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This is EFCIART, the special Christmas postal Diplomacy zine brought to you by Doug Beyerlein, 640 College, Menlo Park, CA 94025. Phone 415-329-8034. Never call between 9 pm and 7 am.



*Doug and Marie*

#### CLIMBING MT RAINIER

by Doug Beyerlein (copyright 1983)

August 1978: One thousand feet from the top of Mt Rainier and yet I knew that I was not going to make the summit. The combination of blowing snow and the hurried pace of our guide in the face of the storm left me exhausted. Reluctantly I decided to join the group returning to Camp Muir while my wife Marie and a few other climbers with the head guide continued up. They climbed another 200 feet before being forced back down the mountain. The Mountain had won that day. We returned to Paradise beat, but not beaten. We would be back.

August 1983: We are back at Paradise now five years later for another attempt at the summit of the tallest volcano in the 48 contiguous states. Once again we are signed up with Rainier Mountaineering Inc (RMI), the guide service at Mt Rainier, for another summit climb. This time we are going all the way -- The Mountain willing.

In the past five years the idea of a second summit attempt simmered in the background as we pursued various activities, none of which was mountain

climbing. Marie had taken up bicycle racing and then retired from that sport to try her feet at running. Myself, a touring bicyclist, followed her into racing and in the past year have added running to my training schedule. We knew from our first summit attempt that the long climb from first Paradise (elevation 5400') to Camp Muir (10,000') and then on the second day from Camp Muir to the top (14,410') followed immediately by the descent back down to Paradise was both physically and mentally tiring. Our years of athletic activity gave us the physical endurance to tackle the climb. To prepare ourselves mentally for long periods of mind dulling physical exertion we rode in two long distance bicycling events in the two summer months prior to the climb. The first was the Seattle-to-Portland (STP) Bicycle Classic organized by the Cascade Bicycle Club of Seattle each June. We completed this 192-mile journey in little over 13 hours of riding. In July we rode the Fresno Climb to Kaiser Pass in the Sierra: only 150 miles but over 14,000 feet of climbing in the 15-hour ride from Fresno to Kaiser Pass and back. We were now ready for Mt Rainier.

The first day of our three-day stay on The Mountain we participate in RMI's basic climbing school. Here we learn how to travel on snow and ice with ice axe, rope, and crampons. Self and team arrest techniques are practiced over and over again until we know how to stop a fall without hesitation. One climber fails the school when he twice pulls his shoulder out of joint while practicing self arrests. An old football injury. The guides tell him that he cannot participate in tomorrow's summit attempt. For the rest of us tomorrow is the day that we will test The Mountain and it will test us.

Waking early and hearing rain on the roof is not a good omen for the climb. My mind flashes back to a similar scene five years ago and I shudder. We didn't travel 600 miles from California to Washington and pay RMI \$170 apiece to get soaked short of the summit. But there are no guarantees in the climbing business and we are here to climb: rain or shine.

After breakfast we assemble in the RMI guide hut across the parking lot from the Paradise Inn. There are 24 of us "tourists" and six RMI guides for the climb. We tourists are quite a diverse lot. The youngest in our group is 15 (the youngest age allowed on RMI climbs) and the oldest is 58. Most of us are from California, but a number of other states are represented as well. There is even one climber from Seattle. The guides check out our backpacks to make sure that we are all carrying the required summit climb equipment. Finally, we look like we are ready for the start of the climb. Lou Whittaker, head of RMI, introduces our guides. Our head guide is George "Geo" Dunn, a member of the 1982 American attempt to climb the North Wall of Everest. Among the other guides for our climb are Nawang Gombu, who has twice achieved the summit of Everest, and his son-in-law, Phursumba Sherpa. I am in awe.

Just before we head out into the storm Lou Whittaker gives us a little speech that he has no doubt repeated a thousand times. "Mt Rainier makes its own weather and often we are able to climb above the storm," Lou tries to reassure us. I hear a fellow tourist in the background mutter, "Sure if we climb to 34,000 feet." I am inclined to agree with him.

Finally we are out the door and on the trail. The asphalt trail soon turns to dirt and then snow as we climb through the mist and rain. Under my rainsuit I am wearing hiking shorts and a wool t-shirt. I am comfortable as long as we

keep on moving, but during the rest stops I shiver and think about the warm bed I left back at the Paradise Inn. Whose idea was this anyway?

