



Editors  
Jo & Paul Bradt  
6626 First St. N.W.  
Washington, D.C.

## News of the Washington Rock Climbers

Founders  
Jan & Herb Conn  
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### IN MEMORIAM

Dr. Charles C. Haworth, Jr. (1914-46)

With the tragic death of Chuck Haworth, mountaineering lost one of its most enthusiastic followers and the Washington rock-climbers a valued friend. Although his love for the mountains was born and nurtured in the Cascades near his home in Seattle, Chuck readily transferred a portion of his allegiance to the local cliffs when the dictates of war brought him to Washington. Here he rapidly developed an aptitude and enthusiasm for rock-climbing which marked him as one of the finest leaders in the group. Several of the ascents he made while climbing in West Virginia rank among the most difficult ever pioneered on local rocks. His many friends will remember him not only for his skill at climbing and his fine motion pictures, but even more for his cheery good nature and pleasant companionship.

We'll miss you, fellow!

\* \* \*

On July 22, 1946, Dr. Charles C. Haworth, Jr., was killed while climbing near Mt. Sir Sandford in the Selkirk Mountains of British Columbia. His death is an unfortunate example of one of those unpredictable accidents that can and sometimes do occur in mountaineering.

From an advanced base camp on the lower slopes of Azimuth Mountain, the party of five, Sterling Herdricks, Donald Hubbard, Arnold Wexler, Sam Moore, and Haworth, had climbed for several days, including the second ascent of Mt. Sir Sandford and a first ascent of the higher peak of Mt. Blackfriars. On the 22nd it was decided to make a tour of the glaciers in the vicinity with the possibility of making an ascent of one of several easy peaks nearby. During the course of the morning the party climbed an easy snow ridge to the east peak of Mt. Citadel (9,580 ft.), a prominent point on the ridge to the southwest of Mt. Sir Sandford.

After a leisurely lunch on the summit the party decided to try the climb to the apparently virgin west peak, nearly equal in height and only a short distance away. Both peaks were rocky pinnacles,

separated by a gap in the ridge about fifty feet lower than the summits. This gap was about one hundred feet long and fairly narrow, with perpendicular rock walls dropping to the glaciers five hundred feet below. Enormous blocks, intersticed with smaller stones, were somewhat loosely poised along its length. Essentially, however, there was nothing difficult about the climbing from one peak to the other.

Three of the party, Haworth, Hubbard, and Hendricks, climbed unroped to the gap, where they roped for the final scramble to the summit of the west peak, which contained one slightly difficult pitch. After making the climb and building a cairn, they were joined by Wexler and Moore, who made the entire climb roped. The party now reroped on one rope with Haworth leading, followed by Wexler, Hendricks, Moore, and Hubbard. The first three quickly reached the gap and settled themselves there to watch the fourth man. At this time Haworth unroped, ignoring the mild expostulations of several of the rest of the party. The fourth man had just completed climbing the difficult part and was settling himself in his belay position when a low cry was heard, and, turning, the party saw Haworth falling down the precipitous north face of the mountain.

Stunned by the tragedy, the party descended by the route used in making the ascent, and hastened around the slopes of the mountain to where the body lay on the lower lip of a large bergschrund. Death had been instantaneous.

Haworth was buried where he fell, with an ice axe as a marker, and the saddened party hastened to Golden to report the accident. In accordance with his own wishes, expressed in a general conversation only two days before, and those of his family, his body was left buried in the hills.

Little can be said in summarizing the facts of the accident. None of the party saw Haworth when he fell, and it can only be surmised that he was moving along the gap, retracing the earlier route of his unroped descent, when the slip occurred. Obviously if he had remained roped, the accident would probably not have ended fatally. However, he was a very skillful and experienced rock-climber, unburdened by pack or ice axe, and was moving on rock over which he had climbed earlier. Thus there was no question of unjustifiable risk involved. In addition he had made a practice on earlier climbs of unroping occasionally in order to make motion pictures of the others, so his independent actions as described above were not without precedent.

The accident, on exposed but easy rocks under relatively safe conditions, only serves to illustrate the fact that there is an element of danger in mountaineering which is always present, even under the best of conditions, and that while there is no substitute for constant vigilance, even the greatest of care cannot make the sport completely safe.

Chuck lies in the most beautiful section of Canada, a world of ice and snow, amongst the mountains he loved so well. A splendid mountain marks his resting place, but in the hearts of those who knew him and called him friend, no marker will be needed.

\* \* \*

Comment by Paul Bradt --

The realization that Chuck Haworth fell and was killed has given us all heavy hearts.

At first, as we remember his winning ways and what a prince of a chap he was, our grief is centered around our memories of him. Still we should not forget the other part of our sadness, almost humiliation. That is, that it was a climbing accident.

