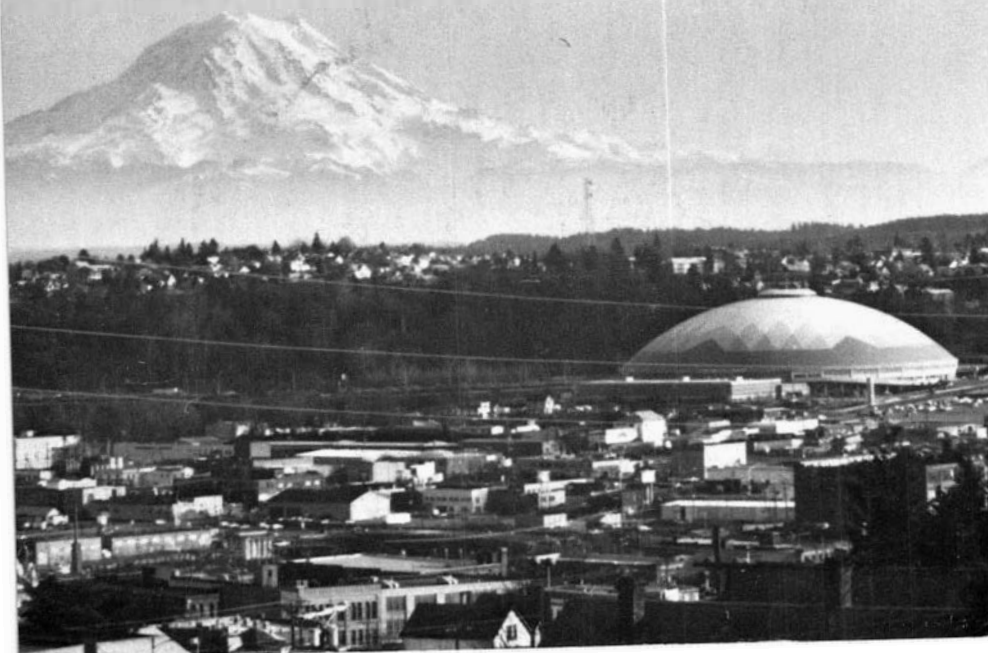


***The
Mountaineer***



THE MOUNTAINEER

1982

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Cover: Tahoma from Tacoma

Bob Dodson

The Mountaineer

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This year, for the first time in its history, the Mountaineer Annual was developed by members of the Tacoma branch. They took complete responsibility for the origination, selection and development of all material exclusive of the administrative and financial reports. We owe them a debt of gratitude for a job well done!

Writing, graphics and photographs should be submitted to the Editor, The Mountaineer, at the address below, before January 15, 1984 for consideration. Photographs should be black and white prints, at least 5 x 7 inches, with caption and photographer's name on back. Manuscripts should be typed double-spaced, with at least 1½ inch margins, and include writer's name, address and phone number. Graphics should have caption and artist's name on back. Manuscripts cannot be returned. Properly identified photographs and graphics will be returned about August.

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THE MOUNTAINEERS

Purposes

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.



Mt. Daniel, Lynch Glacier, Alpine Lakes, Washington

Susan Marsh

CONTENTS

	Page
Tacomans Remember	7
Climb to Glacier Peak August 27, 1929	16
Fred Ball	
Recollections of a Summer Outing 40 Years Ago	19
Jack Gallagher	
Vignettes	24
Ferd Bondy	
Gene Faure (4A)	25
Bille Brown and Suzanne Alcorn	
Tribute to a Rescue Ranger	26
Edith Goodman	
Cry of the Mountain Lion	27
Maynard Miller	
Dedication "At One"	34
Judith Maxwell	
Tacoma Builds a Clubhouse	35
Edith Goodman	
1982 Seattle-Karakoram Expedition	39
Mike Clarke	
A Springtime Visit to McAllister Springs	47
Helen Engle	
The Sixtieth Anniversary Climb of Mt. Constance by the First Ascent	52
Frank Maranville and Randall Nelson	
The Naming of Honeymoon Meadows	63
Frank Maranville	
Lake Caroline: Fun and Fulfillment	68
Dwight Riggs	

CONTENTS

	Page
A Mountaineers' Consumer Guide to Hiking and Climbing Maps	71
Stew Wright	
Mountaineers Backpacking Outings 1962-1982 . . .	77
Wilma S. Peterson	
Canoe and Kayak Classes-Olympic Branch	80
Zella Matthews and Dolores Thoemke	
Climbing Notes	83
Compiled by Don Goodman	
Mountaineer Outings 1982	96
Administrative Report	134
In Memoriam	145
Legend Symbols and Clubroom, Staff and Information	145
Financial Statements	146
Seattle Roster	2
Everett Roster	121
Olympia Roster	128
Tacoma Roster	136
Bellingham Roster	153



Robin Maynard



Edmond Meany conducting sunrise service, 1930 summer outing on Mt. Rainier.

Tacomans Remember

Sullen, gray clouds obscured Tacoma, rain splattered against the windows of the Mountaineer clubhouse. The fireplace, piled high with brightly burning logs, radiated its glow into the room, warming a group of old-time Mountaineers and a couple of scribes who were there to catch words of past events and fellow members. The names of Clarence Garner, Leo Gallagher, Edmund Meany, Joe Hazard and many others rang through the group, as pictures were passed among them. There were looks of deep thought and a few tears in eyes that had seen many beautiful mountains and more sunsets than they cared to count.

This was a unique group. It was a gathering of women Mountaineers, all in their seventies and eighties, who had hiked and climbed in this country and Europe from the 1920s to the present day. They were to share tapes of other women reminiscing, when Florence Dodge and Frances Benjamin met at Jean Fuller's home in Panorama City.

Dorothy Newcomer, who had master-minded another lunch meeting of the Fireside Gang, was persuaded to sit down and share some of her memories and thoughts; her face glowed with her dedication to the Mountaineers. "This Fireside Gang," she began, "started when Marie Langham, Mrs. Emil Auer and I had a meeting here." We agreed that there are many retired Mountaineers, so we should have some daytime activity. "I'm going to be a

Mountaineer the rest of my life and I'm a graduate of the Happy Ramblers, so I went ahead and set up these brown bag lunches with a program, once a month."

"Just look around at what we have here:" Arta Garrety Richardson was the one who wanted the clubhouse, talked about it, and then others took up the idea. Fred Corbit was the peacemaker, but I won't go into that. He was an artist, as was his wife, Ruth. He painted these portraits of Professor J. B. Flett, Professor Edmund Meany and A. H. Denman. He did these emblems, well, he started and Ruth finished them. One Christmas, Larry, Dr. Larry Hagerness, came without his kids and I wondered why. I asked, 'Where are your kids?' Later I knew why: He was Santa Claus. Stanley (Engle) had built a little ledge in the fireplace and Larry was up in there an hour and a half on that ledge. Mike Brown was up on top and Billy was down here singing "The Night Before Christmas." When Santa appeared out of the Chimney you should have seen the kids!

You ask how long I've been a member of the Mountaineers. I went once (to a Mountaineer meeting) when I was in high school, in 1918. Katherine Flood sat in front of me in Oral Expression at Stadium High School and she said, 'Dorothy, I think you like hiking; your Grandpa is a Norwegian and you go walking with him.' I went to the meeting and there were about 43 members in the Tacoma Branch, most of them my teachers from Bryant School and Stadium, and I thought, 'This isn't the place for me; they certainly don't want to see me!' So I didn't join. I went away to college and when I came back in the 30s Bruce Kizer, Fred Corbit and Margie Kennedy all said, 'Dorothy, you've got to join.' So I joined in '36."

Grace Sherry, who joined in 1938 in Everett and transferred to Tacoma in 1941, spoke up: "Several really old-timers met at Jean Fuller's home recently and we have tapes. We'll listen to some of the conversation there. Florence Dodge joined in 1924. She told us, 'The girls wore skirts until they got to the city limits, then they changed into pants. My first pair of pants I had tailored because one of the women had a pair and she looked so wonderful I had mine tailored, too. But it was hard stepping up because they were too tight. So I made a three-piece outfit, with a skirt, trousers and jacket. The trousers were loose — like bloomers, or more like knickers — called Prince of Wales.

"Clarence was on most of those early climbs and went on most of the early summer pack train outings. When he was not climbing or 'working his tail off' helping around camp, he entertained at the campfires with one-man pantomimes and songs. He would yodel



Arthur Peak, April 19, 1936. (l. to r.) Marjorie Mayer, William W. Kilmer, Don Peters, Gunnar Anderson, Mary Garnett, Stella Kellog, Arta Verity, John Stevens, Irene Slade, Emerson Wonder and Al Drahold. *Clarence Garner*

everyone awake in the morning. At bedtime he would yell out, 'Bring back them buckets!' On one climb going to the top he was first and I was second, and there was just room for three people on top. As we went up he had climbed up over and was going to come down while I went up. As he started down I saw a big rock wiggle, just over his head. I yelled at him. He turned around and he held that rock until I got over it. The two of us were up there at the top, then he let go — and that just tore off the whole side of the mountain."

Florence continued, "We had some good climbers — patient, safety-minded. Leo Gallagher always saw to it that everyone got to the top, even if he had to drag them up on a rope. He was very considerate. I just thoroughly enjoyed it. There's one thing we didn't do, though. We didn't make people go through classes before we went climbing. No . . . we did that out on the rocks.

"I remember one historic climb I went on. Mr. Kautz had made a trip up the mountain and the Kautz Glacier is named after him. He wrote an article about it afterwards and he ended it this way, 'We were virtually on top, but there were higher peaks around us.' Joe Hazard, who was a teacher in Seattle and a Mountaineer and had been a guide up at Mt. Rainier, did not believe that Kautz got to the top, so he organized a little trip to prove it. Mrs. Hazard, a professor from Ellensburg and Clarence Garner were invited. He also invited

a woman from Tacoma; and that woman was me, Florence Dodge. I felt quite honored. Anyway, we climbed up part way and stayed all night, then we went on. We climbed and climbed and we climbed, until both the history professor and Joe Hazard agreed, 'This is as far as Kautz went.' He had followed very carefully the description which said, 'We are virtually on top, but there are higher peaks around us.' So it proved, as far as Joe was concerned, that Kautz did not get to the top. We went on, then, and climbed the incline to Columbia Crest, and you will find my signature up there.

"Frances Benjamin had brought many old pictures," Grace continued. "Listen as she talks about them." "In that one, we climbed St. Helens; that's the top. We bivouacked on the way up. A most beautiful sight was all those flashlights going up the mountain. I wasn't scared going up, but I got scared coming down. I looked over the edge and I was sooooo scared. My husband said, 'You just have to go down.' Pretty soon nice old Clarence (Garner) comes along and says, 'You just get behind me; I'll get you down.' Halfway down he told me, 'Now you know you can do the rest of it.' And I did.

"After the war we were going around Mt. Rainier. We had some excitement that trip; quite a bit of excitement. They had, let's see, about 50 horses, and because of the war the trails had not been kept up. Sometimes we had to do a lot of work fixing the trail or a bridge. The Rangers had told the men who owned the horses that they must be careful on the north side, because the trail was narrow and there was a cliff on the side . . . be sure to lead the horses.

"The horses were six in a train. When we got to this place and the crazy man said, 'Awww, don't worry about this part.' They went through, one of the horses brushed the bags that were on his back, and he went over the edge and down, fell on his back with the other horses pulled down with him. There were those six horses in all kinds of positions.

The people dismounted and went down to try to get the horses out. They did get out all but this first horse. He was on his back and he would not move. They pushed him. They did everything. Finally somebody was sent back to get the owner. He got down there and coaxed and they pushed and oh, they had an awful time. They did not think they were going to get that horse up. It was about 90 feet down and the horse had several bad cuts. Finally they got him up, put the bags on him and off we went. The bags probably saved him. Some of the bags got lost down there in the brush, so two or three people did not have their gear. That was some trip."

"Our hostess, Jean Fuller, regaled us with a few stories of her own," Grace told the group. "This is what she had to say."

"One of my early hikes was up Ipsut Creek, a 20-mile hike in those days. (Now people drive half way up there.) But we hiked all of that .When we came back down to Irish Cabin at the end of the day, there was a beautiful meal ready for us. My feet — I had five toes that were bleeding — and they hurt so I couldn't eat a thing. I swore I would never climb another peak. (Laughter) The next month who was on top first?"

"About that time my doctor told me he thought I better not do any more climbing. But after that I took two climbing classes at the same time. (Laughter) Thirty-four peaks I climbed after that. Technical peaks. I'm still doing a little dab by taking people up and teaching them how to snowshoe and that sort of thing. I joined in 1939, but my mountain climbing began when I was age 60.

"Jim Henriot recalled the other night that the first time he went to a Mountaineer meeting he was just interested in joining. He said, 'I went up to that meeting at the YMCA, and there were all these Mountaineers arguing whether they should have a big clubhouse or a small clubhouse, and whether the roof should be flat or pointed. I couldn't understand why!' I remembered it because I lived there at the Y."

The fire in the fireplace was coaxed back to life as the group turned to Marie Langham, saying, "You were on the winter outings to Paradise in 1930 and '31?"

"Yes, I had just joined the Mountaineers. I had never been on skis or snowshoes or anything. In order to go to Paradise we had to hike from Longmire to Paradise. We never knew what the conditions would be, so I had snowshoes *and* skis — and a 12-pound pack.

"I went on the summer outings then, too. I thought there was nothing like the summer outings. We had scouts who would go ahead, about five scouts. See, this is a picture of one of the outings. Mabel Hudson — Florence probably mentioned her. Well, of course, Florence would remember more because they were the elite, you know, in the summer outings. I was just a beginner in 1930, and they had already formed their big, elite association. (Laughter) Florence was a good climber. I was on Florence's rope up in the Olympics and I did slip. She pulled me up; she knew how to do that. See the 'alpies' we used, no crampons, no ice-axes; just the leader. I climbed all the majors that way. We were not tied into a rope. We just hung onto it. They put a strong rope across and we just hung on.



Marie Langham's hiking boots — 1930
Wilma S. Peterson



Marie Langham's ski boots — 1930
Wilma S. Peterson

“Oh, see this picture. This is Mr. Denman conducting the sunrise service at Spray Park. Edmund Meany, our president for so many, many years, was along on horseback. And I have these pictures of outings in Canada. During the war years we weren't allowed to go into the parks here, so we went up to Canada, Lake Louise, O'Hara, the Selkirks, all those places. Why couldn't we use our parks during the war? Because there weren't people there to take care of the facilities, and they didn't have the personnel, either.”

Marie interrupted her narrative to show us two pairs of boots. “I brought my boots. I thought maybe the Mountaineers would be interested in them for the museum. In 1930 I had these hiking boots made — look at the caulks, how different, and so worn. And these are my first ski boots from the 30s. They can have those for the museum, too.”

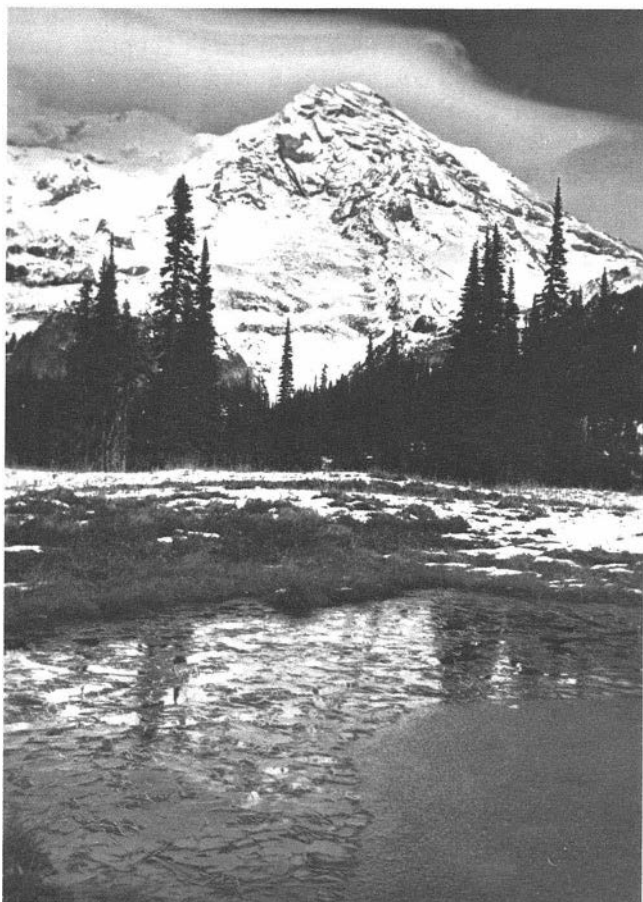
Then Marie continued. “Look at this picture. That was the time we got up to the 13,000-foot level of Rainier. We made it to a saddle and got caught in a snowstorm, and the leaders said we were too many to go on. If it had been a small party we would have gone on, but 46 climbers, you know, you cannot keep track of that many. We turned back. In a few days we made another attempt because there were so many from out of town and out of state that wanted to make the climb. The smaller party made the summit.

On one of those climbs there were people from the Chicago Club, and the Mazamas. That was how I met Blanche Lamont, of the Sierra Club. She and I climbed in Europe many different times. Doctor (Elizabeth Drake) always gave me a month off in the summer to do that. Here's a picture of the Matterhorn, Blanche and me, Rudolph, our guide, and our porter, an Alsacian priest, 28 years old. Rudolph spoke English and German, being Austrian. Joseph, from Alsace-Lorraine, spoke French and no English, but he did speak German. I could speak German but Blanche couldn't, so we had quite a time. We stayed in huts, and there you sleep right next to anybody where there's room. One day Blanche asked Rudolph, 'Why don't you let Marie sleep next to the priest?' I never did — poor Joseph, he was such a nice chap. He'd get himself off in one corner, always, and Rudolph would be next to him. But we had more fun — it was great.

See how very rocky it was. I was very good on rocks. I get a little bit sick on snow and high altitude. Snow is slower, not as interesting. Rocks are so much more interesting. I loved climbing the Matterhorn. It's all rock. It was a wonderful life to relive now. There is hardly a time when you go out with the Mountaineers that it is not exciting. There's always something that happens to make it special."

Dorothy Newcomer agreed with that, and went on to recall other "movers" among the members. Gene Fear started the Junior Mountaineers, and did a wonderful job. In 1967 we were sitting down here and Gene said, 'I don't have time to work on it, but I think we should have a hiking appreciation course.' We had had climbing courses for several years, people would come and sign up and then they wouldn't like it. It was too hard and people were dragging them up the mountain and down. Especially the wives didn't like their husbands out there dragging other people, other women, up and down. So Gene Fear said, 'We ought to have a course for hikers. If somebody will just take this idea now, I'll be glad to set it up.'

"I said to Mary McKeever, sitting over there, 'We could do that, couldn't we?' She said, 'Sure we can.' We put out all the advertising, got Mr. Hyde from Tacoma Community College for our first speaker, then we followed up with all the hikes. We had 75 the first year, 1967. That was the Hiking Appreciation Course, a place for people who wanted to be Mountaineers and enjoy the fellowship. By 1971 it was known as Alpine Hiking Course, and by 1973 it was called Alpine Travel Course, as it is today. In that time the list of ten essentials was developed and became a part of all the courses.



Mt. Rainier from Indian Henry's Hunting Ground *Clarence Garner*

“Another event was the May first trip to the Military Reservation for the violet walk. People didn’t have campers, then, and all the gear they have now. All I had was a big, black umbrella to put over my pup tent, you know. Bertha Lenham would make the oyster stew at night. Remember, 12 o’clock at night. Gretchen Bondy always came just for the stew, not to stay overnight. The next morning we would take a hike. The Seattle bunch would come over and there’d be a baseball game. One hundred people there’d be, and that really cemented the feelings.

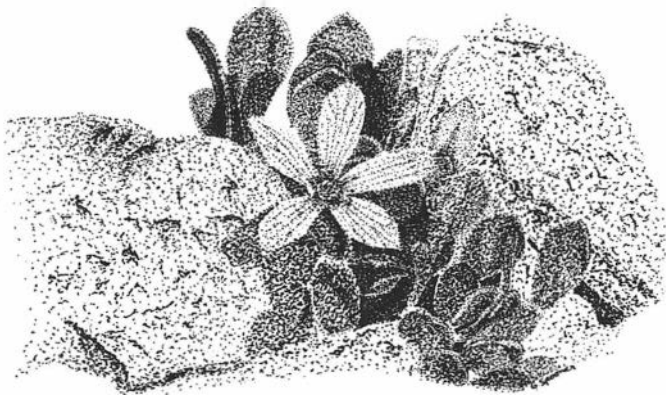
“For awhile we had a climbers’ clearing house, where we would match up people, their telephone numbers and where they wanted

to climb or hike with others who also wanted to hike or climb during the week. Another thing I organized was The Gallant Lady for cruises on the Sound. That's been sold, but we should replace her.

"While I'm on my soap box let me say about new members: In the form they fill out when they join there should be a line asking them to help with one work party a year. Working on committees people become great, great friends. And workers should be encouraged to do things in *their* way; that's what the handbook says. We must see that new members come to the first monthly meeting after they've joined, have a name tag, have them stand, and introduce them to the group. We should *talk* to the new members.

Let me give a tribute to one of our greatest workers — Leo Gallagher. He was a leader for 50 years. We didn't always see eye to eye, but we could sit down and iron things out. His wife told me, 'Dorothy, whenever you're chairman of something Leo wants to help *you* out, and when he's chairman, you help *him* out.' We had some grand old days. There are so many good things. The organization is much stronger now. The Mountaineers are a good bunch."

The wind continued to blow the rain against the window panes, and the fire had died down some, but the day did not seem dreary in the least. The cheerful faces were alight with excitement of remembering past outings, of horse pack trips, mountain climbing and hiking. The grand dames of the mountains settled back to talk of other friends and acquaintances, over cookies and coffee. I quietly went out the door into the weather. The rain did not seem so wet, nor the wind so strong. "Yes," I thought, "The sun will shine tomorrow."



Alpine Spring Beauty (*Claytonia megarhiza*)

George F. Spooner

Climb of Glacier Peak, August 27, 1929

Fred Ball

Norvall Grigg suggested to me that we do this and I, knowing no better, agreed. After careful planning, we went to Augustine and Kyer, the leading food store at that time, and bought our supplies, including canned butter and powdered milk, for a one-week trip. We took our boxes of food to the Interurban depot with our other duffle and took off for Everett. There we transferred to another local train for Hartford and again transferred to a gas train that ran to Barlow Pass. This has long since been abandoned. At Barlow Pass we were allowed to sleep in an unused shed and the ranger telephoned to Bedal for a packer.

The next morning an elderly Indian woman rode up on a white horse, leading another. She said she would pack us to Bedal, seven miles away. On leaving us there at a campground, she said her daughter would come over in the morning to pack us to White Pass, from which point we intended to start our climb. We made up our duffle as equally as we could for packing, and imagine our surprise the next morning when a very good-looking young Indian woman rode into camp on a white horse, leading another.

She announced that she was Edith Bedal and we introduced ourselves. She was very business-like and proceeded to load the packhorse and started on while we followed on foot, carrying a minimum of gear. We arrived at White Pass that afternoon and made camp among some trees.



Edith Bedal on one of the white pack horses

Fred Ball

There was a trail shelter nearby which we allotted to Edith. She asked if she could climb with us, to which we readily agreed. Around the campfire that evening she made a crude alpenstock by driving a nail into the end of a round pole and sharpening the end. She also put a set of steel cone nails in her boot soles. The actual climb is somewhat hazy in my mind, but I do remember that we had a coil of rope and Norval and I had an ice axe each, although I had no knowledge of how to use it.

We walked over the White Chuck glacier, I believe, avoiding the crevasses, and finally arrived at the fake summit where we ate lunch, then continued to the summit.



Edith Bedal, packer

Fred Ball



Fred Ball



Edith Bedal and Norval Grigg

Fred Ball

Edith attempted to signal the lookout on Sloan Peak with a mirror, but had no success. We signed the register, which was enclosed in a tin can, and returned to White Pass the same way we had come and had a restful night in camp. Next day, while Edith picked berries, Norvall and I walked over to Indian Pass and back and the following day returned to Barlow Pass and caught the train home.

This was my first, and only, major peak. Edith Bedal now lives in Darrington. I looked her up about two years ago on returning from Eastern Washington, and she remembers our trip very well *and* our names, so apparently our trip was a highlight for her as well as for us.

I thought I remembered seeing the names of a large party of Mountaineers on the peak register, including the only name I recognized, Winona Bailey. However, on November 10, 1982, I scanned the peak register in the Mountaineer archives but found no other Mountaineer party had been there for more than a year and no record at all of Winona Bailey. This lapse of memory could possibly have been due to high-altitude hallucination or perhaps just a faulty memory. After more than 50 years, who could wonder?



Glacier Peak

Fred Ball

Recollections of a Summer Outing 40 Years Ago

Reflection Lakes, Mount Rainier National Park

Jack Gallagher

Last August, 1982, while on a climbing trip to Pinnacle, Castle and Plummer Peaks near Reflection Lakes in Mount Rainier National Park with my son and another climber, I made the remark that it was 40 years ago almost to the day that the Mountaineers had held their annual summer outing at Reflection Lakes. As we parked the car near the larger lake and started hiking up the Pinnacle trail, and even while viewing the area from the top of Pinnacle Peak, the pleasant memories of that summer outing in 1942 seemed to come into my mind as though it had happened only a few weeks or months previously.

I had joined the Mountaineers in May, as a Junior member of the Tacoma Branch, and this summer outing was one of my first experiences with the Mountaineers and with mountain climbing. As I was just a high school teenager at the time, I looked forward with much anticipation to this out door adventure.

The 1942 annual summer outing of the Mountaineers was originally planned as a three-week trip around Mount Rainier along the Wonderland Trail, using pack horses to haul the camping gear and supplies and establishing base camps at the alpine parks along the way every two or three days. However, because of World War II gas rationing and the possible resulting transportation problems, outing plans had to be changed to a two-week outing, with the permanent camp at Reflection Lakes, "near Paradise Valley, at the foot of Pinnacle Peak, on Mount Rainier," as described in the July, 1942, Bulletin. The Bulletin goes on: "The camp should prove popular as there are nearby all the Tatoosh Peaks, with climbs during the second week of Little Tahoma, and of Mount Rainier itself via the Kautz Route. For the valley pounders there will be trail trips in Paradise Valley, to McClure Rock, Anvil Rock and Camp Muir. If transportation is available, there will also be trips to Indian Henry's, Klapatche and Van Trump Parks."

The dates of the outing were July 25 to August 9, and the cost, including food and transportation, was \$25 for one week and \$40 for the two weeks. H. Wilford Playter was general chairman, Madalene Ryder, the outing secretary, and Burge Bickford was the

climbing chairman. As listed in the August, 1942 Bulletin, there were about 50 people registered to attend the outing, and it is believed nearly all of them attended one or two weeks. I remember well the names of Linda Coleman, Burge Bickford, Florence Burd, Mabel "Fuzzy" Furry, Leo Gallagher, Clarence Garner, Amos Hand, Harry Hagen, Bruce Kizer, Marie Langham, Willard Little, Peter McGregor, Harvey Moore, Irene Slade, Harriet Walker, and "Gavvy" Gavett. Most of these people were old timers then (most are now deceased), and each took some part in the activities of the outing, whether it be at the evening campfire, leading the trail trips or climbs, or just helping out with the camp chores.

The outing cook tent or "kitchen" was set up on the roadside near the main "Pinnacle" creek that flows into the largest of the Reflection Lakes, not far from the Pinnacle trailhead. Mrs. Harry "Nashie" Iverson was the camp cook, as she was for a number of annual summer outings held by the Mountaineers in the Northwest and Canada in the 1940's and 1950's. In those days, the Stevens Canyon Road was not yet opened to public automobile use. Therefore, through arrangements with the Mount Rainier Park rangers, all the camping and personal gear and food supplies were trucked in from the parking area located at the switchback above Narada Falls. The outing members walked the mile from their cars parked at the switchback to the campsite at the lakes.

Outing members set up their own tents around "little" Reflection Lake just east of the main lake and near the trail to Mazama Ridge. There were "women's quarters," "men's quarters," and "married quarters," where various members could locate themselves, with reasonable distances between. There seemed to be not much concern in those days about the environmental "impact" that the tents would make on the fragile alpine meadows and grasses. Everyone pitched tents on level and soft grassy areas between trees and bushes about 50 to 150 feet away from the edge of the small lake, or across the road up the hillside to the south. Sanitary facilities consisted of small, dug trenches with small log toilet seats located behind larger trees for each of the "quarters," although it is believed that there was a regular outdoor "privy" for public use located near an old patrol cabin at the large lake just off of the roadside.

Our daily activities consisted of organized hikes and climbs to various parts of the park within a day's hiking distance, and then an evening campfire. I remember well Clarence Garner's yodeling calls to the morning and evening meals, and his "acres of clams" song he would lead at the campfire. Mabel Furry was great (and good) for leading the songfests with her banjo at each of the

campfires, which were located near the water's edge of the "little" Reflection Lake. There seemed to be plenty of deadwood and logs to burn for our campfires and for the kitchen stove (although some cordwood may also have been hauled in). In those days, there were no such tools as chainsaws, at least on Mountaineers outings. Therefore, various members of the outing helped cut and supply wood from dead logs and limbs located in the meadows and bushes surrounding the lakes, using hand axes and saws and muscular effort.

Our meals were prepared from fresh foods that were brought in by truck or car every other day or so, and also from canned or dry bulk packages that were brought in at the time of camp set-up. Freeze dried or fresh-frozen food was unheard of at the time. Breakfasts were frequently hot oatmeal, or scrambled eggs and maybe bacon, or hotcakes, and always coffee. After breakfast, everyone packaged his lunch in a paper sack — prunes, cheese, rye-tack or hard-tack bread, raisins, maybe nuts, hard chocolate, oranges, and the like. Evening meals frequently consisted of soups, cooked potatoes, canned vegetables, perhaps fresh lettuce, celery, etc., and some form of fresh meat that was brought in as needed. And then there was always coffee and perhaps a kool aid type drink.

The climbs and hikes scheduled each day varied in classification to suit the abilities and wishes of the outing members. The first climbs were those made of Pinnacle and Plummer Peaks. The views of the mountain and the surrounding countryside were most impressive from the tops of these peaks.

For the "valley pounders," the first hikes of the outing were made up the Mazama Ridge trail to Paradise Valley or to the "Sluiskin seat" not far from the present ice caves. Later, trips were made to Indian Henry's and Klapatche Park on the west side, and also to Van Trump Park. For these Parks, cars were used to transport the hikers from the parking area near Narada Falls to the respective trailheads. Despite the gas rationing, it seemed that there was enough gasoline available to make these car trips during the outing.

A climb was also made up to Anvil Rock, located at 9,500 feet just below Camp Muir on the south slope of the Mountain. A fire lookout was situated at Anvil at the time, manned full time during the summer and fall months, and equipped with telephones, rather than radios, as the means of communication.

A climb was made of Little Tahoma from the outing campsite; this was led by Amos Hand and six other climbers. Leaving late one afternoon, we backpacked our sleeping bags and food for

three meals plus regular climbing gear to the saddle near Cowlitz Rocks above the Paradise Glacier where we stayed overnight, sleeping out in the open. The next day we arose before sunrise (about 5:30 a.m.), and leaving our sleeping bags at the saddle, dropped down to cross the Cowlitz Glacier, climbed the long and rather steep slopes of the Whitman Glacier and snowfields to the 11,117-foot summit of Little Tahoma, where we arrived about 1 or 2 p.m. We were unroped for most of the climb, except that a "guiding" rope was used in the final, steep, rock gulley near the summit. On top, we were amazed at the small amount of space available for six people. As we descended the peak, some of us had our first experience in the art of glissading and self-arrest, and that became a little scary after one or two slips and falls down the steep slopes. About 10 p.m. that evening we finally arrived back at the Reflection Lakes outing site, where the rest were anxiously awaiting our return.

During the second week of the outing, an attempt was made by perhaps a dozen climbers to climb Mount Rainier via the Kautz route. This was to be the climax of the outing, and the leader was our climbing chairman, Burge Bickford. In those days, the regular Gibraltar route to the summit above Camp Muir was closed because a few years before a large rockslide had obliterated the route.

After packing the necessary food, sleeping bags, ropes, crampons, ice axes and other climbing gear, we left Reflection Lakes early in the morning and hiked to the Paradise Ranger Station for the usual registration and check-in by the rangers. We set out towards Panorama Point, dropped down to cross the Nisqually Glacier, climbed up the very steep snowfields, gullies and rock slopes of the Wilson Glacier that led us to the high camp at Camp Hazard, elevation 11,500 feet, and located immediately below the Kautz Glacier icefall.

Climbing the steep snow slopes up the Wilson Glacier snowfields was very exhausting at the higher elevations. It was also the first experience for some of us at being roped up. I do remember the "modified" rest step method used by our leader, consisting of 12 to 15 rapid-pace steps up the steep slope, followed by about 12 to 15 breaths at rest, then another dozen or so rapid-pace steps upwards, and then another short rest, and so on; all this instead of the rhythmic rest step technique presently used in climbing at higher elevations. By the time we arrived at Camp Hazard late in the afternoon, the climbing party was pretty well worn out. The weather conditions looked threatening with a cloud cap forming over the top of the mountain.

After the overnight stay at Camp Hazard, we awoke early to find the cloud cap still hanging over the mountain top. Finally, at 6:30 a.m., with the cap still there, we decided against climbing any farther, and descended back down to Paradise and returned to the outing site at Reflection Lakes. Although we were a little disappointed at having failed to make the summit of Rainier, some of us were also relieved, for those steep, icy slopes of the Kautz ice-fall looked scary as we viewed them from the high camp at Hazard.

The weather conditions were most favorable during our two weeks. Most of the days were sunny and comfortably warm, and the nights generally clear. Perhaps there were some thunder-showers to the east, but I do not remember any rainy periods at the outing site or on any of the trips made during this period.

One of the outing members, a gentleman named Ralph Miller, had a beautiful tenor singing voice. Besides singing a song or two at campfire programs, he would also sing a familiar song as he and the rest of the members arose in the mornings shortly after sunrise. His voice echoing across "little" Reflection Lake towards the other members' tents in the different "quarters" was a most beautiful experience that I have not forgotten. And this rounded out a memorable adventure with the Mountaineers, one which I thoroughly enjoyed, and which made lasting pleasant impressions of the Mountaineers' organization that have continued these past 40 years.



Mt. Rainier

Clarence Garner

Vignettes

Ferd Bondy

Charlie Browne: When he was District Ranger at Paradise he was angry enough at a bear breaking a window and crawling into Paradise Inn to grab it by the fur on its hind quarters, pull it out and kick its backside until he could no longer keep up with it.

Tom Dodge: While Chairman of the Tacoma Branch, Tom drove up the Carbon River road to Olson's Cabin located at Cataract Creek, a mile or so beyond the Park Service sign which said "No Private Cars Beyond this Point" (about across from Alice Falls). Charlie was waiting for him — Charlie Browne, that is, who was then working at the Carbon River side of the mountain — and Charlie's choice of words was beautiful; not a single swear word but Tom knew that he was within an ace of spending the night in the Old Bear wagon.

Bertha Lenham: She taught at Annie Wright Seminary during the school year and helped her sister and brother-in-law run the Elkhorn Dude Ranch south of Bozeman, Montana, in the summer time. Bertha was a soft-spoken person who always had good ideas to "push" without really being in the limelight. Among her ideas was the Mountaineer Clubhouse.

Mike Sbardella: A gift to the Mountaineers from the Bronx. He came to us as a soldier and was the absolute minimum height to get into the army. He was always willing to participate and more than willing to give a helping hand. World War II came and Mike was shipped to Attu where he was killed in action — the only Tacoma Mountaineer casualty of the war.

