



FOUNDED BY
JAN AND HERB CONN
1931

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

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

Volume XVII Number 10

October 1962

SCHEDULE

October 14 -- ANNAPOLIS ROCKS, Maryland

From the Howard Johnson at Western and Wisconsin, go north on Wisconsin Ave. (old 240) for three or four miles to Pooks Hill Interchange. Bear left onto 70 S (new 240) and continue on to the outskirts of Frederick. From 70 S (new 240) turn left (west) onto US 40 and continue on 40 (new 40, not Alt. 40) to South Mountain (about 15 miles). Park on the top of South Mountain where the AT crosses US 40. From the parking area cross US 40 on foot and HIKE north on AT approx. 1/2 mile to where the Annapolis Rocks trail comes in on the left (west). Go west onto this trail and hike .2 mile to Annapolis Rocks.

October 21 -- CAMP LEWIS, Maryland

October 26-27-28 -- DEVIL'S GARDEN, Virginia

Weekend trip; overnight accommodations at Wolf Gap Shelter; commissary by individual car. Trip leader Ed Worrell. Please make reservations for cabin space with Al Klovdahl (EV 4-1712).

November 4 -- CARDEROCK, Maryland



EVENING MEETING

Wednesday, October 24 at 8 PM.

Speaker Joel Gross on "A Trip to Angel Falls" (Venezuela) At Ray and Susie Moore's, 301 West Myrtle St., Alexandria (Take 14th St. Bridge to US 1. Turn right on Monroe just before RR underpass. Counting Monroe, go 4 traffic lights and turn left on Russell Rd. at top of hill. Go 1/2 mile and take a right onto Myrtle to # 301.)

TRIP REPORTS

September 1, 2, 3 -- SENECA ROCK, West Virginia

Frank Sauber	Arnold Wexler	Marty Maricle	Mona Boucher
Al Barbour	Christl Scherer	Chuck Wettling	Harold Kramer
Bob Mole	Alan Talbert	Bill Allnutt	Joe Nolte
Alan Mole	Dan Garrison	Dave Warshasky	Joe Faint
Edlers (5)	Worrells (5½)	Alice Lane	

Some say one thing, others another, concerning the Labor Day trip this year. The primary disagreement seems to be over the weather. A number of parties circulated a story to the effect that they were rained off climb after climb in midafternoon, yet upon hearing the list of what others accomplished, the impartial observer might be led to question the tale. A safe evaluation is probably that people found what they wanted to find--climbing under "stimulating" conditions for some, an excuse for diversionary activity for others.

The Washington group gathering at Mouth of Seneca on Saturday morning was rather large. As a result, it tended to split into independent sections and sometimes the contact between them was poor, if not negligible. A particularly noteworthy example of this was the case of Chuck and Hal Kramer, who camped, as announced, on Spruce Knob while everyone else was in the valley, with the result that we saw very little of them at all.

A complete catalog of what was climbed by whom, when, would be too cumbersome to compile, but there were a few exploits worth noting. Joe Nolte, Joe Faint, and Bill Allnutt were outstanding proponents of the "fine weather" school, with the result that they climbed cheerfully in various combinations all day long for three days, running up an impressive list of accomplishments: Tony's Nightmare, the Simple J. Malarkey, Thais, the Soler Route, and others! More important, they were particularly on the lookout for old and untrustworthy pitons, and their findings were numerous, and in some instances frightening. For example, when the two Joes were doing the Thais variation that leads up the overhang directly below South Peak, a key piton--one that he had just been standing on--came out in Joe Faint's hand. When the same group rappelled from the Gryphon's Beak, they found the piton customarily used wobbly and took it out. Anyone going up that way might keep it in mind to take along new hardware. During the course of the piton-pulling, Joe Faint collected an impressive beltful of rusty ironmongery. When he tests it, we'll know a little better just how precarious some of our climbing has been.

Information of general usefulness: Alan Talbert placed a bolt on top of the Gendarme so that a person can tie in there. Now a leader can bring his second on up and they can cling there together as the rainstorm howls.

