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## News of the Washington Rock Climbers

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### DE GUSTIBUS --

How diverse man's choice in pleasure as applied to hours of leisure!  
There are those who only treasure seaside joys as ones of worth;  
Some are all for mountaineering, others find the plains more cheering,  
While some plump for disappearing in the bowels of the earth.

That's a choice which strikes the critic as distinctly troglodytic,  
Harking back to days mephitic when the blitzes buzzed around;  
When so many, helter-skelter, had to seek the air-raid shelter  
Where they learnt to sit and swelter in a refuge underground.

So we gaze with awe and wonder on the folk who dive down under  
When the guns no longer thunder and the warning sirens cease.  
Not for them mere surface strolling; they find darkness more consoling  
And prefer to go pot-holing in these piping times of peace.

Don't denounce their taste as dreary; they regard it as most cheery.  
But it does suggest the query: Can you find a quainter soul,  
Search from Knaresborough to the Dniester, than the underground bean-  
feaster

Who prepares to spend his Easter down a damp and devious hole?

-- Lucio.

-- From The Yorkshire Dalesman, via The Manchester Guardian.

### Ups and Downs

Chris Scoredos  
Arnold Wexler  
Betty Kauffman  
Andy Kauffman  
Edith Stimson

H. F. Stimson  
Mrs. Stimson  
Bob Stephens  
Florence Stephens

Sally Chamberlin  
Harold Weigelt  
Betty Barry  
Marion Murray  
Eleanor Tatge

May 19, 1946. Andy nobly bent to the oars as he Sink Stopped  
this week's group of local climbers to Cupid's Bower Island. The river  
was high, and his task formidable. On the Bower the usual famed climbs  
were struggled over -- that terrific trio, the Bachelor's, Master's,  
and Doctor's (Triangle and Coffin) climbs (the latter, an A climb, was  
successfully completed only by Chris -- at least, your reporter saw him  
go over the top) and the Stimmy Special, that gruesome inside corner  
just upstream of the Bower shelter that strangers are always siced on  
with a special gleam in Stimmy's eye. The group was very much delighted  
with the equipment displays offered by Dr. Stimson, particularly his

new sleeping bag constructed by himself and of amazingly versatile design. The would-be sleeper can arrange himself in it to be comfortable in any temperature this side of the nether regions of the next world. Edith, Betty, and Marion struggled manfully near the end of the day with the intricacies of the Three-Foot Traverse which begins just left of the Bachelor's Climb and extends to the right for some 200 feet and offers not only good material for beginners to scramble over but even some features of real interest, according to Betty and Eleanor who had traversed it earlier in the day. The water was perhaps a bit chilly for swimming; at any rate only womenfold tried it. They, however, seemed unanimously happy with the whole affair and had a good swim.

Chris Scoredos  
Helen Scoredos  
Eleanor Tatge

Don Hubbard  
Sam Moore  
Jim McDonald  
Anne Watkins

Arnold Wexler  
Sally Chamberlin  
Mary Neilan  
Gertrude Neilan

May 26, 1946. Little did our climbers of the day reckon the sudden downpour that was to drench them before the day was over. From the Quarry on the Virginia side of the Potomac all looked bright and cheerful as they wended their way to the Corkscrew Climb. Then came the rain! Eleanor managed to negotiate the face just upstream from the Corkscrew just before it became unmanageably damp, then after her some of the best elements of the group skittered off or retreated one after another from the slick footholds. Don's party ascended the Corkscrew successfully, then discovered that the crack between it and the slippery face was sufficiently protected by an overhang to be negotiable, and since no one told them what a difficult climb that crack is, up they went.

Lunch atop Oscar's Leap was fairly dry; that is, at intervals. The afternoon was spent partly swimming and diving, partly rappelling with the aid of Chris' rappelling harness and carabiner, and partly climbing, mostly at Juliet's Balcony. Who went swimming and whether anyone did or not, was undistinguishable by evening, since dampness was pretty well universal. (Note: Chris performed a highly creditable climb aided by Stimmy's Handhold-For-Too-Short-Climbers, which proved a howling success.)

