

FOUNDED BY  
JAN AND HERB CONN

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

24  
VOL. 34 NO. 6

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

JUN 1969

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AN ENGLISHMAN'S TREK TO THE WILD WEST  
(or A Tenderfoot in the American Wilderness)

Bob Robinson

(Conclusion)

Our next stop was Dubois, where we completed our shopping and horse-hiring plans. Everyone seemed to know a party of English were going into the Wind Rivers. However, the weather was foul, so we spent three days in Dubois, a large part of them watching the rodeo and attending the annual buffalo barbecue. I thoroughly recommend buffalo burgers and steaks. The beast weighed about 1,300 pounds and produced about 1,000 pounds of beef. Eventually, we met the packers at Trail Lake, packed the horses, including one which carried Joan, and set off about mid-morning. We broke the journey at Phillips Lake, and that night it rained heavily. This was the pattern. Next day we walked to the accompaniment of hail, snow, thunder, and lightning. On reaching the campground, as the weather was less than promising, we compromised on the site and pitched tents well down in the trees. We made the right guess because it snowed so much in the next ten days we were glad to be near firewood.

The recount of the climbing is simple. On the first reconnaissance, all terrain above glacier level was invisible and that below, though initially clear, soon collected new snow. After three days of this the fourth day dawned promising and we thought we could reconnoiter above the usual cloud base and have a look at the terrain by climbing West Sentinel. A snow storm drove us off in the early afternoon. The following morning I got up at 4:00 AM and, finding the sky clear, dragged some of the others out of their pits and we left at 5:00 AM to climb the easiest peak, Woodrow Wilson. We reached the top at 9:30 AM, but we were soon enveloped in the daily snow storm. This drove us to a rapid retreat. On the lower glacier it stopped precipitating for an hour and we almost reached camp before being caught in heavy rain. It snowed heavily during the night.

The next two days were spent in camp with the sky offering us freezing rain or snow for much of the time. As occupational therapy we built a large shelter near the fire; it should last for years.

On about the eighth day, two of the party gave up and backpacked their way out, leaving in a swirling snow storm. We had also managed to get a "rescue" message to the packer to the effect that, if the weather continued so foul, he was to come and fetch us out. The last ascent was a walk up to the summit and then along Horse Ridge to the south of the campsite. In a howling sub-freezing wind I managed to photograph the area extensively, determined to record what I had seen but had been unable to climb.

Other highlights of the trip some readers may find amusing. We met only a few people. On the first day an Indian packer was taking out a horse-borne party after a week of foul weather. There was also an odd lone walker or climber who was desperately short of food and fuel. To be contrary, though, he declined food from the departing party to fetch his own. He also

abandoned a gallon of white gas at the cairn near the foot of West Sentinel. His return lasted only a day and he ended by deliberately exploding a can of white gas! He was camping on the north edge of the meadow and the roar and sheet of flame brought us out of our tents at breakfast and sent us across the maze of icy cold, very full glacier streams to his rescue. He merely grinned when we arrived. He was extremely unpopular.

Two teen-aged girls walked in, sisters from Seattle and members of a very hard club. Their entire diet was calculated to the last dram in terms of weight/calories/protein value. It looked ghastly. They even refused eggs and bacon but unbent enough to sample our Wind River Special made of hot bourbon, corn syrup and mint cake and water (not too much). These were a great success. The falling snow frequently took on a rosy glow. The gin was equally effective. The hitch is to level up the non-alcoholic contents and then add the liquor and heat only for so long as to bring to drinking temperature, then serve. It is very effective in front of a warming fire.

