



FOUNDED BY
JAN AND HERB CONN

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

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THIS IS THE WAY WE END THE YEAR

December 2 -- Carderock (past history)

December 9 -- Annapolis Rocks, Md. For directions see the October issue. Note that the walk north along the AT from the parking place is closer to $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles than to $\frac{1}{2}$ mile. This is a very fine climbing area that is unfamiliar to many in the group. It presents some very challenging climbs--amazing overhangs--for the ambitions, as well as easier routes and grand spectating for the more easy-going.

December 16 -- Echo Cliffs, Va.

December 23 -- Sugar Loaf Mountain, Md. There has also been some talk going around about an informal weekend trip, since many of us have four days off. Call Bob Adams (CH 8-4523). He's not an official leader (since at this point the trip is purely speculative), but he's sure to know what's up.

31, and January 1*

December 29-30 -- The Hermitage, Pa. Common Saturday dinner. Please let Bob Adams or Ed Worrell (Baltimore RI 4-5114) know if you plan to be there. Or be content with your can of sardines. Another contact: Al Klov Dahl (EV 4-1712).

January 6 -- Carderock, Md.

The Mountaineering Committee straggles into the Howard Johnson's at Western and Wisconsin Avenues between 7:30 and 8:30 am each Sunday. Along about 9 people get moving toward the rocks. Beginners are welcome. Please introduce yourselves and you will be cheerfully instructed. If you're late, look behind the SE drainpipe for a note telling where the group has gone. Because of bad weather, the destination may be changed from that which appears on the schedule, so please check the note. Standard climbing equipment includes tennis shoes, ice skates and/or bathing suit, water, and a generous lunch. NOTE: much esteem can be gained through careful attention to the last mentioned detail.

* Cabin has been reserved for the four days. If no one uses it for the last two, we must cancel the reservation 1 wk. in advance. So let us know!

MOUNTAIN CLIMBING OPPORTUNITIES IN ECUADOR

Most often, when someone hears of the name of this South American republic, Ecuador, the mind is filled with recollections or images of dense jungles, humid forests, or maybe a sun-drenched beach of silvery sands, and luscious palm trees swaying to a gentle tropical breeze. Well, this is true, but there is also another aspect of the country that will interest those "strange" individuals who in their spare time devote their energies to the even stranger activity of mountain climbing. Ecuador is also known as the Switzerland of South America, and it well deserves this name. The country is traversed from north to south by a double range of high mountains, between which valleys are formed by interlocking ranges. It is in one of these valleys that the capital, Quito, is located, at over 9,000 feet elevation. Quito is a rather small city, but its location makes it a very agreeable place in which to live. Located some 16 miles south of the equatorial line and high up in the clouds, its climate is even year round, and is comparable to permanent spring weather. In our case, as members of the local mountaineering club, Neuvos Horizontes (New Horizons), it serves as an excellent base for our activities.

One of the best known and most visited mountains is Pichincha, a dormant volcano, on the slopes of which the city has been established. With its three peaks, the highest of which equals Mont Blanc in Europe, and its proximity, it offers an excellent chance for beginners, as well as more difficult routes for experienced climbers. The descent to the dormant crater of Pichincha is a thrilling experience and unique in nature. The crater floor is constantly rocked by earth tremors and the smell of sulphuric gas which emanates from various cavities in the ground, plus the presence of yellowish boiling water fountains combine to create a truly Dantesque atmosphere. The crater can be reached after a days walk, camp is established at the rim or inside the crater itself, and next day return to the city. This hike will help the climber get into shape and prepare himself for a more serious activity, such as attacking the summit of the world's highest volcano, Cotopaxi, of 6,005 meters (19,701 feet).

Cotopaxi is a truly perfect cone, as seen from all sides, and is generally known to be a generous mountain. If in good conditions, a climber can even dare to climb this mountain in one day, a feat recently done by six members of our club. Although this is a feasible project, we would not advise many to try it this way. A rather more enjoyable climb is the following. Departure from Quito on a Saturday morning, at everybody's leisure. Ascent, using a jeep or other four-wheel-drive vehicle, across the highlands and "páramos" up to an hour's walk from the snow line. The jeep can reach an elevation of 4,500 meters (14,764 feet).* Next morning departure at 4 or 5 a.m. to reach the border of Yanasacha (Black Rock in Indian language) at 11 a.m. If the crevasses are well covered with snow there is no problem, and the summit is barely two hours away. Otherwise a pass must be found, sometimes descending into the crevasse or looking for a bridge in another place. This might take an additional hour or so, but with good weather the top is within reach. The rate of normal ascent for this and other mountains of similar height is approximately 500-600 feet per hour under good snow conditions.

