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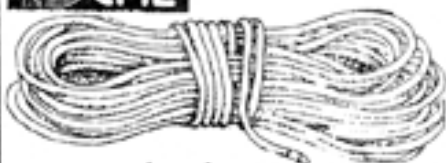
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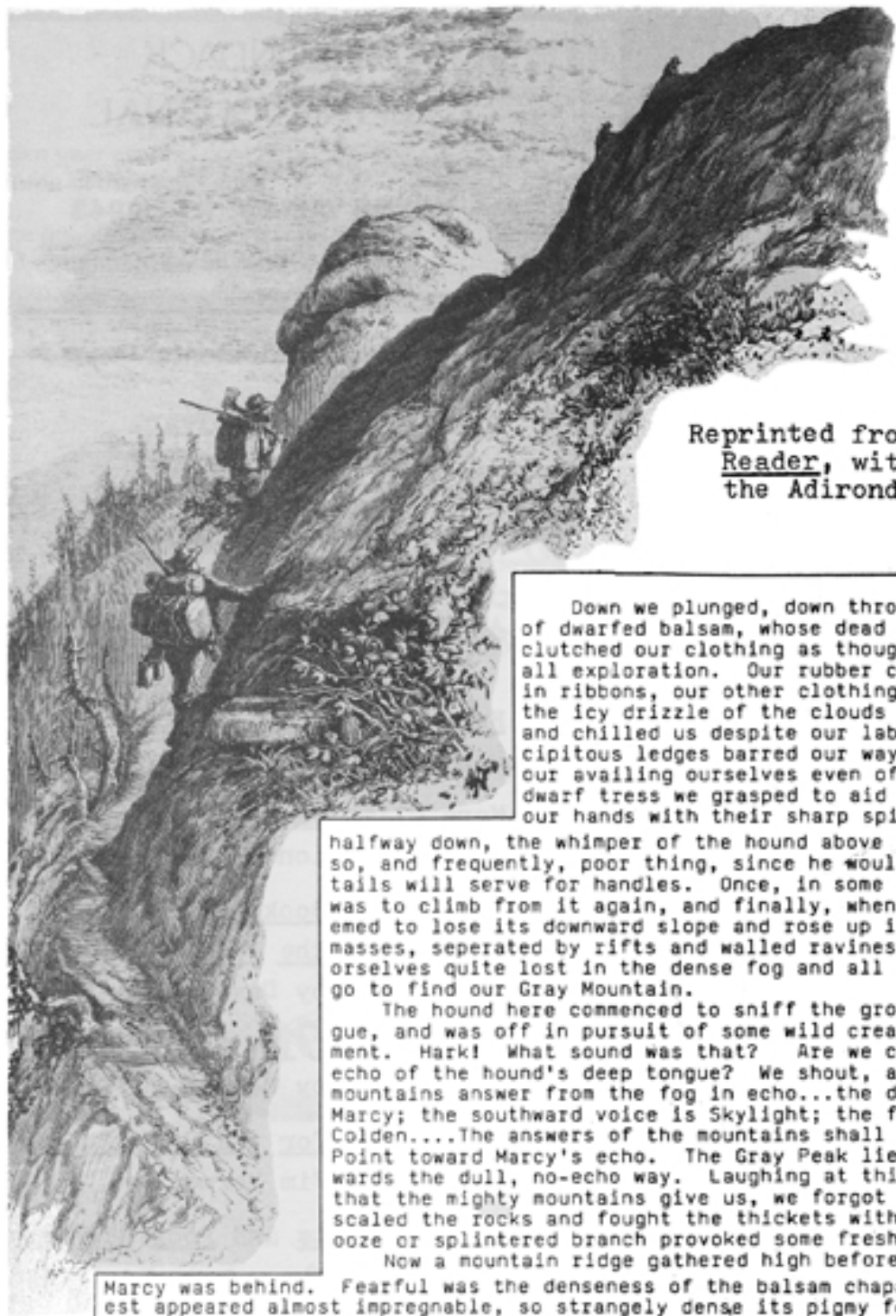
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Table of Contents

- 4 Discovery of Lake Tear,
by Verplanck Colvin.
- 7 A Day on the Diamond,
by Don Mellor.
- 8 Adirondack Foray Planner,
by Robert Hey.
- 11 From the Furher Finger,
by David Flinn.
- 13 More Climbing in the Adirondacks,
A Collection of New Routes.
The Alpine Bookshelf,
- 19 Freedom in the Wilds,
Reviewed by David Flinn.
- 21 Mountains of the Middle Kingdom,
Reviewed by Robert Hey.
- 23 Up or Down for the Expedition
Book, by Jim Vermeulen.
- 25 Winter Sports and Poor Richard's
Forecast.
- 27 Off the Wall,
by Richard Leswing.

Front Cover - The Eastern Cirque
of Giant Mountain.

Back Cover - Dick Tucker and his
friend in siesta on
the summit of
Popocateptl.



Discovery of Lake Tear

By Verplanck
Colvin

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Reader, with permission of
the Adirondack Mountain Club.

Down we plunged, down through the dense thickets of dwarfed balsam, whose dead limbs, clawlike spikes, clutched our clothing as though determined to resist all exploration. Our rubber coats were speedily torn in ribbons, our other clothing ripped and torn, and the icy drizzle of the clouds penetrated everything and chilled us despite our labor. Suddenly, precipitous ledges barred our way; the fog prevented our availing ourselves even of the best route; the dwarf tress we grasped to aid us to descend pierced our hands with their sharp spines. Here, as we hung

halfway down, the whimper of the hound above called us to aid him also, and frequently, poor thing, since he would come, he learned that tails will serve for handles. Once, in some ravine, the next labor was to climb from it again, and finally, when the side of Marcy seemed to lose its downward slope and rose up in all sorts of rock masses, separated by rifts and walled ravines and holes, we found ourselves quite lost in the dense fog and all uncertain which way to go to find our Gray Mountain.

The hound here commenced to sniff the ground fiercely, gave tongue, and was off in pursuit of some wild creature, in high excitement. Hark! What sound was that? Are we called? Or is it the echo of the hound's deep tongue? We shout, and quickly after three mountains answer from the fog in echo...the deep near answer of old Marcy; the southward voice is Skylight; the faintest westward echo Colden...The answers of the mountains shall tell us where to go. Point toward Marcy's echo. The Gray Peak lies the other way towards the dull, no-echo way. Laughing at this strange assistance that the mighty mountains give us, we forgot the cold and wet and scaled the rocks and fought the thickets with new ardour till chill ooze or splintered branch provoked some fresh displeasure.

Now a mountain ridge gathered high before us, lost in cloud, and Marcy was behind. Fearful was the denseness of the balsam chaparral. This mountain crest appeared almost impregnable, so strangely dense its pigmy forest, whose outer surface of dead boughs like bayonets, as weathered and gray as was the frequent outcropping rock, showed to what the mountain owed its colour. At length we reached a summit. All around, the cloud hid everything, and we shouted once again to our mountains for their aid. Irregularly they responded, and Marcy now was distant. But what was this sharp echo close ahead? Another peak. Then down we climbed from this first pinnacle and up and at it went. More labor, more furious work, more chaparral...At length we reach a crest of rock. The echoes only come to our halloos from distant mountains. We measure the direction of the echoes and determine by trilinear estimate method that we are on the summit of Gray Mountain. The barometer is brought from its case and observations taken. The readings show great altitude and prove that we are right in our conjecture. It grows bitter cold, and gladly we put up the instrument, the observations finished. The shivering guide shows his pleasure at the proposal to descend, and the dog leaps around with delight to see us moving once again.

And now from Gray Peak we have a downward work and must search for and reach that remote, unvisited lake which we have so long hoped to see. But which way does it lie? The clouds enwrapping us limit our view to a short radius. We have no compass bearings. "Call to the mountains once again." How strangely those dulled and fog-voiced echoes sound! This way southward the valley lies which we must enter and explore, and plunging from the crest, we fight another and descending battle with bristling chaparral. So steep the mountain side descends that the dwarfed timber of the crest, thus taken in flank, is soon pierced and left behind, above, but ledges now and slippery rocks make every footstep dangerous. Hanging by roots, slipping, sliding, and leaping, down we go. Now occasionally we reach a pleasant glade, deep with the thickest, richest velvety green moss, such as may be seen in Labrador. It rises to our boot tops and we stride through it as through snow. The trees, though no longer dwarfed, are but pigmy trees ten or twelve feet in height, all gray and lichen grown and ancient...

At length we emerge on the edge of a little cliff, at the foot of which runs a stream amid black mossy rocks, the bottom of the valley. Descending, we hasten to drink of the gurgling water. But scarcely have we sipped when we start back and gaze at each other with astonishment.... This stream tells a strange story, and surely it flows westward to the Hudson.... We can see the shoulders of a pass opening westward. Surely this must be one of the many branches of the upper Opalescent, the Hudson's highest springs. But it is the water of this stream that excites our wonder. The water is warm or tepid and has not the us-

ual icy temperature of the mountain brooks. It must come from a pond or lake, and this lake cannot flow to the Ausable and the St. Lawrence, but to the Hudson!...

But the guide looks doubtful--"Perhaps this does not come from the little lake," he says, "but from some marsh, or perhaps there are two ponds" --for all the guides avowed that the lake from the top of Marcy "must go to the Ausable," though they never took the trouble to explore that valley, visit the lake, and be sure. Yet there might be another pond hidden from the view of Marcy; and interested, and excited, by the hope of discovery, we commenced to ascend the stream, hurrying along on the slippery boulders, leaping from rock to rock and at times diverging from the stream's bed into the woods.... Suddenly, before us, through the trees gleamed a sheet of water, and we shouted our "hurrah": for there were Marcy's slopes beyond, while the water of the lake was studded with those rocks which we had looked at with our telescopes from Marcy. It was the lake, and flowed, not to the Ausable and St. Lawrence, but to the Hudson, the loftiest lake spring of our haughty river!

