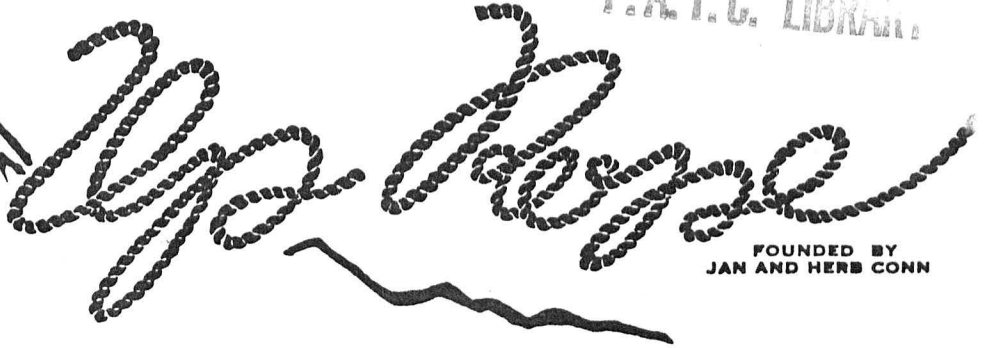




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NEWS OF THE P.A.T.C. MOUNTAINEERING SECTION

1718 N Street, N.W. Washington DC 20036

Volume 35, Number 12

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Hanging Around

NORTH CAROLINA CLIMBING — November 7-11

Stan Switala, Ian Cruickshank, Sallie Greenwood, and I arrived at the Cradle of Forestry in the Pisgah National Forest at 5:45am Saturday morning. We pulled off the road and rolled out of the car into our sleeping bags. About two hours later we woke to a warm beautiful day and woods of oak, maple, rhododendron, laurel, holly, and bamboo.

After breakfast at a nearby restaurant we took the fish hatchery road up to Looking Glass Rock. The big granite dome gets its name from its appearance when coated with ice. From the pullout, it's a pleasant 30-minute walk to the rock's south face.

We were delighted with the firm clean granite and all its vertical cracks and horizontal "eyelids" for placing protection. Left Up is a good warm-up climb. Second Coming is an easy 5.8. First Return and Gemini Cracks are harder with some friction runouts. Gemini climbs the rappel route to an anchor tree.

On our first rappel we had to rescue someone on Gemini. First he prussiked up our rappel rope, then insisted on using it as part of his tie-in. We ended up giving both leader and second a top rope.

Later Sallie wondered whether our maturity was showing when a young man at the rappel anchor offered us "ma'ams" a welcome sip of water. But I think it was just Southern ways and liked it. We de-

scended the trail to our car in the dark, pleased with our climbing, the weather, and the rock. We camped at the Forest Service Davidson River Campground.

The next morning we tried to climb Looking Glass's classic route, the Nose. It took some time to find the rock's northwest face. When we finally arrived the route was taken by a trio who were not sure exactly where the climb went. They told us how two 165-foot ropes were not long enough for the rappel. Ours averaged 145. Reluctantly we left Looking Glass and drove on to Linville Gorge.

This trip took over three hours. The final leg is an eight-mile ascending dirt route that was judged slightly easier than the road to Nelson House. Along the way Stan taught us how to eat roasted peanut shells, while Ian, in a philosophical frame, likened eating peanuts to losing one's virginity.

We parked at the Table Rock Picnic Area, which is also the major entry point for the adjacent Linville Gorge Wilderness. Since we didn't have time to scout out and complete a climb, we hiked all around Table Rock and established our camp. Because there was no water spigot or other obvious water source, we went around collecting water in pots, pans, and empty beer cans from departing picnickers.

