



## 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 IX

July 28, 1952

Number 7

### SHADOWS OF THINGS TO COME

August 8-9. Rock Spring Shelter. Leader: Johnnie Reed. Climbing and hiking in the Blue Ridge according to weather and inclination. There will be a central commissary. Please let Johnnie or Peg Keister know well in advance if you would like to go. See Johnnie out climbing Sunday or call Peg (OL 2078).

\*\*\*\*\*

Yup, we're back in circulation again in spite of heat and the absence of many of our members. We have received cards from Jim Bullard, who is having a fine time biking and climbing in Switzerland and Italy. We're looking forward to the inside story when he gets back. Jane Showacre and the Karchers have returned from their Canadian Rookies jaunt, having left the Kauffmans up there somewhere, with news which will make exciting reading sometime soon. Sterling Hendricks, Arnold Wexler and Don Hubbard are now in the Monashees in British Columbia. Frank Sauber is off to the incomparable Tetons. Jerry Jankowitz, Sioux Hughes and George Kamm are at the Canadian Alpine Club camp at Assiniboine, where they will reunion with Art Lembeck. Hope all these lucky people will give a thought to those of us who are sweating it out in Washington and finding what solace we can at Carderock and the Dickerson quarry.

=====

### UP ROPE HEARS ABOUT HEARDS

Os and Frances Heard, plus 2 3/4 lesser Heards, spent a few days with the China Lake Section of PATC after a hurry-up drive across country in their new Plymouth Suburban. Frances and small fry camped with Win and Steve in their air-conditioned quarters while Os and Art went up to the air-conditioned Sierra to exercise those post-Matterhorn muscles. Ray VanAken, Sierra Club climber, and Wes Cowan of China Lake were also in the party which spent Saturday night at about 9500 ft. near Kearsage Pass.

Next day the alarm watch went off at 0430 and the climbers at 0505. Practically the entire climb was made on snow up two long couloirs to the summit rock mass. Crampons and rope were just extra weight because the moderately hard snow was deeply pitted by the sun into what amounted to irregular steps. The upper 200 ft. was on excellent granite and just a scramble. Two book-type registers of cast metal, one California Alpine Club (unused) and the other Sierra Club, are bolted to the highest point (13588). The fine views of the surroundings from White Mountain and the Minaret country to the Palisades and Whitney regions were duly recorded by Os and we hope will be viewed by the Washington gang when the Heards return to base. They departed China Lake 24 June headed for more northerly Pacific area mountain regions before the long trek home.

-ACL-

UPS AND DOWNSJune 15. Bull Run Mountain.

Betty Alley	Shirley Butler	Jimmy Lane	Ted Schad
Dolores Alley	Joe Costello	Tommy Marshall	Chris Sooredos
John Brehm	Mary Ann Dawson	Wade Marshall	Eric Scoredos
Alan Buck	Marion Harvey	Ray Moore	Helen Scoredos
Elisabeth Buck	Jerry Jankowitz	Gerry Morgan	Johnny Scoredos
John Buck	Peg Keister	Johnnie Reed	Bob Stevens
Judy Buck	Hans Klenow	Paul Sandoz	Oliver Westfall
Susie Buck	Gretel Klenow	Frank Sauber	Arnold Wexler
Peter Buck			

Heat, wet shrubbery and luxuriant poison ivy made the long haul to the top of Bull Run a major undertaking in itself and left most of us with little energy for climbing. After wringing both the endogenous and exogenous water out of our jeans, however, we did our dooty by the rocks. Beginners were duly instructed on the rocks just below the lunch spot, while the eager beavers went off to tackle the Thing and Two Inches More. Then some of the beginners were taken on the grand tour of Zeus Throne. After lunch the half-eager beavers worked on the Overhang. Johnnie, Jimmy, Tommy and Arnold made it; John Buck almost did; Helen and Peg fell off a couple of times apiece. By this time, there was much agitation to quit this foolishness and go swimming. With no great show of reluctance, we gave in, and headed for the quarries of Halltown, W. Va. Although Ted's estimated 25 miles turned out to be nearer 50, everyone agreed that the cool spring-fed pool was well worth the trip. After a long luxurious swim, some of us went on to Frederick to top the day with a good dinner at our favorite Southern Restaurant.

June 22. Little Stony Man Mountain.

