

Up Rope

FOUNDED BY
HERB AND JAN CONN

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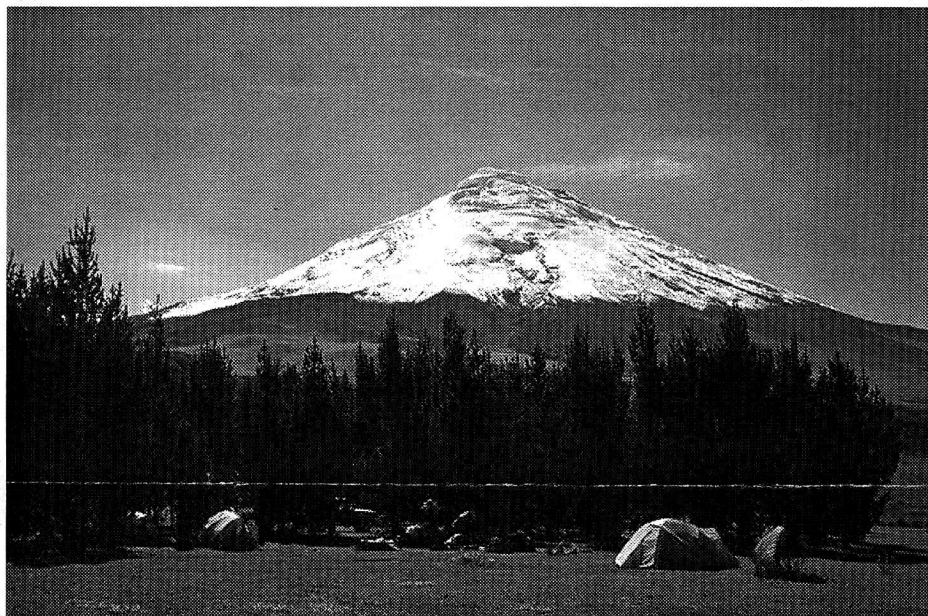
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Cotopaxi from Limpiopungo campsite

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ROCKFALL

- Annual Photo Contest - June 12th meeting; Entries due June 1, POC: Andy Briton
- After-Work Carderock Climbing (Wednesdays): April 17th
- Send Up Rope articles to new email address.

Just the One Life

by Simon Carr

...mix a sport climber with a sometime adrenaline junkie, add a classic big wall...

We went up on Half Dome, the NW face, the route climbed by Robbins in 1957. Twenty five pitches, 5.9 A3, the original Yosemite big wall, often done in a day now by the bold and efficient. A four hour approach march in the afternoon, around the back through the valley known as Little Yosemite, up the tourist path to the shoulder below the cables. From there we descended 300m to the foot of the route. Ten years since I'd been there, unsuccessfully, and the face was just as monstrous. We fixed the first two pitches to get a fast start next day. Tony was rappelling down in the fading light when there was this horrible whistling sound...the bivy site was only 30m from the wall, sure to be hit, and then *craack!* as the parachute opened...his partner jumped a couple of minutes later, but I had the camera ready this time and the Rangers down in the valley were ready as well, sirens screaming enroute to the -

(continued on page 3)

Mountaineering in Ecuador

By Jennifer Penoso

Ecador is a country with everything – beautiful beaches on the Atlantic Ocean, the Galapagos Islands, the Amazon jungle and, of course, the northern Andes. I went to climb as many big mountains as possible during the first three weeks of November. I climbed with guides from the International Mountain Climbing School, based in North Conway, NH.

We used Quito as our jumping off point, and if you do, beware. The air in Quito is extremely polluted. A couple of my fellow climbers had respiratory problems before they ever climbed a single mountain. We dubbed one rope team as “team pulmonary edema,” due to their hacking coughs at and below high altitudes.

We climbed GuaGua Pinchincha (15,780) as a warm-up the day after we arrived. GuaGua is an active volcano that erupted as recently as 1999 when it covered Quito with ash and closed the city for a month. GuaGua was tough, since we virtually walked off the plane and up the mountain. Many of my fellow climbers were sick from the altitude. There are nice views of the big mountains in the distance – those that we were longing to climb.

(continued on page 5)

'Your Bag of Tricks'

by
Marty Cumiskey

Since I got back into climbing about five years ago, I've accumulated a fairly extensive library of books on climbing, mountaineering and such. I picked up my latest book from the Canadian Alpine Club. Technical Handbook for Professional Mountain Guides is a joint effort by the Association of Canadian Mountain Guides and the American Mountain Guides Association and is primarily a text for guides wishing to be certified and recognized by the International Federation of Mountain Guides Association.

