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The Mountaineers

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

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

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

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

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

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Betty Manning, editor,
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The Mountaineers

The Mountaineer Climbing Code

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

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

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

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

Never climb beyond your ability and knowledge.

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

Leave the trip schedule with a responsible person.

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

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

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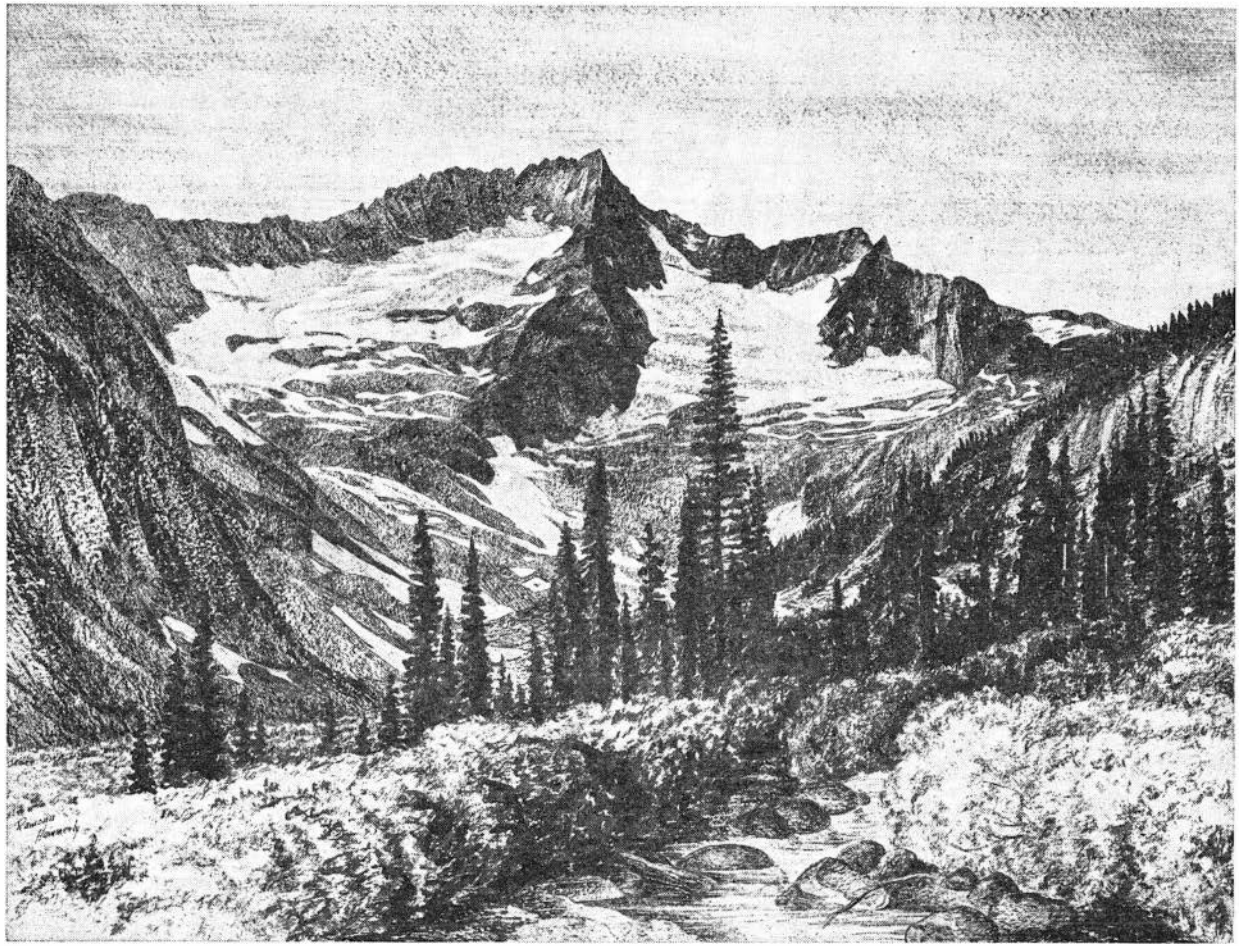


Mt. Buckner *Ramona Hammerly*

SUMMER OUTING

IN THE WILDERNESS ALPS

OF STEHEKIN

By MARY FRIES

The Summer Outing took place in the North Cascades this year, because its chairman, Chet Powell, felt that in view of the current efforts to make this area into a national park as much of the area as possible should be seen by as many as possible. One hundred sixty-six people enjoyed the beauties of the Stehekin Valley and areas east, north, and west, during the 1963 Outing. From July 20 to August 11, some attended three weeks, others for one or two. The first week was spent at Washington Pass; for the next two weeks camp was established in the Park Creek valley. Climbs of thirteen peaks were made, all by small parties. The Ptarmigan Traverse from Cascade Pass south to Dome Peak, following the crest which the Crest trail in this area does not, was completed by twelve climbers.

It was hot and sultry when we boarded the boat at Twenty-five Mile Creek, but the breeze on Lake Chelan was comfortable, clouds increased above and occasional drops fell. Now and then a mountain would peek out to tantalize us. At Stehekin, the party was driven in relays to their first wet night at Bridge Creek Campground.

Undaunted by Monday morning's struggle with wet dunnage, we straggled out on a most off-again, on-again poncho day. Huckleberries lured us to linger, probably a good thing, for upon arrival at the creek crossing at Fireweed where we were to camp, the boomers were found sitting before two fires, casting wishful looks at the opposite shore, unreachable due to an unwadeable torrent. Only Scott Davis braved the flood, and got thoroughly drenched. Resourcefulness and trail lunch were just about exhausted when out of the woods rode our packer, Ray Courtney, who splashed across the stream and cut down the only cottonwood in the *only* strategic spot, which, with the help of the men and ropes and persuasion, fell right across the river to provide us with a deluxe bridge.

Tuesday dawned fair and frosty, filling all with enthusiasm for the trek up to Washington Pass. The flowers were at their best. Yesterday water had been scarce, but today it even ran down the trail.

When we reached the campsite a little short of Washington Pass, the scenery was magnificent and so were the mosquitoes, which sounded the blood call and descended in a body. The party which had gone ahead of us to prepare camp and scout the area had almost been eaten alive, which may explain why all but one had taken off to Liberty Bell. The climb, described as follows by leader James Crooks, confirmed our guess as to motivation:

"It might be said that the mountain was climbed under protest since the party seemed more inclined to oratory and argument than to walking uphill. Mid-morning of that day, swarms of unruly mosquitoes put an abrupt halt to verbal activities. It was hurriedly decided to adjourn to a higher elevation and in due course a point at the base of the southwest face of Liberty Bell was reached. A search of rucksacks uncovered enough equipment to continue. The ascent on substantial Golden Horn granodiorite is short, consisting of five pitches of Class 4 climbing with several Class 5 moves. The most athletic of these is a 5.5 traverse on fingertips and a pull up to a detached block. While the ascent is stimulating, it is not so demanding as to preclude occasional contemplations of nature—a clump of saxifrage in a most inhospitable spot seemed infinitely delightful. The top was reached, the mosquitoes were gone, the oratory resumed." The others in the party were Peter Maloney, climbing chairman for the outing, Gene Dodson and Hector Powell.

Rain and fog harassed us most of the week. Some hiked, some climbed, some smoked themselves at various fires. One contingent hiked along the trail to find Washington Pass deep in the woods, and went on to a rock outcrop above the trail, which offered a view down Early Winters Creek where road crews were pushing upwards on a new cross-state highway. An attempted climb of South Early Winter Spire was slowed by wet rock, and the climbers returned without completing the peak.

Fishermen caught enough trout in State Creek to treat everyone at breakfast the last morning. Regret at leaving Washington Pass was intensified by the thought of this scenic spot soon being invaded by bulldozers for construction of the new road. Many took an extra nine-mile side trip to Lake Ann and Heather Pass. Others loitered their way down to Fireweed Camp, where a most unique dinner was served. All courses were eaten or slurped out of one tin cup or pot lid apiece, with chopsticks, whittled forks,

sticks, chips of wood or whatever ingenuity devised. The dish and silverware boxes had been overlooked when the horses made their first trip down, and the second trip was not expected until after eight o'clock.

On the next day's trek back to Bridge Creek campground, although we saw all the gorgeous scenery previously shrouded by clouds, the sun was warm, and the dust penetrated every pore. Luckily, the evening was mild, and the campfire program most interesting, highlighted by talks from old-time residents of the area interested in its conservation, Charles Hessey and Mrs. Grant McConnell.

Sunday morning those staying for the second week were afforded a bus trip to road-end, and a hike to Horseshoe Basin or Cascade Pass. Next day, a short ride by flatbed truck, and a five-mile walk brought us to Park Creek Meadows (The Willows, really, as there was no grass). Here camp was made in the timber bordering a small stream, one of the tributaries of Park Creek. During the two weeks in which the outing was based here, frequent trips were made three miles farther up the trail to Park Creek Pass, as well as through the timber up onto Goode Ridge, and through the willows along the creek up to the foot of the Buckner glaciers. Small lakes between Park Creek Pass and Mt. Buckner were another popular objective, particularly during the third week.

Again, the first climb was made by a small advance party. They were on their way to Goode at 6:30, climbing steadily up a heavily forested rib rising just down-trail from the Park Creek Meadows campsite. A long gully led through a group of cliffs to an alpine meadow bench, at 5000-5500 feet. Still 4000 feet above loomed the rocky bulk of Goode. They angled right, up dewy meadows and talus slides, heading toward the snowfields guarding the base of the summit massif. Crossing a large snow bowl they then climbed directly to the rock and prepared for 1500 feet of alternately easy to moderately difficult rock climbing. The snow couloir recommended in the climber's guide was very steep, and they chose to ascend the chimney systems instead. A single piton, a few grunts and Al Tatyrek was up the first obstacle, a short overhanging chimney. Another full rope lead in another chimney took them to a broad ledge, leading toward the right to the peak.

The view from the summit, highest in the area, was spectacular, though somewhat disquieting—maritime air from western Washington was making a determined attempt to breach the crest. Their stay was short; it was getting late, and they had a long way to descend. They moved rapidly as far as the chimneys.

Here, belaying and placing pitons for protection of the last man were time-consuming; fortunately a way was found on the left, bypassing the overhanging chimney. As the last of the party reached the snow, darkness fell. They were off the main escarpment, but it was now 9:30 p.m., and they had 3700 feet to descend to camp. With the aid of flashlights, they cautiously made their way down the snow, back across rock and meadow and finally regained the top of the wooded rib. The hours that followed were a jumble of cliffs, brush, slips and slides, as they did not find the clear route used on the way up. At 1:30 a.m. they arrived in camp, nineteen hours after leaving it.

It was soon realized that there was a tremendous elevation gain to be made from camp to the top of any of the nearby peaks. Because of this, and the numerous route-finding problems involved, relatively few members of the outing succeeded in getting to the summits.

Mt. Logan was climbed next. Led by Ward Irwin, the party left camp about 6 a.m. and found Park Creek Pass, nearly 2000 feet above, thickly enveloped in clouds. They could not see anything of their objective, but headed toward it according to directions they had been given. After taking the trail a short distance north of the pass until it turned steeply down toward the valley, they followed a flat, grassy, rock-strewn bench ending in steep alpine meadows after a hundred yards or so. They contoured left across these meadows, keeping almost constant elevation, just high enough to avoid most of the brush. A large dirt gully was crossed, directly below the end of a prominent ridge coming down from Logan's first peak—a party which climbs too high across the meadows will be blocked by this ridge and forced up toward the lower south peaks. They continued to contour around the mountain, climbing gradually on meadow, snow patches, and easy rock. Almost at the base of the northwest peak, an obvious snowfield led to the Fremont glacier. After roping up and contouring across the glacier to the north edge, they found the directions misleading; so they went up the glacier to its head. The clouds parted and they could see the ridge, leading north and south to two large peaks of Logan. They chose the nearer, lower-looking summit to the north. After an easy scramble on excellent rock, they suddenly found the way blocked by a deep notch and a rotten gendarme, then discovered they were standing by the summit cairn. It turned out to be the right peak, reached by the right route, although they had not known it until then. Certainty made the descent easy, and they were in camp well before dark. They recommended shortening the

climb by starting from the pass; though long, it is not difficult; only a couple of small crevasses were open on the glacier.

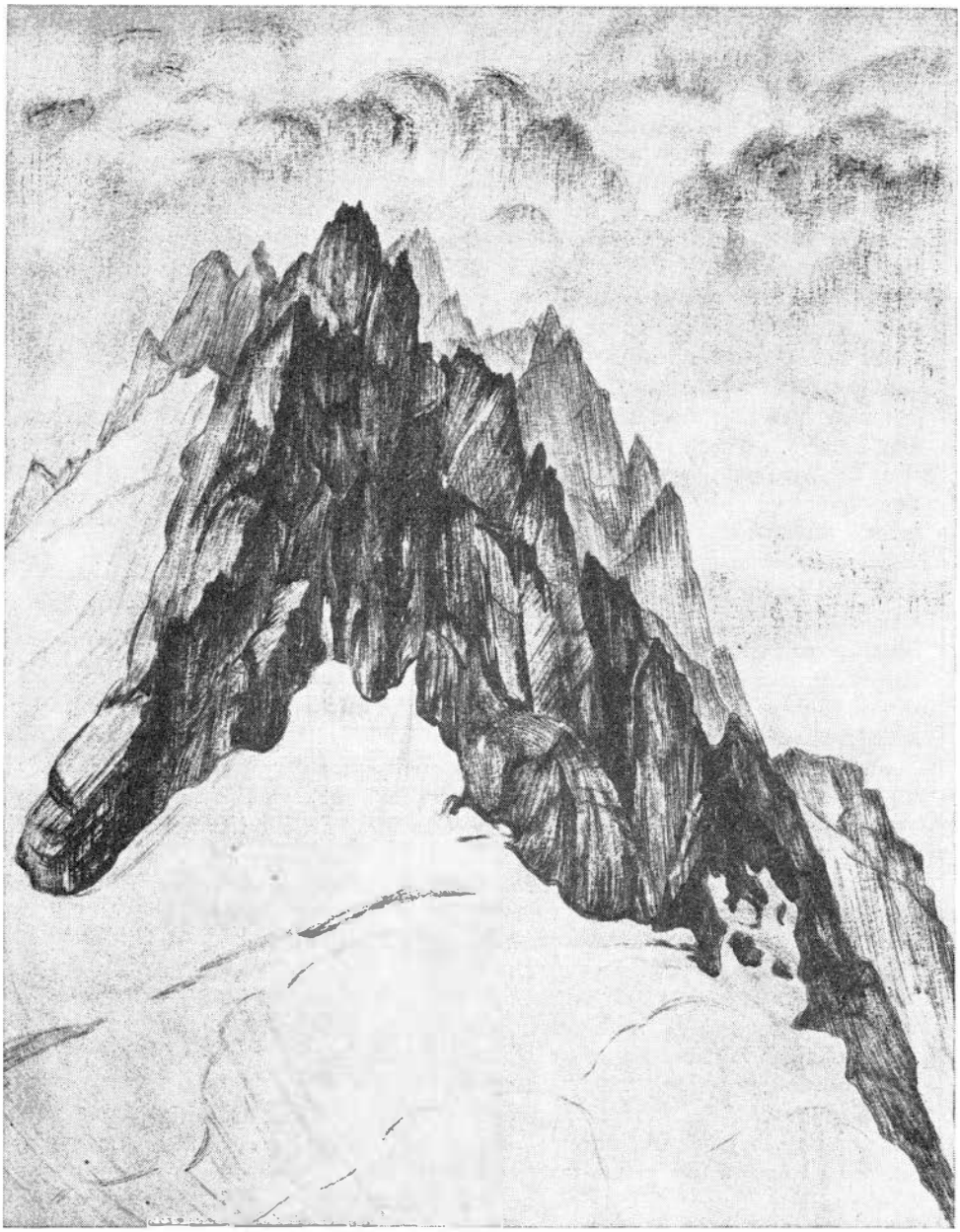
Mt. Logan is not visible from Park Creek Pass, but can be seen from Ptarmigan Knob above the pass, as a ridge with a south peak, a middle peak, and a north peak composed of five fingers. The third finger is the highest summit. Near the end of the last week, a party again climbed Logan, camping overnight at the pass, and leaving there at sunrise. They contoured along the sidehill for two miles, crossed the Fremont Glacier, tracked by goats, to an amazingly large wind cirque which led to the rock ridge between the middle and north peaks.

Booker was climbed by three separate parties. This is a shorter, less strenuous trip than any of the others. Three to four hundred feet of very steep snow above an open crevasse on the ascent of the Booker-Buckner col requires careful belaying. Ropes can be left at the col; above the snow the granite ridge is just an hour's walk through alpine gardens to the summit, with a little rock scramble around one gully. From the top, there was a 4000-foot step to the cook tent below, and a view of all major Park Creek summits. Monday's party, August 5, crossed below snow-block remains of Sunday's avalanche off Booker on their way up the valley; on their return they found the hot weather had produced so much snow melt that by evening the upper Park Creek meadows were ankle deep in water.

Outing chairman Chet Powell teamed with Hassler Whitney and Jimie Jane Connor for a nineteen-hour trip completely traversing Buckner. A description of their trip will be found in the "Climbing Notes."

In the meantime, since the thunderstorm during the middle of the second week had disrupted the Traverse party's plans for a high route through the Booker-Buckner Col to Cascade Pass, they went down the trail and up the Stehekin Valley. The valley was warm and sunny, but they entered a gloomy, forbidding world at Cascade Pass, with mists swirling about the Magic and Mixup ridge. Friday dawned brilliantly clear, spirits revived, and the first group of seven started off, led by Peter Maloney. With him were Ted Anderson, Julian and Eva Ansell, Ramona Hammerly, William Hauser and Dan Hendricks. The second six would follow the next day, Donald Powell leading. It included Alice Bond, Mary Fries, Marilyn Loranger, Roy Elton and Michael Bialos.

At Cache Col, we were struck by the impressive view to the south—the massive face of Spider and the mighty bulk of Formidable parted by the Middle Cascade Glacier. Descending into the cirque, we set up camp at Kool-Aid Lake. Snow surrounded



Spire on Mt. Logan *Ramona Hammerly*

most of the lake, beautiful meadows lined the lower, alluvium-built sides, and the outlet stream went rushing down the cliff below the bench. Several members of the second party climbed both Magic and Hurry-Up. On the way down, disaster struck; the heel on Michael Bialos' left boot came off. Mike decided to hike out, have the boot fixed and meet us again at Cub Lake.

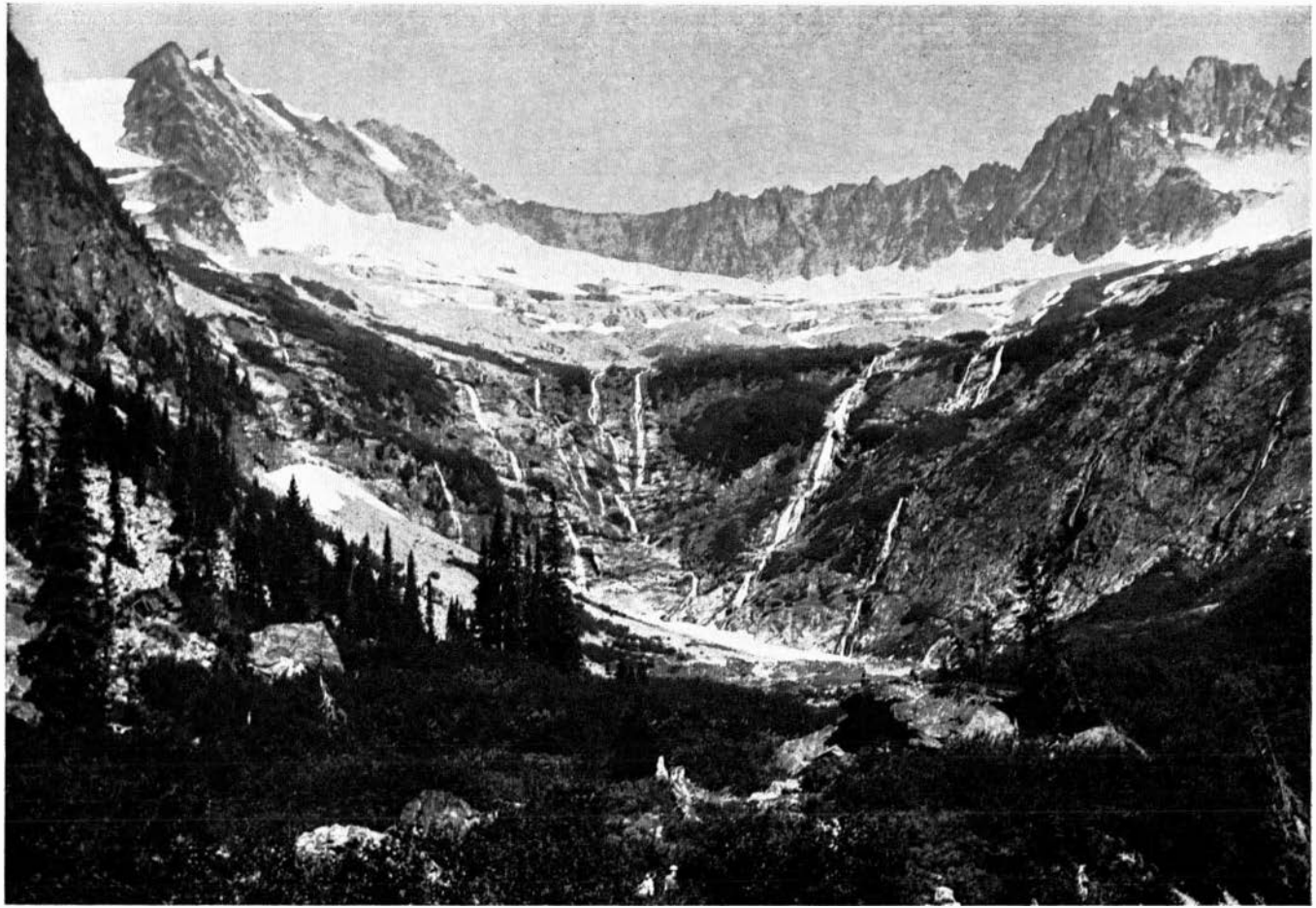
Continuing south, we negotiated rather steep snow leading up to the very convenient "Red Ledge" which, contrary to expectations, presented no problems except in the finding. We traversed fairly high above the Middle Cascade Glacier, then up the top part of it to the Spider-Formidable Col, nearly 7300 feet. The view from this col was even more spectacular than the last. Flat Creek was far below; the Le Conte Glacier, terminating at the top of steep cliffs, dropped cones of snow to base, and fed an unnamed turquoise lake. Don's party, having utilized with great appreciation the tracks of the first, decided to make an attempt of Spider. They contoured east along the base of the mountain, looking for the climbing guide's "easy talus slope," and finally ascended to the ridge well east of the summit. They then headed west, stopping at 5:15 p.m., about fifty vertical and several hundred horizontal feet from the top. The remaining distance looked as though it would involve more time than was left, so they shuttled packs on down to the campsite some distance below the col, and were ready to eat dinner just at dusk. The first group spent the night at the same spot after a long, thirteen-hour climb of Formidable.

Next day, Pete's group moved to a campsite just under Le Conte, and climbed that mountain in the fog during the evening hours. The others dropped packs at a small knoll under the east shoulder of Formidable, and three people set out at 10:30 to climb it. Pete, whose party had climbed three false summits, recommended a long traverse across to the second rib, ascending that to another large snowfield, and from there climbing the third gully to the left. Even so, the route was confusing. Later we saw that the way up either Spider or Formidable can be more easily picked from a distance south than when approaching from the north through the col. Don's group, climbing the rock in an ever-changing pattern of mist, reached the top above the clouds at 3 p.m. They returned to the packs around six and decided that was the place to camp as it had just adequate sleeping space for five, and a sufficient supply of wood from trees growing at the cliff edge to allow staying for the night. The fog which had enveloped both climbing parties, poured over all the passes on the ridge, but seemed to dissipate strangely upon hitting warm dry air in the Flat Creek basin.

Don's party made their way in beautiful weather Tuesday to Le Conte ridge; they lost the route soon after the first wand. While Pete's party had crossed over to the west slopes, Don stayed on the east side. Although they had intended to bypass Yang Yang Lakes, the terrain forced the group down fairly close to them. The snow in the finger leading up to the top of the ridge was quite hard, and a sloping heather bench looked more enticing; in actual fact, it was steep, considerably exposed, and flat spots on which to place the feet were non-existent. After a time-consuming ascent, they found a delightful camp spot on the ridge, complete with a vernal pool by a snowbank. Preparations were made for a quick start on Le Conte very early in the morning. At 4 a.m. fog was so thick over camp that visibility was reduced to a few hundred feet; by 5 the sky had been swept perfectly clear. Packs were carried as far as the edge of the snowfield leading to the summit rocks. Because of the hardness of the snow, crampons were put on, the only time these were used during the Traverse. A final rock scramble and they were on top at 9:50. The view of the South Cascade Glacier was stupendous; at their feet was the pea-green South Cascade Lake.

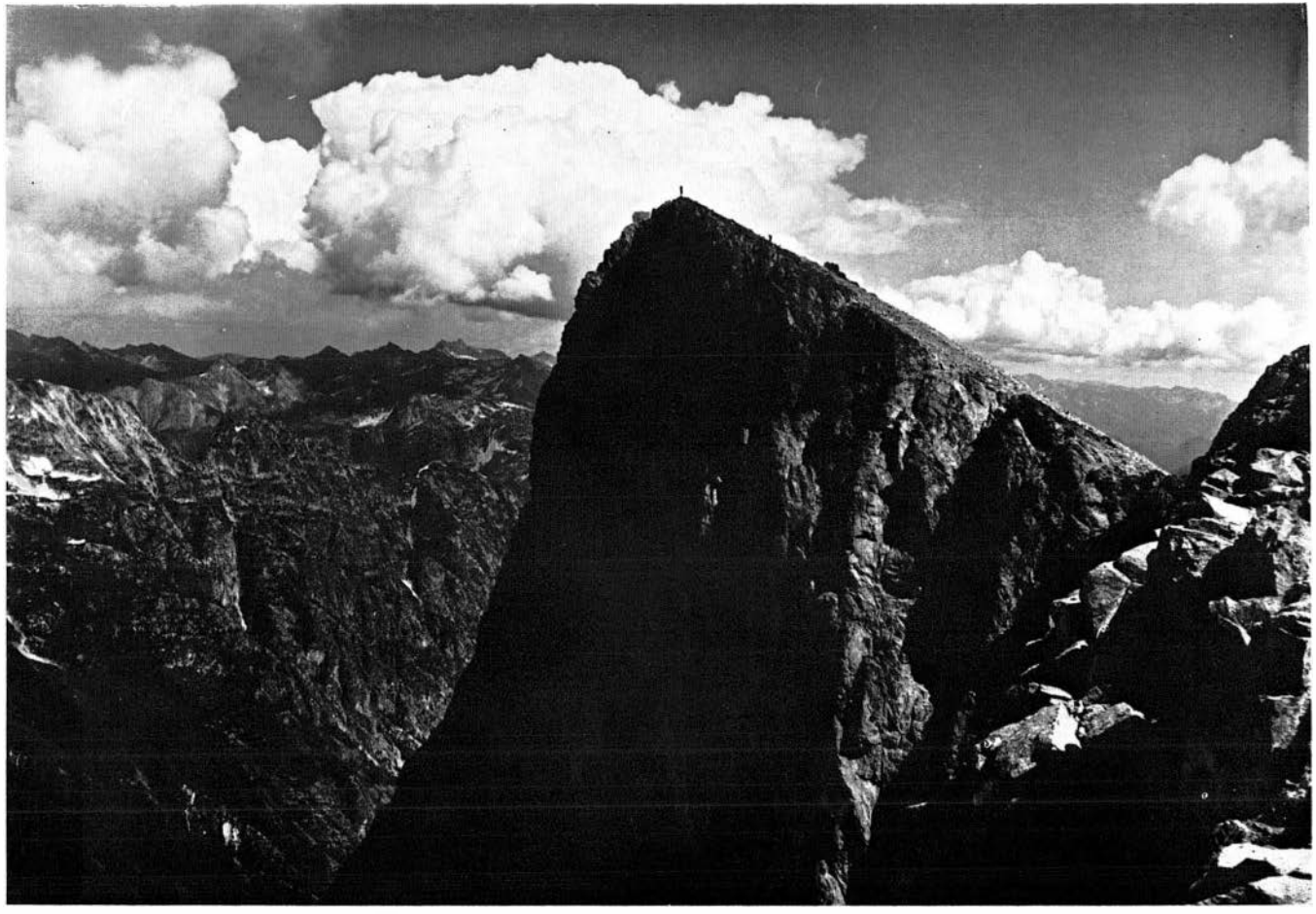
The first party watched the rising sun on the Dana Glacier and Dome Peak as they ate breakfast at White Rock Lakes and planned climbs for the day. At 12:30 p.m. they sat on the summit of Sentinel and picked out Mt. Baker, Vancouver Island, Puget Sound, the Pickets, Whitehorse, Sloan and many other landmarks. The register of the original Ptarmigan Traverse party of 1938 was of particular interest. Before they knew it the time needed to climb Old Guard had slipped away, but Ted and Dan climbed Lizard.

By the time Don's party had climbed the Le Conte Glacier and dropped onto the South Cascade, one of the boys at the U.S.G.S. research station had returned to the hut to find Ramona's note, left there earlier. When he saw the party traversing alongside the glacier, he came running up, yodeling as he ran, to find out who was traveling through the area. Unencumbered by heavy pack he ran on ahead, and disappeared over the cornice at the top of the glacier. Those already camped at White Rock Lakes, eating their dinner, heard an enthusiastic series of yodels ringing in the cirque. They looked up to the col 700 feet above—to their amazement a man began to ski-glissade down the snow, yodeling as he came. The yodels echoed back and forth from Dome and Spire and repeated themselves again and again. The figure dancing in perfect rhythm down the slopes of scree and snow might well have been in a fantasy scene of a Walt Disney alpine



Horseshoe Basin — *Ruth Ittner*

Mt. Buckner, Ripsaw Ridge and Boston Glacier from Logan Glacier *Gene Dodson*



Mountaineers on summit of Mt. Booker *Gene Dodson*

Black Peak *George Dragseth*

movie. After introducing himself as Dave Stelling, a fellow member of The Mountaineers, he had climbed halfway back up the slope by the time the second party passed him on their plodding descent. A short time later, the other two boys from the research station, Joe Witte and Marshall Thomas, also paid a call on the White Rock camp.

Thursday, the first party left to cross the Dana Glacier about 7 a.m. As they made a forced contour between an icefall below and another above, there was a loud rumbling and an excited yell of "Ice Fall! Ice! Ice!" The first rope team did an Irish jig-twist with the heavy packs and managed to avoid the rolling cubes. The last team was clear. The middle team was unlucky; the ice caught the rope between them and tripped both members, resulting in a headache for Ramona Hammerly and a sprained ankle for Julian. They continued at a slow pace and late that night made camp at Cub Lake. With Dr. Ansell's assurance that both the injured could walk the thirteen miles of trail out to the Suiattle River road if they took their time, Julian, his wife Eva, Ramona and the trip leader, Pete, left Friday morning.

Don's party made a leisurely climb of Sentinel on Thursday, lounged on that summit in company with hundreds of ladybugs, and abandoned Old Guard as an objective. On Friday they climbed up the Dana and arrived at the col east of Spire Point about 1 p.m.; Don and Roy Etten decided to climb. A layback led up the side of a large slab. Don deviated from the normal route by traversing around the corner, placing a piton and then ascending some fairly thin slabs to the northwest ridge. When Roy noticed the usual route, Don retreated to the large slab, continued straight up, around a tricky corner to the summit. He had to move off the summit so Roy could get on.

By the time they had climbed down from the Spire, Dan Hendricks with Ted Anderson from the first group and Mike Bialos, who had packed in to Cub Lake, came up and filled the newcomers in on the accident which had occurred the day before. Don's group now took their packs down to a suitable camping spot, at about 6400 feet, on the rib leading south from Spire Col. After climbing Spire, Dan's party returned to Cub Lake for the night.

The day of the climb of Dome was overcast and cool, perfect for climbing on glaciers. At 11 a.m., the summit ridge was gained, but it took another hour for everyone to attain the actual summit five vertical feet above. The highest point was a cubical balanced block about five feet high. The Dome Glacier was about 800 feet below on one side, and a snowfield about 500 feet below on the other. To the north we could see the whole traverse we had completed.

For eight days we had been camping at elevations slightly above 6000 feet and traveling high, always with a view. This was a wilderness experience none of us would ever forget. Most carried 55-60 pound packs; freeze dried foods and butane stoves plus a cache at Cub Lake, all helped to lighten the load. Though we had some clouds, there was no rain.

All spent the last night at Cub Lake. Sunday morning we headed down the Bachelor Creek trail, roughly brushed out and rocky, but passable. Once we gained the deep woods along Downey Creek the trail was better; the remainder of the trip was a mildly miserable slog due to distance, hot sultry weather, flies and yellow jackets. Pete and other drivers greeted us at the road with watermelon—he and the injured members had spent Friday night at Downey Creek shelter, made it to the road and home to Seattle on Saturday. Just as we got into the cars a big thunderstorm drew a dramatic curtain on the trip.

* * *

Wild animals and plants drew as much interest from outing members as did the mountains and the scenery. In the Stehekin Valley and surrounding peaks flora typical of eastern and western slopes of the Cascades mingle. Along the river, mountain maple keeps company with bigleaf and vine maples. Lyall's larch grows at timberline along with whitebark pine and mountain hemlock. This larch, found only on the east side of the North Cascades and farther north, was common in the Washington Pass area, on Heather Pass and on Goode Ridge, where wind blowing quietly through the soft needles was a memorable auditory experience. Wormwoods, close relatives of the sagebrush, were found, and also the senecio common in the Grand Coulee region. Penstemon of several species, in various shades of blue, formed striking displays just as we traveled through the area; its blossoms do not last long.

The trail to Washington Pass wound through giant cow parsnip so tall that its large, flat umbels waved above the heads of man and beast. There was an almost pure stand of tall Engelmann spruce along State Creek—surely a forest to preserve, with the shade-loving flowers decorating the floor beneath. Beyond were the meadows, bright with lupine and many other plants. Our campsite near the pass was dotted with scattered flowers—paintbrush, pussytoes, sandwort, penstemon, senecio—red, white, blue and yellow. There were cotton grass and Labrador tea in the swampy area a short distance below camp.

The Park Creek valley, being a moist area, the species differed, but the slopes were just as colorful. The meadows just below Mt. Buckner were a tapestry of beauty, including the broad-

leaved fireweed, *Epilobium latifolium*, like the larch, a plant of northern latitudes. Those lucky enough to make the hike to Horseshoe Basin were treated to the largest beds of pink monkeyflower that one is ever likely to see; the rushing streams create the ideal habitat for this plant that likes to keep its feet wet.

When the mountain meadow flowers are at their best, it is a sad truism that mosquitoes are plentiful, too. We also had flies. Other animal life was scarce, or at least furtive enough so that we did not see much. Several deer were habitués of the Bridge Creek campground. Many people saw hummingbirds around Washington Pass. Some very approachable ptarmigan gave their name to Ptarmigan Knob, a ridge viewpoint between Park Creek Pass and Mt. Buckner, which was climbed by many. There were also marmots at Park Creek Pass.

Bill Boehm, one of the camp helpers, chased butterflies in his free time. On Booker, he obtained specimens of the arctic butterfly, *Oeneis beanii*, recorded only twice before in Washington, both times farther north, at Slate Peak and Windy Peak in the Harts Pass area. This butterfly is transparent gray, mottled with black on the underside, and lives above timberline; its larva feeds on alpine grasses and sedges.

Another discovery was made at Kool-Aid Lake during the Traverse—a new plant record for this state. By the outlet grew a tiny trailing shrublet with pink flowers like saucers, about one-quarter inch across, with five pointed lobes; this was identified as trailing azalea, *Loiseleuria procumbens*, only rarely found as far south as British Columbia.

Much of the Ptarmigan Traverse is over barren rock or snow slopes. Sparsely-blooming heather meadows are less frequent, but occur often enough to provide some pleasant campsites, especially when a few clumps of small hemlock and alpine fir nearby offer a frugal wood supply of dead branches.

The most impressive flower displays were in the alpine zone on some of the lower saddles, such as that between Magic and Hurry-Up, where the western slope was notable for its seven species of saxifrage. The purple saxifrage had already gone to seed; a diligent search among the rocks turned up one last blossom in a shady crack. The other six, all white-flowered, were just beginning to bloom. Looking down the cliffs which dropped two thousand feet to Trapper Lake, one saw bright splashes of color—scarlet cliff paintbrush, purple phacelia, pink moss campion and golden fleabane.

On Spider Mountain's east ridge was another saddle with a beautiful rock garden—lots of phacelia with fuzzy purple flower heads, blue alpine jacob's ladder and golden fleabane; accents

Cache Col—Spider and Formidable in background *Ramona Hammerly*

of phlox, Lyall's lupine, sandwort, red-violet Lyall's rockcress, pink moss campion growing in a dark green cushion, cinquefoil waving small yellow rose-like flowers on tall stems, and mats of summit willow. While three of the party climbed Formidable, the low point of the ridge leading southeast from the mountain was explored, and yielded a couple of plants not seen elsewhere on our trip. A rocky ledge was covered with white dryas, and on the west side was a terrace deeply filled with dirt in which an alplily was growing.

The rock on the upper slopes of both Le Conte and Sentinel held quite a few pockets of soil with scattered flowers. Golden fleabane was common here as well as lower down in the heather; ranging from 6000 to over 8000 feet, this little daisy easily won the prize as the most widespread flower. Growing only in the summits was smelowskia, a white-flowered member of the mustard family with downy-gray leaves, and happlopappus, a yellow daisy distinguished from the golden fleabane by its very leafy stem. A little lower, but inclined to exposed situations, were small anemone, white cutleaf fleabane and wormwood. On Sentinel, a close look at the alpine Jacob's ladder revealed that it had leaflets in two flat rows; this is the species commonly seen in Washington mountains. The Jacob's ladder on Spider had deeply divided leaflets circling the stem, and is a species that has not previously been reported growing in the Cascades. Both can be easily recognized by the distinct skunk-like odor when the leaves are crushed by a climber's boot. Clumps of phacelia, moss campion and Tolmie, dotted and tufted saxifrages were other conspicuous flowers on the peaks. These same flowers were also seen in the rocky comb crowning the Dana Glacier, where we crossed through a 7800-foot col just east of Spire Point.

Before that, we had seen our most lush, green meadow just below White Rock Lakes, 6200 feet; knee-high lupine, mountain dock, lavender fleabane and sedge were mixed with a variety of other vegetation. Trees were taller here, too, and included white-bark pine as well as the hemlock and fir. Crossing from the lakes to the base of the Dana, we went through a boggy stream with a large colony of insectivorous pinguicula, blue flowers resembling violets, but with flat, sticky leaves. In this wet area were also marsh marigold, elephant head, mountain laurel, yellow monkeyflower, gray-blue alpine veronica, tofieldia, leptarrhena and *Saxifraga punctata.* Gentian and parnassia were in bud. Most of these moisture-loving plants were seen again on the other side of the mountain, where the stream coming down from Spire and the outlet from Cub Lake meander through a flat expanse

before dropping down into Itswoot Lake. Only the pinguicula was missing, while shooting stars were added to the company.

The Traverse group did not see many animals either. From the summit of Sahale a goat was observed crossing just below. Up on Spider, on the far side, we watched another standing on his hind legs, contemplating what seemed to us a smooth vertical wall. Evidently he also came to the conclusion that there were no footholds; after about ten minutes, he turned down and selected another route. A third goat was viewed from a distance, grazing on the south slopes of Le Conte, while we sat on top of Sentinel.

