



FOUNDED BY
JAN AND HERB CONN

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

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COMING EVENTS

- November 26 - 29 THANKSGIVING. Seneca and Schoolhouse Cave, West Virginia. Climbing will be at Seneca on Thursday and Friday, and Schoolhouse Saturday and Sunday. The Cave trip is limited to a very few. If you think you qualify as a member of this party, call the leader Chuck Wettling. Absolutely no one will be allowed to join this group with out his permission beforehand. Call him at Jo. 8 - 5785 before 10 p.m. Chuck is living it up these days! Remember when it used to be nine-thirty?
- November 22 SUGAR LOAF, Maryland.
- December 1 MEETING. Tuesday, 8 p.m. at the home of Rod Glascock, 1406 No. Illinois, Arlington, Virginia. Cross Chain Bridge and go out Glebe Road to Washington Boulevard - turn right and go about $\frac{1}{4}$ mile - turn right on Engleside to Illinois. The house is in the middle of the block on the left.
- Henry Green from the National Science Foundation will show slides on the Antarctic.
- December 6 CARDEROCK, Maryland. Belay practice with Oscar.
- December 13 GREAT FALLS, Virginia.
- December 20 HERZOG ISLAND (Across the river from Carderock)
- December 27 ECHO CLIFFS, Virginia
- January 3 CARDEROCK, Maryland. No Oscar Practice

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Our Annual meeting will take place in January at which time there will be an election of officers. Jane Showacre, Chuck Wettling and Bob Mole are on the nominating committee. The date will be announced later.

HELP WANTED

Bob Adams is very anxious to find someone willing to take over the responsibility of Getting Oscar out on the first Sunday of every month. This would involve going to the clubhouse, getting Oscar, finding enough people to carry the equipment to Carderock, and setting it up for practice. Any repairs such as new ropes etc. would also have to be included in this job. Bob is thinking in terms of an Oscar Committee which would take the entire responsibility off his shoulders. Please speak up and let him know.

* * * * *

FOR SALE

Jane Showacre has some Mountain boots from England for sale at \$20.00. They have scarcely been used and are a real bargain. As far as we can make out they are between 9 - 9½ ladies size (possibly to 10) and about a C width. Call Jane at Un. 4 - 0535. This approximation of the size does not mean that they are necessarily Ladies boots.

* * * * *

OUR MOTTO WAS
"MOUNT CHAPMAN OR BUST"
AND WE BUSTED!

Early Wednesday morning, July 8th, 1959 of this past summer, Don Hubbard, Pete Peterson, and I (Chuck Wettling) paid our excess baggage charges and boarded an airliner heading for Calgary, Alberta.

We intended to backpack (please excuse the dirty words) in to Mt. Chapman (approximately 10,000 ft.) in the Mica Creek area of the Selkirks. After spending the night in Calgary, we continued to Golden, British Columbia, by bus. (Next time, take the train). In Golden, we bought some fresh food to add to our supply of dehydrated rations and hired a taxi to drive us 50 miles west on the Trans Canada Highway to Mica Creek.

Friday morning, we started walking up from Mica Creek through the bush on logging roads and animal trails which allowed us to almost enjoy the climb in spite of our 45 - 50 pound packs. Unfortunately, by late afternoon the trails ran out and we were stumbling along through light bush under tall cedars. Even though it was "light bush" (according to Don and Pete) it was the worst walking I had ever encountered. Our first camp was below timber line and I had my first practice as the Expedition's cook. *

The next day, we climbed above timber line and began to follow the Fred Liang Ridge. In the evening we camped on a small island of dry grass in a snow field. I carelessly let the cook fire ignite the grass and for a minute we were in danger of losing a critical part of our camping equipment. Luckily, the wind changed and the situation was saved.

* Good Heavens -- didn't the other two know about his coffee? Ed.

For the next two days we proceeded along the Ridge (7000-8000 ft.) over rock and snow fields, enjoying magnificent views of a profusion of surrounding snow-capped peaks.

By noon of the fourth day out from Golden, it was apparent that I had a bad cold or similar respiratory virus and was unfit for serious climbing. We camped just below the crest of the Ridge, where we had a splendid view of nearby peaks and valleys and unattainable Mt. Chapman in the distance.

While I recuperated, Pete and Don hiked on to the summit of a mountain which they named "Bastille Peak" in honor of the day. After two days rest, I felt enough improved to travel and we began to retrace our tracks to civilization. Four days later we checked into Hotel Friedham in Golden.

