



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

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### SHADOWS OF THINGS TO COME

October 7. MCM Day. The Mountain Club of Maryland, under the leadership of Francis Old, plans to join us for some climbing at Great Falls, Maryland. Save the date, so we can have a good turnout.

October 13 & 14. Deluxe weekend at Sterling King's cabin near Baker, W. Va. Climbing at such favorite spots as Baker Rock, Seneca, or Devil's Gardens. Square dancing Saturday night if enough people are interested. Transportation information and driving instructions can be obtained from Sterling or Paul (GE 3917). Central commissary for those who register with Peg Keister not later than Oct. 11 (OL 2078 or OL 1400 (gov. code 179) ext. 2011).

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### ROCKY MOUNTAIN TRAVERSE

by Arnold Wexler

When I first proposed a skyline trip along the Continent Divide of the Canadian Rockies, I envisioned an easy trek among high peaks, across extensive glaciers and icefields, and through beautiful country. After Sterling got through with my original proposal, everything remained but the easy part. We wound up with a plan for entering the Canadian Rockies at Glacier Lake and traveling northward for about 100 miles along the crest of the Divide to the Clemenceau area, through what is perhaps the most rugged and most primitive region of the Rockies between Banff and Jasper. To make such a trip possible, we joined forces with Andy Kauffman, who had designs on the peaks in the Clemenceau region, to charter a plane for dropping supplies and transporting personnel into the high country. On Friday evening, the 29th of June, Sterling Hendricks, Don Hubbard, Alvin Peterson and I left Silver Spring on the B & O Columbian and arrived in Golden, British Columbia, on Monday, July 2, where we were met by Ed Cammack and John Smith, two Harvard men, who completed the personnel of our party.

We purchased our basic commodities from the Golden Grocer-Extraordinary, a Chinaman named Casey. In the evening of July 3, our party and the Kauffman party traveled by truck and car to Kinbasket Lake to await the arrival of our chartered plane.

Kinbasket Lake is a very beautiful spot, but not quite the place for mountaineers bent on an alpine holiday. Five days of enforced idleness, even in the Garden of Eden, would be a bit trying to people who have visions of snow, ice, rock and altitude. Even the absence of mosquitoes could not completely compensate for the rain that kept us earthbound on the shores of Kinbasket Lake. However, the rain must someday end even in the valley of the Columbia. On Monday, July 9, we finally became air-borne with men and supplies. The Kauffman party (minus

Andy and Betty, who, unfortunately, had to give up their part in the expedition) were deposited on Fortress Lake just north of the Clemenceau region, while our group was landed on Glacier Lake, just east of the Lyell Massif. Supplies were dropped on the Clemenceau Icefield as well as on the southwest slopes of Mt. Alexandra. We expected to travel northward to our first drop on Alexandra and then eventually to the second drop on the Clemenceau Icefield and to emerge via Middle River to the Columbia River at Kinbasket Lake.

That evening, we made camp at the snout of the S.E. Lyell Glacier, amid the chaotic morainal debris of a retreating glacier system. The following morning we climbed up to the Lyell Icefield, ascended Lyell No. 2 and set up a camp on the Icefield at an elevation of 9500 feet. From the top of Lyell No. 2, we looked northward and could see the Columbia Icefield, Mount Columbia and, in the shadowy distance, a vague mass, which Sterling insisted was Mt. Clemenceau, and which, to our myopic eyes, appeared to be an eternity away.

We had anticipated continuing along the crest of the Divide over Farbus and Oppy to Mt. Alexandra. An inspection of the cliff of Oppy convinced us that with heavy packs this direct route might offer complications. We therefore chose to bypass the Oppy Cliff along the west by dropping down into the valley of the northwest Lyell Brook and then ascending to the Alexandra Col. On Wednesday, therefore, we followed this alternate route. Everything went fine, until we attempted to descend the northwest Lyell Glacier. Here, we ran into our first cliff band, which immediately caused us to halt, take stock of our situation and reconnoiter for a possible way around. For a while, it appeared as if the expedition would have a premature ending, but we eventually evolved a route among some connecting snow patches to the bottom of the valley. Here our troubles began anew, for the outlet from the glacier went through a box canyon which was unclimbable. Again, a reconnoitering expedition magically picked a way across a rock face on a narrow shelf to an easy slope which led to safe territory below. The camp that night was in a delightful spot on the shores of a torrent among some fine timber. The next morning, we ascended the northwest slopes of Alexandra and established a camp at timberline. The rest of the afternoon was spent recovering our supplies, which had been scattered over a distance of two or three miles. It was like looking for a needle in a haystack, but we recovered every bundle, although one or two were pretty badly smashed on the rocks. The next day was Friday the thirteenth -- perhaps we should have remained in camp -- but, since none of us professed to be superstitious, we set out to climb. Immediately above our base camp was Douai, an unclimbed peak, and Oppy, a mountain which had been ascended only once. We climbed both. On Douai, a 20-foot chimney with ice water running down its sides was the only problem. Oppy was a snow plough with a few hidden crevasses and a mild-looking cornice. We had just reached the summit, when I observed Sterling and part of the mild cornice slowly sinking out of view. I dove for the far slope, dug in my ice axe, and Ed Cammack, who was up ahead, did likewise. Sterling traveled six feet, and the section of cornice 3000 feet. When Sterling stuck his head back over the ridge, his first remark was, "See, I didn't drop my ice axe," which I guess was a remarkable feat, because he had no strap on the axe.

