



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 XIX Number 1

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January 1964

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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, drinking water, and a generous lunch. NOTE: much esteem can be gained through careful attention to the last mentioned detail.

REPORT OF NOMINATION COMMITTEE

The Nominating Committee announce the following candidates:

For CHAIRMAN Chuck Wettling

VICE CHAIRMAN George T. Livingston

Nominations may also be made from the floor at the time of election.

Respectfully submitted,

Ed Goodman
Chris Buckingham
Bob Mole

ANNUAL MEETING AND ELECTION OF OFFICERS

The Annual Meeting will be held at the home of Bob and Kate Adams on Tuesday January 28th at 8:00 PM. Election of Officers will be the most important part of the business meeting, but it is likely that several controversial topics will be brought up for voting on. We hope that all who have an interest in the future of the Mountaineering Committee will be present.

A program of slides will follow the business meeting.

Directions to the Adams residence: From the District, cross South Capitol Street Bridge and keep right on South Capitol Street until 1 mile past main entrance to Bolling Field. Then jog left onto the circumferential highway (Interstate 295) and follow it to Maryland Highway 210 (Indian Head Highway), turning left at the approach to the Wilson Bridge. Turn right (South) on Md 210 at the light. After three miles bear right onto Md 224 at a Texaco Station on the right. After 1 mile look for four mailboxes on right, one marked ADAMS-7542 and turn left up gravel road $\frac{1}{2}$ mile to house. From Virginia, cross Wilson Bridge and turn onto Md 210 at end of expressway. Call CH8-4523 if lost !

VOTING QUALIFICATIONS

The By-laws of the Mountaineering Committee specify certain requirements for voting. Essentially these are:

1. Membership in the PATC or membership in the Rock Climbers prior to 1950
2. Participation in the activities of the Mountaineering Committee during the previous year.

The full text of these by-laws will be available at the meeting. In the past there has been a rather liberal interpretation of these requirements.

PATC EQUIPMENT DEMONSTRATION

The Patc Equipment Committee has been asked to present a lecture-demonstration of lightweight equipment for hiking and camping. Purnie Bishop, PATC Program Chairman, has set up the program for 8 PM on Monday, January 6th in the Lecture Room, Natural History Building, Smithsonian Institution, 10th and Constitution Avenue, N.W.

Karl Edler has arranged to get nearly two thousand dollars worth of backpacking equipment on loan for the program. Mountaineering Committee members will have an opportunity to preview the equipment on Sunday evening, January 5th at 8:00 PM in the Clubhouse.

Assistance is needed for the demonstrations on Monday evening. Among other things, some water-boiling stove tests and tent erection-time tests are planned. Models will be needed for some items of down clothing, parkas, ponchos, etc. Call Karl at 773-1693 or plan to attend the climbers meeting on Sunday, January 5th if you can help on this project.

COLORADO, 1963

I knew for a fact that the only place to camp within 30 miles of Boulder was this city park, squeezed unhappily between two busy highways leading up into the canyon. It was six O'clock, raining and getting dark, and sure enough the sign said "Camping Forbidden."

Three Adamses and Penny were all a little tired. We had kept the VW bus rolling steadily since 8:30 the night before when, at the close of visiting hours, we said good-bye to John, victim of a motor scooter accident, at the hospital in Iowa City. Just as things were going from bad to worse, along came a family from North Carolina in an American-type VW bus. The father read the sign and said wearily, "Well, there's always El Dorado !"

Now anyone who has visited Boulder knows that El Dorado, 10 miles south, boasts 600-foot red-rock cliffs, a beautiful mountain stream, a huge swimming pool, and the beginning of the short route to the Maiden. But in recent years El Dorado has been off limits to all but property owners. Happily the stranger was right; El Dorado has been opened to the public this year. We followed him up the steep road past the town to one of the most delightful campsites we have seen. With a grassy meadow, a rushing stream, free showers and a swimming pool, it was a real bargain at \$2 a night. Especially when there was no place else to go !

Bright and early in the morning we set out to climb the Maiden and to take the world's freest rappel. In spite of having been there twice before, we started up the wall of Shadow Canyon too soon and reached the ridge somewhat south of the Maiden. For future reference, one should keep to the left of the first large tower.

Leaving Penny to guard the boots, we scrambled up the friction pitch, to be met with an awesome view of that giant cobra, poised for the strike high above our heads. There was some talk of "waiting for you here," but eventually reason prevailed. Down the side we scrambled to the base of the little overhang, then up to the Pine tree, over the boulder and down the treacherous traverse, up to the pigeon roost, around the corner to the great ramp and up to the summit, with its rain-water lake and brave little tree, dead now with its bones bleached white in the Western sun. Then began the methodical preparations for the rappel, accompanied by anxious whines from Penny far below.

An excellent steel cable, looped through the rock formation, carries two substantial-looking descending rings. We used one Perlon and one Columbian rope, both 7/16 and well fluffed by use. We used double slings, hooked by double carabiners to a single brake bar. The friction turned out to be just right. We

all enjoyed a smooth, cool descent.

