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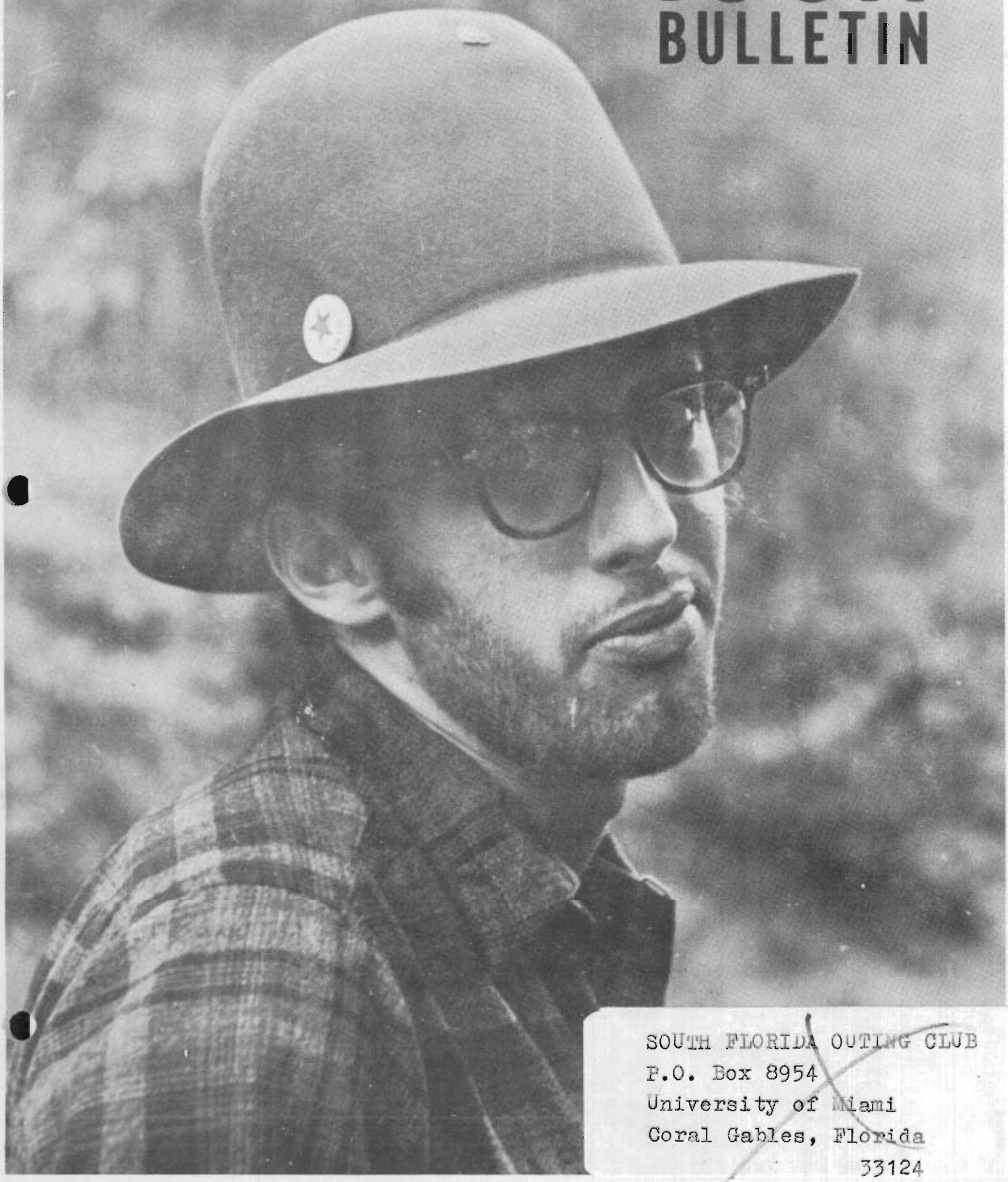
IOCA BULLETIN



FALL 1969 **The IOCA Bulletin** VOL. XXX No. 1

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Our striking cover fellow is Jose Vazquez, a three year IOCAlum from Newark College of Engineering Outing Club. He frequents the Northeast, sometimes with his brood of Vasser girls at the Gunks or dancing a fancy square with the Promenaders at Douglass Thursday nights. El Intrepido has the reputation of being easy going in any thing that he sets out to conquer, whether it be a 5,5 in sneakers or the hairy slopes of Wild Cat Mtn with an experimental technique of skiing (known as point the skis straight down the hill and pray). This issue allows Jose to express his literary style in the thrilling episode of climbing adventure on page 11.

STAFF MEMBERS: Co-editors Barry Fields Helen Zeidler; Production Ed Sailer and Paul C. Harper; Proofreading, Anne Camp, Nancy Kirk. Special thanks to our contributors, advertisers and to the production staff of the RUTGERS TARGUM Wessels Basement, Rutgers College, New Brunswick, New Jersey.

PHOTO CREDITS: Front Cover, Helen Zeidler, pg 4 Helen Zeidler pg 5 Barry Fields pg 6 Barry Fields pg 12 anonymous friend of Paul Harper, pg. 13 anonymous friend of Paul Harper.

The IOCA Bulletin will be published three times this year by the members of the Rutgers Outdoor Club using the underground facilities of the Rutgers Targum. A subscription for $1.50 including the monthly IOCA Newsletter and the IOCaver may be obtained from IOCA Exectuive Secretary Al Brooks, 303 Sharp Hall University of Delaware, Newark, Delaware

Rock Climbing in the Northeast

By Fritz Wiessner, Noted Alpinist
reprinted from the Winter—1948 edition
of the IOCA Bullitin

It is often assumed that rock climbing in the eastern United States is done for one purpose——namely, preparatory training for climbing in the alpine regions of the American West and other continents. Although this may be the reason for some, it is a fact that to most of our climbers their regular visits to native cliffs represent in themselves an important purpose. The variety of rock present, the excellent sport to be had on the cliffs, and the beauty of the New England landscape with its forested mountains, patches of farmland, and abundance of rivers and lakes make climbing in the region a most pleasant and exciting recreation. Together with skiing, rock climbing gives the mountaineer a full, yearly cycle of vigorous, healthy, and exciting sport. It keeps him in close contact with the beauty and majesty of nature: it takes him away from the gray days in the big cities; and it brings him back to nature and his own inner strength. In addition, since rock climbing is a sport for few participants at one time and since climbers on the same rope are completely dependent upon each other, it knits close and very firm friendships.

In the New England mountains and the mountains of the Hudson River watershed the rock climber will find an ample number of cliffs. The varying geological structure of the region gives him fine opportunities to try his skill on many different types of rock. A survey of the most interesting cliffs of the New England and Hudson watershed regions reveals, due to geographical conditions, a number of cliffs are usually found within a short distance of each other. This results in groups of similar character and geological background.

