



FOUNDED BY
JAN AND HERB CONN

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

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

Vol. XXI No. 12

December 1966

CALENDAR OF EVENTS

December 4.....Carderock, Maryland

LEADER: Chuck Wettling (843-6217)

December 11.....Sugarloaf Mountain, Dickerson, Maryland

LEADER: Phil Eddy (942-4231)

December 18.....Echo Cliffs, Great Falls, Virginia

LEADER: Bob Adams (292-1340)

December 25.....The Causasus, Holiday Trip

LEADER: Tony Gray (338-2146)

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.

December 15.....In place of a program for December...

No business meeting or program has been scheduled for December. There will be, however, an informal get together Friday evening, December 16, after 7:30 p.m., at the Alp Haus on the slopes of Mt. Pisgah for a pot-luck slide show. Bring your own slides and your own beer (9619 Mt. Pisgah Rd., Silver Spring, Md.--left at 1st light on New Hampshire Ave. inside Beltway--contact Stearns, Schoechle, Livingstone, Croft, or Hailsey 439-0068). Topics of interest will include climbing, climbing, and climbing as well as other associated climbing subjects.

ANNAPOLIS ROCKS, MARYLAND - October 29-30, 1966

Jerry Archibald and Laureli
Sid Newman and Rex
Chris Buckingham
Thais Weibel

Larry and Sallie Griffin
George and Ghee Livingstone
Martha Singleterry
Ted Schad

Attendance suffered due to pre-training for the Harper's Ferry training trip. However, those who neglected club duty and came out for the scheduled trip (for shame!) enjoyed beautiful weather with similar climbing and camping.

Two enthusiasts, Jerry Archibald and Laureli, Jerry's half Great Dane, half St. Bernard, hiked in during the wee hours of Saturday a.m. to become the first arrivals.

Thinking we were the first to arrive early Saturday, imagine our surprise to spy a Kelty near the camping area. Suddenly we were under attack by an enormous canine monster--gentle Laureli. Having thus violently awakened her sleeping master, make suitable introductions and determined that Laureli was indeed friendly, we set about to pitch our camp. One would have never known it was gorgeous October weather judging from our prepared-for-anything backpacking extravaganza camp complete with 10x12 polyethylene tent fly and wall-to-wall ensolite pads.

Eventually, several of the standard climbs were rigged and ascended, the most challenging one being "Faulhaber's Fall."

Sid Newman and dog Rex arrived later in the day to complete a friendly foursome around a cheery supper campfire.

Sunday a.m. found us hard at work on those climbs we didn't get to the previous day. "Incubation" and "Time and a Half" fell to our efforts, but the victors became the vanquished on "Double Time" and "Child Labor." Ted Schad arrived and so the enjoyable "Roof Traverse Route" was repeated.

The final contingent of climbers arrived via the Buckinghamobile just in time for lunch. Having escaped from the Halloween grem'lins, these individuals, fresh from their journey, promptly rigged and climbed "Joe Faint's Overhang"--surely one of the most difficult and spectacular ceilings free climbed in our area.

A beginners climb of some consequence was located and pioneered so that now even beginners can enjoy a lovely area infamous for its fierce overhangs and otherwise demanding climbs.

--Larry Griffin

TREE-TRIMMING AT HIGH ACRE - November 5

Some time ago, word was passed to the Mountaineering Section that some tree felling and trimming needed to be done at High Acre, the estate given by Kathryn A. Fulkerson to the PATC, situated on the hillside overlooking the historic town of

Harper's Ferry, West Virginia. It seems that in the Old Days founding father Paul Bradt had somewhat of a reputation as a tree-trimmer, and besides, didn't we know how to handle ourselves in high places, use ropes, etc.? When I put out a call for volunteers, no one would admit to having had any experience at tree-trimming, and only one, Art Wilder, claimed to be a all familiar with a gasoline powered chain saw which was to be our principal tool. So it was with some trepidation, therefore, that our little band began operations that Saturday morning.

The first object of our attentions was a dead locust tree, one of whose branches almost overhung the porch of the house. This was considered to be the most serious threat to the safety of the house. Chris Buckingham grabbed the chain saw and ascended the ladder into the tree almost like a knight champion of old leaping into the fray ahead of his comrades. Soon we had one rope on Chris, another on the overhanging limb, and operations began. Within a few minutes the limb was off and eased to the ground where the ground crew made short work of trimming it. Then came another limb in similar fashion. Next it was the main trunk itself. Since we did not trust our ability to make the tree fall in the direction desired, away from the house, we secured a line as high up as possible, and two men hauled away on this while Chris used the saw at the base. The combined strategy worked, and Whump! went the tree against the hillside away from the house. Once again, the ground crew with hand saws and axes made quick work of the smaller branches, while the chain saw worked like magic on the trunk and main branches.

