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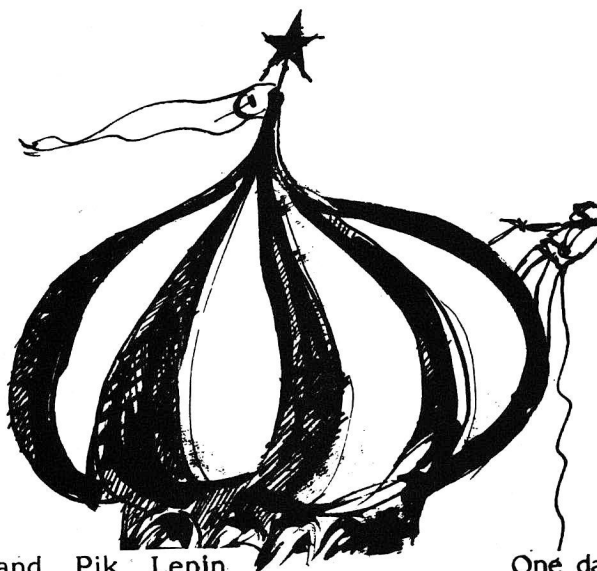
CLIMBING IN THE PAMIRS

By Ian Cruickshank

On the western rim of the Himalaya, projecting into the great deserts of Central Asia, lie the Pamir mountains. The Pamirs cover parts of China, Russia, Afghanistan and Pakistan there are several summits higher than 7000 meters, including Pik Communism (7499m) and Pik Lenin (7134m), the two highest mountains in the Soviet Union.

In 1974, the Soviets sponsored the first International Climber's Camp near the base of Pik Lenin. The camps provide an economical alternative to Nepal or Pakistan and are a source of foreign currency for the USSR. In the 1984 version, \$1,300 included all meals, lodging and transportation after arrival in Moscow.

Our group was an amalgam of eleven from all over the USA, linked for the most part only by our acquaintance with expedition leader Don McIntyre. We were called the "1984 American Pamir/USSR Expedition." Ed Cummings,



Clara Witt, Tom Russell and I made up an eastern subset of the group. It was understood we would climb independent of the others. As it turned out, the others were widely diverse in their skills and objectives and also formed several independent units.

One day before our July 11 departure the Russians came through with our visas, and the expedition leader announced he would not be making the trip. Rick Nolting, a 40-year old geologist from Berkeley, California, became our spokesman. The Russian version of mountaineering is far more disciplined than the Western; our predilection for democratic, sometimes anarchic decision-making both irritated and amazed them. A soft-spoken, experienced climber, Rick was able to convince the Russians he was our "leader" without stepping on any of our toes.

Our arrival in Moscow was not auspicious. After almost 24 hours of travel, we trooped into the chrome and

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UP ROPE is published monthly, except during August, by and for members of the Mountaineering Section of the Potomac Appalachian Trail Club of Washington, D.C., Editorial contributions are welcome and should be sent to Editor, Up Rope, Mountaineering Section, PATC, 1718 N Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036 before the 20th of each month.

Nomination Report

Paul Torelli and Ed Cummings are still in the process of contacting MS members for nominations. The slate of nominees will be available for publication in the January issue of Up Rope.

glass Sheremetsevo Airport, expecting to be met by a guide from the Soviet Sports Federation. Instead, we spent a couple of frustrating hours blundering through passport, customs and various other check-points, each with a long waiting line. Eventually, we were met and bussed to the Sport Hotel, several miles from the center of Moscow. Our mood was somewhat improved by the parklike atmosphere of the city and the novelty of it all.

Next day, Friday, July 13th, we were treated to a tour of Red Square and the Kremlin, and in the afternoon, a swim in the Moscow River. Saturday was free-time--there were never any restrictions on our movement in Moscow--and in the evening we departed for the Pamirs. Our destination was Osh, second largest city in the Kirghiz SSR.

