



to join the diplomatic service next December and worked in a bank in Paris for eight weeks last summer, then vacationed for three weeks on the Riviera. Jim hopes to be able to attend NOLS someday.

June, after which he camped and fished in Marble. He is trying out for the school wrestling squad. JIM HALFPENNY accompanied Paul Petzoldt on his attempt to climb the Grand Teton during the Holidays.

## C-1

JAY B. MATHER and Susan Bentley Molthrop were married September 9, 1967, in La Grange, Illinois. WAYNE STIEFVATER interrupted his studies at the University of Colorado to enlist in the army and was assigned to the Army Intelligence Service Corps. He was selected to study German in the East Coast Defense Language Institute, where he ranked second in his class. After he completed the OUTWARD BOUND course, Wayne hiked in Alaska, Central America, Panama, Mexico and Hawaii.

## C-3

VAN VELSOR WOLF, JR., graduated from Yale in 1966 and is now with the Peace Corps in Tanzania teaching the natives how to grow and cure tobacco and otherwise live in an organized community. Van's address is Matwiga Settlement Scheme, Private Mail Bag, Chunya, Tanzania, East Africa.

## C-5

At Michigan State University, GREG MANN, has found an interest in painting and sculpture. He plans to return to Aspen as a ski instructor again this winter.

LOUIS J. HAMPTON sent in a donation to the scholarship program. Besides saying that his address is 501 McCosh Street, Hanover, Pa. 17331, he thinks the extension of the marathon to twenty-two miles to be tremendous. KEN CLANTON is at present a senior at Humboldt State College in Northern California pursuing a degree in biology. He intends to enter the Peace Corps in Nepal where he hopes to teach natural science classes. For the past two summers he has worked for Paul Petzoldt's NOLS as a mountaineering instructor and hopes to work in the same capacity next summer.

## C-6

A student at Brown University, GARY ROBERTSON received his thoroughbred trainer's license from the New York State Racing Commission this year. He has worked at a race track every summer since attending OUTWARD BOUND. DONALD E. SCHOENBERG finished three years at William Penn College before enlisting in the Navy. Don writes that he has found two COBS grads in his fleet so far.

## C-7

From WILLIAM DICKENS, an aviation electrician with the Navy at Cam Ranh Bay, Viet Nam, a contribution to the alumni fund was received. A 1964 graduate of Concord, N. C., High School, he joined the Navy in October, 1965. GREG TREVERTON worked for IBM in Mexico City during the summer of 1967 through Princeton University's European Development Program. LT. JOHN D. BENSON is still with the missile base at Malmstrom AFB at Great Falls, Montana.

## C-8

Majoring in civil engineering at Georgia Tech, MARK SMITH has recently received his pilot's license. He plans a USA-USSR exchange trip in the summer of 1968. MORGAN WHITE is attending graduate school at Stanford, where he will receive his MS in December, 1968, and then plans three years with the Navy. He attended NOLS (National Outdoor Leadership School at Lander, Wyoming) in 1966, spent three weeks in Tahiti and a month as a counselor at a boys' camp near Santa Cruz, in the summer of 1967.

## C-9

JAMES GREW, 16 Hidden Field, Andover, is a junior at Yale majoring in French. He hopes

## C-10

NATHANIEL EASTBOURNE, An MM3 on the USS FORRESTAL, was on the ship in Tonkin Gulf during the disastrous fire July 29, 1967, but he came through uninjured. He is now with the ship at Portsmouth, Virginia, while it is undergoing repairs.

## C-11

RICHARD REESER writes from Denyer, "This summer I worked in Southern Alaska, just south of Anchorage about 100 miles. On the 4th of July Seward had its 53rd annual Mt. Marathon race up Mt. Marathon (4000 feet). It's a very rugged seven-mile race from sea level to the top and back. Seven hours after hearing about the race, I was poised on the starting line (ever since OUTWARD BOUND I can't turn down an opportunity like that.) Although I came in nowhere near first, the OUTWARD BOUND experience kept me moving on to the top and at least kept me out of last place, too."

## C-12

MASON NEWICK is a freshman at the University of Colorado. His address is 230 Willard Hall, Boulder, Colorado. Interest has been expressed in starting an alumni group at the University of Colorado as there are many grads there.

LARRY CHRISTIANSEN, FAIRECONRON 1, F.P.O San Francisco, California 96667, is an Air Control man in Atsugi, Japan with the Navy. MACE NEWICK is a freshman at University of Colorado. His address is 230 Willard Hall, Boulder, Colorado 80302.

## C-13

After intensive training with the Peace Corps in the Virgin Islands, ROY ALLSUP has been assigned to the first team being assigned to Dahomey, Africa, where they will help with agricultural work. Roy attended NOLS in 1966. ROBERT JACKSON is now a freshman at Colorado University and has been doing a lot of skiing. He and another OUTWARD BOUND graduate, CHARLIE BROWN of Colorado Springs, hope to work in the forestry service in White River National Forest. FRED MATLACK is attending the Merchant Marine Academy in New York City and plays basketball there. He will spend next year at sea.