The summit offers a fantastic view of the volcano, also dormant, but with definite signs of activity. However, due to excessive gas concentrations

* Base camp is established at 4,800 meters (15,748 feet).

and extremely steep slopes, the descent into this crater is still a project available to any enterprising expedition. Farther south rises Chimborazo (Chimbuc- blue, razu- snow), which is the highest of our mountains, rising to 6,310 meters (20,702 feet). This constitutes a three-day climb, and is only advisable for those that are in excellent training and are well acclimatized to the altitude. Since no breathing apparatus is used here, the body must be in perfect shape to be able to cope with the effects of a rarified atmosphere. The climb itself is not technically difficult. Instead the limitation is of a physical nature. It is a truly exhilarating experience to put ones feet on the ample dome of the summit. On an exceptionally clear day it is possible to see the ocean 150 miles to the west, the green jungles 50 miles to the east, and all the snow-capped mountains of Ecuador--even the peak of Gunibal, which is already on Colombian soil--some 250 or 300 miles north.

If the climber is desirous of facing a more difficult mountain, we can offer two excellent choices: the Quilindaña, also known as our Cervino (Matterhorn), and Mount Altar, of 5,004 meters (16,417 feet). The first has been climbed only once, although many expeditions have tried it, and the latter, Altar, is one of the last virgin tops in Ecuador. It is not a tremendously high mountain, and the access to its base, although long and tiring, is not difficult. The problem is found barely 100 meters (328 feet) from the top. A combination of loose rock walls, overhangs, cornices, and finally a glacier with several ice cascades make up a barrier against which have crashed the hopes and efforts of many good foreign and national expeditions. A party of us recently returned from Altar after spending several days looking for another route and attempting the one described, but the mountain refuses to surrender its unconquered summit. However, the greater the difficulty, the greater is the desire and stubbornness of man to get that which is denied him. We hope the coming year will give us the opportunity of reaching that proud and beautiful summit.

In total, we have eight peaks that exceed the 5,000 meter (16,404 foot) mark and over twenty more that exceed 4,000 meters (13,123 feet). The best months for climbing are January and February, and later on October and November. Believe it or not, we schedule our climbs in most cases to coincide with full moon or the last quarter. In our experience we have found this to be the best time for weather, as well as having moonlight to guide our way during the early hours of dawn.

If any reader has specific inquiries or an interest in our mountains, please do not hesitate to contact the writer of this article or Agrupación Excursionista Nuevos Horizontes in Quito, and we will be more than glad to send whatever information is available. We also hope that in the future we will have the opportunity of breaking the ice of Ecuadorian summits with our American mountain-climbing brothers.

Paul Williams
Casilla 303
Quito, Ecuador

Editor's Note: Excerpts of Mr. Williams' letter to Harold Kramer appeared in the September 1962 Up Rope. We thank him most sincerely for this article also, and hope that some members of our group may be tempted to take advantage of the mountaineering opportunities that Ecuador has to offer, as a result of his enthusiasm.

BOOK REVIEW

In spite of my intense annoyance at finding that someone in your office had maliciously stapled all four corners of my November issue of Up Rope, I wish to submit the following Book Review, in hopes that you will not feel compelled in the future to fill a third of your back page with the sort of disgraceful scribbling which defaces the aforementioned issue.

Mr. Edler's review of Light weight Camping Equipment and How to Make It brings to mind a useful little book published in 1957 by the Scatological Press, Pebble Beach, Calif., called Making Your Own Climbing Gear. This little-known handbook is the result of the combined research of the Kansas Alpine Society and the Oklahoma Chisolm Trail Club over a period of five years of testing and research, and was compiled by the late Ananias and Letitia Faule. It is available now at a greatly reduced price from the publisher.

Making Your Own Climbing Gear is written in the belief that equipment manufacturers are taking advantage of a captive market, and that basic equipment is simple enough in design to warrant construction by the climber himself, who will, incidentally, have a much greater stake and interest in the reliability of his gear than the most conscientious manufacturer.

