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News of the Washington Rock Climbers

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September 19, 1945

Bull Run

Sunday, September 30, has been set as the date for a trip to the Bull Run Mountains. Gus Gambs has agreed to pick up passengers in West Falls Church. It is anticipated that several other cars will make the trip. If you would like to go and need transportation, or if you have room for passengers in your car, please call Jan or Herb Conn, SLigo 2458, who will act as a clearing house for such information.

So, if you have designs on Charlie's Crack or the Overhang, if you crave the feel of Bull Run quartz, or even if you are merely lonesome for Virginia scenery, plan to go September 30.

Ups and Downs

August 26, 1945

Chris Scoredos	Pussy Behrenberg
Helen Scoredos	Mary Frances Rogers
Eleanor Tatge	Jimmy Maxwell
	Dave Prudden

One of the first post-war club trips for the purpose of re-exploring the "restricted area" upstream of Cupid's Bower on the Maryland side of the Potomac, which is now open to the public, was graced by a delightful day, sunny but cool, with a strong gusty breeze. The day's climbing was done on the cliffs opposite Echo Cliffs, Virginia. The early part of the morning was devoted to face work, with two groups of climbers working on routes on the same cliff. Later a crack traverse was discovered a short distance downstream, which proved to be a honey, and was named the Purple Horse Climb. The most strenuous efforts of Chris, Helen, and Jimmy were in vain.

Chris came nearest to making the climb but his laudable try ended in ignominious immersion in the Potomac close below. After lunch, while most of the party were engaged in a siesta, Chris and Eleanor set out to explore the next group of cliffs upstream. After some interesting scrambling on their part, Helen joined them, and a traverse was begun, led by Eleanor. The original plan was simple enough, but little did they reckon. After the party finally crossed the cliff at near water level without so much as wetting a toe, the leader was happy to discover a relatively simple route to the top. However, Chris, who was not yet ready to call quits, located a final pitch which he led by constituting himself a human bridge over an all but impassable waterway-- a highly successful technique. Even before the pioneering party had finished their traverse, Jimmy, Pussy, and Dave had tied in and were hot on their trail. Pussy found the narrow ledges a little too narrow, and retreated from the climb, but her partners completed it even to the final bridge. Low Bridge Ahead Climb, is the name suggested for this jolly little route. The homeward way was followed after brief swims by Pussy, Jimmy, and Eleanor.

September 1 & 2, 1945

Chris Scoredos Helen Scoredos

With most of the group in Maine or New Hampshire, in Canada, or Sink Stoppering, Chris and Helen were the only climbers to carry on

Editors

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in Washington. They camped on Bear Island where they succeeded in completing a traverse unsuccessfully attempted the previous Sunday.

September 9, 1945

Sterling Hendricks	Arnold Wexler
Mary Neilan	Jan Conn
Dolores Alley	Herb Conn
Billy Alley	

The day's climbing began at Carderock with several unsuccessful tries at Herbie's Horror and a non-rope procession of climbers ranging up and down the Beginner's Crack. Damp rocks and a swarm of avaricious mosquitoes chased the group up river, and the remainder of the day was spent near Great Falls, Md.

led the entire party up an overhanging face on the mainland facing Cleft Island. Most of the climbers convinced themselves that overhangs can be climbed down as well as up. Climbs were made on the next rock face downstream, where Sterling demonstrated a severe layback manoeuvre which baffled and exhausted his followers. After lunch the group introduced themselves to the perplexities of the Little Handhold That Isn't There. After an initial reconnaissance by Jan, Arnold made an exhaustive and exhausting survey of the first two-thirds of the route. There followed an inspired near-ascent by Dolores, and a complete ascent by Herb which was marred by a probably unorthodox deviation from the route.

A cool swim and refreshments at the Falls added the right touch of relaxation to a not-too-strenuous day.

