

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

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BIVOUAC ON THE GRAND

Sallie Greenwood

Bivouac and discomfort are synonymous to me. Groovy things like frostbite, hanging in slings over vast chasms, howling winds, driving snow storms and bitter cold have been my nightmares of bivouac. So skepticism was my immediate reaction when Bob Norris suggested a moonlight ascent of the Grand Teton with an evening's bivouac on Wall Street. However, ...

We, Tom McCrumm, Dave Kiehn, and myself, knew that the moon wasn't anywhere near being full. And we knew that Bob knew. Well, the stars had been bright for the past couple of nights and no one was going to be the one to step up and say, "Bob, there's no moon." Who would want to miss the experience of a bivouac?

The God who takes care of fools and innocents such as we must have been Officer of the Day.

We had a lovely night on Wall Street. As bivouacs go, this was a Hilton. The ledge was moderately spacious -- plenty of room for four, wall-to-wall rock, and a great view. Such niceties as a Sealy Posturpedic, hot running water (we had an abundance of cold, running water), vibrator, room service, and a Gideon Bible were missing. This was one campground that would never be listed by AAA. The weather seemed to be holding -- it wasn't too cold, the wind wasn't howling -- quite -- and the stars were all present and accounted for.

After indulging ourselves in a splendiferous meal of pea soup and vienna sausages each arranged his/her body around sundry rocks. We snapped, zipped and buttoned up jackets, shirts, and parkas; Tom withdrew behind a sock nose snood; and Dave chose solitary splendor on a beaver tail and wrapped himself up in a poncho. Being the frail member of the party I was allowed the midsection of an ensolite pad between Bob and Tom. I stuck my feet into my pack and immediately got foot claustrophobia which seemed mildly ridiculous as there was plenty of space for my feet outside of the pack; I was just hobbled from the ankles down.

Tom had had the foresight to have brought a space blanket. A one-body space blanket for three twitching souls in a high wind doesn't last long but something was definitely better than nothing. It became a patchwork affair shortly: four-inch square wrapped around the left knee cap, a six-inch square on the right ankle, and so forth.

A bivouac, among other things, is enforced think-time. One does try to doze off to avoid having to think, though, and incidentally, to rest for whatever the next day will bring in the way of climbing. As the doze-effort is sporadic at best, you talk, you think, and try to sleep again. You try to forget time in hopes that it will go away or at least crawl a little faster. You laugh at your situation and belabor "flatlanders" for missing such fun. "...and I'm taking

leave without pay to do this. Here sits the emancipated female. Wonder if anyone down there knows there's someone up here watching them. That couldn't be McCrumm snoring," think I to myself.

Bob poses the question, "Has anyone wondered where the stars go during the day?" No one answers.

The wind rattles the space blanket. What conversation there is liberally sprinkled with Anglo-Saxon four-letter words. Dave, for a 17-year old, is practically fluent. He exploded into a veritable deluge when he discovered that he and his beaver tail were situated on an ice patch rather than what he had supposed to be a flatish, warmish rock.

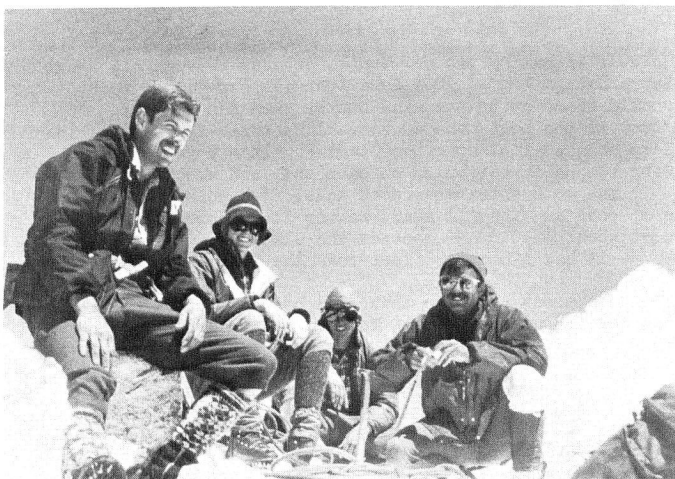
Group shivering seems to be working for general warmth. Syncopated, yet.

"It'll be nice to talk about this over dinner, tomorrow."

Somehow time passes.

Meanwhile I review the details of my sleeping bag which is keeping the inside of a tent company some 3,000 feet below. Tom speculates on the odds of the sun rising in the West for once. Just for a change of pace. How about it, God?

