



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

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February 1, 1959

COMING EVENTS

- February 1 -- Camp Lewis -- Drive one mile past Cabin John Bridge and turn left on Wilson Avenue. Park next to the canal and walk up the tow path.
- 8 -- Sugar Loaf, Maryland
- 15 -- Purple Horse (Above Cupid's Bower)
- 21-23 Seneca Trip. Call Bob Adams after 7 p.m. at Cherry 8-4523 if you plan to go.
- 24 -- Meeting on Tuesday at 8 p.m. at the home of Sterling Hendricks, 1118 Dale Drive, Silver Spring, Maryland. Juniper 9-4603
- March 1 -- Carderock, Belay practice with Oscar.

The annual meeting of the Mountaineering Committee was held at the home of Rod Glascock. Bob Adams was elected Chairman and Ed Worrell, Vice-Chairman. Pete showed his Canadian slides and also gave us quite an historical lecture. Bob appointed Kay Blinn as the new Program Chairman. If you have any ideas on programs call her at Oliver 6-8652.

A MESSAGE FROM THE NEW CHAIRMAN

I am greatly honored to be selected chairman for 1959, and will do all I can to make climbing enjoyable for everyone who comes out. We must give all possible encouragement to new and prospective climbers. I would also like to see a more active program in training new rope leaders.

In the interest of maintaining our excellent safety record, we shall continue to require a belay for all climbing.

It is planned that on the last Sunday of each month we will make up the next month's climbing schedule. Hopefully, this will be accomplished during breakfast at Howard Johnson's. Plan to be present and make your preference known.

Robert J. Adams, Chairman

A VISIT TO KOKANEE

Alvin E. Peterson

Last summer Donald, Sterling and I * visited,--among other places,--Kokanee Glacier Provincial Park. It lies in the south central part of British Columbia, 50 miles north of the international border, about 20 miles north of Nelson, B.C.; Kaslo is the closest town. It is located between two trenches,--the Beaver-Duncan and Kootenay Lake on the east, and Columbia River and Arrow Lake on the west. It is thus a southern extension of the Selkirk Range.

On the map Kokanee Park appears as a 10-mile square, or 100 square miles. You should not try to compare this with our District of Columbia, which is also a nominal 10-mile square. Things have happened to the original concept of the District; its actual area is now a mere 68 square miles,-- a depreciation somewhat less than that of the dollar. The Canadians' 10-mile square is full measure; in fact, if you were to roll it out flat you would get at least 110 square miles. I would not even consider doing this to the District; it would gain you too little to be worth the trouble and besides, people would not like it very much. On second thought, I would not do this to Kokanee, either.

Kokanee Park has been the center of a complex of zinc mines and explorations; all are now closed. The access roads and trails date from the mining days. They are still in fair shape, although the roads present some difficulties to the present-day low slung passenger cars. Trucks and jeeps have no such problem. One road enters the park from the north, following Keen Creek almost to the center of the park; this road served the Joker Mine and Mill. Another road, as the map shows, comes up Kokanee Creek from the south and terminates near the park boundary; this I think, was built for the Molly Gibson Mine. Both roads end low in the valleys; they are connected by a trans-mountain trail which takes one by a 2,000 foot climb up into the alplands. Timberline is at about 7,000 feet. We entered the park via the 18 mile Keen Creek (or South Fork) Road from Kaslo; there was some damage to the car's underparts, so that repairs were required. From the car, we hiked about 4 miles up to Slocan Chief Cabin near timberline; this cabin was another leftover from the mining days; it proved a real refuge from the night forays of the porcupines. The cabin is in excellent shape, apparently because of continuing maintenance by the Barkers from Seattle; these strangers, our thanks.

The upper reaches of Kokanee Park comprise a lovely mountain area of peaks, glaciers, alps, flowers, small lakes and streams. None of it is large and overpowering like, say, the Rockies. The highest peak is Mt. Cond, at 9,200 feet. Nearby Kokanee Glacier is a 5 square mile area of snow and ice. This was easily accessible from our camp and had provided good skiing for one dedicated person all spring and summer up to this time,--mid July. It was now becoming a bit icy and bumpy. Climbs of Mt. Cond and Grays' Peak (9,038 feet) were made from the camp in a short day of not difficult mountain climbing. Another day of exploring the lakes and meadows, some further tramping on Kokanee Glacier and a look into an abandoned mine tunnel completed our efforts. We all had a lot of peacefulness to catch up with. There are two other main glacier areas in the park; Kokanee Glacier is the largest. Sawtooth Ridge would be a good rock-climbing area.