Charlie Kilmer: Charlie was the inventor whose patents included a popular gum-vending machine used widely to dispense Wrigley's gum; also rubber "flapper type" stop signs installed at many stop streets during the thirties.

1937 was the year Tacoma's first two junior members joined — **Maynard Miller** and **Ferd Bondy** — and both are still members. They were joined by two complimentary membership Campfire Girls, who dropped out after their memberships expired.

Gene Faure (4A), 1901-1966

Billee Jeane Faure Brown
Suzanne Faure Alcorn

Although Gene didn't join the Mountaineers until 1948, he quickly became known through his enthusiasm at work parties and his outspokenness at meetings. On field trips and climbs his combination of gruffness and impatience when he felt it was deserved, and unselfish helpfulness when he felt it was warranted, earned him a mixed reputation. It was shortly assumed that he was an "old timer," and he became known as the "old Goat" or the "old man of the mountain."

He sometimes wondered how he had even been accepted as a member of the Mountaineers. One of the first club functions he attended was a New Year's Eve beach party. Not knowing the club policy on alcohol, he assumed the gathering to be typical of most New Year's affairs, and upon arrival at the beach cabin, he presented his offering of a bottle of "Old Grand Dad." Even to a man with a hearing-aid, as he was, the silence was memorable!

In spite of this "faux pas" he went on to become active in all areas of the club from the climbing committee to trustee, and in 1965 he received the Tacoma Branch Service Award. Perhaps to him the most important task he undertook was the search for, and recognition of, the original Charter Members. For all of his stern and sometimes forbidding exterior, he was extremely sentimental regarding personal and historical ties. In his own life he kept in touch with childhood friends and relatives, and in the club he felt it was important to remember the heritage of the earlier generation of Mountaineers. Some of his articles on these people appeared in the Mountaineer Annual in 1961, 1964, and 1965. So it is appropriate for us now to remember him.

He faced his approaching death from cancer in the fall of 1966 with his typical straightforward manner, and made a point of making pilgrimages to say "good-by" to special people and places. After he was gone, a memorial to him was held in the Tacoma Mountaineer Clubhouse, and his ashes were scattered by his family in a favorite mountain spot known to them and a few close friends. For those who knew him and climbed with him, the trails and peaks around Mt. Rainier still echo with his call, "The view's terrific — in the Northern Pacific!"

A Tribute to a Rescue Ranger

Edith Goodman

The Tacoma Branch lost their oldest listed member on the passing of Charles B. Browne, January 14, 1982. A former National Park Service Ranger, he had joined the Mountaineers in 1921, later becoming a Life Member.

It was Mt. Rainier Ranger Browne, who in July 1929 received the first citation of heroism ever issued by the Department of the Interior. He was stationed as a fire lookout on Anvil Rock when he went to the rescue of a climbing party, all six of whom had fallen into a crevasse on the upper Ingraham. One made his way down to Muir where he met Browne, who, all alone, started up the mountain in a snowstorm to aid three more injured men to climb down. He attempted but failed to carry another dying man down on his back. He organized a rescue party, and later was lowered eighty feet down into the crevasse to retrieve the last body.

As a district ranger, he aided in the rescue of other accident victims on Rainier, and organized rescue parties composed of Park Service employees, guides, and climbing club members on the scene. One of his younger associates was Bill Butler who became a legendary rescue figure in his own right.

By 1941, Browne had been transferred to Olympic Park where he served many years. He later retired and lived out his remaining years at Port Angeles.



Mt. Rainier

Clarence Garner

Cry of the Mountain Lion

Maynard M. Miller

Looking back to the days of the "Oldtimers" reminds me of an event still vivid, even though it occurred 50 years ago. It was a very minor incident, one of those childhood experiences quickly to be dismissed, yet it had a lingering influence on me and was instrumental in introducing me to the Mountaineers.

As an impressionable 10-year-old, I was with my parents and older brother on that July day, dustily engaged in shovelling a trail in the scree across 7,000-foot Hayden Pass, where a winter's avalanche had obliterated the route. We had to rebuild the trail so that our pack horses could negotiate the steep slope. At sunset we crested the pass and by dusk descended the dark side of the canyon at the head of Hayes River in the watershed of the Elwha. Here we made camp in a pristine alpine meadow framed by dwarfed and wind-contorted hemlocks.

After dinner, the logs of our campfire burned low. "Old Red," our pet packhorse, heavily settled his body on the ground close to our sleeping bags. Our other horse seemed nervous and stayed within eye view of the flickering flames. Soon we knew why. The shrill sound of a mountain lion's scream pierced the night. It was uncomfortably close. "Old Red" leapt to his feet and had he not been hobbled would have taken off down the trail. At the same time my dad whipped out a Colt 45 from his pack and pumped several shots in the direction of the cry. This shattered the stillness further, but gave us reassurance. Thereafter, the horses hung nearby until dawn when we broke camp and started another long day, this one on the trail to the Dosewallips and Mt. Anderson at the headwaters of the East Fork of the Quinault.

That was in 1931, the year before President Roosevelt's proclamation made the Olympic Mountains a national park. It was forbidding country then, so we had packed a shovel, a long-handled axe and a pistol among our gear. The cry of a mountain lion was more common in those days too, a sound that made me thrill to the mysteries of high land and of wilderness after dark. The event sharpened my awareness of the possibilities for mountain adventure. I was soon to look for more.

It was in 1935, when my father and I were camping on the Nooksack River near Mt. Baker, that I first saw a set of strange steel fittings placed on a log at an adjoining camp. Two wrinkled "mountain men" (or so they appeared to me) were working on leather

straps attached to these implements. They explained that these were crampons being readied for use in their anticipated ascent of Mt. Shuksan the following day. The quiet confidence of these men stirred me. I was excited and longed to go with them.

I have never forgotten their names — Wilford Playter and Harry Mills. They were the first “Oldtimers” I met from the Mountaineers. “Join the Mountaineers,” Mr. Playter told me. “We’re members and we can put you in touch with a climbing group in Tacoma.” They gave me the name of Willard Little, then president of the Tacoma Mountaineers.

Returning home, I went to see Mr. Little, a kindly man who took me as his guest to the next Mountaineers meeting. There I met more “Oldtimers” . . . Bill and Charlie Kilmer, Leo and Betty Lou Gallagher, Bruce Kizer, Eva Simmonds, Amos Hand, Ethel and Tom Dodge. They invited me on some easy weekend climbs for rope practice, starting me out on Mount Si near North Bend and then to Eagle and Unicorn Peaks in the Tatoosh Range. Shortly, I was accepted as the first Tacoma “Junior Mountaineer.”



“My first Mountaineer event” Salmon Bake at Pioneer Gravel Pit, Steilacoom, October 13, 1946. Included in photo: Lloyd Anderson, Clarence Garner, Dick and Eddie Drues, Leo Gallagher and Eva Simmonds.
Edith Goodman

Within two years, I had climbed the six major peaks and others in Washington State. These included the southeast ridge of Glacier Peak; the conventional way up St. Helens; the south couloir of Mt. Stuart; the northwest ridge of Mt. Adams; a variant on Mt. Baker; the Hoh River flank of Mt. Olympus, and up the Kautz on Rainier. During the near 25 years, I was to make some two dozen more ascents of Mount Rainier, including spending 55 days at a research camp on the west summit crater in a classified geospace project for the military . . . and that is another story!

My happiest memories of the "Oldtimer" days revolve around individuals. I remember climbs in the late 1930's and 40's on Fisher Chimneys of Mt. Shuksan with a man who made it simple, for he was Hap Fisher who invented the route; a memorable ascent of Mt. Anderson with Joe Buswell, Lyman Boyer and Mary and Lloyd Anderson; and an expedition with Joe and Adelaide Degenhart and Art Winder on Mt. Olympus, with Joe carefully picking our way across the Blue Glacier in an early morning fog, which happily cleared by mid-morn to etch our summit goal sharply against a deep blue sky. I climbed, too, with Ome Daiber, Phil Dickert and Walt Little (Willard's son) on Baker and came to know many other members on climbs of the Irish Cabin and Snoqualmie Peaks. What a race we had to two summits in one day with Sig Hall! He was a man of incredible stamina; he later did three Cabin Peaks in 24 hours. Tragically, the following spring, he died in a ski plunge from the top of McClure Rock during the Silver Skis Race. He always dared greatly, but that time miscalculated his route down through the fog.

Who could forget Walt Hoffman and his ornamented Tyrolean hat? Together with Art Stacher, he was ever alert to recount a relevant mountain story from the Alps. Dwight Watson added flavor to our trips with his Speed Graphic and penchant for lingering on every route to take studio-grade photographs, some of which he kindly sent me later. Then there was buoyant Ferd Bondy, recently married to Gretchen, who on one of her ski outings with us at Meany Hut slid on the ice and received a concussion. How upset she was that for a while this interfered with further weekend sorties. With Hall Kinzner, Kathryn Hood, Ray Kernahan, Fritz Higgins, Arta Richardson, Clint Kelley, Doug Tilton, Rob Wittlesey and Ted Haley I made other climbs all over the state.

Especially memorable were the spring ski-mountaineering trips in the Cascades with Hal Kinzner during 1938 and '39. His trusty Model A took us over countless miles of back-country roads. We never should have told anyone of our ascent of Second Mother Mountain north of Mount Rainier, for we were soon recruited to lead the second to fifth ascents for the Tacoma Mountaineers climbing group. These trips were for the hardy, those willing to endure prolonged bushwhacking even to reach the base of these peaks.

In those early days, the Tacoma Branch rented a small commercial office as a clubroom and library on Pacific Avenue. There I went to devour mountaineering books and to read of earlier "Old-timers" and their climbs during the Dr. Meany era before and after World War I. The Club was extremely vigorous in the 1930's, with

active monthly meetings and strong weekend expeditions, many based out of Irish Cabin. There we schottished till the wee hours to rhythms from Ken Pryor's record collection, including Celtic folk dances and the catchy synchronized patterns of the Andrews Sisters. Then at dawn we were up for climbs of Observation or Echo Peak or a ski-tour to Mineral Mountain; or a long hike across the Carbon Glacier to the base of Willis Wall to film cascading avalanches. On other occasions we would hike to the base of Curtis, Liberty or Ptarmigan Ridges, or reconnoitre an eventual ascent through the seracs of Tahoma Glacier.



Observation Peak and Mt. Rainier from Spray Park

Clarence Garner

One of the most memorable "Oldtimer" experiences occurred during a period of "kitchen mountaineering" on the Mountaineers' summer outing in the Selkirks in 1937. To cover expenses, I served as a mess flunky (my more dignified title was camp assistant). If late in scrubbing pots and pans at night, I always managed to make the campfire goodnight song and be up by daybreak to help with breakfast and then on to climb Uto or Eagle Peaks. It was all worth it, especially when given the chance to join the climb of Mt. Tupper, one of the more tantalizing quartzite summits in Canada's Glacier Park. I have fond remembrances of Burge Bickford at the base of the first difficult stretch on Mt. Sir Donald nervously strapping on his crampons with something approaching fear that he might hold back the party. The climbing leaders, George MacGowan and Jack Hossack, were pressing because they had already started on the first pitch. These were efficiently managed climbs and I idolized those men as the best of their time.

Through heady involvement in those early years, I too learned the tenets of party leadership. On Pyramid Peak, during my first guide responsibility when barely 16, I faced the dilemma of soft snow conditions and had to make hard decisions to avoid avalanche hazards with a 20-person party including inexperienced climbers. But the more experienced team members complimented me and thus my confidence and ability grew. Later on Sloan Peak I had a shallow fall when an ill-tested hand-hold broke loose while leading. I was sympathetically reprimanded by other "Oldtimers" in the party. "Creative failure" I termed this, because I grew further and gained a fuller respect for "bomb proof" belays on rotten rock. Later, on The Brothers summit, I also came to appreciate what we now know as hypothermia planning for members of a team caught out in foul weather. By then I had become my own teacher.

On Tuesday nights we drove to Seattle to take the Mountaineers' Climbing Course, further to polish skills through discussion and lab demonstration. There I was exposed to different ways of doing things and to other new climbing associates . . . Ken Norden, Dave Castor, Jim Crooks, Bob Craig, and Otto Trott. Another of my joys was to observe the unending dedication to Tacoma Branch activities of Dorothy Newcomer, Clarence Garner, Dr. I.A. Drues and his wife Bess, Alice Fraser, Herman Felder, Marie Langham, Ethel Trotter, Bertha Lenham, Vince Hagen, Florence Dodge, Ken Pryor and others. These were the folks whose loyalty gave the club its specialness. Out of the Seattle Branch, too, warm friendships flourished with other "Oldtimers" such as Joe and Margaret Hazard, Elvin Carney, Mary and Lloyd Anderson and Jane and George MacGowan.



Clarence Garner



Fred Corbit

Edith Goodman



Mountaineer walk from Ft. Lewis to Steilacoom, January 26, 1947. Included in photo: Dorothy Newcomer, Tom Dodge, Charlie Kilmer, Mont Downing and Bill Kilmer. Edith Goodman

I never realized until recently that the most constantly cheerful and enthusiastic climber in our Tacoma group, Dorothy Newcomer, was only four years younger than my parents. I then considered them to be beyond climbing days, but I viewed Dorothy as totally energetic, fit and ready for the next expedition. Now in her 80's, Dorothy tells me that she is surprised to realize how old I actually am! I guess we all remember each other best from the prime days of our vigor.

In the fall of 1939 I went east to college, vowing to spend most of my time on books and little of it on rock and ice. But New England's challenging rock climbs and the ice gulleys of New Hampshire's Presidential Range on Harvard Mountaineering Club weekends there beckoned me back. Those climbs kept me in shape for the summer of 1940, climbing in Alaska's Fairweather Range; and in 1941 as a Rainier summit guide for the guide service headed by Clark Schurman, another "Oldtimer" from the Mountaineers, with poetic sensitivity to the inspiration of wilderness and a philosophical penchant for molding youth into worthy citizens.

It was during these days that I met Dee and Kay Molenaar and Ira Spring, all subsequently to share with me Alaskan expeditions on Mt. St. Elias, Mt. Kennedy and the Juneau Icefield. Since the Navy and World War II, I have not missed a summer in the mountains of Alaska, where my geological work has been built on field experience well-established in those early years with the Tacoma and Seattle Mountaineers.

I have kept in touch with a number of these old friends and have appreciated them more as time goes by. Although many are gone now and my visits back to Tacoma are less frequent, the "Old-timers" whom I do see remain vital and vivid individuals. They

evoke still fresh memories of shared climbs, in foul weather and good, when together we became connoisseurs of misery and joy. I particularly associate these people with the mountains of my youth, because I remember so well how they encouraged me in those beginning years, and how later we moved on together irrevocably making each of us a part of the others' lives.

My mother, Queena Davison Miller, a Seattle writer, put it this way in a poem that I have altered only slightly for the occasion:

They were my friends. With them
 I rose on wings into the air
 and the shine of crags where space
 begins and only eagles know.
 My heart, my lungs, my skin,
 my very soul became aware
 of the promised vast of time and place.
 Yet, tethered to the far below
 with slanted wings we drop again
 to memoried daisy fields, and there we
 stand, and each in the other's face
 sees his own reflection grow.

That mountain lion cry a half century ago symbolized the young excitement I felt in the challenges of the mountain world. For me such wonder has never ceased. But I am grateful, too, that I came to know so well many of the "Oldtimers." It is mostly because of them that I cherish long years of membership in The Mountaineers. The personality of those comrades, like the trails and mountains we shared, were to be experienced and treasured. . . . Now it is the next generation's turn, and I am on the other end. It is a good place to be.

Acknowledgement

The editors are indebted to many members for their contributions: taped and telephone conversations; research by Edith Goodman; sketches by Wilma Peterson; ghost writers as well as guest writers.



DEDICATION
"At One"

Imagine
Being
 In your favorite place.
Surrounded by love
 Friendship and space.

Climbing
So high
 To your loftiest goals.
Leading the others
 To the edge of their souls.

Joy
In the moment.
 Beauty on high
Moving so effortlessly
 Into the sky.

Clint Kelley
 May your spirit
 Soar
In the beautiful high places
 Forever more.

Judith Maxwell

Robin Maynard

Tacoma Built a Clubhouse

Edith Goodman, Branch Historian

“We should have a clubhouse” was a wish voiced and thought many times during the forty-five years that the Tacoma Branch rented a variety of quarters for meetings and classes in downtown Tacoma. In the early 1950s, with the burgeoning membership overflowing rented rooms, barely providing enough space for growing climbing classes, building a clubhouse *soon* was imperative. In March of 1955 Tacoma Branch membership had reached 261 — not large by today’s figures but enough to overburden rented quarters. The wish grew to a clamor: “Let’s start building a clubhouse now!”

There was little opposition to the idea, but there was much argument about where it should be located, what size it should be, and the ways and means of achieving this goal. It was difficult to present the idea to the Seattle Board to obtain permission and a loan. The main organization in Seattle had no clubhouse, nor did any other club branch. For that matter, no outdoor club on the west coast had its own clubhouse. But Tacoma was determined.

The “where” of the clubhouse was finalized abruptly when the land at North 30th and Carr in Oldtown was donated by Leo Gallagher, a past President of the Branch (1926 and 1937). A special meeting of the Seattle Board of Trustees was held with the Tacoma clubhouse committee February 10, 1955, at the Tacoma YWCA Loft. At that time it was moved and passed that the Tacoma building plans could proceed, and that an interest-free loan of \$4000, to be repaid by at least \$200 each year, be allowed for the



Tacoma Clubhouse

Wilma S. Peterson



Members enjoying a dinner at the new clubhouse in 1957 or 1958

Clarence Garner

project. The estimated cost of materials was \$8000 and the building, upon completion, would have an appraised value of \$20,000.

Almost two years, 1953–1955, had been spent in discussing and planning the financing and design of the proposed building. The major planners were Leo and Jack Gallagher, Keith Goodman, Fred and Ruth Corbit, Floyd Raver, Earl Gjuka, Clarence Garner, Stan Engle, Charlie Kilmer and Walker Frederick. Architect for the building was Silas E. Nelson of the American Institute of Architects.

The ways and means effort was initiated by an early special clubhouse fund of \$4000, which added to the \$4000 Seattle loan, \$881 from cash contributions by 42 people, and \$558 from money-raising projects which nearly paid for the building. Ruth Corbit, and later Helen Engle, advanced the fundraising for the clubhouse. With a kick-off in May of 1955, there were auction sales, fairs, Audubon films, ice skating parties, a buffalo-burger feed, and the sale of Mountaineer name buttons. Contributions for furnishings were solicited through a mailing to all the branch members. A Seattle manufacturer, Herb Schissel, donated all the windows. The Mountaineer Players did skits for a benefit. Maynard Miller contributed a program "Search for Wonders."

The first work party was actually an impromptu affair, following the annual salmon bake October 2, 1955, when some of the mem-

bers cleared brush from the site on their way home. Charlie Kilmer was appointed chairman of clubhouse construction. He was retired, had building experience, and could work on the project almost daily. Others on the building committee included another carpenter, Keith Goodman, and also Fred Corbit, Stella Kellogg, Wally Miner, Floyd Raver and Dick Scott.

The first formal ground-breaking was November 5th and 6th when trenches were dug for the footings. All day, both days, members came and went, doing their stint of coolie labor — chopping, grubbing, digging, leveling and hauling dirt and sand. (There were no bulldozers on this project.) The workers often turned up rusty hardware in the digging, which apparently had belonged to the livery stable formerly on the site. In December (1955) a newspaper article and architect's sketch appeared in the Tacoma News Tribune and in the Mountaineer Bulletin, giving publicity to the project.

By the end of January 1956, concrete footings were all poured. Then there was a telephone roundup for a general work party to remove the forms and clean up the premises so that the contractor could start on the walls. The contractor built the walls in February, and by March the roof "big beam" was hoisted into place. One by one the side beams went up. There was no coolie labor at this point.

In June and July of 1956, the fireplace was assembled, and work on the roof was underway. Karr decking and felt insulation were applied, and the roof shingled. Form letters sent to various members, assigning work dates, and telephone calls for specific help at crucial times, helped expedite this urgent, summer work. Plumbing and electrical wiring had been progressing all along, with the help of several Seattle members, the Bogdans. Grading and pouring of the cement floor, and framing of the kitchen and restroom walls commenced in the fall of '56.

The year 1957 began with the installation of windows, hardware, heating, plumbing and kitchen fixtures. It was recorded in the work party log that Keith Goodman and Leroy Ritchie worked on the sheetrock the day of "the big snow," January 21, 1957. Many man-hours of labor donated by club members went into that clubhouse. (See the list of names at the end of the article.)

There was no exact moment when the clubhouse was finished, but the first monthly meeting was held there March 15, 1957. Smaller, but important, installations of fixtures and improvements went on and on through the next two decades, indoors and out. Some members at first had to rest their feet on foam pads or wear mukluks to meetings until the floor was tiled. They had to wear parkas. The P.A. system had to be turned up until better and quiet-

er heaters were installed. A backyard climbing practice pylon, a ten-year project done by John Simac, Gene Fear and others, was finished in 1972. The 1974 Annual reported, "This year marked the completion of the clubhouse with installation of topsoil and sod in the backyard." Work continued the next year, however, when a fire pit was built for roasting those fairburgers.

Meanwhile, hikes, climbs, classes, and winter sports did not diminish while the building was a-building. More trips and climbs than ever were scheduled, and there was a sharp, five-fold increase in membership. For twenty-five years, at least, while the building of the clubhouse continued, there was a unity of spirit in the common goal of clubhouse and pylon building among the Tacoma Mountaineers. To the faithful volunteer workers it seemed to take a long time, with some unpleasant controversial periods. But the final result, which they all lived to see, was a very attractive and serviceable building.

In May of 1982 a special 25th Anniversary party, sparked by Dorothy Newcomer, was held to honor what the Tacoma Branch had achieved.

Among those who signed the work-log book were Bob Rice, Harold Sherry, Carl Heaton, Ed Philbrook, Jessie Johnston, Lee and Roy Snider (Seattle), Mary McKenny (Cushman), Ruth Rockwood, Ferd Bondy, Floyd and Norma Raver, Bruni Wislicenus, Earl Doan, Frances, Marjorie and Edith Goodman, Emil Auer, Winona Ohlson, Wini Smith (Bjarke), R.B. Kizer, Dick Drues, Vi Michael, Stella Kellogg, John Simac, Jr. and Sr., Fred Renner, Walker, Fern, Sue and Sharon Frederick, Helen Engle and children, Evelyn McCullough, Bob, Martha, Karen and Nancy Goettling, Warren Moorhead, Jim Holt, Leroy Ritchie, Jack Gallagher, Pop and John Bodgan (Seattle), Gene Faure, Roland Cushman, Winfield Brown, Bill Kilmer, Jerry Monson, Bill Weber, Amos Hand, Paul Wiseman (Olympia), Jim Henriot, Susan Rabenold (Black), and Mary Fries.

1982 Seattle-Karakoram Expedition

Mike Clarke

An 8,000 m peak — that was our goal. Having led two successful expeditions to 7,000 m peaks (Trisul-1975 and Nanda Devi-1978) I thought that it was time to attempt one of the fourteen 8,000 m peaks. We chose Gasherbrum II, 8,035 m (26,360-foot peak) in the Karakoram. It is a relatively easy and safe peak and lies about 15 miles southwest of K2. Little did we know what it had in store for us.

Four members of the Mountaineers formed half of the team. Besides myself there was Glenn Brindeiro, who was on the Nanda Devi expedition, Dave Hambly, also on Nanda Devi and Trisul before that, and Don Goodman, a new recruit with a good Alaskan reputation. Don and Glenn were planning to do Everest in 1984, so this was good experience for them. The balance of the party was Steve Casebolt and Dave McClung, an avalanche researcher. Both were on Nanda Devi. Doctors were hard to come by. Eventually we were lucky to have Tom Vaughan from San Francisco and Brack Hattler from Denver, whom we obtained in response to advertising in the Rocky Mountain Trauma Society Journal!

As usual we spent a year in planning and corresponding with the authorities, but new to us was raising money by selling T-shirts and Glenn's negotiating a large amount of equipment from the REI. At last we were ready to leave for Pakistan on April 30, 1982.

At Rawalpindi airport we were greatly disturbed to find that 15 of our boxes were missing. Frantic telephone calls and telegrams between Pakistan, England, and the U. S. ensued, to no avail. Eventually, I spent half a day following a hunch and prowled through all the customs warehouses in the cargo terminal. In the very last building, almost buried under other boxes, were the missing boxes.

We had spent seven days in Islamabad and were more than ready to leave, having taken in the sights and surprising the locals by jogging, en masse, along the streets in the morning.

Through the helpful Walgis Travel we were able to rent a large and colorfully painted truck together with a hashish-smoking driver for only RS 6,000/- (\$600). Brack and Steve traveled in this truck with all our baggage while the rest of us, including our excellent liaison officer, Major Riaz, were conveyed in comfort in a small bus.

At Skardu we hired about 40 porters; the balance had to be hired at Dasso at the end of the jeep road, 55 miles away. Our food and equipment were crammed onto two trailers pulled by small tractors while we were equally crammed into a Toyota and a jeep.

After an interesting ride up the Shigar Valley, passing only jeeps and tractors, we arrived at Dasso. We stayed in the government rest house — the last solid roof over our heads for 62 days. We recruited another 36 porters and were required to hire a representative number from different villages.

At last, on May 15, we started up the gorge and dragged up a steep hill at the top of which there was a large overhanging rock used by the porters as a resting place. In no time fires were lit and tea was boiling — tea and K2 cigarettes are absolutely essential for the Balti porter — and then singing and dancing followed. This routine was followed at almost every rest stop up to the beginning of the Baltoro glacier.

After traversing high above the Braldu gorge, we dropped down a steep gully towards the river where we stopped for lunch and a sudden hailstorm lashed at us. Tremendous explosions gave us a fright — the Pakistanis were blasting a roadway on the other side of the gorge; one day it might reach Askole, the last village.

We crossed a small bridge and entered the village of Chakpo (8,500-foot peak). These Baltistan villages are very isolated, since the trails are their only link with the outside world. They must appear just as they did a hundred years ago. The stone houses, surrounded by stone walls topped by prickly branches, are well-shaded by apricot and mulberry trees. The irrigation systems are a marvel of hydraulic engineering and the terraced fields are plowed by zhos (cross between a yak and a cow).

And so our approach-march continued, through the villages of Chongpo and Askole with a last wash in a hot spring. Day by day we slowly gained altitude as famous camp sites came and went. After Korophon we had to wade the ice-cold Panmah River, each climber supported by a porter. Bardumal and Payu were the last camps before the Baltoro glacier.

A stiff climb up the snout brought us onto the huge, rock-covered glacier. The famous Trango Towers and the slender Nameless Tower reached up to an incredibly blue sky. Soon we reached Liligo Camp where the sharp-eyed porters saw some Ibex high up on the cliff. We were at 12,000 feet.

The next day the trail traversed high up on the cliffs above the glacier, and we heard the familiar sound of the Tibetan snow cocks. We had our first view of the Mustagh Tower, once thought to be unclimbable. Also, in the distance, the trapezoid of Gasher-

brum IV loomed. After eight days of travel we arrived at Urdokas Camp at 13,000 feet and the last camp where there was grass. The porters killed their second goat.

Traveling on the Baltoro Glacier mostly entails walking up and down the rock-covered surface, but after Urdokas, a careful course had to be steered between the many huge crevasses. An additional obstacle was the riving running in its deep canyon of ice. All this day the mighty Gasherbrum (25,660 feet) with its unclimbed north side dominated the scene. At the bleak Gore Camp in the middle of the glacier the porters built or repaired sangars (circular stone walls) which they covered with plastic sheets. Crowding inside they would light small fires in order to cook their atta and make tea. At night they slept in blankets and sacks.

On May 24, we set out for the Upper Baltoro Camp, but we had some difficulty in crossing a small river running in an ice canyon. A hand-line was set up to help the porters cross a steep ice cliff bridging the river. Cold and tired, we arrived in the dark, after a very long day, at a camp opposite K2.

The following morning was very cold and it was a struggle to reach the next camp, Shagrin, where the Upper Baltoro Glacier becomes the Abruzzi Glacier. A magnificent mountain, Baltoro Kangri, or the Golden Throne, overlooked this camp. The next day the porters carried to Base Camp and were paid off. Those porters who had carried all the way to Base Camp received about RS 1,000/- (\$100).

Base Camp at 16,500 feet was situated on the medial moraine below the South Gasherbrum icefall. We had plenty of company. Down the glacier was a party of seven Austrians bound for Gasherbrum II (Austrians made the first ascent in 1956) and four Americans going for Gasherbrum I.

We were lucky to have the Austrians ahead of us because they pioneered a route through the horrendous-looking icefall.

We made several carries up the icefall with all the food and equipment required for about a month. Rising at 3 a.m. when it was cold and windy and starting a reluctant stove for breakfast three days in a row was no fun.

The icefall was easier than expected, although at the top there were some treacherous snow-covered crevasses and the aptly named "big crevasse" which stretched right across the South Gasherbrum glacier. This was crossed by jumping the five or six feet in one direction and by swinging along a stretched rope when returning.

Ice avalanches are a common occurrence in the Karakoram and large avalanches from the hanging glaciers on Gasherbrum I

added interest to the tedious "carries" through the icefall. One day the Major thought his end had come when a giant avalanche from Baltoro Kangri swept across the Abruzzi Glacier and sprayed snow dust into his tent down at Base Camp.

Camp I at 18,000 feet was above the big crevasse and the glacier in between was so seamed with hidden crevasses as to resemble a snow-covered net. One morning we were awakened at 1:30 a.m. by a terrifying roar — an avalanche obviously much larger than any we had seen or heard previously — from the direction of Gasherbrum I. The tent was shaken violently by a heavy wind and snow flowed in the partly open door; for a short time I thought our time was up.

A small French party (husband, wife and her brother) appeared one day to climb Gasherbrum II, and we were impressed by their speed and fitness. They used Nordic skis above the big crevasse.

Our build-up to Camp II was slow and methodical and I viewed it as an advanced base camp although at 19,700 feet it was rather high. Several members fell into crevasses but they were always able to jumar out. We had a strict rule that we would always travel three on a rope between the big crevasse and Camp II because of the dangerous hidden crevasses.

On the way down to Base Camp after a carry to Camp II, Brack broke a finger jumping the big crevasse. Unfortunately it became infected with bacteria untouchable by any of our antibiotics, and after spending a week on I.V. he went out with the American Gasherbrum I expedition.

Camp II was carefully sited above the second icefall about a mile away from the base of Gasherbrum II. Both snow and ice avalanches from Gasherbrum II and, especially, from Gasherbrum V which provided the most impressive ice avalanches, were our prime fear.

A superb panorama of the Gasherbrums I through VI and Baltoro Kangri was ours from Camp II. Except for about an hour after sunrise the climate was not so pleasant. Usually it was too hot when the sun was up and too cold when the sun was down. It was sometimes windy and snowfall was common. The bad weather seemed to come from any direction but often from the east over the Gasherbrum La and sometimes from the west or south.

The Austrians managed to get five to the summit of Gasherbrum II during a period of good weather.

Don and Steve were doing sterling work in building up camp III (21,500 feet) and fixing rope up to it. However, several of us were sick, suffering bronchitis among other ailments, so on June 12, we

retreated to base camp for several days of rest. The weather was poor with some heavy snowfalls.

As we prepared to return to Camp II our Major wished us luck and hoped that we would come down "Victorians"!

I had one of the longest days of my life in the mountains when three of us took 12 hours to go from Camp I to Camp II (previously it had taken 3 hours). Neither Glen nor I had fully recovered from our bronchitis, and Dave Hambly had not yet reached top form. The recent snowfalls had obliterated all the tracks, and the crevasses were bad. Later a cold wind and snow hindered us further. In the afternoon an avalanche from Gasherbrun V crossed our path ahead of us, and after darkness had fallen, Dave fell into a hidden crevasse. We arrived at Camp II happy with the welcome from others.

A powerful German expedition (whose six members had climbed 15 8,000 m peaks between them) made their camp a few hundred yards below our Camp II. They were aiming to climb Gasherbrum I by the northwest face. Also, by this time, the French had climbed Gasherbrum II, the first husband and wife team to ascend an 8,000 m peak and return safely.

The weather was becoming unsettled with some sunny days and some miserable, snowy days. Such days were made more bearable by re-reading, one of the most popular books being "Freedom at Midnight," the story of the independence and subsequent partition of India.

Don and Steve had made the route to Camp IV, although the new snow had made it hard work and possibly dangerous from avalanche. The Austrians had left some fixed rope in the ice cliffs above Camp III. Meanwhile Dave Hambly and Glenn were consolidating Camp III, which nestled under an overhanging ice cliff and was safe from avalanches. Then for a few days we were all at Camp II.

On June 26, I went down to Base Camp with Dave McClung and Tom, as they had to leave the expedition. On June 28, Dave Hambly, Don, Glenn and Steve moved up to Camp III and the next day up to Camp IV. Don, not feeling well, returned to Camp III.

Camp IV was at 23,000 feet on the top of a buttress in a very exposed spot. Throughout the night of June 28 and on through June 29 and 30 and July 1, the tents (two small Biblers) were buffeted by strong winds and there was poor visibility and some snow. The temperature dipped to -14° F. In the evening of July 1, a huge snow avalanche swept the south face of Gasherbrum II and its blast was felt at the Germans' camp. Up at Camp IV our climbers were unaware of the avalanche.

July 2 dawned fine, clear, cold and calm. Dave, Glenn, and Steve made an effort to establish Camp V (ca 24,500 feet). They climbed unroped as had the other expeditions. On the ridge the snow was sometimes knee deep and the slope had increased by about 45° by the time they had reached the rocky section. While they were discussing the route in view of the snow conditions, the snow slope to their right avalanched. Dave, the highest, was knocked over, Steve, some 30 feet below, was carried down about 50 feet, but of Glenn, who was about 30 feet below Steve, there was no sign. The ridge fell off to the right as a 30° snow slope for about 100 yards before dropping off steeply in a series of ice cliffs. Dave and Steve yelled for Glenn, hoping against hope that he might appear, but with heavy hearts they realized that his chances of survival were slim. An immediate search from the top and side of the cliffs gave no sign of Glenn. Because of the avalanche danger, no attempt was made to enter the ice cliffs for a further search, and descent to Camp III was made in very poor snow conditions and increasingly bad visibility, and they triggered another minor avalanche. The accident occurred at about 23,500 feet. Further examination of the ice cliffs during the descent from Camp III to Camp II was also unsuccessful.

Two Austrians from an Austro-German Biological expedition had been camping near the Germans, and they had launched an illicit attempt on Gasherbrum II (their peak was Gasherbrum I). As Dave, Don and Steve were descending in poor weather and avalanche conditions, they passed the Austrians, some 300 feet above Camp III, ascending to Camp IV. We did not see them again. However, it was reported that Messner found one of their bodies high on the mountain.

Dave, Steve, Don and I were reunited at Base Camp on July 5 where we had a final dinner entertaining the two remaining members of the Austrian Biological Expedition. We ate in style by candlelight and drank a bottle of "Moslem" (Christian Brothers) brandy. Outside it was windy and snowing.

Sylvain Saudan, the Swiss extreme skier, passed our base camp on his way to ski down from the summit of Gasherbrum I.

A week later we returned to Skardu after a pleasant hike, meeting along the trail Reinhold Messner on his way to Gasherbrum II and Broad Peak. Later we passed Wanda Rutkiewicz of the Polish Women's Expedition to K2 and Alan Rouse, one of Britain's top climbers. One of the delights of these trips is meeting the members of other expeditions as well as the local people.

After visiting the ancient fort of Skardu, Steve traveled north for

a week's trekking in Hunza, the rest of us flew back to Rawalpindi. The flight, which follows the Indus valley, is one of the most impressive in the world. PIA allows photographs to be taken from the pilots' cockpit. Tremendous views of the great peaks such as Nanga Parbat and Haramosh drifted slowly by. In little over an hour we covered what had taken two days by truck, and landed at Rawalpindi after an absence of nearly ten weeks.