Impending storm made us hasten off the mountain and back to camp. The following day, we crossed the Divide at the Alexandra Col and dropped down on the far side to set up a base camp at the head of the Spring Rice Brook. Here again, our travel had its interruptions and its tense moments. We once more butted up against a vertical cliff, which made us detour and reconnoiter until we found some connecting snow slopes. These brought us below the rock cliff and below an imposing hanging glacier. Cliffs again interfered with our downward progress and after several false starts, we were forced to traverse on a broad shelf below the hanging glacier to a sloping buttress which brought us to the bottom. On the very last pitch, we heard a roar, looked up, and saw an ice avalanche sweeping down on us. For several terrifying moments, we hugged the rocks while pieces of ice, boulders and stones careened by. Fortunately, the major force of the avalanche was arrested by a broad shelf above us, so that we escaped without a scratch.

Since the following day was Sunday, we decided that we owed ourselves a day of rest and contemplation. On Monday, the 16th, we made a double ascent of Mts.

Queant and Spring Rice. On Tuesday, Don, Ed Cammack, John Smith and I climbed Alexandra, and on Wednesday, Sterling, Don and Ed made the first ascent of Mt. Cockscomb. This latter climb started out as a reconnoitering trip and ended as a major ascent and return to camp by starlight at 1 A.M. Our time was running out rapidly, so we hastened on to Castleguard Glacier, passing on our way Thompson Pass, and Cinema and Watchman Lakes. The weather kept us at the foot of Castleguard Glacier through Saturday, the 21st. At midnight on Sunday, the 22nd, we began a crossing of the Columbia Icefield to the base of Mt. Columbia. The view of the dawn coming up in the east and then the sunrise with its soft golden hues was something that none of us will readily forget. With only three days' food and difficult unknown country ahead and an uncertainty of finding our Clemenceau food drops, we decided to terminate our trip at this point and leave the country via the Athabaska Glacier.

On Monday, July 23, we climbed Mt. Columbia, and, from the top, we could see the Lyell Massif, where we had entered the country to the south, and the Clemenceau Massif to the north, which had been our anticipated terminus. That evening, an approaching storm made us break camp and head back across the Columbia Icefield to get on the far side of the crevassed area at the head of the Columbia Glacier. Darkness caught us probing our way across the crevasses. We succeeded in getting beyond the crevassed area by midnight, when we stopped, set up camp, and went to bed. Meanwhile, the storm which had driven us in such haste out of the country had passed over, leaving a beautiful expanse of dark skies and brilliant stars.

On Tuesday, the 24th of July, we leisurely hiked down Athabaska Glacier to the Banff-Jasper highway and the Athabaska Chalet. And so ended our Rocky sojourn.

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#### OFFICIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS

At the last business meeting, our esteemed secretary, Jo Bradt, announced that she would prefer not to continue in her office under a chairman who also happened to be her husband. Hence, it was necessary for our new chairman to find a substitute (secretary, that is). He announces that Jane Showacre is it.

Dolores Alley has been prevailed upon to continue as treasurer for the club.

Betty Kauffman has graciously consented to act as program chairman in arranging a series of Kodachrome showings throughout the year. If you have a group or groups of slides which you would like to show to the club, please let Betty know about it.

Departure time from the Hot Shoppe on Sunday mornings has been getting later and later. The notice in the PATC Forecast of our meeting time and place has been changed to indicate that we plan to leave, not to meet, at 8:30. In line with this, Sunday climbers are urged to reach the Hot Shoppe when it opens at 8:00 if they want to eat, and before 8:30 in any event. With Standard Time returning soon, this should not be too difficult, and it is especially desirable in view of the shortening climbing days.

#### LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

"Dear Editor:

"The annual camp of the Alpine Club of Canada for 1951 was held at Lake O'Hara in the Canadian Rockies during the last two weeks of July. This is a beautiful spot, offering a series of graduated climbs as well as numerous delightful side trips for off or take-it-easy days. The most important mountains climbed from camp were Schaffer, Little Odaray, Odaray, Huber, Victoria, Lefroy, Cathedral, Hungabee and Biddle, listed approximately in order of difficulty. Except for Lefroy, Cathedral and Biddle, which I did not climb, these mountains offer a pleasant introduction to climbing at high altitudes. Hungabee is undoubtedly the most enjoyable, with clean rock, a spectacular summit ridge and one or two pitches of actual rock climbing. Biddle is said to be very long, very rotten, and generally unpleasant due to outward-facing slabs. (Cont. on p.4)

Letters (cont.)

"The A.C.C. furnishes tents (separate for married couples) and plenty of good coarse food. Also plenty of good company.

Yours truly,  
Richard Goldman"

.... "Margaret and I haven't done any climbing since our honeymoon in the Tetons last year but we are looking forward to getting our crowd up to Stover Park as soon as the ivy poison moves out, most likely in October.

"We have bought 10 1/2 acres at a crossroads called New Galena in Bucks County. It's about 6 miles to Stover from there. We are building a house on weekends and vacation, so you can see why no summer vacation in the west.

"Our place would make an excellent camp site if the Washington crowd would care to make another jaunt up here during the winter. We would sure like to see you people again, and maybe you could get to like our red rocks better. I'll try to find an "unclimbable" for Tony if he can get up with you.

Best wishes to all,  
Margaret and Joe Walsh

"P.S. My congratulations to Paul, your new chairman. J.W."

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UPS AND DOWNS

Sept. 1 - 3. Labor Day Weekend in the New River Area.

Peter Blos	Walt Kane	Ted Schad
Jean Burnstad	John Meenehan	Howard Watkins
Jerry Jankowitz	Kay Schad	Arnold Wexler

Our dream of excellent climbing on the cliffs and pinnacles along the bend of the New River near Eggleston, Virginia, was shattered upon a closer inspection. The highest and most enticing of the pinnacles proved to be defended by masses of poison ivy. The cliffs along the railroad all appeared to be, as Arnold put it, either too hard or too easy.

On Saturday afternoon, Arnold led an exploratory climb on one of the near vertical faces just above the railroad. Although the climbing was easy, with many holds, the rock was so basically shattered that it was felt that the danger of falling rock was an uncontrollable hazard. Accordingly, the climbing party made an early retreat, to enjoy a late afternoon swim in the cool waters of Mountain Lake, Virginia, site of our camp.

Sunday, while Kay relaxed and swam at the Lake, the party entered New River Cave, located in the hillside above Goodwin's Ferry, Virginia. While John took the photographers over a tour of the most scenic parts of the cave, discovering a hitherto unknown (to this group, at least) and unmapped grotto opening off of the Forest Room, Ted led the exploring group back to the waterfall at the end of the mapped section of the cave. Attempts by this group to find the passageway to the portion of the cave reputed to lie above and beyond the waterfall were of no avail, and the two groups rejoined near the entrance, to emerge after about six hours underground.

Awakened by a heavy shower about dawn on Monday, part of the group made an early start for Washington, and Peter headed back toward Ohio, whence he had come to join us. The remainder returned to the New River, where the lower cliffs on the other side of the river from our Saturday's disappointment were explored. Here too were great masses of poison ivy, and the rock was shattered, so that Arnold's lead was terminated about 40 feet above the water.

General conclusions to be drawn from the trip were:

1. The numerous limestone outcroppings along the New River Gorge in this area are probably all quite shattered, and there is not likely to be any good climbing in the area. (Cont. on p. 5)

New River (cont.)

2. The New River Cave is extensive, well decorated, and worthy of future exploration.
  3. The picnic area at the far end of Mountain Lake, with the lake adjacent for swimming, proves to be an excellent location for camping when in this area.
- Ted Schad

Sept. 9. Hawk's Bill Mountain

Susie Broome  
Charles Fort  
Don Hubbard  
Walt Kane

Peg Keister  
Edith Quinn  
Lloyd Richards

Hans Scheltema  
Norman Smith  
Arnold Wexler  
Jim Willard

Among the 25 people showing up at the Hot Shoppe on this beautiful day, opinion was divided as to how far afield to go. The footloose eleven listed above set off for a delightful day at Hawk's Bill. Midway on the drive down, Walt's car drew abreast of Arnold's, and there came from the former the weird and wonderful wail of bagpipes. The call of the pibroch so roused the fighting Scot in MacWex, that he nearly forced the challenging clan off the highway.

Arrived at the parking area, we were piped up the trail by Norman's infernal contraption. During Norman's pauses for breath, Charles further disturbed the peaceful Virginia countryside with his "hard travelin'" harmonica, but both fell strangely silent when lunch time was announced.

