



FOUNDED BY  
JAN AND HERB CONN

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

1718 N Street, N.W. Washington DC 20036

Volume 31 Number 9

September 1976

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### Chairman's Corner

I've been chastened.

This sport that we participate in, an avocation for most of us, led to the death of a very good friend this summer. Edward Guleke. Edward is John Bonine's friend too, as you can read elsewhere in this issue.

Those of us who climb do so with the understanding that what we do is potentially fatal. We give a climb, whether on rock, snow, or ice, our fullest attention in order to survive to climb another day. We do our best, we enjoy ourselves, and, I think we sometimes forget how fragile and tenuous our existence is. It doesn't take much to make us very aware - briefly - a loose rock, forgetting for an instant where we are and what we should be doing, not thinking protection through. There are legions of possible errors in human judgment. Then there are the additional hazards - illness and weather. We have a tendency to forget the close calls with time.

Please be aware, as I now am, it's very easy to die while climbing. Remarkably so.

Sallie Greenwood

### At Base Camp

Rick Todd has agreed to be the new chairman of the Training Committee and training should be arranged through him - phone 439-0672. A training syllabus has been prepared and printed, and will be used as a hand-out for students as well as a guide for instructors.

John Stannard proposed and the PATC Council approved the establishment of a fund to be used in the maintenance of Seneca Rocks and similar projects. To be managed by a committee within the Mountaineering Section, the fund's resources will come from the sales of John's forthcoming Seneca guide.

The workshop series will continue; possible future topics include ice climbing, mountaineering photography, pulmonary edema, and a repeat of Neil Arsenault's protection systems seminar.

New members - The following applicants were recently elected to membership:

Anne H. Lipp  
Mandy Mitchell  
Peter A. Tinsley

Tink Peters is in town for about a month and is staying with Nan Moran.

## PATC MOUNTAINEERING SECTION

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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

## Belay Ledge

On July 1, 1976 Edward Guleke, who climbed occasionally with the Mountaineering Section, died of pulmonary edema at 14,000 feet on Mt. McKinley. The route: West Buttress. Edward and his party, the American Bicentennial Expedition, had established a camp at 16,000 feet on June 29, after having made their way from the Kahiltna Glacier's 7000 foot level starting on June 20. Most of the party had made a carry to 17,000 feet on June 30 and expected to move camp to 17,000 the next day. Edward's illness precluded the move. He was taken down to 14,000 feet by five climbers the morning of July 1. He died in the afternoon as the climbers readied a sled to take him farther down the mountain.

Eleven of the fifteen-member expedition reached the summit on July 6, the first clear day after weather closed in on July 1. Three members flew out with Edward on July 6.

A former Washington climber, Joe Ebner, died from a fall in a separate incident on McKinley on July 14.

A contribution in Edward Guleke's memory was made by the Section to the Presbyterian Children's Home. The following letter from Edward's parents was received by the Wagners.

Dear Joe and Janet,

Thank you for your "living memorial" for Edward to The Children's Home. We know it benefits others, and we feel Edward would have liked your doing this, just as we do.

We say Edward didn't make the summit of Mount McKinley; but in a truer sense, he climbed even higher. We are grateful and thank God for Edward - for his 24 years - for the privilege of being his parents, brothers and sister - for his many friends as you. Through each of you and the many lives he touched, Edward continues to live for us.

Very sincerely,

Mr. & Mrs. James S. Guleke  
Jim, Van and Ann

## WEATHER FORECASTING FOR MOUNTAINEERS

On May 27, 1976, meteorologist Curt Mobley let an enthralled roomful of climbers in on the secrets of his profession. The lecture was accompanied by a dazzling display of color slides.

Essentially, Curt's message went this way: (1) Nobody can predict 80% of the weather because fluid systems are unstable and their movements become inherently random beyond a few hours. (2) For the other 20% of the time, you may be able to tell when a warm front is coming or when a cold front has passed. (3) Because warm fronts have wide bands (several days) of bad weather, it is useful to know that one is coming. (4) Because cold fronts tend to be followed by several days of good weather, it is reassuring to know that one has just passed.

