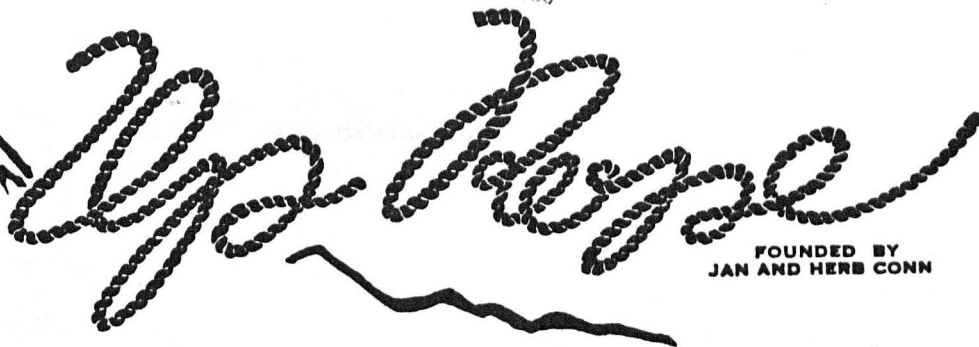




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NEWS OF THE P.A.T.C. MOUNTAINEERING SECTION

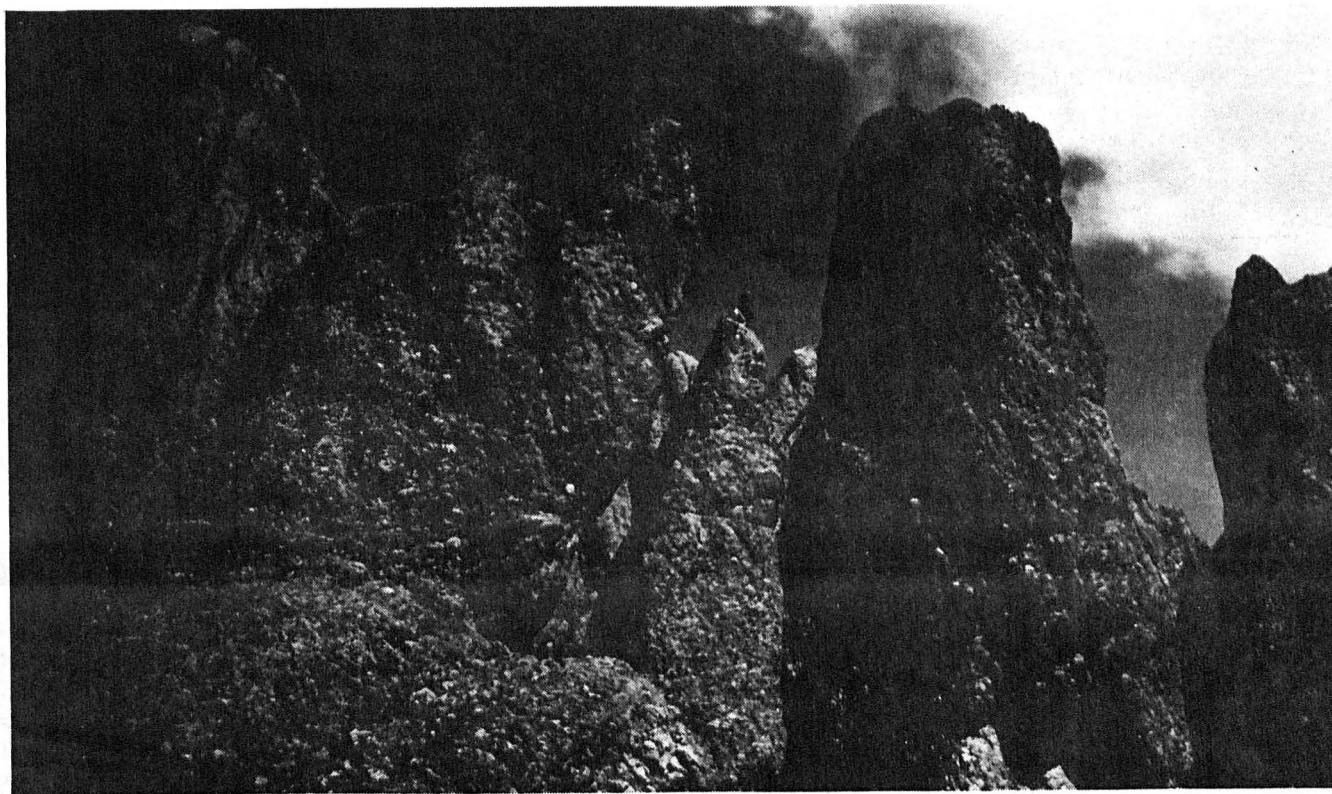
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FIVE WEEKS WEST

by Sallie Greenwood



Sardine in the Needles, Black Hills, S.D.

This past spring my climbing partner and I agreed to climb a mountain together. We had climbed rocks at the Gunks, Seneca, Cathedral, etc., but not a mountain. O.K. Fine. Done. And I forgot about it because I had to plunge up to my eyeballs, heart, soul, weekends, nights and alpine starts in researcherly enslavement to the Aztecs. The result is a modestly titled volume **The Mighty Aztecs**.

After immersion in things Aztec until mid-July, I needed re-acculturation to people, regular hours, and rocks. Lin Murphy, my partner, reminded me that we would be leaving in just three weeks. Here I was, a flabby basket case of overwrought-ness, just beginning Aztec detoxification. I heard the word "vacation" not "climbing vacation." There's a difference. I started

(Continued next page)

FIVE WEEKS WEST (Continued)

climbing after work and on the weekends, both of them.

We planned to go to Wyoming via Cleveland and Chicago. We would go to the Needles in South Dakota to climb and to visit Herb and Jan Conn, then go to Devils Tower, the Tetons, and the Wind Rivers. We had five weeks, so I saw this as a leisurely trip to old stomping grounds to watch grass grow and clouds go by.