It does not go into a whole lot of detail on any specific subject. It is mostly a summary of concepts and issues that a climber and especially a prospective guide should know for alpine, rock and ski guiding. It includes protection, gear, rappelling, route finding, GPS, snow/ice and crevasse rescue and more. (Freedom of the Hills and any of the How to Climb series books go into more detail than this book).

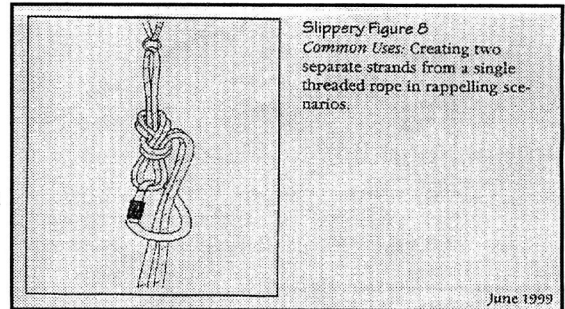
The one aspect of the book that is different than most climbing books is that it

enced than yourself (friend, co-worker or other new climber) and this kind of proactive, defensive climbing attitude could be useful.

Two new items or concepts that I did get out of the book dealt with knots. These two knots are very esoteric in nature and you may never use them, but I think they have a place in your "bag of tricks." Under certain conditions, I'm sure you will find them very useful.

The first knot is a "double Munter." Everyone should know how to tie a Munter knot. It can be used to belay, rappel, lower, etc. A "double Munter" is used for lowering moderate to heavy loads. In the book, they talk about lowering a client (or two clients at the same time) or lowering a rescue litter. The double Munter gives an extreme amount of friction and allows for very smooth and controlled lowering.

I've experimented with it lowering only one climber (on a top rope) and there is so much friction in the knot that it is almost self-locking (not that I would suggest you let go of the rope). I've included an illustration of the knot. It's simple to tie - tie a regular Munter knot and then run the rope over the top of the knot so that it comes out the other side of your

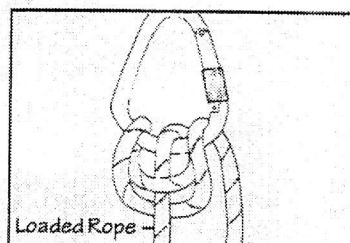
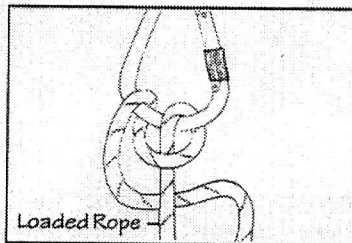


rope through the rappel ring/slings, tie a "slip knot" using a figure of 8 below the rappel ring and set a locking biner in the knot.

Tying this knot would allow a group to speed up their rappelling by allowing two people to rappel (each on a separate line) at the same time. Using this knot makes each line independent of the other, unlike a simul-rappel. After the first two climbers rappel, the last climber pulls the biner from the knot, releases the knot and does a double rope rappel. On an alpine outing with many rappels or when bad weather or darkness sets in and time is of the essence, this time saving practice could be very handy. Of course, using such a set up, two climbers would put two times the load on your anchor. If in doubt, a redundant backup anchor could be used for the double rappels and the last one down could pull it leaving behind the "expendable" anchor sling(s).

Double Italian Hitch (Double Munter Hitch)

Common Uses: Lowering moderate to heavy loads. (One person, free hanging. Two people at once on steep terrain, etc.)



Another application for this knot would allow a novice climber to rappel on one line while the more experienced climber could belay him/her with the second line.

takes a position on how the guide should think and act when dealing with clients, i.e. the safety of the client. Where most of this kind of advise is not directly useable for most of us climbing, I'm sure there will be times when you will climb with someone much less experi-

HMS biner. The other knot that was new to me was a "Slippy 8." This knot has practical uses when rappelling with a large group (3 or more people) or when rappelling with a very - inexperienced (or nervous) climber. Again, I have included an illustration. After setting up your

Two little tricks for you to file away for that one time when nothing else works.

Good Luck and have fun.

®

Just the One Life

(continued from front page)

-the landing zone at Mirror Lake. BASE jumping was illegal, a big fine and automatic confiscation of gear...

