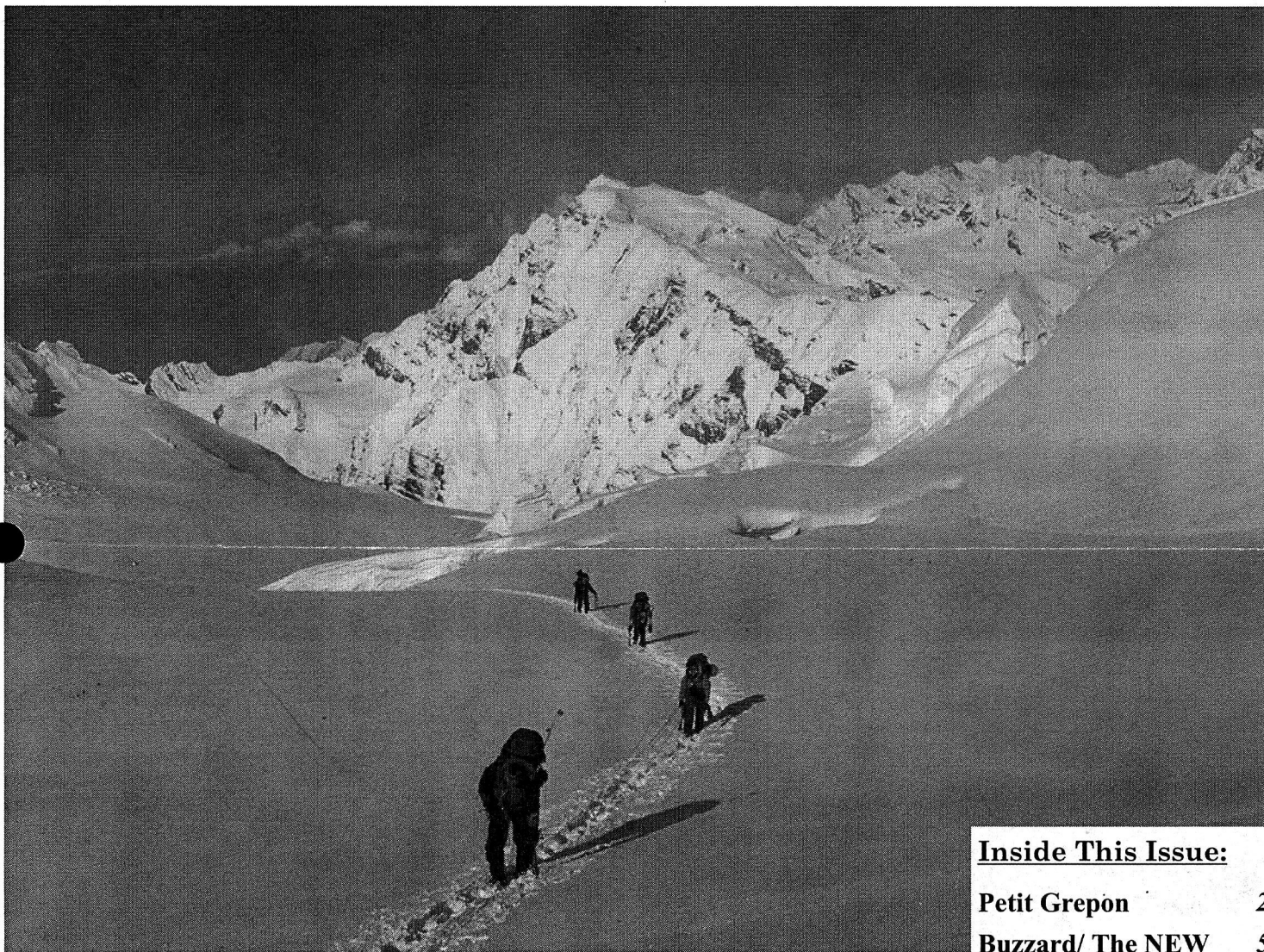


Up the Nose

FOUNDED BY
HERB AND JAN CONN

Volume 61 Issue Three

Fall 2006



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India

by Joshua Baker

What a wonderful and magnificent country. From the mountains and the monkeys to the swamis and the snake charmers, there is no place like it in the world. I spent two months there, but feel like I only got a small taste of what the country has to offer. The Indian Himalaya alone is big enough for a lifetime of adventure. A year and a half ago this trip was merely a fantasy sparked by a short catalog description. I never thought it would actually happen, let alone turn out to be such a profound experience.

For as long as I can remember I have enjoyed outdoor activities: skiing, snowboarding, mountain biking, and especially rock climbing. I took my first climbing lesson when I was 12 from the EMS Climbing School in North Conway, NH. My friend Jon and I were guided up Upper Refuse, which is a 3-pitch 5.5 on the upper part of Cathedral Ledge. We were instantly hooked and wanted to climb all the time. Well we did, and by a year later were already both leading decent traditional routes. I have been in love with climbing ever since. (con't p. 8)

The Petit Grepon One of America's 50 Classic Climbs Marty Comiskey

In late July, I flew out to Colorado for my annual climbing trip with Lee Jenkins. We had about 8-9 days set aside for climbing. Our primary objective was to climb the *Petit Grepon* in Rocky Mountain National Park (RMNP). The *Petit* was named one of America's classic climbs by Steve Roper in his book *America's 50 Classic Climbs*.

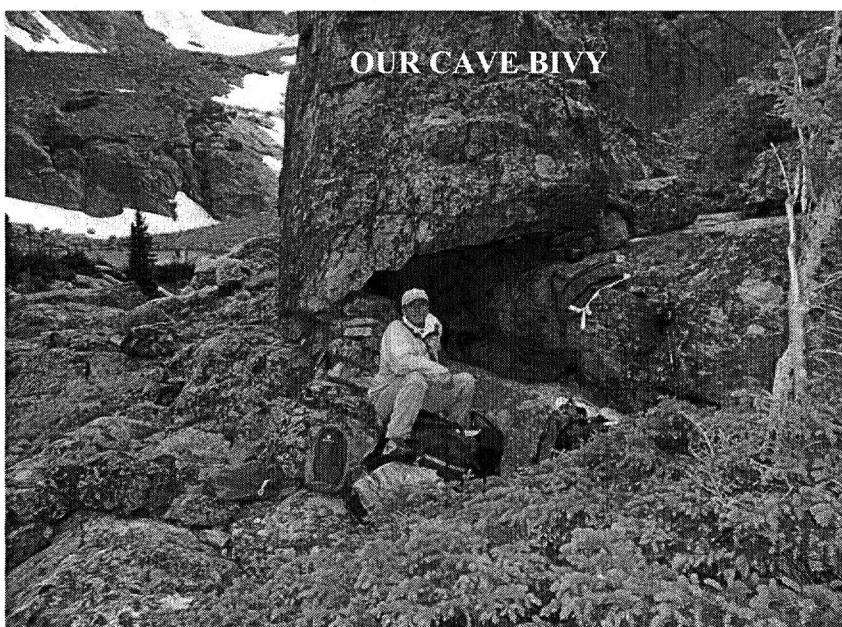
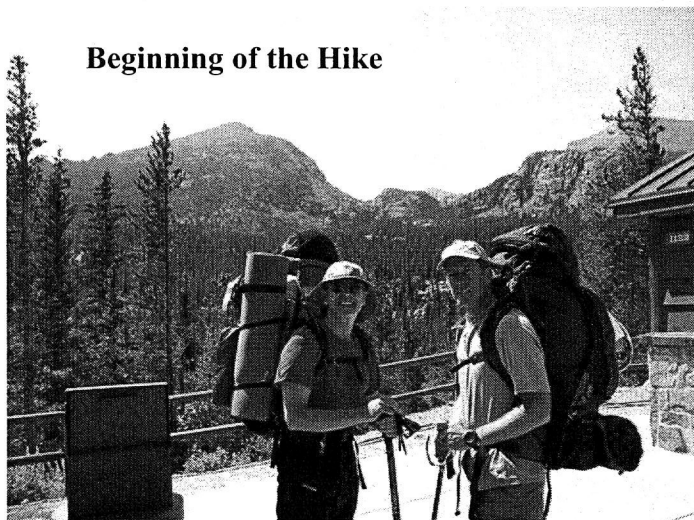
I arrived in Denver on a Saturday and the weather forecast was calling for a high temperature of 101 degrees. "But, it is a dry heat!" – it is a cliché, but it's partially true. It was hot, but manageable.

Lee picked me up at the airport and we headed off to Estes Park, the entrance into RMNP. We were driving up Big Thompson Canyon toward the park when we decided to pull off the road to do some mixed sport/trad routes on Combat Rock. We did 3 routes (5.7 – 5.10) and then checked into our motel.

Sunday, our first full day of climbing was spent crag climbing in RMNP at Lumpy Ridge which is visible from the road in Estes Park. We did two routes (*Batman & Robin* and *White Whale* - a total of 6 pitches) to work out the kinks and such before we tackled our main objective.

On Monday morning we set off for the back country and the *Petit*. It was going to be a leisurely day; hike in, set up camp, relax and then climb the following day. Things did not go according to plan (so what else is new?). First off, the parking lot at the trail head was full, so we had to drive down the mountain to the full service parking lot and take the shuttle bus back to the trailhead.