The remaining days of our vacation were spent sightseeing (tourist style by bus) in the beautiful country around Lake Louise, Moraine Lake, and Emerald Lake.

On Thursday, July 23rd, we went our separate ways, Don returning to Washington, Pete going on to spend a week in the Canadian Alpine Club Camp, and your correspondent departing for Seattle. (Old, experienced British Columbia climbers please note: Not one drop of rain fell on us during the entire trip.)

Chuck Wetling

UPS AND DOWNS

September 13 CARDEROCK, Maryland

This was the day Mary Vincent brought a group from the Mountain Club of Maryland. We put them through the \$5.00 course, and a number of them proved to be very apt students. We hope they will come climbing again with us soon.

This was also the day that Hope walked up the Swayback Layback without even trying, to the acute embarrassment of several young and vigorous males who had been giving it the old college try all morning. We understand that someone took her down to look at the Jam Box, just in case she did have supernatural powers. Unfortunately they forgot to take a rope.

Other than that, this reporter can't remember a thing that happened, though it's a fair bet that Bob Mole got in a little cloud watching.

Bob Adams

October 9 - 11 - THE HERMITAGE -- Schaffer's Rocks, Pennsylvania

Friday Night

4 Adams people
4 Worrells in assorted sizes
Mary Vincett

Friday Night

Dick Long
Walt Kuckes
Jake Haun

Saturday

Sam Goldin
Jack Doolin
Carmen Torrey

Saturday Evening

Bob & Alan Mole

Sunday

3 Willards, large & small

Saturday via Harrisburg -- Jim Shipley

"Where've you been?" asked Bob A. at 11:30 p.m. as the red monster from Baltimore bounced to a stop and disgorged 5 people, 6 tons of food and equipment, and two little boys in blue pajamas. Happily forgetting who was bringing the key, we had taken our time and left the Adams four decorating The Hermitage porch for all of 20 minutes. As I found out Saturday morning when hungry climbers came clamoring for breakfast instructions, there really are advantages to being chief cook. Still unable to see straight that early in the morning (It couldn't have been any later than 8 a.m.) I lay in my bunk just answering questions or giving orders.

Jack's crew arrived about lunchtime, while Jim S. had us a bit worried. He'd left Baltimore for Harrisburg on Tuesday with plans to hike the AT down to the Hermitage. We expected to find him snoozing on the steps when we arrived Friday - but worry about Shipley is unnecessary - he sauntered in Saturday afternoon, climbed everything difficult in sight, and entertained us all evening with gymnastic accomplishments.

Oh, yes, climbing -- That was the reason we went. A verbal 5c tour of the party's successes or excesses starts at the BEGINNERS PINNACLE to the far left near the trail cut-off, jumps to the little face left of the gully by THE SWISS GUIDE and EEEYORE'S GLOOMY CLIMB which goes up the center. Just to the right on the same face is a new climb, composed of equal parts of overhang, balance, shredded fingertips (the good handholds are lined with $\frac{1}{4}$ inch quartz crystals in all their pristine prickliness.) Bob Adams, the first climber, gave this the name WORRELLS FOLLY. On we go to THE SWISS GUIDE and the ALSO -- and a 2nd feather in Bob's cap - he followed by Jim, ascended the ALSO without stirrups.

Around the corner --there's the MEZZANINE (Bob A. again) and the HERMITAGE CHIMNEY, and then what used to be the UNCLIMABLE FACE. It isn't that any more - a first for Jim this time, followed by Bob.

I'll mention the HOVERHANG and then go on to the UNFINISHED SYMPHONY another Mim and Bob success and an in-between climb composed of equal parts of Unfinished Symphony (bottom) and EASY EXPOSURE climb.

Last of all then was the EASY EXPOSURE, a striking three star success. Star 1 was Mary, on her first lead; star 2, Jake, as excellent coach and supplier of confidence, and star 3, the climb itself, the only lead made during the trip,

Blondie

October 25 GREAT FALLS, Virginia

Adams Family
Fred Barker
Harry Beard
Joe Faint
Art Lembeck
Larry Lepley

Dick Long
Mike Nicholson
Ron Perla
Ed Reis
Jim Shihey

Jane Showacre
Mary Vincett
Jack Wilson
The Worrells
Hope W.
Three other PSC'ers

In spite of a discouraging weather forecast, this turned out to be a beautiful day. Just to prove that we are not slaves of habit, we started at Juliet's Balcony rather than the Ringbolt. That would have been a good idea

except for the fact that we somehow got started on that unclimbable face just around the corner (toward the river) from Romeo's Ladder. Jim Shipley and Jane Showacre stood higher on this smooth wall than anyone should expect to get, but not high enough to reach a hand over the top. The rest of us just wore ourselves out on it. Romeo's Ladder, too, produced its full share of frustration.