We saw two other climbers at a distance. I guessed who they were - Thais Weible and Dick Goodwin. They must forgive my account of their climb. I saw them from the valley and from Horse Ridge as they plodded very, very slowly up the northeast branch of the Dinwoody Glacier enroute for Gannett. There had been a heavy snow fall and the new snow was at least knee deep. I was slightly concerned when at mid-day I saw they were less than one-third of the way. I became a bit alarmed when at 5:00 PM, with a storm threatening they were still going up and had a greater part of the way to go. I had visions of a night out for them, and a rescue party for me. However, they were miles away from Horse Ridge so I could do nothing other than conjecture. It was snowing by the time I reached our camp. In the end they would have a very unpleasant night out in a snow storm or worse, reach the summit near dark. I believe they descended quite a bit of the way in the dark. It reminded me of many similar days I had spent in Scottish winters when the short days always threatened one with a night out in Arctic conditions. It is in all a very satisfying achievement in retrospect. I must confess I favor the R.A.F. approach of "press on regardless" if coupled with good equipment and enough supplies. As a matter of fact, I envied them and wished I had discovered them in the valley.

All that remains to be told is the story of the walk out. The packers arrived the night of the Thais/Dick epic and the weather was foul. It let up enough in the morning for a dry-ish pack, and we had a dry first day's walk until 6:00 PM. We managed to put up the tent in time. It snowed in the night but let up enough for another dry pack. The good fortune lasted

Concluded on Page 2

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## Editorial

The exchange of letters between the Mountaineering Section and Mr. Castro of the National Capital Region, Park Service published in the May issue of UP ROPE marks a significant point in climbing in the Washington area. Prior to this time we climbers have exercised our craft without having to consider restrictions imposed on us by another group. We have climbed with only the indigineous restrictions of our sport. No one has told us not to climb in a particular area because it was dangerous; no one has required that our equipment be checked; and no one has told us not to climb solo. The result of our exchange with Mr. Castro has established that presently there are no restrictions against climbing in the National Capital Region and that this situation need not change as long as we are "...attentive to the protection of this particular climbing resource."

To date the suggestions made by the Section pertaining to the Carderock area have been honored: picnic tables have been removed from the vicinity of the rocks; the comfort station is open; and a bulletin board has been put up.

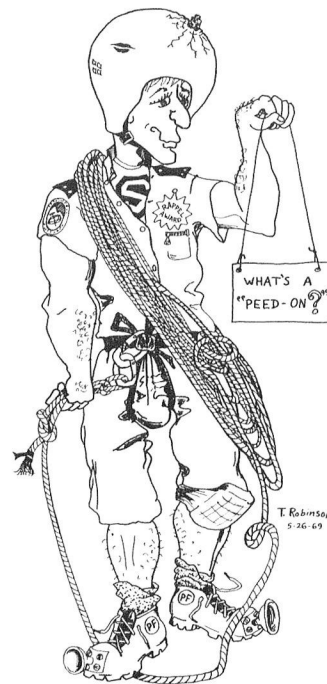
The burden of being "attentive" rests with us. We are in the enviable and awesome position of determining what regulations, if any, should be implemented by the Section to protect climbing in this area - climber-determined restrictions and climber-implemented restrictions. It is not a question of regulation for the sake of having regulations but, rather, the preservation of climbing areas as they are now.

So far the Section has discussed two restrictions: no pitons at Carderock and no boots with nails. We stand only to benefit from thoughtful concern for our climbing areas. The spirit of the thing is ours. We will have no one to blame but ourselves if we do not take advantage of the Park Service's co-operation as extended by Mr. Castro.

Think Rock.

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.



Super Climber

Trek, concluded

till Goat Flat. Here, Thor gave us the works, snow, hail, thunder, and lightning. Joan, following us an hour later on a horse, was petrified when the lightning strikes were piercing the ground close at hand. The packer reassured her that only two people had been killed by lightning there this season. Her garments became packed with driven snow. Fortunately she had dressed well for the part. We met up at Trail Lake, but here it was merely raining.

We headed for a motel, took everything inside, and turned the heat to maximum. What bliss.

The homeward journey took us through Flaming Gorge and Dinosaur Park in Utah. There is some tremendous rock climbing in both, especially the latter, and marvellous canoeing, though the rangers refused me a solo run down the relatively easy river in my inflatable raft. The "Thou shalt not stick out thy neck" theory is utterly ridiculous, if I may say so. A good canoeist can run the easy stretch in an hour. The tourist raft trip is 5 or 6 hours. I really feel we have to resist these insidious creeping restrictions. The climbers will be next.

