



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

1916 Sunderland Place N. W. Washington 6, D. C.

FOUNDED BY  
JAN AND HERB CONN

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### COMING ATTRACTIONS

Dec. 14. Kodachrome Show - 8:00 P.M. at home of Johnny Reed, 6637 Barnaby St., N.W. (WO 4268). Johnny and George Kamm will show their Alaska pictures. Recorded folk songs by Joel Gross. For directions see last issue of U.R.

Dec. 16. Little Devils Stairs, Va. Leader: Ted Schad. Let's plan to get started from the Hot Shoppe earlier than usual, as we have 78.5 miles to go. Directions according to Guide to Paths in the Blue Ridge: U.S. Route 211 to bridge over Covington River (73.4); just beyond bridge turn right on Va. Secondary highway 622; after 2 mi. cross Covington River and immediately take left fork (Va. Secondary Highway 600); follow this road 3.1 m. to old saw mill site. Little Devils Stairs Trail commences here. (There are several fords on this road.) Further details can be arranged at the Dec. 14 meeting. Ted's phones: res. LU 1 - 0299; bus.: RE 1820, ext. 3126.

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### REPORT ON THE NOVEMBER MEETING

The PATC Mountaineering Committee and friends gathered at the home of Sterling Hendricks on Nov. 16, for a slide show and record concert. Charlie Gallant was on hand with his tape-recording machine to provide the musical prelude. The climbing songs recorded by Jan Conn on her last visit here were much enjoyed by the group.

Paul Bradt brought the overflowing meeting to order with a few well chosen words, then turned the meeting over to Arnold Wexler, the speaker of the evening. Arnold gave us an entertaining description of this summer's trip along the Canadian Rockies, with the aid of some of the most beautiful color slides we have ever seen. His own collection was augmented by some of Pete Peterson's, to give a complete graphic record of the trip. Our deepest thanks, Arnold; you really took us out of this world.

We hear that some people couldn't tear themselves away from the delicious refreshments (or was it the company? Ed.) until the small hours. Our thanks to Sterling and Mrs. Hendricks for their gracious hospitality.

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The Recreational Equipment Coop (Seattle) is advertising a new book of interest to climbers: High Adventure, by photographers Bob and Ira Spring. 9" x 12", 150 pictures of climbing in the Pacific Northwest and Canadian Rockies. Price \$8.50, but for a limited time the Coop is offering it to members at \$6.80.

CITY SLICKERS

The Bradt Family deserted us and the great outdoors to spend the long Thanksgiving weekend in -- of all places -- New York. Climb any skyscrapers, Paul?

Don Hubbard and Arnold Wexler attended the Annual Meeting of the American Alpine Club in Boston on Dec. 1. We hear that they were greeted like the VIP's they are, and were entertained by all the other mountaineering big shots. Arnold gave his illustrated talk on the Canadian Rockies trip and was very enthusiastically received. Other items on the program: Mrs. Marion Underhill, on climbs in the Alps; a short movie and slides on the Club's Wind River expedition; Bob Bates, on the climbing of Mt. Hubbard; and Elizabeth Cowles on the approach to Everest from the south through Nepal.

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UPS AND DOWNS

Nov. 24-25. Baker, W. Va. The King Cabin

Bill Beardsley	Walt Kane	David King	Lorraine Snyder
Jean Burnstad	Sterling King	Ray Moore	Tony Soler
Marion Harvey	Dot King	Blondie Neuhaus	Al Webb
Jerry Jankowitz	Kenneth King	Frank Sauber	Bill Wright
George Kamm	Jack King	Hans Scheltema	

In response to the very kind invitation of the Kings, a large group of climbers, cave explorers and other relatively normal people descended upon the King's cabin at various hours of Friday night and Saturday morning for a weekend of climbing and spelunking.

