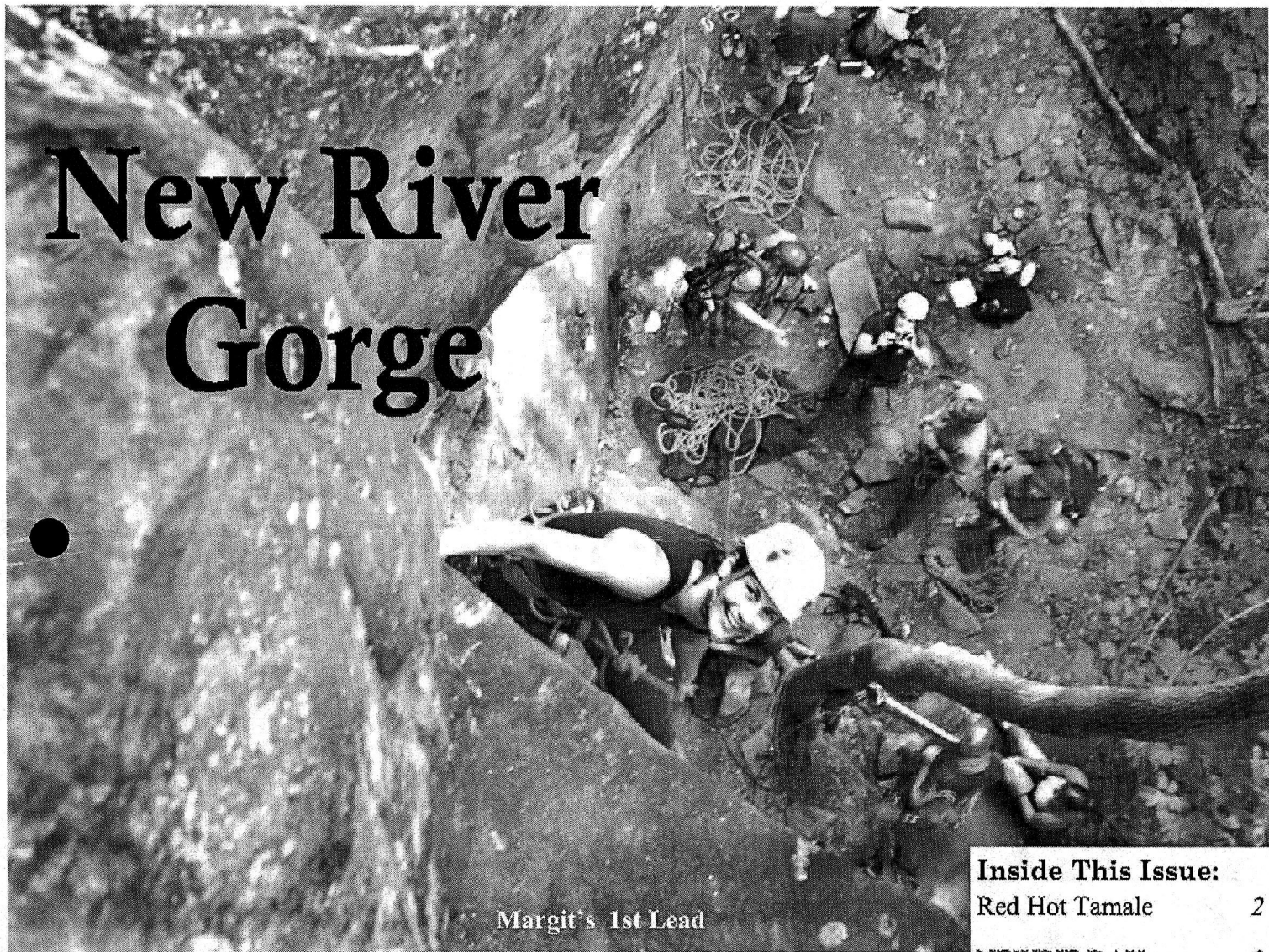


Up Rope
FOUNDED BY
HERB AND JAN CONN

Volume 61 Issue TWO

Summer 2006



New River Gorge

Margit's 1st Lead

By Doug Halonen

It was hot and we got lost, but Potomac Appalachian Trail Club representatives were hardly singing the blues after their Father's Day weekend visit to West Virginia's New River Gorge.

"It was an awesome trip," said Margit Jochmann, who was celebrating her first outdoor sport lead—Micro Brew, 5.5. "I had a fantastic time."

Among the other trip highlights: Reed Bumgarner led his first outdoor 5.10a, Hore Female Rash.; Jason Salmonoff powered his way up Butterfly Flake, 5.7, and Cerveza Verde, 5.8; Vincent Penoso, Geisha Girl-5.8, Plummers Crack 5.7; Mitch Hyman conquered the classic 5.7 sandbag Daisy Cutter, and John Oster demonstrated how to climb a rope with prusiks to clean a climb.

(Continued on p. 11)

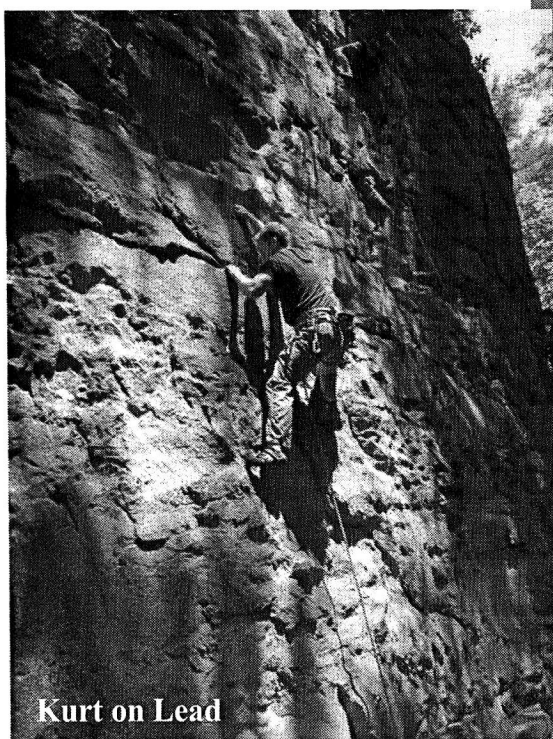
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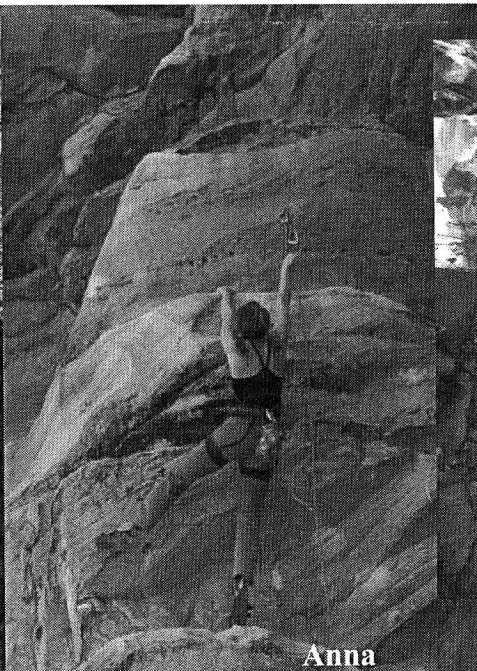
RED HOT TAMALE TEAM

By Kurt Ferstl

So this is a brief trip report and some teaser pictures from the first annual Red Hot Tamale Climbing Team trip to the New. I was lucky, I got to hang with Rachel & Ana, so I had the total insider's introduction to the New. Definitely gonna go back. Anyway, the trip began in DC traffic, but we still made good time, slowed down only by our stop for gas, chips, pretzels, and, of course, the box of Red Hot Tamales! On Saturday we got up early and made it out to Orange Oswald (wall?) at Summersville Lake. We did a bunch of 10s there, and then moved over to Satisfaction, a 5.11 that Ana ran up, Rachel followed with ease, and I finally fought my way up past the thin slab using an under-clinging, thumb-matching technique to transition from the slab to the roof. Then Ana sent Narcissus, a 12a that looked pretty insane. Rachel and I did a couple of climbs on the short end of the long wall, and I remember the final move on one, looking at some sketchy holds above, and being nose-level to a crack that would have just perfectly fit a grey alien. . . . but it was in the car. Anyway, we went off to the Rendezvous later on, got our t-shirts, watched the dyno comp for a bit and crashed. (no mosh pit - I was kinda expecting something like the party down in Zion in the Matrix . . .) On Sunday, we went to Kaymoor, and were lucky to hop right on the uber-classic Flight of the Gumby without having to wait. Before we left I had to bail on a 10b slab that just seemed a bit too exposed at the top. I remember looking down at my last draw, calculating the fall factor, and the skinned-knee-and-twisted-ankle-on-slab-tumble factor and thinking that mebbe I'll come back and finish this one next time! But I did get to practice down climbing . . . Anyway, all and all, it was a really fun trip with fun people. Next time, however, I'm not leaving my rack in the car!



Kurt on Lead



Anna



Rachel



Team Tamale

"The best climber in the world is the one who's having the most fun." — Alex Lowe

Newby Day

By Judy Wu

Judging by those standards, Carderock was

filled some of the worlds top climbers yesterday at the Potomac Mountain Club's Beginner's Climbing Day.

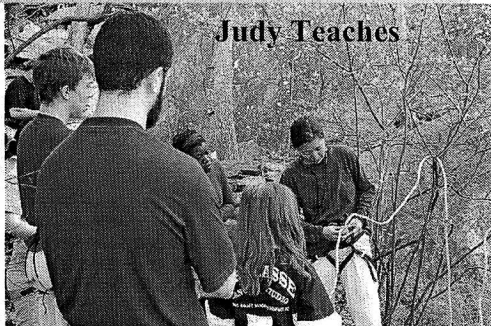
What started off as a rainy morning blossomed into a picture perfect climbing day as Carderock filled up rock climbers, both new and experienced, of all ages. Waiting in the parking lot as I pulled up were Laura and Michael from Baltimore. Despite the sketchy weather, we headed toward "Easy Layback", where we had a little session of intro to top rope anchors. Soon after that, Judy Molland and Joe Baker rolled in to help set up more climbs, as the weather was too tenuous for their Seneca weekend plans. Then came Bill who contributed a complete top rope set up for the good of the cause.

