

FOUNDED BY
JAN AND HERB CONN

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

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

Volume XVII Number 11

November 1962

SCHEDULE

- November 10-11-12 **SENECA AND CHAMP ROCKS, West Virginia**
B ring caving gear. If you wish to contribute to a safe, enjoyable weekend, and ensure that everyone has an opportunity to climb, please register with Al Klovdahl (EV 4-1712) by Thurs, Nov 8.
- November 17, Saturday! **WHITE OAK CANYON**
Park at Big Stoney Man parking area on Skyline Drive and hike down White Oak Canyon trail to upper falls area. This trip is to investigate the feasibility of the area for an official Sunday trip and to allow those who are contemplating ice climbing trips here in the winter to become familiar with the area before the bad weather arrives.
- November 18, Sunday **LITTLE STONEY MAN CLIFFS**
Bring caving gear (??).
Note: There is the possibility that some people will want to camp on the Skyline for the two above trips (making it a two-day weekend). If interested, call Al Klovdahl (EV 4-1712) or Alice Lane (RE 7-5328).
- November 22, Thanksgiving Day If you are interested in a trip for part of the day, if not all of it, meet at Ho Jo's at the regular time.
- November 25, **HARPER'S FERRY, West Virginia**
This trip, while officially a one-day trip, is also capable of being turned into a two-day affair (!) for those who are interested. For information, call Al Klovdahl.
- NOVEMBER EVENING MEETING** will be on Wednesday, Nov. 23, at 8 PM at the home of the Wade Marshall's. Lila (Mrs. Barry) Bishop will have a few words to say and a few pictures to show of Katmandu, Nepal. Directions to the Marshall's at 4209 Everett St, Chevy Chase View: Go out Conn. Ave. three blocks past Saul Rd. Turn left on Franklin and go one block; then go right for one block to Everett. Left on Everett. OR: Go out Wisc. Ave. past NIH and the Naval Medical Hosp. Turn right at the traffic light at Cedar Lane. Go 1 1/2 miles to Everett, turn right. House is 1/2 block on the left.

December 2 trip will be to CARDEROCK, as usual.

*** Anyone interested in joining the Rock Climbers for a Sunday's sport should show up at the Howard Johnson Restaurant at Western and Wisconsin Avenues between 8 and 8:30 in the morning. Bring shoes suitable for climbing (tennis shoes recommended), water, and lunch. In the fall, warm clothes are also very useful!

*** Due to vagaries of the weather during the next few months, it is particularly advisable for latecomers to check behind the SW drainpipe of Ho Jo's for the note telling our destination. Sometimes the schedule is tossed out the window in inclement weather.

The nominating committee for next year's officers has been formed. Please consult the following men if you have any opinions on the subject:

Chuck Wottling

Robert J. Adams

Harold Kramer

MAN OF THE MONTH:

The Order of Jam Crack Joe, First Class, has been awarded to our own AL KLOVDAHL. On Nov. 4 Al undertook to rearrange the Jam Box by removing the "pistol grip", thus making the climb impossible. He then climbed it.

It has been noted that in the Carderock area the boast is no longer that one made the first climb of a particular route, but rather that one has made the most recent ascent--without the key holds! They have all been removed by our industrious young men (see above).

Incidentally, it is about time a new rule went into effect: "A first ascent is not considered completed until it has been named." It is rather hard to talk about the feats of the present climbing colossi without having names to describe the scenes of their triumphs.

BOOK REVIEW

The rewards of "do it yourself" equipment making are not limited to cash savings, though these may be nothing to sneeze at. Consider the advantages of design to fit your own peculiar needs and measurements as well as the satisfaction and pride in your own workmanship! Besides, an equipment project will heighten the anticipation and pleasure in next summer's vacation trip as this winter's snow flies.

All this is by way of explaining the popularity and usefulness of Meg Hannsen's and Gerry Cunningham's book entitled Light Weight Camping Equipment and How to Make It (\$3.25; Highlander Publishing Co., Boulder, Colo.). So popular has been this book that a second edition has appeared this year, complete with additional material stemming from development since the 1959 printing.