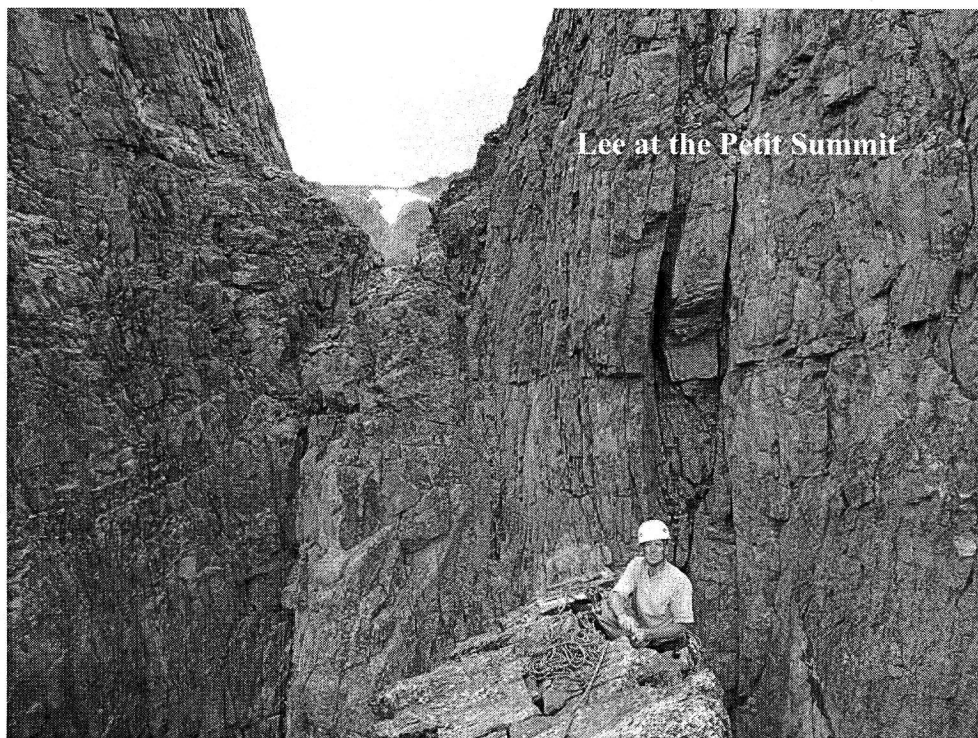
Beginning of the Hike



It is impossible to pack lite if you are climbing and camping. What with two ropes, trad rack, helmet, shoes and other climbing gear plus food, sleeping bags, bivy sacks and such our packs had to weigh 60 plus pounds. I do not like to hike and hiking with 60 pounds at altitude makes it even more disagreeable. Lee is a hiking machine and he took it easy on me, stopping frequently so I could rest. The hike in was about 5 miles with 3000 feet of elevation gain.

The first third of the hike was crowded, as the trail was full of tourists (and the occasional horse) hiking up to see the water fall. After we passed the falls, the trail traffic thinned out and we were pretty much on our own. The hike in is very picturesque; flowing rivers, water falls, several alpine lakes, interesting rock formations, etc. Then it started to

rain. It was not one of your typical afternoon thunder showers that came and went quickly. It rained and rained



Lee at the Petit Summit

and rained. We managed to find a small "cave" and sat out the rain for over three hours.

The rain finally stopped and we resumed our hike. For the entire length of the hike you cannot see the *Petit* as it is hidden from view by another mountain buttress. We reached the end of the trail, and the *Petit* was finally revealed to us (and I was a bit intimidated; although I didn't say anything to Lee).

The *Petit* is 8 pitches (III 5.8), approx. 1000 feet of face, chimney and crack climbing with lots of exposure and airy belays and an exciting summit measuring 6 by 20 feet. Six double rope rappels brings you back down.

RMNP regulations do

not allow any tent sites in this high alpine area, so we scouted out some suitable bivy sites. Over the years, climbers have added to and built up some of the natural cave formations that exist in the boulder/talus fields and we spent the night sleeping under a 20 ton concave rock that was balanced atop another rock. We thought about it falling down on us while we slept, but if you worried about falling rock, would you ever rock climb? We slept relatively soundly and awoke around 5:30 a.m. to climb the *Petit*.

A short 30 minute approach brought us to the first pitch. There was one party ahead of us, and one party coming up the talus field behind us. This is a relatively slow day for the most popular alpine climb in RMNP. Lee took the first lead and we switched leads to the summit (Lee got the crux 5th. pitch). I got both chimney leads as well as the *Pizza Pan* belay.

We started climbing really fast, averaging about 30 minutes a pitch for both the leader and follower. We were really feeling good; then we entered the second half of the climb and things started to slow down. I overshot the belay on the 4th. pitch and instead had to set up a dicey hanging belay out on the face (praying all the time that Lee would not fall to test the belay anchor).

On the 7th. pitch Lee got a little off route and we had some rope drag issues. The pro on the last couple of pitches is a bit sketchy and run out and that also slowed us down. We finally submitted and then it began to rain (and then hail). We set up our rap ropes and started down, when the party trailing us (and who had now bailed after the 6th. pitch) yelled up to us to ask if they could jump on our rap ropes.

Boy, were they in over their heads; two young college kids. The leader was doing all of the leads. It was his first alpine climb. The second was out on his first multi-pitch trad climb. They had one quart of water between them for the entire day and only one rope (even though you need two to get down. There is a hike off the back side but it requires you to hike all around the mountain before you can get back to the first pitch, where you may have left some gear and such.) They didn't know anything about the rap anchors/exit, where they were or how many ropes needed, etc.

Rapping down with four people in a rain/hail storm is a slow process. On the way down, the second in our "rescued party" never said a single word (I think he was scared to death). Six double rope rappels, two stuck ropes and some lost time looking for rap anchors and we were down. 7 ½ hours to climb; 3 ½ hours to rap down; 1 hour to approach and return to camp = 12 plus hours; a long day. But, it wasn't over yet.

For several reasons, we all decided to hike out rather than spend another night at the bivy. I was slow hiking in, but I was really slow hiking out (blisters on my feet didn't help). Everyone beat me to the trailhead by a long, long time (Lee hiked out ahead of me so he could get a ride back to our car; remember, it wasn't at the trailhead. Lee was worried about me hiking out alone, but I assured him I was OK). Hiking out by headlamp, the only way I could tell sometimes I was on the trail was to follow the horse shit left on the trail.

Rapping down the Petit



Total time for the approach, climb, rap and hike out to the car was approx. 16 hours. Damn, I was tired. Thank god, the next day was a rest day!! For the rest of the trip, Lee and I did lots of local crag climbing staying close to the car. We climbed in Independence Pass, Buena Vista, South Platt River Valley and Boulder Canyon.

While I bitched and moaned about all the hiking and such, after a few days of crag climbing (and beer drinking nights) Lee and I are already planning next year's epic!!

A quick summary of our trip/climbs:

Sat.	Combat Rock	-	Rambo Santa 5.7
			Arkansas Patriot 5.10a
			Arkansas Patriot Left 5.8
Sun.	Lumpy Ridge	-	Batman and Robin 5.6 (3 pitches)
			White Whale 5.7 (3 pitches)
Mon.	Hike in to the Petit		
Tues.	climb and hike out	-	Petit Grepon, Grade III 5.8 (8 pitches)
Wed.	Rest day		
Thurs.	Independence Pass, Turkey Rock - Right Wing 5.6 (3 pitches)		
	Buena Vista, Cholate Tower - Chicken Runner 5.7		
			Slingin the Chicken 5.9
Fri.	South Platt, Bucksnot Slab -		Classic Dihedral 5.7+ (2 pitches)
Sat.	Boulder Canyon, The Dome - The Owl 5.7+ (2 pitches)		
Sun.	fly home		



Steve Roper was right. The *Petit Grepon* is a great climb. It is truly a classic. It has everything; a beautiful setting high in the mountains (summit is approx. 12,000 feet), a nice hike (if you like to hike!) a variety of different climbing (face, chimney and crack), great exposure, an airy summit, exciting rappels. A definite "must do" climb.

Buzzard Rocks August 13th

Ross Hess

I met Eric Boesch at Oakton, and we headed out to Buzzard. When we reached the first lookout on the trail, we were impressed with the views. Despite it being late summer, there was very little haze, and we could see for miles.

To warm up, I led Raising Arizona, and Eric led Failure to Communicate. At that time, Jason Salmanoff caught up with us. I then led Pulp Friction. I've led it twice this year, but each time, I've slipped near the beginning. There's a nice crack to the right, and I try to avoid it, but I keep finding myself working back towards it.

On that note, we discussed the posted grades in the area. The general consensus seems to be that the grades are far too stiff for the climbs. One could argue, though, that the grades are appropriate if one were to head straight up each climb. That gets into the type of on/off questions that one might encounter at Carderock, though, and may not have been contemplated by the original grader.

