



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

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YOSEMITE TALES

by Tom Evans

YOSEMITE, MAY 1972 -- Norris left in mid-April, but he drives 35 mph so I could leave a week later and be there three days before he arrived. Lyon called, so I waited. Miracle of miracles, Lyon shows up and we head west. We arrive late at night, under a full moon. Pat Milligan is already there. We start well enough, climbing every day, helping Lyon along, trying to teach him three years' climbing in a week! Norris shows up with a friend and the weather holds. Pat and I go up on the West face of the Leaning Tower (grade V 5.7 A-4). Ten pitches, the wall overhangs at 118° for 1,000 ft. I've heard all the stories - the hauling bag hangs 30' out from the wall on every pitch - etc. etc. Pat's first wall climb. Anxiety builds as we start the climb. Three pitches up the "Warren Harding Memorial Bolt Ladder," we bomb them. The angle is so steep our minds compensate for it and thus it seems just slightly overhanging. Lulled by three fun pitches I move off on #4. Peering into the sun I can see some rotten Bashie slings hanging down from a thin, rotten seam. The next two hours find me tapping knifeblade stacks in behind minute flakes that can't possibly hold but do. Two, three, four bad pins then a rotten Bashie, or perhaps a bolt, bent down and pulling out. I tie it off too! Nervous! Long pitch, rope drag, that last pin I just hit and hit, it will never come out. Guano Ledge. We will bivvy 30' left on a fine flat ledge. We decide to fix two pitches so we will only have four tomorrow. As the warm afternoon progresses Pat goes down, then back up right, on a long, spectacular aid traverse. Pat fights his way along, each pin a personal hell of anxiety and doubt. I follow the strenuous pitch in fading light. Attitudes have changed, we hate this climb, when will it ease?

I join Pat's sling belay and stare into the teeth of the next lead. Forty feet of unprotected 5.7 on bad rock up to a curving bolt ladder. I complain bitterly, death gripping every hold. Once on the bolts, confidence returned - "it's in the bag, man." We fix the rope and rappel to the bivvy ledge. We rest, eat. Mostly we sit, each trying to piece together a battered ego. Warm night.

Morning finds us sleeping late. We eat then go back up the fixed rope. Two pitches go well. I belay in slings under the notorious "Evil Tree" that clings to a huge, triangular ceiling. Pat climbs over the ceiling and up the

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PATC MOUNTAINEERING SECTION

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UP ROPE is the monthly newsletter of the Mountaineering Section of the Potomac Appalachian Trail Club (PATC) of Washington DC. Editorial contributions, trip reports, letters and comments are welcome and should be directed to Editor, UP ROPE, 4528 Windom Place NW, Washington DC 20016. Subscription for MS members is included in annual dues. Annual subscription for non-members, \$3.00. Send subscriptions and address changes to Circulation Manager, UP ROPE, PATC, 1717 N St NW, Washington DC 20036.
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From the Editor's Chimney

FOR A LITTLE bit over a year and a half we have had the pleasure and the pressure of bringing you UP ROPE with reports and comments from the Mountaineering Section. But frankly during the past year we have not seen much support from Section members except from a handful of interested and active trip leaders who reported on their activities and from a few contributors and the business staff. At times there was not even a climbing schedule ready and advance program announcements have been a rarity. (But what a turnout when we publicized the Matt Hale program well in advance!)

It is all well and good for the club to publish a bulletin but when the real need for it either diminishes or active membership support is waning steadily it's time to take another look at the need for a publication. Our April 1973 editorial was a loud warning that we were not pleased with this situation.

UP ROPE's role is to support the Mountaineering Section and its activities, to advance mountaineering and to provide a link between individual active and former members. Since we are not distributed freely to the general public we do not serve to publicize the Section except indirectly. Our number ONE nuts-and-bolts purpose is to inform members about future meetings and trips and to relay such warnings as we receive them about unsafe climbing techniques, equipment failures and other emergency notices. Secondly, we record Section activities (meetings, new members, climbs, trips) and lastly we serve as an outlet for members to air their experiences, opinions, comments and personal announcements.