Hope W. * made a brief appearance, bringing to mind her feat of September 13 at Carderock, when she made an effortless ascent of the Swayback Layback on her first try, uttering the deathless words, "I can't stand on this foothold; I'll have to go right on past it!"

Later in the day Joe Faint and Mike Nicholson climbed the Birdsnest, Joe leading, while Jim Shipley pushed within a few feet of the top of the Armbuster.

A highlight of the day was the sight of a large Air Force helicopter moving slowly up the river a hundred feet or so below us.

There being no Tuoheyites in evidence, we went home early and got a good night's sleep.

RJA

November 2, CARDEROCK, Maryland

Carderock was a bustling scene of Oscar business and all sorts and conditions of climbs and climbers. The one that stands out in my mind was a remarkable lead of Chris' Goat and Leonards Lunacy, by Mike Nicholson and Jim Shipley, which was wild, desperate, and thoroughly enjoyed by both participants and onlookers. (We're glad Alan left out the reasons for this being called wild and desperate, because it would have to have been censored. However, ask the editor, and she'll tell)

At least two old codgers, Alan Talbert and Bob Mole made their first ascents of Herbies Horror. Bob wasn't even impressed by the climb.

Jim S. who hasn't done his bit unless he puts up a new climb on a Sunday, came through again with most probably a new route between Swayback Layback and Ronnies Leap -- an extremely delicate layback and/or balance climb which no one else succeeded in making. (Jim Please -- who is your publicity agent? Ed.)

The day was climaxed with a fabulous dinner by the Adamses.

Alan J. Talbert

November 8, Camp Lewis, Maryland

Sam Goldin
The Adams Family
Betty Johnson
Harold Kramer

Jake Haun
Alan Talbert
Bob Mole

The Worrells
Jim Shipley
Mary Vincett
Art Lembeck

You guessed it. Where did we spend our time? On the East Face of course.

* Please somebody -- What is Hopes' last name?

Bob A., Ed., and Alan climbed it not only once, but many times. There were many attempts (Ha! Jim S.) and it was fun for the spectators. Almost forgot! Excuse me Bob Mole -- he did it too. The effort of watching was too much for some of us and about this time, the writer went home.

November 15, Wolf Rock, Thurmont

The Adams Family
Jim Shipley
Alan Talbert
Harold Kramer

Betty Johnson
Mary Vincett
Sara Raskin
Sam Goldin

Bob Mole
Jane Showacre
Joe Faint

It was one of those glorious days for rockclimbing. The sky was bright, the sun mildly warm, and the air crisp and invigorating. Just the conditions to instill vigor and zest - just perfect. When I arrived on top of that crenated plateau at Wolf Rock at a degenerately late hour, there was the crew lounging around chewing the cud (It's chewing the rag, Sam Ed.) who, judging by the way they had sagged into the crevices and pock marks on the rock, had been there for eons of time. Of course, need I mention, there were a few exceptions.

Then, stirred by my arrival, they scattered in all directions and were soon seen madly clambering up the precipices like so many busy little spiders or hiking over the horizon hell bent for Chimney Rock. 'Tis amazing what a wee bit of invective can do. Soon Mary was stealthily creeping her way up that unnamed face opposite the Ladder that's balance for the ladies and brawn for the gents. And Johnny was successfully extending his stretched adolescent limbs up the north face of Wolf Rock - very commendable. That dark horse, Harold, chinned up the unnamed aforementioned. Should we call it "Hold me closer, Honey"? (Now a plug for the editor.) Balancing Betty bounced up this thing too. (Hurray! A publicity agent at last!)

A certain other person also did some glorious things but he has modestly asked me not to mention his name (those mentioned above were not consulted), so I will just sign his initials.

S.G.

MEETING

November 2, on Sunday Evening the climbers saw the old Up Rope movie at the Cabin John Field House, and Bob A. and Mary Vincett showed some climbing slides. This evening started off right by a supper served by the Adams family. There were at least 40 of us, and that is a lot of feeding, believe me. We want to take this opportunity to thank Bob and his wife for their hospitality and our Program Chairman Kay Blinn for arranging such a pleasant meeting.

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