



FOUNDED BY
JAN AND HERB CONN

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

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COMING EVENTS

January 17

Thurmont, Maryland

January 24

Buzzard Rocks, Virginia

January 29

Annual Meeting (Elections)

January 31

Open - Destination to be decided
at Howard Johnson's

February 7

Carderock, Maryland

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 kletter-schuh 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.

UP ROPE is sad to announce that P.A.T.C. President Grant Conway was stricken with a heart attack the day after Christmas and is now in the hospital.

Old Rag Mt., Revisited 10/10-11/1964

Phil & Robert Eddy
Kate & Bobby Adams
Fenny Adams
Chuck Whetling
Harold Kramer

Mark Carpenter
Ed Goodman
Talbot Bielefeldt
Mike Nicholson
Joan Nicholson

In contrast to the last expedition to Old Rag, this one produced a small but adequate number of mountaineers.

We arrived about 10:00 Friday night and set off up the trail to the shelter. Chuck, Mark and Harold had preceded up and were up ahead. Bobby, being the only one who could navigate the route in the dark, led the way. I followed the sound of his equipment belt, while Ed followed me. Kate Adams stooped so low as to use a flashlight, and as time passed, Ed and I gradually dropped back into the bright circle in the middle of the darkness. Occasionally, Bobby would stop or go around a corner in which case we would crash into him or go straight and wander off into the woods. Mark, standing alone toward midnight in Byrd's Nest #1, was gently bowled over by a furry steam roller with a tail, announcing our imminent arrival.

Next morning we awoke into a cold day with clear sky and worthless sun. We went over the top to the spring on the other side where we were told by a sorrowful party that it wasn't running. We investigated for ourselves and inadvertently discovered the secret of the spring, which I may not disclose here. One clue: be clumsy.

Bobby led the way to the climbs and pointed out a "nice" one for Ed and Mark to do. Bobby and I did two pitches of jam cracks to warm up. Finding no piton cracks, we dispersed with the process of belaying all together. At the top, Ed suggested that the next nice climb be done, but Bobby suggested he should demonstrate first. Our warm up was somewhat the opposite, so we set up a practice climb for some non-climbers we met then scurried back to the fireplace in Byrd's Nest. Mark wanted to do another climb and asked what had we come here for anyway. We moved a little closer to the fire and told him.

The Nicholson's broke up our reverie and Mike led us to the spring to get more water. We met Chuck, Harold, and Kate coming down. They told us nothing more definite than that they had done a lot of small stuff in the Reflector Coven. We thought of telling the dehydrated Boy Scouts and AU students (nearly 200 of them) our patent process for getting water, but decided to keep the secret in the club.

That night we sat around the fire and shot the breeze. Ed wanted to sing bawdy songs, but had to be content with a discussion on skiing. Two Navy fliers came in that night with a jug of cider (hard). To think I used to root for Army.

Sunday wasn't as cold (probably because there was some cider left) and people were a little more adventurous. Bobby led the Hollywood Traverse. By the

time I did the second pitch, he froze solid and nearly took an escape route. We relaxed after the climb by heckling Chuck as he led the escape route. The Eddy's, Harold, and Kate followed undaunted. Kate and Ed worked out a very efficient artificial aid technique that bears looking into.

Mark and Ed pioneered a climb they dubbed CHICKENSLICK and invited us to try it. To keep Bobby from freezing, I gave him half a dozen falls so that he could have some action.

We finished the day by racing back to pack and get down to the cars and to Warrenton to eat so that we wouldn't miss our favorite traffic jam on Route 66. TFB

FOUR DAYS OF GUNKS

Our traditional (2nd year now) Thanksgiving Day weekend began in a frantic state Wednesday evening following a minor car accident on my way home from work and later amid hordes of vacationers all travelling the same highway and going the same direction as ourselves. We spent the evening in a motel on the north side of Baltimore with a promise to arise early and lead the traffic north.

That early start naturally didn't materialize and we arrived in New Faltz, New York - that delightful little village near the climbing area around 2 pm. Following a leisurely beer, we found a campsite and pitched our tent amid northern birch and hemlock near the granite ridge.

With an hour and a half of daylight remaining, I suggested a modest climb. Being a past master of overestimation, I picked one which, as usual, was more than we had bargained for. Its terribly unromantic name of CHCK-STONE is derived evidently from a large boulder at its base. The first pitch is basically an easy face climb with two small overhands, the upper of which we found most awkward and uncompromising. Once beyond this obstacle, climbing was again enjoyable as was the second pitch. We clamored over the top with just barely sufficient light to find our way down via the path.

Evening found us supping at a German brauhaus near the foot of the ridge along with numerous other climbers. The unusually good November weather had brought out quite a few of them.

Friday dawn broke clear and chilly but not really cold. Two routes yielded to our advances - the SCUTH PILLAR and another which we have not found the name of - both of which were enjoyable. At the tope of the very long first pitch of this unnamed route we came upon a broad ledge which could be followed for hundreds of yards, perhaps further, in either direction without even roping up.

Saturday, though gloomily overcast, proved to be the highlight of our trip. We completed two more very pleasant routes - EASY OVERHANGS and BETTY, Sallie in the lead on Betty.