## NEWS

Chuck Haworth, in Inyokern, Calif., writes that he has located a couple of skiers and rock climbers. They have gotten in some very good skiing, including a ski attempt on Whitney (14,495'). As the snow melts they expect to get more on the rocks. The following extract from his letter of May 13 proves that he is still climbing, --

On Sunday, May 6, Art Breslow and I made our first major rock climb of the season -- we call it the ascent of the East Face of Owen's Peak. Owens is 8500' and the nearest granite to the base. The face, which is only a small part of the climbing on Owens, is about 1000' high and consists largely of a large gully running from top to bottom. Altho we were roped at all times in the gully, at least half the time this was not necessary. No pitons were used due to the absence of carabiners. They could have been used nicely on one lead by Art in which he negotiated a tricky corner near the top of a rather long layback. It was necessary to use a rather small, unstable chockstone just above the corner for a handhold, and Art did this after belaying the rope around a small but firmly rooted little bush just below the corner. This was neatly done in such a way that I could have held him if he had fallen -- so he claims! We led alternately and practically covered the book as far as roped climbing without pitons is concerned. Laybacks, friction ascends and descending, chimneys (lovely ones), fast moving balanced travers and rappels featured the day. Just after dropping our rope late in the afternoon for the last rappel, Art spotted five baby cats playing about 50 - 100 feet from the bottom of the rope, and the "old lady"! She was black so that it is doubtful if they were cougars. A large black cat has been previously reported in the vicinity and speculations are running



rife as to whether a black Mexican panther is about. In any event, we watched the kittens box each other for a few minutes until they all pricked up their ears and went stumbling off into the brush. Art was unhappy; he had planned on bringing one in as a playmate for his Alaskan Malamute, Schuss!

Best regards,

CHUCK HAWORTH  
BOQ-22C  
W.O.T.S.  
Inyokern, Calif.

### S C O O P !

On Tuesday, May 21, Arthur Lembeck and Winifred Rodemeyer were married and started to Katahdin for a short trip. Some of the climbers will remember "Winnie" as the M.C.M. girl who at times has been bumped into on Seneca Rock, Champ Rock, in The Smoke Hole and various places of such high quality.

They will be in Washington only briefly on their way back to California, where Arthur's shore duty should be punctuated by many climbs.

Bill Kemper has flown to Bikini, presumably to try out the Atom Bomb!

It seems that climbers completely nutty about climbing wet rocks have found that they can do it better in boats. Don't worry; Spring comes but once a year.

NEXT UP ROPE IS SCHEDULED FOR JUNE 19. Don't ask the postman for it before then.

Tom Culverwell  
Stell Culverwell  
Bob Heyd

Lowell Bennett  
Ellen Bennett

Don Hubbard  
Sam Moore

### The River Rats Ride Again!

The second convention of the River Rats Marching, Swimming, and Chowder Society (Our Motto: A dunk a mile brings on a smile) ran its hectic course during May 18-19 on the Cacapon River in West Virginia. Tom Culverwell, as Grand Exalted Muskrat, welcomed the delegates early in the morning (ask Don what "early" means to a river rat) and announced cheerily, over a background of anguished moans from the canoeists who had hoped for something more leisurely, that the course of the meeting would run from the Capon Springs Bridge below Wardensville to the Potomac River. (We found later a distance of 64 miles.) Rubber boats were pumped up, waterproof cocoons donned, and final treaties negotiated between the canoeists as to whether an appeasement policy of back-paddling or an aggressive policy of "let 'er rip" would be adopted at critical moments.

These meetings seem inevitably to open with a little bushwhacking and this one was no exception. Inside of a minute canoe and life-boats were entangled in undergrowth and wandering with heartfelt comments just where the river was! This little difficulty was soon over though, and the boats bounced merrily on their way. A few pleasant ruffles and the flotilla entered the first of the long, beautiful stretches of quiet water. Here the pig-boat crews relaxed, dabbled their hands in the water and admired the scenery, although Tom did make a few half-hearted remarks to the effect that a man might as well walk! Life-boats, hah! The canoe, in line with its policy of aggression (Looks as tho' Hubbard's treaty won, doesn't it?) decided to push on, and so the fleet split, not to be rejoined until evening.