...couldn't jumar with the bag on my back next morning, too awkward and heavy so we would need to haul, I had sworn back in '83 not to haul on this route again, it was not steep enough. The even pitches had the aid moves so I led those as Tony's aiding experience was largely via hang dogging. Pitch four was easier than I remembered, but this time I wasn't totally gripped, and the rusty Robbins bolts had been replaced in the interim; I could remember many of the details of the pitches, an indication of the emotional intensity of that earlier attempt...an intensity now replaced by the competence of another decade's climbing. I was nervous with Tony's faith in bolts, even big ones, he'd spent too much time on sport routes with bolted lower-offs. Paranoid maybe, but I've avoided accidents by being careful... he hadn't taken seriously enough the wall climbing primer I'd photocopied from *Climbing* for him...

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...told the Italians who turned up next morning about the water, except that they couldn't speak English, and they had one leader and three followers and gigantic sacks and one jumar each in some peculiar caving rig. I talked Tony into going down the slabs below the face, but first we walked up the 300m to the shoulder, to join the 'I made it to the top' T-shirts on the tourist path cables...a stunning view from the summit, looking right down the NW face to the foot of the route so far below...back to the gear, and down the first stream towards Mirror Lake, didn't think of looking for any cairns, got horribly lost in impenetrable scrub. We gave it away and headed back up to the shoulder for the second time that day...12 km of foot numbing pain down to Little Yosemite and Happy Isles, to a shower and food. That evening it absolutely pissed down for hours and we would have been on Big Sandy with no food and no sleeping bags and so failure #2 was maybe a fortuitous result...

... tried to get Tony to go to Tuolumne for some multi-pitch famous tick-able routes, but this would involve crack climbing with a rack of gear, not to his taste, so we went to Knobby Wall instead, in my view a ludicrous choice of 10m wonders (but way hard, and bolted). A different level of ambition: he wanted a holiday and I was on a mission, just the one life. A little driven no doubt, but I'd had to pay for my trip and he'd been there for work...so we ate in the Loft restaurant and talked about another attempt on Half Dome, we both wanted to do that...a new game plan - climb in the afternoon to pitch six, next day to Big Sandy, and then off. Tony agreed to rig the jumaring anchors to keep me

happy and I thought that maybe I could face the walk once more...

...we'd a map this time to the route up the slabs, but I still lost the way and we arrived early afternoon back under the face, short of time to reach pitch six, damned if I was going to fail again, so we juggled up the rope that was fixed down the first pitch. We were a bit faster on this attempt apart from forgetting the haul line on one pitch, and made it to the bivy just on dusk...on the ledge I grabbed the best spot before Tony could, still horribly sloping. I curled up in my spare clothes and a bivy sac, no sleeping bag to save weight and keep the haul bag small, bloody cold and next morning I had an attack of nerves and thought about rainstorms like the one I'd been caught in 10 years ago. We had sleeping bags and more food then, so I tried to talk Tony into bailing but he was totally fixated and we went on...

...in the morning pitches 8-10 led across easy traverses to the Robbins bolt ladder, and somewhere in there I'd bivied in '83 but I couldn't find anything big enough to sit on, so maybe it was another Half Dome in a parallel universe. I led the bolt ladder and the pendulum and we were almost committed, the next pitch was awkward and hard, a rising traverse, it had to be free climbed, with cold hands more like 5.10+ than 5.9, a great lead from Tony. We took a break on the pitch 11 ledge, ate more breakfast - carefully ensuring each got just 50% - and sorted the gear for the chimneys above. The next pitch was mine, an aid corner dripping with water, full of stuck Friends and broken angles. At the top I had to tension traverse into the main chimney, only 5.8 to the belay but no gear and scary fall potential back into the corner...

...hanging on the belay, shivering, the sun inching too slowly across the granite wall towards me...real exposure now, I could see another midget-sized party starting up...Tony didn't like the chimney, he was placing a lot of gear, his foot slipped so I braced for the fall, he was only just above the belay but he hung in and the chimney got a bit wider, so he struggled up, a long way from Knobby Wall bolts now. It looked really unpleasant, strenuous climbing, and I was glad I didn't get that pitch...Halfway up he said 'Can I belay here?' so I looked at the topo and told him it wasn't over till he'd underclung the 5.9 horn (I'd read about Robbins doing that on the first ascent).

...the pitch was a bitch to jumar, especially as the haul bag was jammed up above pinning my rope and I couldn't reach into the back of the chimney to get the gear, I had to lift the bag above my head to move, my rope sawing over the sharp flakes above. I couldn't even get on to the ledge because the bag was still in the way, so not even the relief of clipping into the belay, I had to re-rack the gear while hanging on the jumars. Fortunately the next pitch was easier and almost enjoyable, classic back and foot chimneying with a hand crack for protection. At the belay it seemed from the topo we'd run two pitches together, so we might get to the bivy before dark...

