



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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November 1966

CALENDAR OF EVENTS

October 29-30 ----- Annapolis Rocks, Maryland

LEADER: Larry Griffin, Tony Gray (338-2146)

DIRECTIONS: See October UP ROPE, but note that where it says to hike north on AT .5 miles, it should be 2.5 miles (sorry about that!).

November 6 ----- Harper's Ferry, West Virginia

LEADER: Bob Adams (292-1340)

We have been asked by the National Park authorities at Harper's Ferry to provide training in basic mountaineering techniques to a small group of student rangers attending the Interior Department's Park Service school at Harper's Ferry. Leaders and qualified seconds who would be interested in demonstrating and instructing on either Saturday or Sunday, November 5 and 6, are asked to contact Tony Gray (338-2146), who is organizing classes, or the leader Bob Adams.

November 9 ----- Business Meeting, 1718 N Street, N.W., 8 p.m.

November 11-13 ---- Shawangunks, New Paltz, New York

CONTACT: Tony Gray (338-2146)

Individual parties and commissaries.

Alternate: Purple Horse, Maryland

DIRECTIONS: Park at Angler's Inn, hike up C&O Canal to east end (closest) of Widewater; take first left on path at bridge over water outlet.

November 16 ----- Special Program. "Climbing in the Alps." Arnold Wexler will show slides and recount his climbing trip this past summer. Clubhouse, 1718 N Street, N.W., 8 p.m.

November 20 ----- Rocks State Park, BelAir, Maryland

LEADER: Tom Blevins (584-9126)

DIRECTIONS: Drive north on US 1 to BelAir (15 miles NE of Baltimore). Pick up Rte. 24, go north 10 miles to Park. Climbing area obvious from road. Suggested route: Washington Beltway to Baltimore-Washington Parkway to Baltimore Harbor Tunnel to NE Expressway (95) to Baltimore Beltway (695). Left on Beltway to US 1, right to BelAir.

November 27 ----- Buzzard Rocks, Massanutten Mountains, Waterlick, Virginia

LEADER: Tal Bielefeldt (WH 6-4375)

DIRECTIONS: Take Rte. 55 through Front Royal. At 7 miles, at Waterlick, take left for about 3 miles. Trail to rocks on right, $\frac{1}{4}$ mile from fish hatchery.

NOTE: Some groups are planning on Thanksgiving in the Shawangunks (November 24-27). Individual parties. If interested contact Larry Griffin (560-8831).

COMING ATTRACTIONS: Baker Rocks, West Virginia or exploratory trip to Eagle Rocks in the Smokehole area. Contact T. Gray if interested.

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 Johnson's 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 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.

WIND RIVER RANGE, WYOMING - August 8-17, 1966

Bob, Kate & Bobby Adams

Ron & Betty Bell

Talbot Bielefeldt

Karl, Barb, Fritz & Jan Edler

Rich Hall

Al Klov Dahl

Anneliese Matzen

Timothy Schoechle

Maggie Teel

Art Wilder

Bob Williams

Darkness, a light in the middle. Whispers and mutterings, the sounds of metal,

cloth, and leather. Light began to outline the dark pines of my back yard to the east; our imaginations outlined bright mountains to the west. That was our direction.

For the next two days, Al, Rich, Art, and I put the highways of eight states behind us, coming to rest in the junkyard of Pine Bluff, Wyoming. At 3:30 p.m. on August 8, we turned at last into the Wind River Indian Reservation. We headed for the Ink Wells Trail that leads 16 miles to Gannet Glacier. Robert Adams and Orrin Bonney (author of Guide to the Wyoming Mountains) had in past years seen signs at the Reservation entrance proclaiming unauthorized persons trespassers on Arapahoe land. The Ink Wells Trail was considered lost, and the longer (23 miles) Glacier Trail was taken instead. We discovered that \$3 on the counter of the Crowheart General Store made us authorized persons.

The road deteriorated into a dirt track wandering over barren plateaus and clinging to steep hillsides. We met some Colorado fishermen who finally abandoned their Plymouth below a small yellow cliff and continued in a jeep. Our laboring Dodge ended its struggles 10 miles from the highway at the Cold Springs packing station (el. 9,500 ft.).

In the morning we struggled into harness. Art and Rich carried 85 pounds each, I wrestled with 80, and Al set the expedition record with 100 lbs. We said goodbye to the two packers at the camp and set off through the timber. Trees alternated with grassy alps and grazing cattle. Eventually, the woods ended and we were again on treeless, windy slopes. This was the south slope of Horse Ridge, which runs east and west. We would cross the east end, travel west to Gannet Peak below the north slopes, and set up base camp in the shadow of the west end.