We walked down into Shadow Canyon in the late afternoon sunlight and back across the meadow to El Dorado. We had picked the first good day Boulder had seen in three weeks, and the climb had come off well.

The next day we drove up Boulder Canyon to the counterpart of Carderock - Castle Rock. Seldom can one visit this delightful spot without finding two or more parties busy on the varied and challenging routes afforded by this 200-foot-high boulder. The famous "Cussing Crack" is advertised as an enjoyable 2-hour climb, but we found it a memorable experience. The crux of this climb is a 45-degree inside corner which leads upward for at least 50 feet at an angle of perhaps 60 degrees. It would be easy going except for the fact that both walls are slippery and devoid of holds - polished perhaps by the boots of many climbers. And the corner itself offers little beside an occasional chockstone of questionable stability. It was far from reassuring - while leading - to recall that a climber was seriously injured in 1963 as a result of an unscheduled slide down this chute.

The last pitch is truly enjoyable - a vertical section of good rock with excellent holds, well studded with time-proven pitons. Then one scrambles to the summit, which affords a delightful view of towering cliffs on all sides, and of a mountain stream that nearly encircles the Castle. What a perfect spot for a home! No tourists to disturb you, for even the scramble route down the north side calls for a degree of climbing skill.

We finished this "easy day" with a quick trip to Rocky Mountain Park and to the high point of the Ridge Trail. (Acclimatization, you know!)

On the following day, Friday, began one of our more notable adventures - Long's Peak via the Stettner's Ledges. Bob Munger, Bobby and I shouldered heavy packs and started up the trail to Chasm Lake Shelter at 3 PM in beautiful weather. We arrived at 5:30, just as the sun was disappearing behind the peak. After stuffing ourselves on tea, soup, Boyardee Stew, applesauce and tea, we abandoned the dirty dishes and crawled into our sleeping bags in the gathering dusk. Shortly thereafter Mark Ryan appeared in the doorway. He had worked in Boulder until 3 PM, but he was full of energy and enthusiasm, keeping everyone awake for an hour or two.

As a member of the not-so-exclusive slipped-disk club, I had spread my sleeping bag directly on the concrete floor of the shelter. It never did get very warm, so I was able to check the time every 15 minutes until 3:30. We crawled out, saying little but wondering how we happened to be doing this for fun. It was hard to fix breakfast in the dark with one burned-out flashlight. In fact the whole operation left a good deal to be desired, but we were ready to go as soon as it was light enough to walk.

Everyone wore kletter shoes because of the challenging rock climb ahead. Mike and Bob carried boots and ice axes in their packs, on the theory that we might have to retreat from Broadway across the glacier (Lamb's Slide). Bobby and I left ours in the Shelter because they would slow us down on the climb. We felt that the only way to do this climb was to push on to Broadway by 10 AM and to the summit by noon. We could always descend from there, even in a storm.

The ice axes proved helpful in crossing the ice slope below the Ledges, though Bobby and I would have made it eventually by chopping steps with our piton hammers. We reached the start of the climb at 6 AM, and Bobby and I went right to work. There was a fair

cover of cirrus clouds, but we felt sure there would be six good hours to complete the climb. The only difficult pitch is the fourth one, about half way up. By the time we were safely above this, Bobby and I were well ahead of Bob and Mark. At their request we waited to belay them over the thin spot, and this took about an hour and a half. Then Bobby and I pushed on again and waited at Broadway for the rest of our party. A second delay was encountered when our friends began their traverse below Hornsby's Direct Finish at too high a level. Meanwhile the clouds descended upon us, and it was raining gently when we heard a call from below and dropped our rope over the last little overhang. Finally we were re-united on Broadway. It was 2:15.

By this time visibility was poor in all directions, especially toward the peak, and we were persuaded (perhaps too easily) to retreat toward the glacier.

Lamb's Slide sweeps past the left end of Broadway at an angle of at least 45 degrees, and on this wretched August afternoon it was all ice. From 3 PM until 5, Mark cut steps across the 180 feet that separated us from the descent route. We belayed him as best we could as he drove our five largest ice pitons into the ice. The steps were magnificent; two of us walked across without ice axes in perfect safety. The last man chopped out the pitons, and we were finally on our way.

As we hurried down the loose rock ridge, we were not only in the fog, but the light was beginning to fade. In the last few minutes of the day we came to the end of the rock. Below, as far as we could see through the mist, lay the same steep glacier that had stopped us for so long. We wasted a precious quarter-hour climbing back up the ridge to look for another route, but there was none. Back we went to land's end, determined to get off the mountain even if it meant abandoning our two climbing ropes and 250 feet of pull-down rope in a 500-foot rappel. Before doing this we sent Bobby down on a belay. To our great joy he reported reaching the boulder field after only 80 feet. Then we rappelled off as fast as our tired muscles would permit. All we had to leave behind was Mark's beautiful new 10-foot sling.

