

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

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

23  
Vol. 33

No. 10

Oct 1968

Page 1

### LOTS OF PIONEERING LEFT

Chuck Sproull

At noon, April 26, 1968, while on my way to Florida, I stopped at Linville Falls to rest a while and also to observe the scenery. Linville Falls is a small community in the north-western corner of North Carolina. The Linville River flows southward from its source on Grandfather Mountain past the Blue Ridge Parkway and into Pisgah National Forest. Here it begins its rugged 12-mile journey through the spectacular Linville Gorge where it drops over two thousand feet in elevation. The gorge is flanked by two mountain ranges. The eastern range is Jonas Ridge with a unique assortment of rock formations. These have been given descriptive names: Sitting Bear, Hawk's Bill, Table Rock, the Chimneys, and Short Off. The western range, the Linville Mountains, though not so varied, features Wiseman's Lookout where one may see the magnificent array of sculptures on Jonas Ridge. The western rim of the gorge is also remarkable because of the tiers of vertical rock faces separated by long, tree-lined ledges. Many of these cliffs rise unbroken for more than 600 feet.

After hiking a couple of short trails I was so impressed that I decided to spend a few days in the area. I drove around to the North Carolina Outward Bound School located at the base of Table Rock Mountain. This mountain appears much like a giant fortress with its bulk, a 400-500 foot thick stone slab, resting on a 700-foot conical foundation.

Having arrived at the N.C.O.B. School, I met John Lawrence, the chief instructor. John and I got along fairly well right from the start since we both were anxious to do some technical rock climbing. After dinner we did some practice climbing and discussed our philosophies and adventures. Conversation on the latter subject was somewhat one-sided since John had been climbing all over the world, including England, his home. Just before the sun set he pointed out to me what appeared to be a thin crack in the north face of Table Rock. John talked about this "obvious route" as one who had been covetously window shopping for quite a while and finally decided to do business.

At 9:00 the next morning we started up the steep base zig-zagging for what seemed like eternity until, about 15 minutes later, we were at the bottom of the north face, 700 feet above camp. This part of the ascent reminded me how out of shape one gets in an office job. At last, out of breath but not confidence, we made ready for the first pitch.

We used three ropes incorporating John's 300-foot, 3/8 inch red and white nylon rope, doubled, and my 150-foot, 7/16 inch goldline. The climb started off with some very unusual moves (rated ridiculous to severely clumsy from a purist's point of view) and continued with a wide variety of styles, including the lunge (or so it seemed to me even though I was second). Nearly all of the moves were 5.4 to 5.7 in difficulty. During the third pitch we encountered an overhanging bulge with a crack. The three ropes became almost a necessity in order to accomplish the 15 feet of aid (approximately A3).

Most impressive to me on this quest were the numerous times that I was very close to my limit for each style of climbing. John, however, merely skipped along like a cat on a tree. We spent six hours on the first four pitches of this "bloody hairy route". Each pitch averaged about 90 feet in length. Then we coiled our ropes, put away our hardware and scrambled up the last 50 feet of 5.5 rock with its abundant vegetable aids. As we made our exit from the last inside corner the rain, which by now was quite heavy, made me feel refreshed. It was not so noticeable on the climb since we were covered by a couple of tremendous ceilings that start my finger tips sweating whenever I remember them. The climb was very rewarding in that it was the best 400 feet of rock I'd ever been on and also it appeared that we were the first to pin up that crack. The Outward Bound students use some short routes on the east face and the Green Berets rappell over the west face, but there isn't much real rock climbing done around there.

A steep rocky path we found led us to a wide chasm in the west face. It was so deep and dark (due to the rain and fog) that we could not see to the bottom. As we started down, the ruggedness of the cleft gave me a supernatural feeling, as if we were climbing down into the earth. This ominous spell was broken, though, when John remarked, "We have much bigger ones in England."

After an easy climb down we made our way, as best we could, back to camp. Soaking wet, full of mud, and laughing like a couple of crazy men, we glissaded down the curved, muddy path. The dryness and warmth of the chow hall quickly mellowed our elated feelings, allowing tiredness to set in.