We have also taken it upon ourselves to inform our readers about topics of interest to mountaineers, incl. news about publications, maps, equipment, expeditions, techniques and the like. And since we are the voice of the Section we provide space for comments by the Chairman, take a stand on certain matters editorially and indirectly through our distribution to certain government officials, fellow mountaineering organizations and interested individuals bring our influence to bear publicly.

But the first three items are the heart of this publication. And it is here that we feel help is needed. Following are some choices, listing our favorites first, which need discussing and settling now:

- 1 - Publish less often but giving more space to mountaineering articles and news.
- 2 - Distribute program and trip information, business reports etc. separately, either through an UP ROPE bulletin or by the Secretary and Program Chairman.
- 3 - Publish UP ROPE irregularly as material on hand warrants.
- 4 - Turn UP ROPE into a money-making enterprise with wider scope or contract out.
- 5 - Publish monthly or by consolidating issues, varying in size from one to several pages.
- 6 - Discontinue publication and seek other ways to inform members about activities.

YOSEMITE (cont'd. from p. 1)

overhanging wall above, to a ledge. Certainly one of the finest leads of the climb. Last pitch. A strenuous, classic, double overhanging 100' corner. As the warm afternoon draws on we finish the route. On top we realize how tired we really are and how slight is the margin of success. A fine tribute to the incredible Harding. One the descent a rock finds Pat in the Leaning Chimney - good for seven stitches. Pat pulls ahead and darkness finds me staggering down a huge boulder field. Soaked with sweat, near exhaustion, I silently resolve never to climb a wall again.

A week later, the golden California sun finds me leading the beautiful second pitch on the Dihedral Wall of El Capitan. Bob Norris and I have been thinking about the Dihedral Wall for months. It's one of the biggest, most demanding routes in the Park and we figure it will take everything we can put together to get up it. But at that moment we are really in there tight and we love every foot of it. We leave the haul bag and descend. Morning finds Bob ill and we decide to wait a few days before starting. Lyon and Milligan go off to do the South face of the Washington Column, a grade V.

Bob recovers and we start. The golden sun is gone, in it's place the wind, and cold, and shadow. Bob's lead on the third pitch is as fine as I have ever seen him do. Many shaky pins there. My anxiety builds as I lead off on the next pitch. A bad pitch for me as I can't shake the feeling that all the pins are about to fall out. I finished the pitch but that was the end for me. To continue in my present state of mind would be not only folly but dangerous as well. We descended. Perhaps another day ...

The wind and cold were also problems for Tots and Pat. The first day on the Column was fairly warm and they were able to move along well and enjoy the climbing. The second day (we were on the Dihedral) they delayed their start due to threatening weather until mid-morning when the wind was thought to be dying down. They hurried along making up for lost time. Tots wheeled off the ninth pitch for a 20 footer and injured his ribs. They decided to continue anyway but they slowed considerably and darkness found them hanging from a bush on the last pitch. After an uncomfortable night they finished the climb and we met them at noon near Curry Village. Certainly a fine, determined effort under adverse conditions.

After several misadventures I decided it was time to leave. However, word soon spread throughout the valley that the notorious Chips Jangers' appearance was imminent. Women left the valley. The bears went back up into the high country. The bank was closed. Sure enough the next day we escorted Chips from Fresno to Yosemite and arrived at that time in the afternoon when Yosemite's walls look their most intimidating - even a quick glance sends shivers down hard men's backs. That evening we decided to do one more climb before Tots and I left. We decided to climb the Snake Dike on the southwest face of the great Half Dome. A classic Yosemite marathon: seven mile approach, 2,000' of climbing, eight mile descent, and all in one day. The four of us took five hours to get to the climb. The climb was certainly unique - up the single dike for nearly eight pitches of beautiful climbing, then a 1,000' death march up the slabs to the top of Half Dome.

As the afternoon shadows lengthened and the great stillness of evening approached we relaxed and talked quietly as we gazed down the great north west face of the Dome. For me it was particularly rewarding as I had been trying for years to get together with those three friends in Yosemite. And perhaps they shared that certain melancholic feeling I get as daylight fades from the valley and I know that the season is over for me. A hurried descent saw Chips and Pat speed ahead as Tots and I stood enjoying the wetness and beauty of the Mist Trail. Chips and Pat stayed two more weeks doing some

fine routes including the difficult East Buttress of Middle Cathedral Rock. The weather caved in as they were preparing for the Northwest face of Half Dome and that was the end.

