



Sept 26

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

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COMING EVENTS

Sept. 26. SECOND ANNUAL SPAGHETTI DINNER AT THE GROSSES'. Remember that delectable spaghetti sauce and that super salad served by Phyllis last year? Well, Joel and Phyllis have very graciously invited us all over for a repeat performance. Inclosed you will find a postcard for your convenience in letting Phyllis know if you plan to come. Please send it in promptly so that Phyllis will know how many to expect. If you are bringing members of your family or others, please indicate how many. Supper will be served from six o'clock on. The address is: 4627 Lewis Ave., S.E., Washington 20 (Suitland). Directions: Take the South Capitol St. Bridge to Suitland Highway and continue on the latter to Suitland Exit, which is now well marked. Turn right and bear on the water tower. Take left at traffic light by the water tower, then turn right into Suitland Manor. Don't forget: SEND THE CARD!

Oct. 18-19. OLD RAG - Leader: Johnnie Reed. Plan to camp in or near the Leanto or up on the mountain in the Reflector Oven Area. Commissary individual or by cars. More details later.

UPS AND DOWNS

Aug. 23-24. Big Meadows and Little Stony Man.

Bob Butler	Alice Marshall	Tom Morris	Johnnie's family
Shirley Butler	Louise Marshall	Johnnie Reed	(Sat. night)
Mary Ann Dawson	Tommy Marshall	Key Schad	Ken and Pim Kercher
Bill Hooker	Wade Marshall	Ted Schad	(Sunday)
Peg Keister	Gerry Morgan	Arnold Wexler	

'Tis not often that we can combine a climbing trip with an erudite lecture by one of our members, so this was a special occasion. Most of the Washington group arrived at Big Meadows late Saturday afternoon and took up residence at the camp spot already occupied by Johnnie. Since it was a special occasion, we had a special supper -- sirloin steaks, fresh corn, and ice cream. The tangy air added zest to our appetites. With supper cleared away, we strolled down the Trail away to a lookout, from which we could watch a very superior sunset and see the first stars and the first lights in the valley appear. Then we found our way to the Amphitheatre, and settled ourselves to learn something about the Geology of the Blue Ridge. Johnnie's easy manner and frequent wise cracks, as well as his interesting material, held his audience for an hour and a half, in spite of the rapidly dropping thermometer, and Johnnie was waylaid afterward by a number of people with intelligent questions. And others. As Johnnie later remarked, "There's always some guy who has an uncle who has a quarry." Johnnie's

family, just back from Denver, were present at the lecture, and they joined us in camp for a very welcome cup of hot coffee, before they and the Butlers left to return to Washington. The rest of us shortly turned in, and sleeping bags felt mighty good on this nippy night. Arnold claimed the Monashees were never that cold.

Sunday was one of those rare days in the Blue Ridge -- clear blue sky, a brisk cool breeze and warm sun -- ideal for Little Stony Man. Arnold led the Little Stony Man Chimney, taking Tom, Gerry, Wade and Tommy over that route. Johnnie, accompanied by Peg, Bill and Mary Ann, took the Fifty-Cent Tour (and promptly raised the price to seventy-five). Then Arnold took his team on the Tour, while Johnnie, Bill and Tommy worked on another chimney with a nasty overhang. At this point, rock climbing became a dangerous sport -- not for the climbers, but for the onlookers. A group of tourists stood close to the edge of the cliff top, absorbed in watching Arnold coming up, when suddenly Johnnie popped up over the edge behind them. We don't think he actually said Boo as he came up, but the effect was much the same. A few more scrambles and we were ready to head for Warrenton and supper. Tommy and Wade rejoined Alice and Louise, who had been hiking the trail, and the rest of us met Ted and Kay, who had hiked down White Oak Canyon and annexed Ken and Pim on the way.

Aug. 29 - Sept. 1. Seneca Rocks, W. Va.

<u>Pittsburgh Group</u>	Marion Harvey	Earl Reed	Art Bross
Bob Berger	Bill Hooker	Johnnie Reed	Sandy Elkin
Sayre Rodman	Jerry Jankowitz	Frank Sauber	Bill Kemper
Jean Winne	Peg Keister	5 Scotts	Jack Kennedy
<u>Washington Group</u>	4 Marshalls	Tony Soler	Jerry Reeves
Susie Broome	5 Moores	Arnold Wexler	Jack Schwartz
Mary Ann Dawson	Tom Morris	4 Wilsons	Luther Smith
Charles Fort	Betty Muollo	<u>Dahlgren Group</u>	Jimmy Sutherland
Joel and Phyllis Gross	Mary Neilan	Marvin Abraham	
		Leonard Barkowitz	

The Armentrout campsite was infested this weekend with forty-eight people, 1 dog, 1 horse and 2 cows. In spite of the congestion, one showery day and one rainy night, it was a most pleasant and successful weekend. Those who had arrived Friday night, were up and rarin' to climb at a reasonable hour Saturday morning, and ropes were soon organized and routes selected. Arnold led Mary Ann and Bill Hooker on an eastside route and up over the Cockscomb to the South Peak. Johnnie wanted to look at the route from the Gunsight Notch to the South Peak, and the Pittsburgh group offered to accompany him and show him the route. Accordingly, they scrambled up the east ledges to the Notch. Sayre led Bob and Jean up the climb, then Johnnie led a second rope with Peg and Mary Neilan. Rry, Tony, Jerry and Marion were somewhere about, presumably looking for new and impossible routes. Anyway, we saw them on the summit. Bill Kemper appeared on the North Peak, giving climbing and belaying instructions to his nine neophytes from Dahlgren.