But how wild and desolate this spot! It is possible that not even an Indian ever stood upon these shores. There is no mark of ax, no barked tree, nor blackened remnants of fire; not a severed twig nor a human footprint; and we follow the usual rule in this region and cut a broad blaze upon a tree and make it the register and proof of our visit. I saw it there but a few months since, already looking dark and gun-covered with the exudation of the tree. And now, skirting the shores, we seek the inlet and find that the numerous subterranean streams from different directions feed its waters. The meadow at the eastern upper end is full of wide-winding openings, in which deep streams are gliding, and it is remarkable that, while the water of the lake is warm, the water of these subterranean streams is delicious, icy cold. The spring rills which feed these streams come from far up on the sides of the surrounding mountains, the water dripping from the crest of Marcy. First seen as we then saw it, dark and dripping with the moisture of the heavens, it seemed, in its minuteness and its prettiness, a veritable Fear-of-the-Clouds, the summit water as I named it.

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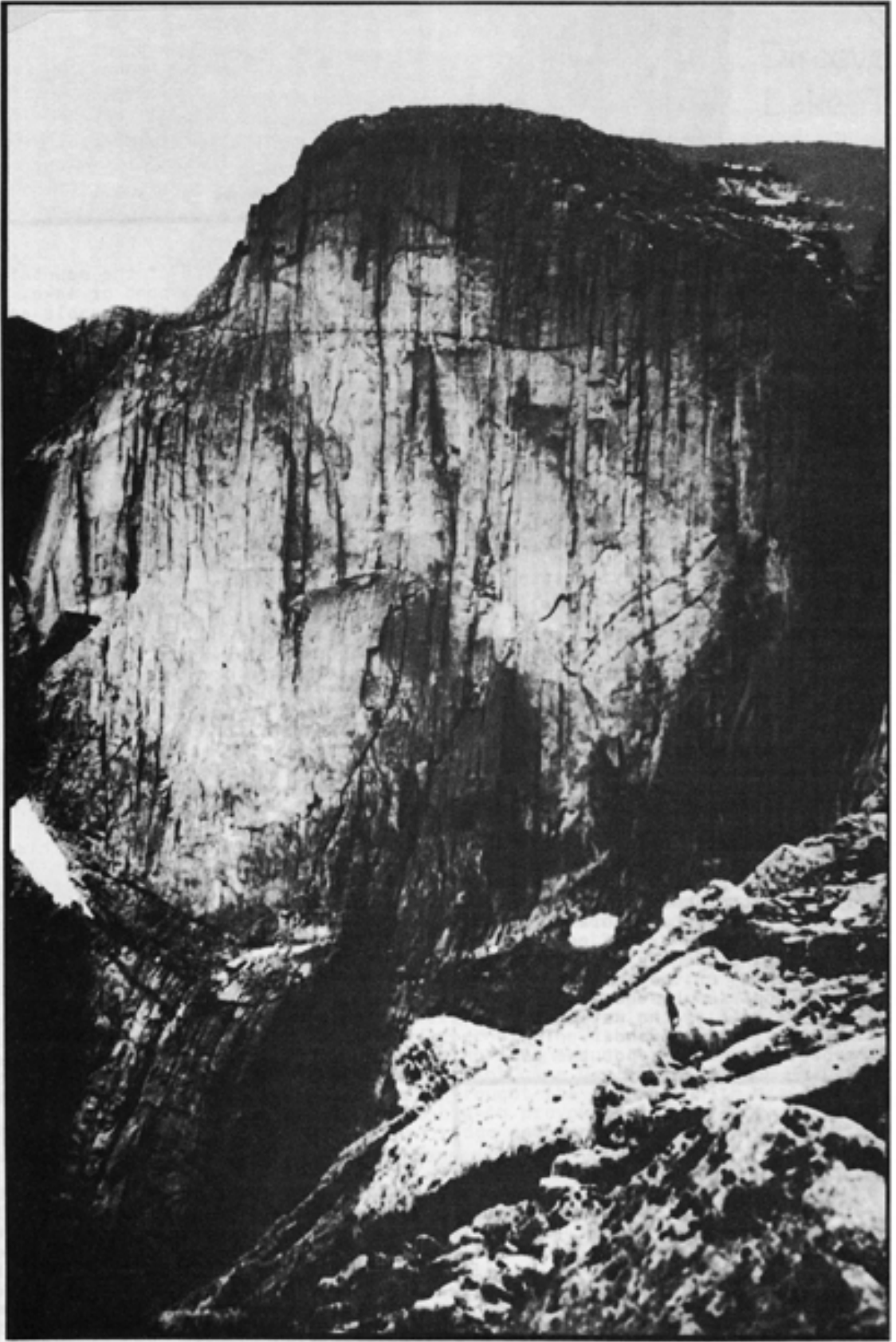
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A DAY ON THE DIAMOND

◆ BY DON MELLOR ◆

Anything worth doing is worth preparing for and taking seriously. So it was with our approach to a free ascent of the Diamond on the East Face of Colorado's Long's Peak; and in the end, the overestimation and preparation gave us a relatively easy success.

Much of climbing is in the mind. Left unencumbered by fears at one end, overconfidence at the other, the body can usually do what it is told. A 5.8 step-up is a 5.8 step-up, whether it be at MacKenzie Pond boulders[in Saranac Lake] or 75' out from protection at the end traverse pitch on the Diamond, 600' above the glacier below. It's still 5.8 whether the holds are loose or solid, whether it's a sunny day at the Beer Walls or under ominous thunderheads in Rocky Mountain National Park. All we have to do is free ourselves from inhibitions, both internal and external, and simply perform.

Climbs that give me the most trouble are those that I underestimate: it's casual, they say, and I knock those extra chocks and carabiners from my rack, tie my shoes loosely to my feet and set off. Not ready for the difficulties, I quickly climb myself into trouble. The rock steepens, my meager chock selection is inadequate, I glance down on the casual belayer, rope draped around his waist, no anchor. My heels begin to vibrate, my body lies flat against the walls and a desperate hand searches for rescue holds...

How much better to prepare.

When Mark Meschinelli called with the suggestion that we try a free ascent of the Grand Traverse Route on The Diamond, my mind shot back to Steve Larson's insistence that we try El Capitan's Salathe Wall six years earlier. Mark said the route was reputed to be "easy 5.10" and that it now went by the name "The Casual Route."

El Cap has always been a barrier in my mind. I held out on Larson's pleas for several weeks in Yosemite while two voices argued in my head. Only after handling Half Dome's Northwest Face did it occur to me that we just might be able to pull it off. We packed meticulously, we studied topo maps, we interigated locals for all the tips. We planned leads, we studied wather maps.

In other words, we were humble, but as ready as could be. And we pulled it off. No. We actually did a good job of it, because of our attitude, not our skills.

"The Casual Route." The obnoxious locals were obviously trying to sandbag outsiders again. The route remained The Grand Traverse for us and we agreed that "easy 5.10" was a contradiction. If we were going to try to free climb one of the country's biggest and highest walls in a day, we were going to be ready.

Mark and I climbed, ran and worked out for some time before the trip, climaxing with a 4th of July day at Pitchoff Cliff in which we did every route, on the lead, in just under twelve hours. The rope work was honed, racks passed neatly at belays, there were no complaints about whose lead it was or about lack of protection. We had purpose and we climbed. And when we shook hands in the dark above the 5.9 roof lead above Roaches on the Wall, not only had we gotten a fair workout, but we'd solidified our partnership, earned each other's respect, know knew that the Diamond's biggest obstacle, ourselves, was an entity within our control.

The Diamond towers above all else in Rocky Mountain National Park. It is a slice of vertical that plunges from the Park's highest summit for 800' to a ledge called Broadway, then down 400' to the snow below. Our approach would be to rappel from Chasm View on the right to Broadway. There we'd bivouac and get an early start on the wall, leaving bivy gear below.

Don teaches English in Lake Placid, New York. In his spare time, he runs Lake Placid Climbing School.



From our bivy sight below the wall we sat back with some Coors beer and watched two climbers with the casual attitude strand themselves high on the wall after entertaining us with a long leader fall some 500' above us. As darkness arrived we called to them to make sure that all was well, but the morning sun shone on two men, high above, sitting in belay seats, wondering what had gone wrong.

Mark and I, mentally ready for hard and unprotected climbing, began at 6AM and found the first two pitches to go at about 5.7. This brought us to the notorious traverse pitch which was said to be 5.8, with virtually no protection. An old article in a climbing magazine stated that in the first 25 ascents of the route three helicopter rescues were necessary to pull injured climbers from this section.

But stories are stories. Some say it's casual, others say it's a death lead. In the end, as we knew, it would be our own judgements that would lead to our own successes (or hell-evacuations?).

The traverse was made up a series of options: a line of ledges leads off here, but it seems to end. There's a piton over there, but why is that sling attached to it? I looked them over, consulted Mark, and we decided to try the high option. Thirty feet across, a voice yelled from below, "You're too high!". I call back, "Have you done the route?" "No", he shouts, "But I'm sure you're too high. You're going to get hurt."

Below on the snowfield, some 600' below, is a total stranger. He, with good intention, is trying to make our decisions. I study the line in front of me, and I think he's wrong. Minutes pass and I resume the line we had chosen. "You're thirty feet too high!" drifts up from below.

We were right, perhaps more so than most earlier parties. The pitch turned out to be fairly well protected 5.6 and it put us in a single crack and corner line which led to the top. The next 4 or 5 pitches were excellent jam and stemming leads of about 5.8 with a climatic, but well-protected and short final section of 5.9. I can understand its 5.10 rating, considering the position and commitment, but the old Gunks guide would certainly have rated the climb at 5.8.

And so the game continues. We go on learning more about climbing, but even more about ourselves. We realize that climbsthemselves aren't barriers, but doors to our own growth. We stand on our own two feet, make our own decisions, trust our judgements, and push back the mental impediments.



Adirondack Foray Planner

Hike the Northville - Lake Placid Trail.

Every Morning was a cheerful invitation to make my life of equal simplicity, and I may say innocence, with nature herself.

From Walden

The 132-mile-long Northville-Placid Trail is a sleeper among the East's extended hiking trails. The Appalachian Trail from the New Hampshire border to Mt Khatadin in Maine is far more rugged and alpine; the Long Trail in Vermont has a more romantic setting; the Cabot Trail in Cape Breton Island, Nova Scotia flirts with the sea and passes through terrain reminiscent of the Scottish Highlands. But the N-P Trail, whether you're hiking it all in two weeks or just a section over the weekend, casts a vibrant spell of its own in Autumn.