Aside from the rocks themselves, there were several other areas of intense activity for the Washingtonians. One was at the supper table at Riverton. According to the ladies, the crowd was unexpectedly large, and they really had to scramble around out in the kitchen to provide for everyone. But to us--it was as good as ever! The highlight was the rousing "Happy Birthday" wished upon Ray Moore.

(This is page 2. Story continued on page 3.)

But many of us were not content to eat, belce, and call it a day. A goodly number hopped in cars and paid a visit to the "square dance" at Harman. Tails of the dance were published last month. We wish only to comment that the local folks--whole families of them--have always been most cordial and helpful to us visitors, and that the Saturday night dance is something we look forward to.

On Sunday and Monday cave-crawling came into vogue, with several groups sloshing through the Sinks of Gandy. They report that the water level was remarkably low this year.

One other activity was noted--a new one to the climbing group, as near as we know. After spending a rainy night in the Spruce Knob meadow, six well-known Druids propitiated the gods with human sacrifices among the menhirs and dolmens on top of the mountain. No appreciable change in the weather was observed, and it was still drizzling when the party reached Washington at midnight.

-- Alice Lane

September 16 -- ROCKS STATE PARK, Maryland

Joe Walsh	Joe Faint	Larry DeVenny	Mike Nicholson
Bill Faulhaber	Ron Bell	Betty Johnson	Dave Nicholson
Merv Oleson	Bill Allnutt	Al Klov Dahl	Worrell family
Adams family	Bill Smith family	Beck family	Snyder family
	Alan Talbert		

The climbing at Rocks, Maryland, certainly makes the drive from here worthwhile. Practice climbs on the east side of the stream kept us busy until well after noon. The rocks here abound in short, severe overhangs that will try your mettle. But on the other side of the stream, in the park, there are practice climbs up to perhaps 90 feet in height that have hardly been touched, as the lichen cover shows. Several people worked on these, possibly putting up new climbs. On the east wall of these rocks there are some possible leads besides the standard lead up the pinnacle.

After climbing, we wandered willy-nilly over to Ed and Blondie's place. After qualifying for supper by climbing through a sewer pipe we were fed well and in style by Blondie and then shown slides of the Tetons by Joe Faint. This was obviously old stuff to most everybody except me. Most of the climbers had not only been everywhere that Joe was when he took the pictures, but they had taken the same pictures. Anyway, Joe, I was entertained and edified.

-- Alan Talbert

September 9 -- CARDEROCK, Maryland

With the perspective of long absence and inactivity, this reporter was overwhelmed by the progress of his comrades upon the challenges of Carderock. Spider walk, once a ranking test of strength and skill, is now the solo warm-up run for the youthful contingent. The young bloods also rate Sterling's Crack a nice resting place for tired hands and arms at the W's end.

(Page 3. More on page 4.)

Jam Box still provides even the best climbers a chance to test their weight on the ropes and belayers, but much of the excitement came on routes with no known names. The edge-face on the right of Barnacle Face was assaulted in mid-morning; Ron Bell showed that it can be climbed, but for most others it remains in the "I'll-get-that-xxx-thing-yet" category. Even more frustrating was the route up the left end of Jan's Face with its little-loose-flake-and-no-footholds pitch. Once again it was Ron Bell who, following Paul Gerhard's example from the week before, solved these problems and made the top. Joe Faint, Mike Nicholson, and company made some fascinating tries on the edge of the large flake to the left of Sterling's Crack. Is this an unclimbed route? Chris Scoredos assures us that after forty years or so of Carderock climbing there is not much unclimbed rock, but it is certain that some of the routes being attacked by the sturdy lads of this season could not have been among the first ones mastered.

It was a pleasure to watch Merv Oleson--a newcomer since this reporter's last outing--make a faultless ascent of Swayback Layback; Merv had made his first successful climb on this route just the day before.

Prior engagements for the evening kept some of us from seeing Chuck Wettling's slides of Yosemite, Greenland, and the South Pacific--we hope he will be showing them again sometime.

-- Phil Sidel

September 29-30 -- OLD RAG The Adamses, Bill Donohue

The Old Rag Week-End proved to be one of the highlights of the Mountaineering Committee's 1962 season. Favored by ideal autumn weather, the enthusiastic participants were doubly fortunate in finding the Byrd's Nest available for their use.

