



NEWS OF THE P.A.T.C. MOUNTAINEERING COMMITTEE

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SHADOWS OF THINGS TO COME

June 30-July 1. Schoolhouse Cave, West Virginia. Leader: Art Lembeck, Oliver 8322.

A Night on the Moores

On Tuesday, June 5, Susy and Ray Moore played host to the rock climbers at their home in Alexandria. It was quite a varied crowd -- both sexes, all ages, every degree of climbing skill and experience. But everyone had one thing in common. Rocks in the head. Contrary to Susy's expectations, her guests gravitated to the side porch and what with pleasant company and balmy evening breezes, it required a bit of diplomacy to get the meeting going.

Art brought the meeting to order with an announcement about the proposed trip to Wolf Gap Shelter. Vic Howard, Chairman of the Excursions Committee, had suggested a joint trip to Bull Run Mountain and details were discussed by the group. Ted Schad announced he was organizing a beach trip for the week-end of June 23-24 and asked that he be notified by anyone wanting to go along. Art told us of plans for a trip to Schoolhouse Cave June 30-July 1.

Johnnie Meenehan announced that he and Ted have made an exploratory trip into the New River country near Blacksburg, Virginia. They found a number of interesting caves and some sheer cliffs in the area. A near-by farmer gave them permission to camp on his property and they report the swimming was good in the New River. Since the area is so far away, they proposed the Labor Day weekend for a trip by the group.

Art announced that he and Win are moving to California in late August and suggested we hold another meeting before then to elect a new chairman.

Then the blow fell. Art wiped away a tear and told us he hadn't received the movies from the Seattle Mountaineers. It seems they were sent on request to Vassar and the ladies have been a bit slow in returning them. But Johnnie Meenehan and Arnold did an admirable job of filling in with some slides from their collections. Johnnie showed a selection taken in various caves near and far and also, some excellent shots of climbing, hiking and beach trips. Arnold opened his presentation with a few slides showing the correct way of climbing Monument Rock at the Hermitage. Then we were treated to an account of a trip he, Don Hubbard, Alec Faberge and Norman Goldstein made into the Windy Range of the Northern Selkirks in British

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Columbia last summer. Johnnie and Arnold - the slides were grand. Thanks ever so much for the wonderful job of filling in on such short notice.

We were refreshed at Susy's loaded dining table with a wonderful punch and hundreds of cookies, candies, and cakes. Thank you again, Mr. & Mrs. Moore, for a very pleasant evening. F. Sauber

* * * * *

FIRST IMPRESSIONS

Lucy Kennedy*

One timid novice, seeing rock climbers in action for the first time as the Mountaineering Committee practiced and instructed at Carderock, observed that:

This sport, in our competition-ridden society, is not competitive. Not man against man, but man against rock. And this rock climbing goes even further and demands a cooperative effort.

Further, it calls for some amount of trust and faith in your fellow man. The climber below shouts up to the rope handler, or belayer, on top of the cliff, "May I climb?". The belayer, when ready, replies, "You may climb." Now, the climber may never have seen the belayer before the start of the expedition, but he puts his faith -- to say nothing of his bones -- in the hands of the human on top of the cliff. For that rope (fastened with a precisely expert knot called the bowline) around the climber's body is not anchored to a substantial oak at the top of the cliff. It is passed, in a definitely ordered way, around the hindquarters of a man or woman, perhaps of slender build, with feet planted just so, the rope passing in a certain manner, through his hands. Arnold (Authority) Wexler says it's all according to the laws of physics.

People who work with knots and ropes -- sailors, fishermen, telephone linesman -- are apt to have a lot of faith anyway -- maybe it's because they know what they are doing -- and are apt to be people who take pride in doing things the right way. Anyhow, there is something reassuring and handsome about an expertly coiled rope.

When the climber gets topside of the cliff and looks back, he has an interesting expression. Not exactly smug, but a sort of involuntary half smile, as if he might be telling himself, "I made it!"

(Ed. Or, if it's Jean - "I did it, and I'm glad!")

*Lucy Kennedy appeared at the Hot Shoppe one Sunday morning to see how the fabulous rock climbers did it. Our deserting Editor, Keister, asked her to write up her impressions of the day for UP ROPE and Miss Kennedy readily agreed to oblige. I think she absorbed a lot of good impressions and should come out and become a really good climber herself.

Letters to the Editor

Dear Editor:

I join with you heartily in condemnation of tea bag barbarians, but it must be pointed out that the method of making tea outlined in the May 28th issue of UP ROPE can be improved upon if the ultimate in taste is desired. I therefore quote from the masters:

"Bring down snow from the heavenly mountains
Melt it in the rays of the sun at midday
Heat it over a peachwood fire
Til white it turns a bamboo shoot
And ember-red, a lobster.
Sprinkle upon it the leaves divine
Say nine times your prayers to Confucius
Drink the potion and know a fare-taste
Of the Paradise awaiting you after death."

Yours truly
Richard Goldman

UPS AND DOWNS

May 20, 1951. Great Falls, Virginia.

Peter Bloss

Don Hubbard (breakfast)

George Kamm

John Brehm

Karen Kruse

With the large exodus to Old Rag for the week-end, the group meeting at the Hot Shoppe was smaller than usual. After the usual consultations, and in the face of threatening rain, the four set out for Great Falls, Virginia side. Since none had seen the falls from that side, the group warmed up by hiking from the first bend in the river up about a mile or so to Great Falls Park. Knot tying technique was perfected and then rope management was practiced by a scramble over the rocks. On the return hike, the rocks near Romeo's Ladder were chosen for more intensive work. (Identification provided by later consultation with Chris.) The sun came out making it a very pleasant afternoon. Here the rocks provided practice for belaying and for climbs of all degrees. One of the Committee's new rock drills was tried out in placing an expansion bolt at the top of the Ladder for rappelling and as a belay point.