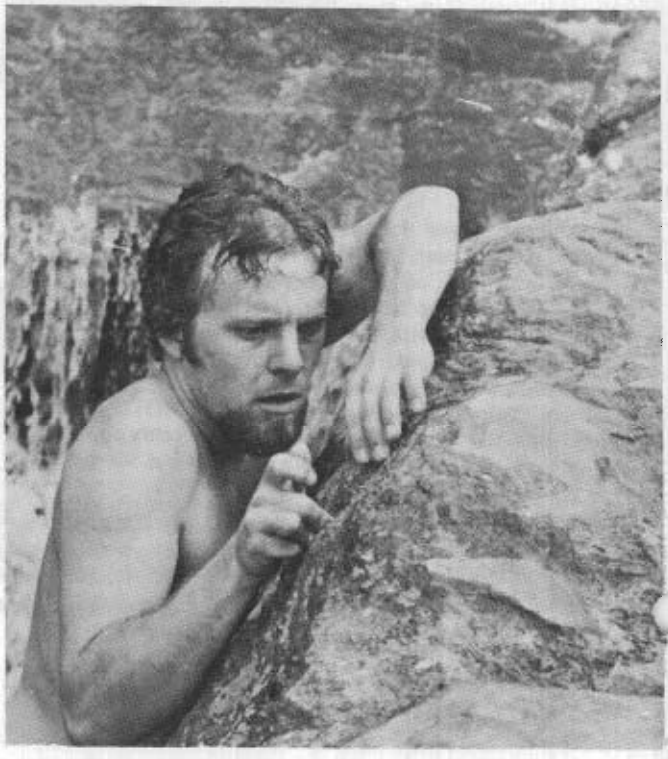
The main groups in the northern part of New England are the Mount Katahdin region of Maine and the White Mountain region of New Hampshire. With the mountains reaching considerable height, Mount Katahdin and the peaks of the White Mountains have cliffs as high as 700 feet; these are the highest in the United States east of the Rocky Mountains. South of Katahdin on Mt. Deseet Island off the Maine coast are several fine granite cliffs that are located in the interior of the island as well as along its coast. One of them rises 200 feet from the sea.

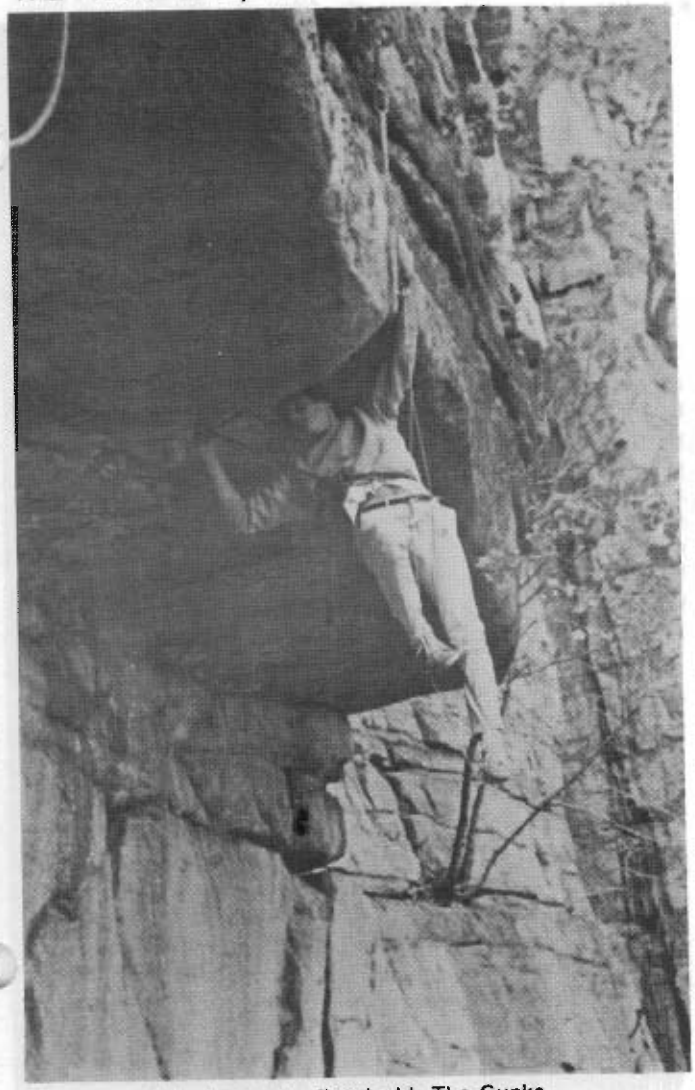
Scattered rock outcroppings may be found along the Maine coast and in the vicinity of Boston. The Quincy quarries and the boulders of Pawtuckahoe fall in this latter group, as does the fine Jfoe English cliff near Bristol, New Hampshire. The Green Mountains, which are composed of schists and gneiss, show several high cliffs in the northern part. Unfortunately, however, the rock errodes in such a manner that they usually proved unclimbable——as illustrated by the imposing Elephant Head in Smuggler's Notch, Mt. Mansfield. South of the Green Mountain region near the northern end of the Housitanic Valley are several marble cliffs. One of them on Monument Mountain, near Great Barrington, Mass., is of interest to the climber. Farther southeast, beginning at about the latitude of Hartford, Conn, there are several volcanic rock outcroppings with rather short but very steep cliffs which offer excellent climbing.

Returning to the northern parts of New England and crossing the Champlain Valley, one enters the Adirondacks. The rock structure here is similar to that of the Green Mountains; the cliffs are numerous and quite high, but not many afford good climbing. To the south the Catskills are even more disappointing. There are no sizeable cliffs but just very short bluffs of red sandstone. Approximately 15 miles south of the Catskills, however, the Shawangunk Mountains offer one of the best climbing regions in the East. The rock is a quarzite conglomerate which overlies old shales. Numerous cliffs, some as long as a mile and as high as 200 feet, are found here. Farther south, 50 miles or so from New York City, begin the Hudson Highlands that contain several fine granite cliffs grouped around Storm King Mountain, Breakneck Ridge, and a cliff at Arden (near Tuxedo).

I have selected and shall briefly describe in the following paragraphs a number of the outstanding climbs available to interested rock climbers. There are, of course, others of interest, particularly the high cliffs in the basins of the Mt. Katahdin massiv which the author has not visited.

In the White Mountains the Cannon Mountain cliff just south of Franconia Notch, is the highest; it tops 700 feet in several places. On its northern end is the "Forehead Route" which is 740 feet long. It begins at the foot of the cliff, at a point straight below the nose of the "Old Man's" rock face, and leads up to a promontory. Here it continues upward to the left over a slanting traverse (with much vegetation) to the second, steeper part of the cliff and follows a system of cracks and slabs to another terrace at a level with the chin of the "Old Man". The route now traverses to the right into a Verschneidung+ on the south side of the "Old Man's" head. Through this Verschneidung, below which the cliff seems to drop away, spectacular but not too difficult climbing leads to the top of the forehead of the "Old Man". The rock climb rating of this climb is four to five.+ Approximately 250 feet to the south of Forehead Route begins the "Old Cannon" route. It leads straight upward to a terrace from which it traverses 30 feet to the right. Here, with a difficult step, entrance in a crack is gained which soon leads onto the upper slabs of the cliff. These end on a terrace on the same level with the chin of the "Old Man", some distance away to the right. The top of the cliff is easily reached over reclining slabs. The rating of this route is three to four. Much loose rock has been reported lately at the beginning of the climb. Near the southern end of the cliff is a deep and high depression. Here the Whitney--Gilman route leads up following, more or less, the ridge to the left of the depression. It is one of the finest and most exposed climbs in the White Mountains and rates four to five. The interior of the depression to the left of the Whitney—Gilman route has also been climbed.+





Climber using direct aid, The Gunks

Opposite Cannon Mountain and directly above Franconia Notch is the Pinnacle, a small rock tower in front of a larger massiv. It offers a chimney and a short face climb on its small summit rock.

