the Mountaineer

1963

Seattle, Washington

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The Mountaineers

To explore and study the mountains, forests, and watercourses of the Northwest;

To gather into permanent form the history and traditions of this region;

To preserve by the encouragement of protective legislation or otherwise the natural beauty of Northwest America;

To make expeditions into these regions in fulfillment of the above purposes;

To encourage a spirit of good fellowship among all lovers of outdoor life.

EDITORIAL STAFF

Betty Manning, editor,
Winifred Coleman, Nancy Miller,
Marjorie Wilson

The Mountaineers

The Mountaineer Climbing Code

A climbing party of three is the minimum, unless adequate support is available from those who have knowledge that the climb is in progress. On crevassed glaciers, two rope teams are recommended.

Carry at all times the clothing, food and equipment necessary.

Rope up on all exposed places and for all glacier travel.

Keep the party together, and obey the leader or majority rule.

Never climb beyond your ability and knowledge.

Judgment will not be swayed by desire when choosing the route or turning back.

Leave the trip schedule with a responsible person.

Follow the precepts of sound mountaineering as set forth in *Mountaineering: The Freedom of the Hills* and the *Manual of Ski Mountaineering.*

Deport ourselves at all times in a manner that will not reflect unfavorably upon our club or upon mountaineering.

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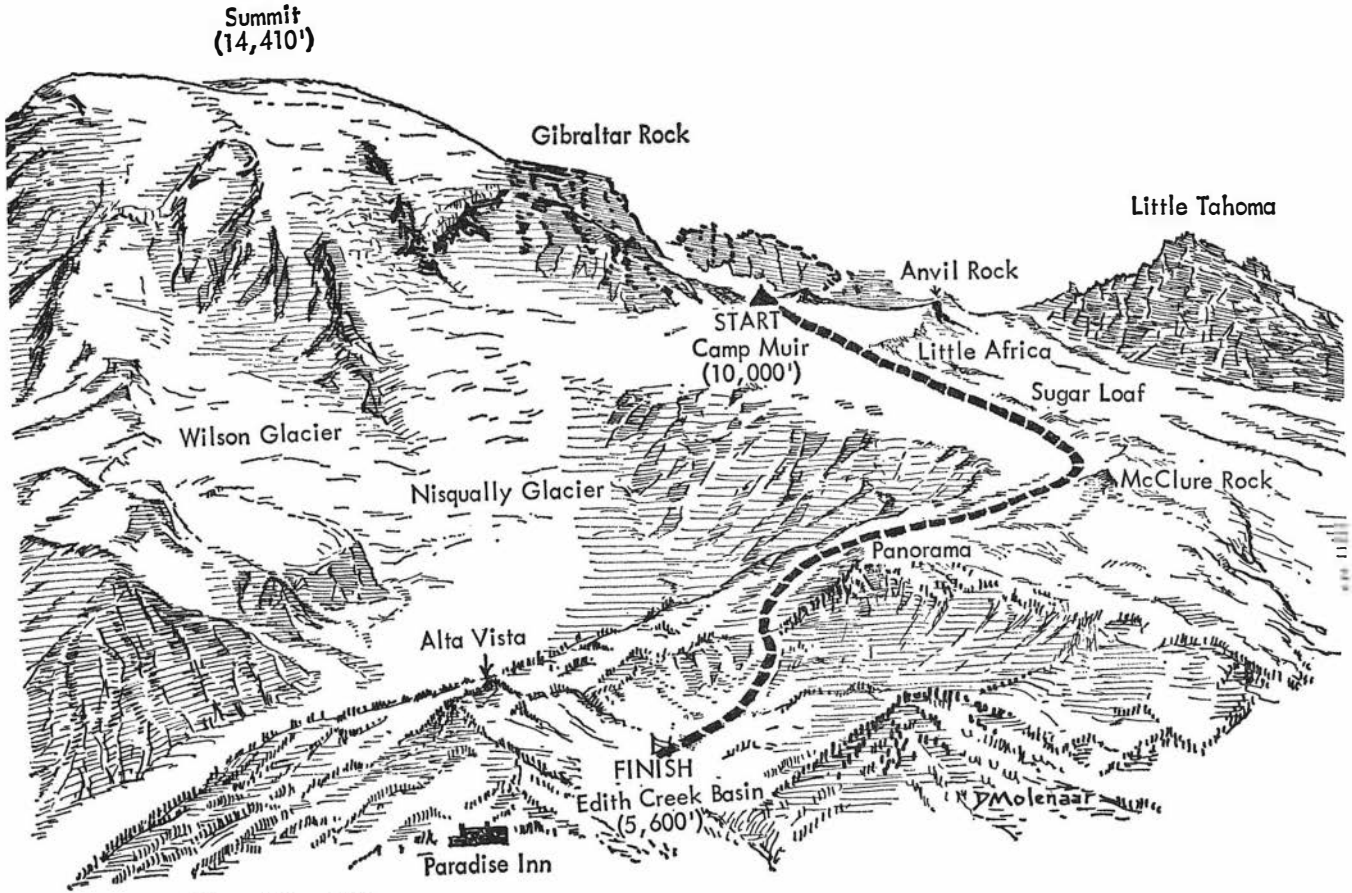

Course of the Silver Skis—1936

TELEMARKS, SITZMARKS,

AND OTHER

EARLY IMPRESSIONS

By WOLF BAUER

The moment the term "memoirs" crept into our editor's request for contributing some "I-was-there" background notes on our Roaring Thirties in Northwest skiing, I began to realize that the jig was up. Clearly I was tagged and classified with the elders of the tribe whose memories must be tapped before they are lost in senility. This unhappy suspicion, however, began to fade somewhat as I strained to recall those exciting years of the Twenties and Thirties. It soon became obvious how right the editor might be, after all, for it is astounding how much trivia the mind recalls at the expense of facts and figures of value to others. Thus at the risk of offending my old skiing companions with important omissions while boring our younger schussboomers and schneehaserl, let me ramble a bit about our ski-doings as seen from the happy-go-lucky eyes of a Bavarian teenager, experiencing the excitement of the ski explosions twice in two successive decades on two separate continents.

Since memoirs inevitably begin with childhood impressions, I too may be justified to reach back that far on the defensive premise that what follows later is, in part, the result of earlier events. Certainly we kids in the Bavarian Alps who started our skiing in 1919 after the war were quite aware that graduating from oak sleds to skis opened up a new world to us. It had many practical advantages as well. No longer was it always necessary to walk the long road to school, for instance, as the buoyant skis allowed straight shortcuts across the fields, and many a flapping stocking yarn or bit of leather from our shorts marked the path of our efforts to beat the school bell over and through the barbed-wire fences. Only when the horse-drawn snowplow had to open the drifted road officially and belatedly

did we dutifully walk or tie our sleds behind the plow, cherishing the slow laborious pace.

Many embarrassing situations were to tag my skiing days to come, as I must presently be forced to tell. But no more auspicious start could be asked for than that innocent morning on the farm when, as was our custom, my dog Sascha and I sailed across the wind-crusted fields in pursuit of imaginary rabbits. This was ski-joring at its best, with me hanging on to his collar as we swept along at full tilt in futile chase. Negotiating a wire fence—almost—I found myself upside down unable to reach my harness for release, while a rabbit, a real one this time, upheld Sascha's faltering faith in the true purpose of this ski-joring sport. Only this time, with me in the ditch, he had at last a sporting chance. It seemed an eternity before his later return and barking attracted rescue help.

Our skis were heavy and long, an economical way for parents to meet the growth situation. Flat toe irons were simply passed through burned-out slots made into the sides of the skis, and bent up to suit the shape of our shoes. These Schuster-type bindings consisted of a leather strap with clamp threaded through the slot behind the toe-iron. While at first we used our stout summer boots with soles and heels shaved to fit this harness, village shoemakers and those who traveled from farm to farm soon produced acceptable ski boots. Poles were usually of hazelnut wood and rather long. While the use of two ski poles was actually normal practice, many of our teenage set disdained such crutches from the beginning, and stems, telemarks, and even small jumps were made with the single pole held crosswise in front of the body. (How much closer to impalement can you get?) All this soon changed, however, for the movement toward controlled high-speed downhill skiing was well under way in the regions around us. Mass skiing, as far as Europe was concerned, had arrived with the impetus and inspiration engendered by that incomparable film "The Fox Chase in the Engadin" in which our new hero, Hannes Schneider, laid down the new fundamentals of the Arlberg technique. The new stem christiania was now adopted with a vengeance, and the telemark began to return to its old trademark status as the landing form of the Scandinavian jumper. It was during this transition period that I emigrated from Bavaria in 1925 to Seattle, home of my pioneer grandparents. I had already looked forward with great anticipation to skiing with Seattle youngsters, but the mild Puget Sound climate and lack of winter road access to the mountains soon made me realize that I would probably have to forget my beloved sport for some time to come.

In the process of my learning to speak the language and otherwise becoming Americanized to the extent of all-out Boy Scouting, lady luck soon took a hand in the person of Harry Higman, my scoutmaster, an avid Mountaineer and beginning skier. Will I ever forget that first invitation to come along on a ski outing to Stampede Pass? Loaded with skis and rucksack I proceeded to board the streetcar to King Street station for my first American ski holiday. There seemed to be, however, a little matter of reaching that train in time, for the Seattle Transit System, it became evident, had not yet briefed its conductors on the shape of things to come. Poking my evil-smelling slats through the streetcar door at the conductor, I was bluntly informed that the System was not in the lumber-hauling business, and that whatever it was that I was carrying did not come under "personal and reasonable luggage." Reinforcement finally appeared in the person of an old Swede, and under predominantly Teutonic and Swedish overtones the argument was reluctantly settled in favor of an exception, for the moment at least. It seems somewhat unbelievable now in retrospect that as recently as the mid-twenties, some people in Seattle had never heard of the word "ski," let alone seen a pair; this despite the fact that they could be bought at the Outdoor Store on First Avenue, and that over a hundred Mountaineers had already discarded snowshoes for the speedy runners.

Just as today's Puget Sound ferry-chaser learns to live with fickle boats and changing schedules, so did we with the iron horse; and the railroads played their reluctant role in shuttling our early ski fraternity to and from the hills—dropping us off at the tunnel portals of Stevens, Snoqualmie, and Stampede passes, or the big curve on Humpback Creek for the Scout cabin. Many will remember with mixed feelings the long cold waits on the dark and wind-swept tracks. Perhaps some will also recall that first-night terror in those west-portal shacks at the Stampede tunnel when roaring "NP" freights would run directly over you in your bunk. These memories, however, are always well overshadowed by the hundreds of vignettes of lodge life and ski-trail experiences with wonderful people, cognizant and proud of playing a role in the new winter pastime. Puffing up the near-vertical trail from Denny Creek or the new road by the beam of a shaky flashlight was no mean feat in itself, especially when lugging an accordion and extra racing skis with the overnight gear. But how more worthwhile and inviting finally stood the old lodge in the silent timber wilderness, the snowline creeping up to the icicled eaves, each week, like an incoming tide. How we anticipated opening that door to burst in on the

warm glow, the steamy vapors, loud yodels, or pre-race heckling. Perennially there would be Paul Shorrock's good-humored big grin, trademark of our unperturbed, but not entirely defenseless fall-guy for lusty banter and inevitable clowning feats that tested rafters and shook the floorboards. Contrast too those rare moonlight or starlight nights on the black and creaking glass of Lodge Lake in early winter when the gramophone was carried down for a skating party, and time skipped a beat. Space, let alone the censor, does not permit recounting some of the ski and hut initiation rites and pranks that spiced the season.

Occasional problems indirectly associated with early skiing would rise to plague the pioneer. Ski holidays of one day's duration were difficult to manage with the train schedules available to us. Monday morning sick-report attendance lines for Friday afternoon absences had to be faced at school. The fact that a couple of times I did get away with the excuse of sudden skin rashes to explain my sun-blistered face shows how difficult it was for the rained-in Seattleite to suspect a hookey student to have skied above the clouds in brilliant sunshine during the weekend.

Waxing enthusiastic over the sport, in those days, had its literal implications. Lack of climbing socks, low-priced mohair skins, or rope-tows made waxing an art that could spell the difference between joy or misery on the slopes, success or failure in the race, or safety and achievement on the tour. Those of us who could read Scandinavian or German had the inside track with waxing instructions on the early cans. The techniques had by that time, however, progressed significantly beyond my concoctions that started with father's beehive and mother's oldest charcoal iron.

My racing days had their innocent beginnings in what may very well have been the first slalom race on the West Coast, if not of any west of the Dartmouth Wintersports Carnival. Rudy Amsler, our veteran Swiss skier, laid out this course above Meany Hill, using small flags tied to short little sticks to mark the narrow gates that certainly inhibited the comfortable width and spread of an honest stem-turn. My satisfaction at the outcome of this first slalom was heightened by the fact that linked telemarks paid off on a slow course where stemming turns would squander forward momentum in the flats. While this performance may have extended respect for the telemark a bit longer with those skiers, who were as touchy about it as I was, the "ski-writing" was already on the slopes, and we began experimenting studiously with the pure, parallel, or what we called the "jerk-christy" (the reference, I think, is to the movement). This technique was in addition to the standard stem and "open" chris-

tianias employed in heavy snow. The late Hans Grage was perhaps our most analytical and untiring experimenter for perfection in the parallel skid turn.

Each season, however, we retained a little less of our own pet theories and stepped more and more into line with the practices we learned about through books, films, and exchanges with Europeans. It was not long before we tested ourselves against our neighbor ski clubs with honorable results. While foreign birth may have had its early advantages, our own skiers began to develop with astonishing vigor and in growing numbers. Only once in those original first slalom and downhill club races did the coincidence of a Grage-Bauer-Giese triumvirate cause some raised eyebrows, and I distinctly remember Dr. Meany jokingly mumble something about "Teutonic gang-up" in his beard as he handed me my first silver cup.

The Patrol Race, instituted in 1930, soon became one of the highlights on the club racing calendar. Its early appeal probably stemmed from the adventurous and sometimes "expeditionary" aspects of the event, as Fred Ball and others can reluctantly be made to testify. To many, also, appealed the beauty of the region between our lodges. These three-man team races were run at the speed of the slowest member, thus allowing at least half of the participants to negotiate the course under comparatively moderate effort and enjoyment. Exceptions could be cited in the case of two unwitting stalwarts who carried rocks and bricks in their rucksacks all the way across. These desperation methods failed, however, to achieve their purposes. That one of these victims should turn out to be Paul Shorrock was a more or less foregone conclusion to anybody but him. Hans-Otto Giese never did find out who-dun-it.

I well remember the more leisurely early pace of these races when one flopped down on the trail to eat a filling lunch until the puffing of the next patrol came too close for comfort. Five club patrol races were held before 1936, when the course was also opened for this and five more races to outside club competition. That year, with the help of Bill Miller and Chet Higman, we established a club-race record of just under four and one-half hours. Using narrow cross-country racing skis and dispensing with the three-course coffee break, the race became a hard-fought open chase with little time and inclination to enjoy the sweat-blurred scenery. If it accomplished anything, the patrol race made this region certainly more accessible and popular for a considerable period in the thirties, especially after the permanent trail markers were installed. Learning winter bivouacing the hard way, one year, Bob Higman and I made the trip under

somewhat less than ideal conditions. Building a cooking and warming fire under wind-protected branches of a fir we found ourselves slowly melting into a bottomless sinkhole. As this became untenable and we started to claw our way back up, the weather-protecting branch above us let go, and an almost effective lid was put on a couple of squashed and nearly suffocated rover boys. Along with such self-inflicted hardships, there were invariable compensations, such as, in this instance, the rare sight of a cavorting aerial troupe of flying squirrels putting on a show above our heads.

Numerous racing anecdotes could be recounted, many of which now seem as hilarious and funny as they were serious and embarrassing at the time. Downhill racing with some choice of route was always a favorite with me, and perhaps the color and drama that surrounded the famous Camp Muir or Silver Skis races remain in most vivid perspective.

The first of these was, by far, also the most dramatic and most publicized of all. We trained long and hard for this toughest course on the continent. Spectators had a break, as telephone wires were laid to connect strategic relay and control points to a public address system that kept both onlookers and contestants informed of the progress and positions along the lower half of the course. It was a running battle of man against man, wax against snow, and fatigue against time.

Many varying accounts have appeared of this spectacular, which saw the simultaneous swoop of sixty-six tense racers start something that only two-thirds could finish four miles away, five thousand feet lower, and ten to thirty minutes later. The rest, some severely injured and others physically and mentally beaten, returned to Paradise with hurt pride and some justified misgivings for having entered this stampede in the first place. In any event, it was this race, more than any other factor, which decided the issue and changed man-to-man downhill racing to the more prudent interval-race against the clock. From the competitor and spectator standpoint, however, much of the glamor of this type competition has disappeared, as might be expected were one to contemplate the racing of horses, autos, crews, or boats against time only. Having raced in several of the Silver Skis, I have always felt that the basic appeal of the race against opponents might have been retrieved with the incorporation of certain safety features such as better speed control, route layout, wider and more frequent gates, and fewer contestants through qualifying heats against the clock.

Be that as it may, we all started to push off, that historic day, onto the convex-sloping roof below Muir, being rapidly pulled

as in a vortex toward the first hidden gate near Anvil Rock still a half mile away. Overly-waxed skis with shellacked base coat prepared for the slower snows of lower elevations began to accelerate us with deceptive smoothness. Everyone was bent to escape the inevitable traffic jam of the other sixty-five runners funneling and crowding in from the original spread-out starting line. In these first seconds there was little chance or desire to check speed until the ranks would thin out on each side. I had gone into Spartan training doing deep knee-bends during weeks of preparation in order to prevent the cramping effects of a deep crouch position against expected head winds. While this paid off in the later stages, the extra speed cost me both poles, goggles, and a broken ski still hanging precariously together with a steel-edge fastening—result of a somersault at near sixty miles per hour. I was leading at the time, but my spot of reckoning also became the waterloo for many behind me, in some instances with serious consequences. Most of us had waited too long to check speed and change course because of the traffic on all sides. When checking became imperative, the smooth snow surface suddenly changed to shingled windrows and waves, bringing about a fearsome explosion of cartwheeling humanity. It was not until the race was over that I learned how others behind me had spilled at the same time and place. Somewhat dazed I picked myself up, deciding not to waste time looking for my poles and goggles, and immediately got under way again. My wax was still working well enough to keep me moving rapidly past Anvil Rock, as long as I kept my weight off the broken ski. This was a lucky break in negotiating the intermediate gradient in midcourse without occasional assist from the poles. I well remember my head clearing and my confidence returning when I heard the P.A. system at McClure's Rock control point announce that I had moved into fourth position. With the weakened ski I could not afford a high-speed descent of the face of Panoram, and my chances of catching up began to fade. One satisfying experience still was to come my way, nevertheless. Amid encouraging cheers from loyal rooters for whom I meant to uphold the Mountaineers' honor, I somehow found the audacity to trot sneakily but lamely around an unsuspecting cross-country champion in the sticky flat below Panoram. Squatting immediately in the main fast track to Paradise Lodge (later finishes were in Edith Creek Basin), I challenged each subsequent passing attempt from behind to the bitter finish. Don Fraser of Seattle Ski Club, who was later to make the Olympic ski team, won the race. No finer competitor could have led the parade.

As we entered into more and more competition outside the club, an official Mountaineer ski team was organized, decked out

in natty sweaters with insignias that even the most near-sighted judge could not fail to identify a mile away. When the Northwest meets began to take in Nordic events as well as Alpine races, many of us had to make belated adjustments, particularly in jumping, in order to enter four-way competitions on a team basis. Several low and high points emerge reluctantly from the past. Cross-country races presented many a situation-comedy along the twisting up-and-down tracks of the hidden course in timber around Beaver Lake and the lodge. Many of these touch upon the personal equations and rivalries of competitors who are still good friends, and so I'm somewhat reluctant to drag them out of the woods without their permission. But even onlookers sensed some of the problems of the chase when inevitable lost souls would belatedly and slyly emerge out of the woods from improbable directions.

Not to change the subject completely, however, I painfully do recall my first competitive jump on the Beaver Lake Class-C hill when, with my teacher and best girl among the crowd, I started down the in-run resolved to become a hero; but I jumped too late on a looping take-off. While a Norwegian may have been able to regain forward lean position by obtrokken, I had already reached a completely foreign position of re-entry while still trying for orbit. If, at this point, someone could have pressed the destruction button, it would have saved an embarrassing reunion with my gal, let alone the termination of a fifty-foot jump in which skis played no part in the landing. It was again evident that I had made little improvement in my luck since Sascha had left me hanging on the fence.

Quite a number of competitive adventures later, we were at the culmination of the four-way Pacific Northwest International Ski Championships at Mt. Baker. Three events were already in the books. Our Mountaineers' team was still in serious contention. Only the jumping remained in the two-day meet. We were decidedly on edge, what with the effort of down-hill, slalom, and cross-country still aching in our weary bones. It was a matter now of getting up nerve to jump, for the first time, on a Class-B size hill against veteran Scandinavian jumpers whose turn it was to regain revenge after the earlier Alpine events.

Late into the night I had studied and translated aloud an inspiring German jumping manual that would help us in our hour of need. As we climbed to take our first good look at the impressive hill, our team declined to take practice jumps. Would it not be far better to make every jump count before disqualification or injury? Such were the dark thoughts and prudent decisions.

As the first on the team to jump, I stood waiting for the signal

that would send me flying toward those specks of people forming the outrun boundary below. We had all decided to simply schuss over the take-off—to heck with distance and form. Like an actor stepping onto the stage with every eye upon him, I hopped onto the in-run. I could not, I would not disappoint my friends, the team, or the officials. But as I approached the take-off, my glance caught sight of my heirloom gold watch swinging precariously by its chain from my trouser belt. The mind can evidently weigh many factors in the flash of an eye when confronted by an emergency. At the last instant I swerved to throw myself sideways to miss the lip, landing pathetically in a heap alongside the take-off. The next few seconds were among the longest in forty years of skiing. As I furiously scrambled to my feet, foolishly holding my dangling watch toward the judges' stand, I could feel and hear the mixture of pity and laughter stirring from the onlookers. I had obviously chickened-out at the last moment. It was one mad young would-be jumper who, having finally convinced the judges of the real reason for the debacle, made his two official jumps with a vengeance and satisfaction of placing right behind the first four Class-A jumpers in the meet. Thus the inevitable ribbing that followed was easy to take.

It is my hope that these few random and necessary personal foreground memories will have served to focus on the true background atmosphere of those formative years in Northwest skiing. And if I have been able to awaken a few fond personal recollections in the many dear people with whom I was fortunate to share my skiing holidays on tours, climbs, classes, or in competition, then I am most grateful to have had this opportunity.

MOUNTAINEER SKIING

1927–1933

By FRED BALL

I came to Seattle in November, 1927, and early in December made my first trip to Snoqualmie Lodge in the company of Bob Ellis, Bob Hayes, and Paul Shorrock. I had been skiing casually on the hills around Salt Lake City for several years but only in the late spring, after the outdoor ice was no longer fit for skating. The skiing at this time of year was likewise not very good, although I did considerable traveling on my nine-foot pine skis and later graduated to seven-foot ash skis. Having heard that Seattle had indoor ice skating, I brought my skates with me but left my skis with a friend in the belief that I would have little use for them here. However, upon visiting the Mountaineer clubrooms, which were then located on Marion Street across from the Rainier Club, I learned that there was indeed skiing here, and soon. I had my skis sent out at once.

Because the new Snoqualmie highway was under construction but not in use, we drove up the old road and parked at the Denny Creek Ranger Station. Then we climbed straight up the hill, in some three feet of snow, carrying our skis and packs. I was wearing my Utah equipment, which consisted of rubber pacs and a sheepskin-lined leather coat; these clothes I quickly found were much too warm for such work.

Next day the Lodge party all went over to the Rock Slide, a favorite area. There I soon found I knew nothing of technique as demonstrated by Ellis, Hayes, and others, who were among the most advanced of that time.

Some of this group were using Gresvig or Haug bindings and some had Huitfelt bindings like mine, which bolted through a mortise in the ski.

My rubber pacs not being rigid enough in the soles, I first tried army boots but found them too round. I finally settled on logger boots because they had the square-sided soles needed to fit the toe irons on the bindings. These I used for several years until I became affluent enough to afford a pair of handmade Currier ski boots.

Meanwhile, new equipment was being imported and adopted in the hope of improving technique. Norwegian Langlauf skis

were popular for a while and a new and better binding, the Alpina, came into popular use.

All bindings in these days were made with a hinged heel strap and take-up lever. They were so adjusted that the user could kneel on his skis; unless he could, the binding was considered dangerous. Some later adopted the Amstutz heel spring designed to lift the tail of the ski when the skier was striding forward. This heel spring fastened to a strap around the ankle and into an eye screwed on the ski, but it never came into widespread use.