Osh turned out to be an oasis of green in the middle of the desert. A huge sign atop the airport terminal read, in English, "Welcome to the Pamirs." A troupe of smiling local girls in native costume greeted our arrival with gifts of flowers. We were served a large lunch--lots of the local melons, grapes and tomatoes--and were soon underway for the ten-hour trip to Pik Lenin Base Camp.

The short-wheelbase busses had no springs as far as we could tell. The dust, heat, jet-lag and rock-crushing ride soone numbed our senses and ability to appreciate the scenery. We ground our way over the treeless ridges of the Pamir foothills on roads of gravel. Herds of cattle and sheep, tended by young Uzbeki cowboys, plus an occasional yurt, constituted the only signs of life.

A solid quarter inch of dust accumulated in the back of the truck that took us the last twenty miles. The seats of the Army vehicle were two-by-fours and we had to hold on desperately to avoid being thrown from the vehicle. It was a grim-faced, dust covered group that debarked at 9:00 p.m. at Lenin Base Camp, perched on an alpine meadow at 3600 meters.



The camp consisted of a large wood-frame mess building, about 150 three-man Polish tents in four rows flanking a line of flagpoles (a flag for every nationality present in camp), plus various auxiliary buildings for headquarters, generators, first aid, and storage. There was a large "hospitality" yurt where one could relax over tea and cookies. The food turned out to be very plain. Often breakfast would be a bowl of farina or bulgur wheat, plus bread, butter, jam and coffee. Dinner might be cabbage soup, canned beef, rice, and fresh tomatoes. There were, however, hot showers daily at 5:00 p.m., great sun for tanning, and the area surrounding the camp was dotted with alpine lakes and carpeted with flowers. Herds of sheep roamed the flanks of surrounding hills, and runoff streams from the Lenin glacier wove their way through the meadow.

The camp was rapidly filling with an assortment of European, Soviet, Japanese and American climbers. From the States were a Mountain Travel group and a California group headed for Pik Communism. English and German were the camp languages.

Our first day was spent attending informational meetings where we met our Soviet advisor, Victor Baibara, as well as our second interpreter and leader of the camp. We would have to carry a radio when away from camp and call in three times a day. A written plan was required for each departure from base camp. A physical examination would be given to all climbers. Some thought all this a bit bureaucratic, but considering the Soviets were hosting (and somewhat responsible for) several hundred climbers at one time, I don't agree.

Pik Petrovski is the usual training climb. It sits conveniently next to base camp and at 5200 meters is plenty high for a crew two days away from sea level. Tom, Ed, Clara and I were accompanied by Don Oberdorfer, a 50-year old teacher from California. We camped at 5000 meters) for acclimatization, and enjoyed the long summit ridge with its

superb views of the two-mile-wide north face of Pik Lenin.

Lenin is not a beautiful mountain. It is really a long ridge, aligned east-west, rising in gentle steps to 7134 meters over a steep snow and ice covered north face. There are only two avalanche-free routes. The "Lipkin" route gains the ridge from the west and the "Razdelny" route takes a long detour to the east, traversing under the north face, before climbing to the ridge. We chose the easier of the two, the Razdelny, partly because we would be among the first parties on the mountain in 1984. This was Clara's first experience at high altitude, and she would come along as far as she felt comfortable. We filed a plan for a Russian-style ascent, which involved returning twice to Base Camp from the upper camps to rest. Our choice of "Mickey Mouse" for a radio call sign delighted the Russians.

Lightheartedly leaving Base Camp at noon on July 17th with loads for Camp I, we were unprepared for the scale of the route (maps of the area are not available). A couple of miles of meadow, a river gorge a mile or two long, "Traveler's Pass," a 150 meter scree climb, a couple of miles slabbing along a ridge, all in rain and sleet, and we were half way. Tired, wet and disheartened, we dumped our loads and retreated to Base. Next day with a second load, we did better. Several miles up the Lenin glacier beyond our cache-point brought us to Camp I. A dozen tents brightened the black slate of the uppermost point of the left lateral moraine of the glacier. We were directly below the north face of the mountain. The summit appeared close enough for a day hike. Drying gear in the intense alpine sun, sipping Russian tea, anything seemed possible.