STORM ON HALF DOME

by Mike Warburton

HAIL BOUNDED from the sky like a billion stinging marbles. Each dreaded lightning bolt illuminated the stormy darkness around us for an interminable instant and then withdrew for the crashing accompaniment.

Geert and I sat shivering in our belay seats, perched in the most undesirable place I have ever had the misfortune to be during a thunderstorm, a small stance in the zig-zag pitches just below the summit overhangs of Half Dome, Yosemite's lightning rod.

There had been that unbearably long and scary wait while the storm came toward us from the northeast. The seething mass of dark clouds lowered itself on the other side of the valley. Long, flashing streaks of lightning struck again and again over there, then closer and closer. Then it was us. Geert and I hid under the somewhat limited protection that my hammock provided against the pounding rain and hail and waited for whatever might come our way. What would happen? We were sitting ducks on this face for any lightning that might strike near us. Even if it didn't strike us directly, it could loosen rocks above us like it did yesterday when a huge block narrowly missed us and crashed down on the ledge where we had eaten lunch only a short while before.

The clouds closed around us. Above, two ropes disappeared in the mist. They stretched up to Greg and Brian, waiting it out somewhere above. How cold and wet were they? We could only guess and hope for the best. My thoughts travelled in circles for a while; it was a long wait.

Back in Palo Alto, the four of us had decided to climb the Northwest face as two groups of two. Greg Donaldson and Brian Cox formed one team, Geert Dijkhuis and I made up the other. The storms brought us together and we were now one team working together to get off this wall.

The sky was lighter; not so much rain was falling now. The torrent that poured down on us now came mainly from the overhangs above. We catch a little water and drink. It seemed to us that we were in the unfortunate position of being right in the middle of the face's drainage ditch. My thoughts wandered ...

Who was that idiot who babbled about never taking water for granted? Was that really me? That was an eternity ago on a far away south facing wall. But after all, what was "Yosemite climbing" besides crawling in a dizzy oven one moment, only to be doused with water and thrust into a freezer the next?

I started up once to clean the pitch but the weather decided I should not be so hasty. How was Greg doing? He had shouted down that he was going to start the next pitch at the same time that I was starting this one. I retreated to my place under the hammock and waited and worried about the guys above.

Once more the sky lightened and I was off again. My whole body shook with the cold. But after a few feet, I warmed up with happiness. I was enjoying myself for some obscure reason. It had been a fun climb for me. My life and death struggle with the manzanita at the base seemed so far away in the past.

Yesterday, still climbing as separate teams, Geert led the pendulum and I got the next pitch. We ate lunch and Geert made his valiant attempt on the strenuous Robbins "squeeze chimney."

"My feet are too small and my butt is too big!" he cursed at the 5.9 crux. Sliding feet and straining arms finally started to retreat only 15' from the top. It was a great try. Greg led up to me and dubbed me "Tangles" for somewhat obvious reasons. Then came the first storm.

Stowing as much metal gear as far away from us as we could, we waited it out. A helicopter passed us and we waved. It moved on and we thought it had been checking on us but apparently, as we learned later, it was on a mission to collect two people who had been struck by lightning on the top, one of whom was killed. We decided to work together from then on. Brian led the next pitch and Greg jumared up with hardware to lead the undercling. I cleaned and hauled. For an eternity I cleaned and hauled. The sparks lit up the oncoming darkness as I moved upward removing the pitons. Setting up the hauling rig by feel is a hassle, but nothing compared to the work of hauling the bag up the chimney. Three pitches without sitting down. Geert worked hard untangling and freeing the haulbags and clearing the belay points. It was pitch black as Brian thrashed his way up an overhanging chimney with a flashlight in his mouth. My admiration for him grew with each inch he climbed. An uncomfortable bivvy on slanting ledges got us through the night. We were only one pitch below beautiful ledges though. Morning came and we climbed past Sandy Ledges to the zig-zag pitches. The second storm hit and here I was cleaning the pitch after the long wait.

The zig-zags passed and Geert led quickly across Thank God Ledge. Greg followed as darkness came. I hauled the preceding pitch and started across the ledge in blackness. The darkness, my jumars, mountains of hardware, tangles and my pack all collaborated in a mammoth conspiracy to pull me off the ledge. It was only with a great deal of work and mental anguish that I succeeded in foiling their efforts. Another cold and uncomfortable bivvy followed.

