

FOUNDED BY  
JAN AND HERB CONN

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

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

Vol. XX No. 7

July 1965

### COMING EVENTS

- |              |   |
|--------------|---|
| July 3 - 5   | Seneca Rocks, West Virginia                   |
| July 7       | Business Meeting - Club House - 8:00 p.m.     |
| July 10 & 11 | Old Rag Mountain, Virginia                    |
| July 18      | Juliet's Balcony, Virginia (near Great Falls) |
| July 25      | Buzzard Rock, Virginia                        |
| August 1     | Carderock, Maryland                           |
| August 8     | Sugar Loaf, Maryland                          |

Sunday meeting place and point of departure is the north side of the Chevy Chase Center--the shopping center just north of Howard Johnson's on the east side of Wisconsin Avenue. Meet under the arcade between the Giant Food Store and Fanny Farmer Candy Store. Departure time--8:30 a.m. Note with day's destination will be left on right side of phone booth (652-9854) by entrance to Giant Foot Store. Climbing lasts all day, and groups of climbers usually stop for supper on the way home. Bring lunch and water and wear suitable clothing to climb in.

Any interested person, whether PATC 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.

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**NOTE:** The Explorers Club of Pittsburgh has published an excellent pamphlet describing the routes on Seneca Rocks. It was designed to fill the immediate needs of the Explorers Club climbers but I think UP ROPE readers will find it very useful and it may be seen by contacting your Editor. I will try to obtain copies for everybody.

-----Editor

Caudy's Castle, May 9, 1965

Frank Thompson	Margie Shaw (Pittsburg)	Sid Grossfield
Bobby Eddy	Dave Ervin	Jean Rook
George Livingstone	Don Stemper	Charlie Rook
Helena Clarke	Bob & Sue Broughton	Dave Elkin
Bob Adams & family	Sally & Larry Griffin	Lee Levitt
Ed Goodman	Jan Black	Craig Bumgarner
Dave & Joan Templeton	Grey Bennett	Bruce Hatchet
Tony Gray	Joe Nolte	Weaver Schwartz
Richard Hall	Robin Faith	Irma Ireland
Bob Lee	Larry Lepley	Bob West
Jack Leiman	Lucille Borgen	Bill Jarrett
Sue & Bob Grotten (Pittsburg)	Bob Williams	Don Hubbard (brkfst. only)
Phil Eddy (unable to make trip but showed up at HoJo's with typewritten directions)		

Had to rise and shine early for this sunlit trip. REWARD: All who persevered found a bright sun, glorious lichens, a shifty rattler or two (right Kate?), a barrier of thorns and the usual good fellowship.

When we arrived, several climbs had been or were in the process of being set up. Among these, there was a difficult face climb on the eastern side of the rocks, a left and right static chimney climb (full of birds' nests), a relapse climb, and several lead climbs---one of these was a 200 ft. "Terror" (Ed Goodman type!) The climbs were more hazardous than usual because of lichen-loose rocks. Chuck suggested that it would be a good idea to clean out the chimney's nests, loose rocks and such.

We were, in verisimilitude, informed that PATC would not be readily welcomed at Caudy's if we did not clean up (our?) debris. A number of climbers assisted in removing old beer cans, broken bottles, etc., which had been dumped near the parking area. The sun, so hot, caused many to head for a swim while others braved the heat for more climbing.

The day ended at Lee Jackson's with a multitude of discussions on climbing and a discourse on caving vs. climbing (vs. caving....). Bob Adams stated "Cavers are Climbers who flunk!" No fisticuffs resulted as climbers outnumbered cavers by a very small majority (15 to 1) and climbers are known to be an exceedingly tolerant lot.....!

-----Grey Bennett

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(The following article was translated from the German publication "Das Digestiv-mittel fürdes Leser")

MEINE UNVERGESSLICHSTE ERFAHRUNG  
(MY MOST UNFORGETTABLE EXPERIENCE)

Already since my two weeks visit to the United States, especially since publication of my notes concerning that visit, "Ein Luftbild des Amerikaners" (A Bird's-eye View of the Americans), many fellow countrymen have inquired about my experiences there. The common questions, such as "Is it really true about American women?", I do not feel impelled to answer. But, having been given this opportunity already by Das Digestiv-mittel, I wish to tell my readers of an experience in America I shall not long forget. An experience which resulted in the bestowal of an honor which, as a German gentleman of the old school, I cannot dwell too heavily upon.