(continued on next page)

Hanging Around (continued)



The Looking Glass Expedition - photo by
Sallie Greenwood

The Table Rock Picnic Area is restricted to day use. Camping in the Linville Wilderness is by permit only, which we had obtained by mail from the Pisgah Forest Ranger. We hiked a short way into the Wilderness, pitched our tents the required 300 feet off the trail, and returned to the picnic area for cooking--a semi-wilderness/car camping experience. We were prepared to backpack several miles into the Wilderness and camp near the climbs. We chose to camp instead near the picnic area because the only source of water was a spring Ian later discovered on the west flank of Table Rock and because our rearranged schedule allowed only one day of climbing in Linville Gorge.

The next morning, Monday, we hiked south into the Wilderness to find the Amphitheater and two recommended climbs, the Mummy and the Daddy, on the Mummy Buttress. No one knows just how we missed the trail down to the Amphitheater. It's about a 10-minute walk from The Chimneys, grey rock outcroppings along the Shortoff Mountain trail. A somewhat-painted, scraggy pine tree marks the turnoff. But we thought the Amphitheater trail was a 30-minute walk

(continued on next page)



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.

Hanging Around (continued)

beyond. We hiked on, downhill, and, eventually, came to a camp where a Homecoming Queen was modeling Eddie Bauer's latest and best outdoors designs. "Mah husban' is up the mountain," she smiled. Ian charged into the camp. After a short visit, we waved good-bye, and clanked back uphill.

When we arrived at the Amphitheater the morning sun was lighting and warming only the northern portion of this steep-sided rock gully. It was hard to make out the routes on the still-shadowed Mummy Buttress. Much thrashing through and swinging from rhododendron limbs. Finally we chose two routes on the northern Prow Buttress--in the sun and somewhat sheltered from the blasts of wind that crashed into the Amphitheater and whirled around. (It was only on higher pitches that we had to time our moves between gusts that were strong enough to blow one off a balanced stance.)

Ian and Stan did a climb they called, "It couldn't have been Shortcake(5.6)!" Sallie and I wandered smiling up an easy route, enjoying great views of the Linville Wilderness and watching--in our Amphitheater and in other rock bowls across the gorge--yellow leaves swirl hundreds of feet upwards, glinting in the sun like flecks of gold dust.

Tuesday morning was cold for breakfast but as warm as anyone needed on the sunny south face of Table Rock. We climbed Crackerjack, a rather nice 5.8, except for the second pitch where climbers must compete with a tough rhododendron bush for a place in the bombay chimney.

The rock of Linville Gorge and Table Rock is the familiar schist we know at Carderock, shiny grey with quartz ribbons and whorls, hard, and sometimes sharp and brittle. It seems just as ancient only much less used. On most of our routes the protection was reasonable, but our experience was too limited to generalize.

We all felt these areas, particularly Looking Glass, were worth the long drive and hope to climb there again.

distance: Arlington to Linville Gorge.
450 miles. We left Fredricksburg
Friday night at 9:10pm.

route: Interstate 90 south; Interstate 85 southwest; Interstate 40 west to the Blue Ridge Parkway.

guidebook: Carolinas Climbers Guide 1977, by Buddy Price. out of print. Our copy kindly lent by Larry Geib.

maps: Linville Gorge Wilderness, 40 foot contour. 50 cents from the Pisgah Forest Ranger, U.S. Forest Service, P.O. Box 519, Marion, N.C. 28752
Wilderness permits: Pisgah Forest Ranger (704) 652-4841

Lin Murphy

SENECA ROCKS - November 1,2

A sunny, cool and windy day gave Saturday's climbing a flare of mountaineering. A strong, gusting breeze ripped through Roy Gap all day. Climbers on the South End had difficulty communicating with belayers. Sunday offered calmer, but cool weather.

The East Face provided sunny and sheltered climbing. It also hosted a rather long fall. The climber suffered only a bruised funny bone and a bruised ego. Commenting around the Gendarm's new stove, he expressed a desire to improve his chock placement.

