



FOUNDED BY
JAN AND HERB CONN

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

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COMING EVENTS

Sunday trips leave Howard Johnsons at Western and Wisconsin Avenues at 8:25 a.m. Be there before 8 a.m. if you plan to eat with us. Bring lunch, water, and sneakers for climbing. A note is left behind the south east drain pipe so latecomers may know where we have gone. Please do not phone the restaurant.

May 1 CARDEROCK, Maryland, Practice with Oscar our belaying dummy.

May 8 POTHOLE Virginia. This is down river from Echo Cliffs .

May 14 OLD RAG, Virginia. Camping at Lean-to or on top of mountain. Call
- 15 Bob Adams at Cherry 8 - 4523 for more information. Commissary
will be by individual cars.

May 22 THURMONT, Maryland

May 28 Seneca Rocks, West Virginia. You must register with Bob Adams if you
-30 intend to go on this trip.

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Karl and Barbara Edler would like to be notified of any change in mailing address. Otherwise we can't promise that you will get UP ROPE on time.

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April 3 the climbers had a meeting on Oral Resuscitation at the Cabin John Field House. We had an excellent movie and Dr. Samson Goldin led the most interesting discussion at its close. We are sorry so many missed this demonstration but we hope to repeat it again in the fall. Thanks go to Art Andraitis for the refreshments and to Kay Blim who must always put in a good deal of work to make the club house available to us.

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The current issue of Summit magazine has an interesting article on heart failure causing deaths at high altitudes. Many of the so-called pneumonia deaths are now thought to have been caused by heart conditions.

THE WHITE OAK CANYON TRIP

MARCH 1960

Donald Hubbard

March 6. Rod Glascock had worked up a large and most enthusiastic crowd - for a work out with crampons, ice axe, ice pitons and rope on the frozen water falls and ice cliffs of White Oak Canyon; also crevasse rescue practice with Bilgheri and Prusik techniques. --- Large and enthusiastic, that is, until he announced that the departure time would be five o'clock in the morning. That did it! The enthusiasm and the party disintegrated spontaneously and simultaneously. However, a group of youngsters; Rod Glascock, Pete Peterson, Chuck, Wettling, and Donald Hubbard arrived at the Panorama entrance to Skyline Drive shortly after dawn, only to find that the Park facilities had been unable to keep ahead of the heavy snow falls. A single auto lane had been partially established for approximately six miles toward Stoney Man, and we were offered a ride in the ranger's pick-up truck while the rangers made a routine inspection. We piled in, dashed off, and immediately emulated Art Lembeck's Wind Chill Chart (UP ROPE, April 1960). Pete's thermometer taken from his chest registered 18 degrees, so we went down the column labeled "wind velocity, 35 miles per hour" to the temperature "18 degrees F," then across the chart to the wind chill temperature reference point where we and the chart indicated "below minus 40°F." - A very conservative figure, psychologically and numerically.

When we alighted, Rod immediately mounted one of the high snow drifts in the middle of the Drive where he looked for all the world like Herzog at the top of Annapurna or Andy Kauffman on Hidden Peak. It is to be hoped that some of these scenes be published for all to see what the Appalachian Trail was like during March 1960.

The next mile on foot was scenic, rugged, hectic, and good training. One side of the drifts was well packed and furnished acceptable walking although often at a precarious angle, while the other side was about as substantial as ectoplasm. Until we learned how to manage, progress was punctuated with many frustrating UPS and DOWNS. The DOWNS were sudden neck-snapping affairs while the UPS often required considerable time and effort to figure out and execute. To get out of a snow drift so deep that Rod has disappeared in it requires considerable figuring.*

By noon, and beyond the Little Stony Man parking area we found plenty of ice to work on, made a hasty, step cutting, four piton ice climb lead, checked out several different models of ice pitons (using Rod's two hundred and eighty five pounds as OSCAR constitutes a right-smart check), ate lunch in a trampled-out snow shelter for relief from the wind, and started back in the hopes of making the eight mile walk to Panorama before sunset. On the way back we met a mouse out for the afternoon sun who calmly accepted a hunk of cheese from Pete, and the Ranger's truck on a late afternoon inspection of the Drive, that delivered us in high spirits to the main road.

