



# DMU 22S

DARTMOUTH MOUNTAINEERING CLUB





# DARTMOUTH MOUNTAINEERING CLUB JOURNAL

SPRING 2022

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## SPRING 2022

The *Dartmouth Mountaineering Journal* was first published in 1938. Twelve more journals were released until the project ended in 1969. This is the first *DMJ* in over fifty years.

## EDITORS

CARTER LEY '25 and WILL HODGSON '25

## ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

We'd like to thank the DMC for trusting us to revive the journal and the DOC for funding it. We're grateful for all the climbers who submitted content to this unproven publication as well as all of our photographers. There are too many names to list. We're indebted to Dartmouth's Outdoor Programs Office for advising the DOC and keeping us safe. Above all, we're grateful for Dartmouth climbers for sending hard and supply the content of this journal.

## DARTMOUTH OUTING CLUB

The DMC was founded in 1936 as a student-run club, and carries with it a long history of first ascents around the world. Today it remains student-run and is officially a branch of the Dartmouth Outing Club, the oldest and largest collegiate outing club in the country. Founded in 1909, the DOC now involves over a quarter of Dartmouth's undergraduates through subclubs like the DMC, as well as others such as Cabin & Trail, Ledyard Canoe Club, Winter Sports Club, Mountain Biking Club, and two dozen more.

Please visit this link to learn more and support the DOC:  
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**COVER PHOTO:** Canyon Tobin '22 on pitch 2 of the 5-pitch Bridalveil Falls III WI5 in Valdez, AK. *John Derting*

**INNER COVER:** Olivia Pendas '25 on pitch 3 of the 8-pitch Moby Grape III 5.8 on Cannon Cliff in Franconia Notch, NH. *Carter Ley*

**BACK COVER:** See page 20. *Talis Colberg '25*



For the homies and the homeless;  
For DMCers past and present;  
For Earl and Valerie, the weather gods;  
For John Joline, and Chris Vale.





# CONTENTS

- 
- 7 INTRODUCTION**
  - 13 ASCENT OF DEVIL'S TOWER (1938)**
  - 21 ELEVEN THREE-HUNDRED**
  - 32 A COLORADO COINCIDENCE**
  - 37 SAGUAROS AND SENDS: MOUNT LEMMON**
  - 45 WITNESS THE SHITNESS: BISHOP BREAK TRIP**
  - 55 A SOUTHWEST ROAD TRIP**
  - 63 CLOSE CALLS AND CLASSICS IN THE CANADIAN ROCKIES**
  - 72 AUSTRIAN, BLONDE, AND BLUE: A PATAGONIAN ADVENTURE**
  - 78 THE NINETEENTH HOLE**
  - 80 THE CHOATES PARK**
  - 85 ST. GEORGE**
  - 93 RED RIVER GORGE**
  - 99 TALUS**
  - 102 OFFICERS, LEADERS, & MEMBERS**

Carter Ley '25 deep-water soloing in an abandoned quarry an hour's drive from campus. *Will Hodgson '25*



Hidden Valley Sunset. Joshua Tree NP, California. Carter Ley '25

# INTRODUCTION

EDITORS **CARTER LEY '25**  
AND **WILL HODGSON '25**

This is the first Dartmouth Mountaineering Journal in over fifty years. The class of '69 published the last DMJ. We were inspired to renew the publication after reading Talus, the historical account of Dartmouth climbing by Dean Engle '92. We realized that Dartmouth climbers used to be at the forefront of North American mountaineering. But don't get us wrong, there is a lot of impressive climbing happening at Dartmouth today—we're excited to share our expeditions in this journal.

One of our goals in renewing this publication is to reconnect Dartmouth climbing to its illustrious past. We visited Dartmouth's Rauner Special Collections Library to look at the old journals. We're gradually digitizing these, and we're planning to publish them on the Internet when the DMC updates its website. We also plan to republish an old article in each new edition of the DMJ.

These original journals informed our new DMJ. They highlighted the local climbing that occurred at Dartmouth, but they placed greater emphasis on the extended trips and expeditions led by Dartmouth climbers. Local climbing is featured here—see the 'Talus' section at the end—but we've given more attention to the extended trips and expeditions led by Dartmouth climbers. Following the example of the DMJs from the 1960s, we made sure to include farcical 'on-campus expeditions' as well. We also drew inspiration from newer climbing publications like Rock and Ice magazine, the American and Canadian Alpine Journals, and similar periodicals whose insistence on attractive photography and design make them a joy to read.

Amid discussions regarding the role and future of the DMC, we see this journal as a way for the club to celebrate more serious climbing. Groundbreaking first ascents likely won't occur on official DMC trips again, but we have no doubt that Dartmouth climbers will continue to push climbing forward on unofficial trips, and we hope to document these in the DMJ. This journal can

connect all climbing at Dartmouth back to the DMC and serve to inspire climbers of all experience levels.

When we started this project, we did not expect to receive the number of submissions we did. The journal is indebted to all of the climbers who contributed their experiences and writing. This renewed issue is a great one. It begins by paying homage to the inaugural 1938 journal with a republished account of Jack Durrance '39 and Harry Butterworth's '41 second ascent of Devils Tower. We compiled trip reports from the last year and assembled them in rough chronological order. Dartmouth climbers visited the greater ranges and returned with great stories. The DMC also introduced dozens of climbers to our activity on break trips, and they're also reported here. Of course, the issue concludes with 'Talus'—a summary of the club's day-to-day affairs and educational mission.

The original DMJ was an annual publication. But now, considering the D-Plan and the sheer number of climbers on campus, we envision the DMJ as a biannual publication. We hope to get another issue out next fall, chronicling all of the summer trips we're currently planning.

We'd also love to include content from the entire Dartmouth community. Students, faculty, families, and alumni—send us your stories! We want to hear you spray. This issue was predominantly written by '25s, so it would be great to get more content from other class years in the fall. Reach out to carter.ley.25@dartmouth.edu or william.r.hodgson.iii.25@dartmouth.edu.

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DARTMOUTH  
MOUNTAINEERING CLUB

JOURNAL

1

1938



Mount Lemmon, AZ. Decker Jackson 25



The 500-foot Durrance Route (II 5.7) ascends the right side of the prominent spine on the south face of the tower. Devils Tower NP, WY. Carter Ley '25



# ASCENT OF DEVIL'S TOWER

**HARRY BUTTERWORTH '41**

SEPTEMBER 1938

**EDITOR'S NOTE:** *The DMJ revival project is historically guided. In this light, we're excited to republish content from the early journals to remind Dartmouth climbers of our storied past. This trip report was the first story in the first journal in 1938. Harrison Butterworth '41 chronicled the second ascent of Wyoming's 800-foot Devil's Tower by him and Jack Durrance '39, the founder of the Dartmouth Mountaineering Club. Editor Carter Ley '25 had the pleasure of climbing their route in July 2021 and found it to be a real sandbag eighty-three years later. Although climbing tactics have modernized, this piece serves as evidence that Dartmouth climbers have always appreciated bold routes, deep camaraderie, and warm beer. This account is reproduced here exactly as it was printed in 1938.*

Fritz Wiessner was the first mortal to climb Devil's Tower by legitimate means, and the beautiful tower itself will stand for a long time as a monument to his achievement in pioneering a route. Before the climb had been made it is hard to see how any ordinary climber could believe it possible; Fritz saw it, tried it, and went right up. To put it weakly, one is impressed by the sight of his route.

Early this summer Jack Durrance ['39] was given permission to make a second ascent, and through July and August climbed persistently so that by September he was in excellent condition—something of a prerequisite to leading up the Tower. The attempt was made early in September as planned, although at that time neither Dick Durrance ['39] nor Chap Cranmer ['40] were free to come on the trip for which Jack had secured them permission and the climb had to be done with two instead of the intended four. This permission, incidentally, may be increasingly difficult to obtain in the future; the superintendent of the Monument, Newell Joyner, finds it a trial to his peace of mind to have people exposed to the conceivable risks of the climb, feels a personal responsibility for the safety of everyone who comes to the Tower, and hence-

forth may not recommend that any further permission may be given. In the meantime it should be said that he is very helpful and cooperative, for he made our stay in the neighborhood pleasant and contributed as much as possible to the success of Jack's climb.

When we first came to the Tower the afternoon was half gone, so the remaining daylight allowed only a short reconnaissance. The next day Jack explored the climbing possibilities of the section of wall a short distance north from the southeast corner of the Tower, roughly covering the lower part of the Weissner route. The tower is composed of great pentagonal columns about four to six feet thick, weathered where they are exposed to make cracks large



Looking down the Durrance Route to the Belle Fourche River. Carter Ley '25

enough in places for the insertion of an elbow or a knee; many of the columns are broken off to leave fine level platforms here and there up the walls, while rarely one will just out far enough, on the east side, to create a little shade when the sun (which can make a virtual chafing-dish out of the exposed rock) has moved a little to the south. During that first day we learned much about the climbing conditions, went up perhaps half of the two hundred and fifty feet of really vile climbing, grew so parched that our ground party had to pass us up some Coca Cola on a rope, and at four o'clock were chased down by a storm of rain and hail. Mr. Joyner let us camp in the basement of the ranger station that night, and the ropes were allowed to dry.

Later, during what was properly still the night, an alarm clock rang and the sinister clank of pitons and carabiners announced to the darkness that a typical Durrance start was under way. It was four o'clock. Not long after we sallied out into the coming day, and sat on a rock up under the Tower until the light was full. There was nothing of the do-or-die in our leader that morning, partly because his night's rest had been on the uncompromising concrete floor, partly because he hadn't rested very long; this state of mind is not without its good points, be it said, and the climb started with us both in a very placid frame of mind. Beginning at the base of the pilaster that forms the southwest corner of the Tower Jack led up a groove of a fair incline to the pocket formed by a broken column slanting down from the east side to rest at the bottom against the corner projection, using three pitons in the crack up to that point. To get up into the niche at the head of this little slope was in itself "interesting", as climbers say with a smile, because of a small overhang with no obvious grips above worthy of the name. Jack effected it by clutching with his left hand around the corner pillar, a truly mighty reach; I believe that I succeeded by waiting until he pulled hard enough on the rope from above.

In the niche behind the slanting column we branched a can of Pabst that had happened to come along, using the claw of a kletterhammer and squirting a libation over the rock. Refreshed chiefly by the little shower we carried on from there up the slope of the column, bracing between it and the main body of the rock, the technique necessary from there to the top of the hard climbing. No pitons were put into the leaning piece, in spite of its being some twenty-five feet in length because it seemed to be very slightly supported by the apparent mass and would have been a handicap in case we dislodged it while attached to it. Jack established his belay on the top of that column and began the ascent of the pitch directly above, climbing with both ropes. The

pitch was not far from vertical and rose uninterrupted to an awesome height, but was thought possible because a channel a few feet wide running up between two column-edges suggested that it could be climbed. With two pairs of pitons near the bottom Durrance went up, towing two ropes as he went and with no hope of resting place before the top of the pitch. Complications arose in the last third of the channel because the stretch between the two pillars grew almost comically wide, the two sets of pitons put in that region seemed all slightly suspicious (no good pitch cracks were available), and a chockstone sat in the way to crown it all. Jack had to stuff his knee firmly into the crack formed by the right-hand column, embrace the chockstone from the right and from below, and with a minimum of handholds wriggle up to the little floor just above. This point proved to be the crisis of the trip, because the length of the pitch, some eighty or ninety feet, the increasing burden of the ropes, pulling through the carabiners, and the ever-harder climbing itself exhausted the person leading the route more than any other pitch on the climb, all leading him up to the villainous chockstone.

