

FOUNDED BY
JAN AND HERB CONN

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

1916 Sunderland Place N. W., Washington, D. C., 20036

Vol. XX No. 9

September 1965

COMING EVENTS

Sept. 4, 5, 6

Seneca Rocks, W. Va. (Labor Day Weekend)

No Beginners

Camping at the Pavilion. Individual commissary. Upon arrival, or as soon as practical, register with the trip leader who will collect camping fees (25¢ per person per night)

Leader: George Livingstone - EM 3-7161

NOTE: Mr. Harper requests that we not use the trash cans at the Pavilion. They have no one to empty them. So, burn all your combustibles and take the rest home.

Annual Dinner: at Riverton, W. Va. - 5-7 p.m. \$1.50 per person. Make your reversations with Suzy Moore at OV 3-1437 before September 1.

Sept. 8

Monthly Business Meeting - 8 p.m. PATC Clubhouse. After meeting, Bob Adams will give a slide lecture on his European trip.

Sept. 12

Carderock, Md. - Dynamic belay practice for those who have completed all other belaying tests.

Sept. 19

Bull Run Mts., Va.

Directions: Capitol Beltway to Rt. 66 West. Rt. 66 to Gainesville. Turn right on Rt. 55. Continue on Rt. 55 to Thorofare Gap.

Leader: Bob Adams - 292-1340

Sept. 25 & 26

Harper's Ferry, W. Va.

Climbing on Maryland & Loudoun Heights. Camping at Weverton Campground.

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 at Western and Wisconsin Avenues. 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 Food 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 is invited to join in the Section's activities. If you are 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.

Business Meeting - July 1965

Wednesday, July 7, the Mountaineering Section convened its monthly meeting on the second floor of the Clubhouse. A goodly number of mountaineers brought their votes and ideas to Sunderland Place, and it is reassuring to witness the willingness of the Section's members to aid in the maintenance of the organization.

The meeting began with an apology by the Chairman for the absence of a prepared outline for discussion. By the time we adjourned, far into the night, (and not greatly distant from morning) it was obvious that he needn't have bothered.

We started business with an evaluation of our position in relation to Seneca Rocks, its owners and its climbs. Those of us who climbed at Mouth of Seneca last month are already aware of some of the issues in question.

First of all were the owners' complaints about failure to register when camping at the pavilion. Out of the ensuing discussion came two policies to be followed in the future: (1) Every trip will have a designated leader, (the absence of a leader on the July 4 trip bought on much of the confusion) and (2) registration fees will be collected and handed en masse.

There were also complaints to the effect that certain liberties are being taken with local property and law, and that we are littering the campsite and surrounding meadow. The first is without excuse and it is hoped that this meeting has put an end to it. We have never been guilty of the second offense at Seneca, and most members feel the censure unfair.

In regard to the climbing, George Livingstone and Chuck Wettling have obtained permission for us to climb at Baker Rocks, several miles outside of Moorefield off Route 220. There is a feeling that we should give our overworked mountain a rest and search for some new handholds.

Next, the subject of Moose Remington's climbing school was brought to the floor. It was reported that the PATC Council would not allow the Section to be directly affiliated, but its members could serve as instructors. On July 8, a number of climbers met at Camp 'n Ski in Wheaton with Moose and formulated a tentative curriculum and staff roster.

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Discussion was begun about the reverse side of the new membership card, designed by Dave Templeton. Various ideas were suggested, from a list of our qualifications to just leaving it blank. The Chair appointed Ed Goodman to make the decision.

In conjunction with the above, the question was raised: At the present time, what constitutes a member? A temporary committee was established to designate charter members (as opposed to those who must seek membership under Section I, paragraph A of the By-laws of the Constitution) Robert Adams, Chris Buckingham, and Maggie Teel were chosen to serve in this capacity. The committee members were selected by age and climbing experience.