To tell the warm front apart from the cold front, consider the direction and temperature of the winds: Before the warm front, nine times out of ten there is no wind. When there is wind, it will come from the SE, followed by a shift to warm winds from the SW. Before the cold front, wind will be from the SW, followed by a shift to cool winds from the NW. (See diagram.)

Also consider the clouds. The warm front creeps in gradually with a wedge of warm air riding up over the cooler resident air, so that you first see high cirrus clouds and then a progressive thickening until the whole mess has descended to earth in a drizzle. The cold front hits without warning, with boiling cumulus clouds and sometimes spectacular storms; in a few hours it has passed and the sun breaks through.

In addition to weather passing through, there is weather that is caused by local geographic features. Mountains

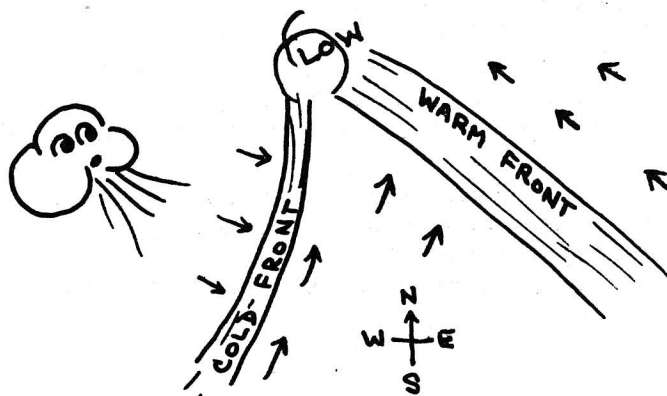
warmed by the sun cause a build-up of clouds over the peaks and consequent thunderstorms by mid-afternoon. That is known as "mountain weather" and offers sufficient reason to reach a summit before noon.

Armed with this inside information, several graduates of Curt's one-night class headed for the Gunks to climb on Memorial Day Weekend. Saturday was beautiful, with high cirrus clouds starting to drift in. "Classic warm front coming, and prolonged bad weather ahead," said one faction. The clouds thickened to a drizzle which lasted all night, and the warm-fronters began to make contingency plans for spending the rest of the weekend in the Diner or various New Paltz bars.

But by breakfast, the drizzle had stopped. Most people were soon on the rocks. The weather got steadily better, and the temperature dropped. "Classic cold front just went through, and the weather is going to be great," said the second faction. "How could that be, with that slow build-up of cirrus clouds, the lack of any real storm, and that steady drizzle?" asked the warm-fronters. "I don't know," replied one of the cold-fronters. "But it's sure chilly. Besides, I looked in the newspaper and it said that a cold front was going through."

As Mobley said, nobody can predict 80% of the weather. For the other 20%, you can always look in the newspaper to see what it was that just hit you.

John Bonine



## EDWARD GULEKE

Edward Guleke (he always preferred both syllables, rather than "Ed") was a unique young man who brought a great deal of joy into the lives of those who knew him--as a climbing partner, as a participant in philosophical discussions, as a buddy.

A man's life should not be measured in years, but in the intensity with which he touches the lives of others. Edward touched many of us, deeply and lastingly.

I met Edward in July 1975 in the Purcell Range of British Columbia, at an Alpine Club of Canada mountaineering camp. He and Diane, the woman he loved, hiked into the high camp which had been established at the Lake of the Hanging Glaciers. The Texas boy with the unfailing courtesy (who addressed older women at the high camp as "ma'am") made an instant hit with everyone. We climbed a mountain, played charades during a rain storm, and sat around the campfire talking.

Edward stayed another week at the main camp and energized an expedition to climb Commander (11030'), the three Guardsmen (10750', 10550', and 10650'), Jumbo (11117'), and Karnak (11250'), all at one whack. The traverse of these peaks was done in two days, with an overnight camp at 10,000 feet. Characteristically, Edward and Diane gave their tent to another couple who lacked one, and slept out in their bivouac bags. This generosity was one of Edward's hallmarks. The other was openness. A country boy from Amarillo, he was never ashamed to express affection by flinging his big, friendly arm around the shoulder of a man or woman.

