

## NEWS OF THE WASHINGTON ROCK CLIMBERS

Vol. 5, No. 16

May 11, 1949

### Schedule

#### MEETING

Friday May 20, 1949, 8:00 P.M.  
Dawson's, 3610 Horner Place SE  
Local Climbing and Related Shorts  
(Kodachromes by All of Us)

The next meeting will be a color slide session at the Steve Dawsons. About 150 frames will be shown, these to be divided equally among the members wishing to display their "best."

To reach the Dawsons', drive out Nichols Avenue SE past St. Elizabeth's Hospital and turn left on the first road past the Firehouse Housing Development, which is Horner Place. Horner Place angles off at the west end of the Development. From 10th and Pennsylvania the A2 (Congress Heights), A4 (Bellevue), A6 (Fort Drum), and A8 (Livingston) buses run up Nichols Avenue to Horner Place. The Dawsons' phone is IUDlow 3-2059.

#### NEILAN-KAUFFMAN WILDERNESS ROUTE

By Betty Kauffman

Mary Neilan and I drove to the Canadian Rockies last summer prior to my husband Andy's trip in the Selkirks. She was to continue on to other fields and I to join Andy. Actually we spent more time together than we anticipated. Our holiday leaves no astounding record of mountaineering accomplishments. I have many "high points" to look back on, though I don't remember a single peak whose summit I actually gained. Our purpose was undefined. It took five days to reach the mountains, with time out for swims, repairs, meals over the primus stove, and more or less dry nights under the sky. One cannot feel

the beauty of the prairies from a train window. So much of the view is that great dome of sky, constantly changed by new cloud formations.

On the fifth day excitement gripped me as shapes, almost transparent, shaded the horizon. The following week we spent in territory new to both of us--Moraine Lake and the Valley of the Ten Peaks. Our various walks brought constantly different views of the famous mountains of the Lake Louise region. A fifteen-mile tour over Sentinel Pass topped our achievements. At the camping ground we preferred picnic tables to wet ground for a bed. These tables were conveniently placed in small shelters. We found that other parties made similar use of the remaining facilities on the grounds. Life became very jolly between neighbors. A porcupine shook me all one night by chewing on a leg of my table. I was sort of lonesome so I just let him stay there. On driving farther westward, to the entrance of Yoho valley, we met a kindly park warden who took us up the Yoho and showed us some beautiful falls.

All the while I was conscious that my favorite spot, Glacier, in the Selkirks, lay only four hours west of us. We had planned to retrace our steps to the Rockies for a few more days, but when Mary woke with the words, "Let's go on to Glacier," I sprang into my clothes with the last syllable. It was like coming home, to arrive in that isolated village surrounded by mountain peaks known mostly but to

climbers. Tourists only civilized accommo-  
ing house in connec-  
store. We moved into

Club hut and remained  
eral weeks, since the

As space permits  
prolonged stay at Gla-  
list our greatest  
the leisure and free-  
Sometimes we climbed  
overlooking a maze of  
flowers, birds, or

as long as we cared

we became domes-  
Mary seemed to derive  
whitening the dish

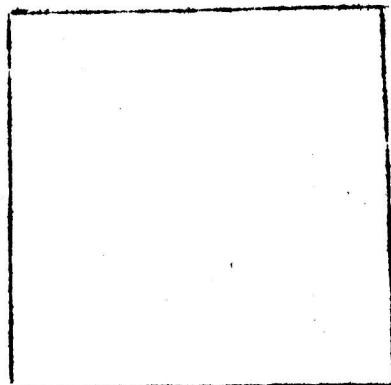
enjoyed the fruits of  
another pleasure was

of some of our friends  
we even gave a dinner

the large supply of

Last I shall mention  
the fire with feet up,

#### Studies in White No. IV



Above you will find  
the names of those  
daring ace climbers  
who have made

the famed Carderock  
Jam Box ascent.

