



FOUNDED BY
JAN AND HERB CONN

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

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The house at Nelson Rocks

(J. Fetvedt)

At Base Camp

A rental agreement on the cabin at Nelson Rocks is being worked out between the owner, Charles S. Nelson, and the Section. The house is located 11 miles from Seneca and contains two large rooms on the main floor with two bedrooms upstairs. Considerable work need to be done to make it habitable and Chuck Sproull has volunteered to be in charge of renovations.

Neil Arsenault has proposed a series of workshop/seminars and has offered to conduct the first one dealing with "Protection Systems and their Management." (See announcement on p. 2 - Ed.) Possible future topics include snow and ice climbing techniques, and expedition planning.

A draft layout for the Carderock bulletin board display has been drawn and is being forwarded to the NPS for their comments and approval.

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UP ROPE is the monthly newsletter of the Mountaineering Section (MS) of the Potomac Appalachian Trail Club (PATC) of Washington, D.C. Editorial contributions, letters and comments are welcome, and should be sent to Editor, UP ROPE, 802 New Mark Esplanade, Rockville, Md. 20850. Deadline is the 20th of each month. Subscriptions for MS members are included in dues. Annual subscriptions for non-members are \$3.50. New applicants and current members of PATC may join the MS by requesting sponsorship by a member of the MS. Current PATC members interested only in receiving UP ROPE may subscribe at no additional charge. Send subscriptions and address changes to Circulation Manager, UP ROPE, 1718 N St., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036.

"PROTECTION SYSTEMS AND THEIR
MANAGEMENT"

The first in a series of a proposed PATC/MS workshops for members and non-members.

Neil Arsenault will conduct the first workshop which is aimed at the competent second who is interested in moving into leading, as well as the beginning and intermediate leader who wishes to improve the sophistication of his protection systems. Protection systems will be treated in their more general sense as well as specific protection placements. Experienced leaders are welcome to contribute in the open forum session. Emphasis will be placed on free climbing protection at Seneca and the Gunks. Digressions can be made into protection suitable to big walls and ice and gadgetry as interest dictates.

Thursday, November 6 at 7:30 pm, PATC Headquarters.

Preview: Snow and ice climbing trip to Mt. Washington, Feb. 9-14.
Probable trip leaders Joe Wagner and John Fetvedt.

From Other Peaks

The Mt. Washington observatory wishes winter climbers to be aware that there will be NO emergency shelter on the summit of Mt. Washington this winter. Climbers under no condition should continue climbing hoping to find shelter; it will not exist even under emergency situations. The previous winter shelter has been closed due to lack of cooperation among climbers, who used it for overnight camping and as a john. We goofed it up, we gotta live with it. - Neil Arsenault

Letter writing time again. The Mountaineering Club of Alaska has asked for support in their quest to have the name of Mt. McKinley changed to the traditional Indian name of Denali, meaning "the great one." A proposal to this effect, backed by the Alaska legislature, has been submitted to the federal Board of Geographic Names. However, public support of the name change will be necessary before official acceptance is given. Send comments to: Executive Secretary of Domestic Names, Board of Geographic Names, National Center, Reston, Va. 22092.

The Summit Register

Editor, UP ROPE

Congratulations! Steve Williams puts actions before words. On his return to Seneca from Colorado, which prompted his article in the September UP ROPE, Steve spent most of the weekend picking up litter by himself, rather than climbing. An outstanding example for the rest of us. As individuals, if we're not part of the solution we're part of the problem.

Neil Arsenault

Editor, UP ROPE

Since your May issue recommended that MS members of the PATC write to the editor of OFF BELAY, I thought I'd reciprocate and write to the editor of UP ROPE.

As you well know, the climbing area gazetteer issue has dragged on for more than a year now. As your May issue stated, however, the A.A.C. Board voted to drop the project. Contrary to what you have implied, the decision was not based on any clear mandate. The A.A.C. Board, quite simply, got tired of all the bickering and took the easiest, least controversial path.

Now, suddenly, the thought arises that the gazetteer may be published privately. UP ROPE, in response, has recommended a letter barrage aimed at the climbing/mountaineering magazines. Sorry friends--but we have absolutely no control over the publishing industry. We are (and I feel justified in speaking for my friendly "rivals" as well) purely a communication service to the established mountaineering community. You can talk to other climbers through OFF BELAY, but there is no way you can

use a small, homegrown journal to influence the multi-million dollar publishing industry. Their sole concern is dollars.