Edward learned to lead on rock last autumn. He was ever inquisitive, discussing just how a piece of protection should be placed or rigged until he decided the best way for himself. He didn't feel any need to bag a number of impressive routes every weekend, but instead took the view that the style of the climb and the chemistry of the persons together on the rope were what made climbing worthwhile. This made him a pleasure to be around. One weekend at Seneca Rocks we dawdled and enjoyed ourselves so much on the Cockscomb Pine Tree route that we had to make a night-time descent. It was slow, steady, and extremely safety-conscious, while another climber taunted us from below that the beer was getting warm. Chagrined, we resolved to watch the clock better in the future, but managed to do exactly the same thing the next day!

If you ever borrowed a book from Edward you could have a silent dialogue with his lively mind, because Edward's underlinings and marginal notes made it clear that certain things had impressed him while others he questioned. In fact, he gave me a Sierra Club book on the Southwest which he inscribed: "Given this Christmas Day, 1975, to John on the condition that Edward S. Guleke can also read and mark this book." He planned to go to law school, and enjoyed the playfulness of using excessively formalistic language for effect.

Edward will be remembered mostly for his innocence, his openness, and his almost embarrassing sincerity. The last time I climbed with him was on Memorial Day weekend this year, when a number of us went to the Shawangunks. Upon our return I received a note in the mail on stationery of the Secretary of the

U.S. Treasury: "My Compadre--Diane and I enjoyed, as can always be expected, the pleasure of your company last weekend. We look forward to sharing future experiences . . . . You've become a brother to me."

Some people live 70 years without being capable of as much unselfish friendship as Edward could show in a day. His life was brief, but like the floods of west Texas it flowed full and left a mark that nothing can reach up and erase.

Adios, compadre.

, John Bonine

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## Hanging Around

Annapolis Rocks, Md. - April 11

Now that everyone's back from their vacations to the big mountains and elsewhere and getting back to plain ol' rockclimbing, it seems a good time to write this long-overdue trip report. Since it was more than four months ago, my memory is fuzzy on who exactly did what exactly, but two things stand out clearly: 1) how cold it was, and, more important, 2) a rather frightening near-accident, the causes (or near-causes?) of which were the failure to pad the anchor rope (Bluewater II) against damage from the edge and the failure to check up on the rigging, at least occasionally.

The famous roof had been rigged, and attempted by many. The fact that no one finished the climb was an obvious, contributing factor to why the anchor was not checked regularly. As repeated falls (and as most of you know, it is a nice, swinging fall) were taken, the anchor was apparently rubbing gently back and forth along the edge. What saved the day - and the climber - was the fact that an easier climb was rigged nearby, and as one of the climbers reached the top, she

stepped over to glance at the other set-up. As she watched, the now frayed anchor - in her words - "just opened up like a flower." Luck definitely played a part in averting a potentially nasty fall - the fact the other climb was rigged, and that someone climbing it thought to investigate - at what turned out to be the eleventh hour and 59th moment - and got the climber down and off the rope before the anchor cut loose completely. Because what happens with perlon (Bluewater, etc) is that although the core has the strength, as far as falls go, the sheath is designed to resist abrasion and protect the core. So once the sheath is gone - severed as completely as this one was - it is only a matter of a brief space of time before the core goes. At that point the rock edge would have gone through the core like the proverbial knife through butter, had the rope slid along it one more time - or two.

So, the obvious lessons are: 1) PAD YOUR ANCHORS whenever they go across anything remotely suggesting sharpness, and 2) CHECK YOUR SET-UP PERIODICALLY, particularly if repeated falls are taken on it, even if it means going out of your way, as in this case, because no one finishes the climb. Check the rope (or webbing) for wear,

(Cont'd on page 6)



check your knots, and check the carabiners.