Our destination this first day is Camp Muir. Located on a small ridge at 10,000 feet it contains three climbers huts. One for us tourists, one for the guides, and one for public use by private climbing parties. As we trudge up through the snowfields below the camp I make sure that I am directly behind Geo, who is kicking steps in the snow for our group. My goal is to be the first one in the hut at Camp Muir because that means I will get first choice of the limited bunk space. From our stay there five years ago I remember that the best bunk location is on the bottom level of the three tiers of bunks that line each wall of the all-too-small hut.

Finally we reach Camp Muir and I am surprised to see that only a handful of us tourists have kept up with Geo's pace. I grab prime bunk space for Marie and I and quickly change into dry clothes in my sleeping bag as the others start to arrive. The addition of warm bodies quickly heats up the hut and I decide to venture outside to take a few pictures. Amazingly the sun breaks through the clouds. A sea of mist envelopes Paradise below, but The Mountain is clearly visible above. Off in the distance Mt Adams also pokes its head above the clouds. Maybe we will be able to climb above the storm.

As the afternoon wears on everyone recovers from the hike to Muir. The RMI staff supplies hot water with which we fix our freeze-dried dinners and we prepare for an early bedtime and tomorrow's journey to the top. When we are all finished with our chores the guides join us and Geo tells us what to expect tomorrow. If the weather looks good he will get us up at 2 am and we should eat breakfast and be ready to start by three. If all goes well we will reach the summit by 10 and then after 40 minutes on top we will head back down again, pick up our extra equipment (sleeping bags, extra clothes, etc.) at Camp Muir, and be back down to Paradise by 5 o'clock. Last he announces the rope parties for tomorrow: four tourists and one guide on each rope. I am on Geo's rope with Charlie from Texas, Lynn from Arizona, and Rich from Michigan. Marie is on Gombu's rope.

I sleep fitfully while others snore; Marie doesn't sleep at all. A mouse invades the hut and samples some of tomorrow's lunch. Suddenly the hut door slams open and in walks Geo with a lamp. Tomorrow has arrived. With a minimum of conversation everyone fixes breakfast and prepares for the task ahead. The other guides arrive and we assemble outside in the dark to put on crampons and rope up. Other than the stars above the only light comes from the headlamps we each wear. Each rope is now ready and with a guide at the head of each we head off across Cowlitz Glacier.

This is it I think to myself. My mind flashes back to this same scene five years ago. Then like now we started out from Camp Muir with the stars above, only to be engulfed by clouds from below once the sun rose in the east. I also remember traversing along steep ice covered slopes with a sheer vertical drop of over a thousand feet only inches away. Only the fact that I was tied to others that time kept me from stopping to ponder the sanity of continuing. Am I ready to face all of this again?

After we returned to California a friend asked me why I would want to climb Mt Rainier. It is a difficult question to fully answer. I am a goal-oriented person and like challenging adventures. Growing up in Seattle and spending

summers backpacking on Mt Rainier's many trails naturally led me to the idea of someday climbing Rainier. When I moved to California in '73 this idea was placed on the backburner until I introduced Marie to The Mountain. But she was eager to try the climb even after the first failure in '78. And so back we came.

We cross Cowlitz Glacier in the dark and then ascend Cadaver Gap. The large mass of Gibraltar Rock looms above in the dark and slowly the eastern sky turns a pinkish hue. On Ingraham Glacier we encounter large crevasses that force the guides to alter our route. And once again we come to my dreaded ice ledge. I am as scared of this stretch as I was five years ago, but I keep on going.

The sun rises in the east and I keep on expecting the clouds below to rise with it. But instead they dissipate and we see the start of a beautiful summer day. We zigzag up Disappointment Cleaver and start across Emmons Glacier. Emmons will take us to the top. As the sun rises so do my spirits as it is now evident that weather will not be a factor in whether or not we make it to the top. I feel strong -- I will reach the summit. But not everyone is feeling good. Two of the 22 tourists who started this morning (two stayed at Camp Muir) decide that they do not want to continue and turn back with a guide at one of the rest stops. The rest of us continue up.

