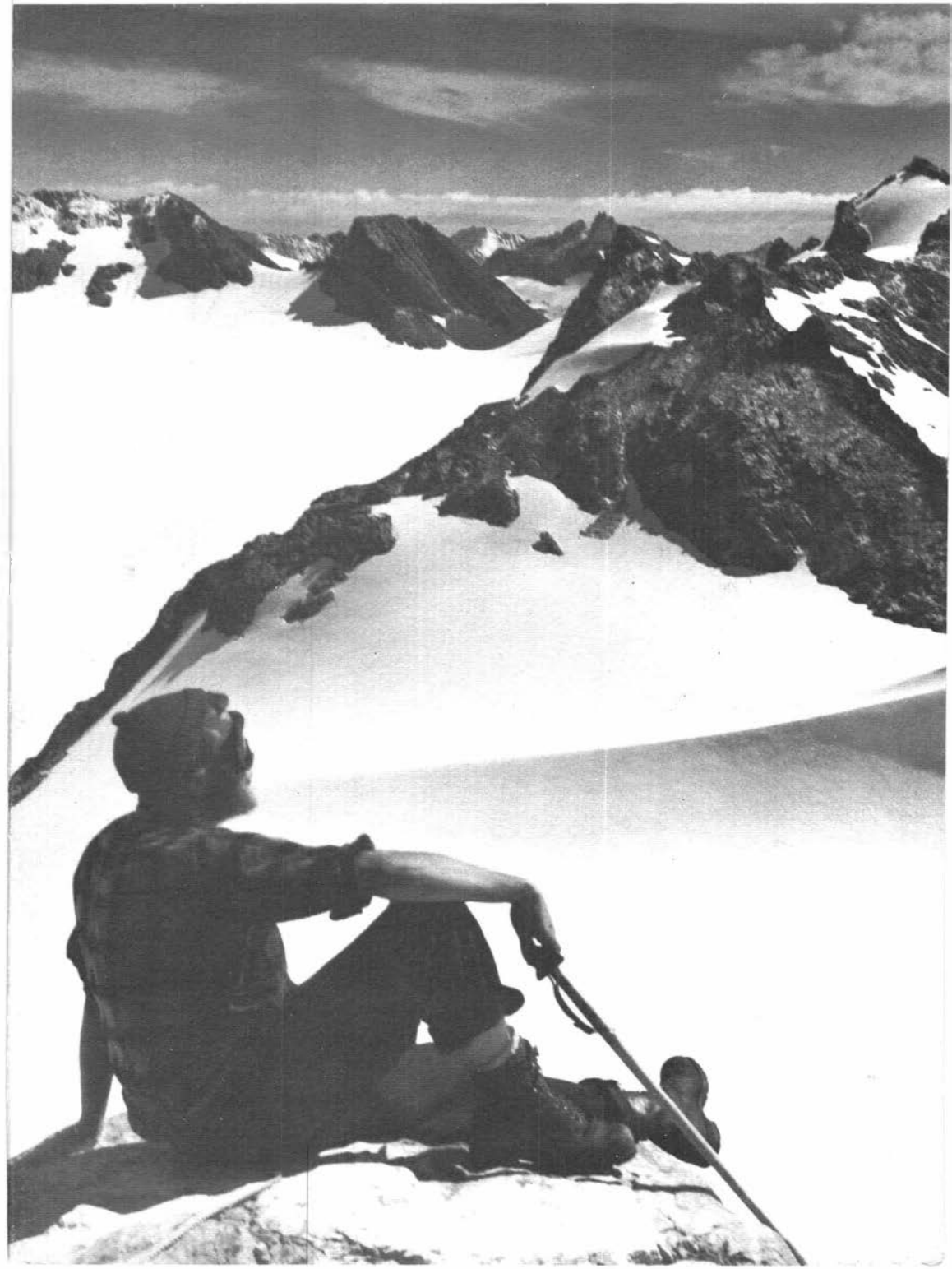
The Mountaineer



The Mountaineer

1967

Cover photo: South Fork Cascade Glacier, Lizard (left), Blue Mountain (center back) and Mabel Mountain (right).
Dick Brooks

Entered as second-class matter, April 8, 1922, at Post Office, Seattle, Wash., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Published monthly and semi-monthly during March and April by The Mountaineers, P.O. Box 122, Seattle, Washington, 98111. Clubroom is at 719½ Pike Street, Seattle. Subscription price monthly Bulletin and Annual, $4.00 per year.

The Mountaineers

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

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

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

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

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

EDITORIAL STAFF

Betty Manning, Editor, Arnold Bloomer, Donna DeShazo,
Gladys Chandler, Loretta Slater, William Stark

Material and photographs should be submitted to The Mountaineers, P.O. Box, 122, Seattle, Washington 98111, before November 1, 1967, for consideration. Photographs must be 5x7 glossy prints, bearing caption and photographer's name on back.

The Mountaineer
Climbing Code

A climbing party of three is the minimum, unless adequate support is available 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.

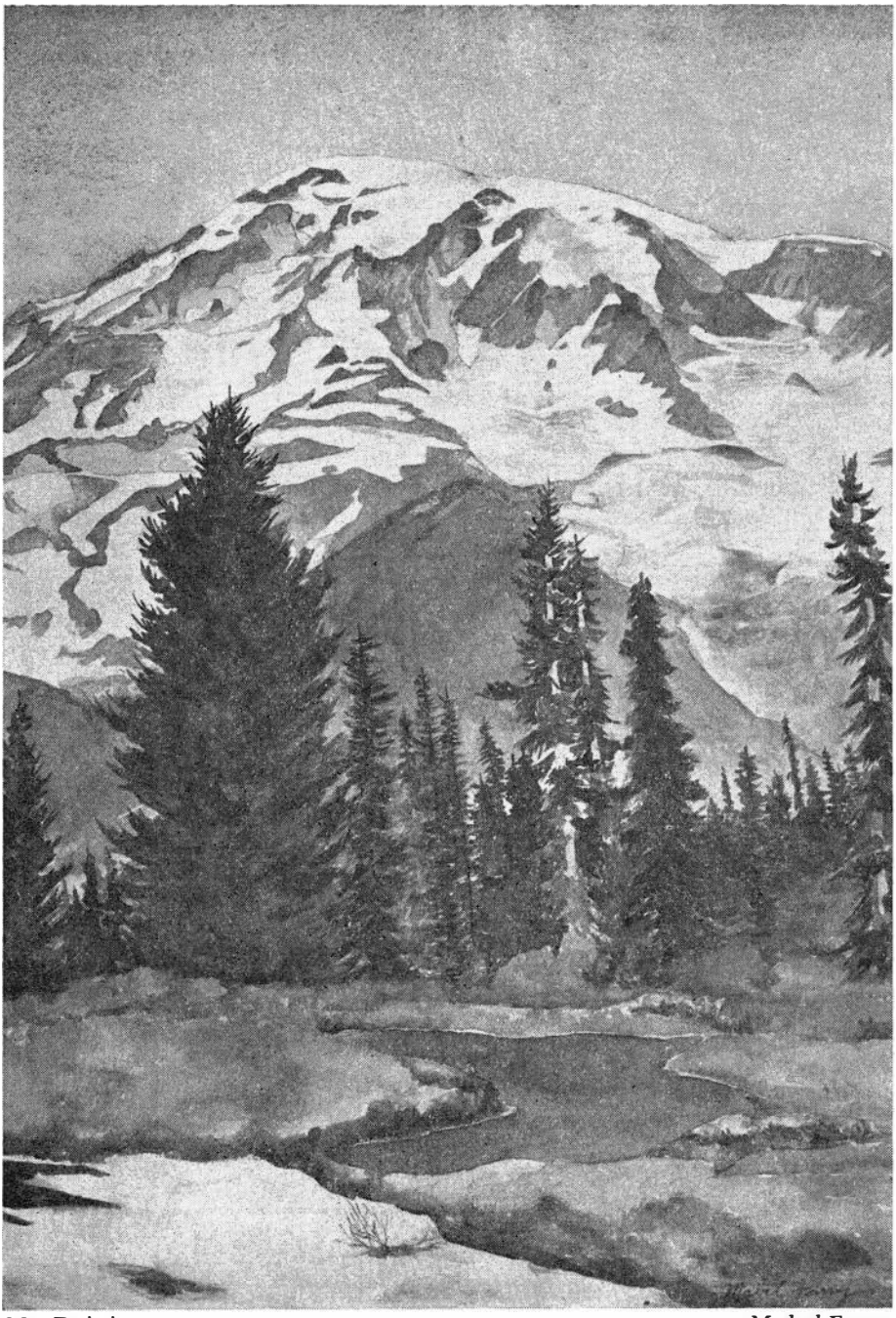
Never climb beyond your ability and knowledge.

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.



Mt. Rainier *Mabel Furry*

The Mountaineer

1967

Vol. 60, No. 5, April, 1967—Organized 1906—Incorporated 1913

CONTENTS

ILLUSTRATIONS

Mining the Wilderness

By RODGER W. PEGUES*

Mountains are earth's undying monuments—Hawthorne
Bare steeps where desolation stalks—Wordsworth

Introduction

Miner's Ridge in the North Cascades of Washington is reached by a long, hard hike into the Glacier Peak Wilderness Area. The ridge is accessible from several directions, one of the most frequently used being the trail up the Suiattle valley from the west. a distance of about 15 miles from the roadhead and a climb from near sealevel to around 6,000 feet.

Most of the way is heavily forested, but around 4,000 feet the forest gradually disappears. From 5,000 to 6,000 feet and above, slender stringers and isolated stands of alpine fir lend a dark green color to the fabric, but for the most part the ridge becomes bare of trees, being covered instead with a rich carpet of lush grasses and a colorful assortment of flowering plants.

The ridge runs northwest by southeast. On its northeast face, the ridge drops almost vertically into the valley of Canyon Creek. On the southwest face, the ridge rolls and plunges into the heavily forested Suiattle valley. Across the way looms Glacier Peak, monarch of the North Cascades, glacier scarred and capped with perpetual snow. Image Lake, the ridge's crown jewel, lies tucked away in its own small bowl amidst the slopes and meadows of the ridge. When the air is still, Glacier Peak lies reflected on the lake's surface. Thousands of slides and color prints testify to the beauty of the scene.

The North Cascades Study Team, an inter-agency federal committee, classified the site as a "unique natural area," a classification requiring the preservation of natural conditions. The National Park Service members of the Study Team recommended that the area be the core of a new national park, a recommendation earlier arrived at by several conservation societies, including The Mountaineers, the Sierra Club, the North Cascades Conservation Council, and the Federation of Western Outdoor Clubs. Unfortunately, much of the area rests upon a deposit of low-grade copper ore, and there is every indication that the company which owns the patented lands and surrounding claims intends to begin an open-pit mining operation in the immediate future, perhaps this year.

* Former Northwest Conservation Representative.

The Nature of the Threat

Kennecott, the owner through wholly owned subsidiaries of the claims and patents, has been less than specific about its plans. Some information has been made public, however, and a general picture of the operation can be drawn.

The mine itself will be an open-pit operation. Presumably it will be centered at or near the company's patented lands, that is, about a thousand feet below the summit of Plummer Mountain on the southwest face of Miner's Ridge. The pit would be around one-half mile in diameter and could be considerably larger. The slope is steep in this vicinity, and considerable scarring and erosion is likely.

Various mining works, buildings, equipment, and electric lines and facilities would be located in and around the vicinity of the pit. Some means of access to the pit together with some means of moving extracted ores from the site to a processing plant would also be necessary. Roads, trams, or funicular railway are likely alternatives.

Kennecott plans to install a concentrator in the Suiattle valley, presumably on land it claims as a millsite on Miner's Creek. The concentrator would reduce the ore, leaving a higher-grade residue on the one hand for shipment to the smelter (not located in or near the area) and a residue of very low-grade waste on the other hand for deposit in the area, presumably on the millsite. A similar operation at Holden, a now abandoned copper and gold mine on the other side of the mountain, left a vast pile of toxic waste material which carried by winds, destroys surrounding vegetation and, carried by waters, has destroyed the fishery in Railroad Creek and threatens similar destruction in the upper portion of Lake Chelan.

The company will need surface access from the existing roadhead at the wilderness-area boundary near Sulfur Creek to the millsite—about 7 miles—and then beyond—another 7 or 8 miles—to the mine. The company probably plans a road; however, a narrow-gauge railroad may be a reasonable alternative. Design and location of surface access will have a significant effect upon the degree of impact on wilderness and scenic values. For this reason, the Forest Service will want to regulate design and location most closely and carefully.

In addition to surface access, the company will also need easements across Forest Service lands for power, water, and perhaps, telephone communication. The capacity required by the company to operate will determine the scope of the burden which may be imposed upon the forest lands. Design and location will,

as with surface access, have a significant effect upon the degree of impact, and the Forest Service will want to control them in the same way as it will surface access.

Finally, the company has indicated that it will need a water reservoir. Its reasons have not been made public, nor has the extent of its asserted need. Presumably it will need water for processing operations and wants a reservoir to secure a stable and adequate flow of water. The company has given no indication whatever as to the location of its proposed reservoir.

The damages to other resources which will likely flow from the company's operations should be obvious. Destruction of the wilderness atmosphere seems inevitable. Restoration will reduce long-range impacts in this regard, but the period required for regrowth of trees and other vegetation will affect at least two, and perhaps three or more, generations of wilderness users. The open pit may not be amenable to restoration, and a permanent scar seems likely. Scenic destruction will likely be gross. Erosion could be a serious problem for many years.

The damages to watershed values could exceed those to scenic and wilderness values, as egregious and grievous as the latter will be. Presumably, the concentration process to be used by Kennecott will be the same or similar to the process used at Holden. If the residue is toxic, destruction of the fishery in the river system will follow. The Suiattle is a tributary of the Skagit River, a major producer of salmon and steelhead trout. No evaluation of the dollar value of this fishery is available to the author, but it is common knowledge that the Skagit is the number one steelhead stream in the Puget Sound region, and as such, a major recreation resource. The Skagit salmon run is a major source of commercial fishing activity. Thus, toxic pollution of the Suiattle drainage would destroy the fishery not only in that area, but also on downstream into the Skagit itself.

What Is to be Done

There are a number of things which can be done to minimize the impact of the proposed mining operation and even to eliminate the operation altogether. However, there is no guarantee at this juncture that enough will be done. Indeed, so far too little has been done, and if action is not taken promptly, we may be faced with locking the barn door after the horse has been stolen.

Three approaches to preventing injury to the wilderness, scenic, wildlands, and fisheries resources appear feasible. None excludes another, and indeed, each should be pursued concur-

rently with the others. The approaches may be described as follows:

(1) Acquire the company's interest in the properties and withdraw the threatened area from mineral entry.

(2) Regulate and control the operation, including the withdrawal of lands as yet unclaimed or unpatented, the result being a minimization of impact and the restoration, insofar as is possible, of affected lands.

(3) Regulation and control of the operation to the same extent as in (2), but the result being that the proposed mining operation becomes financially unfeasible.

Conservationists would, of course, prefer that approach number one be followed. And, indeed, a number of people, including some federal officials, are investigating purchase and withdrawal of the area. The Forest Service, under the terms of the Wilderness Act and Department of Agriculture regulations, is following approach number two. Approach number three is not being followed *explicitly or officially* by anyone; however, it may be followed as a matter of fact if reasonable regulation of the operation has, as an incident, a prohibitory effect.

Regulatory Controls—Respective Rights, Duties, and Powers

In order to understand the nature of the problem, it is necessary to examine and understand the respective rights, duties, powers, liabilities and interests of the company, the public and the government. A definitive discussion would require too much space and will not be attempted. Nevertheless, some detail is required in order to draw a meaningful and useful picture of the situation.

Access and Easements. Under the mining laws and the Wilderness Act, the company has a right to so much access as is reasonably required across National Forests lands for mineral development and uses reasonably incident thereto. This access includes physical access and easements for such things as power lines, water lines, ditches, trams, and so forth. The right does not include objects or purposes not reasonably required for mineral development or uses reasonably incident thereto.

The Wilderness Act specifically empowers the Secretary of Agriculture to impose regulation and control over the company's right of access. In part, this is no more than a restatement of earlier law which has always subjected mineral entry to the regulations of the Secretary. However, two significant additions to that power are made. Instead of merely protecting the *forest* resource, the Secretary's regulations may be designed to protect

in addition the *wilderness* resource. Further, in addition to regulating access, the Secretary may also require that the company restore the disturbed surface of the National Forest lands to a natural condition insofar as is practicable.

Hence, while the company has a right of access, this right is not unlimited but rather is subject to several limitations: (1) that it may have only such access as is reasonably required for mineral development and uses reasonably incident thereto; (2) that the access is subject to regulation reasonably calculated to protect the forest *and* the wilderness resources; and (3) that the surface disturbed in obtaining and using that access be restored, insofar as is practicable, to a natural condition.

This means that what the company wants by way of access may exceed its right of access and may be denied by the Forest Service. For instance, in order to limit its expenses and take advantage of the existing National Forest road, the company probably will prefer to use a road for access to its mining properties. However, in order to protect surface and watershed resources, minimize scenic impacts, and facilitate restoration, the Forest Service may rule that rail access is all that will be allowed. Because rail access may prove more expensive than a road, the company would probably challenge the Forest Service rule as being unreasonable. However, because rail access would clearly be less destructive of the several resources, would be much more amenable to being restored to a natural condition, and has been a usual and customary means of access to mineral properties, a challenge would probably not be successful.

So too, the company may want easements for power and water different from its easement for physical access. However, when the several easements may reasonably be combined, the Forest Service may require combination. Hence, instead of having power lines running in from the east and rail lines from the west, the Forest Service may reasonably require that power be brought in from the west and share the easement provided for rail access.

Water Use, Diversion, and Storage

Appropriation of water for mineral development is a right possessed by miners. State law governs appropriative rights between water users, even on federal lands; however, use, diversion, and storage of water on federal lands is subject to various federal controls as well as some state controls. Hence, while the company likely may appropriate so much water as it may beneficially use for mineral development, its rights to use, divert, and store water are not unlimited.

Appropriation. As a general rule, appropriative rights are established and determined on the basis of first in time being first in right. While there may be a number of prior appropriators of water along the river system involved, it is quite likely that a sufficient supply of water exists for the company to make its own appropriation.

Use. The company's use of its appropriated water is something else again. Washington water law is a mix of appropriation and riparian doctrines. Beneficial appropriation of water from a stream does not empower the appropriator to so use the water as to render it unfit for use by downstream riparians. Nor may an upstream operator allow his toxic wastes to be carried away into a stream to the substantial damage of a downstream riparian. Hence, the company may use water for its own purposes only insofar as it does not cause appreciable injury to downstream riparians. The State Department of Game, the State Department of Fisheries, the Forest Service—both as a riparian and as an agency charged with managing the area for the benefit of the fisheries, the Bureau of Commercial Fisheries, and the Bureau of Sports Fisheries and Wildlife all have a direct interest which would be invaded if the company were to use the stream as a sewer for toxic wastes.

It will be remembered that tailings at Holden (see picture, page 17), an abandoned mine on the other side of the mountains, have toxic properties and that wash and drainage there have resulted in substantial pollution to Railroad Creek and the destruction of the creek's fisheries. It will also be remembered that the Suiattle-Skagit system which drains the company's mining properties has a major commercial and recreational fishery—salmon and steelhead. Controls over the use of water, including its passive use for drainage and waste disposal, will have to be imposed most closely and carefully. Deposit of tailings in the drainage must especially be controlled. A repetition of the results at Holden would be intolerable. Hence, the several agencies concerned will be called upon to protect the river system and its fisheries to the utmost.

The Forest Service probably has the power to prohibit the disposal of waste and tailings in the drainage. Arguably, the company has a right to deposit tailings on its claimed millsite. However, the company's rights as an entryman are subject to Forest Service regulation, and the Forest Service should be able to prohibit the deposit of tailings on a millsite when the deposit is toxic and threatens waste of and pollution to surrounding National Forest lands. (The company's rights to a

millsite are discussed below.) At any event, if the Forest Service determines that the deposit of tailings in the drainage threatens substantial injury to the fisheries and to surrounding lands it should attempt to prohibit that deposit, and failing that, should regulate it by *tested* methods designed to insure against pollution.

The state's power to protect the fisheries is clearer than the Forest Service's. The state has a pollution control act and, as a coincidence, the State Pollution Control Commission is at this very time considering a plan for pollution control on the Skagit to meet the requirements of the federal Water Quality Act of 1965. It is likely that *any* standards adopted by the commission which meet the federal requirements will *not* permit the kind of pollution which occurred at Holden. On the other hand, it must be recognized that the commission cannot fairly be characterized as a vigorous or dedicated proponent of clean water. A great many streams in Washington are polluted, and the commission has taken little action to change the situation. It seems likely, however, that while the commission may allow some degree of pollution, it will not allow pollution such as would destroy a fisheries as important as the Skagit's.

In this regard, it is worth noting that wilderness and national park proponents can count on the active help and participation of a great many sportsmen, the Skagit River guides, the several sportsmen's and sports fishing clubs, commercial fishermen and their organizations, and the Washington State Game and Fisheries departments—allies not generally available on many issues. Together, these groups and agencies represent a potent political force, and their interests are not likely to go unnoticed.

Diversion. While diversion of water is ordinarily a part of the right to appropriate, it is not clear that the company has an unlimited right to divert water in this instance. In the first place, a substantial diversion may cause serious injury to the fisheries. In the second place, diversion may not reasonably be necessary to the mining operation but rather may be a mere convenience to the company. The Wilderness Act would appear to authorize the Secretary of Agriculture to prohibit the latter.

Storage. The company's need for water storage has not been publicly explained. It may simply be to provide a stable and ample supply of water. On the other hand, it may be for hydroelectric power—or for both water and power.

The Wilderness Act provides that prospecting for water resources and establishing water projects, including hydroelectric projects in wilderness areas may be done *only* by permission of the President. So far as is known, no application for such a

permit has been made by the company. *If the company has prospected for water resources in the area since September 4, 1964, it would appear to have violated the Wilderness Act.* At any event, no reservoir may be established in the area without the permission of the President, and it seems fair enough to assume that a major clash of interests will swirl around the White House and Capitol Hill as the situation develops.

If the company passes the first hurdle, that is, receives the President's permission to establish a reservoir, it may still have to pass another, the Federal Power Commission. If the proposed reservoir is for hydroelectric power or hydroelectric power and water storage, it comes within the jurisdiction of the Federal Power Commission. The commission has, since the Storm King case, given indications that it will give much greater weight to esthetic and recreational considerations in future decisions on licensing. In addition, the Department of Agriculture, which by law advises the commission on the suitability of proposed projects on national forests, has recently shown an inclination to shift from a policy of imposing conditions on projects to minimize adverse impacts to a policy of advising against granting a license. While receipt of presidential consent could, in practical effect, preclude an adverse ruling by the commission or the Department of Agriculture, it well may not. Indeed, if the President's consent is given, it will probably be intended merely to invoke the commission's jurisdiction. In that event, the second hurdle could be far more difficult than the first.

Finally, if the hurdles are successfully passed, the company will still be faced with restoring the lands and vegetation disturbed in establishing the reservoir. Restoration after such a project could be more expensive than construction. However, expense to the company would appear to be no bar to the Forest Service's requiring restoration.

Patented Lands, Claims, and Millsites

The company possesses both unpatented claims and patented lands and apparently asserts a claim to a millsite. The exact number of each is not known, but it appears that there are 350 acres of patented lands, 2,650 acres of claims, and one 5-acre millsite. This figures out roughly as 17 locations or separate patented claims, 128 locations or separate unpatented claims, and 1 unpatented millsite.

Under the mining laws, the possessor of a valid mineral claim is considered an entryman and has a future interest in the fee, that is, to both the surface and the subsurface of the claimed

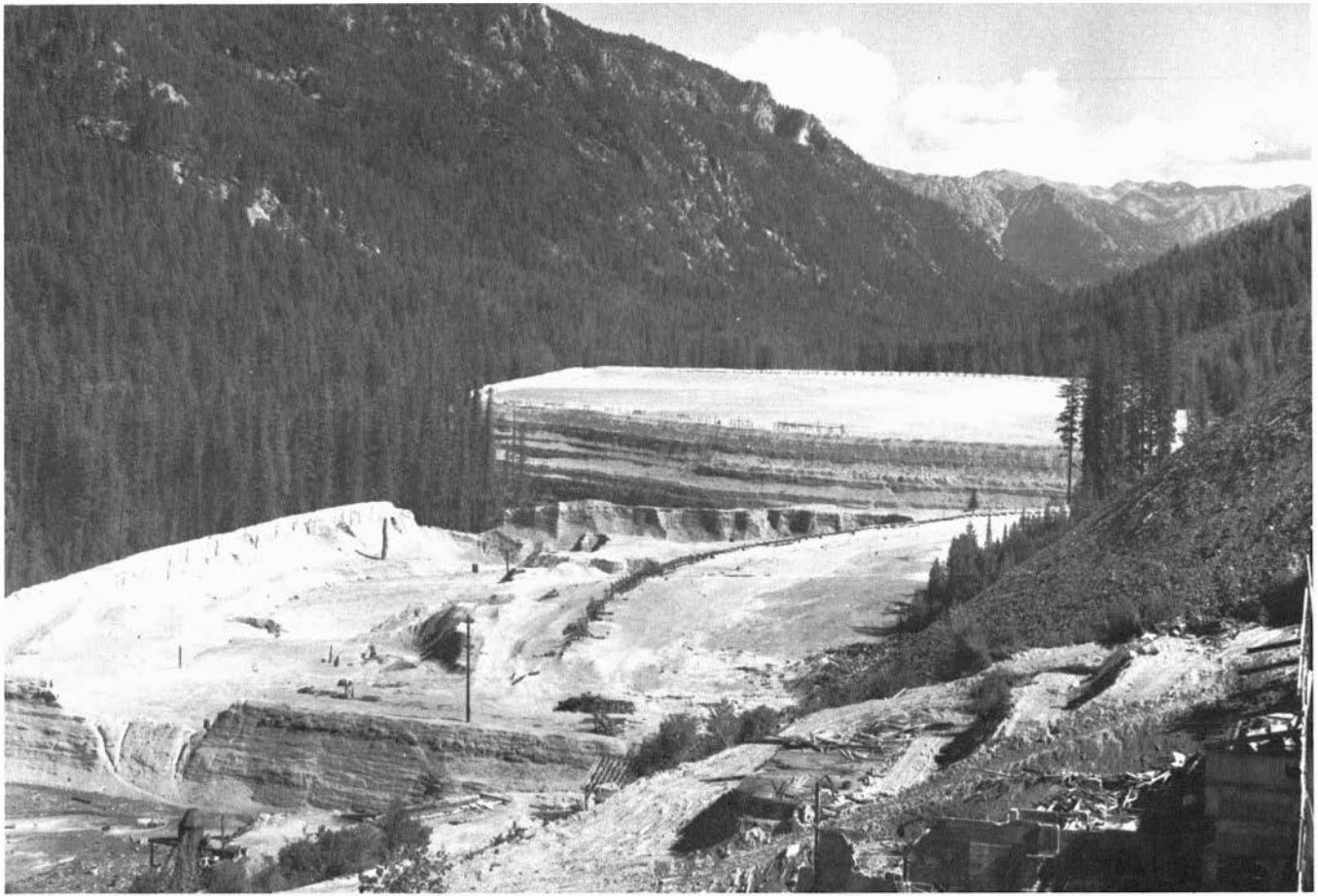
lands. The entryman is enabled to acquire the fee through a series of steps, and when he has completed them, a patent is issued and relates back in time to the time of the original mineral entry, that is, when he made a valid discovery. Thus, an entryman's future interest is determined as of the date he makes a valid discovery. It is for this reason that recent statutes which limit the entryman's interest in a claim always exempt prior existing valid claims.

Void Claims. More likely than not, all, or nearly all, of the company's claims, patented or unpatented, are valid, that is, valid locations were made and assessment work was and is being accomplished. However, if any are not valid, as between the federal government and the company, the company is a trespasser and may be ejected, the claims being cancelled.

While the company probably has made discoveries by this time on all its mineral claims, it may well be that some claims were made prior to the time that the company had actually discovered sufficient mineral to meet the "prudent operator" rule. If this is so, the original claim may be challenged by the federal government. If there are no intervening rights, the company may refile, but the claim then dates from the later discovery and not from the time of the original claim. All discoveries made *after* September 4, 1964, are subject to the Wilderness Act, and the entryman acquires no future interest in the surface of the claims and may be required to restore the disturbed surface of the claims.

On valid claims existing *prior* to September 4, 1964, the entryman's future interest in the fee tends to preclude the Forest Service from limiting use of the surface so long as that use is reasonably incident to mining or mineral development. However, on valid claims made after that date, the entryman has no such future interest. On the contrary, the surface will remain the property of the federal government. It follows that the Forest Service should be able to exert all reasonable controls to prevent waste and to provide for restoration. Since open-pit mining would likely preclude any semblance of restoration of the surface, such an operation might well be prohibited altogether on claims dating from after September 4, 1964.

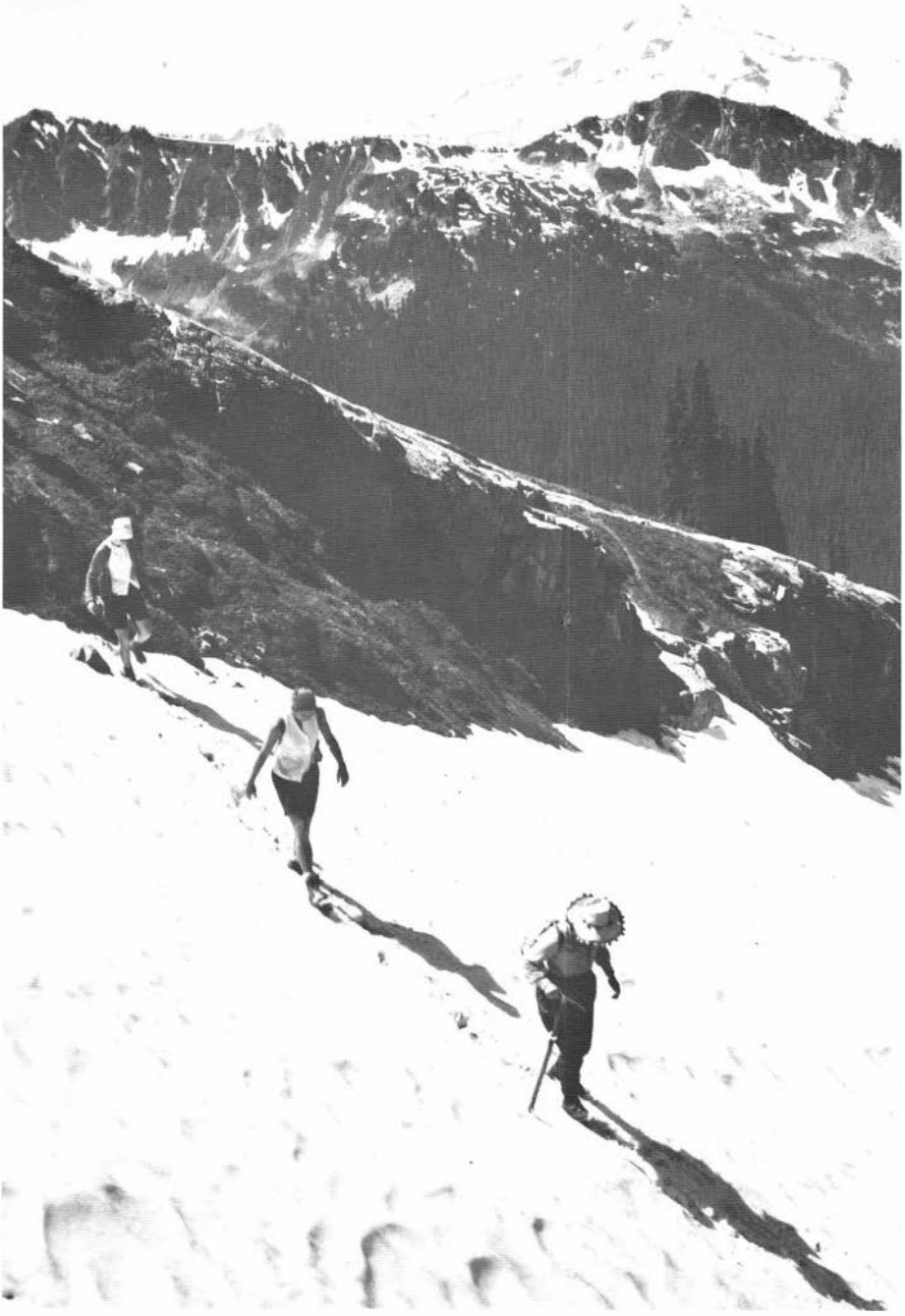
The date of a valid discovery could, therefore, become crucial in protecting Miner's Ridge from scenic devastation. For this reason, the Forest Service should investigate the validity of *all* claims made in the last several years most thoroughly. As between the federal government and a mineral claimant, the courts and the Department of Interior require strict proof of discovery. Speculation or a rich vein close by is insufficient. Promising



Mine Tailings—Holden, Washington *USFS Photo*

Mountaineers on Miner's Ridge, Plummer Mountain in background

USFS Photo



Mountaineers on Canyon Lake Trail, Glacier Peak in background *USFS Photo*

Rampart Lakes

Bob Gunning

material which cannot be mined profitably because of inaccessibility or lack of market may not be a sufficient discovery in a federal proceeding to cancel a claim. That the discoveries may *now* suffice for a valid claim because of improved market or technology should not work to relate the time of discovery back to a time prior to the improved market or technology. It may be, therefore, that a number of claims may be made subject to the Wilderness Act by the government's challenging the validity of the asserted discovery.

Millsite. The company apparently claims at least one 5-acre millsite. The validity of this claim is doubtful. The Department of the Interior has long ago held that the validity of a millsite claim is determined by *need* and that the need must be for facilities which are distinctly and explicitly used for mining or milling—a function or utility intimately associated with the removal, handling, or treatment of the ore from the vein or lode. It does not appear that any milling or mining requiring the use of a millsite ever took place in regard to the claimed millsite. Mere discovery work and exploration should hardly suffice. In addition, it is not enough that extensive works are being contemplated at some indefinite time in the future.

It appears, therefore, that the company's millsite claim could be and should be cancelled by the federal government. Even if the company now has definite plans for extensive works, the original entry should be challenged as invalid and that entry cancelled. To be sure, the company may re-enter, but its new claim will date from *after* September 4, 1964, and the claim will be subject to the Wilderness Act, that is, no future interest in the fee and subject to restoration requirements.

Cancellation of the existing millsite claim is a crucial element in protecting the wilderness. First, if the millsite claim antedates the Wilderness Act, the company has a future interest in the fee and probably could not be required to restore the surface. Hence, the company may be able to use the millsite for large works and the deposit of tailings. If, however, the millsite claim postdates the Wilderness Act, the company has no future interest in the fee and could be compelled by the Forest Service to restore the disturbed surface. There would be little gain to the company in using the millsite for a concentrator and tailings site if it will be required to remove the concentrator and tailings at the end of the operation. Indeed, it would probably be more economical to have its concentrator and tailings *outside* the wilderness area in the first instance. Thus, cancellation of the existing claim would likely result in the company's not having its tailings and

concentration works inside the wilderness area, with resultant savings to scenic, wilderness and watershed resources.

Second, it may be that the operation will be financially unfeasible if a concentrator and tailings cannot be located near the minesite within the wilderness area. The copper deposit is low-grade, less than 1 percent. A great deal of rock has to be mined in order to extract a relatively small amount of copper. If the company must go to the expense of moving all of the extracted rock outside of the wilderness area before it may concentrate it, the entire operation may become financially unfeasible. Hence, cancellation of the existing millsite claim, could result in saving the entire area from the impacts of the proposed mining operation.

Withdrawals

Both the President and Secretary of the Interior have the power to withdraw federal lands from mineral entry. While this power could not directly affect valid existing claims and patents, it could be used to prevent any new claims or other expansion of holdings. The power is never exercised lightly, but it is used whenever essential to the protection of the public interest. Withdrawal would not affect the jurisdiction of the Forest Service, the lands remaining a part of the national forests. Ordinarily, withdrawals on the national forests are small, usually limited to a campground or administrative site. However, nothing appears to prevent the President or the Secretary of Agriculture from making a large withdrawal to protect scenery and a watershed from adverse impacts.

The use of a withdrawal in the Suiattle drainage could have beneficial effects beyond merely preventing additional mineral entry. As noted above, it is likely that the company's millsite claim is not valid and should be cancelled. If the claim is cancelled and the area has been withdrawn, the company would not be able to make a new millsite entry there. The effect would be to eliminate any mill operation whatever in the Suiattle drainage. So too, if any of the company's mineral claims are found to be invalid, the company could refile claims only on those locations where it can show a valid discovery to have been made prior to the date of the withdrawal.

If the company's interests in the area are purchased, withdrawal would be absolutely necessary. Purchase would be totally ineffective unless the area is withdrawn from mineral entry, thereby preventing subsequent entry and the establishment of new claims.

Purchase

As was earlier noted, purchase of the company's interests in the area is the most certain and effective way of protecting the area. It is estimated that the net worth of the company's interest is between 5 and 10 million dollars. The price does not seem to be especially high to preserve one of the most scenic spots in the nation.

Convincing the administration and the Congress that the area should be purchased could, however, be difficult. There are a large number of mineral claims in the wilderness and primitive areas. Exploitation of these claims would adversely affect innumerable scenic locations and wildlands resources. Congress will be reluctant to place itself in a position of being blackmailed by threats of mineral exploitation each time a mining company proposes to operate in a wilderness or primitive area. Thus, Congress could easily decide not to make a purchase in this instance even though an outstanding scenic resource of national interest and of national-park calibre is being threatened.

