



32 Sept

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

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

FOUNDED BY
JAN AND HERB CONN

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Volume X

3 September 1953

Number 7

FALL SCHEDULE

September 13 - Great Falls, Maryland. We hope to resume filming of the safety movie on this trip.

September 27 - Echo Cliffs

October 4 - Carderock. Belay practice with Oscar.

October 10-11 - Beginner's trip to Seneca Rocks. Trip will be cancelled if a large number of experienced leaders are not available. All attending will be required to register several days in advance. Details will be announced later.

October 17-18 - Old Rag Mountain. Fall colors should be at their height one of these two weekends.

November 1 - Carderock. Belay practice with Oscar.

November 15 - Bull Run Mountain

November 21-22 - Wolf Gap shelter

December 6 - Carderock. Belay practice with Oscar.

Leaders of these trips will be recruited by hook or by crook. If there are any volunteers, please contact Johnnie Reed as soon as possible. Leaders and details of the trips will be announced in later issues.

THE TETONS OR BUST

by Johnnie Reed

Having read accounts of previous western trips my faith in the veracity of some of Up Rope's reporting was somewhat shaken on the afternoon of Friday, July 31. Peg's car arrived in front of my house groaning under the combined weight of the three other members of the party and a small mountain of equipment. Any resemblance to the "low-flying, jet-propelled vehicle" (footnotes 1 and 2) I had been led to expect was completely lacking. In fact her faithful Chevy looked a good deal more like the proverbial ruptured duck. My only recollection of the trip across the country is one of being aroused at various odd hours of the night, groping my way uncertainly into a diner for a cup of coffee and being informed that it was my turn to drive. Somehow it always seemed to be my turn to drive.

Fifty-three hours and some odd minutes of searching for coffee stops and rest rooms (mostly, as I recall, in the vicinity of Fort Wayne) brought us to a spot a few miles west of Lander, Wyoming, where a majority vote favored making camp for the night. Since it was then Sunday afternoon and we had been driving since Friday afternoon we felt the need of a little exercise, and spying a group of interesting looking pinnacles a few hundred yards from our camp we set out in hopes of finding a suitable story for the second section of the Washington Post. Arriving at the foot of what appeared to be the highest and most impressive of the pinnacles we discovered that it was composed of clay of about the consistency of hard chalk. Undaunted by this discovery we proceeded to pioneer a route up the overhanging east face. The climb required the use of one piton for direct aid, an ice axe in one hand and a geologic pickin the other. The piton of course was driven directly into the clay and proved, after careful inspection, capable of supporting the weight of one carabiner. The exposure was severe as the face drops more than twenty feet to the avalanche swept mudslope at the base. Arriving at the summit, we found that the peak had not been climbed by Ivan Jirak.

Returning to camp we brewed a pot of tea to celebrate our victory and turned in. Later in the night we were awakened by a sudden wind-storm and certain members of the party who had ignored warnings concerning the size of the rocks used to anchor their tent were seen thrashing around in the rain, murmuring presumably unprintable phrases as they tried to entice their air-borne mountain tent back to earth.

An early start the next morning brought us into Moran early in the afternoon, after almost losing the female members of the party in Lander, where a tall apparition in ten gallon hat and cowboy boots seemed to present some unexplainable attraction. The afternoon was spent setting up camp at the Jenny Lake Campground and attending to such necessary details as arranging for a horse to pack our equipment into Garnet Canyon the next morning, getting white gas, and registering with the ranger. We were surprised to learn that the ranger on duty when we registered had climbed on Seneca Rock with the Army and that he was one of those responsible for that impossible-looking row of pitons across the roof of the cave on the south end of the rock.

Late the same afternoon another non-jet propelled car pulled into the campground carrying Bill Kemper, Gerry Morgan, Carol Muollo, and Larry Heilprin. It was decided that the two parties would combine forces and establish a common camp in Garnet Canyon. On Tuesday morning a great confused heap of equipment, was somehow metamorphosed into something resembling order. Depositing a large pile of boxes, cans, and pregnant-looking duffel bags on the packers' porch we started a leisurely hike up the Glacier Trail to the mouth of Garnet Canyon. Arriving at the end of the trail we were greeted by the same pile of impedimenta, the bags looking even a little more pregnant by this time. Camp was established in a grassy plot about the size of a small window-box on the floor of the canyon a few hundred yards above the

end of the trail. To say that the camp spot was chosen would be to stretch a point - rather, it marked the point where the native bearers sank down in exhaustion while Bill and Peg went on ahead to search for greener pastures. Returning, they noted the group of prostrate forms and fearing mutiny in the ranks wisely decided that the greener pastures which they had discovered higher in the canyon were a bit too swampy for camping anyhow.