The particular manner in which it occurred is not the most important thing. It would be foolish to always take great pains to avoid that particular mistake and then make another. The thing to remember is that none of us lead charmed lives. Some of us have been climbing around here for something like fifteen years without any accidents; but that does not mean that there will be another fifteen years before the next one. It might occur next Sunday. It is your responsibility and mine to see that it doesn't.

It has been said that rock climbing is the art of being so careful that one can safely go in dangerous places. Even the lowest cliff may be a dangerous place. Be careful.



U \* P \* S \* \* A \* N \* D \* \* D \* O \* W \* N \* S

Delores Alley  
Billy Alley  
Helen Baker

Herb Conn  
Jan Conn

July 21, 1946

The group arrived at Carderock but because the river was so low waded across to Herzog Island. The climbing was confined to the large airy face near the northern end of the island and the Hornet's Nest. Climb was made with different variations by each climber. One complete with hornet.

Delores Alley  
Helen Baker  
Helen Patton

Bettina Bien  
Herb Conn  
Jan Conn

July 28, 1946. In the morning the group climbed at Great Falls Va. Climbs were made in the vicinity of The Cornice Climb. Later the group moved to the Birds Nest Climb. Jan was the only one who tried it. After seeing her climb it the others hunted up some hard climbs. An overhanging inside corner proved too much for all the climbers, although the highest climber was only 2 feet from the top handhold. The general opinion is that it should "go". One other inside corner just upstream from the Birds Nest Climb was attempted but will have to be left for another day.

After returning from Great Falls Helen Baker, Jan, and Herb went out to Carderock where they had another try at the new inside corner on the rock between Arthur's Traverse and the Jack Knife. Herb managed to make the top, Jan came off, and Helen had the good sense to keep off the climb altogether.

\* \* \* \* \*

Helen Baker  
Ted Schad  
Delores Alley  
Betty Alley  
Jo Bradt  
Alan Bradt  
Paul Bradt

John Meenehan  
Jack Witson  
Bill Schlecht  
Chas. Milton  
Daniel Milton  
Michael Milton

August 5, 1946. If rock climbing in the shade has any advantages, which photographer John Meenehan won't concede, they were appropriate this time. Other places must have been hotter than Carderock. Bill spent most of his time instructing the Milton boys in the fundamentals of climbing. Jo gave her attention to Alan and Betty while the rest of us hung around and wished we had ambition exhibited by Helen and Delores.

Helen had Paul and Delores up the Golden Stairs. Later John and Jack followed the same route. John, Helen and Paul demonstrated three routes up the 60ft. face crossed by the last flight of said Golden Stairs. Helen and Delores climbed Jan's Face. Paul and Delores slowed Helen down by showing her Leonard's Lunacy. It didn't work for in the end Helen climbed Sterling's Left Twin Crack; Delores fell off; and Paul went home.

NEWS NOTES

Dear Jo:

We met Chris and Helen in the rain. Chriss authorized the new mimeograph. Hah! I think it is funny to dash madly to Chicago and buy it, then madly on to the Totons and have the Chairman O.K. it!!

Love,  
Eleanor

Dear Jo:

We arrived here today after a wonderful trip through the Wind River

Wilderness. Will send the details back with Eleanor. Hope everything going well with you. Give our regards to Don, Jan, Herbie and the rest.

Sincerely,

Helen and Chris

Ruth Anderson has been discharged from the WAC and is now residing as a peaceful civilian at 22 N Pope Street, Hempstead, New York.

Jan and Herb Conn is now in Geneva New York on their travels around the world.

We hear that Gus Gambs is in the Bugaboos and is having a swell time for himself. We will try to get Gus to write us an article when he comes home.

Betty and Andy J. Kauffman, have scaled the 18,000 foot peak near Anchorage, Alaska, with a party of mountain climbers and placed an American Flag atop Mount Saint Elias, according to latest reports.

Capt. Roy Holdiman, of Anchorage, was said to have flown over the peak and to have found the words, "Top 16th" traced in the snow, this indicating that the party had reached its goal.

They left Washington for the expedition about June 1 and are expected to return August 26. They joined the mountain-climbing group for the purpose of studying rock formations.

The Alaskan exploit is being led by Maynard Miller, of Seattle, Washington. Others in the group include D. N. Molenaar, of Los Angeles, William Latady, of Cambridge, Mass, and William Putnam, of Springfield Mass.

Mary Neilan extends an invitation to any one interested in caves to come to Pa. on any week to explore.

Stimmie has just come back from a trip across the country. While at the Mesa Verda National Park. With the ranger's permission he climbed the cliff Dwellers' route to The Balcony House. Now he has a theory.

The Cliff Dwellers had Yucca-fiber ropes, and Stimmie suggests that a Herb Conn of many centuries ago probably scouted the cliffs and took up a safety rope which was used as a hand rope by the rest. The lack of pitons, however, indicates a primitive state of civilization.