September 14 to 16, 1945

Arnold Wexler	(Sat. only)
Mary Neilan	Don Hubbard
Laurence Heilprin	L.H. Maxwell
Betty Kauffman	Dolores Alley
Andy Kauffman	

A weekend trip to the Blue Ridge was undismayed by wet and disagreeable weather. Saturday the group climbed upon the cliffs of Little Stony Man. After a short scramble on the wet and lichen-covered rocks, Don led a chimney and Arnold led a face nearby.

At one spot on his climb Arnold was followed up the cliff by his piton, which may have been well enough placed to hold a downward fall, but apparently could not take the upward pull of the rope. It is probably the only time, Don remarks, that a climber has been chased up a mountain by his own safety devices.

The group climbed down the cliffs for a late lunch, following which the Kauffmans hiked to Big Stony Man. Don's group made a last climb before departing for Washington, while others returned to their camp.

The Little Stony Man rocks were found to be ideal for becoming accustomed to exposure, and the climbers left with the certainty that many worth-while climbs await a return visit in drier weather.

Sunday those who remained climbed Hawksbill and hiked down White Oak Canyon.

September 16, 1945

Harold Stimson	Eleanor Tatge
Edith Stimson	Jimmy Maxwell
Don Hubbard	Jan Conn
Steve Dawson	Herb Conn
Hope Dawson	Pussy Behrenberg
Ellen Dawson	

Climbing today was at Cupid's Bower. After some scrambling and a free rappel down the 28-degree overhang of the Coffin Climb, the gang settled down to serious climbing. Jan and Jimmy climbed the Coffin. Stimmy, happening along, saw what was going on and determined to put such young upstarts in their place. Pulling down the belay rope and girding hardware about him, he did what Don termed the best bit of piton leading he had ever seen. With four well placed pitons Stimmy led the climb in grand style and showed the group that the "little old man" is still in the running.

The second climb which received attention was a short but severe overhang on the shore upstream from the shelter. Jan's was the only successful ascent, and she considered it a workout. Jimmy, Jan, Pussy, and Hope climbed a corner-face climb near the Coffin. The ladies found some interesting climbing on a traverse just above the ground.

Sink Stoppering thru the rapids, swimming, and canoeing completed a well spent but exhausting day.



News Notes

We receive the following news from Dick Leonard:

Assam India
Namcha Barwa
25,445

"I had orders to join Tom Culverwell at Kunming for a look at Likiang Shan (23,252).

"But upon the surrender of Japan those orders were cancelled and I am now ordered back to Washington.

"I am going by boat this time (at my request) probably via Australia and California. Should arrive in Washington in November or early December. Will certainly be out for some more of that fine Potomac climbing. I simply must climb Herbie's Horror down.

"Dick Leonard."

Kathleen Culverwell reports that Charlie Daniels is back in the United States after his long stay in the Pacific. At present he is in Melrose, Mass., and he is expected in Washington before long.

Dr. Harold Stimson has returned to Washington following his stay at the Naval Ordnance Test Station, Inyokern, Calif. While in California Stimmy had the opportunity to climb several Sierran peaks with Dr. Hassler Whitney of the Alpine Club and Harvard Mountaineering Club. On Mt. Whitney, highest in the United States, he had a reunion with Don and Eleanor Jacobs.

Lost!

Chris Scoredos is interested in finding out who borrowed his two carbide lamps. Will the delinquent borrower please return them. Chris' Cave trips will be pretty dark without them.

VACATION NEWS

Rock Climbers Afield

Washington rock climbers have not been idle this summer. They have scattered to the big mountains and done big things. They have once more proved that the Potomac climbs, besides being fun in themselves, are valuable training for scaling much loftier crags. Even Sink Stoppering has taken on more extensive and serious proportions.

