



FOUNDED BY
JAN AND HERB CONN

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

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COMING EVENTS

- Dec. 5 Carderock, Maryland (see note on "Oscar" practice, p. 7)
Leader - George Livingstone (EM 3-7161)
- Dec. 8 Business Meeting
PATC Clubhouse, 1916 Sunderland Place, N.W.
- Dec. 12 Rocks State Park, Maryland
Leader - Phil Eddy (942-4231)
Directions - Drive to Bel Air, Maryland (about 15 miles northeast of Baltimore on U.S. Route 1). There pick up Route 24 and follow it north about 10 miles right into Rocks State Park. Climbing area is obvious from the road, being close by on the left. Parking area is about 100 yards farther on. Suggested route to Bel Air: Washington Beltway to Balto-Washington Parkway to Baltimore Harbor Tunnel to N. E. Expressway (Interstate 95) to Baltimore Beltway (Interstate 695). Left on Beltway about 1½ miles to U.S. 1; right on U.S. 1, about 15 miles to Bel Air. Note: it is possible to stay on the Expressway (95) all the way to Route 24 at the cost of 25 cents.
- Dec. 18-19 Eagle Rock, West Virginia
Leader - Larry Griffin (528-8212)
Exploratory trip to an impressive cliff with considerable potential for 2 to 3 pitches of continuous climbing. No beginners. Camping in Smoke Hole Recreation Area. Directions: from Petersburg, West Virginia, continue south (rather than turning toward Seneca) on Route 220 for 17 miles. Turn right on marked secondary road leading to Smoke Hole Recreation Area. Eagle Rock is in about 2 miles on right. Recreation Area is perhaps a mile further.

Dec. 26

Camp Lewis, Maryland

Leader - George Livingstone (EM 3-7161)

Directions - This is on the Maryland shore of the Potomac, just a few hundred feet upstream from the Cabin John Bridge of the Washington Beltway.

Jan. 2, 1966

Carderock, Maryland

Leader - Chris Buckingham (736-0871)

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 klettersschuh from a chimney, you are invited to enjoy using and improving your current climbing skills in the company of like-minded people.

For any further information concerning the Mountaineering Section, contact:

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Washington, D.C. 20016

or:

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GREAT FALLS, MARYLAND - OCTOBER 17

Chuck Wettling
Chris Buckingham
Barbara Lauster
Don Stemper
Eddy Family
John Hartman
Mark Carpenter

Talbot Bielefeldt
Bob Armstrong
Arnold Wexler
Abe Schultz
Margaret Lee
Kathy Maine
Buzz Jones

Tom Blevins
Jan Johnson
Dick Hall
Adams Family
Anneliese Matzen
Dave Elvin
Ben and Jill Shapiro

Frank Zahar	Ed and Syvone Goodman	Tony Gray
George Perkins	Bill Jarrett	Keith Kerney
Larry Lepley	Furn Walton	Grey Bennett
Harold Liberman	John Yonce	Frank Thompson
Aaron Woloshin	Art Wilder	Barry Wallen
Harold Kramer	Vince De Santi	Nancy Wallen
Albert Perkins	Pinky Wheatley	Alan Comulada
Dave and Joan Templeton	Harold Swift	George Livingstone
Nagy Family	Richard Sideman	
Reed Family	Maggie Teel	

These writers arrived at the Great Falls area around 9:30 a.m. to join a reasonably large subset of the people listed above. Other late-a-bedders arrived throughout the day. Having not been with the club for several week-ends, we sighted several, to us, new faces: Anneliese Matzen, two weeks away from Austria; Robert Yonce, a colleague of Art Wilder's; Ben and Jill Shapiro, of NIH; and John Reed and family. While new to these Johnny-come-latelys, the Reed family are "old-timers." He is a former editor of UP ROPE, who has been seeking refuge in Denver. Whatever he printed must have been forgotten, because he is now in D.C. with Geological Survey. We hope he and his are with us for awhile.