We left Arlington on August 7. That morning I called Lin at work to tell her that she would have to fly to Cleveland: No room in the car. In the afternoon, however, after a six-pack of beer, and some cheerful-if-disbelieving-kibitzing from my co-workers, we managed gear rearrangement to include one partner. After a "last" meal or several at my parents' in Cleveland (and passing up climbing at Hinckley Ledges), we drove to Chicago to stay with a friend in Oak Park. A pattern of mooching emerged: Call or write a friend, stay overnight, take a shower, and leave the next morning. This is summed up by B³: beer, bed, bath.

From Chicago we headed north and west on I-90 to Madison, Wisconsin, where we cruised through the university area (an entire lane of downtown for bicycles), stopped at an Oriental grocery for hot sauce, and had lunch at the Badger

Tavern. (The wok had contributed to a small packing problem.)

We didn't climb at Devils Lake, and we passed by some strange pinnacles that begged investigation along I-90 near Rocky Arbor State Park. The road got straighter, the grade flatter, and the trees along the road thinned. Across the Mississippi into Minnesota. A stop at Rochester to apply B³ to Wendy Hinke, no answer. So on to Albert Lea and the Helmer Myre State Park. Trails here are mowed swaths through tall grass. No trees at the campsite or tent platforms, but it's cool and the grass is thick. The next morning we took a short jog and saw a hog-nosed snake playing dead, two gray foxes (a sign said this was gray fox habitat, (so I assumed. . .), and a doe with two fawns.

That day we drove more of I-90. It got even flatter and straighter, and the distances between trees and gas stations greater. Welcome to South Dakota. We stopped at Wall for the Drug 5 p.m., and hit Rapid City by 9. We called Jan and Herb to say that we would be there the next day, "Come ahead," they said.

(Continued 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.

FIVE WEEKS WEST (Continued)

Into a commercial campground for the night. Tents up front, Winnebagos, Chiefs, Braves, and other assorted RVs out back. A shower, laundry, and snack bar for amenities. We're now in the land of a positive "You bet," as the affirmative, big sky, big hats, big stomachs over big belts, crew cuts, and pickups. The women are there in jeans or skirts—no shorts, bee-hives, and no hats, big or otherwise.

In the morning we drive a curvy two-lane through pines without underbrush, and have a distant, but free view of Mount Rushmore, a close-up and fleeting view of a buffalo taking his ease along the road. Then off the paved road to gravel, then to dirt. We're there.

Jan came down the hill from a cabin called Knot Hole, and Herb joined us from Conn Cave. We spent three days with them. We talked for hours on the wooden porch of Knot Hole, the boards painted with a compass rose in black, benches for seats, and a rain barrel at hand.

They shared their scrapbook: There's Arnold Wexler with a head of thick black hair; Herb on a climb called The Overhang. Upon closer inspection it's Arm Buster, before chalk.

Lin and I went off to case the area. Herb gave us a mimeographed guide to the area that he did a number of years ago. While on the tour (all within Custer State Park, annual fee \$4.00), we encountered Rod Schwartz, a Gunkie, rapping off as we drove into his landing zone, the parking lot. We waved off another car that was about to park on his ropes. "Scared," he said, "No protection." We drove on.

The next morning we climbed a pinnacle called Sardine, and then the Conn's route on Outer Outlet. Lin and I had our first exchange of many: L: "Are you sure this is the route?" S: "No. It's your lead . . . On belay." L: ". . . watch me!" S: "This is the belay?" L: "Are you sure this is the way down?" S: "You first."

(Editor's note: Toward the end of the trip I sensed a change in partner's attitude from cautious to cavalier: "Oh, go for it . . . Just run it out." I was still doing the leading.)

Then we walked over to do the Outlet. It's a large granite sugarloaf, a domelet about 200 to 225 feet high, representative of Needles climbing. It's clean granite, with mica books—the leaves of which bend underfoot—and cracks, and it's verticle. I haven't been so impressed (read "scared") of exposure since my first trip to the

Gunks. The route is a crack which rises in a traverse ending at a corner. Up the corner, traverse, overhang, and chimney.

We climbed on one rope, dragging a second. After the second pitch the second rope hung free to the ground. The last pitch included traverse, overhang and chimney. Awkward. Lin led it nicely, complaining the whole way about not knowing how to chimney. I shouted encouragement, thinking all the while of my tutor, Don Stemper's assurance when we top-roped my first chimney: "No one ever fell out of a chimney." I don't think he had been up many, with all due respect. At any rate, we topped out and discussed, "How do we get down?"

There were two eye bolts: one at hand, and another across the chimney. Jan said one rappell would do it. Must have been the other bolt. We rapped onto a platform, and I stemmed a chasm on friction to pull the ropes through a bunch of blue and white slings on a sturdy-ish horn. We rapped again to scrambling distance of the ground. Then we pulled the ropes: one down. Tug, tug. Nothing. No movement. Mutter. Stuck. And it's getting dark. Imprecations at Lin's grape colored rope. We left it because it was getting dark.

The next morning, up bright and early for rope-retrieval, then pack, and follow Jan over to Jewel Cave to have a short tour and see the slides that we had gotten in too late to see the night before.

What a treat. Going to Jewel Cave with a Conn is like climbing High Exposure with Fritz Weissner and through Bonnie's Roof with Bonnie and Fritz. Doors opened, barriers dropped, and staff appeared out of nowhere to go with us. Down into the cave in an elevator, over a barrier, and off we went, flashlight in teeth. Jan's agile and not at all intimidated by drops, and what seemed to me to be slippery rock. I think she enjoyed it—taking us daylight rock-climbers around. The cave was beautiful, though I don't think I'll give up vistas for unknown passages, dark, and dirt. Read **Jewel Cave Adventure** to learn more of these remarkable people. After the tour, Jan showed slides of the cave's exploration and sang a song accompanied by guitar, complete with burbled, watery sound effects.