...the last pitch below Big Sandy, the famous double crack pitch, awesome exposure starting off with a 20m descending traverse, so Tony got some great shots of me in the afternoon sun, tilting the camera to make it appear really steep...we'd caught the party ahead, and their haul bag was in the top of the photo, we'd have to crop that out. A wide crack, strenuous, I was tired and put in too much off-route gear so the rope drag was hideous as I pulled on to the ledge.

...Big Sandbag, not at all large, not flat, a broken series of multilevel blocks, already occupied with a father (Rex) and son (Eric) from Oregon, and we were soon joined by another party on the NW Direct which finishes up the final pitches of our route. A shame of-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 6)

PMC Couch Potatoes

Leisurely Day On The Sofa
at Bull Run Nov. 17, 2001

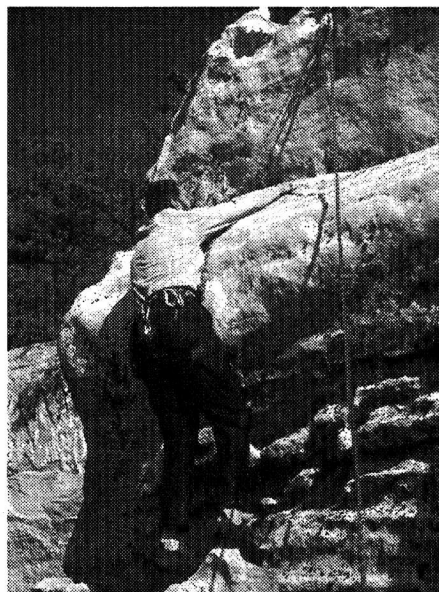
Five of us set out for this seldom-climbed crag in Northern Virginia on a surprisingly beautiful November day. After tackling the briars around the top of the cliff Curt, Simon, and John Watson-Jones had a go at a climb called Snick or Snee. Belaying from the top became an attractive alternative to dealing with the briars at the base on this one. Next John Smith and I joined the others for mandatory runs up the area's signature climb, JB's Sofa. Looking just as its name implies this highly sandbagged 5.4 (yeah, right) has a crux move that stumped some and had others wishing for stronger fingernails. Bull Run Overhang was the next challenge for John Smith, John Watson-Jones, and Simon, while I belayed Curt in his display of excellent hand jamming on Charlie's Crack. Bull Run Overhang is a 5.7 flake that geography experts among us said resembled the East Coast of Africa (I thought it looked like Northern Virginia quartzite but I'm no geologist OR geographer). This climb provides great but pumpy holds while the surrounding rock is a challenge to the sticky rubber of most climbers' shoes. Charlie's Crack is a slightly angled crack up a dead-vertical 40 foot wall. The crack looks about as perfect as you'll find in the East until you realize that it's in a wall of that slick quartz stuff. True to it's 5.9 rating, it had most of us massaging our weak forearms. After pruning back the briars the 5.5 chimney to the left was opened for a couple of us to try. John Watson-Jones and Curt tried one more climb left of Double Clutch but the shadows were getting longer so soon we all called it a day. Leisurely climbing on a warm November day - I'd call it a GREAT day.

Mack Muir - trip leader

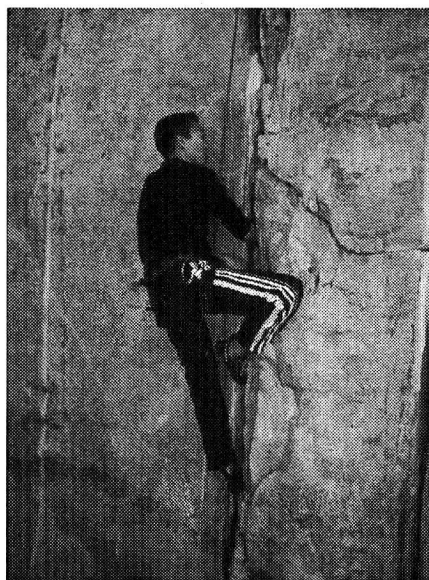
Participants:
John Watson-Jones
John Smith
Simon Hyoun
Curt Taras



John Watson-Jones on Bull Run Overhang



John Smith stretching for the fingernail holds on JB's Sofa



Simon Hyoun jamming on Charlie's Crack

Mountaineering (con't)

-the big mountains in the distance – those that we were longing to climb.