* Getting out is simple - Merely acquire a talent of a roto rooter, referred to later by Don and dig out Sidewise some 2 or 3 feet under the top crust.

Every one but me conceded that this had been the most fun he had ever had. I merely felt sorry for those poor folk-dancers*who hadn't got home in time to make a 5:00 a.m. start.**

March 13 Last Sunday we hadn't got anywhere near White Oak Canyon so back we went for another try. Oldster Chuck was the only casualty, but he was replaced by Harold Swift who joined the three boys for the same early start. This time the Drive was still blocked by drifts at the same spot as last week, but we made better time on foot than before, and arrived for a good work out on the same ice cliffs where our steps on the ice wall were still intact. In setting up the rope for a rappel with crampons on hard vertical ice one found himself floundering up to his arm pits. Swift had a good work out for his initiation into ice climbing. In the shank of the afternoon when we returned to the parked car we found ourselves surrounded by a jolly bunch of youngsters and their parents, superintended by the Assistant Chief Ranger. By the time we had done rappels, climbs by the youngsters, knot tying lessons, yodels, and the usual jolly yackety! yack! YACK! that develop among healthy outdoor people (specifically men, women, and children, playing in the snow) it was time to be headed for home with the general consensus of opinion that we had much more fun than last week.

March 20. Still determined to see the frozen water falls of White Oak Rod again set out with his early starters only to find that several feet of new snow and additional drifts had blocked the Drive. But, due to heroic efforts of the Park's personnel, and the use of a huge, powerful, diesel roto-rooter type of snow plow a single lane had been cleared to a short distance beyond Little Stony Man parking area. Between these vertical ice walls often higher than the top of the car we eased along for a most exotic FIRST DAY OF SPRING. With the photographers wanting to do this and do that, and the walls so close that the car doors could scarcely be opened to squeeze out, we finally arrived at the end of the line, where it immediately began to snow in earnest. Before we could adjust the chains and get the car turned around more than two inches of fresh snow had fallen. In spite of the fears that we were about to be snowed in, Pete and I set out for White Oak Canyon, while Rod and Swift undertook a few picture-taking ice climbs and rappels; with a general understanding that if things had not improved in 45 minutes we were to reassemble and depart before the one track exit was blocked with new snow, drifts, and avalanches. In the allotted time Pete and I had been unable to get out of sight of the car, because of the snow conditions in the direction of White Oak Canyon. Back at the car everyone was slipping and sliding. After Pete fell twice and I repeatedly, we donned crampons and headed for the trail leading to the base of the cliffs of Little Stony Man. This trail which one normally does in an easy fifteen minute stroll required more than two hours of the most determined effort. During that two hours one was reminded how easy it is to perish if one be caught unprepared, the impossibility of even a well conditioned person attaining an objective that is only a few hundred yards away. Several time we had to crawl in order to move forward at all. Much of the time we could not even be sure we were on the trail. Pete finally spotted an old, battered PATC target on a tree. At the base of the cliffs the driving snow swirled up the slope-freezing to our clothes. By the time we rejoined Rod and Swift it seemed prudent to get the car out before it was impossible. What a relief to find that only a short distance back along the Skyline Drive there had been no new snow during the day, so the photographers

* Hurray! Some free publicity- ED.

** It is my impression Don had most fun - his enjoyment appears directly related to the degree of discomfort experienced - The more discomfort, the greater the fun. (This sounds like a footnote by Rod to us. ED.)

got busy again. This day had been the best yet, by far -- three superlatives in three weeks.

