

FOUNDED BY
JAN AND HERB CONN

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

1718 N Street, N.W. Washington DC 20036

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Expeditions

ICE CLIMBING

The Club will take trips to White Oak Canyon and/or Castle Fin to ice climb on an impromptu basis during December, January and February. If nighttime temperatures in Washington, D. C. have fallen below freezing during the four nights preceding the anticipated trip, it's a good bet, that there will be ice for climbing. No guarantees. If you would like to go on these trips, call any

of the following people:

Jon Larson (591-6649)

Doug Howard (736-6937)

Vivian Goldberg (521-5158) (contingent upon acquiring a decent ice axe)

Mt Washington, NH-February 1978

Doug Howard (736-6937) and Tom McKenna (301-) would like to lead a Club trip (or trips) to Mt Washington for snow and ice climbing in February.

Baffin Island- June 1978

Tom McKenna would like to return to Baffin Island to do some real mountaineering. If you would like to make this club trip happen, give him a call.

Two international mountaineering camps- "Pamir-78" and "Caucasus-78"- are open to those who "timely pay the necessary amount of money." Individuals, disorganized groups or organized groups are eligible. The costs are \$600 to \$1400 for 24 to 30 days of climbing, plus travel expenses to the USSR. Deadline for applications is January 15, 1978! Call Stan Halpin for details.

At Base Camp

The Nelson House now has a new back porch (well almost). Rick Todd, Stan Halpin, Muftiah Kooch and Vivian Mendenhall spent a beautiful Saturday (November 19) demolishing the remains of the old porch, putting in the new joists, and laying a new porch floor. It still needs a railing and some paint, but it is a beautiful sight nonetheless. It cost about \$100 for the materials, but it was well worth it. (And maybe on the next trip we can arrange to take the new stove and get it installed...?) Sunday we rewarded our work with a leisurely climb. More leisurely than we intended. We got almost to SEneca before realizing that Rick's rope was still back at Nelson House. We finally got started climbing around noon!

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 addressed to Vivian Goldberg, 4425 South First Road, Arlington, VA 22204. Deadline is the 20th of each month. Subscriptions for MS members are included in the dues. Annual subscription for non members is \$3.50. Current PATC members interested in receiving UP ROPE may obtain a subscription at no charge. MS membership is restricted to PATC members; new applicants and current members of PATC can join the MS by obtaining the sponsorship of a current member of the MS. Send subscription and address changes to Circulation Manager, UP ROPE, 1718 N Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036.

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Treasurer		Rick Todd	439-0672
Ray Kremer	656-0132		

MOUNTAINEERING SECTION Activities - The MS holds monthly meetings at PATC Headquarters (1718 N St. N.W., D.C.) to conduct a brief business session and to present a slide show, movie or other form of entertainment. Sunday trips to nearby climbing areas and/or weekend trips to more distant areas are sponsored every weekend; check the schedule on the back page for details on planned trips. Beginning and intermediate training is offered once each month. Any interested individual is welcome to participate in MS activities, although some restrictions are placed on those wishing to join MS climbing trips. The Sunday trips are usually to areas where there is a complete range of top-rope climbs, from easy to difficult; however, we ask that you have some instruction or experience prior to the trip. Check with the trip leader. The weekend trips are usually for lead-climbers only, and you are expected to find your own climbing partner. For more information on trips, call Joe Wagner (966-6379), Chairman of the Trips and Expeditions Committee, or call the listed trip leader. For information on training, call Rick Todd, 439-0672.

From the Editor's Chimney

John Stannard's article has inspired me to commit more of the oral history into the written record. On Memorial Day, 1976, Greg Christopoulos, Mark Gunther, Edward Gulek and his roommate went to the Gunks. Mark got to plan, buy, and pack all the meals for everybody. Mark has many fine qualities, but a flair for haute cuisine is not one of them. Oatmeal, sausage, gorp. It was getting old. One day around lunchtime, Edward and his roommate were descending the Uberfall after a climb. Edward spied Greg sitting nearby, eating a bag of cookies. Edward ambled over, said "I didn't know we had cookies!" and plunged his hand into the cookie bag. Edward took another look. "Oh, you're not Greg!" "Yeah," came the reply, "you can have some cookies anyway." Then Ed's roommate ambled over. He had missed the dialogue. The performance was repeated. Later, Edward related the incident to the real Greg. He concluded that he realized his mistake when "Greg" didn't break his wrist when he stuck his hand in the cookie bag.

This story has a sequel. I had the opportunity to meet Greg's double, whose name is Ed. (Actually, Greg had surreptitiously pointed out his double to me on numerous occasions, always with the disclaimer "I'm better looking" or "He slouches".) Ed remembered the cookie incident and is well aware that a whole bunch of people think he looks like some guy named Greg. Greg's double was one of the people who helped Barbara after she fell last spring... And we hung around once when Ed looked like he might be having some trouble. Someday, Greg will meet Ed, offer him some cookies, and the circle will be complete.

