

Published
Biweekly

Five Cents
Per Copy

UP ROPE!

NEWS OF THE WASHINGTON ROCK CLIMBERS

Vol. 1, No. 6

January 24, 1945

ROCK CLIMBING MEETING

Sat. Jan. 27--8 PM

At the Bradt's

6626 First St. NW Ph. Ge-3917

Meeting Announcements

A new policy of announcing rock climbing meetings is being inaugurated by the new administration. Henceforth all UP ROPE subscribers will be notified of coming meetings by a blurb, similar to the above, appearing in a box on the first page of the appropriate issue. Watch for them! Postcard notices will not be sent.

Any members who do not receive UP ROPE will be informed as before by postcard announcement.

Meetings, in general, are open to all who desire to come. Members, interested persons, their guests--all are welcome; but if the crowd is too large be prepared to sit on the floor!

Picture Show

This coming Saturday the rock climbers will gather at the Bradt's home for the first meeting of 1945. Main business of the evening will be the showing of moving pictures and kodachromes. Sterling Hendricks plans to bring movies taken by Bradford Washburn in 1941 showing their climb--a first ascent--of Mount Hayes, elevation 13750, in the Alaska Range. Andy Kauffman

will show slides of the Selkirks taken during the summer of 1944. Bill Kemper will present movies of the Tetons showing climbing which he and three other members of the Mountain Club of Maryland accomplished in 1937. Bill has climbed in the Tetons on three separate occasions, and his interesting experiences include an attempted winter ascent of the Grand Teton.

Many of our old friends who have not been active lately with the rock climbers are expected to be at this meeting.

Ups and Downs

January 14, 1945

Don Hubbard
Arnold Wexler
Dixon Steele
Jan Conn
Herb Conn

Bill Kemper
Eleanor Tatge
Fitz Clark
Steve Yurenka
Lowell Bennett

The day was started with skating on the canal at Carderock by Jan, Eleanor, and Don, while non-skaters Arnold, Herb, and Dixon climbed on the cliffs. While skating at the upper end of the rink Jan and Eleanor sighted Fitz who had come to pick up help for rescuing his brother's boat--help

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which had earlier been promised him by phone. He and the skaters walked down to the Carderock cliffs where Dixon was working on the face downstream from Margie's Cave of which Herb had just made a first ascent. Fitz climbed a corner pioneered by Arnold but known as Jan's Lead; Don, in hobnailed shoes, had just led it with pitons. Jan succeeded in making the face climb which Dixon gave up. The group started up the towpath toward Fitz' station wagon. Before they'd gone far they met Bill and Steve. It was decided to split the group; Bill, Steve, Herb, and Jan remained at Carderock, while Dixon, Arnold, Don, Fitz, and Eleanor went off to rescue the boat.

Fitz had his trailer tied to the back of the station wagon, and Arnold and Eleanor driving along behind were regaled by the coupling twice loosening sufficiently for the trailer to slip from side to side on the icy pavements. The second time the trailer tipped up on one wheel at a 45 degree angle--the whole giving a very jolly appearance to the occupants of the little Willlys behind who were in imminent danger of being squashed flat if the trailer actually came loose and rolled down hill into them! The Clark boat was found sitting on a pile of rocks far out in the river, where it had been caught after breaking loose from its mooring in Seneca Creek a few hundred yards upstream. Don made the first trip across the ice at the river's edge, testing every step with a stick, gingerly followed by those brave souls who dared, including Fitz with the Merrie Sink Stopper. When Fitz got cold feet, he simply put the SS down and sat in it until he felt courageous enough to move farther out. The ice was a couple hundred yards wide and not too thick. No place could be found from which the SS could be launched. Also the current was strong and the rapids between the ice and the boat to be rescued. This first venture ended in retreat for conference. Next a rowboat was launched by sliding it along the ice until it broke through. In the process Dixon broke through also, and emerged pretty thoroughly soaked from the waist down; Arnold and Eleanor built him a fire. Fitz, Don, and Lowell, who had joined the rescue party, worked the

rowboat out into the river through the ice. Lowell, standing in the SS on a fairly large block of ice which didn't look any too securely attached to the shore ice, held a rope tied to the rowboat which Don and Fitz poled seaward. Invariably the rowboat got caught in the current and Lowell pulled it in. A technique was worked out which might have been successful, but nightfall was approaching, and the good work had to be abandoned. The little red yacht with its white cabin was left still stranded, forlorn and unreachable, in the middle of the Potomac.

