

TRIP REPORT

INDIAN CREEK SPRING BREAK 2018



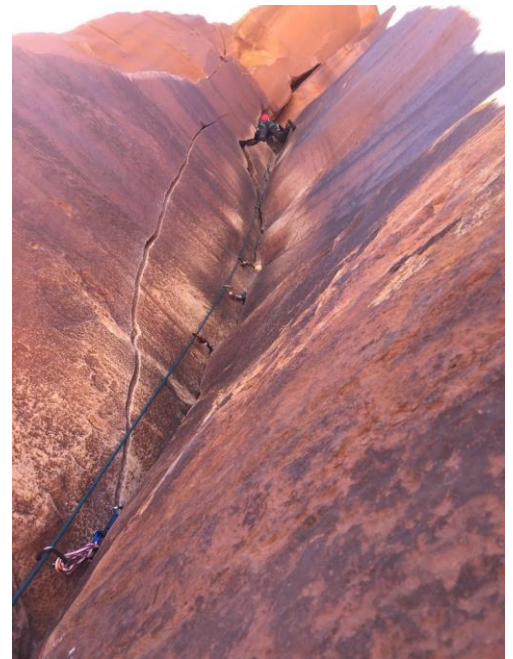
Abstract: Hannah Yardsailing-Perfect-#1's Waight, Harvey, and Isabel met up with Adam Kaye for some serious fun in Indian Creek. Daily adventures are summarized, with brief discussions about Jeep Safari, cheese, and transitive verbs.



HANNAH W
HARVEY L
ISABEL M
ADAM K



Crack lovers all, the first day was spent chasing the sun from snowy corners to get our bearings, jam some hands, and perfect our tape gloves. Or at least that was the plan. Hannah's gloves were resurrected from a college bin and most likely contained a healthy biome of germs, viruses, and other exciting creatures in their tattered folds. While she lead all of our new favorite cracks, Harvey and Isabel improv taped their hands with abandon. We jammed not only hands, but also fingers, toes, knees, and arms. Some nights it was very cold. Some nights it was less cold, perhaps because of some happy campfires.



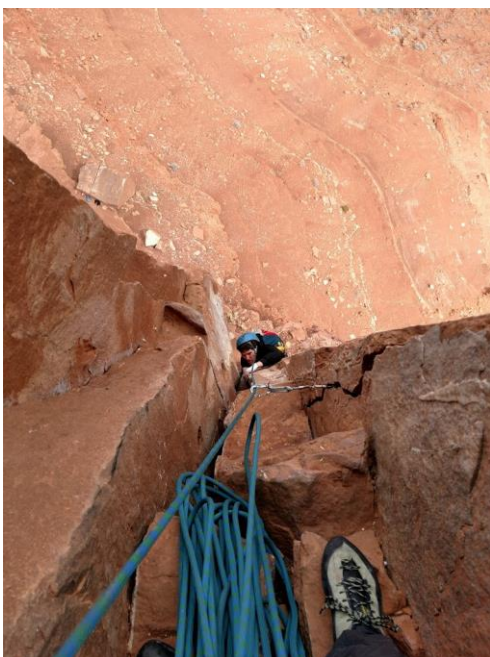


On the second day we climbed the south Six Shooter – a great introduction to desert towers, with a fairly easy climb up some loose and unavoidable blocks, multiple places that look like the second set of bolts, and a committing and spicy mantle to the top (or so we hear). The views were spectacular and the weather was perfect. We ended the day with a dinner of large slices of cheese and maybe some other food.





The next morning, bright and early, we headed to Moab to pick up Adam. Our objective for the day is to climb CASTLETON TOWER. Ooooooh. Ahhhhhhh. Yes, folks, that's right. North Chimney. Site of the legendary weekend whipper, one of Fred Beckey's top 50 climbs. Some excellent placements (a #5!), some pretty horrible placements. Cold, long, slick, very off-width, breathtaking, scary, and wonderfully epic. After watching the sunset from the top of the tower, we very safely rappelled down and hiked out. We ate dinner at one of Moab's only late night eateries, Denny's. and had our first brush with the 52nd annual Jeep Safari.

