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IMPACT STRENGTH OF ROPES vs. STATIC STRENGTH.—Paul Bradt

Somewhat belatedly I report on a paper by Sanford Newman and Helen Wheeler (Research Paper - RPL679 in The Journal of Research of the Nat'l Bureau of Standards, Vol. 35, Nov. 1945). Copies of this paper may be obtained from the Govt. Printing Office for 5 cents.

They compared the strengths of nylon and sisal ropes when broken by a slow pull and when broken by the momentum of a dead weight. The dead weight was raised two rope lengths above the point where the rope began to catch it, and was then dropped into the rope. This was done to simulate the fall of a rock climbing leader who falls down past his belay point and receives no support from his rope until he is as much below his belay point as he was above it. The tests indicated that the ropes stretched the same amounts before breaking whether they were broken slowly or rapidly. They also indicated that it takes somewhat more pull and accordingly more energy to break a rope suddenly than to break it slowly. This is undoubtedly due to the tendency of a rope to relax under stretch. Remember how a clothes line sags?

The only ropes tested, were 7/16 inch three strand nylon and 9/16 inch four strand sisal. It seems that if the belay point is a spliced loop (which, of course, it

could'nt be) the nylon rope would stop the fall of a man weighing 278 pounds, while the larger sisal rope would not stop a man weighing much over 122 pounds. It is interesting to note that data taken from the slow breaking of these ropes indicated that they would break with weights of 247 and 85 pounds, respectively, instead of the 278 and the 122 pounds observed. The differences between these figures correspond to additional pull required to break the rope suddenly instead of slowly as mentioned in the last paragraph.

These facts should be of interest to anyone whose life may depend on rope strengths. Yet do not misunderstand them to indicate any advantage to be gained by stopping the leader's fall suddenly. If you have been stopped suddenly your ribs will prevent your making this mistake. Other people who certainly will not make the mistake of consciously trying to stop the leader's fall suddenly are those who have watched rope after rope break in trying to stop a dummy that way.

A rope through a karabiner is far different from a spliced loop. Sometimes it seems that the karabiner slips in between the rope strands to the center of the rope. Then when the rope slides, it untwists the rope on one side of the karabiner

and kinks it on the other. The kinked part has even been seen to open the karabiner. At other times the strand on the inside of the rope bend, i.e. the one bearing on the karabiner, and necessarily the slackest strand, has its loose fibers bunched up and somewhat broken. These fibers break a little suddenly and set up a series of vibrations in the rope and karabiner position, with the karabiner biting deeper into the rope each successive vibration.

Further gruesome details could be brought out with high-speed photography. But the essential thing is that one is almost never justified in stopping the leader suddenly. If he has to, he had better have a belay better than a karabiner. With a perfect belay in such an emergency, the rope will even co-operate by being a little stronger than usual.

Charlie and Arthur in Japan

"Since important things should come first I must detail the meeting of none other than the Yodeler of Bull Run fame with this vicarious rock-climber for the benefit of those we mutually hold in high esteem.

Strangely enough Charlie had written me a letter from Seoul giving his new address which reached me the day before your extra special artistic demonstration came sailing in on the wings of Valentine's Day. I wrote to him, noting our proximity and told him I'd be up during the following week. Out of a clear sky the Fleet Surgeon says, 'Tomorrow at 0730 we will be on our way to Okinawa' - or words to that effect. I scribbled a note to Charlie relating the change in plans and for most of the next week was (sure enough) in Okinawa. (That Captain has an uncanny way of being right in his predictions - the four-stripe one I work for). After we had returned through the bumpy air from Okie, I again wrote a note to that SCAP address, and in a few days managed to follow it myself.

The jeep ride up there to Tokyo was a long 2 1/2 hours of bumpy, muddy, rutty roads and stolid Japs. The Hoppos here are not nearly as happy in an outward way at least (smiles and all that) as in Sase Bo but seem just as oblivious of auto horns and auto dangers. This was my first trip

to Yokahama and Tokyo (Yokahama is en route to Tokyo from Yokosuka) so I was greatly impressed by the damage done by the bombings. There are forests of chimneys all along the way as one nears Tokyo. Buildings completely demolished, but concrete chimneys standing there as good, apparently, as ever. Some enterprising soul might solve the housing shortage by notching the ends and building log cabin style dwelling. Think what would happen, if surroundings like that would lead to the development of another Abraham Lincoln (Japanese style).