In Crawford Notch the Mt. Willard Cliff rises on the west side approximately 600 feet in a number of smooth slabs that become steeper toward the summit. One of the first major rock climbs in the White Mountains was made on this cliff by Robert Underhill and Lincoln O'Brien in the late 1920's. The route goes over smooth slabs to the right of a shallow gully until it reaches a steep patch of trees on the left. From near the top to this tree—patch the route follows the gully of yellow rock and after about 80 feet, traverses around rotten rock to the right onto steep slabs. The latter are followed for two rope lengths to a patch of shrubs. Smooth, steep rocks to the left lead to the top after another rope length. The last summit cliff is to the left and extends a little farther upward. This route demands efficient friction climbing and experience with rotten rock in the upper part.

In the Presidential Range of the White Mountains the "Pinnacle Climb" at the left end of the Huntington Ravine cliff is often done. With the exception of a short pitch near the middle, it rates a three. The route follows a ridge (which borders the steep cliffs in Huntington Ravine) to the left of the trail. The pinnacle also forms the left sidewall of the Odell Gully, which is covered by thick layers of ice during the cold season; it affords some of the best ice climbing in the eastern United States.

The more southern parts of the White Mountains likewise have several cliffs of great interest to the rock climber. White Horse Ledge near North Conway has two routes. The older of the two begins near the middle of the cliff and leads up over smooth friction slabs under an arc—like depression. This is followed upward to the right until it ends near the side of the cliff. There, two very difficult overhangs are climbed, and the top slabs are reached. The route is rated five. The second route starts farther to the left. It leads over the wide center slab, following a shallow line formed by water erosion, to a ledge. Here, it traverses upward into a chimney which leads to the summit slabs. This route rates three to four.

Approximately one mile north of White Horse Ledge is Cathedral Ledge, with a steeper cliff and only one route. It is a fine chimney—and—crack climb which leads straight through the cliff some distance to the right of the deep depression which more or less divides the cliff. Several trees and shrubs grow on the interspersed ledges along the line of the cracks and chimneys. This climb is good practice for the climber who wants to improve his crack and chimney technique. Difficulties range around five.

Humphries Ledge, approximately two miles north of Cathedral Ledge, offers a crack climb of greater difficulty. The deep veritical crack is above the nearby road, to the left of a shallow ridge which divides the southern smooth part and the more grown—over northern part of the ledge. The route circumvents the lower overhanging 30 feet on the right side of the pillar and then traverses into the crack, which is followed to the summit. The rating is five to six.

Farther north in the Sacco River Valley, about two miles past Glen Station, is the White Leedge cliff on Stanton Mountain. It has an excellent rock—climb through its center, rating four to five.

One of the best cliffs for climbing within easy reach of Boston is the Joe English Cliff near Bristol, New Hampshire. Six or seven routes are available and in all degrees of difficulty. Although the cliff is not as high as the cliffs near North Conway, a good day's climbing can be done on several different routes.

Short, steep, and interesting climbs are available on the Trapprock cliffs of Connecticut. Ragged Mountain, between Berlin and Southington, Conn., with a cliff several hundred feet long and up to 100 feet high, is the foremost among them. Numerous routes have been made on it. Most of them rate four to five; a few rate higher. The reddish, rather rough, volcanic rock offers delicate and much overhanging face—climbing, as well as difficult overhanging cracks. It demands much technique and strength. Other good climbs in the region are on Westpeak, near Meriden, Conn., and on the cliffs of Sleepy Giant in the state park at Mt. Carmel, Conn.

In the Adirondacks the highest cliff is Wallface Mountain, above Indian Pass. Two routes have been pioneered on it. The Case route leads up several hundred feet to the right of the large center depression of the face. It goes over slabs, short cracks, and Verschneidungen to the top of the cliff. The rating is three to four. The second route begins at about the same point but leads with a long ascending traverse over shrub—covered ledges toward the high center depression. After a more difficult slab has been climbed and crossed, a system of chimneys and cracks is reached, which is followed to the top of the cliff. A great deal of vegetation and moss in the chimney make this route a poorer rock climb. Difficulties rate about four. The remoteness and wilderness of the region make a visit to Wallface well worthwhile.

A relatively easy but long slab of scenical splendor leads up over Mt. Colden slides from Avalanche Lake. The best route begins with a narrow chimney, just above the western end of the Lake and to the left of the Mt. Colden dyke. After a rope

length, it ends in slabs which are followed upward until fir thickets begin. Here, it traverses into the dyke, follows the latter for a while, and later crosses over to the slabs on the other side of the dyke. From here it is an easy climb to the summit.

The two technically best rock climbs in the Adirondacks are on Indian Face, above the lower Ausable Lake, and on the High Chappel Pond Cliff, half way between Chappel Pond and the Giant's Washbowl.

Indian Face has several routes; the longest and the most interesting is on the side facing the lake. From a small promontory on the foot of the northwest corner of the cliff, a long, upward traverse to the left leads to a ledge below the high chimney on Indian Face proper. From here, it climbs straight upward over crumbling rock until a traverse to the right is possible onto a small platform. At first overhanging, the route continues upward to the right into a short crack system. This leads into a steep depression with much loose rock. The depression is followed to its end on the top of Indian Face. This climb of over 200 feet rates four to five. Due to crumbling and loose rock, it takes much judgement and experience. Several other climbs have been made on the lower walls of the cliff which face toward the upper end of Ausable Lake.

The High Chappel Pond cliff offers another worthwhile climb. It begins somewhat to the left of the middle of the cliff with a Verschneidung. After 50 feet it turns a corner to the left into another short Verschneidung leading to a ledge. From here, a third Verschneidung, approximately 100 feet high, is climbed on its left side to a platform with shrubs. Twenty feet of easy climbing lead to a wide, ascending ledge avbove, which is followed to its far end, about 120 feet away. Here, steep, shallow cracks lead up for 25 feet to the northern summit of the cliff. This route rates four to five.