Participating were: Janet Ainsworth, Neil Arsenault, Beth and Gail Blattenberger, Pat Donohue, Bill Fite, Alan Goldberg, Bob and Vivian Goldberg, Harold Goldstein, Stan Halpin, Four Hawes, Skip Henderson, Jon Larson, Barbara Llewellyn (trip leader), Joe McDermott, Tom McKenna, Mark Minton, Lin Murphy, Joe Ney, Kathy and Tom Perry, Joe Roseman, Jim Shipley, Ron Smith, Stevie Smith, Rick Todd, Joy and Paul Torelli, and Charlie Tuten.

Barbara Llewellyn

### Seneca Rocks, W.Va. - June 5-6

Memorial Day Weekend must have taken its toll of stalwarts as only eight climbers came down to Seneca and Nelson Rocks the weekend of June 5 and 6. Mike Hill and I had the Nelson House to ourselves most of Saturday. We found the house in good order, the fence working beautifully, and, as a result, the grass in the yard hayable. We stopped by the Nelson's in Circleville to see if we might borrow some tools to cut the grass with but found them not at home. After considering the possibility of luring a couple of cows into the yard for the day, we decided the best thing to do would be to go to Franklin and buy our own tools: a sickle and swing-blade.

After doing battle with the grass, Mike and I spent the rest of the afternoon doing nothing. Soaked up some sun and hiked to Nelson Rocks.

Meanwhile, the rest of the folks were taking on Seneca. Bill Fite and Kent Jameson were doing some of their first leads; Margaret Wettling and Ian Cruickshank did Gourmet Direct; Laurie Anderson and Charlie Tuten did Big Chimney.

People straggled into the Nelson House for Saturday night. Just as

we were turning in, Margaret and Ian showed up and told us of their day.

Sunday another nice day, and off to the rocks early. Mike and I spent a slow morning talking with Bob Livingston and then headed off to check on the pigeon population of the South End of Seneca by doing Tony's Nightmare. Mike maintained admirable cool as pigeons exploded from their nests while he was doing the crux through feathers and guano. A pigeon joined me on the belay ledge for a people's-eye view of the proceedings. Didn't see any of the others and thought for sure we would run into Margaret and Ian at the Kak-a-pon Restaurant in Moorefield. Great apple pie - had to wait a few minutes for them to take it out of the oven. Definitely worth a stop.

Sallie Greenwood

### Purple Horse, Md. - June 6

Skip Henderson	Johnny Boran
Tony Madden	Ron Yockim
Jerilyn Gibbs	Leath Wayne
Carolyn Osolinik	John Bremer
Joe McDermott	Jon Larson
Tim ?	Ray Kremer
Jean ?	Dave Dansler

Ten hardy and hopeful souls met at the Anglers Inn parking lot after driving thru drenching rain to reach the rendezvous point. Happily the weather cleared as we waited for late-comers and we were soon headed up and down the rocky Billy Goat Trail to the cliffs. Since half of our group were novices or first timers, we found the idea of co-leaders as arranged by Barbara Llewellyn to be most convenient as it allowed for more time and attention to individual climbers for instruction and also closer observation of the novices' knot tying, belaying practice, and general safety conduct.

John Bremer, Jon Larson, Ray Kremer, and David Dansler arrived around mid-day to the accompaniment of darkening

skies, thunder, lightening, and a brief rain fall which again happily cleared and left the remainder of the day perfect for climbing.

Ray Kremer and Dave Dansler practiced lead climbing on several faces, using all the approved techniques and equipment, while the rest of the group of newer climbers watched with great interest in learning how it is done.

12 year old Johnny Boran and 13 year old Leath Wayne drew the admiration and applause of the group with a half dozen fast courageous ascents of the toughest faces.

The weather was so good that we hung around to 6 pm and then reluctantly departed from the joys of the cliffs to return once more to the "down to earth" world of practical things.

Skip Henderson and  
Tony Madden - Co-leaders

#### Seneca Rocks, W.Va. - July 31-Aug. 1

A midweek call to Joe Wagner, inquiring about the scheduled weekend trip to Seneca Rocks, made this climber a trip leader for the first time. Our small group of climbers, Rick Todd, Mari Hope, Kathy Perry, and Tom Perry, traveled together and stumbled into Nelson's cabin late Friday night.

