



FOUNDED BY
JAN AND HERB CONN

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

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

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October 1964

COMING EVENTS

- October 4 - Carderock, Md. - Trip Leader, Harold Kramer
- October 10-11- Old Rag, Va. - Trip Leader, Chuck Wettling
(RE 6-1344), Individual Commissary
- October 18 - Great Falls, Md. - Trip Leader, Ed Goodman
- October 24-25- Seneca Rocks, W. Va. - Trip Leader, Joe Nolte
(MA 2-0912), Individual Commissary; camping
at pavillion. All those intending to
participate please call Joe
- November 1 - Carderock, Md.
- November 7-8 - Wolf Gap, Va.
- November 15 - Stoney Man, Va.

Sunday meeting place is Howard Johnson's restaurant, Wisconsin and Western Avenues. Climbers leave for the rocks at 8:30 a.m., so come earlier if you want breakfast there. Climbing lasts all day, and groups of climbers sometimes stop for supper on the way home.

Any interested person, whether P.A.T.C. member or not, is invited to join in the Section's activities. If you are completely new to climbing you are invited to learn to climb and belay capably and enjoyably, or, if you already know a kletterschuh from a chimney, you are invited to enjoy using and improving your current climbing skills in the company of like-minded people. Bring lunch and suitable clothing to climb in.

Nearby trips are scheduled most Sundays and advance sign-ups are unnecessary. Weekend trips are planned about once a month to more distant climbing areas where more opportunity exists for continuous climbing.

A Note on the Aesthetic Appreciation of the Copperhead

I have recently had the great fortune to closely observe choice specimens of the copperhead snake (*Agkistrodon Mokasen*) in their natural habitat--along the rocky top of the Carderock cliffs. I am prepared to state unequivocally that the mellow golden brown body, ringed with prominent bands of a blending darker hue, and the arrow-shaped head on its gracefully tapered neck are enough to stimulate aesthetic sensibilities of the most callously sophisticated artist. Bright sunlight, reflected from a broad copper colored head, was particularly effective. This is why Danny's reaction is so hard for me to understand.

Here is the scene: I wanted pictures of Pete climbing one of Sterling's Twin Cracks, the up-river one. It was a beautifully bright but still comfortable Saturday--I had just struggled up the same corner and was taken with its photogenic possibilities. With only a touch of maliciousness I asked Pete to do the climb. Danny could provide a solid overhead belay for him while Rod did likewise for me and my camera on the easier adjacent face.

I will refrain from lengthening this note by quoting Pete's remarks on the climb--suffice it by saying that he did finally complete it in spite of caustic rejoinders to my well-intentioned suggestions. But I digress--.

Pete was perhaps fifteen feet up when there was a soft call--"Pete, are you in a secure position--" Pete and I both answered, "No!", he with more feeling than I. Now we all know that's no way for a belayer to talk, a belayer comfortably seated in security while his climber is balanced precariously on toes and fingertips! Soon we heard more--"is it coming toward you?" in first voice, "yes, --ask Pete to find a secure spot"; still softly, though on reflection, with perhaps a note of urgency.

Well, obviously neither Pete nor I were in a position to argue with the unseen truant belayer. Pete found a convenient ledge, the rope went slack, and we heard rustling, moving sounds from above.

After a few minutes of this mystery, the rope tightened and Pete went back on the climb while I encouraged him to strike proper poses for my camera; strange--he didn't seem to pay much attention. We reached the top rim together.

Danny, in changed belay stance, hurriedly rose and pointing toward his previous position said "there's a snake under the leaves." It took a moment's study, but sure enough, almost camouflaged under the light brown leaves of a broken tree branch there was a smooth pattern of broad vertical stripes on a round hose about the size of a silver half dollar.

To humor Danny, Pete and I quickly joined him at a conservative distance, while Rod calmly coiled a belay rope--even farther away.

Following some discussion and a bit more outbound shuffling, Danny tossed a pebble toward the leaves; no result. More pebbles produced slight movement and a curious flat head appeared to stare at us.

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while numberless followers were occasionally dancing below to the call of the careless climber--"ROCK!"

Aside from some bumps and bruises of the genre that tend to keep the devoted diligent, the climbing of the day was rather uneventful. Perhaps this was not the case for a group of sightseers who strolled through in the late afternoon. Their leader, Park Ranger Smith, utilized his climbing experience (acquired as a member of the Sierra Club) to give his inquisitive group a lecture on the sport in which we were engaged. Ironically, instead of putting his weary wanderers to sleep, his explanations awakened two or three of our group who had been sleeping soundly in the grass nearby.

Toward the end of the day, the mist that had been swirling over the mountain and through the valley turned into a shower that sent us scampering for rain gear. No one remembers to bring the soap, and nobody felt much like singing, so we packed our equipment and headed down to the parking area.

