



Editors  
Jo & Paul Bradt  
6626 First St. N.W.,  
Washington, D.C.

News of the  
Washington Rock Climbers

Founders  
Jan & Herb Conn  
Published Biweekly  
FIVE CENTS PER COPY

MEETING

8 P.M. May 23, 1946

at the Dawsons

3600 Horner Pl. S.E.

Vol. 2, No. 19

May 15, 1946

THE SLIDING BELAY. - Paul Bradt.

In the last Up Rope there were some comments accompanying a report on the impact strength of ropes. These comments were prompted by an apprehension lest readers might be led by the report to doubt the value of a sliding belay. To emphasize this point a brief description was added relating damage done to ropes and hinting damage done to climbers when a sliding belay was not used.

All of these extra words, it seems, confused the issue. I wish to state flatly that the sliding belay is tops and everyone agrees that it should be systematically and repeatedly practiced. If you have any doubts on this matter or are interested in seeing the article that will probably be referred to as the last word on this subject, order your copy of the forthcoming Sierra Club Bulletin (1050 Mills Tower, San Francisco (4), Calif. Price 75c.) Arnold Wexler and Dick Leonard tell you what is what and give you figures on why.

MEETING.

On May 23, 8 P.M., there will be a meeting at the Dawson's, 3610 Horner Pl., S. E., Wash., D. C. To get there take any of the following buses: Bellvue, Ft. Drum, Livingston or Congress Hgts., or Naval Res. Lab. Cross Anacostia bridge and beyond St. Elizabeth's Hospital about a mile. Horner Pl. is the 3rd bus stop beyond the Congress Hgts. Fire Station (just in case the bus driver doesn't know.) Dawson's live in the second house on the left as you enter Horner Pl. from Nichols Ave. Hope will set a candle lantern on the porch railing. If you aren't familiar with the Cupid's Bower illumination, sniff for the scent of a cave candle.

Anyone wanting to order U. S. Geological Survey maps at the reduced price of 6/10 normal, bring his money and list along. Eleanor Tatge will have the newest index maps on hand.

Up Rope is likely to ask for a consideration of finances so, guardians of ye olde low cost of living, show up.

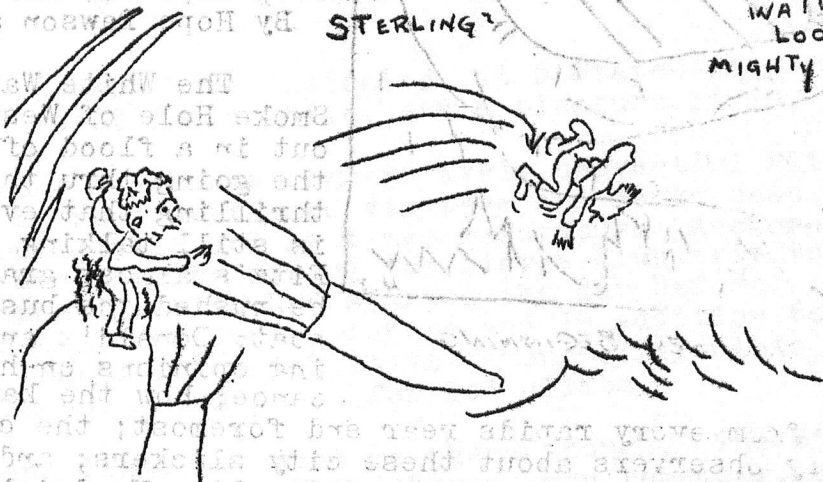
WANTED: C.M. FOLDBOAT FRANKLIN!!  
 Please communicate with  
 UP ROBEY or Arnold Wexler.  
 BY Hope Dawson and Sam Moore.

The White Water Trip thru the  
 Smoke Hole of West Virginia started  
 out in a flood of rain which made  
 the water high water so  
 that everyone who went  
 there was excitedly about  
 the trip.

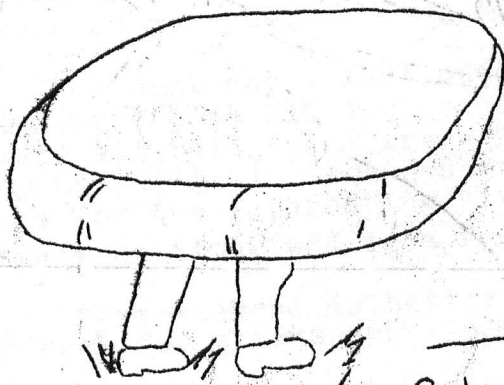
did a complete  
 about face; i.e.,  
 Sam and Don each  
 turned in their  
 seats instead of  
 swinging the  
 whole canoe around  
 in the current, in  
 order to proceed on  
 their journey.

SAVE  
 STERLING?