In the south, Silver Lake is a destination of quiet imagery. In early morning a blanket of mist covers the water. Frost dances on blades of grass in the wakening sun. Winter's nearness is on your breath. Silver Lake, 7 miles north of Upper Benson, is a perfect overnight. If you have a Sherpa Raft, the lightweight backpacking dinghies put out by the snowshoe maker, explore the hidden coves of the lake and fish for lake trout.

Further into the Fall and the trail, you can walk through an ancient stand of maples on your way to the West Canada Lakes region above Piseco. It was to this wilderness that one Foxey Brown fled in the late 1800's. He chose to do so, not out of a hermit's kindred spirit with the wilds, but to escape a murder charge in Boston. There he died, under the maples, survived only by a can of chaw.

Perhaps the best weekend destination along the N-P Trail is Spruce Lake, above Foxey's haunts and 9 miles from the Piseco trailhead. The last mile of the hike into Spruce Lake is a Jedi Country of spruce humucks and lush vegetation. Three lean-tos are nestled along the shoreline. This is an excellent honeymoon spot for busy, outdoor-loving newlyweds. There will be a full moon near the tenth of October.



By the time you reach West Canada Lake, fifteen miles from any road, the leaves will be turning. Here you may see Canada Geese or Loons stopping on their way south. The area was once a political hotbed. Louis Seymour of "French Louie" fame lived in a cabin on west lake when Verplank Colvin came through on his survey of the Adirondacks. Colvin decided not to give Louie a job guiding the survey crews because the latter was a fiesty democrat. Louie retaliated. He refused to rent any of his twenty boats on the lake to the republican surveyor, pointing out that the craft, too, were democrats.

Gold leaves detach from their stems, float swirling down through the air, gather on the trail. North of Blue Mountain Lake, Long Lake is a body of water 19 miles long along which runs the N-P Trail. The lake has Great Northern Pike. Carrying a canoe in from the trailhead is practicable, since the first lean-to on Long Lake is only 1.8 easy miles from Jennings Park Road, off Route 28N. It was here that the Adirondack Guideboat was born.

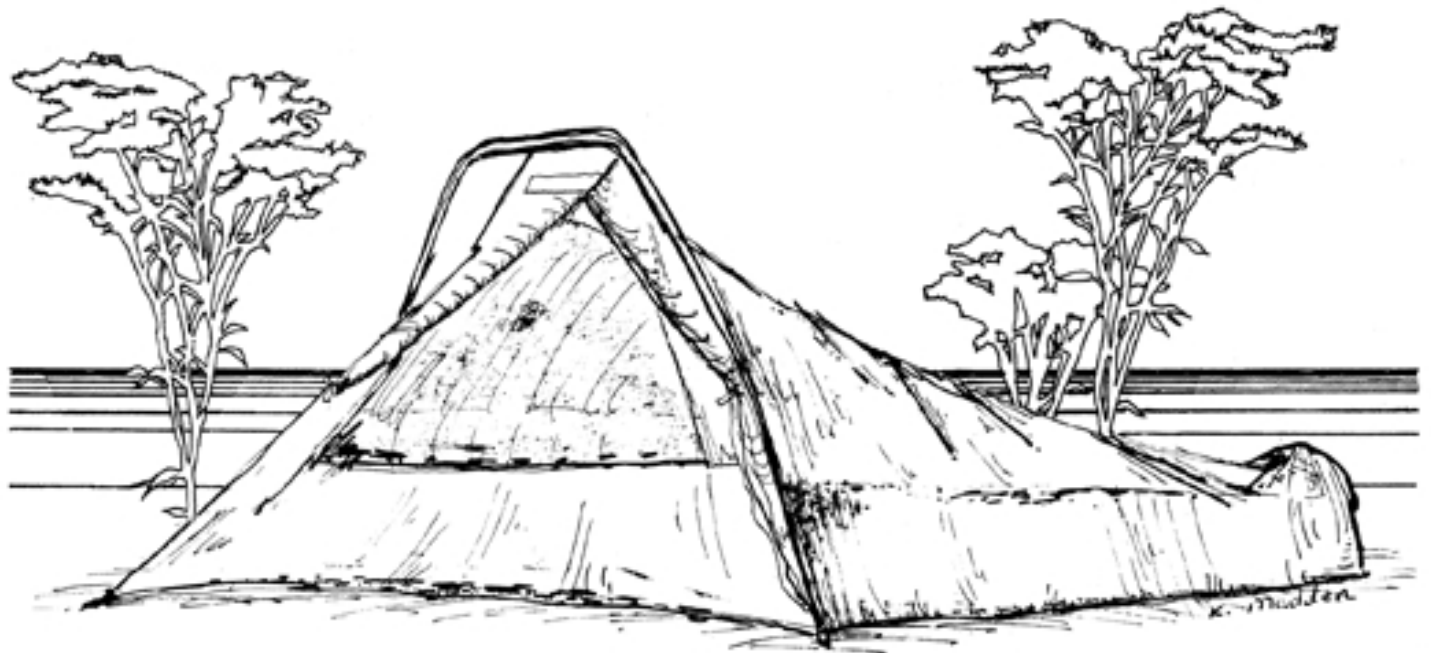
In the north, Autumn will have her arabesque dress on. Oranges, scarlets and yellows will have replaced the summer greens of hardwood forests. As you walk through Shattuck Clearing at the southern most intersection of the N-P Trail with Cold River, try to envision 600 lumberjacks working from 2:30 AM until dusk in the sea of colors around the turn of the century. They were paid \$1.00 a day and meals.

If you're fond of running rivers, Cold River is a desolate, rewarding destination. If cross-country skiing and winter camping warm your sense of adventure, wait for the deep snows that usually bury this section of the N-P Trail. And try to imagine living there during all four seasons for 38 years, as Noah John Rondeau did.

Duck Hole can be reached over the weekend from the northern terminus of the N-P Trail. All around are hidden ponds, rushing streams, pine forests. One such pond is Preston Pond, the water source for Duck Hole. On a fall night in 1901, a guest of the Preston Pond Rod and Gun Club left his cabin in a hurry. The man had just climbed Mt Marcy and was enjoying the hospitality of his hosts when the news arrived--President McKinley lay in a Buffalo hospital mortally wounded. Theodore Roosevelt boogied out past Duck Hole and Wanka Falls, then rode on horseback to the North Creek railroad station. The next day he was sworn in as president.

Roosevelt didn't tarry, but you should go at an enjoyable pace over this section. It is the end of the trail, and the last of Autumn.

The guide, Northville-Placid Trail, by Bruce Wadsworth is published by Adk. Mt. Club. It is an up-to-date guidebook featuring side trips along the trail. Historical material for this article was researched from Bruce's book. \$5.00



The Devine Lite one-man bivy shelter for an extended or weekend hike on the Northville-Lake Placid Trail -- all 2 lbs, 3 ozs of it. The top shelter canopy is made of Gore-tex laminate. When pitched, the foot is vented and the side door allows your breath to ventilate, thereby reducing condensation on the inside of the tent. \$145 by Sierra Designs.



From the Further Finger...

By David Flinn

It's the anticipation and restlessness before a trip that drives me crazy. I remember the haste in which I crammed all my mountaineering equipment in the large cardboard box. The rush to the bank, withdrawing my meager funds, hurrying to send my gear to Seattle via the United Parcel Service. All the hustle and bustle to get motivated and moving.

But it was worth it. Here, ten days of travel and a few days of mental preparation later, I find myself at the base of Mount Rainier. Tomorrow, my close friend Jim Ruch and I will go for the summit via the Furher Finger route. All the tension and effort to get out here has paid off.

As a resident of Keene Valley, my love of the Adirondacks has in no way lessened. It's just the need to break up the weekly routine which finds me out in Washington State. No, I did not travel by the usual conventional means; I hitch-hiked across the Trans-Canadian Highway from Ottawa to Vancouver. Three thousand miles is a long way to go, but my lust for adventure and mountaineering has finally brought me to Paradise.

Paradise is the name of the ranger station from which the majority of people register to climb on Rainier. The weather looks very promising and the name Paradise is certainly fitting. The sky is clear blue and the snow a dazzling bright white compared to the cloudy and bug-infested Adirondacks I left two weeks ago. It is Saturday, June 23, and our adventure has begun.

It was three days that our objective on this mountain came into focus. Mt. Rainier? Sure, we could do that. Two eastern boys trained in the Adirondacks climbing on the training climb for Mt. Everest? No problem. Jim and I had done many ascents in New York, Vermont, and New Hampshire. We saw no reason why we couldn't slog up this hill. Big deal that the majority don't make it to the summit. Little did I realize the scope of this mountain.

Mount Rainier is the natural skyscraper of Seattle's skyline. For those who have not laid eyes on her slopes, it is hard to imagine her dominance. Many consider her to be The Mountain, while the remainder of the Cascades aspire to be mere foothills. Rainier is a 14,410' volcano in the Cascade Range, with Mt. Hood, Mt. Adams, and devastated Mt. Saint Helens as her sister mountains. Endurance and skill in glacier travel are most essential. It is a nine mile hike to the summit and involves about 6000' of climbing, all on snow. In the

Adirondacks, Gothics is the closest alpine ascent encompassing about 2000' of travel. But Mount Rainier is on a different scale.

The weight of my pack slowly settles on my back. We have been hiking for a couple of hours now, and it is noontime. A mile and a half ago, we passed the last of the spruce trees on Rainier's slopes. It's all rock, ice, and snow from now on. While the majority hike onwards up to Camp Muir, we branch left and down to the Wilson Glacier. We follow the tracks of a large party going our way. They are all members of The Mountaineers, a Seattle-based climbing group.

As we move quickly by a few stragglers, I can't help but grin. My ears catch a woman's complaints of wet and numb feet. Her leather boots are totally soaked and we're only three miles up the mountain. Wearing plastic boots, my feet are dandy and warm. Jim's home-made Supergaitors shed the wet, slushy snow. Our advantage in footwear is certainly a big help in our summit push.