The next day Greg led off, eager to get moving after sitting in the same position all night. After a few leads, the top was ours. It was beautiful to actually walk around without a swami belt. The dark clouds were gathering on the other side of the valley again and all we could think of was getting off this rock and down the cables before the storm got here. The rain caught us just as we passed Nevada Falls, but we didn't mind. It was a nice fresh rain.

Hanging Around

Seneca Rocks WV, March 4-5, 1972 (Slightly delayed but recommended for reading!)

Those of you who were scared away by reports of snow, rain and flash floods missed a sunny but cold weekend. Admittedly, everyone nearly froze trying to sleep on Friday night. However, the sun appeared with Saturday's day. The thermometer must have hovered around 32° in the early morning and the melting ice indicated above freezing temperatures most of the day. By ten o'clock, teams had been formed from those present, ropes were passed around from the community supply and by the half hour we were on our way to the rocks. Two complications: Few of the leaders and seconds knew any routes on Seneca resulting in our having to double up on the Old Ladies', the Old Man's and Skyline; and a search and rescue group from the University of West Virginia was doing reconnaissance on the rocks and they did Old Ladies' and rappelled to Broadway, adding some twenty others to the melee.

Everyone showed up at the campground sometime or other Saturday night. It goes without saying why most suppers were cooked and eaten in the dark. Those who weren't having chili were in the minority.

The second night was more bearable for sleeping but we awakened to snow flurries and bitter, cold winds. The cold and the possibility of snowbound highways convinced us of the practicality of foregoing the remainder of the training weekend and returning home after we had had breakfast and cleared camp.

Chuck, Maren, Joe Jensen, Dianne, John Patterson, Pete Sprouse, Pete Keys, Bob Gutman from Philly and myself went to Dolly Sods for a short hike. I took off early from there and at my last glance over my shoulder saw them still heading down the 13-mile stretch to Bear Rocks.

I felt the weekend was a success and the fact that it was is due to the assistance given me by the people who served as leaders and seconds. I'd like all of the club members who spend a great deal of time sitting on their duff clamoring for action in the club on this and that matter to note that of the 14 leaders and seconds, one leader is a club member and one other is a prospective member; three seconds are members.

Sproull and Jensen, having no co-trainees, spent their time looking over the rocks with regard to future missions. They got an opportunity to see a rescue in action when someone fell on the South Face and broke both ankles. We did not ascertain who it was or where they were from.

Participating were: Dave Templeton (Trip Leader), Dave Engle, Keith Conover, Bob Connor, John Patterson, Dennis Grabnegger, Joe Wagner, Bill Bookhout, Hal Meyer, John Birch, Ursula Poetschke, Charles Ryan, Claude Nogay, Joe Lippman, Lois Shipway, Mike Stallard, Pete Sprouse, Pete Keys, Rich Parrish, John Anderson, Bernie and Faith Makowka, Mike Warburton, Jaz Ozment, Howard Lukens, Andy LaGow; rescue team Joe Jensen, Chuck Sproull, Maren Stewart, Dianne Chapman. Dave Templeton

Sugarloaf Mountain MD, February 25, 1973

The rocks felt like ice for most of the day but our faces got the first tinge of sunburn as we did numerous moderately hard climbs (especially hard on our arms). Butterball, the ridge route to the right of Rhythm Route and several others farther to the right around a nifty layback occupied us for most of the day. In the afternoon there were droves of spectators.

Participating were: Joe Wagner (Trip Leader), John Anderson, Jim Nagy, Bob Connor and Bill Pepper. Joe Wagner

Carderock MD, March 4, 1973 - Training

What started off as a rainy Sunday morning dried out about noon permitting a typical Carderock training Sunday -- with a bit of mud to lubricate the climbs. Old club members, please note, we have a new climber named Alan Goldberg. Don't confuse him with the old Al Goldberg!