Anyway, Eric then led *Ass Cannibal*, which has a very nice overhang in the middle. I rounded things out with a lead of *Melungian Brotherhood*. Of note, both of these climbs are over 100', and thus require two raps if using one 50m or 60m rope. There is currently a blue sling with two rap rings on a tree part way down. While I inspected it, another climber told me that it has been there since May. It seemed to be in good shape, but should probably be replaced yearly. I'm sure that others in the Club would have opinions on that matter. Also, from the tree at the top of *Melungian Brotherhood*, I barely made it to the tree with a 60m rope. It's the "easy" times like those when I'm glad that I back up my raps with an autoblock knot.

The weather was great, but the sun did finally get to us around 4pm. We wanted to try out some of the climbs further down the face, but we'll have to wait for another day. We then headed down to the swimming hole for a few minutes. We actually noticed a name for it, The Red Hole. It was a great day. And yes, I'll be a trip report available shortly for the Sierra trip.

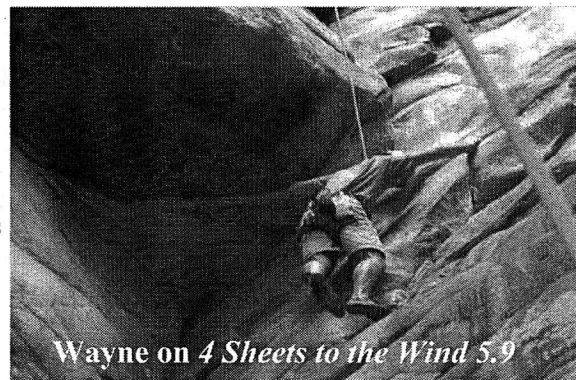
The New in August By Wayne Stone

Dharma and I went to the New River Gorge last weekend - holy cow! I am itchin' to get back down there despite the 5 hr drive. We camped at the Kaymoor Campground (Roger's) - pretty Spartan place. The slanty porty potty made things interesting and the lack of shade made it a little hot - but overall a nice place. Roger (at least that is what I called the host) was most accommodating - he even let me borrow his headlamp to put up my tent.

We started off Saturday morning like most other climber trash in the Cathedral Cafe. Blueberry pancakes and coffee sure hit the spot. Dharma saw some folks from Alexandria Sport Rock and then we were out the door to the climbing.

Our Saturday destination was Summersville. We decided it would be nice to swim after cranking out a few routes. We warmed up on *MENACE ALERT* (5.9) - nice face climb with a little overhang at the top. The Orange Oswald Wall was packed - looked like gym climbing to me. So we retreated to *THAT EIGHT* (5.7) and *SNIFF THE DRILL* (5.8). That Eight was fun - it has a little finger crack that you lay-back on and somewhat airy. *SNIFF THE DRILL* actually seemed easier and was fun in its own way. We left this area and headed over to the *GUN WALL* (*PEROT? WALL?*) - but on the way we got sidetracked by *TWO FINGER LIMIT* (5.8). TFL is a super fun climb but with a high first bolt. You can use a tree that is right beside the rock if you want - the first moves are so secure that the tree is really not needed. TFL was longer than any of the others we had climbed. We left TFL and made our way over to *TRIGGER HAPPY* (5.9+) in my guidebook - 10a in some others. Basically, Dharma and I got spanked by this climb. I tried it 3 times, but ended up dropping to the ground 3 times (6 to 8 ft of dropping). The problem was that first bolt - it is about 15 to 17 feet off the deck and there is a cruxie move to get to it. We decided to call it a day and swim. We did see a woman do the climb on top rope and it is a committing move.

On Sunday, we were going to try the climbs at Kaymoor, but they looked a lot harder than I thought we could pull off. So, I spoke to Roger and he said the *JUNKYARD WALL* was a nice trad/top-ropeing area. That is where we went. The approach is ridiculous (short). I lead *DISTORTIONIST* (5.6) and then we top-roped *TEAM JESUS* (5.10a/b). Around the corner I spied *YOSEMITE* (5.9) and it looked good. Dharma set the top-rope rigging and I flailed my way up it. I watch Dharma climb it later and saw a key foot that she used that I didn't. The next climb was *4 SHEETS TO THE WIND* (5.9+). This was definitely the high-light climb of the weekend. Great moves in the corner and 2 overhangs to pull. Definitely want to lead this one next time I am down there (maybe TR it again to dial it in).



Wayne on 4 Sheets to the Wind 5.9

Submitting Articles

- **Keep articles 1000 words or LESS.** ★★★★★
- Most picture formats will work (Prefer JPEGs)
- Most text documents (Prefer WORD).
- **Send pictures separately and please do not imbed pictures in text documents;** it makes for formatting nightmares.
- Snail Mail : send to **UPROPE NEWSLETTER**

How to join the Potomac Mountain Club

1. Down Load membership form from the following website:
2. http://www.patc.net/chapters/mtn_sect/join.html
3. Mail in \$15.
4. Sign up for the LISTSERVER at the following:
http://www.patc.net/chapters/mtn_sect/listserv.html

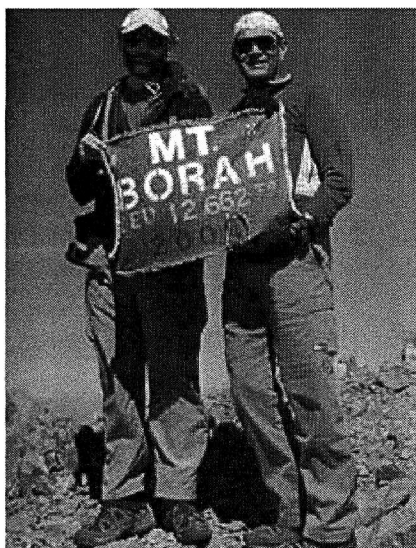
ROCKFALL

- View PMC pictures <http://patc.biow.org/gallery/>
- See the UPROPE on-line in brilliant color
- New Club T-shirts, long and short sleeves \$10
- New Club Directory February 28th, 2007
- **READ CURRENT EVENTS & NOTICES ONLINE**
- **2007 Election Committee during the October Meeting**

NOTICE

2007 Membership Renewals due by January 31, 2007

Renewals received after this deadline will be assessed a \$5 administration fee. Applies to current members ONLY.



Left: John & Mack on Mt. Borah.
Above: Our former "Welcome Wagon", Rebecca Hage & new Daughter

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- **Vincent Penoso:** GEARMEISTER

REGUNKS

BY John Oster

There were originally going to be a cast of thousands at the Gunks for Labor Day weekend, but most folks bailed due to impending threats of rain. I drove up with Steve Mistler and Adam Duncan. After a tour of the DC beltway and a short side trip to Manhattan to pick up Emily Senz, we finally rolled into the Gunks Friday morning around 6 am (OUCH!). Steve was raring to go, so he headed off with Bill Dudley, while the three of us power-napped a couple hours. It was going to be a long day, but we knew Friday was the best for weather. I took Emily and Adam up *Madame Gs* and *Baby* (couple of sweet 5.6s), then we hooked up with Steve and Bill at Bachus for 'beers and lies' as Bob Graver would say. Steve (a brand-spanking new trad leader mind you) led the second pitch of *High E* (awesome!). Bill and Steve also did *Disneyland* and *Gelsa*. I think Bob G. and his family and friends did some hiking, and then climbed *Brat*. It rained lightly that night.

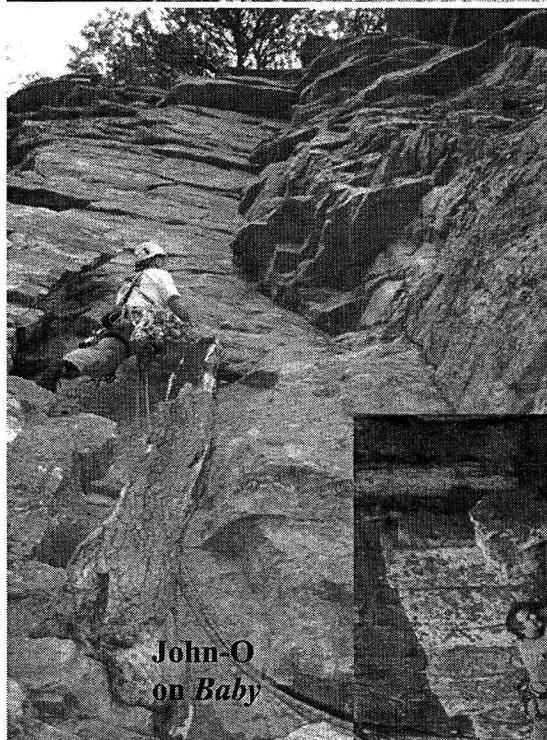
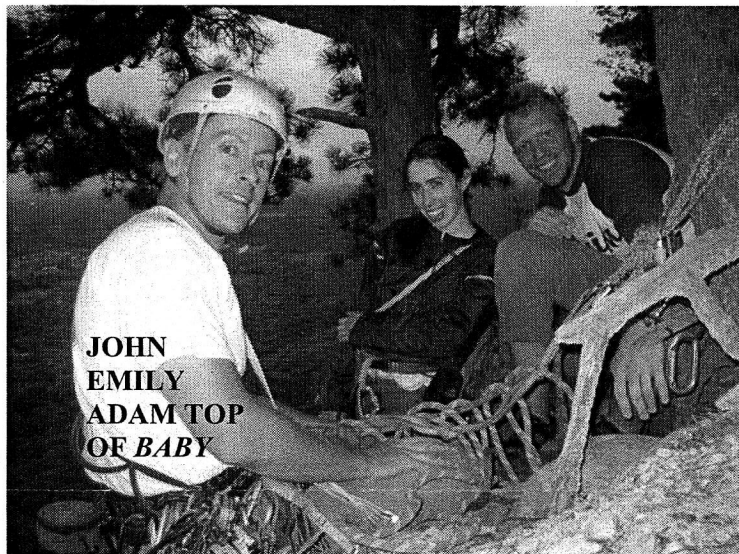
Saturday morning the four of us got some climbs in before the rain hit. I led a wet and challenging *Laurel* (slippery enough as it is when it hasn't been raining) and Steve did a nice run up *Rhododendron*, allowing Adam and Emily to get some crack climbing experience. After the rain returned, we spent the rest of the day shopping for gear and eating. I think Bob G. and company got some more hikes in.