The earliest real down-pull I recall was about 1932 when a Swiss girl tourist went on several ski trips as a guest. She used a long-thong binding through a mortise cut diagonally through the ski. This allowed only limited heel lift, but she got along famously and was a really expert skier.

Since skiing in this period, except for practice sessions on turns, was mostly touring, poles were important. The proper length was armpit height with the basket or ring on the snow. Clothing at first was whatever one had, but regular ski pants came into use more and more. Some preferred knickers and golf socks.

During these years members branched out from the Lodge and Meany more and more when snow conditions were good as their proficiency increased. The Rock Slide and Hell's Half Acre always had their quota of people practicing turns; but trips to Olallie Meadows, Silver Peak, Mirror Lake, Divide and Surveyors Lakes from the Lodge and to Baldy, Stampede Pass, the Power Line Cabin, and Meany Woods from Martin were frequently made by large and small groups. Also during this time the route from the Lodge to Meany was pioneered and then marked by orange tin shingles high on trees. This became a popular, if rugged, trip for the more hardy skiers.

Ski Races, 1929-1933

Prior to 1929 the only Mountaineer ski competition consisted of the Harper cup race for novice men skiers and the women's trophy donated by Edith Knudsen, Helen MacKinnon, and Elisabeth Conway. Suddenly, however, the Club seemed to become trophy or competition minded. Five trophies were presented to the Club in 1929: University Book Store Women's Cross Country trophy and Men's Cross Country trophy; Anderson-Grigg Patrol Race trophy; Maxwell Downhill trophy; Hayes Slalom trophy; and Outdoor Store Jumping trophy.

The first cross country race for the University Book Store cup was run on March 10, 1929, at Meany. The course was laid out by the late W. J. "Bill" Maxwell and started from the knoll below the railroad tracks where the garage stood. It ran down to the

Forest Camp and then climbed uphill a long distance, seemingly forever, then turned a large circle and ran back to the Hut. As I remember it, the total distance was six or seven miles. A surprising number of skiers competed, among them Bob Ellis, Jack Solomon, Harold Mayer, Fred Ball, Otto Strizek, Otto Giese, Paul Shorrock, and Fred Gleason. Joe Hazard was timer and Art Winder, starter. Otto Giese was the winner, but I do not recall how the others finished.

Fred Gleason injured his ankle during the race somewhere in the back country. As he had not appeared by train time, some members stayed over and went out to help him in, a fact not known by most of the returning party. The story was blown up by the papers under the heading "Mountaineers Abandon Injured Companion" and caused a considerable furor until the facts were revealed. Actually Gleason's injury was not serious; he had plenty of help at hand and was in no danger at any time.

The women's race the same day was won by Ellen Willis over a much shorter course.

The following year, 1930, saw even more competition. On March 2 the slalom and downhill races were held at Meany with rather odd results: Hans Grage and Wolf Bauer took third and first in the slalom and first and third in the downhill, with Otto Giese in second place in each.

On March 9 the University Book Store cross country race was held, with Giese and Grage tied for first followed by Paul Shorrock. The women's race was won by Mary Dunning.

The first Patrol Race was run on March 23. Four patrols entered: Andy Anderson, Fred Ball, and Otto Giese; Norval Grigg, Bob Hayes, and Paul Shorrock; Bill Degenhardt, Ted Lewis, and Jim Martin; Allan Cox, Bob Sperlin, and George Tepley. The real heroes of this event were the public-spirited souls who got out of bed in the blackness, ate a hasty breakfast, and took off by headlight to break trail for the racers. Wolf Bauer, Hans Grage, and Chet Higman, being under twenty years, were not eligible to race (although they could probably have won) but volunteered as trail-breakers together with Otto Lunn and possibly others. They left the Lodge very early, and a similar group was to leave Meany to break trail. It took the Lodge group nine hours to complete their trip, but something went awry from the Meany end as the trail-breakers were delayed in starting. They were supposed to go as far as the Meadow Creek crossing, then reverse and lay an uphill track back through Baldy Pass to Stampede Pass.

The Grigg-Hayes-Shorrock patrol drew first starting place with Anderson-Ball-Giese starting five minutes later. Our patrol caught up with the first one on the back side of Tinkham Peak

and kept ahead to the finish. We had provided small pouches in which to carry food that could be eaten with one hand and attached them to our packs so we could reach them without stopping to remove the pack. Thus we were able to munch as we traveled, at little loss of time.

The foul-up in trail-breaking from the Meany end became painfully evident after we had crossed the Meadow Creek footlog and started on the long climb to Baldy Pass. There was no uphill trail—only downhill tracks! Following these as best we could with detours to get around the steeper pitches, we came face to face with a ten-foot wall of snow where the trail-breakers, in their haste to get to Meadow Creek and start back on their trail-breaking job, had gone over a dropoff. We had to climb around this obstacle and then break our own trail to where the terrain leveled off. Of course the delay was nerve-wracking since we had no idea how close behind us the other patrols might be. I do not recall what happened to the trail-breakers from the Lodge, or if and when we passed them. Of course during the race itself we did not know any of these details; all we knew was that three other patrols were trying to catch up with us.

The following year, 1931, the patrol race was apparently not run. By 1932 Andy Anderson had moved east, so Otto and I joined with Norval Grigg and again managed to win. We must have drawn the number one starting position as I cannot recall passing any other patrols. Only one incident comes to mind regarding this race. I had been having some trouble with snow sticking to my skis on the climb up from Meadow Creek, and on reaching Baldy Pass we stopped while I took off my skis to scrape away the snow and sticky wax. Suddenly Paul Shorrock appeared, steaming full speed ahead. We supposed his team mates were close behind, so we hastily got under way again and crossed the finish line while Paul was still waiting for his team mates to appear to cross the line with him. We spent the next five minutes anxiously waiting to see whether they finished before the interval expired; but as they did not, our first place was safe.

The following year, 1933, however, we ran again and actually did lose by only a few seconds to the patrol of Don Blair, Herb Strandberg, and Art Wilson.

In 1934 the race was not run due to poor snow conditions, but in 1935 the team of Bill Degenhardt, Scott Edson, and Art Wilson was the winner. In 1936 Wolf Bauer, Chet Higman, and Bill Miller won in the fastest time so far recorded: four hours, twenty-seven minutes, twenty-three seconds. This same year the race was thrown open to other clubs as a separate event and was won by the Seattle Ski Club team.

In 1937 the open race was won by the Mountaineer team of Degenhardt, Edson, and Hall. The Club race was not run for lack of entries, nor was it ever again held. The open race in 1938 was won by the Mountaineer team of Edson, Hall, and Wilson; in 1939, by the Seattle Ski Club; and in 1940, by the Washington Alpine Club. The Washington Alpine Club won again in 1941, the last year this event was run. Art Winder and I broke trail for the race in 1941 and found snow conditions terrible. There was hardly enough snow on the trail from the Lodge to Olallie Meadows to cover the rocks.

The trip between the Lodge and Martin became very popular about the time the Patrol Races started. The initial scouting trip was made in February, 1928, coincident with the first special ski outing at Stampede. A sizable group started from the Lodge, traveling by contour map, compass, and faith, expecting to join the party at Stampede Saturday night. Something went awry, however, and the skiers were forced to spend the night sitting in a hole around a stump, baked by the fire on one side and frozen on the other. They continued at first light, emerging somewhere below Stampede and straggling in to join the outing Sunday morning. Their original route was improved and became standard, later being well marked. Any novel or whimsical idea could easily set in motion a trip across. It was quite a satisfaction suddenly to appear on the lane at Martin complete with pack and to answer the question "Where did you come from?" by saying, "Oh, we've just come from the Lodge."

On one three-day outing one group of three had arranged to start from the Lodge while a second group of three was to start from Meany. They would meet half way and each would have a broken track for the balance of the trip. Art Wilson, Herb Strandberg, and I, however, thought this was not challenging enough. We would go from Meany to the Lodge on Saturday and then back to Meany on Sunday. We left Meany about 7 A.M., but on starting up Meadow Creek we encountered so much deep, soft snow that we did not see our skis the rest of the day. Each would break trail for a few hundred yards, then step aside and get on the end of the line for a rest. It was dusk when we arrived at Mirror Lake expecting that someone from the Lodge might have made a trip there and left tracks we could follow, but there were no tracks. We still had the back side of Tinkham and Silver to climb, including a couple of likely avalanche slopes. As we reached one of them, our lights shown on a wide expanse of fresh snow, on a steep hillside unbroken by trees. Someone said, "What do you think?"

Herb answered, "Let's see," grabbed the top of a little fir tree, and jumped. Without a sound the snow peeled off all across the

slope. There was no other way to go, so one by one we gingerly crossed below the wall of snow at the top.

We were still hoping that someone had travelled at least as far as Olallie Meadows, leaving us a broken track. But no! We finally reached the Lodge after 11 P.M., completely beaten. After some hot tea and food we fell into borrowed sleeping bags and immediately were dead asleep. Sometime in the night, however, I awoke thinking about our three friends who were starting from Meany soon and expecting a broken track half way. We were in no condition to make the return trip, and there could have been even more new snow. I felt we should try to stop them if possible, so I woke Forry Farr and explained the dilemma. Agreeing we should try to head them off, he drove Art and me over to Rustic Inn and headed up Meadow Creek with us to "cut them off at the crossing." Unfortunately we arrived at the crossing too late, as ski tracks led up Meadow Creek. Art and I were not equal to overtaking them, but Forry started off and after some fast going caught them some distance up the valley. They were not concerned, however, and said they were doing all right and would continue. Love's labor was lost.

On another occasion Art Young, Paul Shorrock, and I started for the Lodge from Meany before the route was marked. Part way up Meadow Creek we came upon a line of blazes which seemed to head in the right direction. After following them for some time with some difficulty, however, we became aware that they actually led nowhere and were probably marking a trap line. As by this time we were well off the correct route and it was well into the afternoon, our only choice was to return. We crossed Meadow Creek after dusk and found our flashlights too weak to be of any use. Someone had a large can of peaches and I had a miner's candle. We ate the peaches and made a candle-bug using leather laces for a handle. Then we started down Meadow Creek with Art in the lead, myself in the middle with the bug, and Paul last. We went right down the creek bed, which was snowed over and full of big hummocks and hollows. Art would peer ahead in the dim light from the bug, then plunge down into the unknown. I would follow. Paul would come last, going by memory of what he had seen by the light. We progressed this way until we spotted a bright light way ahead which we hoped might be a house or a settlement of some kind, none of us having been this way previously. The hour was growing late and we hoped more and more that the light ahead might mean a cup of coffee at least. At last we reached it, to find it was a signal light on the railroad and there was not a building or any sign of life in sight. We were on the Milwaukee tracks so we proceeded to Martin, arriving somewhere around 1 A.M. The

operator phoned to Easton for a special stop and we boarded the train around 3 A.M. We arrived home about 6:30 A.M.—in time to go to work!

On another occasion Art Winder, Ben Spellar, and I started from the Lodge to go to Meany. All went well until we crossed Meadow Creek about 3 P.M., heading for Baldy Pass. Having been through this section a few times, I thought I knew exactly where to go. However, snow started to fall and visibility became restricted. Also my memory failed: after going through a small pass, instead of dropping down I thought we should climb gradually. We kept on and on and finally crossed some ski tracks which led uphill. These puzzled us, but we finally decided they were made by a party from Meany. Since they did not seem to lead in the right direction, we continued on our own way. Soon we came to a small creek which was flowing the wrong way. By now we knew we were not headed for Meany but thought we were on the Stampede side of the ridge. Then we came to a telephone line which we decided must lead to Stampede. At last here was something definite to follow. By now, of course, it was dark and we had been using our headlights for some time. After following the phone line downhill for some time, suddenly we came to the foot-log crossing Meadow Creek which we had left at 3 P.M. We had climbed to Baldy Pass, circled a peak, and headed back for Stirrup Lake. There was only one thing to do. We headed down Meadow Creek, arriving at Martin about 1 A.M., and again the station agent arranged for the next train to stop. Again we arrived home just in time to go to work!

One other harrowing expedition comes to mind. Bill Maxwell, Herb Strandberg, myself, and one or two others left Meany one Saturday morning early intending to go over Meany Hill and down Cabin Creek to the railroad, thinking we could catch a freight train and ride back to Martin.

The snow in Cabin Creek, however, was deep and soggy. Going was slow with snow-bombs dropping off the trees all day. The terrain was rough, also. It was dusk before we reached the railroad tracks several miles below Martin. We started walking toward Meany thinking that the closer we were the slower the train would be moving as the grade increased. Before long we heard a train way down the valley coming closer and closer. Although there was snow several inches deep along the tracks, when we thought the time was ripe we took off our skis and tied them together for easier handling. We expected to toss them into a coal car and then climb aboard ourselves. At last the engines hove into view and we prepared to board. But as the cars came by us it was obvious they were moving too fast and we could not run alongside fast enough to keep up and grab

hand holds. We had to watch the train dwindle in the distance while we trudged dispiritedly after. We reached the Hut about 1 A.M. Fortunately we had Sunday to recover.

The early downhill races at Meany were informal affairs. There were probably a dozen contestants in the first one, and the only official was the timer at the finish. The start was just outside the woods near the top of Meany Hill, where we all lined up. Someone with a watch would count down from a certain time, putting the watch away while continuing to count. At "Go" everyone took off. Each supposedly had surveyed the hill and had his own route mapped out, but many and varied were the unexpected happenings that disrupted our well-laid plans.

Later the event was refined with starters, timers, and other officials added. These changes lent a seriousness to the race, a seriousness totally lacking in earlier years.

SOME RECOLLECTIONS

OF MY EARLY DAYS

IN SKIING

By PAUL SHORROCK

In the old days we did not learn to ski, we just put on skis and started out. Nor were special ski clothing or any of the present-day gadgets and equipment available. Ski waxes were practically unknown. We used paraffin on our skis, and some had a wax called "Klister" for climbing. Later Ostbe Mix and Medium were the standbys. We had long bamboo poles and the discs were so small as to be quite ineffective. E. Lester Lavelle originated the idea of using pie tins as an improvement on the undersized discs.

The first time I ever skied was at Snoqualmie Lodge on Washington's Birthday, 1925. On this day I entered the Harper Novice Cup Race and won it. The competition must have been as unskilled as was I. As I remember, this race was from the old Lodge up to Divide and Surveyors Lakes and back. This was the only ski trophy I ever won.

In those days we took the Milwaukee train to Rockdale and walked up to the Lodge with flashlights, carrying all our paraphernalia for the weekend. Snoqualmie Pass was not then kept open in winter.

Snoqualmie summit was known as "Laconia." The trek to Snoqualmie was one of the favorite cross-country trips from the Lodge, by way of Beaver Lake. It seemed a remote outpost of civilization in those days before the highway was kept open. The Rock Slide and the old "Burn" near the Lodge were the favorite practice areas. There were no packed hills as we know them today, and in the deep, soft snow, the Telemark was the turn. Those who mastered a well-executed Telemark were indeed experts. Of course there were no professional instructors, but the better skiers in our group were patient and generous in helping us neophytes. Rudy Amsler had grown up on skis in Switzerland, and Lars Lovseth was from Norway. Others who soon be-

came top-notch skiers included Bert Farqhuarson, Charlie Brown, Ernie Harris, and Stu Gunther, to name a few. Later came Hans Grage, Otto Giese, Andy Anderson, Wolf Bauer, Art Wilson, and others.

The winter outings at Paradise used to be an anticipated event of the holiday season. My first trip on one of these outings was the winter of 1921-22, on snowshoes. Among the more than one hundred people on the outing there were perhaps a half dozen daring characters with skis. Joe Hazard was in charge of the hiking, and he announced in no uncertain terms that he would take no responsibility whatsoever for anyone going along on skis. Those were rugged days! Perhaps I may insert a short account of the effort involved in getting to Paradise. We from Seattle took the first morning boat or Interurban to Tacoma, then went by Chicago-Milwaukee steam train to Ashford. From there we hiked to Longmire, a trek of ten miles or more, carrying all our equipment for the outing. The first night we stayed at the Longmire Inn; and the next day we hiked on up to Paradise, arriving, if all went as planned, about noon. We had two days there, with a big New Year's Eve celebration the last night, and came all the way home on New Year's Day. The Inn at Paradise was not kept open in winter, but the Mountaineers were allowed to use it for this outing.

The Patrol Races were another big event in my early days of skiing. Andy Anderson and Norval Grigg donated a cup for a yearly Patrol Race from Snoqualmie Lodge to Martin. Many were the attempts and many the adventures encountered in exploring and establishing this route. On one special ski outing at Martin, a party from the Lodge decided to go across and join them. They got lost and were out all night, but heard a locomotive whistle and found their way out. Another time Andy Anderson, Fred Ball, and I got lost and went down Dandy Creek to the Milwaukee tracks on Lake Keechelus, walked to Martin, and got the midnight local to Seattle. The first attempt at a reverse trip from Martin to the Lodge was a real fiasco too. Andy Anderson, his brother Myron, Bill Maxwell, and I lost our way and dropped down to the Milwaukee tracks, where we flagged down the Milwaukee's crack train, the "Olympian." We were thrown off at Rockdale—and I do mean "thrown"! On still another attempt we came out at Hyak. This time we climbed into the rear locomotive cab of a work train there, and again we were forceably ejected at Rockdale. Among those on this trip were Bob Hayes, Norval Grigg, and myself.

Then there was the time the N. P. train started up at Martin before everyone was loaded. It never was clear why—it was

claimed a ski caught on a cord, but since a swinging lantern was ordinarily used to get the long train into motion, we disclaimed responsibility. Skis were being loaded through a window, one pair fell back, but luckily not under the wheels. Rosella Hardeman was just stepping up the long step from the ground, someone pulled her on. We on the tracks thought the train would stop, or back up, but the lights vanished into the tunnel, and there were some fifteen of us, stranded. We heard afterwards that those on the train (among whom was my wife, without ticket, money, or keys for house and car) tried to get the conductor to send back one car through the tunnel, pushed by the extra engine at Stampede, but it was considered too dangerous to do that, or to back the train through the tunnel. We stormed into the station agent's at Martin, but he convinced us there was nothing he could do. He agreed to send telegrams to our families (there was no phone) and said he would stop the next train. We couldn't ski out to the highway, since most of our skis had been loaded on the train, so we straggled back up to the Hut to get what sleep we could. That was not much. Herman Wunderling, who was hard of hearing, tramped the floor all night muttering that his wife would worry, and we had to keep alert for the station master's call. The Limited was late, and it was six or so in the morning before we were loaded on the Seattle-bound train. One of the girls asked the conductor if they knew in Seattle that we had been left, and he said, "Lady, they know in St. Paul you were left, and they are just as unhappy as you are." We got into town about noon, to go to work in our ski clothes, with what grace we could. In those depression days, one was not absent from the job without a better excuse than missing a train.

Andy Anderson and Jiggs (Norval Grigg) were the first to reach Martin from the Lodge in a successful one-day trip; on the same day, and close on their trail, were Vic Sieverts, Edna Walsh, and I.

I am somewhat vague about the rules of the Patrol Race, although I participated in it a number of times. Teams of three men started five minutes apart, and we drew for place. The three men on a team had to come across the finish line within one minute of each other. There were required items which every team had to carry, and I think each man had to carry at least a twenty-pound pack. I know that on one race some practical jokers put a brick in my pack after it was weighed in at the Lodge; the brick was not discovered until we reached Martin. A crew of trail-breakers left the Lodge before daylight and, if they were lucky, beat the racers across. There was also a clean-up crew to lend aid and comfort in case of emergency.

On our first ski trip to Stevens Pass we skied up the old road from Scenic. On one of the longer early trips we hiked to Glacier Basin at Mount Rainier, used the old hotel at the site of the Starbo Mines for overnight shelter, and skied on the Inter Glacier. On the first ski outing to Deer Park we took the ferry from Edmonds to Port Townsend. And the first time I skied at Chinook Pass we drove to the highway department buildings and got a ride up as far as the road was being worked on a highway truck. This was a spring trip, and they were trying to get the highway ploughed out. Paradise, at Rainier, used to be a popular place for skiing. The old cabins there were rented by the season, supplies were brought in before the snow fell, and popular was the host who could offer hospitality in these sought-after quarters.

I was one of the starters at the first Silver Skis Race from Camp Muir to Paradise. There were probably fifty or so entered in the race, and they were all started simultaneously. The casualties and collisions on the Muir Glacier were terrifying to behold. Later, the skiers were started at intervals.

The ski jumps at Beaver Lake were a big thing in the early 1930's too. They were sponsored by the Seattle Ski Club and attracted jumpers from far and near.

GOLDEN DAYS

By ART WILSON

Thirty years ago skiing in the Northwest was a sport practiced by those with European backgrounds, and by a few adventurous Mountaineers. In 1930 I was one of the general public who had almost no conception of skiing other than jumping. That spring I decided I would see what this jumping, which I had seen in the news reels, was like first-hand. Each year the Seattle Ski Club (composed almost entirely of Scandinavians) sponsored jumping competition on its hill at Beaver Lake. It was a popular day's outing to attend that meet, wearing whatever warm clothes one possessed, and driving to the Summit over the old highway past Snoqualmie Falls. In the early years the road would only be opened shortly before the meet. After parking our car with perhaps fifty others, we hiked up the mile-long trail which left the highway opposite Summit Inn and followed the ridge. We passed unhappy souls who had not realized they would have to hike—and up a steep snow-covered trail at that. We paid our dollar at the gate, and joined the throng lining the out-run.

There were perhaps a dozen or so on skis, some of whom I knew. It looked like fun, and I decided right then that this was for me. Next week I went down to Aaland Brothers and invested in the best hickory skis and bamboo poles available—the whole outfit cost me less than $20.00. And so I joined the Mountaineers and began many years of active participation in a sport which has no peer—at least as we practiced it. I think its devotees today miss much of the carefree exuberation which we felt. Standing in line to ride a lift to the top of a slope crowded with other skiers is quite different from climbing a hill of untouched snow, to swoop down a surface bare of other tracks.

Silver Basin—about seven miles from the Lodge—was a wonderful place to ski, and if the weather was at all favorable, each weekend found a group setting out right after breakfast, to spend several hours on the powder snow which was usual in the northern exposure of the basin. The trail as far as Olallie Meadows followed the marked trail leading to Meany, and a group of us had blazed the trail up the north side of Silver to the Basin. There never were more than a dozen or so skiers, and the thrill

of the downhill runs, after proving that your wax was effective for the climb, was an uplifting experience.

In those days part of the fun of skiing was participating in the races. For several years Hans-Otto Giese, who was a natural athlete, had been winning the Mountaineer cross-country races. I trained hard to toughen my arms and legs—in a cross-country race there was always poling to be done along the level stretches, and was able to come in first in the cross-country race at Meany. There was some talk that Hans-Otto had "bus legs" from a long bus trip he had just completed, so next year I had to do it again, to prove that the Northwest could produce as good skiers as could Europe. One of my early excursions into racing outside the Mountaineers was in the Seattle Ski Club "Class B" cross-country at Snoqualmie. We had to be checked out the night before by a doctor, and while I was waiting my turn I heard much merriment from the next room about the audacious Mountaineer who thought he could compete against the Scandinavians. That was all I needed to spur me on to a first place—to show those Svenskas that the Mountaineers also ran.

There were several good slopes near the first Snoqualmie Mountaineer Lodge. One just behind the Lodge was used by beginning skiers, another not too far away started at the top of a slope and (when the weather and the snow were right) had a run-off across Lodge Lake. I remember one weekend when there was a bright moon, and most of those of us at the Lodge went over to "the burn" and skied for hours in the moonlight.

Another weekend with deep powder snow found those of us addicted to telemarks on the steep slope a quarter mile or so behind the Lodge. There were a number of down trees parallel to the slope, the snow was not yet deep enough to completely cover them, so we tried skiing down the slope keeping on top of one log. A number of us made it.

Several years the snow held off long enough to give us good skating on Lodge Lake, near Snoqualmie Lodge. Someone would bring up a "phonograph," and we skated until we were worn out—at midnight or later.

There were not many jumpers in the Mountaineers, but in the late thirties Sigurd Hall, a Norwegian not many years in this country, used to bring his jumping skis up to the Lodge each weekend, and on Sunday head for the Seattle Ski Club jumping hill for practice. He participated in many of the Mountaineer races, and in the spring of 1940 trained for the Silver Skis race, which he had a good chance of winning.

That year the weather was stormy. He ran into fog when going at a tremendous speed above Panorama and went head-

first into rocks, killing him instantly. That was the last of the P.I.-sponsored Silver Skis races, run from Camp Muir to Paradise. A number of Mountaineers ran in the first one, in 1934. We left Paradise long before it was light, and climbed to Camp Muir. There they lined us all up—72 of us, I think—and shot a starting gun. We were too close together and I decided to wait till the crowd cleared a little. As I stood there, the starter called to me, "If you are going to be in this race, you'd better start now." So I did, coming in 15th. But I was glad I had not pushed-off with the mob, there were a number of collisions—if my memory is correct, Ben Thompson broke his jaw and Forry Farr his ankle. Wolf Bauer lost his poles in the melee, and I am convinced it cost him first place, for he had the ability to win.