I can see the edge of the summit crater long before we finally reach it. Then we are over the edge and standing in the crater. Marie soon joins me. I am carrying two cameras (an Olympus with color film and a Rollei with black and white) and start shooting photos. I ask a fellow tourist to take a picture of Marie and I standing in the summit crater that we using for our Christmas card photo. Everyone grabs some food and water in preparation for the coming descent. Some walk over to Columbia Crest across the rim of the crater. The weather is perfect: warm and windless. Geo says this is the nicest weather they have had on the summit so far this year. But all-too-soon it is time to rope up again and head back down to Camp Muir and Paradise. The ascent is over; the descent begins.

The descent is fast and surprisingly warm. I run out of water and try not to think how dry my mouth is. I am now wearing only a wool short-sleeve shirt and wool pants and I am too warm. The snow is melting underfoot and we remove our crampons before reaching Camp Muir. As we cross a rockfall area I watch a small boulder slowly roll across my path and come to a stop in the snow. In my dehydrated state I hardly notice.

Camp Muir comes into view and we unrope. Extra gear is collected and I drink some water, although it does nothing to slake my thirst. Geo says that we will take a "nice easy pace" so that we can all stay together back to Paradise. I immediately fall behind and only catch up at the Pebble Creek rest stop. Off we go again and Geo breaks into a jog as we near civilization. Some "nice easy pace." At 4:45 in the afternoon we reach Paradise and I suddenly realize why it is called that. Our climb of Mt Rainier is over; The Mountain has let us win -- this time.

Information on the guide service can be obtained from RMI, 201 St Helens Ave., Tacoma, WA 98402 (October thru May); or Paradise, WA 98398 (June thru September).

1982HH -- Spring 1904

AUSTRIA (Brad Wilson) a sev-mos.

ENGLAND (Dale Bakken) a fin s a nwy-stp, a nwy-stp, a lon-hol, f kie s a lon-hol, f stpnc-bar, f nth c a lon-hol, f nwg-nwy, f lvp-iri.

FRANCE (Bob Osuch) a bel-ruh, a bur-mun, a ber s a bur-mun, a mar-pie, a par-bur, f bre-mid, f por-spasc.

GERMANY (Richard Craig) a mun s a ruh-kie /r-boh,sil,otb/, a ruh-kie.

ITALY (Walter Loy) a bud h, a tri-tyr, a apu-ven, a ven-pie, f adr-apu, f tun-wmed, f rom-tyrr.

RUSSIA (Joe Dorchack) a ukr-gal, a gal-vie.

TURKEY (Bill Quinn) a ser s a bul-rum, a bul-rum, a con-bul, a ank-arm, f gre-ion, f tyrr-glyo, f rum-bla.

The German A Munich is dislodged and must retreat to Bohemia, Silesia, or off the board. The deadline for the German retreat and Fall 1904 orders (which may be made conditional on the direction of the retreat) is Saturday, 21 January 1984, noon PST.

Press:

England-Russia: Sorry. I guess I didn't like your answer.

1977AM -- Fall 1922

French A Munich retreats to Kiel

Russian A Piedmont retreats to Tyrolia

ENGLAND (Dave Pengelly) a lva-pru, a stp-mos, a ber-mun, a ruh s a ber-mun, f bal-ber, f mid-wmed, f eng-mid, f gbot-lva, f nafr s ff wmed-tun.

FRANCE (Tom Butcher) a kie s ea ber-mun, a bur s ea ber-mun, a pie-tyr, f glyo-tyrr, f ion s f glyo-tyrr /r-adr,alb,aeg,emed,otb/, f wmed-tun.

RUSSIA (Horst John) a tri-ven, a ukr s a mos, a rom-nap, a tyr-mun, a boh s a tyr-mun, a sil s a mun-ber, a ser-gre, a mun-ber/a/, a mos h, a tus-pie, a pru s a mun-ber, a gal-war, a sev-rum, f tyrr s f tun-ion, f apu s f tun-ion, f tun-ion.

TURKEY (Fred Winter) f por h.

Russian A Munich is dislodged and annihilated for lack of a possible retreat. French F Ionian Sea is dislodged and can retreat to the Adriatic Sea, Albania, the Aegean Sea, the Eastern Mediterranean, or off the board. The supply center chart follows.