My Most Unforgettable Experience cont'd.

To proceed already at the beginning, I was having a Schnaps one Saturday evening in a cafe in Washington, D.C., and was settling down to scan my notebook when my solitude was broken in upon by an apologetic American. As it turned out, he had approached me in the hope that he could discuss Germany with me. I, of course, asked him to join me and we were presently become old acquaintances. He soon grew bold enough to call attention to the cheek on which I bear my remembrance of student days at Heidelberg. I had just finished acquainting him of the Heidelberg duels when he suddenly gave me a searching glance and asked in a rather excited tone, "And to you bear the Bergbrand?" "The Bergbrand?" I questioned. "I am unfamiliar with this. What is it exactly?" "You have climbed in the Alps?" he asked. "Oh yes indeed." I replied. "Already in my youth I was deeply interested in mountaineering." "Hmm. And yet you have not heard of the Bergbrand." he muttered, his hand on his lips, a scornful look in his eyes. I could not ignore this challenge. I met his gaze in kind and in a calculated tone said, "You make much of this, this what do you call it, this Bergbrand. Please to enlighten me on it."

His explanation quickly changed my tone from scorn to excitement. I found I must earn the Bergbrand at any cost. I implored him in the name of our mutual love of the Alps to aid me in my desire. After gazing at me intently for a second or so he bade me allow him to make a few calls by telephone. On his return, he said, "You are in luck. The tests are taking place tomorrow. I cannot be with you, but my friends will see you safely through the ordeal." He then proceeded to instruct me in what I must do.

Following his instructions to the letter, I found myself the next morning, my spirits at the quick, at a set of cliffs along the Potomac River. These are called the Coeur-de-Rocks, an effeminate French name which does not give the proper feel for their massiveness. It was here I met the group of Americans who were to help me through the ordeal required to be undergone in the attainment of the Bergbrand.

The leaders of the group were a Herr Levenstein, a Herr Bock-and-Ham, and a Herr Gutmann. They were dressed, as I, in the clothing of mountaineering, shod in the Kletterschuhen, and were arrayed in ropes, carabiners, and pitons. Herr Bock-and-Ham was best arrayed, having yet enough equipment to do the Swiss Traverse from the Matterhorn to the Eiger. My fellow initiates were with these men and with them I drew to one side to await the trials.

The trials were to be carried out in a somewhat elliptically-shaped arena, enclosed between the cliffs and the river. At one end of the arena was a large tree, the Bergbrandtree, to which the contestant would be bound. Some thirty-two feet from this point, at the other end of the arena lay a large slab, the Bergbrandstein, to which a motor-driven winch would be bolted. Between the Bergbrandtree and the Bergbrandstein and roughly seven feet to one side was another hugh tree, called the Oscartree. To this tree would be attached the ceremonial totem, the Oscar, a huge cylindrical chunk of concrete encased in sheet metal. The object of the trials was simple. The Oscar would be lifted high in the Oscartree by the winch attached to the Bergbrandstein. A rope held by the initiate led over a point in the Oscartree and attached to the Oscar itself. When the Oscar was at a point twelve to thirty feet above this last point, it was released from the winch rope and the initiate then had to catch the Oscar as one would catch a leader fall in the week-kneed modern manner of mountain-climbing (Ach, when I was young a leader did not fall. If he did, he did not again climb.) This action was repeated four times, and on successful completion, at the end one had the Bergbrand.

My Most Unforgettable Experience cont'd.

The preparations were commenced. While Herr Bock-and-Ham rigged the roping in the Oscartree, Herren Lebenstein and Gutmann anchored the winch and motor to the Bergbrandstein. These things finished, the motor was set to emitting a demonic belch which rebounded off the rocks, filling the arena with a nerve shattering growl which made one's flesh crawl.

I was not to be one to shrink from the appointment. I confronted Herr Lebenstein. "May I have the honor of being the first?" I asked. "I guess so," he said. "Have you been checked out on the static belay?" "Please do not throw trifles in my path." I said. "I am climbing already in the Alps at nineteen. I am the Baron von Kunstgewerbe. An appointment was made for me last night, by telephone. A Herr Spieler!" He looked at me sharply and said, "Oh yes. Yes, I recall. Yes, you can go first. Tie into the tree there."