Sunday the rock was completely soaked....the lower pitch of *Horseman*, which usually stays dry, was wet, and even the overhangs were wet. So, Steve and I took Emily and Adam up *3 Pines*, which was completely wet, but doable and fun. The four of us even enjoyed a little sun as we neared the top. I opted for the 5.6 finish, which I had never done before and had dried out. I think Bob did some more hiking with friends that day. The four of us stuck around for Monday, but everyone else had left.

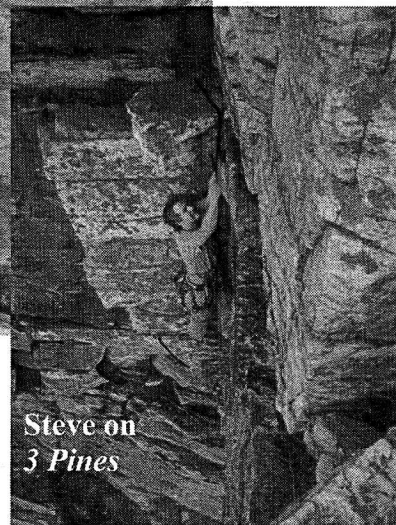
On Monday, we woke up to nice weather. Ralph gave us a tour of the Gristmill distillery, as he was in the process of making sour mash. Apparently Ralph is the first to make bourbon in the state

of NY. Sampling bourbon, vodka, and whiskey before breakfast is a rather interesting way to greet the day! The four of us did *Bloody Bush*, a 5.5 / 5.6 two-pitch climb. Man...that first pitch says 5.5 G, but I thought the gear was a bit spooky.

While the weather wasn't perfect, we did manage to get some climbing in every day and had a blast hanging out in New Paltz.



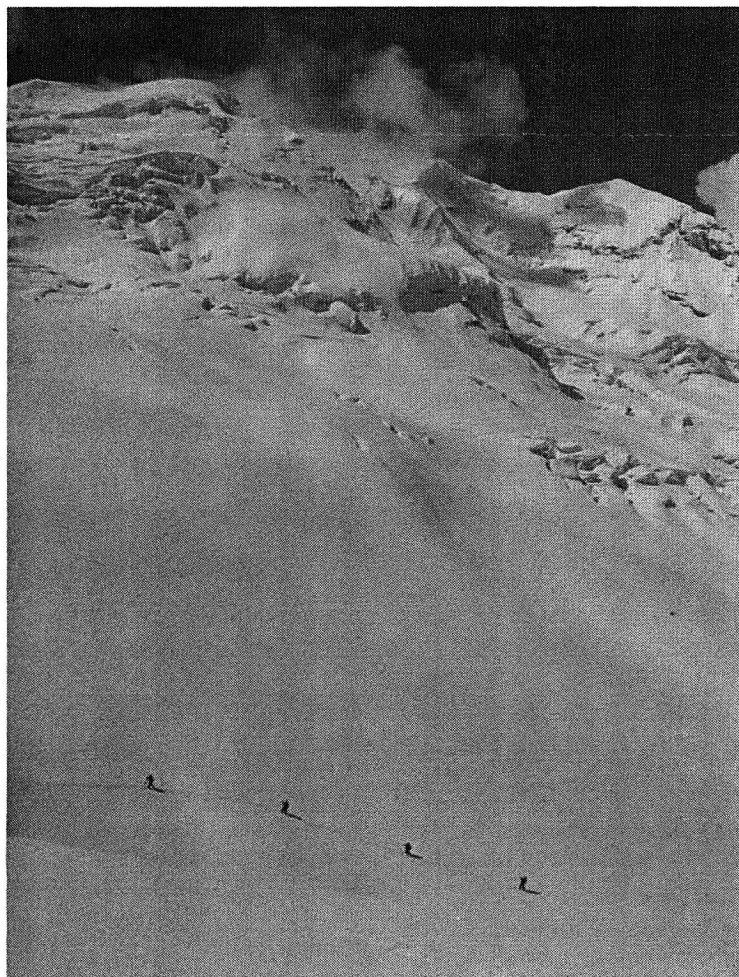
John-O
on Baby



Steve on
3 Pines

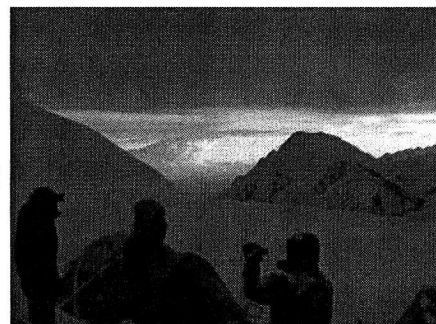
India, (con't)

As I grew older and delved deeper into climbing, alpine mountaineering began to perk my interest. But like climbing, I felt mountaineering was not something you can just blindly attempt; there needs to be some sort of formal instruction. I first learned about NOLS (National Outdoor Leadership School) in high school, and thought it would be a great way to break into the sport. When I told my parents I wanted to spend a month trekking across Alaskan glaciers, they weren't too shocked given my passion for rock climbing and various other outdoor hobbies; however, they were a little taken aback by the price. They said if I wanted to go climb mountains in Alaska that was fine with them, but I would have to pay for it. Needless to say my hopes of seeing the Northern Lights anytime soon dwindled, but the dream always lingered in the back of mind.



Ten years later I had finished high school, graduated from college, and already spent a few years

in the working world. I had been in and out of rock climbing during that time, and dabbled with some ice. I had also developed a taste for traveling, having spent time in Canada, Mexico, China, Chile, Costa Rica, Honduras, and Hawaii. One spring afternoon I found myself in the Georgetown Patagonia store thinking about where my next adventure would be. As I waited for a friend to finish perusing I sat down to take a look at some of the magazines, and quickly found the NOLS catalog. It all looked so enticing, but would I ever really do it? I had been thinking about it for years, but how could I make it work with my job? How would I pay for it? Then I turned the page and saw the Himalayan mountaineering course. I read through the description and decided immediately that I had to do this, no matter what. A year later I found myself in the Delhi airport at 4:00 am with 16 people I barely knew, groggy from the 22 hours of traveling I had already done, and leery about the full day of travel ahead.



From Delhi we traveled 14 hours by bus to Ranikhet, which is in the Kumaon mountain range. The Kumaon range borders Tibet and Nepal, both of which we were fairly close to at times. We spent a few days in Ranikhet acclimatizing, getting over our jet lag, receiving detailed briefings about the trip, and gearing up. From there we took another long bus ride to the trail head, and said goodbye to the world of cars, roads, and telephones. We spent the next month on foot, humping most of our own gear with the occasional help of some trusty mules.