The journey back to Washington was every bit as eventful as our earlier escapades. Most of the group was slowed down by three accidents that occurred along the return route. Fortunately, none of our group was immediately involved, and none of the accidents appeared to have been really serious. After dinner in Warrenton, the group was detained by a lengthy traffic jam near Centreville, Virginia. The latter delay gave many of us the opportunity to revise our appraisals of the highway departments that decorate our high-speed thoroughfares with historical markers. For once we found that we had a sporting chance to digest the microscopic print as we shizzed past several of the markers at 5 miles per hour. Some experts say that we need rapid public transportation, and other say we need efficient expressways: what we really need are more historical markers! Judging from some of the current political positions--this is exactly what a few candidates have in mind.-----Al Klov Dahl

NOTE: On this trip Sally Griffin caught Larry's leader fall. It is most gratifying to see the system in which we put so much faith so expertly executed. Larry was scratched and bruised a little but otherwise ok.

NOTE: The cavers of the weekend report that Roger Belmont Cave near Front Royal, Virginia, has been closed by the owners.

LETTER TO UP ROPE

I would like to suggest that a trip be set up, perhaps a Caderock trip, specifically to teach, demonstrate and practice rescue techniques. I have been climbing with the club for about 18 months and have been second and third man on lead climbs many times, but if I had to recover myself or another climber in a situation where lowering or being lowered was not the solution, I would have to improvise entirely. I am sure that there are techniques to be learned that would benefit all new climbers. I have heard stories of at least two instances where a second man fell at Seneca and could be rescued only because the third man could pull him to safety. If the third man had fallen, the results might have been more serious. I think this adequately demonstrates the need for practice in rescue techniques.---Barry Bielsker

It isn't yet quite clear why fully developed 160 pounders (averaged out) should stare back in apologetic embarrassment. Anyway, the hose unwound for about three feet, and proceeded calmly to slither into a nearby rock crack from whence we were kept under quiet surveillance. Certainly there were no aggressive intentions here.

To show that we understood this, we edged closer for a better look. The thing was not only unaggressive, but almost dull in its quiet retiring nature. I lost interest, glanced around, down, there, almost at my feet was another pattern of golden bands, lying like a neatly coiled short piece of over-size goldline in a smooth spot between two upright flakes of rock, a bright copper arrow above the coil and a tapered tail trailing off in another direction. Perhaps I should remark that these aesthetic observations were not made on the spur of the moment, so to speak.

Well, now you can see why I cannot understand Danny's reaction. Clearly such mild creatures are to be admired for their beauty. They had no poisonous designs on Danny, but were only seeking companionship and the warmth of a benevolent sun. Why he should even temporarily forsake his belay trust under such conditions is quite beyond me.-----MWO

LITTLE STONEY MAN CLIFFS - August 29-30, 1964

Larry & Sally Griffin

4 - Eddys

Merv Oleson

4 - Bielefeldts

Ed Goodman

Syvone Eason

George Livingstone

Helena Clarke

Dave Burdette

Marjorie Coffee & Son

Joe Nolte

Barry Bielsker

Maggie Teel

Pinky Wheatley

Chris Buckingham

Bret Blosser

Tony Harp & Roomate

John Gyer (from Philadelphia area)

Al Klov Dahl

"EVERYTHING BUT THE SOAP"

Little Stoney Man was the target for this weekend, but it was noon Sunday by the time most of the climbers had arrived at the bull's eye and had begun to ascend the mist-enshrouded cliffs.

The few people who had arrived the day before--Saturday--had postponed their assault of the crags and had devoted the day to other endeavors. Trip leader Nolte led a group of Spartan spelunkers--Maggie, Pinky, and Barry--through Hensely Cave; and Dave Burdette along with Margy Coffee and her son, John, among others, spent the day hiking in the Stoney Man area.

On Sunday, the first climbers to arrive from Ho-Jo's found a number of teams already advancing up the cliffs. Larry and Sally Griffin were assiduously ascending one of the many "two-pitch" climbs in the area, and nearby, the Spartans of Saturday, who had been remeta-morphosized into rock climbers, were busy milling around at the base of the rocks while their leader--Nolte--was calmly completing the climb above. Before anyone could utter the phrase "population explosion," numerous leaders were slowly advancing above, while

OLD RAG MOUNTAIN - September 19-20, 1964

Karl Edler - Talbot Bielefeldt - Mark Carpenter - Harold Kramer

The Gods of the Mountain were angry with the faithlessness of the Mountaineering section to Old Rag. They turned their spiteful wrath on the few stalwart representatives who showed up.