Saturday's program was the exploration of a nearby cave that had previously been partially investigated by Sterling and Jack. A couple of hours sufficed for the complete exploration of the cave, which, while somewhat limited in extent, provided sufficient gymnastics to satisfy most of the party. At the rear of the cave rather pretty formations were found. These interested some people visually and others acoustically. Hans was observed playing a tune on several sonorous stalactites.

An early return to the cabin and a sumptuous meal prepared by Dot and her helpers left the members of the party well rested and full of vitamins for the evening's festivities. These consisted of square dancing, to calls by Bill Beardsley and Jerry and accordion music by Sterling, a floor show in which various feats of strength on the beams of the cabin were demonstrated, and singing, which was unique in that all songs, from Anna Lee to Waltzing Matilda, resembled Zulu war chants.

At the close of the frivolities, Jerry, the poor man's Nature Boy, picked up his sleeping bag and announced with great determination that he would sleep out under the stars. This so inspired the others that a general exodus resulted, and most of the party spent the night enjoying a sharp frost and the lumpy ground. In the morning, however, Jerry was nowhere to be seen, and it was feared that he might have been devoured by a dragon or one of the other ferocious creatures that always abound in mountainous regions. He was finally located, however, curled up in his sleeping bag in front of the fire -- inside.

After breakfast, and the gradual overcoming of a collective lassitude, it was decided to spend the day in Harper's Cave, near Seneca Rocks. Descent into the cave was made via block and tackle down an 80-ft. well, said equipment being managed by Ray and Lorraine and powered by cobble labor. The interior proved to be extremely muddy, resembling in most respects a subterranean hog wallow. It afforded excellent rock climbing, however, and Tony and Jerry immediately pioneered a route to the ceiling of the main room, while others proceeded in more conventional directions. The party soon converged into one tunnel, to a well, which was by-passed via a keyhole and chimney, through a muddy crawlway and into a second large room. Here Tony led a sophisticated climb to



an upper level which turned out to be the most interesting part of the cave. The others struggled up at rather long intervals, with grunts, groans and various unpessimistic noises echoing throughout the room. Above lay an entertaining friction pitch and a delightful collection of rooms, pools and formations. At this point, George Kamm became so enchanted with one of the pools that he couldn't resist going swimming, much to the entertainment of all present. This concluded the exploration; the party rappelled from a convenient stalagmite and returned to the entrance, and thence home.

- by Walt Kane -

### Nov. 25. Cupid's Bower

Jim Bullard	Andy Kauffman	Louis Post
Tony Bullard	Betty Kauffman	John Reed
Dick Goldman	Peg Koister	Jane Showacre
Sally Goldman	Bill Komper	Bob Stevens
Don Hubbard	John Post (Boston R.C.)	Arnold Wexler

In the absence of Paul, Dick Goldman was deputy chairman for the day. The raw cold weather indicated local climbing, and we settled on Cupid's Bower. On the way out, we paused at the only outcrop of rock between Angler's Inn and Bear Island, to play a little on one of Don's favorite easy leads. Jim Bullard took Tony and the Post Brothers over, then Peg led Johnny, Jane and Don across. Don insisted on a triple belay because of his advancing years and a decrepit hand, then came up so fast we couldn't keep the slack out of the rope.

We ambled on to Cupid's Bower by the longest route, and reached the rocks dry shod and without using an aerial traverse, much to Don's disappointment. We headed directly for Stimson University, and since we were following the Johns Hopkins Now Plan, we worked first on the Ph. D. Climb (otherwise known as the Coffin). Jim and Arnold acquired Doctor's degrees; Johnny Reed took his prelims and passed his language requirements but didn't quite make the doctorate. Several others had nice rides off the overhang.

Working downward for the benefit of the common people, Bill, Jim, John Post and Bob picked up degrees on the Master's Climb, while Johnny Reed led the Bachelor's. He was followed up by Jane, the Post brothers, Bob and Peg.