Several ideas were thrown around, but not acted on. Among those were the formation of an entertainment committee and a treasurer's position. (The latter duty is presently performed by the Up Rope Business Manager) Also mentioned was the idea of having the lower area at Carderock cleared of picnic tables to discourage casual strollers from wandering in and thus coming to grief. The latter problem seems to have miraculously remedied itself, so I'm told.

Perhaps the one action that will have the most immediate effect is in regard to compensating those climbers who provide transportation to the various cliffs we climb on. The new policy (actually the revival of an old one) requests a minimum payment of fifty cents or one cent per mile, depending on the distance covered. This applies to all trips, including river climbs locally.

A note to those disheartened freeloaders now oiling up their skateboards. This is not a formal amendment. This is an idea suggested to eliminate confusion and embarrassment between driver and passengers. Any carpool may work out its own contract if it wants to. However, it should be stated that, save for one dissenter, the motion to adopt this policy received unanimous approval.

-----Talbot Bielefeldt

Business Meeting - August 1965

The number of climbers present was disappointingly small, and little action was taken. This meeting though, formed a good platform for the September discussions.

The July minutes were read and commented on, and the talk commenced. First subject to be attacked was membership. The committee designated in July to form a roster of charter members submitted its report, listing all climbers not required to conform to clauses 2, 3 and 4 of the first section of the By-laws. There followed a lively debate on what constitutes a quorum for business, with no action taken. Out of this discussion came the revelation that holding business meetings on the first Sunday of each month leaves less than the minimum fifteen day time period for consideration of new members' names published in UP ROPE (which makes its appearance toward the end of the month). Section 5(c) of the By-laws was amended to put monthly meetings on the second Wednesday of each month.

PATC members have already been notified that the Trail Club is moving to 1718 N Street, N.W. The building must be brought up to the standards of the D.C. code, and be refurnished before we move in. Chuck Wettling reported that 1964 left us

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with quite a bit of money from our Section appropriation, and proposed that we turn the 1965 allotment back to the Club to aid this cause.

Concerning Seneca Rocks, John Christian has written a letter to the local Park Service office concerning preservation of the area for mountaineering. Tony Gray (independently of Christian) is drafting a similar letter to try and save our mountain. There was some concern that the annual Labor Day weekend at Seneca would lack its main attraction: the climbers' reunion in Riverton. Latest word as of now is that the dinner is on.

A schedule for the coming months was discussed, and that came around to the question of publishing next month's UP ROPE. Your Editor will be "out of circulation" briefly, but his duties will be assumed by Maggie Teel and Pinky Wheatly.

The meeting on the question of climbing at Great Falls, Virginia, was indefinitely postponed. If we want the South Bank of the Falls in bounds again, the machinery must be again put into commission to get the Park Service to the conference table.

Helena Clarke has been appointed Treasurer and Chuck Wettling, Chairman of Training.

Adjournment sent the meeting to the punchbowl and cookie jar. However, the content of the discussions should be remembered, and September should find us taking action on August's words.

-----Talbot Bielefeldt

The mountains come to life because men love them. They are beautiful in many ways, not the least of which must be in the eyes of those who behold them. So much was clear to the young boy, the future mountaineer, as he stood on his first summit. Technique must be the servant of enthusiasm, otherwise it reduces the magic world of the mountains to the proportions of a gymnasium. It is a long road that leads to the peaks. Up there where human habitation, then trees, then grass peter out, the barren kingdom begins, wild, inanimate, but in its extreme poverty, in its total nakedness, it bestows riches beyond price: the happiness which one sees in the eyes of those who make their way there.

-----Gaston Rébuffat

Buzzard Rocks, Virginia 7/25/65

Chuck Wettling
Frank Zahar
Dave Elvin
Talbot Bielefeldt
Margaret Lee

George Perkins
George Rawlins
George Livingstone
Helena Clarke
Pete Mayer

Regardless of the numerous splinter groups and extremist factions, (there were rumors of water skiing at the Cove and tension climbing at Crescent Rocks) eight solid, stolid mountaineers appeared at the Fanny Farmer Candy Store to uphold the honor of the club.