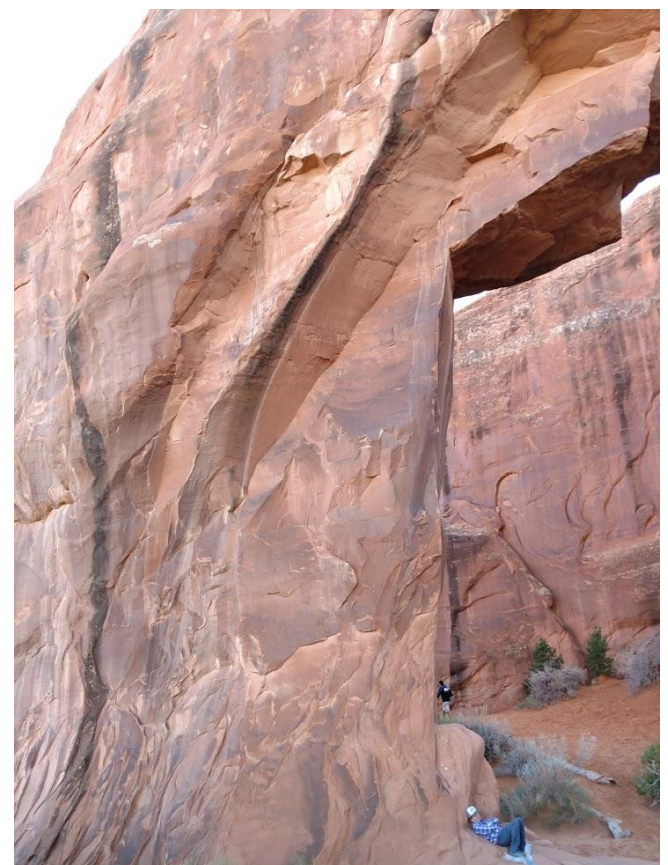
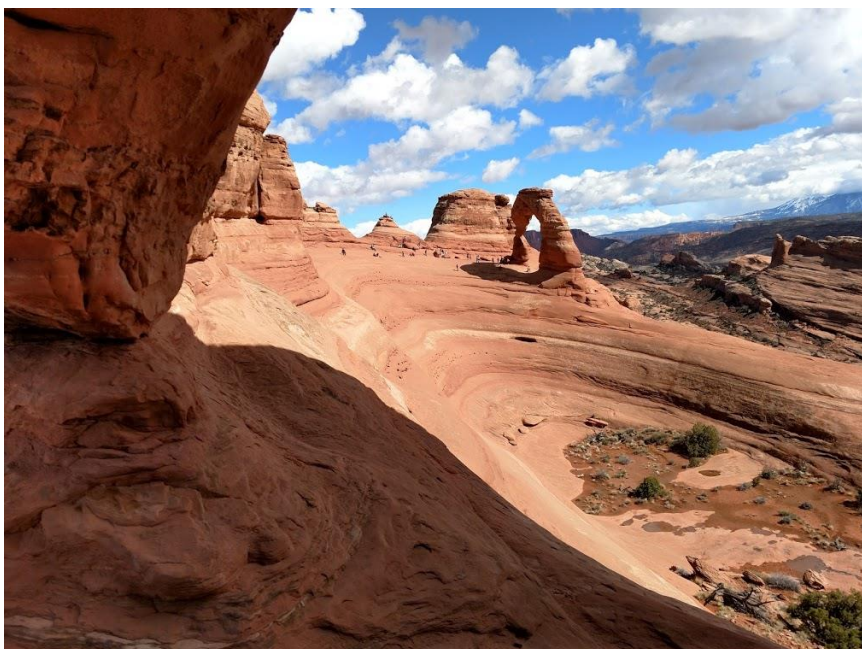