About this time Clara Deaton made it known that chow was ready so we knocked off and went to the back door to investigate. Sho'nuff, she had whipped up the tastiest little ole snack of real southe'n fra'd chicken with boiled sweet potatoes and cole slaw. On top of that came a big chocolate cake and hot coffee. With such a meal inside us, we felt refreshed and ready to tackle the rest of the job.

A big maple (?) stood off a rear corner of the house; it had several dead branches which, although no immediate threat to the house, were scheduled for removal. One beg one was close enough totthe ground that Art Wilder was able to saw it off without himself leaving the ground. Higher up was another, smaller, branch which needed to be lopped off some 15 or 20 feet from the ground. This was my chance; I used to love to scramble around in trees when I was a kid and here was a golden opportunity. It was easy enough to get up to the intended scene of operations, but much more difficult to find a stance in which I felt secure, was in proper balance, and within range of the limb to be cut. Needless to say, there was one rope belaying me, another belaying the chain saw, and a third urging the limb to fall in the desired direction. When I was ready to make the first cut, the saw engine died every time I turned it on its side to begin operations. After several awkward restarts of the engine, I sent it down for refueling. With all these preliminaries out of the way, the actual cutting went quickly and smoothly. Then Chuck Wettling came up the ladder with the pail of black goo with which we gobbled all the amputation sites to prevent decay, we hope.

A couple more quick amputations of dead limbs on nearby trees and we called it a day. It was getting close to 4 p.m., and the sun was sinking low, and we were all tired. We were also pleased with ourselves that all had gone so well on an unfamiliar venture; no one had been hurt and we had accomplished all and more than the Highacre committee under Clara Deaton had hoped for.

Most of us planned to stay over for the training session next day so we joined the group under Bob Adams which had been giving the Park Rangers and Job Corps boys a

preliminary taste of rock climbing. There was some confused dashing around in the gathering dusk before we settled down to camp for the night in a picnic area called Potoma near the Virginia end of the Potomac Bridge. After supper by lantern light, Chris and Martha treated the rest of us to marshmallows toasted over their little campfire. Hardly had things quieted down and all retired when rattle rattle crash! a raccoon toppled over the stack of cooking ware which Chuck and Margaret had piled atop their box of brownies. (To protect them from raccoons, no doubt!) Then we slept to prepare ourselves for further adventures which are recounted elsewhere in this issue.

Art Wilder

Phil Eddy

Martha Singleterry

Chuck Wettling

-Els Litjens

Lee Evans

Chris Buckingham

Margaret Lee

plus PATC members Dave Brownlee who had come up for the day with his family, And Col. Benjamin Bush who, with his family, had rented Highacre for the weekend.

--Phil Eddy

HARPERS FERRY, MARYLAND - NOVEMBER 6

Chuck Wettling

Phil Eddy

Lee Evans

Purgy List

Tim Schoechle

Maggie Teel

Al Goldberg

Joe Nolte

Andre & Valentine DeSchutter

Harold Kramer

Tony Gray

Art Wilder

Chris Buckingham

Els Litjens

Dave Small

Henry Stearns

Tal Bielefeldt

Tom Blevins

Don Stemper

Bob Robinson

Trudy Turner

Margaret Lee

Martha Singleterry

Bob Adams and family

Tom McCrum

Thais Weibel

Mark Carpenter

Rich Hall

Penny Pierce

Barry Wallon

Ed Goodman

With a hint of threatening rain in the cold and overcast sky, climbers began arriving early at the visitors' center on the cobblestone main street of Harpers Ferry. Our purpose was to provide a small group of Park Service employees with requested training in mountain rescue and rock climbing techniques. Bob Adams and Chris Buckingham had arrived Saturday and given basic instruction as well as leading some of the available trainees on continuous climbs, thereby setting the stage for the classes on Sunday. Our educational theory was derived from the military method of field classes, i.e., instruction, demonstration, and application. Since only one ranger had received formal training in mountain rescue, we were obliged to cover the very basics of our week-end profession. Currently the southeastern division of the Park Service had a rather low budget for rescue equipment; consequently our teaching was also oriented to this limitation.

