



FOUNDED BY
JAN AND HERB CONN

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

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COMING EVENTS

- February 2 -- Thurmont, Maryland
February 9 -- Crescent Rock, Virginia
February 14-16 -- BUSHWHACKERS TRIP: Spend Friday night at Pocosin Shelter, rise at dawn, breakfast enroute at stop in valley so that there will be time to do the 17 miles of circuit hike (only 3 with pack) to see the magnificent stand of virgin hemlock. Saturday night at Sexton Shelter. A bit of leisurely exploring on Sunday. Have reservations in to Jeannette Fitzwilliams (HO 2-5491 or ST 3-9200 (Code 112), Ext. 2662 by 5:00 P.M., Wednesday, Feb. 12 so she can call you that evening as to meeting place and equipment to bring.
February 16 - Boucher and Eagle Rocks, Virginia
February 23 - Sugarloaf Mountain, Maryland
February 25 - ROCK-CLIMBERS' MEETING: Tuesday evening, 8:00 P.M. at home of Helen and Chris Scoredos, 6804 32nd St., N.W., WO 6-2843. Directions: Take Connecticut Ave. to Chevy Chase Circle, turn right on Beach Street, go one block and turn left on 32nd. St. Their house is second from the corner on the left. John Christian will show pictures and talk about "Sunday" climbing in Canadian Rockies.
March 1-2 -- Weekend trip to Pocosin Shelter. Call Chuck Wettling for details at JO8-5785. If Chuck can not be reached, call Bob Adams, CH 8-4523.
March 9 -- Camp Lewis, Maryland
March 16 -- Bull Run, Virginia
March 23 -- Thurmont, Maryland
March 30 -- Open

The single day trips leave Howard Johnson's at Western & Wisconsin at 8:30 AM sharp. Due to unpredictable winter weather these trips are subject to change. A note will be left behind the drain pipe at the south east corner of the building, telling where we have gone. DO NOT TELEPHONE HOWARD JOHNSON'S FOR INFORMATION.

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The annual meeting of the Rock Climbers was held at the home of the Marshall's on January 21. Chuck was having car trouble and requested Art Lembeck to take charge in his absence. After a discussion of the voting regulations, Chuck Wettling was re-elected Chairman and Bob (Nine-Fingers) Adams was elected Vice-Chairman. Pim and Ken Karcher cooperated beautifully as a team showing and explaining their European slides and the refreshments ended the evening on just the right note.

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CONGRATULATIONS!!

On February 3rd, Gus Gambs will be celebrating his 90th birthday. Best wishes to you, Gus.

CLIMBING IN SOUTHERN PERU

by Bill Hooker

Last summer six members of the Harvard Mountaineering Club visited the relatively unknown Cordillera Vilcanota in southern Peru, east of Cuzco. Beside myself, there were Earle Whipple, Steven Jervis, Michael Wortis, Caspar Cronk, and Craig Merrihue. We chose this area on the basis of aerial photographs taken by George Bell during the 1952 Salcantay expedition. The highest peak, Ausangate, was well over 20,000', and there were several more around that figure. Access to the region was fairly simple, but there had been only two expeditions there in previous years -- one in 1952 and one in 1953 -- so much of the area was unexplored and unclimbed.

We assembled in Miami and on June 9 flew to Lima, carrying with us under the 66 lb. limit our technical climbing equipment, personal items such as sleeping bags and down jackets, and some lightweight dehydrated food. Because we brought our food with us, there was no trouble with the reputedly difficult Peruvian Customs. We spent about a week in Lima purchasing further supplies such as hemp for fixed ropes, bamboo poles for trail markers, pots and pans, extra clothing, etc.

Three of us then flew to Cuzco; the other three went by truck with the food and equipment. There we repacked our food and arranged to truck it and ourselves to the village of Ocongate, which is only about 15 miles from Ausangate. Near Ocongate we met Eduardo duBary who spoke English and offered us the plush accommodations of his parents' Hacienda Ccapana. He arranged with a local arriero to have our stuff carried into the mountains on mules. While at Ocongate we witnessed a very colorful Indian fiesta -- native music, costumes, parading, contests, a church Mass and multiple baptism, and of course much drinking of chicha, a repulsively turbid native corn liquor.