I see no point in describing how I made this pitch; suffice it that we passed on up the next pitch in much the same way but with less strain. It was about equal in length to the last one before it, beginning from a point opposite the halfway spot of the great crack on the Wiessner route and taking one up half its length again above it, being perhaps four columns to the south of that part of Fritz's climb. Pitons were used liberally throughout Jack's ascent to eliminate hazard as much as possible, making the rest of the climb, as no more places of genuine embarrassment were encountered, reasonably possible. At the top of the third pitch the usual flat spot offered from which to belay the climber up the next rise, another crack which was in a line with those of the two pitches before. The dubious part of this came again at the top where a loose angular rock was lightly resting on the mouth of the crack, but with a piton not far below, Jack was able to use the chockstone as a grip and conclude the last real pitch of the series. This last rise was in the neighborhood of fifty feet, making the total of difficult climbing done well under three hundred; as a matter of fact, by this time we were a trifle higher than necessary in order to get on the broad slope grown with grass and bushes which leads around to the obvious passage to the top, so we did a short ropedown to the north and crept around further to the right and felt honest level earth beneath our feet once more. It would be quite possible for users of the Durrance route to continue it straight up the rock from the top of his last pitch, as the slope of the rock becomes no

worse, and the columns are weathered to make what would be quite successful cracks; however, such a continuation would prove little, lead the climber into possibly rotten rock, and give him no means of knowing where the best descent begins from the top. As it was we had comfortable walking around to the north, it may be for a hundred yards or more, and then the short wall above us opened into two easy pitches on behind the other. Shortly afterward we suffered the giddy shock of actually being on top.

The summit of Devil's Tower is a lonely little field set up in the sky, bearing a few cacti and bushes among the grass. Fritz Wiessner's cairn marks the highest point, in the center of the plateau about a hundred feet from each side and two hundred from either end (according to the measurements paced off by Bill House last summer). Where the soil is thin the mosaic pattern of the tops of the columns shows through, and the structure that seen from below has excited the attention of sculptors evinces above the same careful beauty that makes one wonder at the cleverness of nature's devices.

To make the descent we retraced our steps down to the grassy strip and along to the head of the route up, leaving small cairns to mark the way down



The "ropedown" after climbing the Durrance Route. *Unknown*

the first rocky gaps. At the place where we had come onto the meadow section during the ascent we started our first rappel, a piton with rust over it in the same rock showing where the Wiessner party likewise started to rope down. Sixty feet on our first ropedown, veering slightly to the south and left brought us to a little nook at the top of a long smooth strip of rock running down with a column about ninety feet below reaching up to it, and bordered to the north, beginning a short distance below, by the long column used in Fritz's great crack climb. This rappel, our second, is remarkable for its consistency of pitch, and being uninterrupted for such a distance, gives one quite a glorious feeling at first. It was at the top of this that we rearranged the pack and, by what Jack is not certain was accident, I let the stone from the top of the Tower gathered for the DMC wall of fame slip out and be left behind. From the top of the lower



column below we made the third ropedown past the lower part of the Wiessner crack to a comfortable recess, fifty feet or more further, between two columns and atop a third. By this time the roping was in the nature of a physical as well as a spiritual thrill, and the last glorious drop, down to the ledge on a level with our starting point, left me practically in flames. Durrance slithered down coolly, we gathered up the ropes and poured down our throats the last measure of beer that we had brought out that morning, and the job was done.

The Tower will always be an interesting climb, I think, and to those with that sort of mind it must be an alluring challenge. There is in the DMC even now an element that thinks to give it a try, getting permission on the excuse of wishing to determine whether the Tower be a laccolith or a plug, and thus combining business with work. But no matter how you slice it, its still—tough.

Will Moss topping out Devils Tower. Carter Ley '25



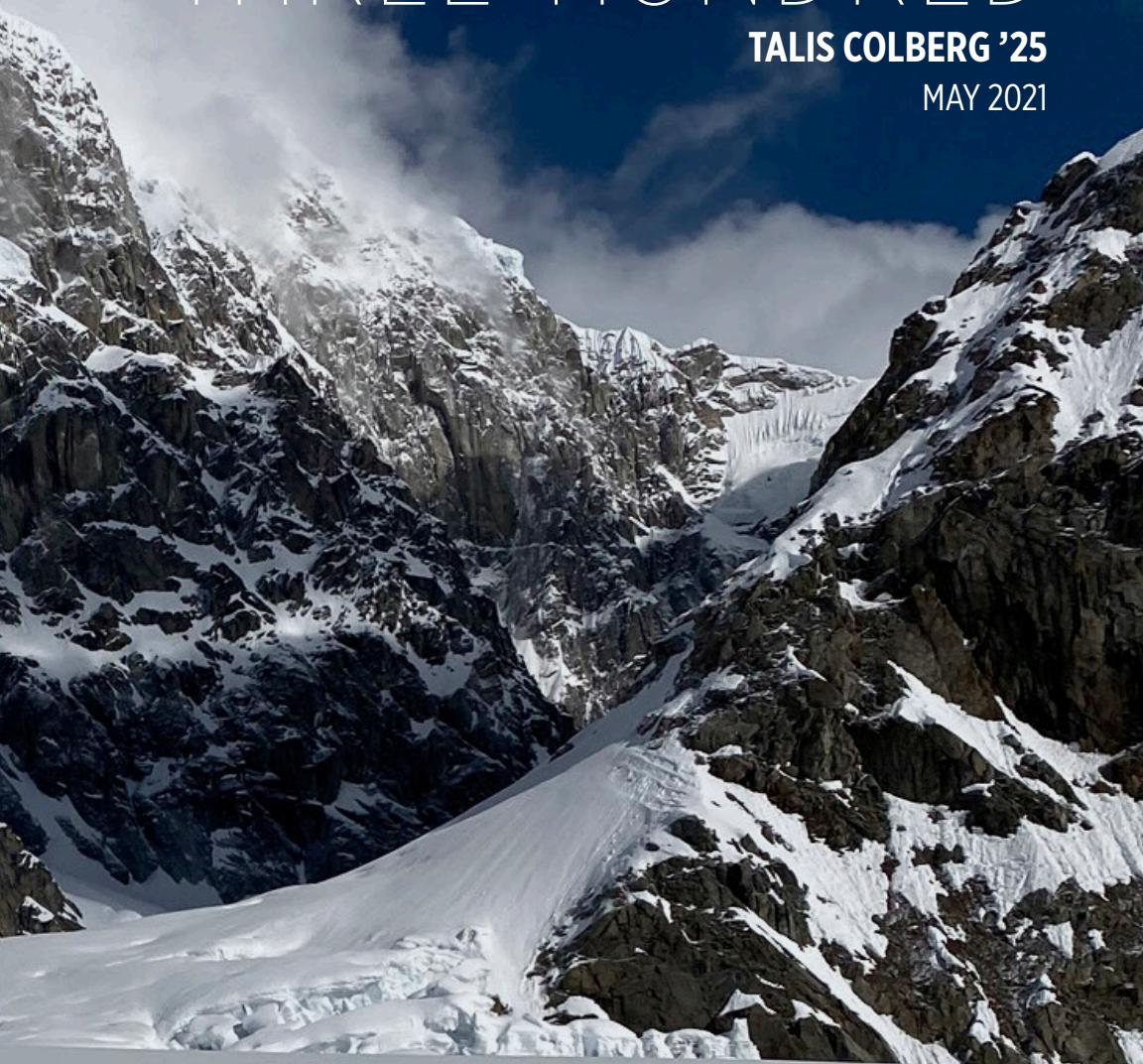


Noah Burke shuttling gear to the West Fork base camp. *Talis Colberg '25*

# ELEVEN THREE-HUNDRED

TALIS COLBERG '25

MAY 2021



## THE SOUTHWEST RIDGE (V, 4100', 5.8 M4) OF PEAK 11,300'

Noah and I woke up with the sun. It was just before 5 am. We had suffered through a somewhat-unplanned bivouac on the only flattish spot that we had encountered in our last half-mile of climbing. I was hanging off the side of a mountain in my harness. I had slept like a rock in this near-vertical position while my sleeping pad had slid to the bottom of the tent fly that Noah and I had been sharing as a makeshift bivy sack. Even through all of my layers of down, the snow was cold on my back.

"I had almost forgotten that we're still on this fucking mountain."

Behind us, on an even smaller corner of the carved-out cornice that we had attempted to transform into a bivy ledge, Canyon Tobin '22 and Balin stirred. They hadn't slept much. We all had mildly frostbitten toes, which would continue to tingle for the next month, but none of us would mention anything to the others until we were safely back to the horizontality of the glacier—4500 feet below. As we packed up our gear and washed Pop-Tarts down with shitty instant coffee, I stared down the ridge and into the void that I had been hanging over throughout the night. In front of me was a brutal, 20-something rappel descent; behind me was the most exhausting, otherworldly day of my life.

Three days earlier, on May 5, our 4-man expedition, Love in the Time of Covid (a fitting tribute to a Marquez novel that none of us had ever actually read), was dropped off by Paul Roderick of Talkeetna Air Taxi into the West



Breaking trail up the West Fork to scout the approach. *Talis Colberg '25*



The Southwest Ridge of Peak 11,300 from the  
West Fork landing strip. *Talis Colberg '25*

Balin Miller belaying Noah Burke through a section  
of easy mixed climbing with the imposing north  
face of Mount Huntington looming behind him.  
*Canyon Tobin '22*



Fork of Alaska's Ruth Glacier. The West Fork is remarkably remote, and there were only a couple of other parties on the glacier. Despite being the youngest and, arguably, least experienced, I was unanimously elected as expedition leader. I suspect it had something to do with the expedition leader being the one who gets to fill out all of the paperwork with the National Park Service. We were all ambitious, fit, and shared a love for climbing, but—despite looking at these same mountains from our houses for our entire lives—had never before climbed a technical route in one of the greater ranges. The environment in which we found ourselves was totally unlike any that we had yet to experience. We checked the forecast for the next few days (it was decent, but not ideal), dug out our base camp (a veritable palace), and spent the rest of the evening trying (unsuccessfully) to avoid getting a sunburn on our first day on the glacier. We fell asleep listening to ice crash down from the North Face of Mt. Huntington, powder clouds periodically washing over our tent.

Living in a tent on Alaska's Ruth Glacier, you become very aware of the terrifying ambivalence of nature. Even ignoring the obvious cold, you are surrounded by evidence that you are living in an environment that is not meant for humans. Beneath you is a river of ice deeper than the Grand Canyon, and to your sides are ridiculously large granite walls—some of which rise more than 6,000 feet above the flat expanse of the glacier. Crevasses hide under bridges of snow and the weather is infamously unpredictable and extreme—3 feet of snow on a June day is not at all uncommon. You grow accustomed to being jolted awake by the sound of icefall. Hundreds of tons of ice tumbling from mountaintops a mile above you are, as one might expect, quite loud. The



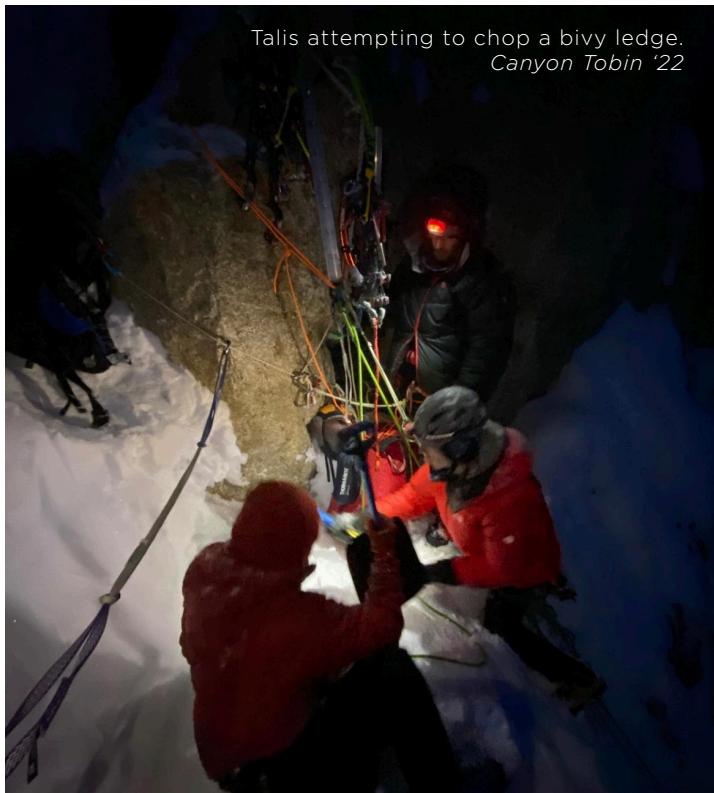
Unloading a week's worth of equipment under Huntington's north face. *Canyon Tobin '22*

sound is an immense, unique rumbling that fills the air and blocks out all other noise; geological progression plays out before your own eyes.

