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JAN AND HERB CONN

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

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### COMING EVENTS

- June 4 GARDEROCK, Md.  
11 OLD RAG MOUNTAIN, Va.  
18 SUGARLOAF MOUNTAIN, Md.  
25 LITTLE STONY MAN,  
July 2 GARDEROCK, Md.

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### CHAMPE ROCKS An Historical Note

Near Seneca Rocks, West Virginia, and nine hundred feet above the valley floor rise the chimney shaped rocks of Champe. Rugged they are, and rugged too was the man for whom they were named

Benedict Arnold's desertion and subsequent promotion by the British Army caused quite a furor in the young American government, for there was a real danger that other desertions would follow. So George Washington sent Sergeant John Champe as a spy to join up with the British and kidnap Arnold.

One dark night, young Champe set out on Horseback, "a deserter" from the American camp. However, on guard at that time was a noble young lieutenant, who thinking he was only doing his duty, set out with troops to bring Champe back. What a chase that was! But our Sergeant took a short cut to the Hudson River and was just in time to board a British ship, leaving his would be captors lined up on the river's bank.

Sergeant Champe had a persuasive tongue and manner and was soon serving under Arnold's command along with other American deserters.

Arnold (possibly because of a guilty conscience) was in the habit of taking long walks alone at night in the garden of his quarters, and it was here that the kidnaping was to take place. But on the day the plans were to go into effect, Arnold's troops were sent to Virginia, and Champe, much to his dismay, found himself fighting against his countrymen.

Eventually he escaped and joined his command at Petersburg under General Lee, living under suspicion for some years. When he was finally vindicated and given an honorable discharge from the army, he settled in the vicinity of what is now known as Champe Rocks.

Henrietta Thoreau

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#### TRIP REPORTS

ROCKS STATE PARK, Md, April 23. The annual (or less often) trip to the Rocks was well attended with some welcome old-timers among the current participants.

Joe Nolte, Johnny and Bobby Adams, and Alan Mole climbed a practice pitch selected for them by Chuck Wettling. As we approached the climb Bob Adams was leading Kate, Al Barbour and Marty Maricle on a team climb on the same outcropping.

After lunch, during which Al Klovdahl proclaimed pemmican the last resort before starvation, Joe Nolte led Chuck Wettling up the pinnacle on the west bank of the stream. Al Klovdahl was leading Bob Mole up the same climb when Alan Mole, Alan Talbert and Alice Lane tied into the end of the rope. When they all reached the summit, it looked like the annual business meeting.

Looking across the valley they could see Bob Adam's team just finishing their climb and descending to the cars for a four o'clock lunch.

Just about everyone got lost going back through Baltimore, but all managed to find the Worrell's home, where they enjoyed Blondie's fine supper and Earl Mosburg's slides of the Alps.

Other climbers on the trip were: Ray D'Arcy, Karl and Barbara Edler, Joe Fain, Erich Heinemann, Frank Herman, Betty Johnson, Walt Kane, Margaret Kane, Mike Kennedy, Harold Kramer, Mike and Joan Nicholson, James Saunders, Jim Shipley, Mary Vincette, Arnold Wexler, and Ed and Blondie Worrell.

-CRW-

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EDITOR'S NOTE: A pert young thing and a bearded fellow we know have asked that we identify the authors of articles and other contributions to UP ROPE, especially with regard to last month's pictorial comment on Chuck's coffee. Feature articles are almost always signed it will be noted, although some authors prefer to modestly use their initials. With regard to the cartoon, it was one of an anonymous series received over the years. We

hope the contributor will continue his or her self-appointed task and continue to supply us with a few chuckles. Perhaps one day we will even learn the identity of this mysterious benefactor. In general we have Alice Lane to thank for for transferring other art work to the pages of UP ROPE and also for the clever line drawings that appear in its pages from time to time.

## A SAGA OF A WEEKEND WITH THE ROCK CLIMBERS or

### A Newcomer's Introduction to Hot Jello.

I was volunteered to write this account of the April 29-30 weekend at Wolf Gap Shelter from a newcomer's viewpoint. The reason being that I could be objective and bring a fresh approach to the subject, so I have recounted the things which impressed me the most.

