

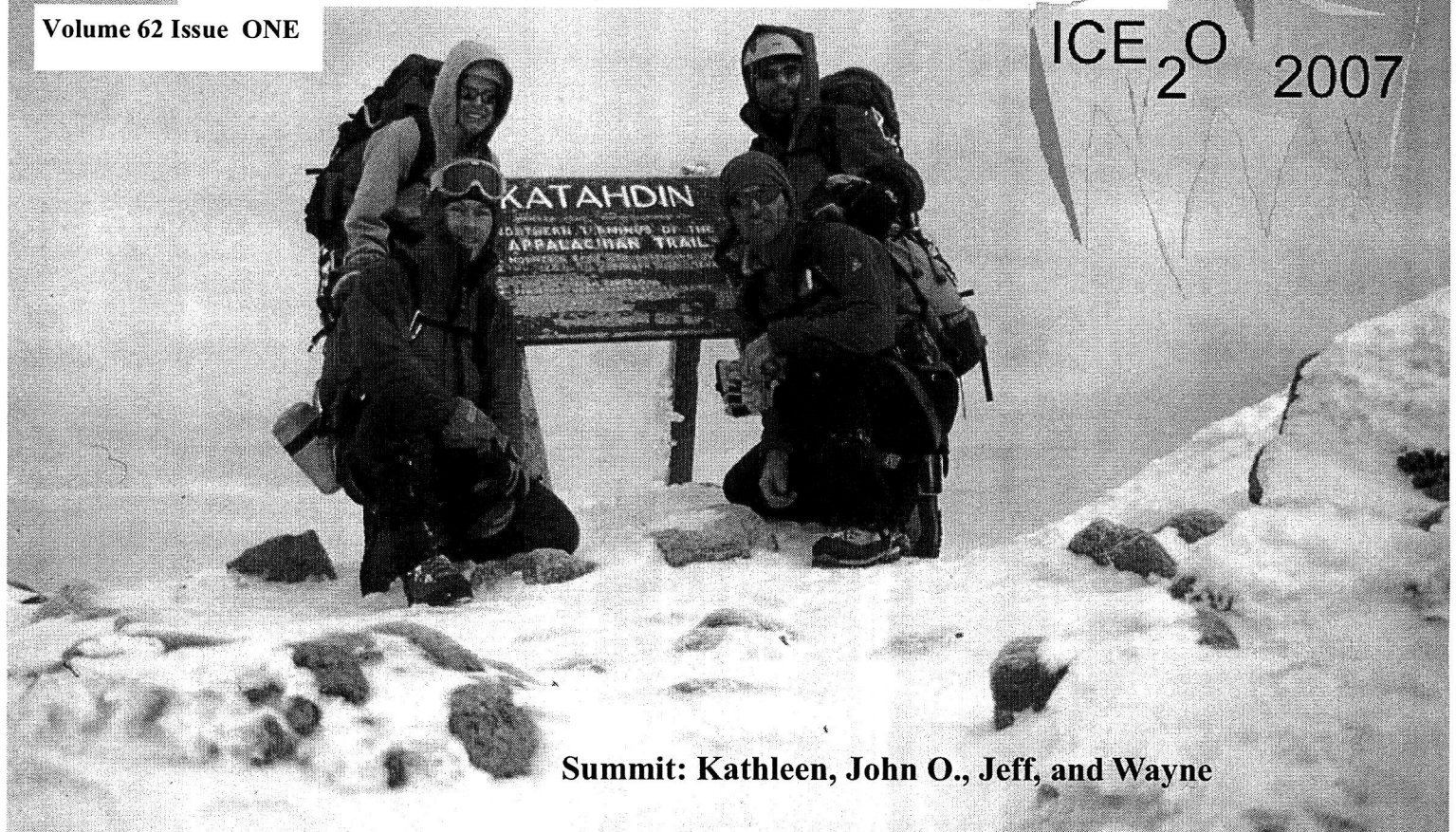


# Up & Over

FOUNDED BY  
HERB AND JAN CONN

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ICE 2° 2007



Summit: Kathleen, John O., Jeff, and Wayne

## KATAHDIN 2007 by Wayne Stone

PMC went up to Baxter State Park from Feb 23 - Mar 1. It was an incredible trip - great folks, great climbs, great weather, and awesome scenery. Here is a brief report of the trip and climbs that PMC members accomplished:

Fri - Feb 23: 0500 sugary start (capt'n crunch) at the Katahdin Inn. Unloaded vehicles at trailhead by about 0630 (temp was about -6F) and started the 12 mile approach to Roaring Brook Bunkhouse. The ski trail was packed down and snowshoes were not really needed; 5 members skied in. We arrived at the bunkhouse by about 2 PM and rested up.

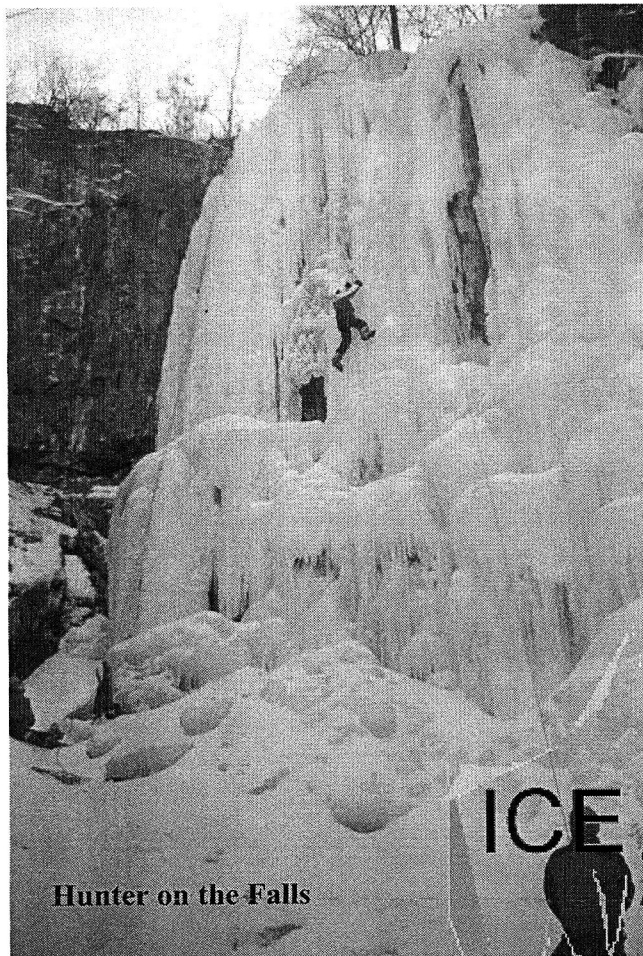
Sat - Feb 24: Most folks were out of the hut by 0830 and up to Chimney Pond Bunkhouse by 1030. It was steeper and more narrow, but only 3 miles up. The crux of the hike was the Basin Pond crossing - windy, blowing and nasty. Several folks decided to climb that afternoon after talking to Rob, the Ranger. The weather cleared for the afternoon except it was still windy—gust up to 35 mph.

Bill Dudley, Josh Baker and Wayne climbed Strange Brew (WI3). Kathleen and Duncan climbed the 1st pitch of Mini Pinnacle (WI3). John O, Lisa, John S., and

Jeff did some sort of gully climb??[not sure about that though]

Sun - Feb 25: This day shaped up beautifully! Dawn broke to clear skies and 3 climbing parties went out for the day. Duncan and Jeff headed up to do Pamola Fury Left (WI3+) followed by John O., Josh, and Kathleen about an hour later. John S. and Lisa summited Baxter Peak via the Saddle Trail. Dave Raboy, Bill Dudley and I climbed the first pitch of Pamola Fury Right (WI3) - we backed off the first pitch because of thin conditions above the belay. The other two parties completed there climbs and returned to the hut safely before dark.

Mon - Feb 26: The ranger advised us that it would be another great weather day - so Bill and I decided to go for Cilley-Barber (WI4). Bill lead the first pitch(WI3) and I lead the second(WI3+). Then we made our way up some snow fields and 3rd class rock with one 5.4ish move. Then after a series of snow fields and ice (up to WI3), we arrived at the crux. The crux didn't look that steep - but once I started up - it was. We finished up the climb to the summit ridge with some third class, summited Baxter Peak and hiked down to the hut by 1835. (con't p.3)

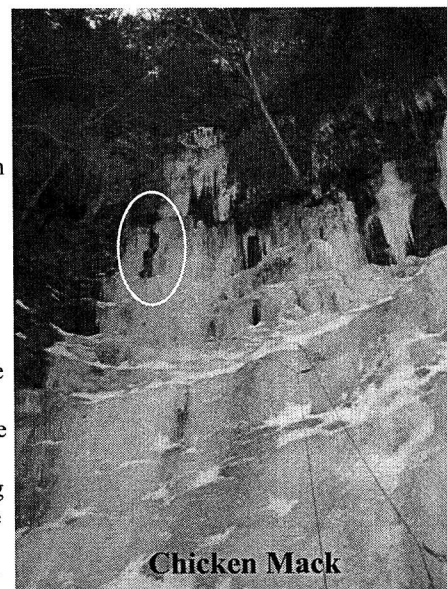


Hunter on the Falls

## Bucktail Canyon: Lock Haven, PA

Ozana dragged my butt up to explore the climbs North of Loch Haven PA and I proceeded to scare the living crap out of myself leading the middle tier (NEI 3+ or maybe 4-) of Roadside Gully. The upper tier was not really formed or just beyond our ability so we rappelled off for some more fun. That fun happened when the last 1/4 inch of the rope decided to tied itself into a complicated overhand knot involving the rappel rings. Ozana gave me a belay as I climbed the frozen turf on the right side of the gully to free it, that route going at maybe PAM 2+ (PAM = "Pennsylvania Mud"). We then found Hidden Amphitheater and climbed that till the ice ends just below the top then dropped a top rope over the steep columns on the right side and tired ourselves out with that until dark.

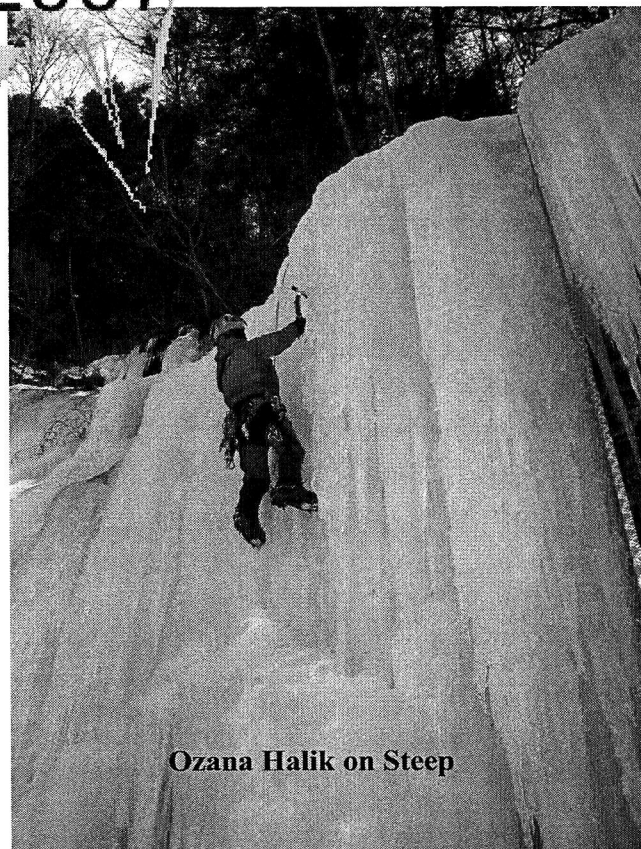
That area is maybe a touch farther driving time than Riegelsville (popularly called "The Narrows" by people who can't spell its proper name) but suffers from a lack of good rib joints for after climb imbibing. If anyone has any serious beta on that it would be appreciated.