At 1:05 we came to the stormy crest at Scenic Pass (el. 11,400 ft.). The four of us peered through wind-driven snow across the valley to the mountains we had come to meet. At the end of the valley the summit of Gannet sailed like a ship through the meandering storms. Our eyes in the sky, we got down to Echo Lake, camping in the timber under tall cliffs.

As we were packing up in the morning, a hefty black bear moseyed on down from the hills to the north. We started moseying westward, throwing out our yodels to save weight. We worked our way up Dinwoody Creek until 4 o'clock, when we discovered we were working our way up Gannet Creek. A delicate traverse on a spruce log, led by Art, put us back on the right road to Dinwoody Glacier. Flowery Alps broke the timber, and soon we were above treeline. Our mountains stood right before us now. On the far side of Dinwoody Creek appeared four figures that developed into Ron Bell, Tim Schoechle, and Bob and Kate Adams. We found that the others were all camped at Floyd Wilson's Meadows, far below in the timber. We climbed to the last patches of grass before the rock and ice, and pitched our tents in the flowers at 10,800 ft.

At 11 the next morning we hopped across Dinwoody Creek to a lovely tarn with a snow-field above it that came down to the water. Scrambling to a higher snow patch on the side of West Sentinel, we spent the afternoon in belay and self-arrest practice. Bob Adams appeared by the tarn at 1 p.m. and soon Bobby and Bob Williams came charging up the snow. Our satisfaction at having driven to 9,500 ft. was greatly increased when Bob Williams said that the main party had had to flag down the first pack train on the second day out. Bobby and Bob plunged down in a flurry of snow and soon appeared on the far side of the creek, headed for East Sentinel. The rest

of us returned to the tarn to meet the arrivals. Kate, Bob, and Anneliese greeted us and hurried off for a try at West Sentinel. Meanwhile, our foursome ferried our 350 lbs. of base camp across a now-swollen stream to the camp by the tarn.

Over dinner, it was decided to try Gannet Peak (13,785) in the morning. It would be the first mountain for several of us, and the hills weren't accepting strangers easily. Wind and rain tore at us through the night. At daylight I crawled out of my gurgling sleeping bag into a thick fog. The clouds milled around, finally parting for a moment to reveal fresh snow on the spires above. Undismayed, ten of us set off over the stream and across the boulder field.

Soon we could look down on the fog, a wad of cotton jammed into the floor of the valley. Coming onto the ice, Bob Williams and Bobby Adams turned south to the Warren-Doulet-Dinwoody massif. They were going to traverse the whole group--ascending the southeast side of Mt. Warren and working back north to the northeast ridge of Mt. Dinwoody. Climbing up the glacier to Gannet were the Bells, Maggie, Tim, Art, Rich, Al, Bob Adams, Anneliese, and myself. We crossed on rock from Dinwoody to Gooseneck Glacier and moved unroped toward the Gooseneck, a gendarme outlying from Gannet. All climbed down into the bergschrund while Al led the one vertical pitch on the route. (Bob Adams assured us, in fact, that it constituted most of the rock climbing in the Wind River Range). To get around the Gooseneck, Ron Bell and Al put in a fixed rope so that climbers could traverse on the snow below the pinnacle. Above the Gooseneck, we ascended a broken-up arete to the summit ridge. Looking down, the leaders could see Al gazing across the traverse, with the lately-coiled rope on his shoulder. On the other side stood Art, who presently climbed quietly across unroped.

A half-mile walk along the snowy ridge brought us to a broad white dome. Our mountain was climbed. To the west, Mammoth Glacier ran into brown hills; to the south, Dinwoody Glacier flowed to the dark timber of our valley. The prairie, far to the east, looked only an hour's walk away. Clouds began to troop in and Betty Bell expressed concern about the weather. Someone said cheerfully, "Oh, it won't snow here for 15 minutes." We started down.

A short rappell took us into the bergschrund. From there it was one long glissade, scrambling over occasional rock, then flying down the snow again. The dirty work of crossing the talus was hateful after our moments as Pegasus. We looked across Dinwoody Glacier to Warren, but Bob and Bobby were not to be seen. They were found sitting in the grass by the tents, waiting for the cooks to come home.

The next day, the 13th, was cold and blustery, and most climbers stayed by the tarn. Anneliese, Art, Al, and I left with our eyes on Mt. Warren at 7 o'clock--an hour late. Matters weren't helped by verglas on the rocks in Dinwoody Creek. Anneliese schussed down a frosty boulder into the icy water. Al made the rescue and escorted her back to camp, while Art and I went ahead. We passed a grumbling Bob Adams, who was sitting on a rock wringing out a pair of Ragg socks.