A large section of the book is devoted to the most important single piece of equipment which a climber needs, i.e. the rope. The relative merits of different materials are discussed, and techniques of construction are explained in considerable detail. This section includes complete instructions on how to make a surprisingly lightweight and sturdy climbing rope from discarded nylon stockings.

The chapter on footwear offers a number of ways of avoiding the necessary expense of high-priced climbing boots. The sole, the authors stoutly maintain, is the soul of the boot, and there is no need to invest heavily in any of the numerous cleated soles offered commercially when the junk yards are full of discarded snow tires with plenty of useful life left in them. The most desirable design, it is suggested, is the B. F. Goodrich Town & Country tread, but numerous other types are acceptable. For climbing on wet rock, a pair of old tennis shoes fitted with tread from a Michelin "X" tire comes in very handy.

In the Hardware Section, the authors point out that most types of pitons can be wrought from eating utensils, particularly from table knives. The reader is warned, however, to beware of inferior materials, and it is suggested that a number of restaurants be visited before a final choice is made. PATC climbers will do well to note that Howard Johnson knives are made of an outstandingly sturdy alloy which can be worked with a little heating into a number of useful shapes. For those to whom Acetylene welding equipment is available (PATC people should see Bob Mole about this), an excellent set of lightweight crampons can be made from a dozen good forks according to directions given in this book.

These are just a few of the ingenious and money-saving ideas offered in Making Your Own Climbing Gear. The Novice, even though he be an experienced climber, should not expect complete success at the start, even though the

the end

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Instructions and diagrams are quite explicit. As is the case of Camping Equipment, ultimate success can be achieved only as the result of trial and error. But with the aid of this indispensable handbook, the impecunious Petrophile need no longer feel constrained by a lack of basic equipment.

NOTE: The climbing world was saddened last month to hear of the death of Mr. and Mrs. Faule as a result of a freak equipment failure while they were testing homemade carabiners in the Sierras.

Tenzing Garrison

TRIP REPORTS

Carderock, October 28, 1962

395th Convalescent Center, Rockville, Md.:

1/Lt. Anthony R. Harp	Virgil C. Hayes
Maj. Arthur E. Spaulding	M. Mann
R. A. Million	Col. Thomas Knox

Dr. Harvey Webb Jr.
Dr. Luis L. Nin
Dr. Will L. Williams

Assorted climbers:

Ed. Worrell	Edler family
John Brehm	Ed Cole
Bill Donahue	Pat, Mike Banks

Rod Glascock
Dana Allen
Dave, Kenny Horwitz

I returned to Carderock from Wolf Gap Cabin to find Karl and Barbara wondering if I would show up. It seems there was some confusion concerning the time of day. Shortly after I arrived John escorted the members of the staff of the Convalescent Center to Carderock. A short lecture covering climbing and equipment was given with the help of Karl and John. John demonstrated the Beginner's Climb, a fall, and a rappel. Karl demonstrated the balance climb to the right. I demonstrated the Tyrolean traverse, using the upper and lower positions. Chimney climbing was demonstrated in the chimney by Herbie's Horror. Tony Harp climbed the Beginner's Climb and made a rappel. The demonstration concluded with climbs of Sterling's Crack and the Spiderwalk. Thanks go to John, Karl, and Barbara for their help.

The mission of the Convalescent Centers is to provide three or four weeks of physical conditioning to men who have been confined to bed, before they are returned to combat units.

Those still at the rocks were pleased to meet Pat and Mike Banks. Mike is a British Marine stationed at Quantico and is a Himalayan climber. Mike showed us how to climb the Spiderwalk at first sight as a balance climb. As a result of this performance, the Kronhoffer Kletterschuh is declared to be obsolete; the official footgear is now the Pierre Allain climbing shoe.

As the night descended, the diehards packed their gear and headed for Tuohey's.

-- Ed Worrell

Carderock, November 4

Have you heard about the baby duck who discovered the secret underground cave of Lost River? Have you met the would-be Governor of West Virginia, who would like to make Seneca Rock an island in the middle of a man-made lake? (By the way, he is also looking for volunteers to duplicate the feat of the baby duck, whose condition on arrival was not disclosed.) If this is news to you, now do you see what you missed by not being at Howard Johnson's bright and early on Sunday morning?

What began as a cool, grey climbing day (which began either too chilly or too early for a Star photographer who was to come along) soon developed into a fine day for climbing and, judging again by the cries (and grunts) of enthusiasm from all who were there, a very successful one.