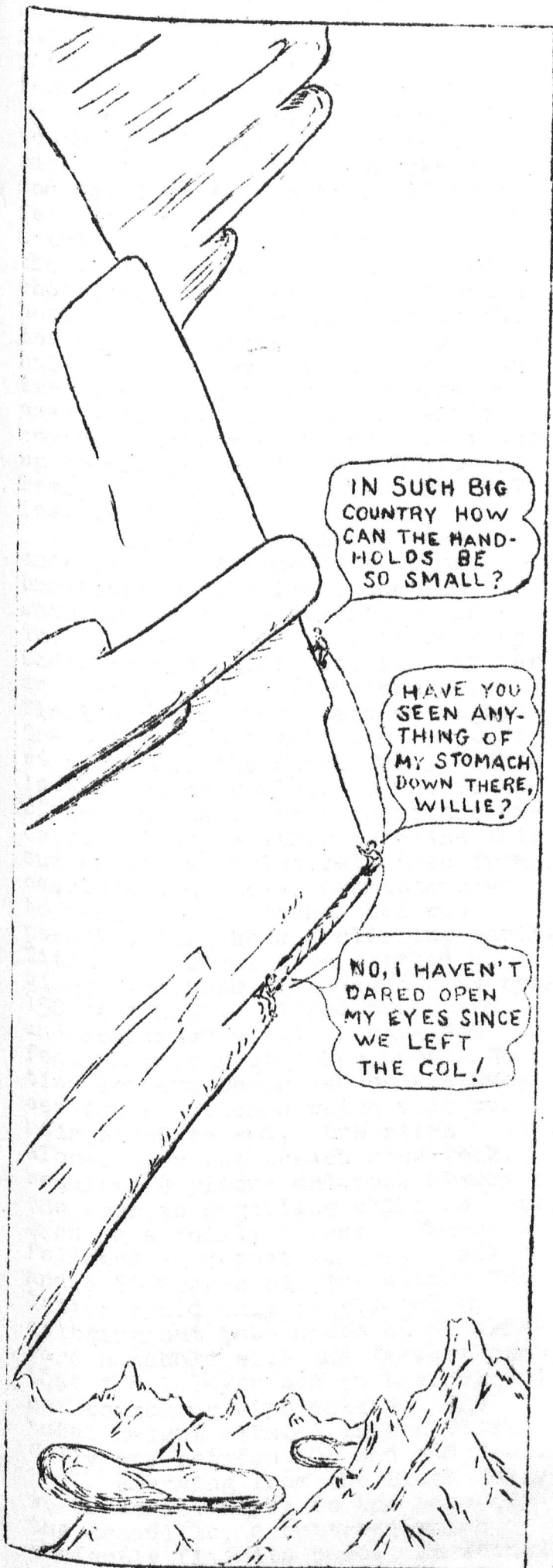
Some of the most interesting of this summer's trips are described in the pages that follow.

Katahdin

Don Hubbard, Sterling Hendricks, Chuck Haworth, and Arnold Wexler spent two weeks rock climbing on Mt. Katahdin, Maine. Arnold writes the following account of their trip:

Mt. Katahdin is not a simple mountain. It almost has a dual personality. It lies deep in the wilderness of north-central Maine, rising in isolated splendor out of an endless forest of fir, spruce, and birch, and surrounded with glittering lakes and serpentine rivers and streams. From afar the mountain looks expansive, with sweeping slopes and ridges. Some of the lowlands at its base are covered with glacial debris, burnt gaunt dead trees and struggling bush, a desolate and depressing sight. Upon intimate contact, however, neither gentleness nor bleakness is apparent. The mountain is rugged, its lines sharp and angular, its features primitively beautiful. The granite walls are carved into large basins or cirques with massive and precious rock faces, buttresses, and couloirs. It is a rock climber's paradise, a place to romp in happy abandon over easy rock or to tackle sheer and exposed cliffs with assiduity.