Participating were: Bill Thomas (Trip Leader), Jack Sawicki, Alan K Goldberg, Adrienne Ostapenko, Gail Kranz, Jeff Franklin, Marjorie Prochaska, Levin Ange, Tink Peters, Tom McCrumm, Diane Chapman, Bill Mial and Pat Lane. Bill Thomas

Sugar Loaf MD, May 6, 1973

Perfect weather, pleasantly cool. About half a dozen newcomers were given basic climbing instruction by the trip leader on the left of the stairs to the summit. It is a good introductory climb except that care must be taken to prevent rope damage from the broken glass. (We gathered and packed out two boxes of broken bottles.)

The experienced climbers worked on the climbs to the right of the stairs. Some did Butterfinger and felt like it, and also about a half dozen overhangs. Tom, Mike and Hal all did Rhythmic Roof. Motivated by McCrumm's pledge to climb nude if she did it, Marjorie tried Rhythmic Roof too, and failed. We were going to name a nose climb Kawabunga, but no one knew how to spell it and there are those of us who can't even pronounce it.

Participating were: Bill Thomas (Trip Leader), Charles R. Cornish, Mark Gunther, Douglas S. Moyer, Gary Nussbaum, David R. Wones, Edward M. Wones, Andrew G. Wones, Jon Larson, Mike Hill, Nellie Hill, Hal Kramer, Marjorie Prochaska, Tom McCrumm, Maitland Sharp, Ron Adler, Ann Sanford, Tony Madden and son-in-law, John Pierre Benoist. BT

Bull Run VA, May 20, 1973

A record number of people called to sign up for the trip but the rain chased them away. The sun peeked through once but it was generally cloudy and the rock was damp. We set up Charlie's Crack, however, only JB managed to do it. (A wet jam was had by all.) We did other unnamed pitches. Scrambling up and down proved to be quite treacherous. We practiced rapelling and some of us did Snicker Snee which felt good. We picked up litter and found six unopened beers. We stood at the top in the rain and drank them as we discussed the future of the Mountaineering Section.

Participating were: Marjorie Prochaska (Trip Leader), Cathy Andberg, John Birch, John Bonine, Ralph Erickson, Bob Ryan, Peggy Weir. Marjorie Prochaska

Old Rag VA, June 24, 1973 - Intermediate training

Under the assumption that everyone would be at Old Rag early, your leader was and relatively speaking was early. A crowd eventually assembled from various directions so we went to the base of the climbs. We were shared by hordes of annoying midges. Joe Jensen led, with John Christian and Joe Wagner assisting, the training of intermediates. June kibitzed. Some of the intermediates even kibitzed! Joe W. and John C. deciding they best climb together a little bit before going to the Coast Range did the usual traverse route. Jon, breaking his resolution not to lead anything over 5.1 led the Crucible on a devious ascending traverse to the right. Some of us accepted Joe W's. offer of a ride from Syria around to Nethers where our cars were parked. Actually it was not to avoid that very long hot ridge trail down but to see what Joe's VW Camper looked like. (And by the time they got to Lake Louise they knew. Ed.)

Participating were: John Christian (Trip Leader), Joe Jensen (Training Chairman), Martha Crawford, Jon Larson, Joe Wagner and family, June Lehman, John Bonine, Bob Ryan and two others whose names I have forgotten. John Christian

Carderock MD, July 14, 1973 - Beginners' training

The session began about 10 am with instruction and practice on three basic knots (ring bend, figure eight and bowline) and one variation (bowline-on-a-coil). Top rope rigs were set up up at Kindergarten using the basic knots; rope and carabiner strengths were discussed; basic climbing calls were gone over. Then beginners were each taught

how to belay and tested before they did any climbing. Practice falls (announced and unannounced) tested the belays to build up the student's confidence in the system both as belayer and as climber. Kindergarten was used for beginning climbs on the theory that getting to the top is a morale-building factor, particularly for beginners, and that the heights involved are less likely to bother the beginner than might Beginner's Crack. Each student climbed about three routes on Kindergarten and then ropes were moved to Beginner's Crack and Face and to Barnacle to present additional climbing problems and to instill additional self confidence at having climbed a variety of routes. Bob Ryan had a group working to the right of Biceps Bulge. John R., Harold, Lynda, Bill and Bob taught effectively and provided a high ratio of instructors to students.