Saturday morning found us on our way to Seneca Rocks, but only after a stop to gaze at Nelson Rocks. One particular pinnacle had caught our attention, and through a pair of binoculars, we could see the top of this pinnacle crowned with a yellow sling. Presumably this is Joe Ney's climb dubbed the Fickle Finger of Fate. Mr. Nelson told us that his Grandfather, Job, shot a turkey off this pinnacle long ago and that the name, since then, has been Job's Turkey!

We decided to forsake the enticing climbs at Nelson Rocks for the better known, charted climbs at Seneca.

Rick and Tom headed for the top of Cockscomb via Breakneck. The view from the top was as beautiful as the clear sunny day. Our retreat to the beer was slightly delayed by a rope that wished to stay topside.

On Saturday evening, Mr. Nelson was on his way down the road as we were heading up to the cabin. The narrow road made it easy for us to get together and chat for a little while. We enjoyed learning a little of the history of the land including the story of Job's Turkey. We asked Mr. Nelson about jobs to be done at the house. He told us the out-house, which is being undermined by ground hogs, should be moved; the house should be painted as well as the roof; and the water should be tested. He also asked us to count cattle as we head up or down the road to keep tabs on the herd. He should have 52 head.

Sunday morning after fixing the walk way and fence gate hinge, walking about counting cattle, and then cleaning up, we made a late start for the rocks. Time only allowed for a single pitch on LSD. A windy and sometimes threatening day gave way to a brilliant sunset, splashed against the face of Seneca as we departed.

Several other club climbers were in evidence, but were not staying at the house this weekend.

Tom Perry

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An article of interest, "Mountain Insurance", appears in the May 1976 issue of Climber and Rambler, a British publication available in the PATC library.

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...The Mir is the autonomous ruler of Hunza in north Pakistan. Pakistan however is gradually moving into the small kingdom and exerting more control, and the Hunza ruler is now a Mir figurehead...

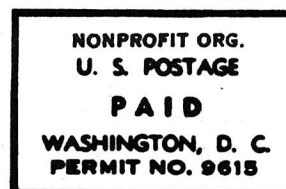
paraphrased from Harold  
Goldstein's slide show  
at the July MS meeting

## Climber's Calendar

- |                 |                                      |   |
|-----------------|--------------------------------------|---|
| Sept. 8         | MS Meeting 8 pm<br>PATC Headquarters | "Mt. McKinley, 1976" - Talk and<br>slides by Sallie Greenwood           |
| ** Sept. 12     | Training                             | Rick Todd (439-0672)  |
| Sept. 18        | Guided Tour of Potomac<br>Gorge, Va. | Chuck Sproull (229-7434)  |
| Sept. 19        | Wolf Rock, Md.                       | #   |
| *** Sept. 25-26 | Seneca Rocks, W.Va.                  | #   |
| Sept. 26        | Annapolis Rocks, Md.                 | Barbara Llewellyn   |
| Oct. 2          | Guided Tour of Potomac<br>Gorge, Md. | Chuck Sproull (229-7434)  |
| Oct. 3          | Cupid's Bower, Md.                   | #   |
| * Oct. 9-11     | Shawangunks, N.Y.                    | #   |
| Oct. 10         | Bull Run, Va.                        | #   |
| Oct. 13         | MS Meeting 8 pm<br>PATC Headquarters | "Have you ever been to the Himachal<br>Pradesh?" - slides by Joe Wagner |
| ** Oct. 17      | Training                             | Rick Todd (439-0672)  |
| *** Oct. 23-25  | Seneca Rocks, W.Va.                  | #   |
| Oct. 24         | Sugarloaf, Md.                       | #   |
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- \* Lead climbers and experienced seconds only. You should arrange for climbing partners before arriving at destination.
- \*\* All training is by appointment. Contact trip leader no later than the preceding Wednesday.
- \*\*\* Combination work and climbing trip. Climbing is for leaders and experienced seconds. No experience necessary for working at Nelson House.
- # Your help to lead this trip would be appreciated. Call Joe Wagner (966-6379) or Barbara Llewellyn (871-6197).



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DATED MATTER