



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

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

Vol. XX No. 10

October 1965

COMING EVENTS

- Oct. 3 Carderock, Md.
Leader - Chuck Wettling (843-6217)
- Oct. 9 & 10 Spruce Knob Outdoor Meeting, Spruce Knob, W.Va.
(see article on page 2)
Leader - George Livingstone (EM3-7161)
- Oct. 13 8:00 PM - Business meeting at PATC Clubhouse.
Swap 'n' Sell Session immediately following meeting
- Oct. 17 Great Falls, Md.
Leader - Phil Eddy (WH2-4231)
- Oct. 23 & 24 Annapolis Rocks, Md.
Backpacking camping
Directions - Capital Beltway to Interstate 70.
North on Interstate 70 to US Rt. 40 at Frederick, Md. West on US Rt. 40 (not Alt. US 40) to South Mountain (about 15 miles). Park on the top of South Mtn. where the Appalachian Trail crosses US Rt. 40. From parking area, cross US Rt. 40 on foot and HIKE north on AT approximately 1/2 mile to where the Annapolis Rocks Trail comes in on the left (west). Go west on this trail for 0.2 miles to the rocks.
Leader - Larry Griffin (528-8212)
- Oct. 30 & 31 Wolf Gap, Va.
Climbing at Devils Garden and Big Schloss.
Camping at Forest Service campground at Wolf Gap;
Group commissary; make reservations by Oct. 26

Wolf Gap, Va. (cont.)

with Sallie Griffin (528-8218), Maggie Teel or Pinky Wheatley (554-4666).

Directions: From Washington to the parking place in the Gap it is 108 miles. Go via US 211 to Gainesville; Va. Rte. 55 to Strasburg; and US Rte. 11 to traffic light (intersection of Main and High Streets, 2nd stop light) in Woodstock (zero point). Continue south on US Rte 11 for 1.1 miles and turn right on Route 42. At 3.1 miles go into Calvary. (At 4.2 Va. 682 comes in from Edinburgh on left). Reach Columbia Furnace at 7.5 and just before bridge turn sharp right on Va. 675, leaving Rte. 42. At 10.0 is end of Stony Creek Trail on right. Continue on Va. 675 ahead. Enter George Washington National Forest (sign) at 10.6 miles. Take right fork at 10.7 just across bridge, continuing on 675. (Va. 717 comes in on left from Liberty Furnace.) Reach Wolf Gap at 14.2 miles. Park at end of wood road on left side of Va. Hwy 675. Cabin is 150 yards further on wood road.

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 the 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.

Spruce Knob Outdoor Meeting - Oct. 9 & 10

As a direct result of legislation which would make Spruce Knob - Seneca Rocks a National Recreation Area, various conservation and outdoor recreation groups are sponsoring a "hike and camp meeting" to provide an opportunity for interested individuals to meet informally with officials engaged in planning the development of the Potomac River Basin to "show them the kind of natural beauty we seek to preserve." As stated in their information sheet, the sponsoring organizations are particularly concerned (as are we) that the development of these resources does not jeopardize the "balanced natural environment necessary for outdoor recreation." Plans made during this week-end could establish a pattern for the development of the entire Basin, so George is most anxious that the voice of the Mountaineering Section be heard.

Although there is to be a chicken barbecue at Spruce Knob Lake Saturday night, the reservation deadline for that has now passed. However, there will be a hike along the Spruce Mountain Trail starting at 1:00 PM from Spruce Knob, and brief speeches by Secretary of Interior Stewart Udall and others after the barbecue; presumably the hike and speeches would be open to anyone interested. Several trips are planned for Sunday; our group could head for Seneca Rocks.

Camping will be available at Spruce Knob Lake and Mouth of Seneca on a first-come-first-serve basis. George, as trip leader for this week-end, will be able to provide additional information for anyone interested.

-----Pinky Wheatley

Business Meeting - September 1965

We had a good turnout for the September business meeting, the main drawing card being the premiere of the Adams' slides of their recent trip to Europe.

Prior to the slide show, the applicants for membership, whose names were published in Up Rope, were voted on and approved as members of the Mountaineering Section, and a motion to open a bank account for the Section was discussed.