Leaving our VE-24s pitched at Camp I, we headed back to Base next morning, trooping through six inches of fresh snow. Lower down the trail was wet and loose. Tom, traveling fast, slipped and turned his ankle. He had to

continue on for five or six miles with the ankle swelling visibly. We didn't know it then, but the accident was to put tom out of action for the rest of the climb.

The rest of our "expedition" was scattered about. Rick Nolting and Barry Nash from Vail, Colorado were attempting a fairly difficult route on Pik 19 (peak of the Nineteenth Party Congress). Several others were trekking. Casimir Lorenz, 33, of Rochester, New York, was violently ill, and with his wife, Alex, was helicoptered to the hospital in Osh.

Ed and I were feeling strong, time for a Russian-style ascent was ebbing away, and we perhaps unwisely, decided to change our plans and make an alpine-style direct push. The Russians shook their heads but didn't try to stop us. Clara, Ed, and I pushed through to the standard Camp II at 5200 meters. It was an odd place for a camp, smack on top of an area of crevasses, but at least flat and safe from avalanches. Three feet behind our tent yawned a two-foot wide opening which we used for a latrine and dump. The freshly fallen snow covered who knows how many others.

We were thinking about dinner when a large party of Soviet climbers slogged in from Camp I. They proceeded to set up camp facing our tent, making no attempt to probe the area for crevasses. Even so, we thought they were holding a crevasse-rescue practice when they pulled a climber out of a small hole behind their tent. He was unhurt until the rescuers managed to crush him against the lip of the crevasse, pulling too vigorously. He was screaming in pain and couldn't breathe. A Soviet doctor from the group punctured his chest to ventilate the pleural cavity. Other Soviets prepared an evacuation litter. It was a crazy and chaotic scene--the language barrier preventing any non-Russian from helping, the Soviets milling about, people snapping photos, the poor climber, unsedated, gasping and moaning.

By good fortune, one of the U.S. Mountain travel clients was an American doctor of Russian descent. Vladimir

Lang spoke fluent Russian and was, of all things, an emergency room specialist. He stepped in, gave morphine, drained the chest (into my drinking cup and the cup to Ed's MSR stove) and stabilized the victim. What a plus for Soviet-American relations. As darkness fell, the long evacuation was underway. The man, we learned later, recovered fully.

Ed and I bid goodbye to Clara next morning and started the long climb to Camp II. It wasn't fun, 50 pound loads and soft snow. After seven hours, we halted near the top of Razdelny Pik, a small rise on the east ridge, and set up camp. We were at 6300 meters, a bit above and a half mile short of the regular Camp III. We rested during the next day, trying to sleep and eat as much as possible. Our Russian stove fuel, a kerosene-like jet fuel, permeated our clothing and food with a strong odor. Our appetites were not good.

Friday, July 27th, dawned windy and cold. Stalling till 11:00 a.m., we set off for Camp IV with three days food and fuel. Moderately steep rock and snow rise in a series of steps up the rounded ridge. Camp IV was the last flat spot on the ridge, about 6500 or 6600 meters.

We moved slowly but steadily under a brilliant sun and into a cold breeze. I felt fine, though I was breathing very deeply, taking perhaps five to twenty breaths per step. Ed tends to climb like a machine at high altitudes. He had been taking Diamox regularly and seemed in fine fettle. After seven hours, we elected to camp on what we decided was the last flat spot. The summit looked very close. I brewed dinner while Ed set up the tent. We had done this dozens of times before. We each had some soup but weren't hungry and crawled into our bags. The antenna of our Russian radio had broken that morning, so we missed our third successive radio call to Base.

After a couple of minutes in the bag, I felt a sudden chill and started to shiver wildly. My coordination disappeared; I felt like death. My mind was quite lucid but my body was in trouble. It was a combination, I think, of

hypothermia and altitude sickness. For the rest of the night, Ed boiled snow for hot water bottles which I clutched to my gut. When the fuel bottle was empty and the bottles cooled, we huddled together. I could not get warm.