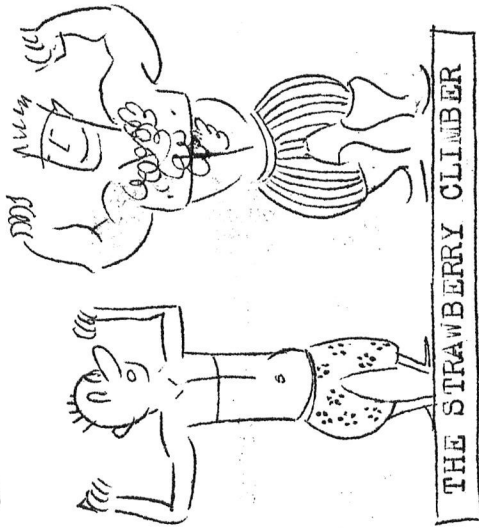
The main group of climbers reached the shelter at 2 PM on Saturday and proceeded directly to the summit, where both the Hollywood and Beginner's Climb were accomplished before the return to camp and a pleasant meal around the campfire. After a short musical program, everyone turned in early in order to be in good condition for the next day's activities.

(Continued on page 7.)

A WORD TO EXPLAIN THE FOLLOWING TWO PAGES:

All too often as we sit around the campfire, sipping cold tea, there comes a sigh and the wistful remark, "We don't sing any more like we used to." Because there was a day, not so awfully long ago, when we had singing types among us. In particular, there was such a clamor for the words to the songs for and about climbers that were written by the Conns, Herb and Jan, that a songbook was published, "Up Beat." The following pages reprint a few of the songs that it contained. We are including them as an experiment, to see if there really is an interest in reviving old times. If there is, we will periodically add more pages--not only reprints, but any new material that comes our way. If enthusiasm rages really high, it is even possible that someone can be conned into typing out all 38 verses of "Jam Crack Joe", the most famous ballad of all.

(This was page 4.)



Adapted by Herb Conn

Tune: The Lavender Cowboy

He is only a strawberry climber;
The hairs on his chest are two.
But he wants to follow the heroes,
To do as the he-men do.

But he is inwardly troubled
By dreams that give no rest:
When he hears of the heroes of Herzog
He wants more hairs on his chest.

Herpicide and many hair tonics
He rubs in morning and night,
But when he looks into the mirror,
No new hairs grow in sight.

His pitons each week are a-jingle,
His feats will rank with the best.
Though he climbs every climb on the river
There'll be only two hairs on his chest.

HERBIE'S HORROR BLUES

by Jan Conn

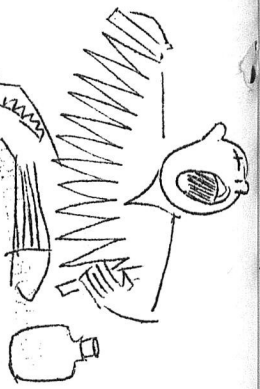
Tune: When Johnny Comes Marching Home

When your foot begins a-slipping and
you think you're going to fall,
And what you're hanging onto isn't any
good at all,
And there's nothing quite within your
reach that's half as good to use,
That's the time you get those "Herbie's
Horror" Blues.

Oh, the "Herbie's Horror" Blues make
you feel so low,
And you wonder what it is that makes
you fall off so,
And you tear your hair in deep despair
and blame it on your shoes--
But we all know it's the "Herbie's
Horror" Blues.

Author's Note--Herbie's Horror: The name
of a rock face at Carderock which should
have never been climbed. Unfortunately,
it was successfully ascended three times.
Thereafter it was banned as being unjur-
ious to the morale and mental stability
of the rock climber.

Editor's Note: Herbie's Horror has since
been restored to the active list, now
that the courts are frowning on censor-
ship.



THE BLOTTER SONG

By Jan Conn

Tune: Dark Town Strutters Ball

I'll be down to get you with a blotter, honey,
 A nut-pick and a spare canteen,
 'Cause where you're trying to lead
 There ain't a foothold, handhold to be seen.
 That old "thank God" is high above
 And I don't want to follow when you make
 the lunge.
 Though it's not the thing to do,
 I'm going to cut that rope in two,
 And I'll meet you at the bottom with a sponge.