Participating were: John Bonine (Trip Leader); instructors John Robinson, Harold Bailey, Lynda Harris, Bob Ryan and Bill Thomas; students Gene O'Brien, John Winikates, Robert Pantel, Dan Raff, Jenny X., Cathy Conolly, Carter Shannon and Janice Cole. JB

Carderock MD, September 15, 1973 - Beginners' training

Basic skills and safety were first taught at Kindergarten, including three basic knots (see above), belaying and catching falls, signals and rigging anchors. (Since Gold-line anchors can really stretch on the first fall and give the climber quite a thrill, beginners should probably be cautioned to give the rope a good, heavy tug after setting up.)

Everyone climbed on Kindergarten, Beginner's Crack and Face and Barnacle. Several also did Ronnie's Leap. The usual somnolent Saturday pace at Carderock was transformed by the added presence of about two dozen members of a mountaineering club from a Maryland highschool.

Participating were: John Bonine (Trip Leader), instructor Joe Wagner; students Rodolfo Hernandez, Tim DeLorenzo, Ed Fugels Jr., David Taylor and Dan Skartvedt. JB

Seneca Rocks WV, September 22-23, 1973

Most of us and Tom Lamb of Cleveland and Mike Sink of Columbus worked diligently and hard on roughing out a trail, up the badly eroded slope to the Luncheon Ledge. Some climbing was done but the highpoint was really doing an enormous job on the trail.

Participating were: John Christian (Trip Leader), Martha Crawford, Arnold Wexler, John Markwell, Bill Pepper and son, Barbara Llewellyn, JB Birch, Charles Cornish, Bob Barron, Neil Arsenault, Dennis Grabnegger. John Christian

Seneca Rocks WV, September 27-28, 1973

On Saturday beautiful weather conditions and dry rocks inspired those Washington DC climbers as well as nearly a dozen St. Albans students and their climbing instructor and more dozens of other climbers to engulf Seneca Rocks.

Chuck and two novices, Mitch and Rick, climbed Lower Skyline. At the chimney on the third pitch they encountered the St. Albans instructor and six of his students. The menage-a-dix worked itself out by members of both parties either alternating on the route or by climbing tandem near the chimney. Among the usual commands of "... climbing...on belay...rock...etc.(?)..." an occasional "fore" was heard as someone (imagining that he was on the third fairway of a crowded golf course) waited, saw his chance, pounced on to the rock and clambored hastily up to the next ledge. The number of climbers around that section of the rocks was enough to make one marvel at how inspired the person was who named Broadway Ledge - how it now resembles its namesake in both

Martha near Front Royal on their way to keep the pact with us. And to our bedevilment when we waited at the pit, Old Nick must have spirited away the rocks. They weren't there for us to see. Returning to DC, the sun was shining.

Participating in a loose way of speaking were John Christian (Trip Leader), Martha Crawford, Joe, Jan and Jimmy Wagner. Joe Wagner

Equipment Notes

THE SAFE VIEW

by Jim Nagy

The Schaler knot mentioned in the May issue of UP ROPE seems to have no mountaineering application, so it won't be tested any further.

The REI Newsletter View Point in its 1973 catalog points out some equipment defects that you should be aware of. The equipment mentioned includes a biner, helmet, headlamp, candle lantern, compass, seam cement and a plastic screw cap. I suggest you read the article.

My family doctor has recommended a home remedy to include in the first aid kit that you might want to add to yours. To treat bee and wasp stings, he recommends a poultice made of cigarette tobacco and saliva applied on the area and held in place with a bandage. When the poultice dries, a new one should be made and this repeated until the pain stops.

At Base Camp

Besides climbing, the Mountaineering Section is involved in matters which concern future opportunities - and problems - as we have pointed out in previous UP ROPE issues. At the last general meeting, October 10, MS members met with Ron Wilson of the U.S. Park Service to discuss the state of the Carderock climbing area, especially damage done to the natural setting by climbers, picknickers and the river. Chuck Sproull, who is the MS supervisor for the Potomac Gorge climbing areas, is now collecting suggestions and ideas on Carderock problems.

John Christian gave a progress report of his committee's effort to find land for the projected David Templeton Memorial Cabin. A motion was approved to authorize the committee to tentatively buy specified land contingent on final negotiations.

New member: Nancy Moran was welcomed as new member. Other membership applications were pending but because of the candidates' absence no action was taken.