Having eyed this classic line for a while, John Teasdale led Marshall's Madness. Also active were myself, Charlie Dorian, Ian Cruickshank, Harnando Vera, Parker Hill, Bob Burger, and several other Washington-area climbers.

Jeff Brown

SUGARLOAF MOUNTAIN - November 16

It was a sunny but chilly morning. Small patches of snow covered some of the leaves along the road. We rigged four of the small outcroppings on the south side of the mountain, climbed, and went to Roy's Place for rehabilitation. Hernando Vera, James Eakin, Jeff Brown, Gianni Battimelli, Yvonne Weber, Ellen Young, and

Don Barnett

From Other Peaks

CASCADES AND THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS

After spending four weeks in Peru this summer, I thought my summer climbing season was over. However, much to my surprise, my employer sent me to Washington State--for three weeks! There they were -- three weekends available for climbing to try Rainier and other peaks in the central Cascades.

On my first weekend I drove out to Mount Rainier National Park. I arrived late Friday, August 22, having driven through local wind and rain storms which had apparently emptied the park of people, including rangers. I sacked out on a ridge overlooking Sunrise Point. I went to sleep trying to convince myself that the weather would improve by morning and that at least I would be able to see Rainier. This small reward had eluded me on previous visits.

At 6 a.m I awoke to a beautiful dawn and could see Rainier -- no clouds. I knew I had to attempt a summit climb solo -- even though Park regulations prohibit solo ascents. I decided to ascend Rainier on the west side by the Inter-Glacier to Camp Schurman route. This side of the mountain normally has fewer people and offers more exciting routes than the standard Camp Muir route. I arrived at Camp Schurman (10,000 feet) at about 3 p.m. after hiking about 7 miles from the White River parking lot and up the Inter Glacier's center. The view of Emmons Glacier and Russell Cliff was magnificent. At 6 p.m. I climbed into my bivvy sack and went to sleep.

At 2 a.m. I began my 4500-foot ascent to the summit at Columbia Crest by the Corridor route on the Emmons-Winthrop Glacier. The route was in bad shape due to open and deep crevasses. Because of these I had to change my route, eventually traversing the upper section of the Emmons Glacier toward Russell Cliff and Curtis Ridge. The route was littered with large broken seracs but proved to be quicker than the normal Corridor route.

I had a beautiful sunrise and reached the summit at 8:15 a.m. -- just in time to meet classic Rainier weather with its whiteout. I took shelter in one of the summit cone ice caves, which was warm due to geothermal heat and which provided protection from the wind. After several hours I was able to go down the Emmons Glacier to Camp Schurman, arriving there at 1:30 p.m. Mt. Rainier at last!

The following weekend I drove into the central Cascades and hiked into the Alpine Lakes Wilderness. This is really a mountaineer's dream area due to its rugged peaks and beautiful alpine lakes. Mt. Stuart (9415 feet) is the highest peak in this range. I made it my goal.

I established a comfortable camp at Ingalls Lake after a long nine-mile approach. I decided to try the West Ridge of Stuart after reading Fred Beckey's description in his Cascade Alpine Guide: "Grade II. Class 5.3-5.4." The route is "exposed, athletic, yet not continually hard." I wasn't quite sure what that meant, but the route looked interesting and I felt that it would be a good introduction to the central Cascades -- if I made it.

The morning was perfect; good views of Rainier and Adams in the distance. I began climbing at 8:30 and was soon enjoying the relatively stable granite on the ridge. I climbed steadily for five hours until I encountered a near-vertical wall of semi-rotten rock near a section called the Tower. It took me almost an hour to get by this as I had to use self-belay techniques for protection. I finally arrived at the summit at 3:30 and allowed myself the luxury of a 30-minute rest. The sky was amazingly blue, with the exception of storm clouds to the south at the 12,000 foot level of Rainier. I went down a route called Ulrichs Couloir, arriving at my camp at 6 p.m. As I took my leave of Stuart, I reflected that it had been a good experience and that places like this are becoming more and more scarce. I was glad to have been a part of it, even for a short time...