To continue to acclimatize slowly, we drove to El Chaupi (12,000 feet) and spent the night at a hacienda with cold showers, but good simple food. Ecuadorians seem to fix all food with chicken, potatoes and eggs. They even put a fried egg on top of pizza and in soup. We spent the day re-packing for our hike into the Illinizas.

The next day we drove to about 13,000 feet and hiked from there to the Illiza Refugio at 15,300 feet. We used the Refugio as our base camp to climb Illiniza Norte (rock) and Illiniza Sur (glacier ice.) Everyone was supposed to pack light and efficiently. Paul, the head guide, said I got the best pack award. He said my pack was a thing of beauty! Everyone else looked like hobos with gear lashed all over the outside of their packs. Two guys carried a mule bag between them because they somehow only brought day-packs. It took about two hours to hike in. We stayed at the Refugio for two nights, but I didn't sleep. My head felt like it was going to explode from the altitude and the lousy camp food.

We climbed Illiniza Norte the same day, but when I was about 40 feet from the summit, lightning struck and the guides rushed everyone down. Our local guide, Edgar, said he could feel the electricity in his teeth and his hair stood up. The descent was frightening – rushing down a steep scree slope, covered with dry volcanic ash, in big mountaineering boots – seemingly chased by lightning. When we got to a fixed line, there was no time to set up a rappel, so we tried to descend it hand over hand. When I got on the rope, the heavy climbers already on it caused me to swing like a pendulum into a vertical chute of ash where I landed on a huge, 50-pound boulder, causing it to dislodge. I clenched the rope in one un-gloved, frozen hand, while trying to hold the boulder from crashing down on my fellow climbers below with my other hand and legs. Finally, one of the guides managed to re-secure the boulder. I abandoned the rope and down climbed the rock outcropping – not the easiest thing in mountaineering boots.

When we did skills training on Illiniza Sur, the glacier was hard and icy with no fresh snow. Paul said that when he was there in 1999, there was 20 feet of powder where there was whitish dirt for us. The skills training is all we got to do on Illiniza Sur, because when we tried to climb it the next day, we were completely fogged in. Disappointed, we hiked out and drove to Cotopoxi National Park where we camped next to a stream in a valley in the shadow of beautiful 19,347-foot Cotopoxi.

To acclimatize further before attempting Cotopoxi, we climbed Rumiñahui (15,203 feet.) Since we had already "slept" two nights at 15,300 feet, it felt like sea level. We had glorious weather and it took about 5.5 hours round trip. After a long hike in through the valley (lots of browns since Ecuador didn't get much rain or snow during the wet season) and then gained a ridge, followed by a very steep scramble up huge boulders to the summit. It was very windy on top, but the climb paid off with spectacular views of Cotopoxi and the valleys. On the way down though, a rock broke free and we yelled "rock" but it bounced down and off a huge boulder and hit one of my fellow climbers in the forehead. He bled like crazy and it was a pretty deep wound. We bandaged him up on the spot and we all tried to downclimb closer to the rock walls for

protection. He ended up with a black eye and swollen eyebrow. He said it that didn't really hurt and he that didn't have a headache – I guess it looked worse than it was.

Finally we were ready to climb Cotopoxi. I was on an all women rope team (me, Carrie and Jeanne) except for our guide, Edgar. So, we called ourselves Team Chicas. We knew when "team pulmonary edema" was close behind us because we could hear them coughing over the roaring wind and our own heavy breathing.

We started climbing at midnight and summited at 7:45 am. The sun came up at about 5am. I was freezing so when we stopped I ate and drank and was ready to go again. I wore sunblock, but still got sunburn and wind burn. I have never been that cold climbing before. Even on Mt. Washington, NH, where I have climbed in 20 below freezing wind-chills.

The difference is the altitude...the air is very thin and cold and your body, even in good conditions gets hypoxic and cold. I also felt so cold because we had to go so slow to ascend the 50 and 60 degree slopes. The route never plateaued. It was straight up, literally, for almost 8 hours, with huge gaping crevasses. At night, when I looked at Carrie in front of me on the rope, I had to look straight up. My neck was sore the next day from looking up and looking down -- it felt like an "8 hour belayers neck".

After climbing Cotopoxi, we headed out to try to climb Antisana in place of Chimborazo, since its conditions made it unclimbable. We were told that it was a one-hour drive to the approach to Antisana and a one hour hike in. But, in Ecuadorian time, that translated to a 3.5 hour van ride, followed by a 2.5 hour hike in to 14,800 feet after getting lost looking for the campsite!