THAT  
 WATER  
 LOOKS  
 MIGHTY COLD!



H.D.



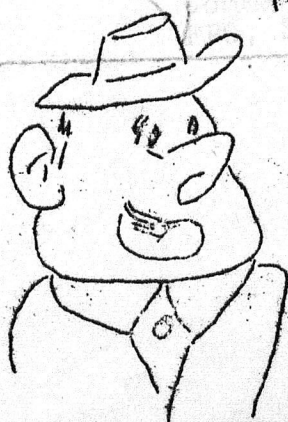
DOWNRIGHT  
 DRY  
 UNDER  
 HERE!

CULVERWELL  
 METHOD  
 OF  
 DRY BOATING H.D.

As the kayak  
 went into the  
 Gorge, it came  
 hard upon a  
 rock which  
 proved the un-  
 doing of the  
 doughty team of  
 Hendricks and  
 Wexler. (See  
 above.) Sterling  
 almost went down  
 for the full  
 count while  
 Arnold wildly  
 waved from the  
 rock upon which  
 he was thrown  
 as (see above  
 again).

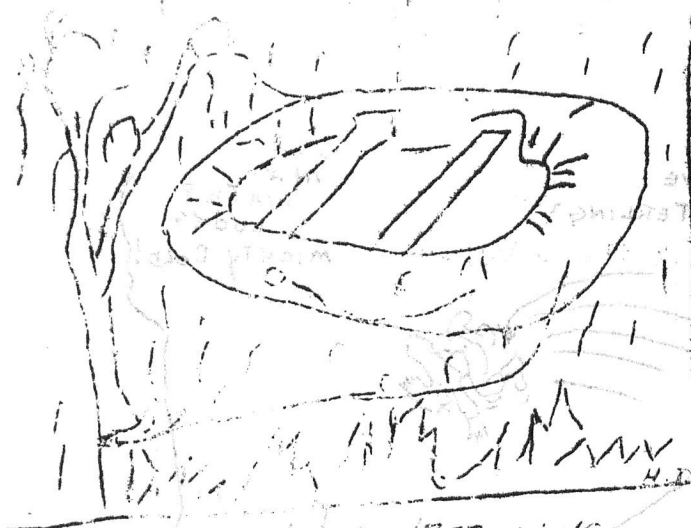
They managed to salvage their sleeping equipment and  
 clothing but lost all of their food. Fitz really had quite a ride.  
 For we hear that he handles a "Sink Stopper" like he drives his  
 car, and that he hit all of the high spots all the way down the  
 river. Tom and Hope took the waves in moderation and had a less  
 watered ride. Many of the natives viewed the spectacle. These

WONDER WHAT  
 THEM CITY SLICKERS  
 THINK THEY'RE DOING



I'VE STOOD  
 HERE 1/2 HOUR  
 AND HAVEN'T  
 SEEN THEM.

DON'T SUPPOSE



**WANTED: ONE FOLDBOAT FRAME!!!**

Please communicate with  
"Up Rope" or Arnold Wexler. --  
By Hope Dawson and Sam Moore.

The White Water Trip thru the Smoke Hole of West Virginia started out in a flood of rain which made the going thru the high water so thrilling that everyone who went is still talking excitedly about Fitz's almost grabbing a snake as he pushed the bush away from his boat; Donald's and Sam's conflicting opinions on how to paddle a canoe; how the kayak always seemed

to emerge from every rapids rear end foremost; the conversation of the country observers about these city slickers; and finally about the crack-up of that noble team of Sterling Hendricks and Arnold Wexler.

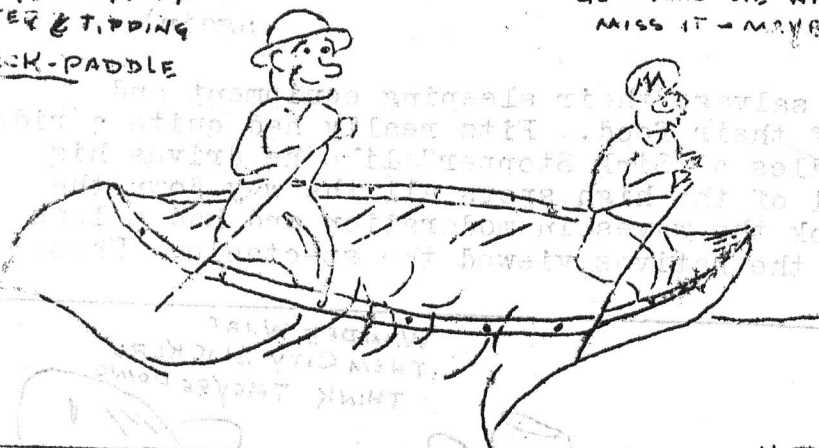
The two rubber life-boats, one containing Tom Culverwell and Hope Dawson and the other Fitzhugh Clark, floated over the first dam and moored to watch the canoe with these strong-minded-people. Fitzhugh Clark, Sam Moore and Donald Wexler, bounce over and the foldboat team of Arnold and Sterling slide thru.