The glacier was frozen still, and in the whole great cirque, it seemed as if the crunching of our crampons was the only sound. Al and Anneliese caught up. We followed the old tracks through the crevasses and up the snow to Elsie's Col, between Warren and The Turret. There we unroped and traversed on easy rock to a steep ice couloir. I belayed from a large rock in the middle of the chute, and Al took

the lead. The blue ice was very hard, and Bobby's steps had filled in. Al chopped his way up, powder snow swirling about him in the wind. But a late start, hard ice, and thin air took our time, and at noon we turned back. The fact that Warren and two other 13,000 ft. peaks had been climbed by one party the day before did not escape us.

On the 14th, Ron Bell, Adams and son, and Bob Williams headed for Mt. Wilson. Tim and Maggie explored Gannet Glacier to the north, and the rest of us spent much of the day contemplating the scenery. Our world in the Wind Rivers was made up of three provinces. There was the tarn, the boulder field, and beyond that the glacier and high peaks. Our campsite was riddled with clear brooks that ran into milky Dinwoody Creek. Each morning we crossed the creek and climbed over the boulders to the ice beyond. The moraine was dirty and treacherous, but the glacier was beautiful. By the talus, the ice was grimy and cut with tunnels through which water roared in the afternoon sun. It was still in the cold mornings, but for most of the day the sound of water was always around us. Higher, the ice was quiet and clean, hanging like a skirt on the brown rock.

It was here that the crevasses lay. While we were on Warren, binoculars had been aimed at the fractured slope of Mt. Wilson. Today, the evening's opinions were having their test. By mid-morning the Adamses, Ron, and Bob crossed the last crevasse and climbed to the rock. They scrambled to the top up a loose gully, which they named the Death Chute, sending a fusilade of rock crashing down to Mammoth Glacier.

Back in camp, Rich Hall and I had been pondering the Adams' disbelief in the existence of rock-climbing in the Wind Rivers. Cliffs appeared to rise all about, so we decided to test Bob's statement. We selected a small, 800 ft. cliff above our first campsite. After a make-believe first pitch, the climb turned into a make-believe overhang, and I took a for-real leader fall. We made a for-real retreat, leaving 3 for-real pitons and a rappell anchor on the make-believe climb. Adams was probably right, but we still had our doubts.

The Wilson team had returned victorious when we arrived back, and soon Al, Betty Bell, and Anneliese came down from East Sentinel. Maggie and Tim, who explored most of the surrounding country, came back from Gannet Glacier. Onto the scene marched the Edlers from Floyd Wilson's Meadows, completing the trip roster. They greeted us all, and went off to see the glacier. By the next day, Al, Art, Rich, and I would be the only ones left. The others would go down to Floyd Wilson's Meadows in the morning, where the packer would meet them on August 16.

The sun came up to shine on the four of us strapping on our crampons below Mt. Wilson. Al and Art on the first rope, Rich and I on the second, we followed the tracks from the day before. Skirting a huge wind schrund, we worked through the crevasses and climbed the snow above. The colors white and blue were never so fine, and my neck became sore from looking up at the junction of sky and mountain. Rich and I shivered at the base of the gully until Al and Art climbed to solid rock at the top. We spent an hour on a secondary snow summit below the gulley, faking "hero" pictures and admiring the view. The tarn was a quiet, lonely place with only the two small tents shaking in the wind. I think the loneliness got to us, for we decided to pull out the next day.

We still wanted another summit at our feet. We elected Pinnacle Ridge, arguments running long and hard over the route. (Verbal fights were common among all at base camp). We picked a path near the arete that comes down between Pinnacle Ridge and Mt. Wilson. The choice became immensely popular when loud crashing sounds started coming from the ice to our right. The top of the arete was a corniced ridge dropping off hundreds of feet on the Wilson side. A snow couloir above a crevasse led to the summit. We crossed the schrund on a graceful, arched bridge, and climbed for three rope-lengths up the couloir. An easy, short rock climb brought us to the top of the spire. We stood in a dark blue sky, and on the horizon far away, the sun was shining on the snow of the Tetons.

We ate our lunch and hurried down over the melting glacier. At 2 o'clock we leveled our last curse at the boulder field, and stumbled onto the grass. Two hours later, the familiar harness tightened, and the solemn tarn was left alone. Down through the alps, into the timber, a right turn at the angry brown moose, and onto the floor of the valley again. With the alpenglow on Horse Ridge, we dumped our packs in a meadow a mile west of Echo Lake. A tent, apparently mauled by bears, stood nearby, but I was too tired to care.