## C-14

LANCE CORPORAL WILLIAM B. HEATH, W.B. 2844749, is in "L" Co., 3rd Bn, 3rd Reg., 3rd Mar. Div. - 1st Platoon, EPO San Francisco, California 96602. His outfit is three miles south of Con Thien. DAN RICE is in school at Haverford, Connecticut.

## C-15

A sophomore at Northern Arizona University in Flagstaff, JIM BAILEY toured Europe last summer from Ireland to Yugoslavia. He has recently gone rafting on several rivers and has done a lot of skiing. Last year Jim roomed with another C-15 grad, TOM MARSHALL, who is now attending El Camino in California.

## C-16

ERIC ALLEN is at the University of Colorado where he has met quite a number of COBS alumni, all of whom claim that their final route was the longest. CHUCK MOREHEAD volunteered for duty in Viet Nam and has been there since July. He is at Dak To with the 173rd Airborne Brigade. Chuck was transferred from the 101st Airborne Division at Chu Lai around the last of October just in time to participate in the Battle of Dak To. Attending the University of Illinois, DAVID STEINER rock climbs and has been spelunking in caves in Indiana.

## C-17

Attending the University of Northern Arizona, DAVID IAKIN attended NOLS last

## C-17

EDWARD S. ROGERSON writes, "As for me, this year I am taking my junior year in Spain going to the University of Madrid. I can even say that my OUTWARD BOUND training comes in handy in the strangest places. The food here is not the greatest, but I can always remember that it was worse on my solo. When you don't have hot water for a month you can always remember jumping into a snowmelt stream was the coldest of all possible baths and that 55 degrees really is not that cold. It sort of helps you bear things with a smile."

## C-18

Scheduled for Viet Nam in January, Pvt. LAWRENCE FLEMING 2393990, 1st Recruit Training Battalion, Marine Corps Recruit Depot, Parris Island, South Carolina 29905, writes that he has found a new challenge even though he was unable to make it back to COBS as a sherpa last summer. MIKE TIETZE is going to arrange a showing of "As Tall as the Mountains" for the 2,000-member student body of Seattle Pacific College.

LOREN COBB, a resident of the building which burned at Cornell University last spring and in which nine lives were lost, was active in the rescue of students who were trapped on the top floor. He responded quickly and efficiently to the emergency.

## C-19

DAVID DIRKS was saluted in the DENVER POST as an outstanding teenager last spring. Dave played tackle on the state championship football team at Wheat Ridge High School in Colorado. MICHAEL HAY is a freshman at Phillips University in Enid, Oklahoma. SCOTT HINCKLEY, Omaha, Nebraska, begins a two-year mission with the Mormon Church in the northwestern United States in December of 1967. CHARLES ROBINETTE is in his second year at Western Bible Institute in Denver and working part-time for Canada Dry Bottling Company. Working with a boys' club through his church, Charles has been able to put to use his OUTWARD BOUND training in their summer camp. He plans to spend five weeks at the Minnesota OUTWARD BOUND School next summer and the rest of the summer in Colorado.

## C-20

Another alumnus is in Viet Nam. He is known now as L/CPL THOMAS H. RICKEY 2317578, 3rd.P.H., 1 Co. 3rd Bn., 9th Reg., 3rd Marine Div., FMF, FPO San Francisco, Calif. 96602. Those guys really look forward to their mail.

## C-21

RANDY PETERSON is serving a two-year mission for the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints in the Alaskan-Canadian mission.

JOHN R. FLINN writes, "I will shortly leave for Santiago, Chile, where I hope to spend any time off from the university in mountaineering and skiing clubs ... I'll send photos of the Andes and of the Inca ruins in Peru ... I'm sure this is one of the best places in the world which makes the Rocky Mountains look small. The training I had at OUTWARD BOUND will keep me in one piece the short year I'll be there." A senior at Culver, ROB FOGEL hopes to attend Harvard next year. He hopes to work in Colorado this summer doing construction work at Snowmass-at-Aspen. PETE FROMM is teaching 6th grade outdoor education and conservation at the Antioch College Outdoor Education Center. During Christmas vacation Pete planned a pack trip through Great Smokey Mountain National Park with the Columbus, Ohio, American Youth Hostels. LARRY JAKUB and RICHARD SCRIVNER have applied their skills acquired at OUTWARD BOUND to Boys' Club work.

## C-23

DAN BERKELEY stayed overnight in Ruby Gulch recently and explored several mines in the area. Dan is at South High School in Denver.

KEN EETER, a student in Grand Junction, Colorado, has been asked to speak before the student assembly about OUTWARD BOUND. GLENN MORRIS is applying for a football scholarship at three places - Dartmouth, Princeton, and North Carolina State. He has organized a rock climbing club in Greensboro, N. C., and they have made several local ascents. NICHOLAS T. SECOR is at Rollings College at Winter Park, Florida. MICHAEL SILBERMAN is at Drew University and misses the beauty of Colorado.