Somewhat revived by liberal portions of noodle soup and vitamine pills and hoping to avoid washing dishes, Earl and I set out after dinner to explore a climb which I had been looking at on a cliff on the south wall of the canyon just above our camp. We were a little chagrined when we reached the base of what we had thought would be an easy chimney. The chimney turned out to be the entrance of a cave which was about twenty feet wide and forty feet high. Attracted by our shouts, Peg soon appeared with a flashlight, and abruptly converted from mountaineers to spelunkers we started to explore the cave. Fifty feet or so from the entrance the walls narrowed down and we were able to crawl upward toward a faint light which soon proved to be another entrance which opened onto a wide ledge almost a hundred feet above the base of the cliff. Above this ledge we discovered another deep crack which was filled with a deep snow-bank. Attacking the snow with a geologic pick, we soon cut steps upward for another forty feet and found ourselves at the mouth of a second cave, the floor of which was covered with clear, smooth ice. We could see that the ice was clear, but I didn't discover how smooth it was until I suddenly landed in a heap in a puddle of ice water. Since daylight was fast departing we beat a hasty retreat, taking time to pioneer a route across the face of the cliff at the level of the upper entrance of the lower cave. Returning to camp we immediately organized the Garnet Canyon Grotto of the NSS, but somehow our applications seem to have gotten lost in the mail.

Wednesday was spent in becoming acclimatized. My pocket dictionary says: - acclimatize, v.t. & v.i., to adapt to a new environmental condition. In this case the new environmental condition to which the most adaptation was required was the location of the latrine. Garnet Canyon was divided by tacit agreement into a spacious, granite-walled ladies room on the south, bounded by the peaks of Nez Perce, Cloudveil Dome and South Teton, and an equally imposing men's room on the north, bounded by the Grand Teton, Topee's Pillar, Disappointment Peak and the Amphitheatre Lake Divide on the north. The only difficulty with this arrangement was that in the immediate neighborhood of our camp it was necessary to make a delicate crossing of an icy stream in order to make use of the facilities of the ladies room, while use of the men's room involved a major climb up a bare talus slope in order to reach suitable cover and concealment. These arrangements, of course, made acclimatization essential. In our spare time Wednesday morning when we weren't becoming acclimatized we made another interesting climb on our private cliff, repeating most of the climb that Earl and I had pioneered the night before and discovering several new routes. In the afternoon we took a short scramble to the base of the Middle Teton and took some time to practice belaying on a steep snow patch, using Peg's ice axe (a wicked looking weapon whose use I never completely mastered and whose imposing looking point always seemed to me to be best adapted to encouraging late-rising members of the party to rise and shine). Removing the bulk of the mushy snow which had accumulated in our pockets, we returned to camp wetter, but not much wiser in the ways of mountaineering.

At an ungodly hour on Thursday morning we arose to launch an attack on the Middle Teton. The attack was launched as scheduled, but almost immediately deteriorated from a major offensive to a limited penetration. It proved to be an almost endless uphill grind over talus of all sizes, shapes, and descriptions. All sizes, shapes, and descriptions, that is, except a size intermediate between talus too big to walk over comfortably and talus too small to walk over comfortably. By some minor miracle we all arrived at the summit in time for a late lunch. In order to avoid the

talus I proposed that we make a descent of the north ridge to the saddle at the foot of the Grand Teton. Peg and Bill, however, counseled discretion and the descent was made by the same route. Later inspection of the north ridge from a different angle strongly indicated that had we started down it, we probably would have been there yet.

Wednesday had originally been scheduled for the climb of Nez Perce', towering high above the southern wall of the ladies room. However, aching joints and a general feeling of lassitude convinced us that we were better at becoming acclimatized than we were at mountaineering, and we allowed Nez Perce' to escape unconquered - not only unconquered, but practically unnoticed.

After laying around camp all morning (becoming acclimatized) we began to develop a twinge of conscience, which grew as the day wore on into an unmistakable guilty feeling at having come on a pleasure trip only to lie around and enjoy ourselves, so late in the afternoon we packed up our sleeping bags, one stove and a little food and set out to bivouac on the lower saddle of the Grand Teton, leaving Carol and Larry in camp.

