

UP ROPE!

NEWS OF THE WASHINGTON ROCK CLIMBERS

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Mt. Hayes Movies

The long-awaited movies of Mt. Hayes were shown at last. A group of 22 met at the Clark's apartment on February 26 for an evening of entertainment. Sterling Hendricks conducted us, by means of Bradford Washburn's pictures, to the summit of Mt. Hayes. The climb, made in 1941, was the first ascent of the great snow-clad Alaskan peak. The movies left us with a vivid impression of the stark grandeur of Alaskan scenery and a real idea of the effort involved in effecting such a climb.

Chris Scoredos reminded us again of the exhibitions scheduled at PATC headquarters in the near future. The program is as follows:

March 1 Camping Equipment Exhibit
March 15 Rock Climbing Exhibit

He also announced the PATC Photographic Exhibit which will start June 5 at the National Museum.

Future Trips

March 11 Scheduled trip to Car-
derock Cliffs. Meet at
the Wisconsin & Van Ness
Hot Shoppe at 8:30 AM, or
later in the day at the
rocks.
March 18 Rock climbing with the
Youth Hostellers. Chris
Scoredos will meet the
Hostellers at the end of
the Cabin John streetcar
line at 9:30 AM. All
climbers are welcome.

Ups and Downs

February 24 & 25

Don Hubbard	Arnold Wexler
Fitz Clark	Leo Scott
Lowell Bennett	Guinevere Scott
Ellen Bennett	Herb Conn
	Jan Conn

Furnace Shelter 20 miles north of Gettysburg, Pennsylvania. Or, rather, he drove them to within a mile of the shelter, at which point the station wagon became mired in 14 inches of snow. After back-packing the remaining distance, the gang ate a midnight lunch and retired to the bunks, altho Arnold chose to brave the elements by sleeping under the stars. One can be brave and still be comfortable, Arnold decided, so he moved out bed springs and a mattress from the cabin.

The malicious stamping of Don's hobnails routed late sleepers (all except Don) out of bed before 9. After breakfast the women cleaned up the shelter and practiced skiing in and about the evergreen groves, while the men dug the station wagon out of the snow. In search of rock climbing, Don, Fitz, Arnold, Leo, and Herb drove and hiked to Buzzard Rocks on the ridge north of the cabin, where they were soon joined by Jan. The rocks were found to possess sensational overhangs which would have kept the climbers busy for weeks--had they been a race of Lilliputians. Since their stature unfortunately enabled them to reach to the top of each rock from the ground, the group returned to an outcropping, sighted earlier but scorned, a mile to the east along the ridge. Here the Peephole Overhang Climb was found and conquered. Outstanding feature of this climb was the belayer's view of the climber's fingers writhing and clawing thru the peephole, a view which provided an accurate indication of the climber's actions and mental processes.

Mid-afternoon lunch was eaten at the shelter, followed by singing to the accompaniment of

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On Saturday evening Fitz
drove the group to Pine Grove

Jan's guitar. The group returned to Washington well satisfied with the weekend, but not recommending Pine Grove as a rock climber's paradise.

March 4., 1945

Don Hubbard	Bill Schlecht
Arnold Wexler	Eleanor Tatge
Jan Conn	Steve Yurenka
Herb Conn	Mary Neilan
Ruth Anderson	Bob Stephens

Carderock was reasonably dry under foot and the weather cool, and sunny in the afternoon. Jan, Mary, and Ruth started the day off with a climb up the Beginner's Crack. Don belayed Arnold who set off as lead man for a roped climb. Don then talked himself out of second, third, and fourth places, which were taken by Herb, Eleanor, and Jan respectively. The climb started at the corner before the authentic beginning of the Chris-Wex-Don Traverse, and continued along the traverse to a face which Arnold proposed to cross higher up than usual, a crossing that had been done with a rope from above but never as a lead. By the time he got his piton well set lunch time came around, and hunger pangs caused the suspension of operations. Meanwhile Don had taken the remainder of the party up the stream for a climb up the Barnacle Face, down Marian's Chimney, and for a rappel down Jan's Face.

In the afternoon miscellaneous climbs in the general vicinity of the Jackknife were tried. Bill Schlecht, almost become a stranger to Sunday climbing, proved he was still in form by taking his turn in a successful struggle up the overhang ledge downstream from the Jackknife. Arnold and Eleanor joined the group after rescuing a piton which had been left in the cliff during the morning's endeavors. After several attempts and one successful climb--by Steve--of the Jackknife, Arnold gave a beautiful demonstration of how it should be done by walking up as easily as up the front stairs. Eleanor added point to the demonstration by showing that the top can also be reached by struggling. At Jan's suggestion she, Herb, and Eleanor went to Jan's Face for a workout, kibitzed by Ruth. The remainder of the party started for the towpath and a walk to Cabin

John; Ruth followed later. The Conns and Eleanor continued climbing until sunset. Jan made a quick and successful ascent of the Courte Echelle Climb (which is no longer to be known as Jan's Waterloo).

In the Sierras

The following extracts are from a letter by Don Jacobs to Don Hubbard:

"I recently spent 3 weeks at the Naval Ordnance Test Station (known as NOTS), Inyokern, Calif. It is located in a large and very flat desert valley about 20 miles by 30 miles in size surrounded by high mountains. Close to the west are the Sierras, and many peaks of more than 5,000 feet are visible from the valley.