Purchase might be facilitated by making a withdrawal, especially if the withdrawal was effected by creating a Glacier Peak National Monument. While Congress might hesitate to act in protecting a wilderness area from mining operations, it should have few reservations about acting to protect a national monument. On the one hand, the Wilderness Act permits controlled mining in wilderness areas, but on the other, the national monuments are traditionally closed to mining.

It should be remembered that there is no controversy to which there is but one side. While mining in the Glacier Peak Wilderness Area poses a serious threat to scenic, wilderness, recreational, and fisheries resources, it is not without value itself. There is something of a copper shortage. The company is in business to show a profit. Mining would create a number of jobs, supply a valuable metal, and expand economic activity. The government has the power, through one means or another, to prevent the mining and preserve the other resources. However, before it does so, it will have to weigh the relative values and determine where the public interest lies.

There is no point in arguing the existence of the relative values. They do exist. The scenic, recreational, wilderness and fisheries resources are unquestioned and outstanding. If the company wants to mine its copper deposits, they must be of commercial worth. Nothing is to be gained, therefore, by attempting to deny the existence of the conflicting resource values.

Nor does there seem to be much benefit to be derived by at-

tempting to compare dollar values. No satisfactory method has yet been developed for attributing dollar values to intangibles. User days and per-unit expenses are helpful in showing a dollar value for recreational use of lands and water, but this measure falls far short of giving us a resource value. On a long-range basis, it can probably be shown that the dollar value of the recreational resources and the commercial fisheries is greater than the dollar value of the copper. But too many unknowns creep into any long-range projection to give it much validity.

On the other hand, the copper's dollar value should be ascertainable. And both beneficial and adverse effects of mining should be calculable in general terms if not in dollars. More than that simply cannot be shown with a worthwhile degree of accuracy.

We have already reviewed the adverse impacts to be expected from mining, now we should look at its benefits.

Employment. The company would employ about 200 men. Some of them would probably be hired in the local labor market, but specialists would likely have to come from other areas. If the company operates its own service and housing facilities, there would be little significant impact on local consumer industries. Even if the company does not operate its own service and housing facilities, beneficial impacts to the local economy would be short-lived at best. The entire operation should be complete in a relatively few years.

Capital Investment. Most capital goods would be imported from other areas. The production of mining equipment is not a local industry. However, equipment used in clearing and construction is produced locally, and presumably at least a portion of it would be purchased in the local market. In addition, local contractors and loggers would likely be utilized in clearing and construction operations related to the operation.

Processing and Marketing. Processing and marketing would probably occur in the region, presumably at Tacoma where there is an existing smelter. Processing and commercial facilities and employees should benefit accordingly. Here again, however, the benefits would be relatively short-lived.

Profits. Kennecott is not a local industry. Profits would not likely be invested in local industry or commerce or find their way into local banks.

There would, therefore, be local benefits of short-lived duration of greater or lesser significance to the region. To a hard-pressed logging operator, the opportunity for profit in clearing a road right-of-way could be extremely important. On the other hand,

the average resident of the region can expect little in the way of direct or indirect benefit.

It appears, therefore, that the benefits are outweighed by the adverse impacts. The region hardly *needs* new industry. It is growing in economic activity and population as fast as, if not faster than, any region in the nation. Indeed, the region's growth is out-running the region's capacity to accommodate growth. Schools are crowded, highways overtaxed, housing is in short supply, streams and air are being polluted, crime is rising, and the amenities of life rapidly disappearing. The proposed mining operation would add to the problems—especially to the last two mentioned—without significantly benefitting the region as a whole. Given its short-lived benefits and its long-range adverse impacts, there is little to recommend it.

Copper is a resource in short supply, and exploitation of the company's holdings would increase that supply. However, it is unlikely that the relatively small amount of copper available on Miner's Ridge will have a lasting impact on the nation's economy. An equal amount is available elsewhere and could be obtained elsewhere. In the final analysis, the copper available on Miner's Ridge cannot for any appreciable length of time postpone the day when we will have to turn to substitutes to meet our demands. If we never touched it, we would probably never know it.

Miner's Ridge, Image Lake, the Suiattle valley, and Glacier Peak form a unique and superlative scenic treasure. Its wilderness, recreational, and scenic values can be preserved for all time to afford a lifetime's experience to thousands after thousands of this country's population. Visitors to the area range in age from over 60 to under 2. Many come again and again. Others will see it only once. Millions see it on calendars, in movies, on huge transparencies, and thousands of prints and slides. It is one of our "irreplaceables" that once gone can never be renewed. Given ever-increasing demands, our copper supplies must inevitably be exhausted. But our supply of "irreplaceables" will be exhausted only if we allow them to be. Used for the right purposes, they will endure in perpetuity. Used for the wrong purposes, they will soon be gone for all time. Like the Grand Canyon, Yosemite, Yellowstone, and the Olympics, this area is a national treasure. The nation would not part with it for any amount of money, for it is invaluable. It makes little sense, therefore, to allow its waste and injury for the sake of temporary profit. It is not unreasonable to suggest that measures be taken to insure its preservation.

Dome Peak — 1966

By KEN H. HUNICH and HAROLD J. WOLLAK

Many climbers yearn to climb peaks in the traditional Ptarmigan Traverse: from Cascade Pass through Cache Col to Kool Aid Lake below Hurry-Up Mountain; through Spider Col, climbing Spider and Formidable; on to LeConte; thence to Sentinel and Old Guard; finally to Spire Point, and out Downey Creek. Some variations of the route are possible that include other large peaks in the area including Dome and Sinister. It is a rugged, untouched area, full of tall peaks and many glaciers that generate the interest and enthusiasm in climbers. It is a long, arduous trip requiring the climber to carry his entire camp together with the usual climbing gear, along the up-and-down route. Vagaries of weather and the normal risk of injury or illness add to the hazards of this isolated traverse.

An outing to the south half of the traverse was planned for nine days, August 6 to 14, and included 12 persons—the leader, Harold Wollak, Vern and Eileen Ainardi, Pat Polinsky, Don Olson, Ken Graybeal, Tom Meland, David Blessing, Dave Dixon, Lee Mann, Reed Tindall and Ken Hunich.

The 14-mile route in affords a party access to most of the area with a minimum of "freight packing" and a maximum of climbing. We proposed to ascend via Downey and Bachelor Creek trails to a high camp on the south side of Spire Point. The planned itinerary was: two days to reach Spire high camp, there to establish a food cache. Third day—climb of Spire and down to White Rock Lakes camp. Fourth day—climb of Sentinel and Old Guard. Fifth day—leisure morning and late return to Spire camp. Sixth day—to Dome Peak and bivouac camp, S. E. side. Seventh day—climb of Sinister and return to Spire camp. Eighth day—leisure morning and down to camp in upper Bachelor meadows. Ninth day—to car at Downey Creek campground.

While the group was prepared for an early departure from Downey Creek campground, the horse packer, who was to take the climbers' equipment to the trail end, was late in arriving and

it was 11 a.m. before the gear left Downey Creek campground. Consequently, much time was lost the first day.

The route leads up the excellent Downey Creek trail for 6 miles to the Downey Creek trail shelter. One crosses Downey Creek via foot log to the shelter which stands on the opposite (west) bank. Leaving the shelter one proceeds north and shortly recrosses the Downey to begin the Bachelor Creek trail section. Since windfalls had not been cleared from Bachelor Creek, horses could proceed only one-half mile after leaving Downey Creek. Had one particular downed tree been cleared the packer could have carried on for 2½ miles more.

Shouldering their heavy loads here, the climbers continued up Bachelor Creek under a broiling sun and the usual insect attack for 3 miles until the trail deteriorates into a series of muddy stretches interspersed with slide-alder patches. Finally the route emerges completely from the forest and into the upper end of the valley, where it is grown over with brush and vegetation. At 4 miles up Bachelor Creek, the path leads into a valley-wide forest patch, with excellent campsites at 4375 feet.

Due to the heavy packs and brush, at the end of the day some members of the party had reached the end of their endurance and camp was a most welcome respite from a long day of effort.

The trail followed the next day gains 1000 feet of elevation into a small, beautiful mountain meadow cut by a clear stream. Ascending the ridge at the upper end of the alpine glen to a lesser saddle, the party had an inspiring view of Cub Lake below and the north side of Glacier Peak in the distance. The party continued north up the ridge to a large, obstructing cliff, a high-level traverse was made on heather and snow slopes to a camp at 6850 feet elevation on a moraine between névè patches directly below Spire Point.

Unfortunately, during the heather traverse Eileen Ainardi severely twisted her ankle, and when she arrived at camp, it was badly swollen. Feeling it well might have been more than a simple sprain, the party changed the itinerary and Dome Peak was scheduled for the third day.

On the way to Dome, Dave Blessing stumbled with a crampon while crossing an outcropping of shale and fell, cutting his hand deeply on a sharp rock. With butterfly sutures and a bandage covering most of his hand, he continued, and kept up with the best in the party.

After climbing the Dome Glacier, which is south of the summit, the party crossed the ridge above the glacier, reaching the top from the north four hours after leaving camp. Mr. Kodak's

film sales certainly were stimulated by the spectacular scenery, and the views of the climbers coming and going from the small, exposed summit rock.

It had been planned that some of the party would cross the Chikamin Glacier from Dome to climb Sinister and/or Blue Mountain. Unfortunately, weather was worsening and clouds were obscuring the glacier. Problems of route finding through the crevasses and on the rocks under such conditions dictated against going farther.

During the evening and next two days, the first in heavy fog and the second in intermittent rain, everyone stayed in the tents. The continued swelling of Eileen's ankle during this period gave rise to tentative plans to abort the outing and send two men out for assistance. The sixth day, Thursday, dawned beautifully clear and cold—a welcome respite from the rain. Wet, hot towel applications on Eileen's ankle greatly improved her condition, and the plans to send out for help were cancelled.

A leisurely climb was made to Spire Point above camp by ascending straight up and over a low point in the ridge south of the peak, Spire Col. From the Dana Glacier beyond the ridge, the class 3-4 rock pinnacle was easily attained. The visibility was superb from Baker to Rainier and this was the most rewarding day by far.

Much to everyone's surprise and consternation, considering the previous condition of Eileen's ankle, the three who staved behind were seen to leave camp and climb the 1000 foot elevation to Spire Col. Eileen certainly demonstrated her ability to walk quite well again.

Most of the party descended to an intermediate camp in the lush meadows of upper Bachelor Creek, a pleasant change from the harsh moraine above. The entire party returned to road end without further misadventure the next day. The reward of the tinned fruit we cached behind the Downey Creek shelter on the way in is a successful idea we pass on to others.

We arrived at our cars Friday night, anl returned home as a weekend downpour began.

The injury which altered the third-day plan to descend to White Rock Lakes, plus the two days of rain, kept the party from spending two nights at the lake and climbing Sentinel and Old Guard, but these are the "fortunes of climbing" one learns to accept. Another season and the north half of the Ptarmigan beckons and with good luck we shall one day camp at White Rock shores.

Evaluating the Mineral Potential of the North Cascade Primitive Area — or Mountains I Wished I Could Have Climbed

By ROWLAND W. TABOR[1]

The sloping ledge is covered with loose gravel. It is easy climbing but the poor footing and steep drop to the ice-filled couloir below are disconcerting. Across the couloir rotten pinnacles and gullies rise up to the western summit of Mount Fury. I finish chipping samples from the brown altered area along the ledge, note the location on my map, and carefully climb out of the couloir, back to the less precipitous snow banks on the south side of the ridge. As I round the corner of a spur and strike out across the snow for the main ridge crest, my assistant and the helicopter pilot wave impatiently from the machine; its tail projects precariously out over the snow cornice and the awful abyss above Luna Creek. We climb in and the pilot starts the motor. Soon we are off for a hot shower and supper at base camp on Diablo Lake.

Scenes such as this have been enacted over and over again in the North Cascades since the passage of the Wilderness Act in 1964. The act requires that the U. S. Geological Survey in association with the Bureau of Mines make an evaluation of the mineral resources of each potential wilderness area and report to Congress before the area can be considered for inclusion in the National Wilderness Preservation System.

Some of the areas suitable for wilderness preservation are well known geologically and they have been thoroughly prospected. A short review of the published information and a short field check will suffice. In others, because of their inaccessibility, geologic information is unavailable or unknown, and the Geological Survey must send teams of geologists and geochemists into these areas at a fairly rapid pace in order to finish the job in the seven years required by the Act.

The North Cascades primitive area of about 1,300 square miles is one of the largest and most rugged areas so far tackled (fig. 1). The Survey team of four geologists, four field assistants and two

[1]blication authorized by Director, U. S. Geological Survey.

geochemists[2] are to complete the job in three years. This would be an impossible task without fairly extensive (and expensive) helicopter support. Because the survey must be rapid as well as thorough, the usual ban on motorized travel in the primitive area has been lifted for the team.

Sophisticated Sourdoughs

Daily or for two to four days at a time two-man teams of a geologist and an assistant traverse the river valleys and the ridge tops. Along the ridges we note the different rock types and their relationships to each other. These data are compiled as a geologic map which will show where different types of rocks are found, and roughly spell out the geologic history of the area. Because certain ore minerals are associated with certain rocks and structures, and may have been emplaced in certain periods of geologic history, the map will be an important aid in the mineral evaluation. In addition, we sample altered areas or veins likely to bear ore minerals. Of course, old mines and prospects are examined and the veins assayed.

From the stream bottoms we collect stream sediment samples for geochemical analysis. The geochemical prospecting aims at finding specific outcrops of ore minerals. The gold prospector, who at one time traversed the Cascade valleys, searched for the lode by panning, that is, washing the lighter minerals and rock fragments away from the heavy gold in a shallow pan. He began panning on the main river and traced the gold back upstream until he found the exact gully that was shedding the gold. We do the same thing, but we also look for the minerals of copper, lead, zinc, and molybdenum, to mention a few.

Most metals rarely occur in the pure state in nature; their ore minerals are not resistant to chemical breakdown as is gold, and the metals are in part dissolved by ground water. They must be traced by more sophisticated means. We collect samples of mud and silt from all the side tributaries to the major rivers and creeks. Metallic ions in the water tend to become attached to the clay minerals in these sediments. An abnormally high concentration of, say, copper in the water produces an abnormally high concentration in the sediment. All the sediment samples are analysed by the geochemists for the various metals mentioned and

2 The geologists are permanent Survey employees: Jacques Robertson; Mortimer Staatz, project chief; Rowland Tabor; and Paul Weis. The assistants are predominantly college students hired each summer. Geochemists so far associated with the project have been Bill Lehmbeck, Ed Post, Nick Raymond and Charles Whittington.

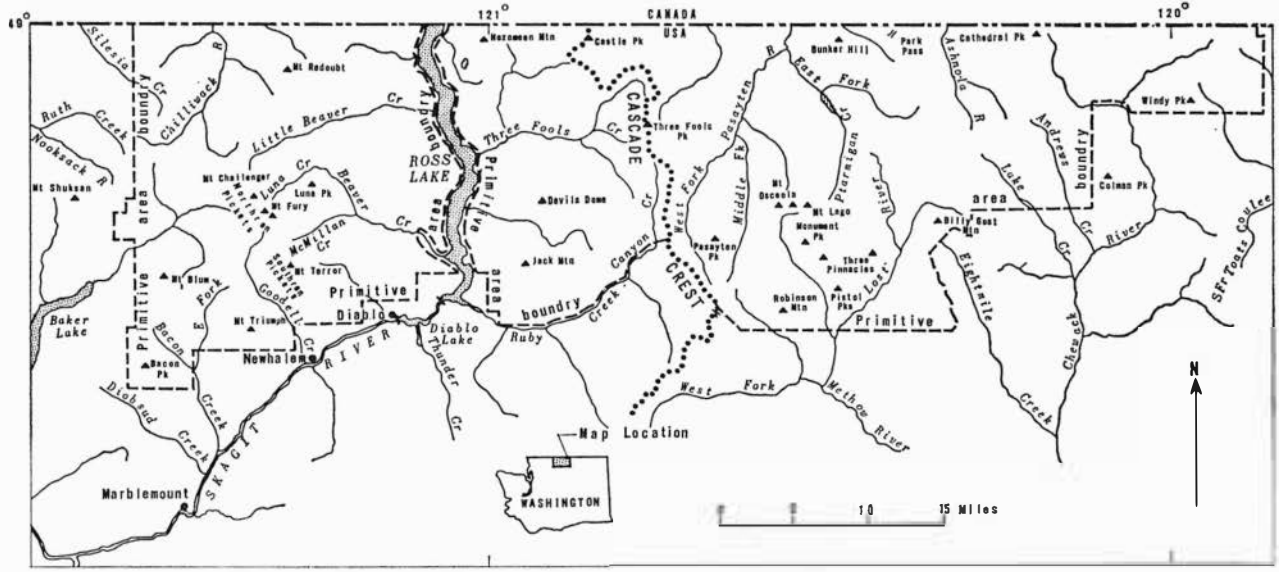


Figure 1. Sketch Map showing location of the North Cascade Primitive Area (Location of boundary from U. S. Forest Servic planimetric maps 1961)

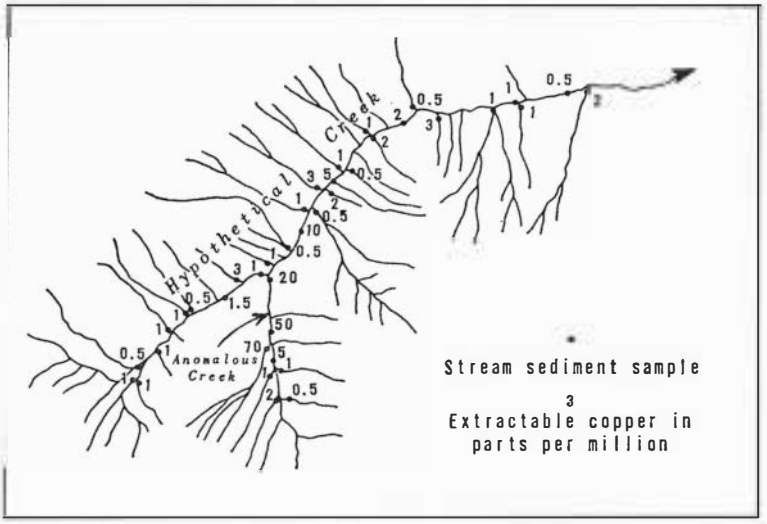


Figure 2. Geochemical Anomaly Map for Extractable Copper

the results are plotted on a map (fig. 2). Streams with anomalously high concentrations are investigated further. Usually the geochemist and geologist take a field test kit to the anomalous stream and begin testing the sediment as they go up the stream. Eventually they may find a vein bearing minerals of the metal they are chasing. The method is also especially effective in finding old mines hidden in the brush or old tin can dumps left by litter bugs.

Daily Life

Accommodations for field surveys are usually fairly civilized when helicopters are involved because the helicopter must be based within reach of gas, oil, and mechanics. Most of the Primitive Area is within 40 minutes flying time from the peripheral roads. Thus we have had base camps near Twisp on the Methow River, on Diablo Lake, and will have one on the Nooksack River. Our main camp usually is established in June and soon swells to four trailers, five or more tents, and a mobile chemistry laboratory. Wives, children, friends, dogs, hamsters, and visiting dignitaries come and go, but the daily scramble for packs, ice axes, and sample sacks continues through July, August, and early September.

An average day from the Diablo Lake Camp might progress in

the following way. Party A is off the ground by 8:30 a.m., bound for a high ridge of Jack Mountain. The geologist and pilot will locate a probable pickup spot just above the tree line, but the pilot puts the party down several miles up the ridge. The helicopter used in this kind of work is small and maneuverable. There is room for only 2½ people in the bubble; it is tight.

Party B is going out for a two-day trip. They leave with tent and groceries on the side rack of the helicopter, and within 40 minutes are unloading gear in the shadow of Three Fools Peak, east of the Cascade Crest. Party C is set out on the south side of the southern Picket Range for an open end traverse. The pilot knows the route they will follow, but no pickup spot is established. They must find a proper spot when the time comes. Party D is slated to use the helicopter all day for stream sediment sampling in McMillan Creek. The geologist selects the streams to be sampled and the first stop is on a steep alluvial fan covered with avalanche snow. The pilot flies straight into the snow and in a full power hover rests one skid of the machine on the snow. The assistant geologist jumps out and dashes for the stream while the helicopter buzzes off to the next tributary. Here one large boulder serves to steady the hover while the geologist jumps out; the rotor blade is almost grazing the uphill slope. Back goes the ship for the assistant who has meanwhile collected the sample. Each stop may last only 2 or 3 minutes. The leapfrog game is kept up until the flustered party must put down on a gravel bar, collect wits, take notes and plan a new attack. This method of sampling can cover ground in an hour which might take two days on foot with backpacks. And in such places as McMillan Creek or Bacon Creek there are always those brush patches that may drive the geologist into another profession altogether.

About 3:30 or 4 p.m. the helicopter starts picking up the traverse parties. If all goes well, each party will be in a suitable pickup spot wearing bright parkas or waving a piece of fluorescent cloth when the helicopter arrives. After supper in camp, maps are inked, notes compared, and the logistics of the coming day are laid out.

Reflections on a Rainy Day

Flitting about the mountains in a helicopter may not appear to qualify as a wilderness experience, but in many ways it does, albeit different from the usual North Cascade excursion. The fantastic contrasts, familiar to all who have undergone the hardships or discomforts of rough mountain travel or living, are emphasized ten times by the helicopter's speed. It may be but a

few minutes from a hot breakfast in a warm cabin or trailer to a chilly early morning zephyr on a 6500-foot snowfield, or, in reverse, from a steep brush gully (maybe the brush is wet as well) to a hot shower and snack before supper. These rapid contrasts can be even better appreciated if you have experienced the usual slow miles of transition by foot and by car from outside to inside the wilderness Cascades. Also, there is that peculiar feeling of a closing door or snapping rope when you have just stepped out of the helicopter and it disappears over the ridge. One minute you are surrounded by the noisy technology of civilization, the next minute it is all gone; you are alone in the quiet wilderness.

What serious mountaineer would not envy the helicopter-borne geologist his opportunity to reconnoiter the route from a few hundred feet away? With our airy chariot we found and accomplished a relatively easy traverse across the north face of Luna Peak, and a route across the Barrier of the Southern Pickets.

But helicopter traveling has its unexpected hazards and heart breaks too. Many a geologist has acquiesced to the pilot's preference of a landing spot—a seemingly short distance from the desired spot at 80 mph only to find a good hour's rugged going in order to reach the place of geologic interest. Not only the geology must sometimes give in to the demands of the machine. When you must cover a certain amount of ground—at times almost at a dead run—before a scheduled pickup, tempting summits, only a few hundred feet above, must be bypassed.

Or imagine the frustration of rushing through the trees and brush to a pickup spot, only to see the ship sail off to look for you elsewhere. You cannot help but shout and wave knowing fully how ridiculous it is to do so. And then there are those times when the helicopter does not come at all! If the fog is swirling about, you can guess well enough why you must walk home or bivouac or both. But if the sky is clear and the minutes tick by, you know not what to do. He may just be late, but then . . . ?

Varieties of Wilderness in the North Cascades

Perhaps wilderness could be defined on the basis of what one must do when the helicopter does not come. In the eastern part of the North Cascade primitive area there are few places where an hour or two of cross-country walking will not bring a stranded geologist to a trail and, generally, a well maintained one at that. An exception to this is stretches of the Lost River, where the hiker is walled in by 3000-foot sheer cliffs which, although

mostly flanked by navigable talus along the river, occasionally come right down to deep rushing water. The Lost River flows around the south side of a high and rugged area. Monument Peak (8000+ ft.), one of the highest summits of this massif, may never have been climbed (it is not mentioned in the AAC Climber's Guide). Other handsome peaks of this group include Mounts Osceola, Carru, and Lago, the latter bearing Washington's easternmost (?) glacier, as well as Three Pinnacle Peak, Lake Mountain (with a challenging unclimbed[?] granite gendarme) and Pistol Peaks.

The high and rugged Monument Peak massif consists of hard granitic and metamorphic rocks. It is encircled by meadowed and tree-covered rolling ridges underlain by softer sandstone and shales. To the east metamorphic and igneous rocks predominate again, but most of the relief is found in deep forested canyons cut into timbered and meadowed uplands. There is little rugged terrain except in the granite and gneiss of the Cathedral Peak area. But the region is wild and forest travel off the trail can be gruesome because of fallen trees. Some trails in the Pasayten River drainage are literally sawn through continuous logs piled up to shoulder height. Needless to say, a helicopter is nigh unto useless in such areas and we spent many days with our camp on our backs.

Westward the ridges become more meadowed and rugged as the Cascade Crest is approached. Between the Cascade Crest and Ross Lake is a sort of no man's land characterized by meadowed ridges, occasionally fairly rocky, where there are thick beds of sandstone and conglomerate or small granitic bodies such as Castle Peak. But the deep valleys of this area are real terrors. Most are V-shaped gorges, becoming more so as they approach Ross Lake. The area is so prone to lightning fires that second growth timber is the rule on northern and eastern slopes. Woe to the geologist who is forsaken by his helicopter in the upper tributaries of Three Fools Creek. He will spend the night and be fighting brush for most of the next day to reach a trail.

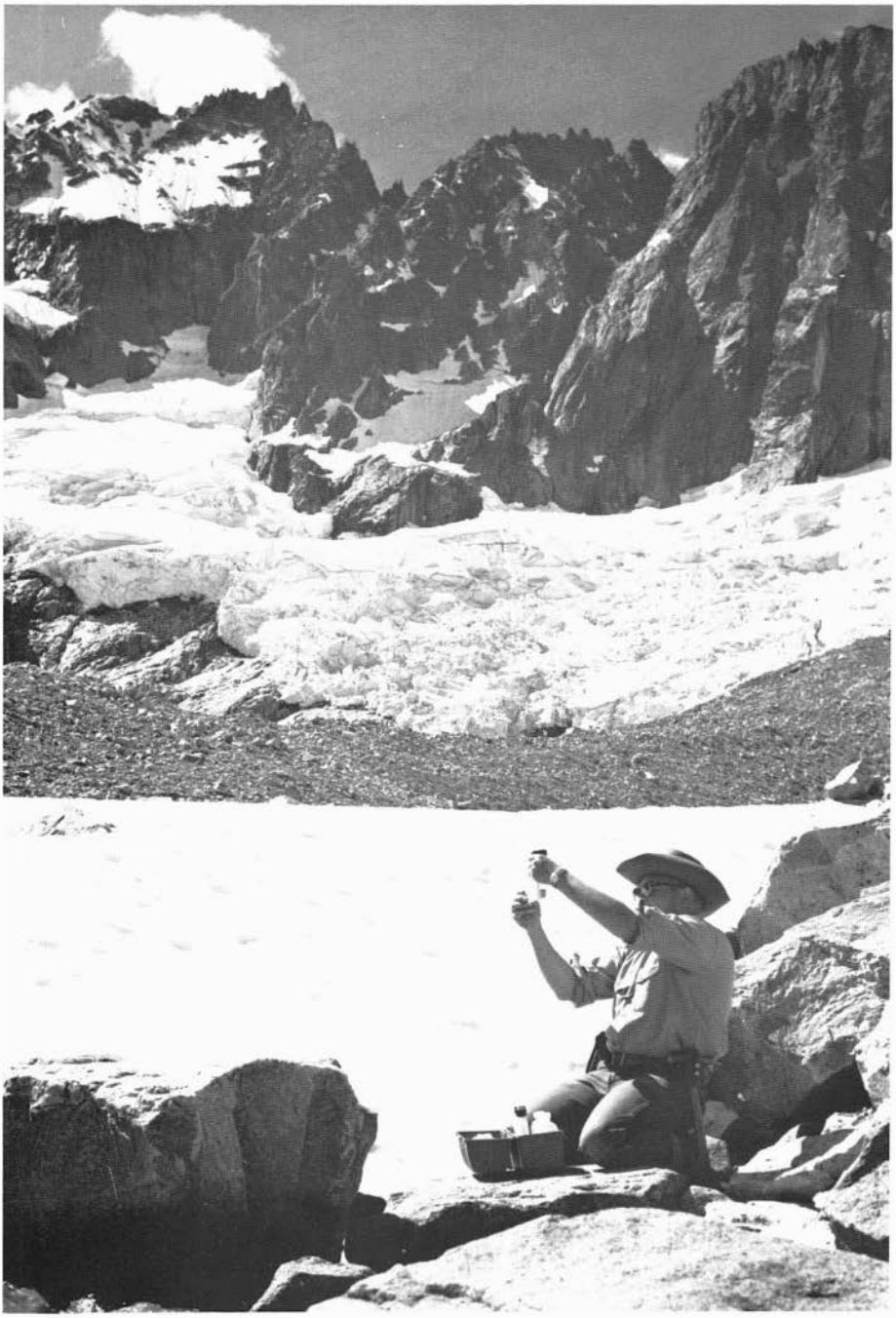
As many a northwest mountaineer knows, the Picket Range is the wildest of the wilderness. The geologist who has lost his helicopter in the Pickets will spend a full day reaching a trail, and in some places, such as the northern Picket Range, will still have 20 miles to go. On a few ridges and saddles where he might be abandoned, he cannot get down at all without technical work or some fairly advanced high-angle brush climbing. Above the brushy U-shaped main valley floors the valley walls are commonly close to vertical. The famous North Cascade zone of meadow

and delight hardly exists in much of this range, for although the angle of the slope diminishes a little between 4,500 and 5,500 feet, the walls soar up once more to the 7,000- to 8,000-foot summits. A geological traverse of these ridge summits is preposterous, so we have to content ourselves with the steep shelf, heathery on the south side, and of hanging glacier and polished rock on the north.

The high peaks of the Pickets are well known and have long been favorites of climbers, but few alpinists have ventured on extended high country trips. A wealth of untried ridge traverses remain to be explored.

When the Survey's prospecting job is finished, and the mineral potential of the North Cascades is wrapped up neatly by the Government Printing Office, I will think back to the places and peaks we did not quite reach even by helicopter, I, for one, will be going back (the hard way).

Southern Pickets from Luna Peak (left to right) McMillan Spires, Inspiration Peak, The Pyramid, Mount Degenhardt, Mount Terror, Twin Needles and Crescent Creek Spires *R. W. Tabor*



Making a geochemical test in Luna Creek Cirque. West Peak of Mount Fury behind. *R. W. Tabor*

Silesia Creek Valley *Bob Gunning*

Enchantment Lakes Basin (Rune and Talisman Lakes) *Robert E. Landsburg*

Enchantment — What's in a Name

By MARGARET P. STARK

FOREWORD

For decades some 30 glacier-carved lakes and ponds on the high granitic plateau east of Mount Stuart have been known as the Enchantment Lakes. Although not yet approved by the U. S. Board on Geographic Names, individual names in keeping with the enchantment theme have come into widespread use among Mountaineers, Trailblazers and other hikers and fishermen familiar with this uniquely scenic area. Over a year ago in response to persistent urging, an informal Enchantment Lakes Committee began preparation of name proposals. Proposals were submitted to the U. S. Board in early October, 1966 for the larger lakes and closely related features. Further proposals are in work. This "in the nick of time" activity has been appreciably galvanized by news that the Wenatchee Forest Service, who lacked knowledge of these existing names, were proposing non-enchantment oriented lake names such as Tranquil, Solitude and Contemplation.

This article tells the story behind the enchantment-inspired names, which are italicized throughout in order to emphasize their relation to the central theme.

* * *

A. H. Sylvester, the first operating supervisor of the Wenatchee National Forest, wrote in an article on mountain names:

"Another name that I felt was a happy one came on a trip I made on foot, the only way to the head of Snow Creek in the Mount Stuart Range. There are two fine lakes, large for the high mountain lakes, near the head of Snow Creek, called the Snow Lakes. I camped between them overnight and the next morning went on up the creek to see what I could see. There I found five or six most beautiful small lakes grouped in a wonderful little glacial valley all ringed round with alpine larch. From the highest up, over an entrancing fall tumbled the water it received from a small glacier. It was an enchanting scene. I named the group *Enchantment Lakes.*" *

When you have been there you realize how true to character the name is. Over the years an Impromptu Enchantment Lakes society has developed among the many who have fallen under

*Names considered to be in keeping with the enchantment theme are italicized throughout.

their spell. Innumerable discussions and slide shows have helped to generate a widely felt need for individual names for many of the landmarks and features. A rather surprising number of people have taken delight in searching maps, myths and old legends to find names that are true to the mood expressed by Mr. Sylvester's "happy" choice of a name.

Our participation in the "society" began a decade ago.

If the really ardent mountain climbers are peak baggers, my husband is a lake bagger. The Snow Lakes were on his maps and schedule for a visit. Rumor and a few scattered clues in fishing guides and old maps indicated that there were other lakes up at the 7,000 foot level and higher. Just where and how high was not clear since they did not show on the only topographic map available at that time. But these were Sylvester's *Enchantment Lakes,* and he felt the challenge to find them.

He and our most intrepid mountain daughter first encountered them one Fourth of July weekend. They had camped at Hart-Nada Lake and spent one day going up to the *Enchantment Basin.* That first approach was a cruel brush fight and a tough scramble. Their route led them through a swampy jungle to the south of the little ridge that parallels the southwest side of upper Snow Lake. This was followed by a detour among the cliffs below McClellan Peak. They came back with some badly overexposed pictures and an insidious impulse to explore further. Even those pictures had a hint of something special about the area. At that time of that particular year, it was mostly rock and snow; but something about the rock made the basin unlike most of the rest of the Cascades. Austere as the area seemed to look, I found myself agreeing to my husband's urgings that we spend our vacation there.

The piper's tune had begun, elusive and luring. We would be footsore indeed before we finished following it, but once we listened, we were lost.

Some of the early approaches to the *Enchantment Lakes* deserve a place in the lore of that area. (My husband has since become notorious for leading people through the brush. My theory is that he subconsciously expects an enchantment experience at the end of every tough brush fight.) For several years our approaches were all different, trying in vain to find a better way. Party members disputed over large and slight variations. Some preferred the top of the little ridge running parallel to and southwest of upper Snow Lake; but this involved a drop to a marshy meadow before the final ascent. Some preferred the lake front with its tight second growth. This route made it impossible

to foresee the many little points running out into the lake; forcing one to backtrack to keep on going around. After getting around Snow Lake, some chose to go up Snow Creek, some farther to the south. It made little difference, all arrived in the same clawed condition. It was a far cry from the supposed "open travel" of the eastern Cascade Mountains.

All these early routes led to approximately the same ascent of the cirque wall just below the *Enchantment Basin,* and they were all through the same kind of tangled thickets which fairy tales describe as being set around enchanted castles.

Hawthorne chose "Tanglewood" as his takeoff point into mythology, and *Tanglewood* seemed to be the only route for enchantment.

At last, however, each route did break out of the brush to an arm of rock and miniature meadows that took us up to the edge of the basin near the foot of McClellan Peak. It is as if a little bit of the basin's special character spills over the edge to provide a bridge to delights to come; a steep one, but beautiful enough to instill a recharge for the final thrust. After the frosts in the fall, this arm or "bridge" is a rainbow of colors. Eventually it became *Bifröst Arm.* In Norse mythology Bifröst (the rainbow) is the name of the bridge which is the only access to the home of the Gods.

On the first full family trip, as Bill had found the south side tough, we tried the seemingly open northeast side of upper Snow Lake. It was a complete mistake. Our way alternated between practically impenetrable avalanche brush and alarmingly steep exposure. Eventually overtaken by fatigue and darkness, we camped beneath a skyline rib descending from Temple Ridge. (This was later called Trauma Rib by Marchtime Ski Tourers whose experience there, holed in for 4 days of snowstorm, was grimmer than ours.) We managed to find just enough flat to unroll our sleeping bags. Even so, it was nervewracking holding on through the night, to the background music of mosquitoes.

But next morning we broke camp early and before noon emerged from the brush and jumbled rocks to find ourselves on long glacier-smoothed slabs of granodiorite. Then, quite suddenly, we were up and over the lip of the basin.

We had reached the easternmost of the *Enchantment Lakes.* It is a fairly shallow green and silver lake (green and gold in the fall), with glimmering reflections of the soft needled larch trees around and the rock wall above. On the south-facing shore is an inviting sandy beach; and because this lake is the shallowest and not glacier fed, it is the only one warm enough for reasonably

pleasant swimming. The temptation to swim in it was irresistible after the hot climb. Our own lissome daughters and later many others have emerged from it with dripping hair. It is hard to imagine a more perfect home for water nymphs. The name *Naiad* seemed to emerge out of the water itself.

Refreshed, we took up our packs again and went up over the little rise to look down on the next breathtaking lake. We were deterred from going around it on the north and west sides by what appeared to be an ominously steep snowfield coming down from sheer cliffs to the water, so we chose to cross just above the waterfall at the outlet and finally found a feasible traverse to a charming little peninsula just below the inlet cascade, on the south side. We made camp here and for the duration of that stay this lowest of the lakes was our base camp. This was our honeymoon with *Enchantment Lakes.* This lake never lost her hold on us, though we moved to another one for a while on later trips. But our first love called us back with her cobalt to azure mystery, the brilliance of a million flashing points when sun and wind played with her, her skirts of gardened meadows surrounded with august rock walls spired by Prusik Peak.

Thrusting out into the lake, looking almost as if it is resting on the water, is a long spear of rock rather like a sheathed broadsword. It brought to mind the legendary Lady of the Lake who gave King Arthur his enchanted sword. The rock *Excalibur* has become a landmark for backpacking fishermen, climbers and campers.

Pursuing the legend of the Lady of the Lake further, we discovered the story of her capturing (or captivating, as it was with his consent) the wizard Merlin. He was so overcome by her charms that she was able to persuade him to teach her one of his spells. She then used it to surround them with a magic tower. Here he remains, her not wholly unwilling prisoner, while she comes and goes at will.