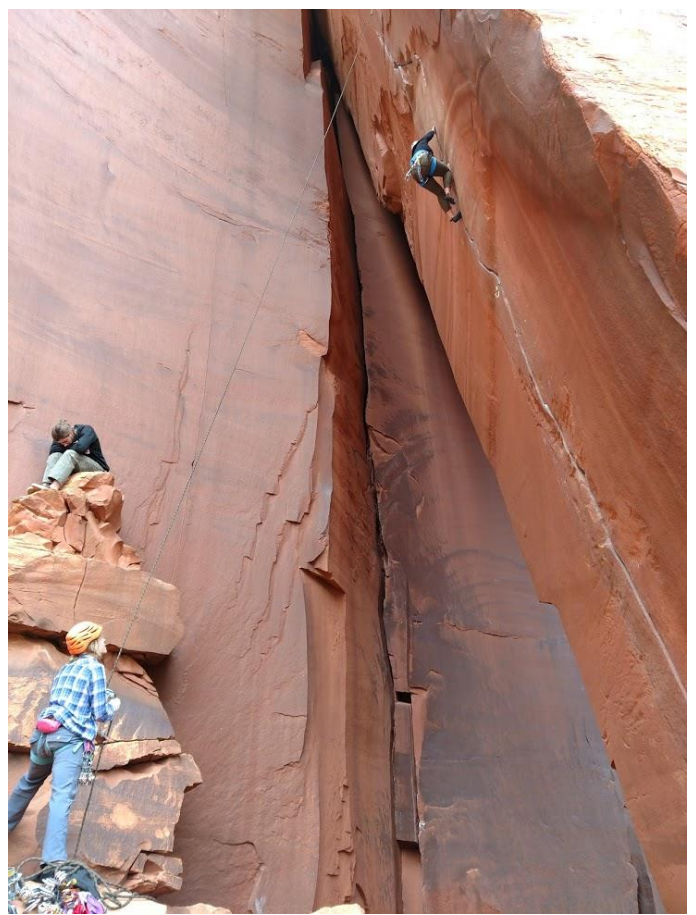


The next day we enjoyed an immense variety of cracks at the Scarface wall, including Black Uhuru, Scarface, and some excellent unnamed routes while discussing the finer grammatical points of transitive verbs in relation to the “lieback” technique. The descriptivists won (obviously). We were so busy climbing we only took this picture of Hannah as she embodied all that is good about Indian Creek in its thoroughly exhausting but thoroughly excellent glory. We said goodbye to Harvey I-can’t-believe-you-only-bought-two-pounds-of-cheese (...I eat a lot of cheese) Lederman.



The next morning it rained surprisingly hard. The moisture brought out the colors and exhaustion (apparently), so we took a rest day and drove/walked all around Arches while the rocks dried out. Milkshakes and showers were had. Salt domes were pondered. Views were admired.





On our final day in the creek, we went to the Optimator wall, where we learned that your favorite day in the Creek can always be better! We climbed the highly recommended, sustained, and striking Soulfire (NB: Must be said in a strong Alabama accent: Soul-Fahhr. That's how we heard it), about four solid cracks, and one of the most aesthetic, striking, and inspiring climbs on Wingate Sandstone, Annunaki. Our final moments were spent watching some of the friendly French Canadians climb an impossible looking route, whose average pro was two tiny opposing nuts on either side of a large x-block. After hiking down, we finished off the cheese (it was a challenge) and drove to a hotel in Grand Junction to drop Adam off the next morning. Mind you, we left Moab just in time to miss Jeep Safari- 60,000-90,000 people and their Jeeps descending on the town to drive their tricked out Jeeps ("rigs") around the desert. It was disturbing, but real.

Over the course of our week, we met about 20 of Hannah's old friends who happened to be at the Creek at the same time (special shout-out to Lauren!), some rude French Canadians with flags and a dumpster couch at their campsite, some very nice French Canadians who built nice fires and helped us eat our baba ghanoush, never cooked any dinner before dark, least of all the baba ghanoush, and finally learned to make better tape gloves.





Appendix

Hannah and Isabel's Rifle Adventure

Driving between Grand Junction and Denver the next day, two very tired climbers decided to stop at Rifle and climb some legendary (but snowy and slippery) limestone sport routes. It was spicy and we actually enjoyed one of them. And met two very nice old dogs and their owners who shared the fire. On this leg of the journey, you could smell the dispensaries a mile away and can get speeding tickets. But the rental company won't charge you for the cracked windshield if you give the car a good wash.

