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PRE-VUES

April 13 - Thurmont; Leader, Jane Showacre. Last record we can find of climbing in this area is for September 25, 1949, so if you are one of those people who are tired of Garderock and Great Falls, here's your chance at new fields to conquer. Several climbs in this area have been suggested as classified climbs, so bring your cameras, sketch pads and imaginations along and help us name and describe some of them for the record.

April 26-27 - Weekend at Old Rag. Leader: Paul Bradt. Details will be announced in next issue.

April 27. The Youth Hostellers, led by George Kamm, plan to do some climbing. George will probably appreciate the help of any experienced climbers who do not plan to go to Old Rag.

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CANADIAN ROCKIES DE LUXE

A goodly group of rock climbers, mountaineers, Trail Club friends and Kodachrome fans met at the home of Dr. and Mrs. Silsbee on March 13 and were transported to the beauty of the Canadian Rockies by Dr. Silsbee's unsurpassed pictures. Shots taken in storms and fogs as well as in brilliant sunlight caught the many moods of the mountains. To our way of thinking, the pictures of mountain animals, even such shy ones as conies and mountain goats, were an unusual treat, and for the botanical enthusiasts, the alpine meadows and close ups of flowers were delightful.

Among the pictures of mountain fauna, we saw our own Jean ("I did it and I'm glad") Burnstad in her role of manager-cook-guide and what-have-you at the lodge at Mt. Robson. If she ever returns to that job, she'll be sure of lots of customers.

Dr. Silsbee sounded almost apologetic about the fact that he camped in comfort instead of suffering out on the Columbia Icefields. His pictures were so convincing that some of us wish we dared admit advancing age and weight so we could

try his recipe for a glorious vacation.

Knowing the appetites of mountaineers, Mrs. Silsbee provided us with mountains of delectable doughnuts and cookies and gallons of hot spiced tea. We are all most grateful to our gracious host and hostess for an outstanding evening.

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### UPS AND DOWNS

March 9. Don Hubbard tells us that his trip to Carderock (see last U.R.) must have been far superior to the Sugarloaf trip, to judge from our account of same. However, from talking to the participants, we learn only that it was cold and wet, and ultimately snowy, at Carderock, too, and that everyone left early. Dolores, it seems, was ambitious enough to try Herbie's Horror, but she thinks she left a few fingers there.

#### March 16. Great Falls, Virginia.

Betty Alley	Don Hubbard	Peg Keister	Frank Sauber
Dolores Alley	Shirley Jackson	Bill Kemper	Frank Stejer
John Brehm	Jerry Jankowitz	David King	Earl Reed
Susie Broome	Walt Kane	Jack King	Johnnie Reed
Donna Campbell	Andy Kauffman	Sterling King	Jonathan Wittenberg
Marion Harvey	Betty Kauffman		

Hoping to find our place in the sun, we chose the Virginia side of the gorge, and thereby found our place in the wind as well. We "old folks" managed to persuade some of the "youngsters" to "warm up" on the Corkscrew Climb. Walt then elected to climb the overhanging face around the corner upstream from the Corkscrew, and labored on it for over half an hour, blowing on his lobsterish hands whenever footholds were adequate. Peg, in a weak moment, had agreed to belay him, thinking thus to avoid climbing, and spent the time wondering how one avoids "freezing" on the rope when one can no longer flex frozen fingers. Susie, meanwhile, was suffering in similar fashion on a nearby cliff where Jerry and John Brehm were taking turns falling. We decided we might as well make it official, so we rigged a piton for practice jumps and initiated Donna and Frank Stejer into the mysteries of the dynamic belay, Johnnie Reed as usual volunteering to play the part of Oscar.

Juliet's Balcony was next visited, and here Donna and Frank put their lesson into practice with the help of Johnnie and Peg. Other teams followed. This climb was popular, because it could be done with gloves on. Before leaving this spot, we stopped for lunch, huddled under any protecting overhangs we could find.