A climbers paradise are the Shawangunk Mountains. south of the Catskills, The climbs range from easy to every difficult4 routes rating six have been climbed. Climbing on the Schwa ngunk cliffs comes nearer, perhaps, to the Dolomite rock climbing of the Alps than that on any other face in the East, The structure of the rock and its manner of erosion make it possible to climb routes which could not be done in the predominately igneous or metamorphous rocks of the East, This results in a variety of excellent face and crack climbs: and combinations, There are routes on long. overhanging rock faces, smooth slabs. and wide and narrow cracks. The longest routes are 200 feet high, The cliffs are situated on private land.. and permits to climb them must be secured from the owners,

Nearer New York City, the Hudson Highlands have interest for the rock climber. There are three cliffs just north of West Point on the west side of the Hudson River; Southern Crowsnest Cliff is nearst to West Point. The climb begins several feet back from the Storm King highway; it rates fou to five and is about 200 feet high. An easier route is fartherback on the cliff. Northern Crowsnest, the next cliff north, has two easier routes, but they are near the road and there is danger of rocks dislodged by the climber falling to the road. The next cliff north on Storm King Mountain proper has several routes of interest. The longest is the "Big Chimney" route. It starts about 400 feet from the road with a slab. After a rope length it enters the deep chimney which after 150 feet, ends near the top of the cliff. It rates four to five. To the left of the chimney and higher up on a pillar begins the Underhill route. It follows, in pleasant climbing of medium difficulty, several cracks to the top. Approximately 30 feet to the left of this route an easy climb (rating two) can be done on the right face of a corner. This route is usually used for the descent from the top of the cliff. About 50 feet to the left begins the most difficult route on the cliff. It follows a system of narrow cracks which run upward to the right and end with a short chimney. some distance

Bob Fenichel in full regalia

above the end of the easy route, This climb is rated between five and six, The Pollack route, one of the most attractive routes on the cliff (and rated four), begins another 15 feet to the left. After a rope length, it reaches a large oak tree on a ledge that is directly above the starting pint, From here it goes over a slab to a grass ledge. Above the ledge is a small overhang that is climbed using lay—back technique. After another grassy ledge is reached, a slab is climbed, keeping left to a small overhang. From here a long upward traverse to the righ leads to the top of the cliff.

Across the Hudson River from Storm King Mountain is Breakneck Ridge with it cirque of cliffs. On the well—eroded granite, numerous climbs have been accomplished. There is a long, easily climbed slab on the right side of the cirque which rates one to two; in the middle of the cirque a route rating of four has been done; and farther to the left, at the lower end of the cirque, a very difficult route leads to the top of the ridge which forms the ntrthern border of the cirque. Other, easier climbs have been done along the ridge above the railroad tunnel. Still others extend upward on the cliffs behind the easy slab.

The Arden cliff, above Route 17 on the west side of the Ramapo Valley, is another cliff in the Hudson Highlands with several routes for rock climbers.

Limited literature exists on the climbs described above. Most of it will be found in back copies of APPALACHIA, publication of the Appalachian Mountain Club. One article on Adirondack climbing by Hal Burton may be found in a back copy of THE AIDIRONDAC, published by the Adirondack Mountain Club.

Hama Hama Outing Club Inaugural Trip

—August 28—30, 1969

By PAUL C. HARPER

(alumni of the Lehigh Outing Club)

Wouter de Nie and I rose early Thursday morning to barely catch the 7:50 ferry boat across Puget Sound, being the last car aboard. We then picked up a new OC member, a Miss Gair Hemphill, and proceeded to drive 3 three hours to the north side of the Olympic Peninsula (with only a short stop in Sequim(pronounced"squim" or"skwim" if you wish) to buy bread, already purchased but left behind, for the lunches. During the drive we amused ourselves by thinking of the other essential things we had forgotten like enough cups, an axe, a knife, a canopener for the deviled ham, any TP, margarine, powdered milk, etc. Despite Wouter's skepticism the Svea stove was intentionnally left behind as the ultimate test of HHOC member survival avility.

We started hiking at the end of the Sol Duc River road at 12:30, resting a mile in at Sol Duc Falls shelter for lunch (using a bottle opener to open the deviled ham). Our destination the first night was Deer Lake,3 miles from the Falls, and 1500 feet above them, which we reached by 3:15. Dinner was augmented by an unopened pound of fresh (?) bacon found in the woods; by the time we realized that we needed grease to fry the instant hash browns it was already burning wildly. We also determined conclusively that water alsone is not enough to set instant pudding: milk is necessary. Notwithstanding, we filled ourselves, and retired, receiving as a bedtime story a plot synopsis of "Die Frau Ohne Schatten" from Gairr.

Up at 8 and away by 10:30 on Friday. We saw an elk on the opposite shore of the lake, 3 deer while on the trail, and heard stories from descending campers about the bears at our next campsite, Seven Lakes Basin. We made the 4 miles to the Basin (and another 1500 ft up) in a bit over 2 hours, and had lunch. Then, after stringing up the food, we hiked cross-country to the High Divide trail where we had hoped to get a good view of Mt. Olympus, highest peak in the range. However, clouds moved in from the ocean (Pacific Ocean) hiding everything to the south and west. We hiked the trail back to the Basin in a light sprinkle, but managed to get a fire going for dinner and heat. The fairy-tale that night was very effective, since the next day nobody could remember how it ended. Saturday was beautiful, and after getting out of the Basin by 10:30, we hiked back up the High Divide (without packs) to see Mt. Olympus and the Hoh River valley. We picked up our packs at 12, made Deer Lake for a 1:30 lunch, and reached the road at 4. The victory dinner by Gair back at her house, was beef stroganoff, zabiogne, and capped by a small glass of creme de menthe and a warm shower.

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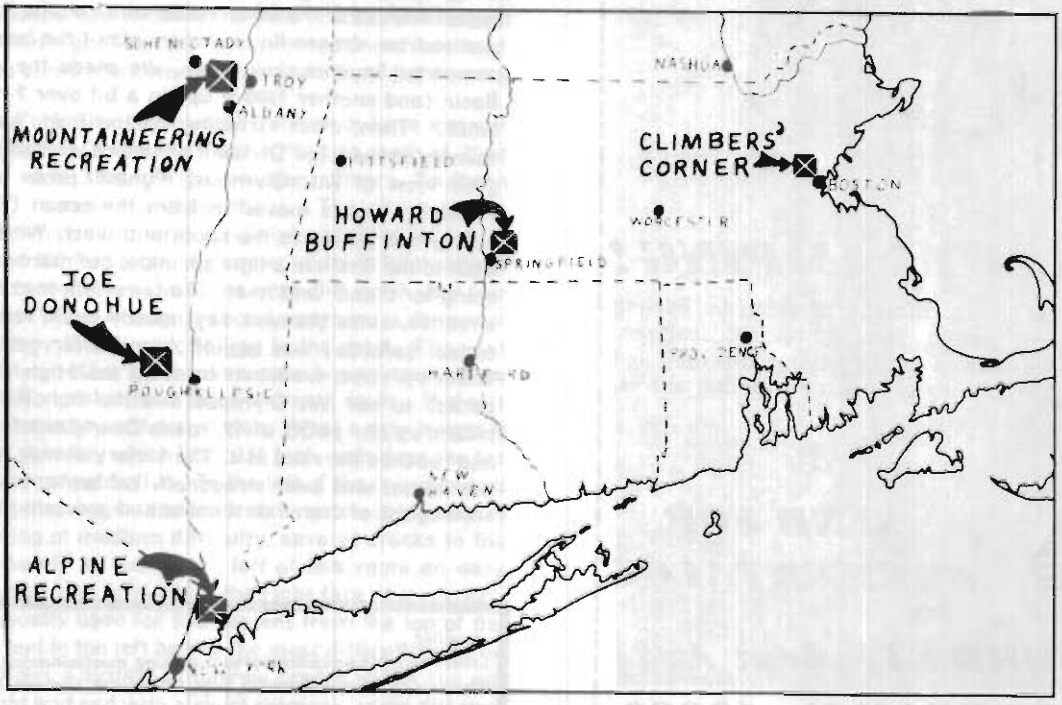


OPERATED ENTIRELY BY IOCALUMS

College Week - An Oogahologic Dissertation

By Anne Camp ROC

Oogah was definitely with us at College Week, 1969. His presence became known to me even before I left for New Hampshire: my counted-upon ride dematerialized. Barb Federlin and I faked him out and scrounged a ride with our club advisor Mr. Markley, who luckily was going rock-climbing on Cannon Mt. with the A.M.C. Score 10 points for our side.