The first party dispossessed a reluctant six-point deer when they set up camp below the Spider-Formidable Col; several more stately bucks were seen while crossing the head of the Flat Creek basin, and another in the meadow below White Rock Lakes. Coyotes were heard howling far below us in the Flat Creek valley. The ridge between this creek and the South Cascade valley was the only portion of the Traverse that was green on both sides of the crest; in the past where the first party crossed from east to west, game trails came and went in all directions. A tiny pond contributed to the wilderness mood.

Marilyn reported a mouse on the very summit of Formidable. At the lower elevation of Cub Lake, 5400 feet, conies were numerous and marmots were also present. As we crossed the South Cascade Glacier at sunset, we saw ice worms, *Mesenchytreous,* which had come to the surface, having avoided the light and heat of the day. An eagle was flying high over White Rock Lakes and hummingbirds were down among the pines. Rosy finches busily searched frozen insects on the Dana Glacier. Ptarmigan with chicks were seen near both ends of the trip—at Kool-Aid Lake and on the ridge south of Spire. Water ouzels, chickadees, juncos and pipits were seen.

There were questions we could not answer. In the realm of ecology, there is still much room for exploration in the mountains of the North Cascades. The discovery of arctic butterflies and trailing azalea from areas never before reported shows that even the catalog of species found is incomplete. First ascents may have all been made, but finding your way around is still a challenge. The scenery is tremendous and most of it is off the beaten track. Participants in the Outing all agreed that they wanted to return to see more of this region. Three weeks or less gave only a tantalizing glimpse of big country.

* * *

Compiled from notes by Bill Boehm, Elizabeth Carlson, Margarete Chalfant, James Crooks, George Dragseth, William Hauser, Ward Irwin, Peter Maloney and Donald Power.

EXPLORATORY EXPEDITIONS

THROUGH THE NORTH CASCADES

By WINIFRED S. COLEMAN

Among the first white men to cross the unexplored and unknown North Cascades were several hardy, adventuresome "Mountaineers" under orders from the United States Army. An army expedition led by First Lieutenant Henry H. Pierce set out from Fort Colville (Colville) on August 1, 1882; the members who continued beyond the head of Lake Chelan arrived at the Skagit River twenty-eight days later. The next year First Lieutenant George B. Backus followed both the Twisp River and one fork of the Methow to their sources, seeking a less dangerous pass across the Cascades. Both groups sought a way from the Okanogan Country to western Washington and Puget Sound for military use, especially in case of Indian uprisings, and a possible railroad pass. Both expeditions produced maps and very readable, descriptive records of the country they traversed.

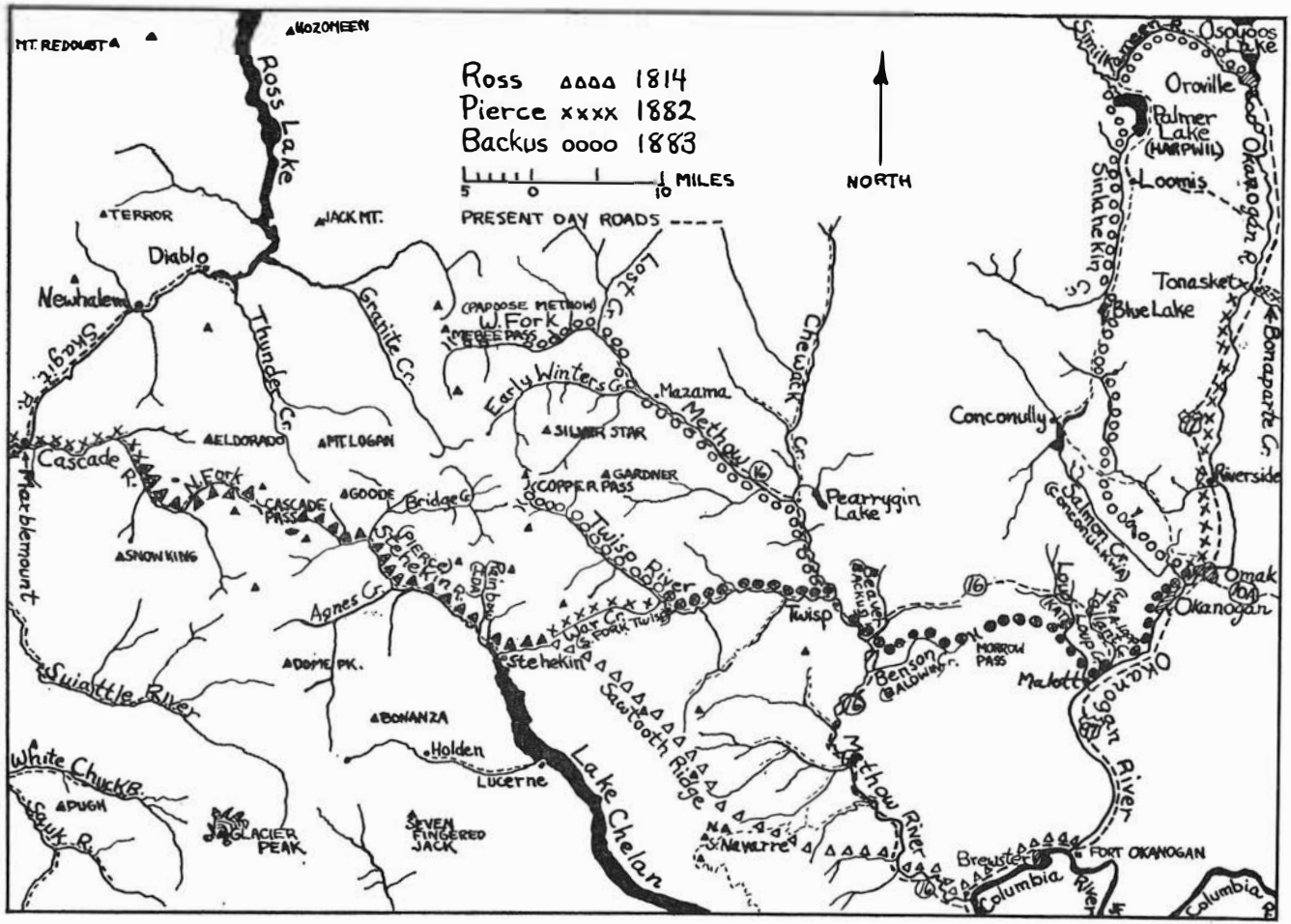
Sixty-eight years earlier than these expeditions, Alexander Ross,† fur trader and adventurer, reports the first attempt by a white man to cross from the Okanogan River to Puget Sound in 1814. ". . . I immediately returned again [to Fort Okanogan, at the mouth of the Okanogan River] with the view of being able to carry into effect a project of discovery which I and others had contemplated for some time before, that was of penetrating

The author is deeply indebted to Mr. Robert Hitchman, who suggested the subject of this article, lent some of his own copies of unpublished manuscripts, and suggested other sources of information. Without his interest and encouragement, this article would never have been written.

An attempt has been made to identify the routes followed by the expeditions discussed. Such identification must be speculative, because the maps and descriptions of 1882 and 1883 do not correspond exactly with the maps available in 1964. Often it has been necessary to make an educated guess as to which of two or three river branches the explorers followed. In the text, the names of rivers and valleys used by the expeditions are given and the present-day names which the author believes denote the same rivers and valleys are inserted in parentheses.

The distances covered in each day's trek were estimates made by the members of the two Army expeditions. The altitudes were measured by aneroid barometer.

† There is no relationship between this Alexander Ross and James D. Ross for whom Ross Dam is named.



Expedition Routes

Joan Firey

across land from Oakinacken due west to the Pacific on foot, a distance supposed not to exceed 200 miles . . . . " Ross, an employee of the Canadian North West Company, set out on July 25 accompanied by an Indian guide and two other Indians. They followed the Columbia and Methow Rivers until because of the Methow's "rocky sides and serpentine courses" they were unable to continue along it. After six days' travel, mostly west and northwest, Ross crossed "a height of land which on the east side is steep and abrupt." This height must have been Cascade Pass. Beyond the Pass Ross found a stream of water running in the opposite direction; this was probably the headwaters of the north fork of the Cascade River.

Near Cascade Pass Ross's guide fell sick, and Ross was forced to leave a second Indian to care for him. Ross himself with only one companion pushed onward through the "thick and almost impenetrable forest." Only by climbing a tall tree could Ross catch glimpses of the snow-capped peaks. Blazing trees as they went, Ross and the Indian traveled sixty-six miles in three days, following the West River (Cascade River) much of the time.

One afternoon the skies darkened ominously and the noise of crashing waters approached; Ross watched for an hour while wild winds and torrents of rain flattened the grass, drenched everything in their path, and toppled trees. Although the clouds sprinkled only a few icy drops on the two startled witnesses standing a quarter mile from the storm, Ross's Indian companion was so superstitious and frightened that he agreed to continue the journey only after much persuasion. Ross's attempt to remain awake and on guard all that night proved futile, and the Indian slipped away while the white man slept. To his great annoyance Ross, left alone, was forced to turn back at Point Turn Around, which he estimated was about fifty miles from the Skagit River.

Undoubtedly there were miners and trappers in the area Ross traversed during the mid-nineteenth century, but not until 1882 do we find records of an organized attempt to travel west by a similar route.

First Lieutenant Henry H. Pierce, leader of the 1882 expedition, was a Phi Beta Kappa graduate of Trinity College in 1858, professor of mathematics and military tactics at West Virginia University for six years and at the University of Michigan for one year. He served in the Civil War in the Connecticut Infantry and later as major in the First Connecticut Heavy Artillery; Pierce was appointed first lieutenant in the United States Army at the close of the Civil War. Also a classical scholar, Pierce published "A Rhythmic Prose Translation of Virgil's Eneid" and an

English blank verse version of "The Ode of Horace," both of which received praise from college professors.

Apparently the military life held most attraction for Pierce. He served as adjutant to the 21st Infantry for several years; while in this position he was selected by General Nelson A. Miles, Commander of the Department of the Columbia, to lead the exploring party of 1882. Pierce's appreciation of beauty in nature and his facility with the English language enliven his report of this expedition, published by the government in 1883.

A letter of instruction from the Department of the Columbia in July, 1882, directed Lt. Pierce to cross the Okanogan and Methow Rivers, proceed to the head of Lake Chelan, and "thence, if practicable . . . cross the mountains to Skagit River, pass down the river to Puget Sound. . . . The principal object of your reconnaissance is to obtain such knowledge of the country and its occupants (comprised between the 48 and 49 parallels of latitude and the Columbia River on the East and Puget Sound on the West) as may be valuable at present or in the future to the military service."

Accompanying Pierce were Assistant Surgeon George F. Wilson, topographical assistant Alfred Downing, Principal musician Alford, Sergeant Worrell of the 21st Infantry, First Lieutenant George B. Backus of the 1st Cavalry, halfbreed guide Joe LaFleur, Sergeant Doyle, four privates, a train of fourteen mules and a packer, and fifteen strong horses. This entourage left Ft. Colville on August 1, 1882.

Pierce's party traveled to Old Fort Colville on the Columbia River, then followed the Columbia and Sin-puil-hu Creek (Sherman Creek), reaching a 5450-foot divide "marked by a rude wooden cross, doubtless the site of an Indian grave" on August 4.

The expedition continued westward following a branch of the San Puell (San Poil) River; descended into Miles Valley (Aeneas Valley), "a broad and fertile plain"; passed the vacant ranch of Chief E-ne-as of the Okanogan Indians; then followed the canyon of Bonaparte Creek to the Okanogan Valley, which Pierce describes as "devoid of protection from the burning sun except along the river banks."

Pierce's trail followed the Okanogan past Lap-a-loop Creek (Tallant Creek) to Kate Creek (Loup Loup Creek), where he met the peaceful farmer-Indian Lap-a-loop. Pierce learned from Lap-a-loop of the Indians' contempt for Chief Moses, the gambling, quarrelsome, drinking Indian who rented farming areas to Lap-a-loop and others at exorbitant fees.

From Kate Creek, guided by the Indian Swa-u-lum, Pierce went cross-country via Morrow Pass and on to a campsite near the

mouth of Backus Creek (Beaver Creek), a tributary of the Methow. Pierce's description of this area bears quotation: "As one looks down from the commanding table-lands upon the Methow Valley, a scene of peculiar loveliness is presented. Westward, the mountains, thinly grown with yellow pine and fir, rise abruptly, towering peak on peak, until, in the distance, their summits are clad in perpetual snow. To the north and south are pictures of rival beauty. Far from our standpoint a jutting spur divides the prospect. Through the midst of each the Methow, fringed with poplars, balms, and evergreens, winds its tortuous course as if reluctant to quit so fair a landscape. Here and there the stream emerges from its covert of green, coyly displaying the charm of gliding waters, so clear that the smooth granite boulders beneath their surface may be distinctly seen from the distant heights. Outside its charms, the valley offers great attractions as a place of abode, superior to those of the Okinakane. The soil is fertile, and the climate, as claimed by our Indian guide, is remarkably genial—snow rarely falling to a greater depth than twelve inches. In many instances the foothills terminate in broad, level benches, rich in bunch-grass and spreading far out into the valley at an elevation of perhaps a hundred feet above the river. The streams, where beaver dams are frequent, throng with splendid trout (no less than two hundred having been caught during our stay), and their banks with tufted grouse, while thousands of deer are said to roam the fruitful uplands."

From his August 17 camping place along the Twisp River, Pierce caught glimpses to the south of "two friendly peaks" about 30 miles away. "The one shaped like the point of an egg, the other like a pyramid, [the peaks] lifted their snow-clad summits to the clouds. So grand and sudden was the vision, that I named them Wonder Mountains on the spot."

The next two days called for difficult travel through steep, sometimes trailless heights and across two divides; near the top of the second, a pony and a mule were lost over the edge. The party chose the southern fork of the Twisp (War Creek) at its junction with the North Fork.

On August 20 the weary travelers arrived at a pass overlooking Lake Chelan: "As I gazed westward from a height of 6,850 feet above the sea, and 5,800 feet above the lake, a scene of remarkable grandeur was presented. To the south and west were the rugged peaks of the Cascade Mountains covered with everlasting snow. At our feet reposed Chelan, in color like an artificial lake of thick plate glass, while Pierce River brought its clay-tinted waters with many a winding down the narrow canyon that

opened to the north. No painter could place the view on canvas and be believed."

Leaving three men and some of the animals, Pierce descended nine miles by a zigzag path, "knee deep in dust like ashes filled with sharp fragments of rock" to camp at the bottom of the canyon.

From the maps and descriptions prepared by those who took boats up Lake Chelan, Pierce determined that he had discovered a second head to the lake, 20 miles north of the mouth of the Stehekin River. "This head of Chelan . . . bears no likeness in any feature to that described by Colonel Merriam and others." Apparently the mountains and canyon Pierce reached seemed so different from those previously described that he mistook his location. The water he named "Pierce River" was really the Stehekin.

In his report of the first day's travel along the Pierce River, Pierce describes a cascade which must be Rainbow Falls: "During the day a magnificent cascade to our right, on Ida Creek, with a sheer unbroken fall of 300 feet called forth expressions of admiration. The entire descent of water, a broad sheet, including the initial rapids, is no less than 450 feet."

Following obscure trails, fording turbulent creeks, camping in grassless areas, Pierce approached the access to Cascade Pass. The final climb was a dreary one, over a "tiresome, zigzag trail [which] seemed interminable" and through rain and sleet showers. Descent from the summit looked so impossible that Pierce sent Sgt. Doyle back with most of the train to gather the animals left above Lake Chelan and return to Ft. Colville.

Sunshine on August 26 brightened spirits as the small party reached the summit of the Cascades at 5,050 feet and discovered the route to the west was steep but not terrifying. The explorers removed their animals' packs and led them over the first "rapid and precarious" part of the descent. Through alders, creeks, cedar groves, past a waterfall and a 300-yard wide avalanche track, Pierce descended to the banks of the Cascade River. The explorers then followed this river, nearly being swept away during one of several crossings, to its mouth on the Skagit. Indians took them in canoes to Mt. Vernon, where they boarded the steamer *Josephine.*

Pierce did not recommend his route from the Twisp to Puget Sound for any road or railroad pass. Along the way, however, he had met an old miner who told him there was a reasonable way to cross the Cascades known to the Indians. Pierce concluded that this route must lie to the north of his trail and suggested it would be worth while for an expedition to seek the miner's route.

Lt. Pierce was about to embark on a new journey to seek the miner's pass in 1883 when death overtook him on July 17. Two published notices and a letter from his widow to Trinity College fail to give the cause of death, but Mrs. Pierce wrote: "His death was heroic to the last degree; and he died as he had lived an humble, trustful christian."

The Department of the Columbia must have deemed a pass through the North Cascades vital, for by mid-August, 1883, a new exploratory party was ready to search for the pass. In command was First Lieutenant George B. Backus, Jr., 32-year-old West Point graduate who had accompanied Lt. Pierce and of whom Pierce had written: "[His] knowledge of woodcraft, joined with great energy and enthusiasm, proved of unfailing service."

Accompanying Backus as report-writer and map-maker was 25-year-old First Lieutenant George Washington Goethals, also a West Point graduate, whose fame was to come from his later experience as builder of the Panama Canal. One corporal, one private, one packer, and Department Interpreter Mr. Chapman completed the roster. A horse for each man and four pack mules accompanied the expedition.

Lt. Backus started from Osoyoos Lake on the Canadian border, traveled west along the Similkameen River and south along Sinlahekin Creek. This area, Goethals reports, was "one of the most desirable cattle ranges in that section of the country." Leaving the Sinlahekin, the expedition traveled south, finding themselves in "country resembling that bordering the Okinagan River, dry, open country, hills low, covered with bunch grass, with small clumps of sage brush here and there." Continuing southeast, Backus reached the Okanogan River near the mouth of Conconulkwa Creek (Salmon Creek) after five days' journey.

From here to the forks of the Twisp, Backus followed the route taken by Pierce in 1882. "Near Loop-Loop Creek, the Indians had built entirely across the Okinagan, a salmon trap, and were successful in catching a large supply of fish, for their winter use, as the rocks, on which the salmon were drying, showed conclusively." The Indians near Kate Creek complained to Backus as they had to Pierce of their dissatisfaction with Chief Moses.

Backus chose to follow the north fork of the Twisp River—now considered the main Twisp—instead of continuing in Pierce's tracks along the branch now called War Creek. "Backus was sure from what he had heard the miners say, and learned from the Indians, while camped at Foster Creek, that the pass mentioned was at the head of this branch."

Northwest along the Twisp the trail was dim or non-existent; "the hills were so obscured by smoke [from forest fires] as to be

almost undiscernible"; and thick underbrush, fallen timber, and yellow jackets "more troublesome than gnats and mosquitos, for we generally struck their nests at places that could not be easily avoided" made travel slow and difficult.

Lt. Backus and Lt. Goethals decided to hike the last five or six miles from the camp at 4,325 feet to the summit of the Cascades. From this camp, "The hills towered thousands of feet above, and at their summits were perfectly bare. To our west, appeared the zigzag peaks, covered with snow, and their outline resembled sawteeth. . . . A short distance to the west . . . arose a high conical peak with sides very steep. Though towering many feet above the snowline, still none could be seen on it. This we called Silver Peak. . . ." The explorers picked their way along the north side of a snow basin on the south slopes of Silver Peak "over loose rock slides, chiefly trap, and along precipices where in places scarcely a foothold could be obtained, and the sensation was anything but a pleasant one, when a stone we had just stepped on, was heard the next moment tumbling hundreds of feet below." Goethals reported that "a good mountain road can be constructed over this road (with some labor, however) to the very summit [6,500 feet]; beyond this point we can say nothing, as the smoke was too dense to see anything clearly."

The explorers must have been in the vicinity of Twisp Pass or Copper Pass. From the pass they could see a stream flowing westward; "from what we knew of the country from our maps, we were sure that the stream was one of the branches of the Skagit River." Backus and Goethals did not realize that another mountain ridge separated them from Skagit River tributaries; the creek they saw would empty eventually into the Stehekin River and Lake Chelan.

The expedition retraced its trail to the Methow, then followed this river north for two days and turned west onto a branch the Indians called the "Papoose Methow." This was probably the West Fork of the Methow, although it may have been Early Winters Creek. Progress along this branch was slowed by the density of cottonwood trees; choppers had to prepare a path before the pack animals would fit through. The expedition advanced only fourteen or fifteen miles in three and a half days after leaving the main Methow. A strong rainstorm halted the party a day in a camp at an altitude of 3,875 feet. After the rain, the clear atmosphere, minus smoke for the first time since they had left the headwaters of the Twisp, allowed Backus to see that they were close to the summit with its zigzag, snow-covered peaks.

Lt. Backus and Mr. Chapman followed the river another five miles to the spot two branches, "each supplied by a basin formed by the mountains," joined. "Each basin was carefully examined, but the mountains rose up so abruptly, that they did not attempt to reach the summit. . . . To get to the top would have been in Lt. Backus's judgement, a hard day's tramp for a foot passenger, and he doubts if a horse could get up at all." The steep sides of the canyon between the camp and the pass had been the site of many landslides. Goethals describes one: "The side of the mountain from its summit [Handcock Ridge?] has been swept clean of all its timber, which lay at the bottom broken in all sizes. . . ."

Backus' party returned by way of the Methow and Columbia Rivers and arrived at Camp Spokane on September 18.

Several times in the report Lt. Goethals mentioned a party led by Lt. Rodman, which preceded his expedition along part of Lt. Pierce's route. Lt. Rodman reportedly went up Lake Chelan and investigated the main branch of the Methow (Robinson Creek or Lost River) north of the Papoose Methow branch. This writer has been unable to locate a report of Lt. Rodman's trip.

Whether army officials ever acted upon Lt. Pierce's and Lt. Backus' reports or whether they were simply accepted and filed is not known. Certainly these two trips, led by mountaineers of the most adventuresome variety, added to the slim body of knowledge concerning the North Cascades of the Washington Territory. Both reports contain descriptions of the various areas traversed, suggestions about possible uses of the land, and listings of the animals sighted along the way.

Army service in the 1880's apparently gave opportunity for the difficult adventures in unplotted territories men of all generations have sought. Alexander Ross in the early 1800's had accepted every chance to travel in unknown territory that his career as pioneer fur trader offered. Lt. Henry H. Pierce found army service more satisfactory than translating Latin classics or teaching mathematics; both his literary education and his appreciation for natural phenomena are evident in the almost poetic descriptions included in his report. Lt. George B. Backus, skillful fisherman and marksman, was part of almost every scouting party that chopped trails for the pack train or hiked where animals could not travel, both under Lt. Pierce and while leading his own exploration. Lt. George W. Goethals shows the practical nature that led him to future accomplishments in his straightforward account, including the matter-of-fact statements of happenings which obviously disappointed him: his uselessness "as a poineer" the day after a nest of yellow jackets made a swollen puff of his hand, and the ill-timed sickness which prevented him

from exploring the headwaters of the Papoose Methow with Backus and Chapman.

Mountain lovers today can experience some of the thrill of discovery these explorers found in the same area, parts of which, happily, remain unspoiled by highways, railroad passes, or other civilized intrusions on the powerful and sturdy beauties of the North Cascades.

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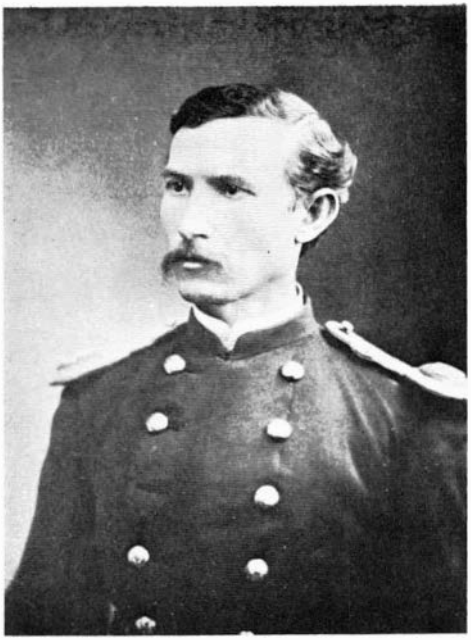
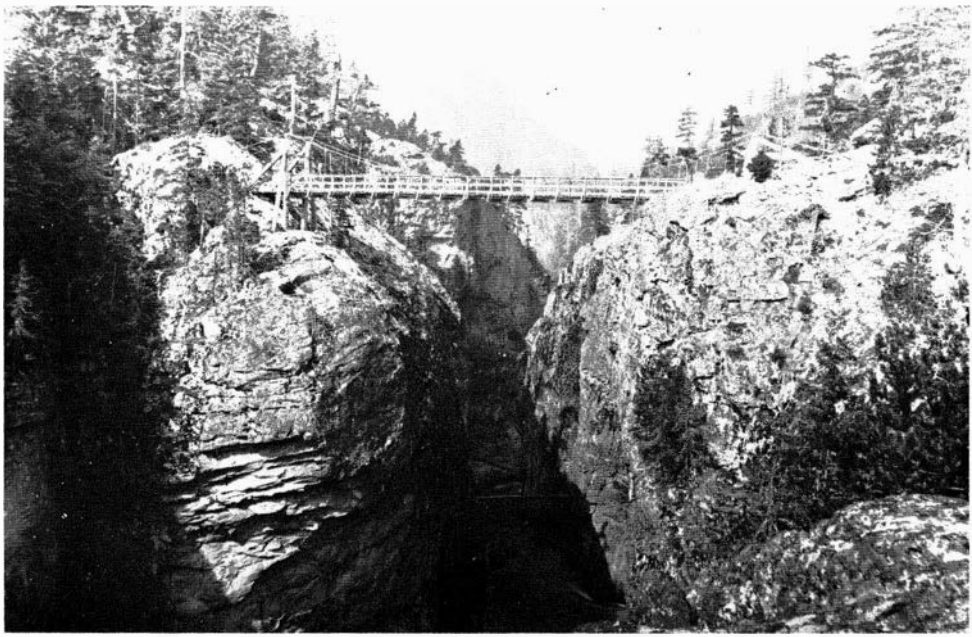
Quotations about the Pierce trip are from the "Report of an Expedition from Fort Colville to Puget Sound, Washington Territory, by Way of Lake Chelan and Skagit River, during the Months of August and September, 1882, made by First Lieutenant Henry H. Pierce, Adjutant 21st Infantry, under the Orders of Brigadier General Nelson A. Miles, Commanding the Department of the Columbia" (Washington, D.C.: Government Printing Office, 1883).

Quotations from Goethals' report of Backus' trip are from an unpublished report of a reconnaissance made through the Cascade Range by First Lieutenant George B. Backus in 1883 (photostat available from the National Archives and Records Service, Washington 25, D.C.).

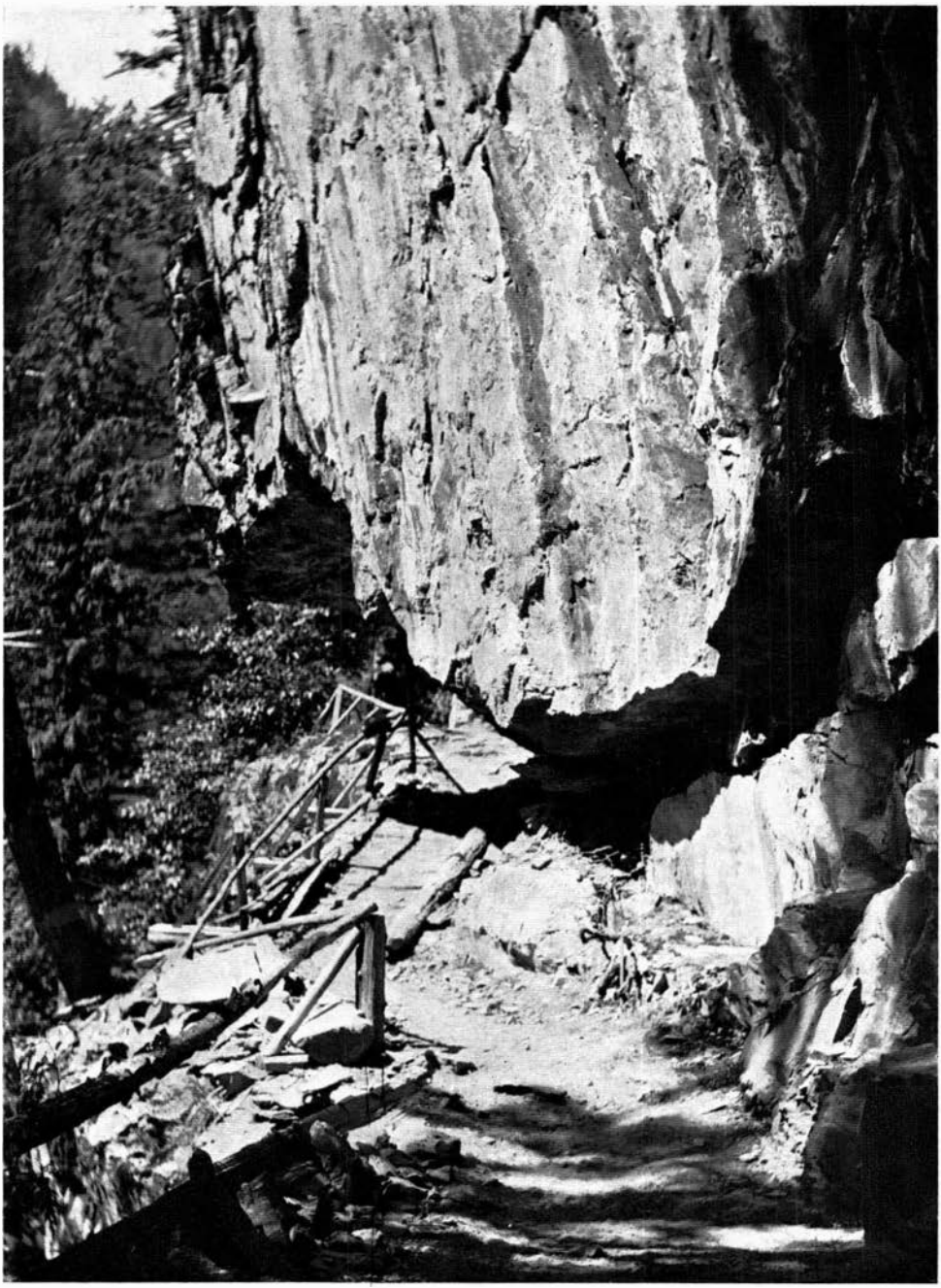


Left—
First Lieutenant Henry H. Pierce
Trinity College Photo
Lower left—
First Lieutenant George W. Goethals
Lower right—
First Lieutenant George B. Backus

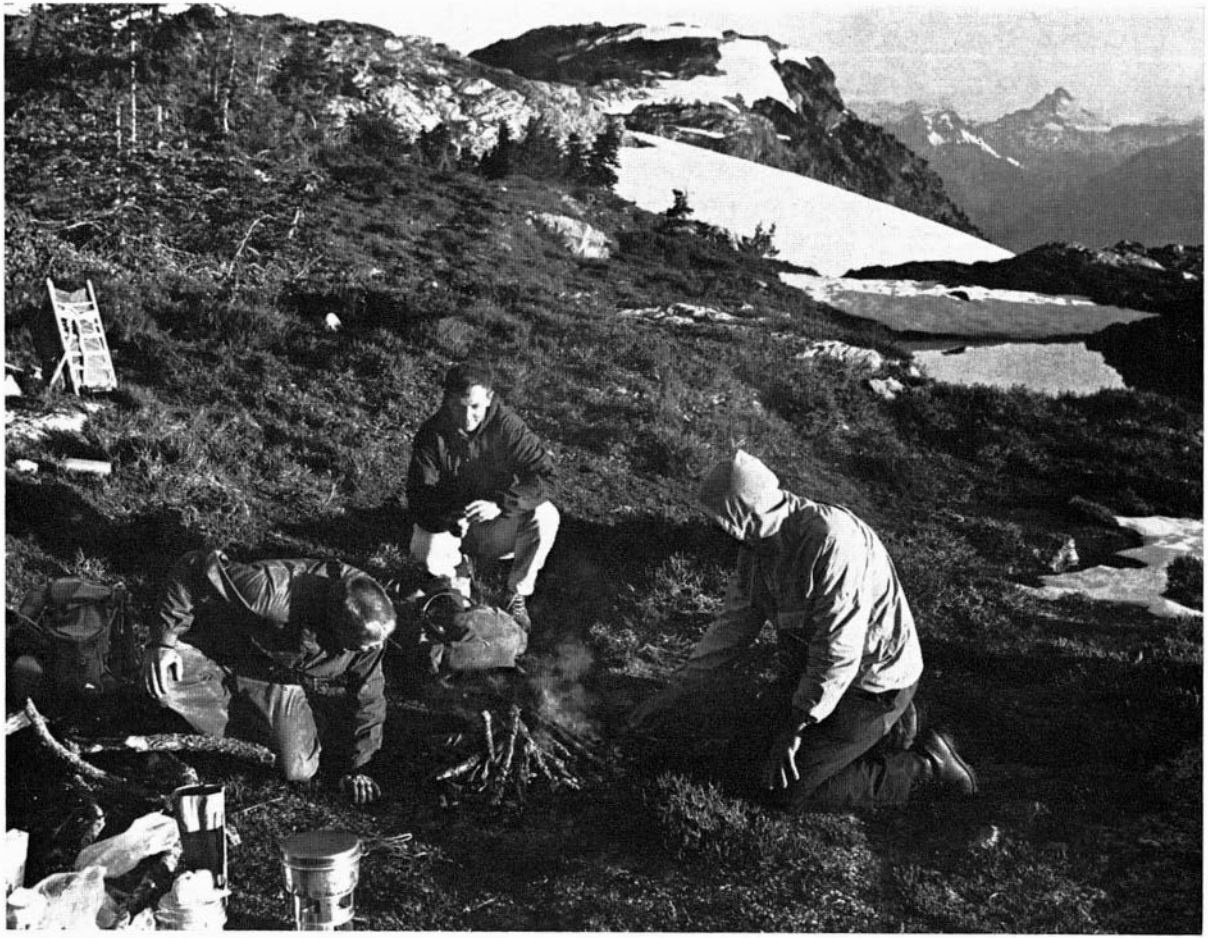
U. S. Military Academy Photos



Upper—Suspension bridge over Diablo Canyon, Skagit River
Lower—Pack Train leaving Marblemount for Upper Skagit
Mt. Baker National Forest Photographs—circa 1913



Devil's Elbow on Goat Trail. Skagit River Canyon Trail.
Mt. Baker National Forest Photo



Camping on Sourdough Ridge, up from Newhalem — *Stella Degenhardt*

HISTORICAL SKETCH—

MT. BAKER NATIONAL FOREST

By H. C. CHRISWELL

It was late in the nineteenth century when young John McMillan left his home in Ontario, Canada. Following the lure of the beaver pelt he traveled west to the Province of British Columbia. Having been born in 1854, McMillan was about the age of twenty when he started trapping on the Lower Fraser River. His extensive trap lines carried him south from Fort Hope over the Hudson's Bay Company's old Hope Trail to the beaver swamps of the Skagit River in Washington Territory. It was on one of his return trips from Fort Hope that he picked up a half-starved Indian girl. What was different about this girl was that her father was a Negro. "Without benefit of priest or preacher" McMillan took his dusky bride to his cabin on the Skagit. Their home was at the foot of towering Jack Mountain and across the Skagit River from the Big Beaver Creek country.

In the summer of 1872 a party of three prospectors left the settlements of Puget Sound and made their way up the Skagit River by dugout canoe to what is today Newhalem. Following a story told by an ancient Indian, who carried a gold nugget in his deerskin pouch, they panned the gravel of Newhalem Creek for gold. Finding none, they continued panning on each creek entering "from the right." They fought their way through the almost impassable canyon of the Skagit River. They found a land of huge mountains, great glaciers, jagged cliffs, dense forests and tumbling streams. After panning the streams and covering only fourteen miles in six days, they reached Ruby Creek. Here, in the gravel of the creek, gold was discovered!

Two men of the party, Sutter and Rowley, were washing gravel near the mouth of the creek when they recovered a big ruby (garnet) in their pan. The stream then became known as "Ruby Creek." Jack Rowley camped at a small tributary of Ruby Creek. According to a dream he had one night, a hand pointed the direction to the "Old Discovery" Mine which he promptly

This short historical sketch of the Mt. Baker National Forest area is not intended to be a complete work. The period covered is from when it was a trackless wilderness with Indians and a few trappers, through the fabulous mining days to when early-day rangers were placing a national forest under the administration of the U. S. Forest Service.

located. Rowley's camp became known as Hidden Hand Camp and the creek was named Hidden Hand Creek. The pass at the head of the creek, where the trail up Ross Lake is now located, is called Hidden Hand Pass. Jack Mountain, 9,070 feet, is named for Jack Rowley.

The return trip out to civilization by the gold discoverers was as difficult as the trip in. The party was compelled to cross and recross the river several times on rafts which they would build and then abandon after the crossing was made. With the discovery of gold on Slate Creek in 1879, the gold rush began in earnest. The feverish mining activity continued only a few years.

John McMillan acquired some pack horses and found he could make a good living packing for the miners and prospectors while continuing his trapping in the winter. McMillan traded his cabin on the Skagit with Tommy Rowland, who had a big place on Big Beaver Creek where the grass grew tall and plentiful. Here McMillan's pack horses and mules could feed and hay could be put up to carry the stock over the winter.

During this time a trail was slowly being constructed up the Skagit River Canyon. Every prospector on his way to the upper Skagit was required to work a specified number of days on the trail before he could go on in. Thus came into being the famous (or infamous) "Goat Trail" which was used by McMillan and others to pack supplies up the Skagit River to Ruby Creek. Later the Forest Service improved and maintained this trail until it was replaced by a railroad and waterway when the City of Seattle constructed its system of hydroelectric dams on the Skagit.

Finally tiring of the hardships, his Indian companions and, by this time his rather numerous progeny, McMillan left the family with a year's provisions and went out to the cities and settlements of Puget Sound. Here he applied for and obtained his U. S. citizenship. Soon spending all his money and being unable to earn more as easily as could be done in the real pioneering country, he returned to his Big Beaver Creek home. Here he found a large party of Fraser Indians encamped and being welcomed by the mother of his children. Eaten out of house and home and starving, McMillan, in a rage, drove them all off, including wife and children, back to the tribal home on the Fraser. Later McMillan took a white wife (Miss Emma Love) "in the way regularly prescribed by civilization for such possession."

When the U. S. Forest Service later administered the area, the early-day rangers found John McMillan a veritable mine of information valuable in their work. He worked for several years as a Forest Guard on the Skagit District but finally left the Skagit country. When sick unto death, McMillan insistently demanded to be taken back to Big Beaver Creek where he died on July 29,

1922. The burial service was read by an old Negro named George Holmes, accompanied by District Ranger Tommy Thompson from the Marblemount Ranger Station. Thus ended an era. McMillan Spire in the Southern Pickets and McMillan Creek bear his name today.

George Holmes was the only colored miner in the Skagit area. He came to Ruby Creek in 1895 and built his cabin about one-half mile west of Panther Creek. He was a mason by trade and was highly respected by all. He was forced to drop the trowel for the pick as the result of a quarrel with his union. In a single year he is reported to have cleared up to $7,000 from the Original Discovery Mine which he leased from Jack Rowley. George would never admit to such extreme good fortune. He was a great friend of John McMillan and this is why he came to read the services over John's grave beside Big Beaver Creek in 1922.

Not too much is known about Tommy Rowland. He came to the upper Skagit over the Hope Trail in 1895 and settled above the mouth of Big Beaver Creek. It was here that John McMillan and Tommy traded their places and Tommy lived east of the Skagit River opposite Big Beaver Creek. His place became known as "Rolands" and was used for several years later by the Forest Service for a guard station. Several features were named for Rowland such as "Roland Point" and "Roland Creek." One day he suddenly announced that he was the prophet Elija and named his place New Jerusalem. He finally died at the Northern State Hospital in Sedro Woolley. Today, Mt. Prophet, Gabriel Peak and Elija Ridge bear mute testimony to Tommy's mental state.