What a beautiful, but elusive mountain! Antisana has three summits – we planned to climb the western most one. After we set up camp, it was too late to try to climb that night and in the end, it rained and the mountain was shrouded in clouds all night anyway. The next day we experienced every kind of weather possible. One minute it was sunny and the mountain would show itself (we were camped about 4,000 vertical feet below the highest summit of 18,800 ft.) We would run for our cameras and snap a quick picture. Then the wind would shift and it would get very cold....then rain...then snow...then sun again. We were ready to climb it that night and planned to leave at 11:00pm. Even though it is 500 vertical feet lower than Cotopoxi, it is more technical with huge crevasse and serac problems to overcome. But, the mountain and weather gods frowned on us that night and we had the same bad weather and the mountain was completely socked in. So, we didn't even attempt it. It was very disappointing, of course, and I was ready to go home. In the end, I am glad we got to climb the mountains we did. At least I got a picture of Antisana from the summit of Cotopoxi. I would love to go back, but there are too many other places in the world to duplicate a single one.

In the Presence of a Climbing Goddess

By Pete Grant

It was Sunday, October 15th, and the weather in the Gunks was unbelievably warm. The trees were close to their full bloom(?) and the Gunks was about as picturesque as the photo on REI catalog that recently came in the mail. Simon and I had just finished Le Teton and were now on Proctoscope. I was climbing in shorts and periodically removed my t-shirt, which was soaking wet. That's how warm it was. But that ain't what this story is about. When I arrived at the top of the first pitch of Proctoscope, there was a photographer at the belay station. He had rappelled from the top of the cliff and was shooting down at the climber below doing Feast of Fools, which, by the way, was what we intended to do next. Anyway, onwards with the story.

Soon, while belaying Simon cleaning the pitch, a female's head popped up from below the belay station and I said Hi. She responded and then spoke to the photographer who said he has-gotten enough photos and she was lowered back to the ground.

While being lowered, the photographer addressed her by name: Lynn. My ears perked up.

"Lynn who?", I asked.

"That's Lynn Hill. ", he responded.

My hands began to shake. I grabbed the belay rope tighter to make sure Simon was well protected. Then the realization hit me fully: I had spoken to a climbing goddess!!!!

I'll never be the same again.

®

Just the One Life (con't)

-of ropes and anchors and they all had sleeping bags so we curled up again and Tony borrowed some clothes and it was even colder than the previous night, but at least this was a sign of fine weather...the team on the Direct included a Kiwi woman, Paula X, her boyfriend Jack was a wall rat, he'd done over 20 such routes. He had a stove and a tiny espresso maker and in the morning offered to make us coffee if we used our water, no question really, caffeine anytime...

...most of the pitches above Big Sandy were aid, fortunately with a reasonable amount of fixed gear. We teamed up with Rex and Eric in the interests of getting off the route that day, with one leading and three jumaring each pitch. I led the 2nd pitch of the Zigzags, easy aid on Friends and wires up a series of overhanging corners, but big exposure now and we had to be very careful with three people and two haul bags hanging on each belay... Tony led Thank God ledge, the escape pitch below the final summit overhangs...absolutely gripping if relatively easy crawling, only six inches wide and 600m straight down the wall. It was getting gray and cold, looking ominously like rain,

nowhere to hide, and Eric the son took the last real climbing pitch, the A3 slab. It was tricky, he had to make a hook move, which would have been interesting for me (the aid man) as we'd left the hook behind. At the top of the slab the weather was holding, although the clouds were starting to come in...just two more easy pitches to go, I got the last 5.7 pitch with no leading gear, it was all hanging somewhere on various belays...

...It was the noise that woke me, 3 am, I heard a grunting sound and shone my torch to see a black shape 10m away which ran off, the bear had taken the daypack with the remnants of our food...*it had been right next to my head.* We spent the next half hour trying to throw a beer can with the climbing rope attached over a tree branch, and then it was almost daylight so we drank the beer and repeated the interminable walk down, but we'd done it, the NW Face of Half Dome, I need never walk up that path again, Tony could go back to climbing with just a rack of quick draws...

I wanted to write about our disparate motivations, so clearly revealed on the vertical granite walls. A decade apart in age, but a generation in climbing interests. I thought about writing this with two voices, but it would have been a poor imitation of Robbins writing about Tis-sa-ack... and we were 200m left of that route. So instead it owes more to Drummond and 'Mirror Mirror', if lacking the full vitriol of uncensored truth...