PW

Why UP ROPE'S Editor is "temporarily out of circulation"

"I, Edgar Good, take you, Syvone Eason, to be my lawful wedded wife; to have and to hold..." With these familiar phrases our esteemed editor finally committed matrimony on Saturday, September 11, 1965. He took it manfully, but the preliminary rites, like those for admission to manhood in primitive cultures, had been a severe test.

These preliminary rites, otherwise known as a bachelor party, were staged the preceding evening. A goodly representation from among the adult males currently active in our climbing group was present, along with almost twice as many of Ed's fellow employees from IBM--some 40 or 50 in all. The latter group seemed to be managing the affair and clearly had one thing in mind above all else: BEER.

After the crowd had been gathered for almost an hour, word was passed that the guest of honor was approaching. With Syvone's connivance, he had been lured to the scene on some flimsy pretext. As he entered the darkened and quiet room, a mighty shout went up, followed by an inharmonious rendition of "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow." Ed took in the situation at a glance, being quite familiar with such social functions, and, as a beer was thrust into his hand, was heard to bellow to all present "You B*\$#@!\$* just want to get me drunk." From then on he played the role into which he had been cast, as if escape were impossible. At last, sometime after

midnight he was too sick to take any more and went home. The knaves from IBM had accomplished their mission.

Aside from the beer, the entertainment committee featured some movies appropriate to the occasion. These could be described as "contemporary treatments of traditional themes." Contemporary, that is, with "Birth of a Nation" and such like legendary classics.

Saturday dawned rainy and dismal, as dismal as the bridegroom's stomach, and stayed that way most of the day. By 2:30 PM quite a few relatives and friends were gathered at the church in Alexandria to witness the ceremony. The best man was Ed's younger brother Jimmy, who had managed to arrive about 6:30 AM that same day from Bremerton, Washington, after some exasperating transportation difficulties.

Soon the church was filled with music as the procession began. The organ swelled and our Syvone started down that long, long path holding Daddy's arm. Was she flustered? Not a bit. She radiated a confident happy smile every time I saw her. A moment later we were listening to those fateful words with which this account began. The ceremony was brief and soon the new bride and groom were smiling their way back up the aisle to the out-of-doors.

The next hour or so was taken up at the reception by punch, wedding cake, photographs, and chit-chat. In the meantime certain busy hands were decorating the getaway car. Lots of colored balloons filled both back and front seats. A chess board also appeared on the front seat. (Remember the July COVE trip? See Up Rope August 1965). Crepe streamers hung from the higher levels of the car, strings of tin cans from the lower levels. And the windows were adorned with the inevitable witticisms. Over all hung the aroma of Limburger cheese on the manifold--a moment from the night before.

At last the newlyweds took their departure amid showers of rice and good wishes. They planned a three week trip, camping, sightseeing, and possibly climbing in Colorado and Wyoming.

Have a good time kiddies! We look forward to having you amongst us again soon.

-----Phil Eddy

Caudy's Castle, West Virginia 9/21-22/65

Tom Blevins
Tal Bielefeldt

Furn Walton

Bobby Adams

Lee Evans

Tim Schoechle

Phil, Bobby, Jimmy Eddy

Henry Stearns

Ricky Sherl

Jeff Hester

Pinky Wheatley

Frank Zahar

Dick Sideman

Carter Taliaferro

Susan Culin

Bill Jarrett

George Livingstone

Chuck Wettling

Margaret Lee

(Ed. note: no slights intended if your name was omitted--the original list vanished!)

This was a memorable trip with the closest approach to tragedy that I have seen in my year and a half of climbing. But that was on the second day, Sunday.

When the first of our group arrived at the camping site about mid-day Saturday they found a couple already there who had come up from Charlottesville to be with us. They were Carter Taliaferro (pronounced "Toliver") and Susan Culin; both are students at the University of Virginia and are also cavers. Carter is active in the cave rescue work whose organizational headquarters is in Charlottesville. They seemed to enjoy climbing with us and were certainly pleasant company. We hope they will rejoin us for future climbs.

While introducing newcomers, we should also mention Richard Sideman. He is a recent graduate of the Harvard Law School and is currently with the US Court of Claims in DC. Although his previous climbing experience has been on real mountains, he found that our static climbs were fun too. Glad to have you with us, Richard!