Echo Lake in mid-morning--sunny, birdsongs, a breeze in the firs. Finally, Horse Ridge and the slow, painful walk up the grassy slope. At 12:30 we came again to the top of Scenic Pass. To the west, heavy clouds were coming over the mountains. At the end of the valley, the summit of Gannet sailed like a ship.

And so we left in a storm, as we had come. Those of us who had gone as innocents came down properly seduced by the mountains. We brought back only the words on this page, and left only footprints, now gone, and four pitons in a make-believe cliff. I must say, though, that the cliff still seemed to be there when we left. Not to make a liar out of Bob Adams, we'll have to go back and look again sometime. For real.

Talbot Bielefeldt

WOLF GAP - October 15-16

Friday night

Larry and Sallie Griffin
Tom Blevins
Barry Wallen
Boxy Daugherty
Els Litgens
Harold and Charlie Kramer
Art Wilder

Saturday

Rich Hall
Glenna Spitzer

Tony and Meg Gray
Ted Shad
Helena and Georges Ferné
Bob and Kate Adams
Chuck Wettling
Margaret Lee
Three deSchutters
Trudy Turner
Thayis Weibel
Walpurga List
Werner Gruhl

Saturday began when it was dark, as usual, and there were already a number of climbers asleep on the ground waiting for dawn. Awhile later I became aware of noises in the leaves in the direction of Larry and Sallie's tent, and after pretending to be asleep for a while, gave up, got up, and with Tom and Els began the business of throwing a breakfast together. Larry and Sallie, obviously proficient at getting going in the morning, got a head start to the Devil's Garden and had done several climbs and some bird watching when the rest of us got there. Tom set up the climb on the left wall directly in front of the pack ledge, which is fun--if you can get off the ground. Several lead climbs were done, and several of us cleared the brambles and brush away from the area below the pack ledge from which several traditional climbs start, for posterity.

By this time others had arrived and groups were straying off to look for the actual Devil's Garden. Climbing wasn't pursued terribly strenuously, for the weather and fall foliage were particularly pleasant--punctuated by the shots of hunters in the valley to our south.

The next order of business was supper; for new arrivals getting tents set up; and for others getting primed for the annual (I hope) Wolf Gap Cabin Square Dance and "Cider" Party. Chuck had a phonograph and his collection of mountain stomps, and when they could get the floor the square dancers squared. A light rain was falling when the party broke up, but it stopped during the night and Sunday came around clear.

There were some early risers, and some later, but I guess everybody got headed for Big Schloss eventually. Again the fall colors were showing well, and the trail up the ridge turned out to be pretty easy, even for climbers. (Andre and Valentine took up their ?-month-old son). I had never been to Big Schloss before and was pleasantly surprised by the possibilities for climbing (both the east and west exposures) and by the beauty of the place.

At least one lead climb was done on the east side (on the south wall of the ravine that leads to the bridge) and a number of ropes were set up on the west side. One overhang that we had apparently not tried before was quite spectacular and we were treated to the dramas of Thayis conquering, and of Tom and his handhold abruptly coming off a more difficult variation. I'm looking forward to seeing Bob Adams' slides of these climbs (and of the night before!).

Art Wilder

CHANGE OF MEETING SCHEDULE

At the last business meeting, 12 October, Article V-C of the by-laws to the constitution of the Mountaineering Section was amended to read as follows: "Meetings for business only shall be held at least every other month."

Since, by Article V-B of the by-laws, the annual meeting is set for January, it

seems desirable to hold the business only meetings in the odd-numbered months. In the even-numbered months, there may be entertainment meetings, business meetings if required by circumstances, or no meetings at all. In any case, the schedule will be announced in UP ROPE.

MEMBERSHIP DUES AND UP ROPE SUBSCRIPTIONS

In accordance with the consensus of recent meetings of the Mountaineering Section, subscriptions to UP ROPE will be combined with membership dues and both paid together by those who are formally members of the Section. (Non-member subscribers are not affected). During the coming year the transition will be effected to bring both payments into phase. Rates remain the same as they have been. Our treasurer, Sallie Griffin, intends to do as much of the billing as possible by telephone during this transition stage.

All memberships will run from September to September, as most do at present; when a member's dues become due, he will be billed for the time between that month and next September, plus or minus the appropriate amount to bring his UP ROPE subscription to the same schedule. For most Section members, this time is NOW.

