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BUGABOO CREEK CAMP, JULY 1946 By Gustave A. Gambs

The Bugaboos are marked on official maps as a vast snowfield within the Purcell Range of the southern Selkirks. This area fails to indicate the many fantastic spires and needles within it. These become more pronounced as the snow blankets get thinner and the glaciers recede. The gateway to this fairyland is Golden, British Columbia. A gravel road 35 miles long leads south to Spillimacheen with its trading center and summer resort within an extended farming settlement along the upper Columbia River. From here ever winding tracks, fit for trucks only, lead through dense swamp growth for 25 miles to the fork of the North and South Bugaboo Creeks, 5,000 feet elevation, which was chosen for the 1946 camp site of the Alpine Club of Canada. It takes four hours of tough, painful riding to cover the distance.

Camp was held from July 14 to 28, 1946, 60 miles south of Golden, in very attractive surroundings. The site had been chosen several decades ago as a mining, hunting, and trapping center. The remnants of former blockhouses, stables, and tool sheds testify to that. Some of them are still in use. The north branch of the Bugaboo emanates from the glaciers that encircle Mts. Pigeon, Snow Patch, Bugaboo, and other spires, while the south branch is fed by the névé fields and hanging glaciers adorning the Quintet Group, the barrier to be crossed when exploring the Howser Group.

The Club set up in each branch an auxiliary fly camp about 3 miles from the base at about 5,500 feet elevation. The north branch camp was located at the foot of the steep huge boulder moraines, terminating at timberline, about 7,000 feet elevation, ideal for bivouacs, and named Moraine Camp. The Wright-Hamilton moving pictures, New York, operated from here for five days to take pictures of our members engaged in rock climbing, and snow-and-ice craft. Moraine Camp is the starting point for the climbs of the various spires over which Snowpatch Peak keeps watch. The south branch auxiliary camp was erected close to the blockhouse, mining headquarters of an old Golden family which holds substantial claims in the zinc and allied ore mineral fields close to the snow fields of the Quintets, the advance guards of another group of spires dominated by Howser Peak. A good trail leads to the Quintet barrier. The whole length of the Bugaboo Creek from the headwaters of its tributaries to its junction with the Columbia River shows many remnants of cabins, stables, shelters for machinery, tools, etc., all reminiscent of past mining activities. Later on, hunters, poachers, and trappers availed themselves of these facilities in quest of moose, beaver, wolverene, bear, goat, mink, etc. This past culture made it possible for the Alpine Club of Canada to penetrate the wilderness to make the Bugaboo Mountains accessible. It was accomplished at no small cost to the Club, since the whole area is private property and no public subsidy could be obtained. However, the reward was the fulfillment of an old

cherished dream, and the attendance past all records. Two hundred members responded, willing to help and eager to climb, explore, and wonder.

My own exploits were confined to horse trips from Base to the two fly camps and from these alone at a snail's pace with my trusty ice axe to the alpine meadows, up to elevations of 6,500 feet, among the glaciers, ice falls, and névé fields. To my regret it remained for me to find out that my old pals had dropped out of the race and that I had to play the role of the lonely wolf. Finally the mosquitos got the best of me. From the start they had been increasing in number, size, and viciousness. Their deep stings, paired with sunburns due to radiation from boulders and snow patches caused enough irritation to drive me out of camp three days before its close. As our truck reached Spillimacheon on the 26th at noon, we heard the first rumors about the Selkirk accident. I was bound for Banff with the intention of staying until the 29th at the Club House on the slopes of Sulphur Mountain. The House was overcrowded, but an old friend living down town had the kindness to accommodate me until my departure.

Above all, I was eager to get the feel of hot sulphur water, and the springs of Sulphur Mountain are famous. Two large pools are available for the general public. The first two days I used them freely. My last day dawned bright, promising exceptional visibility. I could not resist visiting Rundel Mountain 1,000 feet above Banff, which is provided recently with a 45-foot light metal modern Observation Tower serviced by a keeper lodged there at public expense. A bridle trail of easy grade leads to the top. Every step of the climb thrilled me. I lingered on the broad summit and on top of the slender tower as long as time would permit, and yet allow me to make the home-bound train.

Sadness seized me during the descent and I could not restrain my tears at the thought that this trip might be my last in these glorious hills that have grown so close to my heart.