The Mitsukishi Shori Building where Charlie has his office was rather easy to find -- only trouble was it was 12:10, and you know what an Army travels on. By careful exploration I succeeded in finding a female civil service worker engaged in devouring a paper backed novel and about five sandwiches (perhaps this should be rearranged). She (of course) didn't know Capt. Daniels whose desk was perhaps 20 feet away. However, a pink-cheeked Second Lt. in another office gave the Navy a bearing on said Charlie's quarters and off I went. The Tokyo Kaikan is only a few blocks from Mitsukishi Shori and they are both close to Dai Ichi, which name is no doubt familiar to everyone.

The Kaikan is a rather modern hotel, rating about a 3rd or 4th class hostelry in the States and is peopled with scads of bowing Japs. The great Charlie was not in his room, but the boy took me down to the large dining room and after I had shed my coat at the check room I started in. Several people were coming out, and it was a matter of seconds before Charlie and I were beaming and shaking hands and well, well, welling. Not a single flash bulb popped to preserve the historic occasion, but in the intensity of those smiles I'm sure a camera could have worked without 'em.

First we went back into the dining room and I had an excellent well served Army meal (served by Jap girls in full regalia) while Charlie had more coffee. Naturally, we both talked a mile a minute there and later in Charlie's room. In the afternoon we went up to his office again while he took care of more important business and then back to the hotel for yards and yards more of conversation. I finally left in the early evening for a drive back

thru the rain to the good ship Iowa; happiest I've been since landing in Japan.

The next day, Sunday, Charlie was to come aboard to see me, but complications arose. Or rather the sea did. For the first time since I have been here we had a 50 knot wind and high seas which cut us off from the mainland completely until early evening. Poor Charlie and Capt. Belcher, his running mate, made the long trip from Tokyo to the Fleet Officers' Landing in Yokosuka and then had to turn around and go right back.

Telephone connections are very poor and we've each spent hours since trying to reach each other. The closest I came was a few words with B A B (Belcher) one time (C. was out) and with another officer in their office when both were out. Finally we were lucky. Charlie and BAB came aboard last night for dinner and were shown over part of the ship. We gave 'em a view of the inside of the 16" turrets and such. Charlie and I went over some of the recent "UP ROPE's and I showed him your letters and the recent one from Leo. He's had the worst luck with letters. Say he's had practically nothing since November. A couple of days ago he received the 6 Feb. UP ROPE, (I have the 20 Feb) via Seoul, he says. Also he didn't receive a single letter which I have recently sent to him (3 in all.) (I guess that proves which Service is the best!)

Charlie has an interesting job out here and it fills his schedule rather completely. Since I am not exactly resorting to crossword puzzles myself to keep busy, we are having a time getting together for what would be a worthy note in what always used to be the sole topic of conversation in the days that were. If everything works out as we hope we'll manage a drive into the country around Fuji the 24th. Doing anything on the mountain would take minimum of 3 days, plus equipment...we might just as well talk of a trip to Schoolhouse. Later when the snow is off the mountain....

Unfortunately these ships aren't built with concrete foundations, so one can never tell.

I know Charlie joins me in a hearty hello to the Gang.

Ch. Pharm A. C. Lembeck, Z19058
Commander Fifth Fleet Staff
F. P. O. San Francisco, Calif.
March 15, 1946

NEWS NOTES

The Trail Club is planning a four day week-end trip for Memorial day to the vicinity of Port Jervis, New York. This is near Shawangunk Mt. where the New York climbers of the A.M.C. go so often. The trip leader and our chairman Chris Scoredos have both authorized me to invite the A.M.C. climbers along to climb with us or show us where the best climbs are. This will be a private car trip so we will have some cars along which drive to and from the rocks. If these arrangements work out the trip should be tops.