With the sun, I decided I wasn't going to die. The shivering stopped, but I felt pretty bad and was in no condition to climb up or down. Our only shot for the summit was for Ed to go for it solo.

The decision to go for it was largely influenced by the fact that the remainder of the route was not reputed to be full of crevasses and the weather was still good. Our disappointing experience on McKinley two years ago--failing to make the summit after spending a frustrating week at the final camp waiting for the weather to get marginal--was not forgotten.

Ed decided that he should not take more than three or four hours to get to the summit and back. This would give me enough time to rest and we would have enough time to get down to a lower altitude. He filled his pockets with Russian chocolate, dressed warmly, and charged off.

The climb consisted of first scrambling up an easy cliff, then crossing a couple of snow fields and finally crossing a series of unending rocky ridges with patches of snow. Fortunately, a Russian had made the first ascent of the year on the previous day. His reliable tracks (it was his fourteenth time on the summit) were still visible despite the snow and wind of the previous night. Having to break trail alone was time consuming but Ed claims to have never felt better in the mountains, and felt as if he were jogging to the summit.

Clouds moved in slowly, apparently causing a somewhat uneasy feeling, and the pace quickened. The tracks were followed until there was nowhere to go except down. After a quick glance at the altimeter on an unattractive pile of rubble called the summit, Ed made a quick volte face, and proceeded down, trying to go as fast as possible to get back on time. He finally arrived back about five hours after leaving camp.

There was still time to pack up and go down. Breaking camp was a major undertaking. I seemed unable to coordinate hand and eye. For some reason, I stuffed my sleeping bag into my overloaded pack where it protruded like a burst sausage. Ed took the majority of the heavy stuff. We started down, though I couldn't recognize our surroundings or the route. Within minutes we were lost. Both of us were showing signs of the strain. A 60-degree drop-off in front of us prevented further descent so we camped, building a platform of rocks for the tent. After some fumbling, I pronounced "faulty valve" and we retired the stove. Dinner was granola bars smelling of kerosene.

All night I was sick to my stomach, and in the morning, we knew we had to get down quickly. Ed had to help me pack. Daylight revealed we were not far from the ridge-crest and we were able to slab horizontally back to it. As we gained the ridge, we almost tripped over an ascending climber. "Mickey Mouse?" he asked.

Since we had been out of radio contact for three days, everyone was on the lookout. Our friend was part of an Estonian party camped just below us. They fed us and gave us some wonderful kerosene-free Russian tea. Our morale, if not our strength soared. Three hours later we staggered into Camp III where some Austrians found us a tent and we were able to fire up our stove. The valve was, of course, okay. I was the one out of fuel. We slept and ate.

It took three more days to regain Base Camp, in part due to the deteriorating weather and strong winds. The Austrians, the Mountain Travel Group, and the Russians all were helpful. Below 6000 meters, we recovered rapidly. Beers stashed at Camp I by Tom and Clara (courtesy of the Russian pikots who gave Clara a helicopter ride around Pik Communism) didn't hurt. Clara was waiting at the meadow with more beer.

The camp was almost empty--everyone was out climbing--and we had the yurt to ourselves to celebrate. The next couple of days are a blur. I re-

member diarrhoea and lots of equipment swapping. The Russians had titanium ice screws and pitons, not much else. They wanted digital watches, stoves and clothing, but the most coveted item was my Sony Walkman. (No deal. How many ice screws can a person use?)

My diarrhoea slowly improved, while Ed started getting sicker and sicker (apparently a case of bad indigestion--too much warm food and Georgian champagne). Tom's ankle was still troublesome and everyone in the group was ill at one time or another. The Russian doctors (who were also sick) shrugged and handed out pills. We were all well enough to celebrate our departure on August 5th and it was a happy, if haggard group that boarded the buses for the torture of the ride to Osh. We were scheduled for a one-week tour of Central Asian cities--Tashkent, Bokhara, and Samarkand--and the bus stopped several times along the way to Osh, apparently so we wouldn't be early for our plane.