"On one Sunday during my sojourn at NOTS I went out on a jeep trip with a couple of the officers. We spotted some very spectacular peaks which consisted primarily of granite slabs back in the Sierras. These have probably not been climbed, and I understand the Sierra Club has little to do with this section of the Sierras.

"Just before I left Inyokern I was joined by Dr. Hassler Whitney, a mathematician from the NDRC group at Columbia University. I found him to be a mountaineer who has done a lot of climbing here and in the Alps. He is a member of the Alpine Club and the Harvard Mountaineering Club. He has acted as instructor for the mountain troops and has been testing climbing shoes for Bob Bates. Upon discovering a mutual interest in climbing we immediately formed the NOTS Mountaineering Club and organized an expedition of the entire membership of two. A brisk walk of about an hour and a half brought us to the desired point. We started up the most promising looking ridge, and soon found a prominent mountain crowned with 5 rock spires that we decided to tackle. We had no mountaineering equipment, not even a rope. I was anxious to see what Whitney could do on rock, so I led straight up a vertical face that stretched above us some 150 feet. The rock was granite, and was reasonably firm, altho a little crumbly in spots. The climb was most interesting, and involved face work,



"Everybody'd climbed
it the way it was!"

chimneying, layback, etc. Whitney followed very well, for, altho he is not a "professional" rock climber he is a very competent scrambler. Our descent from the spire proved Whitney to be more adept at descending than I. He observed that many American climbers spent so much time learning to climb up that they neglected to develop appropriate techniques for descending. Under the circumstances I could scarcely disagree with him. I would strongly advocate that the Washington Group spend more time working on descents, and would go so far as to suggest that henceforth no climb be considered as having been clumb until it had been successfully negotiated in both directions. We next climbed another of the spires which again involved some nice rock work. As we descended from this it began to grow dark, so we started back. Our afternoon's hike had involved some 18 miles of hiking, the ascent of a 5,000-foot peak, some interesting rock climbing, etc.

"Should I have occasion to visit Inyokern again I hope to bring along some mountaineering equipment and tackle some of the more choice climbing that can be found in that vicinity.

"Please remember Eleanor and me to the gang."

Don

On the Down Beat with UP ROPE

Bill Kemper contributes the following song, which traces its origin to a memorable Mountain Club of Maryland trip to West Virginia July 4, 1938. Words to the song came spontaneously from the group, largely from Orville Crowder, who recorded it for posterity.

The tune is "13 Men in a Boarding House Bed, Turn Over."

MOVE FASTER

Chorus: Fourteen folks on a Mountain
Club hike,
Move faster! Move faster!
Nobody knew what the trip
would be like,
Move faster! Move faster!

In the morning at camp we were up
and about,
But Bruns was still snoring in
spite of our shout,
So we packed up his tent without
taking him out--
Move faster! Move faster!

The depths of a ford are much more
than they seem;
A girl at a crossing broke forth
with a scream,
And the last we saw she was float-
ing down stream!
Move faster! Move faster!

A guest on his first trip made
friends with a cat;
The next time he comes he'll know
better than that.
But skunks are too fragrant, so we
left him flat.
Move faster! Move faster!

A rock-climbing man who was some-
what a dope
Rappelled down a hundred-foot over-
hang slope,
But he tackled the thing with a 60-
foot rope!
Move faster! Move faster!

On the edge of a cliff it was get-
ting toward night;
The ledges were narrow enough to
give fright--
Where the trail route went left
someone turned to the right!
Move faster! Move faster!

A lady wore shoes that belonged to
her sister;
They didn't quite fit and raised
many a blister;
She stopped once to fix them and
we never missed her!
Move faster! Move faster!

A narrow rock gorge was the next
thing we faced,
One girl tried to squeeze, in a
moment of haste,
Thru a 30-inch gap with a 40-inch
waist--
Move faster! Move faster!

In one leafy grove the leader got
lost,
But hikes must continue whatever
the cost.
Maybe we'll look for him after the
frost!
Move faster! Move faster!

A fellow who sometimes was given
to prattle
Stepped on a stick while evading
some cattle,
But the stick had a head and a tail
and a rattle!
Move faster! Move faster!

One little girl thru a village did
sail--
The cop picked her up and she
hadn't her bail;
So now she is boarding in Moore-
field jail!
Move faster! Move faster!

To climb a fire tower seemed a
good thing to do,
And up at the top where a healthy
wind blew
One fellow stepped backward to
get a good view!
Move faster! Move faster!

In a cavern a chap who would never
behave
Explored a back passage to show he
was brave,
So we rolled up a rock and he's
still in the cave!
Move faster! Move faster!

At the hotel in Franklin the food
was so good
One man ate more than he possibly
could;
We heard a loud pop, and he'd
left us for good!
Move faster! Move faster!

Eleanor Tatge suggests the
following modifications of the
words of "Don't Fence Me In":

DON'T HOLD ME DOWN

Oh, give me rope, lots of rope,
From a lofty cliff above.
Don't hold me down.
Give me time for a climb
Out at Carderock I love.
Don't hold me down.

Let me head for a ledge
In the morning breeze,
Belayed by a pal
From the cedar trees.
O, hit me on the head
With a rock, but please
Don't hold me down.

Just turn me loose,
Let me wander over yonder
Where the footholds are the
worst.
With no excuse
Let me wangle for an angle
To make my ascent the first.

I want to hang on a knob
Till I get so bold
I reach out a finger
For a fingernail hold.
Two inches and a push-up
And you're in I'm told.
Don't hold me down!