Equipment Notes

Goose down parka with 65/35 outer fabric. NEW \$70
 Kelty Pack with Tioga Frame and modified D4 bag- \$40
 Call Harold Goldstein (296-0778)

Chairman's Corner

The early returns on the preference poll concerning the use of the Templeton Memorial Fund are in favor of turning the money over to PATC for a Wolf Gap Cabin. I interpret these votes as saying two things: a) it is time that something be done with the money donated in Dave's memory, and b) the MS will never get around to doing anything about a cabin in the Seneca region. I agree with the first point but not with the second. There have been few weekends this year when the Nelson House has been unoccupied. People have shown a willingness to sacrifice climbing days to work on the Nelson House. And the opening of the Visitor's Center will make it less feasible (or desirable) to camp near the Rocks. The need exists for a permanent MS cabin in the Seneca region, and that need will get stronger. I have informally enlisted the help of a few people to re-initiate the land search, picking up from the excellent work done by John Christian three years ago. We will work toward a MS cabin, and I think we will achieve that goal. Your votes will determine whether this cabin shall be called the David Templeton Memorial Cabin.

The Summit Register

Editor-

I didn't think we were fortunate to meet while I was in D. C., but, seeing I'm a transplanted PATC-er, I'd like to add my two-cents concerning the Templeton Cabin affair. Initially I was chairman for building the cabin, and with a bit of help from Sallie Greenwood, Joe Jensen, June Lehman, Chuck Sproull, and a host of others we had our preliminary construction completed. Unfortunately we lost out by the condemnation of the land, but we took it in stride.

I'm sure Joan has been frustrated by all the problems encountered in trying to see a cabin built in memory of Dave, and mostly for this reason would I like to see the Mountaineering Section join in with the PATC in building the Wolf Gap Cabin as a memorial to Dave. I agree wholeheartedly with John Christian in helping PATC, as there may be a day when a suitable area near Seneca is found for our own cabin. And then their aid would be valuable. But it has been too long in coming to get the cabin, and this is a good opportunity to end the wait, I realize I cannot properly cast a vote for this option, but would like my view to be considered.

Thanks for the opportunity to express myself, and give my regards to my friends stuck in D. C. (My correspondence has been pretty poor lately.)

--Steve Williams

From Other Peaks

American Women's Himalayan Expedition -1978

In early 1978, just after the monsoon season, a group of American women, led by Arlene Blum of Berkeley, CA, will attempt to reach the summit of the tenth highest mountain in the world. The goal, Annapurna I in Nepal Himalaya, has been climbed only three times before, and never by an American of either sex. The expedition consists of ten members who are among the most experienced women climbers in the country. The team is supported by a broad base of individuals whose varied skills are helping to make this climb possible.

Himalayan expeditions are very expensive and financial help is urgently needed. (contributions are being accepted from donors of either sex).

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The goal of this expedition is not only to "bag" a peak, but to make the joys and challenges of expeditionary mountaineering available to women. A contribution of \$15 or more will be acknowledged by a postcard signed by all the team members and carried by runner from base camp. Send your check to:

AWHE
846 Lathrop Drive
Stanford, CA

Belay Ledge

NEW MEMBERS

Chris Lehman
8601 Dixie Place
McClellan, VA 22101
356-9688

L. Gregory Paulson
Elizabeth L. Paulson
5530 Johnson Avenue
Bethesda, MD 897-5258

Cary Taylor
1114 S. Oakmont Road
Arlington, VA 22203

NEW ADDRESSES

Clyde Soles
University of Colorado
Nichols Hall, Rm 285
Boulder, CO 80310

John Kirby
920 Pennsylvania Av S. E.
Washington, D. C. 20003

William White
1339 Chilton Drive
Silver Spring, MD 20904

To Heir Is Human

Tom and Sue McKenna have a new baby—a son named John Thomas—born on November 5. Everybody is hale, hearty and happy.

While Harold Goldstein, Tom McKenna and Donna Clark were hiking on Baffin Island above the Arctic Circle, one of them found a scrap of paper lying on the snow. Disgusted at the sight of litter in the pristine wilderness (they were almost at the North Pole), he picked it up and jammed it in his garbage sack. Months later, when he finally got around to cleaning up his gear, he discovered that the scrap of paper was a fragment of Santa Claus' gift list for this year. Since this list may be of interest to some MS members, we are reprinting those portions which are legible.