A Memorial

by Steve Casebolt

Glenn Albert Brindeiro was raised on a dairy farm near Turlock, California. He earned a master's degree in physics, specializing in relativity. After graduation he came to Seattle to work for the Boeing Company as an engineer. He was very active in both the Boeing Alpine Society and the Seattle Mountaineers, holding many offices. He served on the Editorial Review Committee for Mountaineers Books and was chairman of the REI Quality Advisory Committee. Much of his time each spring was spent helping to run the Boeing Alpine Society climbing course. Other physical activities included running, bicycling, cross-country skiing, and ski mountaineering. Glenn's interests in climbing, traveling, and photography took him to the Alps, New Zealand, and Nepal. A few of his successful climbs include the west rib of the south face on Mt. McKinley, Orizaba, the Polish route on Aconcagua, Mt. Kilimanjaro, and Nanda Devi.

Glenn was planning to go on an American Expedition to Everest from the north side in 1984. His friends remember especially his interest in helping others, his subtle sense of humor, and his great enthusiasm for good food. He is remembered fondly by those who were fortunate enough to have known him.

A Springtime Visit to McAllister Springs

Helen Engle

A beautiful Shangri-la just across Pierce's Nisqually River boundary into Thurston County, McAllister Springs nestles in a cirque that stages the thrill of discovery to the unsuspecting visitor. Go down the circling entrance avenue in spring when the fir grove is carpeted with trilliums.

This is She-Na-Num country — so named for the three-leaved, white-flowered medicine plant, collected for a variety of uses by Puget Sound natives in centuries past. Let your walk along that grand, wide approach to the pond joined by the spirit of a laughing Nisqually maiden of long ago. She is gathering the “medicine” flower and its roots to prepare as an additive to the food of her chosen man. He will become her lover under She-Na-Num's influence, and she will bear him many children — so it is told in the myths of this valley's past.

McAllister Springs has a special place in the cultural history of the native Americans who recognized the quality of the crystal artesian waters. They came here for ceremonials, describing the source so that it became known as Medicine Creek. Little wonder they revered its purity — separated by a hogback ridge from the Nisqually River which runs opaque with rock flour from its glacier namesake — the bubbling of this sweetest of all waters from the earth in volumes that now, more than ever before, should be taken with reverence. McAllister Springs is a sacred resource.

The early Nisquallys' companion inhabitants of this richly blessed arena of many artesian springs are faring well and leave their signs for observers to note. There are muskrat, beaver, mink, raccoon, skunk, deer (big bucks who know the watershed is off-limits to hunting), and the foraging family of river otter from the Nisqually National Wildlife Refuge four miles downstream. The timid mountain beaver plies the slopes as he has for untold eons.

Trillium time is the beginning of warbler time. But the birding is always good in the mixed stands of the Puget Sound canopy of conifers, western red cedars, maples, alders, willows, and the occasional yew. The understory is alive with little flitting birds working the flowering currant, osoberry, elder, and thorny berrying shrubs. Swallows are swooping over the water and redwings call from the cattails. There are Goldeneyes, Hooded Mergansers, Wood Ducks, Scaups, ever-present Mallards, and seasonal

Widgeons. The woody call and flashy show of the Great Blue Heron in the marshy downstream area is as startling as the unmoving camouflaged stance of the American Bittern is secretive. Resident Green Herons probe the water plants.

The twice daily tidal rise and fall of the stream's edge, a marine influence backing up the length of the Creek with its attendant salinity, adds richness and variety to the feeding areas. In peak salmon spawning times watch the ancient cedar snags for McAllister's eagle.

Salmon-loving Nisqually Indians, historically dependent on water resources for their economic livelihood, probably regarded these waters with reverence for the abundance of anadromous fish who answer McAllister's call to migrate up this spring to spawn and die. Thus they become nutrients in these ceremonial waters for the newly evolving life.

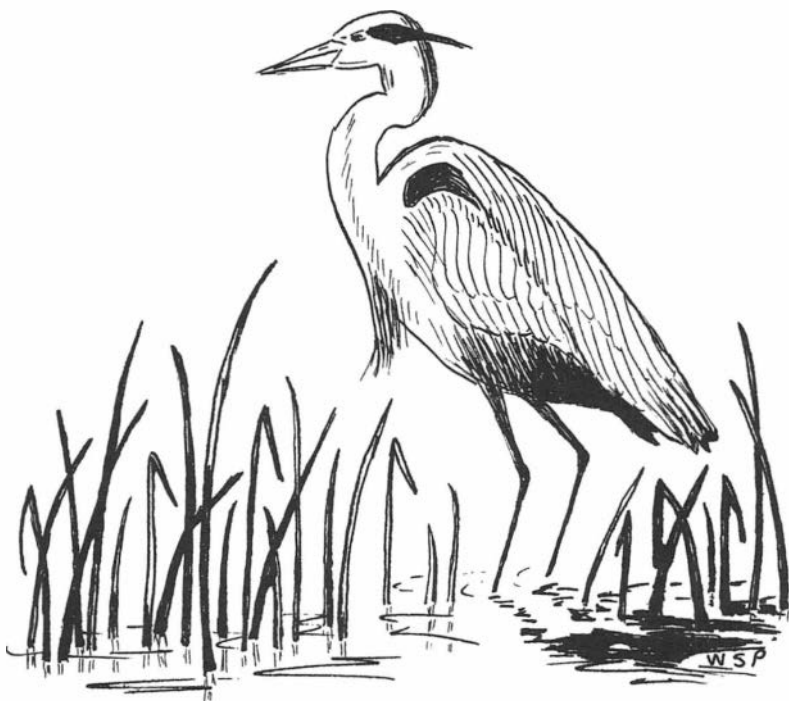
Coho, steelhead, sockeye (this is the southernmost extremity of this salmon's spawning range), and a healthy run of sea-run cut-throat trout give fish-watching an edge over birding many months of the year. With the busloads of fifth graders from Yelm Middle School, as well as the Mountaineer Naturalists, the fish win, hands down.

Pump Station Superintendent Andy Hoiland and assistant Doug Floyd will show you the artesianians that create the headwaters of McAllister Creek, bubbling up in lighted center stage from the viewing platform. This is a metropolitan water supply gushing before your eyes, crystal clear through 20 feet of depth.

The City of Olympia sign that welcomes the public and advertises daily tours, and the water hydrants at the entrance to this facility, symbolize a resource coveted by a growing number of municipalities in our country. Although 18 million gallons per day (MGD) have been pumped from this water resource, the average demand of Washington's capital city is six MGD, serving 36,000 people with the purest water this side of mythical Shangri-la.

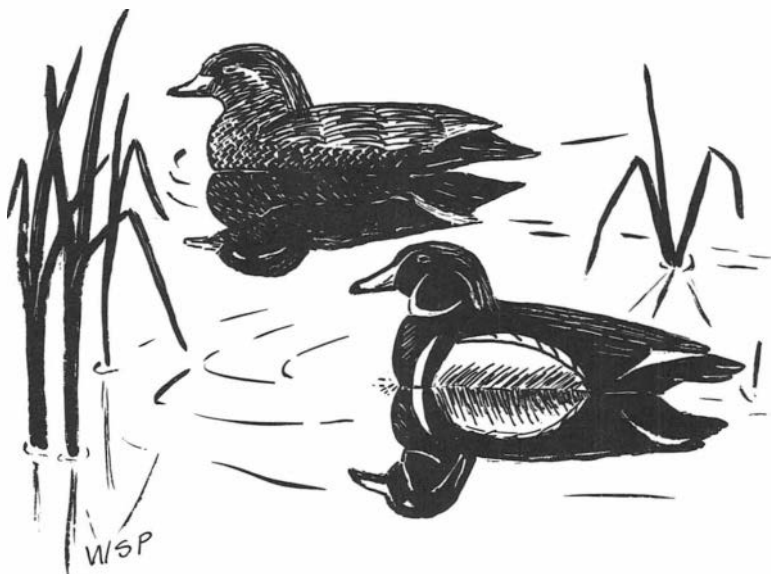
McAllister and nearby Abbott Springs, historically dependable artesian upwellings, are variously thought to be recharged from the rock layers underlying Lake St. Clair, or as far along geologic plates as the seeds of Olympic Peninsula streams and snows. The wondrous thing is that after the huge withdrawal through the throbbing, freshly painted 36-inch diameter pipes, there still remains an artesian flow of such significance that it meanders five miles north through a rich floodplain to the Nisqually Reach to become a major influence at the Nisqually Delta.

Deeply situated out of the prevailing winds, McAllister Pond is seldom rippled, providing reflections of pond ducks against jewel-



Great Blue Heron

Wilma S. Peterson



Wood Ducks

Wilma S. Peterson

like colors of the bacteria and pond plants. Eerie turquoise, purple and green combinations are seldom seen in the glacial kettle lakes nearby. Edge plants echo and complement these colors in masses of forget-me-nots, jewelweed, cattails and sweeping lawns. To many the esthetics of this place supersedes the birding and fishwatching!

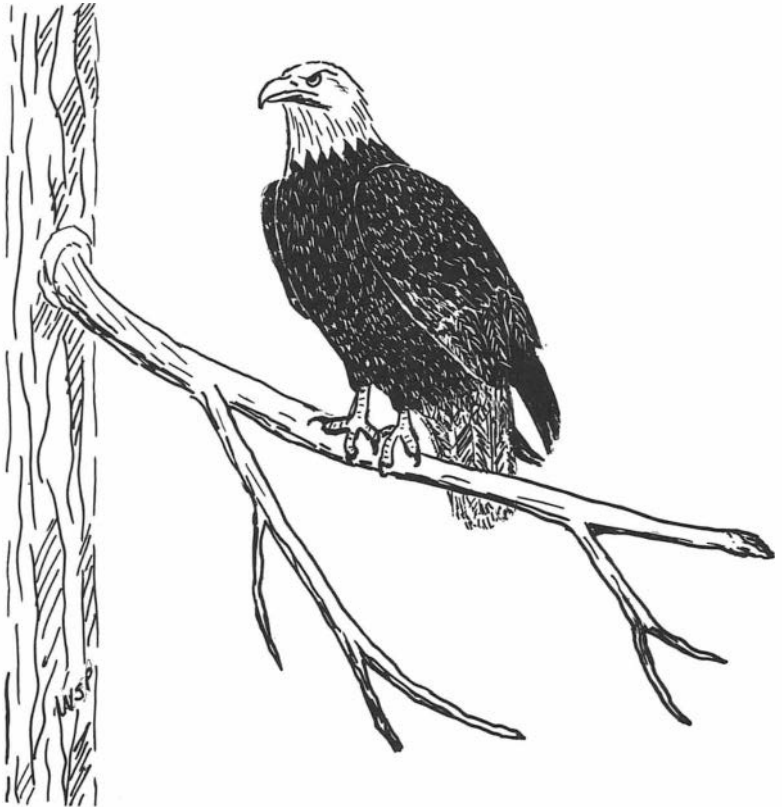
Let your curiosity for natural science lead you over the outlet stream bridge into the woods for the wildflowers of spring (and later the incredibly prolific mushroom flora of fall). The plant material preoccupies even the casual observer until the raucous call of the Kingfisher reminds of what's overhead. Woodpecker work and owl pellets are easy to spot. After dusk you'd see flying squirrels, and little rodents feasting on deadly amanitas.

Filtered light accents a forest floor of richness and variety that is the perennial gift of the humid mixed-cover zone. This spongy, yeasty growing medium produces sustenance for a diversity of plant and animal communities that reward the visitor with different charms each season.

To find McAllister Springs, exit off I-5 at Mounts Road Exit #116 heading south toward Old Nisqually. Off to your left through the cutover timber is the 91st Division Prairie land of Fort Lewis — historic outwash of the Pleistocene. A pullover to your right would give you a view through a tangle of deciduous trees down across the Nisqually Flats and toward the Reach and its island chain.

Follow this old highway south over the Nisqually River, looking for river birds and Indians fishing, and past the monument at Old Nisqually. This stone commemorates the Medicine Creek Treaty signing of December 26, 1854, when Territorial Governor Isaac Stevens promised \$32,500 for 2,240,000 acres of their tribal lands to the Puyallups, Nisquallys, Squaxins, and other small bands.

Continue past the Medicine Creek Gun Club — the NO TRESPASSING signs on your right — till you have come 4.2 miles from I-5. Turn right at the well-kept entrance to the City of Olympia Watershed sign. You are approaching the hallowed birthplace of She-Na-Num Creek's medicinal waters. The warblers flashing through the branches over the trillium beds are spirits of happy maidens.



Bald Eagle

Wilma S. Peterson

The Sixtieth Anniversary Climb of Mt. Constance by the First Ascent Route

Frank Maranville and Randall Nelson

Last year we identified the south spur of the northeast ridge as the 1922 first and second ascent route of Mt. Constance¹, but were prevented by weather from completing the route ourselves. We were determined to celebrate the 60th anniversary of the first ascent by duplicating it in 1982, and scheduled multiple dates.

Early on the morning of May 4, Max Folsom flew Mac McCleary and Frank three times around Mt. Constance for closeup looks at the northeast ridge. We took several photographs in preparation for the ascent (Figures 1 and 2). Points on Mt. Constance identified by numbers and letters in the following text refer to Figures 1 and 2.

To our surprise, this year the weather favored us on the first try. Mac McCleary, Jim A. Wilson and the authors again packed in through the "green hell" of North Tunnel Creek (NTC) on June 11, encountering the worst tangle of down and splintered trees ever. There was ample evidence of a hard winter with lots of snow. We arrived at the base of the south spur later and more tired than we had expected, and made camp on snow about halfway between our two campsites in 1981. A steep, tree-covered ramp (points a to b) appeared to provide a potential route from the base of the Great Amphitheater (GA) to a point about a thousand feet up the south spur which would provide access to the left-hand gully (points b to c). Unfortunately from our vantage, this gully appeared to blank out for a short distance above cliffs before reaching the crest of the south spur. We decided to repeat our route of the previous year and leave exploration of the ramp to another time.

On the morning of June 12, the heavy snow pack provided easy access to the bottom (point 0) of the central gully system. We quickly ascended the snow-filled chute, following our route from the previous summer, and taking turns with the step-kicking for the first thousand feet. The snow was deep enough to allow us to bypass the exposed class 5 rock pitch we encountered last year in August, and Randy took the lead, retracing our steps up to the ridge crest (point 3) where we could look out over the GA and clearly see and photograph (Figure 3) the overhanging roof (point r) and flake in Smith's photo No. 6². Continuing up the ridge, we did not go out on the little promontory shown in Smith's photograph,

but continued up to the ledge (point 5), which bypasses the cliffy comb of the ridge on the south side, to the highest point reached in 1981. This is the crux of the route finding problems on the south spur. After some discussion, Jim took the lead down 20 feet and over 100 feet to a class 3 rock pitch (point 6) where Mac belayed from a tree as Jim led up and over to easy snow fields, overlooking the snow chute by which Randy and Frank had exited from the GA in 1981 (point 7). We paused for lunch, and fortunately decided to take a look at the crest of the south spur above us before we began the traverse to the upper northeast ridge.

From the ridge crest (point x), we looked down a snow chute of reasonable slope, which was bounded by cliffs and turned left out of sight (point y). This corresponds to the only snow chute showing in our aerials which continues to the crest from the north side (Figure 1). Smith and Schellin were apparently on the ridge crest at this point, which is just below the notches of soft red rock mentioned by Smith. This chute must have appeared to them to be a welcome alternative to the cliffs they had ascended, and we believe it is probably their descent route to the north³ (points x to z).

From here, Frank and Randy led the traverse over snow and rock to the snow-covered upper northeast ridge crest (point 10), and Jim completed the lead to the summit. Descent was via the Terrible Traverse and the route used previously by the authors in 1981 after their ascent of the GA route.

The south spur is complex, with several chutes leading to steep, cliffy headwalls. For this reason it is advisable to spend some time examining the spur from the rock slide east of the lower lake (Lake Sparks on the map published earlier⁴). A detailed route description follows:

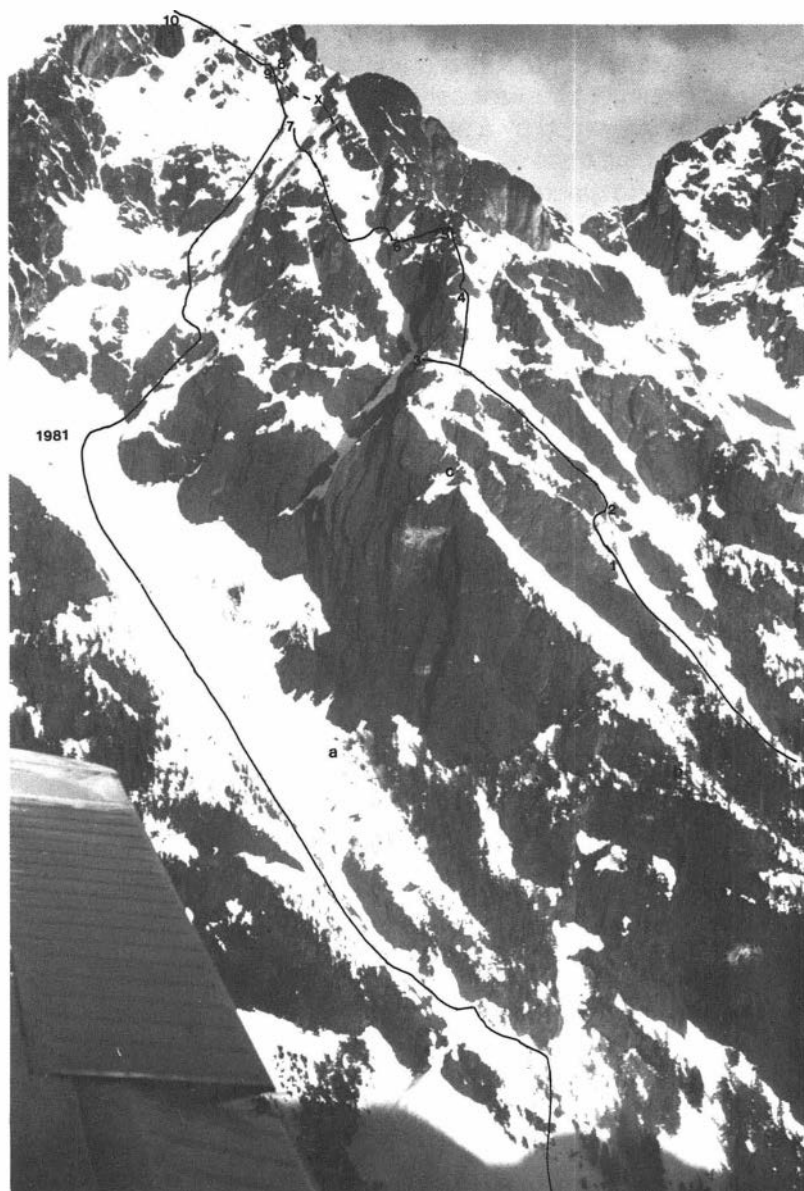
On the left (south) side there is a short chute midway up which ends in trees at the bottom, and pinches out over cliffs at the top (points b to c). The central (second) gully system (points 0 to 1) is the only one which nearly reaches to the base of the spur. The low cliffs at the bottom can be bypassed on the right in the summer, and early in the year, avalanche snow forms a ramp directly into the chute (be careful of the moat). Early in the year the central gully is snow-filled for about 1,000 feet altitude. Later in the year it is characterized by 15–20 foot “steps” every 75–100 yards.

About the point at which the main chute (points 0 to 1) comes level with the bottom of the first chute (points b to c), there are two Y's to the right, so that the single gully becomes three parallel chutes, all parallel to the first chute. Take the second Y to the right (point 1), to end up in the center chute of the three (points 2 to 3). This branch continues a short way when it ends with a bench



Figure 1 Mt. Constance

Frank Maranville



Frank Maranville

above a 25 foot headwall (just left of point 2). Just to the right of this, a longer but easily climbable fifth class pitch presents itself and is used to gain the bench in later season (about 40 feet somewhat exposed). Move up and to the right through some brush (ca. 25–30 feet) to where the next (middle) couloir is visible (point 2). This couloir almost immediately forks with a wider system on the right fork being joined by a steeper, more narrow system containing several small trees about 50 feet up. Climb the system on the left to where the gradient is lessened and a good view of the Great Amphitheater is obtained (point 3). The gully makes an obvious turn to the right, and continues to climb steeply up to a short, low class 4 headwall (point 4). A slight traverse to the left at the top of the headwall gains another steep snow chute which leads to the cliffy lower portion of the ridge crest (point 5). This is bypassed by traversing to the left (toward the summit) along a ledge system (point 5), through some stunted trees. Continue the traverse down (about 20 feet) and about 100 feet horizontally to an obvious rock face (point 6). Climb the face (class 3) about 25–30 feet and go over into yet another steep snow chute. The top of this puts one at the top of the long steep snow chute in the upper part of the GA (point 7), and about 300 feet from the base of some large gendarmes. The most prominent of these is shaped like a tapered roller bearing, and we call it Roller (point 8). The route now follows that previously used in the GA ascent.

Continue up the steep snow, working toward an outcrop of needle-like fractured red rocks (point 9). Angle along some snow ledges in an ascending traverse just beneath a large gendarme to the ridge crest (point 10). Angle around this on the south side, and follow either rock (easy class 4), or snow (farther left) up to an obvious notch in the ridge to the right (point 11). Climb up 10 feet of friction slabs and through a five foot wide cleft to where steep snow at the top of the north face is ascended to the point where the standard route joins in from the rock rib below the summit spire (point 12). The recommended descent route is the standard route if you wish to go out by Lake Constance. If a return to camp is desired, take the standard route to the top of the south chute, turn left down an easy ramp and continue down the NTC valley.

Later in the summer Randy found a reference to the Thomson and Sparks ascent in a book⁵ by Robert Wood citing an article by Henry Thomson in *Outing*⁶ magazine in 1923. This reference was previously unknown to us, but with the help of Kathryn Hamilton of the Washington State Library, we obtained a copy of it. In a later conversation with Henry, he recalled the article and said that the magazine had promised him \$30 for his story, and he paid for three



Figure 3 Overhanging roof and flake.
Frank Maranville



Figure 4 Walter Thomson and Lionel Chute were junior counselors at Camp Parsons in June of 1923.

copies of the magazine. However, the magazine went bankrupt and he received nothing!

On October 17, Frank had an opportunity to interview Henry's younger brother, Walter G. Thomson, now 77, who lives in Portland, Oregon. According to Henry, Walter had made a later ascent of Mt. Constance based on Henry's directions which Frank misunderstood to have been several years later. To his surprise, Walter had climbed the following year in "late July or early August of 1923." Walter kept a journal at that period of his life, but the summer of 1923 was missing, "probably because I was too busy that summer." He did, however, have a photograph album with carefully labeled pictures.

To the best of Walter's memory, he (then 17, see Fig. 4) and Lionel Chute were junior counselors at Camp Parsons in June of 1923. They (Fig. 5) took a group of Boy Scouts to Lake Constance that month, and while camped there, "A seventy year old man named Clemens came through their camp in the morning and said he was going to climb Mt. Constance. He came back later in the day and said that he had." Walter and Lionel thought that if a 70 year old man could do it they could too, so Walter got directions from Henry and they did climb the mountain later in the summer. Understandably, after 59 years, his memory of the climbing route was not too clear, but Walter said that the crux of the climb was a

pitch located by Lionel where they had to traverse a ledge while hanging on by their fingertips. This sounds like the Fingertip Traverse (FT), but Henry later said that he had given directions for an approach by Lake Constance, Cunningham Pass, and the upper NTC valley to climb the first and second ascent route of the north-east ridge. Walter also found a picture of Harold Sparks taken by his brother, Henry, on the summit of Constance during the second ascent in 1922 (Figure 6).

The name Lionel Chute sounded familiar, but it was not until some time later that Frank spotted it in his notes and in The Mountaineer roster. Lionel H. Chute, his brother Warren T. Chute and George Anderson made the second ascent of the south peak of Brothers on June 1, 1924. Later in the month, Lionel (not Warren as previously noted⁷), G. Tepley and Harold B. Sparks made the fourth ascent. Both ascents were from the Duckabush. Later Chute climbed from Lake Lena as is usual today.

In an interview on January 5, 1983, Lionel's memory of the climbing route on Constance was much clearer than Walter's. He was 20 at the time of the climb and apparently led the more difficult upper portion of the route. Lionel had no memory of Clemens, however. Their route from Lake Constance to the point where the Terrible Traverse (TT) and the Fingertip Traverse (FT) routes diverge was not clear to Frank (presumably either the north or south chute). However, both climbers agree that at this point Walter stayed low and traveled toward the TT, then tried unsuccessfully to climb some cliffs. Lionel tried the high route, yelled to Walter when he found the FT, and while waiting for Walter, climbed a peak. He pointed to the South Peak in a photograph, but his description of the peak sounded to Frank more like the high, knobby peak between South Peak and the FT. The two climbers continued around the FT and on to the summit for the third ascent of the mountain, and the first ascent by the Fingertip Traverse route. This ended the tradition that Mt. Constance was unclimbable from the Lake Constance (west) side. The vast majority of ascents since then have been by one of the two traverses (FT or TT).

Lionel climbed Mt. Constance several more times, including a late summer climb of the TT in which the party stayed in the moat above the snowfield. Constance was the first, and also the last (1946) mountain which he climbed. Perhaps Lionel's most outstanding contribution to mountaineering was his first ascent of the north peak of Mt. Index on July 5, 1930 with Victor Kaartinen. By Chute's own account, writing is not one of his strong points, and the north peak of Mt. Index climb was not written up at the



Figure 5 One of the Boy Scouts Walter Thomson and Lionel Chute took to Lake Constance.



Figure 6 Harold Sparks on the summit of Mt. Constance, second ascent, 1922.

time. His verbal account was questioned for some years until it was verified in 1939 by Otto Trott and Erick Larson⁸.

Walter Thomson's memory of "Clemens" sparked a further check on Johnny Clements. Frank remembered that when he showed his Constance slides for the Olympic Mountain Rescue Group, Florence Sicks had told him of an event in her parents' general store in Brinnon. Florence put him in contact with her mother, Mrs. Hilda Balch of Bellingham, who wrote in early December, 1982 as follows:

"John Clements was in the store a great deal when he was not able (on account of asthma) to work at his trade, boring boomsticks at the Phoenix Logging Company at Potlatch, Wash.

"He was a gentle individual, well liked, and talked a great deal of his experiences in the woods and mountains in the Dosewallips area. I cannot remember any of these stories in detail.

"I do remember clearly the day two young men came into the store and said they had climbed Mt. Constance. This was too much for Johnny, who vehemently upbraided them for making such a false statement. Hot words began to fly, each defending himself in no uncertain terms. The young man finally said, 'I will bet you \$1,000 that I can prove that I have climbed Mt. Constance.' Johnny replied, 'You know that I haven't got 1,000 cents, and cannot bet.' That ended the dispute.

"I never knew the names of the two men, who were undoubtedly Smith and Schellin. However, we thought they were university students."

For more information about the Clements family, Mrs. Balch recommended a Brinnon resident, Mrs. H.L. (Ida) Bailey, whose father was Fay Bunnell, and Mrs. Edith Sharp, now of Mountlake Terrace, daughter of David Smith who homesteaded up the Dosewallips from Brinnon. Mrs. Bailey's grandfather, Frank Neyhart, bought David Smith's homestead and Smith moved farther up the river.

Mrs. Edith Sharp (then 85) was interviewed on January 5, 1983. She went on a trip with Johnny Clements in a party of eight when she was about 17, probably in the summer of 1914. She said that they hiked up the Dosewallips, which was all trail in those days. The hill above Elkhorn camp was called "the hill of grief." They took off at some point, with no further trails, over at least two ridges, camped on snow, traveled up and down steep talus slopes, and climbed "Mt. Constance" using a rope up steep rock. Figure 9 shows Edith on the left, Johnny Clements smoking a pipe, and five other young people, including one other girl. The picture of Clements "on the peak at the west" accompanying his 1922 letter to the Seattle Star could easily have been taken from the projection on the right, with Clements on the peak at the left in Figure 7. The party then descended to Lake Constance and down the trail to the Dosewallips. Altogether they were gone eight days. Edith wore out two pairs of shoes, and had enough climbing to last a lifetime!

Mr. Fay Bunnell (now deceased) apparently thought highly of Johnny, and said that he was the first to climb the mountain. This seemed to be the general opinion in Brinnon. Johnny Clements, himself, was more explicit. His letter to the Star clearly states:

"The peaks on the west have been scaled. I am sending you a picture of myself on the peak at the west. But the peak at the east, which is six or seven hundred feet higher, has never been scaled."

Where then did Clements take his party of young people? Perhaps they followed the first ascent party's route up from miner's cabin on the Dosewallips over two ridges and part way down along the east side of Mt. Constance, then diverged up over Cat's Ears Pass, down the south chute, up between the Thumb and Inner Constance, and left (south) to one of the "peaks at the west," then down to the lake and out. Alternatively they could have gone farther up the Dosewallips, and approached via Constance Pass, but this seems less likely.

Clements' father died in Brinnon in 1902. Johnny must have been born around 1875 to have "blazed the trail (to Lake Constance) in 1891 when I was a boy." He apparently took several parties into the area around Mt. Constance, and in his letter to the

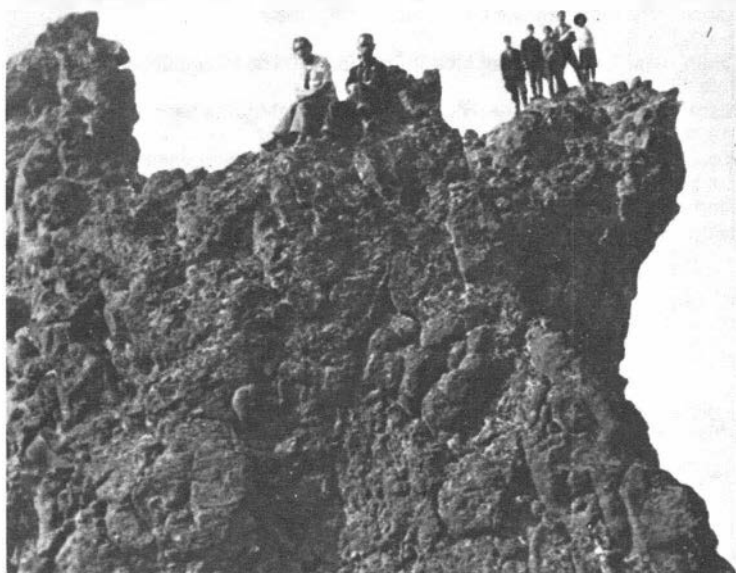


Figure 7 Edith on the left, Johnny Clements smoking a pipe, and five other young people
Photos lent by F. Maranville. Prints supplied by W. J. McCleary.

Star stated that he had “spent months on the sides of Mt. Constance.” He was married about 1900 or 1901, and took his bride, Jenny Clements, on their honeymoon “to Mt. Constance.” The couple had six children, and according to Mrs. Bailey, named their first daughter Constance. They moved away from Brinnon sometime before World War II.

It is easy to see why Johnny Clements questioned two young upstarts who had come in and claimed to have climbed “his mountain.” It would be nice to think that Walter Thomson’s “Clemens” could indeed have been Clements, and that he finally made a solo climb of “the peak at the east.” Realistically, however, a farewell climb of the “peak on the west” is more likely. In time, a more thorough search of records and photograph albums may fill in more of the gaps in this story.

Acknowledgements:

The authors wish to thank W. J. McCleary for preparing the black and white prints for the illustrations, and the many people who have contributed information and photographs, including Kathryn Hamilton, Walter Thomson, Lionel Chute, Henry Thomson, Florence Sicks, Hilda Balch, Edith Sharp and Ida Bailey.

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The Naming of Honeymoon Meadows

Frank Maranville

Sources for many of the place names in the Olympic Mountains are difficult and sometimes impossible to locate. In 1972 George Sainsbury compiled a list of names and their sources for about 120 Olympic peaks and ranges.¹ This still left 40 named Olympic peaks for which he asked help in identifying sources. Each year it becomes more difficult to verify the sources of place names as the early pioneers and climbers pass from the scene. One of the most romantic-sounding Olympic place names is Honeymoon Meadows, a popular campsite near the head of the West Fork of the Dosewallips River.

While writing up A. Earl Smith's epic first ascent of Mt. Constance,² it was mentioned to me by his daughter, Lorna Dayton, that Honeymoon Meadows had been so named by her parents on the occasion of their honeymoon. She loaned me a small 3½ x 6-inch notebook which contained Smith's penciled account of the honeymoon trip, and of three earlier climbing expeditions. The name Honeymoon Meadows appears twice in this account, although there is no specific account of the naming. Both Smith's daughters clearly remember that their parents were proud of bestowing that name on their campsite. A family photograph album assembled by Smith contains several pages of photographs taken during the courtship and honeymoon. Some of these showed a wooden sign on a tree in the background, but the lettering is illegible in the commercial prints. A search through a shoebox full of negatives turned up three which clearly showed the hand-carved sign reading Honeymoon Meadows (Fig. 1).

As mentioned earlier³, Bertha Vigfusson (of Icelandic descent) belonged to The Mountaineers, and also the Washington Alpine Club. During their courtship, she and Earl participated in several hikes and climbs together with a group of close friends. (Fig. 2) Smith's sister Iva and Bertha's sister Ethel (Fig. 3) were frequently members of these parties as was Earl's photographer friend, Harry Snyder of Bremerton. Pictures in this period were long on gag shots (Fig. 4) and a ukelele was often featured.

The Smiths were married on the morning of June 30, 1935, in a Bremerton parsonage. They left Bremerton about 10 a.m., traveled by car to Seabeck, ferried to Brinnon, and rode in "Vincent's car" to Corrigenda R.S. where they met up with their packer. At least



Figure 1 Earl Smith beside hand-carved sign, "Honeymoon Meadows"



Figure 2 Iva Smith, Earl's sister

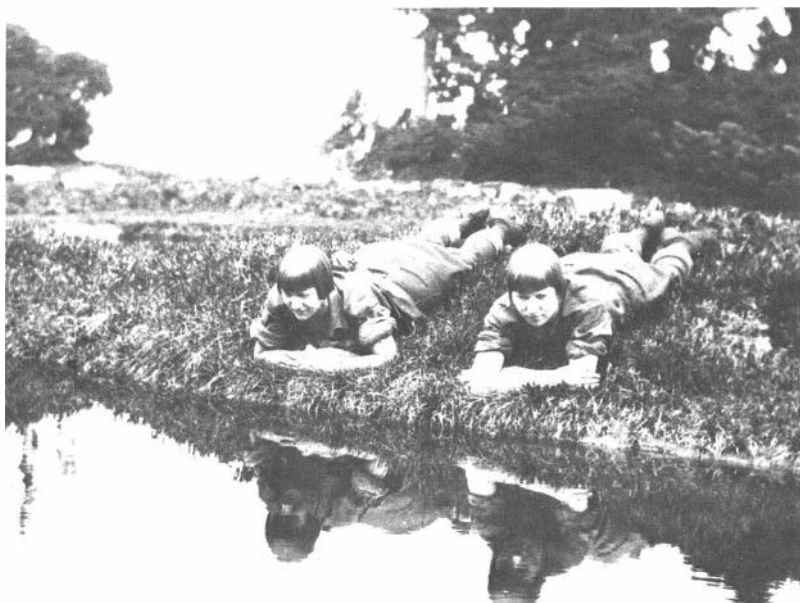


Figure 3 Iva Smith and Ethel Vigfusson, Bertha's sister

five horses can be seen in the photographs, three of which were apparently saddle horses. By 8 p.m. they reached Jump Off R.S., ten miles up the Dosewallips. A four hour ride the following morning brought them to Honeymoon Meadows by 11 a.m. Their camp appeared to be a three-sided canvas shelter with bough beds. They were favored with good weather for the whole trip.