(Continued next page)

FIVE WEEKS WEST (Continued)

That night we drove to Newcastle, Wyoming, and then to Devils Tower. We were ready for whatever it might have in store—jam cracks. It's columnar basalt, precise corners, with vertical cracks for hundreds of feet. Nary a horizontal feature until you reach the Meadows. We warmed up on Bon Homme Variation, a 5.8. Thank God, it threatened to storm before we had to finish it. We backed off, gracefully, of course, after doing the crux: a traverse out of a crack and around a corner, into a hanging belay from bolts. Lin muttered about not knowing how to do jam cracks, and I muttered mightily when I got to the belay: "What are you clipped into?" "The same as you are." "What did you unclip?" "Are you into anything?" Rapping out of a hanging belay is interesting.

Next day we did TAD because the Durrance is too popular, and has rockfall. TAD is the other "easy" climb on the Tower—a former aid climb, now rated 5.7. It's a hard, straight-up crack—two pitches, according to the book. We did three, and had another hanging belay. We did three to avoid rope drag, and to confer on the route. Let's hear it for Friends and fixed pins and bolts.

I got sunburned arm backs while belaying and also had plenty of time to check out Soler, the next climb over. A chipmunk ran down it, but the Washington climbers who put it up in 1951 (Tony Soler, Art Lembeck, Herb Conn and Ray Moore) did it as a tension climb. It's now a 5.9.

An irreverent pigeon shat upon Lin as we congratulated ourselves at the top of TAD. We then scrambled to the top of the Tower but didn't stay long because of thirst: the one quart of water we had didn't do much to cut the dust and the dried powder of dessicated pigeon dung which we had inhaled on the route. Two raps from the Meadows and we were down. Soler is on the future's list.

On to the Tetons. We went across the Powder River Basin, to Buffalo, to Tensleep with restaurant Dirty Sally's (closed) the Bighorn Mountains to Worland, south to Thermopolis, over to Pavillion (we saw a llama, and I drove through a flock of birds, wiping out six with Kamikazi Toyota), overnight in Dubois, and breakfast at the Chuckwagon in Moose.

We pulled into the Climbers Ranch just as Ron Yokim and his wife were packing up to leave. We talked awhile: Ron's well and has signed up for Tirch Mir for next year with Bob Wilson.

After settling in to a cabin, and running into Don Schaefer, we walked up Cascade Canyon to spot Guide's Wall. It rained. We never did get to do the route. We finally ended up doing Baxter Pinnacle by the standard route and then the Grand. Lin pushed to do the Direct rather than the Exum, and I balked, preferring to do the entire mountain, rather than a portion. We could have done it both ways, however, the march up to the Lower Saddle was borderline deathmarch, what with tent, ropes, and rack. So much for hard-core mountaineers.

There was a lot of traffic on the Grand: Exum School parties, parties for the Direct, and parties on the Exum.

We had no problem with the climb. Phil Hocker, a climber from Baltimore whom I'd last seen in the Gunks in 1969, was in one of two parties we leapfrogged for the day. The other one was a Polish couple from Idaho, who had driven over in the morning and expected to be back at home in the evening. They were.

Oh, I did lead: the step off of Wall Street. Some kind of exposure. The route just wanders from there up and on. For the most part we used little protection, and just ran the leads out pitch after pitch. We had been told there was no snow on the route, so we avoided snow and figured that was the way up. At 2 p.m. we were on the summit, and back in camp by 4. Using another party's rappel down to the Upper Saddle sped up the process—except I got hung up by my prusik on the taped middle mark of one rope. Fortunately I was able to swing myself into the rock in order to take some weight off of the knot and slip it over the tape. A bad moment, and some heated words directed at the owner, who must have been nonplussed at such an ungracious diatribe. If the tape had been 5 feet higher, I would not have been able to reach the rock. We would have gotten in after 4 if that had been the case.

Lin and I went down the next day, but Lin was unhappy with my lack of enthusiasm for the Direct or the Middle. I felt somewhat better when we heard that it had stormed later that afternoon, precluding ascents by either route.

Earlier in our stay we had met Bob Ryan and John Rayner, both looking fit as usual, if not a little thin. They talked about the Snaz, a Chouinard-Mort Hemple climb in Death Canyon—a Grade IV, 5.9. We decided to check it out, and

(Continued)

FIVE WEEKS WEST (Continued)

did the 7.4 round trip hike on our rest day. We watched Rod Schwartz and his partner on it, and decided to give it a try. The crux is early in the climb, according to the book; it's in the second pitch, a 5.9 jam crack to a chock stone. We figured we could rap down if we couldn't do it.

Up early and out to the climb the next day. What a climb! According to Ortenburger it's nine pitches. We should have known it was going to be a long day when it took us two pitches to get to the second pitch. We started climbing at 9, finished the crux by noon, and cruised thereafter. Who watches time? The crux was a piece of cake; it's just all of those 5.8 pitches of jam cracks that slow things up. We did the roof, we did the detached flake, we did the overhangs, first one then the other. About 5:30 the route became inobvious, and I took the lead. We were at an inside corner, with pins off to the left on the face. (The tree from which we had started climbing hours before was right below us—the route does not lay back at all, until toward the top.) Lin did one more lead, then it was my turn. I didn't mind, allegedly the rest of the climb should be a 5.6 chimney and the rest 5.2 slabs to the trees. Where were those trees? The route was inobvious to me, too. However, I started following chalk, lichen free cracks, disturbed gravel, a broken shoelace, anything that indicated previous passages. "See any trees yet?" "No, come on up. I'll run this next one out." "Trees?" "No, slabs." Finally, trees. We had been told that the top was at a forest. I guess after no trees all day, three trees is a forest. We had been warned to go left through the trees, and then the trail would be obvious.