Sallie Greenwood: Six Kleenex and ear plugs for her next tour of the Alps

Joe and Stevie Ney: Some more beans

Jon Larson: A one-way bus ticket from Harrisburg, PA to Washington, D.C., useable anytime

Rick Todd: A prepaid medical program for the Black Fly Express

Janet Young: Triple A membership

James Eakin: A roll of tape, a bag of chalk and an overhang

Leith Wain: Shorter shoelaces

Greg Christopoulos: 6 consecutive 5 minute miles

Doug Howard: Saturday and Sunday off on the same weekend

Ryan Pierson: For his next trip to the Gunks, a dinner of warm beef stew and cold beer

History and Perspective

More than the usual number of books about climbing history have been written in recent years. To mention several: The History of North American Mountaineering, The Vertical World of Yosemite, Master of Rock, and Climb. (This last title sounds remarkably like an order, such as Wash the Car, Take Out the Garbage, or even, Mow the Lawn.)

In his review of Chris Jones' History of North American Mountaineering, Richard Wightman offers some observations regarding this sudden fertility. Mr. Wightman observed that histories of American climbing are generally written by British ex-patriots. And he suggested that American climbers should get on with the business of writing their own version of history.

Mr. Wightman's observations have some basis in fact, and one explanation suggests itself immediately. Given the choice, an American will go climbing rather than stay home to read or write about it. As a result, American histories do not get written. On the other hand the British climber who finds the competition for material too stiff in the business world of British climbing, and who therefore finds himself Outward Bound to the provinces where the natives are less enterprising, understandably feels that it is all grist for his mill and in general just easy pickings. Ironically, the particular book that was reviewed is an exception to this rule. Chris Jones is more American than British in his outlook. Indeed the book might not have been written had not Chris broken his leg while skiing, and thus been unable to go climbing.

There is hope though for the improvement sought by Mr. Wightman. Over the next few years we can expect American climbing areas to be closed

and restricted with increasing regularity. For reasons quite unrelated to journalism, American climbers will in future have more time for the writing of histories.

History is normally written only after the principals are either dead, or at the minimum, publicly recognized as being senile. Unfortunately, old climbers neither die, nor does their mental ability change noticeably with age. As a result, climbing historians are forced to accept an unusual amount of risk in their chosen profession, or else to write about subjects so old as to be of no interest to anyone. Most climbing historians however, opt for a third alternative. They write only of that moment when the personality selected stood on the eve of his greatest achievement. By doing so, they hope to catch his career at the flood, so to speak. This criticism is valid for the histories of the Shawangunks, so far written.

The failure to write history objectively is more easily forgiven than is the failure to portray the human dimension of what has taken place. In order that this side of climbing in the Shawangunks not be lost forever, we will tell some, mostly true, stories.

Jim McCarthy:

Once upon a time Jim was in the vicinity of what was known as the "Slime Wall". More recently, this area has come to be known as #227 through 232. Jim rarely looks up, but quite by accident he happened to look up this time and discovered a ceiling he had never seen before. It is about 100 feet long by 8 feet wide. As best I can reconstruct it, the conversation went like this:
Jim: Wow man . Do you suppose that's been done?

Claude: (Consulting his guide) Yeah

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(Cont'd from page 5)

Jim, it's been done.

Jim: Who did it?

Claude: You did it Jim. Two years ago.

Jim: Does it say there how hard it was?

Rich Goldstone:

Rich had just clipped in and had moved up a few inches to a ledge when he suddenly noticed he was eye to eye with a rattlesnake. Somewhat shaken he lowered himself as far as the protection and the now tight rope would allow, and suggested to Ray Schrag that a little slack would permit him to avoid being bitten by a rattlesnake. Whereupon Ray screamed "Rattlesnake!", tied the rope off so that Rich could not move up or down and ran off down the talus slope.

Art Gran:

Only a fragment of the conversation making up this story has survived. The scene is a campfire in Yosemite. Yosemite: Do you have 5.9 in the Shawangunks too?

Art: Of course we have 5.9 in the Shawangunks.

Yosemite: How many people do you have that can do 5.9?

Art: Well, I can do 5.9 moves with no trouble.

Yosemite: All day long?

Bob Fenischel:

Bob was a physicist from Boston who saw the error of his ways and became an MD from Los Angeles. He was sitting in the bar at Emile's (The Mountain Brauhaus) when Art Gran walked in.

Bob: Excuse me. I could swear I've seen you somewhere.

Art: I wouldn't know.

Bob: Have you clombed here much?

Art: Yeah. I have climbed here for awhile.

Bob: What's your name? Maybe I know that.

Art: Art.

Bob: Art?

Art: Art Gran.

Bob: Ummmmmm... Nope. Never heard of you.

Dick Dumais:

During the late 1960's Dick Dumais and Dave Craft would frequently travel around Skytop late at night or at daybreak. The purpose of those trips was never recorded. On one occasion they found a door in the hillside which they managed to break in (the door). Inside they found a small antechamber with a crawlway leading out of one wall.

Dick: Dave. Do you see that?