It is not really known whether Rowland was committed to the hospital because of mental illness or because claim jumpers wanted his "Nip and Tuck" mine on Ruby Creek. It is told he put on an act to fool people and was actually a shrewd operator. He convinced Albert Zabel (who had money as well as gold fever) to finance the packing in of complete diving equipment so that the gold nuggets could be picked up from the bottom of Ruby Creek. McMillan did the packing over Goat Trail. This scheme fell through when Zabel and his diver arrived on Ruby Creek and found only water-worn stones on the bottom. There are others who claim Tommy Rowland, in his fevered brain, thought the pebbles he peered at through the clear water of Ruby Creek really were gold nuggets. It is said that he was not one whit dismayed at the diver's report but went searching up and down the creek muttering "The dang fool must have gotten in the wrong hole." For many years travelers up Ruby Creek could see the diving equipment rotting near the trail.

The story of McMillan comes from the files of the Mt. Baker National Forest and it typifies an era when there lived a breed of men who did so much to open up the country and make it possible for those coming later to get into the almost inaccessible forest wilderness regions. They not only hunted, trapped, and packed for the miners but worked as Forest Guards locating, building, and maintaining cabins, telephone lines, trails, and bridges. They acted as guides, climbed many nameless peaks, aided railroad survey parties and helped those hurt and sick. They have a place in our northwest mountain history. Since few of these men could write, their activities are only mentioned by others who encountered them along the way. They were true mountain men, completely at home in the wilderness and undaunted by any of its physical problems.

The span of years is short. Less than one hundred years ago the area which is now the Mt. Baker National Forest was a complete wilderness except for a few Indian tribes and the trappers of the Hudson's Bay Company. Yet during the gold rush days more people lived in the area than ever have since or ever may again. The adventuresome miners climbed many of the summits and scoured the canyons in their mad search for gold. Fortunes were mostly lost, but a few were made. Near the turn of the century the fever of prospecting and mining began to wane and the timber interests started blocking up great empires. The mores of this period in our history did not make a neighbor evil if he could figure out how to defraud the Government. Fraudulent claims of every kind were readily patented. Great fires burned uncontrolled in the public domain. Cattle and sheep were grazing as their owners pleased on the forest lands of the West. It was a time to exploit natural resources to the utmost. Right or wrong, it built an empire.

Finally a great conservation movement began in the nation, led by President Theodore Roosevelt and Gifford Pinchot. The Forest Reserves were withdrawn from public entry and in 1905 the U. S. Forest Service was charged with their administration "For the greatest good of the greatest number in the long run."

Before the white man came, the Indian tribes lived along the coast and up the main watercourses. Since fish and clams were the principal food of the coast Indians, they did not venture far into the rough Cascade Mountains except to pick berries or to pursue game. The Fraser River tribes of British Columbia trapped, hunted, and gathered berries as far south along the Skagit River as the mouth of Stetattle Creek. This creek was named by the Indians, and the exact meaning of their names or their exact derivation was never easy to discover. Stetattle

pertains to spooks, bad luck, or something to be feared. A Skagit Indian legend told of losing a battle with the Fraser tribe and so the Skagits went no further up the Skagit River than the mouth of Stetattle Creek.

There is a well known legend concerning the naming of Mt. Baker "Koma Kulshan" by the Lummi Indians. Its meaning is roughly "White, Steep." It may have been Juan de Fuca, a Greek navigator of Spain, who was the first white man to see Mt. Baker, for he spent considerable time on Puget Sound in 1592. Then in 1791 the Spanish Captain Francisco Elisa named Mt. Baker "El Montana del Carmelo" (liken to the White Friar of Mt. Carmel, Palestine). This name was actually placed on a map but was never used.

A year later Vancouver officially named it in his writings. In 1792 Captain Vancouver wrote in his journal: "The high distant land formed, as already observed, like detached islands amongst which the lofty mountain discovered in the afternoon by the Third Lieutenant (Joseph Baker), and in compliment to him called Mt. Baker, rose a very conspicuous object."

The Hudson's Bay Company's trappers were the first white men to explore the wildest and most remote parts of the forest. They built trails following the old Indian trails down the Skagit and up the Chilliwack River. Since the fur company was interested only in furs, they did all in their power to discourage independent activities until the gold rush days.

In 1858 a considerable gold rush started on the Fraser River. In 1859 the International Boundary Survey was under way. In 1868 Edmund T. Coleman, an Englishman, made the first ascent of Mt. Baker. He wrote a lengthy and somewhat flowery description of this climb in *Harper's New Monthly Magazine* of November, 1869. There were some railroad surveys and other explorations from time to time, but it remained for the miners and packers to really explore every nook and cranny of the North Cascades. Many of the names of our mountains and streams came from them, and they built many trails still used today.

Miners came south from the Fraser River Country into Silesia Creek and over Gold Run Pass into the Nooksack. They came south down the old Hope Trail. They came into Slate Creek from the Methow Valley and up the Skagit over Goat Trail to all of its tributaries. They came out of the Stehekin into Thunder Creek and over Cascade Pass. They traveled up the Suiattle, the Sauk, and the Stillaguamish. They explored every peak and every draw. They crossed glaciers and high passes. No one will ever know how many there were. The coyotes polished the bones

of many as the mountains took their toll. The worst enemy of the miner was the "snow slide" (avalanche). Woe came to the unwary who built his cabin in an open, grassy slide path during the summer.

Prospecting brought mining, milling, packing, building of trails, roads, and railroads. All this in some of the most inaccessible country in the United States. It taxes the imagination to try now to picture this colorful era. Especially so when it is remembered that the lower Skagit River carried a busy steamer traffic to service the gold fields with supplies. Some of the river boats were brought from the Columbia River across the open ocean to Puget Sound.

Barron was a town on Slate Creek named for Alex Barron and had a population of over 2,000 at one time. It had hotels, stores, blacksmith shop, eating places, post office, school, saloons, a sawmill, goldmills, power plants, flumes, and eventually a wagon road from over Harts Pass.

Ruby Creek had many camps. From 3,000 to 5,000 prospectors and miners poured into the area. Chinese were found in early-day camps on Ruby Creek. The miners here had a dislike for "Chinamen" and soon sent them all back north to British Columbia.

There were stores, shops, and a large camp of a few hundred miners at Mineral Park on the Cascade River. The Johannesburg Mine was in operation at this time. The town was known as Eldorado. This and Eldorado Mountain were named for the Eldorado Mining Claim.

Monte Cristo was a thriving mining town of around 2,000 persons. Here, as at Barron, were stores, hotels, saloons, ore crushers and concentrators, power plants and flumes, post office, a school whose largest registration was 348 students, and a wagon road up the Sauk and up Elliott Creek to Goat Lake. In addition, it had a newspaper, the *Monte Cristo Mountaineer*, and a railroad from Hartford Junction, known as the Hartford Eastern Railroad.

Only some of the larger camps and towns are mentioned. Many camps, prospectors and miners were widely scattered throughout the mountains. Their feats, now forgotten, were all the more spectacular as they climbed in this rough country with a rifle, a shovel and a gold pan as standard mountaineering equipment.

Mt. Logan and Logan Creek were named for George Logan, who staked his claims at the headwaters of Thunder Creek and on Park Creek Pass in 1896. His main cabin stood at timberline, two miles from the pass. All cooking was done at his stone fire-

place. Since his staple foods were bacon, beans, and baking powder biscuits, the iron dutch oven covered with coals turned out some fine meals. The richly browned beans and bacon dipped out after the ashes and coals were brushed away were well known to the local packers. They always made a point of arriving at Logan's cabin hungry and at dinner time.

Logan spent his winters near Sedro Woolley working for money that would grubstake him for the next summer at his mines. For twenty-one summers he spent his winter's earnings driving tunnels to prospect his claims. With the first sign of spring he would travel up Lake Chelan and over the Stehekin Trail to Park Creek Pass. When the fall snow halted his work he would hike down the Thunder Creek Trail to the Skagit and back to Sedro Woolley. No ore was ever taken out to repay Logan for all the labor and hardships he endured.

By 1910 the gold excitement was waning. The wild, roaring mining camp of Barron was a ghost town overnight. The Mammouth Mine's stamp mill was abandoned, as was a similar plant at the Bonita. Mr. Edgbert walked away from his general store, leaving the merchandise still on the shelves for the pack rats to nest in. All this equipment, including large fly wheels and miles of cable, was brought in from Winthrop over Harts Pass by pack horse, 35 or 40 miles, at a cost of six cents per pound. It was no wonder it was all left behind when the free milling ore found on the surface turned to base ore upon deeper prospecting, causing the "get-rich" bubble to burst.

Dolly Connelly wrote an article entitled "Mighty Joe Morovits: Real-life Bunyan" which was published in *Sports Illustrated,* January 7, 1963. She pointed out the sketchy material available because our North Cascades history is so new, and then went on to describe Joe and his activities. Here was another like John McMillan. Of major interest to us is that Joe was a mountain climber as well as a miner in the Baker River country. Early day "Mazamas" and "Mountaineers" found him an outstanding guide and companion. He climbed Mt. Baker many times, often by new routes such as the northeast face in 1892. He undoubtedly climbed other mountains in the Baker River country, including Mt. Shuksan, but left no evidence that would credit him with these first ascents.

No account of the Mt. Baker area would be complete without mention of the Annual Mt. Baker Marathon. In 1911, fourteen local loggers turned out for the marathon, a round trip from Bellingham to the top of Mt. Baker. They could travel by train to Glacier and then up the Glacier Creek Trail or by car to Deming and then up the Middle Fork of the Nooksack River

Trail. Randall was first to the summit of Mt. Baker with a time, from Glacier, of five hours twenty-five minutes. Haggard was second, seven minutes later from Glacier. Magnuson was third up by way of the Middle Fork. Joe Galbraith reached the summit via the Middle Fork, one-half hour later.

Randall missed the train at Glacier by thirty seconds. Haggard got on the train, which hit a bull on the tracks and was derailed. He started trotting down the tracks until he got a horse. After being bucked off several times, his backers were able to get a wagon which was later met by a Buick automobile and Haggard returned to Bellingham in second place.

Joe Galbraith came down the Middle Fork Trail on the Deming side and drove into Bellingham, the winner. His total time for forty miles by Ford and thirty-six miles by trail, heather, and snow to the summit of Mt. Baker and return to Bellingham was twelve hours and twenty-eight minutes. Galbraith was also one of the early-day Forest Rangers on the Baker River District of the Washington National Forest.

On February 27, 1897, the Washington Forest Reserve was established. It contained the Mt. Baker, Okanogan, Chelan District of the Wenatchee and the northern part of the Snoqualmie National Forests. The Forest Reserves were administered by the Division of Forestry in the General Land Office under the Department of the Interior. In 1905 they were transferred to the Department of Agriculture and administered by the U. S. Forest Service with Gifford Pinchot as the first Chief Forester. In 1908 the Chelan, Wenatchee, and Snoqualmie National Forests were established. The remaining part of the old Washington Forest Reserve was named the Washington National Forest and in 1924 the name was changed to the Mt. Baker National Forest.

One of the first Forest Rangers on the Mt. Baker National Forest who wrote down many of his experiences was C. C. McGuire. As a Forest Guard in 1909 he took and passed the Ranger Examination. He describes this examination as follows:

"Sixteen potential Rangers assembled at the Supervisor's Headquarters in Bellingham for a three-day test of their fitness to become Forest Rangers. The following tests were given: (1) From the foliage, identify ten species of trees grown on the Mt. Baker —give common and technical names—if you can spell the latter, more power to you. (2) Fall a tree ten or more inches in diameter with an axe. In giving this test a stake was driven in the ground about twenty feet from the tree. The victim was allowed to select the point where the stake was driven. All he had to do then was to fall the tree so that it would drive the stake further into the ground. His skill was determined by the nearness of the tree bole to the stake. Only three candidates out of the sixteen

survived that test, one man actually driving the stake. Most trees went wide of the mark with some trees falling in the opposite direction. (3) Figure magnetic declinations on the four quadrants of the compass. In those days it seems no one thought of the idea of setting off the compass dial. (4) Run and pace a triangle, prepare the field notes and compute the acreage. (5) Demonstrate your ability to use a seven-foot cross-cut saw. (6) Tell the boss man what ingredients and how much of each you would use in preparing a batch of biscuits. (7) How to build and put out a campfire. (8) Pack a horse. This was a "toughy" as the pack consisted of two loosely tied sacks of oats, an axe, a mattock, a shovel and a cross-cut saw. Also, five days supply of grub for one man—all unpacked and a conglomeration of cooking equipment. Not only was your skill tested, but you worked against time. Many would-be Rangers fell by the wayside on this test. One bewildered candidate got the pack saddle on backwards with the britchin' over the horse's head and used the breast strap for a double cinch. Next he picked up his lash rope and cinch and after walking around the horse a couple of times he gave up in despair, remarking "There is no ring on this saddle that will fit the big hook on the end of this rope."

C. C. McGuire continues about his work as a Forest Ranger on the Skagit:

"That fall I was directed to go to Ruby Creek and build a cabin. There was no appropriation for this but I did have axes, a saw and a hammer. With Fred Scarlett, a Forest Guard, for an assistant, we built a 16′ × 18′ log cabin. There was no timber nearby suitable for shakes so we repaired an old miner's flume which extended three miles above on Ruby Mountain, went up the mountain to the old sawmill, packed 1″ × 12″ boards down to the flume, floated them down the flume and then packed them on our backs one-half mile to the cabin. These boards served for roof and floor. By the time the cabin was finished winter had set in with the usual snow and ice. We had a pack horse with us and when we got to Devil's Elbow on the Goat Trail the drip from overhead had completely blocked the half tunnel with ice. We chopped our way through but it was very dangerous for the horse to get through. One slip would send him over the cliff into the river fifty feet below. So we tight-lined him across. A rope was fastened to the horse's neck and I carried one end across. Another rope was tied around the horse's tail and the end of this given a couple of turns around a tree. I took a turn around a tree with the lead rope and as my partner let out a few inches I would take up the slack, so at all times the horse was in the center of the tight line. Though the horse fell several times, we inched him across.

"The next summer I was assigned headquarters at Reflector Bar (Diablo, where the grade school now is). Reflector Bar was named for the small reflector shelter built there. My home was a shake cabin with three rooms. I left Marblemount with one pack horse loaded with a new Kalamazoo cook stove and a No. 3 Oliver (typewriter), horse feed, my own grub and blankets. The horse broke through a snow bridge over Gorge Creek and rolled down the stream bed to the Skagit River. The result was a smashed up cook stove, a badly skinned horse, and two hours building a way to get the horse back on Goat Trail. The sturdy Oliver came through without a scratch. Later I was assigned two guards, one Joe Gilmore stationed at Mill Creek from whence he patrolled daily, one day to Barron and return, and the next day to Hidden Hand cabin on Ruby Creek and return. The other guard, named Dunbar, was stationed at Ruby Creek and was supposed to make daily patrols of the Upper Skagit, but I doubt if he made many trips. I always found him at his cabin when business took me in that direction. Dunbar had his wife with him and he was extremely jealous of her. He was afraid some bewhiskered prospector would flirt with his wife. He was even wary of an old Negro who had a placer cabin about eight miles up Ruby (probably George Holmes). At the earliest opportunity he was laid off. That winter at Marblemount he went out in the woods and shot himself.

"One evening Herman Johnson and his assistant came to Reflector Bar after hiking twenty-five miles from Marblemount. While traveling along the Goat Trail they sighted a smoke about three miles to the south. We did not know just where the fire was, but the next morning, early, we all set out to find it. There were no crossings on the Skagit River so we went back down Goat Trail hoping to get a compass shot on the smoke. No smoke was visible so we continued on down to what is now Newhalem to see if we could get across the river at that point. No crossing could be found so we hiked back to Reflector Bar and continued on up the river to Deer Park where there was a "go-devil" swung across. This was a cable with a cage suspended on wheels which you pulled yourself across with. We crossed the river here and worked our way down the river by dark that night. We arrived at a point just across the river from my cabin which we had left early that morning. After the hard, all-day hike we were just 300 yards closer to the fire than when we started. Early the next morning we were on our way again and arrived at the fire about 5:00 p.m. It covered about three acres. After three days' work we got it corralled and partially mopped up. The next night we were camped again 300 yards from the cabin with a river between us and shelter and grub. We did not like the

idea of climbing back up over a spur of mountains to the "go-devil" so the next morning I explored about a mile down the river where I found a tin boat about the size of a bath tub, moored and sunk, but on my side of the river. Later I found that the boat belonged to Glee Davis who had filed a claim under the Act of June 11, 1906 across the river. I got the tub bailed out and though it leaked badly it would float. Having had considerable experience in handling Siwash canoes I decided I could pilot that one. While it was a one-man craft, if we were going to all get across, it must carry two. We all made it and I chalked it up just as another day's work as a Forest Ranger. Johnson's assistant was not cut from pioneer cloth and he soon headed back for the bright lights.

"This fire just emphasized the need for some kind of a crossing on the Skagit River. One day, which I thought was Sunday, I got a cedar log and chopped out a crude canoe. (It later turned out that it was Monday and here I was doing an unauthorized job on a regular work day.) My first trip in the canoe was to explore the canyon where Diablo Dam is now located. I found one spot in the canyon where the river was standing on edge. It was only thirteen feet wide, but 150 feet above me, which I had tentatively selected for a bridge site, it was about 100 feet wide. In an earlier day the miners had a cable bridge across the river near Deer Park. They had seven-eighths inch galvanized cables to which they bolted 12″ × 12″ stringers and decked on top of them. It soon had broken down. One end of the cables was still anchored, and the bridge had swung to the shore. I spent a couple of days chopping the timbers loose and with a trusty Spanish windlass hauled the cables out. So I had a good start for the bridge. After salvaging the cables, Rangers Bell and Soll and J. A. Monahan were sent in to help build the bridge. We dragged the cables down to the bridge site with man-power and set about preparing anchorage. It was necessary to drill holes two inches in diameter in the rock by hand. We collected some drill steel and with fir bark in a forge I sharpened the steel and we started drilling. We got the anchor bolts in, the towers raised and a cable strung. In those days Engineering did not furnish us with blueprints and specifications, which in some ways was fortunate, since the first thing they would have done would have been to condemn my cables as inadequate. We were not bothered by factors of safety but were on our own. Anyway, we got a swinging bridge which did support a pack train. The bridge stood for about fifteen years and dynamite was used to dislodge it when the City of Seattle built the Diablo Dam."

This was the first of many bridges "C.C." was to build. He continues:

"We worked so late in the fall that we nearly got snowed in. During the night of the day before we were to head out between four and five feet of sleet fell. We left Reflector Bar early. Henry Soll had his wife, a baby and a cow. Monahan and I had packs of our personal belongings. Ranger Bell had left the station earlier in the season. First we tried to make the cow break trail, but the sleet would roll down and bury her and she would not move. Since Soll had to carry the baby and Monahan was getting along in years, I was elected to break trail. Time after time I would be smothered in small slides. It took us two days to travel seven miles along Goat Trail, camping one night in a rock cave by the trail side. The third day we reached Marblemount. Monahan and the cow were completely exhausted. I proceeded on to Bellingham and reported to the Supervisor's Office. That winter I was assigned to Wyeth, Oregon, to help thrash cones for nursery seed, but that is another story. Incidentally, a spring check of the property at Reflector Bar showed I was short one "F" die for stamping tools with the "FS." The Supervisor sent me a bill for one dollar which I paid with a lot of mental reservations. It was not the only piece of property I ever lost, but it was the only one I had to pay for."

Ranger C. C. McGuire was transferred to Darrington in 1911 and was busy clearing the old Blue Bird Ranger Station and fighting fires all summer. Tommy Thompson was his neighbor Ranger at Texas Pond. "C.C." tells about spending a couple of weeks with Tommy fighting a 160-acre fire near Buck Creek on the Suiattle River. It never occurred to them to hire a crew, establish a fire camp, and spend a lot of money. "What were two Rangers for if they could not handle that one?" They lived on corn meal and an occasional salmon. When returning home they reached the Sauk River, where the boat was on the opposite shore. The Sauk Shingle Company was driving shingle bolts down the river so "C.C." and Tommy each selected a shingle bolt, got astride it, and with a homemade paddle worked their way across. Drifting down the river a few hundred yards, they landed safely, wet, cold and hungry but "on the grub side of the river."

"C.C." expresses the feelings felt by so many Rangers in about 1913:

"I had a wife and two children and began to wonder if in this job of Forest Ranger I would ever get to live with them, but that spring Ranger Jones quit and I got the Glacier Station. Here, for the first time, I felt that I definitely had a job, could have my family with me and need not wonder where I would land next. The Ranger's house was a four-room affair, each room ten by twelve, no plumbing or built-in 'folderols.' A fire-

place was built in the center of the building but at its best it made a good smoke house, and at its worst, well, we just moved outside until the fire went out. My first Sunday there I started tearing it out so I would have a place for a heating stove. The reason I say Sunday was that, in those days, you did not do things for the comfort of the Ranger and his family on official time. After four Sundays I had it torn out and replaced by a brick chimney from bricks salvaged from the fireplace. I laid up the brick and my wife carried the hod. We lived in this shack for six years. The house also served as an office and the dining room table was my desk, but I felt I was progressing as I now had a No. 5 Oliver."

Sundays were always busy days. This was the ranger's chance to cut wood for current use as well as to accumulate enough to keep the home fires burning throughout the winter. The ranger also had to raise a garden to supplement his $91 per month salary. At least this, together with shoeing horses or making furniture for the Ranger Station, kept time from hanging heavily on the ranger's hands over the Sabbath. As Mrs. Tommy Thompson would remark, "That man, Tom, starts in Monday morning laying aside jobs for Sunday."

In the years that followed, the Forest Service began the management of the timber resource, starting with sales of fence posts and shake bolts. Large timber sales were made in the Darrington area as the Sauk River Timber Company's logging railroad was extended up the Sauk and Whitechuck Rivers. The Nooksack, Baker, and Skagit Rivers were harnessed for hydroelectric power. A highway was built to Heather Meadows and forest roads and trails constructed. Recreation use increased rapidly as the main valleys were opened up. Campgrounds and resorts were built. Ranger Stations were made more comfortable for the large force necessary to manage these many resources.

No longer is it necessary to disembark at Hamilton on the Skagit, travel by wagon road to Baker City (Concrete) and so continue by trail to reach the upper Skagit and Sauk country. Neither does a modern-day ranger need to swim his pack stock across some cold, glacial river at the start of his many administrative trips. The works of the miners and early settlers have all but disappeared except for an occasional outline of an old cabin, some rusting mine machinery, and the signs of a marten set along the old trails. Much of this mountain country is now in dedicated Wilderness Areas. By traveling there today and sharing a high camp with the ghosts of such men as McMillan or Morovits, a greater appreciation is possible of the beautiful, lonely mountains that are the North Cascades.

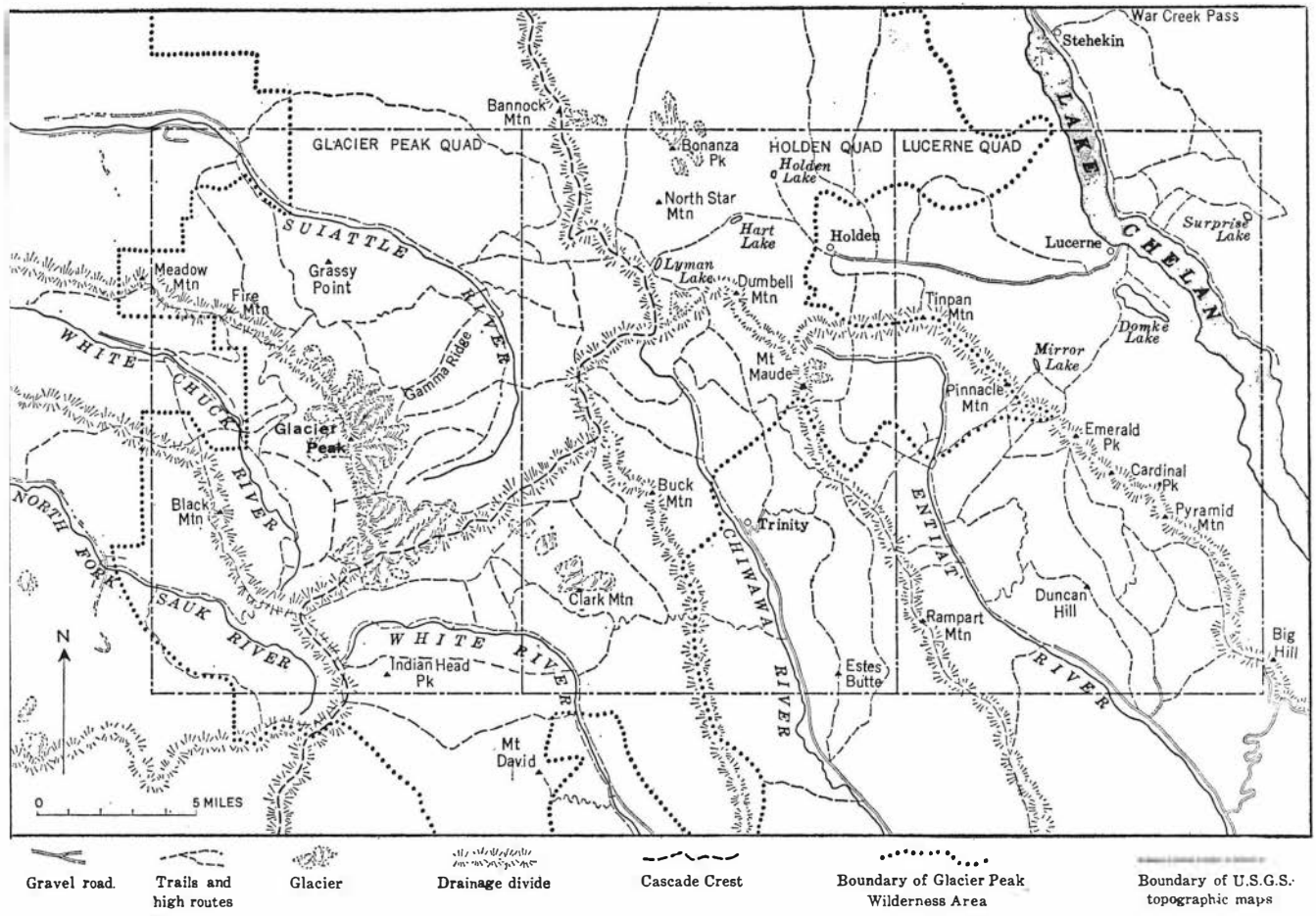


Figure 1. Key to Routes

THE SUIATTLE GATEWAY

an excerpt from

Guide to the North Cascades
Routes and Rocks from Glacier Peak to Lake Chelan

By D. F. CROWDER and R. W. TABOR*

"... for there is no opiate like Alpine pedestrianism."
Mark Twain, *A Tramp Abroad*

"... and some rin up hill and down dale,
knapping the chucky stones to pieces wi' hammers,
like sae mony road-makers run daft—
they say it to see how the world was made!"
Sir Walter Scott, *St. Roman's Wells*

Note from the Editor

This article presents a representative section of a new guidebook The Mountaineers hope to publish soon. As the title page material reproduced above suggests, it will be a hikers' guide with special reference to sights of geologic interest. The authors, geologists with the U. S. Geological Survey, together with their coworkers, have spent about 20 man-summers studying the rocks in a 600-square-mile area between Glacier Peak and Lake Chelan; they have thus explored every corner of this wilderness. Geologic maps, technical reports, and this guide are being prepared from this study. The area covered is shown on Figure 1. Points of geologic interest mentioned in the article are indicated by circled numbers on the Figure 2 map. Article references to these points have been italicized, with the bracketed number of the reference appearing in the right margin. (Interest points 1 and 2 do not appear on the map.) There will be in the guide three modern topographic maps, the standard multicolor Geological Survey sheets for the Glacier Peak, Holden, and Lucerne quadrangles, each with a special overprint showing the trails, high routes (trailless excursions along ridges), campsites, and points of geologic interest. Part of one of these maps (which is far below the high quality of reproduction expected in book form) is shown on Figure 2. The text will be organized by the major drainages and will be thoroughly indexed.

* Publication authorized by the Director, U. S. Geological Survey.

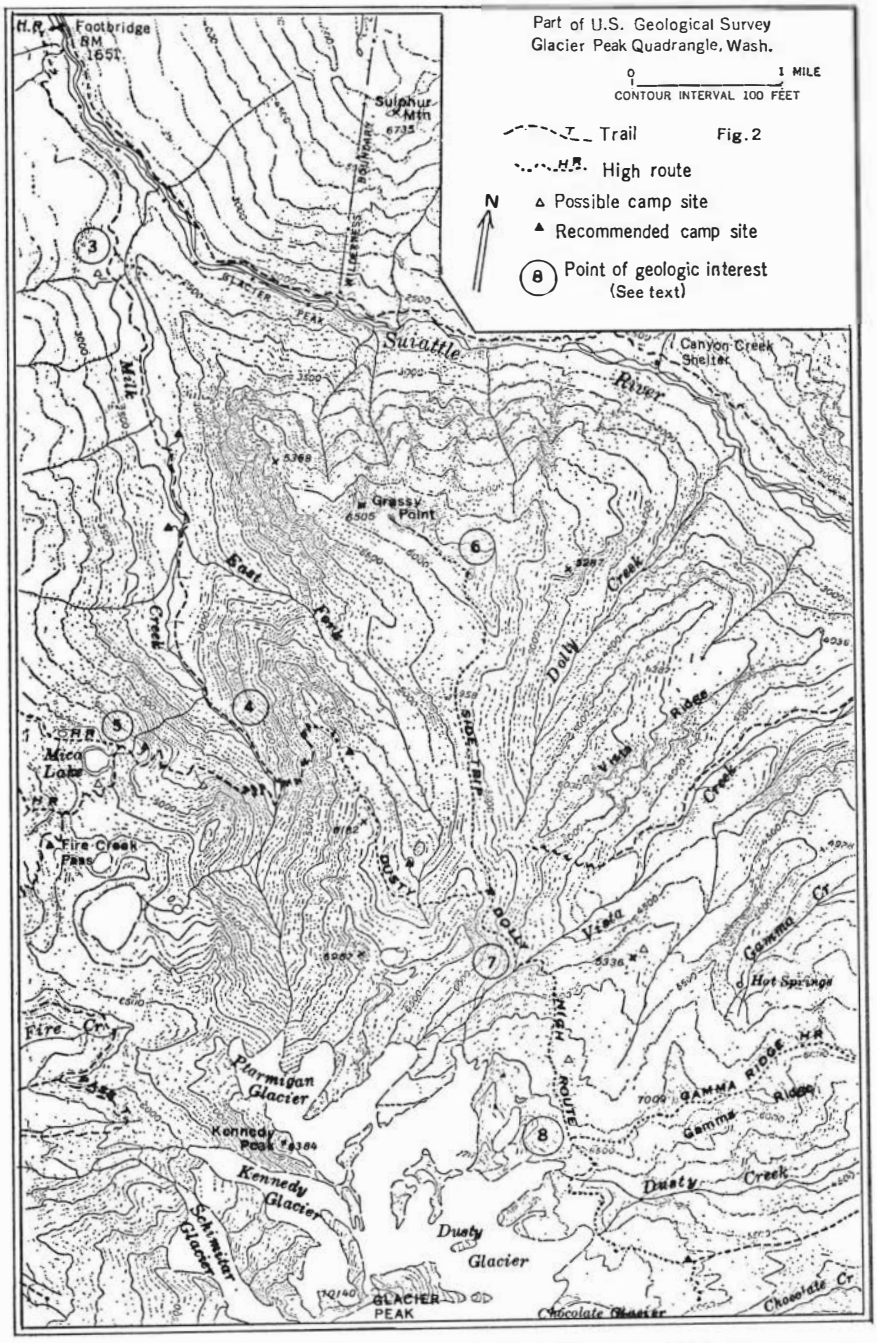


Fig. 2. A Part of the U.S. Geological Survey Glacial Peak Quadrangle

THE SUIATTLE GATEWAY

The main roads that lead to the west edge of the Glacier Peak area provide only a few tantalizing views of summits, snowfields, and timberline meadows; some glimpses are across the fields but most are through a foreground of second-growth forest. From U. S. Highway 99 on the Puget Sound lowland, turn onto paved State road 1E up the North Fork of the Stillaguamish. Follow 1E through Arlington to Darrington (78 miles from Seattle), where Whitehorse Mountain towers an impressive 6000 feet above the rooftops. Alternately, go to Darrington via Marblemount or over the Mountain Loop highway via Barlow Pass; the latter is the most scenic. No public transport serves either Arlington or Darrington; the lone traveller might try the daily mail truck or the drayage concern in Everett.

Arlington and Darrington are supported largely by timber cutting on nearby public land. Both have tourist facilities and stores. Arlington has the only hospital. Darrington has a campground at Clear Creek, south of town. Headquarters for the SUIATTLE and the DARRINGTON FOREST SERVICE DISTRICTS, MOUNT BAKER NATIONAL FOREST, are at the large compound north of Darrington, where climbers and hikers are advised to register.

Darrington lies between the Stillaguamish and the Sauk on a broad and forested flatland underlain by stream gravels. The gravels along the Stillaguamish (exposed in roadcuts near Squire Creek) contain pebbles of pumice† and lava from Glacier Peak, which is surprising only when it is realized that today the Sauk, not the Stillaguamish, carries such debris off the slopes of the volcano. Professor Joe Vance, University of Washington, proposes that the Sauk once wandered across the gravel flats at Darrington and flowed straight west to the sea (fig. 3) and that it left this route because another deeper channel was carved for it to the north by an Ice Age glacier. (1)

The western gateways to the Glacier Peak area are the three main branches of the Sauk: the Suiattle, the White Chuck, and the Sauk North Fork. The following three sections describe the roads into each of these and the trails leading from them.

Suiattle River

From DARRINGTON (0.0) a paved road (to Concrete) leads north through second-growth timber and past scattered farms to the SAUK RIVER BRIDGE (11.0).

† In the guidebook definitions of geologic terms will be scattered throughout the text and located by an index.

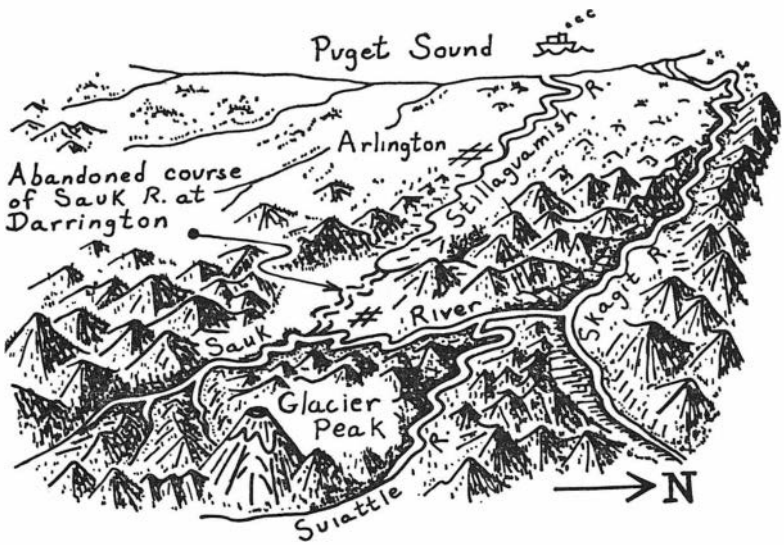


Fig. 3, point 1. The Abandoned Route of the Sauk at Darrington

During high runoff, the mud-choked Suiattle water can be seen hugging the eastern bank of the clear green Sauk; most of this mud is washed from sand and gravel deposits on the east side of Glacier Peak. (2)

The Suiattle road begins just across the bridge and winds eastward up the river. A bridge over the Suiattle (19.0) leads to the SOUTH SIDE ROAD, along which no campgrounds are developed, though camping is possible in several places. Clear-cut patches near the end of the road provide moderately good views of rock and snow on the peaks above. Up lateral logging roads —Box Mountain road and Lime Creek road—the way is bumpy, but the views are better, and one gets a close look at logged forest in various stages of recovery.

Beyond the South Side road junction, the Suiattle road leaves the second-growth forest and enters old timber. BUCK CREEK CAMPGROUND (24.0) is the best and largest developed campground along the way. Beyond is GREEN MOUNTAIN PASTURE (28.0), where the Forest Service pastures pack animals and helicopters. DOWNEY CREEK CAMPGROUND (30.8) serves travelers bound for the wilderness north of the Suiattle River. SULPHUR CREEK CAMPGROUND (35.8), among tall and stately trees, is the handiest camp for travelers about to set off for the wilderness of the Glacier Peak area. There is parking space but no camping at the END OF THE ROAD (36.9).

Recommended short trips from Sulphur Creek campground and one-way mileages are listed below. Consult the route descriptions for details.

Sulphur Creek Trail through rain forest to a smelly hot spring (0.7 mile).

Milk Creek Trail to an avalanche track, a waterfall, and a view of Glacier Peak (3.5 miles).

Sulphur Mountain Way Trail directly up to timberline and grand views (about 4 miles).

Milk Creek Trail
Maintained yearly
4700-foot climb
11 miles

A hike into the Milk Creek valley provides a quick introduction to Cascade scenery. The trail is a link in the Cascade Crest Trail System, joining the trails and high routes on nearby Glacier Peak with the Suiattle River Trail.

0.0 The Milk Creek Trail begins at the SUIATTLE ROAD END (1651 feet—0.0 miles). It drops 20 feet to the foot bridge over the Suiattle, a thrilling crossing when the river is high. Immediately across the bridge and just beyond the riverside brush is the junction with the RIVORD LAKE HIGH ROUTE. Past the Glacier Peak Wilderness boundary sign, the trail winds through a dark rain forest of magnificent trees, then crosses a picturesque stream (1750—0.5) and begins switchbacks. (The older topographic maps incorrectly show the trail at river level almost to 1.0 Milk Creek.) After traversing a gentler slope (2100—1.0), the trail begins a climbing traverse to the southeast across a very steep timbered hillside, where it dives in and out of gullies 2.0 (water). The top of a slight rise (2200—2.0) marks the edge of the flat Milk Creek valley.

A challenging exploratory trip can be made from just beyond here. Hunt along the left side of the trail for an old trail (marked by blazes) which drops across Milk Creek and climbs onto the northwest nose of Grassy Point. It switchbacks high before disappearing in timbered cliffs.

Milk Creek valley is a glacial hanging valley. At one time it may have contained a lake or two, but if it did, all evidence is buried beneath debris from the steep valley sides. (3)

From the entrance to the valley the trail drops slightly as it winds through evergreen forest; it then enters deciduous woods and brush just beyond a trail camp on a stream bank. Views 3.5 open out at brush fields and meadows (2350—3.5), revealing the first of several enormous snow avalanche slopes that characterize this valley. At the north edge of this first avalanche track (pos-

sible camping) is the first good view of Glacier Peak and of a nearby waterfall. Beyond the brush, the trail enters the woods again and a short distance farther reaches a ford at MILK
4.0 CREEK (2400—4.0). Follow a crude trail upstream to a beveled foot log. Just over the creek is an uninspiring camp spot in the woods.

4.5 Continue to the EAST FORK OF MILK CREEK (2500—4.5) (no log) and a passable camp spot, just south of the creek in a small clearing. This is the last level camp spot before the meadows (at 8.2) below Mica Lake.

5.0 This way leads on to a second avalanche scar (2650—5.0) and a fantastic jumble of downed trees, felled by a granddaddy of a snowslide that rushed down the western valley wall and up the eastern. The trail begins a slightly more earnest climb here. It goes through more trees and comes out in a bouldery brush patch with a view to the west of cascades draining the Mica Lake cirque. On a sunny day this is a hot and unpleasant stretch of trail which winds up through blocks of talus and oppressive brush bordering the torrents of Milk Creek.

Welcome relief can be found just beyond a switchback on the steep canyon side (3400), where a surprisingly cool rush of air issues from a tiny marmot-sized cave on the left. Several of these (4)
cool caves are passed; they probably connect with extensive labyrinthian caves in the talus on the hillside above.

