



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

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

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1 December 1957

COMING EVENTS

- December 1 -- Carderock, Maryland. Belay practice with Oscar.
December 8 -- Great Falls, Maryland.
December 15 -- Spitzbergen, Maryland.
December 15 -- Tree cutting at Rock Spring & Doyle River Shelters, Shenandoah National Park. Opportunity for exercise and to help PATC. The Shelters are reserved for Friday and Saturday nights. Central Commissary. Call Wallace Haynes Walker, RE 7-8200, Ext. 809 prior to December 11 for Doyle River reservations; Art Lembeck, OL 2-7972, prior to 10 December for Rock Spring. Climbing at Little Stony Man, if work is completed in time on Sunday.
December 22 -- Great Falls, Virginia.
December 27 -- OPEN HOUSE at PATC Headquarters. 7-10 P.M. Punch and cookies will be served on the second floor lounge. This is the time for all you new members, and old ones too, to get acquainted.
December 29 -- No trip scheduled.
January 5 -- Carderock, Maryland. Belay practice with Oscar.

PATC HEADQUARTERS WILL BE CLOSED December 21 - January 1 inclusive for the holidays.

NOTE: Due to inclement weather, it might be necessary at times to change a scheduled winter trip without notice to a nearby or more readily accessible climbing area. We suggest that you check in at Howard Johnsons, Wisconsin and Western Aves., on Sunday mornings. Trips start at 8:30 A.M. and a note is left behind the drainpipe at the southeast corner telling where the climbers have gone should you arrive too late.

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HELP WANTED

Jeannette Fitzwilliams would like some help at Headquarters on the Shelters Desk on alternate Fridays. Peg Keister needs a volunteer or two for the "other" desk, too. There is other work to be done (at home if more convenient) on the Shelter Desk too so if any of you Rock Climbers want to lend a hand, call Jeanette at HO 2-5491 or the Shelters Desk at Headquarters, or call Peg at LO 5-4051.

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REPORT FROM NORTH CAROLINAby John C. Reed, Jr.

Last spring my geological wanderings took me from the familiar cliffs of Carderock to an immense tangle of greenbriar and rhododendron in the Blue Ridge of western North Carolina. For some reason (known only to God and a few others in slightly lower administrative echelons) the Geological Survey decided that a geological map of some of this vegetative mess would be in order, and in one of my weak moments I accepted the job. To be a little more specific, I'm currently mapping the Table Rock quadrangle, which includes a portion of the Blue Ridge about 50 miles south of the Virginia line, just south of Grandfather Mountain (who's cliffs have been described so enthusiastically by Paul Bradt and Tom Culverwell).

One of the more interesting features of this section is the Linville Gorge, a spectacular canyon, 1500 to 2000 feet deep, cut by the Linville River in the east flank of the Blue Ridge. Part of the canyon has been set aside by the Forest Service as the Linville Gorge wild area, the only designated wild area east of the Mississippi (see "The Living Wilderness Vol. 22, No. 60 - Spring 1957, p.20. Now wild areas are a fine idea, and I'm all for them, but they do tend to make geologizing a bit difficult if you have to beat brush for a thousand vertical feet or so just to get to work every morning. In the hope of circumventing at least some of this I issued a plea for volunteers for a "pleasant, easy backpacking trip through the Linville Gorge". My invitation was eventually accepted by Peg Keister (who should have known better), Jeanette Fitzwilliams, and Frank Lesure, one of the other Survey geologists here in North Carolina.

A rather bleak and snowy October afternoon found the four of us threading our way down one of the very few trails through a nearly continuous line of 200-300 foot quartzite cliffs which guard the approach to the gorge on the west. Unfortunately the trail, which starts out at about the caliber of a Rock Creek Park bridle trail, soon began to lose its enthusiasm, and eventually it became obvious that it wasn't really going to go to the river after all. We took what were to be our last unimpeded steps for four days and plunged into our first "laurel hell". There ensued a brief but strenuous period of thrashing through briars, cutting laurel, cussing, and general confusion before we came out at the river and located an approximation of a level spot big enough for two somewhat crumpled mountain tents, which we hurriedly erected in the rapidly approaching darkness.

