

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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MS & AAC HOST KOMARKOVA

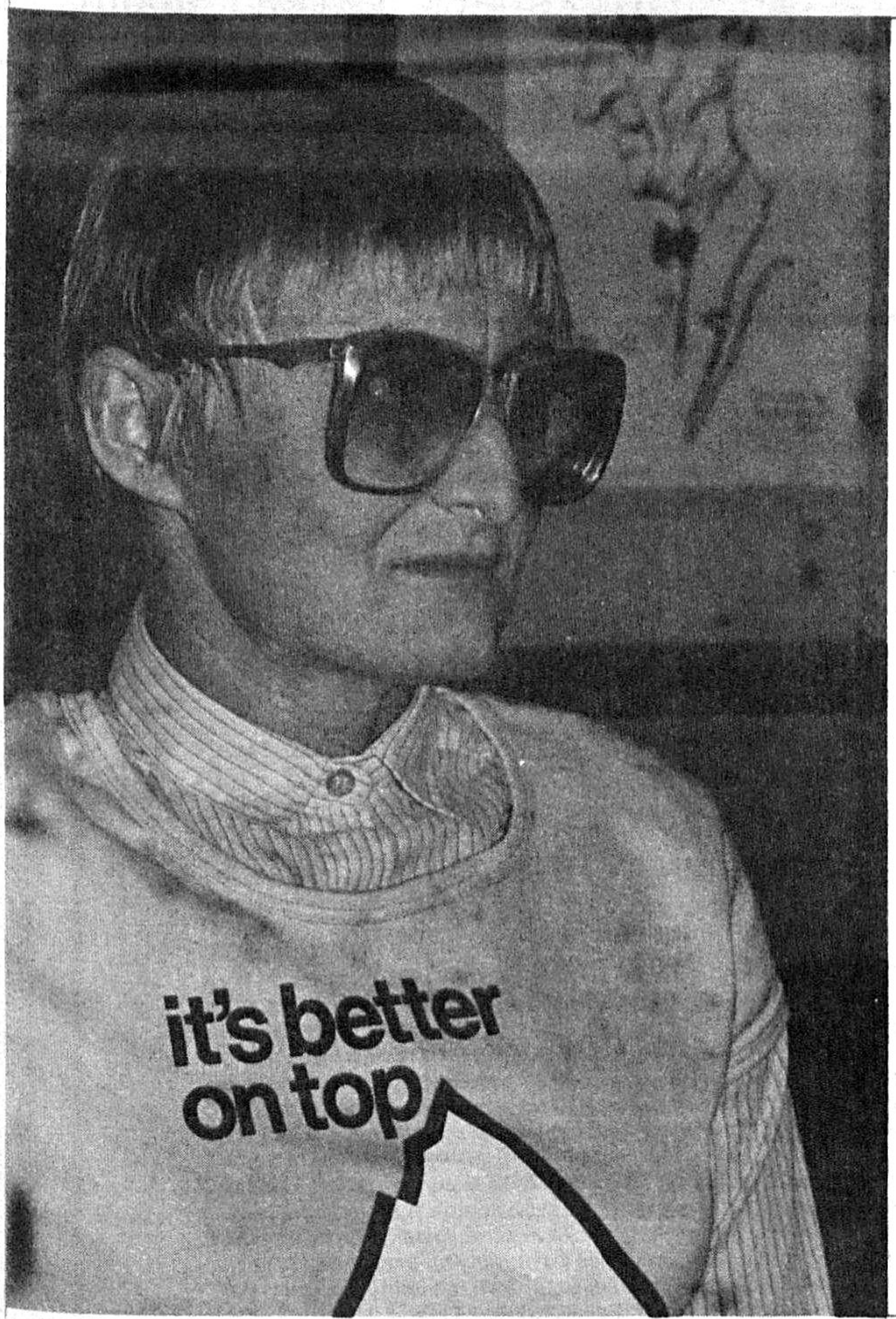
Vera Komarkova, leader of the 1980 American Women's Dhaulagiri Expedition came to town March 17 to gather support for the climb. The PATC meeting hall

was pleasantly packed, despite the relatively short time to publicize the show. MS and American Alpine Club—Blue Ridge Section members produced a good turnout. Gratifying also, for those who hope that D.C. becomes known as a town that supports mountaineering, were the strangers, who came early, looked unsure of where they were or what exactly they would see, but were quietly eager.

Vera's presentation consisted of two slide shows: Mt. Dickey and Annapurna. Mt. Dickey soars 5100 feet above the Ruth Glacier in Alaska. Vera and partner Tomas Gross spent 26 days climbing its Southeast Face. We learned about their metal-frame tent, which they bolted to the sheer granite, about jumaring up knotted rope that had been damaged by rockfall, and about rappelling from frozen newspaper.

Her Annapurna slides demonstrated that a good story bears telling again. There were slides we didn't get to see at Arlene Blum's Annapurna show last November, and the emphasis was different—this time, the climb up the mountain to its summit by a woman who made it to the top.

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Vera by Charlie Dorian

KOMARKOVA (continued)

The Dhaulagiri climbers plan to ascend the Pear Route, which in six attempts has not yet been climbed. The eight-member team plans an alpine-style ascent, without artificial oxygen and without Sherpa support. At 26,810 feet, Dhaulagiri is the highest mountain an all-woman team has attempted so far. These are among the reasons the American Alpine Club is sponsoring the Dhaulagiri climb.

The expedition already has most of its equipment and is now raising money to meet its \$60,000 cost. This amount includes peak fee, food, porters, shipping, medical supplies and customs. Donors of \$10 or more will receive a post card from Basecamp. Contributions can be made through the American Alpine Club. Expedition tee-shirts, part of whose price is clearly deductible as a contribution to the climb, are for sale. If you want to help the expedition, call Martha, Sallie, or Lin. or write AWDE, P.O. Box 1857, Boulder, CO 80306.