These opening comments are merely a preface to the bad news. In mid-June, I received a press release which may prove to be an unexpected conclusion to the A.A.C. "Gazetteer" controversy. The press release in part reads:

"In April of 1976, Anchor Press/Doubleday will be publishing THE CLIMBER'S SOURCEBOOK, edited by Steve and Anne Schneider. The book will be published as a paperback original in over-size format and will include a complete array of information about climbing in the United States: equipment, organizations, sites, safety tips, etc."

Please take note that the publication will include "sites."

Lest there be any confusion, a "sourcebook" is a sort of "Whole Earth Catalog," written for those totally ignorant of the title subject, in this case climbing. It will receive extensive library circulation, where it will be read by the vast, non-climbing populus.

That such a "sourcebook" is of little interest to already active climbers is of no concern to the publisher. Nor does the publisher care whether the climbing community supports or opposes such a directory. Pure and simple, the CLIMBER'S SOURCEBOOK is intended for non-climbers, thus insuring its financial success. There are more of them than us.

It will be interesting to see what happens...

Ray Smutek, Editor
OFF BELAY Magazine

EXPEDITION MOUNTAINEERING AT RAINIER

by Curt Mobley

Only 45 pounds! That seemed like a day-pack compared to the 75 I hauled halfway up Robson last year. So off we went in high spirits and perfect weather for five days of on-the-job training in technical ice climbing, route finding, and general mountaineering during one of the Rainier Mountaineering Inc. "Expedition Seminars." There were five students, all of whom had done at least some climbing, and two very experienced instructors. But the philosophy of the seminar was not one of "I'm an instructor and you're a student. Today we will learn to..." but rather we were seven climbers out for a good time. The learning would come naturally.

It was our intention to do a high altitude circumnavigation of the mountain--a route which would expose us to as many different climbing problems as possible. Most of the first day was spent in going from 5400 feet at Paradise to 11,000 feet on the Ingraham Glacier. We set up camp rather near (much too near I thought) the base of an imposing ice wall. I suppose someone saw the uneasy look on my face, because we soon got a good explanation of why the guides thought we had a safe campsite (distance from the ice fall, slope of the glacier surface, etc.). And thus we all picked up some valuable tips.

We went to sleep under clear skies with no wind; there was no sign of bad weather. Sometime during the night I was waked by a loud roar and assorted blasphemies questioning the legitimacy of our tent's birth; the former came from the wind and the latter came from someone trying to repair our collapsed and torn tent. By morning **the** wind had abated to

around 40 mph, but ominous clouds were rising from below. So rather than burn our bridges behind us with a couple of rappels, we climbed up into the icefall to learn about front pointing and about not standing under overhanging seracs.

At mid-morning we were hit by a cold, driving rain which later changed to snow. The storm showed no sign of letting up, so that evening we retreated to Camp Muir, a couple of hours below. Near sundown, however, the storm quit as suddenly as it had started. The next morning was classic climbing weather: solid clouds below 6500 feet and clear above. And thus it remained for days.

Instead of trying to make up lost time on our original route, we headed the opposite direction into the Nisqually icefall. Ice of all kinds: white, blue, black, hard, soft. After a few tips on screw placement I got to do my first lead on hard ice: a 70 degree, 60 foot high serac. I've never enjoyed a climb so much as I did going up that ice standing on my front points with an ax in one hand and a hammer in the other. I got to the top expecting to step out onto something flat; after all, that's the way rock climbs are supposed to be, so why not ice? Imagine my surprise when I discovered that the serac was wedge shaped and only six inches wide at the top! And that was where I learned to rappel off of a bollard.

Some intricate route finding got us out of the icefall and onto a 50 degree snow slope. This was deemed a good place for practicing the various belays suitable for snow. One person would climb up the slope a ways, set up a belay using a picket, bollard, or whatever, and then the others would

try to pull him off the belay. The boot-ax belay was the only one we were ever able to uproot. Evening found us in a magnificent camp overlooking the Nisqually glacier.