The four climbers who remained at Carderock systematically proceeded to tackle every climb in sight. The Beginner's Crack, Ronnie's Leap, Marian's Chimney, and the Barnacle Face were all completed to the satisfaction of the group. Indulging in a little horseplay, the climbers took turns swinging on the rope in a wide arc across the breadth of the Barnacle Face.

Bill and Steve were next introduced to the mysteries of Arthur's Traverse. The "Crossover" was dry, but cold. Herb got across. Steve and Bill each solved the technique but succumbed to cold fingers in the critical position. Jan proved to be not in form for the stretch.

The day was consistently cloudy, and many of the rocks were wet. The rains and snows, however, that were promised by the weatherman did not arrive.

January 21, 1945

Chris Scoredos	Lowell Bennett
Don Hubbard	Eleanor Tatge
Arnold Wexler	Jan Conn
Fitz Clark	Herb Conn
Charlie Clark	

A second attempt was made to rescue the Clark's five thousand pound yacht. The ice proved to be much firmer and more extensive. A fire was built on the shore and the women detailed to tend it. A base of operations was established on the ice at a point directly upstream from the stranded boat. The Sink Stopper, belayed from the ice, made the trip through the rapids again and again, landing personnel and equipment upon the deck of the boat. Block and tackle, rigged to an anchor planted downstream, was used in an attempt to pull the boat off the

The climbing party, comprising Arnold, Dixon, and Herb, proceeded downstream to the second rock group beyond the end of the Chris-Wex-Don Traverse. These cliffs were found to be just as snowy and wet as any, but since the climbs were not as familiar, the climbers were not so chagrined to limit their activities to easy pitches. Two of Chris' Easter Egg Climbs were attacked, with eventual success. The first, a wide angle inside corner, presented smooth friction slopes which were baffling to both hobnails and wet sneakers. The second was a severe (or so it seemed today) face climb which required frequent blowing on the fingers. Next the party stormed Jan's Chimney, which was found to be dry and bare of ice. It was ascended in rubber soles and also nailed shoes.

The skaters found one quarter inch of snow covering the ice of the canal--not enough to impede the skating. The snow was just the right consistency for snowballing--'nuf said. Don and Jan practiced skating with packs on to prepare themselves for the lake they may meet some day in their mountaineering travels. Chris laid out some sticks, and he and Eleanor practiced hurdling them. The skaters lunched in the cave of the Three Chimneys Climb (because it had started to rain), afterwards joining the climbers in Jan's Chimney.

The climbers, learning of the lunch cave, hastily departed in that direction in order to salvage what items of food there might remain. Meanwhile Eleanor belayed Don on the face outside of Jan's Chimney, Don belayed Jan up the Chimney, and finally Jan belayed Eleanor, who started the Chimney but thought the better of it and climbed Don's climb. In a line Don, Jan, Eleanor, and Chris carried the wet rope back to Hades Heights for some very moist, sticky, and stiff-rope rappelling. The wet rope acted like wire, and our damp clothes did nothing to hasten our descents.

Don coiled the rope, and after wandering about wetly for a few minutes we collected our belongings and started homeward, a dripping, squashy-footed crew.

January 7, 1945

Chris Scoredos	Fitz Clark
Don Hubbard	Tom Culverwell
Honey Lou Kundin	Arnold Wexler

Fitz' station wagon propelled the gang through the early morning sleet storm to Loudoun Cliffs near Harper's Ferry. As the car zoomed at full speed down an ice-covered hill near the cliffs, said Arnold: "Let's think this over. Wouldn't it be safer to slow down?"

Said Fitz: "I've had the brake down to the floor boards for the last 500 feet!"

The car settled to a stop in a hollow and refused to move. Gravel, fence posts, and chicken wire thrown on the ice didn't help. Neither did a belay around a nearby rock. The belay system was given up when the rock, which weighed at least a ton, started slipping down the hillside. When the situation became desperate, Don's climbing rope was sacrificed to make chains for the tires, but even this expedient was unsuccessful.

The nearby cliffs were observed with interest by the busy crew, but no climbing was done except by Don, who found time to try a ten foot pitch. He found the rocks so steep that no snow stuck to it.