Powder Snow Skiing near Snoqualmie Lodge — *O. Phillip Dickert*

Finish Line, 1936 Silver Skis *Seattle Post-Intelligencer*

Mountaineer Ski Team, 1936 *Robert H. Hayes*

Skiing in Silver Basin — *Art Wilson*

BOARDS

WITHOUT HORDES

By STELLA DEGENHARDT

Fit your skis with touring bindings and come into the world of the winter mountains. All the familiar places have undergone a snow-change and lie sparkling in the slanting sun. Favorite slopes are newly foreign and distant summits glitter with a stronger lure.

No matter if the same trip was "done" twenty years ago. Just off the highway lies an untouched wilderneess of crystal meadows and whitened peaks.

Techniques and equipment needed for ski touring are adequately catalogued. Good sources include "Skis on Untracked Slopes" (John Meulemans, *The Mountaineer,* 1960) and *Manual of Ski Mountaineering* (edited by Dave Brower, published by the Sierra Club). The Ski Mountaineering Course and the schedule of tours and ski climbs offered each year by The Mountaineers provide excellent opportunities for touring while gaining the knowledge needed for safe travel in the winter wilderness.

Information on specific tours is harder to find. There are no ski-tour guidebooks and tracks vanish with the next snowfall. Maps and climbing guides are helpful but winter in the mountains does more than beautify. Snow hides trails and streams, alters the shapes of ridges, disguises landmarks.

Skiers who have visited an area in winter are the best, and often the only, source of information about it. Many Mountaineers have contributed the following details of trips they found rewarding.

GOAT ROCKS If Thanksgiving finds you eager to ski and all the passes bare, try a tour along the high ridges of the Goat Rocks Wild Area. Gentle slopes and a light scattering of trees offer easy skiing and wide vistas.

Approach through Randle and Morton, along the Johnson Creek Road to Berry Patch campground, one-half mile short of Chambers Lake. When the road is blocked, it is possible to reach Chambers Lake from the south by way of Morton and the Trout Lake Road.

From Berry Patch, follow the trail 4½ miles to Snow Grass Flat, where the three-sided shelter provides a comfortable, if draughty, base at 6,300 feet. Wood is available but the south-facing opening of the shelter makes a fire impractical in a high wind.

Hal Williams found deep powder in the Goat Rocks one Christmas. A complete ski-ascent of Old Snowy was foiled a hundred feet short of the summit by ice on the highest rocks, but the run back to the shelter tempted the party to repeat the trip after lunch.

This country is easy to travel in clear weather but route-finding becomes difficult in fog or storm. Short ski-runs down sparsely forested slopes east of the shelter are pleasant in periods of poor visibility.

MT. BAKER From November through June, but especially at New Year, skiing is wonderful at Mt. Baker. In recent years, Forest Service decisions on snow conditions have restricted touring, although short trips to Artists' Point and Shuksan Arm are usually permitted.

John Klos described a trip popular in the 1940s: From Austin Pass contour around the left side of Table Mountain and gradually ascend the ridge leading to Colman Peak. Continue to Camp Kizer or ski down the long slopes to Chain Lakes, returning by way of Herman Saddle and Bagley Lake. If you have energy left, climb to the top of Table Mountain and enjoy the steep run down through the Hourglass and back to the ski area.

The huge, smooth cone of Mt. Baker itself has attracted skiers through the years. Usually they follow the Kulshan Cabin climbing route. Cal Magnusson recommends the south side of the mountain where he has found corn snow in May and June.

Drive as far as possible up the Sulphur Creek Road, then head straight up from the last logged area at the end of the road. Many flat areas and scrub trees provide good campsites on the rolling slopes near timberline.

The 5000-ft. climb to the summit takes approximately eight hours, depending on snow conditions. The descent should be somewhat faster.

An alternate overnight stop is the shelter at Schriebers Meadows. This 3500-ft. high camp is far below the summit but there are open slopes all the way and no avalanche danger.

As on all major peaks, climbing skills and equipment are often needed for ski ascents. Crusted snow in early morning makes it easier to carry skis, use crampons and ice ax. Ropes are essential for travel on crevassed glaciers.

SUMMERLAND *(Mt. Rainier National Park)* "Summerland" has winter attractions, too, and February is a good time to sample them.

The road to Sunrise is normally open only as far as White River Ranger Station at this time of year. Hike three miles to the start of the trail and four miles up to Summerland. If the trail crossing of Fryingpan Creek is not feasible, the snow itself makes an adequate bridge further upstream.

The three-sided stone shelter among the trees at the 5420-ft. level provides wind protection, firewood is available nearby and the view of Little Tahoma and Mt. Rainier in their winter white is spectacular.

A one-day tour to Summerland is practical for early-rising skiers in good physical condition and the run back down the trail is pleasant, but this leaves no time for the superb slopes above this mountain meadow. For this tour, two days are good and three are better.

Panhandle Gap is an easy two-hour climb from Summerland. From the Gap, ski south on gentle slopes running down to Indian Bar or follow the undulating ridge east toward the Cowlitz Chimneys. West from the Gap, traverse left around the high point to reach the rim of a large, east-facing bowl. Run down through the powder to your ascending tracks.

Meany Crest, 7000 feet, is a respectable goal for a second or third day. Climb as high as time permits before you swing down the steep slopes to the shelter.

ENCHANTMENT LAKES *(Cashmere Crags)* Both March and Memorial Day have yielded good touring on four- and six-day trips into the Enchantment Lakes Basin, part of the larger area known as Lost World Plateau.

From Leavenworth, drive five miles to Snow Creek on the Icicle Creek Road. Seven well-graded trail miles (72 switchbacks!) lead past Nada Lake to Snow Lake. Three possible avalanche runouts are crossed—hasten cautiously here.

A cabin at Snow Lake is a possible base, though tarps are needed to supplement the leaky roof.

Ski one mile across Snow Lake and pick the easiest route up 500 feet of forested, steep slopes to gain open country at the 6000-ft. level and the Enchantments at 7000 ft. Miles of ski terrain stretch in every direction—eastern and western slopes, north-facing bowls and south-facing bowls, of every desired degree of steepness, with an average vertical drop of 1500 feet.

Little Annapurna Mountain provides good skiing and the slopes below Prussik Peak make an enjoyable, thousand-foot run even by moonlight. To the north, over Prussik Pass, ski the

miles of rolling, domed granite ridges. Cold temperatures keep the snow skiable on south-facing slopes toward Ingalls Creek (*i.e.,* a 25-degree "valley" mostly open slope from the 8850-ft. summit of Dragontail to Ingalls Creek at 4000 feet).

An alternate return route is by way of Colchuck Lake, Mountaineer Creek and Eight Mile Creek. Another—definitely not recommended for beginning skiers—is by way of Coney Lake and Rat Creek. From the summit of Cannon Mt. to the road, this route provides a total vertical descent of 7200 feet.

GLACIER BASIN *(Monte Cristo)* One Memorial Day, a group of skiers with Gary Rose followed a snow-plow up the Mountain Loop Highway almost to the town of Monte Cristo. Keeping right above the Glacier Basin trail, but to the left side of the Wilmon Spires, the party skied to Glacier Basin in about two-and-one-half hours. The steep slopes above the Basin—and much of the route in—make this an area where caution is needed, and a good place to avoid when snow is unstable. A return down the Glacier Basin trail provides "interesting" skiing for experts.

ELDORADO PEAK *(Cascade Pass Area)* Joseph Firey reports that open, south-facing slopes with exceptional views make 8800-foot Eldorado Peak a worthwhile spring tour. With deep, well-anchored snow, an easy ascent to the summit of the peak is possible, though crust will usually be found on the upper half of the summit pyramid.

In April, the Cascade Pass Road is usually passable to the 19-mile marker. Shortly before this marker, the open slopes about Roush Creek can be seen across the valley from the road. Just east of Roush Creek is a prominent, timbered and rocky knob.

Cross the Cascade River on a large log shortly beyond the 19-mile marker. Skis must be carried on the first leg of the climb. Ascend directly up the east side of the prominent knob, remaining west of a small creek for approximately 2000 feet to timberline. Here, a small avalanche basin is crossed with caution.

Camp can be placed in a small, south-facing basin at about 5500-ft. elevation.

A short climb over an easy gap in the rib leading up from the knob brings you into the great south basin of Eldorado, with nearly 3000 feet of wonderful ski slopes.

When clouds hover over Washington peaks and wet concrete covers all the slopes, search for powder in other ranges:

WALLOWA MOUNTAINS

Seattle parties have toured the Wallowa Mountains of Northeastern Oregon during January and in late spring and found excellent skiing.

Drive 375 miles through Pendleton, Enterprise and Joseph to Wallowa Lake. The road is plowed to the start of the six-mile trail from Wallowa Lake to Aneroid Lake where there are private cabins which may be rented.

Pete's Point is the nearest peak to the cabins and affords good skiing on northern and eastern slopes. Aneroid Mt. is within easy reach on a day tour and both peaks provide excellent views.

A six-day loop has been made on skis: from Wallowa Lake up the West Fork to its source at Glacier Lake, across Glacier Pass and down to Lake Basin, down again to Mirror Lake, up across a ridge and down to Minam Lake, returning by way of the Lostine River Valley. This schedule leaves time for several ski ascents on the way.

CANADIAN ROCKIES

Skiers in search of late-spring powder should consider a seven- or fourteen-day trip to the Canadian Rockies. The range affords dozens of superb ski-touring areas. Two, familiar to Mountaineers from Summer Outings, are:

MT. ROBSON From Berg Lake the same wide variety of trips is possible in April as in mid-summer. Ski the gentle curve of the Robson Glacier for magnificent views of Mt. Robson and The Helmet. Use it as an approach to Lynx Mt., Bean Peak, Mt. Resplendent. The 11,240-ft. summit of Mt. Resplendent provides an especially good spring climb with powder-snow skiing on the descent.

For an easy day, try the pleasant slopes at the base of Whitehorn East, or climb the ridge south of the Mural Glacier for a view of this impressive ice sheet. Explore the valley running northeast from Lake Adolphus to Mumm Mt. where blue glacier ice is piled high over a rock wall at the head of the valley and there is excellent skiing on slopes northwest of it.

LITTLE YOHO The Alpine Club of Canada has scheduled its annual Ski Camp here for three successive years. From the club cabin at Little Yoho, skiers climb Mt. Kerr (9394 ft.), The President (10,297), The Vice President (10,059) and Mt. McArthur (9394). A Seattle party has skied the same area from a base at Twin Falls which, in addition to the peaks listed above, gives easy access to Yoho Peak (9056) and Mt. Des Poilus (10,371).

The high valleys and broad glaciers of this range make fine approaches to the peaks.

From the town of Field, now served by an excellent highway, follow the road into Yoho Park along the Yoho River. The road is plowed as far as Takkakaw Falls but may be closed, a mile or

so beyond Field, at the Park Warden's discretion when avalanches threaten. From Takkakaw Falls follow the trail six miles to the Twin Lakes turn-off or eight to Little Yoho.

This listing of winter tours barely touches the potential of the vast winterscapes of northwest mountains. There are skiers yet who seek spring skiing, and those who hunt down the hard snows of summer, all unwilling to face up to the changing of seasons and packing away their equipment until winter.

FIRST AID FOR

*POISONOUS SNAKE BITE**

By JAMES A. WILKERSON, M.D.

Snake bite is a problem which is infrequently discussed in mountaineering literature. It certainly deserves consideration since the walk into most climbs involves crossing country inhabited by snakes. Furthermore, low-altitude rock-climbing routes frequently cross ledges on which snakes may sun themselves.

An average of about twenty people are killed in the United States each year by snake bites. (This is more than are killed in mountaineering accidents.) Many more are bitten but less than three per cent of all bites are fatal.

Diagnosis

First aid for snake bite involves two main problems—diagnosis and treatment. It would seem that diagnosis should be simple. Unfortunately it is not. Every year a number of people die from fright or unnecessary treatment following the bite of a non-poisonous snake. In countries like India, where bites are quite common, this figure reaches the thousands.

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* The author of this article, Dr. James A. Wilkerson, is currently bringing to completion the manuscript of a handbook on mountaineering medicine. This is an entirely new sort of book that takes into account the fact that first aid is frequently not enough in the mountains; expert medical help may not be available in time, and climbers on the scene may have to go beyond first aid, and give continuing aid based on sound medical practices.

Contributors to the manuscript include some of the most experienced mountaineering M.D.s in the United States, with experience throughout the mountains of North and South America, and also in the Alps, Himalaya, and Karakoram.

It is hoped that the book will be ready in 1964.

The opinions expressed in this article are those of the author and do not express in any way the official views of the United States Army or its Medical Corps.—*Editor.*

The first step in diagnosis is the identification of the snake. In the western United States rattlesnakes only are poisonous. If the snake can be killed and examined, the presence of rattles makes identification easy. The absence of rattles, however, may only mean that they have recently been lost.

All North American poisonous snakes except the coral snake are pit vipers. They have a very characteristic triangular head and rather heavy body. However, with a few exceptions, the body markings are usually not typical enough to permit identification by these alone. These snakes are known as "pit vipers" because of a small pit located between the eye and the nostril. This is a highly characteristic feature and is limited to the poisonous species. The pit vipers are also characterized by having single scales reaching across the undersurface of the body posterior to the anus. Most other snakes have double scales.

If fangs are present the snake is undoubtedly poisonous. However, these may be folded back against the roof of the mouth and are frequently difficult to identify. One or both may be broken off.

After examining the snake the site of the bite should be inspected. If only the fangs have struck the victim one or two small puncture marks will be present. This is a reliable sign that the snake was a poisonous variety. However, the converse sign, that is, a "U"-shaped row of small punctures resulting from the other teeth in the snake's mouth, is not so reliable. Supposedly this is only found following the bite of a nonpoisonous snake which lacks fangs. However, the marks from the fangs of a poisonous snake may be hidden among the marks from his other teeth if he has succeeded in embedding his fangs so deeply that the other teeth have also reached the skin.

The reaction to the bite is one of the best indications that the bite is that of a poisonous snake. This reaction would be difficult to miss. The onset occurs within a very few minutes and is marked by intense pain or burning at the site of the bite. This is accompanied or followed shortly by swelling and purplish or greenish discoloration. Soon the victim becomes weak and dizzy with cold, clammy skin and a weak, thready pulse.

In the absence of this reaction no treatment should be instituted. It is entirely possible that a poisonous snake may have struck the victim and yet failed to inject any venom or even have lacked any venom as a result of having just bitten some other animal. In such a case treatment would be unnecessary.

Treatment

The treatment of snake bite is a subject of considerable disagreement among physicians studying the problem. New pro-

cedures are recommended and old ones criticized by some workers while others, equally qualified, hold directly opposing opinions. Furthermore, some new modes of treatment are still in the trial stage and must await further studies before an adequate evaluation will be possible.

At the present time the first aid treatment for snake bite which appears most effective is that of incision and suction combined with the administration of antivenin. Both procedures should be used as there is a considerable difference in the results when compared with either used alone.

The initial step in carrying out the local incisions is the prevention of wound infection. This is a frequently neglected part of this procedure. The bacteria which cause tetanus and gas gangrene have both been isolated from the mouths of poisonous snakes. There is not much point in saving a person from the snake's venom only to have him die from infection.

The skin should be washed thoroughly and a mild antiseptic applied. The blade for the incision should be sharp, comparable to a razor blade, and sterile. It can be sterilized by flaming just before use if necessary. (It must be permitted to cool without blowing on it.)

The incision should be one-eighth to one-quarter of an inch deep, one-half to three-quarters of an inch long, and linear. They should *never* be placed on the hand or foot, even if the bite is located there. These two structures are marvelous anatomical devices and the placing of incisions in them by anyone not intimately familiar with this anatomy is to be strictly avoided. The swelling will soon reach above the hand or foot and the incisions can be made in the forearm or ankle after the swelling has reached that level. Further incisions can be made at intervals of about six inches as the swelling spreads up the limb.

A tourniquet may be placed about the limb just above the swelling but several precautions must be observed if this is not to do more harm than good. The purpose of this tourniquet is to hinder the movement of venom in the subcutaneous tissue spaces. It must *never* hinder the flow of blood. The blood supply to the limb will already be seriously compromised as a result of the snake bite and any further interference may result in the limb being lost to gangrene. Pulses should be present beyond the site of the tourniquet and the superficial veins should not be tense and distended.

The tourniquet should be a broad piece of cloth such as a handkerchief. The shoestring-like tape which is provided in some snake bite kits will frequently damage underlying nerves and other structures before becoming tight enough to be of any benefit.

Suction over the incisions is best performed by suction cups such as those in snake bite kits. Suction by mouth can be used but is not as effective, the danger of wound infection is very great, and the danger of self-envenomation is not inconsiderable. If there are more incisions than suction cups the cups can be rotated at intervals of three to five minutes.

There is little to choose between the various snake bite kits now commercially available. Most provide adequate suction devices, a sharp blade, and a small amount of an antiseptic. Selection of any particular one will depend upon considerations of weight and compactness.

Antivenin

The only antivenin produced in this country for general use is made by Wyeth Laboratories, Inc., from horse serum. This is available throughout the country and is effective to some extent against all North and South American poisonous snakes.

Unfortunately a number of people are allergic to horse serum. In some cases it has been shown that the damage from the horse serum has exceeded the damage from the snake venom. For this reason the antivenin must be used with the proper tests for allergy.

The Wyeth antivenin comes in a small kit. The antivenin itself is in a small vial in crystallized form and is good for a period of five years without refrigeration. The kit contains ten cubic centimeters (10 cc.) of sterile water to mix with the crystallized antivenin to prepare it for injection as well as the necessary syringes and needles.

In addition a small vial of horse serum for testing for "sensitivity" or allergy is enclosed. One-tenth cubic centimeter (0.1 cc.) of this serum is injected into the skin of the forearm in such a fashion that a small blister is raised. If there is no reaction to this intradermal test after twenty minutes, the antivenin can be administered. If there is anything more than a slight reddening, including pain, warmth, or swelling, at the site of the test, then the victim is allergic to horse serum and needs to be desensitized.

If the victim is not sensitive to the serum, 5 cubic centimeters (5 cc.) of the antivenin is injected subcutaneously and intramuscularly around the site of the bite. The remainder is injected into a large muscle further up the limb. The anterior muscle of the thigh or the shoulder muscle (deltoid) is good for this purpose.

If the victim is sensitive to horse serum, desensitization must be carried out. This is described in detail in the material which accompanies the antivenin and should be followed precisely. If

the reaction to the desensitization measures becomes too severe, therapy with antivenin may have to be abandoned until a physician's services can be obtained.

Other Considerations

It is important that the victim of a snake bite be kept quiet and not be permitted to walk or move about. Movement increases the rate of circulation of the blood and thus increases the rate of spread of the venom. Indeed, for reasons which are not clearly understood, the effects of movement are frequently worse than would be expected from this consideration alone.

Several drugs may be of benefit in addition to the above treatment. Antibiotics will help to combat wound infection. (Penicillin, 600,000 units orally or by injection every six hours, provided the victim is not allergic to it; streptomycin, one-half gram every twelve hours by injection; Terramycin®, 250 milligrams every six hours orally—none to be given for more than three days.) Barbiturates may help to keep the victim quiet. (Phenobarbital or Seconal,® 50 to 100 milligrams orally every four to six hours for no more than three or four doses.) Drugs for pain such as morphine or Demorol® may work synergistically with the venom and should not be used. Alcohol increases absorption of the venom and activity of the victim and must be avoided.

The packing of the extremity in ice, snow, or cold water or the use of ethyl chloride spray to reduce the limb temperature is a method of snake bite treatment which has received widespread publicity. This is supposed to cool the tissue so that the enzymes in the venom will act more slowly. Almost all physicians who have studied this problem now feel that the cold produces serious damage to the tissue which already has an impaired blood supply. At the same time the cold has meager, if any, effects in retarding the action of the venom. This form of treatment is mentioned only to advise strongly against its use.

Every case of snake bite is different and the treatment must be tailored to fit each case. A bite inflicted upon a robust male by a small snake may require no treatment other than rest and time to permit the normally functioning liver to detoxify the venom. On the other hand, a child bitten by a large snake may require heroic measures even to permit the victim to reach medical care. Children and elderly people tolerate such physical insults poorly and will require more vigorous treatment in order to survive. Bites occurring in the spring when the snake has just emerged from hibernation and its venom is more concentrated will be more serious than bites occurring at other times of the year. Bites about the head or trunk are more serious than bites on the extremities.

The care of this type of accident requires the presence of an informed and mature individual, both to carry out the proper care for the bite itself and to insure that overvigorous first aid measures do not produce more damage than the original injury.

REFERENCE

Boys, Floyd, and Smith, Hobart M., *Poisonous Amphibians and Reptiles: Recognition and Bite Treatment,* Charles C. Thomas, Springfield, Ill., 1959.

NO FIASCO

ON MT. OTTARASKO

By MARGARET DRAGSETH

This summer seven Seattle Mountaineers took a trip, long to be remembered, into the Coast Mountains of British Columbia where we made a first ascent of Mt. Ottarasko. Although the mountain appears to be difficult, rising above jumbled icefalls and rock cliffs, we found an easy route to the summit. Mt. Ottarasko (10,013 ft.) is in the center of the Nuit Range about twenty miles west of Tatlayoko Lake, and approximately thirty air-miles northeast of Mt. Waddington. The surrounding peaks, some still unnamed and many unclimbed, are very impressive. Razorback (10,432 ft.) to the north, and Pagoda (10,161 ft.) to the west, rise sharply above the river valleys.

We became interested in this area through Victor Josendal who, along with four others, made an attempt on Ottarasko in 1960. This attempt was frustrated by bad weather and lack of time; however, their information was very helpful to us. Having studied their maps and photographs, we left Seattle on August 18 for the 600-mile drive to Tatlayoko Lake. Our group included George Dragseth, leader, William J. Moore, Gerald and Dawna Price, Stuart E. Trenholme, John Peck and myself. None of us had made a first ascent before.

We met at the ranch of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Bracewell, our very accommodating hosts and packers. Alf and Marty Moore planned to take the pack horses in to base camp, where Marty and the horses would remain to pack us out. Because the lake becomes very rough during the day, we arose at 4 A.M. for the 16-mile boat trip down Tatlayoko Lake. Fate was against us. By the time the gear was all packed into the Bracewells' 28-foot boat and we pushed off, the lake was already rough. The three-hour boat trip was rough and wet. At the south end of the lake is Feeny cabin, now a provincial reserve, built by an old miner who once worked up Ottarasko Creek. Here we met Marty, his dog Frisco, and the pack horses. By 1 P.M. we had transferred gear from the boat to the horses and were on our way up the trail along Ottarasko Creek. The trail, once used by trappers and Feeny, is now used by some of the valley ranchers who graze their cattle ten miles up the valley at a meadow where we camped.

Rain fell during the night, but by morning the skies were clearing with good weather to follow for the rest of the day. A mile or so beyond the meadow we followed some very old blazes which led to a trapper's cabin. The roof had long ago collapsed; a shovel and traps were still hanging against the outside wall. There was no trail at all beyond the trapper's cabin. Going through the trees was slow and difficult, but we had been warned to stay away from the boggy meadows bordering the river. The trees were so close together the horses had difficulty getting through. Boards were ripped off the packing boxes and duffel bags were punctured by tree limbs. (The packer subsequently requested that packing boxes be no wider than 8 inches—ours were 12.) This was the first trip for Alf and Marty in the area; they were most helpful in finding river crossings for us, even taking us across on the horses twice. The views in the upper valley were spectacular: the high stratified cliffs and hanging glaciers of Razorback, the extensive terminal moraines off the hanging glaciers on the valley sides and the clear blue ponds in the rocks along the river. Mt. Ottarasko was hidden, not becoming visible until we rounded the last turn in the valley. About six that evening we arrived at the last clump of trees, twenty miles from Tatlayoko Lake, where we made camp at an altitude of 5000 feet on the south side of the river.

Just around a bend in the river we could see Mt. Ottarasko for the first time, the top turning pink, with its tremendous icefalls seemingly just above us. Mt. Ottarasko is principally a three-ridged mountain, a west-east ridge and a southwest ridge, with plateaus and steep cliffs, over which both ice and water fall. A direct attack along the main icefall would be interesting but very slow; the glacier and the east col had been attempted by the Josendal party, their climb ending in steep cliffs in a snowstorm; the west col seemed a direct but lengthy route to the ridge which appeared to lead east to the summit. This is the way we chose to go.

Tuesday a party of six scouted the west col (which they called Feeny Col), from which a feasible route could be seen. That evening, because some were tired, one had a weakened ankle, and Stu had twisted his knee when he fell in a stream on the scouting trip, the climb was postponed until Thursday. Because the north side offered a more direct route to the west col, the men spent Wednesday building a log bridge across the river, which at this point was quite deep and about twenty feet wide. That evening after a glorious sunny, warm day, we went to bed under a starry sky.