BLACK CHRISTMAS

By Elenore Tatge

Tune: Aw, You Know

I'm dreaming of a black Christmas
 In Schoolhouse Cave deep underground,
 There the bats are thickest,
 The mud slopes slickest,
 Of any cave we've ever found.
 I'm dreaming of a black Christmas
 With every flashlight bulb I pack,
 May your safety never go slack,
 And may all your Christmases be black.

UNTITLED* A song of the University of Colorado climbers

Tune: They Had to Carry Harry to the Ferry
 last line "... and a haircut, six
 bits"

Oh, we drink to the rocks and we drink
 to the ice,
 And we drink to the sun on the cold Granite
 heights,
 For the cold Granite heights are a part
 of us,
 Especially when tangled with the climber's
 guts.
 Sing glorious, glorious,
 One strand of rope for the four of us;
 Glory be to God that there are no more of
 us,
 For one of us would surely die alone---
 On an ice axe, clean through.

* From an article by Marion Kingston Stock-
 ing in the CMC's Trail and Timberline,
 No. 449, May 1956.



On Sunday morning attention was given to three practice climbs in the Hollywood area: a layback crack, an inside corner, and a long face-climb. In the afternoon everyone negotiated a delicate traverse and overhang just west of the Beginners.

Dinner at the Cab Inn was marked by a minimum of philosophical and metaphysical argumentation.

-- R. J. A.

"... and nobody left on"

The 1962 Adams Mountaineering Season was a happy one, free of any significant accomplishments or excitement. All we can claim is that we brought everybody back.

My three weeks in Boulder really shouldn't count as vacation, because there were classes to attend between 8 and 3:30. But I never planned to study on the week-ends. On some campuses you would attract a little attention checking in at a woman's dormitory carrying a 40-pound pack, ice axe and Tyrolean hat, but not at Colorado. I was right in the groove except for the lack of an MG.

On the first week-end John Sopka (a former PATC rock climber) and I made an ascent of Long's Peak via the Stettner Ledges. The weather was beautiful, the rock was dry, and the summit was reached before 2. A highlight of this trip was an accidental meeting with Dave Rearick, now a Long's Peak Seasonal Ranger, who was kind enough to point out his pioneering route on the Diamond. Standing on the rim just to the right of that vertical face, we were impressed with the sustained severity of the climb. The "crack" and "chimney" he used seemed totally inadequate, at least from that distance. I was surprised to learn that the climb was made with only 25 pitons and 4 bolts. The bolts were used as belay anchors.

The next Saturday John Sopka, Bob Munger (who climbed Shiprock with us last year) and I made a pilgrimage to the Maiden, the rock on the Boulder skyline made famous by Holubar's catalog. The principal purpose of this exercise was to demonstrate that by employing modern navigational methods (such as following someone who knows the way) it is possible to come upon this rock the first time. For the benefit of anyone wishing to do the same, I will give a few simple directions. Drive south from Boulder toward El Dorado. After turning from the main road onto the "El Dorado Road", watch for a one-room country school on the right. Park in a lane about a hundred yards past the school. Climb over the gate (which says No Trespassing) and follow the jeep road across open fields and up into the woods to a summer cottage, where it ends. Cross the stream and follow a path leading north up into the canyon on the west side of the main ridge, for a distance of about a quarter mile. Then strike up the right-hand wall of the canyon to the top of the ridge. With a little luck you will come out right at the Maiden, and the sight of that top-heavy rock will take your breath away. The hike takes about two hours.

After a thoroughly enjoyable little climb, we prepared for that fabulous 90-foot free rappel, each in our own way. John, a body-rappel type, went

(This was page 7. Continued on page 8.)

down first. In spite of special foam rubber padding, he burned his leg and shoulder. Bob believes in a seat sling but not the brake bar. His shoulder and chest were cut. I wish I could say that my brake bar worked perfectly, but the ropes were new and fast, and I burned the finger I was using to keep the ropes straight.