We established our base camp at Chimney Pond at an elevation of 3200 feet. Our lean-to was sheltered in a grove of trees, but we could still enjoy a fine view of the Great Basin, with its jagged crestline inspiring and beckoning us to climb up its sides. And that we did. We arrived Monday, August 20, and relayed up to camp six loads of duffel and food weighing between 60 and 70



pounds apiece. On Tuesday we made our first ascent. We made our way over talus and bush to the foot of the Chimney in Great Basin. Here we turned right and entered Waterfall Gully. The first interesting pitch led over a chockstone. Leading, I climbed upward for 6 feet by means of a straddle, swung over to the right wall, went into a layback with hands on the chockstone and moved up to the top. Fifteen feet higher the gully narrowed into a chimney with water trickling over the rock. Since Don wore nailed shoes, he took over. With a piton head high he wedged his way to the top of a chockstone, arriving there half soaked. We then climbed over two more chockstones to emerge on easy terrain. Then we traversed several buttresses to our right and up to the Knife Edge and Baxter Peak, the summit of Katahdin, 5267 feet in height.

Wednesday morning dawned ominous, but by the time we had breakfast on the fire, the sun was shining and the weather was fine. The climbing turned out to be very exciting and difficult, and, as far as I've been able to determine, a first ascent. The scene was again Great Basin, but this time up what we nicknamed the Black Gully. This is the second couloir to the right of the Chimney. Because of the exceptional dry weather in Maine this summer it was relatively free from cascades and falls, permitting us to venture over rocks that would normally turn back a climbing party. With Chuck leading we climbed a giant staircase of black slabby rock 150 feet high, entered the gully and continued until we were 250 feet above our starting spot. We tied in, and Chuck led over a succession of pitches which made our hair stand on end. One pitch alone, over wet treacherous rock, required 4 pitons and took almost one hour to negotiate while we shivered in a chilly breeze. There followed an 8-foot Mummery crack and a 60-degree sloping slab. The latter could only be climbed by swinging out into space on an awkward handhold with the fervent hope that the belayer was on the job and not communing with nature. The total height climbed in the Black Gully was between 400 and 500 feet.

Emerging from the Black Gully we traversed right to the base of the Armadillo, a buttress which perfectly fits its name. It looked

invitingly repulsive, so we moved in, working our way up the left wall for 100 feet. Here we roped together, and I led a jam crack, a layback crack, and an 80-degree corner slope empty of handholds. At the top was a sloping shelf where friction and a scrubby bush gave me just enough support to wiggle onto the shelf. Sterling, from below, diagnosed the climbing above me as severe, and since the hour was late, we called a retreat. Our first encounter with the Armadillo was a draw.

We got off to a late start on Thursday and bushed our way to the foot of the broad smooth slabs at the base of Pomola. The average slope was about 45 degrees, but in spots it reached 70 degrees. We scrambled up these cliffs, somewhat reminiscent of the Flatirons in Colorado. Airy and exposed, they reached almost 1000 feet above the little stream in the bottom of the basin. From here we veered onto one of the buttresses leading to Pomola. Sterling led the ridge of the buttress. The climbing was great fun, easy and rapid, but with sufficient problems to give it zest and enough rotten rock to make us wary. We reached the summit of Pomola (4902 feet) in time for lunch and descended via the Chimney.

We felt in need of a change in scenery, so Friday we hiked to the North Basin, stopping on the way to pick raspberries, blueberries, and cranberries. From Blueberry Knoll we viewed the face in North Basin with awe. It looked sheer and unclimbable. Approaching more closely we saw at its left edge indications of cracks and breaks, just enough to be tantalizing without offering encouragement. But soon we found that this "impregnable" wall had an Achilles' heel. We advanced up the left ridge of the main cliff along chimneys, easy ledges, scrubby slopes, and broken rocks to the North Peaks and followed the Hamlin Ridge Trail back to camp. On the way down we scrutinized the face with renewed interest. Perhaps the center of the face would "go" in spite of its sheerness. That night we enjoyed our first delicious blueberry pie baked by Sterling while we hovered around him with eager and ravenous expectancy.

Our good fortune changed. The weather took a turn for the worse, and for the next 3 days we were unable to move from our shelter with-

out getting soaked. On the profit side of the ledger, however, were those pies that Sterling kept baking and which kept disappearing almost before he could remove them from the fire.