We had picked the Southwest Ridge of Peak 11,300 as our expedition's objective. The route was classic, relatively free of objective danger, climbable in a day or two, yet still a 5 out of 6 on the Alaska alpine severity grading scale. We figured we'd go light—charging to the summit in a long day, sleeping on top, and making a circuitous descent to avoid a large hanging glacier that had been dropping enormous chunks of ice onto the standard descent route. The day before we started our climb, another party returned to the West Fork camp after successfully summiting the route in a painful four-and-a-half days. One of them had hurt their knee in a crevasse fall on the descent, and the entire party had a close call with falling ice from the aforementioned serac. We offered them some of the cheap tequila we had brought with us, but they were uninterested in anything much other than sleep. We headed to bed early too—the weather forecast seemed good enough for us to start our climb the next day.

We began our climb at 3 am under clear skies—the snow and ice in all directions around and above us reflected just enough moonlight that we didn't need to use our headlamps. We navigated around crevasses on our way to the snow ramp that would bring us onto the Southwest ridge, following our ski tracks from a scouting mission a couple of days earlier. I tied into Noah, and Canyon and Balin were partners on the other rope. We would remain connected by these lifelines for the next 24 hours. Gaining the ridge, we approached the first real pitch of climbing, a 40 meter stretch of blocky 5.8 granite and frozen gravel. We simuled it, with only 2 or so pieces separating Noah and I. I was stoked on the quality of the climbing, and I remember being surprised by a flower growing out of a patch of turf that I had swung my tool into. I figured alpine climbing should be too cold for flora. We had heard from our pilot that there were rumors that the second pitch had entirely fallen off—these were true. We opted to climb a 5.6 M4/5 offwidth to a corner variation instead. Canyon led while Balin belayed off of a single 10cm ice screw. Noah and I figured we might as well ask Balin to tag our rope up with him when he followed, thus avoiding the need for more than one of us to lead the pitch. This was a pattern we would fall into for most of the technical pitches—we ended up climbing as a group of four as opposed to the two groups of two that we had initially envisioned. At the top of this second pitch, I led as we simuled a 1000-foot block of 4th-low 5th terrain, ran through an icy slot, and led as we pitched out the second 5.8 “crux” that deposited us into the 1st col on the ridge. At this point,

it was about 5 am. We had made it roughly a third of the way up the route in just about two hours. We stopped briefly for water, and Noah and I swapped leads for the next 1500 feet of steep snow and moderate ice. The climbing was a beautiful slog. My calves burned and my lungs ached, but we were flying. We climbed the last technical pitch before the 2nd col. We were about to cross a point of no return. Nobody descends the Southwest ridge after descending into the second col. In order to reverse the rappel into the col, we would need to ascend a chossy section of A2 M6. But, we were feeling great, climbing in just 5 hours what had taken the party before us 2 days. We hesitated for a moment—and rapped in.



The weather turned. Visibility dropped, and it started to snow. Luckily, there was no wind. We considered our options and decided that it would be best to continue. Avalanche danger on ridges themselves tends to be minimal, and we were nearly past the last of the technical climbing. Our pace slowed immensely, and we stuck together, mantling and scratching our way up the pitches above the second col as a group of four. The next section of climbing



Talis rappelling down the S-Couloir.  
*Canyon Tobin '22*

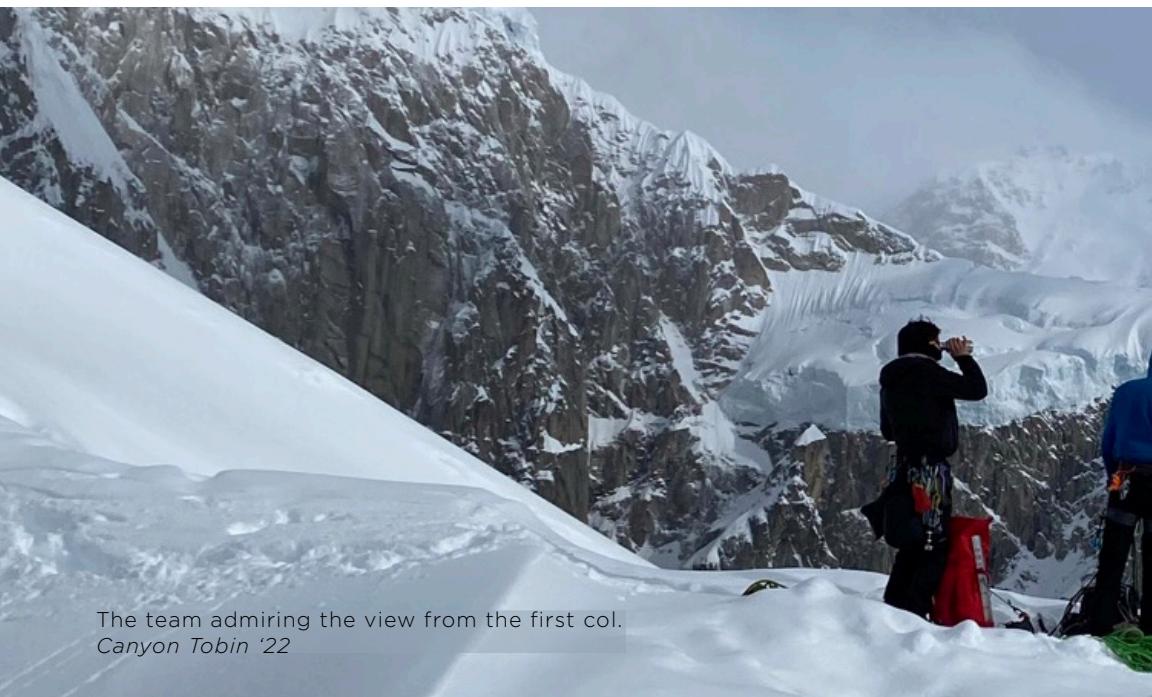
brought steep snow and cornices. Climbing cornices feels remarkably scenic and badass, but it is a bit like walking through a minefield. We protected our ascent with snow pickets and were all roped together, but the uncertainty that comes along with stepping onto a mass of overhanging snow is a feeling that has certainly stuck with me. We unknowingly passed what would become our bivy site and rapped into a notch that led us to the final two pitches of real mixed climbing. After ascending a fun and easy mixed ramp, Canyon, Balin, and I hung at our belay while Noah led the last 5.8 M4 pitch of climbing. I followed, and Canyon followed me. As I belayed him up, I heard Canyon yell:

“Balin! Watch out! As soon as I move, this rock is going to fall!”

This was immediately followed by cursing; an awful, loud crashing sound; and a pained yell. The scariest part was how quickly all of that noise turned to silence. Noah and I stared directly at each other in silence, not saying a word but thinking the same million thoughts. After far too long, we heard Balin yell up, “I’m okay! I can climb!” He had been hit by a toaster-sized block of granite, and it left a bruise on his shoulder and upper chest that lasted for months. As Balin and Canyon joined us at the belay, we realized that it was now dark. Nearly a foot of snow had accumulated, and we had all been given a real reality check by Balin’s experience. In front of us stood a fleet of cornices, steeper than I had imagined physics could let them be, and blanketed by new snow. Beyond them lay the summit. The threat of new snow avalanches seems much more real when you are constantly seeing and hearing them. We were exhausted. None of us wanted to deal with the mental stress of leading through gnarly cornices in the dark, and the new snow had given us the perfect excuse not to. The last hundred meters to the summit and the descent route both involve travel through serious avalanche terrain. We all knew the dangers, two of us having been buried or carried by snow before, and decided that we were gonna call it and turn around. We had moved so quickly in the beginning, and our spirits had been so high, but the mercurial weather of the mountains and a face-to-face encounter with real danger had forced our hand. The one issue was that the last decent bivy spot has the first col, thousands of feet below us. I recalled seeing a decently flat spot on the ridge just before we had descended into the notch, and we set our eyes on that as our bivy spot. My lockers were all frozen by now, and I was forced to cut through the slings I had been using as a PAS with my ice tool. We rappelled the two pitches we had just climbed, re-climbed what we had previously rappled, and got to work making our little spot as comfortable as we could. We reinforced the existing rappel anchor,

hung our gear up, and tied ourselves in for the most uncomfortable night of our lives.

We woke up four hours later, saying little as we packed up and confirmed our plans to head down, beginning a descent that very few, if any, had undergone before. It went smoothly, or about as smoothly as we could have hoped for. There were no major hiccups: we downclimbed efficiently, tangled only a few taglines, and kicked only a few rocks loose. Reversing the rap into the second col was easier than expected, and Noah led it like a champ while the rest of us jugged or prusiked the line that he fixed. Descending took all day, and, by evening, everything was much looser than I remember it being when we had climbed up the previous–frozen–morning. Clouds had surrounded us for most of the day, but, in the clear gaps when we could look around, the scenery and scale was completely unreal. Denali to the left, the enormous North Face of Mount Huntington to the right. Balin’s arm ached, and we were all starving and near-delirious by the time we made it back to the glacier in a complete fog-induced whiteout. We did our last rap, crossed the bergschrund, and collapsed back into camp, waking up intermittently to shove food down our throats before collapsing back into a comatose state. The next few days consisted of listening to music on a solar-powered speaker, eating, sleeping, and reading. Time passes differently on a glacier. The weather never got great,



The team admiring the view from the first col.  
Canyon Tobin '22

it was always very finicky. We debated climbing another objective but realized that a storm system was moving in. If we wanted to leave in the next few days, we'd have to get out tomorrow.

We spent that next day packing up and sitting on the edge of the runway, InReach in hand, awaiting a response from our pilot. Eventually, they confirmed that they could pick us up. We sat for hours as fog blew in and out, hoping that every passing plane was coming for us. Finally, one was. Just half an hour later, we were back in sunny Talkeetna, promptly spending a hundred dollars at a nearby cafe to make up for the immense caloric deficit that we had incurred in the prior few days. We were all riding the high that comes with an incredible experience, we had made good decisions, and we knew that we had just formed memories that would last us a lifetime.

While we were kicking it in Talkeetna and laughing about the good times that we had been having, a block of ice fell from the top of Reality Peak to the base of the West Fork. On its way down to earth, it killed a member of a team that we had run into while descending Peak 11,300 and injured another. They were young, and we had crossed paths briefly on our descent. The news was startling, saddening, and a sobering reminder about just how dangerous climbing can be—especially in the big mountains.



# A COLORADO COINCIDENCE

**SAMI LOFMAN '24**

AUGUST 2021

My freshman spring, I attended one of the first in-person events I had experienced at Dartmouth: DMC bequests. Sitting in thugz (now hugz) was the first time things felt “normal” after a year of covid restrictions. The warm atmosphere and sense of community were deeply refreshing. I was honored when Marlee Montella, a ‘21 I knew mostly from Zoom feeds, decided to bequest me a dress that originally belonged to Rachel Rubin ‘20. Marlee said I reminded her of Rachel—another “badass, female climber.”

Throughout that term, I had been Rumney-ing weekly with Tommy Bevino, a fellow ‘24. Since neither of us had concrete plans for the summer, we decided to meet up in Colorado for a couple weeks of climbing. During our self proclaimed “dirtbag summer,” we had a policy of essentially just winging it. We got rained out of the Aspen area, so we drove to Utah. When the rain followed us there, we escaped to Rifle, and climbed until we’d been sufficiently humbled by the tough limestone. Eventually, we ended up in Estes Park, where we climbed the classic Edge of Time (5.9+) and Andrology (5.12a) at Jurassic Park, then spontaneously took a local’s advice to hike across the valley to a crag called Wizards Gate. The hike up was steep and long, but we had our minds set on climbing The White Raven, a bolted 4-pitch 5.11a. We made it up the hill and I started belaying Tommy.

Tommy was mid-route when I heard the women on the route next to me start talking about the geology of the crag. An Earth Science major and rock nerd myself, I joined in their conversation. One of the women got on the wall, but I kept talking to her belayer. She was also an Earth Science major, now working at an environmental company in Colorado. I asked where she went to school and she responded Dartmouth. We quickly connected the dots. She was Rachel Rubin, the ‘20 whose bequest I had received just a few months earlier.

Neither of us could believe the odds that we had just run into each other on a random summer day at the crag. We exchanged numbers and made plans to go climbing. Luckily, she left before Tommy and I got benighted on the wall after realizing we hadn't brought up the right gear. To redeem ourselves, we returned the next day and finished the route. The victory burritos that night were incredible.