The "bombed out" shell of the Salty Dog tavern, scene of bygone brawls in the early days of the C&O Canal, provided protection from the cold down-river wind and thus an ideal demonstration area. Following classes in equipment and safety by the author, knot tying by Ed Goodman, and climbing technique by Bob Adams, we moved outside into the by-then-warm sun. More climbers arrived at Maryland Heights clamoring for something to do. The response to the "Up Rope"-announced mission was fortunately a little more than expected. The result was a 2 to 1 ratio of

instructors to students. Let's hope the D.C. Board of Education doesn't hear about this.

Chuck Wettling gave the lecture on belaying with little Margaret Lee catching visiting Marine Tom McCrum in an interesting series of falls. Rappelling down the canal's lock walls to the consternation of some trainees was a job ably handled by Don Stemper. Meanwhile Tom Blevins had rigged a series of ropes from the wooden lock bridges for prussiking instruction that looked for all the world like the re-enacted hanging of Potawatomi John Brown, plus a few of his followers.

We broke for lunch while Joe Nolte and his crew of Tal and Mark searched for a suitable place to set up the rescue demonstration. The west face of Maryland Heights was vetoed as too dirty and dangerous, although some say it's a nice place for climbing. Finally Joe found an interesting cliff on the south face and we were in business. Trudy Turner played the willing body of an injured, if somewhat concerned, victim. The rescue demonstration sort of jazzed up the rangers and they turned to their part of the scheme with bounding enthusiasm which quite possibly was enhanced by Trudy's charm.

In the meantime climbers spread out over all of the standard routes plus a few not-so-standard ones. Bob Robinson and another visiting British climber did the left side of the Mennon proclamation and with typical English understatement pronounced Maryland Heights "a jolly good area." Barry Wallon led Thais up T**land, a series of dirty and horrendous overhangs. Thais followed this by leading the left side of the sign, while earlier Tim Schoechle wormed up a difficult crack in the bare center.

As darkness fell climbers began drifting over to Hilltop House for refreshment of spirit and limb. The rangers allowed they had learned something, we said we were glad. We drank to it.

The apparent result of our contribution was twofold. The rangers couldn't help but learn, they participated in the instruction. Secondly, as is usual, the teachers benefitted even more from the instruction than their students. Additionally it is felt that friendlier relations have been established with the Harpers Ferry authorities. Great credit is due to the many club members who, by thought or deed, gave unstintingly of their time and skill.

The following handwritten note from Ranger Supervisor A. E. Hutchinson was received. "Thanks again for the great training session, we certainly appreciate all the effort put forth by you, Bob and all the rest of the club. Next time you're up be sure and stop by. Sincerely, Hutch."

--Tony Gray

And another letter to the PATC from Joseph R. Prentice, Superintendent, Harpers Ferry National Historical Park, dated November 18, 1966:

"On November 5 and 6 the members of the mountaineering section of the Potomac Appalachian Trail Club conducted a training session in rockclimbing and mountain rescue for the staff of Harpers Ferry National Historical Park.

The session was well organized and demonstrated sincere interest on the part of all those involved. However, I think a special commendation is in store for Bob Adams and Tony Gray, who organized the sessions and provided the spirited leadership.

I'm sure that all of the staff here benefitted greatly from the training and I would like to pass on my sincere thanks to the mountaineering section."

CHAMPE ROCKS

Rinky-Dink - 5.9

On Saturday, September 3, 1966, Chips Janger and myself, after being forced off a long face climb by an elusive crack, embarked upon a climb known as Rinky-Dink, located on the north end of the east flake at Champe Rocks.

Rinky-Dink was originally done by Joe Faint and Mike Nicholson in the early 1960's. To our knowledge, we are the only other team to have completed this route. Many attempts have been made, as attested by the numerous rappel slings. The lack of hardware on the third and fourth pitches and the lone carabiner hanging from a piton on the lower twenty feet of the third pitch lead one to believe that this portion of Rinky-Dink is undesirable.

The climb begins about forty feet up from the base of the east flake. After climbing about ten feet, we encountered the first of a long line of fifth class overhangs. The route of the first pitch then continues on the left portion of the north end, moving in-and-out of a large crack. At the top of this crack we found ourselves confronted by a large chock-stone. Over this and behind a small flake was the first belay ledge.

At this point I would like to add, that in order to mount each belay ledge on this climb, an overhang had to be negotiated.

While on this ledge, Chips and I had lunch consisting of fillets of kippers, smoked herring, a chocolate bar, a dextrose tablet and water. After such a feast as this, one can only sit back and relax, and smoke Chips' cigarettes, which we did.