But my grin soon is replaced by a gasp. The steady plod uphill saps the remainder of my breakfast energy. A few French bonbons inspires me up, up to where Jim slowly uncoils the rope and unpacks his lunch.

My eyes capture the Cascades looming around me. I recall standing on Highway One outside of Calgary, Alberta. Waiting in the light drizzle, wondering if I ever will get a lift out of there. The Canadian Rockies peek through the clouds urging me on; only I must be patient for the next ride. Out of my daze, a small Toyota slows and allows me to enter. Tom Myron beckons me inside, and my smile widens when I grasp the wheel, driving the Icefields Parkway while Tom sleeps.

My tired limbs groan as Jim starts out. My thoughts of the easy drive through Alberta slowly fade as I concentrate on my present situation. We try to keep moving, pushing the lower slopes of Rainier behind us. We have passed all the Mountaineers. Another factor in our favor is our light packs. Jim and I are approaching this climb with the "alpine-style" attitude of climbing. We do not have a tent, a stove, lots of food, or any extra items. The ideal is to use the least equipment possible in the most efficient manner. Two liters of water apiece, sleeping bags, bivouac sacks, and our climbing gear. The alpine style philosophy is to go as light as possible, thus enabling us to move faster and quicker. Many severe peaks in the Andes, Himalayas, Alps, and Rockies have been climbed using this technique.

Looking south-east from the Furher Finger, Mt. Adams glows in the dawn.



It is now time to get to the interesting part and cross the Wilson glacier, and begin the steep ascent up to enter the narrow couloir of the Furber Finger. From 10,000 to 12,500', one finds the steepest part of the climb. Since it is getting late, we hope to find a high camp where we can spend the night, waiting till morning for the hard part. An ascent at this time would be suicidal. The warath of the sun loosens tons of snow and rocks, causing them to tumble down the very couloirs mountaineers wish to ascend. So very early morning climbing is essential as well as safer.

Crossing the glacier produced nothing of an epic. In fact, for my first glacier, it was pretty routine. There were few crevasses to worry about, but I did get a good glimpse into the bottomless depths. One's mellow perspective on the dangers of a crevasse would certainly change if suddenly immersed into one.

The slope has now increased and we steadily plod upwards to the beginning of the Finger. Jim has stopped moving and breaks into a smile when I clamber onto the horizontal snow ledge he has found. With a stunning view of the mountains around us, it is the perfect spot for the night. Below us, about an hour and a half's walk, the Mountaineers have set up their tents and are beginning to fire their stoves. The strategy they use is called the "traditional" approach. They have set up a base camp from which they will leave most everything behind except light rucksacks for the summit push. This strategy is certainly more conservative, while our alpinist mode depends on good judgement, good weather, and very few mistakes. So in place of gear, the emphasis is on technique.

Our attention is drawn to the sound of water. Even up here, we find running water where there should be none, and do not hesitate in drinking it. This extra advantage, I am certain, has put the odds even more into our favor. With our light packs, strong technical experience, endurance, and now this water raises our hopes high.

But after the sandwich supper, we find it tough to sleep with the sun still glaring in the sky. Mt. Adams twinkles at us as we settle into our sleeping systems, each to his own thoughts. I try to cover my eyes, preventing the sun from refracting through my bivouac sack. I grunt in frustration as I turn over, resting.

"Dave, it's time..."

And so it is. The sun is gone and the cool, mountain air chills us. It is one AM and after crunching on granola bars, we rope up. The Mountaineers below us are already on the move, still two hours behind us. Naturally, my head-lamp doesn't work, so Jim takes the lead.

Soon I am all alone on this 50° slope, in the pitch dark. The slushy snow of yesterday is now hard-packed and frozen. Our crampons grate their way upward, with our ice axes placed shaft-first into the slope for balance.

Eighty feet above me, I can make out Jim, or rather his lamp, scouting the couloir, lighting up the area like a tiny searchbeam. Up we continue, with the rope taut, our only link together. I keep remembering my Adirondack experience-- on frozen waterfalls, the Eagle Slide on Giant, the North Face of Gothics, Chapel Pond Slabs - all the practice I had then is paying off. If either of us slips, both of us would slide 2000', like runaway rockets, down into the yawning crevasses on the glacier below.

But my confidence in my skill enables me to place that fear behind me, never letting it get out in front. As the slope lessens, the wind picks up. Suddenly I notice it is light out and Mount Adams glistens in the alpenglow. The wind creeps through our bones and we continue. More French bonbons enable me to keep on going. My desire to go forward weakens, but Jim keeps going, and I'm roped up with him.

I can see Jim somehow standing up, ice axe raised high, as the wind lashes him with spindrift. Yes, we finally made it. Since the winds are so strong, about 80 mph, we jump into the summit caldera to get out of the blast. It is 8 AM.

Sure we knocked the bastard off but where was the calm and serenity so often quoted in all the books? All there was to do up here was freeze, so we opted to descend.

And what a descent. We passed the ascending Mountaineers one and half hours from the top. My spirit was buoyant with the acknowledgement of success, but the long, steep descent certainly captured my attention. Facing us was a 2000' glissade down a steep, icy Furber Finger. Nothing in the east prepared me for this gripping obstacle ahead.

Off with the crampons and untie the rope. Sitting down, ice axe shaft dragging to slow my speed. Thank goodness I have an aluminum axe, not a wooden one! Half way down, I slowly lose control, my speed rapidly increasing as I turn over, forcing the pick in the snow to slow my descent. Three hundred feet later I come to a halt. My body races with adrenalin and I'm scared out of my mind.

But I made it down without losing my composure or wits. I thought that my ascent of Rainier would quench the call in me. But as I slog down the mountain, I recall a good friend in Brinnon. Beyond Brinnon, the Olympic Mountains loom, always wild and majestic.

My backpack is filled again and I walk along this long highway, moving to another place. Once again I failed to suppress the lure. For some its fast cars, or the Super Bowl, or lots of money. But for me it's a call to the wild and adventurous.



CLIMBING IN THE ADIRONDACKS

MORE ROCK ROUTES

The following new route descriptions are supplemental to Climbing in the Adirondacks, by Don Mellor. Most were put up this summer, on a variety of crags. The Adirondacks continue to offer much in the way of rock-climbing without crowds and in panoramic mountain settings.

Hurricane Crags

These are the "Pitchoff 9N" cliffs in Don Mellor's new guidebook. Partly because of confusion with Pitchoff Chimney cliff in Cascade Pass, partly because the old name is boring and without gusto, but mostly because the area has seen a renaissance of climbing activity, a new name has been conjured up by various local rock brigands.

Although it was first explored during the 1950's by Fritz Weissner and Co. and by subsequent Adirondack pioneers, Hurricane recently yielded new routes of very good quality.

For anyone in an adventurous spirit, there are some dazzling aid lines to be forged on this abrupt south ridge of Hurricane Mountain.

Approach - Park your car 150 yards west of the sand pit quarry 5 miles towards Elizabethtown (from Rt. 73) on route 9N. Walk into the woods 150 yards to a small rock wall. Bear right and follow cairns up 15 minutes to the base of the main cliff.

This is a complicated cliff to describe, so take all descriptions under careful on-sight consideration. Contact us at the Alpine Journal if more info is desired.

Routes are described from left to right.

** Quadrophenia- 5.7(e)

Starts 20' right of PSOC corner. This 4½ pitch route turns two large, stepped overhangs up high. The first three pitches are sustained 5.7. Excellent tree belays.

P.1 Climb corner with small tree in it for 35'. Climb up and left to gain ramp layback feature that leads to large ledge. Belay at small tree.

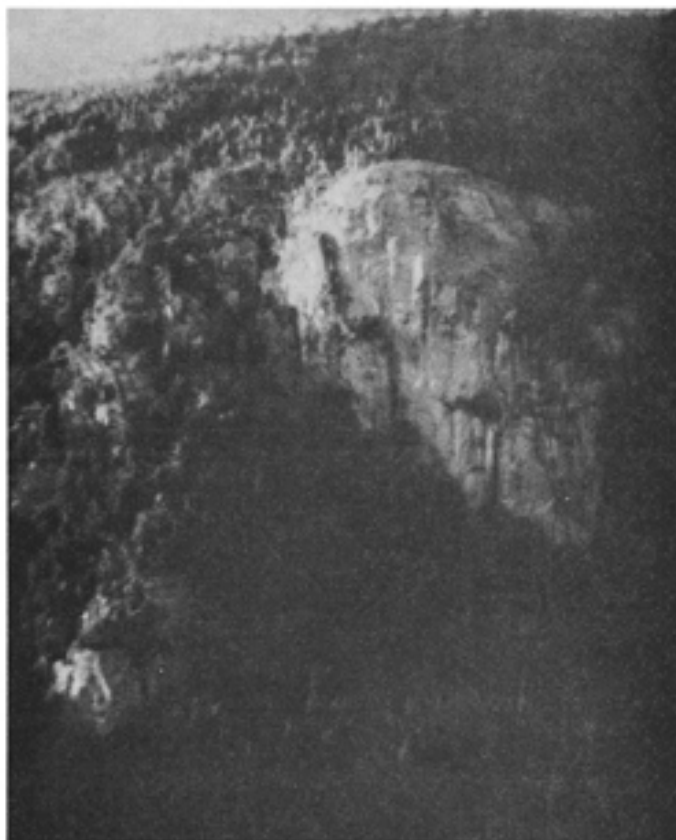
P.2 Face climb 15' to mantle on sloping ledge to gain crack that leads to belay below first big roof.