We had intended to attempt the Exum Ridge of the Grand, but when we awoke on Saturday morning we found that the weather was definitely fit for the cremation of Sam McGee, but not for climbing the Exum Ridge. A strong west wind was blowing across the saddle, making it difficult to stand up when it was blowing and even more difficult to continue to stand up, when it suddenly stopped. As we reached the foot of Wall Street a few scattered drops of rain and an occasional flash of lightning in the distance convinced us that discretion was the better part of valour, and we retreated to sit the storm out under an overhanging rock. Unfortunately the storm never materialized, and in an hour a clear sky and warm sun lured us into the open again. By this time it was too late to attempt the Exum Ridge, so we scrambled up the Owen Route, detouring the Owen Chimney (which was a little icy) on a series of easy ledges which lead to the west from the foot of the chimney. By the time we reached the summit ridge, the weather was threatening once again. Bill's rope, consisting of Bill, Gerry, and Earl had arrived on the summit ridge a little later than my rope and had decided not to climb the last few feet to the summit for fear of lightning. Peg, Shirley, and I made a quick dash to the top, stopping only to sign the register and ponder the effect the brass cylinder might have as a lightning rod and then beat a hasty retreat to the top of the long rappel into the upper saddle. By this time, the wind had increased to gale force, and it was snowing like mad. The rappel involves the use of two ropes, and the last fifty or sixty feet is free. We used a safety rope on everyone except the last man, although this extra was probably unnecessary. Unfortunately I didn't stop to don my removable rappel patch before starting down. Half way down I had a feeling that all might not be well. Two-thirds of the way down there was no longer any question. Arriving at the bottom I made a dash for the burn ointment and retired to a private spot to apply first aid to the seat of the difficulties. Other members of the party reported that the rappel patches which we had designed before leaving Washington worked perfectly - I noted that they sat somewhat easier than I did for the next few days.

Scrambling back to the lower saddle, we picked up our sleeping bags and headed down to the relative luxury of camp where we found Larry and Carol still pondering the operation of the gas stoves, having done their cooking over an open fire since we had left.

The next day Bill's party packed up and started back to Jonny Lake. They planned to leave a day before the rest of us in order to have more time for sight-seeing on the way home. The rest of us spent the morning acclimatizing - still a wonderful excuse for laying around camp. By noon I was able to lure Peg and Earl from the comfort of their air mattresses in order to work out a route up the peak which lies between the forks of Garnet Canyon and the Middle Teton. As seen from Garnet Canyon this peak is often confused with the Middle Teton, but actually lies in front of it and is completely separated from it by a deep notch. The east face of the peak is

nearly bisected by a thirty foot black diabase dike which runs all the way from the foot of the peak to the summit. I mapped out what I thought should be an easy route up the east face while lying in my sleeping bag that morning. The route followed the foot of the talus up the south fork of Garnet Canyon to the second deep gully on the southeast side of the mountain. We found that this gully was blocked about a hundred feet above its base by a huge chockstone. Some easy scrambling on the west wall of the gully brought us up to the level of the chockstone, and working to the east we crossed the gully on this block onto a wide grassy ledge. Traversing this ledge to the northeast, we were again forced to take to the cliffs once more. Two or three easy pitches brought us out onto a large talus slope which we followed upward for several hundred feet to the summit ridge a few hundred yards north of the summit. There we recognized the black dike and followed it up to the summit, climbing on a steep snow patch which was several pitches long. The climb was by far the most enjoyable we had in the Tetons and gave us a welcome relief from our dependence of the guidebook for route finding. Since it was already four-fifteen when we left the top we were forced to come down the mountain like the well known scalded dog. A few detours to avoid the more difficult pitches and some plain and fancy boulder hopping brought us back to camp by six-thirty, in time to enjoy a very welcome pot of tea which Shirley had been brewing on the off chance that we might return.

The next morning I awakened early, and glancing sleepily around I was startled by an enormous spidery-looking creature poised atop a nearby rock, ready to spring at my throat. Being in my usual groggy condition I reasoned that if it meant business there was nothing I could do about it and if it didn't there was no use worrying about it, so I went back to sleep. When I woke up an hour or so later I was relieved to discover that my assailant was Peg's gasoline stove which had been left perched on top of the rock the night before.

After breaking camp and packing up we had the feeling that while our equipment had diminished somewhat in volume during our stay, it hadn't lost any weight. As we trekked slowly down the trail toward Jenny Lake our earlier observation was amply confirmed. While the others pondered the question of how the food we had consumed could represent a minus quantity I wondered if possibly the few choice rock specimens that I had stowed away in various places could have any bearing on the problem. Near the foot of the trail Peg and Shirley ran across a cow moose. From Peg's description it appears that Shirley was considerably more startled than the moose. Her only comment was "My God, what do we do?"

Over my loud protests I was dragged off to a tourist court in Jackson for the night. The other members of the party had decided that baths were in order, and although I pointed out the evils of bathing, the inconvenience involved, and quoted chapter and verse in support of my views, I was overruled and forced to submit to the indignities of soap and hot water. I took revenge, however, in shaving off my luxuriant ten day growth of whiskers which was just beginning to be noticeable.

I had suggested, before I had any idea that I might be going on the trip, that if anybody was that close to Devil's Tower it would be nice for them to stop off and climb it. Somehow the wheels of fate started grinding, one thing led to another, and the afternoon of Wednesday, August 13, found us at the foot of the damn thing gazing upward in stunned silence and listening to Herb and Jan Conn tell us what an easy climb it was. We were firmly convinced that either they weren't talking to us, or they were confused and thought we had asked for a description of the Old Ladies Route on Seneca. A careful study of the route convinced me that I had lost nothing on top of Devil's Tower. Furthermore, we learned that Ivan Jirak had been there on Monday and made the climb and I figured that if the climb was difficult enough to interest him that we amateurs had better stay off it. That evening most of the campground gathered for a song session at our camp, highlighted, of course, by Jan and her guitar.