After Dinosaur we drove through the ski areas of Colorado to Denver and Boulder. We were highly delighted to see Margaret Lee who again received us royally and humoured me by accepting a dinner invitation. We took her to a famous English-type pub restaurant out of town on Canyon Boulevard and incurred the displeasure of the major domo because I was not wearing shoes. Sneakers were out. He accepted my lack of tie. My accent put him off, and I put him on a bit by threatening to complain to my ambassador. In fact it was quite a joke. The dinner was quite superb, probably the best and served with more panache than any other in two years in the U.S. Nice to see you Margaret (the message is that we may be here until 1971), and hope to see you again.

Then heigh ho for Washington via Charleston, W. Va. and all the mountains and scenic places in West Virginia and Virginia for the benefit of our British visitor.

I hope to go the Wind Rivers again.

P.S. May try for British Columbia this year.

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Annapolis Rocks  
Apr. 27

Five climbers conquered the Roof: Pat Milligan, Don Schaefer, Lanny Hughey, Terry Robinson, and Tom McCrumm. Numerous others tried...several times each.

Other lesser overhangs were undertaken more successfully.

Old Rag Mountain  
May 3 - 4

Chuck Sproull - Trip Leader  
Sallie Jordan

Art Wilder  
Harold Meyer

Sallie and I arrived at the Nethers parking lot at 7:30 AM, Saturday. The morning air was still cool as we started up the ridge trail. By 10:00 AM we had overcome the Old Rag obstacle course, hot and winded, and wishing for more of the occasional cool breeze. We were greeted at the summit by a Boy Scout complete with bugle and some buzzards which circled lazily overhead.

We spent the rest of the morning talking to various ridge runners who asked, in passing, if we had seen the rest of their parties. One such person, elated in her mild exhaustion, made up a song about Old Rag to the tune of "Old Smoky" incorporating some delightful, but unprintable puns on the name of the mountain while munching on a loaf of pumpkin bread.

Art and Harold arrived separately late that afternoon. Since there were now dozens of fussy Boy Scouts rambling around the shelter, we decided to go more or less our separate ways and set up camp.

Bright and early the next morning, around 10:00 AM, we stirred our stumps and prepared a hearty breakfast so that hiking back through the ridge trail could be accomplished more easily than before. Then Art and I climbed the Hollywood route and variations while Sallie hopped about photographing mountain things.

The hot sun and the overwhelming abundance of tiny winged pests forced us into the unanimous decision to pack up early and proceed with haste to D.C. A very refreshing thunderstorm rolled over us at the bottom of the trail.

The four-mile hike seemed very worthwhile to us; if only for the mountaineering practice and the entertaining final mile.

Greenland Gap  
May 10 - 11

Art Wilder - Trip Leader  
June Lehman  
Bill Thomas

Don Schaefer  
Bob Robinson  
Phil Eddy, Jimmy and Mike

The cliffs at Greenland Gap take the form of two huge arches perhaps a half mile in extent. These were formed when a stream bisected a ridge that was covered with a strata of hard sandstone. The cliffs on the northern side of the valley, except for the center of the arch, have the best possibilities for climbing; the rest is less vertical and more broken in appearance. The strata is generally Gunks-like: horizontal, good, sandstone with many overhangs. The cliffs range to 300 feet in height. The boulder slope in the center of the arch is the best approach to the cliffs to the left; on the right the cliffs come nearly to the road. It is a wild area despoiled only by fishermen. There is a white pine-rhododendron-hemlock forest bordering the stream. Level places for camping are hard to find but do exist, mainly by the turnout near the bridge.

On Sunday morning, after waiting out a couple of light showers, five of us hiked up to the west end of the arch where we found very good rock. Naturally enough, there were some loose pieces. Bob and I put up two 5.4-5.5 climbs, cleaning

them as we went. Meanwhile, June and Don were working on a harder route to our left, on which Don took a fall and ended up hanging upside-down in his seat sling. As June lowered him he bumped his nose but June again saved the day by throwing him a kleenex. A few minutes later Bill Thomas was hit in the back by a bouncing rock while trying to retrieve a fallen glove, below.