The next day, after a morning of geologizing, we packed up to move camp downstream. It soon developed that this was going to be anything but a pleasant walk. The bed of the river in most places is a jumble of huge boulders, some 50 feet in diameter, which have tumbled in from the cliffs above. The banks are flanked either with cliffs or with dense thickets of rhododendron, generally liberally admixed with various species of briars. We were further handicapped by not being able to cross the river, since wading, even in the quieter reaches, was a singularly uninviting prospect in mid-October. I won't attempt a detailed description of our wanderings for the next couple of days----rather, I quote a short passage from "A Tramp Abroad". Mark Twain isn't talking about backpacking through the brush; he's describing an ant bringing home an old grasshopper leg. There seem to be, however, certain similarities: ".....it is usually seven times bigger than it ought to be; he hunts out the awkwardest place to take hold of it; he lifts it bodily up in the air by main force, and starts; not toward home, but in the opposite direction-----; he fetches up against a pebble, and instead of going around it, he climbs over it backward, dragging his booty after him, tumbles down the other side,----kicks the dust off his clothes, grabs his property viciously, yanks it this way, then that, shoves it ahead of him for a moment, turns tail and drags it after him another moment-----

then presently hoists it in the air and goes tearing off in an entirely new direction; comes to a weed; it never occurs to him to go around it; no, he must climb it; and he does climb it, dragging his worthless property to the top-----when he gets there he finds that this is not the place; takes a cursory glance at the scenery and either climbs down or tumbles down, and starts off once more, as usual, in a new direction. At the end of half an hour he fetches up within six inches of the place he started from and lays his burden down; meanwhile he has been over all the ground for two yards around, and climbed all the weeds and pebbles he came across."

At any rate, after some days of this we emerged from the laurel somewhat tattered and worn, and feeling a good deal like Mark Twain's ant, but with a fine load of rock specimens and an imposing sheaf of notes to show for our efforts. Preliminary calculations indicate that the actual distance covered was related to the distance that could have been covered on open level ground with the same effort approximately as follows:

$$D = \sqrt{w h} D_0 y^{n_1} n_b^{k_2} s$$

where w = weight of pack, h = vertical feet climbed,
 y = mean size of boulders; n_1 = number of laurel stems per
 acre; n_b = number of briar stems per acre; k = number of
 thorns per linear foot of briar, and s = the coefficient
 of general cussedness.

I think I can state without fear of contradiction that although our D_0 was small, everyone concerned will agree that the trip was an EXPERIENCE.

* * * * *

The following book report is mere happenchance; we do not mean to imply that the foregoing party would have had an easier trip if they had carried their log books, pencils, etc. in the proper pockets. We just happened to have this space to fill.

ROUTE MAPPING AND POSITION-LOCATING IN UNEXPLORED REGIONS

Wilhelm Filchner, Erich Przybyllok and Toni Hagen

Academic Press, Inc. N.Y. 1957

Should be read, or at least noted, by any serious traveller of wild areas. There is an extreme meticulousness of detail, such as the log book being kept in the left hand coat pocket, pencil in the left breast pocket and a spare pencil in the right trouser pocket. While it is doubtful if many readers will find the entire equipment section-useful, with such gems as how to whistle for yaks, but the data on caravans and luggage is obviously gathered from painstaking personal experience, particularly in the highlands of Asia.

Discussion of route mapping is developed in sequence from measuring methods, flat country for short and for long sections, hilly country, mountains, and finally, mountain chains. Proper instrumentation to permit altitude and latitude determination results of predictable accuracy, depending on time and weight carrying ability, is a further subject. There are about thirty pages on the use of aerial and terrestrial photography in modern surveys. A single page excuse for a bibliography and a good index complete the work, which is available at the Geological Survey Library (759F49r) and the Library of Congress.

A.C. Lembeck

UPS AND DOWNSOctober 20, 1957. Thurmont, Maryland.

Bob Adams & family
Duncan Burchard
Peter Engels

Nimrod Glascock
Bob Ginsberg
Marcia Michelson
Jane Showacre

Allen Treadway &
family
Chuck Wettling
Ward Wright

Taking advantage of some of the best fall weather seen in these parts, the beginners and experts tried their skills on Wolf Rocks. Duncan, Bob, Jane and a beginner tried the north face of the Wolf's Head. The beginner should feel pleased as it is not an easy climb. Many other climbs were completed and the day's activities ended at a overhang which stopped Duncan, Bob Adams, Chuck and Jane. CRW

October 26-27, 1957. Old Rag, Virginia.

Duncan Burchard
Eleanor Burchard
Bob Ginsberg

Betty Johnson
Dick Kenyon
Jane Showacre

Jim Willard
Danna Willard
Chuck Wettling

Four hardy souls, heavily laden, moved slowly up the fire road. The way was faintly outlined by starlight filtering down through the golden fall foliage. A slight breeze rustled through the leaves and carried a bit of conversation from the leading pair to those behind. Strangely enough, it sounded exactly like, "We'll sleep on top, or bust." No amount of logical reasoning can sway the female mind once made up and sure enough the party separated soon. The males retired in the Old Rag Lean-to while Betty and Jane trudged slowly on and ever up to finally fulfill a longstanding ambition to spend a night on top of Old Rag. Thus began a weekend which proved enjoyable if somewhat cold.