(continued)

Other Peaks (continued)

My last weekend I stopped over in Colorado on my way back to Washington. I rented a car and drove to the Rocky Mountain National Park. I got a couple of back-country permits for ice and rock climbs. I decided to climb Tyndall Glacier to Hallet Peak (12713 feet). This is near the Bear Lake region of the park and, in my opinion, is one of the prettiest spots. The glacier's ice was blue and extremely hard, which made the climbing a pleasure, if not an exhilarating experience. I descended Halletts via Andrews Glacier and the Loch Vale gorge. The weather was excellent. I came down this way because my next goal was Taylor Peak (13,153 feet) by Taylor Glacier and Loch Vale.

Since I had carried my bivvy gear with me on Hallet Peak, I was able to continue hiking through Loch Vale and put my first night's camp at the lower edge of Taylor Glacier. This put me in perfect position for an early morning ascent.

Taylor Glacier proved to be the highlight of my trip in many ways. It is a narrow, steep cliff glacier which divides Taylor Peak from Powell. It offers 1300 feet of near vertical snow and ice climbing with a steep 300-foot, 65° section at the top. I decided to attempt the direct center of the glacier for the first 1000 feet, then veer to the left edge for the final 300 feet.

From my camp this route appeared to offer the best ice and the widest area for self-arrest. I had several ice screws, a Hummingbird and my North Wall hammer so I felt that I could establish safe anchors and self-belays.

I began the climb at 7:30 a.m. and found the ice to be hard but well-suited for crampons. The view of Loch Vale increases in beauty with each 100 feet of elevation gain. At the 900-foot level I encountered brittle ice which triggered a quick adrenaline flow. I had to alter my route to the far right and use mixed ice and rock for 200 feet. The path ran into a vertical headwall 100 feet short of the top.

I carefully traversed 60 feet to my left, using my two ice screws and slings for moving anchors, and was able to join up with my original route. The ice at this level proved to be extremely hard, which made front pointing extremely fatiguing. After reaching the summit I was forced to go down the Taylor Glacier due to a sudden and severe snow storm accompanied with high winds.

These conditions made travel impossible across the summit ridge to a less dangerous low-angle ice field, that I had hoped to use for my descent.

I had 100 feet of 9mm rope in my pack, so I used it to rappel over the 65° section I had just climbed. As I tried to traverse the 60 feet of brittle ice back to the safer area on the far right of the glacier, snow balled-up in my crampons. Suddenly my left crampon came off; this threw me into an uncontrolled, headfirst glissade. I slid about 30 or 40 feet and, by the sheerest of luck, was able to self-arrest and regain my balance. I established a stable anchor using an ice screw and my North Wall hammer. By hanging off these tools I was able to replace my crampon. Eventually I reached safety after front-pointing and using both ice tools the rest of the way down.

After surviving this climb I decided that an easy ascent of Longs Peak (14,256 feet) was in order. I packed out of Loch Vale, drove to Estes Park for a steak dinner, and checked into the Lake Mary Campground (hot shower!). The next morning I hiked up for the Longs Peak Ranger Station to the boulder field below the north face of Longs. The Cable Route (no cables) was ice covered, so I elected to use the normal Keyhole "tourist" route to the summit.

The ascent was uneventful, though I did have to use my ice ax and crampons.

In summary, although I enjoyed myself during my three days in the Park, I would have preferred to have had a climbing partner. The objective dangers of mountaineering can sometimes prove fatal as my ice fall almost proved. You can never be too safe.

Don McIntyre

Publications

Cross-Country Skiing, by Ned Gillette with John Dostal, The Mountaineers, Seattle, 1979. 223 pages.