Lin led 165 feet to above an overhang. I led on up the slab, through bushes and into a tree. At the end of 165 feet I'm in a tree; I tie off the trunk; standing in boughs, I belay. Lin comes through with some disbelief. Finally, we can unrope, change our shoes, and spend no time congratulating ourselves. Down we go, fast. Over a faint trail. To make it short: we bivouac on a steep dirt slope. Comes the dawn and we find that the scree is just 150 feet below us, and the trail is another 15 minutes of rock hopping beyond that. We had a comfortable bivouac, as far as bivouacs go: some water, no rain or wind, no varmints, and we had finished the climb.

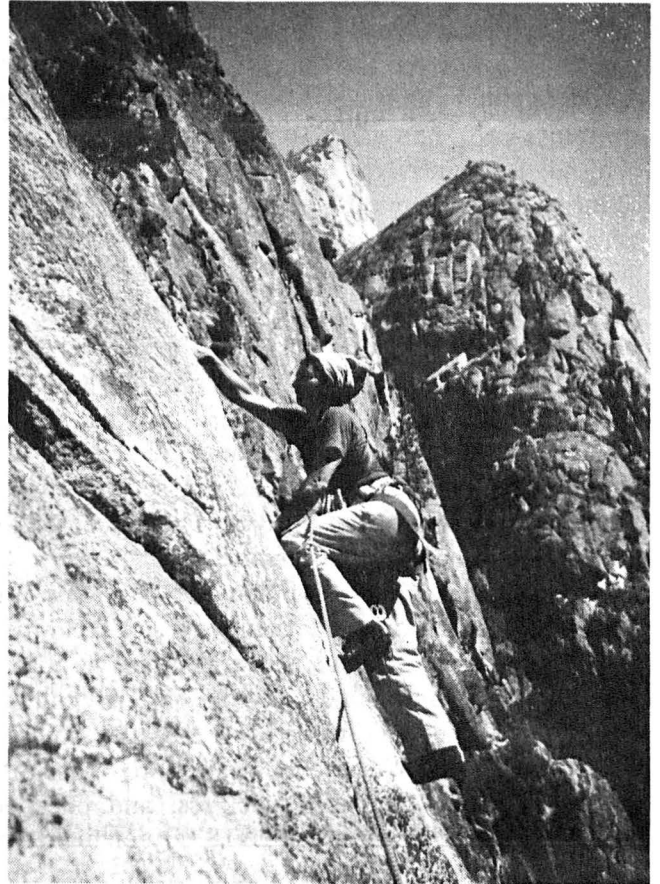
The hike back to the car was enthusiastically done, on a high of success and survival. We cooked a monster breakfast at the ranch and enjoyed ourselves. All the sweeter when a climber

asked what we had done: "The Snaz," I said casually. "Oh, really," he said, as Lin walked off to wash the dishes. "Who led you up it?" "She did," I said. "Oh."

Now what? We were tired, and the thought of trekking into the Winds with a week's worth of food, ropes, and rack, and the possibility of marginal weather somehow didn't appeal.

Where could we go for constant good weather? Yosemite. You bet.

And we did.



C.S. Concerto, Yosemite

Another B³ with unsuspecting friends in Salt Lake, and then a very long day's drive across Nevada to Lake Tahoe (a mountain-bound Rehoboth), and south to Tuolumne Meadows. Two events made the day more memorable: meeting a Parisian cowboy mid-desert. (I flagged him down as he and two others drove along the Frontage road in a white Ford pickup, trading swigs of

Bourbon from a bottle, as we ran out of gas east of Winnemucca. He had always wanted to be a cowboy, so he came to Arizona to be one. No English when he came, but he's doing fine now.)

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FIVE WEEKS WEST *(Continued)*

The second event was dinner at the Overland Hotel in Gardnerville, Nevada. The sign says Basque family-style meals. We walked through the bar (past an old Basque listening to a tape—from home?) and into the dining room. Before I had unfolded my napkin and gotten it into my lap, a waitress appeared with a soup tureen, two bowls, bread and butter. Nary a word did she say. She brought out a ginger-ale bottle with a cork in it. Not wanting to appear ignorant—whether this was something for the soup or not—I waited until the family that had come in after us had reached this stage, too. After settling the kids, the wife uncorked her ginger-ale bottle and poured the contents into her glass, and into her husband's. Ah, ha! It's wine. Not bad. April '81. The waitress came back to clear the soup and replaced it with a plate of ravioli. We ate that. Then we ate the salad. Next she appeared to ask which entree we would like: beef, chicken, lamb chops, lamb steak, or shrimp. "Lamb chops, please." Meanwhile, the ranks thinned in the restaurant, doggy bags much in evidence, as families filed out. We ate our chops; we ate our cookies and ice cream; we drank our coffee, and finished our second ginger-ale bottle of wine (March '81). The price: \$9.00 each. Doggy bags, not necessary.

After dinner Lin reminded me that this was a climbing vacation, and that we hadn't climbed for three days. Since we drove at night we didn't get to see Mono Lake or the eastern end of Tuolumne. The first view of the Valley knocks your socks off. We drove straight to Yosemite Lodge the next morning, sockless, and checked into a cabin. The cabins are \$18.00 per night for beds and hot showers within easy walking distance. Camping in the Valley isn't all that attractive: It's dusty, there are a lot of people, and a lot of smoke—not just from the forest fires, but from campfires. Seems there's some attraction to having a cozy fire when the temperature is in the 90-degree range.