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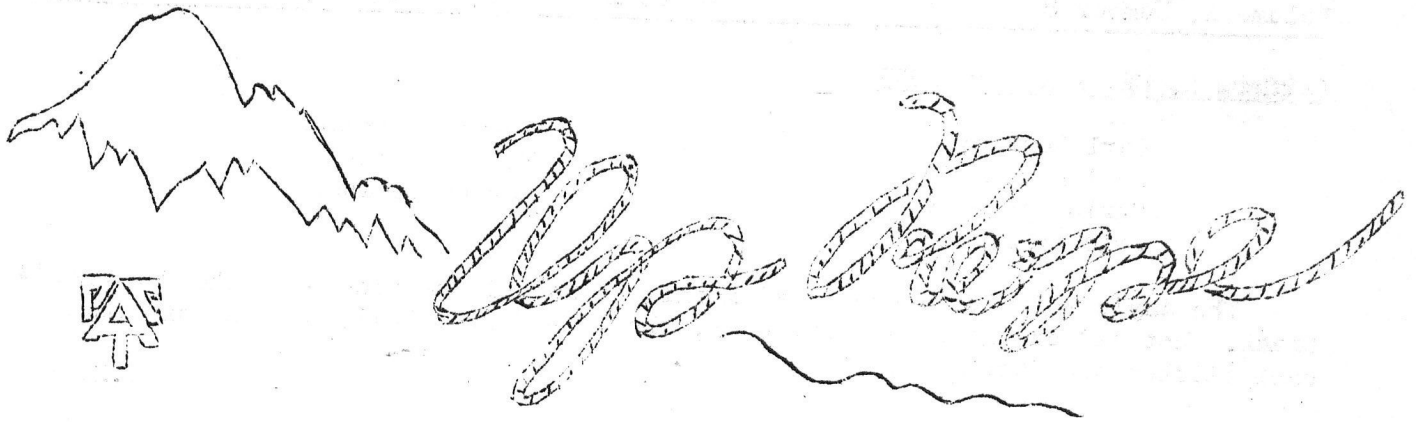
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Johnnie Reed

Getting a late start the next morning we walked up to the foot of the leaning column to retrieve some packs that Earl and I had left there the night before. Egged on by Peg, I somehow found myself involved with the front end of a climbing rope, several pounds of hardware, and the lack of holds on the first pitch of the climb. Since the climb itself was well described by Jan (footnote 3) I won't dwell on the details. I used a total of twenty-one pitons and one sling rope for safety, including 8 in the 80 ft. Durrance Crack. Earl did an elegant job as anchor man - he retrieved 22. The exposure was severe, but none of us noticed it as much as we had on many places on Seneca. The only real difficulty which we encountered was near the top of the Durrance Crack where I drove a piton deep in the back of the crack. Peg was unable to wiggle certain parts of her anatomy deep enough into the crack to reach the carabiner. Fortunately we were climbing on two ropes with Peg tied in at the end of the first, so I merely untied, dropped her my end of the rope, and pulled the other end through, leaving the carabiner for Earl to retrieve. He proved to have longer arms and/or narrower hips and all was well. We reached the top at three o'clock, having been climbing since seven-fifty in the morning. The climb could have been done much faster, especially if we had wished to sacrifice some hardware, but we weren't in any particular hurry. According to the register we were the thirtieth party to reach the top, not counting a large number of people who made the climb on the ladder which was constructed around the turn of the century and which was torn down many years ago. Peg was the fourth woman to make the climb. Two of the others of course were Jan Conn and Jane Showacre - not a bad showing for the female members of our group! The return to the base of the leaning column took only an hour and a half and involved 4 rappels all of which required 2 ropes. This time I put on my patch. We were greeted at the bottom by Herb and Jan with a gallon canteen of ice water, the ice supplied by Mrs. McIntyre, the wife of the superintendent. When we reached the trail we stumbled into a group of open-mouthed and wide-eyed tourists who had been watching our performance and listening to Shirley's explanations all day. The only casualty was a rather plump matron who, hearing that there were climbers on the Tower, hurried around to watch us, took one look, and passed out colder than a mackerel. We turned in after a little celebration - one beer to celebrate reaching the top and another to celebrate reaching the bottom, and I went to sleep more firmly convinced than ever that I never lost anything up there. By the way, is anybody interested in climbing the Tower again next summer?

- 1/ Up Rope, vol. VII, #10 "...At the close of work Friday, July 7, two low flying, jet-propelled cars headed west from Washington.."
- 2/ Up Rope, vol. VII, #17 "...In a 'jet-powered Nash' that literally flies, made record time in our cross-country dash this year.."
- 3/ Up Rope, Vol. IX, #19. Contains Jan's description of the climb and Jane's sketch of the route.



