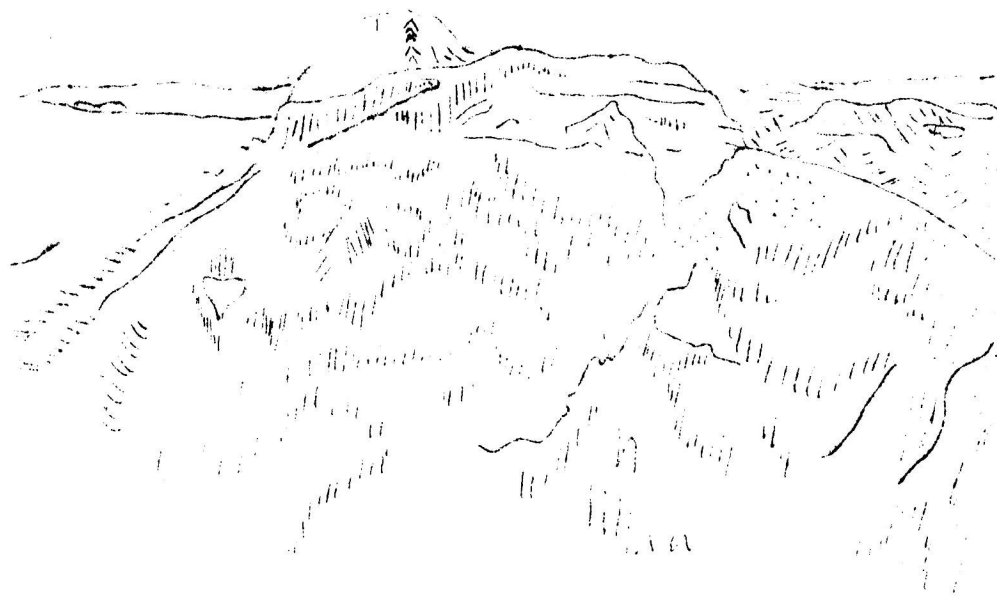


UP ROPE



North
Face
of
Aconagua

NEWS OF THE WASHINGTON ROCK CLIMBERS

Vol. 5, No. 12

March 16, 1949

Schedule

TRIP

April 17th week end
Old Rag Mountain
Arthur Lembeck, Leader

MEETING

Friday, April 22, 1949, 8:00 P.M.
Bennett home, 1207 Loyes Drive
Teton Mountains, by Kodachrome
Lowell Bennett ; Speakers
Tom Culverrell ;

The Old Rag trip was originally scheduled for the week end of April 10, but unforeseen developments have necessitated delaying it a week. It is likely that groups will leave Washington Friday night or Saturday for camping trips as well as Sunday morning. Please get in touch with Arthur if you would like to go and have transportation to or to request. His phone is Shepherd 0421.

Lowell and Tom will present kodachrome slides taken last summer on a joint Culverwell-Bennett expedition to Grand Teton National Park, Wyoming. As the accompanying diagram shows, Noyes Drive may be reached from the bus terminal at Georgia and Alaska Avenues by the Z4 bus which runs north on Coleville Pike, or by the Z2, Y2, or YZ buses which go north on Georgia Avenue. If you take the Z4, turn left on Noyes Drive when you get off; if you take a Georgia Avenue bus, turn right on Noyes. The Bennetts' phone number is SLiso 7313.

WHEN IN PHOENIX DO AS THE PHOENICIANS DO--
(To Rock Climbing)

By Herb Conn

Ben Pedrick, up ahead, ran the rope around a giant cactus and plopped himself into belay position. "You may climb," he said.

I gave a violent test, for I still had an instinctive feeling that all cacti, even the noble Arizona saguaro, are pulpy squashy affairs which can be depended on only for the sharpness of their prickles. But the cactus proved to be a great deal firmer than the rock.

Ben was guiding Jan and me up an airy disintegrating route onto the "head" of Camelback Mountain a few miles northeast of Phoenix. We had discovered that Phoenix has both convenient climbing grounds and enthusiastic climbers.

The climbers belong to an organization calling themselves the Hachinas, so named for a race of gods in Indian legend who inhabit the plains and deserts during the winter and take to the mountain heights for the summer. Modern climbing here follows a reverse schedule, for the summer sun is just too hot for either energy or comfort. The Hachinas learned to climb as a Boy Scout troop and still claim allegiance to it, altho they are all now of college age. Despite their comparative youth they are careful climbers and have perfected an uncanny technique for negotiating the crumbly desert rock with assurance. Their problem now is to convince visiting climbers like us that the stuff is really good climbing for they want to put Arizona on the rock climber's map.

They have hunted out first ascents in the dry rocky ranges 50 to 100 miles west of Phoenix, but the average week ordances them laying siege to Camelback with true Camelback spirit. The head of the camel is a huge mass of volcanic andesite cut by numerous hanging canyons and held together by a poor grade of glue. The well established routes range from "Foosey's Roost"--so easy in appearance that an occasional picknicker has to be rescued from its exposed upper pitches--to "Suicide Cliff," a tension climb requiring nine expansion bolts. Somewhere around on the far side is a mysterious "tourist route" by which even ordinary mortals seem to find their way to the top now and then, but the Hachinas scorn to go around to look for it.