Meeting Report

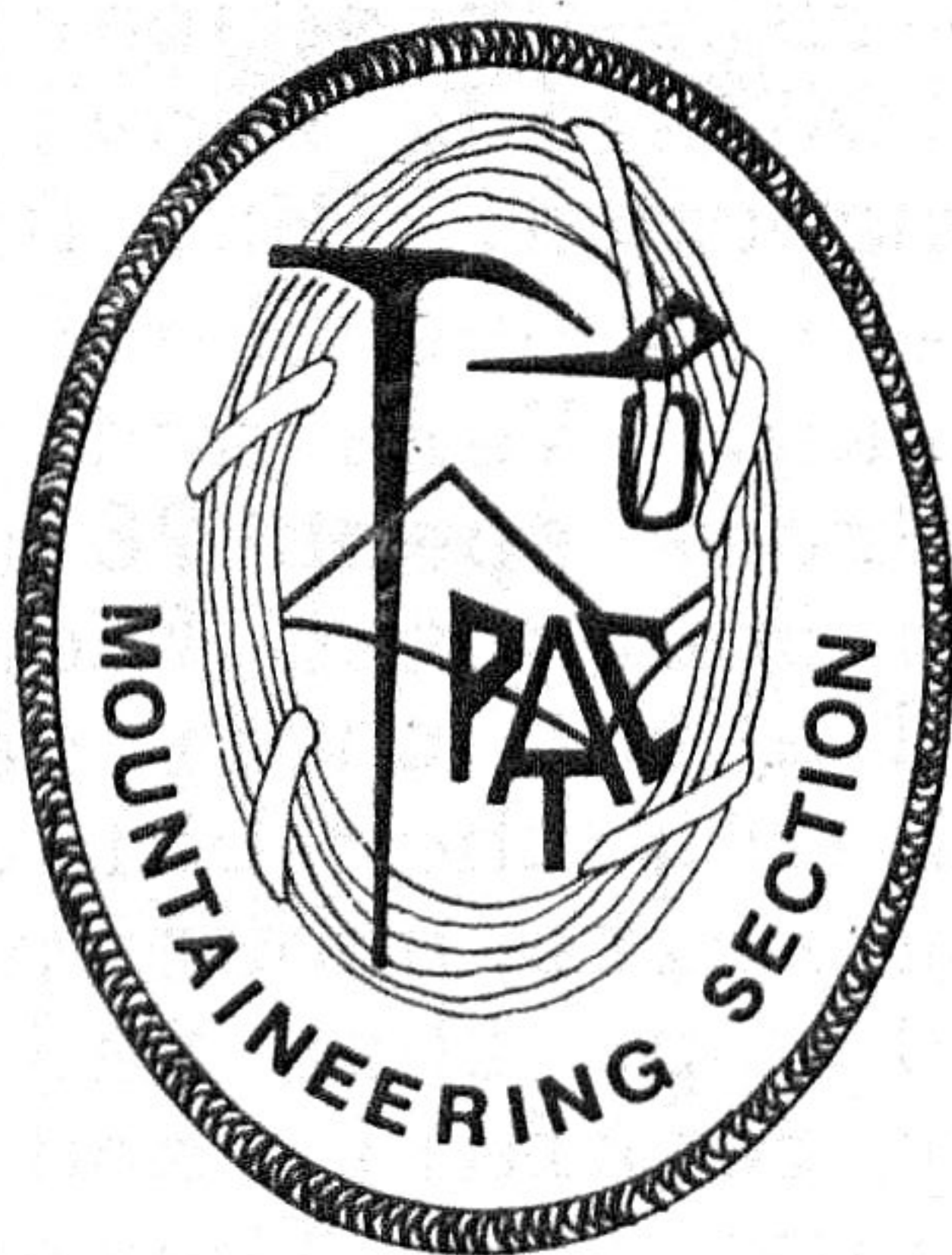
March 12

The Peru expedition is shaping up. Steve Jensen is taking care of equipment and announced discounts for group purchases and a gift tent from REI. Jeff Grove quoted a \$527 air fare to Lima.

Martha added several day trips to the March "Climber's Calendar" and invited participation in the Conservation & Use Committee, which will meet some evening in March.

Stan Halpin screened the 25 slides entered in the mountaineering photo contest and announced the winners: Lin Murphy's Mt. McKinley, Sallie Greenwood's Yosemite Park, and Don McIntyre's Yerupajá.

Ian Cruickshank talked about ski mountaineering, describing equipment and showing a film on the "Haute Route" from Chamonix to Zermatt.



UP ROPE

UP ROPE is the monthly newsletter of the Mountaineering Section (MS) of the Potomac Appalachian Trail Club (PATC) of Washington, D.C. Climbing articles, letters, and comments are welcome and should be addressed to Lin Murphy, 2314 N. Harrison Street, Arlington, Va. 22205. Deadline is the 20th of each month. Subscriptions for MS members are included in the dues. The annual subscription price for nonmembers is \$4. Current PATC members interested in receiving UP ROPE may obtain a subscription at no charge. MS members must belong to PATC. Applicants for membership and PATC members can join the MS by obtaining sponsorship from a current MS member. Send subscription and address changes to Mountaineering Section-Secretary, 1718 N Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036.

