

NEWS OF THE WASHINGTON ROCK CLIMBERS

Vol. 6, No. 12

January 4, 1949

Happy New Year!

Another year has rolled by with its spring and fall, its fun and grief, its ups and downs. Our successful ascents we're proud of; our failures--well here is a new year in which to try again. And so, hopefully, we announce

BUSINESS MEETING
Saturday, January 14, 7:30 P.M.
The Lembecks!
4840 Bradley Blvd., Chevy Chase,
OLiver 8322

Where shall we climb next Sunday? When are we going to Bull Run? Why don't we ever go to Harper's Ferry? If you have ideas about these or similar questions, or want to lead a weekend trip to Old Pag or some other climbing ground, then you're the folks we want to see at the Lembecks, 4840 Bradley Blvd., Chevy Chase, Md., on Saturday, Jan. 14, at 7:30 P.M. Anyone interested in having a finger in the pie or just curious as to what a strictly business meeting is like will be more than welcome. As no entertainment is planned, and the following day is Sunday, scheduling the activities for the coming year will probably be dispensed with in jig time.

Those who do not come and make known their desires will have to take whatever consequences there are. So come on out to watch the fun and get in your two cents worth.

Ups and Downs

Norman Goldstein

Eleanor Tatge

Herb Conn

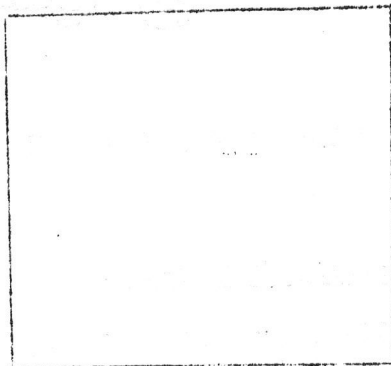
December

25th,

1949

Three stubborn souls, to whom December 25 was only another Sunday to go rock climbing, betook themselves to Sugarloaf Mountain on a crisp cold morning. After pioneering a trailless ascent to the summit, they sought the rock faces which were in the sun, on the west side of the trail. A short but time-consuming roped traverse occupied the morning, lichen-covered cor- managed to round af- his belayer directly piton of Paul's hitch- proved that the trio least on a part of

STUDIES IN WHITE NO. 14



A brief inves- finger Climb by Nor- the cracks, and such abandoned in favor of learn the destination and north around the garden climbing area many interesting ner, and a severely which Eleanor demon- unguessed might of road ended at a col- tower up which all trepid feat of the day.

Pad Upon Which Will Be
Written P.C. Names for
UP ROPE at the Hot Shoppe
Next Sunday Morning.

ending at a slick ner which Herb finally ter he had stationed above him. A rusty ing-post variety were not the first at these precincts. tigation of the Butter- man revealed ice in serious climbing was an exploratory hike to of a road leading west mountain. A kinder- was discovered, with pitches for the begin- overhanging nose on strated the heretofore her arm muscles. The lapsing wooden lookout climbed, the most in-

Chris Scoredos

Jan Conn

Eleanor Tatge

January

1st,

1949

The New Year was ushered in by a Carderock trip on a somewhat cloudy day, after Chris, with never failing optimism, raised false hopes of ice-skating, unfulfilled. The temperature was sufficiently snappy to inspire rugged deeds, and not quite cold enough to completely numb chilled fingers. The Three Chimneys Climb was climbed in diminu- endo--Jan, Eleanor, and Chris made the first chimney in that order, Jan and Eleanor the second, and Jan the third. Chris (who was minus his sneakers) then tried out his boots on the Spider Walk, with indif- ferent results. He had to leave early, so the girls after lunch went back to their car for more nylon, and decided to drive down to Wilson Blvd. at the Canal and walk up to the Camp Lewis rocks. There the chief events were a great length of time spent on the Junior Horror, finally ascended by Jan, and the Dome, ditto ditto.