I have to give the tour mixed reviews. My problem returned with a vengeance. I saw few of the mosques but could write a book on the public toilets of Central Asia. The 100-degree heat, unappetizing food, and sometimes poor accommodations tended to dampen our enthusiasm for places rarely visited by Americans. Perhaps less tired and a bit stronger we might have enjoyed the tour more. In any case, we were delighted to see Moscow.

A visit to the Moscow circus was perhaps the highlight of the trip. The bears really do ride the motorcycles. The plane on the return trip stopped in Warsaw where, over a beer, we breathed collective sigh of relief, and in Amsterdam, where we all but kissed the ground. The U.S.A., even New York, was heaven.

NELSON HOUSE

Our generous landlord, Charles Nelson celebrated his 81st birthday on November 27th. We all join in wishing him the very best, and many, many more.

A Christmas Story

Santa squatted down, grunting softly, and loosened the laces of his Fires. "Fireboots," he muttered, "the boon to fatboys." The last chimney hadn't been easy--an offwidth horror all the way with scarce pro. He'd stopped halfway up, afraid to go on, and unable to back off. Calves cramping, a big locking 'biner gouging into his spine he asked himself The Question yet again, "why?" He had dipped his left hand into his chalkbag and forced himself to chant the little ditty that always recentered him. It was his mantra, in a way:

You better be good,
You better not cry
You better not pout
I'm tellin' you why:
Santa Claus is comin' to town.

He had gone on then, somehow, and topped out with a little sob of relief.

Santa could smell the reindeer although they were outside the circle of his headlamp. They were waiting restlessly, hooves chattering and slipping on the slick slate roof.

Santa peered down the chimney and whispered as loud as he could, "Off belay!" No answer. He pulled until he felt resistance and heard a squawk, "I'm not ready!"

"Damn elf," Santa growled exasperatedly and took a quick sip of rum from his silver hip flask, wincing as the rich Barbancourt burned a path to his belly.

"Up rope! Up rope!"

Santa quickly took up slack, then felt a strong jerk that twisted him around and smacked him face-first into the chimney. His headlamp went out.

"What's going on down there?" he bellowed in a stage whisper.

"Falling ..."

"Come on, come on."

"Santa, I can't get this piece out."

"Well, what is it?"

"A No. 3 Friend."

"Get it out anyway."

Self-pitying whines mixed with

muffled curses rose from the black hole. Santa yanked impatiently on the rope. Finally the elf scrambled over the lip of the chimney. There was no No. 3 Friend on the sling around its neck. Its face was tear streaked and its knees were bloodied. Skin was scraped from the knuckles of its left hand and a hole ripped in green polypro revealed an ugly gouge on its thigh.

"Jeminy Christmas," Santa said unkindly, "what did you use for technique?"

They racked gear in uncomfortable silence.

"O.K., let's review the list. That was James' apartment. What did he ask for?"

"The elf squinted at the list in the moonlight. "Um...something warm to snuggle up with."

"What did you leave?"

"A fleece-covered hot water bottle."

Santa gave the disheveled elf a sharp glance. "Have we hit Ed and Clara's yet?"

"Yeah...that's where I got this."

The elf pulled up its torn polypro longjohn bottoms to display fang marks on its ankle.

"Ah yes," smiled Santa. "I let you lead that one this year. What did you leave them?"

"Simplicity patterns for the holiday-minded hound. You know--little whippet sized tuxedos with padded shoulders and ermine trimmed riding capes and..."

"I get the picture. Wasn't it Nori who wanted a customized Snugglie with side pockets for chalk and slings for climbing hardware?" Santa shook his head in disgust. "These modern mothers!"

Santa limped to the sleigh, throwing gear, rope and elf in the back. The reindeer rose, rather stiffly from the long wait, toward another part of the sleeping city.

"Yes, I used to be damn good," said Santa. "I was in my prime during the Golden Age of climbing. Once left Warren Harding a pair of black lace



panties and a jug of Gallo Hearty Burgundy in his bat tent when he was on the Nose. That was years ago. And then there was that fellow who wanted nothing more than a can of sardines. Went all the way up Everest to make sure he got his sardines. Without oxygen. Reindeer suffered terribly."

