

NEWS OF THE WASHINGTON ROCK CLIMBERS

Vol. 5, No. 13

March 30, 1949

Schedule

TRIP

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

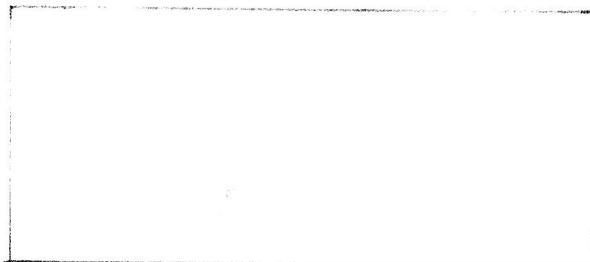
MEETING

Friday, April 22, 1949, 8:00 P.M.
Bennett home, 1207 Noyes Drive
Teton Mountains, by kodachrome
Lowell Bennett } Speakers
Tom Culverwell }

Get in touch with Arthur Lembeck, phone SHepherd 0421, if you have transportation to offer or to request for the Old Rag trip. It is likely that groups will leave Washington Friday night and Saturday for camping, as well as on Sunday morning.

Your editor, who is notoriously incapable of drawing anything at all, has, nevertheless, determined to inaugurate a cartoon series by here presenting, in the hope that you will enjoy its admirable composition and wealth of detail, the first of a series of

Studies in White



A coil of new nylon rope
lying in the snow

We have, among our younger members, a man who not only climbs everything around, but thinks while he climbs, and, surprisingly, goes home and writes it down!

Spider Walk

By Jack, brother of Jill
(Alias Johnny Reed)

Climb that? They must be crazy. I'll bet no self-respecting fly would go up there. Might as well try it, but I'll probably be sorry. MAY I TEST? TESTING! I must sound like a telephone lineman. At least they get paid for it. MAY I CLIMB? CLIMBING! Well, anyway, I think I will.

Where is that first handhold? It seems to have disappeared since Arnold climbed this monster. Oh well, why bother about handholds and footholds? Nobody else seems to. Let's see what happens if I pull on this little flake. SLA-ACK! The climb looks better without that handhold anyhow. I guess I'll have to do this as a layback on two fingers and my left ear--. Here goes!

Golly, I'm at least five feet off the ground and I've only lost half a pint of blood. I'll bet the guy who first climbed this had his wife chasing him with a piton hammer. Sometimes I think I should give up this madness and stay in bed Sunday mornings. Well, if I'm going to fall off I might as well do it now. Hands in the crack, feet on the face, and up we go--like a lead balloon. UP ROPE! This is for the birds--and people like Chris. Two more feet of grunt-and-groan and I can make that next ledge. One foot. There, I've got it. Now all I've got to do is put my feet where my hands are; I should have taken lessons from Jan Conn.

It certainly is remarkable how much wider this ledge seems when you're looking up at it than when you're trying to stand on it. Sometimes I get myself into the darndest situations. At times like this I think maybe I ought to take up knitting. Well, only ten more feet to the top. With a double courte échelle and a step ladder I

might make it. Let's see--right foot here, hand over there...oops!
Now how in the dickens did I get back down to the bottom again?

Ups and Downs

Dolores Alley	Peg Keister	Jane Showacre	Don Hubbard
Betty Alley	Arnold Wexler	Eleanor Tatge	John Meenehan
Billy Alley	Bob Stephens	Chris Scoredos	John Reed Sr.
Helen Scoredos	Eric Scoredos	Jack Reed	Jill Reed

Assembled on March 20 at the Hot Shoppe, the group left at the stroke of 8:30 for Carderock. The major activity for the day was further experimentation under the leadership of Arnold on the effect of the fall of Oscar on a dynamometer under various conditions. While the man power and half the woman power was applied to this problem, Jane and Eleanor (who first belayed Peg's maiden ascent of the Beginners' Climb) hunted up climbs with sunshine on them; they worked on the terminal face of the Chris-Wex-Don Traverse, the Green and Red Easter Egg climbs, and Jan's Waterloo.

In the afternoon the group was joined by Helen and Eric, Bob Stephens, and the Reeds. The party then abandoned Oscar to try the Jam Box, and the climbs near the Jackknife.

Don Hubbard	Arnold Wexler	John Meenehan	Dick Goldman
Bill Gilhousen	R. E. Stephens	Nancy Rogers	Sally Lindsley
Jack Reed	Eleanor Tatge	Abby Hammack	

On March 27th Carderock was again the scene of the Trials of Oscar. While Arnold was readying Oscar, Don gave lessons to the newcomers on the Nubble Face, and part of the group brushed off the Beginners' Climb and Ronnie's Leap.

Later, after several hours' work on Oscar, two teams of three each crossed the Chris-Wex-Don, while the remainder of the party played around on and near the Barmacle Face.

Eleanor initiated the swimming season in the chill Potomac.

Up Cough

Investigation by our Inquiring Reporter reveals that the recent campaign of our Club Treasurer for the up cough of upped dues is based solely and squarely on the present oligoneumismaty* of the Club. It seems that ever since the purchase of a mimeograph for UP ROPE the Club has been financially in the doldrums. UP ROPE regards the acquisition of funds by the Treasury in a spirit of hearty cooperation. Due to the recent up rise of expenses, especially one-half cent more postage, it's nice to feel that somewhere in the Club there is financial backing, just in case. And so we're all in favor of 50 cent dues payments to Mrs. Dolores Alley, 1276 Morse Street N.E., Washington 2, D.C.

*We have it on reliable information that Harvey W. Wiley is responsible for this euphemistic synonym for shortage of coin.

Announcement

On April 1, 1949, the National Speleological Society is holding a color slide competition in the Garden House of the Dodge Hotel, 3rd W Salon exhibit. Rock climbers are invited.

Advertisement

Stupendous!	See	Colossal!
<h1 style="margin: 0;">"UP ROPE"</h1>		
<p>for <u>Thrills</u> <u>galore!!</u></p>		
<p>The Washington Rock Climbers offer a color film you can't afford to miss. 900 feet, 36 minutes</p>		
<p>ALL STAR CAST</p>		
<p>S E N D F O R I T N O W</p>		
<p>Mr. John Meenehan 1222 Euclid St., NW Washington 9, D.C.</p>		<p>Rental fee \$5.00</p>

Inside Corner

To show that Life is a matter of give and take, of tit for tat, Andy Kauffman, having just gained a driver's permit, has now lost his appendix. Congratulations, Andy, on a balanced existence!

The Scoredos' are now the proud possessors of one vacant lot. Just a matter of time, and the Scoredos menage will be in its own little nest.

The Lembecks spent last Sunday at home!

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