He said something to Herr Bock-and-Ham who smiled, doubtless in appreciation of my exuberance. Then he escorted me to the Bergbrandtree where some five feet of rope lay coiled. "Here, you can put this on." said Herr Gutmann, offering me a huge leather girdle. "No," I said, "I shall not require it." "Those clothes of yours don't offer much protection. Take this jacket." said Herr Bock-and-Ham, holding out a padded coat. "No thank you." I said. "I am prepared sufficiently." "You'll get quite a brand that way." said Herr Lebenstein. "Yes, Yes indeed." I said. "Do you think I bear this momento of Heidelberg because I shrink from an ordeal," I cried sharply, pointing to my cheek. "Come, let us proceed."

They exchanged glances, Lebenstein passed the rope around me and clipped me into a carabiner tied onto the Bergbrandtree. Leather gauntlets were placed on my hands. Lebenstein then flicked his hand. The demonic belch deepened. The Oscar started its ascent. I mechanically, leadenly, proceeded to pay in the belay line. All sound ceased but the bellowing roar of the motor. The Potomac flowed an ominous bronze to my left. The cliffs seemed to shrink back on my right. The Oscar passed the safety point. I paid out line with aching arms. The Oscar rose. Interminably. It would rise forever. Like Odin seeking the Runes, I was tied to the tree and the Oscar rose above me forever.

The rope whipped through my hands like a think out of hell. I gripped it insanely. A fury began tattooing a hellish inscription on my thigh. My gloves smoked. The rope slowed. It slowed further. It stopped. The Oscar dangled fifteen feet from the ground. I had caught the Oscar. I was earning the Bergbrand. The ordeal was one-fourth complete.

Lebenstein flicked his hand. Again that interminable wait. Again, that insane lash of the rope. The Fury's needle jabbed deeper. The end was drawn closer, closer.

Again that hand flick. Yet again the suspense, the wild lunge of the rope, the searing tattoo, the jeering dance of the Oscar. The end was nearly in sight.

The flick of the hand. The bellowing silence. A whip second of agony. And I had won. The Oscar danced from the Oscartree. Hellish fire played across my back. My Bergbrand was at its end.

Lebenstein released me from the Bergbrandtree. At each step the rope seemed to sing across me again. "Are you all right? You did quite well, but that's a nasty burn," said Lebenstein. "The rope's gone right through your pants." "Oh, I shall yet survive." I replied lightly. "It was a good test." I did not want the Americans to think they had outdone Heidelberg. "It is not as if you had put an end to the sword, you know. One does not turn one's other cheek in a duel."



Stony Man -- May 16, 1965

Don Hubbard )  
Dana Allen ) HoJo's  
Lois Hoffman)

Phil Eddy  
Bobby Eddy  
Bob Williams  
Chuck Wettling  
John Pavey  
Frank Zahar  
Charlie Raposa  
George Perkins  
Carol Scott

Angie Follis  
Bill Gloser  
Tony and Meg Gray  
Dave Johnson  
Bill Nicholls  
Tal Bielefeldt  
Mark Carpenter  
George Livingstone  
Helena Clarke  
Maggie Teel  
Carl Johnson  
Margaret Lee  
Pinky Wheatley

Larry Lepley  
Arnold Wexler  
Clarence Jones  
Lucille Bergen  
Rick Banning  
Paul Brodt  
Alan Brodt  
Mick Holloway  
Bob Adams & Family  
Dave Warshawsky  
Sylvone Eason  
Ed Goodman  
Dave & Joan Templeton

### Delightful Doggerel

'Twas a Sunday in May,  
A cloudy, hot day  
And the climbers all headed for  
Stony Man.

There were old faces and new,  
And more than a few  
Who wanted their chance on the rocks.

So Ed, Chuck, and Bob  
Took on the job  
Of setting up groups into 3's, 4's  
and 5's.

Then off to the rocks  
For the thrills, bugs, and knocks  
Went all those who wanted to climb.

To Chicken Slick three and two  
Keyhold and Armbuster too,  
And others with no names at all.

While some climbers led  
And others belayed,  
Shouts of "rock," "rope," and "test"  
could be heard.

And so the day passed  
With a break for repast  
'Neath the hot Shenandoah sky.

'Til at the end of the day  
From far 'cross the way  
Came the sinister rain dark and wet.