Chicken Mack

## Overall Run Falls: February 16th, 2007

Hunter and I ventured over to one of Michael Doyle's select climbing areas yesterday (2/16/2007) and what a day! We had a great wooded hike in through Shenandoah National Park (from the bottom near Bentonville, VA because Skyline Drive was closed) which was mostly flat and easy going because the snow/sleet has frozen solid. When we got to the steeper hiking section, we should have put on crampons. We managed to get up the trail, but when we got near Cliffside we donned them - I was not ready for cliff diving. From a great little look out - we spied the ice - big! It was much bigger than I had expected - at least 90 feet. Another party was rappelling in as we scoped our line; later he said it was the fattest that he had seen since 2003. 2003 must have been a cold winter. We decided to set a top rope on the left side of the falls (if you are facing them from the bottom). That was a good choice. We TR'd the left lines several times each, plus we tried some delicate moves off the deck on some thin pillars that were just touching down. I would estimate the TR'ing we did was in the 4 to 4+ range (maybe a 5-). To finish the day, we pulled the rope and I lead the right side of the falls - probably 3+/4-. It had some funky moves - bulges/cauliflower-ish ice. The ice took screws (sharp ones-that is) quite well. In the course of the climb, I dropped two screws, but Hunter was able to retrieve them. They got caught on my pants and pushed themselves off the Ice Clipper as I stepped up. I am going to move them back some on my harness and that should alleviate the problem. As Hunter followed the last pitch, he dropped a screw and an ice tool. He finished the climb by using one tool only - I wish I could have seen that. He rappelled back down, collected the gear and hikes out to meet me on the trail back to the car. We were back at the car right at sunset - saw some great alpenglow on the Shenandoah's. It was a good day of climbing - thanks Michael Doyle.

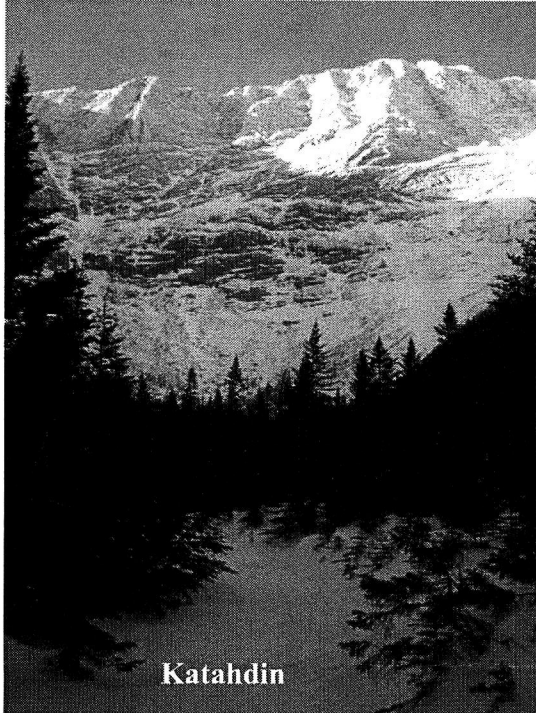


Ozana Halik on Steep



**KATAHDIN,** (con't from cover)

Jeff and Duncan did Isolation (WI4) on Pamola Ice Cliffs, John S. lead a WI3 pitch on Pamola, set up a top rope anchor and several folks TRed. Josh lead a WI3 on Pamola Cliffs also. Unfortunately, Dave R. had to take a sick day - some kind of flu.



Katahdin

Tues - Feb 27: Jeff and I set out to check out the North Basin and possibly climb Elderly Gentleman (WI3) - but it was not in. The North Basin is impressive - 1000 ft of granite shooting straight up from the basin. We hiked back and took a rest day. Lisa and I built a snow shelter and played Frisbee on the Chimney Pond.

Duncan and Kathleen set out early and headed up Waterfall (WI4). Kathleen lead the first pitch and Duncan the second. Josh and John O. did the same climb with Josh leading the first pitch and John O. leading the second. Both parties intended to top out and go to Baxter Summit. Unfortunately, route finding, "3rd classing", and time caused them to abort and do 5 rappels to come down the mountain. The next day, while on the Knife's Edge ridge - we could see Duncan and Kathleen's tracks and they were so close.

John Smith and Dave Raboy did the Mini-Pinnacle (WI3). John lead the first pitch and Dave the second. They had an interesting finish that Dave can elaborate more on at the April Slideshow.

Wed - Feb 28: John S., Bill Dudley, and Lisa left early for Dougal's Delite (WI2+ and more). The guide book indicated mixed climbing above the ice nad that is what they found. They returned safely after a long day on the mountain.

Kathleen, John O., Jeff Karrels, and I went up the Saddle Trail to the summit of Baxter. The weather was awesome again - 20s and clear. After the summit, we did the Knife's Edge over to Pamola Peak and then descended to the cabin.

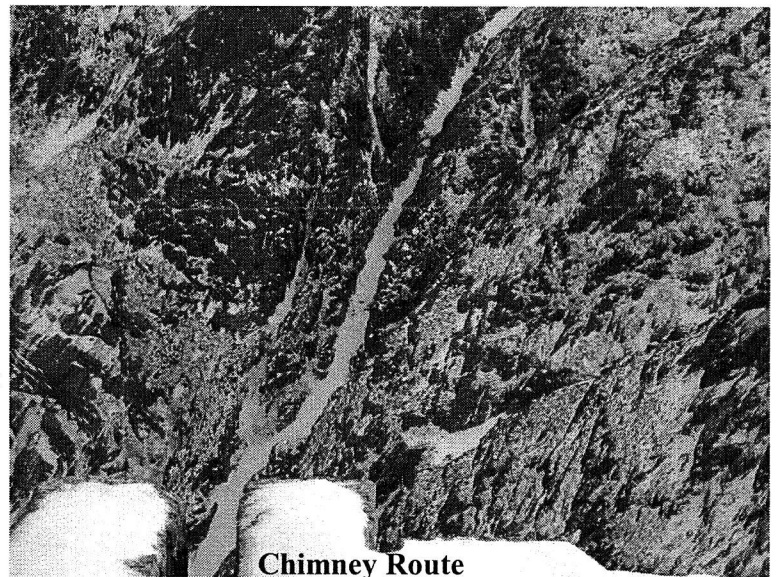
Duncan and Josh went up the Saddle Trail, summited and returned to the cabin.

Thur - Mar 1: Everyone was out of the bunkhouse by 1000 and we were all at the hotel by 1600. The hike out was not bad. Several folks were able to ride their sleds a good bit until the snow softened up.

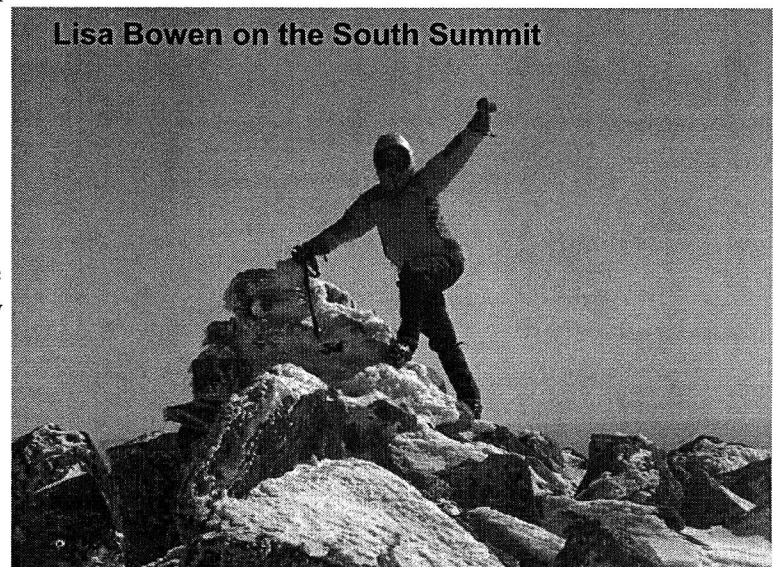
We all cleaned up and went to Scotnik's for dinner. Good times!

Fri - Mar 2: Several folks went skiing in Maine - they were treated well - up to 20 inches of new snow. The rest of us returned to DC and spring?

If you have any interested in East Coast Alpinism - Baxter State Park is the place! There are many moderate routes that require skills on ice, rock and that "grey" area.



Chimney Route



Lisa Bowen on the South Summit

## 2007 Adirondaks: January 19-21<sup>st</sup>

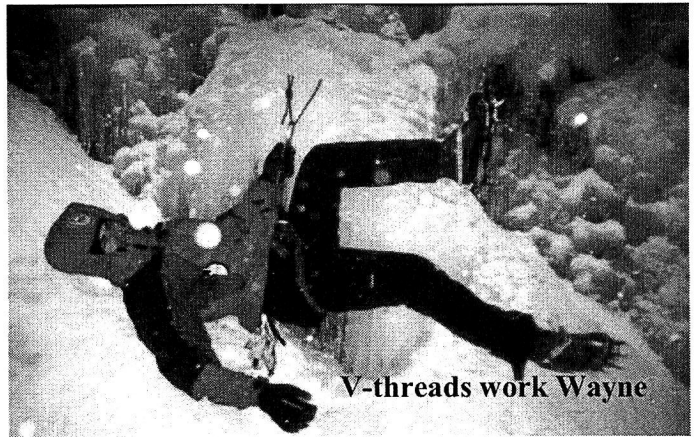
By Vincent Penoso

The mercury took a tardy plunge, which opened the flood gates for vehicles loaded with anxious ice climbers headed for the Adirondaks in Upper New York State. Wayne Stone and I left NW around 9pm and drove straight to Binghamton, NY, where we crashed at a rest area, ahead of an arctic blast that brought snow and plummeting temperatures. We stopped in Saratoga Springs and had bagels and coffee at *Uncommon Grounds*, a coffee shop that is not out of the way. This marked a requisite pit stop on the way, which is NOT out of the way, to the DAKS. We arrived in Keene around noonish.

We scouted the chapel pond area following the line for chinourds and then looked at Roaring brook falls before deciding since it was the first ice day of the season we should just CRAGIT, for the first day. We decided on descending on the Beer walls area. We parked at the campground road, and hike I from there. Months of planning trips, canceling trips, buying the right gear, reading and re-reading anything ICE related, boiled down to what I donned and stuffed into my climbing pack at the van. The forest service was conducting a training exercise for their rangers on a very steep section of ice on the left.: *Lions on the beach*

We continued down the canyon to across the beer walls and settled in at Positive Reinforcement 3+. The first ice I touched of the season was beautiful. The weather was in the upper 20's, a slight breeze and the sun tried to make an appearance; there were no other parties around this popular of ice crag. Wayne launched off and I belayed him as he sailed up the steep pitch. He placed 4 screws and disappeared over the crux at the top of the route and was off belay.

I was a test bed for personal gear on this first climb and I had a lot at stake, not wanting to bog my leader, "a climber muy famoso", with a flailing



V-threads work Wayne

Barney-on-a-Rope. I made the decision to learn to climb leashless and my new Petzl ERGOS were softly humming in my paws. I also chose to climb with plastic boots and Grivel Rambo Comps in MONOPOINT configuration. Then I was off and swinging.

From the first swing of my tool, I was rewarded with a reassuring THHHUNK, as my Petzl tool slammed home! In the Fall I practiced my tool swing in the woods next to my home on dead tree trunks, I was happy with my sticks in the woods and it paid off. The fear of climbing leash less was never realized since I used my home made leash less tool tethers. Climbing leash less allows a degree of freedom, not realized in conventional ice climbing, but gaining in popularity as you read this. The monopoints took no getting used to. The tri-pod action was second nature. I was able to make precise foot placements and an added bonus of when high stepping the placement has a degree of pivoting without blowing out. I was able to use existing tool holes and features on the ice for a stable stance.

The route followed a steep line and had ample opportunities for a variety of climbing techniques like stemming. The ice was great and sticks were confident. We ran a number of laps and also practiced building abalakovs. Before we headed to the cascade inn for the night. The weather front came that evening and the temperature went below zero rapidly before dawn and we awoke to a frosty new day. Josh, Kathleen and John-O met us for breakfast and we headed out for a day of climbing at North Pitchoff.

The temp in the parking lot was 5 above and I remember the approach was about 20 minutes with an uphill leg. I stripped down to my Arc'teryx Theta Sk Gore-Tex pants and double layer underwear tops and headed off without my helmet, which I had to return 15 minutes later to retrieve from the car. I froze my ass off at first, but soon warmed up sufficiently to be comfortable on the approach.