Moving up to Flatiron Rock, we found an even stronger gale, but this seemed not to deter our determined climbers. The two Reeds, the two Franks, Jonathan, Jerry and Walt made the Straddle Chimney climb here, and Donna successfully ascended the outer face. Meanwhile, Susie, Shirley and Peg deserted to hike on up to Great Falls and down the road to the cars. On route they must have just missed Bill Kemper, who arrived in time to find the sturdy climbers huddled around a small fire. Shortly afterward, everyone braved the firing squad at the quarry to return to the cars. Somehow, we just missed Bill again, as he apparently over-shot the quarry.

Some of us went on to dinner, then accepted with alacrity Frank Sauber's invitation to come up and listen to folk records. We ran the gamut from Jan Conn to Leadbelly and had a very fine time.



March 23. Siler's Cave, W. Va. Leader: Johnny Meenehan.

Hot Shoppers: John Brehm, Don Hubbard, George Kamm, Andy and Betty Kauffman, Margaret Lewis, Johnnie Reed.

One-Cavers:

Martha Getchel	Sheila Knapp	John Roth	Oliver Westfall
Nelson Getchel	Penny McDuffy	Ted Schad	Arnold Wexler
Marian Jackson	John Meenehan	Jane Showacre	Jack Wilson
Peg Keister	Gerry Morgan	Gunver Steffensen	

Two-Cavers: Walter Downes, Nancy Grey, Harry Hayes, Jonathan Wittenberg, Bill Wright.

Presumably, some of those listed above as Hot Shoppers braved the rain to do some climbing or hiking. We left them to their comparatively civilized pursuits and headed for the wilds of West Virginia. Four cars rendezvoused at Hedgesville, then our leader guided us on through Tomahawk (which most of us didn't recognize) to the cave entrance, where we found Bill and Nancy.

Entrance was effected by way of a crude ladder consisting of cross pieces nailed to two small trees. Once down, we started exploring passages, which almost immediately became slick and gooey. A few good formations were found not far from the entrance. In particular, a small pool hung round with stalactites attracted us. Very soon we came upon a spot where there was no choice but to wade a little more than ankle deep in icy water. This immediately separated the spelunkers from the dudes. As it turned out, this was not the only route to the deeper regions of the cave, so some of us managed to bypass it and still continue our explorations. Most of the day's activities consisted of making like an eel in low and narrow passages, always in the hope of finding something beyond. What we usually found was more low and narrow passages and more mud. In the farthest maze, we came upon the obvious lunch spot, and eventually nearly everyone congregated here to eat, to chat, and to refuel. That is, those who had not been foolish enough to get separated from their lunches ate. (Lesson No. 1 for would-be cavers.)

Several happy hours were spent squirming around in one passage after another. We hear there was at least one example of the standard brand of cave humor, when Marian and Walter waited encouragingly at the top of a particularly nasty slippery slope for the rest of their group to struggle up, then told them they could now start down again, as there was no place else to go. We finally surfaced, thoroughly muddy, to find the sun warm and bright. A few hadn't had their money's worth and set off for another cave near Whiting's Neck. This one was small but extremely pretty, with formations so thick one could hardly move without breaking some. The climb out of this cave was sufficiently difficult so that the party resorted to pulling each other out bodily.

The occupants of Ted's and Peg's cars decided to go home by way of Shanghai -- and not by slow boat, either! Peg topped a rise at an intersection where the road was visible for a mile in both directions. The blue Buick that had been there but a moment ago was gone as if swallowed up. Consulting a map, Peg's passengers found that they had passed through Shanghai unawares, so nothing would do but to go back and try again. All of which made them a little late getting to Arnold's for that steak, but they made it eventually.

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The YODELER for March 3 contains a discussion on the use of expansion bolts in climbing by Ray de Saussure. Anyone interested may borrow UP ROPE's copy from the editor.

**Studies in White, No. 16.**

(With apologies to Eleanor)

The next issue of UP ROPE, if the Editor doesn't receive some contributions.