Ray Moore

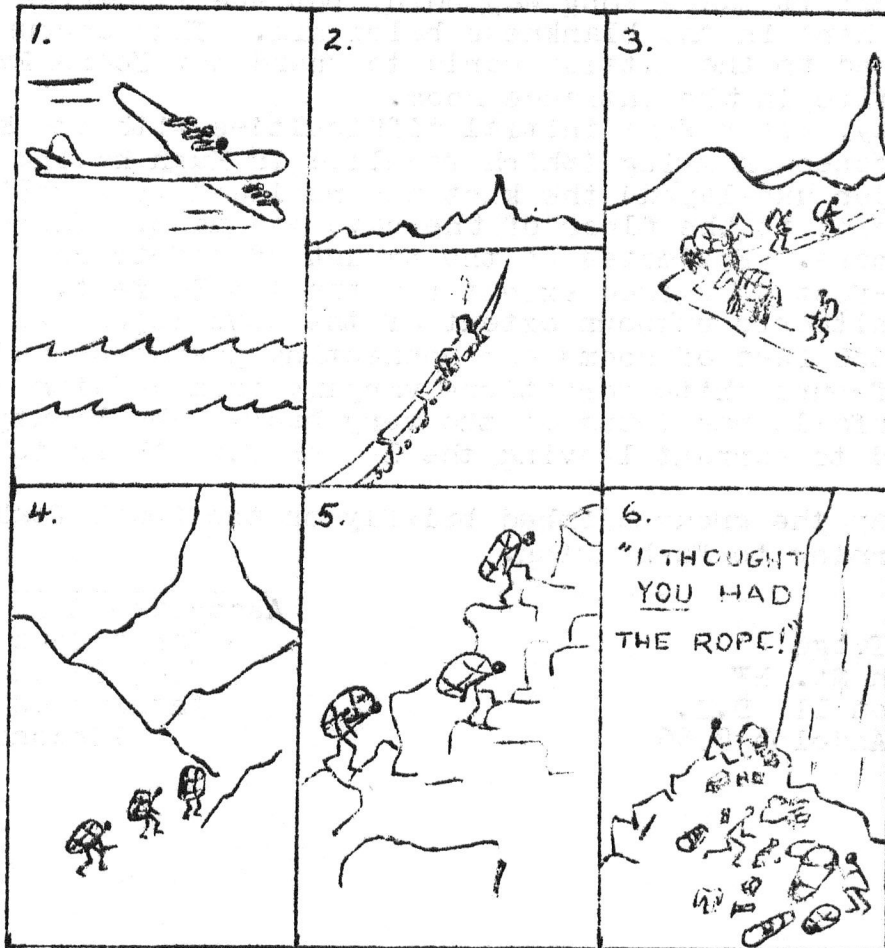
Bob Moore

Hugh Martin

Norman Goldstein

Herb Conn

December 30th, 1949, to
January 2nd, 1950



Suicide Cave, near Cass, W. Va., was the destination of a determined group who set out in Ray's car Friday evening. Besides ropes, electric head lamps, and the usual climbing and caving paraphernalia, a monstrous cypress rung wire ladder fully 180 feet long was included in the load, a ladder which the members of the group had been putting together in their spare time for the past week. Ray had been to the bottom of the drop in Suicide Cave once using a loop ladder suspended directly in a lively waterfall--and he had no desire to repeat the experience.

Saturday the ladder was carried, rolled, floated, and dragged thru a quarter of a mile of passages and crawlways to the brink of the waterfall. Some exploration revealed that the only place to anchor the ladder where it would hang free of the tumbling stream was at the upper end of a muddy chute leading above and beyond the falls to a rocky perch just under the roof of the vast room below. Amid vague musings as to whether the ladder would reach bottom from an anchor 50

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feet higher than the one formerly used, the unwieldy contraption was lowered into space, and Norman volunteered to follow it for the length of a 120-foot safety rope to see what was what. His reports indicated that it was a long way down, but the ladder seemed to reach bottom somewhere in the blankness below him. Thus encouraged, the party returned to the outside world to spend New Years Eve about a roaring bonfire in the entrance room.

Sunday, after some initial difficulties with the knot joining the safety ropes snagging (which resulted in Hugh having to climb 120 feet of ladder unbelayed) the knot was replaced by a splice and a successful descent to the floor of the cave was made. There was little ladder to spare. Estimates of the amount of safety rope used indicated a 180-foot drop-free except for the top 30 feet.

The hitherto unknown extent of the cave beyond was thoroly explored--1500 feet of rooms and connecting passages--and a dazzling fairyland of pure white formations varying from wedding cakes to frozen waterfalls was found at the very back. The beauty of this room was believed to warrant leaving the ladder for others to use on future trips.

Monday the group climbed briefly on the South Peak of Seneca before returning to Washington.

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