The weather was hot and damp, sunny, but with a great roll of clouds creeping over the horizon. We sat around the cars at the base of the mountain for some time,

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clearing our rucksacks of excess gear. Chuck and George Livingstone walked over to the farmhouse to ask for parking permission while Helena and Margaret, with an opposite gesture, went to ascertain the fertility of the farmer's orchard.

With no more excuses to offer ourselves, we finally started up the trail, rapidly spreading out after the second steep pitch. Emerging onto the ridge, we encountered a chilly wind blowing across the valley, cutting through the hot glare and haze like cold water. At the top, discarded shirts were retrieved and donned, and one by one the climbers stepped up onto the lip of rock, watching the clouds arch over us like a closing hatch cover, until the spell was broken by the arrival of George Perkins and Frank.

Stirring to life, we picked up ropes and searched for a rappell route to the base of the cliffs. The breeze we had been blessing moments before now drew comments of a somewhat different nature as it deftly guided the thrown coils into passing trees and bushes.

Two easy routes were navigated, belayed from the top. Belaying and rappelling were taught by George Livingstone and Chuck. This occupied the time until two o'clock, when someone looked at a watch and discovered that it was far past the lunch hour.

Making up for lost time, we climbed back to the windy rock we had first come to, save for those belaying or climbing. One of these unfortunates was Helena. ("Hey, Hon, bring me my nectarine, would you?") Your Chairman looked sorrowfully at the nectarine pit in his hand, then took it over to plant it, telling Helena that her nectarine would be on the way. Frank's stove unfolded its spindly arms and cooked soup and spaghetti for its master as the others pulled up the ropes and came over from the rappell tree.

We would have been content to while away the afternoon in philosophical discussion and cloud watching, but the call of the cliff prevailed and ended our reverie.

Laden with ropes and slings, we moved past our old rappell tree to a new one above Little El Capitan, about which all activity now centered. Two routes were put up; the traditional one that traverses right, and a more severe route over the overhang. Practically everyone made the long rappell to the base of this wall that starts as a gentle slope, curving smoothly up to an overhand, much like its 3600-foot namesake. Frank and George Livingstone pioneered the direct route, and Chuck, in the process of teaching belaying to Margaret, made several valiant attempts.

There was a good illustration of the need for care in giving climbing signals. Commands should be acknowledged and repeated until answered. Pete Mayer, retreating from the upper overhang, traversed right, unroped, and called "off belay". He was out of sight and his signal was unheard over the roar of the wind. On the ridge, his belayer hauled in the rope, marveling at the speed of this apparent beginner. There was a bad moment when the end of the rope was pulled over the edge at the belayer's feet.

As the afternoon lengthened, so did the philosophical discussion, until it gained a decided precedence over mountaineering. The last climber came over the top of El Capitan, George Rawlins did a last rappell, and the last disappointed buzzard circled into the sky, searching for some other source of sustenance.

Retrieving our rucksacks from the shade of a small tree, we packed and shouldered them, and set off back down the trail. At the point where the path drops sharply down off the ridge, Dave broke into a trot, and soon was leading a long stumbling run down the mountain to the cars.

The storm that had threatened all day never made good its warnings. As we collected ourselves to go swimming, its looming clouds were perforated with bright blue holes through which the silver lining spilled all over the sky. Following George Perkins' directions, we turned down the road beneath the cliffs to what is one of the best swimming holes in our collection. It looks much like the pool at Seneca, much deeper, but not as clear. It lacks the small cliffs above the water, but has an overgrown scree slope that serves as the base for the area's main attraction.