The wide variety of memorable experiences during that week has given Linville Gorge a lot of meaning to me. The Pisgah National Forest area has something to offer people of varied interests. The gorge has been described as a challenge to the most experienced hikers. In addition, geologists, botanists, mycologists, campers and, of course, climbers would have a richly satisfying vacation in the Linville Gorge.

# DEAR GWLADYS

*This space reserved for members and friends who wish to send in suggestions*  
Bill Deutermeann

## P.A.T.C. MOUNTAINEERING SECTION

## MOUNTAINEERING SECTION OFFICERS

PRESIDENT  
Joe Nolte  
836-6550

VICE PRESIDENT  
Penelope Pierce  
667-2219

SECRETARY  
Jim Nagy  
301-262-0515

TREASURER  
Arthur Wilder  
630-9055

## UP ROPE STAFF

EDITOR  
Bill Deutermann  
363-0757

BUSINESS MANAGER  
Arthur Wilder  
630-9055

TYPIST  
Sallie Greenwood  
683-5091

## EDITORIAL

As I said in August, many changes are in store for Up Rope. Some of these changes have been incorporated in the present issue, but there are more to come. Suggestions from the membership have been helpful, and I hope that this will continue.

I would like to devote most space to the news of the members, but I have also started several new departments. These new columns can be continued as regular features if desired. Anyone who would like to take over a column on a regular basis, please let me know. In the lack of volunteers, I will try to keep the departments going, but any and all contributions will be gratefully accepted.

So far, I must admit that this is more of a job than I could have imagined in the beginning. I have had an awful lot of help. The new format, as you may have noticed, (hem hem) permits inclusion of a vast amount of literary garbage. Anyone who would like to write long essays on trips taken, falls survived, or the sex life of the Tibetan yak - feel free, feel free. Space is available, and it must be filled. Cartoons, photos, op-art, baby foot prints, and rubbings of fingerprints found pressed into thin holds - all are welcome.

While on the subject of contributions, I would like to make an acknowledgement to Chuck Wettling for information on the landowners position regarding the Spruce Knob-Seneca Rocks National Recreation Area. In the confusion accompanying the change of office at UP ROPE, this item has been misplaced. I stress the word misplaced. We are trying to locate them, and they will appear in UP ROPE. My apologies for this unfortunate situation.

In closing I would like to remind the members of the Mountaineering Section of the Highlands Weekend Review to be held at Mouth of Seneca the weekend of October 12-13, 1968. Hope to see you there--

*William V. Deutermann Jr.*

*Up Rope*

UP ROPE is the Newsletter of the PATC Mountaineering Section, founded by Jan and Herb Conn in 1944. Publication is on the last Wednesday of each calendar 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 pass-outs. Please do not take any more than are necessary. These are primarily for use by the Information Desk.

## Hanging Around

Trip Report: Labor Day Weekend, 1968--

Shawangunks

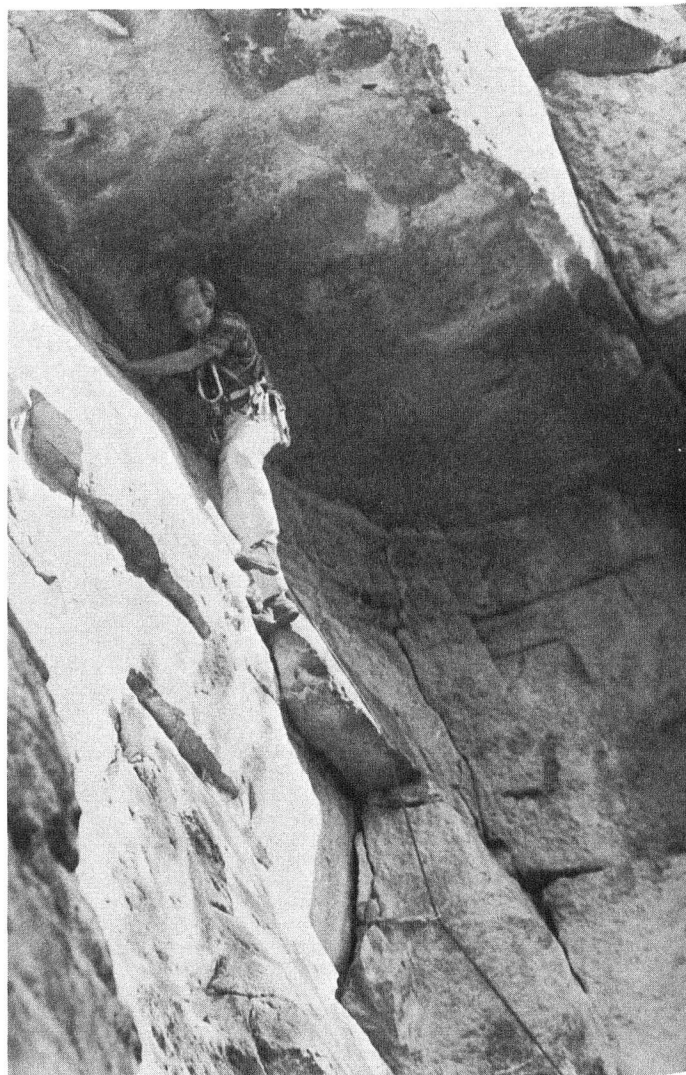
Tom McCrumm - Trip Leader  
Bill Deutermann- Nauga hunter  
Joe Nolte  
Sallie Greenwood  
Roger Hamill  
Bill McCullough  
Jerry Archibald  
Al Weiss and friends  
Al and Sue Goldberg  
Don Mulligan and family