Vincent on Positive reinforcement

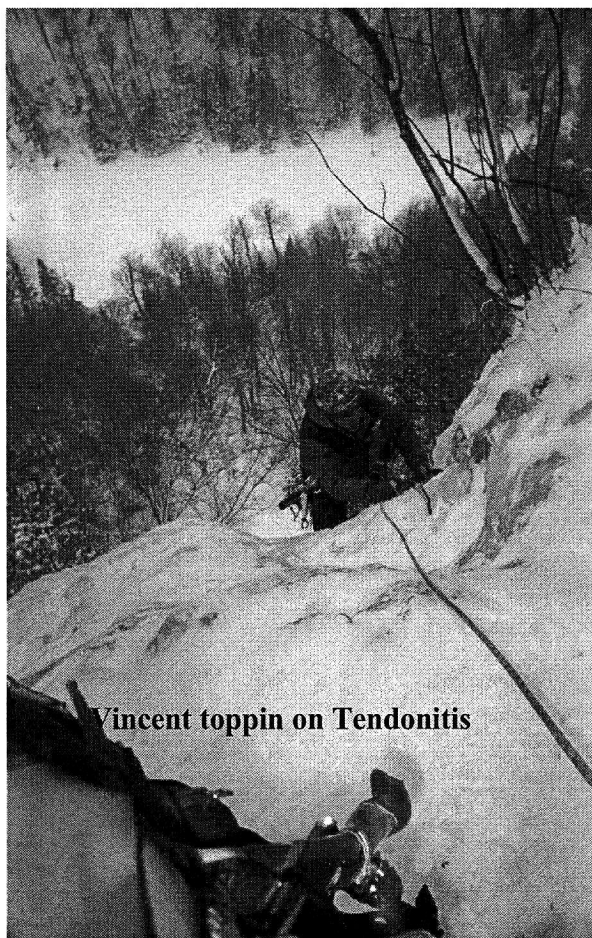


-We walked across the beaver pond and up the side of the mountain until we arrived at the steep base of TENDONITIS NEI-3-4. I quickly put on my fleece and my hat and Gore-tex shell as it was so cold I was shivering. I had to drink some hot sugary tea to jumpstart myself away from hypothermia, but at least I wasn't all sweaty after the approach, which was my goal.

We set up at the base of tendonitis on the gulley where, just 1 week earlier, an unfortunate accident saw a climber take a tumble down this gulley under thin conditions and became seriously injured.

This all added to the drama and excitement of the moment. It was seriously cold and with the wind, below zero. We were well above the beaver pond far below and did I say it was effin-cold. I put my 700 down fill "puffy jacket on" and never took it off until the hike back to the car.

Wayne launched off quickly to stay warm. The ice was a little brittle and was so much fun to climb. He moves so naturally on the ice and is one strong, cool and calculating hombre. Wayne got to the steep headwall section that was about 20 feet before topping out. I looked up and saw a huge platter come off and nearly take him out as he was placing a screw mid-way up this section. I was sure he was getting serious airtime and I brace myself, but he stuck and moved upwards to the anchor.

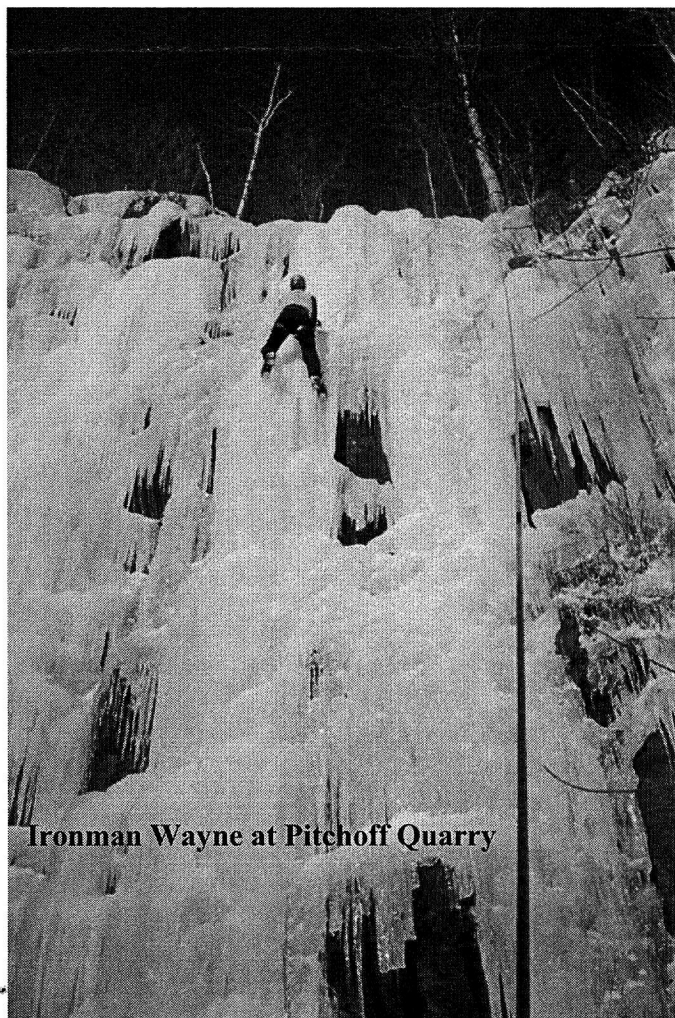


Vincent toppin on Tendonitis

I began the pitch pretty anxious but soon began to move with confidence. I stopped and looked over my shoulder across the great expanse of scenery far below across the distant beaver pond. It was dramatic. I was so amped up with the National Geographic theme song playing in my head: ba-ba-ba-baaaa-bump-ba-ba-ba-bump-ba-ba-bum-pa-bum-bump! Over and over again! Then I hit the base of the headwall and then heard the adagio for strings in d-minor and began to whimper... My sticks using my leash less tool gave me confidence to move upward and the ability to match hands and change direction was something I never experienced using the leashed tools; I picked my nose once.

We rapped down and that was pretty exciting and I couldn't hear a word Wayne said with that music playing in my head. We climbed Moss Ghyll and that was great. I stripped down to approach de-proach mode and walked out; I only wished I had my piolet with me as a walking stick, something I now always carry.

The next day we only had time to set up top ropes at the Pitchoff quarry in temps in the mid teens and sunshine, totally protected from the harshness in the pass... a great trip.



Ironman Wayne at Pitchoff Quarry

## Mountain Fest 2007

by Dave Green

As apparently the only PMC member to make it to Mountain fest, I submit the following report. Chris Nolen, Carol Parker, and I drove up on Monday, January 8th determined to have a great time no matter what the weather. It rained most of the way, but we were encouraged to see snow on the tops of the Adirondack peaks and some climbable ice along the roads. We made it to the Mountaineer in time for Carol to buy crampons and to the ADK Loj in time for dinner.

Tuesday we were up before dawn and on our way up Algonquin. The trail was in better condition than I feared, but the top was icy with 30 mph winds, 20oF temperature, and only 200-foot visibility – not a place to stop and savor. We managed to pick our way across the summit and found the trail down to Lake Colden covered in a foot of snow. This made the descent much easier than expected. There was some ice in Trap Dike and on the walls around Avalanche Lake, but it was thin and probably of little interest to the ice climbers. We made it back to the Loj in time for dinner.

Wednesday we loaded our backpacks and hiked over to Grace Camp at Johns Brook Lodge via Klondike Notch. That night it went down to 10oF, but we were cozy in our little cabin.

Thursday we had planned to climb Mt. Marcy on the way back to the Loj, but we got word that the trail up Marcy had 3 feet of snow and we didn't have our snowshoes with us. Instead we retraced the route through Klondike Notch, but also climbed Yard and Big Slide Mountains en route. The trail was steep and icy with crampons needed in many places. The top had about a foot of snow. It was a beautiful clear day and we had some nice views. We again made it back to the Loj in time for dinner.

Friday there was just enough snow on the Truck

Route to do some cross-country skiing, so we skied into Marcy Dam. In the afternoon we stopped by Keene Farm and found a note from Dave Gillespie stating that we were not to start a fire and that he would be back by 9:30 PM. The place was under repair after someone had fallen through the rotted kitchen floor, but there were lots of comfortable mattresses on the floor upstairs. We went to Lake Placid for dinner and checked out the EMS sale. Then we drove over to Keene Valley to see Mark Richey's excellent slide show on his recent climbs in Pakistan's Karakoram Range and Tibet's Nainquentangla. When we returned to Keene Farm, Dave still wasn't there and we weren't too surprised not to find any other PMC members. It was actually colder inside the cabin than outside, so all of us who were there went to bed. It rained most of the night, but Dave did show up around midnight and nearly smoked us out when he lit a fire in the kitchen stove.

Saturday, we did a loop route on Giant Mountain. We climbed the Ridge Trail, had lunch on the summit and then returned via the Roaring Brook and Giant Washbowl Trails. The trails and the summit vegetation were covered in ice, so we did a lot of low angle ice climbing. Unfortunately it never cleared off, so there were no views to be had all day. Instead of a going to the spaghetti dinner and Barry Blanchard's slide show (which I understand was a 2 ½ hour marathon affair), we returned to Lake Placid for dinner and then went to a slide show on Bob Marshall at the ADK High Peaks visitors center. We again spent the night at Keene Farm – at least you can't beat the \$10 per night price.

Sunday we awoke to a dusting of snow, had breakfast at the Noonmark Dinner, and headed home. It continued snowing until we were out of the Adirondacks and then it turned to rain. By the time we reached Washington it was nearly 70oF. We enjoyed our brief visit with Winter.

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## ADK 2007 First Blood

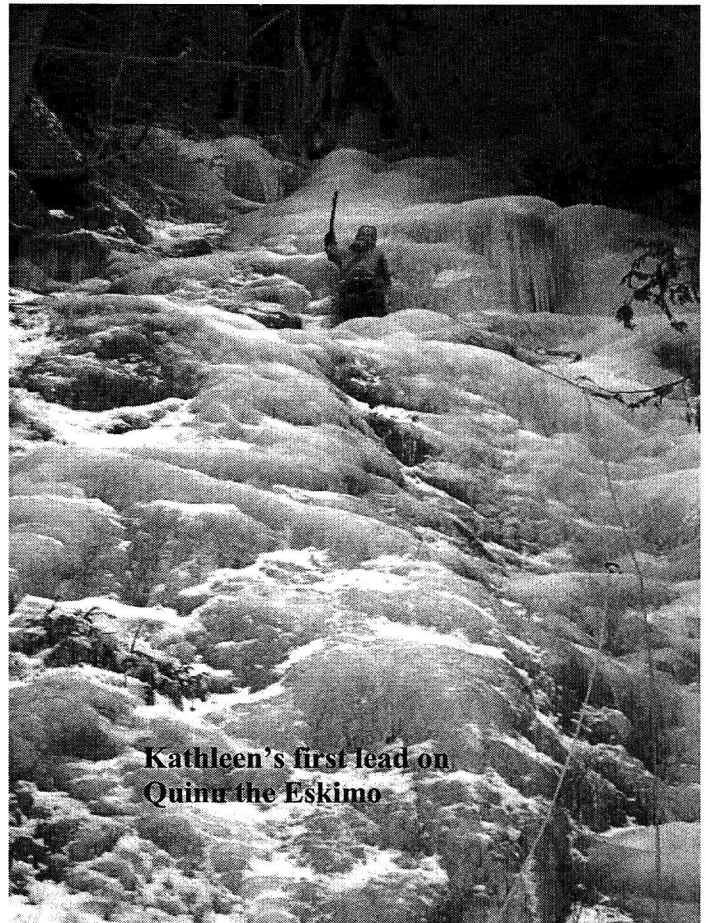
By John Oster

Five of us headed up to the Daks for some ice climbing over the weekend of Jan. 20-21. Kath Steinle, Josh Baker and myself drove up Friday and got in late to the Cascade Inn. The heater worked for at least 5 minutes, then we froze our butts off. Wayne and Vince also had no heat in their room. This was good training for us, because Saturday was pretty cold, with the high around zero. We all hit breakfast at the Placid Diner (yummy food and good service), then checked out the North Face of Pitchoff. There were maybe another 4 parties there. I jumped on *Moss Ghyll* (3+) with Josh and Kath following. It was pretty darn cold and we all were getting readjusted to life with gloves on and how long it takes to do ANYTHING.

Kath indicated that the ice was thinner than usual. I'm a newbie, so I had no baseline to compare with. Wayne and Vince were heading up *Tendonitis* (3+) at the time and soon appeared to do *Moss Ghyll* after us. Kath, Josh and I headed over and climbed *Arm and Hammer* (3+). We were running out of daylight, but donned our headlamps and went for it. I definitely took a harder line than necessary and had a little nervousness while working through the crux. The first half of the climb had been an easy cruise, and then Josh noticed I came to a screeching halt. So, he calls up to me "John, how's it going?" My response was a resounding "Not good!" At the time, I couldn't for the life of me get this screw started and I'm thinking, "Should I stick it out and get something in or just go for it?" I finally got a screw in and then finished the crux. The screw had been dulled and that's why it wouldn't start.

