



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

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

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JUNE 1964

COMING EVENTS

- June 7 Carderock, Maryland
- June 13-14 Hermitage, Pennsylvania. Call Bob Adams, CH8 4523, for reservations.
- June 21 Echo Cliffs, Virginia
- June 28 Experienced climbers only. Destination to be announced at HOJO's.
- July 3-5 Seneca Rock, West Virginia. Beginner's trip. Must be able to belay.

NOTE: The PATC Mountaineering Section meets every Sunday at the Howard Johnson's at Wisconsin and Western between 8:00 and 8:30 AM. Newcomers are welcome. Bring rain gear, snakers or other climbing shoes, lunch and canteen. Late arrivals should check the note behind the SE drain pipe to be sure of the destination.

Bull Run Mountains, Virginia - April 26, 1964

Don Hubbard (HOJO's)
Chris Buckingham
George Livingstone
Dana Allen
Bill Donahue
Dave Warshawsky
Kelly Kelliher (HOJO's)
Jean McBee (HOJO's)
3 Eddys
Adamses

Ted Bielefeldt
Mark Carpenter
Ray Hair
Ben Barker
Fausto Cantu
Zvi Golod
Don & Joan Templeton
Anthony Harp
Andri di Schutter
Walt, Marlene Snyder & Family

With Chris setting a blazing pace (no one knew his huge kelly was empty-- IF ONLY WE HAD KNOWN!), the van of our group quickly covered the 3 miles from the old mill to the rocks where Larry and Sally were found already climbing. They had arrived Saturday and camped overnight.

Soon the main party arrived and, after catching their wind, everyone started climbing. Some of us joined the Griffins who were climbing on a less frequented part of the rocks where there were a "made to order" chimney, a bucket face, and a couple awesome overhangs. Of course the overhangs proved irresistible to several nuts who met with little success but had many "swinging" falls. Kate did a fine job on a route between one overhang and the bucket face. Nearly everyone, including all three Eddys were seen climbing the climbing.

Later Mark climbed the Bull Run Overhang, and Tal, in trying to duplicate, struggled up only to fall just short of the top - better luck next time! Charley Daniel's crack yielded to Bob, Bobby, Chuck, Chris and George.

On the return hike- Hi! Ray Hair. Late, lost or? - two intrepid individuals, disregarding the bridge, attempted to jump across the stream only to plunge into it. (Why was Chuck drying socks on the way to D. C. ? Chris said something about a change of clothes next trip.)

The hungry ones went to Triestes for dinner and discussion.

A Word From England

While climbing at Carderock with the Club, I noticed that the manner in which the meet was conducted was different to what I would expect to find in England.

The rock here was surrounded with trees which makes it easy to loop the rope round a tree at the top of the cliff and to belay at the bottom. This is not usually convenient to do on most British crags for they are usually above the tree line and belays are scarcer. Thus, even on the shortest cliffs, we have to belay at the top which has the disadvantages that one can't see the climber and that, if he does come off, his weight comes fully onto the belayer and it is not particularly comfortable to hold him.

I noticed that you were safety conscious perhaps to the extreme in such things as testing the rope each time before climbing. It makes sense when testing the knots in the cling &c. for the first time but, after I had seen a couple of people rappel down the rope, I would have accepted the rope as being secure. Again, where the rope simply went round a large tree, I would just assume that the tree would not come out by the roots, as I would think that the saving in time and bother is worth the minimal increase in risk involved by not testing.

Perhaps as an extension of this safety idea, I noticed that no one (save Bob Adams who led Beginners' Crack) led any climbs at all. We generally consider it good practice to lead these small climbs when one is feeling up to it as good preparation for leading harder climbs on the larger cliffs.

We also have the attitude that even on these small practice cliffs one should not climb anything which one does not have a good chance of climbing, for it does not do anyone any good to climb well above his standard. This is also influence I am sure, by the fact that it is not nearly so nice to come off if you cannot see

and often cannot speak to your belayer, which is usually the case if one has to belay at the top of the cliff, so people are not willing to climb something they may come off on. (I noticed myself while climbing at Carderock that I would not mind coming off too much when I could see my belayer holding the rope and when I could warn him on any occasion I felt I might come off.)

Jim Linsey

-Editorial-

It is always a pleasure to meet climbers from other parts of the U.S. and overseas. The conversation always seems to revolve around who's who in climbing, new techniques, popular climbing areas, and at least some boasting. The real value of these conversations is the chance it gives us to see ourselves as others see us. Jim Linsey's article in this issue gives us a rare chance to look ourselves over.