Chuck Wettling, the food, and I arrived at the cabin a little after 7 expecting to be the first ones there and to be greeted by a cheerless cabin. Much to our satisfaction we were greeted instead by a blazing fire laid by early arrivals. This was especially appreciated since it started to sleet soon afterwards.

While we waited for the others I was initiated into the rite of drinking hot jello, a most unusual beverage. Speaking from a medical viewpoint, gelatin is good for fingernails and the "additive" was necessary for survival in the cold.

Shortly after 9 the others started to arrive and just when we were about to send out a search party the 4 Adams plus one fragrant dog, appeared out of the wilderness. This called for more hot jello and music from Chuck's harmonica.

Lacking arctic survival equipment Mary Vincett and I slept in the cabin while the others braved the icy winds and snow. However, we spent the night being harassed by a vicious field mouse who kept us awake by racing frantically around, knocking over the water dipper and throwing pieces of kindling.

Unable to stand the cold any longer, Bob Mole came in at 6 and quietly started a fire. We quickly ate breakfast which was almost graced by Chuck's coffee. There seems to be a deep hidden significance attached to his coffee which I haven't quite figured out yet.

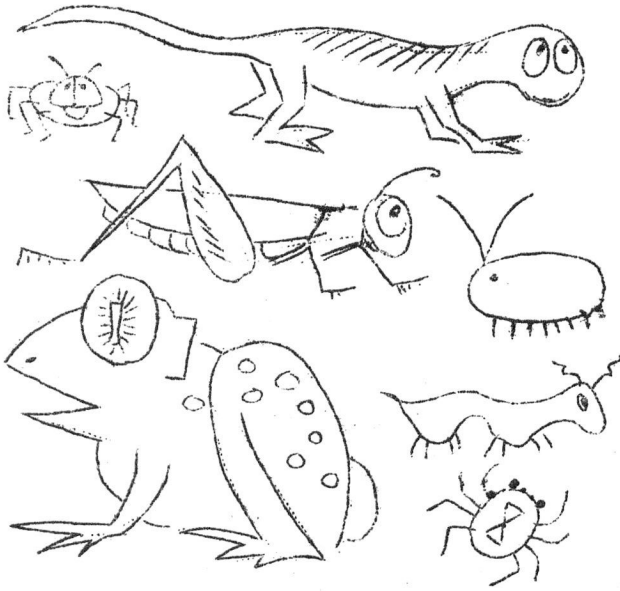
In order to offset our unusually early starting time, which I understand is contrary to club policy, we took an unscheduled side trip into Warrenton before locating the cliffs.

The cliffs were very beautiful and full of nooks and crannies which I spent the morning crawling in and out of. After lunch, someone--Bob Adams--pointedly referred to "some people who haven't climbed yet." I was trapped. I quickly scaled the easiest climb but my newly acquired self-confidence was rudely

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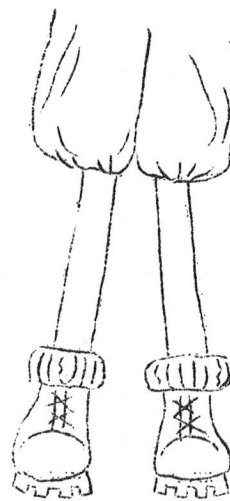
It couldn't happen to you--but there you are, lost in a primitive wilderness. Slowly your food supply dwindles and is gone. Why waste time? (you are due back at the office Monday)--we repeat-- why waste precious time turning over stones or peeling bark from dead trees searching for these survival items when you can have them all in our super-concentrated, dehydrated, irradiated, vitamin-enriched survival kit!

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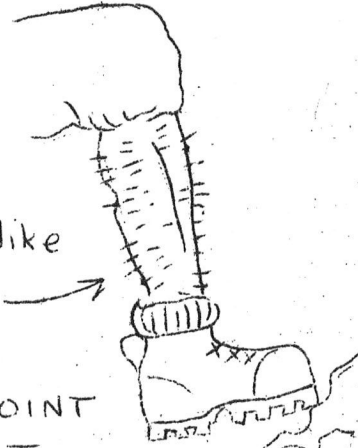
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SAGA (Continued from page 3)

shattered when I did a free rappel which was quite different from nice safe old Carderock.