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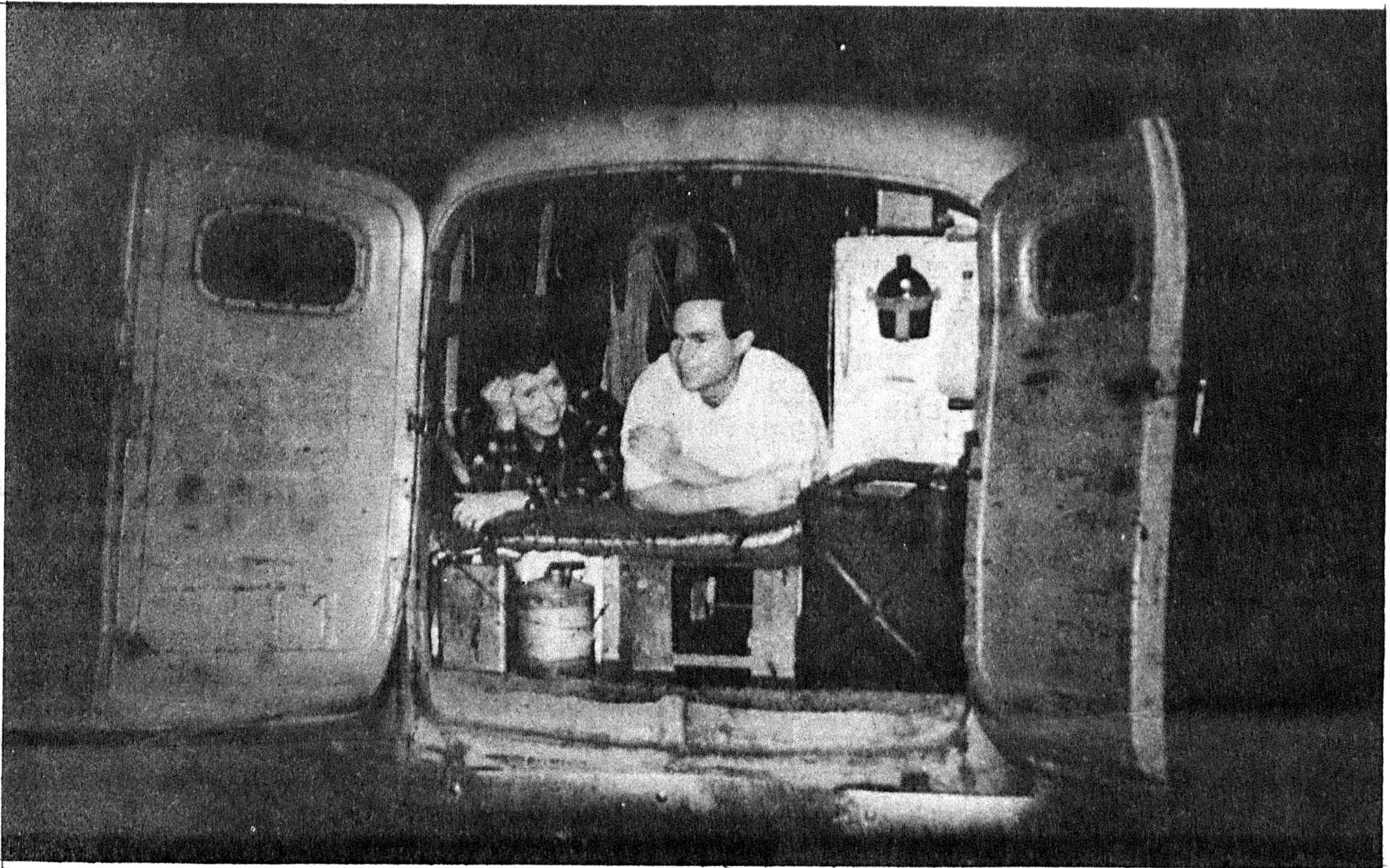
MOUNTAINEERING SECTION ACTIVITIES

The MS holds meetings at PATC headquarters (1718 N Street, N.W., Washington, D.C.) the second Wednesday of each month except August. There is a brief business session followed by a slide show, film, 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 climber's calendar for scheduled trips.

Beginning and intermediate training are offered once a month. Anyone is welcome to participate in MS activities, although some restrictions may be placed on participation in club trips. The Sunday trips are usually to areas where there is a complete range of top rope climbs. However, we ask that you have some experience or training prior to the trip. The weekend trips are usually for lead climbers only, and you are expected to find your own climbing partner. For information on training, call Rick Todd, 431-2236.

Climber Profiles

THE CONNS REMEMBER



Jan and Herb, 1947

Dear UP ROPE Readers,

It makes us feel ancient, but also very proud, that you would turn to us in search of the "roots" of UP ROPE and the D.C. rock climbing. We find it gratifying that such a thriving plant has grown from those feeble roots planted in the early 1940s by climbers who were just doing their thing.

"Doing your thing" and "alternate life styles" were concepts foreign in those years, when memories of the Great Depression made job security seem of prime importance, and the war effort took

precedence over recreation and fun. Jan and I found the rock climbers at a time when we were still kids at heart, searching for self-expression in a grim, adult world that intimidated us. It was a delightful revelation to find adults, including scientists and engineers of formidable reputation, who would take the time to play, to marvel like children at flowers, mushrooms, and bugs, to scramble on rocks and tear their clothes, and to laugh when they fell in the Potomac River.

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CONNS (continued)

Paul Bradt, who had introduced rock climbing to the activities of the PATC a few years earlier, had a shy, self-effacing manner. His modesty and complete lack of "one-upsmanship" set a precedent that the group maintained. Dick Leonard, coming to Washington from the more competitive atmosphere of the Sierra Club, told his friends back home that "They're politer on the Potomac." Beginning climbers were coached and encouraged. No one laughed in glee when they slipped and fell. It was a comfortable climate for roots to grow.