It may be noted that the 1958 summer was a very warm and dry one in western Canada. A 1937 party reported extremely cold nights, which was not our experience.

* (Donald Hubbard, Sterling Hendricks, Pete Peterson. Ed.)

Anyone planning to visit the area would profit by reading the account, "Kokanee Glacier Park", by Dennis, in the American Alpine Journal for 1940.

The Kokanee area is an object lesson in fire damage. A forest fire in 1929 destroyed a large amount of spruce timber; some fortunately was spared. The contrast between the untouched timber and the fire-scarred timber was indeed great. In this region of slow growth the damaged areas had come a very little way on the road back in 30 years. The groves of bare silvery gray spruce poles stand as reminders of what fire can do.

The week-end was enlivened by a group of men from Nelson who make the crossing of the park by the trans-mountain trail an annual event. Some of them stayed overnight at Slocan Chief Cabin and climbed to the glacier the next day; a few made the Gray's Peak climb as well. They were enjoyable people to get acquainted with.

Our last day in camp was a little rough on Sterling. His sleeping bag had been spouting feathers until we all looked like chickens ready for pin-feathering. Now you might suppose the process whereby feathers leak from a bag to be entirely silent; if so, you forget the language and complaints of the bystander victims. Then Sterling spent most of the morning trying to get his (reading) glasses to stick to his face; for some unfathomable reason, the bows had to be completely rebent. The mystery was solved when it somehow became evident that he had exchanged glasses with someone, -- probably one of our guests now far down the trail. The new glasses proved quite satisfactory after the bows were refitted to Sterling's configuration of ears and nose.

Except for the sleeping hours, conversation is a fairly continuous element of our trips; the sleeping hours are not entirely sacred, either. Those who know the party need not be told that the talk is on a very elevated and scholarly plane and covers a tremendous range of topics. On a comparative basis, I estimate that it covers the full range of man's interests from A to about E or F. To complete the alphabet, we would also have to discuss women.

We found Kokanee a lovely place. Leaving such mountain uplands for the lowlands is always a matter of regret.

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NEW CLIMBS AT BUZZARD ROCKS, VIRGINIA

The Vulture

With some incredulity Chuck and I * proceeded up the steep, lichen covered flatiron (about the first you come to by the trail from the hatchery) as a team of two, alternating leads. This face was old stuff according to Don,* but he failed to mention that it had probably not been led. We used eight pitons on two pitches of sometimes delicate balance climbing, with real protection rather meagre. Expansion bolts would be necessary to do this face safely without having to situate the belayer for the second pitch off the face on the edge of the flatiron, as we did. The climb will be called THE VULTURE as suggested by Don.

* (Chuck Wettling, Alan Talbert, Don Hubbard. Ed.)

The Carrion Climb

Farther up the series of flatirons a challenging practice climb starts in an unprepossessing fashion up a gentle slope with plenty of holds. This quickly gives way to increasingly delicate balance work. If you are strong and balance is not your forte, traverse as soon as possible to the layback crack on the left. From there on for about 25 feet there is little relief from strict layback, using a sometimes vertical and sometimes overhanging horizontal layback crack. The layback is reminiscent of the Bull Run Overhang, and the climb as a whole is about as difficult as the Ph. D. at Cupid's Bower. An appropriate name is the CARRION CLIMB.

Alan Talbert

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UPS AND DOWNSJanuary 4, 1959, Cupid's Bower, Maryland

The Adams Family
Jack Doolan
Karl & Barbara Edler
John Eggenberger
Irmgard Emmel
Jake Haun

Ann Hetzel
Betty Johnson
Ruth Johnson
Peg Keister
Bob Mason

Bob Mole
Pete Peterson
John Reed
Alan Talbert
Chuck Wettling
Dave Varmette

The day was bright and not too cold. The climbing area at Cupid's Bower is sheltered from the wind and it all added up to a fine day for climbing. Only Bob Adams succeeded on the post Ph. D. but all the other climbs were well worked over. The small sapling at the top of the Ph. D. has been broken off leaving a stump that is still useable. It is only a matter of time however till it decays and we will no longer be able to reach for this much appreciated, if not quite proper handhold.