The ride up was beautiful, weather perfect and the time passed swiftly in good company. We were lulled into a sense of false security. We visited Peter Limmers, then headed out the Kancamagus Highway to the Wilderness Trail. There we were deposited and joined by Bob Saunders (the R.O.C.). Shouldering our loads we started the 5 mile trek to Camp 16. Oogah struck - it started to drizzle (2 pts.) then rain (5 pts.) then deluge (10 pts.). We spied the sign: "UPOC College Week" and an arrow to the left. The path forked and we went left. And went. And went until arriving at a bridge. Wet and hungry (the last food that Barb and I had tasted was at 5:30 that morning) we took refuge under the trestle and proceeded to cook up a Lipton's Beef Stroganoff dinner on my Primus. It tasted great at the time (but with the same meal all the next week my taste for beef strog. rapidly diminished.)

CAH-OO-WAH split the night. We sent Bob up to investigate. Chalk up another 10 points for Oogah! We had missed the campsite by several hundred yards! The rain had ceased, desisted and otherwise abated when we finally reached Camp 16 and set up our tents. Since he (?) (Oogah) was 17 points up on us Oogah let up for the next few days.

One night there was a square dance called by Blake Bacon who had packed in all the equipment, including a generator (40 lbs. total). That night Oogah's vengeance was aimed at me - coming down the trail I fell and sprained my ankle. I **had** made plans to climb the Hancocks and bushwack over to Carrigan... I went to bed (would you believe sleeping bag) early hoping that it would heal. No such luck. Another 10 pts. for Oogah!

The next morning Bob left with Barb Federlin, Barb Kirk, and Nancy Kirk to tackle the bushwack. I hobbled about all day, my ankle getting better every hour until 5 p.m., when Dick Andrews arrived. His plan was to hike in to the Desolation Shelter where he was to meet the (fool) hardy bush-wackers with a stove. I joined him. We arrived there (Desolation Shelter) and found no sign of the fearsome four-some and waited ... and waited ... and waited ...

The next morning we decided to hike up Carrigan to meet them. From the fire-tower (used as a shelter now) to the top of the mountain we saw no sign of the party. A few Cah-oo-wahs netted zero replies. We waited ... Thinking that maybe they had just hiked up Hancock and returned to Camp 16 having missed us at Desolation Shelter, we headed back in that direction. No luck. Just as we were approaching Camp 16 we found Bob. Another victory for Oogah (6 pts.).

Bob, Barb Barb, and Nancy had reached South Hancock the night before. The local blackflies had their feast. They proceeded to bushwack further but were stopped by the lateness of the day. They returned to South Hancock and bivouacked on a small rock outcrop for the night.

With no warning Oogah's wrath descended with vengeance on Albert Catelli. Nancy Kirk and Dick Andrews found Al lying in an old stream bed with a badly injured hip and an equally injured camera. Dick travelled quickly to Camp 16 and rein-forcements were on their way. (In the form of Bob Arondale, Morrie Schneiderman, Bob Saunders and myself). A fire was built and sleeping bags from some unknown source were placed all around Al. Craig Smith (UNHOC) left to get the Forest service while the rest maintained our vigil. More people and supplies arrived. Four of us — Nancy, Dick, Bob Saunders

Gleeful "OOGAH"

and I decided to maintain a night watch to keep the starving wolves from ripping Al to shreds. We succeeded very well — no wolves bothered him at all!

Then word came that the Forest Service was on its way with a litter. There was some anti-litter protest, the opinion being that since Al was comfy and warm a trip out in the dark would not be necessary, but he got it. 25 points for Oogah!

One would think that with a score of 68 to 10, Oogah would be satisfied. He wasn't. Craig's car got stuck going for the Forest Service (5 pts.) The next morning we pushed it back onto ths road (10 pts. for us!). We jumped in for the ride to Littleton Hospital to visit Al. NO AL! They had rerouted him to Plymouth Hospital - a fifty mile about face. That was a sure 10 pts. for Oogah. There Al rested with a badly bruised bone and a damaged nerve (beginning with a "C") (An additional note: Al was alive and 100 per cent well at Fall Lake George).

That night there was a song-fest and everything had returned to normalcy as far as IOCA trips can be considered normal.

The following morning Morrie Schneiderman founded first mountaineering school held in a tree. All day long people prussiked up and down. The seat of my shorts is no more, due to some tree-rapelis.

That evening we bid a fond farewell to Camp 16. However, It rained, poured, deluged, etc. 15 points. You win, Oogah ... We concede that you won this battle but YOU HAVE NOT WON THE WAR!!!!!!

The Hoboken Occlusion

or how I climbed the Hoboken Palisade Wall and survived to tell about it

BY ROYAL REBUFF HOOD.
(one armed climber of the North Face of the Igor)

as told to Jose Vazquez NCEOC

I prepared for this trip in two days. After examining the maps of the area, the team of experts which I hired informed me that the location of the climb was in a very belligerent place. Not only had I to contend with the elements, but also with the females of the area. I did my exercises and packed my equipment in preparation for this, the most difficult of climbs, a long B3 route, direct. Glop, gorp, raisins, peanuts, chocolate, fresh eggs, etier steps, rubber pitons and rubber mallet (both made by Little Gem), super-ball, hoola-hoop, frisbee, yoyo, and the scrounge cup. Everything was in order and accounted for. I loaded my seven wheel drive vehicle and headed east. In two blocks I ran a red light, ran over two cats, and got into a 25 car collision. Delays wore down my nerves but nevertheless Ipushed on.