We began our hike in Loharkhet on 4/11/06, and started our journey through the Pindari Valley. We trekked all the way to the Pindari Glacier, which took us roughly 4-5 days. We setup camp at the foot of the Pindari Glacier on a plot presided over by a local Swami; elevation 12,000 ft. NOLS instructors have built a strong relationship with this Swami over the last 15 years, and he always welcomes NOLS expeditions. We stayed here for another 4-5 days learning all the crucial mountaineering skills we had not covered yet,

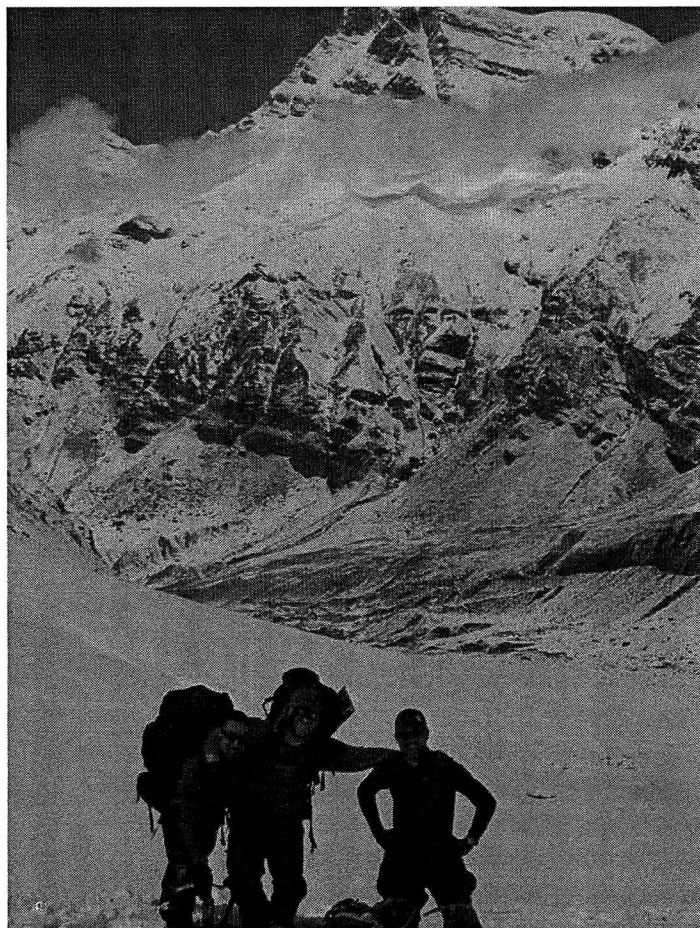
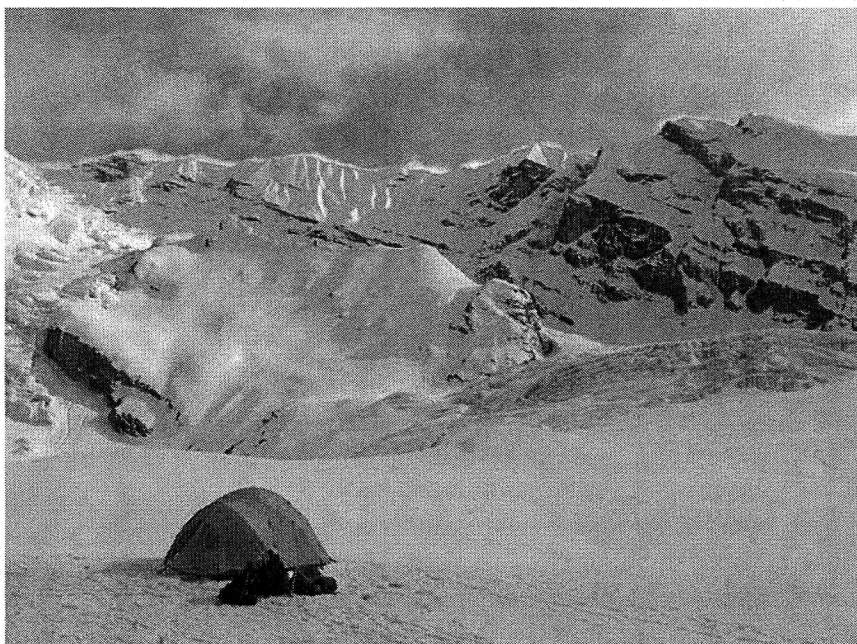
such as glacier travel, self-arresting, and crevasse rescue. We also had many opportunities to interact with the Swami, and add a little spiritual enlightenment to our journey. From here we made our way high into the mountains, and spent the next 2 ½ weeks on glaciers without seeing any other sign of life.

Our goal was to cross from the Pindari valley over two high passes and down into the Milam valley. Only 1/3 of NOLS courses ever actually complete the traverse because of the high altitudes, unpredictable weather, and large majority of novices in the group. Most trips end up turning back at some point and hiking out the Pindari Valley. However, the Hindu gods must have been on our side as we passed under the watchful eye of Nanda Devi (second tallest mountain in India; elevation 25,645 ft). We had only minor injuries, and the weather held off just long enough for us to pass through this pristine section of the Himalayas. We reached a high point of 18,558 ft as we topped out on Dhana Dhura pass. It was truly a moment of glory for all of us.

We encountered a few difficulties on the way down, but overall it went fairly smooth. Everybody was much more relaxed after we had completed the difficult and dangerous parts of the trek, and once we got off snow the trip felt like a breeze. Everything seemed so easy after what we had already endured, and hiking out through the Milam Valley was an added bonus. Springtime was in full effect with rivers full of glacier water and all the flowers in bloom. We began to pass through small mountain villages again, and locals were more than happy to feed us. Indian food never tasted so good after the rations we had been eating for the last month. We ended our hike on 5/11/06 in the town of Munsiri, exactly one month after it began. We were now very much a ragtag group covered in several layers of filth and thick beards; a shower and a shave never felt so good.

We ended our trip by passing back through Raniket and eventually Dehli. Some of us stayed a few extra days to explore Dehli, haggle for local goods, and see the Taj Mahal. Others stayed much longer to explore various parts of the country. I only hope I can return someday to the land where I experi-

enced my first mountaineering adventure. India is a very unique place, and I will never forget it.



2006 Peru :Alpamayo y Quitaraju

By John Oster

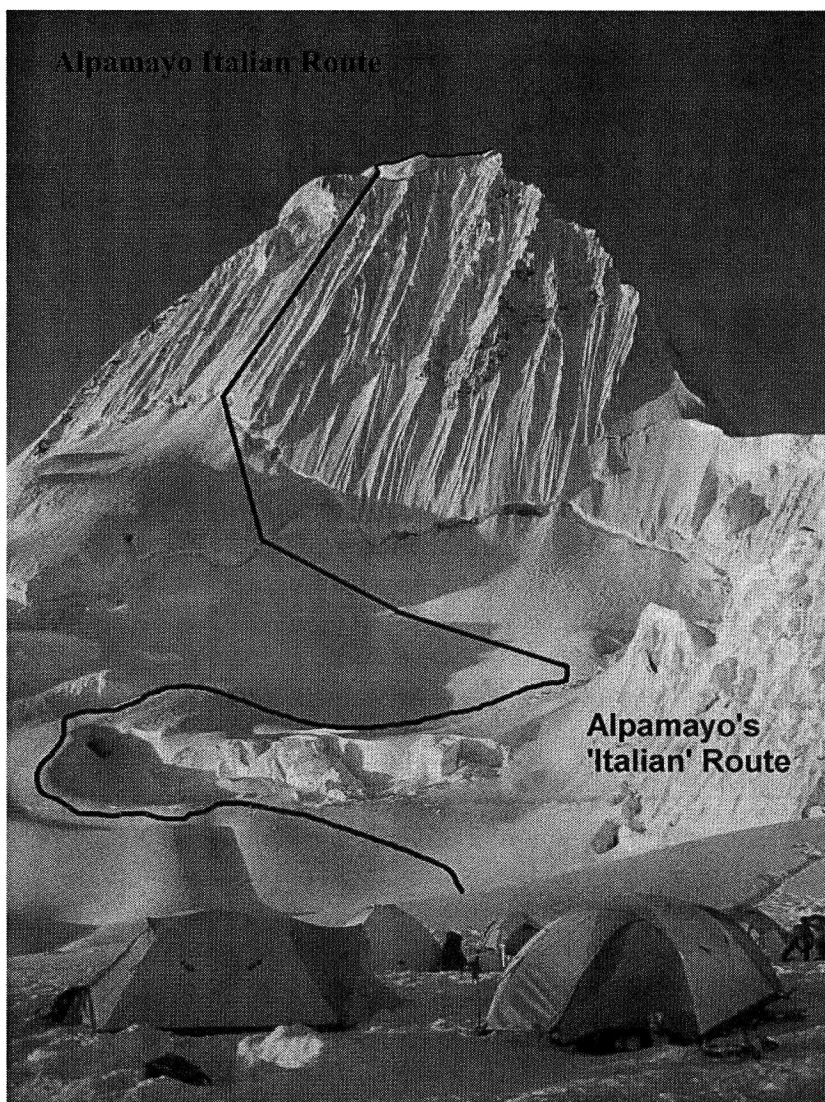
First of all, I have to say I really enjoyed training for this trip. I pretty much went all-out this time, carting heavy loads up Old Rag, sticking with my midweek intervals on the bike, with some yoga thrown in to keep me centered and limber. I think I hit some form of outdoor rock every weekend for two months straight. Just feeling the club's support behind me was really cool....and thanks to you all for that!