The river was brimful so only one portage, over a sunken bridge, was necessary all day long, and one of those floating sausages even ran this. In the stretch of river between Capon Bridge and the Forks of Cacapon Bridge, the prettiest on the river, the canoe ran into a series of ledges just upstream from Caudy's Castle, which necessitated a landing to look the situation over. All were run, not, however, completely unscathed. The repair of a ten-inch rip caused considerable delay next morning. The lifeboats needn't crow about this, tho'. For, after admiring the scenery for a while, they discovered that there didn't seem to be much change in the view. This led unpleasantly to the discovery that the river didn't seem to care whether the boats went anywhere or not, and that if their destination was to be reached, they would have to do something about it themselves. Where, of where was this downhill boating they had been reading about!

There were moans about canoes that move so fast and the weary grind of mile after mile of tiresome heaving on the oars when by rights the whole battery should have been ricochetting merrily from boulder to boulder down one fast rapid after another! An occasional riffle and a couple of torrential showers relieved the tedium, and the many broods of baby ducks in formation and the beautiful flowers did help the monotony, -- but it took so-o-o-o long to pass them! Finally, to cap the climax -- as the really interesting rapid water near Capon Bridge -- the lateness of the hour forced them to call it quits and the back-weary and burned life-boaters joined the gleeful and not so weary canoeists at Forks of Cacapon. These last were busy being cross-examined by a suspicious game-warden, who found it hard to believe that persons would boat on the Cacapon without an ulterior motive.

After a good deal of good-natured discussion about the qualities of canoes and life-boats at a cozy camp at the bridge, a more optimistic group shoved off next morning with full intentions of viewing the Potomac before evening. Our first stop was Largent, a short distance downstream -- on the road map! By the time we had all meandered around with the Cacapon, we began to wonder if we ever would reach the place, and the major portion of the day was gone. Again the puffed-up canoeists decided to push ahead, but even they took 'til 2 o'clock to reach the first stop. Those poor little step-children, the rubber boats, were again suffering from the "quiet water blues", and finally became so contemptuous of the river that they didn't even bother to look at the rapids as they shot them.

Leaving a note, the canoeists pushed on, hoping to reach the Potomac, and they were rewarded by the fastest run of the entire trip. There were few actual rapids, but the water constantly poured downhill at a rapid rate, enabling them to go for miles with little effort. It was a good thing, too, for while "Muscles" Hubbard was hauling along as strong as ever, Sam by this time was just so much excess baggage as far as propulsion was concerned. Just when they were figuring on setting a new record, they reached the power dam -- and an hour later were finally starting off again down river. The intervening ill spent time was consumed by trying to find a way to shove through the flooded second-growth, lifting the canoe over a wing of the dam, and portaging it back to the river again. Future river rats may find it possible to avoid this labor by sliding their boats down an abutment in the center of the dam. A short time later Great Cacapon, the end of the journey, came into sight.

In the meantime, the lifeboaters, who seemed to enjoy looking at the scenery so much that they just couldn't tear themselves away from it, missed the rapids again. Nature was agin them there "rubber boats", wan't it?

