



FOUNDED BY
JAN AND HERB CONN

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

Vol. XXII No. 9

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

September 1967

CALENDAR OF EVENTS

- | | |
|-----------------|--|
| September 2-4 | Seneca Rocks, West Virginia *
Leader: Bob Lyons (684-9229) |
| | The Shawangunks, New York *
Leader: Don Stemper (667-8644) |
| September 10 | Carderock, Maryland **
Leader: Dave Templeton (424-7997) |
| September 17 | Little Stony Man, Shenandoah Nat'l Park, Va.
Leader: George Livingston (439-1691) |
| September 23-24 | Old Rag Mountain, Virginia
Leader: Dave Templeton (424-7997) |
| October 1 | Carderock, Maryland **
Leader: Dave Templeton (424-7997) |

(SEE INSIDE PAGES FOR DIRECTIONS TO THESE AREAS)

* These trips are to areas where lead climbs predominate. Climbers are advised to prearrange their teams for climbing, as anyone arriving solo may find teams already made-up. Novice climbers are urged not to attend these trips. Novices and climbers who desire information on an alternate trip should contact a club officer.

** See inside note regarding Fun and Games for these dates.

UP ROPE STAFF

THE PATC MOUNTAINEERING SECTION

EDITOR

Dave Templeton
(424-7997)

BUSINESS MANAGER

Phil Eddy
(942-4231)

PRODUCTION MANAGER

Art Wilder
(567-0183)

STAFF EDITORS

Joan Templeton
Trudy Turner

PRINTER'S DEVILS

The Mountaineering Section of the Potomac Appalachian Trail Club welcomes all interested individuals who wish to participate in its weekly outings and to share in the freedom of the hills. Sunday day trips leave from Howard Johnson's at Wisconsin and Western Avenues, N.W. at 8:30 am. Come early and have breakfast. If you are late, check behind the southeast drainpipe for any change in scheduled activities. Climbing lasts all day. Groups stop for supper on the way home. Bring lunch and water. Wear clothing suitable for climbing. For further information, contact the trip leader or Lanny Hughey (652-8193). For information about the Mountaineering Section, write to: Secretary, Mountaineering Section, PATC, 1718 N Street, N. W., Washington, D. C. 20036, or visit PATC Headquarters between 7pm. and 10pm. any weeknight.

MOUNTAINEERING SECTION
OFFICERSUP ROPE PUBLICATION

CHAIRMAN

Ed Goodman
(281-4126)

VICE-CHAIRMAN

Dave Templeton
(424-7997)

SECRETARY

Trudy Turner
(333-6312)

TREASURER

Sally Griffin
(560-8831)

UP ROPE is published on the last Wednesday of each month at PATC Headquarters. Deadline for submitted material is the next to last Wednesday of the month preceding an issue. Material for inclusion, comments, or questions on editorial policy should be directed to EDITOR, UP ROPE, c/o PATC, 1718 N Street, N. W. Washington, D. C. 20036. Subscription rates are \$1.50 per year. New subscriptions and changes of address should be directed to: Business Manager, UP ROPE, etc.

Extra Copies of UP ROPE are generally found at the Information Desk of the PATC should anyone wish one or two for passouts. Please do not take anymore than is necessary for your aims as these are primarily for use by the Information Desk.

CONTENTS

die Familie Adams in den Alpen / Robert J. Adams	3
Viet Nam News Letter (Part two of two parts) / Joseph Nolte	5
Putting a Foot in the Mouth / Talbot Bielefeldt	7
Climbing at Great Falls Park, Virginia / Larry Griffin	8
Trip Reports	9
Directions to the Climbs	10
Editor's Corner	10
Fun and Games at Carderock	10
Announcements	11

die Familie Adams in den Alpen

Robert J. Adams

When a climber turns 39, he begins to wonder how many good years he has left*, and there is a wild impulse to visit all the good mountains before it is too late. That is one reason we headed back to the Alps this year with a firm resolve to climb at least one mountain at Grindelwald, and as many as possible in the Dolomites. Another reason was to try our night-school German on some people who know the language. But perhaps the most important reason was that Anneliese Matzen (who is well-known to the PATCMS) had offered to guide us to the huts and the climbs.

