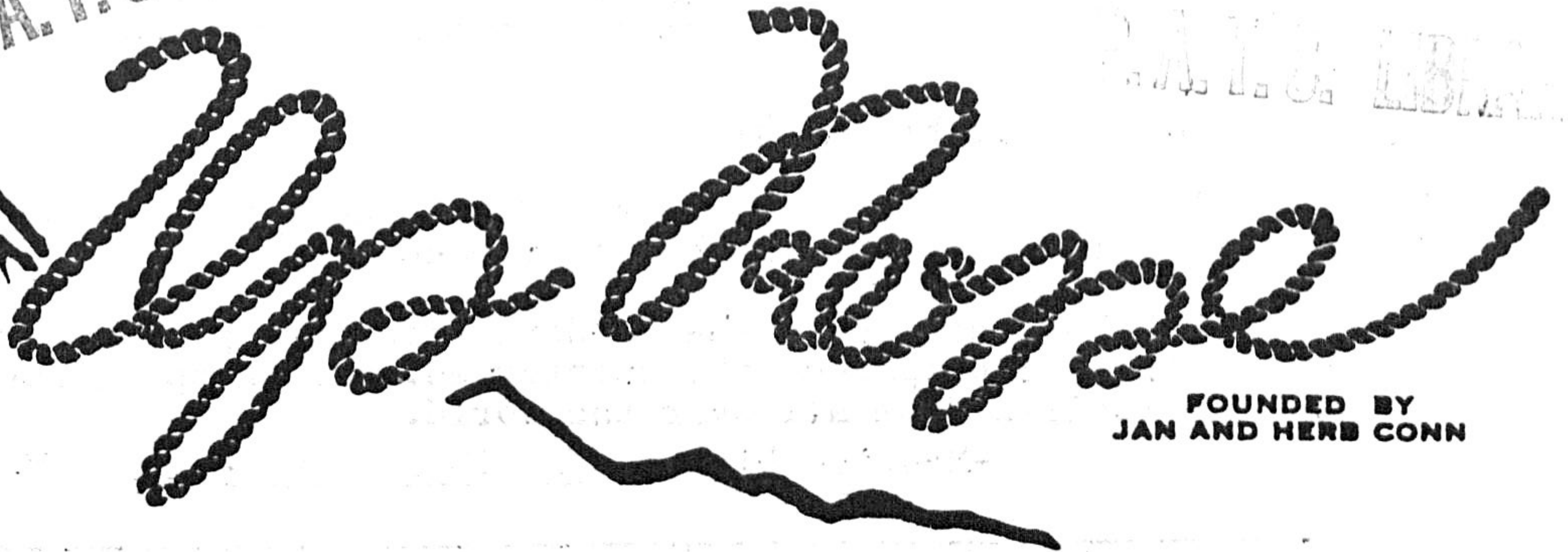




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NEWS OF THE P.A.T.C. MOUNTAINEERING SECTION

1718 N Street, N.W. Washington DC 20036

Volume 35, Number 7-8

July-August 1980

A WEEK ON THE SUMMIT OF AORANGI

by George R. Merriam



Mt. Cook and Mt. Tasman (right)

North from the power-station town of Twizel, the road to Mt. Cook National Park points directly toward the mountain, at first only an indistinct patch of white above the clouds. Aorangi: in the Maori language, the Cloud-Piercer. After a conditioning hike on the Milford Track in Fiordland at the south

end of New Zealand's South Island, we planned a week or 10 days' climbing in the Southern Alps. Steve Arnon, a medical school friend now working in Berkeley, had flown down to join me in this farthest but truest outpost of England.

(continued on next page)

AORANGI (continued)

How safe is Mt. Cook?

The answer is that New Zealand's highest peak is no more dangerous and no less safe today than it has ever been.

What has changed is that modern transport provides easy access for the naive, the ill-prepared, the uninformed, the inexperienced, the incapable, and the foolish from all over the world.

-Maurice Dick in The Christchurch Star, March 3, 1980, p. 8.

Every turn in the road showed Mt. Cook a little larger, until we were past the old terminal moraine now impounding Lake Pukaki and soon at Mt. Cook Village and Park Headquarters at 2500 feet, a cluster of buildings around the Hermitage hotel. The scale is impressive: Immediately above the village, the main Divide rises 10,000 feet to a row of peaks cresting in the three summits of Aorangi. On the west, the glaciers fall off to within 900 feet of sea level, and only the narrow Westland coastal plain separates them from the Tasman Sea. At 43° south, the 18-mile-long Tasman Glacier is larger than any other at comparable latitude outside the Himalayas. Mt. Cook reaches only 12,349 feet; in height and latitude, halfway

between Mt. Shasta and Mt. Hood. But the scenery is more like Mt. Robson.

Fortunately for short vacations, the Park has most of the amenities: a hut system with solar-powered radios, and a first-rate guide service, which to save time we had decided to use. When we arrived, Andrew Smith and Jocelyn (Jos) Lang, the only woman guide in the country, had provisions and a bush pilot lined up for us. To limber up for a try at Cook, we first planned some shorter climbs from Pioneer Hut across the Divide in Westland.

Flying in by ski plane the next morning, we spiraled up through a keyhole in the wall of

(continued on next page)



UP ROPE

UP ROPE is the monthly newsletter of the Mountaineering Section (MS) of the Potomac Appalachian Trail Club (PATC) of Washington, D.C. Climbing articles, letters, and comments are welcome and should be addressed to Lin Murphy, 2314 N. Harrison Street, Arlington, Va. 22205. Deadline is the 20th of each month. Subscriptions for MS members are included in the dues. The annual subscription price for nonmembers is \$4. Current PATC members interested in receiving UP ROPE may obtain a subscription at no charge. MS members must belong to PATC. Applicants for membership and PATC members can join the MS by obtaining sponsorship from a current MS member. Send subscription and address changes to Mountaineering Section-Secretary, 1718 N Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036.

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MOUNTAINEERING SECTION ACTIVITIES

The MS holds meetings at PATC headquarters (1718 N Street, N.W., Washington, D.C.) the second Wednesday of each month except August. There is a brief business session followed by a slide show, film, or other form of entertainment. Sunday trips to nearby climbing areas and/or weekend trips to more distant areas are sponsored every weekend. Check the climber's calendar for scheduled trips.

Beginning and intermediate training are offered once a month. Anyone is welcome to participate in MS activities, although some restrictions may be placed on participation in club trips. The Sunday trips are usually to areas where there is a complete range of top rope climbs. However, we ask that you have some experience or training prior to the trip. The weekend trips are usually for lead climbers only, and you are expected to find your own climbing partner.

AORANGI (continued)

mountains and landed on the nevé below Pioneer's Arête. With stable, fine weather for almost a week, we stretched ourselves on a different summit each day around the amphitheater of Divide Peaks.

Grey Peak was an easy walk from Governors' Col, the transalpine crossing which we intended to use later in the week to cross back east to the base of Cook. Mt.

Lendenfeld offered ice at a moderate angle and a grandstand view over to the two highest peaks in the range, Cook itself and Mt.

Tasman, sheathed in white from all directions, a hauntingly lovely mountain.

Mt. Haidinger provided the first real technical challenge, with 2000 feet of mixed climbing on the west face. The route started with a steep avalanche chute up to a rock buttress, then nine pitches on the rock to the upper snowfield, another seven or eight to the summit ridge, and an airy traverse to the castellated top. Technically, it proved a harder climb than Cook, though shorter. We were ready.

The weather was not. Sweeping up from Antarctica, a storm dropped fresh snow on the avalanche prone glaciers hanging above the other side of Governors' Col. Nearly out of time, we sat it out as long as we could, then admitted defeat and slogged out the escape route to the west, 8500 feet down the Fox Glacier, looking forward to a long hitchhike 250 miles back to Mt. Cook Village. Just as we reached the roadhead the sun broke through to taunt us with rainbows. Aorangi glistened two miles above us.