During the day sundry show-offs climbed crazily and dangled daringly over the heads of the Cripples' Club ("Rib" Bennett, "Foot" Thompson, "Anklebone" Buckingham, and "Swayback" Templeton). This exclusive set is considering the elimination of Buckingham from their pampered ranks. He is adding insults to injuries by climbing right in front of their conclaves!

After observing the day's climbing activities at Great Falls, we feel titles and awards should be presented by the club, and we are carrying out this idea with action. We award the following:

Margaret Lee: A button engraved "Hoorah to you, Edmund Hillary" in recognition of her savage, barefooted, no-holds-barred, attack on the Chockstone (?) climb.

Pinky Wheatley: The title "Plumb Bob of the Month" for her volunteer services as victim to Ed Goodman's rescue squad.

Ed Goodman: The title "Lynch Mob of 1965" for his demonstration of rescue techniques.

"Anklebone" Buckingham: The title "Lucky Pierre" for his demonstration, with Bobby Adams and Tom Blevins, of country style rasslin'.

Joan Templeton: The title "Oh Rash, Daring Climber" for her ability to utilize every sprig of poison ivy in the area as a vegetable hold.

Ed and Syvone Goodman: A copy of Vaughan Monroe singing "Route 66" for their documentary on U.S. Highways, made on their honeymoon and shown in a sneak preview at their apartment at day's end.

These awards should start a lot of lively competition...or something.

Dave and Joan Templeton

THE TWENTY-ONE DAY WONDERS

"Il est défendu de jeter quoi que ce soit au lac," says the sign at the base of the practice climbing rocks at Chamonix. Freely translated, this says to take your beer cans with you, and the effect is to make you feel quite at home.

Chamonix was the high point of our economy-fare, 21-day, no-expense tour of Europe. I say "no-expense" because Kate, Bobby, and I had resolved to live, travel, and climb across Europe entirely on our own--except for a certain amount of free-loading on relatives and friends. Whatever else happened, we did not want to "do Europe" with a busload of Americans. We met plenty of these buses, usually in a 10-foot street of some village, but we saw no more than 3 or 4 Americans the whole time. Some of them we could have done without. For example, there was that woman in the Louvre who felt obliged to explain to us in a loud voice that all Germans are thinly disguised savages, and that the French live off unsuspecting American tourists by stealing them blind.

On the chance that other subscribers to UP ROPE may wish to have a look at the Alps before the Great Society closes the border, I might begin this account with a few practical details. The total cost of the trip was \$600 apiece for 21 days. This included \$375 roundtrip excursion fare to Paris by jet, \$213 for 18-day rental of a VW sedan, a guide fee, 3 Swiss watches, and a magnificent last-night-in-Paris dinner on the Champs Elysees. Most of the time we lived in our 2½-man mountain tent and bought our food in the Bakerie (or boulangerie) and the Lebensmittelgeschäft (or alimentation). We enjoyed every minute of it, even though it rained a great deal of the time, for there is much to see and learn in Europe.

Perhaps the most challenging problem was to fit our camping gear, climbing gear (with crampons) and clothing into the baggage allowance of 132 pounds. We spent many hours bending over the bathroom scales, but arrived at Dulles with 135 pounds. The people at TWA were good enough to overlook this (at something like \$2.10 a pound), and coming back they failed to notice that we were 3 kilograms over the limit. We just couldn't leave that Primus cookset behind! On the other hand, Air France nailed us to the wall for an extra kilogram on the flight from London to Paris. They even tried to throw us off the flight, claiming that we had not re-confirmed. (It wasn't so.) We learned, almost too late, that you must make reservations for the transatlantic flight at least 5 months ahead if you want to get all 21 days out of your excursion rate. After all this has been said, a 3-week trip to Europe need cost no more than a flying vacation to the West Coast. It is something you should do at least once in a lifetime.

