

We cannot trust the bastards
No matter what their stripe!

Wild or modest, sweet or sour
They never fail to gripe!!

My rhyme has failed,
My vision paled,
I won't be strafed or Holy Grailed!!! Or to the
GROUPTHINK Cross be nailed!
Enough—enough; you understand!
A few things left are truly GRAND!!

—AA

The Bearded Bard

Although Tom Jukes was dedicated to California and the Sierra, he spent many years on the East Coast during and after WWII. Many California mountaineers in the 1940s and '50s showed up on his doorstep for one reason or another, be it graduate study or passing through on the way to Europe. All of us will remember the warm welcome and hospitality that he and Marguerite offered, no matter the time of day or night.

ROBIN HANSEN

PAUL KIESOW PETZOLDT
1908-1999

Legendary mountaineer, educator and conservationist Paul Kiesow Petzoldt died in Maine on October 6.

From the moment of his birth on January 16, 1908, Paul's character was forged on an anvil of resourceful poverty with a view. He was the youngest of nine children on an Iowa homestead; lost his father, Charles, to diphtheria in 1911; accompanied his mother, Emma, on the family trek to the promise of farming in the Magic Valley in Idaho; and endured the consequent lack of financial security that dogged them.

Paul was pretty much self-supporting by 1923 when, at the age of 15, he rode the rails across the country and back. At 16, he found his true destiny during an ill-conceived yet successful ascent of the Grand Teton in Jackson's Hole, WY. His was only the fourth or fifth ascent of the peak. He loved to tell this story, and does so in his 1995 book, *Teton Tales*. His appetite for mountain adventure was irrevocably whetted by an experience that might have put most people off climbing for life. "If hypothermia'd been in the dictionary we'd've died of it," Petzoldt said.

When I met Paul in 1967 at the National Outdoor Leadership School, I was 21, which was about Paul's age when the Tetons became part of Grand Teton National Park in 1929 and he officially established his American School of Mountaineering. He'd already been guiding and exploring the Tetons for five years, honing his skills and creating climbing systems still in use today (voice signals, sliding middleman [a snow-climbing belay system], rhythmic breathing and other practical innovations.) He trained Glenn Exum, three years his junior, to guide and

made him a partner in his little business, renaming it the Petzoldt-Exum Climbing School in 1932. He turned the concession over to Exum in 1955. It continues today under the Exum name.

In the years before WWII, Paul pioneered numerous, now classic routes in the Tetons, Wind River Range, Sawtooths and in Columbia's Sierra Nevada de Santa Marta. Many were made with clients, his brothers or his first wife, Bernice, in tow. Despite his proclamation that "there are no old bold climbers," Paul's solo first ascent of Mount Owen's Northeast Snowfields in 1934 still has climbers in awe of his boldness. His first ascent of the Grand Teton's North Face (1936, with Eldon "Curly" Petzoldt and Jack Durrance), and first winter ascent of the Grand (1935, with Curly and Fred Brown) are two other remarkable feats among many. In 1934, Paul and a partner made the (British) *Alpine Journal* by climbing the Matterhorn from Switzerland to Italy and back in the same day.

Paul always felt gratified to have been selected to fill a last-minute vacancy on the elite 1938 American K2 expedition. He reached a record altitude of the time—higher than 26,000 feet—without auxiliary oxygen as he and his team reconnoitered the route that would be used for the first ascent in 1954 by Italians.