#### C-23G

SALLY WADE is a senior at East Denver High School and a member of the Aufsteiger Club and the Model Teens Club. She ran in the Aspen Marathon and the East High Marathon.

#### C-24

DAN GARCIA is a member of West High School's Mountaineering Club in Denver. He has climbed Long's Peak and sent his greetings to his instructor, John Evans. A senior at Wasson High School in Colorado Springs, W. L. WHALEY, JR., has been rock climbing in the Garden of the Gods.

#### C-25

A freshman at the University of Colorado, THOMAS A. BARNES, JR., is a member of the debate team and has been accepted as a member of the National Military Society of Pershing Rifles. DAVIS ROCKWOOD is at Deerfield Academy. BOB WILSON climbed Mt. Washington in New Hampshire but says "It was nothing compared to OUTWARD BOUND. I still remember some of my experiences at the school and some of them still scare me."

A student on the Peace Corps course at Colorado OUTWARD BOUND School in 1962, Donald A. Messerschmidt, accompanied by Terry Bech and Regon Unsoeld, trekked through Thakali villages of the Thak Khola region of Nepal and took short jaunts into the high lek, the alpine highlands, during July and August of 1966. Donald published an account of this visit in the March, 1967, issue of SUMMIT magazine. At that time he was with the Peace Corps living in Kathmandu.

LOUIS J. HAMPTON, JR. writes, "When I returned home from OUTWARD BOUND in 1963, I knew the experience had been different from anything I had experienced previously. I had been more tired and more exhilarated (often at the same moment, as when we huddled fifty feet from the summit of Maroon Peak for thirty minutes in a hailstorm) than ever before. It certainly had produced more blisters than any previous summer! But I returned to a peaceful upper middle class life, seemingly without problems, and it wasn't until last year that I actually experienced Outward Bound's importance. Then for the first time, I faced what could easily have become an emotionally paralyzing crisis. But by renewing my close contact with nature -- through long hikes and bicycle trips -- and the inheritance of the Outward Bound determination and perseverance, the problem was (to use Nietzsche's term) overcome and the organism made stronger.

At any rate, a small token of twenty-five dollars is enclosed to help others experience Outward Bound.

The initiation of mobile courses seems a tremendous idea, as does the extension of the marathon to twenty-two miles (C-25)."

#### VAGUE, NOW, AS I LOOK BACK - JAMES KOHLSTEDT (C-17)

I watched the sinewy clouds twist and collide as they made their way up the valley. Suddenly one exploded into mist as an updraft, flailing trails of vapor, strove to escape the confines of earth. Thicker gray clouds poured into the wound, smothering it by pure numbers until, crushed by the overwhelming grayness, the gap closed and disappeared under an opaque blanket:

"Man, that sure doesn't look very good."  
"Damn straight."

"Christ, I just hope we're off that ridge by the time that storm hits."

Assent was in the silence that followed, for the mountains were no longer our secure campground. Instead they were an ally to the encroaching clouds, and with this realization came a fearfully real urgency. Almost as one we bent to the task of breaking camp.

Sleeping bags, damp from a light mist already blurring the valley walls above us, were quickly rolled and stuff bags hastily filled with our food and supplies. Minutes faded and three of us waited for the fourth, Mark Herman, to get his pack tied up. From poor care his feet had blistered badly the previous day and the resulting slowdown had forced us to camp here instead of on the other side of the ridge. Patience ran as short as the time while we waited.

"Come on, Herman! Let's get the heck out of here!"  
"Forget you, I'm taking my time."

Anger rose, but a few minutes later we left the camp together. I turned my head frequently to glimpse the darkening mass behind us and to gauge its progress. It seemed to move like a huge, strangely quiet catapillar tread, rolling under as it came, swallowing the valley floor in its disconcertingly steady procession. Below my feet the heavy-Alpine grass thinned on the rocky soil, finally at the base of the ridge itself, disappearing wholly into a slate talus slope. The first light rains hit us then, and as we climbed our feet slipped again and again on the wetness, sending cascades of pebbles down the side of the ridge. It came heavier, driven by a wind which whistled a strange mournful concert through the supports of my back pack. Now, carefully kicking steps into the slate chips, our progress slowed, and the process became tiring and tedious. Rain dripped from my safety helmet unto my forehead and eyes, dangerously blurring my vision. Several times I cursed vehemently when my foot slipped, bulldozing a torrent of gray gravel down the slope; twice I nearly went with it.

Climbing slowly upwards, we were suddenly out of the storm and solidarity rose beneath our boots. As a patrol we moved up onto the exfoliated shale crest of the ridge. The wind blew cold and clean against our faces and we rested there at the top for a moment. Behind and below us the oppressive gray storm clouds seemed changed; they were now just a valley full of obese whiteness, something to scorn rather than fear, for I suddenly realized that while we could climb over the enclosing ridges, the clouds were huge cumbersome animals, condemned by the flickering rays of the morning sun. Outward Bound had taught another lesson, vague now as I look back, but strangely real on a valley wall.

