibility to arrange for a report and, if a leader is unable to make his assigned trip, to appoint a substitute leader.

Greenland Gap, W. Va.

From Washington drive west on U.S. 50 to New Creek, W. Va. (60 miles west of Winchester). Continue three miles past New Creek and follow W. Va. Rte. 93 south for 15 miles to Scheer. Watch for a dirt road and a bridge over the creek just to the left of Rte. 93. Turn left on dirt road and drive one mile east to the Gap. Park at turn out and scramble up talus slope on left.

Cady's Castle, W. Va.

From the beltway take either Rte. 7 or U.S. 29-211 to U.S. 50 to Winchester. Take Rte. 522 north about 15 miles and go west on Va. Rte. 127 (changes to W. Va. Rte. 45) to Blommery. Five miles further find sign marked "Cady's Castle" on right and turn left on dirt road 1½ miles to parking lot.

Seneca Rock, W. Va.

From the Beltway take I-66 to Gainesville and bear right onto Va. 55 to Moorefield, W. Va. Turn left onto U.S. 220 to

Petersburg and right onto W. Va. 4 and 28. Mouth of Seneca is 22 miles from Petersburg on W. Va. 4 and 28.

Great Falls, Va.

From the Beltway take the second exit after Cabin John Bridge (Va. Rte. 193) entering from Maryland. Go about 6 miles on 193 north and turn right at the light (note sign). Go 1 mile to the Park entrance (50¢ fee) and park inside. Walk right (downriver) on the Nature Trail past the place where the old canal emptied into the river. The climbs start 100 feet from there and extend to the end of the gorge.

Shawangunks, N.Y.

From the Beltway take the Baltimore-Washington Parkway (or U.S. 1 or U.S. 29 in heavy traffic) to the Baltimore Parkway. West on I-83 and north to the Pennsylvania Turnpike before Harrisburg. East on the Turnpike to Pa. 283 north (15¢ toll). East on U.S. 22 and I-78 to Pa. 512 north. Get on Pa. 115 n north to Wind Gap and onto U.S. 209. Follow U.S. 209 past Ellenville, N.Y. and turn right onto N.Y. 55 and U.S. 44 east. Go approximately 8 miles and turn left onto Trapps Road and camp in one mile at the Coxing Camp. The rocks are 2 miles up N.Y. 55.

On the return trip follow U.S. 22 directly to I-83 (don't use Pa. 283 and the Turnpike). Also, be sure to use the by pass section of U.S. 209 around Stroudsburg.

Carderock, Md.

From the beltway take the last exit in Maryland before the Cabin John Bridge (or first after bridge if coming from Virginia) toward Great Falls and Carderock (note signs). Go 1 mile to Carderock sign, bear right, go left over overpass, under canal in tunnel, and right to last parking lot. The rocks are beyond the Bulletin Board.

Schaefer's Tale of Adventure, concluded

the couloir behind the Needle and had to belay down the head-wall of the lower saddle. The clouds were much thicker and we often experienced white out conditions. Immediately after clearing this headwall the storm began: thunder, lightning, rain and hail. Bill and I ran initially and then did sitting glissades down to the meadows, including a very exciting ride down Spaulding Falls.

We were cold, wet, tired and beaten. But we still had to pack up our wet gear that we had left scattered out in the open since we knew we were going to have a beautiful day for our climb. We ran down the trail to Jenny Lake. I let Bill do most of the gear-carrying as I was so cold and wet. At Jenny Lake the temperature was warm and humid. There had been a brief shower.

The next day we packed up and headed towards Devils Tower full of confidence and optimism.

Bust.

Up Rope

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