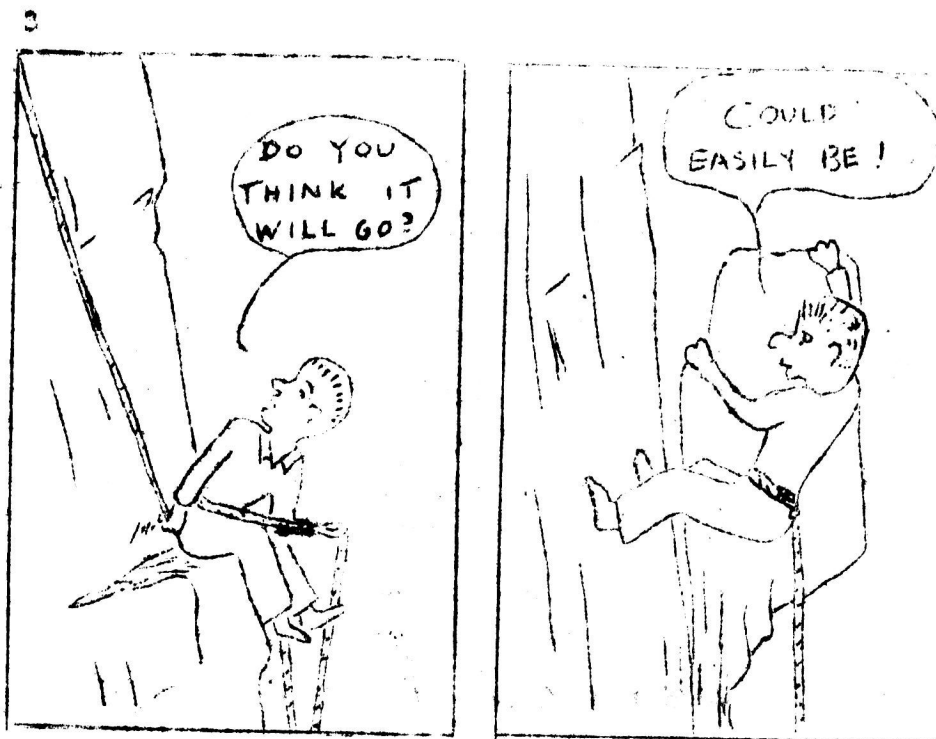
seldom stop here. The  
dation is a small room-  
tion with the general  
the Canadian Alpine  
sole occupants for sev-  
rats soon moved away.

a mere sketch of our  
cier, I shall try to  
pleasures. First was  
dom to do as we wished.  
to a fine vantage point  
Selkirk peaks. Alpine  
cool streams arrested  
to let them. On other  
tic around the hut.

pleasure from gradually  
towels. I, of course,  
her efforts. Still  
the delightful company  
in the village. Once  
party made possible by  
dishes in the hut.

the cosy evenings by

What would this idyllic existence be without an adventure to break the monotony? When the Washington Rock Climbers came through the area they persuaded us to take off into the wilderness with them. Under wet conditions we carried food for three days, tent, sleeping bag. Don, Arnold, Faberge, Mary, and I were to join Chris, Sterling,



and Pete at their base camp, where supplies had been dropped from the air. A trail brought us comfortably to the head of Bostock Creek. There followed a long day of whacking thru steep sidehill bush. A descent of several thousand feet might sound easy, but this wasn't. Mary later confided, "I just knew I was never going to happen on a farmhouse." Indeed she wasn't. Neither were we to "happen on" Sterling and Co. in that direction. We had observed that the only signs of man in that valley were a few old blazes. Our mistake became evident at the junction of our stream with Mountain Creek. Even our feeble brains realized this was entirely the wrong valley! Oh hum! Back up to Bostock summit we must go! Fine bunch of explorers we were.

Mary and I gladly returned to our quiet evenings at the hut, leaving the others to pursue the arduous route. Our holiday became more varied. Mary went to the Canadian Alpine Club Camp. She returned to find our quiet home overrun with newcomers. The dish towels began to get filthy! Perhaps it was high time for an end to this existence. Andy arrived from his Northern Selkirk trip. Mary had a rendez-vous in Montana. We, too, headed for the good old U.S.A.

#### Ups and Downs

Paul Bradt  
Billy Walker  
Don Hubbard

Alvin Peterson  
Arnold Wexler  
Peg Keister

Art Lembeck  
Win Lembeck  
Lois Barnes

May 1, 1949, Devil's Garden, West Va. (by Paul Bradt): The Devil's Garden will always seem the playground preeminent for the rock climbers of the Washington vicinity. Nowhere this side of the Shawangunks of New York State, if even there, does one find cliffs with the sunny carnival gayety of this place. Its routes on airy ledges,

