



FOUNDED BY
JAN AND HERB CONN

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

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COMING EVENTS

June 23, 30 and July 14, 21, 28 are local trips and leave Howard Johnsons (Wisconsin and Western Aves.) at 8:30. Bring lunch and canteen. A note is left telling where we have gone, behind the drainpipe at the southeast corner of the building.

July 4-7 - Seneca Rocks, West Virginia - Leader - Chuck Wettling. Food by individual cars. The number of teams climbing on Seneca will be limited by the number of leaders available. ALL persons going please call Chuck at JO-8-5785.

HARD TO FIND SURPLUS ITEMS

H&H Surplus Center, 1104 W. Baltimore St., Baltimore 23, Md. Blondie gave a lead on this store. They have some items rarely found these days: Army Ski-Mountain trousers \$3.95 pr. - used but excellent shape. Army Mountain tents, double entrance \$22.50; single entrance \$12.95. Trousers, shell, field, M1951, new \$4.90 pr. Underwear, pajama type, new tops, \$2.95, bottoms, \$1.50. Army Mountain sleeping bags, 60-40 feathers and down, M-1949, used but very good condition, \$12.95. Compasses, Navy lift raft, \$1.95 (we expect a supply of these at PATC Headquarters soon).

The Bedayn Carabiners should be in stock at PATC Headquarters any day, now. Many varieties of pitons at the old prices, New stocks will be at a higher price according to advance information.

A new item - dehydrated meat bars at Headquarters to really cut down the back packer's load.

Art Lembeck
(Chairman PATC Equipment Committee)

Editor's note: Summit Magazine, May, 1957 and the Spring Bulletin of the Mountain Club of Maryland carry menus for backpacking using the Dri-lite foods which are available at Headquarters. These two publications may be read at the PATC library.

May 28 Meeting

Very seldom does a group of people have such good fortune as the multiple treat enjoyed by the local rock-climbers last Tuesday evening at the Sillsbee home. Most of the members arrived at twilight in time for a peaceful stroll in the Sillsbee magnolia scented garden. Then followed an intimate panorama, via kodachrome, of the fjords, mountains, water falls and old Viking ships of Norway. This in turn was equalled by a pictorial review of the glory that once was Greece, only to be surpassed in the Sillsbee tour by the massive art and engineering of ancient Egypt plus the gold and magnificence of the treasures of King Tut's tomb; with appropriate verbal insertions by Mrs. Sillsbee for the benefit of the ladies, emphasizing certain exquisite details. By the time we could catch our breath we had ascended the great escarpment of Ethiopia and arrived at Addis Ababa, and were in the mood to appreciate the advantages of knowing the native language in rescuing a picnic from the local goats and cows. Then as a cooling off period, we were elevated into the ice and snow of the high Alps of Europe where nothing escaped the artistic touch of the Sillsbee camera, and were finally brought back to reality and refreshments through the medium of a fade out alpen-glow on the Matterhorn. It is to be hoped that Dr. and Mrs. Sillsbee gleaned a real thrill in providing the rock-climbers such a pleasant, interesting, and instructive evening.

Don Hubbard

Letter to the Editor

Tom Culverwell writes:

After all, it's only 725 miles to Washington so we don't feel as if we'd gone over the hill completely. Besides, Up Rope reaches us regularly, filled with such graphic reporting, we can almost hear the grunts and groans at Carderock. The g- and g- you hear at this end of the line are also caused by rocks. Big, old 1/4-ton mossbacks being moved into place with block and tackle to make a retaining wall at the house. A climbing rope of the vintage of 1942 is being used for standard rigging, and, with double sheave-blocks, strains are being put on that poor old rope that were never dreamed of by Oscar at his very dreamiest. Wonderful training for those Irish Alps described in Up Rope, where the chimneys have no chockstones and climbers are forced to carry a days supply.

In fact, house building has kept us so busy for the past six months there's been no time to take the Kodachromes that were to accompany a letter which was to have been written. Something about "Climbs I'll probably never make" in Main, that is, and more particularly on Mount Desert Island where we now live.