Notice: Allen Groh will you please call John Christian at (202) 963-6910 and give him your address in order to be placed on the mailing list. Also, whoever gave John \$5 in payment for the Seneca Rocks Letter, please call him and give your name and address.

New membership applications: The nominees should be present at the next meeting - Barbara Ann Llewellyn, sponsored by Neil Arsenault and Bill Thomas; Clifford Brent McGuinn, sponsored by Joe Wagner and John Christian; Steven Williams, sponsored by June Lehman and Joe Jensen.

width and rush-hour traffic. Perhaps, in similar context, Luncheon Ledge should have been named Carderock Lane as there were about 20 people groping up and down the notch between Cockscomb and Humphry, the latter of which had three top rope climbs rigged on it. And, from what people who came down from Old Ladies via the notch said, we may soon need a Forest Service person, complete with signal flags, lights and whistle, to direct traffic along the ledge and flakes. It would be more reasonable, I suspect to have a one way policy on crowded days where people go up to the summit by Old Ladies and rappel down Old Man's route. The fact that there was only one two-man party on Triple S provided some contrast.

Bud and Kathy followed (led) behind another party on Old Man's with Bud's lead looking like a maypole - an abundance of different colored slings and nuts in every conceivable placement, except those outside the constraints of clean climbing.

John and Diana climbed Ecstasy while Arnold got Tom back in the swing of things by climbing Lower Skyline Direct, Cardon-Kauffman variation and Conn's West. Bill Thomas was up to his usual self teaching Lynda what ropes are all about.

Chuck, Mitch and Rick started to climb Thais but didn't quite finish. Near the top, 20' above the dreaded corner-step-around crux, Chuck took a 40' leader fall. He lost his balance while testing a nut that came out of its intended placement unexpectedly. He sprained his left shoulder and ribs reaching for a handhold on the ledge from which he fell, bounced out from the face, was stopped suddenly by the rope, then swung in hard against rock, head first. Mitch, anchored by three adequate nuts, was belaying. The St. Albans instructor, seeing that Mitch and Rick were having difficulty in lowering Chuck to the ledge, climbed solo 150' up and provided the additional, needed strength. He climbed back down and soon returned with two of Bill Thomas' ropes. He then rigged additional anchors and lowered the three climbers to the bottom, and climbed back down. Chuck claimed that the factors responsible for him not being seriously or fatally injured were: the two excellent resident pins on the traverse from the step-around corner, falling free of the rock, being near the end of the rope at the beginning of the fall (the three were climbing on a single 150' rope), three good nuts as belay anchors, wearing a hardhat, and quite possibly the presence of the Divine.

Saturday night and most of Sunday morning it rained making those in the pavillion feel like they were in a kettle drum during the 1812 Overture. The rain chased most of the climbers away. John and Diana, however, stayed and did Ye Gods and Little Fishes. Bud and Kathy went to Little Stony Man in Shenandoah Park.

Some work was done on improving the log barriers forming the switchbacks along the trail up the south talus slope.

Participating were: Chuck Sproull (Trip Leader), Arnold Wexler, Tom Marshall, Bud Herrman, Kathy Andberg, John McGowan, Diana Chapman, Bill Thomas, Lynda Langston, Mitch Burken, Rick Reed, Ray Sneed.
Chuck Sproull

Little Stony Man VA, September 30

"No tickee, no washee" or no callers, no climbing.

Devil's Garden WV, October 27-28, 1973

Nothing magic about this trip but John Christian, trip leader, and the Old One must have had something going. First, the trip was shortened to a one-day Black Mass. Then nobody else called up John wanting to participate. Next, from a warm, sunny, beautiful Saturday at Wolf Gap, Sunday morning turned quickly into a gray, damp, chilly bewildering 12 mile drive to the Satanic Jardin. Princely darkness and rain also befell John and

Expeditions

Nepal: The Alpine Club of Canada is sponsoring a three-week trekking trip through Nepal, April 4-28 or April 11 - May 5, 1974. The trek would start in Lamosango, the destination being Thangboche and Thami. The trekking would involve 18 days on the trail, with five days spent in the area between Namche Bazaar, Kumbung, Thangboche and Thami. The highest elevation reached would be 12,715'. Departure would be from Montreal direct to Kathmandu. Approximate cost \$1,500, possibly less. Anyone interested, contact the ACC Club Manager, POB 1026, Banff Alberta TOL 0C0.

