

FOUNDED BY
JAN AND HERB CONN

NEWS OF THE P.A.T.C. MOUNTAINEERING COMMITTEE

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Page 1

August 1963

COMING EVENTS

August	4	CARDEROCK, MD.
	11	ROCKS, MD.
	17-18	OLD RAG, VA.
	25	PURPLE HORSE, MD.
	25	Last day to call SUZY (Phone no. below)
August 31 and		
September 1-2		SENECA ROCKS, West Va.

Sunday trips start from Howard Johnson's at Wisconsin and Western Avenues, N.W., at 8:30 a.m. (Come early if you want breakfast.) New climbers are welcome. Bring lunch and canteen. Sneakers are suitable for climbing. Latecomers look for note behind drainpipe at Western Avenue side of building.

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CHURCH SUPPER

At Riverton Methodist Church Saturday evening, August 31, 6-8 p.m. This is the annual event where climbers, cavers, and local residents renew old friendships while enjoying some real country style cooking. Be sure you don't miss out on this--call Suzy Moore for reservations before August 25. This is important as they must know how many to expect. Cost of supper is \$1.50.

SUZY MOORE, Overlook 3-1437 (Call evenings)

THE ARMY ENGINEERS' POTOMAC BASIN REPORT

About six years ago the Corps of Engineers began a study of the water resources of the Potomac Basin in order to plan for water supply, pollution abatement, flood control, and recreation for the next fifty years. The resulting nine-volume report was released last spring. The two major objectives of the plan are augmentation of the river's natural flow during drought periods when it is insufficient to meet municipal needs, and improvement of water quality (i.e., removal of pollution). Essential features of the proposal are sixteen major dams and reservoirs for water storage, plus 418 small headwaters reservoirs and improvements in waste treatment and land-use practices.

Nine of the reservoirs would be constructed by 1977, the remainder in the succeeding thirty years. The largest dams are one on the main Potomac near Seneca which would back up the river to Weverton and flood out thirty-odd miles of the C. & O. Canal, and the Royal Glen Dam on the South Branch near Petersburg, W. Va., which would inundate the Smoke Hole area. The aggregate impact of the reservoirs on communities, agriculture, and recreation would be terrific. 1125 families would be displaced; 78,530 acres would be flooded; a total of 179,453 acres would be taken for the reservoirs and surrounding areas.

The Corps of Engineers admits that there are losses as well as gains when reservoirs are constructed but judges the desirability of its projects on the basis of the cost-benefit ratio. Costs include the monetary costs of land and construction and the estimated value of the agricultural and recreational potential of inundated areas. Benefits include the estimated value of water for irrigation and municipal use, savings in flood damage prevented, and estimated value of the new recreational potential of reservoirs. If benefits are believed to exceed costs, the project is considered good. Of course this does not take into account the intangible values which can't be measured in financial terms.

In attempting to measure recreational benefits and losses an arbitrary figure of \$1.60 per man-day has been selected as the value of recreational activity. This ignores differences in quality of recreation and makes it easy to show that a big reservoir attracting mass use is more beneficial than a free-flowing river used by fewer persons.

Conservationists point out that reservoirs are subject to wide fluctuation in levels and that late-summer draw-downs expose extensive ugly mud banks at the season of greatest recreational demand. They also make the point that there is already ample opportunity for slackwater aquatic recreation on the estuaries of the Potomac and other tributaries of Chesapeake Bay but that we cannot afford to lose mileage of free-flowing streams.

The report of the Corps envisages eventual removal of a maximum of 90% of pollution through sewage treatment in the Washington Metropolitan Area and 85% elsewhere. Analysis shows that 78.1% of the water to be provided at Great Falls would be for dilution of pollution rather than municipal supply. Thus the great bulk of

water to be stored would be for the purpose of flushing the remaining pollution downstream.

An alternative plan proposed by conservationists would remove 100% of pollution, eliminating the need for huge quantities of water for flushing. With an abundance of clean water in the upper estuary it would then be feasible to pump water directly to the Delecarlia Filtration Plant whenever natural flow was inadequate. This would drastically reduce requirements for water storage upstream and probably make all big dams unnecessary.

The key to this alternative plan is complete removal of pollution from sewage treatment plant effluents in the Washington Metropolitan Area, which would necessitate some type of distillation process not now in use on a large scale. The Corps of Engineers dismisses this as impracticable and uneconomical. But research now underway in the Interior Department's Office of Saline Water and elsewhere is improving distillation processes and reducing their costs. Important break-through may come at any time which will make large scale distillation technically and economically advantageous.