Each of their eight full days at Honeymoon Meadows (Fig. 5) included a hike or a climb, two or three times to the small glacier on the east side of Mt. Anderson, twice to the Anderson Glacier, and once each to the summit of Mt. Anderson, the Duckabush divide and the Quinault basin (head of the Enchanted Valley). In the course of these trips they passed through Anderson Pass (called Deer Pass by Smith) five to seven times. Each day they bathed in the icy waters of the West Fork. Two swimming pictures show Earl (Fig. 6), and there is one of Bertha, the latter discreetly clipped off at the bottom.

On July 5 another honeymooning couple joined them. Mr. and Mrs. Tom Widrig, also of The Mountaineers, were on a 23-day trip across the Olympics and around Mt. Olympus. The two couples climbed up to the glacier east of Mt. Anderson, and on the following day, the Smiths accompanied the Widrigs over Deer (Anderson) Pass to the head of the Quinault Basin.

Photography was not neglected. There were photographs from two cameras and Smith mentions a tripod. Animals sighted included deer, elk, bear, marmots and possibly an eagle's nest. All too soon they ran short of film.



Figure 4 Hula girl in Honeymoon Meadows



Figure 5 Earl and Bertha Smith

Provisions were ample and they ate well. On July 10, their last day in camp, they baked bread in the morning, lunched, and then backpacked down through Camp 2 (Diamond Meadows?) to Camp 1 (Camp Muscott?). The next morning they left at 8:15 a.m., passed Jump Off R.S. at 8:50 and stopped at the 9-mile post at 12:30 for lunch. They left at 2:30, passed Corrigenda R.S. at 4:15, caught a ride to Brinnon at the 3-mile post, caught the 8:15 ferry to Seabeck, got another ride to Silverdale, phoned for a car and were home at 10:40 p.m. In Smith's words: "This was a peaceful conclusion to a happy trip."

In the same small book, preceding the Honeymoon Meadows trip, were accounts of the following three other trips:

(1) An Olympic expedition one year earlier, which was written up in *The Mountaineer*⁴. Gus Hudson, O.M. Olsway, A.E. Smith, Iva Smith and Harry Snyder started at Lake Cushman, climbed Ellinor and Washington the first day, and rested the second. In the next six days they hiked to Staircase, up the Skokomish, over the Low Divide and up the Duckabush, climbed LaCrosse, camped at Hart Lake, crossed to the Quinault, climbed to Anderson Pass, traversed on the east side of Anderson, through a 5,900-foot pass, descended over a hanging glacier and down a branch of Silt Creek,

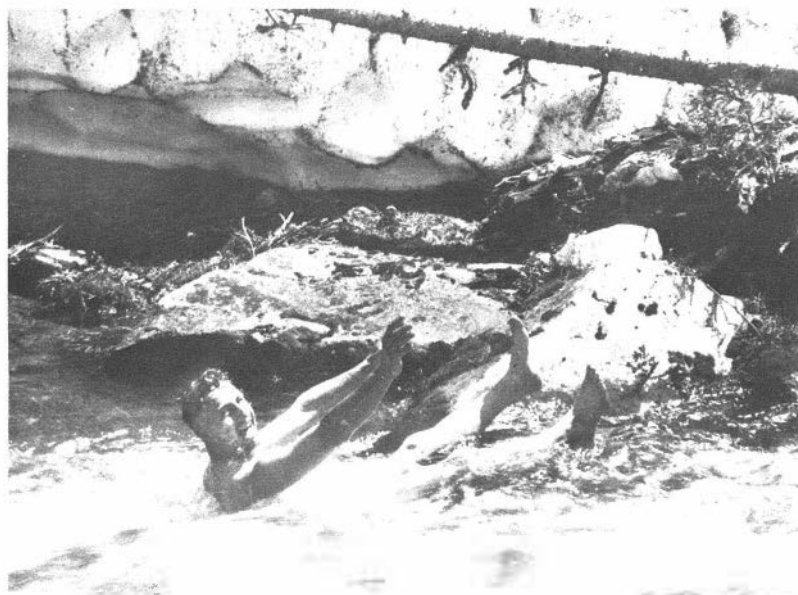


Figure 6 Earl Smith in swimming

*Photos lent by F. Maranville.
Prints supplied by W. J. McCleary*

and finally down Silt Creek to their food cache on the Dosewallips. All this on four days rations! From there they proceeded up to the "Doce" Meadows R.S., over Hayden Pass (Harry Snyder climbed Sentinel Peak) to the Elwha, out to Port Angeles and home by boat.

(2) A trip with Harry Snyder in late September or October of 1924, to Forks and a hike to the Hoh River, up the Hoh to Glacier Creek (location of the present high bridge), and back out. It rained the whole trip of approximately 80 miles. Elk photography was the object of the trip. According to Harry Snyder, they had planned to go to Seven Lakes Basin and Hoh Lake, but heavy snow prevented that.

(3) Smith's and Schellin's first, unsuccessful try on Chimney Rock, a month before the wedding. They made the first ascent of the South Peak of Chimney Rock in 1928⁵.

Acknowledgements

The author is indebted to W.J. McCleary for preparation of the black and white prints used for the illustrations, and to Lorna Dayton, Kathleen Smith and Harry Snyder for providing the documents, photographs, negatives and information on which this account is based.

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Lake Caroline: Fun and Fulfillment

Dwight Riggs

Those of us who hadn't tried it before took a chance. Those who had, knew how much fun it would be, the special camaraderie that would develop, and the self-satisfaction that they would once again earn and enjoy.

Our group of 15 Mountaineers spent the week of July 24 to 31 camped near 6,200-foot-high Lake Caroline just a ridge away from the Enchantments in the Stuart Range, not just to enjoy the scenery, but to accomplish as volunteers some badly needed trail building and maintenance work for the Wenatchee National Forest's Leavenworth Ranger District.

A string of Forest Service mules packed in all our food and our tents up the five miles and 2,400 feet (well described in *102 Hikes*) to our secluded campsite just short of the lake but near good water. Our volunteer cook, Carolyn, soon was readying her culinary gear in the just-erected cook tent. We must have picked out a nice camp spot, because most mornings and evenings during our stay the local deer would wander in and check it out.

The next day, after the first of Carolyn's gourmet and gourmand-pleasing breakfasts, we began carving out new trail tread on the hillside above camp ablaze with Indian paintbrush, lupine, and many other flowers. Under Ranger Rusty's tutelage, we soon gained proficiency with Pulaski and adze hoe, learned to engineer switchbacks and water dips, pried out numerous bigger-than-a-breadbox boulders, and grunted and shoved much deadfall (and not inconsiderable livefall) off the new route. We also laid brush in the badly rutted old trail to encourage revegetation and to retard further erosion. The work was sometimes tiring but always invigorating and liberally punctuated with the laughter and banter of all. Such enthusiasm prevailed amidst the sweat, dirt, sawdust, and Muskol, that we finished the job in just two of the allotted four work days.

Days Four and Five were our planned rest days. While Rusty returned briefly to the more domestic and familial responsibilities of the frontcountry, most of us made the most of our opportunity to explore the beautiful backcountry around 8,501-foot Mt. Cashmere, looming over Lake Caroline. Highlights included hiking to scenic, 7,200-foot Windy Pass; sharing a ridgetop lunch spot with an inquisitive, bewhiskered marmot; photographing acres of



Lake Caroline – Trail Maintenance

Ruth Ittner

Lewisia, stonecrop, phlox, and lichen-bespeckled natural rock-gardens; ridge rambling over to the base of Mt. Cashmere's rocky spire, glissading on a sunny snowslope; escaping most of the mounting waves of mosquitoes; and deepening the new friendships we had struck up as we worked together.

Rusty returned on Day Six (with a couple of new recruits perhaps lured by reports of Carolyn's cuisine) and directed us to other sections of the trail needing erosion control work and some additional relocations. A special project that day was construction of a rock and mineral soil-filled causeway in a boggy area. Many willing hands accomplished much on these last two work days, the deluge of rain on Day Seven dampening bodies and lunches but seemingly not spirits (the image of standing in the rain shoveling the waters of Lake Caroline onto ourselves to wash off the mud still lingers!).

Mostly the weather was sunny and warm, encouraging such pre-dinner daily activities as taking the (somewhat brrr-nippy) waters at the lake and observing the astonishingly quick succession of flowers in bloom, such as shooting stars, anemone, elephant head, skyrocket gilia, and bog orchid. Post-dinner avocations and compulsions ranged from playing Crazy 8s or Scrabble to dashing up Windy Pass once again to record the sunset on some of George Eastman's finest.

The return of Ivan the muleskinner on day eight foreshadowed the end of our fun and fulfillment — for this trip. Fifteen Mountaineers, ranging in age from 14 to 78 and bringing little more than enthusiasm to the task, had found a rewarding and increasingly vital way to help keep up the trails in some of their favorite recreational areas. You are invited to discover this too — *anyone* in reasonable health *can* and *ought* to help out and *will have fun*, too! Think about it: for all the days (or weeks) each year you spend hiking, backpacking, snowshoeing, skiing, and flower sniffing on the trail, what's your fair share?

Thanks and a tip of the hardhat go to leader Diane for her extensive trip planning and inspired cook procurement; to Ranger Rusty Thompson for caring to be a patient and people pleasing teacher; to the Wenatchee National Forest folks for logistical and financial aid; and to the Mountaineers, Tacoma Branch, and Signpost Publications for providing several of our group. We want to do it again.

Diane Altwein, leader; Bev Biggs, Coleen Coyne, Florence Culp, Ruth Ittner, Gloria Levack, Faye Ogilvie, Jay Pickens (*Signpost*), Carolyn Rice, Dwight Riggs, Hermina Soler (Tacoma Branch), Bob Taylor (Tacoma Branch), Larry Weimer, Arch Wright, Amy Zimmerman.



Anemone

J. F. Spooner

George Spooner

A Mountaineers' Consumer Guide to Hiking & Climbing Maps

Stew Wright

There are consumer guides for stereos, televisions, automobiles and even some hiking and climbing equipment. Until now, no one has written a consumers' guide to hiking and climbing maps. **Disclaimer:** all opinions stated in this article are those of the author and reflect his viewpoints as a professional map maker and amateur map user.

The purpose of this article is to give the reader an idea of the kinds of maps that are useful to hikers and climbers and where you might find them. The specific examples given are for the State of Washington. You may apply the general ideas to your own locality. Since map prices are subject to frequent changes, no prices are listed.

In Search of the "Perfect" Map

A "perfect" map is one that has all the information needed and is completely up-to-date. This map simply doesn't exist. The world is constantly changing: roads and trails are built and destroyed, trees are cut and volcanoes erupt. Once a map is published, it stops being up-to-date. A map does not correct itself. Also, most maps are not specifically designed with hikers and climbers in mind. Many maps are made to serve as management or planning tools for governmental agencies. Most climbers and hikers consult more than one map for their trips; some may even transfer information from one map to another.

Following are some types of maps that are useful to hikers and climbers.

Relief Maps

A map is generally considered a two-dimensional representation of a portion of the earth's surface. There is a type of map that gives the impression of the third dimension, that of relief, the difference in elevation. These maps are generally called relief maps.

The **pictorial relief** map actually looks like a picture. It is drawn as though the map maker is looking down at an angle at the terrain. Mountains and valleys are readily visible. Pictorial relief maps of many prominent mountains or ranges are available.

The **shaded relief** map uses various gray tones to give an impression of relief. Sometimes shaded relief is combined with

contour lines to produce a map that is not only useful in trip planning, but also in navigation. The National Park Service is currently producing shaded relief visitors' maps for most National Parks and Monuments.

The **raised relief** map is a sheet of plastic on which a map is printed. It is then molded by heat and pressure to show the actual terrain on an area. These maps are relatively expensive.

Relief maps are most useful in trip planning. They help in getting an idea of the lay of the land. They are generally not suitable for navigation.

Land Management & Recreation Maps

Many governmental agencies and private companies publish land management and recreation maps. These maps are generally planimetric; that is, show only the horizontal locations of man-made and natural features. No attempt is made to show relief other than spot elevations. They are usually revised on a regular basis and provide up-to-date information on roads, trails and camping facilities. Most are available for free, or a small fee. Some examples are:

timber company hunters' maps,

Washington Department of Natural Resources (DNR) Multiple-use Area maps and Public Lands quadrangles,

and U.S. Forest Service visitors' maps.

Note: The Forest Service is currently renumbering their roads; many visitors' maps do not show the new numbers. Up-to-date road number lists can be obtained at the Forest Service Ranger Stations.

Guidebook Maps

Guidebook maps can vary greatly in quality and accuracy. Some are merely sketch maps; others are quite accurate topographic maps. They generally contain useful trail and road information. Maps from guidebooks are useful in trip planning and may be useful on the trail.

Orthophoto Maps

An orthophoto map is an aerial photograph that has had all distortion eliminated. The result is an extremely accurate map. Contours are not generally shown, but with practice, landforms can be determined. These maps are useful in trip planning and can be used as a guide for cross-country navigation. Orthophoto maps are generally inexpensive. They are currently available in only limited areas. Check with the U.S. Geological Survey or Washington DNR for availability.

Climbers' Sketch Maps

This type of map is generally crude, but effective in showing detailed climbing route information that does not usually show up on other maps. Sketch maps are used to supplement other map information. In some areas, climbers' sketch maps are the only source of detailed climbing route information.

Topographic Maps

Topographic maps are the most useful for climbers and hikers. A topographic map shows terrain and landforms in a measurable form: contour lines. It also shows the horizontal locations of man-made and natural features.

Many people are in awe of topographic maps because they don't understand some of the terminology. Here are definitions of some of the terms used with topographic maps.

contour line — an imaginary line that follows the ground at a constant elevation or level.

contour interval — difference in elevation between two adjacent contour lines.

quad or quadrangle — a map that covers an area bounded by latitude and longitude. Some common quadrangle series sizes are 7½ minute and 15 minute.

scale — the ratio of map to actual ground distance. In other words, how much smaller the map is than the actual area of the earth that it represents. Scales may be shown in several ways: graphically as a scale bar; verbally, as one inch equals one mile; as a fraction, 1:24,000 (one inch on the map equals 24,000 inches on the earth's surface).

large-scale map — a map that has not been greatly reduced. It generally shows a relatively small area in great detail.

small-scale map — a map that has been greatly reduced. It usually shows a large area with very little detail.

Topographic maps are not without their drawbacks. Since they are expensive to produce, they are not revised frequently. The terrain information usually doesn't change (Mt. St. Helens excepted), but the cultural features such as roads and trails do. In many cases, it is necessary for a hiker or climber to update the topographic map with information from another source, such as a guidebook or a recreation map. Even with their drawbacks, topographic maps are an essential tool for wilderness navigation.

Most topographic maps are produced by governmental agencies, both state and federal. Some private groups or companies may use a government-made map and modify it to produce a spe-

cial topographic map. Some of the various map series that are produced by government agencies are:

U.S. Geological Survey Maps

1:24,000 Large-scale, about 2½ miles per inch, also known as the 7½ minute series. Most detailed map series, excellent for cross-country navigation and climbing route finding. Each map covers a relatively small area, about 6 by 9 miles. Most maps in this series are recent, that is, have been made within the last 20 years. The entire state will eventually be mapped at this scale.

1:62,500 Intermediate-scale, about one inch per mile. Also known as the 15 minute series. This series shows relatively good detail and can be used for cross-country navigation and many climbing routes. Each map covers an area of about 12 by 18 miles. Maps in this series are at least 20 years old, many are over 30 years old. No new maps are being produced at this scale.

1:100,000 Intermediate-scale, about 1.6 miles to the inch, shows metric contour intervals and spot elevations. It is also known as the 100K series. It shows less detail than the 15 minute series, but each map covers eight times the area. Age of road and trail information varies from map to map. This series is not generally suitable for climbing route-finding, but can be especially useful to people on an extended backpack or as a trip-planning map. About half of Washington is covered by this series, including most of the Cascades.

1:250,000 Small-scale, about 4 miles to the inch. It covers a large area, about 3 times that of a 100K series map. Not suitable for navigation, excellent as planning tool. Coverage of the entire state is available.

National Park & Specialty Maps U.S. Geological Survey maps publishes topographic maps for Mt. Rainier, Olympic and North Cascades National Parks and for Mt. St. Helens and Vicinity (both pre- and post-eruption). Map scales and ages vary. All are good for trip planning, some are suitable for cross-country navigation.

U.S. Forest Service Maps

7½ Minute Primary Base Series Uses U.S. Geological Survey maps as bases. This series shows up-to-date road and trail information. Information is quite recent, 5 years or less. Available in black & white edition only. Excellent for cross-country navigation. Check with individual National Forest Headquarters for availability.

Visitors' and Wilderness Maps Topographic maps are available for Wenatchee National Forest and most Washington National

Wilderness Areas. Scales vary by map. Most are fairly recent. These maps are excellent for trip planning and the Mt. Adams Wilderness map is suitable for cross-country navigation.

Washington DNR

1:48,000 Series Detailed maps of selected state lands. Black & white edition only. Check with Photos, Maps & Reports Section, QW-21, Olympia, WA 98504, for availability information.

Private Sector Maps

Many private organizations such as the Mountaineers and other outdoor activity clubs publish topographic maps of selected areas. Most are U.S. Geological Survey base maps with updated road and trail information. Map quality can vary greatly. All are useful for trip planning and some are useful for navigation.

Green Trails Maps Selected coverage, currently available: Washington Cascades, Olympics and Pasayten. Also Mt. Hood area, Oregon. Scale of Washington maps, 8/10 inch per mile; Oregon maps, 9/10 inch per mile. These maps use a simplified U.S. Geological Survey base that has been updated with recent road and trail information, including road and trail names and numbers. (Oregon maps also contain the following information on the reverse side: Trail & road numbers and names, destinations, mileages, elevation gains and losses and suggested uses. Washington maps will eventually contain similar information.) These maps are formatted in a convenient size. They are suitable for trip planning and most cross-country navigation (except complex climbing routes). Green Trails maps are available at many sporting goods and outdoor equipment stores.

Where to Purchase Maps

Most outdoor equipment and sporting goods stores carry maps and guidebooks that are useful to hikers and climbers. Most bookstores carry guidebooks and some carry a limited selection of maps. In larger cities there may be stores that specialize in selling maps. Some clubs, such as the Mountaineers, may sell guidebooks and maps; usually a limited selection.

Most U.S. Forest Service and Park Services sell some maps. A Ranger Station usually has a limited selection, usually the visitors' map and a few others. A National Park or Forest headquarters may stock a wide range of Park and Forest maps and possibly some topographic maps. In Seattle, there is a joint U.S. Forest/Park Service Information Office (1018 First Avenue, Seattle, WA 98104). This office stocks the following map products:

- 1) All National Forest Service Visitors' and Wilderness maps for Washington and Oregon.
- 2) U.S. Geological Survey maps for Mt. Rainier, Olympic, and North Cascades National Parks.
- 3) Selected specialty maps. (Some Green Trails maps, The Mountaineers' Alpine Lakes Wilderness map, other miscellaneous maps.)
- 4) Brochures for all National Parks, Monuments, and Scenic Seashores in the United States.

Some state and federal agencies also sell maps. The *State of Washington Directory of Cartographic Products* contains an up-to-date listing of governmental map products and the agencies that sell them. The *Directory* is free and can be ordered from Photos, Maps, and Reports Section; MS: QW-21; Olympia, WA 98504.

In addition to being sold in some stores and by some government agencies, U.S. Geological Survey maps may be purchased directly from the appropriate U.S. Geological Survey Distribution Branch. Map indexes, catalogs and ordering information for each state can be requested from the appropriate Distribution Branch. They are:

- 1) for maps of areas WEST of the Mississippi
Western Distribution Branch
U.S. Geological Survey
Box 25286 Federal Center
Denver, CO 80225
- 2) for maps EAST of the Mississippi
Eastern Distribution Branch
U.S. Geological Survey
1200 South Eads Street
Arlington, VA 22202

To find out when new U.S. Geological Survey maps for the State of Washington are published, have your name put on the mailing list to receive the free, monthly *New Publications of the Geological Survey*. Write to Mailing List Unit; U.S. Geological Survey: 582 National Center, Reston, VA 22092.

Mountaineer Backpacking Outings, 1962-1982

Wilma S. Peterson

The year Seattle hosted the World's Fair, the Mountaineers held their first backpacking outing. Prior to 1962 backpacking was used by climbers for the purpose of obtaining a peak, but outings for backpackers had not been planned just for the purpose of getting into the high country.

Interest had been generating in the club for a backpackers' outing. Several scouting trips were made in 1960 along the Cascade Crest Trail from Stevens Pass and also from Snoqualmie Pass. Some members felt that the Trail Trippers did not have the expertise or experience in backpacking to sponsor a week's trip. The Viewfinders (now Alpine Scramblers) were more qualified since they had weekend trips involving backpacking and had conducted a mountain hiking course in 1959 and 1960. This resulted in a Viewfinders summer outing from Stevens Pass to Snoqualmie Pass. The outing chairman and leader of this first week-long backpack, August 12-18, 1962, was Eric Aagard from Seattle. Thirteen people went on the trip. This first outing was repeated three times in the next four years by the Viewfinders.

In 1964 the Outing Planning Committee sponsored a backpack east of Ross Lake led by William Zauche and two years later it scheduled a nine day Suiattle River Loop Backpack.

The popularity of backpacking caused the Trail Trips Committee to schedule 15 overnight backpacks as an experiment in 1966. Over 100 participated with as many as 35 on a trip, but 16 was considered the best for camping to protect the environment. By 1968 about 40 per cent of the people participating in outings were backpackers.

The Viewfinders accepted a new challenge in 1967 by sponsoring a backpacking outing from Manning Park, British Columbia, to Hart's Pass. Twenty-four people hiked the Cascade Crest Trail from July 15-23 led by Henry Shain. They were the first bus passengers loading at Hart's Pass on the highest road in the state. Hiking the CCT was continued the next year from Hart's Pass to Stehekin under the capable leadership of Joe Cockrell assisted by Chet Haven. A section of the trail was hiked each year and the entire distance to the Columbia River was completed in 1978.

The number of backpacking outings had increased to four week-long trips and two beach backpacks by 1967. Areas hiked were the

Enchantment Lakes, CCT, the Olympic Mountains and beach trips along the Pacific Coast. Outings extended to Vancouver Island and Alaska in 1968 when 16 people backpacked over the Chilkoot Trail on the 70th Anniversary of the Gold Rush of '98. The trail was overgrown and incomplete in some sections; however, it was finished when the outing was repeated in 1970. That year members of the Mt. Adams Circle Outing became the first group to backpack around the mountain. Backpacks led by John Stout, Robert Wood and others in the Olympic National Park had good participation.



Mt. Logan

Susan Marsh

The popularity of backpacking resulted in the formation of the Backpacking Committee in 1970. The next year the Viewfinders changed their name to Alpine Scramblers to describe the group's aims and activities more accurately. They also took over the Alpine Travel Course administration from the Climbing Committee.

The winter's heaviest snowfall on record occurred in 1971 causing trips to be cancelled and locations changed. Another record snowfall disrupted the seven outings planned for 1972.

The outings extended to areas new to the Mountaineers. One group explored an area that became part of the Alpine Lakes Wilderness. Others hiked in Oregon, Hell's Canyon and the Pasayten Wilderness.

Backpacking continued to be popular with five to ten outings scheduled each year. Trips were sponsored by the Backpacking Committee, the Alpine Scramblers and the Naturalists. The

Swingles sponsored their first backpack outing in 1975 to the Bridger Wilderness, Wyoming. The next year a family backpack was planned to the North Cascades along the Stehekin River. Two backpacking trips, sponsored by the Foreign Outings Committee, were held in Hawaii in 1978. The Retired Rovers, formed in 1979 to travel at their own pace, conducted a backpacking outing to the Pasayten Wilderness the following year.

Tacoma members had been active in outings sponsored by the different committees. The Tacoma Branch authorized backpacking outings in 1974. That year Elmer Price led two outings in August on the PCT. Elmer, Don Legg and other Tacoma leaders have organized three to five extended backpacks each year since 1976.

These are some highlights of the backpacking movement as exemplified by Mountaineer outings of the last 20 years. Participants have many cherished memories of this satisfying way to see the alpine country.



Rocky Mountain Big Horn Sheep

Wilma S. Peterson

Canoe and Kayak Classes

Olympia Branch

Zella Matthews
Dolores Thoemke

Would you enjoy the exhilarating feeling of testing your own abilities and relying on the strength you have as an individual? Then canoeing and kayaking are for you. This is how we felt, and this is why we started the class in CANOEING AND KAYAKING for the Mountaineers. We wanted others to experience and test their own abilities and enjoy this stimulating sport. Canoeing is not just for the "hog dogs"; it is for all ages — young and old — and for families.

Actually it began six or seven years ago. Dolores Thoemke asked Zella Matthews to assist her in setting up a Junior High School Canoe Club. Our experiences in this young organization set the wheels in motion for the classes in Canoeing and Kayaking for Mountaineers. Zella asked Mike Merchant, then Olympia Branch President, how to set up a Canoe and Kayak Division in our club. He said all we need is a leader; he had volunteers. We realized safety was the first priority in this sport, and this led to pool sessions where individuals could practice paddle strokes and rescue technique, swimming fully clothed in the pool, tipping over canoes and kayaks. It is one thing to get into a canoe or kayak without this training, but the sense of security of knowing how and what to do in an emergency increases enjoyment.

After the five classes, we set up field trips: two river, two lake and two salt water. After the students complete these six trips, they receive certificates.

Have you ever had this great feeling of accomplishment: your body and arms ache from fighting wind and waves, you are wet because your spray cover leaked or waves came over the bow of your canoe, you are tired because of the constant paddling. All of these are forgotten after you have secured camp and are sitting beside a warm camp fire in the company of good friends, enjoying the solitude of the wilderness, and gazing off over smooth, still waters watching the sunset.

Canoeing and kayaking can take you to places where motor boats cannot go, and you can do it by your own strength. It is an accomplishment. We wanted the Mountaineers to experience

these trips on water as well as the mountains, and hope our students these past three years have had these feelings about this sport.

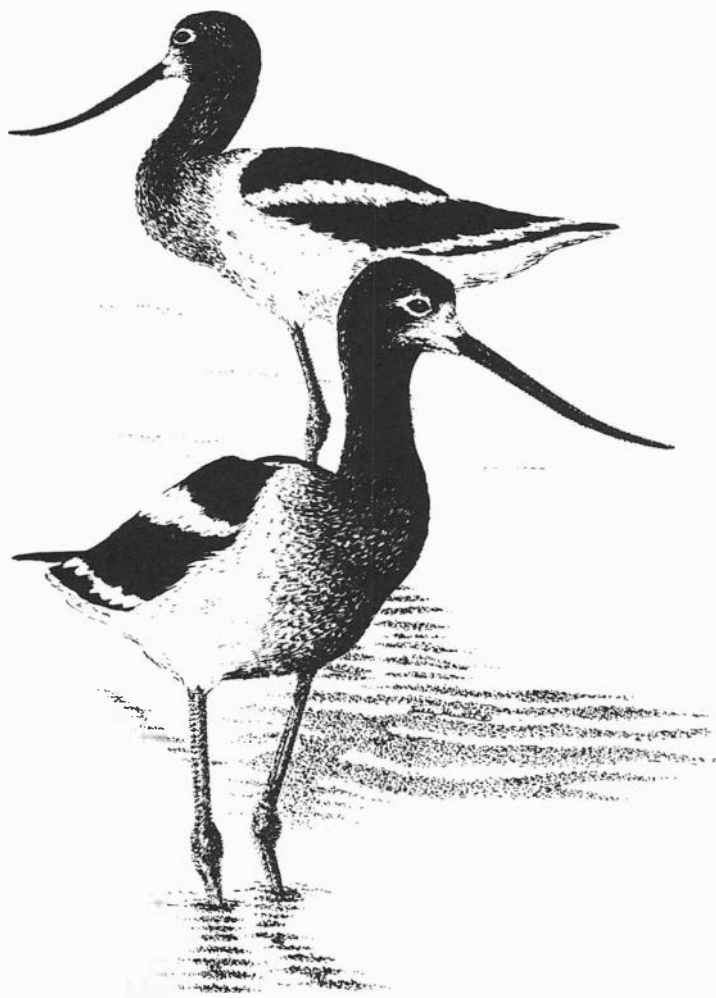
Each year we have tried to improve our classes. We have had an interesting and informative talk on reading the water by Lee Moyer of Pacific Water Sports. Our text is *Canoeing* by the American Red Cross. We talk about equipment and explain the important things that are needed when an individual begins. Canoes or kayaks can be rented, but if you can find a good, used canoe, you can begin this sport quite reasonably. Of course, as you become an avid canoer or kayaker, you can spend as much as \$1200 for a canoe and \$100 for just one paddle. It is best to start out as inexpensively as you can. Buy cheap paddles until you practice paddling skills and know what length and weight paddle you can use effectively. Differences in canoes are also to be considered. Some are for rivers only, some are for lakes, and others are for long trips on both inland lakes and salt water. If you buy a river canoe, then you will have a canoe without a bottom keel. This enables the paddler to side-slip quickly past rocks and other obstacles. On the other hand, if you want to paddle lakes, you will want to have a bottom keel, as this helps tracking in the winds. If you paddle salt water you will definitely want a bottom keel and a canoe with at least fifteen inches of hull depth, preferably sixteen feet long and equipped with a bow spray cover.

There are two kinds of kayaks — one which has a rounded bottom and is about fourteen feet long used for rivers, the other is a touring kayak. Usually this kayak is a little over sixteen feet long and is used for salt water. The river kayak has no keel so it can easily move sideways to avoid an obstacle in fast moving water.

The good touring kayak has a longer, pointed bow and has a V keel, to track well in winds and currents. You can use this kayak on class I rivers, but be sure there are no large obstacles to slip around, or you will end upside down very quickly and unpleasantly. It is no fun getting yourself and your gear wet.

You may be wondering by this time which is best. Actually it is an individual choice. A canoe is better for families and is easier for packing gear. There are kayaks for two people or for one, and you can pack gear in them, but not as easily nor as much as in a canoe. Touring kayaks are very good for salt water traveling, as you can keep dry easily with the spray cover. If a person has back trouble or bad knees, he would enjoy a kayak, as he paddles in a sitting position with his feet out in front of him and uses a double paddle.

This is just a small overview of what we cover in the Canoe and Kayak Class. It is so much fun for us to see others learn about this stimulating sport. We feel that few other sports are more worthwhile.



Avocets

Sally Hewett

Climbing Notes

Compiled by Don Goodman

Pete Doorish has compiled the following information on climbs done by many different Northwest climbers over the past dozen years.

Mt. Constance

The steep buttress just right of the Mountaineer Route gully was ascended in September 1978 by Pete Doorish and Reilly Moss. Grade III; class 5.9.

Mt. Vesper

The rib left of Weigelt's route was climbed by Pete Doorish and Bob Crawford in 1980. Grade II; class 5.8.

Big Snow

The east buttress route goes free at class 5.7 (Grade III). The prominent dihedral left (south) of the east buttress was climbed by Pete Doorish and Russ Devaney in 1979. Grade III; class 5.10 and A-1.

Cathedral Peak Area (Pasayten Wilderness)

The north face of Cathedral has a Grade II; class 5.6 up its right side on a rib. On the lower left portion of the south face is a Grade II; class 5.8 right-facing dihedral (incomplete to summit). Beckey's south face route has a two-pitch variation at the start that is to the left of the standard route (left fork of "Y" crack system) class 5.10.

The Mosque, a wide, fortress-looking buttress on Amphitheater Mountain above Upper Cathedral Lake (just to the west of the col west of the North Peak) has a five-pitch climb up its center part. Grade II; class 5.9.

Ka'aba Buttress lies just west of The Mosque (between The Mosque and Middle Finger Buttress) and is a Grade II; class 5.7. Middle Finger Buttress has a Grade III; class 5.8 route up the concave face to the left of Anderson's route.

The remaining climbs were done in the Cashmere Crags.

Rat Creek Group

The regular N.W. face route and south face of The Blockhouse go free, Grade II; class 5.8 and Grade III; class 5.10 respectively. The west face is Grade III; class 5.10 (Pat McNerthney and Dan Cauthorn 1982).

The N.E. corner rappel route on The Mole is Grade II; class 5.8 and the S.W. side has two class 5.9 routes, one up the rib between the S.E. and west face and another on the face to the right starting up a prominent jam crack that splits the slab.

The south tooth of The Dragon Teeth, east face, goes free class 5.8 and has a Grade II; class 5.8 route on the N.W. slab and a Grade III; class 5.10 route up the north face.

Nightmare Needles

The south face route on Little Annapurna goes free (Grade II; class 5.6) and there is another Grade II; class 5.8 route 100 feet right at the same elevation.

Crystal Lake Tower has a S.W. class 5.8 rib that finishes on the westernmost Chessman, 19 pitches, Grade III or IV ascended September 1982 by Pete and Jody Doorish.

Little Snowpatch Spire's original east face route is free, Grade I; class 5.8 and has a short Grade I; class 5.7 S.E. dihedral between the east and south faces.

The Lizards, lower and upper, have Grade I; class 5.6 and A-1, and Grade I; class 5.7 routes respectively (first ascent 1972). Both routes start on inside north notch and finish south.

The Lizard Wall has a Grade III; class 5.8 route up its center (1978).

Fire Spire has a Grade I; class 5.6 line on the west side (1972) and the S.E. face has a seven-pitch Grade II; class 5.9 route (1978).

The standard Cruel Finger route goes free at class 5.9 (Grade II) with one bolt for aid.

Toketie Lake Area

Toketie Wall lies just south of Toketie Lake and has a Grade III; class 5.10 route up the left of two prominent parallel cracks. Right of the two parallel cracks is a Grade III; class 5.9 route going around the left side of the white headwall near the top. The Yosemite-like Toketie Dome west of the lake has Grade I; class 5.7 and a Grade I; class 5.8 routes. The triangular face, above and east of the lake's outlet, is Grade II; class 5.7 on the left side. All climbs were done in 1977.

Mt. Temple Ridge

Comet Spire's east face-center route goes free, Grade III; class 5.7.

McClellan Ridge

The Chisel's standard route goes free (class 5.8), and has a class 5.7 variation that starts on the standard route and goes straight up. There is also a route on the west face (class 5.9).

The Duolith, South Crag, West Face

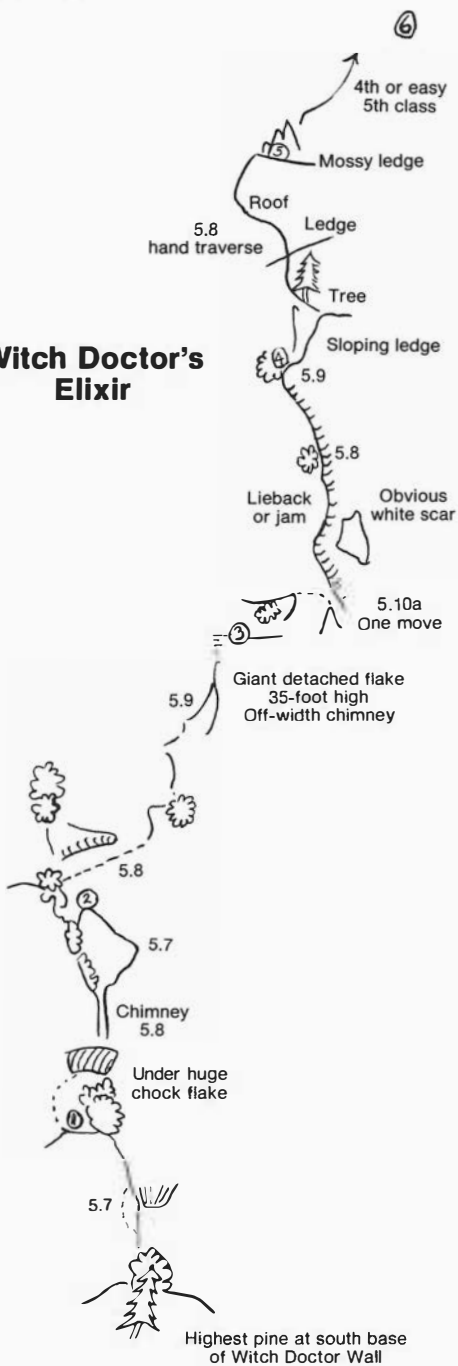
On August 29, 1982 Marty Gunderson, Tom Townsend and I climbed this enjoyable route in the Cashmere Crag. Begin in the chimney in the center of the west face, which steepens and narrows to off-width and fist, exiting left below a chockstone via a delicate traverse (class 5.8). Traverse around a corner and follow a dihedral to a notch. Join the regular route or traverse right to chockstoned chimney/tunnel with a stimulating finish on the edge of the summit block. Grade I; class 5.8.

