

FOUNDED BY  
JAN AND HERB CONN

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

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

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### COMING EVENTS

- July 2 CARDEROCK, Md., No Oscar practice.  
Note: Chuck Wettling agrees to lead a small group on a long weekend to Seneca or another suitable spot. If interested contact Chuck at RE 6-1344.
- 9 RINGBOLT AREA, Great Falls, Va.
- 16 Cupid's Bower, Md., Bring swim suits.
- 23 ECHO CLIFFS-POTHOLES, Va., Bring cooking sets for the evening program.
- 30 HERZOG ISLAND, Md.
- August 6 CARDEROCK, Md., Oscar practice.

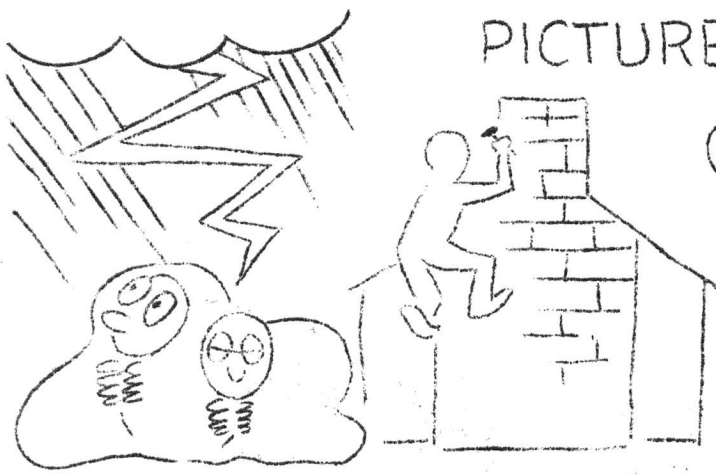
Although we generally advertise the sterling goods offered by the Nolte Hardware Company and Mole and Mole Outfitters, we would like to remind our readers that the "Equipment Cache" at the PATC building has a good selection of climbing hardware as well as dehydrated food. Karl Edler has noted the following items of special interest:

GI nylon air mattress	\$ 6.30
Glacier Cream - Red Label	.65
"Pep Up" Salt Tablets - 25 for	.05
Surplus Sun Goggles	.35
"Sierra" type aluminum cups	1.10
Tropical chocolate - per bar	.08
Water Purification Tablets	.60

Nolte and Mole items are not available through the PATC Equipment Chairman, no commission.

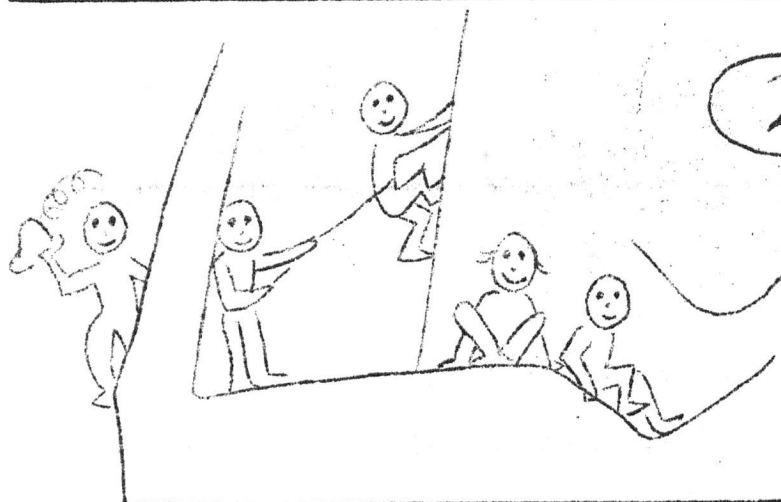
## PICTURES OF AN EXPEDITION

to Old Rag, weekend June 9-11



1

This is a double exposure. Al Klov Dahl didn't really demonstrate his new version of chimneying until the rain stopped and the sun came up--which for Al is about 6 a.m.



2

The Mountaineering Committee's annual unscheduled meeting was held this year at 3 p.m. Saturday on a scenic ledge overlooking the Hollywood climb. From L to R: R. Adams (look, Kate, no rope!), Al Klov Dahl, Joe Fain, Marty Maricle, Al Barbour.



3

Sen. Byrd had a very refined 74th birthday party, the chief benefits of which were enjoyed by C. R. Wettling. Members of the birthday cake brigade included Betty Johnson, Marty, and Bobby Adams, who set the record with 8 times through the line before getting caught. In this picture, Mr. Wettling is the one without the rope.