The P.A.T.C. Council has long been interested in preservation of the recreational resources of the Potomac Valley and has expressed its views to the Corps of Engineers on several occasions. In June it sent a letter to the Board of Engineers for Rivers and Harbors endorsing the 418 small watershed projects, opposing the Seneca and Royal Glen dams because of their severe destruction of recreational values, and reserving judgment on other major dams. It also stated its opposition to making a firm commitment at this time to any program of major reservoirs, pending further research into alternative solutions to the problem.

--Philip J. Stone
Chairman, P.A.T.C. Conservation
Committee

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CHAMPE ROCKS, WEST VIRGINIA

For those interested in advanced rock climbing the vertical walls and mostly overhanging edges of Champe Rocks provides an excellent opportunity to pursue such ambitions.

Champe is a scant five minute drive north from Seneca Rocks and consists of two spectacular flakes paralleling one another. The western flake is the only one seen from the road and does not present a good view. You have to stand at the base of the rocks to realize their true stature.

On a recent trip to Champe, Mike Nicholson and I completed a climb up the northern edge of the eastern flake. We named the climb "Ultra." A description is as follows:

Mike lead the first pitch up the tapering band of rock. He
(cont'd on page 7)

TRIP REPORT OF THE SUBARCTIC SECTION OF THE MOUNTAINEERING-COMMITTEE-AT-LARGE, ETC

Reconnaissance of Skagastølstind, Hurrungæ Group, Jotunheimen Range, Norway,
July 6, 1963.

Popcorn & marmalade for breakfast! How does that strike your sense of the bizarre and unaccountable? No, it isn't a customary Norwegian breakfast, it was all that was left in the bottom of our grub-box because of cook's bad planning and the untimely advent of Sunday. And us with a 2405-meter giant towering before us.

This was only a part of the predicament facing our expedition of two as we toured Norway by Volkswagen and ferry in the summer of 1963. An even more serious lack than that of early-morning proteins and minerals was that of ice-axe and rope--a circumstance which occasioned great mourning when we topped the last switchback of Route 170 and saw the spires and snowfields of Jotunheimen before us. These dramatic and accessible mountains are the fabled home of the frost-giants, much feared in the days of the Vikings. But unlike Thor, we were here to tackle them without benefit of magic hammer and iron gloves.

Shouldering our pitifully inadequate supplies---landjaeger (Slim Jim with a full stomach), extra shoelaces, and such trivia--we set out over the treeless landscape toward our goal, some 7 miles and 1500 vertical meters away.

Heading a procession of curious ewes and lambs, we were making very nice progress until Alice exploded in a storm of outraged exclamations, accompanied by a thunderous volley of clapping and stomping. When the weather had cleared, the corpses of half a dozen honeybees were scattered about, and Alice was nursing various swelling lumps and muttering darkly about the "outer defenses of the giants."