What to climb? We hadn't brought a Yosemite guide because we hadn't intended to be there. We were told at the climbing store, arrogantly, that they didn't carry Roper's guide: "you could get into trouble using it on one of the longer aid routes." Of course we didn't want it for that, but simply a guide to the areas and some of the routes. We bought the guide at the Visitors Center and looked at routes. We did Sunnyside Bench Jam and after we finally found the way to Glacier

Point, we did Harry Daly. Roper's route descriptions are O.K., but his directions to the areas are nonexistent. We did most of the routes on Ranger Rock, also known as Manure Pile Buttress, mainly because we could find it. We found Church Bowl, but not the routes. On Ranger Rock we did Nutcracker (a nice day's climb), and C.S. Concerto (an afternoon). Concerto is listed as a 5.9, but Lin kept thinking she hadn't gotten to the crux yet—all the way to the end of the climb. The Snaz bivouac had burned us for the idea of future bivouacs: Our descent techniques improved greatly. Getting down before dark was a strenuously pursued goal.

We left the Valley mid-Labor Day weekend. Too many people. We bailed out for Tuolumne. There we spent a leisurely Sunday afternoon reading, dozing in the sun (Vacation!), watching the clouds go by, and listening to the climbers on Stately Pleasure Dome and the falling rock.

Mid-afternoon some Gunkies showed up and asked us to join them at their group space up the road. They also suggested that we should try a route on Lembert Dome as an introduction to the area and to friction. Out of our lethargy and on to Lembert. Truckin' Drive was what they suggested, ambiguously rated in the book as 5.8 or 5.9. Lin and I sauntered up that slab casually, and shortly, and independently, we decided that we didn't want to saunter any farther without a belay and/or protection. Neither was in evidence. So, we casually, and ever so carefully, sauntered over to the nearest stance which happened to be the Water Crack, 5.7. Very weird rock. I followed Lin's protection—clipping bolts(2)—using a combination of mantle to a one-cheek sit, a foot jam, and another mantle . . . no dignity.

After that, we headed off to the store to buy beer and re-assess our progress on friction. There at the store we ran into Herb and Eve Laeger, whom I haven't seen since they moved to California in '73 or so. We had dinner at the Tuolumne Lodge and talked climbing, people, routes, and plans. They recommended the regular route of Fairview Dome, Grade IV, 5.9. That seemed a perfect route with which to end our trip. Lin asked about the route up, and I asked about the route down. On the way to Fairview next morning, we ran into Lotus Steele while she was hitchhiking

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FIVE WEEKS WEST (Continued)

for gas. Lin and I found the right dome, and eventually the right route. It was superb. Though there were parties ahead of us, and one behind, it wasn't a bother,

The route goes straight up for three pitches: All jam cracks and friction—5.8 when dry, and 5.9 when wet. I can't imagine doing it wet. Beautiful. The first pitch is 165 feet—mentally tuckering when you're conditioned to short-term concentraion of 60 to 80 feet.

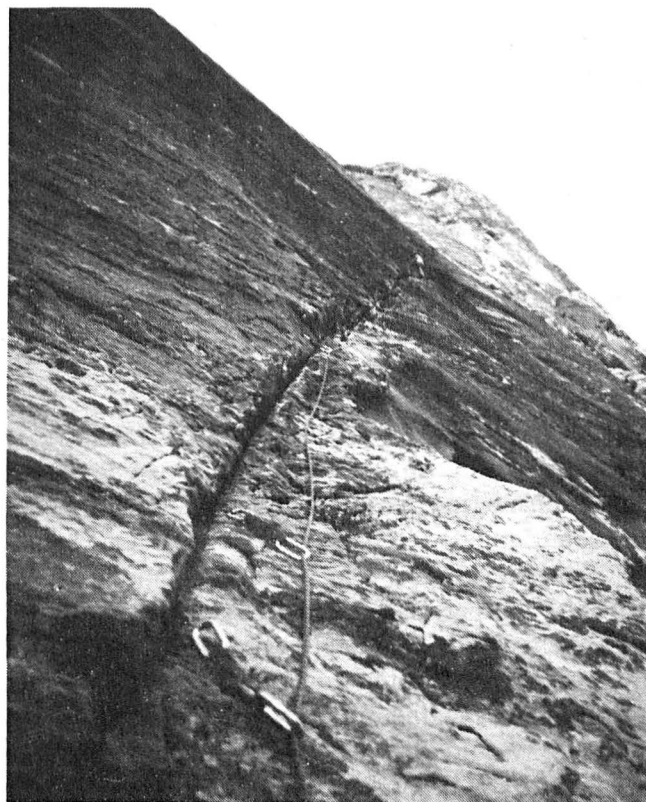
Lin led the route beautifully, No problems. We did have a little confusion getting off at the end. I knew we were in the wrong place when she asked for a belay to investigate the downclimb. I headed back up to the top, shouted in by best mountain voice for the leader of the party behind us. He said, in a soft voice at my feet, "Yes?" Scared the living daylights out of me as I expected him to be down 100 feet or so. "Do you know the way down?" "No, it's off the back."

Lin and I sorted that out and found our way down. Friction is still a very spooky medium.

Now time to head home. But first a B³ with friends in Boulder City, Nevada. I had climbed with Stephi Petrila in the Tetons a couple of years ago, and she had raved then about the climbing in the Mojave Desert at Red Rocks. Well, it was on the way home. So we stopped and ended up spending three days there, First we saw Keyhole Canyon, their practice area, where Lin did the second lead of a 5.9 face climb that Stephi had put up. Named Edelweiss, nice route, and I couldn't follow it. Then we drove to Whiskey Canyon in the Red Rocks for an introduction to the Black Velvet wall. This is desert just north of Las Vegas, complete with Joshua trees, chuckwallas, and cactus. Everything but Indians. We did see evidence of horses and we had a view of a desert bighorn sheep, which looked askance at us. Stephi led us up the first pitch of the Gobbler, a 5.9, the pitch was the first of 15. Then she led Lin up the first two pitches of Dream of Wild Turkeys—the second pitch 165 feet of 5.9. That climb goes on for another 10 pitches.