NEWS OF THE P.A.T.C MOUNTAINEERING COMMITTEE
1916 Sunderland Place N.W. Washington 6, D. C.

Volume X

18 September 1953

Number 8

Coming Events

3-4 October 1953 - There will be a business meeting on Saturday, 3 Oct. 1953 at Betty and Andy Kaufman's, 6403 Ridge Drive, Md. , Directions: Out MacArthur Blvd., past Dalecarlia Reservoir to Gates of Brookmont, turn left. Turn left again on Maryland Drive and follow to "N", then left for one block. Telephone Number is OL-2-3422. The Social Climbers of Pittsburgh, Pa. will be here for the entire weekend arriving Saturday Morning at 8:30 at Carderock. Belay practice with Oscar is scheduled for Saturday and possibly Echo Cliffs for Sunday. The program scheduled for the business meeting is Johnnie Reed's slides of the Tetons.

UP AND DOWNS

Echo Cliffs - 26 July 1953

Unfortunately, complete information on this trip is lacking, so for the record, we'll just list the climbs made:

Donald's Ducks traverse: Earl Mosburg leading, with Earl Reed, John Christian, Chuck Wettling.

Socrates' Downfall: Tommy Marshall, Chris Scoredos.

A "10 Foot Devil": Johnnie Reed.

Present along with the regular climbers were Phil Mast, Dick Sanders, Ronnie Spangenberg, and Chuck Standard, some cavers out for a little climbing instruction. Sorry, we have no listing of the climbers present.

Carderock, Md. 2 August 1953

Carl Hensley
Earl Mosburg
Chris Scoredos
Eric Scoredos

Johnny Scoredos
Bill Sheppard
Gordon Zellner

The day's activities consisted mainly of rappel practice near the Beginner's Crack. Not all of the motion was down, though - Chris, Bill, Gordon, and Earl each climbed the Jackknife.

E.M.

Great Falls, Md. 9 August 1953

Chris Scoredos
Earl Mosburg
Jim Willard

Hot Shoppe only:
Joe Wegstein
Carl Hensley

This was a cloudy, drizzling day with heavier rain threatening. Jim and Earl went on ahead while Chris planned to join them later. They reached the rocks just in time to crawl in under a protecting overhang. When the rain slackened they took turns climbing a ten or fifteen foot pitch leading up from the side of the overhang. Chris finally arrived and as high water prevented reaching the Red Overhang or Great Falls Bulge, they started downstream looking for a pitch that Chris thought might be dry. This plan was interrupted by a deluge that put an end to the day's activities.

E.M.

Picnic given by Owen Raines, 16 August 1953

In spite of the temporary loss of a lot of the Washington people to the high mountains, there was a fair showing of climbers and cavers at Owen Raines second giant picnic - eighteen in all, not including the local folks. Some of the climbers arrived Friday evening and Saturday, camped at the Armentrouts, and got in some climbing on Seneca Rock Saturday. Saturday evening there was a memorable fireside singing bout with Joel Gross and Frank Sauber starring - fabulous repertoire of folk songs those boys have.

Main event of the weekend however, began about noon on Sunday at the picnic grounds near Seneca Caverns with 100% participation. The Raines folks really did themselves proud - just imagine a table three feet wide and twenty-five feet long, covered from one end to the other with delicious food. To mention part of the menu: roast ham, fried chicken, deviled eggs, potato salad, roast corn, baked beans, home-made bread, assorted cakes, watermelons and lemonade. Everyone went back for seconds and thirds, but there was plenty left over - Owen's only complaint was that more people didn't show up. Eating was followed by a lantern-lit trek down into nearby Stratosphere Balloon cave by some of the more ambitious (or less stuffed) folks. A thoroughly enjoyable weekend, thanks to the Raines.

Carderock, Md. 16 August 1953

Bobby Burchell
 Andy Kaufman
 Betty Kaufman
 Alice Marshall

Louise Marshall
 Tommy Marshall
 Earl Mosburg
 Jim Bullard

Still damp from the preceding weekend, your reporter arrived a little late at Carderock, found Andy and Betty starting on the Golden Stairs, and joined them. Betty later dropped out of the rope (figuratively) and the remaining two of us continued to the top. After this we climbed the Chris-Wex-Don. By this time the Marshall's had arrived and part of the group moved over to Sterling's Crack which was climbed by Earl and Tommy. After lunch Andy led Tommy and Alice up the Beginner's Crack while Betty instructed Bobby in the use of the rope. Bobby then climbed the Nubble Face. Tommy made a few abortive attempts on the Swayback-Layback while Earl scraped up the Spiderwalk. At this point everyone decided it was too hot and went home.

E.M.