Drawing from his experience as a cross-country racer, a downhill enthusiast, an expedition tourer, and a Trapp Family Lodge instructor, Ned Gillette very insightfully explains the fundamentals of skiing. Although this book will not replace John Caldwell's text, Gillette describes simply and clearly how to ski uphill, downhill, and on the flat. Many photographs and an informal, humorous text illustrate both correct methods and mistakes.

From the beginning, the author warns that the actual learning comes from the doing. "Learning is an on-going process for everyone." He has been learning for 35 years. To be in the proper frame of mind, Gillette tells the beginner to set reasonable expectations for himself, analyze his mistakes, and, most importantly, have fun. For Gillette, skiing is still serious enjoyment. He writes he will be learning for another 35 years.

The book also offers something for those who already ski. Several chapters are devoted to teaching children, skiing on different terrain and difficult snow conditions, dressing for the weather, preparing for longer and more remote trips, selecting ski equipment, waxing, racing, and even taking pictures. Depending mostly on his own experiences and generalizations, Gillette does not analyze several of these topics as comprehensively as the experienced skier would like. He does give a sufficient overview, leaving one to find more information elsewhere. Unfortunately, he does not include a bibliography, which would have helped.

Gillette makes two noteworthy endorsements. He recommends polypropylene underwear and other synthetic layers instead of wool and cotton for most items of clothing. He also prefers 50mm bindings for track skiing and anticipates progress in the boot industry to produce an adequate touring boot to match.

In all, the book succeeds in being informative, humorous, insightful, and even inspirational. It helps start a

beginner on the right foot and reacquaints the experienced skier with the serious enjoyment that skiing can be.

--reviewed by Jeff Brown

Mountain Passages, by Jeremy Bernstein, The University of Nebraska Press, 1978. 278 pages. \$12.50.

Alpinists who like the mountains around Chamonix and have an affinity for this world center of climbing in the Western Alps will like this work. Even if they have read some of the collected articles before in Mountain Gazette or The New Yorker. The American author's scope is necessarily limited to the Mont Blanc area, some French guides, and a client's outlook on climbing.

There are some dubious references to Hermann Buhl and the German pre-war ascent of the Eiger, but there are few tidbits of historical information. Readers who expect technical insights into climbing on rock and snow or expedition tales with practical hints will be disappointed. Indeed, the passage to Pakistan in the last two chapters is really more an adventurous and entertaining travelogue, although the goal is an alpine view that had intrigued Bernstein for years.

But I enjoyed reading this book. It is well-written with suspense and charm, and above all radiates an affection for the Chamonix of the early 1960s, its climbers and mountains.

--reviewed by Joe Wagner

Meeting Report

November 12

The meeting was hosted by participants in this summer's climbing trip to Peru. They brought slides, beer, and popcorn. Jeff Grove placed the high bid for the auctioned-off REI tent.

PEARL HARBOR DAY

There were perhaps 12 to 15 of us leaving Washington that Sunday morning for a climbing area, Little Devil's Stairs in the Shenandoah Park not far from "Little" Washington. Among them, as I recall, were Josephine Ireys, Marian Grove, Geraldine Judy, Elizabeth Aughey*, Paul Bradt, Donald Hubbard, Chris Scoredos, and Fitzhugh Clark. We stopped briefly at a restaurant at the northern end of Warrenton for a coffee and snack break and also to make reservations for a steak dinner upon our return that evening.

We continued our drive past "Little" Washington, then turned toward the ridges, following a country road until it ended along a stream. We proceeded on foot up a ravine until we reached the proposed climbing area, a broken cliff opposite a steep grassy slope. The rocks were in deep shade, the grassy area brighter, although the sun was barely visible through the thick hazy clouds.

Only the hardier climbers tried the rocks that day--the trip was exploratory as much as anything, to assess the possibilities for climbing in this area. The rest of us shivered and watched until mid-afternoon, then returned to the car where

Don Hubbard had an alpaca sack-robe used immediately to envelop one of us who had reached a mild state of hypothermia.