Tommy belaying on White Raven (5.11a). Sami Lofman '24

Rachel and I later met up in Dream Canyon. Her sticker-covered Sprinter van was a work of art. We decided to do another four-pitch sport route, Hunky Monkey (5.11b), which started from the river. I learned some new multi-pitch skills, Rachel led a bit of a sketchy pitch, and we made it up to spectacular views. We then got our asses kicked on Archangel (5.12c), a classic dihedral whose Mountain Project comment section is almost as spicy as the climb itself. I left that day feeling inspired and psyched, grateful to the universe for the adventure and still in awe of how magical the coincidence had truly been.

I recently reached out to Rachel, who commented that she'd found it "so reassuring to see how there continue to be crushers in the DMC, and people who are stoked about the club, even throughout the weirdness that was covid... [It was] a wonderful, but nostalgic, reminder of all the things I loved about Dartmouth."



## ALUMNI STORIES IN THE DMJ

DMCers of the past—we want to hear your stories!

We'd love to publish content from alumni either reminiscing about Dartmouth climbing outings or chronicling their more recent vertical adventures. Journals from the 1950s included stories from graduate students, so even if you weren't involved in the DMC or weren't an undergrad, your stories will certainly enrich future editions of the *DMJ*.

Blitz us at [carter.ley.25@dartmouth.edu](mailto:carter.ley.25@dartmouth.edu) or [william.r.hodgson.iii.25@dartmouth.edu](mailto:william.r.hodgson.iii.25@dartmouth.edu) with any questions or submissions.

To support the DMC, visit [outdoors.dartmouth.edu/doc/support.html](http://outdoors.dartmouth.edu/doc/support.html)



Dylan Fridman '24 on the  
second pitch of Whitehorse  
Ledge's 4-pitch Inferno (5.8).  
Eric Och '22



Saguaro NP, AZ. Decker Jackson '25

# SAGUAROS AND SENDS: MOUNT LEMMON

**HOLLY SULLIVAN '25**

DECEMBER 2021

On a clear day in December of 2021 two minivans and a Chevy Tahoe (which was only occasionally smelly), rolled down I-10 away from the Phoenix Airport. Inside, 20 DMCers and even more luggage anticipated their arrival at Mt. Lemmon, roughly 20 miles north of Tucson.

We were the second of two DMC break trips to stay at this site. Though, it had far more amenities than what you might imagine for a campsite. A dedicated parking lot, vault toilets, a gazebo covering a set of concrete tables, a fire pit and dedicated tent-sites drawn together in a loop by a path made the site feel like a hotel in comparison to the camping trips of my past.



The site had been recently vacated by the first group of DMCers who had left the day before. Their group was comprised of climbers of varying abilities, many people just beginning or getting comfortable climbing outdoors. Throughout their trip they had many first outdoor leads, and visited several of the same crags that we did.



Intermediate Lemmon, left to right: Miles Harris '23, Noah Schwartz '23, Jack Ryan '23, Matt Osborne '22, Arne Grette '25, Max Rosenfeld '23, Luc Cote '23, Ella Marden '23, Nitesh Pant '22, Will Dowling '23, Kat Plaza '25, Holly Sullivan '25, Jake Patterson '25, Lucy Rathgeb '22, Sydney Friedland '21, Emma Bonz '25, Sophie Lewis '25. *self-timer*

Our group was deemed “Intermediate Lemmon,” and included several DMC leaders and many newer climbers. As the intermediate group, many of us were comfortable climbing and leading outdoors, and the trip saw much improvement in the confidence of many members.

On December 13th, we set out for our first day of climbing at Crags Against

Jack McMahon '23 sending.  
Decker Jackson '25



Humanity, a short drive down the mountain from our camp. At the smaller crag across the canyon, newer climbers refreshed skills for leading routes and giving lead belays.

Save for one rainy day spent at the gym and one morning dedicated to a mega-skills session, we went to a new crag each day, including Ireland, Munchkinland (which we successfully reached with good weather on our second attempt), Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtle (TMNT) Crag, La Milagrosa, and Left Hand Wall.

Early on at TMNT, shenanigans ensued. A successful triple rappel was executed, fueled by the pure goodness of dried mango.

Each day, a car of climbers would leave early to get groceries and prepare dinner. Our Michelin quality meals included taco night, curries galore, and one very successful “grill and chill.”

On one of the last days of the trip we ventured to La Milagrosa where, despite our best efforts not to get lost in the wash, the approach was slightly longer than anticipated. Fortunately the climbing was worth it, and many members celebrated individual successes.

After much personal growth, loads of climbing, and many delicious meals eaten, the Intermediate Lemmon trip came to an end. We piled into the rental cars and went back to the airport stronger, sleepier, and smellier.



Mia Giallorenzi '23 and Abigail Shepherd '23 topping out.  
*London Warburton '23*



Piper Stacey '23 taking in the view from the top of the Teenage Mutant Ninja Crag.  
London Warburton '23



# MOUNT LEMMON 2021 WINTERIM BREAK TRIPS

## BEGINNER (12.3-11.21)

Mia Giallorenzi '23 (leader)  
Jacob Zikan '23 (leader)  
Miles Harris '23 (leader)  
Jack McMahon '23 (leader)  
Jack Kreisler '22  
Katie Glance '23  
Abigail Shepherd '23  
Piper Stacey '23  
London Warburton '23  
Scarlette Flores '24  
Tianxiao Wang '24  
Veronica Yarovinsky '24  
Elliot Alberts '25  
Mira Chiruvolu '25  
Jacob Garland '25  
Decker Jackson '25  
India Jones '25  
Danni Lu '25  
Nathan Syvash '25  
Jessi Yu '25

## INTERMEDIATE (12.12-20.21)

Luc Cote '23 (leader)  
Max Rosenfeld '23 (leader)  
Edel Galgon '22 (leader)  
Matt Osborne '22 (leader)  
Miles Harris '23 (co-leader)  
Sydney Friedland '21  
Nitesh Pant '22  
Lucy Rathgeb '22  
Nathan Schneider '22  
Will Dowling '23  
Jackson Elder '23  
Ella Marden '23  
Jack Ryan '23  
Noah Schwartz '23  
Emma Bonz '25  
Arne Grette '25  
Sophie Lewis '25  
Jake Patterson '25  
Kat Plaza '25  
Holly Sullivan '25

Beginner Lemmon at Saguaro NP.  
*London Warburton '23*



Olivia Pendas '25 getting burly on Saigon (V6).  
Liam Coughlin '25



# WITNESS THE SHITNESS: BISHOP BREAK TRIP

**TOMMY BEVEVINO '24**

DECEMBER 2021

After receiving an untimely covid diagnosis, I never thought I would get to go on the DMC's advanced winterim break trip to Bishop, California. Over the course of a repressive 10-day quarantine where I sat on my ass, ate takeout, and watched Tyra Banks abuse a bunch of twentysomethings on America's Top Model, I worked out a plan to meet up with the trip in Bishop. It would take a flight to Reno and 6 hours on a local bus, but I would be able to join the trip with time to spare. After a nightmarish 36 hours of travel and a bus ride of inspiring views of the Eastern Sierra, I arrived at our dusty camp and was met by a dirty, smiling cohort huddled together around a fire. As I ate and drank that night, I caught up on the days I had missed and was proudly shown hands ripped to shreds by the coarse buttermilk stone. Sami Lofman '24 facilitated the night's Hannukah celebration as she did each night for the rest of the trip. When the fire got too cold to warm our toes, we threw our sleeping bags on our crash pads and fell asleep aside each other under the stars.

We woke as the sun peaked over the jagged sierra and burned our faces. We ate quickly and threw leftovers into tortillas and hopped in vans. As we bumped along Buttermilk road, I got my first look at the area. It's hard to understand the grandeur of those boulders without visiting. Dropped by glaciers, they tower over the surrounding desert and are streaked with chalk lines impossibly tall. My friends jostled to point out iconic and proud lines and Javier Rodillas '25 begged someone to go with him to touch the invisible holds on Lucid Dreaming (V15). That day I thrashed but the crew made many impressive ascents. As night fell, hoots and hollers echoed off boulders as the more stoked of the crew pulled hard under the dim light of headlamps. That night over dinner Steven Shin '23 walked us through a whiskey tasting and by the end some swore they could taste the peat in Laphroaig 10.

The trip's proudest sends occurred on these first two days while our skin



Liam Coughlin '25 squirming up an unnamed chimney in the Happies.  
*Carter Ley '25*

was fresh. Javi sent the infamous Hulk (V6). Allie Nishi '25 flashed Every Color or You Are (V6), which Cooper Zebrack '22 also sent. Shaalin Sehra '23 and Carter Ley '25 both sent Cocktail Sauce (V8); Shaalin sent Cave Problem (V6) by headlamp and Carter flashed Saigon (V6). Grant Dumanian '22 made quick work of the devious Pope's Prow (V6). Almost everyone sent their hardest or tallest boulders on the trip.

We spent the next day resting, waking up late after the tasting. We spent our rest day in Bishop mobbing the gear exchange and enjoying meals not cooked on Coleman stoves. We showered and realized our tans were more dirt than melanin. We lounged in a park and treated our wounded fingers. A group got together for a game of soccer and of course, someone picked up an injury. It was a well-needed break and by nightfall, we couldn't wait to get back climbing.

The next morning, we tossed ropes in the vans and left camp for Owen's River Gorge. We descended a steep approach trail already dreading having to climb back up to escape the gorge at the end of the day. After warming up the group split. Half went to the massive Eldorado roof. Grant sent Godzilla Does the Dizzy Tango (5.12a). While this group was screaming and pulling hard, the rest opted to "do a bunch of volume of easier stuff." Even though we said we were going to take it easy we did nothing of the sort. Eric



Och '22 claimed the FFFFA (First Flip Flop Free Ascent) of Short But Steep (5.10c) and Steven Shin '23 followed him in short order. (As of the writing of this article, Eric and Steven both still claim the most difficult known FFA's, their contribution to the sport is significant and their intrepidity deserves significant recognition.) While Eric and Steven climbed, the rest of the crew went to work innovating in the field of climbing safety technology. After chaining dozens of quickdraws together to form a jump rope we learned what Ray Jardine must have felt like taking the first fall on a spring-loaded camming device. We know we had done something innovative and that climbing would never be the same. As we climbed out of the steep gorge both crews had wide smiles.



We spent our last day climbing in the Sad Boulders, a mile-long canyon dense with incredible bouldering. We wedged bouldering pads through tight caverns stopping before problems begging to be climbed. We warmed up with laps on China Doll, the best Vo I've ever climbed, and crews hopped around to classic problems. We padded up Molly's (v5), the Fang (v4), and Strength in Numbers (V5). We spent the day laughing and enjoying the new or strength-

ened relationships formed through the trip. As the day started to wane the group's interests seemed to migrate from pulling hard to having fun. That was until we stumbled upon a diamond in the rough, an undeveloped, aesthetic hands-free climbing line in the heart of the Sad's. Climbers quickly began jockeying for the first ascent. Sami, Eric, Carter, Zac Shortt '25, and Liam Coughlin '25 battled their way up the line following a strict ethic—no forearms, no elbows, no knees. Soon a scream echoed down the canyon as Eric triumphantly

A photograph of a climber, Cooper Zebrack '22, performing a difficult bouldering move on a large, overhanging rock formation. He is hanging by his arms from a prominent overhang, with his legs kicked back. The climb is described as "Every Color You Are" (V6).

Cooper Zebrack '22 pulling through  
Every Color You Are (V6).  
Carter Ley '25



topped out on Witness the Shitness (consensus v18, no hands). As send fever subsided, we realized that Witness wasn't just a hands-free line, but also a speed boulder. Burn orders reestablished themselves and we went to work cutting down the FKT. Cooper Zebrack '22 entered the fray and soon he and Zac began jockeying for the fastest time. They pushed harder and approached the bleeding edge of human potential making beta innovations rivaling the Tamo Skip. Garrett Althausen '25 kept time with what we discovered was a fair degree of inaccuracy. As night fell the competition was cut short. Zac holds the current speed record of two and half seconds.