More questions . . . Do you know the name of the first person to climb the Jam Box without (literally) the Pistol Grip? Do you know why he didn't use the Pistol Grip? Do you know why you won't use the Pistol Grip?

For the correct answers to these and other questions, you may consult Al Klov Dahl. " by thy strength ye shall move mountains" (Anyway, Al, it's a beginning.) Incidentally, the retail prices for tar and feathers start at \$2.50 per kit.

And so another day's scratchings and scars and pitonwork, of climbs old and new, successful and not, were indelibly preserved in stone for some anthropologist of the future to puzzle over and wonder at the barbaric rites of our civilization.

-- Dave Schluez

Seneca, West Virginia, November 10,11,12

Adamses (4)	Ed Worrell	Bill Allnutt	Al Klov Dahl
Dave Washasky	Chuck Wettling	Ike Nicholsons	Mike Nicholsons
Oosterwyks	Larry Fowler	Dave Schluez	Bill Faulhaber
Ed Goodman	Alan Talbert	Alice Lane	

Once upon a time on November 9, 1962, a band of climbers consulted their schedules and, seeing that there was a height to be scaled and adventure to be found, climbed into their Volkswagens and set out for the ogre-inhabited land of West Virginia. When they arrived it was dark as the inside of a dragon's belly, and a great roaring came out of the forest. Fearing what they could not see, the climbers prudently gathered close together and slept, saving their strength for the days ahead.

When the clock had announced dawn they awoke and looked about them, and they perceived that they were in the middle of a gloomy forest overhung with impenetrable black clouds. Incessant cold rain fell on the group as they huddled round their Primus stoves for warmth. While they were partaking of a frugal meal the camp mastiff, who had prowled nervously all night, began to growl and bark. A stranger was approaching. He was a tall man dressed in the guise of a Star Reporter. Ed the Warrior, renowned leader of the climber band, went forth to meet him and asked his name and mission.

"I am a pilgrim," said the man. "My name is Edmond Baker. I came here in search of the hero who can scale the height of Seneca and free the princess enchained there. She has been there for years untold, hidden in

clouds, and none but the strongest and bravest of men can see her."

"Aha," quoth Ed the Warrior, "that is a fitting task for us. But first we must appease the wrathful dragon who blows these clouds about and chills us with his breath." So saying, he chose four of his stout lads--Rob Adams, Will of Faulhaber, Ed the Good, and Bobby, the knave--and donning their helmets of unbreakable plastic they set out into the depths of the earth, into the lair of the dragon, Schoolhouse Cave.

"I'll be at the castle of Sir Hedrick of 4-U," said Baker. "Let me know if anything happens."

Now while Ed was off battling the dragon, some of his band set out in quest of more modest adventure. Hearing that a milk-white unicorn had been seen in the neighborhood, Alan Redbeard of Talbert, Big Dave, Karl von Wettling, and John the Bad found a suitable maiden and set out on its trail. All day they searched. Finally they glimpsed the mythical beast disappearing into Ruddle's Cave. They followed closely, only to discover that it had escaped by magically turning itself into a timid gray cave rat.

Toward sundown they returned to the anxious encampment. No news had been heard from the dragon's den. So to while away the anxious hours they betook themselves to a rustic dance and capered to the sweet strains of "Lop-Eared Mule."

At midnight a great clamor arose, and at first it was feared that the dragon had been aroused and was coming to take vengeance. But soon the five champions entered the circle of firelight. They were caked with dragon blood and their armor was in tatters, but the triumph was theirs!

The following morning dawned clear; the fierce despoiler was dead, and thanks were offered to the Almighty. Turning toward the towering rock of Seneca, the band saw that the pilgrim Baker had already taken a post from which to view the attempt to rescue the enchanted princess. Eagerly they bucked on their hardware, tightened their showlaces, and set off. All day they toiled, and many were observed to attain the highest point. But the maiden remained hidden; the fearless hero had not yet come.

Night passed, and with the first light the struggle was renewed. Many a man was seen to press upward to the summit, and many a man descended having seen nothing. But near sundown outposts in the valley observed Bill All-nutt of the Woods and the brave, gentle Sir Alden Lovedoll ascending the steepest wall of all. In the last rays of the setting sun they stood on top for a brief moment before a shining cloud enveloped them both.