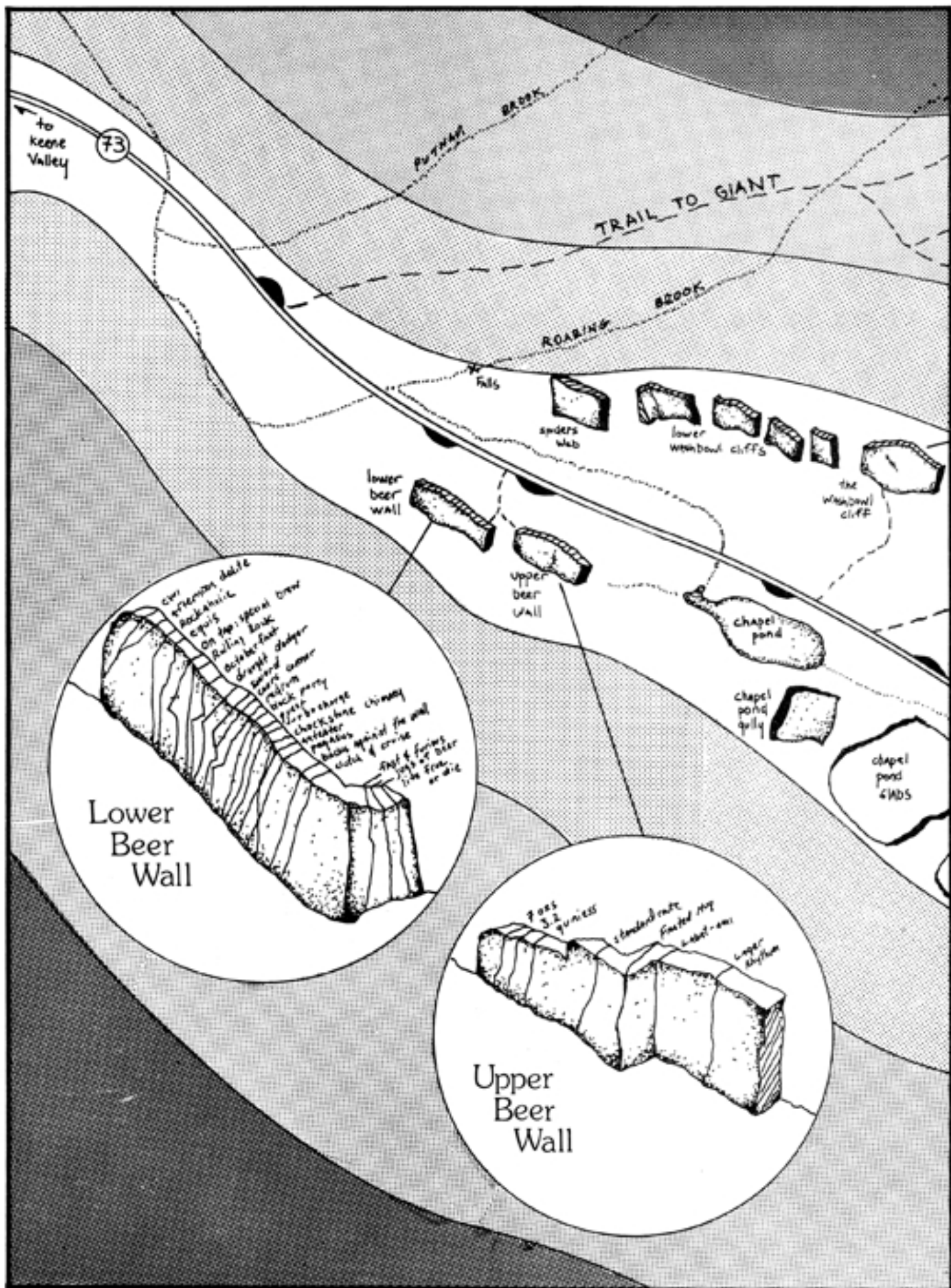
P.3 Turn both roofs to right (cedar tree in corner between roofs). After second roof, belay at cedar tree to the left. 80'

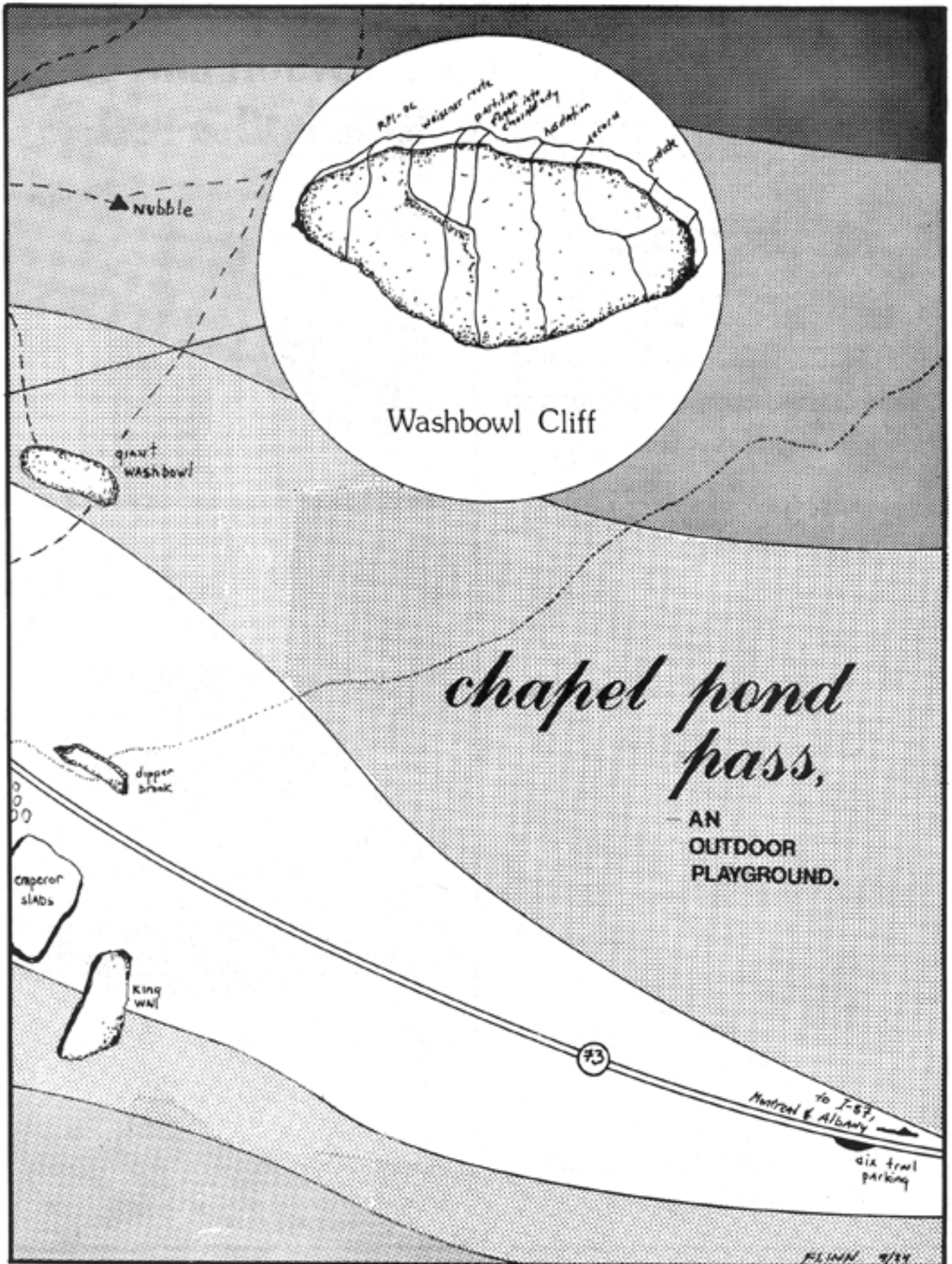
P.4 Climb up onto ledge above cedar and walk right to end of ledge with tree.

P.5 Face climb up and right to gain 10' crack. Face and slab climbing to the top. 140'.

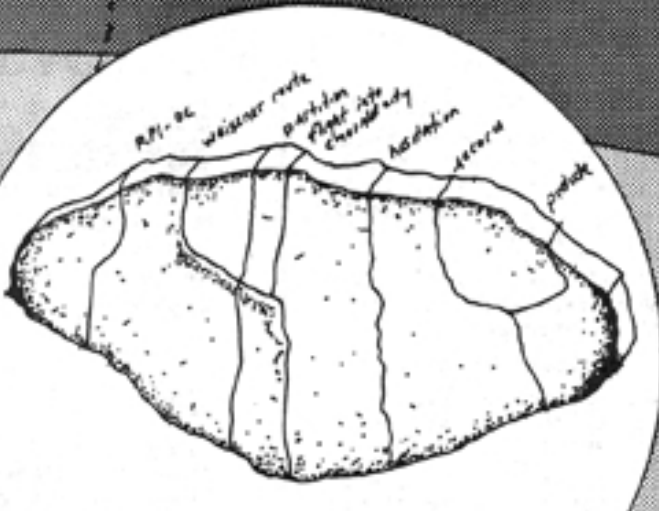
Cunningham/Hey







▲ nubble



Washbowl Cliff

giant washbowl

dipper break

emperor slabs

king wall

chapel pond pass,

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93

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More Rock Routes...

** Look, Roll and Fire - 5.9+ (s)

Down slope from Quadrophenia (30' R) is a chimney/crack corner. To the left of this is an overlapping flake system; this is the start of the first pitch. The start is to the left of an overhang system.

P.1 Climb through flake system 25'. Zig-zag corner to large ledge. Walk left to bottom of pitch 2 of Quadrophenia.

P.2 Same as pitch 2 of Quadrophenia.

P.3 Traverse 10' and up 10' to belay on rock pedestal with tree and several overhanging crack systems above.

P.4 Step left into cedar tree groove and climb up to overhang that has three diverging overhanging cracks. This is the Lady's Buxum. Finger layback right-hand crack (crux) to gain face and treacherous loose rock slab above. 100'.

Cunningham/Ken Reville
4/3/84

Tommy - 5.8 (s)

Start at the same point as Look, Roll and Fire, but climb the chimney feature to the right.

P.1 Climb chimney to tree belay. 30'.

P.2 Climb laminated flake and through steep wall to belay ledge. Rappel from this ledge, called Broadway because of its extension across the entire middle section of the cliff.

Cunningham/Dave Flinn 4/84

The next routes are to the right of the prominent Weissner Chimney called the Old Route.

** Schizophrenia - 5.9 (s)

Immediately to the right of Old Route is a pile of large boulders; above there is an overhanging flake which can be turned to the left to gain steep corner that has small overhang at its top. This is the route. Face climb past roof above to the top. There is an easier exist to the left of the small overhanging roof. The opening moves are challenging but well protected with friends.