It wasn't until Tuesday, August 28, that we were able to climb again. We returned to the south wall of the Armadillo and split into two teams. Sterling and Don moved ahead up one of the plates of the Armadillo, while Chuck and I followed by a slightly different route. The crest of the Armadillo was reached and followed to the summit ridge. After again descending to the foot of the Armadillo, we traversed around its base across a grassy slope. At the bottom of its spine a huge slab 3 to 5 feet thick and 150 feet high formed an open chimney which attracted the attention of Sterling and Chuck. They climbed to the top of the chimney and returned, pronouncing that further progress would be very elegant but very exposed and would require considerable protection from pitons. We reserved this for a future trip.

Wednesday was a day of considerable activity. Carrying 4 days' supplies we climbed to the Saddle, crossed the Tableland to Caribou Spring and proceeded to the Northwest Plateau. Leaving our packs on the plateau we dropped down the ridge thru considerable bush to Klondike Pond for lunch. The rocks rising above the pond are smooth slabs with grassy ledges 400 or 500 feet high. We climbed the slopes to a detached slab of rock, did this as a chimney, then scrambled to the top of the Plateau to reach our packs and continue our descent into the Northwest Basin. That night we were safely ensconced in the shelter at Davis Pond, deep in the back woods in a wild but enchanting place.

The next morning we made our way past Lake Cowles, along a marshy but scenic trail to the foot of the cliffs part way down the valley. Our route up the cliff was along a pronounced vertical chimney. Wet and rotten rock contributed considerably to our difficulties. Loose rock gave us several tense moments as it came careening down. Chuck led. The final pitch deserves mention, a 30-foot chimney overhanging near the top, with a chockstone to contend with and crumbly rock to make things interesting. The descent was down an open gully.

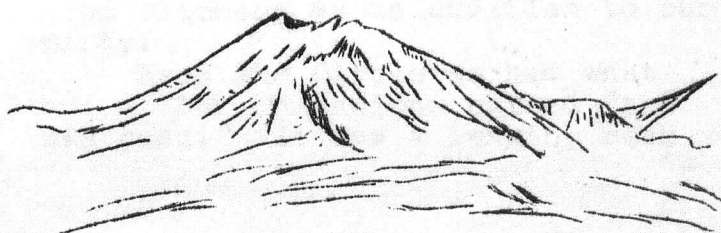
On Friday we returned to the same face. Don led to the right of our former route for 300 feet to a gallery and an exposed face of weathered granite that disintegrated under touch. The route involved 400 to 500 feet of continuous climbing. Sterling made a perilous descent along the bush and ledges of the right edge of the cliff. Don, Chuck, and I rapelled down, leaving two pitons in places that may cause future climbers to wrinkle their brows and scratch their heads.

We awoke Saturday morning to find a high wind whipping the trees and the pond. We hurried thru our meal, packed, and hit the trail just as it started to rain. Above the timber we ran into a pounding gale. Sterling estimated the wind velocity at 60 miles an hour. The rain struck us horizontally with terrific stinging force. We fought our way across the mountain and arrived at Chimney Pond wringing wet, but not at all dampened in spirits.

The storm continued thru Sunday. Several hours before dawn on Monday, Don and I made a mad dash up the Cathedral Trail to Baxter Peak to catch the sunrise. We were the first two people in the United States to see the sun come up that day. And what a sight that was! We returned to camp by traversing the Knife Edge to Pomola and descending the Dudley Trail, arriving in time to devour one of Sterling's excellent breakfasts.

This was our last day at Katahdin. While Don and I broke camp and ambled down the mountain, Sterling and Chuck made a last climb in the North Basin, establishing a new route which follows ledges and cracks up the face proper, which had at first seemed so impossible.

It was with deep regret that we said farewell to Katahdin. We found it a great mountain with excellent opportunities for rock climbing, climbing that varied from easy to difficult and impossible. We left with unfinished business. The Armadillo will surely lure us back again.



