

UP ROPE!

NEWS OF THE WASHINGTON ROCK CLIMBERS

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How Come?

With this issue we are venturing upon the totally unexplored (by us) cliffs of journalism without benefit of safety rope. We have a vague notion as to a possible route, and we see a beckoning summit in the clouds high above us. But what adventures lie between us and it only time will tell.

In "Up Rope" your editors hope to serve three purposes. Primarily the paper is intended to spread up-to-date news of rock climbing activities and of rock climbers to members of the Washington group who are at present inactive. This list includes members in the service, those who have moved out of town, as well as those who are just too busy to indulge in their hobby. As a secondary aim we believe the sheet will keep the active personnel more active by disseminating information as to future meetings and gatherings and plans for future trips. If a third excuse for the publication is needed, let us say that it is to provide a written record of events which may be quite familiar at the present time but might otherwise be forgotten a few years hence. In this connection "Up Rope" may serve as a "catch-all" for original songs, jokes, and stories of interest to the group but hardly of a caliber to warrant wider publication.

Comments are earnestly desired regarding editorial policy, format, and type of material included. Also contributions, whether fact or fiction, will be eagerly welcomed from any and all. With the cooperation of the gang it is hoped to include items of personal news and extracts from letters received from out-of-town members.

Our Policy

"Up Rope" will be mailed gratis to our members in the service. In order to pay for postage, paper and ink, all others wishing to receive the paper will be charged five cents per copy, twenty issues for one dollar. However, any person contributing material, no matter how short, will receive the issue containing his or her contribution free of charge.

The price of five cents is based on little more than guesswork and may require future adjustment. Any profits received from the sale of "Up Rope" will be turned over to the organization treasury.

For the present, publication will be once every two weeks. Interest and volume of material may later warrant an increase or decrease in the frequency of issue.

Material for publication and (ahem!) subscription fees should be forwarded to your editors at the address shown in the box at the foot of this page.

Last Sunday

Our Historian brings us the following story of the expedition to White Oak Canyon:

November 12, 1944. History was written today: Don made a piton lead of Paul's Only at White Oak Canyon.

Fitz' station wagon took a group consisting of Don, Arnold, Jan, Herb, Mary, Eleanor, Elizabeth, and Bert to the White Oak Canyon trail at Skyline Drive. Herb, Jan, Eleanor and Mary started off immediately on the trail and after straying off occasionally to pick apples and to try minor climbs, they were met at an interesting rock by Fitz and Don, who had taken

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Arnold to Hawksbill, and Elizabeth and Bert to Cedar Run. After climbing Hawksbill, Arnold went down Cedar Run also. The trio then came up White Oak Canyon, meeting the rest of the group at the falls in the afternoon. Somewhere en route we understand Arnold had an out-of-season swim with his clothes on!

The interesting rock where Fitz and Don caught up with the first party displayed an inside corner which was good sport for Jan but relatively simple for the tall people who could reach the handhold without climbing for it. The group continued down to the falls, lunched on top of the cliffs then rappelled down to the bottom of the canyon. Paul's Only was soon located and made to ring with Don's pitons. Herb was second man, Fitz end man. Herb was faced continuously with the threat of being given the lead, but piton by piton Don forged ahead. He made the last, most difficult stretch with a hand traverse that added new lustre to his niche among the great and famous. Herb followed, crossing the last stretch at a higher level evidently just as precarious from what could be seen from below. Fitz prudently came back down off the cliff after belaying Herb.

Meanwhile Jan, Mary, and Eleanor had located An Easy Day For A Lady, a neat inside corner with its little problems. After Mary pioneered the climb, Eleanor made a first ascent, followed by Jan, Mary, and Fitz. Later Bert, Herb, and Arnold climbed it and found it not too easy for the gentlemen. The ladies also had fun when Mary and Eleanor, hearing Jan call in a somewhat desolate tone, rounded a corner and found her perched on a peaked rock which she had climbed up to explore and found that climbing down again was a more ticklish proposition than she had bargained for. Routes were gleefully hunted out on both sides of the block, and all three ladies went up and down it successfully.

An element of quaint atmosphere was added to the day by a group of visiting spectators whose womenfolk wore delightful little lacy bonnets and black shoes and stockings; undoubtedly they were connected with the nearby C.O. camp.

The trip back up the trail, to Warrenton for dinner, and on to Washington was uneventfully tune-ful as usual. E.T.

For this same Sunday Chris reports that he, Tom, and Estelle went up the towpath to climb on the rocks on the Maryland side of the Potomac River. In Chris' own words, "We had a fine day and a nice scramble."