John Brehm	Marion Harvey	Wade Marshall	Carol Muollo
Mary Ann Dawson	Mrs. Harvey	Ray Moore	Frank Sauber
Roger Foster	Peg Keister	Gerry Morgan	Hans Scheltema
Roger Foster, Jr.	Alice Marshall	Betty Muollo	Norman Smith
Jane Foster	Tommy Marshall		

Arnold and Ray sure picked the right spot this time. After a discouraging drive through fog and drizzle, we emerged into bright sunlight on the Drive, with a superb view of mountain tops sticking up through clouds. They looked like real mountains under these conditions. We had time for a couple of climbs in sunlight before lunch. Arnold and Ray divided up the earlier arrivals for variations on Arnold's Fifty Cent Ladies' Tour of the cliffs. Later arrivals amused themselves on various nearby pitches. Shortly after lunch, while we were talking about more climbs, a thunder storm threatened, and the threat materialized sufficiently to cool and dampened us enough so we lost interest in the proposed search for a swimming hole. As a delightful substitute, we took ourselves to Ray Moore's, where we had a delectable outdoor supper prepared under the direction of Gerry. Then we settled back to enjoy some of Ray's fine Kodachromes of near and far climbs and caves.

June 29. Loudon Cliffs, Harpers Ferry.

John Brehm	Roger Foster, Jr.	George Kamm	Frank Sauber
Jean Burnstad	Ann Green	Peg Keister	Ted Schad
Mary Ann Dawson	Bonnie Green	Bill Kemper	Hans Scheltema
Jeannette Estes	Susie Green	Ray Moore	Tony Soler
Roger Foster	Jerry Jankowitz	Arschad Munir	Arnold Wexler
			Jonathan Wittenberg

Guess why we chose Harpers Ferry? You're right, because of its proximity to the Halltown quarries. One hot and strenuous climb before lunch seemed to satisfy everyone, and we adjourned promptly for the cool, cool waters, where frog flippers, underwater goggles and air mattresses replaced ropes and pitons.

July 6. Carderock

John Brehm  
Susie Broome  
Sky Conklin

Mafy Ann Dawson  
Sandy Elkin  
Peg Keister

Jimmy Lane  
Robert Lane  
Jill Reed

Johnnie Reed  
Norman Smith  
Jonathan Wittenberg  
Arnold Wexler

Carderock, with its wide variety of easy, difficult and unpredictable climbs, kept this evenly balanced group of beginners and veterans entertained until the sun (and our tummies) hinted that it was lunch time. Jan's Face was literally crawling with climbers throughout the morning, and as usual the remark was made that this was one time when bumps on a gal's face were a welcome sight. Jill and Robert, our juniors, performed very well on the Beginners' Crack, though, when complimented on his progress, Robert remarked, "But I'm at my wits' end." The Dickerson quarry offered temporary relief from the "steam bath" weather. Arnold's keys wandered off sometime during the day, giving Sky and Norm an opportunity to display heretofore hidden talent. They very neatly broke into Arnold's car, thereby saving the day. -MAD-

July 5-6. Seneca Rocks, W. Va. Leader: Frank Sauber.

Jean Alpine Burnstad  
Ann ? Green

Earl Lemon Reed  
Frank Esso Sauber

Two blonds and two brunettes set out about noon on Saturday for the Rocks, stopping on the way at a little country store to get a dozen eggs to replace those that had been sat on. Three of us got gum and candy, while Lemon laid in a supply of lemons which he contentedly sucked on for the rest of the trip. Just before we got to Seneca, we took off up a country road to explore it and maybe find a back route to the Rocks, but after 12 rough and rugged miles we had to turn back to the main road. The gas gauge said "empty" but Esso insisted that his car wouldn't run on any gas but Esso, so we blithely passed by Amoco, Gulf and Texaco. Then visions of a hike with four canteens full of gas strapped to his back flashed through his mind and he suddenly decided that his car would run on anything. Amoco saved the day (and "Esso" is here to stay).