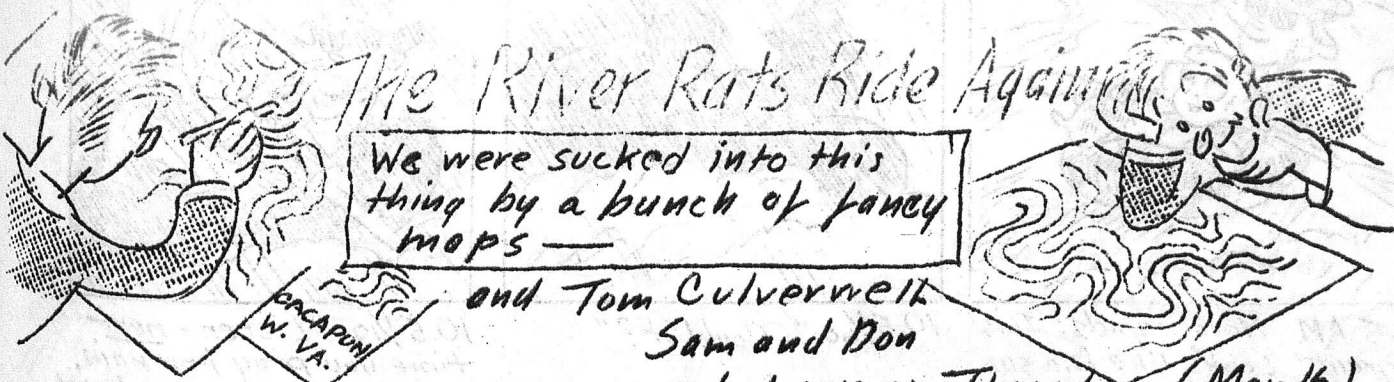


The convention was over, but not the adventures! Burned-out generators and the like kept things interesting until Don and Sam finally got home at 5:30 A.M. to officially end the trip. All in all the boats and the crews seemed to be equally battered, which we may assume is an indication of a successful meeting. At least, in spite of the grumbles and sore muscles, the patches and the cracked planking, the first question asked when the participants met again was, "Where next?"

In retrospect, for the benefit of others who may wish to follow in our wakes, our conclusions were that the Cacapon River need take second place to no stream when it comes to beauty. It is, however, primarily a river for canoes or similar boats which can traverse the long sections of quiet water without losing too much time. A two-day trip is best started from Capon Bridge, with camp being made somewhere between Forks of Cacapon and Largent -- as close to the latter as is possible. In low water the section above the Forks would probably be impractical, but lower down the river should be possible in all but the dryest weather.

Well, Brother Rats, when do we meet again? How about the North Branch of the Potomac?

(Ed. note: With some editing by Ye Ed, this article was written by Sam Moore -- who, it can be noted, is certainly all for canoes.)



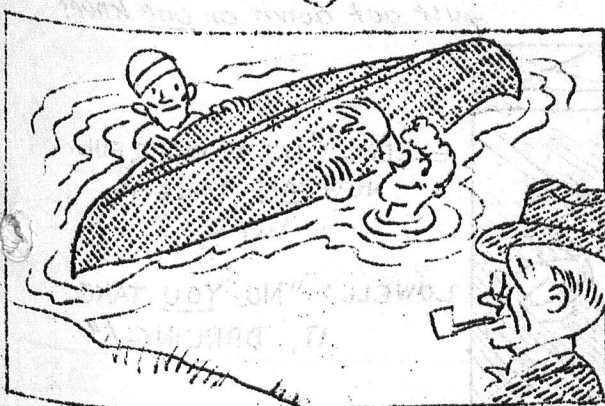
We were sucked into this thing by a bunch of fancy maps —

and Tom Culverwell Sam and Don

went down on Thursday (May 16) and made some 1st ascents on Baker Rock. They also enjoyed the back country roads —

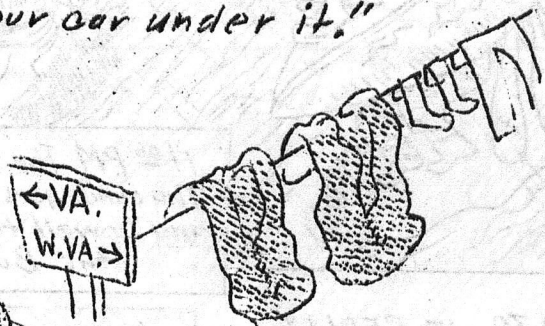
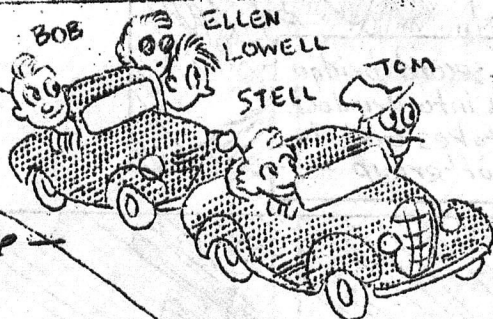
The Farmer: "Upset huh? Aren't you afraid she'll sink?"

Sam: "Nope, we're not worrying — We've got our car under it."