Rain awoke us at 2:30 A.M. Although we planned a very early departure, our spirits were so dampened we didn't get away until 4:30. The rain became a light drizzle, and by the time we reached the west col at about 8000 feet the sun was shining. From the col we went east up the glacier on the north side of the ridge where the only problem was finding a route through the crevasses. We reached the crest of the ridge just below two rounded knobs whose north sides were badly crevassed. Here we saw the summit ridge and its very steep west face. At this point we went out onto the rocks on the south side of the ridge for about a mile and again reached the crest. We continued east up the broad ridge which led to the north-south summit ridge. Once we had to go out onto the soft snow of the west face to get around a rock outcropping.

Getting onto the summit block provided the greatest difficulty of the climb. Although it was a short pitch, it was steep and exposed with soft snow covering loose rocks in the steep gullies. Once we were on the summit block it was a short walk to the top. The ridge narrowed to practically nothing for a few feet just below the summit. Now fog and low clouds were blowing in. We could look down the snow-plastered west face, but the base of the rock cliff on the east side was obscured by the fog. The route attempted by the previous party was not visible. To the west, only the Pagoda icefields and the base of Mt. Waddington were visible. The wind was becoming fierce, so we quickly built a cairn on a broader part of the ridge and left a metal register containing a record of our climb. After taking a few pictures of the group and our especially prepared summit flag, we started down.

Darkness was setting in as we reached the moraine just below the west col. Scrambling down the rocks was very slow even with a flashlight. Camp was reached about 11 P.M. George's pedometer registered eighteen miles. It was a long but not difficult climb.

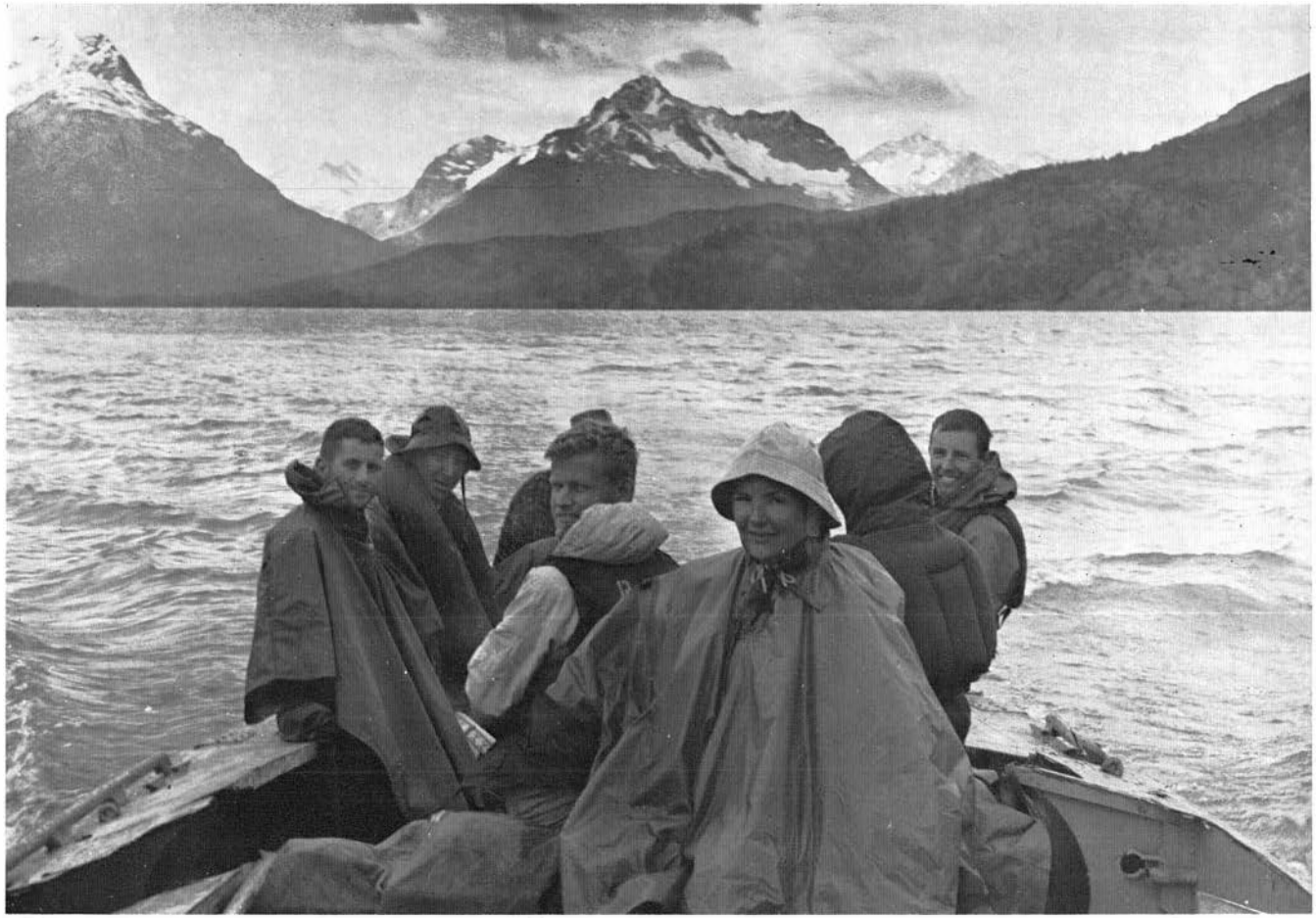
The remaining two days we spent relaxing and enjoying the scenery. Our celebration dinner was complete with wine. One day we roped in Marty and his dog Frisco for their first close look at an icefall. Saturday some of us explored the high meadow across the river, and ascended an "elephant foot" knob to get a close look at the west side of Razorback. Saturday evening there was a heavy downpour which continued until Sunday morning. The next morning the snow line was just above us, even though it was August, and we hurriedly broke camp amid showers of ice pellets.

The hike out to Feeny cabin took the entire day. The horses, packed with icy fingers, kept losing their loads on the closely spaced trees. We finally reached Feeny cabin about dark; late that night a hail announced the arrival of the boat which was to take us up the lake next morning. The trip up Tatlayoko Lake, going this time with the waves, was much drier, smoother, and faster. Looking back down the lake we could see Mt. Queen Bess and the other snow-capped peaks—a lovely ending to a memorable trip.

Mt. Ottarasko is on the Mt. Waddington map, Sheet 92 N, available from the Map Distribution Office, Department of Mines and Technical Surveys, Ottawa, at 25 cents each.

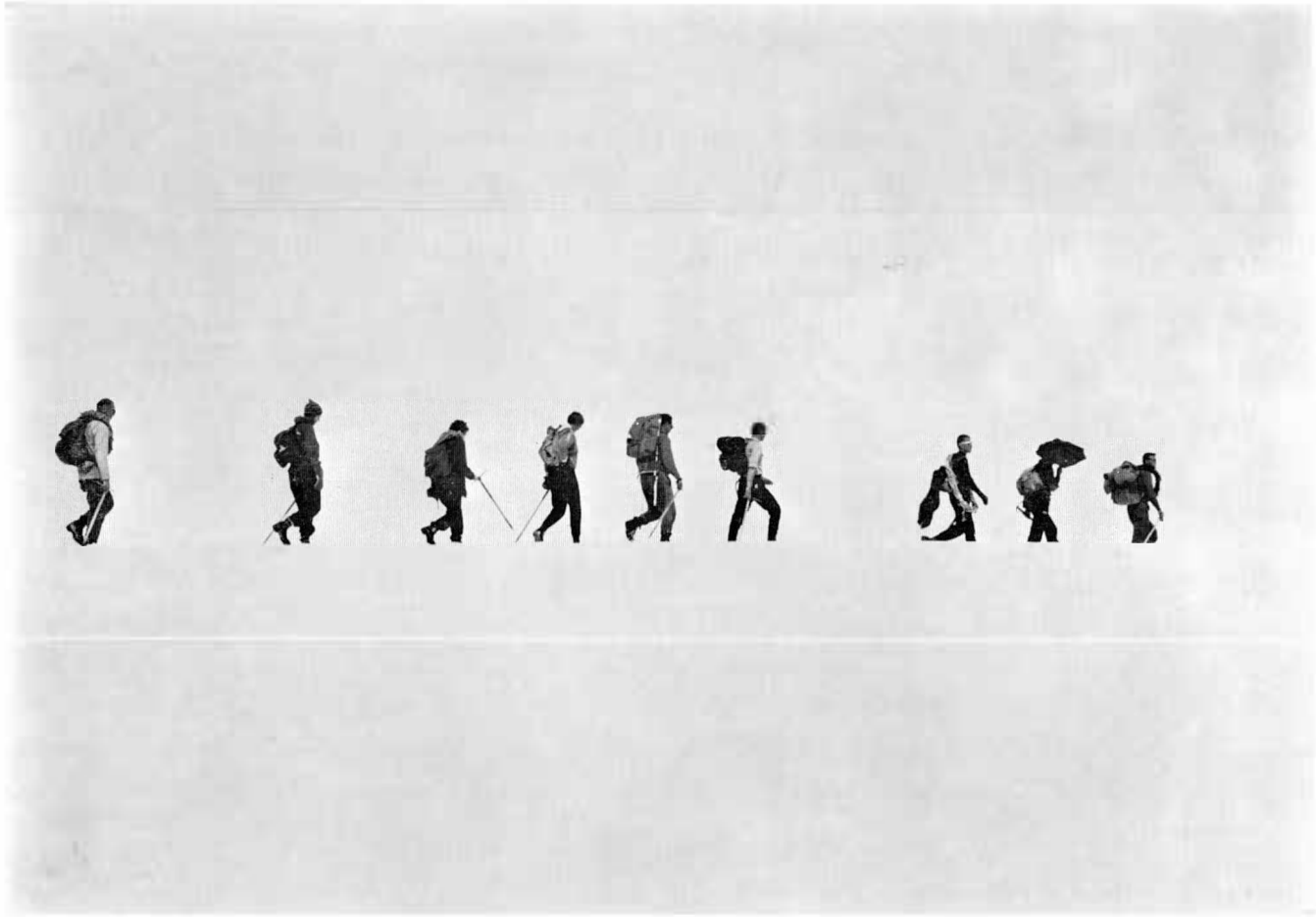
IN MEMORIAM

Dr. Charles B. Andrews
H. C. Belt
Mrs. Glen F. Bremerman (Ellen)
Charles M. Farrer
Mildred Granger
Mrs. John G. Hrdy (Mary Ann)
Ralph E. Leber
Mrs. Louis Nash
Steven Skubi



Boat on Tatlayoko Lake—Queen Bess group in background *W. J. Moore*

On Mt. Ottayasko—Pagoda Peak in background *W. J. Moore*



Nisqually Follies, 1962 Basic Field Trip — *Tom Nicolino*

Northern Picketts and Challenger Glacier from Easy Peak *Tom Nicolino*

THE PUMPERNICKEL PICKET OUTING —

(An Experiment in Snow Cave Engineering)

By TOM NICOLINO and DAN HENDRICKS

The climbing members of the one-week group of the 1962 Climbers' Outing to go into the Northern Pickets were Dan Hendricks, leader, Mike Bialos, Tom Nicolino and Stewart Turner. Their outing was a study in comparative accumulation of moisture additives to climbing equipment: it was an honest misery trip.

* * *

It didn't seem possible that climbers could be as tired as we were the first day from the cars when we went 12½ miles, hiking over Hannegan Pass, fording the Chilliwack River, and hiking up the longest three-mile trail in the world to Easy Ridge. I lost count after climbing over, around, or under 120 downed trees, but later a few mental calculations told me that there was about one downed tree to cross for every ten feet of elevation gained. Surely this must be a record of some sort.

But once we gained the ridge itself, all this was forgotten. Easy Ridge is one of the most beautiful alpine areas that I have seen. Wild flowers, grasses, and other greenery grow in kaleidoscopic patterns merging in the distance with some of the most rugged mountain scenery in the state. Sleeping bags were spread out in the open for this camp because of the fine weather, and soon the supper pots were boiling. After dinner an air of relaxation (perhaps utter exhaustion) spread over camp while the sun went down to the snapping and whirring of camera shutters.

The next day started out with a fashionably late 7 A.M. breakfast. By eight o'clock we were on our way once more, traversing the ridge. After two miles of difficult Class 1 "climbing," we gained the summit of aptly named Easy Peak, which as you might guess is a high point on Easy Ridge, being some 10 or 20 feet higher than the second highest point on Easy Ridge located about a mile away.

Cal Magnusson, the overall party leader (there were eight people in his group, which was to stay in for the whole two weeks), recorded this ascent for posterity by putting a list of the climbing party in a tin can and building a cairn around it. After

being lulled to complacency and self-confidence by the traverse of Easy Ridge, we came abruptly to the infamous lateral dike near Perfect Pass. This was crossed high, just under a rock buttress, using Class 2 climbing techniques. After making the crossing and looking back at the exposure, we generally conceded that if we came back this way a belay would certainly be welcome if not mandatory, especially with the fifty-plus pound packs we were carrying. Perfect Pass was reached in time for lunch. This is a rocky and barren pass, exposed to the elements, and has little to offer in living up to its name; however, for tired climbers, it is a "perfect" resting spot. Its sun-warmed rocks were an open invitation to take off our boots and just generally relax for an hour or so.

After finishing our leisurely lunch and siesta, we crossed the large Challenger Glacier and soon found ourselves on Challenger Arm. The Arm is a rocky group of shelves just off the Challenger Glacier with an imposing view of the Luna Creek Cirque and the north faces of the Northern Pickets. Here were the peaks we came for: they rose abruptly out of the cirque with spectacular hanging glaciers that were continuously noisy. Occasionally we would see a house-size chunk of ice drop off and break into thousands of smaller pieces as it fell down the rocky cliffs. With the thought of the climbing to come, we quickly unloaded our packs and went back out on the glacier to pick up our main food and fuel supply, which had been air-dropped for us two days earlier. With this done, camp was set up and a dinner prepared. Unfortunately, the food had been packed for the air-drop several days ahead of time and some little mold plants had found a home in the pumpernickel. Disparaging remarks such as "Cotton pickin pumpernickel mold," and "bah" soon led to a feeling of levity, and from that moment on our enterprise was known to us as the Pumpernickel Picket Outing.

The next day (Monday) our intrepid little crew, fortified with moldy pumpernickel, separated from the two-week party to cross the cirque to Luna Lake and prepare an assault on Fury, the highest of the Northern Pickets. Even though it was only two miles away, this took the better part of the day because we had to lose 2500 feet of elevation to get to the lower part of the cirque and then gain 1000 feet of it back again to get to the lake.

Camp was set up on the shore of the lake, and the remainder of the day put to good use eating and swatting away vicious hoards of mosquitoes.

We arose early and ate a quick breakfast the next morning. This allowed us to get a quick start up the hanging glacier above the lake in our attack on Fury. The attack failed. We ran into

a set of crevasse patterns extending completely across the glacier, and by early afternoon we started back down because we had run out of time.

We tried a different approach the day after that. Time ran out again high up on the rock ridge to the east of Luna Lake and south of Luna Peak where we were attempting to cross the ridge and climb Fury from the other side. By this time the food we took with us from Challenger Arm was running low, so Thursday morning we started back across the cirque. As we neared the Arm, we saw some of the men in the other party indulging in a madcap game they called "Equalizing the Slopes," otherwise known as "Rock!" The rules were very simple. They entailed prying loose the largest slab of rock you could find; drop, shove, kick, or otherwise getting it off the peak or slope yelling "rock!" as it fell; and seeing how far it would slide or roll down the glacier below. Extra points were gained for those lucky enough to dislodge other rocks with theirs as it bounced down the rocky portions of the slopes. A time out in the festivities was declared as we approached, and we exchanged notes on our climbing of the past four days. The two-week group had had a fabulous time of it, making several first ascents of new routes. Two of them were on Crooked Thumb, one of the most difficult peaks in the area.

All afternoon, while we were climbing back to Challenger Arm, cloud formations warned us of an approaching storm; so the first thing we did when we got back was to set up our tents. It hit just as we were finishing dinner. The wind blew, the rain fell, and it was generally miserable to be outside.

The next morning was no better. The wind had died, but it was still raining. Rather than attempt to climb anything, we made ourselves as comfortable as possible in our damp tents. Afternoon came and went as we dried our sleeping bags between raindrops and prepared our things so we could leave early the next morning.

Just after dinner, the full force of the storm hit. Gusty winds and rain; much, much, rain. The already damp tents now became soaked, and the water dripped unmercifully on us inside. A damp night with little sleep was had by all.

The storm was still raging when we got up Friday morning. With this as an added impetus we were soon on our way back across the Challenger Glacier. The clouds hung low, brushing their grey wisps of water on the glacier as we plowed onward. Visibility was very poor so the whole glacier was crossed using our map and compass. New crevasse patterns, snow bridges to

find and cross, and heavy packs made still heavier by our rain-soaked sleeping bags made our crossing a memorable event indeed.

After eight hours of slow travel, with the reminder that it had taken two hours to cross the glacier coming in to Challenger Arm, we finally came to some rocks in the glacier that we thought might be the ones next to Perfect Pass. As we traversed over them, we finally could see a little of the terrain above and ahead of us. The slope we were on steepened even more until it approached 60 degrees near the top, and was capped off with a small cornice running as far as we could see (about one hundred feet). At the time, we thought this might possibly be the corniced area just below Perfect Pass, but we couldn't be sure because of the short visibility. So we back-tracked a hundred yards or so, hunting for some encouraging sign.

On Building Snow Caves
By Dan Hendricks

We agreed on our next move: We would climb up to an elevation approximating the altimeter reading comparable to that of the pass. However, when we reached this point we could see nothing which might locate the pass. Our next decision was not difficult: the hour was late, we were wet, the wind chilling, we had only two serviceable sleeping bags. The situation clearly called for a snow cave, if you can call a cave in a glacier a "*snow*" cave.

Two of us fell to with ice axes to dig two holes into the slope so we could work on both ends of the cave at once. The other two would haul the debris away on pieces of tarp. The thing I feared most was getting the job three fourths completed and then hitting solid ice or rock. But we were lucky, the slope was a uniform cornsnow all the way.

One year at the Commonwealth Snow Practice I had dug a snow cave but had slept cold. Afterward I had concluded that my error was in not covering the entrance with a tarp. I planned to profit from that earlier experience by plugging one of the construction holes with snow and covering the other with a tarp. Also, rather than dig a below-floor-level entrance tunnel to drain off cold air, we dug a 12-inch deep trench along one side and out the entrance.

We spent nearly four hours digging the cave. A plastic tarp was spread on the floor, that was covered with air mattresses. Then we rationed out several pieces of ensolite (foam rubber) which we had. When we unrolled Tom's and my sleeping bags we were disconcerted to find that they were both pretty wet. I

still have no idea why. Mine was enclosed in a neoprene nylon stuff bag and then wrapped in a tarp tent of the same material. Our clothing situation was no better. Among the four of us, we had one pair of dry sox and one pair of dry mitten liners; everything else was either wet or very damp. Tom and I had relied for warmth on our down jackets. When these got rather extensively damp, we had little insulation left. Mike and Stewart fared much better with their wool clothing.

Plastic bags comprised the one bright spot in our clothing situation. We had a supply left from our food packages. Our damp wool sox kept our feet tolerably warm when enclosed in plastic bags. At least they did during those periods when the bags had not yet slipped off.

Sleeping two men in one mummy sleeping bag (with a half length zipper) was accomplished by turning the bags with the zipper side down. Then one person would push his feet all the way to the bottom. The second person would push his feet as far as they would go, which was a little below the knees of the first one. Then the bag was spread over the two like a blanket. This was not too bad as far as it went, which was about to the chest of the second man.

After a light snack we settled down to sleep and wait for our snow cave to get warm. It turned out that our tarp-over-the-door set-up didn't keep the wind out so our cave didn't get warm that night. As the four of us lay there jammed together we began shivering rather vigorously. After a while we stopped and were almost comfortable. However, whenever any one would shift his position any at all, it would break the thermal equilibrium and all four of us would begin shivering again. As soon as we discovered this unhappy fact, we realized that it was imperative to lie still until we just couldn't stand that sore hipbone a minute longer before moving.

When morning came, we hurried to look out at the weather only to discover that the visibility had not improved any at all. Late that afternoon an open spot in the clouds permitted us to see enough of the surroundings to verify our position with reasonable assurance. Therefore, we planned to get an early start the next morning and rely on being able to find Perfect Pass even if the visibility was still restricted.

During this last day in the cave we plugged the tarp covered door with snow blocks. We had been using the door seldom enough that it was well worth the trouble to cut our way out in order to keep the wind out. Even with no doors and only a couple of small ventilating holes, however, our cave was still cold. About one o'clock the next morning I finally found out why. A

breeze was blowing through the back wall of the cave and out through small holes melted in our door plugs. Apparently our cave was built in a filled-in crevasse; I discovered a wall of hard glacier ice about a foot beyond the back wall. We concluded that the wind was blowing into the crevasse somewhere and was percolating through the porous cornsnow walls. For two nights and a day we had been lying in a slowly moving river of cold air!

Our supply of food almost became a serious problem. I made an error in judgment in leaving our food reserve in a cache at our base camp. We had packaged one extra day's food and had carried it in with us. When it came time to leave, however, we were preoccupied with the weight of our packs. Added to the weight of the packs we carried in was the air dropped equipment and the cans of garbage and trash we were going to dump into a crevasse on the way out. So we left with provisions for one dinner and one breakfast for the two-day hike back to the cars. (Our lunches were not part of the group provisions.) I also poured out the extra gasoline we had left. Thus in our cave we were confronted with the need to stretch both our food and our fuel supply. As it turned out, this was no hardship. Each of us had our emergency food and we had little need for either food or melted ice while lying idle in our cave. Still, our food came out exactly even; we arrived back at the cars with none left.

As planned, we got up early Monday morning, cooked a hot breakfast, and packed up all our heavy, wet gear. Just as we started out the clouds parted and there 700 yards below us was Perfect Pass, right in plain sight!

We had one more night out in the wind and drizzle ahead of us before our outing was over. We spent Monday night on Easy Ridge, again doubling up in our sleeping bags and tents. This night was much more uncomfortable than those in our cave back on Challenger Glacier.

Even before we arrived back at the cars late Tuesday afternoon, it required a conscious effort to remember how it was in our snow cave. It had been a real revelation that our capacity to tolerate discomfort was so much greater than we would have expected. And now, after everything worked out ok, one could hardly see what all the apprehension had been about three days earlier.

SELKIRKS — 1962

By FRANK deSAUSSURE

The following entries have been taken from the notes of one member of The Mountaineers' 1962 trip into the Northern Selkirks. Since an expedition consists of many individual trips made in concert to one location, the excerpts which follow are necessarily limited in scope and vision. Words cannot recapture the splendor of the mountains, nor are they more than phantoms of those lyric moods and grim forebodings so well known to the mountaineer, that strange breed who turns his back at least temporarily on civilization and its discontents. If the reader's store of alpine memories is rich he may find a stream of images in the following which will release a torrent of half forgotten things. May he at least find one note that will strike a sympathetic vibration.

Alamogordo 24 May

Earlier this evening the world did not seem a very pleasant home. Two billion fellow men had taken it upon themselves to be individually and collectively irascible. The newspapers talk of war, massive armaments, border conflicts, and civil disorders. In short, it is the world of normal crises. Whole segments of the political world devote themselves to wars of the classes. Cities and cultures are neatly laid out on military maps as 'targets' and 'objectives.' Closer to home the written word, airborne pictures and voices chant of new ways to 'save labor,' to drink oneself into gracious and socially esteemed forgetfulness, to move in all possible haste toward a closed way of life with man as center and perimeter. Night and day will be jointly banished and in their place a homogenized artificial twilight—sans wind, sans sky, and ultimately sans time—will be mankind's common heritage, his lot, yes, his common curse.

Today was one of those days when even the mind cannot coordinate its own thoughts. The delicately constructed thoughts of past weeks revealed themselves as suddenly clumsy and devoid of merit. My fellow workers were engaged either in total ennui or a fierce competition to direct their concentration on the most inconsequential detail possible. In a rare venture from my totally enclosed, completely airconditioned office, I saw the spring winds had kicked up great clouds of alkaline dust to dim the sun.

Bad moods tend to feed on themselves and gradually, where earlier in the day energies were mobilized to find nothing but

fault with the universe, the passing hours worked to calm the inner rancor without giving conscious notice that the humor had waned. Unknowing, I had been prepared for a renaissance.