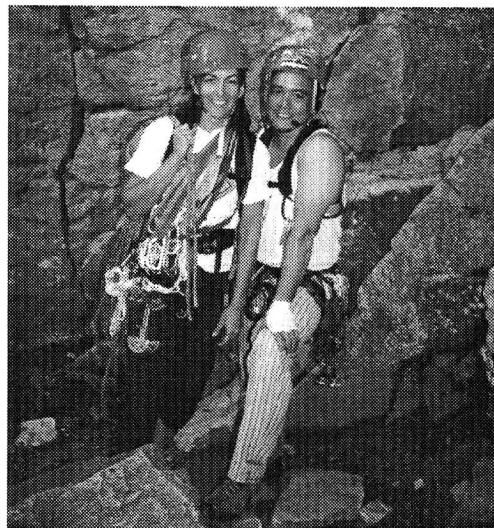
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"...It was the best climb I ever had..."

Wednesdays are typically exciting climbing after work at Carderock, Maryland. I had just set up *jans face* and walked down to put on my shoes...I yelled up to Kurt Ferstl to send down the belay slave...for what seemed like an eternity a non-descript gear laden climber came towards me with no apparent footfalls... she seemed to glide along as if on roller skates, her hair blowing back gently...Our eyes met from afar...It was climb at first site. They were married March 2, 2002 in Old Town Alexandria, honeymooned in the Turks and Caicos Islands where they donned SCUBA gear for climbing shoes..... (IT'S NOT JUST FOR CLIMBING ANYMORE).....

Belay Happens.

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CLIMBER'S CALANDER

April 17th (Wednesday): Carderock, Maryland After work climbing at Carderock begins.

April 20th (Saturday) Great Falls, Virginia (Work Day) Join other PATC-MS members as we spend a day improving our favorite local climbing area. From 9:00 a.m. until 4:00 p.m. (or, as much time as you can provide). Work will be focused on erosion control at the tops of popular climbs. We will also attempt to close off unauthorized "social trails" from the cliff tops down to the climbs. Additionally, the trail near the Aid Box is an ongoing need for serious improvement. Dress appropriately and bring work gloves if you have them (tools will be provided), and a bag lunch. Meeting time: 9:00 a.m.; Meeting place: climbers parking lot; Trip leader: leader: Mack Muir mackmuir@edisaurus.com or (703) 768-5724

April 21st (Sunday): Annapolis Rocks, Maryland; A local favorite among PATC-MS, Annapolis Rocks has some great top-roping for climbers of all levels. There is also some lead-climbing potential for those wanting to practice multi-pitch climbs (short). Note, the area is about a one-hour drive from Washington, with another one-hour hike (an all day outing). Camping is a definite possibility (contact trip leader for details); Meeting time: contact trip leader; Meeting place: contact trip leader: Mitch Hyman at MitchHyman@aol.com or (202) 244-0148

April 27th (Saturday) White Rocks, Pennsylvania (near Shafer Rocks) White Rocks, PA is near Shafer Rocks, less than two hours away. There are several 5.3-5.4 trad lines over 100' tall. Several moderate trad routes as well. A few bolted 5.8-5.9 routes and good top roping comparable to Schafer. There is a guide sheet available at Caledonia State Park.; Meeting time is 7:00 am at the McDonalds on the west side of Rt. 355 in Gaithersburg off Perry Parkway, just south of the Montgomery Village Exit from I-270.; Meeting time: 7:00 am.; Meeting place: McDonalds on Rt. 355; Trip leader: Bill Duvall at bill@cagley.com or (301)216-1951

May 11th (Saturday): Crescent Rocks, Virginia; This secluded area in Northern Virginia provides some great top-roping without the crowds. Crescent Rocks has various route for climbers of all levels. It is about an hour drive from Washington area, there is also a one hour hike to the climbing area. The southern exposure makes Crescent Rocks a favorite when the weather turns cold. Meeting time: TBD; Meeting place: TBD; Trip leader: TBD

May 4th - 5th Seneca Rocks, West Virginia (Spring Trail Maintenance Trip) All PATC members and friends are invited to attend. Here is your chance to help improve a favorite multi-pitch climbing area. Participants stay free at the Seneca Shadows Campground. We'll have four of the walk-in sites at Seneca Shadows campground Friday and Saturday nights; check for a note on the Gendarme bulletin board or just walk in and find us; Meet for work at 8:00 am sharp (mandatory safety briefing & sign-in) in the parking lot nearest the foot bridge leading to the rocks. Bring work gloves if you have them and a lunch and water for the day. Helmets and tools will be provided by the forest service but you can use your own helmet if you'd rather (no guarantee where that other one's been). Saturday evening our "appreciation dinner" will be provided.; Meeting time: 8:00 am.; Meeting place: Parking Lot at Seneca. Trip leader: Bill Wright at william.wright@uspto.gov or (703) 305-7792.

