



FOUNDED BY  
JAN AND HERB CONN

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

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### COMING EVENTS

November 3 - Carderock, Md. - Belay practice for novices.

November 9, 10, 11 - Seneca Rocks, West Va. - NO BEGINNERS. Commissary by individual cars. Camping at Spruce Knob, Armentrouts, or your own choice. Leader: Chuck Wettling. All going call him at JO.8-5785 by Tuesday, November 5.

November 9, 10, 11 - For Bushwhackers! Hightop-Hawksbill Valley Area, Shenandoah National Park. This is the third of the PATC exploring, knapsacking trips that start the second Friday evening of every month. (See Sept. 1957 UP ROPE.) The plans for this trip are to base at Hightop Leanto and investigate both sides of the main ridge. There may be but one change of camp. The Park here is narrow with some scattered mountain communities; alternating wooded and open areas. Reservations must be in by November 6. Call Jeannette Fitzwilliams at HO.2-5491 (best time, 10:00-11:00 PM). Between October 26-November 3, call Suzanne Green at DU.7-4971.

November 10 - Anybody left in town, meet at Howard Johnson's at the District Line. Decide for yourselves where to climb, you poor unfortunates.

November 17 - Sugarloaf Mountain, Maryland

November 24 - Little Stony Man, Virginia

\* \* \* \* \*

All single day trips leave from Howard Johnsons, Western & Wisconsin Aves., at 8:30 A.M.

\* \* \* \* \*

Thanks to the Pittsburgh Social Climbers we now have a "new" rope for Oscar. We are not sure what the color will be for belaying, but it's blue.

\* \* \* \* \*

Some of you newcomers may be interested in the War Dept. Field Manual FM 70-10 "Mountain Operations". This is published by the Supt. of Documents, Wash., D.C. for 50¢. We will try to have a copy on hand next Sunday to show to those interested.

\* \* \* \* \*

DEADLINE for next UP ROPE, Tuesday, November 26.

UPS AND DOWNSSeptember 22, 1957. Bull Run, Virginia

Bob Adams  
 Stuart & Jane Bowyer  
 John Crowder  
 Clara Danie

Bob French  
 Doug Haigh  
 Betty Johnson  
 Bob Mole

Jim Shipley  
 Jane Showacre  
 Alan Talbert  
 Dave Truitt

At this late date we were still plagued by summer heat and high humidity. The long walk up the mountain drained much of our ambition and although there was talk of good climbs further on we settled in the vicinity of Zeus's Throne. Setting the standard of the day was the Beginner's Crack which most everyone climbed and agreed was a sufficient challenge.\* A reasonable amount of activity on other nearby climbs was followed by a cooling dip in Broad Run before plunging into the stream of civilization that swept madly along.

BM

\* An understatement! Ed.

September 29, 1957. Great Falls, Maryland

Bob Adams & family  
 John Crowder  
 Gregory Gancharev  
 Betty Johnson

Bill Keasbey  
 John McNish  
 Bob Murray  
 Jane Showacre

Bob Spindler  
 Alan Talbert  
 Clara Thiele

In the morning there was real activity on various climbs from easy to difficult. However, there are always those who feel compelled to try The Little Handhold That Isn't There and by afternoon climbing had slowed down to just that. This climb is supposed to be one of very delicate balance and is located on a fifteen foot cliff on Cleft Island down river from the regular climbing grounds. Jane says that she was one handhold off the route and that Alan wasn't on it from the start. Both of them may read the June 13, 1945 issue of UP ROPE for more information, but it would be a lot easier if Art Lembeck, who made the original ascent in 1939, would settle the matter and give a personal demonstration.

BJ

October 5, 1957. Cupids Bower, Maryland (with the Pittsburgh Social Climbers)

Russ Clement  
 John Crowder  
 Bob Dufty

Gert Gazdick  
 Betty Johnson  
 Pete Peterson (Breakfast)  
 Sayre & Jean Rodman

Jane Showacre  
 Alan Talbert  
 Arnold Wexler

After waiting for Gert and Bob Dufty at the HJ's, we decided to take a chance and drag them away from the climbs at Carderock. We were right in our guesses and soon were tiptoeing, led by grouse-flusher Jane, to the Island. Arnold arrived in time for lunch and heckling. Please note: Overheard at Carderock - "Never talk or make comments that might in any way disturb the person climbing." This was stated by a leader of a group of 11-12 year old boys. It sounds like good advice but never having seen it in action who can tell?

We went through school -- the highschool diploma, bachelors, masters, and I guess Dufty did the Ph.d.

At Arnold's invitation people went to his apartment for dinner. After word got around that his phone was out of order, people seized upon the chance to crash the party. But noble host Wexler has that feed-the-5000 touch and everyone was pleased and satisfied. As we sat around talking, the rains began that were to

completely washout plans for Sunday. We've been pretty lucky with our trips to DC -- even Hurricane Hazel only got our feet wet when the Potomac submerged Oscar.