Josh motored up the climb rather fast and then we headed back to the car. The Placid Brew Pub felt sooo good. Drinks and yummy meals were enjoyed by all and we had some good discussions going. Back to the Cascade Inn and we were given a guarantee of heat that night as well as a discount. Indeed the rooms were warm!

Sunday, Wayne and Vince headed out to do some harder stuff via top rope mode. For us three, the day was all about getting Kath on lead. The temperature was only about 10-15 degrees warmer, but what a difference it made! We went to Chapel Pond to jump on *Positive Reinforcement*, but all the lines were taken. So, we headed further down the canyon and came across a nice 2+ that piqued Kath's interest. She led this climb, *Quinn the Eskimo*, with style. She sounded like she was 'in the zone' on the climb and it was fun for us to follow up. Time was running short, so we headed back down the road. I don't follow sports at all, but it was fun to listen to the Pats/Colts game on the way home. Sounded like quite a dramatic ballgame. Another great trip!



Kathleen's first lead on  
*Quinn the Eskimo*



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### 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**

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1. Down Load membership form from the following website:
2. [http://www.patc.net/chapters/mtn\\_sect/join.html](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](http://www.patc.net/chapters/mtn_sect/listserv.html)

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- View PMC pictures <http://patc.biow.org/gallery/>
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- New Club T-shirts, long and short sleeves \$10
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#### **2008 Membership Renewals due by January 31, 2008**

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

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- **Vincent Penoso:** GEARMEISTER and club videos





Here's a list of places I go **ice climbing in Virginia** :  
Shenandoah Natl. Park

**Hawksbill N. Face:** a few lines stand on their own as ice lines; others are sections of alpine-type climbs on several rock ribs; WI3-4, up to 30m, awkward terrain at base of climbs with fragile vegetation so definitely not suited at all to groups; access from White oak Canyon trailhead via Cedar Run trail when Skyline Drive is closed (3 mi. in, 2000' up, great alpine day when there is snow)

**Overall Run:** Overall Run Falls (WI3-5, 30m), Thunderbird (WI2+ to 5, 55m); Thunderbird is the first area seen when hiking up the Overall Run/Tuscarora trail from below.

**White Oak Canyon:** everybody knows about it

**Lewis Springs Falls:** WI2-4, up to 30m

**Dark Hollow Falls:** WI4 seep to the N, falls themselves are rather tame, good place to learn - if you can get to them quickly, e.g. Skyline is open, otherwise a nice hike from below up the **Rose River Swift Run Gap:** WI5/M? 1 mi. N of the gap, E above the Drive; if this is at all

climbable then a further half-mile N is another spot - WI2, 10m N. **Fork Moorman's River:** Paul's Place (2 tiers, WI1+ to 4+, up to 30m) & **Ice Bowl/Super Bowl** (2 tiers, WI2+ to 5, up to 30m)

Blue Ridge Parkway

**Crabtree Falls:** 1000' in 3 sets of cascades, WI2-3

**Finley's Folly:** N. of Wintergreen, WI2-4, up to 30m (most is 15m)

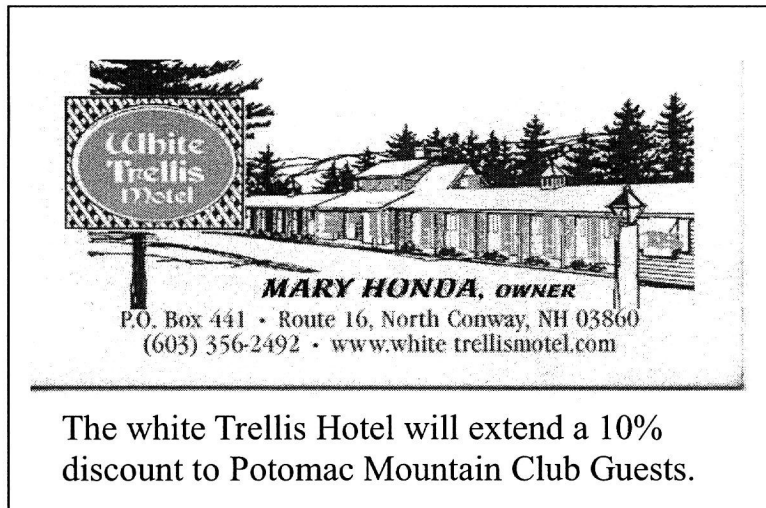
**Raven's Roost:** WI3+ to 4, 30m

**Apple Orchard Falls:** a bit NW of Lynchburg; I've not been there yet

Sorry it's taken me so long to send this list out - between work, ice climbing, and trying to spend some time with my wife I've had no time whatsoever to get this out (I started this note back on Monday).

Hope everyone can get out over the upcoming holiday weekend. I'm gonna get out this afternoon since I have to work Saturday... **Mike Doyle**

®



## This is not your Father's Climbing trip

by Juana Hakalugi

Road trips inspire the rebel in everyone; hit the road on a budget, the wind in your face. Well that was 20 years ago. Today You drive, when you don't fly. The Ford Navigator is more comfortable than that toyota corolla lift back, but isn't cheap to drive-who cares. Gone are the days when a perfectly tranquil study session would be shattered by the all too familiar call to chaos, "ROAD TRIP"; a mad scramble for your climbing gear and topos. Once on the road you'd wonder if the clunker would make it to the crag and would your tent leak if it rained. I can still remember the heart burn from the top ramen and bagels for dinner. Breakfast time was another no frills affair with a quick cup of instant 'joe' and a pop tart and suddenly, we at the crag soon after getting up.

Not so today. We know better than to start on an empty tank. While traveling in relative luxury and listening to the latest weather forecast on Sirius Satellite radio or digitally refined music on your ipod, The road trip to the crags today different. We order our tickets online, book our cars and rooms and soon we are rackin up. I still have pop-tarts for breakfast whenever I can to save time. Some things never change.

## OLD RAG by Wayne Stone

Granite, cracks and ropes...

Tape, scratches and tape...  
Sweat, hexes and onsights...  
the PATC Granite Spiders.

Thanks to all who came out for the Old Rag trip. I think there were 20 people total (John O., Rose, Doug, Michael, Michael D., Jason S., me, Chris B., Alexi, Alexi's mom, John WJ, Laura (T?), Rick M., Bill D., Bob G and family, Tim (?) and Joe M.).

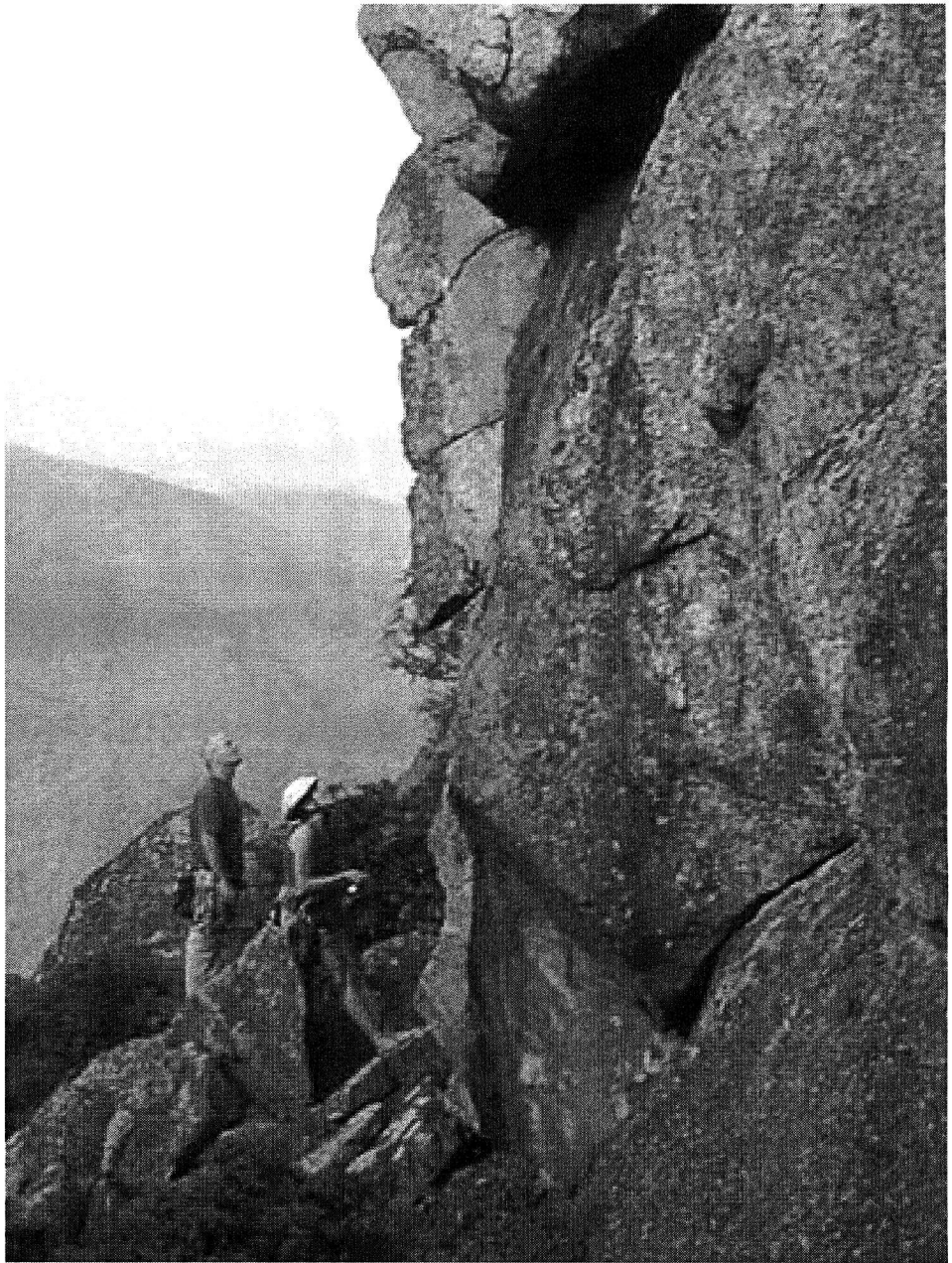
Three groups fanned out early from the Barry Hollow parking area- Bob G and crew to Strawberry Fields climb on the east side of the mountain. Bob reported that they successfully climbed it after several attempts.

A second group hiked to the base of PATC Wall. Tim lead Dobbie Gillis and several folks tope roped it. Two groups lead Keyhole Left and Right. If Bon Jovi had been there climbing-he would have certainly sang a few songs from his mega-classic SLIPPERY WHEN WET. The dampness didn't deter the climbing though. Michael D. lead ??? Crack and Chris B followed that - looked like a great climb. John WJ and Bill D. went up Fern Crack and then set a top-rope that was used for that and Rusty Bong. I lead Rusty Bong and Bill followed - kept hearing "Half way there..." as I slithered up the climb.

While climbing it - I put my hand through a spider web - thus spawning the subject of this email -GRANITE SPIDERS. It dangled around while I was trying to put in a stopper and then landed on my leg. I had to take to get the thing off me-it was a huge man eating spider-of course. Michael D. lead up Piton Crack, I followed while Bill D. and Chris B. went up a corner climb just to the left.

The third group had stopped at the Summit Cliffs. John O., Doug, and Rose were there. Not really sure what they were doing - Bon Jovi karaoke? They seem to be having fun when the PATC Wall folks arrived there. Michael D. showed me the "real" Twin Cracks around left from Pedestal-he lead-I followed-great climb-highly recommend it. Bill D. lead Pure Fun and Michael followed, trailed a rope and I went up that afterwards. John O. lead the "real" Twin Cracks and Rose followed him up it. Seeing how the day was getting late, we packed and headed down.

Here are some photos - <http://pg.photos.yahoo.com/ph/waynelstone/detail?.dir=/6e4ere2&.dnm=4a81re2.jpg&.src=ph>





## Thunderbird on Ice: A jaunt into the Shenandoah Valley

By Juana Haukalugi

The Oakton Rally point produced a gaggle of climbers ready for winter's breakfast of champions: ICE. We loaded up the truck head headed west young man. We drove for all of 1 hour and arrived at the parking lot in Bentonville. Directions are found at the following address on the PMC photo gallery: <http://patc.biow.org/gallery/Thunderbird/thunderbirddirection>. We headed out down the road about a mile, down the trail, up an hill down a hill, bangin a left at the post and the flowing the crik and the blue blazes and up some switch backs about another 1.5 miles to a lookout where we saw the following view of Thunderbird. Then we knew where in the blazes we were.