Mary Eldridge  
June Lehman  
Tom Evans  
Bob Lyons  
George Livingstone  
Tom Blevins  
Bob Norris  
Beth Sebring

For the second year in a row we had beautiful weather for the Labor Day weekend at the Gunks. Unfortunately the good weather was good for the wasps as well, which presented occasional problems - just ask Tom "the Incredible Hulk" Evans about his climb on M.F. (5.9), where he not only fell 5 times but had to fight off the onslaught of wasps as well.

Sallie Greenwood did an impressive 5.4 for her first lead. There were two minor accidents on Saturday; Al Goldberg took a short second fall off Topsy Trees and suffered cuts and bruises on one leg; and Jerry Archibald stepped down off a rock 4 inches high at the Uberfall and managed to sprain his ankle! Both climbers were soon back climbing though.

It was good to be joined by Bob Norris and Tom "Hairface" Blevins, both having recently returned from months of climbing escapades in the West. The weekend wound up with Shockley's Ceiling having been "the climb to do" as 6 or more Washington climbers grappled over the ceiling.



George Livingstone on Matinee



# The Summit Register

10 Sept. 68

Attn: Art Wilder  
Up Rope

I drove across country solo, stopping in St. Louis and Denver. Outside of Denver I had a spectacular blowout at 80 mph which shredded the tire and created sparkler fireworks from the rim. I changed tires and underpants in one swift move and drove into Denver to visit Larry and Sally Griffin. Larry and I climbed the First Flatiron in Boulder. By western standards the climb was easy, but the lack of protection really impressed me; psyched is a better word; so I let Larry do most of the leading. Nine leads took us to the center of a steep gully of smooth sandstone. We climbed the left wall of the gully, turned the corner outside and continued up on exquisite bucket holds to the top of the ridge. We leapfrogged across the top of the ridge on a route that went up and down like a hiccuping butterfly!

The climb was more than 20 leads and six hours on the rock, which should be amusing to those western readers of Up Rope. The view was magnificent and clear; with the mountains to the north checkered with white tops and snow fields, and a plane-table of grain fields spread out to the east beyond sight of the panorama. Groovy!

I am presently in San Francisco, but am headed for Long Beach for 4 more months. If anyone is headed out this way my address for Up Rope until further notice is:

Terry Robinson  
Sealab III Project Office  
Bldg 130  
San Francisco Bay Naval Shipyard  
Hunter's Point  
San Francisco, Calif.

1825 Canyon Boulevard  
Boulder, Colorado 80302  
August 27, 1968

Dear Art,

How has your summer been? I heard you were off to B.C. with Don Hubbard. That should have been fun, though exhausting. I've been hiking only recently. There's such a short season here when one can get into the high mountains in reasonable comfort that I prefer to leave rock climbing to the off season between hiking and skiing, but the Griffins keep the flag flying in that respect.

Was delighted to have news from Else Litjens and more recently, the Adams'. Hope to see the Robinsons some time this next week.