Note: We had camped at about 11,000 feet up Rock Creek from Elko Park. That morning we proceeded up the valley (Snowmass Mountain Quadrangle) and crossed the ridge just northwest of Cinnamon Mountain. We then went through Yule Pass, down to Thompson Flat, climbed Treasure at the suggestion of our instructor who we met at T.F., went to Marble via Whitehouse, and back to the school. We got in about 9:00 p.m. (the last patrol in) and were all pretty happy about our final.

#### WILLIAM COOK VICTIM OF PLANE CRASH

The following letter was received at the Colorado School from John S. Cook, C-6:  
"It is with deep sorrow that I announce to you the death of my brother, William M. Cook. He was killed in the crash of a C-121 Pickett plane out of Otis Air Force Base, Mass., around 6 p.m. on April 25, 1967. His rank was airman first class.

He attended OUTWARD BOUND School with me in the summer of 1963, from August to September (C-6).

Bill's position was a radar specialist. He was a true Outward Bounder"

The many friends the Cook brothers made in Colorado share in this sorrow and great loss.

#### STAN DARDEN KILLED IN AUTO ACCIDENT

An outstanding student at the Colorado OUTWARD BOUND School on C-7, Stan Darden lost his life in an automobile accident during spring vacation of last year. He was a forestry major at Syracuse University, and his best friend wrote that "Many of his OUTWARD BOUND experiences led to Stan's decision to study forestry and conservation, and I am sure that he would have been a great credit to the school if he had lived and been able to carry through with the government service that he had planned." Stan's many friends at COBS will be saddened by his death but inspired by the memory of his response to the challenge of OUTWARD BOUND.

#### NAT STEPHENS GIVES LIFE IN VIET NAM

Nathaniel Stephens, C-14, enlisted in the Marine Corps in August, 1966, was sent to Viet Nam March 1, 1967, and was killed on April 25, 1967, in the service of his country. Nat was a rare blend of courage and sensitivity and was a great loss to the world and time in which he lived. He was an inspiration to all whose lives he touched.

#### COBS STAFF NEWS

DAVE COUGHLIN (instructor 1964), still teaching and coaching at Hotchkiss School, has just gotten off crutches - the result of a soccer injury. Dave was a Watch Officer at HIOBS for two courses last summer and, after eight courses as an instructor, went on solo himself - three days and nights on his own island.

JOHN EVANS (instructor 1967) and Laura Spencer Belknap were married in Boulder City, Nevada, on the 29th December.

A June, 1967, graduate of the University of Colorado School of Medicine, ROBERT MACSALKA (1965) is interning at St. Luke's Hospital in Denver.

Deputy Director for The Experiment in International Living, Washington, D.C., ROGER NICHOLSON (1964-1965) and his wife, Joan, are parents of a daughter, Wendy Fraser, born May, 1967.

DICK POWNALL, assistant director in charge of mountaineering instruction and staff training in 1967, has returned to Lakewood High School as a counselor.

GEORGE SEFFERT (1965-1966) spent the summer in Nazareth building a workshop for a school.

#### COBS INSTRUCTOR JOHN EVANS ON ANTARCTICA FIRST ASCENT

A notable first ascent was made by a ten-member American team when they reached the summit of the Vinson Massif (16,860) in the Ellsworth Mountains of Antarctica, the highest known peak on that continent. The team included John Evans, COBS instructor.

Sponsored by the American Alpine Club, National Geographic Society, and National Science Foundation, an article appeared in the June, 1967, National Geographic.

The expedition was airlifted to the foothills of the massif on December 10, 1966, where a base camp was established. The summit was reached December 21. The expedition also succeeded in placing members on Mt. Tyree (16,300 feet), Antarctica's second highest peak, as well as on Mt. Gardner and Mt. Shinn.

#### THE DIAMOND - EAST FACE OF LONG'S PEAK Kamps-Rearick Route Buena Vista, Colorado, 23 July 1967 by John Evans

Terry Burnell and I had been planning to drive to the Tetons to do the N. Face of the Grand during our week's vacation from the Colorado OUTWARD BOUND School. Since our vacation started July 17th and since I had a date with Loie in Buena Vista on her day off on the 20th, Terry and I realized we wouldn't have time to get to the Tetons.

We were sitting in the Elk Horn in Lake City on Friday night, July 14, trying to decide where to go instead. Someone suggested Shiprock, then the Crestone Needles, then Hallett's Peak, and finally I suggested maybe we do an East Face route on Long's Peak in the hopes of learning the descent route in case we got a chance to do the Diamond at the end of the summer. We then proposed also doing the first few pitches of the Kamps-Rearick route to see what it was like. Then Terry came up with the bombshell: "Why don't we just climb the Diamond and get it over with?" I agreed that this would save weeks of apprehension but pointed out that the Diamond didn't somehow seem the sort of thing one should do for the first climb of the season. Terry countered with a not-very-convincing, "But you know the level of climbs you've done ..."