Now, to head home for work on Monday. And it's Friday in Nevada. We did the 2,400-mile drive home in three 17-hour days. Arizona is rolling, New Mexico is flatish, Texas east of Amarillo is flattest. Oklahoma, and the Arkansas; Tennessee goes on forever, and then finally, north through Virginia. Home.

Next year you may wish that I haven't five weeks of vacation to write about.



Dream of Wild Turkeys, Red Rock Recreation Area, Nevada

EQUIPMENT REPORTS—A CHOUINARD BIVY

Following our climb (up) the Snaz, we had the whole evening to reflect on all the Chouinard gear we carried. The 165-foot 10.2 mm rope is generally good-handling, although at times it kinks. The extra length was absolutely necessary on many of our western climbs, and the light weight makes that extra length easy to carry. The rope stuffs nicely into the Creag Dubh, which is quite an amazing pack. It looks nice, is tough, and holds the rope, full rack, harnesses, shoes, and little snacks. The pack is very comfortable to wear because of its shape and because it contains a closed-cell foam pad which intervenes between your back and the pointy things inside. We removed the pad and used it and the pack separately for insulation.

With the exception of three Friends, all our protection was Chouinard chocks: we were able to protect the western climbs with our Gunks rack, expanded only by two large stoppers and, for the Snaz, a 9 and 10 hexcentric. We bought the new light D carabiners, which are quite satisfactory and preferable to hollow 'biners if you plan to rappell on them. All our equipment was dependable, safe, and relatively light weight. This latter characteristic becomes important if both the walk-in and the pitches are long.

WILDERNESS—NOW OR NEVER

A timber sale in a potential wilderness area of the Willamette National Forest threatens the Menagerie, the second largest rock climbing area in Oregon. The Cascade Section of the AAC has joined other outdoor and conservation organizations to appeal the sale administratively. This appeal will defer lumbering activities that would preclude the entire area from ever receiving Wilderness status. The timber sale comes at a time when the housing industry is depressed, and the need for timber is low.

A loophole in the Wilderness Act allows oil and gas leasing until 1984. The Forest Service is now considering leasing in the Washakie Wilderness, an area abutting Yellowstone National Park in Wyoming. Sierra Club and AAC members are working to persuade Forest Service officials that this is a bad idea. Yellowstone National Park Superintendent, John Townsley, said, "The long-term effects created by the impact of energy development would be devastating to the critical wildlife habitat and would destroy wilderness values."

What is Wilderness?

Senator Gaylord Nelson, Chairman of the Wilderness Society, addressed the PATC 1981 Annual Dinner. The following facts and passages are taken from his speech:

The Wilderness Act describes Wilderness as a place where "the earth and its community of life are untrammelled by man, where man himself is a visitor who does not remain."

Secretary Watt has said, "... no federal lands are sacred." "... that means that Mr. Watt considers wilderness areas and wildlife refuges fair game for development and exploitation, contrary to the intent of Congress."

"Since designated areas represent only 5% of all public lands it would make much better sense to drill all other available land first and leave the wilderness untouched."

"It will take a quarter-century or more to explore all potential areas on and off shore. Since the Interior Department's own estimates are that 80% of all new oil potential is off-shore, that leaves a relatively modest percentage of the total likely to be found in wilderness areas."

"Since we already have 24 million acres of public lands set aside as a petroleum reserve in nonwilderness areas, what sense does it make to move now into wilderness areas? The gas and oil potential of the wilderness should be treated as

a petroleum reserve. After all, it won't go away. It will be there for future generations to utilize if there is a compelling reason to do so. That is a judgement they can make then based upon more knowledge and a better understanding than we have now. . . ."

Wilderness' opponents include Secretary Watt, the energy, mineral and timber companies, and RV drivers. The November 1981 editorial of **Trailer Life** is a call for action: "With our support, AFI [American Forest Institute] might find the much-needed ammunition to fight its foremost foes, the Sierra Club and the federal government. . . [the editorial then blames increased lumber prices and rising unemployment in the timber industry on Wilderness and the Sierra Club.]

"But what direct and immediate effect does Wilderness have on us in addition to escalating prices in paper and housing? Sierra Club members and other pedestrians, about 3.5% of all recreationists, will gain vast new playgrounds if the remaining 11 million acres of undesignated lands are designated Wilderness—certainly a deprivation for healthy RVers. . . [and] anyone who cannot physically walk in and out with all necessary gear on their backs . . .

"No one advocates wholesale rape of the land . . . [Who wants to be the victim of retail rape? UP ROPE ed.]

"Apathy can be a deadly weapon. All RVers must take a more active role if we want to maintain our rights and protect our future. Public input plays a key role in Congressional decision making." [RVers are then encouraged to lobby. UP ROPE ed.]

The preceding excerpts demonstrate the RVers spokesman's narrow selfish view of natural areas: if RVers cannot drive there, these areas should not exist. These people value an area only if they can derive direct benefit and use of it in their single purpose way. It should concern us that some climbers seem to care only for the rocks themselves and not for the surrounding environment from which they may derive no direct benefit or climbing use. What distinguishes the climber's narrow focus from the selfish view of the RVer?

Senator Nelson concluded his annual dinner address with the following questions:

"If we stand mute and Mr. Watt prevails, one must wonder what that says about us as a country, as a people. What does it say about our value

(Continued)

WILDERNESS *(Continued)*

system to those generations that will follow us? Or, for that matter, what does it say right now to our children and grandchildren?

"Shouldn't we try to save here and there a few remnants of nature's work untouched and undisturbed? Is not a million years or ten thousand years of evolving landscape and fragile beauty worthy of our most attentive stewardship?"

