



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

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FOUNDED BY  
JAN AND HERB CONN

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### COMING EVENTS

- 13 May - Bull Run Mt., Va.
- 19-20 May - Seneca Rocks, W. Va. Leader: John Christian. Phone John if you are interested in sharing costs for use of Seldom In, the small cabin on the dirt road leading to Seneca Rocks. The cabin costs \$5.00 per night regardless of the number using it. Camping would be permitted outside the cabin if it is rented. Directions to Seneca were in the previous issue. For additional info or car-pooling call John at SO-5-7700 ext. 85250.
- 27 May - Herzog Island, Md.
- 29 May - MEETING. Bill Youdon will speak and show slides of his European tour at the Scoredos' home at 8 PM. Directions to the Scoredos' home in the next issue.

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### GROSSE PLÄNE IM HIMALAJA

According to a report in Die Welt, a German newspaper, dated 21 March 1956, there are great plans afoot for the assault of the last eight-thousanders in the Himalayas.

Dr. Herrligkoffer, leader of the successful Nanga-Parbat Expedition of 1953, will head a German-Pakistani expedition to the 8047 meter high Broad Peak in the Karakorums. The assault will be over the west spur of the Godwin Austen Glacier.

A Swiss expedition, composed of nine climbers and scientists led by Dr. Albert Eggler of Berne, will go to Lhotse (8501 meter). Pasang Dawa Lama has been engaged as sirdar and ten tons of supplies are on their way up to Tyangboche.

With blunt Stoic perseverance and Asiatic equanimity the Japanese will make their fifth attempt on Manaslu (8126 meters) in the Himalayas of Nepal this summer. The first and second expeditions in 1952 and 53 proved extraordinarily fatiguing. The next expedition was halted on the approach march by angry peasants who believed the Japanese had irked the mountain gods thus bringing misfortune upon the former. Last year the expedition floundered in deep snow.

The Argentinians, not to be left behind, will come back for a third attempt on "their mountain", Dhaulagiri (8176 meters).

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

Dear Mr. Crushkin:

For many years I have been a fateful reader of your fine paper. I thought you might like read the manurescript of the article which was wrote by one of the mens what went on our expeditious to Mt. Humus last year. I should like to have writ the articles myself, well I am now in the procedure of writing one but it ain't finish yet. When it is wrought I will send you a carpy of it. This here guy what wrought this one is a well-educate man and not like me what only went to grandma school so here is the story of the first assent of Mt. Crunchly Humus.

Sincerely yours,  
Crovus W. Plotchfut, Intrepid Leader  
of 1955 Humus Expeditious

THE FIRST ASCENT OF MT. HUMUS

By Hartley Benson Goober

On a bleak day in February 1954 the Humus Expedition Inc. was formed. Our objective was Mt. Sir Crunchly Humus, the highest peak in the Peekaboo Range of Garbajkan. In the months that followed, the details for the expedition were worked out in our headquarters in the back room of Plotchfut's Bar and Grill, owned by our intrepid leader. The other members of the group were: C. Whitlock McGoo and Bernhardt Glub (both members of Neatucket Mountaineers), Bridgewater Clunk, Desmond Filch, and myself: Hartley Benson Goober. The latter three are members of the Savannah Alpine Club. By strange coincidence, all of us were gas station attendants by trade, with the exception of our leader Crovus Plotchfut, a bartender and self-educated nuclear physicist. We were to be joined later by Simeon J. Gore, the expedition doctor, a brilliant graduate of the Spokane Correspondence School of Medicine and Veterinary.

I will not trouble the reader with the miscellaneous details involved prior to our landing at the airport in Fleechimecchi. We were met there by Mustafah Ali Muzzah Jones, our Sirdar. He had recruited the 300 native porters, or as they are called - Redkaps - and had the 100 tons of supplies ready to move out. As we paraded through the streets of Fleechmeechi, the natives strew the paths with broken glass and nails; and we were showered with boiled rice and petals from the Kwigi, a native cactus plant. Truly a touching send-off!

As we slowly worked our way up through the dense jungle, we were aware of the beauty surrounding us. Dripping vines with hugh spiders and crawling centipedes, the colorful flash of a tiger pouncing on a Redkap, and the constant rain turning the muddy paths into a quagmire. Eventually we reached the plateau country and here we met our high altitude porters, the Chirpers. These hardy men are about four feet tall but are well-adapted to mountain work. Their toenails are trained to curl over and this gives them excellent footing on snow and ice. Soon we were at 15,000 feet, the site of Base Camp; and the Redkaps were paid off in S&H Green Stamps and happily departed. Unfortunately, one of them made off with Plotchfut's prize yo-yo.

Now began the task of moving supplies up the remaining 20,000 feet to the summit. We planned to do this in 5 or 6 stages. A reconnaissance party of McGoo, Glub, and Clunk went up to 18,000 feet picking out sites for the 5 camps. They marked these with large bamboo logs especially brought for this purpose. They had no trouble, thanks to the lightweight helicopter we had brought along. While they were doing this, Filch, Gore, and I searched for a route through the icefall. With the help of the Chirpers, we put in several sections of Bailey Bridge over the larger crevasses and spanned smaller gaps with lengths of aluminum drain pipe which afforded good support.

Unfortunately Crovus was in a severe state of depression following the loss of his yo-yo; but Jonesy, our Sirdar made him a new one of yak vertebrae and all was serene again.