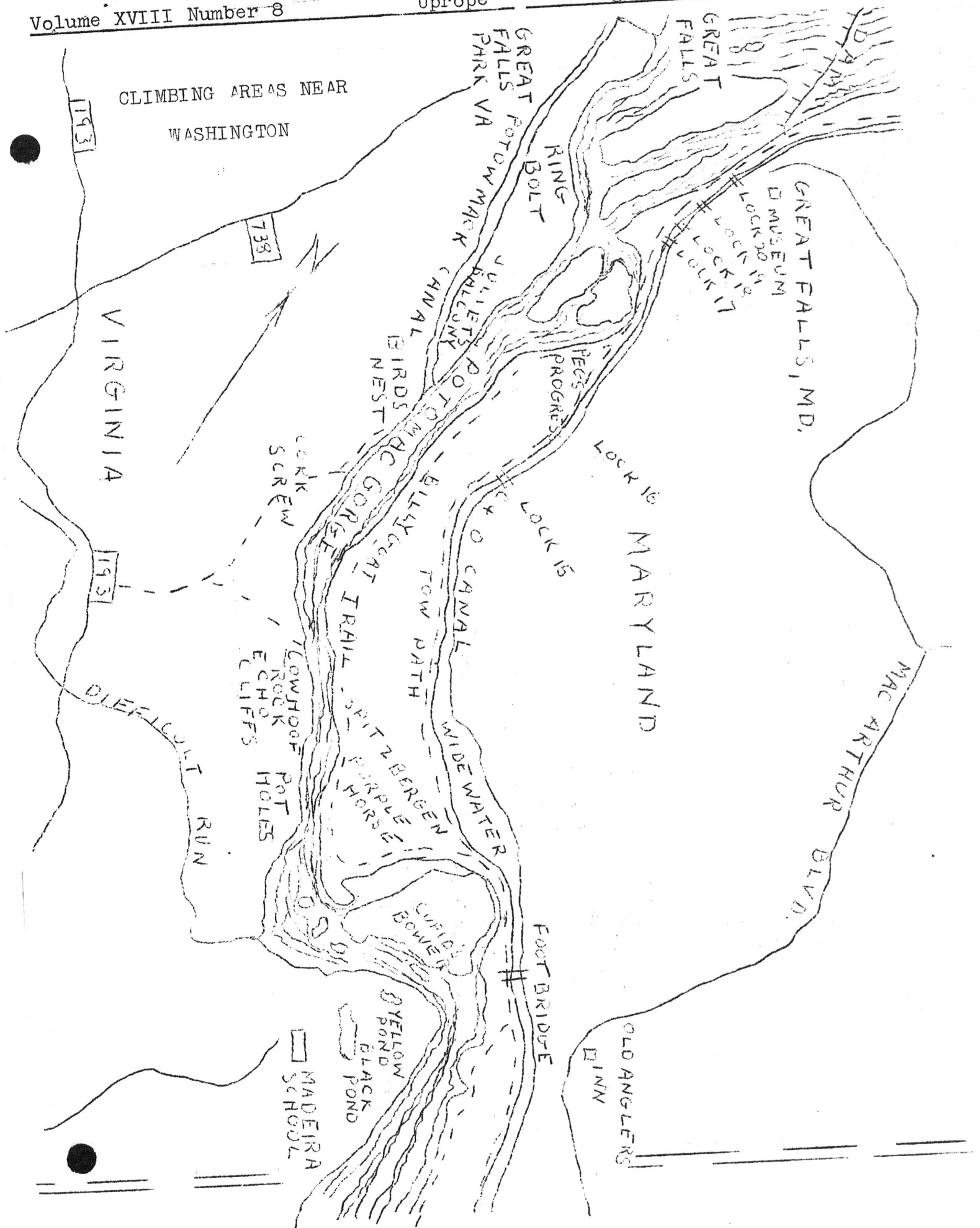
At 1300 meters we topped a talus slope and saw the first of two small lakes, accompanied by the Norsk Tinde Klub and three brightly colored tents with ice-axes in evidence, but no people. Occasional patches of snow made our progress to the second and larger lake faster. At its upper end we turned our faces expectantly skyward to view the three peaks of Skagastølstind at close range. Instead of sun-drenched precipices, we were greeted by a blast of cold wind and the sight of ragged gray clouds descending to the blue glaciers and snowfields of the upper slopes. The Jotun inhabitant of the mountain had obviously determined to keep us from his stronghold, and he let loose his batteries of rain, hail, and snow.