To start the second pitch we stepped right onto the flakes again. The route from here was just a matter of choosing the lesser overhangs and going over them. About seventy feet up we stepped left into a small inside corner. Continuing up this, and passing a small window which looks through the flake, to a small but pronounced overhang, over which lay our next belay ledge.

The third pitch started by moving onto the east wall of the flake and moving up the outside corner to a small stance, just below a large overhang. From here we began to move diagonally up and left along some very loose flakes. After about sixty feet, I found myself in a situation of rope friction and no apparent belay ledge, until I noticed I was using it for a foot hold. Once situated and anchored to three pitons I had placed, I belayed Chips up. From here Chips led up about thirty feet and stepped merrily over the top only to realize the sun had set.

Moving north along the top of the flake we came to a small notch, where we rigged the first of many rappels (six in fact), which at long last and after dark, brought us back to earth. From here we walked, stumbled, fell, got up and fell again, across the scree slopes and down to the river where we met that little old milkshake-man, George Livingstone and his able-bodied assistant Thais Weibel.

The moral of this trip is to either start earlier, carry a flashlight, or have a friend like George around if you're interested in doing Rinky-Dink or any of the other long and very fine routes at Champe Rocks.

--Tom Blevins

ADDENDA

In the above description, Tom refers to my stepping "merrily" over the top. Frankly, I can't remember anything on that climb that was done merrily.

Generally, Tom's description of the route is complete; however, having led the majority of the climb, he modestly omits comment on some of the problems along the route. For instance, inching over the top of a rather treacherous overhang, and finding it necessary to move immediately onto an incredibly exposed wall, almost totally devoid of holds, somehow gaining a few feet--only to find yourself confronted with another overhang which matches the one a few feet below it. Four pitches of this.....Nice lead, Tom.

However, this climb brought forth another example of Man's communion with nature. While sitting on the top, belaying, and as I began to realize how much time it would take to get down, it was interesting to note how the sinking of the sun behind the mountains seemed to match perfectly the sinking feeling inside my stomach.

There is, however, one amusing thing about this climb. Its name. Rinky Dink.Rinky Dink?.....No comment.

--Chips Janger

SHAWNGUNKS, NEW YORK - November 11-13

Don Stemper	"Sherpa" Penny Pierce	"Porter" Sally Greenwood
"Porter" Bonny Walker	Tom Blevins	Rich Hall
Joan and Bob Robinson	Barry Wallen	Boxy Daugherty
Sue and Al Goldberg	Thais Weibel	Jeff Rogers
Chuck Wettling	Margaret Lee	Jerry Archibald
Trudy Turner and nephew Al	Mark Carpenter	Mike Nicholson
Tony Gray	"Kid Theory" (Eric Rosenfeld)	Richard Sideman

Awoke at 5:15 Friday morning to pick up ebullient T. Gray and bop up to 'Gunks, alternately snoozing and driving, in time for late afternoon scamper and slide up Easy Verschneidung, site of fabled 'head jam.' (One jams his head into this notch, about 200 feet vertical, and hangs there, awaiting revival of arms. Theory created, developed, and tested simultaneously in inspired moment of genius by Kid Theory... who also broke new ground on same climb in devising a precedent-shattering method of ascent known as 'The Swarm': That being, roughly speaking, a human wave roaring and pounding up the rock face--the perfect wave, a vertical banzai pipeline--until it reaches the nearest niche, ledge, or veg. Good climb on E.V.

Descended to das Uber Fall to find D. Stemper cheshire-cattling over the following: one tent, three women, and, you guessed it, D. Stemper. Fox-like, Don Chose the Uber Fall as his camp site, but that did not work out quite-as-planned; the harem-master spent the next two nights beating away the wolves, shaggy AMC-types, and other assorted riff-raff.

Camped at the usual spot, near sudsy stream, 'midst low pines and lowering mist, and walked muttering about and kicking the earth until good site was found for the tent. That done, we were joined by B. Wallen and B. Daugherty for quick ride to Bavarian Inn, long meal (real tasty), brief respite at the harem-master's until a friend from the Big City (Kid Theory, in fact) joined up, and we rode back to camp site. Thais roasted marshmallows, and a mellow beer brought beneficently by J & B Robinson. Hit the sack; woke up to damp and dripping morning and wet breakfast with Chuck, Margaret, T. Blevins, and the bearded bleary R. Hall.