In due time Marty Comisky, John Smith, David Raboy, Annabelle Rayboy & friend, Jack Permission & Chewie, Chris Biow & Son, Rob Graver, Alex Graver, "Monkey Fingers" Rob & Yuko, Olay, Jennifer V., Juan, John, Brandon, P. Krzyzanowski, Monica & Darin, Marian Greenspan, Jeanette Helfrich, Kathleen Steinle, John Oster, Mike Damkot, Duncan Thomson, and others arrived to set up climbs, belay, climb & coach each other.

Climbs that were set up incuded the Nose, the Crack (next to Golden Staircase), Nubbleface, Laundry Chute, and the ever frustratingly fun Green Bucket & Desperation (sent beautifully & cleanly by John O, Kath, Jeanette & others). John Gregory, who was instrumental in the original CR guidebook was also present. Of note were the first (and hopefully only) AID ascents on the soft CR rock this year: Cripple's Crack (5.8 C3) by Duncan-ripped-ring-tendon-Thomson, and Trudie's Terror (5.4 C2) by Bob-ripped-pants-seat-Graver. This was a prelude to their future Aid Climbing trip to Looking Glass NC.

Things wound down by mid-afternoon and concluded with a smaller group of us gathering at Anita's,

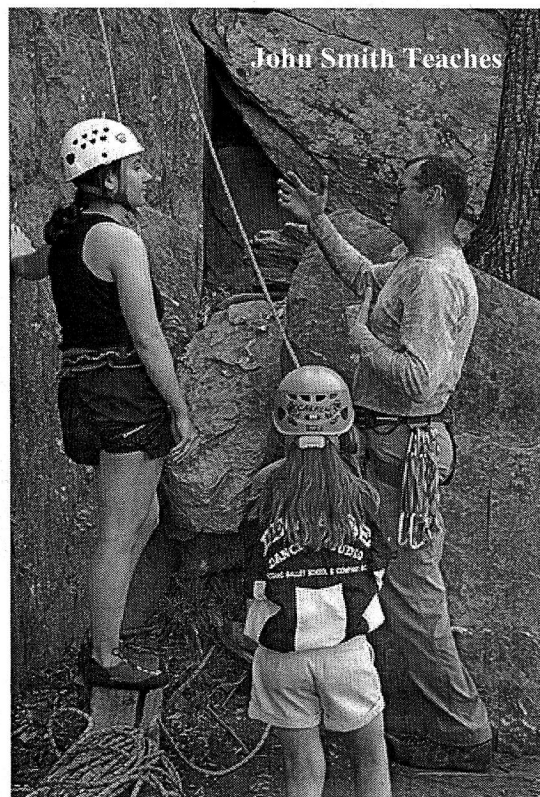
located near PATC-MS HQ. Laughter, beer & Margaritas flowed freely. By any standard, this was a wildly successful event, surely to be repeated for many years to come. photos courtesy of John Smith pictures at <http://www.flickr.com/photos/joebakerdc/sets/72057594107838165/>



Judy Teaches



Dave Raboy



John Smith Teaches

RED ROCKS: The Greatest Story Ever Told

By Judy Wu

Flew into Vegas late last Friday w/ Duncan and was whisked away in our limo (a Saturn Ion) by Kathleen and her trusty shotgun Noah.

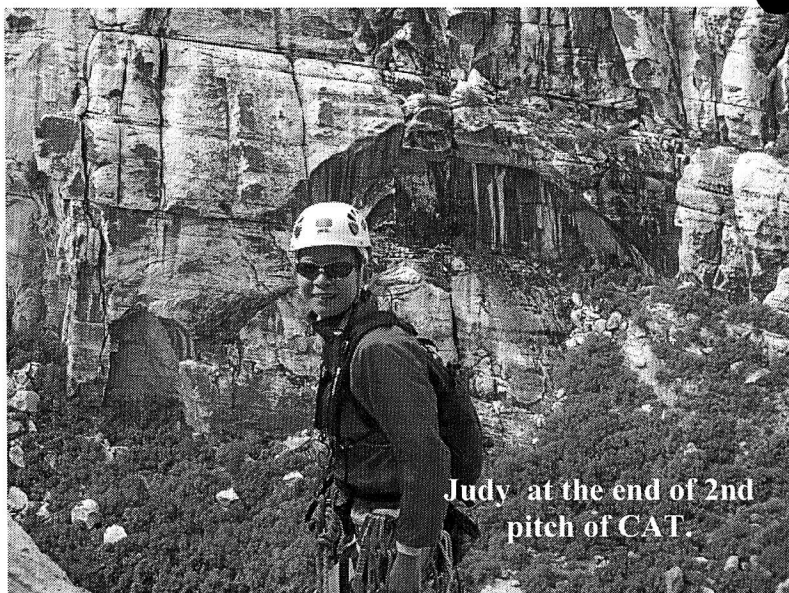
Since the camping at RR is basically, well, pretty sucky (nowadays), we stayed at Bonnie Springs (<http://www.bonniesprings.com/motel.html>). Every morning, we woke up to a stunning view of Red Rock "Canyon"...and the sounds of various animals (especially peacocks & roosters). Very pastoral & not at all annoying, as some might think.

Bonnie Springs is probably the best place to stay for climbing at Red Rocks as it is 5 mins to the loop road. And they are climber friendly-as climbers get a discount on their motel stays. Though we all whole heartedly endorse the motel, the same cannot be said for their restaurant (unless you're into *very* amateur imitations of Glenn Campbell... and what the food might lack in quality, it definitely makes up for in quantity).

I thought RR would have been crowded over memorial day weekend. All the guidebooks talk about how lines can start forming at some of the RR classics. Thus, I felt like we hit the jackpot when we were able to climb Cat in the Hat on Sat (haha). It was actually quite cold, as the weather was unseasonably mild (windy 50's? 60's?). Kath was contemplating how to use her socks as gloves and I was longing for a belay jacket.

On Sunday, we got up on Frogland, which involved getting through a few tunnels and ended in a beautiful walk off.

On Monday we got off to a bit of a late start, but ultimately made it to the base of Geronimo by 1pm.



Judy at the end of 2nd pitch of CAT.

While the highs were only in the 80's, Geronimo gets almost all day sun, making it a bit toasty. We all napped near the base for a while, as a Desert Bighorn Sheep looked on. We got started on the route by 2pm, made it to the top around 8pm and finished rapping down by 10:15. Hiking out by headlamp, we encountered the wild burrows we had heard all weekend... and made it to the car sometime before midnight.

Tired & hungry, we stumbled into a 24/7 restaurant called The Outside Inn (9941 W Charleston Blvd.). One would think there'd be more 24/7 places, but I guess they're mostly on the strip.

The next day (several hours later), Noah & Kath had to catch morning flights back east. As Kath warned us, the airport at Vegas really is a zoo in the morning. Duncan & I packed up & headed to Mt. Charleston, part of the Spring Mtns, in the Toiyabe Natl Forest. It was an amazing drive spanning lots of altitude & many different environments, from desert to alpine. A good map of this drive can be found in the Brock/Vegas



Maury McKinney
Rick Wilcox
President

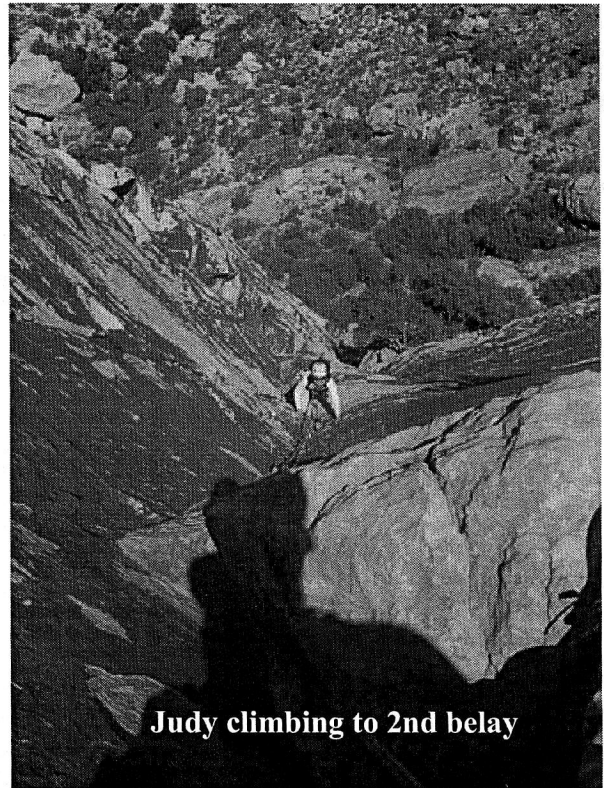
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rick@ime-usa.com

Limestone guide. We also did a little sport climbing. The sharp limestone was much different than the sandstone we had spent the previous days on. Ouch!

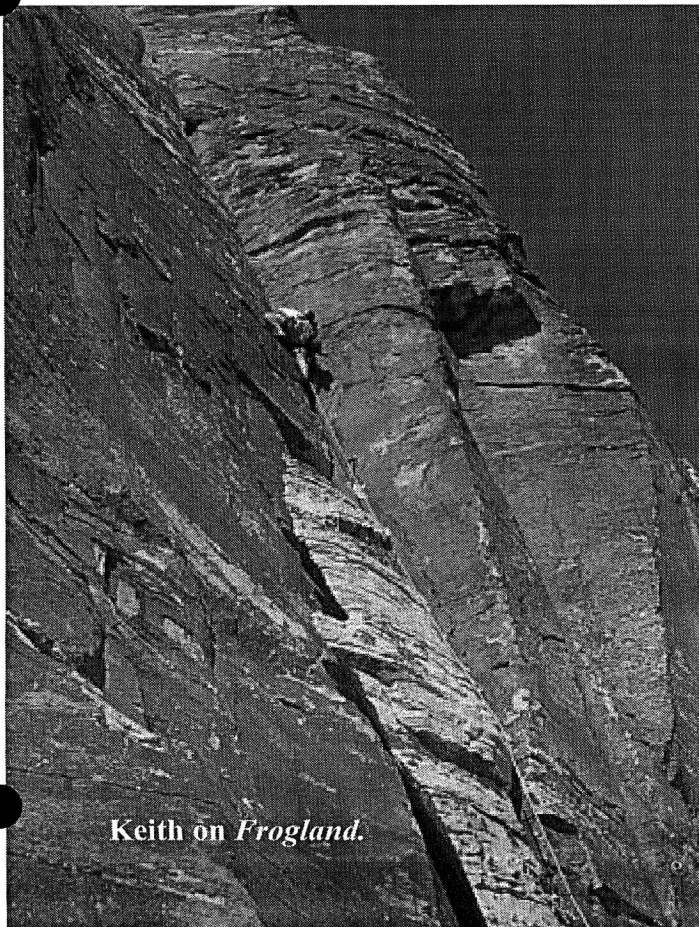
As we drove back into town, we got smoothies at "Tropical Smoothie", based on John O's recommendation (as well as the Brock Vegas guide). Duncan grabbed a shower at the climbing gym a few blocks away while I checked out the local climbing shop. According to Duncan, the showers were a bit icky, but the gym was really cool & the folks there were very friendly. At the shop, I got a copy of the RR guide by Joanne Urioste, who along w/ her husband George made most of the first ascents.