Years ago, "Appalachia" described a few climbs on the Island, but on most cliffs the lichens haven't been disturbed since last glacier went this way. One of the least plausible of these faces is only about 1-1/2 miles from us on Somes Sound. Of course, it's only 679 feet from the barnacle line at high tide to the spruce forest on top of St. Sauveur Mtn., but 400 feet of this is sheer granite cliff. From where we were, down among the barnacles, it looked every bit as tough as Devil's Tower.

Quite a list could be made of similar things: Champlain Mtn. cliffs, Jordan cliffs, Canada cliff, Beech cliff - to say nothing of an assortment of 100 foot odds and ends all over the place. None of which are going to be climbed until we get some Washington talent up here to help. It might be that we'd have to fight over handholds with the eagles and ospreys, but we won't be bothered by Poison Ivy or green briar, and we're only a long day's drive from Washington.

We can promise you the best scenery and the highest viewpoint on the Atlantic Coast. Of course, there's nothing to the local yarns about seeing Alcatraz on a clear day, but we can see Katahdin from here. Down Easterns are a little hard to amaze, having been bored by some of the best sea serpents. However, I'll bet a first ascent of Eagle Cliff would shake them to their foundations.

Sincerely,

Tom

We also heard from Bill Hooker in California. He's been climbing in the Sierra, and also locally with the Sierra Club in Berkely. Bill is leaving soon, for a climbing trip in southern Peru with five others from the Harvard Mountaineering Club. We will see him here in Washington in September.

UPS AND DOWNS

27-28 April, Old Rag, Va.

Betty Johnson
Shirley Krauthausen
Ken Karcher
Pim Karcher

Earl Mosburg
Bob Murray & Father
Pete Peterson
Dave Nicholson

Jim Shipley
Jane Showacre
Alan Talbert
Chuck Wettling

The Friday night crowd was favored by perfect weather, so they ignored the comforts of the lean-to, bedding down on anthills and snake "nests" that are easy to find in the dark. We got up pretty early next morning, except Jane, who had a watch.

Chuck and Betty started the climbing on the Hollywood, while Jane and Alan did the Beginner's shrewdly choosing a shady part of the cliffs. That afternoon there were more people and more climbs, but I couldn't keep track of them all. Saturday night the rain forced everyone into the leanto. During the night we were visited by a very pretty and friendly skunk.

The outstanding ascent of the weekend was made by Jane and Chuck on Sunday. This tricky climb, about 100 feet south of the Beginner's start with a vertical crack up to an off-balance ledge which affords an uncomfortable belay position. From there a delicate traverse to the left leads to a standing-room ledge from which starts another vertical crack. On this final pitch a stirrup was required at one point. The climb took over three hours, with Jane and Chuck alternating leads. Most of the time was spent putting in pitons. The hardware is still in the climb, so it will likely be climbed again soon.

Jim and Dave joined us Sunday, finishing their 6-day Easter vacation hike of about 120 miles. We were rained off the mountain prematurely, arriving at the cars soaked.

Ken says he saw a couple of hamadryads bathing in a stream while he was photographing trillium. We hope he got a picture of these rare creatures.

AJT

5 May, Carderock, Md.

Belay practice for Pittsburghers and newcomers held sway most of the day. Chucks Operation Oscar was supplemented by human dummies in Don Hubbard's bailiwick, with Betty and Alan officiating. It took Alan so long to jump that even the beginning belayer was shouting words of encouragement. There must have been a lot of climbing. The only one I know of positively is Johnny Adam's ascent of Elsie's Edge Face.

After Toohey's (where John Crowder had the audacity to join us wearing his Rugby Club tie and other finery) a happy few dined at Bonat's. Magnifique!

