



*Fortunatus et ille deos  
qui novit agrestis.*

## Harvard Mountaineering Club

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### Notes from Cambridge, Fall 1993

*"Slogging across that desert of privilege and affectation, I managed to land on an oasis called the Harvard Mountaineering Club. I had climbed before college, but it was thanks to the HMC that I became a serious mountaineer. The club at the time was in fact the most ambitious collection of undergraduate alpinists in the country."*

*David Roberts '85  
from "Tales of Passage"  
Summit Magazine  
spring 1992*

A blanket of tradition still covers the office of the Harvard Mountaineering Club at the corner of Mount Auburn and Linden Streets. Leafing through some of the books on the library shelves and looking through the collection of photographs only touches upon the richness of a spirit passed from one generation of Harvard's alpine gathering to another. It is hard to put a finger on the essence of what members seek in their travels, but perhaps it need not be said among those who know the feeling of finishing the downhill hike through the hardwoods and streams near the bottom of the Tuckerman Trail or the cathartic feel of those layback moves on the routes at College Rock. But it is something to be preserved under the seal with the crossed ice axes.

*Climbing is a thing of the soul, and as long as there are men who have souls, the quest and ascent of high places will continue.*

*the officers  
from the dedication  
HMC Journal  
May 1947*

Much is perhaps the same as it has ever been. Autumn laced Cambridge with its wisps of colorful leaves. Fall rains managed to spoil a few trips in the works. Beers still wait for the call in the refrigerator beside the wooden desk with the lions on the handles. Nothing comes out of the lion on the marble wall anymore. And we still serve sherry on banquet nights. The return to school brought back several folks who ventured to some wild places over the summer, including the Rockies, Tetons, Wind Rivers, Whites, Gunks, the Scandinavian hills, Denali, and elsewhere. In the past few months members have taken the art of the slide presentation to a higher degree in a continuous sequence of sweet shows with tales of threatening horizons, altitude sicknesses, lost equipment, and the tender balance between the peak and abyss of experience while in the mountains. During regular Thursday night meetings members have shown vivid images and have told classic stories about such places as the Cascades, Whites, Wind Rivers, Tetons, Joshua Tree,

Smith Rocks, Denali, and the Rockies. Looking back into recent memory, the wall along Linden Street has shown some slides on the building of the present cabin in Huntingdon Ravine, climbing in Spain, travel in the Alps, a visit to Kilimanjaro, and other places. All would be interested to hear some good tales of other places visited by Club members.

*I tell you I would rather die a hundred deaths  
beneath a flood of crushing ice  
than never to have heard the serenade  
of morning rising on the earth's high breast..*

*J.L. Daniels  
from "To Those Whose Memories Live on  
Mountains"  
HMC Journal  
May 1965*

Frequent beginner trips have gone to places like Quincy Quarries, College Rock, Pawtuckaway, and Red Rocks. Also on the slate of activities have been a caving trip to a hole near Albany and a shopping trip to the EMS shop on Commonwealth Avenue in Boston for Club Day discount prices. On tap for the winter are trips north for some ice climbing to places like Rumney, Franconia, Huntingdon, and the outlet shops in Conway and Freeport. Remember to have the HMC seal branded on a choice spot by the White Mountain Tattoo Parlor not far from Pinkham Notch.

*Go up.*

*heard often from Ed Baldwin  
while teaching beginners  
at College Rock and Quincy*

Hopefully this winter will include a revival of some traditions that have gone dormant in recent seasons, like first aid classes. Hopefully the winter season will include some familiar elements like the Presidential Traverse and lessons in alpine travel. And as long as there are ropes and gear we will return to our roommates laden with the tools of the trade after weekends out in the hills.

*A 5.8+...Plus a twenty footer.*

*Josh Swidler '94  
commenting on belaying Mike Lalik  
at Trapps, Shawangunks*

Donations to the Club library and equipment inventory are always welcomed and appreciated and are a significant help. Donations of money help to mediate the costs of maintenance and purchase of equipment.

*With Jon Waterman, the caretaker at Tuckerman Ravine, I made mid-January nude ascents  
of Yale and Pinnacle Gullies, evoking memories of the Vulgarians.*

*Mike Young  
from cabin notes  
HMC Journal  
September 1979*