We walked down from this view and slightly up hill to where you can cross the crik below that comes from Overall Falls, and traverse the steep slope seen in this picture to the base of Thunderbird.

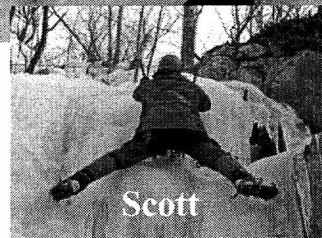
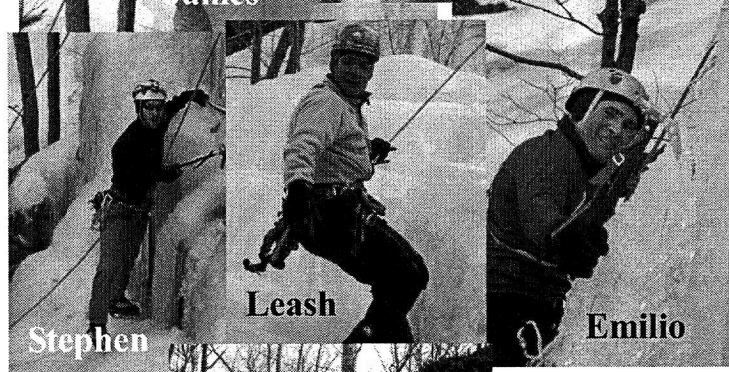
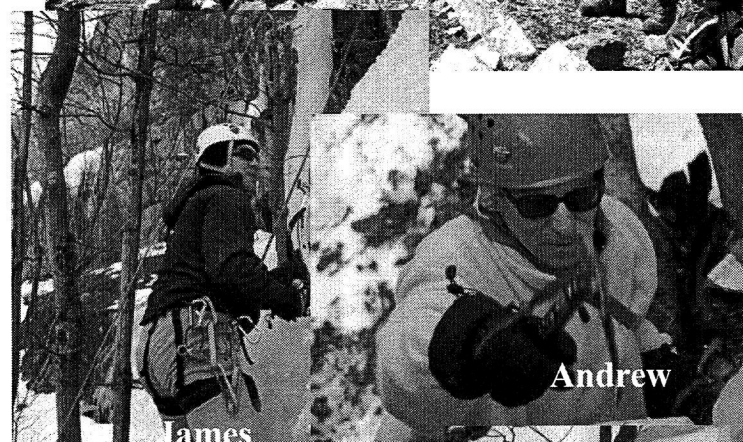
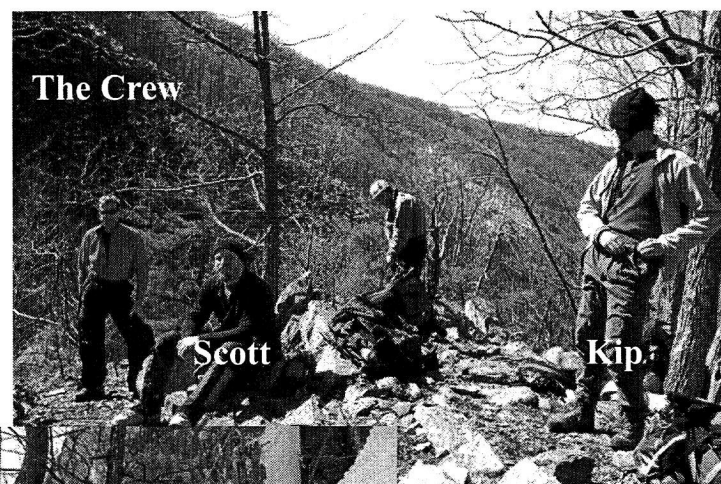
Jame Hilger and Stephen had continued the blue blaze trail up, which follows right and towards the top of the waterfalls. When they got to the top of the waterfalls, the water was doing what waters does on waterfalls: flows. They continued to cross the top of the falls and walk the trail to the top of *thunderbird* pictured here.

All this chewed up the better part of an hour and by the time we all got over to *Thunderbird*, we were ready to climb. Stephen and James rappelled down from the top of thunderbird and set up a TR. James and Stephen came back down and led the route out right. As I approached the base of Thunderbird I saw a red blur of a body quickly accelerating down the gully. It was Andrew Huttner who lost his purchase. He quickly slowed down as he was able to arrest with his trusty ice tool.

I reminded everyone how dangerous low angle ice can be. It is so important to tie yourselves off to something while just hanging around on low angle ice cuz gravity can happen anywhere, and there ya go, literally.

The ropes provided lapage all day long and Kip Komack provided the footage. Vincent Penoso had his mini cam along but by a miscommunication minimal video footage was shot of everyone on this club trip.

When the weather is cold enough for ice, this is a great trip to go on. It is within an hour or so, 2-3+ ice, a little steeper at Overall Falls.



## Ice, Adirondaks and Pete Grant: 2007

By Vincent Penoso

Nestled in his high alpine fortress of solitude near Lake Placid, Pete looks out his back porch to check the temperature and see the new blanket of snow across the edge of the forest. A retired software, database architect, and long-time honorary club member, Pete Grant, spends his time climbing year round with his wife Lynda; he manages to find time to work on the Potomac Mountain Club's database. Lynda packs us a lunch and pours cups of coffee, as I lumber into the staging area for the day's ice climbing.



Pete Grant

I stepped outside into the quiet of an aftersnow. I take in the absence of sound and city; the air is pristine, cold and crisp. I scrape snow and ice and load our gear into the vehicle. Pete aims the vehicle at Cascade Pass; a pang of apprehension briefly sweeps over my frame. This pass is notorious for severe weather and the winds are funneled ferociously through this narrowing in the landscape and the week before the trip to this pass resembled an Antarctic expedition through an inhospitable wasteland; ok not so much. We head for Pitchoff left. The area is void of climbers, so we donned our

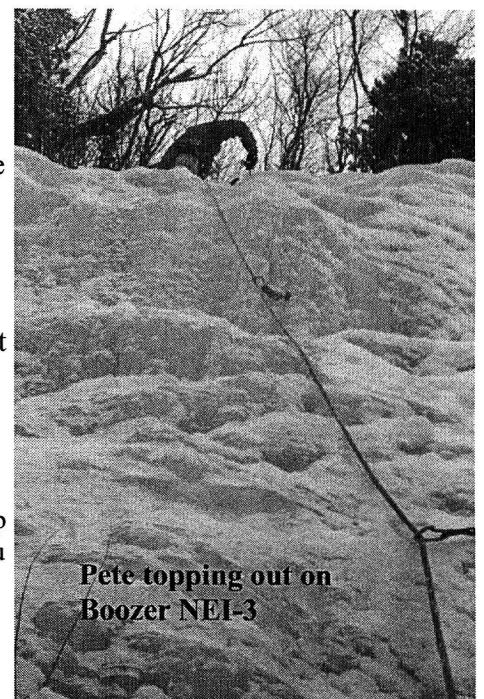
crampons and head up the path only to find Emily, a rock and river guide, and her 3 clients. We continue around and bushwack to another ice flow about 25 meters away. We encounter one of nature's cruelties along the way. What appears to be a deer with a severe cervical deformity stands steadfast as we approach, and never moves while we gear up at the base of this climb, his living room.

Pete racks up with only a few screws and doesn't seem to be too concerned and starts off. He casually places screws as he works his way upward, through the crux, and then pops up and says, "Off"! He sets a TR for us to run laps on. All the while, the deer stands there, with his head cocked at a crazy angle looking at us; it was a most bizarre site.

The temperature hovered in the mid-teens and it was time to check on Emily and her crew. As we ambled down through the icy snow path we created, I turned back to see the poor dear that hadn't moved an inch since we got there, had vanished quietly into scenery. We were surprised to hear that Emily had heard talk of this mysterious alpine creature from other guides and kindled her curiosity; good for us! They broke down their TR's and Pete and I took snacks and warm drink until her party were nearly out of sight and headed for the crag we just left.

Pete surveyed the line he was about to take, and set off with cold fire in his blue eyes, "Climbing Vince". "Climb On, Pete." A machine, the tall Swede moved deliberately from one screw placement to the next. His economy of motion and energy on ice amazed me.

The next day we are joined by Lynda and we meet at pitchoff right. We park directly in front of the crag and hump directly to the base. A climbing group from Colgate university had 4 tr's set and there was still room for us to set a TR. We walked around the right hand side and set up a TR off a tree. You need static line to extend the anchor. It awesome climbing with Lynda and Pete in this Adirondack Ice Climbing wonderland.



Pete topping out on  
Boozer NEI-3



## 2007 Ice festival February 8-11th

By Vincent Penoso

The late start to the ice climbing season was punctuated by an average attendance of the ice festival which saw big names of the sport hold clinics and give slide show presentations. The big draw however was Steve House, whose technical slide show presentation captivated the climbing audience, while ice festival regulars Mark Wilford and Barry Blanchard make the remote New Hampshire location a very special annual event.

The usual sponsors had booths available for ice festival participants to demo gear from Patagonia, Black Diamond, Asolo, Petzl, Grivel, Mammut and Marmot. Clinic participants are completely outfitted with the latest ice climbing gear to use and offers a complete gear introduction to the new ice climber.

The format for this year's event was essentially the same as previous years, except the awesome breakfast was omitted; what a shame. Gear check in and rally point was at IMCS and clinics then scattered for a day of climbing and instruction.

I signed up for a 2-day ice leader skills clinic with New England hardman Bob Baribeau, who is responsible for a number of new routes and FA in Katahdin and throughout the area. We met at the parking lot at Frankenstein Cliffs in Crawford Notch. The first day of the clinic, we hiked the 2 miles to

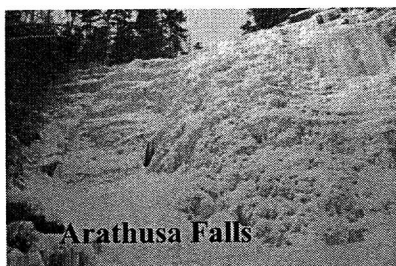
the base of Arathusa Falls using the recently changed approach, which now takes you up and to the right at a point on the trail, instead of down and to the left to the base.

We had the entire falls to ourselves and our guide set up (2)-TR on the left flow, by walking around the left side and slinging some trees. We ran laps all day long as a skills test to evaluate our climbing. Everyone in our clinic climbing leash less and by midday, I left my tethers in my pack. We learned to kick out a stance and put in ice screws and we practice this all day long.

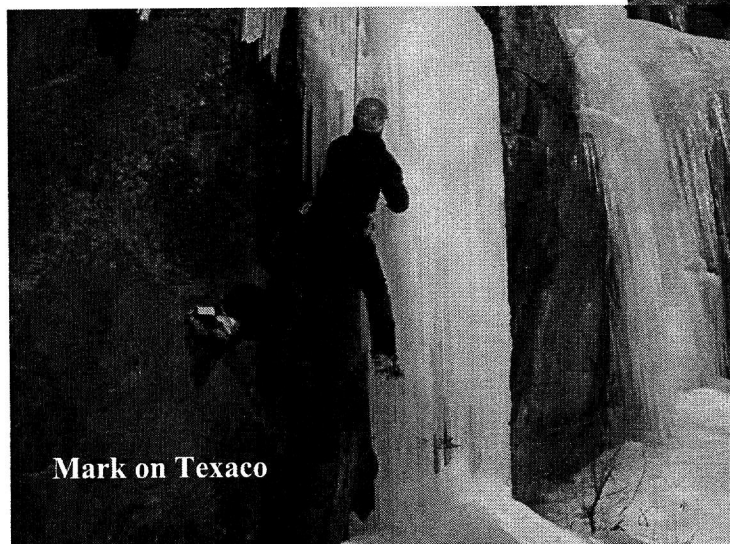
The second day we went over to Frankenstein Cliffs and climbed Bob's delight NEI-4, a shorter approach than the 2+ mile slog. This crag was steep and in some places hollow. Bob lead this pitch and set up 2 TR's where we practiced place pro on vertical ice. This was hard. Then since the ice was hollow you could tell immediately if your placement was shit. This was very strenuous but a hell of a lot of fun.

We built bomber anchors using abalakovs, screws and cordalettes. The temperature was near perfect mid-upper teens and no wind. Such a beautiful day of climbing.

