



NEWS OF THE WASHINGTON ROCK CLIMBERS

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A STUDY IN WHITE
By Betty Kauffman

The general circumstances of our trip to the Cariboo Range in British Columbia have been pretty well outlined by Arnold Wexler in the September 7 UP ROPE. Our division--Kauffmans, Karchers, and Jane Showacre--attained objectives only slightly different from the Wexler party. Our activities were confined to three weeks.

Through the mist and raindrops we sensed rather than viewed this country. Its greatness lies in the total impact of impressions received rather than in individual beauty spots. A long, winding creek valley lead us away from the last little settlement, through typical thick British Columbia forest, fortunately made easier by an intermittent horse trail, to the tongue of the Tete Glacier. On the second day we left forests behind.

There is, in the Cariboo Range, an immeasurable quantity of snow and ice. One cannot comprehend it with a look. It must be experienced in miles of steady trudging and new views of still more white and grey. Our first campsite looked across the Tete Glacier to huge walls of ice, forming an amphitheater as you look to the head of the valley. As with the snow, one became used to looking at it, but still couldn't realize its extent. To mention a few of the névés, the one above the ice-falls was selected for the plane drop. We had plenty of time to become acquainted with that one while anxiously awaiting the plane. Sterling Hendrick's group made several climbs around its rim. The Karchers later covered most of the others. To the east another huge snow basin was surrounded by some interesting little climbs. All of us made expeditions over there from time to time.

So far I have given second place to actual peaks because the phenomenon of so much snow and ice seemed to me much greater. The Karchers camped in the eastern snow basin, added several peaks to their credit, and faced rugged conditions. Their primus stove didn't work; they came down to thaw out, then went back up to the chilliness.

Andy, Jane and I joined the men at a high meadow camp in the next valley. There, through fog, we glimpsed the greatest of the Cariboo Peaks rising steeply from close by. Our ascent of the high-

est, Sir Wilfred Laurier, 11,750 ft., was a steady trudge, befogged from start to finish.

Finally, clear visibility opened in almost every direction. The ascent of Mt. Sir John Thompson climaxed our escapades. From camp we soon reached a high region of pure snow, surrounded by the flanks of several dominating peaks. Sir John held our eyes. A long sharp ridge, mostly white, culminated in snowy cornices at the summit, towering against brilliant blue heavens. This was more than loveliness; it was strength and inspiration, with no distraction. Hours later, Sterling led us onto the overhanging top, while cameras snapped the spectacular scene.

Our group left the Cariboos under perfect skies, as if to make us forget the ever-returning raindrops which had fallen on our tent fly!

Ups and Downs

R.W. Zens			Art Lembeck
Don Hubbard	Chris Scoredos	Betty Kauffman	Tony Soler
Peg Keister	Eric Scoredos	Andy Kauffman	Oliver Westfall
Arnold Wexler	Dolores Alley	Marion Harvey	Eleanor Tatge

On Sunday, October 9, the Maryland side of Great Falls was selected for the days climbing trip, in the vicinity of the Little Handhold that Isn't There climb. In the morning the cliffs directly below the towpath were climbed on; in the afternoon those opposite, including The Little Handhold that Isn't There itself. Before leaving for home Arnold sicced the more hardy onto a bulging, off-balance cliff face that gave free swinging rides to some would-be climbers, resulting in one instance in howls of protest from Eric who unfortunately got too close and was nearly squashed by a falling climber. Just one of the hardships of belonging to a climbing family, Eric.

Art Lembeck	Lowell Bennett	Arnold Wexler	George Kamm
Win Lembeck	Ellen Bennett	Peg Keister	Norman Goldstein
George Kamm	Joe Walsh	Fitzhugh Clark	Sterling King
Helen O'Boyle	Margaret Dimit	Judy Clark	Mrs. King
Ward Hinkson	Leo Scott	3 little Clarks	Princes and/or
Frank Lowell	Dolores Alley	Alameda Lowell	Princesses

Friday to Sunday, Oct. 14-16--The Hermitage Shelter, Pennsylvania. The Washington contingent drove up to the Hermitage Friday night and back-packed their supplies down the trail by flashlight. Joe and Margaret had been unable to find the cabin at night but stayed at Antietam Leanto and hiked over in the morning. Bill and Betty, and Ward, drove up in the afternoon. On Sunday arrived Fitzhugh and Judy Clark with 3 little Clarks, the King family (ye author didn't state the sex of the younger members so we don't know if they were princes or princesses--Ed.), and the Lowells, overseers of the shelter.

Saturday Art and Arnold completed a 6th Class Climb north of the Swiss Guide Climb while the others improved their techniques on various 3rd and 4th Class Climbs near by. In the late afternoon a group of five varied climbing by hiking over to the firetower, and on the way Helen and Win were rewarded by seeing two white-tailed deer.



Saturday evening cooks Win, Peg, and Ellen put on a fine demonstration of their art with a dinner of roast ham for the main course. All were well fed but one individual was heard to demand ice cubes in his tea and ice cream on his apple pie. Dinner music was provided by Lowell with an electric phonograph powered by Fitzhugh's gasoline generator set. Square dancing and consuming of cider & donuts occupied the remainder of the evening.

Sunday morning saw the climbers off for the rocks with a bright and early start at 11:00 AM. Art and Arnold tackled a 5th class climb north of Saturday's route, which turned into a 7th class (impossible) climb three-fourths of the way up due to lack of cracks for pitons. The others proceeded to complete the process of wearing down their fingertips begun the previous day. Finally Arnold led a vertical crack followed part way by Norman and Bill; and Art led three girls on a fine scramble.

- George Kamm -

Closer to Washington on Sunday, October 16, Andy and Betty Kauffman, Don Hubbard, Tony Soler, and Eleanor Tatge left the Hot Shoppe for Prospect Rock on the Virginia bank of the Potomac. At the top of

the rock while the women sat and soaked in the view, the men went down to river level and climbed up the face, joined by the women for the tricky little balance work at the top of the climb. Back from the water line, the Chimney Climb and the Cave Climb were made by several. We were too busy to watch Don in the Chimney, but from the noises issuing therefrom, we gathered that he was doing it the hard way--no hands. After lunch a rock-hopping expedition was made to the middle of the river, followed by some practice with Prussick Knots. On the way back to the cars a halt was made at the old gold mine for Andy's benefit, and behold a road is being build right over the mine; the buildings--concentrating shed, ore-bins, etc., are all leveled, and the old shaft is being filled in. Thus civilization is covering up one of our favorite relics of the past.

Inside Corner

Judy Clark writes that the Clarks would be glad to join us on a Sugarloaf trip if notified of such. The family's schedules make it difficult for them to come on most trips.

Art and Win Lembeck are traipsying to Baltimore December 9 to hear Maynard Miller lecture on mountain climbing on Mt. Vancouver, North America's highest "hitherto unclimbed" (it has since been climbed, we hear from Harald Drewes) peak. He is presenting koda-chrome films. The Lembecks would like company. Tickets, probably \$2.40 or \$1.80.