We thought we would then check out the buffet at the Bellagio as recommended by the Brock guide. Silly us, we thought we could do it before our 11pm flight... but it was not to be, as the line to the feeding trough was slow & long. So we dropped off our car at the airport (hoping they didn't notice that little rattling sound after our weekend adventures) and crashed out on our flight back to DC.

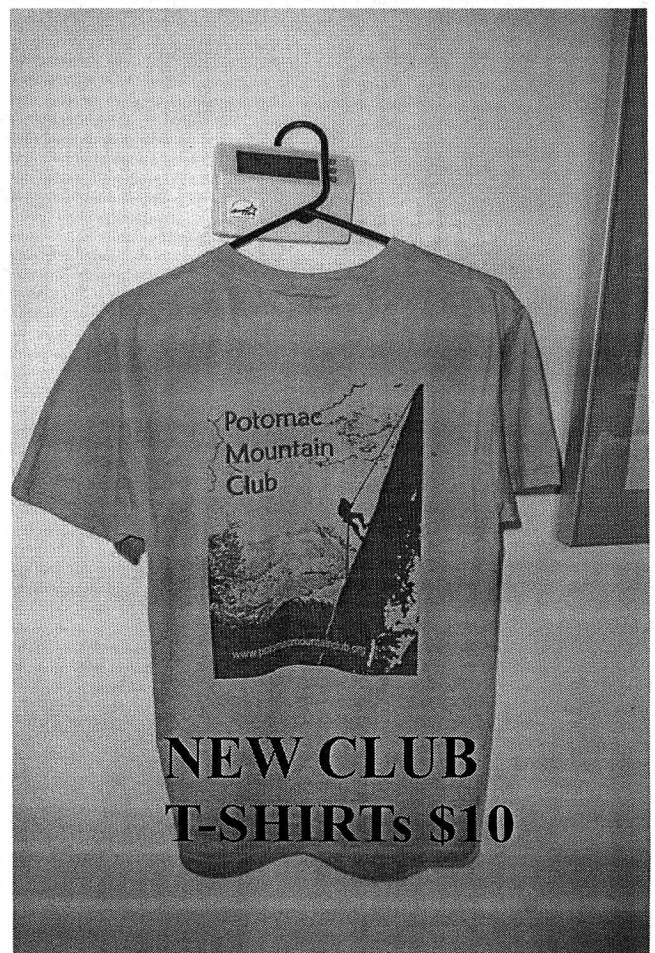
®



Judy climbing to 2nd belay



Keith on Frogland.



NEW CLUB T-SHIRTS \$10

Submitting Articles

- **Keep articles 1000 words or LESS.**
- Most picture formats will work (Prefer JPEGs)
- Most text documents (Prefer WORD).
- **Send pictures separately and please do not imbed pictures in text documents;** it makes for formatting nightmares.

How to join the Potomac Mountain Club

1. Down Load membership form from the following website:
2. http://www.patc.net/chapters/mtn_sect/join.html
3. Mail in \$15.
4. Sign up for the LISTSERVER at the following:
5. http://www.patc.net/chapters/mtn_sect/listserv.html
6. Go climbing

ROCKFALL

- View PMC pictures <http://patc.biow.org/gallery/>
- Familiar faces should join the club: Friends JOIN!!!
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NOTICE

2007 Membership Renewals due by January 31, 2007

Renewals received after this deadline will be charged a \$5 administration fee. Applies to current members ONLY. We currently allow a ridiculous 4 1/2 month renewal window which is grossly counter-productive to club operations. 4 1/2 MONTHS FOR \$15???

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Vincent Penoso

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Where are They Now?

By Jeanette Helfrich

Maybe it seems like ancient history to you but not to me! Many of us climbing with MS in the late 1980s and 1990s are still in the DC area, some climbing strong and some not. Others have dispersed all over the country – many to Colorado. Unfortunately, a few were casualties of climbing accidents and other misfortunes.

I was the Chairperson of the MS in 1989. The other Chairpersons around that time as I remember were Tom Russell, Stuart Pregnall, Rich Cunningham, myself (1989), John Yanson, Jeff Cohen, and Jeffrey Levy, in order. When I go to MS meetings, I recognize the same congeniality and enthusiasm as we had then. MS represents some of the best inclusive qualities that an organization can exhibit. This is an attempt to collect news of some those climbers active in MS at that time. I apologize if I've left out anyone or anything out and hope that the facts bear a reasonable resemblance to reality. Please let me know if you would like to contact any of these people. I have most phone numbers or emails or can get you in touch with someone who does. Maybe this will be continued.

Where are the now? Tom Isaacson has lived in Boulder since 1998 and is now an impressive triathlete as well as climber. He lives with Anne Watson, a climber he met at Sportrock. Tom tele-commutes as a partner in a major D.C. law firm. Tom Halicki and Elizabeth Erksine have also moved to Boulder, cashing in on the D.C. real estate market and are now busy exploring climbing and outdoor life there. Stuart and Karen Pregnall still live here as the quintessential soccer parents although we see them now and then at Sportrock (check their first ascents at the New River Gorge). John and I have tried to follow in their climbing and wine tasting footsteps in southern France. Some of my best climbing days were shared with these friends at the New River Gorge in the 1990s. We rented a house in Fayetteville, West Virginia for five years and that level of comfort led to a strong level of climbing with both Stuart and Tom leading 5.13's. The rest of us managed to lead (at least one) 5.12.

As for other active MS members at the time, John Yanson has his own graphic arts studio on Capi-

tol Hill and occasionally teaches and sets routes for a gym there. Tom Russell still works at NIST but isn't climbing anymore. Dave Atkinson retired from the Inter-American Development Bank (IADB) and is active with the IADB Foundation. John Christian is an Honorary Member of the MS, has a design business and is active with Friends of Great Falls. He's married to hiker Kate Hughes (check out John's first ascents at Seneca). Gary Beil now lives in Salt Lake City with his wife, Janice, where they still are very strong climbers putting up lots of new routes. Gary also did many first ascents at the New River Gorge. Ian Cruickshank moved to North Conway after he retired as a Coast Guard Commander in DC. Ian works as a guide for International Mountain Equipment and teaches skiing at Cranmore. Ricky Todd moved to Seattle. Charlie Dorian and Gretchen Schwartz work in this area, but recently climbed and hiked in the Alps. Pete Grant married Lynda Edris and moved to Saranac Lake, NY. Greg Christopolus and his wife live in Reston but their daughter-climber, Alex, has gone off to college and is no longer climbing with us. Greg's climbing partner, Dave Coffey, lives in Columbia, MD.

Madeleine Carter works as a producer at the National Geographic Society, and lives in Cabin John, Maryland, with climber husband, Alec Graham and two children. Selma Hanel, author of the Carderock Guide Book, is a botanist, living in Syracuse, New York. Her climber husband, Stuart Rosenthal, is a Professor of Economics at Syracuse University. James Eakin, author of the Great Falls guidebook, lives with his wife, Ruth Ann, and child in Fredrick, Maryland. Alex Tait is a cartographer in this area and revised subsequent editions of the Great Falls guidebook. Ken Andrasko and his wife Julie Shannon both work for EPA and live in Bethesda with their two children. Bob Gasser is a research physician at Walter Reed Army Hospital and lives with his family in Silver Spring. Tom Kawecky is an engineer at the Naval Research Laboratory and also lives with his physician wife Sue and children in Silver Spring. Dusty Wissmath is a ski instructor for Whitetail Ski Area and fly fishing guide. Sue Hartley (now Sue Etter) also moved to Boulder, where she climbs a lot with her husband, Jeff. A former environmental toxicologist, she is co-head of human resources for a Boulder hardware store. Beth Logan is married and living in Boston.

Next page

Where Are They Now (con't)

Our international contingent was always strong. After a sabbatical at the Smithsonian, Gianni Batimelli moved back to continue teaching the history of physics at the University of Rome. Visitors to MS from France included Jacques Tamisier and Regis Martin. Bob Ryan moved to London and then to Paris where he still lives. He's climbed recently in Algeria, Sardinia, and France.

I've lived with Bob's old climbing partner, John Rayner, for 23 years, and we've shared many wonderful climbing adventures in China, Thailand, Peru, Greece, Italy, Spain, France, Switzerland, Mexico, Canada, as well as the U.S. Some others MS members that I have not kept in touch with include Nori Gessler, Martha Hale, Michael Mergi, Gordon Swenson, Doug Craun, Dave Godwin, Paula Grant, Kim, and Rick Dotson.

As for those active before me, Jan and Herb Conn are in their 80s but still thriving in the Needles of South Dakota. Joe Wagner had a major role in MS. Harold Goldstein and Janet Young live in the area, and now have their own businesses after retiring from government jobs. I saw Harold recently at a National Geographic show. Among other MS refugees to Boulder include Lin Murphy, who quit her job as an IRS lawyer, and owns an apartment building there. She is still climbing a lot and plans to ski the Haute Route in the Alps this spring. Sally Greenwood was previously with National Geographic and is now a free-lance writer in Boulder.

Some news is not so good. Rich Cunningham fell the entire length of a pitch of a climb in Colorado, shattering his femur and shoulder. He also broke his back which left him partially paralyzed. He gets around well in a wheelchair but had to retire from his job as Facilities Manager for Eagle County, Colorado (near Vail). He still lives in Eagle with his wonderful wife Judy, an accountant, and daughter, Katie, and is taking up skiing again. He used to be on ski patrol at Aspen.

Tim Hood took a bad fall on Pleasant Overhangs at Seneca which left him brain damaged. His accident happened while his wife Patti was pregnant with their second child. They eventually moved back

to Modesto, California to be near their parents (he has an M.B.A. from Stanford). Kathy Rebibo also suffered brain damage when she fell while being lowered off the top of a climb at Carderock and is in a permanent health care facility in Kentucky.