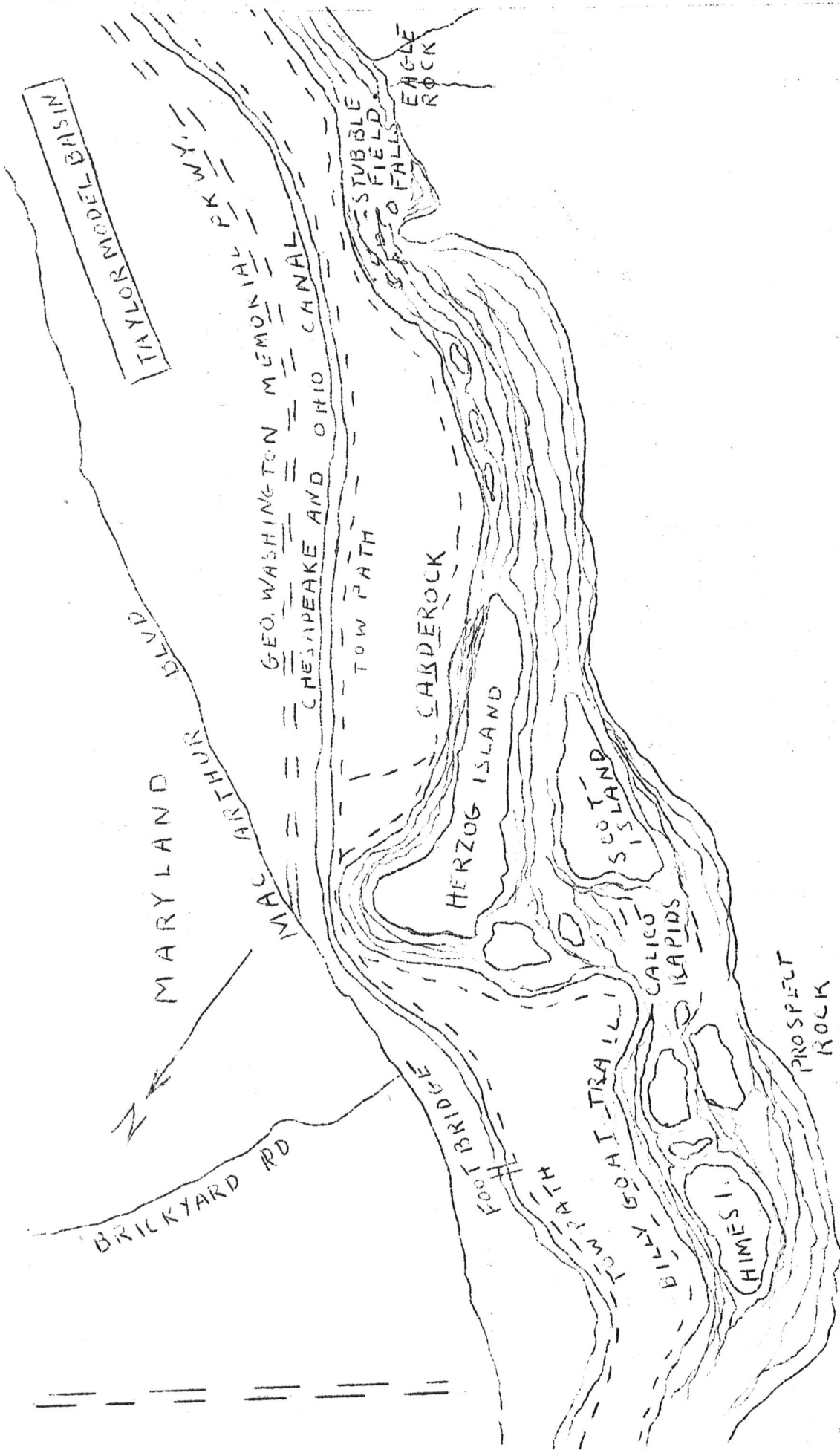
By this time it was also obvious that the glacier before us would require ice-axes and rope, and the peak itself rope and possibly hardware. A brief war council was called, at the end of which we hunkered heads into collars, stuffed numb hands into pockets, and regretfully turned our backs to the heights--and to the icy wind. In acknowledging defeat, we were contributing to the world the information that the Jotuns still reign in their mountain fortresses, and we were also providing ourselves with an unassailable excuse should we be reproached for our unpreparedness or lack of determination.

Seeing we had turned away, the giant reduced his fire, and we enjoyed a leisurely downhill stroll, untroubled by thoughts of overtaking darkness. The phenomenon of the midnight sun makes benighting an impossibility during the Scandinavian summer and thus lessens the cares of the climbers.

As we limped into camp, with frequent pauses for Alan to readjust his shoelaces, we reflected that our foray had been a practical if not a mountaineering success. We had had a good 5 hours of much-needed exercise, and Alan, to his discomfort, had begun to break in his stiff new German boots. Our only remaining source of sorrow was the contemplation of the refreshing supper awaiting us. Popcorn and--peanut butter.

A.L. & A.J.T.





1" = 1/4 MILE

VIRGINIA

193

Champe Rocks, cont'd

climbed straight for forty feet then traversed diagonally left then right across a smooth vertical wall. Straddling a chimney he proceeded up the entrance of the cave. This placed him a hundred and forty feet overhead.

After joining Mike there, we switched leads. The next pitch was beautiful in all respects. The rock leaned out ever so slightly but the holds were amazingly good. Except for a flake which broke loose and left me completely free of the rock for a moment. Luckily for a projecting left hand hold and a graceful move (a desperate lunge) the climber did not become an Oscar weight. This lead used up all of the hundred and fifty foot rope and ended on a small ledge thirty feet below the prominent overhang near the top.