A few switchbacks and rocky traverses bring the trail to the junction with the DOLLY-DUSTY HIGH ROUTE (3900—7.0), which begins on the east (left) on the old Glacier Peak Ridge trail.

Find logs over MILK CREEK just upstream from the junction. Hikers have camped here on flood gravels, probably in desperation. The trail beyond the crossing, rarely cleared of brush, may be a bit difficult to find. It traverses the slope northward until
7.2 it reaches trees (3900—7.2). Many short switchbacks and a northward traverse bring the trail to the first bouldery meadow (4300
8.2 —8.2). There are camp spots near a trickling stream just within the trees, or by the main stream in the meadow.

The trail climbs steadily across the meadow, then switchbacks up on the north side, crossing the same cascading stream several times before traversing north again into trees and over benches covered with blueberry and huckleberry bushes. The going here is slow in late August, when the bushes are drooping with berries.

The trail, misplaced here on some topographic maps, emerges from the trees in a pleasant small basin by a rushing stream (5100 —9.5). This is the best camping spot for Mica Lake, because higher up wood is scarce. The trail switchbacks up again—an-

other slow stretch in berry season—to reach MICA LAKE (5450
10.0 —10.0).

BIOTITE

As the name Mica Lake would imply, the schist here is rich in mica—mostly biotite. Round red garnet and black hornblende also occur. Good exposures of schist occur all along the trail from the lower basin up to Fire Creek Pass. SCHIST is a rock characterized by flat or platy minerals packed closely together like a sheaf of papers. Minerals common to schists are micaceous: biotite (black mica), muscovite (white mica), and chlorite (green). These are glassy-looking minerals which occur as thin bendable flakes or books of thin flakes. They are easily scratched with the fingernail, and characteristically split into finer and finer flakes. (5)

The junction with the RIVORD LAKE HIGH ROUTE is a few hundred feet northeast of the outlet of Mica Lake.

The trail southwestward from Mica Lake zigzags up past a number of meadows; these were once tarns but are now filled in. They make spacious but woodless camping places. The trail
10.9 touches the ridge crest (6150—10.9) at the junction with the FIRE MOUNTAIN HIGH ROUTE. Around a rocky corner is FIRE CREEK PASS (6350—11.0). The trail continues down to the White Chuck River as the FIRE CREEK PASS TRAIL.

Dolly-Dusty High Route
Difficult, 7 Miles
4900-foot climb, 2600-foot descent, 9½ hours

"O'er many a frozen,
Many a fiery Alp,
Rocks, caves, lakes, ferns,
bogs, dens, and shades of death."
Milton, *Paradise Lost*

The Dolly-Dusty High Route is a link in the timberline circuit of Glacier Peak. It takes the hiker from Milk Creek through barren wilderness of deglaciated upper Vista and Dusty Creeks and across the meadows and goat pastures on Gamma Ridge. The Forest Service plans to build a trail that will traverse the high

route described here between Milk Creek and the meadows at the head of Dolly Creek.

Fresh rock slides often obscure the junction (4000) of the old Glacier Peak Ridge Trail with the MILK CREEK TRAIL, but the tread is well preserved farther up the slope. The trail zigzags up over loose rocks, goes into trees on the left for a short distance, and continues on up the talus; though the trail is soon enveloped in brush, the going is good. Traverse northward again into shady woods (4900) and up more switchbacks to just below the crest of the ridge. Here the improved trail ends but a crude trail leads steeply up through the berry bushes to the crest of GLACIER PEAK RIDGE (5600—2 hours). Pleasant camping may be found along the ridge here, but water may be hard to find.

To reach the basin at the head of the east fork of Milk Creek, continue up the ridge. Climb on gentle slopes through picturesque nooks of white rock and heather to a treeless shoulder (6000), where an easy and obvious traverse leads down to the East Fork. Pass near the highest wooded knoll in this basin. Cascading water is abundant here; camping is good, especially lower down where the meadow is flatter and wood more abundant.

To reach the meadows at the head of Dolly Creek, continue to the east side of the basin and cross a rushing stream (about 5700). Climb diagonally northeastward on steep meadows which extend up into the trees. A few gullies must be navigated; to avoid most of these, go straight up. Come out in a swale on the ridge (6175) *above* the DOLLY CREEK MEADOW; a large snowbank on the east side of the ridge may mark the spot. Camping is pleasant in these sloping lush meadows, and the views are magnificent (5850—4 hours). There usually are trickles of water in several gullies, but the best is in the southeasternmost. The VISTA CREEK TRAIL is easily reached in the saddle to the northeast.

A side trip from here is out along the crest of the rolling ridge to the north (camping in the saddle northeast of knob 5958) and up to the summit of Grassy Point (6505). The cliffy, brushy north face of Grassy Point is as awesome from above as from below.

Knob 5958 is an isolated cap or outlier of lava of Glacier Peak. On top of the east summit of Grassy Point (6596) look closely at the black schist; it is a jumble of schist fragments (a breccia), (6) *probably formed when a violent jet of steam blasted up from below.*

To continue on the Dolly-Dusty High Route, climb steeply south from the meadows at the head of Dolly Creek to the ridge

above Vista Creek amid the uppermost trees; cross the ridge high (5850) and traverse above the brushy and cliffy spurs extending down on the Vista Creek side. Then descend a draw on the talus and the scree slopes to Vista Creek. Bear to the right toward a high cliff of andesite where goats prowl.

At the bottom of the slope is an outcrop of conglomerate, rich in boulders of gneiss, schist, and granite. At this place the young (7) *lava of Glacier Peak spilled out on a slope covered with these boulders of older rock.*

In the early season the crossing of VISTA CREEK (4900–5 hours) may be difficult, but late in the summer one may find braided stretches and hop across on boulders. Head downstream on the southeast side and go around the lower end of a sharp ridge of fresh moraine (4900). Then go straight up the valley side in heavy timber (a little brush lower down) to reach the edge (5500) of an open basin blanketed with heather. There are good camping spots on knolls next to gullied pumice. Northwest of the main stream in this basin are large meadows (5300).

Go south across the basin to a broad saddle on GAMMA RIDGE and the junction with the Gamma Ridge High Route (6650–7½ hours). Cliffy peak 7009 on Gamma Ridge, an outlier of Glacier Peak lava, is off to the east (left), and the broad saddle is about a mile to the west, marked by white pumice banks near the next lava cliffs. Do not go to the lowest saddle just southwest of peak 7009.

The hiker standing in the broad saddle overlooking Dusty Creek is in the midst of well-displayed geologic features (fig. 4). To his right (west) at the head of Dusty Creek is a great cleaver consisting of tall vertical columns of jointed lava of Glacier Peak.

This lava rests on older, yellow rock consisting of layers of volcanic tuff and breccia. A BRECCIA is made of coarse angular rock fragments. Similar volcanic rock underlies most of Gamma Ridge, but peak 7009, on this ridge, like the cleaver, is composed (8) *of lava of Glacier Peak. The older ash and breccia was once more extensive, but erosion carries such material away rapidly, except where it is protected by overlying lava.*

Patches of conglomerate, which make knobby pinnacles on the ridge west and east of peak 7009, contain cobbles of nonvolcanic rocks, gneiss, and schist. Such nonvolcanic rocks are not found today anywhere nearby. The cobbles may have come from a bedrock ridge where Glacier Peak now rises. They were deposited by streams on top of the old ash and breccia some time before the younger lavas of Glacier Peak flowed forth.

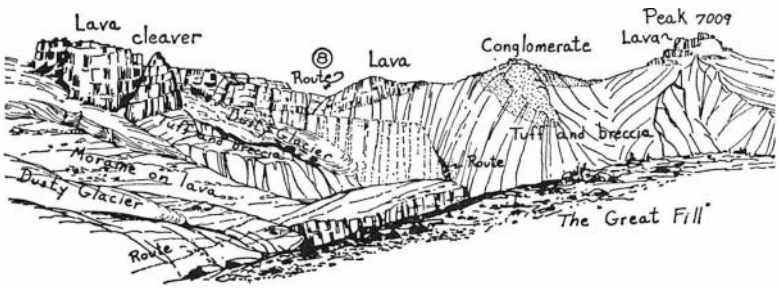


Figure 4. Across the Head of Dusty Creek to Gamma Ridge and Interest Point 8

To the southwest the hiker sees a high bank of the Great Fill between Chocolate Creek and Dusty Creek. Down to the left across and above Dusty Creek, cliffs of lava stand above perpendicular walls of red gravel fill and below a high slope of gray gravel fill. Apparently a lava sheet flowed out over the red gravels during Glacier Peak eruptions and was later covered by grey gravels.

From the 6650-foot saddle descend to Dusty Creek. Go down steep heather and scree to a stream held up in a narrow basin (6400) behind a ridge of fresh moraine. Follow the stream down into a small southeast-trending gully between the fresh moraine and the main ridge. Although this gully is steep and filled with teetering boulders, it leads down between yet steeper undercut moraine and crumbly rock slabs, and it enables the careful hiker to gain the reck-strewn basin at the head of Dusty Creek below (6100) (fig. 4). Once out of this difficult gully, traverse (at about 6100) southward beneath the NORTH TONGUE OF DUSTY GLACIER. Climb several hundred feet over a moraine-covered

buttress of lava. Then contour over moraine just beneath the SOUTH TONGUE OF DUSTY GLACIER. Continue around the basin and ascend the rubbly slope of the Great Fill. Once on top of the fill, go east-southeast across big gullies toward the highest trees on the fill (6200—9½ hours). A few small but level camping spots are found in the tree thickets here and in the adjoining meadows. Water may be scarce in the late summer, but usually some trickles can be found in one of the innumerable gullies, if only late in the day.

The DUSTY CREEK TRAIL, which leads down to the Suiattle trail, can be found by going east down the Great Fill. Stay to the left (north) in the meadows, near the abrupt edge of the fill and above the abyss of Dusty Creek. The trail is not well blazed and the tread is barely visible, but several hundred yards below timberline, it follows a knife-edge gravel ridge on the very brink of the fill; it can be picked up here if not before.

The hiker who is making the timberline circuit of Glacier Peak must, at this point, forsake the high meadows (6100) in order to bypass the Chocolate Creek gorge. He must go down to the Suiattle trail (to 4150) and then climb back up the Chocolate Creek High Route to regain the alpine meadows (at 6000). If he questions this rather arduous detour, he need only traverse southward, across the many deep gullies to the edge of the fill, and look down. Incredibly steep slopes of loose gravel slant down to a vertical-walled gorge that Chocolate Creek has cut in the Great Fill. There is *no* safe crossing of this Chocolate Creek gorge above 4600 feet.

The party equipped and experienced for glacier travel may cross high on the Chocolate Glacier; ropes, ice axes, and possibly crampons will be needed. Climb up the fill between Chocolate and Dusty Creeks until it narrows to a knife-edge ridge. Follow this spectacular ridge to a rock buttress (7000) between Chocolate and Dusty glaciers and rope up. Usually the icefall on the south side of this buttress can be crossed with some step cutting. Beyond the icefall, traverse southward on the much-crevassed Chocolate Glacier to a bedrock ridge leading back down to the timberline meadows and the Chocolate Creek High Route.

STEHEKIN MINES

OF OLDEN DAYS

An Invitation to History

By HARVEY MANNING

An important purpose of The Mountaineers has always been "to gather into permanent form the history and traditions" of Northwest mountains. From the beginning, Professor Edmond S. Meany and others performed nobly to this end, followed by such worthy successors as Joseph P. Hazard. However, there have been too few Meanys and Hazards; the history of our mountains remains in large part still to be written.

Unlike bad history, which any hasty rumor-monger can perpetrate, good history is hard work. The materials are scattered in libraries, newspaper files, courthouse records, and human memories—and also in old cabins, rusted metal, and overgrown trails throughout the mountains. Imaginative and patient research is required to find the materials, and a great deal more to analyze and evaluate them, and to compare them one against the other. There is also needed the special insight of the historian —the ability to weave facts and speculations and interpretations into documented and meaningful history, as distinguished from raw journalistic chronicles. Finally, verbal skills are required to communicate to the reader the excitement implicit in the subject matter.

A recent example of superlative history is *Mountain Fever: Historic Ascents of Rainier*, by Aubrey L. Haines (Oregon Historical Society, 1962). The author has precisely defined his subject (explorations and ascents of Mount Rainier through 1899, approximately) and explored in depth all available materials, and from his insights and through his literary skills has given us a good and entertaining history. He has also appended a full scholarly apparatus that provides any subsequent student with a firm foundation for further research. Our mountains need more such historians, and many more such books.

Rainier is well-served by historians. Not only does it have Mr. Haines, but also Dee Molenaar, whose articles in *The Mountaineer* and *American Alpine Journal* encourage us to hope that he will soon develop his research materials into a definitive climbing history of Rainier, taking up where *Mountain Fever* leaves off.

Rainier, of course, gives its historians certain advantages over students of more remote mountains. Weldon F. Heald, in his new book, *The Wild Cascades: North Cascade Parklands from Glacier Peak to Lake Chelan* (Sierra Club, 1964) has several entertaining and thoughtful chapters on various aspects of the history of the North Cascades. It is his just complaint, however, that in this region the raw materials of history are very hard to come by. Despite careful review of the literature, and much personal research on the scene, Mr. Heald, in portions of his story, finds it necessary as an honest historian to content himself with raising new questions rather than attempting answers to old ones.

The present article was originally envisioned as a comprehensive history of early-day mining in the Stehekin, but after Mr. Heald's excellent chapter on the subject was read it was decided to abandon an attempt which was already plagued with difficulties and to publish here, as a supplement to his survey, research results gained to date.

This is necessary work. Comprehensive histories cannot be written without source materials. Much more conscientious spadework is required to prepare the way for solid scholars.

Such work is not only good and necessary, but it is *possible* for part-time history buffs. And so, let this be *your* invitation to history. As you travel the back country and observe evidences of the past, and as you meet and talk to people about the old days, *put it all down on paper,* in any form you wish—rough notes or documented essays—and send it along to *The Mountaineer.*

The following pages offer examples of how *you* can help write the history of the North Cascades and of all our other mountains.

MOUNTAIN OBSERVATION

What hiker or climber has not, in his mountain travels, chanced upon a series of old blazes, a stretch of grown-over but still distinct trail grade, a square of rotten logs and a litter of shakes and nails, a prospector's scratchings?

Most of us have come across many such artifacts but few of us have entered our observations in the literature. Before comprehensive histories can be written, many personal observations

must be put down on paper, then assembled into local and regional catalogs.

Following is an example of personal observations in Upper Horseshoe Basin and below Doubtful Lake.

* * *

One afternoon in August 1953, Everett Lasher and myself, accompanied by John R. Hazle and Lincoln Hales, descended from Sahale Arm into Horseshoe Basin, where we all collapsed into the heather—except for Lasher, who went rambling off and found a mine at the base of the Sahale spur, and brought back marvelous specimens of sulfide ores gathered from a stack of rotten ore-sacks.

Our camp, that night, was located on the only heather slope in the upper basin that was near enough to the horizontal to allow a person to spend 8 or so hours in a sleeping bag and wake up in the morning within shouting distance of the place he'd sacked out the night before. To be sure, we found an absolutely level platform on the lip of the basin—but we preferred clean and soft, though sloping heather, to hard and level dirt littered with tons of garbage including World War II Army crampons.

Next morning we took the walk-up route to the summit of Buckner, noting along the way wooden tripods supporting lengths of cable extending along the crest of a moraine. On the way down Jack and I investigated shiny sheets of metal at about the 7500-foot level. We were surprised to find a metal cabin tucked on a ledge beneath an overhanging cliff. It was pretty well broken up, but in remarkably good condition, overall—we couldn't tell whether it was years or decades old. Around the corner, a few yards away, we entered the mine. We paced off approximately a quarter mile through solid granitic rocks. At the end of the hard rock we found the ore body. At that point tunnels modestly bolstered with rotting timbers led off at right-angles in both directions. We ventured no further into the crumbling interior of Buckner.

In July 1962 I returned to the upper Stehekin, from below this time, by way of Lake Chelan, and this time with a gang of daughters, including one who was only two years old, and therefore limited in maneuverability. One day we set out for Doubtful Lake, since there was reputed to be a useful remnant of the old miners' trail followed by Mary Roberts Rinehart and her Great Northern packtrain in 1916. I did, in fact, find an old trail branching off from the Cascade Pass trail, and followed it to Doubtful Creek. On the far side of the creek was a campsite of considerable age and use, but the problems of transporting all

my daughters (plus their mother) across the creek ruled out further exploration that way. We hiked to Pelton Lake instead.

MOUNTAIN CONVERSATION

On returning to Stehekin, in July 1962, I discussed with a long-time resident of the valley what I had seen on this and earlier trips. Back home, I put down on paper what I remembered of our talk.

This information is subject to limitations of my memory, and my informant's knowledge, and covers only such matters as I asked about. At the very least, though, raw material of this kind suggests to researchers questions to ask other informants.

* * *

In the late 1880s, Moore homesteaded at the head of Lake Chelan. Taking in an occasional traveler for the night soon led him into operating a hotel for prospectors and miners.

In the 1890s, a British stock company began development of the Skagit Queen Mine. A tremendous amount of machinery was packed in. Much of it was never removed from the crates. The company hired a caretaker to stay with the equipment the year around, to prevent "borrowing." The caretaker got used to his job, and stayed there the year-around for 50 years, until his death a few years ago. A certain amount of the hardware has since found its way to widely scattered parts of the mountain country and been put to good use by one borrower and the other.

When the stock company in upper Horseshoe Basin went bankrupt before World War I, a miner named Stinson filed a labor lien, gained control, and worked on the "Stinson Mine" located at about the 7500-foot level on 9080-foot Mount Buckner off and on into the 1930s. They hand-drilled all the way through a quarter-mile of granite, and through the ore out under the Boston Glacier.

A sawmill was located at the base of a timber cone some 500 vertical feet below Doubtful Lake. A narrow-gauge railway (horse-drawn, or maybe mule-drawn) carried lumber up to the lake for mine timbers, boats, and cabins. The railway trail is still passable; it takes off from the switchbacks near Doubtful Creek. The mill machinery is still there. A pipeline carried water to the mill, which was waterpowered. The Doubtful Lake miners began a cooperative tunnel from the mill, intending to connect with their individual ore bodies through vertical shafts, thus allowing year-round mining safe from avalanches. They didn't get far.

LETTERS

The previous information gathered on the scene led us to write Mr. Harry S. Buckner, postmaster at Stehekin, asking specific questions about the old days.

Except for greetings and closes, and connective material, these two excellent replies from Mr. Buckner are printed here complete.

* * *

Harry S. Buckner letter *August 30, 1963*

. . . Mount Buckner was named after my uncle, Henry F. Buckner, who came into this area in the late 1890s and stayed until his death in December of 1910. He was manager for the mining company which located, and did a lot of development work on, a mine in the upper Horseshoe Basin. A crew of 30 men and one woman—Miss Lydia George (who was my closest neighbor for over 30 years) spent the winter of 1909-10 in the upper basin. Their cabin was completely buried in the snow and remained so all winter. They had a tunnel through the snow to the mining tunnel and another one cut to the open air. Their illumination was by candles. Miss George was the cook and her brother was one of the miners. She and her brother came out on snowshoes about March 1st 1910 and it took them three days to reach Stehekin, stopping the first night at Park Creek, the second night in the Bullion cabin about ½-mile below High Bridge and made it to Stehekin the next day.

Another interesting story of early day Stehekin—to me anyhow—concerns the packing of mining machinery into the upper country. M. E. Field, who owned and operated Field's Hotel at Stehekin for many years, packed a mill into the head of Thunder Creek over the Park Creek summit. He packed this machinery from the head of Lake Chelan to its destination for 2 cents per pound and did $2500 worth of packing in the one season. The last trip in he had 27 horses and 5 men and arrived at the mining site on Thanksgiving day in a terrific snowstorm. They stayed there one day waiting for the storm to stop, but it didn't. They started back the next day and killed 9 horses in getting back over Park Creek Pass and home. This took place around 1907 or 1908. . . .

* * *

Harry S. Buckner letter *September 25, 1963*

. . . a British stock company developed the Skagit Queen Mine in the 1890s but if they kept a caretaker there, I never heard of it. However, I've never been to the mine site so can't say for sure. All the information . . . on that particular mine came to me direct from M. E. Field and Dan Devore—both of whom were close personal friends.

. . . there was an operating sawmill on a small level spot some 500 to 1000 feet below Doubtful Lake. I spent two nights in the cabin (built of lumber sawed in the mill) in August of 1912. There was also a sort of boat—rectangular in shape—on Doubtful Lake at that time and it was also built of lumber sawed in the mill. There wasn't any narrow gauge railway in evidence, however, nor was there any sign of a tunnel near the sawmill. However, there was a fairly good horse trail from the mill up the hill to Doubtful Lake and also down the hill to the Cascade Pass trail. There was also an iron pipe running from the Pelton Wheel (which powered the mill) up the steep mountainside for several hundred feet to Doubtful Creek. The Pelton Wheel was 54 inches in diameter and so far as I know is still there. I last saw it some 15 years ago and it was about all that remained of the mill and cabin.

. . . I've never seen (the house in the upper Horseshoe Basin) but have heard first hand reports of it from Lydia George, Dan Devore, M. E. Field and John Stinson. It is fastened to the cliff with cables to keep the avalanches from dislodging it. If I've ever heard of its size I've forgotten the details.

. . . Henry Buckner . . . was my uncle and although he was well known in this country, I personally did not know him very well as I had only seen him twice—both times in California, before I moved to Stehekin. He died here in the valley in the fall of 1910 and I arrived in May of 1911.

In regard to the trails available to the packer in the 1900-1910 period of our history, there were trails of a sort up Bridge Creek, Stehekin River to Cascade Pass, Park Creek, Agnes Creek to Suiattle and Cloudy Passes, and up Purple Creek. If they wanted to go elsewhere they were "on their own." There was also a side trail from the Cascade Pass trail into the upper Horseshoe Basin, built by the mining company. All the mining companies built their own trails to their properties from the main trails. Also the packers did a lot of trail work of their own. . . .

CITY CONVERSATION

Much raw material of history lies in the memories of men who live in the cities rather than in the mountains. On June 17, 1963, Gene Faure, one of our most energetic history buffs, met with L. D. Lindsley to talk about the old Stehekin days. Immediately after the conversation he jotted down notes. We here present a reconstruction of Silent Lawrie's memories of the Stehekin.

* * *

My first trip up there was before 1900. It was prime territory for the prospector and the trapper. The trapper usually made

it pay pretty well, but the prospector usually made others pay for him!

One October I was caught in a big snow storm at Doubtful Lake. We had four horses with us. They were just about buried by over 4 feet of snow. We had to get out as we had almost no supplies. We went straight down the pipe-line from the lake to the mill. It was so steep we couldn't have done it without the snow. We made it down to Bullion Camp where we found a small cache of canned clams. I laid claim to most of them as I was the one who had to go on out for help. It was a rugged trip but I made it out and got supplies and we all got out.

There was a mining group that drove a big tunnel the wrong way. It was called the "community tunnel" and is still to be seen. What they needed was a flock of bald eagles to pack the ore out.

There was a trapper who walked in 20 miles on snowshoes to his cabin, got cold and wet on the trip and could find no matches to start a fire and so froze to death alone in his cabin and was not discovered until the next spring.

There was much newspaper talk about the thousand or more prospectors in the diggings. I don't think there were ever more than 150, if that many. Many were "outside" men brought in by the newspaper stories.

• • •

What have *you* seen in the mountains?

What have *you* heard, in conversation and letters?

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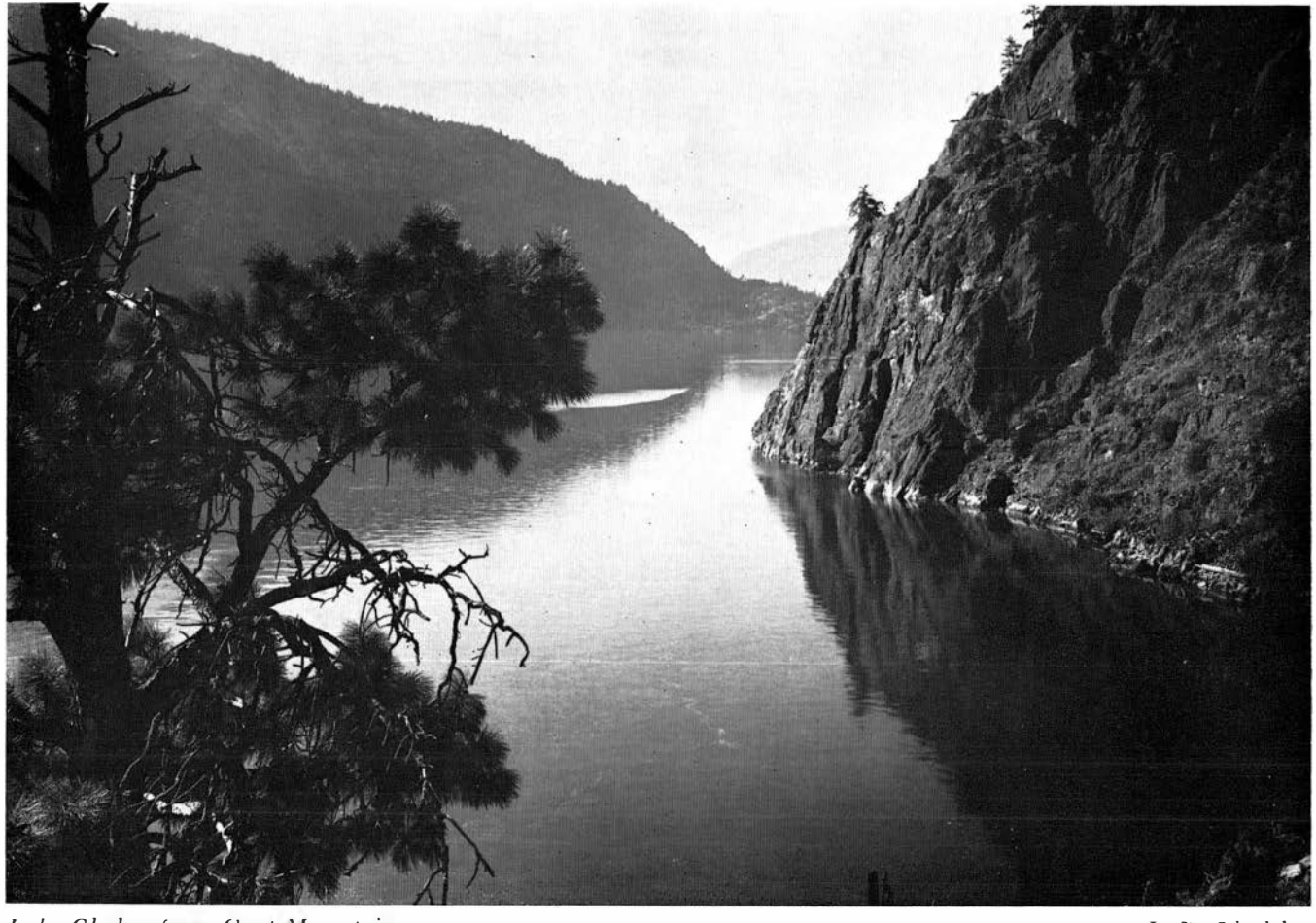

Lake Chelan from Goat Mountain *L. D. Lindsley*

Joe Morovits *Charles Finley Easton*

MIGHTY JOE MOROVITS:

REAL-LIFE BUNYAN

By DOLLY CONNELLY

You can do it with any map, but the game is most fascinating with a topographic map of a mountain area well known to you. The aim is to dig into dim bypaths of history to learn the stories of the persons immortalized in landmark names. Purists brush aside the Lovers' Leap and Artists' Point kind of thing—generally there never was a leaping lover or an artist anyway—and instead zero in on genuine people and actual happenings.

Maps of Mount Baker National Forest, an area that encloses the magnificent North Cascades in the northwest corner of the state of Washington, are ideal for this sport because the explanations are, tantalizingly, just beyond your grasp. Our history is so recent, so new, that forever I just miss the right "feller" to answer my questions. I don't know how many times I've been told: "Well, you just missed 'im. Used to be this old feller, up in his 90s he was and sharp as a tack, knew all about this country. Lived all his life on the old fur trail up on Little Beaver Creek in the Primitive Area with this Injin woman. But he comes to die a short while back. . . ."

Still, I've bagged some dandies. I know that Dead Man's Camp, at a little tarn above Hannegan Pass, was named for a wealthy eastern hunter who disappeared while hunting wild goats up on Granite Mountain, and that his family offered large rewards but never turned up a trace of him. At the plea of his wife his camp was left just as he departed it, and so it remained until it moldered into the forest duff. I know that Damfino Ridge, the massive upheaval of rock extending from Church Mountain to Tomyhoi Peak, was so named because gold prospectors came upon an old coot hacking into a quartz vein and asked him, "Any gold in these mountains?" "Damfino," answered the miner, and Damfino is the ridge to this day.

On the other hand, who was Winnie of that horrendous ice wall named Winnie's Slide at the lower end of Mount Shuksan's Hanging Glacier? Did Winnie actually slip on that awful ice, across which climbers must cut steps? If you're one of us mapo-

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philes, you know this kind of probing goes on forever. You can't win them all. The maddening thing is that Winnie and Damnation Peak and Mounts Terror, Fury, Triumph and Despair in the Picket Range of our North Cascades, and Three Fools Creek and Desolation Peak and Cutthroat Peak and Nightmare Camp—any of which should be good for a tremendous yarn—are ignored in the thin historical library of a young country.

The real teasers are the mountain men, a strange, silent breed who chose a lonely solitude without parallel in the settlement of the Pacific Northwest. Mount Baker National Forest is filled with their names, for the most part misspelled, but this adds a sporting handicap for the hunter. John McMillan, the squaw man who drove out his Indian wife and a passel of half-breed kids in a fit of rage, is there on his horse meadow, McMillan Park. Tommy Rowland, the trickster who talked a greenhorn into staking him to full diving gear for "exploration" of 18-inch-deep creeks in search of gold in the stream beds, is remembered at Rowland Point. Brave Anna Howard Price, the first woman to climb Mount Shuksan, is there, at Lake Ann; the great mountaineer, Hap Fisher, at the Fisher Chimney on Mount Shuksan; the baby daughter of a timber cruiser at Lake Doreen in the spectacular Bell Pass country; a railroad engineer of the Bellingham Bay and British Columbia logging train at Bagley Lakes; Frances Hayes, a lady mountain climber and nature lover who bathed nude among its ice chunks at Hayes Lake in the Galena Chain of Lakes.

They left bits and pieces of themselves behind. Far up toward the summit of 7,868-foot Mount Larrabee, at the Canadian border, abandoned on a sliding shale slope to weather in the deep snows and terrible winds, there's a rusted wheelbarrow. Who pushed it there and why? I'm haunted by it and by the mystery of carloads of dry groceries brought in by mule train and packed deep into the bowels of Gargett Mine above High Pass on the same mountain. There are nameless log cabins lost in tangles of vine maple and bracken, smashed by the weight of tremendous snows, and rusted mining machinery twisted into the shapes of question marks, remnants of narrow-gauge wagons and coils of rotting cable left from the great gold excitement of the early 1890s. There are even mining camp stores abandoned in panic with full display of rodent-chewed dry goods on the shelves.

They all haunt you after a while, these voiceless ones. But the most persistent of my personal ghosts is the mightiest of all the mountain men, Joe Morovits, the pioneer of mountaineering in the Mount Baker region, who set about living a legend in 1891

that still is pith and fire of much of the oldtimers' talk around winter hearths in the isolated country of the upper Skagit River. For 27 years Joe was the jolly Hermit of Baker Lake, a sort of Paul Bunyan of the Cascades, who made lone first ascents of glaciated 10,000-foot peaks with such casual regularity that he neglected to leave any cairn to mark his triumphs upon their summits.

Morovits—with his name misspelled—is on some topographic maps at Morovitz Creek and Morovitz Ranch. But I really found Joe Morovits, as I found many of the mountain men, in yellowed old records of early rangers of the Washington Forest Reserve, which in those days encompassed all the national forests of northwest Washington. Joe, reported an angry ranger, had been up to his old tricks. He'd touched off a massive forest fire behind him on a trip out for supplies over 32 miles of rough trail from his ranch to Birdsview, the old stop for stern-wheel river-boats on the Skagit. A good rousing forest fire was Joe's answer to burgeoning Douglas fir forests and windfall that threatened to push him off his mountain. When trees started to grow over miles of trail he had built and maintained in his kingdom between Mounts Baker and Shuksan, Joe retaliated with holocausts the like of which haven't been seen since in that wild country.

There is no mark of Morovits' chief gold mines, the Fourth of July Mines, on the maps, but I could guess at their location on a rock outcropping about halfway between Austin Pass and Baker Lake at the side of Swift Creek. It took a long summer day of struggle down that rough 18-mile trail, overgrown now and brushed in as Joe never would have tolerated, to reach the site of his diggings and one-man stamp mill at the junction of Fourth of July and Swift creeks, deep in wilderness as profound and untouched as that known by lonely Joe. And there I came as close to knowing Joe Morovits as I'll ever manage.

I found his massive mortar (later I discovered that it weighs 2,300 pounds), apparently dropped out of the sky in the decaying mill, now spired with defiant young trees. No narrow-gauge wagon ever could have come up that trail. No team of horses or mules could have pulled together on that ore-crushing mortar. There sits that chunk of iron, as great a mystery as any in the Cascades, proof that Joe Morovits brought it in with nothing but his own brute strength and ingenuity. The old men of the river tell me that he windlassed it, hauling from tree to tree, all the way over his own crude trail from Baker City, now Concrete, on the Skagit River to Baker Lake and finally up Swift Creek to the Fourth of July Mines! The terrible haul took him two years. He worked at the task every day that he could spare from his ranch and his prospecting.

All other feats of all the other mighty men—even Dirty Dan Harris' incredible cattle drive up the Skagit Gorge to Hope, and up the Indian Trail on the Fraser to starving gold-rush hordes —fade into insignificance before that mute albatross of iron. I know when I am hooked. Ever since, every time I run across an early-day ranger, a gyppo logger or an ancient timber cruiser, a venerable prospector with gnarled and broken old hands, I ask him about Joe Morovits. Once I even went down to Seattle when an old trunk of Morovits' was found in the basement of a hotel that was being demolished. Shoved way under a stair in a dank corner for more than 40 years, the trunk contained Joe's musty black Sunday suit—the clothing he wore when he made infrequent trips to Seattle to interest new capital in his mines. There were faded old photographs, too, showing Joe, a great skookum bull of a man, and early-day members of the Mountaineers, Seattle's climbers' club, standing on the summits of Joe's mountains. It's all right, Joe, I thought, I'm your friend. A reporter from the *Seattle Post-Intelligencer* came around and looked at the contents of the trunk, too, but so lost is Morovits to the history books that the newspaper could do no more than run a feature story, *Who was Joe Morovits?*

Well, I could have told them who Joe Morovits was, but I still do not know why he gave all the years of his superb strength and marvelous will to a search that he knew was futile. Joe came down out of the mountains, after 27 years of labor the like of which only rarely can have been equaled, with exactly $175. The $175 was the value of a small poke of gold flakes and bits that he used time and again to salt his mines—as much for his own encouragement as to fool possible investors. He left behind, stuck with a knife to the table of one of his masterly cabins, a promissory note written to himself for the sum of $100,000 for a half interest in a surface prospect on Rainbow Creek, which he called the Saint Joe Mine. Now why did Joe do that? Was he thumbing his nose at mountains that had withheld their treasure from him? I don't think so, for he loved and knew the mountains with a passion felt by few men. I believe the note was a cry of wry pain for the dreams of his lost youth.

Morovits was a different man to each oldtimer who knew him. To one, Joe was a French Canadian voyageur who drifted to British Columbia and thence to his multiple mining claims and homestead at the foot of Mount Baker. To another, he was a Russian, come down to Cascade country from the colony in Sitka, Alaska. Still another is sure of just one thing: "Morovits was born in the Alps," he insists to me; while a fourth swears that Joe talked to packhorses in the Croatian tongue. Like many

a man who never tells a story twice in the same way—and likes a little mystery about his origins—Morovits dealt with fact only when he took unfamiliar pencil in his calloused, work-hardened hands. Joe wrote to his mountain-climbing friend, the late Charles Finley Easton, historian of Bellingham, that he was born near the town of Eastman, Crawford County, Wis. on April 25, 1866. His parents, Bohemian immigrants, separated, the mother being left with seven children and small funds. Neighbors took Joe on as a farmhand at 9 years of age for a wage of $2 a month. He never went to school, learning to read and write during his early manhood from a bunkmate in the coal mines.

He came west, working coal mines in Colorado, Idaho, California, Vancouver Island in British Columbia and finally Blue Canyon Mine on Lake Whatcom near Bellingham, Wash. There Joe lifted his eyes to the mountains and found the adventure he had been seeking. He left the coal mine and found his way to the unknown wilderness of the Baker Lake country, south and east of Mount Baker. Locations and relocations of mines by the score, up the slopes of Mount Baker and Mount Shuksan, are listed in Morovits' name in old Whatcom County records.

He wrote: "I located here two miles west of Baker Lake on the 13th day of October 1891, built a cabin fit to move into five days later. I lived alone for 27 years. The closest settler finally come in 12 miles down the river. There were no trails before me, not even blazes. I wanted to prospect the mountains for precious metals and settled to stay until I could clean up a few hundred thousand dollars. Single handed I drove over 1,000 feet of tunnel and shaft work, have washed down thousands of yards of gravel for placer and have built over 40 miles of trail and kept it open all these years. I have been alone nearly all the time, a hermit, but a busy one. I am a jack of all trades. I do iron work and wood work and run my own stamp mill. I put in my own tram, harnessed the water power, took in my own machinery and set it up."

Morovits customarily carried a pack of 100 pounds on his back on the 32-mile trek from the general store at Birdsview on the Skagit River to his homestead. He'd weigh up his bacon, flour, beans, ammunition and dynamite and make up whatever weight was short in whisky. Settlers on the Skagit swear they remember him forging up the trail with an iron cook stove strapped to his back, the oven of which he'd packed tight with supplies, a sack of flour topping the whole, necks of whisky bottles protruding from his pants pockets. He needed a full mile of continuous cable to transport ore for crushing from one of his

mines to the completed stamp mill. While the river people bet one another that Joe had been defeated at last by a task beyond even his gorilla strength, Joe hitched a long line of 22 horses, placed them 10 yards apart, double-looped the great cable in sections from horse to horse and began the drive with a helper. When at last he brought the cable to his claims, he had nothing but his own mighty manpower with which to lift the heavy coils into position in the trees. It took a full year, but he did it and had the pleasure of sending his buckets of ore whizzing down the mountainside on that cable.

If ever he found his few hundred thousands, it was his plan to "move to town, build me a palace, drive an auto and marry me a wife." It wasn't long before he knew the whole thing was a dream—Joe was a smart man—but by then he had come upon a way of life that pleasured him so that he was loth to leave it. Potatoes raised on his ranch, wild berries, Baker River's trout and homing sockeye salmon comprised his main food supplies. Deer, black bear and mountain goats were steady fare on the Morovits menue. Hunting goats was a chore made arduous by the fact that Joe had to come on them from below, alerting them and send them scrambling for the heights. Irked at the unfairness of the situation, Morovits deliberately shot minute toe and fingerholds for himself up a steep rock cliff, blasting away at a route by which he could sneak up above the animals and take them by surprise. Thereafter he brought home goat meat as surely as the housewife brings hamburger from the supermarket.

Morovits' renown as a mountaineer began to spread through the Northwest after July of 1908, when Seattle's Mountaineers, bent on ascent of Mount Baker via a new route pioneered between Park and Boulder glaciers by Joe, camped 54 strong near Baker Lake on the long pack-in from the terminus of a logging train then reaching through to Concrete. "He strode into camp with a 100-pound pack on his back like the mountain itself in human form," wrote one of the club members. "A Bohemian, he wore the mustache of a French Canadian. He wasn't more than 5 feet 9 inches in height, weight around 170 pounds, but he was of a close-knit, muscular build with remarkable girth of chest, belling immediately under his chin and tapering to a small waist. His great arms hung near his knees. An impressive man of swarthy, wild appearance, he had a look of will power and determination about him to match his physical prowess. Without equipment of any kind except for a long pike of fir tipped with a self-made contrivance of steel shaped like the bowl of a large spoon, he had made all the major climbs of the area, seeking out the most violent routes up the mountains as a 'pastime'

compared to the hardships of running a one-man mine and stamp mill."