As we huddled around the fire that final night and drank grog from a blob a hopeful melancholy took over. We made jokes and wondered how the days had gone by so fast. We ate lemon Oreos and debated their merits with new friends. We made promises that this was the term we would get stronger and promised to maintain the relationships we had built when we got back to campus. As we drove in packed vans back to Los Angeles, we said goodbye to Bishop knowing we would be back.



Eric Och '22 on  
Green Wall (V2).  
Carter Ley '25

Allie Nishi '25 on Strength in Numbers (V5).  
Tommy Bevevino '24





Left to right: Olivia Pendas '25, Tommy Behevino '24, Liam Coughlin '25, Sami Lofman '24, Zac Shortt '25, Garrett Althausen '25, Carter Ley '25, Sophie Kwon '22

## BISHOP 2021 WINTERIM BREAK TRIP

|                               |                       |
|-------------------------------|-----------------------|
| Cooper Zebrack '22 (leader)   | Garrett Althausen '25 |
| Shaalin Sehra '23 (co-leader) | Liam Coughlin '25     |
| Steven Shin '23 (co-leader)   | Carter Ley '25        |
| Grant Dumanian '22            | Olivia Pendas '25     |
| Sophia Kwon '22               | Allie Nishi '25       |
| Eric Och '22                  | Javier Rodillas '25   |
| Tommy Behevino '24            | Zac Shortt '25        |
| Sami Lofman '24               |                       |

The group shmobbing  
Iron Man Traverse (V4).





Talis Colberg '25 following an out-of-season Flying Cloud (WI5+) in Valdez, AK during Winterim 2021.  
John Derting

Carter Ley '25 chuffing the Virgin River  
Gorge's classic Mentor (5.12b) above I-15.  
*Olivia Pendas '25*



# A SOUTHWEST ROAD TRIP

**OLIVIA PENDAS '25**

DECEMBER 2021

After a brief stay in Los Angeles following the DMC Bishop trip, Carter Ley '25 and I rented a 2007 Dodge Caravan that would be our home for the next 11 days and drove to Las Vegas. With rain in the forecast, we woke up early the next morning to try and get a few pitches in. Unfortunately, the rain had started much earlier than predicted and the soft nature of Red Rocks sandstone meant that we wouldn't be able to climb there for at least the next 24 hours.

Per the recommendation of the folks at Desert Rock, we drove north for the night and camped at the Valley of Fire state park. When we woke up the next morning, we saw two bighorn sheep before driving to check out Sun City, a limestone sport crag near Mesquite, AZ. After driving less than a mile on the worst gravel road either of us had ever seen, we had to turn around 500 feet from the parking area. Miraculously, we managed to make it out without any flat tires. Ironically, we realized that we were only 15 minutes from some of the best roadside limestone sport climbing in the country—the Virgin River Gorge. Although we didn't have much time left, we headed to the VRG, where I managed to chuff the crag warm up and Carter bolt-to-bolted Mentor (5.12b) before driving back to Vegas for the night.

The next morning we headed to the Trophy Wall in Calico Basin, where Carter sent Keep Your Powder Dry (5.12b). That evening, we swapped leads on the Great Red Book, a classic two-pitch 5.8 trad route that follows a beautiful arching corner system, and watched the sunset over the desert on our descent. On our second day in Red Rocks, we went to the Gallery, where Carter and I both sent the popular Yaak Crack (5.11c) and Carter sent the Glitz (5.12c) second go. Afterwards, we headed to the Kraft boulders for an evening lap on Plumber's Crack (Vo). The 30-foot chimney looked incredibly intimidating in person, but wasn't so bad once I actually got established.

The next day was possibly the best day of climbing of the whole trip. A 5 am wake up and Krispy Kreme breakfast kicked off the long approach to the base of Cloud Tower in Juniper Canyon, where we planned to climb the mega-classic 9-pitch Crimson Chrysalis (III, 1000', 5.8+). To our dismay, there were already two parties in front of us, and so we had to wait in line. After a slow start, we were able to pass one of the groups and swapped leads with relative efficiency. The climbing was spectacular—incidentally exposed, relatively



A desert bighorn watching over  
the Valley of Fire campground.  
*Carter Ley '25*

steep but secure moves on large holds with generous bolts. Pitches 4 and 5 were particularly memorable, following a wide crack system with good holds that culminated in a vertical hand crack with plenty of face holds. In a lot of ways it was really more like a sport climb, but a super fun one nonetheless. We topped out at sunset and simul-rapped in the dark with the lights of Vegas

A photograph of a climber on a steep, light-colored rock face. The climber is wearing a bright yellow long-sleeved shirt and a green helmet. They are positioned on a ledge, facing towards the right side of the frame. A blue climbing rope hangs from above, attached to a red quickdraw. The background shows a steep, layered rock wall and a dry, rocky hillside covered in sparse vegetation.

Carter following pitch 6 of the 9-pitch

Crimson Chrysalis (III, 1000', 5.8+).

Olivia Pendas '25





Carter Ley '25 squeezing to the top of Plumber's Crack (VO). Olivia Pendas '25

in the background, only stopping to help one of the parties below us, who had gotten their rope stuck on the way down. The 1000-foot route was the perfect way to wrap up our time in Vegas.

With more rain in the forecast, we impulsively decided to drive to Zion National Park that night. Arriving at 2 am and waking up at 7 am to hike the famous Angel's Landing was a little rough, but worth it for the spectacular views and lack of crowds. (Carter and I are both happy to report free ascents of Angel's Landing, without relying on the Ao via ferrata.) After driving around the park, we headed to Joshua Tree for our final few days of climbing.

In the morning we headed to the Lost Horse area, where I tried Alf's Arete (5.11a) as my first climb in the park. Old-school, techy, insecure, and sparsely bolted, it was a good introduction to the slabby style of Joshua Tree. We spent

the rest of the day at the Hidden Valley chasing the sun and climbing classic trad moderates like Double Cross (5.7+) and North Overhang (5.9) before watching an incredible sunset over the park. The next day, Carter suddenly got sick, so we took a rest day and drove through the entire park before visiting the Salton Sea. For our final morning, we went to the Headstone and ran up Cryptic (5.8) and the SW Corner (5.6) before packing up and driving back to Los Angeles. The short but exposed, juggy climbs were the perfect way to end our time in Joshua Tree.

Overall, the trip was a great introduction to desert climbing and a perfect way to make the most of winterim, and I can't wait to go back to the desert.



Olivia Pendas '25 leading the first pitch of Great Red Book (5.8, 250'). Carter Ley '25

A photograph of a young woman rock climbing. She is wearing an orange helmet with a black chin strap, a black long-sleeved shirt, and black leggings. Her climbing gear, including carabiners and ropes, is attached to her harness. She is smiling and looking towards the camera while clinging to a large, light-colored rock formation. Another climber is visible in the background, further up the rock face. The scene is outdoors with a rocky cliff and some greenery in the distance.

Abigail Shepherd '23 climbing on  
the Mount Lemmon break trip.  
London Warburton '23

Balin Miller on the sharp end of Nemesis (V, 525', WI6).  
Will Hodgson '25



# CLASSICS AND CLOSE CALLS IN THE CANADIAN ROCKIES

**WILL HODGSON '25**

DECEMBER 2021

Only two weeks had passed since my last excursion to the Great White North, and already I was yearning to return. The first two weeks of December in Montana were abysmal: temperatures in the low 50s and clear skies had resigned me to my dingy drytool project. It was a far cry from the Thanksgiving feast of blower powder we'd just had in Roger's Pass, so I was grateful to finish up my first stretch of work and hit the road again. I'd been planning this trip with my partner Lucas since the beginning of fall term, but a series of unfortunate events put me alone at the wheel with hopes of meeting others already posted up in Alberta.

After 12 hours of nonstop driving and an unfortunate \$360 (Canadian!) speeding ticket, I pulled into the far corner of the Canmore Safeway parking lot. My friend Balin Miller and past climbing partner Josh Leclair had already declared sovereignty over a small patch of frozen asphalt and I was more than happy to pull in and pass out. My habitation for the week was cozy, to say the least. Still, in comparison to Balin's Prius, my Subaru felt like a palace.

The next morning, the three of us confronted our first dilemma. Whereas the stingy Montana skies refused to drop even a flake of snow, here up north they had spit out over a meter in the past week. Avalanche danger was extreme all across the board. The unfortunate reality of Canadian climbing is that nearly every route worth doing happens to be right at the mouth of a slide path. Still, Josh and I managed to avoid the crowds with an early alarm and swapped leads on Moonlight (WI4, 100m), one of the few climbs in Kanaskis County without severe overhead hazard. Plagued by avalanche danger for the next few days, our team of three ventured westward to another relatively sheltered classic, Carlsberg Column (WI5, 60m). Upon returning to the cars and regaining a smidgen of cell service, Balin turned to me, ecstatic. The new avalanche forecast had come out. We were in the clear for our first big objective.

## NEMESIS (V, 4 pitches, 525', WI6)

Nemesis lies at the far looker's left side of the notorious Stanley Headwall. It is a gorgeous and intimidating streak of steep ice and one of the few historical WI6s to never see a downgrade. It also demands a two-hour snow slog across avalanche-prone terrain that, while relatively straightforward with skis, is downright tedious without. The three of us pulled into the empty parking lot in our respective vehicles and divided up gear, hushed with respect for the objective ahead of us.



A leisurely 6:30 am start the following morning put us at the base of the route by 9:00. Josh's insistence on snowshoes left him postholing our skin track, but the new snow didn't slow us down too much. I reached the base first and began chopping a belay ledge in the loose snow while my partners racked up. Balin offered to take the first pitch and Josh and I planned to follow together on a half rope each. Just as Balin started up the brittle and deceptively difficult pitch, a flurry of spindrift arrived and stifled communications. Things were about to get hairy.

While many guidebooks and local knowledge assert Nemesis can be done in two 70-meter pitches, we found that first pitch to be a huge rope stretcher. The coils of rope in Josh's lap dwindled down as he fed more and more slack though his device until the two ropes were tight on our belay loop. Over the howling wind, we heard Balin's faint voice:

“SLACK!”

Will leading Moonlight (360', WI4).  
Josh Leclair

With nowhere else to go but up, Josh and I trudged across the snow slope to the base of the climb and eventually clambered up two meters off the deck while Balin fought to reach a bolted anchor. All the while, large chunks of ice were raining down on top of us. Finally, three tugs indicated we were on belay. We started up side by side, but the shape of the ice funneled us into a more staggered position. I glanced up for a millisecond to check Josh's position and was met with a football-sized chunk directly to the chin. A searing pain spread through my jaw. Blood spewed everywhere.



Nemesis. Will Hodgson '25

After a spurt of frantic yelling, Balin somehow realized what was going on and lowered me to the ground. I dug through my first aid kit for some bleed-stop and smacked a handful on my face. With my okay, Josh continued onward as I threw skis on and shot towards the parking lot and onwards to the Canmore emergency room. While I sat filling out paperwork and stitching up my busted lip, Balin and Josh would wrap up the final two pitches.



Dylan Miller following Polar Circus by headlamp.  
*Will Hodgson '25 on rappel*

Later that night the three of us reconvened in our corner of the Safeway lot and debriefed. Upon review, trying Nemesis as a party of three in early season conditions was a mistake; at the very least, we should not have had two followers climbing simultaneously. Luckily Balin's brother had decided to join us for the next few days. This allowed us to split into two parties of two for the final major objective of the trip. Our conference drew to a close and we loaded into our cars, commencing our northward expedition.



"Whoopsies." selfie

I struggled to keep my eyes on the road as we ventured into the Icefields Parkway. The massive monuments in this valley of giants demanded far more attention than I could divert from the snowy highway. Ice flows glistened everywhere I looked and I could only marvel at the rocky tiers erupting from the valley floor. Before I knew it, I had arrived at our destination: an undefined shoulder on the side of a 60mph highway. Moments later the muffled sound of gangsta rap alerted me to Josh's presence; Balin and his brother Dylan followed. We repeated our nightly ritual once more: divvy up gear, chat briefly about the route and conditions, down some food, and pass out.

### POLAR CIRCUS (V, 9 pitches, 2300', WI5)

At 6:30 the next morning, my alarm echoed off the frost crusted windows of my Subaru. I took a shivering glance at the temperature as I turned the car on to crank some heat: -18°F. After thawing my hands and water bottles for a few minutes, I quickly made some oatmeal, grabbed my gear, and ventured outside. Our route shimmered in the morning sun. At 700 meters, Polar Circus maintains a special reverence as the crown jewel of the Canadian Rockies. I traced this holy name and time of departure into the dusting of snow on the



Josh on an approach pitch of Polar Circus.  
Will Hodgson '25



Josh traversing to the base of Polar Circus.  
Will Hodgson '25

back window, as is customary up north, and we departed.