Peg Keister made her retirement official by wearing a retired climber's belt with a motif of bent pitons, broken down climbing shoes, etc. (a special by Conn Leathercraft)

In the late afternoon we moved upstream to the Purple Horse area but climbing was very limited due to a strong wind thrusting vigorously down the Potomac Gorge.
Bob Mole

January 10 - 11, Wolf Gap, Virginia, and Buzzard Rocks

Kay Blinn
Hal Blinn
Jack Doolan

Irmgard Emmel
Jake Haun
Betty Johnson

(On Sunday)

Don Hubbard
Alan Talbert
Chuck Wettling

In the middle of the week it was decided to go to Wolf Gap and if you didn't hear about the trip, won't blame us, because we tried. This was also a cold weekend (Ask Jack who kept a record of the temperatures through out the night) and Saturday was spent hiking over Three-Mile Mountain mostly looking at possible climbing areas. At one point there was time out for some climbing. "Isn't this fun?" said Kay, teeth chattering, as she belayed that hardy climber Jake. Fortunately, this didn't last long and the rest of the day was spent exploring.

Sunday, we arrived at Buzzard Rocks only to find that Don, Alan, and Chuck had already been climbing for an hour or two. This area may prove to be a second Bull Run. It was agreed that we would all like to try it again when the weather is more agreeable. Thanks Jake for a fine trip.

* * * * *

On Sunday January 11th, "the stay-at-homes" according to Bob Mole, "did a little hiking along the tow path and Billy Goat Trail with some climbing at Camp Lewis, Carderock and the Potomac Gorge" These included Rod Glascock, Larry Mattarese, Ed Worrell, Chris Scoredos, Karl Edler, Barbara Edler, Fritz and Jan Edler and Bob Mole.

* * * * *

January 25, 1959 Virginia side Great Falls

Bob Adams & Family

Hal & Kay Blinn

Jack Doolan

Irmgard Emmel

Rod Glascock

Jake Haun

Huntly Ingalls

Betty Johnson

Ruth Johnson

Art Lembeck

Bob Mole

Pete Peterson

Jane Showacre

Alan Talbert

Ed Worrell

Chuck Wettling

Somebody made a mistake and used up an April day on January 26th. The weather was just that, mild and sunny, and wrought a corresponding effect on the climbers who sortied from cars left at the "Free Parking Place" to the cliffs below Great Falls on the Virginia side. Many ropes, some from above, others on lead climbs, gave plenty of exercise before lunch.

Afterward the group moved to the Bird's Nest area and rigged a double upper belay to reduce the big swing tendency in the middle of that muscle cracking traverse.

Almost everyone went on down to PATC Headquarters for a surfeit of Chinese food, picked up on the way back to town. The evening was unusually pleasurable as the day because Huntley Ingalls showed his fine color slides of climbing in Cass (Suicide) Cave, the Angel's Roost traverse in School House, some Tennessee caves--one with a 235 foot rappel--and, as a proper culmination, an ascent of Ship Rock in New Mexico.

Huntley is leaving for the University of Colorado in Boulder next week so it will be a long time before we can again enjoy his camera gems and good company.

Art Lembeck

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The climbers meet at Howard Johnsons on Sunday morning at 8 o'clock (Western and Wisconsin) if you wish to have breakfast with us. Departure time is 8:30. If you wish to leave directly from home and are in doubt as to whether the trip has been changed call Karl Edler at Ap. 7-8851 between 8 a.m. and 9 a.m., or look behind the south-east corner drain pipe at H.J.'s.

FROM BLONDIE

To all our hosts and speakers of the past three years, many thanks for your hospitality and cooperation, and the many pleasant evenings.

Blondie Worrell
Retiring Program Chairman

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Kay Thompson and Ralph Krishbaum were married on January 17, in Pittsburgh. Congratulations you two!

* * * * *

Lt. Col. Marshall B. Shore is now living at 21 Maplewood Terrace, Pease AFB, N.H. His telephone number is Geneva 6 - 8729. Marsh and family are busy doing things together as usual. "Have had the family up Tuckermans' and John, Marsh and I did a couple of 13,000's & Torrey's peak 14,000 in Colorado in May last year. Also Shasta, Dana, Whiting & numerous 11-12's in California last year." He and Minnie are both on the Ski Patrol at Belknap (Laconia) on weekends. He says, "If your're coming to New England make ours your first stop!"

We also recieved a letter from Thea (Welsh) Phinney. She and Damon are both skiing, climbing and snow shoeing. She mentions seeing Johnny Reed on the Beginners Slope at Winter Park and thought he looked more at home climbing Herbies Horror.

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If you haven't already, get hold of a copy of the January 31 Saturday Evening Post and read Nick Clinch's article on the ascent of Gasherbrum 1, entitled We Conquered Hidden Peak. There's a picture of Andy Kauffman, in color too, but you would never recognize him.

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That's about all the news for this issue. The editor would appreciate contributions and suggestions for the coming year. Any one wishing to help with the mimeographing of Up Rope will certainly be welcomed. Just step forward and let yourself be known.

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