Bob Munger and I managed to squeeze in two evening climbs during my stay. The first is known as Cussin' Crack on Castle Rock, which is located several miles up Boulder Canyon. The climb begins with a very easy pitch, then a delicate step around an overhanging corner leads you into the crack, which involves two steep but enjoyable pitches. The second climb was on the south wall of the Amphitheater, a practice area below the First Flatiron. One pitch was similar to Jan's Face, exposed and unprotected. Unfortunately we do not know the name of this climb.

After a one-week "work break" we all set out for the Tetons and full-time climbing. We got off to a fast start on Symmetry Spire. John and Brother Bruce climbed Templeton's Crack, mostly unroped, while Kate, Bobby, and I inched up the southwest ridge in approved PATC style. This turned out to be a fine route, thoroughly enjoyable but with a few touchy spots. A thunderstorm that threatened at noon passed over, to be followed by a cold and gusty wind. We reached the summit between 3 and 4 PM, had a brief lunch, and beat a retreat in the face of more dark clouds. We were almost down the couloir before the electrical storm hit, and were greatly relieved to find ourselves at the boat landing at 6:30, in time for the last boat across Jenny Lake.

Mt. Owen offers some of the best snow climbing in the Tetons, and as a change from rock climbing, Kate, Bobby, and I set out for a high camp at Amphitheater Lake after a day's rest. We had this delightful meadow all to ourselves in perfect weather. I have often wished it were possible to spend an entire summer at such a beautiful spot, sleeping in the deep grass by a noisy little stream.

We were on our way at dawn--through the notch, down the cable, and across the snow slopes below Disappointment Peak. There were three moraines to cross and then we were on the Teton Glacier, in view of the couloir between Owen and the East Prong. The climb alternated between snow and rock, with rather more snow than I had remembered from an earlier ascent. Half way up we were joined by Bob Munger, who had started from the valley at 3 AM. In order to avoid a long climb across the upper snow field, we traversed above it on the lower edge of the summit block. This turned out to be a fairly delicate operation. Our progress was slow but steady and the summit was reached at 2 PM.

Our descent was marked by a near accident. Starting down the steep snow couloir between Owen and the East Prong, Kate (using a self-arrest position) went out of control and crashed head-first into a rock wall. She escaped injury, possibly because of her hard hat. From this point we were more cautious on snow slopes, and as a result were overtaken by darkness as we gained the first moraine. Efforts to detour the remaining snow fields caused further delay, and it was 10:30 by the time we struggled back to our camp at Amphitheater. We ate up the remaining food, and then Bob, who had no place to sleep, hiked back down the trail, reaching the Jenny Lake

Campground at 3 AM. The Adamases enjoyed the luxury of sleeping late in high camp before starting down.

The next day John, Bruce and son Brint repeated our climb, returning to Jenny Lake at 4 PM. They must have taken a short cut somewhere!

The highlight of my stay in the Tetons was a climb of Teewinot by what is known either as the Direct North Face or as Emerson's Chimney. Those who pioneered this route went to great trouble to find good rock climbing on Teewinot, which from most any angle is little more than a gravel pile. However, the North Face is vertical, with a most interesting chimney, a tricky ramp, and even a tunnel leading to the south side of the mountain.

Bill Primak of Chicago was my partner in this adventure. We started up from Lupine Meadow in the late afternoon and made our camp on an airy ridge at the apex of the left-hand cone of trees. The view was unsurpassed. To the north and south we watched the lights of the valley come on as we prepared to bed down on the two level spots we had found. Above us stood the Idol and the Worshiper, and beyond them the crumbling towers that guard the summit.

We were up and away at the first tinge of green in the eastern sky, traversing north to the stream bed, then plodding up to the notch between Teewinot and the Crooked Thumb. Mists crept up from the valley, overtaking us and blotting out the view, but when we reached the col we were greeted by a cold northwest wind and a clear view of the North Face and Cascade Canyon. Starting up the Grandstand we began to shiver with the cold in spite of sweaters, parkas, and gloves.