AJT

12 May, Harpers Ferry, Virginia

Bob Adams & Bobby
 Billy DuBois
 John Crowder

Betty Johnson
 Dick Osgood
 Pete Peterson

Jane Showacre
 Alan Talbert
 Chuck Wettling

It is always so surprising to walk a few yards from the busy road and find such an attractive climbing area with it's built in grandstand seats. Alan and John made an interesting climb out of the Pinnacle while otherd worked on nearby practice climbs. Later, at Weaverton, a minority went swimming while all of us wished that we had thought to bring a picnic supper.

BJ

19 May, Cupids Bower, Md.

Bob Adams & Family
 Betty Johnson
 Dick Kenyon
 Earl Mosburg

Bob Murray
 Dave Nicholson
 Dick Osgood
 Jim Shipley

Jane Showacre
 Jim Willard & Family
 Ed Worrell & Family

The weather man had promised occasional rain, and there was a fine mist in the air most of the day. But Earl was on hand to ferry us across the river, and once we had reached Cupid's Bower the rain gave us no trouble. It was an easy-going day with more coaching than climbing. Nevertheless a respectable number of candidates scrambled up the Master's and PhD.

After lunch Jane, Betty and Earl set out by canoe to explore the rocks upstream. They reported completing several lead climbs.

Late in the afternoon the Baltimore delegation (Dave, Jim and Ed) demonstrated the proper method of climbing the Post Doctorate - just to the right of the PhD. Certain "older" climbers saw them take that first step, but still don't believe it's possible. Finally Dave found an overhang a little farther to the right which he couldn't climb, even barefoot, and pronounced the day a success.

Camera shot of the day: Frank Henry Worrell belaying his nervous father on the PhD.

RJA

17-19 May, Hermitage, Pa.

Peg Keister
 Win Lembeck
 Art Lembeck

Shirley Jackson
 Pete Peterson
 Johnnie Reed

Chuck Wettling
 Arnold Wexler
 Bruce Bryant

At times like this weekend one has to fit the climbing in between rain squalls. When the first group arrived Friday night it was pretty well soaked packing down to the shelter. Next morning a little sunshine greeted Arnold and his passengers when they arrived and by early afternoon, when Johnnie and Bruce drove up, the holds were fairly friendly to the questing foot.

Chuck and Pete on one rope, and Arnold and Art on another, slipped and slid on the greasy lichens in the late morning. Chuck found the Hoverhang too wet for leading and quite properly decided to finish it with an upper belay. Johnnie introduced beginner Bruce, a fellow geologist from the North Carolina project, to the proper enjoyment of rocks.

After lunch the climbing was more enjoyable since the holds were drier. The Unfinished Symphony was the principle objective of the afternoon, the Swiss Guide and other lesser exercises were also engaged before the aroma of Win's spaghetti sauce called away the climbers.

A night of rain and a day of intermittent drizzles kept the group essentially indoors on Sunday, although the geologists went hunting for a Greenstone outcrop, obviously too academic a search to interest mountaineers.

AL

26 May, Great Falls, Va.

Karl Edler
 Scott Graham
 Betty Johnson

Bill Keasbey, Jr.
 Dick Kenyon
 Bob Mole

Earl Mosburg
 Bob Murray
 Dick Osgood

While the polished "pros" applied long perfected technique to the New York Shawangunks, a small local gathering spent a sunny day at Great Falls. Under the tutelage of Earl and Betty, the climbers worked out on the Ringbolt, and adjacent climbs during the morning. Juliet's Balcony and Romeo's ladder afforded reason for a few puffs and groans in the afternoon. Several ropes of three, including leader Earl, made the Balcony traverse. Osgood, Edler, and Kenyon made the Ladder. The activity was rounded out with belay and rappel practice for all. Additional attractions of the area included a cool dip in the river and a cold beer to wind up the day.