Dave: I may be blind but at least I can see.

Dick: Where do you suppose it leads?

Dave: What do you mean, where does it lead. Stop stalling, Dumais.

Dick: Ugh. It's full of cobwebs in here. I can't see a thing.

Dave: For Chris's sake Dumais, Get your ass out of my face.

Dick: What do you expect me to do about it?

Dave:

Dick: Cough, Cough. Dave. There's light up ahead.

Dave: How do you expect me to see it with you plugging up the tunnel?

Dick: I can stand up now. The light is coming in from the top.

Dave: Dumais, will you move so that I can stand up?

Dick: There's no room. Maybe I can chimney up and get out. Awgh. This is a --- place. There are long strips of paper stuck to the walls. They're going down my shirt collar. Ungh!

Dave: Can you get out?

Dick: Just a second. The light is coming in from a round hole at the top. I'll stick my head through and see if I can see anything.

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Dave: What do you see?

Dick: We're in a small wooden shed and my head is sticking up out of a sort of bench in the back wall of the shed. There is a doorway but no door in front of me and I can see outside.... OOHOO! Dave. You're never gonna believe where we are! Dave? Dave? Where are you Dave?

Willie Crowther:

Willie is one of those people who make immense contributions very quietly. For many years he and others from the Boston group taught beginners how to climb and shared with them both their enthusiasm and their maturity. Shortly before he moved West a couple of years ago, we were cleaning trash from the ditches along Route 44/55 one Sunday morning. He said: "I used to do this." Then after a long pause he decided to express a deep disappointment he had been carrying for 15 years. He continued, "One morning a climber threw a bag full of beer cans over the bank and it nearly landed on top of me. After that, I just couldn't do it anymore."

Like Willie, I remember with real emotion those bright Fall days spent on sunny ledges listening to the rustle of oak leaves.

And like Willie, I hope only that history will not record that those riches were lost to us while we were busy with other things.

--John Stannard

Hanging Around

Shawangunks, NY--July 2 to 4

In the usual fashion for a well organized weekend trip, a number of people went to the Gunks for the Fourth of July. Those who were spotted

included Greg Christopulos, Charlie Tuten, Ryan Pierson, Eileen Tryczinsky, Ray Kremer, Bob Pentell(sp?), Nick Kelly, Doug Howard, Leith Wain, Sallie Greenwood, Ben Sands, Vivian Goldberg (cameo appearance), and Stan Halpin.

Shawangunks, NY - October 21-24

Underlings: Me, Greg Christopulos, Rick Todd, Keith Pitman, Parker Hill, John Fox, Paul Hsieh, Paul Guthrie
Director-of Everything: Vivian Goldberg

Greg and I split Thursday evening and had several beautiful days of climbing before we had the dubious pleasure of being recognized by Vivian and Rick on Saturday night. We spent several hours conversing in Greg's nifty new Jansport dome. Vivian must have been stoned that weekend because she couldn't remember Keith climbing with us and we didn't know his name when we saw him at the nifty slide show at the University that someone told us about when we had dinner with two guys from Philadelphia who didn't insult each other. Get that? Well, neither did she and if I were Keith I'd be insulted.

Sunday was another gorgeous day and after an early debacle (completed 1/3 of a climb by 2 PM) we all moved into high gear. At dinner that night Vivian, in rare form, offered to fix Greg up with one of her best friends. Then she made a snide remark which endeared me to her forever and I shall have my revenge some dark night. (She has since retracted that remark by telling me that my feet don't smell.)

Monday we climbed some more and went home. All in all it was on of the best four days of climbing I've seen in years.

--Harold Goldstein

Climber's Calendar

December 14	Meeting, PATC Head quarters, 8 PM	Election; Dunbar: 25 Years of Climbing	
December 18	*Training, Carderock MD	Rick Todd	439-0672
December 25	Nelson Rocks, WV	#	
Dec 31-Jan 2	Seneca Rocks WV worktrip	#	
January 3	*Training, PATC Head- quarters	Rick Todd	439-0672
January 7-8	Old Rag, VA	#	
January 11	Meeting, PATC Head quarters, 8 PM	Program to be announced	
January 15	*Training, Carderock MD	Rick Todd	439-0672
January 22	Chairman's Choice		
January 29	Cupid's Bower, MD	#	

*All training is by appointment only and classroom training is required before the Carderock training.

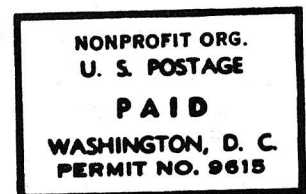
**Experienced leaders and seconds only. Arrange for your climbing partner before your departure.

No experience necessary for work trips.

#Call Joe Wagner (966-6379) or Barbara Llewellyn (871-6197) if you can lead this trip. Or volunteer to lead it at the next meeting.



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



DATED MATTER