Cunningham/Hey/Flinn 3/28/84

** Spring Equinox - 5.8 (e)

To the right of Schizophrenia is a steep wall with cracks in it. Ten feet to the right of this feature is a left-facing corner with a tree.

P.1 Climb corner past tree and over bulge to tree belay (also the rappel tree to use after coming off Broadway).

P.2 Climb steep flake crack for forty feet to tree belay on Broadway. An exciting layback pitch.

Cunningham/Dodd 3/24/84

** New Route - 5.5 (e)

As you approach the main face three aretes are in sight. The far right arete is the start of New Route.

P.1 Climb arete 20' to small ledge. Slab and face climb black streaked rock to large ledge and belay.

P.2 Climb middle of slab above to top.

Cunningham/Hey 3/26

Contact Buzz - 5.8 (s)

Around corner of New Route and between this and chimney is a steep, short, broken wall with a crack going up through it. Climb crack to ledge. Continue on to the slab above or join New Route. During this ascent the party was dive bombed by a Perrigine Falcon.

Ken Reville/George Carrol

The Beer Walls

Lower Beer Wall

The following routes are located on the left end of the lower Beer Wall. Between CWI and Rolling Rock. This section of the wall forms a curving shield wall with a long, short overhang at its base. At the lowest point of this shield there is a left-slanting finger crack that leads up to a roof and a flake called Gateway--this is Rockaholic.

** Rockaholic - 5.8 (s)

P.1 Climb crack through overhang and Gateway flake to the top.

Meschinelli/Hough/Turner

** Equis - 5.8 (s)

Ten feet right of Rockaholic climb through small overhang to gain left slanting trough with cedar tree growing in its middle. Climb past cedar tree to face and flake systems (friends Recommended). 100'.

** The Sword - 5.6 (e with bolts)

25' left and down hill from Block Party is a left-tending ramp.

P.1 Climb up and left on ramp to birch trees. Continue to tree belay below knife-edge arete.

P.2 Climb blocky rock to underneath truncated arete; continue out right to its right side and then gain arete proper via moves left. Cut on up edge past bolt to the top.

Cunningham/Jolley 5/7/83



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Lic. Adirondack Guide
Cascade Road
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Billboard Wall

This is the cliff at the top of the approach trail on the left.

**Tie Me Up - 5.8 (e)

Climbs beautiful crack next to huge Birch tree. 65'. Al Jolley/Cathy Bright

**Zig-Zag - 5.9 (e)

A double-back traverse that finishes about 20' from its start. Locate the long horizontal scrub line next to Tie Me Up.

P.1 Traverse left for 60' to a small birch tree belay.

P.2 Take the upper traverse line right below long overhang. Climb past Tie Me Up to strenuous Houdinni move, then on to the ground and belay. 75'.

Cunningham/Tim Broader/Reville/Jolley

Wallface

**Necessary Risk - 5.6 (e)

An excellent four pitch access route for the Diagonal and No Man's A Piolet. Located to the left of the main line of No Man's A Piolet and the beginning of Diagonal's ramp at the lowest point of the cliff.

P.1 Climb greasy, blocky corner for 60' to tree belay on right.

P.2 From tree belay climb up and left over steep, short section. Follow Diagonal ramp right and up to large overhang with good ledge underneath. 140'.

P.3 Traverse 20' left, climb crack/groove to overhang (20'). Turn overhang, then traverse 40' R. to obvious crack/corner. Ascend this to belay. 120'.

P.4 Climb groove to the right and join Diagonal where it meets No Man's A Piolet 75'.

Ken Reville/George Carroll
8/26/83

Willmington Notch Area

**There Be Dragons - 5.10- (e)

Between Moss Cliff and High Falls Gorge on Route 86 rises a steep Buttress of rock on the east side of the road. In winter, the wall drips a large pillar of ice called Bombcicle. To the right of this wall is a deep cleft in the rock containing a fine winter ice climb called Multiplication Gully. The rock climb takes a line directly up obvious twin, parallel hand cracks in the center of the rock Buttress. Four pitches long, with rapell bolt at top. Start at Chimney and climb up-until it narrows to 1 1/2' wide. Continue up into twin cracks to top of route @200'. "A most arresting climb," said Don Mellor. Mellor/Mark Ippolito 8/84

More Rock Routes

Pitchoff Chimney Cliff

Hidden Constellation - 5.10+ pro (s)

Climbs the scrubbed wall right of PF Flyers.

P.1 Follow the lonely 5.5 up from the tree-covered ledge. Past the Pete's Farewell Traverse to shallow right corner. Up left and traverse to belay on Pete's Farewell.

P.2 Hand traverse right (crux) 20' to hard moves and enter crack to the top.

Mellor/Cunningham/Dodd
5/84

PF Flyers Flying Circus - 5.7 A3 (d)

Direct start to PF Flyers.

P.1 Starts at the roof below the traverse of Pete's Farewell. Aid out overhang, and begin free-climbing on face, turn large roof to the right. Find arete and climb to belay on Pete's Farewell.

P.2 Finish on PF Flyers.

Cunningham/Mark Saulsgiver
5/84

Chuting Star - 5.7 A3 (s)

Direct start to Star Sailor.

P.1 Climbs up the roof and crack 15' to the right of Flying Circus. Wander up to the base of Star Sailor swath.

Saulsgiver/Cunningham
5/84

** Cross Town Traffic - 5.9 (e)

An upper level traverse of the cliff.

P.1 Climb up The Disputed, belaying at the birch tree at the top of Star Sailor.

P.2 Hand traverse 80' to divingboard block on Pete's Farewell second pitch.

P.3 Continue left 80' under overhang to grassy ledge. Finish the crack.

Cunningham/Dodd/Leswing
5/84



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Washbowl Cliffs

Fang - 5.10 (e)

From the base of Upper Washbowl Cliff wander left across a brushy slope until a small cliff is encountered that is equal in verticality to the Spider's Web.

The route follows the striking hand and finger crack in the center of the face and consists of three unrelenting 70' pitches separated by tree ledges.

Pitch one is distinguished by a large cedar tree at the top of the crack. This climb is obscure but equal in quality to more visible routes on the Spider's Web.

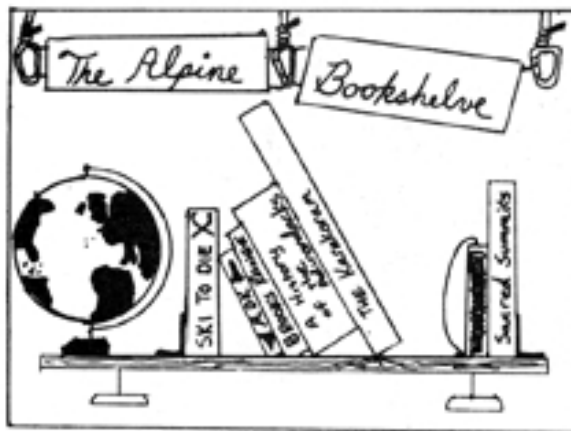
Tim Beaman/ Slyvia Lazarniek

A Flight into Emerald City - 5.7 A3 130'

At the top of the second pitch of the Weisner route you are standing on the lowest section of the Weissner Ledge. Look to the wall right of the ledge. It appears to be blank but offers a plumb line to the top of the cliff.

P.1 From the belay step left 20' to the wall and free climb small, slanting holds to bolt. Aid crack staying to the center right of the black water streak and onto the top. Be careful and know aiding!

Pat and Mary Purcell 9/83



Freedom In The Wilds

An Adirondack Saga
By Harold Weston

published 1971
By the Adirondack Trail
Improvement Society,
St. Huberts, NY 12943

The story of events shaped in the past always seems to interest us living in the present. People are incessantly intrigued by various accounts, especially concerning our Adirondacks. Harold Weston, the famed painter of St. Huberts, felt the urge to record some of his memories in a book called Freedom in the Wilds. His own statement in the preface sums up his purpose quite adequately:

"I make no claim that this is a definitive or accurate historical record, though a great many sources have been consulted and tall tales checked. Frankly, I care far more about the future than the past and about the significance of events rather than data or details. This saga reflects the memories, experiences, and reactions of only one man, an artist, during large portions of a lifetime in a very limited neck of the woods."

How true. The book is centered around events occurring during his life from the turn of the century until 1971 in the St. Huberts, Keene Valley region of the Adirondacks. It is a rare book that casually informs us of incidents in this time period, without leaving us steeped in literary drollness. The book's structure is a loose organization of history, tales, and adventures. Very few mountain authors have been able to enlighten the public with this style of presentation.

Weston weaves his story in a flowing, cumulative saga. Beginning with various incidents and happenings around 1800, we learn about the lifestyles of the Adirondack pioneers. Most interesting is the passage concerning the Chapel Pond/ Route 73 road. During the Revolutionary War, British General Burgoyne had his men open a road from AuSable Forks through Chapel Pond Pass to the Schroon Valley. In total surprise, he was able to overwhelm the Americans at Fort Ticonderoga. Since then, the road has been rebuilt and has opened



SAW-TEETH MOUNTAIN—UPPER AUSABLE POND.

up Keene Valley to the population in the rest of the state.

In 1872, a man named Verplanck Colvin was responsible for surveying a majority of the present High Peak region. His adventures and surveys proved to be extremely valuable in initiating the formation of the Adirondack Park and the Forever Wild principle in 1894. Without Colvin's drive and energy, the establishment of the Park might not have occurred.

In the same era, much of the wilderness was being bought up by logging industries. In 1886, William C. Neilsen and W. Charles Alderson became aware of the possible loss of the prime forest area in the state. They formed a corporation called the Adirondack Mountain Reserve to preserve the wild areas. By raising \$80,000, the AMR bought the majority of land in the AuSable Lakes Valley. Today, one can appreciate the wildness, beauty, and serenity in this lovely valley.

Soon after the land acquisition, the Adirondack Trail Improvement Society was formed to sustain this land with trails and overall conservation. During the 20's and 30's, Harold Weston was very active in the ATIS.