Drowning our sorrows in pitchers of beer at the Fox Glacier Hotel bar, Andrew announced the germ of a plan to turn defeat into victory. The weather map showed a strong high pressure system over the Tasman Sea, and the forecast was for weather as clear as it

ever gets in New Zealand. If Governors' Col couldn't be crossed, we'd throw our last dollars into another ski plane ride across the Divide and land on the Grand Plateau below Cook and Tasman at 7500 feet. With all but our day packs ferried separately to the Hermitage as freight, we'd not just climb Cook, which 50 or 100 do each year, but also attempt a Grand Traverse over the summits from the Grand Plateau to the Hooker Valley and down to the Hermitage, a route taken by only some two parties a year. It was March 13, summer's end: It would be a spectacular end to the season.

Our plan was in motion with a last-minute call to the pilot, and we were soon sunbathing on the rocks beside Plateau Hut, watching a Park Service crew remodel the bunkroom and looking up at the roof of Australasia. Like most "highest" peaks, Mt. Cook had been an attractive goal for early climbing parties from around the world since it was first named in 1851 for Captain James Cook, rediscoverer of New Zealand, who may or may not have seen the mountain. On Christmas Day 1894, three young Kiwis, Jack Clarke, George Graham, and Tom Fyfe, won the international race for the first ascent. The Swiss guide Mathias Zurbriggen soloedit the following year via the esthetic ridge now named after him. The first traverse of the summit peaks was done in 1913 by Freda du Faur of Australia, with two guides. We planned to follow her route, climbing the mountain by the standard Linda Glacier route, of moderate technical difficulty but menaced by avalanches. Once on top, we'd read the weather and decide whether to continue with the traverse or go back down. If we went on, we'd plan to bivouac in a crevasse below Middle Peak, then drop off the ridge the following morning.

(continued on next page)

AORANGI (continued)

Although no one had tried a traverse in recent weeks, we were going to have company on our route. Morris White, a lawyer from Camaru, and his guide Dave McNulty had the same plans, and our two parties merged. Morris had less experience than any of the rest of us; at the time, this didn't seem a problem, since Dave knew the mountain so well.

We were up at midnight, Friday the 14th, and soon route-finding through the seracs of the Linda icefall. Daybreak caught us just starting up the summit rocks at about 11,000 feet, with six to eight pitches of loose rock coated with verglas. The summit ice cap was steep but reasonable going, and by early afternoon we were on top of High Peak. Below us, a dense coastal fogbank cut off the view into the valley; but there seemed to be no high cloud, no reason not to go for the traverse. And we could hear the avalanches booming down to the Linda below us.

The summit ridge proved harder than expected, with icy late-season conditions. It was dark by the time we reached the first reasonable bivouac site, a crevasse opening into a huge ice cave with a shelf big enough to sleep on. And the wind had started to pick up.

The next morning we set out toward Porters' Col between Middle and Low Peaks to begin the descent west off the summit ridge, a steep 1500 feet of 50° ice on the Empress Face. But, despite the forecast, a storm was clearly moving in, and the conditions were deteriorating rapidly. Adding to the problem, Jos' feet had been nipped the night before and were hurting again in the cold wind. We decided to find shelter to wait out the storm rather than risk it hitting us on the Face. In another, more cramped bergschrund near the col, we stamped out a floor below a large chockstone of ice and finished the roof with one of our tarps. On the sloping ridge, the

schrund entrance was nearly horizontal, and sitting at the mouth we could watch the front move in until spindrift forced us below.

The storm hit with surprising force, sending cascades of spindrift down the entrance ramp of our cave, the only sign we had of the weather outside. Telling ourselves it would be a brief delay, a day at most, we huddled together against the cold. But that evening, awakened after a three-hour sleep, I found Steve nearly buried under spindrift, unable to crawl out. We hauled him out of the snow, and quickly decided that we would have to put in much more work sealing our shelter into a proper cave, or our space would fill in. Andrew made a huge effort to find and close every leak except our air vent, a difficult job with powder snow for mortar, and we blocked the entrance with snow bricks. We thought of Yvon Chouinard's Fun Hogs, living nearly a month in a snow cave in Patagonia, where the weather also comes from Antarctica.

With little for us to do but brush snow off our sleeping bags and dig out the entrance each morning, the next days blurred into one another. The schrund collected blown snow, and by the week's end our entrance hole was a 15-foot-long tunnel to the narrowing mouth of the Crevasse. Concerned that snow would fill the open platform at its entrance, Steve built a wall of snowblocks to deflect the wind. We saw later, in photos taken from the air, that the entire crevasse had filled in, except for the small area shielded by the wall.

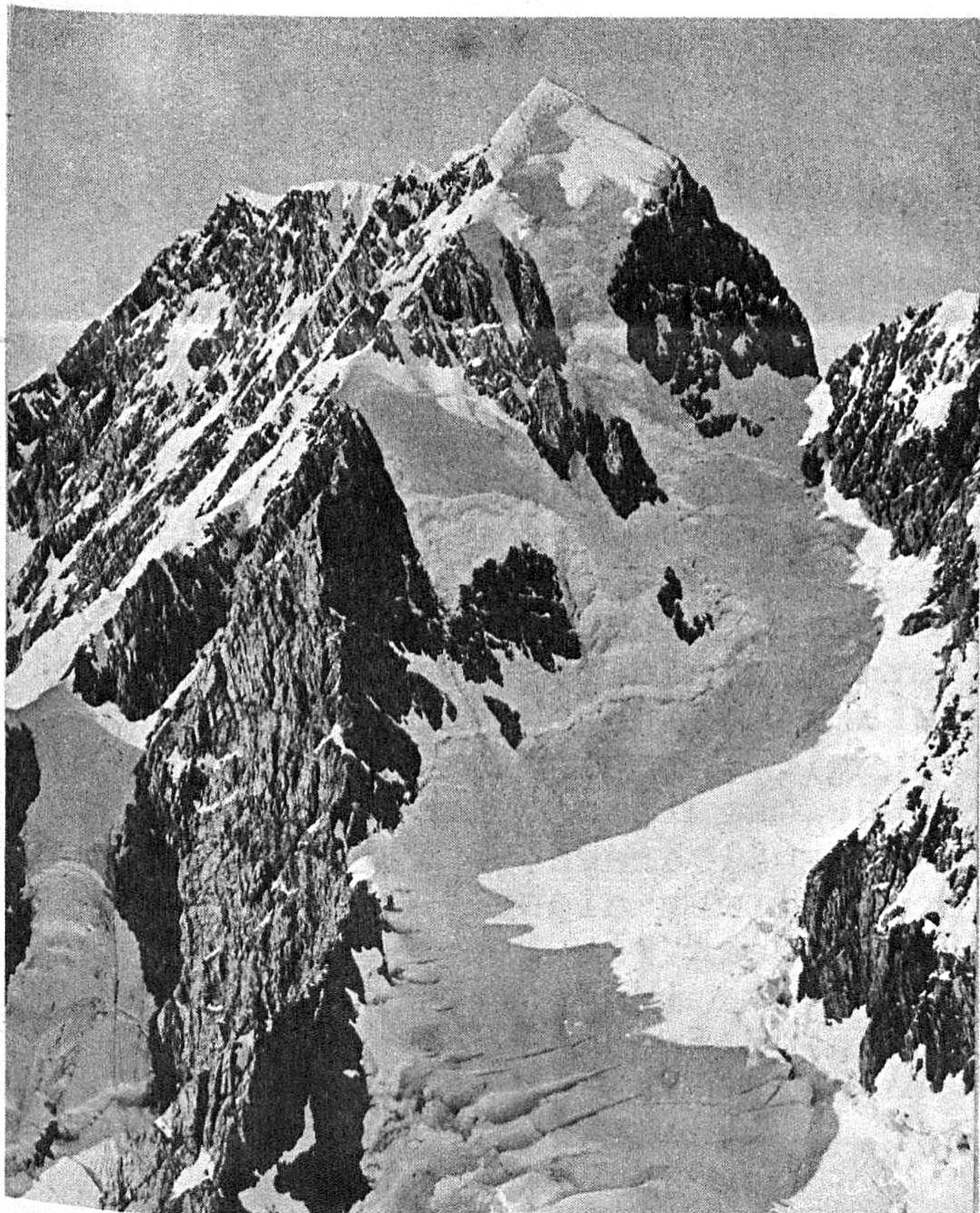
In the half-light of the cave, day and night hardly differed. No longer frightened, we faced a boring wait. Rations were very short; two days' food stretched to last the indefinite duration. We shared life stories, sang Gilbert and Sullivan songs, planned the Great

