



FOUNDED BY
JAN AND HERB CONN

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

1718 N Street, N.W., Washington, D.C., 20036

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July 1966

CALENDAR OF EVENTS

July 2-4 ---- Seneca Rocks, West Virginia (Alternate-Carderock)

LEADER: Bob Adams (292-1340)

Individual commissaries. No beginners.

*July 10 ----- Cupid's Bower, Maryland

LEADER: Rich Hall (582-0328)

(see further note following Calendar of Events)

July 13 ----- Business Meeting, 1718 N Street, N.W., 8 p.m.

July 17 ----- Buzzard Rock, Massanutten Mts., Waterlick, Virginia

LEADER: Tai Bielefeldt (WH6-4375)

Take Rte. 55 through Front Royal, 7 miles to Waterlick,
take left, go about 3 miles passing through fish hatchery.
Trail to rocks on right, 1/4th mile from hatchery.

July 24 ----- Herzog Island, Maryland

LEADER: Tony Gray (338-2146)

Be prepared for wading.

July 31 ----- Little Stony Man, Shenandoah National Park, Virginia

LEADER: Phil Eddy (942-4231)

July 31----- Gannet Peak, Wind River Range, Wyoming (via Tetons)

August 22 LEADER: Bob Adams (292-1340)

GENERAL INFORMATION

The Mountaineering Section welcomes all interested individuals to participate in our weekly outings, and to share with us the joys of the rocks, the clouds, and the high places. Sunday day trips leave from Howard Johnsons' at Wisconsin and Western Avenues, N.W. at 8:30 a.m.--come early and have breakfast. If you are late, check behind the southeast drainpipe for any change in the day's climbing activities. Climbing lasts all day, and groups of climbers stop for supper on the way home. Bring lunch and water, and wear suitable clothing to climb in. For further information contact the Trip Leader or Phil Eddy (Chairman) at 942-4231.

MORE ON SCHEDULED TRIPS....

July 10, Cupid's Bower--anyone interested in bicycling from Georgetown or Fletcher's Boathouse to Cupid's Bower via the Towpath, contact Al Klov Dahl (EV4-1712) for information.

LITTLE STONY MAN, VIRGINIA - APRIL 24

DOOL VIDE

Don Hubbard (HoJo's)	Phil Eddy	Grey and Frank Thompson
Paul and Jet Feduska	Dene Snell	Wendy Koci
Marie Carpenter	Sally Pratt	Tal Bielefeldt
Bob, Kate, Bobby Adams	Chipsy Janger	Tom Blevens
Bill Jarrett	Annaliese Matzen	George Livingstone
Sharyn Lewis	Bob Croft	Pat Blankenship
Tim Schoechle	Lynn Worth	Joe and Dave Ney
Mike Howell	Carol White	Judith and John Reppy
Maggie Teel	Dave Duffield	Arnold Wexler
Don Stemper	Penny Pierce	

In spite of the rather (inauspicious) weather Saturday, Sunday dawned windy and fair portending a glorious day for climbing. Climbers began arriving about 10 a.m. (after the last cloud had dispersed).

Those climbers notorious for attire suited for the most forbidding of ascents, will be pleased to learn the Park Ranger felt them to be "adequate." However, those of us without hard hats felt indecently exposed upon discovery of much loose and continuous falling rock.

Stony Man boasts cliffs of approximately 120 feet and is primarily a lead climber's challenge. It was impossible to assay all the excellent climbing being done, but, of them: Bob Adams effected a spectacular traverse from end to end of the cliffs.

Tal, adventurously, explored new routes: George, Phil, Rich, and Frank chose the difficult ascent of the loosest rock they could find (I chickened out): and, not least, was the aplomb with which John Reppy (from Cornell) led the horrendous Armbuster! The exploring section, Maggie and Tim, were seen investigating some more distant rocks down the trail.

Whether experienced or novice--loller or climber--all agreed the outing was one of the most pleasant we'd had recently.

As the sun crept inevitably down, regretfully we stampeded to Ben and Mary's for some stout food, and to rehash the days exploits (or explain a certain lack). The mountain, serene, awaits us when we shall call again...

--Grey Thompson

CAUDY'S CASTLE, WEST VIRGINIA - JUNE 12

Pete Henrickson	Fern Warren	The Adams Three
Anneliese Matzen	Chipsey Janger	Lannie Hughey
Chuck Wettling	Margaret Lee	Bob Williams
Dave Templeton	Rollie Templeton	Tal and Karl Bielefeldt
Judy and Jimmy Goodman	Ed and Syvone Goodman	Else Litjens

Sad it is to realize that noble Caudy's Castle is rotting into the happy Cacapon. But sadder yet it is to stand below the mighty Caudy and wonder whether the goddamn cliff is going to brain you; both thoughts be enough to make one pause and contemplate or, in the alternative, buy a very thick hardhat. On a hot 12th of June, several heat-resistant and sanforized hardies climbed the Caudy's Castle with vigor and elan. Also, speaking for myself, with effort.

