



FOUNDED BY  
JAN AND HERB CONN

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

- January 7     CARDEROCK, Md.  
14     HARPER'S FERRY, W. Va.  
21     CAMP LEWIS, Md.  
27-28     CAVING TRIP, SENECA, W. Va.,  
The trip leader is Bob Mole who suggests Hedrick's Motel near Seneca as a probable place to stay. Participants should be at the 4-U Restaurant at 10 am Saturday morning prepared for a trip to Harper's Cave. Sunday's trip is not decided yet. Caver-climbers should plan to buy their breakfasts and dinners, but they should bring lunches for both Saturday and Sunday.
- February 4     CARDEROCK, Md.

**SPECIAL NOTICE:** The Annual Business Meeting of the Mountaineering Committee will be on Tuesday, January 30 at 8 pm, at the Dr. Wade Marshall home, 4209 Everett St., N.W. Drive out Wisconsin Ave and turn right at the first traffic light past the Naval Hospital. Go one mile on Everett. The house is on the right. Following the meeting Bob Adams and Al Barbour will show slides of this year's Shiprock expedition-- see below for Bob's written account.

The Nominating Committee has proposed Ed Worrell for Chairman and Al Klovdahl for Vice Chairman for the 1962 term of office. Nominations will, of course, be entertained from the floor at the meeting.

TRIP REPORTS

GREAT FALLS, Md., December 3.

Don Jackson	Ed Goodman	Karl Edler
Christine Scherer	Al Klovdahl	Jim Goodman
Betty Johnson	Bob Adams	Al Barbour
Ursel Wetzz	Kate Adams	Jane Showacre
Brigitta Schrade	Johnny Adams	Mike Nicholson
Ron Bell	Bobby Adams	Bob Mole

The scheduled trip to Herzog Island was changed in mid-stream as it were, to Great Falls, Maryland. Reason: everyone but Penny, the Adams dog, was afraid of wet feet.

A warm invigorating day resulted in attempts on such unlikely climbs as the Bulge, Super Bulge, and Super-Super Bulge. Not all were successful.

The day ended with Bob Adams being "booed" off the "Little Handhold that wasn't there", for using illegal handholds and direct aid in the form of a sling provided by Al Klovdahl. His descent was accompanied by shouts of "pull the bum down", and "take him off Belay!" The audience had gathered beneath the climb to discuss Jane's previous route up, but they failed to reach a conclusion. Jane will have to come out again and demonstrate.

R.B.

BUTLER CAVE TRIP, December 8-10.

We arrived at Mike Nicholson's cabin about 1:30 am to find Mike, his wife Joan, five Pennsylvania spelunkers, and a wonderful fire awaiting our arrival. The Adams' bus arrived about an hour later with a full load aboard, and since we were all tired from about 5 to 6 hours driving, we sacked in. Bob Mole, hardy soul, decided to sleep on the porch but he was unable to entice anyone to keep him company. Chuck Wettling was heard to mutter some questionable words as he entered about 4 am. The sight that greeted his eyes must have startled him somewhat, every inch of floor space was covered with sleeping bodies.

We awoke about 8 am Saturday morning only to discover that about an inch of snow had fallen during the night and was still coming down. The smell of Hot coffee and a roaring fire gave us the courage to venture outside our sleeping bags. In record time a delicious breakfast of scrambled eggs, ham, and oatmeal was served by the girls with Betty Johnson acting as chief cook. The rest of the morning was spent preparing for our underground trek. Resetting the relay on the transformer after a power failure proved a problem until I discovered a method of ascent to be known henceforth as the "Power Pole Prussik Technique."

About noon we left for the cave on roads that were bad, but still passable. A half mile hike through the snow put us at the