But no one cared then,  
We'd do it again  
For the fun and the friends that  
we've made.

-----Pinky Wheatley

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"Climb with a companion for a week or a day, or even for a few hours; hear him swearing in a gully and panting on a ridge; feel the quiver of his muscles as he pays out the rope to you along a ticklish ledge; see the expression in his eyes as he sits beside you on a hard-won summit, with a squashed tomato sandwich in his hand and the world at his feet--and you may well discover that you have learned more about him than in twenty years in office, shop, or factory. And perhaps about yourself as well."

-----from High Conquest  
by James Ramsey Ullman

Seneca Rocks, West Virginia - May 29, 30, 31

Mark Carpenter

Walt Snyder

Helena Clarke

George Livingstone

Syvone Eason

Ed Goodman

Furn Walton

Frank Zahar

Bob Adams & Family

Tal Bielefeldt

Jimmy Eddy

Bob Mole

Chuck Wettling

Chris Buckingham

Carl Edler & Family

Grey Bennett

Bob Williams

Clyde Daugharty

Charlie Raposa

Phil Eddy

Bill Nicholls

Karry Cain

Lois Cain

Don Stemper

Margaret Lee

Buz Jones

George Perkins

Will Thrasher

Barry Wallen

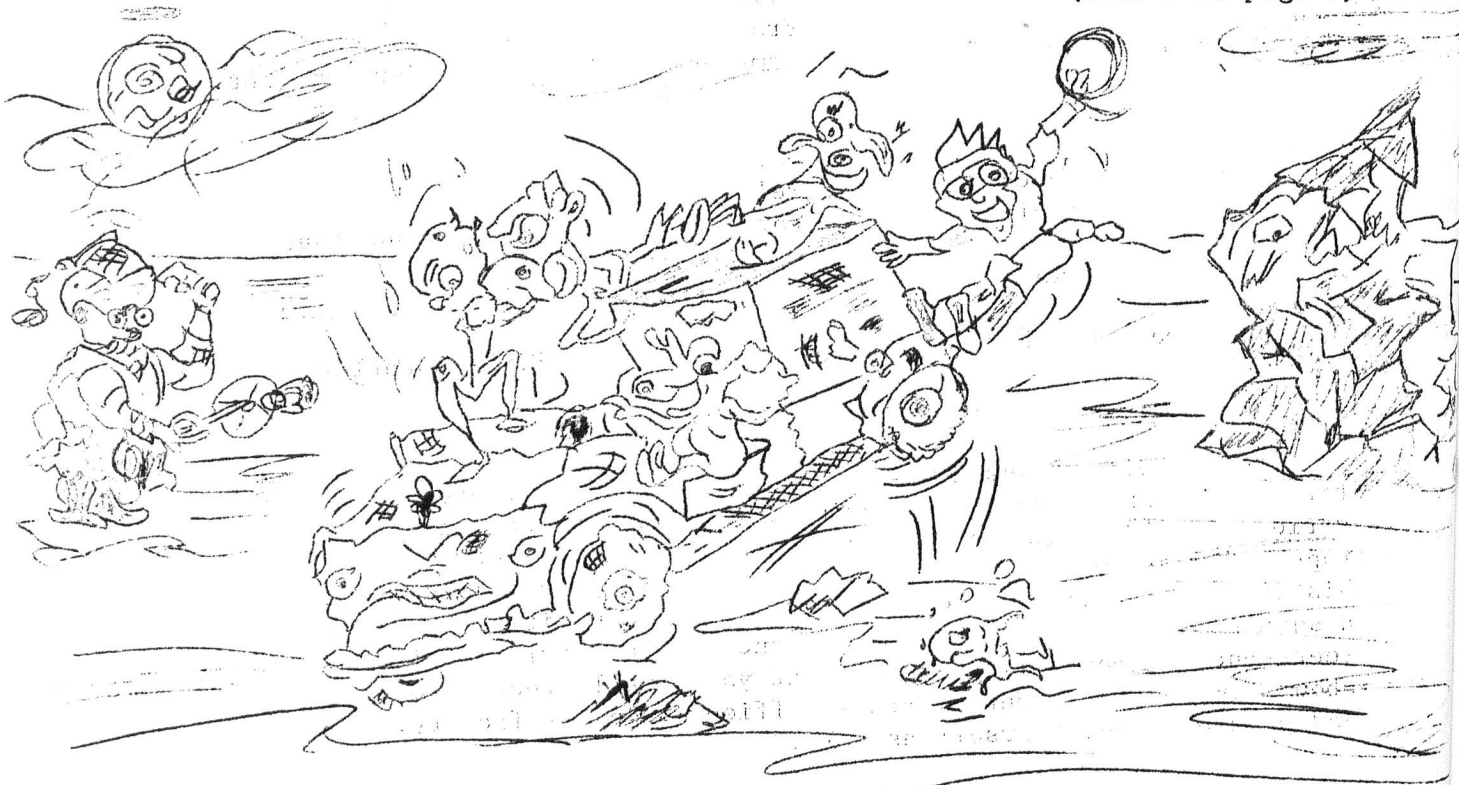
George Katapish

The annual Memorial Day trip to Seneca was one of the most eventful I have known during the five years in which I have been associated with this group. The activity began with somewhat of a tragic vain when Dave Templeton, with his wife Joan, Don Stemper and Margaret Lee, lost control of his car, skidded and overturned on the trip to the Rocks. By some miracle they all survived the accident, Dave being the most seriously injured. Later it was established that Dave had fractured three vertabrae and would be out of commission for quite a while.

Although Dave won't be climbing with us for a while, he seems to be making a marvelous recovery and we are all looking forward to his return.

Chris was there with his jeep and his usual good humor, but was not permitted to climb by the Mother-Hen type girls. However, he ferried several groups of climbers across the stream to the base of the Rocks. On one such trip my cousin, Furn Walton

(cont'd on page 7)



Seneca Rocks cont'd.

bounced up and cut her head on that superb engineering masterpiece (the jeep top) of Chris' go-anywhere vehicle. And, so it was off to the hospital again. (Three stitches.)