Throughout the book is discussed the theory of lightweight equipment and its practical application in terms of design, with information on suitability and availability of materials, techniques of construction, and instructions for specific projects. Among the 130 pages you will find hundreds of ideas, some of them standard sewing tricks, others the result

years of experimentation and trial and error in the equipment-making business. All should be helpful to the beginning equipment maker.

One word of caution: don't expect to read the book and turn out a professional product the first try! Even with the diagrams included with the text, much trial and error will be involved in adapting designs for your own use, and there is no substitute for practical experience.

It is understandable and should come as no shock that Gerry designs and equipment are featured in the book. If the reader disagrees with the authors and chooses other designs, he should still find much to copy and experiment upon.

The person who doesn't wish to make his own equipment might still do well to spend time on some homework before opening the mail order catalogues, since knowledge of construction and materials will help him make an intelligent buy. It should be worth the time of any outdoorsman to read the book through, and many will want to keep it handy for reference. The copy I have just finished reading is on the shelf in the PATC Library. Why not check it over next time you visit the Clubhouse?

-- Karl Edler

EQUIPMENT NOTES

The David T. Abercrombie Co., listed in the Tenth Edition of the PATC Equipment Bulletin, has gone out of business. The Bulletin Supplement, available free at Club Headquarters, lists alternate suppliers.

Some Club members will be interested in the fact that nylon rope and some other items of mountaineering gear are available from Appalachian Outfitters, 636 Penn Avenue, Pittsburgh 22, Pennsylvania.

We are saddened by the announcement that henceforth, postage will be charged on orders from Gerry, Boulder, Colorado. Washington is figured as Zone 7 from Boulder.

We are planning to make a Club order of Black's "Polar" sleeping bags at a 25% discount through Black's U.S. Outlet. These will be standard bags with 30" zipper, 2½ lb. down, nylon inner, cambric outer, walled tubes, and 4 lb. 8 Oz. total weight. Cost will be between 45 and 48 dollars, depending upon postage. Call Karl Edler (773-1693) before Nov. 20 if you wish to be included in the purchase.

Climbers are reminded that pitons, carabiners, glacier cream, goggles, waterproof food bags, dehydrated food, and other items are sold at PATC Headquarters every weekday evening from 7 to 10 PM. Cassin pitons have been priced at 30 cents for clearance.

-- Karl Edler

"Oh, the Mountaineers have New Ideers
You bet they are not pikers
They grab their socks and sundry frocks
And run to hunt lost hikers."

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The abovequoted sloka was discovered on a map in the Clubhouse and was executed by the same fine artist who made the map--Tom Culverwell. There is doubtless a story behind the verse. Who knows what it is?

REPORTS (ASSORTED)

September 22 GREAT FALLS, Maryland

After Breakfast with Don Hubbard and Rod Glascock, the four of us (Ed Worrell, Bob, Bobby, and Kate Adams) ventured forth to Great Falls, Md. With two belaying and two climbing we soon climbed or attempted to climb various approaches of the Red Overhang, the face to the left of it, the Bulge and the Super Bulge across the way. When Joe Faint arrived at lunchtime, Ed decided to take us exploring for more difficult climbs. Due to the summer's drought (even the small ice-skating pond was dry) we were able to reach a new area where Ed found four nice climbs (two impossible to reach the summit) while Penny swam in some deep inlet water nearby.

-- Kate Adams

September ?? HERZOG ISLAND

Mike Nicholson, Al Klovdahl, and Bill Allnutt were already at the Nubble Face, Carderock, discussing the climb that faced them, or more accurately, the one that they were leaning on. At once, and with great enthusiasm, it was decided that this was certainly the day for Herzog Island and picking a shallow spot (up to our waists) we went across.

The Chairman's Chimney was covered with some vicious-looking black wasps and after studying them for a couple of hours the group walked over to another climb (name unknown) and climbed it! Feeling especially fine after so much exertion, Ron suggested that it was time to pack up and leave for Tuohy's and without hesitation, acting as one, we left!