However, there were spills aplenty. Tom remarked that he had never seen so many agile climbers flat on their backs. On one occasion Fitz got out of the car and completely disappeared. He was found later under the car. On his fourth fall Fitz decided there was no point in getting up.

Finally mud hooks were borrowed from a farmhouse several miles away, and at 4 o'clock the station wagon was again on its way, this time headed for home. But the gang is eager to return to try the Frozen Waterfall Chimney and other promising looking climbs.

The only casualty, besides Don's rope, was Honey's frostbitten foot. But Honey, the only girl in the crowd, was a good sport, kept her head, and didn't give advice, which the gang decided was all that could be expected of a woman.

Three members scheduled for the above trip failed to turn up.



The weather was too much for Eleanor's car, and Jan and Herb overslept. Later they went on a separate trip.

Jan Conn
Herb Conn
Eleanor Tatge

Late in the morning the second group descended upon Carderock for skating and climbing. The ice was crusted and next to impossible to skate upon, but the crust was not difficult to break up by cutting with the skate blades; so while Herb went off to see if the cliffs were still at Carderock, Eleanor and Jan cut up a sizable area to make a fairly good skating rink. Later Herb returned and borrowed Eleanor's skates, while she went up to the cliffs and brought back a fine scraper with which Jan and Herb cleared the broken crust fragments off the circular rink.

The Carderock cliffs were coated with thick layers of ice except in protected corners. Before lunch the group scrambled, Jan and Herb in hobs, Eleanor in sneakers. Sneakers on ice are a cross between walking shoes and ice skates. In the afternoon Jan climbed the Beginner's Corner next to the Spider Walk, and the Carderock Doctor's Climb (known as the Beginner's Climb to fair weather climbers), and Herb climbed Sterling's Crack (whew) all in hobs, while Eleanor skated.

Then Eleanor climbed the two beginner's climbs while Jan skated. On the way home the icy condition of the roads presented some little excitement.

Wanted

By your editors: One alarm clock which rings extra loudly on Sundays. Our present model produces a faint murmur which is sufficient for weekdays (if it doesn't wake us, we'd rather sleep) but entirely inadequate for the urgency of Sunday business.

If any of our readers know of the availability of a clock possessing this important Sunday feature, Please contact us immediately.

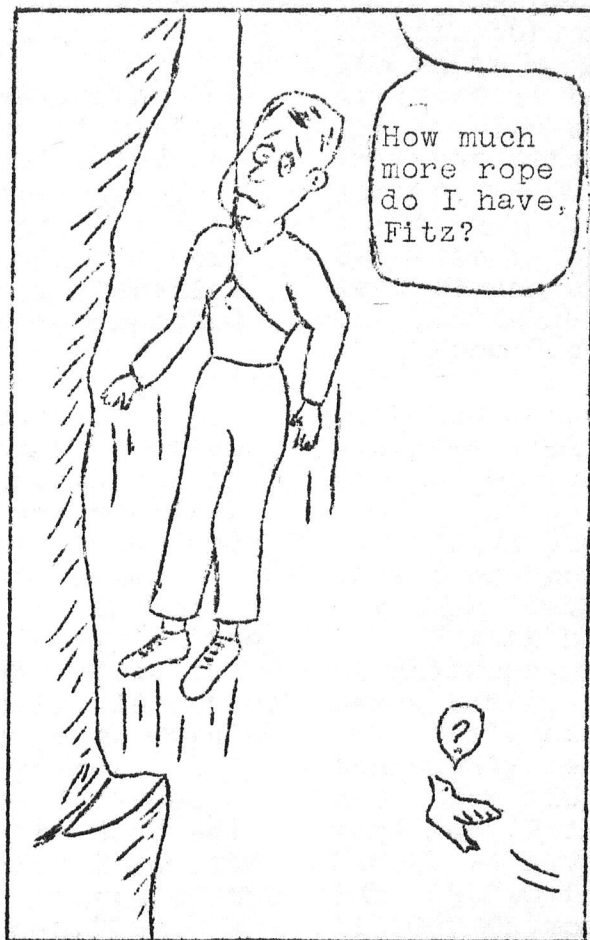
News

James Anthony was born on October 7, 1944 to Sgt. and Mrs. Anthony C. Bonanno. Jimmy weighed 8 lbs., 1-1/2 ounces; he has blue eyes and dark red? hair.