The elf pretended interest although he had heard the stories many times before.

"Now here's an interesting request," the elf volunteered, trying to change the subject. "Tom wants a Berlitz record of Russian for Tourists, and Ann wants a Berlitz record of Southern for Tourists."

Santa reined in the animals on the front lawn of a house somewhere in Maryland. Steam rose from their bodies and billowed from their nostrils like dragonbreath.

Blitzen had somehow gotten his crupper strap twisted and was flailing about like an insane creature. Santa cursed the loss of time as he untangled the harness and quieted the big reindeer.

He dragged the drowsing elf out of the sleigh. "Now look, it's easy third class up the roof across to that interesting hand traverse and into the window. A piece of cake. 5.5--5.6 max."

The elf looked at the interesting hand traverse and blanched. "I can't do

that," it shrieked, and began to cry again.

"Shut up! I led the last one. I'm sick and tired of listening to your whining. Now take the rack and get up there or I'll make you lead the Dorian Route."

"No, not the Dorian route," said the elf.

Santa draped the heavy rack over the elf's head, put it on belay and gave it a nasty shove.

The elf took four bad leader falls before it was able to weakly mantle onto the window sill and roll to safety with waning strength.

It came out quickly enough, but lollygagged over setting up the rappel. At last it rapped off, got its jinglebell sash caught in the figure-eight, cut through the sash and one strand of rope with its Swiss Army knife before it made it to the ground, safe but badly shaken.

Santa was in a frenzy of rage and impatience.

"Well?" he sputtered.

"The Swensons," panted the elf. "Eric wanted to climb two grades better than he does, and Gordon wants to avoid rockfall for the rest of his life."

Santa scrutinized the horizon that was already showing streaks of red. "Dammit," he said. "We're going to have to bag it since you can't seem to go any faster. Next time I'll take Ms. Claus. Only trouble is she hogs all the leads and runs it out like a maniac."

Santa and the dejected elf got into the sleigh. Santa had to lay into the exhausted animals with his buggy whip to clear the Washington Monument.

"O.K., flick the switch," Santa directed.

The elf fumbled a cassette into a large portable tape player, turned the volume to max and hit "play".

"Merry Christmas to All, and to All a Goodnight!," boomed down across the snow shrouded mall. A lone jogger broke stride, fiddled with the controls of his Walkman, shrugged and jogged on.

By Nori Gessler

HANGING AROUND

Veteran's Day Weekend

It was an unusually motley crew indeed, Canuck, Genny and myself that piled in to Peggy Thursday afternoon, headed for the fleshpots of New Paltz and the land of the overhung. The depth of hoarfrost on Walden's cars promised a cold night, and Genny confirmed it by hogging (dogging) whatever sleeping bag wasn't wrapped snugly about Canuck.

As the weather was cold on Friday (and we colder), route selection was confined to simple pursuits. Just as well, too, since neither of us could get limber, and subsequent lumbering served only to place us in uncomfortable and extraordinary contortions. We hastened chastened back to our central-puppy-heated tent.

Saturday broke cool and damp as we met nobody at the Plaza Diner as we hadn't arranged, so we quickly broke fast and chased the sun, breaking through the clouds, back to the Trapps. Saturday being a school day ("the week's over, time to go to climbing school"), the rocks were infested with behelmed top-ropers. We, being eager to avoid the previous day's antics, determined to warm up slowly, and clad in multiple layers, perspired our way up the ferocious Bunny, whose crux is surely the preliminary hop off the ground. Canuck, while pretending to belay me, had cast her covetous eye on the route next door (no, not Retribution--the other next door, Fancy Idiot). Fancy that, you idiot, there's no pro, and its ground fall all the way. To the ground.

Of course the very next thing we do is to help a climber who has ground fallen off Pas de Deux and because of his mauvais pas has a broken paw, namely a shattered heel. Bandaged and splinted and on the truck, we bade him a cheery goodluck and do Maria.