This time three of us found a nice place to cross, and following Mike's lead were only up to our necks this time. However, we had doffed the appropriate clothing, and who cared how wet we got. Meanwhile Bill and Al, crossing upstream from us, managed to stay practically dry and fully clothed too.

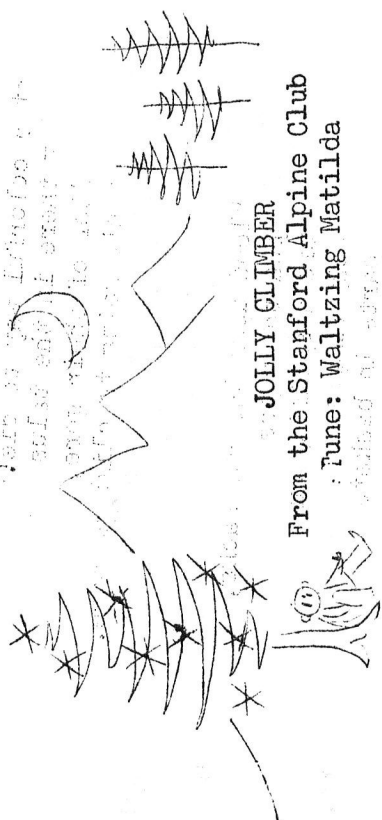
An interesting footnote to our day was the complete unanimity with which we acted, the only disagreement coming about when we crossed the Potomac.

-- Betty Johnson

Important Announcement

Ron Bell and Betty Johnson were very secretly married on Friday, November 2, and plan to make their home in New Haven, Connecticut. That's fine!

READ THE ARTICLE BY HUNTLEY INGALLS IN THE NOVEMBER NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC DESCRIBING A VERY ASTONISHING CLIMB IN EASTERN UTAH. FINE PICTURES, TOO, BY BARRY BISHOP AND HUNTLEY.



JOLLY CLIMBER

From the Stanford Alpine Club

Tune: Waltzing Matilda

Once a jolly climber camped below a mountain top
Under the shade of an old pine tree,
And he sang as he sat
And waited till his Primus burned--
You'll come a-climbing, Matilda, with me.

Chorus: You'll come a-climbing,
You'll come a-climbing,
You'll come a-climbing, Matilda, with me;
And he sang as he sat
And waited till his Primus burned--
You'll come a-climbing, Matilda, with me.

Down came a boulder, bouncing off the mountain top,
Up jumped the climber and laughed with glee,
You're a jolly boulder,
Bouncing through my camping spot--
You'll come a-climbing, Matilda, with me.

Chorus:
Up came the ranger, mounted on his thoroughbred,
Up came the rescuers, one, two, three,
And they laughed as they stuffed that
Climber in their duffle bag--
You'll come a-climbing, Matilda, with me.

Chorus:

GORY, GORY

Tune: Battle Hymn of the Republic

"Will it go around the chockstone?"
Cried the belayer looking up.
Our hero feebly answered yes
And slowly inched on up.
He was pounding on a piton
When his foothold crumbled out,
And he ain't going to climb no more.

Chorus: Gory, Gory, what a helluva way to die,
Gory, Gory, what a helluva way to die,
Gory, Gory, what a helluva way to die,
And he ain't going to climb no more.

He rattled down the chimney
And he quickly gathered speed.
He shot past his belayer
Who'd forgot the climbers' creed.
An anchor to his piton
Would have satisfied his need,
But he ain't going to climb no more.

Chorus:
The belayer felt the rope go taut,
He tried to let it run.
It jerked him from position
And he knew his time had come.
He left the ledge he stood on
And it shot up to the sun,
And he ain't going to climb no more.

Chorus:
(onward)

They hurtled down the buttress
And across the southern col.
They had such good exposure
That they had a lovely fall.
They slithered across a friction pitch
And sped on down the wall,
And they ain't going to climb no more.