March 27. It was now White Oak Canyon or bust, so Rod and I once again got a predawn start, but we were delayed near the base of Oven Top Mountain by a herd of deer that occupied the road and showed no inclination to yield the right-of-way. We had to sit there until they were in the mood to move. So by the time we arrived it was already too late to do anything about White Oak Canyon. So, step cutting, glisades, ice snow and rock rappels, rock climbs, photographs, and a few lessons for the spectators was the order of the day. One tiny girl in particular kept chattering away incoherently but insistently. As we couldn't understand what was wanted her mother finally explained she was saying "Tie me in too". So before we were through she had been introduced to and involved in overhands, bowlines, bowline-on-the bite, Spanish Bowlines, Pitons, carabiners, ice axes, hammers and crampons.

Yep! You guessed it, - It had been more fun than last week. I don't know what might have happened if March hadn't finally run out.* Every time we tried to get Rod to slow down by pleading that "people fifty years old aren't supposed to carry heavy packs through deep snow" he would fire back: "Who cares what people fifty years old are supposed to do? I'm sixty".

D.H.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Washington D.C.
18 April, 1960

Dear Betty,

After a little cogitation I feel that spending five hours in a cave, as six* of us did yesterday, was really appropriate to a lovely Easter Sunday.

The cave is a world of darkness, silence, and cold, of wetness, slippery rocks, mud slopes and pools, of narrow crawl spaces and the smell of carbide. There is some beauty to be found: you see it in the flowstone, in the stalactites and their opposite numbers, in the unreal formations, in tiny glittering crystals. The cave seems sterile; they speak of "live" caves but their pulse beat is counted in centuries, - far slower than our perception. You see and hear a few bats.

From the cave you return to the yellow sunlight of a spring afternoon. The air is lucent. Bloodroot, dogtoothviolet, spring beauty, and shadbush are blooming. Trees are in early bud. The earth after the frosts, is springy underfoot. Water striders dimple the quiet places of the stream. You feel warm again and you do enjoy it.

The difference in the two worlds leaves you with a new awareness of the "resurrection and the life," and that is the meaning of Easter.

Pete

Al DeMott is the new production manager of UP ROPE. Let him know if you will be able to help once a month with the printing, folding and stapling. Thanks go to Art Andraitis who also struggled this month and many times in the past.

*Bob Mole, Allen Mole, Don Hubbard, Pete Peterson, Karl Edler, and Betty Johnson.

UPS AND DOWNS

April 3

Don Hubbard
 Betty Johnson
 The Adams Family
 Bob Mole

Joe Nolte
 Al Klov Dahl
 Betsy Niehl
 Sam Goldin

Bill Vetter
 Pete Peterson
 Alan Talbert
 Art Andraitis

Heavy, sodden rain clouds dumped their contents steadily upon Washington bringing darkness and despair to the group of faithful climbers huddled together at Howard Johnsons. Dashed were the hopes of our budding "Hilaries" and Cloud Watchers alike. Some went home to brood while others with a bit more spirit adjourned to Betty's house to determine what pleasures awaited them in the asphalt jungle.

After several cups of tea, some cookies, raspberry icecream and a thorough scanning of the comics, our little group found itself firmly ensconced in the clutches of our Cultural Committee.* Suggestions for hiking, beer drinking, caving, and concerting, were over ruled when it was discovered that a fine double feature in Japanese was playing at the Stanton. Since this exciting treat began at 1300 Betty suggested a trip to the zoo - to broaden our knowledge. At any rate late morning found our group of stalwarts trudging off to the zoo and thence to a good Nipponese Slice-em up!

It was a toss-up as to what was the greater attraction for the local citizenry - the apes and salamanders or our enthusiastic group of climbers. It is rumored that the increased agility and technique later exhibited by members of this elite group was obtained from continued observations of the gibbons!

This afternoons adventure in culture and education was completed by watching honorable warriors slicing their way through howling hordes of the enemy. And in the second feature a Japanese/Chinese shoot'em up, cloak and dagger thriller. This cultural bit undoubtedly brought us all into a much better understanding of the Eastern world.