Thirty feet up in a tall tree overhanging the stream is attached a manila rope. Grasping this rope, the local daredevils climb up the scree slope to a small flat rock. Here they lift their feet and soar over the pool to the deep center. The idea is to let go when over the water, but one of the aforementioned daredevils, obviously engaged in deep meditation, lost sight of the game's object and was required to make a forced landing in the shallows. Fortunately, this mishap did not befall any of our party (who needless to say, adopted the sport immediately).

With the hour growing late, we adjourned to Front Royal, topping off the weekend (and a jumbo sundae) with blue berry syrup.

-----Talbot Bielefeldt

The Deviationists: Club Trip to Baker Rocks, West Virginia August 7 & 8

Chuck Wettling
Margaret Lee
Rich Hall
Mary Vincett

Frank Zahar
Al ??(with Frank)
Larry Griffin
Sallie Griffin

George Livingstone
Helena Clarke
Pete Tourin

The trip got into full stride Friday night at HoJo's in Front Royal, when Tom Blevins and assorted others informed us (1) that they were heading for Seneca Rocks, and (2) that we had a flat tire (first of four thumb tacks in the road somewhere between Front Royal and Home....hmmmmmm). After a lightening change, we were off again to Mr. Sam Harper's cowpasture.

Everyone except the Griffin's were in on Friday night -- climbing commenced early (?) Saturday morning. Preparatory steps -- clearing brambles (for climbs along the west side -- ouch!.) or climbing LOOSE dirt and rock slope to get around to the east side.

Chuck, Rich and Margaret headed up the crack to the left of the Pointed Pinnacle, then up the Pinnacle. Frank and Al prowled around assorted routes--little was seen of them. The remaining group had its own problems. First, ye author stranded his noble Simca on an impossibly steep (perhaps overhanging) hill. The intrepid band--George, Helena and I proceeded to ignore its peril and seek our own, on the first crack up from the South end, on the west wall. Narrow crack - George had to come out of it onto the face and found the getting back and down a mite more touchy than getting out had been. Then, upon the theory that perhaps the crack would miraculously widen for a some more dedicated climber, ye (most skinny) author attempted to remain

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in the crack, up almost to the spot where it began to get difficult for George, and prudently retreated also, splitting his pants in the process (nota bene - there are CHIGGERS at Baker, and one should have repellent, particularly if he has split pants--again, ouch!....I was too embarrassed to scratch!)

Onto better ground, after including Mary, who arrived early in the afternoon. East side up the Pinnacle, the one south of the Pointed Pinnacle, then south on the ridge over two small Pinnacles to the south end of the rocks. From there, a 120' more or less free rappell, quickly done in the rain. Down to the Simca - explain to the Tourin family and kids (2) just how Simca came to be there - rescue Simca - off to eat at a sheltered (??) pavilion just north of Moorefield on Rt. 55. We managed a most impressive meal, in spite of rain and kids, and settled down to rest; Tourin family in motel, kids with us in pavilion, Mary back in the pasture.

I hear tell that Chuck, Frank, and group went swimming in the River -- I can't really understand it, since I almost drowned in the rain as it was. But, no complaints were heard from the swimmers, so it musta been fine.

When we got back to the Rocks Sunday morning, we saw the Griffin's car, but they were off to a much earlier start than we were. As we got going on our climb, we saw them heading off to the cliffs on the next rise to the north, having already completed a climb on the most-trafficked cliffs.

George set off with Helena and me to climb the chimney to the north of the one Chuck did Saturday -- the large chimney which splits the main rock mass. George christened it the Bleeding Heart Chimney, after a Bleeding Heart plant which he found at the top of the first (horrendous) pitch. I was too pooped at this point to notice much of the plant, but my heart bled for George, who had led the damnfool thing -- didn't seem to faze him much. Somethin' about skill---- At any rate, the climb ends in a long, easy chimney, and the getting off spot is level with the ground on the east side (why doesn't one just hike around?). Here, on the east side, there is a ramp going up to the south, and an easy route to the top of the pinnacle-- many climbing possibilities right in this area. George gets the honors here: may this climb be hereby christened, George's Near Miss. Seems as if George, in his progress up the ramp, dislodged an elephant-sized rock. Hanging on with one hand, he dexterously jumped away from the ramp to avoid said elephant, which went thunderously on its way, neatly incising George's shorts from crotch to knee (hope you weren't as sensitive to chigger bites as I was). The usual shouting, screaming, and questioning commenced from all sides..the only nonchalant one was, of course, George; it didn't faze him in the least.

