



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

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

FOUNDED BY
JAN AND HERB CONN

PRICE
5 CENTS PER COPY

Volume 8

January 11, 1952

Number 16

H A P P Y N E W Y E A R ! !

COMING ATTRACTIONS

Thursday, January 24, 1952, at 8:00 P.M. at the home of Ann Green, 4914 Albemarle St., N.W. (EM 5459). HERE'S THE CHANCE YOU'VE BEEN WAITING FOR -- to get the lowdown on the Devil's Tower trip straight from the horses' mouth. Kodachromes and movies taken by Tony Soler and Ray Moore on the famous climb and in the Black Hills and Tetons. Come and see for yourselves. Incidentally, folks, this is our Annual Meeting. Come and exercise your voting privilege or find out if you have one. New members will be elected. Come and help plan a spring schedule. Anyway, COME.

Washington's Birthday Weekend - Feb. 22-24. Jo Bradt is dreaming up a FAMILY TRIP at Pine Grove Shelter. She would like to know whether other families with small children would be interested. If so, please contact Jo (GE 3917) by Jan. 22, so that she can make the shelter reservation.

Hey, how about us bachelors? Anybody got a good idea for a three-day weekend?

The Editor extends her heartfelt thanks to those who so admirably put out UP ROPE during the holiday period. Special thanks to Jean, to whom we send our love (without the hisses), to Jane for her fine typing, and to Jerry for his help on the production line. We sort of favor a 3(J) Club. In fact, we are thinking of resigning to give such talent a chance.

HIGH SIERRA

by Sam Brown

Through a kind acquaintance, an invitation was extended to me to join the third period of the "High" trip conducted by the Sierra Club of California. The trip was to be in the Sierra region just west of Bishop, California, principally along the John Muir Trail which winds through Evolution Valley and Le Conte Canyon. Entrance was to be through Piute Pass (11,400) and exit over Bishop Pass (12,000).

I joined Mary Hornbeck (PATC) in Los Angeles, to complete the Washington representation on the trip. Taking the bus to Bishop, we met the group at North Lake on August 5.

The trip commenced at 0500 the following morning in complete darkness and temperature just above freezing (estimated). Piute Pass was the main objective. Beyond that lay Hutchinson Meadow and the first camp.

For those unfamiliar with a Sierra Club "High Trip," some brief comments might be of interest. Each period, of which there were three this year, extends for two weeks. During a period, approximately five camps are established, from which side trips can be made as desired. Mules carry 30 lbs. of one's baggage between camps. Food is prepared by the Staff. These arrangements permit one truly to "go light" and at most any desired pace. Back pack trips are encouraged and many are organized for 3 or 4 day journeys into the "back country." The size of each group generally numbers less than 10. The people on the whole trip number anywhere from 80 to over 100. This fact may remind one perhaps of a pilgrimage, rather than a quiet journey in the wilderness. However, one finds that a day's hike or climb may be made with a small group of from 2 to 12 people, and meeting others on the trail may not be too common. Admitted, however, that at evening meal everyone gets real hungry at once and a long queue results.

The climb over Piute Pass and on down into Hutchinson Meadow was quite easy. Conditioning in the Pentagon gymnasium was beginning to pay off.

The following day the call went out to all rock climbers to qualify for future rope work. Only two reported and were immediately checked out on the dynamic belay. "Oscar" experience at Carderock came in quite handy. That afternoon we worked out on some nearby cliffs with George Bloom of Los Angeles as the leader.

One of the two available routes into Evolution Meadow led over the Glacier Divide (12,426). This route proved really interesting for those of us who had never seen a glacial lake. "Icebergs" were floating about and were the subject of much photography. After crossing the glacier, a scree and talus slope proved a bit thrilling due to mobility, and the crest of the Divide was a welcome sight.

From Evolution Meadow, twelve of us set out on a back pack trip to McGee Lakes for climbing and fishing. On the way we met members of the Berkeley Hiking Club. From them I learned that Norman Goldstein had just left to climb the Hermit. This being on our route, I hoped that I might meet him, but I missed him. Norm's friends said that he had hiked, solo, from Tuolumne Meadows in Yosemite in four days -- a rather considerable feat, apparently. He had been living -- or surviving -- on 1½ lbs. of food a day. The Berkeley people with whom he was then staying were attempting to fatten him.