We had many adventures, most of which had nothing to do with climbing. We mingled with numerous Germans, Swiss, Italians and Austrians who spoke no English, without ever going hungry - though we did find ourselves locked out of the "Zimmer" in the middle of one very dark night. I had the honor of being mistaken for Dutch by an Italian, but was spotted as an Iowan by a Minnesotan who overheard a few words of my German at a VW garage. There are some things one can never change!

We took the Alaska tent, expecting to camp most of the time. As it turned out, we slept in the tent two nights. The rain poured down both times (as it did most every night), which led to such tent-drying problems that we gave up in favor of the "Zimmer/Camera". By watching for these friendly signs the three of us had a dry night's sleep and cheerful breakfast for \$4-6. (A campsite, rolls, milk and jam can cost as much as \$2.) Next time the tent stays home. In the mountains there is always a "Hütte/Refugio" (Anneliese was right about this!) and you don't need a tent unless you want to get away from the crowd. One last word on sleeping: Europeans seem to retire at 9 PM and arise after 7 PM. Cutting this short on either end can make you very unpopular. However, it seems to be OK to get up at 4 in the Hütte if you tiptoe.

We met Anneliese and Herbert at Grindelwald and took the afternoon train to the Jungfrauoch. This forbidding railroad station, carved into the rock at 11,333 feet, was to be our home for two nights. In the end it seemed more like a prison, for we escaped from it only a few hours to climb the Mönch. The clouds hung low about us, and the snow was nearly continuous.

The Mönch is not a difficult climb - a narrow ridge of moderate slope, alternately rock and snow. But ice on the rock, and a snow-storm that cut visibility to a few yards, made it more sporting. There was absolutely no view from the summit. We left at 5:30 and got back at 9, just as Al and Sue Goldberg emerged on their way to the mountain.

We had slept in a fine climbers' bunk room the first night, but were told we must clear out in the morning to make way for a large party of climbers having reservations for the next night. Now, once you have been thrown out of the bunk room, there is very little place to sit down or relax. The dining hall on the upper level is a pretty high-class place. They will put up with you while you are having a meal (at substantial prices), but after that they have subtle ways of suggesting that you move on - such as mopping the floor under your feet. On the lower level, where all the tourists mill around, there are two large wooden tables with benches that will accomodate 15 or 20 people. It took a bit of doing, but our fearless party of five managed to infiltrate this area, pushing elderly ladies off the end of the bench as necessary. Once installed, we held our ground for something like eight hours - having lunch, writing post cards, but not daring to leave our place for any reasons, however urgent.

In retrospect it was a memorable day. Our neighbors at the table were of all ages and nationalities. The Italian contingent was most colorful - eating salami and cheese, drinking wine from a goatskin, singing and talking all at once. There was

* The age quoted may not be exact, as the author is quite sensitive on this point.

also a party of Swiss women climbers who had evidently returned from one of the peaks. Their leader was a fine-looking woman of 55 or 60 with tanned face and clear blue eyes. And toward the end of the afternoon we were serenaded by a marvelous accordion player with an inexhaustible supply of Alpine tunes, both sentimental and stirring. We would have danced except for the possibility of losing our place at the table.

As the skies grew dark and the snow grew thick, we began to discuss the desirability of taking the last train down the mountain. After all, we weren't sure where we would sleep, even though the station agent had promised Herbert he would take care of us if all else failed. By the time we were through cooking supper in the tunnel and cleaning up as best we could, it was 7 PM. Then we found the last train leaves at 5:45. There was nothing to do but wait for the station agent to come back from his supper. As it turned out, he took excellent care of us. We spread out our five sleeping bags on the floor of his "living room", a windowless chamber carved into the mountain, where the darkness and quiet were breathtaking. Exhausted from a long day of climbing and eating, we slept around the clock.