(continued on next page)

AORANGI (continued)

Kiwi Novel. To pass the time, we organized a daily talk by a different member of the group--the ultimate captive audience. Steve discussed infectious diseases of infants, I talked about endocrinology, and Morris summarized some points of law. Briefly back in our working worlds, we could temporarily forget the tempest outside. Then Dave spoke on avalanche control, and we were back again in our real situation, as snow slides shed down the flanks of Aorangi.

The weather began to repeat a pattern: storms all night, white out nearly all day, then a brief clearing just before sunset, time enough for us to sit outside on the lip of the crevasse and enjoy the light and the view. Two miles below, waves broke on the west coast, and tractors harvested on the fields of the Westland plain. At dusk we could see the lights of the Hermitage far below. It seemed a bit like being part of Breughel's Landscape With the Fall of Icarus.



It was late Monday afternoon, during one such break, when we heard the plane, buzzing close by, spotting our marker flags, turning again, and dropping a bag which caught in a small crevasse. Found! The food inside was a small bonanza; knowing we'd been seen was even better. The plane banked again for a second airdrop, a stove, which just missed, and rolled off the ridge and down the Caroline Face to the Tasman Glacier. Next day, in a similar late-afternoon clearing, a small helicopter labored up, nearly at its altitude limit, and lowered us a sack of hot soup, more food, letters, dry clothing, stoves, a radio, and a copy of Playboy. If they'd included the brandy, there might have been no reason to come down, we told them over the radio. But no chance of that anyway: the forecast was for more bad weather; and in the lightening storm that evening it moved in. In the charged air, our balaclavas crackled and glowed with St. Elmo's fire. We were probably too near the peak for safety, but with little choice in the matter we just watched the light show and continued to pass the time, debating the destiny of mankind. We wondered whether this now-record bivy would attract outside attention.

Thursday night, day seven, the weather cleared again, and the radio crackled with a forecast of clear weather Friday, storms again Saturday. An Air Force helicopter would try to winch us off Friday morning; if that failed, we'd climb down, leaving ourselves enough daylight to get off the Face. Early next morning we positioned ourselves on the ridge. A sunny, but windy and cold day: harder on our feet, but the dense, cold air meant more lift for the helicopter. Three times the Iroquois helicopter struggled up to our altitude, hovered, and was forced away by the vortex on the

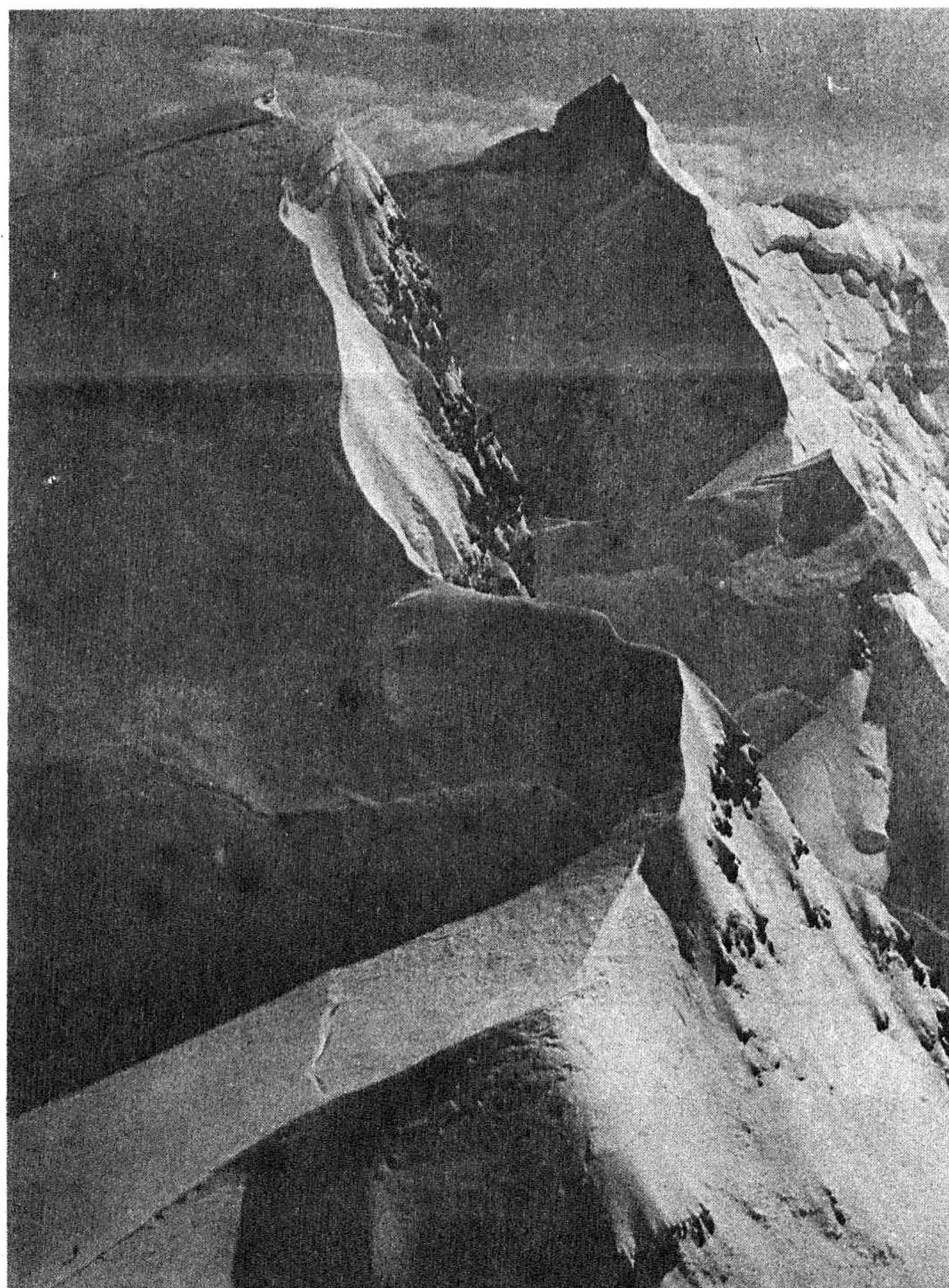
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AORANGI (continued)

lee of the mountain--a few tries, down to refuel, and back. It was 11:30. We would climb down.

A little dizzy from lack of exercise for a week, we lowered each other under tension down the slope, leapfrogging pitches. A steady stream of small planes hovered over us. So much for our wondering about outside attention Steve patiently coaxed Morris down the slope (mostly by shouting a variety of curses). Four p.m. and the last technical maneuver: a 40-foot overhanging schrund to rappel. Five of us got down, and Andrew was feeding the rope around a bollard, when the line slithered free and landed at our feet. To go around to the end of the schrund would have meant a detour of at least a mile. Andrew fished into his pack, finding slings, harnesses, odd bits of tape, and shoelaces, which when tied together just reached, so that he could haul the rope up and rappel down. As we debated which way to head down the glacier toward the Empress Hut, the helicopter returned to offer us a lift. In the still afternoon air, 2000 feet lower than before, it touched down easily on a flat snow mound half a mile away. We jogged down to it without a thought of belays. Three at a time, we were lifted to Park headquarters. The street below the Hermitage thronged with people.