By the time the ropes were coiled it was dark and raining hard. In spite of our rain shirts we were all soaked and chilled to the bone. But we were only 45 minutes from the cabin (in daylight) and Mark had a fine electric headlamp to light the way. We started off in good spirits, trying to stay within his beam. But soon three of us were walking in the dark. The boulders kept getting bigger and the holes between them deeper. Bobby was the first to fall in; when it was my turn, I concluded rather quickly that we had gone far enough. There was some discussion about this until Mark's light went out. Then we made ourselves as comfortable as possible under two large rocks and began the kind of night that mountaineers really enjoy - afterwards. Two of us had extra clothing to put on; Bobby and I did not, but all four shivered and chattered the night away, checking the time every four or five minutes.

With the first green glow in the East we limbered up our sore muscles and began stumbling over the boulders once more. We were feeling much better as we strode down the slab to the Chasm Lake Shelter, but the Ranger who had come up to rescue us felt even better. With a few words on his Walkie-Talkie he was off down the trail.

Our gear was still inside the hut. As we struggled through the mass of sleepy occupants we came to the conclusion that these poor souls had experienced the pure joys of mountaineering even more than we.

The Summer's adventures were to continue at Maroon Lake

(Near Aspen), on Capitol Peak, and in the Arches Monument. It rained miserably in all of these places. So in the end we had all of the advantages of a trip to the Canadian Rockies without ever leaving home.

R.J.A.

TRIP REPORTS

Harpers Ferry, Maryland November 17, 1963

As Thomas Jefferson so eloquently put it in Notes on the State of Virginia ... "the passage of the Potowmac through the Blue Ridge is perhaps one of the most stupendous scenes in nature."

The climbers who came out to Harpers Ferry this bright Fall day could not have helped but agree whole heartedly with Tom. The weather made it seem more like August than November, and the air was so clear the view from the rocks was breathtaking.

The following people were in attendance:

Ed Worrell	Barry Bielsker
Ed Goodman	Pat Wiley
Dave, Jannie, Robbie Horwitz	Chris Buckingham
Penny Cromwell	George Livingstone
Jim Walsh	Joe Faint
Gary Arnet	Dana Allen
Marv Anderson	Bob, Kate, Bobby Adams
Dave Warshawsky	

Chris and George, anxious to assault the rocks, left Howard Johnson's early. When the rest of us arrived at Harpers Ferry, we were greeted with the echoing ping of hammer hitting piton. Chris and George were high overhead. I had a wee bit of trouble finding my way out to Harpers Ferry. As a matter of fact, had I not stopped to ask a resident for directions I would probably still be driving around Maryland side roads. When I arrived at the scene, the climbers were engaged in their favorite pastime - talking. It appears that there was a difference of opinion as to which side of the river we should climb on. Finally, however, everybody agreed on the Maryland side.

When climbing began, Joe and Dana formed a party of two and were not seen again until 4 PM. Dave Warshawsky and Ed Worrell led a large group of beginners up a corner and the rest of the climbers formed parties for assaults on some more strenuous ascents. The fine weather brought out an amazing number of observers. I found that performing for an audience did all kinds of things for my ego!

Hard hats off to Jimmy Walsh who made a courageous attempt at a rather difficult climb. He just wouldn't take no for an answer and kept trying until he was just too worn out to try any longer. The next time he goes out there, I for one think he will make it.

I would like to express my gratitude to Ed Worrell for giving up the whole day of climbing in order to lead, belay and supervise the beginners, one of whom was a friend of mine.

Dinner at the Chatterbox near Frederick, Maryland, finished off a fine day of climbing

Barry Bielsker

Sugarloaf Mountain October 20, 1963

Adams Family	Ed Goodman	Bob Mole
Chris, Sally & Geordie Buckingham	Larry Griffin	Jon Olson
Sallie & Penny Cromwell	Don Hubbard	Susan Porter
Jackie Dupont	Pete Keller	Frank Sauber
Joe Faint	Harold Kramer	John Schelleng
Bill Faulhaber	Don Larson	Walt & Marlene Snyder and Family
Barbara Gerachis	Larry Lepley	Hugh Torer
	Lew Lewis	Ed Worrell
	Frank Mischov	

A fine Indian Summer day, a large group of climbers, many spectators, and Sugarloaf - a combination which brings forth ham and derring-do. Climbers grunt and groan louder, perspire more profusely, contort their faces, and even fall "harder."

There were waiting lines for the standard climbs; so, rather than wait, many tried the less frequented ones. Larry Griffin and Pete Keller found a large block next to the trail more attractive - offered closer contact with the spectators. Bobby Adams, Ed Goodman and Joe Faint worked on a very challenging balance climb. After Ed conquered it, he didn't offer much friendly advice to Bobby, who prevailed nevertheless.

Most spectators were content to watch from the trail, but not one young dizzy blond. "Why?" she asked, "What's so hard about it?" Someone tied her in and started her up the cliff. Shortly there were hysterical screams from a ledge, "I won't go up and I won't go down." She came down only slightly subdued after considerable hilarity.

Nearly everyone found a climb to suit his talents and had a fine time. Afterwards some went to Marrocco's for dinner.

G.T.L.

LIST OF SUBSCRIBERS

We expect to print a list of UP ROPE subscribers soon. If you have a new address or phone number, please drop us a card.

Do you know the purpose of roping together ? --- To keep the sensible ones from going home ! (From the Idaho Alpine Club News)

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