A short trek through fresh snow led us to the base of the route. Josh and I racked up and took turns soloing up three short ice steps separated by snow-fields. The second of these steps entailed some funky mixed climbing to surpass brittle dinner-plating ice and a fair bit of wading through unconsolidated powder. Soon we reached the first proper pitch at the base of the massive cleft where Polar Circus resides. We roped up and smiled this smearable WI3 pitch

with excellent sticks in beautifully blue ice to the next snowfield. Josh led the way on past the Pencil, an intimidating pillar that had not yet formed, and onto a blobby WI2 strip. From here, we continued simulating upwards towards a small tree where we stopped to rest. Ahead of us lay a gorgeous and exposed traverse across an avalanche threatened slope; as a piece of psychological protection, I slung a tiny tree to belay from.

It was already noon and we had just reached the base of the route's extravagant difficulties. Blessed with perfect ice, I quickly cranked out the first pitch but didn't have enough rope to make it to the bolted anchor. Some shenanigans brought us up the final 5 meters to a pair of shiny titanium hangers. Pitch 7 was also a rope stretcher, but Josh successfully reached the anchors with a bit of simulating. We had finally reached the last tier and I was confronted with one of the most gorgeous strips of ice I've ever encountered. Ahead of me stood nearly 130 meters of bright blue ice, bordered by dead-vertical rock walls on either side. Josh claimed it looked downright Tolkien-esque and I couldn't have agreed more.



Balin in his supersuit on Carlsberg Column (III, 2 pitches, 300', WI5). Will Hodason '25

I took the next pitch up. Along the way, I encountered everything from one-stick wonders to terrifying eggshell climbing to almost Patagonian rime excavation. The final 20 meters were completely unprotectable, and as the sun set the air grew colder and colder. I finally reached a sheltered belay cave where I drilled in three stubbies for an anchor and prayed. Water dripped down on me from above and immediately crystallized on my shell in the frigid temperatures, creating a veritable ice crust around me. Josh followed up to just below my ledge, said a few words, and continued through the rotten and runout last pitch. Just as I began to fear frostbite in my fingers, I felt the comforting tug of a belay from above. I shivered up the last pitch and finally clipped into the last bolts, utterly wiped. We were greeted at the final ledge with a beautiful vista as dusk touched down on the Icefields Parkway.

Guided by headlamp, we endured 12 freezing rappels and a short jaunt back to our warm vehicles. To this day, Polar Circus is the finest roadside cragging experience I've ever had.

Josh setting up the rappel off Polar Circus.  
Will Hodgson '25



# AUSTRIAN, BLONDE, AND BLUE: A PATAGONIAN ADVENTURE

**DYLAN FRIDMAN '24**

DECEMBER 2021

Hi. This last winterim, I went to Chaltén and climbed with my friend Kevin. It was awesome.

## **CARA ESTE ON AGUJA DE LAS I'S (III, 6 pitches, 1500', 5.10a 30°)**

After lots of back and forth, on December 14th, Kevin and I decide on the objective for the first weather window: the “Austríaca” route on Aguja de l's. We split the gear, study the route, and go to sleep. We wake up, take a bus to steal three miles off of the approach, and begin our approach through the Piedras Blancas trail.

The first three hours fly by. It's the most beautiful hike I've ever done. Once we get over the vegetation line and reach the first river crossing things start to spice up. The second river crossing was even trickier, but our reward was arriving at Laguna Sucia that, contrary to its name, has a crystal blue color that looks unreal. We continue upwards until we reach the cave, our bivy spot.

I was quite destroyed when we reached the cave. We even consider taking a rest day but after eating a few dry foods and drinking some water, we decide on going for it the next day. We set an alarm and go to sleep.

Aguja de l's. *Kevin Thibodeau*



The alarm wakes us up at 3 am. We eat breakfast and start heading towards de l'S. We scramble for a while, cross a wet slab, and reach the glacier. We rope up and continue upwards. The glacier was relatively tame, not nearly as sketchy as the wet slab. We reach a ridge that allows us to fully see our intended route and face some bad news: the bergschrund is gigantic, to the point that we can even see the rock at the bottom. So we decide to change our route to the “Cara Este”.



The messy bivy cave. *Kevin Thibodeau*

The route starts in a bulge of unstable snow just above a crevasse (yep, beautiful). Kevin gets the first pitch, which after the first few feet up was quite mellow. I lead the second pitch, although an insane amount of rope drag cut it short by ten feet. Kevin lead the third pitch, which ended up being quite cruxy. It involved traversing below a small roof that was very hard to cheat through.



A few pitches up Aguja de l's.  
Kevin Thibodeau

When following, I had to pull the rope to get past the roof.

The fourth pitch was pure fun. It protected well and it consisted of a sequence of easy, cool moves. When Kevin joins me, we untie since the route continued up 3rd class terrain. Although the terrain became easier, this scramble was probably the scariest part of the climb since some of the moves were non-trivial and we were unroped.

Finally, we reach the base of the last pitch on the Torre valley ridge. The landscape was nonsense, with the Cerro Torre and the Adelas right in front of us. Kevin takes the sharp end and starts climbing the hardest pitch. He cruises through a series of flared cracks until

reaching a 5.10a section that took no pro and consisted of very “sporty” moves. He manages to make it through, build a belay anchor, and we reach the summit together. We look around and shit our pants at the amazing view.

That’s when it really hits me that we still have to go all the way down, and the realization scares me. The 3rd class terrain took us some time to descend but once we reach the 5th class we start going faster (although we did get our rope stuck on the first rap).

We finally reach the cave and activate chilling mode. While eating dinner, Tomás Roy Aguiló, a Patagonian crusher, arrives at the cave with a client. He tells us about some of his adventures, like his climb of Astroman. We chat, eat, laugh, and go to sleep. The next day we descend back to town.

Back in town, I wasn’t as happy as one could expect from someone who just climbed his first needle in the Fitz Roy massif. I went into the climb expecting Kevin and me to be similarly strong climbers, but that was very far from the case: Kevin was much, much stron-



Dylan and Kevin on the summit of de l's.

ger, in both the approach and the climb. In the end, I didn't feel like I contributed my 50% part to the climb. Thus, although the views and trails were way more beautiful than anything I could dream of, the climbing aspect left me with a sharper desire to become a better climber.

### RUBIO Y AZUL ON AGUJA DE LA MEDIALUNA (IV, 9 pitches, 1150', 5.11a/b)

After de l'S, Kevin and I were looking for a more technical climb to tackle. We wanted to get on some top-quality pitches. We chatted with guide Manuel Quiroga and decided to try Rubio y Azul in the Aguja de la Medialuna. The upper pitches of this climb follow a series of cracks that would be hard to forget, as one can see on the Mountain Project page.

We start our approach to Niponino from the town during the morning of December 20th. The approach was nasty. We had to get to the glacier of the Torre valley by going through the north coast of Laguna Torre. The terrain eventually becomes this horrible mix of dirt and loose rocks, in which trusting the wrong rock meant going down on a strict no-falls-allowed zone. The very sketchy terrain took us roughly two hours, and then we leisurely walked through the glacier to the bivy spot.

We wake up at 5 am and Kevin tells me he is feeling very sick. He still wants to give the route a try, and so we do. We approach to the base of the climb, which takes us two hours. The approach also had that horrible mix of



Dylan nearing the end of the approach to Rubio y Azul.  
*Kevin Thibodeau*

dirt and rocks and, to top it off, a long wet slab. However, when we get to the base we realize that the approach might have been worth it: the first pitch looks fantastic.

I take the lead. The first pitch was this stout 5.9 off-width crack that was



Fitz Roy and Poincenot; and the base of Rubio y Azul. Kevin Thibodeau

easier to layback than to climb with proper off-width techniques. I take my time throughout the climb since, with the gear we had, it was really hard to protect. Kevin takes the second pitch, which was also super fun, and protected better. I take the third pitch, very similar to the 2nd one in difficulty and in terms of how fun it was.

We eat lunch. There are two options at this point: to follow either a right-facing corner or a left-facing one. We choose the left one and Kevin starts working it. He quickly realizes that the pitch was absolute choss. Midway, he decides to come down (rap off two nuts) since he thinks the risk is too high. He tells me that he is not feeling well enough to attempt the other variant on lead, so he puts me on belay. A few feet above the belay, I realize that the climb has this mandatory 6b slightly overhanging layback that takes no pro. Given Kevin's state and my own climbing ability, I talk to Kevin and we decide to bail.

Although we did not reach the summit, I was much more satisfied with our outing to Aguja de la Medialuna. I felt that it was more of an equal partnership with Kevin. Also, the climbing was very memorable and the views were amazing. The approach sucked though.



Carter Ley '25 leading the final pitch of Cannon Cliff's Black Dike (IV, 3 pitches, 500', WI4+ M3).  
Will Hodgson '25

# THE NINETEENTH HOLE

**RYAN COOPER '25**

JANUARY 2022

**20', WI4+ M2**

**FA: RYAN COOPER '25, CARTER LEY '25**

Toward the end of week three, a friend of ours shared a photo of an impressive looking ice formation in a spillway in the middle of Storr's Pond next to the cross country ski trails. About a week later, Carter and I decided pretty much on a whim to go for the FA after one of our classes—we initially thought that the line was on the golf course, so naturally we both wore our finest golf attire for what was to be a nice afternoon on the links. I grabbed a Zipcar, picked up Carter, and plugged in the coordinates, learning that our objective was at the XC skiing center a couple minutes up the road, not the golf course.

The approach was a bit of a slog. After about fifteen minutes we found the spillway tucked into the north end of the pond. Carter and I assessed and chose the only one of the pillars that was not delaminated as our objective. I lowered Carter in to get the first lap up. He made quick work of it, looking strong as ever in his Vineyard Vines.

I was up next and shortly after started up the pillar. The climbing was honestly great; the ice was really featured and enjoyable to climb. Lots of great sticks with some good stemming on the way up, where I was then faced with a daunting mixed top out over the wood and metal railings that enclose the spillway. I ended up hooking one of my tools on the wire between the railings and mantling to top out. We packed up after that and hoofed it back to the car, making it back to campus in about an hour and a half round trip. Our fine outing had come to an end.



Ryan Cooper '25 climbing out  
of the 'Nineteenth Hole.'  
Carter Ley '25

# THE CHOATES PARK: HOW A SPORTS PARK BUILT A COMMUNITY

**ANDREW BROZEK '25**

FEBRUARY 2022

A dirty snowbank, bud light cans, PVC pipe, some bricks, and the body of a once 12-foot-tall snowman: these were all instrumental in the construction of the Dry Tool the Choates Winter Sports Park, affectionately known as the Choates Park. Although these items were important, the most important ingredient was love.

The Choates Park was a multifaceted winter sports park nestled into the courtyard between Little and Brittle, the common area between Little and Brown. We hosted events including drytooling, slopestyle, bobsled, and—after a few freeze-thaw cycles—ice skating. The park began when a few DTTC ambassadors looked at a dirty snowbank beneath the skybridge connecting Brittle and Little and thought “it goes.” Equipped with skis and a large elastic band, the ambassadors were able to get just enough speed to send a PVC rail. Gnarly.



Although this setup functioned, they craved more. One cold, winter night, a DTTC ambassador took the next step. He decided they needed more elevation in the ramp if they wanted to send hard. So he began to dig and build. The snow was wet—it soaked through his Gore-Tex gloves. But he was determined. Onlookers did not understand what they saw. Was it a sculpture? An igloo? They couldn't understand the true glory of the construction they saw before them. After hours of labor, more DTTC ambassadors joined the effort. They came equipped with shovels, a snow saw, and the dedication to shenanigans that DTTC is known for. They all worked hard. One person dismembered a dead snowman and loaded his body onto the Choates Bobsled (a utility cart). Others assembled the snow blocks to build the ramp higher.



The Choates Ramp.

