



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

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Shadows of Things to Come

March 31-April 1. Schoolhouse Cave. Leaders: Arnold Wexler and Ray Moore.
Phone Arnold, Emerson 8658 for details.

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CLIMBER'S DELIGHT --- THE BADSHOTS By Pim Karcher

In a "jet-powered" Nash* that literally flies, we made record time in our cross-country dash this year. Take off from the Pentagon was 3:30 P.M. on a Friday. A three-point landing was made at Moraine Lake on Monday, in time for dinner. Betty and Andy Kauffman and David Michael were on hand to greet us. Next morning we had to have a break-in walk, so we climbed Eiffel Peak. On the next day, for our break-in climb, we climbed Babel, right out of Moraine Lake; and, incidentally, it is quite a peak! The use of crampons, interesting rock pitches, and climbing in and out of ice seracs below the overhanging lip of Fay Glacier all combined to make it a weary but fascinating process.

Then, Betty, Andy and David were off to the Selkirks and we packed up to the Stanley Mitchell Hut in Little Yoho Valley. From here, we made four climbs and found a 1901 Whympers first ascent record on North Kerr.

A drive around the Big Bend introduced us to the mosquitoes the Kauffman party was experiencing. We didn't like them either! At Arrowhead, B.C., we hired a boat and barge to transport the car and its occupants to Beaton. From there we drove to Ferguson via Trout Lake, accumulating information on the way. The Seldon Daney family received us in the same charming and hospitable fashion we had experienced previously in Western Canada. Information was obtained here which proved more than a help. We drove the car on to Eightmile on what, in 1892, was a road which had been built with pick and shovel. Eightmile merely means that the road gets just wide enough to turn around and park. From here we walked.... or, rather, Ken walked. I stumbled. Everyone has heard lots about devils club and slide alder. So I will not mention it further except to say that we had it, too.

There are loads of legends about this area--many mining stories and lots of bear stories. Last year a mining company put a trail into the Wagner mine in an attempt to reopen it. \$20,000. was spent on the trail which follows Healy Creek to the very pass we had intended to establish our high camp in. How opportune!

Templeman, the giant which brought us into the area, is the highest peak in the Badshots. We did not make it. The peak requires serious rock climbing on rock that is rotten limestone; worse than the rock in the Rockies, we thought. There were many steep pitches, almost vertical, and the climbing was quite involved and difficult. A series of sheer chimney-like gendarmes at about 400 feet from the summit forced a consultation. We were already eight hours from camp, and it was late in the afternoon. We looked at our watch, the climbing ahead, and decided to call it quits. Also, there were just the two of us. Where, oh where was Jane? South of the Border!

Another peak of equally rotten rock was attempted, with success this time. If I say that we called it the Razors Edge, I am sure a further description of the climb is unnecessary. It was rope work all the way.

Mt. Wagner was the least difficult of all the climbs we made. It is located off the main line of the limestone dyke of the Badshot peaks and not quite as rotten. The views from top were truly awe-inspiring. And the weather we were having was unbelievable. For Mt. Abbott, we moved our camp and climbed it in a snow storm. An appropriate amount of shivers, both from the weather and the climb, came forth. How do these peaks get so sheer? We glissaded back to camp from almost half way down the mountain, packed up our dwindling food supplies and miscellaneous equipment, and were on our way out, using the trail rather than re-tracing our route in. We reached the town of Gerrard after crossing two rivers. Most of the local climbers know how Ken hates water. Well, do not fret, we had bridges, but I can assure you that, until we crossed on them, Ken certainly did.

At Gerrard we met an old-timer of the region who agreed to motor launch us to Trout Lake. This is the only way to get there from Gerrard, unless you walk or row. Our tastes prohibited either. Our yellow car was waiting and the ride out on the curving, narrow road, which just hangs on the side of the slope, was not bad at all. Ken commented that it was because it was dark and we couldn't see the drop.