Up ahead I could see the 102 pitches of the 5.10 which King Hong had done in the early part of the twentieth century (two-handed it is probably a 5.5). Now came the point of decision, should I go into the Latinized or Serbo)Croat territory—I chose the former because of the language (learned in the back alleys of Main Hall V.O.C.). By going into the Latin parts I had to be willing to fend off the elements. etc,

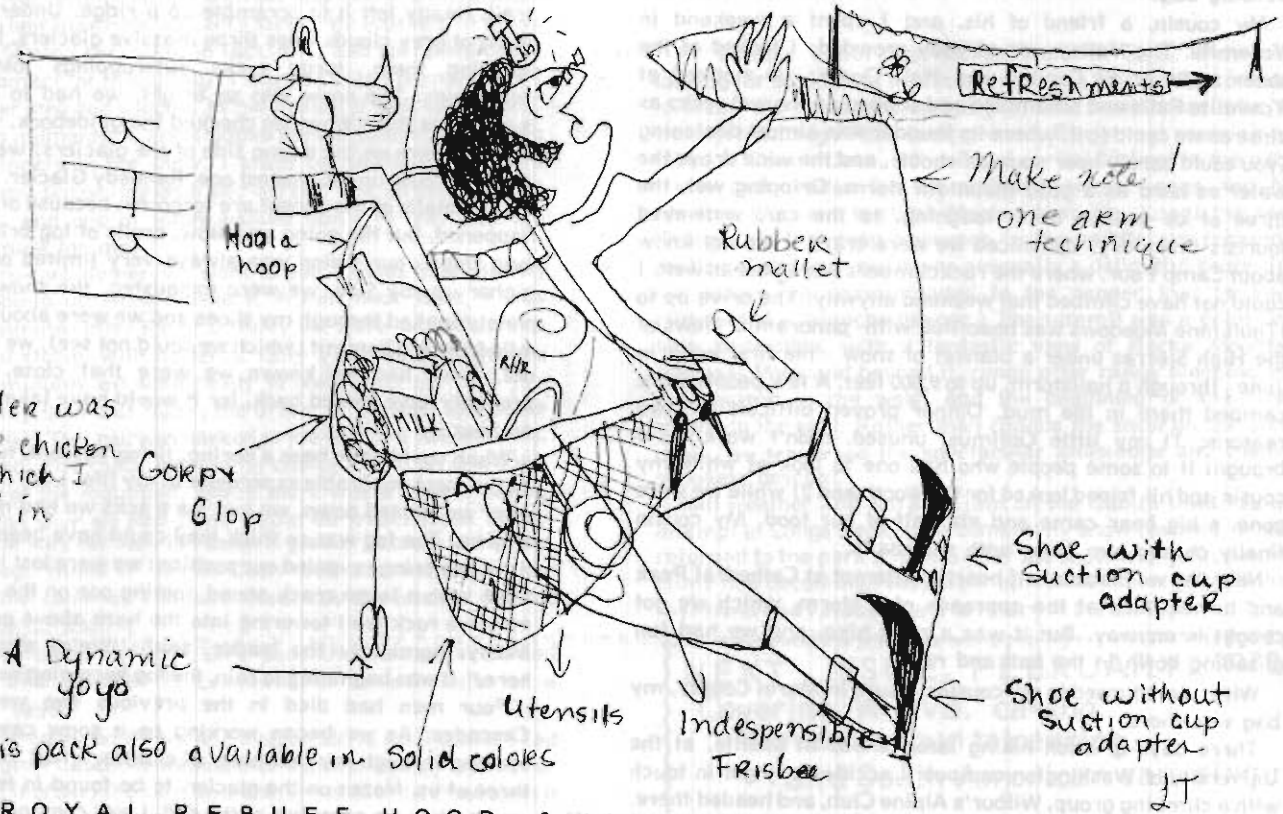
The brown face urged me to run towards it, but as a pro I could show no emotion. The sun sparkled against it. High up on top I could almost see the last pitch, a 5.13 with two delicious cracks only nine feet apart. I needed the bolts which I had left home. But I had to do the climb without them to save my reputation.

The climb was about 300 feet plus or minus .5 cm. The first 30 feet had no hand holds but there existed a hairline crack going up to the first pitch. Use of the wrong cement probably caused the crack. I proceeded to do a layback from the two feet position using my right non-arm for friction. My RRH special climbing rope, four 150 foot strands of parachute cord tied every five feet, one of the safest ropes ever made for both dynamic and static work, behaved beautifully.

Now came a doozey, the next 100 feet nothing but microscopic slits. I had come prepared for this contingency; my RRH boots with their microscopic slit adapter ($5.95 if ordered with the boots) stuck onto everything. The 90 degree climb was accomplished free in 17 M&Ms, two Hersheys, 47 peanuts, and an egg (scrambled). 170 feet to go.

The B1 and B2 just mentioned were nothing compared with the B 3 that faced me. A rurp was at eye level from the last crew which had attempted the climb (37 on a rope, they all died. I wonder why?). The rurp stayed, the biner gave. (It was not RRH equipment. For 161 feet the palisade was a mirror. But I was well prepared again. The RRH boots had the suction cup adapter kit and I had my carbon dioxide cartridge do the job on the boots. ($14.95 with boots; $20.99 hand cup included).

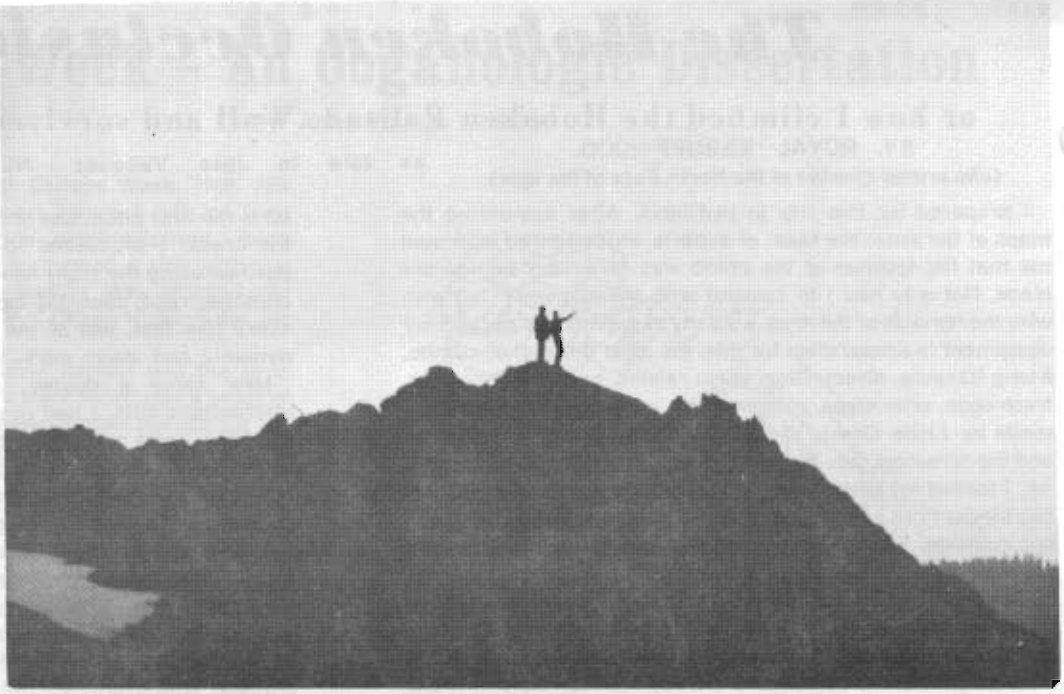
This 5.12 took a little under 5 days because of the elements. I had to bivouac 59 times. I was there the two cracks were smiling, waiting for me to fall. The ledge on which they were came out 17 feet. With no bolts, I studied the situation. Then I remembered the pirouette which my old man RRH Sr. had taught me at age 2. Dad had said, "Put your hands in the first crack, swing," etc. It was easy. I had done it, the first man to climb singlehanded the Great Hoboken Occlusion.