Carderock, Md. 23 August 1953

Alan Bradt
 Jo Bradt
 Paul Bradt
 Peter Bradt
 Jimmy Bullard
 Joel Gross
 Marion Farvey
 Norma Hazeltine
 Huntly Ingalls

Shirley Jackson
 Ken Karcher
 Pim Karcher
 Peg Keister
 Jimmy Lane
 Robert Lane
 Lewis Post
 Earl Reed
 Jill Reed

Johnnie Reed
 Ann Remington
 Frank Sauber
 Ted Schad
 Chris Scoredos
 Eric Scoredos
 Johnny Scoredos
 Arnold Wexler

Oscar is cock-eyed! At least that was the way he appeared on Saturday to Johnnie, Earl, Peg, Shirley, and Frank when they went out to survey the damage done to Oscar's tree and platform. The wind-storm of about a month earlier had blown down a huge tree near Moonahan's Staircase and in falling, had side-swiped Oscar's tree. This knocked the platform from its moorings, and left Oscar quite unbalanced. Serf duty was the order of the day among the climbers the next day. Using the block and tackle for hoisting the cut up tree out of the way, Johnnie, Earl, Jimmy Bullard, and Chris, under the executiveship of Arnold, finally cleared enough of the fallen tree away from Oscar's tree. Peg and Shirley also helped by keeping a belay on the cut pieces of the tree. All of this activity had quite a large audience of non-working climbers who retreated to the rocks when work was mentioned.

After lunch, several people tried different things, some to no avail, others with much success. Peg had tried the Swayback-Layback on Saturday and just missed making it. She tried again on Sunday but just didn't have quite enough oomph to reach the vital hand hold. (She was tired from helping with the tree, so there!) Ann Remington did a beautiful job on this climb. Johnnie had done it the day before. The Beginner's Crack, Spiderwalk, and Ronnie's Leap had quite a going over. Johnnie, while attempting to lead Wexler's Worst and Stretch found that there was noooo piton crack around the corner, so he did it with an upper belay. Shirley gave her new waist protector a good trying out by falling off Jan's Face umpteen times. She'll make it one of those days and fool everybody.

Dinner at Frank Sauber's, a Wexler-Reed dinner that is, pleasantly ended a very tiring and full day.

S.J.

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and Pierre.

Rock Spring Shelter 29-30 August 1953

Shirley Jackson
Peg Keister
Gerry Morgan

Earl Mosburg
Johnnie Reed
Frank Sauber

Mrs. Sauber
Arnold Wexler

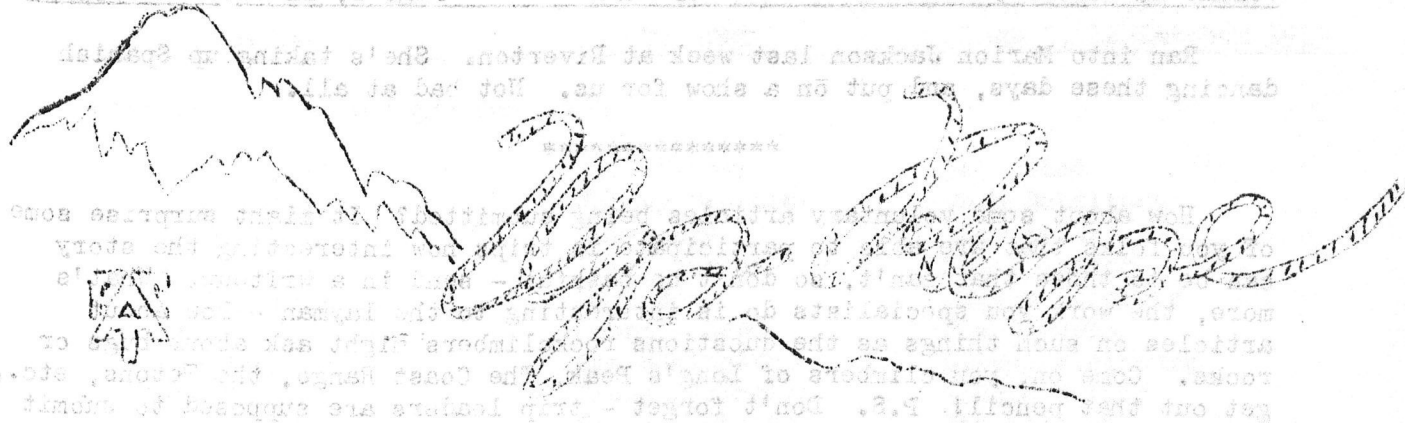
Some of the newly returned high-mountain climbers got together on an unannounced weekend at Rock Spring Shelter, mainly to escape the torrid Eastern heat wave. Everyone but Frank and his mother arrived late Friday evening, and turned in shortly after.

A late breakfast Saturday morning was followed by a hike down White Oak Canyon and a swim in a very refreshing pool down below the 2nd falls. A highlight of the weekend was a repeat performance of the firelight lecture on "The Geology of the Blue Ridge" given by Johnnie last year. Either Johnnie's improving or the warm weather didn't drive off as many people as last year's chiller did. Kidding aside, there were a number of interested questioners after the lecture, a good indication of an interesting talk. Following the lecture, everyone moved over to Skyland, where Fitzhugh Clark presided over a square dance.