With that we walked up the street in the rain to find Steve Miller who had backed off the climb after 3 pitches with Dick McCracken last year. Got a rough topo and an enthusiastic commentary from Steven, then returned to the bar and phoned the Estes Park HQ and the Long's Peak Ranger Station. After a short conversation with Ranger Don Bachman we got the go-ahead. The plan was to drive from Lake City to Long's on Monday the 17th, hike up to Chasm Lake that night, start the climb early the next morning in hopes of bivouacking on Table Ledge Tuesday night, finishing the climb Wednesday, and me hoping to get back to Buena Vista by 6 a.m. Thursday to go horseback riding with Lo. Art Agatsuma and Larry Campbell were to be our support party, joined subsequently by Dick Ziegenbein, and backed up (??) by Art Mears and Andy Lichtman in Boulder. The problem of how to get this entourage to Long's was solved the day before our EDT by Gary Templin who donated the COBS power wagon for the cause.

Monday dawned rainy and after the students left we worked until noon getting the gear readied for the next course. Terry and Art left with Art in his fastmoving station wagon as they needed to pick up gear at Holubar's in Boulder before the store closed. Larry left shortly thereafter in the power wagon with Dick and I left solo by VW loudly proclaiming the fact that the muffler had been knocked apart in a recent stream-crossing. Our rendezvous was to be Tulagi's in Boulder.

It was about 6:45 p.m. and clearing when I roared into Boulder and parked by Tulagi's. I was met by Art Mears who led me to the new rendezvous point at the Sink. They had made it to Holubar's just at closing, got their stuff, and Terry had got an iron list by phoning Layton Kor who had said at first and then recanted, "Better take along some ice pitons for the bad rock at the top." I still don't know whether he was kidding or not.) After a hamburger and beer at the Sink, Terry and I decided we had better head for Long's to get checked out before the Ranger Station closed at 10. Agatsuma was to continue drinking until the power wagon showed up and then catch up with us at the station. As we roared out of town Terry remarked that it was good to be getting back on a "big and nasty" again. No comment.

Arrived at Estes Park in weather about as spectacularly ominous as any I can remember. Muttered something about being "saved" but decided to go through the motions anyway. Met Bachman and Wayne Fraley at the Ranger Station and Bachman's remarks on the Kamps-Rearick route were anything but encouraging, e.g., "--party on the Yellow Wall last weekend reported they were splashed by water coming down D-1 and hitting the ramp." I kinda' wanted to switch and do a Yellow Wall route but didn't want to let on I hadn't known the Kamps-Rearick (D-1) was so fearful. Besides, with the weather still so stormy and the power wagon with our gear and support party still not on the scene at 11 p.m. I figured our bluff wouldn't be called at all. We sacked out by the parking lot before midnight in a light rain, and I remember feeling very slightly regretful that we wouldn't get a chance to have the very moving physical-emotional experience we had been working up to.

The power wagon showed up shortly after midnight; they hadn't showed up at Tulagi's

until 10:30; but Art seemed in very good shape considering his long wait in the bar. Since it was raining, we decided there was no point in going on so they sacked out in and under the truck.

I awoke again at 3:45 to the appalling realization that the sky was clear, forced myself up, awoke Terry and the supporters, and we moved all our gear into the lighted john for sorting and packing. Had some cookies and milk, and started up the trail at 6:30.

Took a couple of hours to get to Chasm Lake where we rested briefly; the support party left their stuff and repacked our gear in their packs for the haul to Broadway. Stepping off a snowfield onto talus just above the lake, I dislodged the largest boulder I had ever kicked off. Fortunately everyone was above me by Ziegenbein, who was well out on the snow and away from the fall line.

Only Art and Larry were to go with us to Broadway, and leaving Ziegy behind we kicked steps in the snow up to the Northwest Chimney, which we climbed unroped in steep snow up the lower half, and roped up for some of the rock above. Terry did a steep and not easy lead for 30 feet and I did an easy 50 feet to Broadway. Art and Larry rappelled from below these after we hauled up the packs. By the time we got to the base of the climb it was 1 p.m.

I grabbed the first pitch, which is minimum 5th, kicked off one large block about halfway up; fortunately Art and Larry were out of the chimney by then. Hauled up the day pack hand over hand and belayed Terry who carried up the hauling bag and led through. I noted him going very slowly when about 50 feet above me and was somewhat surprised, as the going didn't look that bad. Finally he reached a stance just beneath the first arching roof and I followed with a pack and most of the hardware. I quickly learned a respect for that pitch. Terry had gone way out on steep 5.7 and finally above his first pin I asked him to haul the pack I was carrying as I could hardly make the moves. Got hung up for a long time trying to bypass a very hard place in an inside corner and finally joined Terry on his ledge, but only after he had helped me with lots of tension.