After pitching our tents we headed for the rocks and spent the afternoon on the near side, doing static climbs of varying degrees of difficulty. In the meantime the clouds were gathering overhead to be ready for us at supper time. Sure enough, right in the midst of our cooking the showers came down. Some finished their cooking inside a tent or under a tarpaulin. Others, like me, just muddled through under a tree. Later on the shower lifted and our campfire blazed merrily as we sat around battling the breeze far into the night.

A few of us ventured back up to the rocks. On a moonlit night this is a beautiful and romantic spot with forested hills in every direction and the Cacapon winding a silver streak several hundred feet below. But this was a moonless cloudy night and a chill wind was blowing up from the direction of the river, bringing streaks of fog which blew eerily past us.

Finally, close to midnight, we all settled down. Furr Walton, with heart as big as her capacious umbrella tent, played house mother to four (4) boys who either had no tent or preferred mooching to erecting their own. (That's my son! Who else?) The last one to seek refuge there was driven in by the rains a couple of hours later. What's the matter, Bobby, aren't you rugged?

Sunday dawned gray and dismal; and when most of us were preparing breakfast--you guessed it!--the rain came again. Have you ever tried to cook with rain dripping into your frying pan, your poncho hampering every movement, and supplies always hiding in the wrong box or bag? It is tribulations like these that make memories to look back on.

As the morning wore on, the clouds drifted away and climbers drifted toward the rocks--mostly to the great cliff on the river side where there are several lead climb routes. I was in one of the last two parties to get started in the early afternoon. We were standing at the base of the cliff near the middle, with a couloir coming down on the right. High above, some 200-250 feet up, we could see the early birds nearing the top of their climb. Suddenly a cry of "rock!" and an ominous crashing sound above caused us to perk up. A couple of seconds later a boulder the size of a basket ball hove into view and careened down the couloir at terrific speed. (A subsequent simple calculation shows that it must have been going about 80 miles per hour.) Those of us near the cliff made like lichens and hoped that the last bounce would not send the missile hurtling our way. There would have been little chance to dodge. Others, back a bit from the cliff, dived

behind some trees. They were in an even more exposed position closer to the line of fire. Fortunately all were safe and the rock went crashing through the trees to our right and down the slope toward the river. Not just once, but two or three times this happened in the course of a few minutes. Then, with hardly a word, we agreed to retreat instead of trying to continue to climb.

Toward the end of this harrowing episode came sounds of another near tragedy from a rope length or so above us, on the left end of the cliff. It was Talbot Bielefeldt's voice crying "I've been hit on the head!" He had been trying to follow Frank Zahar up a difficult pitch when apparently he slipped. This rope dislodged a chunk of loose rock which gave him a nasty gash high on the left side of his head. (NO HELMET!) By great good luck he was not knocked out and was able to maintain verbal contact with parties above and below. Frank lowered him to the slope below while Bill Jarrett and Furn Walton scrambled across the slope and through the brambles to give him first aid. Tal seemed to be in good shape so he was escorted back to camp. Soon afterwards, Bill Jarrett and George Livingstone took him home with a stop off at Suburban Hospital, Bethesda, to get the gash sewed up. As of the following day he seemed to be in good shape.

Meanwhile, this turn of events left Frank on a ledge from which he could neither advance nor retreat without aid. To the rescue came two gallant knights on brake bars: Bobby Adams and Tom Blevins. According to their own modest account over the supper table later on, this rescue ranked with the rescue of Corti from the north face of the Eiger in 1957 as one of the greats in mountaineering history. It seems that when they rappelled the rope was left with a glistening glaze; when the rope wasn't long enough to reach the next ledge, they tied on their shoe strings to finish the rappel; Bobby climbed down an overhang without benefit of the usual hardware, kicking in footholds as he went; etc, etc. Further details escaped me because the heroes were incoherent with giggles. Anyhow, they got down to where they could assist Frank and helped him back up to the top.

By this time everyone felt that the river was more enticing than the rocks so we all went for a swim. Did it feel good!

Three lessons are fairly obvious: (1) Everyone should wear a helmet when participating in a lead climb, especially where loose rocks abound. This is brought out in every issue of "Accidents in North American Mountaineering."

(2) At this place, the river face of Caudy's Castle, no party should try to climb until the route above is clear of climbers.

(3) All climbers should be extremely careful about testing a rock before applying any force to it; further, care should be exercised in placing ropes so that they will not dislodge rocks when put under strain. Merely yelling "rock!" does not absolve anyone from the consequences of carelessness.