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Tom McCrumm, Sallie Greenwood, Dave Kiehn, and Bob Norris on the Grand Teton's summit. Bivouac? What's bivouac?

P.A.T.C. MOUNTAINEERING SECTION

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356-4584

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363-0757

ASSISTANT EDITOR

Sallie Greenwood
683-5091

BUSINESS MANAGER

Arthur Wilder
439-9043



Dear Editor,

Greetings from the Colorado contingent of the PATC-MS. We love it here in Colorado but do miss you all. In lieu of a long overdue letter we've decided that, with your permission, we will join the climbing and social action at the Gunks this Thanksgiving. Hope to see everyone there.

Larry and Sallie Griffin
Denver

Dear Editor,

I've been out with Larry and Sallie (Griffin) once. We packed into Upper Cateract Lake over the Labor Day weekend but were rained out. On Monday we did a climb on McGregor Slab near the North entrance of the Rocky Mountain National Park.

Since then I've climbed part of Recon on Wind Tower in Eldorado and attempted, without success, to locate McCrumm's Crack. I met one guy who used to climb with Kor but had just gotten back from an all expense paid, 4-year tour of Germany in a green uniform. We went part way up Country Club Crack on Castle Rock in Boulder Canyon but ran out of time so we came off. Last weekend we put up a new route in Estes Park on the Dome (5.7, A-2) and talked with Bob Bradley, who is making a guidebook for Estes Park and Longs. Robbins is coming through sometime this month.

Holubar is making two new tents, crosses between Alp Sport and Sierra Design tents. One is a four-man expedition tent that should stand up to the wind better than Alp Sport's. The other tent is the best two-man (more like three-man) expedition that I've seen -- including the Glacier. It's 9 feet long, including two half vestibules on each end, and about 5½ feet wide. It has both entrances, cook hole, fly, poles, and only weighs 6¼ pounds. They'll start making it in November and it will cost about \$140.00 -- same as the Glacier. One other feature -- it has a heavier floor than the Glacier.

I'm just about positive that I'll be back during Christmas so I can see the new holds that McCrumm and Schaefer have come up with.

Bill McCullough
Boulder

Montani Semper Liberi

Hanging Around

Here and There
Summer, 1969

Sundry members of the Mountaineering Section and UP ROPE subscribers took off on trips of their own this past summer. An incomplete and approximate list follows.

The Tetons were besieged by casts of thousands. Bob Norris was the first of many. Others making appearances through the summer were Sallie Greenwood, Tom McCrumm, Chuck Sproull, June Lehman, Don and Betsy Schaefer, Shirley Liss, the Hammills, the Goldbergs, Denis Udall, and Sallie and Larry Griffin. Chuck and Don made a side trip to Devils Tower while there.

Matt Hale, Mary Eldridge, and the Goldstones visited the Needles in South Dakota.

Larry and Sallie Griffin should be registered by the Colorado Chamber of Commerce as climbing-tour guides. Among others, they took Tom McCrumm, Bob Norris, and Lanny Hughey on climbs in the Denver area.

Several made pilgrimages to Yosemite. Bob Norris, Tom Evans, Bob Williams and Al Weis climbed there. Sallie Greenwood drove through, too awe-struck to even confess to being a climber. Al examined a certain 5.8 jam crack carefully and at length.

Lanny Hughey visited with Rich Hall, Tom Blevins and the Cascades.

The Caribboos were visited by Don Hubbard, Art Wilder, Linnea Stewart, Art Maki and family, and Alec Faberge. Linnea found out about crevasses. And the group climbed several previously unclimbed 9,000 footers.

Bob Waldrop was also in that general vicinity - the Brooks Range in Alaska.

Several new routes were pioneered by Penny Pierce in Bermuda.

Bob Robinson did the Katahdin Traverse in Maine.

Europe received a fair share of visitors from this area. Richard Sideman and Eric Rosenfeld were in the French and Swiss Alps. They did a route on Mount Blanc and also discovered the wonders of Chamonix's Touhey's. Bob Lyon and Chips Janger were also in the Alps, as were Andy Kauffman, Al Klov Dahl, and Tom Evans. Al spent some time in the Atlas Mountains, also. Harold Kramer was in Spain and reports that climbing is a state-supported sport and the "club" has some 30,000 members.