A great black lichen-covered rock rises from just above *Excalibur.* Surely it is *Merlin's Tower.* The lake itself alive with lights, changeable, magnetic, queenly, is perfectly personified by the name of the Lady of the Lake, the enchantress Queen *Viviane.*

Through a little saddle up above *Viviane*'s south shore drop a spread of cascades from the next higher lake. The shape of this lake gives the feeling of a squatting-over little man. A long peninsula runs out into it with a good sized tarn near its point. A perfect campsite. Both lake and tarn are surrounded by stunted alpine larch. This is where we camped on our first October trip.

It was a hurried last-minute trip before winter would shut us

away. We were completely unprepared for the dazzle of October. All the soft green larch had turned to gold, so filled with sunlight that the trees looked as if they were lighted from within. By contrast the lakes seemed even bluer, if that is possible, the clean granodiorite even whiter.

In our annual October pilgrimages since, we have invariably found early October clear, calm and bright. The gold of the needles varies a little with the earliness or lateness of the season. They are tinged with green when they begin to turn and some turn to rust before all the needles fall. But that first October we hit the color at its height. Gold needles, fallen from the deciduous larch, fringed the lake, gold reflections rippled or rested in it. The wind-twisted dwarf larch ringed around, each one guarding his pot of gold. Leprechauns! This lake is *Leprechaun.*

Following the stream up from *Leprechaun* we come to *Sprite Lakelet* with a sparkling little waterfall tumbling into its upper end. Seeing it with the sun reflected from cascades and wavelets, explains that lively name better than any words. A child once remarked, "It's full of Tinkerbells."

Sprite Lakelet's little waterfall flows directly out of a longer lake, with the snowy slopes of Little Annapurna looking down upon it. At one end is a little cursive beach of white granitic sand. Near the outlet is a small island like something out of a Japanese fairy tale. There is a "Rune of Saint Patrick" describing in part:

"The snow with its whiteness
The sun with its brightness
* * * * * * * *
The rock with its steepness
* * * * * * * *"

invoking these things to stand

"Between myself and the powers of darkness."

A rune is a kind of blessing, sometimes considered magical. And so the lake lies with its grace and protective beauty between the wanderer and the forbidding peaks above *Enchantment Pass* to the south and the austere heights to the west. Hence *Rune* lake.

On up another slight glacial step, to the last of the lower lakes; and here we are greeted by a jewel—emerald? sapphire? sometimes with floes of ice; steep rock walls on three sides, the wall to the north a hanging garden. This is *Talisman.* Touch it for luck before ascending the steep high pitch of rock and snow to the southwest that leads to the upper basin.

In the upper basin there is a dramatic change in character. We

have left the more varied, larch-softened country below. Here it is almost treeless. Dominating the far edge of this westernmost reach of the *Lost World Plateau* looms the *Dragontail.* We approach it past a series of smaller lakes. The first seven lakes strung brilliantly together making a necklace fit for the Norse Goddess of Beauty. It is the gift which the *Black Dwarves,* who look ominously down from the ridge to the north, made to entice Freyja, the precious and famous *Brisingamen.*

A little higher to the south and west a dozen other lakes and ponds, never entirely melted out, lie like bright shields through the stony passes. They have only recently been uncovered by the remnants of the Snow Creek Glacier which now feeds them. The weirdly sculptured rock which rings them is still almost completely without vegetation, not even lichen.

In the lower *Enchantment Basin* filled with gentle magic as it is, the assorted elves, fairies and half-fey people of enchantment lore and Arthurian legend have seemed appropriate, but these twelve uppermost tarns are the wild and warlike daughters of the Norse Gods, the *Valkerie Lakes.* The largest of these is *Brynhild.* Their cold, majestic dwelling place is *Aasgard.*

Beyond, the *Witches Tower* rises black and wicked.

At the far edge, ice-filed *Valhalla Cirque* leads up to the spiny back of *Dragontail Peak.*

Dragontail, with the black *Tarnhelm Towers* defending its southwestern end, guards the way from *Jotunnheim,* the land of the giants, to the west. Between it and the first giant the winds scream through the eternal winter of *Banshee Pass.*

We didn't climb *Dragontail* on our first trip. I think Little Annapurna was our first high view point, but as time went on we made a more thorough exploration of peaks, plateaus and passes. Peaks to the south and east of *Dragontail* include Little Annapurna with its Stonehenge-like top; and across *Nightmare Gorge,* the *Nightmare Needles* with *Fantasia Pond* in fantastic contrast in their midst. Those we left to the rock climbers. Presumably it was they who named the *Nightmare Needles.* If they were nightmares to them they would have been madness for us. McClellan Peak, however, is altogether possible for careful non-technicians and at some times of the year offers an exhilarating glissade all the way down to *Leprechaun Lake.* An arm running off McClellan Peak rims the basin to the east as far as the outlet of *Lake Viviane.* On the other side of the outlet the sculptured granitic arm leads up toward *The Temple. Temple* Ridge is long and bepinnacled. Its westernmost peak, which looms large above *Naiad* and *Viviane,* is Prusik. This is another one for the technicians and superb technicians at that. The peaks and pinnacles

of this area have been justly referred to as the "rock climber's gymnasium." *Gnome Tarn* nestled on a nearby glacier-rounded arm reflecting Prusik Peak, is a favorite photographer's subject.

Traversing back towards *Dragontail* from *Temple,* there are the *Enchantment Peaks,* one of which is quite feasible for middle-aged and even grandparent-type mortals (that is, for such as get up to the *Enchantment Basin* in the first place). A *Dragontail* climb varies with the seasons. It, too, has a nontechnical route, but late in the season might require a rope in spots. It can be most challenging by some routes. One Memorial Day on the summit, we who had come up through *Aasgard Pass* from Colchuck Lake, sat with another group who had chosen to climb it by *Banshee Pass.* After watching a series of avalanches pour down *Banshee,* both parties decided to descend by *Valhalla Cirque* and *Aasgard Pass.*

Aasgard Pass takes a long look down to Colchuck Lake, more than 2000 feet below. Two miles back in an easterly direction, Prusik Pass is the gateway to more of the fascinating aspects of this *Lost World Plateau.* Traversing around to the northwest, past the *Lorelie Lakelets* brings one to a high local plateau where lichen-covered rocks stand like ancient monuments. This is *Druid Plateau* (near the summit of Cannon Mountain) . Northeast of it runs *Elf Bench* with its *Elf Lakelets* below *Elf Ridge;* guarded at the northeast end by the *Dragonteeth.*

Running northeast from Prusik Pass is an even, U-shaped valley with the long-known fishing lakes Shield, Earle and Mesa. Mesa boasts a remarkably long, flawless slab of granodiorite along its eastern shore. Right above it is rock-walled *Thor Pond.*

North of Mesa Lake is lovely little *Freyja Pond.* Edward Mesa looms above, its level top a rock-walled garden. Great horizontal blocks of granodiorite, looking as if they had been set evenly in place by one of the giants, ring it to the south and east. Protected by this wall is a half mile wide, flowered meadow dotted with little ponds and streamlets.

Perhaps the long established name of *The Temple* colored our feeling that the part of the *Lost World Plateau* terrain to the north was comparatively benevolent. Druids, elves and the Norse Goddess of Love and Beauty inhabit it. The southern edge, what with the *Nightmare Needles, Dragontail* and *Witches Tower,* is less kindly. Here are *Dwarf Pond* and *Troll Sink.* However, benevolence, as well as cleanliness, are restored on the McClellan Arm by *Titania Tarns,* a favorite secluded bathing area.

There is one other landmark which has no mythological or legendary background whatsoever. However, it is well on the way to becoming a minor legend itself. Out on the point of the

Leprechaun Peninsula stands a 15-foot high boulder. It has been used as part of a shelter and as a windbreak for a fire but more than anything else it has been climbed. I believe there may still be a register on top. When we took to going up on skis (too bewitched to stay away for a whole winter) we used Tully's Rock as a measure for snow depth. One March it was well below the surface. That year, as on others, we had to tunnel down to our sheltered campsite under an overhanging boulder.

We have never arrived there in winter in less than 2 days of hard uphill skiing. We usually follow an old route up Snow Creek from just above the bridge 4½ miles up the Snow Creek trail. We go this way to avoid the steep avalanche runouts directly above and below Nada Lakes.

Building a snow shelter is hard work after the long climb but once dug in it is extraordinarily hard to leave.

Isolation is complete. Unbroken wind-carved slopes reach out around us. Water and ice have shaped the rocks visible in summer. Wind is the artist in winter, not only in the sculptured snow but in the dynamic choreography of the clouds, sometimes plumed, sometimes lenticular.

Once on the *Lost World Plateau,* there are miles of avalanche-free ski touring. The desire to stay is overwhelming. Life is reduced to rigorous simplicities and a "Peace that passeth understanding." You are in the middle of a huge symphony of silence composed of smooth snow and wide sky. Only the creak of your pack and the swoosh of skis interrupts it. Then comes the sound of the wind bringing a pulsating, hypnotic rhythm from the ice-hung waterfalls.

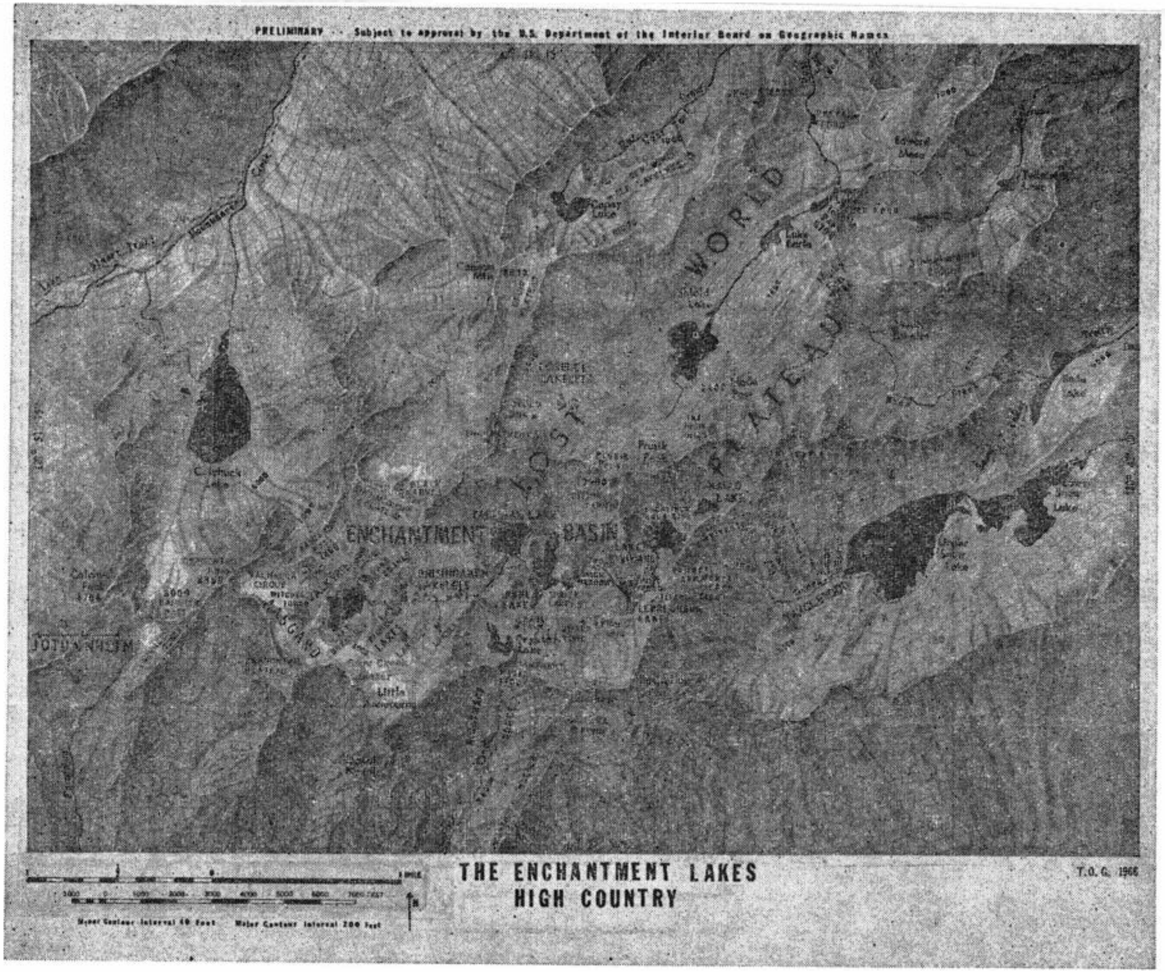
But eventually the spell must be broken. Descend we must. It has been done variously. One route is down Snow Creek the way we usually go up. Another is up the length of the basin and down *Aasgard Pass* to Colchuck Lake. One of the most exciting is up over Prusik Pass, traversing to the left and up Cannon Mountain; then down the Rat Creek Valley, a ski run 7000-vertical feet to the Icicle River.

A winter experience at *Enchantment Lakes* is unforgettable. Any experience of *Enchantment Lakes* is unforgettable.

In this day of "expanded consciousness" exploration, we have our "trips" the Enchantment way, our psyche's and perhaps even our internal chemistry being extraordinarily affected by something in the air (or lack of it) in these high remote basins.

Pipers march down the arm of McClellan and the leprechauns and water nymphs climb up from the lake edge to watch.

I've seen them.


PRELIMINARY -- Subject to approval by the U.S. Department of the Interior Board on Geographic Names
WORLD
PLATEAU
ENCHANTMENT
BASIN
Colchuck Lake
Prusik Pass
THE ENCHANTMENT LAKES
HIGH COUNTRY
T.O.G. 1966
Minor Contour Interval 40 Feet
Major Contour Interval 200 Feet

Kyuquot Diary

By WARD IRWIN

The roar of the heavy engine quieted as our Dutch pilot reduced power, lifted flaps and cranked in trim for the increasing airspeed. In level flight above 6000 feet the Alert Bay Air Service's DeHaviland Beaver settled down to an easy cruise. Below the timbered valley floor crept upward. Ahead and south loomed row on row of black peaks, ribbed and capped with snow, the backbone of Vancouver Island.

A glance downward showed the kayaks solid and steady, hugging the floats with only the fluttering ends of lashings revealing our motion. Behind was Kelsey Bay, road's end for the time being on the east shore of Vancouver Island. Seventy miles west over the ridges lay the ocean and Kyuquot,[1] our destination.

The air was smooth. Fog hung in a few of the side valleys, evaporating in the bright morning sun. Through the thick timber an occasional dark clearing showed where we might, with luck, get down on a small mountain lake with a dead engine. Now and then the earth rose sharply, then fell away as we slid over a saddle into the next valley. On both sides the black peaks rose to our height above the broad, U-shaped valleys, and we sometimes looked out along the wingtips at gully scarred cliffs. Far to the left was the highest identifiable peak, 7100-foot Mt. Victoria, and in the distance beyond lay the jumble of higher summits in Strathcona Provincial Park.

Then suddenly in mid-island there was desolation, logging roads everywhere. The huge, north-south, glacier-gouged valley was barren for miles. A road splits the northern end of the island, showing the typical pattern of development for this country. First come private roads and clear cutting as far as the eye can see; later the public is allowed in, but there is little left to see or to conserve. These are work roads, and tourists expecting beauty and pleasant driving will not find any here in this century. Roads for the public, not paid for by adjacent lands, are a rarity on this thinly populated island.

To the north lay Nimpkish Lake, below Woss Lake, already logged beyond enjoyment for recreation. Ahead green timber and more mountains marked the western limit of penetration overland toward the coast. Then the contours softened and the hills began falling away toward the sea. The upper arms of

1 Kī-ōō'-kut.

Kyuquot Sound slid beneath, and across the final ridges we could see the many offshore islands that were our goal.

Descending, our pilot generously circled out among the islands so we could preview the routes and examine the beaches for campsites. Then he let down steeply into the little, tree lined lagoon that harbors the fishing village of Kyuquot.

This is an island settlement of a few families, mostly of Finnish descent. Islands ring its circular harbor, leaving a narrow channel at either end for boat passage to the sea. Houses rim the shore in a single row. There are no roads, only a single foot path meandering in front of or behind the buildings, connecting homes, two stores, the school and a public hall. Across the water a few Indian homes dot the opposite shore.

We have pleasant memories of Kyuquot. The pilot quickly got permission to use a private dock for unloading and preparing our gear. In a few moments he was gone, the Beaver climbing steeply over the hills to the east on the way to Kelsey Bay for a second load.

Then while we waited there were talks with the local people. There was the general store with everything from boat hardware to ice cream, everything which might be wanted on short order in this isolated community without special shipment by float plane or coastal ship. There was coffee in one of the homes as guests of a fisherman's wife. There was Charley, the tame lady seal loafing on the docks, swimming with the children and keeping trespassers out of her personal dugout canoe.

Charley survived Caesarean delivery from her dead mother by seal hunters. Bottle fed, bathtub raised, and weaned on salmon, she now roams the community with complete confidence as if she were a citizen. Her intelligence doesn't warn her that time is running out. She is maturing and beginning to explore beyond the sanctuary of Kyuquot harbor. Out there she is just another seal. Some day, around some point out of sight of home, she will surface close to a fishing boat to take her last look at life along the barrel of a rifle. This is the fate of a careless or trusting seal in fishing waters.

While we loafed, back at Kelsey Bay leader Bob Morris readied another load for the Beaver. After a record 20 kayak tours in Vancouver Island waters, totaling almost half a year, he was reaching for more remote places. There is no road to Kyuquot, which was intriguing. Small boats are not apt to round the northern end of Vancouer Island, and risk the 70 miles of ocean down from Cape Scott. Even less likely is the 225 miles up from the Strait of Juan de Fuca. Access is only by slow, coastal ship or by airplane. Bob arranged an air shuttle.

Twelve people, 12 kayaks and a week's camping supplies make over 3,000 pounds of payload. The logistics problem was simple, however. Each person or each couple is as independent as in mountaineering. The Beaver is a powerful, six-place float plane with ample baggage capacity. Four of the rigid, fiberglas kayaks were roped to the floats, the owners and their baggage put aboard, and one-third of the party was airlifted over the mountains to Kyuquot. Within 6 hours three trips were complete, and everyone was packing kayaks on the Kyuquot dock. The shuttle was quick and simple. The pilot was to pick us up the next weekend, and we accepted the risk that bad weather might prevent his flying across the island (after all, we landed on the first sunny day Kyuquot had seen for weeks). We would face that problem when it came.

That evening, with supplies and water for a week we paddled past the sentinel rock guarding the north channel of the harbor, heading up the coast toward Checleset Bay. Below decks were two fine salmon from a fish buyer's barge. The plan was just to get out of town; within an hour we pulled ashore on McLean Island to camp. Dinner was salmon, Indian style, baked vertically on a grill of split cedar lashed with kelp.

Next day in good weather we continued northward hugging the rocky shore. A waterfall draped itself over a cliff, slowed by moss and ledges, then dropped straight into the sea. There were caverns to explore, though wary of tidal surges, and there were tight passages through the rocks to be heaved through on the crests of swells. Sounds were of the sea and its life. Fishing boats far west on the horizon were too distant to intrude.

Late in the day new sounds were heard ahead, the quick snarl of chainsaws, silence, the "whump" of falling timber, the deep roar of a powerful engine winching logs down the mountain to the shore. Logging is comparatively simple here. Equipment and logs move by water, the people by boat and float plane. Any cove sheltered from the surf is vulnerable. There are big, permanent camps in some of the fjords, and scattered cutting operations along the shores. The havens with beaches and streams will be denuded first before people find any other value in this land. The rest will survive until logging roads can be built.

We passed the logging show as quickly as paddles would allow, then turned west into the first big, offshore islands, the Bunsbys. Here, 3 miles away we found quiet and good camping.

A day of rest allowed exploration with empty boats out of this camp and around the many islands in the Bunsby Group. One find was an Indian fish trap, centuries old perhaps. In a dark, narrow channel slicing inland three-fourths of a mile into one

of the larger islands, men had fashioned a bottleneck of stone. A long, low wall of heavy boulders contracted to a narrow neck, then opened again to the interior, a guide wall for fish. A low stone dam forced the fish close to the surface through the passage. Stone Age people must have scooped fish from these waters easily as the tide flowed back and forth. We took no fish, but back at camp we plucked abalone from the rocks, and dug butter clams from the coarse sand. The Bunsbys were a very hospitable group.

North again next morning we crossed back to Vancouver Island, stepping out to hunt for glass balls on fine beaches. Paddling again, we soon approached one of the highlights of the trip. Above a smooth, pebbled beach shielded by rocky breakwaters, reared a lonely totem pole. Tall and silvery it rose, out of the rank growth at the edge of the forest. At the top a wolf hung head down, below him a terrible subhuman face with jagged fangs in a gaping mouth, next a whale, head down with dorsal fin missing from a slot in its back, finally a bear with lips drawn back, forepaws clutching to its breast something hidden below by vines. Tufts of salal leaned from cracks, rooted high up where seeds had lodged. A necklace of salal circled the cannibal-like, human head. Sightless eyes stared straight ahead, out over the beach and across the water to an island half a mile away. There, although we could not see them, we knew that canoe bows peeped from the thickets below the trees, and in those canoes lay the bones of long dead Indians.

The people at Kyuquot had told us of this place. Its history we did not learn from them, but perhaps the names here give a clue. Battle Bay, and Skirmish Island close by, indicate Indian warfare. The tale of an attack on the village with heavy loss of life may be true. Some time we must find out. We hope it was not just smallpox. At any rate, the lone totem pole is the only sign remaining of the old life at this village.

Across on the island we did find the grave canoes. Where the brush grows thickest in the sun, on the bank above the beach, we pushed through. There was a dugout, next to it another, and another. Heavy bows and sterns thrust up intact from deep moss and leaves, the hulls rotted away or the sides collapsed over their contents. Five were quickly found; in the bow of one lay parts of skulls. We did not look further. The bushes closed again and we paddled on. It seemed that over the years other visitors had not always been so considerate.

Continuing up the coast we were plagued by wind. Fortunately it was never from the sea, but came over the mountains from the north, and we kept close to the land for shelter. The wind was

vicious. Giant williwaws hurtled over the hills and down the valleys to hit the sea with tremendous bursts of energy. One always felt that a careless blade angle or improper lean would be enough to flip one bottoms up in these gusts. Progress was slow. The more cranky boats sometimes refused to obey their owners. Finally we had to cut across the mouth of Nasparti Inlet to reach the shelter of deep coves at the base of the Brooks Peninsula. A rough mile, across open water into the teeth of the wind, was exhausting for some and a test for all. We eased into the calm water of a long inlet, paddling a half mile deep into its shelter, freed from the wind but hearing it cry over the ridges high above. We camped on a beach at the head of the cove in comfort by a rushing stream.

Wind pinned us here the next day, although exploratory trips were made along the lee shore of the Brooks Peninsula. Evening found us baking salmon again, bought this time from fishermen who had run into our haven and anchored to escape the wind. They said 20 foot waves were running outside off Cape Cook. We were fortunate to have gotten this far because wind is a common feature of this place. It's not that one couldn't navigate the whole coast by kayak. The Indians did it in small, open canoes, and our equipment is at least as good as theirs. But they kept no schedules. They could lie ashore indefinitely waiting for safe weather. Our parties are goaded by airplane schedules, pay days, and baby sitter problems. We must plan almost to the hour in a land where everything else is virtually timeless.

Kyuquot lay 2 days away, much of it exposed to the open sea with few islands to hide behind. Judgment prodded us out of bed into a windless dawn, and in an hour we were hurrying south, shortcutting across a glassy sea for the distant shore. Today was perfect and would stay that way. About an hour out the party split. Three sea lion hunters, armed with trusty cameras, swung off to the west toward distant rocks supposed to harbor sea lions. The rest of us bored straight ahead, content just to get down the coast to the next islands.

The hunter kayaks disappeared in the distance. Much later the lions announced their arrival. Ashore, and waiting anxiously, we heard the roars of protest coming in from the sea. In quiet air the voices of these creatures carry for extraordinary distances, in this case for almost 3 miles. It was easy to imagine kayaks chewed to pieces by 1000-pound bulls, or even overturned in the frigid water. Impatiently we waited; eventually the three came, grinning broadly, with unlikely tales of sea lions diving toward them from the cliffs, herding up in a threshing line and rushing en masse toward the invaders. At close range they broke off, to

swim around and under the boats. A preposterous story—still their pictures show the same thing.

Farther along, on a little island near the totem pole, we met deer. They were tiny, unafraid, wading the shallows and eating seaweed as the boats drifted by. Looking back we watched them enter the water and start the long swim to a distant island.

Turning into the familiar Bunsby Group we chose a different route through, and a new campsite. Next morning we put behind us the 7 miles of straight, unprotected coastline which had been worrisome, and landed again at Camp One on McLean Island. Now we were within reach of Kyuquot in almost any weather. True, we were back early, but the time could be spent seeing the outlying islands nearby.

So on the last day the less remote shorelines of Aktis, Kamils and Spring Islands were explored. We visited the Loran station which looks out to sea, transmitting radio signals coordinated with stations in Washington and Oregon, to provide pinpoint navigation for ships up to 2000 miles away. We stopped at the Aktis Island Indian village, where the curious populace swarmed to the beach. Questions and answers flowed back and forth while flocks of children pushed every available boat into the water to demonstrate that they too understood paddling. We snapped pictures and the Indians retaliated with cameras of their own, a twist we hadn't experienced before.

This village, over a century ago, experienced the last of the Indian wars on the west coast. The Kyuquots were a tough bunch in those days, and hated by neighboring tribes. Finally the Clayoquots from Tofino, the Nootkas, and other tribes joined forces to try to wipe them out. The houses at that time were on islands just across from the present site. As the story[2] goes, the large war party hid its canoes at night on a neighboring island, then crossed to the village on a long spit just before it was covered by the tide. They rampaged through the sleeping village, killing, burning, and taking heads. They decimated the Kyuquots, and before the survivors could form for retaliation they were back across the spit. The tide blocked pursuit and they got safely away. Early white settlers told of the many trophy heads which for years hung on poles at the home villages. Some 70 Kyuquots died that night and the power of the village was broken.

The new village, its back to the sea, strings along a fine east-facing beach only a mile and a half from Kyuquot. Still, in winter, the Indians often are isolated for long periods by storms.

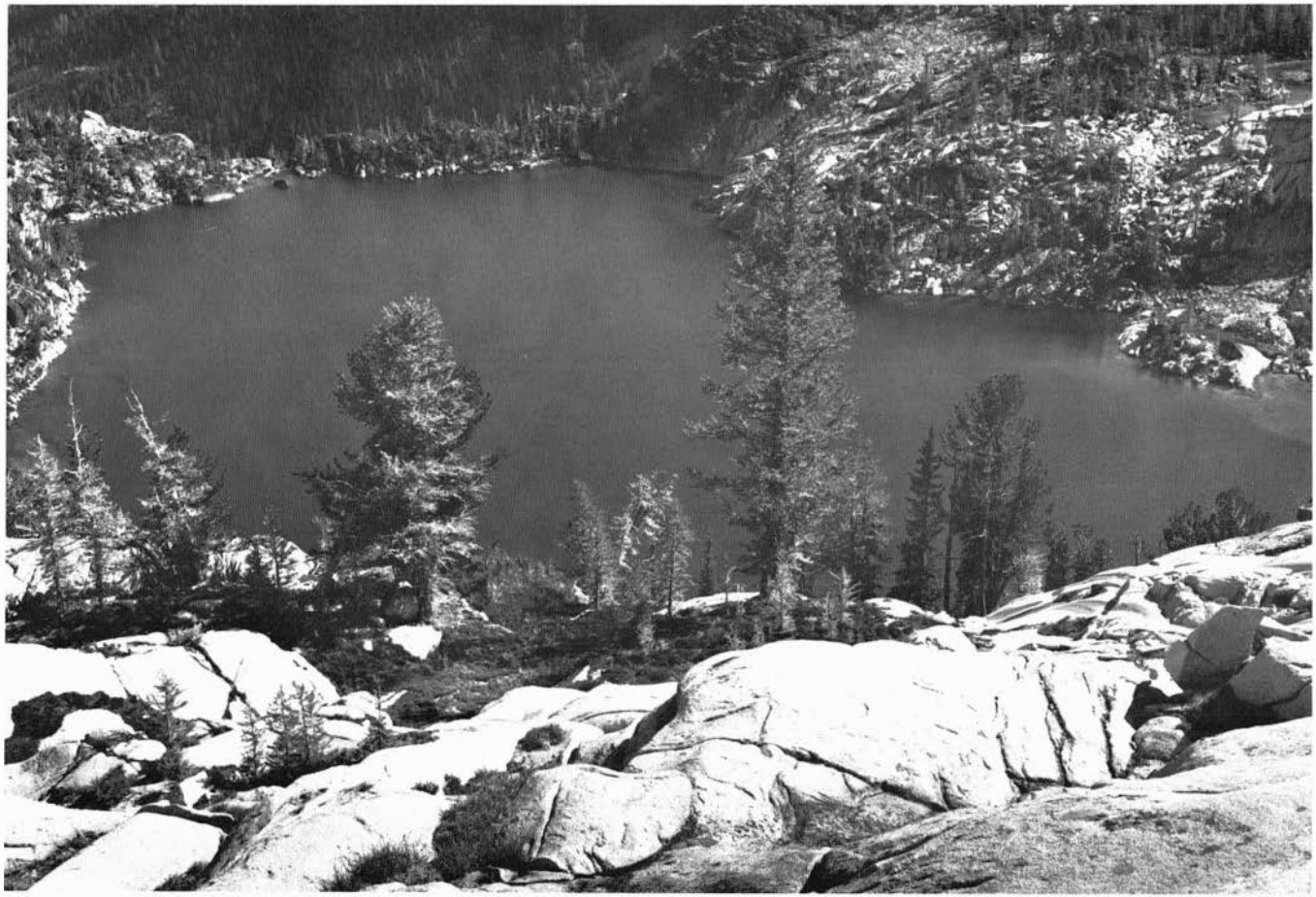
2 Reference: *Vancouver Island's West Coast, G. Nickolson.*

There is no electricity yet. There is a school, and a single resident teacher for the small children. Older ones spend the long, dark winters in distant boarding schools, such as the mission near Tofino, and they may only visit the home island in summer. One young fellow tried a turn around the harbor in one of our kayaks; then we headed for camp, stopping in mid-channel to buy salmon from one of the Indian trawlers.

Departure day dawned quiet and clear, as we packed for the last time. Four paddlers headed early for Kyuquot to meet the airplane. The rest took it easy. Soon the Beaver slid down over the mountains, almost on schedule, to settle out of sight in the harbor. Then it roared up again, kayaks barely visible against the pontoons. More of the party left the beach, paddling leisurely toward the town. Two hours later the sequence was repeated, and by mid-afternoon the last load was winging east into the mountains. Like the first flight, this one was smooth and uneventful. Memories are only of the beauty of it, and of a half-glimpsed river which seemed to run straight into the solid rib of mountain and disappear inside. On the other side it was visible at a lower level, continuing the same course. This oddity, almost missed, must be checked if we pass this way again.

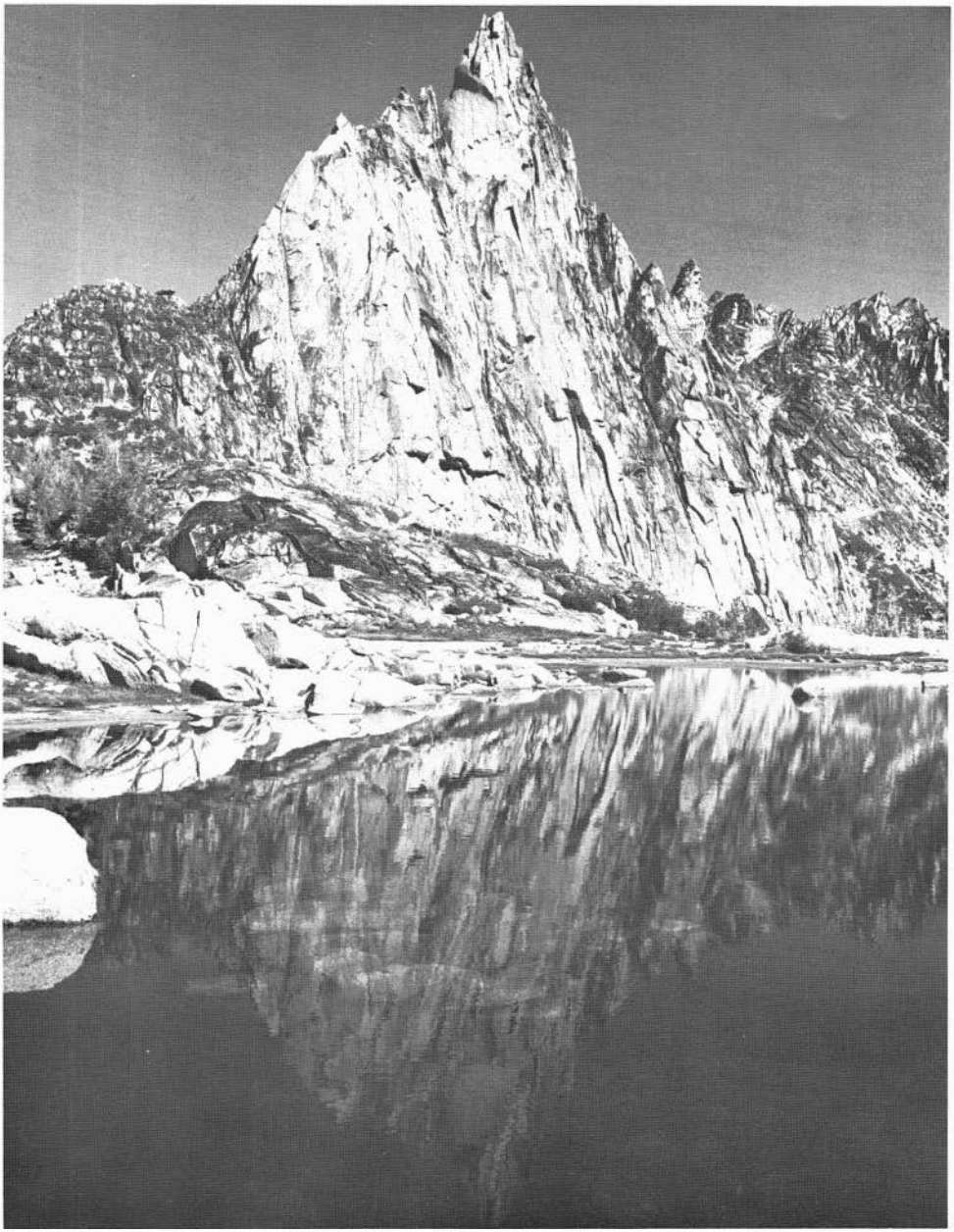
We have to go back—a week is too short to cover all the offshore islands. Inland, of course, are the many fingers and islands of Kyuquot Sound. Southward beckons another reef- and island-studded coastline. Like the one just explored, this too has long reaches exposed to the open sea. We must remember a lesson twice illustrated under our very noses this past week. Random big waves have a nasty habit of tripping over reefs hidden close beneath the surface. Disconcerting as an avalanche is the sudden wall of green water tumbling into what has heretofore been a quiet surface. We need to keep suspicion and awareness always with us, and to read the signs at a safe distance.

This was our first airplane shuttle; no doubt the method will prove very useful on future trips. Many of the fjords along this coast have no other access for people with limited time. True, the airplane is a noisy intruder, but this is not dedicated wilderness. It is merely a thinly populated last frontier. The few people who live here depend upon the airplane; it is as much a part of their lives as the motor boat and the chainsaw. A group of kayakers portaged by air has no more impact here today than the movements of the local inhabitants. The engine's clatter dies away in a few minutes. Then for days on end, except for occasional passing aircraft, silence reigns and civilization still seems far away.