We were lucky this time. Let's not tempt fate.

-----Phil Eddy

Little Stony Man, Virginia 9/28-29/65

Bill Jarrett	Larry and Sallie Griffin	Furn Walton
Aspacia Neophytos	Talbot Bielefeldt Sr. and Jr.	Brian Rennex
Ed Goodman	Pat Shannon	Carl Beau
Syvone Eason Goodman	Jeff Myers	William Oscanyon III
George Livingstone	Tom Blevins	Beth Collins
Helena Clark	Lee Evans	Dave Elvin
Don Stemper	Chuck Wettling	Dave Warshawsky
Tony and Meg Gray	Grey Bennett	Bob, Kate, Bobby, and Penny Adams

Saturday was hot and humid. George Livingstone, Tom Blevins, and Tony Gray retreated early into the Shenandoah mountains, taking with them select camping equipment, special cooking kits, a discreet selection of climbing gear, and a random assortment of women--namely Helena, Lee, and Meg.

That trek into the mountain wilds turned out to be almost too much of a good thing, proving not only cooler than the city air but downright cold. After a peaceful (some with air mattresses, some without...heh, heh...right, Georgie Goodguy?) night, clear skies welcomed a beautiful Sunday morning.

Little Stony Man was no warmer by day, and newcomers were quick to change from shorts and short sleeved shirts to levis, wool shirts, and parkas.

The first climb of the day was ye ole Keyhole, which appeared to be quite a Levi splitter, ah so Evans?

Tony conquered Buzzard's Pinnacle, which involved reaching up to a pinnacle and lowering his fingers down atop a soft buzzard...well, not really atop a buzzard as the buzzard had left a few minutes earlier... The most popular climb of the day seemed to be Armbuster, attacked by most of the climbers, including George, Ed, Lee, Tom, Tony, Bobby, Beth, and Dave.

Due to both the coolness of the day and beauty of the view, the luncheon ledge was unusually popular for simply sunning and catching a nap. The day closed with a supper together at the junction and home refreshed to face another week.

-----Montana

(Ed. note: no aliases please!)

Seneca Rocks, West Virginia 9/4-5-6/65

Grey Bennett	Larry and Sallie Griffin	Carol Scott
Helena Clarke	Tony and Meg Gray	Gary Reed
George Livingstone	Harold and Charlie Kramer	Ted Schad
Mark Carpenter	3 Adams and Penny	Arnold Wexler
Margaret Lee	Brian Rennex	Renee Grundy
Tal Bielefeldt	Don Stemper	Alice Lane
Richard Hall	Pinky Wheatley	Alan Talbert

Chris Buckingham
Barry Wallen
Maggie Teel
Chuck Wettling
Boxy Daugherty
Tom Blevins

Lee Evans
Steve Hill
Ricky Sherl
Hal Swift
Bill Helsel
Henry Stearns

Tim Schoechle
Jim and Ray Hill
Furn Walton
Ed Goodman
Sylvone Eason Goodman

Once again the above barrage of climbers accosted the lofty cracks and crevices of Seneca Rocks, for the "last" scheduled time this year, so I'm told. The majority of the aforementioned bodies collapsed in the immediate vicinity of the pavilion late Friday night. Early Saturday morning sleepers were awakened by cries of glee as Barry and friends described how his vehicle stumbled into camp the previous night filled to the bursting point with climbers, plus bee's wax and bolts plugging up a hole in the gas tank. Persevere ye old climbers!

After mustering slow movers out of warm sacks we hit the trails upward. Tal and Mark braved the rubble on the far south peak. For a while we wondered if they would leave any movable rock on the climb. It's been decided that it should be a nice chimney climb, now that the main garbage has been discarded.

Tony's Nightmare now has a slight variation of the step-around. For some people, it seems less arduous to go up the chimney rather than around it. This climb seemed to cause difficulty for several groups throughout the weekend. It appears that conversataion between climber and belayer leaves lots to be desired. Ecstasy Jr. and Sr. also offered pleasing detours around the scree slope, and were much used, along with Lower Skyline, throughout the trip.

Also on Saturday a group of climbers witnessed a fifteen to twenty-foot leader fall. He was reported as a bit shaken, but in one piece. However, no one, at least in our group, will own up to it.

