



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

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

FOUNDED BY
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SHADOWS OF THINGS TO COME

- March 6 - 8.00P.M. State Department Movie "The Appalachian Trail" -
National Museum, 10th and Constitution Avenue. In August, 1950, the State Dept. made a film of Trail Club members in action at Big Meadows and elsewhere on the Trail, to demonstrate some of our activities to people in other countries. Several members of the Mountaineering Committee participated. The film runs 15 min., and there will be other movies and Kodachromes taken by members on the trip. If you are a member, you will want to come and see your photogenic friends. If you are not yet a member, come and see what it is all about.
- March 9 - Sugarloaf Mountain, Md. - Leader: Johnnie Reed. Leave the
Hot Shoppe at 8:30 or come directly. Let's all go climb the Butterfinger!
- March 13 - 8.00P.M. - Program Meeting at the home of Dr. and Mrs.
Silsbee, 2320 Quebec St., N.W., Washington 20 (WO 3457). Dr. and Mrs. Silsbee have been enthusiastic visitors to the Canadian Rockies for many years, and Dr. Silsbee is an artist with a camera, as you know, if you have ever attended a PATC Kodachrome show.
- March 22-23. Filer's Cave, near Tomahawk, W. Va. Leader: Johnny
Meenehan. Meet at the Hot Shoppe, prepared to leave at 8.30 sharp Saturday morning. Directions and rendezvous points will be given out then. Bring cave equipment, sleeping bags, change of clothes, and your own food.

BAKER ROCKS

by Donald Hubbard

(Editor's Note: We have in our midst a talented author who can seldom be persuaded to adorn these pages. Hence, as a public service, we have reached back into the past and unearthed one of his earlier unpublished gems, which we think you will enjoy. The trip described here took place on November 13 and 14, 1948; the participants were Ted Schad, Andy and Betty Kauffman, Dick Goldman, and Don.)

We arrived at Baker Rocks shortly before noon, and Andy with the traditions of Colossal Enterprises surging through his veins picked out an easy climb (the deformed pinnacle facing the first gap to the right of the spring) as an appetizer for lunch. He quickly discovered two characteristic features about Baker Rocks, viz. that the pitons do not fit the available cracks and also that the cracks do not accommodate the available pitons. No sooner had he made this disconcerting discovery, when,

"Down from the high flung battlements of peaks,
Down through the fearful chasm of Udon
Blasting, screaming madly came the wind."

(From Tales of Jara, by Herbie Conn)

With "his chest laid bare, his face upturned to meet the howling gale" (more stuff from Jara) Andy was heard to mutter, "This wind!! It is enough to drive a crazy person sane!" With that he with a large (very large) portion of the lunch disappeared for the rest of the afternoon.

However, Dick and I decided to continue Andy's climb while the wind still held the pinnacle up, for there seemed an imminent probability that it would topple over the moment it was unsupported by the force of the gale. If a primary ascent was to be made it had to be done while the ascent was still standing. As Dick described it as he joined me on the peak, "It is an easy climb, but scary as the dickens under the circumstances." Following this success, we straddled the chimney and continued up the ridge, along which we traversed to the first major cleft. We used four pitons which Betty explained was merely to keep the rope from blowing away.

We descended to play host to five young natives who assimilated lessons in rappels and other techniques with an enthusiasm characteristic of future rockclimbers who are determined to go UP in this world. They even asked for another appointment for the following day.

The next day there was a general call for volunteers to try the face climb picked out by Harold Drewes and me on a previous trip. It starts at the inner base of pinnacle K₁ (see UP ROPE, June 26, 1946). There was a most surprising and enthusiastic response, viz. an almost unanimous stampede to do some climbing on the other side of the hill. Only the imperturbable and stoic Dick remained. Four pitons and forty vertical feet later brought us to the first satisfactory belay point. From there to the top the rest of the climb is exposed but simple.

Dick and I agree that the climb does not have very much to offer, not even a decent handhold.

UPS AND DOWNSFebruary 11, 1952. Carderock, Md.