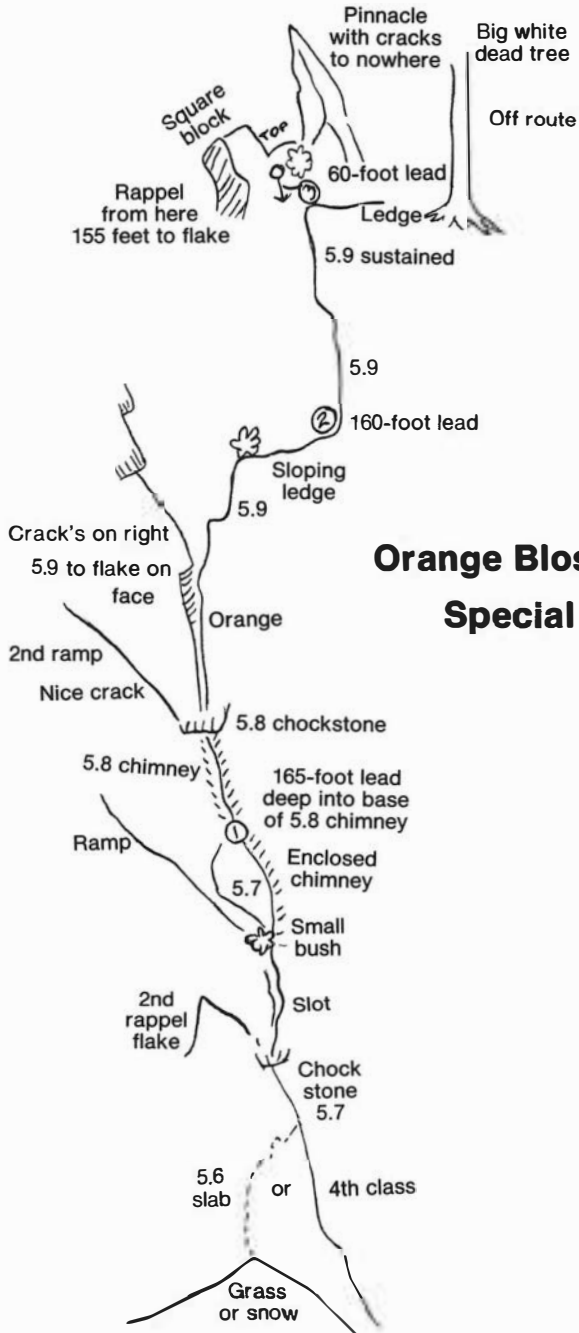
—Joe Catellani
Wallingford Alpine Club

Exfoliation Dome, Witch Doctor Wall

Hope Barnes and I completed two new routes on Witch Doctor Wall in August 1982. Witch Doctor's Elixer, Grade III; class 5.9, is approached as per Witch Doctor route. From the base of the wall, where Witch Doctor route starts, angle left up the edge of the flawless granite steeply past some trees until the wall ends in a dihedral and changes direction forming the upper boulder-filled hanging valley walls. The Elixer begins here. The descent is three and one-half 150-foot rappels from the summit slings, off trees, to the hanging valley. Orange Blossom Special, Grade II; class 5.9, starts approximately 500 feet south of Elixer, and has a big orange slot in the middle. The route begins on class 4 slab at the high point of the valley floor. Descend by rappelling the route (two rappels). Both climbs went clean with "Friends" and a normal rack.

Witch Doctor's Elixir





Orange Blossom Special

Orange Blossom Special

Allan Dreyer

The Craggys

On September 5, 1982 Natalia Reyburn and I ascended the north ridge of Peak 8,205 (North Craggy), in the Okanogan National Forest. The route is class 3-4 with one rappel. We continued south descending the south ridge of Peak 8,205 and ascending Big Craggy's north ridge. The ridge joining the two peaks narrows to a few feet wide in several places (loose, class 3).

—Don Goodman

Pistol Peaks (Southeast Summit), North Face

A striking face of appalling rock. Sue Steele and I climbed on the sloping, loose, east side of the face for three pitches, then scrambled the ridge to the summit. Grade II; class 5.7

—Geoffrey Childs

Molar Tooth

On the north side of the tower, north of the N.E. route, a sensational crack leads about 120 feet over a bulge. From there work up and right to a gully with a chockstone. Cross right and climb two pitches up a broad face to an easy, slanting chimney and the top. Grade II; class 5.10, with Ted Moores.

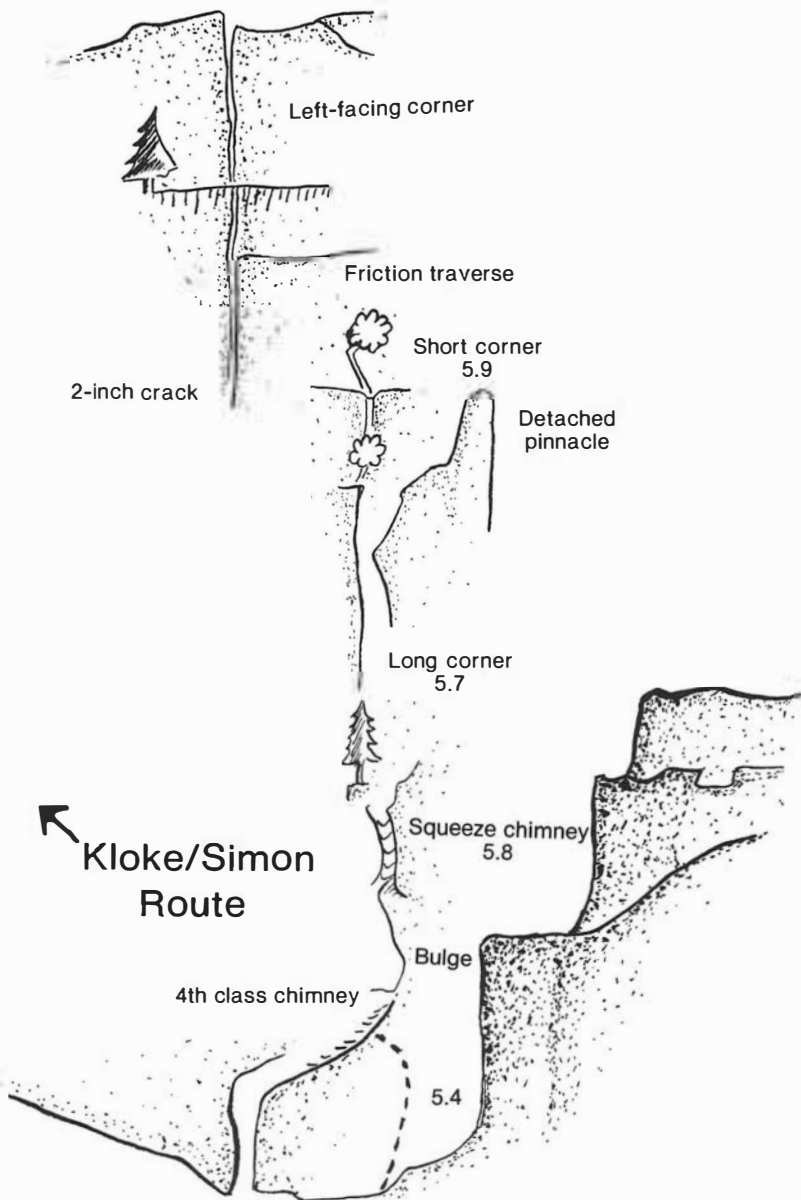
—Geoffrey Childs

The Fin, Kangaroo Ridge, North Face

In August 1981 Carol Petrelli and I made what was apparently the first ascent of a fairly direct route up the left center of the north face of The Fin. Start by either scrambling a class 4 chimney diagonally from the left or climbing easy rock to its right (class 5.4) for about 200 feet until a moderate bulge blocks the way. Work right, then left up a crack (class 5.4) to a difficult chimney (class 5.8 or 5.9). Above a large ledge with a huge tree, take a superb right-facing corner (class 5.7) to a sloping ledge. A short pitch leads to the crux corner, a short, thin crack (class 5.9) to a shaky belay. Next comes a leftward friction traverse (class 5.8). Reach a perfect, two-inch crack which is followed for two short pitches over a roof (class 5.8) and up a short corner leading directly to the summit (nine pitches total). Descend by scrambling carefully to the west, keeping in the chimneys on the ridge.

—Geoffrey Childs

North Face/The Fin Kangaroo Ridge



North Face/The Fin, Kangaroo Ridge

Allan Dreyer

Nooksack Tower, Northeast Couloir and East Ridge

On May 30, 1982, Chuck Gearson and I climbed Nooksack Tower by continuing up the couloir of the 1946 route to the notch and then up the east ridge. We had one pitch of good ice climbing (where the couloir narrows) and then several of snow, which placed us at the notch. From the notch we had eight pitches of rock climbing (up to class 5.7) to the summit. With the exception of one pitch on the south side the rock was reasonably sound. We made approximately ten rappels down the Beckey route and down-climbed the main couloir by headlamp. Grade IV, class 5.7.

—Jim Nelson

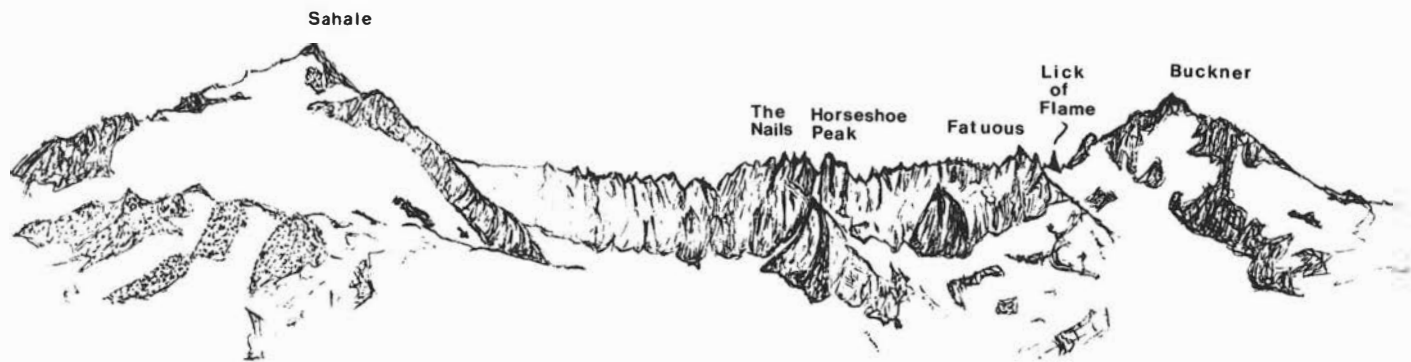
(Ed. note: The second ascent of the above route was made October 9, 1982, by Pat Post and Bruce Kay)

Kroeker Report — 1982

Eighteen uncairned summits were found during the course of 1982. Fallen Angel (6,840 feet), is a notable fishtail-shaped peak located on Teebone Ridge on the Skagit-Cascade River divide. It is 1.7 miles S.E. of Big Devil peak and was climbed with Silas Wild and John Roper on June 19 by its south face. One class 5 pitch leads up to a central gully which is then scrambled to the summit ridge, and east to the summit. Two fine rock spires adjoin the Trapezoid (6,960 feet) on its N.W. side. They are located 1.2 miles N.E. of Big Devil. A 100-foot spire, Hunich's Pipe, was climbed on June 20 with Wild and Roper by its north ridge, class 5.2 The south face was scaled by a solid layback flake and jam crack (class 5.5). Close to the west of the Pipe is the Pipe Cleaner, a twenty-foot needle whose north edge was climbed with Silas Wild also on June 20 (exposed class 4).

Apparently eluding repeated previous attempts, including those by Beckey, the Horseman (estimated 8,140 feet), was climbed with Wild and Roper on July 17. This monster flake adorns the west edge of the Neve Glacier above the Newhalem Creek basin and opposite Snowfield and Colonial Peaks. The climb gains 100 feet on the north edge of the "chest" overcoming two alcoves via exit cracks in their roofs, class 5.7, to reach a belay ledge at the "chin." A short second pitch, exposed class 5, leads to the narrow summit. A knifeblade piton and steel carabiner (Bressler party?) were found in the second alcove.

Ripsaw Ridge with Roper and Wild yielded four pleasant, steep, and uncairned summits plus a second ascent of Mt. Fatuous

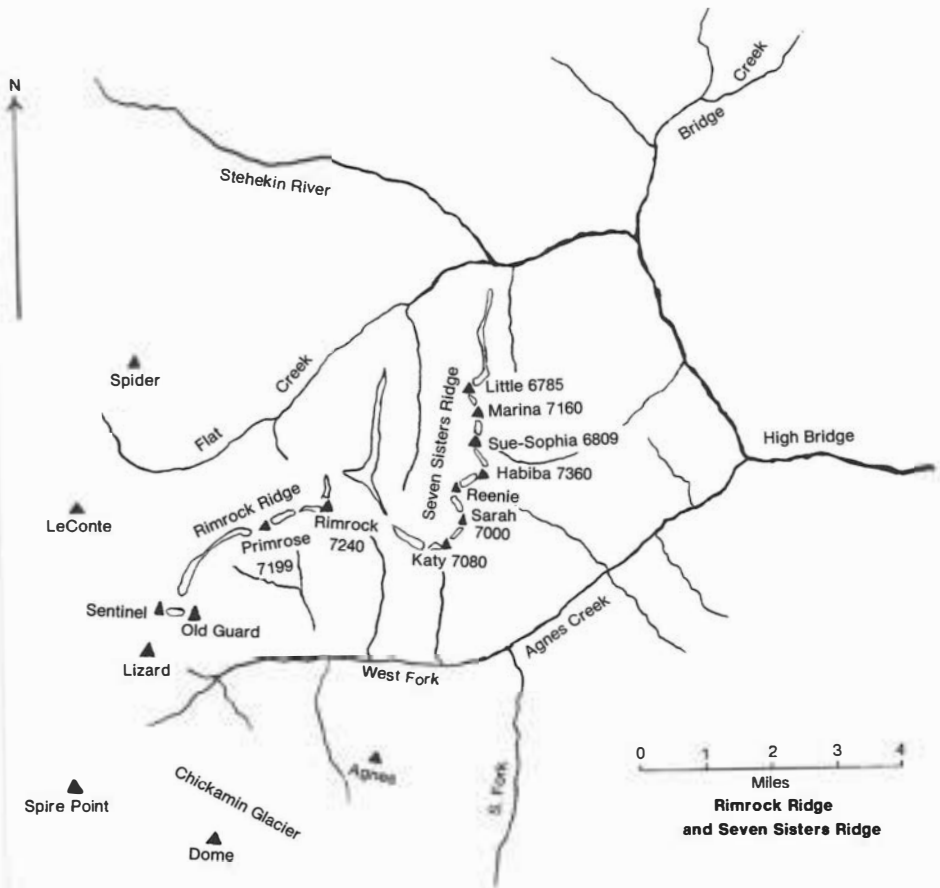


RIPSAW RIDGE PEAKS

Ripsaw Ridge Peaks from the south

(8,440+ feet, green Beckey page 280) on the weekend of August 7 and 8. Early forest service maps correctly show Horseshoe Peak centrally located between Sahale and Buckner. Current topo maps show Horseshoe Peak further east (see sketch). On August 7 a traverse was completed from West/East Nail to West/East Horseshoe. The first three had no cairns. The cairned East Horseshoe had a steel rod with rappel sling at its notch with the West Nail. The west face of East Horseshoe offered some easy, though exposed, fifth class climbing in cracks, ledges and gullies. On August 8 a route of highest "Koality" was completed on the Lick of Flame (see sketch). This thin, granite tower belies the reputation of poor rock on Ripsaw Ridge and offers 100 feet of solid, vertical, jam-crack climbing on granite. The east face route rises to a step in an overhanging roof and ascends the fault crack which splits the roof. Medium "Friends" and stoppers were used for protection, class 5.8. A bulge at the mid-face provides an interesting commitment.

Eight uncairned summits were noted during seven days spent traversing Rimrock Ridge and Seven Sisters Ridge in August. Connected end-to-end and snaking eastward from Old Guard Peak, the ridges form the divide between Flat Creek and the West Fork of Agnes Creek. The trip began August 22 with a first ascent of Gramps Peak (6,680 feet), located three miles N.W. of Bench Lake on the Goat-Kindy Creek divide. The ascent was accomplished with Joe Medlicott, Mark Allaback, Steve Allaback and John Roper by a series of ledges on the east face and then a gully leading north to the summit, class 3. Following a westward hike to the Ptarmigan Traverse, Roper and Mark Allaback assisted, on August 24, in a re-ascend of German Helmet (7,510 feet), and a first scramble on Goose Step Pinnacle (7,400 feet) closely north of the Helmet. Traversing north of Sentinel then east, the first peak on Rimrock Ridge was climbed on August 25. Primrose (7,199 feet), was approached from the west and circled by its north shoulder and east slopes (class 2) to its summit, again with Roper and Mark Allaback (see sketch). Closely north, the Goat Hoof (7,100 feet), a 50-foot spire topped with two cloven, rotten and overhanging boulders, was cautiously ascended. Continuing east, the high point, Rimrock Peak (7,240 feet), was climbed on August 25 by its narrow north arete, class 4, no cairns found. On August 26, with both Allaback's, Medlicott and Roper, all Seven Sisters were climbed (see sketch). In order, from the south, they are: sisters Katy (7,080 feet), Sarah (7,000 feet), Reenie (7,203 feet), Habiba (7,360 feet), Sue-Sophia (6,809 feet), Big Sister Marina (7,160 feet), and Little Sister (6,785 feet). Only Katy, Reenie and Marina had cairns, class 2.



Rimrock Ridge and Seven Sisters Ridge

Allan Dreyer

Finally, on October 15, a trip from Lightning Creek on Ross Lake to the Pacific Crest Trail at Castle Pass yielded two prominent peaks. Located south of Freezeout and north of Joker mountains, both were done solo. These were Jokeout (7,605 feet), and Freezer (7,760 feet). Class 2-3, cairns were built.

—Russ Kroeker (KOALA)

Mantis Peak, North Couloir

On May 15, 1982, Gordy Skoog ski-descended from the Colonial-Neve Glacier col to the base of the north face. The couloir was gained by ascending a narrow snow chute just right of a restricting rock band. Straight forward neve, 40°-50°, through cornice to summit. Grade II.

—Editor

Cat's Ear, East Buttress

On September 19, 1982, Anton Karuza and I climbed the east buttress of the Cat's Ear in the Snowfield Peak-Neve Glacier area of the North Cascades. The climb is mostly clean-face climbing on surprisingly solid rock. From the Neve Glacier climb up to the gully separating the lowest tower on the east buttress from the rest of the buttress. Cross the bergschrund and climb the gully to the notch (mid-class 5 at the bottom, class 3 at the top). From the notch climb up and left, then back to the right to a low-angle slab. Climb up to a handcrack, make a tricky balance move left (class 5.7), onto a sloping shelf and traverse left to a mantle. Above the mantle move up and right on clean-face climbing until the crest is reached. Class 3-4 leads to the summit. Grade II; class 5.7.

—Reese Martin

Dumbell Mountain Area

Steve Doty and I climbed an unnamed bump on the ridge west of Dumbell on September 5, 1982 (between Dumbell and Point 7,598). We found no cairn on top. The climb was class 3.

—Reese Martin

Argonaut Peak, Northeast Couloir

On June 5-6, 1982, Fred Rose and I climbed the N.E. couloir of Argonaut Peak in the Stuart Range. Approach via Mountaineer Creek. Couloir leads directly to the east side of summit with 45° to 50° snow and ice. The top of the couloir leads into two pitches of class 5.0 westerly open books. Summit finish was an iced-up, class 4. Descent was made by the east side into Porcupine Creek drainage then over divide into Mountaineer Creek.

—Don Page

Update on Approach to Southern Pickets

A group campground has been built at the end of the road. Just before reaching the first campsites, take a small road that exits to the right (east) and is blocked immediately with piles of dirt. Because of the number of climbers going into the Pickets, the climbers' trail is becoming easier to follow. Follow the old road three and one-half miles to cairns at 1,700 feet. Ascend the steep climbers' trail east to the rockslide bench at 4,600 feet, descend diagonally and contour below cliffs up to the meadows. Unlike as reported in the 1979 Mountaineer Annual, the Terror Glacier can easily be ascended to any of the peaks, and one can cross below the glacier safely to "The Barrier."

—Jerry Crofoot

Mountaineer Outings 1982

Type	Dates	Area	Leaders
Foreign	July 23-August 8	Austria-Italy	Paul Wiseman
Foreign	August 13-29	Norway	Paul Wiseman
Foreign	October 23- November 14	Nepal	Jackie Swenson
Retired Rovers Car Camp	May 16-June 10	Utah-Southwest	Connie Grimes
Retired Rovers Backpack	July 21-27	Nason Ridge	Bob Dreisbach
Campcrafters	July 24-August 8	Vancouver Island	Barbara Sacksteder
Retired Rovers Car Camp	August 25- September 10	Alaska	Jim Wasson
Kayak	August	Priest Lake, Idaho	Lesley Phillips

Singles Activities

Car Camp	July 30-	Banff-Jasper	Nonnie Heyning
Backpack	August 15-21	Sawtooth Wilderness Idaho	Joyce Britton

Backpacks

	July 3-11	Bicentennial Peak	Fleet Ratliff
	August 21-29	Wallowas	Elmer Price
	September	Chinook Pass- White Pass	Elmer Price
	September 11-19	Mt. Adams	Tom Mogridge
Alpine Scramble	October	Entiat	Gene and Mary Sutliff



Indian Head Peak from White Mountain, Glacier Peak Wilderness

Huts, Peaks, Trails, and Salzburg

Paul Wiseman, the long-legged climber and world traveler, led a group of five women and fifteen men on a hiking and climbing trip in the Dolomites and Austrian Alps. A nine-hour polar flight took us to Copenhagen, from where, after a sweltering stopover, we continued to Munich and on by bus to Innsbruck.

July 25: Sightseeing tour of Innsbruck, including the baroque cathedral with greater-than-life metal sculptures of rulers and their ladies. Another landmark, the Goldenes Dachl (little golden roof), was built by an allegedly bankrupt prince to show that he was still solvent. There is also the Olympic ski jump, from the top of which the jumper looks straight down into a cemetery. In Innsbruck we picked up our guides.

We entered Italy via the Brenner Pass tunnel. This northernmost part of Italy, the South Tyrol, formerly belonged to Austria. Defeated in World War I, Austria had to cede it to Italy in the 1919 Peace Treaty of St. Germain. Signs are bilingual. Altitude is given in meters.

The hiking started near Innichen, with a walk to the Dreischuster-Huette (Three Cobblers Hut). There we were in the abrupt and non-glaciated Dolomites. Our group split into climbers and hikers.

July 26: Ascent to Rondoï (Swallows) Pass. Hikers: via Luckele Scharte Notch (2,545) and Hochebenkofel (2,867) in seven hours back to hut. The climbers scaled the twin peaks of the 2,800-meter Schwalbenkofel (Swallows Mountain). Rotten rock made climbing so unpleasant and hazardous that we re-named the peaks Crapola I and II. From the summit we had our first view of the famous Drei Zinnen. (In German it is pronounced Tssinnen; roughly, Three Battlements; the upward parts are the Zinnen.) Return to hut.

July 27: In fog and rain we trudged with full packs in five strenuous hours by way of Gweng Aple to the Dreizinnen Hut (2,438). This beautiful hut, opened in 1949, stands on the site of several earlier huts, the earliest dating back to 1882. One hut was destroyed during World War I.

Because of bad weather, no climbing in the afternoon. Instead, our guides showed us new techniques of rappelling.

July 28: Still bad weather! Hiking on a rollercoaster trail counterclockwise around the base of the Drei Zinnen, we came to an alm, where we feasted on home-made bread and very strong cheese. Continuing our hike we reached the Lavaredo Hut (2,344). Two hours' wait there, while our guides participated in the search

for two overdue climbers who later returned unharmed. Then ascent to Paternsattel (2,454) where hikers and climbers parted. The hikers returned to the Dreizinnen Hut through a long, steep, icy tunnel of World War I vintage. A fixed steel cable offered welcome handholds. The climbers, likewise taking advantage of fixed cables, went over exposed rock to the summit of Paternkofel (2,744).

The Paternkofel was the site of bitter fighting between Austrian and Italian Mountain Troops during World War I. Breastworks and bunkers abound. On the summit there stands a memorial cross to Sepp Innerkofler, one of the most famous guides of all times, who, on July 4, 1915, was killed three feet below the peak during a heroic attempt to wrest the mountain from its equally heroic Italian defenders. Descending, the climbers, too, had to grope their way through the icy tunnel.

July 29: Good weather at last! In front of us arose the Drei Zinnen, presenting their forbidding and partly overhanging North faces. We climbed the Grosse Zinne (2,999) by way of the standard south route, an interesting rock climb including a long chimney. On the descent, in contrast to the Mountaineers' 1980 trip when all 18 in the party climbed down over the steep pitches, our guides used a combination of rappelling and lowering the climber. We descended to the Lavaredo Hut (2,344). After a rest, there followed a three-hour up and down traverse to the Zsigmondy-Comici Hut. The hikers were already there. This hut bears the names of two great mountaineers. The Austrian Dr. Emil Zsigmondy (1860-1885) made many guideless first ascents all over the Alps, until, not yet 25, he fell to his death on the Meije (Dauphine Alps, France). The Italian Emilio Comici, in 1933, conquered the Grosse Zinne North face.

July 30: The climbers scaled Einserkofel (2,698), a fine rock climb with a thrilling Austrian guide-style rappel. On the way we admired a stand of Edelweiss. The hikers scrambled up Obernbacher Spitze (2,675). Both groups re-assembled at the hut and speedily descended over many switchbacks to the floor of the Fischlein Valley. I felt humble when Paul overtook me in giant strides, a triumphant grin on his face. Our bus took us to Lienz.

July 31: Rest day in Lienz. The fresh fruit tasted wonderful, but purchase of gifts depleted my traveler's checks.

August 1: Scenic bus trip through Felber Tauern Tunnel, then over a winding road up to Enzingerboden. The hikers got off there and were on their own for the next four days. During that time they hiked in counterclockwise direction halfway around the base of the Grossgluckner group, stopping at Rudolf's Hut (2,323), Kaiser

Tauern Hut (2,802), Glorer Hut (2,651), and finally at the Glockner Haus (2,136), where our bus was waiting, and where the hikers waited for the climbers' arrival. A few waterfalls, cable car rides, and alpine meadows in full bloom enhanced the hikers' enjoyment.

The climbers continued by bus past Kesselfall Alpenhaus, through a long, spiral tunnel, then by means of a cable platform on rails, to the second of two man-made lakes behind spectacular dams. We crossed the Moserboden Dam and climbed in two and a half hours the steep route to the Heinrich Schwaiger Haus (2,802).

August 2: Climb of the Grosse Wiesbachhorn (3,570), a snow and glacier climb. Great view of the Grossglockner group. Then a five-hour, rollercoaster-like glacier traverse, on crampons, to the 100-year-old Oberwalder Hut (2,972).

August 3: No climbs because of fog. In the afternoon, descent to the Hoffmanns Hut (2,442).

August 4: Traverse of the flat mid-section of the Pasterze Kees (glacier), then a five-hour ascent via Hoffmanns Trail and Hoffmanns Glacier to the 3,454-meter Erzherzog Johann Hut, Austria's highest. Because of fog the summit climb was postponed to the next day.

August 5: Ascending steep snow and a rock ridge, and crossing the knife-edge Glocknerscharte (notch), we reached the crowning point of our outing, the summit of Grossglockner, at 3,798 meters Austria's highest peak. Wonderful panorama of the Eastern Alps, with ranges playfully emerging from, and disappearing into, the drifting clouds. Descent to the Hoffmanns Hut. Road walk to Frans-Josephs-Haus and Glockner Haus, where the hikers and our bus were waiting. There followed a magnificent bus trip over Europe's highest road, the Grossglockner-Hochalpenstrasse, into the Salzach valley and on to Salzburg. At the farewell party we said good-bye to our guides.

August 6: Salzburg, an ancient city of renowned baroque churches and palaces, situated on both banks of the Salzach River, ranks among the world's most beautiful cities. The surrounding hills, crowned by monasteries and the fortress of Hohen-salzburg, offer an unforgettable view. And what music lover wouldn't want to pay homage to Mozart's birth house? Our sight-seeing trip included the famous Hellbrunn Wasserspiele (fountains), built by a seventeenth century ruler for the amusement of his many guests and mistresses. Musical events rounded out the day.

August 7: Some stayed behind in Austria. The others went by bus to Munich, then by plane to still-sweltering Copenhagen. After

24-hours' stopover, with visits to Tivoli Garden and other sights, we flew home, to arrive at Sea-Tac on August 8 at 12:30 p.m.

This well-planned and organized trip offered us fine hikes and climbs, and the enjoyment of alpine landscape, architecture, and flowers. From me it evoked nostalgic memories of previous hikes and climbs, many years ago, in the Dolomites and in my native Austria.

—Gary Drucker

Paul Wiseman, leader; Moira Anderst, Barbara Arlint, James Borgman, Keith Clarke, Gerhart Drucker, Stanley Engle, Hubert Favero, Diana Hall, Bill Hausman, Margery Kepner, Jan Loeken, Martin Matyas, Lewis Nunnolley, Louis Ochser, Thomas Pemberton, Richard Rodbury, Frank Sincock, Dennis Smith, Frederick Tompkins.

Norway

When God finished creating the world, He had a great pile of broken rock left over. It is now known as the Jotunheimen area in Norway.

On August 14, 22 Mountaineers assembled in Oslo with the intent of exploring this region under the leadership of Paul Wiseman. Reservations had been made through DNT (Den Norske Turistforening, or Norwegian Tourist Association) at huts along the route. Although quality of facilities varied, each was graced with that admirable Norwegian institution, the *torkerom*, in which forced hot air dried the day's wet gear and laundry. The familiar *eau de wet boot sock* was sometimes given added pungency by a leftover goat cheese sandwich in someone's pocket.

We reached the first stop, Gjendesheim (990 m) by train and bus in time for a quick walk on nearby ridges. Further explorations and an ascent of Bessho (2,258 m) awaited the next day. Rain discouraged a high traverse across Besseggen, but a sturdy six hiked the trail along Lake Gjende while the rest took the boat to Memurubu (1,008 m). By afternoon the weather had cleared enough for an afternoon walk along the ridge to view the narrow neck between Lakes Gjende (984 m) and Bessvatnet (1,374 m).

Next morning, in lowering weather, we went back up over the ridge and along Lake Russvatnet (1,164 m), over the saddle between the two peaks of Hestloegerho, and across the valley of the Veodalen to Glitterheim (1,384 m). Scenery at these higher elevations was compared to the Brooks Range of Alaska, and there seemed scant forage for the small band of sheep we encountered. Very few species of birds were observed during the trip, and the only wildlife seemed to be a few herds of reindeer.

Next morning a tentative break in the weather lured a party of 11 out to attempt Glittertind (2,452 m); five succeeded in spite of the severe conditions at higher elevations. The others lounged, laundered, and investigated the nearby stone hut constructed approximately 100 years ago by DNT, and a rude stone shelter reputed to date back to 400 A. D.

Alternatives to Spiterstulen were the valley pounders' route through the Veslglupen gorge, and a traverse in beautiful weather over the summit of Glittertind, the latter elected by four frustrated peakbaggers and one repeater who wanted to see what it really looked like up there.

Spiterstulen (1,106 m) was the poshest of the "huts," with a swimming pool and live music on Saturday night. It is also the basecamp for climbs of Galdhopiggen (2,469 m), accomplished by 16 of our group and uncounted hordes of Norwegian tourists. The relative heights of Glittertind and Galdhopiggen generated considerable discussion. Galdhopiggen has a rocky top (and a warming hut with coffee and souvenirs), and so is constant in elevation; Glittertind is topped by a mammoth cornice which varies in depth with the season and severity of the winter but sometimes reaches a total height of 2,472 m. No matter which is higher at any given moment, they are in any case the two highest peaks in Norway, although those who viewed surrounding peaks agreed that there are certainly more difficult ascents.

There were several options between Leirvassbu (1,405 m) and Skogadalsboen (834 m): one group chose the "easy" way through Gravdalen and Storutladalen; a second party climbed Kyrkja (2,032 m) and then followed; the rest took a longer route past Olavsbu and down Rauddalen to intersect the trail at the Storutla crossing. The last stretch to the hut was a wet tromp through a dripping birch forest which seemed interminable and claustrophobic after barren ridges and wide valleys.



Fiord — Norway *Wilma S. Peterson*

Rain during the layover at Skogadalsboen discouraged proposed side trips and the day was spent napping, swapping paperbacks, and making small forays into the blueberry fields on the hills behind the hut. The rain had not stopped next morning, but there was no avoiding the inevitable. But even rain has its rewards, for the steep sides of the valleys were festooned with waterfalls. Shortly beyond Vettisfossen, the highest waterfall in Norway, we came upon one of the most spectacular views of the whole trip — from a switchback at the end of a ridge we could look straight down well over a thousand feet to the little farming community of Vetti nestled at the bottom of a narrow v-shaped valley. Although electrical appliances of all kinds were very much in evidence, the “facility” proved to be a two-holer attached to the side of the barn on a steep hill. We speculated about the difficulties of a late-night run in mid-winter.

Our last day’s hike was a short one, three miles to catch the local bus to Ardal, and thence by boat to Aurland, actually by boats, because the trip involved several transfers, one in mid-fjord. After a night in Aurland we traveled by bus to Flam and rode the 13-mile line (reputed to be the most scenic in Norway), gaining 2,833 feet to connect with the Oslo–Bergen railway, which runs through the heart of the mountains and through numerous snowsheds, much to the frustration of photographers. Back in Oslo, we spent our last day in Norway sightseeing and shopping for last-minute souvenirs in local department stores and handcraft shops.

Guidebooks give estimated times rather than distances between points, but daily mileage, as measured by crochet thread on the map, ranged from 15 to 21 km (10–14 miles). Estimates calibrated by blister count and knee strain ran much higher. Excessive exercise bred appetites that came to relish even pickled herring for breakfast, but no one ever expressed much desire to repeat the entree at Spiterstulen: sour cream mixed with flour (rommegrot). Addition of sugar and cinnamon made it slightly more palatable than wallpaper paste.

In spite of bodies that ached for days afterward from pounding rocky trails, everyone declared the trip a huge success. No small thanks go to Gudrun Olsen, who many times unraveled language problems and eased our way through bewildering instructions.

—Peggy Ferber

Paul Wiseman, leader; Moira Anderst, Polly Bruno, Hugh Campbell, Chuck and Donna Cole, Bob and Peggy Ferber, Gloria Ford, Jane Galloway, Palma Hoover, Carl Kassebaum, Bob McFann, Elinor Montgomery, Lou Ochsner, Gudrun Olsen, Tommy and Joney Pemberton, Corliss Perdaems, Josie Poo, Mary Sadler, and Larry Weimer.