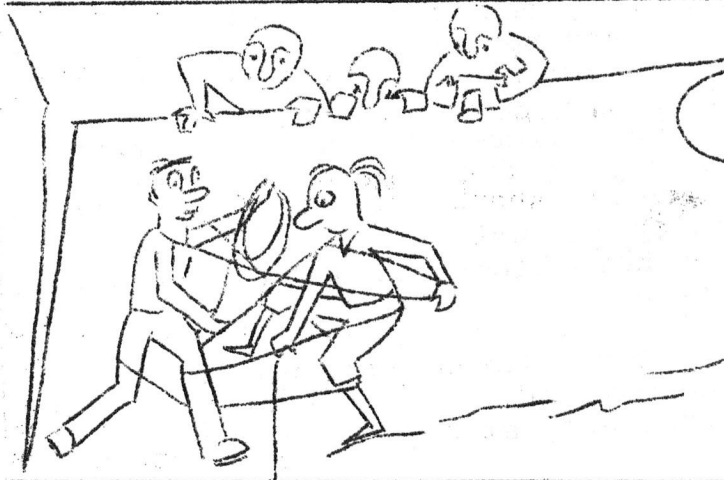
4

The climbers were delighted to have Bob Adams and Joe Fain along. Their singular attractiveness, attributed to their consistently sweet dispositions, effectively controlled the insect hordes and relieved the rest of the group of the trouble of swatting.



5

History repeated when Polly Kromer emerged after 8 hours in the steaming jungle and intoned the time-hallowed greeting "Chairman Kramer, I presume?" Her next utterance: "Let me sleep." Aboriginal witnesses (Barbara Lund, Kate Adams, and Bob Kramer) regarded the ceremony with respect and awe.



6

Wetting and Lane pulled the SNAFU of the trip while tied in to a couple of rusty bolts on the Beginner's Lead Climb. Three jump rope records were broken and sixteen new knots were unravelled before the party clawed its way to the top.

Incidentally, a good time was had by all.

ALL

### TRIP REPORT

WOLF ROCKS, Maryland, May 21, 1961

4 Adams'  
Al Barbour  
Dick Crompton  
Karl Edler  
Joe Fain  
Rod Glascock\*  
Betty Heyman  
Don Hubbard\*

Hardy Hargreaves  
Frank Herman  
Betty Johnson  
Harold Kramer  
John Kerr  
Alice Lane  
George Livingstone  
Marty Maricle

Bob Mole  
Mike Nicholson  
Merve Oleson  
Walle Schwarz  
Joe Weiss  
Chuck Wettling  
Arnold Wexler  
John Woodburn

The first indication that this trip would not be "the same old thing" was when Marty arrived at the rocks after a considerable pedestrian effort. Next, Betty "rang the lunch whistle" and we celebrated Bob Adams' birthday with Kate's delicious cake. (The candle power is classified information.) While most climbed after lunch, some would-be ranch hands attempted to lasso lizards with nylon strands. As the sun sank behind the mountains, Kate found the right combination and happily climbed the difficult north face of Wolf's Head. Demonstrations of aeronautics and ballistics enlivened supper at the Cozy Inn.

CRW

A MEMORABLE WEEKEND  
May 27 and 28, 1961

Early Saturday morning we awoke in the Pavillion to find the overcast sky emitting a fine drizzle. By the time we had consumed a hearty breakfast the drizzle had changed to snow flurries and strong winds. Champe Rock was ruled out as the site of the day's activities. No one wanted to swim the icy creek to reach it. Still undecided about what to do, we departed for the Triangle and the country store, which we found converted to a modern supermarket. Soon definite plans were made to fight the wind, snow, and cold on Seneca Rock. Chuck, however, escorted the fair ladies (Alice, Joan, and Gretchen) to Spruce Knob, where they found the trees and ground covered with snow.

Art, Joe, and Johnny did Conn's East Face; Marty, Al, Mike, and Karl went by way of the Gunsight Notch to South Peak. Don Morton and his friend did the Old Ladies' Route and then climbed to the Gunsight. Bobby and Kate followed Bob up the Breakneck, trembling from the cold and recalling the lines:

As icicles hang by the wall  
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,  
When blood is nipped  
And ways be foul . . .

On the descent it was almost impossible to throw the ropes down for rappelling from the Cockscomb, as the wind carried them straight out from the rock. Rappelling was equally difficult, struggling against strong sideward forces.

During dinner that night, as we hashed over the day's events, Mike told of seeing two German girls from the Chicago Mountaineers climb the Old Ladies' Route without roping, while their male companions went half-way up the Breakneck and traversed left to the inside corner without using any pitons.