We reached the Daneys and were fed, bathed, etc. We also learned more about the legends of the area and heard many other stories. We bid them goodbye and drove back to Revelstoke, then caught a train to Glacier for the break-out climb with the Kauffmans and David. From there----back to the ride around the Big Bend, and a not so record-breaking trip back to the Pentagon.

Why, do you ask, we call it a climber's delight? That is, other than for the magnificent views, delightful campsites at timberline, and the startling and interesting peaks? No mosquitoes!!

Ed. Note. We would like you to note that the Washington rock-climbers are not behind the times. All of our cars are jet-propelled. See Up Rope, Vol. 7, No. 11 in which Peg Keister, describing the start of the Wind River Trip, says "two low-flying, jet-propelled cars.....". Our scientists are hard at work on next year's model - atomic-powered, no less.

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WHAT NEXT? The following is quoted from one of the recent monthly Sierra Club Bulletins:

"And the Matterhorn too? A cable railway to the summit of the Matterhorn is contemplated by a number of Italian business men, to the horror and dismay of all alpinists. The International Union of Alpine Associations has taken action to try to save the mountain from this fate, and also to prevent the carrying out of a similar Zermatt plan for a cable railway up the Hornli. To make room on the summit for any number of passengers brought up that way, a concrete terrace and restaurant would have to be constructed, or accommodations hewn out of the rock itself. Such a prospect, with visions of 'cable-borne excursionists, eating a table d'hote luncheon on the summit of the Matterhorn and buying souvenirs and postcards in the bar' is enough to make all climbers weep bitterly, and to make Whympy leap from his grave."

UPS AND DOWNS

March 11, 1951. Bull Run Mountain, Virginia

Ted Schad	Frank Sauber	Paul Bradt	Dick Goldman
Hans Scheltema	Peg Keister	Arnold Wexler	Felix Peckham
Art Lembeck	Jean Burnstad	Adrian Nelson	Stan Thomas
Joel Gross	Jim Bullard	Norman Goldstein	Dorothy Thomas
Ray Moore	Tony Bullard	Bill Thomas	

Paul, Norman, Hans and Jean left Washington early on Sunday morning and, immediately upon arrival at the top of the mountain, went on a long traverse to warm up the rocks (and, incidentally, themselves) for those who were to follow later. The others arrived, not too long after, after a stop on the way up for Arnold and a group to climb "The Thing"**, fifteen feet to the left of the Swan Dive. Ray Moore was the only one who reached the top. Ray also climbed "Two Inches More".

Upon arrival at the top, Ted teamed up with Jim and Tony for the usual tour of Zeus Throne. Art led another rope of Frank, Peg and Jean, following in Ted's footholds. When lunch time rolled around, some of the group had to depart for home. After a leisurely repast, Arnold and Nelson climbed the "Bull Run Overhang". Arnold was evidently having a "day" because he also went up the "Unused Crack". Next, he tackled "Sterling's Little Quartz Slab", from the bottom, and made it all the way to the top. Paul, Norman and Ray climbed the upper half of this climb. There were no volunteers for Peak Gambs or Charlie's Crack on the flimsy excuse that it was toooooo cold.

The exhausted climbers who had remained for the full day returned to Washington via the Moore Home in Alexandria. There they were revived with one of Susie's delicious suppers. After a bit of gabfest, and after Jean and Susie, the only females present had cleaned up the dishes, they scattered on their various ways.

J.B.

** "The Thing" overhangs for about 10 feet. This part is climbed by using flakes in a vertical crack until the jamb hold at the top is reached. Using this, a brownish knob above the overhang can be used to pull oneself to the sloping face above. A stance can be gained on this slope by means of finger holds in the continuation of the vertical crack and the edge of a flake on the wall to the climber's right. A loose thin rock jammed in the widening top of the vertical crack and a high small shelf far to the left can be used by the left hand and foot respectively to gain the top.