Annapurna Sanctuary Trek

The culture shock of a Third World country began for the 13 members of Jackie Swenson's Nepal '82 outing when a Thai Airlines Airbus disgorged 250 passengers into the DC-3-era Kathmandu airport terminal to jostle through immigration lines and fight to retrieve baggage. The bus trip into the capital, dodging trucks, buses, bicycles, pedicabs, donkeys, scurrying pedestrians and freely roaming cattle amid the grimy, crumbling buildings flanking the narrow streets, contrasted sharply with our serene view of Mt. Everest from the comfort of our airliner seats on the flight from Bangkok. The Kathmandu Guest House with its tattle-tale gray towels, showers that sprayed the entire bathroom and little lizards that ventured forth from holes in the walls, did little to reassure us that we had not stepped back into the 18th century.

Three days of sightseeing, shopping, walking the streets, sampling Nepalese and Tibetan food and attending an ethnic dance show in Kathmandu overcame our initial impressions and we soon got in the spirit of Dasai, the most important Hindu holiday, with its feasting, flowers, kite flying and animal sacrifices.

On October 28 trekkers, Sherpas, cooks and camp helpers boarded a very dilapidated bus for the seven-hour, 200-kilometer journey to Pokhara. Our first night's camp was on that city's soccer field, with children, bicyclists, dogs, goats and cattle freely wandering among our tents, while a wooden ferris wheel, a feature of the holiday season, creaked far into the night.

The next morning established our daily routine for the trek. We were awakened before daybreak by "bed tea and biscuits" thrust into our tents, followed by a basin of hot water. During the next half hour we were expected to wash, dress, pack our duffle bags and empty the tents so they could be struck while we partook of breakfast. Invariably breakfast started with a bowl of porridge, followed by toast, pancakes or a boiled egg and coffee or tea. Unfortunately, this was also the best time to admire the view and take pictures because mornings were usually clear and sunny, while clouds formed in the afternoon, obscuring the magnificent peaks of the Annapurna Himal. By this time the porters had shouldered their immense burdens and started up the trail; so on with our pack to stride forth among the alien sights and sounds of a beautiful country and friendly people, but watch your step; the cows have been everywhere!

Lunch stop usually began between 10 and 11 and was a long, drawn-out affair with several courses, eaten on a large tarp spread over the invariably damp or muddy ground. We then trekked for

another three or more hours to our campsite for the night, where tents were set up and the evening meal cooked and served in a large mess tent. By this time it was dark, damp and cold even at the lower elevation. After a candlelight game of Uno or Hinkey-Pinkey, we were usually in our sleeping bags by 8 o'clock.

During the first four days we followed the main trade route northeast up the valleys of the Yamdi and Bhurundi Kholas (rivers), ascending from Pokhara's 3000 feet, where bananas and papaya trees grow, to the rhododendron forests of Ghorapani at 9500 feet. Our overnight stops were at Naudanda, high on a ridge with splendid views, Birethanti beside the Modi Khola, whose forbidding gorge we would later traverse, and Ulleri with trees of the prunus family in full pink bloom, alive with colorful little birds and enormous bumble bees.

Traffic was brisk; we frequently had to yield the right-of-way to strings of cargo-laden donkeys, their bells clanging musically and their drivers whistling and shouting to keep them moving. There were many little restaurants and hotels along the way. They seemed to compete with each other for length of menu, some offering as many as 90 items, like "Italian spekety" and "rise with gravy."

At least half of our party climbed Pun Hill by moonlight to watch the sun rise on the Himalayan giants to the north of us: Dhaulagiri, 26,795, Tukucho, 22,705, Annapurna I, 26,545, Annapurna South, 23,683, and Machhapuchre, 22,943. The latter peak, whose name literally means "fishtail," dominated our views during the entire trek, due to its close proximity and Matterhorn shape.

From Ghorapani a secondary track led westward to Kimrung; it was difficult and sometimes dangerous, especially for the six senior citizens in the group. Our route then went north up the incredible Modi Khola, high on ledges, through dark bamboo thickets and among meadows where flowers still bloomed. It took three more days to reach the Macchapuchre Base Camp at 12,300 feet. We elected to stay there two nights rather than moving camp 1,200 feet higher to the Annapurna Sanctuary. It was only an hour and a half on a good trail to the Sanctuary — a relatively flat grassy meadow between the azalea-covered talus slopes of Hiunchuli on the south and a lateral moraine of the South Annapurna glacier on the north and west. Giant glacier-clad peaks completely encircled the area. For a glorious couple of hours we sat on dry ground in warm sunshine admiring the changing view, but the clouds moved in quickly and by noon we stumbled back to camp in sleet and fog.

We returned via the same track as far as the Kimrung Khola, the

continued southward on a rainy day to a large village called Gandrung. Wet tents and sleeping pads dictated a stay at an inn here at two rupees (16 cents) per bed. The seniors shared dormitory rooms with two trekkers from San Francisco, a couple from Australia and women from Germany and Canada. There was a lively exchange of experiences as we sipped lemon tea in the dim, candle-lit interior.

The sunshine returned next morning as we descended 2,400 feet on a green marble staircase to cross the Modi Khola for the last time. These rock staircases are a feature of steep portions of the Nepalese tracks. The countryside is blessed with an abundance of easily-split mica schists and other fine rock suitable for steps, terrace walls, buildings and roof tiles. Nobody attempted to keep track of the number of steps we ascended or descended, but it was certainly well over 10,000.

After ascending 3,000 feet into a fog-shrouded forest, we descended to our last camp at Dhampus, where we envied a large German group with brand-new tents. After descending from Dhampus to the flat Yamdi Khola valley, memories of our first day on the trek came back to us as we tramped through the familiar rice paddies and villages along the route to Pokhara. With the city in sight and surplus rupees in our pockets, we were easy marks for the jewelry and rug merchants along the way. We again savored the sweet little green oranges we had missed in the high country.

A hot bath and good dinner at the New Crystal Hotel in Pokhara prepared us for the return bus trip to Kathmandu. This trip took longer than usual as we stopped to let two of our members off to join a raft trip down the Trisuli River. Our camp crew prepared one final elegant lunch for us on the banks of the river, including really fresh chicken purchased live at a nearby village.

Although most members of the party suffered from various illnesses, and many were exhausted at the end of a day, we generally felt that we had had a unique, interesting experience. We were glad to have been there, but would not necessarily wish to repeat the experience.

—Gwen Sobieralski

Jacqueline Swenson, leader; Ronald Belisle, Mary Jane Dexter, David Hanson, Ronald Hanson, Lois Irwin, Ward Irwin, Susan Juhre, Janet Klos, John Klos, Antoni Sobieralski, Gwen Sobieralski, Dirk Van Veen.

Retired Rovers in Utah

The name "Utah" usually brings to mind Salt Lake City or Provo — both very beautiful cities. However, 23 Retired Rovers from the Seattle-Tacoma area found the state to have a wealth of varied and beautiful desert scenery. Our six car-camps from May 16 through June 10 were located in Utah primarily. There were also side trips into Colorado and Arizona.

The group met in the old pioneer Mormon town of Moab on May 15. Heading for the Arches National Park on Sunday, May 16, we drove to the end of the road where we camped high in Devil's Garden under the Skyline Arch. This was a delightful location for our many hikes to South Park Ave., for the flower walk, Fiery Furnace hike with a ranger, Delicate Arch, Devil's Garden trail to the Double Arch, Garden of Eden and many others. There were trips to nearby areas as well, such as Dead Horse Point State Park, Fisher Towers and parts of the north Canyonlands.

At this point divided interests separated the group temporarily. Some traveled directly south to Monument Valley with stops along the way for interesting sights in Canyonlands such as Newspaper Rock. Others drove into Colorado to explore the Anasazi Indian cliff houses at Mesa Verde. After viewing an outstanding museum we descended into Spruce Tree House, or went on to the main cliff dwelling apartments called The Palace. There were many cliff houses on the canyon rim.

Driving on through the Four Corners where four state lines meet, we followed the northern Arizona boundary back into Utah to the KOA camp at Gouldings in Monument Valley. This, too, was a beautiful location — although sometimes windy and dusty. Since it was impossible to drive ordinary vehicles very far into the Navaho sacred land, we took half- or whole-day tours in jeeps and buses driven by Navaho guides. The rewards were many: spectacular views of towering rock formations, entry into a hogan, watching weavers at work, finding petroglyphs, more arches (Ear of the Wind and Eye of the Sky) and much valuable information from the guides.

Then we went on to the Lake Powell country where the Colorado River has been dammed at Glen Canyon to form a beautiful, huge lake about 500 feet deep. We car-camped at Wahweep Recreational Park. After exploring the town of Page and the beautiful buildings at the Dam, we took a spectacular, day-long boat trip. There are no roads. In spite of the lake depth of about 500 feet, the canyon walls still towered far above. We explored canyons so narrow the boat almost scraped, and of course there were several

close encounters with other boats. I remember Cascade, Bridge, Forbidden and Cathedral canyons. The marina far up the lake was interesting, but the high point was the Rainbow Bridge 50 miles from Wahweep camp. This gigantic wonder was sacred to the Navaho tribe.

The next stop was a lovely site on the Virgin River in Zion National Park. Watchman's Camp at the south entrance near Springdale was a fine location for the hikes. Some of these were Angel's Landing, Watchman's Tower, Hidden Canyon, Emerald Lakes, and the Narrows Trail. Wild flowers such as penstemon and columbine were abundant in this area. One interesting place outside the park was the Mormon ghost town of Grafton near Rockville. Signs were almost non-existent and roads were rough, but we found it. Grafton was built by Brigham Young in the early 1840's. Wishing the town to be self-sustaining, he planted cotton and called it Dixie. Later on mulberry trees were grown. Grafton had a fine brick home (with two apartments, two fireplaces, two porches, probably for two wives), a boarding house, school, church, many homes with handhewn timbers and a very interesting cemetery. The most recent use for Grafton was that of a movie set location. One such movie was "Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid."

Since the north rim of the Grand Canyon had just been cleared of snow, several cars made the long drive for an enjoyable two days.

Our last stop, at Bryce Canyon Park, was a complete contrast to the Zion camp with heat at the bottom of the great walls. Now at Bryce we were camped high, back from the canyon rim. The night temperature was cold. The Bryce trips were exhilarating because of the delightful daytime temperature. The trips included Queen's Garden, Navaho Loop, Wall Street, Fairyland and others. Fantastic rock formations of towers, minarets, windows, lacework and balancing rocks, all brightly colored, were quite unbelievable. Again we saw many lovely flowers and found this to be one of the few areas for Bristlecone pines.

Extra bonuses of the trip were the friendships formed, good campfires, informative talks by the rangers, Mr. Bassett's contributions on geology, the restaurant dinners celebrated whenever possible, and especially the willing help when needed with problems of camp sites, tents, or car trouble.

This was the official end of the Gypsy Tour to Utah, although many of us found interesting spots to explore in Nevada and Oregon on the return journey.

—Jane MacGowan

Maury and Charlotte Muzzy, leaders; Connie and Louise Grimes, Bill and Betsy Ballou, John and Nadine Bassett, Dick and Julie Erwood, Jack and Mary Hossack, Neil Hunt, Jane MacGowan, Joe and Louise Miller, Tom Shinn, Roy and Lee Snider, Jim and Nell Wasson, George and Ellen Willner.

Nason Ridge by Foot and Greyhound

Nine Mountaineers met one rainy July morning in Seattle's bus depot and boarded the bus for Wenatchee. Twelve miles beyond Stevens Pass we left the bus at a turnout on the highway near the Merritt Lake trailhead. As fellow bus passengers watched in amazement ("You're brave!" was one comment), we shouldered our packs and headed for Merritt Lake, our campsite for the first two nights. From there we hiked east on the Nason Ridge trail to Alpine Lookout (6,227 feet) and to the top of Mt. Mastiff (6,741 feet). The third morning we headed west on the Nason Ridge trail to Lake Crescent, to a campsite just emerging from snow, and to a scramble up Mt. Howard (7,063 feet), the highest point on Nason Ridge.

The next day we continued on the trail past Rock Lake to a spectacular view on top of Rock Mountain (6,852 feet). In the afternoon we dropped down the west side of Rock Mountain, through meadows and woods, past a couple of startled bears, and scraped out a camp for the night beside Snowy Creek. On day five we walked roads and trail to reach a campsite at Union Gap on the Pacific Crest Trail. Before dinner we went up Union Peak (5,696 feet). Day six was a long walk north on the Crest Trail to Grizzly Peak (5,593 feet) and back. We had impressive views all day, including our closest look at Glacier Peak, and a swim in warm Lake Janus on the way back. On the final day we headed back south on the Crest Trail, left our packs beside Lake Valhalla while we climbed Lichtenberg Mountain (5,844 feet), and finally emerged hot and tired to catch the bus back to Seattle.

Bob Dreisbach, leader; Sondra Davis, Janet Klos, John Klos, Thelma Mackey, Virginia Reid, Gerry Shevlin, Cathy Woodburne, and Fonda Zimmerman.

Vancouver Island

Discovering the beauties of Vancouver Island was the intent of the 31 Campcrafters who were on the 1982 summer outing. We began the trek north with two enjoyable days on the Sunshine Coast of B.C. There are numerous hiking trails both long and short, but for lack of time we settled for the one and a half mile trail, to Skookumchuck Rapids where the changing of the tides creates a great roar and is an interesting phenomenon.

Dudley Carter, who now resides near Sechelt, had a number of his tree carvings on display at the Sechelt Museum. For those of us who have seen his "Lady In The Woods" near Verlot, it was like seeing the works of an old friend. Now in his 80's, Dudley Carter is actively carving.

We discovered that the waters of the inlets along the Coast were much warmer than those of Puget Sound, especially at places like Porpoise Bay Provincial Park and SeaBreeze (our campground) where swimming was a delight.

Two short ferry rides were needed to reach Powell River from Vancouver. One more ferry ride took us from Powell River to Comox on Vancouver Island.

Our first campground on the island was at Bauza Cove which is situated in the forest with only eight campsites per acre. The owners had bulldozed the sites just a few days earlier especially for our group. Bauza had a private cove where we held our evening campfires. One Campcrafter recognized "Goose Tongue" growing in the cove which she remembered from her years in Alaska. We picked and cooked a whole pot of it for dinner and everyone enjoyed the salty flavor. It is also good uncooked in a tossed salad.

Telegraph Cove, at the entrance to the campground, is very picturesque. Freshly painted grey houses with white trim and masses of colorful flowers in planter boxes lined both sides of a weathered boardwalk — one side on stilts with the bay below. At the marina there was also a boat which could be chartered for killer-whale watching at Robson Bight. (Robson Bight was declared a whale preserve in 1981 by the Canadian government.) The boat carries sonar equipment so people can hear the whales "talking" to each other.

Several fishermen chartered a Boston Whaler (with a very able 14-year-old captain) and had the thrill of catching their first salmon. These they shared with the group at a potluck supper.

At nearby Pt. McNeill we all boarded the ferry to Alert Bay, Cormorant Island. A mile walk along the harbor brought us to the U'mista Cultural Centre which had a fine collection of Kwakiutl

artifacts. Several rooms had displays of contemporary Indian art. Commentaries on ancient Indian lore lined the hall leading to a reconstruction of the interior of a longhouse, which contained ceremonial masks and other potlatch paraphernalia. The story of the suppression of the potlatch by the Canadian government was detailed by correspondence between the Indians and the government Indian Agents. A few blocks away some of us discovered a local Indian whose work is displayed in the Indian Museum and who sells carvings from his home.

Farther along, the world's tallest totem pole greeted us as we approached the longhouse. It was so tall it needed to be supported with guy wires. The interior of the longhouse is decorated with beautifully adzed beams, articulated, carved and painted posts, and an impressive painted screen. In an old cemetery on the other side of the ferry dock many colorful totem poles commemorated the inhabitants. Several of the group interested in the old Finnish communal town of Sointula, on Malcolm Island, spent a few hours browsing there between ferries.

A wonderful place to hike on Vancouver Island is Cape Scott Provincial Park. This is located about 40 miles northwest of Port Hardy reached via a moderately rough gravel logging road. A few of us hiked through a beautiful forest over corduroy sections of trail, past the ruins of the tiny Danish settlement of San Josef, to San Josef Bay. Instead of finding a rugged rocky coastline, as we have in the northern part of Washington, we were surprised to find a golden sand beach reminiscent of an island in the South Pacific. Beachcombing from the entrance of the river around to the opposite point was fascinating. When we reached the other end of the cove the beach led us through a beautiful arrangement of small stacks capped with bonsai-like trees which seemed an extension of the rock. Wave-worn caves pocked the mother cliffs of the main island. Colonies of huge mussels, some as large as your hand, covered the seaward rocks. In the protected niches we found more Goose Tongue. What a feast the mussels and greens provided! With more time for backpacking one could explore many trails in this historically interesting, damp but beautiful, Provincial Park.

In the Port Alice area three of us discovered the Devil's Bath, a northwest version of the Mayan cenote. Limbs of cedar trees grow down the limestone cliffs toward the huge pool of water below. The beauty is marred, however, by a recent forest fire. Nearby, after some searching, we found the Eternal Fountain. Crystal clear water poured out through a hole in the rock wall, dropped about 15 feet in a sparkling waterfall, and then flowed back in the same direction from which it came.

Moving south to Campbell River some of us explored beautiful Myra Falls, an exhilarating series of cascades and falls staircasing down to Buttle Lake. Also in Strathcona Park, we hiked to Lady Falls. Others in the group ferried across Nootka Sound to the lumber mill town of Tahsis. Still others spent a pleasant day on Quadra Island viewing Indian artifacts and beautiful sculptures of Indians at the new museum. A short drive also took them to picturesque Cape Mudge lighthouse and then on to Rebecca Spit, a marine park and popular swimming beach.

For several days we had been searching diligently for the numerous items on our scavenger hunt list. The contest was held in the Recreation Hall at Salmon Point Resort. Five teams laid their collections out in such a way that the judges found it really difficult to make a decision. We also spent another enjoyable evening there doing Scottish and International folk dances.

The owners of this campground and marina dump the accumulated fish entrails about a quarter of a mile from the camp to feed the seagulls and bald eagles. Several eagles were seen perched on nearby trees, but appeared too shy to dine while we were watching with cameras ready.

On the way to Pacific Rim National Park we stopped to stroll along the riverside trails of Little Qualicum Falls. A few people visited Englishman River Falls. At Stamp Falls hundreds of salmon were jumping in the pools waiting for the right time to swim up the fish ladder to the hatchery. Had the day been warmer we would have joined them.

At Cathedral Grove Nature Trail we were awed by the immense trees and, indeed, by the cathedral-like feeling that one experienced.

For two days we were able to enjoy the fantastic beaches at Pacific Rim. Most of the group chartered a boat to Hot Springs Cove. Along the way we saw gray whales, porpoises and bald eagles. Another corduroy trail leads to the hot springs which still remains in its natural state. Steaming hot water flows over a rock wall to form three hot pools large enough for four or five people. If you happened to be sitting in the fourth pool, icy waves burst in giving you a very cold shower!

Meanwhile, back at Pacific Rim, one of the party had fallen on the slippery rocks by the lighthouse and ended in Tofino Hospital with numerous stitches in her forehead. This was the only injury on the trip.

The extravaganza of campfire activities was a circus in which we all put on an act as acrobats, clowns, lion tamers or animals. All that was lacking was the Big Top.

Thursday morning the rains began. Thursday at midnight the ferry strike was to begin. Part of the group broke camp and headed for home. The more adventurous drove on to Victoria to complete the two-week tour. There was much left to do and see on Vancouver Island, and we all look forward to visiting it again.

—Marilyn Carlson

Marilyn Carlson, leader; Bob and Kathy Bannister, John Carlson, Ann Clingan, Charles Fegan, Helen Fegan, Marcy Hillerman, Charme Hughes, Warner Hughes, Hattie Kamp, Anita Karr, Charles Karr, Kerry Little, Charlotte Muzzy, Maury Muzzy, Evelyn Nickerson, Bob Nickerson, Dorothy Raymond, Lowell Raymond, Marjorie Reynolds, Bob Riemann, Pat Riemann, Nell Slade, Eloise Strain, Jack Strain, Harriet Tiedt, Jean Tokareff, Tom Tokareff, Norm Turay, Phyllis Turay.

Rovers Down the Alcan

On August 24, 1982, seventeen Retired Rovers met in Anchorage to start the 2,200-mile trip down the Alcan Highway to Seattle. Our mode of travel was a 20-passenger bus supplied by Wayward Tours of New Westminster, British Columbia. The bus was outfitted with ingenious folding tents and double bunks in which we slept each night. Our escort, Bill Federation, did all of the driving, and with the help of his assistant, Dre Leitao, prepared all of our meals. Wayward Tours does offer a unique service: they rent the bus for a set price per day, and the group decides the route and the schedule. As we were to find out, the food, included in the cost of the bus, is good and abundant. The double, canvas-slung bunks kept us off the ground and reasonably comfortable. The tour service runs many trips into the Canadian Rockies, and also serves bicycle touring groups on Vancouver Island.

Our trip began with a day-long ride up Turnagain Arm. We visited the Alyeska Ski Resort, Portage Glacier and its lake with countless blue-green icebergs pushing up to its shores. We stopped frequently to view the mountains across the water.

The next day we left for Denali Park (formerly Mt. McKinley), stopping near Palmer to marvel at the giant vegetables and stunning floral display at the experimental gardens. We stopped at the old orthodox mission at Eklutna, where little gaily-painted "spirit houses" cover the graves. In late afternoon we camped at Teklanika, some 30 miles into the Park from the entrance at Riley Creek. The next morning was cloudy and drizzly. We boarded the free bus for the ride to Wonder Lake, 60 miles distant. The buses are like school buses; the roads are graveled and rough so progress is slow. Visibility is poor, as windows get steamed up inside and covered with mud on the outside. Even if the sun does shine, and that might be on only a dozen days during June and July and about

half the time during August, there is an intervening range of hills that cuts out all but the top 2,500 feet of Denali. Numerous stops were made at viewpoints and to see caribou, Dall mountain sheep (there are no goats) and bear, and we made a longer stop at Eielson visitor center, but our frustration grew on the long, slow trip. We arrived at Wonder Lake having seen nothing of Denali. But as we took out our lunch of fruit and sandwiches, magically, the clouds thinned, and there, floating high above us was the summit ridge.

That night, the coldest of the trip, caused discomfort to some of the group. As most were not eager to spend another day riding the park buses, we loaded up for Fairbanks. Bill revved up the bus motor, the oil filter burst, and the motor spilled its precious body fluids all over the campsite. There was no spare available, so Bill started on the 80-mile round-trip to a service station on the highway, and we endeavored to organize a hike.

We consulted a ranger about suitable trailtrips. "Oh, there are no trails," she said. "Well, then, where could we go?" "Anywhere you wish," she said, with an airy wave of her hand. Discomforted by such indifference, we headed up a lightly-timbered hill nearby which we surmounted easily. Our spirits rose as we crossed a swale towards what might be termed a butte, and we experienced tundra for the first time. However level the covering vegetation may appear, tundra is not smooth, we discovered. It is actually a series of potholes. Furthermore, as we approached the bottom of the swale, the potholes were filled with water, often knee deep. We retreated to camp, found that Bill had returned with the oil filter. As soon as possible we started for Fairbanks.

We camped three nights in Fairbanks. The Rovers rented a whole fleet of Rent-a-Wrecks and groups scattered about the area pursuing their special interests: the superlative museum at the University of Alaska, the sled dog center, Alaskaland outdoor museum, the muskox, historical sights. Beside our camp was a new farmers' market where we stocked up on the wide variety of local vegetables. We found Fairbanks in summer to resemble a typical, small American town, new and prosperous. To have read tales of the frozen north, and then to come into fine, summerlike weather at Anchorage and Fairbanks to find an aura of lushness, was almost disappointing.

From Fairbanks we started down the Alcan proper, which runs some 1,500 miles to Dawson Creek. The road is almost entirely hard surfaced, and as parts are re-routed, snipping off three miles here, nine miles there, the distance shrinks. Tales of past Alcan trips inevitably included those of monstrous trucks barreling

along, spewing rocks the size of hens' eggs onto oncoming vehicles. No more! We encountered no more than thirty or forty miles of gravel, and no huge truck and trailer rigs.

We averaged about 275 miles a day. Add breaking camp in the morning, stowing the gear away, preparing three meals, setting up camp at night, and it's a full day. Scenery consisted of high hills on either side with intervening river bottoms, lowlands with ponds, and an almost continuous roadside border of rather low, northern forest, chiefly black spruce. Occasionally we saw snowcapped peaks in the distance and several large, beautiful lakes. Cloudy, rainy days were common, although temperatures were reasonably mild after leaving Alaska.

We made stops at Tok, Alaska, Kluane Lake and spent two nights sightseeing in Whitehorse, taking a boat trip on the Yukon, exploring the museum and attending a comic revue, the Frantic Follies.

Leaving Whitehorse, we took a day's sidetrip to a famous beauty spot, Atlin, on a lake of the same name, the largest natural lake in British Columbia. It is a lovely little place, surrounded by mountains and gold mines. On down the Alcan we dipped in Liard Hot Springs and camped at Watson Lake where we enjoyed an outstanding display of northern hospitality and unexpected pleasures: A new ultramodern bakery was having its grand opening with free coffee and rolls, and the service station at our campground was celebrating completion of a new service bay by serving food and free drinks at a 30-foot buffet table.

We went on to camp at Ft. Nelson and Dawson Creek, where the wind nearly blew us out of the tents. At Quesnel for two nights we made a day's sidetrip to Barkerville, the old Caribou mining town beautifully restored by British Columbia Parks. Our last camp was at Spence's Bridge in Thompson Canyon. We came on down the Fraser River valley and home to Seattle.

Between Dawson Creek and Quesnel several of our group had been attacked by a respiratory ailment. This was at least partially responsible for the tragic death of Margie Reynolds a week later. She had been on many Retired Rover trips, was deeply loved and greatly mourned by all. She had spent her last days doing what she loved most, being with friends on a Mountaineer outing. Except for this loss we accomplished our objective, and considered the trip satisfactory.

—*Jim Wasson*

Jim Wasson, leader; Betsy Ballou, Bill Ballou, Eleanor Brown, Kathryn Curry, Dick Erwood, Julie Erwood, Ruth Gebhardt, Margaret Gullstad, Lydia Lamond, Dorothy Raymond, Lowell Raymond, Margie Reynolds, Ruth Rockwood, Lee Simpson, Harriet Smith, Nell Wasson.

Priest Lake Kayak Outing

Priest Lake, Idaho was the choice for a leisurely week-long kayak trip in August for six members of the Olympia Branch of the Mountaineers. Starting the trip from Kalispel Island midway on the lake, the group made their way to the pristine wilderness of Upper Priest Lake, enjoying warm, golden sandy beaches, and swimming in clean, clear water at secluded overnight camps accessible only from the water.

In spite of the delay of a few hours, due to the wind which created choppy water on the return trip, all agreed that this was one of the most enjoyable trips of the season and well worth the nine-hour drive to get there. This trip was in the nature of an exploratory excursion. Further trips are planned to investigate the eastern shore and the lower portion of this large and scenic lake nestled in the Selkirk Mountains of Northern Idaho.

—Lesley Phillips

Lesley Phillips, leader; Steven and Ernest Bay, Zella Matthews, Delores and Wally Thoemke.

Canadian Rockies

Ten Mountaineers set out on the Singles Car Camp to the Canadian Rockies on Friday, July 30, 1982. Our route led through the foggy Cascades, across St. Helens' ash-sprinkled plains and ash-induced haze, then up through sunny Idaho. We were to camp at our rendezvous, Moya Provincial Park, but like most campgrounds on a three-day weekend, it was full. The first arrivals made arrangements to camp on some private property, yet, even as the third and last car arrived the obviously irate property owner marched up and demanded, "What the hell do you think you're doing? This is private property. Get out of here!"

Confused and wary, we looked to our leader, Nonnie Heyning, to take charge. Quietly, she reminded the woman of their earlier conversation. The woman stomped away, angrily muttering to herself. We stayed, but a few of our party admitted to lying awake half the night worrying about unfriendly, nocturnal visits. At first light we left to avoid any possible further incidents.

To be ordered off your campsite for no reason by the person who gave you permission in the first place is certainly a memorable way to start a vacation. We hardly expected anything more exciting to happen, but then we encountered signs at Banff the very next day warning campers of their version of giardia — "beaver fever."

At Tunnel Mountain Campground we more or less split up into two groups. Most, braving the first of many showers, took a steep and scenic trail with a bird's-eye view of the Bow River valley. As we climbed the rain disappeared and we were in bright sunshine. The smaller group braved the thick swarm of tourists inundating Banff. Typically, rainstorms cut short what was to be a cozy evening around a crackling campfire. Rain, combined with the cold night temperatures, made it easy to abandon camp and seek a hot drink in town. The other half of our party, relaxing in the outdoor hot springs across town, remained blissfully unaware of the rain.

The next day, while some went hiking, the rest took a raft trip down the gentle Bow River. The sun played hide-and-seek with the rainclouds blanketing the sky. There were times when we weren't sure whether we were rafting on the water, or in it, and at those times we were indeed glad to have our parkas along. Yet in five minutes we'd strip down to minimum layers to absorb the sun's warm rays.

On Monday we set out under grey skies for Jasper, traveling the Icefields Parkway. Occasional openings in the cloud cover offered tantalizing looks at the rugged, deeply etched peaks of tilted, sedimentary rock and hanging glaciers. Stops were mandatory at Peyto Lake and Bow Lake. Even the encompassing dull grayness did not entirely diminish Peyto Lake's famous aquamarine color.

After dropping our gear at Whistlers Campground, we hiked to meadows of heather looking across to the Angel Glacier on Mt. Edith Cavell. Somewhat discouraged by the drizzly and cool conditions, we found solace in the twenty-five-cent ten-minute hot showers offered by a laundromat.

On our way to the next day's hike, we stopped at Maligne Canyon where the Maligne River had carved a narrow gorge in its drop from one valley to another. Under clearing skies, we then hiked a fire road to the site of the former Bald Hills Lookout. Below us, cradled between snow-topped mountains, nestled Maligne Lake. A brief rainstorm pelted us as we scrambled to a ridge top among heather and past one very indifferent ptarmigan.

Our trip back down the Icefields Parkway was in spectacular contrast to our previous trip. Under blue skies the sheer hugeness of the Columbia Icefields dazzled the eyes. One of its eight glaciers, the Athabasca, stretches near the highway, enticing warmly clad tourists to climb around its toes. Our climb up Parker's Ridge was favored with a rainbow arching across the valley at our feet. No wonder one car wended its way among the beauty and arrived at Lake Louise Campground some time after the other two.

The last car's late arrival allowed barely time to grab a quick lunch; then we hied off to Moraine Lake for another hike. The strongest hikers went to Sentinel Pass with its views of unusual and striking rock formations; the hungriest and most "hiked-out" turned back at the meadows before the pass — Larch Valley — and were lucky enough to see the second rainbow of the trip arcing over Moraine Lake with the Ten Peaks as backdrop.

Back at the campground our two sites had been reduced to one. (One of our sites had been sold twice.) But more was yet to come. We had company that night: a bear. Those of us just dropping to sleep were startled awake by a frightful din of pots and pans banging, and car horns honking. Lights from a circling car wandered crazily about tent walls. Those scared awake shivered most of the night in their cozy sleeping bags, for once longing for the familiar, reassuring snoring from the neighboring tent. This night the snoring did not come. Instead came a softly sung rendition of "Don't 'bear-y' me . . ." that temporarily banished the shivering with giggles and moans.

We found out the next morning a bear trap had been set up on the perimeters of the campground. We asked at the gate as we passed if the bear had been caught. "No," the girl on duty said. "They'll catch him only if they hit him with a jar of Cheese Whiz."

The cloudless blue sky and comfortable temperature dictated shorts for all but the least adventurous among us for this day's hike. Leaving the hordes of strolling sightseers behind us by Lake Louise, we followed the trail as it climbed so gradually that we had a minor argument over it. Those of us with trail descriptions couldn't convince some of the others that the elevation gain was really 2,200 feet. We relaxed at the Plain-of-Six-Glaciers Teahouse before continuing on over the narrow ridgetop of a lateral moraine to a dead end.

We returned by two different routes. For a strenuous workout, most hiked up and over the Big Beehive before dropping back to the lake. The rest followed yet another trail traversing high above Lake Louise. A view of the lake from an opening in the trees settled once and for all the question of elevation gain.

Soon after our arrival an Illecillewaet Campground in Glacier National Park, B.C., we set off on a 2,500-foot gain, six-and-a-half-mile hike, up the Avalanche Crest Trail. "Up" was the definitive word as the trail — no "freeway" — went straight up with few easy stretches. Sections were estimated at a grade of 30 percent. Several people agreed that the trail was steeper and harder than our own Granite Mountain or Mt. Si trails here in the Cascades.

Views opened up as we neared trail's end. The Illecillewaet Gla-

cier, sprawled over the ridge-top across the valley, looked smooth and inviting, like a groomed ski slope. The entirety of the Rogers Pass area unfolded beneath the hikers who went the distance, although at least one decided a delightful, bouldery meadow offered sweeping enough views to relax in under the warm sun before turning back. That night the gurgling creek running through the campground lulled the weary to sleep. Most of the group should have been exhausted, for one hike hadn't been enough exercise and they had gone on a second hike equivalent to many a day hike rated "moderate" by the Mountaineers.

A hard day's driving in the heat of a sticky Okanagan summer day brought our group to Conconully State Park where the first two carloads of people hit the water for the first swim of the trip. After dinner we held our first fully-attended evening campfire where we all agreed we'd plead mechanical breakdown and report back to work several days late. Unfortunately, as honest Mountaineers, we were off the next morning after a sunrise hike among the cows grazing on the rolling hills for a muggy trip across Blewett and Snoqualmie Passes. Somehow, calling the Cascades "mountains" just didn't seem right anymore.

—Valerie J. Nelson

Nonnie Heyning, leader; Scott Boone, Nancy Carlson, Dick Colyn, Daphne Gilboa, Gordon Jenkins, Val Nelson, Gail Newman, Don Rainey, and Muriel Tofte.

Singles Activities

Sawtooth Wilderness Outing

On Sunday, August 15, 1982, our group of ten Mountaineers left Boise, Idaho, for Grandjean Campground, which lies on the South Fork of the Payette River and was our trailhead location. After lunch we shouldered our packs with gear for seven days, and started up the trail of the South Fork. We made camp about five miles up the trail in a very comfortable, flat area, where a heavy infestation of spruce budworm had defoliated many trees, some only slightly, others almost completely.

On Monday we proceeded up the South Fork, passing Fern Falls. We ate lunch at Elk Lake and after several fords, ten and a half miles, and an elevation gain of 2,600 feet, arrived at Ardeth Lake. The South Fork of the Payette River in that stretch thunders down, in places, over large sheets of solid granite rock, and is impressive and scenic. The Tuesday at Ardeth Lake was used as a

layover day, with part of the group resting. After a heavy thunder-shower with hail, some hiked over the pass to Spangle Lakes and a few scrambled up Glens Peak, 10,053 feet, for a better view and pictures. Ardeth Lake contains many fish, ten- to twelve-inch Dolly Varden trout, not easy to catch but very tasty. Ardeth Lake is located in a large basin called Tenlake Basin, surrounded by 10,000-foot rock peaks, and seems to be used less than some other lakes in that loop trip.

We traveled five miles on Wednesday past Summit Lake, losing 600 feet and gaining 1000 feet elevation on the way to Hidden Lake. This is a pretty lake, surrounded by large boulders with rock fingers extending into the water. Fishing was good at Hidden — smaller fish, but easy to catch.