Morovits often required that the men give him a hand at laying in his hay so he could spare time to guide the mountaineers up his Morovits Route. He led one group; L. A. Nelson, a climber with considerable reputation in the area, led another; and Joe finally stood, with club members, for his seventh time on the summit of 10,778-foot Mount Baker. The mountaineers returned to Seattle with many stories of Joe's gallantry to bloomered lady climbers, of his enormous good spirits and of his place discoveries and guiding ability. Thereafter the Morovits Ranch became a kind of headquarters for mountain climbers seeking guidance, among them an ill-matched couple of an eager young wife, enamored of the mountains, and a husband many years her senior. With Joe, they made camp near the snout of Boulder Glacier. Part way up the mountain the next morning, the husband called a halt, declaring that he could go no farther. He was left with the pack in a protected spot while Joe and the girl continued. Some hours later the husband looked up, horrified at wild whoops of, "Get up! Get up and get aboard!" apparently coming out of the sky.

Followed by a 15-foot rooster tail of snow geysering out from Joe's heels, the couple was glissading down Boulder Glacier tandem-seated at a pace that seemed to the timid husband "30 miles an hour." Heeling in, Joe brought the tandem to a graceful, swirling stop just below the man, lifted the lady from his lap to her feet, casually sauntered up, bade the husband the time of day and shouldered his pack for the return down the mountain. Thereafter all Joe's descents of Mount Baker, some of them on a coal scuttle, were seated glissades, wild slaloms around yawning crevasses accomplished in as little as an hour and 12 minutes from the summit of Mount Baker to snow line. Morovits didn't believe in wasting time.

Joe made his first climb of Mount Baker on August 7, 1892, choosing by mere chance and ignorance the most difficult of all routes, that up the precipitous ice wall of the northeast face, the first and only ascent of that horrendous overhanging cornice until it was climbed by trained members of Portland's Mazamas in 1906. Joe set off up Rainbow Glacier with a group of young men from La Conner on Puget Sound. At the Cockscomb, below the summit, the men came to a halt, declaring that no man possibly could climb the terrible ice wall looming over them. That was all the prod Morovits needed. He later wrote: "Four of the party fagged theirselves and myself out, but two more went on. After a while the other two stopped so I had to go it alone.

So I did it, finding it a thousand times worse than I figured on." Without even the pike he carried on later climbs, Morovits "cut foot notches in the ice with my rifle." Descent was even more harrowing, as Joe found it necessary to creep down backwards, feeling blindly below with his toes for tiny indentations he'd made in the rockhard, shadowed ice of the north side.

By 1900 Joe had a number of original routes to his credit and a tidy record of first ascents, though he attached so little importance to the bagging of mountain heights that he made no effort to leave a mark of his passage on summits. Today, while climbers grant that unlettered Joe doubtless did all to which he laid claim, his interest springing from prospecting far up the Sulphide Creek approach to Mount Shuksan, his name is gone from his "front-door mountain." Nobody disputes his firsts on Mount Baker: first ascent of the dangerous northeast ice face in 1892, establishment of the Morovits Route via the ridge between Park and Boulder Glaciers in 1894, first ascent of Sherman Peak, the secondary summit of Mount Baker, in 1907.

Climbers marveled at his model ranch and fine buildings. Wrote one, "There is no sawed board in any of his buildings. With adze and axe he fashioned hand-rived timbers of cedar as finely met as milled lumber." At his mine cabins, miles beyond reach of the most sure-footed packhorse, Joe had such niceties as sets of china dishes, packed up upon the broad Morovits back. He believed in "eating civilized" even if his fare was primitive. He had an astonishing collection of books, some of them fine editions. Unlike most men who live alone, he kept everything neat as a pin. He bathed every time he passed in the vicinity of the steaming, sulphurous waters of Baker Hot Springs, 2½ miles from his ranch. Here he helped timber cruiser Vic Galbraith dig a hole and line it with logs as a rude bathtub just long enough and deep enough for a good soak.

Morovits was something of a volcanologist, leaving many notes on his observations. He believed there had been three great eruptions of Mount Baker from the Summit Crater, the most recent 100 years before his time, and exulted in the fact that Baker has not "blown her top all to hell and gone" but remains a beauteous cone. He traced old paths of fluctuating glaciers by morainal ridges left in their wake, estimating dates of periods of advancement and recession. He followed the path of a massive avalanche for seven miles down Rainbow Creek, wondering at "rocks sticking in the sides of trees along the edge of its path as high as 30 feet from the roots, as big as a man's two fists and much bigger." From Morovits' account, the name Avalanche Gorge was given to the half-mile-wide devastated area.

In 1907 Joe and six Bellingham men set the first speed record on the mountain, reaching the summit dome in 5½ hours from the snow line. They spent four hours in balmy weather on the top taking elaborate measurements, concluding that the egg-shaped summit is "about 70 acres, more or less." Mount Baker National Forest records of 1916 note that Morovits sold his claims on Sulphide Creek on the southeasterly side of Mount Shuksan, where "ore samples taken out (sic) show values up to more than $2,000 per ton." In 1917 Joe was forced to sell his homestead and the Fourth of July Mines to a group of men who held a lien on the mill. The men never worked the mines, but used the ranch as a base camp for hunting and logging.

Joe paid up his debts and disappeared from his mountains, the river pioneers tell me, in 1918. Some oldtimers claim he went back to coal mining as a powder monkey, a trade for which his experience would have suited him. They say he earned $25 a day, more money than he'd seen in his life before, but that he was grievously injured and crippled only a short time later when he was struck on the head and shoulders by an enormous chunk of coal. They say that the wonderful love of life burned low in him, that only once did he come back to see his mountains. Shrunken and wasted he was, with a rigid brace about his neck, though his years were not advanced. He died a charity patient in some city hospital or nursing home, according to these chroniclers.

This fate for Joe is rejected by others who knew him.

"Joe never went back to coal mining," they scoff. "Man like that couldna worked for any other man. Went into the wilderness mountains of Idaho, Joe did, with no more stake than his 100-pound pack and his rifle. There's some Saint Joe Mountains in the Bitterroots mighta been named for him. No, I think he was clawed by a bear, somewheres all alone, and his bones lie a-bleaching in the sun and the snows to this day. Joe was mean to bears, he was."

I'd just as soon never learn where Joe is buried, for to me he lives, in a way, on his Mount Baker in a hundred stories of derring-do, in a one-ton mortar rusting in the vine maples—Morovits, the mighty man of the mountains.

SILENT LAWRIE

IN THE NORTH CASCADES

By GENE FAURE

In September of 1916, the Great Northern Railway financed an expedition into the North Cascades for the purpose of publicizing the area and thereby building tourist-traffic revenues. The star of the expedition was the late Mary Roberts Rinehart, who is now remembered chiefly for her classic detective stories, but in her day was also well known for her writings on wilderness mountains and forests of the American West. Mrs. Rinehart was accompanied by her family, officials of the Great Northern Railway and the United States Forest Service, and a retinue of guides, packers, and camp helpers.

In 1917 Mrs. Rinehart published her account of the trip in *Cosmopolitan Magazine* under the title, "A Pack Train in the Cascades," and later in a book, *Tenting Tonight.* In 1961 the North Cascades Conservation Council reprinted the story in *The Wild Cascades.*

A companion Mrs. Rinehart mentions often, and always fondly, is "Silent Lawrie," otherwise known as Lawrence D. Lindsley, member of a pioneer Seattle family and an early-day explorer of the North Cascades.

One evening in the fall of 1962 his longtime friend, Gene Fauré, arranged to have a tape recorder on hand at one of their social get-togethers. We here present excerpts from the transcript of that conversation, with special emphasis on the Rinehart journey. Some editorial liberties have been taken in rearranging and condensing, and in adding a few explanatory words here and there, but the aim has been to retain the personal, informal flavor of that evening.

And so, imagine yourself fortunate enough to be sitting around a campfire someplace in the North Cascades, listening to Silent Lawrie reminisce at random. . . .

* * *

I was born at the foot of Lake Union. My father was first mate on a boat that brought coal down Lake Washington to the University. As he came near port he'd step out of the pilot house

and call the coal cars and when they got the boat tied up a car was there waiting. They took the coal up Westlake to the Pike Street Market where they put the coal in bunkers, and the ships would load up.

My grandfather was David C. Denny and my grandmother, Louisa Boren, was the first woman married here in Seattle. I was their first grandchild. I spent a lot of my growing-up years with my grandfather. He taught me to shoot only what I needed, and to let the rest go—shooting what you don't need is murder. My mother wouldn't let me go downtown in Seattle because at that time they were shanghaiing trusting kids, and she didn't want that.

My father built a log cabin at the foot of Queen Anne Hill. They got the timber from the top of Queen Anne Hill. Our family had property stretching clear to the bay—Mercer Street was the north boundary of our property, and Denny Way was the south boundary. There was a rumor that Chief Seattle built a cabin thereabouts for Princess Angeline, his daughter, but I don't think she ever got that far from town—at least I never saw her there. Indians used to come see my grandfather a lot.

* * *

We had a ranch at 25 Mile Creek on Lake Chelan.

Railroad Creek, coming out at Lucerne, was named that because it sounded like a train. It's one of my favorite valleys. We used to camp quite a bit there, on the bar at Lucerne, and I used to stand and listen to the trains come in, the sound was so real.

I remember one time at Dan Devore's camp above Lucerne. He had a pan of trout, and they were sure beautiful. Dan set them down over on the woodbox. His dog, Whiskers, was running loose, and while we were eating dinner I turned around and saw Whiskers making a good meal out of those trout.

* * *

It was back in 1916—46 years ago—that I went into the North Cascades with Mary Roberts Rinehart. I was partly cook and partly guide. I was 38 years old then.

Mrs. Rinehart was one of the most observant people I've ever guided through the mountains. There didn't seem to be anything that escaped her eyes at all. She was asking questions all the time, taking notes, and she was having a good time.

Mrs. Rinehart mentions Silent Lawrie's close observations of nature in *Tenting Tonight*. "He knew every tiniest flower and plant that thrust its head above the leafmold. He saw them all, too. Peanuts, his horse, made his own way now, and the naturalist sat a trifle sideways in his saddle and showed me his discov-

eries. . . . I am no naturalist, so I rode behind him, notebook in hand. . . ."

Her husband was on the trip, and her boys. They were 16, 13 and 10. In her story she called them "Big One," "Middle One," and "Little One."

Dan Devore was the one that packed them, and he ran the packtrain. He liked to take people out and was good at it. My first horse—a strawberry roan—came from him. Mr. and Mrs. Fred Fury came along. Fred had a good deal to do with planting the orchards in the upper country there, especially in the Okanogan-Winthrop area. The Furys were good sports. Mrs. Fury could get out and ride and pack with any of them. Mrs. Rinehart worried about her and was afraid she couldn't do it, but she was right at home, you know.

The Great Northern talked Mrs. Rinehart into going to the North Cascades and they footed the bill. It cost them $2 a day for a saddle horse, $1.50 for a pack horse, and $4 for a man.

Bob Mills—the "Optimist"—was the advertising agent for the Great Northern Railway, and the head of the party. He knew about me—I'd worked for the Great Northern at Glacier National Park—so that's why I was asked along. It wasn't Mrs. Rinehart that gave me the moniker "Silent Lawrie." I'd been called that a long time—because I was usually quiet and didn't say much, or talked a lot and didn't say much, I wasn't ever too sure.

There were two trips. We made one trip of about 30 miles—up to Cloudy Pass—came up around Lyman Lake—and down into the Agnes. At that time there was a route from Leavenworth over Buck Creek Pass to Suiattle Pass. I think there also was a way to get down into Darrington from up there. Then we made a camp somewhere around Bullion Camp. It wasn't much of a trip at all. The mountains were wild, but Mrs. Rinehart exaggerated the horrors of the trail.

And the other trip up to Doubtful Lake and Cascade Pass—it was steeper but it wasn't much more dangerous than the other one. The way she told about Doubtful Lake, it was absolutely horrible. The only place that was really bad—and that was scarey, I was scared myself a little—was where the snow had slid down right across the trail, and there was a big snow arch. I went across, and sent word for everybody to get out of their saddles. I told Mrs. Rinehart to stay right where she was and hold her horse. I took my little old saddle horse, Peanuts, and walked over. I figured if he got over, okay. He did. I went back and helped Mrs. Rinehart across the snow. It was rather hard and a little bit slippery, but it wasn't dangerous.

Mrs. Rinehart hated to get off and walk and she made the trip sound like a terrific enterprise. I thought it was a quiet, simple trip with good trails. We had good horses. All we had to do was drop the reins and let them alone because the leader up ahead paced them off at about the right speed—they were just poking along at 2-3 miles an hour. When she wrote about the trip I think she got our horses mixed up with some of those Glacier National Park horses. None of our horses fell down any cliffs. I don't remember any horses in our pack train falling down at all. She must mean Glacier National Park, because they had some real bad trails there. I remember one set of switchbacks where packers lost a horse every trip.

She says the horses starved on part of our trip. Sometimes there wasn't much feed, but there wasn't anything to worry about when they didn't have feed for one night. Then we got to Doubtful Lake which was long on feed.

She mentions a sheepherder who got his leg cut with an ax, and had blood poisoning. The owner of the herd, he packed him down the switchbacks away up in the high hills. And brought him down there at Stehekin and put him on the boat and took him down to Wenatchee. He got through all right—they put him in the hospital and he came out okay. In her story she said she didn't know what had become of him.

Sheep do a tremendous amount of damage to the mountain meadows. They have very sharp hooves and very thin lips—and eat right down to the grass roots. They graze for two or three years, then they have to go somewhere else.

She mentions a miner with a patch on his eye, up at Heart Lake. We had lunch there. During the winter there when the fellows working in the mines got together they were great singers. This fellow wanted to sing for her, and of all the hideous sounds I have ever heard! Well, he did it. He was out in the open and no place for the reflection of his voice, and he started a little too high. He said, "I start a leetle high," and then he lowered his voice a bit and was worse than ever. He finally had to give up.

SPANISH CAMP

HIGH COUNTRY

By DONNA HAWKINS

The northeasternmost corner of the North Cascades Primitive Area is for Washington State a different sort of wilderness, reminiscent of the Rocky Mountains of Wyoming and Montana. It is relatively remote and is rarely visited by climbers, although mountains are to be found. For two summers my husband, who was doing a petrologic study of this part of the Okanogan Range, and I roamed the country defined by Lake Creek and the Ashnola River on the west, the U.S.-Canadian border on the north, the 120th meridian on the east, and the Chewack River on the south.

The remoteness of this area's high country from the road has been its saving. Five dusty miles of the Andrews Creek trail or seven miles of the Chewack trail must be covered before you are at the boundary of the primitive area. From the boundaries to the high country near Spanish Camp cabin it is at least another ten miles.

The topography is rugged—a subdued and rounded land form that has been sharply dissected by streams and by Pleistocene and Recent glaciation. Although there are no glaciers now, recently-formed cirques are evident on the north and northeastern sides of Remmel, Amphitheater, Bald, Sheep, Apex, Wolframite and Cathedral Peaks and Bauerman Ridge. Cathedral Peak in particular has a horn-like form. There are vestiges of a more extensive earlier stage of glaciation shown by subdued cirque forms on the south and southeastern sides of the larger peaks. Besides the dissected mountains, the deep valleys, and the moraines, the lakes and tarns are the loveliest reminders of the Okanogan glaciers.

A geologist can learn much from the talus piles at the base of peaks or from traverses made well below the summit. If the geologist is also a mountaineer, he is happy, however, to take his samples from the summits. We climbed Cathedral Peak from the pass, going up a dike zone which crosses the ridge crest just west of the summit. From there it is a scramble up a series of chimneys. A rope was needed for the last fifty feet. Cathedral

Peak is infrequently climbed by this route and probably has never been climbed by any other. The 1500-foot southeast face, which suggests an enormous stained-glass window, is fifth and sixth class climbing. Another demanding route is the northeast ridge.

North of Cathedral Peak, straddling the International Boundary, is a short, but extremely rugged ridge. Atop one of its aiguilles was placed Monument 95 by what must have been an intrepid survey crew, equipped, one hopes, for the fifth and sixth class climb. The rock of both Cathedral Peak and the border aiguilles is "granitic" in the same sense that the rock of the Mt. Stuart area or Yosemite is "granitic."

From here on, the numerous ridges and peaks come within the ambit of the viewfinder. The summits of Remmel, Andrews, Fred's, Peepsight, Apex, and Wolframite Peaks and Bald Mountain and Bauerman Ridge offer fine views of each other as well as views of the distant peaks of the North Cascades from Silver Star Peak into Canada. One or more of the fifteen alpine lakes is usually visible.

We had wondered what the high country would be like in winter. We visualized rolling slopes covered with deep powder snow and ideal terrain for ski touring to all parts of the area. Many slopes looked as though they would provide exciting downhill runs. We were, then, very interested when told that Charles and Marion Hessey had made an early April ski tour to the Spanish Camp country. A spring visit to this country would be problematical because of snow on the Chewack road; but this particular season, because of logging and a short snowfall, the road was kept open to within six miles of the Andrews Creek trail. Six miles of road added to sixteen miles of trail place the tour within the realm of the hardy.

Mr. Hessey writes: "Heavy snow, heavy packs, and an elusive trail kept our mileage down, but we did reach the cabin the third day in rapidly deteriorating weather. . . . The terrain is ideal for touring. Bald Mountain was an exciting place—the hub of the scenic wheel. Our favorite tour took us to Cathedral Pass. We went twice, once by way of the summer trail to return via the west shoulder of Amphitheater. The second time we went and returned by the latter route. There are no long steep runs; the terrain is gentle for skiing, but there is much variety in it and the eight- or nine-mile round trip gave us a good day. We saw goats in the vicinity of Amphitheater Peak and Cathedral Pass and ptarmigan on Bald Mountain. Marten haunted the cabin area, ermine tracks and rabbit tracks were common. . . . The winter scene at Spanish Camp is a wilderness scene, and the

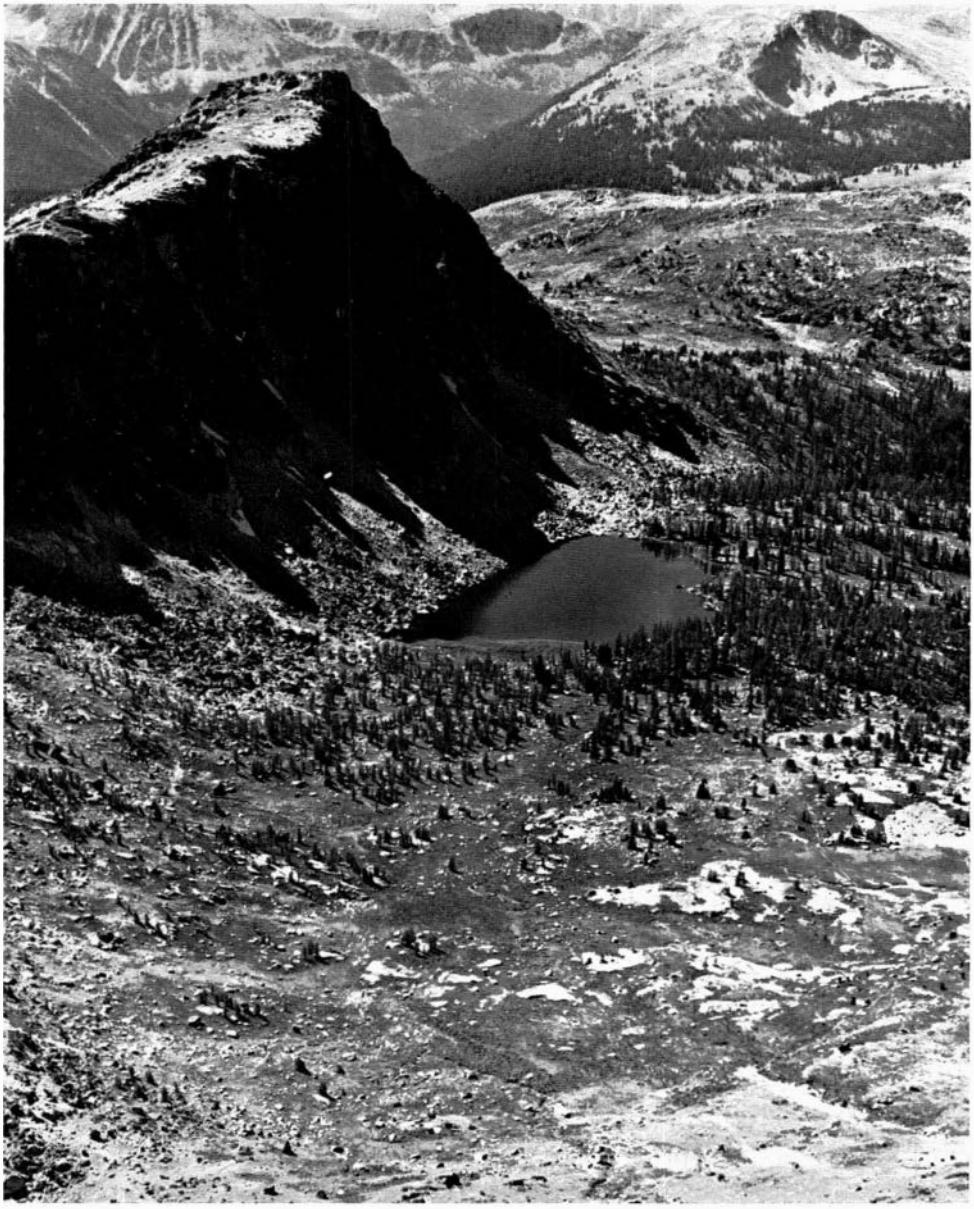
gently rising slopes offer irresistible temptations to move around on skis, to climb up to where the distant western summits are visible, and of course, to enjoy the downhill skiing on return."

The Spanish Camp country is left to itself until the middle of June, when the trails become clear of snow. The people of the upper Methow Valley glory in the open, lightly timbered meadows which begin at Spanish Camp. They are frequent summer and fall visitors. A few of them find work in the high country. During lulls in the summer farmwork, packers bring in tourists, many of whom were raised in the Okanogan. A dairyman from Mazama stays from the middle of August to the end of September at the cabin the Forest Service has built for its personnel at Spanish Camp. He clears trails, places new sign posts, registers and helps visitors, maintains the cabin, and watches for fires. Some are employed on the Winthrop Ranger District trail crews. A cowboy, whom everyone refers to as the Lesamiz rider, drives Lesamiz Ranch cattle from Loomis, past Long Swamp, and up the Chewack trail to the high country and on to Sheep Mountain.

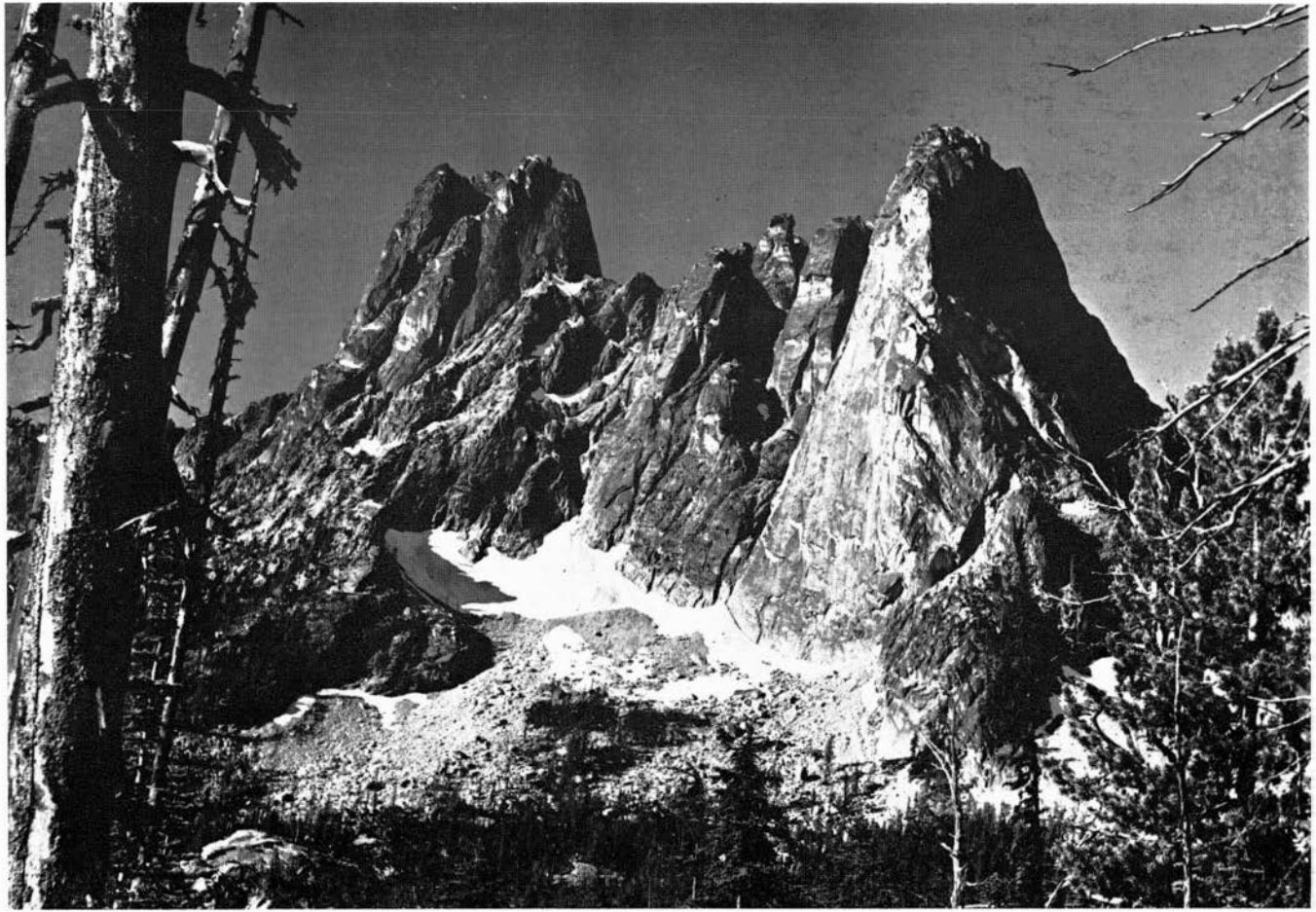
We met people who were at Spanish Camp in the 1920s or 1930s. They remember the grass and flowers as growing so high that they brushed the stirrups of the saddles. This is not true today. When we asked for reasons we were told variously: the meadows were overgrazed; it was wetter then; the big fire burned it beyond recovery. Roy Kumm, the Forest Service man at Spanish Camp was skeptical: "People's stirrups stretched some," he said. As we camped one year at Andrews Pass an old man leading a horse with an enormous awkward load, came toward our campsite. At the very top of the load was a scythe, with which he proposed to cut for the horse this stirrup-high grass he remembered from thirty years before.

As with the condition of the Spanish Camp grass, there is more than one reason for the network of trails. We have been told that in the old days before helicopters and smoke jumpers, the ranger spent a lot of time in the saddle patrolling the district. Others say the trails were made by sheepherders who now have become cattlemen. This is plausible, for the Lesamiz rider does keep up trails which are convenient short cuts for him. By other accounts, the marten trappers built the trails. A poor market caused the trappers to leave around World War II. We found their rusty traps hanging from trees.

The Forest Service, hard pressed for funds, maintains the three trails for which there is the greatest demand. The Andrews Creek trail is the shortest way to Spanish Camp and is used by the majority of travelers. The Chewack and the Lake Creek trails are well maintained. Eight miles up the Chewack trail a branch



Amphitheater Mountain and Upper Cathedral Lake from Cathedral Peak
James Hawkins



Liberty Bell from near Washington Pass — *Gene Dodson*

goes to Spanish Camp via the Tungsten Mine and Cathedral Pass. Minor trails crisscross the area, but most of them have been neglected for decades. Their junctions are marked by the oldest vintage Forest Service signposts. Fortunately, the Winthrop Ranger District map shows all but the most hopeless trails; and by not distinguishing the good from the bad trails, the map does not discourage people from trying all of them.

East of Cathedral Pass at the base of Wolframite Mountain are the remains of a tungsten mine, which was originally developed by a German syndicate in the early 1900s. At the outbreak of World War I, the mine was seized by the United States government. The German mineworkers, presumably, were deported. The mine adits are collapsed and great quantities of mining equipment and debris surround the workings, testifying to the immense effort to supply the mine and to send out the ore. A narrow-gauge wagon road was used to carry the ore out by way of Ewart Creek into Canada and back across the border to Loomis. The heavy equipment was moved by iron-runnered sledges in winter. Several of these sledges can be found rusting in the brush by the side of the road, which has mostly been reclaimed by the wilderness.

Part of the mine workings was destroyed by the great fire of 1929, but two of the mine buildings were saved by the heroic efforts of the caretaker. The snags left by the fire are forever creaking and groaning. When the wind blows harder, they whistle. The windy ridges of the country about the mine are paced by stunted firs, larches and pines.

Over the years a dismaying amount of garbage has come to litter the ground around the mine buildings. Very little vandalism has occurred, however. The bunkhouse remains a comfortable shelter in stormy weather, although its age, its memories of failure, of fire, not to mention the creaking gates and doors, have their effects upon the sensitive. A cookstove, nine feet long, with three large fireboxes and a cavernous oven, works as well today as it did over fifty years ago.

It was not always a story of the wealth leaving the country. Rumors persist that smugglers packed in whiskey over the old narrow-gauge road during Prohibition. Another story has it that moose meat was smuggled down from Canada during the Depression.

In the course of the field work we camped three weeks at or near the Spanish Camp cabin or at the nearby trail shelter. Our stays in early September coincided with early storms; and the hospitality and shelter offered to the itinerant geologist and his wife were greatly appreciated. The cabin is a gathering point

for the Forest Service people who are working in the region. Visiting packers, hunters, and tourists are entreated to sign the register and, perhaps, to come in and get warm.

The most colorful of the visitors arrived during the September high hunt. The Fire Guard was happily frantic to register the hunters, provide hot coffee (they needed it; it had never been windier at Andrews Pass, people said), and to round up lost equipment and horses.

One evening the four most active packers came in for the promised cup of coffee. They had been bringing in hunters for days with only the barest minimum of sleep. In fact, one mentioned that he dozed off in the saddle; it had been so cold at night that he could hardly hold on to the reins. The packers were a rugged-looking crew. Two of them were quite tall. Someone estimated that those two together would measure fourteen feet. The four were unshaven, clad in stetsons and blue denim jackets and pants which were terribly dusty from the trail. They sat in a row and, of course, they all drank their coffee black.

A favorable account of the high hunt had just come out in *Outdoor Life*. The effect was to draw an unprecedented number of hunters. The trail foreman said he reckoned every horse in the Northwest was there and to prove it he said he had seen that morning a Shetland pony carrying a small boy and a bedroll. He said, "The pony just stood there at the fence and hung his head." One of the packers commented sarcastically about the "coast horses" being brought in, horses that aren't used to trail work. We heard of a small dog whose owner had kindly brought him with her to the hunt. The dog was shivering, but this was to be expected as he was a "coast dog" and not used to the elevation at the Andrews Creek corral (about 3000 feet).

We had long since decided that this country must be met on its own terms. Our lightweight equipment had met with scorn. "Why, I wouldn't go out in the woods unless I could carry a proper camp with me!" said the trail foreman, who would come in leading a pack horse laden with supplies and equipment. For long periods of time we did not eat our dehydrated foods, including the freeze-dried steaks, because our Okanogan friends, from compassion, kept us supplied with fresh food.

The feeling of the "inland" people for the high country is illustrated by an exchange we heard around the stove at the Spanish Camp cabin. A sarcastic coast hunter asked one of the Forest Service men how much they had to pay to get him to work way out there in the woods, $3000 a month? The Forest Service man answered indignantly, "Why, I'd take the offer of the job and fifty dollars a month."

SHORT TRIPS

AMONG BIG MOUNTAINS

By PEGGY FERBER

My original personal impression of the North Cascades, gained during the several climbing seasons before A Mountaineer became more important than The Mountaineers, was that it was a large and fascinating area composed of predominantly vertical real estate, proper domain only of those fit of limb and wind and daring of spirit (namely climbers like myself). The specific Mountaineer, however, soon provided me with certain problems which precluded, at least temporarily, extensive excursions to the beckoning summits, and the question became: where can we go with the kids?

As any good parent knows, a four-year-old covers in any average day a considerable amount of mileage. Getting him to cover it in a more or less straight line toward a predetermined destination is another matter entirely. The problem therefore had to be specifically defined as follows: what trips are available which involve a limited hiking distance and a reasonable elevation gain preferably with a lake or view to make the whole thing worthwhile? There are, unquestionably, many such places in the North Cascades.

Taking the broader view, we must face the fact that if sufficient public interest is to be aroused to assure permanent preservation of the North Cascades it must be made clear that there is something there for everyone, not just for climbers and fishermen, that there are worthwhile short hikes for those limited by time or physical ability. It was thus that the idea of this article was born. Many people have been involved in its completion, principally John Warth, who spent a great deal of time studying maps, periodicals, and other available literature to supplement his wide knowledge of the area.

The following chart is not exhaustive and in some cases mileage and elevation had to be estimated. Furthermore it is important to remember that pertinent information is constantly changing: new roads are being built, trails improved or allowed to deteriorate. However, as far as it goes, I hope that it will provide useful information; for after all, the North Cascades are for people, even little ones.

Trip	Miles	Elev. gain	Highway	Highway turnoff	Trail start	Points of interest	Comments
MT. BAKER REGION							
Winchester (6521) Lookout and Twin Lakes (5200)	1½	1400	State 1	Shuksan	Road end	View to S. of Twin Lakes and Mt. Baker, N. into Canada	Twin Lakes Road narrow and steep. Difficult switchbacks
Hannegan Pass (6186)	4	2000	State 1	Shuksan	Road end	View E. into North Cascades Primitive Area	Ruth Mt. to S. is easy snow climb, providing close-up views of Mt. Shuksan
Lake Ann	3½	500	State 1		Austin Pass	Meadows and glaciers on Mt. Shuksan	
Park Butte Lookout	4		State 16 (17A)	Concrete	End Sulphur Creek Road	View of Mt. Baker and Black Buttes	
Upper Baker River	3	200	State 16 (17A)	Concrete	Road end	View up Sulphide Cr. of Mt. Shuksan. E. into Primitive Area	Magnificent remnant of valley forest, elsewhere flooded out by Baker River dams. Huge trees
UPPER SKAGIT DRAINAGE							
Sauk Lookout	2	1300	State 16 (17A)	7 mi. E. of Concrete	7 mi. up logging road	Best view of all North Cascades: Baker, Pickets, Eldorado, Glacier Peak	Sauk Lake lies below lookout. Short side trip
Goodell Creek	3	800	State 16 (17A)	Newhalem	End passable road	Close up of Pickets and Mt. Despair.	Follow abandoned logging road
Ross Dam Trail	4½	500	State 16 (17A)	Diablo Dam	Diablo Resort	Views across lake S. into proposed park	May return via boat from Ross Dam
Hidden Lakes Peak (7000)	5½		State 16 (17A)	Cascade Riv. Rd.	End of Sibley Creek Road	View of core of proposed park, Cascade Pass, Eldorado, Dome, Formidable, etc.	Trail good except for 1 mi. subalpine brush. Check with ranger station
Cascade Pass	2½	1000	State 16 (17A)	Marblemount	Road end	Views of Johannesburg and Eldorado. Alphine meadows	Side trip to Doubtful Lake (5400)
GLACIER PEAK REGION							
Boulder R. Falls	1	Level	State 1E	1½ mi. E. of Hazel	End *old* road	Twin Falls on side stream. Vertical flower gardens	Four falls in all. Lovely rain forest setting
Buck Creek	1	200	State 1E	12 mi. N. of Darrington	Buck Creek Campground	View into trailless canyon in one of least explored parts of Cascades	Moss on rocks and trees
Sulphur Hot Springs	1½	200	State 1E	12 mi. N. of Darrington	Sulphur Creek	Small springs near creek	Superb rain forest
Pilot Ridge	6	3450	Mt. Loop Highway	Bedal	Sloan Creek Campground	Views S. of Monte Cristo Range and N. to Glacier Peak	Ridge is southern boundary of Glacier Peak Wilderness area
Green Mt. Meadow	3½	3600	State 1E	12 mi. N. of Darrington	Downey Cr. on Suiattle R.	Lush herbage, flowers	May want to climb all the way to lookout. Carry water
Meadow Mountain Trail	6		Mt. Loop Highway	Whitechuck River Rd.	7 mi. beyond Whitechuck Campground	Glacier Peak, meadow country	For best view climb ridge (no trail) from meadow 5½ miles in.
Kennedy Hot Springs	6	1400	Mt. Loop Highway	Whitechuck	Road end	Small hot springs at foot of Glacier Peak	View of Glacier Peak from creek
MONTE CRISTO REGION							
Lake 22 (2460)	2	1500	Mt. Loop Highway		1½ mi. E. of Verlot	Lake at foot of cliffs on Mt. Pilchuck	Entire hike within Lake 22 Natural Area. Giant cedar trees

Trip	Miles	Elev. gain	Highway	Highway turnoff	Trail start	Points of interest	Comments
Pinnacle Lake (3820)	1½	1400	Mt. Loop Highway	Schweitzer Cr. Rd.	Bear Lake Trail	Typical small cirque lake. Trail passes Bear Lake	Can climb up inlet stream to more lakes near summit of Mt. Pilchuck
Mt. Forgotten viewpoint	4	2400	Mt. Loop Highway	1 mi. S. Big Four Inn site	End Perry Cr. Road	Peaks in all directions, including Glacier	Trail ends on meadow ridge. Take right fork near top. Several peaks to climb nearby
Mt. Dickerman (5766)	5	3800	Mt. Loop Highway		1 mi. S. of Perry Cr. Road	View of all peaks in Monte Cristo region	Ideal as a snow climb in early summer
Lake Blanca (4064)	4	2700	U. S. 2	Index turnoff	Near road end	Alpine lake with Columbia and Keyes Peaks in background	
Twin Lakes (4700)	5	2300	Mt. Loop Highway	Barlow Pass	Monte Cristo Resort	Alpine lakes with cliffs of Columbia behind	Trail passes near Silver Lake
Goat Lake (3154)	5	1300	Mt. Loop Highway		Elliot Cr.	Ghost mining camp	Inquire at Ranger Station about possible use of logging road which parallels trail
Glacier Basin (4100)	2	1200	Mt. Loop Highway	Barlow Pass–Monte Cristo	End of Monte Cristo Road	Glacial cirque—surrounded by Monte Cristo, Foggy, Cadet peaks	Easy trail—follows steep creek bed
SKYKOMISH REGION							
Barclay Lake (2300)	5	2000	U. S. 2	Baring	End of spur road	Views straight up sheer 3800-ft. N. face of Baring	Eagle Lake (3750) lies 3 miles to N. via fair trail
Trout Lake (2012)	3	500	U. S. 2	Foss R. Rd. 2 mi. E. of Skykomish	End of Foss River Rd.	Small lake in timber surrounded by rocky hills	Trail continues up hill to alpine Copper L., Heart L., etc.
Surprise Lake (4600)	4½	2100	U. S. 2	Scenic	Railroad tracks	Scenic semi-alpine lake	Glacier Lake lies ½ mi. to S. Surprise Mt. Lookout may be reached by stronger hikers
Valhalla Lake	3¼	2700	U. S. 2	2 mi. N.E. Stevens Pass	End spur road	Picturesque alpine lake	Trail begins as a crude shortcut to Crest Trail, which is an old railroad grade. Saves 2 miles
SALMON LA SAC REGION							
Pete Lake (4900)	5	200	State 2E (Salmon La Sac Rd.)	2 mi. N. of Cle Elum Lk.	Road end near Cooper Lake	Photogenic lake backdropped by "Great Wall" of Cascade Crest	Road being built to within two miles of lake. May or may not be open to public
Polallie Lookout	6	2700	State 2E (Salmon La Sac Rd.)	2 mi. N. of Cle Elum Lk.	Road end near Cooper Lake	Most comprehensive view of Salmon La Sac country	A longer approach is via ridge trail from Salmon La Sac. Could make a loop
Hyas Lake	1½	200	State 2E (Salmon La Sac Rd.)		Road end at Fish L. Meadows	Large lake near Cathedral Rock	Extremely popular hike
MOUNT STUART REGION							
Icicle Ridge Lookout	4	4800	U. S. 2	Leavenworth	2 mi. beyond 8-mile Cr.	View S. of entire Stuart Range. Icicle Canyon below	Best for early summer or fall. Carry water
Trout Lake	5	2300	U. S. 2	Leavenworth	Chatter Cr. campground	Shallow but picturesque lake with unnamed peaks beyond	Spectacular with snow in early summer
Stuart Pass	3	2000	U. S. 97	Teanaway River Rd.	End N. Fk. Road	Close-up view of Mt. Stuart	First part of hike up road. Ingalls Lake is 1 mi. N. via easy cross-country hiking

Trip	Miles	Elev. gain	Highway	Highway turnoff	Trail start	Points of interest	Comments
Yellow Butte	2½	1500	Teanaway River Rd.	Mid. Fk. Bridge 5 mi. W. of Casland	Near end old logging road	Striking panorama of Stuart Range. Yellow-walled canyon below	Old logging road usually passable. Best view early summer
					WENATCHEE DRAINAGE		
Indian Creek	3	Level	State 15C State 15D	1 mi. W. Lk. Wenatchee	White R. Falls Campground	Views of Clark Mt. Boundary of Glacier Peak Wilderness area	First mile primitive road; may have been improved. Lovely forests along river
Twin Lakes	4	800	State 15C State 15D	1 mi. W. Lk. Wenatchee	Napeequa River	Moderate elevation lake. White Mt. to NW	Trail leads up lovely Napeequa Valley, then climbs steeply. No fishing in lakes
Hidden Lake	½	500	State 15C	South Shore Road	Glacier View Campground	Secluded lake in Ponderosa pine forest. Garnet schist rock	Very easy hike
Dirty Face Lookout	5	4100	State 15C State 15D		Lake Wenatchee Ranger Station	View of all the peaks from Mt. Stuart north to Bonanza	Hot, dry trail; carry water. Best early summer or fall. Fine flower displays
Estes Butte	4	2900	State 15C	Lk. Wenatchee Jct. (Chiwawa Rd.)	Rock Creek	Panorama of 8000-9000 ft. peaks plus Glacier Peak	Best for early summer or fall.
First Chiwawa	2½	900	State 15C	Lk. Wenatchee Jct.	1 mi. beyond Trinity	Close-up view of peaks in Glacier Peak Wilderness area	Hike up abandoned mining road. Views all along road. Can continue to upper meadows
					CHELAN AREA		
Navarre Peaks (N. Peak 7900 ft.) (S. Peak 8200 ft.)		1080 1380	U. S. 97	E. Chelan Ridge Rd. at Chelan	Ridge Trail to Stehekin	West view of Cascades across Lake Chelan Trench	Easy scrambling in meadows
Miners Basin	4½		U. S. 97	E. Chelan Ridge Rd. at Chelan	Ridge Trail to Stehekin	Open meadow country	Easy
(See Upper Skagit Area)							
Lower Horseshoe Basin	1½	Level from road end	U. S. 97	Boat from Chelan to Stehekin	End of Stehekin River Rd.	Views of Buckner and Cascade Pass from alpine meadows	Very easy. Continue on same trail to Upper Horseshoe Basin
Upper Horseshoe Basin			U. S. 97	Boat to Stehekin	Continue on Lower Horseshoe Basin Trail—forks to right at rockslide	Waterfalls, glacial cirque, mining debris. Site of *Stinson* mine	
Pelton Lake and Cascade Pass (5392)	3 5		U. S. 97	Boat from Chelan to Stehekin	End of Stehekin River Rd.		Good trail
					METHOW VALLEY		
Slate Peak (7488) and Harts Pass (6197)	2	1300	State 16	Hwy. 97 at Pateros	Harts Pass	Cascade Crest Trail extends into North Cascades Primitive area	Easy, open meadow country

1963 NORTH CASCADES

NATIONAL PARK PROPOSAL

Compiled by NORTH CASCADES CONSERVATION COUNCIL

A North Cascades National Park was first proposed by the Mazamas in 1906, and following that the first director of the National Park Service, Stephen Mather, planned an investigation of the park potential of the area in 1916. The next year the writer Mary Roberts Rinehart endorsed the idea of such a park in the *Cosmopolitan* magazine serialized account of a trip she made into the area. In 1919, the Yakima and Spokane Chambers of Commerce called for the creation of a national park in the region. In the 1920's, The Mountaineers focused attention on the need for preserving the North Cascades, and in 1929 Willard Van Name called again for the creation of a North Cascades National Park in his famous book the *Vanishing Forest Reserves.* In June of 1937, the director of the Park Service, Arno Cammerer, appointed a special committee headed by O. A. Tomlinson, the Superintendent of Mt. Rainier National Park, to further investigate the national park potential of the area. In November of 1937, the committee reported back that "the area is unquestionably of national park caliber, is more valuable used as such than for any other use now ascertainable, and should receive park status under the National Park Service as the agency set up for providing highest conservational use and protection." Though the area the committee studied covered more than twice the area now proposed for park status, their assessment of the significance of the area remains valid for the core of that area now under consideration. In its report the committee said such a North Cascades Park "will outrank in its scenic, recreational, and wildlife values, any existing national park and any other possibility for such a park within the United States."