Saturday was spent reconnoitering possible routes in the vicinity of the Reflector Oven, on the east side of the mountain. Most appeared to be fairly difficult and the cold weather discouraged any serious attempts to climb them. One route was begun but proved to be undesirable. As a warm up in the morning the group "fanagled" their way up the short climb The Finesse. Late in the afternoon, Bob Ginsberg arrived after a bus trip, hitch hike and trek up the Ridge Trail. Supper was prepared by Chef Jane on the top of the mountain and before long all retreated to their schlafsacks to escape the cold, cold wind. According to Wettling's handy dandy, portable weather station, the temperature was in the 30's.

Arising Sunday to another cold day the group gathered for breakfast near the Cave. Then down the Ridge Trail to seek out a climb or two. They were joined by Duncan and Eleanor and proceeded to try several interesting looking cracks. The net result was the conclusion that opportunities for driving pitons are mighty scarce in that area. Around one o'clock the weather grew worse and a snow squall deposited a thin mantle of white on parts of the area. Later in the afternoon, Jim arrived and the group moved back to the summit area. Duncan, Jim, and Jane negotiated a layback near the Finesse. Then, Jane began the lead of the Hollywood but the wind and snow intensified their assault, and only Duncan was able to fight the weather over the route. Shortly afterwards, packs were shouldered and all descended to the cars and became homeward bound.

REK

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Alan Talbert and Pete Peterson showed slides of their Canadian Alpine Club trip last summer at the October Climbers' Meeting at Ray & Suzy Moore's. It's always fun to go the Moore's home for a meeting and this was no exception.

October 27, 1957. Camp Lewis, Maryland.

John Crowder
Clara Daniel

Earl Mosburg
Alan Talbert

George Yntema

People kept wandering into H.J.'s from 7 A.M. to 9 A.M. (This was the Sunday we went off DST.) Don Hubbard dropped in to find out how confused we all were. The confusion led to indecision, but eventually we decided to go to seldom frequented Camp Lewis. With only a couple of hitches, we got there, ending up once on Plummers Island. Bubbling over with enthusiasm we sat down to lunch. But after lunch, climbing was started in earnest. It was surprising how few climbs are there. The removal of two trees (Page Art Lembeck!) would make some of them more interesting. We did succeed in removing two vital handholds on the overhang, but not in climbing it. A stroll to Carderock completed the day.

AJT

November 2-3, 1957. Carderock, Maryland.

<u>Saturday:</u>	T. Spencer	Gene Atherton	Doug Haigh	Dick Osgood
Ed Kung	Chuck Wettling	Duncan Burchard	Betty Johnson	J. Patterson
Earl Mosburg	Hugh Young	Bob French	Bill Keasbey	Jane Showacre
J. Patterson	<u>Sunday:</u>	Bob Ginsberg	Ed Kung	Chuck Wettling
Jane Showacre	Bob Adams	Nimrod Glascock	Bob Murray	Hugh Young

Four of us made the trip to Washington, D.C.: Tom Spencer, John Patterson, Hugh Young, and myself. We left Pittsburgh around 7 P.M. on Friday, Nov. 1st and arrived at Carderock around 1 A.M. the next morning. It was drizzling and, not feeling up to dragging ourselves through mud and darkness into the climbing area, we camped right by our car. Spencer and Patterson shared a mountain tent, Hugh covered himself with a pup tent, while I settled myself comfortably to sleep in the back seat of the car.

Saturday morning the rain subsided somewhat. Jane Showacre came around 9:30. We headed into the climbing area, cooked and ate our breakfast there (Jane cooked, we ate), and began trying the various climbs. Chuck Wettling came around noon with all the accessories for dummy practice. So we occupied ourselves the whole afternoon practicing belaying with Oscar.

Alan Talbert joined us for supper which we had at the Peking Restaurant on Conn. Ave. Among the menu were such delicacies as Fried Chinese Dumplings, Ham and Winter Squash Soup, Lion's Head with Chinese Cabbage, Fried Diced Chicken with Sauce, etc. After supper, Jane showed us slides of her trip to the Alaskan ranges. We camped comfortably that night on the floor of Chuck's apartment.

Sunday morning we joined the usual PATC turnout for breakfast at Howard Johnson's and then climbing at Carderock. The day was sunny and warm and about twenty climbers came out. Notable incident of the day was Tom Spencer's duel with the Spiderwalk. Tom made the climb successfully on his first try in the morning but failed to duplicate his success in the afternoon, even after some twenty tries. Hugh Y., John P., and Alan T. joined in the assault late in the afternoon. But Lady Luck was not smiling and the climb remained unconquered in the afternoon.

We left for home around 5:30 P.M. All four of us thought the trip a very enjoyable as well as educational one.

Edward Kung

November 9, 10, 11, 1957. Seneca Rocks, West Virginia. BRRR!!!