We camped on the Armentrouts' property where Esso met some of the Pittsburghers with whom he is going to climb in the Tetons. Some muddy and bedraggled cave crawlers appeared later that evening to camp for the night, but they were gone when we awoke next morning\*. After breakfast of sausages and scrambled eggs cooked by Lemon, we set off for the rocks, parked the car by the river, crossed the swinging bridge, and made our way up the east side to the North Peak. Here we enjoyed the heights, while Esso took pictures and Alpine lectured on botany, pointing out the flowers (Alpine lilies or Alpine daisies), the shrubs (Alpine blueberries), and trees (Al-pines). From here we traversed down and across a ledge on the west side to the Gunsight Notch when threatening showers cancelled our plans to ascend the South Peak. So shaking hands with the gendarme and promising him we would return, we took a long rappel down to try to beat the storm, which broke upon us just as the last man swung over the edge. We got drenched. The sun came out again as we carefully sloshed and slurped our way down the talus to the road and back to camp. Clothes were changed and camp broken in record time, then our two expert drivers (Lemon and Esso) brought us back to Washington quicker than we could have hoped for on a holiday weekend. Many thanks to Esso for a swell trip and to Alpine for the delicious and "rib-sticking" eats.

\* No report from this group yet. Wha' happened?

- A?C -

July 13. Sugarloaf Mountain, Md.

Susie Broome  
Joe Costello  
Mary Ann Dawson

Bill Hooker  
Jerry Jankowitz

Don McLeod  
Betty Muollo

Johnnie Reed  
Hans Scheltema  
Arnold Wexler

Johnnie and Arnold, with their traditional good grace, set about acquainting the novices with the rocks upon our arrival at the designated site. After lunch, climbing was forsaken, and the Dickerson quarry quickly located. There, the delicious feel of the cool water was too much for our parched carcasses, and we suffered a spell



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

UP ROPE STAFF

Editor: Peg Keister

Reporters: Ann Green, Mary Ann Dawson

Business Manager: Jean Burnstad

Crankers and Stuffers: Jean, Mary Ann

Subscription: \$1.00 for 20 issues.

Please send renewals and new subscriptions

to: Miss Jean Burnstad

204 E. Capitol St.

Washington 2, D.C.

Heading Designer: Tom Culverwell

Printers: Lowell and Ellen Bennett

of lightheadedness which took the form of a three "car" water train propelled by a multitude of flailing arms and legs. Late in the afternoon, Johnnie departed to keep a date with an unironed shirt, and Joe to keep a tennis engagement. Still later, the drags of the company set off in search of Arnold's abode and -- FOOD. Highlights of the evening were: (1) a Bach organ recital via Arnold's super-duper phono system, and (2) the reading of Don Hubbard's immortal tale of "How Clean was My Valet."

-MAD-

July 20. Carderock.

Alan Bradt

Jo Bradt

Paul Bradt

Peter Bradt

Jean Burnstad

Mary Ann Dawson

Roger Foster, Sr.

Roger Foster, Jr.

Dick Gaylord

Ann Green

Bonnie Green

Susie Green

Bill Hooker

Peg Keister

Tommy Marshall

Don McLeod

Hans Scheltema

Chris Scoredos

Helen Scoredos

Eric Scoredos

Johnny Scoredos

Thea Welsh

Carderock hath many charms, or so the regular gravitation of the Sunday Scalpers to that point would seem to indicate. Tommy Marshall earned the official title of "Ole Man o' the Mountains, II" by successfully grunting his way up Sterling's Crack. Instantaneously, gray hairs popped out of the heads of and creaks popped into the joints of seasoned climbers from Sugarloaf to the Sierra, and the breeze from Washington bore the remains of a groan, distinctly Hubbardish, in its wake. This feat deserves recognition from still another angle, fizz. that this was Tommy's third A climb. The ChrisWexDon Traverse occupied Jean, Paul and Thea, climbing, and a large group of "bumps-on-logs-of-the-motile-variety," craning. The Scoredos contingent arrived just as ropes and packs were being slung on backs, so Chris contented himself with a couple of scrambles up the rocks.

-MAD-

\*\*\*\*\*

If you're still with us after all this, we have a couple of announcements:

1. On the 24th of August, at Big Meadows on the Skyline Drive, Johnnie Reed is to give a talk on the Geology of the region. The 24th is a Sunday. How about winding up a trip to the Blue Ridge by dropping in to support - or heckle - our own geologist?
2. With this copy of UP ROPE is enclosed the first issue of UP BEAT, a publication of the climbing songs which most of us have heard Jan sing either in person or on tape. UP BEAT is the result of a lot of work done by Frank Sauber. Frank designed the page to fit a standard-sized loose-leaf notebook, so that anyone interested can collect the songs in a convenient form to carry on trips, etc. Tom Culverwell kindly supplied the heading. Thanks to both Frank and Tom for their work on this noble project.