We expect to see you people up here for skiing as soon as the snow flies.

JWR

### October 6, 1957. Pete's Place

Russ Clement	Betty Johnson*	Pete Peterson	Arnold Wexler
Bob Dufty	Bob Mole*	Jane Showacre	Clara Daniel*
Gert Gazdick	John McNish*	Alan Talbert*	Nimrod Glascock
			Chuck Wettling

In spite of the cold and wet a few enthusiasts reluctantly appeared at the breakfast table. By 10:00 AM it was conceded that any climbing was out of the question and we all took refuge in Pete's home. Pete entertained us with slides of his vacation with the Canadian Alpine Club. Pete's sister completed our pleasant visit by baking a cake and making coffee. CW

\* We didn't know about the coffee and cake, so instead of being comfortable and well fed, some of us were wet and muddy in John Browns Cave, Harpers Ferry. BJ

### October 13, 1957. Crescent Rock, Virginia

Bob Adams & family	Betty Johnson	Jim Shipley
John Crowder	Bob Mole	Alan Talbert
Clara Daniel	Dick Osgood	Chuck Wettling
Bob French	Ted Shad	Arnold Wexler

The patrons at Howard Johnson's restaurant were surprised to see the climbers from the PATC leave on time, at 8:30. (Equally surprised was this correspondent, who stumbled in some fifteen minutes later, expecting to be just in time for the second round of coffee.) However, the climbers were eager -- well, some of them were -- to rush off to explore a relatively new and undeveloped climbing area, Crescent Rocks, some fifty miles from Washington. These cliffs appear to have great possibilities. Several of the more difficult climbs were done, and they proved to be at least as difficult as they looked, as well as some less strenuous. The general consensus of opinion was that Crescent Rocks is worthy of further trips, for our brief exploration showed that there were to be found here climbs to please both beginner and expert, not to mention a fine view and a very comfortable ledge for sunbathing. The day being sunny and warm, we made much use of the latter. BF

\* \* \* \* \*

### CHANGES TO UP ROPE LIST

Gert Gazdik -- care of Orinoco Mining Co., Apartado postal No. 3, Ciudad Bolivar, Venezuela.

Shirley Krauthausen -- Care of Geology Department, University of Washington, Seattle, 5, Washington.

October 19-20, 1957. What grows up must come down -- at the Hermitage

In August, a project was begun to remove the interfering trees and brush from the fine climbs at Shaffer's Rocks near the Hermitage. Earl Mosberg and Bob Adams with several others led the first attack with considerable assistance from a gasoline powered chain saw. Ed and Blondie Worrell returned a week later as a work-party of two, cleaning up the debris left by the first group.

During the weekend of 20 October, the job was completed. The Worrells, on their third trip, Art and Win Lembeck, Arnold Wexler, John Crowder, Betty Johnson, Pete Peterson and Alan Talbert comprised the axe and saw brigade. The rocks are now properly exposed enhancing the view for shelter users and intriguing rock climbers much more than before. Several new ideas for routes have developed now that the brush is gone. Two were tested Sunday with a .500 batting average. The first is a chockstone overhang on the left side of the gully opposite the Swiss Guide Climb. This climb was made in August by Ed and Blondie using an upper belay. (Ed. What a precocious baby that Chirper Frank is!) As a lead, Art used a stirrup sling around the chockstone to surmount the overhang, then a wafer and higher, an angle piton for protection to partially enter an arrow chimney which led to the top. Question is, did Don Hubbard climb the route about 1950? He was somewhere up on the face near it at least.

The unclimbed lead is on the same side of the gully as the Swiss Guide Climb and is on the corner just before the open chimney. Using a large angle piton for protection, one climbs small footholds which soon deteriorate to friction nubbins. Handholds disappear just before one reaches a point where it is necessary to transfer on the left to a layback with no friction for the feet. Above this point the layback improves and at a small ledge one can probably place another piton to finish the lead. Who'll be the first to climb it? Ed, belayed from above, cleaned off a quantity of broken glass which seemed an unfair obstacle on the traverse, so line up to be number one.

ACL

\* \* \* \* \*

#### SUMMER TRIPS

The following is quoted from a letter to the editor by Herb and Jan Conn about their trip to the Tetons:

"About the middle of last August a party of six climbed the North Face of the Grand Teton in Wyoming. The purpose of the trip was to get pictures for one of the Great Adventure Series appearing in LIFE Magazine\*. Howard Friedman, the photographer, planned the trip. It was his idea to have four climbers in the photographed party -- two guides to lead and two clients to follow. Glenn Exum and Dick Pownall, regular Teton guides, were chosen as the guides, and we were asked to be "clients". To lead his own rope, Howard had Hans Kraus who was loafing around Jenny Lake Campground recovering from a bout with the flu. The fact that Hans was completely recovered at the end of the trip indicates better than words the severity of the endeavor!"