Wearily the climbers relinquished the fight, and in the dark of evening withdrew from West Virginia. Bill and Sir Alden returned like the rest, but they have never said a word of what they found on the top of Seneca Rock in the cloud at the end of their climb.

-- A. Lane

NOTICE

Word has reached us that Wolfgap Shelter has been reserved for December 22, 23, 24, 25. Let Bob Adams know if you'd care to join us for Christmas.

The organization known as the American Everest Expedition of 1963 will send an expedition to Nepal in the spring of 1963 for the purposes of climbing Mts. Everest, Lhotse, and Nuptse and of making high altitude scientific experiments. The members of this expedition are mostly well-known American mountain climbers. Further information can be obtained from a recent issue of Summit magazine.

Following the expedition the remaining funds of the organization will be used in the establishment of an American Mountaineering Foundation.

It would be appropriate for the Mountaineering Committee to make a donation to the Everest Expedition. The Chairman will accept donations to be forwarded to the expedition in the name of the Mountaineering Committee.

Those who would prefer to send donations directly may send them to: American Mount Everest Expedition, 1963, 514 Latimer Road, Santa Monica, California, Attention Norman G. Dyhrenfurth.

The expedition has tax exempt status so that donations are deductible for income tax purposes.

-- Ed Worrell

White Oak Canyon-Stoney Man, November 17, 18

Friday, November 16th, found two stalwart members of the group camped along the Skyline Drive, anxious for an early start in the reconnoitering of White Oak Canyon. (It is noteworthy of this pair that each received a personal visit from a cute and charming lady of the locale.)

Saturday, November 17th, seeped into being, then dripped into life. After a quick breakfast and some discussion of the merits of a single rucksack, down the trail Al Klovdahl and I slid. Some practice climbs were finished between a rather abortive attempt to "do a little six" and the arrival at the Upper Falls of Kramers, Harold and Robert, and Edler, Karl. It was the consensus that "the rock was, and always will be damp, if not wet, and that rock climbing as such will never be as pleasant as at any number of other locations."

We then proceeded to take a short walk by way of the circuit, i.e. down White Oak Canyon trail and up the Cedar Run one. A single remark emitted by one of the prostrate figures back on the Skyline Drive summed up the author's opinion of this hike -- "That was one helluva slog! Amen, amen, amen, etc."

The old Bell and the new belle Bell comfortably awaited our return to the vehicles at the top of the White Oak Trail and joined the procession to "The Pinnacles", where a four-sided semi-partitioned cooking-eating shelter served adequately to magnify the chortling of Primuses to a roar which suppressed most conversation until the fifth and finally successful attempt to light a fire. At this point equipment was discussed, tried on, torn down, praised and--after an interminable wait for the ranger and then despite and/or in spite of him -- used as we shared our roof for the night.

Sunday, November 18th, began a darker gray and with heavier rain than Saturday, but it was only after breakfast that the real deluge began. Little Stoney Man Cliffs, target of the day, were visited to the extent of perusing the parking lot for cars of the valiant, but everyone had evidently decided it was a good day to stay in bed. We said good-bye reluctantly, since Ron and Betty had spent their last night in the area with us and were leaving for New Haven. After so many pleasant weekends in their company, this lousy day seemed a rotten and unfitting send-off to two we'll miss greatly. All best to those at #375 Canner St., with hope of visits often.

-- Bill Allnutt

"MATCHES ANYONE?"

The day has arrived when being able to carry a tune in a group song or being well-versed in Nietzsche's views on women is insufficient to the needs of the modern climber. Today's climber must be proficient in the new art--English Poker.¹

Basically, English style poker is similar to American five-card draw poker, differing in (1) absence of shuffling or cutting; (2) manner of dealing; and (3) method of betting and calling. Rank of hands is the same, but wild cards are not allowed. At the beginning of the session the cards are randomized prior to the first deal, but after that there is NO SHUFFLING OR CUTTING OF ANY SORT WHATEVER. The first dealer starts with the player immediately on his left and DEALS 5 CARDS to him. He proceeds to the next player on the left (clockwise) and deals that player 5 cards, continuing until all players (including dealer) have been dealt 5 cards. NOTE: CARDS ARE NOT DEALT ONE AT A TIME AROUND THE TABLE AS IN MOST OTHER CARD GAMES.