Nepal: Dennis Hanson of Alexandria VA is trying to organize a local group of not more than 15 persons to join a Lute Jerstad Adventures 44-day trek through Nepal, April 6 - May 20, 1974. Departure from New York, approx. cost \$1,185 excl. air fare of \$584. Contact Dennis G. Hanson, 3311 Carolina Pl., Alexandria VA 22305; tel.: (703) 683-4804.

American Dhaulagiri Expedition 1973: For a first-hand, exciting account by the expedition leader, Dr. James D. Morrissey, attend the annual meeting and dinner of the American Alpine Club (AAC), Saturday, December 1, at the Miramar Hotel, Santa Monica CA. The annual affair also includes a mountain rescue seminar and two programs on the Sierra Nevada and Devil's Thumb in Alaska. Dinner \$8.

The Summit Register

Editor, UP ROPE

Regarding your list of climbing areas (April 1973 Ed.) and the hope for more variety in the climbing schedule, I think some trip leaders hesitate to pick some of these areas, not only because they are unfamiliar with the rock, but because they envision many of these areas as very remote if an accident occurs.

I wonder how many people know who owns the land for the climbing area, know where the nearest phones, doctors and hospitals are and know how a rescue could be carried out. I think our club has a responsibility to provide this information to trip leaders. I think our club has a responsibility to inform all trip leaders of the legal aspects connected with a climbing accident and legal procedures to be followed concerning accidents - who must be called, who gets the evidence where equipment failures occur etc.

And has anyone investigated whether the club should have a powerful hand-held walkie talkie? Can we get a map marked to show the locations of state police barracks near our climbing areas?

Jim Nagy

Publications and Maps

THE ALPS by Ronald W. Clark, 1973, 288 p., profusely illustrated. Available from Alfred A. Knopf/Random House Inc., New York or from your bookseller. \$15.95. This is part history of the Alps, part mountaineering history and an exciting narrative on the topography, the flora and fauna and the people of the Alps between Grindelwald and Mont Blanc.

Belay Ledge

Award nominations for mountain flying helicopter pilots: If you know of a commercial helicopter pilot who distinguished himself or herself in mountain flying you might send your nomination for the annual Robert E. Trimble Memorial Award to the Helicopter Association of America before December 1 for presentation at their annual convention in San Diego, January 13-16, 1974. Details available from Editor, UP ROPE or better directly from HAA, 1156 15th St. NW suite 610, Washington DC 20005; tel.: (202) 466-2420.

Coming and going: Our member Janet Gladfelter moved to Davis CA this summer to attend Law School at UC/Davis. Would be glad to see you en route to Yosemite and San Francisco. Sallie Greenwood, former Section Vice Chair Person and one-time UP ROPE editor, has returned from an extended vacation in Denver to Washington (or until she leaves for Peru).

AAC memberships: During April 1973, our fellow members Phil Cardon and Joe Wagner were accepted as members of the American Alpine Club (AAC). Recently, some MS members have assumed important assignments with the following AAC committees: John Christian, Conservation; Arnold Wexler, Equipment Safety and Safety; Tom McCrumm, Landowner Relations; Andrew Kauffman, Guide Certification.

Gendarme future: The Seneca Rocks Letter has urged climbers who feel that the Gendarme Mountaineering Store at Seneca Rocks should be allowed to stay in place to make their views known to Congress and to the U.S. Forest Service. It appears improbable that the store will be at its present location after this month.

Shenandoah Park backpacking rules: For proposed new rules affecting backpacking in the park, we suggest you read the October 1973 issue of the Potomac Appalachian.

Climber's Calendar

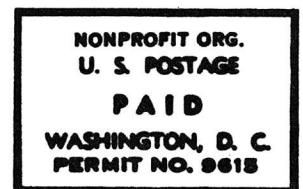
December 12	Meeting, PATC Hq, 8 pm	Program to be announced
January 9	Meeting, PATC Hq, 8 pm	Election of officers

If you miss the schedule of climbing trips, here's what you can do: (1) Suggest a trip; (2) Volunteer to lead a trip; (3) Call your trip leader and come and climb with us!

Up Rope

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DATED MATTER