When we first joined the group on Sunday morning at the Wisconsin Avenue Hot Shoppe, we were welcomed by Paul, Don Hubbard, and Harold Stimson. Many of the younger climbers were away at war. Gas rationing confined our trips to nearby Carderock. Often we would board the streetcar to Cabin John with our ropes and knapsacks of lunch and walk two miles to Carderock along the canal towpath. These walks provided Don the opportunity to gather mushrooms for lunch, which the rest of us regarded with suspicion and refused to share. Frequently, however, Eleanor Tatge managed to save some gas for Sunday, and we would all pile into her tiny car. Arnold Wexler, Eleanor, and Don appeared every Sunday. Chris Scoredos, Sterling Hendricks, Don and Eleanor Jacobs, and Andy and Betty Kauffman were often there, but it was a rare occasion when we gathered more than one or two carloads.

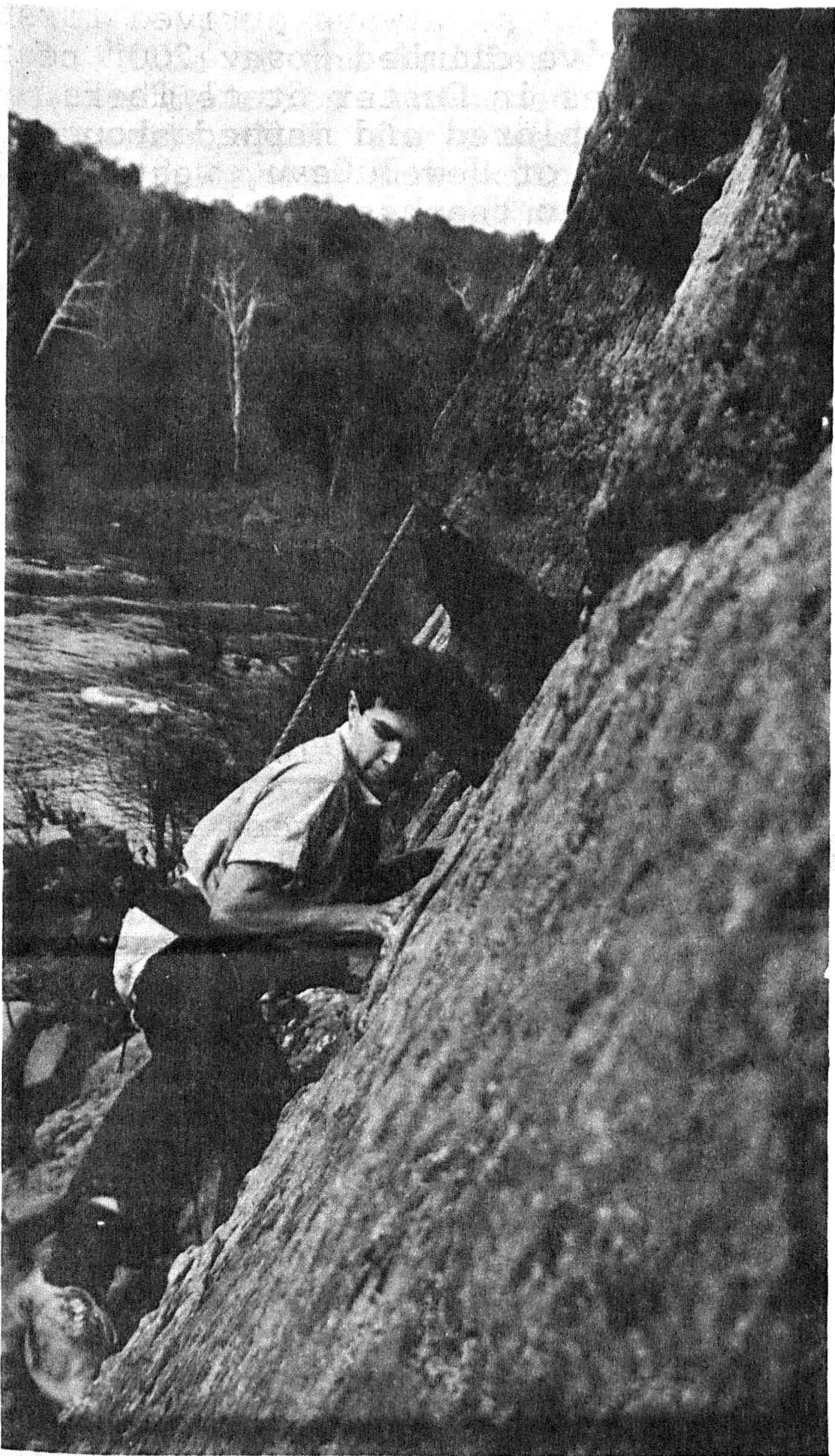
In winter when the river was frozen, Stimmiewould lure us to his favorite haunt at Cupid's Bower. When Stimmiewasn't there to guide us, usually we'd get lost among the islands and the ice floes, trying to find our way to the Bower.

Don Hubbard, a fatherly figure in his leather jacket, knee socks, and breeches, always arrived first at the Hot Shoppe to save our rear table for breakfasting climbers. Sometimes he would bring a young recruit from the Bureau of Standards, where he worked. Sometimes, but not often, a bewildered stranger, carrying a bag of lunch would appear at the table, asking, "Are you the rock climbers?" He or she would be warmly welcomed, educated in all the current jokes, and introduced to the Beginner's Crack as soon as we reached Carderock.

It was especially exciting when Dick Leonard, Major Jackman, or Bill House came along to test a new lot of pitons or carabiners for the army. They were in Washington developing equipment for the mountain troops. We remember a day when Dick was testing the relative merits of climbing boots. For comparison he wore a British boot on one foot and a new U.S. design on the other. Every time he fell off a climb, he would grumble, "Damn that British boot!"