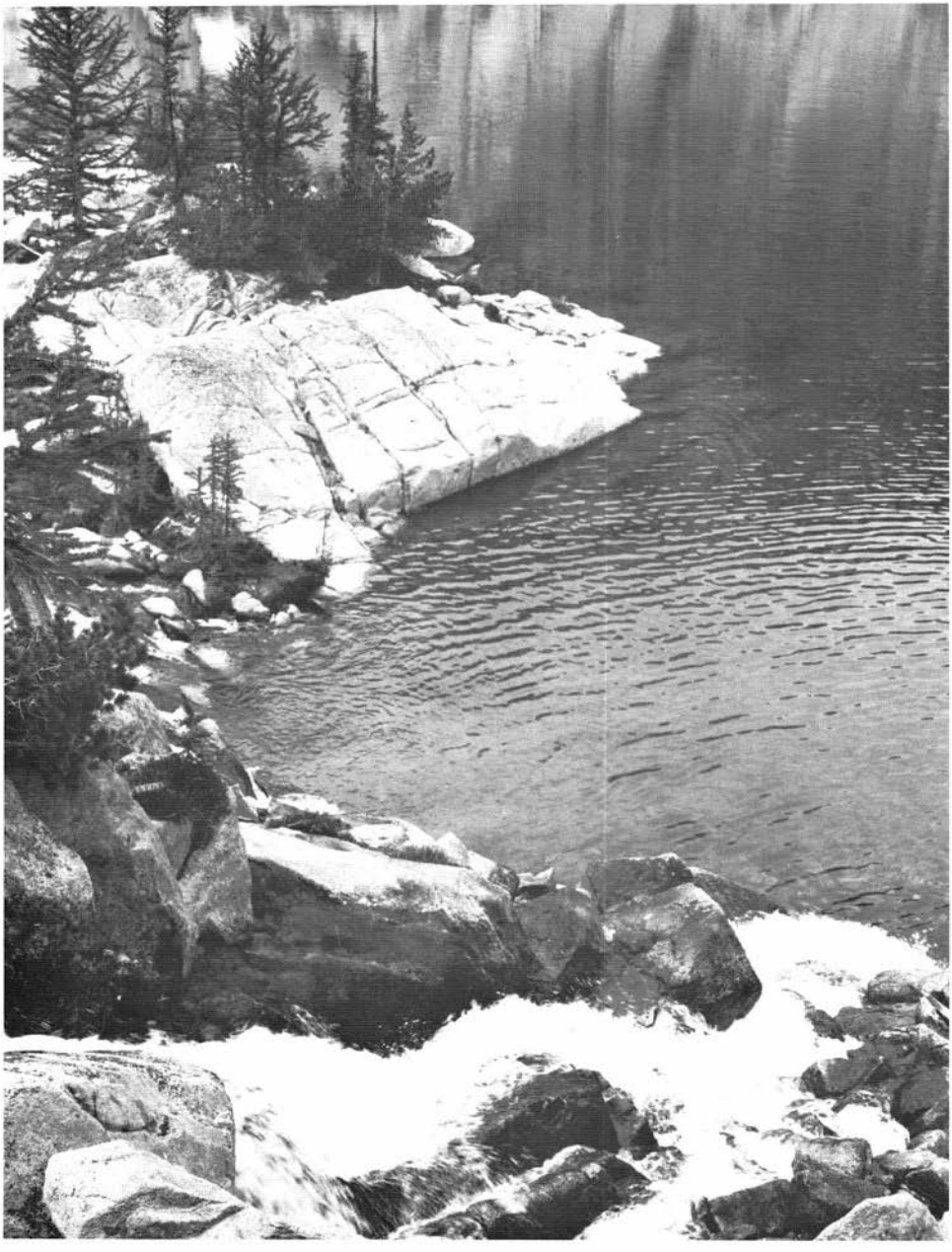


Lake Viviane

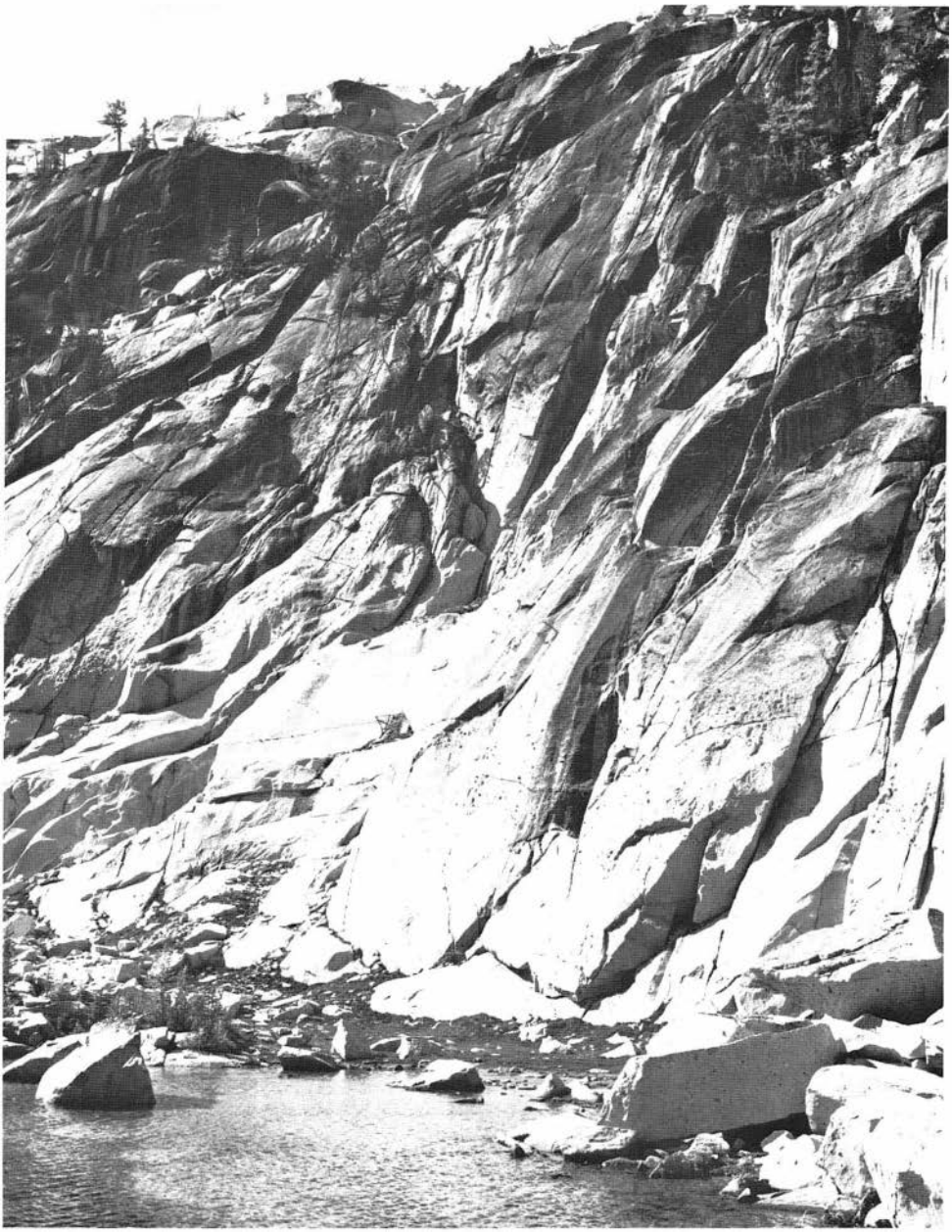
Robert E. Landsburg



Gnome Tarn and Prussik Peak *Robert E. Landsburg*



Inlet, Lake Viviane — *Robert E. Landsburg*



Cirque Wall above Lake Viviane *Robert E. Landsburg*

The Real Tolmie's Peak

By GENE FAURE

EDITOR'S NOTE: A few hours before his death in November 1966, Gene Fauré discussed with one of his last visitors the following article which represents patient days and years of research in books and mountains. This final contribution of his to mountain lore will thus have special value to Gene's many friends.

During the early 1950s my wife and I were not infrequent overnight weekend visitors to Rainier National Park. Our usual rendezvous was the home of our friend, District Ranger Aubrey Haines and his wife, Wilma.

Aubrey was at that time, and still is, a Northwest historian of no small ability. He was then putting the finishing touches on his book, *The Journal of a Trapper* (which has since become a collector's item) and also doing research on another book on early climbs of Mt. Rainier. The latter he named *Mountain Fever* —and it is now also hard to buy.

One Saturday evening as we were sitting around in his home—the women doing needlework and gossiping—Aubrey working on his book and I just plain loafing, he tossed me a sheaf of papers and ordered, "Read this."

I hadn't read far before I realized that I had an historical gem. I was absorbed, entranced and oblivious to all around me. I read it through twice and then burst out, "But he didn't climb Tolmie Peak!"

Aubrey agreed and together we decided that something should be done to put the record straight. With this in mind Aubrey and I made a couple of forays into the territory trying to tie down Tolmie's route from the description in his diary. In later years I have made several more trips, and I'm certain that I've located the peak on which Tolmie stood on September 3, 1833 and wrote in his diary "Two large pyramids of rock . . . *(Observation and Echo Peaks)* arose from the great acclivity at the S.W. extremity of the mountain . . ."

The Diary of William Fraser Tolmie, describing his trip in 1833 from Ft. Nisqually to Mt. Rainier (pages 11-21) will substantiate my reasoning.

To the best of my knowledge these notes have never before been published. Aubrey Haines painstakingly decoded them from Dr. Tolmie's original handwritten diary which rests in the provincial archives in Victoria, British Columbia.

"Tuesday August 27—

"Wrote Hughes today (sending Tolmie's notes) on order for £7-5/- obtained Mr. Heron's consent to making a botanizing excursion to Mount Rainier, for which he has allowed 10 days — Have engaged 2 horses from a chief living in that quarter who came here tonight & Lachalet is to be my guide — Told the Indians I am going to Mt. Rainier to gather herbs of which to make medicine part of which is to be sent to Britain & part retained in case Intermittent Fever should visit us when I will prescribe for the Indians.

"Wednesday August 28—

"A tremendous thunder storm occurred last night succeeded by torrents of rain— The thunder was very loud and the lightning flashing in completely enlightened my apartment was cloudy thermon 62-Sunst: P.M.

"Have been chatting with Mr. H. about colonizing Whidbey's island a project of which he is at present quite full—more anon. No horses have appeared— Understand that the mountain is four days journey distant the first of which can only be performed on horseback— If they do appear tomorrow shall start with Lachalet on foot. Began Dr. Hookers letter—

"Thursday August 29—

"Prairie 8 miles N. of House — sunset. Finished all the letters this forenoon made a packet of them for Vancouver in case an opportunity occurs before my return Mentioned to my father that I would write (Alick) on my return— Busier afterward in making arrangements for journey & while thus occupied the guide arrived with 3 horses— Started about 3 mounted on a strong iron grey stallion— my companions disposing of themselves on the other two horses— except one who walked We were 6 in number— I have engaged Lachalet for a blanket & his nephew Lashima for ammunition to accompany me & Nuckalkut a Poyallip (whom I took for a native of Mt. Rainier) with two horses to be guide on the mountain & after leaving the horse track & Quilniash his relative, a very active strong fellow has volunteered to accompany us— The Indians are in great hopes of killing Elk & Chevreuil & Lachalet has already been selling & promising the grease he is to get— It is in a great measure the expectation of finding game that urges them to undertake the journey — Cantered slowly along the prairie & are now at the residence of Nuckalkuts' father, under the shade of a lofty pine in a grassy ampitheatre beautifully interspersed & surrounded with oaks & through the gaps in the

circle we see the broad plain extending southwards to Nusqually — in a hollow immediately behind, is a small lake whose surface is almost one sheet of water lillies about to flower — Have supped on sallal & at dusk, shall turn—"

Deciphering Tolmie

In an effort to decipher Tolmie, constant referral to *Mountain Fever* was necessary. From the first chapter of *Mountain Fever,* Note 5: "According to Tolmie's diary entry for Aug. 29, their first encampment was on the 'prairie 8 miles N. of House,' which would put it near the north end of Steilacoom Lake. At that point, the old Indian trail, which paralleled Puget Sound from the Nisqually River crossing, turned 'eastward' toward Muckleshoot Prairie on White River; hence, it is likely they followed that primitive trace as far as the Puyallup River crossing near the present town of McMillan. Moderation of the climate since that time has assisted in the forestation of the relatively open Nisqually plain." On Friday Aug. 30, after the meal with three Tekatat (Klickitat) families, "The journey was continued in a heavy shower, along a route which became rougher and beset with dense and tangled thickets as they approached the Puyallup River at a point between the present towns of McMillan and Orting." [1]

"The horses were probably left at the southern end of the alluvial bottom which terminates several miles south of Orting, near where the Puyallup River debouches from a narrow canyon. Tolmie's description would indicate the campsite was near the site of the present bridge by which the Orting-Kapowsin highway crosses the Puyallup River, for it is the only constriction along that part of the stream." [2]

Tolmie's diary continues:
"Friday August 30 Sandy beach of Poyallipa River—
Slept ill last night & as I dozed in the mg— was aroused by a stroke across the thigh from a large decayed branch which fell from the pine overshadowing us — A drizzling rain fell during most of the night. Got up about dawn & finding thigh stiff &

1 Haines, Aubrey L., *Mountain Fever,* Oregon Historical Society, 1962. Chap. 1, p. 5.
2 *Ibid.,* Chap. 1, Notes 6 and 7.

painful thought a stop was put to the journey, but after moving about it felt easier — Start about sunrise I mounted on a spirited brown mare & the rest on passable animals except Nuckalkut, who bestrode a foal—made a northeasterly course thru prairie—Breakfasted at a small marsh on Bread Sallal Dried Cockles & a small piece of Chevreuil saved from the last nights repast of my companions (for I cannot call them attendants)—The point of wood now became broader & the intervening plain degenerated into prairions — Stopped about 1 P.M. — at the abode of 3 Tekatat (Klickitat) families — who met us rank & file at the door to shake hands — Their sheds were made of bark resting upon a horizontal pole supported each end by tripods & showed an abundance of elk's flesh, fried, within. Two kettles were filled with this & after smoking my Indians made a savage repast on the meat & bouillon Lachalet saying it was the Indian custom to eat a great deal at once & afterwards abstain for a time he however had twice eaten since! Traded some dried meat for 4 balls & 3 rings & mounting rode off in the midst of a heavy shower —

"Ascended & descended at different times several steep banks & passed through dense & tangled thickets occasionally coming on a prairion — The soil throughout was of the same nature as that of Nusqually — After descending a very steep bank, came to the Poyallip Lashima carried the baggage across on his head Rode (to) the opposite side through a rich alluvial plain 3 or 4 miles in length & ¾ to 1 in breadth it is covered with fern about 8 feet high in some parts. Passed through woods & crossed river several times about 7 PM dismounted & the horses & accoutrements were left in a wood at the river's brink — Started now on foot for a house Nuckalkut knew & after traversing woods & twice crossing the torrents "on the unsteadfast footing" of a log arrived at the house which was a deserted one and encamped on the dry part of the river's bed — along which our course lies tomorrow — The Poyallip flows rapidly & is about 10 or 12 yards broad Its banks are high & covered with lofty cedars & pines — The water is of a dirty white colour, being impregnated by white clay — Lachalet has tonight been trying to dissuade me from going to the snow on the mountain."

According to Tolmie's notes, the little band consisting of a 21-year-old doctor plus five Indians has completed its trek up the "Poyallip" River to where the "snowy peaks above" can be seen. Actually no one can ever determine their "exact" route or places of encampment. Take, for example, the location of

their first camp where Tolmie's notes say "in a hollow immediately behind is a small lake whose surface is almost one sheet of water lillies about to flower—"

To Aubrey Haines it sounds like the north end of Steilacoom Lake, but I can't feel that this description fits Steilacoom Lake. In that general location there are quite a number of small lakes and pot holes—to name a few, Carp, Louise, Mud, Park and Sears. It really doesn't make too much difference — we do know that at this approximate point the little party turned *eastwards* until it came to the "Poyallip" River. In their struggle up that waterway they took first the Mowich branch and then the North Mowich branch. Since Tolmie's notes make no mention of these branches, I suggest that they may never have seen them. This is very easily possible, for in that dense and tangled riverbed while they might be paralleling the stream at some little distance, a branch or stream could come in on the other side and not be seen.

Tolmie's notes read—"That day the route paralleled the river through a dense forest, from which they escaped by ascending the stream bed for miles." Aubrey Haines' note 8 says, "The three-mile canyon above present Electron was an obstacle more easily detoured than passed through."

That night an encampment was made where a short distance up, two lofty hills covered with wood could be seen. I believe Aubrey Haines is right when he suggests they are the two prominent hills in sections 8 and 19, Township 17 N., Range 6 East. One would be on each side of the river and, being the first big hills, would be noticed.

The next morning, Sunday, Sept. 1, found Tolmie dripping wet and discouraged. There was little food left, but surprisingly the Indians were for going on. During this day they missed the main Puyallup River and took the Mowich branch. That evening camp was made about 2 miles west of the present Park boundary as Tolmie's description fits that location. They had made 8 miles that day. There was snow above.

"Saturday 31st August—

"Slept well. & in morning, two salmon (were) caught on which are to breakfast before starting after breakfast Quillihaish stuck the gills and sound of the fish on a spit which stood before the fire so that the next comer might know that salmon could be obtained there Have travelled nearly the whole day through a wood of cedar & pines, surface very uneven & after ascending the bed of river a couple of miles are now encamped about 10 yards from its margin in the wood. Find myself very

inferior to my campanions in the power of enduring fatigue their pace is a smart trot which soon obliges me to rest The water of the Poyallip are still of the same colour can see a short distance up two lofty hills covered with wood Evg cloudy & rainy Showry all day—

"Sunday Sept. 1. 1833

"It has rained all night & is now 6 a m pouring down—Are a good deal sheltered by the trees — my campanions are all snoozing — Shall presently arouse them & hold a council of war the prospect is very discouraging our provisions will be expended today & Lachalet said about (it) he thought the river would be too high to be fordable in either direction Had dried meat boiled in a cedar bark kettle for breakfast — I got rigged out in green blanket without trousers in indian style & trudged on through the woods — afterwards exchanged blanket with Lachalet for Ouvrie's Capot, which had been on almost every Indian at Nusqually however I found it more convenient than blanket — Our course lay up the river, which we crossed frequently — the bed is clayey in most parts — Saw the Sawbill duck once or twice riding down on a log & fired twice unsuccessfully (?) Have been flanked on both sides with the high pineclad hills for some time a short distance above encampment snow can be seen — It having rained almost incessantly have encamped under a shalving bank which had been undermined by the river — immense stones only held in situ by dried roots form the roof & the floor is very rugged Have supped on berries, which when heated with stones in kettle taste like Lozenges Propose tomorrow to ascend one of the snowy peaks above"

Further research into Tolmie's notes contains all the clues for the location of the peak that he climbed. I will quote extensively from Aubrey Haines' *Mountain Fever* (for we were together on a scouting trip) and I will present my own conclusions, along with a map to support what I feel sure to be the true "Tolmie Peak."

From *Mountain Fever:* ". . . Propose tomorrow to ascend one of the snowy peaks above." [3] "The conformation of the hills surrounding the forks of the Mowich River gives a definite "ampitheater" effect to that point. In checking that portion of Tolmie's route within the national park, I had the good fortune to make one trip over it under almost identical weather conditions. Above the forks, several waterfalls were visible plunging from the south

[3] *Ibid.,* Chap. 1, p. 6.

wall of the canyon, but the really spectacular one thundered over a three hundred foot drop on the medial line of the North Mowich Glacier, just below the 7,000 foot elevation. Several days of heavy rainfall had turned the runoff from the lower reaches of the glacier into a mighty brownish cataract. Tolmie's view of the river 'bounding over a lofty precipice above' must have been the same sight that I watched with Gene Faure, of the Tacoma Mountaineers, on that memorable scramble in the fall of 1955." (Note 13, Chap. I)

Such a description fits only the forks of the Mowich River, and surely it was from there that Tolmie began the ascent of which he wrote: "Our track lay at first through a dense wood of pine but we afterwards emerged into an exuberantly verdant gully closed on each side by lofty precipices. Followed gully to near summit and found excellent berries in abundance. . . . Afterwards, came to a grassy mound where the sight of several decayed trees induced us to camp." [4]

Note 14: "I believe this encampment was at the head of the drainage between Fay Peak and Hessong Rock; lack of any mention of a lake is strong argument against the Eunice Lake site, and the Hessong Rock-Mount Pleasant summit agrees with Tolmie's description as well as Tolmie Peak does."

The above "Note 14" is Aubrey Haines' statement on the Tolmie Peak mystery. I believe that he purposely left it vague to give me a chance to clear it up!

"Monday Sept. 2 — Summit of a snowy peak immediately under Rainier Passed a very uncomfortable night in our troglodytic mansion — Ascended the river for 3 miles to where it was shut in by ampitheatre of Mountains & could be seen bounding over a lofty precipice above — Ascended that which showed most snow — our track lay at first through a dense wood of pine but we afterwards emerged into an exuberantly verdant gully closed on each side by lofty precipices Followed gully to near the summit & found excellent berries in abundance It contained very few alpine plants afterwards came to a grassy mound where the sight of several decayed trees enduced us to encamp — After tea I set out with Lachalet & Nuckalkut for the summit which was (ankle) deep with snow for ¼ mile downwards — The summit terminated in abrupt precipice directed northwards & bearing NE from Mt. (Ra-) the adjoining peak — The mists were at times very dense but a puff of S.W. wind occasionally dispelled them — On the S.

[4] *Ibid.*, Chap. I, p. 7.

side of Poyallip is a range of snow dappled mountains & they as well as that on the N. side terminate in Mt. Rainier a short distance to E. Collected a vasculum of plants at the snow & having examined & packed them shall turn in. Lachalet by his own request is to be my bedfellow — Thermon: at base 54° at summit of ascent 47° —

"Tuesday Sept. 3 — Woody islet on Poyallip. It rained heavily during night but about dawn, the wind, shifting to N.E. dispersed the clouds & frost set in. Lay shivering all night & roused my swarthy campanion twice to rekindle the fire At sunrise, accompanied by Quillilqsh, went to the summit & found the tempr of the air 33° the snow was spangled and sparkled brightly in the bright sun shine it was crisp and only yielded a couple of inches to the pressure of foot in walking Mt. Rainier appeared surpassingly splendid & magnificent. It bore, from the peak on which I stood S.S.E. & was separated from it only by a narrow glen, whose sides however were formed by inaccessible precipices — Got all my bearings more correctly today the atmosphere being clear & every object distinctly perceived — The river flows at first in a northerly direction from the mountain — The snow on the summit of the mountain adjoining Rainier on western side of Poyallip is (continuous) with that of latter, & thus the S. Western aspect seemed (the most accessible, by ascending) the first mountain through a gulley in its northern side you reach the eternal snow of Rainier & for a long distance afterwards the ascent is very gradual, but then it becomes abrupt from the sugarloaf form assumed by the Mt — its eastern side is steep on its northern aspect a few (d - - -) glaciers were seen on the conical portion, below that the mountain is composed of bare rock, apparently volcanic which about 50 yards in breadth reaches from the snow to the valley beneath & is bounded on each side by bold bluff crags scantily covered with stunted pines — its surface is generally smooth but here & there raised into smooth points or knobs or arrowed with short & narrow longitudinal lines in which snow lay From the snow on western border the Poyallip arose — in its course down this rocky slope was fenced in to eastward by a regular elevation of the rock in the form of a wall or dyke which (at the distance I viewed it at) seemed about 4 feet high & 400 yards in length Two large pyramids of rocks arose from the great acclivity at S.W. extremity of mountain & around each the drifting snow had accumulated in large quantity forming a basin apparently of great depth Here I also perceived, peeping from their snowy

covering two lines of dyke similar to that already mentioned."

It should be immediately apparent to those familiar with the territory that Tolmie's description of his location does not fit the peak now called in his name.

How then did this mistake occur? The villain was an early geologist, surveyor and writer. His name was Bailey Willis, born in 1857 and living until the 1940s. Here is his own description of how he found "Tolmie's peak":

"The glaciers of Mount Rainier, though long known of course to Indian hunters, were first visited by a white man, Dr. Tolmie, a Hudson Bay factor, who ascended the northwest spur to an altitude of about 10,000 feet in 1833. He was still living in Victoria in 1882 and that summer, aided by his description, I found Indian baskets, remains of his highest camp, imbedded in the heather."

This above description is in the book *A Yanqui in Patagonia* by Bailey Willis, published in 1946 by the Stanford University Press.

As I read this and other parts of Bailey Willis' account of his own exploits, I had the impression that he was trying so hard to depict himself as a very honorable fellow, while some of the things he did could be questioned as to their righteousness. He thought nothing of hiring men to file claims on desirable coal properties and then selling them for a small profit to the railroad for whom he was working. By his own word on one occasion he was a claim jumper.

This man then, to the best of my knowledge, is the one responsible for deciding which peak Dr. Tolmie climbed in 1833. Let's look next at the facts and description in the notes which go against its being Tolmie's "Peak."

First, lines of sight from it pass to the east of Rainier's summit. Second, as Aubrey Haines points out, "The peak shown on present maps as Tolmie Peak cannot be seen from any point along the Mowich River above the national park boundary; hence it was NOT one of the "snowy peaks above" referred to by Tolmie. Further: It is not a "snowy peak *immediately under Rainier.*"

Its summit does not "terminate in abrupt precipices directly northward and bearing N.W. from Mt. Rainier, the adjoining peak." None of the descriptions given by Tolmie in this installment can be seen in such detail, if at all, from the peak listed as Tolmie's.

Only from the peak now called Hessong Rock does the majority of the descriptions fit. Some are definitely difficult to interpret.

When Tolmie says "The river flows at first in a northerly direction from the mountain" and "From the snow on the western border the Poyallipa arose—in its course down this rock slope - - -"

I feel quite sure that what he saw was what we now call Giant Falls, which from Hessong Rock looks like it could be the beginning of the "Poyallipa" River.

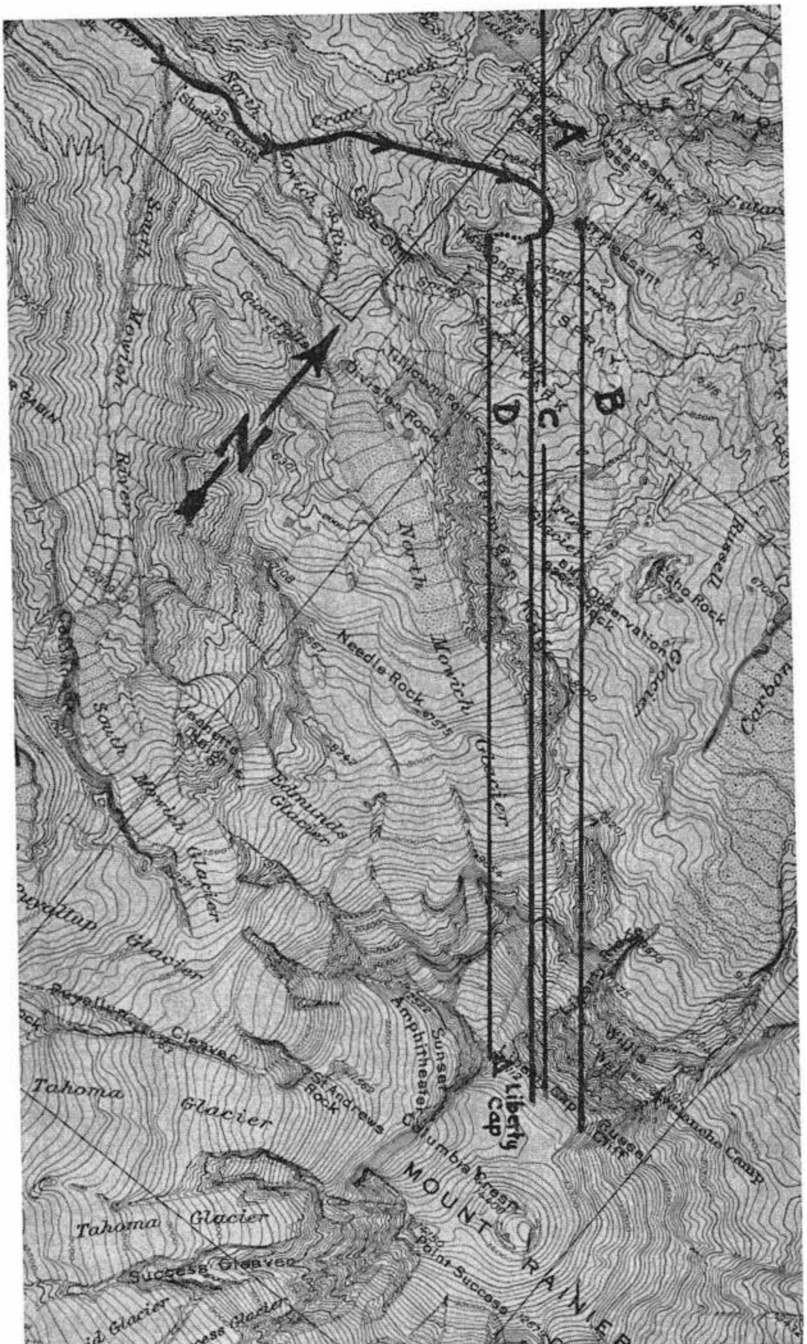
On August 30, 1960, accompanied by my daughter, Mrs. Jack Brown and grandson Mike, I attempted to follow Dr. Tolmie's route up Lee Creek. We "later took a gulley, and came out at a grassy mound." From this point Hessong shows considerable snow. We climbed Pleasant. 17° East of North points roughly toward Faye, actually towards the Pleasant Glacier to the right of the ridge towards Faye. Giant Falls are clearly visible at 218°. The falls on the median of the North Mowich Glacier are NOT visible as they are shut off by Tillicum Point and Ptarmigan Ridge. The top of Rainier shows at 170°. There is no abrupt cliff off Mt. Pleasant.

Next we climbed Hessong. There is an abrupt precipice at 17°! Top of Rainier shows at 156° from where we stood which compares favorably with 157½° that Dr. Tolmie read.

The falls from the right hand (south) side of the N. Mowich Glacier is just visible around the end of Tillicum Point, and also might well be what Tolmie described as the beginning of the Puyallup River.

The accompanying map shows my conclusions. The arrowed route I suggest is the one Tolmie took from their last camp to his peak. It's a nice problem and one that will give any of you fun to work on. Why not try it and see what you think?

Tolmie's line of sight to the top of Mt. Rainier was S.S.E., which is 157½°. Subtracting 17° (the 1833 declination) from the line of sight leaves 140½°. This map is cut on that bias, so all lines of sight paralleling the upper and lower edges will be that which Tolmie read as S.S.E. and such a sighting from Tolmie Peak is indicated as line "A". Line "B" is a sighting from Mt. Pleasant. Only the squared section between lines "C" and "D" pass through the summit which is Liberty Cap at this point. This squared section is *Hessong Rock* and *is* the peak Tolmie climbed.



A
B
C
D
N
Liberty Cap
Needle Rock
North Mowich Glacier
South Mowich Glacier
Edmunds Glacier
Puyallup Glacier
Tahoma Glacier
Observation Rock
Echo Rock
Russell Glacier
Carbon
Columbia Crest
Point Success
Success Cleaver
Sunset Amphitheater
St Andrews Rock
Division Rock
Eagle Cliff
Mt Pleasant
Knapsack Pass
Willis Wall
Russell Cliff
Giant Falls
Mowich River
MOUNT RAINIER

Mt. Logan,

St. Elias Range, Yukon Territory

By LEE WEST and LEN WALLER

The west route of Mt. Logan was ascended by climbers last June by a party consisting of Hans Zogg (leader), Ron Johnson, Don Mech, Len Waller, Lee West and Hal Williams. On June 13, 1966, Jack Wilson, the well known bush pilot of Gulkana, Alaska, flew us via May Creek to the Quinto Sella Glacier at the 8900-foot level. After making base camp we started carrying loads up to Camp 1, 11,600 feet in the King Peak Trench. We were a little alarmed at the avalanches coming off King Peak. But fortunately Camp 1 could be placed in a safe position. Camp 2 was established in the King Col at 13,600 feet. The route to Camp 3, 16,000 feet, lay up a steep snow slope and the party decided to split into two parties of three. One party was to explore the route to Camp 3 and the other carry the supplies from Camp 1 to Camp 2. The next day, June 20th, was cold and windy with visibility down to 50 yards but, with the route wanded into Camp 2, the task was just arduous. The route-finding to Camp 3 proved not successful, and the steep slope where a route was to be found was considered in danger of avalanche, so the party came down to meet the load-carrying party below Camp 2.

The next day dawned clear and cold so that we continued the reconnaissance. Soon the slope was too steep for snowshoes. Hans put in a good set of steps up the slope to the ridge where we once again donned our rather rapidly deteriorating snowshoes. After a fairly gradual slope we came to a heavily crevassed area. At 15,000 feet the lead rope made several attempts to find a route through the crevasses, and for a while it appeared impossible but finally a route was found. We proceeded on as rapidly as possible to Camp 3 at 16,000 feet.

The danger of crevasses in the St. Elias range is more severe than in the Cascades because the crevasses are so huge, and it is not always possible for only one man to be on a snowbridge at a time.

The party returned to Camp 2 in 2 hours. The next day, June 22nd, was a designated rest day.

The chances of good weather continuing were diminishing and we decided to carry all the equipment in one carry above Camp 2. Only one tent and one stove were taken.

June 23rd started cold with a light snow storm and visibility less than a rope length. The party again followed the wanded route with sufficient food and supplies to last 6 days on full rations. As the day wore on the weather improved and we finally pushed Camp 3 to 16,000 feet.

Camp 3, June 24 dawned cold, clear, with a light wind; snowshoes were still indispensable. We were now carrying our heaviest loads to preclude having to shuttle. As the route to Camp 4 was not clear from the map, the aerial photographs were used to decide the route over the 18,200 foot pass. Due to the wind-packed snow we put on crampons as we approached the pass. Once we reached the pass we had to lose some 600 feet to Camp 4 at 17,600 feet. Our high camp was established some 7 miles and 2,250 feet from the main summit of Mt. Logan (19,850)

The kerosene stove could be kept burning only by repeated priming at Camp 4. The thought of no stove was unpleasant. Without the means of making liquid a summit attempt would have been out of the question.

After a restless night, we arose at 6 a.m. planning on an early start. However, it was not until 9 a.m. that we were ready to leave camp. We were not optimistic because the weather seemed to be deteriorating. In very limited visibility, we left camp knowing that we would not be able to solve the route-finding problems and find the summit of this immense mountain in the fog.

We knew that we had to lose a certain amount of elevation, but we did not guess that 800 feet would be lost before our upward climb could be resumed. We decided to descend into a valley-like trough on the summit plateau rather than ascend the west peak to reach the summit pinnacle. Fortunately during this descent, the weather cleared somewhat and we began to have some hope of reaching the summit.

Finally, at 6 p.m., we had our first view of the snow-plumed summit of Mt. Logan from approximately 19,000 feet. The summit appeared to be about 3 hours away. It was unanimously decided to continue because of the almost incessant daylight and the vastly improved weather. The only clouds visible now were on the horizon to the north.

At this point we were on a windswept ridge and traded our snowshoes for crampons. We regretted this as soon as we dropped off the ridge into knee-deep snow. However, we continued post-

holing and reached the summit ridge about 10 p.m. This ridge was one of the most beautiful sections of the climb—a steep, knife-edged very exposed snow ridge leading 500 feet to the summit. The summit was finally reached at 11 p.m.; the temperature was approximately 25° F. below zero, and the wind was estimated at between 30 and 40 miles per hour. The view was truly spectacular but it was unfortunately too dark to take pictures without a time exposure. We started our descent 30 minutes after attaining the summit and finally reached Camp 4 at 9 a.m., June 26th, almost exactly 24 hours after beginning what is popularly called the "dash to the summit." Possibly one of the worst memories of the entire trip is of that agonizing 800-foot climb back up to high camp.

The remainder of that day was spent drinking, eating, and sleeping.

The following morning (June 27) we packed our gear, put on our snowshoes, and started down. That evening we pitched camp for the last time, at our original base camp at 8,950 feet. We descended in 11 hours what had taken us 14 days to climb. After only one day of waiting out the storm which moved in during our descent, the pilot flew us back out to civilization.

IN MEMORIAM

Naomi R. Benson
Barbara L. Cooper
Eugene R. Fauré
Lydia Lovering Forsyth
Mabel Furry
Rutherford B. Hayes
Frank P. Helsell
Walter F. Hiltner
Charlie Kilmer
Inez Craven Kilmer
Charles F. Lombard
Ben C. Mooers
Hattie Strang Hurd (charter member)
Milnor Roberts (charter member)

RECOGNIZED CHARTER MEMBERS

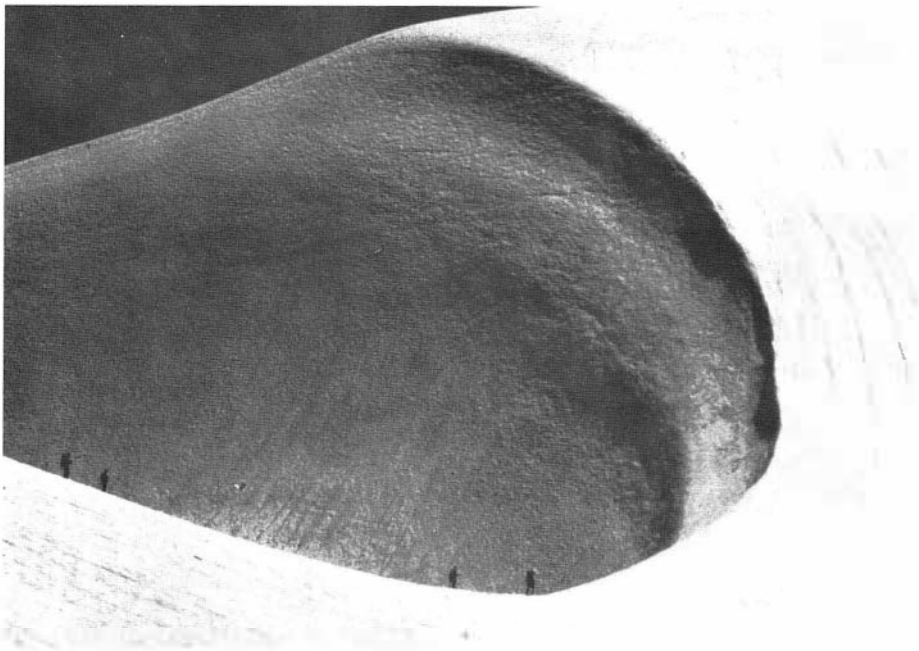
1. George G. Altnow, 1222 Summit Avenue, Seattle.
2. Anne Bartel, 1805 Madison Street, LaCrosse, Wisconsin.
3. Alice M. Casey, 420 Terry Avenue, Seattle.
4. Mrs. Florence Curtis, 2353 Namoa Road, Honolulu.
5. Eva Curtis, 4608 East B Street, Tacoma.
6. Trevor Kincaid, 1904 Northeast 52nd Street, Seattle.
7. L. D. Lindsley, 104 Northeast 43rd Street, Seattle.
8. Margaret McCarney, Wesley Gardens, Des Moines, Washington.
9. Christine Murray (Mrs. Henry H. Botten), 3316 East Laurelhurst Drive Northeast, Seattle.
10. Gertrude Niedergesaess (Mrs. Alex Bryce), 2009 12th Avenue East, Seattle.
11. Belle Tellier, 2315 Northeast 65th Street, Seattle.
12. Bertha Tellier (Mrs. Paul Barnes), Toledo, Washington.
13. J. P. Umpleby, 6214 Park Lane, Dallas, Texas.