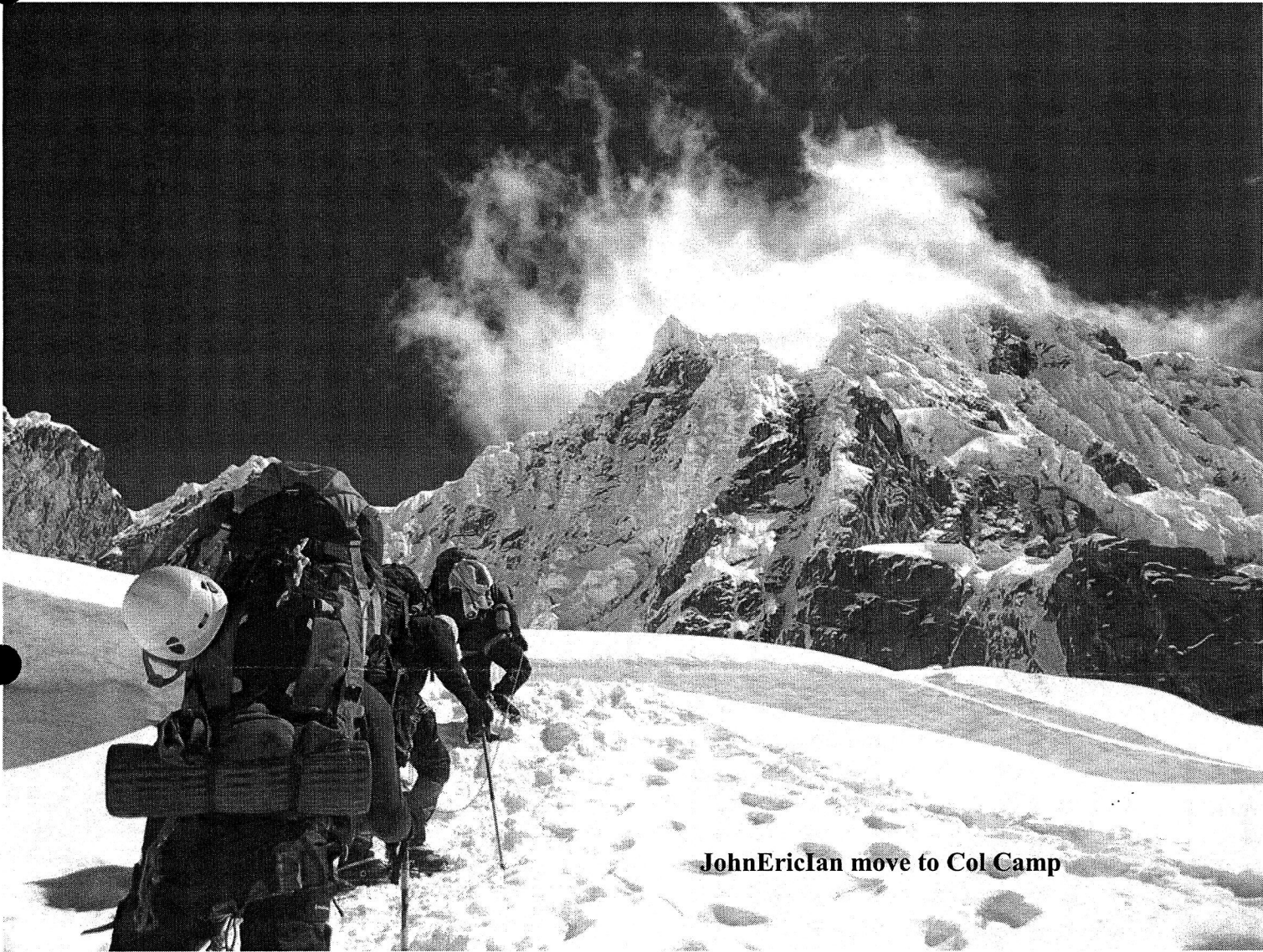
The trip was a blast. Alpenglow really has their collective S\$#t together and things went very smoothly. Knowing two of the guides (Ian and Jaime) from past excursions made this trip seem like a reunion. Once in Lima, we were met by our guides and shuttled to a bus for an 8-hour overnight ride to Huaraz (the Chamonix of Peru). I crashed on the floor, with the rows of seats keeping me from tossing back and forth on the winding roads.

We checked into the Shotzi Hostel and soon caught up with Jason and Kathleen. We enjoyed a few days of discussion about gear, the schedule, and numerous yummy meals (man....how I love to eat well!). We then traveled to Cashapampa and started our trek in at about 9,000'. Donkeys carted our heavy duffels, while we hiked up the Santa Cruz valley with light essentials loads. We spent the night in what felt like a petting zoo (complete with chickens running amuck, cows, donkeys). I awoke around 2 am to the sounds of a couple that was sounding very violent and even a bottle breaking. Silly me couldn't figure if this was some violent love-making or just an argument from too much imbibing. I'm just glad they didn't stumble onto our tent. The next morning we said our good-byes and well wishes to Dave, as we suspected he might be turning back.

The next day we arrived at base camp, where we stayed a few days. Unbelievable culinary creations came out of Alfredo's cook tent....you have to experience it to believe it. The team had fun bonding over cards, jokes, and such. A day of crevasse rescue skills and we were gearing up to make the move to moraine camp. The move was split into 2 carries with a rest day at base camp in between. I was rather concerned about the schedule: I can put in a decent effort, but am always unsure about my recovery time. The next push would be difficult. We would move from base camp at 14K' to moraine at 16K' with a half-load. The very next day we might make the move with full packs to Col camp at 18K' and a possible summit attempt that midnight. Seemed too aggressive for my weary body to keep up with. I knew I'd have to court precision and get as much food and rest in as possible.

Jason and Kath decided to rest a day in Moraine and Trevor was not feeling well. Eric, Roger, and myself did make the move to col camp the next day. WOW! what a sight. I was excited to finally crest the last fixed rope up to Col camp and actually see Alpamayo and Quitaraju up close. We set up camp and had a meeting to discuss whether a summit attempt would be made or not. I was talking to Roger earlier and we both were unsure of our ability to handle the fear involved in what looked to be a very steep route. The three of us decided to go for it that nite.....a day of rest would be nice. but we had a great weather window to take advantage of.





JohnEricIan move to Col Camp

Peru

So, around 1 am we arose with our 2 guides (Ian and Jaime) and started up Alpamayo. Jaime led Roger and myself, essentially running it out to the next anchor. Quick, but spooky to me. Roger and I climbed pretty much in tandem and I enjoyed working with him. The final pitch had Jaime leading up in powdery (read....no protection possibilities) fluff and crossing over from one runnel to another. Sun was on the summit, but it was windy and cold. We traversed about halfway over to the true summit, but decided to go no further. With those winds and a true knife edge, that could easily be fatal.

Once Eric was up, we snapped photos and then started the long journey back down, rappelling pitches to the bergshrund again. I still need to get used to those V-threads.

Back at camp, I downed a recovery drink ASAP and started eating and drinking. Jason and Kathleen were arriving in camp, and it was great to see them up here. They would be taking another rest day and so we could all enjoy each other's company on July 4th in camp.

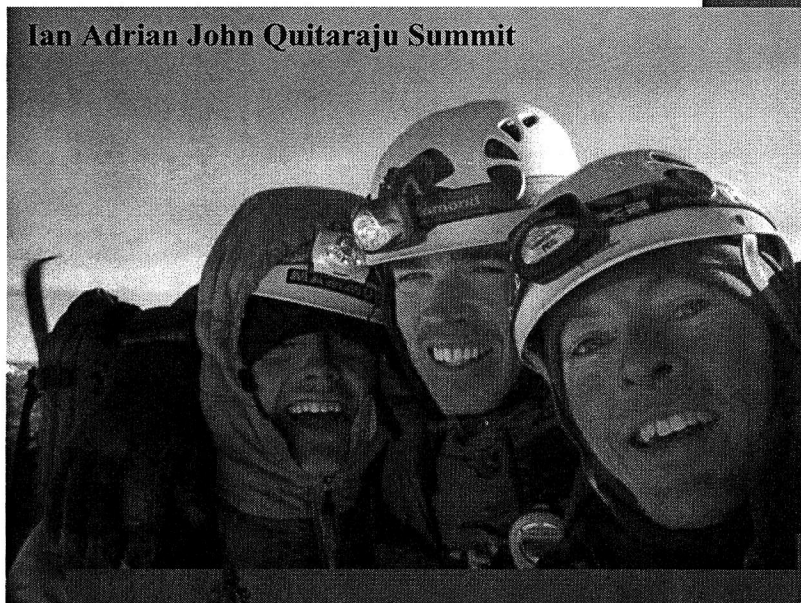
Another meeting on the 5th and Eric and I decided to push for Quitaraju with Adrian and Ian. Jason and Kathleen would be attempting Alpamayo. At midnight, Eric had decided he just wasn't up for it, so I tied in with Adrian and Ian and we headed out over the glacier to Quitaraju's base. It was so beautiful to be walking around in the moonlight on the rope team....I always love that.

Peru

Adrian headed up the face and worked through a bergshrund puzzle....had to do a dicey tech move around the berg to access the face above...exciting! He led the first four pitches and Ian and I followed...trying to stay warm on this cold night. We could then see a team on Alpamayo and figured that was Jason and Kath...cool to have them out at the same time as us!! Ian took over the leading and we were realizing that our team of three was cruising up the face. The drawback was that we were summiting so early that the sun was still a long ways away and it was brutally cold. I believe we were about half way up when Jason called us on the radio to inform us that he was having 'extreme shortness of breath' and they were turning around. I was so bummed for them....but admire their decision-making and decisiveness. On pitch 7 the sun finally came to our rescue and I told Adrian 'It can only get warmer now!' Ian topped out and brought Adrian and myself up in tandem. We celebrated the sun and then started our rappels down...hoping to find fixed gear to supplement our 7 stakes. Fortunately, we found gear at all rappels, and merely had to back them up with a piece.