Pitons and carabiners were scarce in this country. Before the war, the few that had found their way here had been imported from Europe. Our ropes were manilla, until the first nylon models reached us from the Quartermaster Corps "for testing." Frivolous items like tents and sleeping bags disappeared from the market during the war years. Fortunately, however, we could still find sneakers to climb in at the army surplus stores, usually at \$1.99 or \$2.99 a pair. I remember a special trip to the gas ration board to apply for a rare type of coupon, so that I could buy a gallon of gas for an Optimus stove.

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CONNS (continued)

Herb on Arthur's Traverse - Carderock, 1942-3?

Those Sunday climbing trips were the bright spot to keep up our morale during the long, six-day work week. If it had been a good trip, we had sore muscles to remind us of it until Thursday. With only Carderock to concentrate our efforts on, we tried every face, crack, and chimney, tingling with success after a new ascent, eagerly plotting strategy for another try after a failure.

Jan reminds me of a river crossing, when the menfolk gallantly offered to let her ride on a raft someone had built. The men towed her across. Wading, they got wet to their waists, but Jan—sitting on the low-riding raft—got wet up to her neck.

Starting UP ROPE in November 1944 was a natural result of our enthusiasm and involvement. We ran it off in the basement, on a mimeograph machine belonging to Jan's father. Eleanor Tatge always typed the stencils. Eleanor would come over for a Kraft macaroni-and-cheese supper and type until late in the evening. We charged five cents a copy for the early UP ROPEs, two cents for the postage and three for paper, envelope, and stencils.

But inevitably we yearned for freedom from the confinement of Washington and our jobs. We wanted to go out west and climb wherever fancy led us, to be able to spend the money we had saved—for gas, and all those enticing goodies like sleeping bags that were unavailable—and especially to have TIME to spend freely. "After the War" became a dream of a new and better life. We were green with envy when Chris and Helen Scoredos managed to break away first.

Our own dream was delayed another year after the war ended, because as my job was no longer vital to the war effort, I was drafted into the army. Then—but that's another story, branching a bit from those initial roots. Don't encourage us too much, or we might tell it.

Best wishes and good climbing,

Herb & Jan Conn

THE CONNS REMEMBER - BIOGRAPHICAL NOTE

Jan and Herb Conn climbed with the D.C. rockclimbers from 1942 until Herb was drafted after the end of WWII (their under lining). They are cousins who spent summers together in New Hampshire, where they scrambled unroped on "ledges." ("In later years we prudently used ropes for the same climbs.") They were married in Boulder in 1944—in jeans and plaid shirts. They describe themselves as climbing bums between 1946 and 1951, when they settled permanently in South Dakota. They were photographed in one of their "three tired trucks" in which they lived during that time. (But, in talks with Chris Scoredos and Harold Stimson, UP ROPE heard

that one of those trucks was actually a hearse!)

They've climbed "over 200" of the Needles in Custer State Park. They've explored and mapped about 61.4 miles of Jewel Cave, west of Custer. Jan teaches flute and guitar. Herb worked for 14 years at Mt. Rushmore, filling the cracks and seams of the faces to help preserve them.

Their South Dakota home is known as "Conn's Cave," a small shelter build against the side of a rock out-cropping. "We have been able to fill our lives with things that fill just a small portion of most peoples' lives."

From the Editor's Chimney

Shawangunks & Marriott Corporation

In May 1979 Marriott announced plans to buy 500 acres of Lake Minnewaska property, demolish the old Wildmere Hotel, and build an eight-story 400 room luxury resort/conference center and 300 condominiums along the lake and the ridge overlooking the Wallhill Valley.

Several organizations have mobilized to limit this proposed development. Friends of the Shawangunks and Citizens to Save Minnewaska oppose Marriott's plans because the size and nature of the project could cause environmental damage. Ulster County's Environmental Management Council released a report last July that specified environmental concerns.

Marriott's proposed roads and parking lots will require a massive amount of blacktopping in an environmentally fragile area. Marriott's proposed water usage (15 times the present consumption) could cause the level of the lake to drop. Marriott's original application for a sewage discharge permit desig-

nated a system that could lead to intolerable pollution of the mountainside. Marriott's resort also threatens several rare and endangered species and would break up the trail network of the Shawangunk Ridge.

Friends and Citizens have several legal means to respond to Marriott's plans. Friends have retained an environmental lawyer to monitor Marriott's compliance with the State Environmental Quality Review Act and to ensure that the Palisades Park Commission enforces a conservation easement, which would prohibit further development of the lake and neighboring land. Citizens opposes granting the 10-year tax abatements which Marriott, one of the nation's most profitable corporations, has requested of the three local taxing authorities.

While Marriott's plans don't appear now to affect directly the Trapps or the Near Trapps, climbing at the Gunks simply won't be the same with a major resort over the hill. Perhaps we should extend our concern beyond the rocks themselves to the neighboring environment.

Hanging Around

NEW HAMPSHIRE WINTER WEEK—February 24-March 1

Nine of the Section's toughest winter fanatics gathered near Intervale, N.H. for a week of winter climbing and skiing. The base of operations was my brother's chalet in Intervale, near North Conway. We got in our share of ice climbing, cross country and downhill skiing, good food, and even managed to stage the obligatory epic on Mt. Washington.

The chalet is located a couple of miles north of North Conway and is close to Crawford and Pinkham notches and several major ski areas. Unfortunately, this winter's snows have been sparse—no significant snow had fallen all season. We were relieved to find a token four inches when we arrived, and the ice conditions turned out to be very good.