Butler Cave continued-- entrance, but to our dismay we couldn't reach the warm interior because someone forgot the key. Mike Nicholson and Jim Goodman managed to squeeze under the chain that blocks the entrance much to the amazement of the rest of us who found it necessary to remove our hard hats to enter even after the chain had been removed. Immediately upon entering there is a 30 foot drop. Some of the braver souls climbed down, most, however, used the ladder and belay that Mike and Jim rigged while waiting for the key. At the bottom of the drop we entered the "Glop Slot", a series of short chimneys and climbs that bring you into the first big room of the cave. Here we reorganized and started on; Mike setting the pace. Several big rooms and huge passages later we arrived at the "Sand Canyon Camping Area" where Mike had camped for a week on one of his explorations. Here we took a vote and it was decided it was lunch time. On down Sand Canyon and the Sinking Creek passage we encountered the creek itself. Here we had to decide whether or not to go on which meant getting wet to the knees at least and to the chest if we continued on still farther. We all regretted not seeing what is probably the most beautiful part of the cave, but since the weather was so bad and we had not prepared to get wet, we decided against it. A high lead off to the right of the stream passage took us to the Crystal Craters. Mike stated that this unusual and impressive formation, formed by a deposit of calcium carbonate, has not been reported in any other cave to his knowledge. This was probably the highlight of our trip, and after we all had a good look, we started out. The trip was quite different from the trip in since we took plenty of time to explore side passages and crawlways. The Glop Slot proved to be quite a bit more difficult going up than it was coming down when all we had to do was put a foot on each wall and slide. Then, at last, we were at the ladder. We were all tired at this point, but somehow managed to pull ourselves up that last 30 feet to the freezing rain that was now falling in the darkness outside.

We arrived back at the cabin tired, cold, and hungry. The girls who had stayed behind had a delicious supper of hamburgers, salad, and peas for us, and we dug in. Spirits began to rise and the party began with hot buttered grog, songs, and a discussion of happiness. The party proved to be short-lived as one by one the participants sought their sleeping bags.

The next morning arrived with a bang as Penny went off on a wild romp across the mass of sleeping bodies and I was carried outside and dumped in the snow while lying helplessly in my sleeping bag. After a delicious breakfast we packed for home as an effort to arouse interest in a short trip to Marshall Cave met with no success. Once at the cars a free-for-all snowball battle began in which Sam Stulberg really took a beating. We met at the Hot Shoppe in Seven Corners, Virginia about 6 pm for dinner and from there we parted with thoughts of a most enjoyable trip. To the Nicholson's we all express a most inadequate "thank you" for being such wonderful hosts.

Ed Goodman

DON'T STEP ON THE ROPE!

Recently I was watching an experienced climber doing a fast rappel down Jan's Face at Carderock. The ends of the rope were lying across the flat boulder adjacent to the right hand side of the climb at the bottom. I saw the heel of the climber's mountain boot hit the rope as he landed, and I immediately examined the rope. About one-fifth or one-fourth of the fibers had been cut through at that point. If the owner of the rope elects to cut completely through the rope at the break about 15 feet of the total length will be lost.

Everyone seems to be careless about stepping on the rope, although all know better.

These ropes are our life insurance and they are not cheap to replace. So, KEEP YOUR BIG FEET OFF THE ROPE!

Chuck Wettling

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Mike Nicholson has a pair of ski boots size 9 for sale. Telephone him (931-3057) for details.

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NINE WHO CAME BACK

Ever since our 1960 climb on Shiprock, which featured a chilly bivouac in the Black Bowl (Up Rope, November 1960), it had been our ambition to make this climb in a single day.

I was particularly anxious to take my entire family on this venture, having been refused permission to lead them up Devil's Tower until the boys are 16. My brothers Wally and Bruce were also eager to climb Shiprock. Wally made the 1960 ascent, and wished to take fellow geologist Bob Munger. Bruce wanted his son, Brint, 12, to make the climb. Al Barbour and the four in my family brought the total to nine.

During the long winter evenings I gave some thought to the problems of leading a large group up and down Shiprock. In 1960 the Shipley, Talbert, Adams and Adams party had been slowed by a number of factors. First there was the necessity of posing for innumerable photographs. This year no photographer was allowed to interfere with any climber, particularly a leader.

Our first serious delay had been the Friction Traverse on the East Face, where a general lack of hand holds and an impressive degree of exposure has made us cautious. Travelling in two ropes of two, we had all climbed with a minimum of protection. With a larger party, much time would be saved by leading the traverse just once and placing a fixed rope. The others, snapped into the rope,

NINE Continued--could cross safely without a belay.

The two tension pitches - the Double Overhang and the Horn - had taken the leader an hour or more and the rest of us 2<sup>0</sup> or 3<sup>0</sup> minutes each as we repeated the climb on nylon web slings. It seemed logical to make the leader's job easy by using aluminum etriers, and to bring the others up on a rope ladder. In this way two could climb at once without belay. The rope ladder would also save time re-ascending the East-Face Chute, where much time was consumed in Prusiking last year.

These methods proved to be highly effective and were the key to taking nine people up and down Shiprock in one day without really hurrying.