Your Editor had his finest climbing weekend ever; thanks to the fine leading ability of Bob and Bobby Adams. Saturday, Bob led Bob Williams and me up the Solar Route. Later we did the Green Wall, a very enjoyable climb. Sunday found your Editor leading Tony's Nightmare. The real highlight of this trip was following Bobby Adams up Marshall's Madness. The entire climb was lead with the finesse and competence that we all recognize as the typical Bobby Adams style. Monday found your Editor doing what he thought was Les Gormette, sharing the lead with Phil Eddy. Phil, who is fairly new to leading as such, did a very fine job on this climb. Bob Williams also deserves praise; he will be one of our finest climbers in the very near future. For the most part, this weekend seemed to be the one for the more difficult climbs. Tim Schoechle lead Solar Route and the Green Wall (I think). I believe this was the first time Tim has done either climb. (Well done Tim.) Bob Adams did a real fine job on Yee Gods and Little Fishes with Grey Bennett as second. Bob burned his hands later catching Bill Nicholl's fall on a scramble part over the top of Tony's Nightmare. This points up that even though certain parts of the climb may be relatively simple, remaining roped is a precaution that should perhaps be practiced.

All the while this furious activity was taking place on the Rocks, Chris Buckingham and his crew of lively lasses were playing bulldozer through the woods and meadows and hills and streams and gullies and embankments and all the way to the North Peak. It is rumormongered that Chris drove his jeep on a paved road. He is working on a real good plan for getting his jeep to the South Peak. Good luck! (For those of you who don't know that Chris is doing not climbing, the reason is simply that every time he gets his rope out four or five of the girls sit on him because they won't allow him to climb until his foot heals.)

Throughout the weekend, car after car made the twenty-mile trip to the hospital in Petersburg trying to visit Dave and Joan. Some met with success but most did not.

There were many other fine climbs done but unfortunately when you are busy climbing there is little time to accurately follow the activities of your fellow climbers.

The trip home, for the most part, was uneventful.

-----Ed Goodman

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Cacapon, West Virginia - June 12 and 13

Ed Goodman	Merv Olson	Phil Eddy
Syvone Eason	Maggie Teel	Bobby Eddy
Furn Walton	Pinky Wheatley	Chuck Wettling
Chris Buckingham	Bob Williams	Harold Kramer
Al Klov Dahl	Bob Adams & Family	Sallie & Larry Griffin

Aside from the poison ivy and the mosquitos it was a great weekend!