"More to the point, why should we have to ask any question about it at all? Isn't it enough that wilderness is part of us and our heritage and gives us a thread of communication with what went on before us? Aldo Leopold, one of the founders of the Wilderness Society, said it succinctly enough for all to understand when he observed that 'anyone who has to ask, what is the value of wilderness, wouldn't understand the answer.'"

MEETING REPORT—NOVEMBER 11

The entertainment was a slide show of climbing in the Canadian Rockies presented by Jeff Brown, Bob Stahbush, Tom Russell, and Ed Cummings.

Before we got to that, following Martha's request for ideas on how to spend the MS budget, there was a discussion regarding the proposal to make a small contribution to the Friends of the Shawangunks legal defense fund. Sallie Greenwood's motion to bring the proposal (originally made a year ago) to a vote was tabled and the decision was once more delayed. There will be another discussion next month at a special 7:30 p.m. meeting and a vote by secret ballot. In the course of the discussion were several remarks that bear recording. Harold Goldstein said that he would like to know what happens in executive meetings. The nominee for secretary promised to record events for publication in UP ROPE, something the editor has repeatedly requested. Martha noted that the executive committee sessions are designed to save MS members a longish business meeting before the entertainment begins. But Vivian Mendenhall remarked that this was the most substantial discussion she could remember in her five years of membership and seemed to enjoy it.

Lin Murphy invited participation in an ad hoc committee on the erosion problem at Carderock and reminded everyone that her tenure as editor (three years) was drawing to an end.

James Eakin announced that use of Nelson House would be by yearly permit, which will cost \$12, prorated per quarter. The combination on the door lock will change from time to time to assure that only permittees know the numbers.

Martha announced the following nominations for 1982 officers: James Eakin—Chairman; Charlie Dorian—Vice Chairman; Ed Cummings—Treasurer; and Patti Lemon—Secretary.

CARDEROCK EROSION STUDY

Instructors of climbing classes have recently approached MS to ask the Park Service "to do" something about Carderock. They have noticed the place where they do business is wearing away under the feet of all their customers. During a conversation with one instructor, I suggested that the classes be conducted away from the severely eroded area. The instructor explained that climbing as near the parking lot as possible maximized the wilderness experience and outdoor adventure that could be obtained in the short time available to his students. Despite these sentiments, MS, as the best-known and oldest climbing organization in the area, should respond to the instructors' requests.

I will chair an ad hoc committee to review what, if anything, can be done. Janet Young has joined me. We need some engineers to help us determine the feasibility of erosion prevention techniques and devices. After we have made some preliminary progress, all concerned instructors will be invited to attend a special MS session to help work out a plan of action. If you are an engineer or geologist or know someone whose knowledge and experience can help us understand the erosion at Carderock, please call Janet or me.

Lin Murphy

EDITOR'S CORNER

After three years of editing UP ROPE, next month's issue will be my last. This 36-year old newsletter is in good shape, having an enthusiastic typesetter and a new, yet already efficient circulation manager. UP ROPE's budget is ample, and there have been but few attempts to restrict the editor's discretion. The opportunities for the new editor are virtually unlimited.

SHAWANGUNKS LEGAL DEFENSE VOTE

The MS meeting on December 9 will start at 7:30 p.m. so we can discuss the proposal that MS make a \$75 donation to the Open Space Institute—Shawangunks Legal Defense Fund, a tax-exempt affiliate of the Natural Resources Defense Council, which is administering the legal fund.

Background

In May 1979 Marriott Corporation announced plans to buy 500 acres of Lake Minnewaska property, demolish the old Wildmere Hotel, and build an eight-storey 400 room luxury resort/conference center and 300 condominiums along the lake and the ridge overlooking the Wallkill Valley.

Several organizations mobilized to limit this proposed development. Friends of the Shawangunks and Citizens to Save Minnewaska oppose Marriott's plans because the size and nature of the project could cause environmental damage. Ulster County's Environmental Management Council released a report that specified environmental concerns: Marriott's proposed roads and parking lots will require a massive amount of blacktopping in an environmentally fragile area. Marriott's proposed water usage (15 times the present consumption) could cause the level of the lake to drop.

Marriott's resort also threatens several rare and endangered species, would break up the trail network of the Shawangunk Ridge, and create traffic congestion in New Paltz.

In State Environmental Quality Review hearings last year, conservationists' field data discredited Marriott water studies. In the face of evidence that its resort would drain the Lake Minnewaska, Marriott requested a recess of the hearings and began looking for new sources of water. On June 2, 1981 the New York State Department of Environmental Conservation (DEC) issued its decision approving "in concept" the entire Marriott project, to be built in two phases: the hotel/resort complex and the first 50 condominiums when 40 gallons per minute (gpm) of water from proposed wells is developed, and additional condo units, up to 300, when 100 gpm is developed.

The Legal Issues

Conservationists believe the DEC decision is wrong because water supply permits are, **by law** to be issued only **after** proof of an adequate water supply has been submitted by the applicant at public hearings. Since the DEC hearing is over, Marriott's water supply data, shown to be faulty and inadequate during the hearing, will not be subject to review or cross-examination by the conservation groups or anyone else.

Conservationists will challenge the DEC decision in state court because the DEC should not have granted a water permit for the entire project without proof that Marriott does in fact have a viable supply for the entire project. Conservationists also claim that the DEC should have established procedures to allow local scientists to monitor and verify Marriott's well tests.

It is important to note that conservationists are building a record on which the court can rule in their favor. The DEC accepted their water supply evidence and ordered Marriott to use wells, and not the lake, as its primary water source.