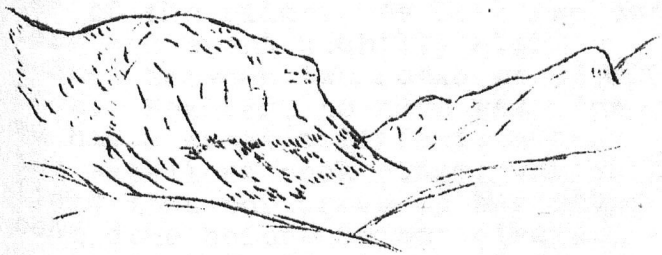
Cannon

On August 23 Jan and Herb Conn made what they think was a primary ascent of the central portion of the cliff of Mt. Cannon, N.H. This is their story:

Altho we found that "immovable as granite" may be a misleading simile, we enjoyed ten hours of excellent climbing complete with laybacks, chimneys, overhangs, delicate faces, and the added spice of expecting to be benighted halfway up. We alternated the lead, used 20 pitons, and became adept at the "tuning fork" method of testing the stability of loose slabs.

The Cannon Cliff is over half a mile long and 1100 feet high at its highest spot. It is composed of great smooth slabs of Conway Granite, overlapping shingle-fashion, with an average angle of 60 or 70 degrees. At the north end of the cliff is a succession of out-thrust ledges which form the features of the Old Man of the Mountains, the remarkable natural profile which inspired Hawthorne's "Great Stone Face."

Our route started in the brown and black streaked gully somewhat north of the center of the cliff and perhaps 1000 feet south of the Old Man. Below the conspicuous overhangs in the gully we cut south onto the face, traversing back to the gully at a much higher level to avoid a second series of overhangs. This appears to be the longest route yet climbed upon the mountain, as it gains 1000 feet of elevation from talus slope to summit ledges.



Selkirks

Andy and Betty Kauffman arrived home from their vacation on September 10. Betty writes:

There is something about the smell of pines, the solid rock under our fingers, and the vast expanses of snow and ice in the Selkirk range which draws us back to Glacier, B.C. Andy and I arrived at our "second home" on July 31. Lee Sosman followed a week later.

From the start we were favored by fair skies, luck, and good company. Even the first week brought unexpected results. Several short climbs brought us into shape for an attempt of our long-cherished plan, a first ascent of the north ridge of Mt. Swanzey. Two friends, both excellent mountaineers, shared this desire and were able to join us. Our happy mood at 2 A.M. increased as that beautiful day progressed.

We approached by way of an ice-fall in the Asulkan glacier to Sapphire Col, then an hour's trudge across the Lilly glacier and up a snow slope to our ridge. On the climb we met all kinds of conditions: an easy scramble at the start; some unpleasantly poised loose boulders (as we detoured away from the ridge); once back on our route, some beautiful solid climbing on an exposed slab; an easy snow ridge; and then, with the summit cairn perched tauntingly above us, we came to an abrupt halt. The last 50 feet were not above, but over us. The one hope was an overhanging crack, which turned out to be a good chimney with solid holds! Not even the fact that we reached the Asulkan glacier after dark, forcing us to spend the night under the stars at Sapphire Col, could check the exuberance we feel about that climb.

Sosman went to work as soon as he arrived. During that next week our jaunts to the upper realms were quite frequent and mostly successful. The abrupt pitches on Mt. Tupper were conveniently provided with holds and ledges at the proper places. "A nice climb for ladies," we read in the record book above. A less satisfying but much higher climb was the southwest face of Sir Donald (10,818). It was technically easy but slightly rotten and tedious. We were saving the "real" climb on Sir Donald (the northwest arete) for a time more convenient for everyone interested. As it happens we are still hoarding it in hopes for another year.

The major part of our trip was an excursion over the 5-mile Illecillewaet névé to a unique little valley known as Glacier Circle. We were fortunate in finding two good climbers as an addition to our party.