With the ice fall beaten, we began a steady shuttle of supplies to Camp I at 24,000 feet. Our fateful Chirpers, Thing Nokway, Way Nokthing, and Pungo Norbit deserve much credit, carrying as much as 300 lbs. apiece at times.

The route to Camp II was pioneered by Crovus Plotchfut who in one afternoon led the way up 2,000 feet of sheer cliff face, using tension most of the way. At the top, he installed a lightweight cargo elevator and this speeded up the logistical problem. The next day, Filch, Gore, and Plotchfut with Sink Drainway and Ping Pong moved on up to 30,000 feet: Camp III. This was an engineering feat. Most of the way was barred by an overhang; and, using lightweight tunneling equipment, they drilled a 3,000 foot shaft in less than 12 hours. Camp III was a tiny platform about 6 feet square on a shelf overhanging the Mungy Glacier. That night those five men in their tiny pup tents endured 200 m.p.h. winds accompanied by snow and near zero temperatures. Filch said later, "Gee, it was cold." For six days the storm raged while the men lived on our special storm rations - minced clams, marmalade, banana paste, and melted yak butter.

When the storm cleared, a concerted effort was made to put in Camp IV at 32,000 feet. Using lightweight wheel barrows, we wheeled the loads up the steep ice slopes to the SSW cwm. Sink Drainway and Pungo Norbit performed admirably by chopping 2,000 feet of steps in one day. Our intrepid leader, Crovus Plotchfut, was ill from too many minced clams, but he insisted on carrying his share of the 900 lbs. we moved that day.

From Camp IV, the summit was in sight: a mere 2,000 feet up a vertical ice cliff. Since the top bulged outward, it was decided to use a tension climb all the way and here McGoo and Clunk performed brilliantly. After a sleepless night the climb began. Working in teams of two, we drilled holes for expensive bolts and installed slings until finally we reached the overhang. McGoo stood in the slings with Clunk on his shoulders while he set the last few slings. It was a thrilling sight: two tiny figures chiselling away with 15,000 feet of space below. Unfortunately Clunk had neglected to remove his crampons and he had to be pryed off McGoo's shoulders. From the top of the ice cliff it was a mere 1,000 feet to the summit which is a very sharp ice pinnacle. We set up Camp V here and rested up for the dash to the summit. That night was one to remember: in the howling wind and snow, we huddled together in our army pup tents while brewing a pot of mock turtle soup. As Sink Drainway leaned out to toss away a piece of mock turtle shell, he noticed a large shapeless mass lumbering through the storm. It was the fabled Abdominal Snow Man. Try as we did to photograph him, he got away.

The next day dawned bright and clear, and we set our packs aside and lined up for the dash to the summit. The signal was given, and away we went. Crovus got an early start but Sink and Pungo were close behind him. On the last arete Desmond and Simeon pulled ahead, but I tripped them with my ice axe. With a triumphant yell I leaped onto the pinnacle and I---me---Hartley Benson Goober was the first man to climb Mt. Sir Crunchly Humus.

The return was simple: we loaded our gear onto our lightweight toboggans and away we went, sliding down the 20,000 feet to Base Camp at 149.6 mph.

(Ed.: Jim Hawkins writes under the pseudonym of Hartley Benson Goober when on expeditions where a 3 part name sounds better).

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#### CHANGE OF ADDRESS

CARDON, Dr. and Mrs. Philippe V.; New address - 2101 Parker Ave., Wheaton, Md.



UPS AND DOWNS8 April 1956, Spitzbergen, Md.

Bob Adams	Betty Johnson	Kim Nicholson (dog)	Jim Shipley
Helen Baker	Shirley Jackson	Laddy Nicholson (dog)	Chris Scoredos
Jackie DuPont	Jerome Koplan	Pete Peterson (break-	Johnny Scoredos
Don Hubbard	Tom Marshall	fast & kite flying)	Eddie Willman
Erich Heinemann	Mike Nicholson	Jane Showacre	Chuck Wettling
Robb Heinemann	Dave Nicholson	Gail Stewart	

The party, led by our Girl Guide, plodded through the mud of the tow path and scrambled over boulders to the cliffs. Two stragglers lost their way on the talus slope and missed the main party. They retreated to civilization and regained their strength in a movie theatre.

Meanwhile, back at the ranch, the experienced climbers were dropping ropes over the climbs, the inexperienced climbers were tying-in, and the Saturday night square dancers were resting in the sun.

A fair number of climbs were made before clouds hid the sun and a cold wind cooled our enthusiasm. Despite the acquisition of a pair of new Austrian climbing shoes, one person was seen to repeatedly use her KNEES.

The two lost climbers rejoined us when we stopped for coffee on the way back to Washington.

A quiet dinner at the New Baghdad closed the day's activities.

C.W.

15 April 1956, Echo Cliffs, Va.

Gert Christie	Robb Heinemann	Earl Reed	Charlene Smith
Steve Den Hartog	Betty Johnson	Jim Shipley	Mike Nicholson
Erich Heinemann	Al Owyang	Jane Showacre	Eddie Willman

The ardent enthusiasts Jane and Robb exposed themselves to the elements and looked quite soggy by the end of the morning, while the slothful bivouacked under the rocks, marked time with witty conversation, and kept dry. However, the wet ones had had enough by noon and all adjourned to Charlene's where we listened to music, talked, and read poetry. Earl, who with Eddie, had joined us at this time, was responsible for the cultural turn of events.

B.J.

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HELP!

Now that we are back on the traditional 2 week schedule (thanks to S. Jackson and Betty Johnson) we're running out of material. Why don't you shy people send us some articles?

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