Don, Paul, Charlie, and John joined me early enough on Sunday to try some top roping and chipping (bouldering) on Cathedral Ledge, just outside North Conway. The regular climbs on this ledge are New England grade five or so—desperate—and were not in shape in any case, so we spent the afternoon on the practice area on the north side of the ledge. Charlie and Don did their first leading (first ice climbing in Charlie's case,) and we all top roped a couple of steep pitches, one of which had been climbed so much that all the placements were made by inserting the tools into holes already in place. It was more like rock climbing than ice climbing.

Chuck and Margaret arrived from Pennsylvania and Rick and Martha from Washington later Sunday evening. We established a pattern of community meals with Charlie and Martha providing some fantastic cuisine, ably

supported by contributions from others, ranging from Chuck Wettling's cheese bread to Don Barnett's dynamite dish-drying.

Monday dawned cold and clear as we headed out for Frankenstein Cliffs in Crawford Notch. This area has the largest number and best variety of ice climbs in the east. While not high in altitude, it is exposed to the wind. The Cliffs are close to the road, and the climbs are bunched together. You walk along the Boston and Maine Ry tracks and eye the climbs—much like on the Carriage Road at the Gunks (except for the 10:50am freight).

The Wettlings chopped their way up Beginner's Slabs—a slow process, but as Chuck says, "That's the way I learned." (No public comment from Margaret, who remained on the belay stance for several hours.) Charlie, Paul, and Don practiced leading on the same slab, while Martha and Rick did part of the Waterfall. John and I did Standard (3+) and Pegasus (4). New England climbs are rated, depending on which guidebook you use, either easy, moderate, or hard, or one through five. One or easy is low angle (30-40°), while five or hard approaches vertical.

Having had enough stepcutting, the Wettlings, accompanied by Paul, Rick, and Martha, spent Tuesday downhill on man-made snow at Wildcat, while John and I bushwhacked and smashed our way up Shoestring Gully (reported moderate in one guide) on Mt. Webster in Crawford Notch. The route was so obscure that we didn't know until we descended the mountain whether or not we had in fact done our intended route (we

NEW HAMPSHIRE (continued)

thought we did) and could observe it from the road. It was a rewarding day in the mountains (2500 feet vertical), if not a desperate climb. Charlie and Don, meanwhile, spent the day climbing Willy's Slide, with Charlie doing some first-rate leading.

Wednesday was our big day. Chuck and Margaret skied to Zealand Hut in the Pemigewissit Wilderness on rather thin snow cover. The rest of the group assaulted Mt. Washington. Arriving in Huntington at a rather casual 11:00am (we had french toast for breakfast). Rick and Martha started up O'Dell's Gully (2 to 3, depending on the route); Charlie, Paul, and Don began Central Gully (1+, but with more ice than usual), and John and I started Pinnacle Gully (3+). The plan was to go for the summit if time and weather allowed.

They didn't. By noon it was snowing lightly and socking in. The temperature hovered near zero. The Dorian-Torelli-Barnett rope was slowed by procrastination or excessive protection, depending on who was talking. The Teasdale-Cruickshank rope was slowed by wet ice and some new gloves John's wife had given him and which froze up. (John sportingly climbs in summer boots and gaiters and was fighting frostbitten toes most of the way.)

At 4:00pm, both ropes arrived simultaneously at the top of Huntington Ravine and were greeted by 30 knot winds and even colder temperatures. On checking O'Dell's Gully we found, not Rick and Martha, but two Canadians on the mountain for the first time. By scrambling around we could look down four pitches—600 feet—and could see no one. The Canadians has last seen Rick and Martha

even further below and had the impression that they were rappelling off the ice. Waiting until 4:45, we had to think of our own safety and bagged it, arriving at the Tuckerman Ravine trail just as darkness fell.

Our thoughts ran the full range: "They rapped off and they're already down at Pinkham. They're stuck on O'Dell's. They've had a rappelling accident." Don and Paul descended to Pinkham while Charlie, John, and I returned to Huntington Ravine. Stopping at the Harvard Hut, we initiated a radio check to Pinkham. Martha and Rick had not turned up. Our imagination really began to run.

When we caught sight of O'Dell's Gully as we slogged into the ravine, the moon had just appeared over the Carter Ridge to the East, providing enough light to pick out two distinct dark spots more than half way up the ice. There were no descending footprints in the fresh snow on the trail from the ravine. We yelled repeatedly. The spots did not move. Struggling the 600 feet up to the base of the climb, I was at last able to confirm that the spots were rock outcrops. After yelling a lot and looking around, I descended to where Charlie and John were anxiously waiting and reported my findings.

"Did you check around real good for bodies?" John asked helpfully. Encouraged only a little, we wearily returned to the Harvard Hut, where there was still no word of the missing climbers. Stirrings of rescue were beginning. We could do no more there and descended to Pinkham, arriving tired and worried at 9:15pm.

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NEW HAMPSHIRE (continued)

Rick and Martha were there. They had arrived at 9:00pm. Having reached the top of the ice at 4:00pm and coolly deciding that up was safer than down (nasty rappels from ice screws), had continued up. Instead of the normal four pitch snow chute finish they established a new route directly up the slabs and bushes, arriving at the top of the ravine at 6:30. The full moon allowed a relatively comfortable descent to the notch.

A very weary but relieved crew celebrated with a little extra beverage and grub at a local restaurant.

We were all beat in the morning, and there was a lot of stalling over breakfast. But an inch of fresh snow and a clear, cold morning encouraged us to try a modest ski tour above Jackson, N. H. Don got to show us his new steel-edged mountain skis and double boots. Chuck, however, was not impressed by the new fiberglass technology and announced he will hold out for fiberglass skis with wood bottoms before replacing his aging wood boards... that way he can smell the pine tar and properly blow-torch the bottoms.

On Friday Rick and Paul made for Waterville Valley for some downhill, while Chuck, Margaret, and Martha leaded out for a ski tour in the back country. The rest of us, gluttons for cold hands and numb feet, returned to Frankenstein Cliffs, where the temperature remained sub-zero all day.