From the Circle we had what one of our companions called "the big push." It was a lengthy rock



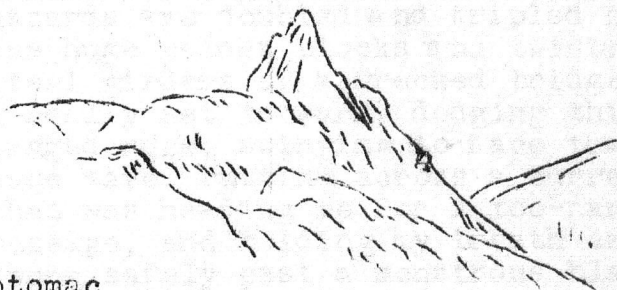
and snow ridge traversing Mts. Selwyn, Hasler, Feuz, and Michel. Between Selwyn and Hasler a gaping bergschrund rose out of the thick fog. Andy went in and chopped his way around it. On top of Hasler (11,123) we unanimously decided to advance, which meant a race with time and the afternoon sun to the end of the ridge. We lost the contest and spent a chilly night wedged between two rocks at 10,000 feet. However, no harm was done, we had a great satisfaction from the excellent rock ridge, and we believe that our traverse has never been done before in one stroke.

After a pleasant ascent of the east ridge of Mt. Fox, we returned happily to Glacier.

The last week of our stay was equally adventurous, tho it involved little of a strictly climbing nature. A few highlights may show why it takes an important place in our memories of this summer: a trek in a downpour thru the little-explored Fish Creek Valley; a night in the bush with 15 wet matches (one of them struck after being warmed for 3 hours in a sleeping bag); several nights of camping with an Indian and two

prospectors, in the wilds of Fish Creek Valley; a brave bushwhack by Sosman with heavy pack, and his ascent of a small unclimbed, unnamed peak; a similar grind by the rest of the party which gave us a tempting look into unexplored mountain ranges.

Finally, after Sosman had left, we made plans for the northwest arete of Sir Donald. An unfortunate blast of snow and gale drove us off the ridge. But the 750 feet we tasted showed us that the northwest arete is a mountaineer's dream, one which we plan to realize before too long.



Potomac

Upon recovering from a 10-day trip, Thursday, August 30 to Sunday, September 9, Eleanor Tatge reports:

To thoroly enjoy it there is nothing like seeing the Potomac

from aboard the Sink Stopper (a K-II, or rubber two-man Army life raft). I heartily recommend the tour. After parking my car with a friend near the Georgetown Feeder which I expected to be the downstream end of my voyage, I carried the Sink Stopper and 12 days' provisions by train to Green Springs, W. Va., the last train stop below Cumberland, Md., then back-packed half a mile from the station to the Potomac. Here with the invaluable help and counsel of two young farmer boys my expedition was launched.

All but two nights I camped out along the shores of the river. Camp sites were chosen with an eye to a good rock or log from which the boat could be lifted from the water without getting it or me muddy, a bit of level ground sufficient to turn the boat upside down for use as an air mattress, and enough vegetative cover to offer concealment from chance fishermen. Wild animals could not be excluded, but a skunk, a deer, and a lonely lost cow were the only ones making themselves very evident to me. The deer came out for a drink of water not 20 feet from where I made up my bed the second night out! On my third night I stayed in Great Cacapon where I could get a train if the trip wasn't up to expectations, and where I could buy some canned fruit juice to relieve me of worrying about the drinking water supply. Later I doubly resolved to stay the night in a house because a storm was evidently brewing. The storm proved a lusty one, and, since I carried no tent, I was saved from getting my bedding well soaked early in my trip. Fortunately that was the only rain encountered except for a brief shower the last night. I slept indoors on one other night, at a farmhouse, because the bass fishermen were so thick that I was unable to find sufficient privacy for retiring out doors.