The next day, June 21, we were off, but it took us five days to reach our first base camp near what we tentatively called Ghiglione Pass, having walked almost completely around Ausangate. By using the pass (which Senor Diaz, the arriero, had at first insisted did not exist) we later made the trip in two days. This basecamp was beautifully situated on a grassy area at the foot of some very magnificent peaks, with a stream nearby, and rather well protected from the wind. But it was at roughly 16,000' and we still had a lot of acclimatization to do. The first few days we took short exploring trips to investigate the quality of the snow on the nearby glaciers. Reports from other expeditions indicated that deep powder snow might be expected. This did prove to be the case on slopes facing south and east, and in shaded areas, but in general our glacier travel was on fairly firm snow.

A few days later, Mike and I tried to climb one of the nearby peaks, which we later called Ccapana out of gratitude to Ed deBary. We had several hours of easy scrambling over moraine and a bit of route finding amongst some seracs before the climbing got steep. After a while the altitude got the best of Mike and he decided to wait for me. This particular route did not get much sun, and so the going was through deep powder snow, often over my knees. I kept at it for several hours but by mid-afternoon the summit was still a considerable distance beyond so I came back down. (For this solo attempt I was thereafter dubbed "Hermann" (Buhl -- Ed.)). The next day Craig and Steve went up and, utilizing my footprints, did the climb easily.

Adjacent to Ccapana is a much more impressive peak which we called Ghiglione, after the Italian mountaineer who first published a picture of it. We saw no feasible route on it except from the notch between it and Ccapana, and no feasible route to the notch except down from the summit of Ccapana -- the direct route to the notch featured an ice-filled gully down which bounded rocks and blocks of ice from above. So, on July 2, four of us packed our tents and sleeping bags up Ccapana -- almost as high as I had gotten on my first try. Early the next morning we climbed to the summit and peered down the other side. It did not look very

promising but we had to be sure. First Mike tried going straight down the sharp crest of snow, but found that the snow was in layers which would probably slip one on the other with his weight. Then I tried going a bit below the crest itself, but the rock was too crumbly and outslipping to afford anything firm. Craig tried descending another snow ridge but had to stop at the top of a cliff of more of the same crumbly rock. Thus temporarily defeated, we returned to the summit for a leisurely lunch. I hauled out the hugely oversize U.S. flag we had borrowed from the Army and had my picture taken.

Early the next morning at base camp I felt compelled to be patriotic and wakened everyone with some firecrackers that had been saved for the occasion -- that is, until Mike doused me and my pile of "triquetraques" with a bucket of water from the icy stream.

By now we had turned our thoughts to another nearby peak, the massive Jatunhuma (Head of Snow). We divided into two groups of three and left base camp for five days, leaving it guarded only by our faithful Indian pot-washer and sheep-skiner Leandro. Craig, Earle, and I packed over to the northwest side to try a steep snow ridge there, the only likely-looking route in the aerial photos. The other three tried the southeast (not covered by our pictures) which despite the threat of deep snow appeared from base camp to have a gentler approach. They climbed three minor peaks on that side, all the time fighting through deep snow, but were kept from Jatunhuma proper by high cliffs of rock and ice. On the fourth day, Craig, Earle and I made our summit attempt. All day we climbed the long steep snow ridge, belaying nearly all the way, and leaving in most of our ice pitons and snow pickets to speed the descent. On one particularly difficult ice pitch, we also left a section of hemp rope brought for that purpose. By about four in the afternoon we had only a few hundred feet of vertical rise yet to go, but at that point we encountered a completely vertical ice wall about 40' high. We did not have enough ice pitons to try this directly so we tried in several places to get around it, but on both sides the mountain dropped away steeply. (A few weeks later, a German expedition arrived in the area and climbed Jatunhuma, using four ice pitons for direct aid on this ice wall.) It was now already past the prudent time for a retreat, but first we climbed up to a crest where we could look over to the east and see the other three, far off, returning to their tents. Then, by moonlight, we returned to high camp and, the next day, to base camp.

By now we felt acclimatized enough to try Ausangate, at 20,187' (other sources give it as high as 21,326'), the highest peak in the whole area. We did not want to wait too much longer since the weather traditionally gets stormy by mid-August. So while Caspar and Earle went out to get mules for moving our base camp, Steve and Craig made a reconnaissance of the north side of the mountain where we hoped to find a route. (The mountain had already been climbed in 1953 by a German party via the west ridge, but this is an extremely long route at very high altitude.) I accompanied them part way through Ghiglicone Pass and then scrambled up Campa I (17,700'), the only peak of the summer that was not a first ascent.