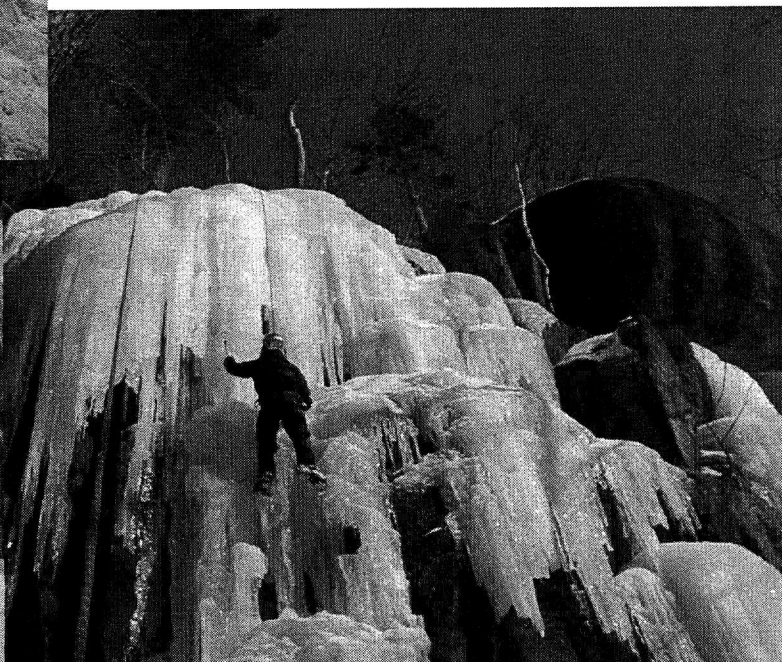
I have only been climbing for a year but have learned a lot from attending ice festivals, which aren't just for beginners. It is such a good time and an excellent club event. The white trellis hotel offers our club a 10% discount for booking rooms with them....A must do annual trip to sharpen your Ice Climbing Skills at any level.



Arathusa Falls



Mark on Texaco



## The Narrows Trip February 07

By Wayne Stone

I went to sleep late SAT night after an all day high school wrestling tournament DREADING the 4 hour drive I'd committed to start a short 4 hours later. What seemed like a brilliant idea a mere 24 hours earlier, now seemed complete folly. This early MON morning, I am really glad I followed through with this folly.

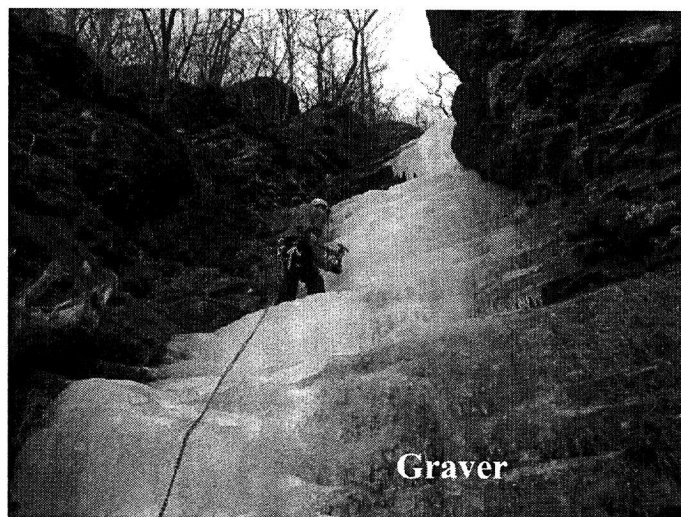
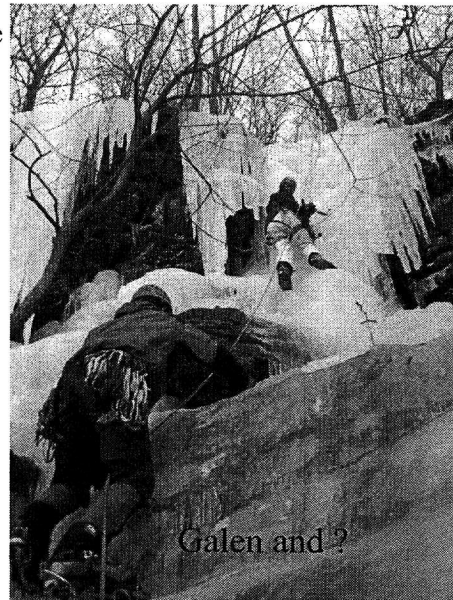
2330 SAT evening I set the alarm for 0330 and by 0500 was sitting in the PATC parking lot waiting for Naz to arrive and calling Joe every 5 minutes trying to get him to wake up. Naz arrived, we loaded up the jeep and had just decided that Joe wasn't going to make it when the phone rang. After a short detour to link up w sleeping beauty, we were off to link up with Irina and Ron in MD.

We arrived at the rest stop I believed was our link up point and finding neither Ron or Irina, we called and decided that it was best to take two vehicles and the (now) two separate PMC parties headed north.

Naz, Joe, and I got to the ice ~ 0930 and were climbing by 1000. After a couple of hours fiddling around and top-roping on the first patch of ice we saw upon arriving (right across the road from the lock) in the Narrows we headed a little further down the road to the main parking area. From there we headed right to (what we later learned) was Dead Deer Gully and spent the rest of the afternoon climbing the two pitches of that NEI-3 gem while introducing Naz and Ross to ice climbing. Both took to it and are almost certainly hooked.

We had a bit of adventure (or watched it anyway) on the way down as a fellow from another party slipped while rappelling and broke his lower leg at the top of the 1st pitch. We donated one of our ropes to the rescue effort, Naz splinted the patient's leg in record time with two ice axes and his partner rapped the pitch with this 190 lb man on his back while Joe made the call to the local rescue unit (requested by the other party almost immediately). It was quite an effort on everyone's part. Ross and I had a front row seat (well stand actually) and were ready to enter the fray on a moments notice if called upon. Luckily, the rescue went without incident and all Ross and I were asked to do was police up any spare gear and get it to the bottom. It was interesting watching the local fire company use their ladder truck, stokes litter, etc, etc to get the patient down the last 50 feet of scree slope to the road after his buddy had just finished getting him down 150' feet or so of occasionally vertical terrain using only ropes, webbing, biners, and cord.

Well after that excitement and after a few hundred jumping jacks to stay warm while waiting for the drama to subside we were all reunited at the base of the climb and headed off to the car. At the parking area we met and briefly commiserated with the other half of the PMC contingent who'd spent the day climbing in Main Gulley. After stuffing everything in our vehicles we said our goodbyes and headed south. What a great day, thanks to everyone that participated!





## Reflections of My First Lead on Ice

By Vincent Penoso

It had been 2 weeks since I felt the sting of slivers of ice pelting my face that was unprotected by safety glasses while climbing ice. The flight and drive to Albany was uneventful, anticipation of my first lead ever present. My gear was arranged all about the hotel room floor as it slowly emerged from the suitcases. Every piece of gear had a home in my pack where it could easily be racked at the crag the next morning. Different gloves, five, had a different use and stored with respective access. Everything was set, but the mental rehearsal continued.

My style of leading on rock or ice began well before I put on any gear. Guide books clutter my world at night as I re-read route descriptions and pour over images found on the internet. I try and glean as much from data sources, as any military strategist plans an operation, in order to imprint the route on my small mind. I pre-climb, pre-rack and pre-whimper, to get it all out of my system by the time it is show time. A clear and confident mind, is a prerequisite for launching off on the sharp end of any rope.

The alarm went off, it seemed I just closed my eyes. I rolled out and into my layers of Marmot, Patagonia and Arc'teryx. My new Black Diamond Predator pack was pre-packed, but awaiting my ritual thermos of hot tea and sugar. I was quiet in the car as we rolled towards Lake Placid; we hung a right at the intersection and headed towards the pass.

There was nothing warm about the weather at the pass that morning; the mercury read 10 degrees. I peeled off my Marmot down sweater and followed our party down the highway and up the base of Multiplication Gulley. The slope was steeper than other approaches and I was glad I carried my piolet. At the base, I absorbed friendly jeers from the peanut gallery when they saw my piolet, but later that day they would realize that the tool had practical utility on the down climb to the car.

Mack Muir, set off on lead, in his party of 3: Dave Moysey and Scott Hartsock. One by one, they followed Mack up the rope until the moment came. Bob Graver asked me if I wanted this lead. I was hiding in the cave, fiddling with gear. At first, I told him I didn't have it going on to lead and I said, "No". Graver looked me in the eye and told me, "if there was a pitch I could do, son, this was it." I turned on my heels and began racking gear on my harness. I had stopped rehearsing the lead at the road; I wasn't leading this day; suddenly I was.

There I was, racking gear on my first ice lead. I felt nervous. What screws would I need? I have 12. I'll use a big one for the first, maybe a 19cm or a 22cm with a screamer. I looked up to confirm, yeah, a 22. I looked up the first pitch, looking for obvious placements and resting spots and I began

to feel less terror and more excitement. I would climb the bunny hill, a short 60 ft section of 2+ 3 Ice. I figured 3 screws; I carried 6.

Off I went, fairly confident in the grade and my ability to climb this section of ice without thinking about it. I didn't think about splintered fragments of femur lacerating my femoral artery, causing me to bleed out within 10 minutes or a 50 pound bowling ball sized chunk of ice shattering my helmet, causing seizures before blacking out completely.

"Vince, you are on Belay", said Graver. "Huh? Oh yeah, Climbing."

I was nearly 10 feet off the launch, sank my first screw on lead and clipped it. I wanted a cigarette, but I don't smoke. I continued on, placing screws before the most innocent of moves, just below bulges, suspicious of gravity.

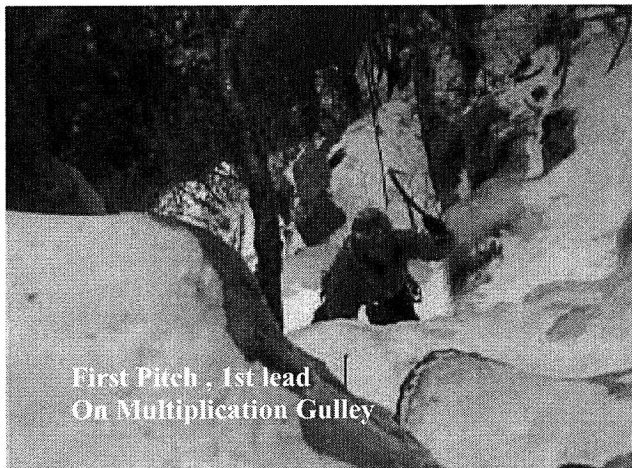
I was off in the world of leading ice, irrespective of the bunny hill I was on. I was on a dingy in Sea of Cortez. Killer whales and Great Whites brake dancing across my bow, churning up the water around me, I climbed on. I fired screw after screw in what seemed like a smooth pace and I felt confident in my footwork and make bomber first sticks.

Then I looked up, then down at my rack. I came upon the last

steep headwall. All I had left was a 16 and a lousy stubby, a 10cm ice screw used more for decoration. I looked to my immediate left and 20 feet to the side was a tree. I looked down at Bob, with a look he could not understand. I wanted the hell off this ice cube and the thought appeared on the big billboard in my brain in Red and White flashing letters: "**BAIL DICK-HEAD**".

Effortlessly, I drove the stubby home and climbed up as high as I dared to find a good stance and fired this last salvo at belly button level. I was out of screws. The belay was 25 feet past this last bulge over easier terrain. I cleared the bulge, moving my feet in small steps up high and walking over, when suddenly I realized my right downhill crampon popped as I came over the bulge. I couldn't go down, nor could I squeak out the word "TAKE". The Red and White flashing letters that spelled "**BAIL**", disappeared across the big billboard in my brain.

My last screw was 10 feet below. My daughter's face and my college courses flashed before my eyes. I turned and sank my left tool above me with an atomic stick. I extended my P.A.S., clipped my tool and tried to re-attach my crampon. No Luck. "**POP A FLARE**", I thought. Then my 2-day ice leader skills course flashed across the billboard, in Red and White flashing letters: "**BAIL KIT**". Hidden on my harness, I had a 22cm screw in my bail kit for making abalakovs! I fired the screw in and reattached my crampon. The national geographic explorer theme music played as the credits rolled on the billboard in my mind in Red and White flashing letters: "**YOU DID IT PILGRIM!**" My first lead was as memorable as I would want to have it. I had arrived!