That evening, a variety of diversions were offered. Some of the spelologically minded attended a convention of kindred spirits in Baker, and from what we hear, the town must have been shaken to its foundations by their escapades. Some went to a slide show in Riverton. Others preferred to sit around a campfire and sing and listen to Joel's folk songs.

Sunday was showery, so those who had cave equipment, and many who didn't, went underground. Schoolhouse and Hellhole were both visited. The outdoor climbers went up to the "cave" in the south end of Seneca Rock. Here Johnnie made a tension traverse of the east wall and out the mouth to a ledge above. Sayre and Bob followed him, then Tommy and Bill both made the climb without the use of any artificial aid. Alice and Mary Neilan did a noble job of recovering hardware.

Sunday evening, Arnold and Johnnie rigged a two-poncho cook shelter which soon became the most popular spot in camp. All those who were back from their caving and who had not given up and crawled into their tent puddles managed to find a few square inches more or less out of the rain, and we sang songs and read stories until a scandalous hour. This gaiety was punctuated at regular intervals by a two-quart cascade of water unloaded by the ponchos down someones back. Eventually even the die-hardests gave in, and crawled into soggy sacks for a few hours' sleep. (Cont. on p. 3)

Monday attempted to make up for Sunday's rain. Johnnie, Jean and Tom went up the west side to climb the Cockscomb, where their rather delicate climb was complicated by a navy plane buzzing them and flying through the Gunsight Notch. Johnnie claims the whole rock vibrated each time the plane roared past them. Meanwhile, Arnold, Peg and Betty climbed the Skyline route to the base of the Old Man, to point out the route to Sayre, Bob, and Bill Hooker, who followed on another rope. Arnold set such a pace that he had his team gasping for breath before they stopped. The Marshalls climbed to the South Peak via the Old Woman's Route, and found themselves looking down on the troublesome plane. The rest of the group apparently spent the day breaking camp and packing up for an early start home, although we've heard some vague remarks about a group on Nelson and a particularly scary aerial traverse. Guess who.

Those of us who had the pleasure of climbing with the group from Pittsburgh enjoyed the experience very much. We hope we will be able to get together frequently in the future.

Aug. 16 and 17. Bethany Beach Party.

No full account has been forthcoming, but we hear that a number of renegades deserted the rocks for the beach on this weekend. Someone did climb up a sand dune just for the record. Among those present were the Moore, the Scoredoses, Jane Showacre, Marion Harvey, Tony Soler, Jack and Lorrie Wilson, the Karchers, the Meenehans, the Fowlers, and Nancy Nicolette.

New Subscribers and Address Changes for your files.

Baker, Helen (Dr.) - St. Christopher's Hospital for Children
2600 N. Lawrence St., Philadelphia 33, Pa.

Dawson, Mary Ann - 2147 Virginia Ave., Connersville, Indiana

Goldman, Dick and Sally - Apt. 4-C-1, Sheridan Village Apts., Schenectady, N.Y.

Gross, Joel and Phyllis - 4627 Lewis Ave., S.E., Washington 20 (Suitland)

Kane, Walt - Box 16, Men's Residence Hall, Los Alamos, New Mexico

Muollo, Betty - 1357 Monroe St., N.W., Washington 10

Old, Francis E., Jr. - R.F.D. 6, Box 200, Baltimore 4, Md.

Reed, Earl P. - 1736 F St., N.W.

Remington, Ann M. - 11 Tauxemont Rd., Alexandria, Va.

Tieman, Bob - 3004 30th St., S.E., Washington 20 - JU 4-4441

Youden, W.W. - Apt. 14, 4805 Hampden Lane, Bethesda 14, Md.

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On Higher Learning

(A contribution from a recent convert)

Once upon a cliff so high, nought above me but the sky,
And --of yes-- a rope and belayer and a secret, unuttered prayer.
Below I gazed and wished I had not,
Then sighed and sadly checked my knot.
"Test?" muttered I, then to myself,
'Tis such a small and narrow shelf
That my size 8 $\frac{1}{2}$'s are perched upon,
If I move a micron, 'twill surely be gone!"
But I clung to the rock and yelled "May I climb?"
(Though I really didn't want to at the time.)
And thought, how incongruent to ask, "May I?"
When the question obviously was "Can I?"
There was something intangible about my fear,
(Couldn't possibly be that the ground wasn't near?)
I regarded the space with no little animosity,
As I considered the product of mass and velocity.
"Oh, would that I were an ant," wished I in vain,
"Or that something of rubber were in my grain."
"Not a bounce to the ounce," retorted a voice from within,
Then snapped, "Cease your vibrating, knees; look stalwart, chin."
With a nonchalant air that was not heartfelt,
I started downward, the rope hugging my belt;
'Tis here my new-found philosophy I'll introduce,
For, as it happened, 'twas on the Throne of Father Zeus
It came to me, this thought so profound that at first is inclined to astound:
Oh, far better than the arms of Alan Ladd, Burt Lancaster, John Wayne, or what's
to be had,
About my waist I'd rather see -- a rope manned by a member of the Mountaineering
Committee!