We arrived at the Cave early in the afternoon of August 21 with 19 gallons of water, enough Dinty Moore's Beef Stew for two days, 9 ropes, a 60-foot rope ladder (affectionately known as the "Octopus"), and a fair assortment of climbing hardware. We made good use of the remaining hours of daylight in a practice climb to the Bivouac Ledge near the top of the Black Bowl, where we stowed water we were to carry the next day. Much valuable experience was gained in learning to climb this treacherous black rock without sending showers of destruction onto those beneath. In rappelling back to the Cave we learned to move expeditiously on what would be the last leg of our climb. We also left fixed ropes so that the climb to the Bivouac Ledge would not have to be led in the morning.

We left the cave at the first light (5 AM) and moved quickly to the water cache. Wally and I started on ahead, making the best possible time. In descending the East-Face Chute we left two independent fixed ropes on the upper section as a safety precaution, for we felt that it would be almost impossible to climb back out in the event that a single rope were to fail. The Friction Traverse was led, and a fixed rope tied into bolts at either end. Then we were at the base of the Double Overhang.

Full of confidence, I started up the line of old pitons, standing comfortably in my new etriers. All went well until I clipped into the piton on the upper side of the first bulge. As I did so, the piton lifted out of the mud into which it had been driven. This is the one Jim Shipley placed in 1960, and he may have it back! There are no hand holds above the bulge, and the crack is too wide and rotten to take a piton. Fortunately it was possible to wedge a large channel under a projecting lip of rock in such a way that it would support a downward pull, and I stepped up quickly, carrying the piton with me!

At the top of the second overhang I had just placed my weight (and the rope) into a double loop of parachute cord left by a predecessor when I noticed that, on one side, the cord was looped around a bolt, very near the end. Without wasting much time I threaded a nut onto the bolt, hoping to keep the cord from sliding off. It was a great relief to step onto the upper level and haul up the rope ladder after these harrowing experiences. Bruce was kind enough to retrieve the hardware I had strewn across the cliff.

NINE Continued-- Then our party came up in a great wave, like Marines on the side of a landing ship.

We strolled up the Ramp to the Horn, where another line of questionable pitons awaited us. Having just learned the first principle of tension climbing, I had no hesitation in putting my weight onto another wedged-in piton, which was subsequently lifted out by hand. At the very top of the Horn, one has six or eight feet of Herbie's Horror above the last bolt, with 1600 feet of sheer wall beneath. I had been dreading these few steps for a whole year, but the foot holds are adequate and the friction of the rock is superb. The party came up quickly on a fixed line, many without a belay. The etriers were used once more to surmount an eight-foot overhang. Then we scrambled delightedly to the Summit, arriving at 1 PM.

We spent a half hour reading the register, taking pictures, watching the swallows, and drinking up the water we had allotted for "Camp VIII". Then we swarmed down the side of the mountain, rappelling off the Horn and the Double Overhang. The fixed line was still in place across the Friction Traverse, expediting our passage. When the rear guard arrived below the upper section of the Chute, we found Bruce had already Prusiked and rigged the rope ladder. There were two climbers on the ladder and one Prusiking on a fixed rope.

Bob Munger and I were last to leave the Notch and descend into the Black Bowl. As I recall, we had three or four ropes apiece to coil and carry down the 120-foot free rappel to the Bivouac Ledge. Here the advance party was awaiting us somewhat impatiently, for our ropes were needed to rig the three rappels into the Cave. The sun was still high, and we proceeded with due care for the loose rock. We were a little too liesurely, perhaps, in breaking camp in the Cave, for the sun had set as we started, heavily loaded, down the scree slope. By the time we stragglers had reached level ground, the car lights were a welcome beacon.

The seemingly endless drive across the desert was illuminated fitfully by distant thunderstorms. I cannot resist mentioning that the VW bus was able to keep pace with Wally's four-wheel-drive Jeep over this difficult terrain. Reaching the town of Shiprock at 9PM, we found the refreshment stand closed, and went instead to a Navajo restaurant for a genuine Mexican tacos dinner. Some of our party noted that the peppers and green tomatoes were a little warm, but most were happy and hungry enough to enjoy themselves thoroughly.

We may not return to Shiprock, but we shall never forget its sunny towers and gloomy caverns.

R. J. A.

Hal Kramer, our Chairman in 1961, writes "Feliz Ano Nuevo from Quito, Ecuador where he will be for about 4 months. He will soon begin some active mountaineering with the Quito Nuevos Horizontes Club and has already climbed 15,423 foot Mt. Pachincha. He would appreciate hearing from one and all at the USOM to Ecuador, c/ American Embassy, Quito, Ecuador."

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