Maintaining the lead and working up over an intermediate overhang I was faced with a problem the large overhang above was glazed quartzite and actually shining in the sun. It appeared to be holdless. So a ten foot traverse onto the eastern wall was made. The wall itself presented quite a climb. The wall was absolutely vertical but has gargoyle-like projections which make good handholds, footholds and places to secure slings to. The top was reached in early afternoon. Mike came up, then we descended via the cave and two rappels.

The weather was great, the rock solid and the climb was thoroughly enjoyed by one and all.

J O E F A I N T

UPS AND DOWNS

June 30, 1963 (A.D)--Great Falls, Va.

John Ackermann
Adams Family
Al Barbour
Barry Bielsker
Chris Buckingham
Dick Crompton
Dick Curtin

Eileen Daly
Karl Edler
Bill Baulhaber
Danny Foss
Larry Griffin
Don Hubbard
Kelly Kelliher

Harold Kramer
John Kramer
Charles Sepp
Joan Schwartz
Penny Stafford
Pete Tourin
Mary Turk

Don Hubbard and Dick Crompton disappeared right away, ostensibly to practice river crossings--a wise plan considering the heat. High Sun greeted the main group at Juliet's Balcony, which accounts for the prolonged series of climbers on Romeo's ladder (it was the only climb in the shade). The ladder was climbed by most everybody; all extremes of footwear (or lack of same) were used. A practice on Juliet's balcony and some overhangs upriver lured some stalwart desert men into the sun. After lunch, even hotter areas were found around the ringbolt area. The standard chimneys and cracks were enjoyed until heat drove a dizzy group to the pavilion. Virginia people then headed home, but developments awaited the Touheyites. Kelly and her cousin showed up and incited a sunset trip to Carderock. Each time we cross the canal it is altered by construction. Bobby and his mother came to grief when they deviated from the path across the chaos. (Continued next year.)

UPS AND DOWNS

July 6-7 Seneca Rocks, W. Va.

A bewildered John Ackermann and I rode into Seneca Rocks around 11:00 Friday night, lost as hell. We stumbled around looking for the rest of the tribe, but to no avail.

After a cold and restless night, John and I were awakened by the heavenly smell of food, the chilly conversation of the other 5 members of our climbing party--not 25 feet away.

When everyone had eaten, we started for what turned out to be in my humble estimation, a rock climber's paradise.

What can I say of the beauty and grandeur of Seneca Rocks. I only know that the two days we spent challenging the masterpiece of Gods was an experience I shall remember always.

Chris Buckingham

July 14 Carderock

"What A Hell Of A Day to Be Rock Climbing"

"What a Hell of a Day to be Rock Climbing." This phrase, as well as many less printable remarks were overheard recently at Carderock, Maryland. The date was July 14, a dark-dreary, rainy Sunday morning, as a small group of shivering climbers huddled under an overhanging rock. But, the fibre of rock climbers being what it is, it wasn't long before ropes were strung and the heartier souls present set out to prove that "neither rain, nor sleet, nor dark of night. . . etc."

At the start of the day the weather had been perfect; i.e. as viewed through the eyes of a climber whose alarm clock went off at 7:30 on a Sunday morning. A torrential rainstorm was in progress with no sign of letting up. But since Sunday morning breakfast at Howard Johnsons has become such an established habit for many, the breakfast tables were filled. After about 30 minutes of discussing the relative advantages of going caving, going home and to sleep, or going to the club house, the third alternative was chosen. Movies taken at Seneca by Al Barbour, and slides taken by Chuck Wettling supplied entertainment. Then the weather played the nastiest trick of all--the rain stopped. It was to start again shortly, of course, but not until a caravan of cars was headed for Carderock. Fortunately, the Adams had extra parkas, and in one way or another, everybody was protected from the rain. Present were (and I hope I have not missed anybody) John Ackermann, Bob, Kate, and Bobby Adams, Al Barbour, Barry Bielsker, Chris Buckingham, Gloria Closson, Dick Curtin, Bernice Goodwin, Nellie Planck, George Koptapish, Ed Sties, Wil Thrasher, and Chuck Wettling.

For a start, Beginners Crack and Ronnie's Leap were rigged and when it was determined that you got no wetter climbing than you did stading still, Jan's Face and Sterling's Crack were set up. Bob and Bobby shed their footwear and went up Spiderwalk. Early in the afternoon the customers at Touhey's saw a sorry looking group of climbers dragging their muddy heels in for some hot food. In short, a wet time was had by all--but it was fun

Randy B.

PERSONAL

Does anyone have a Bedayn karabiner with "CRW" stamped on the gate? I am missing one from the Harper's Ferry weekend.