Ed Cummings died February 27, 2006 of pancreatic cancer. Ed was buried in Quantico on April 3, 2006. See the obituary in the Washington Post on March 17, 2006. Ed's wife, Clara Witt, is a climber, an officer in the US Public Health Service, and currently holds a high position with HHS. She travels all over the world researching bird flu, SARs, and other public health issues. John and I remember Clara and Ed fondly from the 1987 expedition to Peru in which we participated. Ed was my rope-mate to the summit of Huascaran Sur, my highest summit at 22,205 feet, on June 20, 1987.

Two other members of the earlier 1983 MS expedition to Peru with Ed also died in the last few years of pancreatic cancer -- Paul Torrelli and Jack Smith. In addition, Don McIntyre died descending Mt. Ranier when he fell into a crevasse. Mike Downey died of cancer (he owned a wine business stemming from the Mayflower wine store).

Anne Baron was seriously injured in a non-climbing accident while traveling by herself in Tibet. No one has ever learned the details of the accident, whether it was on a bus, a motorcycle, a car, or the result of personal violence. Anne traveled to Nepal and Tibet many times to climb and became involved in the International Campaign for Tibet. A native of France, she lingered on in France for several years and died without ever regaining consciousness. Also deceased are Jane Shoeacre, Elizabeth Vos, Arnold Wexler, Don Hubbard, and Andy Kauffman.

Andy Kauffman was surely our most famous member. Andy was the first and only American to do a first ascent of any 8,000 meter peak. He did the first ascent of Gasherbrum I, 8,068 meters high, in Pakistan and China, along with Pete Schoening in 1958.

May we remember all our good friends and keep up with our new friends!



Red Rocks

By Doug Halonen

When our rope got stuck trying to pull it down from the top of the second pitch of Geronimo after a double-rope rappel, it drove home for Craig Yamaoka and me what a serious business multi-pitch trad climbing at Red Rocks can be.

There we were: In a bit of a bind on a beautiful 5.7 with evening approaching, still a couple hundred feet above the desert floor, and an hour-and-a-half hike from our rental car. Thank God the ledge was in the shade. The temperature had soared into the 90s on that late April afternoon, and I had a sunburn blister on my lower lip and only a few sips of water remaining. Maybe half of our second rope was snagged in a sharp crack behind the giant chockstone in the chimney 80 feet above us. The guide book said we could get back down to the ground from where we were with two single-rope rappels, and we still had one of our ropes.

We also knew that Mike Stuart and Chris—a Canadian climbing guide and his wife—were still above us. But what if they came down a different way, and our last rope got stuck on the next awkward rappel?

Two days before, our rope got stuck while trying to pull it after the rappel on the fifth pitch of Cat in the Hat, a 5.6+. But a party behind us freed it. The rope got stuck on the double-rope rappel, even though we were using the European Death Knot, which has a reputation for being particularly snag-resistant.

The last party up Cat in the Hat that afternoon—a young couple from California we met while on our descent—had an epic that night when their rope also got snagged on the fifth pitch. They told us about

it the next morning when we ran into them at Willow Springs, a roadside crag with a couple of excellent 5.7's, Spiderline and the first pitch of Ragged Edges. The duo didn't get back to their car until 10 p.m. that night, and the young lady appeared determined to retire from trad climbing.

Back on Geronimo ledge, I led the easy part up to the chimney on our second rope. It looked as if I could have aided the rest, maybe. If I really had to. But I down-climbed back to the ledge. We knew our best bet was to wait for Mike and Chris. If they didn't come down by 7 p.m., we decided we would rap the rest of the way down on one rope, then return the next day to reread the first two pitches of Geronimo and retrieve the stuck rope.

But Mike and Chris, who were simul-climbing the five-pitch Geronimo—after already having finished the seven-pitch 5.7 Olive Oil that morning—appeared soon thereafter, freeing our second rope.

On the way back to the car, Craig and I had ample time to wax philosophic. The key lessons learned: take your headlamp, extra water, bail-out gear and two ropes on remote Red Rocks trad climbs, even if you think you can climb a route with one rope and don't think the route will take too much time.

As we learned, it's the descents at Red Rocks that can be especially challenging. All those great chickenheads, knobs, jagged cracks and other features that make Red Rocks routes so much fun to climb up turn into rope-eating ogres on the way down.

In addition, use intermediate single-rope rappel stations whenever possible. Of course, unless you're really confident in your self-rescue skills, make sure you're not the last party up a route. "Get out there early," added Craig. "It's better to have spare time at the end."

Buzzard Rocks Memorial Day 2006 Michael Doyle :Charlottesville

I had a great time meeting those that made their way (one way or another) to Buzzard Rock yesterday. Intense heat but what doesn't kill you, etc., etc....I had a personal guide to get me to the cliff in the person of John Watson-Jones (I carpoled with him since we're way down south in Dixie) and started climbing around 10AM after scouting the climbs for a while. We ended up starting at the north end of the wall and just worked our way south, climbing 7 routes and fighting a fire before calling it a day. Yup, the previous night some knuckleheads had made fires along the trail between the tops of "Ass Cannibal" and "The Bulge" and the one on a ledge, actually ON the face, flared up - we saw flames while reracking at the top of "Half & Half Direct" (an excellent climb, BTW). We did what we could with what water we had left and hopefully nothing further occurred. John W-J and I walked out with Margit, Marian and Doug, and I remember meeting (albeit briefly) John

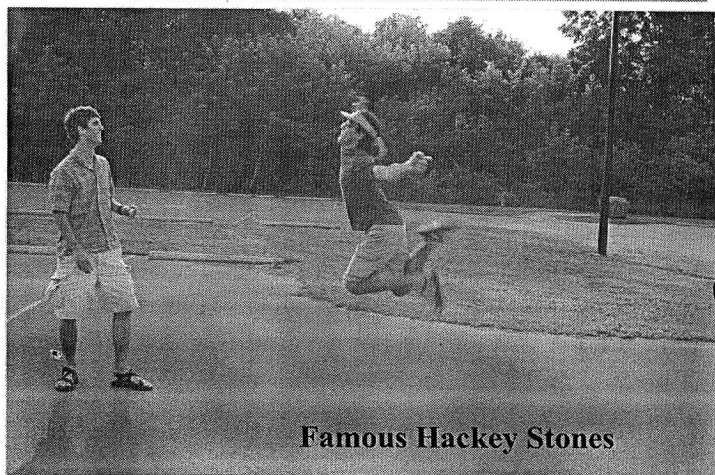
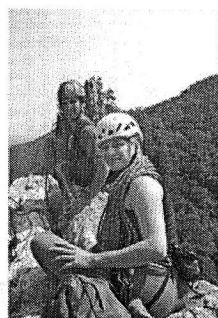
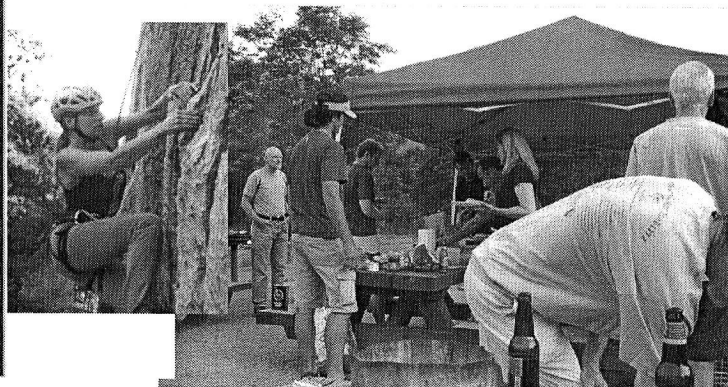
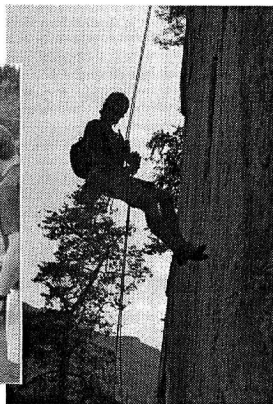
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BUZZARD (continued)

Smith, Jason, Nancy (Haden?), Stacy, Ross Hess, Dave Raboy, Phil Jakobsberg, and I'm certain I'm forgetting some folks- would someone please send in the whole list of folks that came? Great to see such motivated climbers. Now that summer is upon us, getting to Buzzard early would make it a bit more comfortable, at least after the hike in which will be hot no matter what. John W-J and I were able to do several climbs before the sun came over the ridgetop (and before the traffic picked up on the road below) and it was really pleasant.

Fourth of July Seneca Rocks– Franklin Extravaganza!

By Mortimer Bifkin "I CAN'T DRIVE 55", Sammy Hagar, belts out lyrics to troubled angst-filled youth in his 90's anthem, but you should drive 55, (Corridor-H), if you want to get to Seneca Rocks, West Virginia, in under 3 hours from Vienna; 55 is complete to the far side of Moorefield. For the faithful, the annual pilgrimage to a gods country, was well worth the scenic drive. PATZEEZ of all flavors and familiar faces who are afraid to join, found a near perfect weekend for trad and sport climbing, camping, swimming, mountain biking, and visiting with one another. The PMC had the usual group site on D-loop. This years' deluxe accommodations included the new 10 x10 foot shelter, that really set our group site off from the amateur climbing club campers. We had about 25 people, 13 cars and the host let us slide on the parking; he let us park, double park anyway we wanted to. We have made this annual trip so many times that the host remembered our group as being responsible and well heeled (whatever that means). Anyway. The first day, groups split off into trad groups and top ropers on the lower slabs. The dinner Saturday night featured burgers, dogs, beer, and Bob Siegel's secret chili which was EXCELLENTE (it was a real gas!!!) HEY BOB, even famous chefs share their recipe's. What? Are ya writing a one recipe chili book or something? Sunday, a group climbed at Franklin which is an excellent sport crag, that has some pretty hard shit to climb. A must visit crag-bring a rope gun or two.



Famous Hackey Stones

THE NEW RIVER GORGE

(continued from cover)

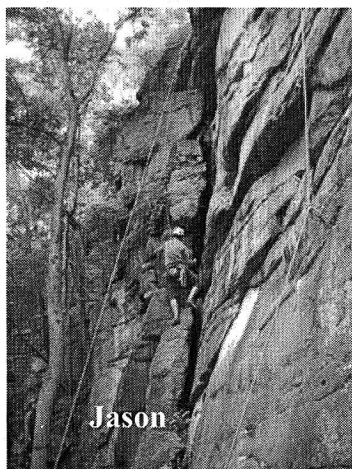
The PATC crew, which also included Vincent Penoso, Kim Mohres and Craig Yamaoka, visited two Bubba City crags during their stay: Tattoo Wall and the Beer Wall area.

