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News of the Washington Rock Climbers

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A New Era

As we rope up to begin our second volume of UP ROPE, it strikes us as highly significant that this is also our first post-war issue. We anticipate that our brand new heading is symbolic of something more than just another volume. For in the issues to follow will be recorded a gradually expanding sphere of bigger and better rock climbing.

Gas rationing is over. Other war time restrictions will be lifted one by one. Soon our boys will be coming back from the war fronts with enthusiastic ideas for climbing and mountaineering trips. Improved types of climbing and camping equipment will be on the market before long.

Our chairman suggests a meeting soon to discuss making a schedule of trips to rocks far and near for future weekends. Both destinations and financial arrangements with car drivers will be discussed. Chris requests that we start thinking about these matters.

The rock climbers, we know, will take full advantage of their opportunities. We hope the second volume of UP ROPE can keep abreast of their furious activities.

Get-Together

Twenty climbers gathered at Kathleen Culverwell's on August 9. Proceedings started off in true rock climbing fashion as Sterling Hendricks shinnied 25 feet up the trunk of a locust tree in the Cul-

verwell yard to remove an unsightly dead branch.

Kodachromes shown by Chuck Haworth and Steve Yurenka stirred familiar memories of the Potomac rocks, Devil's Garden, and Buzzard Rock. Chuck conducted the group on a tour of the Mt. Katahdin region by means of pictures taken on his Maine vacation two years ago. Steve, in his effort to display the beauties of the Potomac area, sneaked in a number of views of feminine beauties which were certainly not rocks but were nonetheless appreciated by the spectators.

The entertainment concluded with three reels of movies taken by Chuck on local rock climbing trips and on the recent Seneca Rock excursion. Shots of the unsuccessful attempts upon El Capitan Jr. at Buzzard Rock aroused much speculation and amused comment among the audience. A remarkable feature of the climb, hitherto unrevealed, is the invisible chair in which the climbers appeared to sit during the ascent.

East Face, Camp Lewis (A-10)

It is not because it has not been tried that this climb has been ascended only once. Sure, it's only 20 feet high. But go ahead and try it. You'll see!

The East Face is a slightly overhanging wall at the extreme downstream end of the Camp Lewis rocks. One intending to climb it should check on the following qualifications-- He should be

Editors: Jan & Herb Conn
60 Elm Ave., Washington 12, D.C.
Tel.: SLigo 2458

of athletic build, with untiring muscles. He should have many years of previous rock climbing experience. His balance and judgment must be of the highest caliber, and he must have an 8-foot reach. It is also desirable that he have a crippled arm or leg. In short--you guessed it--he should be Don Hubbard.

Starting at the center of the cliff one proceeds upward using razor edged finger holds, alternating the balance between widely spread feet. ~~One-third~~ of the way up one finds himself poised on good footholds and holding himself into the rock by a small chest-high flake. There is nothing more within reach upon the entire face.

The climber, therefore, unbuckles the extra link in his arm and stretches for a conspicuous handhold high above his head. Chinning himself one-handed, his feet and second hand pawing for support, he has the dubious satisfaction of having accomplished the second third of the climb. Since there are no higher handholds, the problem becomes one of maintaining balance while the first hand is replaced with a knee and then a foot upon the hold. The shoulders are now over the brow, and the body is rolled little by little onto the top.

Don's ascent was made on July 25, 1943. Variations of the route more promising for short people have been attempted to the left of his route, but as yet without success.

Climb to the Woods (B-9)

The "Lost Climb" has been found. The team who rediscovered it (see "Ups and Downs" for August 12) describe it as follows:

Starting from the break in the face of Echo Cliffs just upstream from the Potholes, the climbers traverse upstream over moderately easy rock. The traverse should be made low, but the exact route is unimportant as this section of the route merely brings the climbers to the climb. After crossing the 45-degree face of polished white quartz, an outside corner is rounded, and the climbing party assembles on the sloping rock beneath a 6 to 12-foot overhanging wall. To locate this spot more definitely, it is on the face

downstream from the last sharp outside corner between the climbers and the tree-filled gully which marks the downstream termination of the Big Toe and Donalds' Ducks traverses.

There are three points at which it may seem logical to attack the overhang. Farthest downstream is Marian's Lead, a 12-foot off-balance crack and inside corner leading to the slope above. Twenty feet upstream is Paul's Lead, a 6-foot inside corner which, altho lacking in positive holds for the upward pull, yields to a grunt and a precariously balanced pushup over the brink of the overhang. The third point of attack, farthest upstream, has not yet been climbed. Either of the first two routes serve to qualify the climber.

The climb continues upward directly above Marian's Lead in a semi-chimney leading for 15 feet under the final steep face which slopes off into the woods.

Paul Bradt, Marian Churchill, and Fitz Clark made the original ascent in 1939 or 1940. Searching for an easy route to the top as rain and approaching night threatened the continuation of their traverse, Marian succeeded in leading the downstream route over the overhang. Paul, however, distressed by Marian's extended struggles, looked for an easier way and led the alternate route, followed by Fitz.

Ups and Downs

August 12, 1945

Don Hubbard	Paul Bradt
L.H. Maxwell	Herb Conn
Dolores Alley	Honeylou Kundin
Eleanor Tatge	Jan Conn
Steve Yurenka	

Echo Cliffs, near Great Falls, Virginia, was the site selected for this Sunday's activities. Two roped teams of 4 each started off from the Potholes. Don's team of Max, Dolores, and Eleanor spent the morning in and around the various Pothole climbs. After an early lunch, Don led off upstream across the face of Echo Cliffs by the lower route. The climb progressed to the face just downstream of Donalds' Ducks, where the exhausted climbers finally took to the woods above. The latter part of the morning and the



afternoon were notably punctuated by the ringing of pitons lustily driven in by Max and vigorously extracted by Eleanor.