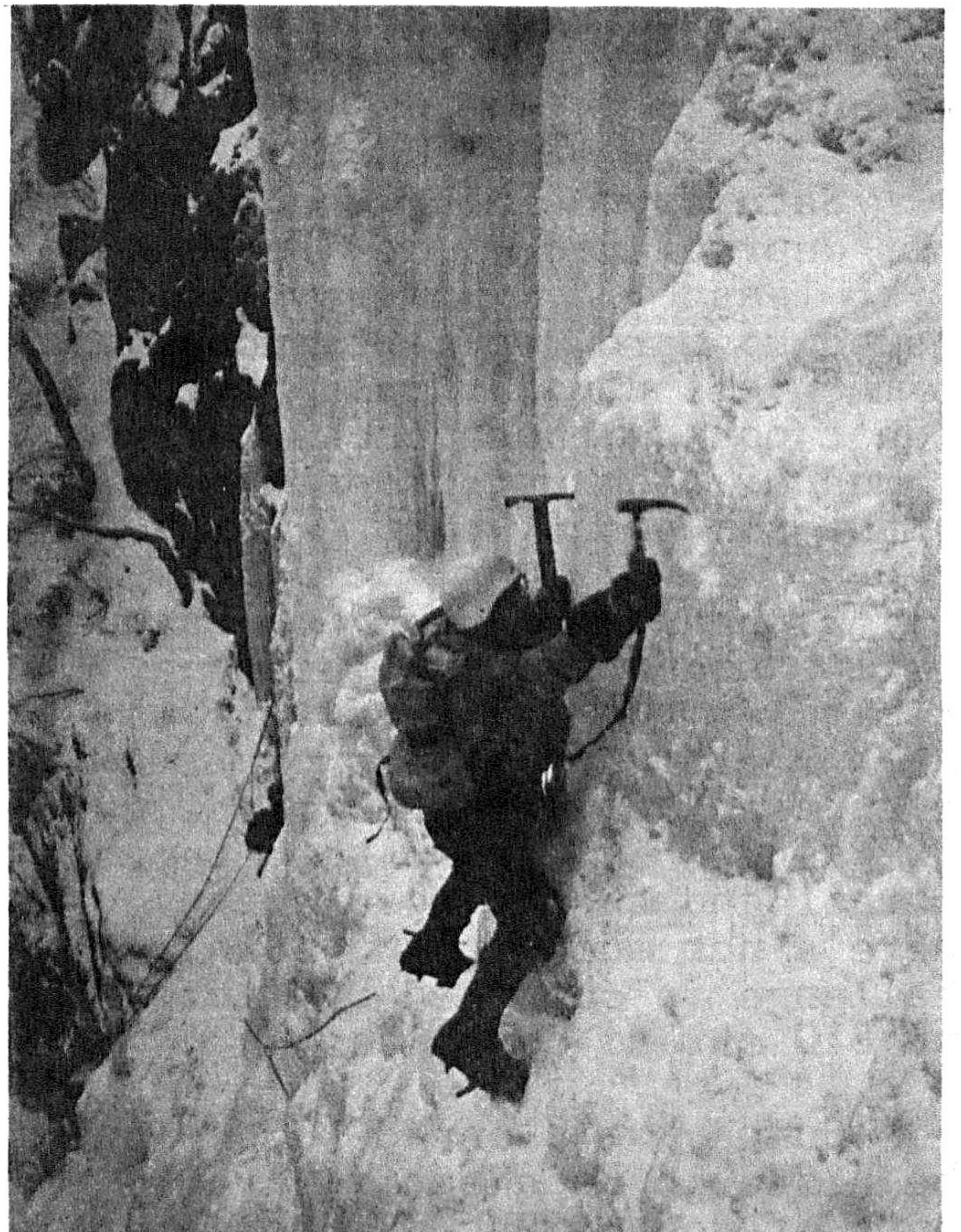
The downhillers sputtered into Loon Mountain in Martha's dying Dasher and did some fine skiing there. The X-C crowd managed to get lost but eventually found Mountain Pond.

I found a desperate variation of "The Waterfall" (moderate) featuring lay-backs on icicles

in lieu of tools, while, only a short distance away, Charlie, showing poise for a supposed beginner, casually led the regular route. John, Charlie, and I then did Chiae (3+), while Don took photos hanging from a convenient tree. The route is highly recommended. It is very steep, with a clearly defined ramp leading diagonally upward from left to right and making an utterly desperate climb possible.

Although the snow was really disappointing and prevented any overnight tours, the ice was in excellent shape. The New England weather more than lived up to its reputation. We were a satisfied and happy crew as we headed for home.

Chuck and Margaret Wettling, Martha Hale, Rick Todd, Paul Torelli, Don Barnett, John Teasdale, and Ian Cruickshank



John Teasdale on Chia, Frankenstein Cliffs
photo by Don Barnett

Hangin' Around

CRANBERRY BACKCOUNTRY SKI TOUR March 1, 2

This is the second consecutive year we've driven a long way to find snow on a weekend when it buried the folks who stayed home.

It's a seven hour drive to the Cranberry Backcountry, 53,000 acres designated as a wilderness study area. It's in the southern Monongahela National Forest near Mill Point, W. Va. ... near Marlinton ... near Snowshoe.

Cranberry is high (4600 feet on the summit of Black Mountain) and gets a lot of precipitation, which accounts for the average 90-inch snowfall. In this sparse snow year there was still a 70-inch base, that is, until the unseasonal thaw six days before we had scheduled our visit. The morning of our departure a Forest Service employee in nearby Richwood reported that it was snowing and that there were six inches of fluff from the day before. We set out.