Those who tried this climb on this trip wonder if any other climber remembers having climbed it previously. If so, how about dropping Ye Editor a line, care of Up Rope, telling who did it, and when?

P.B.

March 18, 1951. Sugarloaf Mountain, Maryland

Peg Keister	Dolores Alley	Jo Bradt	Johnny Reed	Walter Magnuson
Stan Thomas	Oliver Westfall	Alan Bradt	Fitz Clark	Geo. Wiseman
Peggy Clark	Paul Bradt	Peter Bradt	Judy Clark	Jos. Collins
Adrian Nelson	Art Lembeck	Jim Bullard	4 Little Clarks	Carl Bock
Joe Schmid	Jim Holland	Tony Bullard	MCM	Alan Burke
Bob Moulton	Frank Montgomery	Alfred Webb	Kay Heinmuller	Paul Hurlock
Hans Scheltema	Bill Komper	Win Lembeck	Marianne Mark	Francis Old
Jean Burnstad	Charlie Gallant	Steve Lembeck	Bruce Thompson	Chippy Old
Welxew, dlonra	Bob Himshaw	Alfred Webb	Barbara Thompson	

Fourteen members and guests of the Mountain Club of Maryland (counting Bill and Win) joined us at the Stronghold parking area for the stroll up to the summit rocks. Knots, belaying, signals and a series of lead climbs with Arnold, Johnny,

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Thanks are due Ellen and Lowell Bennett for another 500 printed headings and to Tom Culverwell for designing it.

UPS AND DOWNS (continued)

Charlie, Stan, and Art as leaders, were absorbed before lunch. By then most of the tyros were learned enough to rapell down to their lunches.

About this same time, luncheon, Paul and Dolores, who had been putting the earlier arriving Washington group through their paces on the lesser outcrops, brought their section to the main party. Jim Bullard provided a vortical floor-show for the diners while adding an A-climb to his list -- he managed the exhausting balance problem, the Butterfinger.

Most of the usual routes were being forced by one or several parties before a slow drizzle began and signalled the end of a happy day for most.

In the meantime, during all these activities, Win, with Steve on a packboard, Jo, with Alan and Peter, and Bill Kemper, unencumbered, had been added to the crowd. Later still, we understand, Fitz and Judy Clark arrived with their family.

Bill, Arnold, Peg, Stan, Jean and Charlie continued climbing until the rain made the rocks quite allergic to rubber covered feet.

March 17 18, 1951. Seneca Rock and environs.

Ray Moore

Lorraine Snyder

Tony Soler

The trio above made the western trip this week-end. They climbed some 300' on the SE corner of Seneca through inches of snow. After postponing further examination of that route for a future summer day, they drove around the area, investigating sinkholes for possible new caves. What that exploration will lead to we'll no doubt discover come next summer.

R.M.

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Ray Garner gave his usual interesting lecture and spell-binding movie on March 16 for the Nat'l Geographic in Constitution Hall. The title "Land of the Standing Rocks" embraced most of the Southwest. Monument Valley and its wonderful, intricate formations, the upper out-of-the-way reaches of the Colorado River, Havesu Canyon, several previously undiscovered or rarely visited Indian cliff dwellings, and other off-the-tourist track spots were shown in all of their natural colors. The generous sprinkling of local climbers in the audience were, of course, pleased to see the familiar face of Horbie Conn shine forth from the screen in the only rock-climbing sequence, the first ascent of Agathlan. (For those who would like to read about this rock-climb, see the August 1950 issue of Arizona Highways.)

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Elizabeth and Bert Vos were gracious hosts to the climbers on Saturday, March 17. The group gathered there viewed Ray Garner's magnificent color movie of his climb of the Exum Route on the Grand Teton. A secondary feature was a Forest Service sound film on avalanche hazards, shown by the embarrassed chairman, who had borrowed a projector with an amplifier which refused to function.