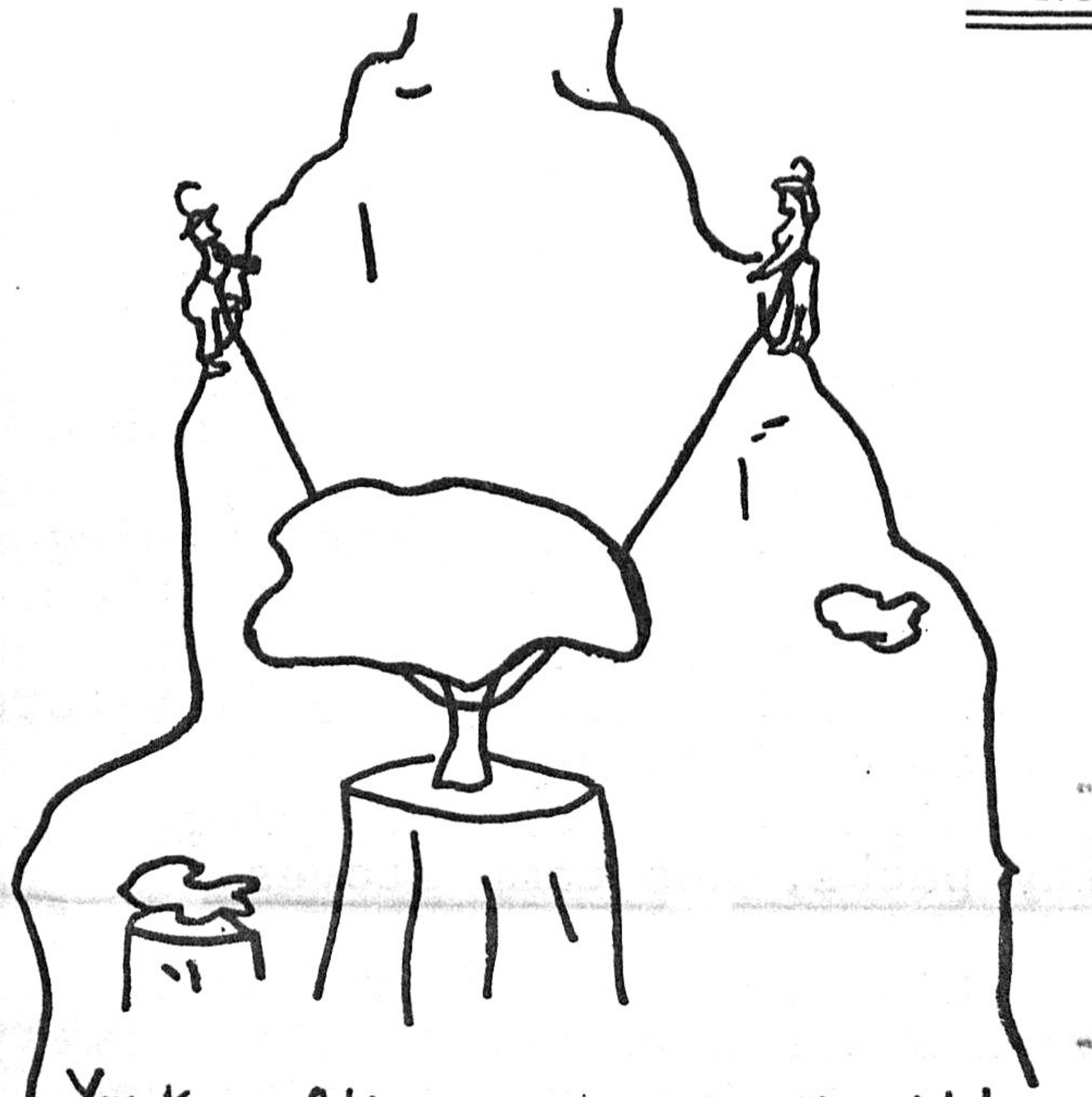
Except for two people with minor frostbite--Steve, who'd had frostbite on Mt. Elias 12 years ago, and Jos, whose boots were too tight--we were fine. We found ourselves front-page news and part of a TV documentary, but then New Zealand is usually a very quiet place. By the next day the commotion at the village had subsided.



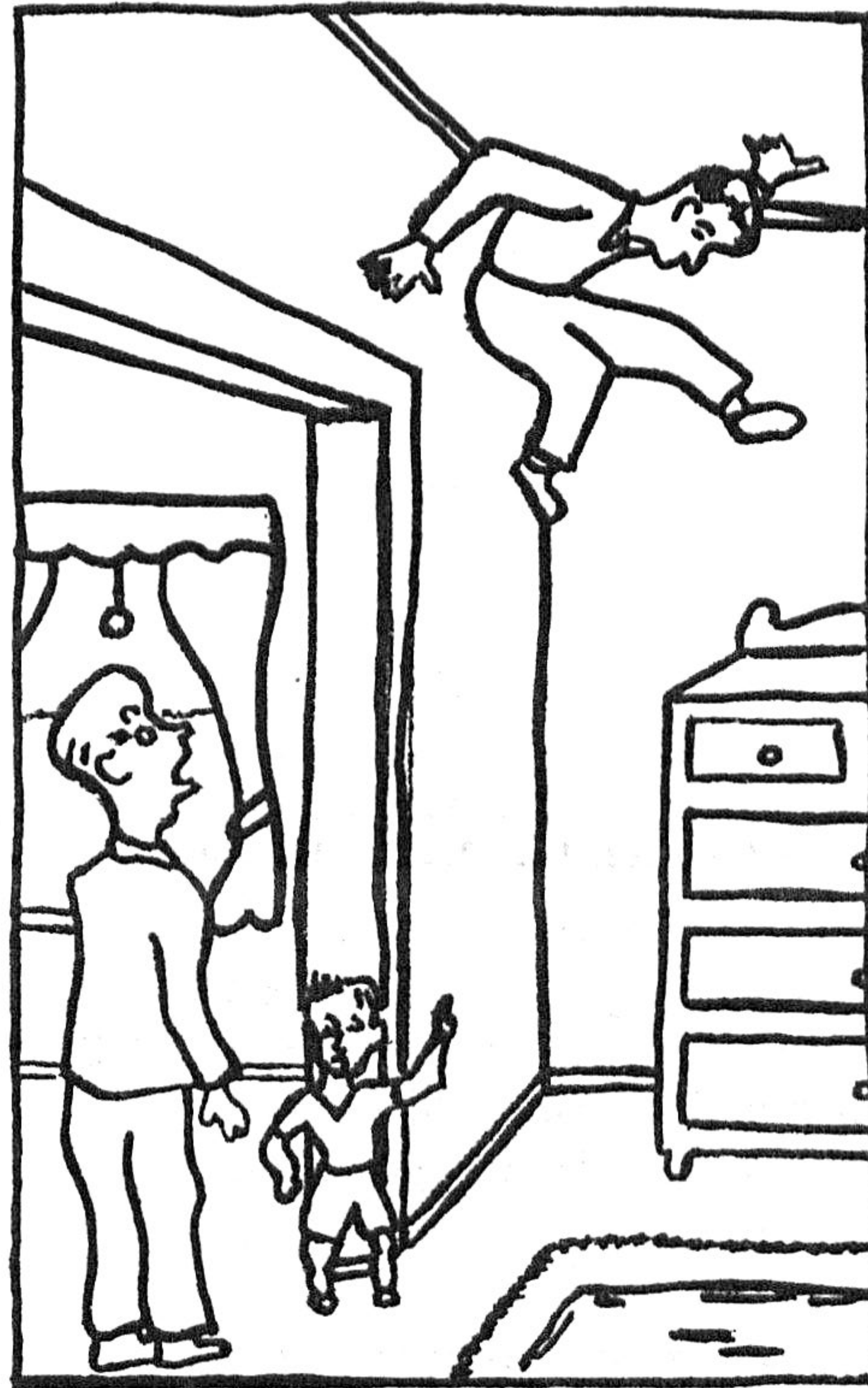
Climber (lower left) strolls below Mt. Cook's Middle Peak. Snow cave is the dot near the center of the picture. Mt. Tasman is in the background. Photo by Stuart Menzies of The Christchurch Star.