A few days later, Mike made a reconnaissance of our old foe Ghiglicone, and when Craig and Steve returned we decided to try it again. Mike's suggested route was up the steep rocky southeast ridge until it becomes blocked by ice, then to the right across the rock face till joining the east ridge (the one from the Ccapana notch) and then up that. It probably would have gone, but we didn't like the idea of extending ourselves by crossing the face so high. Instead, we split up and Craig and I went directly up to the Ccapana notch, bypassing the bad rock and ice chute by climbing directly up the rock to its left. Once we gained the ridge, the climb was long but not especially difficult, though we did belay all the time. Only in one place on the ridge -- where to belay I sat on a piece of sloping snow not very well fastened to the mountain -- did we put in any pitons. At four in the afternoon we reached the summit, well aware that most of the descent would be in the dark. We took a few pictures and then started down, reaching the notch just as it got really dark. Then down a long steep snow slope: face in, jam

in the ice ax, kick two steps downward, and repeat. Finally we got to the chute. Neither descending it directly nor bypassing it on the difficult rock appealed, but this time we decided the chute would be safer. We drove in an aluminum snow picket and quickly set up a rappel. The weak flashlight seemed to show a shelf below, so down I went. At the bottom of the rappel I waited for Craig to come down; then a bit of climbing got us clear of the chute. Whew! A bit further on it started to level off, and then the going was easier, except for my stopping in a few small crevasses in the dark. Eventually the moon came up and we made our way across the long moraine fields, reaching camp at midnight.

Casey and Earle had returned with the mules so the next day, July 16, we packed through the pass to the base of Ausangate's north face. Mike, Earle, Steve, and Craig packed up with ten days' food and established two high camps. But from there the route was not so easy -- they encountered a very large crevasse which took them two day's work to get past. However, while crossing its floor, Mike fell through and was sufficiently shaken up that they felt it was best to abandon the attempt. Meanwhile I had been climbing a few of the small peaks nearby, and Casey had done some surveying for a map, and then had gone out for mules. When the other four came down from Ausangate, we broke camp and went out to the Hacienda Tinki to rest for a few days.

It was now Peruvian Independence "Day" (July 28-30), celebrated in Ocongate with bullfighting, parades, and drinking. In the bullfights, the "matador" was any Indian drunk enough to go wave his poncho at the bull -- and then run for the fence. For that matter, the bull was no fighter himself, and either found his own way back out of the ring as quickly as possible or, more often, bored the spectators and so was lassoed and pulled out. At Ocongate we again met Ed duBary, with a bevy of friends, and he threw a fine party for us. Then we went back to Tinki and while waiting for the mules, Craig and I took a two day trip to the jungle, east of the mountains. The change was amazing -- in contrast to the dry grass and occasional eucalyptus tree of the high country, here grew bananas, tea and a hundred other exotic plants in lush profusion.

Finally mules were arranged for, and with the rest of our food which had been stored at Tinki, we again set out for the mountains. Casey and Earle had already spent several days reconnoitering the area, so we reached our new base camp in only two days. We left some food and equipment there and then the next day continued on across a huge moraine field to advance base camp. From there we made the two day trip up to "Shoe Col" (19,000') -- a completely unexplored area. From high camp at Shoe Col we climbed the two adjacent peaks, "Shoe Peak" and "Jatunrite"; we estimated the latter to be about 20,000'. Neither was technically difficult, but the high wind, bitter cold, and low visibility made climbing unpleasant. It was now mid-August and we were having a snowstorm every day, so we went back down to base camp. There Craig, Earle, and Steve took advantage of a slight improvement in the weather to climb one last peak, an impressive wedge-shaped thing with sheer avalanche-swept sides, which we called "Little Alpamayo". It took much longer than expected -- they did not reach the summit till late the third day, and with an all night descent, arrived back at their tents the next morning.

When they returned, we packed out with a few personal items, leaving the rest to be picked up by the mules when they arrived, as pre-arranged.

After leaving the mountains, we spent about a week seeing Machu Picchu and the other Inca ruins, the old Spanish churches, some more of the jungle, and other points of interest in Peru. Thanks to this and other opportunities during the summer to talk and mix with the people, our trip had considerable cultural and educational value as well as providing an opportunity for high mountaineering. On September 5 we flew from Lima to Miami and from there drove north in Steve's station wagon.

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UPS AND DOWNSJanuary 5, 1958. Carderock, Maryland.