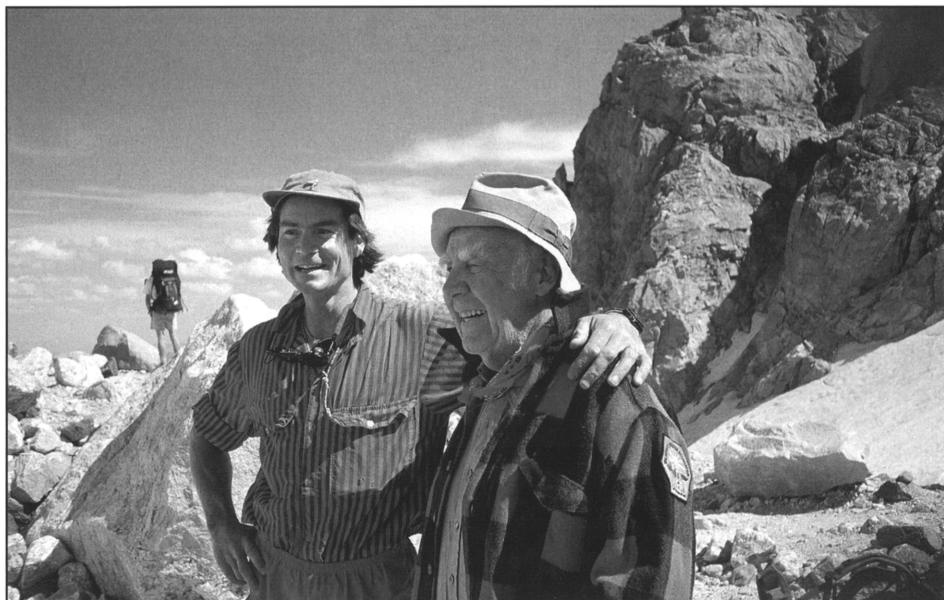
Paul often was called upon for rescues in the early days, notably for the parachutist stranded in 1941 on the summit of Devils Tower, and the crash of the New Tribes Mission plane on Mount Moran in November, 1950. When the U.S. entered the war, he joined and helped train the Army's 10th Mountain Division ski and mountaineering troops.

Paul was a pragmatic genius, iconoclast and humanitarian, though few could venture to be as self-promoting as he. His controversial annual New Year's attempts on the Grand with students were both adventurous and great advertising for his fledgling school.

Accompanying Paul on his 50th, 60th, and 70th anniversary climbs of the Grand Teton taught me more about spirit than I knew existed. On his last successful ascent in 1984, he took a new-fangled camming device from my hand and placed it himself for the belay with obvious satisfaction. On the 1994 climb, his claims to have turned around out of his own good judgment (as quoted by Ray Ringholtz in her 1998 biography *On Belay*) are not exactly accurate. He was ready to go on as long as any of us dared. It was only his crew's desire not to become the people who killed Paul Petzoldt that put the kibosh on that climb at 11,000 feet, at the base of the fixed ropes just below the Lower Saddle.

Now I'm in my 50s, about the age Paul was in 1965 when he started the National Outdoor Leadership School in the Wind River Range of Wyoming. I'm dreaming of retirement and travel, but his dream was bold. In creating NOLS, Paul tapped a universal desire for adventure and communion with wild nature. Maybe because of his own youthful successes, he taught and then trusted us kids to do the most amazing things: climb mountains, ford rivers, plan long trips to unknown places and survive in style while leaving no trace. Because of Paul, NOLS graduates are stronger, braver, kinder and more conscious. His students and their students and offspring number tens of thousands now and Paul's philosophy of expedition behavior, planning and pacing ripples outward into the 21st century and beyond, where his legacy will endure.

Paul tried many things in his life, and some of his failures were subjects of his stories. Others were not. Gambling and golfing for money and wagons of bootleg whiskey, drinking, fighting and smoking were not beneath him. A student at the universities of Idaho, Wyoming and Utah, he never finished a degree, but gladly adopted the title "Doctor" when it was awarded him by Kansas State University in the early 1970s and later by Unity College, Maine. His capitalist ventures in sheep herding, alfalfa farming, used car sales, real estate and outdoor equipment were not his most successful. And he had some choice words about the folks who



Teton climbing pioneers Alex Lowe and Paul Petzoldt in Garnet Canyon, Grand Teton National Park, Wyoming, in 1994. Lowe and Petzoldt died within two days of each other in October, 1999.

NANCY WISE CARSON

ousted him from NOLS in 1976, his beloved school lost to him until Jim Ratz reconciled them for NOLS' 20th anniversary in 1985. It does often happen that the innovator has to step aside and let the next generation take charge, though I wish he could have stayed at NOLS' helm where he belonged and been spared the bitterness. But Paul was indomitable. He went on to create the Wilderness Education Association to train and certify outdoor leaders countrywide and was three years into the Paul Petzoldt Outdoor Leadership School to instruct Raymond, Maine, school kids at the time of his death.

