



# Harvard Mountaineering Club

Harvard University 4 University Hall Cambridge, MA  
02138

[www.hcs.harvard.edu/~mountain](http://www.hcs.harvard.edu/~mountain)

President	Mike Weller '01	(617)493-6629	weller@fas.harvard.edu
Secretary	Coz Teplitz '03	(617)493-3942	teplitz@fas.harvard.edu
Treasurer	Jon		
Cabin Liason	Glenn		
Equip. Czar	Luca Marinelli	(617)495-5252	marinell@fas.harvard.edu
Librarian and other	Johann Schleier-Smith, Chuck Bell and Luke Stein		
Faculty Advisors	Tony Patt	(617)510-2340	patt@eps.harvard.edu
	Prof. William Graham	(617)495-4055	wgraham@fas.harvard.edu

## Notes from Cambridge, Fall 1999

Thanks for all the journal entries. We're working on it.

### Fall Speaker

We will hold our spring banquet on

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As usual, there will be drinks at the club beforehand and a dinner, followed by the slide show. Tentative times are  
5:00 - 6:00 Cocktails at the club (Claverly Hall, corner of Mt Auburn St and Linden St)  
6:00 - 8:00 Dinner (location to be announced)  
8:30 \_\_\_\_\_ slide show (loc tba)

We hope to see you all there.

### T-Shirt

Our 75 anniversary T-shirts is still available, with a design by Tony that commemorates 75 years of HMC climbing history, big and small. Long (\$15) and short (\$12) sleeves in grey with black and crimson writing will be available for purchase. Please include \$3 for shipping and handling.

### Climbing Stories

An early season slog up Grossglockner in the Alps. By Tony Patt

In June I found myself working in Vienna, with a free weekend, and a colleague interested in a little climb. The weather didn't look too bad, so we thought we would make the four hour drive down to Hohe Tauern National Park and climb Austria's highest mountain, Grossglockner (3800m). With an aging VW bug for the cross country journey. The 4 hour drive turned into 7, with snow squalls en route, and we arrived at the trail head to a hut just before sunset, to find the hut not yet opened for the season. We found another hut, right off the road, that was open, and headed off at 4:00 the next morning. It looked like there were three good routes up the mountain, the hardest of which, called Pavalcini, was mostly grade 2-3 ice. With only 2 ice screws we headed up a slightly easier gully, pretty much all grade 2 and not worth protecting. Eight hours later, as we neared the top, a nice little snowstorm settled in on us, severely limiting (i.e. 100%) our views from the country's highest spot.

Before the snow had set in, we had seen smoke rising from the chimney of another hut, at 3400 meters, that we were planning on staying in. Assuming it was open, and eagerly anticipating a nice meal and some hot chocolate, we belayed each other down the steep snow slope from the summit towards the hut. Thirty minutes later we discovered it too was closed, with only the small winter shelter open. A poorly working wood stove had generated the smoke, but little heat. But there were about 50 wool blankets, we had a sausage to split to get us through the night, and somebody had left a post-dated case of Spaten out in the snow. Life wasn't too bad, and the price was right.

The next morning under slearing skies we played around in a crevasse field to work on our rescues. Falling in was fun, and climbing out even funner. But we exposed the myth going around that summer starts in June. It doesn't. Next time wait until July, if you want your Schnitzel and Gluewein above 2000 meters..

Luca Marinelli's account of a plentiful rock season.

After spending eight years away from climbing being "too busy" studying, last year I finally got back into it and immediately became completely addicted. In contrast to the sport climbing I did in high school, I have recently been exploring as many aspects of climbing on rock as possible. This season began with a trip to Kentucky's Red River Gorge with Jen Liu, Chuck Bell, Meredith Betterton and Thomas Zivny. The "Red" is a very beautiful rural area with pocketed sandstone cliffs everywhere. The supply of rock is almost unlimited and the climbing spectacular. I don't know if it's because the ratings feel a little bit easier or because there is nothing that makes happier than pulling pockets but I had my best sport climbing results of the whole season down there flashing Hardcore Jollies (5.12a) and Nonox 9 (5.11d) and on-sighting Relaxed Atmosphere (5.11c). I look forward to Chainsaw Massacre (5.12a) next spring ...

In June, Jen Liu and I headed out to Italy. We carried every bit of ice and rock gear we owned only to discover that because of last winter massive avalanches, the Alps were still pretty much off-limits and most of the huts closed. We climbed in Finale Ligure a lot, where we got up INPS (6 pitches, 5.11a) on Bric Pianarella among other things. The highlight of the trip was an attempt on Rocca dei Campanili in the Southern Alps. The route we picked is called Zitti e Mosca and it's a 6 pitch-long 5.11c with sustained 5.11 climbing. Unfortunately the weather changed on us and we had to retreat three quarters of the way up. I also spent a lot of time climbing in New Hampshire and at the 'Gunks. Together with different HMC members I climbed among other routes Recombeast (III 5.9), the Henry Barber classic They Died Laughing (I 5.9) and other routes on Cathedral Ledge, Inferno (II 5.8) finishing on Gravitational Mass (5.10d) and Sea of Holes (II 5.8) on Whitehorse Ledge. At the 'Gunks, besides climbing a lot of 5.9 classics, I started leading 5.10 trad routes getting up P38 (5.10b) and Criss Cross Direct (5.10a). At the end of the summer I started aid-climbing and did some of the classics on Cathedral Ledge. After a rough start with a 15 hour ascent of The Prow (III 5.7 C1+) with Meredith Betterton, I climbed Women in Love (III C2) and the Mordor Wall (IV 5.7 A3) with Bill Huschle. Aid climbing is definitely something that I am planning to explore more, I really enjoy the outrageous exposure and situations. Plans for the future involve a trip to the Southwest for Thanksgiving: Red Rocks in Nevada and Zion National Park. Also coming up is a trip to the bouldering Mecca, Hueco Tanks in early January, when everything will be frozen here in Cambridge.