Old Rag
Sept. 20-21

Bob Robinson - Trip Leader

Those present included Els Litjens, Art Wilder, Roger Birch, Deanna Ballou, Mike Hill, Nellie Widmayer and two others, father and son whose names were not recorded but

Up Rope

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whose feat of walking the round trip over Old Rag twice on Sunday must be noted.

Most of the supporters went on Sunday but unfortunately the inclement weather made the trip less than ideal. The top 400 feet of the mountain was bathed in scotch mist, visibility about 10 yards.

Art and Els went up from Syria, the others from Nethers. The meeting up of the members was casual, to say the least. Some of us never saw Art and Els. I had difficulty on a first reconnaissance, locating the cliffs that I had climbed in mid-July. The walk was enough for most and some of us in fact reached Touhey's by 5:00 pm.

Shawangunks
Sept. 27 - 28

Tom McCrumm - Trip Leader
Bob Norris
June Lehman
Chuck Sproull
Phil Hocker

Don Schaefer
Sallie Greenwood
Harold Meyer
Sallie Jordan and Moses
Al Weis

For once our trip to the Gunks was not marred by rain -- at least not during the day. Two days of perfect weather and all of us were spider-like on the Traps and Near Traps.

Harold Meyer was introduced to his first real continuous climbing over the weekend. Sallie Greenwood and Phil Hocker climbed Yellow Ridge, a very impressive 5.6 jamcrack in the Near Traps. Don Schaefer and I started off the weekend with visions of doing Thin Slabs Direct, but after much difficulty on the first 30 feet of the climb, decided to leave the Direct variation for another day. We also discovered that Strictly from Nowhere does indeed "appeal to overhang seekers".

Saturday was culminated with an uproarious party at the Brauhaus, topped off with a rather inebriated (a la Monte Carlo) race back to Coxings Camp. Would you believe three cars abreast around the hairpin turn just below the Uberfall???

The honors go to Bob Norris, June Lehman, and an unknown leader for finishing up the weekend with the Miss America of climbs at the Gunks -- Arrow.

Wolf Gap, W. Va.
Oct. 4-5

Roger Birch - Trip Leader
Deanna Ballou
Chuck Sproull - reporting
Sallie Jordan

Bill Thomas
Harold Kramer
Dave and Joan Templeton

Sallie and Chuck arrived at Wolf Gap around 8:30 PM and found that the cabin would not be available that night due to maintenance. By 11:00 no one else had arrived so the hiked up to Big Schloss for a climb or two. After they had warmed up Harold and Bill came by. They had lunch and read Bill's USGS map of the area for awhile. Just as they had finished convincing each other that they ought to be doing something a bit more energetic, a Scottish gentleman came walking along with his young, long-haired daughter. He and Harold exchanged some interesting tales of climbing around the world then all of us decided to call it a day.

Back at the Gap, Roger, Deanna and the Templeton's were staking out the last available campsites. Good ol' Rog shared his site and campfire with us in return for our delightful musical review of songs that we never learned at home.

On Sunday we went to Devil's Garden. The deep, wide crevasses provided us with some warm-up scrambling followed by doing the old, standard easy climbs. After lunch we all felt like tigers so we hung some ropes over a magenta-colored, mossy wall with an overhang on the right side. Roger had in mind to climb up right to the ceiling, traverse left on under-hand holds and no foot-holds and continue straight up to the top of the cliff. He showed great style and control as he gained the small ledge beneath the ceiling, then he stood there for a while muttering half-clear phrases about "...the unrelenting verticality of this stupid wall..." After all rescue attempts failed, he climbed back down and handed the rope over to Bill who just couldn't imagine what was so difficult about

down-climbing an overhanging mantle. The obvious happened. Bill's success in discovering one of Earth's mysteries was almost greater than our next rescue attempt. Slings, prussick loops, and finally the strong, wide shoulders of our sympathetic fearless leader helped Bill get his feet back on the ground. Next, Harold and Dave showed us how easy that section of the climb actually was. Meanwhile, Sallie and Chuck spent these anxious moments doing daring Tarzan swings on another rope. Then, all safe and satisfied, we called it a good weekend.

Seneca Rock
Oct. 11 - 12

Mike Hill - Trip Leader
Linnea Stewart
Roger Birch
Don Schaefer
Matt Hale
Jim Aldrich
Noel Grove
Bob and Kate Adams
Hal Kramer
Bob Waldrop

June Lehman
Tom Presson
Deanna Ballou
Sallie Greenwood
Tom and Vivian Evans
Bill Thomas
Janet Gladfelter
Terry Robinson
Lubos and Marie Pospisil

It was a beautiful weekend with afternoon temperatures around 70° and the Milky Way visible both nights. The pavilion campground was crowded so some of us stayed at the Seneca Campground beyond Onego.