Chuck Wettling

Little Stoney Man Cliffs--July 21, 1963

Three Adamsons
John Ackermann
Nellie Planck
Bill Paulhaber

Chuck Wettling
Berry Bielsker
George J. Koptapish, Jr.
Wil Thrasher

Ed Sties
Natalie McCabbin

After a beautiful drive through the Virginia countryside, the above group met at Little Stoney Mann Cliffs in Shenandoah National Park. Any errors in the spelling of the names is credited to the illogibility of their owner's handwriting. We had good climbing weather, although it was a bit windy.

At the base of the cliffs, where we stowed our gear, there was a nice view of the valley and New Market. However, the best view was from the middle of the cliff. After all had arrived the climbs were set up. We climbed each of the three basic climbs in groups of four.

My group included Bob and Kate Adams and John Ackermann. Since this was my second climbing expedition, those cliffs looked both hairy and scary. About 2/3 of the way up the first climb it became real hairy for me. I finally made it to the top, although I sued a different route (pioneering?).

Bobby and Bill led the other two groups. These groups both had successful afternoons. Some folk were practicing brake-bar rappelling.* Other energetic climbers tried their skill at bouldering. Bob will have to do something about those deviators in the group!

We finally called it a day and retreated to the Cab Inn for supper. Some observant climbers noticed a deer along the Skyline Drive.

--Nellie Planck

* Believe it or not Chuck was one of the teachers.

Dear Editor of Uprope,

Though many mountaineering items can best be purchased in the U.S., I have come across one I'd like to recommend for consideration by the equipment committee when it prepares its next bulletin*. Attached is an approximate translation of the SAGA KOKKIT advertisement as it appeared in the Oslo Observer on July 2, 1963.

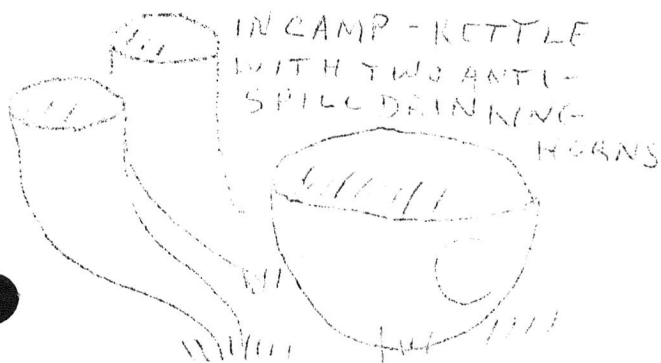
I would be delighted to serve as agent for anyone wishing to secure such an excellent article.

Lane the Lucky

* It would seem particularly appropriate for your Washington band of adventurers.

SAGA 2-MAN KOKKIT

ON THE ROCK



ATTRACTIVE
HARD HAT
WITH HANDY
HARDWARE
HOOKS



ADDRESS INQUIRIES TO

VIKING FOR BEARS A/S

New Subscriber

John M. Ackermann, 3209 Porter St. N.W., Washington D.C. 2008

Change of Address

Albert O. Barbour, P.O. Box 144, Wollaston 70, Mass.

Here and There

Don Hubbard, Arnold Wexler and Sterling Hendricks are somewhere in Western Canada.

Bill Faulhaber, Clive Lister and Dick Crompton are off to British Columbia.

Betty and Ron Bell are in the Tetons.

George Kramer has mastered the Spiderwalk.

Alice Lane, Alan Talbert and Chrystl Scherer were at a folk dance camp in Oslo, Norway.

Al Barbour is headed toward Germany--objective Chrystl.

Al Klov Dahl, Merv Oleson, Hal Swift and David Swift are on the way to the Tetons.

Along the C & O Canal between Carderock and Old Anglers' Inn the remains of an old barge have been exposed by the draining of the canal.

Sometime climber Art Andraitis was back in Washington briefly the week of 21 July and brought news of life in Germany to many of his PATC friends. Art and Gretchen have two years to go before they might return to Washington.

Polly Kromer spent two weeks in Kashmir enjoying the luxuries of a houseboat on Nigen Lake near Srinagar, the capitol, where she went sightseeing and "trekked" up some of the high mountains.

In a damp basement in hot, humid Washington the undersigned have been toiling to put out this issue of UP ROPE:

Bob M.
Chris B.
Al K.
HARBY H.

Joe N.
Kate A.
Mary T.
Marty M.