The next day, everyone went to Little Stony Man. Shirley and Mrs. Sauber decided to hike on over to Skyland, but the rest stayed at the cliffs for climbing. While Gerry led the 50¢ Tour with Frank seconding, Johnnie, Earl and Arnold went over to investigate a climb Arnold recommended as being "interesting". All three backed down off the lead, and a successful ascent had to wait for an overhead belay by Peg, when all three made it. Arnold later confessed that he and Art Lembeck had once unsuccessfully attempted the same lead. Next climb on the agenda was the Little Stony Man Chimney, with Gerry leading, Johnnie seconding, and Frank retrieving the pitons. In the meantime, Peg led Earl and Arnold up a climb which aroused considerable comment from some passing hikers.

Climbing was followed by a retreat to Washington and heat, with a stop at Warrenton's Coffee Shop for dinner.

Does anyone have an old nylon rope that they would be willing to retire? If so it can be put to good use belaying Oscar. A price of \$5 per rope will be paid out of the treasury. Contact Johnnie Reed.



NEWS OF THE P.A.T.C. MOUNTAINEERING COMMITTEE
1916 Sunderland Place N.W., Washington 6, D.C.

Volume X

12 October 1953

Number 9

COMING EVENTS

Old Rag, 17 and 18 October. Marion Harvey, Leader. Phone AD-2-1291.
Individual commissary. Looks like chilly weather, so come prepared.

Carderock, 1 Nov. Belay practice with Oscar.

Address Changes:

- Dolores Alley, 8-J Plateau Place, Greenbelt, Md. GRanite 3-6751
- Margaret Balcom, Surrey Street, Chevy Chase (15) Md.
- Dick and Sally Goldman, 1498 Dorwaldt Blvd., Schenectady 9, N. Y.
- Marion Harvey, 1605 - 30th Street, N.W. ADams 2-1291
- Andy and Betty Kauffman, 6403 Ridge Drive (16)
- John Meenahan, 5008 Neptune Ave., Glassmanor, (21)
- Bernard Nebel, 4528 Ellicott Street, N.W.
- James D. Sutherland, 4264 Torreon Drive, Woodland Hills, California
- Joseph H. Walsh, R.D. 1, Doylestown, Pa.

New subscribers:

- Carl Hensley, 2021 Plymouth Street, N.W. (12).
- William Hooker, 3385 Highview Terrace, S.E. (20)
(until June - C-33 Kirkland, Harvard University, Cambridge 38, Mass.)
- Huntley Ingalls, Route 3, Bethesda 14, Md.
- Carol Muollo, 141 West 109th Street, Women's Hospital, New York, N.Y.
- Kennedy Nicholson, 223 Sycamore Road, Linthicum Heights, Md.
- Marvin Stephens, 4533 North 32nd Street, Arlington, Va.
- Celia Thompson, Glentwar, Greenwood, Virginia
- Charles Wettling, 3907 Rokeley Road, Baltimore 29, Md.

Ran into Marion Jackson last week at Riverton. She's taking up Spanish dancing these days, and put on a show for us. Not bad at all.

How about some voluntary articles being submitted? It might surprise some of you folks that are able to participate in trips how interesting the story can be to those that can't, so don't be bashful - send in a writeup. What's more, the work you specialists do is interesting to the layman - how about articles on such things as the questions rockclimbers might ask about bugs or rocks. Come on, you climbers of Long's Peak, The Coast Range, the Tetons, etc., get out that pencil! P.S. Don't forget - trip leaders are supposed to submit a writeup or else see that a write up is submitted.

GRUNTS AND GROANS

Great Falls, Maryland - 13 September 1953

Walter Downs
Wenonah Eckstein
Donald Feder
Jime Feder
Bob Hackman
Bill Hemphill
Bill Hooker
Huntley Ingalls

Shirley Jackson
Peg Keister
Alice Marshall
Tommy Marshall
Barbara Orpild
Johnnie Reed
Annabel B. Rosendale
Frank Sauber

Hans Scheltema
Chris Scoredos
Jane Showacre
John Sopka &
Family
Charles Standard
Bob Stevens
Charles Wettling
Arnold Wexler

First order of the day was teaching the newcomers a little about belaying and techniques of climbing. This was carried on near the Red Overhang with Johnnie, Chris, Peg, and Walter Downs doing the teaching. While this was going on, the Red Overhang was climbed by Charles Wettling, Bill Hooker, Huntley Ingalls and Charles Standard. After the teaching, Peg and Johnnie took Annabel, Wenonah, and Barbara on Peg's Progress and the girls seemed to have profited from the teaching. Later on, after lunch, Tommy Marshall, Frank Sauber, Shirley and Alice Marshall also did Peg's Progress. Up until now Arnold and Jane had been missing, but they turned up with knowing smirks on their faces and announced to Johnnie that they had a little "interesting" climb for him, if he could find a second man. Taking Tommy Marshall with him, Johnnie did what was to be later named the "Even Steven", and it proved to be quite "interesting". Jane and Tommy have promised to write a description of this little climb. A visit to a restaurant in Georgetown and a movie afterward ended a very pleasant day.