In the quiet evening, I strolled around the front lawn of the Hermitage, where telescopes had been set up for the tourists. There was a direct view of the south face and the summit ridge of Aorangi. Through the shimmering of the magnified air, I could see an unusual crevasse with a dark spot halfway along it, just below Middle Peak. It lingered in my mind's eye long after the alpenglow had faded from the mountain.

A NOTE ON DRAWINGS



You know, Alice, I think we should have decided ahead of time who would lead this pitch!



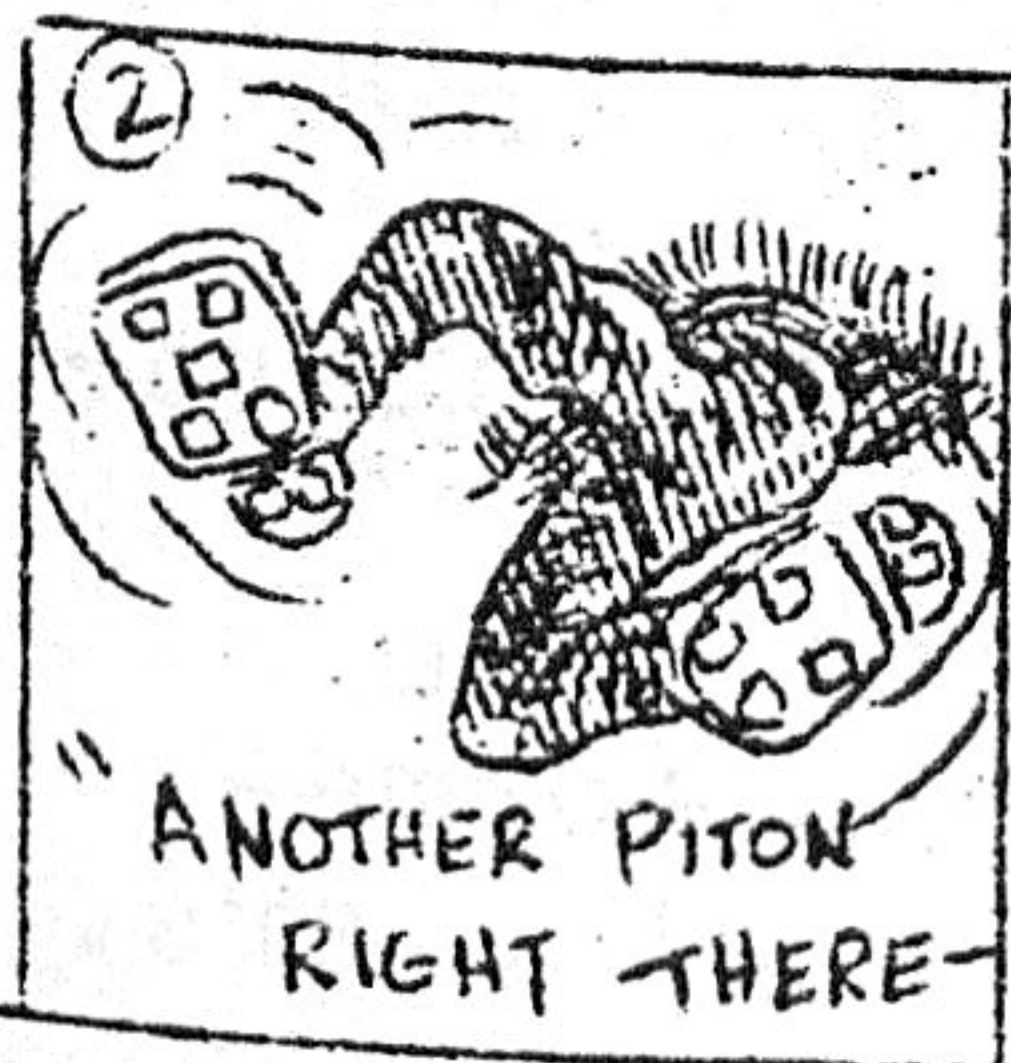
"Daddy's practising for the Jam Box!"

The top two drawings are by Herb Conn, who with his spouse Jan started UP ROPE in November 1944. and edited it until October 1945. Don Hubbard pointed out that it was Herb, rather than Tom Culverwell, who drew the cartoons printed in May's UP ROPE. Both men produced a number of drawings for UP ROPE and show marked stylistic differences. Herb's are one-liners: simple and humorous. Culverwell, a professional artist, produced sketches based on trips the club took. He did a series about Schoolhouse Cave and whitewater outings. Below is a Culverwell cartoon from UP ROPE, June 26, 1946; at right, a detail from PATC's "Map of the Stony Man Region."

