

Travels with Cornelius

1973 -1976

In the Sierra with Barbara and Cornelius, 1973



Granite Lake above Lake Tahoe, August 1973



A magical afternoon at Lake Tahoe, August 1973

Rolf and Cornelius's High Sierra Hike, July 21 – 29, 1974

While Susanne was in Germany Cornelius and I went, all by ourselves, on a hiking trip in the High Sierra behind Mammoth. We carried everything ourselves and slept without a tent under the stars. It was a great adventure. One night above 1000-Island Lake we got wet and cold, then we had to skid down a snow field. To get back to the right path had to ford a rather rapid brook. I had chosen a shallow ford with an island in the middle. Cornelius slipped and got all wet. I finally stripped, got myself a big tree branch as pole and carried Cornelius on my back through the second half of the ford. We made a big bonfire under the trees at which we dried his clothes at night....



Our camp after fording the river



Cornelius on the gold hill of one of the abandoned mines near Bodie

The weather threatened to turn and we left the woods a day earlier than planned and discovered Mammoth Hot Springs. - We spent most of the day there. Cornelius's silver ring became completely black and was lost in the sulfuric waters.

Finally we drove to Bodie, the most beautiful ghost town, where we got into trouble. Looking for one of the old gold mines in the neighborhood we suddenly found ourselves opposite three wild guys with shot guns - "Get Out! This is private property!" they screamed and shot into the air. We did retreat in a hurry...

High-Sierra Hike, all four of us and Monica, 24 Aug - 1 Sept 1975

The success of my and Cornelius' hike into the Minaret Wilderness in 1974 spawned the idea of a family hike in the same area, instead of climbing from Agnew's Meadow across the ridge to Thousand-Island-Lake we would turn in the opposite direction to Lake Ediza, Iceberg Lake and Cecil Lake and cross the pass just below Mt. Ritter and the Minarets. This would take us to 3500 m higher than any of us had ever been. We would sleep out in the open in beautiful, new North Face sleeping bags. We invited Monica to join us. It was to become the only real trek together - in beautiful weather.



The four of us at Agnew's Meadow, the beginning of the hike.
Monica took the picture.



Camp 3, Cornelius, Barbara, Monica, Susanne.
The outsides of our sleeping bags were frozen in the morning



Barbara and Susanne at Lake Ediza below the Minarets



Deep blue Iceberg Lake



Some time in October 1975 we went on a Sunday excursion with the Grohses to the Ports of Call in San Pedro. Barbara suggested that Cornelius and I should have our pictures taken in wild-west costumes.



The photo became famous as "Konrad and Otto, Tiflis, anno 1911"....

An Aborted Hike in the Lechtaler Alps, July 15-20, 1976

Gerhard was dying of cancer. Barbara had visited him every week twice. She was worn out and needed a vacation. She took the children to Germany and visited her and my parents, Gisela and Charly Winke, while I was on my first visit to Georgia, May 23-June 3, 1976 in Tbilisi (KINO) and thereafter in Amsterdam (CLEA). Between the two conferences I visited my parents, trying to console them in their grief about Gerhard, who did not want them to come to LA. In late June we left the children behind in Germany – Cornelius with Father and Marga Lattmann, Susanne with the Winkes - and fled for three weeks to the Greek Islands. Despite the heat we enjoyed two beautiful and restful weeks in Amorgos.

We all congratulated in München including Peter and set out by train for a week of hiking from Hütte to Hütte in the Arlberger-Lechtaler mountains.



On the way to the Biberacher Hütte



Making the decision to turn around

I had worked out all details – but the weather. It started to rain. Susanne slipped and got all messed up. The first hut was hot and sticky, the beds bare boards without mattresses. Next day the fog closed in, it rained some more. We decided to give up and eventually reached Innsbruck, where we found beds in a student dormitory. Barbara spent half that night in a laundry washing and drying our clothes. In München the Mays offered us asylum. Peter has never forgiven us that we abandoned this hike.