Paul always warned us not to "pick a lemon in the garden of love," but now I see he considered himself one. Paul's first three marriages (to Bernice Patricia McGarrity, who wrote his first biography *On Top of the World* in 1953, Dorothy Dewhurst Reed and Joan Brodbeck) ended in divorce. His fourth wife, however, made lemonade. How grateful all Paul's "kids" are to Virginia Stroud Pyle (Ginnie) for treasuring and encouraging Paul during the last decades of his life and gamely accompanying him to the ends of the earth. And to Kelly Munson, who at the age of 21 became Paul's final protege and director of his ambitious Maine project. While he was dying of prostate cancer in a nursing home, Paul was lovingly attended by his beautiful old Ginnie, who came to feed and comfort him every meal, and beautiful young Kelly, who used the interims for Robert Service poetry and foot rubs. Add the visits from his friends, many of whom had celebrated his glorious 90th birthday with him in the Tetons in 1998, and one can certainly say he went out in style.

Paul was inducted into the Explorers' Club, was a recipient of the Eddie Bauer Award for conservation, and was posthumously elected as an honorary member of the AAC. He was honored as a senior guide by the American Mountain Guides Association shortly before his death. He wrote *The Wilderness Handbook* in 1974 and *Petzoldt's Teton Trails* in 1976. He received numerous conservation awards, was in *Who's Who in America 1967-1968*, was honored with

the Banquet of the Golden Plate Award from the American Academy of Achievement and the Conservation Award from the Department of Interior, among other honors.

Even though Paul was no angel, I can imagine a future when a religion of the outdoors arises in recognition of the holiness of the earth's remaining wildness. Paul will surely be one of its saints. He devoted his life to exploring and treasuring the wild and getting people and wilderness together without harm to either and to the benefit of all.

NANCY WISE CARSON

HAROLD L. PINSCH

1917-1999

The mountain rescue community, and in particular Olympic Mountain Rescue (OMR), lost a strong advocate and well-respected friend with the passing of Harold on August 30. Harold was a really unique person; no one but he would become interested in mountaineering and sign up for formal training in such madness at the age of 45. In spite of being a bit long of tooth at the start, he quickly made up for lost time, compiling an excellent climbing record and providing a major contribution to the Northwest mountain rescue scene for a span of roughly 20 years.

It didn't take long for Harold to jump square into the climbing scene, and he was equally enamored with the separate joys provided by either rock or snow. While his home range, the Olympic Mountains of Washington, drew much of his attention, his adventuresome nature took him to places like the Sawtooth Range in Idaho, the Tetons and Wind River ranges of Wyoming, the Selkirks and the Purcells in Canada and Mt. Shasta in California. His first love was obviously the Sawtooth Range, as he returned to that majestic area time after time, accompanied by his wife and an ever-changing assortment of climbing associates. He accomplished a number of first ascents, mostly in the Olympics, and there are not-so-fond memories of brush crashes in the rain while trying to reach some of these places. His most notable ascents were undoubtedly his pioneering work in the Valhallas (a hard to reach sub-range in the Olympics) and the difficult *Ptarmigan Ridge* route on Mt. Rainier.

His love for climbing also extended to the teaching of others. He returned to his climbing "roots" at Olympic College, where he was an instructor in the Winter and Intermediate Climbing classes for several years and drilled into legions of budding climbers the fear of wearing wet blue jeans and hypothermia. He was a longstanding member of both the AAC and The Mountaineers. However, I believe that his finest hours were achieved in the mountain rescue forum.

My first recollection of Harold was "this old guy" sitting in the front row at one of our OMR meetings. In those years long past, everyone past 30 looked old, and at 45, Harold seemed ancient. However, it didn't take long for me to realize that this guy was going to be a force in the unit. At one time or another he probably held every office in OMR and was on the main team in regard to actually participating in rescues. I will never forget the call from Harold at 2 o'clock one morning as he, in quick order, sang reveille and then invited me on another middle-of-the-night mission.

However, his big contributions were the two terms he served as OMR Chairman and his work in both the Washington Mountain Rescue Association and the Mountain Rescue Association (MRA). Harold was quite a visionary and on his watch catalyzed the Unit into embarking on some really interesting actions. Included were: purchase of the Unit's first truck, joint practices with Olympic National Park, establishment of OMR as a United Way