Gene Atherton (and two nephews)	Peg Keister	Pete Peterson
Rod Glascock	Art Lembeck) and two small	Jane Showaore
Doug Haigh (and small friend Tim)	Win Lembeck) friends (?)	Bob Spindler
Don Hubbard	Bob Mole	Alan Talbert
Betty Johnson	Dick Osgood	Chuck Wettling

Yes, there was ice on the canal and some of us skated for awhile, but the real news of the day was that Don Hubbard was out climbing again. This is in the record now, so don't let him tell you any differently. What activity! First, he took Alan ice climbing up near Great Falls, then hurried back to Carderock to show us how to properly use the Bilgeri Rescue technique. Someone was heard to remark that Don's "bad" knee was better than most peoples good knees ever had been. He spent the rest of the day teaching beginners climbing and rappelling techniques. And ended up giving Tim and the Lembeck youngsters numerous free "elevator" rides down the rock face, complete with yodels at intervals. I'm worn out from watching! BJ

January 12, 1958. Great Falls, Maryland.

Bob Adams & family	Doug Haigh	Bob Mole
Dave Arnold	Bevan Hewitt	Bob Murray
Gene Atherton	Huntley Ingalls	Dick Osgood
Carl Edler	Art Lembeck	Bob Spindler

At H.J.'s, we divided into two groups, the ice and snow climbers departing for Shenandoah Nat'l. Park while the remainder headed for Great Falls, as scheduled. There are several fine climbs there which make it a fine place to visit on a windy day.

The early arrivals, true sun worshipers on this winter's day, started heat-inducing exercises on easier climbs in the Little Handhold area. Dick Osgood led Doug and Bob Mole on a traverse which eventually covered half of that outcrop.

By afternoon, the Peg's Progress face had warmed to permissable temperature, so Art and others led various climbs there. Huntley deserved the laurel wreath for the day with climbs of both the Little Handhold That Isn't There and The Bulge.

January 12, 1958. Ice-Climbing in the Shenandoah.

Rod Glascock	Betty Johnson	Alan Talbert
Don Hubbard		Chuck Wettling

We were hoping to find ice in White Oak Canyon when we came across some very good cliffs right by the Drive, below the Stony Man parking area. With Don Hubbard officiating, everyone tried their skill with crampons, ice axes, and ice pitons.

The most exciting event of the day (of many a day, in fact) was 178 lb. Don catching 230 lb. Rod on a 10' lead fall. Don was on the ice below the piton and Rod was about 5' above it when he slipped. He was about 15' above the ground. Some catch, Don!

Chuck finished the business with a spectacular climb up a nearly vertical ice cliff. Alan and Rod followed in his footsteps (literally, that is). AJT

January 19, 1958. Carderock, Maryland.

Big Bob Adams
Little Bob Adams
Gene Atherton
Rod Glascock

Doug Haigh
Betty Johnson
Art Lembeck

Bob Mole
Dick Osgood
Jane Showacre
Chuck Wettling

By unanimous vote of those early rising, hardy souls gathered at H.J.'s, a fast switch was made and Carderock instead of Prospect Rock was selected for the day's climbing activities. The well-protected, sunlit faces of old friends seemed much more hospitable than bucking a heavily-shaded rock wall exposed to bitter cold winds. The brilliant sunlight echoed with the cheery good wishes of Don Hubbard to the departing enthusiasts. And, at Carderock, the crisp air had just the right needle-like touch to prod the assembled veteran and novice climbers off the ground. Both profited under the able direction of Chuck Wettling and Art Lembeck.

Such laborious climbs as Jan's Face, Arnold's Arduous Ascent and the Spider Walk were scaled. Practice in using the Prusik Knot for climbing a rope provided experience in the fine art of extricating one's self from an intolerable position on rock or ice faces. The enthusiastic drive of Bob Adams was very much in evidence now that the splint has been removed from his invalided hand -- the Spider Walk appeared little more than a casual stroll on his upward trek. The lunch break developed into something of a "proving ground" for cooking equipment. Spark-plugged by Doug's brand spanking new 71L Primus stove, there was an interesting discussion of the merits of various stoves and containers for general cooking when on the trail. Tied in with the discussion there was considerable selective horse trading of luncheon tidbits, which, while carried out in a fun-loving spirit, was none the less practical.

However, by mid-afternoon, the combination of brilliant sunshine and rising temperature, proved something of a Pied Piper. The morning's ardent climbers developed a yen for other points of beauty: a yen which resulted in a hike along the C&O Canal to Great Falls, where previously placed cars guaranteed return comfort for tired feet.

R.G.

VISITORS CORNER

Jan Conn was in town again and we all had an opportunity to visit with her on January 13th, when she showed the group slides taken by some of their climbing friends in the state of Washington. Beautiful shots of that corner of the country, especially the winter snow-shoeing trips. Jan also entertained us with some new climbing songs imported from South Africa, as well as many of our old favorites.

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Ray Van Aken was also in town briefly a week or so ago and favored us with an evening of slides from his European climbing trip of last summer.

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