

## NEWS OF THE WASHINGTON ROCK CLIMBERS

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October 5, 1949

### Schedule

Fri.-Sun. Oct. 14-16. Schaeffer Rocks at the Hermitage Shelter, Pennsylvania.

Friday, Oct. 21. Gerry Cunningham will speak on "Light-Weight Mountain Equipment" in the Board Room of the District Building at 8:00 P.M.

The Hermitage Shelter has been reserved for Friday and Saturday nights. If you would like some jolly passengers to keep you awake in case your radio fails, or if you would like a seat in somebody else's car because your left rear spring has given out (or for any other reason), or if you would like to ask directions or make enquiries, try that fount of wisdom, Cover Man Art Lembeck, 8810 Manchester Road, Silver Spring, Md., SHepherd 0421. He says there is room beside the shelter for tents if you are determined to bring along two sleeping bags and your winter woolies.

The District Building, where Mr. Cunningham's lecture will be given, is located on the southeast corner of 14th and Pennsylvania Avenue; the entrance is on 14th Street. You take an elevator--we think to the third floor, but we aren't sure about that.

### VIRGIN PEAK

By Unascenders Dick Goldman and Joe Walsh

Everybody else gets into UP ROPE, so we're going to try too by telling you of our attempt to make a first ascent of Neptune in the Windy Group. Anyway, it is about time the Washington Rock Climbers were warned against that fellow Don Hubbard and his insidious suggestions.

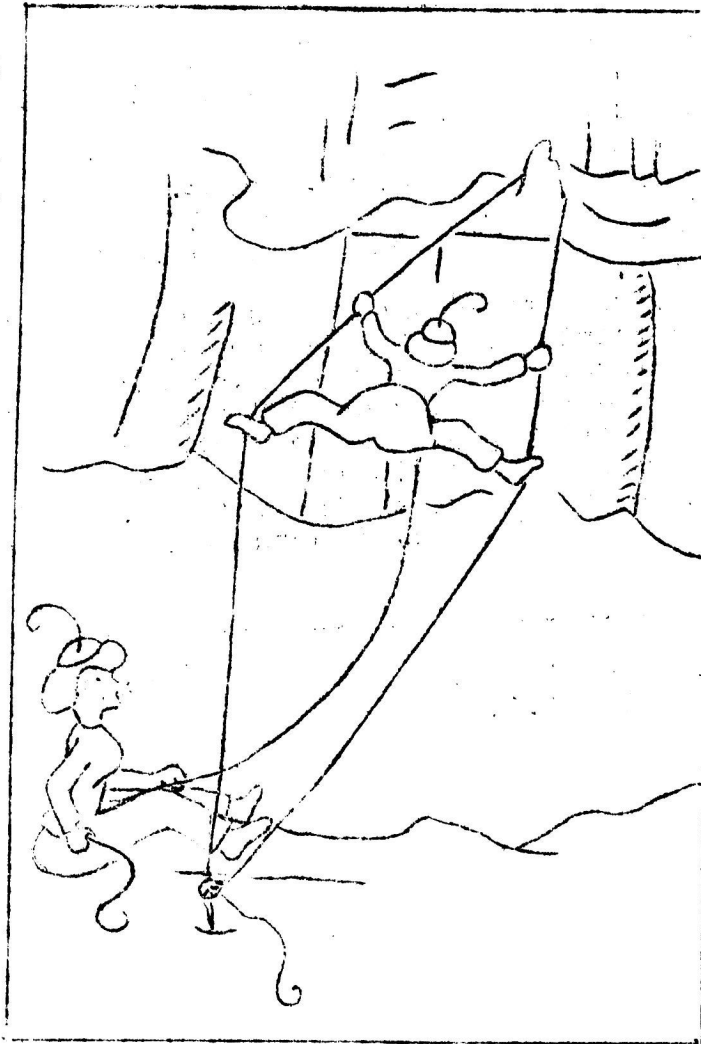
Although we never got a clear view, the Trident-Neptune group seems to be a sharp, jagged, semicircular ridge, approximately facing Lake Kiubasket along the big bend of the Columbia River. This semicircle encloses a large snow bowl from which Trident Creek drains to Lake Kiubasket. The northwest edge of the ridge tapers off into a wooded ridge which drops to the lake, whereas the southeast--upstream--side of the semicircle maintains its altitude and sharpness all the way to Windy Mountain, the termination of the ridge, directly overlooking the lake. The semicircle is bounded on the southeast by Windy Creek (see Revelitoko-Golden quadrangle).