Led by Bob Adams and graced by Anneliese Matzen ("batting average" is a very handy phrase, Anneliese), the team of Adams, Sideman, and Matzen climbed for several hours on climb without a name until reaching summit, shade, food, and swim. Bounced and gamboled amidst rock ridges in the Cacapon with Chipsy, T. Gray, Lannie, Anneliese (goodbye, Anneliese), Pete Henrickson (welcome), Bob Adams, Phil and Ed. Unable to see from either Caudy's Castle or Cacapon the climbing feats of Chuck, Margaret, Dave, Rollie, or Els (welcome), but understood later that far cliffs across Cacapon crumble cum Caudy. Crazy.

Others came earlier, camped overnight and made a weekend of it. Everyone seemed to enjoy the day as well as leisurely dinner Marroco's.

--Dick Sideman

GREAT FALLS, MARYLAND - JUNE 19

Bill Gloner	Tom Ballard	Dick Sideman
Pete Hendrickson	Dave Elvin	Don Stemper
Penny Pierce	Ben and Jill Shapiro	Dave, Joan, Debra Templeton
Cloyd Morrison	Jett Feduska	Anneliese Matzen
Else Litjens	Pat Kenny	Arnold Wexler
Trudy Turner	Paul Draz	Allain Carel
Art Wilder	Joyce Boe	Nazer Hammill
Bob, Kate, Bobby Adams	Karl and Jan Edler	Lannie Hughie
Helena Ferne	Bob Croft	Rick Banning
Dave Small	Don Thayer	Christopher Kuldzyk

We arrived about noon to find a fair crowd lolling about sunbathing on the rocks and watching the intrepid few who were climbing despite the heat. These included Helena Ferne, whom we were delighted to see, and Dick Sideman who was savagely attacking "Chockstone" for not the first time. We regret to say that with victory literally within his grasp (hands over the top) he came slowly off and down, cursing all the way. The acoustics appear to be greatly improved at Great Falls, according to Don Stemper.

As the heat increased during the afternoon, the number of people sitting around got larger, but so did the number of climbers. Eventually a group arrived from downstream at the island where they had apparently been lead climbing, and the cry "Tuohey time" was raised.

At Tuohey's a great deal of beer was consumed and we were treated to slides of England, Scotland, the Isle of Wight and various airports and railroad stations by Bob Adams. One of the high points was discovering the church of St. Margaret Lee; she was modestly not there to see it! The last few diehards finished up the night with a trip to Glen Echo Park, where we found that after dlimbing, even the roller-coaster is tame.

--Ben and Jill Shapiro

THE LAKE DISTRICT IN MONSOON SEASON

It is not often that this aging rock climber is caught hiking, and when he is, he will do his best to make it sound heroic rather than senescent.

When I mentioned to Margaret Lee that I was to be in England and Scotland on business for two weeks in May, she was kind enough to put me in touch with two of her climbing friends, Dr. Pat Hurley of Newcastle and Jim Kilduff of Penrith. Two years ago I had made a short climb in Glen Etive with an Edinburgh club called the "Squirrels." It was time, she said, to see some good English crags.

Jim met me at the Penrith Railway Station with a big smile. It was 3 p.m. of Friday, May 20, and a pleasant day in spite of broken cumulus clouds. He had taken off early from work in order to take me climbing before dark. But first we stopped at his country home, "The Spinney," where his gracious wife, Felicity, welcomed us with a pot of good English tea, sandwiches and cake. (To tell the truth, there hadn't been much to eat on the train down from Edinburgh.) We stopped in the legendary climbing town of Keswick (pronounced Kezick) to pick up another runner and crab (sling and biner) before driving to road's end in Borrowdale. I was a little uneasy about starting up the hill at 5:30 until I remembered that it doesn't get dark until 10:30 or 11:00 in late May. As Jim had promised, the walk-in wasn't too long, and after a brisk 30 or 40 minutes we came up to the base of a rock wall known as the Raven Crag. Our route, Corvus, is rated as "470 feet, Difficult."

The rocks were still wet from an earlier rain, but the holds were satisfactory even in boots, and we went right up, switching leads. Jim and I had already discussed safety practices in our two countries, so I was not surprised to find that the leader and indeed the belayer, were protected only by clipping through a biner in a sling hung over the best available rock projection (known as a "belay"). Jim let me understand that in the Lake District one just doesn't use pegs (pitons). If you feel the need of them, the climb is above your standard. It is hard for me (and I suspect most Americans) to accept this fatalistic point of view. Jim's accounts of various accidents in his experience did nothing to convert me. However, I was completely at ease on this particular climb, and enjoyed it all the way.

We had a delightful walk back down the crest of the ridge, which alternated between rock and luxurious grass and was reminiscent of high camps in the Tetons. The skies were clear, and Jim pointed out a number of distant and impressive peaks.

Shortly after we got back to The Spinney it started to rain. It rained all night, all the next day, the next night and the next day, and that's when I left England and came home. But there is more to the story.