First Pitch, 1st lead  
On Multiplication Gulley

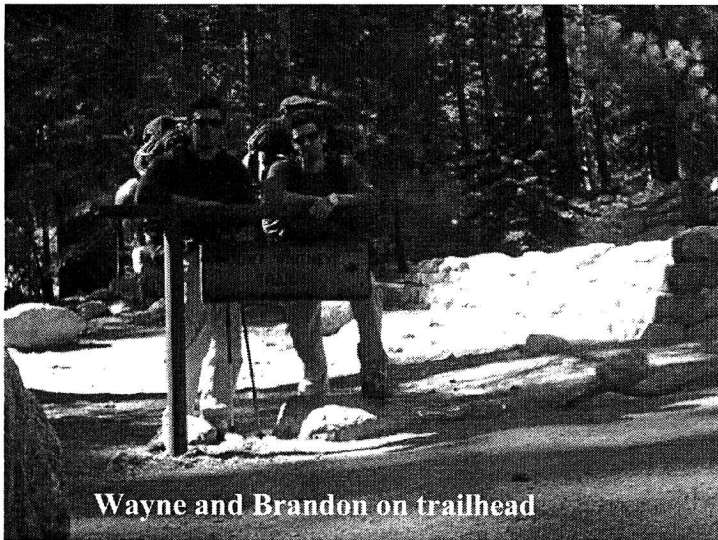
## East Buttress 5.7 – Mount Whitney - California

Oct 8 – 11, 2006

Wayne and Brandon Stone

### Day 1 – The Hike

Brandon and I awoke early on October 8 in anticipation of our hike up to Iceberg Lake – feelings of delight and anxiety filled the air. We were definitely elated to be in California, about 5 miles from Iceberg Lake, but we were anxious based on reports that we had heard from hikers/climbers/shop owners. “It looks like Alaska up there,” was the one quote that we keep saying out loud. Most of the TRs that I had read in the past few days recommended crampons/ice axe and the knowledge to use them. We had one of the three.



Wayne and Brandon on trailhead

Sunday morning was crisp – definitely a hint of fall – maybe even winter. We sorted out the remaining gear and put our food away in the bear boxes at the edge of the parking lot. There was a pizza box in there that smelled delicious – just one slice – that is what I needed to get me up the Whitney Trail and Mountaineer’s Trail. My brain said yes, but my stomach said no.

The Whitney Trail leaves the parking area and you immediately walk through some type of wooden structure that looks like it should be the finishing chute of a biathlon. There are some posters there that remind you that Whitney is wild and wonderful and to pack out your poop – 3500 pounds had been packed out so far – sure glad we got those WAG bags! There is a scale to weigh your pack also – we skipped it. I knew my pack was heavy and I was not interested in knowing the real weight because I didn’t want to focus on it. As we walked up the Whitney Trail towards the North Fork, I couldn’t help but think about ripping down the trail on my mountain bike. The only danger would be pegging some hiker at

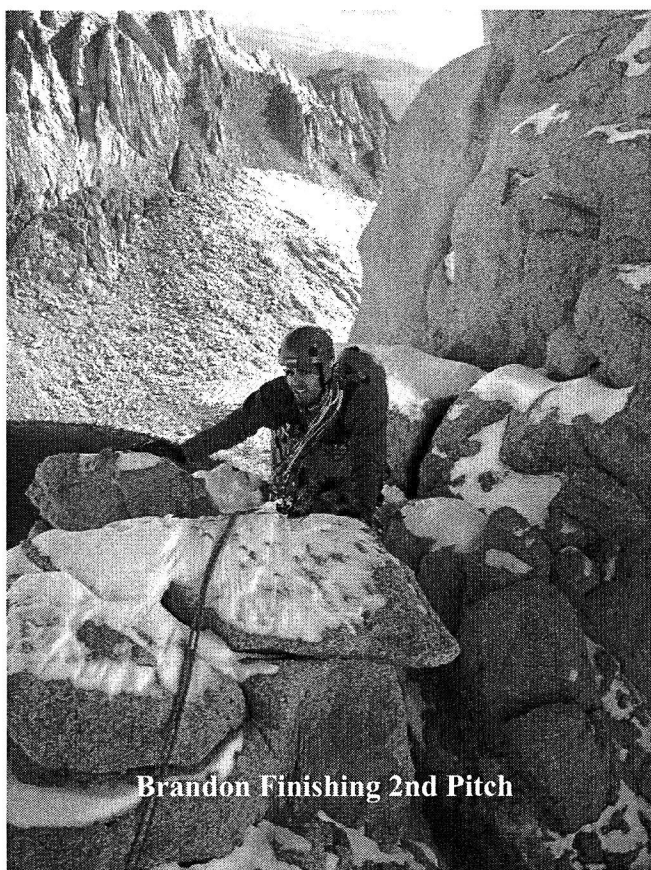
25 mph because the trail was so smooth and maintained. The first mile went fast and we found ourselves at the North Fork junction and began ascending the Mountaineer’s Trail(MT). I think the excitement of being there lessened the steepness of the trail.

The weather was nice; the sun was out and it was not windy. There were clouds lurking further up the valley blocking the views of the Whitney group. We made steady progress and passed a few people that were descending from Upper Boy Scout Lake (UBSL). They indicated there was snow up higher and that we might want to camp at UBSL. We decided to see what it looked like and make a decision at the point. Our intent was to go all the way to Iceberg Lake. We continued on and climbed through Ebersbacher Ledges and meet two more hikers descending. They said the night time temps were in the teens at UBSL. After a quick break at Lower Boy Scout Lake (LBSL), we started up through a talas field to gain the slabs just below UBSL. We missed the direct turn-off to Iceberg and continued up to UBSL. We realized our mistake, drew water from the lake and started towards the area that we thought the trail would continue – it was easy to find it. It ascended an break in the ledges and we were back on track. As we made our way up this final segment of trail, the Whitney group came into view – huge! We followed the edge of a moraine until we needed to go up. Some folks go up the Waterfall to gain Iceberg Lake plateau – we opted for the less 3<sup>rd</sup> class way and made our way to the base of Whitney. There were two guys there; we spoke with them a bit and then set-up camp. Whitney was still in the clouds, but the weather seemed to be lifting. We found a sweet campsite sheltered by a sizeable boulder and rock wall and with front porch views of Whitney. We had started hiking about 8 AM and made it to Iceberg Lake around 2 PM. As for all the snow reports we got, there was about 2 to 3 inches on the tops of rocks and the ground, but a lot of places were melted out. The two guys left and it was just us. Major pack explosion and camp was set-up, dinner was made, and we settled in around 6:30 to get a good night’s sleep for the climb the next day.

### Day 2 – The Climb

The Casio alarm went off at 5:30 AM. I started to roll over for a few more minutes, but decided that we should get going. We were pretty much ready to go; we just needed to eat and pack a few things. We left camp around 7 AM – a little later than I and wanted to, but I figured that it would take us about 6 hours to climb and 4 hours to descend – was I ever wrong! The first pitch went at 5.6 through a shallow dihedral with a steep finish to a nice belay ledge. The most concerning aspect of the climb was the snow. As I ascended, I cleared the route of

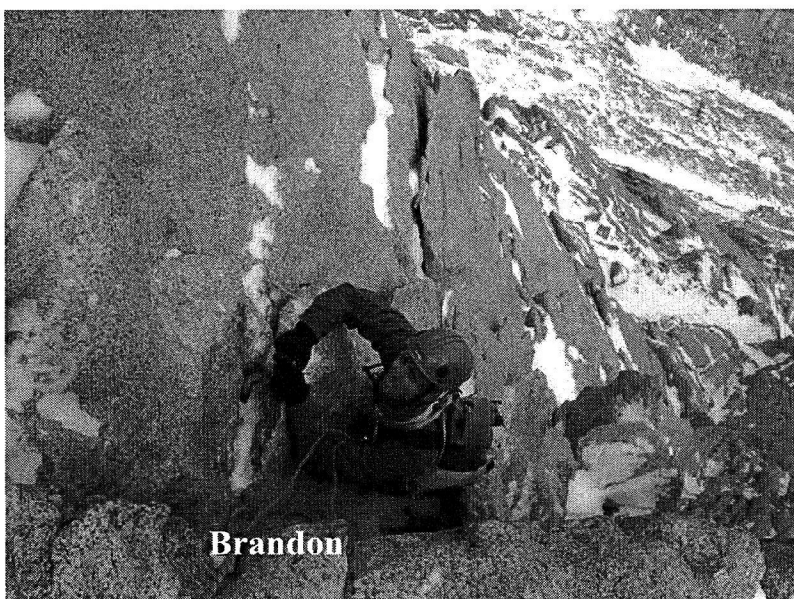




Brandon Finishing 2nd Pitch

snow. About 6 to 8 inches of snow was on the belay ledge – makes for cold feet in rock shoes. The second pitch started off with some steep moves, but then treaded right to easier 4<sup>th</sup> class moves. The third pitch was my favorite – 5.7 face climbing. There was a bashed up piton for pro, but I was unable to get a biner on it. I ran it out about 25 feet on awesome golf ball size knobs to easier 4<sup>th</sup> class moves and one tough boulder problem/crack. The 3<sup>rd</sup> belay station was not desirable – it was in the shade and in about knee deep snow. I belayed Brandon up, took a look at the watch, and decided that we were not going to be finished until about 4 PM. I was glad we brought headlamps and extra batteries! The 4<sup>th</sup> pitch was suppose to be easy and I considered simul-climbing it. Instead of trudging through snow, I thought I would take a more direct route to the 4<sup>th</sup> class ramps. This was a mistake. I ended up retreating after about 5 moves up the rock realizing that I was not interested in making 5.9+ moves with snowy handhold and footholds. Brandon suggested that I try another ramp – I did. After about 6 moves and some more 5.9+ moves, I decided to retreat again. I plugged in a Bluewater Coco Nut and lowered off collecting my gear as I descended. I trudged through the snow, gained the 4<sup>th</sup> class ramp system (lots of snow on ledges), and made my way up. I radioed to Brandon that we should simul-climb

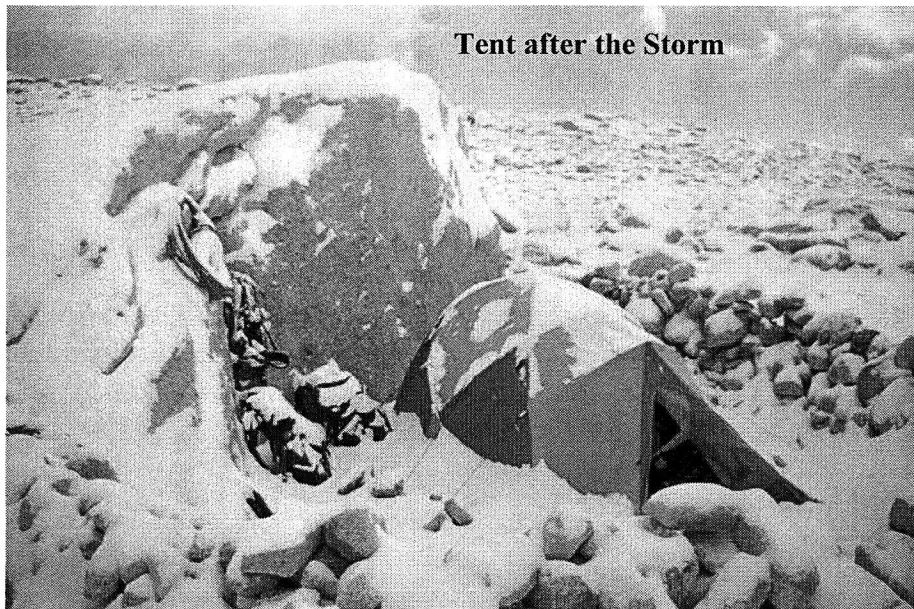
– we did and made it to the top of *The PeeWee*, a huge overhanging block that you pass to the right. The climbing was a mix of 4<sup>th</sup> class, 5.0 to 5.7, Brandon did well and I set up a belay on a saddle in the ridge and brought him up. Basically, we were way behind, but we were climbing. Descending would have been possible – there are tons of natural features for protection and rapping, but we felt that we would be fine continuing up. The next pitch was Jekyll and Hide. It started out nicely, went nasty into an offwidth chimney (this had to be off-route), so I traverse into and awesome corner with lots of great stemming and hands to a large ledge. Then I had to lower into a chasm and climb out of it – it was awkward and harder than 5.7. I knew I was off-route again. I managed the section okay and was glad to exit that cold, wet and dank chasm/chimney. By now, we were definitely out the sun – but it was not cold. Brandon started up this Jekyll/Hide pitch and the rope snagged. I lowered him considerably on the blue rope and finally he had to untie the red rope so that we could get it unstuck. Again, this was a time set back, plus I was feeling the effects of the altitude, leading 6 pitches, and hungry. Brandon climbed up to the belay ledge and we assessed our location on the topo – either we were about to climb pitch 7, maybe 8 or we were just lost. I collected piece of the rack and started up. The pitch ended about as quick as it had started. As I emerged over a ledge, I realized that we were at the talus field (it was out to my left). This was a grand site. Brandon made it up and we packed things up and scrambled (3+) up to the summit. We summited at 5:15 PM and saw the sun very low in the western sky. We signed the register, went into the hut and suited up for the descent. Our plan was to descend the Mountaineer's Route.