From McGee Lakes, four of us climbed the Hermit (12,352), while others rested and some fished. The latter endeavor was a highlight, for upon our return from the Hermit we were greeted with a mess of beautiful golden trout for dinner. The following morning three brave souls decided to swim in one of the lakes but upon immersion elected to cut the exercise quite short.

The next day we joined the main trip at the south end of Evolution Valley near Mt. Darwin. While here, the only substantial injury of the trip occurred. While climbing Darwin, a girl got her leg pinned beneath a large boulder after some talus had avalanched. With considerable effort, the girl was brought down the mountain and from there to camp on a horse. It developed, fortunately, that her injury was not so serious but that she could remain with the trip, riding between camps.

LeConte Canyon was entered through Muir Pass (12,059). I noticed in the register that Norm Goldstein had been through two days earlier and had devoted an entire page to an outline of his solo trip. Apparently his aim was traverse the John Muir

High Sierra (Cont.)

Trail from Tuolumne Meadows to Mt. Whitney, climbing just about every significant mountain along the route. He planned to deviate a bit south of LeConte Canyon and go down through the Enchanted Gorge. This gorge trip, I am told, is truly spectacular.

From Muir Pass, experienced Sierra people noted the small quantity of snow on peaks, here in the highest region of the Sierra. Since this is the fountainhead of a large portion of the California water supply, one could understand the alarm expressed by urban communities such as Los Angeles.

The last camp was at Dusy Lakes (11,200). Three days were spent here during which a few parties climbed Mt. Sill and North Palisade (14,250). One party of two was caught overnight on the slopes of the latter after a forced delay in descent, due to a wet snow storm. A rescue party left at dawn the next day but met the two at the base of the mountain. They were suffering slightly from exposure. One of the party was the man who had joined me in Hutchinson Meadow for the dynamic belay checkout, mentioned earlier. It is sad to report that two days later this man was killed instantly while driving back to Los Angeles.

The trip ended on August 13 as we passed through Bishop Pass (12,000). Six of us stopped at the pass long enough to climb Agassiz Needle (13,863). From here we had a beautiful view of where we had been during the two weeks. It also afforded an excellent opportunity to take pictures of the Palisade Glacier, Mt. Sill, and North Palisade. However, my best view of the region came from 19,000 ft. while flying back to Washington from San Francisco.

UPS AND DOWNS

December 30, 1951. Corderock, Md.

Jim Bullard Tony Bullard Ray Moore Frank Sauber Hans Scheltema

The last Sunday of 1951 brought weather more conducive to working off hangovers than working up overhangs. The group repaired to Corderock under the leadership of Jim Bullard. Oscar was pressed into service, and Jim, Frank and Hans took turns on the belay platform. Lunch was eaten in the Buckets of Blood Chimney. The only climbing of the day was that done by Tony on the Beginner's Crack. F.S.

New Year's Weekend. The Hermitage.

The traditional New Year's shelter party started off modestly with a party of definitely six, and possibly eight. It ended up riotously with a total of seventeen, with twelve to fourteen people present at any one time. The invasion was due to the unskiable conditions at Laurel Mountain. The collegians (Johnny Reed, Earl Mosburg, Harold Drewes, Bob Butler and Arnold Jones) arrived Saturday night. They did a fine job of shoveling out the sticky snow on the road, only to discover it was the wrong road. Backpacking three days' supply of canned goods up the final slippery mile (1,479 paces, according to Johnny) proved sufficient exercise for that day. Sunday they tackled an icy Swiss Guide Climb with a rope from above, then set to to gather a fine supply of well seasoned chestnut for the evening's fire.