Saturday evening, after jumping in the swimming hole, most climbers took off for Riverton and a ferocious spread of food provided by the women folk of Riverton Methodist Church. That's one dinner long to be remembered for its quantity and quality at a really nominal price. After a terrific feed a number of overstuffed diversionists went hoe-downing at a local square dance jamboree at Harmon. It was great sport despite numerous skeptical comments made by left-footers.

Sunday was another great day for climbing, despite the fact that we were once again driven to the far side of the camp grounds by the Town and Country Jamboree folk. The assaulting of Seneca proceeded through the day with relative uneventfulness, accompanied by the symphony resounding off the cliffs. About late afternoon Bobby Adams and Tom Blevins attempted to put up a new route on the west face near lunch ledge. The route is situated between Triple S and Marshall's Madness and consists of approximately a grade 5.8 A 2 climb. (This paragraph was not proofed by the modest Tom, Bobby, and George.) From a distance it appears to be a very vertical crack culminating in a narrowing chimney for about the last quarter of the climb, this point beginning about parallel to the top of Triple S. Bobby put up the climb to about the lower third and then had great sport throwing pitons at the bodies below. Finally, after disposing of most of his remaining equipment in the aforementioned manner, the rescue of Bobby was begun. Barry and Ed scrambled "Old Lady's" and threw down a rope to give him an upper belay. These hardy folk were encouraged and cheered on by Furn, Boxy, and Don. After a bit of

difficulty tying-in, Bobby proceeded to climb down, and everyone abandoned Seneca with Bobby and Tom muttering something about chopping blocks of wood for the continuing assault scheduled for Monday morning.

Sunday also offered a great day for hiking. The details were not available to this author, however, most reports indicated it was a most swinging procession.

Sunday night many tired bodies dropped around a convenient campfire for an "organized" sing. Song sheets were rapidly distributed, and the racket we raised under Furn Walton's and Bill Jarrett's leadership came close to outdoing the rumpus raised previously during the day. Actually it was great fun, and it was unanimously decided song sheets should definitely be kept in mind for future trips.

Monday dawned a bit on the cloudy side, but the overcast broke off quickly to offer another beautiful day for climbing. Though many bodies departed for home early, and several took to horseback riding, the diehards were again heading for the rocks. Of prime interest was the re-assault of "No Name Yet", this time with George Livingstone, Tom, and Bobby. After alternating leads for several hours, they finally got to the chimney. Since light was beginning to dwindle it was decided to traverse to the top of Triple S instead of continuing the route up. A significant amount of hardware was left behind as proof of the effort. The suggested name was G.B.T. to indicate the leaders hardy enough to put it up. Another suggested name was Agony. This was felt to be quite appropriate, especially when a full day of climbing might reveal in the summit register "The Agony and the Ecstasy!"

Another new route was put up by Mark and Barry. This one was a tension climb out of the south end cave. It was nearly completed when hornets were sighted about nose level, and a rapid exit was made. The name is now Satisfaction #1, and was also begun on Sunday and completed Monday.

After a quick scramble down, all remaining people stumbled for home and the racks. So endeth another great Seneca week-end; definitely one to be remembered till next we meet!

-----Lee Evans

Le Gourmet, Seneca Rocks

(Description of a route pioneered by Larry Griffin)

This pleasant route takes one across some little traveled rock, and its proximity to the Lunch Ledge makes it convenient as well. At about class 5.4 in difficulty, it compares with the Breakneck climb.

The beginning of the route is located on the west face just around the corner from the second large inside corner from the Lunch Ledge, Face of a Thousand Pitons (Marshall's Madness) being the first.

One can scramble (with care) up about 20 feet to a small ledge and a very small pine tree. This is the first belay point. The route ascends the small inside corner on the left to its top (about 50 feet). Here one finds an even larger ledge and a similarly larger pine tree. This makes a convenient second belay point.

The second pitch traverses right about 50 feet back to the second main inside corner, goes around this corner, then up another 25 feet to a small ledge on the corner. The traverse will go very easily provided one is on the route, but it will require some route-finding ability. Start the traverse low, at the level of the large block which tops the corner you have just come up, and work straight across, then diagonally upward. Piton cracks are poor through the early part of the traverse, but further on you will find a hidden bong-bong beneath a small flake. Work up toward a very small ledge with an equally small shrub growing from it. There is an ancient and poorly placed piton at the base of this shrub. Traverse below the level of this little ledge to just past the shrub, then climb up and across to the corner. Continue up this corner using the vertical jam-cracks and excellent friction to the corner ledge above. From here, it is a scramble to the huge pine tree on the Old Man's Route just above; so to maintain contact with the party, I usually belay from the corner ledge.