Bob Adams & family
Ted & Dottie Osgood

Jane Showacre
Chuck Wettling

On Saturday, Jane led Ted, Dottie and Chuck through chill winds and snow flurries to the South Peak via the Old Ladies Route. After enjoying the invigorating air, we rappelled down the East Face and scrambled up to the Gunsight. From there we traversed the West Face ledges to the North Peak.

Sunday dawned cold and clear. (Cold that is!) Jane led Ted and Dottie up the South end of the Skyline as far as the ledge above the chimney before the frigid rock induced them to go down. They found things somewhat better on the Old Man's Route and climbed to the South Peak.

Bob, Chuck and Johnny arrived at the Gunsight with the idea of taking the Skyline to South Peak but the ice cold wind changed their minds. Chuck tried to lead the Gendarme but got only as far as the first piton. Bob then led to the North Peak via the sheltered East Face route.

By Monday morning everyone had enough of the cold so we took a leisurely drive home. On the way we found high cliffs in Greenland Gap, near the town of Scherr, West Virginia. Does anyone know if they have been climbed? CRW

November 17, 1957. Sugar Loaf Mountain, Maryland.

Bob Adams	John Crowder	Betty Johnson	Pat Reed
Dave Arnold	Bob French	Bob Murray	Alan Talbert
Gene Atherton	Nimrod Glascock	Dick Osgood	Arnold Wexler
Paul Bradt	Doug Haigh	Pete Peterson	The Worrells

The following items were of special interest. (1) Paul Bradt's brief but welcome appearance. (2) Pete's very first trip to Sugar Loaf! (3) The Highland Fling danced by John on a slanting rock and the finale when he missed a foothold. John climbed the Butter Finger, too. BJ

November 24, 1957. Little Stony Man, Virginia.

Bob Adams & family	Clara Daniel	Betty Johnson	Pete Peterson
Dave Arnold	Nimrod Glascock	Earl Mosburg	Jane Showacre
Gene Atherton	Doug Haigh	Dick Osgood	Alan Talbert
			Chuck Wettling

The weather was crisp, the air crystal clear and small patches of snow added to the scene as we walked the easy mile to the climbs at Little Stony Man. After several shivering minutes spent in organization on a look-out ledge tentatively named "Pneumonia Knoll", ropes of three and four numb-fingered devotees started climbing and felt much better. The debris strewn chutes, which narrowed to check-stone chimneys, were the popular routes because they were out of the wind. At the top the warm sun, panoramic view and absence of wind made a fine reward for the climb.

The wind blows cold at Stony Man and one need only ask the above listed stalwarts for confirmation. Moral: When Little Stony Man Is Mentioned To You -- Reach For Your Long Red Woolies! DH

Note: The Editor is very sorry to announce that some of the above so-called stalwarts deserted the rocks to go hiking in the more sheltered canyons!

The War Dept. Field Manual FM-70-10 Mountain Operations is no longer for sale by Supt. of Documents as announced in the November 1957 UP ROPE.

This publication can be obtained however, free of charge, by calling in person at the Publication Branch, Adjutant General's Office in the Pentagon.

CHANGES AND ADDITIONS TO UP ROPE

John Brehm, 1924 Eye Street, N.W., Washington 6, D.C.

John Crowder, 24 Mansfield Road, Clarkston, Glasgow, Scotland

Jacqueline Dupont, Barton Hall, Iowa State College, Ames, Iowa

Don Feder, Parish Road, Honeoye Falls, New York

*Doug Haigh, 453 Valley Street, S.E. Apt. 2, Washington, D.C.

Leigh Ortenburger, 2140 Howard Street, Palo Alto, California

Ted Osgood, 1908 N Street, N.W., Washington 6, D.C.

Joe Ryan, 54 Terra Vista Ave., San Francisco 15, California

Philip M. Smith, 316 W. Parkwood Ave., Springfield, Ohio

* Indicates new name on list

LOST

Does anyone know the whereabouts of the following: Mr. & Mrs. Peticolis, Bill Shekter, James Sutherland, Bevin Hewitt, or Jerry Jankowitz?

Please let Bob Adams know if you know the current address of any of the above.

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PERSONALS

Marian Harvey was the subject of a column in the Washington STAR recently.

Marian is now working as a physicist with Aerojet-General Corporation of California. She was in Washington while helping to assemble and test two nuclear reactors, one at Catholic University and the other at Bethesda Naval Medical Center.

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Bob Schnauss was here over Thanksgiving but it seems that he had no time to climb. He and Dagmar are getting married in San Francisco on December 28, and this trip was to help her pack. Congratulations, Bob!

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John Crowder will return to Scotland around the first of December. We are going to miss you, John.

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The November 23 issue of Maclean's Magazine, a Canadian publication, has an article on the mountaineering trip of Don, Sterling and Pete, called "Ordeal on Mount Howson".

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The Conns' summer trip will appear in the April issue of LIFE magazine rather than the November number as reported last month.

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