All the best,  
Margaret

## The Climbing Chef

After a cold night in the dubious comfort of the Byrd's Nest on Old Rag Mountain last winter, I awoke with a dragon in my mouth, a St. Bernard in my belly, and the knowledge that I had promised to prepare breakfast. Fortunately I was able to rise to the occasion with fruit cocktail, coffee, and

### Eggs Benedict

1 packet Hollandaise Sauce Mix  
(dry, available in grocery stores)  
eggs for the hungry  
bacon bar or ham slices  
thick skin (one gets all kinds of nasty comments)

A Report on Mark Carpenter

Bill Thomas

It was with great regret that I realized a few months ago that we will be seeing very little of Mark Carpenter, one of our most colorful and entertaining members. Mark will be away at college this winter and has been working at his usual summer job as dolphin trainer at Sealand of Cape Cod.

I stopped by to see him while on a New England tour with my family in July. When we arrived, poor Mark was really frustrated. The big boss was away and Mark was in complete charge when "Spray", the star of the show, became temperamental and wouldn't perform. There was Mark, the M.C., with an amphitheater filled with people at \$1.50 a head with no show. Mark had to make the painful decision to refund their money. However, after a day of Carpenter hospitality we took in the afternoon show the following day which was excellent. Mark stood on a platform 14 feet above the water and Spray jumped up and took a cigarette out of his mouth. (When Mark teases her by holding the cigarette tightly in his mouth, she gets back at him by carrying a mouthful of water and spitting it intentionally right in his face.) Among other acts, Mark balls up some newspapers and sets them on fire in a toy boat floating in the water, then he throws a big red fireman's hat out into the middle of the pool and Spray swims out, puts the hat on (never backwards) and swims over to the boat and spits water on the fire putting it out. I drove Mark home after the show, and boy did he smell like a fish.

The following day we headed for Mt. Washington where my 12-year old son Billy talked me into hiking to the summit via the Tuckerman Ravine trail which was beautiful. We thoroughly enjoyed the hike making the top before noon. Had a snowball fight in the snow that was left at the base of the headwall and when we were at the summit, had to duck for cover as big gobs of ice were falling off of the T.V. tower. The buildings were covered with icicles blown at 45° angles. This was the 31st of July when it stayed in the upper 90's in D.C.

Joe,

It sounds as if the club is undergoing some radical changes from within and without. I think we are a very tight knit group and are all guilty of being unduly harsh in our judgements on members as well as non-members. From my point of view, greatly removed as it is, I see the club evolving or polarizing (depending on how angry I am) into the "in's" and the "out's", and the "new" and the "old". However, this is just an observation and isn't really what I mean to write about.

Mark Carpenter is alive and doing well in the north woods of Vermont. Any person interested in climbing on Cannon Mtn. Cathedral Ledges and later doing ice climbing in the New Hampshire, Vermont, or Maine areas (Mt. Washington) please get in touch with me. I have transportation, lodging and a flexible schedule. My address is:

Northwood Campus  
Goddard College  
Plainfield, Vt. 05667  
AL 105

I really hope some people do come up from the club. There is so much good climbing to be had.

I might make it back to Washington over Xmas to climb with the club but I doubt it, so if I don't see you good luck and don't go near the edge..

Yours truly,  
Mark Carpenter

### Directions for Gas Cookers

After starting your stove, lean bread slices against the wind shield to toast. In a pot, bring 1 quart of water to a boil. While this is being done, mix up the powdered sauce as instructions describe. Put the water to one side. In your frying pan, start the Hollandaise sauce, lifting the pan from the flame occasionally to control the heat. As sauce begins to thicken, remove from heat. Return the water to the stove. When the water is again boiling rapidly, crack eggs into pot, being careful not to break yaller or separate white. Place Hollandaise over water so as to keep warm. Add sliced ham or bacon bar to sauce. Keep checking the eggs and, when done, remove from water to toast slices. Continue to heat the Hollandaise as in directions, until thickened. Pour sauce over eggs and prepare to receive compliments. (The water can be used to make the coffee.)