Anyone with information regarding any living charter member aside from the reconized members listed above please contact Mrs. Loretta Slater.

Mount Logan, on edge of summit plateau, looking southwest to King Peak, Seward Glacier in distance. *Hans Zogg*

Mount Seattle (Hubbard Glacier in foreground). Route via south ridge on right. *Walter A. Wood*

Flying in to base camp on Mount Logan (on horizon, with King Peak on right). *Lee West*



Great Wind Cirque on Bacon Peak *Mike New*

Dome Peak *Lee Mann*

Mt. Seattle:

19 Days at the 60th Parallel

By FRED BECKEY

In a recent statement to the press, Walter Hickel, Governor-elect of Alaska, made the comment, "The average American knows more about Africa than he does about Alaska." It is apparent that the public is more familiar with the Alps of Europe than the St. Elias Range, whose vast areas and icy mountain giants are still being mapped, researched and explored.

As other high peaks of the St. Elias Range, Mt. Seattle remains as a massive monument to the ceaseless conflict between earth-shaping forces. Its faces are self-renewing, mobile, and inconstant in the long perspective of geologic time. Named by the Alaska Boundary Tribunal in 1903, Mt. Seattle is a huge, magnificent mountain rising to 10,185 feet in less than 10 miles from tidewater, where a deep fjord cuts into the outer range from the North Pacific. The impotence of figures is apparent to those of scientific mind. A bare statement of a mountain height must be clothed with concrete images; it must be seen in context with a known constant. John Ruskin wrote that "mountains are the beginning and end of all natural scenery." Certainly the view with Mt. Cook, Vancouver, Hubbard, and Seattle, looking toward the gigantic Hubbard Glacier from a Disenchantment Bay afloat with icebergs, must be among the most grandiose ice wildernesses on earth. Greatest tidewater glacier on the Alaska coast, the Hubbard's front, some 5 miles wide, calves off a constant barrage of icebergs from cliffs 300 to 400 feet in height.

From a mountaineer's standpoint, the validity of a route is affected heavily by two things: time of year and snow conditions. A heavy snowfall can easily render a route utterly hopeless and one should plan a climb so it is possible to beat a safe retreat. Extremely deep, loose fresh snow can cause great avalanche danger in April, May, and June, warned Bradford Washburn. "We had nearly 200 inches of snow in only three weeks at a camp just 25 miles from here last spring." Washburn, Bill Putnam and Austin Post were especially helpful, since their aerial and oblique photos give a

better coverage of the mountain than we believed existed. When Eric Bjornstad, Don Liska, and I became serious about planning an expedition to the mountain, a photo study session indicated the feasibility of approaching the peak from salt water. The novelty and unique nature of such an ascent, alone, had an adventurous appeal.

However, the expedition entered into an exclusive agreement with KING Broadcasting Co., owner of KING TV and *Seattle Magazine,* for exclusive coverage of the "KING Broadcasting-Mt. Seattle Expedition." It was agreed that the "transporting of the expedition and its equipment from Seattle to its base camp and the actual ascent of Mt. Seattle shall all be under the complete direction and control of Beckey," the expedition leader. The company underwrote the expedition for the sum of $2,700.

The expedition immediately ran into problems caused by need for radio communication to Yakutat, so Seattleites could keep pace with the climbers, which made a route beginning from the Hubbard Glacier on the opposite side of the mountain seem more practical than the salt water approach. But this route necessitated use of a ski-wheel aircraft because of the heavily crevassed glacier below the selected base camp area. Had there been such a craft based at Yakutat, this plan would have worked adequately, but as it later developed, the unreliability of the weather and the cost of keeping a plane and pilot on standby at Yakutat made it impractical. The expedition finally had to fall back on its original plan of approach when KING was not willing to assume the costs necessary to support a route dependent on air support.

Two other factors helped sway this decision: a reconnaissance flight on May 4 indicated a more treacherous ridge on the inland route than pictures had led us to believe, and the pressure of time. When our first attempt to reach the inland base camp by ski-wheel plane failed due to a low-level whiteout, the factors in favor of the tidewater approach were too strong to be vetoed. Comments were made by the radioman inferring that better planning would have been achieved had I made an earlier aerial reconnaissance.

The day before my arrival in Yakutat, the radio engineer even took the direct action of phoning the ski-wheel plane pilot in Glenallen, Alaska and insisted that he and the cameraman be the first to fly in for the glacier landing. There seemed to be confusion in their minds as to which role to play: that of leader or reporter.

Climbers are generally nonconformists, there being a fixed gulf between them and the average tourist. On returning from the heights I have often felt a sympathy when looking at the hundreds bunched at picnic tables, most of whom have an apathy toward their surroundings. This, in a sense, was our reaction to the liaison men in our party. It was apparent they did not understand the spirit of adventure, but only wanted to get a man on the summit and in the news. The sooner the better. Later, in *Seattle Magazine,* July 1966, a biased and overdramatized article was printed, claiming, "all the way, trouble dogged a divided team."

It is true we had problems and delays, which every expedition faces. We were held up by one member who was not in top physical condition, and by another's lack of experience. But in general the expedition carried a distinct harmony on the mountain, and certainly on the summit day, when we climbed in very adverse conditions, everyone on the team climbed with spirit and determination. In a letter to me after having moved to New Mexico, Don Liska said he agreed with me: "The article was a disgrace. Bethell (the author), missed the point," adding "when I talked to him I told him it was a well united party which got along very well and made the climb a success all the way."

Written in Seattle, certainly one of the most active mountaineering communities in the nation, it attempted to make a sham of the spirit of climbing by suggesting we had frustrated ourselves, despite a climbing victory. Speaking for the climbers who know better, Tom Hornbein wrote in a published letter to the editor: "It was told with such lack of objectivity, lack of taste, and immature lack of respect for humanity." The facts were distorted beyond recognition. The first paragraph alone has three gross errors of fact and supposition, with three correct statements. In all, Bethell chose to write 69 paragraphs on the expedition, frequently resorting to quotes from unnamed informants and the opinions of the radioman, who did not get above sea-level except when he was in an airplane. In an attempt at character assassination the article stated Art Davidson was an awkward high school dropout who had simply parlayed his way into the expedition one night in Bjornstad's coffee house, then vanished after the trip ended. The real facts are more complimentary: Davidson attended Colorado State College, was invited to join the expedition by letter well after the night of the coffee house meeting, and he returned to Anchorage after the expedition. In view of the fact

he lives there, this does not seem strange. The article did not even keep veracity in an attempt at humor, when it stated Bjornstad has "44,000 prophylactics acquired at a recent auction in exchange for a stuffed moose head." Eric later pointed out that the figure is far off, since many of them have been stolen.

* * *

Through the kindness of the Federal Aviation Agency our stay at Yakutat was not really so bad. The several nights spent in the workshop of the big hanger were drier than our first days at base camp, pitched on the alluvial outwash plain of the Variegated Glacier, just above high tide level.

To get there we chartered the services of a World War II landing craft, operated by a Yakutat Indian, George Adams. We left not far from where the Duke of Abruzzi and his Mt. St. Elias expedition departed for the crossing of Yakutat Bay in 1897. Delayed one day by engine trouble and heavy seas, we made the trip into Disenchantment Bay.

Making the run into the entrance passage between the cliffs of the Hubbard Glacier and the rocky shores of Osier Island is not a place for the fainthearted. And it is not a place to enter during the incoming tide. Dangerous icebergs circled in various patches, each in a separate orbit. Swells from the glacier could change their momentum. The turning currents rotated the landing craft, all the time sweeping us along with the ice toward the gap at the entrance of Russell Fjord. By a combination of forward engine, reverse engine, twisting, turning out of control, and luck, Adams steered the craft through the worst of this suicidal passageway. Ironically, when already into the calmer waters of the fjord an unexpected swell pushed a piece of drift ice against the starboard hull. It had cracked the double plates and the craft began to take water. Fortunately we were near shore and were able to put in at our selected beachhead quickly. A few arctic terns flew away when we began to unload.

The entire group then worked hard to pitch two large tents, set up two radio masts, and erect a supply house with lumber and tarps. Despite a drizzling rain, the camp had an air of first-night cheer. The several dozen shining tins containing expedition food, which Jim Stuart had spray painted with stripes of pink, gave a note of cheer to the misty twilight. In an exuberant night in Seattle, he had sprayed most of his personal equipment lime-green, giving vent to a remark someone made: "if we hadn't stopped him, he would have sprayed his armpits green." *Seattle*

Magazine to the contrary, we did achieve a unified, single-minded group that evening. The tonics of danger and forced work can have a spirited effect. Staley, one of whose contributions to the expedition turned out to be endless recitations of poetry and risque limericks, was in one of his better oratorial moods.

Morning brought a more serious attitude. Despite a continuing rain and the likelihood of a good soaking, I felt we should be spartans and tote loads. Don Liska and I set the pace, breaking a snowshoe trail over outwash plains, a hillocked moraine where the surging Varigated almost meets the Hubbard Glacier, then into a pretty, winding trough between the pinnacled glacier and a bordering high mountain ridge. In 5 miles we decided that the packs and rain had punished us sufficiently, so we made a cache. Even under brooding clouds, the scene of the wildly crevassed glaciers, the green-blue waters of the fjord, the ice floes, and the steep, snowy mountains beyond the opposite shores was an unforgettable one. In one short clearing spell, Mt. Seattle and its sharp south ridge shone in afternoon sun. The route looked thrilling and inviting.

In the next several days the expedition took on the look of a pilgrimage. Those who felt fit carried loads as far as the spirit was willing, the safety of this route here being that it was not necessary to stay together. On a day of unexpected sunshine, King's photographer Al Stenson even mustered the strength to snowshoe to the first supply cache, but on his return it was evident that President Kennedy had a real point in pressing for a national physical fitness program. Since there had not been much progress to report to the great listening public, Stan Carlson spent most of his time in a base camp tent, on his back, developing back pains. At least the expedition provided the answer to the question, "Can a city fella find happiness among crude, rough, unsophisticated mountain men?"

We had been staging our supply caches with the hope we would be able to speed up the backpacking operations with the valuable assist of an airdrop on a glacier slope just below 5,400 foot Upham Col, though if weather did not permit this, we were prepared to pack loads all the way. Fortunately, with radio communications, we could plan a quick air drop. On May 10 Liska and Bjornstad completed a laborious snowshoe track to the drop area. Meanwhile pilot Dick Nichols arrived from Yakutat in a float plane to pick up the duffle bags and cans to be dropped. Because of the propeller's position, this plane could not make the drop. By the time the load was flown back to Yakutat, trans-

ferred to another plane, then flown over Upham Col, rapidly descending clouds put the entire area into a semi-whiteout. Shuttling back and forth, the aircraft spit loads over 500,000 square feet of snowslopes, many of them plowing in clear out of sight. Locating the loads and the arduous task of dragging them to a centralized spot was a herculean job. But they found 19 out of 20 loads, then established Camp II.

Soon we were all consolidated at this spot, then after weathering out another storm, pushed on to the location of the next camp. Unfortunately, winds had obliterated an earlier track. The route involved crossing Upham Col and dropping into a glacier sanctuary on the south side of Mt. Seattle. It was the first trespass by homo sapiens. The hanging ice walls of this cirque form one of the most majestic alpine scenes imaginable. It was one of those places where a mountaineer not only seeks adventure, but restores his sense of proportion. Once the trail was broken, the second carry went quickly.

Camped under the steep southwest spur of the mountain, we had studied several potential routes to the ridge crest near the 7,000-foot level. We selected a route that crossed a bergschrund, then climbed a 40-degree couloir. Digging away at the schrund, I edged onto the upper slope, then climbed to a granitic outcropping. On this section and for the next five leads we set fixed lines of polyproylene rope, anchoring them to duraluminum pickets pushed deep into the slope. On May 15 we reached the ridge crest still early enough in the day to make a second carry. The weather was marvelous, the best day of the trip.

By late afternoon we had dug out a level platform for our three mountain tents, and pitched them in military precision. Striation marks and the cornice to the north indicated that winds could be fierce here, so we guyed all ropes to blocks of granite that we carried from a nearby outcrop. Our position here was a magnificent one: we could look north to the crevasses of the Hubbard, and in the opposite direction into the ice sanctuary, where our snowshoe tracks still etched out the winding route from Upham Col. A banner cloud flew sharply from the summit, some 3,000 steep feet above us. On our evening radio schedule we told base camp that we hoped to try for the top tomorrow.

From our studies we felt certain that the upper south ridge of the mountain provided a feasible, though steep, route. The principal obstacles appeared to be a great rock buttress and several sharp ridge steps between 8- and 9,000 feet. At about 9,600 feet the sharpening ridge crest appeared to become a wedge of thin ice, and at one point a cornice hung crisply out to the

west. From the glacier sanctuary beneath the high camp, the angle of visibility made this section of the ridge appear most difficult.

We awoke about five in the morning to find grey skies with a sharp westerly wind. The clouds were thin, well above summit levels. It seemed everyone voted for a climbing attempt, the comment being expressed that we could always retreat if the ceiling lowered. After cooking breakfast we roped in three teams of two each. Besides the usual climbing attire for cold conditions, we carried fixed rope to leave at key rappels, one 11-pound motion picture camera, film rolls, and the radio transmitter. We dressed warmly and donned crampons in front of the tents.

Breaking through at many places made leading strenuous. When possible, we kept to the right side of the knifed ridge, to get crusted conditions or ice. When the ridge steepened into a broad rock buttress we traversed west 500 feet on steep, loose snow. We placed occasional wands and sometimes tied colored ribbon onto rock projections. For almost two hours we climbed a steep, narrow gully that curved upward between slabby rock walls. A thin coating of ice above basal rocks made climbing treacherous. We belayed every lead and placed a few rock pitons into the walls alongside for protection.

The retreat we had earlier discussed, should weather deteriorate, was voted down. Though getting to the top of the first major buttress had been hard, careful climbing, everyone seemed determined to continue. In view of the fact that we had an unknown route ahead, with suddenly zero visibility and a continuous wind, this seems a more valid evaluation of our party's spirit and frustration than the diatribe written about the climb in *Seattle Magazine.*

After a stop for food, we continued, now following a sharpening ridge crest. Short steps soon led to moderate rock climbing. We continued our pattern of rotating leadership, and the order of the ropes, to conserve energy. A particularly treacherous rock step needed great care, since it was high angle and the holds were verglassed. In the swirling snowstorm, a picture taken downhill made the pitch appear to be a scene in the middle of the north face of the Eiger. Once over this bad step, a short ridge section led to another iced rock outcropping. The worst part of this problem was surmounted by a left traverse on iced rock, an area with danger and considerable exposure.

Had we been able to see, our position would have been very spectacular. We continued along the beveled, narrow ridge,

cramponing into ice much of the time, and cutting occasional steps when the angle was steepest. The howl of the wind made communication impossible, and the snowstorm blotted out the other rope teams. We belayed by arm signals. The section of the ridge that had given us cause for the most apprehension, a 500-foot level traverse on a thin ice wedge with a cornice, could fortunately be crossed by careful cramponing. Had this needed continual step cutting, we likely would have had to retreat at this point. A final steep slope with a half-lead of chopping was the final obstacle. A gentle though iced ridge led to the highest point, a position we could only prove by our memorization of the summit area and by lowering one man off the far cornice to study the terrain.

With the biting wind, the chill factor was perhaps a —10°F. We hurriedly took pictures, films, talked into the radio transmitter, and set off an orange flare. The noise of the wind and flapping parka hoods limited conversation to the essential. Each of us had a personal delight of conquest. It has been said that adventure implies some element of uncertainty. Facing into the bitter wind, facial features soon became crusted with hoar frost. Pellets blasted along by the wind hurt the eyes. Worst of all, the visibility had shrunk so that it was hard to see the outlines of the ridge ahead, as well as catch any signs of footsteps. I felt certain that we would always be able to get down the ridge, but there were many times that finding the route became a great trial. While the descent was technically easier than the climb, partly due to using rappels at the key steep areas, the adventure of the day probably reached a climax during these trying, careful hours. A wrong turn down a slope could have been disastrous.

In the waning light of late afternoon we spotted a section of the ridge that was easily recognized as being just above camp. Soon, we saw the three tents, now tugging hard at anchor guys. The relief of safety did not last, however, for the storm continued another 22 hours, with gusts that must have reached 70 miles per hour. It was a good test for kidneys, patience, and one of the Sierra Designs tents that we were testing.

The gale had wiped out all traces of our tracks on the trek out through the lower camp areas. We reached base camp in two days, having to break a new track almost down to the 1,000 foot level.

Perhaps we proved again that men have not removed the romance from mountains by climbing them, and that technical equipment doesn't simply dull perceptions. What we did prove

is only that there exists a narrow route, fringed by impassabilities, by which a way may be found.

The Western Chugach:

Anchorage's Backyard Wilderness

By WILLIAM E. HAUSER

The Western Chugach has been defined as that part of the Chugach Range east of Anchorage, south of the Knik River, and west of the meridian which passes through Lake George, the self-emptying lake that periodically backs up behind the Knik glacier.* Until recently very little was known about these mountains. With the construction of the Eklutna Power Project and a road beyond Eklutna Lake to the glacier, access from the east was gained into the icefields of the Western Chugach. Roads up Girdwood Valley to within walking distance of Crow Pass and the mine roads into the Talkeetnas give these areas an accessibility almost unheard of for Alaskan mountains.

With a little knowledge of homesteader roads, moose trails, and location of alder patches, these mountains offer very nice weekend hikes, scrambles, or climbs. It is now possible to leave Anchorage on a Friday evening with a full weekend of authentic wilderness experience. Even on Labor Day weekend the daylight hours exceed 15.

The need for trails in Alaska is essential only to about 2500 feet to get out of the valleys. Above this point, low shrubs and tundra make walking very pleasant and trails are not needed. Therefore, the trick is to find the best way above timberline to get to a certain alpine area. Some of these ways are quite devious and debatable.

Most of us who explore the Chugach forget to get excited about seeing ptarmigan, Dall sheep, eagles, and bear—a fairly common experience even though one may only be 20 airline miles from Anchorage. With wilderness experience being harder and harder to get in the continental U.S., devotees will soon be "jetting" north. Even now it is closer to the Chugach than Stehekin in time. In the very near future it may even be almost as economical. The Western Chugach should be publicized and the various trails and hiking routes should be made known. This would give plenty of new areas for people to explore, plenty of new traverse opportunities not to mention the unclimbed peaks which are

* Reference: 1966 *American Alpine Club Journal,* page 98.

within the ability of the average climber who doesn't have interest in month-long climbs on the high Alaskan peaks. The "Ptarmigan Traverse" is indeed unique in Washington; here there are traverses of grandeur which are not even named yet!

At the present the naming of alpine-tundra lakes and mountains has been done by number. This is not to say that they are common or over-used, all this says is that people who have seen these lakes and peaks have, as yet, not been inspired to give them names and submit them to the National Geographic Board. It seems a shame to designate the essence of reality by an abstract term. Extensive naming and sketching of the Western Chugach should be done. There are literally hundreds of beautiful mountain walks of wilderness character within a weekend of Anchorage.

Weather

Being so far west and north the main path of low pressure cells from the Gulf of Alaska does not always touch the Western Chugach. Even in Anchorage the average precipitation is only 13 inches annually, including the water equivalent of the snowfall. This would classify the Anchorage areas as a semi-desert. I have never been held up in a downpour in the Chugach. Very seldom is one actually stopped from climbing or hiking due to the weather. The division point between the dry western Alaska climate and the wet coastal belt is rather sharp though. As one drives east to the Portage Glacier, the annual precipitation increases four times. Here we see Sitka spruce and mountain hemlock while only 20 miles away the white spruce, aspens, and willow grow. The main reason for this drastic change is due to an extension current which circulates in the deep and relatively warm Prince William Sound. Anchorage itself is on a peninsula surrounded by Knik Arm and Turnagain Arm, both consisting of shallow tidewater-mud flats for the most part.

Another obvious change in weather is noticed as one drives north to the Matanuska Valley. Here the West Chugach block off moisture-laden clouds so the Matanuska Valley and Talkeetna are drier yet. Here thunderclouds are seen at times. The same elevation of land in the east supports giant icefields while in the west, at the same altitude, only valley glaciers or dead rock-black ice glaciers fill hanging valleys. Johnson Pass, near Portage, can get 20 feet of snow by March while Anchorage may have 4 feet. This land is full of contrast, a rare combination of the infinite faces of the Arctic-alpine life zone.

The Terrain—Its Inhabitants

As one flies into Anchorage he is rather amazed at the giant icefields on the Kenai Peninsula and the sea of mountains covering the panorama. The forests are only fingers of green reaching up into vast waves of rock and ice. This is central Alaska. Timberline is really rather hard to define. If one includes the alder and willows, he has to place it about 2500 feet depending on the slope and location. Sometimes a sturdy line of tiny white spruce will struggle to 3500 feet along with scattered groves of aspen. Sometimes shoulder high "elephant grass" will grow in pastures at 3000 feet. Beyond that tiny willows, heathers, blueberries forming a 6-inch thick "jungle" will persist to the vast rock and scree and icefields which form two-thirds of the Chugach.

This vast country of rock is quite dynamic. It flourishes with herds of Dall sheep, Arctic ground squirrels, black bear, grizzly bear, and eagles. It is not uncommon to see a fresh excavation about 5 feet in diameter and 3 feet deep with the fur of a ground squirrel at the bottom. It is also easy to pick up sheep horns on the moraine of a giant rock glacier or a fresh ball of ptarmigan feathers spit up by an eagle.

The Alaskan moose is being thinned out rapidly by hunters except for the moose preserve on the Kenai Peninsula. In the summer the moose goes quite high to browse on fresh willow. In the winter he will even come into Anchorage for a little change of scenery.

The relief here is quite alpine in dimension. Most of the peaks rise quite rapidly from sea level to 6000 feet. The Tordrillo Range, across Cook Inlet from Anchorage, rises 12,000 feet above the green glacier waters of this fiord. Standing on a hill overlooking Anchorage, McKinley, Foraker, and Hunter are about 125 miles away and rise 20,000, 17,000, and 14,500 feet above the waters of Knik Arm respectively. This relief and the location of the "green line" gives one a mountain experience quite different than the forest-clad peaks of the Northwest.

The typical rock in the Western Chugach is without a doubt low metamorphic shale. This makes face climbing quite risky but the ridges are quite solid and offer excellent scrambling. The scree slopes are probably the best in the world for descent. The frequency of earthquakes has created unique events. One example is the continuous rock avalanche near the Eklutna Lake. This has been avalanching rock scree since 1964 and a cloud of dust clings to the unnamed mountain. This slows down in winter and

now a giant alluvial fan can be seen from the road. I have also seen a summit of fine solid rock cut in half with one portion wasting away into the abyss. Ridges have also shifted just to test a climber's courage.

Seasons

The "summer" hiking, exploring, and climbing season is quite short but very youthful. The seasons up north happen like the gods flicked a switch. In Anchorage, the winter changes to summer in 2 weeks. Autumn also is short. In September, 5 hours of daylight are lost. Due to these rapid changes from winter to the short intense Alaskan summer, the outdoorsman must make good use of the time available. Due to sudden seasonal changes avalanches are violent in April and May, from sea level to 3500 feet. Along the Turnagain Arm, avalanches close the road until cleared by the highway department. The avalanche season moves to the higher peaks in May and in the first part of June it is intense at the 6000 to 7000 foot level in the Chugach on the north slopes.

The high country can be safely explored during July and August but toward the end of August new snow may clog the high passes and cover the giant rock peaks down to 6000 feet. The first snow usually will disappear up to 7000 feet and even Arctic spiders are given another chance at climbing, though snow on rock in sheltered areas can make progress very slow for ridge-runners and peak baggers. Any traverses on glaciers before September may be bare solid ice and crampons are essential for the slightest downgrade.

The rivers and intermittent streams are unpredictable. Some creeks disappear underground in an old moraine or fault line, some small lakes at 4000 feet remain almost solid ice in the shadow of giant rock faces. Although the sun is up a long time, it never rises to a very high angle above the horizon. Shadows exist for most of the day, even in summer, on some couloirs and faces.

August brings the Auroras. High on a glacier or ridge in the Chugach the Auroras are at their best. Sometimes the whole sky is a shimmering of colorful patterns in waves and lines.

Skyline Peaks

The jagged skyline to the east of Anchorage is no doubt the most noticeable to the tourist. These peaks were climbed and named recently. They rise from sea level to 5000 feet within a

few miles of town. A homestead road penetrated Rabbit Creek Valley to within 2 miles of Rabbit Lakes. People live all year round at the 2500 foot level at the base of "flat top." The rugged north face of Ptarmigan Peak and O'Malley Peak can be seen from town. These valleys are still quite remote, especially the north fork of Campbell Creek where a grizzly was spotted the summer of 1966. A great number of alpine lakes and nice ridge walks with fantastic views of the inlets and McKinley can be done on easy one-day excursions. Williwaw (5445), first climbed in 1965, is covered with rock and knolls of alpine flowers and is the highest of the skyline peaks. Temptation (5350) was first climbed in April, 1966.

The skyline peaks are all named. People have homesteaded very fertile scree slopes in this range. A powerline and jet fuel pipeline go through these peaks over Powerline Pass (3550). The army uses Knoya for target practice on an old Ford car near the summit and there is a missile site on Site Summit (approxi. 3500). The Arctic Valley ski lift operates near the missile site. The skyline peaks are really only foothills to the wilderness Chugach beyond.

Eagle River

Another area of striking beauty is the Eagle River watershed. This river divides the range almost in two. The homesteaders' road is the only way in and it pays to have scouted this road system ahead of time. Sometimes the gate is locked, sometimes the dogs are out, but most of the time one can drive its full length. The river valley is flat and at 900 feet the peaks rise abruptly to 7000 feet. Some of the canyon walls remind one of Yosemite Valley, but here the rock is black and covered with alder on the ledges. An excellent trail winds up the valley about 4 miles. From there the wilderness begins. A popular traverse is to hike from Eagle River to Girdwood. When traveling valley floors, it is best to have a bell on your pack to warn the animals.

The east side of the river is exciting country once above timberline. Many huge rock peaks rise above old glaciers and grass covered sheep slopes. The country is very rugged. Peak Kiliak (7540), or "Boogeyman" in Aleut tongue, is still unclimbed after a number of attempts.

The western side of the river is best seen from Ferine Ridge, but best visited via the south fork of Eagle River. A homestead road goes within 3 miles of Eagle Lake (2500), a beautiful glacier lake where sheep roam and shrub willows grow. This is the

access to Organ Glacier country, a place where glacier hikes and nice experience climbs are all new and where a guidebook has not been written.

Eklutna

Eklutna is the only place in the Western Chugach where it is possible to drive up to the snout of a glacier. The gravel road winds a tortuous path around the 20-mile long Eklutna Lake, past giants such as Bold Peak which rises 7000 feet above the lake surface, past the hanging ice cliffs on the north face of Bashful (8000), and no matter how unconcerned the tourist is about these dramas, he will usually stop at the continuous rock avalanche near the end of the road to listen and watch the rocks fall 4000 feet amid a cloud of rock dust.

This road is maintained beyond the earth dam at the end of the lake by the army. The army mountain troops practice yearly on the Eklutna glacier and have made fantastic traverses on these icefields.

The snout of this glacier is a chaotic mass of rock, blue ice, black ice and willows. Each year the entry on the glacier proper is a new problem. The Mountaineering Club of Alaska has a very sturdy hut about 5 miles up the glacier. Two icefalls must be skirted, the first to the right and the second to the left. Due to the conditions crampons are needed for this hike any time of year. This hike should not be taken too lightly. In April 1966, two geology students perished only 1000 feet from the hut in a severe storm.

From this hut, which can accommodate a dozen people, many nice scrambles can be taken above the hut. For the more adventurous, Beezlebob and Bellicose are waiting for new routes.

The MCA hopes to have a string of refuge huts across these vast icefields. The next one is being planned above the Whiteout Glacier.

The Talkeetnas

This range is not known to most people. The only point of entry is up the mine roads to Independence Mine and Snowbird Mine. These are old gold mines and are worthy of exploration. Independence Mine is a real classic with the high narrow wooden buildings, the conveyors, and the tailings amid massive granite ridges. Today the buildings are used for a ski resort. The crowds are quite small due to the ancient rope tow and almost insig-

nificant vertical drop. The snow here is really powder and many nice ski hills become quite barren due to wind.

The Snowbird area is the best entry into the glaciers and granite spires of the Talkeetnas. Above the mine the "Reed Lakes" make an excellent hike. Here one can view steep granite walls, lush alpine meadows and glaciers beneath the unclimbed spires. Montana Peak has been climbed once and would make a very nice climb.

The section of the Talkeetnas accessible to the mine road is really very small. The main section of glaciers and granite lies to the north over the Kashwitna Rivers. By far the highest peak in the Talkeetna is almost 9000 feet. Most of this range is unexplored and probably simulates the condition of the Olympics 50 years ago.

Girdwood Valley

The town of Girdwood is a ski resort for Mt. Alyeska ski area. This is becoming quite an international skiing spot. The vertical ski run drop is 2500 feet. The Alyeska glacier provides skiing all year and an unusual view makes the hike worthwhile in the summer.

An old mining road runs 5 more miles up the valley to Milk Creek. The mountains here are all glaciated with small pocket glaciers and rise to over 5000 feet above the road. The timber in this valley is Sitka spruce and mountain hemlock. From the road an easy trail goes to Crow Pass and the Crow's Nest, a hut belonging to the MCA. From here a series of walks or climbs are possible. The view from Summit Mountain, an easy day's walk, is superb. For more ambitious people, a whole realm of unclimbed peaks exists on the eastern side of the gigantic Eagle Glacier. These peaks are not very high in elevation but rise as abruptly as the European Alps above the large glaciers.

Portage Glacier

This section is without a doubt the wildest and most hostile of these areas. At the Portage Glacier Lodge, located behind a giant glacial erratic, winds have been measured over 100 miles per hour. This is the point of entry to the Byron Glacier and the Spencer Icefield. The highest peak in the area is Carpathian at 6500 feet. The Portage Glacier has an ice cliff over a mile wide and 150 feet high. Giant bergs calve off this ice cliff into Portage

Lake at an elevation of 150 feet above sea level. The hike on the Byron Glacier is well worth the view.

The Alaskan Railroad tunnels through the mountains on the north side of the lake to the town of Whittier on Prince William Sound. From Whittier, hikes can be taken up Whittier Creek to Blackstone Bay. Here giant glaciers emanating from the Spencer Icecap plunge into the deep black waters. Another nice trip is past the CAA station to the Learnard Glacier.

The country around the Portage-Whittier area is virtually unexplored. Some creeks and glaciers are named but here not all peaks are numbered yet. With a little map reading, a series of hikes and backpacking trips can be planned.

The Northern Chugach

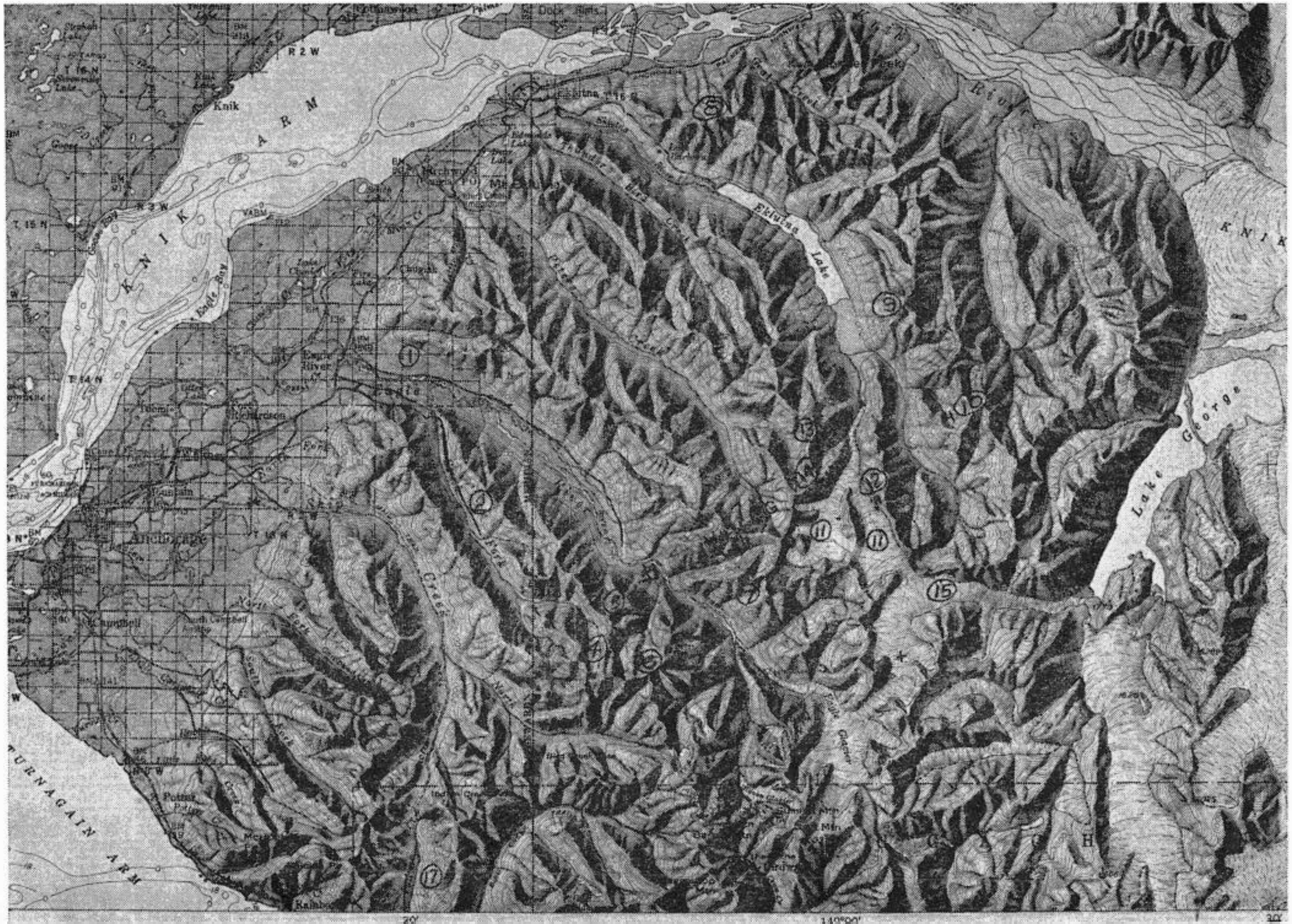
If the definition of the Western Chugach is acceptable, then The Northern Chugach lie north of the Knik Glacier, east of Palmer, west of the Matanuska Glacier, and south of the Matanuska River.

The only peaks climbed in this area are Marcus Baker (13,000) and Mt. Goode (10,500). The only present non-air supported entry is over the tramway on the Matanuska River at King Mountain. In the winter and spring it is possible to cross the river to the Matanuska Glacier near the Lions Head. There are excellent USGS maps on the area and all peaks remain untouched.

The Future

The areas mentioned cover the non-expeditionary areas around Anchorage. The Chugach is uncrowded now and people who have tired of the crowded conditions in the U. S. proper may soon be hiking in the Chugach. These areas should be brought to the attention of conservation groups and the public. Now, at the present stage it would be easy to set up wilderness boundaries, but before long, there may be a pipeline through the interior and a road from Girdwood to Eagle River. Now is the time to settle land use before interests become too diffuse. A new publication put out jointly by The Mountaineers and the MCA, will be available sometime in June, 1967. Its title, *30 Hikes in Alaska—Western Chugach, Talkeetna, Kenai.* Edited by William Hauser. 80 pages, 31 maps, 6 photographs.

Map Key, pg. 98: (1) Eagle River road, (2) S. Fk. Eagle River road, (3) Kiliak Pk., (4) Organ Gl., (5) Eagle Pk., (6) Organ Mt., (7) Yukla Pk., (8) Twins, (9) Bold Pk., (10) Bashful Pk., (11) Eklutna Gl., (12) MCA Hut., (13) Benign Pk., (14) Bellicose Pk., (15) Whiteout Gl., (16) Crow's Nest Hut (MCA), (17) Indian River road.



K N I K A R M
Knik
Eklutna
Eklutna Lake
Eagle River
Fort Richardson
Anchorage
Chugiak
Lake George
KNIK
TURNAGAIN ARM
R 2 W
T 15 N
T 14 N

Then and Now

By LORETTA SLATER

The winter of 1966-1967 marks the 60th anniversary of The Mountaineers. This important birthday stimulates early members' recollections of that long ago period when the interests and dreams of fifty-one men and women, who loved our northwest mountains, created this means by which we might better enjoy our natural environment. We owe them sincerest gratitude.

None of the original charter group is now a member, but 17 listed in the 1966 club roster have been continuous members of the club in its first 10 years. These are as follows: 1907—Grace Howard; 1910—Edward Allen, Wilford Playter, Mary Stackpole, Margaret Wunderling; 1911—Charles Hazelhurst; 1912—Margaret Hazard, C. G. Morrison; 1913—Leland Clark; 1914—Glen Bremerman, Norman Engle, Agnes Quigley, Mabel McBain; 1915—Elizabeth Dickerson, W. A. Marzolf; 1916—Cora May Gavett, Harry Myers.

On November 6, 1906 a small number of Seattle residents interested in mountain climbing, some of whom were members of the Portland Mazamas, met to arrange a welcome for Dr. Frederick A. Cook and party, who claimed to have made the first ascent of Mount McKinley. During the planning of the welcome it was only natural that this congenial committee with like interests would express desire for a mountain club in Seattle. A permanent committee of organization was formed, and further meetings resulted in a constitution and bylaws. These were adopted at the first regular meeting, January 18, 1907, as well as the club's present objectives. The name given to the new organization was "The Seattle Mountaineers Club, Auxiliary to the Mazamas." Professor Henry Landes was elected the first president. It was voted at this meeting that "charter members" would be only those joining during the January and February 1907 meetings.