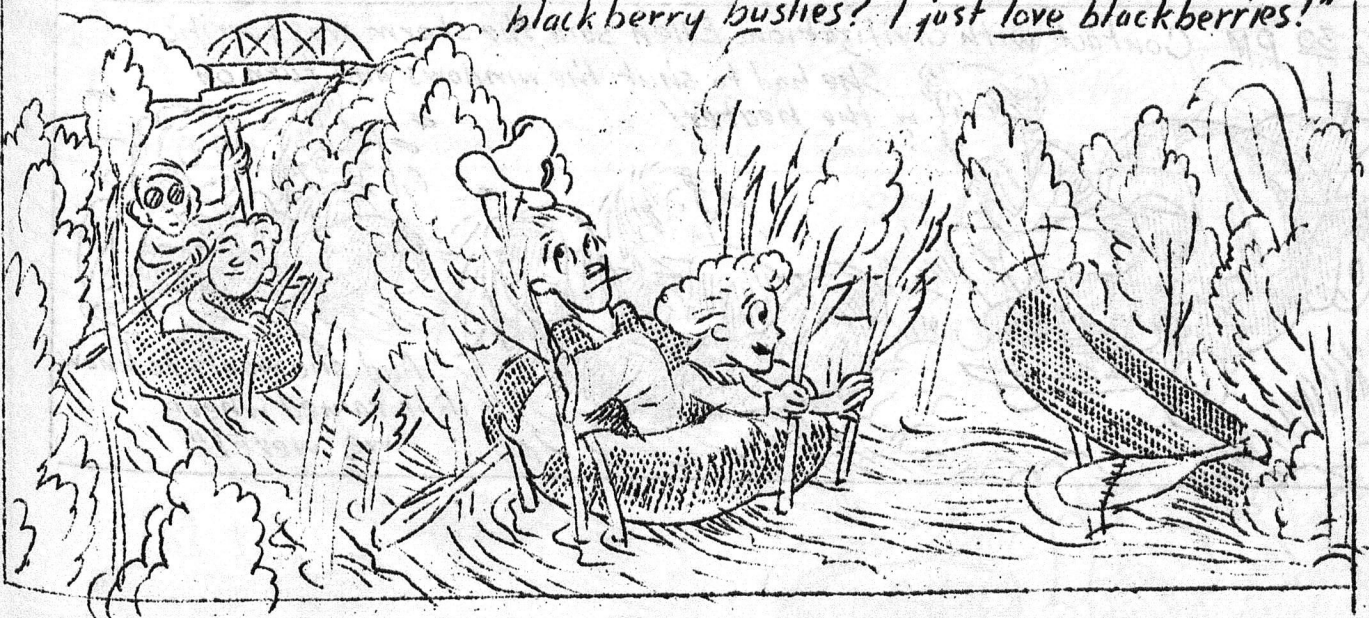
May 18  
8:30 AM

We found them drying their sleeping bags on the state line —



Ten miles north of Wordensville, we launched the boats and followed the green canoe into the jungle. Have you ever tried bushwacking in a boat? Then you haven't seen everything, yet!

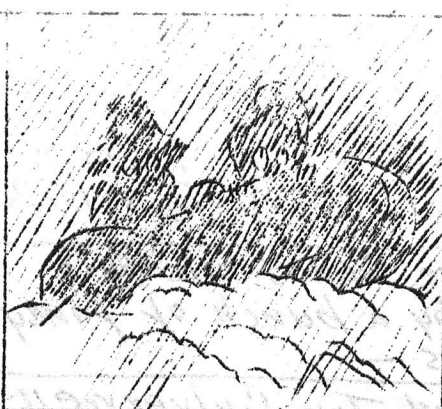
Stell: "— Couldn't we have come thru blackberry bushes? I just love blackberries!"







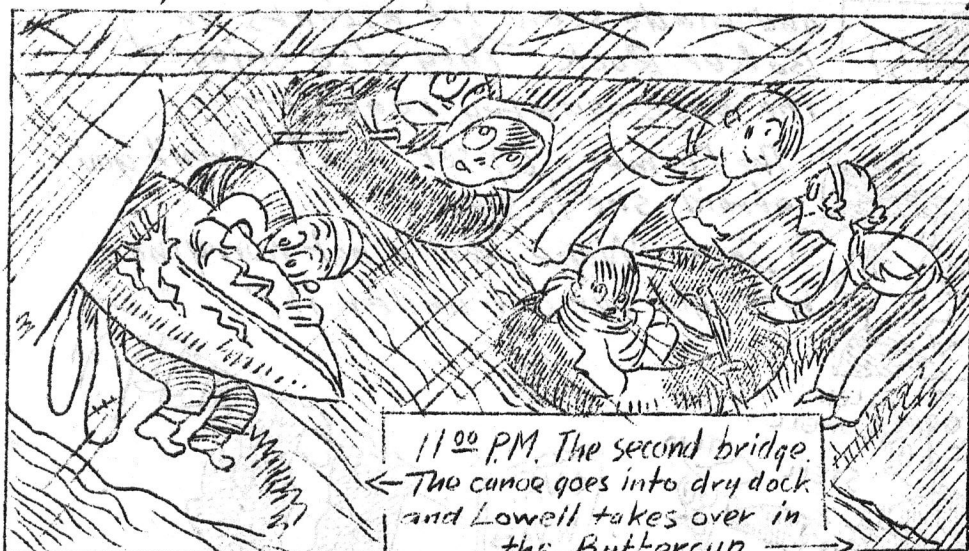
10.5 AM "More rapids! This is great! Look's like the sun is coming out!"