Sam Moore reported January 8, his birthday (!), at Kelly Field. He is still uncertain as to his next assignment.

Gus Gambs has a pair of ice skates for sale. For details call Falls Church 801 J 1 between 6 and 8 P.M.

ROCK CLIMBING MEETING! AT THE BRADT'S, 6626 1st ST. N.W.--JAN. 27, 8 P.M.--MOVIES BY STERLING HENDRICKS.



rocks. But on each trial the rope broke or the anchor pulled loose before the boat was moved.

The enterprise was finally abandoned and the boat left to its fate. Some hope remains that the river will rise and wash the boat into deep water before it is crushed by descending ice blocks.

The girls spent the day tending the fire and ice skating. They were finally led by curiosity and increasing boldness across the ice to see what the men were up to and to do a little exploring. Jan found a large smooth area like a lake amidst the hummocky hills of ice surrounding it, which proved the best skating of the day. (P.S. One of the skaters prefers eating her meals from the mantle piece lately due to a contusion of her coccyx.)

Fitz with the nonchalance of an artist picked a fascinating by-way with ups and downs, and ins and outs, to drive home on. In the course of the journey he entered the rushing waters of a ford. Influenced by some dubious advice of Lowell's he started to follow the river home rather than the road, and there followed several anxious minutes before the car was back on the straight (?) and narrow.

Sterling Hendricks
Andy Kauffman
Betty Kauffman

This group carried on the rock climbing tradition of the club upon the Carderock cliffs. Their activities centered about the region of the Jam Box. Sterling climbed ropeless and became involved in a predicament from which he had to be rescued. He philosophizes, "Winter conditions are not like summer conditions."

News

We regret to announce the death of Dixon Steele on Monday, January 15, at his Washington home. He is believed to have committed suicide. Dixon, a recent addition to our group, has been one of our most faithful climbers during the past six months. He was employed at the Naval Research Laboratory where he recently entered the Navy as a Chief Petty Officer. All of us who have climbed with him join in extending our sincerest sympathy to his family.

Word of Arthur Lembeck, Chief Pharmacist U.S. Navy, comes from Arthur B. Johnson, the founder of the Rock Climbing Section of the

Southern California Chapter of the Sierra Club. We quote from his letter:

"In the past few months I have had the pleasure of meeting and taking one of your climbers Art Lembeck out to some of our 'practice' climbs. Art has joined the Sierra Club and makes a very fine addition to our membership. After all that is to be expected from a climber.

"We have had Art out to Stone Point, a sandstone cliff group, Eagle Rock, a conglomerate massif, Devil's Gate Dam, a gorge cut in andesite with some fine vertical but short one-pitch climbs, and Mt. Pacifico, weather beaten granite formations, all in and about Los Angeles. Art is a fine climber, but like many of us in the armed services a little out of practice. One can sure go down fast in a couple of years.

"Oh, yes, before I forget, Art is stationed at the Hospital Corps School, U.S. Naval Hospital, San Diego. He is in charge of the Audio-Visual Department."

Sam Moore, Capt. USAF, has started duty with the 627th Materials Squadron at Stinson Field, Texas. He expects to remain in the country at least until late spring. Sam's address, for those who might like to write, is:

Capt. Samuel V. Moore,)-463896
627th Material Squadron
367 Service Group
Stinson Field
San Antonio, Texas

Chairman Chris attended a party the other day. Games were played, during which Chris was linked to a girl by means of string tied between their wrists. The problem was to detach himself from his female companion. According to Chris: "I've been roped to a girl many times before, but this is the first time I've been strung along by one."

From "Somewhere in India-Burma" comes a letter from Capt. Dick Leonard. He has some comments which we feel will be of interest to the group.

"Have you ever heard that line from the famous mountaineering song 'JamCrack Joe'--

"With his two-weeks growth of whiskers you'd have thought he was a Bum."

"Well here, a BUMMER is a thoroughly respectable mountaineer. For 'BUM' is the Burmese word for 'Peak' or 'Mountain.' Hence, we have the snow-clad Dapna Bum, 15,020 feet, Bumpa Bum 11,190, Champai Bum 8,244, U-Wet Bum 5,171, and finally Yudam Bum 5,288!

"I flew over all of these on my way back from Burma a few days ago. I would sure like to have them on my climbing record.

"Keep up the good work. Will climb with you again."

Dick's address is:

Capt. Richard M. Leonard
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