HARPER'S FERRY WORK TRIP

On November 5-6, we shall replace our customary first-weekend-of-the-month workout at Carderock by a twofold mission to Harper's Ferry, West Virginia.

One mission is in response to repeated requests from the Park Rangers there to give them training in techniques of rock climbing and of mountain rescue. It seems that all too often they have the unpleasant chore of rescuing unqualified climbers stranded, or worse, on the cliffs there. This situation has become so annoying that the place may quite possibly be declared off-limits except, we hope, to properly qualified people like ourselves.

The second mission is to trim trees at High Acre, the PATC's deluxe "cabin" on the hillside overlooking the Shenandoah River and about 200 feet up from Jefferson's Rock. There are some limbs which overhang the house and which need to be trimmed off to prevent possible future damage. Also there is a fair-sized dead locust tree in the yard which also needs to be removed. Appropriate tools--axes, bow saws, cross cut saws, and a power chain saw--will be available from the Club's supply. Also manilla ropes from Oscar's rigging.

All persons whose experience qualifies them for either of these two missions, as well as those who are willing to lend a hand, are urged to join the gang, especially on Saturday, and help to make this trip a bang-up success.

FROM OUR CORRESPONDENTS

TOM McCRUM sent a postcard saying he had hoped to join the group for the Harper's Ferry trip but was unable to. He hopes to make it up this way in October...(?)

MARY VINCETT of Baltimore sends greetings to all and hopes to come out with the group again before too long. She is very active in the Mountain Club of Maryland, and invites any who are interested to join them on their hikes. They will be glad to make arrangements for getting together, transportation charges are 1.5¢ per mile unless you drive yourself, and no guest fee will be charged MS guests. Schedules are available from Editors.

VINCE De SANTI writes that he expects to be in San Francisco until the end of November and sends his regards to "Blevins, Dick Hall, Art, and the rest of the mountaineering group."

FOR SALE

The PATC now has for sale, at \$1 each, a few copies of James Kolocotronis' "Guide to the Mississippi Palisades." This is one of the relatively few climbing areas in the midwest; it is located near Savanna, Illinois.

ROPE. The shipment of climbing rope ordered by the PATC Equipment Committee has recently arrived. Seven 150 ft. 7/16-inch Columbia nylon ropes are available. Those people who ordered ropes through T. Gray may pick them up from Tony or Karl Edler. Members may purchase the ropes for cost, \$19.50. Karl's # is SP 3-1693.

White HA brand motorcycle helmet, extra-large, for sizes 7 3/8 - 7 1/2. Would fit 7 1/4 with a little added padding inside sweat band. Worn only an hour and a half. Cost \$11.85. Will sell for \$6. Call Talbot Bielefeldt at WH 6-4375.

HISTORICAL NOTE

Anyone interested in the history of the club would enjoy helping the Records committee dig through and reorganize the archives. See chairman or UP ROPE editor.

NEW MEMBERS

Patricia Nagy

Sponsored by: Harold Kramer
Sallie Griffin

Thayis Weibel

Sponsored by: George Livingstone
Tony Gray

These will be voted on at November 9 Business Meeting.

CHANGE OF ADDRESSChristopher Buckingham
8560 2nd Avenue
Silver Spring, Maryland 20910Els Litjens
c/o Biodynamics
6010 Executive Boulevard
Rockville, Maryland 20852Bob Munger
26 15th Avenue
Sea Cliff, Long Island, N.Y. 11579Joseph Shields, M.D.
4 Gilmore Drive
Gulf Breeze, Florida

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Takoma Park, Maryland 20012NEW SUBSCRIBERSAl Goldberg
8635 Glenn Dale Road
Greenbelt, Maryland 20770Steven Gulick
10418 Ewell Drive
Kensington, Maryland 20795Roger Hammill
7205 Hilton Avenue
Takoma Park, Maryland 20012Peter Keller
1629 Columbia Road, N.W., Apt. 210
Washington, D.C. 20009William B. Lord
3411 15th Street North
Arlington, Virginia 22201Tom Evans
3414 Arlington Boulevard
Arlington, Virginia 22204

"From the Matterhorn, from Mont Blanc, from many other peaks, we have often gazed at the sea of clouds filling the valleys. From this ocean the high summits emerge, alone, like new continents. It is always a wonderful sight, a sight with a somewhat dreamlike quality. But always, and without the help of cloud, the mountains are a world apart, a grand and mysterious world between the earth and the sky, a world which one must love before one approaches it and is, discreetly, admitted to it...."

Gaston Rebuffat