Tattoo Wall features some of the New River Gorge's longer climbs, along with a bit of loose rock. The Beer Wall area is famous for offering sport climbs that start at 5.5. But the PATC contingent's consensus was that many of the Bubba City 5.6's sampled appeared to be sandbagged.

The whole grain and sweet potato pancakes for breakfast at the Cathedral Café were particularly impressive, as was dinner at the Sedona Grill. The group campsite at Chestnut Creek campground also proved to be cozy. "Great trip," said John O.

John Oster: On the New

Nine PATZEES descended on the New River Gorge for a weekend of Sport climbing. Reed, Mitch, Doug, Margit, Vince, Kim Mohres, Jason Salmanof, Craig, and John O. We crashed at Brian's 'Chestnut Ridge' campground, which was rather void of campers. Our mornings started at Cathedral Café, with most folks ordering the famous pancakes, where a 'short stack' will hold you until suppertime. The weather cooperated in that it didn't rain, but it was mighty toasty. Fortunately, our climbing was in shady spots and it wasn't that bad. Saturday we started out for Bubba City. It took a bit of adventuring, spreading out, regrouping, and much luck, but we found The Lost City of Bubba. The gang did a number of moderate leads, 5.6-5.8, and with plenty of ropes, we had numerous top ropes for all to play on. One of the 5.7 leads allowed us to set up a 5.10 top rope that was a great technique-trainer. Mitch's stick clip was used en-route (yes...while climbing!), but he suffered stick clip dysfunction, with the pole separating in half. He was pleased however that he at least made the clip! We ate supper at ??? Grill, replenishing for Sunday's adventures. Margit was planning to run BE-

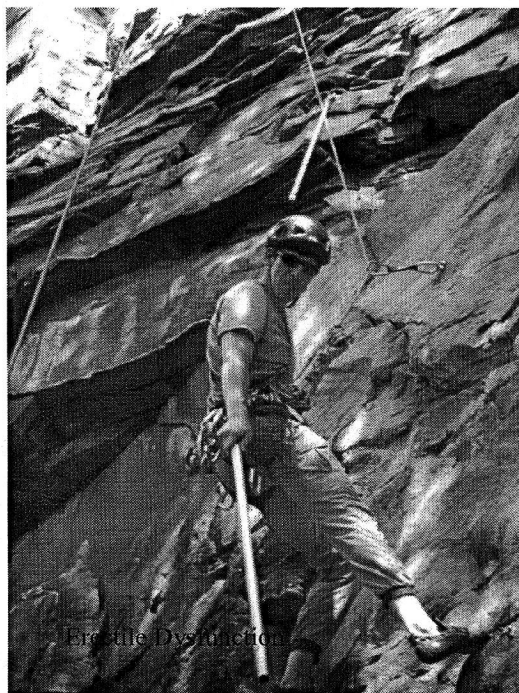


FORE breakfast Sunday, in prep for her triathlon. I thought about it over supper and decided, why not? I was supposed to do intervals today anyway!

We slept like rocks that night...Brian's is nice and peaceful for sure. I woke up around 4 that morning and was serenaded to the sounds of a wood thrush, which lulled me back to sleep. Before I knew it, Margit and I were pounding the pavement, which turned out to be a great workout. A quick return to the Café, and we were on our way to The Beer Wall. Finding this location was a snap. We checked out some more moderates and started heading up. Reed and Mitch did a nice 5.7, and then moved down the line to join the rest of us putting up 5.5-5.8 routes for top roping pleasure. One of the big highlights of the day was Margit doing her first sport lead. She styled it for sure and had no problems at all. We packed up to go and hit the cars around 2-3ish. We all took the 60 East variation on the way back. I think it's quicker in the day, but I can't imagine it saving time at night...read Twisty Tulane. Perhaps Pete Grant could shave an hour. I'm looking forward to a return trip when it cools off a bit. Perhaps a 3-day trip: Day 1 do a Linville Gorge classic, like the Daddy, then hit the New for 2 days of forearm busting sport climbing.

See more pictures at: <http://patc.biow.org/gallery/>

®



50 State Highpoints Completed

by Dave Green

The last installment of this continuing saga ended with my still needing 13 states to complete my goal of visiting the highpoint of each of the 50 states. These were all southern states, except for NV. For those who need to catch up, see the articles in the Fall 2004 and Fall 2005 editions of Uprope.

Hurricane Katrina provided the impetus for doing the southern states. I volunteered to help with the clean up of a Scout camp near Gulfport, MS last November, so I mapped out a route to get there via the highpoints of VA, KY, NC, SC, GA, MS, MO, AR, and LA and a return trip via the highpoints of FL and AL. My brother, Steve, joined me in the Ozarks for Taum Sauk (1772'). As you might imagine, none of these was a particularly challenging mountaineering feat, but the 4300 miles of driving did wear out the brakes on my 1980 van.

For TX and NV, I relied on a taxpayer-financed business trip to San Antonio. Airport security didn't ask why a government employee was carrying snowshoes, crampons, and an ice ax to TX in May. My wife, Sue, joined me on the rental car drive across west TX to Guadalupe Peak (8,749'). The highpoint was a 3000' climb on a good 4.2-mile trail that was

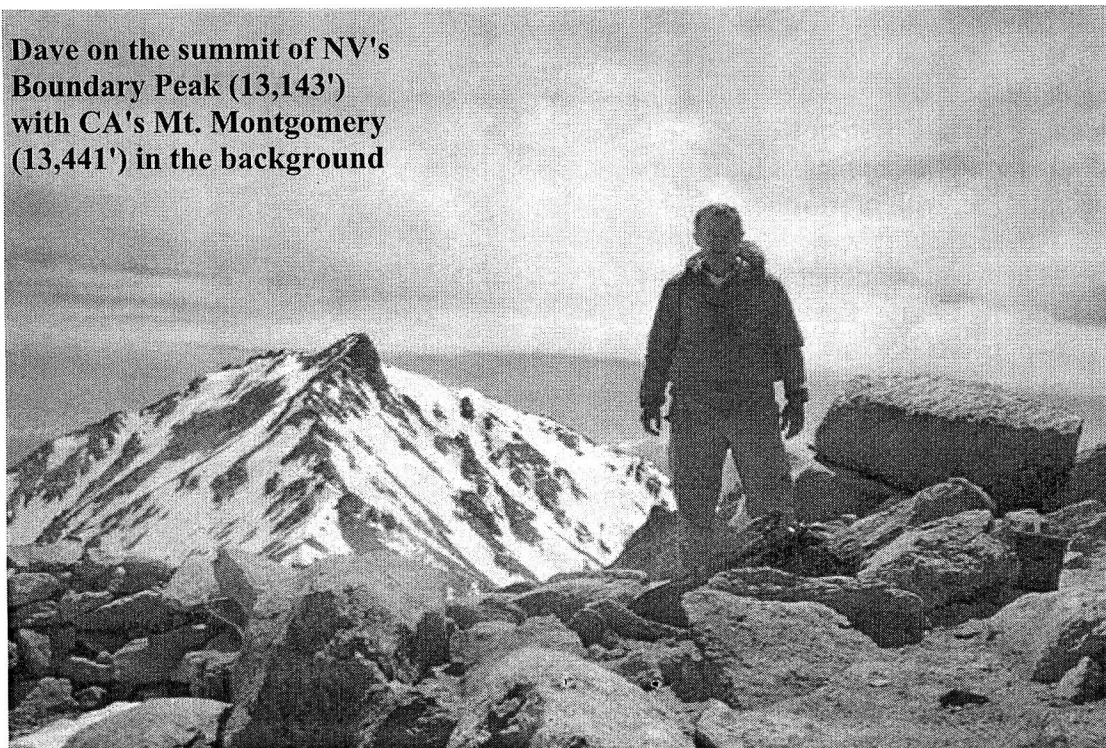
particularly nice because the cacti were in bloom. Sue and I then continued sightseeing across NM and AZ and ended up in Las Vegas, from where she flew home.

NV's Boundary Peak (13,143') is on the CA border midway between Las Vegas and Reno. The beta I received from the Forest Service was that the 14-mile dirt road into the Trail Canyon trailhead on the east side would be clear of snow and passable with a sedan, but that snowshoes, crampons, and an ice ax may be needed for the climb. As it turned out, there was a lot less snow than anticipated, but finding the trailhead was a challenge. There were only a couple of signs and a myriad of dirt roads. Fortunately, I had a good map and some sketchy directions.

There was an obvious trail leading west from the trailhead, but it soon disappeared into a network of game trails. I found it best to stay on the valley slopes to avoid the dense brush and mud in the valley and chose to climb southwest up the side of the North ridge. There is alternate route that continues up the valley to Trail Canyon Saddle and then climbs south on the North ridge.

My route was fairly steep talus and rock and I found it easier to wear my crampons and climb the snowfields. Snowshoes were not needed. The North

Dave on the summit of NV's Boundary Peak (13,143') with CA's Mt. Montgomery (13,441') in the background



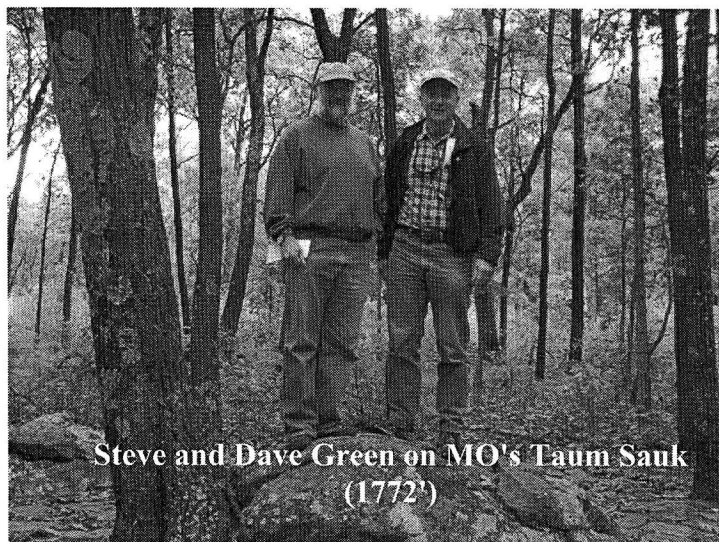
and Northeast ridgelines that lead to the summit are rather blocky with snow and I usually found it best to stay on the west side of these ridgelines as I climbed. It took me about 4 hours to do the 4000' climb and 3 miles from trailhead to summit.