Someone turned on Fitz's radio, and we listened in disbelief as fragments of news of the destruction at Pearl Harbor reached our ears. Soon the hardier climbers returned, and we drove back to Warrenton to find a scene that confirmed the radio news.

The open land at the north end of Warrenton was aswam with military vehicles and personnel setting up camp for the night. We learned at once that the restaurant could not honor our reservation, so we proceeded back to D.C. Later that evening as I passed the local telephone exchange building near my apartment I could see that Armed Service guards were stationed around it.

The following day groups of people countrywide gathered around radios to hear President Roosevelt declare that we were at war.

Elizabeth Vos

* Josephine Ireys - later Josephine Bradt
Geraldine Judy - later Geraldine Clark
Marian Grove - later Marian Churchill
Elizabeth Aughey - later Elizabeth Vos

URBAN CLIMBERS: THE MARBLEHEAD CONNECTION

Everyone knows that climbers of buildings have lately been making news. Back in May 1977, George Willig climbed the 1,350-foot south tower of the World Trade Center in New York City. The City hit him initially with several charges, but ended up fining him only \$1.10, or one cent per floor. This past June 23, rockclimbers David Smart and Gerry Banning attempted to climb Toronto's 1,822-foot Canadian National Tower. They came down after officials told them it was impossible to enter the underside of the restaurant deck, as they had planned. Police warned them not to attempt the climb again, but did not file charges. Then, this fall, on October 14, four climbers scaled the 585-foot smokestack at the Anaconda Copper Co. in Anaconda, Montana. Right after they rappelled down, police charged them with misdemeanor criminal trespassing and led them off to jail. An obscure blurb in the September 9 Post says only that charges were dropped against two men who were arrested after they were found

"clambering around" atop one of the Washington Cathedral's towers.

A Yankee Magazine article, sent in by Blondie Worrel, helps put these events in perspective and shows that urban climbing is not just a novel fad. The 1973 article recounts the feats of George Gibson Polley of Marblehead, Mass., known variously as "The Original Human Fly" and the "Tarzan of the Cities." Mr. Polley climbed more than 2000 buildings in almost every major city in the U.S. He was hired by store owners, newspapers, and car companies "to attract crowds to grand openings or to lure people to carnivals...."

Mr. Polley usually wore a white suit and sneakers for his climbs and sometimes a sign naming the product or organization he was publicizing. Says Yankee, "And if he thought it could be done safely, he would deliberately 'slip' and drop a floor to the next ledge below at least once during the climb." When he reached the roof, he stood on his head and occasionally rode a bicycle around the edge. Mr. Polley charged \$200 for this.

Items For Sale

REI overmitts, new - \$10
 Quaint pair newish Millar mitts - \$7
 Red wool Woolrich shirt, medium - \$15
 EBS, size 39, small from resoling - \$35
 A new Buck knife with case - \$20

Chouinard Supergators, original model,
 size 28, almost new - \$25
 SIMA sports pouches. Vinyl bags hold a
 camera and lenses, film. Waterproof
 and inflate to become shockproof. - \$9

Lin Murphy 533-8412

Climber's Calendar

December 6, 7	Coopers Rock, W. Va.	Art Powell (280-2667)
10	MS Meeting - 8pm PATC Hd	Lin Murphy's Nepal slides
13, 14	Greenland Gap, W. Va.	James Eakin (598-6047)
14	Camp Lewis	Joe & Stevie Ney (762-7311)
21	Crescent Rocks	Hernando Vera (299-2347)
28	Great Falls	Charlie Dorian (362-7523)
January 3, 4	Seneca Rocks	
4	Sugarloaf	Stan Halpin (546-0916)
11	Cupids Bower	Greg Christopolus (535-4061)
14	MS Meeting - 8pm	John Bremer's Colorado slides

For trip information call the leader or James Eakin. For ice climbing trips call Stan Halpin, Don McIntyre (536-6122), or James Eakin.

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