In the morning we had a high-class breakfast in the dining room, and then as we waited for the first train, the clouds began to lift, revealing the Jungfrau and other fine peaks for the first time. We had wanted to climb the Jungfrau, but a foot of new snow had made the crevasses treacherous. And 9 AM is too late to start. The train took us down through a cloud layer to Grindelwald, where in the end it turned out to be a nice day. At Kleine Scheidegg we met Al and Sue, who had come up for a little glacier walking in that area.

When the weather is bad in Switzerland, as it usually is, there is nothing to do but head for Italy and the Dolomites. We spent most of a day in Chur, Eastern Switzerland, having our washing done in a Laundromat. It took the lady $4\frac{1}{2}$ hours to do one washerfull for us. It would have taken two more hours for the dryer, so we had wet clothes in the car for the next two days. It is hard to avoid making comparisons with things "back home", as American tourists are said to do.

Our best climbing was in the Brenta Gruppe above the Italian town of Madonna di Campiglio. It is a hike of 2 or $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours from the end of the road to the Refugio Brentai, our home for the next four nights. I was finally convinced that you don't really need to take much of anything with you. Of course, if you take a tent you can save the cost of a bunk, which is about \$1 a night, and if you take food you can save the cost of breakfast (50 cents) and dinner (\$2) and have something to eat on the climb besides. But of course you will lose a good opportunity to talk to the waitress in Italian.

On our first day we climbed Cima Margherita by a Grade III route on the Southwest Face. Of course, the European grading systems is quite different from ours. Grades III, IV, V and VI are all Class 5, as nearly as I can judge. Just how this breaks down into 5.0 to 5.9 I am not sure, but I thought our route on Margherita had spots that were 5.2. The Grade IV route we followed on the Guglia two days later seemed to be about 5.4, but the exposure and the length of the route may have made it appear more difficult than it really was. I must say that when a climb is listed as 300 meters, it is a good day's work.

At any rate, Margherita was a fine vertical climb on a great wall. From the summit we had an excellent view of these remarkable mountains. They rise perhaps 3000 feet from a 6000-foot valley. The bare rock spires and ribs are somewhat like the Black Hills Needles, scaled up by a factor of ten. But really they are like nothing else in the world. We had just gotten off the mountain and were passing a mountain chapel as the afternoon rainstorm hit. Thus we were spared being soaked for one day at least.

The next day - our easy day - was a 15-mile circuit hike along the Via Bocchetti. This is a most unusual trail, which for the most part clings to narrow ledges halfway up the walls of the various peaks. At times one climbs up or down steel ladders or rests a hand on fixed cables. There are also a number of snow fields to be crossed. Needless to say, the scenery is breathtaking along much of the trail.

On the last day we climbed the Guglia (or Campanile Passo), a sharp spire, vertical on all sides, which rises several hundred feet from deep valleys between two somewhat higher peaks. Our route (Grade IV) was the Fehrmann Verschneidung (Inside Corner) on the SW Corner. This was a fine climb, vertical all the way, and alternating between the corner and fairly difficult faces. We climbed this in two teams - Herbert & Anneliese, Bobby & me - in seven hours, from 7 to 2. We had no sooner started rappelling off than the usual afternoon rains began, drenching everyone thoroughly.* It took a long series of rapels, together with some fairly good down-climbing and route finding to get us off the mountain. The last hazard was a steep snow gully that we descended in Kletterschuhe and without ice axes. It was a happy moment when we got back into our boots and slid down the scree slope to the trail. The "vino caldo ed aqua minerale" tasted especially good that night.