During this time, many people enjoyed the Keene Valley region, even more than today. Harold Weston had decided to pursue the career of a painter, building a cottage in St. Huberts. Here, he began to capture many invigorating landscapes of the region with his paintbrush. Unfortunately, many of the photos of his work published are in black and white. If possible, one must view them in their natural state, in colour; only then can one be truly awed at the beauty revealed in his work.

At the outbreak of World War 2, Weston was instrumental in forming the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration. Without his efforts, the Marshall Plan, the goal to revitalize the war-torn nations, might never have occurred. After this effort, he became very involved in the Art world, especially organizing the National Council on the Arts and Government. This council was monumental in recognizing the government's role in sustaining the arts.

In the late 1960's, Weston became involved in Abstract painting. During this period, his works were stimulated by four small stones given to him as a gift. Once again, the B & W reproductions do not serve the originals justice. At this time, he began to compile Freedom in the Wilds.

For anyone interested in this Keene Valley region, this book is a landmark. Many, many more accounts can be listed and discussed, but in order to savor each event recorded, going directly to the source will surely satisfy any Adirondack lover.

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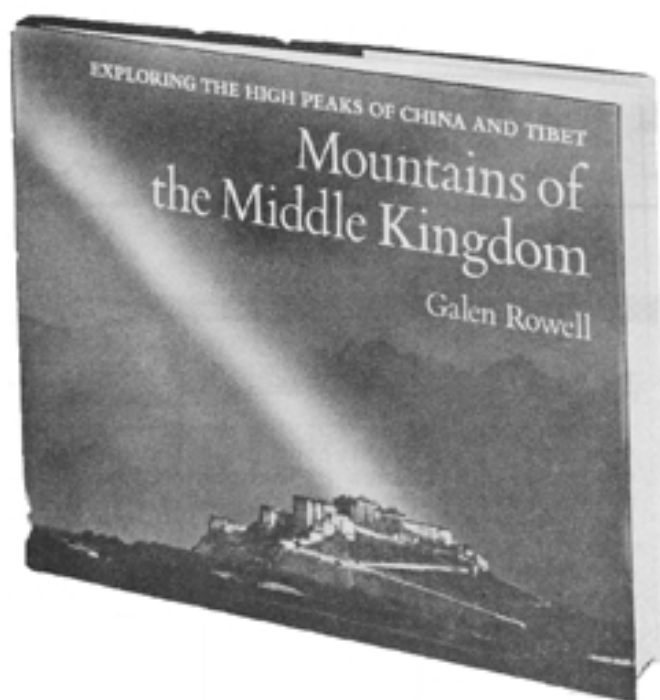
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CHAPEL POND.



Mountains Of The Middle Kingdom

By Galen Rowell

Sierra Club Books

San Francisco, California

\$40.00 (or at your library)

The Pamir plains would one day be the meeting place of Afghanistan, Russia and China. But now this high elevation steppe was not claimed by any human government; and it was home only to wildlife that could survive temperatures of -40°F at night.

The caravan was in its twelfth day of crossing the Pamir. The dust rising in the cold early morning shadows bothered the young man's eyes. He rubbed his closed lids then squinted through the haze. In the distance, sand dunes towered two thousand feet above the plain. Beyond he made out a sun-struck mountain range whose flanks glowed rose red. Higher and yet seemingly closer, a floating mountain of ice stood ablaze in white light. Although he had been traveling for months through Europe and into Asia, the stark beauty before him made Marco Polo shiver. That morning he turned eighteen, leaving his youth behind him on the Silk Route.

Seven centuries later the aurora of light and images that so struck Marco Polo in his travels through western Asia has been rediscovered in Mountains of the Middle Kingdom.

Since the Chinese Mountaineering Association announced in 1981 that eight high peaks in western China and Tibet were open to travel and mountaineering, Rowell made four successive trips to the Middle Kingdom. (More and more mountains have been opened to trekkers and climbers by the CMA in the past two years.) In the book he combines chapters on his adventures with a rich background on early ex-

ploration and its literature. New evidence is given in the mystery of Mallory and Irvine, two British climbers who may have been the first atop Everest, in 1924! They were last seen very high on the mountain. Rowell and a companion find out during an alpine style attempt on the North Col route from Tibet that a Chinese mountaineer may have seen their bodies in 1975: the bodies of "two Englize." The reading was captivating.

Rowell writes clearly and succinctly about his own adventures. In 1948, Eric Shipton and H.W. Tillman attempted to climb Marco Polo's ice mountain, Mustagah Ata (24,757'). They were stymied in the shoulder deep snow of the gentle southwest slopes. In 1981, the author, Ned Gillette, and Jan Reynolds (both of nearby Stowe, Vermont) climbed and descended the same route on skis. Rowell, alone on the summit, is struck by the sea of high mountains all around. He does a good job of capturing the run down, one of the longest and most adventurous ski descents ever made. Marco Polo if you can.

Rowell highlights the changes in the Middle Kingdom since communist unification. In Tibet, Mao Tse-tung's armies ended the rule by Buddhist high priests of Shangri-la. Almost all of Tibet's monasteries were destroyed either in 1959, by Communist forces during the repression of a rebellion, or by the Red Guard and Tibetan insurgents during the Cultural Revolution. Out of the thousands of working Buddhist monasteries that explorer Heinrich Harrer saw during his travels there in the 1940's, only a few are even left standing today for worship. Communism, Rowell feels, raised Tibet's standard of living at a price.

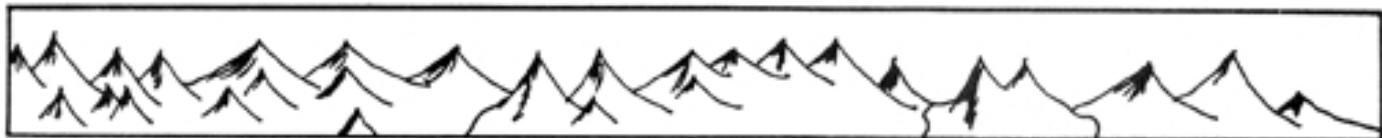
A dark tale. In Sinkiang Province, China, villagers tell Rowell of a mountain that has been hollowed out and with cooling fans set in the summit. On many nights during the 1960's heavy trucks drove away from Devil Mountain into the desert, not returning. Then the people saw "many flashes when the night sky became bright as dawn."

"Lop Nor," Rowell ventures. "Atomic testing."

The villagers agree.

With the publication of Mountains..., void is filled in the existing geographical, historical, and contemporary literature on China and Tibet. From the large, vivid photos to the candid text, it is also to be regarded as a portrait of the artist come into his own.





Adventure Book II
Published by Sobek's
International Explorer's Society
Angels Camp, California

This is a guide to the most adventurous travel services in the world, and a literate one at that. Each of the seven continents are the setting, even Antarctica. To introduce each chapter the editors have chosen excerpts by books from famous explorers such as Marco Polo, Edward Stanley, and Horatio De Beer.

Sobek itself specializes in running wild rivers. Their list of commercially guided first ascents grew recently when a group ran a portion of the Maggi-Tua-Purari River in Papua New Guinea. Ironically, the trip had more human obstacles to it than natural. As David Roberts, a freelance outdoor journalist, reported in the September issue of Outside, a BBC film crew saturated the rafters with dripping demands to run sections of the river over--just one more take.

Usually the real enticement in purchasing a book like this is the collage of trip offerings themselves. Some of the sports offered by outfitters include: rafting, hiking, trekking, skiing, mountaineering, ballooning, diving, kayaking, sailing, photography and natural history safaris, and even indianajonesing. If you can afford one of these excursions, your in for athletic, hard work in some of the most exotic places on earth.

Sobek's rafting trips are the leader in exotic river running. And they seem to have a knack for publishing too. For a copy write: SOBEK, Angels Camp, California, 95222 or call (209)736-4830. The book comes in large format paperback, \$14.95.



The Rare and the Readable in Print

As reported in Outside magazine, there is a book collector in Maine whose two thousand volumes of rare and out-of-print books, guides, and journals have earned him a place in the American Alpine Club. Well, it also may be that 85-year-old Leroy Cross has a life long love of exploration and outdoor adventure that is reflected in his library as well as his friendship with many of America's best mountaineers.

To have a chance to read books like, "A Yak for Christmas," by Louise Hillary and "Travels Amongst the Great Andes of the Equator," by Edward Whymper, write to
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Up Or Down For The Expedition Book
By Jim Vermeulen

The expedition book, that venerable mainstay of the climber's bookshelf, has survived many years and many stylistic changes at the hands of its writers, but as Dave Roberts has already adequately noted, its formula for success remains the same. The traditional mixture of ingredients - the gathering of either a renowned or innocent team; the hassles of trip planning; the approach through exotic lands; the initial optimism of the climb dashed by death, team squabbles, or bad weather; overcoming the bad luck to reach the summit only days before winter or the porters arrive to force a retreat - this predictable succession of events has resulted in some of the best of all climbing books, as well as some of the worst.

The growth in climbing's popularity, coupled with the swing from large expeditions to small, lightweight alpine ascents raises the question whether this underlying constancy in format bodes good or ill for the future of the expedition book. Admittedly, it's been a serviceable formula for decades and countless expeditions, but with these shifts in climbing style and audience, will people continue to 'buy this approach to documenting climbs, or will the expedition book perhaps fade in popularity?

Expedition books appear to be in no danger of extinction as long as there are new peaks, new ridges, and new faces to be climbed in the traditional fashion. Even the smaller alpine teams sometimes find that telling their story according to the expedition format is appropriate, for they encounter many circumstances similar to larger party ascents. However, there is an inherent danger in doing so since the great expedition books are accounts of not only a memorable climb but of the small society of climbers that somehow manages to live together long enough to accomplish the deed. In these books, the story of striving, failing, and succeeding together is often as engrossing as the technical aspects of the climb. Thus, in K2: The Savage Mountain, the defeat of the 1953 American expedition and their harrowing retreat, accomplished only through the unselfish and heroic actions of team members, is a far more rewarding tale than Ardito Desio's account of the Italian's' methodical success the following year.

Besides climbing, Jim enjoys writing and publishing many excellent articles. He resides in Syracuse, NY.