A little firmer than Camelback--but not much--are some granite outcroppings twenty miles to the north. We were introduced early to Pinnacle Peak, a spectacular climb involving 200 feet of first-rate climbing. Climax of the ascent is a wild leap across a five-foot chasm 40 feet deep splitting the summit into two parts. We couldn't see any difference in their heights, but the Kachinas insist the one across the gap is higher.

Other unique features of Arizona climbing are the thorny "passion bush," an unwelcome form of artificial aid which holds the climber on to his ledge in a passionate embrace, and the jumping cactus, a relative of the prickly pear which reputedly jumps from its bush to stab the unwary. But these things are all in keeping with a rock climber's idea of a day well spent. For that contented grin on his face as he returns from a Sunday's climb has only one meaning--he is back down safely and can now enjoy six peaceful days of comfort and relaxation before another Sunday rolls around.

Ups and Downs

Arnold Wexler
Dolores Alley

Roger Foster
Eleanor Tatge

John Reed
Chris Scoredos

From the Hot Shoppe on March 6, six climbers left for Great Falls, Virginia for climbing near Oscar's Leap and opposite the Fish Ladder. Johnny and Eleanor in a mood of poetic inspiration brought on by the fine angle piton displayed by Arnold sent him from Ben Siminow of Camp and Trail Outfitters, New York City, as well as, no doubt, by the close proximity of Spring, produced the following Lines to Illustrate the Lasting Love of an Impassioned Pounder for his Piton:

ODE TO A PITON

By Johnny Reed and Eleanor Tatge

How strong and sturdy there you stand;

May you always catch your man.
For if you fail they'll bury me
And modify design of thee.

How I love your big round eye
Thick never winks at any guy,
But watches closely over me
As I struggle up toward thee.

If I should fall, as well I may
I trust that you will save the day.
I hope you may, I wish you might
Have o'er the strength to stop my flight!

My carabiner clings to you;
Hold him tight whate'r you do.
It matters not how straight his
gate,
He is the master of my fate.

If test by dynamometer
Proves your snap link can't endure
Then sadly bid me fond adieu
For I can stay no more with you.

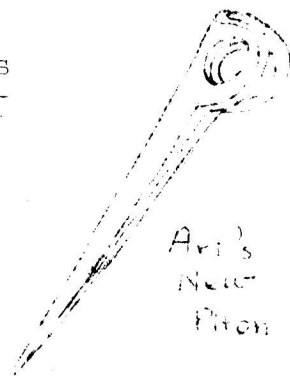
I see your loving kindly face
As I sail lightly into space;
The wet Potomac far below
Softly smiles as in I go.

To tell the truth I think you're
swell
So drop me not but guard me well.
Together we'll win many fights
To taste the joys of summit heights.

Art Lembeck	Dr. Hannes Benzinger	Richard Goldman	Jack Wilson
Win Lembeck	Ilse Benzinger	Sally Lindsley	Don Hubbard
	Rolph Benzinger	Gus Gambs	

On the same day March 6, eight climbers left the same Hot Shoppe for the Bull Run Mountains, with two additional members added later. The Trail Club trip to this area had been called off due to the poor weather outlook, altho most of the day, as it turned out, was really very fine. Gus and Don were dropped as near the rocks as possible, then the cars were parked at Beverly Mill and the group followed the trail up. In the early part of the day climbs were made on the valley side of Zeus' Throne, followed by the Chimney Climb led by Don who tested out Art's new pitons. They were found very satisfactory insofar as the testing went, holding well, removable with difficulty and with a minimum of deformation. Later Art climbed the Overhang.

Dick and Sally climbed mainly near and on Charlie's Crack. Dick found the pitons in the Crack constituted a mental hazard of no mean proportions, and, after conferring with Don, took them all out, whereupon he could still not climb the Crack as well as ever. Gus made history as the victim of a special new technique developed for his climb, known as the 6th Class Courte Echelle. For description, see Don.



Дорогой Гус: Добрый день. Как поживаете?

Bob Tiemann	Ken Karcher	Nancy Rogers
Gaby Rosenberger	Pim Karcher	John Meenehan

Also on March 6, Nancy led a group to Rogers Cave at Front Royal, Virginia, and picked a most beautiful day to do it. The party was divided into the Criminal and the Noncriminal class as Ken got a traffic ticket in Arlington.

The cave entrance being a deep slot of about 75 feet, the group climbed partway down and rappelled the final pitch of 20 feet. While Pim and Nancy deloused bats in the interest of science, John led in a photographic trip. Eventually progress became a case of wading or making a chimney traverse, and all save a certain chicken-hearted scoundrel took to the cool water. At the Red Waterfall apologies were made to Meenehan because no one believed his story about this beautiful formation. Progress ended at the lake, where none of the hardy adventurers cared to swim. In an effort to bypass the lake without getting wet, Ken and Nancy made a beautiful climb up an almost vertical mud wall while John led to the same spot by another route. The climb resulted only in exercise.

