

boots and legs. Eventually, he realized that something was wrong with the landmarks and decided to climb up to a ridge top to get oriented again.

Dorsey gained the ridge, located himself, and decided it would be wiser to go back down and head in the direction of Grand Lake. Before leaving, he dug in for the night and spent much of his time massaging his legs and feet.

On December 18, Dorsey headed down. Due to his injured knee, deep snow and sapped energy, the going was very slow and he ended up digging in for his third night without food, fire or liquids. On December 19, he continued out, finally reaching the trailhead about 1600. Here he was helped at a private residence and was able to call the Park personnel who, by that time, had called in 70 rescuers and had spent 818 hours on the project. (Source: Charlie Logan, Rocky Mountain National Park)

Analysis

Although Dorsey made some serious mistakes from the very beginning, he managed to keep and use his wits to save his life—and limbs. He claims that matches, compass and other basic essentials will not be overlooked again. (Source: Charlie Logan, Rocky Mountain National Park)

(Editor's Note: There were undoubtedly other accidents elsewhere in Colorado last year. We are trying to get more comprehensive data from these areas and would welcome help, ideas and contacts.)

It is worth noting that I received some reports of hiking accidents in Rocky Mountain National Park which resulted in one death and one serious injury. The fatality was a 12-year-old boy who, after seeing a mountaineering slide show, became "almost obsessed with the desire to climb a mountain and slide a snow field," according to his parents. He became separated from his family on a hike to Flattop Mountain; his body was found two weeks later at the bottom of a couloir west of Emerald Lake.

The serious injury involved a 19-year-old female who was with four friends when they decided to slide down a snow field on Fall Mountain. She lost control and broke her leg when she slid into the rocks.

Helping hikers understand the speed with which a walk or a "fun" slide can turn into a mountaineering situation requiring another level of skill remains a challenge.)

FROSTBITE, HYPOTHERMIA, BAD WEATHER, EXPOSURE, LOST, INADEQUATE EQUIPMENT

New Hampshire, Mount Washington

On January 22, 1982, Jeffrey Batzer (20) and Hugh Herr (17) arrived at Pinkham Notch; immediately after checking in, they started up the steep, three-mile trail to Harvard Cabin, a two-room structure of logs chinked with oakum just below Huntington Ravine. Batzer, an apprentice in tool-and-die making, and Herr, a high school junior, were ardent ice climbers.

The young men practiced constantly on the frozen falls around Lancaster (Pennsylvania) and Batzer, a wiry 123 pounds, worked out every day with weights. They had been to Mount Washington before. This time they came to climb Odell's Gully in Huntington Ravine.

They started early the next morning, virtually scampering 310 meters up the frozen gully, and reached the top in about 90 minutes. Then, although it was snowing heavily and the plan they had left behind called for them to descend by way of a ridge called the Lion's Head, which separates the two ravines as a nose does the eyes, they decided to leave behind the weight of their overnight bivouac gear and make a dash for the summit, about 500 meters above them. Meanwhile, the snowfall grew heavier.

For the next three days, as the cold deepened and the winds lifted above 225 kph, neither they nor anyone else knew where they were. They had stopped short of the summit and had begun to descend, but the wind had blown them off course. They had left their compass behind with their overnight gear. As they tried to follow a winding and partly hidden stream downhill, Herr fell in twice. Although Batzer managed to pull him out and gave him a pair of his own dry wool pants, Herr's lower legs began to freeze. They spent that night and the next two nights in a cocoon of cut spruce branches in the shelter of a large rock, legs locked together, hugging each other for warmth.

When the two did not return to the cabin that night, Matt Pierce, Harvard Cabin's caretaker, radioed the Mountain Rescue Service (MRS). On Sunday morning, (January 24) members of the MRS began to make their way up the mountain. However, they could not see their feet in the blinding snow and withdrew.

On Monday (January 25) the air was clearer. Albert Dow and Michael Hartrick, members of the MRS, made their way up the left side of Odell's Gully, found some kick marks in the snow leading over the rim and decided to search the missing climbers' planned descent route down Lion's Head.

Fifteen minutes later, Bill Kane, the team leader, heard Hartrick on the radio. "He's screaming, I thought. "Why is he screaming on the mike?"

There had been an avalanche. (See following report.)

The same day, Cam Bradshaw, a young woman who works at Pinkham Notch Camp, was out snowshoeing. She saw some floundering tracks in the snow, followed them, and found the two missing young men. When Misha Kirk, a 31-year-old paramedic on the rescue team reached them, Herr was near death from the bitter cold and his legs were solidly frozen into the mid-calf; Batzer was badly frostbitten. A New Hampshire National Guard helicopter braved the winds to lift them out, leaving Kirk to walk back down the mountain. (Source: Dudley Clendinen, *The New York Times*, March 2, 1982)

AVALANCHE

New Hampshire, Mount Washington

Albert Dow, a member of the New Hampshire Mountain Rescue Service, died in an avalanche near the base of the Lion's Head while engaged in a search for two missing climbers (see previous report). The details of this accident follow.

"Michael Hartrick and Albert Dow, members of the Mountain Rescue Service of North Conway (New Hampshire) had just completed a climb in Odell's Gully, Huntington Ravine, in search of two ice climbers overdue since Saturday night (January 23, 1982). Upon topping off (no trace of climbers found in gully), they noted footprints heading across the east side of the mountain toward the Lion's Head and Tuckerman Ravine, which they followed. Upon reaching Lion's Head,