Later a few of us went square dancing at a roadside dance hall somewhere between Dryfork and Davis. It was surprising to find our folk dancers exhausted after two dances, while the local swains were still able to "swing their partners" at a rapid pace.

Sunday was a beautiful day--warm and mild with sunshine and blue skies--so the majority headed for Champe Rocks. Jim and Joe began the obviously impossible ascent of several feet of sheer vertical wall on the West side of the East Flake, while Mike took Chuck and Johnny up the North end of the Flake. The rest of us crossed the creek and scrambled up and down the center buttress like billy goats, returning to the creek at about 4 o'clock.

After soaking their feet in the cool water, Alice, Bob, and Kate took a notion to climb the East face of the West Flake, directly opposite the point on the East Flake where Jim seemed to be stalled two hundred feet short of the summit. Joe was belaying him from a precarious perch fifty feet below. Presently Mike appeared at a 4-foot opening in the face, some 50 feet above and to the right of Jim. After a long discussion, Mike threw a rope to Jim, who, as we held our breath, calmly reached out and caught it. He tied in, climbed down to Joe, and ascended a crack leading to Mike. Then the rope was lowered to Joe, who to our bewilderment first climbed up to where Jim had been. Suddenly he swung out like a pendulum 20 feet to the right, grabbed the crack, and came up to Mike. Then everyone disappeared through the hole.



Just then Bob called out "I can see the top. We might as well go on up." A moderate 60-foot pitch brought us to the narrow summit ridge. The summit itself was a large loose rock perched atop a few larger insecure rocks. Happy to leave, we found an easy way down through the scree, arriving at the creek just before dark, a few minutes before Jim, Mike, and the others. Chuck displayed a brand new rope that had got in the way of a large falling rock and was damaged in two places.

Back at the cars, Bob changed his clothes on the shoulder of the main highway, while the rest of us disposed of several cans of cold beer which Art and Gretchen had thoughtfully left behind.

We must make another trip to Champe, if only to find out what happens when you go through that hole in the East Flake.

K.A.

\*\*\* NOTICE \*\*\*

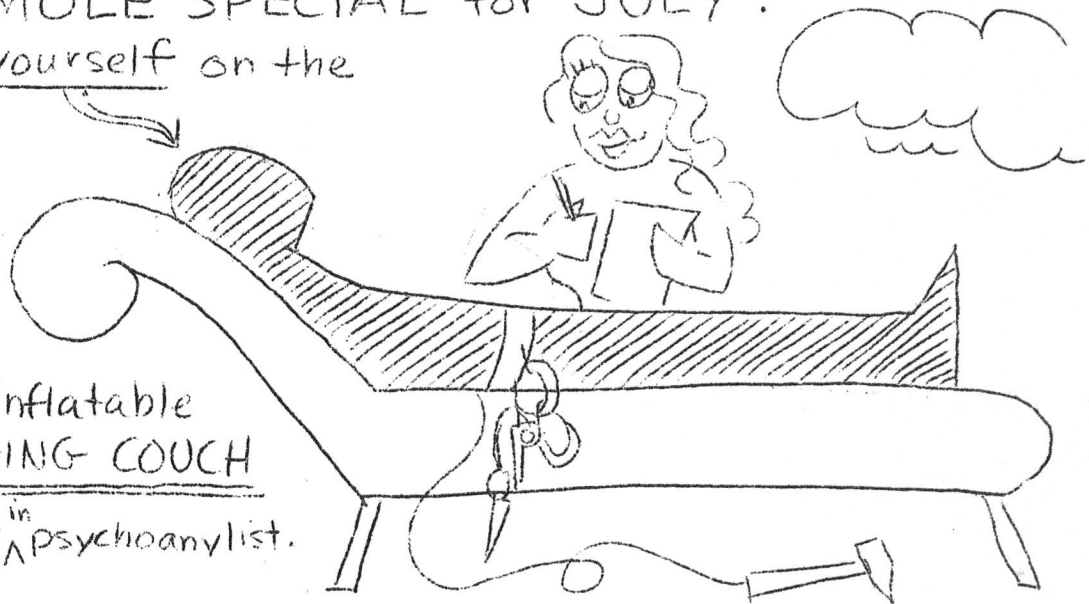
The Printer's Devils wish to announce that there really was a trip to Sugarloaf on Memorial Day, complete with skinks, chocolate-covered wildlife, falling boulders, and beer through two straws. We will never understand why the editor wouldn't let us print the original article.

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