After receiving his cards, each person surveys his hand and may discard any or all of his original 5 cards, or he may "stand pat" (choose not to exchange any of his original cards). The dealer, starting with the player on his left and proceeding clockwise, as usual, accepts the discards and deals to the respective player a number of new cards equal to the number of cards that the player has discarded. NOTE: As the dealer accepts the discards, he immediately places them on the bottom of the playing deck in the order that he receives them. Later he accepts, in order,² the hands of the players who drop out (fold) and immediately places them on the bottom of the deck.

After the discards are taken care of, the betting^{3a} begins to the left of the dealer and continues around clockwise until all but two of the players

who know what the correct name for this game is? Since we were introduced to it by Major Hardman of the British Army, we call it English poker

IN ORDER means (a) in turn, no player may discard, fold, or bet unless his turn; (b) in exactly the same sequence or arrangement they were handed to the dealer.

^a Each player, after the opening bettor must put into the pot as much as the preceding player (more if he wishes to raise) or fold; e.g. player #1 opens with 1 chip; #2 puts in 3 (raises 2); #3 puts in 3 chips; it is now #1's turn. He must put in 3 to stay.

have dropped out. There can be a call or showdown only after the number of players has been reduced to two. If 3 players all think they have good hands or think they can scare one of the other players out, then the betting continues until someone is forced to fold either because of lack of funds or lack of courage. When the field is finally reduced to two players, one of them, in his proper turn, may call by making known his intention and placing the correct amount in the pot.^{3b} The player who has been called must now show his hand, but the person who did the calling needs to show his hand only if he wishes to claim the pot; e.g., player A calls player B; B shows his hand and A sees that it is better than his; A concedes defeat without showing his hand to anyone; B gets the pot, but neither he nor any of the other players know whether A was bluffing wildly or whether A had a good hand and lost only by a slight margin. These two remaining hands are placed intact, in order, on the bottom of the deck, thus ending the first hand. The deal is passed to the left, and the new dealer deals the new hand in exactly the same manner as the first dealer dealt, WITHOUT SHUFFLING, CUTTING OR RANDOMIZING THE CARDS IN ANY MANNER WHATSOEVER.

The game gets more interesting as the hands which were returned to the bottom of the deck are worked to the top and dealt again. After the deck has "rotated" a couple of times, players will have parts of old hands dealt to them and may even receive the same hand they were dealt in an earlier part of the session. For example, a player discards ♠ A K Q J 10 hand and later receives ♠ J 10 as part of another hand. If his memory is good, he should be able to figure out the location of ♠ A K Q. Knowing three of the cards in the hand of an opponent is quite advantageous in any card game. This is the reason why the cards are never shuffled or cut, and why all discards and folded hands are placed intact and in order on the bottom of the deck.

English poker is primarily a betting (and bluffing) game, requiring, among other things, a good memory and a healthy supply of funds. It is obviously a real test of character when played for money. Doubtless much of the real essence of this game is lost if matchsticks or other valueless stakes are substituted for real money, as we do. There is, however, a consolation for those of us who are reduced to playing for worthless matchsticks. Imagine yourself on a winter trip, or in a cold, wet bivouac, in the position of having won all of these worthless matchsticks from your companions. Matches, anyone? \$1.00 each!

-- A. Klov Dahl

^{3b} #1 decides not to stay and folds. It is the turn of #2 and he wishes to call. He puts in 3 chips, saying at the same time "I call."

CHANGES-OF-ADDRESS

Fred Barker -- 442 South Moore, Lakewood 26, Colo. Fred extends an invitation to anyone going his way to pay him a visit.

Mr. & Mrs. Ron Bell -- 375 Canner St., #1, New Haven, Conn.

Dick Crompton -- 13 Shannon Ct., Alexandria, Va.

Lt. Arthur C. Lembeck, MSC, USN -- Technical Staff, Project SHAD, USS Granville S. Hall (YAG-40) c/o FPO San Francisco, Calif.

Bob Mole -- 4208 Russell Ave. Apt. #1, Mt. Rainier, Md. 927-0150

WE HAVE 5 NEW SUBSCRIBERS, whose names will appear next month, when we have more room!

Hardy and Walle Hargreaves, Al Klov Dahl, Bob Mole, and Al Barbour edited this issue. I, Alice Lane, listened to them. Please subscribe anyway-- only \$1 for 12 carefully selected issues. DEADLINE FOR NEXT MONTH: JAN. 1.