These large casts of characters are typically missing in books about small alpine teams or soloists. Because they contain so few personalities with which to play out the human drama of climbing, these accounts run the great risk of degenerating into long essays of psychospeak. Here again, two recent books on K2 expeditions, both successful, provides an illustration.

Rick Ridgeway, in The Last Step, writes a compelling narrative of the first American ascent of K2 via the Northeast Ridge. His contribution to good expedition books is the ability to humanize the climbing party, exposing competitiveness, pigheadedness, sensitivity, guilt, charitableness, and other common human emotions which may accompany any expedition. And he manages to do so in a manner which ultimately celebrates rather than castigates or cheapens the human spirit. These people may be grumpy, admirable, or disagreeable, but above all, they are portrayed as real people in pursuit of personal and national goals.

Where Ridgeway succeeds, super-alpinist Reinhold Messner and his co-writer Alessandro Gogna, fail. Their book, K2: Mountain of Mountains, chronicles the small, alpine ascent of the Abruzzi Ridge. But whe-



re Ridgeway's social/psychological portrayal of team members strengthened his story, the Messner/Gogna book is so awash with existential musings as to be almost unreadable. First, Gogna bores us with diary entries describing his dreams about stealing Messner's girlfriend. Then Messner himself hounds us on every page up the mountain with his egocentric observations about "treading the frontiers of his existence" (ie. taking chances up high) and being "reminded of my own existence" (ie. tough climbing in Houses's chimney). The climb itself appears to be only a backdrop for both writer's psychological self-absorption, and the other members of the light party, if not totally ignored, are only written about, not of. The stuff of which dull, poor expedition writing is made is no better exemplified than in this book. Suffice to say, the future market success of either type of expedition book may become as good a measure as any of the literary sophistication of readers in the climbing community.

Expedition books will, however, be forced to compete with other types of climbing books. Two new directions are now evident. The first is a kind of in-progress climber's autobiography and its formula is this: a well-known, successfully established professional climber who completes three or four big climbs per year begins to write books in which each climb constitutes only one chapter or section of the new book. Rather than a single climb, we read about four or five of them in Reader's Digest style. Peter Boardman's Sacred Summits is such a book. The subtle shift with this style is away from describing climbs per se and more toward describing climbers in the business of doing their climbs. The advantages and disadvantages of this style have yet to be conclusively demonstrated, but it definitely makes it easier to enjoy your favorite climber.

Another innovation within the expedition genre is the fictionalized narrative. The most popular example of this type of book is Rob Taylor's, The Breach. More recently, Dave Roberts' short story in Outside Magazine, "Burnout in the Maze" uses the same technique, wherein a real-life incident serves as the structure for a piece of fiction. These only-the-names-and-dates-have-been-changed novels and stories are likely to gain popularity among writers

for they allow a wide latitude in the interpretation of events on a climb. Their chief weakness lies in the fact that, as fiction, they seldom become works of imagination because they are too tightly linked to the historical facts from which they rise.

New directions and old formulas. The expedition book is obviously no longer the only game in town, but when well-written is still one of the best. Most likely, amid the piles of badly written books by super-climbers, veiled fictions by chicken climbers, and Reader's Digest compendiums by four season climbers, there will still be found those absorbing adventure stories, the well-constructed expedition books. Herzog, Tilman, Hornbein, Ridgeway, et. al. will not merely become the keepers of a lost art form.



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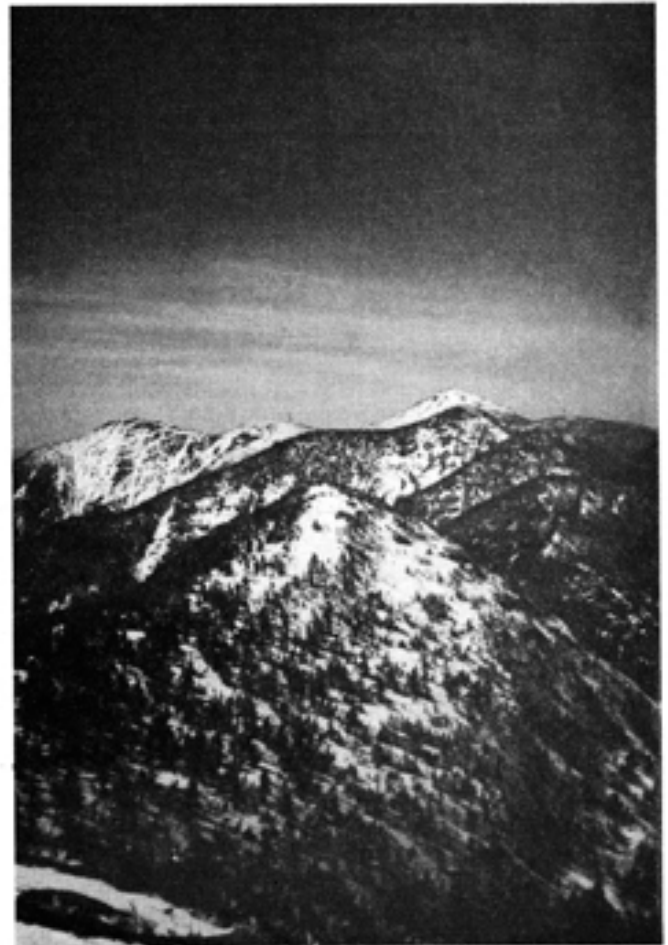


Reserve Mt. Khatadin Space

If you enjoy winter camping in the Presidential Range of the White Mts. New Hampshire, this winter plan a trip to Mt. Khatadin in Maine. Yes, we ARE sandbagging you--Maine has often brutal winters. The residents of the state can only be called hardy perennials. Frozen beauty can be the best kind, however. So call the Baxter State Park Authority at (207) 723-5140 to reserve a warm cabin in a place called Chimney Pond (you have to supply the wood) and to obtain permit questionnaires. The folks at Baxter believe in safety, so you or one of your party should have climbing experience. Have fun, BE CAREFUL.

WINTER SPORTS!

- Ski the Klondike Trail from John's Brook Loj to ADK Loj.
- Snowshoe to the summit of Mt. Colden. Ski down if you can.
- In February, ascend the North Face of Gothics and experience the exposure, like Tim Broader feels in the picture to the left.
- Ski the groomed Mt. Van Hoevenberg Trails.
- Zoom off the Olympic ski jumps in Lake Placid, or at least watch someone else do it!
- Winter camp at Indian Falls and explore the beauty of the woods in short day trips.
- Hike up Gothics and get the view noted in the picture below.





*poor
richard's
forecast*

Fall is here. The Adirondacks will soon be ablaze. Cool daytime temperatures will keep you comfortable when hiking. Cold air flow from Canada will ensure photographers crisp depth-of-field. But by Thanksgiving withered leaves will coat the trails, ice will begin to smother lake surfaces, and a general suspense will shroud the skier's mind.

Rest assured, there will be snow at the Mt. Van Hoevenburg ski trails and on the Men's Downhill course at Whiteface. But for those who may take to the Ausable Club's golfcourse to learn telemarking, and thence into the Outback on three-pin skis, the question of snow accumulation becomes a crucial one.

There are certain natural indicators of how much snow will fall in a given Adirondack winter. This year: a French-Canadian backpacker reported that the Great Range bore a coat of snow two inches deep. Weatherlore points out that if a French Canadian does a snow dance on the Great Range in September, it will snow heavily in January...we sent him back up; a three-year cycle of good snow seasons, created last winter on a rainy day, is up; chipmunks in Keene Valley are carrying off Beer Nuts from the Valley Grocery.

But perhaps the most important harbinger of deep snows on Mt. Marcy took place in The Mountaineer on the first day of Fall. Co-owner George McClellan's neck hair stood on end whenever he walked outside.

Our prediction: hope for the best, expect waist deep powder, but spend Christmas in Snobird, Utah, just in case.



Preparing the Marcy Region for the Tourist Season



big
slide

quant

gothics

marcy

colden



Off The Wall
notes by Rich Leswing

Five thirty on a summer afternoon... most folks are just sitting down to steak and corn-on-the-cob. Maybe a cold beer or two...It has been a hot one, alright. I can feel the sun melting me as I move up a fine crack on a boulder only a few yards from the cool, inviting Saranac River.

I gingerly layback the last few moves and stand atop the boulder. Take it all in--sun glinting off the water, trees full of leaves, lawn mower buzzing in a yard on Pine Street--the sights and sounds of summer. Here at last.

Climbing boots still on, I jump in my truck and head for McKenzie Pond Road. I'm ready to tackle a few of the fifteen or so problems on two huge boulders nestled in the woods about fifty yards from the road. I'll start on the crack on the left edge of the steep slab and see how it goes. Open the chalk bag, dip in. Right hand in that familiar old slot, right foot on that sloper left foot up and extend the left hand up into the crack. A swing out onto a two inch ledge and I'm one move from the top. A sloping mantle and I'm up.

I plunk down to reflect for a minute before heading down to make my bid on some of the other problems. A familiar buzz makes me shake my head. A black cloud is desc-

ending on me. 'You're in the wrong place, my friend'-- that is all I can think of as I dash for the road. I don't need this abuse. I spend all day with the bugs at work. I gave at the office!

I'll make one more stop where I know I can work out in peace. The retaining wall on River Street right in downtown Saranac Lake is only ten feet high. But I can do a pure, sustained traverse along it for one hundred feet. Ah yes, my old haunt.

"Hey, Spider Man! get off that wall!" A car flies by. I'm oblivious to voices, as I am two thirds of the way across the wall and about to breeze (I hope) through the crux section. Mmm...right about now those folks are tearing into some strawberry shortcake and vanilla ice cream. Man it's hot out! The crux goes smoothly and I head for the end of the wall and a needed rest on the corner. Then it's back down the sun-soaked wall to the left where I started about twenty minutes ago. We'll see just what kind of shape I'm in tonight.

Back at the house I can barely crack open a book with my fingers. It's climber's delight tonight--hot dogs, potatoe chips and a couple of cold ones. Sure beats steak, corn-on-the-cob and strawberry shortcake, doesn't it?

Saranac Lake
May 19, 1984

the adirondacks

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