*** U P S A N D D O W N S ***

Don Hubbard	Eleanor Tatge	Russell Volekman	Betty Kauffman
Ted Shad	Marion Murray	Billy Alley	Andy Kauffman
John Meenehan	Dolores Alley	Sterling Hendricks	Mary Owen
Bob Stephens	Betty Alley	Mr. Hofstad	

Sunday, September 15, 1946. We made our way to Carderock where we were going to do some super-climbing. It was a perfect day for climbing; the rocks were dry and everyone felt in the pink--that is, until we each took turns falling off Arthur's Traverse as a piton lead. All that could be done was to clean and polish the face as we fell off. Eleanor gave the children (Marion, Russell, Betty, and Billy) climbing, belaying, and rappelling lessons, while John, Ted, and Dolores tried the Spider Walk without success.

As we couldn't blame our failures on the weather, we decided our shoes were either two sizes too large or not the right kind of rubber. Don suggested something easy, so we tackled the Chimney-Without-a-Chimney-at-the-Bottom, which is just around the corner from the Jackknife. John led, followed by Don, Ted, Eleanor, Steve, and Dolores. This boosted our morale, so we headed for Jan's Chimney. Meenehan ascended first, then Dolores and Eleanor. Don and Dolores made a straddle climb of Jan's Chimney--Whew!!

We dragged ourselves back to our packs, where we found Sterling, the "Bare Foot Climber," Betty and Andy Kauffman, with their friends, Mary Owen and Mr. Hofstad. We turned the rocks over to them and headed for home.

D.A.

Chris Scoredos
Helen Scoredos
Paul Bradt
Arnold Wexler

Dolores Alley
Helen Baker
Fitz Clark
Jean Clark

Eleanor Tatge
Hope Dawson
Steve Dawson
H. F. Stimson

Sunday, September 22, 1946. The Bull Run climbing day began with a strenuous wood-cutting operation as trail was cleared with tools brought by Steve and Stimmy. At lunch time the Clark camp came into view at the brow of the old familiar cliffs, and Jean and Fitz, who had spent the night on the mountain, greeted the new arrivals. After Stimmy and Arnold had climbed the Overhang, and while Helen S. tried Charlie's Crack, operations were shifted to the Gambs Peak area. Fitz, Helen B., Dolores, Arnold, and Paul set up an aerial traverse and sported back and forth across it. Helen led up a cliff followed by Fitz and Dolores, from the base of the south end of the traverse to the top. Chris brought forth great applause by climbing on to the south face from the east side of Peak Gambs, around a sloping corner. The slippery moss and Chris' panting put the audience in a mood for hilarious laughter when his glasses came off in mid-air and he continued to climb with them in his mouth.

DOWN WITH VEGETATION!

Vegetation grows so profusely in the Washington area that even Don Hubbard has suggested that rock climbers help keep the trails to the rocks open. It's a good suggestion. A little work with a pair of hand clippers now and then will do wonders at keeping the trail and rocks from becoming overgrown. Two weeks ago Stimmy and Hope cleared the Bull Run trail from Peak Gambs to a point south of Zeus' Throne. This week we finished clearing it all the way to the south end.

While we are on the subject of trails, it might be mentioned that the Park Service version of the Old Rag Saddle Trail has been finished for some time, and, thank goodness, is impassible to horses.

YOU CAN'T KEEP A GOOD MAN DOWN

The Bugaboo article above was written by Gus from his bed in Arlington Hospital. We are glad to report that both he and his wife are now at home and are recovering nicely from their mix-up with the other car.

WANDERINGS

Our bosses, Chris and Helen Scoredos, are back after two and one-half months of Western travel. They were just about everywhere, and say that they will have a few pictures to show us when their turn comes up.

Helen Baker has just come back from Colorado where she played on the Flat Irons and around Long's Peak with Jan Conn,

Who has now joined her husband

T/4 Herb Conn 37882516
Sandia Base, P.O. Box 5500
Albuquerque, New Mexico

recently moved

at his new post. Whence

Don & Eleanor Jacobs, now at
1571, 3-B Halldale Avenue
Gardena, California

near

Chief Pharmacist Arthur C. Lembeck 319058
Comdr. 5th Fleet Staff
FFO San Diego, California
(USS Appalachian AGC-1)

and his wife,

Win. The Lembecks and Jacobs have recently been climbing together.