Climbed that day with Kid Theory...while Chuck and Margaret returned for another ride with the Horseman, the harem-master led sherpa and porters (congratulations, porters, on first lead climbs) to Camp II on Three Pines and Burning Bush, and others steadily ticked off assorted climbs: Heard M. Carpenter shout from above, but didn't see him; caught a few glimpses of M. Nicholson leading T. Turner up something, but never found out what it was; found Thais belaying someone up Easy 0, but didn't learn his name; spotted J. Archibald and A. Goldberg after the latter's first lead climb (congratulations) but never heard details. On a day of multiple climbs, you hear scraps of conversation, or the clunk of a hammer--on rare moments a flash of helmet or parka--without seeing or hearing about the full climb. At best there'll be accounts of a particular move, or a reluctant and terse reference to a vaguely described move, or, most likely, some laughter.

Take, for example, myself and Kid Theory at six that evening. We had weathered the day and now the sun is down and the stars shine bright and sparkling above, and we're walking down the carriage road toward the climb that we expect Tony and Bob Robinson are still on. They were last seen on Oblique Twique ("obleek tweek?" "oblike twike?" oblike tweek?") and by our reckoning, they're still on it. So, the and I are giving it the heel and toe, sampling the medicinal rum that we'd brought to revive our stranded team, when we hear talking in the shadows above. We stop and let loose with the standard shout. Voices holler back. Two parties, one on Jackie, another on Classic. Wallen and Daugherty on the first, Hall and Blevins on the second. Seems they got to the same belay ledge, about fifteen feet away from each other, when the dark overtook them. After a bit of banter between earth and shadow, down slithered two rope ends, a figure silhouetted momentarily against the stars, and the dauntless duos slowly descended from their heavenly perch. Never heard how both teams found themselves one pitch above the ground, fifteen feet apart, when dusk arrived, but, as I said, one never hears all. Considerable laughter, yea.

As for our original objective--they had completed their climb (the word is that climbing standards in the U.K. are high indeed, though occasionally a bit nutty and boltsy) just before the light dimmed and played it safe by walking the long way 'round to meet us as we continued toward O.T. (you pronounce it). Incidentally, while listening to T. Blevins rappelling in the night, we watched a satellite pass slowly overhead, parallel to the cliffs, seemingly among the stars.

Sunday morning broke sharp and clear; cold, bright, and sunlit. Tents came down and last breakfasts eaten before the final climbs of the trip. Tony and I took on Frog's Head. He led, and I watched with Bob, slack-jawed and unhappy at the idea of following the tall one, particularly when I hear him give with the big grunt and stretch quickly and grasp (one should never say "grab") a tiny twig and balance, thinly, until an eager paw latched onto a deep handhold and steadied him up to a belay shelf. Ignoring the miserable details of how I managed to haul myself up to Tony--as I said, the full details of a climb are unimportant--let it

suffice that we eventually found ourselves crowded against a welcome old tree on a belay ledge and quite pleased to be there.

By then, in spite of the morning chill, we were thawed and vitalized by that clear, streaming sunshine. Above was one more pitch and above that, an occasional hawk hung suspended on the updrafts, a brown shadow drifting in the warm blue sky. Moments such as that, when sunlight and wind wash the air and warms the crags, and the hawk drifts overhead while you move loose and easy, you never forget; they linger in your mind, to be remembered later, and savored.

Afterwards, we drove back slowly through the heavy traffic, returning to Washington by ten in the evening. I expect that all would agree that it was a fine trip.

--Richard Sideman

NOTICES

The ADK Winter Mountaineering School will be the week following Christmas at Adirondack Loj again this year...contact Tim Schoechle (439-0068) or UP ROPE for further information.

As provided in the by-laws to our constitution, this month UP ROPE publishes the names of the members of the committee which has been appointed to nominate a chairman and vice chairman for the coming year. The committee members are Harold Kramer, (chairman), Chuck Wettling, and George Livingstone. Their nominees will be published in next month's issue.

Now available--blue and white 1965 Volkswagen Microbus, standard model with three seats, Blaupunkt radio, only 24,000 miles. In excellent condition except for slight wrinkle in front. Perfect for climbing and camping. A steal at \$1300. Call me at home (554-4666) or at work (225-2742). Pinky Wheatley

"...the modern mind...has yielded to the inferior magic of facts, numbers, statistics, and to that sort of empiricism which, in its passion for concreteness, paradoxically reduces experience to a purely abstract notion of a measurable data, having cast aside the immeasurable wealth of authentic experiences of the spirit and imagination..."

--Eric Heller

Climb the mountains and get their good tidings
Nature's peace will flow into you
as sunshine flows into trees.

The winds will blow their own freshness into you
and the storms, their energy...

--John Muir

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