Paul led Honey, Herb, and Jan on a climb hunt which succeeded in locating the lost Climb to the Woods. Paul led the critical pitch by means of his original route, which proved too much for Honey, who was given a courte-echelle and a pull on the rope. Jan, not satisfied with her laborious ascent of Paul's route, went back and climbed it again by Marian's route.

In the middle of the afternoon Steve Yurenka appeared on the Maryland shore. He, Jan, and Dolores then set out downstream in the Sink Stopper to Car Stop 25 at the Georgetown Feeder. Max, Don, and Honeylou went home in Max' car. Eleanor had a good swim upstream, finally joined by Paul, after which they and Herb each climbed Socrates' Downfall. With Paul's car they met the Sink Stopper at the Georgetown Feeder just 3-1/2 hours after it had left Echo Cliffs.

August 15 and 16, 1945

Mary Neilan	Arnold Wexler
Jan Conn	Herb Conn
Eleanor Tatge	

An overnight trip left Washington at noon in Mary Neilan's car, for Old Rag Mountain. After parking the duffel at Old Rag Shelter, the party climbed the mountain and made some elegant face traverses near the summit rocks. The descent was by moonlight. After a comfortable night on the soft pine boards of the shelter bunks, the ascent was repeated the following morning. The third group of cliffs along the ridge, counting from the Summit Rocks, was selected for special investigation. This "Third Hump" provided attractive climbing on the huge rounded knob on its summit, and, lower down on the cliff face, in a deep pit of considerable dimensions. The pit, or "Nut Grater Hole" was first descended en rappel by Jan, who, after demonstrating that she could climb out of it on a projecting fin-like slab, was followed by the rest of

the group. Once down in the pit it was found that one side was open, affording a fine view across the steep mountain side below. The jumble of huge rounded blocks forming the sides and roof of the pit afforded a variety of exploratory scrambles and climbs. Jan, Herb, and Arnold successfully negotiated one particularly gruesome corner which was immediately dubbed the "Meat Chopper Climb," so named because it made hash of the climbers. A route up a sloping slab close in to a large crack was selected, and the party roped together for a climb made somewhat nerve-racking because of the large loose boulders strewn about. Lunch packs resting near the upper end of the climb proved sufficient spur to get everyone up safely. After a somewhat late lunch, the group went back to the Summit Rocks and engaged in a spree of blueberry picking before the downward trip on the Saddle Trail.

August 19, 1945

Chris Scoredos	Mary Neilan
Helen Scoredos	Eleanor Tatge
Herb Conn	Gus Gambs
Jan Conn	Beth Coats
Bill Schlecht	David Coats
Ruth Schlecht	Robert Coats
Ingrid Schlecht	Esther Aberdeen
Marian Churchill	Helen Varnes
Tom Tingle	

The scheduled trip made the most of a bright pleasant day and a relatively low, clear river. The first serious event was a traverse of the Chris-Wex-Don led by Eleanor with Herb and Mary on her rope. (Jan had already made the climb ropeless, and Herb later repeated the performance, but such monkeyshines cannot be called exactly "serious.") Meanwhile Bill Schlecht had arrived with friends several of whom tried the Beginner's Crack with varying degrees of success. After lunch Gus, Mary, Helen Varnes, Esther Aberdeen, and Eleanor crossed to Herzog, where Mary, Helen, and Eleanor had a fine swim. Chris and Helen Scoredos had spent most of the day at Sugar Loaf Mt., climbing the Cave and other nearby climbs, then proceeding to the cliff faces higher up the trail and on the other side of the summit. Crowds of Sunday sight-seers and picnickers drove them off the mountain early, and they then joined the gang at Carderock. In

the afternoon a wide variety of climbs worked on included a crack near Sterling's Twin Cracks, by Jan and Herb, a corner climb near the Three Chimneys, by Chris, and the Beginner's Corner by Tom

Tingle, a National Park Policeman. Plain and fancy Sink Stoppering also occupied considerable attention.

News Notes

Sterling Hendricks, Chuck Haworth, Don Hubbard, and Arnold Wexler left at 10 A.M. last Sunday for two weeks of climbing on Mt. Katahdin, Maine.

Dave Appel writes from Narrows, Virginia:

"Between work and school I don't have much opportunity to get out to climb. This summer I have done a little caving. This part of the country is full of caves, but as yet I have found nothing of particular interest to a rock climber. I found one cave with an entrance similar to Hell Hole, which provided interesting rope work, but the cave itself was small and on the level.

"From here I am going to Norton, Va., which is in the very southwest corner of the state. Toward the end of the summer I expect to be in the vicinity of Mt. Rogers, the highest in Va. and White Top, which I am told has a high rocky cliff on one face. That's a happy prospect to look forward to.

"My regards to all the rock climbers."

Art Lembeck has moved to San Bruno, California, and writes the following to Paul and Jo Bradt:

"Last Sunday I renewed my acquaintance with Doris Leonard, Charlotte Mauk, and Kenneth Adams on a Cragmont Rock practice climb. I can see no detectable difference between the Washington gang and the San Francisco Bay Chapter as far as technique or (apparent) ability. The groups would mix as readily as water from the Potomac and the Bay itself.

"Many of the old leaders of the Bay Chapter are on their way back from Europe. Raffi Bedayan, Dave Brower, Jack Arnold and others whose names are familiar are supposed to be here again in a matter of weeks.

"Say hello to the gang for me.