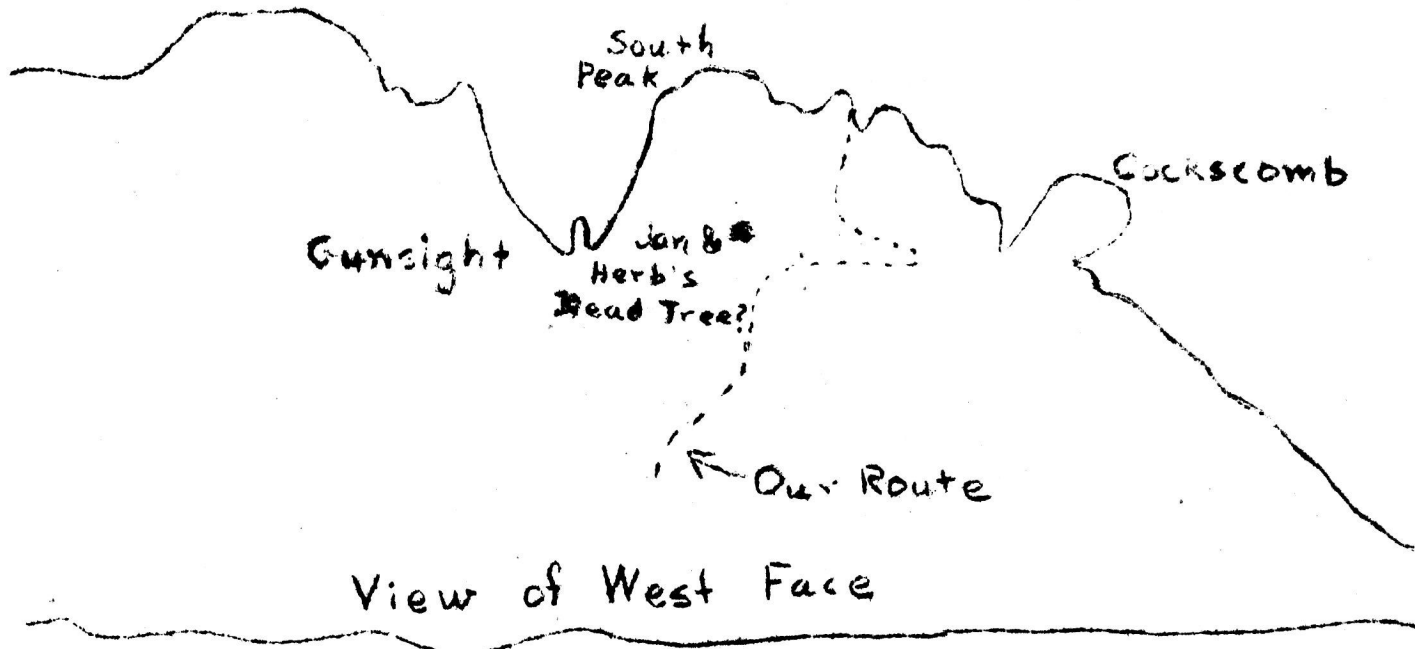
through open windows and under stone arches led me to invite young Billy Walker. When he arrived he testified that he liked nothing so well as the bottoms of the stone crevasses. So Don, Pete, Billy and I spent an undue portion of the day in the dark lower regions.

Arnold and Art, impatient for the rocks to dry, tried, at 2 o'clock, the Rattlesnake Climb, which was probably dry enough to climb by 3. At 3 Art nearly climbed the Purple Overhang, which he doubtless could have climbed by 4. They tell me that there is no name for the little thing Art and I climbed. Of course everyone went on at least one of the grand tours.

The day was finished with a half hour scrambling around and under the flat slabs of the Garden. Our dinner at the Virginia Restaurant in Strasburg firmly established our determination to go back within a month.

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## Seneca Rock



Pim Karcher  
Ken Karcher

Dick Gaylord  
Bob Tiemann

Gaby Rosenberger

April 29 to May 1, 1949--Seneca Rocks Again (by Ken Karcher). Ever since being introduced into the precarious art of rock climbing by our friends (or enemies) I have heard great praise of the rocks called Seneca. Witnessing the spires from some distance while en route to Schoolhouse Cave, and hearing numerous statements to the effect that "on Seneca 'real' mountain conditions are simulated" brought on an urge to go unguided and without the vast experience of our friends. I would not always be able to rely on Arnold's quick eye for a handhold or Don's well planted piton; would it not be wise to go alone and give their training a test?

A certain individual with a very weak mind had the audacity to suggest a tough packing trip, with some climbing, something big for this week end. I decided either to bring an end to the very existence of this individual or to undertake a trip to end all trips; and Seneca could very likely accomplish both purposes. The Nash left immediately from work Friday, destination unknown save to me (all personnel were advised to put their personal affairs in order before leaving). At midnight on Friday five people gazed with varying amounts of awe toward the cliffs. The two peons of the party spent the night on top a sawdust pile while the three elite snored comfortably on foam rubber cushions.