\* The pictures and article are expected in the late November issue.

THE ALPS AND BRITISH COLUMBIA  
by Pim Karcher

Anyone returning from a first trip to Europe is bound to talk in a very sophisticated manner and is going to be passing comments on various aspects of the Continent. Ken and I, not being different from anybody else, have already expressed ourselves on a number of matters -- and since the beautiful slides of Dr. and Mrs. Silsbee took us to some of the most magnificent areas in the Alps, it is only natural that our comments have centered on mountaineering rather than the collapse of the French franc.

Apparently some of the comments have reached the ears of the UP ROPE staff with the consequence that I have been requested - or challenged - to put some of these comments in writing. Let me hasten to add that we were on a sightseeing trip and actually did very little mountaineering.

I have never been sympathetic with Ken's frequent inclination to compare one mountain range with another but I feel that after eight summers of mountaineering in Western Canada most of my impressions relate to some fundamental differences between the Alps and British Columbia. Two things in particular reduce the feeling of exhilaration and anticipation one experiences in Canadian mountaineering: mechanical transport and huts.

Our first experiences in the Austrian Alps brought us in close proximity with untold numbers of people, huts, and cows, all tripping blithely around above timberline. As we moved over into Switzerland, the people, huts and cows were augmented with teleferiques, chairlifts, and cog railways.

All of these aspects of the Alps are a strange if not shocking contrast to the extremes of wilderness that one can find in Canada with as little as a half mile stroll off the side of one of the few roads. There just isn't any wilderness; and if you have become accustomed to treading occasionally in virgin country and this has become one of the enjoyable and thrilling experiences of your mountaineering, you are bound to miss this in the Alps. One of the greatest rewards Ken and I have experienced on our mountaineering trips is that it takes us away from our Washington "existence" to an area free from newspapers, people, and the luxuries which Madison Avenue calls necessities. Such "escape" is not possible in the Alps. You are transported to within a short walk over well marked, well travelled paths, to a hut - warm, comfortable and well inhabited (in one I counted 41 people with others coming and going, like Grand Central Station). You are fed and comfortable, although not luxuriously, accommodated for the evening. Breakfast is served and eaten from china plates at tables. All this seemed strange and out of place in my mountaineering book. Beyond the huts are the high mountains, and, in spite of the fixed ropes, two feet wide "paths" on rock or in snow, the same elements of danger and adventure. The challenge to get to the top - regardless of motivation - is there. And in spite of all this, the views are no less beautiful; the reward no less satisfying; and the sense of accomplishment is not diminished. Perhaps it's just that you don't appreciate as much those things which seem to come easier to you...it may be simply a matter of degree.

While in Zermatt, where we made a climb with Andy Kauffman, we met Georgia Englehard who is now living in that charming Swiss village. Georgia has made many first ascents in the Canadian Rockies and spent many years climbing and photographing those mountains. We asked her if she did not miss the wilderness, being in Zermatt with all the mechanical transportation, people, etc. She replied, in effect, and quite candidly -- "Certainly not! after 16 years in the bush, I'm happy to be here". I felt that after only a few days of all that "civilization" I would be very happy to retreat to the joys of the wilderness. And if Ken tries to



(continued from page 5)

quote this to me when I'm using unladylike language under the influence of a very heavy pack, I'll deny every last word.

At any rate, there are still many areas of mountain country which will remain wild and remote in many, many years to come. I only hope Western Canada will be one of them.

\* \* \* \* \*

#### ON PORRIDGE

The sloppy pre-digested mush served in this country as a breakfast cereal, under the euphemistic title of 'oatmeal' is but a pale travesty of Scotland's national breakfast.

The diehard Scot uses only fresh oat meal to make his porridge (not porage - that's an orthographic error propagated by the cereal manufacturers). He soaks it overnight in water, brings it to the boil in the morning, and simmers it until the particles soften and swell. The purist believes that sufficient salt should be added to give the porridge a salty taste, and not merely to counteract the flatness. He eats it with a minimum of milk, claiming that when sugar is sprinkled on, it ceases to be porridge, but becomes a milk pudding, fit only for Sassenachs and dogs. (I'm almost ashamed to admit that I like mine to be sweetened; but to be served it with raisins; as I was once in Corbin Cabin - UGH!)

In remote parts of Scotland a week's supply of porridge is often made at one cooking, poured into a wooden drawer to set, and then each morning a sufficient quantity is cut out and heated for breakfast. It is even said that there are extremists who will carry a slab of this rather unappetizing grey mess as a lunchtime 'piece'.

An alternative to porridge, popular with climbers since it requires no cooking is brese. The climber's version of this is likely to consist basically of oatmeal stirred up with 'condensed' milk. It takes some time to eat, but, because of the swelling of the oatmeal, it will sustain him on the hills for a whole day.

And, of course, oatmeal is used in the cooking of a haggis, but that's a national secret!

John Crowder

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