Not overly encouraged, I broke out aid slings and started up the arch. It was very awkward and strenuous and dripping with icy water which quickly soaked into my down sweater. Tried to bypass a pin by utilizing a fist-sized horn about 20 feet up, and sure enough, when I was high in my stirrups banging in another pin the knob broke off, dropping me about 10 feet. Didn't get banged up at all, but I didn't have a swami and my waist bowline (one-a-coil) really squeezed me. Went back and drove the daylight out of all the pins.

At the top of the arch is a large block which Steve had warned was very loose and dangerous. I tapped on the piton he had left beneath it and sure enough, the block groaned ominously. From this position on the sloping ledge I was pretty sure it would get me if it came off, and I really sweated out a way round it. Finally used one of Terry's jam nuts below the block but high on the left side. Another 15 feet took me to a large ledge with grass and a huge block, and I set up a belay and foot-hauled up the loads as Terry cleaned on prussik.

It was about 5 or 6 o'clock when he joined me and we decided we'd probably have to bivouac where we were - a long way from our goal of 7 pitches. Terry led out to fix the next pitch which included the "second roof" - six-foot ceiling passed by a crack on its left edge. The pitch took a long time and I got cold on belay. He finally surmounted the roof, anchored to a couple bomb-proof pins, and rappelled down as I began cleaning on prussik. We had no trouble rappelling to our ledge and the pitch above was less than vertical so a retreat should be easy at least from as far up as 5 pitches. It was about dark when we prepared our rather uncomfortable bivouac, brewed tea, and ate cheese and salami. We were getting a bit of spray from time to time from very high on the wall, and a bit of sleet from a thunderhead above. We

had both parkas and sleeping bags and were quite warm.

The morning dawned clear, and after another brew of tea and some tidbits of various kinds we got back to work. I had the brainstorm that maybe I could prussik to the high point and just continue to the ramp (pitch 5) with Terry belaying on the bivouac ledge. This pitch involved nailing a wide grassy crack and went slowly as usual. And sure enough, I ran out of rope 20 feet below the ramp, so brought Terry up to where he should have been at the top of pitch 4 and then nailed up to the ramp.

As the route description had said, the ramp was "eminently unsuited for a bivouac" as it sloped drastically outward, and the only decent stance was at the right end. It was about 10 a.m. and very hot in the sun. Terry cleaned slowly as I had been overdriving badly, and it was after 11 by the time he was ready to lead.

The 6th pitch begins the real overhanging section and starts overhanging drastically right at the ramp. Terry took a couple hours in running out less than half the rope, then suggested I come up for a look. Somewhat taken aback, I lowered him down to me and we traded ends of the rope. I cleaned upward to gain pins and carabiners. The pitch was fairly hard, but I had no real problem pushing on to the end at a belay bolt, and we decided I would lead the artificial for expedience. It was already abundantly apparent that we were in for another night on the wall, which bothered me only because I would miss my date with Lo and because we were nearly out of water. Terry cleaned up, anchored, and I started up Pitch #7.

The wall continued overhanging as far ahead as I could see (a few hundred feet), and it was necessary to switch around in the multiple crack we were climbing. In spots the rock was quite decomposed and driving pins often brought a rain of sand into the eyes. Many pins were in deep, flaring cracks and placing them was very costly in terms of skin on the knuckles. As I placed a 1/2 angle deep in one such rotten crack I called down to Terry that he would probably never get that one out. Sure enough, as soon as I got high in my stirrups it popped, dropping me this time nearly 20 feet. I was surprised to fall so far as my very next pin picked me up, and once again my waist line tightened very uncomfortably. Terry said he'd just got the belay rope clipped into his waist line when I fell.

The 7th pitch ended at a flat ledge (7 feet long by 22 inches wide, according to the description) with a belay bolt. I tied off the prussik line and hauled up the bags as Terry cleaned. Once again the bags hung free from the wall all the way up.

While driving pins to anchor our bivouac I whapped the tip of my left middle finger with my hammer, causing such pain the blood rushed from my head and I quickly lay down on the ledge to keep from going faint. I wanted to howl like a banshee but didn't want to alarm Terry who was still far below, so for some reason I groaned "Oh, my! I wish I hadn't done that!" (Figure that one out, gentle reader!)

It was about 7 p.m. when Terry reached the ledge. We could see the bolt for the end of pitch #8 only about a hundred feet above, but decided against trying to fix the pitch as this one was supposed to be the hardest nailing on the route, and I didn't want to get caught on A 4 pins in the dark. We rigged a loost spider web so we could sleep partly on and partly off our ledge, and settled in for the night. Had a brew of tea, a bit more salami and cheese, and a can of chicken which was left on the ramp by either Kamps and Rearick or Robbins and Kor in 1964. We had picked up some sardines there, too, but for the most part we were too thirsty to have much interest in food. We contemplated longingly a smashed Hamm's beer can which had been left on our ledge, certainly by Robbins and Kor.