They faced some setbacks. They had to take breaks frequently, stopping to do things such as send the dead tree behind TriKap with ice tools and crampons. But distractions aside, the goal was soon accomplished. The Choates Ramp was officially finished at 1:30 am on February 3, 2022. The Choates Ramp had to be put through a few hardening cycles, some maintenance, and some light grooming, but after a few days of preparation, the first descent was claimed on February 8. And just as a painter signs their work, a DTTC sticker was placed on the walkway above the ramp, where it lives to this day.



A DTTC skier sending the Choates rail on chub skis.

While the ramp was attracting the attention of locals and tourists alike, a new Choates feature was coming out of R&D. Equipped with the leftovers from the Winter Carnival ice sculpting competition, a few DTTC ambassadors had the vision to suspend these two, 80-pound blocks of ice from the Choates with cordelette. After using the Choates Bobsled to retrieve these blocks and using ice screws to make holes for the cordelette, ambassadors were able to raise these blocks to a whopping 4' in height using brute force and a munter hitch. They were arranged in a sequence so climbers could campus between them with ice tools. The FA of the Brittle Traverse was claimed on February 15.

But alas, after a mere 16 hours of operation, SnS cut the cord on the ice park (literally). To make matters worse, what followed was several weeks of brutally warm weather mixed with freezing nights, and the Choates ramp soon met a similar fate. They may be gone, but never forgotten.

So now we wait. We wait for the next winter to come, so we can see who the visionaries are. Who will build the first three-story ice park outside of Brown? Who will create a frozen flow of ice down the side of a Choate? Who will send the Choates Ramp from the roof? Who will throw the first backy in the Choates lawn? It will be someone daring, someone brave, and someone quintessentially Choate. Maybe a '26 has what it takes.



A DTTC drytooler pioneering the traffic cone figure four.



Zion NP, UT from the top of Angels Landing.  
Olivia Pendas '25

# BREAK TRIP TO SAINT GEORGE

**ALI BAUER '25**

MARCH 2022

DMCers on the beginner–intermediate St. George trip were welcomed warmly to Las Vegas, Nevada with airport casinos and swaying palm trees. After the two-and-a-half-hour drive from the airport, individuals arrived at the campsite between 8 pm and 4 am; for those who arrived very late, our first day of climbing started out pretty slow. We got organized, introduced ourselves, and set intentions for the trip before heading to our first crag. Our group talked about wanting to meet new people, spend time outside disconnected from technology, learn how to lead climb, spend time projecting, and get more confidence climbing outdoors in general.

Waking up in a beautiful site in Veyo, UT started our days with awe and gratitude. Nineteen of us shared eight tents for the six nights of the trip. Though the site had no access to water, our location was close enough to a Walmart that it did not matter much; leaders and trippers took turns making trips to Veyo on the way back from our adventures for water every day to shop. Our daily journeys to Walmart allowed us to get fresh produce often, which was unlike any other camping trip I have been on.

Our unique group was made up of climbers of varying abilities, ranging from some who climbed every week to others who had never climbed before. Over the course of the week, we climbed on limestone and sandstone and spent a day exploring Zion National Park. During our trip, we got to witness many first outdoor top rope climbs, lead climbs, lead belays, multi-pitch climbs, rappels, and trad climbs!

On March 19th, we set out for our first day of climbing in Ivins, Utah. Though this was one of the smaller crags we went to, it was perfect for getting our group acclimated to sport climbing outside. Since it was our first day, only the more experienced members climbed on lead. We focused on refreshing skills to increase confidence and safety. At the end of the day, nearly everyone

felt comfortable top-roping, belaying, leading climbs, or giving lead belays. Like most nights, we ended our first day with a meal cooked by volunteers, campfire chats, and deep sleeps in shared tents. It rained that night.

Though rain prevented us from climbing on our second day in Utah, we were excited for the opportunity to explore Zion National Park! At approxi-

Katie Gazzini '25 top roping.  
Ali Bauer '25



mately 8 am, an unknowing victim found the trip's first ICE in a frosted flakes cereal box—absolutely brutal. Following a breakfast feast of cereal, bagels, eggs, coffee, oatmeal, fruit, and baby bell peppers, we headed to Zion. The day was spent on a moderate hike with breathtaking views and some questionable scrambling. Group members joked about how we should not worry about risks associated with our rock scramble, boasting how they had the power to single-handedly give Miles more paperwork. More and more inside jokes emerged, bringing uncontrollable laughter several times a day. Nearing the 48 hour mark of the trip, it was evident that our trip was becoming increasingly close. Nitesh Pant's '22 music, Ben Kesselman's '25 shenanigans, and Miles Harris's '23 helpful leadership definitely assisted the group dynamic and closeness.

With the exception of our hiking day in Zion, most of our days climbing looked about the same. We woke up between 7 and 9 am nearly every day, made breakfast, packed lunch, distributed gear, and headed to crags. Our approaches ranged from short and easy to long and consider-

ably steep—some people asked for belays. Leaders and trippees worked together through the varying terrain to make sure everyone was safe and comfortable. At the crag, people worked together belaying and climbing, learning rope skills, technique, leading, and mental game. Our climbs ranged from 5.6



Emma Bonz '25 leading Idiosyncratic  
Feedback Mechanism (1lb)  
*Elliot Alberts '25*

to 5.12c, and nearly everyone had pushed themselves and seen improvement.

While most days were similar in structure, there were undoubtedly highlights of the trip. Such highlights include Nitesh playing “My Neck, My Back” every chance he got on aux, Veronica Yarvinsky ‘24 taking the gnarliest whip most of us have ever seen, Grill and Chill for Miles’ 21st birthday, and several devious ICEings.

Some of our most memorable climbs took place at the end of the trip because we were more confident and we visited more scenic crags. The group really enjoyed climbing on orange/red rock formations, especially because we don’t see such structures on the East Coast. Through lots of climbing, new friendships, laughter, cooking, eating, hiking, and more, the St. George spring break trip ended with a bonded group of confident climbers!



Emma Bonz ‘25 leading Puppet Strings (5.10a).  
Matthew Osborne ‘22





The group hiking in Zion NP, UT. *Ali Bauer '25*

## SAINT GEORGE 2022 SPRING BREAK TRIP

Matt Osborne '22 (leader)

Luc Cote '23 (leader)

Miles Harris '23 (leader)

Jack McMahon '23 (leader)

Jehan Diaz '22

Skylar Miklus '22

Nitesh Pant '22

Sarah Lou '23

Aislinn Mitcham '23

Emma Supattapone '23

Scarlett Flores '24

Veronica Yarovinsky '24

Elliot Alberts '25

Haley Banta '25

Alison Bauer '25

Emma Bonz '25

Katie Gazzini '25

Ben Kesselman '25

Katherine Plaza '25

Zac Shortt '25

The group climbing in the Utah Hills.

*Ali Bauer '25*





Graham Johnson soloing Cosmiques Arete  
(II, 1000', AI2 M4) in Chamonix, France.  
Will Hodgson '25



Shaalin Sehra '23 sending a 'microroute,'  
Maizy Mae (5.13a).  
London Warburton '23

# BREAK TRIP TO THE RED RIVER GORGE

**EDOREND KROEGER '25**

MARCH 2022

I can't say that I was thrilled to find out that my spring break would begin at 6 am with a sixteen hour drive from Hanover to Slade, Kentucky, but nonetheless, excitement was high as seventeen of us headed down into Appalachia in two surprisingly nice DOC vans for seven days of climbing at some of the country's best, most classic sport crags.

The following three days of climbing blurred together, with specific moments standing out each day. We always woke up later than planned and stretched out breakfast, but we eventually ended up at the crag. We spent day one at the Gallery Wall, where Olivia Pendas '25 and I both warmed up on Different Strokes (5.11c) before throwing ourselves at Zen and the Art of Masturbation (5.12d) with Shaalin Sehra '23 and Sophie Kwon '22. The first day of climbing was a success despite everyone still recovering from the drive the day before. We headed back to the campsite and enjoyed the sun and warm weather.



er that we had been missing back on campus. The next morning, we set off to climb at Muir Valley, enduring the tortuous staircase descent, slightly cooler temperatures, unfortunately wet rock, and Tommy Behevino '24 and Sami Lofman's '24 unintentional attempt of a mixed bolt and gear route. Despite this, the climbing was solid, and the labeled routes were a luxury—although Olivia's memorization of Mountain Project also served as a helpful guidebook.



Cooper Zebrack '22 on Spank.  
London Warburton '23

The group split on the third day, with some, including myself, heading to the Motherlode. This is one of the most visually impressive crags I've seen, not only in the Red but across the US. The Madness Cave and its lack of routes under 5.12a were especially intimidating—the best warm-up options were bolt-to-bolting either Tuna Town (5.12d) or Forty Ounces of Justice (5.13a). Olivia and I then spontaneously decided to try the single worst-rated route at the Motherlode, Scrambled Porn (5.12a), a deceptively slabby looking face with a few ledges and no visible chalk, tucked away around the corner of the Under-tow. A very unsuccessful and grueling attempt of it ended up with a bail-beaner left behind and a bruised ego; however, we did pull it together and each gave Snooker (5.13a) an attempt before retiring back to the fire at campsite to take refuge from the cold and rainy weather.

After day three, we took a much needed rest day and enjoyed the warmer, sunnier weather, filling the day with yoga, soccer, and a trip back to Miguel's Pizza and gear shop.



Allie Nishi '25 cruising Spank.  
London Warburton '23

On the fifth day, a group went to Chica Bonita while another went to Drive-By. I split my time between the two, climbing some nice easy climbs at Chica Bonita to start the day off before heading to Drive-By to watch some of the others hop on Spank (5.13a). Shaalin, Steven Shin '23, and Javier Rodillas '25 tried a 5.13 'microroute,' which was the boulder problem start of Supercharger (5.14a). Shaalin sent at the end of the day!

The next day, a group returned to the Motherlode and another set out to the Chocolate Factory. After spending my morning at the 'Lode again I moved



Shaalin Sehra '23 working  
Supercharger (5.14a),  
London Warburton '23

to the Chocolate Factory just in time to witness Olivia's FFFCA (first free female Croc ascent) of a 5.9 slab. Multiple other innovative 5.9 ascents were made in the area, including a sandal ascent by Tommy and a barefoot ascent by myself. I also ended up trying a few fun 5.11's with Olivia, Tommy, and Edel Galgon '22, including Hip to the Jive (5.11b), a really beautiful looking dihedral that ended up having an unpleasant juggy roof section that was worse than it looked. All in all, a lot of fun was had that day.



Our final climbing day was spent in Muir Valley again, with the goal of having a very chill last day on some easier climbs. A group headed out to a cute coffee shop to get some work done and relax for a bit while the others stayed behind for a bit more climbing. That night, we packed everything up and had an extremely fun last night around the campfire, burning all of our remaining cardboard and reflecting on the trip.

The next morning at 6 am, we embarked on our grueling sixteen hour drive back to campus, leaving behind an amazing trip full of climbing, fun times, and warm weather for Hanover's 30-degree temperatures and rain. Overall, this trip was a great experience—it was wonderful to enjoy one of my favorite climbing locations with such a fun group of people.