Thursday we went on to Cramer Lakes via Cramer Pass, where part of the group scrambled up a nearby peak for better views and picture taking. The day's travel involved only four miles with a 900-foot gain and a 1,200-foot loss down to the lakes. This is a very rugged, scenic area, where we saw more hikers than anywhere else on the trip, and there were many campers at Cramer Lakes.

Barron Lakes was our next destination, on Friday, and that involved eight miles of hiking, a 1,600-foot loss, and a gain of 1,700 feet. The Barron Lakes are pretty alpine lakes. Unfortunately, camping sites were difficult to find because of overuse by horse parties. Fishing was good, however.

Everyone was up and on the trail early Saturday morning for the ten-plus miles down to Grandjean which completed the loop trail we had chosen to travel. We drove on to Boise that afternoon.

Overall, this was a good outing, a fine group of people, excellent camp sites, sunshine, few mosquitoes, and in every direction almost an overdose of fantastic mountain scenery.

—Joyce Britton

Joyce Britton, leader; Stuart Ball, Scott Boone, Patty Dobson, Dick Hayek, Judy Wade-Bell, Jerry Wheeler, Chris White, Sprague Stevens, and Fonda Zimmerman.

Bicentennial Peak and Environs

Olympia Branch Outing

The Olympia Branch 1982 outing into the Olympics was led by Fleet Ratliff, with the plan to go in via Graves Creek, make a loop trip, and come out at the North Fork Campground via Low Divide. Because the unknown in the outing was whether or not a traverse

over the top of Taylor Peak with overnight packs was possible, the first order of business was to ferry a car to the North Fork Campground in order to have transportation back to our take-off point, Graves Creek.

Once assembled, the ten of us left Graves Creek about noon, July 3. Our goal: the interior of the Olympics and Bicentennial Peak, 6,722 feet. This peak was climbed by the Olympia Branch in 1976 in honor of our nation's two-hundredth birthday. Through the efforts of Mike Lonac, the peak had been renamed Bicentennial by the U.S. Geographical Board of Names.

In spite of threatening rain and numerous log crossings over very high creeks, we arrived at Pyrites Creek about five o'clock. From here on, we would be off-trail so we were anxious for the weather to improve. Early-to-bed would be the rule since our leader preferred a five a.m. *start* because "It's a shame to waste daylight when you are out in the mountains."

Day two, July 4, the weather was cloudy and cold so we bushwhacked up the right side of Pyrites Creek, occasionally treading on the old abandoned Pyrites Creek trail. We were soon in snow and were to stay on snow for most of the trip. (Summer was late in the Olympics this year.) At least we were above the wet brush, and above Pyrites Basin. We climbed upward beneath Peak 6949 to the 5450 Col where we had a long pause. We rappelled down the other side into the Godkin drainage. Two rope lengths got us to where we could plunge-step around a huge buttress. From there we slogged back up above the headwaters of the Godkin to a small ridge which would be our basecamp for Bicentennial. All but one of our five tents were pitched on the bare ridge and we found that two MSR stoves gave us plenty of heat for boiling water for cooking and drinking.

Day three, July 5, was to be our long day, since the route to Bicentennial is over the top of Chimney Peak and down the other side. After many gullies and buttresses, we arrived at the main chute under Chimney Peak. With everyone taking turns at step-kicking, we climbed high on the summit ridge, and with a short traverse to the left we were on the summit, 6,911 feet, at 10:30 a.m.

For our descent to the plateau under Bicentennial, the weather was no help as the fog was impenetrable. We roped up. Our leader Fleet led off, with the rest of his rope team keeping him on a bearing, because far to the left there were cliffs. On the plateau we waited for a break in the fog. Finally, a faint dark spot appeared to the right and we were able to climb to the ridge on Bicentennial. Traversing up the ridge to the left, we were on the summit of Bicentennial, 6,922 feet, at one o'clock.

The original register is a beautifully engraved brass box, with many patriotic documents and the American flag inside. We spent an hour and a half reading the register, the Constitution of the United States, and the Articles of Confederation. Then the sun came out. We took pictures and admired the view, including how close our footsteps had come to the cliffs under Chimney Peak. Fortunately, we could now see the route back. We climbed down, visited the small tarns, and peered down into the canyon at the Chalet in the Enchanted Valley. (The Grays Harbor Olympians are raising money to restore the Chalet.) Having climbed back up to Chimney Peak we were back at camp at 7 p.m.

Day four, July 6, we moved camp to the Godkin-Rustler Col. This entailed going over 5450 Col, dropping down to Pyrites Basin, and climbing up to Pyrites Pass. Here, almost overgrown with bark, is a carving on the side of a tree which we interpreted as "Wilson Pass, 1917."

Contouring around to Gudger Basin, we found bare and sheltered campsites in the trees and off of the snow. Even though this was an easier eight-hour day, our rest breaks had been short because of the bitter cold.

Day five, July 7, we had a late start — 6:15 a.m.! By 8:15 we were on top of June 10th Peak, 6,019 feet. It was step-kicking nearly all the way as Gudger Basin was totally under snow. After a long glissade down, we wandered around in the fog looking for Gudger Lake. We finally found it under snow; and, on a knoll above the lake, we found the plaque that the Olympians had installed in memory of Jack Gudger, who had explored this area extensively. This was a real day of rest because we were back at camp before noon. Jim scouted the route ahead to Taylor while some of us napped. In the evening we had a campfire, "toasted" our socks, and visited.

Day six, July 8, we took off in the dark at 4:45 a.m. and at sunrise were high enough to watch the sun come up over Muncaster. By 10:30 we had traversed up to the bench under the summit of Taylor. Crossing one steep snow slope we had put on crampons, but once out in the sun, we were able to travel without them, and that was the only time they were used.

We left a new register on Taylor Peak, 6,024 feet, one of the six registers we had packed in. By traversing in a counterclockwise fashion, we were able to "juniper-bush" rappel off the back side, climb down a steep snow chute, and get around the last major buttress between us and the saddle toward Martins Park. From the col above the buttress, it was a long, gentle upward traverse to the saddle under Mt. Christie.

Here fatigue dictated a change of plans and we elected to bypass Mt. Christie and drop down to Low Divide for the night. We were mighty glad to see Renegade Shelter with no one in it. The three feet of snow that still covered the Low Divide no doubt had deterred hikers.

Day seven, July 9, we climbed the standard route behind the old ranger cabin up to Mt. Seattle, 6,249 feet. Rangers Tom and Jennifer Gillette were a congenial addition to our group.

Five of our group then traversed over and climbed Cougar Mountain, 5,400 feet, while the rest of us snoozed on the rocks. With the Skyline Trail totally under snow, a temporary leader brought the group four hundred feet too low, and it was a weary traverse back up to find the trail under Mt. Seattle. To attest to the congeniality of the group, not one soul uttered a word of complaint. In fact, the Ranger commented how lucky we were to be the only people who had ever trod through that particular area of brush and wilderness. A joyful array of shooting stars greeted us in the moisture-laden ground where we found the trail. A big, black bear was fairly reluctant to move out of the trail where he was sleeping, so some of the group with film in their cameras got quite close-up shots of him.

Day eight, July 10, we said good-bye to the rangers, the high country, the cross-country terrain, and began the trek out to the North Fork Campground.

Day nine, July 11, we finished our hike out, stopping for a visit with the Grays Harbor Olympians, who were camped at Wolf Bar Camp. Anne Moisenen's husband Max had walked in to meet her here. The talk for the last four miles was, naturally, about the food we were going to order when we got to Quinault Lodge.

Our group of ten ranged in age from mid-twenties to sixty-two. In the exertion of gaining about 18,000 feet in elevation, we gained some new friends and strengthened friendships with some old ones. There had been much visiting, camaraderie, and nary a cross word spoken the whole trip. At Quinault Lodge we planned our fall reunion, computed our elevation gain, and said farewell after a memorable trip into the heart of the Olympic Mountains.

—Olive Hull

Fleet Ratliff, leader; George Bauer, Mary Jane Bauer, Bob Garrett, Garry Hull, Olive Hull, Thea Lloyd, Anne Moisenen, Jim White, and Merryanne Yoshida.

Wallowa Mountains

In Northwest Oregon there is a beautiful alpine area of lakes, mountains and meadows, the Eagle Cap Wilderness in the Wallowa Mountains. It was to this area that a group of Mountaineers ventured on a backpack August 21-29, 1982.

Wallowa State Park, located at the south end of Wallowa Lake, is a day's drive from Puget Sound. The trail follows up the West Fork of the Wallowa River and the first night's camp was made at a meadow, six miles from the trailhead. The next morning the backpackers crossed the river and took the Lake Basin trail past Horseshoe Lake. Some followed the old trail near Lee Lake, while others stayed on the newer trail above Lily Lake to Douglas Lake where camp was made.

A layover day at Douglas Lake gave the group an opportunity to climb Eagle Cap peak, 9,595 feet. The reflection of the peak in Moccasin Lake was photographed by many on the climb. From Eagle Cap, river valleys extend in all directions like spokes of a wheel. The climbers looked down on the lakes that they had passed and north to Matterhorn Peak. They were greeted by a family of three friendly, well-fed, golden-mantled ground squirrels on the top of the peak.

Many varieties of flowers grow in the Wallowas. Globe pentstemon, Saint John's wort, swamp onion, elephanthead, a yellow buckwheat, and nuttall gilia are some that are found near Mirror and Moccasin Lakes.

The longest day's hike was the return trip from Douglas Lake to the Ice Lake trail junction, a distance of eight miles. Camp was made along the West Fork of the Wallowa River.

The next day the backpackers traveled five miles to Ice Lake. The trail has been rebuilt and the many switchbacks are more gradual than those on the old trail. The waterfalls on Adam Creek flowing from Ice Lake were an additional bonus. Interesting flowers were the large seed heads of the salsify, green hellebore in the shelter of subalpine fir, and shrubby cinquefoil. Nature's rock gardens of showy daisies, lupine, paintbrush and mountain pennyroyal were also growing along the trail.

Ice Lake, 7,920 feet elevation, was our highest camp. Part of the group camped below the outlet of the lake, while the others took the trail to campsites on the south side. The peninsula, formerly used for camping, is now a vegetation-restoration project of the Forest Service and Sierra Club.

The climb of the Matterhorn was made from Ice Lake. Seeing

seven Rocky Mountain bighorn sheep on the climb was a pleasant surprise. One ram with full-curl horns was lying less than 60 feet away. After several minutes it slowly got to its feet and bolted off to join the others. When the climbing party members descended from the summit, they saw two sheep crossing a snowfield to join the others grazing near a small lake.

All eighteen climbers reached the 9,845-foot white limestone and marble summit. The views from the tallest peak in the Wallawas were Eagle Cap to the south, Hurricane Creek valley dropping sharply to the west, and Oregon wheat fields in the distance to the north. There were many interesting alpine flowers on the climb, including two-inch-high purple alpine paintbrush, tiny alpine shooting stars, dwarf yellow daisies, three kinds of lavender daisies and blue flax.

On the last day in the wilderness, the backpackers left Ice Lake and returned to Wallowa Lake and their cars. The backpack trip was 35 miles. The trails were well-maintained with good bridges crossing the rivers. It is a popular area for hikers and horseback riders, but during the week campsites were available. The only rain on the trip occurred on the drive home on Sunday.

—*Wilma S. Peterson*

Elmer Price, leader; Eloise and Gene Adair, Patricia Cavanaugh, Priscilla Devin, Carol Ferguson, Mary Fries, Edith Goodman, Wayne Haug, Kay Haviland, Marge Olsen, Wilma and Larry Peterson, Russ Pogemiller, Dwight Riggs, Irena Scheer, Viora Strait, and Bob Ward.

Chinook Pass to White Pass

On a miserably rainy September day, eleven backpackers started south from Chinook Pass. During a quick lunch stop at Dewey Lakes, our leader Elmer Price suggested that our planned campsite at Anderson Lake on the crest would be quite exposed and we would be better off to go on down to American Lake. When the laggards arrived at American Lake, there was only a sign scratched in the trail, "Elmer — Cougar Lk." Groan! We had another mile or two!

Cougar Lakes proved to be the most comfortable camp in a storm; getting there was something else. Near American Lake a temporary sign pointed the way to Cougar Lakes, .5 mile. After slipping up the deepest horse wallow any of the group had ever climbed, we found the junction to which the temporary sign

actually referred; Cougar Lakes were farther still. Although we estimated it to be another mile longer, going around by way of the new trail heading down toward Bumping Lake could be preferable whenever the old trail over the ridge is muddy.

We easily reached a decision to make this a layover camp instead of staying two nights at our second camp. The next day was spent wandering around the lakes, standing around the fire, and eating lunches in our tents when the last, cloud-exhausting rainstorm came just at noontime.

Except for a brief hailstorm on the third day the weather was good for the rest of the trip. Brilliant, star-filled nights resulted from the generally light easterly winds.

We backpacked on past Crag Lake, down to Fish Lake and back up to an unnamed hunters' camp, where we stayed beside the Crest Trail for two nights. From this camp we explored the Twin Sisters Lakes area and Tumac Mountain from the north. A lone-some elk bugled in the distance all day. Not only were there many lakes in this country, there were also ponds with picture reflections, floating bur-reeds and dragonflies. A few early red leaves here and there seemed special. So did small, wet meadows with waving cottongrass and shiny red seedpods of *Tofieldia glutinosa*.

The next move was a short one to Dumbbell Lake, again a little way off the Crest Trail. Here a flotilla of small ducks busied themselves on the lake and a red crossbill came within three feet of one member quietly working at camp chores. A trail hike up Tumac Mountain was made from the south, beginning early to be on top when the light was best for photography. The peak was shared with a flock of pipits foraging in the rocky meadow and violet-green swallows flying after insects in the air. We had eaten blueberries (alpine huckleberries) every day during the whole week, for breakfast, lunch and dinner, as well as snacks in between. Now some began picking berries to take home.

As we traveled on to White Pass, to be met by another bus with dayhikers aboard, we were passed by a runner who had started from Chinook Pass that morning. We did it our way, backpacking thirty miles in eight days. Strangers we met asked questions which indicated that something unusual characterized our "group," though we were spaced out in twos and threes over some distance. We realized it was the preponderance of gray hair. With a few discreet inquiries among us it was determined that our average age was 61 and the oldest member, 75.

This is a gentle wilderness with many shelter campsites, this proposed Cougar Lakes Wilderness Area. Our trails ranged generally from four to six thousand feet, but many days had less eleva-

tion loss and gain than this. If we forget the first weekend, we could say it was an idyllic autumn holiday. Any place where such a nice, late-season trip is possible deserves to be preserved.

—*Mary A. Fries*

Elmer Price, leader; Ruth Abelson, Alice Bond, Patricia Cavanaugh, Myrtle Connelly, Dick Falise, Mary Fries, Edith Goodman, Marjorie Goodman, Kay Haviland, Ann VisChansky.

Mt. Adams Backpack

Part I

On Saturday, September 11, 1982, 23 Mountaineers gathered in a light rain at Southcenter for an eight-day backpack in the Mt. Adams Wilderness. (Mt. Adams dominates the southern part of the State of Washington; at 12,276 feet it is the second highest of the volcanoes of the Cascades.) Our group of 11, led by Tom Mogridge, traveled to Morrison Creek on the south side, to start a clockwise route around the mountain. The other group, led by Mike Kirshner, started from Killen Creek on the north side, hoping to avoid the poor weather. We did not see them again until Wednesday.

In those eight days we experienced all types of weather: rain, hail, snow, frost, sunshine, heat and gusty winds. Each side of the mountain has an individuality of its own. The south side has the most gradual slope and provides the least imposing view. From the east and west it looks like a giant ridge, steep and rugged, while the north has a dome-like shape.

Leaving in the rain from Cold Springs Campground we traveled a mile and a half to the beginning of the Round-the-Mountain Trail. That night we huddled by a fire in the rain and watched the wind whip our tents, even blowing one over. Sunday morning, as the rain diminished, we began our travel to Sheep Lake, approximately eight miles from our first camp. The trail was level at 6,300 feet. Through the clouds we caught glimpses of the mountain and eventually had a little sunshine during our lunch stop at Cascade Creek.

Our camp at Sheep Lake was in a meadow with such conveniences as a rock ledge where we could cook our meals as though standing at a kitchen counter. The rain persisted. In the morning our camp was covered with frost as we left for Killen Creek. Our

journey was becoming interesting. We could see Mt. Rainier and Mt. St. Helens. We crossed huge lava fields, and some of the more observant sighted numerous bear droppings. Slight traces of ash could be found in rock depressions.

Monday night we camped in a beautiful lawn-like meadow at Killen Creek. Once again at dinner around the campfire we were entertained by a fierce hail storm which eventually drove us into our tents. The high winds had begun again, twisting and distorting our tents into odd shapes, tugging at tent stakes. We looked forward to being joined by Irv Charat and Bill Newnam, who were coming in from the Killen Creek Campground. After a "slight detour," they arrived around dinner time. Even though the day was not as exhausting as expected, Tuesday, our lay-over day appealed to us.

Tuesday morning, two explored the surrounding meadow, while the rest followed up Killen Creek to a frozen lake at 7,505 feet. From this high point we could see the south Cascades range. The sun was shining, not a cloud in the sky, but those high winds kept up. We basked in the sun. Some reported an abundance of blueberry and huckleberry bushes; Linda identified poisonous mushrooms around our tents. Tuesday evening was very cold. We were visited by a lone hiker doing the Pacific Crest Trail from Mexico to Canada. At dusk a couple with their dog passed through. They planned to sleep out without a tent and were counting on the warmth of the dog to survive the cold winds.

Wednesday morning we got an early start for our day with the greatest elevation gain and greatest number of miles. Our destination was Avalanche Valley on the east side of the mountain. We left the Pacific Crest Trail and followed the trail to Foggy Flats. Shortly after our start, we met the group led by Mike Kirschner. As we exchanged stories of cold, wet days and nights, we encouraged each other with extended forecasts of good weather predicted by passing hikers. The day was pleasant and sunny as we crossed to the east side of the mountain. As we began our climb to Devil's Gardens at 7,804 feet, the trees began to show the effects of higher elevation. There were no longer the giants seen lower down; they were alpine in appearance. Some of the group took a side trip to Red Butte, a red cinder cone at 7,204 feet. From there and from our lunch stop among the black lava fields of Devil's Garden, we had sweeping views of the Cascades. As we crossed into the Yakima Indian Reservation we lost the 2,000 feet we had gained in the first half of the day. As the weather grew warmer, we shed layers of clothes and "complained" of the heat. It was sunny and warm when we arrived at camp at 4:30 p.m.

The long, hard journey was worth it. Avalanche Valley is an ideal camp with dry wood, pure water and plenty of shade. Thursday was to be another leisurely day. Our day hike was to Goat Butte. This stark, barren cinder cone, similar to Red Butte, provided a bird's eye view of Mt. Adams: the Castle, the Spearhead, Rusk and Wilson Glaciers. An unusual rock formation on the south side of Butte drew curious hikers. These yellow castellated cliffs, visible from our camp, looked out of place amidst the other volcanic ruins.

Friday we left the beautiful valley and faced our most challenging day. We had to cross the Big Muddy at the snout of the Klickitat Glacier before noon to ensure a safe crossing. As we went down a steep moraine to get to the Big Muddy, our feet were swept out from under us. Fortunately, the crossing was uneventful and our leader rewarded us with a slice of fresh orange or apple. The sun was hot as we stepped onto the snowfield which led us up 1,500 feet in a mile. This was the final pitch before reaching Sunrise Camp at 8,200 feet, the highest point of our trip. This unique area between the Ridge of Wonders and Battlement Ridge was desolate; glaciated muddy water streamed through the fine, sandy, black lava where we were to pitch our tents. It would be a hostile environment if the weather changed. We took a vote to stay there that night or move on to Bird Creek Meadows. We chose to move ahead. Traveling down to 6,500 feet we crossed another large snowfield and one last steep rock slope before arriving at Bird Creek Meadows. As we looked back to a storm cap forming above Sunrise Camp, we knew we had made a good decision. It was sunny and warm as we set up camp at 5:30. As the sun went down we looked across the valley to lights of a distant town.

Saturday morning before heading for the cars we hiked to the Bird Creek Meadows Viewpoint for one last look across the meadows to Mt. Hood and Eastern Washington. The short hike to our cars was on a level trail through lava fields. When we arrived at our cars some fellow Mountaineers shared their left-over pizza with us. Since we had to drop two of the group off at Killen Creek, we stopped at Takhlakh Lake along the way. There we had a special potluck featuring left-overs.

In 1924, C.E. Rusk, pioneer climber, said of Mt. Adams: "The mountain is like a great poem. At first acquaintance our minds have not the power to grasp its full magnificence. But as we know it day by day and year by year new beauties unfold, new grandeurs appear, as our senses develop new powers to understand and to

measure, until, at last, if our minds be great enough to comprehend, it finally stands forth in all its sublimity.”

—Karen Munz

Tom Mogridge, leader; Ann Bowser, Walt Bowser, Iv Charat, Chuck Cox, Joanne Cox, Mike Mogridge, Karen Munz, Hank Nelson, Bill Newnam, Dwight Pickett, Linda Rantala.



Mt. Adams

Wilma S. Peterson

Mt. Adams Backpack

Part II

On the same backpack trip the other eleven of the group were led by Mike Kirshner, in reverse order around Mt. Adams, hoping to avoid the bad weather. Our intrepid leader scouted for our permit at Randle, then we were off to camp at Takhlakh Lake campground in a heavy, cold, September rain.

Sunday dawned with more rain. What to do? There were as many suggestions as people: go east of the mountains, go on to Mt. Adams, et cetera. Three hours later, with the sun showing dimly, we started on the trail to Killen Creek. After having a supreme view of Mt. Adams, the rain and sleet started at 2 p.m., we arrived at the campground by 5 o'clock. Only with candles could we build a fire in the wet. We went to bed under a clear sky, stars, and alpine glow on Mt. Adams.

Monday we woke at 7:30 to sunshine, frost, and 28 degrees. The paintbrush were frozen wands and the lutea wore lace collars on their leaves. We decided to go on to Avalanche Valley, up and over

the Lava Bed and down. At 7,500-foot elevation we had closeup views of Mt. Adams and its glaciers. Then the weather closed in with fog, sleet and snow, while we were maneuvering our way over the lava beds, with a stop to climb "The Rock." Then eleven wet, miserable backpackers continued on to Avalanche Valley via the Cairn Route. We all hastened to find trees for shelter, gulped food and hurried to bed.

We woke to a cloudy Tuesday morning with snow and frost on the ground, in a very remote section of Mt. Adams, with little idea what the weather would do. Mike decided we should go back the way we came — the weather might turn too nasty for hiking on to the 8,000-foot level. We ate lunch at a cold and windy spot in the Devil's Garden and camped in the woods below the Lava Beds. A few climbed Red Butte while the rest of us set up tents, fetched water, and enjoyed the sunshine.

Wednesday morning, after a leisurely start, we hiked back to Killen Creek, meeting the other group of twelve Mountaineers above Foggy Flat. They told us they had spent a couple of wild nights near timberline, yet were in good shape as they worked their way to Avalanche Valley. We arrived at Killen Creek at noon, allowing part of the group time for a scramble to High Camp with its meadows and view of Mt. Rainier and the Mt. Adams glacier and icefall. That night, under brightly shining constellations, we sat around a roaring campfire and sang all the old songs.

Thursday morning it warmed to 45 degrees. We set off to Sheep Lake at a leisurely pace, to camp on the meadows below. So excited about the scenery were two of the group that they ignored Sheep Lake and walked for thirty minutes past our campsite before realizing they had gone too far. All eleven of us then scrambled to Crystal Lake above camp. The "polar bears" of the group took a dip. That night we enjoyed another big campfire under brilliant stars.

Friday was unanimously voted a layover day at Sheep Meadows. Eight of the group went to Hump and Table Mountains above Crystal Lake and took delightful baths in a lake on the way down, with vistas of Adams, Hood, St. Helens and the Goat Rocks. The other three went to Four Mountain Viewpoint. Around the campfire we read from *Tales of a Western Mountaineer* by Rusk, a fascinating account of the author's exploration of Mt. Adams, written in 1924. As we sat there a strange phenomenon occurred which had been mentioned in Rusk's book: the dry creek began to flow!

Saturday we headed back toward Killen Creek. All but one scrambled to Shangri La for more fine views of Adams and Rainier.

We moved slowly down to Shepherd's Camp in the trees, picking blueberries along the way. That night several of us watched a red sunset from a rock above camp, until thunder, lightning and rain commanded: time to go home!

The promise of breakfast in Randle made for a very fast break from camp. A farewell ice cream party at Southcenter completed our outing. In spite of, or because of, the weather, we had a good trip, with a fine group and good leadership.

With the nip of fall and winter in the air we had seen few animals except pikas, marmots, squirrels, camp robbers, and an occasional eagle. Kathe Stanness identified nineteen varieties of flowers: subalpine spirea, grove penstemon, purple gentian, lupine, paintbrush, stonecrop, pale agoseris, meadow parsley, common yarrow, partridge foot, pearly everlasting, bistort, valerian, phlox, fireweed, alpine aster, mountain saisy, hellebore, cinquefoil, many mushrooms, but mostly amanitas.

—Kathe Stanness
—Alexandra Pye

Mike Kirshner, leader; John Ligon, assistant leader; Shirley Cox, Kristie Deuschner, Trudy Ecob, Dean Mull, Cathy Nelson, Alexandra Pye, Dick Searing, Kathe Stanness and John Witter.

The Enchantment of the October Entiat

The Alpine Scramblers originally planned to spend a week in the Enchantments, going in through Colchuck Lake and up Aasgard Pass, but heavy rains pushed us farther east until we finally came to the edge of the storm in the Entiat. There the clouds were broken, with patches of blue and tiny shafts of sunlight hinting at better, and possibly drier, weather.

We set up a car shuttle. We would begin at the Duncan Hill Trail at 4,000 feet and end up at the same elevation a week later at the end of the North Fork Entiat River Trail across the valley. In between, our group would climb as high as 8,402 feet, and zig-zag many times up and down in the elevations between. However, most of the trip would be spent above 7,000 feet in the land of the golden larch.

From the beginning, the trail was a fascinating display of one kind of mushroom after another. Some were large, speckled and coiled like a snake. Others were small, growing in tiny clusters. Still others would pop up alone, their umbrellas covered with pine needles and dirt.

Our first camp was about four-and-one-half miles up the trail in a heather meadow surrounded by pine and fir. Light snow falling through patches of sunlight greeted us as we each gratefully dropped our heavy packs. The meadow's resident deer eyed us warily that evening as our group of nine bustled about camp. We built up the campfire as the temperature dropped, setting a precedent for each evening thereafter.

Clear skies, bright sunlight and temperatures in the low 20's greeted us the next morning. Heavy frost lay on everything, making the air sparkle. The fire became the focal point for drying out condensation-soaked sleeping bags, defrosting frozen boots and warming a shivering group of mountaineers.

On the trail again, as we climbed, we came to our first larch — a tall golden monolith 100 feet high. It stood against the blue sky surrounded by green pine neighbors — a portent of the soft needle country to come.

We climbed steadily and were soon out of the trees and onto the open lower slopes of Duncan Hill. Everything was golden — dried grasses along the trail and all sizes and shapes of larch.

At 7,400 feet, the summit offered magnificent views in all directions — most notably Mt. Maude, Seven-Fingered Jack and Mt. Fernow. We lost elevation in gaining our next camp.

At 5,900 feet, we started upward again, branching off cross-country around 6,300 feet, and climbing back to the larches and 7,000 feet. Camp II finally materialized around 5 p.m. — a golden basin at Anthem Creek headwaters, surrounded by rocky peaks on three sides. The solitude was impressive — the basin is hidden, probably few people know of its existence, and our party felt very special to be there.

After another cold night some of the party got up early to scramble Choral Peak before breakfast. Then it was back down to the trail, retracing our steps from the day before. We went over a small pass and then down to 5,000 feet again to Snow Brushy Creek and the Emerald Park Trail. Another three miles and we branched off and headed up the 45 Mile Sheep Drive to Camp III. It was hard to believe that shepherders used to drive their flocks up to these high meadows to graze. The way is very steep, rocky and narrow, but they apparently made it without much mishap. We camped in the basin below 7,600-foot Borealis Pass, surrounded by jagged peaks on three sides, a half-frozen stream flowing down the middle, groves of larches everywhere, and a magnificent view of Saska and Emerald Peaks to the East.

We spent two nights at 45-Mile Sheep Drive. The first morning temperatures dipped well into the teens, and the sun rose bril-

liantly over the camp. So far we had not seen any other people, but our tranquillity was shattered when a jet streaked across the sky over the golden trees and surrounding mountains, leaving a silent, white trail behind. We scrambled over Borealis Pass, up to a saddle below Pinnacle Mountain, and part of the party continued to the 8,402-foot summit. The rest spent the time exploring and doing some photography.

That afternoon dark clouds rolled in, and by nightfall had obscured both Emerald and Saska. The next morning the camp was covered with several inches of snow, with promise of more. Our plans were to leave for the other side of Saska, camp along the Pyramid Trail at Fox Camp, and if possible climb Pyramid Mountain the following day. It started snowing heavier as we broke camp and headed back down 45-Mile Sheep Drive to Snow Brushy Creek, which we forded in the snow and almost lost one of us on a slippery rock. From there it was uphill all the way on the Pyramid Trail to 7,200-foot Saska Pass.

Fox Camp was located in a meadow above the North Fork Valley. We arrived in eight inches of snow. Fall camping was out and winter camping was in! A large rock in the center of camp served as backdrop for a roaring fire on one side and a makeshift kitchen on the other. The larches and everything else were obscured by snow and looked like an early Christmas card.

The snow continued all night and a group decision the next morning dictated we go out a day early. Pyramid Mountain would have to wait for another time. As we were preparing to leave, the clouds broke enticingly a few times to give us views of Cardinal and its environs, but just as suddenly would disappear in a whirl of snow, dashing any hopes that might spring up for clearing.

The hike out was beautiful and fun. The North Fork Entiat River Trail is much more traveled than where we had been, and the lower we went, the more there were signs of civilization. At Deer Camp there was even a picnic table and outdoor rest room. The snow began to let up and the sun indicated it might just come out. (Oh, oh! Should we have stayed after all? Ah, but it was too late. We were almost there.) The last few miles the snow flakes got bigger, the sun got brighter and the ground got drier. By the time we reached the cars the snow was gone from the air and ground. But, looking back at the white high country beyond the trees, we knew the Entiat was settling in for the winter. We would have to come back again next year.

Judith Maxwell

Officers — 1982

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Administrative Report

Compiled by Dave Enfield

The Mountaineers membership grew by 12 during the year to a total of 10,596 at the end of December 1982. Of these 8455 were General, 1167 in Tacoma, 531 in Olympia, and 443 in Everett.

The development corporation which was keenly interested in obtaining the Clubroom at the beginning of the year has lost interest for now. Active pursuit of a new site by The Mountaineers has therefore been discontinued.

Fox and Company, an accounting firm, was retained by the Club to study the accounting systems of Mountaineers Books. In response to their report the Board established an Executive Audit Committee and directed that steps be taken to establish a centralized accounting department. Actions relating to others of the many recommendations in the report are being handled by the Mountaineers Books Management Board and the new Books Manager, Donna DeShazo.

Conservation Division

Wilderness issues were a primary focus of the Conservation Division in 1982. Concern about proposals to lease for gas and oil

exploration in the Alpine Lakes Wilderness inspired us to organize a "Save Our Wilderness" rally. Before the rally, Jim Whitaker led a group of hikers from Alpine Lakes to Seattle where they were joined by a larger group for the last leg of the hike along the Burke-Gilman Trail. About 1200 people attended the rally in Gasworks Park on May 2. We also wrote letters opposing gas and oil leasing in proposed and designated wilderness areas and supported wilderness protection bills. The Division is currently working with the Editorial Review Committee in an effort to publish a "Washington Wilderness" book.

In an effort to encourage sound **Forest Practices** in Washington we opposed legislation authorizing construction of USFS roads into timber sale areas where the cost of the road would exceed the value of the timber. We opposed proposed revisions to National Forest regulations which are economically and environmentally unsound. We submitted comments on the 1985 Resource Planning Act Program of the USFS, opposing commodity production at the expense of multiple use. We also supported a Lummi Tribe resolution calling for a cultural management unit in the Wallace Creek-Elbow Creek area of Mt. Baker-Snoqualmie National Forest in the interest of preserving old growth forest.

Several management plans were available for comment in 1982. Mountaineers testified on the Department of Natural Resources Forest Land Management Plan, and submitted comments on the draft Plans for the Okanogan and Mt. Baker-Snoqualmie National Forests and the Early Winters Alpine Winter Sports Study.

Concern for **Shorelines and Wetlands** prompted us to support the current Shorelines Management Act, opposing bills which would weaken it. We opposed Chicago Bridge and Iron's request for an exemption under the Shoreline Management Act and a development in Issaquah Valley which would impact a wetlands area.

Indoor Division

The **Art Committee** has the challenging responsibility of finding artists to show their work in our upstairs clubroom each month. Photography exhibits alternate equally with traditional artworks in oil, watercolor, acrylics, pen and ink and even batik. We are unable to exhibit safely 3-dimensional art at this time.

We encourage themes of nature. The exhibits are especially enjoyed by the membership during their indoor classes. Much of the work is for sale and is of high quality. We invite you to come down and view our shows which change monthly throughout the year.

The **Dinner Meeting** programs were held in the Royal Fork Restaurant in Wallingford District until September, at which time they were transferred to the Royal Fork in Ballard (1545 N.W. Market St.). The change of location was made as the Wallingford banquet room was too small and the chairs and tables all had to be moved before the program could begin. No moving of tables is necessary in Ballard.

Folkdancers variously improved operations at the Masonic Temple "downstairs." An ingenious drinking fountain for the kitchen sink and a six-foot-long "pushbroom" for sweeping the floor will long be remembered by "regulars." New program cards can now be read the length of the hall. New sound equipment provides greater portability, versatility and simplicity of set up and operation. Continuous tapes, pre-recorded with both music and MC announcements, freed the MC to participate in the dancing. Live music added to the atmosphere for two Friday dances. Ballroom and advanced pattern folkdance instruction classes were conducted successfully as experiments.

As a member of the Association of King County Historical Organizations **The Mountaineer Museum** shared in the Outstanding Organization Award for 1982. This year we changed the title for the head of the committee to "Curator." This more clearly reflects the responsibilities of the position. Records have been upgraded. Members' response to requests for artifacts has been so good that we are looking for more storage space.

Property Division

After a sparse snow cover last year, the snows returned to the mountains for a good 1981-1982 ski season. All of the ski lodges and Kitsap Cabin had successful improvement and maintenance projects for the summer-fall of 1981.

At the Kitsap Rhododendron Preserve, work continued on the utility building and on remodeling of the Kitsap Cabin kitchen. In February 1982, the Kitsap Cabin and Players were combined under a single committee within the Property Division, the Kitsap Committee. In May-June 1982, the Players presented *Around the World in 80 Days* in the Forest Theatre.

Record crowds were drawn to **Meany Ski Hut** this season by plentiful snow, fantastic skiing, terrific ski lessons with capacity classes taught by Patti and Dave Claar and Kim Nelson, vigorous folkdancing, extremely talented musicians, and entertaining skits and programs.

One of the biggest 1982 thrills was Dick Curran's 50 ft. aerial ride which was the last leg of an obstacle course he set up for the

Spring Carnival. The Spring Carnival had an Austrian flavor as Patti Claar masterminded "zillertal" activities. This enormous undertaking included a hill-wide scavenger hunt, snow golfing, bow and arrow rivalry, a bean carry, slow slalom course, frisbee toss, snake follow, innertube run, kids' costume parade, an authentic Austrian dinner, a huge "Konditorei" pastry table, a lavish luncheon complete with fancy vegetable nibbles and homemade breadsticks and pretzels, and a "lively" folkdance stimulated by Meany's gifted musicians.