May 17th (Friday): Great Falls, Virginia; After work climbing at Great Falls begins.

May 18th & 19th (Saturday & Sunday) Hidden Cliffs, Virginia Top roping and short traditional lead climbs at Hidden Cliffs Va. which is about 20 minutes west of Harrisburg, VA. This is an interesting and seldom explored area (by D.C. area residents anyway); The rock is impeccable sandstone similar to that found at the New River Gorge W.V. The cliffs are a short 10-20 minute approach from a

nearby GW Natl. Forest parking area. (limited space though) and good campsites are can be found in the nearby GWNF. Contact Lee Jenkins for more details at Leejhiker@aol.com or 703 532 2623. Please see the following link for a general guidebook. There is also a detailed one that can be purchased at the local Harrisburg outdoor store. (contact me for details); http://www.falconbooks.com/book2.cfm?product_ID=4895&sub=virginia&ID=4&a=0&z=0; Meeting time: TBD Meeting place: TBD; Trip leader: Lee Jenkins at Leejhiker@aol.com or 703 532 2623

May 25th - 27th (Memorial Day Weekend): Shawangunks, New York Shawangunks is a multi-pitch lead climbing area. All participants must have had training or experience in leading or seconding trad routes. An exception can be made only if an experienced climber agrees to take a newbie under his/her wing and assume full responsibility for the new person's training and safety for the entire duration of the event. Experience in leading sport routes is insufficient to qualify for trad leading or seconding.; There's not much more I can say beyond what's in the guide books. Basically, ratings are fair, and route descriptions reasonable. Most climbs are two or three pitches. Trapps is the recommended climbing area for first-timers. Meeting time: Contact Trip Leader; Meeting place: Contact Trip Leader Trip leader: Mitch Hyman at MitchHyman@aol.com or (202) 244-0148

June 15th (Saturday): Little Stoney Man, Virginia; This is primarily a top roping area (some limited lead routes), with routes up to 90 feet long. The setting is as good as it gets here in the east. The cliffs are 2500 feet up the west side of the Blue Ridge, overlooking the Shenandoah Valley and Massanutten Mountain. The AT runs along the top of the crag. The approach hike as 15 minutes. Most routes are easy to moderate (5.4 to 5.9) in nature, but some will repel even the best of you! Building good anchors here requires some creativity, so bring your long static lines and lengths of tape. If you have passive pro, bring it. You won't want to leave expensive cams at the top for the tours. We always have fun here. There's very comfortable shade at the bottom, and I don't recall any bug problem. It's about a two hour drive up onto Skyline Drive; Meeting time: 7:00 am.; Meeting place: Oakton Shopping Center Trip leader: John Smith at ice-bear@cox.rr.com or (703) 532-0264

July 4th - 7th Seneca Rocks, West Virginia (Multi-pitch climbing) Weekend after July 4th, could be expanded for those who have a long-weekend. This trip is for multi-pitch climbers only. Participants are expected to find their own partners (leaders/followers). Individuals may contact the trip leader to help locate partners. For more information on Seneca Rocks, check out the website <<http://www.seneca-rocks.com/index.html>>; Meeting time: TBD; Meeting place: TBD Trip leader: leader: Mack Muir mackmuir@edisaurus.com or (703) 768-5724

July 27th (Saturday): Sugarloaf Summit Rocks, Maryland; Great local area for top-roping and practice leading. Cool during warm summer days.; Meeting time: TBD; Meeting place: TBD; Trip leader: leader: TBD

August 17th (Saturday) Shafer Rocks, Pennsylvania Avoid the heat of the other local crags and head up to Shafer Rock in PA just north of the Maryland. It been a while since the club has had a trip Shafer Rock and for those who haven't been there, there is good climbing for all. The climbs range from beginner to expert (5.12). Meeting time: TBD; Meeting place: TBD; Trip leader: leader: TBD

August 31st - September 2nd (Labor day weekend) Shawangunks, New York (multi-pitch) The Annual Labor Day Weekend trip to Shawan "gunks"-- a multi-pitch lead climbing area. All participants must have had training or experience in leading or seconding trad routes. Meeting time: 6:30 a.m.; Meeting place: College Diner, New Paltz, NY; Trip leader: Pete Grant at grantpk@msn.com or (703) 731-6925 (cell)

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