ROYAL REBUFF HOOD_SWINGING TO THE SUMMIT

Then to the Mountains

By Barry Fields



A jet flight always leaves me bewildered, mystified. A morning takeoff from Newark, one meal, a few conversations, and one movie (TWA's Theatre in the Sky presents,"Support Your Local Sherrif") later, 3,000 miles at 30,000 feet (those bumps were the Rockies, the Big Horns, and the last ones the Sierra Nevada), and San Francisco suddenly sits on the edge of the continent...

I spent two weeks in California, with my cousins, in the Redwoods of Marin County, visiting friends in Big Sur, spending lazy days on the beaches, and all that time waiting for a delinquent Recreational Co-op to send me my summer sleeping bag.

My cousin, a friend of his, and I spent a weekend in Yosemite. The Valley was already crowded; I looked at the sheer walls of El Capitan and Half Dome; we stopped at Yosemite Falls and scrambled and slipped up the wet rocks as close as we could to it, where its thunder was almost deafening (you could barely hear yourself shout), and the wind drove the water as hard as a good mountain storm. Dripping wet, the three of us walked back, laughing, to the car, wide-eyed tourists (very dry) convinced we were crazy. I did not know about Camp Four, where the rockclimbers were. Just as well, I could not have climbed that weekend anyway. The drive up to tToulumne Meadows was beautiful, with panoramic views of the High Sierras under a blanket of snow - the first week in June - through a hailstorm, up to 9,500 feet. A few people were camped there in the mud. Dinner proved difficult for two reasons: 1) my little Optimus, unused, didn't work, so I brought it to some people who had one to look at while my cousin and his friend looked for firewood, and 2) while we were gone, a big bear came and ate half of our food. My cousin finally chased him away with snowballs.

Next day we made a half-hearted attempt at Cathedral Peak and turned back at the approach of a storm, which we got caught in anyway. But it was a good hike, and we had fun glisading down in the hail and rain.

When we returned to my cousins' house in Marin County, my bag was there.

Three days of hitch hiking later, I was in Seattle, at the University of Washington campus. I accidentally got in touch with a climbing group, Wilbur's Alpine Club, and headed there. On entering, a smiling Marty offered me some home brew, which turned out to be pretty good beer, and Earl introduced himself as manager of the house. Soon I had met everyone. In two days, Saturday evening, Marty, Steve and I crowded into Marty's sportscar (an MG?) and drove to the Glacier Peak Wilderness Area, in a light rain. After wandering an hour on the wrong trail, we returned to the parking lot and found the correct one. It was 10:00 p.m. and still raining. We hiked till 12:00, covering five miles, and went to sleep.

It is to my discredit that I did not prepare adequately for the next day's climb. Light trail boots, no really warm clothing, and no real knowledge of glacier travel, would soon prove near-disasterous.

We began hiking at about 6:30 a.m., went too far down the trail, finally left it to scramble up a ridge. Under a swirling mass of grey clouds were three massive glaciers, blue cracks splitting them, large rocks outcroppings lost in their snowfields. The snow was so bright, we had to put on our sunglasses then. When we checked the guidebook, we realized that we were on the wrong side of the glaciers; we decided to take the route up the nearest one, Kennedy Glacier.

The details of the ascent are forgotten because of what later happened, but the going was slow, spells of fog bringing us to long stops - our vision was always very limited once we got higher up. By 5:30, we were exhausted, the snow had completely soaked through my shoes and we were about a quarter mile from the summit (which we could not see), we later found out. Even had we known we were that close, we would probably have turned back, for it would have taken us almost an hour.

Whah could have been a boring, tiring descent, turned out to be the most miserable experience of my life. Less than an hour after we started down, we lost the tracks we had made on the way up. The fog was so thick they could have been nearby. A little exploring revealed our position; we were lost in a crevass field, with a large crack ahead, joining one on the left, with a massive rock wall towering into the haze above on the right. Marty, nominally the leader, said, "We're stopping right here." It was beginning to rain, the fog becoming worse.

Four men had died in the previous two weeks in the Cascades. As we began working on a snow cave, the rain soaking through my thin layer of clothes, I had visions of the three of us, frozen on the glacier, to be found in ten thousand years when we came out at the end. I was convinced, when the

rain turned to snow and I shivered uncontrollably from the cold, that we were going to die. I thought my right foot was frostbitten; I stamped it on the ground and felt nothing but a dull thud in my heel. The cave was dug by ice-axe and hand. I thought we would never finish. I became too cold to work; every handful of snow I dug chilled me horribly. All I could do then, was to stand in the lee of a rock outcropping and jump up and down, though I was too exhausted to put much effort in it. Steve gave me his down parka to wear, and it helped, though I was too cold to ever get warm again that night.

The cave took two hours to dig. We had one poncho, four one-foot squares of ensolite, a canvas rucksack, down socks (which I wore for my wet and numbed, but undamaged, feet), rain pants (I wore those too, because my cotton pants were literally dripping wet) a bivouac sleeping bag cover, and one half-bag, all of which Steve had brought. He also had four one-pound bags of an uncooked rice kind of gorp, and one meat bar.

The cave warmed up immediately, and water began to drip on us, a problem we never fully solved. We decided to ration the food for a two or three day stay. I knew, of course, that we were safe now, but the thought of two or three days under the snow was not pleasant. We slept (yes, we did manage to actually doze off now and then) with each others' feet in our armpits, protected but miserable, out of the wind, but cramped, cold and shivering all night.

I had too much time to go over all of our mistakes, and I swore I would never make the same ones again. By 4:30 a.m. the fog had broken sufficiently. Marty's unerring sense of direction led us to our footprints of the day before in about fifteen minutes, and we had an uneventful descent. At the bottom we spent a half hour in Kennedy Hot Springs, packed out, and drove home in the drizzle and cloudy skies, looking forward to showers, and the hosptitality of the club.

A few days later I attempted Mt. Stuart, in the eastern Cascades, with three Yosemite climbers. The hike to base camp took six hours, across three snowfields, up and down ridges. From the bivouac, it was fourth class climbing most of the way, ending with a few pitches of easy fifth class. We hiked in under clear skies, though we had one scare with a snow flurry. The last snowfield was very steep. My iceaxe still in my rucksack (Steve's rucksack, in fact, for I had borrowed much of his equipment for this climb), I stepped onto the snowfield. I took another step and slipped. In the instant it took me to react I picked up momentum, and stopped myself finally by digging my bare fingers in the snow. I stood up and slipped again, repeating my unconventional self-arrest. The others took out their axes, and one of them walked down to me, and unstrapped mine for me.

After a no-cook dinner, we went to bed. Clouds immediately began to build up from nowhere. A half hour later it was snowing. Minutes after the first flurry we were caught up in a full-fledged storm, with no tents. Only I had even a bivouac cover. In minutes we were ready to leave.