This was John's first time on the rocks. The week before he had seen the climbers from across the river and came out now to see how it was done. He learned fast for both John and Peter, whose second time it was, made the first half of the Ladder. George made the complete climb.

Peter is a student at Antioch and is temporarily working at NIH. He tells us that rock climbing is on the curriculum at the college. Shall we consider affiliating with one of the local universities? A PhD to whoever climbs the "Jam Box"?
G.K.

June 9-10, 1951. Devil's Garden, Big Schloss - or Wolf Gap Shelter, W.Va.

Dolores Alley

Dick Goldman

Art Lembeck

Kay Schad

Tony Soler

Billy Alley

Sally Goldman

Betty Muolo

Ted Schad

Chris, Helen, Eric, and

Joel Gross

Peg Keister

Hans Scheltema Lorraine Snyder

Johnny Scoredos

Arnold Wexler

The early arrivals had an interesting afternoon skidding over the wet lichens on the Big Schloss, thus accomplishing the only real climbing done on this saturated weekend. Saturday night, the crackling logs in the fireplace and a couple of candles furnished a proper setting for Joel's guitar and his extensive collection of folk songs. Everyone added his or her voice to the choruses until they wore poor Joel down to a whisper.

Until Sunday afternoon, when the rains finally stopped, there was no letup in the drizzles or downpours long enough to persuade the climbers that they should traipse off to Devil's Garden. Hikers ventured off in different directions but usually soon returned in dripping rain shirts and drooping spirits. The sun came out in the afternoon but the rocks were too wet for anything but a bit of ledge walking.
A.C.L.

June 10, 1951. Great Falls, Virginia.

Jim Bullard

Alice Marshall

Wade Marshall

Charles Fort

Tony Bullard

Tommy Marshall

Don Hubbard

While the party at Wolf Gap was being washed out, the local group also found that rain and slippery rocks weren't conducive to extensive climbing so the morning was spent near the Pot Holes with a bit of belaying practice and some scrambling. After lunch, Tony and Tommy practiced rappelling into the Pot Holes, climbing out on loop ladders. A good time was had by all despite the lack of foresight on the part of the weatherman.
T.M.

* * * * *

Ye Editor, Peg Keister, has deserted us for one issue only* in favor of a combined business trip to Woods Hole and pleasure trip to see her folks in Taunton.
*Peg, please note.

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Our thanks are due to Ellen & Lowell Bennett for printing the headings and to Tom Culverwell for designing it.

Make checks payable to Sarah Goldman.

Let's of room here for more names. (Hint)

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UPS AND DOWNS (continued)

June 17, 1951. Bull Run, Virginia.

Peter Blos	Paul Bradt	Bonnie Green	Bob Parham	Eric Scoredos
Constance Bone	Charles Forte	Mary Hornbeck	Linda Parham	John Scoredos
Alan Bradt	Charlie Gallant	Art Lembeck	Chris Scoredos	Hans Scheltema
Jo Bradt	Ann Green	Betty Muolo	Helen Scoredos	Oliver Westfall
Peter Bradt		Dick Meyer		Arnold Wexler

This was as advertised: a joint trip with PATC hikers. The hikers watched us a while, went on to Manassas Gap, came back, and paused again for conversation, a little rappelling and a bit of scrambling before an early return to the truck and Washington.

We welcome: R.E. (Dick) Meyer, here from England for a few months. Judging by the enthusiastic comments those who climbed with him made to the leader of the trip, we hope he joins us on all of our climbs.

Mary Hornbeck, stolen from the hiking section of PATC, who made her first obiesance at the foot of the Throne of Zeus.

We wonder about: Arnold's "Nickel-Cent Tour" which reduced four who followed him to such a state that they sped posthaste to Lake Jackson to cool off.

The youngest Bradt's casual interest in herpetology: "Here's a rattlesnake" -- and there was one just a few feet away.

And, for the record: Bull Run Overhang was mastered by Art, Paul, Helen, and Peter Blos. A.C.L.

June 17, 1951. Great Falls, Virginia.

Louise Marshall Wade Marshall Alice Marshall Tommy Marshall Don Hubbard

When the Marshall family arrived at the Hot Shoppe, they found Don crying crocodile tears into his Shredded Wheat because everyone was going to Bull Run and he didn't wanna go there. So, they soothed him by taking him back to the scene of their climbing of the week before. Things were a bit drier so they continued up to the cliffs about a half-mile above the Pot Holes. Tommy and Alice did a corking job on the Corkscrew. Don then led Louise, Alice and Tommy on a trip to Juliet's Balcony. The climax of the day was the renaming of Lawrence's Last. It is now, temporarily, called Tommy's Downfall but will revert to it's former formal name as soon as the Marshall's can return to give Tommy another chance at it. He had two hands over the top when a lichen decided now was the time to come off, and so did Tommy. Better luck next time, me lad. L.M.

* * * * *

WEDDING KNOTS

(otherwise known as Butterflies)

Joel Gross and Phyllis MacEachern were married in New York on Saturday, June 23rd. They will be living in Washington and we look forward to meeting Phyllis. Congratulations, Joel, and the best in the world to you both.