What was Seattle in 1907? This is easily imagined by reading copies of the then 10-year-old Seattle *Times* newspaper, which cost, for daily and Sunday delivery, 55c per month. The city had just attained a population of 200,000. The world was at peace, although an international incident was almost created when an officer of a French freighter went hunting "in the North American wilderness" and killed a buffalo in the newly established Woodland Park Zoo. John D. Rockefeller made headlines with

his gift of $3,000,000 to Chicago University. Andrew Carnegie offered a library to Ritzville, Washington. At a new labor union meeting it was suggested that contracts consider 10-hour working days. Workers-wanted-ads offered $75 per month wages for "well qualified family men." Experienced quality workers would paint and decorate a house for $2 per room. Under the auspices of the Ladies Musical Club, Madame Schumann-Heink was appearing in concert at the Grand Opera House. Tickets were for $1-$3 (a cushioned seat). Seven ships were on continual express runs from Seattle to Nome. A ship on "direct express route from Seattle to Europe" rescued crew and passengers from a burning ship in the Straits of Magellan. No automobile accidents had headlines, but two streetcars collided at Second and James. The social news consisted principally of reports on Washington, D. C. diplomatic parties, including the White House cat, Samantha, and her new kittens. The splendor of the annual White House New Year reception given by President and Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt evoked dramatic headlines, "Patriotic Cheer Banishes Rank and Class," "All Ages and All Colors at White House."

It is of interest in talking to early members to learn how they first heard about the new club, as it was without publicity, bulletins, or membership drive. No doubt due to the enthusiasm of University professors Henry Landes and Edmond Meany, the teaching profession represented the majority of the membership, with many doctors, lawyers, dentists, and business people. Grace Howard became a member the year she graduated from high school, through her teacher sister. Edward Allen entered the law office of attorney Wright, and was soon a club member. Mary Stackpole in 1908 was traveling in a parlor car between Buffalo and New York, when the man in the next chair told her about Seattle, and "a tall tale" about a group of people who climbed mountains. Only the very strongest could qualify for membership, and she was much impressed. In 1910 she came to Seattle to be the first woman physical director of the two new high schools. Her first evening Lucy Cole, music supervisor, came to her table to welcome her, and told her about The Mountaineers. The next day at Queen Anne High School Winona Bailey invited her to go on a local walk, on trails around Magnolia Bluff. Dressed in a long flowing skirt and high laced shoes, she took her first hike. Later Lydia Lovering "took her under her wing," and she bought boots, shortened her skirt, and learned to roll a sleeping bag and carry a pack. Margaret Hazard in March, 1911 went to a dentist, Dr. Hinman, and had dental work necessitating blocking her jaws open with a cube of hard rubber, so she could

do nothing but listen as he told her of The Mountaineers. He had organized the Everett Branch in 1910. Th next month Joe Hazard joined The Mountaineers, and the following year she became a member. At that time each person paid full membership, as it was not until later years that spouse memberships were initiated. Leland Clark came to Seattle in 1913, bringing Hunts Point's first automobile from Michigan. His brother Irving Clark brought him into the club at once. Cora May Gavett's father, D. B. Hall, was a member of the 1908 Summer Outing, climbing Mount Baker. From him and her brother she learned about the wonders of the Mountaineers. As she says, she never began to really live until 1916 when she became a Mountaineer.

The monthly meetings were held in the Seattle Chamber of Commerce building, where the first Mountaineer clubroom was located. They were heavily attended and the educational programs were enthusiastically received. There were detailed programs on individual northwest mountains, climbing techniques, emergency medical information, geology, botany, and the very popular stereopticon slides. Professor Meany, the second club president, was a frequently requested speaker with his interesting stories of local Indians, pioneer history, and cultural exhibits from his large Indian collections. Early members express deep gratitude that they had the privilege of knowing and working with this inspirational leader.

The members were dedicated to northwest exploring, and at the first meeting walks were scheduled for each 2 weeks, usually on Sundays, as Saturday, except for teachers, was a full working day. These walks were all well attended with 50 to 300 participants. The first club walk, which has been occasionally repeated because of its historical interest, was February 17, 1907, from Fort Lawton to West Point Lighthouse, through the woods and returning at low tide along the beach. It was led by Asahel Curtis, the popular photographer and camera advisor for the members. Leland Clark tells of early walks he and Irving scouted and led on the east side of Lake Washington. Participants would take a streetcar to Madison, cable car to the lake, little passenger boat to Houghton, where walks would start into the timber, or to one of the beach picnic parks owned by the lake boat company. Marjorie Gregg recalls that her first local walk was one of these east-side trips which developed into a 20-mile test of endurance, but she lived through it to become, as she says, the Simon Legree of the Mountaineer Treasury for 8 years.

Several refer to the 1913 economic depression and the pleasure they gained from the inexpensive Mountaineer outings. Many

had to limit themselves to only the walks because of financial pressure. But Seattle did not cover much area and "one could step off the Green Lake trolley into wilderness," "Lake Forest Park had only trails through head high salal," "There was no Laurelhurst, only woods," "One walked on planked roadways from Thirty-fifth Avenue Northeast and Northeast Fifty-fifth Street through the forest to Lake Washington." The streetcar trip from Second Avenue (which was Seattle then) to Lake Washington was an adventure through dense timber. From Madison Park small passenger boats shuttled to the many landings up and down the east lake shore. A floating grocery store served cottages of this area. Mary Stackpole tells of the amusing little boat to Bothell with a hinged smokestack to accommodate the low bridges.

One of the club's early day walks was Interlaken Boulevard from Eighteenth Avenue and Galer Street to Washington Park, across the Portage to the University grounds and through the campus to Ravenna Park. This was before the Lake Union Ship Canal was dug. A fond recollection of early members was the Kitsap Christmas Greens walks. A local boat was chartered for the trip across the Sound, and it was usually decorated with a Christmas tree on the cabin top. They would sing Christmas carols returning, with the boat filled with fragrant greens, part of which would be used to decorate the Children's Orthopedic Hospital each year. Before the days of the thermos the hikers carried coffee cans, and at lunch stop fires were built for coffee brewing. Marjorie Gregg gives the rules of the day as: Never enter anyone's property. Always leave gates the way you find them. Mind the Rear Guard. And most important, be sure to don skirts when leaving any boat.

Clothing for the Mountaineer walks and outings, particularly for the women, was a sharp contrast to the present wardrobe. Coats were stylishly 56 inches long, with fitted back and flowing hem, made of heavy velour, broadcloth, or plush, with linings and interlinings. These and the voluminous ankle-length skirts made of similar heavy-weight material, were worn until the hiking party was out of the city. Then the women would find convenient logs or brush, and remove coat and skirt, which skirt, by Mountaineer ruling, must be again worn before re-entering "civilization." In the meantime these bulky garments had to be carried by the owner throughout the hike. There is a story of one unlucky woman who hid her skirt under a log upon entering the forest trail, but the party came back another route and a major crisis was about to develop, until another member loaned

her a spare cotton dress, carried for an emergency. On summer outings the leaders were strict in observance of the club rule that all women must wear skirts in camp. For trail walks through the woods, or climbing mountains, women were permitted to wear a trouser-type garment. The teachers preferred wool serge pleated gym bloomers which hung below the knee. Several daring modernists wore loose-fitting riding pants. Others wore khaki knickers, but as these ended at the knee there was "an immodest exposure of limb from knee to calf." Grace Howard tells of her mother's solution to this problem by making 6-inch laced khaki cuffs, and thus covering this exposure while on hiking trails. These leggings were labeled "the modesties." The underwear of the period is best described by a 1907 department store advertisement, "Women's and misses' vests, pants and union suits. Heavy cotton ribbed or fleece lined. Strictly dependable garments in every particular . . . 48c." Early hikers wore knee-high laced boots with lug soles. Part of the club camping equipment was a well-stocked shoe repair shop, where the boot lugs were switched to iron cleats, then back again for the return home. The Mountaineer women who won Six Peak Pins, so attired, certainly deserve the utmost credit for fortitude.

The bi-monthly walks were occasionally varied with the first overnights, 2-day hikes around Bainbridge Island or a climb of Mount Si. Many are the now amusing stories of those first sleeping-on-the-ground experiences. The earliest outings were not familiar with present-day sleeping bags, and they carried woolen blankets which, with the aid of oversized safety pins, were alternately folded into an envelope. Other overnight trips developed, such as the annual Labor Day chartered boat trip to the San Juan Islands, with a climb of Mount Constitution and the hospitality of Robert Moran in his home, Rosario. The local day walks were not for the dawdler—from northern Seattle to Renton via Lake Sammamish, and from Everett to Seattle. From the first the club organized year-around activities. The walks continued throughout the winter, and when the weather cooperated there were ice skating parties on ponds, or occasionally Green Lake.

In 1913 the Tacoma Mountaineers started an annual winter outing of 4 to 6 days, between Christmas and New Year at Paradise on Mount Rainier, which at that time was closed to the public in winter. Longmire Lodge was rented and a cook was hired. Seattle residents took the interurban to Tacoma, from where the group went by train to Ashford, then walked to Longmire. The all-inclusive cost including lodging, food, and trans-

portation was $15 per person. In 1916 Paradise Inn was built and the outings after this were held at Paradise, which was then opened to the public for certain periods. Snowshoes had been used by Mountaineers, but it was the 1915 winter outing when skis were first introduced into the club. Thor Bisgaard of Oslo, Norway, a Tacoma resident and club member for a few years, had skis, and persuaded Norman Engle to buy a pair from the departing Norwegian consul, and had a pair made for Harry Weer by a Norwegian at Spanaway. They had a difficult time getting a blacksmith to make bindings, as none were available to copy. Under tutelage of Thor, Norman and Harry experimented with skiing at Paradise. At the end of the outing Thor and Norman decided to ski from Reese's Camp of the Clouds, Paradise, to the Ashford railroad station, a distance of about 16 miles. They recall a stop at Alec Messler's home, with lunch of large roast venison sandwiches, which strengthened them sufficiently to get to Ashford and join the homeward bound group.

An annual Washington's Birthday weekend was celebrated after 1914 when the first lodge near Snoqualmie Pass was built, and later at Meany Ski Hut when it was completed in 1928. Snoqualmie Lodge was dear to the hearts of the members, all giving it a part of themselves, mentally, physically, and financially. The idea of a mountain lodge was formed, adopted, and planned during the 1913 summer outing campfires. Afterward scouting committees reported on various sites, finally recommending Snoqualmie as fitting most of the prerequisites; mountain views, access to climbing and trail areas, inexpensive, short rail transportation. Members subscribed enough money for purchase of the building material, and donated their skills and labor. Sunday mornings the Mountaineers would take the train to the stop near the lodge hill, where they, and lumber, shingles, bricks, etc. would be deposited. They would carry the supplies up the trail to the site and work until time to take the evening train home, and enjoy the comraderie of the trip. Arthur Nation, Sr., was the hero of the year, for carrying the cookstove on his back from the railroad stop to the lodge. Winter parties included competitive sports such as snowshoe races, for which winners were awarded coveted aluminum cups. The lodge had no beds and no air mattresses so sleeping was on the floor. But this discomfort faded with the memories of the good fellowship around the fireplace, with northwest stories by Professor Meany, dancing the Virginia Reel, or group singing.

Of the 51 charter members only 9 were listed as wives. The single members continued to increase their majority as school

teachers joined the club in large numbers. Romances flourished. Among the early Mountaineer weddings were Anna Howard and Montelius Price, Inez Wynn and Fred Gorton, Mary Hard and Everett Stackpole, Cora May Hall and Irving Gavett. With the small membership and the majority participating in the many activities, the members were well-acquainted with one another. Most acquired nicknames if not already having one. There was Little-Big-Chief, Brem, Coley, Easy, Fuzz, Gavey, Hazzie, Krachie, Lovey, etc.

Although the early members eagerly participated in the year-round club programs, it was the annual summer outing that evoked the deepest enthusiasm. This was the highlight of the year and of club membership. Throughout the year preparation was made toward this climactic event. Detailed studies of the proposed area were discussed, written, and explored. The full appreciation for the many successful accomplishments of these outings must take into consideration that they were first attempts not only for the club, but for anyone. There were no trails, no oral or written guides, and little if any previous mountain experience by personnel. The outings were of 3-week duration, necessitated by the length of time involved in getting to the starting location for the outing. Transportation was varied and slow, and often one trip would involve schedules of streetcars, trains, boats, and rented wagons and teams, then walks of several days before the start was reached. But no matter what the difficulties were, the memories from these trips remain the happiest for these members. To most members, early or recent, their first summer outing seems to bring forth the most enjoyable recollections.

Grace Howard was on the club's first three summer outings, 1907 Mount Olympus, 1908 Mount Baker, 1909 Mount Rainier. The July 24 to August 15, 1907 outing was organized and executed only 6 months after the club was founded. With total membership of 163, there were 64 on the outing. This area was chosen "with the idea of giving the members an opportunity for original research into a hitherto untouched field." Unforeseen obstacles had to be overcome each step of the way. The outing committee scouted the route and was faced with the realization that a large party with supplies could not penetrate the 60 miles of rain forest growth unless a rough trail could be cleared, the cost of which would be prohibitive for the club. Port Angeles businessmen were persuaded to finance the building of such a trail, after which provisions were cached at the permanent campsite at Elwha Basin. Mountaineers were elated over the plan of making the original ascent of Mount Olympus. Spirits were

dampened the week before the outing when, three men hired a local guide, familiar with the newly made trail, and climbed the mountain. They quickly published accounts of "The Ascent of Olympus." However they had climbed the Middle Peak, and it was established that West Peak was the highest summit, so The Mountaineers accomplished the first ascent of Mount Olympus. The permanent camp was very basic, no tents and only a small awning for the food supplies. Canned food and hardtack were the fundamentals, but memories of the excellence of the meals including baked desserts made in the one oven over a bonfire, have lived for 60 years. One cook, Robert Carr, was particularly popular with a camp fruitcake. "Squirrel lunches" of hardtack, cheese, dried prunes or raisins, and chocolate bars, were originated. It was not until 1929 on the Mt. Robson outing that sandwiches became basic lunches. On the 1907 outing Mount Christie, Mount Meany, and Mount Noyes were climbed. The East Peak of Olympus was climbed by 5; Middle Peak by 13. West Peak's first ascent on August 13, 1907 was made by 11 Mountaineers, who built a cairn and left a record box containing: United States flag, Mountaineers' badge, jackknife, red and blue ribbon, purple string, 10 cent piece, 5 cent piece, bread ticket, safety pin, a calk, hair pin, two matches, and a business card of A. W. Archer, containing the account of The Mountaineers' first attempt to climb Mount Olympus. A 3-day earlier attempt by 45 of the outing members had reached the head of the Humes Glacier. The rain that had slowed progress turned to snow, driven by an increasingly heavy wind, and the party reluctantly returned to camp. Visibility diminished, rapidly making the descent arduous, and resulting in serious injury to Winona Bailey when she slipped and fell down a steep heather slope to the snowfield below. A hospital camp was made and a doctor and nurse who were members of the party stayed with her for 2 weeks, until she had recovered sufficiently to be carried by stretcher to a point where horses could bring her out.

Edward Allen recalls the Mount Adams outing, July 15 to August 5, 1911, the first attempt to walk from Mount Rainier to the Columbia River along the divide, now developed into the Cascade Crest Trail. The leader appointed for the first part led them to the appointed Shoe Lake, but the leader for the last part of the trip failed to appear, and none of the 69 party members were familiar with the area. For 3 days the group camped there, with intense discussions and councils on the next move, and many voices joined in a chorus of "Back to Second Avenue." However Professor Meany influenced them to wait, while he

organized five scouting parties to seek a route south to the Columbia. This was accomplished and the party continued to the goal.

Margaret Hazard's first summer outing was July 20 to August 10, 1912, when 55 campers explored Mount Rainier's north slope, with the assistance of 6 packers and 20 horses. The members took the train from Seattle or Tacoma to Lavender, a point beyond Lester, from where the outing started. The climb was to Tanenum, then to Quartz Creek, to the summit of the Cascades, south on the divide to the east boundary of Mount Rainier National Park, up to Summerland, across Frying Pan and Winthrop Glaciers. Due to weather and snow conditions only nine men were permitted to make the summit climb from here. From this camp they worked their way down to Carbon River, and thence to Fairfax to board the train home. Trail committees had to clear routes for the horses. The Hazards returned from a scouting trip one day to find that a pack horse had walked over their tent, and for the balance of the trip it was easily distinguishable by its hoof marks. At the White River camp the cook's two helpers left the party. Committees were formed for assisting in meal preparation, serving, and dish washing, and thus was born the present camp routine of assigned tasks to members.

These are but few of the happy experiences that the first 10-year members recount. By 1916 the membership had grown to 601. By comparison present-day outings seem simple, with automobiles, paved freeways, emergency helicopters, mapped trails, volumes of guides for the novice, packaged dry food, lightweight tents, air mattresses, drip-dry clothing, etc. But though present-day equipment and methods bring more accomplishments numerically, nothing will surpass the exaltation of the pioneer members who opened this new way of living with our mountains.

Glacier Peak Wilderness Area Outing

By DON PAGE

The 1966 Summer Outing took Mountaineers into a key no-man's-land of the war for outdoor conservation—the Glacier Peak Wilderness Area.

Among "war-torn" regions this Wilderness Area must be one of the loveliest no-man's-lands in the world. The land we visited lies in the eastern part of the wilderness, between the 10,541-foot volcanic dome of Glacier Peak and the deep cliff-rimmed gorge of 67-mile-long Lake Chelan.

We found this a region of U-cut, glacier-gouged valleys green with virgin timbers, of flower-matted alpine meadows, of streams glissading down from the ridges in frothy white cascades.

We found it a region of ups and downs as we backpacked from ridges to valleys to more ridges and valleys on the traverses between our mile-high basecamps.

And always higher our route was picketed by the mountains that stud the region. The mountains all were impressive—steep and needle-summited, even when, as our climbing trips proved, almost all of them could be scaled by rock scrambles up their less spectacular sides. Most of the higher peaks were snow-dappled. A few were festooned with hanging glaciers.

It's easy to see why such a region has become a no-man's-land among the various forces that would conserve or exploit it in their various ways.

Forest Service representatives proved themselves able diplomats and paid homage to the conservation reputation of The Mountaineers by the way they courted our Summer Outing party.

As we moved from one National Forest District to another, district rangers joined us at our campfires to praise the virtues of the "multiple usage" theory and explain how the U. S. Forest Service cares for this region as a Wilderness Area under the Agriculture Department. More practically, perhaps, the Forest Service set a king-sized trail crew at work on the trail ahead of us. Keeping about a week in advance of our party, this crew sawed logs, hacked brush and sometimes even built whole new sections of trail to demonstrate what good hands the Glacier Peak region is in as a Wilderness Area.

The Forest Service men were hearty hosts and they made friends among our party, although they could not erase a feeling among some of us that this great section of America's vanishing wilderness merits the full protection of National Park status.

But as no war is simple, so this tussle for territories of the

Glacier Peak region is not an uncomplicated battle between schools of conservation thought.

We entered the Wilderness area at Holden, after boating up Lake Chelan to Lucerne. Once we had passed the mounds of tailings from the old Holden mines, we of the 1966 Outing saw this region much as it must have appeared to Mountaineers who hiked it on the first Summer Outing to this area in 1910. But midway of our route, between Lyman Lake and Image Lake, is incubating a threat that may destroy most of this region as a "wilderness" wonderland before another Summer Outing can take us there.

Through its affiliated Bear Creek Mining Co., the Kennecott Copper Co. has a 10-man crew prospecting and surveying the mineral wealth of this region in an appallingly efficient grid-based operation. We saw some of Kennecott's geologists along the trail—pleasant-faced, polite young men.

The Wilderness Area Act gives mining corporations until 1984 to set up the operations they want in Wilderness Areas.

If the copper and other mineral wealth of this area justifies the investment, and there is evidence that Kennecott hopes it will, Kennecott has indicated it will gouge an open pit mine into the scenic hills of this section of the Glacier Peak Area, put up miners' shanty towns in the green valleys to house workers, and bulldoze ore transportation routes alongside the trails where we hiked this summer.

Whatever the future, our Outing was a happy one—a two-week trip of sunshine and pleasant vistas, contrasts and paradoxes.

It took us from sea-level Seattle and Tacoma to Lake Chelan at an altitude of 1,100 feet and on to such other bases as Holden at 3,400 feet, Lyman Lake at 5,500 feet, Image Lake at 6,000 feet, Buck Creek Pass at 5,800 feet and the final day's 9-mile back-pack down to our bus ride home from the 2,800-foot forest camp at Phelps Creek, along the Chiwawa River Road.

Expeditions ranged from strolls among the posies to the Glacier Peak assault that took 18 climbers to the 10,000-foot level of the mountain. (One of our more exotic accomplishments was putting a yellow bikini on the summit of 7,870-foot Plummer Mtn., with a girl in it. A commentary on both the weather and the general lack of gravity in our approach to climbing!)

There were 50 of us hiking, including Chairman Mary Fries and her committee: Mike Buettner and Peter Burkhalter, commissary.

Our companions, in addition to mountains and trees, deer, marmots and flies, included the 10 horses and 20 mules of our

pack train. The pack train carried 30 pounds of duffle for each party member. It also lugged roughly a ton of food and camp equipment between our bases.

Besides the burden assigned to the pack train, many outing members carried backpacks of around 30 pounds.

It was an outing of vistas and relaxations.

As one example, even before inflation started bumping rates, many a fashionable Seattle apartment house would have charged an extra $100 a month for a view like the one we had of Glacier Peak from the tarp-draped john at Image Lake.

Letters by pack train "pony express" brought some news of the outer world, but most of us escaped so far from the grim realities of life that we could think about them without flinching. One indication of how well we escaped was the campfire trip report from four ladies of the party: "We hiked up to Cloudy Pass, and we talked about other people on the outing and about Vietnam, and we had just a wonderful time!"

The experts among us counted 133 species of flowers along our route. Even those among us who couldn't tell a fleawort from a lousebane were impressed by the mats of blue, purple, orange, yellow, white and red that carpeted the green hills and mountain meadows.

A memorable campfire scene was earnest, happy-faced little Elizabeth Carlson lecturing on the flowers, as she has done at most summer outings since 1932, talking about the common names and Latin names, the colors, the delicate scents and less delicate stinks of the flowers.

Mrs. Carlson put us straight on floral nomenclature. "Their names are the fleabane and the lousewort," she told us, "and they're both beautiful!"

The outing was a 45th year reunion for Elwyn Bugge and Leo Gallagher. They covered this same Glacier Peak Wilderness route with the Summer Outing of 1921.

Bugge had attended his last previous Mountaineers' summer outing in 1924, the year he won his six-peak pin with a climb of Olympus. He recently retired from coaching tennis at Stanford, read about this 1966 outing in the Sierra Club bulletin and decided to retrace his 1921 steps.

Gallagher calculates he's attended 31 or 32 summer outings in the intervening years. He was pushing 72 on the 1966 outing, and he celebrated the approaching birthday in proper Mountaineer fashion, by joining the climbers on the Glacier Peak assault.

Oldest member of the outing was Blanche Lamont, a doughty widow who climbed the Matterhorn when she was 65, took the

high traverse from Chamonix to Zermatt and topped Mt. Blanc when she was 66. Now 79, she steamed up all the traverses between camps, carrying a light pack and veiled in a mosquito net.

Youngest was Andria Shervey, a 15-year-old Roosevelt High School sophomore who attended with her parents and promptly became sorcerer's apprentice to Paul Hebert.

Hebert qualified as outing sorcerer by the meals he produced as camp cook. An institution on outings since 1949, he embellished his main dishes with tenderly cultured side dishes and mound upon mound of golden bread, rolls and muffins. By the end of two weeks most girls were onto the way Paul would take them aside and say confidentially, "Here's a specially good helping—just for you." But no one, male or female, learned to resist the blandishments of his food.

Paradoxes?

There was our first cold Monday at Lyman Lake, where we huddled behind tarps for shelter from the wind, when the realization shocked us that we wouldn't ever really be warm again for the two weeks before we got home. And the joy two days later of basking in the hot sun after the long pack to Image Lake, waiting for the pack train to top the skyline with our dufflebags and grub.

There was the way, on the trails around Lyman Lake and Image Lake, that we shushed one another and froze to keep from scaring off any deer we saw. And a few days later at our Buck Creek Pass camp the deer sometimes seemed almost as thick as the flies and we had to shoo them away to protect our tents.

There was the way outing members, out for a rest, vied to do camp chores.

On return to civilization from our high life a mile in the sky, we found that the world hadn't made much progress while we were away. The airline strike was still on. Likewise Vietnam.

But the first car we saw at the end of the Chiwawa River Road just outside the Wilderness Area stirred a happy sense of accomplishment in us. We realized we hadn't sniffed carbon monoxide or moved docilely on command of a traffic signal light for two weeks. And that first car, itself, looked pleasantly strange at first sight.

We'd missed the Seafair Pirates and the hydroplane races. And we'd basked ignorantly in the mountain sun all during the international debate that followed a longhaired singer's announcement that he was bigger than Jesus.

It all seemed suddenly to make the Mountaineers' Summer Outing of 1966 more worthwhile than ever.

Suiattle River Loop Trip

August 13-21

By MARGUERITE BRADSHAW

Our nine-day trip with wonderful weather did not start out with much promise. August 13, in a downpour, 10 hikers crossed the bridge at the end of the Suiattle River Road east of Darrington, wearing ponchos of yellow, orange, blue and green that splashed color across the subdued landscape. With our leader, Frank Sincock, we trudged through massive cedars and firs. The Milk Creek crossing offered nothing but a slippery log, so out of a pack came a light rope to help.

The rain finally let up, and an early stop (3 p.m.) at Camp No Seeum, about 4½ miles from the cars, gave us ample time to set up comfortable quarters. Various types of architecture emerged: double roof, "A"-frame, Adirondack shelter, and a suspended roof with air conditioning on all four sides.

August 14, Sunday: On the trail by 8:15. We began to see views of higher peaks and snow avalanche slopes in this glacial hanging valley. Referring to our guidebook *ROUTES AND ROCKS,* we learned: "A granddaddy of a snowslide rushed down the western valley wall and up the eastern."

Hiking was becoming hot work when we found cool air issuing from small caves. Again the guidebook: "They probably connect with extensive labyrinthian caves in the talus."

We moved into a camp a few steep steps above the trail under an overhanging rock used formerly by a trail crew. It even had the luxury of a swinging crane over the fireplace. We were glad to leave our packs here and make the 2800-ft. ascent to Mica Lake a light one.

Another tough stream crossing on wobbly poles awaited us, with fierce, silty Milk Creek ready to snatch us. The trail climbed through trees, then meadows with ripe huckleberries. At last we saw Mica Lake, in glorious sunshine, with ice still floating on the blue water. And Mica Lake rocks, full of mica (naturally), glistened in the sun. Some hikers went another two miles to Fire Creek Pass and back.

We returned to our Mesa Verde home looking down on the trail and Milk Creek, and after dinner some moved to the riverbank to sleep. One person in the group was sleeping out under the stars for the first time in her life.

August 15, Monday: The river folk joined the cave dwellers for breakfast, then all hit the trail. Later we thanked our leader for getting us past the 28 or so hot switchbacks early in the day. Across the valley our route of the day before to Mica Lake was visible. As we climbed out of Milk Creek Valley, gaining 2000 feet, Glacier Peak came closer and closer.

One would not expect at the top of this miserable, brushy, narrow trail to find a freeway—the new Dolly Meadows trail which shortens the Cascade Crest Trail by many miles.

Viewed from acres of lupine and heliotrope in alpine meadows, the snow dome of Glacier Peak is unbelievably beautiful against a blue sky. A mother ptarmigan or grouse only 4 feet away from us called to her six babies in the heather. Camp this night was at 5500 feet elevation in Dolly Meadows with views of mountains in all directions.

After three days' hiking far into the wilderness one would expect to find privacy to bathe in a stream—but what happened to two of our women who did? Out of the sky descended a helicopter and landed in the meadow right beside camp. It left off a man, then flew away. "Is coffee ready?" he said as the two women returned to the rest of the group without a minute to spare. He was the contractor of the trail crew which built this excellent trail last year. His job now was to make ready some trail machinery to be flown out. The tractor used to build the trail could not be taken out under its own power as both connecting ends of this high trail are too narrow and in too poor condition, so it was dismantled to be flown out. In half an hour back came the 'copter, picked up the superintendent and flew off leaving the lupine waving wildly from the prop downdraft, a section of machinery dangling from the end of a long cable.

The outing party cooked in two groups, avoiding confusion of too many around one fire. Most mornings Logan bread (baked by co-leader Dorothy Sincock) was passed around. We needed that energy which the Mt. Logan climbers needed. (The recipe is in the 1953 Mountaineer annual.)

August 16, Tuesday: We lazed until noon, with some going a short distance onto Grassy Point. Then we were off down Vista Creek 7 long miles. The last part was over the Great Fill, gravel and sand washed down during geologic ages. The top

layer of pumice may be from a fairly recent eruption. Ancient lava and gravel forced the Suiattle River to flow in a great crescent around the east side of Glacier Peak as one can see when looking at a contour map. As we hiked we saw glimpses of the Miners Ridge Lookout through the trees.

We wearily crossed the Skyline Bridge "where more than one horse has fallen into the torrent." To avoid washouts from spring floods of the Suiattle River, the bridge is removed by an overhead cable in the winter. We stayed here for the night, among giant firs and cedars, at elevation 2750. And how good it felt to soak our feet in the river!

August 17, Wednesday: Oh, those early-morning yodels or war whoops of Frank's! They were heard at 5 o'clock this morning. But we were most grateful for the early start as the day grew hot. In a mile and a half we started up, covering 5 miles of switchbacks on Miners Ridge, gaining 3150 feet. It was a break in the monotony to look across the valley to yesterday's lovely campspot—even to the exact clump of trees. And the forested ridge was indented by four curving creek valleys: Dusty, Gamma, Vista and Dolly, their streams all flowing into the Suiattle.

At last, level with the lookout cabin, fatigue turned to exhilaration. Another easy mile along the top of the world brought us to Image Lake. There were "millions" of people and horses at the lake so a spot was chosen to set up housekeeping down the hill from the shelter. Here it was quiet and the view of Glacier Peak was perhaps the most beautiful in the whole state of Washington.

August 18, Thursday: A pink sunrise on Glacier Peak greeted us at 6 a.m. We looked forward to two whole days to do as we pleased. Plenty of time to hang washing on the trees and bathe in a secluded creek. Some went to the lookout to visit. Some climbed along the ridge around Image Lake, viewing 360° of mountains: Baker, Dome, Sitting Bull, Plummer.

One meets such interesting people in the mountains, such as the economics professor from Yale with his wife, on their first trip to the Cascades. Staying at Holden, they walked here for the day —30 miles round-trip. Several Boy Scout groups on their 50-mile hikes were encountered.

The man from the Miners Ridge Lookout joined us at our campfire, as did a couple working on the North Cascades Conservation Council, who told us of copper mining plans of the nearby Bear Creek Mining Company, that would wreak tremendous change on Miners Ridge. Is this goodby, wilderness solitude?

August 19, Friday: All but two of our group went to Suiattle Pass, going by the mining camp. At the pass there were views down the Agnes Creek valley. Cloudy Pass, 2 miles farther, did not look far so some went on and were rewarded by views of Lyman Lakes, Lyman Glacier, Chiwawa and Dumbell Mountain.

August 20, Saturday: We hated to leave as the weather was still perfect, but down we went, down to Canyon Creek, a drop of 3500 feet. Some camped by the river, some in the woods. One woman said, "I don't like to be awakened abruptly with a war whoop, but gently"! So, leader Frank was requested to wake up the three people in the woods with his recorder in honor of the last day of the trip.

August 21, Sunday: Sure enough, we awoke gently to the sweet sound of a recorder playing Reveille. We put our houses on our backs for the last time, for the 5-mile trail to the cars. Some stopped to take some interesting marble samples. They say Mountaineers have strong backs and weak minds. Perhaps that's why we ended up at the cars after this marvelous trip with rocks in our packs!

From Stevens to Snoqualmie with the Viewfinders

By CHARLES L. SHIPLEY

Sixteen resolute backpackers assembled at the Greyhound Bus Station early Saturday morning, August 6, including two visitors from Massachusetts, husband and wife members of the Appalachian Trail Club. Overflow passengers with large packs required an extra bus which arrived at Stevens Pass about 9:30.

After a few pictures for the record, the group shouldered packs and started up the trail for Icicle Pass (4730) by Lake Josephine, which was to be the lunch stop.

A short day's hike, in sunshine, brought the group to Hope Lake (4600) and the first evening camp. Seven miles had been covered and, with heavy packs, seemed enough for a start.

Sunday morning found the hikers traveling above Trapp Lake up to the pass (5700) and down again to Surprise Lake (4600). After a rest in the shade and a lunch break, travel was resumed. Past Glacier Lake the trail was a long grind up a boulder-infested slope by Slippery Slab Tower to Surprise Pass (5750). Here a short side trip was taken, minus the packs, to Surprise Mountain (6300) which provided excellent views of Mt. Daniel, Mt. Hinman, Cathedral Rock, Mt. Index, and numerous surrounding lakes.

Good weather again presented itself on Monday, the third day out, and by this time the packs didn't seem quite so heavy. Deception Pass (4473) and the valley trail along the east side of Hyas Lake (3600) were very enjoyable. The party reached the end of the road from Salmon La Sac about 1:00 in the afternoon, and had completed another 9 miles of the journey.

Although it was early, camp was made by the Cle Elum River and everyone took the opportunity to wash and in general rest up.

Tuesday morning, the destination was Peggy's Pond. Here arose one of the problems of a large hiking group—an unscheduled divergence of the party. Having gone ahead, the fast-movers followed the Squaw Lake Trail, while the rear guard traveled the ridge trail above Deep Lake. In four hours the party was reunited at the south side of Cathedral Rock with no real harm done, save a few grey hairs and anxious moments for the leader.

At the junction of the Crest and Deep Lake trails, two party members decided to forego the side trip and proceed on, intending to finish their part of the trip early.

After traveling up and along a beautiful ridge, the party arrived at Peggy's Pond (5793) about five in the afternoon. Located near the west base of Cathedral Rock, this lake, though small, provided a most pleasant setting with parklike grass meadows and flowers. Ruins of an old cabin proved that earlier travelers also agreed that the view down on Deep Lake (4500) was most striking.

Wednesday, a cool, cloudy day dawned. Eight members of the party had risen earlier than the others for one of the highlights of the trip—the climb of Mt. Daniel (7986). While normally not a technically difficult climb, events were to make it a challenge this time.

The principal obstacle to be overcome was the east false summit, which proved to be largely loose, rotten rock. After a series of traverses and gully scrambles, the party made this crossing in increasingly bad weather. From here on, the climb became a compass problem.

Continuing on to the south summit, the party moved over the saddle to reach the true summit, the north peak, at about noon. After a few minutes rest, the party started down. By this time visibility was extremely low and several routefinding problems were encountered. Due to the great danger of rock fall on the false summit, it was decided to drop down to the snow on the north and return by a different route.

From the frying pan to the fire! The traverse of the north face became more dangerous due to the steepness of the pitch and the exposed crevasses of the glacier below. After a harrowing half hour and a half-dozen slips, the central saddle was reached, which provided the gateway to the broad eastern slopes. From this point the climb turned into a hike back to camp.

In the meantime, those who had remained at camp had relaxed and enjoyed a restful, though rainy day. One member of the group had left and was returning to Seattle via Salmon La Sac.

A warm dinner prompted high spirits despite the weather and a camp fire was made and singing lasted til a late hour.

The next morning, Thursday, presented a clear sky and weather-wise luck was still with the Viewfinders. An adventurous party of four favored trying to find a route downhill via Deep Lake and Spinola Creek, rather than return to the Crest Trail

by the ridge route, which had one rather exposed traverse. With some misgivings on the part of the rest, they were allowed to explore the area and indeed did find a promising possible future trail route, thus saving several hours travel time.

The main group followed the ridge trail back to the Crest Trail junction, then along Trail Creek to the Waptus River. This route required wading the Waptus River twice before coming to the east edge of Waptus Lake (2980). Camp that evening was made at "The Rock" on the west end of Waptus Lake.

Friday morning a party of six left camp an hour in advance of the others, in order to take a side trip to La Bohn Gap, with its views of the Necklace Valley. The route led over the regular trail along Lake Ivanhoe (4700) and over Dutch Miller Gap (4950). After more routefinding problems, two members of the advance party finally made it to La Bohn Gap, while the others stopped at Lake Williams (4600) and explored an abandoned mine, later rejoining the rest of the group.

The balance of the day's hike was all downhill and easy going except for those suffering from blisters. That night was spent at Hardscrabble Creek, about 12 miles from Waptus Lake. The husband of one of the hikers met the group at this point and three of the party decided to continue on out that evening to the end of the road and return to Seattle.

By Saturday morning the 10 remaining were also very wet travelers, as there had been almost a continual downpour of rain all night long.

With a hard week of hiking behind them, being well soaked and more than a little lame, the prospect of the elevation gain to Red Mountain Pass (5200) was a little disheartening to the group. But with a show of determination, everyone trudged down the logging road to Goldmeyer Hot Springs. There they met a party of Mountaineer fishermen, who informed them of heavy snow in Red Pass, closing it to travel.

With the help of the Forest Service Patrol and their radio, the group was able to hire transportation out to North Bend where friends joined them and provided rides back to Seattle.

