



FOUNDED BY
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The Mountaineer's Tale

A vision dark upon my mind
But slowly comes to life so clear,
Reminding me of days unkind,
Spent living as a mountaineer.

Of many climbs it could be shown
I've held my ground as death rode near.
But those events will go unknown
By any other mountaineer.

Within these lines I'll briefly tell
A single tale of pain and fear,
One great ascent through wintry hell,
The triumph of this mountaineer.

I. A Higher Calling

Exalted blood of climbers past,
With spirits born to pioneer,
Traditions strong and nobly cast
Are pulsing through this mountaineer.

A vintage line of gentlemen —
And not some horde of gadgeteers,
Whose battles with that wretched Ken
Annoy us peaceful mountaineers.

That fetid cur who plucks their bolts,
As Gollum would his pimply rear,
They pray Ken gets a million volts
Or else becomes a mountaineer.

Their ethics feuds are grist for fools.
I gladly pull and step on gear
And love a climb which has no rules
Confining any mountaineer.

The bars at which their bods are built
Serve salad greens instead of beer.
Along this climb they'd quickly wilt,
Unlike a mighty mountaineer.

No lycra e'er these legs have clad.
The boastful touch of bayadere
And pomp of that obnoxious fad
Ill suits a stoic mountaineer.

I contemplate the heights sublime
Across another hemisphere.
The Gunks, The New and Utah lime
Are practice for this mountaineer.

The mountains boldly summon you
Away from young rock engineers
Whose chisels, glue and beta spew
Are worthless to us mountaineers.

II. Getting Started

We organize a peerless team
With only those whose sole career
Devoted to the routes supreme
And passions of a mountaineer.

A sponsor must support our goal;
And you can be our financier.
Ten grand will keep us off the dole
And underwrite a mountaineer.

A virgin peak receives our nod,
My patrons want a route premier.
For money spent on climbs well trod
Is wasted on a mountaineer.