Chorus:

The days they'd lived and laughed and loved
Went flashing through their minds.
They thought about the girls back home,
The ones they'd left behind.
They thought about the ranger
And they wondered what he'd find,
'Cause they ain't going to climb no more.

Chorus:

A medic in the valley
Watched through his telescope,
And as they neared the bottom
His eyes grew bright with hope.
For it had been a week or more
Since the parting of the rope,
And they ain't going to climb no more.

Chorus:

One had a sling rope 'round his neck
And a piton through his spleen.
The handle of his ice axe
Had split the other's bean.
Two stripes of blood marked their descent
As they neared the slopes of green,
And they ain't going to climb no more.

(yet onward)

They hit the ground--the sound was splat.
The blood it spurted high.
Their comrades all were heard to say,
"What a colorful way to die!"
They lay there in the talus
In the welter of their gore,
And they ain't going to climb no more.

Chorus:

There was blood upon the rucksacks,
And brains upon the ropes,
Intestines were a-spilling out
Across the rocky slopes.
We swept the parts in baskets
After salvaging the ropes,
'Cause they ain't going to climb no more.

Chorus: Gory, Gory, what a helluva way to die,
Gory, Gory, what a helluva way to die,
Gory, Gory, what a helluva way to die,
And they ain't going to climb no more.



October 14 ANNAPOLIS ROCKS, Maryland

Bill Allnutt	Al Klovdahl	Hugh Sproull
John Brehm & friend	Fiora Luzzatto	Harry S. Truman
Bill Faulhaber	J. Moore	Bob Warren
Kit Kavanaugh	Luigi Racca & friend	Ed & Frank Worrell
Alice Lane	John Richardson	

A large group turned out for Annapolis Rocks, including at least three first-timers. We made it out of Howard Johnson's by 9:00 AM, and up to the AT on South Mountain by 10:30 or so. A slight omission in the Oct. Up Rope led to some confusion at this point,,but everybody arrived at the Rocks in time for a climb before lunch. After lunch the overhangs got hangier, and the afternoon was punctuated by spectacular airborne descents.

-- Bill Faulhaber

ED: The "omission" so politely mentioned above was actually an error--and a gross one at that. Please amend the directions in the October issue to read 2.1 mi. along the AT instead of $\frac{1}{2}$. Please don't ask us about the H. S. T. mentioned above.

October 21 CAMP LEWIS, Maryland

Ed Worrell & Eric	Bob, Kate, Bobby Adams	Bill Faulhaber
Al Klovdahl	Mike Nicholson	Alan Talbert*
H ugh Sproul	Peggy Purdue	Dave Schluenz*
RonBBell	B etty Johnson	Fran Walters*
Richard Fallgren	Chuck Wettling	Alice Lane* *late

Considerable mental energy was expended this rainy Sunday morning. Following this, only after discussion, an important decision was made::it would be easier to drive two sides of a triangle than walk the third. Ron Bell was elected our "capitaine sans peur". With undaunted enthusiasm, Ron plowed his trusty station wagon into a sea of mud (normally a construction road). Everyone watched, mouth agap! Well, he made 200 yards anyway. It took only 1½ hours to get the wagon out, with the help of 11 climbers and Ed Worell's Travelall. Ron's comments were: "I hope the cops don't come" and "You don't think I carry all this gear (shovel, buck-saw, jacks, strips of plywood, etc.) for nuthin', do ya?"

We finally arrived at Camp Lewis via foot and the usual climbs were done under a cloudy sky. Carderock was visited on the way back. And finally Tuohey's with an enjoyable slide session by Bob Adams. It was a varied and enjoyable day.

-- Mike Nicholson



THE SHOE STRING TRAVERSE

Between Beginner's Crack and Ronnie's Leap

SCENES FROM THE 1962 BRITISH-AMERICAN
DEVIL'S GARDEN EXPEDITION

October 26, 27, 28

(We are very sorry not to be able to print the following article in its entirety. It was submitted in the form of a picture story, illustrated with some of the finest and most astonishing photos we have seen. Unfortunately, Up Rope is not financially equipped to reproduce halftones; therefore we must content ourselves with the captions alone and imagine the rest.)