In the morning we hiked back down the trail in beautiful weather, and began a delightful week of sight-seeing in Austria and Germany. This culminated in a night at the Platzl night club in Munchen, just across the street from the Hofbrauhaus. But that's not really a climbing story is it?

* One of our souvenirs is a picture postcard showing a happy family of campers in the (Austrian) rain. The caption says:

"Heut' regnt's, Morg'n regnt's, übermorg'n regnt's wieda dös
wird ma scho' zwieda"

I won't attempt to translate, not being sure what language it is, but the message is plain. It is the very essence of the Alps in summer.

VIET NAM NEWS LETTER (Part two of two parts)

Joseph Nolte

(The contents of the initial side of a tape recording made by Lt. Joseph Nolte with the 20th Engineering Battalion, 4th Infantry Division, in Viet Nam was presented in UP ROPE last month. Therein Joe described his arrival in Viet Nam, his experiences in the construction of roads and airstrips, and his present duties, which give him larger responsibilities at Division Headquarters in Pleiku, Viet Nam. This month Joe gives his impressions of Viet Nam in general, the land, and it's people)

One of the interesting things I've seen over here is a Viet Namese quarry operation. It is the most. They have virtually no machinery at all, so that quite a bit of what is done is done by man-power. First, they find a cliff, or some source of rock. Generally this will be close to a road so they establish a village by it, right there. They will have maybe 50, 500, or a 1000 people, and each one of these people will have a hammer. Then the engineers that are getting the rock for construction tell them "Ok, today we're making "three inch minus!" "three inch minus" meaning particles of rock being small enough to go through a three inch sieve. Then all these people descend en masse on this hill, or cliff, and start beating on it with their hammers. As they knock off a big chunk of rock, they take it down and go at it with the hammers and chisels until they have a batch of the size they want. And then instead of just throwing it in a heap, they make very neat, symmetrical piles of all the different sized rocks they've produced. Its absolutely fantastic.

These people are surprising in what they can do. As I said before, they have almost no machinery over here. Quarry operations, logging operations, things like that are done in a very primitive fashion. Yet the finished product is often a surprise.

The principle means of transportation here is the little Lambretta scooter, except what started out as a scooter has had a two wheel carriage type of arrangement added to the back of it. And it is fantastic! They haul everything in these things.

I've seen up to fifteen people crowded into one of them, but the most fantastic thing was a water buffalo. Here was this water buffalo loaded in this carriage thing in back of this scooter and it was bigger than the scooter. The head of the animal was hanging over the front, and it rode down the road with this look on its face like "What are these people trying to do with me now?" Like I say, these scooters go anyplace and carry fantastic loads. I expect any day to see the army change over to them.

Well, let's describe the country around here a little bit. Viet Nam is divided into two principal types of terrain with a sort of mixture of the two in between. One type is the Central Highland region, the other being the Lowland or Delta region. In between these two types is a sort of quasi-highland, quasi-lowland sort of arrangement. The Delta region is full of rice paddies and is probably sea level or below and not more than a couple feet above. The Highland region is like here in the Pleiku area, the city of Pleiku itself is not more than 2400 feet above sea level.

Generally, the Highlands are the more pleasant place to be. The weather is better. The temperature, when it gets hot, gets up to around 90 degrees. The hottest day we've had, the temperature got to 110 degrees. The nights are generally cool enough to make for comfortable sleeping. The temperature will get down to 60-70 degrees at night. January and February are, more or less, the winter months. Sometimes in the morning in those months the temperature might have been down to the low 40's.

What is really surprising is that there is so much of a contrast between even relatively close areas. Here in Pleiku it is always cool, never getting very hot. yet, you go about twenty miles up to Pleijaray and it is hotter, the nights aren't quite as cool as here in Pleiku. If you go another fifty miles in the same direction you find yourself in the lowlands with temperatures up to a near average of 100 degrees, maybe 110 degrees, with the hottest days up in the 120 degrees you read about back in the states. Also the nights are hot and sticky and the mosquitoes are bad.