Are we safe to the extreme that we stifle the true spirit of mountaineering? I really don't know, but if we must go one way, then I'd rather be too safe than have someone's misfortune my blame. Or can we live with a double standard? Is it right for someone of lesser ability to say that Bob Adams shouldn't climb Beginner's Crack unroped? If Bob can't climb B.C. unroped, then what right has he to lead anything? Is static climbing the end in itself? I hope not. There is some merit to the reasoning that climbing unroped sets a bad example for beginners. But then again, what kind of people is our organization attracting?

Our present officers are in the process of trying to make those changes that WE deem necessary to make ours the kind of organization that we all can be even more proud of. We need a great deal of help. We have a new constitution to write, by-laws to write, and other jobs just waiting your own particular talents. Let's all pitch in and do our own little bit.

Ed Goodman, Editor

Great Falls, Maryland

May 24, 1964

Don Hubbard (HOJO's)
Kelly Kelliher (HOJO's)
Bob, Kate & Boby Adams
Larry & Sallie Griffin
Chris Buckingham
George Livingstone
Dave Warshawsky
John Schelleng
Tal Bielefeldt
Mark Carpenter
Bob Woolley
Ed Goodman
Anthony Harp
Don Larson

Bill Wallace
Harold, George & Charles
Kramer
Cindy Dudley
Don & Joan Templeton
Phil, Bob & Jimmy Eddy
Ray Hair
Buck Trawicky
Pete Tovrin
Barry Bielsker
Carol Scott
George Rawlins
Therese Lepine

Sunday morning under rain-filled skies, the optimistic members of the PATC-MS gathered at HOJO's for "breakfast" and consultation, and "we're Off !!" Eagerly the VW motors roared and the American cars sputtered down River Road to Potomac, "turn left at the light and on to Great Falls!" The parking lot was empty, so we found ample space. Doors burst open; ropes, dog, packs, people fell out, quickly organized themselves and set off down the canal, well equipped. Beyond the fence the trail cut into the woods and led to the cliff faces that

line the river. Here is where Bob, Bobby & Larry, with help, rigged the "Purple Face", "the barefoot slide", and "the Bulge" climbs, while on the other side of the old rock-filled river channel Chris and company set up the "Block Buster" with its "offbounds" triangle and the Red Overhang - (did anyone happen to see Ed G. come off that one ? Chris did !)

Soon climbers dotted the faces - climbing, falling, climbing again. All the while Penny stood in her pond barking for stones to be thrown her way. Bobby made his first ascent of the day in naked feet, while Kate sweated it up the "Purple Face." Soon Larry was trying a new route. Others were to follow, not all so completely successful. Chris played on a nasty overhang, while Sallie froze - in 90-degree weather ! George Livingstone wandered in with his book to check everyone in, and stragglers who like to sleep late on Sunday morning joined us periodically throughout the morning.

On the "Bulges" Phil Eddy blazed the way over a couple of nasty overhangs to an easy finish, followed by Cindy. Phil tried another way up the "Narrow Notch." Interest increased in this quarter as the "Hop, Skip and a Jump" was set up, where Harold Kramer, Bob Adams, etc. "played."

Meanwhile, on the other side of the river the yells of defeated or triumphant climbers rang in the ears of the envious or gleeful observers and challengers, as one by one the members of the more advanced group tried the two meanest, yet shortest climbs rigged.

Many of the most competent climbers found sweating hands a hazard as the humidity increased, the sun came out, and the temperature rose. Climbers encased in baggy pants, long-sleeved shirts, hats of varying descriptions, including Dave's woolen watch cap, sweated and dripped, slipped and in some cases even cursed their way up their climbs. Time dragged slowly toward the zenith hour, and other interests began to growl. Cooling-off hikes were made to the main channel of the river; some fished and hunted for turtles; others just sacked out during the lunch hour. There were still die-hards keeping hungry belayers busy on the ropes as they made that "last climb before lunch" so everyone else could watch. (Competitive climbers can wear a hungry belayer to distraction !)

Out of steaming packs came steaming sandwiches, hot canteens of water, and one large-sized Hershey milk chocolate (syrup) bar. Gasping, sweating, melting, the climbers sat among the river-bed rocks or under tiny trees or in the shade of the river cliffs. Shirts were shed in the male cases, and peanut butter and jelly sandwiches devoured along with Kate's chocolate cake.

Without warning, a climber stood upon his lunch rock and taking his pen-knife in hand, stated flatly, "I'm going swimming," and cut his pants legs away. His example set, the climbers began to follow one after another and then in groups to the edge of the Potomac River. Disrobing as far as the public eye would allow, the climbers slipped in among the rocks and slime to the cooling wetness of the river. Here all kinds of people lost their pants. Some swam, others just soaked, and one "old man" played - what else but "king on the mountain" - submerged, that is ! The brave or clothed ones stood to claim their kingdom. The more modest or less modestly clothed stayed submerged when claiming their kingdom.