Late in the afternoon I stepped outside to find the wind had died leaving an evening stillness beneath the burning sunset. Smells, sights, and sounds of nature rushed in to fill the artificial vacuum of human endeavors. The mountains glowed orange and purple beneath the skies' brilliant tapestry. Insects buzzed in noble disdain of any homogenized universe. Desert flowers added a barely perceptible fragrance to the warm alkalinity of the evening air. To the south silhouetted peaks of the Organ Mountains suggested other summits of memory. The sun sets behind the Organ's serrated crests, but I see it disappear beyond the massiveness of Adamant and the Gothics—the Selkirks. Instead of cactus and thorn brush, I see patches of white heather set against the deep green of a springy alpine turf. Three short months and the dream will be reality. Three months could be a total lifetime in our time.

Kinbasket Lake, B.C. 28 July

The expedition has finally gathered. At first the weather acted as promising as it ever does in the Northwest. Last evening five of the group met at Seattle. Arnold Bloomer, the trip leader, Joe and Joan Firey also from Seattle, Roger Fahy of New York on his first full scale mountaineering venture, and myself. Amid the usual confusion we amassed our personal gear and the mountain of food Joan had collected over the past few weeks, and then made everything magically disappear into the recesses of one station wagon. Atop the goods we packed ourselves and headed over the Cascades into the gathering darkness. Skies remained clear as the night advanced raising (falsely so it turned out) our hopes for two weeks of excellent climbing weather.

After the usual endless trip across Washington's central flatlands we arrived in Spokane early in the morning—2 or 3 AM as nearly as anyone remembers, and no one even recalls who drove. There we met Kent Hethershaw.

A few hours of sleep (or was it only one?) and we set out for Canada. The morning dawned crystal clear, still promising, still keeping our hopes high for a second year of stormless weather. As we pressed northward it soon become apparent that this was to be one of those 'memorable' years. Although the southern skies remained clear and bright, the northern grew steadily grimmer, until at Golden, B.C. the heavens loosed the first of many storms which accompanied us throughout the trip.

At Golden we picked up the last member of the party, George Whitmore, a Californian who had already spent several weeks in the Selkirks and Canadian Rockies. He quickly put to rest any lingering hopes of good weather that may have lain hidden in anyone's mind. After some rearrangement of gear and cars we set out in the rain for a look at the spot where we would cross the Columbia early the following morning.

Darkness had fallen by the time we reached that mosquito-infested, rain-soaked, and generally inhospitable locale, so after a few words with another Seattle group which was also going to cross the river Sunday morning, we pushed on to Kinbasket Lake. There, amid a relative lack of mosquitoes, we sorted out for the last time the piles of equipment we would unwillingly carry up the mountain. This task was accomplished on the front porch of the general store as hurriedly as possible so as to finish the job before the lights were turned off. We should have, but did not, read the portents when the light was extinguished with the packing half done.

Right now the party is spread out on the abandoned site of a lumber camp, each member trying a different gravel pile for contour and softness. If we have rocks for beds and mosquitoes for companions here, what will the Selkirks hold? Tomorrow night—with good luck—we should be at Fairy Meadows. Will the place fulfill the promise of its name, or will it be like that other Fairy Meadows beneath Nanga Parbat?

Fairy Meadows 31 July

Fairy Meadows? Indeed, sprites fill the air and swarm around the rocks, but they are real, tangible, and of forms all too familiar—the omnipresent mosquitoes. Wood is almost as plentiful as in a virgin campsite, and with all the mosquitoes no one has raised the slightest objection to its smoky flame.

The camp stands above the true meadows on a small glacial bench close beneath the ragged moraines of Shoestring Glacier. Three small meadows separated by cascades form Upper Fairy Meadows. What they lack in the stirring panorama down Swan Creek is compensated by views of the multicolored (extremely rotten and weathered) Sir Edfalls group. A few steps up the hill produces a view of lower Granite Glacier with its tunneled snout from which Swan Creek bursts.

But no poetic mood possessed anyone during the two-days' trip from the Columbia River to Fairy Meadows. The Columbia was full, green and hostile looking as we started ferrying the party across it early Sunday morning. About three hours and many held breaths later, seven of us were assembled on the small

portion of rocky shingle still above the swollen river. Swan Creek too looked like a river where it emptied into the Columbia causing riffles that gave the rowers (Kent and Joe did all the honors) more than one good bounce as they recrossed the river to pick up yet another load.

The old trail hacked through the burned area by an earlier expedition was still discernible, but not exactly a superhighway. After what seemed more days than hours we arrived at the upper forests. Dull and overburdened as each of us privately felt, we could not fail to be impressed by the contrast between the chaotic overgrown burn and the almost open floored forest beyond. Within the blight, tree and bush struggled in a fierce jungle-like existence, each asserting its right to life in a land unable to support them all. Beyond, the calm harmony of a mature forest reigned. To the eye of an ant perhaps both conditions are equally acceptable. The human eye though, to say nothing of the human patience, strongly discriminates.

In this portion of the Selkirks ice of recent origin has catastrophically altered usual patterns. Abundant evidence tells of ancient ice rivers cutting wide valleys only to retreat to the high mountain peaks. Lichen and moss colonized the recently vacated glacial slabs to be soon supplanted by shrub and tree. Perhaps 10,000 or even 5,000 years ago the valleys were thick with rich forests. Then a series of cold years, or wet years, or perhaps short summers occurred. The snows deepened and the glaciers moved rapidly downhill reclaiming their valleys and overwhelming the green slopes.

As suddenly as they came, the glaciers retreated, and are still retreating. No great terminal moraines mark the furthest margin of their foray. Often there are no lateral moraines, but infrequently—as in the Swan Creek valley—a lateral moraine of small size was pushed up on a glacial bench. It is this moraine, perched on the lower side of a series of sloping ledges which forms the lower wall and hence swale of Fairy Meadows. What might have been only a sloping hillside was dammed to form a series of pools, and in time a lush green meadow where glacial streams meander and wild iris grows. Here and there a tiny stream threading down its miniature canyon has been detained to form a pond where forest giants fall and with the passing ages turn to greenish mold.

* * *

What an excellent day this was! After the pack animal existence during the trek into camp we had a contrasting day of leisurely mountaineering. An unhurried breakfast was followed by a stroll up Shoestring Glacier to Friendship Col. There we had a sunny lunch with unmatched view, no wind, no worries. Then the Fireys and I went off to Wotan (who can resist paying

homage to the one eyed thunderer?) while Arnie, George, Kent, and Roger tried a snow face on Sentinel. Coming back we had a race to see who could reach the water at Friendship Col first.

Tomorrow, Adamant.

Fairy Meadows 1 August

Adamant's snow seemed endless and bottomless. An early start by dawn's uncertain light brought us to the base of Stickle Glacier before sunup. Our route—tried by a 1957 expedition which met with foul weather just below the summit—crossed the Stickle Glacier icefall and ascended the west side of the glacier to a low notch east of Adamant's rock summit. From there the route traversed rock ridges to the snow dome composing the north and higher summit.

Until reaching the icefall hard snow provided fast going. We rapidly crossed an avalanche swept area below a hanging glacier and found ourselves in soft snow covered with an inch of hail. The slope increased steadily and before long the leader found his nose as well as his legs buried in soft snow. Late morning came, revealing that we were nearly as far from the summit as when the first rays of the sun had turned the mountainside dazzling white.

The climbing became easier on the upper slopes after we found a route through the icefall. An incredibly beautiful rock finger pointed skyward along the arete toward a graceful curving knife blade of snow which led to the nearer summit, a sprawling rock butte. Once atop the rock, a matter of third and easy fourth class pitches, only an easy ridge separated us from the northwest summit, a snow dome shining brilliantly in the bright sunlight. This gentle hummock of snow drops away abruptly in fluted ice slopes and sheer cliffs.

An hour or more passed quickly as we relaxed and absorbed the view. But as on all sunny mountain tops, one must at last reluctantly admit that the lengthening shadows warn the climbers to be gone. A return by the ascent route was uneventful. Plunge stepping techniques often put one chest deep in the snow. Our descent was marked by a great snake-like gouge in the otherwise smooth snows still visible long after we quit the mountain.

Cairn Camp 5 August

Everyone has memories of events which they would prefer were someone else's. Some of these are so deep seated and contrary to the person's own nature as to cause fury, shame, or despair years later. Others have such a ludicrous sense as to be rendered acceptable in memory, even if they were not so at the time. They compose much of the lore of mountaineering, as it is recounted

around comfortable campfires. The arrival and first night at Cairn Camp fits into the latter category.

The day following Adamant's ascent was one of leisure. Only Arnie and Kent went off for some scrambling in the Edfalls group. The rest of us ambled about Fairy Meadows taking pictures and generally idling away the hours. We had great plans for climbing Gibraltar next day, but the gathering clouds should have warned us that the weather was preparing to scuttle all our plans.

Late that evening we made a hurried retreat into the tents as the rains came pouring down. Damp but still hopeful we arose for an early start on Gibraltar. Trying to bolster each other's flagging hopes, we ate an early breakfast and started up Shoestring Glacier. During this time the storm ebbed and flowed exasperatingly, one moment breaking and the next producing showers and snow flurries. Before long the impossibility of making an ascent became completely obvious and we turned back, stopping en route at the camp of the Seattle group (Duke Watson, Vic Josendal, Phil Sharpe, and Maury Muzzy) who had just returned from their climb of Sir Sanford. They had before them the unenviable prospect of a wet trip through the forests to the Columbia.

The next day, weather or no weather, we decided to move to Cairn Camp below Sir Sanford so as to be ready for that formidable mountain when the skies cleared. Rain turned to snow on the way to Friendship Col. Snow alternated with clear skies throughout the day. Visibility was good as we crossed Gothic and Adamant Glaciers but dropped at the passes, Friendship Col, Thor Pass, and Azimuth Notch. The view down the valley to Cairn Camp in the late afternoon light did not gladden the heart. The floor of the glacial valley had been scraped clean by recent glaciers. Several hundred feet up the hillside above the grey streams the forests started, but were too steeply sloped to offer camping places.

We finally found the campsite after many false leads. Its lack of natural shelter (there are few convenient ledges and almost no vegetation whatsoever), had caused us to pass it by several times. There was sparse wood and water. We set up the tents to withstand considerable foul weather in this exposed spot. Being naturally adverse both to rocks in the back and to the bedding of seven people in an area more suitable for three, I elected to spend the night in the cooking shelter.

As if to test our forethought in establishing camp, the wind and rain did their furious best to tear up the tents. Many times as the tarpaulins snapped and cracked in the howling wind, I

thought of Joe Firey carefully daubing the weak spots with waterproofing a few days earlier, and wondered which of these places would be the first to part with a cannon-like report. If the winds couldn't destroy the shelter, they could and did blow rain through the relatively open ends. Since the ground was nothing but fine glacial silt, the floors soon had viscosity as well as consistency. Sometime before dawn, feeling and thinking like a very wet puppy, I joined the mass of humanity in the main tent secretly cursing each and every event that had a part in bringing me to such an inhospitable spot.

With a new day the storm abated and we repaired the damage to the campsite and rectified errors in pitching the tents which last night's winds had pointed out. During some fitful sunshine we even managed to dry out everything (for everything managed to acquire some degree of dampness in the last two days) and to find burnables that had avalanched down from the lightly wooded slopes above.

What a dismal spot! The huge cairn that gives the place a name is a tribute both to bad weather of previous years and to the energy of the climbers who were diverted to building mountains instead of climbing them. Only a few flowering plants and small willows have been able to reestablish themselves in the glacier's wake. With the rain small streams abound, but in a drier year only silt-laden Silvertip Creek would provide water.

Cairn Camp 8 August

Sir Sanford at dawn, at noon, at nightfall—wreathed in a shifting robe of cloud. For the better part of a week we have watched and waited, but the mountain won out and remained unclimbable. The minor prizes, Silvertip on Monday and a new route on the southwest face of Blackfriars the next day are scant consolation for being deprived of Sir Sanford. The descent of Blackfriars in a storm was warning of what Sir Sanford might have in store for anyone who would force its walls during bad weather. Nor was the five inches of new snow on the upper faces much of an encouragement.

The gods have taken upon themselves the task of assuring our return by withholding one peak. As the possibility of attaining Sir Sanford's summit faded, the appearance of the mountain became more and more intriguing. The hanging glacier which so often baffled Palmer's early attempts presented a sinister aspect during its infrequent appearances through rents in the cloud. Above it rises the long skyline ridge against which the storms endlessly break. Watching the climb disappear into impossibility, we were torn between desire and a secret relief

of not having to face that freezing sodden wind on soft snow slopes. The recollection of the hanging ice cliffs made one thankful to be in camp.

After a week's habitation the camp was no longer so grim. Impressions gained when first looking down from Azimuth Notch were moderated by increasing comforts. The critical problem of wood was solved by combing the avalanche slopes for deadfall. The rain, for all its undesirable qualities, at least provided a brook of sorts right beside the shelter. Although the valley initially appeared devoid of every sort of life, at closer inspection it showed itself sparsely covered with flowering plants and even a scattering of young willow and spruce.

The last few days, half of them spent in enforced idleness, have re-educated my senses. The ears have rediscovered slight sounds in a background of silence; the nose has once again the ability to detect faint odors carried by the vagrant winds. But it is the organs of learning, the eyes, so sadly abused in the human world of Euclidian shapes, which have truly reawakened. In our daily life we see very little to detain the eye. Shapes are nearly standardized and expanded or contracted to fit a particular use. One scarcely realizes how man has simplified his environment to the point of dullness until he is completely surrounded by natural shapes in their endless diversity.

The eye has taken to looking for variation in each flower stem, the unique patterns in pieces of rock, the complexity of the moving clouds. I can see once again the shapes and objects that form a universe, and was freed from the shadow world of categories making up our noun system. The step from names back to things is fully as important as the step from things to names.

Friday, after breaking camp we retraced our steps to Fairy Meadows. Once camp had been struck, a bleakness returned to the valley floor.

In the distant mountains a tent becomes more than a shelter. Its cohorts, which form the ugly tent cities in our national parks and forests, are poor relations of this covering which represents a visible form of man's eternal striving and his impact on nature.

One afternoon during the foul weather I wandered far up the desolated valley. The light had almost disappeared in an amorphous grey of clouds. Suddenly I had a feeling of great loneliness—an isolation not just from man, but in the world of mud and rock, from all life. The only signs of the vital force

were some scraggly grasses and a few mud covered sticks, themselves as grey and damp-cold as the restive storm clouds.

I wandered on, but with a gradually increasing anxiety. On the one hand the feeling of wilderness free even from life itself deeply stirred the spirit, but on the other rose a thousand ghosts of childhood fears—the desolation of complete loneliness as grim and total as a child's nightmares. The featurelessness of the land blended more and more with the moving semi-indistinguishable skies.

The separation between solitude and loneliness is knife-edge thin. Walking thru the settling gloom my mood swung one way, then another. Summits peering through the clouds would send the spirits soaring so wildly that it seemed they would be torn from the body. The next moment, tripping across some rotted grey root swept down by some long melted avalanche, the spirits were dragged down to a level as grey and dismal as the root itself. The silence was overwhelming. The sigh of wind menacing.

Then in the brown distance I saw a red glow, and nearby saw or more nearly imagined the tent with its crudely piled stone walls. Fire and shelter, close at hand. All the moods, exultation and fear together faded. Deep layers of civilization closed in again leaving the mind at peace and the imagination leashed. I turned my steps toward that faint beacon.

Columbia River 10 August

Is it ended? The rocky strand reaches far out into the river where two weeks ago the turbid Columbia covered all. The river still stretches wide and rolling, but no longer threatening as it was. The green water alone lies between civilization and the mountain world.

Most of the party has already passed the watery boundary separating the Selkirks from civilization. Only George and I remain watching the boat coming back to pick us up. We have hastened down the mountains, but now? The time has gone too rapidly—it should not have ended so quickly. And none of it can be recaptured completely again.

RECOGNIZED CHARTER MEMBERS

1. George G. Altnow, 1222 Summit Avenue, Seattle.
2. Anne Bartel, 1805 Madison Street, LaCrosse, Wisconsin.
3. Alice M. Casey, 420 Terry Avenue, Seattle.
4. Mrs. Florence Curtis, 2353 Namoa Road, Honolulu.
5. Eva Curtis, 4608 East B Street, Tacoma.
6. Theodore C. Frye, 4004 East 178th Street, Seattle.
7. Trevor Kincaid, 1904 East 52nd Street, Seattle.
8. Molly Leckenby King, 102 Marathon Road, Altadena, California.
9. L. D. Lindsley, 104 East 43rd Street, Seattle.
10. Margaret McCarney, 9303 Fauntleroy Avenue, Seattle.
11. Merrie P. McGill, 4337 15th Avenue Northeast, Seattle.
12. Anna A. McGlinch (Mrs. Henry W. Howard), 3328 Southwest 12th Street, Portland, Oregon.
13. Christine Murray (Mrs. Henry H. Botten), 3316 East Laurelhurst Drive, Seattle.
14. Gertrude Niedergesaess (Mrs. Alex Bryce), 2009 12th Street North, Seattle.
15. W. Montelius Price, 114 Madrona Place North, Seattle.
16. Milnor Roberts, 4501 15th Avenue Northeast, Seattle.
17. Hattie A. Strang (Mrs. Roy Hurd), Route 2, Box 399-B, East Stanwood, Washington.
18. Belle Tellier, 4121 Brooklyn Avenue, Seattle.
19. Bertha Tellier (Mrs. Paul Barnes), 4121 Brooklyn Ave., Seattle.
20. J. P. Umpleby, 6214 Park Lane, Dallas, Texas.
21. Prof. Charles Landes, 5501 8th N.E., Seattle.

Anyone with information regarding any living charter member aside from the recognized members listed above please contact Eugene R. Fauré.

Ski Tour on Plummer Peak—Mt. St. Helens in background *Ed Cooper*

Glacier Peak, Scimitar Glacier — *Ed Cooper*

EUARCTOS

AMERICANUS

OBSERVATUS EST

Climbers and hikers report frequent encounters with furry-backed, claw-toed, sharp-toothed members of the family Ursidae, order Carnivora. Most frequently seen in the Northwest is one of the smaller cousins of the mighty and weighty tribe, the *Euarctos americanus,* or American black bear.

Habitat is supposed to be caves or hollow logs, but many observers testify that preferred lodgings are campgrounds. Some have been known to choose colored mountain tents, and one attempted to move into a hut perched above the Upper Blue Glacier on Mt. Olympus.

The American black thrives on a varied diet. Some observers insist that bears they have known have subsisted entirely on ham sandwiches, margarine, bacon, and candy bars for weeks at a time. Bears eagerly devour cookies, meat, and other goodies which naïve campers have planned for themselves. Nor are they averse to self-service, even if tearing open tents, packs, and even cars is a necessary prelude to their feast. Part of the daily—or nightly—routine for many bears is a cover-clanging trip through the campground garbage cans or a more silent investigation of the newest delicacies in the refuse dump. Occasionally bears, apparently desiring to add spice to their bland diet of loaves of cellophane-wrapped bread, devour a few natural berries, roots, ants, rodents, honey, and even bees.

A prominent bear-psychologist has hypothesized that bears may suppose climbing parties and hikers to be sent into the mountains for their benefit. So when the bears sight a train of "pack humans" coming up the trail, they naturally become excited and are eager to start unloading supplies from the packs. At any rate, many incidents testify to their unloading capabilities.

One Mt. Rainier Park bear made his presence known to Park Ranger and Mrs. Paul Shorrock by a nocturnal attack on the shingles of the ranger cabin at White River Campground. Paul wiggled out of his sleeping bag and dashed into the kitchen, flashlight in hand. Through a hole in the roof he could see the bear's nose. The bear had apparently been attracted by the

succulent aroma of fresh cantaloupe and was drooling a slippery little puddle on the floor. A barrage of rocks thrown by Paul and threats shouted by Gertrude sent the bear pacing the length of the none-too-solid roof in a frustrated rage, grunting and groaning, howling and moaning. But with any cessation of these human defenses, bruin returned to his shingle-lifting. Only after two hours of counterattack did the bear finally give up, slide down a tree, and stalk off into the woods in a towering rage, still growling vindictive threats.

Bears, particularly young ones, can be cute. Two tiny cubs regularly accompanied their mother while she feasted from the Shorrock's garbage can. One day Gertrude found one of the pair staring at her with only its baby face showing above the edge of a plastic bucket on the cabin porch. These "adorable" cubs, however, determined that any food placed on the picnic table had been prepared just for them; only a constant alert kept the Shorrocks from going hungry.

Judge William G. Long, who admits a deep affection for bears' clowning and sense of humor and playfulness, relates a particular animosity toward the "black-faced hussy" who used to preside at the Hoh Lake shelter. "I drew the line on the Hoh Lake hussy when she tore open a packing box and ate my entire two-weeks' supply of cigarettes, and, in general, made such a shambles of our camp that it was almost impossible to reorganize ourselves for a two-week stay.

"She had a juvenile delinquent cub which responded perfectly to her every command: two grunts and he would go up a tree at the entrance of the men's toilet; one grunt, he would come down and join her at the garbage dump. His very obedience was a source of irritation because I had to fill my hat full of rocks and fight her all the way from the shelter to the toilet.

"I prepared a four-page indictment against her and presented it to the park director, each paragraph of which ended with 'Carthage (this black-faced hussy) must be destroyed.' I pointed out that she was contributing to the delinquency of her cub, who mimicked every move and action of his mother because apparently he thought she was hot stuff. I pointed out the dangers to future campers who would be besieged by her progeny. Shortly afterwards I was guardedly informed by the Park Department that the Hoh Lake hussy had accidentally died of lead poisoning.

"Of course I was thankful for her elimination, but my prophecy as to the predatory and unsocial habits of her offspring were confirmed the next year when her cub reappeared at the scene and continued the depredation inspired by his wayward mother."

Sources in California report that a climber there managed to lose his car's top due to bear damage. Possibly the Yosemite Park

bears, being numerous, are forced to specialize, and this climber had the misfortune to run into an experienced "convertible-top ripper." The story would be unremarkable except for its impact upon the car insurance company. The insurance claim was received with mild unbelief, but was substantiated by many letters and personal visits to the insurance office. Eventually the case was settled, after our climber succeeded in persuading the agent the incident had really occurred and the agent in turn impressed upon the home office that the claim was no joke. The agent was less amused when, two months later, the same climber submitted a second claim for a new top. The "convertible-top ripper" had ripped again, demolishing the new insurance-provided top.

The bears of Olympic National Park are particularly available for potential wildlife observers. A party which climbed Mt. Olympus two years ago reports sighting ten bears, including two mothers with cubs, a yearling, and a large older bear, during the four-day trip. (The experienced bear-watcher will immediately wonder if these ten bears were not the same two or three animals following the climbing party and donning various disguises.) While resting at Glacier Meadows, prior to making camp, the party detected a mother bear rifling the packs, with two cubs as interested observers. As a result, during the summit climb the packs and extra food were stored on top of the shelter cabin. Although the bears had obviously assaulted this challenge to their ingenuity, as witnessed by the shredded tarp which was wrapped around the packs, they had evidently been unable to reach the contents. A group of climbers arriving the following week was warned to make good use of the shelter-cabin storage roof, but they were not so fortunate. They returned from their climb in time to see an intelligence-indicating example of bear interrelationships. The mother bear had boosted the two cubs onto the roof, and they were observed in the act of busily pushing climbing packs on the ground.

Donna Hawkins reports: "For many years the bears at Glacier Meadows have harassed campers. Clever ways of concealing gear or putting it out of the bears' reach often failed. In 1962 a pack, containing a camera among other things, was taken by a bear. (Anyone sighting a picture-taking bear is urged to make a full report to *The Mountaineer* editor.)

"For the past three years a Glacier Meadows bear has raided caches belonging to the California Institute of Technology scientists who have a camp at the base of the Snow Dome. In 1962 the bear became emboldened to make nightly raids even after the scientists arrived, and it became necessary to keep an all-night watch. At length two park rangers armed with long-range rifles

came to dispatch the bear, on whom all milder efforts at control had failed. After a strenuous hunt in the forest, on the moraine, and over the glacier, they wounded but could not kill the bear. However, after his experience with gunfire the bear disappeared.

"A bear actually invaded the 6800-foot Mt. Olympus Snow Dome in 1960. Apparently having become practiced at glacier travel on the crevassed Lower Blue Glacier, where bears have wandered for years, this one had finally taken the next step and climbed 2000 feet to see what novel delights awaited on top of the Dome.

"From inside the University of Washington I.G.Y. hut, anchored securely to a rock buttress which separates the Upper Blue from the White Glacier, Ed LaChapelle noticed the moving black shape blot out his moonlight view of Mt. Olympus. Ugly growls and snarls awakened the Hawkins family, sleeping in a tent nearby. The bear, now pursued by three LaChapelles, lumbered past the tent and on up the rocks behind the hut.

"Gathering from all the shouting that the Snow Dome would be no pushover, the bear descended to the Lower Blue and eventually to his home at Glacier Meadows; the long descent took him down rotten and often very steep rock. In spite of all this discouragement, the bear made a repeat visit to the hut on the following night."

