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### Meeting Review

The meeting at the Culverwell's was an inspiration to us all for the subject matter was of National Geographic caliber, and the descriptions were given in Tom's whimsical manner, which doubled the interest for everyone. Tom showed his true artistic talent in his ability to photograph subject matter of general interest.

Membership in our organization has long been a mystery to many of us. With members and non-members more interested in rocks than in court procedure, occasionally important items are overlooked. Chuck Haworth has climbed faithfully with the group for several years, taken many movies and stills, and instigated several week-end trips, but has until now been overlooked when it came to actual membership. Now Chuck has left Washington and wields his climbing rope in the mountains of California. It is with due apology that we now make him an official member of the group. You know, we don't get around to such formalities more than once or twice a year. This voting just expresses our wish to at least be in a climbing organization with Chuck.

### Publication

There is a new and expanded edition of "Ski Mountaineering", published by the University of California Press, Berkeley 4, Calif., price \$2.00. From the brochure, "far more than just a re-issue, the book now presents the following completely new chapters: Mountaineering Routes, Rock Climbing, and Ice Climbing. Other chapters have been revised to include the latest improvements in equipment and technique developed by the war time research and activities of the Quartermaster Corps and the Mountain Troops of the U. S. Army."

### South Peak of Seneca Rock from the Gunsight Notch (A-20)

This climb needs no further description. Any direct route from the Gunsight Notch of Seneca Rock southward onto the South Peak will do. However, it may be pointed out that the easiest route is by way of a crack that starts a little west of the Gunsight Notch but may be reached from it by a slightly exposed and delicate traverse. The route was first used July 1939 by Paul Bradt, Sam Moore and Don Hubbard as the quickest way to the top.

### Arnold's Arduous Ascent (B-22)

About 30 feet to the right from the start of the Chris-Wex-Don Traverse on Hade's Heights, the cliffs form a prominent inside corner that faces upstream. This corner may be further identified by a cedar tree on the wide ledge at its top. Five feet to the immediate right of this inside corner is a narrow, tortuous crack in mossy rock that leads upward to a sharp overhang halfway up the cliff. The climb commences at

this crack, moves beneath the overhang and then up and vertically over the overhang, on small knobs directly to the top. The start of the crack requires a delicate positioning of the body with respect to the cliff in order to permit the inadequate hand and footholds to give the climber sufficient purchase to lay-back. To negotiate the overhang, the climber has to lean out into space on rather insecure holds, which fail to improve with altitude but which, somehow, manage to give just enough purchase to shaky fingers and toes. This climb was first made by Arnold Wexler December 19, 1943.

Downs and Ups - Schoolhouse Cave - February 22, 1946

Sterling Hendricks  
Arnold Wexler

Donald Hubbard  
Jan Conn

Paul Bradt  
Eleanor Tatge

February 22, 1946. Leaving Washington early Friday morning, we went through Harrisonburg and Franklin and arrived at Schoolhouse Cave sometime in the afternoon. No one knew just what time it was, for in true vacation spirit, we had all left our timepieces at home. The entrance slope was icy and the entrance room well ornamented with dry blocks of ice so we laid out our sleeping bags in the cozier ante-room before going below.

Don, Jan and Eleanor decided to work around in the Big Room and the lower passages, particularly hoping to probe through the rocks at the base of Hubbard Peak to get an easier exit from the Cascade Pit. Sterling, Arnold and I went to the back, via Angel Roost. I was particularly hoping to find a new continuation of the cave near the ceiling back of the drip in the Thunder Room. On the way back we noted at the register the names of four mountain troopers, who had gotten to the Judgment Seat without guides. As no one else outside our group had done this, I copied their names for publication or correspondence.

My search for a continuation was interesting to me but hideous to my belayers. Much of the time on my 45-foot, 3-hour (approx.) sojourn was spent putting in three expansion bolts deemed necessary to reach the shadowy recess beyond the far end of my narrow, muddy, interrupted ledge. The traverse was so elegant and the recess so promising that my spirits reached quite a high pitch just before sticking my head over the edge. Now, mark off as a dead end the ledge leading into the Thunderbolt Room to the left from the edge of the Upper Gallery.