The Highlands are generally dry. Only a few small streams and tributaries up here. All the main rivers you find down in the lowlands or in the valleys.

There is another surprising thing about being over here. You sit back in the states and read how the 4th Infantry Division is trying to locate the umpteenth North Viet Nameese Regiment and you figure "How in the hell can you hide something as big as a regiment?" Well, if you could ever see the countryside over here I think you could understand it. You have never really seen desolation like this unless you've been back in British Columbia or some place like that. The average state-side traveller has just never seen an area that can even come close to the wide open spaces that exist over here. It is possible to fly for twenty minutes or more in any given direction and never see a road, a trail, or a sign of civilization. Here in the Highlands occurs what is known as the double canopy jungle. This is made up of a growth of trees reaching up to perhaps 150 feet in height over another growth of trees that are about 80 feet in height. Each growth has a canopy that seals off most of the sunlight. Also there are different kinds of vegetation, for instance elephant grass that is five or six to eight feet high. If you could see it, you could easily understand how it could hide a large body of troops. I was on a pioneer road that connected Pleijaray with a forward fire area up near spitting distance of Cambodia. This road was cut through virgin jungle and on each side of it was this dense, thick tropical forest. You couldn't see more than maybe five feet into it. There could have been a battallion hiding right next to that road and you would have never seen it.

There are two principal types of people here in Viet Nam, the Viet Nameese and the Montagnards.

The Montagnards, generally, inhabit the Highland regions. They don't have any cities, but live in small villages. They are hunters primarily, doing a small amount of farming and have hardly any sort of industry.

The Viet Nameese, on the other hand, live mostly in the cities and are merchants, traders, carpenters, people like that.

Comparing the two peoples, most people would consider the Montagnards as being somewhat the better type. They are considered to be more tenacious and better fighters than their Viet Nameese allies.

There exists pretty healthy feuding between these two peoples. There's not much intermingling. The Montagnards generally stick strictly to Montagnards and the Viet Nameese to Viet Nameese.

The Viet Nameese are a fair people in complexion. The men strike you as being on the effeminate side. The Montagnard men are rugged individuals, usually running around in a loin cloth. They are of a sturdier build than the Viet Nameese, and strike one as being more masculine. They are probably a little more subtle, a little more stable than the Viet Nameese.

I think the Viet Nameese army itself has come under quite a bit of unfair criticism, much the same as the ROK army in the Korean conflict. This whole war started here on a fairly large scale, the Viet Nameese army was not well organized, and there was quite a bit of graft and corruption. The officer system was more politically oriented than ability oriented. Now, though, they are beginning to know their ground better; they are starting to train; they are getting organized; and, in general are getting to be some pretty good fighters.

It is a strange war in some ways. You hear so much about their having been at war constantly for this and that and the other thing. But this has been only in isolated areas. There's been no overall war in Viet Nam. The Highlands itself was pretty much at peace for quite a while. There weren't as many V.C. up here as down in the lowland areas, down in the Deltas.

Looks like this tape is about to end, I send it primarily to say hello to all the climbers back home and to give you all an idea of what it is like here in scenic, sunny Viet Nam. If anybody gets a chance, we sure would like to hear from you.

With any kind of luck, when I leave here I hope to be at Ft. Belvoir. That will give me a chance to get back and be more of an active climber again.

So, that's all for now. As I say, write, and we'll see you when we get home.

PUTTING A FOOT IN THE MOUTH

Talbot Bielefeldt

There have been many suggestions as to why men join the climbing fraternity. Rebuffat writes, "On the very edge of the world of man, standing upon the summit which has been the magic focus of his dreams, the young mountaineer lifted up his body, his heart, his soul and all his secret longings." I tend to agree with this terse statement; however, it was not until recently that I discovered the greatest of these secret longings, the finest hour of the sport--the reason why men climb mountains. It is to experience the supreme adventure, thrill, and satisfaction of ordering a new pair of boots.