We reluctantly left the cliffs after exploring only a small portion of them and went to Devil's Gardens where we crawled in and out of more crannies. In one of them I found myself examining a cocoon which turned out to be a bat. Since one of my mottoes is "Let sleeping bats lie" I did just that.

Back at the cabin the women proceeded to fix dinner by a well-organized, well-thought-out plan, the basis of which was-- no men are allowed inside while we cook. Muttering dark oaths, the men stomped around outside but were well rewarded by a delicious dinner. Since we cooked, they had to clean up, and I was interested to observe their scientific approach to dishwashing, which only took two hours but did result in sterilized dishes.

Later we were entertained by some trombone solos by Bob, followed by community singing. At this point everyone was in a semi-comatose state, so we went to bed after firmly resolving to make an alpine start.

Around 2:30 the mouse struck again, and at 4 I was awakened by the pitterpat of tiny feet on my back, which was surprising, considering that I had 5 doubled blankets on top of my sleeping bag. I rather hastily left the area and unsuccessfully attempted to set a mousetrap. At this point I admitted defeat and left some cheese on the table and was not bothered the rest of the night.

By tacit, mutual agreement our alpine start was delayed till 8 a.m. Breakfast was enhanced by the addition of bacon, which we had nagged Chuck into buying.

We left the cabin about 11 and it was a lovely, clear day. After several scouting forays into the countryside, Ice Mt. was located for us by a friendly native who appeared slightly startled by our appearance. I must admit that to an outsider we may look just a little peculiar.

The cliffs at Ice Mt. are not as spectacular as those at Devil's Gardens but there are quite a few interesting climbs which I tried to avoid but was again coerced into trying.

We left there around 5 and went to Winchester for dinner, which was preceded by a hare and hound type race through the streets. The Green Palm, the restaurant in which we ate, had as its sole claim to fame a large potted plant of questionable ancestry, as was my steak.

I left soon after eating because I had to get back in time to go to work, where I spent my spare time counting bruises.

Thus ended my first trip with the P. A. T. C.

SAGA (Continued from page 5)

Things I have learned from this trip:

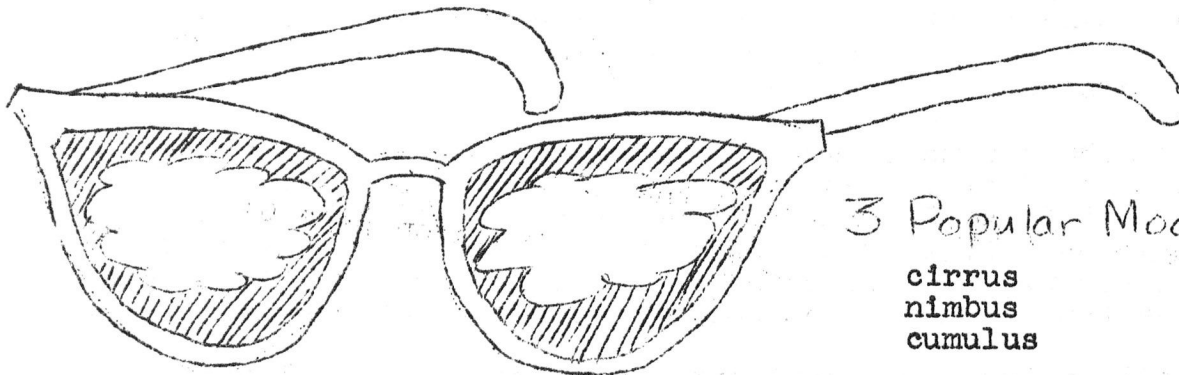
- 1) The utter futility of trying to explain why I go rock climbing to anyone who doesn't.
- 2) Girls should learn to set mouse traps.
- 3) I need a warmer sleeping bag.
- 4) Rock climbers are the friendliest people in Washington.  
(Pass the Madeira, my dear, Ed.)

\*Polly Kromer-

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