My state highpoint quest started in the mid-60's on a family camping trip to High Point, NJ and ended here on Boundary Peak on May 31, 2006. I noted in the summit logbook – "A glorious day for the last of my 50 State highpoints on my 54th birthday." What a way to celebrate a birthday!

TX's Guadalupe Peak (8749')



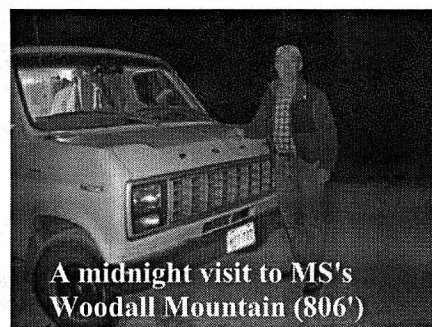
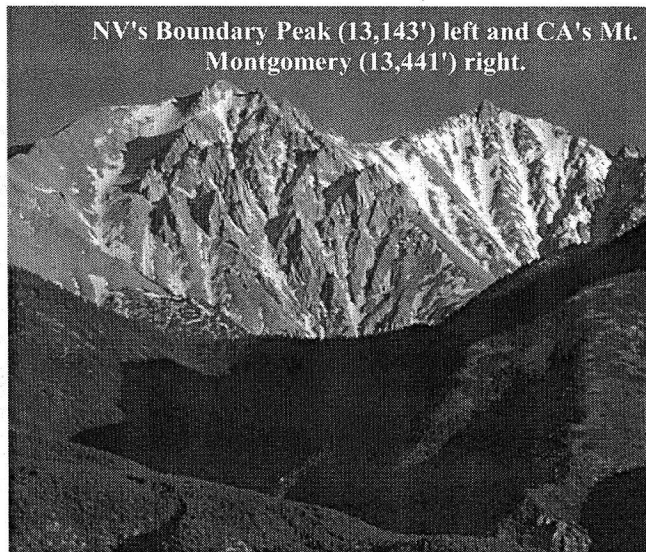
For the descent I choose to work my way down to a snow gully that I had eyed on the way up and sat down for a 2000' butt glissade off the North ridge. I was back to the car in 2 hours and on my way to Reno, from where I flew home the following day.



Steve and Dave Green on MO's Taum Sauk (1772')

At the June 14th Potomac Mountain Club meeting it was a total surprise when my family and some of the Tuesday Vigorous Hikers paraded in after the business meeting to present me with 2 plaques, a cake, and a watermelon. Apparently it was a Jack Longacre (founder of the Highpointer Club) tradition to carry a watermelon to each highpoint. He must have been a better man than I.

NV's Boundary Peak (13,143') left and CA's Mt. Montgomery (13,441') right.



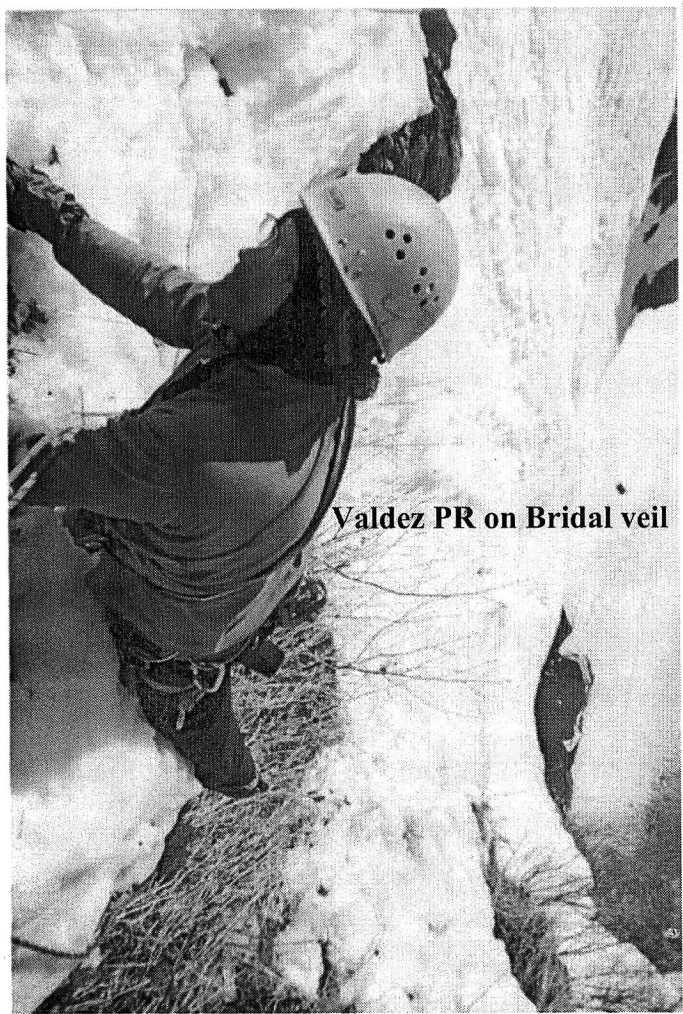
A midnight visit to MS's Woodall Mountain (806')

Return to Valdez, Alaska

Jeff Sands

My previous trip to Valdez had been a rough one. Within a few days our adventures included; both my partner and I being knocked unconscious, several broken ribs, a chipped tooth, some drama and a new route up a 1,300' mixed wall. But that was 10 years ago when I was younger and, uhm, less seasoned. Certainly a trip now would reflect my mellowing age and motivation.

In the intervening years our waists and wallets have expanded to the point where we are comfortable squeezing 5 of us into a cheap hotel room rather than sleeping in the snow. Evenings spent enjoying good food and dark beer were far more enjoyable than huddling over ramen noodles in the wind. We were all Fathers and husbands now, simply headed to Valdez for a good time and an escape from the responsibilities of our everyday lives.



Valdez PR on Bridal veil

Valdez, AK is known as the "Yosemite of Ice Climbing" with the world's highest concentration of vertical ice – and perhaps the easiest approaches in all of North America. If there were ever a siren's call to frozen adventure, Valdez is it. Picture a glacial fjord of postcard beauty with drippy, moss-covered walls in a rain-forest environment. Now flash freeze those drips, smears and moss clouds and you can see why Valdez offers a spectacular winter climbing destination.

On this trip we were targeting pure ice towers and purposely avoiding complexities, hazards and thrills of any kind. We had our sites set on the main Keystone formation which includes; Flying Cloud (WI5 500'), Bridalveil Falls (WI5 800'), Simple Twist of Fate (WI5- 600'), Glass Onion (WI5- 600'), Keystone Greensteps (WI5 800'), Marginal Desperation (WI6 450'), Love's Way (WI6 500') all within a couple hundred yards of wall space. Unfortunately, early April turned out to be a little late in the season for safe climbing. Certainly we avoided the sub-zero days of winter but were surprised to see just how quickly these climbs came apart when temps crossed that magic 32-degree threshold. Melting temps made the trip unnecessarily dangerous and I would not return so late in season ever again.

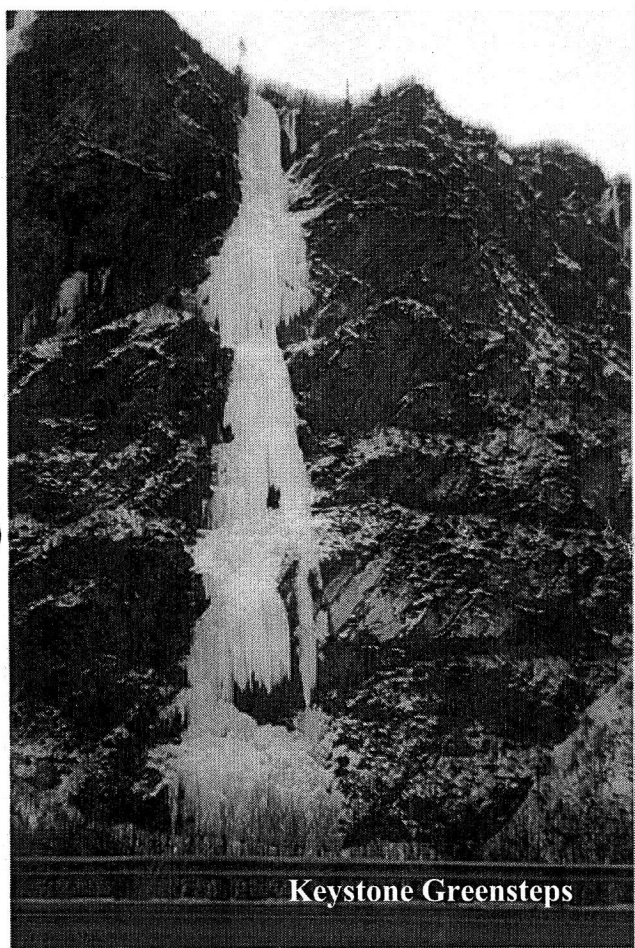
Our first day began with frigid temps and brittle ice while the afternoon was spent dodging ice mortars from above. Around mid-day Pat and I pondered climbing Simple Twist of Fate. The climb soars up a beautiful cleft and hangs like a contrail against the black rock. After a few minutes of nonchalant discussion we moseyed over to climb Keystone Greensteps instead. While sorting out our second belay, we witnessed several tons of ice release from above and scour all of Simple Twist, exploding out of the cleft as if it had been shot from a cannon. Certainly some sort of intuition or luck had just saved our lives. The canyon was now in full sun and ice bombs began falling from above with increasing frequency. The climbs were coming apart and it was time to ski instead.

Day 2 was spent in a remote canyon getting up some big route. Cookie (an ex-Virginian) was leading next to me with his new leashless tools when his crampon popped off. With nerves of steel, he looped his lead cord, yelled "take" and hung there while he reset his crampons.

THE NEWSLETTER OF THE APPALACHIAN TRAIL CLUB MOUNTAINEERING SECTION

We somehow arranged the 3rd belay attached to a huge detached flake (melted from behind) of ice that was maybe a foot thick. The flake gave a loud and quivering "thonnngg!" with every swing of the pick or front points. It was no place to be hanging off screws, so delicate swings became important.