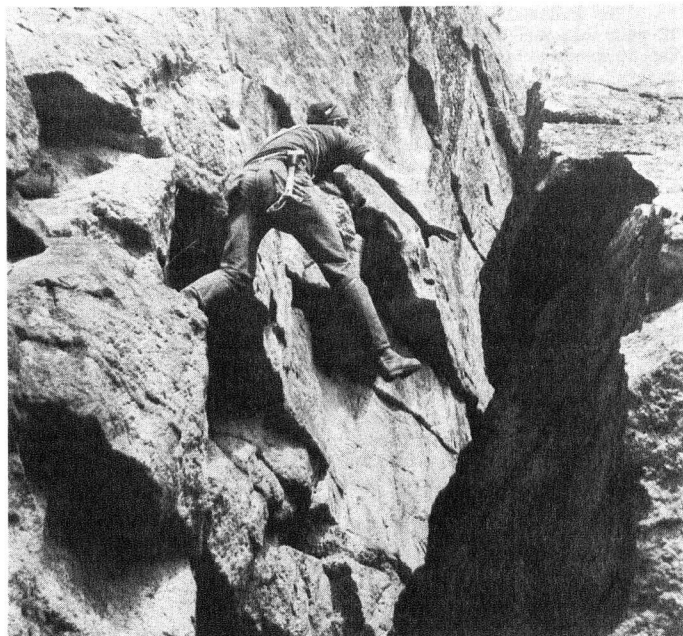
Bill Deukermann



# Climbing Calendar

Date	Location	Trip Leader
Oct. 6	Annapolis Rocks	Sallie Greenwood (683-5091)
Oct. 9	Club meeting	
Oct. 12-13	Seneca Rocks	Joe Nolte (836-6650)
Oct. 19-20	Shawangunks	Lanny Hughy (530-0007)
Oct. 26-27	Wolf Gap	Art Wilder (630-9055)

I would like to draw special attention to the Seneca Rocks and Wolf Gap trips. The Section will be asked to present a climbing demonstration at Seneca for the Highlands Review. We should be well represented on that weekend. The Wolf Gap trip will be a training weekend, emphasis to be placed on the techniques of lead climbing. Emphasis will be placed on the techniques used in lead climbing.



Bob Norris jumps the Uberfall

# Book Reviews

STRAIGHT UP, John Harlin: The Life and Death of a Mountaineer; James Ramsey Ullman; Doubleday & Co.; 1968; 288 pp.; 32 pp. of photos; \$5.95.

"Straight up is a way of serving a drink. It is also a way of climbing a mountain and of living a life." Such was the way John Harlin climbed and lived.

Again James Ramsey Ullman has put together his skill as a mountaineer and an author to give us a most vivid and inside picture of America's greatest mountaineer. From Harlin's early days at Stanford, there was not one John Harlin, but two. There was Super-John, the Blond-God, the Wild-man, the climber; and there was the "other-John", the dress designer, the husband and father, the artist, the author. This biography blends together the two Johns into a harmony which almost any mountaineer will find extraordinary, for nowhere in John's life was there ever a dull moment - and this fact alone will keep the attention of the reader.

Introspection Through Adventure was the title of the book John was writing, and also his reason for living. His obsession for climbing as hard as he did was not a subverted death wish, as was often thought, but rather a way of life. He wanted to absorb all that life had to offer, and this meant placing himself on the brink of death. On the Aiguille du Fou, during the first ascent of the South Face, John remarked that he "would not merely taste the face but savor and devour it." And later on the climb during a bivouac, "the sky tore open and a storm broke. Lightning was all about, striking the Fou and lacing the darkness with incandescent whiteness." John remarked of their situation, "life effervesced within me."

No other American climber has been on the Eiger North Wall as often as John Harlin, and understandably so, for with John this sheer wall of falling ice and rock was his desire. His wife Marilyn had hopes that once he had climbed it he would give up; but she knew better, for next in John's mind was a direttissima of the North Face. Unfortunately this was also the last thought in John's mind for he fell to his death a very short distance from the top of his direttissima; later to be named The John Harlin Route.

I found but one technical error in the book, where the author refers to chrom-moly pitons as being "so pliable that they could work their way into cracks and crevices that would wholly defy a more rigid old-style spike." Straight Up, however, is not a technical mountaineering book; it is a biography of an extraordinary man, and James Ramsey Ullman has done a superb job of introspection into Harlin's life, and of communication to those of us climbers who feel that in each of us is a bit of John Harlin.

Tom McCrumm

Up Rope

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