Our first big trouble was crossing the lake. The only power boat was owned by a trapper in Golden, and the local reputation of the lake for trickiness and violent storms prevented our using the one-man rubber boat we had brought along. Finally we pushed off in a leaky old tub borrowed from a trapper up river (this was August 10). Due to excessive leakage and loss of control in the wash of Windy Creek, the boat was beached and we headed up Windy Creek intending to hit the mountain from the rear, as it were, instead of taking the obvious route up Trident Creek. Two days and one and one-half miles later we abandoned the creek and struck directly for Windy Mountain. Camp was pitched on August 13 in a beautiful moraine meadow directly below Windy Mountain, ironically; this was the first camp with enough water. Next day we proceeded to the ridge of Windy Mountain, thence to the top, on which rested a large and well-made cairn and from which could be seen the snow bowl and semicircle ridge. Clouds hid the peaks. Two back-packing routes offered; one up steep snow and ice slopes to the semicircle ridge, which seemed to us impracticable; the other a traverse of the slopes of Windy Mountain to the Trident Creek valley, thence to the snow bowl. This looked like too much work for our time and equipment, so we called a halt and on August 16 reluctantly returned to the highway. Famous last words (by Joe Walsh): "This is the best ground cover I've ever seen."

#### Ups and Downs

Betty Kauffman	Betty Alley	Arnold Wexler	Johnny Reed
Andy Kauffman	Dolores Alley	Peg Keister	Eleanor Tatge
Norman Goldstein	Tony Soler	Marion Harvey	Bill Kemper
			Art Lembeck

Three carfuls of earnest climbers assembled at Wolf Rock, Thurmont, Maryland. While Betty and Andy Kauffman led two ropes of climbers on two different routes, the rest of the group worked on the faces in the Pit where some neat and exhausting climbs are to be found; that is, they either worked or watched. Betty's team returned in time to watch Johnny bending far over the side of a climb he'd just finished, to dust it off with his geological pick, sweeping off with housewifely fervor all the handholds and footholds he'd just used coming up. After lunch the group walked over to Chimney Rocks to climb in the neighborhood of the Pinnacle. (This occurred on Sunday, Sept. 25, 1949.)



Chris Scoredos  
Helen Scoredos  
Eric Scoredos  
Art Lembeck  
Wyn Lembeck

Ray Moore  
Suzy Moore  
Mike Moore  
Patsy Moore  
Wylyne Fowler  
Hank Fowler

Don Hubbard  
Arnold Wexler  
Andy Kauffman  
Betty Kauffman  
Julia Williams  
Peg Keister

Pim Karcher  
Ken Karcher  
Marion Harvey  
Tony Soler  
Norman Goldstein

The Sunday, Oct. 9, trip routed itself to the Bull Run Mountains. While the Scoredoses entertained the Moores, Fowlers, and Julia by showing them the various climbs in the Throne of Zeus region, the largest part of the group worked in the Peak Gambs section, especially on the Peak Gambs Overhang. After lunch and the Little Quartz Slab, which Marion fell off several times, all went back to the Bull Run Overhang and were eventually encountered by Don, Norman, and Tony who'd been out hunting wild honey and brought back a bountiful booty. The day was finished off with the Overhang and Charlie's Crack. Chris and Art both climbed Charlie's Crack.

Inside Corner

We hear from Harold Drewes: "It was a real pleasure to come home and find 3 month's copies of UP ROPE waiting for me. The gang really gets around in summer.

"You have probably already heard from Earl Mosburg that he spent a night at my home here in St. Louis. Unfortunately I missed him--only by two days, too. I hope to get him in touch with one of the other field assistants of our party, a fellow from the Dartmouth Mountaineering Club.

"This week I've started my last semester in the Junior Year and will be taking 18 points, 12 of which are geology courses. In this way I hope to keep busy enough not to miss climbing too much. Tell me how can one keep nylon rope from decaying from disuse. I've already given my Bramani's away. At any rate, if I have no immediate rock-climbing future, I can look forward to next summer with the Survey again. They write encouraging letters.

"P. S. I've read that Mt. Vancouver has finally been conquered."

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Editor: Eleanor Tatge  
5811 14th Street N.W.  
Washington 11, D.C.

Phone:  
RAndolph 8066