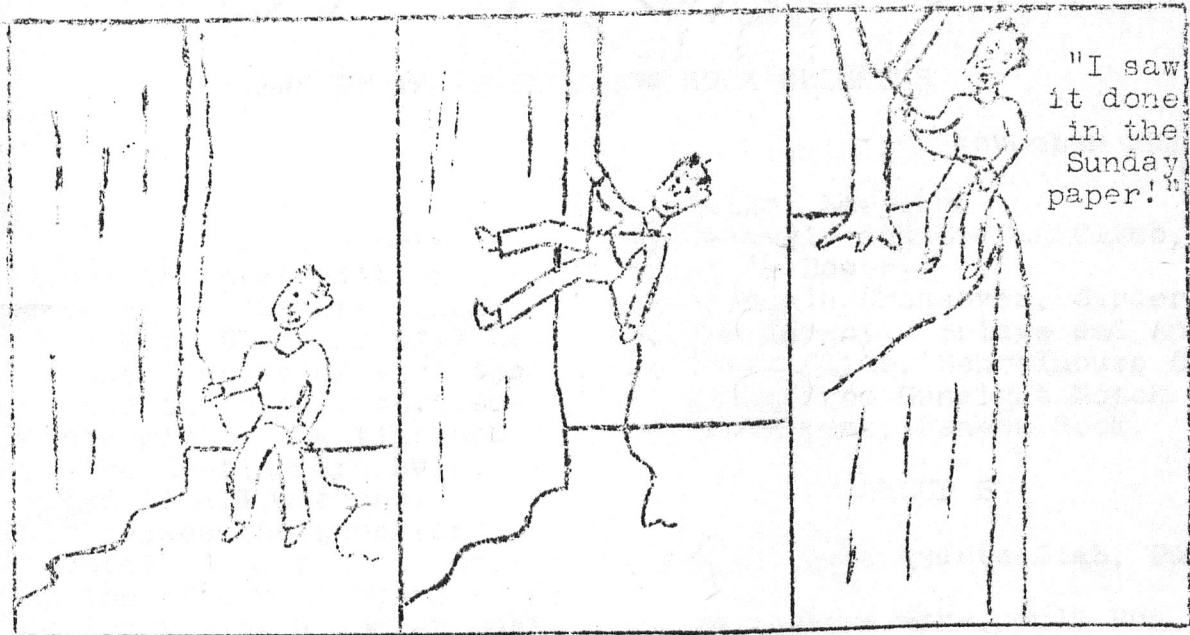
Next Sunday

Plans for next Sunday have not yet materialized. It is possible that our chauffeur, Fitz, will again be available with his station wagon to transport nine climbers to the more distant climbing areas.

For the benefit of those unfamiliar with the new arrangements, we might explain more about this source of transportation. Fitz is the proud owner of a Model A Ford station wagon and finds himself in a position, on certain Sundays, to tote eight persons besides himself to such climbing grounds as the gang will elect. The trip is run on a strictly cash-and-carry basis and ordinarily leaves town at the stroke of 6:30 A.M. Unfortunately there is space for only nine. An attempt has been made, with varying degrees of success, to contact for each trip those persons whom it was felt had climbed longest and most faithfully with the group recently.

Let inevitably there are hard feelings and ugly remarks floating in the wake of each such trip. Countering the cries of "Unfair!" from one side of the fence comes from the other side the irremediable answer, "let's ride a good thing while it lasts!" While far in the distance, serving to confuse the issue, comes the cry of the loyal rock-hound. "I'd rather climb at Carderock than blow on my fingers and look at the rocks of the Blue Ridge."

There seems to be but one answer for the present. Fitz' contribution to the mobility of the group is one deserving only the utmost appreciation. To many of us the mountains of the Blue Ridge are a long lost friend recently returned to the family circle. Climbs like Paul's Only in White Oak Canyon, the Stony Man



Chimney, and the Beginner's Climb on Old Rag are no less deserving of our attention now than in past years. In addition there are regions almost untouched which deserve exploits of the type that have immortalized Herzog Island and Echo Cliffs. But it is also the duty of the Club to see that all who so desire have opportunities for Sunday climbing. It is here humbly suggested that at least one person, equipped with rope and a reasonable amount of experience, be stationed at the usual Hot Shoppe meeting spot every Sunday morning. Volunteers for this duty form in a line to your right.

Small Fry

Nine pounds two ounces of potential rock climbing material was added to the Bradt family Friday

morning, November 10, at 3:30. Jo is doing fine at Garfield Hospital. Paul is also expected to survive.

The Bradts are the third rock-climbing family to be visited by the stork this year: he busily dropped future rock climbers at the Bennetts and at the Schlechts also. We hear he is expected at the Clark's soon.

From the Midwest

Don Jacobs, in Washington last week on a visit, brings us word of life in Indianapolis. He and his wife (formerly Eleanor Pugh) have resorted to flying for want of rock climbing opportunities in Indiana. Don says flying gets you there quicker. Editors' note: "Where?"