My adventure begins, as it does for everyone, with a brown paper envelope marked, Bulk Rate U.S. Postage--Return Requested. My eager eyes search the pages of the catalog. There they are: row upon row of paper boots, neatly laced, with one of each pair turned on its side to reveal to all the fascinating, cleated sole. The paper boots mark time for a few moments on the page, then march once around the margin and off into my mind. They tramp around for weeks, constantly stumbling over reasons why I ought to put that thirty dollars into the bank. Finally, the inevitable excuse presents itself. What the excuse is is unimportant. What is important is that now I must choose a favorite from this perambulating harem--a veritable decision of Paris.

When at last the air mail envelope disappears into the west, there is only one image left whose picture stomps through my dreams like a vision of an absent, club-footed lover. As I wait for my love, I number the days until she is expected.

Tuesday. Dawn, clear and bright. I force myself to wait an hour after I know the mailman has come, prolonging the delicious agony. Finally I walk, with slow and stately tread, to the mailbox and pull out its contents: "NOW! For a Limited Time Only . . . !"

Wednesday. Rain. With dogged confidence, I slog again to the box. "NO GEMMICKS! Nothing to buy! All you have to do . . . !"

Thursday. Cloudy. "Dear occupant . . . "

Friday morning goes by in the grey limbo of unrequited love. Then, in the middle of lunch, the fog is stirred by the sound of a motor in the driveway. I rise and go to the door. A carton lies on the step. They have come. Trembling, I take the carton in and set it gently down. The thought comes that it would be rash for me to open it immediately. I return to my seat, coffee my cereal, and quietly drink another glass of cream. Then, my hands palsied with desire, I start on the wrapping. Slowly at first, then faster and faster, I rip at the cardboard and newsprint. At last I have the inner box; I crack the lid--ah, the smell! Fresh leather and glue! I crouch there, inhaling the precious vapors, until I drop in a swoon.

Tramp tramp tramp--down the walk--crunch crunch crunch--up the driveway--whack whack whack--across the road--squish squish squish--through the wet cement--whack whack crunch crunch tramp tramp WHAM WHAM WHAM--up the stairs to my room. Now, alone in my chamber, I softly fondle the greasy boots. Suddenly I find my joy too great to bear by myself. I set them on a shelf above my typewriter, and with my eyes firmly lodged on the boots and my tongue firmly lodged in my right cheek, I begin to write.

CLIMBING AT GREAT FALLS PARK, VIRGINIA

Larry Griffin

Recent discussions with Chief Ranger James Riggs at the Great Falls Park concerning both club and individual climbing have been informative and enlightening, and should be of interest to all our members and others who wish to climb there in the future.

As most of us know, the park is now fully controlled by the National Parks system rather than by Fairfax County (although the 50¢ per car county charge unhappily remains for some time to come). Under Federal control, patrolling of the park has increased significantly. On weekends there maybe 8-10 rangers on duty at a given moment. One simply cannot climb undetected-even at a considerable distance downstream. Would-be climbers as well as rock scramblers and swimmers all are heartily discouraged. I am impressed with their thoroughness and concern for safety.

We are permitted to climb there, as a group or individually (naturally not alone), if we check in and out with Ranger Riggs or others if he cannot be located. You may be asked your club affiliation, experience, and exactly where (by area) you intend to climb. Most importantly, he wants climbing to be done downstream from the park proper and even then, if a crowd of spectators are drawn, he wants us to move on. If the club plans to schedule a trip there, the trip leader should call the park a day or two in advance and let the rangers know our intentions. They are interested in our activity and several have asked to come along with us.

Ranger Riggs is fresh from several years duty in Yosemite Valley and so is acquainted with climbing and sympathetic with our interests. We are fortunate to have good relations with the park authorities at present and we should work together to maintain them, for here is an area nearly three miles long of delightfully clear, sound rock 50-100 feet high and almost as convenient as Carderock. For those who like variety and perhaps an occasional Saturday outing with a friend or two, this is an ideal place to go.