While preparing for BETTY we were privileged to watch an unbelievable spectacle of high-angle climbing performed by climbers whose names most of us know. There, under a series of roofs and ceilings of such proportion

that one couldn't begin to describe them, were Jim McCarthy, Layton Kor, and Art Gran. A few moments later Sam S_____ (whose last name I've unforgivably forgotten) otherwise known as the Connecticut Wonder, joined the threesome. Their route, named MATINEE was recently first done by Yvon Chouinard using direct aid but since climbed free by Jim McCarthy. Rated as 5.10, which is so borderline between free and direct aid, only the Gods would consider it free. So we watched the Gods at work.

McCarthy led the first pitch, a super delicate traverse under a roof which finally narrowed to the point where a one-arm pull up put him in range of better holds. Up he went completing the move as a graceful overhanging layback. With laughter and jesting each of the others attempted to follow his lead, each peeling off in defeat. After several attempts, Kor reached the belay ledge without going onto the rope.

The second pitch was led by Kor. More formidable and unbelievable than the first, this involved a balance climb to an overhand negotiated initially by finger tip pinch holds then a long lunge to what appeared to be a rather good hold, and finally a layback of the severest type up to an expert's only balance climb to the belay ledge. More laughter and jesting followed as the others attempted to follow Kor. Only Sam could join Kor high above. The lunge to that good handhold appeared critical and only Sam rivaled Kor in what was termed the eighty-foot reach.

As other spectator climbers moved into enjoy the show, we met a fellow who had a copy of A Guide to Climbing in the Shawangunks by Art Gran. This little book, published in 1964 is comprehensive in every detail with its route descriptions and photos and is a real asset to any Gunk climber. Incidentally, it can be obtained from the American Alpine Club, 112 E. 90th Street, New York, New York for \$3.75.

Saturday evening the rains descended upon us and thus ended our climbing weekend, but our next trip to the fabulous Gunks is already being anticipated.

Larry Griffin

WELCOME BACK-----BARRY BISHOP

On Sunday, January 3, while we were making our monthly assault on the cliffs of Carderock, word spread around that Barry Bishop was with us. He is an old-time subscriber to UP ROPE and famous for being a member of the second American team to reach the top of Mt. Everest in May 1963. (See his account in the October issue of National Geographic Magazine). An unanticipated bivouac, by both teams which reached the top that memorable day, in sub-zero weather at a spot not too far down from the south summit, left Bishop and Unsouled with frost-bitten toes and fingers. As a result the former lost most or all of his toes, and has not been able to participate as he used to in such activities as hiking, climbing, and skiing.

(We recall the exciting evening a month ago when quite a bit of his now excess equipment was auctioned off at IATC Headquarters. At time the bidding was

quite spirited and on one occasion a persistent bidder had to be removed from competition by a hand over his mouth.)

Mr. Bishop remarked that this was the first time his feet had felt like climbing again. His plucky attempts on the start of Meanahan's Staircase were not successful (I have difficulty there myself) but he did not seem upset. Talking with him later I got the impression that here was a real adventurer who would never give up.

With Mr. Bishop was a colleague from the National Geographic Society, photographer and writer, Tom Abercrombie, who is also a recent subscriber to UP ROPE. A check with the index of the National Geographic Magazine revealed that he has contributed about two articles per year for the last seven years on subjects such as a descent with Jacques Piccard into the Mariana's Trench, a visit to the South Pole, and visits to Easter Island, Iran, Yemen, etc., etc. (I heard his movie-lecture on Yemen last fall at the National Geographic Society's Friday evening series in Constitution Hall. It was fascinating.)

I had a chance to chat with him while he was belaying Barry Bishop and found him a ready source of interesting anecdotes about his travels. Contacts like this with people who have actually lived adventures that most of us can only dream about was an unexpected bonus to a very pleasant day at Carderock.

-----Phil Eddy

ATTENTION ALL HANDS

Every Individual who desires to continue his association with this club will not leave any garbage or other trash in the climbing areas or on the way to and from these places. If you carry it in you can carry it out. This applies to everybody: men, women, and children.

All of us should remember that HoJo's is not obligated to provide us with a free meeting place. Often there has been too much loud talk, too many climbers milling around inside, and too many people occupying tables and purchasing only a cup of coffee or less. We have frequently remarked about the poor service received there but we have not always been the most desirable customers.

Also, since we always commandeer several tables when we stop at Tuohey's, we should always replace them when we leave.

If we wish to continue being welcome in our favorite climbing areas and restaurants, it is essential that we exercise good manners both indoors and outside.

-----Chuck Whettling

The Nominating Committee announces the following candidates:

CHAIRMAN: George Livingston VICE CHAIRMAN: Chris Buckingham
Nominations may also be made from the floor at the time of election.

Respectfully submitted,

Ed Goodman, Harold Kramer

ANNUAL MEETING AND ELECTION
OF OFFICERS

The Annual Meeting will be held at the home of Bob and Kate Adams on Tuesday, January 29th, 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 3 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 1/4 mile to house. From Virginia cross Wilson Bridge and turn onto Md. 210 at end of expressway. Call CH 8-4523 if lost.

NOTE:

Karl Eder says that the long awaited shipment of Chouinard carabiners has arrived.

NOTE:

Those of our readers who have not visited Moose Remington's Camp and Ski, Inc., recently, will be interested to know that he now features a stock of CMI chrome Moly pitons. They come in all sizes and shapes from crack tacks to big offset pitons. Prices range around \$1.20 to \$1.75 apiece - but after all these are all high grade steel, very tough, and very hard to withstand considerable use.

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The low price of \$1.50 sent to UF ROPE at the Clubhouse (1916 Sunderland Place, N. W., Washington 6, D. C.) entitles you to twelve glorious issues of this informative paper.