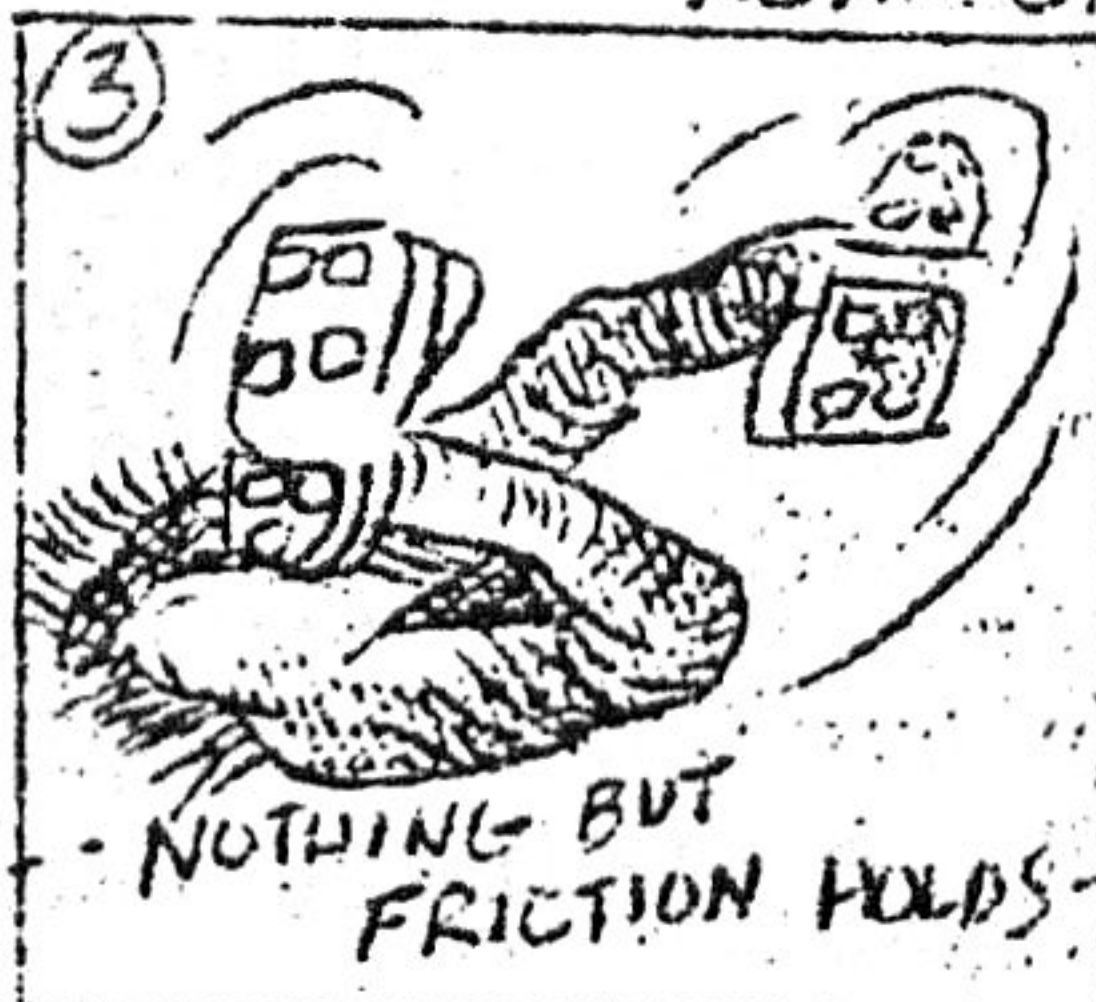


① THE BIG MOMENT—WHEN HELEN TENDERLY MOVED ASIDE A STRAND OF HONEYSUCKLE AND REVEALED THE CAVE

THERE WAS NO TIME TO LOSE. WE HAD ONLY 8 HOURS IN WHICH TO EXPLORE THE CAVERN—SO OUR LEADER WENT IN THE FRONT WITH A RUSH—AND SUFFERED A MILD CONCUSSION AGAINST THE BACK—



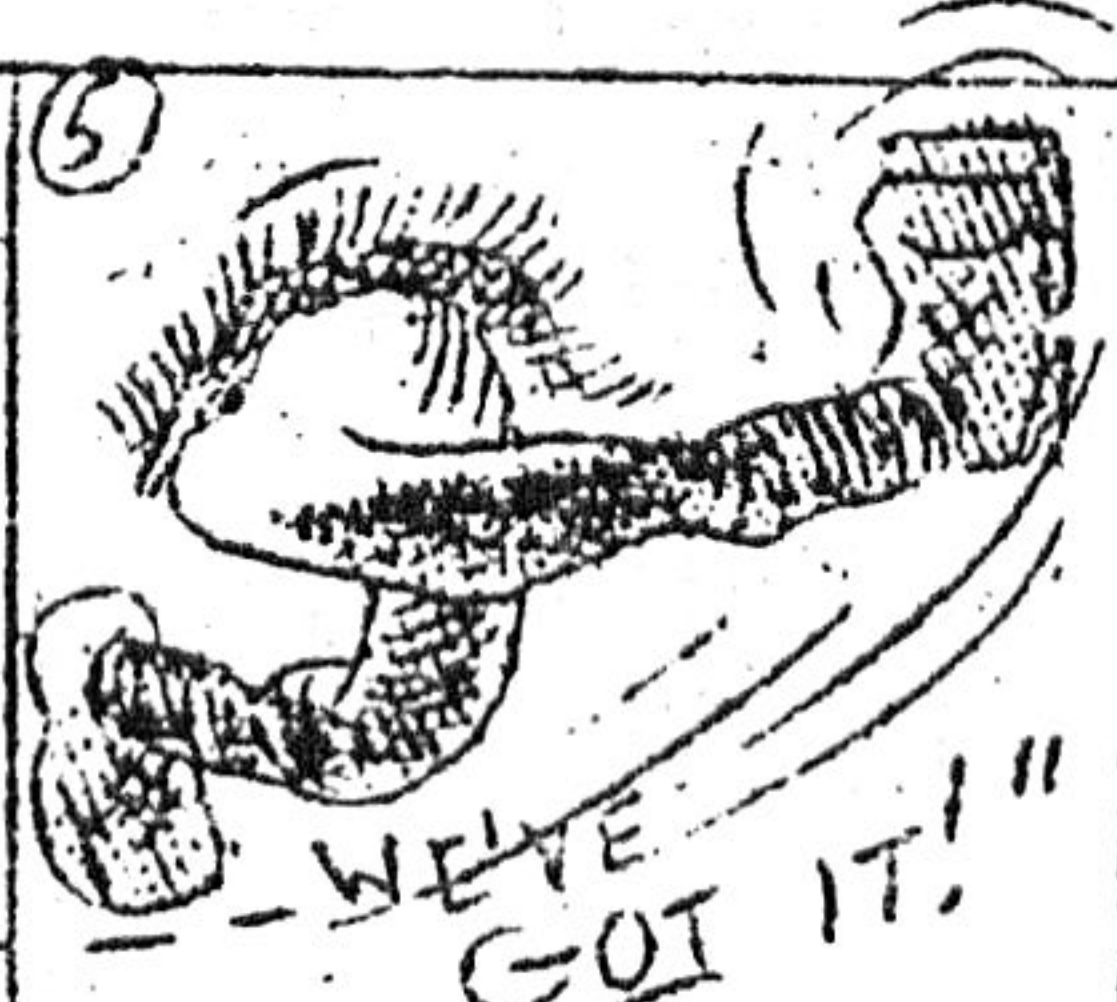
② "ANOTHER PITON RIGHT THERE"



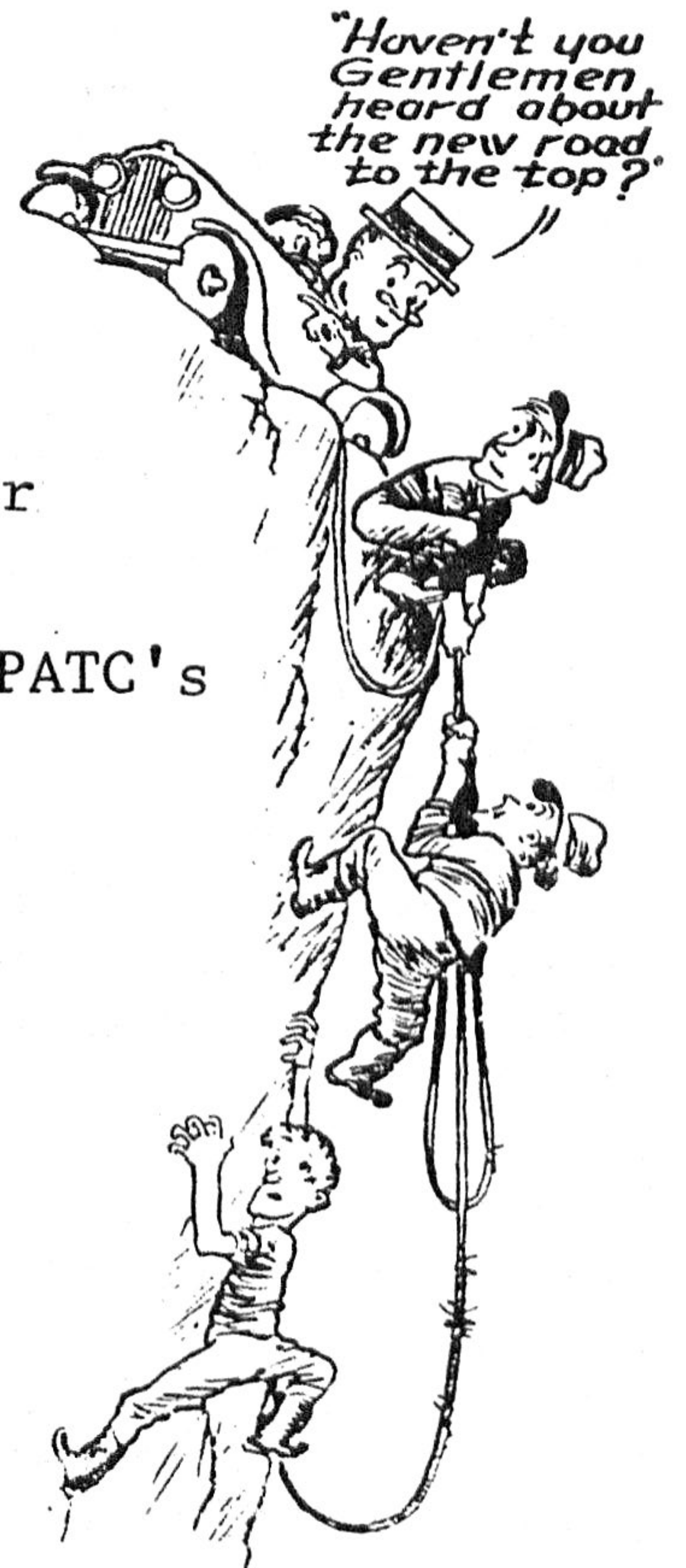
③ —NOTHING BUT FRICTION HOLDS—



④ A TENSION TRAVERSE AND—



⑤ —WE'VE GOT IT!"