1. General view of Base Camp on the Wolfgap Glacier. Members of the expedition made their way in total darkness to this predetermined spot and took refuge in a crude hut left by previous exploring parties. Snow was drifted high around the doors and windows of the shelter when they arrived, and arduous shoveling was required to clear the area. Note the crevasses in the lower right.
2. In this scene we see three of the high-altitude porters whiling away the midnight hours with five-card draw, a traditional tribal game. They were later joined by a fourth man, said to be an immigrant Aleut. Although the rules by which he played differed somewhat from those familiar to our own mountaineers, he got along amiably enough. The man behind the bottle is the sirdar; it was he who finally ended the game by winning all the match-sticks, used as currency in this remote valley.
3. The interior of the hut proved quite crowded as a few of the expedition members gathered together for a game during that first subzero night. The tailbeaver Deng's to Ganderascoby, a yellow Maccanuttan hound that attached itself to the party. The shadowy figure by the door is that of an ascetic pilgrim who insisted on sleeping in the snow, coming inside only once an hour for additional garments. Ten other people are out of the picture on the left.
4. The first day in the mountains was devoted to a conditioning hike to the col overlooking a mighty unknown river, and by practice climbs on the spectacular Devil's Garden cliffs. In this view we see Bob Adams, followed by Kate Adams, followed by Ed Worrell, Hal Kramer, Al Klovdahl, Fran Walters, Dave Schluenz, Dave Warshasky, Bill Allnutt, John Adams, and Bobby Adams, negotiating one of the famous chimneys. The body dangling in the background was left over from earlier attempts to climb the overhang. Only one of the group suffered from the altitude. Chuck Wettling spent the day at Base Camp chopping eleven pieces of wood.
5. The cooking for the group was highly organized. Not an inch of space was wasted, as can be seen. Notice how cleverly Christi Scherer has balanced the dishpan on Al B arbour, and with what economy Shuck stirs his pot of Jello. A great deal of labor was saved by the multiple use of materials (for example, making coffee with the spaghetti water) and by licking between courses. The wine bottles at the bottom of the picture seem to be empty.
6. The scientific goal of the expedition was to ascertain the diet of the Myth, a primate-like inhabitant of the upper slopes. The party's chief scientist, Dave Schluenz, collected moss and ferns to feed to the distressed Myth, the only one in captivity. It is speculated that if the Myth accepts this diet, it might become a common household pet.
7. Here we see Tom Hardman, the British member of the team, climbing on Big Schloss, the goal of the Sunday assault. His words, at about this point, reveal the fine spirit with which he approaches the challenges of mountaineering: "Can't you find anything a little more vertical than this?"

Upon arrival back in civilization, after a highly successful expedition, team members were enthusiastically welcomed by the citizens of Strasburg, the provincial capital, who feted and fed the party. The Lady Mayoress met them at the gate and, amid the cheers of the populace, presented each mountaineer with a plateful of delicious viands, for which the bill was very reasonable.

--Alice Lane

MORE INFORMATION CONCERNING THE ABOVE-CHRONICLED OUTING:

Our visitor of the week during the weekend of October 27-28 was Major Tom Hardman of the British Army. Tom completed an assignment in Jamaica and was en route to England via this country. Being a true mountaineer, he took advantage of his first visit to become acquainted with general of our mountain areas, such as Seattle, the Tetons, Colorado, and the White Mountains. He was in New England when I received a telephone call from him and encouraged him to drop down and spend a weekend with our club.

It was in Ecuador that I first met Tom. I was enjoying a short assignment at Quito and became active with the Ecuadorian mountaineering club "Nuevos Horizontes." Through this club I learned that a small British Expedition was coming, and one evening I met the four British at club headquarters. During their short stay in Ecuador they were successful in reaching the summit of Cotopaxi and several other interesting peaks. Time passed rapidly and two of their party had to return to other activities. It was then I had the good fortune to be included in a new party made up of Tom, his British companion, two Ecuadoreans, and myself. I credit our subsequent successful climb of Chimborazo largely to Tom's leadership and mountaineering experience.