Bears seem to have an affinity for packs, though no one has reported whether the bear understands the proper method for using this piece of climbing equipment. Bill Campbell tells the story of two visitors who dropped heavy packs outside while accepting an invitation to tea in his tent at Glacier Meadows. A noise caused them to look outside just in time to see a bear making off up Mt. Mercury with one of the packs. Hosts and visitors chased the bear for a long time, finally losing sight and all trace of him and the pack. They returned to the tent only to discover that the other pack had been stolen while they were gone. Neither pack was ever seen again. Although most bears wear only fur coats, perhaps this robber bear dons long johns and a parka for his winter nap.

Probably more than one bear has been the cause of a mistaken identity mystery. Kenn Carpenter recounts his experience: "On an Everett Branch climb of Mt. Olympus in September, 1956, three of us were sleeping close together in a small hollow with our packboards between us at Glacier Meadows. About midnight, the middle man questioned, 'Larry, what are you doing in my pack?' No answer. 'Larry??' 'Wha-da-ya-want?' 'What are you doing in my pack?' 'I'm not in your blasted pack! Go to sleep!' In utter disbelief, the questioner snapped on his flashlight; there,

lying only inches from us with his head fully buried inside the packboard, was a full-grown black bear. Needless to say, the spontaneous yelling sent a sleepy bruin on his way."

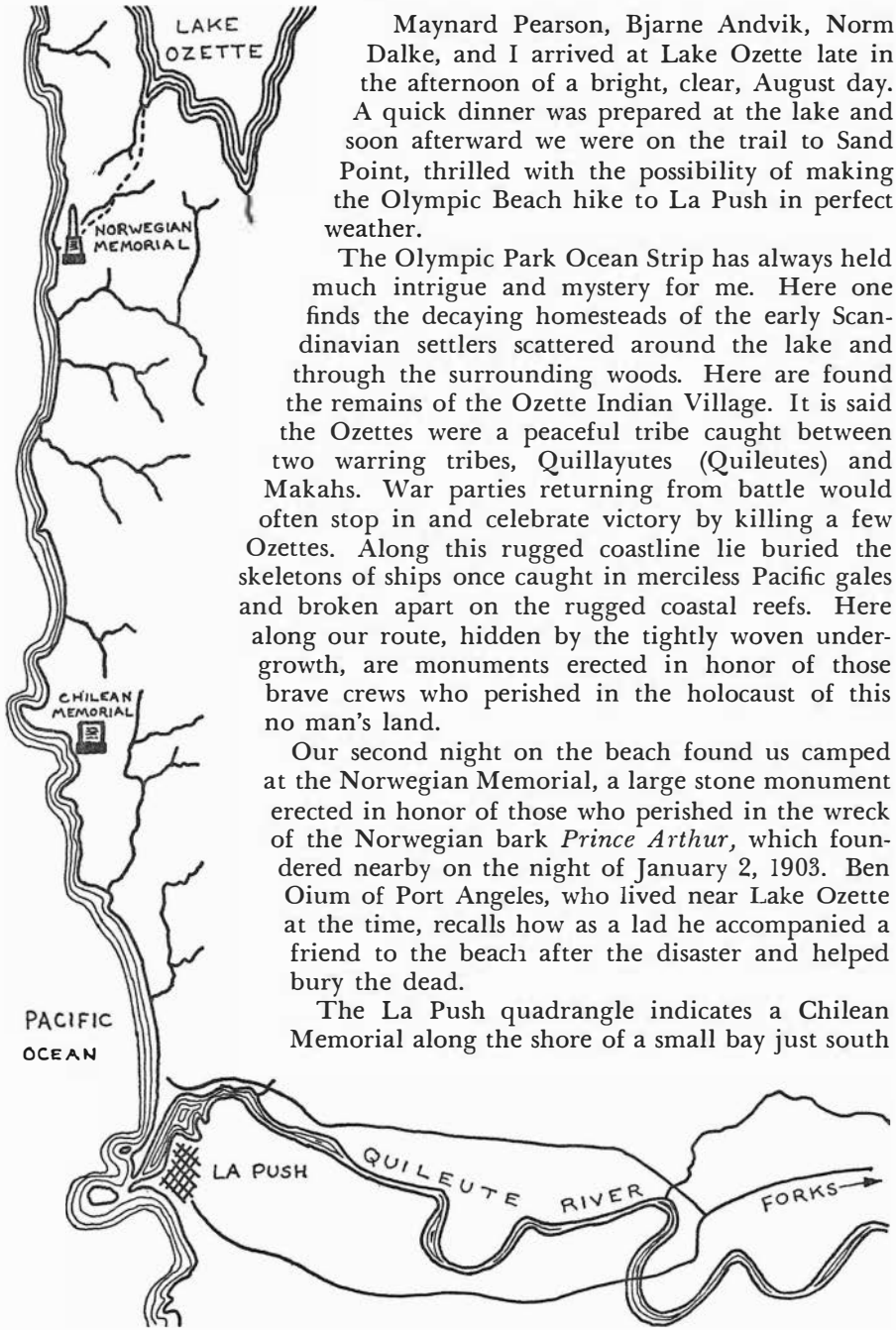
An activity associated with bear watching is bear chasing, but this is not recommended. The story is told of one Mountaineer family which camped in one of the Washington campgrounds. The two small girls became bored and asked their father what they could do for amusement. "Go find a bear to chase," he replied in all innocence. To his horror and probably to the bear's, he shortly rescued the animal by removing the girls from the foot of a tree. They had not only found the bear and chased him, but treed him as well, and when found they were observing their quarry intently. There is no record as to whether the animal was wearing a pack or carrying a camera.

It is obvious that bear-watching activities must be carried on with great caution. Although most bears in the woods leave human intruders alone unless said intruders purposely or unwittingly leave tempting packages unguarded, some bears with a taste of civilization have taken to demanding their rights. The Yellowstone Park breed, for instance, has come to expect cooky handouts in return for posing for tourist pictures. Some bears docilely accept tourists' attention as long as it is offered. However, if the bear-watcher attempts to depart before bruin's appetite is satisfied, the bear may revert to his precivilization brute-force methods of obtaining food. Every year several tourists, in spite of repeated warnings, are made painfully aware of the nasty nature a bear shows upon occasion.

He who studies the habits and activities of the family Ursidae gains more than the simple knowledge he seeks. One good bear experience can provide endless entertainment as the story is told and retold around countless campfires built by groups of bear-country invaders.

BEACH RESCUE

By THEODORE CARLSON



Maynard Pearson, Bjarne Andvik, Norm Dalke, and I arrived at Lake Ozette late in the afternoon of a bright, clear, August day. A quick dinner was prepared at the lake and soon afterward we were on the trail to Sand Point, thrilled with the possibility of making the Olympic Beach hike to La Push in perfect weather.

The Olympic Park Ocean Strip has always held much intrigue and mystery for me. Here one finds the decaying homesteads of the early Scandinavian settlers scattered around the lake and through the surrounding woods. Here are found the remains of the Ozette Indian Village. It is said the Ozettes were a peaceful tribe caught between two warring tribes, Quillayutes (Quileutes) and Makahs. War parties returning from battle would often stop in and celebrate victory by killing a few Ozettes. Along this rugged coastline lie buried the skeletons of ships once caught in merciless Pacific gales and broken apart on the rugged coastal reefs. Here along our route, hidden by the tightly woven undergrowth, are monuments erected in honor of those brave crews who perished in the holocaust of this no man's land.

Our second night on the beach found us camped at the Norwegian Memorial, a large stone monument erected in honor of those who perished in the wreck of the Norwegian bark *Prince Arthur,* which foundered nearby on the night of January 2, 1903. Ben Oium of Port Angeles, who lived near Lake Ozette at the time, recalls how as a lad he accompanied a friend to the beach after the disaster and helped bury the dead.

The La Push quadrangle indicates a Chilean Memorial along the shore of a small bay just south

of Cape Johnson. This marker we determined to locate. After approximating its location we began methodically combing every square foot of underbrush for some sign of it. After a half hour's search we came upon it, overturned and well concealed by the undergrowth. (The map location was very accurate.) It was indeed a big chunk of concrete weighing in the neighborhood of 2000 pounds. Had it been overturned by natural forces? Hardly! We surmised that the plaque had first been ripped from the Memorial, which was then overturned. This cowardly job must have taken several persons to accomplish. The question now, however, was, did we have time to raise the monument and still beat the incoming tide to Rialto Beach. We decided to try it. First we excavated and leveled out an area to receive the base. Then inch by inch, blocking, prying, and wedging, we slowly raised the heavy load to the point where one mighty effort from the four of us caused it to fall into place. Hurriedly we filled in around the base, erected a crude pointer near the beach, and then struck out for the next headland about a quarter of a mile away. We arrived at the point with no time to spare. The tide was rising fast and we found that only by wading could we make it around.

As we continued southward, many questions kept coming to mind. Who placed the monument in this remote place? What shipwreck did it commemorate? What was inscribed on the missing plaque? I was determined to find the answers.

I turned first to the National Park Service, informing them of our experience and seeking any information they might have on the subject. A search by their office revealed from maritime literature that the monument marked the final resting place of those who died in the wreck of the Chilean bark *Leonore*. A quick check of Lewis and Dryden's *Maritime History of the Northwest* revealed that the *Leonore* was wrecked on October 4, 1893, three miles north of the Quillayute River. This all seemed very logical to me. A Chilean Memorial and a Chilean ship. The monument must be for the *Leonore*.

On this assumption I then began an exhaustive search to determine who placed the monument and what was inscribed on the plaque. I found information identifying the monument with the *Leonore* but no clue to its origin could be found. I checked library sources but to no avail. I visited the Chilean Consul but he could shed no light on the subject. I contacted Royal Pullen, son of the Hudson Bay Company storekeeper at La Push at the time of the *Leonore* disaster. He stated he could vaguely remember his mother speaking of a monument to the *Leonore* but could give no definite details. After several years of periodic searching

it was suggested that I contact Mrs. Fred Niendorff, who keeps an extensive file of information on ship disasters along our coast. Mrs. Niendorff's reaction was, "That monument does not commemorate the *Leonore* disaster but that of the schooner *W. J. Pirrie.*" Mrs. Niendorff, together with her husband, had visited and photographed the monument in 1930, going there by Indian canoe from La Push. The inscription read as follows:

IN MEMORY OF THE
OFFICERS AND CREW OF
SCHOONER W. J. PIRRIE
WHO LOST THEIR LIVES IN
THE WRECK OF THIS
VESSEL NOV. 26, 1920
Captain Alfred Jensen

Mrs. Syndve Jensen, Haakon Jensen,
Peter Hohmann, Delevante W. Crossland,
Juan Lamplot, Enrique Robles, Oscar Ortiz,
Alfredd Ayancan, Albert Schroder, Manuel Devia,
Jose Andrade, Pasqual Gomez, Miguel Cardero,
Fructuoso Paredes, Placido Villamor, Pedro Recabarren,
Carlos Sanchez, Eulojio Guinez, Simon Olwares

The *W. J. Pirrie* was built as a bark-rigged sailing vessel at Belfast, Ireland, in 1883. She was named after Lord Pirrie, a member of one of the greatest of all Belfast seafaring families. She sailed in the Calcutta jute trade for a number of years, but in 1904 while on the west coast of South America she caught fire and was severely damaged. She was reduced to a hulk until World War I, when she was bought by a New York firm and fitted out as a five-masted schooner-barge. (This meant she would be towed but could spread a nominal amount of sail when winds permitted.)

It was on November 24, 1920, that the ill-fated *Pirrie* left Tacoma in tow of the steamship *Santa Rita* bound for South America. As the two ships proceeded down the Washington coast on that fateful Friday morning of November 26 they were caught in a deadly trap. Southwest winds attained an estimated 90 miles an hour. When off Destruction Island, Captain Tibbetts of the *Santa Rita,* in a desperate effort to save both ships, turned back and headed for Cape Flattery. By the time the ships had reached the mouth of the Quillayute River, however, they had been driven more than 15 miles toward shore. When only about 1000 yards from the southwest corner of James Island, Captain Tibbetts had to cut loose from the *Pirrie,* otherwise both ships would have been driven on the rocks. The *Santa Rita* made its way to sea with difficulty; but the *Pirrie* was swept shoreward and struck

Cake Rock about 2 miles north of James Island, where it soon broke in two under the relentless pounding. Two crewmen made it to shore alive by clinging to floating lumber. Bodies of the rest of the crew were scattered over a two-mile stretch of beach. Heroism on the part of the Indians was credited to keeping the two survivors alive.

Several weeks later the bodies were disinterred from the shallow graves in the sand along the beach in which they had been hurriedly buried, and placed in a common grave at the site of the present monument.

The *Pirrie,* like the *Leonore,* was a Chilean vessel. She was operating under Chilean registry with an all Chilean crew even though owned by an American company. This is no doubt the source of confusion regarding the monument's identity. Someone apparently hastily concluded that the monument was erected for the *Leonore* since she was a Chilean vessel, not being aware of the rare coincidence of the two disasters within close proximity of each other.

The correct information has now been given to the Park Service and a duplicate plaque is to be placed by them in the near future.

As far as can be ascertained, no permanent monument exists to honor those who perished with the *Leonore.* An anchor chain wedged between the rocks near "Hole in The Wall" reportedly from the *Leonore* is the only known evidence marking the *Leonore* disaster of 70 years ago.

CLIMBING NOTES

Edited by
NANCY MILLER

NORTH PICKETS CLIMBERS' OUTING

The North Pickets area was selected for a Mountaineer Climbers' Outing in 1962. It is one of the true wilderness areas in the state. The nearest road is about twenty miles away, and there is no trail for much of the route to the Luna Cirque. The area is located about halfway between Ross Lake and the Mt. Baker ski area.

The outing party was made up of two groups, one for one week, and the other for two weeks. Cal Magnusson, the outing leader, was the leader of the two-week group with Bob Swanson as assistant leader and food planner. Other members of the group were Jack Ardussi, Roger Jackson, Stan Jensen, Steve Marts, Don Mech, and Don Schmechel. The one-week group was led by Dan Hendricks, with Mike Bialos, Tom Nicolino, and Stuart Turner completing the group.

After the initial planning meetings, several group meetings and work parties were held to pack food and equipment for air drop. All the food except canned meat was packed in plastic bags and then in five-gallon cans wrapped in pasteboard. The canned meat was wrapped in pasteboard and put in burlap sacks. The food was packed in four-man packages for group cooking.

Arrangements were made to meet Bill Fairchild of Port Angeles at the Bellingham airport to fly in the air-drop supplies Friday, July 27. The drop was planned in the afternoon when the snow is soft to reduce possibility of damage. Ardussi, Jackson, and Marts accompanied Magnusson and the air-drop supplies to Bellingham.

The Piper Tri-Pacer was fairly bulging at the seams by the time all the gear was loaded. We had thirteen five-gallon cans, four gunny sacks, several day-packs, and several smaller packages wrapped in pasteboard for a total of 29 pieces weighing about 500 pounds. The pilot barely had room to get into his seat, and Magnusson was seated on the sack of tents beside the open door. Bill managed to coax the heavily loaded plane into the air and head it east toward the Pickets. The air-drop site on the Challenger Glacier was located and a test drop made. About fourteen passes were made over the glacier before the last of the packages went hurtling downward to the snow.

The entire party met at the end of the Ruth Creek road Saturday morning to start the long hike in. The four miles to Hannegan Pass was covered in the cool morning. The trail was in good condition and the next five miles were downhill so the party reached the Chilliwack River crossing shortly after noon. The river was quite cold and a little over knee deep, but the

entire party crossed with no trouble. It was refreshing to say the least. The climb up the abandoned Easy Ridge lookout trail was exhausting in the hot afternoon sun. Several large blowdowns required detouring, and it was a relief to come out on the crest of Easy Ridge. A cool breeze and easy heather slopes made the hiking enjoyable in spite of heavy packs. Running water was plentiful, and a good campsite was found near the crest of the ridge. After a good night's sleep the party continued on toward Perfect Pass and the Pickets. A little scouting paid off at the dike crossing below Whatcom Peak. A good traverse route was found above the deep gorge, eliminating the 1200-foot descent described in the guide book. A lunch stop was made at Perfect Pass before starting the 2-mile hike across the Challenger Glacier.

The unclimbed east face of Mt. Challenger was practically at our doorstep so we decided to try it for our first climb. A traverse was made across the glacier to the base of the steep rock face. Four pitons were used for safety on the first two leads. Jackson and Marts climbed a sharp spire on the east side of Mt. Challenger for a first ascent, and the first climb of the outing. They called it Waiting Tower as they climbed it while waiting for the rest of the party to get up the first two leads on Mt. Challenger. The route followed a dark brown dike to a series of ledges to the right, then directly up to the ridge crest, joining the regular route just below the rock summit. All eight of the party reached the summit. On the descent Ardussi, Jensen, Magnusson, Mech, and Schmechel climbed the first peak west of Challenger. It was called No Challenge because it was an easy scramble to the top.

The next morning the group split into two teams to climb new routes on the east face of Crooked Thumb. Jackson, Jensen, Marts, and Schmechel climbed directly up the face while Ardussi, Magnusson, Mech and Swanson climbed a diagonal gully and chimney system leading to the first notch north of the summit. The direct route was Class 3 to 4 requiring five hours to the summit. The diagonal route which looked easier from camp was Class 3 to 5 with a difficult overhang at the top and took eleven hours to reach the summit.

Wednesday, August 1, Jackson, Jensen, Marts, and Schmechel got up early to climb Phantom Peak. After sleeping late to recover from the long climb of the previous day Ardussi, Magnusson, Mech, and Swanson set out for the West peak of Challenger. Two tries were made on the east and north sides before the route up the west side was found. A nylon rappel sling was found on a sharp rock point west of the summit rock. Two strands were completely severed, and the third required only a slight pull to break it. The first ascent party had used it two weeks earlier, and apparently came close to a disastrous rappel. Both teams were successful in reaching their respective summits,

and met back at camp in the evening. The group had planned to move camp across the cirque to make an attempt on Mt. Fury, but storm warnings were present: cirrus clouds, falling barometer, and large ring around the sun; so we decided to spend another day on Challenger Arm to see what would develop.

The Middle Peak of Challenger was still unclimbed, so all but Jackson set out to climb it Thursday morning. The climb was fairly easy Class 3 rock scrambling up the west face. A large cairn and register were left on the summit. Ardussi, Magnusson, and Mech crossed the Challenger Glacier to the peak above Wiley Lake for a view of the Challenger peaks, but the clouds were closing in over the summits, so the group headed back to camp. High winds swept across the arm, and Jackson was busy trying to keep the camp from blowing away. A rock wall was built on the windward side, but even so the tents were whipped about considerably. Rain started falling during the night, and the wind whipped it right through the tent walls. Friday was spent in the tents sponging up the pools of water that collected on the floor. Saturday morning the ground was covered with about an inch of snow, but the rain soon melted it. The one-week party stopped by on their way out. The rain continued through Saturday, Sunday and Monday, so the only climbing accomplished was out of the sleeping bag in the morning, and back in at night. The group in the four-man tent had room to cook and eat inside, and could sit up comfortably, but those in the two-man tents took turns cooking outside in the rain, and could not even sit up in the tents without touching the wet walls. The time was spent reading, playing chess and cards, and watching the altimeter, and of course eating and sleeping.

Tuesday morning Jackson, Jensen, Marts, and Swanson packed up in the rain and headed out. The others decided to wait and see if the weather would clear in time for some more climbing. The next morning, the altimeter showed a noticeable drop indicating that the barometer was rising. The sun broke through several times between showers allowing some of the wet gear to be dried out. Camp was moved up to the snow col between the West and Middle peaks of Challenger. The plan was to head south and try for two first ascents if the weather was favorable. The first peak (7082 feet) is on the ridge running south from Phantom Peak between Goodell Creek and Picket Creek. It was named Old Brownie by the late Dr. Warren Spickard (ref. 1959 *Mountaineer*). The second objective was Pioneer Ridge (7020 feet).

The sky was clear when the group left camp at the first light of dawn. A traverse was made around the west side of Crooked Thumb and Phantom Peak to the 6000-foot col between Phantom and Old Brownie. A climb over the adjacent peak north of Old Brownie led to the base of the summit rock. Considerable loose rock was encountered near the base, but once up on

the rib, the climbing was on fairly solid rock to the summit. A cairn was built and a register left on the summit. An easy slope down the south side led to the base of Pioneer Ridge. It was mostly an easy snow climb with about 200 feet of fairly easy rock at the top. Neither peak had any evidence of previously being climbed. The trip back to camp was made by descending below the west face of Old Brownie. Considerable steep brushy slopes were encountered, and a bivouac was required. Firewood and water was available so a fairly comfortable night was spent on the lower slopes of Old Brownie.

The next morning the group arrived back at camp and ate a big meal consisting of breakfast and the previous night's dinner. The camp was then moved to Perfect Pass. Magnusson climbed to the top of Whatcom Peak to check on a possible new return route to Easy Ridge above the dike. It looked more difficult than the route taken on the trip in. A five-minute glissade led back to camp.

From Easy Ridge a new route over Mineral Mountain and the east shoulder of Ruth Mountain to Hannegan Pass was tried. The climb up the east face of Mineral Mountain was easy, but the west side was more of a problem. A steep convex slope hid most of the route from view so rather than start down and get caught by darkness on the steep brushy cliffs, camp was made on a flat bench at about 5000 feet. Fog filled the valleys when we awoke Sunday morning, and soon rain began to fall. The descent to Chilliwack Pass was down steep, wet, brushy cliffs. The vegetable rappel technique was used for the descent: grab both hands full of brush and slide down. The Easy Ridge trail would have been much easier, but we were exploring new territory.

High winds and rain lashed the group as they climbed the east ridge of Ruth Mountain. Everyone was soaked through, and too cold to stop for much lunch, but one stop was made in the shelter of a clump of trees to renew the supply of energy. The Ruth Mountain trail was followed to Hannegan Pass. The bottom dropped out of the sky and the last four miles were covered in about an hour in a torrential downpour, but it couldn't dampen the spirits of the highly successful party returning from the North Pickets.

CAL MAGNUSSON

MT. ADAMS—*Mazama Glacier Icefall*

Just south of Battlement Ridge on the east face of Mt. Adams, the Summit Glacier breaks off into two distinct icefalls. The nearest to the Ridge is the icefall of the Klickitat Glacier. Separated from it by a prominent cliff structure is another icefall on the southern end of the broad east face. This is the icefall of the Mazama.

The first climb of this icefall was made July 8, 1962, by Dave Mahre, Dr. Ralph Uber, and Lex Maxwell.

From a broad extremely steep headwall, the Summit Glacier drops through a narrowing cliff structure like an hourglass to spread out into the gentle form of the Mazama. The climb of the Mazama icefall presented two basic problems. First was the icefall itself, which, compressed by the torture of its walls and pressure from above, is torn and twisted into a maze of seracs and crevasses that visually presents a 1500-foot vertical pattern of chaos.

Our climb through this area involved some airy bridges, some delicate maneuvers on unstable seracs and lots of ice chopping. Hard hats saved us from trouble several times as icicles dropped from crevasse lips overhanging above us.

Above the icefall is a badly crevassed transition zone where the glacier gathers for its plunge. This is but a pause before the second problem . . . the headwall. At this point the headwall could be turned by a steep traverse over to a ridge on the left, or by a more difficult traverse to the right to reach the Upper Klickitat.

Our climbing team chose to tackle the headwall headon. It was an exhilarating effort to do this last problem on the front prongs of our 12-point crampons. There were some delicate snow bridges and the last 500 feet had moved up to 60°. When Dave Mahre reached over the top and set the last belay to bring us to the plateau of the false summit, it was more with regret than with relief for me to leave such a good climb behind. It had been 30 years ago almost to the day since I first had gone to the summit of Mt. Adams.

LEX MAXWELL

MOUNT ADAMS—*East Face Direct Via Victory Ridge*

On the weekend of July 7 Don (Claunch) Gordon and I camped on the north side of Mt. Adams with the hope of completing the last unclimbed route on the mountain—a direct ascent of the east face in line with the summit. On an ascent of the North Wilson Glacier in 1961 it was evident that there was just one feasible line through the fringing ice cliffs near the summit, and this was by climbing the upper portion of a steep rocky buttress called Victory Ridge. The climb would have to be done early in the summer in order to find sufficient snow and ice on the ridge's gullies and ledges to provide safe climbing, yet not too early, for then there would be an avalanche hazard.

A cool night and clear weather forecasted our best chance. We left camp about two in the morning and by daylight were already traversing beneath the Lyman Glaciers. In a few more hours we were roped, climbing up a segment of the South Wilson Glacier that led to a great headwall capped by the upper ice cliffs. Here the sun had already loosened particles of snow, and by the time we crossed a great bergschrund individual stones were hissing down the many channels grooved into the steep snow-and-ice face leading to upper Victory Ridge.