It was only then that Mark, the driver of the car, told us he had a flat tire. The car was parked at the end of a twenty-mile, seldom used, dirt road. We had no choice but to go down the other side of the mountain, where there was a shelter cabin. Besides, the way we had come would be treacherous in the storm. The way we took led down a glacier, across a swamp, and through miles of forest. Cold, wet, and miserable, we reached the cabin at 1:30 a.m. Next day we hitched the 150 miles back to Seattle.

Plans to climb Rainier were scratched because of bad weather, and we went to Leavenworth to rockclimb for a couple of days.

When the opportunity came, I took a ride to the Tetons. I had had enough of Cascades weather. Of course, the day we left for Wyoming it broke, the sun came out, the first time I had seen it in Seattle, but I was determined to leave.

We left Seattle in the afternoon and drove for seventeen hours to the Tetons. I got no sleep that night. My head swimming from lack of sleep, I began a climb at 7:00 p.m. the day we arrived in the park. I climbed with two people from Seattle who had been in the Tetons for a while. Our route was to take is straight up Skillet Glacier on Mt. Moran. We hiked to a flat rock below the glacier and slept there for four hours. Shortly after two, with a breakfast of dry cereal and Instant Breakfast in me, we were off. One member turned back because of a painful blister on her foot. The two of us who continued reached the glacier soon. In the starlit morning, we strapped on our crampons and began the long snow climb.

It was beautiful. As our legs wearied, our spirits rose. The stars paled, the black night turned to deep blue morning. Jackson Lake appeared far below. On the east face of the mountain, we were half way up the glacier by sunrise. Beyond the distant Wind Rivers the sky reddened and glowed. Soon it was bright, and I was wearing sunglasses while climbers slept in the darkness at Jenny Lake far below. Roped up for most of the steep ascent, it was uneventful. We reached the summit before nine on a clear day, with an overwhelming view of the Grand and the Teton Range. After a cold hour, wind ripping through my parka, while I ate lunch, we started down. It was my first successful climb of the summer.

In Boulder I met two IOCAns from U. Conn. They were looking for something to climb, and I was looking for someone to climb with. I suggested Longs Peak; three hours later we were in the Longs Peak campground. Early next morning, we hiked to Chasm Lake, left most of our equipment in the cabin there, and headed for the saddle between Longs and Mt. Meeker. We were to climb Meeker that day, Longs the next. Though, on the steep approach to the saddle, we crossed a section of rotten snow, it was generally a delightful route. (On our return we recommended to the ranger that he warn climbers of avalanche danger.) The summit was a point on a long knife-edge, with a fantastic view of Rocky Mountain National Park and beyond it, range after range blending into the horizon in the west, and the beginning of the Great Plains to the east. Rather than chance the snow on the climb down, we traversed the spectacular knife-edge and made a snowless descent.

Bad weather and a traffic jam on the Cables thwarted our attempt at Longs Peak, then completely snow covered. When I returned to the park a month later the snow was gone, and the climb had become an easy walk-up. Rather than climb it then, my friend and I made a pact to return in the spring.

NEXT ISSUE, FEBRUARY, 1970
Covering W. Va. caving,
winter mountaineering,
and South American camping

Canoeing in Ontario...

By Roger Touro
University of Toronto Outing Club

Lakes, rivers, rapids — Ontario provides variety to the canoe enthusiast in its abundance of waterways. Some of the more popular lake canoe trips run through Algonquin, Killarney, Timagami, and Quetico, all provincial parks. Algonquin, the largest in the area (about two million acres), because of the tremendous number of lakes, provides a very large variety of possible canoe routes. The mixed coniferous and deciduous forest, with masses of solid bold rock etched by the glaciers, rewards all paddlers intruding the ruggedly scenic interior regions. Unfortunately the park has two large disadvantages. Thousands of people use it during the camping season tending to overcrowd some routes and campgrounds. Secondly, many of the portages are wet and swampy. Killarney is truly one of our provincial jewels. Portages tend to be slightly longer and more arduous (because of elevation differences) than Algonquin, but this is the means by which avid canoeists earn entry to a land of crystal clear deep blue lakes, with great fishing. Spectacular limestone bluffs rise to a height of a thousand feet over the lakes. The biggest attraction in this park for my canoeing pleasure is the relative scarcity of people in the interior lakes region. Unfortunately, I have not yet travelled to Quetico (just north of Minnesota) or Timagami, but these two parks have many canoe routes, clean enjoyable lakes and good fishing.

The rivers and rapids found in our outing club's province provide good relaxing beginners' routes such as the Oxtail, Burnt, and Nottawagsa Rivers, or more challenging and exciting routes for the advanced whitewater enthusiast, like the Pettawawa, Madawaska and the French Rivers. Though I enjoy both types of canoeing, I regret to say that my experience is limited, having many of these trips still to undertake. The exhilaration of shooting rapids on the French river, where water is still high on the Labor Day weekend, has given me a great deal of enjoyment. Here the ability of the bowman in speed, forethought and quick reflexes is needed. The white-water canoeist must learn to draw the canoe very quickly three to four feet to either side to avoid crashing onto rocks and to pull out of swiftly swirling eddies and reverse currents, found at the base of many rapids.

One of my all-time favorite trips for the sheer relaxation is leisurely drifting down a winding river and occasionally being treated to a particularly beautiful set of falls, unseen by any travelling motorist or even the casual hiker. Such are the surprises typical of a river trip like one along the Burnt. Canoeing in Ontario, you can see, has a wide range of beartiful routes which cater to every conceivable specialized interest of one who loves great canoeing.

...And Hiking on the Bruce Trail

By Gregory Bryce
University of Toronto Outing Club

Rattlesnakes and steel mills, harvesters and scuba divers — these are samples of the great variety of things our club members have encountered on the Bruce Trail, in Ontario, this past summer. Started only eight years ago, this 433 mile trail has made the pleasure of hiking known and available to thousands in heavily populated southern Ontario. In a province of 250,000 lakes, outdoor recreation has tended to involve canoes or high powered boats, and recently, snowmobiles; we have no tradition of backpacking through mountain wilderness, but now extended trips on foot are possible.

The Trail winds from the Niagara Falls area along the cliffs and valleys of the Niagara Escarpment west and north to the tip of the Bruce Peninsula, between Georgian Bay and Lake Huron a road distanceof two hundred miles. As most of this area is semi-developed, the Bruce Trail Association and the eleven local clubs have had to obtain permission from the private landowners before starting to paint blazes or construct stiles. Miraculously, a route through field and forest has been found even in heavily industrialized Hamilton.

Most of the trail is readily accessible at crossroads, so five and ten mile "Sunday" hikes have become popular. In the north, however, the trail follows rugged terrain through near-wilderness, and a drink of the cold crystal-clear water of Georgian Bay is most welcome after a descent from a ghigh cliff. The Trail offers a hike for almost everyone's taste.

Unfortunately, the trail is not finished. the Bell Telephone Company has donated 800 cedar telephone poles to the B.T.A. for the construction of overnight shelters. It is rumored, too, that someday the Bruce will link up with the Appalachian Trail.

For information, write to:
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Hamilton, Ontario

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