Explore these cliffs, for here is an asset most of us don't really appreciate. The oldtimers may think they climbed all the possible lines in the past, but with today's standards, nothing could be more incorrect. Myriads of climbs exist yet to be touched by human hand.

TRIP REPORTS

The Cove, Virginia July 29-30, 1967

Mike Hall	Larry, Sallie Griffin	Nancy Dawson
Bob, Joan Robinson	Bill Thomas & Family	Frank, Grey Thompson
Chuck Wettling	Bill, Beth Oscanyon	Dennis Highton & Family
Renee Grunby	Art Wilder	

This weekend trip got off to a lazy Saturday AM start and grew lazier as people trickled into the area. A delightful camp, conversation, and late arrivals cut deeply into available climbing time, **but** on a weekend at the Cove- who cares? Besides, before the PM summer showers descended upon us, several new and ferocious practice climbs were pioneered. Finally, as the showers ebbed and flowed, the lure of the lake over came us and most dipped in for a freshening swim.

Sunday proved even more so than Saturday. A lazy day, that is.

Larry Griffin

Carderock, Maryland August 6, 1967

Dave Templeton & Family	Bob Williams	Helen Beckman
Lanny Hughey	Bob Lyons	Hal Kramer
Tom McCrumm	Tom Evans	Charles Kramer
Craig Thomas	Wayne Inman	Pat Kenny
Jim Foster	Al Goldberg	Larry, Sallie Griffin
Mike Hill	Dave Small	Frank, Grey Thompson
Art Wilder	John Bear	Tom Bock
Nancy Dawson	Werner Gruhl	George Nowlins
Dan Foss	Tom Goff	Danny Simonds
Linda Flores	Terry Robinson	Tom Suprenant
Al Klov Dahl	Ellen Dixon	Kris Kulczyk
Ralph Stockhausen	Tony Madden	Roger Burbridge
Frank & Mary Price	Tom Blevins	Bebe Wordruff

New people out romped up and down Beginner's Crack and then moved on to Ronnie's Leap and beyond. Terry Robinson, decked out in scuba gear, scanned the murky depths for Oscar, to no avail. All us hot, sticky people on the bank grew green with envy as Terry bumbled in the cool, albeit polluted, waters of our fair Potomac.

Dave Templeton

Cupid's Bower, Virginia August 27, 1967

Bob Adams & Family	Bernice Buscz	Nancy Dawson
Al Goldberg & Family	John Tichenor	Art Wilder
Dave, Joan Templeton	Else Litjens	Bill Deuterman (HoJo's)

At Hojo's, with contingents headed for Sugarloaf, and Carderock, and the certainty of high water barring the way to Cupid's Bower, it was with real consternation that I drank coffee and thought about which way to head before making it to Touhey's. But Bob Adams saved the day by showing up with his canoe and off we went to Cupid's Bower. Everybody got his fill of climbing, including Bobby who did Grunt for his second climb and spent the rest of the day stretched out on the rocks (out of the rain) sleeping.

Art Wilder

DIRECTIONS TO THE CLIMBS

Carderock, Maryland

Seneca Rocks, West Virginia

Refer UP ROPE, Vol. XXII, No. 6, June 1967, page 7.

The Shawangunks, New York

Refer UP ROPE, Vol. XXII, No. 8, August 1967, page 9

Little Stony Man, Shenandoah National Park, Virginia.

Little Stony Man is a set of cliffs a few hundred yards north of the well known Stony Man configuration in the Shenandoah National Park. There are several lead climbs of various degrees of difficulty. The area has climbs which make a good starting point for lead climbing. Refer to PATC map # 11, any Maryland-Virginia-West Virginia road map, and to the PATC's "Circuit Hikes in the Shenandoah National Park", page 17.