After crossing the schrund we climbed two leads on steep ice which demanded some cutting. Then we followed a snow arete on the ridge, and began a two-hour traversing climb to the right, much of the time dodging small but rapid rockfall and loose ice fragments. In time we climbed into the center of three prominent ice couloirs that sweep up to the cliff. On each lead we now had to cut steps, and continually watch for falling fragments. We mitigated danger by belaying from safe lateral ledges, and climbing rapidly from one safe stance to another. Eventually we cut and cramponed our way to a safe position directly under the ice cliff but here it overhung in all directions with great icicles barring even a chance of progress. We then cut steps to the left (south) for three long leads, using both rock and ice pitons on this traverse, keeping immediately beneath the final cliff. At one fifty-foot stretch, it was necessary to stay behind the curtain of icicles, a weird but technically safe traverse. Finally we cut across a section of black ice and found only two hundred feet of sloping ice ahead of us. Once up this, not even a single crevasse separated us from the summit, only a few hundred yards directly ahead.

FRED BECKEY

THORSON PEAK—*South Side*

In recent years a number of interesting climbing areas have been opened up in the eastern Olympics by construction of many logging roads. Perhaps the most interesting area of recent access lies above Jefferson Lake in the upper Jefferson Creek drainage system. From here interesting climbs on the north and west sides of Mount Washington, the west side of Mount Eleanor, and the south sides of Pershing and Thorson Peaks can be made.

On May 26, a party consisting of Arnold Bloomer, Don Butler, Art Filion, Roy and Judy Harniss, Bob Oram, Joyce Pinch, and Keith Spencer made the first ascent of the south side of Thorson Peak. We climbed north, leaving the road about a mile above Jefferson Lake. Surprisingly little brush was encountered on the lower slopes and we soon reached the base of the buttress leading toward the ridge. Pleasant climbing over moderate rock and snow put us on the false peak. The party traversed with some difficulty the rather airy interconnecting ridge to the main summit. Later in the year the ridge would have been a walk, but the soggy snow flanking the ridge crest provided rather delicate footing. We spent a few minutes on the summit enjoying the superb view of the nearby surrounding peaks and then rapidly descended directly from the main peak, intersecting our morning's route at a lower point. Thorson Peak had been a very interesting and enjoyable early-season climb, and it is recommended as an excellent viewpoint for the southeastern Olympics.

KEITH SPENCER

MT. FURY—*North Face*

On July 15 Fred Beckey and I made the first ascent of this 3000-foot very alpine face. From our camp on the Challenger Arm we contoured the glacier at the east bases of Challenger and Crooked Thumb and the northeast base of Phantom and the northwest base of Fury. At the end of this traverse we crossed under the main ice cliff on Fury, rushing through a few avalanche chutes, to a snow finger leading up to a notch in the rock ridge. We then climbed the rock to the left of the snow finger to the ridge crest. The route then followed the well-broken rock ridge to its top, usually staying to the right of the crest. There is one deep notch near the bottom of the ridge, which can be climbed down into and then climbed out of, and farther up there is a knife-edged snow ridge, which can be traversed. There were also several snow patches or gullies on the rock portion of the ridge. At the end of the rock portion of the ridge we went between two very steep gendarmes and then descended a few feet to the knife-edged snow ridge, which was then followed to the summit ridge. On the summit ridge there is one final rock pitch leading to the summit of the east peak.

The rock climbing on this route was all Class 4 except for a few occasional safety pitons. The snow was usually very steep and the knife-edged snow crests were very exposed. Nine hours were required for the ascent from our base camp and six hours were required for the descent by an easier route and the return to base camp. The return to camp involved reascending about 3000 feet to the Challenger Arm.

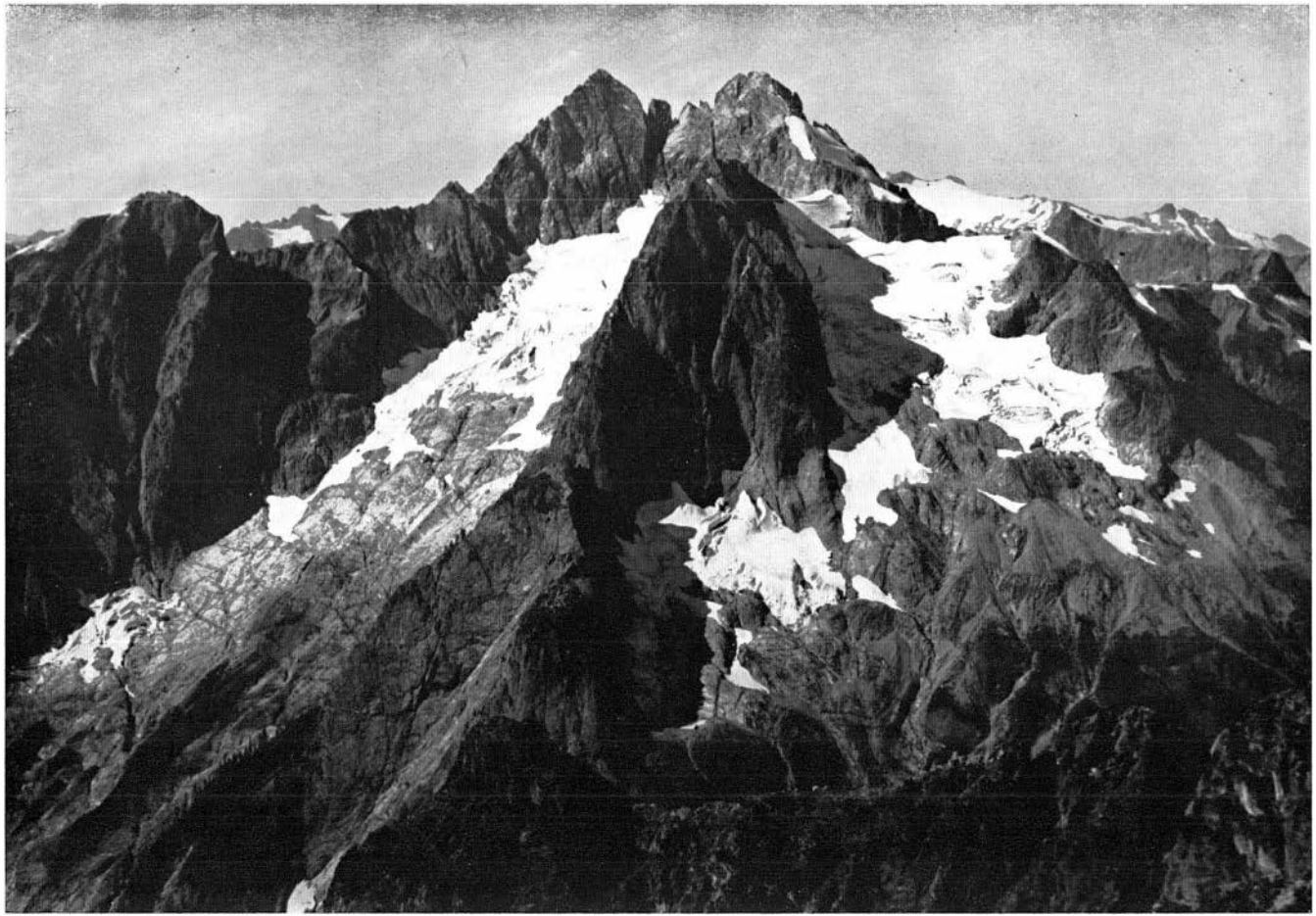
DAN DAVIS

CHALLENGER—*West Peak*

The first ascent of this peak was made by Fred Beckey, Ellie Street, and Dan Davis on July 14. From our base camp around the northeast corner of the Challenger Glacier we angled up the glacier to the north side of the west ridge. Beyond the snow finger on the north side we climbed up a very rotten rock face to the crest of the west ridge and then followed the ridge to the notch at the top of the snow finger. We then rappeled into the notch and crossed the knife-edged ridge of broken rock to the more solid rock on the main pinnacle. From here, on the west side of the pinnacle, we scrambled on the Class 3 rock to the summit.

The main difficulty on the climb was in ascending the rotten rock, which could have been avoided by circling around the west ridge in the beginning and then climbing up a south gully of broken rock to the notch. We descended by this route.

DAN DAVIS



Mt. Despair—North Face *Ed Cooper*

Unnamed Peak—Canadian Rockies near Mt. Robson *Ed Cooper*

MOUNT DESPAIR—*South Face*

On July 24, 1962, Cliff Lawson, Doug Barrie, and Dave Laster established a new route on Mount Despair. The route begins in a prominent "S"-shaped gully in mid-face which is followed to the right until it ends in a grassy platform. Three large, unstable-looking chockstones were bypassed in the gully. The route then follows a rib which begins slightly left of the grassy platform. The party climbed directly up, over a series of steps which offered good belay points for several short but difficult leads. Gullies were then followed to the right, joining the original route slightly below the summit. Earlier in the week, the same party also climbed Mount Triumph.

DAVE LASTER

SOUTHERN PICKETS TRIP

July, 1962, saw a party of seven climbers spending a week on the spectacular McMillan cirgue of the Pickets. The route in is as described in the 1962 *Mountaineer* by Ed Cooper; starting from Diablo up the three miles of the Stetattle Creek trail and then three miles of blazes cut by Ken Hunich in 1961 to the large slide area. Climbing up the timbered, cliffy hillside just to the right of the slide, the upper open country is reached and a traverse above Azure Lake brings one to a low point in the ridge just east of McMillan Spires. A descending traverse to the valley floor, using care to avoid the most hazardous parts of the ice fall below McMillan, brings one to an excellent campsite at 3900 feet, reached in one and a half days' time.

The glacier falling northward from Pyramid and Degenhardt Mountain (referred to as the "Degenhardt Glacier" by the party), was ascended and Degenhardt and Pyramid were gained via their east-west ridges, respectively. Two members made a first ascent of the low, outrigger peak southeast of East Fury, referred to as the "South Peak of Fury." Frenzelspitz of the Crescent Creek Spires was reascended by the entire party, two members doing a new route on its north ridge while the others proceeded up its south ridge. Three climbers climbed the steep ice couloir just west of the massif lying between Mount Terror and the Twin Needles, which was referred to as "The Blob," and gained its minor west summit where there was possible evidence of a previous ascent.

The north wall of the Southern Pickets offers many new, high-angle ice and rock climbs for those willing to spend a day or two getting there and fighting the brush in Stetattle Creek.

The party was composed of Tony Hovey, Ken Hunich, Don Keller, John and Irena Meulemans and Joe and Joan Firey.

JOAN FIREY

FORTRESS MOUNTAIN

This massive peak was climbed from its long connecting ridge with Chiwawa Mountain by John Prochnau and Clarke Stockwell in September, 1962. The ridge was reached from Miners Creek, and the glacial cirque northeast of Fortress. The climb was not technically difficult, but due to loose boulders it was extremely hazardous.

CLARKE STOCKWELL

OLYMPIC SAWTOOTHS

CASTLE SPIRES—*West Face:* The second annual Bremerton climbers' reunion was held in the Olympic Mountain Sawtooth area over the Labor Day weekend. About 15 climbers took part in the climbing which included several ascents of the spectacular west face of Cruiser Peak.

Of particular interest to Art Filion and myself during this outing was the west face of Castle Spires. The Spires is an imposing piece of rock located directly above the meadow just below Gladys Pass. I had been interested in the face since an earlier trip to the area. At that time fresh snow on ledges traversing the face indicated that the route might be practical.

We climbed scree above the meadow camp to the single tree marking the start of the west face. From here we angled to the right to gain access onto the face, and then climbed a steep though not difficult open gully. The gully ended in an overhang which we bypassed with some sweat and a piton, by angling out onto the face. Sixty feet higher the slope's angle eased, allowing us to regroup. Above this point the face again steepened, and an open chimney seemed to offer the best possibility. The chimney gradually petered out forcing us to climb an airy rib past the last difficulties. The summit block was quickly surmounted, and a register check verified that we had made a first ascent of the face.

In retrospect, the climb turned out to be not as severe as we had anticipated. However, the general angle of the face and the conspicuous absence of belay points encouraged us to keep our hands full of mountain.

KEITH SPENCER

BLEWETT PASS ROCK PRACTICE AREA

A new rock practice area was discovered last spring by David Beckstead, John Brottem, and Art Amot. The area is located on Blewett Pass near the Sunset Road. Forlorn Rock, which is the most prominent from the road, was climbed on the north side (Class 3). The rock is Swauk Sandstone.

CASHMERE CRAGS

Monument—Northeast Face: Fred Beckey and I climbed this face for the first time on June 26. From the northeast ridge crest we climbed the left one of three prominent parallel cracks on the face to the summit block. We then threw a rope over the summit block and prussiked up. The climbing up to the summit block was fairly difficult Class 6, requiring many wide-angle pitons or wood blocks.

DAN DAVIS

Prussik Peak—South Face: On June 26, Fred Beckey and I completed the first ascent of this long, spectacular face in the Cashmere Crags. The route started at the base of the chimney which is at the bottom of the left one of two prominent "V's" on the right portion of the face. Near the top of the chimney we climbed left for two short leads to some trees. Behind the trees we climbed diagonally right up a steep slab to a long chimney-gully, which was ascended for about two leads. Eventually we climbed out of the right side of the chimney-gully and then traversed right on a good ledge system for one short lead. Then we climbed up one short lead to a small tree. Immediately above the tree we climbed a crack system, with the aid of several wide-angle pitons for one long rope length. From there we climbed another long chimney-gully bypassing a large chockstone on the left, to a notch just east of the summit. A short direct-aid crack then took us to the summit.

This was a long (about ten leads), difficult, sometimes strenuous, Class 5 and 6 rock climb.

DAN DAVIS

The Mole—North Face: This very smooth face was first climbed on August 20 by Don (Claunch) Gordon, Pat Callis, Eric Bjornstad, and Dan Davis. After ascending from Rat Creek the party traversed around the Mole's west face and northwest ridge to the north face. On the face, the route started at the lower right-hand side and followed, in two leads with one near-hanging intermediate belay, a single crack up to a tree ledge near the left-hand sky line. The route then continued up the left side of the face to the summit in two more leads. The first two leads were difficult Class 5; the second two were Class 4 or 5.

DAN DAVIS

Dragontail—North Peak: On June 28 Fred Beckey and I made the first ascent of this peak. Our route was mostly up a long gully on the right side of the north face. When the gully met the ridge to the right we angled up to the left, remaining on the face, to the summit.

The climb was Class 3 and 4 except for two pitons, which were used in one spot for safety. There was some loose rock on our route. For the descent we found a much shorter and easier route down the east face.

DAN DAVIS

Dragontail—Northwest Face: Fred Beckey and I climbed the 3000-foot northwest face of Dragontail on June 28. The route was mostly up a wide gully which lies just to the left of the summit. We climbed diagonally left into the wide gully and then continued up the left side of the gully until we were about three-fourths of the way up. Then we crossed the gully and the ridge to the right to another large gully. We ascended the left side of this gully to the final summit pinnacle. We then climbed a short vertical pitch to the left of the pinnacle and then diagonally around to the left and up to the summit.

This climb was mostly Class 3 and 4 except for a very difficult Class 5 pitch on a slab about halfway up the first gully and an easier Class 5 pitch encountered when we climbed over the ridge between gullies. There was some serious rockfall while we were on the difficult slab in the first gully.

DAN DAVIS

Snow Creek Wall—Orbit Route: This new route was completed November 7 by Fred Beckey and Dan Davis. It was a long, difficult, Class 5 and 6 climb with only two pitches requiring much aid. Under most circumstances it would be a two-day climb.

DAN DAVIS

PESHASTIN PINNACLES

Grand Central Tower: The southeast face of Grand Central Tower is the most overhanging problem in the Pinnacles, and with early-spring ambition, it was climbed in several half-day assaults by Fred Beckey, Henry Mather, Dan Davis, and Eric Bjornstad. The climb begins on a thin crack line about fifty feet south of the upper col, and soon works out on an overhang far above the slope below. Surprisingly, bolts were used for protection only in three places, and it was possible to use pitons and wood-blocks on the initial crack. At one place, it was feasible to climb into a cave and thread the rope through a slot, and in this way prussik up twenty feet that would have been direct aid. The route ends on the narrow crest just south of the summit.

The entire west face of Grand Central Tower, including the bolt ladder, and the second pitch of the northwest face, have been climbed free-style now. Austrian Slab was climbed com-

pletely free, and continued on to the top of the second lead by Fred Beckey, Eric Bjornstad, and Don Gordon.

FRED BECKEY

TUMWATER CANYON

Tumwater Tower: The west face was climbed for the first time by Fred Beckey and Eric Bjornstad, using a series of piton cracks. It was possible to make the entire climb free except for a seven-foot stretch of holdless rock where two bolts were placed.

Midnight Rock: The third direct route to the top of Midnight Rock was called the "Black Widow" and after several frustrating sorties in previous years, was completed by Fred Beckey and Eric Bjornstad. The climb features a long lead, using giant wood-blocks in a crack that eventually veers left into a great overhang. A total of 14 bolts are now in place on the route. At one point the leader has to switch his ropes and stirrups from the left wall to the opposite side, making a complete body turn to the outside on the free overhang. With feet dangling in the air, this is a sensation enough to justify the climb for this move alone. On the final part of the climb, it is possible to stem a "V" chimney to its conclusion.

The next route to be climbed to its conclusion was the "Outer Slab" route, which follows the two sensational traverses of the "Wild Traverse" route to the "Roller Coaster" chimney. At this point it is necessary to climb the smooth slab that gives the route its name. On the first ascent, by Fred Beckey and Dick Willmott, an off-balance slanting piton crack was used for direct aid, and a pendulum traverse made to the fourth belay ledge. However, on the second ascent just a week later, Fred Beckey, Dan Davis, and Eric Bjornstad found that a wide crack on the slab further right was possible to jam free, using giant angle pitons for safety. The final lead uses a delightful thin jam-crack which ends beneath a final boulder-type slab problem. A bolt was placed for protection, and the move then made above it free. The entire climb is enjoyable, exposed, and sustained from start to finish.

FRED BECKEY

MT. CONSTANCE

Rottenrockel Spitz: On June 17, 1962, Pete Schoening, Brian Gordon, and Jim Lindsay climbed the easternmost of three pinnacles which lie in a spur ridge extending north and west from the north end of the inner Constance Ridge. The pinnacle is easily identified by a huge split which bisects it completely. A chimney stem led to the east ridge in two leads over rotten rock. The other two pinnacles are believed to be still

unclimbed. The ascent was made in conjunction with a traverse of the entire inner Constance Ridge. Dan Northcutt, Doug Barrie, and Dave Laster completed the high traverse party.

DAVE LASTER

BRITISH COLUMBIA

THE CHIEF: The third complete route up a major face of the Chief, a giant granitic monolith near Squamish, B.C., was made in early June by Fred Beckey, Henry Mather, and Les MacDonald. The route follows a prominent buttress on the direct north face, in full view of the town. Called the "Angel's Crest," it was the subject of a two-day attempt some three years ago.

The route was done with bivouac gear, the night being spent on a comfortable ledge some 250 feet from the summit rim. The first day we climbed and traversed the airy steps of the crest, following the route of before. There are three crux leads, each involving some very delicate free climbing, with some aid on the first lead.

On the final day, a very difficult crack leads to the buttress crest, which seems to overhang and block all means of escape. The route that succeeded was complicated in its zigzagging, and featured the use of many small chromalloy pitons. The route finished on a narrow edge, very exposed, on a 60-foot crack that overhung in its entirety. Because the climb begins only about a mile from the highway, and follows such marvelous rock, it is felt that it may become a popular technical classic.

FRED BECKEY

CANADIAN ROCKIES

Unnamed Peak: To the south of Mt. Robson lies a handsome peak, the type of peak you might say about, "My that's a worthy looking peak; we shall have to climb it sometime," but concentrate your attention on Mt. Robson. Apparently this is what everybody has done. Being interested in photographing Robson from a different angle, we decided to climb the peak. It appears very prominent from the Mt. Robson Coffee Shop when looking southeast, and resembles turreted towers. The ascent was made from the Mt. Robson Ranch in one day, by the northwest gully to a basin about 1500 feet below the summit, then circling around to the west, and then south, where the ascent was made up easy talus slopes. Local residents flattered me by referring to it as "Cooper's Castle" thereafter. It is the highest peak in the group to the south of Mt. Robson, and as far as I have been able to determine, it had no name, not even a local one.

ED COOPER

SAWTOOTH RANGE, IDAHO

THE ROTTEN MONOLITH: Together with Mt. Heyburn and the Grand Aiguille, the great white spire to the west, known as the "Rotten Monolith," is the most imposing of the front peaks of the Sawtooth Range as seen from the Stanley Basin. It has been the subject of several attempts, and a number of near-attempts.

Jerry Fuller, Louis Stur and I made the first ascent, after a previous reconnaissance to determine the route and equipment needed. As it turned out, the prime requisite for the climb is not specialized equipment, but a good deal of nerve and extremely strong fingers. We found it possible to work up the overhanging outer edge of a 4-inch flake by grasping it like one would a piece of lumber. There were other problems, such as objective dangers from a perched, dangerous flake that one had to touch while maneuvering, and some difficult cracks. Only one bolt was used on the climb, and that for protection. In some places, it was possible to drive chromalloy angle pitons directly into the rock crystals and yet get reasonable security.

MT. HEYBURN—*North Face:* Perhaps the most obvious mountain wall in the Sawtooth Range is the north face of Mt. Heyburn. It is only a few hours' walk from Redfish Lake, and the rock is excellent granite. Jerry Fuller and I made its first ascent, using pitons only for protection, on a one-day assault from Sun Valley. We had a support party who watched while we climbed. The route climbs up the lower north buttress from the west corner, and after some difficult crack climbing, one is temporarily marooned atop a slab near a "false summit" of the buttress. Here a rappel to a ledge on the east face saves the day, and soon the climbing becomes serious again, with a difficult chimney and a very exposed traverse being the key points on the ascent.

MT. HEYBURN—*Winter Ascent:* The first winter ascent of Mt. Heyburn was made by Louis Stur of Sun Valley and Fred Beckey. Skis were used from the main highway, on a long trek through Redfish Lake and to the ridge above Bench Lakes. The final climb was done on the west face, now accepted as the normal route. Surprisingly, though it was quite cold, very few of the key holds had snow, although there was considerable verglas.

FRED BECKEY

Pinnacles on Verita Ridge: On September 19, six previously unclimbed pinnacles on Verita Ridge in the Sawtooth Range were climbed by a party consisting of Fred Beckey, Steve Marts, Bill Marts, Eric Bjørnstad, and Dan Davis. Breakfast Tower, which is a flat-topped pinnacle on the crest near the southeastern end of the ridge, was climbed by Bjørnstad and Davis by its south face. The first lead, to the top of the south rib, was Class

5; the second required four-five pitons for aid in a poor crack. Lunch Tower, which is a very pointed pinnacle below the crest and southeast of Breakfast Tower, was climbed by Bjørnstad and Davis by a chimney on the northwest face. This was a Class 5 climb with the main difficulty being traversing into the chimney near the beginning. Dinnertime Tower, which is the second pinnacle from the southeast end of the ridge, was climbed by Beckey, S. Marts, Bjørnstad, and Davis by a crack system on the southeast face and was an easy Class 5 climb. Desert Tower, which is the last pinnacle on the southeast end of the ridge, was climbed by Davis by crack systems on its southeast face and was Class 4-5. The rock was a bit crumbly and all the corners of the cracks were very rounded. Damocles, which is on the ridge crest and just northwest of the Tower of Pizza, was climbed by Beckey and S. Marts by a rather circuitous route. From the northeast base the route went diagonally right on a ledge system about two-thirds of the circumference of the tower to a belay spot and then back to the left on a finger traverse, to a roomy ledge from which a short chimney was climbed to the summit. Another pinnacle, which was just to the southwest of Damocles and below the crest, was climbed by Beckey and S. and B. Marts. From the notch on the northwest side the route swings around to the northeast side and then climbs a crack and a slab to the summit.

Packrat—North Face: The first ascent of the north face of Packrat, which is in the Sawtooth Range, was done by Fred Beckey, Steve Marts, and Dan Davis on September 21. From near the center of the base of the face we first worked our way up angling ledge systems to the base of the largest slab. This slab was bypassed by means of a chimney near its left end. From the top of the chimney we angled right up more ledge systems until we reached a longer ledge angling steeply left. We followed this new ledge for about 200 feet and then climbed straight up to a grassy ledge just above it. From this grassy ledge we climbed right onto another ledge which was the base of a final gully. We then climbed the steep gully to the summit ridge.

This climb was mostly Class 3 with an occasional Class 4-5 pitch. The main problem was route finding.