Day 3 began with ice while the afternoon was

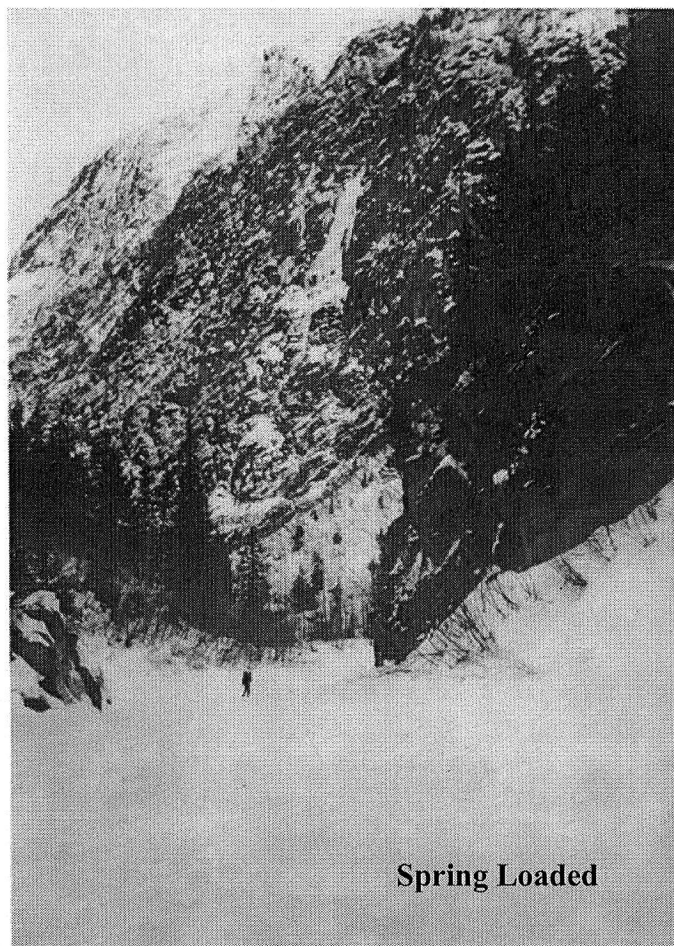


Keystone Greensteps

spent skiing powder. A few hours of skinning took us to a col that Heli guides were charging \$1,000/day to ski from. We pulled skins and dropped down into a shadowed bowl, fluffed with virgin powder. Ripping out of the bowl in long GS turns we all came to a sliding stop, unable to control our giggling and whoops. We had all fallen into a perfect zen groove and had become lost in the skiing. Giggling under control, we slid over some rollers before facing the final 2,000' of mountain. Three of us went for the couloir while Pat and Jason skied the face. Every line was a beauty.

A late start on day 4 found us racing up Bridalveil Falls trying to beat the afternoon melt-off. We gunned up the 3rd (Killer Pillar) pitch as the sun began sweeping our canyon. Pat took off on the 4th and final

pitch as I watched our belay soften and drip. As our rope ran tight we began to simul-climb towards the rim. I was maybe 50' out from our belay station when an icicle the size of a large SUV released from the rim above. It dropped plumb and obliterated our recently departed belay stance. Hmm, our margin of error seems to have slipped to 5 minutes. I boogied up through the artillery fire to the safety of an exit. Our hasty trip down the descent gully was spent avoiding bullets of ice from above as we ran, stumbled and fell



Spring Loaded

through the debris.

We acknowledged our mental and physical weariness on Day 5, choosing to eat a leisurely breakfast then depart back to Anchorage. We enjoyed a long, fun climb in Caribou Canyon on the way back to town which became the perfect finish to our trip.

A long flight home and I was back at work ready to take on the daily grind with fresh enthusiasm and an enhanced perspective.

After years of hurricanes and lousy climbing in New Orleans, Jeff has recently moved to the Shenandoah

A Historical Perspective

At one time ALL PATC/MS members were also members of PATC.

To become a member of the Mountaineering Section, you needed to first join PATC, and then to have the endorsement of two (2- count 'em) Mountaineering Section members in good standing. Your nomination was discussed at that month's meeting (after you had been politely, but firmly asked to briefly leave the meeting) and then your membership nomination was voted on by those members present. You could say it was a "up or down" vote.

PATC also at one time had a cabin (now gone) in Wolf Gap near the Big Schloss climbing area. This was the David Tempelton memorial cabin.

Dave was a very active climber in PATC/MS in the 60's who was killed on a club trip when his belay anchor failed and he was pulled from his belay ledge. He died holding his second, who also fell to the ground, but who's belay had been held long enough for him to survive.

PATC also was involved in helping with the purchase of land and funding /construction of a PATC/MS cabin at Seneca Rocks. This was to have been constructed just east of the river where the old swinging bridge used to be. The Forest Service took the land by eminent domain after construction on the foundation of the cabin caught their attention.

I noticed that there is not even a link to PATC (or the Ski Touring Section which started out of the Mountaineering Section) on the PMC web page.

There was almost always a PATC/MS representative at the PATC monthly meetings.

PATC printed and sold the first Seneca Rocks climbing guide as well as a special "Climber's Edition" of Map D for the Potomac Gorge that showed all the different rock climbing areas.

Neil Arsenault

Since "I Was There" I can add a bit to Al's Qs and Neil's perspective:

At the beginning there were different ideas about whether these climbers should be or not part of PATC. Largely to, I think Arnold Wexler's (of Arnold's Arduous Ascent) persuasion they decided PATC

was a good thing to be associated with and all had to join PATC. I vaguely recall a prospective member had to be able to do several Carderock climbs of a cer-

tain grade - there being only 3: A, B and C. Members had to go thru periodic dynamic belay practice with "Oscar" - a 150# dummy, a log, which could be hoisted high up a sycamore tree in the center of what used to be a large clearing at the foot of the Walk-down. Herb and Jan were 2 of the original members who first did Jan's Face and Herbie's Horror when THE SHOE was worn-smooth sneakers. (when I imported the first kletterschule (tight leather top with thin Vibram sole and no welt) I was almost ostracized for using cheater shoes). And they were the ones who started "Up Rope" and did the masthead art (I cleaned it up many years later) and it was Jan who composed most of the songs we'd sing with liquid help around a campfire at Armentrout's farm (now the northern end of the picnic area at Seneca Rocks). My wife, Kate, and I visited them several years ago. They remarked that the climbers now just do the Needles which are close to the road and never bother to hike a bit to the interesting climbs back in. They were late 1940s hippies.

Dave Templeton was pulled off his belay when a beginning climber decided to make a second try by climbing a face around the corner from the one he was being belayed for. He didn't think to tell Dave.

I don't recall that we got as far as constructing a foundation for a cabin at Seneca Rocks. I had pushed the idea and designed a cabin. The farmer agreed to sell us the land at something over the going rate ONLY in order to boost the value of his farm for negotiations with the USFS. WE WAS USED.

I don't think the Ski Touring Section grew out of the MS. We just regarded them as some odd folk who had their own thing and sort of copied our style of name. The deviants in the MS did exploration of underwater tubes in wild caves by holding their breath relying on others to drag them back by rope when half their breath was gone or hurling ourselves (me too) downhill on wood skis. You got points if upon falling you could roll back onto your skis and continue down.

It took an English embassy gardener, Robinson, to do the first Seneca Guide Book for which I did the illustrations. [To raise money for some good cause, copies of the drawings (I still have) might be sold. Climbers could Magic Maker the climbs they have done].

John Christian
Honorary Member

El Cinco de Mayo y el Nuevo

Guia de Seneca

Jeanette Helfrich

Trip Report: We thoroughly enjoyed the climbing at Seneca and the party last weekend. Rose Jenkins and I climbed Ecstasy, the Burn, Le Gourmet Direct, Crusher Critter, and Crispy Critter. Others PATC/MS members included Kurt Ferstl and Mitch Hyman who climbed Prune and Green Wall. We also saw Rick Marsh, Craig Zamuda, Bob Graver and Alex. Others?

The Cinco de Mayo party was celebrated on the front porch and lawn of the Gendarme with two kegs of beer and lots of food. Diane and Arthur Kearns, the new owners of the Gendarme, hosted the party, with Montrail shoes, etc., a raucus raffle and pinata. Kurt Smith (from El Portrero Chico fame) and Elena Arenz Smith were there from the New River Gorge to cook their 'real' salsas and serve up tortillas with all the trimmings. We saw Eddie Begoon, Tom Cecil, John Markwell, Frank S, and many old friends. Roughly 200 people there??

The Guidebook! (by Tony Barnes, \$27.56 inc. tax at the Gendarme). Here's a few preliminary thoughts without a full comparison. Finding the climbs should be easier with many photos with routes clearly marked. There are some topos that I believe are new, i.e., Thai's, and North Peak -East Face. At the beginning of each area, there is a good overall description of the area and of the rappels. There is a separate photo for just the rappels. Tony also added protection ratings of "G" and "PG." His previous guide only included an "R" or and "X" when required.

The descriptions of the routes at first glance appear to be nearly the same as in his 1996 book. A few "R"s have been added and deleted. A few grades have been changed but not many. Some bolted routes have been added. However, the guides purposefully did not include all the new bolted routes, as I learned from asking the guides specifically about certain routes. Here are some examples the grades on the climbs. First, as Doug requested: West Pole, 5.7 G; Soler, 5.7 PG; Dirty Old Man, 5.6 PG; Ecstasy, 5.7 G; Conn's East Direct Start, 5.8 PG/R; Block Party, 5.8 PG.

Candy Corner has gone from 5.5 to 5.6. Ye Gods is still 5.8. Triple S went from 5.8 to 5.8+; Alcoa Presents went from 5.8 to 5.8+.

The "R" rating was removed from Dufty's Popoff, 5.7 PG, and from Back to the Front, 5.9 PG (guides said it was changed because modern gear make these more protectable; I personally agree with both of those).

Bolted routes are still a source of confusion done partly on purpose to hold them back for locals. The bolted route about 10 feet right of Prune is not in the book. (I did it last year, about 5.7; it needs some gear below the first bolt, and makes an acceptable alternative first pitch to Prune).

The bolted route by Captain Trivia.5.7 R, has a new name, Rear Entry, 5.8+ PG. The route, H&H, is still rated 5.7 R so the 6 bolts on the first pitch remain a mystery to me. Simon led it, needed 3-4 pieces of pro; was 165', not 130'.

Don't forget the Errata on p. 220. There are 3 new routes on the South Peak--East Face near Kauffman Cardon and Worrell's Thicket as follows: T&T, 5.9 2 pitches with some bolts by Tom Cecil and Todd Offenback 1990s R&R, 5.6 1 pitch with few bolts by Tom Cecil and Nick Sisk 1990s M&M, 5.10 1 pitch with 2 bolts & small wireds, Tom Cecil, Nick Sisk 1990s.