The next day we decided to go for the summit. Across a wide glacier, then a rising traverse on a 40 degree snow slope just above a 200 foot ice cliff (what exposure!), then steeper snow, up a rotten rock cleaver to the base of a very nasty looking ice cliff, a hasty passage across the chute under the ice, through another icefall, and onto the Kautz glacier. Enjoyable hours filled with questions and answers ("Would you cross this slope if we had gotten six inches of new snow last night?" "Yes, because..." --"Would you climb in that icefall if we got two days of cold weather?" "Only at night...").

But the best was yet to come when we arrived at the Kautz headwall: 400 feet of 50 degree water ice--front points and screws all the way.

A few more hours of heavy breathing put us on the summit. And what a summit it was! The thermometer showed 10°F, the wind was a steady 60 mph, and you could barely see the person in front through the near whiteout (remembrances of Mt. Washington). So what did we do? Retreat? No, we set up camp in the middle of the summit crater! I must admit, it was good experience. But I swear, the wind blew so hard that night that it would occasionally blow under the tent floor hard enough to lift you off the ground.

The next morning dawned clear and cold, and what a pleasure it was to stand on the summit and view the rest of the world two miles below. I think I'm definitely going to have to try a big mountain some day.

Belay Ledge

HIMALAYAN CLUB

Andy Kauffman has been appointed Honorary Secretary of the Himalayan Club for the Eastern United States.

The Himalayan Club, with headquarters in Bombay, is primarily of interest to persons who intend to climb in areas of the Indian sub-continent, including Pakistan, although it is also intended for anyone with outdoor interest in South Asia. What is not generally well known is that the club is in a position to assist parties intending to climb in the sub-continent and that it can provide information, maps, references to persons who may be of help, as well as the latest information about any of a number of little-known areas. Thus if you should be interested in climbing in the Himalayas or the Karakoram and wish to have access to Himalayan Club assistance, you are invited to get in touch with Andy for assistance, data, information and appropriate references. (Write to Andrew John Kauffman, 1900 Lyttonville Road, Silver Spring, Md. 20910.)

The Himalayan Club is also seeking to increase its membership. Those who belong to it believe it to be a worthwhile organization for anyone interested in Himalayan mountaineering. It also has the unique distinction of being perhaps the world's most international climbing organization, with a membership which includes climbers from all over the globe. Dues are low, qualifications reasonable, and the Club's annual journal supplies an up-to-date summary of what is taking place in the Himalayas from a mountaineering viewpoint.

Hangin' Around

Intermediate Training at Carderock - June 15

The following students completed the intermediate training class, instructed by Joe Ney, Chuck Sproull, Dana Densmore, John Fetvedt, and Stevie Smith.

Jim Griffiths
Jean Amberg
Laurie Anderson
David Scribner
Donna Clark
Alan Goldberg
Brian Rhinesmith
John Brenner
Ruth Powell
Eric Perriman
Don Kocher
Ken and Bob Sanders
Ryan Pierson

Wolf Rock, Md. - June 29

Laurie Anderson	Margot McGuinness
Harvey Davis	Jim & Pat Nagy
John Fetvedt	Eric Perryman
Gerilyn Gibbs	Greg Sellers
David Gilden	Bob Serlin
Bob Goldberg	Chuck Shellhorn
Vivian Goldberg	Stevie Smith
Don Kocher	Chuck Wettling
Tony Madden	Margaret Wettling
	Skip White

Despite the trip leader's underestimate of the driving time, most of the climbers met at the designated parking lot at the designated time, and started up the trail. We nearly didn't get to the rocks as a park ranger caught up with the stragglers and informed us that we needed permission to climb. After we identified our group, he said we could go on since Beverly had stopped at the park headquarters and checked us in. (Thank you, Beverly, whoever you are.)

Up at the rocks, several warm-up climbs were rigged. A large black snake napping in one of the rock crevices seemed only mildly perturbed when we set up a rope a few feet away. However, it disappeared while we were climbing (making everyone a little uneasy wondering if it was behind the next handhold) only to be found back asleep in the same spot when we took down the climb some time later.

A dark cloud appeared briefly with a light preliminary shower, at which several climbers yelled and shook their fists. The cloud must have decided it wasn't welcome and moved on, and we resumed our climbing. In the afternoon some of the more challenging climbs were rigged and Chuck Wettling demonstrated what strong fingers and delicate balance can accomplish. Wolf Rock gave several people an opportunity to practice their prussiking techniques.