The route now degenerates into a scramble for about 100 feet. Pass the large pine tree and scramble up several easy ledges. Find a gully leading up and to the left passing several rocks and bushes to a large open chimney which obviously leads to the skyline.

This is the third and final pitch. I usually begin on the left of a bulging block and layback up a nice crack to a ledge with some loose looking rocks. Sallie, avoiding laybacks at all costs, aptly demonstrated it can be done in balance without even a hint of layback. From here, one can work upwards on the outer flake or the inner wall. Several moves on the outer flake will appeal to the more muscularly inclined, while technique is of the essence to make the inner wall go easily. A number of pitons are in and slings around projections are often useful here. After about 90 feet of climbing, terminate the pitch at a ledge on your right which overlooks an inside corner on the east face. Bring up the rest of the party, then climb down this inside corner (about 25 feet) to the summit trail, and on to the summit of South Peak.

-----Larry Griffin

Carderock, Maryland 9/12/65

Grey Bennett
Frank Thompson
Helena Clarke
Harry Clark
George Livingstone
Karl Johnson
Mark Carpenter
Margaret Lee
Tal Bielefeldt
Art Wilder

Maggie Teel
Phil, Bobby, Jimmy Eddy
Vince De Sante
Al Comulada
Dave Prevar
Chuck Wettling
Bob, Kate, Penny Adams
Boxy and Mike Daugherty
Bill Jarrett
Tom Blevins

Harold and Charlie
Kramer
Brian Rennex
Don Stemper
Vic Richmond
Robin Faith
Joe Nolte
Merv Oleson
John Cardinal
Pinky Wheatley

Chris Buckingham
Barry Wallen
Richard Hall
Dave Elvin

Larry and Sallie Griffin
Tony and Meg Gray
Don Hubbard

Lee Evans
Jamie Souiveine
Hester Ailes

And another dismal Sunday dawns for "The Oscar." The day kept its promise of rain as it commenced and continued from approximately 9:30 AM on. All 45 bodies and 1 dog got thoroughly soaked, but continued to endure in the hopes of clearing skies.

The Oscar, in rare form indeed, was raked over the coals by 11 belayers and many more rooters. Blevins and Jarrett, also in rare form, demonstrated their prowess at belaying from numerous positions. Of supreme interest was Blevins' belay from slings and stirrups at the base of Golden Staircase (quite a jolt, eh!); and Jarrett's dynamic! running! belay. For those who missed the show, it was a belay without use of a tie-in. And as Jarrett ran forward, clutched by Vic at the half-way point, it was a race to see if Oscar or Bill would reach the "pit" first. In the end Oscar got there first, with a thud, but the moment of panic glistened in Bill's eyes for some time afterwards.

One injury took place. During operation of the Oscar winch, it jammed halfway up. In an attempt to free the rope, Tal managed to give a one-handed dynamic belay without benefit of gloves. That rope leaves nasty burns, eh Tal? The rest of the day he marched around with hand inside shirt, playing the Napoleon role.

The most frequented climbs were Friction Layback, Golden Staircase, Elsie's Edge Face, Sterling's Crack, and Cripple's Delight. On Friction Layback, Carl, Bill J., Tom, and Helena demonstrated their expert ability to climb under truly wet, adverse conditions, while us other give-ups only managed to give half-hearted attempts. Then there was the rough-housing rumble on the path beneath Cripple's Delight, when Brian nearly wound up in the muddy Potomac.

We were honored by the appearance of several famous climbers. Members of the 1963 Mt. Everest expedition were out for a while in the vicinity of Butterfly. Lute Gerstad, Wi-lie Unsoeld, and Bert Puchtler kept our awe-struck climbers watching in silent adoration and envy for quite some time. Jolene Unsoeld and Cathy Puchtler gave every indication of being very proud wives, and rightly so!