Art Andraitis

April 8 - 10 HARPERS FERRY

The Adams Family
 Art Andraitis
 Fred Barker
 The Blinns
 The Edlers
 Sam Goldin

Betty Johnson
 Al Klov Dahl
 Erich Heinemann
 Art Lembeck
 Bob Mole
 Joe Nolte

Mike Rosenheimer
 Jim Shipley
 Alan Talbert
 Carmen Torrey
 Chuck Wettling
 The Willard Family

Things got off to a good start on Friday night with both square dancing and folk dancing. The latter remains somewhat mysterious to the uninitiated, but judging by the beatific mien of the participants, it must be assumed to bring inner peace.

The sleeping accommodations on Friday night could hardly have been better. For our dollar we were provided with at least one bed apiece (complete with mattress and sheet), indoor facilities, and a mellifluous chime calling us to breakfast. Fortified with eggs and scrapple, we set off for a clear windy day of climbing on the Maryland cliffs.

*. Alan T., B.J., and Jim Shipley who were not responsible for the cultural bit.

On Saturday morning Alan and Sam negotiated Sam's Pin while most of the others scrambled over some enjoyable rocks to the right of the railroad tunnel. After lunch just about everybody climbed the Pin, which seemed about to topple in the high wind. Fortunately, when last seen the rock was still standing. Jim Shipley and Art Andreitis turned in a stellar performance by climbing straight up from the railroad tunnel. This took 6 hours and was, as Jim admitted, a fairly difficult climb. It may even have been a first ascent, but no old-timers were on hand to confirm this.

In the evening we were treated to a long and excellent program MC'd by Orville Crowder, whose wit was never sharper. Highlights were a barbershop quartet and a nature film on the C and O Canal. Afterward, while the volunteers were re-arranging the tables, the others drank up all the cocoa.*

Sunday was another beautiful day. By 9:30 we had set up all the climbs in the Chimney Rock area and were waiting for customers. As usual we ran a lively ferry service to the top of the Chimney. Art Lembeck and Erich Heinemann rigged a spectacular Tyrolean Traverse to the Chimney as well. The day was topped off with a sumptuous chicken dinner at the Hilltop, which some admitted could be compared favorably with the menu at a well-known exclusive Cabin John restaurant.

Bob Adams

BICYCLE TRIP TO INTER-CLUB WEEKEND HARPERS FERRY

Two Hostellers from the Potomac Area Council, Don Christian and Bill Vetter, got the notion to cycle to Harper's Ferry in connection with the big weekend. Leaving at 6:40 a.m. Saturday morning, they were confronted with head-winds 20-30 mph. After pushing along a few miles with much effort Don's front tire went flat and they had to stop and put on his spare. Continuing on through Rockville on Route 28 some time checks were made and it was found that the best that could be done was about ten or eleven mph. average and it was even necessary to pedal down all but the steepest hills. Although both bikes were equipped with ten different gears, the higher ones were useless. Leaving point of Rocks they were confronted with the toughest stretch of the trip, the eight miles of route 464 between Point of Rocks and Brunswick. While on this stretch, Don somehow managed to get another flat and had to use Bill's spare, the last one they had. The few remaining miles were done on the Maryland side to the railroad bridge which crosses over to Harper's Ferry. After chatting with some rock climbers who were working the cliffs by the railroad tunnel, they crossed the bridge and somehow made it up the steep grade to Hilltop House, arriving about 12:30 p.m. Later, Don decided to "rest" by hiking up Maryland Heights and Bill settled for the Geology tour which was mostly by car. At dinner they devoured all the food they could get their hands on, and somehow managed to stay awake during the very interesting after-dinner program. Sunday morning after making sure of the wind direction for the trip home, they joined the PATC rock climbers at Chimney Rock for a couple of hours and then left for Washington. Crossing the Sandy Hook Bridge it was evident that there was a strong tailwind. On route 464 out of Brunswick the steep grades over the ridges were managed with comparative ease and on level stretches high gears were used to great advantage. Route 28 to Rockville was a real joy to cycle on with its smooth surface and little effort was needed except on a few of the steeper grades. After safely getting through Bethesda they arrived home in a total time of four hours flat.

Bill Vetter

* If you'd change to the canned variety there would be no problem, Bob.

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Please send your dollar for 12 issues to their home address.

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