Late in the day we packed up and headed for Thurmont, only to change our minds and drive to Gaithersburg for pizza and beer. Since everyone agreed Gaithersburg made a long wait for beer, it was decided that a scouting party should look around Frederick for a friendly tavern or pizza parlor before the next trip.

Stevie Smith

Romeo's Ladder/Juliet's Balcony/ Corkscrew, Va. - August 17

Laurie Anderson	Cliff Jones
Fred Batschelet	Doug Kahle
Ian Cruickshank	Ann Kruse
Larry DeMilner	Ed Lawson
Phil Eddy	Charlie Tuten
Sallie Greenwood	Margaret Wettling

Having made the mistake of calling the designated trip leader, Tom Marshall, to register for the trip, I learned that he had good reasons for wanting out and would I please take over? So I did.

At rendezvous time, 9 am at the Park Rangers' office at Great Falls Park, Va., over half of those listed showed up in spite of inauspicious weather. The sky was overcast and it was raining lightly for a while. But the forecast for clearing held good and we enjoyed a fine day for climbing.

Our first stop was Romeo's Ladder. Several of the group recognized the nearby sloping face as the place where they had worked out in Bob Norris' class for beginners. Almost everyone went up the face at least once and, likewise, almost everyone gave Romeo's Ladder a good try. Several made it to the top while others found their hands giving out while they were contemplating the next move.

While we were working on the rocks, a flock of canoes and kayaks came down the river. At least two scraped submerged rocks and capsized just offshore from our site. All recovered and some went back upstream to try again. Ian called down to one who had beached his craft for a breathing spell, "Which of us is the crazier?" Without hesitation the confident reply rang back, "You are!" That settled that.

After lunch we moved downstream to work on Corkscrew and the wall in between it and Juliet's Balcony. I tried to rig Juliet's Balcony but was not sure of the exact location because it has been too many years since I last tried it. I settled for another route up the face which proved to be quite challenging near the top.

Several of us broke away in mid-afternoon before the climbing was entirely finished. By that time the sun was hot and I wanted to go home to swim. Once again the weather turned out favorably and those who ventured out to climb won the gamble.

Phil Eddy

Seneca Rocks, W.Va. - Sept. 20-21

The trip consisted of John Fetvedt, Stevie Smith, and David Dantzler. However, Neil Arsenault, Tom Marshall, Steve Williams, and other Washington area climbers were seen in the area. We spent an interesting weekend sight-seeing in Germany Valley, checking out the Nelson cabin, talking to cavers, and we even climbed a wee bit. Nothing unusual was climbed or observed.

John Fetvedt

A "No Trespassing" sign has reportedly been posted at Boucher Rocks.

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FOR SALE

New Edelrid perlon ropes, 150' x 11 mm. Colors = red, blue, gold, purple, mixed. \$63

Snowshoes - 10" x 54" Trail Shoes. Brand new, never used; still in box. \$30

Call Tom McCrumm, 525-6272

FOR SALE

Pair Lowa Civetta ice boots, size 10-1/2 N, worn once.

Pair RD's, size 11, worn twice.

Call Alan Groh, 770-3249

FOR SALE

Forrest swami belt, size XS, used once. \$7.50

Skis (downhill) - 185 cm Head 320E, good condition, with Tyrolia bindings - \$70. Designed for a beginner/intermediate skier.

Call Stevie Smith, 762-7311

FOR SALE

Pair Molitor Eisboots, size 8 narrow. These are the best mountain boots made--Chouinard is selling his lot for almost \$100--I am asking \$70 for almost new boots.

Pair of PA rockshoes, size 7 narrow. Almost new - \$25

One 50mm Yashinon lens for SLR, Fl.7.
One Vivitar telephoto lens, 135mm, F2.8.

Both in excellent condition, includes UV/Haze filters. Pentax mount (screw-in). \$60 for both, or will sell separately.

Call Steve Williams, nites after 9 pm at 770-4946.

FOR SALE

RD's, size 7-1/2, worn twice, \$30.
Call Barbara Llewellyn, 871-6197

FALL CLEARANCE SALE

Summit pack -- \$13
Red nylon with leather bottom, large single unit with 2 large inside pockets, hauling and ice ax loops.

English Anorak -- \$18
British ventile and Egyptian cotton; breathable, very water repellent and windproof; 2 large pockets with front kangaroo pocket, elasticized cuffs, hood; orange, size 42.