Weldon Heald explained the basis of this assessment in a 1949 book on *The Cascades,* in giving a summary description of the area. He said it "is packed solidly with hundreds of square miles of soaring peaks massed together in lines, groups, and knots. They rise steeply thousands of feet from narrow valleys clothed in a jungle-like growth of huge evergreens and tangled underbrush.

. . . Hundreds of glaciers mantle the summits, hang high in cirques under rocky ridges, and stream down the mountain sides into the valleys. There are probably twice—possibly three times —as many glaciers in this one area as in all the other ranges of the United States put together. . . . And hidden away among these twisted, convoluted mountains are enough lakes, meadows, waterfalls, alpine basins, and sweeping panoramas to keep the lover of the outdoors busy for a lifetime."

Impressed by these evaluations, the Park Service looked at the area again in a 1946 survey of possible new parks. Bills to authorize detailed studies of the park potential of the area were introduced by Washington Congressmen in the 86th and 87th Congresses.

General Provisions and Acreages

The area designated as a public park is divided into two divisions with different names. The larger division on the west will be known as the North Cascades National Park and will be managed in the manner of most national parks. The smaller division on the east will be known as the Chelan National Mountain Recreation Area and will be managed in the same manner as the larger division with one exception. That exception is that the hunting of deer and other game animals will be permitted within its boundaries.

The boundaries were chosen in terms of four main criteria. The first criterion used was: the inclusion of the national features desirable for a viable and logical national park. The application of this criterion involved consideration of which scenic features merited inclusion in terms of national park standards (1936 statement of the Director of the National Park Service; "National Parks are spacious land areas, distinguished by scenic beauty or natural wonders, so outstandingly superior in quality to average examples of their several types as to be distinctly national in importance and interest, justifying their preservation in an unimpaired state as part of a national park system for the enjoyment, education, and inspiration of all the people for all time."), the provision of sufficient utility space and of access corridors, the selection of boundaries which would be easily administrable and evaluating the potential worth of scenic areas that had been subjected to past disturbance by man.

The second criterion used was: the extension of national park protection to areas of significant scenic value that might otherwise be subject to future impairment.

The third criterion used was: the minimization of conflicts with alternative commodity resources where that could be done in keeping with the first two criteria.

The fourth criterion used was: the choice of boundary lines that would be workable (i.e., should be readily recognizable on the ground, should follow topographical features where possible, should be capable of precise legal description, and should tend to minimize management problems stemming from abutting jurisdictions).

The scenic entity now proposed for park status consists of 1,308,186 acres, 458,505 acres within the Glacier Peak Wilderness Area and 849,681 acres in the added areas. This park would be the seventh largest unit in the national park system and the fourth largest national park (behind Yellowstone, Mt. McKinley, and Everglades). It would be less than half the size, though, of the largest unit in the system (Katmai National Monument), but nearly half again as large as the largest unit presently in Washington state, Olympic National Park (896,599 acres).

The proposed park would be located in five counties: Whatcom (49,526 acres), Skagit (273,519 acres), Snohomish (283,764 acres), Chelan (643,429 acres), and Okanogan (57,948 acres). The acreage for the park would be taken from four national forests: Mt. Baker (590,214 acres, Snoqualmie (16,595 acres), Wenatchee (administered areas) (643,429 acres), and Okanogan (administered areas) (57,948 acres). Thus 606,809 acres of the park would be on the west slope and 701,377 acres on the east slope.

As a result of the creation of the park, the percentage of reserved land in each county would be as follows: 34.9% in Whatcom County (now 31.2%); 24.7% in Skagit County (now 6.8%); 23.9% in Snohomish County (now 9.5%); 41.1% in Chelan County (now 22.5%); and 12.7% in Okanogan County (now 10.5%).

Total acreages of reserved land by counties under both the Forest Service and the National Park Service under this park proposal would be as follows: Whatcom County, with the park 478,016 acres, now 428,490 acres (North Cascades Primitive Area, North Fork Nooksack Natural Area); Skagit County, with the park 273,519 acres, now 76,320 acres (Glacier Peak Wilderness Area); Snohomish County, with the park 318,114 acres, now 126,770 acres (Glacier Peak Wilderness Area, Monte Cristo Limited Area, Alpine Lakes Limited Area, Lake 22 Natural Area, and Long Creek Natural Area); Chelan County, with the park, 763,189 acres, now 418,739 acres (Glacier Peak Wilderness Area, Alpine Lakes Limited Area, Tumwater Botanical Area); Okanogan County, with the park 427,948 acres, now 370,000 acres (North Cascades Primitive Area).

The area to be open to hunting (Chelan National Mountain Recreation Area) would consist of 269,521 acres, or 21 percent

of the total acreage. This area would have 211,573 acres in Chelan County on land presently administered by the Wenatchee National Forest, and 57,948 acres in Okanogan County on land now in the Okanogan National Forest. Thus, all land being transferred to the National Park Service by this legislation within Okanogan County would remain open to hunting. Thirty-three percent of the land in Chelan County proposed for transfer to the Park Service would be open to hunting.

Boundaries—North Cascades National Park

The first leg of the boundary runs eastward from Diablo Dam on the Skagit River along Ross Dam and up Ruby Creek to Mill Creek. This leg is the northern boundary enclosing the Cascades Pass-Ruby Creek unit. It embraces the three principal drainages flowing north from the Cascades divide and the Eldorado-Boston Peak-Mt. Logan massif, the drainages of Thunder Creek, Panther Creek, and Granite Creek. All have high recreational value as access corridors.

The next leg of the boundary, in a clockwise direction, is the southeasterly running leg connecting the Mill Creek confluence with the Cascade divide. The leg stops the eastward extension of the park on the north at a point where an area with a considerable history of mining activity—the Slate Creek mining district—begins leaving the great preponderance of this district outside of the park. However, it does run far enough east to place all of the Granite Creek drainage in the park.

The next leg of the boundary runs eastward in a stair-step fashion along Hancock Ridge and then, dropping down, along Delancy Ridge, to include the upper halves of both the West Fork of the Methow River and Early Winters Creek. Both are prime approach corridors from the east, and Early Winters Creek particularly needs protection as the scenic route for the North Cross State Highway.

The next leg runs southward paralleling the Okanogan County line, a bit to the east through Silver Star Mountain and Crescent Mountain to a point of joinder with the county line just north of Reynolds Peak. This leg embraces the headwaters of the Twisp River and South Creek, which have high scenic values, and provides an eastside buffer of a mile or two to the high country along the Okanogan-Chelan county line. The boundary, incidentally, carefully avoids known mineral deposits on Gilbert and Crescent Mountains.

From Reynolds Peak, the line runs in a long southeast leg along the Sawtooth Ridge above Lake Chelan's east shore to approximately the mid-point in the lake near Safety Harbor Creek. However, this leg does dip a bit further eastward at the

outset to enclose the headwaters of War Creek, which are quite attractive. This whole leg is designed to add the upper Lake Chelan unit to the park. The boundary running down to the lake near Safety Harbor Creek is routed especially to avoid a pipeline, a stand of Ponderosa Pine, and Miners Basin, all within the drainage of Safety Harbor Creek. The boundary turns westward at this point to avoid these commodity resources and in deference to the road net and developments which penetrate to this point.

The next long leg of the boundary runs in a southwesterly direction from Lake Chelan to just west of Lake Wenatchee, cutting at right angles across the drainages of the Entiat, Chiwawa, and White rivers. This leg adds the unspoiled upper reaches of these stream courses, leading into the scenic core of the Glacier Peak Area, to the park. The Entiat River will provide prime living space within the park for overnight camps and facilities, readily accommodating visitor overflow from the Lake Chelan area. It leads directly to such scenic climax points as the Ice Lakes, Entiat Meadows, and the wild North Fork of the Entiat River. The Chiwawa valley provides the most suitable route for an east-slope scenic display road, with the existing road now running deep into the high country to the site of the former Trinity mine. The route passes through semi-alpine forests sprinkled with frequent meadows, affording many appealing camp sites. Logging in this valley would impair the scenic mood of the country and raise the danger of eroding the loose soils of the valley sides. The White River offers ample attractive bottom land for developed facilities, such as resorts, in a location in close proximity to principal highway and rail connections (U.S. Route 2 and Great Northern R.R., 11 miles away at the Lake Wenatchee cutoff). The boundary line, for the leg adding these valleys, runs across them on a combination of lateral ridges and occasional creeklines and follows the approximate line where steeper, more scenic country begins and existing developments grow sparse.

The next boundary leg runs westward to the Cascade divide along Wenatchee Ridge and then along the ridge south of Cady Creek. At mid-point, it follows the southern boundary of the Wilderness Area for a few miles. It is designed to put most of the White River drainage in the park and the upper reaches of the Little Wenatchee River and Cady Creek. Cady Creek offers a potential route for an eastern outlet of a peripheral parkway across Cady Pass from the west via Quartz Creek and Pass Creek. These peripheral areas are valuable for display roads and again for facilities for developed recreation.

From the Cascade divide, the boundary next jogs out West Cady Ridge and then up Storm Ridge to near Kyes Peak. This

leg of the boundary encloses the area just referred to as the potential route for a peripheral parkway. The parkway would run up Cadet Creek from the North Fork of the Sauk River and then across Curry Gap (3950 feet) and down Quartz Creek and east along Pass Creek to Cady Pass (4450 feet). The route across Curry Gap would provide spectacular views of the Monte Cristo Peaks and icefields. The parkway runs through country still in pristine condition.

From Kyes Peak, the boundary makes a circuit around three sides of the Monte Cristo mining district to exclude most of that area from the park. It first runs north to Cadet Peak and then follows around the edge of private mining patents, running through Foggy Peak, and then west two miles, and back south to Silvertip Peak. Though the Monte Cristo district is most scenic, the amount of private holdings plus the degree of mineralization militate against its inclusion in the park in view of the fact that it is a peripheral area. The 1937 Park Service study also suggested omitting this area from the park for these reasons.

From Silvertip Peak, the boundary runs generally to the northwest in a leg along the Del Campo Peak-Vesper Peak-Big Four Mountain ridge to a point on the South Fork of the Stillaguamish River just west of Big Four. The boundary is specifically drawn however, along surveyed section lines marking the exterior boundary of the Mt. Baker National Forest along this route. The boundary is drawn to miss most of the Silvertip mining district. This leg is designed to place the Mountain Loop Highway in the park as an outstanding display parkway, with a number of opportunities for important peripheral facilities as at Big Four. It is recognized, however, that some considerable restocking of cut-over sections in the area, as along Elliot Creek, will be required.

The next boundary leg runs north four miles and east five miles to the Sauk River to place an integral part of the scenery for the Mountain Loop Highway within the park, the Stillaguamish Peak, Dickerman Mountain, and Falls Creek complex. This area abuts the loop highway on the west and north and invites visitation from the highway. This boundary leg also places the North Fork of the Sauk River well within the park. This area, particularly around Sloan Peak and Bedal Peak, is most scenic, but has been subjected to recent logging and will need rehabilitation.

The next boundary leg jogs northeast around Pugh Mountain to the Whitechuck River. The boundary is designed to extend protection to the east side of Pugh Mountain and to Pugh Creek, which have not yet been logged, but is designed to exclude the Whitechuck valley itself west of Pugh Creek, as unneeded for a viable park.

From the Whitechuck River, the boundary runs due north for fifteen miles along surveyed section lines. As the boundary direction runs at right angles to the direction of the drainage systems, somewhat arbitrary boundary lines must be chosen. The line chosen is designed to protect the entire drainages of Buck Creek and Lime Creek, flowing into the Suiattle River, and to provide an adequate setting for recreational use of Meadow Mountain, with the route up it from the Whitechuck River. These drainages and the Meadow Mountain area all have significant scenic recreational values. The Buck Creek drainage is particularly outstanding, dead-ending against the Snowking Mountain-Mt. Buckindy massif. However, much of the valley floor of the Suiattle itself has been cut over some and will need rehabilitation.

The next boundary leg loops westward to embrace upper Illabot Creek, flowing west off Snowking Mountain, and the lake complex north of the creek (Jordan Lakes, Falls Lakes, and Granite Lakes), and then it swings back to the Cascade River just downstream from Marble Creek. This boundary leg includes just a little more of upper Illabot Creek than the present Wilderness Area does and a few more lakes, and then it places all of the Cascade River drainage within present national forest boundaries within the park. Though the Cascade River drainage has been subjected to considerable logging in the past, its scenic potential is so incalculable that it is felt that rehabilitation is fully warranted and that the prospects for rapid regeneration are good. Marble Creek is such a spectacular approach route to the Eldorado massif that rehabilitation and future protection of this route is thought to be unquestionably warranted also.

The final leg of the boundary runs from the Cascade River out along Teebone Ridge through Little Devil Peak, and then runs across upper Newhalem Creek to Colonial Peak and Pyramid Creek, and then down to the Skagit River, back to the point of beginning at Diablo Dam. This final leg provides a proper protective setting for the scenery around Eldorado Mountain and includes Snowfield and Colonial Peaks too. Upper Newhalem Creek is a fine approach corridor to these mountains from the north and deserves rehabilitation and protection (it has been logged some recently).

Boundaries—Chelan National Mountain Recreation Area

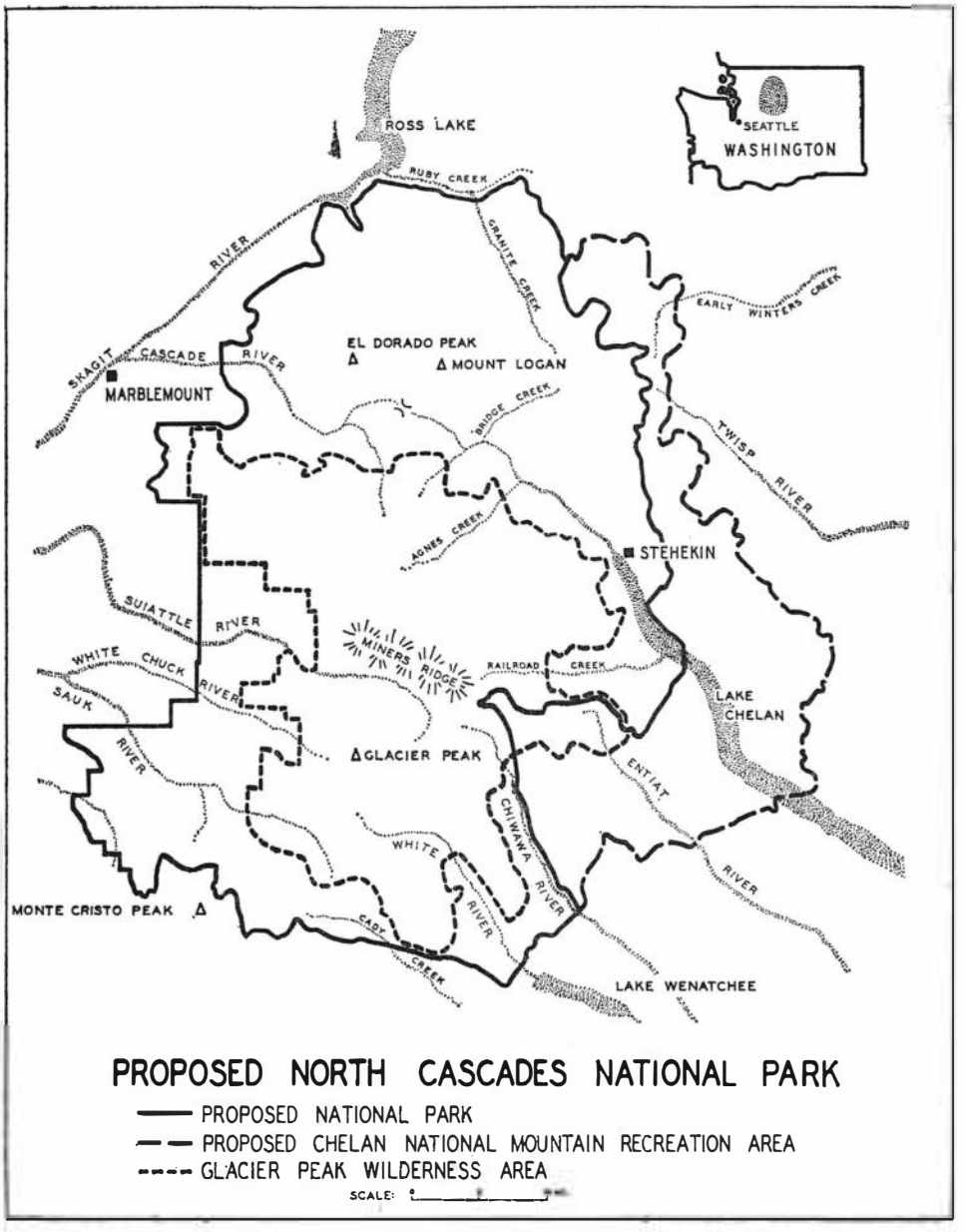
The boundary of the Chelan National Mountain Recreation Area, where hunting is to be allowed, was chosen with four primary considerations in mind. First, it was recognized that the east side deer herds migrate in and out of the proposed park area seasonally from summer to winter pastures and then back again. Second, it was recognized that a certain periodic reduction in deer herds is necessary to protect orchardists in winter foraging

areas along east side river bottoms from excessive damages from browsing deer. Third, it was recognized that a well established sports hunting industry exists in this east side area, with Okanogan and Chelan counties having the highest annual deer kills of any two contiguous counties in Washington state (13,480 deer in 1961). The provision of a recreation zone where such hunting would be permitted to continue was suggested by the Leopold Report (Wildlife Management in the National Parks) recently submitted to the Secretary of the Interior. That report pointed out that ". . . portions of several proposed parks are so firmly established as traditional hunting grounds that impending closure of hunting may preclude public acceptance of park status. In such cases it may be necessary to designate core areas as national parks in every sense of the word, establishing protective buffer zones in the form of national recreation areas where hunting is permitted." As a fourth consideration, it was recognized that most hunting within the proposed park area in these two counties is done within the proximity of a few miles of a present roadway.

With these considerations in mind, an east side hunting area has been designed which should secure an adequate annual deer harvest, under varying yearly migration patterns, and which should affect a minimum change in present hunting practices. However, most of the September high hunt area, south of the North Cascades Primitive Area, will be eliminated, though some will remain at the south in the Entiat Mts. Moreover, the Alpine Lakes high hunt area to the south will still remain. In addition, one small Mountain Goat hunting unit will be eliminated, Goat Area No. 21-Stehekin River Area (25 permits). Also portions of units 1, 7, and 8 will be eliminated, though much of them will remain.

The hunting area boundaries designated include all of Okanogan County, which is within the park, and then include the east bank of the Lake Chelan drainage from a point, a little south of the town of Stehekin, southward. Moreover, upper Boulder Creek, above Stehekin, is included for hunters crossing over from the Twisp River on the east. The Stehekin valley and the town of Stehekin are excluded from the hunting area to minimize conflicts with fall park visitors in this more intensively occupied area. The Railroad Creek valley, with the Lutheran Holden Village, is excluded for the same reason. The interior hunting boundary then runs from the east bank of Lake Chelan (17) southwest along a line just north of Domke Lake to the Chelan Mountains (18). Thus the west bank of Lake Chelan south of Domke Lake is open to hunting. Then the boundary runs eastward along the Chelan Mountain crest to Phelps Ridge (19) and then down the ridge to Trinity and from there then down the Chiwawa River to the exterior boundary, near the Rock Creek

Guard Station (20). Thus, the entire drainage of the Entiat River will be open to hunting, as well as the east side of the Chiwawa drainage, including Rock Creek and Phelps Creek. The west side of the Chiwawa River is closed to hunting to



minimize conflicts with hikers entering the Napeequa valley from the east via Little Giant Pass and with those going into Shaefer Lake.

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

False Hellabore and Glacier Peak — *John Warth*

Jim Whittaker on summit of Everest *Photo by Gombu*

EVEREST—

1963

By JAMES WHITTAKER

The 1963 Everest expedition consisted of twenty men, chosen from all over the United States for their climbing ability, their capability, and the fact that they could get along together—that they were not individualists. Norman Dyhrenfurth was the leader, and the man chiefly responsible for raising the money to put us over there. The total figure raised reached $400,000, because of our scientific projects, with the National Geographic the largest founder with a donation of $175,000. Proceeds from lectures, books, and movies will go into a recently formed foundation called The American Himalayan Foundation, so that future expeditions going to the Himalayas, with a scientific purpose as well as a climbing purpose, can draw from this fund.

It is interesting to note that of the five Americans who stood on the summit, four are from the Northwest, the fifth, Barry Bishop being from Washington, D.C. Lute Jerstad is from Gig Harbor and Dr. Tom Hornbein is now with the University of Washington Medical School. Tom made the summit by way of the West Ridge, as did Willi Unsoeld from Corvallis, Oregon. Besides these summit climbers, another team member from Washington was Barry Prather of Ellensburg. Barry assisted Dr. Maynard Miller, the glaciologist, who is formerly from Tacoma, and when Miller suffered a broken leg in a rain boulder accident and was incapacitated for about a month and a half, Prather filled in and did a tremendous job handling some of the glaciological projects of the expedition. Other scientific work was carried on by Dr. James Lester, working on a psychological project sponsored by the Office of Naval Research. Lester was a psychologist who had never seen a mountain before, but in the end he stayed longer at 21,500 feet than any other member of the expedition. Dr. Will Siri, Deputy Leader, conducted experiments as our head physiologist.

This story is a small phase of a many-faceted expedition that was of five months' duration. I have covered some of my activities only. The complete story of the entire expedition and both routes to the summit will be written by James Ramsey Ullman and published by Lippincott in the spring of 1964.—J.W.

The expedition's equipment was gathered in Seattle. We sorted it into 65-pound porter loads, and then packaged it in cardboard boxes. I remember thinking, "What if we lost that inventory sheet, with 907 boxes?" When we reached Katmandu, in Nepal, we had 27 tons of food and equipment to be carried 180 miles to the 18,000-foot level at the base of Mt. Everest. To do this we needed 907 porters, in addition to the twenty team members and 37 Sherpas. You can imagine almost 1,000 men going single file down the trail; we estimated the first group would come into the supper area while the last group was leaving the breakfast area. It was a magnificent spectacle—it looked like an epic.

We averaged ten miles a day with our caravan. We traveled through 2,000-foot valleys which were jungle areas, with bananas, pineapples and monkeys, then up to the snow levels, and back down again to other valleys. There are people and terraces all the way up to the snow line in the Himalayas, always a hut just around the next bend, or a trail branching off somewhere.

Finally, we reached the 18,000-foot level, the base on Mt. Everest; here we discharged the 907 porters and began our assault on the mountain. This involved building up supplies on the mountain, putting camps a day apart until we had the last camp high enough to assault the summit. It took us six camps before we were in a position to make the final assault.

Base Camp was just below the Khumbu Glacier Icefall. This icefall was one of the biggest problems we had on Everest. Lute Jerstad, Willi Unsoeld and I went up the first day we were on the mountain, and put a route in to 19,000 feet. The next day, Jake Breitenbach, Dick Pownall and Ang Pema, a Sherpa, were climbing through the icefall when it moved and a 30-foot wall of ice fell on Jake and killed him instantly. Ang Pema had a skull fracture and Dick Pownall suffered chest injuries. We heard their cries for help and brought them back down. This was the low point of the whole expedition, our second day on the mountain and we had lost Jake. We were very depressed, but we felt that the only way to go was up, and that it would be foolish to turn around and go back. We just hoped that the icefall would stay where it was while we were on it for the next three and one-half months. It was a constant danger and a real problem, both actually and psychologically.

Camp I was at 20,000 feet in the Western Cwm, the valley between Nuptse and the shoulder of Everest. Camp II, where Dr. Lester spent so much time, was higher in the Cwm, at 21,500 feet. Daytime temperatures in the Cwm would run 65 and 70 degrees. The minute the sun went down you would have temperatures of 20 below. There were frequent avalanches coming

down the Nuptse face, causing little snow clouds to pass over us now and then, and the temperature would immediately go from 65 down to about zero, with fine snow going into everything, all through the tents and all through our clothing.

The Lhotse Face was one of our big problems in the South Col route. We put a camp in the middle of it, at the base of a break-up; this was Camp III at 23,000 feet, and here we began to use oxygen. Camp IV was higher on the face at 25,000 feet. We spent a long time putting up the camps. There were storms, vertical ice walls to maneuver, and the biggest problem at this elevation was the lack of oxygen. Every step was an effort. We generally would use oxygen going up and come down without it. It was actually more difficult to come down without oxygen than to walk uphill using it.

Everest is like Rainier in that it forms its own cloud cap. The wind is blowing continually. Even at base camp at 18,000 feet we could hear the wind blowing on the ridge at 28,000 feet. It would sound sometimes like an express train, other times just a murmur, but always, almost without exceptions, there would be the wind. The climbers on the West Ridge ran into winds blowing over 100 miles an hour, and as a result lost a tent, six oxygen bottles, a pack, a camera, food and a stove. Tom Hornbein, Al Auten, Willi Unsoeld and Barry Corbet were lucky to escape from the tents before they were blown 10,000 feet off the ridge into Tibet.

The Sherpas and the Sahibs put in the high camps together. The Sherpas are a tremendous bunch of people; they are the real work horses and the backbone of an expedition. They are short but powerful men, and live in the mountain zone of Everest in the Himalayas, at 14,000 feet, like living on the summit of Rainier. They are farmers, growing corn and potatoes, and tradesmen, carrying salt into Tibet and bringing back Tibetan rugs. They are not technical climbers, not even good average climbers by our Western standards; rather they are high altitude porters and their chief function is to carry loads at high elevations. At this they are tremendous, and they are capable of doing amazing work because they live high, and this is their life. With the exception of Gombu, the Sherpa who went with me to the summit, none of them were skilled climbers. Gombu had some technique and was an instructor in the Himalayan Institute in Darjeeling, teaching Indian army personnel how to climb. He is a nephew of Tenzing, speaks six languages, and is a wonderful guy.

Camp V was put in at 26,200 feet. At this stage of the game, we had enough supplies in at the upper camp so we could carry

Camp VI on our backs with the assistance of eight Sherpas. Then Gombu and I could make the assault from Camp VI. Norman Dyhrenfurth and his Sherpa would come as high as they could to record on film our ascent, the first assault.

We had had a terrible storm and everyone was deteriorated physically. Living this high there is an oxygen problem, and you deteriorate, no matter who you are, what you eat or how you sleep, because of the lack of oxygen in the air. The food isn't oxidized and you just don't put the weight on. I had gone down from 205 to 170 pounds, and Gombu from 130 pounds down to 100 pounds. We were very weak at this point, and had decided that if the weather was bad the next day we would go back down to base camp. Then the whole expedition would pull off the mountain and recuperate.

As it turned out, the weather was good, so it was our shot to move out and try to knock the summit off. We were still five days below the summit, as we moved up the valley and then across the face. Breaking trail and pulling the fixed ropes out of the snow was a real job, due to the heavy snow left by the storms. Camp V, at 26,200 feet in the South Col, is one of the windiest spots on earth. It's also the highest junkyard in the world. There were yellow oxygen bottles left by the Swiss in 1952 and black ones from the successful British expedition in 1953. We added some to it. I think the junkyard will be there forever. There's no moisture, as everything is well below freezing, so there is no rust.

At Camp V, we had radio contact with base camp, and heard that radio India said there would be high winds in the Everest region for the next 48 hours. Nevertheless, a good mountaineer moves on up anyway, and we went on up to Camp VI, the highest camp in the world, at 27,500 feet. We put our tents in—it took us two hours to anchor them—and crawled into bed. The wind was blowing 45 miles an hour when we crawled into our sleeping bags. We just lay in the bags. The only item of clothing we took off was our boots. Norman and Ang Dawa were in one tent; Gombu and I in the other.

We moved very slowly at that elevation. It took us an hour the next morning to pull our boots on. It took us another hour to make enough fluid. We had a cup of hot jello apiece. This was our only fluid for the next twelve hours. I had put the canteen of water in my pack with no insulation. An hour later we went to pull it out and it was solid ice, so we had no fluid the whole twelve hours.

We left at six in the morning. Norman and Ang Dawa left an hour later, and reached 28,000 feet and then turned back to

Camp VI. When Gombu and I moved out, the winds in the South Col, 1500 feet below us, were estimated to be 80 miles an hour. The temperature was 20 below zero. Nevertheless, as the Mountaineers know, when you are on a mountain like Everest, you stick your neck out a little further than maybe you would on any other mountain. We stuck ours out, and decided to go on anyway. At eleven o'clock we stood on the south summit.

We looked at the next part of the climb that Hillary had described as being so very difficult, and it looked more than that to us. I was very worried about being able to do it in the high wind, but once again we extended our margin of safety, knowing that it could be done, that Hillary had done it. We finally climbed the most difficult part of the ridge and began a low long traverse leading up to the summit.

About five or ten feet before the summit, I stopped and saw it sloping off on the back side. I took in the rope. Gombu came up to me. I put my head against him and said, "Gombu, you go first." He said, "You first, big Jim," and I said, "No, you first, Gombu." He said, "You go, Big Jim." I said, "Gombu," he said, "You," so I took his arm and we walked the last five feet together where I plunged the American flag in the highest point in the world. It was a terrific struggle, a tremendous fight, and the only feeling I had, when I jammed that flag in, was like the feeling Captain Ahab had when he had thrown the spear at Moby Dick. I just let it have it, and that's the way I felt.

I took a picture of Gombu and he, I am happy to say, took a better picture of me. They later asked Gombu what he thought when he stood on the summit, and he answered for me as well. He said, "How to get down."

Three weeks later, the West Ridge group made a first ascent of that ridge, and Barry Bishop and Lute Jerstad came up the South Col route on the same day. However Willi Unsoeld and Tom Hornbein were late, too late, because of the new route. They met Lute and Bishop, and spent the night together, without oxygen, sleeping bags, or tents, at 28,000 feet. They curled up and waited for daylight, and since fortunately there was no wind on Everest that night, they were able to survive. A support party consisting of Dave Dingman and two Sherpas came up to meet them, and assisted and carried them back to base camp. We left base camp and said goodbye to Jake, a true mountaineer and a very important part of us. A helicopter flew Willi and Barry out to Katmandu, where both had their toes amputated.

At the White House, President Kennedy awarded the highest National Geographic Award, the Hubbard Medal, to us individually. I felt very fortunate to have been associated with such

a fine group of men with such leadership and ability to work together. That companionship was to me the greatest reward of the expedition.

1963 EVEREST TEAM

Norman Dyhrenfurth
Allen Auten
Barry Bishop
John Breitenbach
Barry Corbet
David Dingman
Dan Doody
Richard Emerson
Dr. Thomas Hornbein
Luther Jerstad
Dr. James Lester
Dr. Maynard Miller
Richard Pownall
Barry Prather
Dr. Gilbert Roberts
Col. James Roberts
Dr. William Siri
James Ramsey Ullman
Dr. William Unsoeld
James Whittaker

BY THE NUMBERS

By H. HAWTHORNE MANNING

Since World War II, America has experienced a remarkable increase in the popularity of mountain climbing. As the total number of participants has grown, so too has the number of highly skilled climbers. A generation ago there were perhaps a dozen Americans comparable in ability to the top thousand Europeans. Now there are scores, and more each year.

This explosion of top-level climbing talent has brought about a serious breakdown in communication. Before the war, when at any one time there were several top climbers in the Northwest, and several in California, and several in the East, they all knew quite a lot about the attainments and attributes of each other through personal contact and word-of-mouth gossip. With so many new top climbers in operation, this is no longer possible, and the journals play a necessarily enlarged role in the exchange of information about peaks, routes, techniques, and personalities.

The problem is that nowadays each issue of every journal carries articles by top climbers previously unknown to the literature. Welcome though they are to the fraternity, these "unknowns" have intensified the long-existing inexactitudes of climbing language. Note these three examples, familiar to all editors and readers of journals:

1. Some climber-writers never take their hands from their pockets and never get up a sweat until the slope exceeds 50°. Other climbers with more practiced eyes realize that slope angles are universally exaggerated by at least half, due to the "terror syndrome," but these realists know that to describe the crux of an ascent as a "tough 40° pitch" invites a shrug from journal readers who, in adjacent pages, must vicariously struggle up 70°, 80°, and "vertical" pitches—not to mention the omnipresent "overhangs." Therefore, even the realists tend to up a "tough 40°" to a "fantastic 65°."

2. One climber details his every muscular reaction and thus in a few thousand clinical words narrates his progress up a few dozen feet. Another climber describes an identical ascent in a few hundred words of technical shorthand. Ascent #1 gains feature status, with photos; ascent #2 is buried in the fine print at the back of the journal. Climber #2 does not repeat his mistake.

3. As submitted to and published in journals, all Selkirk climbs sound much the same, and all North Cascades climbs, and particularly, all Yosemite climbs. Actually, all climbs in a relatively homogeneous area *should* sound much the same. However, climbers wishing to project their personality may dwell upon moments of drama, humor, or philosophical reflection. Other climbers, unless they are similarly dramatic, humorous, or philosophical, face the danger of seeming colorless drudges, engineers with no souls.

Top climbers have become increasingly dissatisfied with this state of affairs. It seems to them undignified to be forced to engage in press-agentry tactics, and to study philosophy, poetry, and creative writing, in order to convey to others the proper worth of their ascents. Consequently, intense effort has been devoted to the invention of widely acceptable numbering systems. Long ago the Sierra Club adopted a European-derived rock system with Classes 1 to 6. Later, Southern California climbers supplemented this with a "decimal system" (DS), under which each Tahquitz Rock pitch in Class 5 is ranked from 5.0 to 5.10, and each pitch in Class 6 from 6.0 to 6.10. Meanwhile, back in the Tetons, a Teton System (TS) was established, and also an American Climbing System (ACS). And in the Shawangunks there has been the SS, and in Boulder the BS, and so forth.

More recently a system has been constructed to cover snow and ice as well as rock, and also entire routes as well as individual pitches. This National Climbing Classification System (NCCS) assigns to a route a Roman numeral from I to VI (a "grade" based on its "overall pitch difficulty") and an Arabic numeral from 1 to 10 (a "class" based on its "free climbing pitch difficulty"). Roman I to VI cover the grades encompassed by Sierra I through 4 and DS 5.0 through 5.10. For examples in the Bugaboos, Eastpost is I,1, and the "regular route" on Snowpatch is III,7. The direct-aid portion of a route (Sierra 6, DS 6.0 through 6.10) is numbered, in addition, A1 through A5, so that the North Face of Sentinel Rock in Yosemite is V,9,A3.