We headed back to camp and started the insulting task of packing up and heading all the way down to base camp. This just killed me! We made it though, and were relieved to be back together again and in good spirits. We rode horses out the next day. I fell off my horse the first time I tried to get off of him. My left boot was stuck in the stirrup and down I went...what a dork!

Ian Adrian John Quitaraju Summit



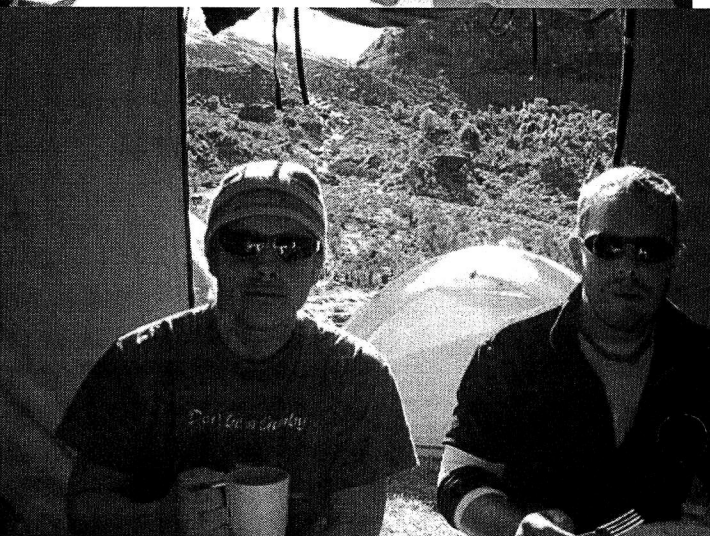
Kickoff Supper



Jason and Kathleen at Cashapampa

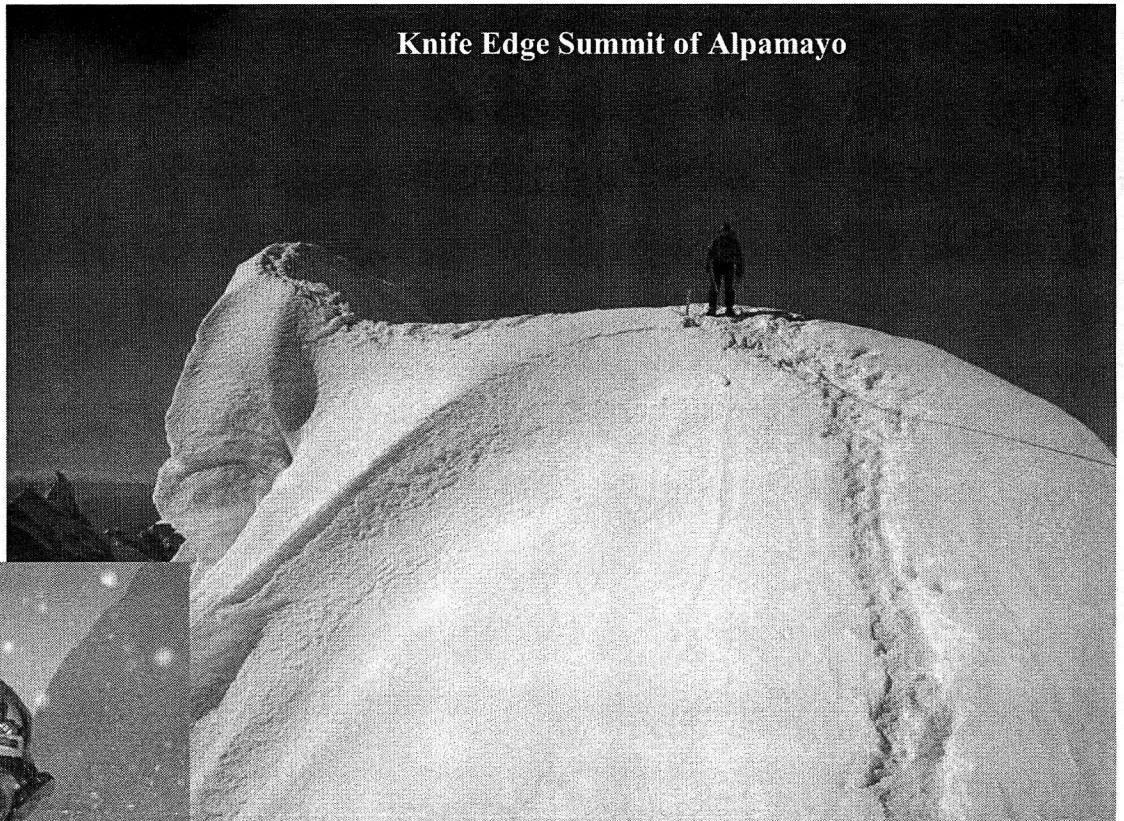


Ian Jason Base Camp



Some more good meals in town, including one at Alfredo's friends in town, and then we said our good-byes to Adrian and Ian and headed for Lima. It was a great trip. I really enjoyed getting to know the club members a little better and strongly recommend Alpenglow to anyone looking for a guide service.

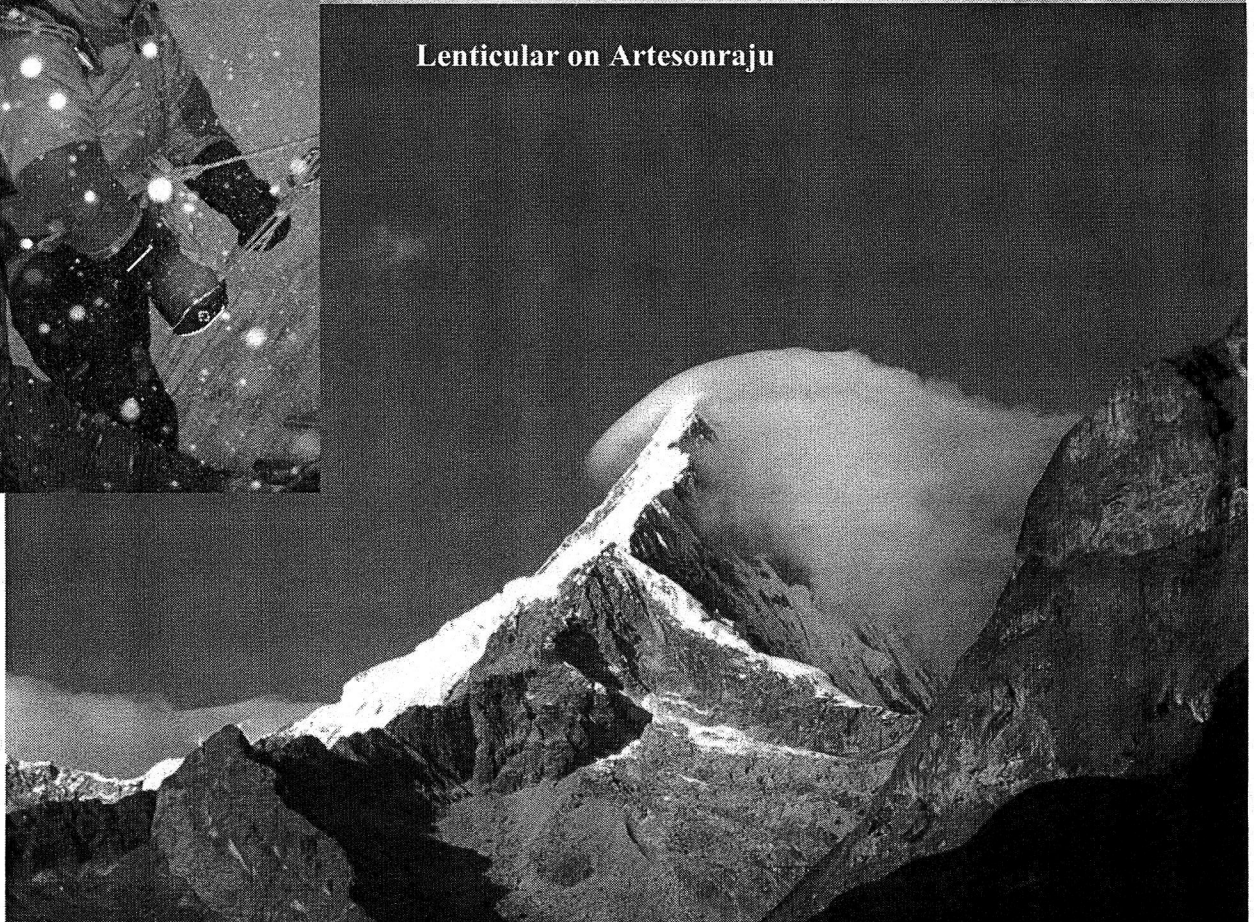
Knife Edge Summit of Alpamayo



John Ian Alpamayo



Lenticular on Artesonraju



Borah Peak (12,662ft) & The Grand Teton (13,770ft), July 29 - August 5, 2006

John and I have both wanted to climb in the Tetons for quite some time and it finally came together in 2006. In early Spring John contacted guide services and we decided to use Jackson Hole Mountain Guides to climb the Grand via the Pawnall-Gilkey route. We had run into a couple JHMG guides in 2004 on Granite Peak in the Beartooths (MT) and were impressed by their personalities. A friend had recommended JHMG guide Doug Workman so we requested him.