The route follows a narrow ledge strewn with rocks held only by the ice, until finally a cavernous chimney is reached. A patch of daylight in the back of the chimney comes from the other side of the mountain. As we moved up, the chimney narrowed, forcing us to the outside, where the wall is smooth and overhanging. The book says this can be climbed free, but our hands and feet were so numb with the cold that we took the easy way and placed slings in two convenient pitons. The ramp above is a smooth slab that requires careful climbing, but after a rope length we turned a corner, and there was the sun! With a few easy steps we were on the summit, basking in the warm summer afternoon before starting down the well-worn East Face Trail.

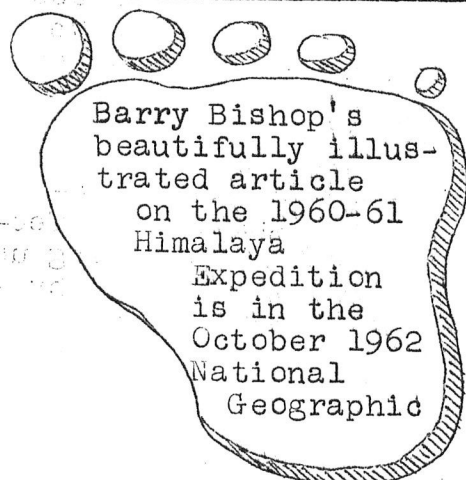
The next day we headed East. Bob Munger and his family accompanied us through the Big Horns and to Devil's Tower, where we arrived on a Sunday afternoon. Superintendent Jim Hartzell was busy in his back yard at the time, but graciously gave permission for three of us to climb the Tower next morning. This was my third ascent by the Durrance Route, and it proved to be quite uneventful. At 5 AM we began inching our way up the inclined column; by 8:15 we were on top, taking pictures of the most famous sign in the Park Service, which reads, "No Climbing Above This Point." Our gallery was small but faithful. When we regained the trail at 10 AM, several of them insisted on taking pictures of some "real mountain climbers."

One of the most enjoyable moments of our trip was a tour of Jewel Cave. The ranger did all he could to discourage us. The cave would be long and strenuous, with stooping and crawling. If we had ever had any of the

following illnesses, he advised against it! Jewel Cave has in fact been kept quite primitive, the only improvements being a few ladders to by-pass the climbing. And there was no mud anywhere. We learned that Herb and Jan Conn were at that moment exploring the far reaches of the cave; thus we narrowly missed seeing them.

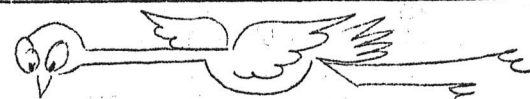
We had one more day of climbing, perhaps the best day of all, among the Cathedral Spires in Custer State Park. Kate, Bobby, and I chose Spire No. 1 while John and Bob Munger took No. 2. After lunch we all made our way up No. 4, the highest of the group. The view of this fantastic rock garden in the late afternoon sun was reminiscent of the Arabian Nights. Such memories will be treasured until it is once more time to pack our gear and head West.

-- R. J. A.



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Frank Sauber is looking
for the owner of a RED
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up at Seneca, Labor Day.

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Phil Sidel -- 536 West 112th St., New York 25, N. Y.
Capt. James A. Wilkerson, M.C. -- 6th U.S. Army Medical Laboratory,
Fort Baker, Sausalito, California

Blondie is looking for a place to hold meeting Wed. Nov. 28 and a host for meeting at the clubhouse Sun. Dec. 16!

It is the policy of the Present Editorial Outfit to print everything that is submitted as soon as possible. If we should hold your contribution over until next month, it is in compliance with the Printers' Amalgamated, which opposes working overtime (past midnight) on weekdays.

Actually, we rather enjoy slaving over this hot typewriter and that smelly mimeograph in order to get you this publication on schedule (before the 15th of the month). Those subscribing to the above statement include:

A. LANE, H. HARGREAVES, W. HARGREAVES, A. K. LOVEDAHL, H. KRAMER, A. BARBOOR

Help us continue in the same efficient way by sending in your contributions and subscriptions (\$1 for 12 assorted issues) to 1916 Sunderland Place.