Olivia Pendas sampling  
Kaleidoscope (5.13c).  
Allie Nishi '25



## RED RIVER GORGE 2022 SPRING BREAK TRIP

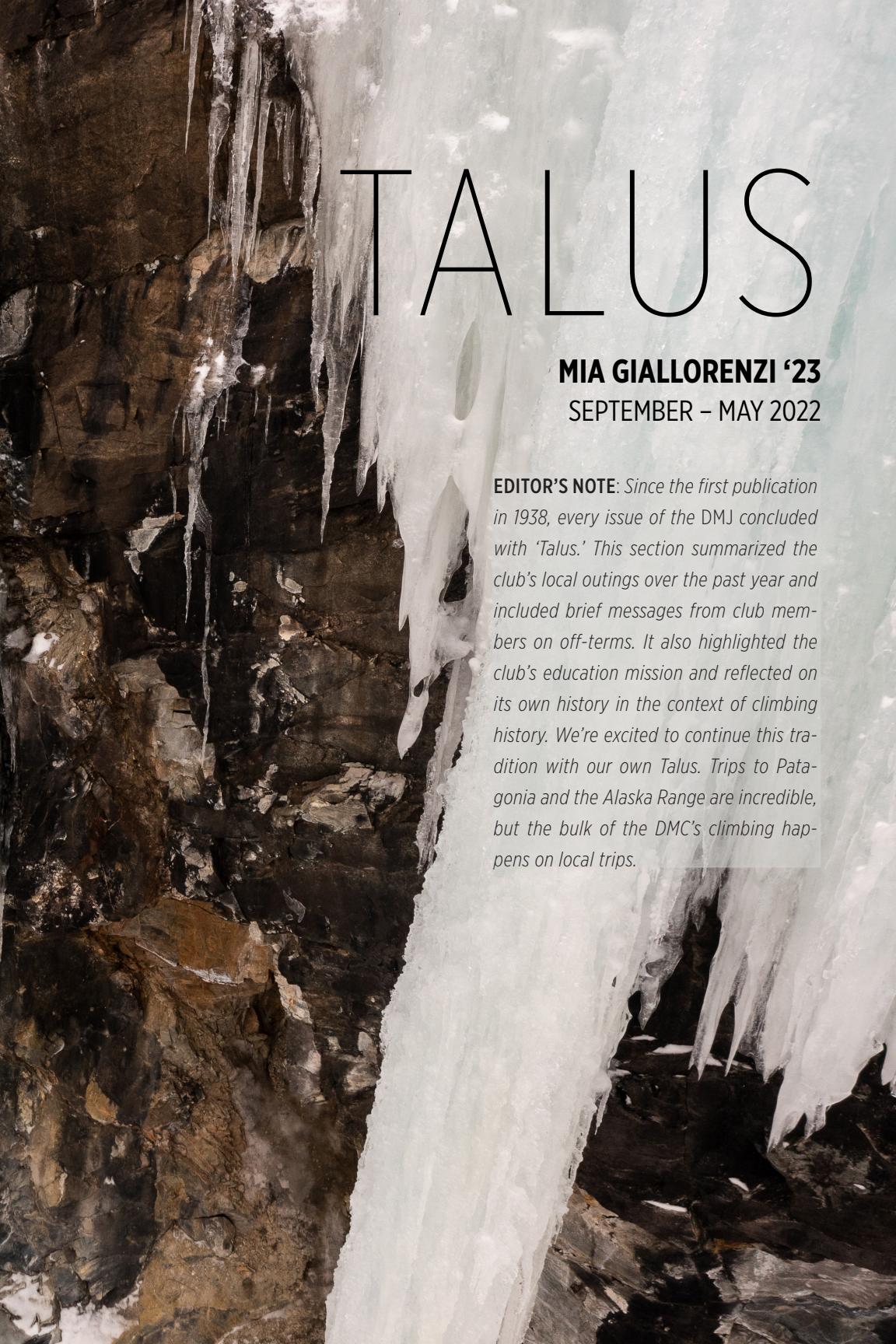
|                             |                      |
|-----------------------------|----------------------|
| Grant Dumanian '22 (leader) | London Warburton '23 |
| Sophia Kwon '22 (leader)    | Tommy Bevevino '24   |
| Cooper Zebrack '22 (leader) | Sami Lofman '24      |
| Ben Brody '22               | Grace Mendolia '24   |
| Edel Galgon '22             | Edorend Kroeger '25  |
| Hann Humphreys '23          | Allie Nishi '25      |
| Max Rosenfeld '23           | Olivia Pendas '25    |
| Shaalin Sehra '23           | Javier Rodillas '25  |
| Steven Shin '23             |                      |

The Red squad in Muir Valley. Sophie Kwon '22





Andrew Brozek '25 learning to swing tools  
on Enfield Quarry's Central Pillar (WI4)  
Chris Johnson,  
Dartmouth Office of Communications



# TALUS

**MIA GIALLORENZI '23**

SEPTEMBER – MAY 2022

**EDITOR'S NOTE:** Since the first publication in 1938, every issue of the DMJ concluded with 'Talus.' This section summarized the club's local outings over the past year and included brief messages from club members on off-terms. It also highlighted the club's education mission and reflected on its own history in the context of climbing history. We're excited to continue this tradition with our own Talus. Trips to Patagonia and the Alaska Range are incredible, but the bulk of the DMC's climbing happens on local trips.

Every week our climbing trips fill up instantly. Between short trips to climb Bartlett tower and longer trips to Rumney, Pickledish, or Evo, there are so many different ways to get climbing. There's so much demand that only those who lurk on Trailhead and pounce as soon as the trip is published are able to get a spot. But over the past few terms we've still been able to get hundreds of students outside. Dozens of new climbers have become hooked.

Every week is busy, and every week is different. The Fall 2021 began with many Bartlett Tower trips. Beginners fought their way up the steep walls (it's definitely not the easiest first climb!). On trips to Rumney, the beginner/intermediate trips mostly stuck to crags such as Main Cliff, Parking Lot Wall, and the Meadows, while more advanced climbers explored the harder crags on their own independent trips. On rainy days, we drove down to a climbing gym in Concord to train and hang out.

Ellie Anderson learning to belay at Rumney's 5.8 Crag  
Eli Smith '25



During the week, at any moment they were free, leaders led skills sessions in Robinson Hall basement or right in front of the DOC sign. We taught everything from basic knots to anchor building and more complicated multi pitch skills. Trad class also started up again and went out every weekend to teach the basics of trad climbing to a small group of dedicated DMCers.

By the winter, the Dartmouth Climbing gym was open again, albeit with limited capacity. The reopening allowed for so many more people to get climbing and made it easier to teach rappelling during skills sessions. And instead of

climbing rock, we transitioned to climbing ice, going primarily to Holt's Ledge but also visiting SPAC occasionally. By the end of the term there were multiple trips going out a week, and individual DMCers were able to get out multiple times a week on their own to Huntington Ravine, Cannon, and other venues.

Looking forward to the spring, there are many projects in the works: another trad class, a possible AMGA single pitch instructor course, and more opportunities for DMCers to go trad climbing. The DMC has more doubled its leader body over the last year. We now have over thirty leaders. With the number of excited underclassmen climbers, we expect to ascend dozens more within the coming year.

The DMC has also been focused on improving inclusivity over the past few terms, working closely with DOC's DIJE to host DMC specific inclusivity meetings and events. Outside of climbing, the DMC has been very active as a social space over the past few terms with a wide range of socials and weekly feeds and summit meetings at off-campus houses or in the basement of Robinson Hall.

We worked with the forthcoming Notch climbing gym to host a screening of Reel Rock 16 on campus. We invited the Upper Valley community and over 150 people showed up.

In May, former chair Cooper Zebrack '22 put down Rumney's infamous Predator (5.13b).

During 'sinterim'—the break between 22S and 22X, a group of DMCers will join the Outing Club's Cabin & Trail subclub on a trip to Acadia National Park in Maine. They're looking forward to hiking, top-roping, and trad climbing, and we're looking forward to a trip report in the 22F DMJ.

Liam Coughlin '25 top-roping Bartlett Tower during O-week  
Carter Ley '25



# DARTMOUTH MOUNTAINEERING CLUB MEMBERSHIP

AS OF MAY 2022

**EDITOR'S NOTE:** *The DMJ began including a list of members in 1952 with a roster of 20 'regular members,' 1 'life member,' and 16 'graduate members.' Today, membership is far more nebulous. Involvement in the DMC is largely free—we don't ask for dues. Anyone is welcome at meetings or on trips, and attendance is never taken. As a result, we have no formal list or database of members. There are no longer any qualifications for membership. Members on this list self-identified themselves on a form sent out to the DMC mailing list.*

## LEADERSHIP

### 21F

Co-Chairs: **COOPER ZEBRACK '22** and **MIA GIALLORENZI '23**

### 22W

Co-Chairs: **ERIC OCH '22** and **MIA GIALLORENZI '23**

### 22S

Co-Chairs: **ERIC OCH '22, TOMMY BEVEVINO '24, and SAMI LOFMAN '24**

Officers were elected at the beginning of each term by all members present at the first or second feeds. A 'living room' of other chairs assisted the DMC co-chairs and rotated each term: leader-in-training chairs, gear tsars, feed chairs, social chairs, historians, risk management representatives, DIJE coordinators, and many others. Many '25s got involved in the DMC through these roles.

# LEADERS

|                      |                      |                       |
|----------------------|----------------------|-----------------------|
| Connor Bragg '22     | Mia Giallorenzi '23  | Jake Zikan '23        |
| Grant Dumanian '22   | Miles Harris '23     | Tommy Bevevino '24    |
| Edel Galgon '22      | Sarah Lou '23        | Dylan Fridman '24     |
| Liam Kirkpatrick '22 | Ella Marden '23      | Sami Lofman '24       |
| Sophie Kwon '22      | Jack McMahon '23     | Elliot Alberts '25    |
| Grace Scott '22      | Max Rosenfeld '23    | Garrett Althausen '25 |
| Mathes Vaughan '22   | Shaalin Sehra '23    | Liam Coughlin '25     |
| Eric Och '22         | Noah Schwartz '23    | Sophie Lewis '25      |
| Matthew Osborne '22  | Steven Shin '23      | Carter Ley '25        |
| Lucy Rathgeb '22     | Catie Stukel '23     | Zac Shortt '25        |
| Cooper Zebrack '22   | Grace Turner '23     |                       |
| Luc Cote '23         | London Warburton '23 |                       |

# GENERAL MEMBERS

|                       |                         |                      |
|-----------------------|-------------------------|----------------------|
| Sydney Friedland '21  | Emma Supattapone '23    | Will Hodgson '25     |
| Anne Bailey '22       | Blake Yang '23          | William Holbrook '25 |
| Ben Brody '22         | Ora Cullen '24          | Crawford Hovis '25   |
| Jehan Diaz '22        | Scarlette Flores '24    | Decker Jackson '25   |
| Jack Kresler '22      | Grace Mendolia '24      | India Jones '25      |
| Skylar Miklus '22     | Samantha Palermo '24    | Ben Kesselman '25    |
| Nitesh Pant '22       | Tinxiao Wang '24        | Edorend Kroeger '25  |
| Nathan Schnelder '22  | Veronica Yarovinsky '24 | Danni Lu '25         |
| Will Dowling '23      | Emily Aldous '25        | Allie Nishi '25      |
| Jackson Elder '23     | Haley Banta '25         | Jake Patterson '25   |
| Katie Glance '23      | Emma Bonz '25           | Olivia Pendas '25    |
| Marc-Anthony Hill '23 | Ellie Brown '25         | Kat Plaza '25        |
| Hann Humphreys '23    | Andrew Brozek '25       | Javier Rodillas '25  |
| Aislinn Mitcham '23   | Mira Chiruvolu '25      | Holly Sullivan '25   |
| Tanner Rubeli '23     | Talis Colberg '25       | Nathan Syvash '25    |
| Jack Ryan '23         | Ryan Cooper '25         | Ryan Tanski '25      |
| Abigail Shepherd '23  | Jacob Garland '25       | Sara Usher '25       |
| Piper Stacey '23      | Katie Gazzini '25       | Jessi Yu '25         |
| George Stain '23      | Arne Grette '25         |                      |





## DARTMOUTH MOUNTAINEERING JOURNAL

The Dartmouth Mountaineering Journal was first published in 1938. Twelve more journals were released until the project ended in 1969. This is the first DMJ in over fifty years—and it is a great one. It features four break trips, five independent trips, one re-published trip report from the first 1938 DMJ, and two ludicrous on-campus adventures. Of course, the issue concludes with ‘Talus’—a summary of the club’s day-to-day affairs and educational mission.



## DARTMOUTH MOUNTAINEERING CLUB

The DMC was founded in 1936 as a student-run club and now carries a long history of first ascents around the world. Members have embarked on expeditions to the greater ranges for decades and have a reputation for both bold lines and fun times in camp. Today it remains student-run and is officially a branch of the Dartmouth Outing Club, the oldest and largest collegiate outing club in the country. We run climbing trips around the Northeast and send climbers across the country and around the world during breaks. ‘DMCers’ indulge in every form of climbing: from chossy trad on Cannon to Rumney’s sharp and secure sport routes, and from long aid routes on El Capitan to the burly boulders of Bishop. Learn more at our website, [sites.dartmouth.edu/dmc/](http://sites.dartmouth.edu/dmc/), or check out ‘Talus’ on page 99 to see what the DMC has been up to recently.

To support the club, visit [outdoors.dartmouth.edu/doc/support.html](http://outdoors.dartmouth.edu/doc/support.html)