10.5/60 "Could it?"



10.5/10 "Listen - next time you pray for rain, just get down on one knee!"



11<sup>00</sup> P.M. The second bridge.  
← The canoe goes into dry dock and Lowell takes over in the Buttercup →

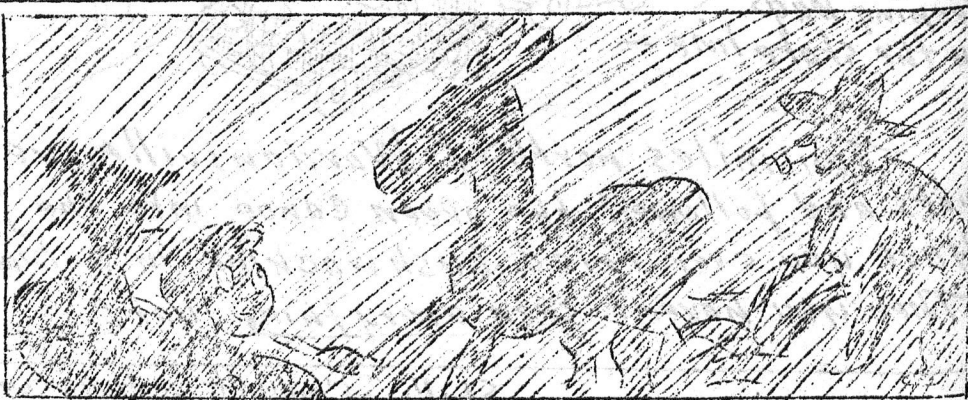
ELLEN: "IT'S WONDERFUL NOW YOU TAKE IT DEAR!"

LOWELL: "NO. YOU TAKE IT, DARLING!"

12<sup>30</sup> IT REALLY BEGAN TO RAIN →

TOM: "I think we're off our course"

STELL: "Can this be the horse latitudes?"  
Look off the port bow!



2<sup>30</sup> P.M. Contact with civilization. Ellen said the storm was terrific. She had to shut the windows and turn on the heater!



"And she wants to know if it rained where we were!"



3:22 PM We got some  
sunshine and  
photographs

"—Back up a little—  
That's it! Now relax  
and smile—"

3:10  
RAINING AGAIN

It was too much  
for Lowell and Bob  
and they headed  
for the road—

"It's a Yaller  
Whiffen Snatch!  
Just like Granpa tells about"