Publications

The Unknown Mountain, by Don Munday, a paperback reprint published by the Mountaineers, Seattle, 1975, \$6.95, 268pp.

Do you like exploring? Do you like mountain climbing? Do you like hiking, camping, or backpacking in the mountains and forests? Do you like to relive classic adventures from the past? If your answer is "yes" to any of these questions, then this is the book for you.

This is a reprint of a classic description of early climbs and explorations in the Coast Mtns of British Columbia by Don Munday and his wife Phyl, a book that has long been out of print.

The Mundays were among the first serious climbers to believe that Mt. Robson was not the highest peak entirely within the Canadian province of British Columbia. The book describes their many attempts from 1925 to 1936 to explore the Coast Mtns surrounding their "mystery mountain," later named Mt. Waddington. It also describes their heroic, but unsuccessful, attempts to climb Mt. Waddington, which was finally climbed by Wiessner and House in 1936.

The word "heroic" here describes the effort more than the danger. There was, however, no small element of risk, if one considers their position at one point, being a party of one man and two women, 15 hours out from their rude camp, on an unknown mountain with storm clouds threatening to envelope them in a white-out, or, as it happened, thunder and lightning. The nearest human being was distant by 35 rough miles of glacier and coastal thicket and 10 more miles of often choppy seas to be negotiated in a rowboat (their outboard motor refusing to work most of the time).

The major heroics were simply in the form of carrying heavy packs through nearly impenetrable rain forest, crossing roaring glacial torrents, weathering rain storm after rain storm in the abominable coastal weather, and, finally, climbing that began in the evening and ended after midnight more than 24 hours later. The reader should remember that these were days before the time of freeze-dried food, lightweight tents and clothing, Kelty packs, and camp stoves.

This is an excellent book, though a bit tiresome in its flowery language and tedious descriptions. A fold-out sketch map of the region is included and is essential to understanding the details of route and scenery. The original negatives were used to make the new plates, and the reproduction is excellent, although the quality of photography is not up to modern standards. This is a book for real mountaineers; it may not be of interest to those who care only for rockclimbing.

- reviewed by Art Maki

(Art Maki has climbed extensively in the Canadian mountains, and in Alaska, Peru, and the Alps.)

A Sierra Club Naturalist's Guide to the Sierra Nevada, by Stephen Whitney, Sierra Club Books, San Francisco.

This is a fascinating book for anyone interested in the environment of the Western mountains--geology, ecology, weather, whatever. It refers specifically to the Sierra Nevada, but applies in many ways to any high Western range (with allowance for differences in species and precipitation). The mountains are introduced with a thorough chapter on geology, starting with volcanism and plate tectonics, and ending with more obvious agents of mountain formation, such as erosion and glaciers.

(continued on next page)

Publications (continued)

A chapter on weather is followed by several on the ecology of high, semiarid mountain ranges: the major "life zones" encountered as one progresses from desert, through grassland and several levels of forest, into alpine meadows and tundra. Characteristic plants and animals are described for each zone, together with their adaptations to the problems of survival found in each: drought resistance, fire tolerance, avoidance of heat or cold, tolerance of short seasons.

The book does well with current ecological knowledge. It points out, for instance, that animals may hibernate more to escape food shortage than to avoid cold, and that most alpine plants are perennials because of the short summers. This is all the more commendable because the author is not a scientist, but a journalist; he appears to be a careful and insightful one.

My only criticism of the book is that it is not what the title implies--it is not really a guide, which I would expect to enable me to identify every species of plant or animal in the area it covers. It lists the most typical species of each community and gives identifying characteristics only of selected ones. A person who wanted an exhaustive field guide would be advised to buy a book under that title. However, he should start out by reading this book. Perhaps it should have been called "Ecology of the Sierra Nevada for the Naturalist." I wish I had had such a book on the Wyoming mountains when I visited them last summer.

-reviewed by Vivian Mendenhall
(Vivian Mendenhall is a research ornithologist for the Fish and Wildlife Service.)

CARDEROCK GUIDE

John Gregory's guide to Carderock climbs is available from John or from HBO. A review will follow.

MORE SUMMER READING FOR CLIMBERS

The Stranger Who Wore No Harness
The Girl with the Nylon Runners
Her Husband Was on Belay
Perlon Fantasies
The Sensuous Handhold
Kernmantle and Red Wine
She Jammed too Soon
He Loved Me for My Hexes
You Can Be My Climbing Partner,
But Don't Lead Me On
The Betrayer Belayer
The Lustful Layback
The Passionate Prussik

(list courtesy of the Arizona Mountaineer, April 1980)



Hangin' Around

ANNAPOLIS ROCKS - June 1

It was an excellent day--cool, with a breeze. Peru Expedition members were breaking in their boots and packs. It was nice to welcome Ace June Lehman. Dog fanciers enjoyed Larry's Nikki and Joe's Bamble. Ed Cummings, Charlie Dorian, Stan Halpin, Meg Harding, Steve Jensen, Shai Lean, June Lehman, Larry Lempert, Jim Lowe, Nelson Lichtenstein, George Merriam, Marjorie Prochaska, Rick Todd, Joe Wagner,

Ryan Pierson

GREAT FALLS, VA - June 15

A small group of stalwarts assembled on this scorching Sunday in the Potomac Gorge. Juliet's Balcony, Romeo's Ladder, and points downstream yielded to various assaults. Steve Arnon, visiting from California by way of New Zealand (see page 1), compared the rocks, but not the weather, favorably with what's available in Berkeley. Also counted were John Christian, Jim Lowe, Joe Wagner, Paul Torelli, and

George Merriam

NELSON HOUSE - June 7, 8

An unheralded work trip brought out two. Vivian Mendenhall made it to Nelson House, scythed her way around the yard, and made minor repairs to a window and the gate. Ryan Pierson made it to Petersburg, where his car stopped running. Vivian says that the porch needs to be designed and realized, the roof painted, and the front gate and post replaced. Ryan got a ride to Petersburg two weeks later and picked up his pie at the Ka-Kapon Restaurant.

The next work trip is July 19 and 20.

CARDEROCK - June 22

The Afternoon Group appeared after the faint-hearted had left. Beginners and long-time absentees worked on Nubble Face. Ropes were shared with non-PATC'ers on Beginners and Ronnie's Leap. Much talking. Carderock habitues offered advice and demonstrated boulder problems. We did Sterling's and the Rack. "We" were Mike Hill and Alexander, Joe Wagner and children, Paul Torelli, Shai Lean, Ronnie Lenz, Phil Eddy, and Marjorie Prochaska

Meeting Report

June 11

After a short, efficient business meeting, we watched the film "Joe Brown." Vivian invited workers to Nelson House.