S.J.

Carderock, Md. - 20 September 1953

Albert Arnold	Bill Kemper	Ted Schad
John Christian	Johnny Meenahan	Hans Scheltema
Don Feder	Ray Moore	Tony Soler
Bill Hooker	Gerry Morgan	Bob Spindler
Huntley Ingalls	Earl Reed	Marvin Stephens
Shirley Jackson	Johnnie Reed	Bob Stevens
Ruth Johnson	Ann Remington	Eileen Steinburg
Ancy Kaufman	Bruce Remington	Arnold Wexler
Betty Kaufman	Gayle Remington	Jim Willard
Peg Keister	Frank Sauber	Bill Youden

First business on the agenda after arrival at the rocks was finishing up the repairs on Oscar and his tree and platform. A goodly number of helpful folk, including Johnnie, Frank, Tony, Ray, Ann and Hans sawed, pushed, painted and panted undoing the dirty deeds done by a dastardly djinn. Ann had the unhappy chore of painting the platform. After the last traces of the work had been removed from Ann's hair with turpentine, workers and watchers turned to climbing for amusement.

The first climb to receive attention was Sterling's Twin Cracks, which was done by Johnnie, Earl and Arnold. The area around the Beginner's Crack was the next scene of activity, one of the girls, Ruth Johnson, I believe, did a very graceful descent on the adjacent face. John Christian did the Buckets of Blood Chimney, and people swarmed all over Ronnie's Leap - this was done by Tony, Bill, Ray, Jim Willard and Bruce. Tony, Bill and Ray were demonstrating something or the other, and went up and down the Leap numerous times.

Everyone then moved downstream to the ChrisWexDon vicinity, where Ann did a nice job of leading the inside corner just to the left of the nose on the CWD, with Tony and Bill Youden following.

While this lead was going on, other folk worked over the AAA - first up was Ray, followed by Earl, Jim, Johnnie and Arnold. With Ann's team out of the way, Bob Stevens took John Christian and Bob Spindler over the ChrisWexDon. Ann, in the meantime, took Tony and Bill up a modified version of the Golden Stairs, while down at the other end of the cliffs, Huntley did Sterling's Crack.

Your reporter left at this point, but later heard that some of the diehards went over to Arnolds for dinner.

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Echo Cliffs - 27 September 1953

Duncan Berchard
John Christian
Don Feder and dog
Stephen Fisher
Bob Hinshaw
Huntley Ingalls
Peg Keister
Alice Marshall
Louise Marshall
Tommy Marshall

Gerry Morgan
Dave Nicholson
Ike Nicholson
Mike Nicholson
Johnnie Reed
Ann Remington
Bruce Remington
Gayle Remington
Frank Sauber
Ted Schad

Jane Showacre
John Sopka
Bob Spindler
Marvin Stephens
Bob Stevens
Al Webb
Arnold Wexler
Bill Youden
William J. Youden

First activity of the day was the departure of two teams for Donald's Ducks; the first was headed by Jane, with Frank, John C. and Marvin trailing, the second by Ann, with Ted, Huntley and Bill Y. following. Neither team completed the traverse, but a good time trying was had by all. In the meantime, Johnnie's "10 Foot Devil" (UP ROPE, Vol. X, #8) got some attention. Johnnie first gave a demonstration of how it is done, and then everyone else tried it. A few got off the ground. Finally Duncan made it after a few false starts - and spent the rest of the day demonstrating it (3 times in all), except for time off for lunch and to climb Socrates Downfall. This latter was tried by many and climbed by few, as usual. Those making it to the top were Duncan, Al and Huntley, although Huntley found it necessary to use the hemlock for a handhold.

The Friction Slab proved to be popular; those climbing it were Marion, Ted, Dave, Bruce and Al.

Only other noteworthy climb of the day was a lead of the Amphibious Traverse by Marion, with Johnnie seconding and Tommy retrieving pitons - and no one got wet!

Jane's team had headed back for the Ducks after a stop for lunch and were betrayed by the shift that morning back to Standard Time - result being a rope from above by impatient bystanders and a trek back to the cars in the dark.

Being rather late, dinner at Arnold's after the climbing consisted of canned spaghetti, the main retrieving feature being a salad tossed up by the old maestro.

* * * * *

This blank space, as well as the other BIG BLANK SPACES in this issue, is because people have not contributed articles to UP ROPE - so ---

Lets get with it.

SEND THEM IN!!!