We continued up the Pinnacle, where we sat down and took stock. George seemed a mite embarrassed -- why? Laziness predominating, we rappelled down into a most thorny and brambly tree, ate lunch, and headed for home, stopping to bathe at Lost River (now I understand the name -- the river was so lost that we couldn't find it at all -- only a riverbed and small ponds). Again much rain -- we spotted several nasty accidents, but participated in none.

Ye author finds Baker Rocks gear; that is, fab. This is to say, next time we have a scheduled trip there, more club members should go. Routefinding galore and climbing which is certainly as good as Seneca Rocks, without the long introductory hike. Pinnacles, cracks, and chimneys, automatic pants, air conditioning--what more could one desire?

Berg Heil.....Peter Tourin

BODY RAPPELL



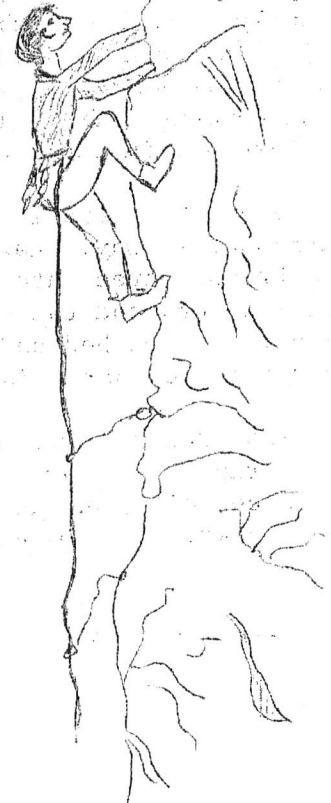
sol

HANG
ON
SNOOPY

AT LAUDY'S
CASTLE
BY
BOBBY ADAMS

Lee

BOBBY ADAMS CLIMBING
TOWARD SOUTH PEAK



ED GOODMAN CLIMBING
ACROSS SOUTH PEAK

*by
Bob
Williams*

Sugarloaf, Maryland, August 15, 1965

Bill Jarrett
Bob Brooks
Ken Snoke
Richard Light
Lee Evans
Pat McLaughlin
Rich Hall
Dave Elvin
Tony Gray
Arnold Wexler
Grey Bennett

Margarat Lee
Karl Johnson
Art Wilder
Bob, Bobby & Kate Adams
Ed Goodman
Sylvone Eason
Tal Bielefeldt
Chuck Wettling
Joan Briant
Chris Buckingham
Phil Eddy's brood and friends

It was a typical, hot and sticky summer day, which perhaps accounts for the fact that quite a few of the regulars spent the weekend at the beach, Seneca Rocks, or else hiding out in a cool basement. Be that as it may, a goodly bunch showed up to perform for the picnickers and tourists at the Free State's most recently integrated recreation area.

Ol' Sol didn't hit the cliff faces until early afternoon so, initially, climbing was fairly comfortable without benefit of salt pills. A queue was observed waiting to try the neat balance shift on the step under the overhang of Pine Tree, before their arm muscles gave out. One person (who shall go unnamed) actually attempted the damn climb five times before making it. Most everyone else made it on the first or second try.

Some of our more intrepid and skillful types, led by Ed Goodman, gave Rhythmic Roof and Butterfingers a rousing series of assaults. While doing a variation (intentional, no doubt) of a route, Tal Bielefeldt was unsuccessfully coached on. Ed and some rock were heard making loud noises after a nice fat bucket suddenly came free--one loses more belayers that way. However Ed and Bobby became a fine photographic subject while freely swinging from his arms on the lip of the overhang.