Ellen and Lowell Bennett arrived too late to be among the observers.



WE'RE SHIPPING  
WATER & TIPPING  
BACK-PADDE

GO AHEAD WE WILL  
MISS IT - MAYBE



The canoe wobbled along by the reeds as the boats neared the 90° turn in the river where the going was really rugged, and

2 May 1946

Dear Paul & Jo:

As letters to others have indicated, it's States-side duty for this wanderer, at least for a while, and a pleasure it is, too.

The trip to Long Beach was comparatively uneventful although marked by high winds of near hurricane violence and rough seas which made the topside uncomfortable and at times hazardous. Anchored in Long Beach on Sunday and thereby missed the Sierra Club trip to Joshua Tree Natl. Monument, which had started the day before. J.T. is in the desert area east and south of here and in addition to the cactus and analagous plants for which it is famous offers lots of rocks for practice climbs, though none for led climbs.

The Byrkits and Johnsons saved me there though. The B's are very active Sierra Club members -- Art Johnson, you remember, as the leading light of early Southern Chapter S.C. rock climbing with whom I had done practice climbing in the San Diego days. We started Saturday noon with a 5-gal. jug of water over roads of gravel and occasional asphalt in civilized spots; the adjacent sand is too loose for traction in most spots. Had supper and then into the sleeping bags for a sleep punctuated only by millions of stars.

Next morning Art and I were off to the rocks and had a fine time there until early afternoon. Most of it was decomposing granite and a bit hard on the tender fingertips. But it was great to be back once more on a rope.

The next day -- last Sunday it was -- the first official climb of the Sierra Club RCS took place at Stony Point, near L.A. It was very well attended and I renewed acquaintance with Chuck Wilts, Jim and Roy Gorin, Bill Pabst and numerous others, including Kurt Rieser. Had time for one interesting bit which 3 of us made -- its called the Finger Splitter and is a face climb on small holds.

Next weekend is better climbing at Pacifico where there is proper rock for pitons and leading.

How is the gang coming around Washington? Judging from Up Rope there are sure a lot of new names to indicate plenty are taking the place of the absentees. Where, my friends, do you collect such adjectives for Yodeler items? Up Rope maintains a contact with the best group I've ever known in just the way I like to remember them. Both the San Francisco Bay people and the Los Angeles Sierra Club Chapters have praised it in a manner which wasn't just because I came from its place of publication. They had great enthusiasm for the cartoons Herb used to insert.

Have hopes for a little leave shortly -- expect to request it soon at least and if things work out correctly expect to have that long deferred Katahdin jaunt. Are any of the gang contemplating a trip that way in late May or early June? Charlie waxed enthusiastic over K. but will "content" himself with Fuji for some time to come.

Let me hear from you.

ART. (Ch. Pharm. A. G. Lembeck  
319058)

Commander Fifth Fleet Staff  
FPO, San Francisco

Chris Scoredos	Donald Hubbard	Paul Bradt and Speliologists:
Helen Scoredos	Mary Meilan	Hale Bradt William Welch
Andy Kauffman	Bob Stephens	Elmer Daalman John Meenehan
Betty Kauffman	Sally Chamberlin	Helen Baker Jack Wilson
Leonard Bolz	Arnold Wexler	Dolores Alley
	George Norman	Eleanor Tatge

Bull Run Mt. - May 12, 1946. Four carsful of earnest climbers assembled at the spring near the railroad track for a last cool drink before the hike to the rock-climbing area. At the rocks, part of the group made a terrific attack on Charlie's Crack, while the ever-present section of "Us Amateurs" headed this time by Paul Bradt made a circuitous traverse of the Throne of Zeus. After lunch Paul, his amateurs and Betty and Andy discovered above the rock caves a layback with both walls overhanging. If Paul hadn't climbed it there wouldn't have been so much time wasted there.

With the main group, Don belayed for those interested in the Overhang. Helen Scoredos and Arnold Wexler made successful ascents; John Meenehan made two successful ascents. Later Paul climbed Charlie's Crack, then led a party to a delightful (i.e. terrible) unclimbed inside corner with a long layback which is still unclimbed. After a little rappelling practice by the entire group, weary climbers, kibitzers, and plain onlookers plodded the homeward trail. Nature note: It was found later that rain had soaked practically every part of Virginia and Maryland except the Bull Run Mountains, which were only lightly sprinkled now and then. Many thanks are due the weatherman for so kindly watching out for our interests.