We returned, for variety, through Charlie's Groan Box and the Rain Well. The others were in bed but woke up to report their failure also.

Saturday and Sunday Don, Arnold and I tried to show Sterling some of the large rocks in the Smoke Hole valley, while Jan and Eleanor tarried at Seneca Rock to visit the South Peak via the Cockscomb pine tree route. The thawing snow had the South Branch of the Potomac so flooded that we couldn't even get in sight of most of the formations, but my disappointment at this was tempered by the enthusiastic plans that developed for a canoe trip through the valley this spring.

P.S. The laundry got my paper with the four Mountain Troop cave registries. Any one going back to the cave can please me greatly by getting a new copy. I would like to know their route and how they selected it.  
--Paul.

P.P.S. If the laundry could have told the difference between muddy papers and clothes, this might not have happened. -- The Laundry. Jo.

P.P.S. Sterling referred to the climbing in the cave as equivalent to climbing a high mountain. Maybe some of our enthusiastic younger generation should note this for future training.



Schoolhouse Cave - February 23, 1946 -- Helen Scoredos

Chris Scoredos  
Helen Scoredos

Herb Conn

Roger Morris on  
Bill Schlecht

We arrived at the cave about 3:30 P.M., in Bill's car, after a pleasant trip which included looking for the Lost River. Since the earlier cave party had already gone, leaving some of their ropes behind for us, we put our sleeping bags in the ante-room, charged our carbide lamps, put on our extra clothes and started down the upper passageway to the jumping-off place.

Our first rappelle was into the Grotto, where Roger put a lighted candle. Viewed from the Angel Roost Climb later on, it gave us an idea of the size of this huge underground cavern. Rappelling onto the Balcony from the Grotto, we paused only long enough to catch our breath, then went on to the Shrine Room where we examined the walls and ceiling. Chris pointed out the climbs made by previous cavers.

Crossing the Gargoyle Bridge to the Angel Roost Climb, Chris, Herb and I decided to have a try at it. Bill was anxious to show Roger, an old mining geologist, some rock formations in the Cascade Pit and the Sand Room, so we decided to separate and get together later in the evening. Our team also made a quick tour through the Hogates and Thunderbolt Room. (Ed's Note -- We think Helen was showing the effects of her strenuous and superduper climbing, because she evidently thought she was in a sea-food shop rather than on the Hodag ledge at Schoolhouse Cave.) Later we went down into the Cascade Pit to the Sand Room where Bill and Roger were spending the time examining the various geological features of the cave. Bill also set a beetle trap, and if anyone goes into the cave before he gets back, you might check it for him. It's in the Cascade Pit.

Chris, Herb and I made a trip into the Dome Room and beyond; then the entire party started back to the exit rock. It was about 4:00 A.M. when we got to the room where we had left our sleeping bags. Sleep! and then -- back home, although the snow and a slow leak in one tire caused some concern.

Over and Under Droop Mtn. - February 22-25 -- Tom Culverwell

We seemed to have about everything, including the rubber boat and several sleeping bags within sleeping bags, and with the combined weight of Lowell, Leo and Fitzhugh on the luggage compartment lid, we finally got it shut and lashed down on our equipment.

Fitzhugh drove his ridgerunner with the usual verve, touching his brakes and the ground lightly here and there, between 6005 Welborn Drive and Marlinton, W. Va. So the day was still fairly young, tho a trifle haggard, when we corkscrewed down the west slope of Droop Mtn., rolled into Ek Cutlip's barnyard, and came to a stop in a flurry of cows and pigs.