The proportion of cross-country skiers using Meany Hut continues to increase. Al Alleman graciously donates time and expertise to show people the fabulous ski trails in Meany vicinity. During work party season Al's crew labors to improve these trails.

During Workparty season, Meany women took charge of the "Ox" and the two hill "brush" saws. Thanks to the gals the whole lane from top to bottom has been brushed. This took two years to do but the entire lane is now skiable on six inches of snow! The ladies on the "Ox" lifted and hauled firewood, propane tanks, giant pumpkins, dozens of mattresses, Cat ski boxes, tractor treads, brush, garbage, you name it. Meanwhile, Meany men overhauled both tractors.

The list of accomplishments during workparty season is impressive. New mattresses were hauled in and mattress covers sewn. The study was paneled. Ray Nelson made two wooden couches and a bench for Meany's basement. The entire Meany basement was remodeled adding several new drying areas and a first aid facility. The Bombardier was refurbished with new paint, new canvas, new upholstery, and gorgeous Scandinavian designs on the ski boxes. In addition to "flowering" the ski boxes, Georgean Curran "rosemaled" the picture boards for Meany walls.

A cross-country ski bridge was built by the railroad tunnel. The Cat road to the lodge was straightened. A Gas House was added to the Tow Hut. A new communications system was initiated. The Generator Hut received some carpentry. The pantry was rigged with wire mesh. Logs were winched off North. The trail from Walter's Woods to North was regraded. The bridge at the bottom of Tombstone Canyon was improved.

The heavy snow pack of 1980-81 afforded excellent spring skiing at **Mt. Baker Lodge** well into the month of June. With the clearing of snow in the summer, the Mt. Baker Lodge Committee undertook a commitment to support the Forest Service in maintaining the Chain Lakes Trail.

A distinct improvement was rendered to the lodge facility through the replacement of the dining room windows with new

preassembled aluminum units, which afford a nearly unobstructed view of Mt. Shuksan and nearby areas.

Summer concluded as usual, with the Riccio-Horsby-Stump Ritual Outdoor Salmon Bake, with the presence of but one of those worthies to provide suitable incantations attendant to the fire pit. The Salmon deity obliged and we concluded the season with an opulent table d'hote.

The **Players** 1981 Christmas program was again directed by Mary Duckering. It played at the clubroom and also at a number of rest and nursing homes. This is a worthwhile function and is considered our Christmas gift to the community.

During the fall-winter season, there was a production of *Charlie Brown* directed by Alan Downing. It was presented to Mountaineer groups and at the lodges during the ski season.

Our spring play for 1982 was the non-musical version of *Around the World in 80 Days*, directed by Irving Zimmer. Although we did not sing, we did have an elephant, a funeral pyre and other interesting things for the audience to see and enjoy.

The **Snoqualmie Lodge**, which is classified as a family lodge, started its 1982-83 season with four productive workparties. As with most activity within the Mountaineers, it is the volunteers who have made this year a success.

In continuing with the rebuilding of the upper tow shack, this year saw energetic crews led by Ralph Domenowske and Bob Youngs up to their elbows in cement as they used their combined expertise in "floor laying." Because of an early snow fall, the cement was brought up the hill by Gary Schweers and his brown 4 by 4 beast. The snow caused the hill to be very slippery and if it had not been for the truck, the floor would not have been laid until next year. Once the floor was down, Brian Lenker, Bill Adcock and Fred Fenster helped in the installation of the garage door.

This year brought a \$12,000 sewer assessment, making water usage at the lodge like using liquid gold. We also finalized an agreement with Mr. Moffet on his encroachment on our property. With the termination of our parking agreement with Ski Acres, the club purchased a snowblower to plow our own lot. The snowblower, which was formally owned by King County, is a 1947 Marmon-Harrington truck with a "Snow-go Blower," powered by a 1920 "vintage" Climax Blue Flame engine. Although this is vintage equipment, it is in good mechanical condition and will be able to handle the lodge's snowplowing needs for many years.

We started our ski season the first weekend in December with a five-foot base. We were open Christmas week, ending with a fun

filled New Year's Eve Party. The weather cooperated with temperatures in the low teens, making skiing conditions fantastic! The New Year was ushered in with a torchlight parade at midnight and folk dancing called by Alice Nugent. January brought the first session of ski lessons, under the direction of Tom Hansen. Tom had a second session in February with everyone showing their newly learned skills in March at the Snow Lovers Holiday. Friday nights proved to be ever popular, introducing prospective members to the lodge. We wish a happy sabbatical to George Brenglemann and Cal Bannon from the ski patrol and hill committee. They will be missed.

A special thanks to all those committee people who give of their time to make the lodge run smoothly.

Outdoor Division

1981 proved challenging and enjoyable for the **Alpine Scramblers** as they "plowed" through late and heavy snowfall in the spring and sweltered through record high temperatures in late summer. One hundred sixty-six scrambles, including midweek trips, were scheduled from April to November.

The Alpine Scramble Course accepted 198 students and trained them in non-technical, off-trail travel. After four lectures, five field trips, at least three scrambles and a first aid course, 110 students were awarded certificates of graduation at the Scrambler's Reunion in November.

The **Climbing Committee** experienced a lively and active season with reviews of climbing methods, policies, etc. The Committee was composed almost entirely of veteran climb leaders whose experience contributed significantly to the climbing program. Efforts towards improving the Basic Climbing Course included: 1. the construction of a new belay practice tower at Camp Long (Earle Willey's construction help and Don Northey's designs were most helpful); 2. the installation of new beams in the skylight area of the Clubroom to enable prusik practice; 3. revision of the seat harness tie-off to use the double fisherman (grapevine) knot; 4. the adoption of the anchor wrap belay method based on the results of a study initiated in April 1981; 5. replacement of the final exam with "Clint Kelley" quizzes at most lectures; 6. addition of a new lecture in August on leading on rock; and addition of a new optional field trip "Rock 3" for the introduction to leading on rock with about 35 basic students participating. About 125 graduated from the Basic Course.

Mountaineer Climbs scheduled include Club Climbs and Basic and Intermediate Experience Climbs. The range of Club Climbs available was expanded with more "Alpine level" climbs.

The **Family Activities** group focuses on enjoying the outdoors with children. During 1982, over 100 families participated in activities organized for pleasurable experiences rather than specific destinations.

Forty-seven day hikes were planned to destinations in town, along the water, and in the mountains. Trip lengths were flexible, as ages and interests of those participating were considered so that trips were enjoyable for everyone.

The Family Activities program continues to appeal to Mountaineers who want to enjoy the outdoors with children. Most participating are parents, grandparents, aunts or uncles accompanied by children ranging in age from a few weeks to 14 years. However, a number of single persons without children also enjoy Family Activities for outdoor experiences at an unhurried pace.

Three **Foreign Outings** were conducted in 1982. Paul Wiseman led a group of 18 members on a 17-day hiking/climbing trip in northern Italy and in Austria in July/August. Paul also led a 17-day hiking trip in the Jotunheimen region of Norway. This trip occurred in August with 21 members participating. Jackie Swenson led 13 Mountaineers on a 23-day trek into the Annapurna Sanctuary in Nepal in October/November.

This year the **Naturalists** continued their exploration of Northwest natural history on 58 different trips, including weekend backpacks, day trips, car camps, and extended outings. Trips focused on flowers, birds, mushrooms, geology, unique ecosystems, and trail maintenance.

After a late start and a mid-season change of chairperson, the **Nordic Skiing** committee planned and brought to pass a full program of activities. Enrollment in the course was down (from the previous years of 200) to 160, of whom 28 fulfilled all requirements.

The 1982 season saw a continued high level of activity among the **Retired Rovers**. In the last 12 months we have had 12 club room noon lunch meetings (with slide shows). A C.P.R. demonstration was featured at one meeting. Three outings were planned and executed, 30 one-day hiking trips, two volunteer work parties, and five bicycle rides.

As 1983 opens, we don't see the pace slackening off.

A new activity, **Sailing**, was started this year with an "is there any interest" meeting in April. Approximately 60 Mountaineers responded by telephone and/or by attending the meeting and an enthusiastic 20 Mountaineers volunteered to help start a committee. The spring and early summer was primarily a time of organiz-

ing the Committee, developing policies and obtaining approval of a Charter in June from the Board of Trustees.

The first official activity of the new Sailing Committee was a get-acquainted picnic in July at Luther Burbank Park, Mercer Island. The loosely organized program for the day consisted of swimming, volleyball, boat safety and knot tying seminars, eating, and sailing on the three Mountaineer boats in attendance. Approximately 80 Mountaineers enjoyed the day. During July a series of sails for Committee members was initiated to help keep interest afloat in what seemed at the time to be a sea of paper and telephone calls.

The first Mountaineers Crewing Course was held in August. The Course was planned as two lectures with hands-on practice of sailing skills at a series of stations, and a half-day sail with an experienced skipper and foredecker instructor. Anticipating 60 or 70 students, the Committee was somewhat surprised when 210 enrolled. With seven lecturers, over a dozen volunteers instructing at the stations, many extra make-up sessions, nine Mountaineer skippers who volunteered their boats and some confusion, the additional enrollment was accommodated. By the end of 1982, 20 class sails had been completed and 80 students had graduated.

Trip participation in the **Singles Activities** increased by 20% in 1982. A map and compass seminar, indoor volleyball, and summer volleyball socials have proven successful and have become a regular fund-raising part of the Singles Activities program. A more comprehensive lodge weekend schedule was established, including summer lodge trips as well as events at Thanksgiving and Christmas. The Tunnel Creek trail was adopted and will be cared for by the Singles Activities Committee.

The **Ski Mountaineering** program included a course and offered 58 Alpine Tours during the 1981-1982 winter season. A weekend of Ski Mountaineering was held at the Mt. Baker lodge in April. There were 22 members in the course, one-third less than the previous year, which was consistent with a reduced enrollment in other winter activities. Ski tours, however, were 30% higher in number than the previous year to result in 32 completed tours. There were two graduates from the Ski Mountaineering Course in 1982.

The **Trails Coordinating** committee's function of liaison with governmental agencies and other organizations resulted in a number of significant activities during the past year.

To help provide a more effective voice for trails in Washington DC., The Mountaineers joined the National Trails Council. The organization provides an opportunity to exchange ideas since it

serves as a clearinghouse for trail-oriented groups throughout the United States.

The chairman attended both the Washington Environmental Council and the Federation of Western Outdoor Club conventions to assure considerations of trail related matters. It was both unexpected and rewarding when the FWOC adopted a resolution congratulating The Mountaineers for preparing and submitting a proposal on behalf of the representatives of other organizations serving on the steering committee for the Puget Sound Volunteer Project and encouraged all outdoor and conservation organizations to support the program and become involved in volunteer stewardship activities for America's outdoor recreation resources.

The 1982 legislature enacted amendments to the Sno-Park legislation. As a result the Winter Recreation Advisory Committee, which assists Washington State Parks and Recreation Commission in the administration of the Sno-Park Program, is a state-wide committee with State Parks appointing its members from six geographic areas of the state.

Several important steps were taken by The Mountaineers in 1982 towards guaranteeing the survival of our existing trail system. The **Trail Maintenance** group saw several committees agree to adopt trails for perpetual maintenance. This process is becoming more and more necessary as land manager budgets for these activities continue to be cut. The Backpackers have the White Chuck Bench Trail, Mt. Baker Cabin adopted the Chain Lake Trail, Single Activities took over the Tunnel Creek Trail, and Trail Trips has the Rachel Lake Trail. These committees will do the normal maintenance such as cutting brush and building waterbars and can call on the land managers for help with major problems. On the adopted trails as a whole, work was performed on 11 days with an average of 13 people per day. The work party leaders scouted the trails ahead of time to schedule projects, attended training sessions put on by the Forest Service, and requisitioned tools.

Trail Trips had another successful year. We offered a full schedule of hikes on weekends and during the week. We had no accidents and most of our trips went as planned.

Hearty thanks to our leaders who did so much in way of planning and question answering for all of us. Special thanks to Walter Entenmann and Dave Erickson who helped schedule. We can be proud of our committee.

Trail Trips worked on isolating problems and finding possible solutions. Communications seemed to be weak so the Trail Trip preamble has been lengthened and aimed towards newer members.

During the summer leaders generally agreed that we would like our participants on trail trips to be better educated for reasons of enjoyment and safety. About 30% of Trail Trippers are relatively new members on any hike. The concerns of many people have led to the formation of a hiking class this coming year.

Publications

During 1982 the **Editorial Review Committee** reviewed 80 projects. Of these the Committee approved and requested authorization for 16, and rejected 42. The balance are still under consideration, in various stages of completion, or have been withdrawn. In contrast, during 1981, 90 projects were reviewed, authorizations were requested for 30, and 34 were rejected. The higher rejection rate in 1982 would seem to be a reaction to the economic slump in the publishing industry in general, dictating a greater selectivity in the materials chosen for publication.

Everett Branch

Henry Kral, Everett's Conservation Chairman, has been very active again this year, informing us about critical legislation and efforts, helping us to preserve and enjoy the natural beauty of the Northwest. This year we contributed \$150 to the Sierra Club's Northwest Office, Conservation Division. And we gave \$100 to the Sierra Club to help restrict oil leasing in our wilderness. With the Adopt-a-Trail program, we maintained the Niederprum Trail; special thanks to Jerry Thompson. We were told at one of our business meetings that several books gave us credit for maintaining some lookouts in the North Cascades. We were all surprised.

The Everett Branch sponsored several classes this year. Basic Climbing Class began February 9. Intermediate Climbing Class started on January 12. Our Cross-country Ski Course had 42 people enrolled. We offered an Intermediate Cross Country Ski Course. The Nordic Ski Course graduated the following students: Barbara Foley, Don Foley, Don Heck, Carol Pinneo, Judith Silk, Dolores Wagner and Joe Wagner. We also offered an Alpine Scrambler Course.

At our March 3 meeting, we held our annual potluck. The food was great, the company even better. Our Salmon Bake, held on Sunday, October 3, was a success, netting the club \$130. The annual Awards Banquet was held November 13 at the Everett Pacific Hotel. Phil Woodhouse told us about the Monte Cristo area with an excellent slide presentation.

Olympia Branch

With enthusiastic committees, leaders, instructors and students, the Olympia Branch experienced three successful courses. Arlene Mills led the basic climbing course through an injury-free year with 29 students graduating. During the season, 61 of 73 scheduled climbs were completed.

Charlene Gudmonds chaired the hiking and backpacking course and graduated six students. Evening, day and weekend hikes were offered throughout the year by hikes chairman Karen Rings.

An impressive percentage of sign-ups completed the canoe and kayak course chaired by Zella Mathews and assisted by Pat Miller. A total of 11 students graduated, sharing enjoyment and learning experiences on 14 outings including 5 days at Priest Lake, Idaho.

There was fun and laughs for all at the annual July picnic featuring the first Annual Chairman's Relay. Howard Weaver's annual banquet program took the Branch through Pakistan up the Baltoro Glacier to Broad Peak and Chogolisa Peak, bringing the year to a pleasant end.

Thanks to enthusiasm and active participation, the Branch enjoyed a very good year.

Tacoma Branch

Outdoor events served wide and diversified interests of club members. Ninety-six hikes and fifty scrambles and climbs were offered. The courses continued to provide a strong base of instruction for our membership and drew a large registration of persons wishing to travel safely in our "hills"; ninety-four registered for the Alpine Travel Course. "Seminars" on special subjects were offered in connection with these courses and were open to the general membership. The first year of coordination of the various winter activities under one committee proved very successful. Snowshoe hikes were well attended, five out of ten snowshoe climbs went. The cross-country ski program showed lots of interest; ninety persons signed up for the course. This year, more effort was put into teaching instructors how to instruct, and a greater variety in the level of trips was scheduled. Avalanche seminars helped to make leaders and students more aware of safety in snow travel.

On the social front, the summer picnic at Engles, the Fair, and the Christmas Party had good turnouts; however, the Salmon Bake was cancelled when only 9 people signed up. The

Thanksgiving Dinner was held again at Camp Sheppard with 163 persons attending the dinner. Sixty-five stayed overnight, and 50 to 60 participated in the area hikes. The Annual Banquet at the Sherwood Inn was again sold out with Galen Rowell as the speaker. The Service Award went to Edith Delzell and certificates and pins were awarded for Intermediate Course graduation, 6 Major Peaks, and Irish Cabin Peaks. Awards of certificates of graduation from the Alpine Travel Course and Basic Climbing Course were made at individual banquets for those courses. Monthly, Photography and Fireside Gang meetings included outstanding programs of trips throughout the world by members and guests.

Legend Symbols

1. Courses Completed

B	Basic Climbing
I	Intermediate Climbing
S	Ski Mountaineering
A	Alpine Travel (also Olympia Wilderness Travel)
W	Winter Travel (Showshoeing)
N	Nordic Skiing
K	Canoe & Kayak
Y	Sailing
AE	Alpine Travel Equivalent
BE	Basic Climbing Equivalent

2. Awards

\$	Six Peaks Climbed
*	Snoqualmie First Ten
**	Snoqualmie Second Ten
<	Tacoma First Twelve
<<	Tacoma Second Twelve
/	Everett Bronze
//	Everett Silver
///	Everett Gold
#	Olympia First

IN MEMORIAM 1982

H.W. Albrecht	Charles H. Harrison
Andrew W. Anderson	Charles Hazlehurst
Eugene C. Barnard	Donald D. Hoke
Julius Boehm	Clint Kelley
Dean S. Bollman	Warren D. McClintick
Glenn A. Brindeiro	Ella V. Miller
Charles B. Browne	Loretta M. Pollmar
Ruth Cox	Marjorie Reynolds
Mildred W. Davis	Mrs. Frank (Dorothy) Sincock
Robert L. Harlan	A. Vernon Stoneman

The Mountaineers, Inc.

**FINANCIAL STATEMENTS
and
Additional Information
with
Report of Certified Public Accountants
Year Ended September 30, 1982**

Fox & Company



Certified Public Accountants

REPORT OF CERTIFIED PUBLIC ACCOUNTANTS

Board of Trustees and Members
The Mountaineers, Inc.
Seattle, Washington

We have examined the balance sheet of The Mountaineers, Inc. at September 30, 1982 and the related statements of revenues and expenses, fund balance and changes in financial position for the year then ended. Our examination was made in accordance with generally accepted auditing standards and, accordingly, included such tests of the accounting records and such other auditing procedures as we considered necessary in the circumstances.

In our opinion, the financial statements designated above present fairly the financial position of The Mountaineers, Inc. at September 30, 1982, and the results of its operations, changes in fund balance and financial position for the year then ended, in conformity with generally accepted accounting principles applied on a basis consistent with that of the preceding year after giving retroactive effect to the changes, with which we concur, in the method of accounting for excess inventory quantities and the application of overhead to inventory as described in Note 4 to the financial statements.

Fox & Company

Seattle, Washington
January 10, 1983

Balance Sheet

September 30, 1982

Assets

Current assets

Cash	\$	41,045
Certificates of deposit		176,701
Outing deposits (Note 6)		30,740
Accounts receivable — trade	\$	147,837
Allowance for doubtful accounts		<u>16,500</u>
		131,337
Author advances		18,034
Inventory — finished books (Note 5)		448,154
Prepaid book production expenses		29,237
Other prepaid expenses		<u>11,029</u>
Total current assets		886,277

Land, property and equipment, at cost:

Land	67,055
Buildings and improvements	294,929
Equipment	135,413
Furniture and fixtures	26,868
Library	<u>5,008</u>
	529,273
Less accumulated depreciation	<u>303,548</u>

225,725

Other assets:

Deposits and rare books	1,112
Local improvement district assessments net of \$1,552 in accumulated amortization	<u>33,288</u>
	<u>\$1,146,402</u>

Liabilities and Fund Balances

Current liabilities:

Accounts payable — trade	\$	50,468
Royalties due authors		29,123
Outing funds held in trust		30,740
Accrued business and payroll taxes		5,303
Accrued vacation and sick leave		11,060
Accrued interest payable		2,855
Advance collections for annual banquet		4,147
Current portion of long-term debt (Note 2)		<u>5,167</u>
Total current liabilities		138,863

Long-term debt (Note 2)

33,110

Commitments and contingencies (Note 3)

Fund balance

974,429

The accompanying notes are an integral part of the financial statements.

\$1,146,402

Statement of Revenues and Expenses

Year ended September 30, 1982

Revenues:	
Dues and fees	\$ 215,253
Sale of books	713,835
Committee income	107,315
Clubroom rental income	\$ 16,041
Less clubroom building expenses	<u>(36,758)</u>
	(20,717)
Lodge rental income	68,331
Less lodge building expenses	<u>(73,528)</u>
	(5,197)
	<u>1,010,489</u>
Operational expenses:	
Cost of books sold	286,536
Club operations	85,818
Committee expenses	143,733
Selling, general and administrative	272,877
Personnel	<u>289,172</u>
	<u>1,078,136</u>
Revenues from operations	
less than expenses	<u>(67,647)</u>
Other revenues (expenses):	
Interest income	25,135
Miscellaneous income	3,499
Interest expense	(3,174)
Loss on abandonment of equipment	<u>(1,417)</u>
	<u>24,043</u>
Revenues less than expenses	<u>\$(43,604)</u>

Statement of Fund Balance

Year ended September 30, 1982

Balance at September 30, 1981:	
As previously reported	\$ 980,261
Prior period adjustment (Note 4)	<u>37,772</u>
As restated	1,018,033
Revenues less than expenses	<u>(43,604)</u>
Balance at September 30, 1982	<u>\$974,429</u>

The accompanying notes are an integral part of
the financial statements.

Statement of Changes in Financial Position

Year ended September 30, 1982

Financial resources were applied to:

Revenues less than expenses		\$	43,604
Items not affecting working capital:			
Depreciation and amortization	\$	41,724	
Loss on abandonment of equipment		1,417	(43,141)
Working capital applied to operations ...			463
Purchase of property and equipment			45,669
Local improvement district assessment			12,995
Payments and current maturities of long-term debt			5,247
			<u>64,374</u>

Financial resources were provided by:

Additional borrowings of long-term debt			<u>(13,635)</u>
--	--	--	-----------------

Decrease in working capital

\$ 50,739

Decrease (increase) in working capital:

Cash	\$	34,541
Certificates of deposit		7,414
Outing deposits		(30,740)
Accounts receivable — trade		7,237
Author advances		(5,793)
Inventory — finished books		(10,408)
Prepaid book production expenses		2,287
Prepaid expenses		2,108
Accounts payable — trade		(7,977)
Royalties due authors		2,868
Outing funds held in trust		30,740
Accrued business and payroll taxes		1,187
Accrued vacation and sick leave		11,060
Accrued interest payable		2,855
Advance collections for annual banquet		1,753
Current portion of long-term debt		<u>1,607</u>

Decrease in working capital

\$ 50,739

The accompanying notes are an integral part of the financial statements.

Notes to Financial Statements

September 30, 1982

Note 1 — Summary of significant accounting policies and operations

This summary of significant accounting policies of The Mountaineers, Inc. (the Company) is presented to assist in understanding the Company's financial statements. The financial statements and notes are representations of the Company's management, which is responsible for their integrity and objectivity. These accounting policies conform to generally accepted accounting principles and have been consistently applied in the preparation of the financial statements after giving retroactive effect to the changes described in Note 4.

Description of operations

The Mountaineers, Inc. is a not-for-profit voluntary membership corporation which promotes conservation and wilderness activities in the Northwest. The Mountaineers, Inc. also publishes reading material consistent with the philosophies and goals of the organization.

The financial statements include the accounts of the following funds:

- General
- Mountaineer books
- Everett branch
- Tacoma branch
- Olympia branch
- Permanent
- Permanent, building and improvement
- Life membership
- Property
- Books dividend
- Outing

Significant interfund accounts and transactions have been eliminated from the totals.

Property and equipment

Property and equipment are carried at historical cost. Depreciation is provided on the straight-line method over the estimated useful lives of the assets. Lives range from three to twenty years.

Maintenance and repairs are charged to expense as incurred. Major renewals and improvements are capitalized.

Local improvement district assessments

Local improvement district assessments are amortized on the straight-line method over a 15-year period.

Inventories

Finished books and prepaid book production expenses are stated at the lower of cost or market. Inventory has been adjusted for excess quantities based on historical sales trends.

Federal income taxes

Income taxes have not been provided since The Mountaineers, Inc. is a not-for-profit corporation exempt from federal income taxes under the Internal Revenue Code, Section 501(c)(4).

Note 2 — Long-term debt

Long-term debt consists of the following:

	<u>Current Portion</u>	<u>Long-term Portion</u>
Contract payable, unsecured, payable in monthly installments of \$349, including interest at 12 %	\$2,945	\$ —
Contract payable, secured by computer hardware, payable in monthly installments of \$59, including interest at 19 %	492	—
Local improvement district assessment, payable in annual installments of \$1,456 plus interest not to exceed 15 %	1,456	20,390
Local improvement district assessment, payable in annual installments of \$2,223, including interest at 15 %	274	12,720
	<u>\$5,167</u>	<u>\$33,110</u>

Maturities of long-term debt are as follows:

Year ending September 30:

1983	\$ 5,167
1984	1,771
1985	1,818
1986	1,872
1987	1,935
Later years	<u>25,714</u>
	<u>\$38,277</u>

Note 3 — Commitments and contingencies

As of September 30, 1982, The Mountaineers, Inc. Board of Trustees and Books Management Board have authorized for publication or re-release 37 projects at a combined budget cost of approximately \$556,000. The projects authorized as of September 30, 1982, are scheduled for completion by Autumn of 1984. Expenditures incurred as of September 30, 1982, on the authorized projects approximate \$30,000.

The Mountaineers, Inc. leases the land on which the Stevens and Mt. Baker lodges are located. The following is a schedule of future minimum rental payments under these operating leases at September 30, 1982:

1983	\$ 1,855
1984	1,855
1985	1,855
1986	1,855
1987	1,855
Later	<u>7,800</u>
	<u>\$17,075</u>

The minimum rental payments are subject to review once every five years and are adjusted based on an appraisal of the value of the land.

Note 4 — Prior period adjustments

Fund balance as of September 30, 1981, has been restated to reflect prior period adjustments. The adjustments reflect the correction of excess inventory quantities on hand and application of overhead to inventory at September 30, 1981. After giving effect to prior period adjustments, revenues in excess of expenses and fund balance as of September 30, 1981, are restated as \$105,293 and \$1,018,033 respectively.

Revenues in excess of expenses as of September 30, 1981, prior to restatement		\$ 67,521
Prior period adjustments in Mountaineers Books Fund:		
Recognition of additional excess inventory quantities	\$(25,625)	
Application of overhead to inventory	63,397	<u>37,772</u>
Adjusted revenues in excess of expenses		105,293
Fund balance as of September 30, 1980		<u>912,740</u>
Fund balance as of September 30, 1981, as restated		<u>\$1,018,033</u>

Note 5 — Inventories—finished books

The cost components comprising inventory—finished books are as follows:

Direct production costs	\$404,389
Overhead allocated to ending inventory	71,195
Less excess inventory quantities	<u>(27,430)</u>
	<u>\$448,154</u>

Note 6 — Outing deposits

Outing deposits consist of funds collected from members and held in trust. The funds are applied towards the cost of foreign and domestic outings. As of September 30, 1982, \$28,709 of the funds were invested in certificates of deposit.

Board of Trustees and Members
The Mountaineers, Inc.
Seattle, Washington

Our examination was made for the purpose of forming an opinion on the financial statements taken as a whole. The accompanying combining balance sheet and statements of revenues and expenses and fund balances are presented for purposes of additional analysis of the financial statements rather than to present the financial position, results of operations, and changes in financial position of the individual funds. The combining information has been subjected to the auditing procedures applied in the examination of the financial statements and, in our opinion, is fairly stated in all material respects in relation to the financial statements taken as a whole.

Fox & Company

Seattle, Washington
January 10, 1983

The Mountaineers, Inc.
Combining Balance Sheet
 September 30, 1982

	General Fund	Mountaineer Books Fund	Everett Branch	Tacoma Branch	Olympia Branch	Permanent Fund	Life Membership Fund	Property Fund	Books Dividend Fund	Outing Fund	Interfund Eliminations	Total
ASSETS												
Current assets:												
Cash	\$ 7,556	\$ 20,169	\$ 6,735	\$ 3,081	\$ 2,532	\$ 414	\$ 558	\$	\$	\$	\$	\$ 41,045
Certificates of deposit	23,397		7,257	10,959	16,327	26,633	9,728	19,029	63,371			176,701
Accounts receivable—trade	1,588	146,249										147,837
Less allowance for doubtful accounts		(16,500)										(16,500)
Outing deposits										30,740		30,740
Interfund accounts receivable	17,385	1,053	2,647	7,291	3,676	3,371		3,321	59,539		(98,283)	—
Author advances		18,034										18,034
Inventory—finished books	2,540	445,381	233									448,154
Prepaid book production expenses		29,237										29,237
Other prepaid expenses	8,740	1,987		302								11,029
Total current assets	<u>61,206</u>	<u>645,610</u>	<u>16,872</u>	<u>21,633</u>	<u>22,535</u>	<u>30,418</u>	<u>10,286</u>	<u>22,350</u>	<u>122,910</u>	<u>30,740</u>	<u>(98,283)</u>	<u>886,277</u>
Land property and equipment:												
Land	64,725			2,330								67,055
Buildings and improvements	254,902	19,455		20,572								294,929
Equipment	89,728	43,903	728		1,054							135,413
Furniture and fixtures	18,688			8,180								26,868
Library	5,008											5,008
	433,051	63,358	728	31,082	1,054							529,273
Less accumulated depreciation	(259,859)	(24,779)	(656)	(17,200)	(1,054)							(303,548)
	<u>173,192</u>	<u>38,579</u>	<u>72</u>	<u>13,882</u>	<u>—</u>	<u>—</u>	<u>—</u>	<u>—</u>	<u>—</u>	<u>—</u>	<u>—</u>	<u>225,725</u>
Other assets:												
Deposits and rare books	608	504										1,112
Local improvement district assessments net of \$1,552 in accumulated amortization	33,288											33,288
	<u>\$268,294</u>	<u>\$684,693</u>	<u>\$16,944</u>	<u>\$35,515</u>	<u>\$22,535</u>	<u>\$30,418</u>	<u>\$10,286</u>	<u>\$22,350</u>	<u>\$112,910</u>	<u>\$30,740</u>	<u>\$(98,283)</u>	<u>\$1,146,402</u>

LIABILITIES AND FUND BALANCE

Current liabilities:

Accounts payable—trade	\$ 15,521	\$ 34,675	\$	\$ 272	\$	\$	\$	\$	\$	\$	\$	\$	\$ 50,468
Interfund accounts payable	25,476	72,807										(98,283)	—
Royalties due authors		29,123											29,123
Outing funds held in—trust									30,740				30,740
Accrued business and payroll taxes	4,528	731		44									5,303
Accrued vacation and sick leave	3,942	7,118											11,060
Accrued interest payable	2,855												2,855
Advance collections for annual banquet	2,640			1,507									4,147
Current portion of long-term debt	1,730	3,437											5,167
Total current liabilities	<u>56,692</u>	<u>147,891</u>		<u>1,823</u>					<u>30,740</u>			<u>(98,283)</u>	<u>138,863</u>
Long-term debt	33,110												33,110
Fund balance	178,492	536,802	16,944	33,692	22,535	30,418	10,286	22,350	122,910				974,429
	<u>\$268,294</u>	<u>\$684,693</u>	<u>\$16,944</u>	<u>\$35,515</u>	<u>\$22,535</u>	<u>\$30,418</u>	<u>\$10,286</u>	<u>\$22,350</u>	<u>\$122,910</u>	<u>\$30,740</u>	<u>\$(98,283)</u>		<u>\$1,146,402</u>

The Mountaineers, Inc.

Combining Statement of Fund Balances

September 30, 1982

	General Fund	Mountaineer Books Fund	Everett Branch	Tacoma Branch	Olympia Branch	Permanent Fund	Permanent Building & Improvement Fund	Life Membership Fund	Property Fund	Books Dividend Fund	Total
Balances at September 30, 1981:											
As previously reported	\$199,879	\$533,717	\$ 14,020	\$ 29,757	\$ 18,630	\$ 25,243	\$ 11,680	\$ 8,970	\$ 10,472	\$127,893	\$980,261
Prior period adjustment		37,772									37,772
Transfer of fund balance to Book Dividend Fund as a result of prior period adjustment		(18,886)								18,886	
As restated	199,879	552,603	14,020	29,757	18,630	25,243	11,680	8,970	10,472	146,779	1,018,033
Revenues in excess (less) than expenses	(33,492)	(15,801)	2,924	3,935	3,905	5,175		1,316	198	(11,764)	(43,604)
Transfer of fund balances	12,105						(11,680)		11,680	(12,105)	
Balances at September 30, 1982	<u>\$178,492</u>	<u>\$536,802</u>	<u>\$ 16,944</u>	<u>\$ 33,692</u>	<u>\$ 22,535</u>	<u>\$ 30,418</u>	<u>\$</u>	<u>\$ 10,286</u>	<u>\$ 22,350</u>	<u>\$122,910</u>	<u>\$974,429</u>

The Mountaineers, Inc.
Combining Statement of Revenues and Expenses

Year ended September 30, 1982

	General Fund	Mountain- eer Books Fund	Everett Branch	Tacoma Branch	Olympia Branch	Permanent Fund	Permanent Building & Improvement Fund	Life Mem- bership Fund	Property Fund	Books & Dividend Fund	Interfund Elimina- tions	Total
Revenues:												
Dues and fees	\$ 198,296	\$	\$2,646	\$	\$ 7,291	\$3,676	\$1,724	\$	\$1,620	\$	\$	\$ 215,253
Sale of books	47,961	695,813				677					(30,616)	713,835
Committee income	85,123		4,051		15,952	2,189						107,315
Clubroom rental income	20,010			5,331							(9,300)	16,041
Less clubroom building expenses	(31,240)			(5,518)								(36,758)
		(11,230)			(187)							
Lodge rental income	68,331											68,331
Less lodge building expenses	(73,528)											(73,528)
		(5,197)										
	<u>314,953</u>	<u>695,813</u>	<u>6,697</u>	<u>23,056</u>	<u>6,542</u>	<u>1,724</u>	<u>1,620</u>				<u>(39,916)</u>	<u>1,010,489</u>
Operational expenses:												
Cost of books sold	30,616	286,536									(30,616)	286,536
Club operations	79,137		1,042	3,610	2,029							85,818
Committee expenses	122,840		3,717	14,541	2,635							143,733
Selling, general and administrative Personnel	122,332	263,582 164,154		2,686						18,595	(9,300)	272,877
	<u>354,925</u>	<u>714,272</u>	<u>4,759</u>	<u>20,837</u>	<u>4,664</u>					<u>18,595</u>	<u>(39,916)</u>	<u>1,078,136</u>
Revenues from operations in excess (less) than expenses	(39,972)	(18,459)	1,938	2,219	1,878	1,724		1,620		(18,595)		(67,647)
Other revenue (expense):												
Interest income	8,913	1,204	986	1,716	1,836	3,451			198	6,831		25,135
Miscellaneous income	437	2,871			191							3,499
Interest expense	(2,870)							(304)				(3,174)
Loss on abandonment of equipment		(1,417)										(1,417)
	<u>6,480</u>	<u>2,658</u>	<u>986</u>	<u>1,716</u>	<u>2,027</u>	<u>3,451</u>		<u>(304)</u>	<u>198</u>	<u>6,831</u>		<u>24,043</u>
Revenue in excess (less) than expenses	<u>\$(33,492)</u>	<u>\$(15,801)</u>	<u>\$2,924</u>	<u>\$3,935</u>	<u>\$3,905</u>	<u>\$5,175</u>	<u>\$</u>	<u>\$1,316</u>	<u>\$198</u>	<u>\$(11,764)</u>	<u>\$</u>	<u>\$ (43,604)</u>

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