There is continuing discussion about these systems. Some guidebooks use one, some the other, and some use combinations. The journals have been full of the subject recently, with passions often running high. The central idea mart, *Summit Magazine,* has in so many words asked the disputants to write to each other directly whenever possible.

It is not my purpose, here, to get involved in a controversy for which I have no background worth mentioning. Rather, let me take this opportunity to urge top climbers to undertake—once they have agreed upon a *qualitative* numbering system, whether

Sierra, DS, NCCS, ACS, TS, BS, or whatever—the construction of a *cumulative-quantitative numbering system* (CQNS). I do not minimize the difficulties, but am confident the rewards will be enormous.

Let me suggest the possibilities of a CQNS through the hypothetical example of Peak X, the ascent of which requires the following gains in elevation: 3000 feet by trail; 1000 feet in brush; 100 feet up a waterfall; 500 feet on snow; and 25 feet on rock. Let us assume the system-constructors have devised detailed numbering systems for trails, brush, waterfalls, and snow—in addition to rock—and that they number the trail as 1, the brush as 4, the waterfall 7, the snow 3, and the rock 1. By multiplying the qualitative values by the quantity of elevation gained in each [$(3000 \times 1) + (1000 \times 4) + (100 \times 7) + (500 \times 3) + (25 \times 1) = 9{,}225$)], Peak X is assigned a cumulative total of 9,225 points.

Needless to say, this is an oversimplification. In early summer the trail may be blocked by fallen trees or washed-out bridges. In springtime the brush may be covered by avalanche snow. In late summer the waterfall may be dried up. And the snow will vary in slipperiness and stability—and in total amount—from month to month, day to day, hour to hour. In winter the rock may be sheathed in verglas. And a 40-mile wind, a hard rain, or a dense fog, changes everything. Peak X, which under "normal" conditions has a CQNS number of 9,225, may fall as low as 7,643, or rise as high as 11,456, or even higher—particularly on the first ascent, for which bonus points would be granted.

Still and all, the advantages are obvious. Editors and readers could tell at a glance the difference between Peak X in the North Cascades and Schurman Rock in West Seattle, which even by the South Wall would rarely rank higher in the CQNS than 140.

It will be objected that the CQNS will never solve communication problems so long as each climber assigns his own numbers, and this is true. But surely, at the rate climbing is growing in popularity, America will soon have enough top climbers to support a corps of fulltime professional arbiters. To use the analogy of competitive sports, each mountain area—Cascades, Sierras, Tetons, etc.—would be organized into a "league" supervised by a "commissioner" whose staff of "referees" would patrol climbing centers. Climbers would submit ascents to referees, who would, after examination of pertinent data, assign numbers. In case a climber was dissatisfied with the number, provision would be made for appeal beyond the referee to the commissioner. If still dissatisfied, the climber could petition that his ascent be tried before a jury of his peers.

So indisputable are the merits of a CQNS that within a few

years such a system will certainly be proposed. However, *numbering peaks* is merely a preliminary step. Ultimately some way must be worked out to *number climbers.*

Many top Mountaineers once sought to rank themselves among their comrades by *number of peaks per season.* A 20-peak season was comparable to batting .300 in baseball. A 30-peak season (a rarity) put a climber in the .400 class. A difficulty always implicit in this method was that of defining a "peak." One climber might attempt a mountain, get lost in the fog on the summit ridge, find himself baffled atop a nondescript block of rock, and scratch off the trip as a fiasco. Another climber, lost in an identical fog on the same summit ridge, might find himself atop the same block of rock, name it, and write it up for the journals as a first ascent. The method was at last completely discredited when climbers began to make three or four summits in a single day—or even seven or eight—among "pin peaks" and "Cashmere Crags" and the like.

Top climbers everywhere have always depended heavily on the *lines-published-in-journals* measure. Since the important thing is total lineage, the value of any climb—and of the participating climbers—is determined by the length of an article and by the number of journals in which it is published.

The lines-published system would be excellent if editors were infallible, but consider their situation—flooded annually with reams of copy from climbers they never heard of before, describing ascents of peaks they never heard of before. Since most of the copy sounds very much the same, how can editors decide which story deserves feature status, and which brief notice in fine print?

Furthermore—incredible as it may seem—some climbers deliberately tell mistruths. The Cook "first ascent" of McKinley is the most infamous example. More recently, mountaineers have been scandalized by the "No-Name Peak" fraud, the "Reisensteins" disgrace, and the "sleeping system" outrage. There is no way by which editors or readers can distinguish between important ascents and pure hoaxes. Fact and fiction read the same in print.

The CQNS is the answer. Since each article submitted for publication would be accompanied by an affidavit from the Range Commissioner, editors could easily separate the 20,000 climbs from the 2,000—and from the fakes. At the same time, editors would pay special attention to a short note from a climber whose life-total (attested to by the National Commissioner) was 10,098,736, even though the ascent described was nothing more than a 10,560. On the other hand, a complete unknown with no life-total at all on record would not have to struggle to gain

justice from editors when he submitted an ascent scored at 45,104.

Over and above regularizing editor-climber relations, the CQNS would allow each top climber to know exactly where he ranks among his fellows—and would allow him to let *them* know.

Take the example of Boulder Camp, in the Bugaboos, where climbers congregate from every part of North America. As things stand, a climber from Stone Mountain has no way to identify himself to climbers from the Cascades except by his volubility—at least until they all get up on the peaks. There have been cases where loud talkers completely dominated Boulder Camp during long spells of bad weather—and when the weather turned good, continued that domination by means of a stomach disorder or an old war injury. How can a genuine top climber identify himself at Boulder Camp when the weather is bad? Only by attempting to out-talk the loud talkers, an undignified procedure at best. A CQNS would shut up the loud-talking non-top-climbers. The NTCC (National Top Climbers Club) could annually send each registered top climber a shoulder patch stating his life-total. A person could then hike into Boulder Camp with 8,091,642 on the shoulder of his parka and be respected without ever saying a word.

The matter is not all this simple, of course. It is manifestly unfair for a climber with a life-total of 9,015,031 to be able to put down a climber with a life-total of 904,765, when the veteran has taken 50 years to accumulate his points, and the youngster has scored all his during the previous season. It is equally unfair for a climber who has made innumerable climbs of 10,000 and less to be able to put down a climber who has made fewer ascents, but most of them scored at 50,000 or more.

On second thought, a *shoulder* patch probably would not be large enough. In order to carry the three most essential numbers (*life-total*, which recognizes persistence and longevity; *previous-season total*, which recognizes the current level of attainment; and *highest single score*, which recognizes the best ascent a climber has made in his career), the NTCC patches must perhaps be designed to be worn on the *back* of the parka. For warmer climates the information could be woven into a sweater or stenciled on a T-shirt.

The CQNS, alone, is not the full answer. Yosemite cannot be equated with the Yukon, or the Cuillin of Skye with the Karakoram. We have genuine top climbers who have rarely seen snow, and others who have rarely seen dry rock. Himalayan specialists cannot be numbered by the same system used for Tahquitz specialists, any more than pole-vaulters can be compared with shot-putters, or broad-jumpers with sprinters.

A variety of standardized climbing "events" are required, following the pattern of track-and-field sports. Among these should be events comparable to the pentathlon and decathlon, in order to recognize climbers who do not excel in any specialty but are superior in many. One or more symbols must be added to the NTCC patch, announcing the wearer as an iceman, rockman, brushman, stamina man, slow-pulse man, organization man, or whatever. For every event in which a climber competes, there must be a symbol plus the three numbers enumerating his attainments in each. Hopefully, the numbers and symbols can be kept few enough to be worn on a single parka, sweater, or T-shirt.

Once a workable system of events and numbering is developed, and a national and international system of climbing leagues and commissioners and referees is organized, then climbers can seek justice from the newspapers. It certainly galls all climbers to read contemporary sports pages, with all the many words and photos devoted to football, baseball, basketball, golf, tennis, and even bowling and deerslaying, and never find climbs reported—except on the front page, when there has been a tragic accident or an ascent of Everest. After a few years of adequate reporting on the sports pages, climbing can then seek to join skiing in the Olympic Games.

But let me append a warning: *climbing has its enemies.* A mere decade ago the editorial page of a leading Seattle newspaper denounced "birdwatchers and mountainclimbers" as a menace to loggers, hunters, and the economic health of the Northwest. It is possible that the Chamber of Commerce—and therefore the newspapers—are not yet ready for climbing.

Furthermore, when and if climbing gains Olympic Games status, there must inevitably follow, as day does the night, pressure to accord equal recognition to birdwatching. How we will ever score that sport, God knows.

CLIMBING NOTES

The Mountaineer has attempted a more critical appraisal of climbing notes submitted this year than in the past. The aim is to publish articles on first ascents of, and significant new routes on mountains, and variations which offer improvements over regular routes. Omitted are new routes in practice areas and routes on insignificant towers and rocks.

MT. ROBSON—*The North Face*

Pat Callis and I had both heard a lot about the unclimbed north face of Robson from the many Seattle climbers who had either looked at it or attempted to climb it—so much that we felt compelled to have a look at it ourselves.

On August 1 we left Seattle by Volkswagen for our first climbing trip in Canada. After a short side trip into the Bugaboos, we reached the Robson Coffee Shop on the morning of the 6th. We were very fortunate to have a beautifully clear view of the mountain on arrival, apparently the first clear view for many days, but were rather disheartened by the proprietor of the coffee shop when he told us one of the local guides had authoritatively said that Mt. Robson would not be climbed this summer. The guide had been influenced in his statement by his own unsuccessful attempt earlier and by the bad snow conditions he had found.

We spent most of this first day organizing and packing food and equipment but finally left the car at three in the afternoon. Since we did not know what conditions we would find, we took along enough equipment to stay comfortably a week on the mountain; consequently, we had pretty heavy packs.

We arrived at the Berg Lake Chalet just after dark, in the rain. It was too much to expect the good weather to last for a whole day. The next day we packed up a little more quickly and managed to start hiking at noon. This day's travel involved hiking up the sand bars north of Berg Lake, up the Robson Glacier to the Rearguard-Helmet Col, and then up the Berg Glacier to about 9,000 feet. While we were going up the Robson Glacier some black clouds enveloped the area, and very soon were were traveling in a downpour. Eventually it stopped, as we approached the Rearguard-Helmet Col. Partly due to our miserable experience in the rain, the col with its flowers and grass and miniature ponds and absence of snow seemed a little Shangri-La. After eating lunch and drying our ponchos, we had to leave our Shangri-La and venture out onto the Berg Glacier.

We finally quit for the day at about 9,000 feet because the snow was just too sloppy that late in the afternoon and we came across a most appealing flat spot on which to erect our tent. The next day was very leisurely because all we had to do was hike up to high camp at about 10,500 feet, eat, and get to bed early for our attempt next day. Our camp was located toward the left side of the face, on the lower lip of a very wide bergschrund which we thought would make us safe from any avalanches. We still had found the snow very sloppy and had had to plow our way through it occasionally to reach high camp.

The next morning, August 9, we awoke early and left our tent at 2 a.m. without breakfast. This was two hour later than we had hoped, but we had no alarm to wake us earlier. The weather was uncertain, but we started anyway, knowing it would be folly to wait for ideal weather. We felt confident that if the weather got really bad we could always retreat.

The bergschrund beneath which we camped extended all the way across the face, uninterrupted except for a place about a hundred yards from our camp where it was filled in by avalanche debris. In the dark we crossed the schrund by the avalanche cone and then traversed right, since we knew there was another bergschrund just a few hundred feet above. At one place in the traverse we came to a steep icy patch, so Pat set up an ice ax belay while I kicked and chopped steps around it. After traversing beyond the end of the upper bergschrund, we proceeded to ascend, angling about twenty degrees right of straight up, continuing so until we were about half way up the face and just to the right of the largest rock band on the face. We climbed all of this lower half of the face without crampons, being able to kick good steps in the snow. We were also able to climb without belaying except for the one spot in the traverse. During this early part of the climb we were treated to an eerie display of the northern lights and lightning flashes in the distance.

By the time we reached the major rock band it had become light and we were finally able to see just how steep and exposed the face was. It seemed rather awe-inspiring at the time. Unfortunately, in this area we found ourselves climbing on loose, insecure powder snow over glare ice. From here to the Emperor Ridge the snow would never hold our weight. Whenever we stepped on it, it gave way until our feet were resting on the ice beneath. We put on crampons at this point, and belayed continuously. Usually to set up a belay we had to scoop out several square feet of loose snow in order to stand on the solid ice and to anchor ourselves with ice pitons. We belayed this way for twelve 150-foot rope lengths before reaching the Emperor Ridge.

We were climbing straight up, with the only deviations being slight ones to either side when we thought we could find better snow conditions there.

I had brought an ice hatchet besides my ice ax, and on the upper part of the face I very much appreciated having both implements. With one in either hand I could climb up while transferring most of my weight to one of the tools and could thus avoid allowing my feet to sink all the way into the loose snow. Pat made similar use of a long rappel picket. On one of the last moves on the face, Pat actually imbedded the picket vertically with his hammer, climbed up on it, and then used it for a foothold to climb farther. For the largest part of the upper face we climbed on all fours as much as the angle of the face would permit. The anticipated rock bands on the upper face presented no problems at all, due to the heavy snow on the face. Only for one short band did the leader have to chop a few steps.

It was a relief when we finally climbed onto Emperor Ridge a few hundred yards from the summit. I had felt (and I believe Pat had, too) much apprehension while on the face. The main basis for this anxiety was that we were never sure what lay ahead and whether we would be able to climb it. The traverse along Emperor Ridge was easy and enjoyable. The route simply went over and around several ice blocks and pinnacles. The view down the ridge was tremendous. At one point on the ridge we had to traverse on the north side of an ice block, which was an extension of the north face, and I remember finding it a horrifying experience. I had already lost my tolerance to the exposure. The ridge soon broadened out, and at about noon we stood on the summit. Most of the time while we were near the summit we were in a cloud cap and couldn't see much, although occasionally the clouds would open up and present the most spectacular views.

Soon after traversing over the summit we stopped for a quick bite of lunch and then quickly descended the southeast ridge toward the Kain Face. We had no trouble finding the face, but we were concerned about its avalanche hazard. So before descending it we kicked off all the cornices above and started numerous magnificent avalanches. We then descended the face on the hard, avalanche-packed snow.

We now had only one more difficult and questionable passage to get back to our camp; this was to cross over the Robson-Helmet Col. Very fortunately we found a good route over the col. I imagine that with different crevasse patterns this might have been impossible. We arrived at camp well before dark, crawled into our sleeping bags, ate, and slept. Besides eating

dinner, we also had to make up for breakfast and other meals we had missed in the last few days.

We descended from our high camp and hiked out on August 11, ending a memorable experience.

DAN DAVIS

BUCKNER—*A Traverse, during Summer Outing*

From the camp on Park Creek, Buckner fills the head of the Valley; it is a beautiful and enticing peak. For a week climbers roamed over other surrounding peaks, but there was only a single attempt on Buckner, failing partly on account of poor weather. It became the writer's desire to traverse the peak, following the complete skyline from left to right. On the evening of August 5, Chet Powell and the writer decided on an attempt the next day. We found it no problem to separate Jimie Jane Conner from her guitar long enough to accompany us.

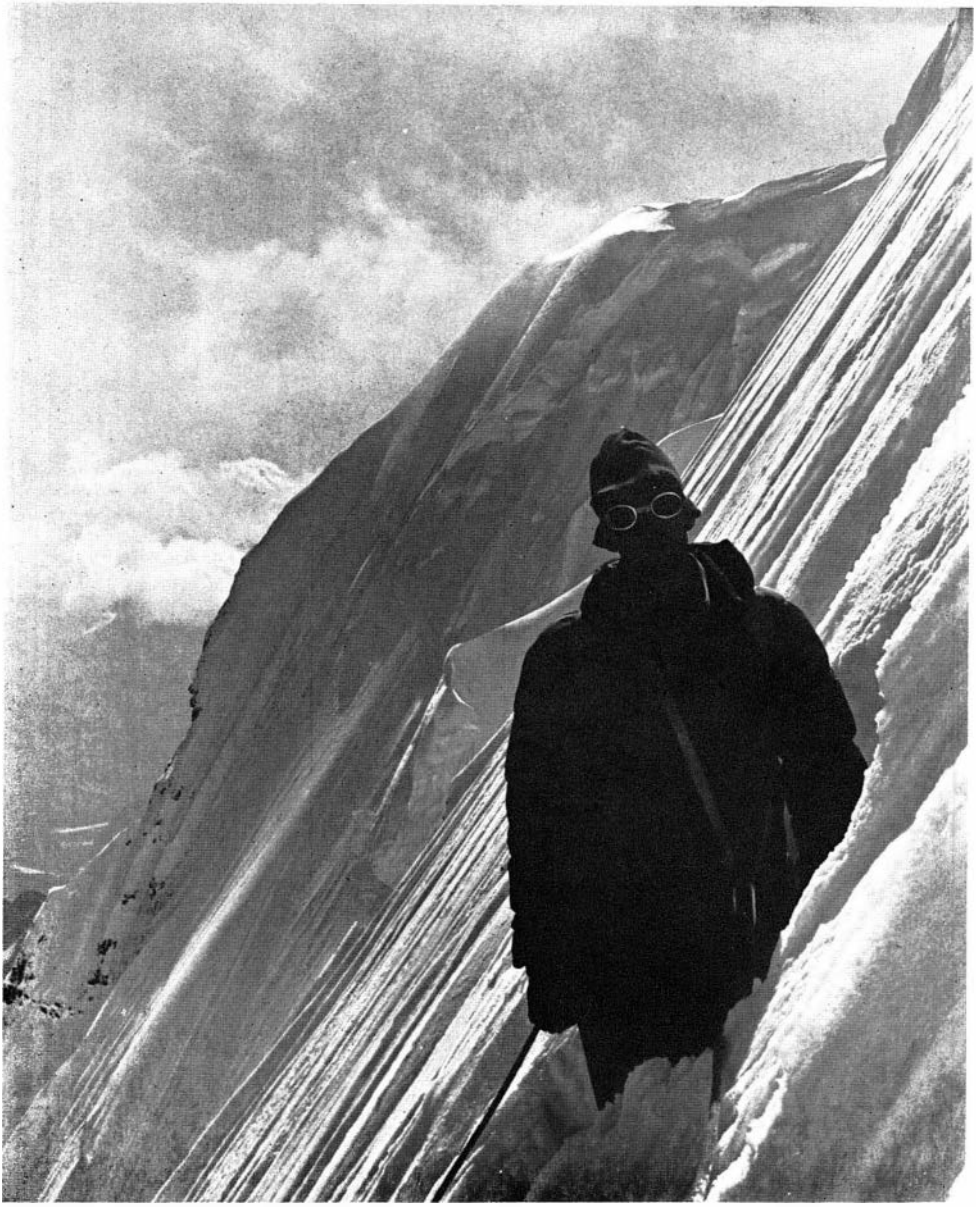
The next morning we were up at 3:00 and set out toward the mountain at 4:00. The Engineering Department had not yet perfected a bridge across the stream; but we negotiated it successfully. We continued up the grassy and rocky valley by flashlight. Dawn came slowly; and as we climbed up among the lovely flowers, the sun suddenly burst forth on our peak.

At 7:00, as the campers were assembling for breakfast below, we reached the glacier and the sun reached us; here we had a snack before continuing. To shorten the climb, we headed up the glacier, toward a point in the ridge about a third of the way up; it turned out later that it would have taken but little longer to have followed the whole ridge from the Buckner-Booker Col. There was one crevasse to cross. With the help of some steps in a little blade of ice midway between the sides, we were soon across. Some further climbing up snow to the left brought us to the rocky wall below the south ridge.

At one spot the snow lay up against the rocks, so that we could step onto the wall. Climbing up and around these rocks was somewhat difficult (Class 4). A little above, I held Jimie on the rope while she belayed Chet. From here to the ridge was now less steep, but with much loose rock; with care, we reached the ridge without incident. Here the peaks to the south and west came suddenly into view; it was a grand sight, with practically no haze or clouds. It was now 10:00 A.M.

The scrambling up the ridge was now pleasant and fairly easy for a long distance, and we made rapid progress. Just below to the left was a scree slope, from which the ridge could be reached at almost any point. Arriving at a little notch, we were confronted by a high gendarme (rock tower); here we must either follow

North Face route on Mt. Robson as seen from the Berg Glacier *Pat Callis*



On the North Face of Mt. Robson — *Pat Gallis*

a ledge up the face or go straight up the rocks. Ridge climbing is almost always nicer and safer than traversing on faces, and our object was to follow the skyline anyway; so without hesitation, we looked for a way up. First on the right-hand side and then up the outer end, we found a fine route, on beautiful and firm rock. The ridge now continued, always very narrow, and often of a knife-edge character. We could sometimes slide under a corner of rock, then cross on little holds, holding the top edge of rock, and sometimes walk along the knife edge itself. This section of the ridge is one of the most superb rock climbs I have been on (mostly Class 3). Finally the poorer rock reached the ridge from both sides (here one can go up or down easily toward the West). It was now easier going; soon we had mounted the final section of ridge, crossed some snow, and climbed the last rocks to the summit.

The view on all sides was grand and impressive, the finest I have seen in this country. The great expanse of the Boston Glacier lay spread out below us, in sharp contrast to the rocky ridges and peaks. We found an ancient register, in a state of gradual disintegration, and some newer signatures in a tobacco tin. We added the list of members of the Outing to the tin.

Our time was limited, and the ridge to come was unknown; so at 2:30, after half an hour on top, we again set off. There were gendarmes to cross or contour around before reaching the east summit. Now we must turn in a more northerly direction, finding our way down some complicated terrain. To try to descend this way in foggy weather could easily mean a night out. Chet led the way down, frequently conferring with me as to the best general line. Gradually he took over completely the problem of route-finding. Most of the time Chet and I each carried four or five coils of rope over our shoulders, so that with less rope between the climbers, we could make more rapid progress. Mostly we could move downward together. On the steeper bits, Chet would descend, belayed by Jimie or me, then I would belay Jimie, sometimes going part way down while she prepared to descend the final pitch. It was my job as last man to have the rope always with essentially no slack between me and the next; I would then be an anchor in case of any possible slip. This sufficed for safety except on the steeper places where static belays were necessary.

To reach the pointed shoulder of the mountain required steady effort; the ridge in places was exceedingly broken up. Finally, at 6:00 P.M.,we were past this point, and the traveling became gradually easier. Looking down as in looking up, the foreshortening made the way seem short; yet the fact that we still had Booker well below us was proof that we had a long way to

go. At 8:30 we could move onto a snow field, and now make unencumbered progress traversing downward. Yet there always seemed to be more slopes and little ridges to cross. Because of the increasing darkness, we did not finally unrope till we reached the Park Creek Pass trail, about 9:45. A leisurely walk brought us back to camp at 11:00.

Earlier on the outing, a climber remarked to me that to cross some of these peaks one would probably have to take little risks because of the great lengths of the climbs. I would rather phrase this otherwise; to accomplish such a climb with safety, the party must consist of good climbers, with a really competent leader who can keep the party moving steadily and safely. In particular, the manner of belaying is dependent on the circumstances; on a peak like Buckner, most of the time a fall could be stopped by simply putting added tension on the rope, while consolidating one's position on the rock. The climbing schools that now exist in parts of the country and abroad give a real start toward mountaineering; to progress toward high-class mountaineering, one must use intelligence, observation, study, and experience. Commonly, climbing up a peak turns out easy enough. The big problem is getting the party down safely, when it is getting late, conditions of the mountain may worsen, and the individuals tire and become apt to take little risks to hurry the descent.

In conclusion, let me suggest the following as a good way to climb Buckner from Park Creek: Mount to the Buckner-Booker Col; follow the ridge (using some descents to the west) or descend to the west to avoid the first half of the ridge; follow at least the last third of the ridge to the top. While on the ridge, find the best way down to the scree to the west to make a faster descent back to camp. A fast party could, of course, make the traverse described here in considerably less time than we required, perhaps as little as fourteen hours.

HASSLER WHITNEY
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JOHANNESBURG MOUNTAIN—*Northeast Face*

At 11:00 A.M. on August 28, our party left the end of Cascade Pass Road to ascend the 5000-foot northeast face of Johannesburg Mountain. The Cascade Peak-Johannesburg ice couloir was followed on rock to its left and crossed at a narrow spot, which gave access to the east end of a prominent hanging glacier. The steep couloir is a natural chute for rockfall from above; this fact hastened our progress. After crossing the moat of the hanging

glacier and having a late lunch, we soon climbed into the sunlight after four Class 5 leads. From a small gully our party climbed unroped for speed over very solid Class 3 and 4 rock. The route followed an obvious rib lying west of a large, high snow field. At about the 7600-foot elevation, we came to a large platform on the rib from which we could look down over 4000 vertical feet to the road and car we had left late that morning. Climbing slowed as we ascended steep, loose rock to a comfortable bivouac. The morning sun encouraged us out of our down half-bags and we climbed the last 350 feet to the summit over moderately firm Class 4 and 5 rock.

This rewarding first ascent by David Beckstead, Don Gordon, and myself required a dozen safety pitons and ten hours on the ascent. The difficult descent was made by way of Gunsight Notch and Cascade Pass because of the unstable condition of the Cascade-Johannesburg ice couloir.

JAMES STUART

MIX-UP PEAK—*North Face Direct*

The most direct route possible above Cascade Pass began on the left side of the long snow couloir located on the right side of the face. After the schrund was crossed two leads of Class 4 followed, then we unroped and continued to the summit ridge over Class 3 rock. Once on the ridge itself, it was necessary to descend and climb up again a number of times, passing obstacles mainly on our right until the summit was gained. Art Amot and David Beckstead made the climb on August 2, 1963.

DAVID BECKSTEAD

MT. RAINIER—*Kautz Glacier Headwall*

The Kautz Glacier Headwall on Mt. Rainier was climbed July 8 by Pat Callis, Don Gordon, and Dan Davis. This headwall is the glacial finger and rock and snow face above the left part of the Kautz Glacier. It is bounded on the left by the Kautz Cleaver and on the right by rock cliffs and the upper Kautz Glacier. The approach is made via Christine Falls and Van Trump Park to the meadows and ridges of the lower Wapowety Cleaver. High camp was made between 9,500 and 10,000 feet on the Wapowety Cleaver, whence it was easy to descend to the Kautz Glacier in the morning; high camp can be reached either by ascending the cleaver directly or by ascending the lower Kautz Glacier until it is convenient to climb onto the cleaver from the glacier. From high camp we descended to the Kautz Glacier and then ascended the glacier to the glacial finger, keeping left of the ice cliffs which

separate the lower Kautz Glacier from the upper Kautz Glacier. We ascended the glacial finger, skirting three major crevasses, to the rock and snow slopes above. Here we first climbed obliquely right on a rock and snow slope until we arrived at another snow slope which allowed us to ascend obliquely left. When this left-ascending slope ended in a cliff, we climbed straight up on snow, many rope lengths, until further vertical progress was blocked by a cliff which slanted up to the right. We then angled up, staying at the base of the cliff until it was feasible to climb through a gully in the cliff. Above this final cliff there were just snow slopes to Point Success. Due to the whiteout and blizzard conditions we found ourselves in at Point Success, we bivouaced miserably there in a snow cave and continued to the summit the next morning. The climb was done after a recent snowfall and in freezing and usual whiteout conditions. Due to the climb's being made earlier in the year and after recent snowfall, we found the cliffs above the glacier were almost exclusively snow slopes. In different conditions or later in the summer, this part of the climb would probably be mostly on loose rock with some rock-fall danger.

DAN DAVIS

MT. SHUKSAN—*North Rib*

Mt. Shuksan's north rib, a rock rib located between the glaciated north and northeast face routes, was first climbed by a party consisting of John Holland, Steve Marts, Jerry Feucht, and Dan Davis. The approach to the rib was via Shuksan Arm and then a traverse around the mountain's west and northwest faces and the bottom of the north face glacier. This seems to be the best way of avoiding the brush for which the usual north side approaches of Shuksan are well known. After crossing the north face glacier, we crossed a rock outcropping, passing about 200 feet below a prominent rock pinnacle, and then angled left on a portion of the Price Glacier to the bottom, right side of the rib. Once on the rib we climbed and angled left to its crest and then continued on rock and snow up the crest to a large gendarme. This gendarme was passed on the left. Above the gendarme's upper notch the route stayed to the right of the steep crest as far as the next snow crest and then continued up the crest to the top of the north shoulder. The summit pyramid was climbed by its north ridge. A bivouac was made on the rib about 500 feet below the north shoulder on a very spacious ledge. The rock climbing on the route was Class 3 and 4, with the main difficulty being the very poor rock.

DAN DAVIS

MOUNT DESPAIR—*North Peak*

The North Peak of Mount Despair was climbed by a party of six on July 6, 1963. No record or evidence of any prior ascent was found.

After a long approach, the climb was started in a snow couloir on the peak's west side. We ascended the couloir to its intersection with the southwest face at 6,900 feet. At this point we entered a gulley system which was followed to a minor notch dividing the North Peak. Considerable loose rock is present in this gulley system. The north block was found to be highest and was climbed from the notch via a short Class 3 pitch.

Once on top it became evident that we would not linger. The light morning drizzle had changed to a steady downpour. We remained on the summit only long enough to build a small cairn and record the ascent. Party members included Gordon Thompson, Mike Swayne, Doug Barrie, Cliff Lawson, Ken Hunich, and Marilyn Loranger.

CLIFF LAWSON

MT. INDEX—*Winter Ascent*

A winter ascent of Mt. Index was made by Stan Jensen, Cecil Bailey, and Jim Pritchard by running the long semi-circular ridge above Anderson Creek from Mt. Persis. Though fairly long (seventeen hours round trip from Proctor Creek Road), this is a recommended route for climbing Mt. Index in winter, as it has relatively little avalanche danger, few difficulties, and few route-finding problems. The first peak south of Mt. Persis should be bypassed on the right (west).

STAN JENSEN

SUE PEAK

On July 6, 7, and 8, Jack Christiansen, Denny Pruitt, Dan Baker, and Roy Etten made a first ascent of a peak about 6,950 feet high in the seldom-visited Bailey Range of the Olympic Mountains. This peak was named Sue Peak, after Christiansen's wife, and appears to be the second highest in the Bailey Range, Carrie being slightly higher. It is located about three-fourths of a mile northeast of Mt. Carrie and was approached from Lake Mills on the Elwha River.

This climb involved much planning, brush crashing complete with compass work, a glacier, and a short rock scramble.

ROY K. ETTEN

ATHENA'S OWL

South of Mt. Olympus, along the upper margins of the Hoh Glacier, lie a scenic group of peaks which have, until quite recently, been neglected by most climbers. Chief among these are Athena, Hermes, and Circe. Just north of Athena, rising steeply up through the Hoh Glacier, is a sharp, two-pronged nunatak, Athena's Owl, slightly over 7000 feet in elevation. This peak had managed to remain unclimbed despite peak-bagging activity in the area by personnel of the Blue Glacier Project.

After scrutinizing this isolated spire from the summit of the Middle Peak of Olympus one August morning, Bill Liggett and Garry Maykut glissaded down to the base of the East Peak and traversed over toward the pinnacle. Arriving at our objective an hour later, we were faced with the most perplexing problem of the climb, that of obtaining the rock. On the west the rock is severed from the ice by a moat of truly heroic proportions while schrunds guard the east side of the peak. However, a short reconnaissance revealed that we could descend into the moat on the north side and traverse to the west, where it was possible to make an exit onto the rock. After a couple rope lengths of playing "wipe-out" with the rocks, which were carelessly strewn on the numerous ledges, the north ridge was reached. This ridge was then followed to the summit. The summit itself consisted of a level spot on the ridge, nearly a foot long and perhaps two inches wide. Technically, the climbing is quite easy; but due to the fact that the north ridge is rather precipitous and that there is a conspicuous absence of belay positions, a couple of pitons are necessary to safeguard the belays.

GARY MAYKUT

WIND RIVER RANGE, WYOMING

BOLLINGER PEAK—*Southwest Face*

A new route on the southwest face of Bollinger, which is in the Wind River Range of Wyoming, was climbed July 19 by Fred Beckey, Steve Marts, and Dan Davis. The route started up an inside corner formed by some black, flaky rock, just to the left of a long, steep, slabby gully on the right of the face; it continued up cracks and easier rock to a prominent overhang near the top of the face. The overhang was passed on the left; above the overhang, the route met the west ridge which was followed to the top. The climb was Class 4 and 5.

DAN DAVIS

PINGORA—*East Face*

Fred Beckey, Steve Marts, and Dan Davis did a new route on the east face of Pingora, in the Wind River Range of Wyoming, on July 20. Perhaps it should be called the east-southeast face, since the route is located between the usual "southeast face" and the route done in 1962 on the "east face." The route starts from a small, grassy ridge at the bottom of the face and goes up a few hundred feet of Class 3 broken rock to a level equal with what, from the bottom, appears to be a band of overhangs; then the route climbs left and up the rock that appeared overhanging. Rather than overhanging, the rock is broken into steep steps where the average angle isn't very steep. Above, the route continues up several hundred feet of slabby rock, which gradually steepens, to an obvious, single, straight, piton crack. This crack is just to the right of a big sickle-shaped crack. The piton crack is climbed mostly with direct aid for about 300 feet to its end at the top of the face. Above, there is just scrambling to the summit. This was a fairly difficult Class 3 to 6 climb. Almost all of the aid was used on the single, straight, piton crack. Forty-five pitons were used, including several wide angles.

DAN DAVIS

WARRIOR II—*North Face*

The 2,000-foot north face of Warrior II, in the Wind River Range of Wyoming, was climbed by Steve Marts and Dan Davis on July 21. We got on the face at the right one of two ribs of rock stretching down from the left side of the face. We climbed generally straight up broken rock to the first ledge, where a large snow finger cuts into the face from the left. From the right end of this ledge we climbed an inside corner for one rope length to where it ends at a minor rib crest. We climbed this minor rib and a wide chimney behind it to the second large ledge, where a snow finger cuts into the face. From this ledge we climbed another inside corner and then another formed by some loose, flaky rock. Then we climbed several hundred feet of broken rock to the summit. This climb was Class 4 and 5.

DAN DAVIS

ADMINISTRATION

AND COMMITTEE REPORTS

November 1, 1962—October 31, 1963

ADMINISTRATIVE DIVISION

Secretary's Report

The division system of operation has again this year proven its worth. For the most part, the Board was able to function efficiently, reserving its deliberations for matters of policy, which had been referred to it by the various division chairmen, in accordance with our program of operation.

The additional employees, authorized more than a year ago have proven invaluable in assisting with the efficient day to day operation of the club and its records.

An Olympia Branch was authorized September 5, 1963, with 67 members.

Finance Committee

The Finance Committee was not called upon to make any recommendations this year, but the Budget Committee, a subcommittee of the Finance Committee, prepared the annual club budget, this year anticipating a surplus of $875.

Auditing and Duplicating Committees

These committees performed their important functions well. Completion of the audit was delayed by the search for an auditor, late committee reports and illness.

Membership Committee

During 1963 an experimental period in which no orientation meetings were held was discontinued and the requirement that all membership applicants in King County attend an orientation meeting was reestablished. A tape-recorded orientation presentation with slides was completed and a tape recorder and two speakers were procured. Membership procedures were established for the Olympia Branch. Attendance for the autumn series of orientation meetings has averaged 55 people. Total membership as of October 31, 1963 was 4509, including 413 in Tacoma and 132 in Everett. A count of the billing cards was made in June to accurately determine the membership.

Legal Advisory Committee

The Legal Advisory Committee was involved in three important questions. The most time-consuming was the negotiation with the Puget Sound Power and Light Company over the right of way for power lines on the Meany ski hill. The committee reviewed the by-laws of the Crystal Mountain Users Association and found that our by-laws do not permit The Mountaineers to enter into the association. The committee is currently preparing a publication rights agreement with a Japanese company to publish a Japanese language translation of *Mountaineering, The Freedom of the Hills.*

Insurance Committee

The Insurance Committee has now scheduled all the policies of the club, except those held by the Tacoma Branch, to fall due on the first day of the fiscal year. This will make the financial reports easier to prepare and understand. All the policies are handled by one agency, Marsh, McLennan-Cosgrove & Co., which assures that there will be no lapsed policies through oversight.

CONSERVATION DIVISION

Division members continued their studies of conservation issues and developed proposed policy guidelines for consideration of the Board of Trustees.

The club continued its support for protection of Rainbow Bridge National Monument, but lost its appeal for a restraining dam to prevent the waters of Glen Canyon Reservoir from encroaching on the Monument. Attempts were made to get a moratorium on logging in the North Cascades until a study could be made to determine the best management for the area. A Joint Study Team was appointed by the Secretaries of Agriculture and Interior to make such a study and The Mountaineers presented testimony at these public hearings. However, logging continues in many of the areas which we feel should be protected.

The Division studied a proposal for a Swan Creek Preservation Area in Pierce County—adjacent to Tacoma, recommended favorable consideration by the Board, which subsequently endorsed the Division recommendation.

A meeting was held with the Mazama Club Conservation Committee to discuss methods of operation and committee activities.

The Division studied proposals for a North Cascades National Park and Chelan National Mountain Recreation Area, and later recommended club support for these proposals. The Board of

Trustees subsequently endorsed these proposals. The Division also developed a proposed Policy for The Mountaineers on National Parks and Monuments, which was endorsed by the Board.

The Conservation Education Committee constructed three large portable exhibits, and has recruited a nucleus of club members for a Speakers Bureau. This group will be used to inform the club members and others on conservation problems of our area.

The club continued its support of the Northwest Conservation Representative. This individual has proved invaluable in conducting research on conservation issues, and in maintaining liaison with land management agencies and other conservation groups.

Future programs include strengthening division membership, and keeping club members better informed on conservation issues via exhibits and printed matter.

INDOOR DIVISION

The 1963 Annual Banquet was held on April 20 at The Beau Brummel on Pike Street, featuring an address by Judge Michael K. Copass. The rather disappointing attendance raises the question of the importance of this activity of the club. The annual Service Award was presented to John Martin Hansen, member since 1946, whose services have included the construction of Stevens Hut and membership on the Board of Trustees.

During the nine-month period of September 1962 through June 1963, the bridge group met 18 times, with a total attendance of 204. Clarence Lunder carried off the largest average score for the year. Monthly dances at Polish Hall have been enjoyed, with an average attendance of about 160. Monthly dinner meetings at the Ben Paris Restaurant, from November through June, have drawn an average attendance of 43 to view slides and movies made by our own members in out-of-the-way places in our own region and in remote areas as far away as southeast Asia and Africa. Photography meetings were discontinued this year, but a photography chairman is retained to care for the valuable equipment maintained by the club. Monthly program meetings have been held this year, by courtesy of Seattle City Light, at their auditorium at 8th Avenue North and Roy St. A wide variety of programs covering our own mountaineering activities and aspects of our state and our national parks have been presented. We regret to record the death on March 2 of Edwin P. Chalcraft, who had been the able and resourceful chairman of this activity since January 1961.

September 1963 marked the resumption of the foregoing activities for another fiscal year.

The Players again presented a delightful musical comedy, *Little Mary Sunshine* by Rick Besoyan, with tuneful solos and choruses but also with hilarious comedy as it "spoofed" the sweetly sentimental operettas of the early 1900s. Drizzly and threatening weather reduced attendances at the first two weekends in June, but ideal conditions on the 15th and 16th brought forth records. No previous Saturday had ever approached the 928 attendance of the 15th; and on Sunday some 1619 persons crowded the amphitheater and the trail leading to it, while perhaps 150 were turned away. Total attendance was 4210, and $471 was turned in to the club treasury.

OUTDOOR DIVISION

Committees of the Outdoor Division worked through the year to provide trips and outings suitable to the interests and skills of the members they were set up to serve. Both Trail Trips and Viewfinders committees gave consideration to the kinds of trips they should schedule and adopted statements detailing their conclusions.