100% wool cap (navy blue) -- \$2.50

85% wool/15% nylon cap (white and black) -- \$2.50

Hanwag Friction Kletterschuhe -- \$24
Look and are built like Yosemite RR; stiff Vibram Roccia sole with rubber all around lower part of boot; blue suede leather, size 10M.

Call Edward Guleke, office 964-5860; home 525-9259.

UP GROPE

or

A ROYAL (ROBBINS) ASCENSION

Seeing the formidable rock face loom before me, I knew that somehow I had to reach the top on my own, with only the aid and comfort of a rope tied around my waist. Hundreds of questions crowded into my mind as I stood there apprehensively looking up at it. Did I really want to go through with this? Would I ever make it to the top alive? How did I get myself into this painful situation? Who were these sadistic people around me, and why were they making me go through with this? Anxious and frightened, I quickly grasped the rope in my shaking hand, nervously wound it around my waist three times, and carefully tied a secure, bowline knot.

The other climbers, sensing that I was stalling for time (and waiting for a minor miracle to occur) calmly urged me to start up the rock face. Their only words of comfort were to the effect that an experienced climber would be down below me protecting me with the rope if I should happen to fall. Pushing the questions, doubts, and fears into a tiny corner of my mind, and taking one last, deep breath, I decided to accept the challenge.

Determinedly, I stepped up on a small knob of rock. Would this tiny protrusion be able to support my quaking body? Reassured that it would by the carefree climbers below, I stood up on it and saw they were right. Yet I couldn't just stand there all day; my foot was beginning to ache from the absurd position it was in. With my legs quivering I proceeded to look above me for the handholds that would lead me up. I spied several outcrops of quartz and reached out for them, yet they were too far away. How could I possibly go up any farther? I might as well

only must I use my peak physical strength but also my top mental abilities to get there. give up now, I thought, while I was still near the ground. But no matter how many doubts I had, the climbers, as well as my own mind, prodded me onwards.

I moved slightly away from the rock and glanced nervously below me. Plenty of large knobs were visible, but what good would they do my fingers now? I came to the conclusion after much deep and painful thinking that the main component of the climbing effort was the footwork, not the handwork. Only my feet could lead me safely to the top--my hands must only be used for balance. Faith in my feet, I thought.

Lifting my left foot up to a higher knob and standing on it, I thought I would then be able to reach those handholds. But where were they? Clutching desperately at the rock for something I could get my fingers around, I felt myself losing balance. It was too late to regain it. As I slipped off the rock, the rope around me tensed and girded my waist. I fell no farther. Seeing that neither a scratch nor a bruise was sustained from the fall, I thanked the Lord and the climber protecting me profusely. But what was I going to do now?

The climbers below, seemingly reading my mind, encouraged me with a "go on--you can do it!" They must be insane, I thought, after what had just happened.

Suddenly angry at myself for even thinking of giving up after all the pain I had been through, I doggedly stepped up on the knob again. I realized then that I would not be successful haphazardly scrambling up the rock--I must think the climb through first. I would have to decide where I was going and plan the most reasonable route to the top. Not

Oblivious to every sound and sight around me, I stared at the bumpy grey rock in front of me. Focusing my mind entirely on the climb, I gradually made my way up the rock face, moving cautiously yet with greater confidence. As I noticed that the ground had seemingly moved so far away from me, my stomach churned and my head spun. I must not look down, I told myself boldly.

My sweaty hands and shaky feet somehow managed to lead me to the last foothold. I stepped up on it and grabbed the edge of the crag at the top. Grimacing with pain as my muscles stretched to their limits I pulled myself up over the edge, and flopped onto the rocky top. I had made it. Breathing heavily, I hugged the cool ground. Feelings, along with fresh air, swarmed over me. I was relieved, yet elated with the thrill of what I had done. I had discovered capabilities I had never known that I possessed. The knowledge that I had overcome pain, frustration, and fear on my own flooded me with pride and confidence. I had come to know myself better.

Carol Van Alstine

UP ROPE deadline has been changed to the 20th of each month. I would prefer that trip reports, letters, etc. be sent to my home address listed on page 2, since I can't always get to PATC for a last-minute mail check. - Stevie Smith

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FOUND: Pair of men's white tennis shoes at Easter Egg following training on Sept. 14. Call Stevie Smith, 762-7311 or claim at the October meeting.