----- Smoke Hole Trips

The long planned white water trip through the Smoke Hole will take place next week end. Arnold Wexler would like to know of any boat s, boatmen or cars, that want to go. Kayaks, Canoes, life rafts and perhaps even log rafts are expected. Pb ase-While dodging underwater rocks don't forget to look at those above you.

----- SAM IS BACK

The broad grin on the old timers faces nowadays is due to this fact: Sam Moore is back since last Friday.

----- Scheduled Trip

May 12, 1946--Bull Run Mountain
Meet at Wisconsin Avenue Hot Shoppe
at 8:00.

----- SLEEPING BAGS

The sport Center 8th & D Sts. has had and may still have, if the gold rush has not struck, the army Arctic sleeping bags. Ask Fitz, Don, Arnold, Paul & Jo--they know it is also rumored that Sp. C. will have nylon tents.

Enough is * Enough.!

Ups and Downs

Chris Scoredos	Helen Baker	H. G. Lunsford
Helen Scoredos	Roger Morrison	Dan V. Lietaut
Ruth Anderson	H. F. Stimson	John Geisler
Sally Chamberlin	Arnold Wexler	Jane Geisler
Nina Sutton	Arthur A. Rich	Carol Geisler
Lucile Mendum	Hoyal Sam Jones	Eleanor Tatge
	Catherine O'Flaherty	Demetra G. Coronbus

April 21, 1946 Easter Sunday dawned a little chilly, but bright and cheerful. Chris led a group of ambitious Youth Hostellers to Carderock, where they were later joined by Arnole and Helen B., who had stopped off at Camp Lewis, and by Eleanor, Ruth, and Sally, who had walked up the towpath from Georgetown after attending an Easter Sunrise Service. Beginner's Crack was, of course, the main attraction of the morning for most. Historically, however, the most outstanding event was Stimmy's ascent of Sterling's Crack. Our Chairman claims Stimmy had mad some sort of a record by being the oldest man to climb it. Gus, are you going to let him get away with that? After lunch attention was focussed chiefly on the Jackknife, which probably has a record of its own as being the Climb Most Full of Does and Don'ts of any Climb at Carderock. Remembering all the things that mustn't be touched by one who would consider himself a bone fide ascender of the deepest cye is an art in itself. John and Jane Geisler made perfect ascents of Margie's Chimney, while six-weeks-old Carol carolled encouragement from her baby buggy below. Homeward bound, we all felt that the trip had been just right.

Sunday April 28, 1946 The Potholes area near Great Falls, Va. echoed all morning to the resounding blows of Chris' busy piton hammer. The climbing was started with the traditional rout into the big pothole farthest upstream, plus entirely unorthodox variations as Helen slid in on her stomach, and Steve calmly stepped across from the middle of the approach crack thereby nonchalantly skipping a half-dozen or so "necessary" footholds. The women then practiced holding the rappel rope around their waists for each other to descend down the Big pothole and make the climb up its downstream wall. Chris and Steve located a good crack for Chris' arduous piton lead, while Sally and Helen pursued the intricacies of an inside corner, whose possibilities they eventually pushed to the limit without, however, quite reaching the level of their belayer. Better luck next time. After lunch at the foot of Socrates' Downfall, Sally, Helen, and Eleanor made attempts to ascend the A Climb, trying both chimney technique and layback from the bottom. A certain amount of real intimacy was developed between the girls and a nearby tree into which the loosened climber inevitably falls from this climb. By the time everyone was in a state of utter exhaustion Sally was persuaded to try the upper traverse, the B. Climb, which proved to be a lot of fun for everyone, and gave Sally a nice ride to the bottom before she'd quite made the final scramble. The party agreed that they hadn't been so utterly tired out for many a Sunday. Nature Note: A wren has located her nest in the Dressing Room for Swimmers at the foot of Socrates' Downfall; today it contained one egg and two downy fledglings. Mamma almost made an entrance during observations, but beat a harrassed retreat just in time to avoid "them strangers."

Chris Scoredos	Sally Chamberlin
Helen Scoredos	Eleanor Tatge
Bob Stephens	

The Trail Club hike to Old Rag Mountain April 28, 1946 was the excuse for some abrasive climbing by Dolores, Hope, Gus, Don, Sam, Arnold, Fitz.