On July 29th, an early flight from Dulles put us at Salt Lake City just after noon. To acclimate, we decided to first visit 12,662 foot Borah Peak, the highest in nearby Idaho. Out of the airport later than planned we made good time, arriving at the trailhead campground with enough light to select a spot and get a look up at the mountain.

We awoke at 5:00am and were on the trail a half hour later. The mosquitoes were a nuisance in camp but in the woods on the climb they were absolutely voracious. Once we broke out above the tree line though, they disappeared. Borah Peak is a dry uphill hike through open woods to tree line, then a long curving ridge to the final scramble to the summit. This was one of the steepest hiking trails I've ever been on. The round trip is only seven miles, and close to two of those are fairly level, so the 5600 foot vertical is actually gained in only about two and a half miles. The consensus is that Borah is the sixth most difficult of the 50 state high points. The only technical difficulty, known as "Chicken Out Ridge", is an easy fourth class scramble down to a snow ridge. For most hikers it could be pretty intimidating, but no one with any technical climbing experience should be bothered by the (admittedly significant) exposure on both sides. It gave us no problem whatsoever.

The day was warm but breezy and the views abundant of the surrounding Lost River Range. For the final 300 feet or so up to the summit, we chose to leave the hiker's trail and friction up a slabby bit that was kind of fun and exposed. We were on the summit shortly before eleven. On the summit there was little wind and the temperature was around 45 degrees F. Achieving that summit had been a bit in doubt for me though; poor conditioning and the effects of altitude became evident the last few hundred vertical feet as I felt an unfamiliar clumsiness and lack of balance.

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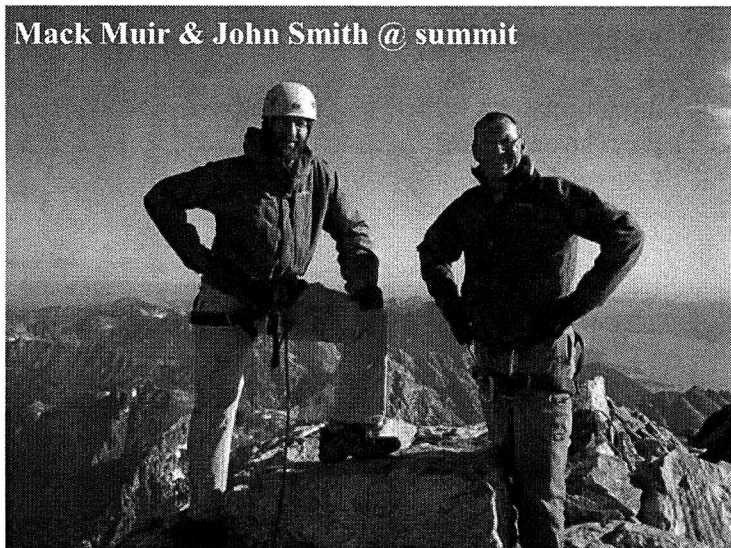
After relaxing and trading yarns with other climbers, we headed down. The descent off Borah is best described with a single word: relentless. Five thousand feet of downhill gets old fast, and terribly dusty once we got back into the trees. By early afternoon we were down, and off to a motel in Idaho Falls for showers, dinner, and rest. We paused on the road out to look back at the amazing fault line that evidences the magnitude 7.3 earthquake of 1983. This quake actually lifted the whole mountain seven feet!

Monday we slept late then drove through occasional rain to Jackson Hole, then on to the Grand Teton Climbers' Ranch. To further the acclimation process, we drove East to the Continental Divide looking for a high trail. Map consultation put us at the head of a horse trail that lead easily uphill to 10,000 foot Bonneville Pass with wide meadows and wildflowers.

Tuesday, August 1st began with rain postponing our planned visit to Hanging Canyon. We salvaged the day with a required gear visit to the guide service while the weather cleared. Afterwards we rode the tram up Rendezvous Mountain for a hike at elevation. This was to be the last month of the venerable Jackson Hole Tram, being retired after 30 years in operation.

At 7am Wednesday we caught the boat across Jenny Lake for Hanging Canyon. A guide book described this as a little-visited place not easily accessible but definitely worth the visit; some consider it the most beautiful spot in the Tetons. After getting valuable trail beta from the boat pilot we headed up through fog and wet underbrush. As we gained elevation the sun burned through and our view expanded.

Mack Muir & John Smith @ summit



THE NEWSLETTER OF THE APPALACHIAN TRAIL CLUB MOUNTAINEERING SECTION

We rose through medium density forest and then by mountain streams to Lake Of The Craggs sandwiched between Symmetry Spire, Rock of Ages, and Mt St. John. One of the best things about the Hanging Canyon hike is that its difficulty makes it unpopular. We saw only two other people up in the canyon all morning. Was it a worthy destination? I'd say yes.

Back at the boat dock I was greeted by a voice out of the crowd – "Mack Muir, what the heck are you doing here?" John saw her first – it was Rebecca Hage with her new baby girl in a carrier on her back visiting from France where she now lives with her husband Carlos.

Thursday, August 3rd began the focus of the week – the climb of the Grand Teton. We were to meet our guide Doug Workman at the Lupine Meadows trailhead at 9am giving time for a good night sleep and a hearty breakfast in town. Doug was a half hour late because of "traffic" (yea, right) but we were on the trail by ten. The uphill trek was uninteresting until we turned the corner into Garnet Canyon and the view opened up. We continued to The Meadows, a pleasant camp spot frequented by climbers. There we lunched on sandwiches the guide service provided and Doug pointed out features of the mountains and spectacular climbs overhead. Above the Meadows we paused for water at a vigorously flowing spring, then on to camp, arriving at about 3pm.

The JHMG camp is at 11,000 feet, above the moraines and glacial rubble below the Middle Teton Glacier, just below Tepee Pillar. It consists of several Sierra Designs tents tied down securely, large metal gear storage boxes, and a "canvas Quonset hut" cooking tent. Everything was provided including sleeping bags and very thick mattresses and there's a spring within a couple hundred feet with potable water. This high camp is one of the most spectacular I've seen. It's quite airy, and really set the mood for climbing.

After checking out climbing gear (stored at the camp), dinner was the next. We started with blue corn chips and a fresh avocado salad then bratwurst cooked over a gas grille some guide had hauled up. We finished with chunks of pork chop done flawlessly on that same grill. Our dinning room was the mountains with dark clouds above, the valley far below, and the Wind River Range visible eighty miles away.

Morning on a big peak comes early so we were in bed shortly. At 9:45pm an exciting storm began with brilliant flashes and thunder echoing back from Middle Teton and Nez Perce. Rain began suddenly like a switch toggled on as wind tested the guy lines of the tent. Secure and dry, we lay back to experience the storm until it ended at midnight. A thunderstorm in the mountains is really an intense experience. The lightning dazzles even through closed eyes inside a tent, and the cracks of the thunder seem to come from your guts.

At 3:30 Friday morning Doug's voice told us it's time to rise and we wasted no time. The sky was clear and the dry air had taken care of the rain so after a breakfast of donuts and applesauce we were on our way. The first obstacle was the headwall below the Lower Saddle with 4th class climbing. On the Lower Saddle we passed Exum Mountain Guides' camp, an exposed, dismal place not to have been during the previous night's storm. A lot of easy scrambling and some short 4th class moves took us to the Upper Saddle.

As we ascended the sun appeared giving us alpenglow on Middle Teton, then views of the mountains' shadows in the valleys to the West. We cached excess gear (my Nikon camera) and prepared for the technical pitches. The first pitch was 5.6 and was made interesting by an "anatomically correct but politically incorrect" finger pocket you have to reach way up for. The final technical pitch is the signature on the Pawnall-Gilkey Route, rated 5.8. A preceding party left a long etrier and I was not shy to use it – this is mountaineering and one does what's necessary. A few more moves above and we pulled on to the 13,770 foot summit around 8:30am. It was pleasant with good views all around, the temperature was a comfortable 40f and there was little wind. We spent 45 minutes there before heading down.

The descent was uneventful but slow due to the scrambling involved. One of the most valuable benefits to climbing with a guide is the local knowledge. We did not just reverse our route, but were able to see more of the mountain on the way down that we'd missed on the way up. The Owens-Spaulding rappel is pretty cool, as was the Eye of the Needle. We'd experienced the Sack-o-Potatoes on the way up.

Down out of the technical areas a slightly wrong turn put us in the boulders of the wrong moraine and off the main trail (Doug had left us to our own devices while he detoured back to camp to drop off the technical gear). Even so, we were back on our intended trail and at the car a little after 2pm. The Climbers' Ranch was a welcome sight and the place for the usual end-of-trip rituals: shower, rest, and pack for the trip back to home.



www.PotomacMountainClub.org

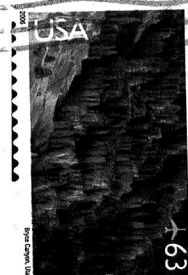


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