

COMING EVENTS

- 15 January - Great Falls, Va.
22 January - Purple Horse area (opposite Echo Cliffs), Md.
24 January - ANNUAL MEETING at "Pete" Peterson's home, 3345 Tennyson Ave., NW. Program: Election of officers and a Surprise (the surprise may be a movie!). Directions: Drive out Connecticut Ave. to Chevy Chase Circle, turn R on Western Ave., then turn R on Tennyson. Pete's phone is EM 2-2080.

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INCIDENTAL INFO

Mountaineering has come of age! There is a slick paper magazine called SUMMIT which is "a monthly publication dedicated to those who love the mountains whether they be skiers, fishermen, hikers, rock climbers or just people who love to be in the mountains."

On the cover of the second issue (December, 1955) is a big hairy (liberally) photo of Norman Sanders who relates the first ascent of University Peak, North America's highest unclimbed peak. Most of the remainder of the issue is devoted to skiing but then that stuff should cease in a few months. Some of the article titles are: "Taking Better Snow Pictures", "Selecting a Sleeping Bag", and "Have You Tried Dogsleding?"

It is oriented towards the western mountains but this probably due to lack of receipt of news from our side of the country rather than an editorial policy.

SUMMIT has the expectations of being a great magazine for all those that love the mountains.

SUMMIT will be on file in the PATC Library. Subscriptions are \$2 for one year, write SUMMIT Magazine, 3041 E. Gage Ave., Huntington Park, Calif.

UPS AND DOWNSNovember 11-13, 1955 - DEBATABLE WEEKEND

Ellen Davis Betty Johnson Johnnie Reed Bill Welsh
 Erich Heinemann Peg Keister Ted Schad Chuck Wettling
 Robb Heinemann Pete Peterson Jane Showacre and an unidentified couple

The scheduled weekend certainly started off as advertised - at six pm Thursday night Peg, Jane and Bill gathered in my front hall to debate whether it would be more appropriate to go on with the trip or begin building an ark. Although there was a strong grass-roots sentiment in favor of a long evening of scrabble and coffee, Jane, reasoning that we still had 39 days and 39 nights for ark-building, finally cajoled us in to setting out (or possibly setting sail is the more apt term) for Hawksbill Gap. After blundering through the usual fog and snow along the Skyline Drive we found Chuck Wettling, Ellen Davis awaiting us at the parking area.

Friday morning dawned (I've been reading back issues of the PATC bulletin and find that all mornings, to be official, must dawn) -- and we set out for Bearfence mountain (you must never start anyplace, you must always set out). The cliff-hanging enthusiasts were persuaded to investigate some rocks along the ridge north of the summit. Peg and I having sensibly left the ropes at home succumbed to the well known and recently much publicised lure of the blank spaces on the map and SET OUT to explore a promising one near the lower end of Devil's Ditch. To say that this was a blank spot on the map would indeed be an understatement -- this was so blank that there was a hole completely through my ancient and well worn copy of the Madison quadrangle. I'm afraid I must add in all honesty that it had been folded a few times, so perhaps we can't really claim that it was a bonafide blank spot, but it was certainly good enough for beginners. At any rate, we hiked down Slaughterhouse fire trail to the Conway River, past Shiloh church, Devil's Ditch, and Haunted Branch, returning to the drive at Bootens Gap.

During the afternoon the climbing contingent had been joined by Betty, Ted, and Pete. Jane described the climbing as "interesting" (falling inflection), Pete described it as "all right", Ted and Chuck said something about it being "O.K.". Betty during the rest of the evening gave us a fuller description which would fill an entire volume of the American Alpine Journal with enough left over for a feature article in the Women's Home Companion.

Saturday morning we deluded the rest of the crew into going down to investigate some cliffs we'd spotted in the valley of Devil's Ditch. In order to talk them out of going to Little Stoney Men, I had to promise faithfully that my cliffs weren't more than half a mile from the road - a bald lie, but by the time it was discovered the die was cast, and because of their semi-starved condition, I was able to escape physical violence. To make a long story short, the expedition bogged down in a blackbrier patch at 38° 26' north latitude and 78° 27' west longitude, still half a mile short of the rocks, and we returned to the cars, stopping on the way back to investigate some of the old abandoned farms.

* According to a rare old manuscript map, this area is near the site of the historic old grist mill of Civil War fame. It was seized by General Sideburns and converted into a buttonhole mill which produced all of the button holes used in the Union Army's union suits (see Culverwell, 1935)

After this fiasco, Pete, Ted, and Betty made some polite excuses and returned to Washington in disgust, the rest of us returned to Hawksbill Gap lands where we were joined later in the evening by Erich and Robb Heinemann and another couple whose name I'm afraid escapes me.

Sunday Jane finally managed to return to more familiar pastures and manouvered the group to Little Stony Men where the usual climbs were clumb. At least so I'm told -- Peg and I spent the day beating around in another briar patch in search of an outcrop, and I, at least, spent a good part of the night picking out thorns.

J.R.

