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

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

COMING ATTRACTIONS

THE annual 50¢ dues of the Mountaineering Committee are now due. Please pay to Dolores Alley.

DEC. 30--Jim Bullard, in charge of rock-climbing activities for the day.

JAN. 6--Johnny Reed, in charge, etc.

December 9

Betty Alley	Jim Bullard	Sally Goldman	Gerry Morgan
Dolores Alley	Walter Caine	Nancy Gray	Chris Scoredos
Smoky Alley	Barbara Felton	Don Hubbard	Lu Scutter
Paul Bradt	John Fortner	Mary Joy	Jonathan Wittenberg
John Brehm	Dick Goldman	Bill Kemper	Bill Wright

The day began warm and wet with all lichens swollen to maximum slipperiness. Don and Chris took the second generation experts to visit some old climbs opposite the Fish Ladder. Chris' Downcast Face was too wet but Jim, John Brehm, Gerry, Don and Dolores climbed the traverse just upstream from the Straddle Climb. The Ringbolt Climb just downstream from the Straddle was made by Don, John Brehm, Bill Wright, Jim and Paul. In the meantime, Chris was giving Betty and Mary a workout, or vice versa. It is understood that their most difficult problem was that of teaching Smoky, the cat, to climb roped. Bolling the cat is easier than roping him.

Dick and Sally were observed just across the State line getting an adequate workout before the lunch-time rain. The rain came at just the right time. What a pity if it had spoiled our morning climbs! After lunch we were thoroughly soaked and the cold wind demanded immediate action. Down Romeo's Ladder zipped Barbara, Bill Wright, John Brehm and Walt on the hot rope. Jim climbed back up while Paul took Nancy, Walt and Barbara up Juliet's Balcony, followed by Bill Kemper and Jonathan. In the meantime, Don kidnapped Jim and John Brehm and took them up the Flatirons. --P.B.

Sity Clickers

The Scoredos's are in Florida --Subterranean rock-climbing, sez Paul.

The Poor Man's Nature Boy is off the rocks. He and Tony are teaching Arnold Wexler to ski. Pleasant falls, Arnold.

TWO WEEKS IN MAINE

by Paul Bradt

Our 1951 vacation was aimed at the small fry but Josephine and I had our innings. We felt that western mountains and boulder fields would seem too big for Alan (6) and Peter (4), so we set our sights on Mt. Katahdin.

Dorothy Walker heard of this and invited us to spend part of the time camping in their part of the Maine woods. Our tent-site faced the ocean over a strip of large rocks thrown up by past storms. These granite blocks provided a sort of linear boulder field, bounded on one side by water, sea weed, hermit crabs, snails, star fish and sand dollars, and on the other side by evergreen woods festooned with Spanish moss and carpeted with sphagnum. Our four days there were mostly spent on this narrow rocky strip, often well paced and guided by Billy, Jeanie or Dorothy Walker. It was a delightful way for all of us to pick up skill in boulder-skipping.

At Katahdin we carried provisions in to Chimney Pond with the hope of a family trip to the top. Anyone hefting Jo's pack could easily believe, as I did, that her first day there should be a rest day. Accordingly, I left her with nothing to do but care for the children, cook, etc. and refreshed my memory on the relative merits of the Saddle and Cathedral trails for a family descent route. Also I took the boys up the lower big boulder part of the Dudley Trail to try them out. They did very well and we all turned in with high hopes.

Next morning we got an early start. (An early start with children is four hours later than an early start without them.) Weather was fine and spirits still high. The young fry, however, demanded frequent rest stops during which they selected rocks resembling battleships and held naval engagements. Pleasures from this source were dampened, however, by their parents refusal to transport the ships from one battle to the next.

On Pomola Peak we tarried to take stock of time and energies, and then roped up for crossing the notch to Chimney Peak. From the latter it was just a long walk up the so-called Knife Edge to Baxter Peak. To the children the scenery was more notable than the height of the exposure, but I must confess that we abruptly took Peter's hand a few times when his rapt jumpings seemed too close to the edge.

At the end of the Appalachian Trail we registered properly and turned toward Cathedral Trail. As soon as our route left the grass, Peter was given a place on my shoulders. Perhaps I should say --on my head --for he leaned forward and down so as to watch the placement of my feet. I don't believe he was worried, only justifiably interested. Where this trail begins to drop steeply, we roped up with Alan in the middle and Jo leading. Our route was down steep granite rocks and we were racing with the setting sun. Jo did a masterful leading job. Picking a way suitable for our six-year old was not just a cairn following task. I followed, swelling with pride in my intelligence in picking a rock climbing mate. It was turning dark as we entered the woods and we were back in camp before feeling for our flashlights.

Next day was a rest day, of course, so I left Jo with nothing to do but care for the children, cook, etc. while I went up to make a further notation in the register and come down Hamlin Ridge. This ridge gives one fine views of the great granite fall on the opposite (north) side of the North Basin. Yet, I believe this view delighted me less than one waiting for me in camp --a leather patch on a pair of pants on a man.

In fact there were three such important men: Whitney Stueck of Old Saybrook, Conn., Robert Graef of Brooklyn, and John Shugrue of Boston, all A.M.C. climbers

complete with ropes, hardware and Arnold Wexler's June '46 Appalachia article, "Katahdin for Rock Climbing".