La Fiamma: The first ascent of this very spectacular pinnacle was done September 23 by Fred Beckey, Steve Marts, and Dan Davis. La Fiamma, which was named by our party, is located in the Sawtooth Range near the end of the Ridge leading south from Packrat. It is located part way up the hillside on the west side of the ridge. From the pinnacle's notch separating it from the hillside we angled up the broken face to a notch on the north side of the pinnacle. From this upper notch we then traversed on a flake around the west face to a chimney, which split the pinnacle. We climbed this narrow chimney to within about twenty feet of the top and then climbed out onto the west

face of the south part of the pinnacle, which was climbed to its top. From here we stepped across the top of the chimney to the upper west face of the main pinnacle and then completed the climb on the west face.

This was a continuously difficult Class 5 and 6 rock climb. The first lead, to the upper notch was Class 5; the second lead to the top of the chimney was Class 5 except for one aid piton in the chimney and a few more on the west face after climbing out of the chimney; the third was Class 6 with the aid of a few very poor bolts and pitons. The pinnacle and the part split away from it are so thin and overhanging that one wonders if maybe his additional weight on the top might topple it over. Fortunately the rock is very solid.

WARBONNET—*North Face:* The north face of Warbonnet was first climbed September 22 by Fred Beckey, Steve Marts, and Dan Davis. From the southeast notch of Warbonnet traverse around the east face on a ledge system until the ledges end at a major ridge. Then climb a chimney with a large obvious chockstone at its top. In the lower part of the chimney a steep part is bypassed by climbing right up a steep slab, after which one can return to the chimney on a ledge. The end of the chimney brings one to a ridge crest. About thirty feet above where the chimney reaches the ridge crest the ridge ends in a vertical, flawless wall, which was climbed with the aid of seven bolts. Above the bolt ladder continue up a steep slab to the summit.

The climb was Class 4 and 5 except for the one bolt ladder.

DAN DAVIS

MONTANA

IBEX PEAK—*North Arete:* In May, 1962, a party consisting of Jim Straud, Bill Boulton, Debbie Boulton, all from the Spokane Mountaineers, and Clarke Stockwell completed this 1000-foot, Class 3-4 rock climb. Since no prior record of this route was found, it was assumed as a first.

Ibex Peak is located in the Cabinet Range of northwest Montana. It is north of Noxon on U.S. Alternate Route 10, and can be reached from the Bull Lake Road. Excellent U.S.G.S. topographic maps cover this area, and many fine climbs are to be found.

The north arete is reached from the sharp north col that separates the main tower of Ibex Peak from the subsidiary summit, Little Ibex. The col is reached by climbing up the west side from the Bull River. The arete climbs steeply for the remaining approximately 1000 feet and is climbed on its left edge.

CLARKE STOCKWELL

ADMINISTRATION

AND COMMITTEE REPORTS

November 1, 1961–October 31, 1962

ADMINISTRATIVE DIVISION

Finance Committee

The major accomplishment of the Finance Committee during 1962 was achieved early in the year. At the February board meeting the committee submitted its report recommending an increase in dues and initiation fees. This report was approved by the Board of Trustees and the Finance Committee then assisted in drafting the By-Laws amendment incorporating the dues increase. The club membership voted approval of the increases in October. The Finance Committee has since considered various means of financing a new Seattle clubroom. As 1962 closes, the committee is investigating the most advantageous investment of club funds as permitted by the By-Laws.

Insurance Committee

Last year the company which carried our liability insurance, along with most other insurance companies, refused to renew any policy which included rope tows. The Insurance Committee, through our brokers Marsh & McLennan-Cosgrove & Company, contacted over twenty companies before they found one which did accept our liability insurance, a company located in St. Johns, Newfoundland. The rope tows are included but at a considerably higher premium than formerly. We are continuing to consolidate our separate policies and to convert to a fiscal year basis for easier accounting.

Membership Committee

While Orientation meetings have been dropped as a requirement for admission, the Membership Committee instituted a Junior-B orientation examination as a requirement for membership for those in the 14- to 18-year age group. Junior-B applicants must receive a passing grade on this open book examination which uses only material contained in the membership packet. The committee revised the membership packet to include more specific membership information and a new questionnaire.

Club population increased from 4322 in November of 1961 to 4608 in November of 1962. These figures include Tacoma, 375 to 398 and Everett from 148 to 141.

CONSERVATION DIVISION

The division was reorganized during the year in an attempt to secure fuller participation from its members and to spread out the workload. There are now six committees, as follows: National Parks, National Forests, State-County-Local Areas, Conservation Education, Rhododendron Preserve, and Wilderness Recreation Research. The National Parks, Conservation Education, and Rhododendron Preserve Planning Committees are the most active. The Conservation Education Committee is developing a speakers' bureau, exhibits, film strips, etc. The club, through the Conservation Division, continued its support of the Wilderness Bill. One member presented a club statement at a public hearing held by the House Committee on Interior and Insular Affairs at McCall, Idaho. An appeal was made to the U.S. Forest Service to establish policies governing the use of motor scooters on forest trails. The Forest Service did publish these policies during early 1962. Division members are continually reviewing the application of these policies in conjunction with observation of motor scooter use. The club continued its support of the Northwest Conservation Representative. This individual assists conservation groups in conducting studies on current issues and in maintaining liaison with land management personnel.

Division members attended several conferences called by the governor to discuss conservation education, and a proposed open-space program to acquire additional recreational lands.

A farewell party was held for Mr. and Mrs. Preston Macy. Mr. Macy had recently retired as Superintendent of Mt. Rainier National Park.

Secretary of Interior Udall was urged to maintain the integrity of the National Park System by providing protection of Rainbow Bridge National Monument from the waters of Glen Canyon Reservoir. The club also urged that any necessary hotel facilities for Mt. Rainier National Park be constructed at the periphery of the park, rather than at a high elevation.

Division members assisted FWOC officers in planning and conducting a Wilderness Conference in Seattle on April 14-15, 1962.

A study was made of a proposal to acquire the Marymoor Farm for a county park, and the King County Commissioners were urged to take this action. The county subsequently purchased this property for park purposes.

The division prepared resolutions for submission to the 1962 FWOC Convention held at Camp Baker, Oregon on September 1-3, 1962. President Latz was the club delegate.

INDOOR DIVISION

By way of honoring the 50th Anniversary of the Tacoma Branch of The Mountaineers, a group of these members handled all arrangements for the *Annual Banquet,* which was held on April 24, 1962 at the Top of the Ocean, Old Town, preceded

by a reception in the Tacoma Clubhouse only a block up the hill from the shore, where an exhibit of mountaineering equipment and clothing of fifty years ago was of interest. The 230 persons attending the banquet were entertained by remarkable stereo lantern slides of wild life and scenery taken years ago by and shown by L. D. Lindsley, a charter member of The Mountaineers. The annual *Service Award* was presented to Harvey H. Manning, member since 1948, active in climbing and especially in the publications work of the club, notably *Mountaineering, The Freedom of the Hills.*

During the nine-month period of September 1961 through June 1962, the *Photographic* group met eight times for study of techniques and informal competition; *Bridge* sessions were held on two Monday evenings a month; the regular monthly *Dance* was enjoyed on each first Friday, with average attendance of 156; and *Dinner Meetings* at the Ben Paris Restaurant were held each month through March, after which they were discontinued because of the April opening of Century 21. Through the pictures of fellow members and friends, an average of 35 persons each time have roamed the northern hemisphere from Alaska, across North America, Europe, Russia, and India to Japan. *Monthly Meetings* were continued at the Post-Intelligencer auditorium through December, then had to be located elsewhere. By courtesy of Seattle City Light, we have been welcomed to their auditorium at 8th North and Roy Street beginning in February. A wide variety of programs covering mountain lore, climbing, and geology have been presented. John E. Doerr, newly appointed Superintendent of Olympic National Park, was our guest in February. It may also be recorded that, with the generous help of members who used MJB coffee for several months, a large-size coffee urn, percolator type, was acquired for club meetings. All of the above programs except for photography meetings were resumed in the autumn of 1962.

The *Players* again presented a lively and very tuneful musical comedy, *Wildcat* by N. Richard Nash with Cy Coleman and Carolyn Leigh, under the direction of Earl Kelly and Bob Young (Li'l Abner of 1961). A cast of 42, plus almost as many more of a technical and production group, depicted the hopes and fortunes of an oil town in the riotous Southwest of 1912. Because of unfortunate weather on May 27 and June 2 and 3, the run of the play was extended past June 9 and 10 to an extra weekend, June 16 and 17. Some 4000 persons attended the seven performances, and $657 was turned in to the club treasury.

OUTDOOR DIVISION

Possible effects of the Seattle World's Fair on Mountaineer programs in 1962 were considered and plans made to anticipate them. A schedule of trips was made up and posted outside the

clubroom for the convenience of outdoor-club members visiting Seattle.

Two new Outdoor programs were approved by the Board of Trustees in 1962: The Botany Committee offers members an opportunity to study alpine plants; the Olympia Climbing Course Committee plans a Basic Climbing Course in Olympia in 1963. The Junior Committee was made a part of the Outdoor Division in October.

Committees

Botany: The program got underway with good attendance at a field trip in the Monte Cristo area and one indoor session.

Campcrafters: Eight weekend family-camping trips were scheduled with an average attendance of 35. A potluck dinner was held in February and a reunion in October.

The annual Gypsy Tour, in Glacier National Park, Montana from July 28 to August 12, attracted 64 persons. The group camped at St. Mary Campground and at Swiftcurrent Campground in the Many Glacier area, climbed five peaks and enjoyed many hikes in the Park.

Climbing: Basic Climbing Course registered 268 persons, graduated 116. Six basic and five intermediate field trips were all successful. Sixty-nine experience climbs were completed—the largest number ever. Fourteen persons graduated from the Intermediate Climbing Course.

Seminar program included two field trips—ice climbing and rock climbing, the latter offered for the first time in 1962.

Two Climbers' Outings of two weeks each were held, one in the Northern Pickets, the other in the Northern Selkirks. Good climbing was enjoyed on both trips despite several days of bad weather.

The Climbing Committee accepted responsibility for the maintenance of the club map file which is available to all members in the clubroom.

Juniors: Mountaineer Juniors had fun at a Hallowe'en hayride and work-party at Meany, a wiener roast and songfest at Golden Gardens, a ski trip to White Pass, at several water-ski parties during the summer and on a service project at Lena Lake in the Olympic Mountains. As a result of the latter activity, when Juniors repaired a bridge across Lower Lena and picked up more than twenty gunny sacks of litter, they received a letter from the U.S. District Ranger thanking them for their efforts.

Safety: The committee prepared a report on climbing hazards encountered by Mountaineers in 1961 and distributed 300 copies. Accident-report forms were made available to aid in the collection of incidents on a continuing basis. Rescue-information pamphlets were prepared and distributed. American Alpine Club Accident Reports for 1961 were purchased and distributed.

Monthly Bulletin articles called attention to special seasonal hazards as part of an on-going, safety-education program.

A survey was made of stretcher locations and first-aid caches. None of the sites was in need of new equipment.

Ski Tours: Eleven ski tours were held with an average attendance of 14 for one-day tours and 13 for overnight tours. There were two in-town sessions: a slide-show, panel-discussion introduction to ski touring and a snow-camping seminar.

Summer Outing: Fifty-six people attended the Summer Outing, held from July 28 through August 11. Based at Spray Park, Mt. Rainier, the outing was designed as an experiment in offering a permanent camp with side trips into the surrounding country. Climbers ascended eight peaks and two viewpoints.

Trail Trips: A 10 percent increase in activity was shown in 1962 with 42 trips scheduled from January through November. Attendance averaged 22 each on 11 Saturday hikes; 20 on 27 Sunday trips; 15 on two weekend trips and 18 on each of two holiday outings.

Viewfinders: Fourteen snowshoe trips were held on alternate Saturdays and Sundays January through April, with an average attendance of 16 per trip.

Twenty-seven Viewfinder hikes averaged 19 each. Four trips were overnight, the remainder on alternate Saturdays and Sundays from May through October.

First Viewfinder Outing was held from August 12 to 18 inclusive. Seven people completed the back-pack trip on the Cascade Crest trail from Stevens Pass to Snoqualmie Pass, while an additional six left the outing at Goldmeyer Hot Springs.

PROPERTIES DIVISION

A possible cabin site was secured in Crystal Mountain Ski Area by action of the *Crystal Mountain Feasibility Study Committee.* The responsibility of this committee is to investigate and prepare a report for the Board of Trustees on the feasibility of constructing a cabin at Crystal Mountain. The committee represents The Mountaineers in the Crystal Mountain Users Association comprised of the groups having cabin sites in the area.

The *Clubroom* at 523 Pike, which was redecorated by being painted and having new lights and drapes installed in the later part of 1961, was burdened by the increased need for office space to accommodate the secretarial personnel required by increased membership. The reduction in space available for clubroom purposes has stimulated the *Future Clubroom Committee* in its endeavors to find a more suitable clubroom.

The "longest rope tow in the Northwest"—The Snow-Cat to *Meany Ski Hut*—was the life-line which kept the hut as popular as ever during the 1962 ski season, having on occasion, upwards to 85 persons. During the work party season, construction of a power line from the Northern Pacific Railroad tracks to the Hut was started after an agreement had been consummated with the railroad for power and the project had been authorized by the

Board of Trustees. The line which will be used to serve the power requirements of the Hut will be completed during the 1963 work parties. The bridge on the road to the hut at the foot of the hill below the Northern Pacific tracks washed out again during a chinook storm this fall, requiring a Herculean effort to replace it just before the start of the 1962-63 ski season.

Mt. Baker Lodge as usual got an early start on the 1962-63 ski season with capacity crowds during the Thanksgiving Holidays. Skiers attending the lodge will notice that the interior paneling has been completed.

On October 12, 1962, a damaging wind storm took its toll at *Rhododendron Preserve* by blowing over treees and breaking branches. Falling debris damaged the roof of Flett Cabin by breaking rafters which have been repaired.

The same storm and later high winds at *Snoqualmie Lodge* blew over many trees which required feverish work to clear the road into the area. During the past ski season, the lodge experienced its largest attendance. The "Snow Bunnies" enjoyed using the newly constructed Peanut Tow below the lodge while the Intermediate and Advanced Rope tow areas afforded good skiing due in part to hill clearing accomplished by previous work parties.

Stevens Ski Hut served as a haven for skiers enjoying some of the most challenging alpine ski runs in Washington. Tired skiers appreciated the service provided by the operator of the ski area, whereby their rucksacks and the food for the weekend were hauled from the road to the hut by operator's snow cat, which also serves to pack the beginning and intermediate ski slopes.

The success of the operation of the various committees comprising the Properties Division is attributable to members of the club who volunteer their efforts on committee and work party activities. These volunteers are to be congratulated. However, it is disappointing to realize that these individuals are only a small fraction of the persons using the various facilities. It is sincerely hoped that this trend will be reversed and that the division can expect increased work party participation. If persons patronize the ski lodges, they are expected to patronize the work parties.

PUBLICATIONS DIVISION

Most of the activities of the Publications Division do not generally lend themselves to statistical description or to accounts of the past year's highlights. Neither are there many members involved in working on them. The division's activities, however, directly concern most of the club membership.

There is one area which readily lends itself to statistical description. *Mountaineering: The Freedom of the Hills* has sold over 7,500 copies which means that half of the second printing is gone. Orders have been coming from throughout the nation and from numerous places outside the United States. Sales have

brought over $9,700 to the Literary Fund which will be used for a third printing of *Mountaineering* in late 1963 or early 1964 and for other books the club may decide to publish. The Mountaineers now have a sales arrangement with the Sierra Club whereby the Sierra Club distributes and sells *Mountaineering* through its own outlets thus permitting our book to reach many who might not otherwise be aware of it or have ready access to it.

The Board of Trustees has already given tentative approval for publication of *North Cascades.* This book, with photographs by Thomas Miller and text by Harvey Manning, illustrates the rugged beauty of our Northern Cascades. Consideration is also being given by the division to several additional manuscripts including such subjects as the Olympics, mountaineering medicine, and a route guide.

The Bulletin appears to arrive routinely each month. Many people do not realize what goes into making such a publication effective. It is one of the chief means of communication within the club and is particularly useful to the Board and various committees in keeping in touch with club membership.

The annual issue of *The Mountaineer* has continued publishing historical articles dealing with local mountaineering and Northwest Americana and has generally been able to hold the line on cost increases. This has only been possible through reduction in size and use of considerable discretion in the selection of a printer. In the next year or two the annual publication may be faced with cost increases if printing expenses continue to rise.

There has been an increase by approximately 25 volumes in the size of the library during the past year, and it now has over 750 books not counting bound annuals. The committee, just having completed an inventory, has become increasingly aware of the problem of missing books. Currently more than 36 books are "absent without leave." Success in locating these has been slight. Some of them are both costly and difficult to replace.

The club has continued its policy of providing its membership with a club directory. With club membership ranging toward 5,000 this is a large undertaking in terms of both cost and effort. It was again possible this year to reduce the cost of the roster through the inclusion of commercial advertising which had been solicited by the roster committeee. In spite of this, the club may want in the near future to give careful consideration to the value of and need for a roster. The total cost is between $1,500 and $1,600.

TACOMA BRANCH

This year of 1962 brings the Tacoma Branch to its golden year of mountaineering. The beginning of the Tacoma unit was in March 1912. The following December the charter members led by A. H. Denman originated winter mountain recreation by organizing the first winter outing at Longmire.

In honor of our fiftieth year the annual banquet was held in Tacoma on April 21. The anniversary theme was carried out by the wonderful slide show of Mr. L. S. Lindsley whose pictures cover more than a half century of mountain photography. The banquet was preceded by open house and exhibits at the Tacoma clubhouse.

The spirit of the early members has been expanded to include year round outdoor and winter indoor activities. Trail trippers explored time tested trips into Van Trump Park, Tolmie Lookout, Dennie Ahl Lookout and new trips to Skate Creek, Cowlitz Divide, Emerald Ridge, Tomalla Tree Farm and Amos Hand's cabin at Ohop Lake. The two best attended trips were Tanawax Creek and Crystal Creek. Despite the inch of rain that was falling on Tacoma about 67 Mountaineers arrived at the New Pioneer Gravel Pit to collect their share of cooked and raw salmon. Three cruises around Puget Sound were made on the *Gallant Lady* and *Harbor Queen*. New Year's weekend found skiers at Mazama Lodge who enjoyed perfect snow on Mt. Hood. Climbs included Mt. Rainier, Adams Glacier route to Mt. Adams, Unicorn, and many Irish Cabin peaks. The basic climbing course enrolled 107 students and graduated 37. There were two graduates from the intermediate course.

The campcrafters skied and slid at Snoqualmie, hiked to Cora Lake and Frozen Lake, climbed Bearhead, and met for potlucks, Christmas and Halloween parties at the clubhouse. On Easter Sunday 82 children scrambled for eggs at the Goodmans'.

Activity at Irish Cabin included Thanksgiving Day dinner, private groups, campcrafters and juniors. At the fair the Juniors sold candy labeled "Save Irish" to replace stolen silverware. The $12 earned was spent for 3 dozen knives, forks, spoons and 4 big pots. The Juniors have accepted the responsibility of checking the registers of the 24 Irish Cabin peaks.

Mountaineers attending the Annual Fair at Budils' home enjoyed hamburger, cake, pie, corn, coffee, slides, movies, arts, and crafts. The highlight of the photographic group was the lecture on photographing wild flowers by Jim Sneddon. The two best slides in the travel show were "Klapatche" by Stan Engle and "Fresh New World" by Winnifred Bjarke. The monthly club meetings featured skiing, Murry Morgan, climbing, Dr. Schultz and Jim Wicks' canoe trip to Alaska, summer picnics at Goodmans', Point Defiance, Spanaway Park and a Christmas party. An average of 17 persons attended bridge meetings during the winter. The music group enjoyed selections from classic, instrumental vocal music to Broadway musical shows.

The newest publication, *The Alpine News,* was issued to provide news of the past month's activities from all branches of the club and general interest articles about mountaineering.

Keith Goodman, historian, reported that a near complete file of annuals has been presented to the History Department of

Washington State Historical Society and a collection of 125 glass plate 5 × 7 photographic negatives of nearby mountains and mountaineers of early '20's was donated by Mrs. Homer Blair.

EVERETT BRANCH

The Everett Mountaineers began the 1961-1962 season with a smorgasbord dinner at their annual banquet in December. Speaker of the evening was Dick McGowan, well known Seattle climber who gave an informative talk and showed slides on his Himalayan trip.

Although the weather this past summer was not too cooperative the hikers and climbers achieved several of their scheduled trips. The hikers enjoyed such hikes as Merritt Lake, Mt. Higgins, Huckleberry Mt., Twenty Lakes Basin, and Rock Mountain. Also included were two beach hikes and three snowshoe trips. The climbers achieved such peaks as Keyes, Gunn, Pugh, and Three Fingers.

A record number of interested persons enrolled in the Basic Climbing Course which was again given at the Everett Junior College by The Mountaineers. Of the 102 enrolled 31 received the Jr. College certificate and six of these received their Mountaineer certificates.

Also enjoyed by the members and their families were three pot lucks, a steak fry, a Christmas greens walk and a rather damp but very delicious salmon bake.

Another highlight of the summer was the ascent of Mt. McKinley in Alaska by five Everett and one Seattle climbers. The expedition was led by Kenn Carpenter and included Jon Hisey, Gene Mason, Helen (Niblock) Hisey, Ralph Mackey, and Ron Muecke. The ascent was via the Karstens Ridge route. In spite of adverse weather conditions, cooperative effort by all members of the party paid off and they were able to place a two-man party on the summit. They officially represented the Century 21 Worlds Fair and placed its flag on the summit.

Also new to the Everett Mountaineers this year was the establishment of a conservation division in the branch.

There were several fine programs offered at the monthly meetings including slides by some of the members and films from the Snohomish County Library.

COMMITTEE CHAIRMEN

ADMINISTRATIVE DIVISION
Jesse Epstein

Auditing ..... Louis Baroh
Finance ..... Bob Yeasting
Insurance ..... John F. Fuller
Legal Advisory ..... Phyllis Cavender
Membership ..... Daniel Streeter, Jr.
Operations Manual ..... George McDowell
Typing and Duplicating ..... Ruth Bartholomew

CONSERVATION DIVISION
William Zauche

Conservation Education ..... Emily Haig
FWOC Representative ..... Robert Latz
National Parks ..... William R. Halliday
Rhododendron Preserve Planning ..... Art Winder
State-County-Local Areas ..... Dewey Engeset

INDOOR DIVISION
Harriet Walker

Annual Banquet ..... Winifred Bjarke
Bridge ..... Opal Maxwell
Dance ..... Karen Smith
Dinner Meetings ..... Hazel Anderson
Photography ..... Elmer Hike
Players ..... Daniel S. Barash
Program Meetings ..... Ed Chalcraft

OUTDOOR DIVISION
Stella Degenhardt

Botany ..... Larry Penberthy
Campcrafters ..... Kenneth Freece
Climbing ..... Calvin Magnusson
M. R. C. Representative ..... Frank Fickeisen
Outing Planning ..... William Anderson
Safety ..... Philip Bartow
Ski Tours ..... Frank Fickeisen
Summer Outing ..... Stan Engle
Trail Trips ..... Jane Durbin
Viewfinders ..... Allen B. Davis

PROPERTY DIVISION
Harvey Mahalko

Building Policy ..... Gay Lenker
Crystal Mt. Feasibility ..... Ferd Bondy
Clubroom ..... Mrs. Irving Gavett
Future Clubroom ..... Leon Uziel
Irish Cabin ..... Edward Freeman
Meany ..... Edward Freeman
Mt. Baker Cabin ..... Gordon Logan
Rhododendron Preserve ..... Robert Landon
Snoqualmie Lodge ..... Leon Harmon
Stevens ..... Hal Williams

PUBLICATIONS DIVISION
Warren Wilson

Annual ..... Betty Manning
Book Promotion ..... Howard Miller
Bulletin ..... Joanne Botten
Library ..... Milton Nygaard
Roster ..... Thomas Nicolino

TACOMA CHAIRMEN

Bridge ..... Vera Wiseman
Campcrafter ..... Billee Brown
Climbing ..... Bruce Galloway
Clubhouse ..... Carl Gieche
Landscaping subcommittee ..... Alice Bond
Interior Decorating subcommittee ..... Stella Kellogg
Conservation ..... Jim Holt
Crystal Mountain Cabin Feasibility ..... Ferd Bondy
Historian ..... Keith Goodman
Irish Cabin ..... Dick Vradenburgh
Junior Representative ..... Steve Garrett
Junior Advisor ..... Gene Fear
Membership ..... Mary Fries
Mountain Rescue Representative ..... John Simac
Music ..... Laura Foltz
Phone ..... Alice Bond
Photographic ..... Marjorie Robinson
Program ..... Harry Connor
Publicity ..... Edith Delzell
Rentals ..... Floyd Raver
Ski ..... Gene Faure and Ron Duncan
Social ..... Mary St. John
Assistant Social ..... Ann VisChansky
Trail Trips ..... Edith Goodman
The Alpine News ..... Gene Fear