A beautiful sunset faded into a clear night with a good moon. We could see the tantalizing lights of several towns below and our

ledge was one of the most spectacular bivouacs I have ever seen. I remember having to force myself to notice how marvelous and moving our situation was; having to force myself because it was hard to ignore the thirst which already was beginning to grow. Furthermore, we were getting spray from above and also my damn finger hurt. Made mental notes of the beauty for future reference and fell asleep contemplating alternately the date I'd be missing and the A 4 above. Not much sleep again.

Awoke to clear skies and watched the sun rise and bring its welcome warmth. A skin of ice had formed over my sleeping bag, and I tried to get some fluid by scraping it into a cup and melting it with my breath. Terry awoke and we made a small brew with what was left of our water-saving, only a couple of ounces - just in case. Got organized and started up; Terry was softly singing "Born Free."

Headed for an old pin about 12 feet left and above our ledge. Knocked off a grapefruit-sized rock on the way, shouted "Rock" as loudly as I could, and was surprised to hear an "O.K." follow from far below. Looking down we could see the red parkas of a couple of climbers in the Northwest Chimney heading - as we saw presently - for D 7 on the Yellow Wall. I found that by Micky-Mousing around in the multiple decomposed cracks I could get in good pins, but since each one always seemed to look like the last good one I'd be able to place, I overdrove them all - ending up with a system that probably would have held anything. Same story - belayed from the bolt, hauled the bags, and Terry cleaned on prussik. The belay bolt was only 10 feet left of a substantial water drip, and I remember licking my lips longingly as I waited for Terry.

After 15 feet on the 9th pitch I reached a tiny ledge and fumblingly negotiated the incredibly airy 10-foot traverse left. Here I was able to catch a few drops of water from a far-too-slow drip before nailing up away from the water. More overhang but better rock here; I overdrove the pins anyway, admitting finally to myself that I was not as young and/or brave as I used to be. Terry kept calling up to see if the wall was beginning to lay back yet, but the overhang swept upward as far as I could see. When I finally spied the next bolt it was 50 feet above me and at first Terry told me I had only 25 feet of rope left. Kept going and over-driving, however, and finally reached the bolt. Again the tantalizing drip was a few feet out of reach.

Fifteen feet up on the 10th pitch I found an old pin, then another leading right into the dripping chimney. A few more rounds of "Born Free" from below and a few tens of feet of mixed 5th class and aid in the dripping slot brought me to a flat block where I ended the pitch and busily wrang moldy water out of the dripping moss into my mouth.

Above me the dripping slot looked really messy, but 5th class, and I had no qualms about offering it to Terry. He didn't look particularly eager but after drinking a cup of water I had collected from a drip he started up. A huge block he climbed for 20 feet turned out to be loose, then a protection pin got him around a corner where he saw to his dismay that the chimney above was filled with ice. He flailed away with his piton hammer, bashing steps between ice and rock, remarking appropriately about the cold and wet. I had put on gloves for the first time and my downy sweater and ear brassiere and still was cold and wet as his ice chunks clattered down around me.

Presently he gained a large chock-stone, and I could hear him driving iron. The rope ran out very slowly but soon he called down, "Thirty more feet and we're up!" I was elated and cheated by doing some premature organizing of loads while shivering on belay. When the excited cry, "Off belay," echoed down I was nearly ready to start up. The packs wouldn't haul well in the slot, and I kept worrying them along as I prussiked. I also got thoroughly wet coming up but the exertion kept me warm. Shook Terry's hand enthusiastically at about ten after seven, and we spent about half an hour pulling anchors, coiling ropes, packing loads, etc.

Terry had remarked earlier that he thought this climb harder than Half Dome, and we agreed that we could understand why it hasn't been done more often - although with the confidence bred by familiarity I wouldn't mind doing the whole thing again.

Noticed a nice primrose at the top of the icy slot, as we moved out, then noticed that the altitude and heavy packs made us go very slowly. Found a good trickle for an icy drink, and we slogged the final steps to the summit arriving at about 8 p.m. It was raining in the distance on all sides of us, but except for some sleet that had come earlier during Terry's lead we had no precipitation ourselves. Made an abortive start down a foolish and hopeless way, then back to the summit to follow the Keyhole route.

Beautiful late sunset and alpenglow, marred slightly by a few minutes of sleet. We hurried to get as far down as possible while it was still light enough to follow the markers. Reached the Keyhole just at dark and saw a fire far below in the boulder field. Yodelled loudly and received an answering shout from our friends, who had just left after deciding we must have descended another way. They returned, took our loads, and led us down the interminable trail to the Ranger Station, which we reached at about 12:15. My hands were so sore and swollen that Art had to help me with my knicker buckles, and changing from my climbing clothes into just ordinarily dirty clothes was a real ordeal. A face and hand wash and we headed for an all-night cafe in Estes Park for some welcome sustenance. Almost too tired to eat.

The others took off about 2 a.m. for Denver and I alone in my VW to reach Buena Vista the next day for a belated reunion with Loie.