Meanwhile on the boulders below a chess game raged between climbers, non-climbers, and "doctor's orders" types. Oblivious to all, their doings were observed by a visiting Liverpool lass, Joan Briant, a friend of our British alpinist, Margarat Lee.

Inexorably the sun crossed the yardarm and the rocks barely began to warm up when the suggestion to take a short walk off a long cliff into Dickerson quarry was greeted with all-round relief. One self-styled guide to the quarry, who shall again go nameless, managed to gain the distinction of leading some 15 or so climbers on a fruitless 1-mile circuit hike of a jump-studded horse pasture! Cooler heads prevailed, the discredited guide was not hanged by his trusty Goldline, scouts were sent out, the quarry located, and a mass rush was made to the water.

Once in the water people could not resist the temptation of tackling the sheer side of the quarry. Chris Buckingham, possibly anticipating his corrective ankle operation set for later this month, (good luck C.B.) managed to get 15 feet up when a flake half the size of Chris came loose as his full weight was applied. In the noise, falling dirt and rock one was hard put to decide which large object hit the water first.

After a cool and delightful swim most everyone headed for Touhey's and refreshments. Much to Polly's chagrin the lights were turned off for a short time while Bobby Adams showed frosty slides of winter rock climbing at our local areas.

Tony Gray

NEW SUBSCRIBERS

Major Ed Krekorian
OSC Box 296
Walter Reed General Hospital
Washington, D. C.

Brian Rennex
6508 Quentin Court
Hyattsville, Maryland 20784

Dixon Hoyle
RFD 2
Derwood, Maryland

Barry Wallen
Box 365
Central Avenue
Glendale, Maryland

Carter W. Taliaferro
128 Maywood Lane
Charlottesville, Virginia

Bill & Joan Trebilcock
12319 Millstream Drive
Bowie, Maryland

CHANGES OF ADDRESS

Craig R. Bumgarner
P.O. Box 2345
Martinsville, Virginia 24113

Mr. & Mrs. Kerry Cain
2109 W. Roythress
Hopewell, Virginia 23860

NOTE: Karl Edler is going to hold a swap and sell session right after the business meeting on October 13 at 8 p.m., at the PATC Clubhouse. Bring your old or unwanted camping gear, climbing gear, last year's gorp, etc. Attach a tag with the price you think it deserves. "RUMOR"...C. Buckingham plans to sell his 60-carabiners plus and unused perlon rope (still in plastic bag)!

Unbiased opinions needed. A survey is in process. We are in search of comments regarding service rendered by local equipment distributors, particularly Remington's and Atlas'. If you have any suggestions for improvement of service and/or procurement of supplies, please write Karl Edler, Chairman, Camping Equipment, PATC, 1916 Sunderland Place, N.W., Washington, D.C.

LOST: One Club First Aid Kit - Last seen in the vicinity of Seneca Rocks, near the cave on the south end. If you have any information which will lead to the repossession of said kit, please call Lee Evans, 864-5138.

Karl Edler is inquiring into hard hats and will have a report soon on the various types and the effectiveness offered.

MEMBERSHIP CARDS ARE READY! ! !

UP ROPE STAFF

Editor: Ed Goodman
Business Manager: Phil Eddy
Typist: Syvone Eason

Printer's Devils: Tom Blevins, Pinky Wheatly, Tim Schoechle, Bobby Eddy,
George Livingstone, Rick Banning, Barry Wallen, Lee Evans

The following have made application for membership in the Mountaineering Section. They will be voted on at the September 8 Business Meeting.

Bennett, Gray

Cain, Kerry

Cain, Lois

Evans, Lee

Jarrett, William

Jones, Clarence Pearl, Jr. (Buzz)

Lee, Margaret

Stemper, Donald E.

Walton, Furn

Williams, Robert Lee

Andre, de Schutter