When Peg Keister, Jane Showacre and George Kamm arrived Sunday afternoon, they found a familiar two-tone Chevvie, topped with an amazing assortment of skis, just pulling in. It contained Jerry Jankowitz, Tony Soler and Arnold Wexler, the first of the disappointed skiers. Afoot or aski, these six slithered up the road under their packs. Marion Harvey and Becky Clark, also previously hopeful skiers, arrived shortly after. Under Johnny's capable management, the food planned for eight stretched admirably to feed the hungry horde. A pleasant Sunday evening was spent in playing charades, solving esoteric problems in physics (rope tricks) and logic (the Wooden Indian), and in reading aloud from Poe and Service.

Monday morning we indulged in the unheard of luxury of sleeping til nine. Thereafter, the party occupied themselves variously by cutting more wood, snowballing each

UP ROPE, published semi-monthly by the Mountaineering Committee of the Potomac Appalachian Trail Club, 1916 Sunderland Place, N.W., Washington 6, D.C.

Subscriptions: \$1.00 for 20 issues.
Send new subscriptions and renewals to:
Miss Jean Burnstad
204 E. Capitol St.
Washington 2, D.C.

UP ROPE STAFF

Editor: Peg Keister
Business Manager: Jean Burnstad
Feature Writer: Sam K. Brown, Jr.
Reporters: Frank Seuber, Peg Keister
Crankers and Stuffers: Jean and Peg
Heading Designer: Tom Culverwell
Heading Printers: Ellen and Lowell Bennett

other, attempting to ski on the road, running in to Waynesboro for more supplies and playing chess. Meanwhile, Sally and Dick Goldman arrived. The evening was more or less a repetition of the previous one, with the addition of a songfest before the fire. After toasting in the New Year, we were just drowsing by the fireplace when Bill Komper and B.B. Felton arrived. There were those who went sensibly to bed, and those who kept the fire burning and roused to say Happy New Year in Chicago, Denver, San Francisco and the Pacific Islands.

On Tuesday, some felt bound to start the New Year right by climbing something, so a few hardy souls struggled on the Swiss Guide and the Unfinished Symphony, in spite of melting snow and swollen lichens. The rest rested and/or straightened up the cabin. We all left at an early hour to go home and recuperate. Those who still had a little energy left went on to George's to see some of his and Harold Drewes' Alaska pictures.

January 6. Carderock.

Hot Shoppers only: Johnny Reed, Dolores Alley, Arnold Wexler.

Jim Bullard	Andy Kauffman	Felix Peckham	Vi Snyder
Jean Burnstad	Betty Kauffman	Frank Seuber	Jim Willard
Marion Harvey	Peg Keister	Chris Scoredos	Donna Willman
Jerry Jankowitz	Ray Moore	Bob Snyder	Lloyd Wright
Georgo Kamm	Gerry Morgan	Bobbie Snyder	

Finding our original destination, Great Falls, under water, we hurried back to Carderock, where we knew we could at least find the rocks. Jim Bullard was as usual thirsting for more classified climbs and lost no time in hunting up Elsie's Edge Face with Chris. Peg and Jean took Jean's friends the Snyders and Donna in hand for some instruction and practice in climbing and rappeling. Occasional sounds of pitons were heard from around the downstream corner. Lunch time found us all huddled around a small smoky fire, reluctant to touch those cold rocks again. However, the do-or-die spirit revived somewhat, and a few attempts were made on the Spiderwalk -- silly people! Marion's arrival caused quite a diversion, especially when she gracefully climbed the Beginner's Crack in a skirt! Rock climbing is a lady's sport, you see.

As rigor overtook even the youngest and most enthusiastic, Ray instituted a new method of warming up, and shortly he, Jim, Jerry and Felix were gaily practicing free rappels from Oscar's platform. When enthusiasm and trouser seats began to wear thin, they set up an aerial traverse across the Billy Goat Trail. When last seen by your departing UP ROPE staff, they were learning variations on this technique from Jim.

Charles Fort is back in town job hunting. He's still astride his favorite hobby, Higgenbotham cave. No doubt a full account of the discovery of a new entrance will appear soon. We are beginning to understand his new found enthusiasm for Prusik knots, having seen his most recent use of them. It seems the Louisville Courier-Journal Sunday Mag had lined up a fine cover picture of a pretty girl and handsome lad under the mistletoe, only to find they couldn't reach the mistletoe. To the rescue came Caveman Charles -- and got his picture in the paper, too.