We had come prospecting for caves, and obviously we had come to the right place. The U.S.G.S. quadrangles for this area are full of cave indications, but they give no adequate idea of these snow and timberclad mountains that funnel down into a series of vast sinks, each with a great limestone mouth that swallows a roaring mountain torrent. We had counted on freezing weather to dry things up -- and found this rush of water from thawing snow on high mountain slopes a little disquieting. With the added evidence, too, of flash floods that had submerged some of these mouths to a depth of 40 feet and jammed great piles of driftwood, like jackstraws, in the openings.

We spent a luxurious night in our sleeping bags in Ek's hayloft, and were very literally fortified with moats of coffee and bastions and towers of fried eggs and flapjacks for breakfast. After that, Bruffey's Creek sink didn't look too bad, and we tossed out a little timber from the log jam and managed to squeeze through. Inside, the big archway was clear of debris, and we made good progress down rapids and over sandbars, wading a little more cautiously where the water was deep and still. After the first plunge thigh-deep, we felt practically no pain. The water was so cold it was simply paralyzing.



We had taken to a sandy beach to bypass a deep pool, and wading into the water again found that we were traveling upstream. A few minutes later we crawled over a log jam and came out into the sunlight in Hill's Creek sink. This was all very pleasant, sitting in the sun -- but we still didn't know where the confluence of the two streams went under Droop Mtn. So back we went, reinforced by Lowell with his rubber boat. Seventy-five feet beyond the junction of the two streams, our river slid under a low ledge and continued on only 8 inches below the ceiling. Nobody volunteered to submerge in that icy water, so we retreated to daylight.

In the afternoon we had a lot more fun, but no more luck, on the opposite side of Droop Mtn. Here the confluence of Bruffey's Creek and Hill's Creek was generally supposed to come up, under an assumed name, as Locust Run.

A walk from the car of about a mile up a beautiful little valley brought us to the resurgence. While Fitz, Lowell and Ek manned the pump, Tom ranged around, photographing the inflation of Lowell's rubber boat. It was launched under an icicle-fringed ledge at the entrance, and Fitzhugh and Lowell took off on probably the shortest voyage of discovery on record. Lying on their backs in the bottom of the boat, they pulled their way upstream, using handholds on the ceiling of the channel. This inverted boating-cum-rock climbing seemed to tickle Fitzhugh -- and we could hear his chuckles echoing around inside the archway. As the ceiling lowered, our rock-climbing boatmen withdrew further and further into the boat, like a two-headed terrapin into its shell. Finally the boat filled all the available space between rock and water. Truly, a Sink Stopper!

Taking turns in the boat we made a rapid trip down Locust Run to the car and headed back over Droop Mtn. King-sized sinks were on every hand, but one, in particular, Ek said we must see, containing a stream that "don't come from anywhere and don't go anywhere". This was Blue Hole, a cenote-like sink reported to have already claimed one victim by drowning. We climbed down to the pool, in under a big archway, and saw a very cold water course flowing away into darkness. Somehow this vast and very wet prospect did not interest us as much as a small opening above water level in the side of the sink. Here we went into a huddle, and there followed the usual business of tossing small stones down and trying to judge the character of things below by the sound effect. This, we agreed, was a possible way into the water course of one of several small streams which feed into the pool through rock jams. Very obviously, Blue Hole is the sort of place it would be better to tackle early on a hot summer day, with the water considerably lower and with everybody feeling rather optimistic.

The next day Ek, his family, and some of his neighbors joined us in exploring three openings in the valley nearby. The first had been given a one-man going over by Leo on Saturday. He had rappelled into the snow-filled depths of a deep rift and had climbed back up a vertical wall hand-over-hand on the rope. It was a wintry-looking spot as we gathered on the brink, with one wall sheathed in ice. The only opening leading downward from the floor of this pit was a narrow gullet, still further constricted with a lining of ice. Minus the ice, it might be passable, at least downward, for a thin, determined individual. Just to demonstrate that cave exploring is not a "spectator sport", we lowered Ek's wife and his niece into the hole in a fireman's sling. They agreed that the first 10 feet were the worst.