While the entire planned route from Stevens Pass to Snoqualmie Pass was not completed, which was a disappointment, there was unanimous agreement that the seven days of backpacking in the Cascades were certainly rewarding and will be remembered for a long time.

The Great Nine Day Traverse

(Watson — Bacon — Hagen — Blum)

By HARRY WOLLAK

When one stands on the summits of Baker or Shuksan on a clear day and looks out to the east, he sees, beyond Baker Lake, the seldom visited but beckoning summits of Blum, Hagen, Bacon and Watson.

So it was in late July, 1965 that a party of six made an interesting traverse of these mountains from south to north. It was possibly the first continuous Mountaineer climbing traverse of the entire group. Standard access routes have been utilized by many in separate forays up Blum Creek to Mt. Blum, via Hidden Creek to Hagen and Bacon or via Noisy Creek to Bacon. A counterclockwise route beginning at Watson Lakes was selected, which we called "The Great Nine Day Traverse." The party consisted of G. (Mike) New, his son, Mickey, Steve Erickson and Steve Jenkins, all from Bellingham, David Sebring of Lake Stevens and Harry Wollak, leader, of Mount Vernon, Washington.

The party camped on a Friday night at the beginning of the Watson Lake trail, a mile east of Baker Lake Dam. Mr. Coonc, the packer, very efficiently carried the climbers' gear and considerable supplies 8 miles toward Watson Lakes before snowpack terminated his services. The party shouldered their gear the remaining 2 miles over snow to superb meadow camping between the two partially frozen, and highly scenic Watson Lakes.

Fishing specialist Dave Sebring reported in soon thereafter with a quick limit of 10-inch to 16-inch rainbows which disappeared soon thereafter. The second day, Mt. Watson was climbed via the ridge just south of the west end of Little Watson. This is a pleasant, scenic snow climb with a rock scramble at the end to the split-summited peak. The easterly summit is the slightly higher. A tin-can register had no entries later than 1957. Watson affords an excellent view of the route to Bacon Peak via the walled cirque below its southern flanks, which is the headwaters of Noisy Creek.

A leisurely and alternate return to camp was made by going north, down the snowfield from Watson and circling Big Watson's

north shoreline. The third day intermittent rain held the group at Watson Lakes. On the fourth day, under leaden skies, we pushed on toward Noisy Creek—the only truly unknown section of the traverse. Retracing our previous steps along the north shore of Big Watson Lake—thence along the north snow-covered slopes of Mt. Watson, we proceeded to a notch in the timbered ridge that descends to Noisy Creek east of Mt. Watson. A steep vegetable descent, soon in talus hugging the east side of the ridge, thence over to and down a thin timber rib to avoid brush-choked hillside and we soon gained the valley floor. As the rain renewed we were pleasantly rewarded with an excellent, sandy campsite, mostly in fern and soft vegetation. Travel until then had been entirely on tilted terrain. Wood and water was in abundant supply. The next day, our fifth, found moody clouds draping the sides and headwalls of this beautiful cirque.

In our exploration of this idyllic environment we could find no trace of a previous campsite, blaze, axe cut or any other of the usual mementoes of man. We had now lost our 2 spare "rain days." The morning of the sixth dawned beautifully blue. Quickly we advanced into the cirque and turned left up a timbered rib on the west flank of Bacon Peak. With no great difficulty the flower strewn meadows were reached just as a graceful stag paraded by. In the open now and the route led up heather, talus and snow alternately to the heather saddle west of the summit proper. A pleasant snow traverse was taken toward the mountain to a low rock ridge where lunch was in order. Leaving most of the gear, and carrying the usual climbing essentials the group climbed alongside the massive and beautiful wind cirque in the snowfield that leads to Bacon's summit. Our way was barred by four curious mountain goats, one of which was a quizzical kid whose nanny abruptly herded him off as we drew quite near. Climbing over the snow ridge adjacent to the summit, on the other side and almost at our feet, was a king-sized billy flaked out on the snowfield. On top in a nearby saddle was a herd of perhaps 25 with several kids romping as the elders gained respite from insect and heat in the high snows.

The last recorded ascent on Bacon indicated that Franz Mohling of The Mountaineers was there in the late '50s, in miserable weather. The view this day was supreme from Baker to Shuksan, Blum to the Southern Picketts, to the Snowfield group and nearby T-Bone Ridge. A relaxing, late afternoon descent over the vast snowfields on the north side of Bacon led to a level heather-view campsite on the southside cliffs overlooking Green

Lake. Our fishing expert returned from a quick round trip to the lake—300 feet below—with seven large trout as soup was on. Here again, wood and water were plentiful and the heather lush and soft. The huge snowfields of Bacon to our rear turned gold as this eventful day slipped away.

Under continuing blue skies, the seventh day proved to be the most strenuous. Thirteen hours were to elapse before we were to arrive in darkness at Blum Lakes. Weather loss precluded a planned stay near or at Berdeen Lake. Contouring north along the slopes on the west side of Green Lake through low vegetation and talus, a broad and open heather bench is attained. The view looking south with Green Lake below, backdropped by the massive snow slopes of Bacon, the spectacular falls plunging from Berdeen Lake's outlet, and Triumph Creek drainages with Triumph and Despair across the way, stills the traveler here. A new goldline climbing rope was left here as a memento of our passing as we were to discover much later. A clockwise traverse around the headwaters of Bacon Creek begins here. A serene, picturesque lakelet is suddenly passed, thence up a steep old burn (hot and dry here) to a fine view cliff perch lunch stop, below Hagen's main summit. Time loss precluded its climb, tempting though it was and so attainable.

Contouring clockwise on the snow flecked benches of upper Bacon Creek and just before "the Corner" is turned to the high bench land above Berdeen, a breathtaking last panoramic view south, of now distant Green Lake, nestled below Bacon's huge snow mass adds to memory lane.

On the high benches above Berdeen Lake, the party eventually headed for the ridge top to the west through snow, rock, heather and alpine fir. An expansive snow saddle is reached. Spread below to the east and still ice locked, lay the lake with its unnamed mountain rising on its east shore. To the west rose the snow slopes of Hagen's east side, the summit ridge and its many spires.

Ascending through the center col, an easy crossing was made to the vast west side snowfields of Hagen. Heading north on a short, level traverse to an obvious col in a westerly descending rock ridge in which Mt. Blum is picturesquely framed, the key to Blum Lakes was found. A short, steep descent on snow from the col to a small basin, across to the opposite wall, then a short but careful rock scramble up gullies to its top and the traveller finds himself on the large snowfield mass south of Blum. From this vantage point, the nearby Hagen spires, symmetrically placed,

are most inspiring and challenging! Technical climbers may well add these to future traverse plans.

Heading north on the long snowfield to the next low rock ridge—a fine, comprehensive view of Lonesome Creek drainage is enjoyed. This last rock ridge, leading westerly, dead ends at a deep notch midway down. Bivouac is possible on this ridge, but water and wood are non-existent. In the gathering twilight the party descended on short steep rock to the sidehill on the ridge's south side and entered the notch after a level, sidehill traverse. A couloir descent on the steepest snow of the trip, with excellent runout however, led to a snow-basin with the blue waters of a small cirque lake exquisitely imprisoned thereon. The rock cliffs above the two Blum Lakes were soon reached, a snow gully (the only one) descent on the left led to a heather campsite on the south shore of the upper (larger) Blum Lakes as complete darkness fell. The darkness was briefly punctuated by flashlights as sleeping bag placement became the first and last order of the evening.

It was later determined that a much easier route down to the lower Blum Lake from Blum's south snowfield is possible via the snowfield leading down along the south side of this last dividing rock ridge. It is more direct and less hazardous by far.

The next to last day, the eighth, was enjoyed in bright weather, climbing Mt. Blum by the standard south ridge route. A portion of the previous evening's route was retraced, past the upper snow cirque lake—to the headwall end and thence to the south ridge after some careful rock scrambling. A surprisingly sheer northeast face exists on Mt. Blum. The view of the "nearby" Southern Picketts—parading north to south is outstanding from Blum's summit as are the expansive views of Shuksan, Baker, and Baker Lake and the southerly view toward Hagen and Bacon.

The strenuous, thirsty, six-hour, 4,000-foot descent on the ninth day to the Baker River warrants rejection of a north-south traverse. The trip down the ridge just north of Blum Creek is via dense, dry and waterless timber, involving route finding through innumerable brush and devils-club choked gullies and down sudden precipitous sections, laced with cliffs. A supposed fisherman's way trail was not located until the lower level reaches of Blum Creek was attained. Blum Creek was crossed over on logs about one-half mile from the Baker River. Trailing down Baker River's east shore—it can be crossed by clambering up the sides of the partial bridge where Baker Lake begins, the party met friends who floated a surplus rubber raft across the turbulent

river and the members, their gear, cameras and film were ferried over. Soon the cars were reached at road's end and were found to contain cold drinks, cake and such other delights found only at such times by the fraternity. Thus a shimmering 90° day brought to a close a memorable mountaineering adventure.

This scenic back country is an integral part of the proposed North Cascades National Park. Forest Service roads have since hurried up to Lily Pad Lake, just a few miles from Watson Lakes.

On the east side, Bacon Creek roads are probing toward Mt. Bacon's east flanks. The inevitable logging is in process or scheduled. Access to Watson Lakes has now been simplified for duplication of this traverse. The traverse party met no one during its travels. Watson Lakes will now host large numbers of visitors, yet the Bacon to Blum east-side section offers a unique and remote wilderness experience for the asking by Mountaineers either in group foray or outing strength. Artificial fuel need not be carried and comfortable, scenic campsites abound.

The Ptarmigan Traverse, the challenge of the Picketts and the more remote Chilliwacks are being increasingly experienced. This scenic traverse is worthy of addition to this company. Although the climbing is far less technical here, the scenic variety, the lakes, snow and rock peaks of this grand back country awaits the adventurous tread of your log soles--my friend!

Campcrafters Gypsy Tour —

Grand Tetons

By BYRON CLARK

When the decision was made in October 1965 for the Grand Tetons Gypsy Tour some, if not all, of the committee members were apprehensive that the 2000-mile round trip would drastically limit the number who might come. Our predictions couldn't have been farther astray. By mid-July the tour chairman was concerned as to whether or not sufficient camping space had been reserved and found it necessary to make expedient telephone arrangements with the Park Service. And so, Sunday, July 31, the gypsies began arriving by slightly loaded car, by overloaded car with top racks, by car with small trailer, by car with large trailer, by car with canoe and kayak on top, and by plane and train.

We traveled individually either by the northern route via Spokane and Yellowstone Park or the southern route via Boise and Teton Pass. The arrival day reminded us all of a cool, wet day at home but the rain had stopped before most tents were set up. Our campground at Coulter Bay, especially located for group camping, had enough room for all who came. Space for parking cars and trailers was limited, but with the cooperation of the Park Ranger a place was found for everyone. The campgrounds were near a very busy tourist center with all types of commercial facilities, but it was secluded and in a nicely wooded spot.

The first eight days Coulter Bay was our base camp, from which nearly everyone took off each day for a variety of activities, returning in the afternoon or evening for dinner followed by the group campfire. Our gypsy population was variable and reached its peak on Thursday of the first week with at least 145 persons in camp, representing about 40 families. Activities included mountain climbing, long trail hikes, short hikes and local walks, car trips to nearby scenic areas, and some special local trips.

Mountain climbing had the fewest participants but was ably done with the summits of Symmetry Spire and Grand Teton being reached. A limited amount of off-trail climbing and scrambling was also done on Mt. Teewinot and above Lake Solitude at the head of Cascade Canyon.

Hiking into the various canyons extending generally westward into the Teton Range was very rewarding. Many of the trails are long and steep but hikers saw magnificent vistas of the Teton peaks, grand expansive views of the plains and lakes of the Jackson Hole country, a dazzling array of wild flowers at the height of their bloom, and the chance to see wildlife at very close range.

A typical day's trip went into Indian Paintbrush Canyon, starting at 8:30 a.m. About 25 of us proceeded along the trail (beginning at Jenny Lake) mainly through wooded areas for about three hours, when a fine overlook point was reached giving a good view of Leigh Lake just below and Jackson Lake in the distance. Most of the children had gone far enough for one day and could think of nothing better than a swim in Jackson Lake; three of the adults in the group obligingly returned with the children.

Of those remaining some wanted to just sit and enjoy the view and a few others wished to continue into Paintbrush Canyon. Suitable arrangements were made and the group was now reformed into three smaller parties, with the first hiking party booming along nearly up to the Paintbrush Divide, finally turning back about 4 p.m. after a most refreshing swim in a small alpine lake.

This valley offered many of the things that the alpine traveler wants to see: snow fields and rocky slopes and cliffs of the mountains on either side of the valley, mountain streams in cascading rapids and quiet pools, beautiful jewel-like lakes, and wildlife—a moose and her calf calmly looking us over from 30 feet away. By 6:30 p.m. all the hikers had returned to the parking area, those going the farthest having traveled about 14 miles.

There isn't space to describe the other hiking trips but each of them had something special to remember for those who went. Total length of hikes varied from about 4 miles to 15 miles and they were made into these areas: Jenny Lake, Hidden Falls and Inspiration Point, Amphitheater Lake, Lake Solitude, Hermitage Point, Bradley Lake and Death Canyon.

There were other things to do for those who didn't want to get blisters on their feet and for the hikers while they were resting. Yellowstone Park was visited by nearly everyone and

the most common reports were about the bears, the geysers, and the rain. Car trips were made to Gros Ventre Slide, Signal Mountain and the town of Jackson. Other adventures included floating down the Snake River for 15 to 30 miles by canoe, kayak and rubber raft. All was not smooth going and some casualties resulted, such as swamped canoes, a punctured kayak, and a lost pack; but everyone said they had a fine time. Swimming was good in Jackson Lake and at a nearby hotsprings pool where the children, and those who still wanted to be, were especially intrigued by the high slide. There was another small, ardent group who didn't cover much ground but they covered something else—canvas. Five or six artists found many fine opportunities and striking scenes to challenge them.

Each night, except for two when the rain interfered, we gathered for the evening campfire. Here we sang, making good use of the new Mountaineer songbooks, told of our adventures for the day, made plans for the next, and finally closed with the Mountaineer Goodnight Song and some refreshments. The campfires were well attended; they have left a permanent, pleasant impression on many.

Before long, Sunday, August 7 arrived, a day for many farewells, as more than half of the first week's group had planned for only this one week. The others of us broke camp Monday morning, heading for Teton Creek Campground on the west side of the Teton Range. By late afternoon all were in the new campsite, which is about 15 miles east of Driggs, Idaho. The Forest Service here provides a lovely wooded camping area, where high mountain sides form the valley walls. Campground facilities were excellent but somewhat rugged compared with those of the previous week. The Campcrafters were the only occupants of the campground for the next five days with one exception and apparently we were the largest organized group that had ever visited this campground.

Setting up tents we heard a distant roaring sound much like an approaching freight train—a sudden violent squall that fortunately did no damage but picked up everything light and loose.

About 60 persons were at Teton Creek Campground and, again, the greatest activity was hiking. Two principal areas were visited; first the South Fork of Teton Creek into the Alaska Basin area, and second, the North Fork into the Table Mountain section. In each valley wild flowers were profuse, wild game was abundant and the hiking effort paid its individual dividends.

A branch from the Alaska Basin trail goes up the western valley wall in a striking series of switchbacks called Devil's

Staircase. On the high plateaus and ridges above were extensive flowered meadows, earthquake fault lines and caves. To reach these "heavenly fields" the Devil's Staircase was true to its name, for sometime earlier in the summer a horse had fallen and been killed. The carcass created an aroma that almost stopped some of the hikers from getting through. One party, after enduring the stench, noticed a bear and cub nearby who apparently were feeding on the carcass. Both hikers and bears observed a mutual respect for each other.

At the head of the North Fork lies a high divide with Teton Rock Mountain as its most prominent feature. This mountain is reached by a long trail with the last several hundred feet in elevation a rock scramble up the slopes of the resistant dike forming the narrow rectangular crest. Elevation of the top is 11,000 feet and it is only about 4 miles from Grand Teton, thus giving a remarkable vista of the Teton Peaks. From our campground to the summit of Table Mountain was 4,000 feet in elevation and a 15-mile round trip distance. Twenty persons, many of them children, enjoyed this trip, and for most of them this was their highest mountain. The North Fork valley has a series of gigantic stairsteps or terraces caused by different stages of glaciation. The terrain is interesting and covered with broad areas of wild flowers.

After several days of this kind of activity, coupled with fishing, rock hunting and fossil hunting, we began to realize that there was still a long way home. On Friday morning, August 12, the last tent was down and all were headed for the country they call Puget Sound.

Climbing Notes

Edited by ARNOLD BLOOMER

CASCADE MOUNTAINS

Mt. Arriva Area

With the continuing highway construction up Early Winters Creek and over Washington Pass, peaks on the Mount Arriva quadrangle have become increasingly accessible. A party of four, Joe and Joan Firey and John and Irene Meulemans, spent a week last July in this attractive and unfrequented area.

From base camp in Fisher Creek basin, reached via Rainy and Easy passes, first ascents were made of the west (main) peak of Mount Arriva and of the highest peak (8003) on Ragged Ridge. The only difficulties encountered on the main peak were at an exposed notch in the rotten ridge between the east and west peaks. Our route on Ragged Ridge began with a climbing traverse from a point as high as feasible on the trail to Easy Pass. Crossing a wide snow gully, we gained a central ridge which leads to the summit in an interesting class 3 to 4 climb on good rock.

We next moved camp to Grizzly Creek basin, to a large meadow at about 4800 feet. Crossing Grizzly Creek, we climbed unnamed Peak 7945 to the west via its ENE ridge system. Two pitons were used for protection just below the summit. An equally good or perhaps better route appeared to lie on the SE ridge and over the south peak, which is within a few feet of the height of the main peak. Several other fine peaks overlooking Grizzly Creek and exceeding 7500 feet remain to be climbed. The rock in the area is generally good.

After some reconnoitering, we found a satisfactory route out of the Grizzly Creek valley and over the southwest shoulder of Black Peak. From the large meadow, one follows along Grizzly Creek until forced into open timber. Working south and climbing slightly, one is finally obliged to fight brush for about half an

hour, until a junction is made with a long open gully descending directly from Black Peak. This gully, which drains into Woody Creek, may be climbed nearly to the top of a prominent ridge running southwest from Black Peak. One may then make a climbing traverse across the open meadows south of Black Peak.

Leaving our camping packs at a point on this traverse, we climbed up to the notch between the west and east (main) peaks of Black. A class 3 traverse, circling to the left around the west peak and climbing via a series of ledges, brings one to the final chimney on the north side of the summit. Our surprise that such a horrendous-looking peak could be so readily ascended was equalled only by the surprise that apparently no one else had previously done so.

The main ridge running southeast from Black Peak is best crossed at a point about 7900 feet. Here one can easily drop down on the other side of the ridge onto a permanent snowfield which drains into Wing Lake. From here one can continue out to Washington Pass via Lewis Lake, Heather Pass, and Lake Ann without technical difficulty.

JOHN MEULEMANS

Mt. Goode (East Buttress)

For years I've had a secret plot to be the first up the magnificent east buttress of Mt. Goode. It photographs beautifully (head-on) and the rock is sound pink granite. As a climb, it is a classic, with a sharp knifed buttress rising some 3,000 feet directly out of the Goode Glacier to the summit.

Last year Tom Stewart and I had the intention of doing this new climb, but our luck ran out at Stehekin on the one weekend we had selected for the trip, as rain began to fall when we walked off the boat. Needless to say, we got right back on.

In early August of 1966 we had better fortune, getting a ride both up and down the Stehekin Road in perfect timing. The weather was magnificent, and the climb went well. We climbed slide alder and rock slabs out of the north fork of Bridge Creek to a bivouac spot near timberline, and then in the morning, headed up the icy slopes of the glacier for the big buttress. After some glacier problems, we found the buttress excellent climbing, ranging from third to fifth class. The most difficult section was about 500 feet beneath the summit, where we had to climb within the confines of a very restricted limit on the knife-edge. The descent was made via the normal route and Park Creek.

FRED BECKEY

Teebone Ridge Traverse

This little-traveled piece of country lying 10 miles northeast of Marblemount was fully traversed from one end to the other this past Labor Day weekend by a group of Everett Mountaineers. The party consisted of Ron Miller, home on military leave, Jim Carlson, Dave Fluharty, Paul Bergman, Bob Briggs, and Kenn Carpenter. Using a southern approach up the Lookout Mountain Trail about 7 miles east of Marblemount, we hiked north and easily reached timberline and the high country. That day we followed the ridge northeast to Peak 6438, to Peak 6844, and then to Little Devil Peak (6985). Another half mile north we climbed Peak 6880 and established our camp 200 feet below and southwest of the summit on a lush heather bench with running meltwater close by. At dawn the next day we had the problem of crossing Peak 6880's west ridge. We selected the high notch about 100 feet below the summit and descended the steep, narrow, and rotten couloir on its north side, and then traversed a half mile of steep ice until we reached the more pleasant meadows. Two miles farther northwest we climbed Big Devil Peak (7065) for what appears a third ascent, the first apparently being in 1963 by J. Haggerty and J. Roper. Then 1½ miles northeast we eyed a 6700-foot rock peak, and with disregard for the time we decided to give it a try. From a narrow notch on its west side we climbed unroped up steep but heavily broken rock to a first ascent. By now it was midafternoon, and the return trip was essentially backtracking all the way; we were resigned to the possibility of a bivouac because camp was miles away. In the last hours of light on the return trip we decided to climb the only peak we had bypassed, Peak 6840 located a half mile northeast of Peak 6880. Fluharty and Carpenter made a first ascent of this peak and roped off by flashlight. It was a straggling group that finally reached camp at midnight, and the supper menu was cold chow in the sack. A leisurely trip out on the third day was punctuated with many a stop for huckleberries. This, the flowering meadows, the near and distant peaks, the goats and high country deer, all combine to make this a select little part of the North Cascades.

KENN CARPENTER

Hallelujia Peak

This 7150-foot peak in Cascade Pass country and 1 mile southeast of Trapper Lake has occasionally been referred to as the

west peak of Glory Mountain, but the first ascent party of Ursula Wiener, Jim Whitcomb, Bob Briggs and Kenn Carpenter on October 3, 1965 decided it should have the more appropriate name of Hallelujia Peak. From a high camp at the west end of Trapper Lake, we traversed the south side of the lake about ½ mile and ascended the prominent bushy gully to a 5850-foot saddle. A gully about ¼ mile farther east deadends in a large vertical rotten chimney. From the saddle an easterly traverse of 1 mile, usually on the ridge crest, leads to the easy summit.

KENN CARPENTER

New Climbs Near Washington Pass

On Kangaroo Ridge, Dan Tate and I discovered a difficult but interesting route up the unclimbed south face of Big Kangaroo, the highest summit of this ridge. The climb was done on May 29. The route was approached by crossing a col north of Half Moon, and then traversing north to the base of the 900-foot wall. We used 25 pitons on the climb, all but a few for safety only.

Dan Tate and I also did a new route on the Temple, in the southern portion of Kangaroo Ridge, climbing the northeast face from the north notch. This climb was half fourth-class and half more difficult, with some tricky free climbing up a shallow gully system.

On July 10 Jim Madsen and I climbed the northwest face of the North Early Winter Spire. This was a new route, involving both free climbing and direct aid. Number of pitons used came to 48.

FRED BECKEY

Mount Rainier (Central Mowich Face)

The Mowich Face on Mount Rainier's northwest side offers a broad choice of routes to those seeking new approaches to Liberty Cap. In June, 1957, an ascent of the right (south) side of the face, directly above the Edmunds Glacier, was made by Fred Beckey, Don Gordon, Dr. Tom Hornbein, John Rupley, and Herb Staley. This party found the early summer snow conditions ideal for kicking steps and the descent was made by the same way.

The central part of the face was not climbed until July 23-24, 1966, by a party composed of Dick Pargeter, Gene Prater, Jim Wickwire, and Dee Molenaar. Our plan was to ascend above the North Mowich Glacier and work through a prominent system of rock bands at the top of the face.

Conditions were ideal during the climb. The base of the face was reached in 7½ hours' climbing time from the car at St. Andrews Creek on the West Side Road, via Klapatche and St. Andrews Parks, lower Puyallup Cleaver, and a crossing of Puyallup, South Mowich and Edmunds Glaciers. Our lightweight four-man tent was pitched at 9600 feet on the crest of a small rock ridge separating the upper Edmunds and North Mowich Glaciers. During the afternoon we viewed at close hand an impressively proportioned avalanche from ice cliffs that hung halfway down the right side of the face.

We left camp at 5:30 a.m. and traversed to the left around the toe of the avalanche before tackling the face directly above. The first part of the slope was corrugated and the frozen snow offered easy crampon work. Higher, steps had to be chopped at places where blue ice was encountered, but generally the 45°-50° slope was ascended steadily with front crampon points. At 13,000 feet the lower of three rock bands was climbed via a narrow 12-foot vertical section. A few icicles and verglas here provided incentive to attain crusted snow on the narrow ledge above. From here a traverse was made to the north (left) along the steeply sloping ledge, and around a narrow corner. Beyond this the ledge broadened to steep ice, then narrowed to the ice chute that separates the rock bands from the prominent ice cliff bulge that caps the upper part of Mowich Face. We ascended the chute in a few short switchbacks which involved more step-chopping. At one point a "coathanger" ice screw was placed "for looks." The top of the face was reached at 11:30 a.m. and another hour brought us to 14,112-foot Liberty Cap. Far below we observed a party breaking into view on upper Ptarmigan Ridge.

Our descent was made via the Tahoma Glacier "Sickle" and over lower St. Andrews Rock under extremely slushy snow conditions. The car was reached at 7:30 p.m.

DEE MOLENAAR

OLYMPICS

Road Changes in the Eastern Olympics

The Jefferson Creek road has been extended about 3 miles past Jefferson Lake. The road now crosses the base of the northeast ridge of Mt. Washington at about 2500 feet and climbs to the east at about 2700 before crossing on to small hills to the northeast. The northeast ridge of Mt. Washington was climbed in 1966 by Fred Mebus and party from Bremerton (a third-class scramble in summer).

The Hamma Hamma river road has been extended beyond Lena Creek about 6 miles to Whitehorse Creek. From Whitehorse Creek the old Henderson way trail can be followed until a way trail turns off right. This follows the valley of the drainage stream from lake of the angles to the lake. One-day climbs of Mt. Stone are now possible from the Hamma Hamma valley or the Bremerton area. A logging road has been extended from near Whitehorse Creek north onto the lower slopes of Mt. Bretherton.

CANADA

Northpost Spire (Bugaboos)

Jerry Fuller and I climbed the north face of Northpost Spire, this being a long face on the last Bugaboo peak to the east. The ascent was done in one day, being all free climbing—15 pitons used.

Mt. Verendrye (Rockies)

Mt. Verendrye, 4 miles west of the Kootenay Highway, offered a new climb, the precipitous east face. The climb was difficult because of untrustworthy limestone rock. Pitons were seldom sound.

Barbican Peak (Rockies)

Barbican Peak, last of the glittering Ramparts, fell to the two of us via a new and fairly difficult new face—the east. The climb was made up a long ice chute, forking up onto a quartzite face. Interesting alpine face and ridge climbing, with one direct-aid pitch, completed the interesting ascent.

Mt. Lefroy (Rockies)

The first winter ascent of Mt. Lefroy, one of the highest and best known peaks near Lake Louise, was made this March by Jim Madsen, Ron Burgener and myself. We used snowshoes to cross the lake and up into the basin beneath Mt. Victoria, then continued on foot and crampon. High winds and cold temperatures highlighted the ascent.

FRED BECKEY

Mt. Alverstone (Yukon Territory)

A small expedition of four—John Rupley, George Lowe, Henry Mather, and I—spent two weeks at the end of July in the upper Lowell Glacier areas of Yukon Territory. Our original intention

of making a new route on Mt. Kennedy from the north was foiled by blue ice, rockfall, and poor climbing granite. We then turned our attention to the northeast face of gigantic Mt. Alverstone, the 14,560-foot northern sister of Mt. Hubbard. Blessed with good weather, we succeded in making the ascent with two advance camps. The northeast-face route had one very icy section that required fixed ropes, and two long steep glacier walls that were moderately exposed. The final summit ridge was a classic, with a great cornice bending north the final quarter mile. "On a clear day you can see forever," (as the play says), was true, for from the top Mt. Hubbard hid Mt. Fairweather's tip, but from Mt. Seattle through the Logan massif to Lucania and Steele, I've never seen the St. Elias Range displayed as brilliantly. As an epilogue to the trip, we made the march out, the first in history from this location to Kluane Lake, covering about 60 miles in three hard days.

FRED BECKEY

The Squamish Chief (British Columbia)

Located just 175 miles by highway from Seattle, The Chief at Squamish, B. C. is slowly becoming known to Seattle climbers. The completion of a new section of Highway 99 is bringing more traffic to this magnificent region of the B. C. coast, and even the nonclimber cannot help but notice the 2½-mile granite frontispiece of The Chief, rising from almost tidewater to 2,138 feet. Without question, it is the finest and largest climbing opportunity near any major North American city (Vancouver), and some day is destined to become a local, even if somewhat more limited, version of Yosemite.

This year, 1966, has seen the greatest degree of climbing activity ever on The Chief, with both Seattle and Vancouver climbers sharing the long list of new routes. The University Wall was scaled in a long siege by four U. B. C. students (Vancouver); the Tantalus Wall by Leif-Norman Patterson, Mark Fielding, and me, the Western Dihedral by Dan Tate and me. These climbs were all multi-day ascents, using from 100 to 200 pitons.

Shorter but still very challenging new rock routes were also accomplished this season by other climbers and me, among them: Crescent Ramp, with Eric Bjornstad; Bullethead West, same team; Bullethead Central, Calculus Crack, with Dave Beckstead; and Bullethead East and the Mushroom Route with Jim Sinclair.

Mountaineers with an interest in climbing good granite can find a great variety of challenges on The Chief: there are good climbs ranging from 50 feet to 1,500 feet. Some of the climbs are

as close as ten minutes from the parked car. On weekends when the Peshastin Pinnacles and Castle Rock seem too crowded, there is boundless space on The Chief, and nearby areas such as Papoose Rock, Nightmare Rock, and the many little cliffs at Murren Park, as well as the hill overlooking the town of Squamish.

FRED BECKEY

Bella Coola Mts. (British Columbia)

Summer, 1966, proved to be poor weatherwise in the Bella Coola Mountains, despite good weather in other areas even as close as the Waddington group. This seemed to be the result of storms coming over the north end of Vancouver Island directly at us, while areas to the south received some protection from the storms.

Two second ascents were made on major peaks of the area via new routes. Snowside Mountain was ascended by its northeast ridge, previously attempted in 1956 and 1961. This is largely a snow climb with some class-4 rock climbing to gain the snow arete that leads to the summit. A rain storm started us out, though gradually clearing clouds provided exciting views and pleasant summit weather.

Camp was moved back to a pleasant heather knob that cleaves two glacier arms NNW of Mt. Jacobsen. Its tarns provided bathing in the warm sun of our arrival but its exposure proved quite a disadvantage during four days of intensive storm. The ascent of the west peak of Jacobsen was the first since John Dudra's initial ascent in 1953, and the north ridge lying alongside of the spectacular hanging glacier was a long one with several challenges. A knife-edge rock ridge at the beginning provided unanticipated difficulty and a couple of airy pitches required safety pitons. The steep snowfield further up proved to be hard ice, necessitating step cutting, which Gary Rose ably tackled and then was asked to retreat from, when Whitmore worked over to adjacent rocks which, though loose, would be considerably faster for our large party. The summit was not reached until four o'clock on this very clear day, and so we wished a faster route of descent because of the late hour. We started down the steep south-side glacier, realizing that we must effect a traverse above a cliff band in order to reach the snow saddle between east and west Jacobsen. This was accomplished, but not without much unpleasantness in working along wet, slabby rock, covered with debris that sloped away to an unknown drop. Exit was always uncertain as the ledge system dwindled into a vertical wall that

rose out of sight above us. Darkness found us safely on the homebound glacier.

Our third ascent was a first of lesser magnitude in the Mongol Peaks. The southwest glacier was ascended directly to the summit ridge and descent was more direct by way of its southeast glacier. Everyone agreed (an unusual circumstance) to dub the highest and most westerly of the Mongol Peaks "Genghis Khan."

In spite of the weather a very good time was enjoyed by all members and no small part was due to the comfortable weathering of storms. Waterproof tent flies kept the two tents quite dry even in winds of gale magnitude.

The area is even better supplied with pilots and planes than ever. Three different pilots and planes were used, all of Wilderness Airlines. Dan Schuetze from Bella Coola flew the Whitmores in and out. The rest of us flew in with Conn York from Stewart's at Nimpo Lake and out with Roger Dane of Kleena Kleene, who is a Seattlite now flying out of One Eye Lake.

Party personnel were: George and Frances Whitmore, Gary Rose, John Chichester and Joe and Joan Firey.

JOAN FIREY

The Owls, Mt. Weart, East Ridge (British Columbia)

Two subsidiary peaks each about 9000 feet on the east ridge of Mt. Weart in Garabaldi Park were climbed June 5 by Terry Safford and Kenn Carpenter, and nicknamed the Owls. Although the ascents via the south side from Weart Glacier were not difficult rock scrambles, there was no evidence of prior ascents.

KENN CARPENTER

WYOMING

Wind River Range

Cascade climbers may be interested to know that the Wind River Range challenges our mountains for ruggedness of terrain and primitive wilderness stature. Valleys are not as deep, glaciation is not nearly as extensive. However, the range abounds with beautiful alplands and meadows, and has literally thousands of beautiful lakes.

Crowning the range crest are peaks with one sloping side, the other gouged out by ancient glaciers—deep granitic cirques. For climbers interested in the challenge of alpine rock walls, no area in the United States can match the Wind River Range.

This summer Jerry Fuller and I made four new face climbs, each of them accomplished in one day, but each a very hard and

technical day. The finest climb was the northwest face of Monolith, a tower rising over 2,000 feet from the Popo Agie River. We climbed up a 75-degree corner for 1,200 feet, finding granite rock so marvelous for holds that unbelievable free-climbing stunts were possible. In all, we used 40 pitons on the climb, and just managed to get off before dark.

FRED BECKEY

IDAHO

Chimney Rock

Known as the "lightning rod" of Northern Idaho, Chimney Rock sits high above a timberline ridge near Priest Lake. On August 11 Jerry Fuller and I climbed the south nose, the fourth route to the thin, granitic summit. We used 24 pitons and 2 bolts, following vertical crack systems on the east edge of the exposed nose.

FRED BECKEY

UTAH

Fisher Towers

Nestled against the La Sal Mountains, but not far from the Colorado River east of Moab, lies the pink and orange skyscraper city of the Fisher Towers, a weird majesty of bizarre art honed into strange shapes by the desert wind. Fragile ridges are sculptured into likenesses of forms ranging from totems to Gothic—one ridge has been called "ancient art." Five of these sandstone sentinels can be termed a colossus, and only two, The Titan and Fisher Tower, had been scaled up to this year.

Echo Tower, midway between these two, rises 540 feet on the shortest face, and fell to the combined efforts of Harvey Carter, Eric Bjornstad, and Fred Beckey on October 19. Much of the route lay up a perpendicular couloir, with its inside walls sculptured into a continual succession of caves and overhangs. Placing bolts was slow work—in all, the Tower took 55 pitons and 71 bolts. Over five days were spent on the difficult ascent, with two bivouacs made on the "summit push." But the hard labor made the reward of reaching the exposed summit greater than on most climbs.

FRED BECKEY

Administration and Committee Reports

November 1, 1965 – October 31, 1966

Membership as of September 1, 1966, totaled 5013. Included were Everett Branch members—116 Regular, 34 Spouse, 16 Junior, 12 other; Olympia Branch members—92 Regular, 32 Spouse, 19 Junior, 4 other; Tacoma Branch members—297 Regular, 97 Spouse, 37 Junior, 26 other; non-branch members—2689 Regular, 932 Spouse, 444 Junior, and 166 in other categories.

During the year files of club Minutes, dating back to the beginning, were microfilmed, the University of Washington keeping one copy, and the Mountaineers acquiring the other. The University has been declared an official depository for Mountaineer papers.

A project was begun to update the Operations Manual, and a number of sections are now completed.

CONSERVATION DIVISION

The events of 1965 and 1966 have emphasized the great need for increased conservation effort. These events include: the release of the Federal Study Team Report on the North Cascades, the release of the Governor's report on the North Cascades, the statement of new plans to modify the Olympic National Park, and the quickened pace of population and industrial growth in the Puget Sound area. The Conservation Division has endeavored to formulate policy for Board approval. This policy encompasses the above mentioned problem areas, many equally important but less extensive local conservation problems, and selected conservation problems in many other geographic areas. Subsequent to Board approval of Mountaineer policy the Division has endeavored to express Mountaineer position clearly to the appropriate individuals and organizations, and to inform members of Mountaineer policy and conservation problem details. An aggressive Conservation Education program aimed at gaining public support for conservation efforts has been established.

Mountaineer position with regards the Federal Study Team Report was formulated, approved, and explained to all members through a special mailing. With several important modifications the Federal Report can form a satisfactory basis for North Cascades legislation. The Governor's report, which is limited in several ways, is significant in that it definitely recommends a North Cascades National Park.

The report of Mr. Overly of the Bureau of Outdoor Recreation and the ensuing discussion of modification of Olympic Park emphasize the great need to protect this great park and to plan for its improvement

through acquisitions of inholdings and careful control of new road and trail locations.

Industrial expansion has led to development of Mountaineer policy urging improvement of the state and local park systems, control of pollution, and improved zoning procedures.