PERU EXPEDITION DEPARTS

Participants in the PATC Peru Expedition left D.C. on June 19 and 21. From Lima they will fly and bus to Haurez and from there trek into the Yanganuco valley of the Cordillera Blanca. Peaks in the area include Pisco, Huascaran, Chopicalqui, and Huandoy. Trip organizer Don McIntyre admires the area also for its trout. Participants, who will be gone either three or four weeks, are Ed Cummings, Jeff Grove, Stan Halpin, Rick Todd, Sue Neel, John Birch, Steve Jensen, Tom Russell, and three or four climbers from Tennessee.

Hanging Around

A Note on the Protection of WEST POLE

In the July-August 1979 issue of UP ROPE, Doug Howard reported on a fall on West Pole at Seneca Rocks. Doug's article mentions protection problems, such as the use of a long sling under the second ceiling and a "mankey belay on nuts." My thesis is that this climb is eminently protectable; I will explain in some detail.

The first pitch is a straight-forward crack climb belayed from a large tree and protected by medium to large stoppers. This brings you to an uncomfortable ledge under and slightly left of the prominent double ceiling. Behind the large, right-facing flake on this ledge are two natural chockstones. Below them are placements for #4 and #10 hexes. Overhead is a notch for a large piece. To the right is a flake that takes a #4 Saddlewedge nicely, and below the seat is a crack for a small wired stopper to take an upward pull. Two people can sit there, facing out; one to belay, and one to take pictures.

Now for the ceilings. You can put a #10 hex with a long sling below the first ceiling for direction. The small crack in the first ceiling will take one or two small (old #3 1/2) wired stoppers and a #6 wired stopper in the notch, on short slings. After moving up, and standing on the first ceiling, clip into fixed pin (a nice new one) with a standard sling. You can place a #8 hex in the crack in front of your face. But if you look up and reach, you can find a bomber placement for a #9 hex just under the second ceiling. Standard (rather than double) slings here are optimal and cause very little rope drag, as the climb goes directly up the chimney on the right above the second ceiling and is not difficult.

I recommend West Pole to anyone who, like Bob Dunn and myself, wants his first 5.6 to offer ample protection on solid rock.

Don Barnett

Obituaries

Rod Glascock died in April 1980. Old timers will remember when he joined our group in October 1957. Although well into middle age, he quickly became very interested in climbing and the club. His wife once commented, "He reads UP ROPE like it it was Who's Who." Rod led a long and varied life. In his youth he served in both the Marine Corps and the Navy. He followed family tradition by studying medicine in preparation to becoming a doctor, but switched to engineering and spent his professional life in that field. By 1964 failing health forced his retirement from climbing activities. Death followed a long confinement at his home in Arlington, Va.

Chuck Wettling

MIKE CAUTIONS "MOVE SLOW"

Mike Warburton started climbing at Carderock, moved to California, and soon racked up great climbs like the Salathé Wall and Tien Shan in Russia. Last fall he returned to Virginia to tie up his grandfather's estate. Mike climbed with MS members during the several months he was here, explaining to James Eakin at one point the difference between a mountaineer-type ascent of Retribution and the rock-climber way up. This spring Mike went to Makalu and developed cerebral edema at 21,000 feet. He writes that he's home recovering from the three days' unconsciousness, the bloodclot in his leg, and the frostbite to both feet. His expedition arrived at the 16,500 basecamp with 12 days to get to the top and back. Bill De Lano and Mike are planning some climbs.

Climber's Calendar

July 4, 5, 6	Shawangunks*	Sallie Greenwood (533-8412)
July 9	MS Meeting-8pm PATC Hd	Aconcagua: slides by Rick Acedas
July 13	Rock State Park	Paul Torelli (299-8039)
July 19, 20	Seneca Rocks work trip*	Vivian Mendenhall (490-7131)
July 27	Old Stonyman	Martha Hale (762-4769)

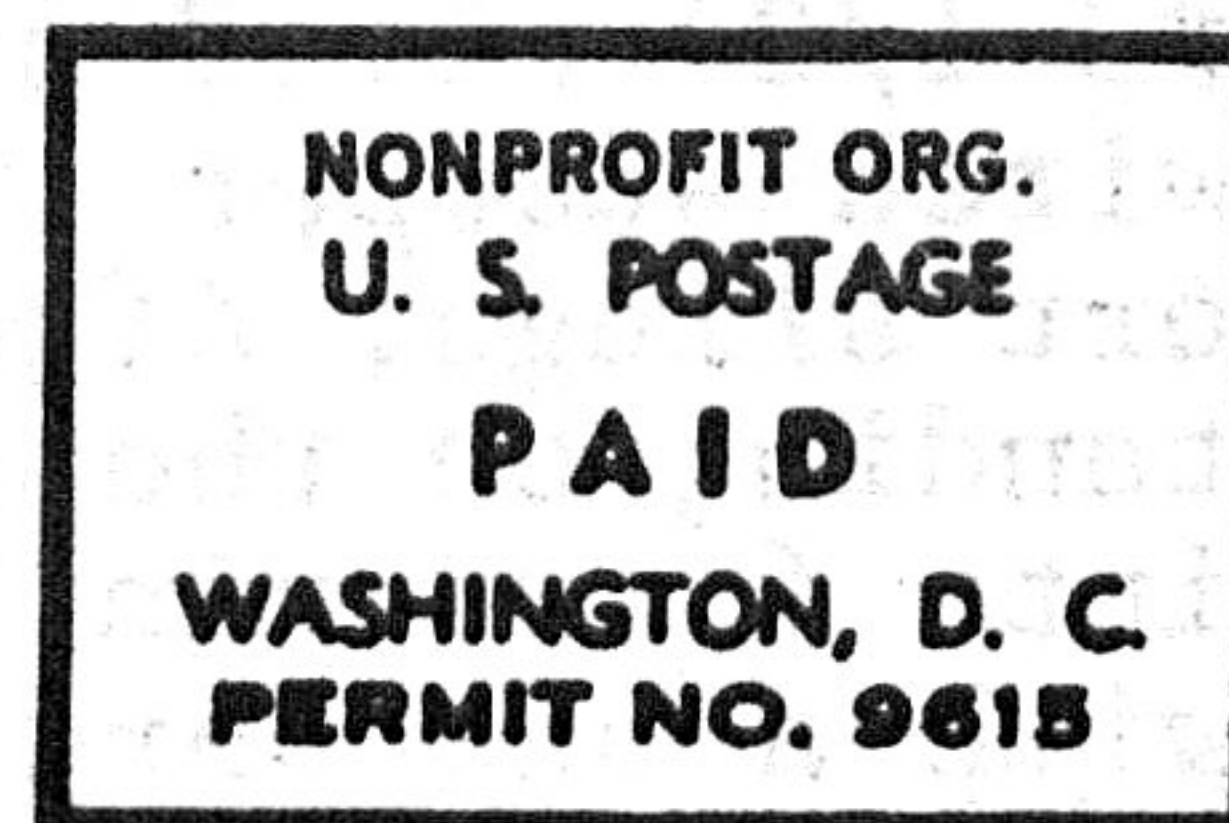
James Eakin, trips coordinator, has scheduled the following weekend and day trips. Please call him to volunteer to lead a trip. 598-6047

August 3	Cupid's Bower	
August 10	Annapolis Rocks	
August 17	Wolf Rock	
August 16, 17	Seneca Rocks work trip	
August 24	Hermitage	
August 30, 31, and September 1	Shawangunks	
August 31	Purple Horse-Spitzbergen	
September 7	Great Falls, Va.	
September 13, 14	Kline Gap	Sallie Greedwood
September 14	Sugarloaf	
September 20, 21	Greenland Gap	Neil Arsenault
September 21	Crescent Rocks	
September 27, 28	Seneca Rocks	
September 28	Echo Rocks	
October 5	Old Rag	

For trip information call the leader or James Eakin. Day trips are to top rope climbing areas. Weekend trips (* designated) are to lead climbing areas. Please arrange for your own climbing partner.

P.A.T.C. 7-8

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