From there we went to the swallow hole of Rush Creek, a place that seemed to contain much more water than air. Ek, our guide, had been saving his ace-in-the-hole until last. This was Snedegar's Cave. This cave, at least what we saw of it, was an "easy afternoon for a lady". From the large entranceway, its main passage increased in size as we went inward until it reached the dimensions of a large and rather disorderly auditorium, with a rocky, sloping floor leading down to a stream the size of Rock Creek. We explored this water course downstream for about an eighth of a mile, admired some very lovely flow-stone terraces, and amused ourselves for a while with the weird acoustics of a little side passage.



On our way back to Washington, Monday, we stopped for gas and climbed out to stretch our legs a bit. The filling station attendant looked us over, noted four days' growth of whiskers, much mud and evidence of wear and tear, etc., and remarked "Been prospecting?" He probably had oil or gold in mind, but we had caves in mind as we answered "Yes, and we really struck it rich!"

### Ups and Downs

Donald Hubbard  
Helen Baker  
Betty Kauffman  
Ruth Anderson  
Herb Conn

Pussy Behrenberg  
R. E. Stephens  
Pat Abbott  
Mary Neilan  
Chris Scoredos  
Dolores Alley

Hope Dawson  
Andy Kauffman  
Sally Chamberlain  
Jan Conn  
Mary Heaton

March 3, 1946

The spring-like weather brought the largest climbing group of the year to Carderock. Early arrivals were put through their paces on the Beginner's Crack, Barnacle Face, and the Beginner's Corner. Highlights of the day were: Dolores' first ascent of the Spider Walk and Chris's ascent of the Vertical Face between Marian's Chimney and the Barnacle Face. He reports that one piton was used for direct aid.

Don and Pussy led Helen Baker across most of the Chris-Wex-Don traverse, while Herb made a parallel traverse only a few feet from the top of the rock. Doctor Hubbard cooked up a "delicious wild soup" (the chef's very words), which was sampled with skepticism by the courageous members of the group. Attacks on Marian's Chimney and the Suction Cup Corner finished up the day.

### Correction

In our quotation from the "Yodeler", Up Rope (Feb. 20, 1946), on the classification of climbs, we omitted quotation marks around the quoted Difficulty Footnote. We wish to apologize to the "4 horsemen" because we are so young, as rock-climbers go, that we as yet have no such advanced ideas about our own climbs here in the East.

### News Notes

Raffi Bedayn writes to Paul Bradt for the famous "Up Rope". "I have read several copies and have enjoyed them very much." (OK., Raffi, where's your dollar?)

We also note with interest that Dick Leonard is home for good, and that the Sierra Club's Knapsack and Burro<sup>trips</sup> are again in high gear.

In reprinting Paul's "How to Judge a Sport" (Up Rope, January 23, 1946), The Yodeler of February 4 inferred that we must be politer on the Potomac when they read that "a natural response, when one team sees another in difficulty, is to give helpful suggestions." for they say "Hmn! Has he ever heard Dick's joyful, rusty laugh, or Bedlam's disparaging comments when some unfortunate is about to fall out of the cave in C-7 or dangle in exhaustion below I-12? Maybe they're just politer on the Potomac." However, if The Yodeler readers could hear the slanderous and caustic suggestions made by Doc Hubbard or the aforementioned Paul Bradt, to a climber scratching for a hold on a difficult face, they might think differently.

Our chief reporter, Eleanor Tatge, is among the missing (with a severe cold), at the publication of Up Rope tonight. The editorial staff pretty nearly broke down entirely when we found she was ill, but Stell Culverwell, Sally Chamberlain and Ruth Anderson have nobly turned up to help Jan and Paul and Jo (we want you next time, Hope. Couldn't reach you in time today.)

Marian Churchill sent a card to Jo and Paul from Cincinnati, Ohio. She is driving out to visit her mother, in San Francisco.

Don Jacobs was in town last week on a business trip. Eleanor not with him.

Chuck Haworth is at Inyokern, Calif., we understand. How do you like it there, Chuck?