Mid-afternoon found us shivering and quite willing to call it a day. Somehow, Betty managed to persuade us to come and help her finish up her Thanksgiving turkey. Nine of us accordingly repaired to the Kauffman residence, where we polished off a banquet and enjoyed Bill Komper's movies of his summer trip to Europe.

### Dec. 2. Cardrock, Md.

Paul Bradt	John Fortna	Andy Kauffman	Frank Sauber
John Brohm	Dick Goldman	Betty Kauffman	Chris Scrodes
Jim Bullard	Sally Goldman	Peg Koister	Bob Stevens
Tony Bullard	Art Grantz	Bill Komper	Cleo Turner
Jean Francois Canu	Marion Harvey	Marilyn Moe	Oliver Westfall
Pierre Canu	Jerry Jankowitz	Gerry Morgan	Jonathan Wittenberg
B.B. Felton	(Walt Kane)	John Reed	

If it wasn't exactly June in January, it was certainly April in December, so with no frostbitten fingers as alibis, we fell upon the rocks (or is this an unfortunate choice of words?) with enthusiasm. Paul, Johnny Reed, Ted, Peg and Bill all pitched in as instructors and divided up the considerable number of beginners for preliminary work on the Nose, Beginner's Crack and some easy nearby scrambles.

To keep track of and report all the climbs made that day would be a big job and too space-consuming. We'll try to hit the high spots. (No slight intended if you didn't make the headlines.) Jerry took Gerry off upstream and introduced him to the Jackknife and Lazy Daisy, both of which he made. Peg led the ChrisWexDon, with Andy as second, and Betty and John Fortna completing the team. Johnny Reed climbed the

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Spiderwalk (second time this year!), and later Jerry joyously made it with the help of a tip from Chris.

Chris and Jim did something exciting called the Little Keyhole (where did that come from? We've never heard of it before). Marion led the Golden Stairs, and B.B., a brand new beginner, departed herself very well on this climb. Marion, Jimmy and Johnny Reed climbed the Friction Layback.

The folks with more ambition than sense took turns falling off Herbie's Horror, until Jimmy came along and strolled up it for the second time this winter. Under his coaching, Marion almost made it! When the Horror had lost its charm (?), we moved over to Jan's Face, which was climbed from center bottom by Frank, Art, John Brehm, Jim and Peg. Meanwhile, Marion peered around the Corner at Sterling's Crack, worked on it awhile, and fell off.

Somehow, we gravitated back to the Spiderwalk, where we enjoyed a few more episodes of "People Caught in the Web!" No new conquests were made, and the setting sun soon sent us scurrying supperward full of self-satisfaction. (Leave us be alliterative, though illiterate.)

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Another irresistible request from Mugelnoos (Nov. 8, '51):

"WOMEN'S SECTION"

"PHYSICAL EDUCATION DEPT.- 'Mature women should watch for danger spots,' warns Lydia Lane, in her beauty-glamour column in the L.A. Times. 'As you approach the 30s, keep a watchful eye ... for the Spread... The more mature woman may be resigned to added inches but there are spots she cannot overlook. Her knees must be kept flexible, so that she can get in and out of cars and chairs with agility.' The Mugelnoos has made an active survey of this peril, and now is ready to announce that, indeed, many formerly agile females who spend a weekend toting 35-lb. packs, making 15-hr. rock climbs up overhangs or demonstrating well-hinged joints when skiing, suddenly find their petrified knees to be inefficient for getting in and out of cars.

"Added to this is the frightening hazard that on ROS camping trips or in the sitzmark school of skiing, girls may become so accustomed to leaping up from the ground that they are no longer geared to chairs.

"The choice is a pathetically difficult one:- shall we have Mature Women who can cope nimbly with cars and chairs, à la Lydia Lane, or just Mature Women who on rock climbs can place their left foot deftly above the right ear?"

N. B.

For the next issue, Jean Burnstad will double in brass as Editor AND Business Manager. Please send all contributions to her. All help gratefully received.