We got acquainted between bites of food and liked each other. After supper we four took a rope and headed for the nearest rocks, the cliff just above the foot of the Dudley Trail. The climbing was not easy so we didn't reach the top but retreated as soon as it was too dark to see. In camp, Jo reassured Mrs. Stueck that climbers shouldn't be expected back before 11 p.m.. Arriving at about that time, I told the fellows that I would climb with them the next day, if their sober morning judgement so favored.

Accordingly, the next morning I left Jo with nothing to do but care for the children, etc.. Cooking was no longer necessary since we had planned to leave that day and had eaten all our food. The family foraged on Blueberry Knoll while I sneaked off with a handful of peanuts I had smuggled in. My companions and I headed for the north wall of the North Basin, planning to follow the Hendricks-Haworth route described in Arnold's article.

My ego was all puffed up when they asked me to lead the rope. It was the acme of hospitality and I promised solemnly not to lead anything I couldn't retreat from. Second was poker-faced John Shugrue who would come up with Don Hubbard's smoothness and then generously claim that the pitch was more than he'd care to lead. Big Whitney Stueck as third would take half the time I had, but grunt and fret enough to make my slower progress seem excusable. Robert Graef made the back end of the rope symmetrical with the front by always bringing up a grin to match my own.

For the most part we followed the Hendricks-Haworth route simply by starting at the same place and consistently selecting the most interesting pitches. The one exception to this system was the second pitch below the great overhanging block. When I retreated the second time down this perfectly feasible pitch, my crew and the clock agreed that we should traverse to the left. This was the traverse used by Sterling and Chuck Haworth and brought us shortly to the easy route. This we followed without delay to the Howe Peaks. Skipping tableland boulders and scooting down the Saddle Trail, we got to camp even before sundown.

Next morning we packed down to Roaring Brook parking lot and headed for home. Now and then Jo spots a seraphic grin on my face and checks that I am thinking of that delightful last day at Katahdin. And I don't feel too selfish either. There were other children for the boys to play with and a little fasting was good for Josephine.

Dec. 14 & 15 --Kodachrome Show at Johnny Reed's

I'm sure the Alaska snows would never stop Johnny but the D.C. snows did! I believe he finally did arrive home, to be welcomed by his guests of the evening, all rugged individuals. Apparently they wouldn't leave until Johnny came marching home to show them beautiful summer slides of Alaska. They were well worth waiting for--Paul even came back Saturday night for the repeat performance.

George Kamm's Alaska Highway Kodachromes were excellent. Many more of these Alaska evenings and the rock-climbers will be Alaska bound. We thank you both for showing us the way.

Delicious refreshments were served by Johnny's folks at the conclusion of the slides. Many thanks to the Reed's for their very generous week-end hospitality.

New Members

John Fortna - B.O.Q., Naval Proving Grounds, Dahlgren, Va.

Gerry Morgan - 3908 Morrison St. N.W., Washington 15 D. C.

Felix A. Peckham - 640 Princeton Pl. N.W. Washington 10, D.C.

Spike Shaknow - 3051 N St. N.W., Washington, D. C.

Dr. & Mrs Francis B. Silsbee, 2620 Quebec St., N.W., Washington, D.C., Phone WO3457

Norman Marshall Smith - St. Andrews School, Middletown, Delaware.

Home address - 30 Wheatly St., Kensington, Md.

J. William Wright - 3922 Gelston Drive, Baltimore 29, Md.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Mrs. Dolores Alley - 1254 Owen Place, N.E., Apt. 1, Washington, D. C.

Peter Bloss, Jr. - Antioch College, Yellow Springs, Ohio.

Jan & Herb Conn - Hacienda Del Sol, Tucson, Arizona.

Marion Jackson - 801 Kentucky Ave. S.E., Apt. 2, Washington 3, D. C.

Business phone - RE6161, Ext. 66

James C. Maxwell - Suite 18, 1165 Boylston St., Boston 15, Mass.

Oliver Westfall - 5506 Connecticut Ave. N.W. Washington, D.C. EM5064

Dec. 16 Panorama

Jim Bullard

Hans Scholtens

Ted Schad

Don Hubbard

Bitterly cold weather resulted in the above four comprising the entire group going to Little Devils Stairs. However, inasmuch as the road into same was much too icy, they drove to Panorama and parked their car. They were now free of any danger.

Hiking down the highway with their packs on their backs, they finally spied several ice-falls by the side of the road, never before climbed by man. What a wonderful opportunity for several first ascents! With no fanfare, they iced their way to the summit, slowly and surely, pausing only to retrieve their fingers which were slowly dropping off, one by one. Twenty below it was (thumbs included) when they were finally frozen at the summit. Their goal had been reached!! And to this day one can still find fingers on the Skyline Drive.

I guess they descended the ice-cliff because Ted informed me they had lunch, sunshine, wind and southern exposure at the tunnel.

The afternoon activities consisted of a very enjoyable hike to the top of Mary's Rock, and an early return to D.C. So endeth the tale of the Four Freezers.

J. B.

Dec. 23

Can't locate anyone that was out on such a beautiful day.

For the next issue, I hope Peg Keister will double in brash as Editor AND Business Manager. Please send all contributions to her. All help gratefully received. At this time JB is all for a 2(PB) Club--Please Bring Peg Back, then Club.

Anyone interested in skiing should contact Jerry Jankowitz, phone Ordway-4040, ext. 7354, or home phone Sligo 2574. Equipment can be rented in the city. Jerry reports that he and Arnold and Tony spent a wonderful Xmas week-end in Vermont, but skiing of course. Arnold is recovering rapidly.

HAPPY NEW YEAR