Brandon

## Whitney (con't)

We peeked over the edge and looked at the slope – snow and ice? It looked to be more treacherous than we



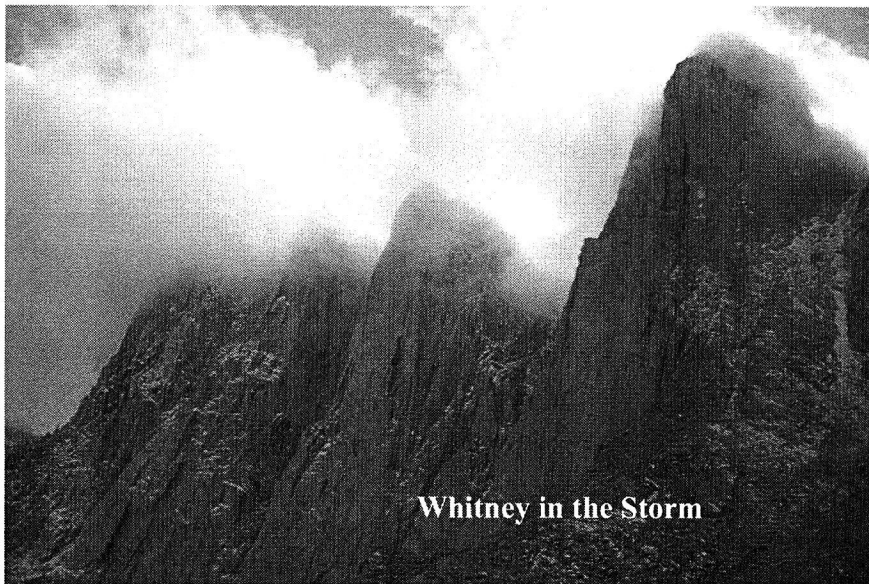
Tent after the Storm

wanted to tackle so we looked for options. The best option looked to be walking west and descend a 3/3+ rib down to Artic Lake. We had ropes and extra gear (if necessary) to leave behind to descend safely. We surveyed the rib and decided to do a rappel down a snow slope/slab to reach a ledge. I set-up the rappel station and we made our way down – much faster than down climbing class 3+ snow ledges. Brandon joined me and we started to pull the rope – STUCK! This deflated us a bit. I knew that we needed the ropes to get down safely. We pulled again – nothing. I knew I had to go back up and get it unstuck – Darkness had engulfed us by now and last bit of orange in the western sky had faded to dark purple. I started up; concentration was key. I did not want to slip! I feel like that I concentrated more on these 3+ ledges than the whole East Buttress. Slowly, I made my way up the ledges and freed the rope. I kept the blue rope for me and let the red rope slide down to Brandon. I used the rope to make a 90 ft rappel over a

tricky section and joined Brandon. We made our way down the ridge by headlamp and examined our options. To the left side of the ridge, it became steeper and more snowy. So we went over the top of the ridge and started descending the talus/snow field. We were making good time and then the rocks ended. The only thing in front of us was a huge, blank snowfield about the steepness of an blue run at a ski slope. Since we did not have crampons and ice axes, I did not want to chance the snowfield – what if it got steeper? What if it had ice under the 3 to 5 inches of snow? To me, that equated with a big slide down the mountain. With both headlamps, we looked for an option. About 150 feet below me, there was a snow ledge. We made a rap station on a huge boulder (basically, the last one) and I rappelled down to the snow ledge. I got down to the snow ledge-but what next? There were no places to set-up a suitable rock anchor, so I rapped a little further down into a gully system. There

was a huge, bubbly ice-blob and some chossy rock – not an anchor spot. Below me approximately 40 ft, I could see another snow ledge, but I only had about 20 feet of rope left to rap on. I had Brandon put me on be-

lay and lower me the 40 ft to the snow ledge. Now what? How was I going to get him down here? As I investigated the area – the most beautiful small crack appeared. I placed a #2 yellow Metolius cam and a tri-cam in the crack – anchored. As I built the anchor, I noticed that there was a rock/snow gully just above



Whitney in the Storm

me. If Brandon stayed to his right as he rappelled, then he could stop in the gully, drop me an end of the rope and I could belay him down the last 25 ft. That is what we did. From the anchor, I made a 200 ft rappel to a boulder field and the slope's grade started to lessen considerably. We made our way down the talus field to the valley and started up the valley towards the Russell-Whitney Pass. We were tired, thirsty and hungry. It was about 11:30



PM and I figured that we were about an hour and a half from camp. In all, we had not eaten very much. I had 2 cliff bars and a nalgene of Gatorade; Brandon had eaten 1 cliff bar and a bottle of Gatorade. We made steady progress, climbed the pass and descended down to the banks of Iceberg Lake. It was good to be back. It was 1:30 AM. We drank some water, Gatorade, and ate a cliff bar then went to sleep.

### Day 3 – R&R

Day three dawned. It was quite ominous looking behind Whitney – I was glad to be lying in my tent. Brandon fetched some water and indicated that it was starting to snow. I had really wanted a sunny morning to be the case, but I just rolled over and slept some more. When we woke up around 11:15, it had snowed about 3 inches. It seemed like more. The clouds started to disperse and we fixed some breakfast. Tent lounging was definitely in order for the day. Later that afternoon, the sun came out and it was very pleasant to be outside. We ate again and just enjoyed the magnitude and quietness being at the base of Mount Whitney. Once the sun disappeared behind the mountains, it cooled off significantly – back to the tent. As it dusk approached, we heard voices and a couple appeared. They had hiked up from Whitney Portal and we were spending the night at Iceberg Lake.

### Day 4 – Return to Whitney Portal

The sun was out. By the time we packed everything up – we were in just long sleeve polypros and hiking pants – all the insulated garments were in the pack. The hike down was pretty quick – it took us about 4 hours. As we made our way down, we met a group of 4 – they were enroute to do the Mountaineer's Route. It was unquestionably a relief to emerge onto the Whitney Trail – damn – I wished I had that mountain bike! Down to the store via the trail and finishing, wooden chute structure at the trailhead. We decided to weigh our packs – Brandon 53 lbs and Wayne 61 lbs. I think the higher pack weight was due to the food and gear. We did not eat all our meals up there – we were on the mountain too long. We did enjoy a burger and fries at the Portal Store.

### Post Script

We left Whitney Portal around 3 PM and drove to Badwater, Death Valley. It is 282 feet below sea level. So in one day, we went from 12,500 ft (Iceberg Lake) to -282 ft below sea level. We drove back to Lone Pine and camped out in Alabama Hills. The next day we made our way to Yosemite National Park. We stopped off in Bishop to visit the Mountain Light Gallery (<http://www.mountainlight.com/>). It was the most incredible outdoor photography that I have ever seen. Then, we drove into Yosemite from Lee Vining and were blown away by the quantity of granite along the road. I wanted to climb something, but my body said no.

We ended up camping in Camp 4 and contemplated doing *Snake Dike* on Half Dome – the route description made it sound awesome. Instead, we hiked up the *Cable Route* to the summit of Half Dome and had a leisurely day. Brandon and I could not believe that you did not have to sign some type of waiver to go up the cables – there were a lot of shaky folks ascending and descending.

### Logistic Things

Rack – 9 cams, 1 set of mixed stoppers (BD and WC), 3

tri-cams, 3 hexs, 12 slings (short and long)

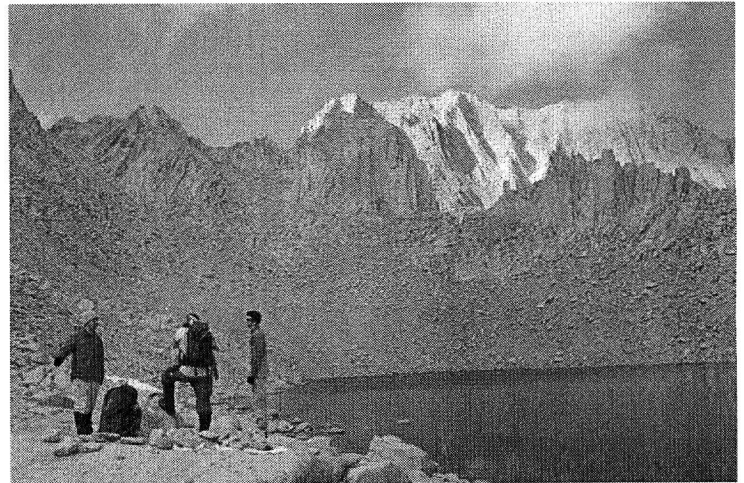
Rope – Mammut Genesis Superdry 8.5mm x 60m Dry

Rope – Double

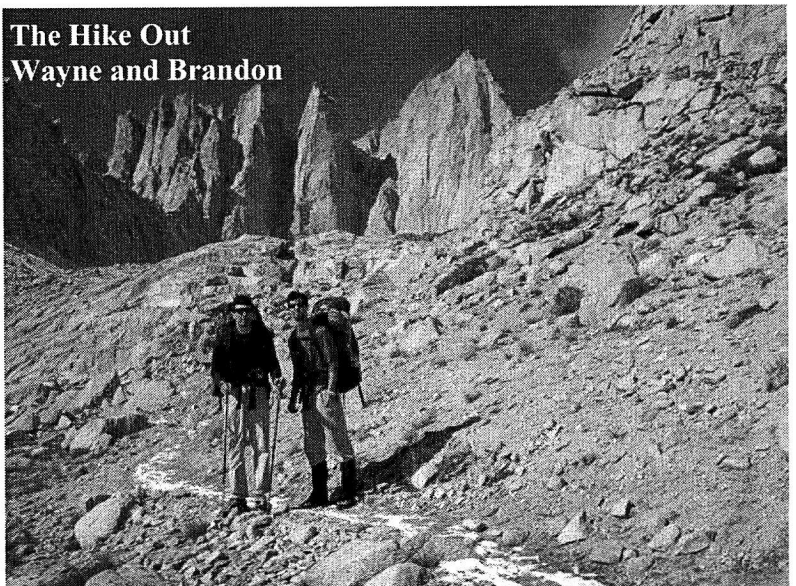
Tent – Sierra Design's Tiros – 4 Season

Shoes – Asolo's *Distance*

Headlamp – Petzl Myop



**The Hike Out**  
**Wayne and Brandon**

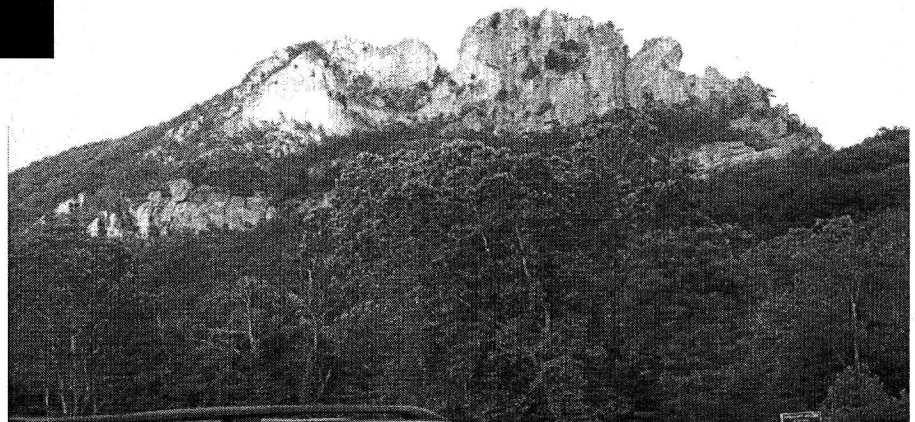




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