Follow Interstate 66 from Washington, D. C. to its intersection with US Routes 29 and 211 at Gainesville, Virginia. Take these routes to their separation at Warrenton, Virginia. There, take Route 211 (right at the second light) to Skyline Drive at Panorama Gap. Go south on the Drive (entrance fee, \$1.00/car). The Little Stony Man Parking area is just past milepost 39 not far past the Stony Man Overlook. The parking area is marked. A path leads from the parking area a brisk walk to the Appalachian Trail. At that point it is 0.6 miles to the cliffs. All trails are well marked.

Old Rag Mountain, Shenandoah National Park, Virginia

Old Rag Mountain is the only rock topped mountain in the Shenandoah National Park. It has numerous lead climbs. The Old Rag Shelter, maintained by the PATC, and the Byrd's Nest No. 1 shelter lend to excellent overnight possibilities. Refer to PATC map #11, the PATC's "Circuit Hikes in the Shenandoah National Park", page 19, and any Virginia-Maryland-West Virginia map.

Proceed as for Little Stony Man, but at Sperryville on US Route 211, turn left onto US Route 522. In 0.8 miles turn right on US Route 231. At 8.9 miles (from Sperryville) cross the Hughes River and immediately turn right on the road paralleling the river. Follow this road nearly 5 miles, through the settlement of Nethers to a sort of picnic area with a stone fireplace. Park here. Follow the fire road 2.8 miles to the Saddle Trail. This goes off right to the Old Rag Shelter. Byrd's Nest No. 1 is a distance further on close to the peak. Springs are located at the Old Rag Shelter and near the peak, opposite to Byrd's Nest No. 1. They may be dry in July and August or in very dry seasons. The Old Rag Shelter has 6 crude bunks and a fireplace with ample tent areas. Byrd's Nest has an indoor and several outdoor fireplaces, ample tenting areas, but no bunks.

EDITOR'S CORNER

Continued Thank You's to all of the contributors who make these issues possible. Your contributions, ideas, and criticisms will continue to be welcomed, in fact, sought after.

A new policy is in effect regarding trip reports. The list of names of those in attendance will be sufficient. The trip leader or whoever submits the list may add any comments they desire.

FUN AND GAMES AT CARDEROCK

Carderock Sundays maybe regarded as occasions for general all round training. Please contact the undersigned if you desire training of any sort so a class maybe

set up. Oscar is sort of an on-off proposition until a new weight is made and more ropes are obtained.

The Training Outline published in July still leaves much to be desired in this area. The committee will welcome ideas as to how potential instructors are to be determined and whether or not some graded ladder should be set up for climbing abilities.

Dave Templeton

ANNOUNCEMENTS

New Subscribers

David B. Epstein
5620 Oregon Avenue, N.W.
Washington, D. C.

Address Changes

Mr. and Mrs. Wallace W. Adams
1804 Ward Street
Midland, Texas 79701

Thais Darrynne Weibel
2146 Florida Ave., N.W. Apt. 4
Washington, D. C., 20008

Robert Munger
4535 Moorhead Ave.
Boulder, Colorado, 80302

Vince de Santi
Stanford Research Institute
1611 N. Kent Street
Arlington, Va., 22209

ILLNESSES

Polly Fogle, who has been with us in our long association with Tonhey's, has just gone into Suburban Hospital in her continuing bout with cancer. She will appreciate your cards.

CONSERVANCY

The West Virginia Highlands Conservancy has issued its outline of the Third Annual West Virginia Highlands Weekend Review to take place October 7-8, 1967. This Review is sponsored by the Conservancy and various affiliated organizations, including the PATC. Copies of this outline are obtainable from:

The West Virginia Highlands Conservancy
120 East Main Street
Bridgeport, West Virginia, 26330
Telephone: 304-842-2131

The agenda will be published in UP ROPE next month.