# # # # #

#### Current Correspondence

15 April 1946

Dear Paul:

The March 19 copy of Up Rope has just reached me. Needless to say I have enjoyed it and many previous copies very much. I think you are doing a fine job with it.

As of 15 May, copies of Up Rope will no longer reach me at this address. I would suggest that you make a note to change my address. I would suggest that you make a note to change my address as of 1 May to: 5400 - 41st St., W. W., Washington, D. C. I expect to arrive there sometime the latter part of May.

So far as I can remember, I have not sent any money to Up Rope since I was in Texas in the fall of 1944. I must owe you something in back subscriptions. Could you have the treasurer check up and let me know what I should pay to bring me up to date and then pay a year in advance? I suggest that you send that information to the new address and mark it "Please Hold".

During the first 1500 miles of our trip we hardly saw a mountain, but when we reached Great Bear Lake we found the east shore lined with cliffs which merged into mountains. At Ft. Norman we looked across the Mackenzie River at the Mackenzie Mts. which rise, range on range, until they fade into the distance. On this side (the East) side of the river the country reminds me of the Katahdin Country. Small isolated groups of mountains that go up to 5000 ft. and lots of lakes.

Right now we are on our way to Ft. Simpson. The snow is heavy and we are going to travel at night and sleep during the day from now on.

Give my regards to all the Climbers.

Yours,

JACK (Maj. A. H. Jackman)  
Exercise Musk-Ox  
Edmonton, Alberta, Canada.

## Ups and Downs

Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, May 3-5, 1946. Sally Chamberlin and Eleanor Tatge set out for a duo camping trip in Virginia and West Virginia. The weather was none too propitious, and the girls decided to spend Friday night in a hotel. However, they determined to take a look at the Elizabeth Furrace camping ground in the Massanutters for future reference. The rain was pouring down in sheets as they drove into the camp ground. In the Stygian blackness the car was saved from slithering in the mud into the river only by Sally's manful pushing until they were safely parked on a tree root. The hour by this time was such that the girls hauled out their tarpaulin, tied one edge up between two trees, and made themselves at home. The ground was thickly covered with pine needles, and they were soon snug and comfortable in their down sleeping bags.

Saturday dawned as drearily as possible, the rain continuing heavily. The tarpaulin was raised sufficiently to provide comfortable sitting space, and a hearty breakfast of bacon and eggs was enjoyed to the tune of pattering raindrops. After breaking camp the girls drove over to examine the nearby fish hatchery, noting Buzzard Rock in the distance. From here the trip to West Virginia was uneventful until in Petersburg Lowell and Ellen Bennett drove up and exchanged greetings. They were on their way to join the group of boat-tripping rock climbers in the Smoke Hole. At Mouth-of-Seneca the precipitation was still rampant. However, the girls buttoned up their jackets, packed their coffee pot, and set off to have a "kaffeeeklatsch" on the north summit of Seneca Rock. Fortunately the rain abated sufficiently to make this a really very jolly occasion. The world below, minute and misty, was very far away. Watching delicate cloud streamers rise from it while one's nostrils were tickled by the delicious aroma of hot coffee and the back of one's neck by the fitful pattering of raindrops, was a sensation not to be matched in dreams. Dinner was prepared beside the roaring, rain-swollen river at the foot of the Rock, and was complete with all a camper's joys (fresh air and scenery) and tribulations (hot pan handles and bugs).

As they were not too well prepared for the inclemencies of weather encountered, Saturday night was spent at the Hermitage in Petersburg. Sunday came bright and beautiful. The girls again ascended to the north end of Seneca Rock and roped up for the Pine Tree Traverse to the Gunsight. The greatest diversion along the way was the investigation of the great cleft on the west side of the rock just below the traverse. After the Gunsight, or Indian, was admired from all sides, the girls worked on the approach to the crack at the south. It was decided not to climb the crack, however, and the party retreated to a ledge north of the Gunsight for a bit of lunch, with the sun far in the west. The shades of night were falling fast as the girls scrambled out of their clothes and into the icy waters of the river at the foot of the rock. It was completely dark as the homeward route began, and Washington was reached at about 4 o'clock the next morning. But the girls felt that however little the trip resembled their plans for it, they had yet reaped a full measure of satisfaction from an out-of-doors adventure.

# # # # #

### ELOPEMENT! NEW USE FOR RAPPEL ROPE!

On May 1, word reaches us, Pussy Behrerberg and Sgt. Albert (Rocky) Combs were united in holy matrimony. Best Wishes, Pussy! Congratulations, Rocky!

# # # # #

New address for Dr. Hubbard: 100 W. Nelson Ave., Alexandria, Va. (Phone: Alex. 3147). When you call, ask for "Uncle Donald"!

Andy Kaufmann has available for \$8.00 two pair of #9C Bermani boots. If you ordinarily wear a No. 9 or No. 10 shoe, you might try them for a fit.