After everyone had had a good dip and many kings had risen and fallen off their throne, the climbers returned to their natural habitat upon dry rocks to dry off and contemplate new climbs. They joined the more hardy and hot (at this point) who had continued to climb. Some of us joined the group who had moved down stream. There the Griffins and George L. had rigged a nice bunch of climbs.

"The Delicate Lay-Back", "The Great Traverse", "The Zig-Zag" kept Chris Straining, Ed, George, Larry, Bobby, Sally, and Bob (hope I haven't left anyone out) happy and Ray still trying. "The Big Crack" put Sally on top of Poison Ivy Ridge, also Bob, George and Larry. Kate and Cindy never got the touch of the ivy, up that climb, anyway.

The long lasting climbers finally took their well earned dip. Kate can tell you about her bravery. How was it, Kate? They returned to climb again and hold off "Tuohey Time" for a "couple of more hours yet." However, "Tuohey Time" was called countless times by others, as the tired, hot, and somewhat defeated climbers began to drift to their cars upon the ridge. The last to leave were in time for the third course at Tuohey's. A "cheap" slide show, compliments of Bob Adams, gave the eaters a glimpse of better days in better climbing weather. Home to showers and baths and big plans for the next trip- see you there!

Cindy D.

Wolf Rock, Thurmont, Md. May 10, 1964

Don Hubbard (HOJO's)
Chris Buckingham
George Livingstone
Bana Allen
Bill Warshawsky
Kelly Kelliher (HOJO's)
Jean McBee (HOJO's)
3 Eddeys
3 Adamses

Tal Bielefeldt
Mark Carpenter
Ray Hair
Ben Barker
Fausto Cantù
Zvi Golod
Don & Joan Templeton
Anthony Harp
Andri di Schutter
4 Synders

Sunday morning at HOJO's. Something wild!"

"Let's go! What are we waiting for?"

"C'mon, its already quarter to nine."

"Who's waiting? I'm ready!"

"Waitress! --- Waitress! --- Waitress! --- My check, please!"

"Will you please move/ You people are making it impossible for the waitress to get through."

"Wolf Rock? Where's that?"

"Phooey! I'm GOING!! The Heck with you all !!!

There was a fine turn out of climbers for this trip--- virtually , almost too many for the number of climbs. The Wolf was virtually pounded into insensibility by the klettersshues, boots, tennis shoes and bare feet that ascended his head from all quarters.

Late in the afternoon, the weary, sun-burned, gnat-bitten climbers retreated, leaving the Wolf alone to lick his wounds and regain his dignity. May he rest in peace and be spared for many moons from such injustices.

Let it be known that the freest attraction of Wolf Rock isn't at Wolf Rock. It's in Thurmont and is called the Cozy Inn--- they sure do serve a fine meal (family style) (Free plug. Please send a copy to Cozy Inn).

George Livingstone

News of the Month:

Before our chairman departed for Australia, he made "23 steps forward" on the new home for "Oscar" Alice Lane will return

Alice Lane will return to Washington the latter part of June. She has some interesting news to tell us about her experiences with the law in San Francisco.

Joe Faint said "farewell" to us on the Memorial Day weekend at Seneca, West Va.

He has become a roaming mountaineer.

Changes of Address

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Letters to the Editor

Dear sir:

Please cancel my subscription to Up Rope. I have been paying a dollar a year for your crummy sheet for three years now, hoping against hope that something worthwhile would appear, but to no avail. Nothing but endless descriptions of climbing expeditions by some group of morons. Who cares that so-and-so fell off Spider Walk, whatever that is?

What we want to hear about is bunny girls and bathing beauties. Do you ever have a girl of the month? Indeed not! The nearest you come is a picture of some kind of ridiculous outdoor stove.

The magazines in my dentist's office are better than what you put out.
Drop dead!

Herman T. Zilch

Editor's Reply

Why should we advertise our girls? We would just have to share them with bums like you!

-Ed.

Up Rope Staff

Editor: Ed Goodman
Business Manager: Hardy Hargreaves
Typists: Cindy Dudley & Bob Adams
Printer's Devils: Pete Stoller, Robin Faith, Kate Adams

Subscription

The low price of \$1.00 sent to Hardy Hargreaves at the Clubhouse (1916 Sunderland Place N.W., Washington 6, D.C.) entitles you to twelve glorious issues of this informative paper.