Before turning to our mountaineering exploits, I must relate an incident in a camp ground near Interlaken of which I am inordinately proud. First I should explain that in preparation for the trip I had spent my free time for at least a year listening to German, French, and Italian records so that I would at least know how to ask directions to the men's room. We were setting up the tent in the gathering dusk when 2 "caravan" types from Holland came by to say hello and inspect our rather primitive equipment. I had struggled along with one of them for several minutes in my very best German, when he overheard Kate say something in English. "Oh, you're Americans," he said. "I thought sure you were French!"

On a 21-day tour that includes sightseeing in London, Stuttgart, Innsbruck, Milano, and numerous cities in France, the newcomer can scarcely expect to accomplish

miracles in the mountains. In fact, considering that it rains and snows most of the time in July, he is lucky even to see the mountains. But through blind luck we managed part of a snow climb on the Monch at Grindelwald, and through personal influence we completed a worthwhile rock climb on the South Face of the Aiguille du Midi at Chamonix.

If we were doing it again, we would take the evening train from Grindelwald to the Jungfrauoch and stay overnight in the hotel. With an early start it would not be difficult to climb the Monch, or possibly even the Jungfrau. But we took the early morning train on a beautifully clear and sunny day, and reached the station about 1 p.m. It is beyond my ability to describe the beauty of this ride, which takes one through tidy Swiss villages, past farms on the steep hillside and grazing brown cattle, through high mountain meadows dotted with sheep, and finally to the hotels of Kleine Scheideg, which nestles at the base of the North Face of the Eiger, safely to one side of the falling rock. Here one must fight his way onto the cog railway that climbs at a steep angle through several miles of tunnel carved into the Eiger. Twice during this part of the trip the train stopped to give us a glimpse through windows that look out onto the North Face. It is a wild and forbidding scene. Emerging into the station at 11,800 feet (highest in Europe), we were glad for the warm clothing we had brought, for the drop in temperature was dramatic.

We had intended to climb up the ridge of the Jungfrau from the station, but the route was long and difficult as seen from the walkway. In fact, we could find no safe route down to the snow on the west side of the station. Eventually we noticed a line of people walking across a snow slope on the east side, at a much lower level, and by 2 p.m. we were out on this trail headed for the Monch. Bobby and I noticed a party starting up a steep snow ridge that appeared to lead to the summit, and were determined to give it a try, even though it was late in the day. Just then a Swiss guide and his client came up to where we were. The guide explained the climb to me in fluent German, which didn't help. Then he tried French--much slower--and I was able to understand that the climb was not difficult but would require crampons farther up. So we came up right behind them, using their steps but sometimes chopping them out a little when the exposure was particularly bad. Eventually we got our crampons on, and that helped a great deal, considering that we were walking up the sharp intersection of 2 60-degree snow slopes that fell away for hundreds of feet on either side.

The sun was brilliant and painful to the eyes. We had never used goggles in the Tetons or Wind Rivers, but they were definitely needed here. Snow blindness was a distinct possibility.

At 4 p.m. we came to a little rock outcrop and stopped to rest. The summit was still a long way off, so we took pictures and headed down. There was time for a delicious bowl of soup in the station restaurant before catching the last train for Grindelwald at 6:30. No sooner had we started down than the clouds began to close around the peaks. We were not to see the sun again until we had reached Milano 2 days later, when our sunburned faces and sensitive eyes had recovered from our day on the snow.

Bright Italian sunshine followed us up the Aosta Valley from Courmayeur to the "Galeria," the newly opened 7-mile tunnel beneath Mont Blanc. But as we emerged into the beautiful French valley of Chamonix, gray clouds began to descend onto the peaks, and dropped ever lower as we found our way into the little town that

would be our home for 5 days. The spectacular southeast wall of the valley, with its myriad rock spires or "aiguilles," was hidden from sight most of the time.