REK

2 June, Great Falls, Md.

Bob Adams
 John Christian
 Joyce Ann Clyde
 John Crowder

Betty Johnson
 Bill Keasbey
 Peg Keister
 Art Lembeck

Tom Marshall
 Bob Murray
 Dick Osgood
 John Reed

Chris Scoredos
 Jean Swift
 Chuck Wettling
 Arnold Wexler
 The Willard Family

As the latecomers drifted into Howard Johnson's the conversation turned to the scheduling of climbs. When someone suggested climbing on Saturday to avoid the after effects of Saturday night Art remarked that at one time the climbers did go out on Saturday but that at present they were rapidly degenerating toward Monday. After waiting 30 minutes for a $3\frac{1}{2}$ minute egg we finally got underway.

Soon after we gathered at the climbing site ropes were snaking up the slopes from all angles. Tom Marshall led a group on Peg's Progress while the new climbers were trying out the slope around the corner. Bob Murray completed several difficult climbs including the "Red Overhang" and Betty reversed her policy of past weeks by climbing everything in sight, albeit with a good deal of huffing and puffing. Better get in shape, Betty.

Towards noon the more intrepid climbers concentrated their attention on the "Great Falls Bulge" which was finally conquered by Bob Adams and Chuck. Those who stayed for the afternoon session headed over to look for the "Little Handhold that Wasn't there". Only Chuck managed to find this elusive hold.

At the end of the day we returned to the city fatigued from the sultry heat and exertion but with a sense of accomplishment for a day well spent.

WPK

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UNFINISHED SYMPHONY - FINISHED

18 May 1957

'Way back when the Unfinished Symphony Climb near the Hermitage was attempted no adequate piton cracks could be found in the middle section for completion as a lead. The upper two thirds was managed with a belay from above giving the climb its "Unfinished" title.

The original team, Arnold Wexler and Art Lembeck, was back on the route again on Saturday with the intention of trying out an assortment of expansion bolts in the proper spots. The first pitch classically goes up the left semi-chimney to a small ledge. This ledge is an easy traverse to the start of the second pitch, a vertical eroded crack, which "unfinished" the former parties. The ledge continues rather tenuously to the right and more or less reaches the Easy Exposure Chimney. This ledge can be traversed, in reverse, using 2 pitons for protection to reach the vertical crack.

Arnold and Art alternated leads on the climb, finding a questionable crack at the base of the crack for one piton, then one 3/4ths of the way up for a large angle. This gave enough protection to reach a small cedar on a narrow ledge. The cedar was draped with a sling and gave psychological protection for a retablo to the ledge. The first good piton of the climb was sunk under a foot-thick quartzite vein and gave fine protection up to the ledge where the route joins the exposed part of the Easy Exposure Chimney Climb.

Chuck Wettling used the pitons, which had all been left in place, to make the second ascent. He made the climb more interesting by plucking the large angle piton out of it's crack by thumb and finger, then having to drive another piton before continuing. Johnnie Reed climbed as his second and had no difficulty removing the hardware.

Art Lembeck

Additions and Changes to Up Rope List

New Subscribers

David Arnold, CO. A. USASA Troop Command, Fort Meade, Md.

Alfred Owyang, 3325 13th St., S.E., City (20)

Richard E. Kenyon, 2210 N. Madison St., Arlington, Va.

William Keasbey, Jr., 1927 Biltmore St., N.W., City

Bruce Adams, Solon, Iowa

Wallace Adams, 201 N. Walnut St., St. Elmo, Illinois

Jay Edwards, 1759 Hastings Mill Rd., Bridgeville, Pa.

Change of Address

Earl and Eddie Reed, 18 Hiram Road, Farmingham, Mass.

William W. Hooker, 3385 Highview Terrace, S.E., City (20)

Marcia Michelson, 3726 Conn. Ave., City - EM-3-0466

Allen Treadway, Friends Service Project, Branch YWCA, 2460 Welton, Denver, Colo.

CORRECTION

Chuck Wettling's telephone number is JO-8-5785.

POME

Thoughts on an Alp

I stand flat-footed on a towering peak,
Wondering what I climbed to seek,
While o'er this glacier I roam,
All I love is safe at home:
Baseball, blondes, and clear, cool beer;
What the heck am I doing here?

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