A word of warning to future climbers at Greenland Gap: wild goats inhabit the area, so don't walk too close to the edge. Also, buzzards abound, as many as twenty being seen soaring around overhead: And wear hard hats.



Shockley's Ceiling, the "Gunks"

He  
climbed  
and  
he  
climbed  
and  
he  
climbed.

## CLIMBER'S CALENDAR

Date	Place	Leader
June 8	Cupid's Bower (Training)	Bob Robinson (356-4584)
June 11	PATC Headquarters Meeting, 8:00 PM	Sea Lab, slides by Terry Robinson
June 14-15	Seneca Rocks	Bob Robinson (356-4584)
June 21	Carderock Climbing and party	Lanny Hughey (530-0007)
June 29	Sugarloaf	Art Wilder (630-9055)
July 4-6	Shawangunks	Tom McCrumm (527-6272)
July 9	PATC Headquarters Meeting, 8:00 PM	

Trip Leaders are reminded of their responsibility to arrange for a report and, if a leader is unable to make his assigned trip, to appoint a substitute leader.

## Cupid's Bower, Md.

From the Washington Beltway, take the last exit in Maryland before the Cabin John Bridge, or from Virginia, the first exit after the Bridge toward Great Falls and Carderock. When the Parkway ends turn left onto MacArthur Boulevard to the Old Anglers Inn. Park in the dirt lot on the left and cross the canal. Walk right (upstream) toward Widewater. Take the blue-blazed trail left near Widewater to the river. Cross the river to the island. Cupid's Bower is near the foot of the island nearest D.C.

## Seneca Rocks, W. Va.

From the Beltway take I 66 to Gainesville and bear right onto Va. 55 to Moorefield, W. Va. Turn left on U.S. 220 to Petersburg, where one turns right onto W. Va. 4 and 28. Go 22 miles to Mouth of Seneca.

## Carderock, Md.

From the Washington Beltway, take the last exit in Maryland before the Cabin John Bridge, or from Virginia, the first exit after the Bridge toward Great Falls and Carderock (note signs). Go 1 mile to Carderock sign, bear right, go left over overpass, under canal in tunnel, and right to last parking lot. The rocks are beyond the Bulletin Board.

## Sugarloaf Mountain, Md.

From the Beltway take I 70S north. Get off on Md. 109 to Comus. Turn right in Comus and go 2 miles to a four way intersection. Go straight on narrow cement road (note sign to The Stronghold, a house on Sugarloaf) 100 yards and turn right. Go to the top and walk 100 yards up the summit trail. The rocks are on the right halfway to the summit.

## Shawangunks, N.Y.

From the Beltway take the Baltimore-Washington Parkway (or U.S. 1 or U.S. 29 in heavy traffic) to the Baltimore Parkway. West on I 83 and north to the Pennsylvania Turnpike just before Harrisburg. East on the Turnpike to Pa. 283 north (10¢ toll). East on U.S. 22 and I 78 to Pa. 512 north. Get on Pa. 115 north to Wind Gap and onto U.S. 209. Follow U.S. 209 past Ellenville, N.Y. and turn right onto N.Y. 55 and U.S. 44 east. Go approximately 8 miles and turn left onto Trapps Road and camp in one mile at the Coxing Camp. The rocks are 2 miles up N.Y. 55.

On the return trip, follow U.S. 22 directly to I 83 (don't use Pa. 283 and the Turnpike). Also, be sure to use the bypass section of U.S. 209 around Stroudsburg (this is easily missed on the return trip).

## NOTICES

## Wedding:

Beth Sebring and John Stannard on May 3.

## Address changes and new UP ROPE subscribers:

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The following person has been nominated for membership in the PATC Mountaineering Section.

Name	Sponsors
Carol Hackett	Pete Hackett June Lehman

Nominees should be present at the next scheduled meeting so that their applications can be voted on.

*Up Rope*

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