Saturday morning the first hill depreciated my new Epokes by at least \$35. However, it snowed so hard, so continuously, so much all day Saturday that we didn't notice those rocks when we mushed back up the same hill to the car about 5pm.

We had toured the Cow Pasture Trail. About seven miles long, it circles the Cranberry Glades, a botanical study area that may be entered only with permission. Cow Pasture is a road that becomes a trail and then a road again. There's not much up and down. Challenge is supplied by little and BIG stream crossings.

Sunday we planned to explore the historic Pocahontas Trail south of Route 39. Queried over the phone, a Forest Service trail maintenance man said, "no problem,"

that it was a nice trail, flat and wide. I guess you just have to check these things out personally. Only several hundred yards from the trailhead, after our car shuttle had driven away, we were thwarted by a deep, fast, wide creek that didn't have a bridge. Pocahontas Trail north of Route 39 may well go on for miles—we didn't reach its end. After skiing (and fording) for several hours, we turned around to start our long drive home.

Cranberry has lots of trails, hardly any snowmobiles, and a sense of woods I haven't experienced anywhere else in the Mid-Atlantic states. Locals boast or bemoan—I couldn't tell which—that there's nothing but bears along the 30 mile road between Mill Point and Richwood, the towns that mark Cranberry's east and west boundaries. We saw no bears, though, not even behind the special signs where they're supposed to stand.

We stayed at the (only) guest house in Mill Point. It has potential, and costs only \$6 per person per night—paid in advance. More professional accommodations in Marlinton and Buckeye (at least eight miles away and up and down some awful hills) were booked months in advance, presumably by downhill skiers who go to Snowshoe. The Mill Point guest house doesn't serve meals, so staying nearer Cranberry won't save the hairy ride into town if you want supper.

The guest house owner, Allen Morris, permitted us to use his kitchen for breakfast. We initially asked only to fix coffee Saturday morning and brought along the concomitant bun. Sat-

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Hangin' Around

CRANBERRY (continued)

urday night, when we came in after supper with armloads of eggs, bacon, juice, etc., he said we could use his kitchen again.

Everyone agreed that accommodations and where to eat need some work. A possibility is to stay in Richwood on the other side of Cranberry.

We have only begun to explore this place. Art Karp, Marcy Logan, Jeff Grove, Art Maki, Sallie Greenwood, and

Lin Murphy

WEAVERTON CLIFFS, MD. - March 15

March 15 I climbed Weaverton Cliff with Don Benson and Ken Hood of Baltimore. The Cliff is north of Route 340 a few miles east of Harper's Ferry, where the AT crosses 340. Access is a steep bushwack from 340 or a trail off the AT. Challenging climbs with overhangs made the day worthwhile. Three hazards: sharp rock, loose rock, and frangible holds.

Don Barnett

GREAT FALLS, VA. - March 16

This was an obviously becoming Spring Sunday. Climbers and hikers sprouted all over the rocks.

The Appalachian Search & Rescue team were practicing near Juliet's Balcony, while MS people leisurely arrived in small groups. We rigged things appropriate to the start of the season: Stan's Lead, Romeo's Ladder, and the moderate route in between with the hard James Eakin variation. (He's been climbing buildings at St. Mary's.) No one tried Z Slash, but Don Barnett pulled a few overhangs down that way. Some of us left early because our fingers hurt. James Eakin, John & Brother Mahew, Charlie Dorian, Jeff Grove, Paul Dunn, Don Kocher, Ute Christoph, Sallie Greenwood, Dave Iearidi, Dave Hustvedt, and

Lin Murphy

Equipment Notes

OLYMPUS XA - a climbing camera

Shopping for a good small camera to take on climbs last year, I chose the new Olympus XA. It has served this purpose well.

One of the smallest 35mms available, it has several unusual design features: sliding clamshell lens cover, no protruding levers or knobs, no exposed metal parts, rangefinder coupled to the f/2.8 internal-focusing lens, (the outer lens element is sealed and doesn't move), electronic shutter release, aperture-preferred automatic exposure with a range from 10 sec to 1/500, the speed visible through the viewer.

I carry this eight-ounce camera in a leather bag on my

rack, where it is about as bulky as a size 10 hex. (Haven't used it for protection yet.)

Results: The thing takes good pictures, even in subzero temperatures on Mt. Washington, doesn't get in the way much, and has survived half a year in my rack.

Problems: Tends to over-expose in bright light. The easy fix is to set the film speed dial one notch higher. The electronic shutter release—a pressure sensitive red spot—is too sensitive, resulting in occasional throwaway pictures.

Limitations: There is no place to mount a filter, and you can't change lenses.

Don Barnett

Climber's Calendar

April 6	Sugarloaf	Steve Jensen (972-1341)
April 9	MS meeting-8pm PATC Hd	film: "Mt.Huntington, East Ridge"
April 10	Slide show: Everest Basecamp trek	Robin Wightman, 7pm Alexandria Community "Y" call WW0(942-8677)
April 13	Crescent Rocks	Ute Christoph(379-7664)
April 20	Annapolis Rocks	Jeff Grove (587-2260)
April 27	Camp Lewis	Harold Goldstein (2960778)
April 26, 27	Seneca Rocks work trip	Don McIntyre (536-6122)
May 4	Great Falls, Va.	Charlie Dorian (362-7523)
May 3, 4	Shawangunks	Martha Hale (762-4769)
May 10	MS Picnic	Carderock Pavilion
May 11	Weverton Cliffs	Rick Todd (431-2236)
May 14	MS meeting-8pm PATC Hd	
May 18	Old Rag	Tom Russell (869-8058)
May 24, 25, 26	Shawangunks	Lin Murphy (533-8412)

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