Seven of us were on hand to set up camp Friday night--and we only made it through the MUD HOLE thanks to the ChrisMobile. Out sleep was disturbed early Saturday

Cacapon cont'd.

morning as Sallie and Larry strode through on their way to the rocks--having camped at Cacapon on previous occasions, they took a motel room in Berkeley Springs!

Due to the dearth of leaders, only Ed and Pinky, Bob Williams and Maggie climbed Saturday morning--but they not for long as the river was too inviting--and Chris was anxious to have one and all try out his scuba gear. Just after Sallie, Larry and Ed went off to climb again in the cool of the evening, Phil and Bobby Eddy and Al Klov Dahl showed up to add to our companionable little group. Evening festivities included a glowing fire and "story telling", featuring Ed Goodman.

We all struggled to get on the rocks at the crack of noon on Sunday--and climbed more in earnest after the Adams and some of the other pros joined the group. But again it was hot and....there was a mass exodus from rocks to water early in the afternoon--except for a few hardy souls who were bound they'd show us what we were there for. The day ended at a restaurant in Winchester--making plans for the next trip.

-----Pinky Wheatley

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Carderock, Maryland -- June 6, 1965

Syvone Eason  
Ed Goodman  
Chris Buckingham  
Lucille Borgen  
Carole Scott  
Angie Follis  
Robin Faith  
Joe Nolte  
Helena Clarke  
George Livingstone  
3 Adams  
Arnold Wexler  
Chuck Wettling  
Mark Carpenter  
Tal Bielefeldt  
Tony & Meg Grey

Bill Blosser  
Dave Elkin  
Jock Leiman  
Craig Bumgarner  
Larry Griffin  
Sallie Griffin  
Larry Lepley  
Tom Blevins  
Al Klov Dahl  
Brian Rennex  
Rick Hall  
Bob West & Brother  
Harold Kramer & sons  
Bob Williams  
Rod Glascock  
Merv Oleson

Charlie Raposa  
Ted Schad  
Bobby Wallen  
Clyde Dougherty  
Furn Walton  
Nim Marsh  
Don Stemper  
Don Hubbard  
Maggie Teel  
Tina Abbott  
Pinky Wheatley  
George Rawlins  
Phil & Bobby Eddy  
Bill Jarrett  
Pete Stevenson  
Lee Evans

Oscar got quite a workout this time. Between dod-dodging and a few rebounds off the ground, he was kept busy nearly the entire time.

Prussik practice and instruction were given at a nearby tree using Bachmann knots, and George, Chris and Ed as bodies...alternately...almost.

Most of the climbs got quite a workout, but the majority of complaints came from the areas of "Golden Staircase" and "Re-table".

All-in-all, it was a very busy day.

-----Lee Evans



## NEW SUBSCRIBERS

Aleksander Bilinski  
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Hanover, Maryland 21076

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W/Troop Command 3401  
Walter Reed Army Medical Center  
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R. T. Hall  
5150 Livingstone Terrace  
Apartment 101  
Oxon Hill, Maryland 20021

William F. Jarrett  
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Washington, D.C. 20015

Mrs. Ruth S. Ralph  
8601 Springdell Place  
Chevy Chase, Maryland 20015

Wil Thrasher  
2910 Onyx Road  
Baltimore, Maryland 21234

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## CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Teri Cuthbertson  
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Haddonfield, New Jersey

Pete Stevenson  
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Washington, D. C. 20037

Robert J. Adams  
10114 Livingstone Road, S. E.  
Washington, D. C. 20022  
(Bob, Kate and Bobby still  
live in the same house. Only  
the number has changed.)

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NOTE: Following people were erroneously omitted from Caudy's Castle trip:  
Andre & Valentine De Schutter and Bill Nicholls

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HEARD AT CACAPON: "Since the leader must not fall, when I come to the  
hard parts I send my second up first." (Al Klov Dahl)

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NOTE: The Chairman would like for everyone interested in joining the Mountaineering  
Section to please submit their applications as soon as possible so that the member-  
ship cards can be printed.

-----Editor

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UP ROPE STAFF:

Editor: Ed Goodman

Business Manager: Phil Eddy

Typist: Syvone Eason

Printer's Devils: Furn Walton, Chris Buckingham, Don Stemper,  
Bobby Eddy, Jimmy Eddy, Grey Bennett (cartoonist)

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NOTE: My Most Unforgettable Experience was written by Dave Templeton.