Dick Bishop	(Walt Kane)	Felix Peckham	Bob Stevens
Jim Bullard	Andy Kauffman	Earl Reed	Arnold Wexler
Bob Fisk	Betty Kauffman	Johnnie Reed	Jonathan Wittenberg
(Dick Goldman)	Peg Keister	Frank Sauber	Marion Wornald
Marion Harvey	Bill Kemper	Ted Schad	Mrs. Wornald
(Don Hubbard)	Ray Moore	Hans Scheltema	Bill Wright
Jerry Jankowitz	Gerry Morgan	Jane Showacre	

Over the protests of some of us who are averse to submarine rockclimbing, we started for Great Falls, Md. A brief stop was made at the Falls proper, where Johnnie and a couple of other foolish young things rappelled from the guard rail to look at a lead reported to exist below. Thoroughly spray-splattered, they returned promptly and we headed downstream, to find our climbing area underwater. History repeats itself, and once more we gave up this area in favor of Carderock.

The usual initiation and instruction in knots, climbing, belaying and rappelling took place in the vicinity of the Beginners' Crack, with all "beginners" performing in a very promising fashion. A late arrival, seeing Johnnie falling off the Beginners' Crack repeatedly from various heights and with varying amounts of slack, expressed the hope that Johnnie would some day - if he lived - succeed in making this climb.

Johnnie and Jerry provided a good show when they successfully climbed Leonard's Lunacy. Others looked at it and either tried and fell off or shuddered and walked off. Jane and Arnold both strolled up the AAA climb, in spite of the fact that Hans was underfoot practicing Prusik knots on the same face.

Marion Harvey upheld the honor of the girls by climbing the Swayback Layback, the only person to make it this time. Johnnie took Peg, Bob Fisk and Earl on the fifty-cent ChrisWexDon tour (this is getting monotonous, Johnnie), to give the latter two a taste of continuous climbing. Felix then took Bob Stevens and Hans over the same route - Felix's first lead.

Johnnie, having licked his five-year enemy, Leonard's Lunacy, went to work for a while on Herbie's Horror, that other old bugbear, with Arnold belaying. When he had had enough of falling off, Peg bowed under Arnold's whip, and groaned her way up the Chockstone Chimney.

Having hunted all over Great Falls for us, Bill Kemper turned up just as we started packing up to leave. We waited while he and several other hopefuls tried the Spiderwalk. The Spiderwalk resisted all attacks.

February 17, 1952. Hot Shoppe.

Don Hubbard - George Kamm - Peg Keister - Johnnie Reed - Arnold Wexler -
Jim Willard - Jonathan Wittenberg

We're sissies! The old gang ain't what it used to be! The seven above turned up at the Hot Shoppe in spite of a cold drizzle, but that was as far as their ambition and enthusiasm took them. After killing an hour over breakfast, Don left to go to his lab, Jonathan returned to his books, George suddenly remembered he had laundry to do, Peg left to do her laundry and go to her lab, Johnnie stood in shivery indecision a little longer, then decided that another trip over the ChrisWexDon in the rain had lost its appeal. The other two left in disgust, presumably to go back to bed.

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The Ski Threat

It seems that skiing is presenting an increasing threat to rock-climbing these days. Quite a mass exodus occurred over Washington's Birthday and the preceding week. Walt Kane, Gerry Morgan, Jerry Jankowitz, Arnold Wexler and Bill Kemper are all among the missing, gone either north or west in search of the nasty white stuff. Happy sitzmarks, fellows!

We're glad to say there was a baker's dozen left to go on the West Virginia trip this weekend. We'll get the lowdown on that trip next time. Hope George got that surprise tape-recording he was planning.

Lost and Found

If you've lost, mislaid or left behind any articles of clothing or equipment lately, or not so lately, don't look in the yellow pages, ask Peg. She finds the trunk of her car and her room rapidly filling up with a fine variety of items. Right now she has a lovely blue scarf adorned with boats and seagulls, a pair of sturdy gloves (Chris's?), and a man's hat. The latter was left in her car long ago by some MCM member who climbed once with us at Sugarloaf. If any MCM reader can reunite it with its owner, please do. It isn't becoming to Peg at all.

Notes and News

We hear that Jimmie Maxwell was in town Wednesday and Thursday of last week. Paul, Don and Arnold had dinner with him one evening. He has Alaska on his mind, 'tis said.

Alan and Peter Bradt have been taking turns having the chicken pox. We're glad to hear the seige is about over.

No news is good news, they say, but it makes awfully dull reading. How about sending in your little news items?

If you have clear black and white prints of any of our climbs, or if you can draw or diagram climbs, or describe them, or name those not yet named, you are the person we are looking for. We would like to work out a complete catalog of our climbs and need lots of help on the project. How about it?