E: 10 ctrs - lon,lvp,edi,hol,den,swe,nwy,stp,ber,mun build one

F: 7 ctrs - par,mar,bre,spa,bel,kie,tun build one

R: 16 ctrs - sev,rum,vie,tri,bul,smy,con,ank,ven,rom,bud,ser,gre,nap,war,mos  
build one

T: 1 ctr - por constant

The deadline for the French retreat, Winter 1922 builds, and Spring 1923 orders (which may be made conditional on the retreat and builds) is Saturday, 21 January 1984, noon PST.

1980LF -- Fall 1912

ENGLAND (Doug Karnes) a war-sil, a ukr-gal, a sev-rum, a mos-war, a pru-ber, f den-hel, f nat-mid, f iri s f nat-mid, f ska-den, f nth-bel, f eng s f nth-bel.

FRANCE (Hugh Polley) a ber-kie, a gal-rum, a hol-kie, a bud s a gal-rum, a tyr-mun, a pic s f bel, f nafr-mid, f spasc s f nafr-mid, f mid-bre, f bel s ef nth-eng /nso/.

ITALY (Robert Acheson) a tri-ser, a rom-ven, a nap-apu, f adr-ion, f bulec s fa gal-rum, f ven-adr, f alb-gre.

RUSSIA (Konrad Baumeister) a smy-ank, a syr-smy, f bla s a smy-ank.

TURKEY (Dan MacLellan) a ank h /r-arm,otb/, f con s a arm /nsu/.

Turkish A Ankara is dislodged and must retreat to Armenia or off the board. The supply center chart follows.

E: 10 ctrs - lon,lvp,edi,nwy,swe,den,stp,mos,war,sev remove one

F: 13 ctrs - par,bre,mar,spa,por,bel,mun,kie,ber,vie,bud,hol,rum build 3,  
only room for two

I: 8 ctrs - rom,nap,tun,gre,bul,ven,tri,ser build one

R: 2 ctrs - smy,ank remove one

T: 1 ctr - con remove one

Konrad Baumeister has returned to his Wisconsin address (11416 Parkview Lane, Hales Corners, WI 53130) for the holidays. There is a proposal for an English-French-Italian three-way draw. The deadline for the Turkish retreat, Winter 1912 builds and removals, Spring 1913 orders (which may be made conditional on the winter adjustments), and the draw vote is Saturday, 21 January 1984, noon PST. If the conditional orders get too complicated ask for a separation of seasons. In any case, a minimum of the retreat, winter builds and removals, and the draw vote are required by the deadline.

Press:

Rome: I propose a three-way EFI draw.

## NEWS

I hope that all of you are enjoying the holiday season. We don't have snow at Christmas (or any other time of year, for that matter) here in the San Francisco Bay Area, so this year we journeyed to the top of Mt Rainier in the middle of August to find some for our annual Christmas photo. As you can see, we found it in abundance. Hope that you enjoy the article that accompanies the photo.

As for other news I was down in Southern California a couple of weeks ago surveying stream channels and stopped by Russell Sipe's place on the way back. Russell is the editor of COMPUTER GAMING WORLD (6 issues for \$12.50), an interesting pro magazine devoted to war/adult games played on a computer. He and I talked late into the night about Diplomacy, computers, and CompuServe. Russell is running Diplomacy games on both CompuServe and The Source computer networks (via electronic mail service). I am very impressed by what I saw and I have recently joined CompuServe and will be playing in Russell's next electronic mail game. My last Diplomacy game start was in 1976. I hope that

I still know where the units start. If you are interested in all or any of this write to Russell for more details. His address is PO Box 4566, Anaheim, CA 92803. Tell him I sent you.

Once I get some experience in using CompuServe's electronic mail service I may decide to start a new Diplomacy zine to run PBEM games. These will be regular games (and not orphan games) run on a two-week deadline schedule. If you have a computer and would like to play in this new zine please let me know. I will let you know when I will have game openings. And, of course, I will continue EFGIART for orphan games.

I just received my invitation to DafCon III to be held over the New Years Day weekend in Sacramento. I hope to attend (and take pictures). A report in the next issue.

HAVE A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR!!!

-- Doug & Marie