Mark and I got to Byrd's Nest 1 on Saturday morning after spending Friday night at the Old Rag shelter. We went to the rocks looking for an easy practice climb to pass the time. I rapelled, followed by Mark up (or down, as the case may be) a dead end street. We had to rope up and climb out again up a shallow chimney on the rapell line.

Discouraged, we returned to the Byrd's Nest where we found Karl spreading mayonnaise on rye. By this time, clouds were coming down on the mountain. Before Karl had his sandwich together, I was starting down to get water from the only spring that was still running and Mark, the first defector, was leaving.

I came back in a driving rain to find Karl off on a walk. While I grappled frantically with my Optimus, Harold walked in, followed by two parties of non-climbers. Toward five o'clock Harold and I became worried and set off to rescue Karl, but the victim didn't hang around long enough. Karl rescued himself to his V.W. Meanwhile, Harold and I traversed half the mountain looking for him before returning to Byrd's Nest.

That night the fog became so thick that it was folly to go 30 feet outside. The light from the shelter couldn't penetrate that far. Next morning, in view of the fine weather (fog and rain) and having lost all faith in our fellow man, we stole back to Tuohey's in defeat.-----T.P.B.

BULLETIN

An article in the Washington Star, dated September 7, 1964, told of the accidental death in Nepal of Peace Corps volunteer, Bruce Mackin. Bruce was with the Peace Corps group who joined us at Carderock for two weekends last March; according to our UP ROPE account, he was the one who climbed Spider Walk on the first try. Bruce was killed by a 30-foot fall into a river near Katmandu when caught at night with no light.

ANNOUNCEMENT: As a service to its subscribers, UP ROPE will conduct a free "Want Ad" department where readers can make known their desires to buy, sell or exchange. Address communications to the Editor of UP ROPE at PATC Headquarters.

SALLY GRIFFIN HAS CONQUERED "SPIDER WALK"! Great going Sally.

Gerry Fiberglass contour Pack Fram complete with Bag. Call Chuck Wettling at RE 6-1344.

SENECA, WEST VIRGINIA -- Labor Day Weekend, 1964

Chris & Sally Buckingham
Bob & Sue Broughton
Phil, Bobby & Jimmy Eddy
Larry & Sally Griffin
John Valentini
George Livingston
Helena Clarke
Pete Tourin
Tal Bielefeldt
Al Klov Dahl
Hal Swift
Merv Oleson
Arnold Wexler
Ted Shad
Renee ?

Paul & Jo Brodt
Ed & Blondie Worrell
Bret Blosser
Ed Goodman
Sylvone Eason
Maggie Teel
Pinky Wheatley
Joe Nolte
Ray Hair
Anthony Harp
Marjorie Coffee
Dave Burdett
Dave Warshawsky
Carl & Barbara Edler
? and June Feder

The weather at Seneca for the 3-day Labor Day weekend was just perfect, and did West Virginia proud.

Most of the group arrived sometime Friday night at the camp grounds, but latecomers continued to straggle in on Saturday. Unfortunately, one climber, Ed Goodman, was disabled Saturday morning before he ever got on the rocks and had to go back to Washington. (Glad to hear you're ok now, Ed) Saturday proved to be a warm-up session on the rocks, with some of the leaders doing the more "interesting" climbs. Others "warmed up" on horseback or "cooled off" in the swimming hole.

The Riverton dinner Saturday night was well attended as usual, and many old and familiar faces were noted and welcomed. Some of the hardier types moved on to Harmon to measure their prowess against that of the natives after dinner; others went back to the pavillion to trade tales and discuss the day's activities. (The writer understands that the Pavillion was a bit noisy Saturday night for sleeping purposes, but must admit from personal experience that Yokum's Motel was pleasantly quiet.)

Sunday everyone was a bit more organized (although we didn't get on the rocks any earlier) and all who wanted to were able to climb. After participating in one morning climb, Dave Burdett bade the group good-bye as he was leaving for California. We'll be looking forward to a return visit soon.

All those on the rocks Sunday afternoon were serenaded periodically by an evangelical-type meeting being held at the pavillion. Descent from the rocks came fairly late in the day, and it was even later by the time all had cooled off in the swimming hole. Result: a surprising number of climbers appeared at Hedrick's 4-U Restaurant to eat supper that night!

Monday was a good day to take it easy so only a few of the most ardent enthusiasts attempted anything very "hairy"; the rest of us did some "scrambling" on the easier climbs and enjoyed the West Virginia countryside. We were all sorry to hear that a Pennsylvania climber injured his leg on the rocks and had to be taken to the hospital. All in all though, it was a most pleasant weekend and a plus mark in the annals of Seneca trips.-----Pinky Wheatley

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UP ROPE exchanges publications with many other mountaineering organizations. These will be listed in a future UP ROPE and made available upon request.

-----ED GOODMAN, EDITOR