Tom arrived in Washington on Friday, October 26, just in time to join us on our scheduled climbing trip to the Devil's Garden area. Despite the lack of his personal climbing equipment he did a creditable number of difficult climbs, and his observations, comments, and humor contributed to a successful weekend. At a hastily scheduled meeting at Club headquarters on Monday evening Tom showed his excellent color slides of Ecuador and a previous British expedition to the Himalayas.

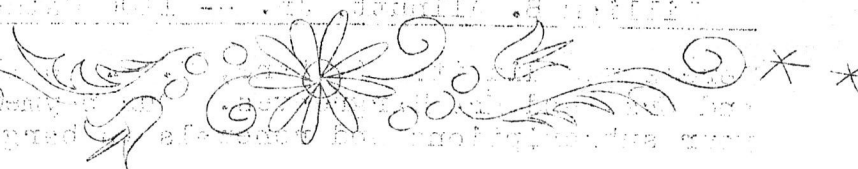
Tom's next duty post will be Germany. He plans to climb in Switzerland during the 1963 season. He knows this area well and has asked me to give his address to any of our club who may plan to climb in Switzerland next year.

-- Harold Kramer

October 20 CARDEROCK with the Pittsburghers

Seven members of the Pittsburgh Social Climbers joined us Saturday at Carderock. The weather cooperated with a fine day and the rocks were dry and warm. It was a pleasure to see our friends from Pennsylvania. We hope that we will be visited by the Social Climbers again before another year passes.

--Chuck Wettling



OCTOBER MEETING

After too many years away from these parts the Joel Grosses are back, and Joel's late association with the television industry resulted in "A Trip to Angel Falls" and this season's first formal meeting. The purpose of the trip was the filming of a TV adventure story for Lowell Thomas in the back country of Venezuela. The party--city-slicker type photographic crew and director, plus Joel--proceeded by miscellaneous methods including foot, dugout, canoe, and airplane into the interior to Mount Auyntupy and Angel Falls, which adorns it. Joel's audience was taken to the top of the mountain with him, an American naturalist, and two Indians, and then to the base of the falls with the reluctant crew. The story which was to have been put together from the trip's photographic results never materialized, since the photographers avoided taking pictures when they should have been taken and carelessly destroyed some good ones, the \$150,000 expedition returned with exactly zero feet of usable film.

Ray and Suzie Moore were the meeting hosts and their hospitality was very much appreciated.

-- L. N. W.

Here are some of the suggestions for filling this space:

Write an apology
 Wrap chewing gum in it
 Sell it for advertising
 Sign our names
 Write rulls to English pub.^{*}
 Leave it blank
 Draw a picture of a coffeepot and associated phenomena
 Spill beer on it
 Request volunteer for new editor (the old one will resign in Jan.)
 Contribute it to UGF
 Spread malicious gossip
 Announce weddings
 Write next week's Trip report
 Say a few words about the election

Xⁿ 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1
 That is 6
 * coming next month!

New Subscribers:

Mike Banks -- RFD #1, Box 150 A, Triangle, Va.
 Larry Griffin -- 711 Hallwood Ave., Falls Church, Va. JE 3-0628
 Joel Gross -- 1014 Maxwellton, Baltimore 28, Md.
 Nimrod Glascock -- 1406 N. Illinois St., Arlington 5, Va.
 Robert Munger -- 4535 Moorhead Ave., Boulder, Colo.
 Luigi Racca -- 3210 Wisconsin Ave., Washington 16, D.C. WO 6-9288
 Hugh Tovar -- 7504 Nevis Rd., Bethesda, Md.

New Address:

William B. Allnutt, Jr. -- 1106 Cathedral St., Baltimore 1, Md.

Here's who did it: A. Lane, C. R. Wettling, A. Klovdahl, A. O. Barbour, and Mrs. and Mr. Hargreaves. Our payment is the pleasure of receiving your subscriptions and renewals (a bargain at \$1 a year!).

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