On the outbound trip Ken was trapped into making a nice little technical climb. John followed, and then they taunted Pim and Gaby into making the same climb. The girls succeeded but, at the cost of bruises, contusions, and sundry hot words. It just goes to prove that men are more graceful.

Arnold Wexler	Don Hubbard	Art Lembeck	Fed Schad
Jean Beauchamp	Peg Keister	Win Lembeck	Ellen Bennett
Dolores Alley	Eleanor Fatge	Betty Schultz	Lowell Bennett
Betty Alley	Tom Sheridan	Harnes Renzinger	Don Bennett
Roger Foster	Charlotte Hitzinger	Leonard Bolz	Barbara Bennett
Roger Foster Jr.			Two Boy Scouts

On March 13 a prompt 8:30 start was made--some folks thereby even missing breakfast--from the Hot Shoppe for Shaeffer Rocks at the Hermitage S.A.F.C. Shelter in Pennsylvania, where about half the group had

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spent the night. The outstanding climb of the day was started by Donald with Arnold finishing the upper part of the first lead. Several ascents were made. The name "Swiss Guide Climb" was proposed because the last person up made the climb with more assistance than is to be expected of any but a Swiss guided tour. At the top Don successfully roped a huge block across a handy chasm for an aerial traverse.

Climbs were also made on a chimney to the left, and on and near a vertical face 50 feet high to the right. A rappel down the face proved to be great sport.

The new Hermitage Shelter was much admired.

EXPLANATION

(Or The Saving of a Reputation)

By Pim Harcher

Reference is made to paragraph 2, Notes and News, Vol. 5, No. 11, UP ROPE, 2 March 1949. So that no one, absolutely no one, including the Editor, will have any misgivings concerning my "new look," I respectfully submit the following. If, after you read this, you still cast a doubting eye, all I can say is that it sounds like a good story. You have your choice in the matter at least.

PERIOD: February 18th through 22nd.

PLACE: Lake Placid and Adirondack Mountains, New York.

PERSONS: Gaby Rosenberger, Bob Piemann, Ken and Pim Harcher.

North of Albany about 180 miles and past the village on the road to Lake Placid from Keene, the Olympic Ski Jump and Bob Sled Run are passed and viewed from the road. Further and beyond, Mt. Marcy, the highest peak of the Adirondacks and of the State, rises to a height of 15,344 feet above sea level. It is surrounded by other high peaks; MacIntyre, Colden, Basin, Gothic, Saddleback, and Haystack, which extend

in a southwest-northeast direction. The divide between the Hudson and St. Lawrence Rivers passes over its summit to the southwest; at the base of the cone lies Lake Tear-in-the-Clouds, the highest lake source of the Hudson River.

Four eager people with full climbing gear including such monstrosities as ice pitons, crampons, ice axes, snow shoes, etc., started out from Heart Lake early Sunday morning. Our plans were well formulated; we would climb Mt. Colden using the flume as a route. This would require considerable ice climbing, for in summer a small stream flows down it. The plans never materialized. The writer, by slipping off a three-log-wide bridge across a stream, and splitting open the top of her nose in the process, saw to that. Three stitches and four hours later, the same four proceeded with slightly revised plans.

We followed the first portion of the Van Hoevenburg Trail (ultimately leading to the summit of Mt. Marcy) which follows an old tote road a short distance of the clearing at Heart Lake, twelve miles south of Lake Placid Village. The first portion continues across Marcy Dam (a distance of two miles). Here we switched to another trail and continued to Avalanche Lake Leanto, a mile farther. After shovelling snow out of the leanto and fixing dinner with numb hands, we bedded down for the night. In spite of the snow in the leanto, there was actually very little in this particular section of the country--a foot and a half at most.

Next morning we left for Avalanche Lake (1 1/4 miles); Mt. Colden rises precipitously from the southern shore. The sheer wall of MacIntyre rises from the northern shore. Crossing the approximately 12 inches of ice of the lake, we peered at the ice hanging down and piled up thru the flume of Colden. Conversation turned to how much Andy Kauffman would enjoy all the snow and ice which would be encountered to reach the summit.

Checking our watches we decided to push an additional mile onward to Lake Colden, and there viewed some of Nature's handiwork with awe. A quick turnabout and a quicker hike back, picking up the packs on the way, brought us out to the car just as the last few seconds of daylight faded. A delicious steak dinner in Placid ended a very delightful but hurried stay.

Next time, I'll wade the streams.

Notes and News

Last month William D. Hackett with a 45-day leave from his post at Fort Benning, Ga., climbed Mt. Aconcagua, 22,835 feet, between Chile and Argentina, the western hemisphere's highest peak. The mountain was first climbed by a Swiss guide, Mattias Zurbriggen, in 1897. Bill was the first U.S. citizen to do it. He climbed with one companion, Argentine Lieut. Jorge Julio Mottet, who had climbed the peak once before.

Andy Kauffman is now the proud possessor of a driver's permit. Congratulations, Andy

Allan Bradt is convalescing nicely from bronchial pneumonia.