The Mountaineers were represented at several important congressional hearings, including the North Cascades hearing in Seattle, the Redwood Park hearing in Washington, D. C., and the Mt. Jefferson hearing in Eugene, Oregon. Written statements were submitted at these hearings and to several others where individual representation was not possible.

The Division Chairman represented The Mountaineers at the FWOC convention in Hawaii. Twenty-eight of the thirty FWOC resolutions have been established as Mountaineer policy. Two FWOC resolutions, one concerning the payment to states on transfer of recreation lands to the federal government, and the other concerning property tax assessments of open space, are being studied in detail.

A Water Resources committee has been established, and the previously separate National Parks Committee and National Forests Committe have been combined.

INDOOR DIVISION

As pointed out in our 1965 report, the activities of the Indoor Division are not by any means entirely confined within four walls. At the Annual Banquet on April 16, we were fortunate in having as speaker, David Brower, Executive Director of the Sierra Club, who discussed problems and accomplishments in the conservation of the great out-of-doors; and William N. Stark showed slides taken on an unusual expedition into the Enchantment Lakes, which we are hoping may be preserved as an established Wilderness area. The Mountaineers' Annual Service Award was presented to John R. Hazle, member since 1949, active on a score of committees, with especially significant service in various phases of climbing besides membership on the Board of Trustees, vice-presidency, and presidency. "Probably his most outstanding accomplishment . . . was his role in development of the book, *Freedom of the Hills* . . . . He was the [Editorial] Committee's spokesman to the Board, and probably did more than any other one person to get *Freedom of the Hills* accepted by the club." On the same occasion Wolf Bauer was made an honorary member in recognition of his creative leadership in establishing the Climbing Course, organizing the Mountain Rescue Council and also the Washington Kayak Club, presenting a river-running school, and promoting the "wild rivers" concept in the Northwest.

During the September-June period, 19 bridge sessions were held, with a total of 237 in attendance, although the number began to drop during the spring and it was noted that this activity did not seem to be appealing to new participants.

Not so with the Dance Committee, which continued cooperative associations with other folkdance groups, particularly with the Fireside Folkdancers, the director of which gave instruction at our dances—and incidentally choreographed and directed dances for the annual Forest Theatre play. The December dance featured costumes and dances from around the world—some pictures of which were shown in a Seattle daily paper—and the folkdancers concluded a happy and successful season by camping for the first weekend in June at a state park on Hood Canal and dancing in the fine pavilion there. They were joined by Campcrafters who were camping nearby and by Players from Kitsap.

Our own members, at seven dinner meetings, have transported us, through their pictures, even to such faraway places as North Cape and Spitsbergen and the high Andes Mountains, not to mention Europe, Morocco, and Mexico, as well as our own Southwest with observations on the geology and the people who live there.

The eight regular monthly Program Meetings have in general given us information on our own varied club activities, together with knowledge of areas nearer home. Judge William G. Long's studies of the Hoh River rain forest proved to be a special delight. With the Christmas party in December within the bare walls of the new clubroom, we terminated our use of the Seattle City Light Auditorium at 8th and Roy, for which we have been most grateful over the past several years.

Those who attended the eight meetings of the Photography Committee advanced beyond the study of technique to that of arranging meaningful and enjoyable slide shows.

For the Players it was "The Wizard of Oz" at the Forest Theatre, and this time records were really broken. Two extra performances (seven in all)—one on Memorial Day, the Monday following the first showing, and another on a Saturday evening at six o'clock following an afternoon performance, June 4; and the combined attendance of 510 on these two occasions, with an unbelievable 1832 on the last day, plus fairly stable weather throughout, gave a total of 6588 in paid admissions. The Players spent $400 for a small piano, not too heavy to transport (it can be used in the new clubroom), and $600 for the bulldozing of parking spaces across the highway, and were able to turn over $924 to the club's general fund. However, this was not all. Our audiences have let us know that in stage settings, costuming, dancing, singing, and acting, this, our fortieth production, was our best.

OUTDOOR DIVISION

The Outdoor Division is made up of the following 12 committees, which provide a varied program of activities: Botany, Campcrafters, Climbing, Juniors, MRC Representative, Outing Planning, Safety, Ski Tours, Snowshoe Tours, Special Outings, Trail Trips, and Viewfinders.

Botany

The Botany group scheduled three field trips during the year with a total attendance of 58.

Campcrafters

The Campcrafters' year began with a Gypsy Tour promotional meeting for the Grand Tetons, held on April 29. Members showed their slides of the area and an excellent sign-up was obtained from the 46 Mountaineers present.

The next few weeks involved working for many hours assembling the new Mountaineer songbooks, numbering 500 copies. It was a delight to use them on all our outings this year.

Weekend trips were held at the following campgrounds: Pine Flats in the Entiat area, 44 attended; Scenic Beach State Park, 56 attended and went to the Mountaineers Play; Beverly Campground in the Teanaway area, 24 attended; 73 people hid from the rain at Irish Cabin over the Fourth of July weekend; 15 camped at Diablo Lake; Clear Lake at White Pass had 17 in attendance; 51 were at Mora Campground near La Push over the Labor Day weekend. One trip, Tahoma Creek Campground, was canceled. There were 153 people on the two-week outing to the Grand Tetons, July 30 to August 14. More than a hundred came to the Campcrafters annual reunion potluck dinner held at the Wedgewood Presbyterian Church; the final activity was a Halloween Party held at Stevens Lodge, enjoyed by 53 people.

Climbing

Interest in our mountaineering courses climbed to new heights: 310 first-year and 48 second-year basic students plus 58 intermediate students were enrolled, and 130 basic and 4 intermediate students completed all requirements and were graduated.

This year 1,269 basic students attended the five types of field trips. Nine hundred ninety-nine students made the summit on 60 climbs and 321 failed to make the summit on 18 climbs. On 14 intermediate climbs 133 students made the summit. No one-day rope climbs were scheduled.

Eric Shipton, English climber, gave a lecture and showed pictures of his expedition across the Patagonia Ice Cap in South America, at a seminar sponsored jointly with the American Alpine Club.

During the year the committee spearheaded the revision of *Mountaineering: Freedom of the Hills,* under the editorship of Harvey Manning. It is hoped that the work will be completed before the end of 1966 so that the Second Edition can be published in 1967.

Juniors

The Juniors' project was a work party, late in the season, to Snow Lake in the Snoqualmie Pass area. Twenty-two people gathered in the rain on Saturday to collect 17 large bags of rubbish which they burned on Sunday and then buried.

Outing Planning Committee

Coordination of publicity on all outings as well as sponsoring a week-long backpack occupied the committee this year.

The 50 persons who participated in the Sixth Summer Outing to the Glacier Peak Wilderness area camped successively at Lyman Lake, Image Lake, and Buck Creek Pass. From each camp, trail trips and climbs were made. The Suiattle Loop Outing in another portion of the same wilderness area was enjoyed by 10 backpackers, who went from rain to sun as they explored Milk Creek, Vista Creek, and Image Lake.

The committee worked with sponsoring groups to coordinate promotion of the Campcrafters' Outing to the Tetons, the Viewfinders' Backpack Outing from Stevens Pass to Snoqualmie Pass on the Cascade Crest Trail, and the Climbers' Outing to the Dome Peak area.

Ski Tours

The Ski Mountaineering Course was successful again this year. Thirty-five people took the written exam and passed. Three field trips were scheduled, with attendance of 100, 16 people graduated.

During the 1965-1966 ski touring season 17 successful tours had a total attendance of 138. Seven tours were canceled due to weather or lack of sign-up. The ski tour program is planned to provide trips both for the experienced and beginning ski tourers. Those who have not toured before are welcome, but beginning skiers should first learn how to control their skis on the packed ski slopes.

Snowshoe Tours

When transformed into a white wilderness the mountains are even more beautiful than in summer. The snowshoers, by strapping on their feet those "infernal tennis rackets", wander around all winter enjoying this alpine splendor.

Increased interest in snowshoeing has prompted increased and more varied activities. This year, out of 25 trips, 24 were successful, with a total attendance of 378, avering 16 per trip. The tours varied from the beginners' special (Lake Kachess) to actual mountain climbing (Snoqualmie Peak).

For the first time two overnight trips were planned: the first was to Reflection Lakes in Mt. Rainier National Park where twelve people had a most enjoyable time digging snow caves, etc., in the cold. The second was to the Illabot Range for the purpose of climbing Mt. Illabot. Uncooperative weather forced six would-be climbers to retreat.

It can be seen from the above that the shoers no longer hike only over snowbound logging roads, but now also venture forth to do more strenuous winter climbing. The aim of the committee is to maintain a well-balanced winter program that can be enjoyed by both the flatland hiker and the alpine climber.

Special Outings

For most, 1966 will become just another of those years gone before. But for the 21 who toured the southern end of Vancouver Island on the very rainy Fourth of July weekend, it may last longer in memory—especially because of that resort at Sooke Harbor on the Straits west of Victoria.

We know no one will quickly forget the Labor Day cruise in the San Juans. On this, counting all aboard, there were 42. The first two days were clear, calm and sunny, but all this changed on the way home the third day. First we ran into a kelp bed on Iceberg Point, Lopez Island. We waited there till the fog lifted a little, then moved to what looked like a much safer spot, a little cove. But when that sudden wind sprang up and those waves rose higher by the minute, we had to get out of there and fast. In a shetered bay just to the north we abandoned the ship to the crew and returned home via the last ferry and a chartered bus.

Trail Trips

This group enjoys outdoor activities the year around. There are beach walks and hikes at lower elevations during the fall and winter months, and hikes and backpacking in the mountain areas during the spring and summer. One trip each month was planned especially for families.

About sixty activities were held during the past year, including twenty scheduled with branch groups. The annual Trail Trip reunion in February featured movies and slides of selected activities. Seventy members enjoyed the President's walk to High Rock Lookout in August. Excellent weather encouraged a total attendance of about 1700 for the year.

Backpack trips were scheduled by the Trail Trip committee as an experiment. They proved satisfactorily popular. Over 100 people took part in the 15 overnight excursions. Destinations were selected for scenic interest and suitability to the skills of beginning backpackers.

Groups numbered as few as 4 and as many as 35, but 16 was considered the party limit for best results. A party having a moderate number such as this preserves the feeling of the wilderness, can be comfortably accommodated at most campsites without causing unreasonable wear and tear, and can be conducted as a single group without splitting into divisions difficult to manage.

Backpack trail trips were planned for the following destinations: Hoh River Trail to Elk Lake, Goat Lake (Mountain Loop Highway), Lake Annette, Lake Dorothy, Heather Lake, Adams Glacier, Lake Lena, Cascade Pass, Dewey Lakes, Cougar Lakes, Snow Lakes (Snoqualmie Pass), Foss River Lakes, Enchantment Plateau, Mt. Dickerman, and Goat Lake (Goat Rocks Wild Area).

Viewfinders

The Viewfinders sponsored 25 nontechnical climbs during the May through October season. In all, 401 individuals attended these trips. The traditional climb of Mt. Adams was canceled this year at the last moment, due to lack of a qualified leader.

The summer Viewfinder outing was attended by 16 hardy souls who backpacked the Cascade Crest trail from Stevens Pass to Snoqualmie Pass.

PROPERTY DIVISION

The extensive remodeling operation on the new clubroom continued throughout the year. The auditorium, although not finished, was used for some activities including the 1966 climbing course, rehearsals of the Players, and large meetings. The old clubroom was still used for office space and committee meetings. In preparation for the anticipated move storeroom accumulations of many years were sorted.

At the end of the year arrangements were being made for a member contractor to take charge and supervise the finishing of the remodeling operation.

Following a successful ski season, lodge committees turned their attention to building repairs and slope maintenance operations. The drainfield at Mt. Baker Lodge has been relocated. All stumps have been removed from the transmission line right-of-way known at Meany as North and South Slobovia. The Snocat's engine was completely rebuilt and is expected to last several years. Other work concentrated on the Meany Hut. A new septic tank and sewer system were installed. The hut's foundation was replaced, and so was the roof. Inside the hut, the women's dorm was painted (white and red), new shelves and mice-proof cupboards were installed in the kitchen, and the drying room facilities were improved.

Work on the long-range plan for modernizing the facilities at the Rhododendron Preserve progressed at a slow pace.

PUBLICATIONS DIVISION

The *Annual, Bulletin,* and *Roster* Committees continued to perform well their tasks of informing the Club membership and gathering into permanent form the history of the Northwest.

Efforts to improve the quality of reference service in the Library have been reflected in increased reader-circulation. A cumulative index to *The Mountaineer* Annual has been compiled, is proving highly useful, and will be printed for sale during 1967. Acquisitions, mainly of English imprint (with the exception of significant pictorial works), endeavor to reflect the needs and interests of members in selections from a growing body of international mountaineering literature. Members' donations have included scholarly works in geology and forestry; scarce

Americana items have been welcome additions to regional history holdings. As the only one of its kind in the area, The Mountaineers' library continues to grow and to serve the club's purposes of studying, exploring, and preserving the Northwest.

Our purposes were substantially furthered during the year by the steadily expanding activities of the fully self-sustained book-publishing program of the *Literary Fund* Committee.

MOUNTAINEERING: THE FREEDOM OF THE HILLS, from which all these blessings flow, entered a fifth printing of the First Edition, bringing the total copies in print to more than 25,000; the Climbing Committee neared completion of work on a revised Second Edition.

Other backlist titles *(THE NORTH CASCADES, MOUNTAIN RESCUE TECHNIQUES, GUIDE TO LEAVENWORTH ROCK-CLIMBING AREAS)* continued to sell at satisfactory rates, or better.

ROUTES AND ROCKS: HIKERS' GUIDE TO THE NORTH CASCADES FROM GLACIER PEAK TO LAKE CHELAN, was the first surprise of the year to the Literary Fund Committee. After unavoidable production delays, the book arrived in time for Christmas 1965. The first printing of 3,000 copies, predicted to last from three to five years, sold out in much less than a year; a second printing of 5,000 copies was ordered in hot haste.

In summer 1966 came the second surprise, *100 HIKES IN WESTERN WASHINGTON,* expected to do marvelously well, but not to sell (as it did) the entire first printing of 5,000 copies within four weeks, attaining the summit of the local best-seller list. By Christmas, 12,000 copies had been sold.

Scheduled for early 1967 is the long-awaited definitive "doctor book" for expeditioners, rescuers, semi-expeditioners, conscientious climbers of all types, hypochondriacs, and world-travelers: *MEDICINE FOR MOUNTAINEERING.* Also in 1967 there will be a "campcrafter" book in the *100 HIKES* format, and a similarly-patterned skiers' guide with special emphasis on touring.

A number of other books (and maps and similar materials) are in progress or under consideration for 1968 and beyond. Comments, criticisms, and suggestions about the total program are desired and solicited by the Literary Fund Committee.

Special note might be taken of the cooperative arrangement under which the Sierra Club distributes The Mountaineers' books. The alliance has not only strengthened ties between the two organizations, but has given The Mountaineers a much broader audience throughout the nation for the things it wants to say.

MARY FRIES, SECRETARY,
THE MOUNTAINEERS

EVERETT BRANCH

During the 1965-1966 season Everett Mountaineers had their choice

of an unusually wide variety of events in which to participate: hikes, climbs, ski and snowshoe trips, potluck dinners, annual banquet, monthly meetings, climbing course, and work parties.

In the latter category of service projects was the two-day work party at Lake 22 and Bear Lake at Mt. Pilchuck when a ton of debris was collected. Later in the season a sizeable group journeyed to Seattle to lend willing hands for work on the new clubrooms.

Among the 25 trips scheduled by the hiking committee the most popular ones were the beach walks, salmon bake, steak walk, and the hike to Trout and Copper Lakes. All attendance records were broken at the salmon bake when 197 adults and children feasted on the fish prepared by the master chefs, Dorothy and Steve Philipp. Blizzard and slide conditions during the Mt. Baker weekend ski and snowshoe trip did not dampen the enthusiasm of the group.

The Labor Day weekend climb of Teebone Ridge, north of the Cascade Pass area, was the highlight of the Everett climbing season. The party climbed each of the four peaks, one being a first ascent. On the schedule were six winter climbs, of which three were successfully completed; nine summer climbs, of which eight were successfully completed.

Of the 46 students registered in the basic climbing course, sponsored by the Everett Branch, 14 completed all requirements for the basic climbing certificate.

Via slides and movies members traveled at monthly meetings to Europe, Aspen, Glacier Wilderness, southwest United States, Glen Canyon, and nearby vacation spots in our own state.

GERTRUDE EICHELSDOERFER,
BRANCH SECRETARY

OLYMPIA BRANCH

The Olympia Branch is growing up—we too have committees stacked on top of committees. It makes one begin to wonder, how organized do we have to be in order to explore and enjoy?

The two-man Conservation Committee is enthusiastic, but it has been the same two for several years. It appears that more active interest from the branch membership is needed. The committee lent support for acquiring wildlife refuge acreage in the Nisqually Flats and in obtaining a lease for 600 acres of the Mima Prairie Mounds.

A growing Climbing Course Committee with 20 people working on various subcommittees, handled a group of 48 registrants and 10 auditors in the basic course. There were 15 experience climbs of which 12 were successful. At the climbing course reunion 18 students received their certificates.

In addition, three branch climbs were held. A special Olympic Peak Pin Committee presented their proposal at the annual banquet: a list of 15 peaks, three each in five areas of the Olympic Mountains. Of

these, a total of ten, two in each area, are to be climbed in order to receive the Olympic Peak Pin Award.

Trail Trips suffered from poor participation. There were 14 trips on the agenda. The new Snowshoe and Ski Tour Committee made several successful trips.

The banquet was held three weeks earlier this year so that the incoming branch chairman could have time to coordinate an Officers Committee meeting for October. The guest speaker, Wolf Bauer, gave us an insight into the world of kayaking, with delightful slides and commentary.

ROBERT F. BAMMERT,
BRANCH CHAIRMAN

TACOMA BRANCH

Tacoma Mountaineers enjoyed a wide variety of activities in 1966. These included new trail trips as well as old favorites, basic and intermediate climbing instruction and experience climbs, club climbs, outings, interesting monthly meetings, well attended photographic meetings, Campcrafter activities, and bridge and music meetings.

Programs at the monthly meetings during the year included Dr. Gordon Alcorn speaking on different aspects of conservation, Dr. William J. Campbell on his crossing of the Ross Ice Shelf at Antarctica, Mrs. Harry Dutton on mushrooms, a program about the summer outings, a Swedish Midsummer Festival potluck picnic, and slides and commentary by Lee Nelson on the Red Suspenders' successful climb of Mt. McKinley in June.

Campcrafters were hosts to the club for a Christmas party. Other activities included skiing at Snoqualmie Lodge, hiking at Point Defiance, outings to Salmon La Sac and Klapatche, a potluck dinner, and their annual Easter egg hunt.

The trail trip committee introduced six new trail trips which were well received and repeated some others by popular demand. The new ones were: Dow Mountain, a rhododendron walk on Hoods Canal, Fossil Rock in the Bald Hills, Fairy Falls, Summit Lake, and Backbone Ridge. Other trips were made to such favorite places as Staircase in the Olympics, Moraine Park, Tolmie, Spray Park, Gobbler's Knob and St. Andrews Park, Ketron Island, Harsteen Island, Hart's Lake Valley, and Pinnacle Lookout. Enchanted Valley and Goat Rocks were overnight backpack trips. Average attendance was 13, not including Seattle members. There were several Saturday hikes which were as well attended as the Sunday hikes.

Annual special events held during the year included: (1) the Fair which was attended by about 120 members who enjoyed pictures of summer outings, exhibits, and good food; (2) salmon baked Indian style on a Puget Sound beach and eaten by a hungry crowd of 140; (3) the banquet at the Top of the Ocean with the theme, "Mountain-

eering Around the World," and at which awards and pins were presented to climbing course graduates and deserving climbers; (4) the Thanksgiving dinner at Irish Cabin attended by a capacity crowd as it has been since 1931.

The conservation chairman kept the branch alerted as to actions, and proposed actions, affecting all of us.

Again Tacoma Mountaineers roamed far and wide climbing mountains. Some went to Europe, some to Alaska, some to the summit of Mt. Rainier in winter (perhaps this is becoming an annual custom), one to enjoy the scenery of New Zealand, but all came home with a fresh appreciation of our own scenic Northwest.

MARY MCKEEVER,
SECRETARY, TACOMA BRANCH

The Mountaineers

(A Washington Corporation)
Seattle, Washington
Financial Statements
August 31, 1965

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
Haynes Memorial Fund

of THE MOUNTAINEERS, Seattle, Washington, a Washington corporation, as of August 31, 1965, 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 considered 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, 1965, and the results of their operations for the year then ended, in accordance with generally accepted principles of balanced fund accounting, applied on a basis consistent with the preceding year.

V. Frank Vojta
Certified Public Accountant

Exhibit A

The Mountaineers
Statement of Financial Condition
August 31, 1965

General Fund

	Assets	*Liabilities*
Cash	$ 20,380.27	
Accounts receivable	652.56	
Due from Literary Fund	198.88	
Inventory of pins	284.79	
Deposits	100.00	
Property and equipment, net—schedule 1	105,990.20	
Mortgage payable		$ 29,860.00
Accounts payable		184.46
Taxes payable		94.57
Dues and initiation fees allocated to branches		1,939.00
Due to Permanent Building and Improvement Fund		4,751.64
Due to Property Fund		6,436.54
Lease deposits		1,400.00
Principal of fund		82,940.49
	$127,606.70	$127,606.70

Permanent Building and Improvement Fund

Cash	$ 1,321.84	
Tacoma branch construction loan	2,400.00	
Due from General Fund	4,751.64	
Due from Permanent Fund	189.08	
Principal of fund		$ 8,662.56
	$ 8,662.56	$ 8,662.56

Literary Fund

Cash	$ 16,343.68	
Inventory of books—at cost	17,249.92	
Prepaid expenses	2,323.14	
Investment in Joint Venture with Mountain Rescue Council	2,500.00	
Deposits		$ 1,040.55
Taxes payable		12.96
Due to Joint Venture account with Mountain Rescue Council		746.31
Due to General Fund		198.88
Principal of fund		36,418.04
	$ 38,416.74	$ 38,416.74

Permanent Fund		
Cash	$ 5,189.08	
Due to Permanent Building and Improvement Fund		$ 189.08
Principal of fund		5,000.00
	$ 5,189.08	$ 5,189.08
Seymour Fund		
Cash	$ 1,570.63	
Principal of fund		$ 1,570.63
	$ 1,570.63	$ 1,570.63
Property Fund		
Cash	$ 7,914.97	
Due from General Fund	6,436.54	
Principal of fund		$ 14,351.51
	$ 14,351.51	$ 14,351.51
Haynes Memorial Fund		
Cash	$ 655.31	
Principal of fund		$ 655.31
	$ 655.31	$ 655.31

Exhibit B

The Mountaineers
Statement of Income and Expenses
For the year ended August 31, 1965

INCOME		
Dues and initiation fees		$ 35,950.00
Less allocations		
Tacoma	$ 1,144.00	
Everett	432.00	
Olympia	363.00	
Publications	13,268.00	
Permanent Building and Improvement Fund	5,620.00	20,827.00
NET DUES AND FEES		$ 15,123.00
Sale of publications	$ 13,268.00	
Less cost of publications	13,366.88	(98.88)
Committee operations		
Lodge committees—schedule 2	$ 518.64	
Other committees—schedule 3	3,146.07	3,664.71
Income from clubroom building—net		
Rental income	$ 994.94	
Less rental expenses	726.05	268.89
Miscellaneous sales		286.01
Interest income		496.44
TOTAL INCOME		$ 19,740.17

EXPENSES		
Salaries	$ 8,910.20	
Payroll taxes	535.80	
Rent	1,200.00	
Bookkeeping	600.00	
Office supplies	543.67	
Postage	682.63	
Telephone	472.49	
Power and light	16.95	
Heat	225.35	
Repairs and maintenance	410.82	
Insurance—office	320.36	
Depreciation—other than lodges	280.04	
Taxes—office	19.74	
Library	648.75	
Conservation—net	1,726.03	
Miscellaneous	913.93	
TOTAL EXPENSES		17,506.76
NET INCOME		$ 2,233.41

Exhibit C

The Mountaineers
Literary Fund
Statement of Income and Expenses
For the year ended August 31, 1965

INCOME FROM SALE OF BOOKS		$ 12,447.24
LESS COST OF BOOKS SOLD		
Books on hand, September 1, 1964	$ 14,641.77	
Printing and freight in	8,320.75	
	$ 22,962.52	
Less books on hand August 31, 1965	17,249.92	
TOTAL COST OF BOOKS SOLD		5,712.60
GROSS PROFIT		$ 6,734.64
EXPENSES		
Art work	$ 120.00	
Literary service	175.00	
Storage	70.80	
Advertising	577.97	
Postage	102.04	
Insurance	193.64	
Taxes	10.89	
Miscellaneous	28.46	
TOTAL EXPENSES		1,278.80
NET PROFIT FROM SALE OF BOOKS		$ 5,455.84

OTHER INCOME		
Interest	$ 543.51	
Royalties	600.00	
Profit on joint venture with Mountain Rescue Council	450.18	
TOTAL OTHER INCOME		1,593.69
NET INCOME		$ 7,049.53

Schedule 1

The Mountaineers
Schedule of Property and Equipment
August 31, 1965

	Recorded Value	*Accumulated Depreciation*	*Net*
Clubroom building	$ 32,500.00	$	$ 32,500.00
Meany ski hut	9,534.00	9,534.00	
Mt. Baker cabin	13,268.36	4,762.83	8,505.53
Rhododendron preserve	4,729.17	3,795.62	933.55
Snoqualmie lodge	17,539.37	13,983.80	3,555.57
Stevens ski hut	9,389.01	7,732.93	1,656.08
Library	3,081.86	2,484.55	597.31
Clubroom furniture and fixtures	3,641.80	2,280.87	1,360.93
General equipment	3,398.85	1,697.68	1,701.17
Photographic equipment	1,830.40	1,407.28	423.12
Sno cat	6,084.35	4,773.05	1,311.30
Crystal Mountain leasehold improvements	820.00		820.00
Land			
Snoqualmie	1,100.00		1,100.00
Rhododendron preserve	757.50		757.50
Clubroom	50,000.00		50,000.00
Linda Coleman Memorial	768.14		768.14
	$158,442.81	$ 52,452.61	$105,990.20

The Mountaineers
Everett Branch
Statement of Financial Condition
August 31, 1965

	Assets		*Liabilities & Proprietorship*
Cash in banks	$1,570.70		
Accounts Receivable	569.80		
U. S. Bonds	468.80		
Supplies	147.96		
Accounts Payable			$ 202.12
Net Worth: Balance 9/1/64		$1,636.40	
Increase 1965		918.74	2,555.14
	$2,757.26		$2,757.26

INCOME AND EXPENSES
Fiscal Year Ended August 31, 1965

INCOME		
Climbing Course	$ 145.05	
Salmon Bake	48.56	
Hiking Fees	32.80	
Dues & Fees Allocation: 1964	372.00	
Dues & Fees Allocation: 1965	432.00	
Interest: Savings Bank	61.98	
Bonds	15.20	$1,107.59
EXPENSES		
Clubroom rent	$ 31.50	
Annual Banquet	5.07	
Speakers	25.00	
Social Activities	48.85	
Postage & Telephone	14.14	
Flowers	24.69	
Donations	28.00	
Trustee expense	11.60	188.85
NET INCOME		$ 918.74

The Mountaineers
Olympia Branch
Statement of Financial Condition
August 31, 1965

ASSETS		
Cash	$ 341.96	
Accounts Receivable	363.00	
Supplies	3.50	
	708.46	
LIABILITIES		
None		

NET WORTH		
Balance 9/1/64	492.72	
Net 1965	215.74	708.46

INCOME AND EXPENSES
September 1, 1964 to August 31, 1965

INCOME		
Dues & Fees	$ 363.00	
Climbing Course	26.72	
Annual Dinner	42.69	
Donations	30.00	
Misc.	1.94	
	464.35	$ 464.35
EXPENSES		
Rent	40.00	
Travel	42.50	
Stationery, Printing & Telephone	34.03	
Supplies Used	2.08	
Donations	130.00	248.61
NET		215.74

The Mountaineers
Tacoma Branch
Statement of Financial Condition
August 31, 1965

	Assets	*Liabilities and Proprietorship*
Current Assets		
Cash, Bank of California	$ 1,303.94	
United Mutual Svgs.	1,140.40	
Accounts Receivable	1,144.00	$ 3,588.34
Fixed Assets		
Land, Clubhouse	800.00	
Irish Cabin	200.00	1,000.00
Buildings		
Clubhouse	16,422.71	
Less Reserve	2,795.52	13,627.19
Irish Cabin	2,143.91	
Less Reserve	570.00	1,573.91
Furniture & Fixtures	3,293.61	
Less Reserve	1,601.76	1,691.85
Loan, The Mountaineers		$ 2,400.00
Net Worth, Balance 9/1/64	18,045.11	
Net Income F/Y '65	1,036.18	19,081.29
	$21,481.29	$21,481.29

The Mountaineers
Tacoma Branch
Statement of Income and Expenses
Fiscal year ended August 31, 1965

INCOME			
Clubhouse Rental		$1,670.00	
Irish Cabin		131.31	
Committee Operations:			
Climbing	$ 252.42		
Special Events	156.57		
Trail Trips	25.80		
Bridge	12.45		
Alpine News	41.52		
Other	88.80	577.56	
Membership Refund, 1964		1,049.00	
Membership Refund, 1965		1,144.00	$4,571.87
EXPENSES			
Committee Operations:			
Membership	25.70		
Photographic	13.40		
Ski	15.20		
Maps	85.00		
Junior	25.00	164.30	
Clubhouse:			
Caretaker	357.60		
Maint. & Repair	134.11		
Utilities	420.72		
Taxes	326.37		
Insurance	274.07	1,512.87	
Irish Cabin:			
Caretaker	125.00		
Maint. & Repair	437.09		
Fuel	72.91		
Taxes	16.26		
Insurance	114.00	765.26	
Administrative Exp.			
Telephone	100.96		
Secretary's Exp.	37.59		
Misc.	119.71	258.26	
Depreciation:			
Clubhouse & Irish Cabin		835.00	3,535.69
NET INCOME			$1,036.18

THE MOUNTAINEERS
Lodge Committee Operations
For the Year Ended August 31, 1965

	Total	*Meany Ski Hut*	*Mt. Baker Cabin*	*Rhododendron Preserve*	*Snoqualmie Lodge*	*Stevens Ski Hut*
INCOME						
Meals served	$ 9,922.52	$ 1,792.25	$2,540.70	$ 705.18	$3,096.19	$1,788.20
Use of hut or lodge	5,930.01	557.00	1,023.40	678.00	2,865.40	806.21
Use of ski tow	4,445.60	608.25	—	—	3,837.35	—
Use of sno cat	876.25	876.25	—	—	—	—
Concessions	450.91	—	—	450.91	—	—
Miscellaneous	68.85	1.35	—	67.50	—	—
TOTAL INCOME	$21,694.14	$ 3,835.10	$3,564.10	$1,901.59	$9,798.94	$2,594.41
EXPENSES						
Food	$ 8,099.36	$ 1,613.75	$1,566.63	$ 666.24	$2,765.23	$1,487.51
Fuel	787.58	62.40	467.61	2.60	109.63	145.34
Building	1,619.00	116.75	359.79	79.91	997.79	64.76
Ski tow	652.89	100.34	—	—	552.55	—
Sno cat	310.30	310.30	—	—	—	—
Committee	408.50	61.36	100.00	188.31	55.93	2.90
Light and power	335.21	78.41	102.46	69.18	—	85.16
Taxes	2,020.47	166.51	158.80	341.16	1,236.11	117.89
Insurance	2,217.28	622.93	322.90	152.87	864.86	253.72
Depreciation						
Building and equipment	3,470.39	945.39	700.00	60.00	1,160.00	605.00
Sno Cat	954.61	954.61	—	—	—	—
Concessions	299.91	—	—	299.91	—	—
TOTAL EXPENSES	$21,175.50	$ 5,032.75	$3,778.19	$1,860.18	$7,742.10	$2,762.28
NET INCOME (LOSS)	$ 518.64	$ (1,197.65)	$ (214.09)	$ 41.41	$2,056.84	$ (167.87)

Schedule 3

THE MOUNTAINEERS
Other Committee Operations
For the Year Ended August 31, 1965

	Total	Climbers	Camp-Crafters	Trail-Trips	View-Finders	Dance	Players	Ski Tours	Special Outing	Summer Outing	Annual Banquet & Dinner Meetings	Crystal Mountain
INCOME	$19,566.19	$1,539.00	$22.50	$132.10	$71.70	$2,412.26	$5,549.93	$111.20	$1,511.28	$7,512.54	$703.68	$ —
EXPENSES												
Food and service	$ 7,501.43	$ —	$ —	$ —	$ —	$ 285.94	$ —	$ —	$ 396.83	$6,176.16	$642.50	$ —
Program expense	1,572.26	100.62	—	—	—	962.50	509.14	—	—	—	—	—
Climbing ropes and gear	710.47	424.22	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	286.25	—	—
Stationery and postage	139.26	97.03	—	—	—	—	42.23	—	—	—	—	—
Rent	1,735.00	325.00	—	—	—	—	600.00	—	—	—	—	—
Taxes	52.56	—	—	—	—	52.56	—	—	—	—	—	—
Committee expenses	555.15	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	513.92	—	41.23
Costume and properties	682.12	—	—	—	—	—	682.12	—	—	—	—	—
Director's fees	346.70	—	—	—	—	—	346.70	—	—	—	—	—
Royalty	180.75	—	—	—	—	—	180.75	—	—	—	—	—
Transportation	2,296.37	—	—	—	—	—	1,239.00	—	1,057.37	—	—	—
Allocation to property fund	217.50	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	217.50	—	—
Miscellaneous	430.55	157.17	—	—	—	—	163.38	—	—	—	—	110.00
TOTAL EXPENSES	$16,420.12	$1,104.04	$ —	$ —	$ —	$2,111.00	$3,763.32	$ —	$1,454.20	$7,193.83	$642.50	$151.23
NET INCOME (LOSS)	$ 3,146.07	$ 434.96	$22.50	$132.10	$71.70	$ 301.26	$1,786.61	$111.20	$ 57.08	$ 318.71	$ 61.18	$ (15.23)

OFFICERS AND TRUSTEES

1966 Term

Morris Moen, President
Jesse Epstein, Vice President

Mary Fries, Secretary
Edward H. Murray, Treasurer

Harvey H. Manning
Maurice F. Muzzy
Calvin C. Magnusson
John R. Hazle
James W. Whittaker
E. G. Englebright
(Everett)
Joe Cockrell
(Tacoma)

Stella Degenhardt
Jesse Epstein
Alvin Randall
Robert Latz
William M. Stark
Lloyd E. McElvain
(Olympia)
Frank Fickeisen
(ex-officio)

Officers and Trustees

Tacoma Branch

Chairman ..... John Freeman
Vice-Chairman ..... Stanley Engle
Secretary ..... Mary McKeever
Treasurer ..... Robert Meade
Trustees: George Cashman, Eugene Faure, Ferd Bondy, Barry Palmer

Officers

Everett Branch

Chairman ..... Fran Lingenfelter
Vice-Chairman ..... Dr. Elwin Moore
Secretary ..... Lois W. Englebright
Treasurer ..... Eileen B. Wright

Officers

Olympia Branch

Chairman ..... Robert F. Brammert
Vice-Chairman ..... Charles E. Todd
Secretary ..... Lois Gregory
Treasurer ..... Allen F. Mix

COMMITTEE CHAIRMEN

1966 Term

ADMINISTRATIVE DIVISION

Ellen Brooker

Auditing ..... V. Frank Vojta
Finance ..... Richard G. Merritt
Insurance ..... J. Clyde Wiseman
Legal Advisory ..... Robert W. Winsor
Membership ..... Leo Stockham
Operations Manual .....
Duplicating ..... Ruth Bartholomew

CONSERVATION DIVISION

Jesse Epstein

Conservation Education ..... Robert Lawrence
FWOC Representative ..... Mrs. Neil Haig
National Parks ..... Jesse Epstein
Rhododendron Preserve Planning ..... Leo Gallagher
State-County-Local Areas ..... Dewey Engeset
National Forests ..... Patrick Goldsworthy

INDOOR DIVISION

Harriet Walker

Annual Banquet ..... Coleman Leuthy
Bridge ..... Beryl Elmslie
Dance ..... Dorothy D. Bair
Dinner Meetings ..... Marjorie Reynolds
Photography ..... Frank Shaw
Players ..... Tom Allen and Robert Neupert
Program Meetings ..... Harriet Tiedt

OUTDOOR DIVISION

Harold Williams

Campcrafters ..... Anita Karr
Junior Committee ..... Paul Thorne
Botany ..... Larry Penberthy
Climbing ..... John Davis
MRC Representative ..... Arnold Bloomer
Outing Planning ..... Ruth Ittner
Safety ..... Al Randall
Ski Tours ..... Jack Berrian
Special Outing ..... Andrew Bowman
Trail Trips ..... Stanley Price
Viewfinders ..... Eric Jones
Snowshoe Tours ..... Mike Boyko

PUBLICATIONS DIVISION

Grace Kent

Annual ..... Betty Manning
Bulletin ..... Peggy Ferber
Library ..... Milton Nygaard
Literary Fund ..... Harvey Manning
Roster ..... John R. Stair

PROPERTY DIVISION

Ray Petrich

Building Policy ..... Leon Harman
Clubroom ..... Mrs. Irving Gavett
Meany ..... John Rice
Mt. Baker ..... Robert J. Harris
Rhododendron Preserve ..... Robert Ryan
Snoqualmie Lodge ..... Paul Whitney
Stevens ..... Allen B. Davis
Crystal Lodge Building ..... Jim McGinnis
Irish Cabin ..... Richard Vradenburgh