#### SUMMER PROGRAM 1967 AT COBS

In the summer of 1967 students came to COBS from 40 states and Canada. Nearly 50% had full scholarships and 15% were on partial scholarships. Over 60% were from public schools; 11% from private schools; 9% were college students; and 5% came from youth institutions. On the five courses, and the one course for girls, 464 were enrolled, more than ever before.

An experienced instructor was with each patrol in the first course. Ten new staff members were selected from more than 70 applicants. Their experiences had taken them from Antarctica to Mount Everest, from Mount McKinley to Mount Kenya and the Andes. By the end of summer nine more were added to the staff.

The school site was the base for courses not only in the Snowmass area but for units from the Gore Range to the Sangre de Cristo Mountains. Assistant Director Gary Templin directed the program in the San Juan Mountains. Based on Lake City, it became a second school in fact with over 120 students.

Mobile patrols under the direction of Richard Pownall, an Everest climber, mountain guide, counselor and teacher, traveled from the north end of the Gore Range south to Independence Pass and to Marble with some groups covering 250 miles. This achievement was in turn surpassed by a mobile unit on the last course led by Austin Dempsey, senior instructor in charge of leadership training, which started at the Sand Dunes in the Sangre de Cristo Range and covered nearly 300 miles through three mountain ranges. A 13-mile marathon and a 22-mile marathon were run.

Final expedition groups were mixed to create as heterogeneous grouping as possible, cutting across patrols, ability levels and temperaments. A challenge in human relationships, it proved highly successful. The record routes of past years were not broken, but the routes completed were most impressive. The strong brought the weak up to their level of

performance with the leadership pattern totally unstructured and no one appointed to take over. New patterns of leadership emerged including one boy who had desperately sought to go home earlier. The average level of performance far exceeded anything achieved before.

#### Leadership Courses

With other organizations looking to OUTWARD BOUND for advice, programs, and staff, special courses were developed for older students to experiment with new experiences and approaches to bring out qualities important to leadership.

Austin Dempsey, an instructor with considerable experience in training adults, was chosen to develop and run the courses. On the first course he had a patrol of college students who had applied for jobs as sherpas or instructors; on the second there were 8 teachers and youth workers, either job applicants or men in organizations interested in incorporation OUTWARD BOUND into their programs. On the last course 18 college students were grouped into two patrols and trained on the dramatic expedition from the Sand Dunes in the Sangre de Cristo Mountains back to Marble.

#### COBS IN THE MAINSTREAM OF AMERICA

The Colorado school has developed a number of experimental programs. The first was with Job Corps in 1966. A promising pilot project was run, but because of internal problems within Job Corps the program was never adopted. Currently there are three projects underway to integrate OUTWARD BOUND concepts into an educational curriculum, two in public schools and one in a liberal arts college.

In Adams City High School the emphasis is on motivation, where "Dare to Care" is attempting to incorporate "action-oriented education" into the curriculum. Most of the activities tested during the planning phase, such as mountaineering, drownproof swimming,

The project in East Denver High School is aimed at student leadership and is led by 25 students and 5 teachers who went through COBS during the summer. An instructor from OUTWARD BOUND has been assigned to the school as a full-time consultant with other COBS staff providing program planning and coordinating. The program was introduced through the Aufsteigers, the high school mountaineering club. Training is after school and on week ends, and planning is underway for service involvement, fund-raising, and a trip to Mexico combining service with adventure. Several members ran in the Aspen marathon this fall, and the ROTC is preparing a team for search and rescue operations.

Prescott College, a new liberal arts college and the first in Arizona, unfettered by tradition, is boldly experimenting with new approaches to education. They see OUTWARD BOUND as an opportunity to bring together the physical and psychological dimensions of growth with the intellectual. A program to include rock climbing, camping, boating, marathon running, survival, solo, skin diving, and an anthropological field trip into remote Navajo country, is being run by an experienced OUTWARD BOUND instructor with the COBS director as consultant. Expeditions into the Grand Canyon, to the Gulf of California, to the volcanoes of Mexico are scheduled.

#### THE GIRLS' COURSE AT COBS

1967 found COBS starting a girls' course run by Jim Stuckey, the new administrative assistant of the school, with Barbara Stuckey, his wife, and Theresa Overfield, a registered nurse and mountaineer, as instructors. Two graduates from the Minnesota OUTWARD BOUND School girls' course, May Coors and Jennie Chappell, were assistants. There were 16 students, and the group was unusually homogeneous, by OUTWARD BOUND standards, all from Denver area except for one girl from New Orleans. Most were student leaders attracted by the outdoor programs that had been started in their high schools.

The girls went through a course basically similar to the boys. Lightweight equipment reduced their loads. On the final expedition, returning to the school through the Snowmass Wilderness Area, two groups got off route and became rock-rimmed. In a very real situation of stress they showed discipline, composure, and endurance. They were somewhat redeemed by the fact that a boys' group went astray in the same country.