Keswick and Borrowdale are in the North of the Lake District. Windermere and Langdale are in the South, and Jim thought it might not be raining there. After waiting a decent length of time on Saturday morning for the showers to stop, we set off to climb Bowfell Buttress above Langdale. In spite of rain shirts and trousers we were soaked to the skin a few minutes after leaving the car. But Jim's pace up the "Band," as this ridge is called, left no time for getting chilled. What it did leave time for was reflecting on his account of a cross country race he had won at Great Malvern not too long ago. This was a 7-mile course over 1400-foot Beacon Hill, and his time had been just over 35 minutes!

After a time we had climbed up into the clouds, and for the next several hours our visibility was no more than a hundred feet. We crossed the crest of the ridge several times, found no trace of Bowfell Buttress, and after losing all sense of direction, decided to start down. We put into practice an old rule for those lost in the wilderness: just keep going down hill--eventually you will reach civilization. Soon we were following a small stream. Tributaries kept coming in, and we waded through these, as well as numerous marshes where the water was just above shoe-top. Eventually the river reached such proportions that it was no longer possible to cross. Fortunately the farm ahead was on our side. An inquiry revealed that we were in Eskdale, some 10 miles and two mountain passes away from our starting point!

These passes have the colorful names of Hardknott and Wrynose. I assumed the first was named for the knots that developed in my legs, but was told that "knott" is English for "knoll." In due course we regained Little Langdale and finally Great Langdale, where the car was parked, after 8 hours of quite steady traveling. Once settled in the car, I began to wonder whether I could negotiate the three steps between the car and the house. Sure enough, I nearly fell on my face. It was at about this time that I was overwhelmed with disappointment that Chuck, Bob Mole, and others who have grown "too old to climb" could not have been with us.

Fortunately I had a few dry clothes left. A delicious dinner and a lazy evening before the fire made everything worthwhile.

The moral of this story is that you can get wet if you walk around in the rain, even in England.

--Bob Adams

FROM THE CHAIRMAN...

There are a couple of questions concerning future policies of the Mountaineering Section of the Potomac Appalachian Trail Club which I would like to bring to the attention of the Section in this fashion some time before bringing them up for action at a business meeting. Thoughtful replies either to me personally or, better, as letters to UP ROPE, will be very helpful in threshing out the shape of these policies. The questions I have in mind pertain to the nature of the scheduled activities of the Section.

The question I should like to raise is what, if anything, should we undertake in the way of a formally organized program to justify our name of Mountaineering Section? To a considerable extent we operate as a dilettante bunch of Sunday afternoon rock climbers. True, this meets the needs and desires of many of our members and fits in with the facilities of nature readily available to us. But, on the other hand, some of our members have had real mountain climbing experience in the Tetons, the Alps, and other such places. And a number of our members have the enthusiasm and skill needed to carry off a real mountain climbing expedition. A major difficulty is, in most cases, the money to finance an expedition. Could we, as a club, and perhaps with some moral and financial support from the PATC, plan and carry out a modest expedition? Perhaps, in return for, say, transportation costs, we could ask for a slide illustrated report on the trip. And think how the sedate pages of the PATC Bulletin would be spiced up by a trip report comparable to Vince DeSanti's report on the April trip to the Shawangunks! (UPROPE, June 1966)

Well, I hope that these notions will percolate. Suggestions anyone?

--Phil Eddy

ANNOUNCEMENTS...

ETC...

Willing to pay \$1 or \$2 for obsolete rope--old and about to be thrown out--to be used to set up Oscar at Duke: Contact Gary Feichtinger, President, Duke Outing Club, P.O. Box 4558, Duke Station, Durham, North Carolina

Alternate trip, July 23-24: Old Rag Mountain. For those desiring a strenuous pre-WindRivers conditioning hike with climbing. Contact Bob Adams (292-1340) or Al Klov Dahl (EV4-1712)

HELP!

Small group of ex-mountaineers has a surplus of wenches who may be rented at a nominal fee to act as combination cooks and bearers: contact Box 928317(a).

4-man expedition needs a home by August 4. Anyone with a two- or four-man tent he could loan or rent to us would have a call gratefully received at WH6-4375. Tal Bielefeldt

No program will be scheduled for the July and August meetings.

Sporthaus Schuster (ASMU) in Munich, the largest Mountaineering supply house in Europe, will soon issue an English language Catalog. Anyone interested write Sporthaus Schuster, 8 Munchen 2, Rosenstrasse 5-6. Their prices may well beat what we've been getting through our regular suppliers on European equipment.

Again this season the Pittsburg Climbers are renewing their efforts to get out the climbers guide to Seneca Rocks. The May issue of "The Social Climber" is 12 pages of preliminary route descriptions. We urge anyone interested in the success of this project to read these and make any contributions or corrections they see fit--ask UP ROPE editor for a copy.

"Grey limestone or ruddy granite, ice of the gully or the serac, blown snow or cornice, smell of rock, scent of flowers, delicate saxifrage or sub-Himalayan forest, starlight or storms, sun-scorched terrace, unreal frontiers, friendship between two beings for better or for worse--to these do we belong..."

--Gaston Rébuffat



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