The cliffs of the west face were approached after a hasty breakfast. I led the first rope with Gaby and Dick while Pim and Bob followed on a second rope. After a false start, we began to climb at the north end of the central buttress; I knew Jan and Herb Conn had started from this general area. We moved slightly south over the ledges and completed a short but interesting chimney. Directly above us was a prominent dead tree with an inside corner leading up towards it. One lonesome piton showed at the very bottom. Is this where Jan and Herb had been?

The corner seemed a little more than we wanted to attempt and so we traversed southward on a beautiful ledge which ended in a series of broken ledges with several large trees. A series of pitches and chimneys led first slightly to the north and then straight up. Pitons indicated the Army had been before us all the way. A short, slightly overhanging cliff put my heart in my throat for the first time, and the party (after varying types of grunts and comments) assembled. Above us was a 30 to 40-foot chimney, straight up. Off to the right and outside the chimney, close to the top, were three channel irons close together and one vertical piton close in to the chimney. One large boulder and several small ones seemed to barely hang in the chimney at the top. After one attempt to avoid the chimney, I started up while everyone else huddled back under the cliff. I reached the vertical piton, carabiner ready; I could have pulled it out by hand. Considering the rocks above the real danger, I didn't waste any time but moved on up, between the rock and the back of the chimney. A narrow passageway opened up into a rather large cave-like area. The rocks were firmly wedged after all and the party started up. We had a particularly noisy party--such strange sounds you rarely hear emanate from human beings. Bob was last up and had to discard first his jacket, then the camera, then his hat, before the crack became sufficiently wide to allow his appearance at the top. A short scramble brought us to the skyline ridge where we transferred to the east side and proceeded to the top. After a short lunch, rain threatened and we hurried down the only route we knew well. (Dick will appreciate the return of his parka which was left on the top.) Rain overtook us below the chimney and two sling ropes, an army piton, a new piton, and two rappels, brought us to safe ground.

In retrospect the route, for which the name Old Men's Route has been agreed upon, seems fairly easy--but NOT as easy as the Old Women's Route is described. If anyone recognizes our route by another name we'll perforce yield priority.



Chris Scoredos      Andy Kauffman  
Sterling Hendricks      Betty Kauffman  
Alec Fabergé

Sunday May 1, 1949. The group met at Carderock where they brushed off the Beginners' Climb before it started to rain, then, except Chris, went for a walk to Great Falls. The main event seems to have been a luscious luncheon of a small hunk of Betty's homemade bread, three turnips, and a little cheese.

Andy Kauffman	Gabby Rosenberger	Donald Hubbard	Chris Scoredos
Betty Kauffman	Ken Karcher	Peg Keister	Helen Scoredos
Irene Posner	Pim Karcher	Jane Showacre	Eric Scoredos
	Eleanor Tatge	George Kamm	

Sunday May 8, 1949. The Hot Shoppe Brigade moved up to Loudon Cliffs, Virginia, opposite Harper's Ferry. In the morning Don led an easy route on the pinnacle for a rope of four followed by a rope of three, while Gaby led a second rope of three on a practice piton traverse which culminated in a more difficult route up the pinnacle.

In the afternoon Ken set up an aerial traverse, Andy led a piton face climb up the cliff opposite the pinnacle, and later, Eleanor led a third route up the pinnacle from the river side around to a ledge above the trail. From the ledge George took the lead and, after conquering a slight touch of anachoresiphobia\*, worked out the details of the Blue Moon Climb up a slightly overhanging and outward sloping ledge (providing convenient "stomach-holds" now and then, fortunately) to a good foothold where a head-high piton permitted a belay for a hair-raising step far out to the right from which two excellent hand-holds allowed a quick ascent essentially to the top. The name derives from the fact that the last climber, viewed from above, mostly had legs and shoulders hidden by the overhang, but exposed an area of light blue trousers rising like a Blue Moon.

An excellent dinner was enjoyed by one carful at Leesburg, Va., in the Virginia Restaurant on Main Street.

Sunday, May 8. The Bradts went out to Carderock for a little scrambling. Jo climbed down and up the Pink and, let us say, Mauve Easter Egg Climbs. Jo got nearly halfway up the Green Easter Egg Climb and Paul got something over halfway up the Jam Box. The younger members climbed various lesser rocks. If Paul continues to develop the art of holding two climbers simultaneously he may become a whiz-bang second man!

#### Inside Corner

The National Speleological Society is holding a photography exhibition at U. S. National Museum Division of Graphic Arts May 2nd thru 31st.

Mary Neilan has suddenly given up prospecting. Her well-founded reasons will appear in our next issue because we have run out of both space and time to do her letter justice.

\*Anachoresiphobia...means a reluctance to back up when facing adverse conditions.... (TIME, May 9, 1949).