When we could no longer put off climbing, Don, who believes in starting at the top, soon had the beginners rappeling from the cliff. He then roped them up, with the help of Hans and Norman, for an easy traverse and a scramble up a huge outlying boulder. The latter provided a fine place for belay instruction. The outer face of this boulder had a nasty-looking overhang, but was found to have all essential holds. Nearly everyone took his turn climbing down this.

Meanwhile, Arnold was hunting a lead on the main cliff face. He fiddled for a while on the left side of this. The cliff appears to be well broken, but as soon as one takes the first step off the ground, he finds that the overhang is just sufficient to keep him off balance. Furthermore, no decent cracks are available for pitons for leader-protection. This climb was later done with a rope from above. Moving over toward the right, Arnold completed a lead up the face and around the corner to the top. Here we met the same problems of overhang and precarious balance, but the holds were more encouraging and piton cracks were available. Walt, Jim, Peg and Charles followed Arnold on this route. A good deal of "trail clearing" was done by the first three climbers, and the loose rocks rattled down continuously.

While Arnold and Walt struggled on the climbs on the left of this face (Walt climbing two routes up and one down), Don felt inspired to do some bowline-on-the-bight rescue work, thereby taking about two years' life out of Arnold's rope. Thereafter, no one could be induced to stir, so we started back to the cars. Arriving in Warrenton early (for us), we got our favorite backroom tables at the Coffee Shoppe and recovered with the aid of good steaks.

Sept. 9. Lewis Rocks, Prospect Rock and Carderock.

Alan Bradt  
Jo Bradt  
Paul Bradt  
Peter Bradt

Jerry Jankowitz  
Ken Karcher  
Pim Karcher  
Andy Kauffman  
Betty Kauffman

Dot. King  
David King  
Jack King  
Sterling King  
Graham Matthew

David Michael  
Chris Scoredos  
Marc Shiowitz  
Bob Stevens

Those who didn't care to travel to Hawk's Bill decided to investigate Lewis Rocks, which have not been visited often of late. Lessons in knots and rappeling were given for the beginners. Something which either is or should be called the Fat Man's Struggle was attempted. Then Paul tried (and from here on we quote and disclaim all responsibility) a piton lead up an impossible crack using all

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sorts of illegitimate techniques, and had to put up with a lot of heckling from his sedentary audience. Everyone then moved over to the east face. Nobody climbed it. The group dwindled rapidly because of various family obligations, etc. Ken and Pim later met Betty and Andy and their two Harvard guests, Graham Matthew and David Michael, who had looked over Prospect Rock and then gone on to Carderock. The big news of the day, we hear, is that Andy climbed the Spider Walk, much to the disgust of the Harvard mountaineers.

Sept. 16. Echo Cliffs, Va.

Sam Bailey	Marion Harvey	Johnny Reed	Eric Scoredos
Karl Bakke	Don Hubbard	John Reppy	Helen Scoredos
Paul Bradt	Jerry Jankowitz	Frank Sauber	Johnny Scoredos
Charles Fort	Peg Keister	Ted Schad	Jane Showacre
Dick Goldman	Dick Meyer	Hans Scheltema	Arnold Wexler
Sally Goldman	Ken Pratt	Chris Scoredos	Bill Williamson

At Johnny Reed's instigation, the day was started with belay practice. We took turns practicing our dynamic belays and jumping from a convenient ledge. This duty out of the way, Paul took a team downstream to try the Donalds' Ducks Traverse in reverse, and having successfully broken this tradition, set another record by returning via the Big Toe Traverse. Later, Jane also led the Ducks, probably being the first woman to lead it, and certainly the first to do so in reverse. Somewhere along the line, the rest of her team gave up.

Chris and Helen each led a rope on a traverse starting near waterline below Cowhoof Rock and upstream from the Ducks. Chris somehow managed to get wet to the knees on this climb, but Arnold complained that he didn't make a very satisfying splash.

While all this good climbing was going on, other groups worked on some short pitches near the belay practice rock and on Cowhoof. One source of frustration was the inclined plane which offers nothing but friction and little enough of that to aid the climber. Johnny, Arnold and Helen climbed it successfully. Other aspirants, with more perseverance than skill, fell off repeatedly. Remark overheard on this climb: "I could make it all right, except that my left foot keeps slipping out of my right hand."

The climb of the day was the thorough workout given by Eric to a pitch near the belay practice spot henceforth to be known as the Four-Year-Old Climb. Not content with one success, Eric climbed down and up again. Spectators were lost in amazed admiration at his unique techniques, especially when they saw him wedge his head in a notch and walk his feet up the face.

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Quote (via Mugelnoos, Aug. 9) from a McCall's short story: "... it was obvious that his twenty-eight or thirty years had been devoted to better things than mountain-climbing."