Matt and a non-Washington friend did the first free ascent of Cottonmouth on Saturday. Sunday Matt teamed up with Tom Evans to do a previously unfinished climb south of the Gunsight. The climbing demonstration on the South End on Saturday afternoon went rather poorly as there were few spectators and all of the climbers were congregating on the Lunch Ledge. Bob and Kate Adams put on most of the show, getting reinforcements later in the afternoon. June and I had a "Soler" weekend, doing what is now called Soler on Saturday and the first pitch of what Bob Adams says is the original Soler on Sunday. Don and Sallie did Thais despite June's trying to bomb them with an apple core.

Terry entertained us Saturday night with his tree climbing (for firewood) and singing. Tom, "The Hulk", Evans told us about climbing in Yosemite.

The crowd for the Highlands Conservancy Weekend was about average and there was an unusual number of tourists at the base of the rocks on Sunday. Only the canoeists went away sad.

BELAY LEDGE

Membership nomination:

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

Name	Sponsors
Sallie Jordan	Chuck Sproull Sallie Greenwood

The nominee should be present at the next scheduled business meeting so that the application can be voted on.

Address changes and new UP ROPE subscribers:

Bill McCullough	Room 254 Nichols Hall University of Colorado Boulder, Colo. 80302
Al Klov Dahl	920 Oakland Ave. Ann Arbor, Mich. 48104
Ben Clausen	Cox Neck Road Chester, Md. 21619
Sidney M. White	225 E. Monroe Ave. Alexandria, Va. 22301
Paul T. Arveson	NSRDC Code 926 Washington, D.C. 20007
Fred Walton	Apt. 71-2C 3362 Gleneagles Dr. Silver Spring, Md. 20906

CLIMBER'S CALENDAR

Date	Place	Leader
Nov. 2	Cupid's Bower	Bob Robinson (356-4584)
Nov. 9	Seneca Rock	Dick Sideman (347-7390)
Nov. 12	Meeting, PATC Headquarters, 8:00 PM	
Nov. 16	Annapolis Rocks	Tom McCrumm (527-6272)
Nov. 23	Old Rag	Al Goldberg (593-8214)
Nov. 27-30	Shawangunks	Tom McCrumm (527-6272)

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 Rock, W. Va.

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

Annapolis Rocks, Md.

From the Beltway take I 70 S north past Frederick to U.S. 40. At the top of South Mountain park at the roadside on the left (there is a gas station on the right). Follow U.S. 40 (on the right) to the Appalachian Trail which parallels I 70 for 100 yards. Go right uphill. In 2 miles turn left at the Annapolis Rocks sign. Go 100 yards to the cliffs.

Old Rag, Va.

From the Beltway take I 66 west through Gainesville and U.S. 211 west to Sperryville. Turn left on U.S. 522 south for one mile. Then right on Va. 231 south about 8 miles. Right

on state road 670 to Nethers. Enter parking lot about two miles past Nethers. The long way up is up the fire road straight ahead and the short, but steep way, is up the blue-blazed trail to the left.

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 before Harrisburg. East on the Turnpike to Pa. 283 north (15¢ 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.

Rivouac, concluded

Bob manages to loose his wallet while investigating the precipice and nature's call.

I feel pretty smug, for the moment, as I had come to a mental agreement with my kidneys that no one was going to get excited about anything until we had gotten off this rock-bound rack and down to some more modest surroundings. "No siree, I'm not going to freeze. I'm just going to sit here on my warmed up rock."

Scooching-down efforts to try to curl up rather than continuing to sit bolt upright are curtailed when I recall the topography of the ledge. To be undone by scooching over the side would be an ignominious end. So I sit bolt upright. The rock slopes back, away from my shoulders. Posture practice. Lovely.

Morning comes, finally... and it's appreciated. Little time is wasted getting up and moving out. That day we climbed for the sun first and the summit second. What a day! The mountain is ours.

Climbing Chef

Navajo Squaw Bread

1½ teaspoons baking powder 3 cups flour
1 1/3 cup warm water salt to taste

Mix, knead, and put into tortilla-shaped cakes. Fry in 3/4 cup butter, lard, or shortning.

Bob Norris

Up Rope

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