November 20, 1955 - Peg's Progress

Weira Armstrong	Jim Hawkins	Pete Peterson	Louis Solomon
Helen Baker	Erich Heinemann	Al Petrim	Bill Welsh
Judy Blumling	Robb Heinemann	Earl Reed	Arnold Wexler
Judy Brodsky	Dan Hubbard	Johnnie Reed	Eddie Willman
John Christian	Betty Johnson	Joe Ryan	Blondie Worrell
Lee Egerton	Marty Fayhoe	Ted Schad	Ed Worrell
Ken Egerton	Peg Meister	Chris Scoredos	Bill Youdon
Larry Gage	George Magee	Jim Shipley	

The cold morning wind did not discourage this small army as they attacked the Potomac cliffs. The Red Overhang was conquered several times. Peg's Progress was occupied most of the day. In spite of the many attempts, no one found the Little Handhold That Isn't There. Two teams climbed the Marchhorn. Arnold took a small group downstream to an Eight Foot Devil for some almost off balance climbing. The "high point" of the day for many of us was Erich's King Size Aerial Traverse.

A crew ran off UP ROPE and then joined the others for supper.

December 4, 1955 - Calderock, Md.

Weira Armstrong	Huntley Ingalls	Tom Marshall	Todd Miles
Roy Bailey	Martha Jennison	Lisa Newell	George Moore
Carolyn Bartlett	Betty Johnson	Earl Reed	Chris Scoredos
Feder family & dog	Marty Fayhoe	Johnnie Reed	Jane Scoredos
Dick Gaylor	Peg Meister	Joe Ryan	Jim Shipley
Ricky Gaylor	Bill Kemper	Frank Sauber	Chuck Wettling
Marion Harvey	Sue Levy	Ted Weiss	Eddie Willmann
Leo Horowitz	Bob Lutz	Bill Welsh	Blondie Worrell
	George Magee	Bob Schneuss	Ed Worrell

The rocks were merely damp to downright wet and slippery, so the busiest climbs were therefore - Ronnie's Loop & the Beginner's Crack. The most noteworthy successful climbs - Elsie's Edgeface by Tom Marshall and the wet face right off the Beginner's Crack by Doc Welsh. Most frustrating climbs - the Spiderwalk, obviously much too wet to even approach and Doc's above mentioned success, which repulsed George Magee only after he'd gotten above the worst part. Most aligned climber - Oscar. Most appreciated new friend - Bob Lutz, who knew just what was wrong when Oscar's motor refused to start. Latest pioneer into superpotomac flight - Roy Bailey, whose graceful dancing flight toward Oscar's tree when J. Reed gradually loosened his tie-in rope would have unnerved the Wright brothers.

L.N.W.

December 11, 1955 - Camp Lewis, Md.

Bob Adams	Erich Heinemann	Pete Peterson	Ted Weiss
Maire Armstrong	Robb Heinemann	Earl Reed	Bill Welsh
Libby Brown	Lee Horowitz	Johnnie Reed	Ther Welsh
Mac Brown	Peg Keister	John Roland	Chuck Wettling
John Christian	Sue Levy	Bob Schnauss	Arnold Wexler
Eric Feder	Alice Marshall	Chris Seareds	Jim Willard
Jim Hoskins	Tom Marshall	Jane Showacre	Eddie Willmann
Don Feder	Faith Okamoto	Bob Stevens	Blondie Verrell
			Ed Verrell

and C. Verstins with some Explorer Scouts

So up! No. 5 repeats! Nos. 6, 7, and 8 join the distinguished few! We're speaking, of course, of these successful scalers of Camp Lewis' renowned East Face. Climbers of assorted shapes and sizes came & went all day, shunning the racks with a muttered "It's too cold to climb today" or putting forth intense and persistent efforts yielding both successes and disappointments on the other climbs. A little group, however, with hopes in their hearts (and in some cases, lead in their sneakers) sneaked around the corner to see whether any of them held the combination to the climb. Tommy repeated his performance of some months ago. Having seen that it could be done, the others of the little group tied in, climbed halfway, and in turn fell off. Jim Hawkins, going one better, reached the good handhold at the top of the face before finding that the gravitational pull of the rock for his heavy boots was far less than the attraction of the ground for said boots. In a graceful & flowless performance, Ed gained enough altitude to make the top, and Chuck tied in for No. 8. Erich, who'd said before that, "I can't maintain control of the situation at all up here" found his missing control and joined the victorious few.

We subsequently, after unwillingly bidding farewell to Maire, who LEAVES our country in several weeks, scattered for supper.

LNW

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INCIDENTAL INFO

Damon Phinney of Lima, Ohio, apparently was quite impressed with Ther Welsh's capabilities as his nurse while in the Wind Rivers this summer. They are engaged to be married in the latter part of March. Our best wishes to you, Ther and Damon.

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MISSING MASTHEAD

A missing masthead is no reason not to print UP ROPE. Everyone knows this is UP ROPE anyway. We'll probably receive a stock of printed mastheads for the next issue.

Editor

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