The river was a thing of beauty and a joy forever. The upper part moves with a good current and many little rapids called "ripples" by the natives; at one point Great Cacapon was described as "two big ripples and four little ones" distant. I rowed thru the ripples frontwards to see where I was going and to avoid the rocks, then turned around and rowed backwards to see where I'd been, until I could hear the next ripples ap-

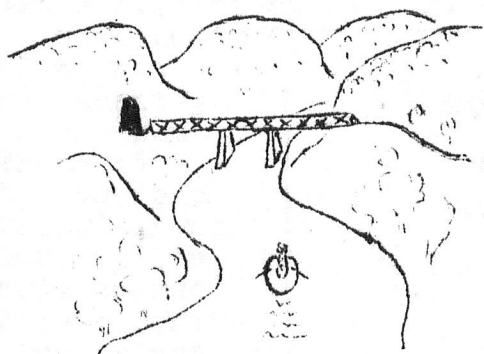
proaching. Part of the time I had a good tail wind. It turned the boat sidewise, making it difficult to row, and so I slid down in my seat, hooked my knees over the oars, laid back on the pontoon, and relaxed while I drifted. I made much faster progress during this part of the trip than at any other time.

On the fourth day I met my first dam. There were six dams in all. The lakes backed up by them were always inordinately slow going, for when there is no current to help, the Sink Stopper can be paced by any self-respecting snail. The first three dams were for hydroelectric power, were 5 to 10 feet high, and had to be portaged. The portages were not long, and I did not deflate the boat, but made several trips carrying moderate burdens. The next two dams, at Harper's Ferry and Seneca, were low. I lifted boat and luggage over the Harper's Ferry dam a distance of about 15 feet; and I just rowed right over the Seneca dam with a rushing swoop, much to the astonishment of the fishermen at the top. At the last dam, at Great Falls, I deflated the boat, packed my outfit on the packboard, and carried everything at the same time to the foot of the falls.

The Harper's Ferry Rapids were unquestionably the most exciting part of the trip. From the dam I took the left-hand side of the river, learning later that canoes use the wider right-hand channel. I dropped from pool to pool churning and splashing thru the waves in channels barely wide enough for boat and oars until I fell into a quiet haven where a peaceful fisherman showed me his catfish catch for the day. The next set of rapids dropped me down beneath the familiar railroad and highway bridges of Harper's Ferry. Optimistically I breathed a sigh of relief. Little did I know that the worst was yet to come. The real rapids start after the Shenandoah joins the Potomac. Here natural hazards are doubled and tripled by the huge cement blocks and twisted steel girders of a wrecked bridge. I really set to work, dodging this jagged rock, swinging to face that huge wave, cutting across a current that was heading me for a too-narrow passage, and holding my breath as I swung safely past a monstrous black girder. I felt a little worn as I beached on a rock to relax and empty out the one big wave I'd shipped. Then off I went into the last rapids, near Weverton. The end of the day

found me camped on a bare rock near Brunswick thoroly tired.

Three days later I had my last really exciting ride thru the rapids at the foot of Great Falls. As it was Sunday, a large part of car-driving Washington was excursioning at Great Falls Park, and there was no lack of audience as I embarked at the foot of the Falls. I was on familiar ground now, and feeling correspondingly light-hearted. I searched the cliffs carefully in passing for possible rock climbers; they were there and looking for me, but we missed each other completely. At Cupid's Bower were Stimmy and his family, and Steve and Hope Dawson, who welcomed me with open arms and food; seldom have I been so glad to see people. Steve offered to transport my duffel to my car; and my expedition ended at Cupid's Bower Island.



West Virginia

Chris and Helen Scoredos returned September 16 from a week's tour of Virginia and West Virginia. Starting at Virginia Beach they drove west, to spend a day at Schoolhouse cave and two on Seneca Rock, winding up the trip with climbing at Bull Run.

The Scoredos' full story of their vacation will appear in the next issue.

Yosemite

In a recent letter Eleanor Jacobs writes of a short vacation trip thru California:

Last week we went to Yosemite, King's Canyon, and the Sequoia National Park. We really were impressed by the Lost Arrow and Cathedral Spires. The country around there is really super. No time for climbing that time as we wanted to see as much as possible.

Eleanor adds that she and Don expect soon to return to Indiana.