After several mild complaints, the climbers descended upon Tuohey's, in mass. (Poor Polly!) After rioting mildly, upon the entrance of the cavers, and being serenaded by said late arrivals, a caravan was organized for a continuation party at my apartment. To everyone's amazement, I believe all who started out for the place eventually found it. Amid songs by cavers, limbo contests, beer and pleasant company, most comments heard were in favor of a recurrence of said activity. My place is at your disposal, provided I forewarn my roommate next time.

-----Lee Evans

REMINDER

If those persons bringing items to the Swap Session October 13 will mark same clearly with their names and the prices they would like to charge for them, it will help Karl Edler in seeing that all goes as smoothly as possible.

Eligibility List for Membership in Mountaineering Section

Those whose names appear below, having climbed with this group for at least one year, are eligible to become voting members of the Section upon payment of dues. (New climbers must be sponsored by two voting members.) An asterisk (*) in front of the name indicates that dues for one year have been paid.

Adams, John	*Griffin, Sallie	Rodman, Sayre
*Adams, Kathryn	Gross, Joel	Sauber, Frank
*Adams, Robert J.	*Haigh, A. Douglas	*Schad, Theodore M.
*Adams, Robert N.	*Hargreaves, Hardy	*Scoredos, Chris G.
Bell, Betty	Harp, Tony	Scott, Carol
Bell, Ron	Hendricks, Sterling	Scott, Leo
*Bielefeldt, Talbot P.	*Horwitz, David	Shipley, Jim
Bielsker, Barry	Hubbard, Donald	Silsbee, Francis
Broughton, Bob	Karcher, Ken	Snyder, Marlene
Broughton, Sue	Karcher, Pim	Snyder, Walter B.
*Buckingham, Chris	Kauffman, Andy	Soler, Anton
Burchard, Duncan	Kloydahl, Al	Stimson, Arnold
Cardon, Phil	*Cramer, Harold	Swift, Harold
Carpenter, Mark	Lembeck, Art	Talbert, Alan
*Christian, John	Lepley, Larry	*M. Margaret Teel
*Clarke, Helena	*Livingstone, George T.	*Templeton, David F.A.
*Eddy, Robert A.	Marshall, Wade	*Templeton, Joan M.
*Eddy, Robert P.	Meenehan, John	*Vincett, Mary A.
Edler, Barbara	Mole, Bob	*Walker, Wallace H.
*Edler, Karl	Moore, Ray	*Marshawsky, David A.
Eubank, Lucinda	Nicholson, Joan	*Welsh, William
Eubank, Roger	Nicholson, Kennedy	West, Bob
Faint, Joe	Nicholson, Mike	*Wheatley, Helen C.
Faith, Robin	*Nolte, Joseph A.	*Wettling, Charles
Faulhaber, Bill	*Oleson, Merv	Wexler, Arnold
Glascocock, Nimrod	Peterson, Peg	Willard, Jim
*Goodman, Edgar T.	Peterson, Pete	Worrell, Blondie
*Goodman, Syvone	Rodman, Jean	Worrell, Ed
*Griffin, Larry		

The following have made application for membership in the Mountaineering Section. They will be voted on at the October 13 Business Meeting.

Blevins, William T.

Hall, Richard T.

Gray, Anthony C.

Wilder, Arthur, E.

Kotapish, George

Rennex, Brian

de Schutter, Valentine

Zahar, Frank E.

"The mountaineer must have strong muscles, fingers of steel and a perfect technique, but these are only tools. Above all he loves life, and at 13,000 feet the air has a special savour, but this particular joy has to be earned. While there are always people who take their pleasure more easily, it is right that man should make demands of himself; there is little satisfaction in the kind of peace which is nothing more than an absence of life. 'Where there's a will there's a way.' It is not enough for man to exist, he must live; but not live dangerously; that is too easy and, in a sense, corrupt. Man has a body and a soul: the high peaks offer him both action and contemplation and rekindle the fires of forgotten dreams."

-----Gaston Rébuffat

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EDITOR'S NOTE

Your editor's learned on the night of publication that reservations will be accepted until October 6 for the chicken barbecue at Seneca October 9-10. Checks should be made payable and mailed to: Robert Harrigan, 5113 Wehawken Road, Washington, D. C., 20016, Area Code 301 - OL 6-1165

THE SAFETY UNCONSCIOUS CLIMBER
BY LEE EVANS

AND ALWAYS TEST YOUR HOLDS !!!

"CRACK"

I JUST DON'T LIKE TO WEAR HARD HATS!

HELLO!

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