The Errata on pp. 219-20 also add two variations to the Burn: Discount Lion Safari 5.9+ requiring "intricate gear placements" Z-Hole, 5.7+ variation on 2d pitch, "shaky pro and bad rock" Harrison Shull

Anyone else notice other changes of interest?



OLD Rag March 2006

by Ross Hess

He's a trip to Old Rag. In which Andy Yeagle, Jason Salmanoff, Reed Bumgarner, and I participated.

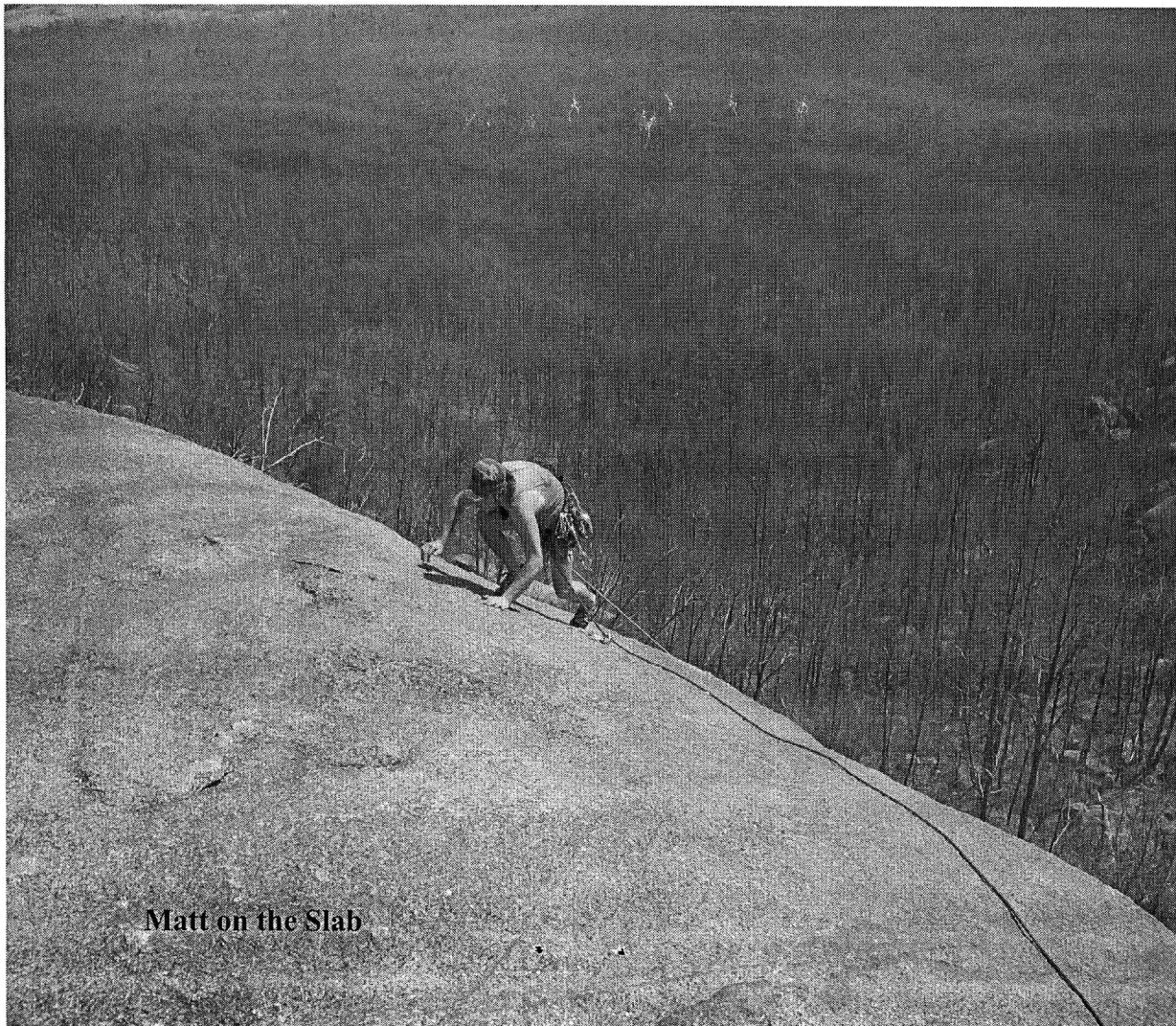
I thought that I was the recipient of an April Fool's Day joke, for I was the only one in the parking lot at 8am. I waited a bit, and Reed arrived. We ended up leaving at 8:30. We then met Jason and Andy at the trailhead.

Fortunately, the weather cooperated. There were a few drizzles as we left the trailhead, but that was it for the day. It was even sunny at times. With good weather and dry rock, we ended up exploring three different areas during a long day of mostly hiking, and a bit of climbing.

Heading up from Berry Hollow, we first ex-

plored Sunset Walls. As described in Horst's book, there is a path to this area just off of the main trail. As he mentions, once you reach the first set of stairs (again, heading uphill), take a left into the woods as the stairs turn right. There is a rough path with cairns leading the way. Don't look for a footpath; follow the cairns. This will entail rock-hopping and some bush-whacking. Beyond this, I won't repeat his detailed directions.

We scouted Lower Sunset, Middle Sunset, and peeked at Upper Sunset. I would characterize this area as primarily trad and sport. There were several beautiful cracks, and a number of bolted faces. We had hoped to drop some top ropes there, but the geography wasn't conducive. The rock looked great, but most of the routes looked rather challenging. I'd recommend it to people who are comfortable leading



Matt on the Slab

very challenging routes, or who just want to explore a remote location.

With limited opportunities for top-roping or leading moderate routes, we decided to head up to the Summit Wall. This wall is quite large (for the area), and has a number of nice lines with variations. Most of them listed in Horst's book are moderate, but one could string some toughies together. They are lead-able or top-rope-able. Unfortunately, the wind was very powerful near the summit. We had expected this, but gave it a try. I was nearly knocked over a few times when trying to set an anchor, so we chose safety, and another area.

To get out of the wind, we headed to the other side of the mountain. Again, Horst's directions are accurate. I will make one clarification, though. He notes that you've gone too far once you see a tree with three trunks. There are actually two trees close to each other with three trunks. Heading downhill, past the summit, pass one older tree with three trunks. You will then pass the trail with the cairn, and then find a healthier, larger tree with three trunks. In short, the trail is between two different trees with three trunks.

The trail down was easy to follow, but I expect that it will become much more challenging with summer growth. We were able to see the Oh My God Dihedral from the trail, and it is quite a sight. We ended up going right, though, to Reflector Oven. This wall is very large, and has a number of long routes. It receives morning light, warming the rock, and is also out of the wind. As such, it is a good colder-weather destination. As was the case earlier, though, we found that many of the lines were challenging, and could not be top-roped. We did notice a number of rap anchors at the end of first pitches. It was a beautiful area, though.

After a great deal of hiking and scrambling, we decided to get some climbing in before leaving. We went back to the Summit Wall, and climbed in an area protected from the wind. Reed led Beginner Crack (5.4), and Andy, Jason, and I followed. It's a short route, but a very nice crack. I would recommend it for practicing crack technique. If it hadn't been the end of a long day for us, I would have liked to stay there longer to practice technique. It was short, but sweet.

All in all, we had a great day. We didn't get much technical climbing in, but we did explore a few areas we hadn't been before. As the weather warms up, I plan to set a few more trips to the Summit Wall and to Skyline/PATC Wall, which have several moderate routes. I'll probably head back to the other areas for exploration, but most of the routes were out of my range. If you're up for some wilderness climbing, Old Rag holds several seasons' worth for you. Climb on!

I'll add to your TR about our trip to Old Rag on Sunday.....**John Oster**

Three of us headed up the Ridge Trail on Sunday towards the Lower Ridge Trail Slabs. Horst's directions are accurate for the trail leading to the slabs. This area would be a nightmare to bushwack to once things are in bloom. After many scrapes and cussing, we finally reached the base of two climbs, a 5.6 (trad) and 5.9 (sport). I lead the 5.6 and brought Joel and Matt up. This area gets much sun and Matt had some red shoulders soon enough. The belay is very cozy and from there I led a friction sport route that goes up a short headwall, then eases back up to meet with the Ridge Trail. I think it's advertised as 5.8, but felt much stiffer. Highly recommend this link up. In retrospect, to avoid the bushwack, you can walk to the first belay and drop down to the base of the slabs. We'll do this next time. We considered doing the 5.9 sport route, but none of us felt up to that grade on our first day of rock.

We packed up and headed to the summit to check out PATC wall, which was empty. At the Rusty Bong area, I led a short 5.6ish pitch to set up a TR for Rusty Bong. We packed up and headed off the mountain. It was a fun day, lots of sunshine, and some nice climbing. Oddly enough, there were few hikers out that day.



FEAR NO BEER

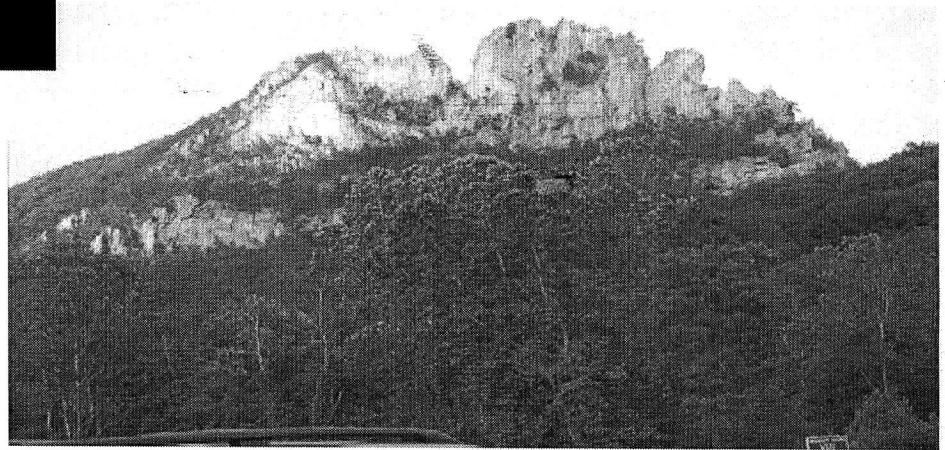
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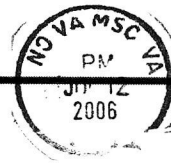


Volume 61 Issue TWO

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