The Mountaineer Representative to the Mountain Rescue Council Board functions in a liaison capacity between the two organizations as well as performing the duties of an M.R.C. board member. The major liaison this year concerned the publication of the English translation of Wastl Mariner's book on Mountain Rescue Techniques. Cooperation in the financing and publication of this book (translated by Seattle M.R.C. and Mountaineer members) has provided an opportunity to improve the already cordial working relationships between the two organizations.

Climbing

The Climbing Committee instituted changes in the requirements for Climbing Course graduation: Basic Course—students must complete three climbs, including one roped-rock, one glacier; one additional year is allowed for completion of the climbs. Intermediate Course—graduates now are required to have a current Red Cross First Aid card or equivalent.

In the 1963 Climbing Courses there were 257 Basic and 52 Intermediate students registered. Only 89 Basic students completed all requirements for graduation; 57 completed all requirements except experience climbs and may complete the course next year. Ten Intermediate students graduated.

Course lectures were held in the Jewish Community Center auditorium, which was nearly filled, but proved to be adequate.

Field trips were well attended with an average of one instructor to about three students. The experience climbs had some difficulty due to weather, route finding, weak parties and leaders cancelling. Of the 71 climbs scheduled, 50 were successful, 12 were turned back before reaching summit, and 9 were cancelled. Seventeen Intermediate climbs were scheduled with 11 successfully completed. The others weathered out or cancelled due to lack of sign up.

Campcrafters

Campcrafters scheduled seven trips which had an average attendance of 35. A possible reason for the slight drop in attendance over 1962 was the generally rainy summer. The location of the annual Gypsy Tour was Glacier Park which proved to be a most enjoyable car-camping outing.

Trail Trips

Thirty-nine Trail Trips were scheduled with an average attendance of 23 for Saturday trips and 26 on Sunday trips. The committee experimented with the same type of driver-rider arrangements as other committees use since it has proved difficult for non-car-owners to reach the clubroom and sufficient transportation is not always available.

Juniors

Juniors planned seven outings with an average attendance of 20 per trip.

Ski Mountaineering

Twenty-two Ski Tours attracted an average of 15 persons per trip. The Ski Mountaineering course was reactivated for the first time in several years. Eighty persons signed up and there were six graduates in 1963 although five years are allowed for completion of the course.

Viewfinders

The Viewfinders sponsored 28 nontechnical climbs during the May-through-October season, plus two scheduled but cancelled because of insufficient sign up. In all, 291 different individuals enjoyed these trips, for a total of 513 participant-days. Average attendance per trip was 18 with Sunday attendance slightly but not significantly higher than Saturday.

There were four weekend trips, three of them involving backpacking. On each such weekend, a one-day trip in a different area was also scheduled, for the benefit of those who prefer not to camp.

The traditional Labor Day Viewfinder climb of Mt. Adams from the south side was attended by 20 club members and three guests, with everyone reaching the summit.

At the beginning of the season, the Viewfinder Committee conducted a snow-practice session to provide ice-ax training for persons who had not taken the basic climbing course but who expected to go on Viewfinder snow climbs where ice axes would be required. Twenty-one members took advantage of this opportunity.

The Viewfinder Summer Outing was a repeat of last year's Stevens Pass-to-Snoqualmie Pass back-packing trip over the Cascade Crest Trail with six members attending.

The Viewfinders also offered a program of snowshoe tours during the winter months.

Safety

The Safety Committee continued its program of safety education with pertinent articles in the Bulletin and talks to interested groups. Safety caches were checked. Wet weather during the climbing season is believed to have contributed to the small number of climbing accidents reported.

Summer Outing

The 1963 Summer Outing—one of the largest—took 166 Mountaineers to the Northern Cascades, offering them a choice of time and location. One-, two- or three-week camping periods were all possible, plus short weekend trips. This was the first scheduled club trip to take Mountaineers to Washington Pass and the first since 1935 to see Mountaineers camped at Park Creek Pass. Activities included spectacular climbing, backpacking, pleasant trail trips, fishing, photography and camp fire fun, with the usual, justly-famous Summer Outing food.

Olympia Climbing Course

A special Olympia Climbing Course Committee was set up to conduct a basic climbing course for residents of the area surrounding Olympia, and did so with considerable success.

Special Outings Committee

The Special Outings Committee was reactivated this year and offered two- and three-day outings to such spots as Long Beach on Vancouver Island, Blake Island and Hell's Canyon.

Botany Committee

The Botany Committee sponsored three well-attended trips and five indoor study sessions on the plants and trees of the Pacific Northwest.

PROPERTIES DIVISION

The snow drought, which affected the entire 1962-63 ski season throughout the West, left its mark on our own ski areas, particularly Meany Ski Hut and Snoqualmie Lodge. The ironic aspect of it was the heavy snowfall during the first part of December, 1962, accompanied by a cold snap. This made it appear as though we were headed for an outstanding ski season.

With this excellent skiing so early in the season, everyone's enthusiasm bubbled at a furious rate. Then the rains came! The next adequate fall of snow came in March—a little late to salvage the season.

Meany Ski Hut's operation for the entire season was limited to the Christmas vacation period, and approximately three weekends in January and February.

A serious case of vandalism took place in the hut this summer. Considerable damage was done by two young men who were subsequently apprehended by the Kittitas County Sheriff's Department.

Puget Sound Power and Light, which initially constructed a power line across Meany property during the summer of 1962 without permission from the Mountaineers, has replaced the overhead power line with one that now runs underground.

Meany's own power supply line from the Northern Pacific Railroad was completed this fall as planned.

Snoqualmie Lodge operated almost every weekend throughout the 1962-63 season, but due to poor snow conditions, attendance was considerably below normal.

Logging of windfallen trees was carried out this summer and fall by a professional logger from North Bend, Washington. Approximately 130,000 board feet of timber is being taken.

A portable rope tow was installed last season for a limited period, to service the top of the main ski hill. But, due to poor snow conditions, it was not possible to operate it. However, plans are to operate it this coming season.

Stevens Ski Hut attendance during the 1962-63 season was off considerably, compared to past years. This is mainly attributed to the uncertain snow conditions which prevailed from weekend to weekend through most of the season.

A moosemeat dinner, compliments of Bill Cook, with a folk dance afterward, was one of the highlights of the year.

Mt. Baker Lodge enjoyed an especially well-attended and profitable year due to its enviable location in an area that receives more than adequate snowfall.

Rhododendron Preserve played host, over a weekend this spring, to the Climbers, who held one of their field practice sessions in the preserve.

Future Clubroom Committee continues in its efforts to find a more suitable clubroom for the membership. Various pieces of property, including vacant lots as building sites as well as existing buildings, were investigated and considered during the past year.

Crystal Mountain Feasibility Study Committee found many problems involved in the construction of a ski lodge at Crystal Mountain. The Committee is at present trying to determine whether the Mountaineers should build in this area.

PUBLICATIONS DIVISION

This has been a year of consolidation and planning for the Publications Division. Committees and division leadership have been giving consideration to plans and programs beyond the coming year in hope of providing better continuity and more efficient operation.

The annual issue of *The Mountaineer,* published in the spring, contained articles of historical interest in the fields of Northwest Americana and mountaineering. As predicted last year, the 1964 Annual committee requested an increase in their budget to allow for increased printing costs.

By September, 1963, the second printing of *Mountaineering: The Freedom of the Hills* was almost completely sold and the third printing was soon due to arrive in Seattle. Almost 10,000 copies have been sold in slightly over three years. This reflects the quality of the book and the endeavor of the Book Committee.

Our second book, *North Cascades,* a pictorial description of that area by Thomas Miller with text by Harvey Manning, is expected in Seattle near the beginning of 1964. Already many advance orders have been received. We mentioned last year that several other books were being considered in keeping with the purposes of the Literary Fund. An arrangement has been made with the Mountain Rescue Council for cooperative handling by both groups of the distribution of an English language edition of Mariner's German book on mountain rescue techniques. We have also examined outlines of books on mountaineering medicine and a route guide to the northern Cascade area and will be giving further consideration to these manuscripts as they develop. The division is pleased to report that a publishing house with offices in Japan has made an offer for rights to print *Mountaineering: The Freedom of the Hills* in Japan in Japanese and an agreement is to be reached. This agreement will add funds to the Literary Fund and recognition for The Mountaineers.

The Bulletin has been under the direction of a new editor

who, along with her committee, is particularly interested in seeing the Bulletin used more as a means of keeping club members informed about club activities, and hopes committees and divisions will submit more articles describing club programs. It was necessary during the past year to raise the subscription rate of Mountaineer publications from three to four dollars. This more nearly brings the rate in line with actual costs. Our non-member mailing lists were reduced and made current.

The Library has shown considerable growth the past year and has potential for much more. Cataloging has been completed, a sustained effort has been made to find books which have "wandered away," and the committee asked for and secured a larger budget in order to expand the collection of mountaineering and outdoor literature. The library has made more extensive use of the Bulletin as a means of keeping the club informed about new acquisitions. As the year ended the library received word of a likely bequest for over 290 books from the estate of the late Paul Billingsley. (This later became definite and it was said the books may value close to $3,000.) Some of these books are quite rare and valuable and the club is most grateful for this addition. In 1964 one of the main problems will be the need for adequate storage space.

The Roster may lack literary merit but is an important source of information to club members. A survey conducted this year by the Publications Division showed there was continuing interest in having a Roster, and numerous worthwhile suggestions were received describing how to make the Roster available while still keeping costs in check. The division will be looking at these suggestions before the 1964 Roster is published. The 1963 Roster committee solicited over $500 worth of advertising. Although printing cost of the Roster rose more than $150 from the previous year, part of this was offset by additional advertising revenue.

TACOMA BRANCH ANNUAL REPORT

Bringing the year's activities to a successful close, over 200 Mountaineers and friends attended the Tacoma Branch annual banquet in October at the Top Of The Ocean in Tacoma. Attractively dominating the table decorations were cardboard models of Mt. Everest honoring special guest Jim Whittaker, who spoke to the group of his famous climb and showed slides illustrating high points of the trip. Following the banquet, officers for the coming year were introduced along with the committee chairmen who will be assisting them.

The Tacoma Branch has, during the past year, maintained a full schedule of activities ranging from bridge to mountain climbing. As of September 1963, membership in the branch totaled 409 members, including 43 Junior members and 88 spouse members.

Although hampered by bad weather for most of the season, climbing, one of the most popular activities, reported a successful year, with a record breaking enrollment of 203 in the Basic Climbing Course, following a well-attended open house in March. As the course got under way, somewhat fewer than usual summits were attained due to the persistently bad weather. An estimated 70 percent of the climbs attained the summit. Despite this handicap, however, 37 students were graduated from the Basic Climbing Course, and 5 from the Intermediate. Seven persons were awarded Six Peak pins, and 7 won their 24 Cabin Peak pins. A number of 12 peak pins were also awarded. The Climbing Committee reported a surplus of income over expense of $520.00 which was turned over to the treasury.

A wide variety of trail trips were offered during the year, ranging from beach hikes to trips that ended on the summits of four different peaks. During the winter months, snowshoe trips to Paradise, Van Trump Park, White Pass area, and Mowich Road were planned for those hikers who wanted to stretch their legs while the trails were under snow. Attendance ran high on these trips, averaging 18, indicating sufficient interest to schedule them again as a regular part of the program. Two trips to new areas were scheduled, La Push and Spirit Lake, both of which were well attended. Final activity of the season, the annual Salmon Bake at Pioneer Sand and Gravel Pit, was attended by 160 persons who enjoyed the lovely autumn weather. Baked potatoes were added to the menu for the first time, and a few of the Juniors, overcome by the warm weather, tried some water-skiing, also a first.

The popular Campcrafter division reported good attendance on most activities which included pot-lucks, trail hikes, ski trips, and the ever popular traditional Hallowe'en Costume Party, Christmas Party, and Easter Egg Hunt. One of the most successful overnight outings, was the Lake Ozette trip. A total of over 30 persons gathered to enjoy Dr. Alcorn's campfire lectures on the natural history of the region, and to join him on a hike to Cape Alava on the Olympic strip.

Among the most active divisions of the Tacoma Branch have been the Juniors under the sponsorship of Eugene Fear. The Juniors have spent many Saturdays during the past year assisting John Simac with the construction of the Climbing Pylon being

built behind the clubhouse. Work has been progressing steadily, and it is hoped to have it completed in the near future. The many improvements going in at Irish Cabin have been pushed to, or near to completion by the willing hands of the Tacoma Juniors under the guidance of Irish Cabin Chairman Dick Vradenburgh. Among the many improvements that will be enjoyed by all Mountaineers at Irish are ten new campsites behind the main building, a dynamic belay station, a bridge across Skidder Creek, cement sidewalks, a new woodshed, and new trails in and around the cabin. In addition to much club service, many of the Juniors have also completed busy climbing schedules. Four Six Peak pins were awarded to Juniors, and one 12 peak pin.

Alpine News editor Barry Palmer reports 240 paid subscriptions as of September 1963. This publication, which is becoming of increasing interest and service to the club, also reports an inventory of $255.00 in equipment and supplies.

Lack of snow forced the rescheduling of many trips planned by the ski committee, but ever-optimistic skiers continued to turn out even when snow was little in evidence. On a sunny clear day in January 15 skiers managed to find enough snow for a successful tour in the Chinook Pass area. Good attendance was also recorded at overnight outings to Baker and Meany lodges.

Highlighting the late summer activities was the 21st annual Mountaineer Fair in Budil's backyard. The fair, dubbed "The Cornburger Feed" was an outstanding success attended by over 200 Mountaineers and families. Special attractions were the giant cardboard model of the climbing pylon under construction, and a model showing the improvements at Irish Cabin.

Indoor divisions of the Tacoma Branch also reported a successful year. Avid bridge players didn't even bat an eyelash during the October 12th storm. When they discovered the lights would be a long time coming on they merely lit candles and completed their game. The bridge committee reported a surplus of $14.00 which was turned over to the treasurer.

Under the leadership of Chairman Marge Robinson, the Photography group completed a rewarding year, compiling a traveling slide show, and completing a successful field trip to Irish Cabin. Special guest during the year was Dr. Ernest Karlstrom who lectured on the National Parks where he had served. Dr. Karlstrom illustrated his lecture with slides taken during his stays.

Continuing to support itself financially, the clubhouse earned $1,890.00 in rentals during the past year. The Clubhouse Decorations Committee has been doing a splendid job in keeping the building attractive and serviceable. An attractive new coat of

paint has been added to the interior of the building, and a masonite wainscoating has been installed around the heavy wear areas of the wall in the vicinity of the serving window.

During the fall and winter months the Music Committee met at interested Mountaineers' homes and enjoyed evenings of fellowship and recorded music. Expenses were defrayed between the persons attending, who averaged about 17 per meeting.

Keith Goodman will continue to serve as the Tacoma Branch historian and record the many worthwhile events and outings in the 51 years of the club's existence. The Tacoma Branch is looking forward to another year of rewarding activities and events, and if the past year has been an example, our historian will continue to be busy indeed.

JOHN F. FULLER,
Mountaineer Secretary

THE MOUNTAINEERS
STATEMENT OF FINANCIAL CONDITION
1961 - 1962

July 3, 1963

The Mountaineers
Seattle, Washington

I have examined the statements of financial condition of the
General Fund
Permanent Building and Improvement Fund
Literary Fund
Permanent Fund
Seymour Fund
Property Fund
of THE MOUNTAINEERS as of August 31, 1961 and August 31, 1962, and the related statements of income and expenses for the year then ended. My examination was made in accordance with generally accepted auditing standards and accordingly included such tests of the accounting records and such other accounting procedures as I consider necessary in the circumstances.

In my opinion the accompanying statements of financial condition of the named funds and the related statements of income and expenses present fairly the financial condition of THE MOUNTAINEERS at August 31, 1962, and the results of their operations for the year then ended, in accordance with generally accepted principles of balanced fund accounting, applied on the basis consistent with the prior year.

Certified Public Accountant

THE MOUNTAINEERS
STATEMENT OF FINANCIAL CONDITION
August 31, 1961

	ASSETS	LIABILITIES
General Fund		
Cash	$28,034.43	
Accounts receivable	672.27	
Property and equipment - schedule	28,724.22	
Prepaid expenses	894.34	
Deposits	122.00	
Accounts payable		$ 317.22
Taxes payable		140.20
Dues and initiation fees allocated to branches		789.00
Due to Mountaineering Book Fund		4,342.82
Due to Permanent Building and Improvement Fund		6,643.00
Due to property fund		2,244.61
Due to Library Fund		105.00
Principal of fund		43,865.41
	$58,447.26	$58,447.26

Permanent Building and Improvement Fund		
Cash	$16,849.86	
Tacoma branch construction loan	3,200.00	
Due from General Fund	6,643.00	
Principal of fund		$26,692.86
	$26,692.86	$26,692.86
Mountaineering Book Fund		
Cash	$ 100.00	
Accounts receivable	496.26	
Inventory of books	422.40	
Due from General Fund	4,342.82	
Taxes payable		550.07
Principal of fund		5,311.41
	$ 5,361.48	$ 5,361.48
Permanent Fund		
Cash	$ 2,000.00	
U. S. Government bonds—at cost	3,000.00	
Principal of fund		$ 5,000.00
	$ 5,000.00	$ 5,000.00

THE MOUNTAINEERS
STATEMENT OF INCOME AND EXPENSE
For the twelve months ended August 31, 1961

INCOME

Dues and initiation fees		$24,276.50
Less allocations:		
Tacoma	$ 573.00	
Everett	216.00	
Bulletin subscriptions	8,392.50	
Permanent Building and Improvement Fund	4,738.00	13,919.50
NET DUES AND FEES		$10,357.00
Sales of publications	$8,392.50	
Less cost of publications	9,997.63	(1,605.13)
Committee operations:		
Lodge committees - schedule	$ 565.17	
Other committees - schedule	4,603.86	5,169.03
Other income		815.18
TOTAL INCOME		$14,736.08

EXPENSES

Salaries	$3,744.00	
Rent	1,460.00	
Office supplies and expense	1,388.42	
Professional services	1,521.29	
Telephone	319.42	
Postage	751.30	
Insurance - other than lodges	1,269.80	
Depreciation - other than lodges	430.00	
Dues and subscriptions	135.00	
Payroll taxes	189.00	
Miscellaneous	279.58	
TOTAL EXPENSES		11,487.81
EXCESS OF INCOME OVER EXPENSES		$ 3,248.27

THE MOUNTAINEERS
STATEMENT OF FINANCIAL CONDITION
August 31, 1961

Seymour Fund		
Cash	$ 360.90	
U. S. Government Bond - at cost	1,000.00	
Principal of fund		$ 1,360.90
	$ 1,360.90	$ 1,360.90
Property Fund		
Due from General Fund	$ 2,244.61	
Principal of fund		$ 2,244.61
	$ 2,244.61	$ 2,244.61
Library Fund		
Due from General Fund	$ 105.00	
Principal of fund		$ 105.00
	$ 105.00	$ 105.00

THE MOUNTAINEERS
SCHEDULE OF PROPERTY AND EQUIPMENT
August 31, 1961

	Recorded Value	Accumulated Depreciation	Net
Snoqualmie Lodge	$13,388.48	$ 9,803.80	$ 3,584.68
Mt. Baker Cabin	12,768.36	1,987.83	10,780.53
Stevens Ski Hut	9,389.01	5,312.93	4,076.08
Meany Ski Hut	7,923.79	7,630.10	293.69
Rhododendron Preserve	4,040.88	3,555.62	485.26
Library	3,052.26	2,171.01	881.25
Clubroom furniture and fixtures	3,080.98	1,944.87	1,136.11
General equipment	2,234.71	1,395.27	839.44
Photographic equipment	1,442.37	1,239.27	203.10
Sno Cat	4,773.05	954.61	3,818.44
Land:			
Snoqualmie	1,100.00		1,100.00
Rhododendron Preserve	757.50		757.50
Linda Coleman Memorial	768.14		768.14
	$64,719.53	$35,995.31	$28,724.22

THE MOUNTAINEERS — EVERETT BRANCH
FINANCIAL STATEMENT, August 31, 1961

Cash and Bank	$1,049.72
U. S. Government Bonds	978.40
Principal	$2,028.12
INCOME, Dues and Committees	$ 779.75
Expenses	185.01
Excess of Income over Expense	$ 594.74

Ralph Mackey, Treasurer

THE MOUNTAINEERS — TACOMA BRANCH
PROFIT and LOSS STATEMENT
For the Period September 1, 1960 to August 31, 1961

INCOME

Clubhouse rentals		$1,148.00
Committee operations:		
Bridge	$ 54.23	
Climbing	422.40	
Irish cabin	29.74	
Social	160.23	
Ways and Means	1.00	667.60
Membership refunds		591.00
Trail trips		189.45
Misc. income		3.99
Bond interest, U. S. Series "G"		15.00
Donations		293.24
TOTAL INCOME		$2,908.28

EXPENSES

Caretaker - Clubhouse	392.00	
Maintenance "	120.13	
Utilities "	291.80	
Telephone	98.90	
Insurance	181.56	
Maintenance - Irish Cabin	127.44	
Misc. expenses	75.97	
Taxes, real estate & pers. property	413.60	
Social Security	10.66	
Membership Committee	3.00	
Nomination Committee	5.24	
Photographic Committee	10.38	
Program Committee	31.73	
Ski Committee	25.00	
Pop—purchase less sales	13.16	
Secretary's expense	35.03	
Depreciation - Clubhouse, furniture & fixtures	700.78	
Depreciation - Irish Cabin furniture & fixtures	135.00	
TOTAL EXPENSES		2,671.38
GAIN (to Net Worth)		$ 236.90

THE MOUNTAINEERS — TACOMA BRANCH
BALANCE SHEET
As of August 31, 1961

ASSETS

Current Assets			
Bank of California		$1,160.76	
U. S. Government Bonds - Series "G"		600.00	$ 1,760.76
Fixed Assets			
Land, (Clubhouse)		800.00	
Land, (Irish Cabin)		200.00	
Clubhouse,	$13,992.85		
Less reserve for depreciation	927.52	13,065.33	
Furniture (Clubhouse)	1,479.36		
Less reserve for depreciation	275.81	1,203.55	
Fixtures, (Clubhouse)	864.06		
Less reserve	153.95	710.11	
Irish Cabin	1,900.00		
Less reserve	190.00	1,710.00	
Furniture & equip. Irish Cabin	400.00		
Less reserve	80.00	320.00	
TOTAL FIXED ASSETS			18,008.99
TOTAL ASSETS			$19,769.75

LIABILITIES and NET WORTH

Liabilities		
Loan, The Mountaineers		$ 3,200.00
Net Worth		16,569.75
TOTAL		$19,769.75

THE MOUNTAINEERS — TACOMA BRANCH
APPLICATION OF FUNDS

Bank of California, balanced September 1, 1960		$ 837.59
Income, per Profit and Loss Statement		2,908.28
TOTAL		$3,745.87
Expense per Profit and Loss Statement	$2,671.38	
Less Items of Depreciation	835.78	
TOTAL CASH EXPENSE	$1,835.60	
Clubhouse construction	160.17	
Furniture, clubhouse	200.65	
Fixtures, clubhouse	188.69	
Loan payment	200.00	
TOTAL		2,585.11
Bank of California, balance August 31, 1961		$1,160.76

WILMA N. SHANNON, Treasurer

H. T. JOHNSON, L.P.A. Auditor

Exhibit A

THE MOUNTAINEERS
STATEMENT OF FINANCIAL CONDITION
August 31, 1962

	ASSETS	LIABILITIES
General Fund		
Cash	$24,835.53	
Accounts receivable	133.86	
Prepaid expenses	735.14	
Deposits	172.00	
Property and equipment, net - Schedule 1	28,458.62	
Accounts payable		$ 1,704.87
Taxes payable		41.01
Dues and initiation fees allocated to branches		1,129.00
Due to Permanent Building and Improvement Fund		7,356.00
Due to Property Fund		1,967.41
Principal of fund		42,136.86
	$54,335.15	$54,335.15

Permanent Building and Improvement Fund		
Cash	$24,923.73	
Tacoma branch construction loan	3,000.00	
Due from general fund	7,356.00	
Principal of fund		$35,279.73
	$35,279.73	$35,279.73
Literary Fund		
Cash	$ 7,695.09	
Inventory of books - at cost	4,509.12	
Accounts payable		$ 230.87
Taxes payable		63.62
Principal of fund		11,909.72
	$12,204.21	$12,204.21
Permanent Fund		
Cash	$ 2,000.00	
U. S. Government bonds - at cost	$ 3,000.00	
Principal of fund		5,000.00
	$ 5,000.00	$ 5,000.00
Seymour Fund		
Cash	$ 409.48	
U. S. Government bond - at cost	1,000.00	
Principal of fund		$ 1,409.48
	$ 1,409.48	$ 1,409.48
Property Fund		
Cash	$ 2,282.16	
Due from General Fund	1,967.41	
Principal of fund		$ 4,249.57
	$ 4,249.57	$ 4,249.57

Exhibit B

THE MOUNTAINEERS
STATEMENT OF INCOME AND EXPENSES
For the Twelve Months Ended August 31, 1962

INCOME		
Dues and initiation fees		$26,307.00
Less allocations:		
Tacoma	$ 616.00	
Everett	213.00	
Publications	8,986.50	
Permanent Building and Improvement Fund	5,348.00	15,163.50
NET DUES AND FEES		$11,143.50
Sale of publications	$ 8,986.50	
Less cost of publications	11,115.59	(2,129.09)
Committee operations:		
Lodge committees - Schedule 2	$ 4,759.68	
Other committees - Schedule 3	1,413.23	6,172.91
Miscellaneous sales		297.97
Interest income		241.72
Summer outing - year 1961		144.68
Donation received		50.00
		$15,921.69
EXPENSES		
Salaries	$ 6,423.06	
Payroll taxes	359.10	
Rent	1,300.00	
Bookkeeping	600.00	
Office supplies	1,107.23	
Postage	426.88	
Telephone	325.46	
Power and light	14.19	
Heat	247.39	
Repairs and maintenance	76.10	
Insurance - office	313.87	
Depreciation - other than lodges	279.96	
Taxes - office	32.83	
Library	160.92	
Conservation, net	1,166.04	
Miscellaneous	254.80	
TOTAL EXPENSES		13,087.83
EXCESS OF INCOME OVER EXPENSES		$ 2,833.86

Schedule 1

THE MOUNTAINEERS
SCHEDULE OF PROPERTY AND EQUIPMENT
August 31, 1962

	Recorded Value	Accumulated Depreciation	Net
Snoqualmie Lodge	$15,051.38	$10,698.80	$ 4,352.58
Mt. Baker Cabin	13,018.36	2,647.83	10,370.53
Stevens Ski Hut	9,389.01	5,917.93	3,471.08
Meany Ski Hut	8,356.23	8,067.94	288.29
Rhododendron Preserve	4,100.71	3,615.62	485.09
Library	3,052.26	2,249.37	802.89
Clubroom furniture and fixtures	3,182.78	2,028.87	1,153.91
General equipment	3,051.52	1,470.87	1,580.65
Photographic equipment	1,745.40	1,281.27	464.13
Sno Cat	4,773.05	1,909.22	2,863.83
Land:			
Snoqualmie	1,100.00		1,100.00
Rhododendron Preserve	757.50		757.50
Linda Coleman Memorial	768.14		768.14
	$68,346.34	$39,887.72	$28,458.62

Exhibit C

THE MOUNTAINEERS
LITERARY FUND
STATEMENT OF INCOME AND EXPENSES
For the twelve months ended August 31, 1962

Income from sale of books		$10,181.46
Less cost of books sold:		
Books on hand September 1, 1961 - at cost	$ 422.40	
Printing	6,647.15	
Freight-in	513.37	
	$7,582.92	
Less books on hand August 31, 1962 - at cost	4,509.12	
TOTAL COST OF BOOKS SOLD		3,073.80
GROSS PROFIT		$ 7,107.66
EXPENSES		
Advertising	$ 294.16	
Committee expense	8.75	
Insurance	93.42	
Supplies	6.53	
Taxes	80.64	
Miscellaneous	25.85	509.35
NET INCOME		$ 6,598.31

THE MOUNTAINEERS — EVERETT BRANCH
FINANCIAL STATEMENT
August 31, 1962

Cash and bank		$1,541.14
U. S. Government Bonds		1,010.10
TOTAL		$2,551.24
Income		
Dues	$761.00	
Committees	121.88	
Interest	65.85	$ 948.73
Expenses		211.01
Excess of Income over Expenses		$ 737.72

Gail Crummett, Treasurer

THE MOUNTAINEERS — TACOMA BRANCH
PROFIT and LOSS STATEMENT
Fiscal year ended August 31, 1962

INCOME			
Clubhouse rentals		$1,408.50	
Committee operations:			
Climbing	$237.47		
Fair	115.31		
Irish Cabin	100.00		
Social	80.37		
Ski	15.00		
Trail trips	72.26		
Ways and Means	78.01	698.42	
Membership refund		573.00	
Donations		5.00	
Bond interest, U. S. Series "G"		15.00	
Miscellaneous		17.47	
TOTAL INCOME			$2,717.39
EXPENSES			
Committee operations:			
Bridge	37.55		
Membership	37.36		
Nominating	18.20		
Photographic	16.22		
Clubhouse - caretaker	381.42		
maintenance	44.36		
utilities	339.26	874.37	
Insurance		195.42	
Taxes, real and personal		299.36	
Taxes, Social Security		23.05	
Telephone		56.52	
Treasurer's expense		28.17	
Secretary's expense		26.27	
Pop sales expense		18.92	
Miscellaneous		65.47	
Depreciation, clubhouse, furniture and fixtures		700.00	
Depreciation, Irish Cabin		135.00	
TOTAL EXPENSE			2,422.55
Net profit to Net Worth			$ 294.84

WILMA SHANNON, Treasurer — HAROLD R. SHERRY, Auditor

THE MOUNTAINEERS — TACOMA BRANCH
BALANCE SHEET
August 31, 1962

ASSETS			
Current Assets			
Bank of California		$ 1,479.99	
U. S. Government Bonds - Series "G"		600.00	
TOTAL CURRENT ASSETS			$ 2,079.99
FIXED ASSETS			
Land (clubhouse)		$ 800.00	
Land (Irish Cabin)		200.00	
Clubhouse	$14,326.05		
Less reserve	1,393.52	12,932.53	
Clubhouse furniture	$ 1,744.35		
Less reserve	423.81	1,320.54	
Clubhouse fixtures	$ 876.48		
Less reserve	239.95	636.53	
Irish Cabin	$ 1,900.00		
Less reserve	285.00	1,615.00	
Irish Cabin, furniture and fixtures	$ 400.00		
Less reserve	120.00	280.00	
TOTAL FIXED ASSETS			17,784.60
TOTAL ASSETS			$19,864.59
LIABILITIES			
Loan, The Mountaineers			$ 3,000.00
Net Worth			16,864.59
TOTAL LIABILITIES AND NET WORTH			$19,864.59

OTHER COMMITTEE OPERATIONS

For the twelve months ended August 31, 1961

INCOME	Total	Climbers	Camp-crafters	Trail-trip	View-finders	Dance	Players	Summer outing	Conservation	Annual banquet	Book fund
Receipts	$18,324.25					$1,747.90	$3,936.15		$ 473.94	$641.00	$11,525.26
Registration fees	7,378.18	$1,189.15			$90.18			6,098.85			
Trail and other fees	243.76		135.45	108.31							
	$25,946.19	$1,189.15	$135.45	$108.31	$90.18	$1,747.90	$3,936.15	$6,098.85	$ 473.94	$641.00	$11,525.26
EXPENSES											
Food and service	$ 3,650.62					$ 281.73		$2,876.39		$492.50	
Program expense	1,707.18	16.14				745.20	920.84			25.00	
Climbing ropes	362.60	362.60									
Stationery and postage	861.62	76.24					42.73		448.42		294.23
Rent	1,075.00					495.00	480.00			100.00	
Taxes	74.17					33.13				19.70	21.34
Committee expense	142.90	8.35						134.55			
Costumes and properties	787.04						787.04				
Directors' fees and expense	343.96						343.96				
Transportation	2,827.98						154.92	2,573.30	99.76		
Insurance	75.00										75.00
Miscellaneous	1,250.88	80.16					321.74	54.32	530.91		263.75
Cost of books sold	8,183.38										8,183.38
	$21,342.33	$ 543.49				$1,555.06	$3,051.23	$5,638.56	$1,079.09	$637.20	$ 8,837.70
NET INCOME	$ 4,603.86	$ 645.66	$135.45	$108.31	$90.18	$ 192.84	$ 884.92	$ 460.29	$ (605.15)	$ 3.80	$ 2,687.56

LODGE COMMITTEE OPERATIONS

For the twelve months ended August 31, 1961

INCOME	Total	Meany Ski Hut	Mt. Baker Cabin	Rhododendron Preserve	Snoqualmie Lodge	Stevens Ski Hut
Meals served	$12,332.89	$2,698.46	$3,047.73	$ 859.85	$4,095.83	$1,631.02
Use of hut or lodge	5,839.46	1,002.00	2,193.38	463.25	1,217.75	963.08
Use of ski tow	4,938.00	1,414.50			3,523.50	
Use of sno cat	1,150.00	1,150.00				
Miscellaneous	551.92	102.22	67.73	304.97	32.50	44.50
	$24,812.27	$6,367.18	$5,308.84	$1,628.07	$8,869.58	$2,638.60
EXPENSES						
Food and service	$12,374.87	$2,605.09	$2,895.62	$1,026.46	$4,427.36	$1,420.34
Building expense	1,656.46	227.84	332.69	12.29	1,011.28	72.36
Sno cat expense	952.74	952.74				
Tow expense	1,225.49	137.16			1,088.33	
Committee expense	520.34	8.28	151.38	51.14	152.04	157.50
Refunds	119.75		74.75			45.00
Insurance	1,025.39	280.52	240.00	12.87	240.00	252.00
Property taxes	690.61	20.65	76.30	341.86	142.87	108.93
Depreciation	3,919.61	1,754.61	700.00	60.00	800.00	605.00
Hill clearing	1,300.00				1,300.00	
Miscellaneous	461.84	37.55	27.08	288.07	102.06	7.08
	$24,247.10	$6,024.44	$4,497.82	$1,792.69	$9,263.94	$2,668.21
NET INCOME (LOSS)	$ 565.17	$ 342.74	$ 811.02	$ (164.62)	$ (394.36)	$ (29.61)

Schedule 2

LODGE COMMITTEE OPERATIONS
For the twelve months ended August 31, 1962

	Total	Meany Ski Hut	Mt. Baker Cabin	Rhododendron Preserve	Snoqualmie Lodge	Stevens Ski Hut
INCOME						
Meals served	$10,526.88	$2,661.00	$2,437.57	$ 467.11	$ 3,293.31	$1,667.89
Use of hut or lodge	7,291.64	1,110.90	1,574.70	587.85	3,069.19	949.00
Use of ski tow	6,635.43	1,243.23			5,392.20	
Sales taxes collected	259.92	43.12			216.80	
Use of sno cat	1,342.95	1,342.95				
Miscellaneous	231.99			231.99		
TOTAL INCOME	$26,288.81	$6,401.20	$4,012.27	$1,286.95	$11,971.50	$2,616.89
EXPENSES						
Food	$ 9,222.76	$2,359.61	$1,943.37	$ 680.03	$ 2,698.88	$1,540.87
Service	1,732.84		316.18	68.28	1,023.06	325.32
Building repairs	1,956.22	493.23	661.96	46.88	457.87	296.28
Ski tow	1,703.60	337.78			1,365.82	
Sno cat	437.62	437.62				
Committee	125.31	8.49	115.82	1.00		
Taxes	721.97	27.03	103.21	326.50	165.91	99.32
Insurance	1,688.33	433.11	368.68	118.91	529.32	238.31
Depreciation:						
Building and equipment	2,657.84	437.84	660.00	60.00	895.00	605.00
Sno cat	954.61	954.61				
Miscellaneous	328.03	93.02	130.71	57.99	34.65	11.66
TOTAL EXPENSES	$21,529.13	$5,582.34	$4,299.93	$1,359.59	$ 7,170.51	$3,116.76
NET INCOME (LOSS)	$ 4,759.68	$ 818.86	$ (287.66)	$ (72.64)	$ 4,800.99	$ (499.87)

Schedule 3

OTHER COMMITTEE OPERATIONS
For the twelve months ended August 31, 1962

	Total	Climbers	Camp-crafters	Trail trip	View-finders	Dance	Players	Summer outing	Annual banquet & dinner meetings
INCOME	$12,144.66	$1,427.20	$95.38	$77.19	$62.52	$1,548.41	$4,027.21	$4,158.40	$748.35
EXPENSES									
Food and service	$ 2,628.56					122.56		1,850.50	655.50
Program expense	2,304.68	81.28				892.82	1,270.42		60.16
Climbing ropes and gear	686.05	686.05							
Stationery and postage	143.76	67.83					75.93		
Rent	1,153.00	187.50				485.00	480.50		
Taxes	176.80					35.12		141.68	
Committee expense	160.39							160.39	
Costumes and properties	715.73						715.73		
Directors' fees and expense	490.06						490.06		
Transportation	1,895.40						270.00	1,625.40	
Miscellaneous	377.00	84.71			6.76		253.85	31.68	
	$10,731.43	$1,107.37			$ 6.76	$1,535.50	$3,556.49	$3,809.65	$715.66
NET INCOME	$ 1,413.23	$ 319.83	$95.38	$77.19	$55.76	$ 12.91	$ 470.72	$ 348.75	$ 32.69

COMMITTEE CHAIRMEN
1963 Term

ADMINISTRATIVE DIVISION
Morris Moen

Auditing ..... V. Frank Vojta
Finance ..... Bob Yeasting
Insurance ..... William F. White, Jr.
Legal Advisory ..... Don Schmechel
Membership ..... Leo Stockham
Operations Manual ..... George McDowell
Duplicating ..... Ruth Bartholomew

CONSERVATION DIVISION
William Zauche

Conservation Education ..... Emily Haig
FWOC Representative ..... Robert Latz
National Parks ..... William R. Halliday
Rhododendron Preserve Planning ..... Leo Gallagher
State-County-Local Areas ..... Dewey Engeset
National Forests ..... Patrick Goldsworthy

INDOOR DIVISION
Harriet Walker

Annual Banquet ..... Bernice Baycroft
Bridge ..... Emma Kment
Dance ..... Hugh Sharp
Dinner Meetings ..... Marjorie Reynolds
Photography ..... John Hansen
Players ..... Daniel S. Barash
Program Meetings ..... Gertrude Cade
Service Award ..... John Klos

OUTDOOR DIVISION
Stella Degenhardt, Sherman Bissell

Campcrafters ..... James McKeag
Junior Committee ..... Arthur Huffine
Botany ..... Larry Penberthy
Climbing ..... Calvin Magnusson
MRC Representative ..... Victor Josendal
Olympia Climbing Course ..... Bartlett Burns
Outing Planning ..... William Anderson
Safety ..... Philip Bartow
Ski Tours ..... Harold B. Williams
Special Outing ..... Andrew Bowman
Summer Outing ..... Chester Powell
Trail Trips ..... Ray Clift
Viewfinders ..... Allen B. Davis

PROPERTY DIVISION
Robert Booher

Building Policy ..... Gay Lenker
Crystal Mountain Feasibility ..... Edgar Scofield
Clubroom ..... Mrs. Irving Gavett
Future Clubroom ..... Leon Uziel
Irish Cabin ..... Dick Vradenburgh
Meany ..... John Rice
Mt. Baker ..... Gordon Logan
Rhododendron Preserve ..... Robert Landon
Snoqualmie Lodge ..... Leon Harman
Stevens ..... Hal Williams

PUBLICATIONS DIVISION
Warren Wilson

Annual ..... Betty Manning
Book Committee ..... Howard Miller
Bulletin ..... Joanne Botten
Library ..... Milton Nygaard
Roster ..... Charles Crenchaw