The second issue which will be litigated is the Palisades Interstate Park Commission's (PIPC) amendment of an open space conservation easement, which covers 50% of the land Marriott wants to buy and the lake itself. The purpose of the easement is "the conservation and preservation of unique and scenic areas; [and] the environmental and ecological protection of Lake Minnewaska and its watershed." PIPC amended it so that Marriott can enlarge the golf course to 18 holes. PIPC has set an extremely dangerous precedent which may encourage private developers across the country to challenge easements, which are being used to protect parklands, coastlines, and rivers.

The Appalachian Mountain Club, a Pittsburgh climbing club, and the Sierra Club have joined local conservationists in their efforts to limit Marriott's giant development. We propose that MS demonstrate its support for the conservation effort by a donation to the legal defense fund that will pay for the two law suits described above.

(Continued)

SHAWANGUNKS LEGAL DEFENSE *(continued)***Some Cons and Pros**

Opponents of the donation and/or those in favor of Marriott Corporation's proposed development did not submit the reasons for their opposition for publication. However, these reasons appear to be the following:

- 1) This is a "political issue".
- 2) This is not a local issue, and MS should concentrate on local issues.
- 3) MS cannot afford to give \$75.
- 4) Marriott's proposed project does not affect the climbing area.

The following comments respond to these points in order:

"Political" Issue

This is a **conservation** issue and is "political" only in the sense that there are people on both sides of the issue. It is **not** political in the sense of a political campaign for elected office or lobbying for legislation. Efforts by tax exempt organizations (such as PATC) to affect administrative decisions by a state agency (here DEC and PIPC) are **not** restricted in any way by pertinent law or regulation. PATC regularly has significant input into administrative decisions: most recently the Shenandoah National Park management plan and the Virginia Outdoor Foundation's proposed plans for Bull Run Mountain.

Law suits for conservation purposes are explicitly recognized as a charitable activity in the public interest. The IRS has granted public interest law firm status to the Natural Resources Defense Council, whose affiliate, the Open Space Institute, is helping fund the Gunks suits. The law encourages public support of conservation litigation by making contributions to such firms deductible.

Finally, "political" is not a death-stroke slur. It comes from the Greek **politikos** and means "belonging to the citizens or to the state".

Local or Nonlocal Issues

In recent years the MS has been inactive in **all** conservation issues, both local and nonlocal. It is simply misleading to give the impression that our support of conservation efforts in the Gunks will somehow lessen our ability to attend to conservation needs closer to home. We suggest that we should support conservation efforts both locally and in places away from home.

Please examine the unspoken premise that the Gunks are somehow not our affair because they are far away. They are near enough for frequent weekend visits for many of us: 350 miles but psychologically, much closer. Finally, why should we care only for nearby areas? And where is the "near" line to be drawn? Is Seneca local or non local? Certainly many of us have given to causes beyond our own back yard, in aid of what we have never seen. The measure of distance in these matters is not miles, but the depth and intensity of an individual climber's concern for the environment.

As climbers we may visit and climb in places far from home. Shall we travel far to find an area has been ruined because no one or not enough people tried to protect it? Our own interest demands we care for more than local areas.

Money

The MS receives over \$3,000 a year for its activities from PATC. We have discretion to give some of it to causes we deem important. We give to the Mohonk Preserve and, until recently, to the UIAA. The UIAA contribution was discontinued this year. The Treasurer's report is still out, but apparently we had about \$200 left over this year. This was given to an unidentified rescue group near Seneca Rock. The yet-untouched Stannard guide book fund (about \$1,600) was established to pay for projects that benefit Seneca climbers, such as rescue activities and trail stabilization work. We suggest that MS has adequate resources to support rescue and trail work at Seneca **and** make a one-time \$75 donation to the Shawangunks Legal Defense Fund.

Rocks Not Affected

It is true that Marriott's proposed development does not directly affect the climbing areas. But this is no reason not to be concerned. The climbing areas do not exist in a vacuum. There is more to enjoy in the Shawangunk mountains than technical rock routes. As individuals we are more than merely climbers. Although our nexus with the Shawangunks was originally rock climbing, nothing limits us to that narrow focus. Many of us came to climbing through a more generalized feeling for natural areas. We will lose something important if we permit our special interest in rock climbing to deaden our sensitivity to the surrounding environment. After all, the rocks and mountains

(Continued next page)

SHAWANGUNKS LEGAL DEFENSE (Continued)

we enjoy as climbers were first set aside from development by nonclimbers who did not except them from their attention and concern because they did not "use" them. The founders of the Mohonk Preserve were not climbers, yet we benefit from their generous, inclusive perception of the Shawangunks. Can't we also adopt a more inclusive view of our interest in natural areas. If Marriott proposed a large development on the site of Harper's store at Seneca, would some of us continue to argue that everything is quite all right

because, after all, the rock itself is not directly affected?

The symbolic value of our donation is high. It allows us to participate in what has been a major conservation effort in an area that many of us feel is a special place. The local conservationists are carrying the weight of an effort to preserve an area we all enjoy. We should welcome the opportunity to help them. We are the beneficiaries of a superb natural heritage, but we are also its trustees and caretakers, all of us, for all of it.

CLIMBER'S CALENDAR

December 5-6	Caudey's Castle, W.Va. *	Charlie Dorian (362-7523)
December 6	Camp Lewis	
December 9	MS Meeting 7:30 p.m. PATC Headquarters	Western rocks slide show Sallie Greenwood, Lin Murphy
December 12-13	Seneca Rocks*	James Eakin (598-6047)
December 13	Sugarloaf Mt.	
December 20	Bull Run Mt.	Ian Cruikshank (762-4769)
December 27	Great Falls, Md.	Dave Atkinson (654-1784)

For trip information, call the leader or James Eakin (598-6047). Day trips are to top rope climbing areas. Weekend trips (designated *) are to lead climbing areas—please arrange for your own climbing partner. For ice climbing trips arranged on an impromptu basis, call Charlie Dorian (362-7523) or James Eakin (598-6047).

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