(Sorry) Saturday  
SUNDAY NIGHT  
UNDER THE BRIDGE  
AT FORKS OF  
CACAPON—

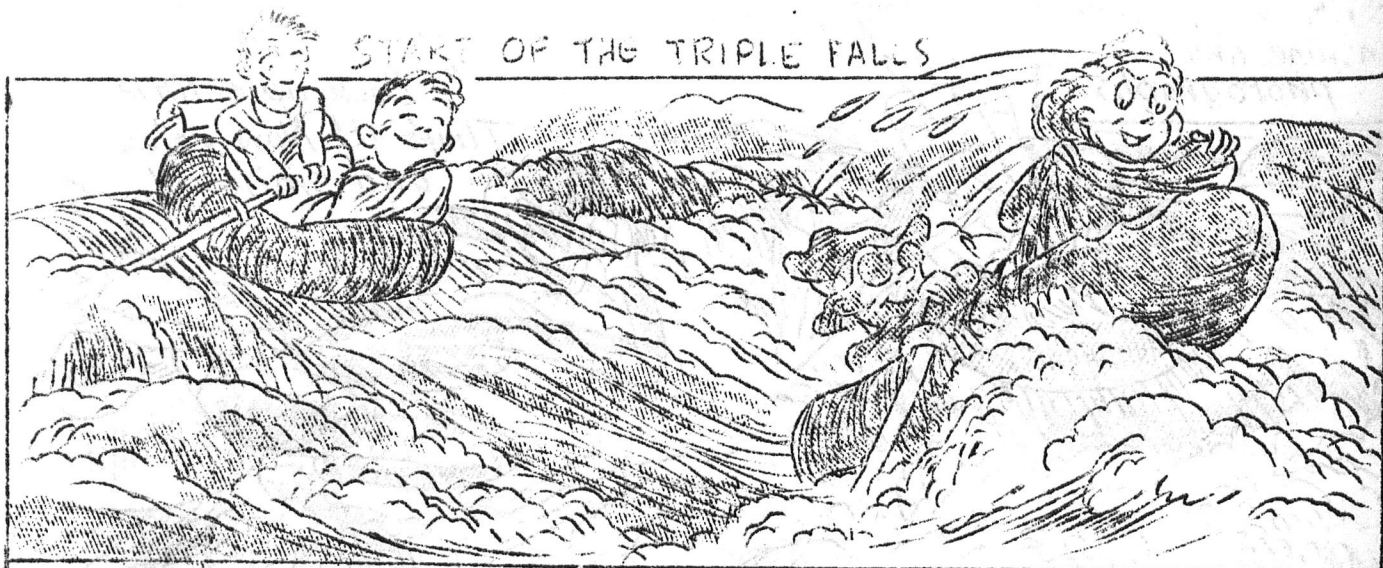
"NOW ISN'T THAT A  
SIGHT IN A  
CIVILIZED  
COUNTRY?"

↑ ELLEN LOWELL ↑ BOB ↑ DON ↑ TOM STELL ↑ SAM ↑ THE BULLFROG

8:30 AM SUNDAY—THE CANOE  
GOT OFF TO A GOOD START  
AND THE AIR BOATS CAME  
DRIFTING ALONG—



START OF THE TRIPLE FALLS



THINGS IMPROVED AS WE  
WENT DOWN



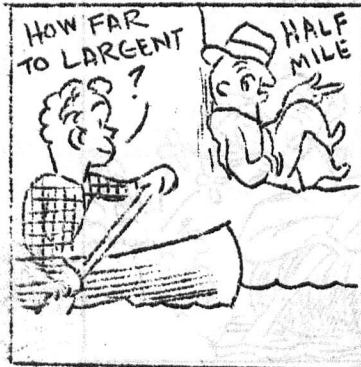
THEN WE DRIFTED  
THRU SUPERB SCENERY—  
MOANING FOR MORE  
WHITE WATER—

"NOT A TRACE  
OF CURRENT—  
IT'S DISGUSTING!"



HOW FAR  
TO LARGENT?

HALF  
MILE



HOW FAR  
TO LARGENT?

HALF  
MILE



HOW FAR  
TO LARGENT?



IT IS  
EXACTLY  
1/2 MILE  
TO  
LARGENT



"Might as well concentrate on your fishin', son — She says there's two life rafts coming down to pick her up —"



4:30 PM THE UPPER BRIDGE AT LARGENT. ORCHIDS TO ELLEN, WHO WAITED SIX HOURS FOR US, HERE.

ELLEN: "—IS THAT THEM— OR IS IT JUST ANOTHER MUD TURTLE?"

THE RUN TO THE LOWER BRIDGE AT LARGENT —



"ARE YOU SURE WE'RE ON THE RIGHT ROAD? I THOUGHT THEY ONLY USED THOSE THINGS IN THE S.W. PACIFIC!"



MEANWHILE DON AND SAM WERE ENJOYING THE BEST RUN FOR THE DAY, FROM THE LOWER BRIDGE TO GREAT CACAPON. THE PORTAGE AROUND THE DAM WAS IRRITATING, AND DON SAYS IF THEY'D HAD A SAW —



"—THAT SETTLES IT, CAPTAIN MOORE! WE'LL GO OUR SEPERATE WAYS, SIR!"