Chamonix is a delightful little town, even though it is something of a tourist trap. There are still people who will speak French to an American, or who will sell him a long loaf of bread for 60 centimes. The town is long and narrow, crowded against a noisy mountain stream by the steep wall of the Brenva. The practice rocks are at one end and the campground at the other, near the village of Les Praz, where we were fortunate enough to find a vacant square of grass 12 feet on a side. As it turned out, there was plenty of room for the VW, the mountain tent, the garbage can, and the Primus stove.

In spite of the close quarters we thoroughly enjoyed this camp because of our friendly neighbors--a middle-aged couple from Vienna. We had long conversations with them night and morning in a glorious combination of German and sign language, as they spoke neither French nor English.

On our first morning in Chamonix we set out in a pouring rain to find Andy Kauffman's friend and guide, Jean "Cabri" Theron, who lives in the Hotel de Paris. Because of our visit he was routed out of bed at 11 a.m. (We never dreamed that a guide would sleep past 3:30 a.m.!) But he was very forgiving, and explained that when it is raining in the valley it is snowing on the peaks. That means you don't climb for 2 days after it quits. He hadn't climbed for 2 weeks because of the weather. But if the weather were to improve, we might come back the next day and talk about doing something worthwhile. On that occasion he took us to the practice rocks and led a fairly simple route. He seemed to approve most of what we did, but drew the line at Chris Scoredo's type rappels.

The next day the Adams family climbed 2 practice routes, including a fairly difficult inside corner or "diedre" as Cabri called it. Then at 6 the next morning we were on the "téléphérique" or cable car with 40 or 50 other climbers, headed for the Aiguille du Midi. It was a fairly thrilling ride, reminiscent of a helicopter flight from the Pentagon. The first stage took us up to the Plan du Midi at an angle of perhaps 45 degrees. After that we skimmed up past ever steepening rock walls, which showed patches of new snow. The Aiguille du Midi station stands at an altitude of something over 12,000 feet. It was cold and drafty inside, but pleasantly warm outside in the sun. We made our way down a long snow slope, following a semi-circular path that led to the bottom of the south face of the rock. We negotiated the slope without ice axes, and wished later that we had left our boots behind as well. Climbing in kletterschuhe, we had to carry our boots all the way back up.

We spent just about 10 hours on the climb, standing in etriers much of the time. It is probably possible to climb most of the south face fifth class, but it is certainly faster to clip the etriers into the line of pitons and walk right up. In any event, there were 2 long overhanging sections, quite devoid of holds, that could be climbed only on the pitons and wooden blocks that had been driven into a rounded vertical crack.

Early in the afternoon we were overtaken by a 2-man German team, and we were under some pressure to keep ahead of them. It was clear that they had never been on the rock before, since they asked directions from Cabri, and their speed on this difficult terrain was amazing.

The climb ended with a short rappel, a direct-aid traverse, a long rappel, and the descent of a steep snow ridge, all with an exposure of several hundred feet, and all in full view of the crowd on the platform at the station. It was after 5 o'clock when we dropped down onto the platform, where Kate was waiting patiently. Cabri took us into the station for hot tea and then used his influence to get us all into the next car ahead of rush-hour traffic. That night we had a memorable dinner with Cabri and Fritz Weissner, surrounded by Olympic skiers and (other) world-famous climbers.

In the interest of reducing the weight of our baggage, we left 8 or 10 new chromemoly pitons with Cabri. If you should come upon a piton stamped RJA when climbing at Chamonix, you have my permission to bring it back, assuming you can find a place to stand while swinging the hammer.

Bob Adams

OSCAR PRACTICE: Any person who desires dynamic belay practice should inform Chuck Wettling (843-6217) during the week before Carderock trips. Only those who make reservations will be permitted to work out with "Oscar."

A recent issue of Sierra Club Bulletin advertised the availability of Daley's 1966 Calendar of American Mountaineering. You can order it from P.O. Box 1213, Berkeley, California, for \$2.50 post paid. Your editors were very pleased with their copies.

Move of PATC Clubhouse from Sunderland Place to N Street is coming. No definite date set as yet for the move. Keep your ears open (since George volunteered members of the MS to help with the move).

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