Meanwhile, El Sol had palled, and unlike Saul who saw the light and became Paul to spread warmth and good cheer among men, our Palled Sol was cold and drear, and our climbing day was over. Desirous of warmth, good cheer (and desire), we headed for Some Like It Hot, where for a few paltry dollars one can have 1) hot water; 2) lots of it; 3) a large tub to put the lots of hot water in; and 5) your choice of music while bathing in bliss. The turn of the century house in which Some Like It Hot is located (by the way, down Academy Street, across from Barnaby's) has been tastefully renovated to retain its late Victorian charm while featuring four hot tubs, a sauna/tanning

room, a massage room and a flotation tank. If you want a weekend half-hour slot, call 914/255-1515 by Wednesday to make make a reservation.

On the seventh day it rained, and we took advantage of the poor weather by spending another hour in a hot tub and yet another hour at the Chateau Georges Winery. For those of you (and there were many) who stayed in D.C., remember that now there is no excuse. The fleshpots now feature hot tubs and wineries to enjoy while the overhung nurse their heads, and the overhangs hang ever on, awaiting sun and bold leaders to overcome them. Hunk venerii, semper Gunkitas.

Stuart Pregnall

UP ROPE NEEDS EDITORIAL HELP

This is the last issue which was put out with the talented help of Nori. Last month, Nori Gessler resigned from UP ROPE because of an editorial disagreement and for personal reasons of a happier nature.

Nori started helping to produce UP ROPE in May and not only typed and laid out our pages but also wrote most of the copy of the special issue on women's climbing in July/August. Nori's help and not too forget her enjoyable art work will be truly missed.

UP ROPE is the Section news and if you like to help reporting, writing, drawing, typing or can help with the mailing, please see me soon.

Joe Wagner, Editor

1985 SECTION DUES NOW DUE!

This is the official notice that membership dues for calendar year 1985 are now due and must be paid before January 20, 1985. Annual dues are \$15.00 + \$10.00/member for family and joint memberships; and \$10.00 for non-resident members.

Please make check payable to Mountaineering Section, PATC and mail to Treasurer, MS, PATC, 1718 N Street NW, Washington DC 20036 or hand over at the Section meeting.

Dave Atkinson, Treasurer

MISSED AN UP ROPE ISSUE THIS YEAR?

If you did not receive all your issues of UP ROPE this year, please contact the Editor.

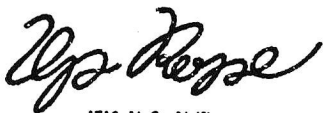
If you moved, paid your dues after March or the copy simply disappeared in the mails we can send you replacement issues. But you have to let us know soon and specify either the missing issue or the last issue received.

CLIMBER'S CALENDAR

For program information, call PATC tape (202/638-5306) during daytime; for trips call the leader or Tom Russell (301/869-8058). Day trips to top rope or short multipitch climbs require no partner. Weekend trips (identified with an asterisk*) are to lead climbing areas. Please arrange for your own climbing partner(s) in advance. For instruction in basic and advanced rock climbing techniques, call John Teasdale (301/262-9128). Basic Rock Climbing is a four part course: introduction to rock climbing at a nearby crag followed by additional instruction on three regularly scheduled Section Sunday climbs.

December 2	Crescent Rocks	Charlie Dorian	301/946-2373
December 4	Executive Committee Meeting	Charlie Dorian	301/946-2373
December 5	Reception, PATC HQ, 5:30-7:00 pm:		
	Michel, Monastyrski, USSR Mountaineering Federation		
December 9	Sugarloaf Mountain	Ed Cummings	301/933-1457
December 12	Section Meeting, PATC HQ, 8:00 pm		
	Program: Climbing in the West, Pete Grant		
December 16	Sugarloaf Mountain	Tom Russell	301/869-8058
January 2	Executive Committee Meeting	Charlie Dorian	301/946-2373
January 9	ANNUAL SECTION MEETING, PATC HQ, 8:00 pm		
	Election of officers- 1984 Pamirs Expedition		

January climbing will be on an ad hoc basis. Call Tom Russell for weekend plans. (301/869-8058)



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ADDRESS CORRECTION REQUESTED
